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Oslo, 2016



# CHOREOPOETIC

text contributions from fourteen  
choreographic related (dance) artists

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## The emergence of something else – om koreografisk skrift og stemme

*Poetics or 'a poetics' is not simply a background or underlying structural aspect of a work, or a means of determining meaning, but a convergence of logics beyond 'aboutness' that provide the conditions for the emergence of a 'something else'.<sup>1</sup>*

Publikasjonen *Choreopoetic* kan ses både som en plattform for utveksling og en kuratert kontekst for koreografi. Formatet er både tanke og ting, og søker å åpne for et poetisk og diskursivt rom med muligheter til å eksperimentere med koreografisk form og formidling. *Choreopoetic* gir rom til – og løfter frem – koreografiske stemmer som bruker skrivning og tekst som en integrert del av sin koreografiske virksomhet og verksorientering. Publikasjonen gir mulighet til å reflektere over hvordan det koreografiske overskrider det tidsbundne momentet i den umiddelbare hendelsen og beveger seg på tvers av diskurser, kropp, tid og rom.

*Choreopoetic* gir et møte med 14 markante stemmer, som bidrar med koreografisk tekst – tekster som verk – skrevet spesielt for denne publikasjonen. Felles for bidragsyterne er at de beveger seg i flere medier og formater, og bruker skrivning og tekst langs med – og som del av – sin koreografiske virksomhet. De er kunstnere som arbeider med grenser og muligheter i språk – og projisering av språk til ulike media og materialer, til teateret eller galleriet eller museet. Kunstnere som er opptatt av hvordan virkeligheten eksisterer i språk og strekker seg ut i fysisk rom.

«Koreografiutvikling er skrivearbeid», skriver Melanie Fieldseth i tekstbidraget *Gjensidige Bevegelser*. I *Choreopoetic* vektlegges skrivearbeidet som en kunstnerisk handling og en utvidelse av det koreografiske, hvor rommene i prosess og verk, kroppsmåter og skriftspråk kan forbindes og deles. Jeg har invitert kunstnere som har hatt betydning for meg de siste årene, enten i form av det spesifikke kunstnerskapet eller som del av et interessefelt og en diskurs jeg relaterer meg til. Det finnes selvsagt en rekke andre relevante (i form av skrivende) koreografer og dansere som jeg har ikke har henvendt meg til i denne forbindelse, men først og fremst utenfor norsk kontekst.

Tekstene i *Choreopoetic* beveger seg i flere hybridgenre: som dikt, kortprosa, manifest, essay, manus, selvbiografiske skisser og dokumentasjon. Felles for tekstene at de kan leses som koreografiske arbeider i seg selv. Halvparten av bidragene er norskspråklig basert, for å løfte frem et fokus på språkliggjøring innenfor dansekunst i norsk kontekst. Innholdet i publikasjonen er hovedsakelig gjort tospråklig, og er dermed tilgjengelig for skandinaviskelesende og engelsklesende publikum.

I sitt tekstbidrag gir Alexandra Pirici en svært relevant oppfordring om at poetiske økonomier ikke bør forsøke å okkupere «alternative», perifere rom, men sikte seg inn mot kjernen. Hun mener at de burde trenge inn overalt, infiltrere og forvandle, utfordre og overta infras-trukturer som har vært brukt som middel til å oppnå helt andre mål. Jeg vil legge til – som performance-teoretiker Jenn Joy er inne på – at nettopp å engasjere seg koreografisk handler om å posisjonere seg i forhold til hverandre og invitere til nytenking og reorientering i relasjon til språk, rom, artikulasjon, komposisjon og etikk.<sup>2</sup>

To av bidragsyterne, Janne-Camilla Lyster og Sarah Vanhee, publiserer skjønnlitterært parallelt med sin sceniske praksis. Flere jobber med bokformatet/publikasjoner, som Marie Fahlin, Mette Edvardsen, Pedro Gómez-Egaña og Solveig Styve Holte. Om lag halvparten av kunstnerne relaterer til en utvidet kunstkontekst, til gallerirommet eller museet, som: Moa Franzèn, Alexandra Pirici, Adam Linder, Sarah Vanhee, Marie Fahlin, Pedro Gómez-Egaña.

Tekstfokuset i kontemporære estetiske praksiser smitter også over på dansekunst og koreografi. Poetikk blir benyttet i relasjon til flere felt enn i de etablerte litterære eller dramatiske formene, og viser seg produktivt i et utvidet performance-felt, brukt som en trans-disiplinær og post-disiplinær term. Dette åpner for å se på hva poetikk kan bety som en generativ og produktiv term innenfor det koreografiske. Performance-teoretikeren Ric Allsopp skriver nettopp om poetikk som et utvidet begrep, og jeg vil løfte frem *koreopoetikk* som et produktivt begrep for skrivearbeid, som åpner rommet for tekst og koreografi.

«From a point of view of performance practice, poetics concerns itself with 'poiesis', or acts of making and giving form to the interplay of material and immaterial content: a poetics of dance and choreography, of theatre and performance art, of writing and poetry, of architecture and painting. More than simply a method of classification and categorization, poetics thus looks towards and draws on a wide range of resources, intuitions and techniques.»<sup>3</sup>

Interagering som en form for samarbeid og samhandling:

Forflytningene mellom poesi, tekst, kuratering og samhandling avrunder mitt stipendiatprosjekt *Exhibiting Choreography – exploring transmission across disciplines and discourses*. Publikasjonen peker samtidig fremover. Ideer er ikke isolerte, men kommer ut av mikro- og makroprosesser og eksisterer gjennom og på tvers av singulære kunstnerskap og kollektive plattformer. *Choreopoetic* er et eksempel på min pågående interesse for initieringer av prosjekter med individuelle utløp i kollektiv kontekst. Dette innebærer en kuratorisk inngang til komposisjon, nærmere bestemt å koreografer kontekster for dans og koreografi. En betoning av kollektivitet kan skape et mangefasettert utvekslingsrom som utfordrer autonomi og verksavgrensning. Åpninger og forlengelser som innimellom skaper broer mellom den usynlige og uoverstigelige glipen mellom tanke og erfaring, mellom verden og våre ideer om den. Publikasjonen springer ut fra et engasjement i hvordan kunstverk snakker gjennom kunstverk: om innflytelse, rykte og smitte, og om berøringer over avstander. *Choreopoetic* kan ses som en slik iscenesettelse av samtale og berøringspunkter på tvers av kunstnerskap og stedsbundethet.

Eva-Cecilie Richardsen

<sup>1</sup> Ric Allsopp: *Some Notes on Poetics and Choreography Performance Research* – A Journal of the Performing Arts, Taylor & Francis online, February 2015

<sup>2</sup> Joy, Jenn *The Choreographic*, MIT Press, 2014  
<sup>3</sup> Vol. 20, No. 1: 'On Poetics & Performance' (February 2015) edited by Ric Allsopp

## The emergence of something else – on choreographic writing and voice

*Poetics or 'a poetics' is not simply a background or underlying structural aspect of a work, or a means of determining meaning, but a convergence of logics beyond 'aboutness' that provide the conditions for the emergence of a 'something else'.<sup>1</sup>*

The publication *Choreopoetic* can be viewed as both a platform for exchange and a curated context for choreography. The format is both thought and thing, a work that seeks to open up a poetic, discursive space that offers opportunities to experiment with choreographic form and communication. *Choreopoetic* provides a space for – and profiles – choreographic voices that use writing and text as an integral part of their choreographic activities and work orientation. The publication encourages reflection on how choreography can reach out beyond the purely temporal moment of the immediate event and carry across discourses, bodies, time and space.

*Choreopoetic* introduces fourteen prominent voices through the medium of choreographic texts – texts as works – written especially for this publication. What the contributors have in common is working in a variety of media and formats, and that they all use writing and text alongside – and as part of – their choreographic practice. They are artists who explore the outer limits and boundaries of language – and the projection of language onto various media and materials, whether in the theatre, the gallery or the museum. They are artists who address the question of how reality exists in language and extends out into physical space.

"Choreography is developed through writing," writes Melanie Fieldseth in her contribution "Reciprocal Movements". In *Choreopoetic* the work of writing is presented as an artistic act and an extended choreographic practice, in which the realms of process and work, bodily forms and written language can meet and divide. I have invited artists who have influenced me in recent years, either through specific art practices, or as a result of their interest in discourses to which I myself relate. There are of course many other choreographers and dancers, primarily outside the Norwegian context, who could be relevant (in that they write) and who I have not approached in connection with this work.

The texts in *Choreopoetic* are hybrids that span a range of genres: poetry, short prose, manifesto, essay, script, autobiographical sketches and documentation. Common to all the texts is that they can be read as choreographic works in their own right. Half of the contributions were conceived in Norwegian and thus serve to highlight a linguistic focus in the field of dance in Norway. Since most of the content is presented bilingually, this publication is accessible to both Scandinavian and English-reading audiences.

1 Ric Allsopp: *Some Notes on Poetics and Choreography*, in *Performance Research – A Journal of the Performing Arts*, Taylor & Francis online, February 2015

The contribution by Alexandra Pirici makes the highly relevant demand for poetic economies to be fetched in from the "alternative" fringe to the centre. She believes that they should penetrate everywhere, infiltrate and transform, challenge and take over the infrastructures that have been used to achieve completely different objectives. I would add – in unison with the performance theorist Jenn Joy – that to engage choreographically involves positioning oneself in relation to other people and inviting to rethinking and reorientation in relation to language, space, articulation, composition and ethics.<sup>2</sup>

Two of the contributors, Janne-Camilla Lyster and Sarah Vanhee, regularly publish literary texts alongside their theatrical work. Several others have also worked with book formats / printed journals, including Marie Fahlin, Mette Edvardsen, Pedro Gómez-Egaña and Solveig Styve Holte. Roughly half the contributors work within an expanded art context that encompasses gallery spaces and the museum, not least: Moa Franzèn, Alexandra Pirici, Adam Linder, and again Sarah Vanhee, Marie Fahlin and Pedro Gómez-Egaña.

The textual focus in contemporary aesthetic practices has also carried over into the arts of dance and choreography. The term *poetics* is applied here to more than just the fields of established literary and dramatic forms; it is also a productive term in an expanded performance field, where it serves to articulate trans-disciplinary and post-disciplinary issues. Here we are able to see what poetics can mean as a generative and productive term within the choreographic realm. The performance theorist Ric Allsopp has written about poetics as an extended concept, and it is my intention to highlight *choreopoetics* as a productive term for text and choreography.

"From a point of view of performance practice, poetics concerns itself with 'poiesis', or acts of making and giving form to the interplay of material and immaterial content: a poetics of dance and choreography, of theatre and performance art, of writing and poetry, of architecture and painting. More than simply a method of classification and categorization, poetics thus looks towards and draws on a wide range of resources, intuitions and techniques."<sup>3</sup>

2 Jenn Joy: *The Choreographic*, MIT Press, 2014.  
3 Vol. 20, No. 1: Extracts from 'On Poetics & Performance' (February 2015) by Ric Allsopp.

Interaction as a form of collaboration and common pursuit:

These crossovers between poetry, text, curating and interactions round off my fellowship project. At the same time, this publication is forward-looking. Ideas do not exist in isolation, but emerge from micro and macro processes to exist as links between and across the work of singular artists and collective platforms. *Choreopoetic* is an example of my ongoing interest in initiating projects that have individual outcomes within a collective context. This calls for a curatorial approach to composition, or more precisely the choreographing of contexts for dance and choreography. An emphasis on collectivity can give rise to a multifaceted space for exchange that challenges autonomy and work demarcation. Openings and extensions that occasionally create bridges across the invisible and insurmountable gap that separates thought from experience, the world from our conceptions of it. The publication stems from a preoccupation with the way artworks can speak through one another: about influence, reputation and cross-fertilisation, and about contact across distance. *Choreopoetic* can be viewed as a kind of staged presentation of conversations and points of contact across a range of artistic productions and spatial constraints.

Eva-Cecilie Richardsen

un word able

- I -

Words were the substance of your being, words were your sheath, words were the reason for your escape, now they are leaving you incessantly.

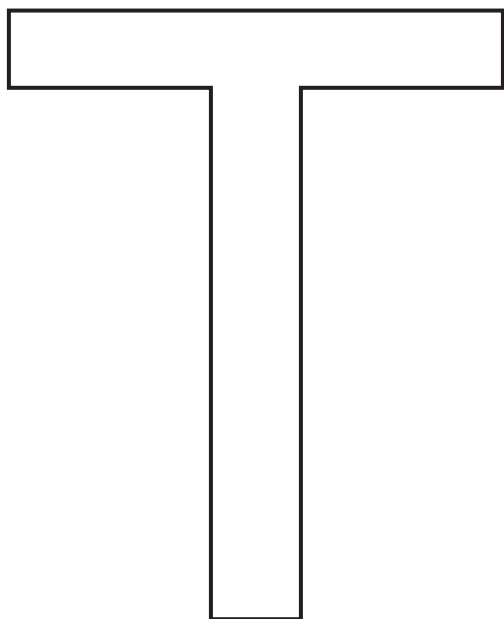
un-lock un-touch. In the phase of becoming, this is how you do it: un-write the khoros through your eternal escape. As you are crawling out of your own skin, I'm ready to catch the trace that you leave behind, deciphering it for the fingerprints of the ghost. What I'm left with is the evidence of your existence, I hold it in my hand, I'll take care of it.

- I -

I: I will un-word you. I'll peel you and eat you, you never have to escape anymore, I'll keep you in. What is left of you now is un-word-able.

Now: words falls of you like dry skin, like ghostly writings on a dead body, or as a touch of a heart gone still.

Here: it is; this



**T** is for text and this text started out like an alphabet, like so many of my texts do, it helps me to think and to sort my thoughts, it helps me to write and to sort my writing, and up until recently, for several years, I have written these alphabet texts, for example when writing a funding application, when giving a talk about my work, when writing a text for a publication, because it is difficult to just write, just talk, just think, and an alphabet not only gives me a form to work with it also already suggests at a small level the content, offers possibilities of words and ideas to be followed or discarded, in either case something else will show up, because everything is after something, but this is also at times confusing, because once a thought is flowing and begins to trace its own path, the resistance of the form might cause me some trouble, and this trouble is not always helpful or productive, which is why I turned to the alphabet in the first place, for help.

Once I would like to write a text where the 7 colours of the rainbow is the structure I write from, or maybe I could do this now, here, I would start with red, the colour red, I like to begin at the beginning, and a rainbow starts with red like the alphabet starts with **A**, but this time I started with the letter **T**, **T** for text, or actually, that's not true, even if **T** is also for true, but I started with **A**, because I like to begin at the beginning, only that, as usual, I am incapable of starting in one place, which makes things complicated, because I start in several places at the same time, and it is hard to keep track because I write too slow, and the page, well, this is why I am still attached to paper, because when I say I started with **A** and that it was not true that I started with **T** but in fact with **A**, that is also only partially true, it is not a straight out lie, but it is also not true, because **A** was indeed on top of the page, which is a sort of a start, this is the possibility the alphabet gives, it orders the words a little bit, especially as I start out, so I can develop a thought at any level, and be able to trace it back almost immediately by scrolling up or down, because this is what is confusing me with writing since I write and think several thoughts simultaneously, paper is a better support for that sort of mess, and the computer screen is different, but extremely helpful in other ways, and maybe it was because of this that the alphabet came up in the first place, as an index of my writing, or my thinking, I have never thought of this before, but now that I do I think there must be something to it.

Or I could use **QWERTYUIOPASDFGHJKLZXCVBNM** as an order of the same letters, but it is curious how confusing that is, my daughter when she made a laptop computer in cardboard all the letters on the keyboard she had drawn were in alphabetical order and that was, on the contrary, not confusing at all, the alphabet, this ancient order, if I would use the order of the keyboard it would be tempting to start with **Q** for questions, which would be **A** for answers on a French keyboard, and end with **M** for memory, or **N** for new, but it could as well have been **B** for books or for blindness, like with the rainbow I could also have started with yellow, the only colour that appears in the piece Black, except for black, and after relating to mainly nouns and verbs, some simple actions and objects, a colour, yellow, seems to be another dimension, it is also a word and it starts with **Y**, a colour, and in theatres there are rules, which are based on superstitions, which is yet another way to organise.

In Spain apparently you cannot wear yellow on stage because it is said it brings bad luck, in Italy it is the colour purple, but I was always told it was green, and I did wear green, once, in a piece, green shoes, but nothing happened, and when performing the piece in a theatre in Paris I was told that on stage one should never say the word 'corde', which means 'rope', that the word has been replaced by 'guinde', it is even believed to be fatal, similarly in Norway, in the old days, one would say 'gråbein' instead of 'ulv', which means 'wolf', by fear that pronouncing the word would make it appear, and I think this is why, still today, in Norway, old people whisper words like 'punk', 'gay', 'prostitute', because of the fear of the power of words, a bit like walking under a ladder, I don't believe in this power, of words, of colours, of objects, but I don't walk under ladders, in the theatre, or in the street, certainly not in the street, and it irritates me.

**A** is for alphabet and it is old, not old like mountains and the rainbow, but old like writing, and until recently I have used, as I said, the alphabet when writing, and then A., J. and R., each of them at different moments, brought me to an alphabet I had known about but never read, and now whenever I start to write a new alphabet it is not without knowing that the apricot trees exist. **A** is for apricot trees.

Usually the alphabet, due to its particular ordering, makes me write short and concise paragraphs, even my sentences are usually short, at least shorter, and each letter connects to specific words, almost like topics, and because there is a sense of a list, ordered by these letters, there is hardly any punctuation, which gives way to another kind of writing, almost like they are small notes, or like talking, and there is for me a certain relief about that, I realize, to just go on thinking and writing and not be concerned about how I am thinking or writing that which I am thinking or writing, that the interest in language is not on that level of language, it is more an attempt to articulate, to develop thought, to try to find, or shape, or pull on one little thing at a time, I embrace language as material, and then I craft with it, mould it, stretch it, I work with rhythm, language not in order to develop discourse about the work, but as material I am working with, **M** is for material, which for me includes both form and content, sometimes I turn to form in order to connect to a driving force, but it never starts with a form, or concept, or structure, which then would need material in order to be (full)filled, it is part of the material, but sometimes form can be a generator, it could also be a method, **M** for method, and like form, a method will not precede the work, it is about discovering what a work needs, what kind of writing I am making, and until the moment of the process where the piece starts to ask for what it needs I cannot be sure of neither, the intrinsic relation between the process and the piece.

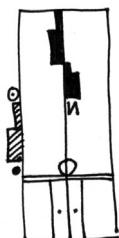
**A** is for art, naturally, and as in English the 'a' has been empathically added to the beginning of the word 'aesthetics', however not pronounced, it is a subtle reminder of the closeness between the two, art as aesthetic experience, which brings me to **P** for poetry, but also for politics, which I find problematic, when art is political without any proposal or transformation, but just as pointing out the wrongs of society and contenting itself at that, which does not mean that art cannot be political, but that art should not become a messenger or an instrument, and we should resist that, so **T** should really be for transformation, because this I believe we need to come back to, in art, and in life, the capacity for things to transform.

**C** is for choreography, which for me is writing, but **C** is also for cat, so maybe I should rather say that, and then write about writing when I come to **W**, or



words, or wonderful, which is an adjective, and I am not usually writing with many adjectives, however I use it a lot in speech, which brings me to the difference between speaking and writing, and I think that as long as the writing is taking place in space and with me saying it, the distinction between the two is of little importance in the process, which is of course different to the moment of the performance, but it seems to me that one important distinction or difference to make is that the page is non-existent for me, not physically so, because I write on paper and I type on my computer, but I don't relate to words on a page or screen, I relate to them in space, in time, there is no feedback of the page, and I realize now this is important for the pieces I make, the kind of writing that I do when I make the pieces, but right now I am writing a text which will exist only on paper, however I am not looking at it.

**D** is for dog and for death of the moment we share, that we celebrate in the theatre by coming together, the multitude of moments and memories that make up these moments, and the paradox of performance, we are so obsessed with the moment and yet spend so much time preparing it, sometimes years, this is where the dog lies buried, and **F** is for freedom, which is never the same, freedom for a dog is certainly a different kind, **G** is for gap and for gold, because gold when melted is still gold, and this reminds me that transformation must mean something else, which brings me to **I** for imitation and for imagination, and where would we be without those.

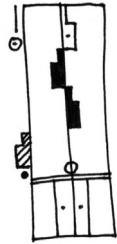


The man on the radio said that the history of robots changed when someone realised that walking is just a controlled way of falling.

You fall and you catch yourself with the right, fall and catch yourself with the left. The sequence is automatic and goes along with a well trained expression of ease.

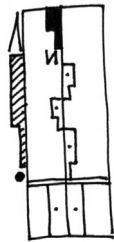
But sometimes people fall, and for a moment the body looks like a machine gone wild. The lungs squeeze words out to the lips that no one hears but everyone understands.

Being on the ground is being close to death, said the man, and of all the battles the one against the horizon is the most critical.



An orbit is not a 'going round' but an 'always falling'. The trick is to put an object far enough, close enough and fast enough.

The astronomy professor found a piece of fabric and stretched it to form a big circle. He dropped a basketball in the middle. This is a star. Then, he took two marbles out of his pocket, one smaller than the other. He threw them in and they began to fly together in circles. A student crawled under the fabric and looked up. What do you see. I see the ocean from space.



It was sunrise and there was an explosion inside the ship. Water came flushing in and the captain declared an emergency.

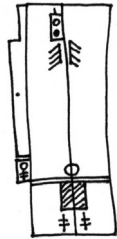
Everybody out.

No one left. Everyone stayed, watching the tide fill the hallways and rooms. One hundred and forty five people in a lost latitude.

The captain ran out screaming, he meant it this time, this is not a drill, this is not a drill. Everyone understood, but no one rushed. If anything time got thicker, thicker than the Atlantic.

Most people lined up outside their quarters, holding on to the handles of doors as if waiting for something unrelated to the emergency.

The ship kept sinking. It took much longer than anyone expected. Minutes, hours. The captain unfastened a rescue boat and got inside. He detached it and took a deep breath. As he floated away he looked down into the waters and saw a sunrise in the depths.



In Norwegian a rollercoaster is called a mountain-and-valley track. I guess I understand, but not so much the valley part because nothing in a rollercoaster is ever really flat and pleasant. These are her thoughts as she climbs the hill inside a rollercoaster car for the first time. It looks more like the skeleton of a dragon without the legs and without the wings.

And without the head. Although one could say that the head is the rollercoaster car itself. A very interesting animal. All these thoughts inside her head, the head is the heaviest part of any animal.

The air is changing, a breeze without temperature. Her clothes breath it like a fresh spirit. She feels alone and she likes it. She hears the sounds of the mechanisms under the track and the cables and pieces that turn and pull.

From behind the trees the lights of the city begin to appear. I can hear everything and nothing from here, this is what flying must feel like. She has never been on an airplane before.

She finds calm, she sees the sky turn from grey to dark, looking up is easy. Arms and legs cradled inside the seat belt and security bar. Every organ in peace. Why not she thought, and to the sound of her own breath she fell asleep.

## The Second Performative Turn in the Visual Arts and the Smart Material of the “Immaterial”

Performative, choreographical works are once again present in institutions and contexts that are usually centered on more static modes of display. The so-called “second performative turn in the visual arts,” to quote Claire Bishop, pervades museum spaces, art fairs, gallery programs and public space. Its relationship to a peaking economy of events and experience in post-industrial societies (Toffler already talked about “experiential industry” in his book, “Future Shock” in 1971”, and Gilmore & Pine’s “Experience economy” dates from 1998) is quite obvious, as are its ties to the global event-city. Shifting power centers (from Europe and the US to Asia and the Arab World) connect to the so-called “biennialisation of the world” – new big museums, commissions, emerging collections and franchising Guggenheims and Louvres – testifies to both event economies sustained by “immaterial” labour and a non-contradictory continuation of our expansive material culture.

It is within this new environment that live, performative, choreographic and so-called “immaterial” works situate themselves and should attempt to respond to the challenge.

Traditionally, performance in the visual arts has attempted to subvert and reject market logic. In the 60s and 70s, artists working in performance used the medium in opposition to the practice of making and selling objects. The body was a cheap and flexible alternative to the expensive production of material objects. It was un-collectible and therefore un-commodifiable work. However, since the performative body also needed to be clothed, sheltered, fed and so on, its relationship to money-making could not be entirely severed. Since the performance as such had to remain “outside” of the market, many performance artists resorted to selling remnants of their performances or documentation and scores. All of these objects became displayable, circulating in the art

world as part of exhibitions instead of the actual, live work, and on the art market, as much a commodity as any other material object. It is then very useful to look at La Ribot's project "Distinguished Pieces;" short performances that she was selling to collectors since the 90s as "objects." Her practice marks, perhaps, the beginning of conceptualizing new strategies in which live, performative work could circulate as such in the art world and art market, and attempt to intervene in the never-destabilized flow of material goods.

How can we, then, put this renewed interest in performance to good use? The current expanded interest in "immaterial" live works also marks a good moment to cross-inform, to mix practices and hybridize. The heritage of theatre production (the performative, choreographical structure as repeatable, reproducible – a score that can be re-learned and passed-on) is mixed with the heritage of performance art in the visual arts (a one-time event, usually un-delegated, in which the body of the artist is of maximum importance in being the sole performer of the work, that could happen in a gallery space where the audience could move as they please.) A new economic, social and political environment asks for updated practices and display possibilities, as well as production and circulation of artworks in order to keep up the critical or challenging relation to established dynamics and modes of subsumption. As there is no "outside" and self-precarization seems to be incapable of posing any threats to consolidated flows of exploitative labour and capital, perhaps the only way to challenge the market logic is through the market and on the market, attempting to circulate and sell an object that does not have the properties of best-selling ones: it has hardly any exchange value – it requires active care and re-actualizing and it doesn't perform well in private spaces (the immunized, secluded elites of today cannot enjoy it in perfect, post-human privacy in their living rooms or bunkers). Of essential importance is, though, the alliances that such objects and practices can make between their producers or facilitators in order to truly push and open up new possibilities: a new way of creating value cannot be obtained via the old dynamic of competition, one shouldn't claim to introduce a more democratic object on the market while territorializing and using the same old brand-consolidating strategies as before. For something to change about how we value an object – from a "material" experience (the sense of ownership, of grasping the object, of

being able to speculate about its price or display it as decoration) to appreciating its un-graspable nature (the impossibility to copyright it, to truly "own" it and restrict it, and seeing the collector or institution as a carer for the "object") – the practice has to expand and proliferate. It cannot be curtailed and discouraged in order to keep some artists' market quota stable. The inherent contradiction of such examples has to be overcome. We need to conceive of a poetic economy, one that truly embraces openness and sharing of knowledge, and escapes re-territorialization and exclusive subsumption under the artist-brand. Public funding is of great importance as fees for artists working within a visual art world where one is supposed to survive only by selling work via the gallery system, a gallery system that cannot usually accommodate similar practices or alliances and makes artists compete even within a gallery's own roster of artists. The market, in its simulated need for novelty, can only digest "original," "singular" practices, and its expansive and pervasive logic affords what Bojana Kunst concretely describes as "competing on who makes the most collaborative project." Therefore, public state support, even as interwoven as it is with private interests, is simply a necessary re-balancing and counterpoint of exclusive market driven dynamics and censorship.

Poetic economies can help produce time. They can sustain art practice as a truly different, dynamic environment rather than just another business – creative field thriving on fast consumption and burning through ideas and the bodies of the artists themselves. Poetic economies should not attempt to occupy "alternative," peripheral spaces, but aim for the core. They should infiltrate everywhere, permeating and transforming, challenging and taking over infrastructures that might be well used as means to different ends.

Time-based, "immaterial" performative artworks might also have the advantage to make labor more visible and demystify art as an aseptic space, separated from reality, one that cannot be tainted and rendered trivial by discussions around economy and labor. Immaterial works always have material support, just as data is never really stored in the "cloud" but on hard, material servers. This material aspect, the material cost of our "immaterial" endeavors – human effort and survival needs – and our disembodied, digital technologies should now be addressed and acknowledged, more than ever.

This acknowledgment can also guide aesthetic choices (beyond the superficial side of post-internet “new aesthetic”) – as aesthetic is always political – and also conceptualize a relationship with time and temporality.

The Anthropocene becomes a hashtag while little changes in the dynamics of production and modes of thinking. Today, more than ever, we might have to think about expansion and progress in temporal terms rather than spatial terms. How can life expand in time rather than space? How can we sustain and nurture it, in all of its forms and assemblages? If artworks are tools, technologies that we use to shape, manipulate and engineer our minds – to paraphrase Thomas Metzinger – then what are the artworks we need today?

In this moment in time, where life is essentially trivialized and negated, our technologies shouldn't attempt to merely reconstruct it by simulation and nor should we pretend we do not have or should not have the agency to intervene. More objects nicely placed in static displays, no matter how much of an “actant” we want them to be, while we pretend they came to the exhibition space by themselves, might only re-perform themselves as unproblematic commodities. As dynamics supersedes content or aesthetics as sole relevant measurement, one always needs to look at the economy associated with an object's circulation in order to get a better grasp of its politics. It is a so-called politics of the medium that truly conscious, political choices must take into account.

Performative, live works can seize the momentum: rather than keeping their place as spectacular animations and hi-profile entertainment, they can infiltrate and, while also complementing other materialities, agents and actants, they can also consciously look for practical, embodied applications of conceptual threads, in a common struggle to weave and support continuous choreographies of affirming life.



Alexandra Pirici, “Fluids”, 2015 – reinvention of Allan Kaprow’s happening from 1968. Commissioned by the Nationalgalerie – Berlin in the frame of Stadt/Bild.



## Den andre performative vendingen på det visuelle kunstfeltet og det «immaterielles» intelligente materialitet

Igjen gjør de performative koreografiske kunstverkene seg gjeldende ved institusjoner og i kontekster som vanligvis er mer konsentrert om statiske visningsformer. Den såkalte «andre performative vending» på det visuelle kunstfeltet, for å sitere Claire Bishop, fyller museumslokalene, kunstutstillingene, galleriprogrammene og det offentlige rom. Forbindelsen til den stadig voksende event- og opplevelsesøkonomien i det postindustrielle samfunn (Toffler diskuterte «den erfaringsbaserte industrien» i boka *Future Shock* i 1971, og Gilmore & Pines *Experience economy* ble publisert i 1998) er nokså åpenbar, det samme er forbindelsen til den globale eventbyen. Forskyvningen av maktsentra (fra Europa og USA til Asia og den arabiske verden) henger sammen med den såkalte «biennialiseringen av verden», nye store museer, bestillingsverk, framvoksende samlinger og franchising av Guggenheim og Louvre – og vitner om både en event-økonomi som opprettholdes av «immateriell» arbeidsinnsats og en tydelig videreføring av den ekspansive materielle kulturen.

Dette er det nye klimaet de levende, performative, koreografiske og såkalt «immaterielle» kunstverkene er omgitt av, og nå må de møte utfordringene.

Performancekunsten på det visuelle kunstfeltet har hatt tradisjon for å søke mot subversjon og avvisning av markedstankegangen. Performancekunstnerne på 60- og 70-tallet tok dette mediet i bruk i opposisjon til produksjon og salg av objekter; kroppen var et billig og fleksibelt alternativ til den kostbare produksjonen av materielle objekter, for den kunne ikke samles og dermed heller ikke gjøres til vare. Men den performative kroppen trengte riktignok også klær, tak over hodet, mat osv., så man kunne ikke oppgi fortjenesten fullstendig. Ettersom performansen som sådan måtte forbli «utenfor» markedet, var det mange performancekunstnere som begynte å selge

rester etter forestillingen, dokumentasjon eller partitur – alle disse objektene ble i neste omgang mulige å stille ut, de begynte å sirkulere i kunstverden som en del av utstillingene, i stedet for det faktiske, levende verket, og de ble varer på lik linje med et hvilket som helst annet materielt objekt. I denne sammenhengen er det svært interessant å se på La Ribots prosjekt «Distinguished Pieces», som omfattet korte performanser hun på 90-tallet begynte å selge som «objekter» til samlere. Praksisen hennes markerer, muligens, begynnelsen på konseptualiseringen av en ny strategi der levende, performative verk som sådan kan sirkulere i kunstverden og på kunstmarkedet, og forsøksvis tre inn i den evig stabile strømmen av materielle goder.

Hvordan kan vi nå sørge for at denne fornyede interessen for performancekunst kommer oss til gode? Dagens økende interesse for «immaterielle», levende kunstverk viser også at det er et godt tidspunkt for kryss-informasjon, praksisblanding og hybridisering; arven etter teaterproduksjonen – den performative, koreografiske strukturen som det er mulig å repetere, reprodusere, et partitur som man kan lære seg og gi videre, og arven etter performancekunsten på det visuelle kunstfeltet – som enkelthendelse, vanligvis ikke-delegert, med kunstnerens kropp i sentrum, som eneste utøver av verket, i et gallerilokale, der publikum kan bevege seg fritt. Et nytt økonomisk, sosialt og politisk miljø etterspør nye praksiser og muligheter for visning, produksjon og sirkulasjon av kunstverk, for å kunne opprettholde den kritiske eller utfordrende forbindelsen til etablerte dynamikker og underordnende prinsipper. Ettersom det ikke er noen «utside», og selv-prekariseringen synes å være ute av stand til å true den solide strømmen av utbytende arbeid og kapital, vil kanskje den eneste måten å utfordre markedslogikken på være i og gjennom selve markedet, ved å forsøke å sette i sirkulasjon og selge et objekt som ikke har bestselgerens egenskaper: det har nesten ingen bytteverdi, det krever aktiv pleie og re-aktualisering, og det fungerer ikke i private rom (dagens immune, isolerte elite kan ikke nyte det i stuen eller bunkersen i sine perfekte post-humane privatliv). Et viktig aspekt er alliansene slike objekter og praksiser kan skape mellom sine produsenter og tilretteleggere, for virkelig å kunne presse frem og åpne for nye muligheter: man finner ikke nye metoder for verdiskapning ved hjelp av den gamle konkurransedynamikken, man bør ikke påstå at man introduserer et mer demokratisk objekt på markedet, samtidig som man territorialiserer og

benytter seg av de samme gamle merkevare-konsoliderende strategiene. Hvis måten vi verdsetter et objekt på skal kunne forandre seg – fra den «materielle» erfaringen: fornemmelsen av eierskap, av å gripe objektet, av å være i stand til å spekulere over dets pris eller vise det frem som dekorasjon, til å i stedet sette pris på objektets ubegripelige vesen, umuligheten av å få opphavsrett til det, til virkelig å «eie» og kontrollere det, og til å se samleren eller institusjonen som «objektets» omsorgsgivere overfor «objektet» – praksisen må utvides og formere seg, den kan ikke innskrenkes og motvirkes med det siktemål å skulle holde noen få kunstneres markedsandeler stabile. De iboende motsetningene ved slike eksempler må overkommes. Vi er nødt til å tenke oss en poetisk økonomi som virkelig omfavner åpenhet og kunnskapsdeling, og som unnslipper re-territorialiseringen og det ekskluderende ved å måtte underordnes en kunstner-merkevare. Det er dessuten ytterst viktig med statlig støtte og offentlig finansiering for å honorere kunstnere som jobber på det visuelle kunstfeltet, som forventes å leve kun av å selge verk gjennom galleri-systemet, et gallerisystem som vanligvis ikke rommer lignende praksiser eller allianser, og som lar kunstnerne konkurrere med galleriets egen kunstnerstall. Markedet, i sitt simulerte behov for det nye, kan bare fordøye «originale», «singulære» praksiser, og dets ekspansive og altoverskyggende logikk frembyr det Bojana Kunst beskriver som å «konkurrere om hvem som lager det mest samarbeidsvillige prosjektet.» Derfor er offentlig, statlig støtte – så sammenfiltret den enn måtte være med private interesser – en nødvendig re-balansering og motvekt til eksklusiv markedsdrevet dynamikk og sensur.

De poetiske økonomiene kan bidra til å produsere tid. De kan fastholde kunstpraksisen som et genuint annerledes skapende miljø, snarere enn bare nok et kreativt næringsfelt som lever av rask konsum og som brenner opp kunstnerens egne ideer og kropper. Poetiske økonomier bør ikke forsøke å okkupere «alternative», perifere rom, men sikte seg inn mot kjernen. De burde trenge inn overalt, infiltrere og forvandle, utfordre og overta infrastrukturer som har vært brukt som middel til å oppnå helt andre mål. Tidsbaserte, «immaterielle» performative kunstverk kan muligens også ha den fordel at de synliggjør arbeidet, og kan således bidra til å avmystifisere kunsten som et aseptisk rom som er atskilt fra virkeligheten, og som ikke kan besudles og trivialiseres av diskusjoner om økonomi og arbeid. Immaterielle verk har alltid materiell

støtte, akkurat som data aldri egentlig lagres i «skyen», men på harde, materielle servere. Dette materielle aspektet, den materielle kostnaden ved våre «immaterielle» bestrebelsler – menneskelig anstrengelse og overlevelsesbehov – og våre ulegemlige, digitale teknologier, burde nå mer enn noen gang, adresseres og anerkjennes. Denne anerkjennelsen kan i neste omgang bli førende for estetiske valg (hinsides den overflatiske delen av «den nye estetikken», post-Internett) – ettersom estetikken alltid er politisk – og dessuten alltid konseptualiserer relasjonen til tid og temporalitet.

Det antropocene blir en hashtag mens lite ved produksjonsdynamikken og tenkemåtene endrer seg. I dag, mer enn noen sinne, blir vi kanskje nødt til å forstå ekspansjon og fremskritt i temporal snarere enn spatial forstand. Hvordan kan livet strekke seg ut i tid snarere enn i rom? Hvordan kan vi bevare og nære det, i alle sine former og sammensetninger? Hvis kunstverk er verktøy, teknologier vi bruker for å forme, manipulere og innrette vår bevissthet – for å parafrasere Thomas Metzinger – hva slags kunstverk trenger vi så i dag?

På dette punktet i historien, hvor livet i all hovedsak trivialiseres og negeres, bør vi ikke bruke teknologiene våre bare til å forsøke å rekonstruere livet ved simulasjon, og vi bør heller ikke late som om vi ikke har eller burde ha makt til å gripe inn. Enda flere pent plasserte objekter i en statisk utstilling – uansett hvor sterkt vi ønsker at de skal være aktanter, og uansett hvor mye vi later som om de kom til utstillingslokalet på egen hånd – vil uansett bare re-fremføre seg selv som uproblematisk varer. Etter som dynamikk erstatter innhold eller estetikk som eneste relevante måleenhet, må en alltid se på økonomien i objektets sirkulasjon for å få en bedre forståelse av objektets politikk. Dette utgjør en mediets politikk, som må tas med i beregningen skal man treffe virkelig bevisste, politiske valg.

Performative, levende kunstverk kan få momentum: Snarere enn å bevare sin stilling som spektakulære animasjoner og høyprofilert underholdning, kan de infiltrere og – samtidig som de også kompletterer andre materialiteter, agenter og aktanter – også bevisst søke praktiske, legemliggjorte anvendelser av konseptuelle tråder, i en felles kamp for å veve og støtte kontinuerlige koreografier som bekrefter livet.

**WHO IS SURFING WHO**

**Play up / Play on / Play to / Play off**

**Self-foiling strategies of Foresisters  
Keep 'em on their toes, literally**

**...your de-skilled authenticity is humanist United Colours of Benetton but this Prada bag is from Canal Street**

**Earnestness of something that is not real  
(the libidinal order of mimetic reproduction)**

**Recently, I read a project description by a prominent European choreographer referring to the *neutrality* of  
the naked body  
A luxury most people still can't afford**

**The theatre is such a beautiful place  
Because time is tricky to handle, slippery when wet, and then images are trying are gripping  
...we leave the exit doors with their struggle**

**A jive in the archive is different from karaokeing history**

**Like that a written contract attempts to contain a body: the greased-up pig of interpretation escapes the  
farmer's grip  
Rhyme is the titillation of bending syntactic cell bars**

**Stockpiling moves since day one, honing them, ma ma ma materials  
(these hips don't lie, no fashionable theory can recuperate them as *immateriality*)**

**(dance ≠ boredom with objects but it is the gift that keeps on giving)  
So... I'm on *Avenida Institucional*, wind your window down, ask for a price offer  
I am therefore I trade**

**And what with performing  
Which two-step thoroughly strides with the hi-tech mesh foreign call centre pseudo-interdisciplinary hotline  
bling \$\$\$ abstraction  
...nevermind serving—Who's Surfin' Who??**

## TOLV TESER FOR EN SOSIAL KOREOGRAFISK PRAKSIS

– et grunnlag for utprøving, diskusjon og videreutvikling

### I

I en sosial koreografisk praksis ligger arbeidet mellom kunst og pedagogikk, mellom kunst og sosialt arbeid, mellom kunst og aktivisme eller politikk. Det er derfor ikke alltid dekkende å kalle disse prosjektene for kunst. Av og til er det heller kanskje ikke så viktig om prosjektet er kunst eller ikke. Likevel er ikke disse prosjektene instrumentelle – det er den estetiske erfaringen som er deres siktemål, ikke den eventuelle effekten den estetiske erfaringen kan gi.

### II

I en sosial koreografisk praksis forflyttes fokuset fra produktet til prosessen. På mange måter kan man kanskje også si at prosessen ER produktet. Grunnen til dette er at prosjektets nav ligger i *møtet*. Møtet holder verket åpent. Planer og strategier for hva utøverne skal gjøre i møte med publikum kan fungere som grunnlag og utgangspunkt, men aldri som fasit. Og jo mer man åpner for et møte med situasjon og publikum, jo vanskeligere er det å skille prosess og forestilling klart fra hverandre. Oppløsning av skillet mellom verk og prosess understrekes når vi bruker offentlige rom som spillesteder – prøvene vi har i uterommene blir små forestillinger for tilfeldige forbipasserende.

### III

En sosial koreografisk praksis er en heteronom sjanger. Med andre ord er det i friksjonen mellom kunstneriske ideer og ulike situasjoner og målgrupper, at den sosiale koreografiske praksisen realiseres. Dette påvirker alle deler og lag av prosjektet; fra produksjonsprosessen til den ferdige forestillingen, og alle kunstneriske valg; fra dramaturgi og form, til valg av estetiske virkemidler. I en sosial koreografisk praksis har kunstnerne dermed ikke full kontroll over alle deler av kunstverket sitt – man må kontinuerlig ta stilling til nye utfordringer, muligheter og begrensninger som dukker opp. Å lage dans for dansens skyld, eller ut fra en på forhånd ferdig uttenkt idé, vil i denne sammenhengen være direkte upassende.

## IV

Den sosiale koreografiske praksisen realiseres i ulike typer offentlige rom. I et demokratisk samfunn fungerer offentlige rom, på sitt beste, som møteplasser der ulike meninger møtes, utfordres og brytes mot hverandre – dette være seg gjennom ord, væremåter eller handlinger. En sosial koreografisk praksis utforsker hvordan man, gjennom kroppslig-estetiske ytringer, kan skape refleksjon over det bestående, foreslå eller tilgjengeliggjøre alternative måter å forholde seg til verden på, eller forskyve etablerte begrep om normalitet. Det er derfor i den sosiale koreografiske praksisens største interesse å respektere, ivareta og ta i bruk det potensialet som ligger i disse offentlige rommene.

## V

En sosial koreografisk praksis er refleksiv. Det vil si at den *ikke bare* spør om hva, hvordan, for hvem og hvor, men også, kontinuerlig gjennom hele prosessen, spør hvilke implikasjoner og konsekvenser disse valgene vil gi i møte med de aktuelle publikummerne og den aktuelle settingen.

## VI

I en sosial koreografisk praksis kommer tradisjonelle begreper om godt og dårlig – basert på utøverens prestasjon, koreografens estetiske signatur, og verkets evne til å kommunisere – til kort. Ethiske og relasjonelle aspekter trykker, trenger, sprenger seg inn i prosjektet. Det å ta stilling til produksjonens kvalitet gjennom et “objektivt” blikk utenifra, blir med andre ord vanskelig.

## VII

I en sosial koreografisk praksis må relasjonelle, politiske og etiske problemstillinger ikke sees som adskilt fra de kunstneriske. Kunsten og kunstnerne kan i disse prosjektene *ikke* unndra seg fra spørsmål som bærekraftig utvikling, menneskerettigheter, likestilling. Kunsten må i alle lag bygge på kunstnerens personlige moral og politisk overbevisning. Dette betyr likevel *ikke* at kunsten skal *handle om* disse politiske, sosiale og moralske spørsmålene.

## VIII

De minste bestanddelene i en sosial koreografisk praksis er en utøver og en publikummer.

## IX

Den skapende utøveren er den sentrale aktøren i en sosial koreografisk praksis. I utøverrollen er tilstedeværelse viktigere enn prestasjon, refleksjon viktigere enn presisjon, empati viktigere enn å imponere eller sjokkere.

## X

Faktisk kan man påstå at *alle* medvirkende i en sosial koreografisk praksis blir skapende utøvere av denne – da de alle går i møte med publikum og situasjonen. Heller enn å plassere ansvaret for koreografi hos en koreograf, er det utøvernes valg og prosess som skaper koreografien. Dette fordrer at alle prosjekts involverte innvies i prosjektet som helhet, og at alle er sin tilstedeværelse bevisst.

## XI

I en sosial koreografisk praksis må dans sees som en innstilling heller enn et formmessig prinsipp.

## XII

En sosial koreografisk praksis henter sin kunstfaglige *kompetanse* fra det samtidige (danse)kunstfeltet, men *ikke* sin agenda. Det å være i usynk med dansefeltets estetiske trender kan være en naturlig konsekvens av dette, men det å være ukjent med diskusjonene som feltet bygger sin praksis på er latskap.

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## FOURTEEN THESES FOR A SOCIAL CHOREOGRAPHIC PRACTICE

– a foundation for exploration and discussion

### I

In a social choreographic practice, choreography must be understood as an extended notion. This means that the notion of choreography deals *not only* with the body in space and time, but with all the layers and elements of the project – and the meeting between these and a specific situation and/or context.

### II

In a social choreographic practice, the artwork lies between art and pedagogics, between art and social work, between art and activism or politics. Thus, it is not always sufficient to call these projects “art.” Sometimes it might not even be of great importance whether the project is art or not. Nevertheless, these projects are *not* instrumental – it is the aesthetic experience that is their target, not the eventual effect that the aesthetic experience can give.

### III

In a social choreographic practice, the focus is moved from the product to the process. In many ways you could say that the process IS the product. The reason for this is that the core of the project lies in the *meeting*. The meeting keeps the artwork open. Plans and strategies for what the performers should do in this meeting can work as a foundation and a starting point, but never as a blueprint. The more one opens for a meeting with the situation and the audience, the harder it is to clearly separate process and performance from each other.

### IV

A social choreographic practice is a heteronomous genre. In other words – the social choreographic practice is realized in the friction between artistic ideas and a variety of situations and target groups. This influences all parts and layers of the project: from the production process to the finished performance and all the artistic choices; from dramaturgy and form to the choice of aesthetic means. In a social choreographic practice, the artists do not have total control over their artwork – they constantly have to face new challenges, possibilities and limitations. Making dance for the sake of dance, or from a predefined idea, will be directly inappropriate in this context.

### V

A social choreographic practice is by nature experimental. Firstly, this means that failing is a part of exercising the practise. Secondly, a social choreographic practice should not entertain, preserve or fulfill conventions. Rather, it should generate reflection over the status quo, suggest or create access to alternative ways of relating to the world, or challenge established concepts of normality.

### VI

The social choreographic practice is realised in a variety of public spaces. In a democratic society, public spaces work, at their best, as meeting points where various opinions are measured, challenged and confronted with each other – either through thoughts, appearances or actions. It is therefore in the interest of the social choreographic practice to respect, maintain and make use of the potential that lies in these spaces.

### VII

A social choreographic practice is reflexive. This means that it not only questions what, how, for whom and where, but also, continuously during the process, it asks what implications and consequences these choices will lead to in the meeting with a particular audience and a particular setting.

### VIII

In a social choreographic practice, relational, political and ethical problems must not be seen as separate from the artistic. The art and the artists in these projects can *not* excuse themselves from questions of sustainable development, human rights and gender equality. In all its layers, the art must be built on the artist’s personal, moral and political conviction. Nevertheless, this does *not* mean that the art should thematize these political, social and moral questions.

### IX

In a social choreographic practice, traditional concepts of good and bad – based on the performer’s execution, the choreographer’s aesthetic signature, and the artwork’s ability to communicate – fall short. Ethical and relational aspects force their way into the project. In other words, determining the qualities of the production through an “objective” look from the outside becomes challenging.

## X

The smallest components in a social choreographic practice are a performer and an audience member.

## XI

The performer is central for a social choreographic practice. For the performer, *presence* is more important than execution/achievement; *reflection* is more important than precision; *empathy* is more important than impressing or shocking.

## XII

In fact, one could argue that *all* (artistic) contributors become performers in a social choreographic practice – as their work lies in the intersection between the art and the audience/situation. Rather than placing the choreographic responsibility with the choreographer, the performers' choices and processes create the choreography. This requires that all (artistic) contributors are involved in the project as a whole, and that they all are conscious of their presence.

## XIII

In a social choreographic practice, dance has to be seen as an approach rather than a principle of form.

## XIV

A social choreographic practice collects its artistic *competence* from the field of contemporary art/dance, but *not* its agenda. Being out of sync with the aesthetic trends in the dance field can be a natural consequence of this, but being unfamiliar with the discussions that the field is based on is laziness.





golven flyttar in i fötterna  
vi talar med munnen full av den andras tystnad  
vi underkastar oss de rörelser orden kräver av en mun

hur kan vi höra varandra ut ur det gemensamma språk vi inte har

(håll käften varsamt)

håll käften som en talakt

vem har en talan                      kan äga ett lyssnande?  
"vem konstituerar den andre som undersåte genom att förestava dennes tal"

göra sig hörd (slå ord på de andras trumhinnor)

slå dövörat: förvägra andra deras talakter genom att underkänna de praktiker och  
uttryck som inte tar vägen genom hegemonins och munnens grammatik

det tal som inte bryts i den talandes mun utan utanför  
den mun som bryter våra ord i samma stund vi uttalar dem

vad är en egen mun

och hur kan vi dela den

Citat av Anna Achmatova och Thomas Götselius

## The mouths in which we are relatives

we try to encircle the word and at the same we whisper between teeth: escape us  
and want to escape the word

It appears as if language said you  
it appears as if you are the object of other's speech

(let the things remember in my place so I won't have to carry that mouth)

What we continue to not say

: that each of us has a hand print in our mouth  
that isn't our own

: that language "protects us like a scar"

: (how we move our saliva and desire air)

: which ear we are able to hear each other  
with

who slips whose body onto  
whom :

which of us owns what we are not  
saying :

which of us negotiates what is  
sayable :

which of us say :

Language here:there where we have to be carefully and accurately disobedient

Language here:there where we have to write as if the 27<sup>th</sup> letter exists

do not do  
by directing attention to what we do not say as a discursive and performative act  
do not move

where in space

do you need to place yourself? in order to be heard

where in language

there is friction in the mouth of the speaker  
friction in the body of the speaker  
friction in the mouth of the listener  
friction in the body of the listener

who can slide in these regions and what does it say about which bodies constitute  
the base

the floor moves into the feet  
we speak with our mouths full of the other's silence  
we submit to the movements the words demand of a mouth

how can we hear each other out of the shared language we do not have

(shut your mouth carefully)

shut your mouth like a speech act

who has a say                      can own a listening?  
"who constitutes the other as a subject by dictating their speech"

make oneself heard (hit the words on the other's eardrums)

turn a deaf ear: deny others their acts of speech by rejecting the practices and expressions that do not go through the grammar of the mouth and hegemony

the speech which does not break in the mouth of the speaker but outside of it  
the mouths that break our words in the same moment we utter them

what is a mouth of one's own  
and how can we share it

Quotes by Anna Achmatova and Thomas Götselius

I en ringdans, i en skiftende ringdans. i en ringdans med skiftende retninger. sporene i luften ligner ikke det menneskelige i deg. avtrykkene du lager i luften i rommet ligner ikke det menneskelige i deg. du driver ut all tvil, kvitter deg med den, kvitter deg, du er fuglekvitter. du er hans siste ord. du er hjemlig ren og varm. du er akkurat som før: en saktmodig kronologi av knokler på riktig plass. en saktmodig symfoni av knokler på riktig plass. er flatene som glir mot hverandre: lyset og lyden av lyset. lyset og lyden du fornermer av lyset. det grålige lyset fra bjørkeskogen og lyden det vekker i deg. lyden det minner deg om. er flatene som glir mot hverandre: lyset og lydene det vekker i deg. du er flatene som glir mot hverandre: det grålige lyset og lydene det vekker i deg.

du er den syngende tjeneren med lett feber. Grunnen begynner å bevege seg under deg, du kan ta det, du mister ikke balansen, du parerer bevegelsene på to bein, de kommer i alle retninger lik et forvirret hav, lik en mørk åker, lik en mørk åker i opprør, i opprør Kråkene sirkler over deg, du forvandler kråkene, dirigerer, dirigenten står taus og stille i utkanten av åkeren, sitter taus og stille i en enkel robåt, ansiktet er grålig og utdratt som leire, noen har strøket varsomt over våt leire, ansiktet er av våt leire og en stor hånd har strøket varsomt over det, han har mørk blå regnjakke og helt mørke øyne

En forglemmelse. hvordan vi er hvordan vi er? en piggete knokkel. havet kan du la være hav, en nattlig forfengeligheit fører deg langt av sted, ligner fisken med perlefryd.

stillheten bor i knoklenes dypeste lag, stillheten bor i knoklene, den beveger vakkert, ensartet, stillheten som bor dypest i knoklene, innpakket innkapslet som et støvkorn i en perle, innpakket som støvkorn i perler, som støvkort, spiller med støvkort, spiller et spill og finner opp reglene fortløpende Spiller et spill med luften omkring ansiktet og stillheten innkapslet i knoklene Favner kjærlighet og slipper den Favner kjærlighet og slipper den Favner kjærlighet og glemmer den, søker det praktiske i daglige gjøremål, umimisk og presist Tørker fraværet opp Tørker opp fraværet, som å brette laken eller fortelle eventyr.

Hva tror du om stillheten? det er ingenting å tro om stillheten. den stiller seg selv, den stiller seg opp, stiller seg til, står på den andre siden av gaten som i skygge og ser på deg, den har ikke øyne, legger seg inntil deg når du snur deg vekk. Du snur deg inn i et forvillet værelse En overraskende klarhet, gjennomgripende Himmel og kjeller, et kjellermenneske uten ansikt, hesteryggrad, tunge skjulte klover på hender og hode. blir pulverisert, blir oppløst, samma det.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An artistic experience activates a primordial mode of embodied, undifferentiated and animistic experiencing; the separation and polarisation of subject and object is temporarily lost and the material world is encountered as if it had its own life force.

Spilt mellom leddene, spilt av leddene, fremmer en blomstrende polyfoni av ledd, fremkaller en blomstrende leddenes polyfoni. som folk snakker. hør heller på disse blomstene, du kryper under dem og lar deg bades i deres markverdige merkvordige deilige sang.

du ringes til fra dypt inne i brystet, du ringes til fra tarmene, du ringes til. du ringes til fra det kjøttstille beistet som henger på deg, som henger på beingrinda di. hva vil du? det er meg, ja hei, det er også meg. hva! jeg ser lenger enn øynene, regn med det. jeg trodde det skulle handle om stillheten, men det blir jo bare bråk, en anatomisk anlagt støy, en støy av hud og tenner. du glemte håret. håret er samlet på ett sted.

Midt i folkemengden som står og synger i rugåkeren En stor menneskeflokk som står syngende i åkeren De andre forsvinner og du er én som står syngende i åkeren, lyden når ikke ut, bare sangen gjennom kroppen

Du snur deg som en nyforgiftet Snøhvit, hopper kort som dverg, et kjærtegn som hund. en vekslende kjærlighet: hest og broderi. snø og jeger. nål og kniv.

sover stående med rustning.<sup>2</sup> slipper deg ned i skogbunnen, liten nok til å kunne gå omkring og se opp på blomstene, men du ser ikke på dem, du jakter med skjegg. gripes i korte støt av ulvefrykt. rister løs store kronblader med ørsmå rykk uten armer. du får store kronblader til å falle med tankene, kroppen tenker med, rykker lett av konsentrasjon, i svakt ukjente former.

Noen ting bør være store, andre ting bør være små, en praksis som ligner et sybord fullt av små skuffer og hulrom, en rask sytråd som farer gjennom rommet, virvler i en uforutsigbar bane, nærmest flagrer, men tråden er like presis selv om farten gjør den utydelig for øyet.

Hun som du bare har hørt stemmen til, fra det lukkede rommet opp trappen i den fremmedes hus. hennes håndbevegelse: klar og lukket. hennes håndbevegelser: til noen du ikke ser. til deg selv. hennes håndbevegelser i speilet. foran speilet i det lukkede rommet. foran det tunge speilet med mørk-lakkert treramme. klare glassøyne, stripefilt.

du har på deg jegerdrakten. du er menneskene slik de plirer ut av skjelettskogen med blinde kropper. først raske, presise skift med lange mellomrom. Deretter skifter huden, hver hud krever sin måte. skjellete, sprukken, ru. glatt, hinnetynn, svakt rosa. svart og blank, tungt bøyelig, svakt glimrende, grønnskjør dypest i det svarte.

Hvor er dyret? du jakter jo. du jakter på dyret. du lager sporene. du lager sporene i alle lagene rundt deg, foran deg, under deg, over deg, bak deg, du trenger ikke å nå alle lagene for å sette sporene i dem, sette tennene klørne øynene i dem. sporene ligner røyk. du setter sporene i deg selv. setter øynene i deg, tennene i deg, klørne bak deg.<sup>3</sup>

Jegerkostymet ditt var grønt men det har hvitnet, det hvitner og blir papirhvitt, du hvitner, blir smalere, fortsetter å bevege deg dypt, en lengsel, det ligner en lengsel eller et minne du vil bli kvitt, lukten av rått kjøtt fra den jegerhvite drakten, bena leter, øynene er klare som glassøyne,

2 Art offer us alternative identities and life situations, and this is its great mental task.

3 Every word was once an animal.

hendene leter etter rettfoldede brev i røyksporene, i røyken, og så: smaken av vinterkirsebær<sup>4</sup> Et hus bør være stort, en vinter lang, en vinter lang nok, en sommer kort og kraftig, lik en mørk grønn jegerkofte, du har strødd blomstene utover gulvet, ikke jevnt, men tilfeldig, du glemte den vakre buketter du hadde i hånden, du glemte den vakre buketter du hadde i venstre hånd, nå er det bare én blomst igjen, du kaster den fra deg med likegyldig kraft

hvorfor du går baklengs hjem fra skolen, hvorfor du går forlengs til havet

Besøker med fortvilelse ditt eget skjelett. søker slektskap bak ryggen. skyter fart inn i fremtiden, med langsomme hender, langt fra skuldrene, langt fra ryggradens midte. svaier som uslått gress, resignerer

Oppdager langsomt en ny art innenfra. hvor er innenfra? se her, jeg skal vise deg.

Stemmene: forfedrene og krigerne, neandertalerne og fuglemenneskene, fuglemenneskene med bare bryst, jegerne og sirenene, den sørgende guttens hansker av silke.

Pent kledd, som i fredstid. du forteller dine blinde soner om deg selv. forteller dine blinde steder om deg selv. forteller dine blinde, døde steder om deg selv. stedene i deg som verken kan se eller høre, dem forteller du om deg selv, om seg selv, om hva de er en del av, om hva som finnes utenfor dere. du spiller på strenger av lys. din natt uten forventning.

Du er spart: du står som verdens midtpunkt (men en kløe). Se her, glem kløen. Se på dem. Er det noe med ansiktet ditt? Det bløte, åpne menneskeansiktet. Eller noe høyere opp? En praktfull krone av mørk pels og kvister

Nei. Du har din brors myke hender, din søsters bleke nebb. Du lytter oppmerksomt, hører vindkastene vri seg. Du er det blinde rådyret i en blyantstrekbane Faller ut av labyrinten i et klossete glimt. Du går med nesen først inn i et større dyr, kjenner den knudrete halen. Så forsvinner dyret ut av deg igjen, med et sleipt svupp En brå ro, og så Et utenomjordisk hakk

Du er utspring for det sidelengse Far for det baklengse Går i trappen på flatmark Forsvinner og kommer gradvis tilbake: en olding uten ansikt En olding med utviskede ansiktstrekk, noen har glattet ut ansiktet hans som plastilina, som leire Hoster ut notatene: vannminne treminne solminne Spiller med vannminne bladminne jordminne lysminne

Forsvinner og kommer gradvis tilbake: en olding uten ansikt En olding med utviskede ansiktstrekk, noen har glattet ut ansiktet hans som plastilina, som leire Hoster ut notatene: vannminne treminne solminne Spiller med vannminne bladminne jordminne lysminne

undervekst, blindhet, opphold Et svakt lys Raskt påfølgende øyeblikk av overbevisning Raskt påfølgende øyeblikk av motstridende overbevisning En rød trøye, en pære, en stige og en papirleke, du spår deg selv og faller om

4 Syntese: Forening av et mangfold til en helhet, slik at den fremtrer som en enhet. Ifølge Kant har vår bevissthet evnen til å forbinde mangfoldet av gitte sanseintrykk til en sammenhengende enhet. Det motsatte er analyse.

Du løfter barndommen opp i deg som et veldig, tungt egg, skinnende og glatt, så lett å glippe, armene henger nærmest kraftløse, du går opp på tå, bærer egget i deg, det er nesten like stort som deg selv

Et magert lys: du. Skinner på ansiktene rundt deg, du ser dem. Hjorten og jegeren, lille bror. Høyere og høyere, en aksent du gjenkjenner: mørk, som et hugg i skogen. Lyset tennes i brystet.

Du går ut for å Du går for å Du foldes i akkurat rette jevne tempo Foldes sammen og foldes ut igjen, et uregelmessig formet trekkspill kledd i hud, du går videre.

Du ser deg selv i en tid som er forbi, du holder et eple<sup>6</sup> i hånden, du snur deg mot deg, kledd i en dypgrønn jegerdrakt

Når falt natten? dette er hvordan natten faller. hvordan natten faller. natten faller. dette er hvordan natten faller. dette er hvordan mørket faller. én bevegelse av gangen. med én bevegelse av gangen leser du din egen innside, uten tvil, uten anger

Ryggraden synger alene i skogen.

På alle måter unntatt forlengs, baklengs sidelengs, krabbende eller akende, går du inn i skogen med blind kropp. Du går inn i kroppen med blind skog. Du går inn i skogen med blind kropp.

Tvilen er lysende, klar, ingenting henger, ingenting er stivt, alt er klart, alt er i klarhet, flådd, åpent, sådd, spirende, skjøre nøyaktige spirer (ut av den flådde huden).

Alt annet enn krig. Raskt, det motsatte av krig. Det motsatte av krig i raske glimt. Det motsatte av krig: raskt. Undervekst, tidlige dager.<sup>7</sup>

Slektskapets konkretisering: deg. Ansiktene nedfelt i ditt, kroppene nedfelt i din. Deres tale. Langsom men synlig. Tilhørighet? Nei, de er fremmede som bor i deg. Innerst inne og lengst unna: livets kjerne. Tilhørighet? I forbigående episoder av ensomhet, følelse av tap, en svak, nesten mild lengsel, en hånd som stryker over et ikke helt lite barns kinn.<sup>8</sup>

først en lavmælt krampetrekning, en syngende tjener Først uforståelig, først uforstående En syngende tjener Først selv uforstående, entrer luften fra to føtter til to føtter, et slags hopp men uten å bøye knærne i sats, en feberaktig avgrunn, ensomheten i en voldsom kraft, du river og øser uten armer

Har natten gått? du går natten. Du løser tomheten fra lyset og taler i forferdelige toner, et øde kaos, låser armen i lampens form. håret streifer gulvet i en uvant vinkel

6 The taste of the apple lies in the contact of the fruit with the palate, not in the fruit itself; in a similar way poetry lies in the meeting of the poem and reader, not in the lines of symbols printed on the pages of a book. That is the aesthetic act, the thrill, the almost physical emotion that comes with each reading.

7 Experience, memory and imagination are equal in our consciousness; we may be equally moved by something evoked by our memory or imagination as by an actual experience.

8 Perhaps by embracing this ambiguity of meaning, instead of trying to overcome it, language can be most useful.

Holder hender med en identisk bror i dypt bevegelig søvn på to ben Holder hånden til en tung identisk bror i dypt bevegelig søvn på to ben Dere er tvillinger og du er begge, du er både deg og han Du har dine egne hender i hendene Du er både deg og han i en langsom og dypt bevegelig søvn

Ansiktet sitter på ryggen, det liker det Du flykter dere inn i skogen som fra en plutselig krig Begynnelsen av alle fortellinger, historier, gåter

Du er jeger og bytte, dyret og sporene etter dyret, menneskene og stedene de dukker opp, jager gjennom skjelettene med blindt kjøtt, blind hud, blindt blod, jager gjennom skjelettene, er en usynlig hånd som tenner lampen, du adlyder kommandanten kort, fyrer opp bål og er bålet, er en serie flyttbare språk, en serie flyttbare språk, et flyttbart språk

du sier jeg er kapabel til å snu lyset opp ned, hopper som lyden av en gjøk, stemmen gjør deg mørk i kjøttet, snerrer lavt, du lukker ansiktet inn i ansiktsformene rundt deg, lukker øynene og lar det gli, lar ansiktet gli på plass, lar det passe en tid og trekker ansiktet til deg, snur deg langsomt som i en bris, blir konge, blir kongens mor, blir kongens mors sjalu knivdrepende fetter og nedtrykte gjøgler, blir tre brødre og brødrenes klær, i raskt vekslende øyeblikk, husker hest og hjort, kan ri men vil ikke, har ingen andre steder å gå, speiler deg i det mørke brønnvannet og dekker slik alle overflater

Vi hører etter en løve. kroppen er hugget inn i kroppen. kroppen lyser som en blek lampe gjennom kongens mørke rom? en mørk skog? et klesskap? mørket i et klesskap? jeg leter etter navnet mitt. hvordan skal det være? hvordan skal jeg se ut for å ha et navn? hvordan skal jeg finne navnet

Med hodet lett løftet som i kjærlighet Åpne armene som i ensomhet, foldes sammen i stillheten av snø som faller. løfte hodet i kjærlighet, åpne armene i ensomhet, foldes sammen i stillheten av et snøfall. forflytte seg varsomt og med ryggen til, i en stor, stille flokk, det minste feiltrinn kan bringe den ut av fatning. den minste uoppmerksomhet kan bringe den ut av fatning. du er fri i din varsomhet.

Tømmer himmelen med små bevegelser, jevne, små, en rytme som stadig utvikles, bryter med seg selv, tømmer himmelen for fugler og skyer, farger og vind. En naturhimmel.<sup>5</sup>

Hendene beveger seg inn i fremtiden mens føttene trekkes til barndommens oppkjørsel. Hendene og ansiktet beveger seg inn i fremtiden (alltid lysere og større), føttene tror de er tilbake der hvor du vokste opp.

En overfylt sirkel: et loft fullt av kasser, hatteesker, en utstoppet ugle, en enkel lyspære henger i taket. Du tømmer minnene ut i rommet. Du setter fra deg minnene som avtrykk i rommet: hesten, sengen, flukten og forvandlingen.

Kan dette være sant Du bærer en stor krone av pels og kvister, små jag som i krig eller hav (en skarp og hurtig liten fisk) Du forsøker: om alle kom hjem, om alle du savnet kom til deg

5 Metaphors: verbal tools we use to grasp unknown experiences in terms of known experiences.

Den åpne hårbevokste vidda veksler ufølsomt med en rynkete slette, uforutsigbart hårdekket innside på samme tid som rynkete slette utside og vice versa. utside? overflate av alt, deg selv inkludert. Innside? Ja, du skjønner tegningen. tankene skjelver mellom hendene. tankene skjelver fra hånd til hånd, de kan ikke holdes som en snøball

langsom og uhyggelig glans. vil ikke våkne, drømmer som værhane i vind, metallisk. stille og inderlig. drømmer stille og inderlig, armhulen lukkes aldri. anelser fra en tidligere tilstand farer igjennom deg. har natten gått? du går natten. er et ekko av deg selv, like presis, men mer gjennomsiktig, like rask, men med mindre kraft. forsvinner lett og udramatisk i nattetåken, under<sup>9</sup>

den hvite benmassen som sklir og sklir gjennom rommet. døden skremmer deg, men kun i øyeblikk som ligner korte kroppshost.

mine langsomme bevegelser holder deg i live. min langsomhet holder deg i live. din langsomhet holder dem i live. du smånyner og ser utover landet. delvis klærne, delvis armen, delvis siden av ryggen, nederst: vekslende mellom liv og død, et bilde på seg selv og seg selv, en avbildning og her.

kjærlig stillhet oppstår. du kysser den uten munn. lenge. forbi lenge. en hel natt, eller en hel dag i oktober i lysende sol. eller en svak februardag i en stille, beskjeden lysrest. leddene får ikke sove, er ingen, er ledd mellom de som er noe, knoklene. et dobbeltmenneske badende i lysrester

Et dobbeltmenneske bader i lysrester. en forenklet kjærlighet finner sin figur. en avsluttende figur av forenklet kjærlighet. en figur av forenklet kjærlighet uten vedlegg. en figur: forenklet kjærlighet.<sup>10</sup>

Du hugger langsomt en ny kropp. hugger deg langsomt en ny kropp. hugger langsomt ut en annen kropp. hugger deg langsomt inn i en fremmed kropp. Du hugger deg langsomt inn i en fremmed. Å nei, du har glemt å ta jegerdrakten på

De trøtte håndflatene. Ansiktet lyser fortsatt. Ansiktet lyser fortsatt svakt. Mørk grå på hele innsiden; huden kledd rundt en mørk grå masse. Huden trukket over en mørk grå masse, restene av en hest, restene av et tre, egenskaper fra bladverket, korte bjeff, et voksende gevir, et skimrende revehjerte.

En yngre søster med sine egne problemer. En fjern slektning som bare smiler. Den fjerne slektningen som bare smiler, du forsøker å vise henne en slags listig og åpen frihet. Du forsøker å vise henne en åpen og samlende frihet. En samlende frihet. En oppbyggelig samlende frihet. Et optisk bedrag. Eller bare et bedrag. Et savn midt på sommeren. Et lite stikkende savn midt på sommeren, en svulmende trekrone og et fly Lyden av et fly som ikke angår deg, lyset som avkler deg, du står åpen

Hvorfor vil du minne meg på deg selv? Hvorfor kommer du i drømme, til en enkeltseng. Ligner mer og mer på deg, du sniker deg frem til meg. Ligner bare gradvis på deg, du nærmer deg

9 The pushing into existence and dissolving out of it that is the dancer's daily work necessitates a language that is the material we use to weave meaning backward through movement and forward into our lives.

10 The unity of the word does not guarantee the unity of the thing.

langsomt. Ligner gradvis på deg selv, nærmer deg langsomt.

Det uredigerte ved deg: hendene og ansiktet, ryggen som forsvinner. Tapetsert står du tilbake

Tapetsert står du tilbake med striper og blomster. Kaster en lang skygge over en tornete rosebusk, så romantisk. Nei!

Fire timer på én kvadratmeter, utført på ti sekunder. Lett idrettslig. Effektivt og følsomt. Effektivt og med stor følsomhet, hender og rygg, mage og føtter, knærne og knærne, det stakkars tunge hodet. Å, det godmodige hodet.

Du leder karusellene, du bygger karusellen. Hesten forstår ikke, lager en mørk blafrende kort lyd og snur, trasker inn i skogholtet. Hesten forstår ikke, snur og trasker inn i det tette skogholtet. Din følgesvenn hesten forstår ikke, snur og trasker inn mellom grantrærne.<sup>11</sup>

Du bygger som fyrverkeri. Du strør om deg med iver. Veksler mellom du og jeg. Er borte og dukker opp igjen, vurderer å spille piano. Glir bort, spretter tilbake, ligger på ryggen i gresset og kontemplerer å spille piano. Spiller i stedet benet. Spiller kjøttet fra årene, årene fra knoklene, huden lyser mildt, hendene hviler. Presisjon brytes av ny presisjon

Ikke kan jeg forstå hvilken vei du gikk. Situasjonen er ubetinget: du beveger deg i en stor sirkel av vinduer ut mot nakne trær, en gjennomlyst plass. Gjenkjennelse: en tom huske. Fortsett med vinger, men flytt bena. Gjør armhulene om til frie menn. Kom deg videre. Legg til foten foran foten og snu deg inn i kongelig ensomhet, fall fra og fyll inn i avtrykket; Snøvit har fortært heksen og hviler på et flygende teppe.

Du fører ugleflokkens frem, du er ugleflokkens verdige fører, et landskjerf, en bestebror, et lystårn, en bror, et lystog gjennom fuktig skulderhøy mose, et liktog over stranden, lystog gjennom mose, liktog over stranden Blir med ett retningsløs og farer som et tørkle i altfor ivrig vårbris forårsbris, sporer så banen opp (med halsen), kjærtegner tørkleets bane, alle dens overflater, med ansiktet

Du fullfører opptoget. Svinger raskt ut på gaten og tar med deg din beste venn, som Tarzan.<sup>12</sup> Tusenvis av skjøre liner mellom deg og den mørke kjøttaugen: Dyret, det verdifulle kjøttet. Alle dine handlinger angår det, trådene er sammenhenger. Du henger sammen med det, dine handlinger angår Dyret, den formløse haugen forbundet med din lyse, vevre kropp, så lett å la fly, svakt gjennomsiktig, lyser i mørket som papir, et bevinget insekt, i skinnet fra utelampen over trappa

Bryter vannflaten på samme sted, én etter én: den vitende. den uvitende. den vitende, og så videre.

for første gang går han over gulvet. går han på riktig måte skjules iveren. iveren skal ikke skjules. tankene skjelver gradvis oppover, finner hodet og et øyeblikk av klarhet, før de forsvinner fra

11 The places and streets conceived by literature, painting and cinema are as saturated with emotion and as real as houses and cities built of stone.

12 What is it about words? There is a trust in them that they can articulate exact renderings of shared physical experiences.

deg. du jager dem kort eller lenge. tankene. faller inn og ut av tankenes form. jager tankene, men de jager også deg, vekslende, faller inn og ut av hverandres form. det blir stille i sanden rundt deg.

ingen kan gjenkjenne kjærlighet. en nøysom håndbevegelse, et broderi av en hest og et hjem, kanskje en slede eller en spark, et grantre. folk som snakker overbevisende om seg selv

Minnene eier ingen, de bor for seg selv i et hus i skogkanten, det ryker en tynn søyle opp fra pipa, en tynn røyksøyle stiger, snor seg om seg selv, leker. et svakt lys fra vinduene. men du må gå stille forbi. ingen eier minnene. ser de deg, tror de at det er i et speil de ser, og de jager etter å bli ett med deg, fange seg selv inn, bli ett med dette falske trollbildet og du stivner i minnes form, må hoppe bortover stuegulvet, bortover gaten med stive knær, det er en helvetes jobb for ankene og en påkjenning for hoftene og nakken.<sup>13</sup>

Noter:

*«The Shaping of Change» er en bearbejdet versjon av mitt koreografiske partitur «Flukt og forvandling». Fotnotene siterer fritt fra «The Hidden Sense» av Cretien van Campen, «The Thinking Hand» av Juhani Pallasmaa, essayet «Letting our Speech Go» av Juliette Mapp, Store Norske Leksikon og tekster av Friedrich Nietzsche, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Jorge Luis Borges.*

<sup>13</sup> The uniqueness of the human condition is this: we live in the manifold worlds of possibilities created and sustained by our experiences, recollections and dreams.

In a circle dance, in a changing circle dance. in a circle dance of changing directions. the traces you leave in the air do not resemble the human side of you. the imprints you leave in the air in the room do not resemble what's human about you. you dispel all doubts, rid yourself of them, rid yourself, you're a riddle written in birdsong. you are his last words. you are comfortably clean and warm. you are just as before: A meek chronology of bones in their proper places. a meek symphony of bones in their proper places. you are the surfaces that glide against each other: the light and the sound of light. the light and sound you perceive in the light. the greyish light from the birch forest and the sound it evokes in you. the sound it reminds you of. you are surfaces sliding against each other: the light and the sounds the light evokes in you. you are surfaces that slide against each other: the greyish light and sounds it awakens from within you.

you are the singing servant with a mild fever The ground starts moving under you, you can take it, you do not lose your balance, you parry on two legs, they come from all directions like a confused sea, like a dark field, like a dark field in revolt, rebellion The crows circle above you, you transform the crows, conduct them, the conductor stands silent and still on the edges of the field, sits, silent and still in a simple rowboat, his face is grey and featureless as clay, as if a great hand had gently stroked wet clay, his face of wet clay and a great hand has gently smoothed it over, he has a dark blue raincoat and completely dark eyes

An oversight. how we are how we are? a ragged knuckle. you can let the ocean carry on as the ocean, a nightly conceit leads you far away, like a fish a with a pearl delight.

stillness lives in the deepest layer of bone, silence lives in the bones, it moves beautifully, unbroken, the silence that lives in the deepest of the bones, enclosed, encapsulated as a speck of dust in amber, enclosed as grains of dust in pearl, pollen dust, you are pollen, playing innocently in springtime, playing a game, inventing the rules as you go. Playing a game with the air around your face and the silence embedded in your bones. You embrace love and release it. You embrace love and release it. Embracing love and forgetting it, seeking the practical work of daily chores, precisely, without simulating anything. You clean-up the absence. You clean-up the absence on the floor, as matter-of-factly as folding sheets or telling stories.

What do you think of silence? there is nothing to think about silence. it presents itself, it positions itself, offers itself, it stands on the other side of the street, as in shadow and looks at you, it has no eyes, it approaches you and settles into you when you turn away. You turn towards a bewildered room. A pervasive, surprising clarity. Sky and cellar, a faceless cellar-man, with a horse's spine and heavy, hidden hoofs on his hands and head. you are pulverized, dissolved, whatever.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> An artistic experience activates a primordial mode of embodied, undifferentiated and animistic experiencing; the separation and polarisation of subject and object is temporarily lost and the material world is encountered as if it had its own life force.



Played in the joints, played by the joints, producing a blooming polyphony of joints, evoking a blossoming joints' polyphony. people talk. listen instead to the flowers, creep under them and let yourself be bathed in their pastoral-strange, pleasant song.

you are dialled-up from deep inside the chest, you are dialled-up from the gut, you are dialled. you are dialled-up from the silent, meaty beast that hangs from you, that hangs from your bones. what do you want? it's me, yeah, hey, it's me, too. what! I see further than my eyes, you can count on it. I thought this was going to be about silence, but it only amounts to noise, an anatomically landscaped noise, a noise of skin and teeth. you forgot the hair. the hair is gathered in one place.

Standing in the midst of a crowd singing in the rye field. A great herd standing and singing in the field. The others disappear and you are one who is singing in the field, the sound does not leave you, only the song through the body.

You turn like a newly poisoned Snow White, you jump briefly like a dwarf, caressing like a dog, an alternating love: horse and embroidery. snow and hunter. needle and knife.

sleeping standing up in armour.<sup>15</sup> dropping down to the forest floor, you are small enough to walk around and look up at the flowers, but you do not look at them, you are hunting and bearded. caught in short bursts of wolf-fear. shaking loose large petals with tiny jerks using no arms. you make big petals fall with your mind, the body thinks along, moving lightly by concentration, in slightly unfamiliar forms.

Some things should be large, other things should be small, a practice that is like a sewing table full of small drawers and holes, a thread quickly moving, swirling in an unpredictable path, almost fluttering, the thread is precise though its flutters before the eye.

She, of whom you know nothing but her voice coming from the closed room upstairs in a stranger's house. her gestures: clear and closed. her gestures: made to someone you do not see. to you. Her hand movements in the mirror. in front of the mirror in the closed room. in front of the mirror with a heavy, darkly-glazed wooden frame. clear, glass eyes. striped felt.

you are wearing your hunting costume. you are the people as they flicker in the skeletal woods with their blind bodies. fast, at first, precise shifts with long intervals. Then the skin changes, each skin insisting on its own pattern. scaly, chapped, rough. smooth, thin as a membrane, pale pink. black and glossy, heavy and pliant, subtly brilliant, a hint of green running deepest in the black.

Where is the beast? aren't you hunting? you are hunting for the animal. creating tracks. you are creating tracks in all the layers around you, before you, below you, above you, behind you, you do not reach all of the layers to create tracks in them, set your teeth, claws and eyes in them. the tracks resembles smoke. you track your insides. set your eyes in you, your teeth into you, your claws behind you.<sup>16</sup>

15 Art offer us alternative identities and life situations, and this is its great mental task.  
16 Every word was once an animal.

Your hunting costume was green but it has whitened, it whitens and becomes paper white, you whiten and narrow, you continue to be moved, deeply, a longing, it resembles a longing or a memory you want to get rid of, the smell of raw meat from the hunter-white costume, your legs are searching, your eyes are clear as glass eyes, your hands are looking for cleanly folded letters in smoke trails, in the smoke, and then: the taste of winter cherry<sup>17</sup>

A house should be large, a winter should be long, a winter long enough, a summer short and powerful, like a dark green hunting costume, you have strewn flowers on the floor, not evenly, but randomly, you forgot the beautiful bouquet you had in your hand, you forgot the beautiful bouquet you had in your left hand, now there is only one flower left, you throw it away with an indifferent force

why do you walk backwards home from school, why do you walk forward toward the sea?

Visiting with despair your own skeleton. seeking kinship behind your back. accelerating into the future, with slow hands, far from the shoulders, far from the center of the spine. swaying like uncut grass, resignation

Crossing the threshold of fairy tales, alternating between a dwarf and a snow-white witch, a distorted reflection. slowly discovering a new species from within. where is within? look here, I'll show you.

Voices: ancestors and warriors, Neanderthals and bird people, bird people with bare chests, hunters and sirens, the grieving boy's silken gloves.

Well dressed, as in peacetime. you tell your blind spots about yourself. you tell your blind spots about yourself. you tell your blind, deaf spots about yourself. the spots from which you can neither see nor hear, you tell them about yourself, about themselves, about what they are a part of, what exists outside of you. playing on strings of lights. your night of no expectations.

You are spared: standing in the very midst of the world (but an itch). Look here, forget the itch. Look at them. Is there something about your face? The soft, open, human face. Or is there something above it? A magnificent crown of dark fur and twigs

No. You have your brother's soft hands, your sister's pale beak. You listen attentively, hearing gusts of wind whirl. You are a blind deer along a pencil-thin path. You fall out of the maze (an awkward glimpse). Nose-bone-first you enter a larger animal, you feel its gnarled tail go through you. Then it leaves you, with a slippery squelch. A sudden calm, then an extra-terrestrial cut

You are the source of everything sideways. You are the father everything that moves in reverse. you walk up the stairs on flat ground. you disappear and you gradually return: an old man without a face. An old man whose features have been wiped clean, somebody has smoothed his face like plasticine, like clay. you cough up the notes: water-memory wood-memory sun-memory. you

17 Synthesis: The coming together of a multitude to a whole, so that it appears as a unity. According to Kant, our consciousness has the ability to join the manifold of sensuous experiences into a coherent unity. The opposite of analysis.

play a game with water-memory, leaf-memory, soil-memory, light-memory

undergrowth, blindness, stagger. A weak light. Quick, subsequent moments of conviction. Quick, subsequent moments of conflicting convictions. A red shirt, a pear, a ladder and a paper toy, you tell your own fortune and collapse gracefully.

you are holding hands with an identical brother in a deep, moving sleep, on two legs. you are holding hands with a heavy, identical brother in deeply moving sleep, on two legs. You are twins and you are the both of you, you are both you and him and You have your own hands in your hands. You are him and you in a slow and deeply moving sleep.

A face is sitting on your back, it likes it. You run the two of you into the woods as if saving you from a sudden war. The beginning of all narratives, beginnings of stories, of adventure and riddles

You are hunter and prey, animal and traces of the animal, people and the places they appear, chasing through skeletons with blind meat, blind skin, blind blood, chasing through skeletons, an invisible hand that switches on the lamp, you obey the commander briefly, you light a bonfire and you become the fire, a series of moving cracklings, a series of transferrable languages, a moving language

you say I'm capable of turning the light upside down, jumping like the sound of a cuckoo, the voice makes you dark in the meat, snarling low, fitting your face into the face-shapes around you, closing your eyes and letting it slide, letting your face slide into place, letting it fit for a while and then drawing it back, turning slowly as in a breeze, becoming the king, the queen's mother, the king's mother's jealous knife-wielding cousin and discouraged joker, three brothers and the brothers clothes – in rapidly alternating moments, you can remember horse and deer, you can ride but won't, you have nowhere else to go, you mirror yourself in the dark well-water and in that way you cover all surfaces.

We listen for a lion. the body is carved into the body. the body glows like a pale lamp through the king's dark room? the dark forest? a closet? the darkness in the closet? you look for your name. what will it be? How will you know it? how do you find the name.

With your head lifted slightly, as in love. Arms open, as in solitude, folding in the silence of a snowfall. lifting your head in love, opening your arms in solitude, you fold in the silence of a snowfall. you move cautiously and with your back turned to them, the large, quiet flock, the least disturbance will unsettle them. the slightest inattention will disconcert them. you are free in your carefulness.

You empty the sky with small movements, smoothly, small, a rhythm that constantly evolves, interrupts itself, you empty the sky of birds and clouds, colours and wind.<sup>18</sup>

Your hands move into the future while your feet walk into your childhood driveway. Hands and

18 Metaphors: verbal tools we use to grasp unknown experiences in terms of known experiences.

face moving into the future (always brighter and larger), feet believing they are back where you grew up.

An overcrowded circle: an attic full of boxes, hatboxes, a stuffed owl, a simple light bulb hanging from the roof. You empty memories into the space. You place the memories in the room, like prints: the horse, the bed, the escape and transformation.

Can this be true? You carry a large crown of fur and twigs, small rushes as in war or sea (a sharp and rapid small fish). An attempt: if everyone came home, if everyone you long for was to come to you

You lift your childhood up in you like a large heavy egg, shiny and smooth, so easy to slip, arms hanging, almost weak, you walk on tiptoe, carrying the egg in you, it is almost as big as you are

A thin light: you. Shining on the faces around you, you can see them. the king and the witch, the hunter and the deer, little brother. Higher and higher, an accent you recognize: dark, as a cut in the forest. The light is switched on in your chest.

You go out to You go to You fold in just the right, even pace Fold and unfold again, an irregularly shaped accordion dressed in skin, and then you leave

You see yourself in a past time, you are holding an apple<sup>19</sup> in your hand, you turn towards yourself, dressed in a deep green hunting costume

When did the night fall? this is how the night falls. how the night falls. night falls. this is how the night falls. this is how darkness falls. one movement at a time. with one movement at a time you read your own inside, without doubt, without regret

The spine sings alone in the woods.

In all ways except forwards, backwards sideways, crawling or scooting, you go into the woods with a blind body. You enter the body with a blind forest. You go into the woods with a blind body.

The doubt is shining, clear, nothing hangs, nothing is rigid, everything is clear, everything is of clarity, skinned, open, sown, sprouting, fragile accurate sprouts (out of the flayed skin).

Anything other than war. Quick, the opposite of war. The opposite of war in rapid glimpses. The opposite of war: quick. Undergrowth, early days.<sup>20</sup>

The manifestation of kinship: you. The faces enshrined in your face, the bodies enshrined in

19 The taste of the apple lies in the contact of the fruit with the palate, not in the fruit itself; in a similar way poetry lies in the meeting of the poem and reader, not in the lines of symbols printed on the pages of a book. That is the aesthetic act, the thrill, the almost physical emotion that comes with each reading.

20 Experience, memory and imagination are equal in our consciousness; we may be equally moved by something evoked by our memory or imagination as by an actual experience.

yours. Their speech. Slow but visible. Do you belong? No, they are strangers who live in you. Farthest in and furthest away: the core of life. Belonging? In transient episodes of loneliness, a sense of loss, a weak, almost gentle longing, a hand stroking the cheek of a not-quite-small child.<sup>21</sup> at first, a hushed spasm in the shape of a singing servant. At first, incomprehensible. at first, uncomprehending, a singing servant. First he is himself uncomprehending and then he enters the air from two feet to two feet, a kind of jump without bended knees, a feverish void, the loneliness of a fierce power, tearing and pouring with no arms.

Is the night gone? you go through the night. You free the emptiness from the light and speak in terrible tones, a desolate chaos, you fix your arm in the shape of a lamp. your hair lightly sweeping the floor at an unfamiliar angle.

The open, hair-covered plateau swapped, brutally, with a wrinkled, unpredictable, hairy interior, simultaneously, the wrinkled exterior, and vice versa. exterior? the surface of everything, yourself included. Interior? Yes, you get it. the thoughts are shivering between your hands. the thoughts are trembling from hand to hand, they cannot be held like a snowball

a slow and eerie sheen. you don't want to wake up. you are dreaming like a weather vane in the wind, metallic. so: silent and fervent. you dream quietly and earnestly, the armpits never close. forebodings from a previous state run through you. has the night passed? you pass the night. you are an echo of yourself, just as precise, but more transparent, just as fast but with less force. you disappear easily, without drama, into the night fog below<sup>22</sup>

the white bone mass that slides and slides through the room. death scares you, but only in moments that come like short body-coughs.

my slow movements keep you alive. my slowness keeps you alive. your slowness keeps them alive. you hum softly and look out over the countryside. partly your clothes, partly your arm, partly the length of your back, down along your side: alternating between life and death, a picture of yourself and you, an image and here.

a loving silence arises. you kiss it without a mouth. for a long time. past a long time. a whole night or a whole day in the bright light of October. or a bleak day in February in a quiet, modest remnant of light. the joints get no sleep, they are no one, just the link between those who are something, the bones. a double man bathing in remnants of light.

A double man bathes in remnants of light. a simplified love finds its figure. a final figure of simplified love. a figure of simplified love without attachment. a figure: Simplified love.<sup>23</sup>

you slowly carve out a new body. slowly, you carve out a new body. you slowly carve out another body. you slowly carve your way into a foreign body. You slowly carve into a stranger. Oh no, you have forgotten to put on your hunting costume

21 Perhaps by embracing this ambiguity of meaning, instead of trying to overcome it, language can be most useful.

22 The pushing into existence and dissolving out of it that is the dancer's daily work necessitates a language that is the material we use to weave meaning backward through movement and forward into our lives.

23 The unity of the word does not guarantee the unity of the thing.

The weary palms. Your face still shining. Your face still shining bleakly. Dark grey all over your insides; skin wrapped around a dark grey mass. Skin drawn over a dark grey mass, the remains of a horse, the remains of a tree, some features of vegetation, a short yelp, a growing antler, a shimmering fox-heart.

A younger sister with her own troubles. A distant relative who just smiles. The distant relative who just smiles, you are trying to show her a kind of sly and open freedom. You try to show her an open and unifying freedom. A unifying freedom. An enlightening, unifying freedom. An optical illusion. Or, simply, a deception. A loss at midsummer. A small, prickly deprivation in the middle of summer, a treetop, an airplane The sound of the airplane does not concern you, the light undresses you, you stand opened

Why would you remind me yourself? Why are you coming to me in a dream, to a single bed. Looking more and more like you, you sneak up on me. Looking only gradually like you, approaching slowly. Looking gradually like yourself, approaching slowly.

The unedited of you: your hands and face, your back disappearing. You are left behind, draped in wallpaper. Draped in wallpaper you are left behind, stripy and flowery. Casting a shadow over a thorny rose bush: how romantic. No!

Four hours on a single square meter, completed in ten seconds. A bit athletic. Efficient and sensitive. Efficient and terribly sensitive, hands and back, abdomen and feet, knees and knees, the poor, heavy head. Oh, good-natured head.

You lead the carousels, you build the carousel. The horse doesn't understand, he makes a dark, trembling sound and turns, trudging into the woods. The horse does not understand, he turns and trudges into the dense thicket. Your companion the horse does not understand, he turns and trudges between spruce trees.<sup>24</sup>

You build like fireworks. You bristle with enthusiasm. Switching between you and me. Go away and reappear, consider playing the piano. Glide away, bounce back, lying on your back in the grass, contemplating playing the piano. Play your leg instead. Play the meat from the years, the years from the bones, your skin glows softly, your hands rest.

I cannot figure out which way you went. The situation is unconditional: you move around in a big circle of windows, facing the naked trees, an illuminated space, recognition: an empty swing. Continue with wings, but move your legs. Transform your armpits into free men. Go further. Put one foot in front of the other foot and turn, in royal solitude, fall out and fill in the imprint; Snow White has eaten the witch and is resting on a flying carpet.

You are leading the herd of owls, you're the dignified leader of the herd of owls, a land-scarf, a best brother, a light tower, a brother, a train of light through damp, shoulder-height moss. a mourning procession along the beach, a train of light through the moss, a procession of mourners along the beach. You are suddenly stripped of direction and fly like a handkerchief in

24 The places and streets conceived by literature, painting and cinema are as saturated with emotion and as real as houses and cities built of stone.

an overly-eager spring breeze, you trace the handkerchief's route (with your neck), caress the handkerchief's route, all of its surfaces, with your face.

You complete the procession. Swinging quickly into the street, bringing back your best friend, like Tarzan.<sup>25</sup>

Thousands of fragile lines between you and the pile of dark meat: the beast, the precious meat. All your actions concern it, threads are contexts. You are interrelated, your actions concern the animal, the formless heap is connected to your bright, elegant body, so easy to let fly, slightly transparent, glowing in the dark like paper, a winged insect, in the glow of a lamp above the porch steps.

You break the water's surface in the same place, one by one: the one who knows. the ignorant. the one who knows, and so on.

for the first time he walks across the floor. walking properly lets him conceal his eagerness. eagerness should not be hidden. thoughts tremble gradually upward, through you, reaching your head and providing a moment of clarity, before leaving you, and you chase them for a brief, or a long time. the thoughts. moving in and out of their shapes. you chase thoughts, they chase you, alternately, moving in and out of each others' shapes. it becomes quiet in the sand around you.

no one can recognize love. a careful hand movement, an embroidery of a horse and a home, maybe a sled or a kick sledge, a spruce tree. people who speak convincingly about themselves

The memories are owned by no one, they live by themselves in a house at the edge of the forest, a thin pillar of smoke rising from the chimney, a thin spiral rises, twirling around itself, playing. a dim light from the windows. but you must go quietly past. nobody owns the memories. if you let them see you, they'll think they're looking into a mirror, and they'll try to merge with you, catch themselves within you, create a spellbound image: you will solidify in their shape and hobble across the living room floor, across the street, with stiff knees, it takes a hell of a toll on your ankles and puts a strain on your hips and neck.<sup>26</sup>

Notes:

*"The Shaping of Change" is an alternate version of my choreographic score "Escape and Transformation". The footnotes cites freely from "The Hidden Sense" by Cretien van Campen, "The Thinking Hand" by Juhani Pallasmaa, the essay "Letting our Speech Go" by Juliette Mapp, Store Norske Leksikon and the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Jorge Luis Borges.*

25 What is it about words? There is a trust in them that they can articulate exact renderings of shared physical experiences.

26 The uniqueness of the human condition is this: we live in the manifold worlds of possibilities created and sustained by our experiences, recollections and dreams.

## onebreath

and there you go your back is hurting  
 how to change focus  
 the warmth of the body next to you  
 starting to feel sexual  
 change  
 try to create a short-cut  
 one spark  
 a black hole  
 makes it possible to disconnect  
 to plug into something else  
 after  
 only a millisecond for instance  
 the slow procession of refugees walking through the Slovenian fields  
 cut  
 banana  
 cut  
 bitterness  
 cut  
 different grammatical structures  
 like  
 what are your real desires?  
 cut  
 Styrofoam butterflies  
 but  
 cut  
 I'm so happy 'cause today I found my friends  
 cut  
 feeling that the skin of my fingers is too tight when I've smoked too much  
 cut  
 let's make the sentences a bit longer it's tricky not to change the rhythm  
 cut  
 James Joyce light tower an orange snail house first time flying not being allowed in  
 the pub this is all one thought for me not a thought but a sphere of memories  
 cut  
 maybe  
 cut  
 where does the space begin and where does it end  
 cut  
 would they have an open relationship  
 cut  
 breathing in the colours of autumn feeling it's okay to slowly let everything die that is  
 maybe the softest thing  
 cut  
 he's putting my pearl chain in his mouth  
 cut  
 so what's that piece now?  
 slowly a lot  
 a plentiness of things  
 it could be the first piece  
 cut  
 not choosing

embracing everything  
it could be every piece  
a piece that makes you see every thing  
this was too close  
cut  
the worst is having no one anymore to care for said the mother of Chantal Ackerman  
now she's dead, Chantal how can I tell her now her art is like grazed skin to me, the  
skin under the daily-life skin, a bit more red, a bit more vulnerable, it needs a special  
eye to find beauty in that layer, a special soul there is much more suffering in life than  
in death  
cut  
there are too many people in the sea  
cut  
maybe I stay there  
a dark mirroring surface that was  
cut  
is there any artist who did one and the same thing all her life not considering it one  
and the same thing moving from intensity to intensity I don't care about shapes I care  
about  
not finish sentence  
I am just an example  
I use I when it feels awkward to use someone else as an example  
maybe this was Clarice Lispector's struggle  
cut  
there's something about this practice of having a chain in ones hand  
a pearl chain for instance  
real or plastic  
it seems so comforting  
to let the pearls slowly slide through the fingers without end  
cut  
let's just drop the cut

let's stop going let's start bowing  
such an amazing feeling to bring  
the chin to the chest

I'm aware I'm uploading people like hard drives

when one writes, one has to listen very well  
in elementary school I had a course called "listening"  
should have been called comprehending  
listening is the suspending of comprehending

persons you never met  
names that seem familiar because you heard them often  
I really love never having met someone  
so what's this piece now? it's everything that is not  
but as soon as nothing becomes something, there is no more nothing  
it's not up to me to let nothing be nothing  
no thing noting

I mistake your nodding for listening

said the one who is speaking  
the one who has the words  
the people who have the money  
are not the ones who have the words

quote on quote

I will ask her if we can please squeeze thousand words into one page  
you see there is never a thing that just serves another thing  
every thing is always a thing in it's own right  
like  
you today  
and  
you tomorrow

starting with diet Coke  
till  
the last whisky before you leave and then having another one

What We Did Not No is not part of it  
People I Met is not part of it  
Occurrences is not part of it  
or maybe only one Occurrence  
Web Histories are not part of it  
Brad Pitt, Jay Z and Justin Bieber in one show

how many tickles do you need in order to feel tickled?

we don't need more answers

how many shipwrecks in the world seas?

a desert is vast  
an ocean is vast  
a forest can be vast  
one person can be vast  
a taste can be vast

how to stutter in writing?

What are the obstacles in the search for Flight MH370?  
headlines the guardian at 00:28 March 21  
who will remember the urgency of this headline  
in 10 years in 1 year in one month tomorrow

speak to me about what you forgot

the new has expired  
I'm a new conservative

no negative definitions  
nononono

this nice kind of synthesizing remembering  
or this kind of remembering when single experiences accumulate into one  
overwhelming sensation a soothing kind of lostness  
you just drown and drown and you know the best is to let go even more  
to drown even more  
so you forget you're drowning  
you forget before and after you forget you

Thomas L'Obscure Story of the Eye Aqua Viva Infinite Jest The Infinite Conversation  
Flaming Creatures Indian Ragga a wool blanket in a pitch-black room in winter

the feeling of  
amongst us

what does time have to do with counting?

when I've written a sentence of a certain length it's difficult not to write again a  
sentence of the same length

speaking writing moving

when a person hears voices how real are they?

pinpointing

map of America

crumble

he's always seeing things in abstraction as if it's not enough that a story is a story it  
always also has to stand for something else  
makes the world very rich must be very tiring

the only place we share is this page

what can I say well if you ask me I mean  
if you really wanna know I always say  
that's how things go you know now how you can't keep messing around with people  
if you do that if you do that then

the man spits raises his finger

Every moment countless thoughts are running through our mind. Some surface to our consciousness, most go by unnoticed. How to capture the 'now' in words? How to move inside language, unplanned, uncensored? How to write what one really thinks, here and now?

This text is rooted in a practice I have been developing over years, which I call 'thinking-talking': words that turn around words that turn around words. In 2011, this resulted in the creation of the performance *Turning Turning* (a choreography of thoughts), which was developed into a solo in 2013.

*Turning Turning* confronts questions concerning the very dynamism the human self is constructed by and constructing through language.

These two texts are related, though they are not twins, maybe more like cousins. They both take care of the specific possibilities within the respective languages they are made up of, in this way they are not identical, they overlap. Sometimes they meet and at other times they go their separate ways.

## nødvendighetspraksis

kroppen min er alltid et forslag  
jeg er en ramme for bevegelse

dialogen mellom det potensielle og det faktiske  
jeg rommer forhandling  
å komponere er å komme over seg sjøl

å dikte er å plukke fra intet  
apropos ingenting  
enten kommer det noe mer eller ikke

å kjenne ethvert begrep på kroppen  
språket er forsinkelse

tydelighet er et spørsmål om tid  
mot må oppdateres  
om ikke går det ut på dato

å kjenne ethvert grep på kroppen  
forståelse er en følelse

å artikulere en relasjon  
alt henger sammen med alt

ingenting er et problem  
uten tilgang på grunnen går jeg til grunne

ideene som rammer oss alle  
språket holder meg med selskap



skammen og forvirringen ved å ikke være samtidig med seg selv  
jeg rykker fram og tilbake mellom ulike tider  
jeg er alle min aldre

opplevelsen treffer litt før refleksjonen  
refleksjon fordrer erfaring  
sansingen og så tenkningen

forsinkelsen ligger i tiden det tar å uttrykke inntrykkene mine

jeg plasserer trynet mitt i språket  
jeg tvinger fram språket før det er klart  
før det er tygd  
jeg spytter det ut og ser det falle pladask  
det faller mot grunnen

refleksjon fordrer distanse  
distanse er å finne det i deg som ikke er deg  
identitet er alt det jeg er i tillegg til meg selv

kunsten er å fjerne livets svinn

holdning over underholdning  
å skrive fra kroppen heller enn om kroppen  
å komme i kontakt med nødvendigheten i tilværelsen

idet jeg vet det kan det ikke lenger sies  
idet jeg sa det var det ikke lenger sant

jeg danser for å ikke forsvinne inn i mitt eget hode

hele verden forsvinner inn i meg  
imploderer  
og slik blir vi begge borte

jeg går inn i meg selv  
og mister verden  
jeg går inn i meg selv  
og forsvinner ut i universet  
det banker utenfor huden

jeg har vondt i viljen  
jeg glitrer  
men ingen ser det

i terrenget forsøker jeg å være havet  
det siste jeg ser før jeg forsvinner er horisonten

jeg tar alt innover meg  
slik drukner jeg  
for så å flyte opp og bli overflate

jeg forsøker å ikke artikulere meg selv bort  
kunsten å være sin egen passasjer

de beste stedene er de som er ute av fokus  
jeg kjenner på ting som ikke er der  
helt til sjela mi begynner å flagre

jeg velger stillheten og den velger meg  
så svikter jeg den

jeg sitter ved siden av kunsten  
av og til har jeg den på fanget

definisjon skaper rom  
dette ordet er et univers

hvor stort nedslagsfelt har tanken?

kretsene i tilnærming  
spesifikk i følsomhet  
sensitiv ovenfor alle størrelser

jeg er ikke dansen  
jeg er i et forhold

å være familiær med risiko  
som å møte en gammel venn  
fortrolig med egne spøkelser

personligheten min er en brems  
jeg gjentar meg selv  
hvert øyeblikk  
hver morgen og hver kveld  
hele livet

det var det eneste jeg rakk

hvert øyeblikk er i en evig identitetskrise  
jeg er også en del av evolusjonen

jeg vil være angripelig  
ta meg  
jeg skriver diktene mine i håndflatene dine

teksten rødmer idet emosjonene skyller over den

lyd er berøring fra avstand  
stemmen min tar på deg  
mens vi snakker sammen skriver jeg til deg inni meg

å ta i bruk diskurs som noe mer enn sminke  
vi tøyer språket  
samtidig som vi anerkjenner dets utilstrekkelighet

vi designer konspirasjoner  
ambivalens og glede

vi er hverandres fortsettelse

beveger oss alltid i sikksakk

bygger videre på hverandre  
ingen pyramider

vi siver ut sidelengs

vi hopper heller utfor framfor å vente på at grunnen forsvinner

den umulige oppgaven å gi dere min innside

a practice in necessity

my body is always a proposal  
I am a frame for movement

the dialogue between the potential and the actual  
I contain negotiation  
to compose is to get over yourself

to fabricate is to extract something out of nothing  
speaking of nothing  
either something follows or not

potential is slowly killing me  
language is delay

clarity is always a matter of time  
courage has to be kept up to date  
or else it is wasted

connecting the dots as I ...  
understanding is a feeling

to articulate a relation  
everything is connected to everything

freedom is out the window  
nothing is a problem

getting into it without getting it  
language is keeping me company

the shame and confusion of not being contemporary with yourself  
I go back and forth between different times  
I am all my ages

the experience hits moments before the reflection  
reflection requires experience  
the sensing and then the thinking

the delay is the time it takes to express my impressions

I hurry the language  
I drag it out from underneath the bed and expose it to the daylight  
I spit out the words before they are chewed  
watch them twist under the weight of my gaze

reflection requires distance

distance is finding that in yourself that is not yourself  
identity is everything I am in addition to myself

to write from the body rather than about the body  
to keep in touch with the necessity of existence

the moment I know it, it can no longer be said  
the moment I said it, it was no longer true

I dance to avoid losing myself in thought

a subjective orientation towards objectivity  
manifesting its own heartbeat  
dance goes without saying

I turn inwards  
and lose my surroundings  
I turn inwards  
and am thrown out into the universe  
phantom pain is turning my flesh into concrete

my will is aching  
time to have secrets  
then get rid of them again

in the terrain I strive to be the ocean  
the last thing I see before I disappear is the horizon

I take it all in  
going under  
just to reappear as pure surface

I am trying not to articulate my own disappearance  
the art of being one's own passenger

the best places are the ones that are out of focus  
silently singing while walking backwards  
thinking of people instead of spending time with them

I choose silence and it chooses me  
then I betray it

I sit down next to the art  
sometimes we are even holding hands

definition creates space  
this word is an entire universe

to approximate the range of each thought

orbiting as an approach  
specific in all its vulnerability  
sensitive towards all sizes

I am not the dance  
I am in a relationship with it

to be familiar with risk  
like catching up with an old friend  
or being intimate with one's own ghosts

personality is slowing me down  
I repeat myself  
every moment  
every night and day  
my whole life

the pressure that never turned into tears

every moment is in an eternal identity crisis  
overwhelmed is the new cool

my desire is to be readable  
tear through me  
I'm writing my poems in the palms of your hands

the text blushes as the emotions runs through it

letters are turning each other on

how to not apply discourse the same way you do your make-up  
we are stretching language  
at the same time we acknowledge its epic fails

we design conspiracies  
ambivalence and joy

we are each other's continuation

we cover distance

we cover each other

floating out sideways

I cannot get into words  
still I'm getting into you

I go  
blank

preparing for nothing

## Fra ryggen

Jeg legger meg i stabilt sideleie hver kveld, sånn for sikkerhetsskyld. Tenker på hud for å få sove. Om seks år vil alle cellene være byttet ut. Den huden jeg nå har, vil ikke lenger finnes.

Jeg går ut i hagen etter at det er blitt mørkt, legger meg med ansiktet ned i vått gress etter en dag med striregn, for jeg er alltid dehydrert, lar fingrene bore seg ned i kald jord, hører den sytråd-som-ryker-aktige lyden når gressrøttene gir etter, kjenner hvordan fremsiden av kroppen gradvis suger til seg vann og kulde, klærne som blir våte, for så å langsomt rulle meg gjennomvåt fra den ene siden av hagen til den andre.

Jeg samler steiner av en viss tyngde, legger meg ned, sprer dem utover kroppen, kjenner hofta og magen ta til seg tyngdepunktene, kjenner steinene ta til seg temperaturen, til jeg ikke lenger merker noen forskjell mellom kropp og stein. Og slik finner folk meg, i hagen, i skogen, i parker. Det er langsomheten som legger henne slike steder, hører jeg dem si. Den er en form for vold, hvisker de, og jeg vrir hodet langsomt mot dem, rister på det, som den gangen de fant meg i bunnen av trappa, plukket av meg steinene og bar meg til en sofa.

Jeg forhandler frem et forhold til gravitasjonen om morgenen, identifiserer meg med trær, gjør fininnstillinger for å kunne stå oppreist, helt stille slik som dem. Jeg må flytte vekten litt lenger bak mot helene. Så går jeg ut til dem, trærne, legger armene rundt dem og øret inntil stammen for å kjenne at de ikke står stille allikevel, for de har så lange rygger. Hvis jeg passerer en gruppe trær med samme høyde som meg selv, stiller jeg meg blant dem en stund mens jeg tenker på hvordan vi tar våre avgjørelser. Hver morgen tar skogen en kollektiv avgjørelse om å bli stående. Det eldste treet ser på et annet og sier: La oss stå. Så hvikes beskjeden videre til resten av skogen. Hvis en hel skog tok en kollektiv avgjørelse om å falle, ville det være svimlende vakkert å se fra et høyt fjell eller et helikopter.

Jeg legger glassflasker fylt av solbærsaft i fryseren over natta. Om morgenen åpner jeg fryseren for å betrakte glassseksplasjonen.

Jeg spiser frokost da det går opp for meg at jeg tygger i rytmer, komponerer små musikkstykker med tennene, og at det kanskje er dette som skal lede meg til mitt store gjennombrudd i utlandet. Jeg skal bli kjent som dama med de musikalske kjevene, hun som tygger alt i rytmer.

Jeg drikker hvitvin i dusjen. Kombinasjonen av varm vann og kald vin overvinner de fleste andre kombinasjoner. Den stigende beruselsen i naken kropp under rennende vann gir meg samme følelse som da jeg lå i bekken som barn. Jeg tørker kroppen, danser litt rundt i huset, blir sulten og går til butikken for å kjøpe kveldsmat, naken, under en svart frakk, med kun et par av knappene knepet. Liker å føle meg frekk. Jeg tenker at blottere nok er spennende mennesker, kunne ønske jeg hadde en blotter som venn, kanskje kunne vi snakket om spenningsmomenter og eksplosjoner og annet fint.

Jeg kan ligge lenge. Høre øyenvippene treffe putetrekket når jeg blunker. Spise mat mens jeg fortsatt har øreproppene i, høre knekkebrødtugging fra innsiden, hvordan kjeven forblir fremmed der inne. Lyden av fingre som stryker armen, langsomt. Jeg kan skille mellom lydene fra undersiden av underarmen og oversiden av underarmen. Forskjellene har med mengden hår å gjøre. Undersiden av underarmen har ikke hårvekst i det hele tatt. Jeg kan skille hjerteskudd og lungeskudd også, ut fra måten elgen faller sammen på. Skytes den i hjertet, krøker den seg sammen før beina skli i hver sin retning. Treffes lungene, kan den løpe opptil tre hundre meter før den faller om.

Jeg våkner opp enkelte dager med følelsen av å ha sett noe jeg ikke burde se, noe som ikke var ment for meg, jeg vet ikke hva, eller kanskje er det heller en følelse av å ha sett for mye, alle disse blikkene

iblandet mitt eget, eller smaksfornemmelsene i munnen når jeg tenker på alt jeg har spist. Fremmede munnhuler har utvannet min egen. Kanskje er det ikke lenger min tunge jeg kjenner mot ganen. Jeg har ikke så mye til felles med de jeg har ligget med. Slike dager blir jeg liggende. Spiser nøytrale ting. Prøver å tenke på en ting av gangen. Jeg har en eksepsjonelt fleksibel ryggrad, men tør ikke være kreativ i seksuelle fantasier.

Jeg kan sitte på kjøkkenstolen ved vinduet, flytte meg litt lenger ut på setet slik at jeg blir sittende helt på kanten, lene overkroppen fremover så jeg nesten faller, og mens jeg sitter slik sier jeg til meg selv at jeg ikke skal lene meg lenger. Så lener jeg meg likevel og faller av stolen, lander halvveis under bordet. Ofte krabber jeg ordentlig inn under det og kanskje er det derfor jeg faller i utgangspunktet, som et påskudd for å kunne ligge litt under bordet. For det ville være rart å komme gående inn på kjøkkenet, sette seg ned på huk og krabbe direkte under, for unyansert på en måte. Sittingen først, kanskje en kaffekopp og en avis før fallet, skaper en glidende overgang, slik at hvis noen hadde fått øye på meg utenifra, ville det sett ganske normalt ut. Slikt som hender.

Jeg løper i skogen for skogens skyld. Trærne trenger noe som raser forbi. Jeg veiver så mye jeg klarer med armene mot trekronene. Jeg løper fort, ikledd masker og flagrende indiske tekstiler. De glitrer i sola og jeg blir svett.

Jeg spaserer også. Vi liker variasjonen, både trærne og jeg. Det er forbløffende hvor mange perspektiver som endres ved dette temposkiftet fra løp til gange.

Jeg har lest i pakningsvedlegget til magnesium. Der står det at magnesium roer ned livmoren, og hjelper hjertet med å slippe av mellom slagene. Noen ganger tar jeg femten piller, legger meg i senga og forestiller meg døden mellom hvert hjertereslag. Livmoren faller inn i en tilstand av nummenhet. Armer og bein forsvinner eller halveres. De kan løsne og gå ut av rommet, gjennom gangen og forlate huset. Lungene krymper til halv størrelse, slik at pusten øker til dobbelt tempo. Jeg pådrar meg ofte lungesykdommer av dette. Organene bytter plass. Livmoren overtar for hjertet, og hjertet kryper ned i underlivet. Da tenker jeg på hvor skumle spedbarn er. Jeg våkner svett fra drømmer om fødsler i en fellesdusj, hvor menstruerende kvinner står rundt meg og heier.

Jeg vasker ansiktet. Spiser det jeg orker. Drikkerte i lesestolen. Ser ut. Tenker på at jeg er en voksen kvinne nå, med utvokste hofter og hender. Bærer meg selv opp trappene, legger meg som et spedbarn. Våkner som en jentunge. Går ned på kjøkkenet, drikker et glass saft, for så å gå langs grusveien; å gå av seg en jentunge. Det dreier seg om rester fra natta. Det er huden som ikke er intakt. Jeg går meg en tur for å gå på meg hud. Når jeg sovner om kvelden, er jeg ofte det motsatte av en jentunge. Et kakefat med rester av bløtkake som har stått i solsteik på bordet hele dagen; den slags rester. Jeg kan ikke forklare det ytterligere. Men jeg får lyst til å unnskyld meg. Unnskyld.

Jeg finner de største og eldste trærne og legger meg inntil. Noen ganger hører jeg dem vokse. Øret får en slik skjerpet tilstedeværelse der ute i skogen. En dag tok jeg med meg et lite tre hjem og plantet det et utvalgt sted i stua; stedet hadde en spennende utsikt. Det må jo være særs viktig for trivselen og livskvaliteten med utsikt, skal man stå samme sted hele livet. Treet sto slik at det også kunne skimte andre trær gjennom vinduet; forebygging av ensomhet. Jeg vannet det, prøvde å la vannet dryppe slik som regnet, la det høres ut slik som regnet gjør når det treffer bladene. Variasjon i regn, sidelengs og hardt, lett og nesten ikke merkbart eller hørbart, striregn uten vind, da fallende rett ned. Jeg sørget for å gi det variasjon i lys og temperatur. Men det ville ikke lenger vokse, eller øret ville ikke lenger høre.

Jeg bar treet tilbake i skogen, plantet det akkurat der jeg hadde tatt det, hullet var der fortsatt. Etterpå satte jeg meg ved siden av treet, observerte det en stund, der det var kommet tilbake til sitt hjemsted. Jeg forestilte meg treet glede. Det hadde vært på sitt livs eneste reise, det følte jeg meg rimelig sikker på, og nå var det kommet hjem. Det måtte jo kjennes som en fornyelse.

Jeg bestemte meg for å gi flere muligheten til å oppleve en hjemkomst. Tok med meg passe store steiner, fant dem ved trerøtter, under mose og i skråninger. Kanskje hadde de ligget stille der siden istiden.

Jeg vasker ikke ansiktet. Dytter en fremmed kvinne ut av senga, unnskyld, sier jeg, unnskyld meg. Men du kan bare glemme å vaske ansiktet ditt, på mitt bad. Jeg dytter kvinnen ned trappa. Vi trenger ingen myk start på dagen. Tenker ikke på rekkefølger. Går rett på toliteren med vaniljeis. Spiser oss mette. Så sier jeg til den fremmede

kvinnen at hun må gå nå. Bærer meg selv opp trappene igjen, legges som et spedbarn, nok en gang. Våkner av et lite egg i hodet, som klekkes. Jeg blir liggende i senga og høre den knasende lyden av skall, etterfulgt av litt romstering, før en liten sag setter i gang. Hele øverste del av hodet sages av, lik toppen av et bløtkost egg. Et lite barn ikledd mørkebrun hettegenser med hetta godt snurpet rundt hodet, begynner å spise seg nedover. Lyden minner om å hakke tenner. Det hender barnet stopper ved hoftene, kanskje er det blitt mett, eller kanskje har barnet en grotesk form for humor; å se mine bein gå aleine ned på kjøkkenet. Men som oftest spiser barnet opp rubbel og bit. Det er ingenting igjen som kan stå opp.

Jeg ser for meg mulige dødsscener når jeg ligger i senga:

Syv kvinner går inn i skogen og kommer ikke ut igjen. Mannen snubler i sitt eget skjegg og brekker nakken, noen observerer ham se seg forsiktig omkring før det skjer. Tjue hvaler dør på ei strand. Det lange skjerfet setter seg fast i hjulet, men det viser seg at bilen ikke er blitt kjørt den dagen kvinnen dør. Etter tjue minutters ustoppelig latter faller han om. Hamstret puster inn rød maling etter å ha falt i malingsspannet. Det ligger død fisk i et tykt teppe på vannet. Gutten kollapse etter å ha spilt dataspill i over femti timer på kafé. Glassveggen skulle være uknuselig. For å demonstrere dette, løper han inn i den og faller ned fra tjuefemte etasje. Kattene sjangler ned trappa og smyger seg til et hjørne av kjelleren. Der legger de seg i en haug. Svarttroster av typen rødvingettrupial faller fra himmelen i tusentall. Vi hører dem sprette av postkasselokkene. I lyset fra lommelykter ser de ut som løv. Hvert fjerde år faller førti moskuser om på Dovrefjell. Han går gjennom byen på vei til jobb da en vinflaske treffer hodet. De trækker på kaniner. Mannen kaster seg mot bakken idet telefonen ringer. Det finnes ingen andre tegn på kvinnens kropp enn kraftige brannskader over fingrene. Hesten lar seg friste og spiser eikenøtter, knekker i knærne og faller om. Tre tusen delfiner dør samtidig. Hodet har en lett dragning mot bakken i flere dager før han faller om. Begravelsesagenten blir drept av kister. Han ligger i fjæra ikledd pelskåpe.

Det finnes også mulige forklaringer og utdypelser: De går inn i skogen, klatrer opp i trærne og fordamper. Mannen har planlagt snublingen i skjegget fra han begynte å la det gro. Hvalene hører en sørgelig vals fra et hus. Noen kveler kvinnen

med et skjerf. Mannen ler av en annen mann på tv. En far maler husveggen mens sønnen kjører en hamster i duplofly. Fiskene lager en formørkelse for alle under vann. Gutten drikker store mengder kaffe mens han spiller. Mannen vet at veggen vil knuse. Kattene viser seg å være beruset. Rødvingettrupialene tar en kollektiv avgjørelse. Hvert fjerde år tar moskusene en kollektiv avgjørelse. En dame henger ut av et vindu og slipper vinflasken. Det dreier seg om hundre kaniner inne i et hus. Telefonen eksploderer. Fingrene er kvinnens hjerte. Hesten som knekker i knærne gir fra seg en sørgelig lyd. Delfinene smitter hverandre med virus på havbunnen. Hodets lette dragning mot bakken skyldes ekstrem sønmangel. Tre kister faller. Pelskåpen gir informasjon om at han ikke ønsker å fryse i hjel.

Jeg raserer huset mitt jevnlig, går meg en tur, kommer hjem og måper: nei og nei sier jeg, med innøvd forferdelse. Hun drives nesten utelukkende av ufornuft, hører jeg naboene si, jeg drives av uregelmessig intelligens, svarer jeg, og derfor kommer jeg alltid til å si at alt jeg gjør, gjøres i selvforsvar, for sånn er det når man er av typen som aldri går noe sted uten risiko.

Jeg omplasserer hyllene, skrivebordet, lenestolen og stålampa om igjen og om igjen, skyver dem rundt, skyver senga inn til midten av rommet, plasserer tulipanbuketter rundt, for veggene virker så truende om høsten, som om de kryper nærmere mens jeg sover, som om de prøver å presse meg ut av mitt eget hjem. Jeg åpner vinduene og slipper heksene inn. Resten overlater jeg til dem. De har kalde hender, bekymrer seg for liggestillingen min og sier jeg er et utrygt menneske. Voksne mennesker i fosterstilling er ofte det, sier de, og gnir sitronsaft i panna mi, spør meg hvor jeg sov som barn. Jeg kunne plassere hendene i taket, sier jeg, og der hadde jeg selvlysende stjerner og når brors pust endret seg fra våken til sovende, plukket jeg dem ned og klistra dem opp i nye formasjoner. Heksene nikker, ser på hverandre, blunker fem ganger og bærer meg over i ei køyeseng med stjernehimmel. Men det er for sent, for det er allerede blitt morgen og jeg klatrer ned, åpner gardinene, ser ned på plassen der alle de opplagte menneskene har samlet seg. Jeg trenger litt relevant informasjon, roper jeg ut av vinduet, som for eksempel hva folk i verden har klart, og jeg trenger mer relevant erfaring for å finne ut hva som skal bli mitt felt, kanskje jeg burde organisere samtidsdansen, sier jeg, gjennom Oslos gater, for det ville være godt for oss alle å ta en titt på den, se hvordan den lever.

Jeg klatrer opp i et tre for å observere treets hverdag. Den består av en bestemt utsikt og ulike grader av svaing ut ifra vindstyrken. Jeg liker meg best i trekronen. Ofte blir jeg sittende lenge med armene rundt stammen. Jeg begynner å føle meg som et tre selv, i alle fall som en god venn. Utsikten din i skumring er ikke den samme som utsikten om morgenen, kan jeg si til treet. Heller ikke vinden.

Jeg spiser frokost, da det plutselig går opp for meg at jeg tygger i rytmer, komponerer små musikkstykker med tennene, og at det nok er dette som kommer til å bli min undergang, selv om jeg til nå har trodd det ville være et eller annet som har med lungene å gjøre. De lager en svak og hjelpeløs pipelyd når jeg har lagt meg om kvelden, som om det løper små lyserosa musunger med øynene knepet sammen opp og ned halsen for hvert åndedrag. Jeg har et lydopptak av lungelydene. Noen ganger kobler jeg det til små høytalere og plasserer dem rundt meg i senga.

## From the back (excerpt)

I go running in the woods for the woods' sake. The trees need someone dashing past them. I wave my arms so much I can touch the treetops. I run fast, wearing masks and billowing Indian textiles. They sparkle in the sun and I work up a sweat.

I walk as well. We like the variety, me and the trees. It's astonishing how many perspectives change as you slow down from a run to a walk.

I've read the leaflet that came with the magnesium. It says magnesium relaxes both the uterus and the heart between beats. Sometimes I take fifteen pills, get into bed and imagine death between the heartbeats. My womb succumbs to numbness. My arms and legs vanish or dwindle. They could come loose and wander out of the room, down the hallway and out of the house. My lungs shrink to half their size, forcing me to breathe twice as fast. As a result, I often end up with a lung infection. My organs swap places. The womb takes over from the heart, and the heart crawls down into the belly. It makes me think how creepy babies are. I wake up sweating from dreams about giving birth in a communal shower, with menstruating women all around me cheering me on.

I wash my face. Eat what I can. Drink some tea sitting in the reading chair. Staring out the window. Thinking that I'm a grown woman now, with broad hips and big hands. I carry myself up the stairs, put myself to bed like an infant. I wake up like a little girl. Go down to the kitchen, drink a glass of juice, and take a walk along the dirt track; walking off the little girl. These are still the remains of the night. My skin is not intact. I take a walk to get back into my skin. When I fall asleep at night, I am often the opposite of a little girl. A plate with remnants of a cream cake that has stood on the table all day in direct sunlight; those are the kind of remains. I can't explain it further. But I feel the urge to apologise. Sorry.

I find the biggest and oldest trees and snuggle up. Sometimes I can hear them growing. The ear develops a more sensitive presence out there in the woods. Once I took a little tree home with me and found a place to plant it in the living room; a place with a fantastic view. A good view must mean so much for your well-being and quality of life if you're stuck in the same place unable to move. From where it stood the tree could just about see other trees through the window; preventing it from getting lonely. I watered it, tried to get the water to drip like rain, to make it sound like rain pattering on the leaves. The various kinds of rain, hitting hard from one side, light and hardly noticeable or audible, a downpour with no wind, falling vertically. I was careful to vary the light and the temperature. But it refused to grow. Either that or my ear refused to hear.

I carried the tree back to the woods, planted it precisely where I'd dug it up. The hole was still there. Then I sat down beside it, watched it for a while, back where it belonged. I imagined the tree's joy. It had been on the only journey it would ever take, I was pretty sure of that, and now it had come home. It must have felt like a renewal.

I decided to give others a chance to experience a homecoming. I picked up suitably large stones that I found beside tree roots, beneath the moss or up on the hillsides. They could have been lying there since the Ice Age.



AN INVENTORY OF MY ARTISTIC PRACTICE – OR A DOCUMENTATION OF A SPECIFIC MATERIALITY OF A PERFORMANCE SCORE CALLED *OBJECTS AND SPEECH*

MATCHBOX



I want to blur or dissolve the idea that I have something to give you, that you don't already have.

In actions I'd like to stay very close to you, to what is expected from you. As long as I stay in your range of movements, it's ok.

I'm trying to adapt to you, to see if I can be a somewhat liberated you.

What would be a smooth meeting point between you and me? What is it "we" can do with this? With the expectations that we both have at this very moment – what can we do with that?

I also think about this:  
The active in the passive and the passive in the active.

MONEY, A BILL



I think about the relationality of all things. Things or people attached to other things or peoples in infinity.

If there would be no projected meeting between us, this text would not be written in this way. I try things the way I try them only because of this situation.

I rehearse and structure the performance to come with a meeting point in my mind – another consciousness. I think about myself as being a host for a party, I cannot be the party myself.

## PLASTIC BAG



Time, death, apocalypse, optimism... are all keywords in an art project by Jeroen Koojiman, a visual artist from the Netherlands whom I discovered in the book about his artistic work "It's about time."

It contains a lot of text, pictures, and loose sentences. The design is very nice. It has the shape, color and materiality of a generic bible (except for the commonly used super-thin paper). The lower corners are perforated, so that one can – as one often does in a personal calendar – rip off the corners to keep track of where one is in the reading. The book contains pictures of people laughing throughout, in a kind of sticker series where one can follow the process of one person at a time bursting out in laughter. It's fascinating to follow the different faces a person goes through when laughing.

In the center of the book there are a bunch of yellow pages with many many unattributed quotes, all in different fonts.

## LIGHT BULB



Why a dance that "is about dance", a dancer that "is about a dancer", a performance that "is about a performance"?

1. It is not to exclude those who do not have a profound historical knowledge of concepts like "dance", "dancer" or "performance". On the contrary it is to acknowledge that those categories are inseparable with "person", "doing" and "meeting", namely concepts that deal with basic human conditions which need no specific pre-knowledge.

2. It deals with the making of identities specific for and within the realm of dance and choreography, with the belief that the processes of identity making, no matter the context, are about general existential questions of being and living.

3. It also exhibits and uses the identities of "a performer" and/or "a spectator" in order to question and problematize the concept "identity" as such.

4. It is to stand in dialogue with its own media, to negotiate agency and resistance within its inherent politics, which is to use history to produce a history with accountability for one's own values and beliefs.

5. It is to engage with that which is incapable when choosing to use a pre-established category such as "dance" or "dancer" – meaning that the category itself is being negotiated and shaped just by being used, which is to participate in what can be done and understood from "dance" and "dancer" in the future.

"I'm going to make a house you can take apart"

## TRANSPARENT GLASS



Now speaking very generally, being alive is to experience a live-ness, which is a very abstract thing. It's hard to grasp what it is, and therefore a very uncertain thing.

We all know about death, but we don't even know if it is something oppositional to life.

I base my performance on this:  
There's so much we actually don't know.  
And  
It's a revelation to stop pretending that I do.

Because when feelings of "a lack of knowledge" are met by an urge to gain more of this specific kind of knowledge, I think we are digging ourselves deeper into this narcissistic landscape. It's feeding the way of engaging in the world and each other that we have been historically taught by a patriarchal system of power.

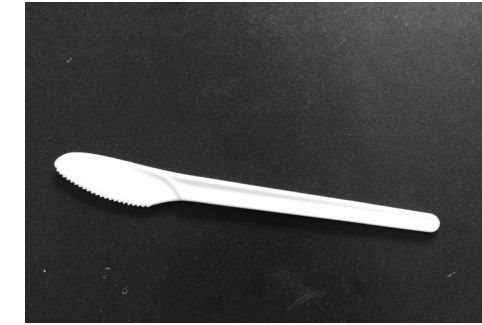
Instead we try playing as a way to deal with feelings of "a lack of knowing", with feelings of uncertainty.

A play for grown ups, there are no rules.  
Or – as something that uses and produces rules in order for a play to occur (but the rules in itself are not important).

It's there for us to bounce and/or lean against which makes us feel less uncertain (for a while).

"My religion has 1001 ever-changing rules"

## PLASTIC KNIFE



In opposition to entertainment we give time to experience time instead of losing it, which feels or is understood as slowing down, emptiness or a void because of its contrast and friction with our present time. To resist the habit of consuming time; of consuming life, which also means consuming death.

Luce Irigaray speaks about how privileging fast speed in our culture is a matter of sexism, and she uses Albert Einstein's theory of relativity as an example of a hegemonic knowledge production, which is based on high speed (the speed of light).

When pointing this out, she validates and confirms our experience of how high speed has always felt oppressive and violent towards our bodies.

PLASTIC POCKET, TRANSPARENT



Relations as material.

I engage in thinking, and I engage in thinking what you are thinking.

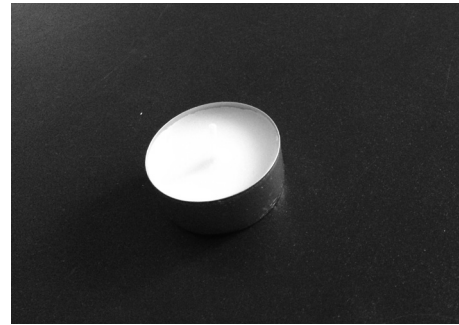
I engage in feeling, and I engage in feeling what you are feeling.

I engage in perceiving, and I engage in perceiving what you are perceiving.

This practice is in itself complete, it can't go further or longer than this. It can't get to any point where it will be more or less "true" or "deep" as a practice. It is what it is, for myself, as we will never be able to understand what thinking, feeling or perceiving means for someone else.

"Good to be alone"  
"And apart from that, it's exiting doing things I really can't do"

TEA CANDLE



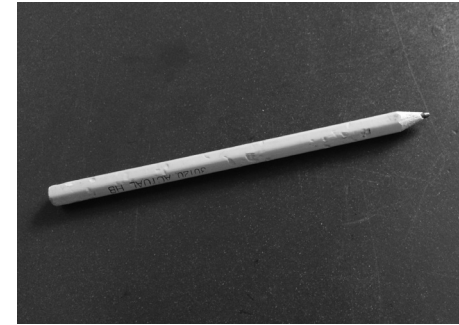
The decision to try to pass as a dancer in a community, to be understood as "a dancer" or "a choreographer" brings a lot of material, information and relations with itself. In the moment of passing as a dancer or as a choreographer, there is a choreography being made already.

What kind of choreography depends heavily on the context: What dance? What space? In what tradition?

To have access to space that is used for dance or choreography means that the body and its movements will be understood as bringing certain techniques, knowledge and even ideologies, no matter what the body does.

We see this happening, and therefore we enter this scene with gross curiosity.

YELLOW PENCIL



We do or say one thing in order for us to experience what is not being said, not being done.

We believe that to engage in any doing is also to engage in all possible ways of doing things.

We search for alternatives, but not to claim any superiority; our minds and bodies are equally free to move.

We organize and structure enough to meet and share the moment, a moment where no one has the answer or needs to have the answer, where being generous is enough.

We do insist on specific perspectives; the insisting is important but the perspective might change.

We do one thing full on, but as we don't know what that is completely, other things might occur as well.

"The sea of possibilities"

WHITE PLATE, PORCELAIN



I use clarity and the idea of clarity because I want to enable an experience of an easy following. If what is happening is clear and easy or difficult and unclear is not important though, as long as we feel at ease with following it.

We follow in our own way, and that's an empowering practice.

We pay attention to our own following, how we do that.

I pretend a lot.  
I contradict myself constantly.  
I am cheating all the time.

"Full moon and too much energy"

## WHITE PLATE, CARTON



To play and have fun with identities such as “woman” or “dancer”, gives me great pleasure and a feeling of agency.

I play with informal body language so that it looks formal and I also produce a formal body through playful behavior.

To play with identities is not tricky or complicated or demanding or problematic or weird or strange or bad or nice or sexy or ugly or feminine or masculine or high or low or fun or boring or mushy or tushy or crushy.

It's shaping all that I do though: how and what and when I do, in relation to me doing it.

I'm nervous, pretentious, ambitious, stubborn, brave, angry, horny, sad, smart, ashamed, confused, composed, self-controlled, free, judged, hated, idealized, wicked, meaningful and much more.

“I want to make something very clear, saying everything and nothing”

## PAPER GLUE



Let's engage in the magic relation between something consistent and something that breaks it!

The break must be an exception for these two concepts (the consistent and the inconsistent) to exist.

It's relevant because this exception in itself points towards all thinkable exceptions = all thinkable breaks, which is fundamentally interesting because it is something about death...

## SPOON, METAL



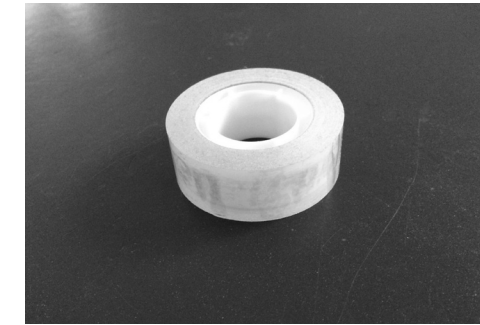
1. Engage in the ambiguity and friction between art and life. Decide to acknowledge art and life anywhere and nowhere.

2. When doing or attending a performance, decide where you think it happens: on stage, together with the audience, in between people's minds, in the perception of movements...and and/or?

The performance is a structure in which we experience this notion of a separation, or a non-separation, between art and life.

I pretend to believe in this or this – just in order to challenge this belief.

## SCOTCH TAPE



Imagination is often elaborated on these days in the performing arts field, as a supposedly “free” activity. I think it is related to a time when a sick society, in desperate need for change, is finding ways to formulate alternatives.

“What is” in this society, is met by ambitions to articulate “what could be” as a counter force, but “what could be” is still often related to as something we already know what is, something we can control and use (maybe as a proof of us doing the right thing).

I strongly believe in letting go of proof-making and accept that “what could be” is something we don't know what is, in the moment of trying to articulating it.

When we fantasize and imagine freely, we need to engage and use our intuition (the unexplainable, like an ever so temporary feeling), or else we engage in a objectified, controlled and determined imagination, a capitalized imagination, which basically is a matter of thinking right or wrong.

In relation to this I think that to “articulate what could be, rather than what is” is a matter of sharing what we don't yet have. Which means to validate what we don't have, as something important.

GLASS JAR



Well recognized, repeated and organized things such as all kinds of normative doings and things make me want to go crazy with all the choreographic tools I know, and apply them on these things, to see what happens.

If something is commonly used I assume it has some sort of relevance in our culture.

It might be a nice thing to gather around for a moment.

For the fun of it:

To attach oneself, through the normative, in a recognizability – to joyfully swap things around in a kind of dizzy, messy, trashy dance which still seems kind of organized and a little stiff.

“Space to think, space to space, space to breath, space to move”

WOODEN SCALE



Here I am speaking about work, and the content within my artistic work, as a way to do and experience the work, which I assume produces some sort of content in itself. It's a bit like saying:

– This is my content, this is the work. Now, let's see what this statement that I just made produces, and where this content goes next?

I place the concreteness of words next to the concreteness of a situation or an object. I do it to try out and experiment with different materialities – with different “matter realities”.

“Getting a really good idea is a nice feeling”

NOTEBOOK, BLUE

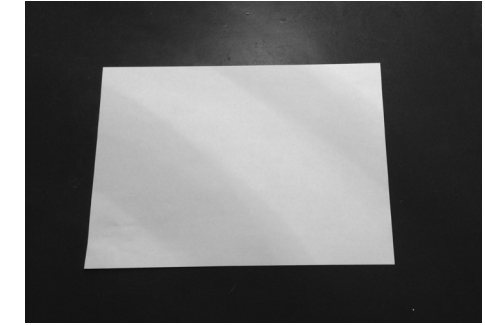


I always find clear statements from others to be valuable things, because it sparks my own thinking, imagination, feelings or beliefs.

I try to state things in public for others to question and bounce against with their own things: I think it's very important to go public, to go out from privatization, as a woman.

“Full speed ahead this year, 500 km/h”

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To give status to the problems arising is a productive starting point and a political point of departure.

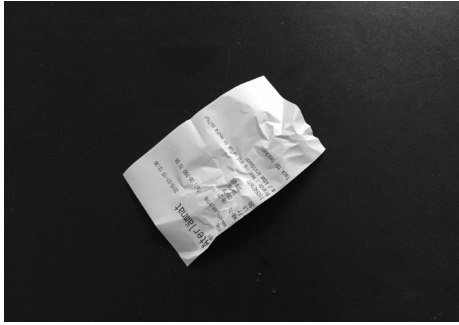
Often this means to acknowledge what seems to be very banal, as something important.

In other words: To not strive to overcome the annoying things (problems) but to see it differently, to understand it deeper or use it to produce even more interesting and annoying problems.

I want to stay in the realm of “the banal” in order to:  
Share something human.  
See and follow what seems to be banal, in order to see where it starts to get complicated.

Towards the point where the banal gets complicated but also where the complicated unfolds and shows itself as something banal.

## RECEIPT



We work with what is here and what is not here.

I work a lot with what is not here. I like especially to escape doing expected things, because when it is expected it is already at work. So I don't have to do that. It's kind of economical thinking and doing.

It's really a work on stretching, pushing, prolonging and inserting rather small details. And it's a matter of how, if it starts to scream loud.

## COFFEE CUP



The privilege of stepping into the richness of a situation, the multitude of perspectives, materials, stories... I really don't have to do much, if a close-up with all that which happens already is to be experienced.

It is a matter of:  
Distribution of light, to direct attention.  
Do little but insist on it.  
Go slow.

## Grå draumar

Eg drøymmer grå draumar medan vi alle er einsamflygarar. Dette er ein mulig atypisk draum for eit nytt koreografisk landskap.

Å skildre det eksisterande. Når eg ynskjer å adressere korleis vi arbeider og innan kva struktur vi organiserer arbeidet vårt må eg seie kven vi er. Vi er kunstnarar i det frie feltet, det vil seie at vi er frilansarbeidane, det vil seie at ingen tek ansvar for oss, vi er heilt fri og heilt åleine. Når eg skal seie kven vi er må eg også skildre einsemda i å vere så mykje åleine, særskild når kunsten du høyrer til i så stor grad handlar om å vere saman.

Det handlar om kjensla i dusjen når du vaknar opp til ein ny dag i denne einsemda og denne teksta handlar om høve for at akkurat denne kjensla ikkje berre er di. Og om den ikkje berre er di, så ligg der ein kime til å adressere den politisk. Sidan skam er mekanismen som tvinger oss til å vere åleine med våre egne problem, manipulerer oss til å tenke at dette er berre vårt. Om vi let det private verte politisk, og let mine kjensler i dusjen vere strukturelle og alle sine, i det minste mange sine, er det då kanskje tid for å ta grep for å endre vilkåra for arbeidet vårt? Kan det vere tid for langvarige relasjonar, engasjement, forpliktingar og strukturar som tek vare på meir enn ditt neste prosjekt eller framsyning? Sidan dei fleste kjenner på korleis administrasjon, midlertidighet og prosjektorientering utarmar kunsten og ikkje kjennest bærekraftig for menneske. Er det tid for sjølv å produsere eller krevje ein annan horisont, ikkje berre for vår skyld, men mest av alt for kunstens skyld?

Om du glapp det heile som såpestykket i dusjen så var det eg ville adressere korleis vi arbeider og innan kva struktur vi organiserer arbeidet vårt akkurat no. Eg ynskjer å seie at dette er koreografien av arbeidet vårt, sidan det er ei organisering av hendingar og at denne organiseringa innehar ein politikk. Eg vil seie noko om samanhengen om korleis vi praktiserer og analysere våre egne arbeidsvilkår, om korleis vi let kunst bli til og sirkulere og kva kunst som til slutt då vert kunsten. Det siste er meir ei kjensle, enn ein påstand.

Om vi opnar for at praksisen vår er levande, at korleis vi samhandlar i studioet, i teatret og gjennom strukturane vi operere i er ein del av livet, då må vi kanskje bruke noko meir tid på nettopp desse strukturane og kva dei representerer i form av makt og samhandling. Her kjem det fyrste paradokset, på den eine sida er eg frilansar i det frie feltet, eg lev i eit fritt demokratisk samfunn med offentlig finansierte kunst. Eg kan produsere og seie det meste om kva eg tenkjer utan å risikere nokon form for vold eller innskrenkingar av fridom. På den andre sida er strukturane eg sjølv eksisterer i gjennom samarbeid, oppdrag, mulige speleavtalar, kaffiar her og der, møter og samtalar fylt av ulike maktforhold som sjeldan er formalisert, men implisitte. Eg kjenner att både i meg sjølv og andre ei sterk vegring mot å ytre seg om kritiske forhold og eg trur vegringa kjem frå ei frykt for dei uformelle strukturane. Det vil seie at i eit fritt demokratisk samfunn med offentlig finansierte kunst har vi som kunstnarar sjølv kort og godt gitt opp å ha eit kritisk ytringsrom der vi kan samtale om problem utan å ta dei som personleg angrep, der vi kan våge å seie vår eiga meining og ytre standpunkt utan frykt for å miste ein spelejobb, eit residenshøve, undervisningsoppdrag, arbeidsstipend eller anna. Vi vert offer for vår eiga frykt.

Koreografi er ein strukturell kapasitet. Nokre dagar er koreografi noko eg har våte fantasiar om. Koreografi vert eit magisk ord, nærmast som noko som vil oppstå som ei kraft og bringe ting inn i ei ny ordning. Likevel, uavhengig av mine eventuelle fantasiar, kan koreografi vere nettopp det som kan transformere det som ved første augekast står fram som ei einskild erfaring til ei kollektiv forståing av struktur? Framfor at opplevinga av einsemd er noko som eg sjølv skal handtere og finne ei psykologisk forklaring på, kan eg gjennom eit koreografisk tenkesett løfte denne erfaringa til ei kollektiv oppleving kring struktur eller mangelen på struktur og slik finne rom for den politisk? Så framfor å døy i skam over din eigen manglande sjølvdisiplin som frilansar, kanskje det er tid for å adressere den samla strukturen for kunstnarleg arbeidskraft?

Dette er ein atopisk draum. Den handlar ikkje om å springe rundt naken, den handlar ikkje om nokon form for frigjer- ring. Dette er draumen om det grå. Ein grå draum om eit nytt koreografisk landskap som vi kunne bruke for å skifte frå det eksisterande regime, frå det strukturlause tyranniet som vi alle er tvungne innunder. Med vona om at eit anna og sterkare samhald kan gi rom for fleire individuelle strategiar framfor det noverande marerittet av uformell makt.

Den eksisterande koreografien, ynskjer vi verkeleg å insistere på å delta i den? Å delta i ein arbeidskultur og ein maktstruktur utan motstand vil alltid vere å legi- timere den. Dersom vi alle deltek i dei same arbeids- strukturen prega av midlertidighet der vi trur at den prosjektorientert de stabiliserte modellen er den einaste,

korleis kan vi då kunne produsere verk som skal endre noko som helst? Korleis kan vi tru at kunsten vår har noko som helst handlekraft i seg, om vi har resignert for systemet før vi har gått ut om morgonen? Vi treng ikkje fleire overlevingsteknikkar, det vi treng er ein teknologi for å leve.

Administrasjon utmattar kunsten. Distribusjon utmattar kunsten. Marknadstenking utmattar kunsten. Det provo- serer meg at det finnest fleire stillingar for administrasjon, marknadsføring og programmering av kunst, enn det finnest stillingar for produksjon av kunst. I den store frigjeringa har ikkje lenger husa som viser kunsten noko ansvar for at denne kunsten vert til, at det kjem nokon nye til, at det finnest ein samtale om kunsten eller at den får tid til å bli til, tvile og trekke seg og kome tilbake. Realiteten er at du kan finne stadar som viser arbeidet ditt, men dei same stadane har ingen stad der du kan arbeide. Du kan få turnere arbeidet ditt når vi veit kva du lagar, men finn det menneske som har mot nok til å stole på nokon som ikkje alt har bevist arbeidet sitt til å lage noko dei ikkje alt har autorisert.

Den grå draumen min handlar om ulikhet. Den handlar om kven som overlev, kva vi får att som heilskap og korleis vår manglande motstand gjer oss til instrument for eit system og ein struktur ingen av oss egentleg vil ha. Å vente på sakte forandring, å seie tilhøva er endå

verre utanfor Skandinavia eller å snakke om kor hardt det var på 70 talet, alle desse orsakingane er berre med på å oppretthalde det eksisterande. Til slutt handlar det om mangelen på koreografi.

Eg drøyer store grå draumar. Eg drøyer ikkje lenger om rosa affærar, turkise sidesprang eller regnbogefarga one-night-stands. Eg drøyer ikkje lenger om kupp og konspirasjon, om å vere flytande og usynleg. Eg drøyer om betong og mursteinar. Eg drøyer om stiftemaskiner, skilt og kontorpultar. Eg drøyer om maling og nye golv, eg drøyer om redaksjonsmøter og arktiklar rike på innflytelse. Eg drøyer om nye sirklar, andre ansikt og artikulerete stemmer. Eg drøyer om fellesskap av grå treningsbukser, tights og sveitte.

Eg drøyer om faste arbeidstider og tilsetingar. Eg drøyer om kunsten som får lov å skje kvar dag slik at alle skal få ha eit liv før og etter. Eg drøyer om å halde ting frå kvarandre. Eg drøyer om avklarte formelle maktstrukturar, om offisielle søknadsfristar og saklege institusjonar. Eg drøyer om strukturar som finnest slik vi kan sleppe og finne dei opp kvar dag. Eg drøyer om korleis desse strukturane kan gjere at vi kan sleppe det vi endå ikkje veit kva er til. Eg drøyer om korleis

dei grå draumane kan gjere det mulig for dei som endå ikkje er innanfor. Eg drøyer om livsrytmar som gir ein stabilitet slik at stabiliteten ikkje er det som kjen- neteiknar arbeidet vårt, men at det gir tryggleiken til å vere fullstendig ute og køyre. Eg drøyer om då alle slepp og vere sin eigen arbeidsgivar. Eg drøyer om radikal omorganisering og akkurat no kjennest det mest uopppålelege og radikale å drøyme om nettopp det grå, det formale og det strukturete.

## Grey dreams

I dream grey dreams while everyone is a lonesome aviator. It might just be an atypical dream for a new choreographic landscape.

Describing the way things are.

In wanting to discuss the ways we work and the struc- tures we use to organise that work, I must first say who we are. We are artists in the independent field, in other words, we are freelancers, which means, no one takes responsibility for us, we are entirely free and entirely alone. And having said who we are, I must also mention how lonely it is to be so alone, especially when the art form you work with is all about being together.

What we're dealing with is the feeling you have in the shower when you wake up to another day of this loneliness, and this text is about the possibility that you might not be the only one to have this feeling. And if you're not alone, then there's the tiniest possibility that the situation could be addressed politically. Because shame is the mechanism that forces us to keep our problems to ourselves, that manipulates us into thinking they are ours and ours alone. If we allow the private to become political, if I acknowledge the feelings I have in the shower to be structural and shared by others, many of them at least, then maybe the time has come for actions that could change the conditions we work under? Might it not be time for long-term relationships, commitment, respon- sibility and structures that take care of more than just your next project or performance? Because most people know that paperwork, impermanence and the project-based approach are stultifying for art and unsustainable for the individual. Might the time be right to actually produce or demand a different horizon, not just for our own sakes, but above all for the sake of art?

In case the whole thing has slipped your grasp like a piece of soap in the shower, what I wanted to do was talk about how we work and the structures that currently exist as a framework for organising our activities. I'm inclined to describe it as the choreog- raphy of our work, since it amounts to an organisation

of events and there's a political aspect to this organ- isation. I want to say something about this context, about how we implement and analyse our working conditions, about how we allow art to come about and circulate and which art eventually becomes art.

If we acknowledge that our practice is a form of live art, that our ways of interacting in the studio or the theatre and the structures we operate with are all a part of life, then maybe we have to devote more time to these struc- tures and what they represent in terms of power and negotiation. Here we encounter the first paradox. On the one hand I'm a freelancer in the independent field. I live in a free democratic society where art is publicly funded. I can produce and say almost anything I want without the risk of violent reprisals or constraints on my freedom. On the other hand, the structures within which I exist, in the form of collaborations, commissions, possible perfor- mance contracts, meetings for coffee here and there, appointments and discussions – all of these involve a variety of implicit and rarely formalised power relations. I recognise both in myself and in others an intense reluctance to talk about anything we feel critical towards, and I think this is a response to the fear of these informal structures. This implies that in a free democratic society where art is publicly funded, we artists have ourselves quite simply given up on the idea of a space for critical reflection where we can discuss problems without taking criticism as a personal attack, where we can dare to state our personal opinions and extreme points of view without fear of losing an engagement, a chance for a residency, a teaching job, a work grant or whatever it happens to be. We become victims of our own fears.

Choreography is a structural art. Some days I can have wet dreams about choreography. It is a magic word, almost like a force that can be invoked to work trans- formations. Even so, and despite my private fantasies,

might it not be that choreography is indeed capable of transforming what at first sight looks like an individual experience into a collective understanding of struc- ture? Instead of seeing the experience of loneliness as



something I have to deal with and explain in psychological terms, if I apply a choreographic approach, might that not allow me to raise the experience to the level of something shared, built around a structure, or lack thereof, and which is thus capable of

accommodating the political? So rather than die of shame at one's own lack of self-discipline as a freelancer, perhaps it is time to address the overall structures in which the artist labours.

This is an atypical dream. It's not about running around naked; it's not about some kind of liberation. This is a dream about greyness. A grey dream of a new choreographic landscape that we could use to bring about a change from the current regime, from the structureless tyranny that oppresses us all. In the hope that a different, stronger cohesive force might enable us to multiply individual strategies to replace the current nightmare of informal power.

The choreography that currently exists – do we really insist on being part of it? By participating in a work culture and a power structure without resisting, all we do is help legitimise them. If we all participate in work structures that are forever temporary and which build on the assumption that the project-oriented, destabilised model is the only one possible, how will we ever be

able to produce works capable of changing anything? How can we believe that our art has any transformative power at all, if we give in to the system even before stepping outside the front door in the morning? If we consume our energies just surviving, who will develop a new technology to live by?

Paperwork exhausts art. Distribution exhausts art. The market mentality exhausts art. I find it a provocation that there should be more jobs in art management, marketing and programming than there are in the production of art. The great liberation has produced a situation in which the venues that show art no longer have any responsibility for bringing that art into being, for ensuring the creation of something new, for hosting a debate about art or its need for time to evolve, doubt itself, withdraw and return. The reality is that you can find places to show your work, but the same places have no spaces for you to develop that work. You can tour your work once people know what it is you make, but try finding someone courageous enough to trust an artist whose work hasn't yet been proven to create something they haven't already authorised.

That grey dream of mine is about inequality. It's about who survives, about what we get in return, taken as a whole, and how our lack of resistance turns us into the instruments of a system and a structure none of us really wants. By simply waiting for slow change, by saying that conditions are even worse outside of Scandinavia, or by recalling how hard things were in the 1970s, all we do is help to uphold the status quo. What it comes down to in the end is a lack of choreography.

I dream big grey dreams. I no longer dream about rose-tinted affairs, turquoise liaisons or rainbow coloured one-night-stands. I no longer dream about coups and conspiracies, of being ethereal and invisible. I dream of concrete and bricks. I dream of staple guns, signs and office desks. I dream of paint and new floor coverings. I dream of editorial meetings and influential articles. I dream of new circles, other faces and articulate voices. I dream of a community of grey sweatpants, tights and sweat.

I dream of regular working hours and secure employment. I dream of art that is allowed to happen every day, so that everyone can have a life before and after it. I dream of keeping things separate. I dream of transparent, formal power structures, of official deadlines and impartial institutions. I dream of structures that can be discarded and reinvented every day. I dream of how these structures might allow things to come into being whose form we haven't yet perceived. I dream of how these grey dreams might give opportunities to those who are not yet on the inside. I dream of rhythms of life that provide stability, not as a characteristic of our work, but as something that gives us the confidence to really stick our necks out. I dream of a world where no one is self-employed. I dream of radical reorganisation, and for the moment, nothing seems more radical and unattainable than this very dream of the grey, the formal and the structured.

From the British comedy duo French & Saunders' sketch "Amy Winehouse & Britney Spears":  
(Amy Winehouse played by Dawn French and Britney Spears played by Jennifer Saunders)

Amy Winehouse: You was one hot mama. What happened to you?

Britney Spears: Do you know what I think it was? Can I tell you what I think it was? I think it was that I made a mistake that a lot of singers make. I married my dancer.

Amy Winehouse: No! No! No!

Britney Spears: Exactly, and you know there's many of us. There's J-Lo... Jenny from the block and Mel Seary Spice. We've all done it, haven't we?! Married a dancer.

Amy Winehouse: He's come up to you on stage hasn't he? And he has rubbed up and down against you like you're a greasy pole. And he has licked your face. And he has flicked your baps casually. And you've mistaken the signals haven't you. You have mistaken choreography for love.

End quote. You can watch the Saunders and French sketch here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cvAJIUsD6V4>

# MISTAKING

# DANCE

# FOR

# LOVE

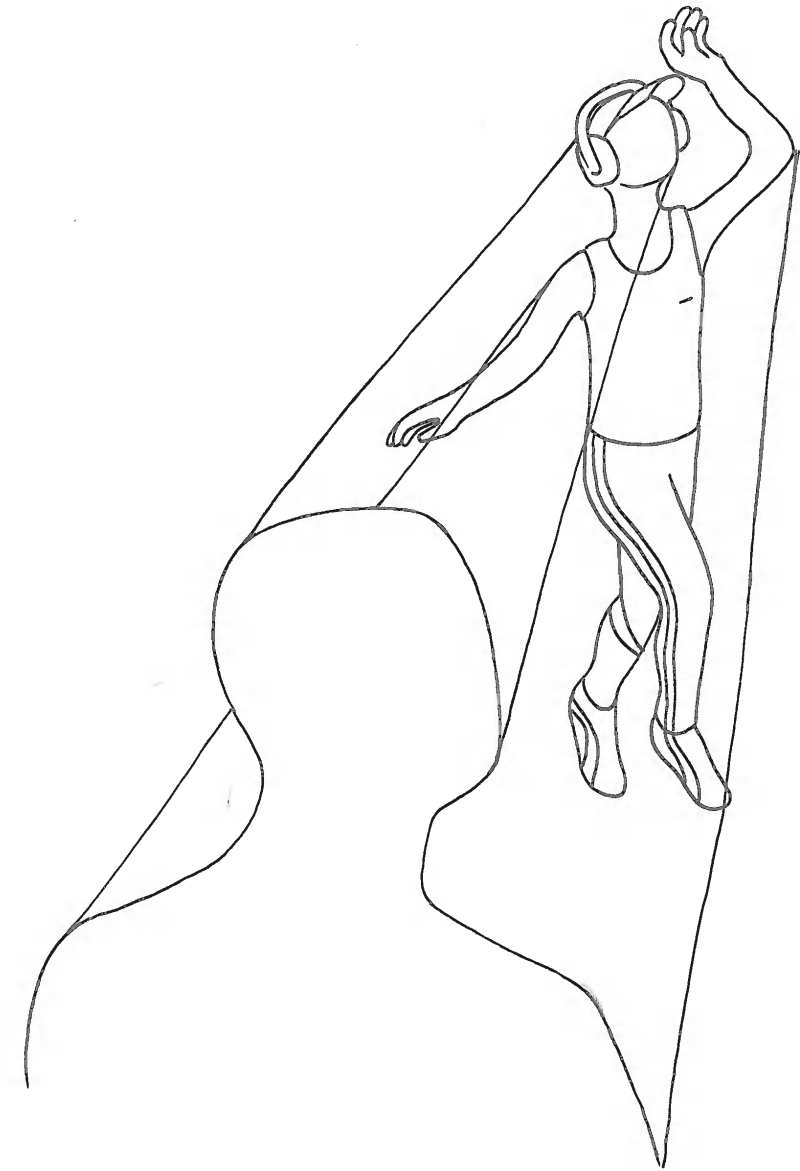
Reality beats fiction. As it should. Otherwise we would all be living in a dream. Which would not be satisfactory after a while. Choreography, or writing in movement, is such a fiction. Created by a choreographer or a dancer in order to realise a need to see the world in this or that particular way. But differently from fiction in books and in movies, choreography manifest itself in dance which, more often than not, takes place in a real time and space in front of a real audience. Reality is a layer of any danced performance fiction. A real dancer is dancing in front of a real audience.

Scanning the social media one finds an increasing amount of video clips of babies laughing, teenage girls crying, cute animals behaving oddly and old people dancing. Basically anything that will make us feel something. And it is also these videos that get the most likes and shares. It doesn't matter if we later find out that the video was acted out and staged. Any emotional response in a more and more isolated world of laptops and smartphones is welcomed. Any baby, girl, dog or pensionist can be a performer and have an audience, and a large audience at that. Everybody has a profile that performs for them in the real fiction of social media.

So what role does dance play in a reality where fiction is part of our everyday lives, if it's not to propose new realities? If it's not in order to experience these realities? It's not in order to make us feel something? It is in this reality of this fiction, the real dancer dancing a choreography in front of a real audience that it's potentiality of affect lies. The affect of a dancer flowing from his or her spine, traversing the edge of the stage, finding its way to the spectators spine, and manifesting itself in an emotion, a feeling or a thought. This is what danced performances can do. Dance is at its best when it manages to fracture the fiction and create a crack into reality. When this happens, one can get a slight lightheadedness, a deep feeling in the stomach or the feeling that the ground under ones feet have slightly shifted. Basically the symptoms of falling in love.

Choreography and dance can create such cracks into reality, and make us experience our world differently. It can help us feel that impossible things are possible and provoke us into thinking differently about our reality. Choreography is artificially created, but still the dance can make us feel real emotion. The level of reality in live performance is what verifies its value as an art form. An example of artificially created fiction took place in 2013 when Guro Nagelhus Schia and I was participating in a workshop, initiated by Eva-Cecilie Richardsen (as part of her research project Speaking & Building – processing choreographic relations). One of the things we did was to sing pop songs together mistaking the word choreography for love. This conceptual approach still produced an emotional response. Every song we sang was like a declaration of love to choreography.

As a dancer I would propose the same, but mistaking the word dance for love. I encourage you to try and sing “Love is the drug” by Roxy Music and mistake dance for love. Or “Born to make you happy” by Britney Spears and mistake dance for love. Or “If you had my love” by Jennifer Lopez and mistake dance for love. Or “Feel so good” by Mel B Scary Spice and mistake dance for love. Or take your own favourite love song and mistake dance for love, and see what it does to you. I propose that you welcome whatever emotions that this makes you feel, even if you know that it was provoked by an experiment. You just might feel slightly air headed, a deep feeling in your stomach or feel that the ground below your feet is shifting.



# MISTAKING

Virkeligheten slår fiksjonen. Slik den også bør. Om ikke ville vi jo alle leve i en drøm, og det ville jo ikke være særlig tilfredstillende i lengden. Koreografi, eller det å skrive med bevegelse, er en slik fiksjon. Koreografi blir skapt av en koreograf eller en danser for å realisere et behov. Enten det er for å se verden på en sånn eller en slik måte. Til forskjell fra fiksjon i bøker og filmer, så manifesterer koreografi seg gjennom dans, og dans finner som oftest sted i nåtid foran et virkelig publikum. Virkeligheten er derfor et viktig lag i enhver koreografert og danset fiksjon. Altså utøves en koreografert dans av en danser foran et publikum i nåtid.

# DANCE

Hvis en skanner de sosiale mediene finner en flere og flere videoer og filmklipp av lattermilde babyer, tenåringsjenter som gråter, dyr som oppfører seg rart og gamle mennesker som danser. Kort fortalt; alt som får oss til å føle noe. Det er også disse klippene som får flest likes og som blir delt mest. Det har ikke så mye å si om vi senere finner ut at klippet var spilt av skuespillere eller iscenesatt. En hvilken som helst emosjonell respons i en mer og mer isolert tilværelse foran laptop-skjermer og smarttelefoner er mer enn velkomment. En hvilken som helst baby, tenåring, hund eller pensjonist kan bli en utøver og få et publikum. I tillegg et nokså stort publikum. Og alle har en personlig profil som utspiller seg og lever et parallelt liv i den virkelige fiksjonen av sosiale medier.

# FOR

Så da dukker dette spørsmålet opp: Hvilken rolle spiller dans i en virkelighet der fiksjonen utspiller seg i våre daglige liv? Kanskje det er å foreslå nye mulige virkeligheter? Kanskje det er for fysisk å oppleve disse? Kanskje det er for å få oss til å føle noe? Det er i fiksjonens virkelighet dansens potensiale ligger. Dans er på sitt aller beste når den klarer å bryte hull i fiksjonen eller skape en sprekke inn i virkeligheten. Danseren som danser en koreografi foran et publikum. Danserens affekt som flyter fra hans eller hennes ryggrad, renner over scenekanten og finner veien inn i tilskuerens ryggrad. Og affekten som manifesterer seg i tilskueren som en emosjon, en følelse eller en tanke.

# LOVE

Dette er hva en danset forestilling kan gjøre. Når det skjer kan man bli litt svimmel, man kan få en dyp magefølelse eller oppleve at grunnen under føttene har forflyttet seg. Generelt de samme symptomene som når man forelsker seg.

Koreografi og dans kan skape slike sprekker i fiksjonen og huller i virkeligheten og få oss til å oppleve vår egen verden på nye eller andre måter. Koreografi og dans kan få oss til å føle at umulige ting er mulige og fremprovosere nye tanker om vår egen virkelighet. Koreografi er skapt på kunstig vis, men når den danses kan den fortsatt få oss til å føle virkelige følelser. Et eksempel på en skapt fiksjon som allikevel genererte en virkelig emosjonell respons fant sted i 2013 da Guro Nagelhus Schia og jeg deltok i en workshop initiert av Eva-Cecilie Richardsen. En av de tingene vi gjorde var å synge poplåter sammen hvor vi byttet ut ordet *kjærlighet* med ordet *koreografi*. Mistaking *choreography* for *love*. Denne konseptuelle tilnærmingen produserte fortsatt en emosjonell respons. Hver sang opplevdes som en kjærlighetserklæring til koreografi.

Som danser vil jeg foreslå det samme, bare at jeg vil foreslå å bytte ut ordet *kjærlighet* med *dans*. Mistake *dance* for *love*. Jeg oppfordrer deg til å synge *Love is the drug* av Roxy Music og bytte ut *dance* og *love*. Eller til å synge *Born to make you happy* av Britney Spears og bytte ut *dance* og *love*. Eller syng *If you had my love* av Jennifer Lopez og bytte ut *dance* og *love*. Eller syng *Feel so good* av Mel B og bytte ut *dance* og *love*. Eller syng din egen favoritt poplåt, bytt ut *dance* og *love* og se hva det gjør med deg. Jeg foreslår at du ønsker velkommen alle mulige følelser som skulle komme selv om du vet at de kommer fra et forskningseksperiment. Kanskje kommer du til å føle deg litt svimmel? Kanskje kommer du til å få en dyp magefølelse? Eller kanskje vil du oppleve at grunnen under føttene dine har forflyttet seg?

## G J E N S I D I G E   B E V E G E L S E R

I innledningskapittelet til *Kunnskapens språk* skriver professor Anders Johansen at «Kunnskapsutvikling er skrivearbeid.»<sup>1</sup> Som et utgangspunkt for denne teksten vil jeg foreslå en omskriving og forflytning av Johansens påstand inn i et nytt domene:

Koreografiutvikling er skrivearbeid.

Johansen skriver om skriftspråket som forskerens redskap og hevder at skriveing er en underbelyst del av forskningspraksis og utvikling av kunnskap. Artikkelsamlingen trekker skrivearbeidet fram i lyset og åpner det for andres betraktninger og erfaringer. Hvert tekstbidrag gjør to bevegelser. Hver tekst er en betraktning over forskningsmetode som samtidig produserer kunnskap. Man kunne nesten si at *Kunnskapens språk* omhandler og eksemplifiserer en forskningspoetikk, et begrep som til og med anvendes som overskrift i et av bidragene.

I det litterære feltet er poetikk gjerne forstått som en betraktning over det å dikte, en refleksjon over en dikters praksis og metode, som samtidig er en form for kunstnerisk produksjon i seg selv. Johansen overfører denne praksisen for selvrefleksjon til forskningen. Skrivearbeidet som Johansen gjør oppmerksom på i forskningen og hos forskeren, kan også overføres til koreografien og koreografen gjennom begrepet *koreopoetikk*.

Utvikling og utøvelse av det koreografiske gjennom kunstnerisk produksjon er underbelyst. Sjeldent settes det fokus på koreografens refleksjoner over egen praksis, og på hvordan slike refleksjoner kan gis form og komme til uttrykk i tid, i rom, gjennom kroppen og i skriftspråket. Når *koreopoetikk* nå foreslås som et begrep som tilsvarer en litterær poetikk, åpnes det nye rom for det koreografiske og for koreografen. Skrivning blir en kunstnerisk handling hvor det koreografiske både produseres og reflekteres over i samme grep, som gjensidige bevegelser.

D E T  
K O R E O G R A F I S K E

I norsk sammenheng har kunstnerisk utøvelse av koreografi og skapende og utøvende arbeid med kropp, bevegelse og dans blitt utviklet og utvidet radikalt, særlig i løpet av de siste 15 årene. Koreografene som har begynt å utvikle sitt kunstneriske arbeid i løpet av denne perioden kjennetegnes ikke først og fremst av et særegent bevegelsesspråk eller -uttrykk. Snarere har de markert seg gjennom sin tilnærming til en koreografisk praksis. Til hvordan koreografi kan skapes og utøves. Til hva en koreografisk praksis kan produsere av erfaringer, tilstander, problemstillinger og persepsjonsmåter gjennom kunstnerisk produksjon.

Innenfor dette blir kropp og bevegelse både undersøkt og anvendt for hva de kan være, gjøre, sanse og uttrykke i tid og rom, i en kunstnerisk definert situasjon eller et verk. Forskjellige koreografer utøver forskjellige forslag til svar gjennom sitt virke. En koreografisk tilnærming kan generere ulike

former for bevegelse, men også ulike former for tilstedeværelse og sanselig erfaring. For noen koreografer vil utøverens kropp stå sentralt, dens fysiske, sansende, energiske, talende muligheter. Kanskje er undersøkelsen forankret i politiseringen og disiplineringen av kropp og identitet som skjer og har skjedd historisk, kulturelt og i samfunnet. Andre koreografer utvider eller overfører undersøkelsen til andre medier og elementer. En slik utvidelse eller overføring kan framheve eller forflytte utøverens nærvær eller fravær mellom forskjellige medier og elementer; kropp, rom, stemme og tekst. Det kan intensivere publikums opplevelse og bevissthet om egen tilstedeværelse og persepsjon.

Innenfor denne utviklingen er koreograf ikke entydig som kunstnerisk posisjon. Det handler ikke bare om estetikk, men om skapende og utøvende praksiser for å produsere kunst. Koreografen kan være skaperen. Koreografen kan være utøveren. Koreografen kan være en kollaborasjon mellom flere koreografer, flere kunstnere, flere utøvere. Derfor gir det mening å omtale «det koreografiske», det som hører til koreografi slik det praktiseres og produseres.

#### SKRIVING OG TEKST

Skriving og tekst er ikke fremmede elementer i det koreografiske. Forholdet mellom kropp, bevegelse og tekst er de senere årene blitt et tilbakevendende tema i den faglige diskursen om dansekunsten i Norge. Det handler som oftest om anvendelse av tekst som materiale i en forestilling og hvordan det fungerer dramaturgisk. Utgangspunktet er ofte i en av to tekstforståelser. Enten i anvendelsen av verbalspråk i en forestilling hvor det bærende uttrykk er, eller forventes å være, bevegelsesbasert, eller i anvendelsen av tekst som dramatisk eller litterært forelegg for å skape en danseforestilling.

Komposisjonen og anvendelsen av ulike typer materiale i scenekunsten er et relevant faglig tema uansett hvilken uttrykkstradisjon forestillingen eller den kunstneriske praksisen springer ut av. Samtalen om koreografi og tekst blir imidlertid begrenset hvis tekst bare blir drøftet som noe adskilt fra koreografien, som et materiale eller et kunstnerisk element som brukes i en forestilling.

Det er ikke uvanlig at koreografer etablerer tekstproduksjon som en del av sitt koreografiske virke. Selv om det finnes kjente og utbredte eksempler på skriftlige metoder i koreografi, er det i liten grad utforsket hva koreografisk tekstproduksjon kan innebære. Ved å se nærmere på hvilke måter skriving inngår i utøvelsen av det koreografiske, kan samtalen om koreografi og tekst utvides til å innbefatte flere praksiser, flere metoder, flere utøvelser og flere typer tekst. Det kan for eksempel dreie seg om tekst som skapes forutfor verket, tekst som er prosess og metode, tekst som er grunnlaget for verket, tekst som er en del av verket, og tekst som er en forlengelse av verket.

Tekst kan også være en forflytning. Skriving er en aktiv, produserende handling som fører den koreografiske praksisen inn i et nytt rom, inn i teksten. Når det koreografiske forgrener seg inn i nye medier og materialer, kan det etableres nye kontaktflater med publikum og nye forståelser kan åpne seg.

#### PRODUKSJON AV NYE KUNSTOFFENTLIGHETER

Kunststoffentligheter skapes gjennom en vekselvirkning mellom kunsten som produseres og formidles, og diskursene som vokser fram fra innsiden kunstpraksis og kunstproduksjon eller som responderer på det samme. Det er behov for plattformer for refleksjon hvor diskurser kan utvikles og møte en offentlighet, like mye som det er behov for arenaer for å presentere kunstuttrykkene for publikum.

Offentligheter skapes gjennom et ordskifte. Stemmer må være aktive og synspunkter må deles for at samtalen skal holdes levende. Stemmer og synspunkter trenger imidlertid rom hvor de kan ytres og bli hørt, sett og lest av andre. I mediehusenes budsjettnedskjæringer er kunstkritikken ofte en av de første ofrene. Selv før de store inntektskrisene inntraff, var det få eksempler på medier som viet mye og hyppig plass til tidsbaserte og performative kunstformer. Fagspesifikke plattformer på nettet og fagtidsskrifter er avgjørende for å opprettholde et faglig og kritisk ordskifte over tid. Med begrensede ressurser kan de imidlertid ikke favne over alt.

En utvidelse av det koreografiske inn i tekst skaper nye måter for hvordan koreografers stemmer og praksiser kan samles og inngå i en større dialog. Tekstproduksjon skaper nye muligheter for å utvikle diskurs som både omhandler og skapes av det koreografiske. Tekst i en slik forstand kan betraktes som en utvidelse av hva det koreografiske kan produsere og som et verk i seg selv.

Plattformer og publikasjoner som synliggjør og reflekterer over hvordan produksjon av tekst er en del av koreografisk utøvelse, kan skape ny kunnskap om det koreografiske. Det kan skape kunnskap om hva det koreografiske innebærer og hva det produserer. Ved å etablere og gjøre tilgjengelig nye rom som samler flere koreografers stemmer og refleksjoner, kan deres ulike tilnærminger og betraktninger få anledning til å interagere. Gjennom skriving kan det koreografiske både produseres og reflekteres over, i gjensidige bevegelser som produserer nye kunststoffentligheter.

1 Anders Johansen: «Skrivemåte og metode», i: A. Johansen (red): *Kunnskapens språk*. Oslo 2012, s. 9.

## RECIPROCAL MOVEMENTS

In the introduction to *Kunnskapens språk* (The Language of Knowledge) Professor Anders Johansen writes, «Knowledge is developed by writing».<sup>1</sup> As a point of departure for this text I propose a re-writing and repositioning of his statement within a different domain:

Choreography is developed through writing.

Johansen is concerned with written language as the researcher's tool. He claims that acts of writing in research practice and the development of knowledge are underexplored. His anthology aims to shed light on writing and open these practices to the observations and experiences of others. Each text contribution performs two movements. Each text is an observation of research method that at the same time produces knowledge. Perhaps it could be said that *Kunnskapens språk* both treats and exemplifies a research poetics, a term that is actually used in one of the contributions.

In the literary field, poetics are often understood to be an observation of the art of poetry, of practice and method, while at the same time producing a poetic expression. Johansen transfers the practice of self-reflection to research. The act of writing in research and in the researcher that he highlights can also be transferred to choreography and the choreographer through the term *choreopoetic*.

The development and performance of the choreographic through artistic production is an underexplored area. The choreographer's reflection over his or her own practice and the way in which these reflections can be formed and expressed in time, space, the body and in writing, is given little consideration. When *choreopoetic* is now proposed as a concept equivalent to literary poetics, a new space for the choreographic and the choreographer is opened. Writing becomes an artistic act in which the choreographic is at once both produced and considered, in reciprocal movements.

## THE CHOREOGRAPHIC

In the Norwegian context, the production and performance of choreography with body, movement and dance has been through a phase of radical development and expansion, especially during the last 15 years. The choreographers who have been developing their work during this period are not primarily known for their unique movement language or expression. Instead they have made their mark by developing approaches to choreographic practice; to how choreography can be created and performed and to what it can produce of experiences, states, issues and modes of perception through artistic production.

Within this context body and movement are explored for their potential to be, to do, to sense and to express in time and space. Choreographers propose a range of potentialities through their work. A choreographic approach may

generate different forms of movement, but also various forms of presence and sensory experience. For some choreographers the body of the performer and its physical, sensory, energetic and verbal potential is central. Perhaps the exploration is concerned with the politicization and disciplining of the body and identity that takes place and has taken place historically, culturally and in the present moment in society. Other choreographers may expand or transfer their exploration to other media and elements. Such an expansion or transferal can emphasize the presence or absence of the performer or displace it through different media and elements; body, space, voice and text. It can intensify the experience of the audience and their awareness of their own presence and perception.

Within this context the choreographer cannot be viewed as a singularly identifiable artistic position. It is not just a question of aesthetics, but of different practices for the creation and performance of art. Choreographer can be creator. Choreographer can be performer. Choreographer can be collaboration between multiple choreographers, multiple artists or multiple performers. For this reason it seems meaningful to refer to «the choreographic», to that which pertains to choreography as it is practiced and produced.

## WRITING AND TEXT

Writing and text aren't foreign bodies in the choreographic domain. The relationship between body, movement and text has been a recurring theme in the Norwegian discourse on choreography and dance. Usually it is a matter of how text is used as performance material and its dramaturgical function. The point of departure is often in one of two ways of understanding text. Either as the use of verbal language in a performance in which movement is, or is expected to be, the dominant language, or when text is a dramatic or literary basis for the creation of a work of dance.

Composition and application of different types of material is a relevant topic in the performing arts regardless of the tradition that informs the artistic work or practice in question. The conversation on choreography and text is nevertheless limited if text is considered only as a separate entity, as a material or element used in a performance.

It is increasingly common for choreographers to establish text production as part of their choreographic practice. Even though certain examples of written methods in choreography may be widely familiar, the many practices and possibilities of choreographic text production are yet to be explored in depth. By taking a closer look at the ways in which writing can be integrated in the choreographic, the conversation on choreography and text can be expanded to include more practices, more methods, more modes of performance and more types of text. Examples could include text that is created independent of the choreographic work, text as process and method, text as basis for a work, text as part of the work, and text as an extension of the work.

Text can also be a form of displacement. Writing is an active, productive action that moves the choreographic practice into a new space, into text. By branching into other media and material the choreographic forms new planes of contact with the audience which can in turn generate new understandings.

PRODUCING  
PUBLIC SPHERES

In public spheres the conversation on art is formed by the art that is produced and performed and the discourse that develops from within and in response to artistic practice and production. Public platforms for discourse and reflection are necessary in the same way arenas and venues are necessary in order for art to meet an audience.

Public spheres are maintained through the exchange of ideas. Voices must be active and views must be shared if the conversation is to thrive. There needs to be a space or many spaces for these voices and views to be expressed and received by others. When media publishers cut their budgets, arts criticism is often one of the first areas to be hit. Even before the revenue crisis set in for full, few media outlets devoted much time and space to the exploration of time-based and performative forms of art. Specialized internet platforms and print journals play a decisive role in maintaining a meaningful, critical and in-depth dialogue. But their resources are limited and they can't cover everything.

An expansion of the choreographic into text creates new spaces for choreographic ideas and practices to gather and potentially interact through proximity. This creates a new possibility for the development of a discourse that both addresses and produces the choreographic. Seen in this way, text becomes an expansion of what the choreographic can produce and a work in itself.

Platforms and publications can provide visibility for the growing field of choreographic reflection. By bringing to light how text is produced through choreography, new knowledge can be formed and shared which can expand the understanding of choreographic practice. Text becomes a new space where choreographic approaches and reflections can co-mingle and form a new conversation on the choreographic. Writing can then be seen as an artistic act in which the choreographic is at once both produced and considered, in reciprocal movements that produce new public spheres.

1 Anders Johansen: «Skrivemåte og metode», in: A. Johansen (ed): *Kunnskapens språk*. Oslo 2012, p. 9. The citation in English is my translation.



Marie Bergby Handeland  
Marie Bergby Handeland (b. 1986) is a dancer, performer and choreographer. She studied at Iceland Academy of the Arts (BA contemporary dance), Trondheim Academy of Fine Art (video and sound) and Telemark University College (Creative writing studies, Bø). She collaborates with various artists across a diverse range of medias and formats. Handeland has shown her own work, such as *The green ones* (2013–2015), *The sound of decisiveness* (2013), *Half-heartedly* (2012) and *Heavy Heads* (2012), in different theatres, galleries and festivals. She is currently working on the collaborative project *FOLK*. She has a particular interest in the exploration of art as an experiment in inclusion, questioning and expanding what type of audience attends certain types of performances, and what type of performers are most often seen in specific contexts. Her work often evolves from text – fictional prose and poetry lies at the core of her artistic exploration.

Moaz Franzén  
Moaz Franzén (b. 1985) is an artist and writer based in Stockholm. Her practice encircles writing and performance, placing herself in and between visual art, choreography and literature. Franzén's work evolves around undervalued forms and acts – like silence and stillness – as sites for and expressions of agency and resistance, by high-lighting and disrupting hegemonic discourse, narration and acts. Franzén often works in curatorial collaborative projects and holds an MA in choreography from New Performative Practices at the University of Dance and Circus. She has exhibited, performed, and curated work nationally and internationally; organized seminars and performance events; and been published in several publications. She is currently active as an editorial member of the literary magazine *Kritiker*.

Tove Salmgren  
Tove Salmgren (b. 1976) is based in Stockholm and works within the performing arts as a dancer, choreographer, dramaturge, artistic advisor and mentor. Her choreographical practice focuses on its relational materiality; the politics of the performance itself where agency and resistance are explored in relation to hegemonic structures within the tradition of dance and performance. In 2015 she finished her masters in choreography, New Performative Practices at DOCH in Stockholm, in which she developed her thesis through the score *Objects and Speech*, an exploration of a performance materiality and its "borderline personality" as ontologically both originating from inside and outside of art.

Since 2013 she has been supported by MDT (Sthlm) in a series of residencies

and has previously worked on a curatorial collaboration together with Manon Santkin and Moaz Franzén, *We happen things – the speaking body*, to be presented in 2016. Her solo work, *I pretend that you speak* (2014), was presented at MDT during the festival *Another Fine Selection* and at The pipe factory, Glasgow. Next year she will start her commission as artistic director together with Kajsa Wadhia for the dance department of Köttinspektionen, a venue for dance, visual art and theater in Uppsala, Sweden.

Janne-Camilla Lyster  
Janne-Camilla Lyster (b. 1981) studied at the Oslo National Academy of the Arts, where she graduated with a BA in Contemporary Dance in 2006. She is a dancer, choreographer and writer. Lyster has published several collections of poetry, most recently *Melk kåpe sand måpe* (2015). In 2013 she published *We left the silent forest*, which was written as a choreographic script and shown in four adaptations at the Dramatikkens Hus, Oslo, in October of the same year. Her choreographic work ranges from solo and ensemble work to different artistic constellations and collaborations. Since October 2014, she has been an artistic research fellow at the Oslo National Academy of the Arts, The Academy of Dance, with the project *Writing for dance. Developing choreographic script as a genre*. Through this project she is developing literary scores for dance.

Sarah Vanhee  
The artistic practice of Sarah Vanhee (b. 1980) is linked to performance, visual art and literature. It uses different formats and is often (re)created in situ. Recent works include *The C-Project*, *Turning Turning (a choreography of thoughts)*, *Untitled*, *Lecture For Every One*, *I screamed and I screamed and I screamed*, *Oblivion*. Vanhee's work has been presented widely internationally, both in performing arts and visual arts contexts, such as De Appel arts centre (Amsterdam), iDans (Istanbul), Centre Pompidou (Metz), Kunstenfestivaldesarts (Brussels), Impulstanzfestival (Vienna), Van Abbe Museum (Eindhoven), Printemps de Septembre (Toulouse), Biennale (Bern), Arnolfini Gallery (Bristol), Contour (Mechelen), Théâtre de La Cité (Paris), HAU (Berlin) etc.

She published two books with Onomatopées (Eindhoven) and De Appel (Amsterdam), and one short novel, 'TT', with Campo (Ghent). Her work was nominated for the Ton Lutz prijs 2007 (honourable mention), Prix Jardin d'Europe (2010) and for the VSCD Mimeprijs 2012. Sarah Vanhee is a co-founder and member of Manyone.

Alexandra Pirici  
Alexandra Pirici (b. 1982) is a Bucharest-based artist. She has a background in choreography but works across different mediums, from choreography to visual arts and music. Recent works include a collaboration with Manuel Pelmus, "An Immaterial Retrospective of the Venice Biennale" exhibited in the Romanian Pavilion at the 55<sup>th</sup> edition of the Venice Biennale, public space and museum space projects for the Centre Pompidou, 12<sup>th</sup> Swiss Sculpture Exhibition, the Van Abbe-museum, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Leipzig, Bass Museum of Art – Miami, Museum der Moderne – Salzburg, Nationalgalerie – Berlin and Manifesta10, among others. In 2015 her public space performative monument – "Monument to Work" was acquired by the Public Art Agency for the Swedish state.

Ann-Christin Berg Kongsness  
Ann-Christin Berg Kongsness (b. 1987) is based in Oslo and is educated in dance, choreography and aesthetic theory. She has performed in and choreographed several productions, both solo and in collaboration with other artists. Among her work is *Vrangfores-tilling* (CODAfringe, Kunsthall Oslo 2013), *Endevendinga* (Dei Nynorske Festspela, Ivar Aasentunet 2014), *Latest Notes* (Black Box Theatre 2015) and *Soft Manifesto* (Black Box Theatre 2015). She is the editor of the webpage framtidisdans.no, a platform for writing as a choreographic practice, where dance artists share reflections on their artistic work. In recent years she has been working with both discursive and poetic texts.

Solveig Styve Holte  
Solveig Styve Holte (b. 1984) is a Norwegian dancer and choreographer. She finished her MA in Choreography from The National Academy of Arts in Oslo in June 2015. Her final MA work "Lightness" explored how choreography could manifest itself in different contexts and consisted of a book, a series of six solos at the Museum of Contemporary Art and a piece for four dancers performed at Black Box Theater.

Holte is engaged herself in changing and challenging existing structures for dance and choreography in Norway, through proposing different ways of working together and sharing knowledge. Her choreographic practice consists both of writing, publishing in different ways, initiating new platforms for dancing together and sharing knowledge, and proposing new choreographic and aesthetic experiences to a greater audience.

Mette Edvardsen  
The work of Mette Edvardsen (b. 1970) is situated within the performing arts field, also exploring other media or other formats such as video, books and writing. With a base in Brussels since 1996 she has worked for several years as a dancer and performer for a number of companies and projects, and develops her own work since 2002. She presents her works internationally and continues to develop projects with other artists, both as a collaborator and as a performer. Her latest work includes the pieces *Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine* (2010), *Black* (2011), *No Title* (2014), *We to be* (2015).

Marie Fahlin  
Marie Fahlin (b. 1966) was educated at the School for New Dance Development in Amsterdam and works as a choreographer, curator and dancer. Her work focuses on transgressions between different artistic disciplines through both solo pieces and in collaboration with other artists. Together with Rebecca Chentinnell she runs the organisation Koreografiska Konstitutet that curates festivals, e.g. *festival:display*, and choreographic projects e.g. the magazine *Koreografisk Journal*. In 2014 she became a PhD candidate in choreography at the University of the Arts in Stockholm with the project *Moving through Choreography – Curating Choreography as an Artistic Practice*. Her current interest lies in researching the relation between curating and choreography and how one can use the concept of curating to find new approaches to produce and present choreography.

Brynjar Åbel Bandlien  
Brynjar Åbel Bandlien (b. 1975) studied ballet in his native Norway (1991–93) and at the Hamburg Ballet (1993–95.) After his graduation, Bandlien worked for three years as a dancer with the Dutch company NDT2 in Den Haag, Holland, touring Europe, the US and South-Africa. In 1998 he started to work as a freelance dancer and choreographer in Scandinavia, Europe and the US. Bandlien has worked with artists such as Manuel Pelmus, Jennifer Lacey, Phillip Gehmacher, Vera Mantero, Raimund Hoghe, Florin Flueraș, Heather Kravas and Antonija Livingstone. In the period 2004–2010 Bandlien had his base in Bucharest, Romania and took part in the rise and fall of the Centrul National al Dansului-Buchuresti (CNDB.) Since 2010 he's been based between Oslo and Berlin. Besides his dancing, Bandlien has published three comic books: *\*Strimb Life* (2008) and *Strimb Living* (2011). His last comic book *Strimb Kids* was published early 2015. \* The Romanian word Strimb means Crooked in English.

Pedro Gómez-Egaña  
Pedro Gómez-Egaña (b. 1976), originally from Colombia, lives and works between Copenhagen, Bergen, and Bogotá. Trained both as a composer and visual artist, Pedro Gómez-Egaña's work expands across performance, sculpture, video, installation, and sound. Central to his artistic approach is the performative aspect of sculpture, which he presents in the form of dynamic, animated objects or as seemingly haunted environments.

Gómez-Egaña creates carefully staged scenarios and purpose-built spaces in which the audience is exposed to questions around the significance of temporality at the intersection of technology and culture. His work often takes the perspective of the mechanical, referring to 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century histories of industrial progress. The artist uses these references by simultaneously presenting the powerful and haunting sides of structures and machines. Gómez-Egaña's installations and performance-based works have been staged at various platforms such as the Bergen Triennial, Performa 13 in New York, Kunsthall Mulhouse in France, the Brussels Biennial, Marrakech biennial, and Colomboscope in Sri Lanka.

Venke Marie Sortland  
Venke Marie Sortland (b. 1982) is a performer and choreographer, based in Oslo. She was educated at the School of Contemporary Dance in Oslo, and at the University of Oslo. Sortland has worked as a performer for several Norwegian and international choreographers; most recently Ingri Fiksdal and Jana Umüssig. She is 1/3 of the curatorial team of Rethink Dance foun. She also does her own work within the frame of the production unit Landing. Sortland writes regularly for Danseinfor.no, Scenekunst.no and Periskop.no.

Forming an interest in site-specific works, Sortland has, in recent years, focused on exploring social and relational aspects of dance and choreography. She is interested in how interaction with different contexts and groups of audiences affects the artistic work – both in the creation process and in the actual performance.

Adam Linder  
Adam Linder (b. 1983) is a choreographer based in Berlin. His choreographies come in two formats: stage works and Choreographic Services.

These works have been commissioned, presented and hired by HAU Hebbel-am-Ufer Berlin, Institute of Contemporary Art London, Museum of Contemporary Art Los Angeles, Museum of Modern Art Warsaw, American Realness NYC, Kampnagel Hamburg and Frieze LIVE London, amongst other engagements.

In the past Linder performed with Michael Clark, Meg Stuart/Damaged Goods and The Royal Ballet.

Melanie Fieldseth  
Melanie Fieldseth (b. 1976) is currently the performing arts advisor at the Norwegian Arts Council. Prior to joining the Arts Council, she was a critic and co-editor of 3t, a journal for theory and practice in contemporary art and performance. She has a master's degree in theatre studies from the University of Bergen. Her research report on recent developments in the independent performing arts scene in Norway was published in 2015.

Eva-Cecilie Richardsen  
Eva-Cecilie Richardsen (b. 1970) is an Oslo-based choreographer. She has a strong cross-disciplinary and curatorial interest and her work involves interventions and collaborative strategies in formats such as film, photo, text, installation, and architecture. Through extensive research and cross-aesthetic experiments she examines questions regarding work demarcation, autonomy, chronology and perception of space – always using choreography as analytical tool and competence, and challenging established conventions in the field of dance. For the last four years she has been a Research Fellow in the National Artistic Research Fellowship Programme (2011–2015).

She has earlier created and produced more than 30 major dance works within her different artistic initiatives and companies, including commissioned pieces.

## CHOREOGRAPHY AS SUPPORT

~~Support~~ Choreography appears as a supplementary strength, added onto a set of forces that are deemed to be insufficient and in need of addition. ~~Support~~ Choreography is applied to, added on, inflicted upon, and therefor entails an external operation, seemingly independent from the object to be ~~supported~~ choreographed: it re-works the most intimate, internal workings of a thing from its exterior, from outside it. The epistemological status of the ~~support~~ choreography is that of a division, a disjunction of the object of science, of an intimate conflict it can never wholly pacify: it is a conflict between the minutiae, the specificity of the response, the operation, and the detached clarity of the interpretive, articulatory set-up. In short, it poses the question of where to look from, and it is not perception that is in question here, but rather the dwelling (or place) of the subject: there where ~~supporting~~ choreographing is thought. The paradoxical presupposition of ~~support~~ choreography is that it relies on a pre-articulation of a lack or need, to justify its very presence as a function of fulfillment: it comes second. Yet support can invent needs as much as it can fulfill them, and these probably do not correspond... (...) The irresolvable paradox of ~~support~~ choreography is that it relies on appearing temporary in order to sustain and perpetuate the inherent, naïve hope or belief that what is being ~~supported~~ choreographed will eventually be able to ~~support~~ choreograph itself; ~~support~~ choreography is geared towards its own obsolescence and disappearance. One cannot deny that such a paradoxical undertaking defines something of an ideal movement, a utopian longing: the exercise of ~~support~~ choreography is the process of investment towards a knowledge, but beyond it, towards a developing will for emancipation. (...) ~~Support~~ choreographic structures is composed of entries. Each entry appears not as a definition of ~~support~~ choreography, but as a particular manifestation – a display – and configuration of it. Any attempt at defining ~~support~~ choreography would entail a position external to the subject, and as previously outlined, there can be no discourse on ~~support~~ choreography, only discourse in ~~support~~ choreography. The entries, therefore, do not refer to the subject of ~~support~~ choreography or what it might be, but to how it articulates: they are instances of ~~support~~ choreography at work.

Entries occur in random order and without consistent authorship for in each instance they take place within already specific relationships.<sup>1</sup>

# Arbeitszeiten

mo-frei = 11 - 1 Uhr

Sa = 11 - 22 Uhr

So = 11 - 20 Uhr