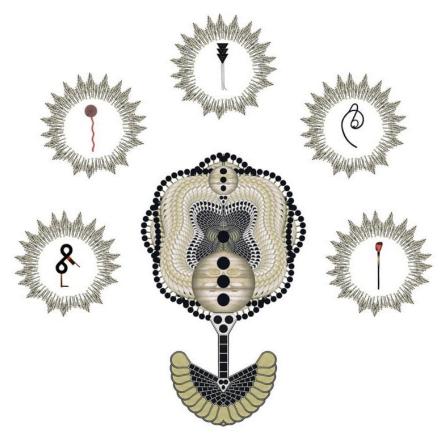
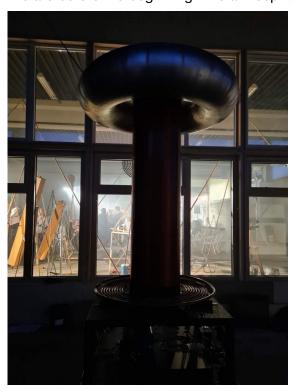
MOLECULES 1



Frontispiece to AEIOUÆØÅ at Dyrk Bryn. Direction: Peter Width. Composition: Nikolai Handeland. Visual direction: Ann Holmgren. Scenography: Carle Lange. Chemist: Veronica Killi. Mycologists: Nina Havermans and Sindre Engh. Signal worker: Tjærland Marte. Light: Nemanja Cadjo. Sound: Thomas Hildebrand. Costume: the Molecular Ballet & Jennie Steen, Dancers: Sigurd Vesaas, Mari Nyvoll, Maren Tøndevold, Maiken Rye, Tuva Hennum, Sara Teigen. Lillian Ersov. Choir: Inca Aase. Toruń Ossum. Per Østhus. Johann Aase.

Why molecules? Molecules react. A nuclear reaction is something else. Chemistry and physics. Chemistry is a realm for *all*, not so with nuclear physics. Alchemy: the chemistry of transmutation. We are before the beginning. The atmosphere is welcoming. The circle of people from the Oslo



A <u>Tesla coil</u> generating sound and song through lightening, where the spark and bond converge. Creator: DeValt.

free-groups common are there: they appear differently. A different bouquet, or a turn of the kaleidoscope. From here we arrive at the junction. It is divided in two phases. First the *spark*. Then the *bond*. Word and sound. The session is sparked by MIR, who explains the 23 year experiment: at the beginning he wasn't born. At the end in 2032 we will be a young man.

I ask Ann, who is sitting on the floor before me, if it is Nathaniel reading, even though I can hear that it is MIR. I think it is because he is reading very well, and that I somehow imagine that MIR would be too young. Well, it is MIR. Trust your senses. His voice-recording emerges from a face-animation made out of elementary TOTs (above): TOTs are not really symbols but rather outcomes of a visual process—all containing the *spark* and the *bond*—featuring a visual language for information in a new era. Synolon, not symbolon.

What is more logical than the spark of *reason* coming to us through a child's voice? And what is more intuitive than extending such explanation by a song that resounds in the adult mind? A E I O U Y Æ Ø Å. The *vowels*. Then the *chemical* experiments. And finally the music of the celestial spheres. So, the molecular ballet is publicised (*spark*). And the audience declares itself through song (*bond*). The

13-17.04.2023 theodor.Barth@khio.no

MOLECULEs 2

magical language of the ballet is Egyptian, in two senses: in the sense of African—it involves real blood—and in the sense of European hermetism. If planet Earth is unique, what is then the *moon*?

A Jew, I am left to ponder whether I can declare myself in a space like this. Though, I do feel comfortable adopting a position *alongside* it. As here, when I am writing *with* the event. I am declaring myself publicly from *this* vantage point. Moving from the molecular event to the nuclear realm. Parsing the event at Gro Bryn, in the Oslo suburb, in terms of superposition (being there and not there), intra-action (changes in the body-object by the instrumental rig), entanglement (previous engagements that come to haunt the event). All this in the activation of TOTs.

To begin with, the TOT is articulated in a flat medium. It can be extended by GIFs, or cut with a laser in MDF. Elements that stand to *witness* the chemistry. Themselves smeared with blood. From the other end of the space where the work is taking place, they are *met* with song. Wether by the audience amidst a planetary constellation, or members of the <u>GREX vocalis</u>: a choir of professional singers brought in for the occasion. Amidst multi-coloured froth and spume—along-side a variety of explosions—the newborn 3D version of TOT #9, the *Songdancer*, appears.

Eventually s/he is joined by other TOTs that have been activated in the molecular ballet's second



The Songdancer TOT is atypical in its free artistic expression. When activated s/he was like the spring in bloom, but also with the underlying sadness of the doll brought to life. Existential realism. Photo: Øystein Kind/Flott Gjort.

stage (i.e., after the first peridot of 11 years when a total of 256 seeds—called TOTs—were created): the second stage is the stage in which we are now. The TOTs have been activated on different sites. Often art-spaces—like Venice abroad and Henie Onstad Kunstsenter and Haugar in Norway—and with them comes the memory of the tangle and tango with space and time, site and event, place and name of their activation. Silens. Lövamannen. Aksiomann, The information psychologist and Nefer. Etc.

Some of them found their way to Dyrk Bryn, as the event turned to a lineup and the Songdancer was to join their ranks. Moving between spark and bond—chemistry experiments and song—a pendular motion defined in the work-space of activation. The *spark*: the blue notes of corporeal existence. The *bond*: the fullness of expression and being. But in the centre of it all the *name*: each number is worth a word. It is at this discovery that the task of *naming* the world will define occasions, and encounters. I ask: are we naming the world and everything/all that is in it?

Or, as we using naming to create something that was not already there? There's a difference. It is the difference between the uncreated potential and the new—one might say, unnatural—potential. In the first phase of the Molecular ballet the collection of the 256 TOTs happened in two stages: 1) the bond: 256 invited contributions came in to the Axis game; 2) the spark: all of them were remade from found scraps. In the second phase, the protocol appears to have been reversed: the spark appearing before the bond. A turn in the adventure of naming as bringing into being of a potential. As for me, I am Mordechai at the gate: picking up the weak signals from the rim.

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