



UNIVERSITY OF GOTHENBURG
ACADEMY OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

A CRITICAL WEDGE

Annikki Wahlöö

Degree Project, Master of Fine Arts in
Theatre with specialization in acting

Spring Semester 2016

Degree Project, 60 higher education credits
Master of Fine Arts in Theatre with specialization in acting
Academy of Music and Drama, University of Gothenburg
Spring Semester 2016

Author: *Annikki Wahlöö*

Unless otherwise specified, photo and illustration: *Annikki Wahlöö*

Title: *A Critical Wedge*

Supervisor: *Per Nordin*

Second Supervisors: *Anna Pettersson and Petra Revenue*

Examiner: *Anders Wiklund*

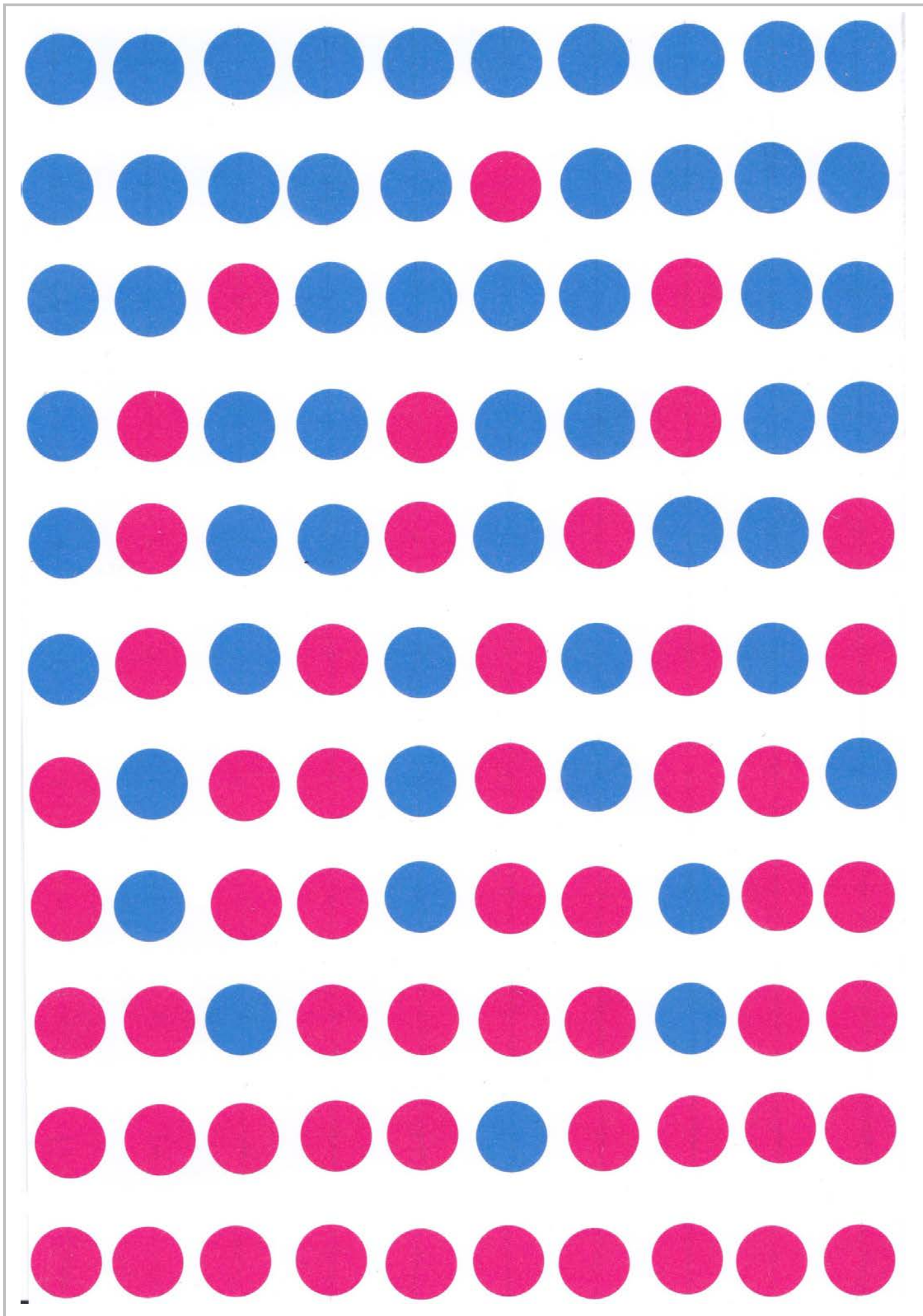
ABSTRACT

A critical wedge – is an exploration of the in-betweens within performing arts and how they can become gaps for questioning, a place for exploring alternatives. How juxtaposition can be a political tool when composing a performance. It all started with the interspace between reality and fiction, the authentic and fictional self. The aesthetic field cannot present any given answers but rather a liminal space for reflection and thoughts. An in-between where multiplicity can grow and flourish. This is an exploration of both practice and theories in relation to gaps, cracks and in-betweens where art can flourish. This has also led to an exploration of the relation between spectators and performers and on if one can create a common and equal meeting ground within the boundaries of a performance.

Key words: liminality, participatory theatre, critical wedge, performance art, human specific theatre, immersive theatre, sensuous theatre, political theatre, performance art, performativity, multidisciplinary theatre, soundscape, spectator, site-specific theatre, performing art, text immersion, viewpoint training, social theatre, performative art.

Contents

Preface.....	3
One beginning.....	6
Another beginning.....	11
Fluffy and white.....	13
Actors for disposal.....	16
Eye opener.....	17
Creating traps.....	18
Common ground.....	19
The Agreement.....	19
Interlace interspace.....	22
Freedom in a bag	24
Walking in Athens – What is political?.....	26
The free space in between – a space for reflection.....	28
Spectator – object or subject?.....	30
Action here and now.....	31
Immersed by sound.....	32
Who performs?.....	33
Sniffing flowers.....	35
Toolbox.....	36
Collaboration	36
Risk and Commitment.....	38
Failure.....	40
Your position.....	42
Text immersion.....	44
Play position and vertical.....	44
Place The same place – abused.....	46
Two voices.....	51
Translating immersion of water into immersion of sound.....	51
Flavour and Fortune.....	52
Make the invisible visible.....	56
Workshop with Cantabile 2	59
Visiting artist at Sisters Academy.....	61
Sisters Academy and the vision of a sensuous society.....	61
The Liminal.....	63
A poetic self – an expanded me.....	64
Entering.....	64
Invisible/visible within the frame of Sisters Academy.....	66
Collected memories.....	67
Perpetuum immobile – One memory creating new memories.....	68
Walking thinking remembering.....	70
One for the sea.....	73
Human specific performing art.....	77
Human experience.....	77
The senses of the actor.....	79
The pre- and post-liminal.....	80
One, two, three layers.....	83
Three layers away.....	83
The first layer – remembering.....	83
The second layer – writing.....	83
The third layer – performing.....	84
A Memory – the second layer.....	86
Manifesto – for multiplicity	88
Post-text Pre-performance.....	91
Open work.....	91
Open process.....	92
Threads – research-script	93
Literature and references.....	120
Thank You.....	124



Preface

This is a composition with more than two scores.

They are all connected to the same subject matter which is concerned with the void in-between – a void with many names. I started off with interspace that has become gaps, wedges, in-betweens, liminal spaces. A void or a liminal something that can slip into the cracks in our imagination and make space for something different and maybe shake us a little.

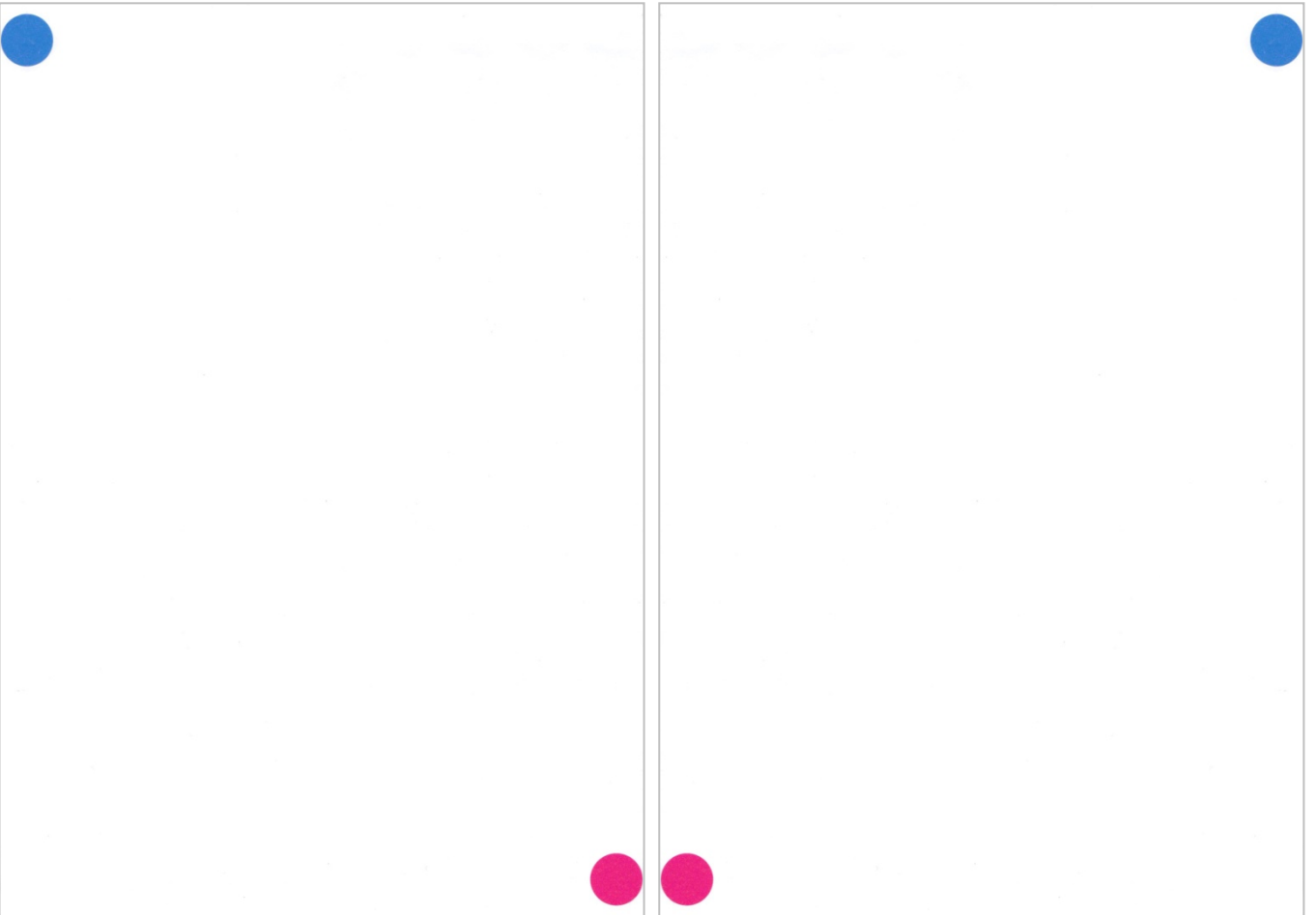
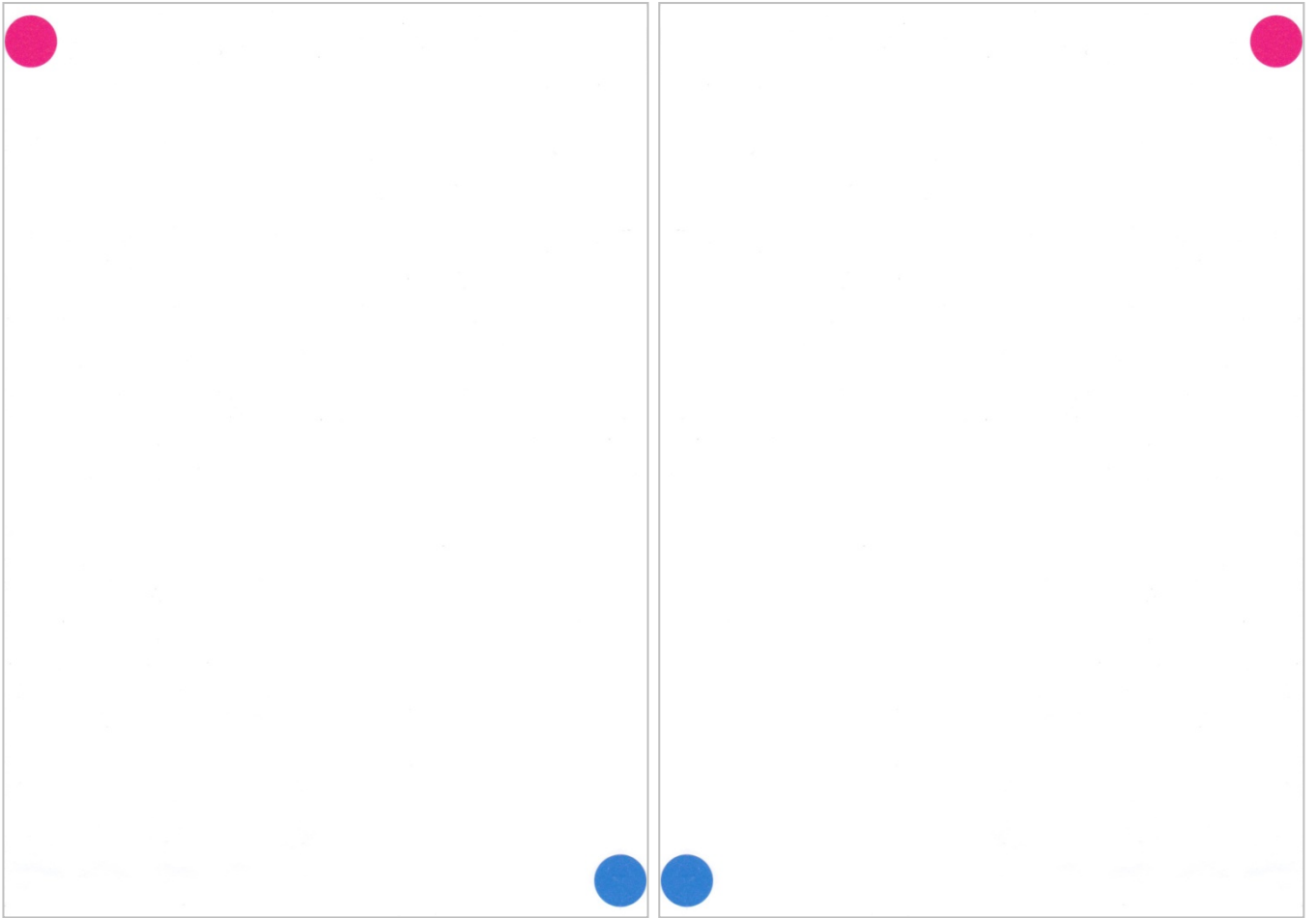
Threads I have followed are human specific theatre, participation, immersive theatre, spectator/performer/participant/actor/creator, memories, walking, swimming, sounds, pictures. Discontinuity.

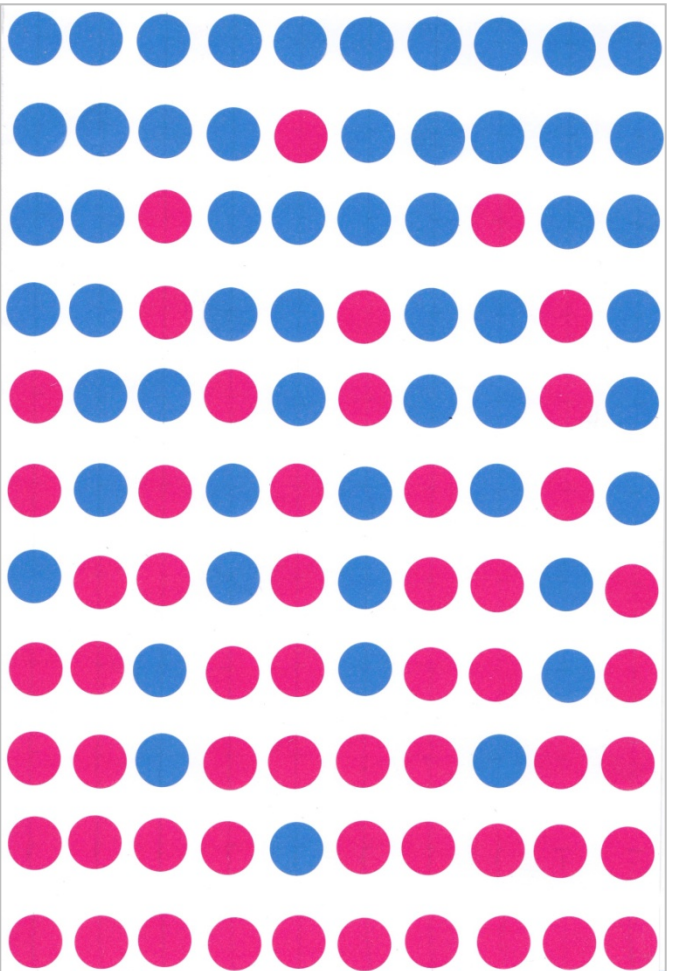
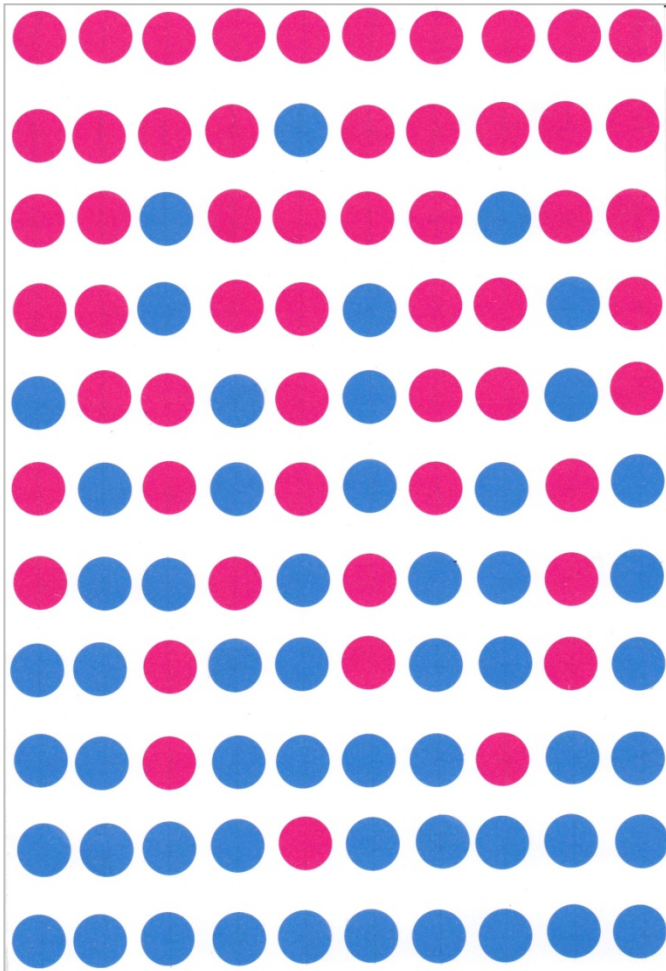
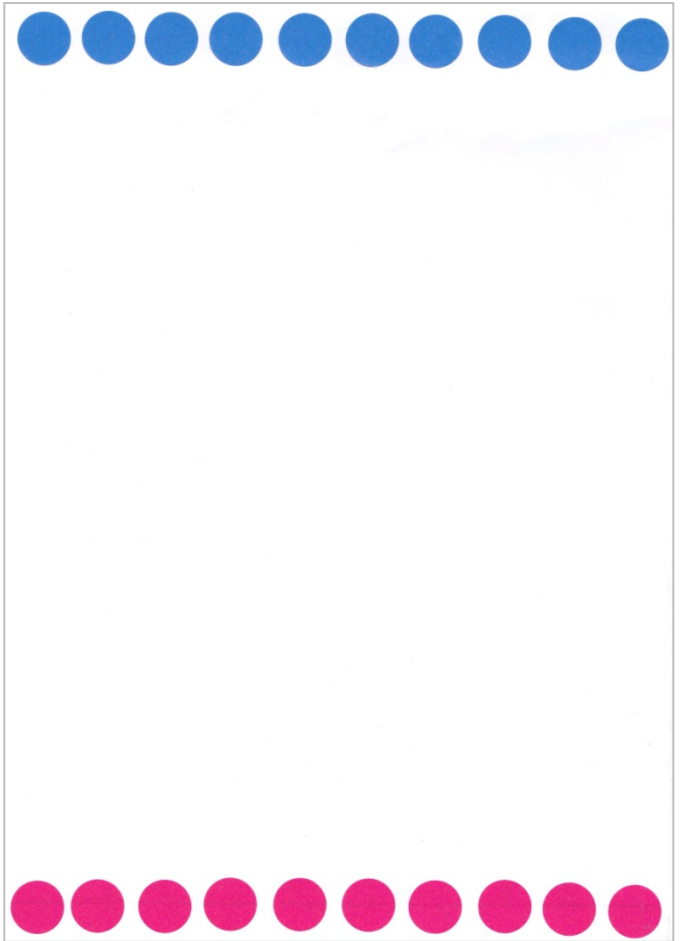
The relation you have towards reality in different positions, the writer, the performer, the spectator etcetera, etcetera.

I describe my practise and some of the works I have been doing in connection to my master studies. I also try to put these practises in relation to other works and theories. The theory and practise tend to interlace and I don't think it is possible to tear them apart and make them into two entities.

This is a composition of letters, numbers, words, sentences, pictures, films, sketches, drawings, lines, curves, circles, squares, etcetera, etcetera.

This composition is not in black and white it is in colour – an endless variety of nuances.





One beginning

It all started with a gap, a gap in time, a gap in meaning, a gap between.

In 2003 I wrote my bachelor thesis in Theatre Studies at Stockholm University. I felt a frustration during this period which to a large extent was related to my point of view as a practitioner. I was not interested only in the spectator's point of view but also in the point of view of the practitioner, a standpoint that at the time seemed a bit odd in the academic context. I was interested in the relation between performers, the relation between performers and audience but also in the relation between fiction and authenticity, personage, character and performer. There were many different in-betweens that caught my interest.

I called this *mellanrum* in Swedish and translated that into interspace.

In-between

Interspace – between fiction and reality within performing art, between the fictional and authentic self – an interspace that can alter and change during one performance, from a little crack to an abyss. As an actor it can be thrilling to jump between these positions, it also creates tension and curiosity in the room, what is **really** happening?! Maybe this interspace is like an interface or borderline between us and the fictional, between the two opposites. And the performing art really is a brilliant field to try out different approaches to all these realities and fictions – because they are many.

How conscious is this process and is it possible to turn it into words and to problematize this process? Which are the theories and practices that deal with these issues?

And how can a deliberate work with creating an interspace between different standpoints, arguments and theories create a vital and political theatre?

Today performing art is trying to reflect and relate, to question and interrogate society. Art is at its best when trying to relate to the present, the past and to the eternal existential questions. The aesthetic field cannot present any given answers but rather a liminal space for reflection and thoughts. An in-between where multiplicity can grow and flourish.

The description of in-between or inter-space in the Swedish encyclopaedia *Nationalencyklopedin* is: free space in between places where something is placed /.../ about a period where nothing happens between two occasions: shots were heard with even ...¹

So what happens between these shots – what do we, the listeners imagine?

What does this interspace look like?

What good does it do in a piece of performing arts?

Interspaces to be explored are:

Interspace between fiction and reality.

Interspace between the authentic and fictional self.

Interspace between the norm and the other.

Interspace between religions, cultures, ethnicities etcetera.

Interspace as a crack in society where spectators and performers can meet on equal ground, where everyone is an active subject

But this is where I begin:

¹ "Mellanrum", *Nationalencyklopedins ordbok*, Band 2, (Höganäs 1996), p. 370.

What does this so called interspace look like?

Is it possible to visualize interspace here?

I mean really here.....

For example what happens in the interspace between A and B?

What can possibly emerge there? Now what will follow is my experiment on what could occur in that interspace:

Between AAAAAAAAAA and BBBB BBBB

Or: **AAAAAAAAAA ----- BBBB BBBB**

Or: **AAAAAAAAAA
BBBB BBBB**

Or: **AAAAAAAAAA**

BBBB BBBB

Or maybe:

AAAAAAAAAA	BBBB BBBB
AAAAABAAAA	BBBBBABB
AABAAAABAA	BBABBBABB
ABAABAABAA	BABBABBABB
ABAABABAAB	BABBABABBA
ABABABABAB	ABABABABAB
BABBABABBA	ABAABABAAB
BABBABBABB	ABAABAABAA
BBABBBBABB	AABAAAABAA
BBBBBABB	AAAAABAAAA
BBBBBBB	AAAAAAAAAA

Or maybe like this:

AAAAAAAAAA	BBBBBBB
AAAAABAAAA	BBBBBABB
AABAAAABAA	BBABBBABB
ABAABAABAA	BABBABBABB
ABAABABAAB	BABBABABBA
ABABABABAB	ABABABABAB
BABBABABBA	ABAABABAAB
BABBABBABB	ABAABAABAA
BBABBBBABB	AABAAAABAA
BBBBBABB	AAAAABAAAA
BBBBBBB	AAAAAAAAAA

A lot of different associations, patterns, pictures and thoughts can emerge between these two fixed points A and B. Different possibilities for me as a spectator. Since there is no description of this particular interspace between A and B there are lots of possibilities, no given answer. No right or wrong.

What would it look like with numbers?

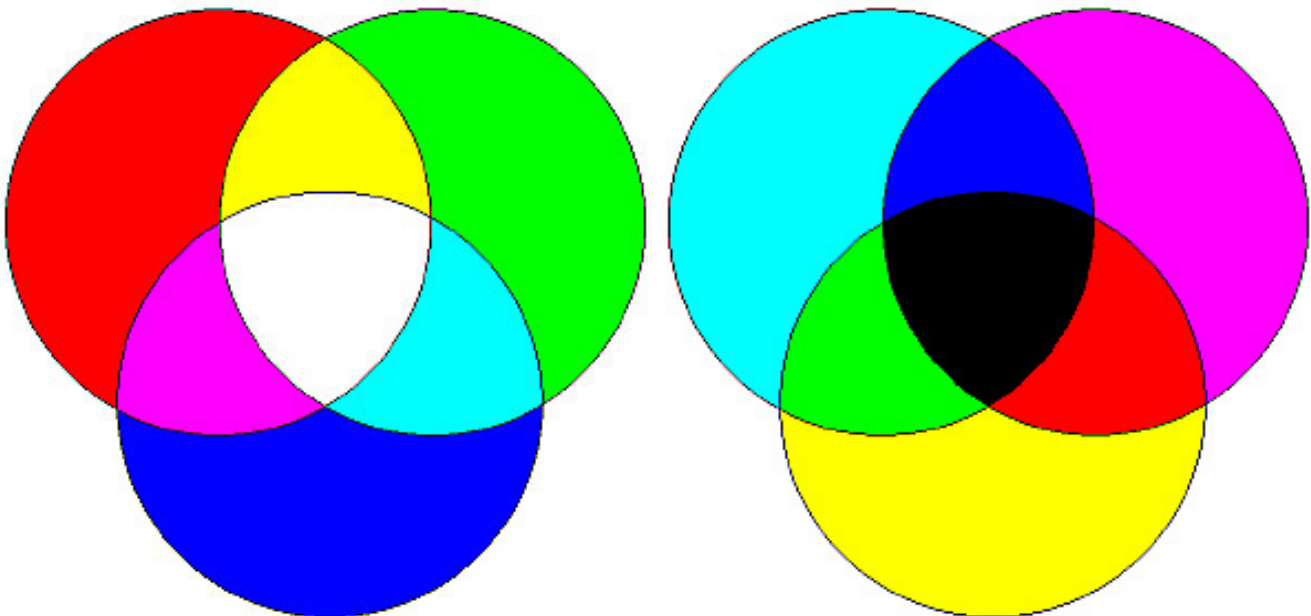
The mathematics of the interspace could be:

$$1+1+1=7$$

Maybe an answer that would not please the teacher of mathematics in school but nevertheless this statement is true according to me.

If you start with three colours, and by overlapping them create new colours in between, you will eventually get new colours and you end up with seven colours.

According to the figures below in basic image processing three coloured circles give seven colours in all, if you put them like this:



Colours in RGB and CMY.

The three first colours, magenta, cyan and yellow create four new colours when they overlap. So by mixing the three colours new colours occur between the them.

When putting these colours beside each other new colours are created and it is thus obvious that $1+1+1=7$. In the interspace between red, green and blue as stated in the picture above four new colours emerge. But eventually $1+1+1$ could equal 1, 3 or 5 if you find other ways and explanations.

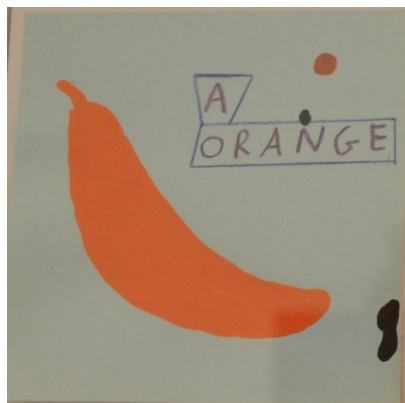
So how does this become art? One example could be:



2

These tryouts with interspace can actually apply on what one does or says. There is a discrepancy created between something and something, that makes a difference, makes it scratching a little bit.

Like here:



3

My association in Swedish is bappelsin which would be like barange in English – a mix of two words. Someone else might have a totally

² Part of art piece by Karl Holmqvist, *Moment – Ynglingagatan 1*, Moderna Museet, exhibition 2011-2012.

<http://www.modernamuseet.se/Stockholm/Utstallningar/2011/Ynglingagatan-1/> 2014-10-17.

³ Ibid.

different association. They might think of a totally different picture or thought, there in that interspace in between 🍌 and orange. We could also try the other way around with banana and 🍊, in this unarticulated little space between word and picture you can find a space for interpretation and reinterpretation, there are no given answers, just possibilities.

Now you ask and so do I: What does this have to do with performing arts?

Another beginning

When I applied to the master education my subject was on exploring the interspace between authenticity and fiction, between reality and fiction, both on stage and in performance but also within the performer. This subject has come to transform during my research and I am still in the process of finding my vocabulary. Instead of interspace I find words as gap or liminal more adequate.

The starting point for my research on in-betweens happened about 15 years ago when I was working in a performance art influenced project in Oslo with De Utvalgte⁴ - *All your wrong fascinating poisonous delightful theories*, which was a performance based and inspired by Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. The project was performed in the Stenersen Villa in Oslo, a building in functionalistic modernistic style built in the 1930's by a rich man within the shipping industry. He was also an art collector and one floor of the building was meant for his collection of paintings by Edvard Munch.

In the performance we created in the villa different things was going on simultaneously in the building and the audience was invited to choose their own way through the house and thus build their own dramaturgy or narrative through the story. We as performers were

⁴ De Utvalgte is a Norwegian theatre group that was founded in Oslo in 1994 a group that has its background in physical theatre and work in the borderland between theatre, visual art and performance. <http://www.deutvalgte.no>

partly ourselves, partly we had certain given tasks, texts, and actions etcetera. This created a feeling of dim borderland between fiction and reality. This borderland I found exciting as an artist. Some moments were almost like a staging of some private relations and some were texts from Oscar Wilde. We also did a re-enactment of Yves Klein's *Anthropometries* but we used a male model within the frame of the villa.⁵ There was a moment of risk taking and engagement that was valuable for the whole experience both for audience and performers. The frame for the performance was the villa and the core theme of the performance was on surface and content or rather surface and surface – without any inner hierarchy. This theme is also discussed throughout the text of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

A couple of years later I wrote my thesis in Theatre Studies at the University of Stockholm – *Interspace and Process*⁶ – where I tried to investigate this so called interspace between reality and fiction. I then used texts from among others: Rose Lee Goldberg on Art Performance, Alison Oddey, Tim Etchells, Marvin Carlson, and Robert Lepage.

Now when rereading some of this material I reflect upon how theatre especially in Sweden has changed, today there are much more cross-disciplinary and participatory elements within the performing arts, something I missed then. I also question the dichotomy of reality and fiction, what is more or less real is not always easy to answer and in a sense everything that is put on stage, acted, recreated or re-enacted is real since it does happen here and now.

⁵ RoseLee Goldberg, *Performance Art; from futurism to the present* (London 1988), p.147.

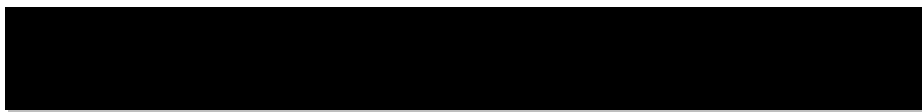
In the mentioned exhibition *Anthropometries* in 1960 Yves Klein directed three female nude models to cover themselves in blue paint and press themselves against prepared canvases, while twenty musicians played a symphony.

⁶ Annikki Wahlöö, *Mellanrummet och processen: om performance och Marie Brassards monolog Jimmy*. (Stockholm 2002).

Fluffy and white



Sergelstorg
The triangle
The square
A lot of people, crowding, walking, standing
They cross and crisscross over the square
The everyday traffic of citizens
The junkies, the ones who are hanging out and all the others hurrying
on their way somewhere, to something, from something
Commerce, legal or illegal
I pass through all this – crossing
On my way into the house where culture is
A festival is going on
I will attend things
Many different things
Known and unknown things
Performances and acts
I am a bit late
I am the last one who enters the venue
Or venue? not really the right word
No red carpets as long as you can see
Kilen
That's the name of this place
A black box, no straight angles but nevertheless a box
A theatre box



We – the audience are supposed to sit on some scattered chairs on
what usually is the stage
We are sitting in an unorganized half circle
A bit sideways turned towards the auditorium – where the audience
usually sits
Some chairs are still left there, scattered
Scattered
The light design is nonexistent, some neon light in the roof maybe,
and maybe one spotlight on them
Them – the bearded guys
Well, they don't have beards but they could have had

If it was now, they would have had long beards
But it is not now it is in then

They are from England so they speak English
They are performance artists or something – they are performative
artists

Now, they would be considered performative artists
But then it was performance art

The set up is very simple

They are a bit cumbersome and clumsy there on stage,
the stage, the stage that is not a stage, but anyway

One of the guys speaks in a microphone – he speaks about water

He speaks rapidly

He is reading a list

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 etcetera

The other guy is wearing clothes

Both are wearing clothes but the other....

They are both wearing clothes as if they were on their way trekking in
the woods or if they were on a long journey, you know like
backpacking

Green clothes, like Fjällräven, but they are English so maybe it is an
English fjällräv – an English arctic fox

But there are no fjäll or Alps as it is called, in England. And probably
no arctic foxes, maybe at the zoo, but that doesn't count, only the
wild ones count.

Well anyway, they wear green trekking clothes
things you wear in the forest

But he, the other guy has so much clothes on, many, many layers,
and rain clothes on top of all the many clothes

A military green rain poncho, like this:



It looks really warm; he is jogging on the spot

A frenetic rain dance

He is breathing heavily and sweats

Quite corny, not really logical

Rather the opposite - nonlogical

The first guy goes on speaking

He says something in Swedish and he mentions places in Stockholm
Gustav Adolf's torg – the square nearby and so on

Places with water

We – the audience laughs

Water in rivers, icebergs, rain, teacups, tears, bodies, cucumbers,
wells, vegetables, mist, sweat, snow

He says that we contain 70% water

I think: a little less than a cucumber

We actually have a lot in common with a cucumber in that sense



And cucumbers are green as are these green-clothed men without
beards, since it is then and not now.

He – the first one speaks about the water cycle

About how one and the same drop of water can travel around the
world in all sorts of shapes

Sweat, cocktails, icebergs, cucumbers, lakes, etcetera

Totally disarming, we are a bit taken by the simplicity

The other guy is still jogging, it looks incredibly hot

He is sweating, catching breath, sweating, catching breath – hard

We are informed that the first guy has collected some water from the
sea in the middle of the city somewhere close by

We are invited to go out into the square, out in public

It's a bit cold there

We are given one small plastic mug each



And he, the first guy pours some water in each mug

Water from somewhere near in Stockholm

The one with very much clothes takes off layer after layer of clothes
until his upper body is naked

We are encouraged to throw the water in the small white mugs on
his bare chest

We do so

Mist is created!

.....

A CLOUD HAS BEEN MADE BY US

A CLOUD

A small miracle

The water from somewhere nearby in the city has become a cloud
and we the audience, released it

We have given birth to our own little cloud

A very small cloud

But nevertheless a cloud

The event is: Lone Twin performing *The Days of the Sledgehammer Have
Gone* at the Perfect Performance Festival in Stockholm 2003.

Actors for disposal

Workshop in Performance Art at Konstfack – University College of Arts, Crafts and Design in Stockholm

We are two colleagues

We are their guinea pigs

We are the resource

The actors, who will perform, act and realize their tryouts

The students' task is to create a piece of performance art, and we are their material, their clay

The first day is when we prepare their ideas

On the second day we are supposed to perform their ideas from the first day

One of the art students has given me a sheet of paper – instructions to follow

I am a bit uncomfortable with the instructions, I am confused: Can this really be done? Is it OK? What are the limits? What can you subject an audience to? Should I do this? Should I ask someone for advice on how to handle the situation?

I read through the instructions several times. I decide: Ok, I will do it no matter what, even if it is unethical.

I feel uncomfortable, I am a bit nervous, I have a bit of a sleeping problem – thinking of this new situation. An experience will take place in a classroom at this art school in Stockholm.

Well – I'll just do it

This is what happens:

We are all gathered, sitting on chairs placed in a circle so that we all see each other.

We have some sort of daily round of introduction. And that is the moment when I start speaking.

I am a bit nervous; you can hear it on my voice. My hands are cold, as they usually are when tense.

- Well, I say, there is something I have to tell you. It feels a bit awkward to start the day with this, but unfortunately I have to tell you: I got this text from one of you yesterday, a text that is a bit of a problem for me. What the person asked me to do is something that feels really uncomfortable to do, actually abusive. I haven't been able to sleep, I can't possibly do this; it starts a lot of really frightening thoughts and associations.

Saying this is really uncomfortable and I am close to tears – but I say what I have to say. I can see how the students and the teacher react on what I tell them. This is not what they had expected. What exactly is she saying? What was the task? And who of us asked her to do this. It seems to be something really horrible. They are thinking of naked

bodies, humiliation and abuse. I look at the student who gave me the instruction and how he observes the reactions in the room.

I say: So, as I have said I feel really humiliated. And as a matter of fact I don't think I can stay here.

Silence, you can hear pins dropping, the silence is deafening – how to deal with the situation? Glances are sweeping, thoughts are thought, the room is filled with a feeling of unease.

I am or, no it is he who breaks the silence:

- This is actually exactly what I asked the actor to do, to tell us that she got a really uncomfortable humiliating task that she of ethical reasons could not perform.

At first there is silence, another kind of silence. Relief? Or confusion before opinions take form? The silence ends. A long discussion takes place. Is it ok to cheat the audience like this? Where is the border between reality and art? And is it allowed to pretend and cheat? Is it allowed to provoke in this way? My colleague who is an actor at one of the institutional theatres is really upset, whereas the art students are more puzzled. It seems to be a gap between what one can and cannot do within the two art forms.

Eye opener

This happened some years ago, and the reaction can seem a bit over the top today. For me it was an incident that made me aware of how fragile the contract between spectator and performer can be. What is intended as an eye-opening encounter can easily turn into an almost abusive situation. What are my intentions when creating a piece? What is the relation between the participants? Is there a power structure and what does it look like? Who is in charge of the situation? And how do we deal with these matters? Questions to consider that are crucial.

In the above described situation – a very interesting and fruitful discussion occurred in the end. It was not in a public place, it was something happening in a classroom in an art school. I was surprised that such a small act could have such a strong impact. The experiment was eye-opening and reflective, not aggressive – sometimes there is a fine line between these. Provocation can be used as a tool to uncover

preconceived ideas. To problematize the intentions of what the artist wants to achieve is of great importance.

Behind the sometimes inviting and sometimes confrontational gestures in Dorinel Marc's art there is something that could be called a firm pacifist belief: to always work for a dialogue between the various poles that constitute society, to open up the conversation as a way to understand the other./.../his work as a way to try to imagine oneself and achieve a state of peace, to overcome the contradiction between religions. Art and science: ' If we put our strength together, instead of making war and fighting, maybe we could crack the code and understand the meaning of life.'⁷

This is a citation from a text from an interview with the artist Dorinel Marc who also was the student that instructed me in the experiment above. He has done several quite provocative art pieces invited a right wing extremist to exhibit his painting at the Modern art museum – to highlight the things no one talked about at that time. Dorinel Marc has also made many other art works such as the burqa project, in which he attended various public occasions dressed in a burqa.

Creating traps

A trap to make us feel uncomfortable, is that alright?

Provocation as a way of uncover hidden agendas, opinions etcetera is an effective and quite common tool in art. But I think there are some traps hidden here – the trap or provocation can easily turn in to an abusive situation. What is the aim of the performance or art piece and how do one realize these intentions? How do one avoid making the provocation into an abusive situation? This is also an ethical question, that I believe is important to answer.

I often wonder if this urge of wanting to provoke or invite audience to participate, make them do things and sometimes cheat them, rather creates a guilt trap. What do the performers want with this? To make people feel stupid and guilty?

If it is a meeting on equal terms you are looking for, you have to create the conditions for that. What are the structures, who is in charge of the space, the relations and the communication? To clarify this can be the difference between abuse and reflection.

⁷ Dorinel Marc, Milou Allerholm, *I don't miss the art world*, (Stockholm 2011), p. 54.

Common ground

Imposing guilt on the audience reflects how the performers put themselves in a power position, they are the ones who set the norms and trick the audience to do the ‘wrong’ thing and thus make them feel guilty and humiliated. This does not create an encounter on equal terms - rather the opposite. The performers have become the abusers who use the audience to justify themselves. If you want to create a space for reflection and exploring new ways of dealing with things this is not the way to go. It is a simple trap which is aiming at harming the audience, not make them reflect and that is a huge difference. So it is important to really ransack yourself in what you want to achieve, how do you go about to fulfill the intentions you have with a performance.

The Agreement

When we enter a performance space there are a set of rules that has been created over time and within the field of theatre, performance and art. If we want to create a new set of rules it is of great importance to make an agreement and make the new circumstances clear. Otherwise the audience easily feels uncomfortable and put in a vulnerable and low status position. This can be made in various ways and it can be made very easily. Some groups send instructions by e-mail before you come to the performance, some indicate the rules of the game in the set design. Before going to Punchdrunk’s performance *The drowned man – a Hollywood fable*, this is some of the information sent by e-mail:

Please note that this is a promenade performance and comfortable footwear is recommended. The experience is a personal journey and you may find yourself separated from your group.

There will be areas of darkness and confined space. Haze and strobe effects are used in this production.

The air quality in the building may not be suitable for certain people: pregnant women; people with asthma, multiple chemical sensitivity or respiratory conditions.

Audiences will wear a mask for the duration of the performance. We recommend contact lenses instead of glasses where possible.⁸

⁸ Information sent by e-mail before visiting Punchdrunk’s performance *The Drowned Man a Hollywood fable*, a large scale immersive performance that took place in London during 2013 and 2014.

The information is formal but gives a hint on what is going to happen. When entering the performance you get further instructions. You get to know if this is a performance where you interact with the performers, and if so, on which terms. The rules are set. The performance can begin.

Gob Squad, a group that has worked a lot with participation on different levels, elaborates on their relation to the audience:

When Gob Squad talks about audience participation, it is not, as it was in the 60s and 70s, about the confrontational shaking-up of a supposed passive mass. Interaction is a respectful attempt at seduction for us.⁹

We are interested in a sensual, humorous form of collaborative game, one that always understands the audience members an individual who is able to decide whether and how far he/she wants to get involved.¹⁰

They describe how they prepare and give clear instructions and also that there is a possibility to say yes or no. They rather want the audience to see participation as an opportunity. As a performer you have an advantage since you have created the rules, the set up you invite the audience to participate in. Gob Squad again:

This is an advantage for us that must never be exploited or abused. Therefore, it is always our concern that our participants are presented in the best possible light and are never turned into an object of ridicule or treated as fools.¹¹

Objectification of the audience is not so rare unfortunately. Sometimes it seems as if the performers set up traps for the audience to make them feel bad and experiencing that they are doing the wrong choices. But it is just a trap – if the intention is to create a reflective fruitful meeting this unfortunately rather creates the opposite. This reveals the performers intentions or lack of intentions; as wanting to ridicule the audience.

⁹ Gob Squad, *Gob Squad and the Impossible Attempt to Make Sense of it All*, (Berlin 2010), p. 90.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* p. 91.

¹¹ *Ibid.* p. 91.

Not being forced to participate is something that often is referred to when speaking of theatre for children and young students since they often go to the theatre as something obligatory which automatically puts them in a position of lower status. So an important issue to face is how to create a situation where you enter the performance on equal terms or if not, be aware of the differences and relate to that. If you believe that you meet on equal ground and this is not really the case, the performers easily are read as patronizing.

As a performer it is important to remember that you are in charge of the situation – you have created the rules, thus you have an advantage over the spectator. If you want another kind of contract it is important to make that clear. As an audience you often try to be polite and say yes to the game or play that is suggested. This is a confidence that is valuable. Take care of it.



Photo: Jonna Bergström

Interspace Interlace Interspace Interlace Interspace

Inter-

A prefix occurring in loanwords from Latin, where it meant:

Between

Among in the midst of

Reciprocally

Together

During

How do we interlace, interact in interspace?

This is a short film on interspace and how space is shared between animals, between animals and humans. Who has access or is allowed in common space, dogs, humans, sea lions? It becomes a bit comical and awkward when the “wrong” individual enters the space in between.

The film is shot in San Cristóbal, Galàpagos. The Galàpagos Islands have a rare and special flora and fauna with endemic species that are protected. Some of the islands are forbidden to enter, humans are not allowed and animals that we - the humans - have brought there

like goats are eradicated since they are a threat to the endemic species and vegetation. In the protected areas where humans are allowed we are recommended to keep to the trails and not walk into the vegetation. This is also hard to do since the nature is very harsh and almost impossible to force due to sharp rocks and big boulders and lava stones. Visitors should keep a distance of two meters to the wild animals. It is the islands of the animals, and they also inhabit the small city, where sea lions lay spread out on the pavement and on benches. Around the little playground for children the humans have tried to put up a fence to keep the sea lions away. We walk around the city and when an irritated alpha male sea lion approaches us, we have to keep out of reach, this is their territory, and we are the visitors. In the evenings the sea lions come up from the seashore to sleep in the street, on the pier and the paved seafront. So I wonder; what if a human enters the space in between them. This space that we rather associate with humans, dogs, birds and maybe rats. The space that is normally owned by domesticated species not the wild ones such as sea lions. This is the space I wanted to explore by putting myself in-between, in between sea lions.

The video and photographs were shot in the fall of 2014.

<https://vimeo.com/139120790>





Photo: Alicja Ziolko

Freedom in a bag

This is the beginning

We hear a voice declaring:

Preamble

Whereas recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world, /.../

We hear the same text read out loud in Mandarin, Spanish and English

We hear these voices from different corners of the room

We are spread out on the floor, sitting down

A web of red yarn is emerging between us

Running feet, running and weaving this net between us in the audience

A sudden stop

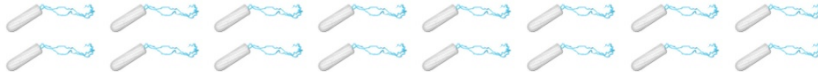
Freedom from what?

Freedom to what?

Silence and end of activity, the running feet stop and the owner of the feet starts talking:

Actually I went to the supermarket today, in this small Italian city
And know what – they actually sold freedom there
So I bought it
I have it here in the plastic bag
In this little blue box
Frihet i en liten ask
Meaning: Freedom in a little box
That's what they said in the commercials

Maybe it is this easy; just take out one of these 16 little things



And hand them out to whoever needs freedom

Then they won't have to cross the sea, we can see to it that they get
them before they reach Lampedusa

Is it that easy?

And by the way, what is freedom?

To act, to choose, to speak, to eat, to vote, to rule, to do, to work, to
walk, to fuck, to ...



Photo: Alicja Ziolk

Walking in Athens - What is political?

Athens – we are at the coffee shop in the bookstore close to the Syntagma square. We are having a coffee with a director, discussing Greek theatre. We also, of course, touch on the political and economical situation in the country. I ask if there is a lot of political theatre going on now when there is a crisis – the director looks offended and says: NO, not political, we don't think highly of politics....

A couple of months later something similar happens in Italy. I am at a theatre festival and we have just seen a piece that I certainly call political theatre. An Italian friend speaks to the Swedish performer and says: this is what we call social art in Italy. I say; that we call it political. He looks at me in exactly the same way as the woman in Athens.

In both the above mentioned situations political theatre has been interpreted in a literal way, as something connected to politics and government, an interpretation that mirrors the complicated political situation in both Italy and Greece. Sometimes it is healthy to get aware of how different we define words depending on culture, time and context. So how do I define political theatre, is political the right word? What is political?

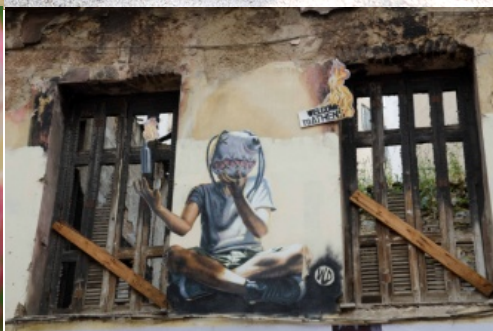
At its best, the theater is a highly political enterprise. It is political not in the sense that we normally use the word, but political in the basic philosophic sense: a consideration of how human beings organize societies, not as unchangeable and part of the natural order, but rather as open transformation. The theater is political in its interrogations: how do we arrange our collective life, our social practices, our patterns of family life, our economic systems and our political institutions?¹²

This is how the artistic director of SITI Company Ann Bogart defines the political potential within theatre. Not political in a literal way meaning left- or rightwing political parties, government etcetera but rather - political in a more existential and philosophic sense.

¹² Anne Bogart, *What's the Story*, (New York 2014), p. 126.

The wave of political theatre during the 60's and 70's was more connected to political ideologies and often quite one-dimensional. The political theatre wanted to deliver answers rather than interrogate and problematize different standpoints. Today there is a strong wave of norm critic within the political theatre which has led to a greater self awareness. I think a big difference with the political theatre today is that it is more intricate and more self-reflective and humoristic.¹³

We live in a post-modern society where the political truths of yesterday are deconstructed. It is impossible for the theatre to deliver political solutions. Today performing art is trying to reflect and relate, to question and interrogate society. Art is at its best when trying to relate to the present, past and to the eternal existential questions.



¹³ Fredrik Söderling, "Den politiska teatern är tillbaka," Dagens Nyheter, March 26 2013, accessed November 6, 2015.

The free space in-between – a space for reflection

Brechtian theatre abandons long complex plots in favour of ‘situations’ that interrupt the narrative through a disruptive element, such as a song. Through this technique of montage and juxtaposition, audiences were led to break their identification with the protagonists on stage and be incited to critical distance. Rather than presenting the illusion of action on stage and filling the audiences with sentiment, Brechtian theatre compels the spectator to take up a position towards this action.¹⁴

To Brecht the traditional theatre was representing something static and unchangeable. Something that seduced and hypnotized the audience, manipulated them to feel the same thing at the same time. He wanted to break this seductive state and make each individual react and think in their own way.¹⁵

To create in-betweens and disruptions opens up free space for interpretation. One way to do this could be to put different statements side by side and through this create space that allows reflection and diversity. By juxtaposing different standpoints and opinions one creates questions that uncover hidden meanings. The meaning of the word juxtaposition is: “the act or an instance of placing two or more things side by side; also: the state of being so placed.”¹⁶ By juxtaposing elements in a performance one can show similarities and differences but also create and reveal new meanings. Etymologically the word comes from French *juxtaposition* which comes from Latin *juxtā* (near) and from French *position* (position) from Latin *pōnō* (to place).¹⁷

When working with site-specific performance with Anne Bogart at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs Anne asks us to come up with a site-specific performance somewhere within the campus area of

¹⁴ Claire Bishop, *Participation*, (London 2006), p. 11.

¹⁵ Bertold Brecht, *Brecht on Theatre: the development of an aesthetic*, (London 1990).

¹⁶ Merriam-Webster Dictionary online, s.v. “Juxtaposition,” accessed March 10, 2016. www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/juxtaposition.

¹⁷ Wiktionary online, s.v. “Juxtaposition,” October 19.2014. <http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/juxtaposition>.

Skidmore College. The theme for the work is Euripides' Trojan Women. Our direction is to use: one dialogue, slapstick, a song, an explosion, a walk, a jump, a quarrel, a joke, a riddle etcetera. We get at least 20 things or moments that should be ingredients in the work. It is confusing but we start working, trying to solve the exercise to make a small performance. And in the end we put all these sequences together. A composition of elements that in the end somehow makes sense. A composition of juxtaposing elements. Since we do the performances outdoors we also get some juxtaposing elements such as a man speaking on the phone leaning against the lamppost, people walking and talking.¹⁸

Anne Bogart often uses the term juxtaposition in describing her and SITI Company's work. She thinks that through consciously working with juxtaposition and creating a gap between different elements, a field of tension is created. This field does not present any given answers, but rather a liminal space for reflection and thoughts. This allow the audience to be a heterogeneous group not a homogeneous mass reacting in exactly the same way. According to Anne Bogart, striving for a performing art that makes each individual in the audience feel and experience in exactly the same way, is fascist. It manipulates and minimizes the spectator. She finds it more interesting to trigger associations rather than psychologies in the audience:

The way to do this is to set up oppositions rather than answers. /.../
And in the space of this opposition there is room for the audience to dream. I am after diverse response. I want individuality in the audience rather than conformity.¹⁹

She also describes the artist's position and work in trying to create possibilities for gaps and diversity to occur:

The artist's job is to stay alive and awake in the space between convictions and certainties. The truth in art exists in the tension between contrasting realities. You try to find shapes that embody current ambiguities and uncertainties. While resisting certainty, you

¹⁸ I am referring to work I was a part of during SITI company's summerschool at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York, June 2010.

¹⁹ Anne Bogart, *And then you act*, (New York 2007), p. 37.

try to be as lucid and exact as possible from the state of imbalance and uncertainty. You act from a direct experience of the environment.²⁰

In working with an awareness of ambiguities and uncertainties and embrace the contrasts and contradictions there will be gaps, an inter-spaces and in-betweens where the spectator has to make their own interpretations and judgments. This is one of the important cornerstones in creating interesting and questioning theatre.

This way of working has its roots in a non-psychological theatre tradition, like Brechtian theatre and physical theatre. There is also a strong connection to the Performance Art tradition where deconstruction and juxtaposing is common. Roots that also connect to Postdramatic Theatre with its dialectical qualities and questioning of representation and what is real in theatre.²¹

Spectator – object or subject?

By today's standards, many would argue that the Brechtian model offers a relatively passive mode of spectatorship, since it relies on raising consciousness through the distance of critical *thinking*. By contrast, a paradigm of physical involvement sought to reduce the distance between actors and spectators/.../physical involvement is considered an essential precursor to social change.²²

The relation between spectator and performer and the physicality of it has an important role in an existential and questioning theatre. How the relationship between us is conducted has an important role in the political room, in our lives. If we ignore them we might end up in an unintended hierarchical relationship.

There are three major motivations to encourage participation in art that has developed since the 1960s

1. the desire to create an active subject, one that is empowered by its participation, and through this find themselves able to determine their social and political reality.

²⁰ Ibid. p. 3.

²¹ Hans-Thies Lehman, *Postdramatic Theatre* (Oxon 2006)

²² Claire Bishop, *Participation*, (London 2006), p. 11.

2. that the collaborate process creates a more positive and non hierarchical social model.
3. the collective responsibility in our postcrisis society where the urge for participatory art is to try to restore social bonds in a collective elaboration.²³

Action here and now

A performance is something unique – it happens here and now and only now. It is also a liminal space where one can expand ones thoughts and maybe try to see things from another perspective.

We therefore need a different theatre, a theatre without spectators: not a theatre played out in front of empty seats, but a theatre where the passive optical relationship implied by the very term is subjected to a different relationship – that implied by another word, one which refers to what is produced on the stage: *drama*. Drama means action. Theatre is the place where an action is taken to its conclusion by bodies in motion in front of living bodies that are to be mobilized.²⁴

The performance-situation is real, reality is happening even if it is based on fiction. What is interesting within performance that have an immersive or participatory structure is that one problematizes the relationship between performer and spectator – or rather participant in a very conscious way. Who is participating and who is performing - who is sending or receiving - is not always clear. The action takes place between living bodies all participating in one way or the other. There is a need for a common ground a performance space that allows a higher degree of equality, where everyone is an active subject not a passive object.

Theatre has to be brought back to its true essence which is the contrary of what is usually known as theatre. What has to be pursued is a theatre without spectators, a theatre where spectators will no longer be spectators, , where they will learn things instead of being captured by images and become active participants in a collective performance instead of being passive viewers.²⁵

²³ Ibid. p. 12.

²⁴ Jacques Ranciere, *the Emancipated Spectator*, (London 2009), p. 3.

²⁵ Ibid. ff.



Immersed by sound

2006 - I am at Louisiana in Humlebæk, the exhibition is *Sip my ocean* – video work from the collection of the Museum and I am overwhelmed. There are so many fantastic universes to step into. There is another exhibition going on, with Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller, work that is also mind-blowing. Sounds in all sorts of settings, overheard dialogues.²⁶ We get to hear things in all sorts of combinations with slides, film, a miniature theatre model, etcetera. There is also an audio-walk in the park outside the museum. I get an MP3-player and headphones and I start walking with Janet Cardiff's voice in my ears. She is in a park in a city in Canada, I am in Humlebæk, she is walking in the night, I am walking during daytime, she describes a rainy cold weather, I am in the sunshine of summer. It is just sound from another parallel reality or actually it's not even happening in the same time, at least not physically, or? What is the same time? I hear the sounds now, they are recorded earlier, but they – the sounds – are here and now. A time lapse, an experience that makes a huge impact on me. A moment I still often think of.

²⁶ *Sip my Ocean* an exhibition of the museums video art collection and the exhibition *Janet Cardiff & Georges Bures Miller Louisiana Contemporary* were exhibited at the same period of time in 2006.

Soundtrack re-actualizes realism, a sense of that it really happens now which creates a very high degree of awareness. Also, it creates sympathy, the sound is so direct, and hard to ignore. Sound is something that we have around us all the time and rely on in our perception of the world. Sound is immersive in a stronger sense than visuals; the body actually is affected by sound-waves – vibrations. Sound is a pressure wave, a mechanical wave that results from the back and forth vibration of the particles of the medium through which the sound wave is moving. So by using sound in a conscious way we get to immerse and move bodies.

Who performs?

The act of listening is performative in itself. Who is performing during the act of listening, the listener or the performer? In a sound walk the listener becomes a performer. The listener acts out the piece, it does not fully exist without the performance of the listener. When something unpredictable happens like a phone ringing all of a sudden, confusion on what is real is created. This can happen by accident when a sound goes off on someone's phone but it can also be planned in the composition.

“We like to confuse the viewer in a way that for at least a moment they're unsure of what is real and what is fiction.”²⁷

²⁷ Michael Juul Holm and Mette Marcus, ed., *Janet Cardiff & George Bures Miller Louisiana Contemporary*, (Esbjerg, 2006), p. 18.



Sniff, sniff,
sniff

Sniffing Flowers

An installation with flowers and sound

Who is sniffing who?

What if the flowers are the ones smelling us?

What scents do they sense?

A change of positions – where the flowers sniffs us out.

The idea for this film and installation came when walking around the Botanical garden in Gothenburg. Walking and thinking of; what if the flowers were the ones sniffing us? How would we humans react if they had a behavior that is associated with us or some other mammal?!

Wouldn't that create an awkward feeling, a curiosity or attention? A bit scary even. The unexpected often creates a gap or lapse that makes us consider or reconsider the obvious or normal. Animal behavior applied on a plant, a way of occupying or colonizing something that is not ours or us.

I tried to record dogs sniffing but in the end I used two human noses for the sniff-sound.

The work was presented at the gallery A-Venue in March 2016. Two large vases filled with flowers that had hidden speakers with the sound of sniffing. There is also a short film *Sniffing flowers* from 2015.

<https://vimeo.com/139118895>



Toolbox

- tools that serve the political, questioning and existential approach



Collaboration

I am in Aberystwyth at a workshop with SITI company at CPR - Center for Performance Research:

Ellen Lauren, one of the SITI company members, is questioning the use of the term *devised theatre* - a term that she finds vague. A discussion starts on what it actually means, how do we define *devised theatre* and are our definitions the same? I become aware of how the term has its origin in a British context as an alternative to the Shakespearean text-based tradition. In Sweden it has been presented as a new work method which is not really correct since most of the fringe and so called free groups and also institutional theatres have worked devised for some decades. In the USA one more often speaks about a collaborative process. Devised theatre is a term that describes what kind of process one works with rather than what kind or style of theatre it is. Gob Squad is a group that works in a collaborative and devised way. They describe how the process of beginning a new starts:

The Starting point for a piece of work can originate from many sources. It can be a request, a desire to investigate an idea or work in a certain place. “The goal is to find an idea so clear that you can sum it up in one sentence. Then we begin accumulating images and moments and look for rules and structural principles. The pieces learn from one another. Often, the things that are abandoned, the ‘waste’ produced in a working process, become the beginnings of something new.”²⁸

Devising is often described way of working where the process is the core in the work. In the beginning there is a single question or an idea

²⁸ Gob Squad, *Gob Squad and the Impossible Attempt to Make Sense of it All*, (Berlin 2010), p 19.

that one wants to explore. The final performance is unknown territory and develops throughout the process. Devising is about thinking, understanding, create ideas and to be spontaneous as well as structured. Devised theatre often mirrors the current time and context.

Devised theatre is concerned with the complex negotiations and possibilities of collaboration and ensemble work: micro social models of interactivity, locating roles, functions within a group, sites for exploration, methodologies etcetera. The performer is a multi-functional artist, through the performance. The individuals are contributing to the creative process and form the group. The process is in focus, the work and how a performance is composed is formed by the process. A collaborative non hierarchic process does have an effect on what kind of performance it becomes. What intentions you have and how you organize your work is crucial for what kind of art it becomes.²⁹ So by making conscious choices you become more aware of the outcome, and this includes what kind of process you choose.

Gob Squad is a performance collective that works in a devised process, they are often shifting between theorizing and doing. Theory gives an awareness of the doing and vice versa. There is a strong framing and structuring where visual choreographed moments are combined with improvisational parts and the unforeseeable.

Much of Gob Squad's work is based on a dramatic structure that makes it possible to show the pieces without, as is usual in theatre, reproducing the same sequence of events again and again. A Gob Squad cue list is used more as an arrangement to improvise between the performers or gives a framework for the moments of interaction with the audience or 3 to both set events as well as the unforeseeable. Our main dramaturgical work is to balance reality and form, developing strategies to be able to react to random events within a dramaturgy.³⁰

²⁹ Information on devised theatre from MA in devised Theatre Dartington College, a University that has been important for research within performative, postdramatic and devised theatre until 2008 when the school was merged with Falmouth University;
Alison Oddey, *Devising Theatre: a practical and theoretical handbook*, (London, 1994).

³⁰ Gob Squad, p 30.

As many other groups working in a collaborative devised way a piece continues to develop and change throughout the whole process and during the performance period. It is a matter of combining reality, rhythm, rules and risk. The work becomes a composition of fixed moments or rules and in between there is room for risk taking.



Risk – embrace the unpredictable – which always can lead to failure.

Reality breaks through and creates space for consistently new, unformed ideas and improvisations to take place. It is in these moments of suspense for both the public and the performers that the uniqueness of the performance, its non-reproducible nature and the fleetingness of the moment becomes evident. That's the reason why our work priorities open situations rather than set texts and structures. On the one hand it is a challenge for us but on the other it gives us a greater scope to play with.³¹

Risk is a way to surprise and challenge you as performer, and thus develop your tools. It gives opportunities to develop the relation between performers and audience or the public. How do we act in an unpredictable environment where you cannot direct or structure everything? These unforeseeable moments often create a vivid tension in the not knowing – is it real or not, was this supposed to happen? I remember working with Philippe Gaulier³², and how he described the clown work as standing on the edge of a cliff all the time on the verge

Risk and Commitment

³¹ Ibid, p 34

³² Philippe Gaulier is a French master clown and pedagogue. He studied and worked with Jacques Lecoq and is the founder of École Philippe Gaulier former located in London but since 2011 the school has its location in Paris.

of falling. He meant that this vulnerable position is where you as a performer either are at your best or worse.

Risk and investment in the strangest places, slipping and hiding. Risk is the thing we are striving for in the performance but not a thing we can look for. We look for something else and hope that risk shows up. We know it when we see it /.../ Investment links to passion, politics and rage. It slips out in laughter, numbness, silence. Investment happens when we're hitting new ground, when we don't quite know, where we can't quite say, where we feel compromised, complicit, bound up, without recourse to an easy position.³³

For Tim Etchells and Forced Entertainment risk and commitment goes hand in hand. Both Forced Entertainment and Gob Squad are groups that have worked together for two decades or more. Continuity and time creates a safe environment. An environment of trust. This makes it possible to take risks since you trust each other and have a common knowledge on how to deal with the unexpected.

During a viewpoint session in Saratoga Springs, Anne Bogart stops the improvisation and tells us that this is not working you are not listening. Someone has just crossed the scene without clothes, someone else has been holding a long, too long monologue. Anne speaks about the urgency to tell or do something on stage and points out that we are just showing off, trying to show how clever we are. But this is not interesting to look at and it does not serve the situation, just get up there if you think you have something really important and urgent to tell. Commit yourselves to the task, she says.³⁴

I sometimes see this urgency, the full commitment, when lecturers are speaking about something that really engages them. This commitment is something I sometimes miss when I go to the theatre. If you as an artist do not have something urgent to tell or something to risk, you cannot expect the audience to listen.

³³Tim Etchells, *Certain Fragments* (London 1999), p. 49.

³⁴I am referring to a View points training session I took part in at SIT company's summer school at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, New York in 2010.



Valuable mistakes

In an increasingly aestheticised society, a mistake becomes a moment of resistance. /.../ We deliberately distance ourselves, through our presentation and choices of costume and props, from conventional viewing expectations influenced by Hollywood and popular television formats. When reality and fantasy images meet, this opposition an inherent discrepancy produces friction, conflict and deficiencies. We think that this is exactly where the dramatic and tragic potential of our work lies.³⁵

Failure

I have come to realize that the perfection does not interest me, it does seldom annoy me nor does it attract me, it is blunt – a hard surface without transparency. This is also applicable on acting – during many years I have seen so many skilled actors, technically to perfection but I have very often found them boring, hard to comprehend and somewhat closed. Why is that so? Is the reason lack of contradiction, risk taking and insecurity?

A slip, a gap, a crack – that hopefully makes you question and become more aware of what is going on. The failure can be the moment that enables you to put things in relation to each other and make you more alert to what you actually see.

An actor describes a situation on stage where this slippage occurred. She was in a play doing this very female cliché character hanging in a bar flirting – a character that was not so close to her and somewhat felt very shallow for her. One evening during the performance, the light suddenly goes off. There is some sort of technical problem that takes

³⁵ Gob Squad , p.117.

some minutes to solve. When the light goes on again they continue to play but they start from another place, the mask of the female cliché has slipped off a little and this uncovers the gap between the role/character and the actual performer. She keeps this ambivalence between herself being relaxed and this cliché and this makes the performance more interesting both for the performers and for the audience. It is a revelation of the interface between the self and the other.

When creating a composition one important task is to create possible gaps and arrange a trap for the performers. Instead of securing every movement and doing on stage you make up a route with fixed waypoints on the way and in between these points there is room for slippage, improvisation; space for unknown territory to explore. This is also where communication starts, we do not know exactly what will happen and therefore our attention is heightened.

Risk and failure also have a political questioning dimension:

The discourse of failure as reflected in western art and literature seems to counter the very ideas of progress and victory that simultaneously dominate historical narratives. It undermines the perceived stability of mainstream capitalist ideology's preferred aspiration to achieve, succeed, or win, and the accumulation of material wealth as proof and effect arranged by those aims. Failure challenges the cultural dominance of instrumental rationality and the fictions of continuity that bind the way we imagine and manufacture the world. Yet increasingly a discourse of failure in art practice has mapped a vibrant counter-cultural space of alternative and often critical articulation, in which conventional standards of virtuosity are challenged and methods of practice scrutinized and re-worked.³⁶

So by juxtaposing, creating possible gaps, and cracks where there is room for risk and failure, one can make room for a critical space. An in-between where the different and the other can flourish, a place for reflection, fantasy, a place where you can get a glimpse of other worlds and systems.

³⁶ Sara Jane Bailes, *Performance Theatre and the poetics of failure: Forced entertainment, Goat island, Elevator repair service*, (London 2011), p. 2.



Can you see the real me?

Who are you when performing, what is your position?

Unlike theatre, the performer *is* the artist, seldom a character like an actor, and the content rarely follows a traditional plot or narrative.³⁷

This is how RoseLee Goldberg describes the relation between performer and material. In Performance Art there is a close relation to the artists self and the self that is presented. This is something that has become more common also within performing arts as a whole.

In performance art authentic and often autobiographical elements are an important part of the artistic work. This is also partly related to representation and the urge to problematize the artist's position in relation to the context and the material one works with.³⁸

I think that there always is a gap between the artists' self and the personage and material being performed. It will always be important who this person is, me or someone else who acts. If I am the one who choose the content, the different pieces that I juxtapose, of course my choices will be coloured by who I am, my history and which context I operate in. This is my starting point – a position that is impossible to choose. A position one can describe, problematize and possibly lie about but not erase. A position that can be put in contradiction, with or beside a number of other positions, fictional or real. A position and a gap to embrace

³⁷ Rose Lee Goldberg, *Performance Art* (London 1988), p. 8.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 172 ff.

Gob Squad refers to how they, when they started their work in the mid 90s found it liberating to consider the self as a material for a starting point. This is a quite common standpoint in many theatre groups today especially groups working with participation concepts or performance art influenced concepts. I also associate to Cantabile 2 in Denmark who works with what they call Human Specific Theatre where the *real* human encounter between performer and participant/audience is one of the main goals. They describe it like this:

A specific quality of Cantabile 2's Human Specific performances is the basic principle of non-fiction; abandoning the concept of role and make-believe. We think that as soon as the spectator recognizes the performer as playing a role, he will be reassured by the existence of a distance, a fictitious reality, which keeps a safety line between him and the performance. Instead the actors reveal intimate aspects or even secrets from their personal selves.³⁹

This is a way to try to abandon the illusion that you can actually become someone else on stage which is impossible and not something to strive for. Rather it is interesting to relate to *the other*. Richard Schechner speaks about restorted behaviour as a distance between the self and the behaviour. The distance between the performer and the role/material and the self reflection on this relation. Self reflection is crucial and a very important part within the performance field.⁴⁰

With performance as a kind of critical wedge, the metaphor of theatricality has moved out of the arts into almost every aspect of modern attempts to understand our condition and activities, into almost every branch of the human sciences – sociology, anthropology, ethnography, psychology, linguistics. And as performativity and theatricality have been developed in these fields, both as metaphor and as analytic tools, theorists and practitioners of performance art have in turn become aware of these developments and found in them new sources of stimulation, inspiration, and insight for their own creative work and the theoretical understanding of it.⁴¹

³⁹ Cantabile 2 explaining the relation between performer and spectator in Human Specific Theatre, <http://www.cantabile2.dk/en/human-specific/> 2015-10-23.

⁴⁰ Marvin Carlson, *Performance a Critical Introduction* (New York 1996), p. 4

⁴¹ *Ibid.*, s. 6 f.

Text Immersion

In the spring of 2014 I was attending a workshop with the director and pedagogue John Wright⁴² who works with a technique he calls text immersion – a way to take playful theatre-making into the heartland of textual interpretation. A technique where one explicitly work with interspace – the text is recorded and the actors improvise to the text, with or against it and by this you find how to perform it on stage. This is not about understanding the text psychologically rather it's about playing with the text and to work with the text as a sparring partner. Text immersion is an approach to theatre-making that is physical and practical. Instead of discovering the text around a table this is a way to analyse and learn the text on the floor. Psychology is dead, that was something that happened in the beginning of last century a hundred years ago says John Wright. Maybe a little bit drastic but I think somehow revealing.

Play position and vertical

Some of my Italian colleagues often speak about play-position, referring to the position of the performer in relation to the text and the material of the performance to come. The performer has a distance to the material, the text and plays with it pushing it away, trying to cheat it, say it in different ways, have fun with it. The play-position is also a position for interrogation and exploring. The performer can be close to the material but also far away, meeting the material from different angles and perspective. There is a discussion and negotiation going on between performer and the performed. This tradition of work comes from Russian directors and pedagogues within the late Stanislavsky tradition such as Jurij Alschitz and Anatolij Vasilijev.⁴³ When working with texts by Plato they found that the play position was the most fruitful way to work with the text. Platos texts are dense and theoretical and to perform them by trying to interpret them in a

⁴² Director and pedagogue from Great Britain with background from le Coq, he was one of the founders of *Theatre Complicity*, *Trestle* and *Told by an Idiot*.

www.thewrightschool.co.uk 2014-10-18

⁴³ Anatolij Vasilijev

Jurij Alschitz

psychological way does not does not work. Alschitz means that psychological theatre tradition tries to put the material inside the actor and that it emphasizes on the physical and psychological life of the role and text. This is the horizontal life of the role according to him, it is just one dimension of many. This is one part of the work but it is not the most important, and most often this is information the spectator get through the text. It is written already, so the actors does not have to do that all over again. He means that one should work with the vertical life of the role and of the text; he often speaks about the personage in this context. The personage is not the role it is the whole myth, the philosophical thinking and the eternal questions connected to the text. So it is not a matter of becoming someone else as an actor it is rather about trying to understand and relate to this personage, the vertical universe through the text, and this you do by putting yourself in play position. There is always a distance between you and the material – an in-between.⁴⁴

⁴⁴ Jurij Alschitz, *the Vertical of the role*, (Berlin, 2006)

Place

The same place - abused

The non-visible does not exist
Soon I am invisible
Soon I do not exist
Blue sometimes green
I am immersed
Embraced by dense material
Everything is different here

I am trying to grab a stone but I cannot reach it, it is too far away, though my senses tells me something else – everything seems a little bit bigger and closer than it actually is. My eyes cannot see reality as it is. Or is my brain not able to interpret the information according to circumstances?

You cannot see the abuse under the surface. The ocean is unknown territory, unnoticed and ignored.

Sometimes this strikes me while snorkelling in the archipelago of Stockholm. Piles of macaronis, mobile phones, cutlery, batteries – things people have thrown or dropped from their boats – dropped down below the surface where it is not visible and thus do not exist. In the seventies people still dumped their garbage bags directly in the ocean. We do not do that anymore but what good does it make when the big cruise ships empty their sewage directly into the sea. What you cannot see does not exist....

The sound of an engine comes from somewhere but I cannot hear from where. Is it from behind? From in front of me? From above? The sound hits my eardrums at almost exactly the same time – this is why I cannot tell where the sound comes from. It is everywhere. I am immersed in sound.

My thoughts goes to when I was in another sea on the other side of the world – where the hermit crab ran around with a yoghurt can on its back instead of a shell, the cuttlefish eggs hatching in a plastic jar and the frogfish laying on top of a pile of milk tetras – nature adopts – but for how long and to what extent.

The physical laws do not seem to be correct – my sight and hearing cannot guide me the way they usually do. Anyhow, or maybe just because of this, I love this place. There is no room for everyday concerns; they belong in the other world. I am in the other – or is it the first?

I am descending – slowly it becomes darker, the colours slowly disappear, first red then yellow, violet and green. Everything is bluish in different shades, finally also blue disappears. The world is in shades of gray. It is silent and calm. I can hear my heart beat, how air is passing my lips, slowly filling my lungs and how my breath leaves my body bubbling through my mouth. My body is calm resting above the sand in a horizontal position. My breathing makes my body descend a little bit on an exhale. Inhale and my body is ascending. In this way I sense my breathing in my entire body. Lifting, sinking, lifting, sinking. My thoughts are slow. I feel just great, the slight nausea I felt, is gone, everything is just fine. I become slightly more stupid here – happy and a bit stupid. Also this can be blamed on physical laws, the one about gas and partial pressure. But this I do not care about, because I am weightless. Free.

Weightlessness gives me other opportunities to move – sometimes I enjoy hanging upside down or just laying on the side and wiggle the body a bit so that I end up on my back face towards the rays of light from above.

I am somewhere else
In something else
It is a bit colder here, a bit darker, a bit denser
I am floating, flying horizontally forwards, pulled by a slight
current
The everyday world disappears
I am in my second element
It embraces me as it does the earth

The current gets stronger, I am flying above the bottom and
we are flying.

We are using sign language to communicate; we cannot use
our voices here so we use our hands. Everything OK? It's
OK! Shall we stay now? OK! OK! One, two, three!

We anchor ourselves with small metal hooks in the ground. I
stay still, but the current is pulling, my hair is pulled, the
current hits my face.

In front of us, slightly to the left, part of a wreck is spread
out, some wooden poles with a tangled net hanging
horizontally waving in the current - it looks a bit spooky.

An abandoned or lost fishing net - a so called ghost net. It can fetch fish, birds, seals and other species that all starve or drown to death tangled in the net. Older nets are biologically decomposable, but the ones made of nylon or synthetics can drift around in the sea for years and years. They sink to the bottom when they are full of fish. The fish slowly rots and dissolves into the water. Freed of its burden the net rises and starts to fish again. This happens over and over again. Only in the Baltic Sea 5.500 to 10.000 nets are lost every year. One estimates that only within the Swedish parts of the Baltic Sea this means 167 kilometres of net each year.

But this is not the Baltic Sea; it is a totally different part of the waters that embraces the blue planet.

We lay here for a while, looking around a deserted landscape, light grey, stony. Everything seems greyish and somewhat soft, smooth and a bit harsh. We lay here just above the stones. We wait, looking in all directions, ahead, backwards, to the sides and upwards. We make signs with our hands to decide when to lose the grip and go on further following the current; we are looking at the bubbles from our exhales. We pass formations of stones and a slight slope. We stop a couple of more times.

It is time to ascend, to leave this sunken island; we lose our grip and let our inhale make us lighter we ascend slowly. Blue comes back, all the other colours slowly emerges as well.

The sunken island is situated just outside the island Ticao in the Ticao straits in the Philippines. The stones around us are actually not stones they are blasted corals, a result from dynamite fishing. The first time I heard an explosion underwater I was chocked, I thought it was a dive tank of one of my diving buddies that exploded. It is forbidden to fish with dynamite but it is still going on, not on a big scale but anyway. The fishermen that still use dynamite are often very poor and they neither have the knowledge nor possibilities to do differently.

Once this was a vivid coral reef with colourful fish, hard and soft corals that were moving in the current, now this is gone. The dynamite has devastated the slow process of building the coral reef. This is wasted land, a deforestation of the sea. A desert that no one sees – what you cannot see

does not exist. There is lots of Crown-of-thorns here, a star fish that does not belong in these waters – it is slowly eating the few corals that are left. It is very poisonous so we have to be careful when killing it, but we do so to make the sea a favour, it is one of the few things we can do to help now.

A shadow is moving in the corner of my eye. It is the biggest fish in the world – a smaller one but nevertheless. It passes us slowly, its back with the pattern of a sky with stars – like the Milky Way – so unbelievably beautiful. We stay and just follow its movements with our eyes. The next star filled sky emerges, this time an adult, much bigger. The two star filled skies circle around us – curious or slightly irritated, hard to tell. They are so much bigger than us and so slender and fast. We are so excited by these star filled skies that we lose track of time and space. But our time here is limited, we only got 60 minutes to spend, we have passed that time, so we ascend, stay still, ascend again to finally break the surface.

The surface

The interface to the other,

The air

The Whale shark is the biggest fish there is. It feeds on plankton and gives birth to live pups. In the past this is where whale sharks were hunted. Every year they arrived to feed in the nutritious waters full of plankton. They stayed, and still do, for three months every spring. In the past the water was coloured red by their blood. Now they are protected and the fishermen that used to hunt works with guided tours for tourists.

Whale sharks are still threatened because of their fins being highly valued on the Asian fish market. And as long there is demand, there will be hunting. Sharkfinning – is a fishing method where the fish is caught alive, you cut off the fins of the fish and then through the molested animal back in to the sea to slowly die a painful death. About 73

million sharks dies this way every year. A bowl of shark fin soup can cost up to 300 dollars.

Recently a scientific report was published on how the species living in our seas have been affected during the last forty years. It shows that the amount of fish, birds, reptiles and sea living mammals are half as many today. Healthy oceans are crucial for the human being. We eat almost the double amount of fish today compared to what we did in the 1960's. The global fishing fleet is two to three times bigger than what would be sustainable.

But what you cannot see does not exist and soon there will be nothing left of that – that, that you cannot see.

Two voices

The text is written for one voice but from two angles, two different places in the same void, it is meant as an audio experience, either through headphones or a sound system, live or recorded preferably with a moving audience, maybe a walk. Other senses could be involved but hearing is the main sense to perceive with in this work.

The place described does exist. It is the same place from two different points of view, they are not opposite each other, and they are just two voices of many. I share these voices with others, the love of being immersed by water while diving, and the concern of sustainability. The scuba diving has led me to a larger awareness on sustainability when it comes to oceans and all organisms living there. And how what is not seen easily can be neglected.

Translating immersion of water into immersion of sound

We live in a visual based society and work that emphasizes perception of other senses can make the experience of a performance more vivid. You have to concentrate in a different way and I believe that heightens ones awareness. There is also a quality in the act of diving that is immersive: the body and mind acts differently in water, it has an otherworldly impact on you. That, I think alters your view on the world above the surface as well. And the immersion of water could be translated into the immersion of sound to give this perception of the other world.

Flavour and Fortune







fins or limbs or fins or limbs or fins or limbs or fins or limbs



fins or limbs or fins or limbs or fins or limbs or fins or limbs

Make the invisible visible



I remember reading Patrick Modiano's *Missing person* in my mid twenties, and how the book had a huge impact on me – how memory is an unpredictable but yet fascinating thing. In the book a man – a private detective - who lost his memory is searching for a man and he ends up finding clues that lead him to himself. So who is he then? This twist makes memory question our own ideas about who we are, and who we want to be. Modiano describes the weave of memories in a city:

With the passing of the years, each neighbourhood, each street in a city evokes a memory, a meeting, a regret, a moment of happiness for those who were born there and have lived there. Often the same street is tied up with successive memories, to the extent that the topography of a city becomes your whole life, called to mind in successive layers as if you could decipher the writings superimposed on a palimpsest. And also the lives of the thousands upon thousands of other, unknown, people passing by on the street or in the Métro passageways at rush hour.⁴⁵

Memories, like a hidden topography yet to be discovered.

⁴⁵ Patrick Modiano, *Nobel lecture by Patrick Modiano 2014-12-07*, p. 17.
http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/2014/modiano-lecture_en.pdf

Our memories form who we are, without memories, who are we then? Or are we at all? These are questions I ask the audience. "Memory makes us human. Without it people are turned into a formless mass that can be shaped into anything the controllers of the past desire."⁴⁶

This is a piece that I started working on during the fall of 2014 at the Academy of Music and Drama in Gothenburg. Cecilia Lagerstöm led a Lab forum and the task was:

Choose an essay from the book *Re:searching Gothenburg* as your working material and work out a sketch for an artistic proposal, to be performed in that location or to be related to the place or problem that the essay is rising.⁴⁷

A text about how the architecture and planning of the city exclude happenings and memories that are not a part of the power structure, is catching my interest. In her essay *SITES OF AMNESIA* Ingrid Martins Holmberg describes how the history of Romany camps are forgotten in the collective memory of the city. "Those without property and address are doomed to remain outside the city's materialized self-image and memory..."⁴⁸ So how can one reclaim the cityscape by cheering memories? That is the question I explore in the performance piece that I develop inspired by the text.

The city's self-image is intimately connected to who and what is allowed to take place in the collective memory. The right to the past in the form of memory is decided by unequal power relations that give precedence to certain individuals, groups or occurrences, and such precedence tends to be naturalized over long periods of time.⁴⁹

The city's and building's materiality dictate the self-image of the city. In that way a selection is made on which stories and memories will be

⁴⁶ Aleksandr Nekrich, Mikhail Heller, *Utopia in power. The history of the Soviet Union from 1917 to the present..* (New York 1986), p. 9.

⁴⁷ Instructions for a laboratory work on performance sent by e-mail from Cecilia Lagerström, professor at the Academy of Music and Drama, University of Gothenburg.

⁴⁸ Ingrid Martins Holmberg, "Sites of Amnesia" in *Re:searching Gothenburg*, ed. Helena Holgersson, Catharina Thörn, Håkan Thörn, Mattias Wahlström, (Gothenburg 2010), p. 192.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 186

1982 - I am 19 - It is in June
We are going to see Rolling
Stones on Ullevi; I am going
there with some friends in our
bus.

The bus stops a couple of
kilometers outside Gothenburg
Something is wrong with the
engine and it does not start
again. We have to hitchhike the
last kilometers.

I have nowhere to stay. I meet
some friends; Helene and
Kathrine, I can stay with them
at Kathrine's aunt's apartment.
It is somewhere close to Haga,
Linnégatan maybe, or
Olivedalsgatan?

My friends stay in a small room
just behind the kitchen. In this
little room, there is a little door
leading to an even smaller room
- a wardrobe. This is where I
sleep.

Of course the space is too small
So I sort of have to sleep like
this:

*Here I lie down on the floor
preferably over a doorstep, in
the door that leads us into the
performance space.*

There is a party in the
apartment. Everyone is leaving
their shoes in the hallway, and
so do I.

An ocean of shoes.

My shoes are swimming with
the other shoes. I don't know
anyone at the party; they are
much older than us and from
this other city – Gothenburg.
Tomorrow is the concert.

I wake up in the morning; the
ocean of shoes is gone. I can
only find one of my shoes.

A single shoe.

I search everywhere, but no
shoe – NO SHOE

Crisis

What am I going to do?

In the end I get to borrow a pair
of outworn espadrilles.

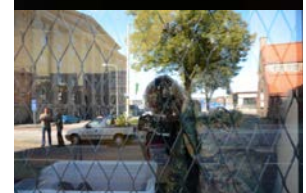
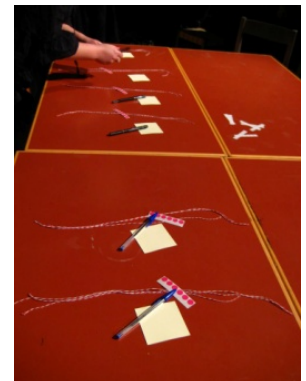
Without shoes in Gothenburg
That is one of my first
memories of Gothenburg.

remembered. The city contains and hides a myriad of untold stories and memories, a hidden and forgotten archive. To try to retell some of these excluded memories is an act of reclaiming the City.

This is what I do: I start with sharing my first memory of Gothenburg – a very simple memory but nevertheless my very personal memory. After sharing my memory I invited the participants to share their memories and thus together contribute to the act of reshaping the story of the city and make the invisible visible. An act of reclaiming the story of one's own neighbourhood. The room we step into is an immersive space with maps of Gothenburg on the walls. There are pens and papers to write down memories on, a piece of yarn to connect the written memory to where it took place on the map. The room is filled with a soundscape of Gothenburg streets, and pictures of various locations in the city are shown.

It was a sound, film and picture installation with one performer interacting with the audience.

By inviting the audience to share their memories and thus reshape the map we reclaimed and reinterpreted the cityscape together. This was a performance made in a 1 to 1-7 setting meaning one performer and an audience with 1-7 participants. By acknowledging each other's memories we might be able to see the city in a new perspective. Street corners that we before neglected will evoke new stories about what happened in the past and maybe change us a little bit.



Workshop with Cantabile 2



I attend a workshop at Teater3⁵⁰ in Stockholm during spring 2015. Cantabile 2⁵¹, a theatre company from Denmark, is in the process of creating a network for what they call *human specific theatre* and in relation to this a workshop takes place in co-operation with the Swedish International Theatre Institute (ITI). We are given a task to create a small human specific performance or encounter:

Tell, in detail, one true, intimate story from your life. Maybe it is a secret. Maybe it is something you only told to very few people. It can be from your past or from your present situation. It can be the description of something that happened (a story) or the description of something mental, like a fantasy.

Something that is important to you, and that not many people know.
/.../ You will tell the story at the workshop in an intimate situation.
Bring the possible objects/props you might need for this.

Think of what thematics (ethical, political, philosophical, personal) are important for you in this story.⁵²

This is an encounter with one performer and one spectator/participant – the time frame is 5-10 minutes and half the time should be done in silence, we are instructed to choose a place in

⁵⁰ Teater3 is a Swedish theatre group who make theatre for children and youth, they have their own venue in Stockholm.

⁵¹ Cantabile 2 is the regional theatre of Vordingborg in Denmark since 1990. They are known for their internationally recognized Human Specific performances.

⁵² Instruction to workshop participants sent by e-mail by Siri Facchini Haff at Cantabile 2, February 5, 2015.

the theatre to do this. My choice of place is an office in a very small room that you reach through walking or almost climbing up some steep wooden stairs; to begin with the spectator is instructed on how to reach this place and also where to sit down. I am sitting under the office desk opposite to where the spectator sits down; I tell her – the spectator - my story from underneath the desk.

And then in silence I open one of the desk drawers and take out a black box. I put out a mini tablecloth and then out of the box I pick out a dollhouse miniature tea porcelain set. I set the tea table neatly; I serve invisible tea and invite my guest to drink with me. Together we take a sip in silence.

After that I am the spectator, I am instructed to take a seat in the auditorium in the theatre. I sit in the seat next to the performer who tells me a story about a man she once met on a train and on their mutual attraction. She continues to describe how they half a year later have a text message conversation over the phone. I get to read part of this conversation in silence. I get the sensation of taking part of a secret – something private and intimate.

What I think is interesting in these encounters on equal ground is the intimacy and honesty that occurs. It is somehow striking how a meeting with someone you actually don't know can become so sincere. It reminds me a lot of some coincidental meetings I have had in my life – those moments that you will remember the rest of your life; like the talk I had with an old man on a park bench in Stockholm when I was 17. He telling me about his life in the building we were outside of, about and the lush gardens on top of the roof, that I had no idea existed. I still remember that. The memory of a memory that you take part of is like a gift - a treasure you get to share.

Encounters like that have taken me towards human specific, performative and immersive work within theatre. Work where the sensorial, subtle and sincere meeting is at core. I think the uniqueness in the meeting between performer and audience is most vivid within the boundaries that that kind of performing art gives.

1970s

It is summer or spring I think

It is holiday

I am visiting my father

I live with my mother in another city

I am really happy to be with my half siblings and my father

We take photos on the balcony its one of the last times I see my father

But of course I don't know that

I am happy

My father and his family live in a really big apartment – there is so much space. Rooms, corridors

My siblings have one big room each

And they have so many toys, like at least ten times as many as I have

And they have THE toys

Things I could just dream of

They have shelves along the walls all the way up to the ceiling and

they are just filled with toys, toys, toys: teddy bears, soft toys,

animals, lions, train sets, road racing sets, helicopters, cars, kites,

farm play sets with cows, ducks, horses, caterpillars, vans, a dolls

house, a small stove, a little safe with a real lock, games, all sorts of

things and a gigantic soft green crocodile with eyes that looks real.

I really envy them, they have such a treasure, but they don't seem to

understand that. I want some of the things so badly, I really do.

The temptation is too big for me, I can't resist, I just can't; I become a

thief. Afterwards I feel horrible. Will anyone notice?

A couple of days later

I am leaving; I am going back to my mother and home.

I am waiting for the call – they will discover. But nothing happens

I carry the burden of what I have done

I do not tell anyone

Not until now

I still got the thing I stole

It has been my little secret...

I will show you

Visiting artist at Sisters Academy



In September 2015 I continue to develop the invisible/visible performance as a visiting artist together with my co-performer Anna Mannerheim. We are visiting artists at Sisters Academy at Inkonst⁵³ in Malmö and within this immersive frame we continue to explore invisible/visible.

Sisters Academy and the vision of a sensuous society

I am in an introductory meeting with *Sisters of hope* in Copenhagen. We – the visiting artists, teachers and researchers - are gathered in the *Dome of visions* in Copenhagen. We are all going to participate in the Sisters Academy at Inkonst in Malmö.



The Dome of visions is situated in the heart of Copenhagen; the project is about putting action into words and following through on new ideas in construction and urban thinking and planning. The dome is intended specially to inspire and to challenge regarding the solutions for the climate challenges to come.

⁵³ Inkonst is an international art center in Malmö featuring music, theatre, dance, performance etcetera. Inkonst is focusing on interdisciplinary works and is offering a platform for experimentation.



Gry Worre Hallberg,⁵⁴ who is the artistic director of *Sisters of Hope*, and *Sisters Academy* is describing the project.

Sisters Academy in Malmö is a very ambitious project – a performance experiment. Earlier projects by Sisters of Hope have been made as a takeover of upper secondary schools. The boarding school in Malmö is initiated by Inkonst, who invited the project and this time it is made as a boarding school where students/audience check in for a minimum of 24 hours to attend the school. During their stay the participants get to attend classes and gatherings, they get full board and sleep in bunk-beds in a dormitory.⁵⁵

The Boarding school was an immersive performance laboratory that took place at the performance venue Inkonst in Malmö. As a visiting artist you could stay for a minimum of 48 hours – I was there for six days and nights divided on two occasions.

The project is an experiment in search of a society and educational system that values the sensuous and poetic. The idea is to create a school that would exist in a world that is dominated by the aesthetic dimension. It is a construction in the intersection between performance art, pedagogy, research and activism. Participating guests and performers come from these fields.

⁵⁴ Gry Worre Hallberg has her background in Performance art. She is a co-founder of a range of organisations and movements within the performing arts some are: Sisters of Hope, Sisters Academy, A Sensuous Society. She is the artistic director and head curator of the sustainability project Dome of Visions in Copenhagen and external lecturer at Performance Design, Roskilde University.

⁵⁵ Sisters academy, accessed February 5, 2016, <http://www.sistersacademymalmo.se/>

Gry Worre Hallberg speaks about the sensuous society as a critical wedge that fills the cracks of a society in crisis - the society run by the economical dimension. She describes how this critical wedge is a voice, a wish for a society governed by an aesthetic dimension and a sustainable dimension – for another way of living. The project is a liminal critical wedge, a performance emerging in the cracks of society – a way of presenting an alternative life or/and another perspective. A reaction or comment on a society in crisis. The idea that performance can be a critical alternative on how we build society is very close to Richard Schechners description of performance as a critical wedge.

The Liminal

Richard Schechner is referring to social anthropology and its theories on liminality. Where liminality has been used to describe the in-between or borderland that the ritual has within tribal societies. The anthropologist Victor Turner used a broader definition that was applicable to most human societies. Liminality is regarded as a time and place of withdrawal from normal modes of social action. This is where one can question central values and axioms of the culture where it occurs.

Liminality is a world of contingency where events and ideas and reality itself can be pushed in different directions. /.../ Liminality may be as central a concept to social theory as both 'structure' and 'practice', as it serves to conceptualize moments where the relationship between structure and agency is not easily resolved or even understood within the by now classical structuration theories.⁵⁶

Liminality is the absence of enduring structures, in a performance it can be described as an encounter with a set of rules or structures that differ from the real world. The performance becomes a wedge where the audience or participants can free

⁵⁶ Bjørn Thomassen "Anthropology and social theory: Renewing dialogue", *European Journal of Social Theory* 16 (2013), p. 198.

their mind and explore alternative structures. In this sense there is a possibility for an alternative perspective on the world and the society we live in.



A poetic self - an expanded me

We are encouraged to create a poetic self something that Gry Worre Hallberg describes as a heightened version of the self, your inherent poetic potential. The poetic self is seen as a possibility to explore the self, you can intensify something within you, something you want to liberate, provoke etc. She sees it as a way to democratize your inner potential and that it effects your way of performing and exploring within the frame of Sisters Academy.

This is close to the self biographical tradition within Performance Art but also postdramatic theatre where the performers often relate to the real self on stage. In my research both Cantabile 2 and Gob Squad describe similar thoughts on the self in relation to performance. Who are you and what are you representing? what can you represent? are questions asked within these frameworks.

Entering

At Sisters Academy both visiting artists and those who come as participants sign in when coming, going through a small ritual concerning what one wants to explore inside the boarding school and also leave something behind, it could be something concerning the stress or other things bothering you in everyday life. We are shown down to the dormitory a big hall with about 60 bunk beds. This is where we build our laboratory or room for our performance/lesson between two bunk beds. The lessons are assigned by the octopus

A poetic self - The wind

She was born out in the wild, wide ocean

She loves to play among the waves, in the trees and along the sandy shores

She can be light as a cool breeze but also furious as a typhoon

She moves in unpredictable patterns and can be seen in many places at the same time

She connects the past, present and the future

who is a poetic self of three performers who has an administrative role regarding schedule.

When entering I sign in at a desk, a hand is sticking out through a curtain, I hand in the acceptance papers to this hand. Then, after some waiting, I am instructed to crawl through a hole under the desk. On the other side I meet one of the evokers, who is in charge of a small initiation rite, she gives me a white mint caramel and I am asked to leave a receipt writing down something that I want to leave behind during my stay. We are served food three times a day. There is a morning gathering and an evening gathering. There is a soundscape surrounding us all the time. Everything is designed, lightened up, an artificial sunrise in the dormitory. Before arriving we have been instructed to not bring anything with labels or text that can be associated with the outside world. So there are no labels or texts on clothes toothbrushes, jars etcetera, no phones. As an artist you can have a computer maybe a phone... but it is really challenging to be without, but at the same time quite nice. I meet a lot of different people in here, both those who are critical and those who love it. The critique is on that it is heteronormative, hierarchical etcetera.

When creating an alternative structure in opposition to an already existing power structure one problem is that the hierarchy of the opposed easily is inherited and thus imbedded in the new opposing structure. In this case the hierarchy of the boarding school.

Sounds, smells, pictures, textures and tastes are connected to memories, to specific occasions and places. Our senses are keys to a hidden story of diversity. We want to explore these keys to the hidden.

Voices from within

Dinner for the third time – I want a refill but there is nothing left – HUNGRY!!!

I miss HUMOUR, everything is so serious, and somewhat fake.

I meet the Chainhand pianist (poetic self) she plays piano and, I choose the fox – symbolizing greed...

There is something reminding of a sect – something pseudo religious – Alarming...

Daylight is missing in this place – I visit the gardener who is in the only room with daylight, we have a long and interesting talk. I have a headache and he cooks some really nice tea, on his camping stove...
A moment I will remember as a real sincere encounter.

Sounds all the time sounds, one of my colleagues experiences this as invading and very frustrating.

Hierarchy and rules, is that really critical

It is hard to be without phone and internet – a bit alarming. – an addicts confession

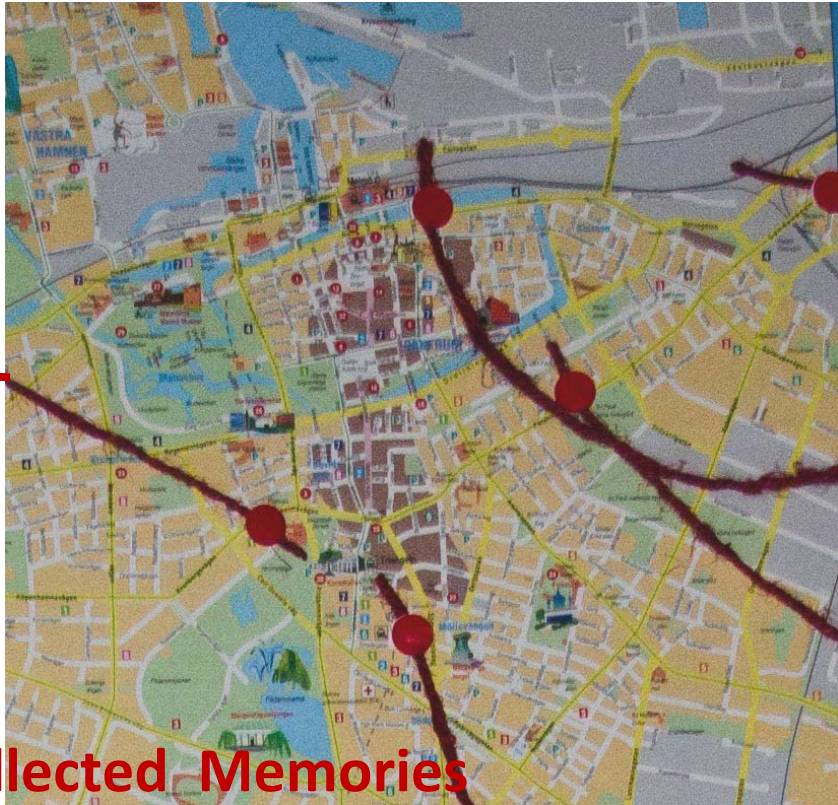
Someone says that this is such a heteronormative world

The vegetarian food is to die for, really good!
Fine dine chefs going vegan/vegetarian experimenting



Invisible/visible within the frame of Sisters Academy

We built a memory lab between our beds in the dormitory. A lab where the participants/students could share memories and they also got the possibility to give us permission to put their memories at the actual spots where it happened in the city, as a memorial. We offered a collection of sounds and scents to evoke memories. Jars with different scents, recorded sounds to listen to, a small fan to feel the wind and some kaleidoscopes. We also shared our own memories in a performative way. Before entering Inkonsst we were in contact with the Town Archive of Malmö, to get some memories from the history of the city, we tried to use some of that material – in the end we just had a book with memories from the city on display. We had 1-3 students/participants at the time some were assigned to take a class, some just passed by and wanted to participate. We changed the set-up during our stay to try out different ways through the composition. I also came back for a second session of three days.



Collected Memories

I came early a September morning - walking back and forth in the town centre - all shops still closed - I stopped by the florists unpacking their scents and colours in the autumn sun. I didn't by anything but stole their memory.

On passing the square early in the morning when the florists start to unpack for the market, how passing all these colourful flowers made a big impact on the owner of the memory.

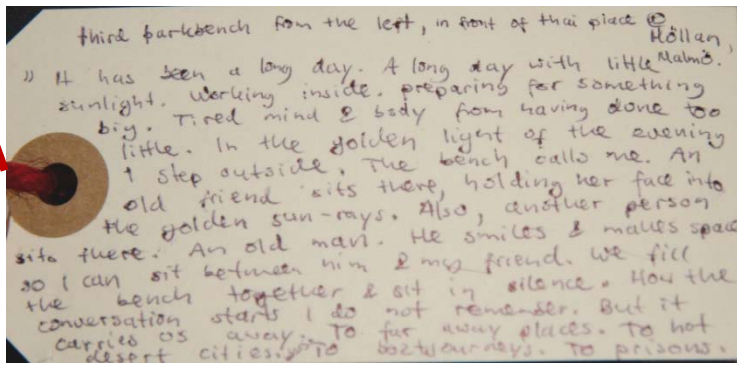
A memory of a masterclass in opera singing and how the memory owner for the first time meets a queer perspective and other queer-oriented colleagues, a strong and positive memory of possibilities.

A good kiss.

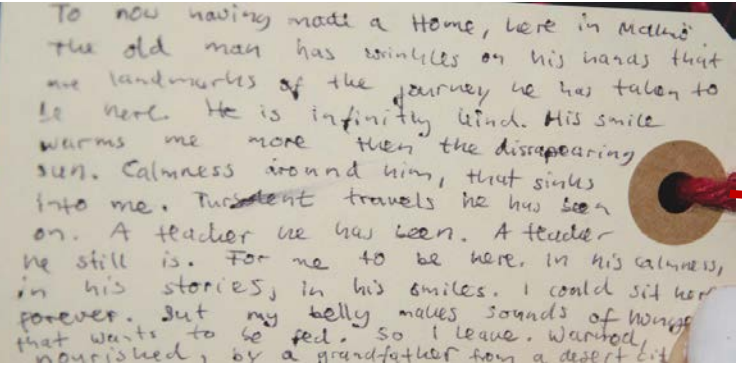


Perpetuum immobile – One memory creating new memories

At sisters Academy a woman writes down this memory and connects it to a square on the map. I ask her if she wants me to bring her memory to the square where it happened.



third parkbench from the left, in front of this place @ Möllan, Malmö.
» It has been a long day. A long day with little sunlight. Working inside, preparing for something big. Tired mind & body from having done too little. In the golden light of the evening I step outside. The bench calls me. An old friend sits there, holding her face into the golden sun-rays. Also, another person sits there. An old man. He smiles & makes space so I can sit between him & my friend. We fill the bench together & sit in silence. How the conversation starts I do not remember. But it carries us away. To far away places. To hot desert cities. To



To now having made a home, here in Malmö. The old man has wrinkles on his hands that are landmarks of the journey he has taken to be here. He is infinitely kind. His smile warms me more than the disappearing sun. Calmness around him, that sinks into me. Turbulent travels he has been on. A teacher he has been. A teacher he still is. For me to be here. In his calmness, in his stories, in his smiles. I could sit here forever. But my belly makes sounds of hunger that want to be fed. So I leave. Warmed and nourished, by a grandfather from a desert city.

The third parkbench from the left, in front of the place – Möllvångstorget

It has been a long day. A long day with little sunlight. Working inside, preparing for something big. Tired mind and body from having done too little. In the golden light of the evening I step outside. The bench calls me. An old friend sits there, holding her face into the golden sun-rays. Also another person sits there. An old man. He smiles and makes space so I can sit between him and my friend. We fill the bench together and sit in silence. How the conversation starts I do not remember. But it carries us away to far away places. To hot desert cities, wars and to journeys. To prisons. To now having made a home, here in Malmö. The old man has wrinkles on his hands that are landmarks of the journey he has taken to be here. He is infinitely kind. His smile warms me more than the disappearing sun. Calmness around him, that sinks into me. Turbulent travels he has been on. A teacher he has been. A teacher he still is. For me to be here. In his calmness, in his stories, in his smiles. I could sit here forever. But my belly makes sounds of hunger that want to be fed. So I leave. Warmed and nourished by a grandfather from a desert city.

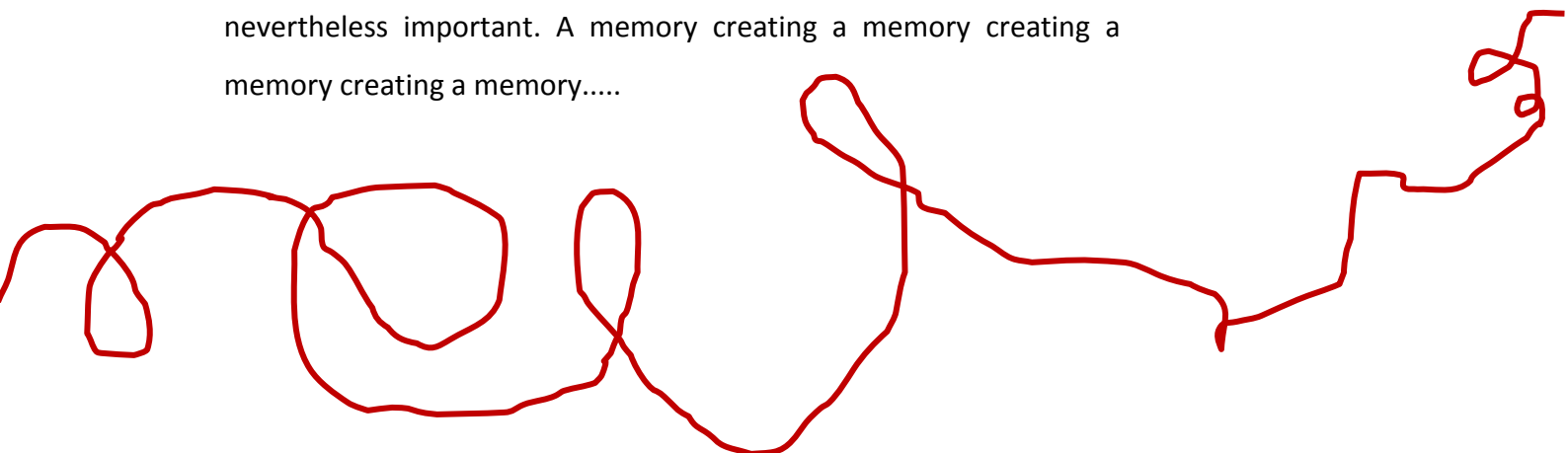
One week later I deliver the memory, it is a sunny day. The square – Möllvångstorget in Malmö - is filled with market stalls selling flowers, fruit and vegetables. There is an ongoing activity of selling and buying but people also linger in the early autumn sun. There is a man sitting at the bench where the memory belongs. I wonder if he might be the man from the desert city in the memory. I start talking

to him, he is not speaking english nor swedish. Another man comes up and and asks what I want? I tell the story of the memory, the men talk to each other. They are not the ones that the memory is about but we talk, some street cleaners turn up and join the discussion. I ask if it is okay that I put the memory by the bench and take a photograph. They laugh and say: as long as you don't send it to Bashar al Assad.

After this I return to the Sisters Academy and tell the woman about how her memory created a new memory when I placed her memory



at the bench in the square. A very simple human encounter but nevertheless important. A memory creating a memory creating a memory creating a memory.....



Walking, thinking, remembering

The worn cobblestones are so shiny
I feel an urge to take off my shoes
But I do not
The sensation is there anyway

It is just outside the building
A feather makes its way down from the roof and lands just in front of
me
I head uphill to the little square with the fountain
It is amazing that the human being can walk
It is such a fundamental skill that we do not seem to value
Walking
Putting one foot before the other
It seems so easy
Moving forwards
Backwards, maybe sideways

I remember walking with Erik in Hagaparken discussing politics – him
arguing for George Bush junior's politics. And me trying to argue my
opinion but always losing
Lacking enough knowledge and arguments but still being very
convinced
I still haven't changed my opinions
Maybe improved my arguments

Walking is somehow fundamental
I love these cobblestones
Laid out in a not so organized pattern
Grass in between

Passing houses with walls in different shades of terracotta, red
umber, ocher
Flowerpots with hanging flowers which I do not know the names of
And the big massive Wisterias that climb the walls with their light
blue flowers
In Swedish they are called blue rain
Wisteria sounds so scientific - everything but onomatopoeic
Onomatopoeic is a word I like, it is what it is o no ma to po etic

Via G Garibaldi
Giuseppe, Garibaldi, Giuseppe, Ga, Jiu, Ga, Jiu
The street is steep, walking uphill, almost climbing
Two years ago this hill was an obstacle that I managed to conquer
only once during a week
Before that I never considered walking as a gift

It was just an ongoing activity that was necessary but not important
Something you did to get to the supermarket or the subway
An everyday sort of thing without value

Moving foot by foot
Walking
An act of freedom

Remembering walking in London with Jonathan
Discussing politics
That time the issue was Reagan's politics
Me getting so angry that I crossed the street
But I had to follow him on the opposite side
Because I couldn't find my way back to the squat in Camden

I pass the fountain
A Japanese tourist is taking photos with her phone
She has funny socks and sandals
I take a photo of her taking a photo of the fountain

Documenting documentation to be written about
Is that what we do – observe and document
To put in archives, albums, computers
Why and for what?

I linger in the shade
To hot on the other side of the street
The walls are so beautiful here; they remind me of paintings of
Dubuffet – the ones that look like he mixed sand and paint in earthy
sandy colours

Remembering me and Peter visiting the Kröller Muller Park in the
Netherlands
Discovering sculptures while walking along paths through the
vegetation
The big iceberg sculpture that one could enter and climb on top of, all
the sculptures were so big and somewhat surprising
It evoked our curiosity and we continued the journey in that way
Now when we talk about that trip we remember so different things
Memory is unreliable but still fundamental – like walking

I walk into the little café order an Aperol or a cappuccino depending
on time of the day, today it is cappuccino
The Wi-Fi code is long and I have to ask twice to get it right
Checking emails while drinking my coffee at one of the tables
outdoors

I pass the gate to the park with the view over the valley

You can see the ruin of the Etruscan church on the hill across the fields
Thinking of people.... some are my friends now
We met here

Federico and Giancarlo stealing melons in the field and slipping on the ground
Laughing in the car afterwards and cleaning off clay with newspaper

The temptation to walk barefoot overwhelms me
The texture of grass compared to the paths of clover
A small difference that tickles the sole of my feet
It is cool

I have the ability to feel this sensation
I have the ability to feel both feet
This was not a reality the last time I was here, on this grass

I have the ability to feel the lace of grass under both my feet
I have the ability to put one foot in front of the other
I can do it - walk.

Tuscania,
September
2015



One for the sea

A work in progress during a workshop at Cantabile 2 in Stege, Mön, Denmark in June 2015.

A two to two performance - two performers, two participants

The day before doing this work in progress we get the instruction to come up with a two to two performance containing a gift for the audience, walking and that it should not last for more than half an hour. It is also important to give proper instructions on how to start and to prepare the audience on what is going to happen. We get about five hours to prepare what we are going to do.

This is what we do:

The audience is instructed to walk from the old Sugar plant where the theatre is situated, down to the sea and follow the pier, where about thirty sailing and motor boats are anchored. We - the performers - are standing at the end of the jetty waiting for them. I have climbed a lamppost and Rasmus, my co-performer is standing on one of the stones, close to the water with a large glass jar in his hands. On the ground you can read *one for the sea* written with chalk.



Our audience is arriving at the end of the jetty. We inform them that we will take them on a tour called *One for the sea* and we ask them to have the sea in mind throughout the performance. We also ask them to think about what their relation to the sea is. Rasmus climbs down to the sea and fills the glass jar with sea water. We hand the jar over to our audience and instruct them to take care of the jar and gently carry it with them throughout the performance. I pick up a small inflatable earth globe. I point out where we are on the globe:

Here we are in Stege by the sea and through this sea we are connected to so many places, this water connects us because all the oceans are connected around the globe; the Sargasso sea, the Pacific ocean, the Atlantic, the Black sea etcetera, etcetera. Our globe is covered in water – 70% of the globe is covered in water – and our human bodies contain 70 % water – we have that in common....

After the Tsunami in 2004 there was a Japanese ship drifting in the Pacific Ocean before it came to shore in British Columbia; it had drifted unseen as a ghost ship for two years over the ocean.

We are walking back towards land, Rasmus takes another way and I am alone with our spectators. I tell them about my personal relationship with the sea, underwater, scuba diving, weightlessness, other dimensions, other physical laws, about the sea giving and taking – about my close friend that recently died in a scuba diving accident. I ask them to walk with me one minute in silence to remember the deceased.

We arrive to an old boat laying on land close to the sugar plant. I leave them - the audience - with Rasmus who stands by the boat. He is laying things that we found by the sea on the ground: ropes, bottles, garbage – all things made out of plastic. He refers to how much plastic are thrown into the water and how that creates huge areas covered with a soup of small plastic pieces.

Rasmus asks them to close their eyes and take hold of a rope and follow him. He tells them about his relationship to the sea

– how he spent his first five years on a sailing boat, and he starts to sing *I am sailing*. During this he leads them to where I stand close to some fields on a path leading to the sea. I am covered in a big plastic net. When they open their eyes that is what they see.

Ghost nets are drifting around in the oceans, every year 5.500 to 10.000 nets are lost only in the Baltic Sea. They drift and continue to fish. The fish, the seabirds, the seals, that are caught die in the net. When on the bottom of the ocean the bodies slowly rot and dissolve and the net slowly rises from the bottom and starts to fish again. The nets are made of nylon and will go on fishing for years, years and years. Ghost nets – death-traps.



We carry the net holding one corner each – we hold it over our heads carrying it along the path towards the sea. This is where an unexpected audience appears, we pass a paddock with three horses. The first horse looks a bit scared and nervous, I think it is reacting on us carrying the net above our heads and my first instinct is to lower the net but I do not. There is a moment of hesitation; will the situation make the horses bolt or what? In the end curiosity takes over and we are followed by all the three horses along the path almost all the way to the sea, the fence around the paddock stops them, and they witness the rest of our walk from a distance.



We arrive to a wooden table where we have put two empty glass bottles, two pens and paper – and also a big seashell. We silently invite our audience to stand in front of the sea with

their backs towards the table; we silently instruct them to close their eyes. We cup our hands over their ears so that the sound from the sea becomes louder and more concentrated.

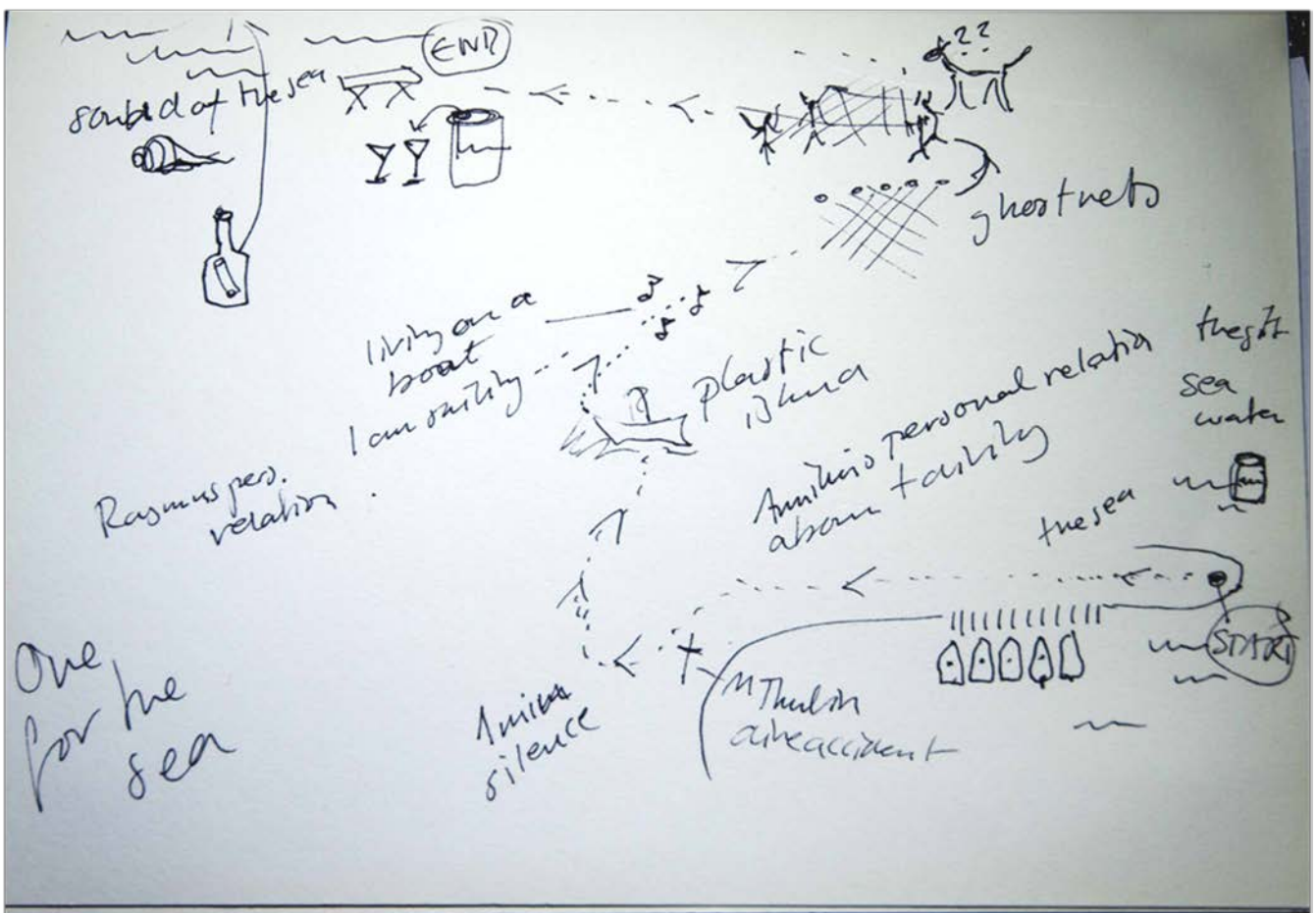
After that we lead them to the table to sit down and read an instruction, this is what they read:

We kindly ask you to write a message to future generations as a memory of what the sea is representing for you today.

When their messages are written, I roll them up and put each message in a bottle.

Finally we invite them to join us in a toast for the sea. We pour the seawater from the jar in small schnapps glasses, we raise our glasses and toast: *one for the sea*, and together we drink the seawater. Of course no one has to, but we all do. After this Rasmus and I take one bottle each and we slide down the slope to the water where we throw the bottles into the water while shouting *one for the sea*

The End



Sketch for the composition of *One for the sea*

Human Specific performing art

A large range of different kinds of immersed theatre projects has developed during the last decades. With performances like Punch Drunk's big scale productions but also small scale one-to-one performances. Projects where the fourth wall is nonexistent, at least when it comes to the space. In Punch Drunk's performances the performers sometimes act as if you in the audience do not exist and the audience is also informed not to start conversations with the performers, but still we are moving in the same space.⁵⁷

Within this field of contemporary theatre a new genre has developed that defines itself as Human Specific performing art:

In the center of Human Specific artwork is the human being. Within this work encounters between individuals are facilitated. The ambition of this facilitation is to enable performers and spectators to be both receptive and responsive to one another in order to render openness and vulnerability in a mutual exchange. An exchange which occurs in the "here and now". In the frame set of a Human Specific artwork, there is space devoted to genuine encounters, interaction and presence in a sensuous and aesthetic universe.⁵⁸

Human experience

Nullo Facchini, the artistic leader of Cantabile 2, explains how he ended up working with smaller groups of audience and one to one performances. He was directing a large scale site-specific performance in the city Vordingborg in Denmark. When instructing a couple of actors situated on a raft at sea he had to use a megaphone to make himself heard. In the end he went out to the raft to talk to them. Once he was out there he realized how far away they were and that they actually could not see his expressions, nor, for that matter, the expressions or of any other people on land. The distance extinguished the possibilities for any subtle communication; there was an obvious absence of a close human encounter. He sensed that something was missing in this large scale visual performance – the need to explore a more close and sincere meeting person to person was raised.

⁵⁷ Josephine Machon, *Immersive Theatres*, (Basingstoke, 2013), p. 159 ff.

⁵⁸ Cantabile 2, accessed September 29, 2015
<http://www.cantabile2.dk/en/human-specific/>

This was the crucial moment that became the turning point for Cantabile 2's works to come. Today they have produced a number of performances with one or a handful people in the audience all based on audience participation on different levels. They have recently started a network for what they call Human Specific performing art.⁵⁹

The network defines Human Specific artwork like this:

- Offers personalized and intimate experiences to the member of the audience.
- Is designed to receive small audience groups or individuals in order to relate individually to each person
- Is dependent on audience participation
- Facilitates genuine encounters in immersive environments
- Explores and employs different forms of sensorial communication
- Allows audience members to navigate through an aesthetic and sensuous universe.⁶⁰



Photo: Alicja Ziolkó

⁵⁹ When I get in contact with the network for Humuan Specific theatre in early 2015 the companies that has joined are: Cantabile 2 (Dk), Secret Hotel(Dk), Sisters Hope(Dk), Wunderland(Dk), Triage Live Art Collective (Gy/Aus), Balzer-Stoyanova (Gy/Sp/Bul), Teatro del Lemming (It) – today they have over twenty companies in the network. Accessed March 10, 2016 <http://www.cantabile2.dk/en/in-touch/in-touch-members/>

⁶⁰ "Human Specific Theatre", <http://www.cantabile2.dk/en/human-specific/>

In a way this is a form of theatre that wants to democratize the relationship between performer and audience. This is not an easy task since the performer more or less set the agenda and have a pre-knowledge on what is going to happen. What is interesting within this field though is that one problematizes the relationship between performer and spectator, or rather participant, in a very conscious way. Who is participating and who is performing? Who is sending or receiving is not always clear. This puts the performer in a more vulnerable position – exactly what is going to happen depends on how the encounter develops. The form is open and the border between performer and audience is blurred, and gives an opportunity to take a more active part as an audience and an opportunity to step back as performer.

The senses of the actor

Teatro del Lemming are known for their work which often is inspired by myths and their poetic theatrical language they call Teatro dello spettatore – their focus is on the sensorial and dramaturgical involvement of the audience.⁶¹ They work with performances with small audience groups. They have developed an actor's training they call the five senses of the actor. I meet a part the group in a café in Berlin. One of the artistic leaders Massimo Munaro tells a similar story to the one of Cantabile 2's way into sensuous and human specific theatre. Munaro has a classical training and was working with classical theatre but felt that something was missing, he wanted something else. And he started to develop one to one performances, often with one performer and one blindfolded participant. He also created performances with more performers than audience. This work gave opportunities to develop a theatre for all senses⁶². Today Teatro del Lemming work with audience groups between 1 and 33.

⁶¹ Information accessed through playbill handed out at the performance occasion of *Oddiseo*, Theater Forum Kreuzberg in Berlin April, 2015.

"Teatro del Lemming", <http://www.teatrodellemming.it/> accessed April 1 2016.

⁶² Told by Massimo Munaro during a conversation with him, Chiara Rossini and one company member, in Kreuzberg, Berlin April 2015.

When I go to see the performance *Oddiseo* in Berlin 2015, we are 30 people in the audience and there are about ten performers. We are first invited to sit in a circle in the entrance hall of the theatre space. Munaro and Chiara Rossini who is a performer and co-director of the group tell us about what is going to happen, the lights are down and they have some candles to light up the room. We are instructed to leave our coats, bags and shoes on the chair. We are also asked to leave jewellery that could hurt us or the performers. After this we are led in silence into a black box theatre, there are no chairs; the only light is candles in glass lanterns. A performer comes and takes my hand, leads me into a room, someone speaks lines from the *Odyssey*, someone blows talcum powder creating a cloud, and a scent. I am back in the main room, with another performer who tells a story to me and some other audience members, under a white bed linen sheet. We all stand in the room, a choir of whispering voices around us. The performance goes on like this, I recognize parts of the story of the *Odyssey*, there is no linear dramaturgy, but we sense the story in so many other ways. This is a low budget performance, there is no big extravagant scenography, the only light is by candles, the performers are all dressed in white and the room is a black box theatre without audience seatings. Very simple but a nevertheless strong sensuous performance. It is more about feeling than thinking intellectually. This is a performance to understand with all senses, in the program it says: “at the end, the best way to travel is to feel, feel everything in every way”

So the aim is to make us *feel* the performance and the story of *Odyssey* with all our senses rather than understand in an intellectual way.

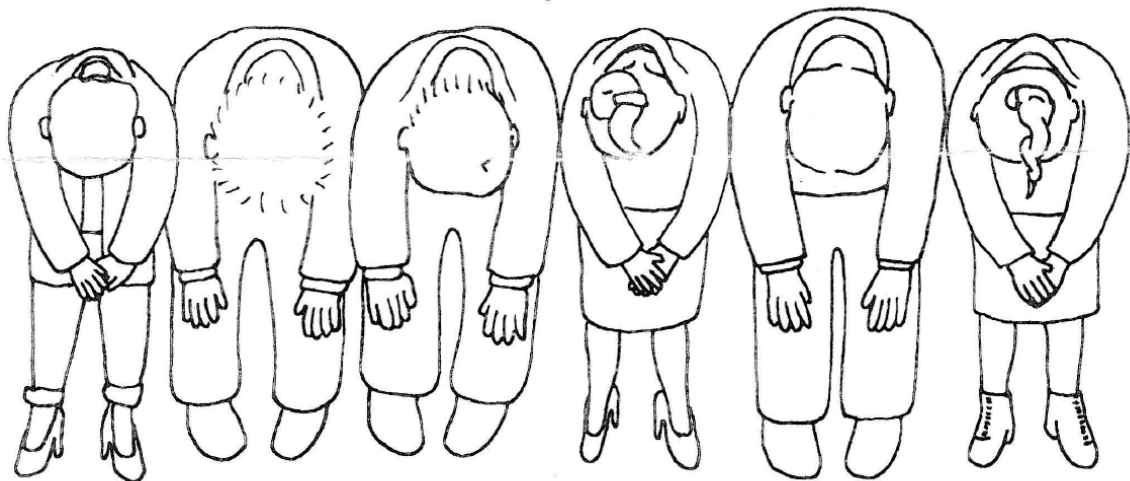
The pre- and post-liminal

In her book *Immersive Theatres* Josephine Machon describes several artists and their work within immersive theatre. It is obvious that how you present what is to come before a performance and how you approach your audience before during and after is crucial within this

field. As soon as you step out of the known context of what is expected at a performance it seems to be of larger importance to be clear on what the rules are. The preliminal and postliminal phase of a performance is something often discussed in *Immersive Theatres*. Tasso Stevens from Coney describes it like this:

...the idea that the experience of an event for any audience begins the moment they first hear about it and only finishes when they stop hearing or talking about it. It's potentially without end.⁶³

The preliminal phase is a crucial part in how to prepare an audience/participant and is also a way to equalize the level of participation. This is where you can choose if you as a spectator want to participate, and get informed on which conditions this is going to happen, on equal terms or not.



Field Works office at MDT – this was a performance with a two spectator audience.⁶⁴ Me and a friend of mine went to this performance, we started with filling in a form on a computer and after that we were led through the office at MDT where the administrative staff was doing their regular work and the performers from Fieldworks

Field Works – Office was performed in MDT, Stockholm in may 2012, Field Work is Heine Avdal and Yukiko Shinozaki. The pictures are from the performance occasion.

⁶³ Tasso Stevens of Coney in conversation with Josephine Machon, *Immersive Theatres*, (Basingstoke 2013), p. 204

⁶⁴ Fieldworks office at MDT, performance information Stockholm May, playbill and personal drawings handed out at the performance, 2012. <http://mdtsthlm.se/sv/archive/1265/> accessed February 2016. Fieldworks webinformation http://www.field-works.be/?type=productions&txt_id=88&linked_txt_id=88&lng=eng accessed May 21, 2016.

were performing, leading us by showing and communicating through written messages on regular office A-4 sheets of papers that they got from desk drawers, copying machines etcetera. It was very poetic and puzzling, in the end when we stepped out in the foyer, we got two sheets of paper one with a drawing of the performers and artists that had created the piece, bowing to thank us for our presence and one with a drawing of me in the middle surrounded by the artists. This picture is still hanging on the fridge in my kitchen, reminding me every day of this performance. The postliminal phase is thus still going on; I am taking part of Fieldworks creation still....



Three layers away

Three layers or versions or points of view. When writing a monologue based on the memory of my father's death and after that staging it, I became aware of the process of distancing oneself from reality, but at the same time getting closer to it. Here I call it layers.

The first layer – remembering. Where it all started? With a memory. It happened – he died - in the mid 1970's when I was 12 years old. First of all the memory itself is probably not exactly what happened since it is my subjective experience. Secondly time has changed the actual incident into an almost mythological meaning in the story of not only my life, but also in the collective memory of my family. It has been remembered, valued, told and talked about in so many ways through the years that it is an almost fictional story but nevertheless true.

The second layer. So I write this monologue and then the memory is reshaped again. When putting words or rather thoughts, into written text the memory becomes something else. The written text has its own rules, grammatical, linguistic, stylistic – and suddenly the story gets a life of its own. Many authors describe how the story gets a life of its own and how the writer experiences the process as if story takes its own way during the writing process. Stephen King describes the author like a vehicle for the story:

Let's get one thing clear right now, shall we? There is no Idea Dump, no Story Central, no Island of the Buried Bestsellers, good story ideas seem to come quite literally from nowhere, sailing at you right out of the empty sky; two previously unrelated ideas come together and make something new under the sun. Your job isn't to find these ideas but to recognize them when they show up.⁶⁵

Of course you as the writer make choices but nevertheless the story is the core of the writing project and the story is guiding the author.

It's best that I be as clear about this as I can – I want you to understand that my basic belief about the making of stories is that they pretty much make themselves. The job of the writer is to give them a place to grow (and to transcribe them of course).⁶⁶

⁶⁵ Stephen King, *On writing*, (New York, 2000), p. 37.

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 163.

This is a process that many authors describe in a similar way. I think of how Karl Ove Knausgård thoroughly describes the writing process in *My Struggle*. Patrick Modiano describes the process of giving birth to a text like this:

When you are about to finish a book, you feel as if it is starting to break away and is already breathing the air of freedom, like schoolchildren in class the day before the summer break. /.../ And it leaves you, barely giving you time to write out the last word. It is over – the book no longer needs you and has already forgotten you. From now on, it will discover itself through the readers.⁶⁷

Almost as if the text had its own life. My experience is that my memory when written gets an extra layer or maybe it becomes more distant, more independent, more general, still specific but somehow more general. It is not just my vivid memory anymore it is something else - an artefact, a text, it's given a new shape through language. So, if me reshaping the memory through time and life is the first layer of distancing or fictionalizing the authentic, I would say that when I transcribe the memory, writing it down, and thus putting the memory/the story into words - a monologue – that is the second layer in fictionalizing reality. The text is finished and you leave it for a while.

The third layer. . I haven't read the text for a while and when I return to it, it seems to be written by someone else. Of course I recognize it – I have met the author since we live in the same body. But sometimes when rehearsing I think what the hell? What did the author intend, think or want with these words?

When I as an actor work with the text, it is a text, almost someone else's words. What is the rhythm of the text, the sounds of the words, the hard consonants and soft vowels, the repetitions? When to make a pause, speak fast, slow, the quality of the sound sharp, high or low, there are so many choices. But one choice has to be made and it narrows it down to fewer possibilities and thus the performed text

⁶⁷ Patrick Modiano, *Nobel lecture by Patrick Modiano*, (Stockholm 2014), p. 3. http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/2014/modiano-lecture_en.pdf

takes its shape. I have a specific position in this process. The text is something I play with and sometimes struggle with; it is like a sparring partner or a playmate. I consider this so called *play position* as a creative and vivid position where the performer so to speak plays with the material, the text, the character or role. It is a position where you as a performer work with the material from different angles and aspects; like a kitten trying out what happens with the ball of yarn, if you toss it, attack it, sneak up on it, ignore it, etcetera.⁶⁸ The play position gives the performer a wide range of possibilities and creates openness in the process.

The three layers are not further away from reality it's rather three different versions of the authentic incident. Each reality or layer has its own specific rules and circumstances that shape the outcome. The memory, the text and the performance are three surfaces on the same sea. And in-between these layers there are room for authors, readers, spectators and performers. The three layers are like different viewpoints, different ways of giving shape to something in the past, all as real as the other one. Like three facets of a crystal. There are no hierarchy in between them just different medias creating different forms. In this sense there is great similarity between the process of writing and acting. As an actor you write the physical form of a text or an idea – a story, this can be done with or without words. It is a matter of giving shape. And the receiving of the shape might be another level. Modiano describes the readers understanding of a text like this:

/.../ the reader knows more about a book than the author himself. Something happens between a novel and its reader which is similar to the process of developing photographs, the way they did it before the digital age.⁶⁹

So maybe, the audience that meets or receives the monologue is a fourth layer, a new understanding, a new facet of the crystal. An open text that unfolds in the moment it meets the performer and unfolds again when meeting an audience.

⁶⁸ The play position is a term that the pedagogue and director Jurij Alschitz uses to describe the position of the actor in relation to a textmaterial.

⁶⁹ Patrick Modiano, Nobel lecture, p. 4.

Winter. My father has been sick for several years. He is not living in the same city as I am, so I have not been able to visit him when he's been in hospital. I want him to be well again so that we can meet. Last time we met: my father built a toy car racing track with me and my half siblings over the whole floor in their room. And then we took photographs of each other on the balcony. My half brother writes to me, our father is in hospital again, he has been in surgery and the doctors say it went well. So maybe I will meet him soon.

Spring. My mother tells me that my father is in hospital again. He is in coma that means that he is unconscious and very sick. I wish he could wake up soon. It is such a strange thing – coma – I wonder if one can think when in coma or even dream. I want him so much to wake up.

Summer. We are in the archipelago visiting friends of my mother; it is me, my mother and my half brother. It is summer vacation. It is just after midsummer and it is really hot. We are in the harbour; the ice cream boat has just delivered ice cream to the kiosk. They are throwing dry ice in the water it is fizzling, bubbling and fuming a lot. There is a telephone booth in the harbour. My brother speaks to his mother on the phone. He gives the phone to my mother and he walks towards me.

- Mum was crying on the phone, he says. I understand instantly

- NO, NO, NO, it must not be true, DADDY, daddy, no, no, no.

My eyes are flooded with tears. My mother comes and says that my father is dead. I am lying on the ground, in someone's lap, I am crying, screaming. I am crying for hours, my mother and brother do not cry they are just silent.

We are taking the ferry back to town. Fjärdlång, Melfjärd, I am crying all the time, the other passengers, the sunbathing summery people,

are looking at me. Fiversätra, Söderviken, we are going away from the archipelago. Kymmendö, Kalvholmen, we are going away from the summer. Saltsjöbaden, we are going away from dad.

We are walking around in the warm city. We bump into some friends of my mother; we sit down at an outdoor café. Someone asks me how my summer has been. And I say: one week ago my father died, and then I laugh. I laugh, it is so wrong, but I laugh.

We are going to the fairground, the zoo, the beach, walking in parks, we eat lots of ice cream and grade which one is the best. We are doing things that are fun to remind us of that life probably continues though the worst has happened.



Painting by Sven Grönvall

A humble plead for the curiosity within

Yes - No
Black - White
Good - Evil
Orient - Occident
True - False
One or another
This or that
Bla bla bla bla bla.....

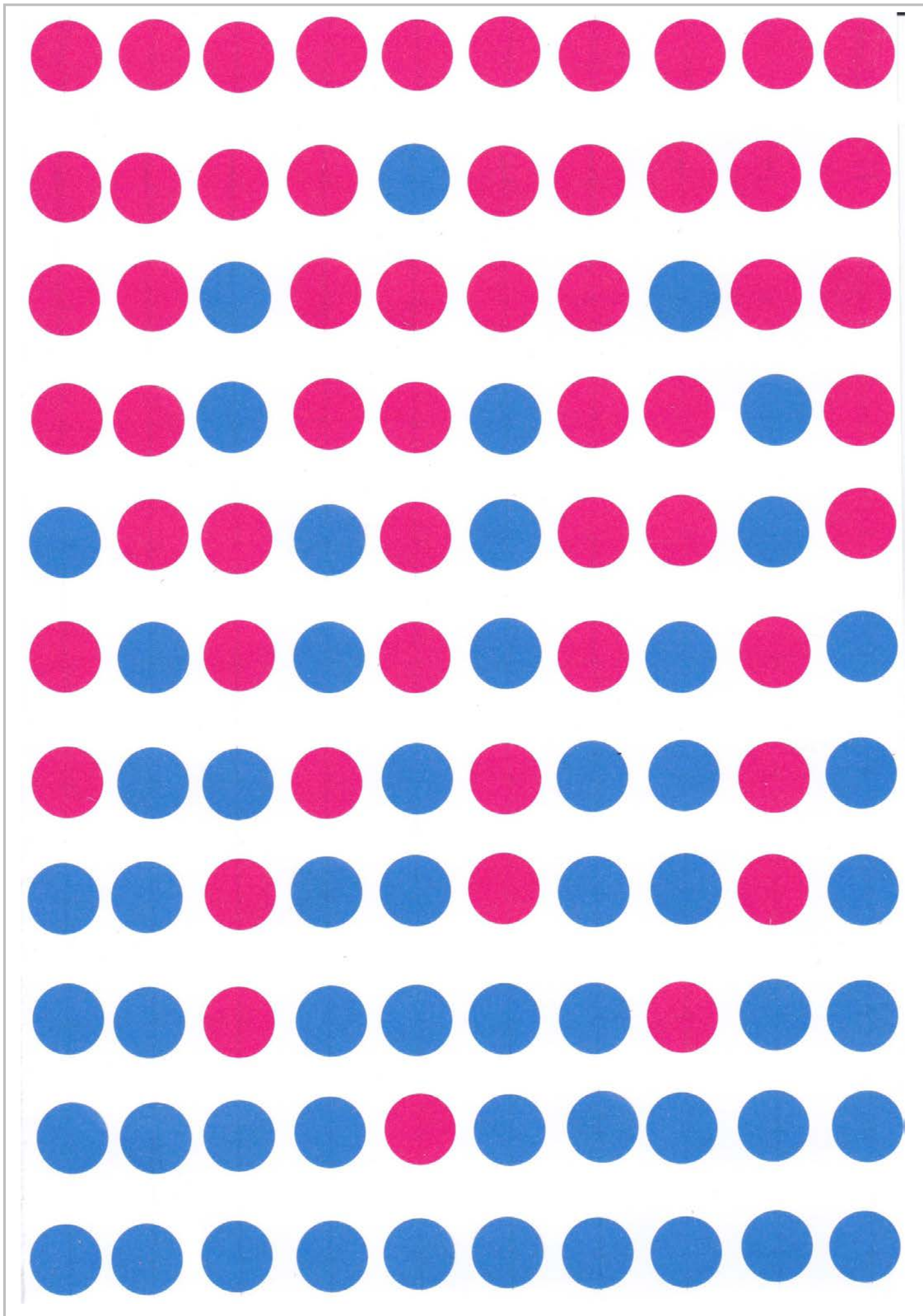
Hard words without openings and nuances
Such dichotomies are simple narrow minded proofs of the urge of the simpleminded to avoid complexity

Therefore avoid all one-way solutions, try always too see the complexity, the richness and multi layered weave that the world embraces us with

Allow yourself to see thousands of threads, ropes and wires representing thoughts, minds, opinions, politics and wishes

We are all interlaced and tangled together in this complicated, splendid, complex landscape that we inhabit and together navigate within

Breathe the smells, stenches, scents, aromas, flavours, essences and whiffs that the world presents
Try to see all the shapes, colours and shades that occur – allow yourself to be curious



Post-text Pre-performance



Supercinema in Tuscania. the venue for The Cosmonauti festival 2015

Open work

So can a performance exist without in-betweens?

A work of art, therefore is a complete and closed form in its uniqueness as a balanced organic whole, while at the same time constituting an *open* product on account of its susceptibility to countless different interpretations which do not impinge on this unadulterable specificity. Hence every reception of a work of art is both an interpretation and a performance of it, because in every reception the work takes on a fresh perspective for itself.⁷⁰

When Eco describes this he refers to how newly written music composition was far more ‘open’ than earlier composers. A performing art that has left the fourth wall and consciously work with what is happening here and now is open can sometimes be open to that extent – that it does not exist without its participants or audience since they are a part of the performance. The border between performer and spectator is blurred and the dichotomy, the two separated roles are not clear, it is instead a matter of degrees of participation.

⁷⁰Umberto Eco, “the Poetics of the Open Work” in *Participation*, ed. Claire Bishop (London 2006), p 20-23.



Open process

In this work the Cosmonauti festival⁷¹ where I did an open rehearsal or work in progress performance in September 2015 has been of vital importance. I have been to this festival six times during the last decade, and it has come to have an important role in my artistic work. Without colleagues, spectators and participants the work sometimes becomes blind or half, and for me the possibility to share the work in process has been vital. A performance is a shared moment and if not shared it does not exist. I also think that the possibility to work in an international context is of great importance, since it gives a wider perspective on context and content.

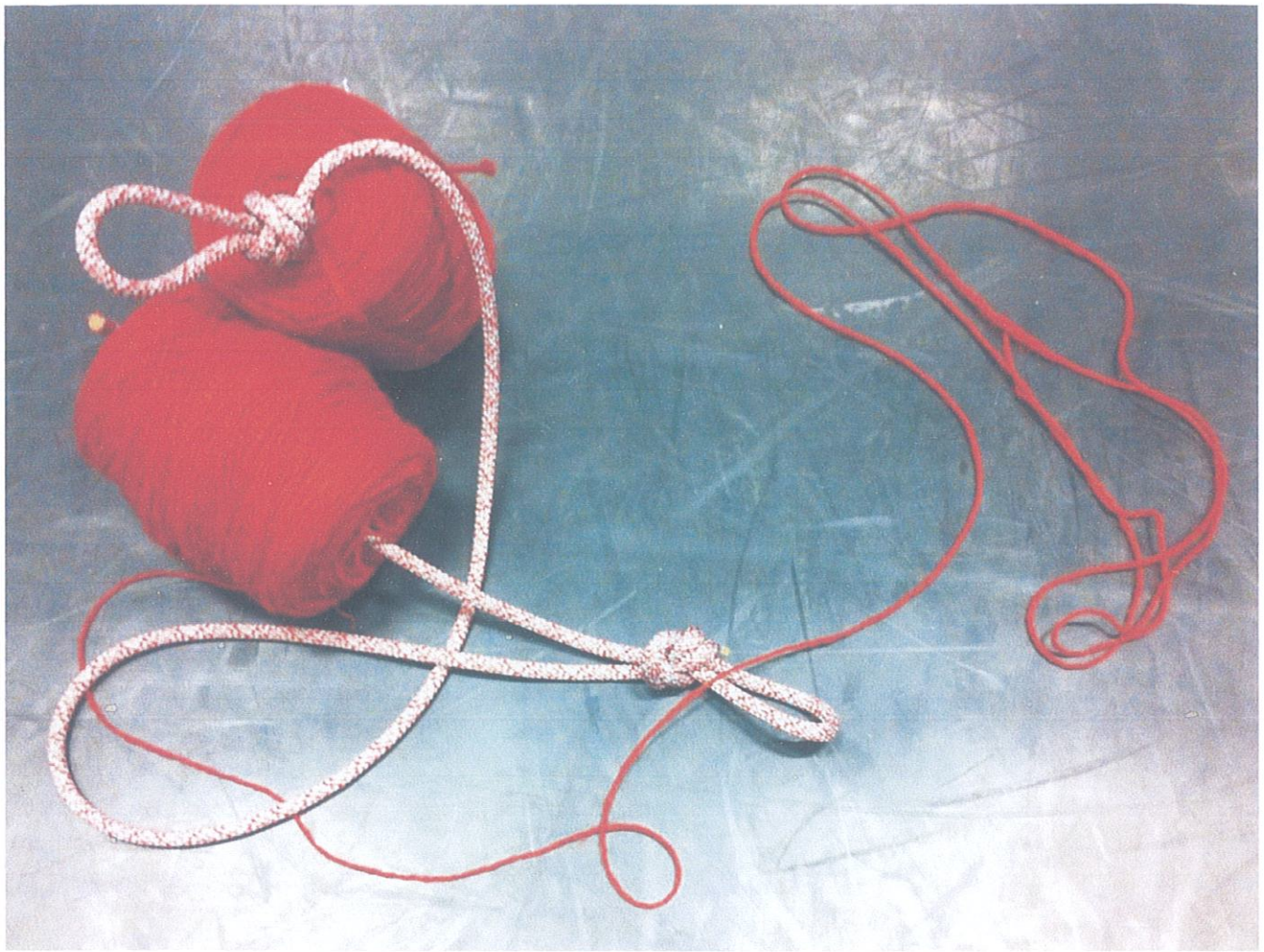
This time I did a tryout with some of the texts in this essay as a performance lecture, combined with a performance that mixed UNs declaration on human rights in three languages combined with me weaving a net of red yarn over the room. After that I asked the audience to share their memories. I also shared one of my memories with them. Without this work in progress this text and *Threads* would not have been possible.

The process manuscript for the performance *Threads* is included as the next chapter in this thesis.

Documentation from *In interspace* in Tuscania 2015

<https://vimeo.com/140723522>

⁷¹ The Cosmonauti festival is a festival of open rehearsals and work in progress for all performing arts, it was created in 2006 and is organized every year by a group of former students of contemporary Russian masters. It is now organized in collaboration with Vera Stasi an Italian dance company in Tuscania one hour north of Rome. https://www.facebook.com/Cosmonauti/info/?tab=page_info, Accessed April 1, 2016.



On stage:

Annikki Wahloo^{ku}
 Hector Esuia
 Anna Mannerheim
 voice:
 grete Snelbrett

Sound & music
 Peter Helleday

Costumes Scenography
 Nonno Nordqvist

Threads -

a composition in 17 parts

A COMPOSITION
 OF TEXTS AND
 TABLEAUS
 CONCERNING
 SEVERAL THEMES
 MORE OR LESS
 LINKED TOGETHER

FREEDOM

HEART THE SOUL
 BLOOD

WALLS

SILENCE THREADS
 ACTION

MEMORY CARPETS
 BLEEDING HEART

CHOICE WATER

PATTERNS, MEMORIES

ETCETERA

COMPOSITION
 - THE WAY IN WHICH
 SOMETHING IS PUT TOGETHER
 OR ARRANGED: THE COMBINATION
 OF PARTS OR ELEMENTS THAT MAKE
 UP SOMETHING!

JUXTAPOSING

I ONCE MET SOMEONE WHO WAS A
NANNY AT THE EMBASSY IN THE 70'S - SHE
WAS REALLY UPSET WHEN THEY DISCOVERED ALL THE MICROPHONES
ALL THE THINGS THAT HAD BEEN OVERHEARD

THE COMPOSITION STARTS OUTSIDE
THE BLACK BOX - THEATRE
I START SPEAKING ON SUBJECT MATTER FOR
MY MASTER-STUDIES

AND THEN
ABOUT WALLS



Part 1



The heart of Chopin

My master subject has come to deal with the in between.
And I think this wall somewhat represents the liminal space
or in between. The between, between this room where we
stand together now and to the room or rooms on the other side of
this wall.

WHEN DOES THE PERFORMANCE
START? HERE OR EARLIER?
PRELIMINAL READING IN THE
PROGRAM

Walls represent so many different things: A room of one's own, a
home, safety. But it can also represent captivity, imprisonment, the
forbidden. You can hear things through walls. Walls that listen. Like
the Swedish embassy in Moscow in the 1960's and 70's - when they
renovated the building microphones were found hidden inside the
walls. Everything that had been said in the building had been
overheard for decades.

OR WHEN LENA
AND CECILIA PRESENT
THE WORK?
EVERYONE HAS THEIR
PREUNDERSTANDING,
I WANT EVERYONE
TO FEEL COMFORT-

ABLE.. I SPEAK ABOUT
♥ - CHOPIN'S HEART
SUCH A STRANGE THING!

I am standing in front of a wall, I am twelve years old, I am in Warsaw
visiting a friend and her family who lives there. We are in a church
and I stand in front of this wall. I am told that inside the wall the
heart of Chopin is immured. I can almost hear his heart beating inside
the wall. Many years later in Paris; I visit Père Lachaise, the cemetery
where you can get lost. Suddenly I stand in front of the grave of
Chopin. This is where his body is buried - but I can only think of his
heart, his heart beating in Warsaw.

I INFORM THE
AUDIENCE TO
TAKE OF STEPS
WHEN ENTERING

WHEN I WELCOME THE
AUDIENCE TO ENTER THE HEART
OF THE ROOM BEHIND THE WALL

USOUND

SOUNDSCAPE OF HEARTBEATS AND LIGHT ON THE CARPETS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM

Part 2. WHEN ENTERING THE ROOM



EVERYONE GETS A LITTLE BAG WITH SMALL THING IN PAPER, PEN, STRING, JELLY HEARTS,

MY CO-PERFORMERS AND I HELP THE SPECTATORS TO GET SLIPPERS AND PLACE THEIR SHOES IN SHOE SHELF



GOODY BAG

LIGHT DOWN

ONLY LIGHT ON THE THREE MICROPHONES WHERE WE STAND

Silence

Hector

Anna

Annikki

Anna

Annikki

THERE IS SILENCE / EVERY ONE IS SITTING THE HEART BEAT HAS STOPPED - THEN COMES THE TEXT WHISPERED IN MICROPHONES

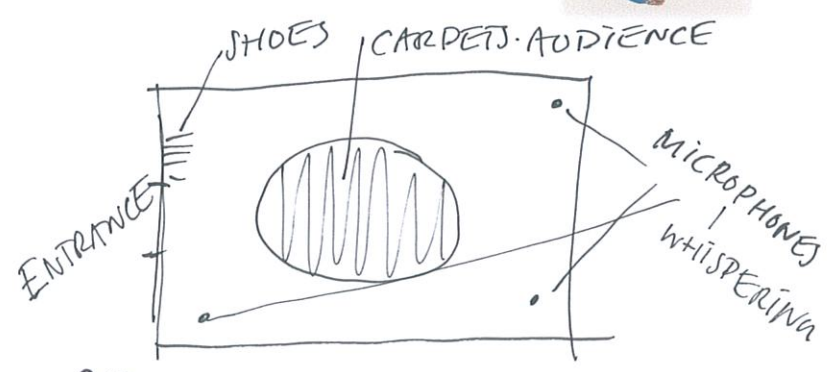
Silence is the total or relative lack of audible sounds.

Surroundings where the level of sound is below 20 decibel is considered silent.

In many cultures people use silence to show respect or to honour something.

A commemorative moment of silence is sometimes held after accidents,

At memorials, or at state funerals.



Hector

For example a silent moment was held to remember and honour the deceased after the Tsunami catastrophe in 2005.

Annikki

A widely used gesture to indicate or imply silence is to put a finger vertically in front of one's lips.

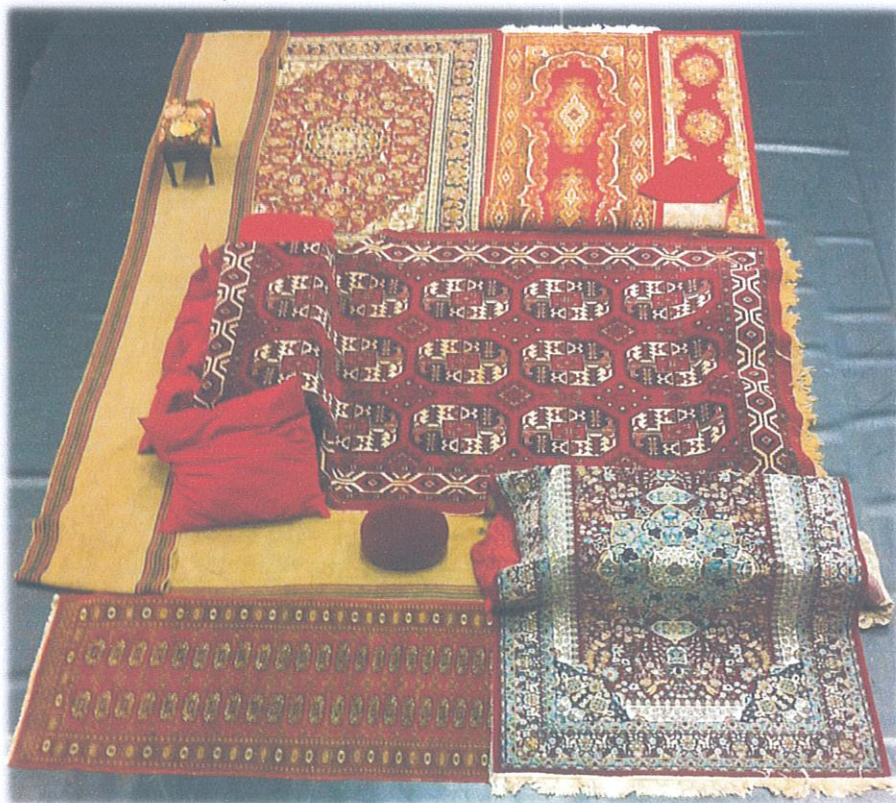
All three

Shhhhhh!

THE TEXT IS MORE
OR LESS BASED ON
HOW SILENCE IS
DEFINED IN THE
DICTIONARY
WIKIPEDIA...



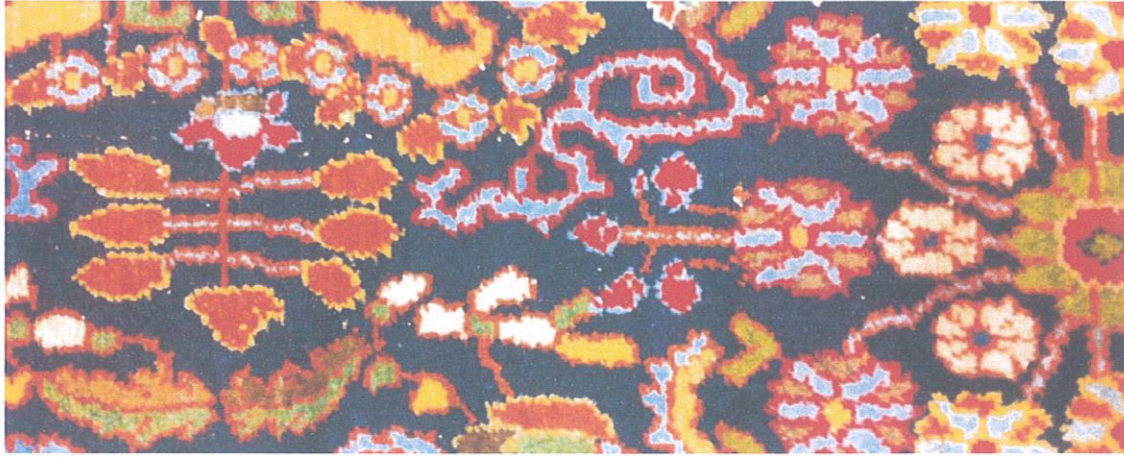
AN ISLAND OF CARPETS - FOR THE AUDIENCE
TO SIT ON →



THREE VOICES - ONE STORY TELLER...

Part 3. The turtle - part one

we the performers enter the russia



LIGHTS ON THE CARPETS.

A.

I am obsessed by carpets, oriental carpets, antique oriental carpets - I learn everything about their heritage, material, designs

All

Traditional patterns from Persia, Afghanistan, North Africa

A

I am attending fairs, auctions, markets, my knowledge in oriental textiles develops

All

To perfection

A

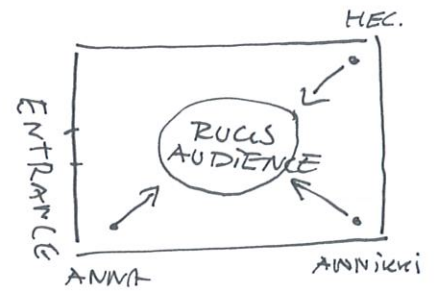
In the end I possess ten of the most beautiful

All

And most expensive....

A

....carpets there are. At home I arrange and rearrange them on my floors for weeks, in the end I find the most exquisite way - that emphasizes their artistic splendor. Then I walk around barefoot



STYLE: AN OBSESSION... TOLD BY THE OBSESSED LOVER! COLLECTOR... ON THE VERGE TO SOMETHING ALMOST EROTIC

TRYING TO REACT THEUKY?

All

To sense their beauty

A

Through the soles of my feet. I sense their beauty through all my senses. For weeks – I am filled with euphoria.

All

But.

A

The euphoria disappears, I experience the rugs as

B

Static,

C.

Immobile,

A

Actually quite boring.

B and C

Sorrow appears.

A

My motivation is totally lost and the world turns grey

B and C

Again.

THE TEXT IS
 INSPIRED BY
 A REBOUR
 BY J.B HUYSMANS
 ABOUT A CHARACTER -
 JEAN DE ESS... AN ECCENTRIC
 AESTHETE AN ANTIHERO WHO
 HATED THE 1900'S BOURGEOIS
 SOCIETY. HE TRIED TO ESCAPE
 INTO AN IDEAL ARTISTIC WORLD
 TOTALLY ABSORBED BY HIS PASSIONS
 FOR, ART, STYE, SCENTS, DRUGS...
 I THINK OSCAR WILDE WAS
 INFLUENCED BY THIS TEXT
 WHEN WRITING DORIAN GRAYS
 PORTRAIT.

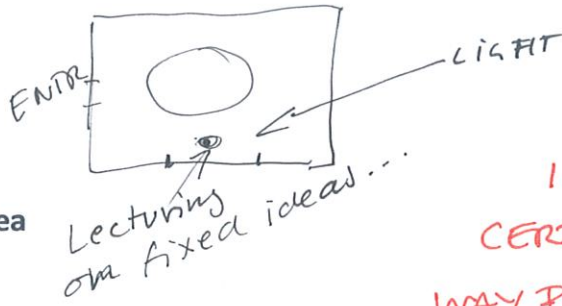
I THOUGHT OF THIS STORY
 EVER SINCE I READ IT
 SO DECADENT!!

ABSURDE
 BUT
 FUNNY OR SAD

THEME CONNECTED TO
 CHOICE AND FREEDOM
 BUT ALSO TO THREADS
 AND PATTERNS



Part 4
Fixed idea



PLAY POSITION
 IN A WAY THE TEXT
 IS PERFORMED WITH
 CERTAIN WORDS AS FIXED
 WAYPOINTS - AND PLAYED LIKE
 A KIND OF SLA&OM YOU NAVIGATE
 FROM POINT TO POINT AND IN-BETWEEN
 YOU IMPROVISE - BUT YOU KNOW ALL
 THE TIME WHERE YOU ARE HEADING
 THIS IS EXACT BUT THE WAY CAN
 BE SLIGHTLY
 CHANGED
 EACH TIME

A fixed idea

For example it can be a strong interest in something, an interest that turns into an obsession. Like some kind of mania, hang-up or a phobia. Something that you can't stop thinking of even if trying to.

Fixed comes from Fix

As in a fix point meaning a specific point or spot like this .

An idea

Can represent something philosophical as Plato's theories on ideas, or Aristotle, Descartes etc.

But it can also relate to more everyday kind of things

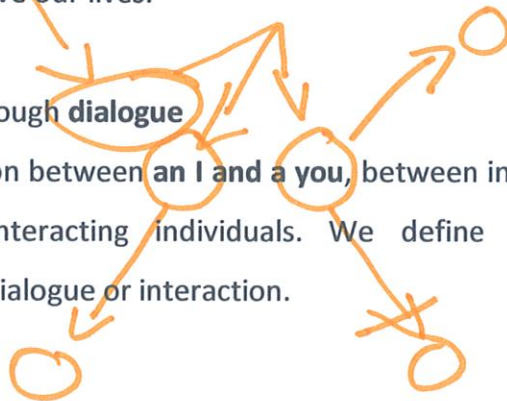
The meaning of ideas according to the dictionary is concept, thought, notion - it can refer to a solution on how to solve something

Like having an idea on how to boil an egg

But it could also refer to how to solve the puzzle of life or the world economy. Ideas can be big and dangerous. They are essential for who we are and how we live our lives.

Many ideas occur through **dialogue**

Through an interaction between **an I and a you**, between individuals, sometimes many interacting individuals. We define ourselves through this kind of dialogue or interaction.



FIRST TIME
 I DID THIS
 TEXT/COMPOSITION
 I USED
 POST IT LABELS
 AS WAYPOINTS
 HERE I USED
 A WHITE
 WHITE BOARD PEN
 WRITING
 ON THE
 BLACK WALL

But if this ~~connection is broken~~ – there will only be a lot of solitary individuals or an I who fight for their solitary self

All the others become something else, the other.

If the interaction is broken the self becomes a non-self that sees all the others as the other and this can develop into a dehumanization of the other.

So if this I or self stands alone without any relations, it is unquestioned and it becomes what we call a self-made man – the top of the mountain. Like the crown of individualism.

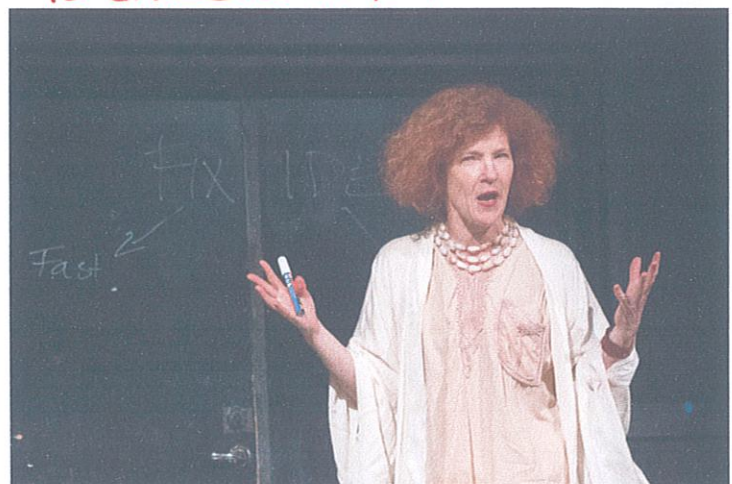
What would be the opposite.

A heart, but not only a heart – a bleeding heart, the sympathetic caring individual, not only thinking sympathetic thoughts but also trying to do something to create and negotiate a more equal society all the time in dialogue with all these other individuals.

DO I HAVE A BLEEDING HEART ??

I have to confess something, the thing is that I have this obsession or fixed idea. I think that my heart is bleeding or at least I want it to bleed, I really do. But what, if not, maybe I don't have a heart at all!! Sometimes I have to check if it is there, I even wake up in the middle of the night afraid that the beating has stopped. But every time I check I can feel the beats. But what if... if this is just my imagination, I want it so much to beat, that I fool myself that it does... Can you please check if my heart really beats?

ASKING SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE TO CHECK IF MY HEART BEATS



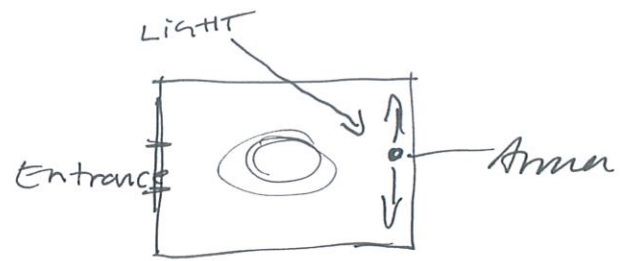
TEXT IS
INSPIRED
BY ARTICLES
SIRI HUSTVEDT
KARLOVE RNAUSHARD

IN CONNECTION TO UTØYA ON DEHUMANIZATION...

Reminds me of an 'physical exercise from a work shop with Jurij Alschitz in the summer of 1999 in Katrineberg. It was outdoors, on a big lawn and there were a lot of chairs placed on the lawn, we were all standing in one end of the lawn and the exercise was to walk from where we stood to the other side of the lawn blindfolded and without touching any of the chairs. One after one tried to not bump into any chairs moving very slow, it was hard. One actor I think he was from Estonia got his blindfold and just ran over the lawn zic zacking without being even close to any of the chairs. We were all knocked by this performance. Was this magic or what - it turned out that the actor had been competing as an elite alpine skier. Within sports of that kind you have to visualize your way between a set of fixed waypoints. I think that is similar to navigating in text, or in this in-between different fixed words that functions as waypoints.

Part 5

Vermeer 1



It's not a sheltered world. The noise begins over there, on the other side of the wall

where the alehouse is

with its laughter and quarrels, its rows of teeth, its tears, its chiming of clocks,

and the psychotic brother-in-law, the murderer, in whose presence everyone feels fear.

The huge explosion and the emergency crew arriving late,

boats shoving off on the canals, money slipping down into pockets

— the wrong man's —

ultimatum piled on the ultimatum,

widemouthed red flowers who sweat reminds us of approaching war.

The ears experience a buzz, perhaps it's depth or perhaps height.

It's the pressure from the other side of the wall,

the pressure that makes each fact float

and makes the brushstroke firm.

TEXT
BROUGHT INTO
THE COMPOSITION
BY ANNA WELD
PERFORMED IT

WALLS

CONNECTING THEM

WALLS

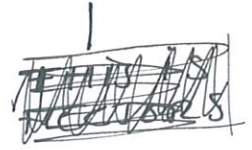
FREEDOM

Part 6

Hector and the Trojans

My name is Hector, I remember when reading some book at school that my name was Greek, a name that was more than 3000 years old. Hector lived in Troy; he was the son of Hecuba, a hero that was killed by Achilles. I can hear the voice of Hecuba thanks to Euripides' tragedy the Trojan women.

EARLY ON I
WANTED TO USE TEXT
AND THEME FROM
THE WOMEN OF TROY



HECTOR SUGGESTED
THIS SCENE
WHERE THE WOMEN
OF TROY - THE TEXT
IS HEARD FROM A
BAD RECORDING
- AS A VOICE FROM
THE PAST



*O ships of Troy,
From those white decks iron men once
sprang,
For ten long years now you have lain
Anchored in our own harbours.
But today you are to sail away again
Taking me, the queen of your city, with you
With shaven head and ravaged face
To be servant at a servant's table
Did you have to do all this for this;
To bring a blood bath on my people,
Plunge me and all these women into mourning,
All because you wanted the glory once again
Of sailing across to Greece
To anchor where shame is fathomless?*



Sound

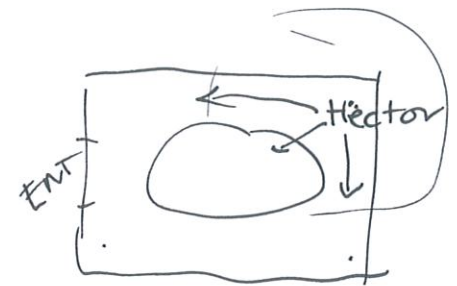
When listening to this voice I think:

The Greeks who were they? What was so special about them? They had a beautiful country, nice weather, olive trees, ocean, marble that

gave life to the dead. They had good taste, beauty, philosophy and they invented the term democracy. They had a complex mythology. But in spite of all this, and even if they did not need more, they would one day be gifted with even more treasures: poetry and tragedy.

As when after a long time and when least expected, one suddenly are shaken by a memory from the past, a memory of committed crimes in ones youth. Likewise the Greek people were overwhelmed by regret of the violent crimes committed in their youth. A hidden and forgotten crime committed 800 years ago – the crime against a people – the Trojans.

*Bloody Greeks!
Drunk with power
Yet frightened of a child.
With Hector dead, our army slaughtered
And our city a cinder
You were still frightened of a child.
If you feared him, you will soon fear one another:
Civil war will do to you
What you have done to us.
And when both Troy and Greece
Have been levelled as war levels,
All that will remain
Will be this little tomb
Standing among these shattered columns
On it, it shall bear this inscription:
"Here lies a child
Murdered
Because he frightened Greece"*



~~Sound~~
recording
of voice ...

The collective regret, a gigantic bad conscious of a nation, might sound excessive and unbelievable. But it became the foundation for the Greek literature, the Greek drama... Take away the Trojan War and try to forget all victims, all sorrows – and left is less than half of the Greek literature.

*All life's possibilities
Were held in this tiny hand...
I always said he had his father's hands.
Now that which moved is still,
Forever still
And the blood congeals on his battered skull.
What waste, waste, waste.*

Greek authors committed themselves to process the memories of this crime. And thus the Greeks themselves revealed all the aspects of war. Troy did rise again thanks to those who had extinguished them, those who had sworn to bury Troy so that no one could bear witness, no voices heard, not even one memory of this city should remain. But the authors dug up the history from its grave, shook off the dust and gave impartial testimony on the committed war crimes of the past impartial, as they would have acted if it was about their own story.

*Now is the mountain of my misfortune capped:
To be carried off
Leaving my Troy in flames.
I salute those flames.
The greatest city the world has ever seen:
-to be populated by rodents,
Decorated by brambles.
I said the Gods were deaf-
That was not true:
They are evil.
It is a waste of time to ask them for help.*

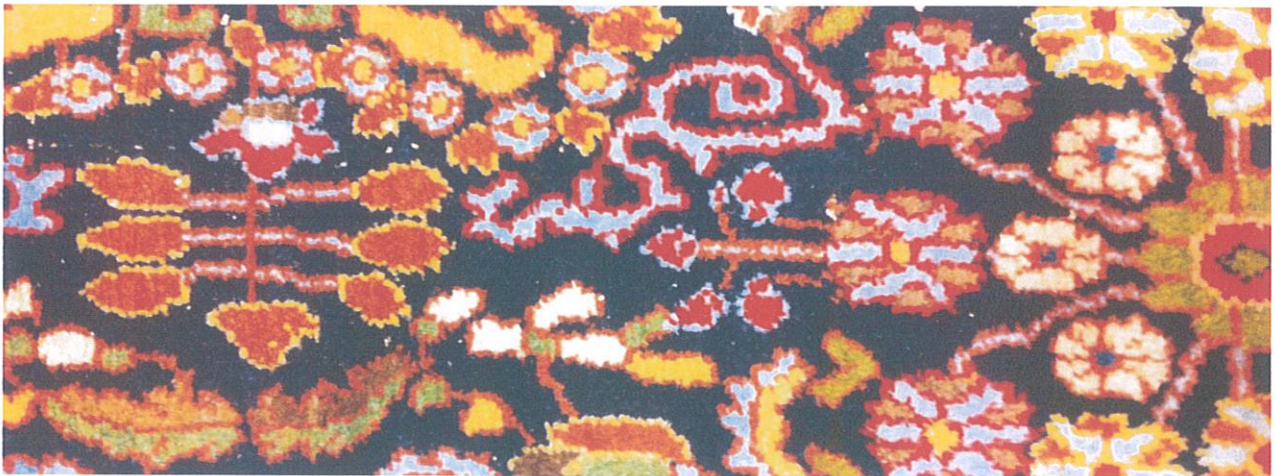
This exorcism was never seen before, a touching and revealing act. This was the first time in the history of humankind when a whole nation ransacked its conscience and processed its past crimes through art.

And I am Hector, with a name that reminds us about all this. And I wonder.....

HECTOR SUGGESTED THIS TEXT
THAT HE WROTE INSPIRED BY
ISMARÉL VARDÁKÍ - ALBANIAN AUTHOR
AND HIS WRITING ON THE GREEK DRAMA
FUNCTIONING AS A COLLECTIVE REMEMORY

Part 7

The turtle – part 2



A
I mourn

B
Mourn

C
Mourn

A
My beautiful carpets can no longer satisfy my need of beauty. I walk without destiny or interest through the streets.

B
One day

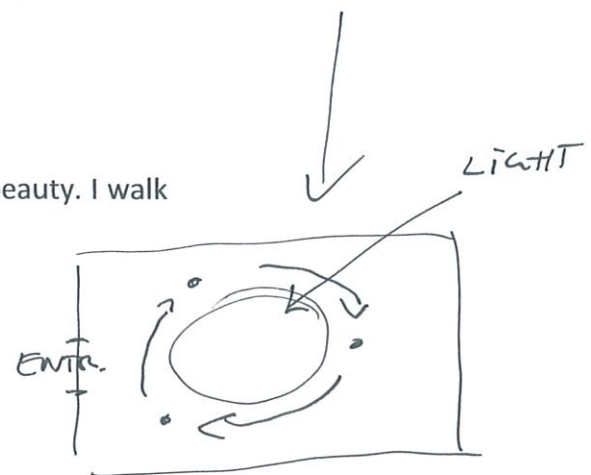
A
I pass a pet store.

C
Where a turtle is slowly moving in the window

A
The shell gives me an idea

B
At home with the turtle

THE STORY GOES ON
NOW WE -THE PERFORMERS
ARE CIRCLING AROUND
THE CARPETS WHILE
SPEAKING THE TEXT



OBSESSION
BEAUTY
FREE WILL
PATTERNS
CARPETS

A

I let it move on the carpets, and immediately I see how the pattern of the shell corresponds to the patterns of the carpets

C

But the shell of the turtle lacks the splendour of the colours of the carpets

A

I bring the turtle to my jeweller and choose the most exquisite stones

B

Rubies

C

Emeralds

A

Topaz

B and C

The turtle now walks around, and creates new patterns with its colourful shell. With its sparkling jewels that reflects the patterns of the carpets.

A

I am overwhelmed for days, I enjoy the novelty of all these new patterns.

C

One morning

A

When I enter the lounge, I find the turtle still in a corner

B and C

It is dead

C

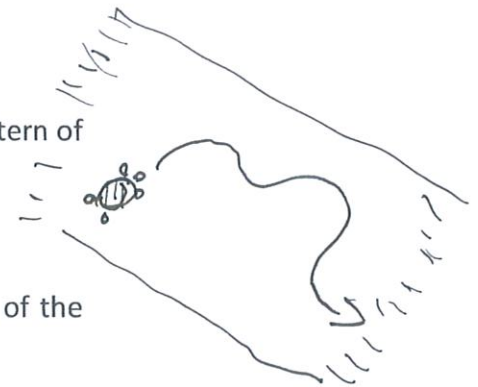
The metals used to fit the jewels in the shell, has poisoned the animal

A

I sell all the carpets and start a great interest for

B and C

Exclusive scents....



WE STOP WALKING IN CIRCLES

→ THE OVER DOSE

O. D. ←

THE DEATH OF ONE OBSESSION



A NEW ONE IS BORN



LIGHTS GOES DOWN - OFF IT IS DARK
SOUNDSCAPE - WAVES, OCEAN, THE SE SHORE
TWO PROJECTIONS OCCUR ON THE WALL - DISPLAYED
DIRECTLY ON THE BLACK WALLS, ON THE
FLOOR MOVING AROUND THE ROOM

Part 8

A memory from the 1940's

SOUNDSCAPE - THE SEA - IMMERSIVE

THE SOUNDSCAPE
IS A MIX BETWEEN
OCEAN AND A
DRONE KIND OF
SOUND

PROJECTIONS
OF THE
OCEAN
SCORE

PROJECTORS
MOVED
AROUND
BY THE
PERFORMERS

The winters are extremely cold. The ocean turns into ice. I can see how the cold has turned the waves into ice, and captured them in the middle of a movement. Snow is the only thing that lights up at night.

There is no artificial light. At home my parents have put blackout curtains in all windows, so that no one can detect us from the sky.

The blackout curtains are made of some kind of black cartoon, it is thick, soft and shuts out all light. Sometimes it feels like we live in a cellar.

We live by the sea, by the narrow strait; we can see the neighboring country on the other side. Concrete bunkers are built along the sandy beaches, and the adult men are leaving for military service.

(Sounds of waves along the shore and some noise. Two film projections of the windy beach are wandering on the walls)

My aunts, uncles and cousins live on the other side of the water, we are out of contact for five years. My mother's brothers are involved in the resistance movement, the silence changes her. She becomes different and she kind of disappears into herself.

There are other family members with opposite opinions. Like the aunt with a cat named Mussi after Benito Mussolini, the Italian dictator.

Our situation is quite good; we have our farm and can change food for ration cards. Mother and father don't smoke so tobacco coupons become shoe and coffee coupons.

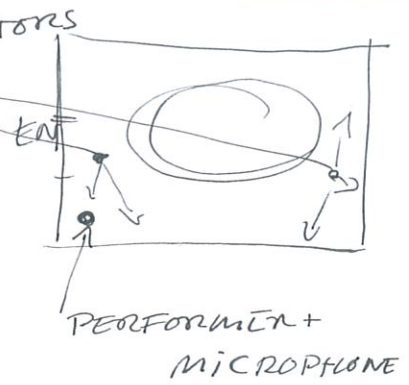
LAYERS OF PICTURES, SOUNDSCAPE, VOICE
THE STORY OCCURS IN BETWEEN LAYERS
THE VOICE THROUGH THE MICROPHONE/SPEAKERS IS ALSO LAYERED
AT A DISTANCE FROM ITSELF / PART OF SOUNDSCAPE

THE TEXT IS BASED ON A MEMORY FROM MY MOTHER
AND HER CHILDHOOD IN SKANBERG IN THE SOUTH OF SWEDEN
I GROW UP WITH THESE MEMORIES TOLD BY MY MOTHER
AND GRAND MOTHER - STORIES ABOUT TWO WARS, REFUGEES
THE SEA AND ITS VICTIMS. THE HISTORY
REPEATS ITSELF AND
MEMORIES FADE
.....

THEME - WATER, SEA
FREEDOM MEMORY

MOVING PROJECTORS

At night people walk down to the harbor, to night-watch and take care of the people who come from the other side in boats or walking on the ice. They come sheltered by night. Refugees from the other side of the strait, they pass, to the city, the tents, the rooms, safety.



It happens that bodies are found along the sandy beaches. Sometimes the bodies are stored wrapped in tarp in our barn before they are transported elsewhere.

I am about ten years old at the time.

It is said to be the coldest winters during the 20th century.



Part 9

Freedom - a lazzì on the meaning of freedom

Commedia dell arte
a sort of impro...
in this composition

1A

FIRST OF THREE REFLECTIONS OF FREEDOM
THIS ONE ON WHAT FREEDOM SYMBOLIZES BOTH AS A HINDERANCE AND REVELATION IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Freedom of choice, or

Freedom of will

But if the will is dependent on circumstances, on context; how can it then be free?

Freedom to have opinions, think and dream

But I am not an object, at least I don't think so

I want to be a subject who makes one's own decisions; I don't want to be dependent on circumstances and context.

(Here is a free improvisation on the freedom to choose, were the actor moves from chair to chair as if she can't decide on were to sit. She speaks about how the freedom of choosing, between different goods and services, rather feels like the opposite of freedom)

Freedom is to be able to move freely, love freely, act freely, write freely

Freedom is blue, airy and light.

THE CLICHÉ ON FREEDOM



← chairs
which one to sit or stand on is the question!!

A IS MOVING AROUND IN THE AREA OF AUDIENCE SEATINGS.. STANDING ON DIFFERENT CHAIRS - WHICH CHAIR TO CHOOSE? THE TEXT IS AN IMPRO ON THE TOPIC/THEME ON WHAT GOODS OR SERVICES TO CHOSE IN THE LIBERAL/CAPITALISTIC SOCIETY WE LIVE IN. - FREEDOM OF CHOICE A SORT OF NAÏVE REFLECTION ON THE MEANING OF FREEDOM THAT CAN CONTAIN A WIDE RANGE OF MEANINGS.

↑
action

the philosophical question is on whether choice is freedom

Part 10

Freedom in a box

COMING IN WITH PLASTIC BAG FROM SUPER MARKET

THE WORLD

I went to the supermarket down on the avenue today - It was Coop. Anyway they had freedom there; they actually had it for sale. So I bought some freedom They had freedom They even had three different kinds But I bought this kind (takes up a package of tampons from the plastic bag)

PROBLEMS IN

It cost 29:90 I mean this is such a smart idea It is in here - freedom Here does anyone want some freedom This is such a brilliant invention To pack it in this super small box And you can just give some freedom to whomever that really needs freedom We can go to Syria and hand out these little freedom things - there are eight in each box We can go to Lampedusa, Lesbos, USA, Venezuela or down to the square nearby and give freedom to those who really need it. We can throw them out of an aeroplane over North Korea as they did with the teddy bears over Belarus. Is it this easy, do we really need all these negotiations and agreements and declarations on freedom. This little freedom thing solves everything, we don't need Brussels or New York. But what is freedom all about?

ENTHUSIASM FINDING THE WAY TO SOLVE THE

What does freedom mean? What is freedom? I mean really, what is it really??

GIVING TAMPOONS TO AUDIENCE

1B ALSO ON FREEDOM ALSO A PARTLY IMPROVISED TEXT WITH A CLEAR DESTINATION / END WITH WAY POINTS.

TAMPOONS | FREEDOM IN A BOX | FROM A FILM-COMMERCIAL SOME YEARS AGO

X STUPID CLICHE ON FREEDOM AT LEAST WHEN LINKED TO FREEDOM IN AN OTHER SENSE

AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THE MEANING OF A WORD CAN GET BLURRED THE LINK BETWEEN BETWEEN

FREEDOM IN THE CONTEXT OF UN

FREEDOM IN EVERYDAY LIFE WITH TAMPOONS TAMPOONS

CUE FOR SOUND TO START UN....

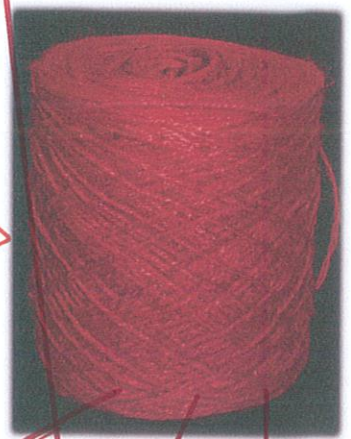
LIGHTS ON IN THE WHOLE ROOM

Part 11 Declaration of human rights

is heard from speakers first we hear them and then

Sound and action – UN's declaration of human rights in Chinese, Spanish and English is heard and the three actors begin to create a net of red yarn, they run around the stage/room with one ball of yarn each...

Chair of all three with



序言

鉴于对人类家庭所有成员的固有尊严及其平等的和不移的权利的承认，乃是世界自由、正义与和平的基础，

鉴于对人权的无视和侮蔑已发展为野蛮暴行，这些暴行玷污了人类的良心，而一个人人享有言论和信仰自由并免于恐惧和匮乏的世界的来临，已被宣布为普通人民的最高愿望，

鉴于为使人类不致迫不得已铤而走险对暴政和压迫进行反叛，有必要使人权受法治的保护，

鉴于有必要促进各国间友好关系的发展，

鉴于各联合国国家的人民已在联合国宪章中重申他们对基本人权、人格尊严和价值以及男女平等权利的信念，并决心使较次者中均能享受和平生活水平的提高，

Preamble

鉴于各会员国业已誓愿同联合国合作以促进对人权和基本自由的普遍尊重和遵行，

鉴于对这些权利和自由的普遍理解对于维持普遍的充分实现具有极大的重要性，

因此现在，

大会，

发布这一世界人权宣言，作为所有人民和所有国家努力实现的共同标准，以期每一个人和所有社会机构经常铭记于怀，努力通过教育和教育促进人权

Preámbulo

soundscapes
distorted voices

Considerando que la libertad, la justicia y la paz en el mundo tienen por base el reconocimiento de la dignidad intrínseca y de los derechos

iguales e inalienables de todos los miembros de la familia humana;

Considerando que el desconocimiento y el menosprecio de los derechos humanos han originado actos de barbarie ultrajantes para la conciencia de la humanidad, y que se ha proclamado, como la aspiración más elevada del hombre, el advenimiento de un mundo en que los seres humanos, liberados del temor y de la miseria, disfruten de la libertad de palabra y de la libertad de creencias;

Considerando que el desconocimiento y el menosprecio de los derechos humanos han originado actos de barbarie ultrajantes para la conciencia de la humanidad, y que se ha proclamado, como la aspiración más elevada del hombre, el advenimiento de un mundo en que los seres humanos, liberados del temor y de la miseria, disfruten de la libertad de palabra y de la libertad de creencias;

Considerando que los derechos humanos sean protegidos por un régimen de Derecho, a fin de que el hombre no se vea compelido al supremo recurso de la rebelión contra la tiranía y la opresión;

Considerando también esencial promover el desarrollo de relaciones amistosas entre las naciones; Considerando que los pueblos de las Naciones Unidas han reafirmado en la Carta sus fechos fundamentales del hombre, en la dignidad y el valor de la persona humana y en la igualdad de derechos

Considerando que los pueblos de las Naciones Unidas han reafirmado en la Carta sus fechos fundamentales del hombre, en la dignidad y el valor de la persona humana y en la igualdad de derechos

Considerando que los pueblos de las Naciones Unidas han reafirmado en la Carta sus fechos fundamentales del hombre, en la dignidad y el valor de la persona humana y en la igualdad de derechos

Whereas it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law,

Whereas it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations,

Whereas the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the equal rights of men and women and have determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

Whereas Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in co-operation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms,

LIGHTS STILL ON

STOP

H TAKES THE MICROPHONE AND SAYS STOP!

Part 12

Freedom according to Žižek

FREEDOM PART (2.)

Contemporary appeals to human rights within our liberal-capitalist societies generally rest upon three assumptions.

1. First, that such appeals function in opposition to modes of fundamentalism that would naturalize or essentialize contingent, historically conditioned traits.
2. Second, that the two most basic rights are freedom of choice, and the right to dedicate one's life to the pursuit of pleasure (rather than to sacrifice it for some higher ideological cause).
3. And third, that an appeal to human rights may form the basis for a defense against the 'excess of power'.

QUALITY

AGITATION
THE POLITICAL
SPEECH

CRITIC

But these assumptions take for granted that our thoughts and choices are free – which is NOT the case!

The highest form of freedom is love, unconditional love with no guarantees.

A TEXT THAT IS CHOSEN TO CONTRAST THE UN-DECLARATION STARTING WITH A STOP! TELLING THE TECHNICIANS TO STOP THE SOUND STOP W WEAVING RED YARN ALL OVER THE ROOM

BUT THE YARN IS STILL THERE HERE EVERYWHERE

AND LIGHTS STILL ON
ALL OVER

orchestrated

WHITH STRONG
OR WEAK VOICE
STRENGTH IN VOICE
ON BOLD TEXT

FOR EXAMPLE

Part 13

Freedom according to Hannah

FREEDOM
PART (3.)

The abstract freedom is an obstacle for the factual freedom.

If freedom is something within us, in the form of freedom of thought and freedom of choice, it won't ever be able to grip the political room. If freedom emerges between us - not within us - it will get a fundamentally different meaning. Freedom is something that occurs when we act creatively and together create ideas.

Freedom is nothing inside of me; it is not the ability to think or to will/want. Free is nothing I am and freedom is nothing I have. Freedom is something coming to me as long as I act, and when I don't act the freedom disappears. To be free and act is the same thing - I am free as long as I perform, act, do.

EMPTY AND
FILLED WORDS



STRONG

ALSO A
MOVEMENT
INWARDS -
OUTWARDS
ACTIVATION

THIS TEXT IS
A PERSPECTIVE ON FREEDOM
BASED ON HANNAH ARENDT'S
DEFINITION OF FREEDOM
ALSO INSP. BY ARTICLE

TO ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBERS FINGER

Part 14

Faith in Umma

I do not believe in God but I believe in Umma. Umma was my great grandmother, she was named Birgit until she was eighty-two, when she got a new name. She told the story of the little, little old woman who had a little small . . . for me. I thought that she was an old woman, but I was so small that I could not say gumma the word for old woman in Swedish so I said Umma.

Umma thinks I am the best child in the world. When I visit Umma she always give me a big hug. When Umma is awake she tells tales. I lie with my head in her lap, she strokes my hair and I may decide everything. In our fairy tales, it is the poor who wins and only girls doing funny and heroic things. Umma can tell stories forever. Until it's time to go to bed. Then she pulls out the sofa bed so it becomes two beds, where we settle down.

Before Umma goes to sleep, she must pray. She knows I do not believe in God, but we read God who loves together anyway. It sounds so comforting and I feel safe. Then we sing the hymn Children of the heavenly Father, but we do not sing the battle hymns, which you sing at daytime, not at night.

Umma has lived a long time, so she has a lot of people to pray for, while she is praying I fall asleep.

- I'm afraid, I say.

- You dont have to be afraid, says my Umma.

- Here, she takes my hand and she ties a string around my thumb. The string is long and she ties the other end around her own thumb.

- So there. You can just pull the string anytime if you want something. She strokes my cheek.

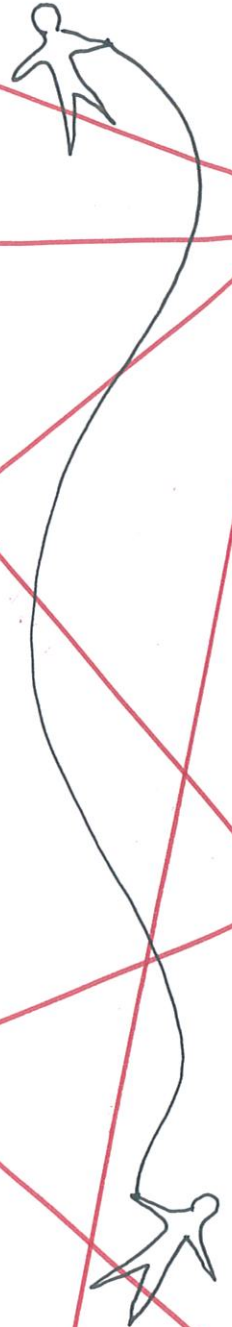
- Good night. she goes to her bed.

It is a long time since Umma died. but I'm sure she can feel that I occasionally pull the string. And when I do I can clearly feel that she pulls back, and then I feel her gentle stroke over my hair. Then I sing a hymn and read my prayers. Because, even if I do not believe in God I believe in Umma.

A TEXT AND MEMORY THAT BELONGS TO ANNA - WHO TELLS THE MEMORY TO US AND THE AUDIENCE, WHILE CONNECTING TWO PEOPLE IN THE AUDIENCE BY TYING A PIECE OF YARN AROUND ONE PERSONS FINGER AND CONNECT THE OTHER END TO ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBERS FINGER

LIGHTS ON ALL OVER STILL

A MEMORY ON THE SUBJECT OR THEME THREADS



FREEDOM

A AND H SHOWS HOW TO FOLD PAPER AERO PLANES - LIKE THE SAFETY INSTRUCTIONS ON A REAL AEROPLANE

Part 15

Folding aeroplanes

1. - 2. - 3. - 4. - 5. - 6. - 7.



SOUND

THE TEXT IS MADE WITH SPEECH SYNTHESIS IT SOUNDS SLIGHTLY ARTIFICIAL YET FAMILIAR WE HAVE HEARD THE VOICE BEFORE IN LIFTS, BUSES....

Dear audience and participants, please pick up the little bag that you got when entering the heart of this room. In the bag there is a paper and a pencil. Take out the pencil and the paper, and write down the first word or sentence that you associate with freedom on the paper.

TIME FOR COLLECTIVE ACTION. THE LITTLE BAG EVERY AUDIENCE MEMBER GOT IN THE BEGINNING COME TO USE

We will now fold a paper airplane, follow the instructions:

Step 1. Take the paper and fold it in half like this

Crease and unfold

Step 2. Fold one of the top corners to the center crease, like this:

And then fold the other top corner in the same way, like this:

Step 3. Fold the same corners again so the edges meet the center line, first on one side like this:

And then on the other side, like this:

Step 4. Now it should look like this

Step 5. Fold the top of the right and left sides down so they are aligned with the bottom of the body. Like this: Now it will be good to make sure your folds are symmetrical and your creases sharp.

Step 6. Finish the wings by folding down one wing diagonally the top of the wing should create a flat, triangle shaped surface, like this:

And then fold the other wing like this:

Step 7. Now you have a small paper airplane.

Please put the little plane back into the small bag.

THE ACTION CAN BE CHANGED BUT WE DID IT THIS WAY

THEN REMEMBER WE DO SOMETHING TOGETHER FOR DIVERSITY AND WRITE ABOUT FREEDOM - WHAT IT IS FOR US



SOMETHING YOU PHYSICAL THAT YOU BRING WITH YOU WHEN LEAVING

105

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE - IN THE CAFE A WOMAN TELLS ME THAT SHE KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE SHE IS GOING TO LET HER LITTLE PAPER PLANE FLY. A VERY CLEAR EXAMPLE OF HOW A PERFORMANCE HAS A POST-LIMINAL LIFE



THE HEART

Part 16

music by Chopin and the sound of ocean waves is heard

The heart is a muscle, slightly bigger than a fist, it weights 250 – 360 gram. It can be described as a blood pump with four cavities with the purpose to pump blood through the circulatory systems of the body. In that way it provides oxygenated blood to all the body's tissues and organs. At rest the heart of a grownup beats 50 to 100 beats per minute.

- At rest the heart pumps out approximately five liters of blood to all the organs and tissues of the body
- In one hour it will be 300 liters of blood
- In one hour the heart is pumping out two bath tubs filled with blood
- In 24 hours – 48 bath tubs or 7.200 liters
- In a month – 1.440 bath tubs
- In a year – 17.280 bath tubs
- During a lifetime of 80 years it would be 1.382.400 bath tubs or 207.360.000 liters – approximately 83 fifty meter swimming pools - or maybe a small lake..

B
sound

EFFECT

THE LIGHTS ARE DOWN
SPOT ON PERFORMER
IN CORNER OF THE ROOM

STANDING ON KNEES ON A STOOL

SLOWLY POURING WATER OVER HEAD STARTS HERE

WATER WHEN IN CONTACT WITH BLOOD TALKS LOOKS LIKE BLEEDING FROM HEART

ONE OBSTACLE FOR THE PERFORMER IS THE COLD WATER POURING IN YOUR EYES, HARD TO SEE AND CONTACTS ALMOST POPPIN OUT.. THE WATER AFFECTS YOUR VOICE - POURING INTO YOUR MOUTH - BLURRED SOUND AND STACCATO

THE BLEEDING HEART METAPHORE IS CONNECTED TO THE TEXT IN FIXED IDEA...



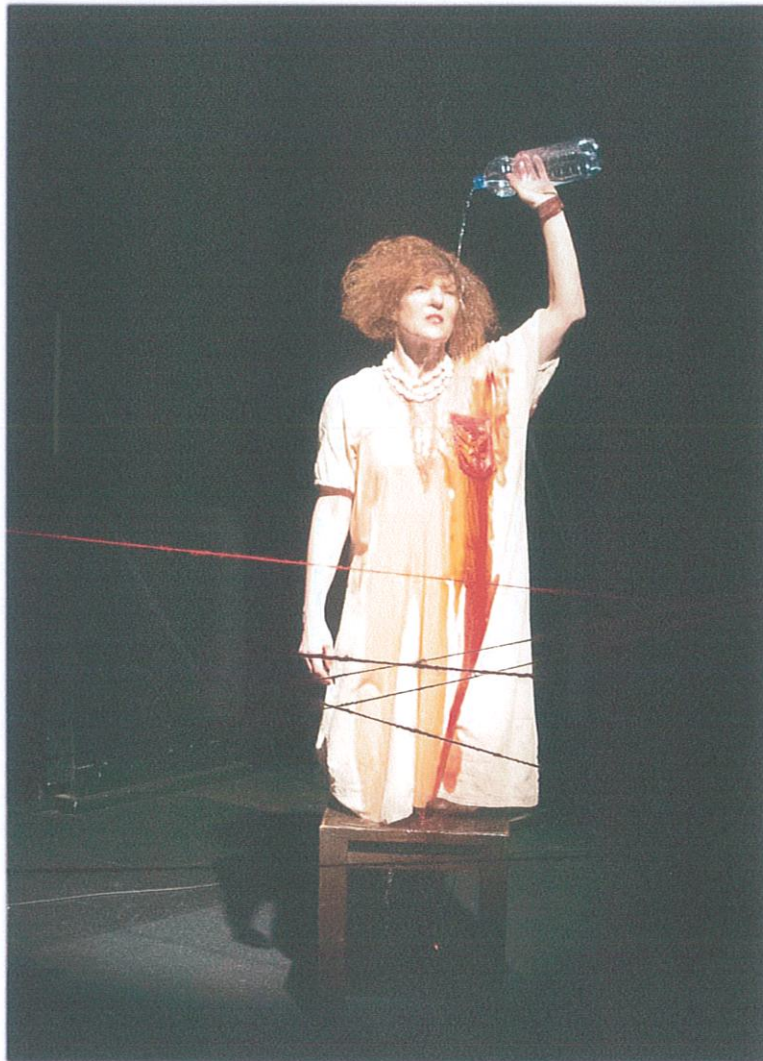



PHOTO BY INGVAR ELIASSON...

FIRST TIME I DID A VERSION OF THIS SCENE WAS IN THE CONTEXT OF KING LEAR - A TEXT LOADED WITH WORDS AS HEART... BODY AND A HEART
~~MARRIAGE PARTS~~ ~~IS~~ ~~WITH~~ ~~A~~ ~~METAPHORE~~ BODY PARTS, THE HEART TRANS-
FORMING TO STONE. AT THAT TIME I DID IT IN A KITCHEN SINK UNDER
A TAP OF POURING WATER. LATER I HAVE USED BOTTLES WITH WATER
WATER THAT CAN BE INTERPRETED IN MANY WAYS - CLEANING, DROWNING
LIFE GIVING... IN THIS CONTEXT I CHOOSE TO ADD THE BLEEDING HEART
AS A METAPHORE - WHICH THE RED DYE THAT IS REACTING WITH
WATER CREATING THE IMAGE OF ME ACTUALLY HAVING A BLEEDING 
607

LIGHTS BACK ON

Part 17

The End (Vermeer) and instructions for the paper plane

CONTINUING THE POEM FROM PART 5

Anna: — TALKING AND CUTTING THE YARN TAKING AWAY THE NET - SLOWLY CUTTING WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS

Passing through walls hurts human beings, they get sick from it, but we have no choice.

It's all one world. Now to the walls.

The walls are a part of you.

One either knows that, or one doesn't; but it's the same for everyone except for small children. There aren't any walls for them.

The airy sky has taken its place leaning against the wall.

It is like a prayer to what is empty.

And what is empty turns its face to us and whispers:

Annikki:

"I am not empty, I am open." ↔ BLACK OUT



WHISPERING TO A COUPLE AT THE TIME...

3

All whispering to the audience

THE FIRST END APPLAUS AND THEN

The little aeroplane, that you have in your little bag, I would like to ask you to pick it up when you leave this room or when you find a nice place for your plane to fly. The little paper that you folded to make the plane weigh 21 gram, it is said that the soul weigh 21 gram.

Take care of your paper plane and let it fly freely.

MAYBE ONE COULD END AFTER WHISPERING BUT WE CHOSE NOT TO THIS TIME



THE FIRST THOUGHT WAS TO LEAD THE AUDIENCE TO A PLACE - A WINDOW TO LET THEIR PLANES FLY FROM BUT

THIS WAS TOO COMPLICATED TO GET TO A WINDOW WITH OUT HAVING TO WALK THROUGH SEVERAL ROOMS

BUT IF THERE WOULD BE A NICE WAY TO ACCESS A WINDOW OR THE LIKE - THAT WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL

Making an opening out of the net for us



Threads – in the in-between – about meaning and resistance

To begin with I have taken an interest for in-betweens – between fiction and reality, between the authentic and fictional self. An interest that has led me to other kinds of in-betweens and borderlands. How can one create a theatre composition by consciously using juxtaposition and in-betweens. A composition where statements, questions, pictures, texts etcetera are put side by side. A composition where the spectator makes their own interpretation in the borderlands of in-betweens. To not strive towards a unison one-way experience but towards a diversified and multilayered experience is also a political statement. An existential way of working that tries to look beyond a polarisation, dichotomies and explanations in black and white.

In September 2015 I did a work in progress performance as a try out for my practical examination for my master degree in acting. In interspace – between matters that matter was performed at the Cosmonauti festival in Tuscania, Italy. The performance Threads is a work that is developed from this try out. Threads is a composition for three actors.

Inspiration on my way through the master studies has been theatre forms that include the audience, performances where the so called fourth wall is nonexistent and where the real authentic encounter between participant and performer is at core. I have met and seen theatre groups in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy, Germany and Great Britain that all have developed and incorporated participation in their work. I have participated in workshops and been a visiting performer with Cantabile 2 and Sisters Academy (both Danish companies). These meetings and works has been of great importance for my research and work. The encounter with a sensuous and human specific theatre where a small group of spectators meet one or a small group of performers has been mind opening. It is also interesting to see that this kind of performing art has a younger audience. I believe that there is a need for real authentic and unique encounters. The performing arts has a huge potential here, we are all actually gathered in the same space at the same time there is no need to pretend otherwise.

Participating actors on stage: Annikki Wahllöö, Anna Mannerheim and Hector Eguia.
Sound and music – Peter Svedin Helleday.

Costumes and Scenography Nonno Nordqvist and Annikki Wahllöö

Technical support and light design Lars-Åke Carlsson, Thomas Magnusson

Texts are inspired among others by J.K. Huysmans, Siri Hustvedt, Karl-Ove Knausgård, the Trojan women by Euripides, UN's declaration for human rights, Slavoj Žižek, Hanna Arendt and Eva Erman.

Citations from texts by Slavoj Žižek and from UN's declaration for human rights.



Bibliography

- Alschitz, Jurij & Schmalor, Christine. *The vertical of the role: a method for the actor's self-preparation*. Translated from Russian by Natalia Isaeva. Berlin: Ars incognita, 2003.
- Arendt, Hanna. *Människans villkor*. Original title: *Vita Acitva*. Translated from German to Swedish by Joachim Retzlaff. Göteborg: Daidalos, 1998.
- Bailes, Sara Jane. *Performance theatre and the poetics of failure: Forced entertainment, Goat island, Elevator repair service*. London: Routledge, London, 2011.
- Bishop, Claire (red.), *Participation*. London: Whitechapel, 2006.
- Bogart, Anne. *And then, you act: making art in an unpredictable world*. New York: Routledge, 2007.
- Bogart, Anne. *What's the story: essays about art, theater and storytelling*. New York: Routledge, 2014.
- Brecht, Bertold. *Brecht on Theatre: the development of an aesthetic*. Translated by John Willet. London: Methuen, 1990.
- Cardiff, Janet and Bures Miller, George, Exhibition catalogue *Louisiana Contemporary – Janet Cardiff and George Bures Miller*, ed. Michael Juul Holm and Mette Marcus, (Esbjerg, 2006)
- Eco, Umberto. 'The Poetics of the Open Work// 1962', *Participation*. Ed. Claire Bishop, London: Whitechapel, 2006.
- Euripides, *The Trojan Women*. Translated by Richmond Lattimore. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1958.
- Carlson, Marvin. *Performance a critical introduction*. London: Routledge, 1996.
- Etchells, Tim. *Certain Fragments*. New York: Routledge, 1999.
- Gob Squad. *Gob Squad and the Impossible Attempt to Make Sense of it All*. Berlin: Gob Squad shop, 2010.
- Goldberg, RoseLee. *Performance Art: from futurism to the present*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1988.
- Holmberg, Ingrid Martins. "Sites of Amnesia", *Re:searching Gothenburg*, ed. Helena Holgersson. Translated from Swedish by Brett Jocelyn. Gothenburg: Glänta Produktion, 2010.
- Huysmans, Joris-Karl. *Mot Strömmen*. Original title *A Rebours*. Translated from French by Elias Wraak. Malmö: Alastor Press, 2004.
- King, Stephen. *On Writing*. New York: New English Library, 2000.
- Knausgård, Karl-Ove. *Min Kamp - Sjette bok*. Oslo: Forlaget Oktober, 2011.
- Machon, Josephine. *Immersive Theatres: intimacy and immediacy in contemporary performance*. Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2013.
- Marc, Dorinel & Allerholm, Milou. *I don't miss the Artworld*. Malmö: Arena, 2011.

Modiano, Patrick, *De Dunkla Butikernas Gata*. (English title *Missing Person*). Translated from French by Anne-Marie Edéus. Stockholm: Norstedts, 1980.

Nekrich, Aleksandr and Heller, Mikhail. *Utopia in power. The history of the Soviet Union from 1917 to the present*. New York: Summit Books, 1986.

Oddey, Allison. *Devising Theatre: a practical and theoretical handbook*. London: Routledge, 1994.

Rancière, Jacques. *The Emancipated Spectator*. Translated from French by Gregory Elliott. London: Verso, 2009.

Tranströmmer, Thomas. *The Winged Energy of Delight*. Translated from Swedish by Robert Bly. New York: HarperCollins, 2004.

Wahlöö, Annikki. *Mellanrummet och processen: om performance och Marie Brassards monolog Jimmy*. Stockholm: Stockholms universitet, 2002.

Žižek, Slavoj. "Against Human Rights." *Wronging Rights?: Philosophical Challenges for Human Rights*, e.d. Aakash Singh Rathore, Alex Cistelean. London: Routledge, 2011.

Articles from Newspapers and Magazines

Eva Erman, "Frihet är att skapa världen," *Dagens Nyheter*, May 11, 2005.

Michel Foucault, "Of other spaces: Utopias and Heterotopias", *Architecture/Mouvement/Continuité* October, 1984; ("Des Espace Autres" March 1967 Translated from the French by Jay Miskowiec).

Siri Hustvedt, "Knausgaard writes like a woman," *Literary Hub*, December 10, 2015. <http://lithub.com/knausgaard-writes-like-a-woman/>. Accessed March 5, 2016.

Siri Hustvedt, "Et blødande hjerte – Fornuften kan ikke skilles fra følelsene." Translation into Norwegian by Bodil Engen. *Morgenbladet*, August 5, 2011.

Karl Ove Knausgård, "Breivik slaktade unga människor av samma rädsla för gränslöshet som drev fram fascismen," *Dagens Nyheter*, July 22, 2012.

Patrick Modiano *Nobel Lecture by Patrick Modiano*. Translated from French by James Hardiker. Stockholm: Nobel Media AB, 2014. Accessed March 5, 2016. http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/2014/modiano-lecture_en.html

Fredrik Söderling, "Den politiska teatern är tillbaka," *Dagens Nyheter*, March 3, 2013. Accessed November 6, 2015.

Bjørn Thomassen, "Anthropology and social theory: Renewing dialogue." *European Journal of Social Theory* 16 (2013) 188–207 Accessed March 10, 2016. doi: 10.1177/1368431012463809.

Workshops, Seminars, Talks, Performances, Exhibitions

Cantabile 2 Workshop, at Teater3 in Stockholm in January 2015.

Cantabile 2 Workshop at Cantabile 2's theatre space in Stege, Denmark in June 2015.

Janet Cardiff and John Bures Miller, Louisiana Contemporary, Exhibition at Louisiana, 2006, where among other works *the Louisiana walk* made for the museum in 1996 was a part of the exhibition.

The Cosmonauti Festival, Seminars and talks, in Tuscania, Italy in 2014 and 2015.

The Days of the Sledghammer Have Gone, performance by Lone Twin at the Perfect Performance Festival in Stockholm 2003.

The Drowned Man a Hollywood Fable, performance by Punch Drunk in cooperation with the National Theatre, London. February, 2014.

Fieldworks office, performance by Fieldworks – Heine Avdal & Yukiko Shinozaki at MDT, Stockholm in May, 2012. <http://mdtsthlm.se/sv/archive/1265/> Accessed February, 2016.

Karl Ove Knausgård, Sommar i P1, SR (Swedish Radio) broadcasted August 14, 2011. <http://sverigesradio.se/sida/avsnitt/126257?programid=2071>. Accessed August, 2014.

Teatro del Lemming, *Odisseo*, theatre performance at Theater Forum Kreuzberg in Berlin. April, 2015.

Conversation with Teatro del Lemming when meeting with actors and artistic leaders, Massimo Munaro and Chiara Rossini at a café in Kreuzberg Berlin. April, 2015.

Moment –Ynglingagatan 1, Exhibition at Moderna Museet in Stockholm, 2011-2012. <http://www.modernamuseet.se/Stockholm/Utstallningar/2011/Ynglingagatan-1/> Accessed October 17, 2014.

Jacques Rancière the French philosopher in a talk with Kim West and Sven-Olov Wallenstein moderated by Daniel Birnbaum at Moderna Museet. October 25, 2011.

Sip my ocean; Video from the Louisiana Collection, Exhibition at Louisiana, 2006. With among others works by Pippilotti Rist, Bill Viola, Avsalon, Runa Islam, Candice Breitz.

Sisters Academy, with Sisters of Hope, at Inkonst in Malmö September 2015.

Sisters Academy, seminar and information, at Dome of Visions, Copenhagen, July 2015 and at Inkonst, Malmö August 2015.

SITI company, summer school at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, NY, June-July 2010

SITI company, training 2013, CPR Center for Performance Research, Penglais campus, Aberystwyth, Wales, spring 2013. <http://thecpr.org.uk/projects/siti-wales-training-aberystwyth-april-2013/> Accessed May 5, 2016.

Gry Worre Hallberg. Conversations with Gry Worre Hallberg in her position as the headmistress within Sisters Academy, September 2015.

Internet, websites and homepages

“the Cosmonauti Festival” Information about the Cosmonauti festival in Italy. <https://www.facebook.com/Cosmonauti> Accessed April, 2016.

“Human Specific Theatre,” Cantabile 2 on Human specific theatre. <http://www.cantabile2.dk/en/human-specific/>

Accessed April, 2016.

“Teatro Lemming,” <https://www.facebook.com/teatrolemming/>
Accessed April, 2016.

“Sisters Academy,” <http://sistersacademy.dk/>
Accessed April, 2016.

“Sensuous Society,” <http://sensuousociety.org/>
Accessed April, 2016.

“The Universal declaration for human rights,” <http://www.un.org/en/universal-declaration-human-rights/> Accessed March, 2015.

E-mail conversation with from Sisters Academy regarding information for visiting artists invited to the project Sisters Academy in Malmö, September 2015. In the authors possession.

E-mail conversation with Siri Facchini Haff from Cantabile 2 regarding information regarding workshops in 2015. In the authors possession.

Ted talks

Worre Hallberg, Gry. *Sensuous Society* (2013, December). Accessed November, 2015.
(Video file) Retrieved from <http://tedxtalks.ted.com/video/Sensuous-society-Gry-Worre-Hall>

Worre Hallberg, Gry. *Sensuous Learning* (2016, January). Accessed March, 2016.
(Video file) Retrieved from <http://tedxtalks.ted.com/video/Sensuous-Learning-Gry-Worre-Hal>

Other

Video-work with or by Annikki Wahlöö that is referred to in the text:
<https://vimeo.com/140723522> In interspace – trailer from open tryout in Tuscania, September 2015.
<https://vimeo.com/139120790> Interlaced space - shortfilm shot in the Galapagos Islands, Ecuador, October 2014.
<https://vimeo.com/139118895> Sniff - shortfilm shot in the botanic garden in Gothenburg spring 2015.

All pictures where nothing else is indicated are photographed or drawn by Annikki Wahlöö.

Thank You!

Cantabile 2 for your inspiration and knowledge and introducing the network for human specific theatre.

Sisters academy for an otherworldly experience.

The Cosmonauti festival and all its participants for being an open place for meetings, try-outs and reflections.

My co-actors in *Threads* Anna Mannerheim and Hector Eguia, who both contributed with texts and brilliant ideas.

Peter Svedin Helleday for making sound-, music scores and helping with technical support.

Nonno Nordqvist for scenography and costumes and good thoughts.

Kristin Johansson-Lassbo for helping out with costumes and props and lots of carpets to make the performance fly.

Thomas Magnusson and Lars-Åke Carlsson for light and technical support and solutions.

Sylvia Wahlöö for proofreading and visual input.

Maria Montner and Sören Källstigen for visual and textual input.

Alicja Ziolkó for cooperation and for the creation of the Cosmonauti network.

Grete Sneltvedt for lending your voice to the Trojan women, and for your expertise and for Lumparlabs laboratory work.

My supervisor Per Nordin, for looking, reflecting, reading, reflecting, proofreading and input.

My second supervisor Anna Pettersson – for reflections and discussions in developing my practical work.

Petra Revenue my second supervisor – for clever and structural text supervision.

Jonna Bergström for filming me and sealions at Galapagos and for taking me to Måkläppen.

Ingvar Eliasson – for photographing.

Meiying Eliasson, Meritxell Aumedes for your voices declaring human rights.

Ulf Friberg, for your nose and film supervising.

Rasmus Malling Lykke Skov for making *One for the sea* with me in Stege, Denmark.

Christina Molander, Cecilia Lagerström, Lena Dahlén, Staffan Mossenmark, Caroline Rauf

And of course all my fellow students

Grazie, Tack, Thank You.

I also want to thank my running shoes – for taking me on runs in Hagaparken and in Slottsskogen, making my thoughts clearer, and frustration go away.

SITI-company, Anne Bogart, Anna Allgulin and Jurij Alschitz has also been of great importance for my practise and this text.