

# The Time of Movement is Now

Dance suffers. Yes, dance suffers tremendously from a disease that is really quite difficult to recover from. It's not like hysteria, which is like covering ones own tracks in order to not have to face the fact or something. This is worse. This is like the doctors and nurses, everybody, pretending you are not sick. That you are perfectly well and super fine but you, or 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 nowadays – no it's much worse. This conspiracy is slow and is often inserted into the maker or doer already during their 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. And that's like #baaaaaaaad. It might be that it's all those residency venues, or perhaps artistic research – göhö twice – or what about social choreography - aha they are certainly involved. They might just have some agreement with performative architecture or performative in general. It is my guess that performative is knee deep involved. Shit-

balls, choreography as expanded practice is also in it in it – expanding like capitalism remorselessly to be anything a choreographer or dancer might do or be busy with [“I have a blog” – duktighetsjävlaminister, or anything kulturbryggan friendly – mind you – choreography as expanded practice is not the same as expanded choreography, it's the utilization of choreography specific tools in situations or contexts offering only partial compatibility. Choreography as expanded practice is not in any respect practice based choreography nor some instrumentalized neoliberal negotiation fit for Göteborgs Dans och Teater Festival, it's to engage in making a problem, something to which there is no solution. Expanded is not a matter of improvement but rather the first moment of self-destruction]. But in fact its been going on for ages, really, I mean the disease, the conspiracy, the poisoning.

What I'm talking about is a disease called neutralism. No no, not naturalism that's only Xavier Le Roy's personal ghost and don't worry that one's not contagious. This is neutralism, or Neutralism, and we suffer deep and intensely. I'm just asking but why is our art form so freaking neutralized? Who did this to us? We are hot, as in H O fuckin' T and everybody knows it. We are the shit and still it's like all dance are Made In Sweden. Yeah, exactly completely average and superbly grey grey grey [not even 50 shades with a bit of kink so not even that]. Like the only good thing Sweden ever produced is an eminent social welfare system. Think about that, an entire art form whose only radical feature is a great social welfare system. Ja dör, FR. But seriously when did you last encounter a dance performance that wasn't absolutely conventional, more predictable than Carlos Santana, grey like television

made in Umeå, 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 or Cilla, art council bureaucrats, residencies in a small town far fuckin away, everybody that ever worked with Vandekeybus, all of them.

Isn't it phabstastic that all those performances done by kids straight out of school almost exclusively are 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 Acne [OMG did I just write that?], 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, evidently 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 absolutely most grey people in the history of mankind that's engaged, the most safe and polite folks ever, everybody called Åsa, the very centerfold of nice and neutralism.

How many times do we have to listen to BS like, "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 serves more neutralism [you are not a waitress] 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's 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. Bitch.

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 it was some sort tribunal what they would die for – implicitly if they would die for art, if they at all had some sort of spine. Now, the whole situation is obviously rather embarrassing, and oh yeah 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 it, 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 shithead, die for something heroic, something a firefighter would die for, die for something ridiculous like poverty or ecology, peace on earth anything, but no "I would die for family" – contemplate that, 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 pieces 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 the internet and argues against instagram. And they like that kind of dance, exactly that kind of dance – well made, structurally orderly, recognizable, dramatic, consistent, clear, that 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 have a different aura, theirs is no more grey, it's indigo. Yes, indigo. The 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 generation pip (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 a 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, 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 a job – to let it 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 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 the 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 web-pages, 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 doing, 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, one 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, steel, 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, problem 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 has been co-opted through corporate DIY culture forms of emancipation have totally lost any and all "subversive" [such a lame word] capacity. The agency performed by let's-do-it-enthusiasm has today become food for thought [and organ mind you] for the corporate headquarter. 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 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 it by necessity must change. The time is now, it's 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 dance 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 activational 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 its 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.

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