

DISCRETE



READER...

Reflexions and talks stemming from the curatorial project
Discrete by Catalina Insignares in collaboration with:
Ana Dubljevic, Veza Fernández, Gérald Kurdian,
Nikita Maheshwary, Carolina Mendonça and Joshua Wicke.

Drawings by Zuzana Zabkova
Graphic design by Joud Toamah

The curatorial residency *Discrete* took place in Theaterhaus Gessnerallee, Zurich, in March 2023. In *Discrete* we posed the question when being invisible is a political strategy to better listen to our surroundings, or when it becomes an escape from the terror of being visible. Discretion is at the same time what silences and what singles out the subject, creating the fiction of beings that can be individual and not inherently entangled.

Over a period of 3 weeks Catalina asked one womxn at the time, to come to the studio with her for 5 days, and help her re-become visible, meaning helping her to find ways to take the space of visibility while maintaining capacities to be responsible to the people and beings that surround her. The “solo” was then made through a chain of encounters and trust with womxn who knew something that she did not. Inspired by feminist practices of political support, she invited each of these artists to engage in a practice called *affidamento*.

“Affidamento is, as the [Milan Woman’s Bookstore] co-operative describe it, a “social-symbolic practice.” It has been exercised and theorized by the co-operative since the early eighties and what it is, is a reciprocal relationship of entrustment between two women. It is a relationship that exceeds the kinds of relationships found in the existing institutions of family, friendship, and work, and involves a commitment to the other woman as a political partner. In that partnership, the two engage in an intimate process of becoming each other’s point of reference in their different endeavours. Thus together they establish a different and female-determined structure of validation. [...]

In some relationships of affidamento there is one woman who knows something that the other want to learn – the co-operative call this the relationship between “the woman-who-wants and the woman-who-knows.

In other instances, this is a dynamic that shifts and changes – in some contexts one is the woman-who-knows and in others she is the woman-who-wants. In every case though, the relationship generates female authority, which validates and thus enables both women to act in the political spheres that they desire to act in and in ways that are liberating for both of them.”

(Alex Martinis Roe, “To become two”)

As a method, *Discrete* showed the otherwise hidden work of mutual support and focused on the process of collaboration. After each of these encounters working with voice and movement in the studio, we would open up the stage and the guest artists shared some of their artistic work with the audience (i.e. in a workshop, a lecture or a performance). We would also engage in a public talk and conversation to share with the audience how the making of the work was being shaped. This collaborative process built up a very specific sense of mutual support around the artistic work, while also bringing the audience in to take part in the process of making these bonds.

Catalina: When we were talking and preparing the idea with Joshua... one of the questions was: is it possible to thread my choreographic work with my curatorial practice here at the theater? or should I keep it on the side? And then Joshua asked, but what would be a dancing curator? For me it turned out not to be that different, it feels more like raising or lowering the volume on the hosting. Because when I'm dancing, I'm hosting too.. when I'm hosting presences and I'm hosting your love and your objects...And when I'm curating, I see it mainly as receiving guests and presenting them to these potential new friends that are the audience... then it's just the volume that goes a little bit higher or lower in different forms of hosting.

Joshua: I think it also opens important questions about the practice of curating. It relates back to some things we discussed yesterday. Which is that it maybe shifts focus from understanding of curation as an understanding and knowledgeable practice to a resonating and a co-resonating practice. And I think this is something that has like vast implications if you think it through. It's something that is also a bit of a taboo because (and also for good reasons) the demand on curation is to have "objective viable criteria" or to pretend to have them. And that's like the pretending thing that every curator does all the time. Because of course it's about resonating and it's about being a fan also, to be honest. I mean, yeah. But nobody talks about this or that's almost like a taboo.. And of course! It is about affect, about feelings, about proximity, about distance... all this kind of stuff.

Catalina: And then we would be at the same time making a solo during the day, and then during the night we invite the audience in this peculiar way. But since the solo was about hosting as well, I needed to clarify what form of collaboration we would have. So I asked each of the artists that came, to establish an *affidamento* link with me. The whole idea of a supportive chain that was inspired by a video artist called Alex Martinis Roe, she wrote this book called "To Become Two", where she traces feminist practices from the seventies and eighties. These *affidamento* bonds placed the work we did at the same time as making this piece, but also framing the fact that there was something else that was at stake between them and me. And we would need to always make this specific. That made a very... I'm still understanding it... but the support and care that was being manipulated in the space, it became very material. We were creating a bond between us that was creating a force that was very different than in other collaborations.

Nikita Maheshwary

(YOU TITLE IT)

This is me sitting at the fag end of autumn remembering days spent together in early spring. In Gessnerallee, when we worked one of the afternoons in the Südbühne, where from the high windows one could look at the two tall trees rustling its new leaves. I remember walking the length and breath of the space, where I had performed the last night, trying to verbalise for myself: why am I here. What can I bring, or offer, or gift, you. And, the rumination - that you, invited all of us to present, as a programmer; and now, what does one give back to you, the artist. So, I sat with the unfamiliar; not to be confused with uncomfortable, but more as novelty. Because this unfamiliar demanded to figure out fractures through which it could know more; because it's not nothing to sit with womxn who have spools of stories inside of them - lived memories, un-lived dreams, the joy and the melodies, the wisdom, the shame, the guilt. It's not nothing to have multiple performance landscapes layer on top of each other, in a singular space, night after night; and witness how their resonance will re-emerge as you would unfold your work the day after. It's not nothing to have a woman hold space for another woman.

I think that's it. It's the last thought - 'a woman holding space for another woman'. That's what I concluded in my head that afternoon (perhaps in not so many words) and that's still the magical something I kept in my heart all this while, till today. In this holding of space for each other, I feel, the unknown found the corporeality to emerge, to become visible. And for me, the unknown didn't just appear in the sensorial El Solito; it also appeared and carved a new way of approaching creation and curation. A more humble, subverting-the normative-political-and-hierarchal, vulnerable approach. On one hand you held a space for us five to visibilize our desires, works and imaginations; while on the other, simultaneously dared to offer your body almost as an empty vessel for letting our practices enter you to create a solo to visibilize yourself. Brave; and a true act of performing curation.

Discrete has opened, for me, a new understanding of collaborative practices; questioning the age-old jargons of creation processes and aesthetics, but also, of value. How beyond the process between you

and me (us); this project destabilised the 'ways of doing' of dance and theatre sector which is rooted and built on the Eurocentric, colonial, extractivist, neoliberal-capitalist philosophies. It made space for the so-called alternative - feminist, decolonial, queer - thinking to come into play tangibly, out of the discursive and academic. It challenged the top-down approach, it questioned the power dynamics between institution-curator-artist on structural levels and it argued what we consider as output or of value. Remembering it all, warms my heart with hope, as the autumn leaves fall down to the earth.

Catalina: You negotiate another relationship with the “you” that is the audience, to be with different forms of attending. In this space you have agency and will, but also you’re negotiating with the space that is producing its own desires. And that’s a far more interesting relation, than a demand for entertainment that needs to be accomplished. It’s a relationship with the world that is more based on listening.

Nikita: Yes, I somehow don’t feel like my work is a very discursive sort of academic research about the dancing body. I really feel this through the way of reading I proposed, through the sleeping, you know, laying down while listening and then forgetting about it: there is some sort of performativity in the body that I feel it’s not dance in this, you know, traditional sense of things, but then it is, it is... it is not reading a pdf.

Joshua: No, it is not!... I was also busy with the idea of representation in terms of making something present, or something that might be passed or something that is re-presented as a temporal term. I was thinking about a lot of movements that are not seen anymore, like the movement of migration, the movement of the dancer you researched... I was pretty busy with different movements that are not visible or that are maybe only approachable through speculation.



Gérald Kurdian

SINGING THE OTHERWISE

I lost the sound of your breath in the dim lights, the speakers are loud, we both lie down on the black plastic dance floor. Your hips seem heavy now. Some minutes ago, we were running in a field of ambient tracks.

The voice says “I’m every woman, it’s all in me” and the choir spreads in the infinite soundscape. We are many in this empty room. Some of us are thicker maybe. Memories manifest through your body.

I’ve learned dance through the flesh. In thickness. Singing like swallowing warmth, opening my blood streams to air. Your voice resonates, throaty wheezes, laments, strange calls towards faraway hills. I can’t say if you listen or if you speak. Both for you are a way to reach out.

Together, a few months later, we meet in your living room. You’ve invited me to learn from you with 4 others a special extra-sensorial perception method. We list on papers free associations of words, images, sensations in order to bypass the limits of our brains and to connect more directly to the hive mind of our collective subconscious. Unlimited in time and space, through this alternate out of body experience, we travel mentally towards hot springs in Japan where monkeys bathe.

The lights turn a little more pink now, the neons are flickering.

You’re ageless and gauzy.

I can’t recall how you moved through space. I was chanting with you in my head.

How did you come in?

I’ve read, “Personal boundaries are vital but not always easy to establish”

What if we’re born limited?

On Jan 5th 2023, you invite me to a chain of trust. It’s the first time ever I’m called for as a womxn.

A comforting gift i swear to keep somewhere in my MtoX heart. You quote Alex Martinis Roe “The woman who wants and the woman who knows”.

Here, with you, we’re on a swing. A womxn wants, a womxn knows. Sometimes I want, sometimes it’s you. Sometimes even, some others know.

I’m the last child of a Turkish-Armenian descent. Figs, screams, silence.

If I sit still, I can hear the married girls chanting. Dark sugar on the delights. Skeletons sleeping under the layers of filo sheets and golden syrup. I want. They wanted. No one knows. Brown hair waiting to be braided. End of the story.

Collective talks. We sit in circles, the studio is warmer. Folks from the city gathered together to read Ana’s book. A page or two each, i can’t remember, a discussion. A single point of view diffracted in a prism. There’s something soothing about sharing. A sensation of distributed weight.

What keeps us from giving in?

Subway crowds, dysfunctional relationships, intestinal bacterias, to-do-lists. I feel you.

We enter the studio, you warm up.

In a few minutes you’ll become this multi-channel radio. Available to an augmented form of listening. A softening organism at view. Complexity vibrating through you. The question is not who sings but how important it is to stand on this cliff. In balance. I’m thinking about the water. If you fall. It should be warm enough. You aim towards the other end of this ocean. An ocean that could be me.

Our books form an archipelago on the floor. From a low angle, it’s a city. They’re full of people. I contract all my muscles at once to keep a sense of self. But the practice has gone too far. An exercise of translucency. The lights shine through our skins. Like luminescent deep-sea creatures, our cells make space for nutrients. My pores open all at once, droplets run on my forehead.

You know. I want.

We thrust our hands in the thick wool of our scarves. Close to the heart.

Catalina: And in that contract that we would be in together: Gérald will be the woman who knows. And I will be the woman who wants, and that asks the question of “what do I want from you?”

In the past days we had spoken about different forms of embodied violence that can disintegrate desire and that can make you actually lose notion of what is your own desire, where it even is, and how you can become even be a person that says, “I want.” So we understood that we needed to start from something that I actually didn’t know even where to find, which was to say, “I want”, and “I want this from you”.

And then slowly we managed to come to an answer. Gérald is the woman who knows how to sing from a body that has experienced or knows how to deal with shame, and that through that experience of shame this body can still find the power and the knowledge to sing in front of others and do something in front of others. And from there, I found a way, I can want, I can want that knowledge or something like that.

Joshua: and Gérald, what did you bring?

Gérald: Well... What I wanna say to begin with, is that for me, the relationship together exists in a frame of artistic practices, who learn from militant activist practices to knock the artistic out of its privileged and secure space. So we have to imagine like a stage that goes like a bit like off and then ends up like in the river, like in the street. You know, like it, it stinks a bit. Like there’s a place that’s a bit in the vulnerability and I feel responsible and interested in thinking these places. As much as I feel bored and sometimes, enragée we say in French, with a lot of anger, towards extremely formal dance, which I have loved by the way, loved when I was 20 and imitated, learned the score on my chair, you know, like I’ve been there. But here today, within the world and with Catalina, and also some people we are friends with together... there are people for me who are working on these possible futures for what artistic practices mean, and also the fabric of culture... You know, say where is the power? Who has access to what? Who ends up with the story at the end? You know, like, how does this work? It was a long answer just to say this. I think I entered the space maybe with no means because I didn’t know. I’m usually paid to give singing classes, you know? And then you come in a space and you’re like, “so what do we do?”, and “I have no idea.” So I came with... this desire to not fall into things that are too comfortable maybe.

In the past years, I had this obsession about a sort of living archive, of bodies as living archives. Especially when it comes to marginalized, “violented” bodies, you have no choice. When you have this experience of alienation, you’re always brought back to this very thing that composes you. So this living archive was there, and when I started working on the opera, I was wondering: can I imagine a dispositive that actually allows people to experience this body as a library of objects? In Cata’s work, I feel a bit the same interest. So I’m very interested in... Okay, we’re gonna talk about the dead, we’re gonna talk about the people who are not there (and I’m interested in that), but I’m also interested in saying, if there’s a story of shame in this body, how can we put everybody like on a parallel vibration you know? Like something that actually is there and that we can experience together as sex, you know what I mean?

Carolina Mendonça

IT IS NOT ALWAYS A GENTLE GESTURE TO DISENTANGLE KNOTTY HAIR

With a sharp knife, I put a tiny bit of tobacco paste under my tongue. It tastes bitter and at first it feels like it is drying everything, as when you eat a cashew fruit and your mouth reacts producing saliva, slowly filling the whole cavity with liquid, lubricating. This paste helps get the words out of one's throat. Even when writing, that is where words normally get stuck. The throat. This tricky border, a transformative one. From intuitions and liquids and electricity into sounds and letters and lip dances. The heart is starting to beat faster on the back of the sternum, there is a different heat on the back reaching behind the neck arriving at the mandibula. The teeth destroying the back of a pen. It has arrived, I am no longer alone. We are writing these words together.



The first time it appeared, it came in the form of a small island, it was the afternoon and, while playing downstairs with her dog, she ran into the upstairs toilet. She didn't like the one downstairs, there was always a huge cockroach looking at her. She ran up the stairs, her bare feet touching the Bordeaux carpet on the corridor, then into the beige green bathroom, the toilet in a tiny little niche with a small window high up. Shorts down, warm pee immediately flowing, she breathes in relief, touching her face on the harsh towel hanging, listening to the

liquid. She looks down: the island. A small brownish island in the middle of her light-rose cotton underwear. She already knew shame, and there it was again. She touches it a bit in disgust, a bit curious, she smells it. Is there something wrong? She pushes the flush. Shorts up, she runs down and she does not mention it to anyone. How could she? She has no words for that. Nobody had prepared her for that moment.

She does not remember how it became public, but she knows it did, later she heard adults talking about it, not with her, but about her.



"Books saved my sanity, knowledge opened the locked places in me and taught me first how to survive and then how to soar" (Anzaldua, Gloria 1987)



The american cartoonist Alisson Bechdel, when wondering about where to start a memoir about her mother, writes that she could start from two scenes: when she was preparing to tell her mother she was a lesbian; or when she was working up the courage to tell her that she had gotten her first period. Which took her six months... Only when reading Bechdel did I realize how my first period narrative held a mesh of information about my

relationship with my mother. It is a powerful thing when you encounter someone else in a similar space of solitude, it is not always a gentle gesture to disentangle knotty hair.

The relationship between mother and daughter was for many years the only relation I knew between two women, and well, it is never an easy one. There were strange unspoken agreements between us that I never fully understood, as if the best way to show affection would be to pass on a burden. It was a muddy terrain, and it took me long to be able to start to undo some of these entanglements.

“Commonly, the relations in women’s groups, like relations among women under patriarchy in general, have been based on similarity.” (Alex Martinis Roe 2018) Which not only results in focusing on the pain and trauma of these experiences, or on biological essentialism, but also flattens their singularity as well as it organizes feminized bodies always in a binary opposition to masculine power.

Power is an interesting point addressed and practiced in affidamento. In my experience as a feminized subject, authority was alien to me. The silent pact that was running between the women around me was that our role was to be content as the supportive role in the narrative, where men had the power to make decisions, to have the final word and even to have access to our bodies. It was a survival strategy, but one that annihilates the strategist before the enemy.

In affidamento each woman has the space to not only invent her own difference and singularity but also her own desire, which can be constantly transformed depending with whom she is relating with.

When we enter the space there is a stone hanging. Two women were here before us.

We came to join the project of a solo.

We gather on the floor more or less in the middle of the space that is divided by many columns which we sometimes use as support to our backs.

She tells us that she will propose to each one of us a relation of affidamento. Where we are the women-who-know something and she is the woman-who-wants. And that is how we will relate in the process. I wonder what I would want. Sometimes that is not so easy, it also takes practice.

Our differences become apparent, intimacy enters the room like a breeze and it is sustained by all.

What appears is a dance of many. Time floats at a different speed, more like water.

You channel water through your wounds but I am the one who cries. A cry that is more water than sadness, thick tears undoing myself.

Verticality and Horizontality becoming a spiral

The stone keeps on dancing.

You set the table, reminding us how you brought us to gather.

A feast.

Your mouth become ears
staining the space with sound

Touching before touch

I listen before I hear.



There is a text that I always come back to. Foucault’s interview “Friendship as a way of Life” from 1981. He gave this interview at the beginning of the HIV crisis, a disease that would lead to his death three years later. It always does something to me to think that he decided to talk about friendship and its possibilities in relationships between homosexual men within this particular historical context.

They talk about the tendency of gay people to question “Who am I?” and “What is the secret of my desire?”. According to Foucault it would be better to ask oneself, “What relations, through homosexuality, can be established, invented, multiplied, and modulated?”. His proposal would be that we work on becoming and not in recognizing what we are.

Most of the interview resonates with what I would like to become and it is exactly when he talks about women, which is where I am supposed to recognize myself, that I hear a strange noise. To the question “Women might object: What do men together have to win compared to the relations between a man and a woman or between two women?” Foucault answers:

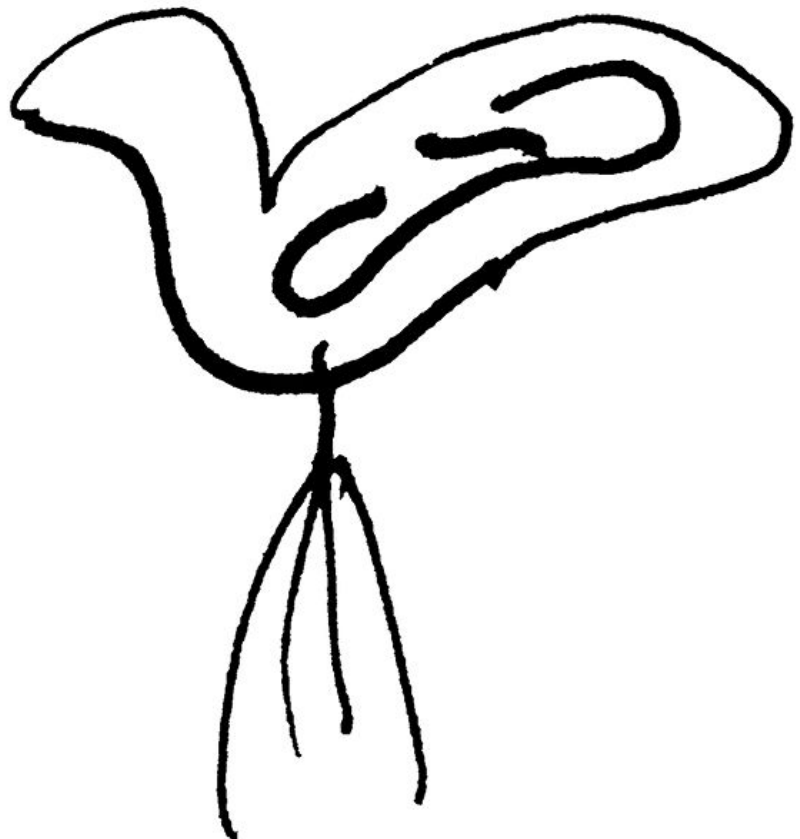
“There is a book that just appeared in the U.S. on the friendships between women. The affection and passion between women is well documented. In the preface, the author states that she began with the idea of unearthing homosexual relationships- but perceived that not only were these relationships not always present but that it was uninteresting whether relationships could be called “homosexual” or not. And by letting the relationship manifest itself as it appeared in words and gestures, other very essential things also appeared: dense, bright, marvelous loves and affections or very dark and sad loves. The book shows the extent to which a woman’s body has played a great role, and the importance of physical contact between women: women do each other’s hair, help each other with make up, dress each other. Women have had access to the bodies of other women: they put their arms around each other, kiss each other. Man’s body has been forbidden to other men in a much more drastic way.”

Well, to touch is not necessarily to be touched or to be in touch. It is important to look at difference as well as it is important to acknowledge the solidarity among similar fights. We have to engage urgently in multiple forms of being together, of relating to one another, outside of the institutions of family, friendship, gender, similarities, nationalities... "We have to dig deeply to show how things have been historically contingent, for such and such reason intelligible but not necessary. We must make the intelligible appear against a background of emptiness and deny its necessity. We must think that what exists is far from filling all possible spaces." (Foucault, 1981)



I have been chewing on this complex relation between mother and daughter for a while now. It is so sticky that it feels almost alien. Sometimes it makes me salivate like a mad dog and others I drool in tenderness. The mouth never dry, the words never able to disentangle it.

But there are these moments when we meet people who have been changed in minuscule ways, who are curious to try other flavors. There is a sort of recognition of a different strange harmony. It feels possible to fly and the mouth moves trying to grasp a sea of new images. It is even possible to spit out this small wad of hair.



Catalina: Yeah...for some reason in everything we've done, Carolina and I, we end up somehow doing sound pieces. So an answer to a lot of our questions seems to end up being sound. And I think it has a lot to do with what Veza was saying yesterday of sound being this radical relation where you don't know where the outside and the inside are. And if we want to very materially feel that our subject is the space, or that it is more than what we seem to think, then sound is just such an easy entrance to actually feeling this and sharing this with others. I make a sound and you don't know if you're feeling it through your pores or your ears. You don't know if you're making it up in your mind. I think the sound is just, yeah, it's a very concrete and easy answer to tackle that.

Carolina: I'm thinking of this relation between the inside and the outside that gets very blurred with the voice... it also makes the subject dirty because... I don't know, like here today, there are moments where I hear your voice, but I don't know if it's your voice. There are moments where I don't hear your voice, but I imagine I do, and then I don't look at you, but you touch me through voice, and your voice becomes someone else's at the same time. So there, it gets the subject dirty.

Joshua: Can you say a bit more about this other kind of voicing and how it creates bodies?

Veza: Oh god, this is complex. No, not true, it's not complex. It's very easy. It's like, um, okay. I think that we have this misconception that listening is passive, so it's just what enters you. And there is something about listening that is that you can only listen to what you attend to, so you learn to listen. And sometimes we do things to listen. For example, listening doesn't necessarily need to be in silence, but you can also sing in order to listen. I know it's a bit abstract. It's like to make sense of the other bodies, to bring them into the body, make sense of it, and then resonate with them. So the listening is singing. It's like the quote you brought by Cusicanqui, Cata, that says "speaking is a way of listening". And I think when you use listening as a way of singing, you create space, then it has a lot of body because actually, everything around us... it's much more. And this already creates a body, you know? Yeah, and then you don't really understand who is voicing and it's a way of relationality that is very tactile. It's a bit like touch. I think this is the basis of the thing, to understand things through projecting voice into them. And I think that this creates a, uh, I love this term... there is this saint from Spain, Santa Teresa de Avila, she brought the notion of "transverberation". It is that you let things go into you and then they vibrate you. It's a vibration. It's not an attunement in softness. It's like a vibration. And then the self, steps out. So there is inside and outside: there is this location of the body and this makes it possible that you can make sense of what you're making inside of your body. And she saw this angel thrusting fire into her. And then she had such a rush, and the rush came out in a moan, in a scream. And she understood everything. In one fully embodied knowledge expression.

Ana Dubljevic

AFFIDAMENTO
– WEB OF
ENTRUSTMENT
RELATIONS IN
ARTISTIC
COLLABORATIVE
PRACTICE

In this contract I am invited by you to be
The Womxn Who Knows.
You chose to be The Womxn Who Wants.

In order to be The Woman Who Knows, I need to say yes to the trust you put in my authority, certain experience and/or expertise. In order to know how to be The Woman Who Knows, I need to put trust in your choice and start doing it. By doing it I will understand what it is and how to do it. Also, I support the politicality of your choice to have a practice of relations* as the basis of artistic collaboration and to experiment with it, with you, seems fun. So I commit.

In this contract I not only commit to you, but to myself, too. In order to be The Womxn Who Knows I need to know who I am and what I know. This is not always easy, because I change. But within these changes, I can choose who I can and want to be now. Which means I need to choose who I am and choose what I know in this moment, basing that choice on my own understanding of what of me and what of my knowing could answer your desire to know.

In this contract we are not the same. As in this contract we have different positions, I am invited to be different than you. I commit to search for my own authority of difference in this relation. As I already have your trust given by the contract itself, it is easier for me to search for that difference and claim it. This contract is bringing me to being different than you are and this, further on, brings me to become more of me and more of what I know.

As affidamento makes the space of trust and clarity, that not only leaves the anxiety of not knowing who I am and what I know, out of our relation, but it calls for and brings easily to light who I actually know I am and what I actually know I know, in this moment. As it makes the space of trust and clarity, that not only leaves the anxiety of you not knowing who you are and what you want, out of our relation, but it calls for and brings easily to light who you actually know you are and what you actually know you want, in this moment. This is where vulnerability and power lie. As it makes the space of trust and clarity, the fear of stepping into patriarchal ways of hierarchy does not exist, because the authority of knowledge and the authority of desire are different, and equally needed and valued. It is how we become two. Liberated, reinvented, respected, empowered.

What kind of different art works might appear out of the choice to have a practice of relations as the basis of artistic collaboration? Different from the usual ones, in which collaboration is managed through naming and doing the usual roles, such as

choreographer, performer, dramaturg etc. Or the ones in which you are invited to artistically contribute, not by the role, but based on your identity – from Balkans, brown, queer etc. Affidamento makes collaboration risk more, because we trust.

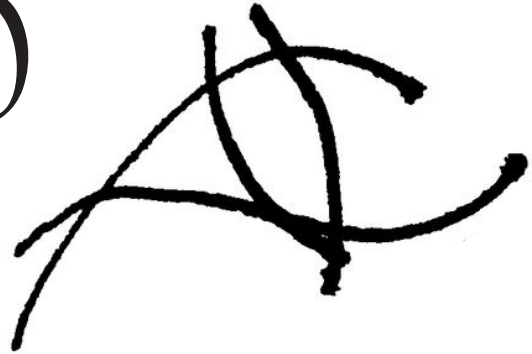
We focus and create from, not our role in the project or our perceived identity, but from asking what we want and what we know, right now. Ethics of relations, how and what we give and take, spills over from the two of us, to relations with the others involved, into the research topics, into materials, into production strategies, it shapes the artistic practice, it conquers the timespaces we create, the performance itself, it colors the experience of the audience. It brings us to the unknown together. The unknown, we might not even be able to grasp. But we surely hear the trust and clarity in the magical voice of it.



*Alex Martinis Roe, "To become two"

Veza Fernández

EL SOLITO DISCRETO



UN TEATRITO



sólo you and me y todos los demás en esta pequeña habitación que llamamos estudio

retumba el deseo

Scene one: A Letter

If I had to define our discrete encounter, I would do so through a series of images unfolding from the back of my memory. Images and words appearing and disappearing in the rhythms set by how long it takes them to fully reach presence. This morning, for example, I thought about how much you wished to learn a song, or rather perform a song skilfully, in all the shame a theatrical drama can summon in us. We are dreamers of the stage and its poetics.

Quizás ensuciando conceptos con la irreverencia del deseo.

Memories, in this exchange of us, palpitate across time, mood and person promising a common ground that does not necessarily need to be the same. A friend told me the other day, they were dreaming about the earth's surface becoming layers of a never thickening ice, crumbling every time a conflict was turning into a war. Again too thin to hold the tension, again too thin to hold the tension, again too thin to hold the tension. There is no place left to hide behind words anymore.

I lost my luggage in a hotel of countless floors while a child was thrusting herself out of a very high window. Her sister pulled her up later with a rope. The child ascended like an angel while masses of people from all nations started piling up behind a wired wall. The ones on top thrust themselves down into the air as if desperation would give them the ability to fly.

We share a language, you and me and also dreams, yes! also, fears! Partially yes and no. Secrets! I guess only me with you. I am the carrier of a whole lot of guilt, mine and one that doesn't really belong to me. I carry this lot around with me, just in case I forget where I come from.

And you held me with your trust. Pouring trust over me by messing with all our possible relations of power. Top down, passive active, dom sub, all at one. Of course we also totally share a history and a context, but also, not at all! South North, East, West and all the orientations possible. Yes yes! and the others, totally yes, but no, partially too and still not at all. Our pact of friendship is a form of acknowledging each other's difference, because friendship is a pact of trust signed with the power of attraction.

Es un pacto, un tratado móvil, el nuestro. Our treaty is a movable one. The more rigid the agreement becomes, the more it is bound to fear, the less we can figure out what a boundary really is. What giving and taking really means. The power of inhabiting the process of learning together what we want from each other. What we need from you. What you need from us. It is a form of relational anarchic oscillation I feel. Undulating horizontality into all its possible fluctuations.

The way you orchestrate what you will summon into your spell of the 'Solito' is a humble position of reaching the back of your head down, like a dog giving in into trust. Not to obey, no, but to offer your readiness to serve the true purpose of listening, which in the end means nothing else than to attend. To be in service of learning.

How many echoes can you carry around with you while dragging in the traffic lamp light, reflecting straight from the streets into the room? A city. A street. A room. A performer. A curator. A woman. Everything you are unfolding, opening up, expanding, multiplying to what is seen and not seen, close and far. A personal story retumba into a sort of epistolary architecture, a crush, pen-palling to get in touch, to stay in touch through all the skills you want to learn.

To look at you is opening to let you in, while you give yourself into me through all my directions. To drag the softest sound into you. Later, much later, someone else asks to do the same, but at that time, with the feet. The body is a never-ending container, a never-ending transistor, becoming what it transmits. You ask, I entrust you with all I know my body can become. You keep it under further notice, it is part of our contract. I need to trust you.

The first experience ever to feel so clearly the location of sound inside my body was with you. That time distance made itself a space under my skin. The roar of a car, the gargling of the pipes, the wind blowing a window to close abruptly, all at once, outside the limits of the room and deep inside my sense of touch. It poses the question of where does touch really begin. Is it within the depths of the skin or within the surfaces of its encounters?

It snowed. Almost a year after. My shoes still have the same hole. My dirty socks carry climate and asphalt through time and space into a temperature or a sense of wetness and cold. And I reach to you with these words wishing for an answer. I want more.

I am confused now about to whom I am writing as
so many we have been together. If it is to myself
through you or through the others through ourselves.
I cannot let go. To say goodbye, I have written you a
song. As this what you wanted is to sing a song.

Closing scene: Song (two unknown Italian Lesbians)

We played to be	the asymmetry we keep on playing
discontinuidad diferida	cuando jugamos a las políticas íntimas
in la Librería	with our sweat
tu poder irradiaba	when I thrust me
como el entrarte me despojaba	into each other
jugábamos playing a love for each other	Un todo lo líquido splash
between books and people	un todo poder de amor
only me dábame toda a lo que tú pedías	que no es otra cosa
un dar que ensuciaba	que fuerza
y el drama	lo que quiere preservarse lo que quiere vivirse
también es un form de entrustment?	enteramente
We know we would	I know you would
we knew we wanted	and I knew you wanted
en cimitero monumentale the flies	to ask me
the flies te covered	for you forever this is a moment you gave it to me.
enterita	at least we tried
Your arm is soft I say to myself	to give it to each other
in Navigli	I know we know and we will always know
your nose my legs	this we can be sure.
on you	
we played	
we played	

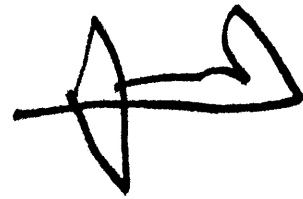


Catalina Insignares

A TENTATIVE

me hang that rock in the space to keep me company while vocalizing and singing. In his practice, he did not do experiments (where in the end one can quantify if the experiment was successful in its hypothesis or not) he did *tentatives*. In french, the adjective can be a subject: “The act of attempting or trying to achieve something that is difficult or perilous.” In a *tentative* you can try something out knowing that you might fail, and this will not invalidate the experience. And so we tried, and since then we keep trying, bound by this weird imaginary thread of gold that is trust. What I can say I noticed, is that my voice has been completely transformed, my lungs start from my hips now. And to have your voice change seems to be a symptom of tremendous transformation:

“Our identities never stop being reconfigured; in fact, they are always waiting to become something else. Our voice, in the way it transforms, adapts, tenses up, evades us, signals to us the amplitude of these reconfigurations, of these hidden potentialities.”
(Clara Schulman, “Chicanes”)



PS: Joshua Wicke

THE CURATORS

DANCE

The question that I remember we discussed in a very early stage of *Discrete*, when Catalina told me that she would like to create a dance solo, was: What is a dancing curator?

A question I would like to add now is: Why did this question come up? Or: Why do we think of curators as people who do not usually dance? or at least not during their paid working hours? Why is dancing not considered part of a curators job?

One answer could be that we tend to think of curators as somewhat paradoxically disembodied bodies, who produce meaning (amongst other things) and use text or speech (amongst other things) to convey it. (I know this is very oldschool, but please bear with me for the sake of the argument). The question then is: who holds the pen, where is speech produced in a being without a body or a less embodied body? It is unsurprising from that angle that a project that started with a question about dancing curators ends up with sharing alternative uses of a voice besides conveying meaning. The voice could maybe be seen as the entity that brings the body back into meaning - sometimes the body of the voice even comes in way of its meaning.

This brings me to another question: If the voice is (as is written in another text here) the entity that connects the inside of a body with the outside of a space, if it confuses the distinction of intimate / social or private / public. The speaking of *affidamento* is a whispering that might become the source of a scream, or a chant or a speech (that doesn't lose the gentleness of its origin). The public conversations that are part of the project were precisely that: a whispered invitation to join an intimate solo-dance of a group in public.



