

Spangbergianism II

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Preface

Let's do it again? No way, we never do. We never do. Never. We are eternal virgins, again and again, again and again. And we do it, whatever that is, *open*, without tolerance, without priorities but always only once. We have no resources and we insist on making things completely without urgency. We despise urgency, we can't take it – we find ourselves disgusted by anything performativity – especially architecture – can't in any respect stand socially engaged art [Oh, yes we support social movement and struggles for better many things, but not anything socially art]. In any case what you have in front of you is a mistake, a big one – it is the second one and it was practiced as number two, no it was put together. Yet, this mistake has been an engagement with continuous self-betrayal, a constant attempt to produce rupture, abduction, blindness. It is perhaps a confession, a confession knowing there is no struggle to fight, that utopia is totally overrated, but to that that I can't, we can't stop looking for it. What follows is a means to keep awake, of watching and keeping watch. Keeping watch of what is to come, for new questions to which we already have answers, but not the right ones. It is a megalomania obviously, but come on – if there is a number two, who cares for something less than everything, something other than being dethroned.

Episode 1

The notion of contemporary in dance seems to have gone wild lately, or nah – it's been out of sync for hellufalong time. Nothing new in dance not even the notion of contemporary, and perhaps this is or not very favorable.

I sign up to a series of concerts at the philharmonics and when I look into the program I realize that the music is not exactly now now but composed more or less over three quarters of a century. But the composers have something in common, when they were active they broke ground, changed the notion – however little – of what music could be. When I open the program to any summers dance festivals what strikes me is that every, and I mean e v e r y piece presented is fresh, no more than three quarters of a year old, but as much as the stuff is fresh almost nothing seems to operate in it's time, to be contemporary, or open new perspectives and chew on this amigo, the larger the format the more foreign contemporary.

Aesthetics is political, the choice of aesthetic regime resonates of political conviction and more over aesthetics, by God, operates in time and expires sooner or later – hopefully sooner. I don't get why some people throw away totally functional milk because the expiring date runs out – knowing fully well that the provider is making money on okay milk poured down the sink – and at the same time leaves a ketchup bottle in the refrigerator door for two decades.

“-Alright, this mayonnaise is contemporary with Greatful Dead.”

“-Stir it, and it will be all fine.”

Nah, contemporary doesn't work like that and however dance business likes to overuse preservatives on its artists, aesthetics no work like that.

At some point I visit the contemporary so and so museum in this and that city and aesthetic paradigms are clearly defined: Mondrian is not mixed up with Tracy Emin, Weisman not with Weiwei (however it would not be bad) etc. An artist flirts with fascist aesthetics as a way of addressing image production in respect a certain ideological position – it's articulated. Somebody presents realistic painting of the local flora and fauna in a near by commercial gallery, and what is contemporary is only the fact that the dude is alive. Henrik Håkansson is also obsessing about birds but his aesthetic paradigm lets him into the Eden of contemporary.

In dance life is different, here contemporary operates though some other and I'd say wow mystical qualities. It certainly has nothing to do with aesthetics. No, in the contemporary dance festival I'm catapulted between post Rancière-ian emancipated spectatorship, Broadway aesthetics, high modernist formalism (mixed with an esoteric take on global climate change) and fairy-tale aesthetics – and I don't mean the text part but rather the illustrations. E.g. experiencing the 2012 Jan Fabre creation reminds me of, no it is, a mix of characters from Harry Potter and a press conference with Hell's Angels – which is really quite awesome until the whole crew shows up in black body paint and playboy bunny ears hysterically chanting Hare Krishna. This is just too good to be true, either

dance has hit the roof of artistic diversity or the foundations of aesthetic awareness has finally lost any contact with society, reason, media, Facebook, the future, art history, politics and everything else. Except: “-But you know, it’s not that I mean – but our audience...” precisely, but how do you know? What makes you so sure that your audience is keen on Goblins and vintage S/M aesthetics? For you aesthetics is not an issue, you program names and as they were big already last year the audience numbers are secured. Great.

In the contemporary art museum, the music program or even in the local poetry magazine the political subtext to aesthetic-experience and expression is clarified, researched, discussed, debated and fought over. A curator in visual art that doesn’t position her self in respect of all above mentioned – society, reason, politics etc. – is a dead person, out of work or an expert in sleeping with the right somebody – which indeed also is a talent [not exactly explored in dance business]. In dance the curator/programmer rather is doomed if he shows any attitude towards anything at all. “-I look at shows you know, not for politically opinionated artists. I don’t need that – if something is good it’s good.”

Excellent, that’s like voting for a political candidate because of her physical appearance, kind a contemporary but is it a good idea?

Perhaps we can turn the argument around? Yeah, when contemporary art still is busy with cleaning up their Marxist past, theatre has ended up in impossible institutional structures and everybody complains about budget cuts, dance has suddenly, or not so sudden, turned into some kind of wild west state beyond lawless, everything is up for grabs and nothing is stable. Fear is all we have to lean on – at any moment you can be torn out of your studio, stand on the street or be elevated to a place at the main table [which isn’t that main but at least four star] – so what are we waiting for. There’s only one thing to do get down to business, stop going home with the tale between your legs, and instead jump on the “easy” task of making it happen. It’s not a matter if you don’t want to, if you think the big guys are okay or whatever, it’s your damn responsibility to not let Mr Upstairs rest in his comfortable situation. Not because of your personal fame and fortune [I don’t care...] but for the future of our art form. As long as those motherfuckers is there nothing will change.

For how long are you about to let somebody obsessed with Goblins, spirals, German sentimentalism, I Ching, deconstruction or shaking, sit at the royal end of the table. Kick ‘em out. Kick ‘em out now.

“Today I’d like you share something with you.” As if I hadn’t already in approximately every thing I ever wrote, every piece I, you or somebody else produced, presented and gave an artist’s talk about.

Sharing lately has gained some mystical status as being unconditionally good [implicitly signing up for the most, yet void articulation, liberal position –considering that any ideological position engages in the imposition of power from the outside and liberal regimes operating on the basis of minimal intervention of power yet maintaining

productive behavior thus annihilating proper critique], but why did sharing suddenly become something necessarily positive. Also the most demonic choreographer is sharing, even the most talkative and categorical type character is sharing as soon as something is communicated. Sharing is not something good it is rather a condition that we humans cannot avoid creating and reproducing however charged with positive or negative characteristics.

But in dance especially in relation to teaching – yes, that is the word that is used which indeed connotes already established hierarchies [teaching considered from a holistic view of sharing is the absolute opposite of openness]. When you're "teaching" you have already set up strict hierarchies depending on conditions, and are by proxy reproducing them. Teaching implies that there are asymmetries at stake – the teacher knows more, teaching something implies to pass over a consolidated package of information that is already valued to somebody who is considered in need of exactly this. Something that that you possess, why otherwise pay you for giving a workshop.

So if sharing is something we wish to engage in we have to abandon the term teaching. You know, as we all do, that there is a major difference in facilitating knowledge and producing knowledge, which necessitates certain and specific protocols for exchange in which all involved parties must give up something of what they previously have considered a knowledge that they possess or own. Any situation involved with the term teaching evolves around sharing, but if a sharing is to be understood in some more radical sense it disqualifies teaching and tends towards something that for example could be called knowledge experience.

Somebody who says, I just want to share... is an idiot, one can not just share, sharing is always by necessity involved in something more than "just" – not only because it can always be boiled down to economy and investment, which obviously doesn't make the one or the other better or worse, it's just a matter of acknowledging that sharing is more complex than "just".

I just want to share, yes but hey you give a class where you stand in the front of twenty people younger than yourself and give instructions, how sharing is that? How sharing is the implicit do-after-me that every technique related dance and movement class implies? Sharing is just a disguise for not taking responsibility for the power you are given, an excuse for the fact that you don't know how and under what regimes you execute the power you have been offered.

If you want to share in some radical sense stop teaching, stop giving instructions, stop telling the group to come together - let's start - stop preparing your Ipod in order to know what music to use for the exercises you have planned, or be cool with the fact that sharing here means to household with power in a smart way. You, as any teacher, workshop leader, education director are certainly sharing but before you use the word it is time to sort out what it is that you mean, cuz right now you just seem to think you are open-minded. Oh, yes you are tolerant but it is you that instigate tolerance, and that makes you exactly not open. Why not instead stand up to the fact that you have something specific you want to share i.e. convince somebody of the importance of... – and that that

something is of importance to you. Sharing suddenly sounds dubiously like manipulation. And I say “Yeah” that exactly when it starts to be interesting.

To the same extent that sharing has acquired some unconditional good, manipulation is almost exclusively understood as negative. That’s what fascists does, communists, anybody dealing with totalitarianism or whatever fanatics, but isn’t that exactly what you are – a fanatic of your practice. Oh yes, I heard you underline the importance of genuine, passionate, authentic, devotion and as far as I know those terms totally neighbor fanaticism. Fuck it, realize that any of such claims will make you poor. Hey, why should I pay somebody that is devoted, if he or she is really devoted then he or she will do the job without getting paid? Art is something that we do, keep devotion, calling, passion, necessity, out of the boardroom. Art is something that we do, and, at least in that respect, don’t make the mistake of mixing art and life. But isn’t, hand on the heart, that exactly what you do when you teach or when you engage in other people, because of sharing was not conditioned what would be the reason behind doing it. Sharing in other words is the softies version of manipulation. Why don’t you instead stand up for it and realize that the reason for anybody to take your class or workshop, participate in your education or whatever is conditioned due the collective agreement that you possess specific. Allow yourself to be the fanatic that you are.

You say you just want to share some thing but what about the way you treat your children.

“-Daddy Daddy, why can’t I have an ice-cream?”

“-Because I say so!”

How much are you sharing with your kids? Sharing is the coward’s way out of taking the difficult responsibility of possessing something valuable.

If you we want to produce or engage in change, i.e. participate in the development [which is not an easy term] of our practices sharing, as unarticulated concept, is not an option. Change is created by differentiation not through some small town version of openness. Or if you really want to share, the first thing you have to do is to give up your positions, and without positions the only thing you can by definition create is more of the same. The first and last circumstance for differentiation is to stand behind that fact that you produce vis-à-vis a position, but at the same time if you are up for change the first thing you have to engage with is the annihilation of that very position.

In other words you don’t really want to share you just don’t want them others to realize that you simply want to secure your comfortable position being the one that knows. Flip the argument around. From the students position, you’re insisting on sharing makes your power position invincible to any critique. “I just want to share...” yes, exactly, meaning you don’t want to jeopardize your positions. Stand up for it, have an opinion about everything and implicitly you give your student [read opponent] the possibility of emancipation.

Sharing, how many times do I have to hear it? The importance of sharing, new forms of sharing, shared resources, knowledge sharing, web pages for sharing, file sharing, sharing fuckin' everything – except perhaps the bed, if you know what I mean – why do we only consider safe sex, free sex and group sex and never shared sex. Seriously gööööö – of course I'm into it – but shit goddamn shared sex must be some sort of mashup between let's look at X-hamster together, an AA meeting series of tear-sucker confessions, i.e. aha this is 2013 confession equals telling your bio and a bunch of people jerking off making sure not to come. In any case I love sex... [OMG, get out of town – TMI – no no TMS – Too Much Sharing] – sharing has become the new ubiquitous of the sophisticated classes, I don't mean the dirty to be condemned shit heads that has no name financial capitalism, no I mean the sophisticated that I'm knee deep in shit with, that work in the creative sector, that discuss cultural policy, the apply for grant [or if they don't know how to, reject the very idea of application, seriously], that react in a the person is political kind of way to new forms of disguised [more or less] contemporary racism, genderism and *innocent* concessions to extreme right parties sitting on just couple but yet positions in our parliaments. I mean those the conscious, the educated, the ones that don't know what KFC is an abbreviation of and pride themselves with food related intolerances [but make faces anytime when tolerance is mentioned in any respect in relation to humans or politics]. I mean myself most of all, but I also mean the naïve and amazing believing in social movement, the ones that consider NGO something good per se, those that consider socially active art to be a good thing, helping hand and not just a narcissistic self-celebratory emptiness good for fuckin' nothing except for further funding. I mean those that think that performativity is a good thing, something positive, something active, something eye-opening, something identity good for some something, something perhaps even – give me a seriously looong break – something subversive, something sexy, something glam, something not curatorially wet dream, something not a new territory into which visual art can expand, something alternative, something sharing. It is not! Sharing, how how, how often – I hear sharing more frequently than Rihanna. There's presently so much sharing around I need to get the app. Totally, I put it next to my Nike training app. Whoop whoop. Sharing like all the freakin' time. Sharing has become the most important currency around, dollars Euro and what was that thing in Japan called – no good no more we are trading in sharing. Fuck the stock or derivatives markets we are on the sharing market. Who, Gordon Gekko... nah we like it Sean Dockray – we are sharing, and sharing is good – but look at this sharing is not good – neither is collaboration – who isn't sharing also the really bad guys. Weapon industry also share, it's just that they call it lobby. Europe is sharing a lot, sharing the very idea that Greece isn't worth the trouble. But too us, the good people, sharing is good, in fact whatever it is that should be shared it is good. Jezuz, sharing has become our salvation from capitalism in general, and the neoliberal pandemonium in particular. We the sharers are not deep inside NL [you get the abbreviation, kind of KFC just a bit bigger] because we are better or something, but get it, get it – you know what – the centerfold of NL is exactly that anything goes, whatever can and must be made capital, symbolic or actual, tokens or real ass dollar bills NL doesn't give shit, it doesn't even give a little shit about the one or the other. There's no laundry too dirty to wash through financial capitalism, it's an endless

state of emergence. Check it out NL and financial capitalism is like Harvey Keitel in “Pulp Fiction”, no worse. Give me a break, do you – do we – seriously think, imagine, öhhhh that sharing is not equally and as deep as anything else in the business. Sure, we can run the errands of the present differently – there certainly is no other way to take than the wide and well paved by late capitalism but we can take it differently – but we shall of course also know that that’s what is wanted of us, we should follow the wide path in alternative ways in order to open new opportunities to more openness, further expansion – but look expansion is not a breach, it is always built on something already available and stable. Our second or whatever order problem is to differentiate between structural and strategic sharing. We need to work out modalities of sharing that are structural and formulated as ideology – or perhaps not but initially in order to develop some paradox – thus a sharing that is stable and can produce secondary orientation, an ideology of sharing can stand model for modes of production etc. for life, or hopefully not for life. A strategic model of sharing is not acceptable as it is built on needs, in other words on markets, on economy, investment and affordance. The difference here between ideology and ethic [our current political landscape] is – btw fuck affect – the problem with affect since it’s return in whatever 2005 is exactly that it’s been pushed into strategy – affect is more or less this or that – affect has been degraded from the echelon of *n’importe quoi* to what matters more or less – deep shit, and affect lost all it’s capacity to serious fuck us. Affect must be like art and art like affect is not supposed to do anything good or bad, not that we like it but affect is affect exactly because its not good for fuckin nothing, because it is *n’importe quoi*, no matter what – the moment it, even just a little closes up to efficiency, ability, technique, direction, causality, time and space it’s not *n’importe quoi* anymore – allé essactly *n’importe quoi* isn’t more or less, it just is – it doesn’t deal with consciousness, it doesn’t care about you or me, affect so goddamn doesn’t share, it’s unconditional, get it – it’s unconditional but as much as it is unconditionally generous its also the nucleus of stinchy, as much as it is pure love it’s the whole gradient to utter and pure hate, but whatever that is – in the gradient – it is it unconditionally. Affect is not composed, it’s not divided, it’s not here or there, it just is, and if at all it comes around, it doesn’t on invitation, it just shows up.

The dark ass part however is that affect is particularly close to NL, it’s like it’s first buddy, the best man at the wedding, the Thelma of freakin Louise, the Cage in Merce, the Gilbert in George, Phrenia in Schizo, the loneliness in “Just The Two Of Us”, that’s how bad it is – yep, the anthem of the merged states of exception NL and Affect will feature the sleazy soft yell-O voice of Bill Withers – consider that the next time you share anything at all. And yet, the superbness with NL is that as ubiquitous it also got immune to itself – in a certain way NL has managed to become in itself, NL is the 21st century version of a Heglian absolute. And hence, therefore and all the way, no more war machines can help us, no more nomadism [jezuz Christ] will be any good, nope – neoliberalism as post ideological affective politics can only be fought with the means of homeopathy – not in the sense of curing ourselves from NL through more of the same – but aha – through more of the same *n’importe quoi* – NL can not be evacuated, can not be slain, not vanquished – no smoke will clear on the battlefields – it can only be fought through more of itself as foreign to itself, homeopathically through and with affect, but even more

importantly the moment we engage with affect – with unconditionality, without and zero identity, with absolutely no belonging or not, with only absolute, we must understand that NL will make everything to make affect and us, the unconditional, we who don't share for any reason, that share only structurally and only, that fucks strategy, that fucks perspective, that is absolutely and excessively flat, completely and utterly horizontal or horizon. But no no there is no immanence here, pad de... something – there is only flatness and no matter what, n'importe quoi.

Sharing is not good, it's just another name for networking, for affordance and investment, sharing is the 21st name for leisure, what the precarious call themselves when they return from their temporary jobs, when they return from some demonstration or occupy schtuff, or even worse after a good day in the art centre doing something even Bill Cosby would feel guilty for doing [I'm waiting for the first pedophilia case from the art world – not funny]. We don't really want to, can't we just admit it? We are not interested in sharing – except a few convenient versions like... Furk, I can't come up with anything, perhaps oh yes, files are good to share, a PDF of a recent Rancière volume with democracy in the title. Stop the sharing mania and get real, sharing is not enough, it fuckin works and great, it's pleasant and everybody is in, it has not ideology, it is only when it fits the one with bigger resources, sharing is the new version of we can't pay you, but we share our resources also when we lack them. Sharing is just the tacky yellow sauce of economical and temporary relations, sharing is like an enchanting meadow in the dark forest – the place to which Pan doesn't bring us but we stumble into almost like by accident – fuck that – sharing is like having a bath surrounded by candles and a glass of red wine in a too big glass that you bought in IKEA, oh my Bingo. What the fuck happened to stone me into the groove, the only version out of here, and it certainly ain't no promise – and I'm already a reactionary after all I wrote this – is to go absolutely flat – not as a refusal you fat Italian – no way – as pure affect – as pure stone motherfuckin hard homeopathy, to go seriously n'importe quoi – just before no matter what, to not be depressed – but to produce depression as a freaking plague – yes goddamn it – no salvation, no meaning i.e. strategic regret – this is the moment we turn zombie, aha. No consciousness but pure existence, no differentiation, no identity, no qualities, no attributes – stop sharing – plague, squander, loot [fuck virus or contamination], plague, infect in all directions and with whatever, accelerate. Zombies [and I'm in love with her] don't waste time, they don't share, they or we – The Zombies – don't share, don't shop, don't make exceptions, don't invest, don't think twice not even once, we are – without consciousness and nothing else than no matter what.

You're at a party, not one of those where you know everybody and feel like centerfold – “It's been so long, we really should have lunch...” – but one of those that is half obligation and the other I've forgotten cuz it can't have been pleasure. Anyway you're there sort of checkin' mails too often and having a very good idea on time – can I pö-lease leave soon and the food is so gluten and dairy that you can't eat nuttin anyway [you're so contemporary]. In one of those moments a person addresses you and cheese Louis it's not a total dread. The conversation is running it's path, it's nice, you check the person out

realizing that something less appropriate might be appropriate... As happens with every conversation it has to enter the domain of work, finally it's time for... [work] you have already elaborated on your projects, multiple and overlapping job descriptions and you pass the ball to... "-Oh, you know I do a little bit of everything... Yeah, kind of here and there, in between sort of."

Now, what do you do? Are you still talking to the dude quarter of an hour later? Are you asking for further explanation with a comment such as "This sounds very confused and is almost incomprehensible for me. Could you be a bit more concrete, for example which conception of the body are you talking about?" Or do you offer the guy your card and with a smile look forward to further conversations perhaps over a coffee, as you really share interests? Do you politely excuse yourself and go to the toilet to vomit? No, you run, not just for your life but for life in general – you might just be the only survivor – this is Armageddon.

Yes, I mean it is my answer to your face announcing that I'm judgmental and should be a bit more tolerant. Go to hell. A person that doesn't know how to articulate what is going on eight to fifteen hours per day in his life, is pretty much insane and beyond reach. "But maybe he doesn't want to..." you say, and I roll my eyes, give me a break if you don't want to, at least do with a bit of elegance or avoid the questions, but SV-fuckin-P don't even imagine that there is something provocative, attitude, cool, anti-capitalist in doing a little bit of everything.

If this dude was making art I tell ya one thing, he'd be working inter-disciplinary, perhaps using the oh so sexy term multi-disciplinary. Exactly, people that waste their time with multi-, inter- or trans-disciplinary projects, situations, research thingy-things they are like the Armageddon at the party. When you meet one of those run for the survival of the human race. Correct, people busy with inter-disciplinary bingabonga are not human, but in the bad sense of the word [they are so incredibly naïve that they still think they are human].

To confess that you work inter-disciplinary is like a major disaster. First you confess to the fact that you have absolutely no idea what you are up to. I work inter-disciplinary, or OMG – I'm an inter-disciplinary artist... What's that supposed to mean, how does that look – I'm familiar with painting, poetry even interactive installations [even though I hate them with every cell in my body], but inter-disciplinary how does that look? Don't be stupid, you respond – no, but isn't the fact that you say inter-disciplinary either because you can't make your mind up [you're probably notoriously unfaithful to your wife too, and every time it happens you're like surprised], or because you have no freakin' idea what you are dealing with, what your project is or what constitutes your work. Secondly, you confess to the fact that your work sucks major and that you are so mediocre that you need help from somebody across the street. But mind you, deep down you know what, the ones that you will ever inter- yourself with are equally mediocre. Not a good situation, and here comes one more, once inter-disciplinary – there's no way back. You will be riding scum-class on the artistic train, and you know who's the conductor? I – suck on that.

For your upcoming project you hook up with a visual artist, a psychoanalyst, a poet and stop it... you come together and discuss – it's so interesting, so inspiring, such amazing people, and you work in the studio together and the closer to the premiere [cuz that's of course obligatory] it all gets less and less exiting – and not so unlike the emperors new clothes it ended up as much a dance performance this time as any other.

Get this, inter-disciplinary is only acceptable under one condition and one condition only, and that is in applications. Inter-disciplinary is for art what glutamate is for Chinese food. And remember show no decency when it comes to them – applications are not supposed to reflect your work they are s'posed to make you rich. Let's try for a second to get out of the terrible innocence that artists are interested in inter-disciplinary. They are not, they are interested in anything that promises extended resources. Inter-disciplinary engage you in order to secure their own comfortable position [salary] not yours.

Thirdly, you confess to the fact that your idea of contemporary is coinciding with Ingmar Bergman's – and you know who admires him... yes, Woody Allen. Get that right.

Check it out, can anybody recall when inter-disciplinary was invented, must have been about the same time as Joseph Kosuth and Charles Manson. Exactly that's the shit, inter-disciplinary shadows a desire to kill not because of revenge, anger or hate but a desire to be seen. You know the serial-killer is just an identity sucker that actually just wants to be caught. That's you Mr Inter-disciplinary.

Fourth, you confess to so much more that it's impossible to bring you out of the jungle – it's over.

Inter-disciplinary, when was it now... 1969 – yes, exactly that's when it felt fresh, or almost. Paris 68 is around the corner, social-democracy is deep, Thatcher doesn't exist yet, this is serious Fordism and self-precarization is still awesome. The early seventies needed inter- anything, or perhaps this it is exactly the moment when inter- anything stops – in favor of specific inter-, trans- or whatever. In August 1971 the president of the USA abandoned the gold standard, and the world as we know it became radically floating. From there on value is whatever we decide it to be, and over night the understanding of difference necessarily transforms. Suddenly difference is all we have. In other words, inter-disciplinary is pretty much amazing exactly until then, and from there on it's only investment. How does that make you feel, you've been passé for forty fuckin' years.

Until 1970 inter-disciplinary could be said to have value in itself, not because of its expressions but because its deterritorializing intensity. Today that intensity is null and void and instead another word for tolerance, and what obviously has happened is that inter-disciplinarity has turned into representation, either in respect of expression or in relation to artistic research, but never mind, inter-disciplinary doesn't exist as long as it is not visible in the product.

An inch more graphically, until 1970 inter-disciplinary was radical and worth while, not only because of the art, no it was a gesture against a society fundamentally based on discipline, a gesture that potentially threatened business as usual. But that's not here and

now, we live in a society where disciplinary has been exchanged for control and where what have to be fought is openness, exchange, sharing, availability – inter-disciplinarity has turned into exactly what is desired by capital, it is the very modus of capital – open yourself to any kind of exchange and you're a good guy. When inter- once was a matter of turning against dominant discourses it is today what the dominant desires. This is not a matter of promoting some mumbo jumbo modernist desire for essence, no it's the awareness that media-specificity needs to be articulated yet not in respect of expression but due structural, strategic and tactical levels. That my friends is the only path towards an autonomy of knowledge

So let's revisit yesterdays party but this time the person that addressed you answers to the question on work that his work is project based, like most of us nowadays involved in the artistic field, and mention that his work gains representation in different fields and that he indeed collaborates, informally and formally, with competences from various fields of knowledge. At some point you propose, not very likely but hypothetically speaking, that his work seems to be inter- or trans-disciplinary to which he answers that it is not the situation at all, and that sharing interests, expertise or competence certainly doesn't make something inter-disciplinary. On the contrary he says, independently of what or who is engaged it is of utter importance to differentiate between media and discipline.

A medium implies a set of circumstances that concerts specificity in the sense of differentiating it from other media. We recall a brief sentence from Foucault's Archeology of Knowledge, off the top of my head something like, we have experienced a shift from what is said in what is being said, to what is said here and now and only here and now. Which I interpret as what can be said only due a certain conditioning of meaning production. What can be "said" through the medium choreography is different than what can be said through poetry, painting, cinema etc. Further, however dubious and important to sort out, we recall Peggy Phelan proposing that performance becomes itself in and through its own disappearance. But performance is not synonymous with choreography... yet, if we deploy choreography in respect of performance it is imperative that it's act produce itself in and through its own disappearance. In other words performance saves nothing, there are traces but they are indeed vague and radically if not ontologically different in comparison to for example poetry or visual art. Then we can obviously also discuss whereas performance, choreography or visual art are media, considering that one possible definition of a medium, in the sense of media, is that it still is on when we turn it off. In other words something gains the status of a medium first when it becomes an integral part of life, e.g. television – some thing that our present world could not be thought without.

A medium is always inscribed in the world through some or other order, and an order forms a discipline. Perhaps we could describe this in the following manner: a medium is constituted through certain inherent capacities, i.e. axioms. A discipline attached or twined to a medium forms the medium's structural expression into a determined context. Together these (necessarily) produce representations, or strategic expressions, that for

example could result in a dance performance, a poem or a painting (and here it is of importance to stress the “a”, the opposite of a general).

These might seem unnecessary details but consider this in respect of artistic research. Contemplate how a university that engage in choreography, dance and performance, defines their field of research. Something that is important in respect of university structures. The research field is that due which the university can offer diploma to students. If the research field is to be dance, which I consider to be an expression, it becomes impossible to determine e.g. what PhD aspirant can be accepted, it would become possible to apply for a PhD in disco dance, the social implications of folkloric dance in Poland or whatever, exactly because dance, understood as an expression, lacks fundamental structures. If instead the research field would be choreography, which is not an expression but is determined in respect of specific circumstances or dare we propose certain structural capacities, then it becomes pretty easy to determine if or not a PhD proposal can be accepted. Moreover if a jury is to evaluate a PhD addressed in respect of an expression it all comes down to qualities, that is taste, whereas considered in respect of choreography the evaluation can be made in respect of structures, i.e. considerations that are general and equally applicable to all proposals. In other words, yes a PhD dealing with disco dance can be accepted but only and as long as its concern is of structural matters, in this case in respect of the specific circumstances of the medium choreography.

From another perspective, if the research field is dance, we need a definition for what dance is and as dance lacks fundamental structural capacities what dance is, is what looks like dance, i.e. something based on experience, in this case ocular experiences. In other words the definition must be based on conventions not rule. In that case, say a research proposal addressing e.g. architecture cannot be accepted. On the other hand if the field is choreography the architect can be accepted on the basis that the project addresses circumstances that coincide with choreography as a set of structures.

What initially then appears as narrow minded and exclusive ends up on the other end of the scale, namely as opening and allowing.

Research is fundamentally based on that each specific research project should offer itself to be compared with “every” other research project in respect of that field. This initially has three implications, first that it offers a ground for methods of assessment and, second that each individual research project can be utilized and critiqued by every other proposal in the field, and thirdly that each research project contributes to a solidification of the field on the basis of structures. If a research field is formed in respect of an expression and its representations, such as dance none of these three capacities can be nourished.

We can thus conclude that a research field preferably, or necessarily must be considered on the basis of media-specificity (choreography) and at the same time, and therefore, can be open to any expression, in lack of better terms becoming inter- or trans-expressive.

Thus first of all, what we should struggle for is media-specificity [not in the modernist sense of the word, but rather in order to localize “research” fields in respect of the above

mentioned Foucauldian sense of the term], and inter-disciplinarity, in the popular use of term, is the very opposite of such, precisely because it weakens the medium and at the same time strengthens discipline. Yes, inter-disciplinary strengthens the discipline – the structural expressions, i.e. the visible/conventional – and not the other way around. A superficial note, it is after all called inter-disciplinary not disciplinary-inter.

To turn inter-disciplinary to a positive and reversed notion it has to be approached on the basis, that two or more fields don't come together, i.e. like a dinner party where what we do is to through conversation strengthen our initial status and position, but instead engage in establishing a third, or new field, which implodes both or all perspectives' strongholds. Inter-disciplinary ordinarily implies to come together and share in order to produce a hybrid, i.e. two fields meet to produce a new known out of two already know knowns. For inter-disciplinary to have any interest it has to work the other way around, namely we come "together" to produce something already defined which non of the engaged parties has any stake in, say a choreographer and painter to produce a piece of music. In other words something due which non of the engaged parties have anything to lose, something that is incompatible with all engaged parties' modes of performing power. Then inter-disciplinary turn disciplinary-inter, thus questioning not the modes of sharing but the modalities due with a discipline configures itself vis-à-vis a medium. This is the first step to produce an amorous relation to Foucauld's proposal: What can be said here and now and only here and now.

I like it, their meetings – inter-disciplinary - must be the most amusing, how do they make decisions not to step on a million toes and kind of go Vervremdungs-effect on inter-everything? – but are there issues here that might complicate things a little?

First, can you be inter-disciplinary alone or is inter- and trans- conditioned by meetings, relations, sharing between humans? Is inter-disciplinary somewhat or genuinely humanistic? If inter- can be alone I'm curious about when and where the line is drawn, what do I have to do to qualify for being an inter-disciplinary artist or what constitutes an inter-disciplinary artwork? I'm just wondering? Do I have to sing *and* dance, is it like I was trained as a musician but ended up in dance, is it enough that I go see a Frank Stella exhibition to prep for the upcoming dance project? Dedicate my poems to Frank Geery or what about Xavier LeRoy, who wrote his PhD in micro-biology and in parallel started to dance? Is he one of these special cases of a priori inter-disciplinary artists? I so envy him. Or Tino Sehgal who studied economy at the same time as he was at the Pina school, does that make him tanz-theater – which he obviously is – [tanz-theater isn't that totally inter-] greedy or inter-disciplinary?

Does the different inter- have to be included in the representation, like in the piece, or is the time of inter- like free of choice. Am I an okay inter-disciplinary artist if I go visit my shrink on a weekly basis as part of the preparation for the new work – I mean does all parties in inter-disciplinary work need to know that they are sort of involved or does it happen automatically – and then don't mention, more than in the program leaflet, that the work was an inter-disciplinary process shared with a cognitive behavior therapist –

yeah, the piece suddenly became contemporary. Give me a break inter-disciplinary is ridiculous, everything is inter- or trans- in some or other respect so why don't we just give this shit up?

I have more questions. Must inter-disciplinary art include an artist or does an inter-disciplinary project between, let's say, a gymnastics teacher and fighter pilot become art just because it's inter-? Does it become more art if the engaged are more like a neuroscientist and an archeologist? Yeah, or aha there must be an artist involved and he or she must initiate the project, or no? Oh, it can be initiated by a neuroscientist but perhaps not by an air force pilot? I get it.

This is fairly problematic, I wonder who decides when or what is inter-disciplinary, is that you and me who enthusiastically make art or is that the job of that international association. We can also turn it around, for something to become inter-disciplinary how far apart must the at least two parties be? You know I experience a bigger distance to many disciplines within dance than with individuals in visual-art, poetry, philosophy or science. Do I become more inter-disciplinary then or not if I collaborate with somebody from a foreign discipline within dance? This is weird, and it seems that the boundaries for what makes inter- inter- rather or very vague. I'm confused.

Another option, in the art what is inter-disciplinary? Version one, I collaborate on an inter-disciplinary basis with a visual artist. We discuss and we talk, we perhaps make an excursion together or a trip to a festival and after three months we show something which is me dancing in front or around a number of paintings, objects, installations. How inter-disciplinary is that, isn't that exactly consolidating the disciplines involved. Perhaps the content was influenced by our conversation but this doesn't change our respective disciplines.

Even worse, when the inter- is with a poet, and we hear texts written "especially" for the piece read out loud as part of the soundtrack, OMG. No, seriously I cannot think of one single example of inter-disciplinary between different art-forms that doesn't end up exactly there. Think about Ai Weiwei's collaboration with Herzog & De Moron (the Beijing Olympia stadium), totally stupid. Or – ohha – anything concerning video art and music. Jezuz.

Version two, I collaborate with a scientist, obviously a neuroscientist – a physicist is also okay – and what happens? Oh yes, the physicist's contribution, a brief lecture on how endlessly big universe is accompanied by some video projection of eternity, galaxies, and a super nova. The neuroscientist will have to do with just lecturing – of course with a Madonna microphone – since the images might be just diagrams and stats, and the perspective is reversed OMG there's a universe in my head? [this is turning religious] In the mean time more or less some people dance around more or less freely. It seems that when you collaborate with a scientist the quality of composition and material is not really an issue anymore.

The worst-case scenario is obviously to collaborate with computer geeks, the result, yes your correct – is some dance that is restricted in respect of speed, space and complexity because otherwise the intricate system of sensors will not work properly. And what does

that immense computer power do? It produces a mystical colorful and absolutely mind blowing video projection. Oh, yeah, when the dancer moves beyond this or that line the projection goes all red or was it purple or yellow. Well, doesn't matter it anyways changes color. Fabulous.

We can flip side the proposal, i.e. not the artist collaborating with a scientist but a scientist collaborating with an artist, in this case a choreographer [probably called Wayne] with a flock of dancers. What happens? The neuroscientist now invites us to his lab and inspect us whilst we are dancing – researching not rehearsing. And he observes and observes and observes [nice to have lunch together] and finds out amazing things – like that dancers must be using some unknown parts of the brain to measure proprioceptive space – they are incredible. At a presentation the scientist recalls the amazing event and shows us a video of a choreographer at work, it's fabulous.

Conclusion, the artists are never doing anything science with scientist but is just a nice little ornamentation for the promotion talk for the institutions funding.

Get this, for scientist there are two reasons to collaborate inter-disciplinary with artist, first because there's money to be made and second, exactly because it spices up another-wise completely colorless scientific field.

Further, obviously the artists has his reasons to work inter- the same as with the scientist, first because there is money to be made and second to gain further visibility in the field of arts. No, the artist doesn't collaborate with a scientist in order to change a practice, questions the discipline or similar, on the contrary the motivation is to show that even when contaminated by science dance is autonomous and remains the same. The reason to work inter- with science is to strengthen the discipline dance and hence the identity of the artist, not in any respect to change what dance is, which obviously would undermine the artist's position or identity in respect of his artistic work – especially in relation to the arts council.

For the artist to be really successful in his inter- work with science he of course integrates a video from the lab into his performance, something that plays on the back wall along with a soothing electronic soundtrack. Have you noticed that when science is involved [inter-] there is no limit to tacky, kitsch or sentimental?

At one point in history inter-disciplinary work was the domain of the artist, the scientist even the fighter-pilot. There was a time when inter-disciplinary produced differentiation and was something that the art council couldn't incorporate in its frames and budget proposals. That time is gone, today inter-disciplinary work is exactly what the council wants, especially since it is now concerned with that the arts should have relations with corporate economies and what then is not better and easier (on short term basis) to sell than inter-disciplinary – oh yes we can all see how inter- will produce specific knowledge for both fields and how the artists specifically wired brain will unveil conventions, taboos and what not of science. And for the artist, well its just good and if there are expensive machines involved it's really good.

There is one worse option and that's when inter-disciplinary enters so to say traditional workspaces such as manufacturing or factories. Now the artist is there to work with the

workers, engage them in artistic practices to reflect their work situation, i.e. to make them happier to work in a factory where the noise level is far beyond, but install some musicians and have them work out some sound fluff and the worker involved will not be happy for even a single day but CEO's can justify another year of slavery – we are good people we invited a group of artists – inter-disciplinary – and you [the workers] are not grateful. Inter-disciplinary has turned into some kind of present day carnival, but today it happens on the factory floor. Easy to surveil and tax deductible.

Inter-, trans-, cross- and multi- has nothing to do with subversion, deterritorialization or anything like it, no it's bubbles and glitter in the most superficial sense on both art and science, it's topping on applications and smart talk accompanying the power point presentation. It is the neo-liberal answer to instrumentalization of the arts, and this time not in order to educate kids in the suburb or something like it, but an apparatus to make art effective enough to be inscribed in the economic equation set up by a system of governance that want art to be justified on the same basis as software development, advertisement, consultancy and performance management.

I confess, recently I have developed an addiction to television series about lawyers, prosecutors and the games of politics. Oh yes, they are all Washington, dirty intrigues and betrayal. I love em, and perhaps there is some sort of envy going on. Who am I. I'm concerned with dance, I've goddamn devoted my life to jumping around and flapping mine and others' arms and legs. Thinking about it, obsessing about it, spending time in studios and going to shows. That's my petty little business. Of course, I'm envious, what are the dirty games of dance and choreography in comparison to Washington, an affair with the president or a lawsuit that will bring the world to a new place. I also want to have secret meetings and an entourage of muscle men with earpieces, and what do I have... a blog. Nice work dude.

But I have learned something checking out these series. The importance of rules [OMG did I just write that, sounds like I'm not about to be the most sexy Dad]. A lawyer can be on more than one side, sometimes a prosecutor sometimes the defendant, the situation is always binary how would it be otherwise? What otherwise would be is a freakin' sauce of confusion where everybody is everything at the same time. Not a good series. Perhaps this is more adequately what I envy, the clarity of positions and what a position is about to perform, produce or do.

There seems to in general exist two reasons for definition. One that is about pinning something down in order to produce a defined and clear territory. Say like a nation defines itself. This is a rather boring and stabilizing mode of definition. Definition as a means to produce essence. A second version implies to define in order to understand the circumstances for something, with the opportunity to transform. Without definition transformation and change appears to be a difficult quest if not down right impossible. Without definitions and with that location it becomes impossible to orientate. The moment space becomes properly smooth every location is every location all the time and

at the same time. Movement becomes arbitrary or whatever, navigation becomes endlessly open and folds back on itself. Something like contemporary democracy, so open and negotiated nothing can happen.

In respect of definition we might say that the first version refers to pre-capitalist societies operating in respect of a sovereign, or why not is inhabited by stable subjectivities that is formed around some sort of nucleus. The second version instead adheres to capitalism, where expansion is key and the reformulation of territory is essential. Obviously then occupied by a subjectivity that is constantly remodeled and reiterated. Definition of the second type in other words implies dynamism, flexibility, has transformation and movement built into it self.

Lately I have been engaged in conversations where dance appears to be incorporated in some general notion of performance. Institutions are today making room for performance in their programs, a curator is announced to be in charge about performance and it seems that those people know what performance is? But what is it? Is it everything time based or is it just some things that are, time and based. And if so how long is time and how based must time be? I don't get it? You know what, it seems that performance today is everything that is not something else. Everything that isn't something else is stuffed into the performance department, and that's supposedly good since the moment it is located it is no longer a problem.

Fuck that, there is hell of a difference between just for example performance art, socially engaged art, lectures, concerts, choreography, dance, performance, Tino Sehgal, social dancing, community work and what have we. Dance is non of the other, but specific and particular all the way.

Fine, and somebody says but isn't it better to be inclusive and allowing. "Be generous dude", I hear somebody shout from the audience. But what happens if we time based folks are all sauced together, for one we will have to fight for the same market shares. A bigger share might be, but tell ya I'm rather working with small means than being part and parcel with performance collectives and community activist. Those are all doing great work, or at least some of them and their engagements are super duper, but we are arguing for diametrically different things to completely different ends. I am as little a performance artist as the prosecutor is a defendant, or freakin' victim. I'm a choreographer that is occupied with organizing [among other things] dances. Performance artists probably also consider that they are organizing but the modes of organization is sort of as different as a painter organizing a canvas and a composer organizing sound. I'm often times involved in organizing people, both dancers and audiences, but never, or definitely not in any quantifiable way, in order to make their lives more agreeable, bring somebody out of some sort of social injustice, or even inform them about this or that in or justice. To mess choreography up with socially responsible performance related art is like considering that philosophy is another word for self-help. Philosophy is there to make life more of a living hell, to make it even more problematic and so is choreography, not to mention concert dance.

But let's take a step back. First of all choreography and dance is not one and the same. Dance is fundamentally a dynamics of expression, it's an activity, something that we do. Choreography on the other hand is not an expression, it is a fields of knowledge consisting of an open cluster of procedures that is not causal to any expression but that can be used to generate differentiation in a multiplicity of ways. Choreography is not the art of making dances, but a specific mode of approaching production that can generate dance but that is equally applicable to other means of expression. Dance is next to being a sense of expression also a field of knowledge but it is certainly not the same or even an overlapping field vis á vis choreography.

Dance and performance is neither identical or even similar. Yes, we speak about dance performances but that doesn't mean that they automatically become performances. Dance is a means to express more or less visible structures. But what about improvisation, same thing there it is about the expression of movement as such not a matter of expressing one self, or for that matter something else such as a political injustice. Dance takes as its starting point abstraction, concerning form but also when it comes to the personal. Dance is not about you or me, it is about movement for no other reason than movement.

Performance, and in particular performance art, on the other hand is – and life is obviously not black and white – about expressing oneself often in congruence with something else may that be political, social, cultural or whatever. Performance is not about the expression of structures or organization, it is not about the pleasure of “empty” form [may that sound conservative], but about producing a voice, about content and rarely about form. Of course performance necessarily has or gains form, but here form is always subordinate to the production of a voice. And of course it works the other way around, but in the case of dance the voice produced is not first of that of the dancer, or rather the voice produced is that of organization and structuring itself.

To make things even worse. We tend to consider performance art to belong to spaces without proscenium, to some sentimental notion of loft that later on became the gallery or the museum. Dance on the other hand seems connected, probably because its dirty background in ballet, to theatre stages. But turn it around, choreography is a matter of structuring form much in the same way as abstract painting, contemporary sculpture or even installation. Choreography is a matter of scoring, of forms of writing. Performance also with the added art is rather about utilizing strategies that conceal or obscure structures much in the same way as theatre does. When I go to watch conventional theatre [i.e. all theatre] I'm interested in the story or the ability of the actor to perform a trustworthy portrait of whoever Uncle Vanya. I'm certainly not there to observe the structures of the drama and celebrate Chekhov's structural elegance, whatever that excellence might be. Theatre and performance is art forms that are predominantly concerned with strategy, when choreography and dance is exited about structures and organization.

Definitions are often bad news, but we also need them, not in order to exclude but to figure our different modes of addressing the world and to offer grounds to express these modes of address. It is our responsibility as artists to define what we are up to, not in order to set up boundaries to others but in order not to claim as ours everything that appears not to be fully booked or sold out. Definition in this sense implies a generous gesture that allows others to play, to venture and expand, performance, socially engaged practices, dance and choreography included.

Obviously none of you guys believed anything that. You all understood that it was just a small town joke, a teenage prank, some sort of attempt to play hard to get but still playing. I take it all back, all that I said about almost everything. I've been in the US for far too long, so damn long that I've started to practice their disgusting sense of diplomacy, this malevolent mode of inclusivity, this openness that only resonates of the emptiness of affordance and investment. This is disaster, I hate myself, what have this continent done to me? I've become that soft stuff that people call Jell-O, this is monstrous.

How could I be so tediously tender to performance art, social and engaged practices, when in fact I'm simply looking down on them. People that devote their life to socially engaged artistic practices have lost their minds. During my childhood summers my grand mother worked as a voluntary nurse at the beach, I liked that and she liked it too. She was hanging out in this little hut and once in a while somebody showed up with a splinter in the foot. Socially engaged practice not very artistic but colorful plasters.

Socially engaged artistic practices, should either look for funding somewhere else or not at all. The art council or where ever else we find funding is not there to help out in moments of societal asymmetries. Shoot, lots of people and lots of projects should totally get supported and assisted but it is not the art council's job to fund project and actions that concern social, mental and whatever welfare. Especially not in 2013, it is when the wind blows hard and cold that we have to insist on the importance of an art council that funds art and aesthetic production, not well-meaning instrumental projects that allows the responsible authorities be busy with something else. The moment the art council, the local dance venue or some museum is funding social work the appropriate agencies is not gonna fund it anymore. It is a freakin disaster if the art council becomes a support agency for the education, health etc. authorities. If there's no money for healthy life, don't take them from the art council, or even from the rich museum [they aren't rich], go to the banks, to corporate money, to insurance companies and pharmaceutical companies they have money, that's where the flow is. Those are the ones that should be convinced about the importance of socially engaged practices not the art council or the freakin' museum.

But of course, we don't want to go there. Not at all! Those performance related art activist engaged individuals want to belong to the art, that feels good and there are great opening parties and you document you socially engaged stuff and you have a great something to send around to museums for exhibitions with nice engaged titles. Jezuz. But true, who wants to be a regular social worker, some shelter organizer or even engaged in healthy

water. That's ridiculously sad, that's like the worst. What do you do when you come home from work being a proper social worker? You have dinner. But when you are a socially engaged artist then what you do? You go for dinner and there you contemplate the beauty of the engagement, how touching the manifestation was, the inner glow of ordinary people and so on in a lukewarm flow of pathetic sentimentality. And you talk about it to others that nod and think about you as a very generous and important person. What you really want is just a career in the artistic sector.

Twenty or fifty years ago socially or anything engaged artistic practices were rare, extremely rare. It wasn't part of art's job description to help out or to be a nice guy. Still art was instrumental to society, either as an educational capacity for grown ups or children or simply because the artist was somebody rare in society that performed a kind of necessary outsider, similar to the village fool in Bachtin. The European welfare state needed the artist. He or she was a productive anomaly that kept things at bay. Super.

Today, things are just a little bit different. The artist is absolutely mainstream, half the freakin' population in the Western world are artists or engaged in the creative sector. The artist isn't needed anymore, we are just the result of governments that knows that it's better that we are artists than unemployed. It would be fairly naïve to think that even the most hostile state policy is not allowing artists to go on with their business because they are valuable for society. Art makes money go around and that's good for everybody involved, and I don't just mean for real estate and common gentrification, I mean for everybody and the state. Come on art schools are great for the circulation of money. Artists are super, they are healthy, independent, hard working, creative, restaurant eating, well dressed, perfect. They are totally the heroes of our contemporary society, more heroic than CEO, more heroic than athletes.

At the same time the instrumentality of art has transformed. Today the artist don't get extra funding for being located in the country side, nor for making dance performance for school kids, nope those times are over. Today it is socially engaged practices that has become instrumental and it's done in a far more clever manner. Today we make project, and all of us knows it, that rejuvenates grey parts of the city, that engage immigrant kids in the suburbs, that addresses ecological asymmetries or whatever engage in crime intensive part of the city or populations. That are community based, participatory, cross-cultural, an utilize a prominent citizens perspective.

This is great, cuz as long as the artist dig into these issues and does it more or less for free due some idealistic hiccup why spend more money. "Yeah", says the artist, "but you know we really, we really utilize the art councils money to make a difference, and we see such improvements..." "Tell you something it doesn't matter. It is not what you do it is *that* you do it in the first place that is the point, and as long as it is done cities, nations, European councils et. al. can proudly announce that they are investing in better living in dark parts of the city or in more productive life for exposed population. And at the same time you have taken money from what otherwise could make art and sent the money to the

department that treated this particular situation ignorantly in the first place. Why not go after them with an axe instead? They might just learn something.

However paradoxical it might sound, the tougher our neo-liberal surrounding become, the more corporate money art is engaged in, the more kickstarter and Crowdsourcing BS [these are disgusting capacities that in no respect what so ever makes any good nothing for the arts. It is fundamentally neo-liberal and exactly to sell out to ignorant middle class audiences that support art that they already know is reasonable. Spit on any artist that has ever used Kick or Crowd, spit on them!] the more important it become to insist on the autonomy and uselessness of art. The more instrumental art is demanded to be, the more social practices flourishes, the more important it is to insist on an art that is true only to it self and universe. Because if we don't I tell you, soon enough art will be swallowed by semio-capitalism and become the agitprop of venture capitalism.

Listen up. Thirty or something years ago Godard talked about just an image, instead of a justified or morally located image. Choices of images, his own or found were montaged together in ways so that what was made visible was not what was, so to say, in the image but instead the image itself. Such an image is not an image that we can trust or read, instead it is an image we need to approach, fold and give a name, a context, a continuum. Any images or art practice that can be justified outside its own necessity is an image that offers identification or confirmation of the subject, an image or an art that offers a prescriptive ethics and can hence be valued, measured, improved in relation to our present modes of governance. Any image or artistic practice that can be ethically located supports our present political imagination, at least if we agree that capitalism, global market economy and neo-liberal governance has become ubiquitous.

Art is not in the world to be good, to help out, to make the world a better place, it is not here to be a lantern in the dark. Instead art and aesthetic experience is the opportunity to remain in the dark, to not be helpful, to not solve any problems but be just art, just an image beyond ethical prescriptions and well-meaning complacency.

There is no such thing as transparent strategies, they are by definition directional and justified [positively or negatively]. Structures on the other are transparent, they don't propose direction but are open. In short one could say that strategies sign up to perspective whereas structures open horizons. Horizons don't make choices they exist, perspectives on the other hand is all about choice, and at that given choices. Knowing that performance is in depth strategic and choreography a matter of structure, we can conclude that only – aha – performance, and especially anything socially engaged by necessity is justified when instead choreography whose very essence is the proliferation of structure or “empty” form implies the possibility of the formulation of just an image.

I take back everything I said yesterday. Choreography and dance don't and should not want to have anything to do with performance or socially engaged anything at all, and certainly not whatever expanded notion of live art etc. Choreography and dance is not to be mixed up and cross-fertilized with whatever the cat has dragged in. Choreography is an autonomous practice that is in no respect helpful or ethically agreeable, it is not

directional or has anything to offer, but exactly because of this it carries the potentiality of a radically empty image – just an image – an image that can't be read or interpreted but must be produced, be given a name – therefore choreography carries within itself the potentiality to change how things change. Fuck performance let's dance.

Episode 2

In David Lynch's "Wild At Heart" from 1990 Laura Dern and Willem Dafoe end up in a cottage or perhaps a hotel. Trapped in the middle of nowhere, because of some criminal act, Dafoe's character Bobby engages in a sort of psychological terror, or perhaps it's just a scene in that hotel room, but for now it's still in a cottage. Endlessly he approaches Laura who is actually called Lola in the film, forcing him self on her repeating in a whispery voice the same words over and over again: "-Say fuck me... say fuck me..." It's intense and there's a weird double innuendo playing out between them, disgust and sexual tension. "-Say fuck me... say fuck me." It goes on Dern's character fights herself but can finally not keep it up any more and with almost no sound the words come out. Bobby/Dafoe pushes away, takes distance from her in a millisecond and with a loud and ultra American accent says: "-Some day baby, but right now I'd better get going..."

This could be a very short, somehow retelling the scene feels more than enough. The nihilism in Dafoe is so elegant that there's hardly anything to add. Of course the scene continues, Bobby slams the door behind himself and Lynch makes sure to have Dern perform all possible clichés. But let's skip that part, let's stop at the "-Some day baby..." cuz lately this is a feeling that somehow resembles my inner life after seeing some fresh performances. Performances that whisper, not always so elegantly – Dafoe is rather a better actor than most performance maker [e.g. in Impulstanz] – "-Say fuck me... Say fuck me..." from minute one and don't freakin stop until the applause. There I am and I don't know if I did say the words like Laura Dern or not, but I have a rotten taste in my mouth, and there is a house full of dance/performance lovers that seem to want to shout the words over and over again. These are performances so full of nihilism, they are not really degrading or humiliating, they are not badly performed or baked up with some pissy dramaturgy no they are simply and deeply nihilistic.

The performer, why not the choreographer or maker, comes on stage and from minute one, any kind of performance is dismissed, it's self-referential up to the hairline – usually the guy has very little hair [why not shaved] – self-referential in the bad sense of the word, and announce over and over again – on stage one can't dance, choreography is ridiculous and for children, form and content is bullshit, to perform is simplistic ego-boosting, discourse, though and intellect is garbage remember the audience just wants entertainment anyway, everything you do on stage is a cheap trick that's already been done, participation is fuckin stupid, emancipated spectators French mumbo jumbo and so on. For an hour, sometimes two I have to endure endless nihilism – life, performance, dance, you, your friend and that girl you kissed in the lounge it's worth nothing, total indifference, go home, die.

Why, I just wonder, you guys that make shows – why do you insist on making shows, when the only things you want to communicate is how utterly fuckin stupid I am, how incredible naïve I am and how totally banal it is of me to believe in anything at all [besides money of course...]. If that's what's on your mind you can also skip making

shows, you don't have to you know. You're not forced to make dances, performances, shows, exhibitions or collaborate with anybody at all. Stop, it's okay.

But what makes me even more tired is that this kind of performance has a lot of admirers, complacent young people that don't want anything more profoundly, than exactly to say it "Fuck me..." even though deep inside they know that Bobby will jump away and say "Some day baby..." Are these people that like cut them selves with a razorblade to feel that they are alive, are these people that have just lost desire for a different world, are these indigo kids that have never experienced hardship, scarcity or social democracy proper and therefore can't feel the eternal stench of this kind of nihilism – but suck it up as identity boosting. A kind of nihilism that at the end of the show bows and comes back for another one, a nihilism thanks the audience with an outstretched hand, a nihilism that makes itself absolutely untouchable, that dances, sings, acts, flatters and consumes gracefully and with excellent skill. That kind of nihilism, a kind of nihilism that makes others quite, that make those indigo kids' eyes glow in the dark ["-I also want to be able to do that... No sorry, "-I will also be able to do that, I just have to unveil my inner skills." HATE]

Of course I'm happy about nihilism but only a nihilism that brings everything with it, a nihilism that leaves nobody and after which there will be no applaude at all. Nihilism unbound, that takes no prisoners and saves nothing.

Look – the contemporary notion of nomad was more or less invented by Deleuze and Guattari somewhere around 1970 – an excellent concept developed at a time where European welfare state needed heterogenization like dance needs a move. The nomad could be understood as an individual or entity that engaged in self-precarization, somebody that so to say moved out of the city into the desert and thus created an actual resistance to the homogenous state apparatus. The nomad in D/G is connected to the war-machine, a deterritorializing entity that produced a kind of fear in respect of the state. Obviously that state created its own war-machines, yeah "they" were necessary to make the state dynamic enough to produce its own protection against general stagnation. The war-machine showed no mercy, took no prisoners and could be said to be a kind of a mercenary – somebody who fights at the side that pays the best – fuck ideology, responsibility and fair play. The nomad was for D/G a good guy, however in disguise. The nomad fucked things up.

Today the stakes are slightly different. If we agree on the notion that capitalism has become ubiquitous and that there is no possibility for actual resistance but that capitalism today is both the enemy [not in the sense of returning to communism or similar] and the empowering force vis-à-vis emancipation. Or simply where neo-liberalism has become the one and only... that means that the nomad and the war-machine too have become perfect participants in the greater machinery capitalism. To be a nomad today implies to be just what capital wants and the nomad is non other than somebody standing in the middle of that shopping mall where everything is available and it is just a matter of pick and choose. Nomad today is that expansive intensity that capitalism gets a hard on from. Nomad today is nothing else than yet another self-

enhancing strategy, nomad today is just a creative son of a bitch, nomad today equals self-employed, project-based, precarious, semi-capitalist, virtuoso, fuckin' perfect.

Remember, to be an artist today is to be a good citizen. We are not "allowed" to make art because politicians like art, no, it's because it's good for something, and that something is general consumption. And by the way you won't become less of a participant in capitalism because you are poor, have no state subsidy, live at the countryside or are greedy, nope capitalism is not about the degree of participation, it's all over the place. Capitalism is like a Pollock paintings, all over, not uniformal but all over.

The nomad has no future, not now at least, but if one is interested in some form of resistance a new strategy must be invented, one that is incompatible with capitalism, and the only way around this is to turn to speculation, to say goodbye to correlationism and the oh so tedious anthropocentric project of Kant and the lot.

And by the way this terrible term sharing, with the extension exchange, it's nothing good with that. Sharing is another word for stock-market behavior [Alice Chauchat I love you] – affordance and investment. Sharing is at best dealing with openness but again who needs openness, openness consolidates what we already know, openness is the very opposite of speculation. Fuck that.

One more thing, stop thinking that non-judgmental is anything good. What does it make, it makes people from San Francisco say: "-You are so judgemental" and what can you say about that. Well, didn't the shit from SF exactly become two things – judgmental and obsolete, i.e. impossible to argue with? Today, what we need is not openness, liberation, exchange and sharing what we need is positions, we need people, a lot of them, that dare to take a stand, that refuse negotiation but never stops discussing – or better never stop trying to convince.

There was a world where non-judgmental was awesome, yes exactly a world that needed nomads, but today – no way – no way – what we need are clear-cut fuckin decisions. One more smooth space is nothing good, today that is what neo-liberal regimes desire most. Striate yourself and get ready for a fight.

You know why people talk so much about how the piece was after the show, only talking about composition, light-design, professionalism, maybe the solo should have been after the duo and so on – yes, it's because nothing of such talking can be held against you – you can't be accountable for it even for five seconds. If you thought that the light was such and such that's just a matter of taste.

What we need today is political critique, critique of the ideological, political, value etc. that a performance or whatever purports. Do it for yourself if you don't dare to speak it and you will see that more or less all the stuff that you see today is not even disguised right-wingness, it's pseudo neo-liberal garbage that by taking the "no" stand actually takes the stand of capital. Shape up, make communist performances.

The opening scene in a recently produced television series; a man and a woman in a classy bar somewhere between date, job interview and pure violence. “Say it...” and pause, and this time he spits it out, yet whispering, “Say it...” Longer pause and cut to her who, like a contemporary Faust says it: “I want to be a gladiator in a suit.” From there on an endless stream of corruption, lies, distrust, infidelity etc. signed Washington and the Oval office. But fuck the White House what’s interesting here is the gladiator in a suit, and how this sentence from here on is the shit, and perhaps it’s more right than we think – have we all turned into gladiators however our suits differ from the executive version to some artistic, entrepreneurial similar. Cuz after all what a gladiator is, is nothing more than a mercenary who annihilates whatever comes in his way, the gladiator has excluded trust from his vocabulary and is absolutely alone. Everybody including himself is his enemy and any kind of weakness is a no no. Yet the gladiator has no freedom. He is another’s property, a defeated loser whose only freedom is to not be dead. Not be dead because, as once defeated, once brought out of his context he has been robbed of his life. The gladiator doesn’t have a life, he exists or is undead, for the gladiator life is not good or bad, it is just is.

A favorite part with gladiators is that the illusory freedom they strive for without exception have only two, which is one, motif; to be reunited with his woman and his country. How freakin’ conservative, can’t he at least long for America, to join an activist movement or become an artist. Nope, woman and mother land.

So not only is the gladiator a self-centered killing machine whom spares nobody, he is also a conservative nuclear family supportive, heteronormative, nationalist who just want to live a traditional simple life. Now, who the hell want’s such a guy at home, or even as a neighbor? I don’t even dare imagine doing the boogie woogie with a guy with such a resume? This is the dude who fucks using his partner as a mirror, that slams in signature move after signature move, and even better to make himself come.

“I’m a performer” is an identity hashtag I’ve come across more and more frequently. To talk about yourself as a dancer today appears to be totally and utterly out of the questions. No way, a dancer. A dancer, or it’s connotations, is somebody that signs up to identifiable and general abilities. Somebody that joins a troupe consisting of similarly exchangeable individuals, or perhaps not even individuals but laborers. The dancer is a worker that is hired to execute certain defined tasks, somebody who gossips in the dressing room and insists on, so called, company class and between jobs pride him- or herself of going to communal class. The dancer is anonymous and trained, a soldier in the army of other homogenized moving bodies, a dancer is somebody to who the practice is superior to the self. Who goes home being a private person after a days done deed.

If the dancer is a soldier, however with or not specific expertise such a as Cunningham technique or being a marksman is always anonymous and so to say synonymous with the people, the performer appears to be exactly the opposite. The performer is certainly no actor, fuck no – the performer is in no way a neutral conveyer brought to life buy some puppet master dramatist. The performer is excessively individual and somebody whose

skills are incompatible with any general or common abilities of skills. The performer might engage in general techniques but if so on a level that is hitherto inexperienced. No no, the performer define his or her skills himself. They are not idiosyncrasies but produced, made or created abilities. Some of those abilities might look like whatever being a reasonable contortionist, looking really funny, having a tragic face or whatever but others, the more delicate ones, have more to do with less tangible stuff like presence, having a certain quality, having a specific ethnic background, the ability to be absent minded or withdrawn, or being too energetic. Central to the performer is that the skills whatever they are are immeasurable, they are performance based full stop. The performer operates outside the domain of measure or comparison and hence outside quality. The performance cannot be divided from the individual or the self, and in a way every show, every performance is the performer. The performer only makes, only performs solo even when incorporated in a larger context. The performer is never in the bigger picture, but is the picture. In fact, the performer doesn't need anything at all – no directions, no costume, preparation, set design, choreography no nuttin – he or she can just go on stage and be the performer and that's more than enough. And mind you, if you didn't find the performer amazing it is your fault, you simply aren't emancipated enough from a spectacle inhabited by dancers, actors, choreography or drama, or whatever any kind of structure.

The performer don't do character as little as he is executing any kind of choreography. Pas de tout, no no – the performer never auditions, needs no training, he is the performer somewhat like Frodo or Harry Potter [I love to reference Potter] – the performer is the chosen one, and he doesn't need to fuckin practice. Once chosen always chosen, and as the chosen one he does everything ad hoc, informally or must even because any prescriptive organization implies a threat to the performer who then open for the possibility to rely on some or other thing. Indeed, if the dancers is somebody who relies on an interventionist state [the choreographer], the performer believes in a minimal state who only provides opportunities to more “I am a performer...”

The performer is obviously superior to the dancer but also to the choreographer. When the choreographer needs structures, rehearsals, studio time you name it, the performer just has it, it's in there without petty needs like whatever. The performer proper doesn't rehearse, he is *just do it* – and whatever comes out is always amazing because it's the performer. It's specific beyond special, it's like smart beyond smart, conscious beyond consciousness, it's hip beyond Williamsburg and relies only and exclusively on the self.

“I am a performer...” might at first instance read as an emancipated dancer, now free from the safe belonging of a community of shared techniques etc. But on second glance isn't “I'm a performer...” to an equal extent harmonizing with our present political mainstream. If the dancer is a worker the performer is an individualized entrepreneur, somebody who doesn't sell a recognizable expertise but instead sell himself as subject and the only thing he works on is the enhancement of and availability of the subject. What the dancer sells is hard skills whereas the performer sells only soft skills, might that simply

be being charming or mystical. So if the dancer is a worker then it appears that the performer operates in perfect synchronization with neo-liberal governance. Moreover, when the dancer sells what *I do* as commodity, the performer has himself become commodity, he sells what he is, and what he is of course an endless negotiation, an endless availability vis á vis a performative subject, i.e. markets. No wonder the performer is categorically against company class and instead is all in favor of yoga in whatever form, preferable some Kundalini version, always practiced individually. In fact the performer is somebody that insists on having unlimited time for a care of the self, but in no respect over a Foucauldian perspective, but instead care of the self has turned into *the project myself as commodity*. The performer is at the end of the day a wet dream for neo-liberalism, a model citizen as he or she is selling activity, there is no product only pure exchange.

We are obviously not arguing for the return of the dancer, no way. Those times are gone, the time of the dance company as factory is over. We are not interested in some sort of re-industrialization of the body, yet we despise the word embodiment and performativity at large. Yet, are there alternative options then to be a gladiator in a suit, are there other approaches that might just not high five with the dark side of contemporary political imagination.

In that television series occupied by lawyers, politicians and general villains and where the mantra is a gladiator in a suit demands are huge. The moment you sign up you have no life, you are in the office 24/7, always stand by and ready to jump out the window like some corporate version of Yves Klein at any given moment. It's crystal clear sadism as the man or woman above at any moment can change the rules of engagement. The gladiator is subject to endless power, he is in fear, he even fears happiness, pleasure or the promise of liberty.

For the werewolf life sucks once a month. Twelve times a year the woldman has no choice but to hit the road and kill some innocent chicks, for the gladiator in a suit every day is a potential killing spree as if the moon had gone manic-depressive. In order to stay on top, in order to avoid any contingent lay off the gladiator is constantly on watch, doesn't even sleep with one eye closed, no gun under the pillow, he is ready and now.

For the performer the situation is different, his or her gladiator outfit doesn't come with conditions of engagement. No, it comes only with conditions to the self, to the subject of the performer. The performer is certainly no masochist, he is absolutely liberated and for that matter hyper dynamic and would have no or zero reason for subordination. Nor is he a sadist, he is liberated from conventions and instigates himself. When it comes to sexuality the performer is in no way experimental or advanced, he or she only is and what that is is by necessity always perfect. How could it be otherwise... One of the things the performer discredits is anything special. The performer is never in for being special, never that's like ambitious and want to impress – absolutely uncool. The performer is and has no, can have no ambitions, experimentation is out of the question. The performer doesn't need improvement, and certainly not some kinky assessor. Never special, but always specific, never particular but always generic, that's the performer. The opposite of

“I’m a performer...” in fact isn’t really the dancer or actor, they are bad, really bad, but where it really hurts, the real deal opposite, the most hated of all is the stand up comedian. Exactly, the stand up, the Tony Cliftons of the world that is for the perform the scum of the world, surviving only on being special, particular and performing a produced subject. No, “I’m a performer...” is not particularly funny, they have no real skills, they are just good at being greedy and selfish. They can’t dance, can’t act, can’t really do anything. Yes, they are greedy, the performer never comes up with an idea, doesn’t need to they are the idea. They are deeply conservative, they don’t want change since it might just mean that their lack of skill and ability is revealed. The performer wants more of the same again and again. The performer is a kind of pervert. He doesn’t want change but desire confirmation from more of the same, repeated again and again confirming the performer as the performer, the subject as the subject endlessly. The performer might appear to be open, available, project promiscuous, trans-disciplinary [I’m a performer would never ever take a workshop. Just forget about it.] but in fact the performer is the most constipated of all members in the artistic community ever.

The performer argues that the only performance there can be is solos performed by the author. Everything else is only spectacle and organization [the performer is the epitome of proprietary code]. The performer argues, a performance can at the end of the day only be about itself as itself. The performance must point back to the performer never towards an external something, hence the performer’s artistic oeuvre is a never ending succession of self-referentiality but in this case not in order to make the work be about the work like some I’m so post modern kind of attitude, but in order for the work to be about the performer, no in order to *be* the performer him or herself and as such.

The performer makes sure there is almost no distance between life and show, he or she is always on stage, is always performing, is always “I’m a performer...” at the same time the performer is also a kind of contemporary Bartleby who prefers not to. “I’m a performer...” don’t cherish the stage, is not an actor that needs the stage. No, he is rather reluctant and skeptical, always skeptical, to go on. But why? Because the moment he or she goes on stage an utterance is produced and an utterance can be interpretable, can give context. This is bad for the performer, who prefer not to since the production of prefer not cannot be judged but is the very definition of safety, of maintenance, of effortlessness.

At the same time as the performer is the skeptic and reluctant to go on stage he is brilliantly strategic and a superb navigator. The performer surfs the liberty of others and takes no responsibility for anything. The performer is nothing just activity, has no efficiency or not but is pure affect (in the popular sense of the word). He is not a dancer, that’s somebody who works for somebody else, that relies on others’ economies, nor is he a choreographer or director that distributes economy to others. The performer is both the employer and employed, he is both the one that makes and is made, he applies for subsidy but never for the big bucks. The performer knows the brilliance of staying in the small format, where movement is free and responsibility minimal.

Obviously the performer is the result of new policies of funding bodies of different kinds, where it is imperative to be both employable and your own entrepreneur. The “I’m a

performer...” is always engaged in his or her own project, some sort of open half-idea, preferably long-term through which the performer can enjoy endless residency episodes in more or less grey cities, through which the performer can create never ending versions of the same showing. The performer is a magnificent recycler of his own material.

Today it seems like the choreographer is a dying species. Festivals and venues don't want choreography or dance, no they want “I'm a performer...” work. Yes, even if curators are aware of it all they still want more, more of “I'm a performer...” because it's exactly what the audience thinks they want. The argument “but I could have done that too...” has turned on itself and is rather, “if the performer can do that, what could I do?” To watch “I'm a performer...” work opens for the possibility to confirm oneself but not with or through the performer, like we do in Hollywood movies, but rather with ourselves as potentiality. The performer is not a mirror put up in front of the spectator, it's not a simple psychoanalytical troupe, instead the clever “I'm a performer...” work is rather like a prism inside the body and/or mind of the individual spectator that creates the sensation of being enabled, being strengthened, being genuine. What one does when experiencing this kind of work – when it is well done – is not to watch and interpret the work but is rather a matter of experiencing oneself as authentic and potential.

Just because the “I'm a performer...” type character from this perspective must be considered somewhat dubious the good guy is certainly not the socially or politically engaged artist, save me from the activist artist. Under no circumstances. “I'm a performer...” is at least contemporary, in tune with the environment and in general somewhat resigned, somebody who is most of all concerned with “what can I get away with”, or simply lacy. The activist artist on the other hand is stupid enough to at least first of all for two things: first, of believing or pretending to believe that an instrumental art is something good by proxy, and second, is wkd enough to not take into account that being socially engaged in our contemporary Western world obviously also implies to capitalize on some general idea of a greater good. In that respect we celebrate the “I'm a performer...” who has come to terms with that being an artist, going on stage today, is a job as any other and certainly not a matter of being somebody special that can take down society, that can exercise truth claims, that operates besides society in general. Art, whatever kind even the most idealistic and institutionally hostile, is a market and we are all operating on those markets strategically, consciously or not, but always strategically. The questions we need to ask ourselves are what the strategies we use amounts to, to scrutinize ourselves and articulate the political reality of those strategies. To formulate an alternative is not good enough, to ask ourselves what needs to be done is not bad enough, but what is necessary is to engage in practices that undermine subjectivity, that corrupts self-performance and individuality in favor an unconditional production that annihilates the subject on stage for the possibility of the emergency of previously unimaginable existences. And art that *is* and does not perform.

I love movies about firefighters, about brave men that fear nothing and without a second's hesitation embrace flames and collapsing buildings in order to save life. They, the firefighters are tough and yet respectful in front of the element, they know what they are dealing with, precaution first then life saving. I adore those humble heroes that for bad payment risk their lives for nothing else than a saved life. I don't care about the endless row of children saved and passed to hysterical parents, not at all. What is amazing is when it is grown up, fully capable persons that are saved, men and women made helpless by smoke and flames as if that would be enough to transform us into non-reflective fools unable to make it to the exit.

Oh, and the bonding at the fire station. The dressing room conflicts, the muffled homoerotic/phobic ambience, narrations about childhood memories, the hero obviously being an orphan or for some mystical reason in constant pain, haunted by the past, humbled by the forces of nature yet too proud to give up, to resign or let go. Vulnerable, suffering, weakened still a man – yes, there is always a hero a soloist – that knows how to tackle the world and carries his ethical code like a medal. A man that can be trusted, a man that because he suffers, because he is weak, because he is wounded welcomes our suffering, our weaknesses and saves us from the rage of the elements.

The best part with movies however is that everybody knows its complete bogus, flimsy Hollywoodiana that nobody takes serious. What we really enjoy is to be deceived and we cherish our ability to go along. For some 90 minutes we agree to be completely and utterly taken away and brought along into the fires.

What is less agreeable is that lately I have had to experience endless rows of performances, even things that baptize themselves dance performances that function exactly like firefighter films, the only difference is that nobody appears to notice the disclaimer or OMG it's been hidden away. It's not there at all, Jezuz – can it be that not even the author knows it's utter nonsense.

Time and again I have witnessed dance shows that remix the firefighter theme in a perfect manner, telling stories about lives surrounded by suffering and hardship, stories about lost childhood about pride and the conviction to make things in the world right. Confessions told directly through the fourth wall about not being enough, about being a loser that made it out of the gutter and now stand in front of us showing us real and authentic vulnerability. An authenticity that addresses any kind of conceptual framework with a bitchy pejorative tone, any real art, i.e. firefighter art can only have grown from the heart. The firefighter artist is somebody that has a calling, who doesn't really want to but must, must accept himself as being the chosen one. Often the firefighter artist engage in solo works but the really smart ones surrounds themselves with a bunch of assistants, assistants that whilst the hero is in their saving lives, taking upon himself the suffering of others, are standing by on the ground ready with blankets and first aid kits, or perhaps a wireless microphone to be handed over to the hero to make a statement or why not sing a long to a sentimental pop song.

Check it out, the solo version is not a good idea since the heroic can be mistaken for commonplace self-performance replicating our general neoliberal day to day performance of endless commodified autobiography. And for god's sake make sure not to make any jokes, be serious serious very serious, suffer suffer suffer, that's the new cool the moment you make people laugh you are on thin ice and shit might just backfire on you and the audience might find you to be nihilistic, ironic or some simple sociopath. No no, be serious and make sure not to present to the audience anything skillful or amazing, just be vulnerable and suffer beautifully.

A couple of years ago the solo version was high fashion, it already used the stigmatized body as a front but ended up showing off, being a catwalk for idiosyncratic self-performance or a sort of portfolio of amazing abilities, especially things like singing opera in a bad yet cute manner. This stuff is so over and discarded as nihilist self-indulgence and not even half close to the romanticism approached today. Those solo performances, and so are firefighter performances, were not dance performances but performances dances, as they only used dance as ornamentation between stand up comedy like look what I can do extravaganza. They were and are performances dances because the dances were only there in order to feedback to the performers subject, not to the organization or structuring of movements. This is what dance does, it crosses out or brackets the subject and let's the viewer experience movement as such. Performance dance instead uses dance as a kind of storefront to show the subject enhanced. Dance performances implies the display of *whatever* when performance dance celebrates a kind of proprietary subject. Yet, the worst part of the now exploding genre of firefighter performance dance is not the dressing room confession parts but the part where the author slash hero enters the flames to save the poor souls of the audience members. Here the hero performs some sort of solo dance standing out like some Christ like character that takes upon himself the suffering and sins of others. He stands there on the spot and moves with a suffering face to the rhythm of the music as if he is taking upon himself the rage of the element, naked [metaphorically speaking] and without defenses, he is just human, he is sovereign, *man* in direct confrontation with nature, but his calling, his necessity forces him into the battle and he endures. He endures and makes it not out but becomes one with the element, he understands nature, he understands freed from rationale, from concept, construction, composition. He dances like a shaman being possessed by dance, allowing us others live safe lives, be saved from the forces of nature even if and especially as we are helpless and simple mortals.

Firefighter performances are the epitome of romanticism, it rests firmly on a sticky form of sentimentalism that draws from the past as a form of look a like game, draws from exoticism and reversed colonialism. It used without seconds thought the hopelessness in our lives as we know our world and its models of governance is drawing to a close. Firefighter art is an art that flourishes during times when critical and revolutionary political activity is weak, it plays on our desire for simplistic heroes and links to notions of redemption as a suffering and radiant exhibition of the flesh, it is a mixture between mysticism and pornography.

Fuck firefighter performances inhabited by heroes that redeem us, what we need is dance performances occupied by impersonal revolutionary spirits that confirm the withdrawing nature of the universal. Fuck firefighter performance, its desperate nihilism and obscene installation of finitude, what we need is an art true to the universe.

Listen up, I say this only once. Performativity is not a good thing! Mediocre art will not get anything better because of some added performativity. Your work is genuinely second rate artistic rubbish with or without performativity. Pas de tout, it's garbage what you do and only curators worth contempt and despise will pick up your filth.

What about this, nowadays curators don't have meetings anymore, sure studio visits and all kind of meetings but they have something new, they gather up, in order to prepare the upcoming exhibition or whatever it is, in a workshop. Isn't it laughable, I start giggling just thinking about thinking about it, wow. First time in years curators are funny. "Yep, you know we'll have a workshop." What the fuck's that supposed to mean, is the workshop their contribution to creativity, just a new name for brainstorming [which obviously is approximately as uncool as Myspace or Perez Hilton], ahaaa is it an adjustment toward contemporary knowledge production, Oh My God. Perhaps it is, a kind curatorial research [a very healthy addition to artistic ditto. Holy Juzuz]. Or, eheee, I think I understand... workshop is the curatorial turn toward, the P word, performativity. Nowadays curating is not a matter of goods [objects], service [relational aesthetics] or experience economy [socially engaged art], no no no it all comes down to performativity, and it's *very good*. No, it's not what is good with performativity. This is a disaster.

In fact to consider performativity as some kind of quality or condition of a work of art, is like dissing a piece of music for not having and for not being sonic. But Christ, we have all agreed on 4.33. Anybody, including a bowling-hall, that addresses performativity as some thing, as a quality or a condition is a person that must think that Marcel Duchamp is a DIY shop owned by the same company that runs Duene Reade. Everything in the world, even really small things, middle sized dogs, chairs, factories and jealousy, are affected, charged, motored etc. through some or other performativity. For some thing to be able to participate in the world, in reality, in anything at all it must exist within a relation with some capacity of performativity. Or, stuff that doesn't have or is not in relation with some form of performativity you know just *puff* is evacuated from reality. It doesn't exist.

Performativity implies an object's [however unstable, whatever like a memory or a little bit of smoke], subject's [even just a kid of a guy from Florence] or a movement's [a dance movement as much as a political movements] establishment of relations with reality, with say the symbolic order. Performativity in other words signifies the capacity of naming or being named.

Look at this, the moment when you add performative to your art practice what you do is to justify it. No, you are not bringing it out of anything, a performance is still a goddamn object, your horrid fuckin' dress code parade with queer bling elements is still an object, after all you got paid for it, after all you brought along some idiot to document the act, event or whatever you call it in a crispy nice way and a camera that makes click sounds. Your socially engaged practice is still an object, it was after all part of and in the catalogue

of the biennale this that or so and so. It is not more or less an object than a painting, installation, piece of music, a text or whatever, it is just differently an object. No, what that added title really does is to justify your schtuff as perfectly inscribed, formatted, housetrained, well-meaning, politically and socially healthy exactly because you state or emphasize it's ability to established relations or already be inscribed in nets of relationality. Performative art is an art, however it's messy, trashy, sticky, body fluids, dressed down and make up, that has given up all aspirations, and is instead endlessly complacent with our current economical, social etc. models of governance, it even licks its ass and with pleasure.

What is rather as stake right now and in the future is to invent methods, tactics, models, auto-terrorisms, heresies that cancels out, exorcise, dismiss, destruct, fuck up and, yes, completely goddamn annihilates some things performativity, like all the way. That, exactly disengage itself from relations whatsoever. And this is ha-ha-hard work, seriously h-h-h-hard, because indeed evly-thing, even stuff from Japan, has or is inscribed in nets of performative capacitation. Performativity is inherent in whatever it is we have around us, even memories, faith, the smell of sex, lipstick and the weather forecast. What we need to do, is to get out a motherfuckin axe and cut those relations. It is at this moment, when art frees itself from performativity [however just for an instant and yes it's also potential vis-à-vis performance, dance and music, even [although it feels disgusting to have to admit it] to live art and performance collectives active in Berlin [nah, maybe not them], that something else, something radically different can kick in, and this radically different is obviously not sympathetic, but seriously violent. It is not furry and chill, it is directly hostile, a goddamn warmachine.

Okidok, where are we? Even though performativity takes off with "How To Do Things With Words" (a series of lectures delivered 1955, published 1962) and touches down ten years later with Derrida, it is only with Butler that shit hits the fan and performativity gains celebrity factor. If we degrade ourselves for a moment to psychoanalytic lingua [spit on Woody Allen] we could consider that Austin's and Derrida's texts function as a symptoms of a truth to come, as kinds of dark precursors of a future that has now gone super-size-me. Is it a coincidence that Austin's book is published the same year as Judson Church brings dance out of the closet... Is it chance that Derrida delivered his lecture "Signature, Event, Context" in August 1971, the very same months that Nixon abolishes the gold standard and makes the world markets floating... What those guys did was unknowingly to predict a neoliberalism based on performativity. Since Butler made us aware off our coreless subjects and iteration, performativity has transformed from being something marginal to be the centerfold of our economical and social reality. Performativity is that stuff that our society is made of.

I've said it before, but it's elementary, the world we live in today – even and especially if we live in remote parts far far away from economical and power hubs – is in its entirety performative. A quick sketch would tell us something like this, over the last fifty years the world has experienced a four fold transformation, okay hold on, from: industrial production, distribution and circulation of goods, localness and a society that

acknowledges history (and with that asymmetries of knowledge), to a reality organized around: immaterial production, performance (include in this knowledge, experience and subjectivity production slash economies), globality (and I don't just mean around the world, but all the way internet porn, World Of Warcraft, financialization, Richard Branson, FB and derivatives) and acknowledges only the contemporary, i.e. a ubiquitous simultaneity where every moment is every moment and all the time. In that world, ladies and gentlemen, the whole she-fuckin'-bang has turned performative – *todo, tous, rubbet*. So like how damn subversive is your performativity now, what is it productive of now, baby. Essactly, it's totally over, you just became more of the same. And if you think stating the performative nature of the subject, the body or anything else, it's all too late, because you know what, business already did that for us, and we just need to get the picture that corporate interest lick its lips the more curious forms of performativity we invent, it loves to incorporate it in next years collection. Phab.

Performative architecture, like fuckin help me! What's that supposed to mean, buildings that looks like sheds, inflatable tents that can be offered as temporary shelter after natural disasters, why not a t-shirt with the Mies van der Rohe pavilion printed on the chest [less if more...], or why not just a t-shirt, it is after all a kind of building, construction and formation of space. All goddamn architecture is performative, it does something whereas it want to or not, and a lot. Same thing with performative art.

Paintings, the moment the museum opens and before too, performs for us, it shows itself to tourists dressed in Bermuda shorts, to art students, to couples that makes out – those poor painting perform *for* us. Close the museum now, give the painting vacation. We have to acknowledge that performativ is not when something becomes socially measurable, when and artistic practice, work or whatever becomes inscribed in some form of efficiency or contributes with something, especially, something unexpected.

Unexpectedness has seriously little to do with performative of not. What in the first place is unexpectedness, it's exactly already in the imaginary, unexpected is not enough. It's just unexpected, but still within that which can be expected. Unexpected is still possible, what we are looking for – and only an art that annihilates it's performative capacitation can close up to this scission – what we are looking for, is an art that is not possible, but instead enters the domain of potentiality, a domain that we can't even imagine imagining. Only an art that renounces it's performativity, only an art that rejects any form of relation can circumvent efficiency, policy, strategy, meaning production, prescription, markets, and become the carrier of spiritual truth [which obviously is not spiritualist or something to do with yoga].

By the way, an art, today, that is implemented in a context as an example, must necessarily be abandoned. Art is about creating the real as the real not propose alternatives, respond to asymmetries, be critical, smart or glamorous.

In the mean time however, artist and their work is responsible to consider not whether or not it *is* performative, but how, in respect of what circumstances, vis-à-vis what politics, ethics etc. it's performativity is operating. But even so, stop performativity hysteria now, cancel all art that includes participation, abolish all socially engaged practices, stop any art that is efficient, productive, that build bridges, that pities human beings, that is in any

respect exited about ecology, and make an art that is totally and utterly useless, that is, and shuns for just a moment any kind of performativity, and because it does, by necessity will force the viewer, spectator, implicated, reader or listener – not into some tacky partage du sensible – but into a problem, a serious problem – namely to invent, and by necessity, entirely new kinds of performativity, modes that might just change the world itself and entirely.

Episode 3

Seventeen Points For The Future of Dance

1. An expanded choreography owns the future. Dance as we know it is soon, if not already as dead as opera or dixieland jazz. The future belongs to choreography but only if it acknowledges its potentiality as an expanded capacity. Choreography is not the art of making dances (a directional set of tools), it is a generic set of capacities to be applied to any kind of production, analysis or organization. 2. Choreography is not the art of making dances, it's a complex means of approaching the world. No, the universe.

3. If we live in a society of performance it's structural foundation is choreography.

4. In a society based on circulation of abstract values instead of material goods, movement and relations are King, not oil and steel.

5. In a society organized around immaterial labor, movement is the protagonist. This might not be a good thing, but since there is no choice we better make sure not to leave the definition of those movements to politicians or bureaucrats.

6. In a society where the subject is the individuals' most precious property, dance should appreciate its capacity for the impersonal.

7. Dance is always activating forms of performativity, but dance is not the same as performance.

8. There is an important difference between political on the level of content and on the level of production. There is an important difference between political on the level of representation and on the level of choice. There is an important difference between political on the level of representation and on the term of sensation, experience or sensuality.

9. Discourse is neither good or bad, it is the position and timing of it that can open or close contexts. Discourse is not equal to theory or Western reason, discourse is any kind of consistency of information flow or communication. It is not discourse as such that needs to be fought but it's guardians.

10. For dance to have a future it needs to engage in a process of deskilling, i.e. to cancel the proprietary understanding of technique in favor of individual or context specific constructions of abilities, over the generic sense of dance as a sui generis technology.

11. The 20th century had star architects building monuments over a Fordism that was already dead, the future will have star choreographers organizing revolutions, one after the other. The coming insurrection will not be semiotic but will grow and gain strength through proximities between bodies, between spirits, between dances.

12. The problem is not the split between mind and body, nor between body and mind, not even between minds, the real problem is the split between bodies and bodies, and we don't just mean human bodies – we mean any bodies: stones, lions, skin lotion, a little wind, an encyclopedia and so on. The dance of the future must leave the human body behind and embrace all bodies independently and pursue and object oriented contact choreography. Fuck BMC because of its belief in anthropocentricity.

13. Once we had bodies without organs, in the future we will dance together through a conviviality without communality.

14. The rebirth of the new as well as the death of the new is nothing new, yet if we want the future to move we must embrace both newing and the new. This embrace starts as a struggle, the struggle against belonging. The new dance has a job, to betray it's ancestors.

15. Politics is organized through the qualitative difference of perspectives. The maintenance of politics depends on the degree of transparency, hence the fear of corruption. The production of the political on the other hand denies perspective and insists on the horizon, it must be corruptive exactly in order to undermine the maintenance of politics and hence it fucks transparency.

A dance that has ambitions reaching further than “nice”, must be 360 degrees, ungrounding, oblique and motherfuckin true to the universe.

16. An idea, at least in dance and art, is not hard enough as long as having it doesn't scare you to death. An idea that is not completely psychotic is not worth while pursuing.

17. Remember, policy or cultural politics is not Politics, and is certainly not art. Remember critique is not necessarily a proposition. Remember to be an erotic being that engages in the world through sex rather than economy.

A Dance That Is

Any set of signs can be engaged in a process of translation. Signs are weak entities involved in strong relations. The letter L means L nothing more – perhaps left but that's another story all together – but is given orientation, or say meaning though it's relations.

Objects are different, objects cannot be translated. They can be described and organized, introduced into semiotic systems but objects are not sign. Signs or also objects but as objects they are not signs.

Dance understood in respect of culturally coded systems introduces dance to semiotics, to meaning production, to signification, to translation. Since the early 90's performativity has been firmly attached to semiotics, haunted by a somewhat naïve reading of the post-structural dictum, language is all there is, thus forgetting the self-corruptive tone of voice resonating through “How To Do Things With Words”.

Semiotics is like currency, exchangeable. If Phelan and others had issues with performance and archive in the 90's – how performance ontologically speaking could not be an implicit critique to reproduction based economies – the problem today is rather what could possibly escape semio-capitalism. A dance whose startingpoint is signification and meaning production does certainly not imply a critique of anything at all, or if it does, such critique has turned into a “modest proposal” – not a full frontal assault [however impossible but never the less] but a benevolent or even cheerful affirmation to the already possible. Dance understood as semiotics, or that wants to be understood as, necessarily sells out its specificity. It becomes one among others and no longer a No-manifesto.

If dance is made semiotics there must exist, so to say a master key. A tool or diagram with which all dance can be deciphered and understood. Such a tool has often carried the name reason. Ballet has often been understood, or suffered under the burden to be the master key. This is not just a matter of obligatory ballet class, or how dance critique tendentially fall into ballet lingua, or how Jonathan Burrows use to say, “in dance there is ballet and the rest, and those two seems always to be in opposition, or a mutual threat” [it might now be exactly what JB said but I like it], but all over the place from the performer to he spectator, from studio to showtime, from the magazine to the encyclopedia. Never mind, how dance without competition is the art form must firmly attached to technical ability. Technique is obviously nor good or bad but homogenization certainly is.

If there is a master key this implies – as far as my competence concerning such keys – that it, so to say, can easily master all other possibilities. Like language, if I know French it's piece of cake to understand Italian, and do I know Latin I know it all etc. Learn ballet, the Latin of European dance and you'll be fine. Yet, evidently as we know from Stravinsky the moment you *know* your counterpoint you are so trapped, and still how tired am I not of ballet dancers vainly talking about unlearning, and further more trained or untrained is not an issue. Our current economical regime makes anything and anyone special and money on that. How was that worn phrase now “perform or else” and save me from The Grammar of The Multitude.

If dance on the other hand is understood as an object, i.e. as a passage, or connected to trace [help], memory [double help] or presence/absence [triple freakin help], or as inscribed into the regime of performativity with its sleazy psychoanalytical sidekick. If dance is an object it's not a matter of translation, it's not a matter of what it mean or produce, it – the dance – is exactly not anything else than that. We shouldn't go into *whatness* but then what the fuck, dance is, concerning whatness – the condition of being an existent thing apart from whatever may be known or stated about that thing.

If dance is an object, i.e. if each dance is a more or less autonomous object and not translatable, each dance must be given the opportunity to develop or enjoy itself. If dance is an object there can be no master key, or at least the master signifier is just that: master – it's a dance but that means short to nothing and everything but from there on each

dance must be approached as a singular, an entity that produce its own existence and can enjoy itself without the help of humans, language or signification. To paraphrase Ian Bogost, to make dance, or to engage in dancing is not a matter of language or writing, it's a particular kind of carpentering.

If dance is an object there can be no master technique but each dance – which might or not be repeatable – must necessitate its own practicing, its own address. A dance can be classified as a dance, yes as an object – it's not a stone but each stone is an object and itself not translatable. And the stone is at the same time complex as it is composed by phosphorus, calcium etc. and those are in their turn composed by and so on.

However dances can be classified as much as stones and can be divided into smaller particles – but the regimes of representation organizing classification can and must be other than the regimes of representation of each individual objects and its being in the world.

Obviously, an object is also for itself in the world and it forms relations to other objects including humans, however those relations are never translatable into something human. Similarly, a dance is an object, and it is in the world as much as a stone, a cigarette, a waterfall, a scent or a premonition. We must let dances have and enjoy its own existence, only then can it offer us interesting problems. The dance I want to dance is one that minds its own business not one that I know what it means already before I start it up. The dance I want to experience is one that needs no anthropocentric back up, that is not *like* anything else but simply itself and enjoying it, a dance whose starting point is not relations or negotiation.

If each dance is itself distinct, each dance must ask for its own practice. It is no longer a classical “what” asking for essence and situating something in relations with and organized through some correlational master plan, it's a what that ask for an autonomy, not from something else but for itself and as such. Said in other words, it's only when we allow a dance to be as alien as it wants that it can exit the domains of the possible, the economic territory of imagination, creativity and enter potentiality, produce some sort of breach.

Ballet is a practice, equally good as any other, but it has been turned into a semiotic, a fundament of cultural code by dominant discourse, you know it. Never the less, if ballet has developed a kind of inner logic it is still possible to approach it as an object. And, again – if dance is a set of autonomous objects that cannot be translated each dance must be practiced as itself and as such, and the practice however ordinary it might seem must be autonomous, distinct and finite. Dance is not a technique, or set of techniques, that has application but a cluster of practices that can and must not be forced to merge into a make belief semiotic, whatever their names are: release, Limon, BMC, Forsythe whatever it was called, hang out technique of the early 21st century, occupy, and so on.

10. A semiotic system can only issue possibility. Objects carry the possibility of event. Something whose meaning we are already familiar with is not about to surprise us in any respect, or if it does at best as a “modest proposal”, or criticality, or in other words – reactive change, change already prepared, rehearsed and packaged. Objects *are* not events but as they are not translatable they carry the possibility of an emergence of active change, a change with, so to say, nor departure point or arrival – a change in itself and such.

Dance is a cluster of practices and practicing. It is not a semiotic but an object – it can not be translated by only practiced – and each dance must be practiced as an autonomous existence, thus in no way subject to difference but always confronted as a particularity.

Dance is something we practice. To practice implies not to recognize but to allow for something to withdraw, to skip out of semiotics and cultural code, into a radical foreign, allowed to be alien. However, although not engaged in recognition practice is not hope for the best, wait for the accident, or dance to the end of life [although it always is, too], it is harder than so cuz it exactly implies to loose oneself, and that can only be done through rigor, however a different rigor than one practiced by semiotics.

It is hard to believe but there are things so bad, so disgusting and nasty that not even Hollywood touches it. Oh man, and I don't just mean Hollywood authorized no this is so bad the entire ministry of porn amateur and professional Hollywood bu-si-ness refuse, negate and denies any what so ever involvement. Aha, stuff that's so beyond your wildest phantasy that its banned from X-hamster, X-squirrel and even X-German Goddamn Sheppard [that www is sp-he-sial, Omaha and phiuu]. You just don't go there, über no no, double niente and three times for get about it. Not even you know Tarantino's Mexican brother goes there, not even Woody Allen [spit on him] – exactly not even somebody called Pedro enters the territory.

In comparison firefighter movies are like a romantic comedy about old people's right to fall in love, OMG. Shit, not to mention “I'm a performer...” flicks, they are – in comparison – more like one of those well-made films where the mother fires up an affair with the daughters boyfriend, featuring Gerard Butler. No, what I'm thinking about could best be compared with something written, directed and starring Miranda Julie, or for the younger reader perhaps better Lena Dunham, but not even those come even a little bit close to this.

Some ten years ago dance and performance were busy quoting cinema – as long as you ripped Godard the show was terrific especially if it was produced in Brussels. References to the big screen were cool factor and a prominent enough reason to stumble around on stage executing pedestrian movement instead of organizing some proper dance. Today, dance so don't look to Hollywood or whatever indie – fuck no, today it's cinema who doesn't even dare to glance in the general direction of d a n c e.

We all know that the production of another one never makes a home run. Nope, another one, even if it's really amazing is still more of the same. Sorry, the real thing is to change not what is in e.g. the image, what matters is to change the circumstances for what an image can be. Sloppily spoken, change that kicks ass always occurs on a sort of ontological level never on some simply epistemological ditto. Change the circumstances for and you'll be number one. Exactly, who did it did it: Cage, Le Corbusier, Gerhard Richter, Pessoa, Duchamp, Beckett.

There were many reasons for the raise of conceptually oriented dance in the early 90s, but the most important and long lasting I believe is an attempt to rid dance of a certain body, a body that appears more or less non contested, except by Judson, since yes indeed the French goddamn revolution. But instead of trying to change the body and it's dancing – technically advanced, emotional, intuitive, true whatever horrid ideas we had in the 80s – conceptually oriented choreographers figured it out, let's not try to change the body let's instead change the ways we organize it on stage, exactly let's change the circumstances of – instead of what's in the image. It is through changing the structural level of production that radical and enduring change takes place, not whatever can be expressed. Yep, and sure though structural change comes with a price, collateral damage, indeed what had to go was dance as we knew it – and that aha the very idea.

Since 94 a certain and powerful canon in European choreography has been busy with repressing the dancing body choreographed through mimetic learning and the choreographer passing phrases or whatever to the dancer, and have instead used more or less any other mode of production to organize bodies in time and space. Translation – Jerome Bel, scientific method – Xavier Le Roy, game structures – more Xavier Le Roy, quotation – Tino Sehgal, appropriation and doubling – Mette Ingvartsen, state – Meg Stuart, mass – Christine De Smedt, reconstruction – no comment, scores, procedure (sampling, looping, scratching etc.), sign/icon, mimetic replication, displacement and so many more. The weirdest thing, and how often didn't we forget, that all these approaches and modes of production were smoke screens, forms of self-delusions utilized to make sure we couldn't fall back into the vehemence of an 80s body. OMG, it's like we had that ring around our necks and it would feel so good to put it on inviting the dark evil forces. The 80s body is/was a dementor, soulless and evil. What conceptually oriented choreography needed to fight was the nine Nazgûl. Think about that, and there were certainly no Gandalf around to help, if Mr G in fact isn't Frau Gareis in disguise. Many of the travelers gave up, surrendered to the Nazgûl's of Essen or the über Dementor in Hebbel, sought refuge and were betrayed in Frankfurt, Vienna, Hamburg. London, Scandinavia not to mention the US aha, as we all know all fought for the dark side and with loyalty.

But perhaps now when The Hobbit is out maybe choreography and dance can once and for all leave that disgusting zombie body behind and enter a new era. Listen to this, listen carefully, I say this only once. We are free, we are healed, the partial object [the 80s body] has left the building and we can start choreographing again. We don't need to be afraid,

the exorcism is done, the beast has been taken out, it's dead, buried and forgotten. So forgotten it can't even resurrect as a ghost. No fuckin' way! Viva choreography.

But shit we were wrong, we were so wrong, there is one monster left and this creature is goddamn Royal. Yes, it's the one Hollywood doesn't even dare glance at sideways. You, might have guessed, it's the leftover after all other conceptually oriented protocols have been exhausted. Oh yes, practice based choreography. I can write it but I avoid saying it, and every time I'm forced to utter the words I floss – I do, I promise. Practice based choreography – it oozes of dark putrefaction, its stench so foul that “The Walking Dead” smells like a florist.

Yes, the first reason why you engage in practice based choreography is because you have no idea of how to make anything, never mind choreography or composed dance. Instead, you engage you performers to everyday repeat a practice, a loosely brought together organization of time and space that when executed enough many times can't do much else than coagulate into some sort of dance. The second reason for your disgusting behavior, is that you're such a coward that you don't dare to take a stance and produce decision, instead you hide behind the practice that makes decisions for you. Practice based choreography is absolutely and utterly conflict free, especially concerning conventional hierarchies. If somebody has a problem it cannot be with you – except if you pay people shit or whatever – but artistically your ass is safe, blame the protocol. After all, it is through practice that we produce not through critical or turbulent discussions. If a performer has a problem, you can just advice him or her to engage more thoroughly in the practice. Excellent.

Next reason is that you consider it important to question hierarchies of decision-making and therefore want to decentralize them. But you know what, to decentralize in this manner means nothing else than to make the individual responsible for every decision and responsible in a way that homogenizes decision rather than expands what is possible, because every decision jeopardizes the social-communal and with that identity and belonging. Therefore every individual decision will by necessity consolidate the community and the practice formation.

More over if the show ends up being shit, the you – the choreographer – can always blame the protocol, even better you can also apply for a research grand, you greedy shit – practice is not production.

Conceptual choreography at least stood up for itself, it stated itself. Practice crap is genius cuz it's endlessly slippery and can mean everything all the time.

It might be that practice based choreography at some point were politically relevant for the emancipation of the individual, but today practice based is rather than the production of communality a replication of neo-liberal governance. What it produces is a weak, minimal, structurally responsible non-interventionist state [the practice] in relation to which the individual must make him or herself valuable. What the choreographer provides is a form of authorship that forces the individual performer to realize him or her

self as him or her self and at the same time always only do this in respect of the practice. The practice however is not a strict and unbendable protocol, i.e. an ideological stronghold, but exactly a weak post-ideological state that gives no other instruction than: make sure you are affordable and investment friendly. Practice based choreography is not a means to share decision and formulate a communality, on the contrary is a maximization of individuality vis á vis an openness of form. It is half a musketeer, you know, one for one and all only as long as it is financially viable, actually or symbolically.

In fact one could say, and that's why Hollywood shivers of fear, that practice based choreography mimes the dark side of contemporary democracy. It indeed promises a democratic social sphere, but rather than being a democracy that by necessity picks up voices, this is a democracy so endlessly negotiated and surveilled that nothing can transform. Instead it perpetuates its own control mechanism endlessly without anybody being the captain. Practice based choreography is a democracy that kills any kind of differentiation that is not already financialized. Our biggest enemy today is not Satan, Empire, terrorism, Hollywood, internet porn or choreographic structures, no our biggest enemy is democracy. Our biggest enemy because its players are so deeply and complexly connected that nobody can make a move. Democracy has turned into *dynamique d'enfer*. Openness is no longer a solution, practice based choreography is so not a solution, what is is firm and consistent decision making, new forms of hierarchy that can be contested and fought.

Practice based choreography function in the same way as Facebook. Facebook is a practice, an open platform in relation to which the individual can realize him or herself, can enhance his or her subjectivity and become a more authentic person. Facebook makes money on some half a billion people busy realizing themselves as themselves, without offering close to no content what so ever. We are volunteers for Facebook, every time we log on they make money. Practice based choreography is the opportunity for the performer to realize him or herself as him or herself.

The worst kind of practice based choreography are those that has been systematized or simply multiplied. Deborah Hay's business idea with her choreographic scores to be practiced by the individual for far to long is not a nice friendly gesture by an elderly lady. No, it's venture capitalism at the end of times. What Hay charges bunches of individuals for is nothing else than Facebook, she offers those poor souls – that seems to consider themselves in need of support – a score consisting largely of tacky oxymoron, kitschy paradoxes, enigmas for them to practice on a daily bases. The old lady offers simply the opportunity for the individual to invest his or her own creativity, imagination, energy and time to realize him or herself as him or herself. In other words, authorized by Hay you consume yourself as subjectivity in order to enhance your experience of yourself. You consume yourself in order to become a more authentic version of yourself. Men and women, proud and stand up dancers and choreographer for the future of our art forms dignity, let's get together and make one decision, to abandon Hay – she can do it alone that wont harm to much – once and for all and with that practice based choreography forever.

If firefighter choreography is all about the heroism, about the man fighting the element, ego-romanticism, practice based choreography is about particularity, about the individual as individual – romanticism for the individual entrepreneur. Firefighter dance in a way is like a pathetic version of Greek drama – the hero that sticks out his eyes of whatever in the end – perhaps practice is worse, doesn't it remind us about a kind of well produced corporate documentary about rescue workers working feverishly to tidy up after some terrible natural catastrophe. Documentaries where the ordinary guy, all of them are elevated into some higher form of – not existence – but self-realization. Shoot, I like rescue workers but save me from introducing them into aesthetics experiences.

Fuck practice, let's get our hands dirty – let's celebrate conceptually oriented choreography. The body is dead long live the body, let's choreograph.

Again... Just kiddin'. No I don't, not at all or nothing at all. I don't regret anything of it, my convictions are firm, I take back nothing – practice based art not to mention performance or choreography is the low life of aesthetic production. Oh, and I have an addition, gosh how embarrassing, art that issue delegation and is proud of it - *Jezuz*, like artists that send somebody else to do the performance, a banker to deliver the lecture, a psychic to predict whatever. It makes me sick just to thinking about it. Acid refluxes, like a lot of them. Oh this is good – when I'm anyways at it, aja – this is so bad it makes not only me but people in my near environment experience acid refluxes [what a lovely word], listen to this – artist's whose work is *about* the art economy, and especially disgusting in a self-referential sort of way. Holy emesis. [OMG, I had to take a break, stand up and walk around in a bit to calm down, seriously.]

You know what, art is not around to inform the people about things they are ignorant and stupid enough not to have acknowledge. It's not part of art's job description to be didactic about something external to itself, not it's responsibility to enlighten us about injustices, art markets, ecology, human trafficking or anything else. It's great if artists, it's even of utmost importance that we or they participate and organize in respect of injustices of all kinds, that they take sides in presidential elections and talk about sexual liberation in their Golden Globe speech. And obviously, an author of whatever kind is always embedded in his or her work, but that does not make art responsible for anything else than to be art. Art is not in the world to inform us about anything at all, and we need to be careful not to instrumentalize art -more than it already is, especially in 2013. [This blog is not art, it might be stupid, informative, self-promotive, about art economies, preposterous and many other bad things but it is not art, in no respect.]

It's two different things to engage in critical discourse in respect of modes of production, of processes and ways of working, to study and reflect on critical theory and to create an art that illustrate, exemplify or display critical discourse, theory or facts. Arts first responsibility is to be utterly useless.

Depending on perspective art has occupied itself, even obsessed about it's critical capacity for either the last forty, twenty or fifteen years. The first blow to art's independence, and it was certainly nothing negative about it, took place during the late 60s when we

understood that art is nothing more than construction and language, when authorship was pronounced dead and post-structuralism proclaimed that language is all we got. It was indeed a golden moment cuz suddenly we could start talking about art, reflect on it and inscribe it in new discursive landscapes, but there's hell of difference between the tautologies of conceptual art and Barbara Kruger's up in the face didacticism. Dance, nah wasn't included – the body was still understood to be somewhat authentic and in the 70s it even got worse, with the proliferation of contact and all kinds of improvisation, not to mention shit like authentic movement.

The second blow came in the early 90s with the introduction of performativity, speech act theory and identity politics. Oh, yes that was the moment when dance and performance ended up being mandatory self-reflexive and critical. And the third blow could be said to show up with the reentry of critical theory in academic discourse (implicit with the fall of the wall and the emergence of global market economy), critical theory being in short a form of critical reflection without ideological attachments. Suddenly everything became an endless rant signed criticality – as we all know a lukewarm strategic rereading of the late Foucault. Yet, as much as it was imperative to go through those states, as much as it was fundamental to acknowledge that also art and aesthetic experience is a hodgepodge of language it doesn't equate that art's job is to demonstrate these thoughts, discourses and theories. On the contrary isn't it then even more important that art, however languaged, claims that there are other or alternative modalities of participation in the world, that art claims its sensible, spiritual and universal intensities, intensities that is always *qua* itself, or in the capacity of itself – sensible *qua* sensible, spiritual *qua* spiritual and universal in capacity of universal.

Art, not even dance or choreography is neither a matter of knowledge. Art is not a matter of facilitating knowledge. Exhibitions, festival programs, schools, blogs are commonly means of facilitating knowledge, about passing established sets of knowledge or information to a third party. Knowledge facilitating is great, it's utterly necessary, it homogenizes knowledge and makes life easy, reliable and functional. What I'm saying is not that artists should wander through the world as innocent savages, on the contrary technical ability, re-skilling, knowledge about ones work in respect of art history, philosophical orientation you name is fab ass. Neither am I saying that art should not reflect those and other knowledges, but what I do say is that the art must not demonstrate or function linear to these knowledges and most of all must never justify itself vis-à-vis whatever knowledge one might possess, in particular anything Deleuzian.

There is a huge difference between facilitation and production of knowledge. Art's job is a matter of production of knowledge. Now, the problem is that knowledge can not be produced just like that. We can't go to the studio, sit down and decide to produce some fresh knowledge. Nope, if we do we are only re-distributing already existing sets of knowledge, find new connections or weird correlations, but it's not production. No, art is, when it is at is best, exactly this production, the production of knowledge, i.e. if we consider art not only as trivial and perspectival forms representation but as an incision into representation itself, a production, and necessarily an unconditional

sensible *que* sensible production that, in certain senses, has no idea what it produces. It is not even the job of art to justify itself, this is the job of us, we that experience it. The production of knowledge is in other words not in the art, it is in the confrontation as experience that art's utter uselessness turns into the production of knowledge, a knowledge that moments later transforms into tangible, namable, package knowledge completely and without resistance to language.

Art in the last instance is not a matter of interpretation, localization or settlement, art in the last instance is a matter of perturbed or heretic production.

Dance suffers. Yes, dance suffers tremendously from a decease that is really quite difficult to recover from. It's not like hysteria, which is like covering ones own's tracks in order to not have to face the fact or something. This is worse. This is like the doctors and nurses, everybody is like pretending you are not sick, you are perfectly well and super fine. But we are not. We so are not even close to acceptably alright. Dancers, choreographers, dance makers in general, even performers from time to time have this creepy feeling, a suspicion that there is a conspiracy going on. Like, when I was a kid and my parents suddenly started to speak English, but this is worse – not only cuz most people speak reasonable English nowadya, no it's much worse. This conspiracy is slow and is often inserted into the maker or doer already during the first amateur classes. Do you know why ventilation is so intensified in dance schools? It's not the sweat smelling, fungi, macrobiotic fart-fest that's the real deal, no those ventilation systems are fitted with extra ordinary devises that slowly poison all of us. All of us, slowly but consistently.

We can't be sure about who started it all, if it was FBI, August Bournonville, Deborah Jowitt, Karl Regensburger, a British choreographer called Wayne, or perhaps the French. There's definitely something going on with the French. One never knows but they sure have Rancière on their side. It might be that it's all those residency venues, or perhaps artistic research – Göhö – or what about social choreography, they are certainly involved perhaps they have some agreement with performative architecture or performative in general. It is my guess that performative is knee deep involved. But in fact its been going on for ages, really.

What I'm talking about is a decease called neutralism. No no, not naturism that's only Xavier Le Roy's personal ghost. Don't worry that's not contagious. This is neutralism, or Neutralism, and we suffer deep and intensely. I wonder why is our art form, so freaking neutralized. It's like all, or close to all, dance performances are from Sweden and Switzerland, completely average. Like the only good thing that Sweden has or had is an eminent social welfare system. Think about that an entire art from whose only radical feature is a great social welfare system.

But seriously when did you last encounter a dance performance that wasn't absolutely conventional, more predictable than Carlos Santana, grey, sympathetic and just about an hour, with two to seven people on stage executing something fully and completely agreeable. We suffer from Neutralism, and they want us to stay sick – festival directs, dance school directors, people called Barbara all of them. I find it phabstastic how all

those performances that could be done by people straight out of school almost exclusively is evaluated by people that are from seven thousand years old and counting. The people that judge, contemplate and don't program your pieces have no idea what dubstep is, and if they do they think it's still hot, they don't know the difference between Cheap Monday and Wood Wood and they still think identity politics is currency. You know what, they might just ask you if you have seen *The Wire*.

We are of course not alone, but damn if other art forms favor a slightly different generational distribution. In visual art there are curators, all the way up that's so young they don't even shave their legs. Moreover the presence of freelance curators, something that is largely absent in dance and performance produces a necessity of orientation, productive competition for good or bad. As we all know the fact that the administrative director is also chief curator is a freakin' disaster, as it means that the status quo and next years funding will never be jeopardized. Never. And in the rare cases that freelance curators are invited, or a team is established, why is it the most grey people in the history of mankind that's engaged, the most safe and polite people ever, the very centerfold of nice and neutralism. How many times do I have to hear, "you know, we have to curate a healthy mixture between local and international work" – no you don't! You don't need anything at all, you have a job and that's to be artistic director, curator, make the fuckin' program. Not to be a neutralist that serve more neutralism and stick to protocol. Every time you make concessions, every time you swallow policy documents from local funders, every time you agree to present something from your EU network because you don't pay for it, you sell your soul to, no not to Satan, he wouldn't want you anyway. You sell your soul to Italian politics that how bad you are. Stand the fuck up, your job is not to save your own ass, and you certainly are not responsible for mine or any of my colleague's, we can mind our own business and will not miss your theatre or festival the day it doesn't happen anymore. You know, we've managed fairly well for all these years without your help, so if your venue is remodeled into a Wholefoods, some office or just bulldozed away, we'll be fine anyway. And don't come around with democracy arguments, you as much as I know that creative processes should be strictly elitist and btw how far does your democracy reach. Art council democracy, EU funding democracy, neutralism democracy, kickstarter democracy.

Recently, I sat through some sort of performance where a bunch of curators exposed their perspectives on whatever to the public. At some point a voice over asked the curators, as if was some sort tribunal, what they would die for, implicitly if they would die for art. Now, the whole situation is obviously rather embarrassing, and obviously to die for art is in the first instance quite extra uncool, but you know what, these curators what they answered was that they would die for family, for their families. One after the other, no I wouldn't die for art, I would die for family, to save my family. Can you believe this, for family – to state that in front of an audience... like seriously, in some sort of spectacle. Would you do that? It's theatre for godssake. Die for something cool you neutralist policy sucking shit head, die for something heroic, something like a firefighter would die for, die for something ridiculous like poverty or ecology, peace on earth anything, but no "I would

die for family” – can you imagine, those are the sort of people that promote you for a residency, those are the people that propose that your new piece will be shown on a Tuesday in the small space, those are the people that sit in the board or panel deciding if you will be the chosen one for the EU funded network. Those people, those people, no wonder our art form is suffering from neutralism.

And you, you – maker or doer, don't think you are any better. Stop making performances that are just about an hour, stop making work with two friends your age and fit for fight for a ten by ten space, stop making dance shows where you go into states and flap around like some fuckin fish, stop making pieces without makeup, stop making pieces without costume changes, stop making piece with anything grey or black in the costumes, stop making performances without too much set design and props, stop making shows that make any sense at all, stop making nice press photos, stop that fuckin dramaturge [fire him], stop making performances thinking about the budget, stop making performances that you rehearse for three months, stop making performances in Essen, stop making performances where somebody sings a song, stop making performances with somebody playing synth a bit bad, stop making anything at all that's not totally fuckin psychotic, stop making performances that don't have a lot of zombies, stop making performances that don't make you afraid of yourself, stop making anything on the premise that you are a perfectionist [you are just so full of yourself], stop anything that has to do with ecology, stop working for William Forsythe or even in the same city, stop making pieces for the audience, for any kind of satisfaction, stop it right now.

The real problem however, with neutralism, is generational and it's all about aura. Yep, the folks that curate, program, decide, organize, critique, make books, inhabit the main venue, they all have grey aura. They might think they are witty and nice but no they are just grey. They like careers, nuclear families, evolution, they consume porn with a bit of guilt, they match their clothes and have a goatee, they don't buy fashion over internet and argues against instamatic. And they like that kind of dance, exactly that kind of dance – well made, structurally orderly, recognizable, dramaturgical, consistent, clear, that one knows what it is about, stuff that can be understood as one and so on. So no wonder they program Rosas for the seventh hundred time, no wonder they still present something Austrian, no wonder they adore work made in Brussels, no wonder they still go to New York in January.

Our real problem, exactly, is that those people cannot, it's in their blood, it's on the edge of genetic. They cannot feel it, can't dig it, they don't have the sensitivity, they feel physically bad when they encounter the work of young choreographers that don't suffer from Neutralism, makers that have resisted the poisonous evil. Yeah, this is goddamn scientific. Individuals born after 1985 they have a different aura, theirs is no more grey, it's indigo. Yes, indigo. Their new aura is indigo and check this out it's not just a color, but an entirely new mindset. Indigo people are not good at all but whatever they are they operate differently, they're too smart to bother about career [I get one when I need it], they all grew up in composed families, they multitask and are thoroughly digital, they are deeply post-ideological, post-television, don't even care to remember who Jonny Rotten

was, they are all p.i.p. generation (post internet porn), don't bother with definition especially not concerning artistic work. The awesome indigo kid is somebody who decides to work long term as a carpenter but still tours with the band, have a tattoo studio with two friends and work as a cameraman mostly for music videos. Indigo is over emancipation of any kind, they are so not into being special, they live in Brooklyn [and I have a crush on one of them], they are hyper conscious about fashion but too cool to show it. The indigo is consciously not conscious at all, it's down dressing and remixed. The indigo person is somebody who is so not allergic but is very careful about diet, gluten, dairy and is definitely vegetarian. The indigo personality is somebody who is convinced that addiction is a choice, and she is so right. That's the mindset of artistic production today, it's like fucked up different, and we have job – to let if goddamn flourish. We need to chase the grey people out of the temple of dance, do it once and for all and get rid of all of them. If we don't, if we don't and with emphasis dance and choreography will never free itself from the Neutralism. It will never free itself from it's historical ballast and join the contemporary, and will forever be haunted by spirals, somebody called David, season programs, production value, and will never change the world. Fuck they grey, bring in the indigo. Once and for all, and abandon Deborah one more time, and Judson Church and everything 60s. Allow all those new colors in, new forms of obscenity, nothing special, self-indulgence, even long boards, silly webpages, non reflected passionate dance, that is as much a Youtube clip as it's a dance show, a hang out, a kind of zombie being together where friending is as important as the light changes, that are lateralized to the extent that the make up and glitter is equally important as the dance material or some whatever activity. And don't you dare consider that they don't know what they are, they do and far more elaborately than you could ever imagine. Indigo people make what they do because they know what they want, they don't need a dramaturge (certainly not one from Belgium), this is what it should look like, it's not a mistake it's the future, and it's amazing.

Let in those chatty performances, that speak blurry and use a language that sounds old school but isn't. Make it happen, those performances that allow themselves to use editing that appear totally ridiculous but isn't, that don't bother to learn the material properly, that don't give a damn about high res, and does things for their own sake, let them happen these dance shows that are phantastic and absolutely incomprehensible, sentimental and giggle a holographic bubbles and glitter and shine shine shine.

The time of movement is now. It is not an accident, it is not a temporary fashion. The time of movement is now, as it never was before. Yes sire. It is now and soon, very soon it's gonna be a known fact. It was already stated yesterday. What? Aha, once more time. A society has the art it deserves. So check it out, the last hundred years has experienced a consistent transformation of general modes of production from a period where commodity production was key, voila what you made money on was commodities – gold, tobacco, wood, steal, fish and the lot – to deep industrial production where the manufacturing of goods were centerfold – automotive industry had it's heyday, tons of workers went to the factory to produce wonderful things mass reproduced, from sausages

to sofa sets, weapons and Hollywood movies [the studio system]. But also goods were bypassed now in favor of service, here we go exchange value suddenly got complexified when major parts of our economies were invested in services from hair cuts to psychic readings, from fast food to internet shopping, and then... experience took the lead and today major parts of our money is directed to knowledge, subjectivity, transformation and potentiality production. Industries are today selling us soft values that implies only the possible transformation of the subject engaged. From hard to soft, from concrete to abstract, and with those transformations also modes of production have changed significantly. Who today, in the Western world [yes, I know...] works in a factory, nobody – we all work in small entities with way more complex job descriptions than the good old worker. And obviously, as engaged in the labor market we also sell completely other skills, from the factory workers hard skills [from muscle power, to welding or operating a sewing machine] to soft skills like charm, problems solving, a smiling face, age or some general form of performative abilities. Add to that, what brings in the bacon is not the ability to produce many of a few products (stable and efficient production methods), but a few of many (super dynamic competence). In short from stability and repetition to dynamism and movement. From the collective of identical workers that however repressed and sucked, because of their interchangeability had zero problems with unionization, to the individualized employee, still repressed and sucked but because what he or she sells is his or her identity, charm, smiling face etc. will never ever unionize. In fact to consider the possibility of an uprising in our contemporary Western society is total nuts. The crises needed for any serious and on individual levels non-strategic unionization or political movement to grow strong must be so deep that it will resemble a goddamn apocalypse. Fuck no, I'm not vouching for any form or neoliberalism – I'm just being realistic. The foundations of classical revolution are just not compatible with our contemporary society. And since any form of self-organization was captured through corporate DIY culture forms of emancipation have also lost any and all is “subversive” capacities. You don't become less a capitalist because you buy organic, local or free going food. It just feels better, and they know it [even the chicken].

Aha, so if this is the conditions of contemporary society. Bring it on, society has experienced a six fold [I know yesterday it was only four, society is changing rapidly] transformation from industrial production, goods, history, localness, stability and the people, what we have today is a society governed by immaterial production, performance or performativity, contemporaneity, globality, flexibility and the individual. And just in case add to that a good old fact from discipline to control. Hole in one, exactly a transformation from objects and stuff to movement and performance.

So now if – which is not an if but a fact – also art and cultural landscapes correlate to general modes of production in society it is obvious that its modes of production and distribution, administration, dynamics and you name by necessity must change. The time is now, it not an accident either in the arts – whatever art – what governs its engagement in society is exactly immaterial production, performance or performativity,

contemporaneity, globality, flexibility and the individual. The time of movement is now and is here to stay.

Consequently it is not an accident that every second museum today is engaging choreographers to make whatever it is that they make from dances performances on Saturday afternoon, to exhibitions stretching over the conventional three months. It is not an accident that every second artist is adding performativity to name their practices. It's not an accident that architecture today desperately wants to be performative or even performance architecture. It is no accident that temporary or time based is being thrown around in the art circuits. It is no accident that the museum today is hysterically looking for activation artistic bingabonga. It is no accident that artistic practices today want to emphasize its discursive engagements, it correlates perfect with knowledge oriented society. Anybody who considers that artistic research is a temporary faux pas is an idiot. The art council is a creature produced by the welfare state in correlation with industrial production. Swallow it, artistic research is here to stay, it's straight up the alley with knowledge society. Chew on that, amigo.

But what does dance do about it, nothing or something. Come on dance folks, get the grip our time is now and we better goddamn seize the opportunity [we don't need to do it through means of neoliberal conformism, we can chose methods]. The argument that dance always has been part of the artistic landscape and that dance has been in the museum for bunches of years is certainly true but it is BS because the modalities through which it is part is magnificently different. Let's not sell out movement to visual artists, curators, CEO's, architects and other incompetent fatalities of the field, let's claim the territory even and especially if it forever will change what dance, choreography and movement implies and is. The time of movement is now.

And look at this, the theatre, what is that if not a construction based on experience understood as, or through industrial production (the dance company), goods (the dance production), history (classics), localness (the city theatre), stability (repertoire) and the people (the audience). The theatre is a factory that packages experience, performativity and movement in ways that is past tense. Leave it, and leave it now.

Our job is not to make dance pieces and fasten movement into repeatable repertoire pieces, no our job is to set movement free and make it one with it's time, with contemporary modes of production, organization, distribution, labeling etc. And most of all to make dance and choreography correlate to contemporary modes of being human, with contemporary modes of life.

The time of movement is now.

Episode 4

Dancing The Museum And It's Reversal

- A society develops the art it deserves.

- General modes of production, e.g. Fordism, correlates to other formations in society such as institutions, social relations, forms of exchange and notions of property, including artistic production, the artists' identity and position in society, art institutions such as museums and theaters, needs to say to formats such as exhibitions, festivals and programs.

- In a society composed around Fordist production models the museum will correspondingly reproduce those models, understanding art through notion of objects or commodities and to those notions aligned concepts of property. The museum model we are familiar with is the fruit of a society where accumulation of material goods equaled wealth, where the museums as a public institution and it's relation to the public and democracy were deeply embedded in widespread social-democratic governance and the belief in a society equally available for every citizen and where the museum committed to the twofold responsibility of celebrating industrial production and the education of the citizen into a productive liberal subject. And nothing wrong with that.

Such a society further produces exhibition and programs in accord to Fordist production, must poignant perhaps the art-historically correct monographic show, and in the context of dance festival formats offering a series of shows to be consumed or harvested night after night, homogenizing the experience in favor of a rigor of locating the experience or "text" in respect of a regimes of interpretation.

- In 1870 two thirds of the American workforce were engaged in commodity production. Fifty years later an equal amount of workers were engaged in the production of goods – the time of the factory. Yet half a century later, around 1970 more or less the same amount two thirds of the workforce were engaged in service industry. Following this development the two thirds will in 2020 be engaged in experience or knowledge production. A society in which abstract values through experience and knowledge will necessarily produce new forms of museums, exhibitions, festivals, educations, institutions as much as it will produce new forms of life, families, surveillance, knowledge, power and subjectivity.

- The museum as we know it, independently if it's called Van Abbe, Moma, Pompidou, Bilbao or Tate Modern has already changed their profile – more or less successfully – to fit to today's modes of production. Not always through conscious articulation or political courage, but often, too often, through corporate relations. Great, but they are certainly not more or less innocent or political than public money.

Looking back, is it perhaps possible to retrace the curatorial turn, the tsunami of biennales, the thematic exhibition, the museum shop, the guided tour, the decline of the permanent collection and so on, taking of around 1980, as the moment when the museum turned service economy.

- A society fundamentally composed around immaterial labor, experience and knowledge will have no use for a museum that celebrates material production and certainly not a dead welfare state – anybody who believes the museum of today to be a public or democratic place is just way out wrong and seriously naïve, and further anybody who consider it important to still promote such naiveté should totally return to Marcuse or is probably friendly with Sloterdijk, seriously. To survive and have any chance in today's economic reality the museum must reevaluate what it's job is? The future of the museum is knowledge and experience, immaterial something, at a transition called relational aesthetics, but later known as Tino Sehgal, Tania Bruguera, Raimundas Malasauskas, Bifo Berardi, Hans Ulrich and the catalogue can be made endless, or packaged into formats such as participatory, performance, event, socially engaged, the Berlin Biennale, educational turn so on and forth, all organized through the new agency called “program”.

- The reason why the museum today is interested in dance and choreography is not because curators suddenly turned dance lovers but because they have no choice. Art dealing with objects is so last Friday, the new cool is dance, the next cool is movement and any kind of ticket selling activity that can fill the museum with something else than tourists and sculptures. It's great that the museum is upgrading and it's great that ArtForum has engaged a dance writer, but check it out it's also what sells and what correlates to today, so hey dance kids let's not consider the art-worlds to suddenly have turned generous or like interested in inter-disciplinary.

- Exhibitions such as “Move, Choreographing You”, whatever the show was called in Pompidou, that mistake in Karlsruhe featuring old ladies, Performa [a brilliant initiative by a curator with an excellent sense of timing], and a documenta with seven billion [and I like it, mostly] entries on the list of the public program, is not an accident, something passing, a little fad, no way. Tate Moderns did good prediction getting their new performance house ready this year, but unfortunately they should have gotten rid of the other house when they were anyway at it. However dis-encouraging the Tate performance room is, it's totally a sign of the times, and mind you the museum audience is not about to be in one location in the near future.

- In a society where my most important properties were my car, house, summer cottage and other material things it was of course no problem to go to the museum to look at more of the same, never mind the exhibition understanding knowledge as an object to be facilitated – as a material something. And I always thought like whatever Karl André was cool but hey he just called the factory, he was perfect.

In a society emphasizing immateriality, activity, knowledge and experience your most important property is no more the car, but your subjectivity. You don't go to the museum to look at objects, no way – you visit the museum to invest in your most important property, your subject. And I always thought Tino Sehgal was cool but hey he just read the experience economy before everybody else, perfect.

At some point the museum was as place you went to to admire others' creativity and ability to make ideas, today you hang out in the museum to enhance your subjectivity, it's value, in a world where creativity is not admirable but a currency.

- A visit to the museum is no longer a matter of consuming a number of original or what not artifacts, it's not a matter of gathering information nor a proclamation of ones leftist democratic values [like I went with my parents to the library every two weeks through out the 70s], it's a matter of announcing oneself as an available, active and engaged subject that knows how to go along with the code and most of all expresses a certain "care of the self". Certain in a sense that would make Foucault go ballistic, but in the sense that it performs itself as benevolent to endlessly overlapping dispositives [in Agamben's rather tacky tacky take of the concept].

- To the same extend as dance people and it's curators knows nothing or past tense about visual art, and the guy at the delivery service isn't necessarily a specialist on pick-up lines, visual art and it's folks isn't exactly Einstein when it comes to dance. In fact, since they never needed to defend themselves against other art-forms they had no reason to bother, whereas dance people actually could gain some cred by knowing a bit of the visual art lingua [if for no other reason than to get an invitation to the party]. So when the museum today wish for dance that's all good, it's just that what they consider to be contemporary dance is not at all. Visual art and their curators, who are excellently educated in both the history of visual art and the management of visual art but so not in the same concerning dance, are often making dance a negative favor because they are sending dance back to the middle ages not just because what dance they want in the museum but more so through how the hell they talk about it and further who from dance they talk to. Dancers and choreographers united, the future is immaterial, the future is dancing and so will the museum so let's take this serious and back these folks from the museum up. However they have curly hair [metaphor], they mean well – promise.

- And when we are anyway at it, let's make sure not to offer ourselves for a bargain deal. Visual art people can support the museum with lousy deals because it makes them sell, get boosts in the gallery market and increase their value in the collectors consciousness, dance and choreography doesn't have those markets so we have to charge at the door, straight there at the museum, in a curators office [OMG you are right it's an office landscape], and by the way we also need to rehearse [at least sometimes] and those our costs a little bit more than just to rent the studio.

- And when we are anyways at it, let's make sure not to fuck up our dancers and performers wages and lives. Museum people deals with objects that stand still and need no or little maintenance. To work as a dancer is a work as much as being a guard, a painter, a dude in the archive or the assistant curator, so let's make sure dancers get paid for their work, and not in accord to some assumed passion for dance.

- And when we are anyways at it, let's make sure dance is not made part of the archive department of anything similar. Dance in the archive is fine ok but the moment when you are in the archive you are nowhere else. If a museum is interested in acquiring a dance or choreography it's as a dance or choreography not as a document. They may say whatever they want, that it isn't an object and can't be put in the storage – but look that's not our fault – dance and choreography – no it's the problem of the storage, the notion of

collecting, of memory, presence [however much those words make us vomit. Memory, omg. Trace, double omg]. So, sorry archive people – or good day – you are not to be stuck with dance, dance isn't something else, so how can it not have it's own department. Simple.

- And when we are anyways at it. Just because the museum is suddenly interested in dance we shouldn't allow them to think that dance has been one nice thing from 1962 to today – like for fifty damn years. Check it out, however Yvonne Rainer is or not a genius, her stuff has as little to do with contemporary choreography, as Bob Morris has with Pierre Huyghe's pink legged dog. However Bill Forsythe is nice guy or not, his stuff has as little do with contemporary dance as Joy Division has with Swedish House Maffia. Historical exhibitions are great – if I'm like I'll probably be in some – but not if they happen on the costs of the next cool thing not happening at all. Let's seriously kick contemporary choreography into the museum – and let Valie Export out finally – and let it be contemporary all the way. Also when you curate dance you are curing artists and pieces not content, style and what it looks like. If you wanna make dances too go ahead but don't do others. And this is fundamental, dance is not something you look at. You know when Rainer states “dance is hard to see” she doesn't mean that we should turn up the light or open our eyes, but perhaps more probably that dance requires or asks for another kind of seeing, and that seeing is not starting with recognition. This is in fact the real reason for why the museum is so occupied with dance of the past, it's because they need dance to look like dance because in a museum dance could, and that would be disaster, be confused with something else, like a real installation or some real socially engaged art. For the museum dance must look like dance and be understandable as dance and nothing else. This is sad.

- Dance has entered the museum not as a fad or a whim, nor because some museum directors niece, it's there to stay and it to grow stronger. The reason isn't because dance is so cool – in fact it rarely is at all – but because dance correlates to contemporary modes of production, to a society based on immaterial values and the exchange of knowledge and experience. So dance, dancers and choreographers let's take the invitation serious and make a dance that is made only for the museum, not to stay in the theatre, because as much as the museum needs to transform to our current modes of production so does dance and if the museum is slow, goddamn dance is backwards. Remember, dance never was more contemporary than today so let's make ourselves contemporary plus and a bit more straight into the future.

The Reversal

- The situation is excellent. They need us more then we need them. The museum, the exhibition space, the Kunsthalle, even the biennales have understood two things. Let's surf it. First, that dance in the museum brings audience and that means ticket sale and that means statistics and that means potentially more subsidy to support more visual art.

Check it out, why would I go to the museum to see an exhibition more than once, it's not that amazing and I'm not an art historian or use the exhibition spaces as a pick up arena, but if there is a concert or dance performance once in a while that's so sweet, attractive and a great social event. And second, hello – we live in the centre fold of immaterial labor, knowledge society, experience culture, attention economy, fragmentation of time who needs to inspect and reflect the possible ingenuity of a bunch of objects, painting, sculptures, installations or – help me god – a series of Laurence Wiener text pieces [vomit and puke]. No way, a dance is perfect, not too long and production value is fairly low. This is the era of immaterial, objects are last Friday, give me some action.

- As much as a society develops the art it deserves, any sustainable context produce a certain art. Capitalism made both Beethoven and Delacroix, Fordism gave us Duchamp, Cage and Cunningham, welfare state opened the door for Pina Bausch and Daniel Buren and early neo-liberalism Hirst and Hans-Ulrich. The future will give us something entirely different something that doesn't sit in the museum waiting for the spectator to contemplate and touch his or her chin, no the future art will be one that makes the spectator feel more himself, an art that is experience and needs nothing to be consumed, produce and circulate value, it just needs to show up.

- The theatre, museum and concert hall are places where the individual is homogenized into the audience, visitors, statistics – in different ways but never the less each spectator is supposed to, or at least are given the option to have the “same” experience. In these spaces, developed out of rather primitive notions of democracy, individuals are grouped up to become something like The People. Slightly exaggerated [do I ever do that, exaggerate - nah] the museum, Kunsthalle and the biennale too, are like Walmart placed in the middle of a society obsessed with the deli. Although just to say Rancière has become a joke, since he wrote about the emancipated spectator eight years ago an individual that doesn't consider him or her self emancipated already before entering the theatre or museum is weird. And, hello what else than an emancipated spectator could contemporary capitalism want, we are much better consumers when emancipated, individualized, liberated, boosted with subjectivity, our selves and ready for another experience.

I don't look – why should I – at something that everybody else can look at too. I want a personal experience, something customized for me or better something that I customize by myself, something that makes me more myself, that makes me feel myself more authentically. The future of dance, the dance in the museum, will not be something to look at, something that will be recognizable as dance, no it will be something more like – no not participatory, and for fucks sake not interactive – but it will be more like yoga studio or like having... no it will be like the difference between television and Youtube – what matters is not longer what you see but what is exchanged and experienced.

- First we build theaters or museum to accommodate art, then theaters and museums make us make art for theaters and museums.

A dance created in a ten by ten studio will be a ten by ten dance, simple – we can resist but do we? And we all know whether we do or not for the stage its always a win-win

situation. The stage, which is always the same enough to prescribe a certain kind of production, as any other frame produce certain kinds of dance, certain kinds of movement, addresses to the body, develops certain physical techniques etc. Now, instead of insisting on dance as we know it, why don't we show the museum – now when it want us so badly – the dignity of making dances that is specific to the museum, that organize it's kinds of movement, addresses to the body and develops new or other physical techniques.

Remember, what matters is not what is being said in what is being said, but that it is said here and now and only here and now, and mind you make here and now be the exhibition space, the museum. Only if we make dances that couldn't be anywhere else than in the museum will they become valuable to the museum.

- Great choreographers are rarely great visual artists and vice versa, and that's good. To make choreography is not difficult but to make great choreograph is tricky, same with visual-art although it's a bit easier...

It is both a matter of decency and self-preservation to, when invited to a foreign territory not to assimilate. When invited to a participate in an exhibition what ever it might or not address make sure you maintain yourself as a choreographer and don't start fiddling with visual art. As a choreographer in the museum you'll always be a curiosity, not really trusted but at the same time given the liberty to not know everything and correct. You will always be *great* also because you don't pose any kind of threat, but the moment when you aspire to be a visual artist and gain the recognition you have a problem. Suddenly you compete with all the others and are just one of the artists standing in line. So not cute.

- There are uncountable ways of remaining a choreographer or somebody making dances without possessing about performs and dancers. In fact they are so not needed for you to be a dance maker or choreographer. Remember, choreography is not the art of making dances but a set of tools that can be used to analyze or produce whatever, and just because you work with dancers they might just not be present and occupy the exhibition space. Listen to this – they could be part of some kind of process. But don't forget, you are a dance maker, a choreographer – nothing else.

- On home territory it is of importance to destabilize conventions, rules, hierarchies, positions, job descriptions and so on. As a choreographer you call your work "things" and not ballets of whatever. We try to hollow out the division between dancer and choreographer, between author and interpreter, between maker and doer, body and mind endlessly. On foreign territory the situation is different. A museum director or curator that addresses you and introduce you to others as dancer, choreographer and "... who makes performances" interchangeably should always be corrected. They do it in order to disempower us, not because they are whimsical, busy, afraid or stupid – promise. Remember, if they weren't strategic motherfuckers they wouldn't be where they are, like upstairs.

At other times it can of course be great to stay in the shadows, the one that has no name can't be kept responsible. Keep changing your name, it's a means of being a warmachine.

- The museum is a good place, because the notion of dramaturge is completely unknown. Great, fire him.

- What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. To experience dance is context specific. A dance made for the theater, the street or whatever Youtube, should be experienced there and not in a museum. Same as graffiti, doesn't make much sense in Moma. Or occupy anything at all in a biennale. Reverse the argument, a dance produced for an exhibition space shouldn't fiddle around on stage.

- Frames are by definition stronger than content. A dance is always weaker than it's dispositive, and if that dispositive is Tate Modern no need to discuss further. Hence, independently of how amazing, autonomous, ambiguous, anti-septic, aerodynamic, aesthetically appealing and so on a dance is it won't and mustn't override its frame. To have any impact what so ever except simple entertainment a dance showed in a museum must be made for the museum.

- The theatre and the museum condition time fundamentally different. We go to the theatre to celebrate life and experience life passing. We go to the museum to celebrate death and experience time standing still. The theatre has only beginnings, middles and ends, stuff that to exhibition spaces are genuine foreign to. A museum dance have no choice but to abolish at least beginnings and ends. Repetition or loop is not an option, if not produced precisely as a response to the museum, but don't flatter yourself, and by the way show your performs some dignity and save them from repeating a dance for three months for loads of hours every day. They will hate you, no they already do.

- The museum as much as the theatre is constructed around illusion, it's just differently constructed. A museum space is not more or less real than the theatre, it's just different. Play it.

- Any person who uses the word "dance installation" with positive connotations should be taken away. An installation is an open yet over time stable constellation of inanimate stuff that when the visitor introduce him or her self to it activates certain capacities of meaning production. It's a constellation not a composition, an open work not a predefined whole [although it is just on a higher level]. A dance in a museum however it has to abolish beginnings and ends, must in order to maintain itself a dance insist on an instability of time, a time that changes. An installation stays around and the same, a dance passes away and leaves nothing behind.

- A museum that asks you to present one of your works on Saturday at 15.00, or any other time, is in no respect worthy your attention. They just want cheap entertainment and since the conventional middle-class museum audience only can take so many evenings with Anthony [I love him] dance is a great alternative. But mind you, the moment you show a piece under those conditions you'll never ever be taken serious.

A museum that asks you to present a work every Saturday at 15.00, through out the exhibition time, is so not worthy anything you. They don't just want cheap entertainment they also want the exhibition, their museum, to be activated [what a terrifying word] by

something that doesn't mind being instrumentalized in a similar way as the children's workshop or the museum café.

A museum that asks you to present your work every Saturday at 15.00 in the exhibition space and in between other works in the show, is simply sick – that the equivalent of asking a painter to scribble something on the museum toilet door or an installation artist to arrange the merchandise in the museum shop.

- Dance in the sense of its performance is an immaterial property. A performance, or dance piece, is a material property in the sense of that it can be circulated in festivals, season programs or museum shows. Dance is an activity in the sense of it's performing, but is an object, as any other commodity, in the sense that it has a duration, a theme, a price, a cast, a name and it's name designate something sustainable over time. The business of museums is first of all objects not activities.

- Museums or exhibitions exhibit objects or residues of objects. Dance is fundamentally concerned with subjectivities over time. Dance isn't, nor its performers, objects, which fundamentally distinguish them from the mode of circulation of objects common to a museum.

The moment when you show a performance at 15.00 on a Saturday or loop a performance throughout the opening hours of a museum, the dance and it's performers lose their specificity and become uncannily similar to paintings, sculptures or any other art object circulated in a museum. In order to maintain the specificity of dance also when introduced into the museum it is significant to insist on it's quality as immaterial production, i.e. that the action is the product. To let go of this specificity implies a betrayal of dance.

- Visual art as commonly sit silent in the museum, an activity in the museum can produce a differentiated relation to the individual spectator.

- Activity as something that is active in and activate time is a threat to the museum, whose time although it is physically passing doesn't change.

- Everything in a museum can be returned to the collection, the storage. Your dance and choreography pose a threat to the empire of the storage, make sure it isn't trapped. The moment it is it will be forgotten.

- To exhibit a video of a dance in a museum transforms the dance into a document, into an object as any other handled and circulated by a museum. When such transformation occurs the economical circumstances of dance changes drastically. Such a video becomes an art-work as any other handles or circulated by and within a museum.

- Although dance and choreography are interlinked they are two different things. Dance is an activity and an expression. Choreography is cluster of tools designated to organize dynamic relations. When you are engaged as a choreographer you are not necessarily supposed to engage in dance or engage dancers/performers but to make use of specific tools which may take entirely different expressions.

- An exhibition that addresses dance and choreography is not only addressing representations of dance and choreography but to an equal extent in its processes, modes of production, history, economies and conditions of circulations.

- Just because a spectator or viewer can “freely” move around in a space it doesn’t make a work of art more or less democratic. To expose an individual to an art-work always implies to negotiate freedom, to regulate democracy in a diminishing or expanding manner. To expose an individual to an art-work always implies some or other production and re-organization of power.

- The invitation from the museum is an amazing opportunity and will continue to be if we allow the invitation to change what we do. If we allow dance and choreography to change, to respond to its new circumstances and at the same time stand up for and fight for its specificity dance and choreography will perhaps leave the theatre but live an amazing future.

- Dance is not something that we do, even less something that we already did for a while. It’s one of those vague territories where subject and object, subjectivity and objectivity, thought and activity merge into an organic synthesis and produce the future, just before we get to know about it. Let’s not make the theatre or the museum predict the future, but let’s dance straight into it without knowing what comes next.

The Time Of Dance Is Now

- A society organized around the exchange of immaterial values will and must favor movement in front of stability. The time of dance is now.

- In a society where immaterial property is a much more pressing issue than material ditto, the museum will store art-works in the backyard and install movement practices and dynamic processes in what was previously known as exhibition spaces. Dance.

- In a society where subjectivity is a more important property than material things, where your figure is way more crucial than the size of your car, experience will be essential not paintings, choreographic pieces, poems, priceless sculptures or performances obsessed with identity politics. Dancing.

- In a society where the individual’s subjectivity is highest priority, the aesthetic experience is supposed to improve and celebrate the individual’s subjectivity, not the nation state, the people or celebrate art.

In order to correlate with our present predicament and notions of subjectivity the aesthetic experience will and must partly be designed by the experiencing individual. He or she should absolutely not be provoked to participation but engaged “creatively” in a way that makes him or her feel a little bit more real. Dancing.

- In a society where the aesthetic experience is designed to enhance the individuals subjectivity the content of an art-work becomes subordinate to the quality of the experience. Abstract dance.

- In a society where the aesthetic experience is supposed to increase the individuals ability to act, an art-work that aim at communicating a political injustice or urgency, or supports a position or opinion – especially through language – will at best be treated nicely because it's well-meaning, but hence it beckons the individual to support a general and given opinion, thus canceling out the creative investment of individual's subjectivity, it will not be given recognition as an aesthetic experience proper. Forget dance theatre, dance.

- In a society where the individual's subjectivity is centre fold, we visit the theatre, with its homogenizing and stultifying dispositive, only for sentimental reasons. Because it feels good, in the same cute way as a charter travels, but seriously it's something you do once with your boyfriend.

It's not a matter of forth wall, participatory theatre, singalong, deconstruction or socially engaged something, art in our present society will and must be unbound and offer the possibility for each individual to be the protagonist of the event, however without any kind of instruction, boundedness or conditioning. Art has left notions of effectivity and engages in affective production.

Most importantly, it is an art that makes no claim what so ever on the audience member. It's an art that has more to do with internet 2.0 than with central perspective, with Facebook than with archive, with choreography than with architecture.

- In a society where the individual's subjectivity is the shit who bothers to see a bunch of dancers utilizing a general dance technique, it's an insult to any subjectivity engaged in practices of self-improvement. In a society where to be a member of the collective is a malaise any decent person don't want to watch skilled workers. The contemporary dancer need not have any skills except being special, specific and more him- or herself.

- For a society that ages ago abandoned Fordism a theatre that presents repertoire, abonement, season program, international stars or pieces that have already toured the world is a waste of time. The aesthetic experience of highest value is one-off, here and now and individual [which is not the same as unique], anything that can be circulated as a general commodity belongs to the past.

- In a society that has abandoned Fordism the, so called dance company, reminds us about a time past. Any ballet or dance group, any company that calls itself as a name reminds us most of all about a factory, of anonymous underpaid workers with stupidly simple job descriptions. Stop making pieces, engage in projects [good or bad], stop rehearsing three months for five performances, be a little bit smarter and engage in performance management, and stop treating dance as material practice.

- The aesthetic experience emphasizing parameters of the art-work that could be associated with hard-skills [welding, carpeting] has been succeeded by aesthetic experiences that accentuate soft-skills [charm, personality, looks]. De-skilling in the arts has been replaced by subjectivity, by the artist, dancer, curator, choreographer and so on being special. It's all about being specific, do what nobody else could do – whatever that is. The subjectivity of the artists is way more central to art-worlds and markets than what the artists do. We don't talk about art but about artists.

- In a society where time has become corporatized into attention economy, and the soul is at work, an art that keeps the visitor or spectator busy, an art that demands attention, that claims the time of the visitor has or will be exchanged for an art that allow the spectator to have the experience of being rich enough to afford time. In other words an art that leaves the spectator alone to create his or her own, specific experience.

- An art engaged in clarity, transparency, meaning production or signification has become useless in a society deeply entrenched in semio-capitalism. Dance that occupies itself with language or, even worse, information or communication, is a betrayal of the art form. Dance is not information of communication it is the production of the possibility of communication, of communicability, of organic synthesis. Dance is not a language, it's dance.

- In a society where the individual's subjectivity has become currency, an art dealing with identity, busy with confirming belonging has been succeeded by art engaged in processes of individuation, of individual individuation emerging in and through the experience in the visitor or spectator. Dance.

- In a society that experiences change art will also change.

For the European welfare state support to art and culture were a means to create a well functioning society. For neo-liberal governance these means and the reasons behind are outdated and lost. The welfare state is not about to return and state funding is long gone. Corporate relations, sponsoring, logos, VIP openings, fundraise galas, crowd-sourcing [how disgusting] and endless so far unknown strategies will rule the game and the future. Whether it is good or bad is not an issue, it's what we stand in front of. But one thing is certain, it will change art – and not just a little bit but fuckin fundamentally – and art will change with it, change in order to negotiate new kinds of freedom, new zones of autonomy and new kinds of art. Dance.

An Art True To The Universe

- Effect and effectivity is measurable and can hence be calculated, strategized, repeated and located. Something that refers to effect and effectivity associate to what is known, possible and imaginable. Effect and effectivity are by necessity faithful to representation and is identitarian, i.e. it confirms something in front of something else.

- Affect, affective and affectivity is on the contrary immeasurable and cannot be subject to calculation, used strategically, cannot it be repeated or located. Affect is homeless and only once. Something that refers to affect and it's neighboring words associate – if that is possible – with what is unknown, potential and to that which can not even be imagined. Affect starts strategically at what I cannot even imagine imagining. Affect et. al. can't completely escape representation but is playing hide and seek with it. Affect is faithful only to the event and is always at the same time singular and generic, or even universal.

- Affection and affect has as little to do with each other as hipster has to do with your pelvic area, joint and bones, or Bono with anything good. And whatever Spinoza and affection is not necessarily good for you, your work or any body coming to see it.

- Effect is continuous and divisible, it is directional and always by necessity perspectival. Effect is confining and evaluative, if not simply judgmental.

- Affect is discontinuous and indivisible, it is all over the place, is non-directional and by definition associated with horizon. Not in the sense that it lies down but that it makes no differentiation, is full circle, all around, lateral and absolutely open. Affect is full circle, when effect is like measuring stuck affect is like compass. No it's like a map, an absolutely blank map.

- Effect always knows where, what and when it is, affect have no freakin' idea and likes it. Effect is obviously about here and there, affect about a bump in the road, about the journey. Effect is worried about when we arrive, affect forgot where we were going?

- Effect correlates to probability and economy, it concerns itself with openness, affordance and investment. Affect on the other hand correlates to contingency, is either-or, this that or nothing at all but certainly nothing inbetween. Affect knows nothing about economy and has no savings account, instead of openness, which is always a matter of degree, affect is "open", boundless and completely self-effacing.

- Effect is occupied with recognition – it might be blurry, vague, shady or low-res – but always recognition. Effect is like a dude who likes to stick around and leaves just a little bit too late. Affect on the contrary is some thing that constantly withdraws, escapes vanishing around the next corner and is unrecognizable. If it's any thing its perhaps mostly a celebrity with amnesia.

- Effect obviously is always premeditated and trustworthy, whereas affect must be fortuitous, contingent and isn't even unpredictable, it's just not interested in anything - dictable whatsoever.

- Needless to say effect is hooked on a Freudian understanding of desire, is normative and subjective. Affect couldn't care less about desire and is excessively normative as a kind of negative, it's even totalitarian in the in the sense that is doesn't negotiate. It's completely either-or. The point however, is that affect is normative and totalitarian only and exclusively to itself and hence affect is also objective and open.

- Anything that is or can be semiotized, can be translated or even referred to is necessarily effect and effective. Affect emerge on the verge of language as an alien impossible to assimilate. Effect correlational, affect is an irritation on the body [something present yet without evidence] an object.

- Effect takes time, it can be clocked, timed and extend over time. Affect understands only one time unit – instantaneity.

- Effect operates through comparison and is conditioned through relation, relations and sets of relations [endless regress, and Latour is after all really tiring, completely liberal and such an army boy]. Affect fucks relation singular, plural or anything at all. Affect is itself and as such, and is always only emerging into relations and then puff vanishes.

- Effect is complacent, thoroughly embedded in multiplicity and what we hear from of it is at best a complaintive murmur. Affect knows no volume button – it's always on eleven, full on – and is associated with the multitude.

- Effect is construction and implies technique and skill. Affect can not be constructed and shuns technique and skill. Yet, affect is not accidental or hope for the best, what can be constructed is the possibility of affect, and that construction is always embedded, charged with all kinds of value. Affect is by definition unconditional but the construction for it's possible emergence is always negotiated, condition and so not innocent.

- Affect is not nice, sympathetic, furry, agreeable and like a family reunion – you know with pros, cons and uncle Tim . No, affect is either-or; bliss or agony, orgiastic or anxiety. Effect reflects, affect is sex. Affect doesn't care about degree – it's a matter of kind, it is always eruptive, always a sense of breach, which although doesn't make it huge, global, supersize me, loud, of any particular dimension, but whatever it is it is unconditional. An engagement in the production of the possibility of the emergence of affect implies to expose other individuals, subjects and things to the possibility of unconditionality and breach. The producing agency can not claim responsibility for the emerging affect or the affective moment, but the production of the possibility is directly linked to responsibility. To engage in affect is to engage in the possibility of irreversibility.

- If the audience sticks around after your dance, choreography or performance and talk in a technical language [it was too long...] or refer to philosophers that you probably have heard the name of but don't really remember, you can be sure your are dealing with effect. If, on the other hand people stay around trying to say something but stops halfway, or utter something like “Uh, for me it was like, yeah – you know what I mean, in a certain way a little bit, ah in the direction of, you know what I mean” and somebody enthusiastically responds, “Yeah, but I was thinking, or you know that it was also sort of, a kind of really, in the or...” your work in some or other way is engaging in the production of the possibility of affect.

This is the point, effect is always already weaved into language, critique [or whatever is left of it], opinion, feelings and emotions, narration, recognition, reason, clarity, transparency, the law. Affect emerge on the limits of representation, what shows up just

after cruelty [in the Artaudian sense of the word], its dark really black and hence it has both happened and not arrived yet. Affect isn't defying, evacuating or canceling representation, it is already in representation but for it to be graspable for representation representation has to offer it space, representation has to change. Affect changes – or dare we say individuates – representation.

- Effect and affect are two things but never separable, yet our job is to keep them part, systematically. Affect is not a matter of vivid fantasy or even imagination. Fantasy is great but all about conjunctive agreements, strategic illusion – World of Warcraft. Imagination contrary to fantasy is sustainable, organized around disjunctive agreements, structural illusion – football or politics. Affect is alien to consciousness and can not be constructed. It requires something more or worse than both fantasy and imagination that can only produce and re-organize what is already possible – yet we have no other resource to construct the possibility of affect than consciousness and reason. The production of the possibility of affect is dependent on systematic imagination, an organization of imaginations, a striation – constructed through consciousness and reason – in such a way that it doesn't allow us to think what we can. A systematic imagination is the map of world unknown.

- An artistic practice that insist on affect will not be successful, it will not be nice, appreciated, fun or in the magazines. It is an artistic practice that contest identity left to right, that refuse inscription, that withdraws from critical judgement. It is an art that carries the potentiality of radical and sudden changes in given and longterm structural and strategic organization. It even jeopardizes it's own existence. If you want in, success, a producer, interviews and co-producers go for effectivity, and know it. It's easy, it's like tax avation – get yourself a topnotch accountant [I love "Shawshank Redemption", what a movie], or whatever a dramaturgy [just kidding].

- Affect, my friends has nothing to do with relative, irony or any kind of cynicism. It's dictatorial, deeply serious [and can be endlessly funny] and communist. It is endlessly singular and universal. It rolls it's eye to anything post-structural, even D/G. It's sick and tired of Rencière and spits at beauty or distribution of the senses, that's all for effect. Nah, affect is about Lyotard and the libidinal, the sublime, rock, overwhelming, its sentimental, and always, always over the top.

- Affect fucks creativity, the local, tidy and familiar. An art that insists on the production of the possibility of affect insist on the generic [which is not the same as general which is political] and the universal. It is an art true to the universe.

Episode 5

Architects are people afraid of disorder and mess. Architecture is a way of taming or subjugating space. We tend to address space, even the most rudimentary, as form of stability from which something can take off, open up or engage. Space in this sense becomes reactive and hence consolidating vis-à-vis territory, identity, life – a space of possibilities. But what about formation of spaces that implicit their own decay, corruption, collapse or undermining, i.e. a space that actively produce instability, especially produce indeterminate instability. Instead of a stability to take off from these are spaces to fall through, sink into, to be devoured by. It is in those moments of falling through that space becomes active, where spaces become productive of “whatever” or said differently that they produce or become productive through necessity, just one instance from *ex nihilo*.

Modernity with its narratives around a liberal individualized subject, “classical” capitalism, concept of property etc. tends or tended to consider space in respect of occupancy, from the nation to “occupy movements”. Some thing occupies what is not yet completed and spaces are filled through strategies that adhere to a certain, desired, completed and authorized subjectivity. In other words space understood through legislation, measurability and power. The occupy movement, that desperately desired approval from dominant discourse, in this respect was of course doomed from the start. Instead of occupation could one address space through a different metaphor, mold. Mold and fungi approach space differently, they move into spaces that are already full. Fungus doesn't move in, nothing needs to be emptied out or evacuated, fungus fucks occupy it superimposes. However, for this superimposition to be effective it needs to address space through different forms, or at least experiment with different forms of subjectivity. It's not like mold kind of shares space, like double room with two single beds. No no, mold is to space as we know it like superimposed incompatible phenomena. This superimposition is one possible capacity for undermining and corruption of space.

Decay is a building material. Corruption is spatial practice. Like, animals that live underground and dig canals they are great architects, the more they build or dig the more they corrupt the ground. Until one moment , when spaces fall in on themselves.

Consider the tension between perspective and horizon. Obviously we are discontent with the primacy of perspective and think argue that this domination has been exponentially strengthened from day to day since the end of the 18th century. Perspective is necessarily reductive, discursive, directional and functional through affordance and investment, perspective is by proxy economical, territorial, reflexive and trivial. Horizon, and we don't just mean the 360 degrees, but horizon rather as a non-territorialized identity that withdraws from measurability and direction, and hence from economy. Perspective can be understood in respect of openness, negotiation and divisibility, horizon doesn't go there, it's open, it's unconditional and is ready to be conquered, consumed, annihilated.

Perspective, coincides with occupancy, in the sense that perspectives can be traced to one yet composed etymology and they are laid out next to each other, on top of, underneath, side by side etc. Perspective is like photoshop, layout. Perspectives in themselves are not necessarily strong but relations they form are strong and consistent. Said differently perspective is measurable whereas horizon is a matter of intensity.

In the western world more or less since 250 years, considering the birth of the modern subject etc, we treat rhythm as a spatial capacity – not least through elaborate musical notations or through music software – rhythm has become architectural and perspectival. Can we dare say composers are people that fear sound and therefore tame music in their compositions? Rhythm should be understood as horizon and through intensity, not as weak entities connected through strong and consistent relations. On the contrary rhythm should be understood as strong entities with weak and fuzzy connections.

You know, gossiping with Deleuze – and thinking here that structures are great, strategy is bad (we will come back to why) and tactics are underrated and the shit [e.g. in relation to economy or artistic practices] – location, position, statement, definitions is so last Friday, it's all a matter of staying in the middle – and middle here is of course not a location but a dynamic – and changing speed. What Deleuze, or for that matter gossip, is talking about or emphasize is neither the speed or changing parts, but a matter of transforming what or how both change and speed *is*. Rhythm, when understood as or over horizon and intensity, is something that can change change and speed, and always in the middle, as in fill circle.

Reflection proposes light and extension, the possibility of measuring and of divisible continuity. Reflection further proposes three dimensional space, a space that emphasize both three and dimensional, in other words the recognizable, reflectable, the measurable, i.e. consistent. Consequently reflection, light and extension or say distance, implies the emergence of economy.

Now reflection or economy is obviously not bad things but produce certain kinds of life, certain kinds of consciousness. Talking to Flusser, reflection and implicitly economy causally realize life in respect of survival and reproduction. Reflection in the first instance will never bring us anywhere, especially not somewhere else. More over reflection obviously shows up in company with imagination, which you know is like – if the world was a tomato imagination would be the green shit that one just want to get cut off. Or like if imagination was a person hearing it's name would result in an eye roll. Totally.

Imagination is always already house-clean, proper and tidy. Oh, and reflection is already spooning with policy.

Let's flipside it all, especially in respect of contemporary artistic practices. Now, if we know what reflection produces what about the other side. If there is no reflection, thus no light and no distance, hence no dimensions and nor economy, neither for survival or a sexuality organized around reproduction. We could and should develop on this but

basically this means the formation of life that is instead devouring and orgasmic. In respect of non-reflection the world is endlessly small and big at the same time, without the possibility of representation nor repetition such a world must understand time completely differently and can only have it all each time, as each time is unique and unilateral, the result being a desire to incorporate the other, to devour, and since this world has cancelled out differentiation communication is not information based but can only be affective, sensuous, orgasmic. The non-reflective equals orgasmic.

Now, its obviously not enough to close our eyes or hang out in a dark space, as if photographers would be orgasmic when developing images... No, there is no voluntary path to non-reflective life or production, and this is the great paradox in order to “reach” a stage of non-reflectivity we need to use imagination and reflection, indeed exactly to get out precisley imagination and reflection.

Recently I realized that I’ve never been able to show up. I don’t mean that I was constantly late or had some issue with navigation and ended up in the wrong place. That would have been quite cool, more like I wasn’t able not to reflect and hence project on to the future something already possible, not to in advance justify or judge. “Great, you’re...” – that’s me – “a guy that approaches the world with caution and respect, a reflected and” – here it comes – “good person”. All this in opposition to naiveté, ignorance and innocence, deception and darkness of the opposite, but is there a third option that doesn’t sign up to either reason or some hippie esoteric mumbo jumbo? Is there something between – of course between here is a spatial address, so fuck that, but is there a different option, neither constipated conceptual artist that covers his tracks so meticulously there’s zero sex, and happy-coincidence hope-for-the-best that probably doesn’t poop at all. To show up, describes this third exit point, approach or perhaps closure, not definition nor openness. To show up is really not easy, really not.

Godard [Not again. Another think-worthy little sentence that makes the arguments untouchable], said probably more than once, “not a just image, just an image”. Which indeed depicts the same enigma or dilemma: not a justified, measurable or moral image, but just an image, an images that shows up, without anticipation, expectation, telos etc. The quest however is, and it is at least twofold, how to avoid not to moralize “just”, or how to not make showing up strategic, that is economical or a matter of affordance and investment?

Godard’s words and add to that Deleuze’s two books on cinema are obviously situated, the result of a particular political imagination that in many respects are fundamentally different to our current predicament. Showing up is not a matter of liberating ourselves from something; it’s not a pedagogy but perhaps rather a matter of circumventing imagination, in favor of a different process... No, in fact, in favor of a different kind of production, that is not creative or attached to imagination, i.e. to possibility, but to potentiality or, better, truth procedure.

Identity politics and the whole package of performativity – with which I have engaged thoroughly over the last too many year – at the end of the day comes out as highly romantic. Sure, Butler and the rest were amazingly important but perhaps we should check out the expiring date on thought, not only on milk. When this stuff was put together our societies were differently composed. I'd say very differently, and the following twenty years has been an avalanche affirming both identity as politics and performativity, bring to that the whole narration on precariousness, immaterial labor, socially engaged art etc.

Performativity today is approximately as original as the welfare state in the 60's an 70's. And don't we need a movement against, which isn't possible of course... that could emancipate us from the shackles of performativity? One could just wonder what the equivalent to Woodstock would be today? For sure not Occupy Wall Street and certainly not the Berlin Biennale, and I mean the very idea of festival or even event is obviously totally out of the question.

The problem with embodiment or it's negative is that it takes for given a human consciousness, it's highly, both anthropo- and logo-centric. The problem is not the body (at least not in a negative sense). Consciousness, a human generalized consciousness, and the superiority of consciousness to anything else, that is the problem. The semiotization of the subject and the body through performativity, we have to acknowledge, coincides with a general movement towards the financialization of the world and the entry point to this process is semiotics, the financialization of meaning. At some moment performativity carried the capacity of emancipation but today, in a world configured totally differently, it's become economy, it's become business, and I mean big business.

I remember an MTV gala many years ago where Robbie Williams says something like: "I want to thank MTV for my four sports cars, three villas, two yachts and my supermodel girlfriends." Funny obviously, but a decade later it sounds rather lame, what he of course should thank is his performativity and the authorization of it by another performativity, MTV. This is obvious, your most precious property today has nothing to do with material things, cars, villas or babes, no your most precious is your subjectivity, and the participation in the world of your subject is through performativity.

The interesting problem to engage in today is not embodiment, not at all. Perhaps paraphrasing Graham Harman: The interesting problem today is not the relation between mind and mind, or between body and mind, or mind and body. No, the real problem is the relation between bodies and bodies. And this is of course not only human bodies, or human bodies to other objects but also, and foremost, the relationships between objects and objects, bodies and bodies. The first task, and it is a difficult one, how to think these relations without us, without or circumventing consciousness. So, a deep no to embodiment and yes to the body, no to the body as vied from consciousness and yes to the body understood as an object. Moreover an object that has it's own consciousness, a consciousness that doesn't care or not about whatever consciousness we have or don't.

Somebody who is out there to cross limits knows that limits sometimes kicks back. Fuck yeah, if one anyway are out there to make up proverbs why not go all the way to the depth, no super depth, the goddamn abyss of kitsch. Proverbs, aha, don't work out very well if they are reasonable or well balanced, they don't make it all the way if they don't result in a mixture between awkward silence and a double a high five [but like how ultra uncool are you if you high five in the first place, whatever.] Proverbs that isn't painfully pathetic is like qualitative porn made for conscious middle class people. Exactly, high quality porn isn't porn. Forget about it. Yet, it's quite comical to reflect on the endless row of failed attempts to produce quality porn or even more gigglish *erotic film* and get this with high quality narratives. Didn't even that Danish guy try his luck... who said he was even close to a good film maker. Like totally what did he do even half reasonably, "Breaking The Waves" is proverb pathetic, to admit that one likes "The Idiots" – that's him or... – isn't that like, with a timbre of curiosity in the voice asking "Did you read gender trouble?". That one with Nicole Kidman and some sort of cowboy "Dogville" – perhaps not it's like second rate institutional critique, and from there on – "Anti Christ" is like a Haneke script [and that's already 50/50 super warning] directed by Peter what's his name "Lord Of The Rings", and "Melancholia" I always considered that a remake, however a quite good one, of Sophia Coppola's "Marie Antoinette" which of course was way much more exiting – yeah, Kirsten Dunst, a fucked up marriage, male cowards and it all ends in an apocalypse.

Stop, thinking that Lars von Trier is any good, radical, exclusive, cool, innovative, he is not, you only want to think so cuz you think others think he is, innovative and cool whatever. One wants to like what others like not to have to produce arguments of ones own, it feels good to go for the established, especially the a little bit special established like Lars. You know that having a liking for von Trier is approximately as dangerous as to have issues with McDonald's or to be positive to ecology in general.

You just want to be like everybody else, but a little but special. To use proverbs [look who's talking] in some or other way is a form of auto-saturation of identity, not really ironic, but still in a sort of Zizekian way of speaking: They know what they are doing and they are doing it. But perhaps that's just simple self-reflexivity and that as we know is obviously the pent house level of angst-ridden identity paranoia.

A field of knowledge as much as any other semi-stable institution will struggle to the end of times for it's own maintenance. As much as politics is a means to tame the police, there are obviously politics or modes of governance established in all institutions and those modes are there not in order to change, especially nothing fundamental, but is there to make business as usual. On top of the to do list of all territories and institutionalities is the maintenance of itself as itself, and this is obvious. Say since the French revolution or some fifty years earlier it couldn't be otherwise. Not only did the state figure out how to teach its citizens what is good for society or the species – responsibility instead of punishment – it also taught institutions of all kinds to be liberal subjects. Dance or anything else will never, contemporary art will never admit it's possible irrelevance, ridicule, general insignificance and so on, why do we otherwise still have Dixieland jazz,

Ricky Garweis, Pina Bausch, house music, Woody Allen, theatre. From any reasonable perspective no of these expressions makes any sense what so ever. Consider the relevance of dance theatre in 2013. Are you nuts? Think for a second about theatre, and you start laughing but remember whilst you are laughing theatre works its ass off to maintain itself and to be relevant to its time. The magical thing is that theatre, or dance for that matter, first of all thinks about itself as contemporary, however using the word not in the sense of something that questions [gosh, I hate when I write that word] conventions and perhaps produce reality, but more in the sense of being alive, like something produced or manufactured not so long ago. A slightly more advanced thought is contemporary, as in the sense of contemporary opera is different than opera made 50 years ago – it might be contemporary to itself but that doesn't say that it in any respect is contemporary to society itself and it is certainly not producing anything in relation to which society might have to react except superficially, like with an article in Village Voice. Contemporary dance functions in both these ways, and it takes its job to maintain dance as dance very serious.

Yet, dance and everybody involved in dance says yes to change. Dance need to change in order to live a healthy and vivid life, it needs renewable, young and up coming, differentiation you name but then how come our contemporary dance festivals are so keen on showing what we all already know is over. How come when we need renewal and change that every major grant and even worse prize is delivered to choreographers that will never again renew fuckin nothing, except perhaps get a new car. Or for that matter renewed anything in dance in the first place. You get a prize because you are dead, and a sad corpse at that.

Yes, dance and the entire art sector included scream for change but there is one condition nothing can be allowed to disappear. Change in the cultural landscape is always additive, it's a zero casualties policy that rules the game. And the address to the young choreographer is similar, go ahead and make wkld dance but only as long as it doesn't in any respect threaten the species.

Sure, markets govern, audience numbers and budget cuts as well but it is possible to say no or even NO. But no, today we – makers and doers not to mention curators, administrators, museum directors, educators, editors, publishers and university people – are very able to make concessions, to swallow more or less anything, to bow for the greater good of the field, expression, department etc. everything else than maintenance doesn't exist. The species is everything. The idea and insistence that art is some sort of scarcity [which is total nonsense, there is far too much art produced in society today, especially art that thinks about itself as being professional. My advise to most artists would be to stop, right now. Artists are bad listeners.] – in any case the idea and insistence that art is a scarcity in society that needs to be saved and pampered further increased the endless output of mediocre maintenance art. I love the argument, well at least they did something. And btw, how can anybody come up with a sentence like this, which I have heard versions of a thousand times the last months: “I didn't like the piece so much, but the dances were really good” or “I'm not sure about the piece, but the music

was really cool". Art is not like football, where it might matter if a player in the losing time was amazing. When we judge art, and we do, we judge all of it at the same time and not the parts as parts. It's the poetry that matter, we don't celebrate Mallarme for his choice of font. The poems I can't really take but the font is so, hmmm Helvetica. A dance is good or bad, independent of the soundtrack, dancers ability, light design [which is always bad] or anything else. We judge the aesthetic experience nothing else. The kind of "but I liked that dark haired dancer" is obviously statements along the line with maintenance. Similarly, an artist age, nationality, class can never be reason enough to soften ones judgments. A seventy-eight year old choreographer must be judged through the same criteria as any other, its condescending to judge a choreographer from Sweden or Peru in any respect differently. Stop it. It is not automatically cute when old people dance around or choreograph. In some or other way, I'm thinking that it is as disgusting to cute the old choreographer as it is to soften once judgments because the young choreographer is severely fuckable. But again, the old choreographer, who is a child of Judson church [can you imagine somebody wrote me this in an e-mail "I am a child of Judson..." what a laugh], or was once dancing with Trisha [you don't become a good choreographer just because somebody called Bill, Merce or Wim once hired you] is of course also part of the general maintenance. The consequence of all this is that a territory, institution or art form first of all only considers its contemporaneity to itself.

Everything is contemporary sure thang, what we need to scrutinize is how our dance and choreography relates to its contemporary in general or even as a generic, and I mean in respect of all it's (a works, or the art forms) active parameters. The bad bad example would be something in the direction of a fresh "Othello". Fuck that! Or, stop making versions of "Rite Of Spring". Who came up with the idea, such an amazingly stupid idea as a fresh Othello, or a Rite in overalls taking place in a factory where the chosen one is a revolutionary or something great. But seriously how contemporary is dance? As far as I can see it is still deeply and excessively embedded in modes of production that has nothing to do with contemporary modes of life. It's not enough that a piece is performed by young people, it is not enough to use more or less fresh clicks and cuts ambience as soundtrack. It is not enough to refer to Judson, and it is certainly not enough to use deconstruction as a mode of pursuit, and you don't become contemporary because you say I don't know too often. Idiot.

In an essay Agamben proposes that to be contemporary implies to be out of sync, but this out of is not behind as in dance, but is rather to be read as the moment your production is recognized as contemporary by critics, curators, audience, colleagues, the moment when Karl, Carla, Bettina or Guy calls you, sorry you are already passé. They call you because you are recognized as contemporary, for Agamben that's not enough. We agree with Agamben but his terms are to soft and after all the Italian thinkers loves old things. The point is however straight, the radically contemporary is something that threatens the police, is something that fucks context, history, politics, technique, parts of the whole, gesture and diplomacy. It is contemporary just because it is operates on the edges or "outside" the possible. Consequently, radical contemporaneity isn't exactly sustainable

but hyper volatile. Such a contemporary can obviously be translated into a kind of quickie version of utopia. Like utopia in an elevator, making mad love like for seven floors. Amazing and who cares about duration [try Mariot Marquee on Time Square, really fancy elevators and 45 floors].

But before we hook up with Agamben dance has to start relating to contemporary outside it's own domain, to contemporary in respect of media, technology, discourse, information dissemination, fashion, image production the lot. No, I'm not arguing for an art that is dressed up in Margiela for H&M, or that we should make choreography to dubstep, not at all, but what I do insist on is to know why we don't, or why we do the choices we do in respect of contemporary society, modes of being human and life in general. Then of course anybody that's smart don't end up in dance or choreography, they are clever enough to go music, cinema, internet or anything. Our sweet field of dance and I believe art in general – except poetry of course – is an enormous nest of half losers that don't know better, me included – and that's why we operate like we do – through maintenance.

The contemporary I'm addressing here is strategic, political, ethical, reasoned, negotiated and reflected, and that's a first step. This is totally context, critical, discursive and articulated *sans* any form of intuition. After that superheroes, starts our real problem and that is how to make the art we make out of sync with itself and it's time. How to produce an art that is more or worse than *in* or *of* its time, an art that operates outside the discursive, that fucks identity and produces new kinds of circumstances for what an identity can be [processes of individuation], that, and I mean it – however created within and through reason, discourse and it's time – that, is namely an art that is totally and utterly irresponsible, that is violent [in the sense of being a rupture], that doesn't give a shit and has no reason to exist or do what it does except because because. A radically contemporary art can and must never ever be ethical, subservient, not even political and certainly not relational. A radically contemporary art is by necessity non-relational. It has no friends and it is certainly not friendly, it's pathetic as a proverb, and it knows that for those out there to cross limits, limits fight the fuck back, and it sucks it up, all of it, it fears nothing least of all it's own death, its own annihilation. Or a radically contemporary knows it is already dead, radically contemporary art has no subjectivity, it's abysmal, it is a communality of pure rage, covered in blood, it is a zombie, and I'm in love with her.

Certain words in different times appear to be given a more or less inherent negative connotation. It's like a for no apparent reason seems doomed to the abyss of negative. Not really laughable, like a grunch band on it's way back, dance from Finland or somebody who proudly announces "I just watched Lars von Trier's "The Kingdom" expecting a passionate and curious response "Oh wow, can I borrow the DVD box.", nah just fuckin' dark and a total lack of understanding. Once captured by the negative it's hard hard hard work to recover. I'm thinking of sixty-nine for example, no in fact I'm never ever thinking of the classical sexual position, so popular in the 70s and in to the early 80s. Today 69 has gained such a negative connotation, at least in my part of the world and check it out I have a gold freakin' card with Air France – no I don't but I

haven't engaged in number sex for like incredibly long time neither. Isn't it deeply sad – no it isn't but anyway – that the first, no the original kinky has so completely been taken evacuated from our erotic repertoire. Why wasn't it like Belgium dance that was expelled instead, I'd be way more happy and I believe the entire world more healthy in general. Just contemplate how much bipolar oral yin yang business the universe would have enjoyed instead of sitting through billions of too long Belgian dance shows, so boring one can't even fantasize about a missionary when stationary between enthusiastic spectators. Make a case for the sixty-nine, let's communally bring it out of its negative state of exception.

There are of course hundreds of words and what not that lives in the shadows of negative connotation, words that once were associated with play and double speak but for some reason... you know what I mean. Trap, or why not manipulation are such words. Infection and contamination others, but then don't we have a rather narrow understanding of trap. But isn't a map a form of trap? When using a map we can only travel places we are already familiar with or the at least that the map is familiar with they are after all indicated on the map. Or a piano – a total trap, it only allows us to play twelve tones and excludes all other opportunities to make sound. Isn't it rather embarrassing to think about John Cage and his prepared piano pieces? Great music sure but aren't they also like Tim Robins in "Shawshank Redemption" trying to make his time in prison somewhat nice and when he finally "escapes" it's to a chill life on a sunny beach. Why try to make our traps nicer than they are, like pianos with ornamentation or nuclear families trying to be less constipated being a little hippie. Prisons, should be used the other way around, not to make home made tattoos or construct delicate ways of distributing smokes but to produce radically different kinds of life. Isn't it great to see Tom Robins end up in a much worse prison, a fuckin' beach where he doesn't need to be creative at any point of the day. We set up traps for ourselves to change, not a little bit but all the way. Isn't a concept – understood with a bit of Saturday afternoon precision – and in the Deluezian sense of the word – a kind of trap? Really good traps, or concepts, are nestings so bitchingly irritating that we have to invent new kinds of responses. A high res trap is like having a seriously unknown problem. Deep ass traps are things that we don't get out of but learn to live with, however not in the psychoanalytical sense of the word but rather in the sense that we change break with life as we know it in favor of different kinds of life compatible with the formation of the trap. Obviously the trap we consider disco is one, so to say, is not of this word. Yep, a trap as unbelievable as a simultaneous orgasm [another of those mandatory whoop whoops of the 70s] 69.

Crisis is an altogether different story. Crisis lives some dubious existence between total doomsday, necessary evil and new beginning, on the one hand completely rhetoric used by the transmitter to produce desired attention and on the other an indication of some asymmetry that can be addressed as much as an inconvenience as a moment of rejuvenation. Recently I read an interview with some superhero self-made CEO who mentioned that his enterprise had excluded all meetings, including stable and long-term structures and now operated only through non-scheduled crisis meetings. "Crisis or not,

if there is a crisis announced my people come up with ideas out of the box and bypass benchmarking and double agendas.” [I didn’t read that interview but it sounds good...] An insurance company in the Nordic countries today hire people without offering a job description. They give a cubicle then its up to you to make yourself busy and indispensable. Crisis technology, or whatever labor with a knife to the throat.

What we, humanity or whatever, should fear isn’t crisis, which after all generates desire, what is really to fear is equalization of life into a sort of flat-rate existence producing a numb population. But luckily we don’t need to worry as our present forms of governance have understood to transform crisis into forms of commodity. It is both the up- and down-side to crisis that it “awakes hidden potencies” because as much as these potencies can be used by the “good guys” the bad ones will also use them and probably or most certainly to suck even more value out of people.

Social movements are important and many should be supported. Social movement, is the opposite of trap, manipulation and hierarchical, it’s something that you can not have doubts about, can not question and the more self-organized they appear the better. Jezuz, but what is more complicated is that social movement further has been decided to be good on structural as well as strategic, organizational and expressive levels. This is slightly problematic because social movements are social movement independently what their politics purport. It’s not only half leftists, community building, peace loving etc social movement that exactly that social movements. There is right now an ultra conservative social movement against gay partnership going strong in France, and there is, or was a sort of queer leftist social movement in Sweden against any kind of couple based authorized partnership. In a certain way they propose the same just over utterly different social and political machineries.

But the problem is not this or that social movement but social movement in the first case. Basically, the problem is that social movements don’t take crisis seriously enough. Social movements are like a sweet spanking on the butt, a confirmation that we *are* engaging in experimental sex. Social movements are Redbull for people with identity issues, feel-good zero risk confirming a good deed.

Freely recalling Zizek, people, or we engage in social movements in order not to take the situation at hand for what it really is; totally fucked up. Social movement is like popular ecology, about not having to deal with the fact that the apocalypse is arriving no matter what.

So far it’s bad but what is worse is that social movements are used by contemporary economy and governance, whatever affiliations and style, as a kind of smokescreen for what is really going on. More over, social movement designate recognizable forms of organization, what is needed today is new forms or organization that can not be classified as anything at all until the day they take over administration all together. Social movements inherently desire authorization, recognition through dominant discourse, and as long as “we” stay in dominant discourse, as long as we remain in an established grammar, nothing more than “a little bit” this or that will change.

What we need today is not more socially, especially not in art, but instead stuff that isn't social at all, as it is in the confrontation with a radically non-social that new forms of grammars can emerge, and those new forms of grammar can and must produce new forms of life. What we need isn't more social movements, that allow us to use our individual abilities and feel empowered and in charge of our own destinies through our own personalities, what we need is not more social movements that through harmless conviviality and decomplexification make the individual feel in touch with his or her emotional inside, what we need is not more social movements [where did that sexy terms NGO vanish, probably to Australia or perhaps Canada, Montreal still have NGO's] that does the jobs our governments should do, and we certainly don't need more social movements for social movement professional to make more money. What we need is traps, really bad ones that makes life as we know it unlivable. Social movements, exactly because they are social and movements [which is not the same as dance movements even though they might be related]. What we need is traps that bring us so deep into the darkness, to corruption and undermining, into heresy and foul play that any known strategies for both social and movement goes up in smoke. Exactly why need to against social movements, both the social and the movement part.

Look at this, neoliberalism is not a dark age, not a time of doubt or pessimism, it's not an era of information shortage, spiritualism and which burnings. It might want us to think so but in fact neoliberalism is all lights on, it's hyper transparent, everything visible, on the table. The trouble is not too little light, but too much, because when transparency rules the winner is the guy with the thickest wallet, especially considering that our present political imagination is completely and absolutely void of ideology. We will not find away out of this through a continued search for light, not even it's sources, no if we want a way out or if we want a radical change it will be found in the darkness. Let's not fool ourselves that optimism can be found in a fight against darkness, instead is can be found in darkness and through engagements with darkness on the terms of darkness – remember darkness, the pitch black implies the annihilation of perspective. It is in the dark – both actually and metaphorically [obviously in 2013 we execute 69 with the lamp off, capich] – i.e. we use darkness as a kind of productive trap – that we can bread new forms of optimism, an optimism that isn't an alternative, that isn't a for the greater good optimism but an optimism we have no name for.

Our problem is not whether imagination is this or that, nor if our present predicament is a crisis of imagination. The real problem is that the enemy and the sponsor of the emancipation is one and the same, or in other words that the very formation of imagination has been corporatized and if capitalism is based on endless expansion it will indeed be very happy the more and weirder we use it's imagination. Capitalism knows how to harvest, and makes no difference between good or bad ideas – but it know an efficient idea. The power of imagination is today a force that has become obedient and something utterly useful. Creativity is something every individual, worker, parent, child and artist is obliged to utilize in order to produce further efficiency. Imagination and creativity have become well behaving commodities or strategic instruments in the centre

of financialization. Yet, there is no other tool to use to get out of, or fight the world we today participate in maintaining and producing.

A large part of our world has over the last thirty to fifty years transformed from being organized around material production, goods and history to be geared through immaterial production, performance and contemporaneity, in such a world imagination and creativity have become centrefold to circulation of value. In our present society your most precious property is not material it's the imagination your subjectivity generates.

Somewhat cynically any somewhat smart artists are today surfing and capitalizing on the current economical situation, crisis, social decomposition, ecological disaster scenario and what have we. Artists are active in the same landscape as the financial market, Obama's drones, Facebook, cultural subsidy (either state organized or through nice rich people) and they live the same imagination, an imagination that produces liquid or abstract value, i.e. money. And why wouldn't artist surf the situation, use it to produce surplus, whatever kind. Everybody knows that any larger size manufacturing company today is making two thirds of its revenue on the stock market, producing cars, leisure equipment or turbines are just a decoy, what matters is the circulation of abstract value and fast. So why would it be different for the artist. You don't make money on sculptures and painting you make it on circulation of you as abstract value. An art that surfs the present is not a bad art, it can decide to surf with style, or stand around at openings like junior traders cueing up to be the next hot thing in the pit.

And what is the alternative, to be marginal, refuse and withdraw. Don't think so, that's so not gonna make a difference, and there is anyway no place to withdraw to, either you are supported by the state or by private economies, but you are never independent. So better surf and to it high, searching for the maverick wave. An art that is not in the middle of deep shit, is not an art we need to bother about. Only in the middle and ready to disco will we change the world, and it will be to the worse. This is important, if we want a change that is not just a little bit this or that but changes the modes thing change, i.e. the circumstances for change on a structural level, what we will necessarily produce is "worse", because with radical change something will also disappear. This is a change that in itself is destructive, this way of being, this way of being a good person, this way of making decision etc. will change or perhaps not even exist. So, yes do we want change it's gonna be for the worse, but worst here is synonymous with all together different, it implies the introduction of entirely new problems.

I want to be traditional [one of those kind of forbidden words, what a negative sound it comes with]. Traditional. It is the one and only thing I have ever strived to be. To become fully and completely traditional but with one condition, that it is traditions that I don't serve but live, that I don't try to complete but can exist with. In other words traditions against confirmation, against tradition and beauty, against Rancière and subjective, against negotiation, diplomacy, rhetoric and newsletters. I can only tolerate unconditional traditions, that negates any kind of negotiation. Traditions that are completely no more

mister nice guy, that submits to the sublime, perhaps using beauty but certainly not relying on that söft stött that make men yell-O.

To become traditional is a means of losing organs. To be fully traditional implies an overstriation to the extent where it tips over into smooth. Tradition is a system so totalitarian it falls over into excessive smoothness. The revolutionary subject is always absolutely traditional, and thus it fails radically to be subject. The non-trivial unconditional tradition is a moment of losing perspective and becoming horizon. Absolute tradition and revolution is like becoming rainbow. Dance strives to lose its organs to vanish into tradition, to be tradition and lose its organs through the endless organization in and of time and space. To dance for real is to become tradition, to lose oneself and subjectivity, to disappear into a smooth wildness, into the dark forest.

The dance that becomes one with itself, that vanishes into tradition, and changes consciousness to a non-human capacity is necessarily danced by and through an erotic existence or better an orgasmic existence, an existence that is deeply traditional, totalitarian, auto-revolutionary (and shuns auto-poiesis), that is non-economical and non-capitalist precisely because it, contrary to the liberal subject (engaged in reflexivity, divisibility, maintenance of the species and survival) is totally non-reflexive, indivisible, orgasmic and devouring.

This dance that is non-composed, is non-organized, non-divisible – and has nothing to do with philosophy – it is a dance that is only itself and however it cannot be seen it has and is obsessively organized, divisible and makes philosophy, but this is an organization, divisibility, philosophy that withdraws endlessly from human consciousness.

Episode 6

I'm for improvisation. Consider this a confession. I'm for and I'm pro improvisation. I confess. Oh yes, I know how tacky confessions are and how utterly embarrassing late 90s European "Hello I'm a little bit special"-theatre it sounds. But I don't care, I don't even care if Forced Entertainment is mentioned in the Wikipedia post that I don't have, I confess anyway, or perhaps, this is a confession so to say backward. Like you confess to your boy or girlfriend to have had super amazing extra and you know that kind of half indecent sex that makes you feel just a bit more human with someone (preferably a somebody almost in the circle of friends), but in fact it never happened... Far more fun than the husband that confesses killing the plumber out of jealousy when it actually was the bloodthirsty wife that did it did it, sucking his blood as if she was some female version of Alexander Skarsgård. Your problem however, after the sex that didn't happen as for the husband is obviously that you have to produce a trustworthy water tight story and as your boyfriend – who is a typical and predictable one – starts to ask questions, demand information in detail you get more and more enmeshed in the once almost innocent set up. So entangled that you soon convince yourself it really did happen and end up having phantasies about that hot hot moment that suddenly feels very very real, picturing yourself spiced up and half naked with her – a sort of Penélope Cruz that just dropped her Santa red snakeskin velvet dress on the floor [OMG, but how good was she together with Salma Hayek in "Bandidas" – totally underrated.], or James Franco with an out of bed hairdo and not so impressive at all pecs, but gosh... and that slight independent bad boy flare of an indigo version of Steve McQueen. Bingo.

Soon you are obsessing, totally insane, you are going mad of desire, she is in your every thought, he looms around in your head like a lost soul, she haunts you during nightly hours of tossing and turning erotically guilty, his hands around your neck, her breath high in her chest as your lips meet... go away go away go away. And the boy-girlfriend has already forgiven you long ago – it wasn't a big deal [and you just wanted to get out of your boring sad ass relation], but look, after all we are contemporary creatures and know better than not take advantage of all and every networking opportunity, but you you you are snared, this is a death sentence, this is hell, this is... suddenly you find yourself deadly desiring a somebody you more or less made up and have to have him or her to exorcise your obsession. Have to experience that vibrating moment that you have exercised in your mind over and over, that sweaty boogie-woogie you didn't even... OMG, that afterwards departure slightly guilt ridden but still proud of yourself. This is not good, this is really quite bad.

Consider this or not that kind of confession, but mind you is it even more strategic. I see, this confession, the confession to adore and be for improvisation is something like, I am confessing to something that I didn't do not in order to get rid of the girlfriend but to become obsessively eroticized by somebody I don't fancy – I mean who'd ever seriously confess to have a crush on Penélope [poor Javier Bardem], James sure except... My confession is deep self-deception, this is not self-camouflage, this is hyper-camo – I'm so

in disguise I mistake myself for The Pink Panther, or look at this perhaps this is just straight from the heart, a thug and liar unbuttoning his bullet proof vest going naked, stepping out of his self-obsessed delusions. I'm going real, this is my AA moment. I'm for improvisation. I'm for improvisation, and it's spoken not in emotional distress, not with sentimentality in the voice, not even like my new lover is deep in impro so I better dig it, BS. No this is a super man confessing, I am pro and improvisation.

No I'm not, yes I am, I'm for any kind of improvisation, totally and unconditionally. I'm for it but I don't like it, I mean yes I like that I'm for it but just because I'm for improvisation without specification I don't necessarily need to dig it all, do I now? Unconditional yet specific, that's the groove, the soundtrack to the movement, kind of Claus Oldenburg style 1961. "I am for an improvisation that is political-eretical-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a dance studio. I am for an improvisation that grows up not knowing it is improvisation at all, an improvisation given the chance of having a starting point of zero. I am for an improvisation that embroils itself with the everyday crap & still comes out on top. I am for an improvisation that imitates the human, that is comic, if necessary, or violent, or whatever is necessary", and so on until the last super duper 10-4 taxonomy dislocating all pretensions in any respect: "I am for U.S. Government Inspected improvisation, Grade A improvisation, Regular Price improvisation, Yellow Ripe improvisation, Extra Fancy improvisation, Ready-to-eat improvisation, Best-for-less improvisation, Ready-to-cook improvisation, Fully cleaned improvisation, Spend Less improvisation, Eat Better improvisation, Ham improvisation, pork improvisation, chicken improvisation, tomato improvisation, banana improvisation, apple improvisation, turkey improvisation, cake improvisation, cookie improvisation." I love it, but however it seems Mr Oldenburg is for everything, what matters is not what he is pro but how.

Fuck it, yes yes, my aversion for anything *how* is phenomenal but we make an exception. Shoot, if *what* questions are stupidly [said who?] demanding some form of essence, what homogenizes, is categorical, and finite to a one. What stops shit in the lobby, no play, no self-deception, nothing with James or Penélope – pah boring. But then flip it flip it, what about *how*, *how* is the the the shape-shifter response of neoliberalism always open for an other round of negotiation, how is the passing out of ideology in favor of some general ethics of under these circumstances. How never leaves the lobby, never makes a move, never ends up in that hotel room, dies dried up void of any sweaty phantasy and self-fulfilled through strategic decision making.

How is the slippery side of consciousness, in the sense of always being on the safe side, how is the ministry of never being nailed down, of never being fucked properly, never having that whoopee of indecency that makes you a little bit more human [*You monster...*], how is never having to stand up for your sins, mistakes, fuck ups. How is the rotten stench of criticality, how is the opposite of confession, the very continuity of "it wasn't me". I confess, I'm pro improvisation all kinds unconditionally, but I sure don't like em.

Am I just getting old? For twenty years I have nourished an excessive distrust in anybody who and every thing improvisation. Fought it on endless battlefields, dismissed it categorically or even worse. I've been called names, and not only just a few because of this obsessive campaign like I was some sort of McCarthy of dance bingbong or a *wahnsinnig* dictator with a jazz beard [donno where that jazz thing came from but don't you think a dictator with a jazz beard must be the worst of the worst] ready to lose every and all of it just to get improvisation out of my precious, and now and now and aging grey I've turned so weak I can't carry my arguments, so grandfatherly my arguments have turned into withered parchment, soft ass and afraid of losing my last associates, last comrades, that I have given up on my dicta, lost sight of my tight ass arguments and gone yellow. Probably, but in the mean time...

One more time, there is a hell of a difference, between liberty's rigor and liberty itself, there's light years between openness and the open. Liberty is easy peasy Japanesey and gives the subject opportunities of going on as if nothing has happened. Liberty in this sense implies nothing else than a tiny expansion of what was already possible, even and especially in relation to what already was possible, voila liberty is the expansion of the already available, in other words it feels great or at least good but *désolé* liberty is just fine, and like plaster in a stimulating pastel color. What needs to be considered is not liberty itself but what consequences new or altered forms of liberty necessarily produces. Liberty's rigor is the pursuit of necessity in relation to altered circumstances of navigational capacities. We must not understand liberty as an open sexual relation, meaning, yeah now I can expand my territory to include the plumber, James Franco, Penélope and somebody with red hair [that would be really sweet and smiling], on the contrary liberty must be taken far more serious, way more serious, in the sense that it is not an expansion but rather an entirely new territory, it's not another map, it's an all together different map if at all a map. The introduction of some or other kind of liberty, through whatever means, is not the establishment of new opportunities, not at all, it's rather the emergence of new forms of struggle, and new forms implies new means, new weapons – not simple change like flip siding whatever and continuing to do the same, no no liberty is or should mean the unconditional transformation of change itself. Liberty's rigor in other words implies a process of becoming foreign to oneself and or to ones territory. So no, a rigorous open sexual or whatever relation, is not a yippee boogie-woogie time, essactly not it is instead a means to question the "essence" of sexuality itself. Liberty's rigor in this respect might just make you not do the horizontal with any of them. Not even a little bit Penélope? Perhaps, just to be tedious yet another option could be to consider the difference, liberty is a probabilistic and it's rigor implies a transference to contingent differentiation.

It's obviously no accident that our current Western society is all up to liberty understood as expansion or the already available, it's after all hand in glove with neoliberal governance especially with the addition, that seems currently ubiquitous, that liberty always is a concern for or of the subject, the individual. Who the hell today, would bother to care about the liberty of something grander than the subject – oh shit I forgot there is nothing grander than the subject, no bigger cause than subject. Oh no no, don't misunderstand, the notion that the subject is the shit, that the obsession with certain

modalities of subjectivity in our current predicament is in any way synonymous with being ego-centered, selfish, a rotten ass hole don't give a shit about others and so on. No no these forms of subjectivity, this addiction to the subject is rather a state and corporate sanction to us all – and therefore democratic – to be absolutely and endlessly occupied with one's own participation in the world. We live in a world where excessive self-obsessivity has become the preferred mode of care of the self, or even better where compulsive identity boosting has become a generous gesture.

Improvisation appears on the map somewhere in the mid 60s, sure thang dance has always been free and open mindedly executed but the circumstances for freer dance either Isadora D or whatever mystical nude shit they did in Germany at the wrong moment and with an American west coast thing as a precursor it is first with the 60s that improvisation coagulates into a terrain of practices and gains a sort of autonomous vocabulary [both in the sense of dancing but also and perhaps more importantly in language]. That improvisation appears at this particular historical moment is obviously not an accident, but correlates to all kind of emancipatory or liberation movements appearing here and there, especially in the US, from the early mid 50s, make that Cage or Pollock, Miles Davies or Allen Ginsburg in the arts and at least a handful in respect of subjectivity and life – women's, educational, sexual, black and a general emancipation form a hyper homogenized America society, with hippies, self-precarisation, freeish education on a farm somewhere and organic life in the bush. These are the circumstances for the elaboration of dance's relation to improvisation.

One would thus think that practitioners active in the time was like deep in a critical practice but were they? Or even better perhaps they have modulated their responses to what it all was w in order to produce enough mystery around themselves to still be relevant. In a panel discussion with Steve Paxton a few years ago, I made the slight mistake of asking him about exactly above and the circumstances for the NYC activities at the time. If those kids were discussing and actively questioning the epistemology of dance and it's relation to other movements of emancipation, or even the politically necessity of an emancipated dance field. The expected or not intellectual articulation however was cancelled out by Steve responding: "Nah, you know we were just imagining stuff, like little fluffy clouds, mystical landscapes and rainbows." It's certainly beautiful and charming for sure, and hopefully just Mr Paxton who doesn't want to stand out like some smart ass dude that wasn't just body and more body. It's indeed insane how deadpan he performs in the films form the 70s, producing a body seemingly void of subjectivity and this is perhaps what makes his response exiting, not mentioning rainbows and shit in the sense of enhancement of the subject or the self, but rather sort of psychedelic motive as a means of vanishing all together, of an annihilation of the subject.

But Paxton a side and with him his anti-locational response, an etymology can be traced. Improvisation in the late 60s and perhaps a decade or two further towards our own time had a job. A job which was to emancipate dance from a double violence. First a job to free the dancing subject from the hyper striated expressions of, either Balanchine, Cunningham or Graham, i.e. to free the dancer from the prison of generalized technique,

hierarchical decision makings, choreography etc. and so on. It was a matter of emancipating the dancer from the hardship of choreography. Secondly and expanded this emancipation correlates to society in general, the emancipation of the dancer from choreography equally implies the emancipation of the subject, the individual from the, or some, homogenizing characteristics of the society at hand. Improvisation becomes a means to free the human, the person, the subject from his own chains.

This is all great and superbly lovely, improvisation totally had a job and I believe it did it successfully. Improvisation as concert dance, as display, further become a form of expression of “pure” creativity. This was obviously important in a world homogenized into so to say The Society, or where creativity must be understood as a scarcity. To attend a performance of improvisation dance implied to go check out a promise of other kinds of life, of other kinds of relations to one’s body, to augmented opportunities for being an individual, a woman, a sexual being that could surface desire and lust. Yes, even dance improvisation combined with some contemporary wkd-ish music, or like holy bananas a dancer improvising next to, through, between and in association with a double bass improviser could go through the eye of the needle of the aesthetically acceptable. Think about that, yes, think about that twice – and it was phantastic. It was a time where one could say the word *exploration* without being deadly ashamed or apologizing afterwards – “Oups, that came out wrong...”

Dance at this time prior to identity politics was also something that at least initially and with a certain ignorance could be experienced as autonomous, as something that was not comprised in language and not all the way embedded in text, signification and meaning production. Life was lovely and dance was somewhere hooked up with potentiality. At this time liberty itself was totally d’accord, whatever liberty proposed was a liberation to forms of recognizable resistances. To be creative, to fantasize was in itself an endeavor, something worth the trouble and that didn’t come easy.

And yes it was our obligation to practice open relations, sleep around and insist on experimental sex. A multiplicity of sexual partners, the denial of sexuality coagulating into family formations were in itself creative, emancipatory, a political necessity. Then, when you had braids and we didn’t know about men with longer hair life was amazing, and we went home together free and real. We improvised and could pride ourselves of Marxist ideals all the way to the boogie-woogie.

We were free very very free, so free desire left the building. We were so open, so utterly open, so superbly open everything, yes everything became surface, so open we started to baby sit openness. We were so amazingly present and thirteen’s chakra – OMG any form of asymmetry were annihilated already in the antechamber. We had it all – more than almost and Whitney – how could we not we were free free free, and we understood the world and it all – we could see everything and we were one with nature [but in the wrong way, oups] – we were so ultra make me one with everything and Gordon Matta-Clark parsley started growing out of our ears [Matta-Clark, Jezuz equivalent to having a crush on Martha Rosler – Food meets Semiotics of the Kitchen, *nausea alert nausea alert*– a hole made in a freakin house and the reverse, a hole taken from a freakin house called

garage sale – deep – OD on Frankfurt school, blame imperialism from the inside – it wasn't me - and out comes a fully developed hoarder –*nausea alert nausea alert*]. The obliteration of differentiation made it impossible to produce anything at all except – beyond creativity which wasn't open enough, which is already conscious and an engagement with decision making processes – there was nothing left nothing nada at all, there was only authenticity, a full body presence with a big ass P. And btw, Vito Acconci's dress code, we were so free we let his hair do pass – and that next to the jacket he wears in "Following Piece" – stop thinking that stuff was good. You know something, that schtuff when Vito is holding on to his penis under some shipboard slope –it's not good, it's not brill, it's not deterritorializing, it's not even for a millisecond cool, it's not half way groovy, it's not even halfway Sophia Coppola – you know Seedbed wasn't the shit not even in 1972, what was doesn't matter but fuck it, you know what, Vito in seventy-two was approximately as mind blowing as urgency in 2013, not at all, and I repeated – not at all.

But, even though it might just appear fa-fa-far fetched perhaps there is a connection between the two, freedom and ubiquity? In our catalogue the endless freedom we experienced in the 70s respectively the emergence of a limitless all over the place financial capitalism.

These situations are in fact identical it's just that they are each other's reversal. The seventies found itself caught in a moment where the struggle for emancipation and freedom was won. What are we doing now? Shit. Our current predicament is more of the same but the opposite, namely, we found ourselves in an endless everything is everything – the whole chebang has been financialized including potentiality and we've all become young girls – where openness itself has become an openness. Ubiquity, simultaneity, FB and endless availability has become a prison and no choice is better, worse, good or bad, success or failure, they are both and interchangeable all the time. We are so fucked. Urgency thus shows up as a nice opportunity [but exactly only opportunity] departing from known and established conventions and modes of quality assessment, becoming a dark horse, a high odds bet, risk thingy [dude, you are so up the wall], but it plays in no respect on another ball field but moves straight into and likes it. Urgency to what, bitch? To whatever and to anything all the time, aha. Urgency is a feel good for suckers, that believe their sexuality is experimental just because there is a sex toy shop in their city.

Wie man sich better, so liegt man – the seventies found itself in bed with freedom and didn't know how to get the fuck out. *Tun was du wilt mit mir* [do to me whatever you like], who wouldn't get scared shitless by somebody whispering that when the lights are off. Freaky, you just ended up naked with some kind of meta-serial killer, this is Catherine Tramell in a death match with Sharon Stone, and you are sipping on a Red Bull. Twenty-thirteen aha check it out found ubiquity in the bed, paralyzed, ch'terical and totally beyond –"Ehhh, where am I about to sleep?", and ubiquity responds with a snake like vocalization, totally digital but mystically made to sound exactly like you think you remember your mothers voice when she passed language from one living being to another [you sentimental creep. Bifo pö-lease, don't go there] –"Here come, next to me, I will take

care of you. I'm new like everything else and more recognizable than your ex", mesmerized I crawl into bed. "-No no no", I shout "-I have urgency..." and crawl into bed happy with myself. Justified, you little cowards.

I like this, so the seventies, the establishment of a feedback mechanism in the name of freedom that surveilles itself, a totalitarian freedom or simply utopia, which obviously is not a place we want to be in [at least not to begin with or for more than a really really short moment, at least not a utopia made into exhibitions and Danish artists born in the earlier 60s, SVP, or even worse you know like advertised on the www you use to download movies...], in particular as it obliterates desire, Freudian or D/G machines. Right now, right now this very moment on the other hand, the establishment of a mechanism – today called social network – that produce infinite amounts of freedom as financialized abstract value, who doesn't surveille but instead transforms the subject into a totalitarian, or in-total, producer of itself as free.

Pas de tout, the referent didn't blow up post 2008, or with whatever riots in London, Paris or Occupy. No way, the referent wasn't there ever, we just believed it was, and wanted to. The point is not if or not it was around, the point is how it wasn't, through forms of asymmetry, vis-à-vis freedom, ubiquity, apocalypse or a burning freaking bush. There's no way out, not even a small one, not even a vague path through the forest, not even a adventures journey financialized by some hobbit and New Zealand. And it gets better we can't even build one, we can't even start trying. In Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of The Snark" the captain shows up with a map that is an absolute blank and everybody is happy and overwhelmed cuz as we know conventional signs only bring us to places contained within the matrix of those signs. Already in the seventies that map was fucked and a smooth matrix of freedom, today ladies an gents that map is known as financial capitalism and we are fucked, and mind you improvisation is not gonna be much help, and yet – look at this – only improvisation will brings us out into the open – fuck openness it's just a way of being [Maayan] – openness tells us life is okay, that consciousness one day will bring us onto the right path. No no no, it's worse we have to insist on a radical open – everything I conclude works is not enough not even close. The open is not ubiquitous, it's not free or -dom, it's worse its not even that, not even all over the place and all of it at the same time, it's worse – if openness is something it's a werewolf dressed up like Benicio Del Toro – and Obama playing the role of Anthony Hopkins – a werewolf every once a months, then the open is a vampire and every fuckin day [and I'm in love with her].

Eight-teen Paragraphs On The Metaphysics of Dance

1. Movement is. It or they exist. Movements are equally in the world as any other objects may that be a battery, a horse, a soap, some smoke, springtime or a romantic comedy. Movement's participation in this equality, however is not equal to the participation of for

example that of a battery, a horse, some smoke, springtime, a romantic comedy or humans.

2. Movement, singular or plural remains and disappears no more or less than snow, a Ford model T, meatballs, eternity, a grandmother, a financial crises or a magical trick.

3. Movement must be saved from memory, presence (and its obverse absence), trace and, especially metaphor, from the condescending position the postmodern predicament forced upon it in collaboration with psychoanalysis and identity-politics, and must instead be considered as something that exists equally in the past, the present and the future.

Movement as such is an indivisible monster, definitely not a divided monstrosity inspired by psychoanalysis and in never, never ever, a ghost. Movement is everything else than a specter. Movement fucks hauntology and is materialist and *weird*.

Movement in respect of epistemology might be subject to certain volatilities and even disappearance but ontologically movement remains however engaged in a constant process of withdrawal.

Movement is an object, and movements are disconnected assemblages of objects. Only a movement that exists carries the possibility of “*avenir*”.

4. From the perspective of consciousness movement as anything else is metaphoric. Over the last many hundred years movement has been abused by and through metaphor. From the perspective of movement metaphor, however is not the case or in charge, from the perspective of movement, movement is movement. The task of the moving is to contest the forced enslavement of movement to consciousness (metaphor), in favor of movement that is itself and as such. Our responsibility as moving, independent of subjectivity, is to free movement not our selves. The first rule of the moving is to give itself up, to really move implies to betray ones belongings.

5. Movement knows nothing about Euclidean geometry, Fibonacci or Da Vinci and thank God for that. Any kind of geometry is a construction in and through consciousness. Geometry implies a more or less complex representation of reality, but it is always a representation, and of reality. Geometry is a finite consistency providing a sustainable perspective, something that confirms identity and subjectivity. Movement obeys its own geometries, geometries of human consciousness, or epistemology has no access. Those geometries are contingently familiar or not with diagonals, triangles and 360 degrees. Movement doesn't care about choreographic structures, it minds its own business and isn't listed or reachable.

6. Movement is in the world as much as any other entity animate or inanimate. Hence movement is equally aware of its being in the world. Movement has subjectivity however it is a subjectivity that is incompatible to ours' or others'.

7. Movement is not more or less complex than a boy, an airplane, a wetsuit or graphic design, but it's complexity is incompatible with those and others.

8. Movement is in the world although it is engaged in a constant process of withdrawal. Movement withdraws from processes of subjectification in order to preserve its autonomy, to remaining movement. It withdraws from the desire of other subjectivities to locate it spatio-temporally – to subjectify it.

Engaged in a process of withdrawal, movement resides in a dynamic realm between existence and potentiality. A movement that is given to withdraw is a dark-precursor.

9. Movement does not form semiotic consistencies. Other subjectivities strive to import movement into contained semiotic systematics. *If* – which is contingent – movement is implicated in semiotic coagulations those further are contingently compatible to semiotic systems acknowledged by human and other forms of subjectivity. Movement inscribed in semiotic consistencies can be subject to translation, a process that as such disarms, or robs movement of its possible potentiality. Faithfulness to movement implies to insist on its in-translatability. Movement can and must be categorized and inscribed into consciousness but that does not mean it becomes identical to meaning production or signification. Movement is language as much or little as a stone, a café, fucking or you and me.

10. Human subjectivity cannot access movement nor can movement access human subjectivity, what a human subject can access is a certain consciousness's relation to movement. Movement – singular or plural – cannot and will never be understood in itself, what can be inscribed in or located by knowledge is always only the subject's relation to movement. Movement doesn't need us.

11. Movement in itself is in no respect identical with its representations. This is neither good or bad, but needs to be acknowledged and engaged with.

12. Movement in respect of representation is by definition probabilistic. Movement in itself and as such, on the contrary, is contingent to representation.

13. Movement vis-à-vis representation is always general and special, which implies the possibility of participation in the circulation of property. Movement in itself and as such is by necessity generic and specific, which makes it incompatible with such circulation, because as generic it assumes an endless supply and as specific it can only be interchanged with itself, and thus is rendered useless in respect of any market.

14. Movement as we know it, through whatever forms of knowledge – cognition, emotion, sensation, physicality or intuition, is always local, contextual, measurable and the expression of a determined perspective, Movement in itself and as such on the other hand is always universal, non-contextual, immeasurable or indivisible and the non-expression of an open, full-circle horizon.

15. Movement escapes any known structural consistencies and obeys only its own, for subjectivity inaccessible, organizational capacities.

16. If an architect is an individual that fears disorder and devotes life to the structuring, to the stabilization of space. Choreographer is the name of somebody that fears movement.

A dancer is also fear ridden, but most often does not know he fears movement, a dancer experience pure fear.

Improvisation is largely a denial, a denial of movement, or a liberal conception that always negotiates and preserves and never produces. Improvisation cherishes difference and renounces the emergence of anything different. Contrary to its self-conception, paradoxically improvisation consolidates already established relations between consciousness and movement. Improvisation is itself a defense mechanism, a way of obfuscating the real withdrawal of movement, of not taking movement seriously. The true target of the improviser, thus is not the liberation of movement from consciousness or semiotics, but from his own non-belief in movement.

A serious approach to movement by necessity implies engagement with fear, engagement with the very process of withdrawal, a process that contests or endangers subjectivity. A serious engagement with movement, the dark-precursor implies an engagement with the risk of losing everything.

The problem with improvisation is not that it is improvisation but that it isn't improvisation enough, it is not that it is free but that it is not free enough. True improvisation, a serious relation to movement ready to betray all sides, must necessarily be formed out of a systematic imagination (choreography), whose foundational three components are: the readiness to forsake ones life for the sake of movement, the bringing of creativity and readiness to take risk, and to find within the engagement in movement, in withdrawal, an innocent joy in the activity, and hence clear all traces of self-sacrifice.

In other words choreography is a necessary prime mover in the pursuit of a movement that is itself and as such.

17. As dark-precursor movement engages in the world through forms of excessive sensuality. Movement in itself is not reflexive, divisible or economical. It engages in the world through specific kinds of orgasmic oscillation.

18. To dance does not imply to engage with something, to form relations, to merge. On the contrary to dance, with its relation to choreography, is like dictating a love letter to someone one knows one can never have. To really dance implies to acknowledge and celebrate that movement is and must remain radically alien.

Episode 7

Amnesia is quite cool. I like it, but why – which of course is obvious – does Hollywood need to make this phab phenomena so terribly one dimensional. I like that too, totally and save me from a smart version Wes Anderson with Bill Murray as, what about, melancholic sports coach one day sans past, or von Trier, the possibility is of course is if not all his films *are* amnesia and like not about. Hmmm maybe not all of them or perhaps only one or a half, but they are anyway von Trier movies so it really doesn't matter. What about, what's his name, the French dude Gondry, or did he stop making movies – wait a second – when did, I can't remember last time I heard about or anything about him. After that that one, what's it called – I forgot... hmmm it was a bit like Massive Attack wasn't it, but the cast was nice. Look at this, I think it's freakin brilliant, the actors of that movie whatever but you know with that guy, yeah essactly Cable Guy, Ace Ventura, Mask and like the centerfold of the magazine Sleaze as the super loser and the savior come evil mega bitch with a pleasant face is Kate Winslet, which at least moi can not detach from Titanic and "I'm the king of the world" sort of crucifixion scene in the front of th-that ship mixed up with "Sense and Sensibility" – Austinian morals a purrfect compliment – maybe she wasn't in any other movies oh yes Ophelia in Branagh's Hamlet. This is already quite sparkles, Ace Ventura meats Rose DeWitt and the abysmal romance "–I will never let you go..." – what the fuck is this and here it comes, the assistant of the memory eraser thingy company, the tiny guy who steals Winslet's panties, OMG yes yes yes, that's what ever his name could be from goddamn Lord of The Rings – Frodo, for Chrst's sake, the ring bearer transformed to a pantie sniffing misfit with a jazz beard. Elijah Wood, who's your career consultant? Daniel Radcliff? Aha, I get it Macaulay Culkin. With that cast Gondry's movie turns 360 from bad to badass. Hardcore and obviously the film is all about amnesia, temporary or not, as choice or artificially arranged, but it doesn't matter the aesthetics of the film just is one too mucho of wannabe indigo kitsch, it's just not an option. Gondy is like a parent that would like to smoke a joint with the daughter and her teenage friends.

Amnesia, we all know the set up, either it's the hero waking up in a basement some somewhere and he remembers nuttin' but have a magnum in his right hand and a mystical code tattooed on a place of the body that gives him opportunities to show off his six pack. This is scratch and now it's just a matter of chasing down the past and appropriate it, whatever that means. The alternative is the anti-hero geek nerd Rob Schneider type that wakes up in the same place and the story unfolds similarly except that the side-kick will finally function as side-kick, substitute to his lost past. The memory of the girl, the touch, the smell was either planted in the right place – Blade Runner [btw isn't the Gondry what was it now now name film a sort of poetic appropriation of Ridley Scott's movie, only difference is that Kate Winslet has fused into both Rachel (Sean Young who "accidentaly" also is in Ace Ventura: Pet Detective. *Conspiracy alert*) and Pris -Daryl Hannah], or there never was one – amazing – but it doesn't matter cuz after waking up it's the same, once ascending from darkness time and space is back to basics and voila, hit the road.

It's this this that I can't take, why when the hero wakes up is linear again linear and he, rarely she, is all okidoki except he doesn't remember his name – it's always only memory and recognition that is gone, not language or like the ability to throw a freakin knife really really hard and good – damn that one is a good amnesia movie – aha – what yes sir Geena Davies in *The Long Kiss Goodnight* with Samuel Jackson who also suffers from some sort of trauma, yesh these films are fucked up Freudian [spit on Woody Allen], and this is what's so boring, but that Geena Davies thing is awesome except the end and the embarrassing child, still the set up is the same – Geena wakes up blank like a bimbo up stairs and one days happily married memories starts to come back, just for example that knife story throwing.

I'm into something slightly less cosy, something that would make a terrible movie, but check this out our guy – hero or not – wakes up but instead of waking up to, Oh my God, I have no me-moriee. Our guy wakes up to an endless series of waking ups. In other words not an amnesia you wake up from but one that goes on and its like you wake up to each and every moment, and the next it's all erased again, and the next and the next. Evelything and every passing moment is all the time absolutely new or whatever – nō-thing what so ever has continuity except amnesia. Get that, each and every moment is absolutely new. It's not that oh shit I don't recognize my wife, or whoever tells me she is, but this one is like I lose my wife ever moment again and again, every moment and fuckin forever. Continuous and repeated amnesia, and still, consider that speech is not touched so you can speak but at every moment you could have said anything what so ever utterable but you can absolutely not recall anything at all at any moment. No no, this not just going brain dead, it's worse – this is like waking up at every moment from brain dead, it's continuous amnesia. This is like “I don't believer in the Devil. / You should, cuz he believes in you” see what I mean – this is the revenge model fierce. It is indeed one reason why we don't want to hang out in utopia, this is the first version of life in no-space, a totalitarian lack of both history and future that only exists as excessive presence as now and now and now and now.

“-Hey, what now? I'm authentic enough...” Buddy, there's nothing you can do but continue do more of the same and authentic. To go authentic is like becoming Dan Graham, more of the same at Hauser & Wirth, or something. Poor dance folks from back then, every freakin day more authentic, what a curse – what do you prefer, authentic or amnesia – well, check it out same thing just that amnesia seems to show up through the back entrance. Authentic is by proxy good [so it seems even during and after Derrida, like behind all that relative schtuff], amnesia is deeply fuckin wrong. I say, wrong!

Yet and luckily freedom is never that all over, even in the 70s we could take a break from authentic. Contemporary thought however appears to – look whose talking – forget that part about financial or ubiquitous capitalism, we are locked up and there's no way out, we are so fucked we have learned to like it, opportunities for a life otherwise is not just past tense it's com-ple-teley over and increasing. But is it and how? We've all become young girls on a shopping craze resurrecting all and every scent of capitalism at every and so on moment. Vis some kind of line up from “I studied with Althusser“ – Badiou- to “Yes, I

was close to Guttari” – Bifo -, critical theory, “Hello, my name is Stefano Harey” [I love you, dude] and a splash of Occupy Wall Street, a sense of a word of warning, or “let me tell you” speech appears to be evolving, but as we all know a warning, correction, condescending sentence, criticality á la Goldsmiths is not gonna produce any thing more than more warnings, corrections, condescending word and coagulations of power. We have entered amnesia already, it’s just that we, the ordinary hasn’t realized it yet, you the young hasn’t gotten the picture, but you know what I think, no I know, it’s the other way around, those scholars and intellectuals – including architects, a lot of them [OMG such consolidation suckers – stop thinking about buildings, houses, territories, design and have a Red Bull, just stop] are totally stuck with modes of navigation that is not valid anymore, they consider the world in ways contemporary people don’t and not anymore. Get real – especially the art world, university system and holy fuckin smokes the dance business [don’t even think about it] – you are asking the wrong questions and in the wrong way. You know what we don’t need your authorization. Look at this, just because we don’t learn language from our mothers we haven’t abandoned her, fuck no we have established new models of love. Just because big bucks and some hippies in France have turned us into young girls [they are just dirty old men writing from a safe place] it doesn’t mean we don’t know about it and use it, it’s just that you guys don’t see it happening and how. We don’t use your maps, we don’t follow your political agendas, we are not against that which you are for, we are not part of your world, not your political unconscious, not your imaginarium – we love you but have nothing more to say, we adore you but we are not afraid and your words scare us only in the same way as Hollywood movies – because we want to and like it. You are vampires that hunt during twilight and as individuals, you still believe in origins and language, we are different, we are zombies, we don’t hunt we plague. We don’t seek redemption deceiving virgins to pity us, we don’t operate with and through categories as such, we don’t look for a return, we don’t care about life or eternity – we are forever as such and itself and hence don’t need it. A critical stance however it is or not criticality BS is by definition producing a location and that location is known both before during and after. We can not mourn, not even the workers, but we can neither go on – I can’t go on I must go on – no way but as you guys mourn, warn and feel sexy hooking up with occupy movements we’ve used up our imagination and burnt the maps, our modes of life are not organized, oriented, discussed, mapped, demonstrated, activistised, what or how, it’s not Goldsmiths, Marxist, SR or triple O, it’s in and out at the same time or is just not concerned, it is music and sports, culture and administration, it doesn’t make a difference between mainstream and indie [OMG, twice]. This is the point, the way we live is not compatible with your universe. It’s not that we left it – but that conference was really quite embarrassingly reactionary – we are still in there but incompatible, we are a multitude that forgot the part of dominant discourse. We do or don’t believe *in* the future – that is a tendency already established, with bumps perhaps but not broken. We don’t believe *in* the future, and certainly not yours. You have nothing to project on us and we don’t – project. We don’t believe *in* the future, we have raised the stake, we believe the future. We are zombies. We plague, infest, overwhelm for no reason, because because, and that is how we don’t just survive but are rich. You know, it doesn’t

matter if you tell us we are suffering, like psychoanalysis told me that I wanted to fuck me mother, we don't go there, we are past it, and we are shining shining shining.

If Zizek and his buddies told us that it's easier to imagine the apocalypse, we have no problems... we have as little problems with imagining a way out of capitalism as Zizek appears to have zero problem with imagining a way out of thought, philosophy or critique. We are using another mindset. We are in another state. This is the problem, aha – imagination is not a priori open, it is an openness (imagination is complicit with the possible), imagination can not conquer imagination, so let's not fight imagination nor capitalism but let's just stop using it, stop considering it as anything else than a tool, an instrument, part of the camouflage, internal to the spectacle, stop having problems and use it in respect of how obsolete it really is – imagination, capitalism and fuck yeah, apocalypse too.

There are no ways out of liberty or *freedom*, these are both tendencies of totalitarian regimes so what comes after authentic, what's after liberty itself? It cannot be rule neither convention – which obviously restricts and breaks the vow. A paradigm shift, or a breach of knowledge, a fissure in the symbolic order is like a classical revolution or upraising always followed by a moments euphoria, of an excessive sense of liberty and then... if not rule and convention, what is left is a technical aspect, a praxis of making the common foreign not to restrict or cage but in a sense tame or domesticate liberty, authenticity or improvisation. Technique could be seen as a coagulation of liberty itself, technique offers or gives direction not in favor of something, not as instrument or the ability to transform a third party – sure you train karate to be able to defend yourself or whatever – but in the case of liberty's technique or techniques of authenticity or dance improvisation are not techniques as means of gaining teleology, or to give traction to these liberties or capacities of liberty but instead to practice liberty or improvisation as foreign to itself, or turn the argument around technique becomes a means of surveillance. Technique is often concerned with rigor but it is a rigor to itself as itself, technique is concerned with possibility, it maintains imagination, it organizes domesticity.

It is obviously impossible to produce outside imagination or language, but if technique is a path or trajectory, some kind of identitarian capacity that keeps us busy, and in any case technique implies comparison and a departure from politics (in whatever sense). Let's recall Foucault for a sec. he doesn't dig into techniques of the self but indeed technologies and there are reasons immediately detectable. Foucault in general rejects strategic levels of thought or production, indeed except in interview, Foucault refuses to pass a helping hand, he refuses to guide, produce trajectory or keep us busy. Foucault is a structuralist – and thanks big Bingo for that – his job is to unveil open capacities for the reader, transparencies to be utilized in whatever way, not maintained as politics or modes of control. Foucault exposes over a generic dispositive – knowledge, power and subjectivity – circumstances for perspective, strategy, organization, governance etc. To Foucault technique is slippery, heteronormative, negotiated, strategic, nouveau riche, reactionary, relational, identity-sucking baloney whereas technology is a landscape, a state [rather than a mode of acting] or non-directional territory, that is open and doesn't

confirm or keep us busy. Technique demands something from us whereas technology minds its own business and let's us be whatever.

The emancipation dance struggled for and possibly obtained, was not restricted and is still not [at least not as dance], but what instead happened on a broad level is the return of technique, however this time not as rule or convention but an ability to confirm given or obtained liberty. Improvisation in particular, and especially in New York at least since Ronald Reagan entered the oval office has been subject to an endless violation by and through technique. Yet, if dance techniques proper fundamentally were about homogenization and erasing the dancer as subject etc. techniques post 1981 have been all about allowing the dancer to engage in his or her subjectivity, it is a training in openness, based on a notion of difference as something benevolent *per se*. Technique in dance in other words has become a mean to maintain multiplicities, of maintaining the police, liberty. The liberties that dance struggled for has over the last thirty year, increasingly and with higher speed been consolidated from the inside through the elaboration of techniques, by strategies of control and organization. This is not necessarily something altogether negative, but it should be clarified that technique always is productive within certain circumstances and obviously any and all technical training by definition consolidates a territory. Technique implies the production of neurotic subjects, and secures forms of development embedded in capitalism or psychoanalysis, namely the necessarily parricidal subject, which is a great addition since the parricide at best is a form of deconstruction and not emergence or multitude.

Same thing with technology in art in general – use technology for Christ's sake and all of them but don't ever let technology represent itself. Fuck yeah, technology is super duper and always ape nuts cool and awesome – even small scale shit – high res, low res, porn res, wifi, kaoss pad, tiger paw, mountain lion – but watch the fuck out, the moment technology goes on stage or sits in the museum – yes sir, it transforms by automation from technology to technique, from landscape to path, from form to content, from background to action, to some form of instrumentality, some form of strategy that wants something from the viewer or spectator, if noting else – attention. S h i t, in every sense, and how damn boring. Yet, there's no choice really cuz if this process doesn't kick in there can exist no property to consider, what is needed is a production of signature or authorship, and with this what vanish in the process is complexity, or the potentiality embedded in complexity. Technology isn't potentiality, as a field or a knowledge it contains its own identity in the last instance, a form of immanence, it processes the capacity for the production of the possibility of radical differentiation. A representation of technology with its maintained complexity must not be either an image of technology, nor an image produced through or by technology but must be the representation of the technology of images, obviously translatable to dance or any form of representation. To unfold such a production however a specific form of rigor is necessary, which is precisely not the rigor of the or an itself or a rigor of technique, but instead a rigor against the self, against itself as technology – a form of rigor that annihilates identity in the first instance, that cancels out forms of convergence or probability, a form of apocalypse, irreversibility or amnesia. However the delicacy of such production of a rigor against itself, considered

as a specific formation of immanence, for this immanence to be rigorous, or in the last instance, it cannot be understood as something but instead must be addressed as a continuous undoing of itself, it must in other words be an immanence that is undivided, unapproachable and an identity to itself, it must in some or other ways be oracular, or i.e. synonymous to an ever altered in itself amnesia. Immanence or amnesia thus can also be understood as *flatus vocis*, the abstraction from any form of concreteness except in itself and such, i.e. the referent is erased, could not have been there in the first place or was always there as delusion. Philosophy as we know it, as it addresses immanence through philosophy thus could be said to regard both immanence and amnesia over a Hollywood kind of narrative – philosophy is a waking up from amnesia and the world is itself alike and we take it from there *as if nothing* has happened.

Following for example Franco Bifo's thoughts on financial capitalism what has occurred in Western society over the last decade or two is precisely the circulation of abstract, non-referential signs, the sign has become financialized and this is the ubiquity we today experience, a sort of coming of amnesia – and this is not Hollywood it is the real shit.

The quest that political and critical theory, or philosophy has taken itself is the elaboration of a solution, a way around the problem from some kind of assumed externality, i.e. a reflected upon immanence, yet standing in front of a predicament where power has been appropriated by amnesia also a solution becomes complacent to the ubiquity that surrounds it. Instead of the preparation of a route around, *an unexpected journey*, what is needed is a form of monstrous, or better simply monster production, i.e. a production on the terms of amnesia, a recycling of the same as the same, instead of some sort of camouflage – to pose as the other and announcing once presence – this is hyper camouflage – a posing as the same producing against oneself as identity, recognizability, authorship, property etc.

Instead of avant-garde, resistance, alternative, occupation as an experiment nostalgia, if we consider nostalgia as the resurrection of an already hollowed out signifier and thus the production of emptying, of void, of amnesia. Still this production is something, also as a nothing. Nostalgia is nothing circulated as something and in so being nostalgia poses absolutely no threat to our current modes of governance. But if this production is conscious to itself and against itself, is hyper camouflage, it communicates nothing but its own communication, nostalgia has become a chimera of teleology, it looks like it but isn't. It is pure communicability, it is empty and still it is. Nostalgia is the production of blankness, or better blank. Using a metaphor of copying, nostalgia from the perspective of reproduction is the endless copying of copying until what appears is an absolute blank. In the case of Xerox machine a black surface, it is the production of limitless memory however without relation, without connection, reference or referent but only from the perspective established agency, from the perspective of probability the surface is black and blank but from the horizon of contingency or potentiality the blank is a universe true to itself. Nostalgia in the times of ubiquity becomes the production, not from an outside but from a radical inside, of potentiality. Not the solution, but the non-solution to our present predicament thus implies an endless regress, not to an index but to itself through a rigor of its own annihilation, a becoming non-conscious vis-à-vis established agency.

The only survivor – they are many and they don't hunt, they plague, they lute and mess up – of semio-capital or a semiotic apocalypse is the zombie. The zombie is structural and contingent to it self, they bypass value for the pure production of nothing as nothing against themselves. The zombie is unconditional rigor, without relations, without property, without technique, nameless – unconditionality to itself, continuous amnesia as the production of unlife, of the undoing of consciousness, of identity to itself at the last instance, for the contingent emergence of an altogether different existence.

In the mean time, not in order to free ourselves, not even from ourselves [that's already a production in consciousness] what we must, is to make an art, improvise a dance, produce a pop, that annihilate ourselves, both the our and the self side. Not an art about zombies, not art made by zombies, but an art that is zombie.

Stop your ridiculous addiction to perspective. Can't you see, they – perspectives – are not even political, they are politics, endless negotiation, a little bit this or that, sympathetic, as reliable as they are dynamic. Göööööö. Perspectives are like bag in a box wine, the dark side of flat-rate. Fuck it, perspectives are not even politics they are the wet dreams of politicians. Perspectives are not like sex without a condom, they are like a condoms without sex. Stop having them, producing them, them em, or at least stash them away before you approach the world or and especially before you start making art. Look at this: art is not in the world or the freakin universe to do anything good or bad. It is in the world to be useless, to be everything that nothing else is or is allowed to be – to a total waste of time, excessively worthless, completely unnecessary, utterly incomprehensible which obviously has nothing to do with what kind of representations this or that art gains, which of course it has also but not yet... An art that is completely worthless, totally because because can be small, tiny, whimsical, embarrassing, oversized, fat, like an Iphone or anything whatever else, but it is still an art that is megalomaniac, yes it is and exactly because it fucks perspective. Something that fuck perspective can not contain politics. Something that fucks perspective can have dynamics, can be negotiated, has no fuckin performativity, it goddamn is. Full stop, capish.

Koolhaas was wrong it is not bigness that fucks context – bigness is still inscribed, still more or less than some something, fuck bigness because bigness fucks no nothing except the smaller version, bigness is still a perspective however expanded, augmented or deconstructed – what really fucks context is exactly the annihilation of perspective, any form of comparison, any form of contextual differentiation. An art this useful or in any respect produces ethically *just* representations is by definition benevolent to this world, is already backslapping with governments, realistic this or that, reason and the lot.

Fuck yeah, we love and adore grass-root, alternative, community, social, ecological, even identity politics and kickstarter but look at this, we love it as much as we love art, but it is not the same goddamn love, get it. You know, I love my mother, I adore her – even if she forced me to eat granola as a kid and didn't bother to cook me porridge [god I hate her] and I still consider her the only mother of this world for-evah evah and eva-evah, I would die for her – twice – but that doesn't say I'm gonna make any art – any at all art – about, in awe of, because of or anything in the direction her. My mother is great and fab but

thank fuckin god that she is not in my art – of course she is yeah yeah I'm her son, sure, but let this be the lesson: love politics, people, social injustice, fairplay, fairtrade, fairway, unemployed teenagers, tuition fees, free sex, gay parades, automotive industry, zero emission, love it all and be concerned but don't make it your art, don't even make it halfway in there, not even a little or just a little a little, don't don't don't – please – it's an altogether something else and that is good. Art and life is not to be together, but strictly separated. Art is in the world and that's all good but it doesn't say that the world should be in art, on the contrary it is when the world is not in the art that art can do something about the world, but not and exactly, not as perspective but unconditionally, as fuck context, as the obliteration of perspective. It is not part of art's job description to be good or bad for anything, the job of art is to be horizon – undivided full circle and irreversible – it's job is to become flat, extremely flat. So flat there can be nothing more to add, and it exactly when there is nothing to add that the world changes – fuck addition what's needed is a non-additive identity in the last instance.

And in any case stop being a concerned person, if you really were you'd stop making art long ago. And know this, resistance is over – financial capitalism swallowed it and will continue to swallow and swallow – critique is over – guess what, financial capitalism swallowed it and will swallow it again – activism – guess what, financial capitalism swallowed that too and will swallow it again – like why were there no Seattle events since 1998 – because financial capitalism swallowed it – what about the word – the word is free – sure, but financial or semio-capitalism swallowed that too. Stop having hopes for Christ's sake, what is the freakin world that you hope for in any case – the 80s whatever that was, the 70s and Jonny Rotten, the 60s and hippies, the 50s anti-communism – what do we hope for – do we want to go back there, to hidden away sexual difference, to a time before all the failed but still liberational movement, do we want to go back to a time when we listen to music from a cassette player and learned language from our mothers and Clement Greenberg ruled the art world. Do we really want to go back to a time when 99% of all artist were men and hetero, what do we hope for, if we do, if not for an altogether other world. Really what do we hope for than an altogether different here and now. Really what do we hope for than an altogether different human being, one that is in no respect a relative to us or me. Do we really have hope for a just liberalism, do we really have hope for desire based on lack, do we really have hope at all. I mean isn't hope the worst of all possible ways of losing track, of getting lost, hope is a cute version of resignation, hope is the believers way of saying tolerance, hope is the acceptance of one's own insignificance. And you, you call your schtuff art. Shape the fuck up.

Yes I know I've said this before, but once was apparently not enough. What what? In 1972 Delueze and Guttari screamed creativity to the people, fluidity is everything, we need becoming, BwO's, wolf packs, circus people, difference with both a c and a t, canals, smooth space even Patti Smith and the means to use was schizophrenia – suddenly everything could be and mean everything at the same time all the time, schizo was the fluidization of the whole chebang – fuck the referent, good night index – this was dynamics, becoming is everything and relative relative relative. In 1990 or whatever

identity politics scream – with a vulnerable subject – everything is meaning even and especially you, your body and your participation in the world never mind the participation of the world in you – oh yes, now we all needed to reify and mean, signify and say “No, I’m not heterosexual, I practice heterosexuality...” – the generative capacity was oh no no no performativity – a sort of live version of becoming or no more BwO’s but rather Organs without Bodies, magical – the structural dynamism embraced by D/G – Fuck Butler but oh fine she was only a victim of her time – and now it all turned into strategic dynamism – smart... naaaht. And what was the means – well nobody really said it out loud, but yesh you did it – flip D/G and the truth is standing in front of the main entrance – essactly – the means to strategic dynamism – which obviously is a nice way of saying self-obsessed self-peformance – was paranoia – yeup – no more everything is everything – but instead – everything is this and this is me. Sweet.

But they were cool, totally cool and damn successful. The only disaster with D/G and Butler is that all they every proposed came true just in the wrong way, in a seriously wrong way. What they did in their own and scholarly way was to – perhaps not Butler but I’m open minded today [OMG stop performance studies now!] – was sincere and even aggressive attempts toward the eradication of perspective, however just for a moment but it was done on the brink of the abyss. Chapeau, big time [did I just use that expression, chapeau, fuckin’ bingo]. An art that issue creativity no, but what about one that does particularity, no no no. All swallowed over and out. Everything is everything is good bye and so is self-performance. Salvation is over and so is meaning, modernism is past tense and so is post-structuralism, deconstruction and whatever version. Expansion is over and so is compression. What we have is sense, and I’m speaking sense qua sense, and sense qua sense can’t be anything and must that is absolutely and excessively useless both concerning substance/salvation and meaning. Sense doesn’t hope, or at least it is not the hope of something, so not a hope with direction, teleology, missing, longing, it is hope as hope, hope no matter what, and it is not nice or ugly, bad or stripped naked – it just is.

What we need is not an art that fights the current predicament, not an art that feels good because it thinks it makes resistance or is *lite* crazy, if you know what I mean [aha, *une petit*] – we don’t need an art that fights the liberal subject with or against, we need an art that instead embraces exactly both the for and against in favor of an excessive weakness – we need an art that is so weak it is one step from self-annihilation, one step from – and it can’t get closer – from whatever, from being just something, however something no matter what and nothing more nor less [stop the kitschy *more than one*]. An art something but and still specific, an art that ask for and not attention, that do or don’t keep you busy, that care and don’t and at the same time, and art contradictory and not, cue and no. An art that is just something no matter what, and thus also and necessarily is one step from abandoning perspective, losing itself in horizon but thus also becoming alone, an art sans perspective is singular – in respect of presence – it is always alone, but then always is only always and not once in a while.

This is not an art that looks for a great outdoors, no way immanence, *curse curse curse* [KJ I love you] to eternal return and the goddamn virtual, and certainly not one

that looks for Derrida and especially not at all Baudrillard [help me curse]. It is an art that has understood the modus operandi with which neoliberalism proposes whatever an shuns it and it's performativity. This is an art that looks for a flat ontology, and absolutely – and I mean it – flat ontology – neither one above [transcendence] nor one below [immanence], it is a flat ontology in the middle and in the midst, totally fuckin mainstream – whoop whoop – yep – A sort of immanence from behind and in the middle and that forever appreciates without perspective the multiverse of perturbation of and within the flat. It isn't a proposing for potentiality but as it is flat it cannot not be approached as pure potentiality, it becomes an affective [in the evil sense of the world] necessity.

This is an art that doesn't give a shit about the emancipation of spectators but in and through its infinite regress – excessive and exponential weakness [which is not a refusal] – emancipates itself no matter what into something but something no matter what.

So CU later, schizo and paranoid, flat ontology is a critical depression or de-pression [did I just write something with a damn – in it in it, stop me]. It's utter flatness proposes an equality between every thing no matter what, an absolutely flat, a depression where everything is just something and alone. Flat ontology or critical depression exposes a world without qualities or attributes a world or an art that is flat, that is horizon, and absolutely useless world, that can only show up and take shape. It is not an art that makes you depressed it is an art that is flat and is depressed, but what it makes you is not its business, it's just something no matter what and it makes you make you something no matter what, contingently.

The Vampire and the werewolf are creatures of hope. Vampires look for salvation and werewolves for meaning, fuck em all. What we need in zombie art, yes sir one more time [and I'm love with her, not again – no it's still the first one]. Zombies have no hope – they don't need another side, they don't want to die, they don't feel repentance, they have no consciousness they are freed from life], they are not subjects, they are de-individualized, they are absolutely and only flat, they are just something no matter what. They don't choose their victims, they don't regret their deeds, they are flat absolutely flat, and look for not fuckin nothing except sense – to become depressed is to turn into zombie, there is no hope, no return, only perturbation, but critical depression, or de-pression, art as flat thing – and that has no time – by necessity must introduce itself in time and space, but who knows and contingently what qualities and attributes the aesthetics experience gain then. Its not you and me that should turn into zombies, we already are, it is the art that should be zombie, totally fuckin flat and just something, and we should make it to make our spectators into zombies, no to give them peromission to become excessively weak, depressed and zombie, to let them not be themselves more than something for a while, in favor for an entirely new mind set, the possibility of a world, a terrain [a non-flat] where everything and the rest is otherwise. Fuck yeah, zombie art.

Look at this and it's facts. When guys or whatever exit prison after a really really long time it's been like aha statistically proven that they fall in love unconditionally no way back kind of thang with girls or whatever same age as the inmate was when he got locked

up. Yup, tattooed all over the place, skinny and guilt ridden out looking for babes twenty-five years younger [OMG look whose talking]. Great.

Look at this too, one wonders why some kind of personality, women or whatever fall in love head of heels, deeply convinced with inmates, prisoners, jailbirds yeah with all of the whatever they are called. But why? But why? Why fall in love with a dude doomed to decades in Sing Sing – which would be quite cool, or worse with some lowbrow BS thug rotting away in a small town correctional facility in Kumla or Switzerland. This is wkld. But wow, art made with inmates that's even worse.

I don't care whatever, some silly senior waiting for his locked up girlfriend, OMG – not if some size D bra [as in dramatic] honey pie that feel in love with Steve the convict already before acne age. No way, I mean the real shit, men and women that fall in love with inmates tout court, and gosh I love them [that's what I do - fall in love with men and women falling in love with men and women imprisoned – who's a perv now?], but still why? This is irrational to begin with, and aha we know love is something we do, anyway why wouldn't the prisoner have figured it out – to fall in love with a quarter of century younger chicalinda is gonna be trouble and it's not gonna be nice trouble, and the other way around, relative capitalism, to fall in love with a prisoner is like stashing your mattress with money and hope for interest. Dead capital, schtupid, but... and they might just be closely connected – they still do it, they still do it again and again.

Concerning the inmate, when on the inside he or she is closed off from *reality*, access to certain capacities is denied. The, let's say babe that he doesn't have access to on the outside becomes a thing that the inmate comprehends without ground, time and context is withdrawn or subtracted – the object of desire, however abstract, become “pure” intensity without being. The being part of the female is removed, cancelled, annulled and there is only “doing” – comprehension left. Kind of like, there's only womanness and no woman, there might be a lot of sex but nobody having it. Blim blam, this is the price to pay for pure and wonderful comprehension, or call it phantasy – you're doomed to fall in love again and again with what the thing as intensity.

Let's turn it around, the same goes for the one falling in love with the inmate, that obviously and of course must ditch the guy when he exits the can, which might or not be sweet: the moment he exits the can and gains ability, when he can again, the one on the outside can't any more... what a dance, cancan. But first, why would anybody fall in love with somebody that's locked up for the rest of his life... and why would anybody fall in love with somebody that's looked for the rest of his life because he stabbed somebody – or like a bunch of supermodels, fifty-one times in the chest, including the eye, ate their hearts raw with sushi rice and low sodium soy, didn't even bother to do something weird like you know, some fucked up code written in blood or liked waxed the supermodels' legs before dumping them outside the Polish embassy, and OMG got caught driving a stolen Daihatsu. Check it out – I said baby some day luck comes in your arms – there is a rational here, namely it's not the deeds, not the actions, not the spectacle or even love out of pity, you remember the Daihatsu. Nope, the point is to disconnect the deed from the man, the comprehension part from the being part. Love is blind, probably true but in this

case blind can be seen as voluntary, self-determined, aha. Yes, you fall with the man, not the the the deed, you fall in love with the being part and abandon the comprehension part, the doing, the action. Exactly, you fall in love with being *pur* and eradicate intensity. It's fuckin brilliant, you fall in love with the man and not that BS macho schtuff, chew on that Amigo, and it's brilliant cuz what you love – being – is exactly void of risk, chance and danger, you can love endlessly and as much as you like since being, so to say, isn't exactly able to escape, ditch you, be unfaithful and so on. What you dig when you fall for a prisoner is being without intensity – the man, the sex, the love, the smell whatever but aha there is no doing, no engagement – a love completely static and hence at least trivially perfect.

Yet, both the prisoner out of the can and the lover of the jailbird in side are quite phab, they might sound fucked up and somewhat self-obsessive although in two different ways. They are awesome as they kind of separate *love* from *like*, if we consider that you love somebody for the way they are – being – and like somebody because of what they do – intensity. It's tidy, fair an no blurry double speech. I mean the individual in love with the prisoner – being – is not about to say: “Well you know, lately I feel that we've grown apart...” and the great thing with the convict out of the joint is that he likes all young women equally as long as they coincide with his comprehensions, with a certain intensity. In other words, the inmate likes what the thing is in and the so called crazy-ladies are in love with what is in the thing.

Now look at this, what about art? Art is certainly great and amazing, more of it totally, the fucked up situation is that art today tendentially is asked, demanded, forced, desired to be both being and intensity – it should both be art as in the sense of “autonomous” being and know itself as intensity, i.e. it should exists as such and be conscious about its own being at the same time, but check it out, not possible not even a little bit possible.

Something cannot be itself and know itself at the same time, something can not maintain itself as that which is in the thing and that which the thing is in. No sir, that's some sort of Hegelian absolute, some fucked up metaphysical existence that not even Lovecraft dare de-de-describe. Bring in a mirror, and hocus pocus what do we get, yep – an art that is both and at the same time autonomous, i.e. *is* without determination, and is politically intensive or engaged, i.e. intensive without determined, object. Or in other words an art that at the same time should be art and not-art. Obviously an autonomous art can't simply and no way perform a politics, and it doesn't matter if this darkness of general NL is posed by art councils, curators, policy makers, more curators, artists, teachers, scholars [oh no not Goldsmiths again], biennale offices, socially engaged artists [stop them now – and spit on Woody Allen too], it is never the less fucked up and produce an art that is both conservative and valuable for something determinable. *Nausea alert*, and jezuz, this implies an art that's like design, – beautifully useful, aha – something like a bad wine being opened with a beautifully useful corkscrew suddenly transforming the shit wine into a Chateau Lafite.

Go away, go away, curse – art needs to go to jail, yep on the double and both in the sense of Monopoly and metaphorically to the beginning, to the eradication of resources, to uselessness, a waste of time and the whole lot. Check it out just because and art is not useful, it doesn't say that it doesn't do a lot of things to the artist, spectator, viewers,

museum bosses, curators, magazine, politics, social injustice, the world, the universe and so on, but the moment when art does or wish to determine what it does it has a problem, it becomes good or bad, what matters, comparable, a matter of investment and affordance and what is it then... if not – helpful, nice, sympathetic, diplomatic, didactic, didactic didactic. More over it means that art also can or must be judged in respect of, funded in respect of, approved through etc. it's usefulness, it's functionality and respect for and of society. No no no, an art should and must be utterly useless, it cannot and must not keep anybody busy – I must not know what it is good or bad for but it will and must also and at the same time provoke comprehension, responses, relations, irritation, pleasure, anger, sleep, political upraising, revolution, neoliberalism, love and so on and that's all superb and amazing. Art can not not be comprehended but it's job, or responsibility, is not to know and determine determination, when it does it seizes to be art and art specific.

Art needs to go to jail. It can only and either be art as being – autonomous and useless, perhaps also harmless – as in the sense of the prisoner with which you fall in love – and certainly art is institutionally inscribed and imprisoned but it can be in more than many ways – and never mind if it wasn't – what what what – yes and it is totally fine [art obviously deeply need institutions whatever they are called Tate modern, art councils, dance venue, iTunes etc] – and on the other hand an art that is “pure” intensity which the prisoner now released like, adore and worship without selection – namely comprehension or politics without object, without circumstances. Now, just because art need to go to jail no matter what, that doesn't not mean the artist, somebody producing art whatever that is [except theatre which we shouldn't do at all and is certainly not made by artists], should be anything else than deeply and utterly engaged in whatever he or she likes and feel urgency in respect of. Just because the job of art must be to be useless no matter what being or intensity, doesn't say that the artists' job is the same – rather the opposite – hyper conscious about what artistic production implies, politically, socially, ethically, ideologically, fluidity, economically, reformist, revolutionary, poetically, historically, in relation to a bit of smoke and so on until the end of it all. But just because I know what I'm doing doesn't say that the art produced should be causal to that knowing [obviously whatever knowing, physical, sensual, spiritual etc.], in fact it shouldn't in any respect what so ever [art is not there to make the viewer admire the author]. Art, especially in respect of NL and semio-capitalism must be sent to jail, it must give itself permission to evacuate economy [which is not the same as exiting art markets, they are fine and they are not dealing with art but schtuff], negotiation, affordance and investment, context, policy, friendship and most of all belonging and identity in order to produce new or other kinds of experiences, produce difference in kind, if not it will be stuck in what is already possible, inscribed, fine, digested, perfectly Starbucks, difference in degree, different with a c, bailed out, business minded and so on. Art needs to go to jail in order to maintain its structural simplicity, its n'importe quoi – it needs to allow itself limits, or it will fall into the poisonous territory of strategy, making it causal to something that matters more or less, less or more, to value which is always opportunistic to some power. Go to jail, and do it now. The production of limits, which is not to dismiss,

evacuate, eradicate and so on, limits between being and comprehension, not limits between this or that identity, no fuckin way, limits of with bearing on ontological characteristics, these are limits of existence not about life or consciousness, or good mood. Art needs to go to jail to save itself from politics, policy, performativity and polite causalities and most of all from vague instrumentality and the politics of ethics, inclusion and good life. Art is not alive, it doesn't have life, it exists and it doesn't care. To love art is like loving somebody you know you can never have, the love of a being no matter what.

Everything tells me to, my intellect [if I have one], consciousness, my feelings and emotions even my Montreal fluff affect department [oh, no not that one - it tells me to be always more than one, holy fuck as I didn't have enough of one me?] all of them tells me to, tells me give up and to comply to the general order. I should follow tendencies of correct behavior and resign, invest properly and agree to be part of markets, to strategies of survival, measurement and compatibility. But I can't give up. I can't and write out of despair. I'm maker of dance and choreography and I'm in tears.

I will not and cannot support consciousness but must fight it to bitterest of bitter ends. "Give up and swallow the little suffering that it implies", but no I cannot, I rather live with the increased pain whatever getting out of consciousness will cost me. To be alive is not alright, I must fight the desire to consider that life is okay. Consciousness and life, a good, and okay life, that is what I need to fight. I fight, wave my arms wildly to become existence and non-life.

Certainly, I exist in markets, I perform strategies and negotiate diplomatically yet just because I do, do I necessarily need to subordinate myself to these. Even if I will come out vanquished my job is to refuse, not refuse as a protest against anything, no this is a refusal to myself and the petty desires I can already have have and enjoy.

I'm not in favor emancipation, I'm against it, because emancipation is already from something, my refusal is worse I must emancipate myself from emancipation as a form of struggle, an aimless struggle towards an annihilation of myself as myself. Emancipation is connected with gratification, the struggle I need to engage in must not offer any from of gratification, no affordance and certainly no opportunities for investment. Anything that I can conclude works is not enough, only that that doesn't work is acceptable and worth further investigation. Whatever works is always already inscribed and possible [spti on Woody Allen]. It is not enough to set up problems for myself or the world. To problems I can have there are already more or less relevant solutions. What I must do is to force myself to invent problems to which there are absolutely no solutions. I must not solve problems, I must resolve myself in favor of new problems. I already have the answers, I know what is wrong, but neither to identify what is wrong nor accept my answers is sufficient. I must keep watch, keep awake. I must take all threats seriously, but must not give in, don't be seduced by them, identify with their surprising yet conventional monstrosity, I must not resign in front of false sense of guilt and justice they invite. I must refute my desires to protest, my hopes for some revolt, as they confirm my idealist light leftist subjectivity and already responds to an already producible future, already

some kind of prescriptive capacity, to forms of emancipation. Fuck that, it is only the simple formation of a projectable future. I must stop myself, cut my own limbs that bring me towards hope. I must annihilate my petty belief in *the future* and with a complete lack of expectation engage in future, future as absolute non-differentiated becoming, future not as the actualization of tendencies already in existence but in *avenir* a break with any form of perspective. The future is already engaged in perspective, in formation, whereas *avenir* is future understood as horizon, future as indivisible and continuous alien. I don't care if such an aimless struggle or keeping watch implies an argument vis-à-vis a great outdoors, immanence or plain of consistency. This is not a matter of analysis in favor of a philosophically consistent subject, no we are and must by necessity be against such a subject, both the philosophical and the consistency part, *avenir* is rather and also precisely their contingent destruction or putrefaction.

It might appear childish and idealistic but there is no artistic practice that we can respect that does not understand *avenir* as its in-one-identity of the last instance. Liberty's rigor is way more difficult than liberty itself. I will not give up, never. It is my promise, my only promise. I will never, never give up.