

OT
MART
AVRIL
REFRESH
TREN
JEN
AMIT
JEN

5
9
/
e
e
x

MDT program texts

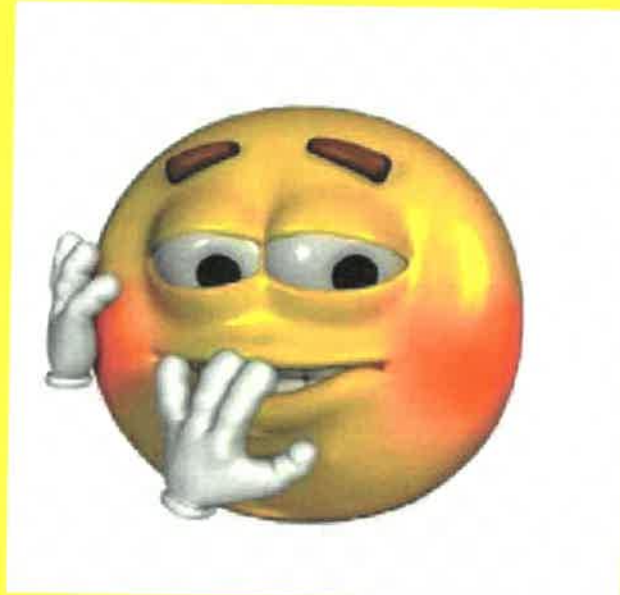
The program texts is a series of unedited fanzine-style booklets available on the MDT website and in a limited cost price edition, printed, folded and stapled on MDT's Konica Minolta All-in-one Copier.

Find all MDT program texts at www.mdtsthlm.se

THIS IS A LIBRARY OF feelings

feelings is one part of analysis: a long term research project into the politics of feeling(s). analysis is rooted in dance and unfolds in various formats, contexts and collaborations. analysis asks questions about the relations between subjects and feelings. Be it the feelings “of” subjects themselves or “of” others. analysis starts from the suppositions that feelings are opaque rather than transparent, mediated rather than immediate, and that feelings are something you do rather than something you have. From there it feels its way forward, trying to contour how such propositions could inform relations between people in dance and beyond.

analysis was initiated by Adriano Wilfert Jensen in 2017 and so far Karima El Amrani, Chloe Chignell, Stefan Govaart, Sandra Lolax, Simon Asencio, Alexandra Tveit, Marie Ursin, Anne Juren, Angela Goh, Dina El Kaisy, Ana Vujanovic and Dean Blunt have been part of its development.



IV. — **HEROSE.**

Throw head back, dropping right arm and hand over head, left arm dropping at side.



V. — **WAKE.**

Bow head upon breast, at the same time carrying arm as far overhead as possible, and moving arm to front to hide the face.

originary, that the self doesn't exist before the movement of heteroaffection."

Heteroaffection means *the affect of the other*, in the double sense that (1) the one who is affected in me is always the other in me, the unknown "me" in me, a dimension of my subjectivity that I don't know and don't perceive, and that (2) what affects me is always somebody other than myself, something else than the feeling of my ownness. Even when I have the feeling of self-existence, for example, the I that feels and the existence that is felt are not exactly the same; they differ. There is always a third term, an unknown instance between me and myself. In the end, we have a series of "you"s instead of a double I. Therefore, autoaffection may be regarded as a self-touching, but this self-touching is always, as Jean-Luc Nancy declares, a "self-touching you" (*un "se toucher-toi"*).

Commenting on this formula, Derrida affirms: "At the very moment when 'I' makes its entrance, . . . it signs the possibility or the need for the said 'I' (as soon as it touches itself) to address itself, to speak to itself, to treat of itself

CATHERINE MALABOU in SELF AND EMOTIONAL LIFE (2013) ↑ ↓
20 • GO WUNDER

(in a soliloquy interrupted in advance) as an other. No sooner does 'I [touch] itself' than it is itself—it contracts itself, it contracts with itself, but as with another. . . . I self-touches spacing itself out, losing contact with itself, precisely in touching itself."⁴ The feeling of the difference between the self and itself is then never present to itself, never conscious but always, and right from the start, "disarticulated."⁵ The difference that lies at the heart of the "I" is the difference between me and an "intruder," the other of me in me, "the heart of the other": "touching, in any case, touches the heart and on the heart, but inasmuch as it is *always* the heart of the other."⁶ For that reason, "no one should ever be able to say 'my heart,' my own heart. . . . There would be nothing and there would no longer be any question without this originary exappropriation and without a certain 'stolen heart.'"⁷

The word *exappropriation* is important here, since it insists upon the interruption of ownness or property. All affects proceed from a disappropriation, not from an intuitive synthesis, of the ego. Heteroaffection, more exactly auto-heteroaffection, is then the real source of all affects.

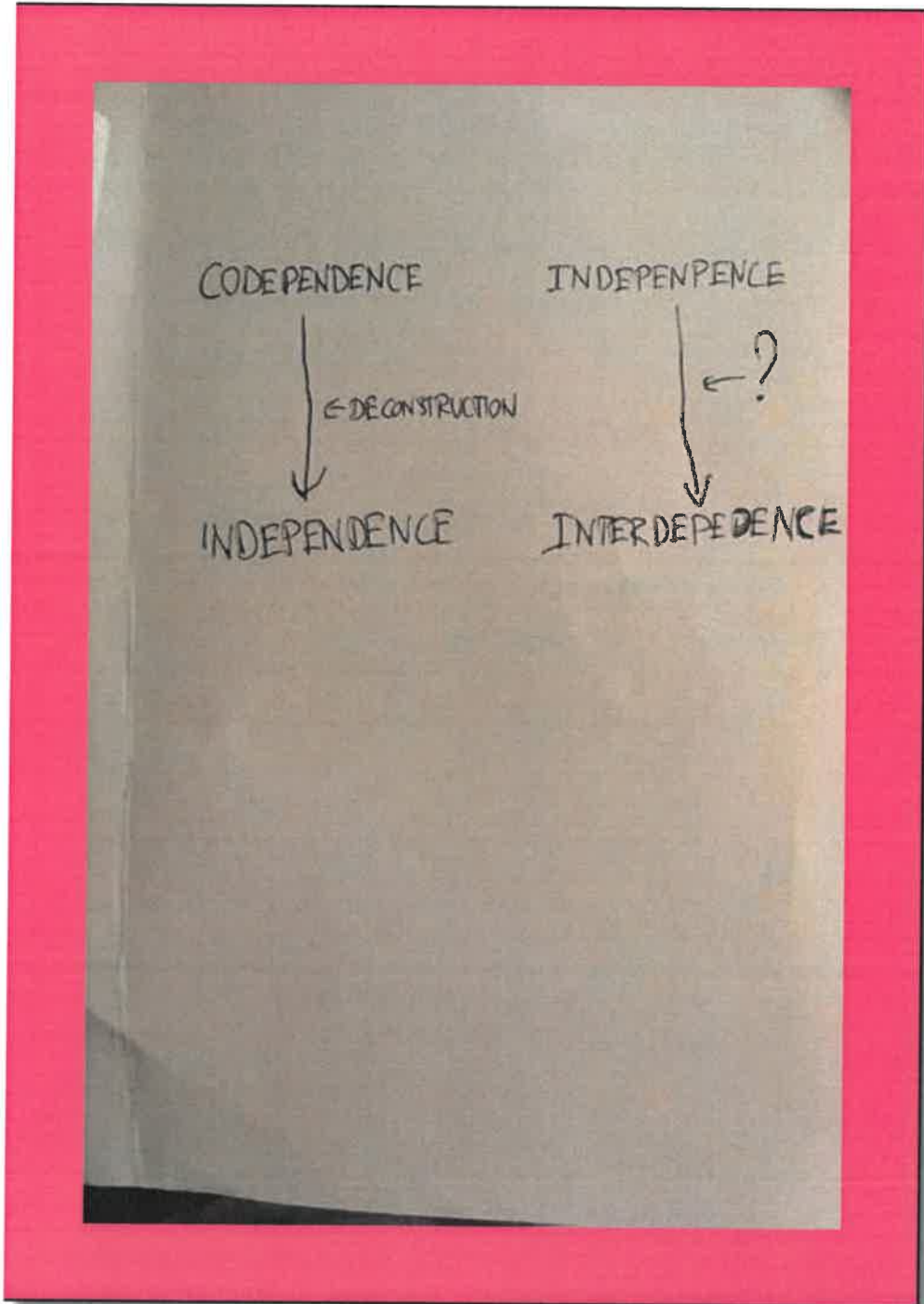
It is not that they opened me wide [*béant*] in order to change my heart. It is rather that this gaping open [*béance*] cannot be closed. (Each x-ray moreover shows this: the sternum is sewn through with twisted pieces of wire.) I am closed open. There is in fact an opening through which passes a stream of unremitting strangeness: the immuno-depressive medication, and others, charged with combatting certain, so-called secondary effects that one does not know how to combat, (such as kidney deterioration); the repeated monitoring and observation; an entire existence set on a new register, swept from top to bottom. Life scanned and reported upon by way of multiple indices, [36] each of which inscribes other possibilities of death.

It is thus my self who becomes my own *intrus* in all these combined and opposing ways.

I feel it distinctly; it is much stronger than a sensation: never has the strangeness of my own identity, which I've nonetheless always found so striking, touched me with such acuity. "I" has clearly become the formal index of an unverifiable and impalpable system of linkages. Between my self and me there has always been a gap of space-time: but now there is the opening of an incision and an immune system that is at odds with itself, forever at cross purposes, irreconcilable.



JEAN-LUC NANCY, L'INTRUS (2000)



Den 31. jan. 2019 kl. 10.48 skrev Stefan Jonathan Govaart <stefangovaart@gmail.com>:

Hi dear,

Getting ready for Mexico?

I'm back in a'dam, bxl for the weekend, but i'd much rather have some mexican sun.. It was nice and intense working in denmark. it's great to see the ongoing work of you and simon adding details, testing out how much subtlety we, one can bear.

I keep on thinking:

--what is recognition good for? – can we describe the affect of 'the detail' that turns the ready-made into the not so ready-made? – do we, performers, work on feeling unresolved about feelings? Is this work active or does it mean to *not* do, to be in a mode of refusal? –can we be precise about distinguishing between two modi, (1) doing the thing (2) doing the 'comment' of the thing we are doing? – or are we always doing both?--

I'll attach my invoice. I counted both travel days as full days (6th and 26th), for I forgot to invoice half travel days in Tallinn. I hope this is fine.

Also, I added €60,- which is half of the bill of the pizza I paid for the last night (which was 915 crones or 120 euros). Don't mind paying the other half. Is that ok? Otherwise it's also fine!

And can you give me an e-mail address of Borabora so that I send the bus and train tickets?

Much love,
s



Simon Asencio & Adriano Willert Jansen
Coffestain on dance vinyl (innsbruck)

On Sun, Feb 3, 2019 at 6:28 PM Adriano Wilfert Jensen <adrianowj@gmail.com> wrote:
Hey dear!

Yes! ready and now arrived. Such a beautiful country and city.

Thank you for sharing your questions and thoughts. And for your brilliant work in denmark.

I have to think more or maybe we can think together about the questions of recognition. Its a delicate word.

In the flight to mexico I was thinking (and feeling) about being with rather than having feelings. Maybe that is indeed a kind of recognition. And indeed maybe that is about feeling unresolved about the feelings we are in relation too. However I think that is not only a feeling, but rather a practice or certain ethics maybe. Or maybe the movement towards "being with" is precisely a movement towards feeling as a companion in a kind of practice. I think there is always a double. Always a split that makes the feeling possible in the first place. We could call that doing the thing and doing the comment. Although I am not sure that comment is the word. few years ago I was very impressed by this Haraway candy: "being one always means becoming with many". I think the one/many double or split is closer to what we do than the active/refusal. Though this would also need some more thought. Reminds me of the whole disappropriation of a stolen heart from the Nancy/Derrida text. Here is a translation of the intruder. I will read that next week I think

Ah shit we forgot to share cost of pizza. good you put some in the invoice, and then ask everyone to buy you a beer some time. And good you put the half days left from Tallinn.

How is Amsterdam?

Fra: **Stéfan Jónathan Góvaart** stefanigovaart@gmail.com
mne: Re: invoice
Dato: 8. februar 2019 kl. 20.14
Til: Adriano Wilfert Jensen adrianowj@gmail.com

SG

Dear,

oh no i forgot about the disappropriation of a stolen heart.. but i like these words

Today I discussed a – as usual – quite profuse text by Lauren Berlant. It's about comedy, a certain form of comedy, what she calls "humorless" comedy. But that doesn't matter, it's not about that here (neither about the 'combover'). I like it because it thinks the chaos of being a subject in this world as just so many things, never one and always double/multiple and managing getting by and finding strategies and being hooked on continuity but always also just not really making it. 'Being w/th' in many pieces. I liked it and perhaps it's speaking to what we are doing. Although it's not always about 'flooding', but also quite the opposite, which, if flooding is to do with being overwhelmed we are also busy with being underwhelmed, yet being underwhelmed is also just a form of being overwhelmed.

"My interest is in flooding: the way a scene of disturbance lets into the room multiple logics of frame switching, temporal manipulation, status scale shifting, identification, and norm-agitating gestural events. If *only* the world were *x* and its other. If only causes led to effects. If only life produced flow, then blockage, then flow. The combover exemplifies the comedy of unbinding that happens in the face of rigidity but locates the comic in its proliferation of complications, threats, potentials, constraints, and consequences that are never definitively ordered" (Berlant, "Humorlessness (Three Monologues and a Hairpiece)" 313).

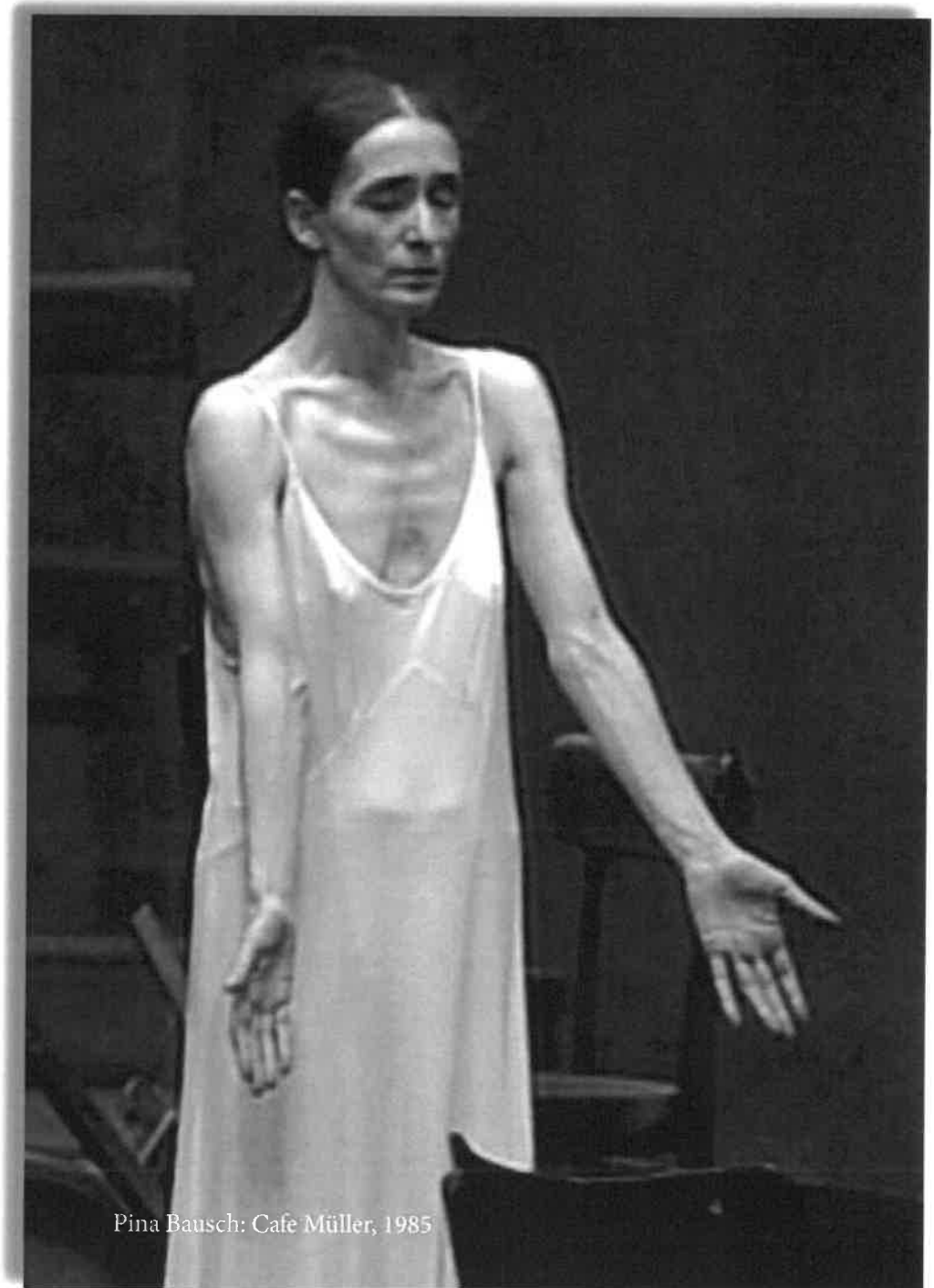
Yeah recognition i have to think more too.. i don't know what that is but it seems just always so crucial to aesthetic form because it seeks so many different ways of recognizing or something.. thx for the text, will read it one day. atm i've got so much to read.. requires different concentration i realize again.. going to see Alex now, she's in townn:)

Hope all is well in the big big city and hope many adventures are on their way and already happening.

kisses

s

feelings library zine.



Pina Bausch: Cafe Müller, 1985

One morning you look at a cloud and see a figure. You realize that this figure is in you, so you figure you better make friends. The following day you see more figures, figures everywhere! You make friends with all of them, and they become your invisible posse. They guide you, and it doesn't take long before you are totally relying on them. You can't live without them anymore.

Some days, though, they are mean to you, they manipulate, mislead or even ghost you. On those days you suspect them to be double agents. And you start to doubt whether they are your invisible friends, or the invisible friends of somebody else.

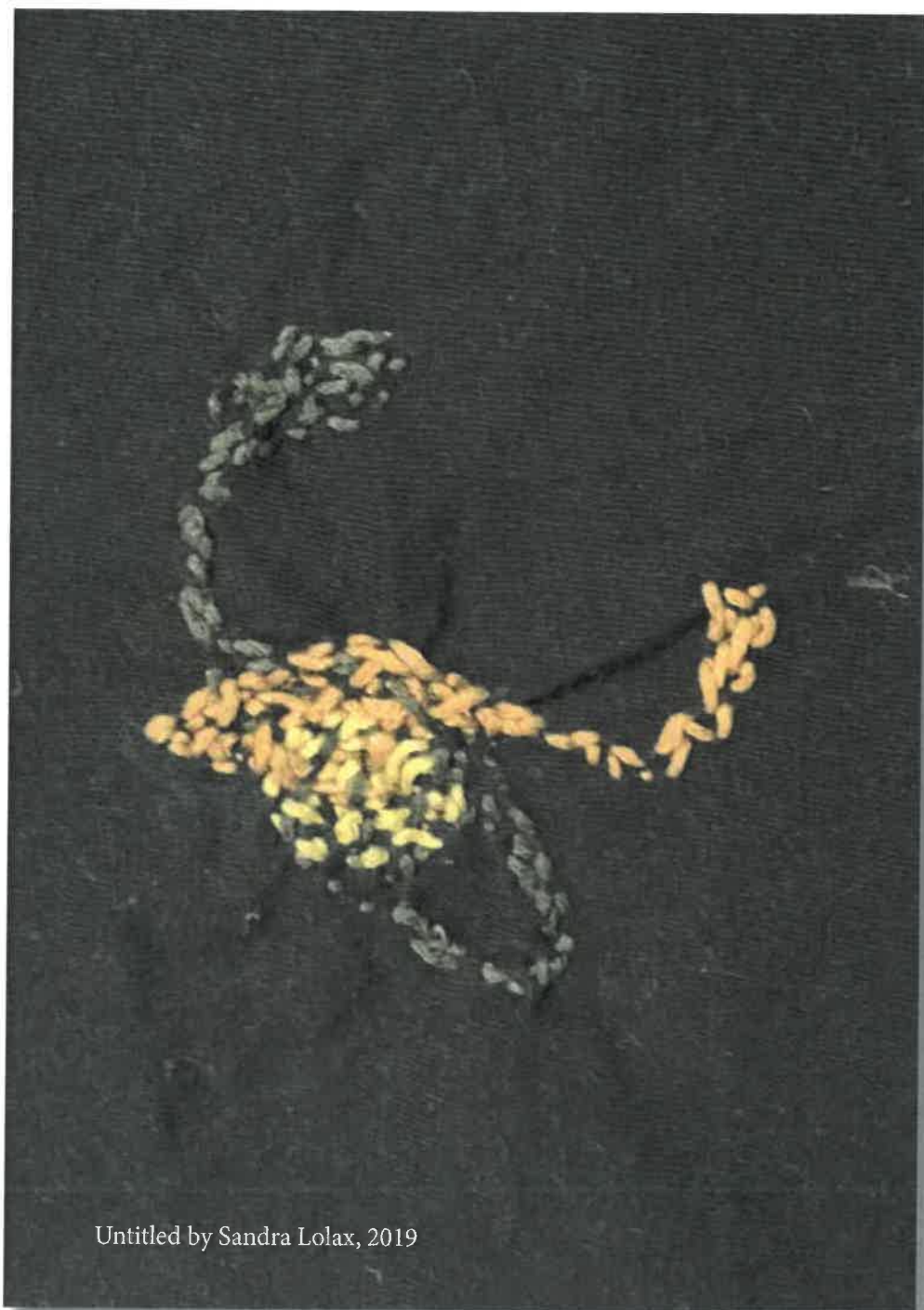
When two hands touch, there is a sensuality of the flesh, an exchange of warmth, a feeling of pressure, of presence, a proximity of otherness that brings the other nearly as close as oneself. Perhaps closer. And if the two hands belong to one

person, might this not enliven an uncanny sense of the otherness of the self, a literal holding oneself at a distance in the sensation of contact, the greeting of the stranger within? So much happens in a touch: an infinity of others – other beings, other spaces, other times – are aroused.

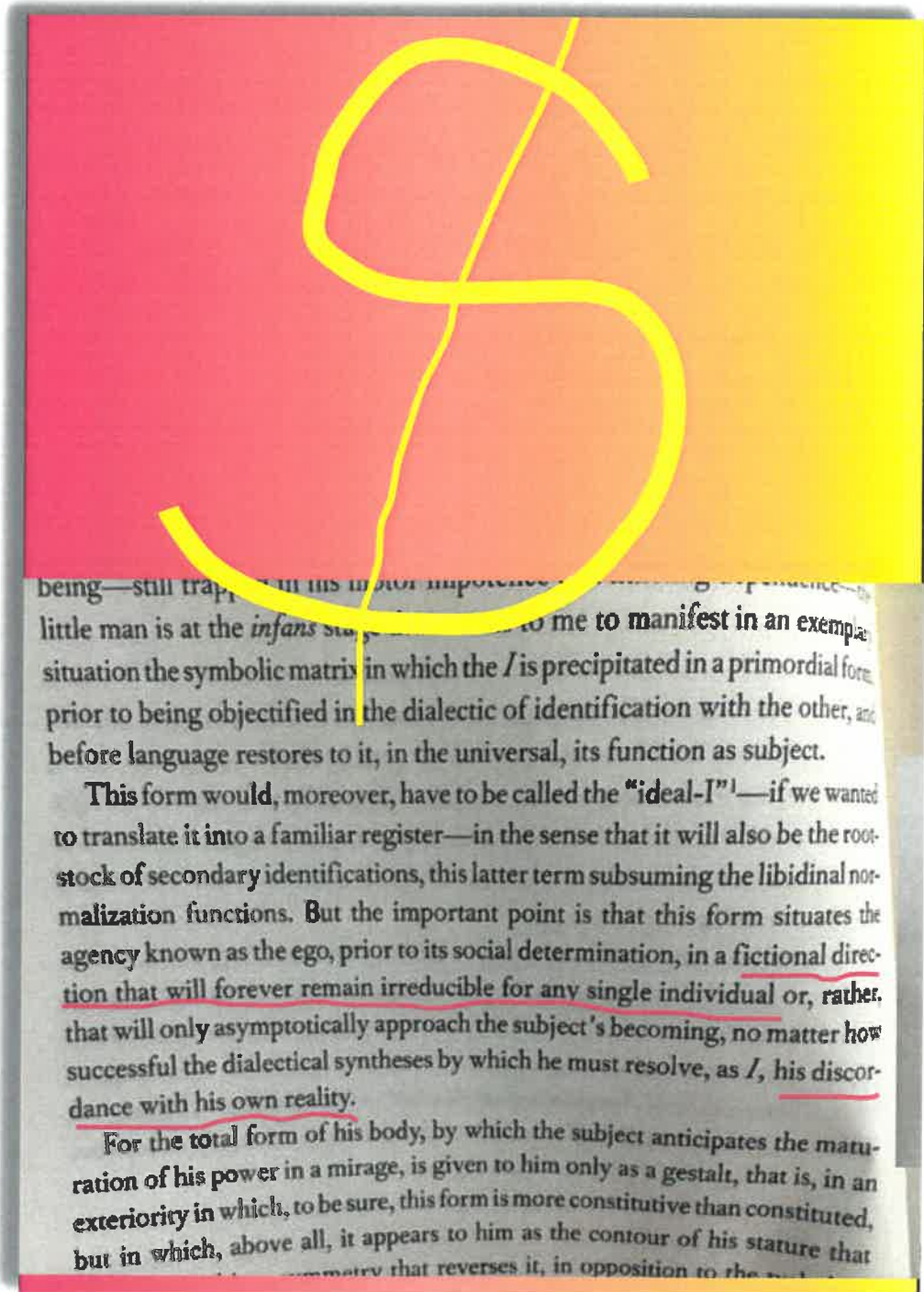
When two hands touch, how close are they? What is the measure of closeness? Which disciplinary knowledge formations, political parties, religious and cultural traditions, infectious disease authorities, immigration officials, and policy makers do not have a stake in, if not a measured answer to, this question? When touch is at issue, nearly everyone's hair stands on end. I can barely touch on even a few aspects of touch here, at most offering the barest suggestion of what it might mean to approach, to dare to come in contact with, this infinite finitude. Many voices speak here in the interstices, a cacophony of always already reiteratively intra-acting stories. These are entangled tales. Each is diffractively threaded through

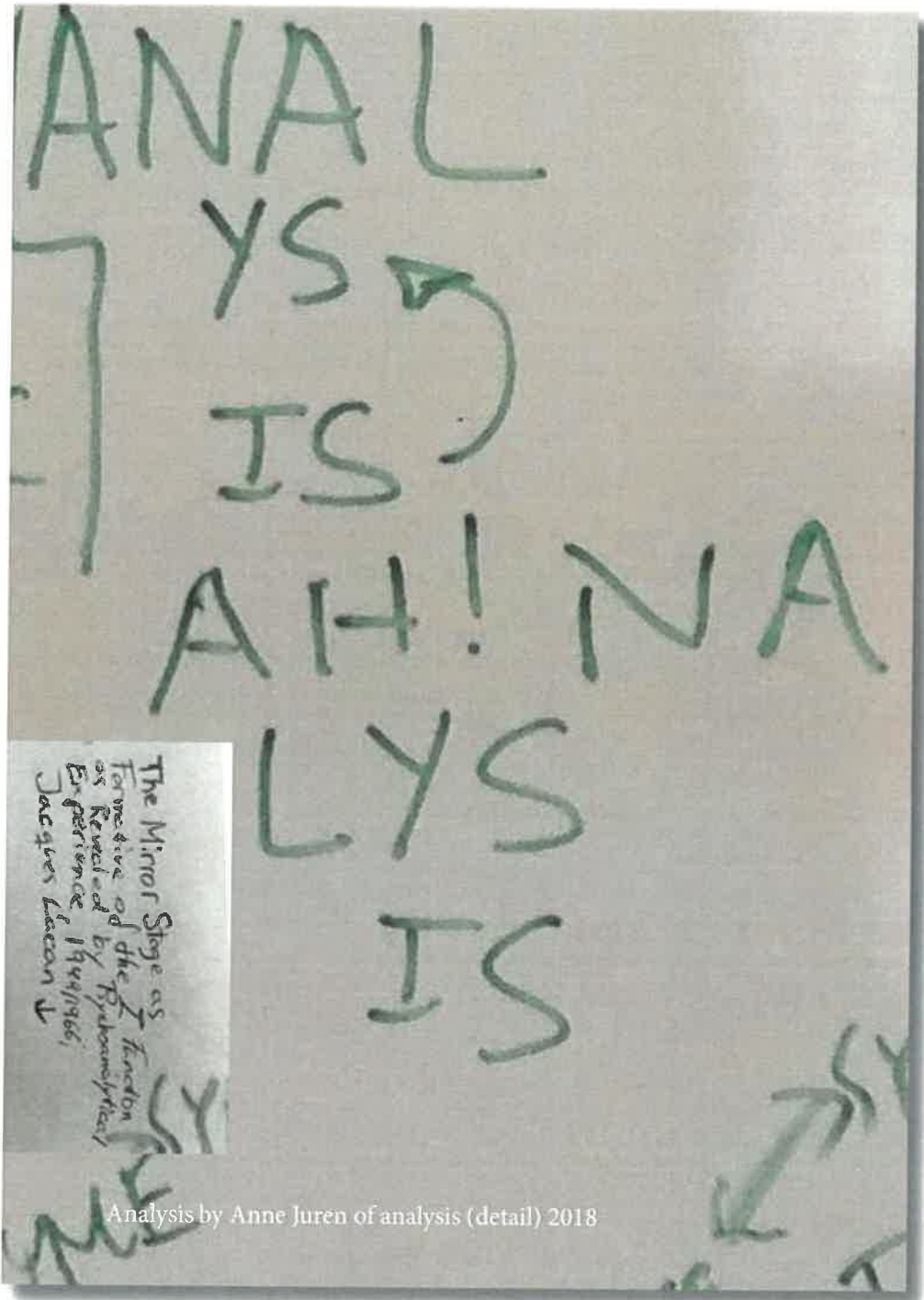
and enfolded in the other. Is that not in the nature of touching? Is touching not by its very nature always already an involution, invitation, invisitation, wanted or unwanted, of the stranger within?

KAREN BARAD
ON TOUCHING: THE INHUMAN THAT
THEREFORE I AM
(2012)



Untitled by Sandra Lolax, 2019





Analysis by Anne Juren of analysis (detail) 2018

II. — ACCUSATION.

Arm raised to front, head bowed, forefinger of hand pointing at some imaginary person.



III. — DEPRECATION.

Right arm raised directly overhead, hand in the attitude of imprecation. Head slightly depressed and advanced. Left arm at side, hand in attitude of imprecation, slightly thrust back, as if clutching at some object.



(2017) Lisa Feldman Barrett HOW EMOTIONS ARE MADE

fear.

To be sure, hundreds of experiments offer some evidence for the classical view. But *hundreds more* cast that evidence into doubt. The only reasonable scientific conclusion, in my opinion, is that emotions are not what we typically think they are.

So what are they, really? When scientists set aside the classical view and just look at the data, a radically different explanation for emotion comes to light. In short, we find that your emotions are not built-in but made from more basic parts. They are not universal but vary from culture to culture. They are not triggered; you create them. They emerge as a combination of the physical properties of your body, a flexible brain that wires itself to whatever environment it develops in, and your culture and upbringing, which provide that environment. Emotions are real, but not in the objec-

INTRODUCTION

xiii

tive sense that molecules or neurons are real. They are real in the same sense that money is real — that is, hardly an illusion, but a product of human agreement.⁵

This view, which I call the *theory of constructed emotion*, offers a very different interpretation of the events during Governor Malloy's speech. When Malloy's voice caught in his throat, it did not trigger a brain circuit for sadness inside me, causing a distinctive set of bodily changes. Rather, I felt sadness in that moment because, having been raised in a certain culture, I learned long ago that "sadness" is something that may occur when certain bodily feelings coincide with terrible loss. Using bits and pieces of past experience, such as my knowledge of shootings and my previous sadness about them, my brain rapidly predicted what my body should do to cope

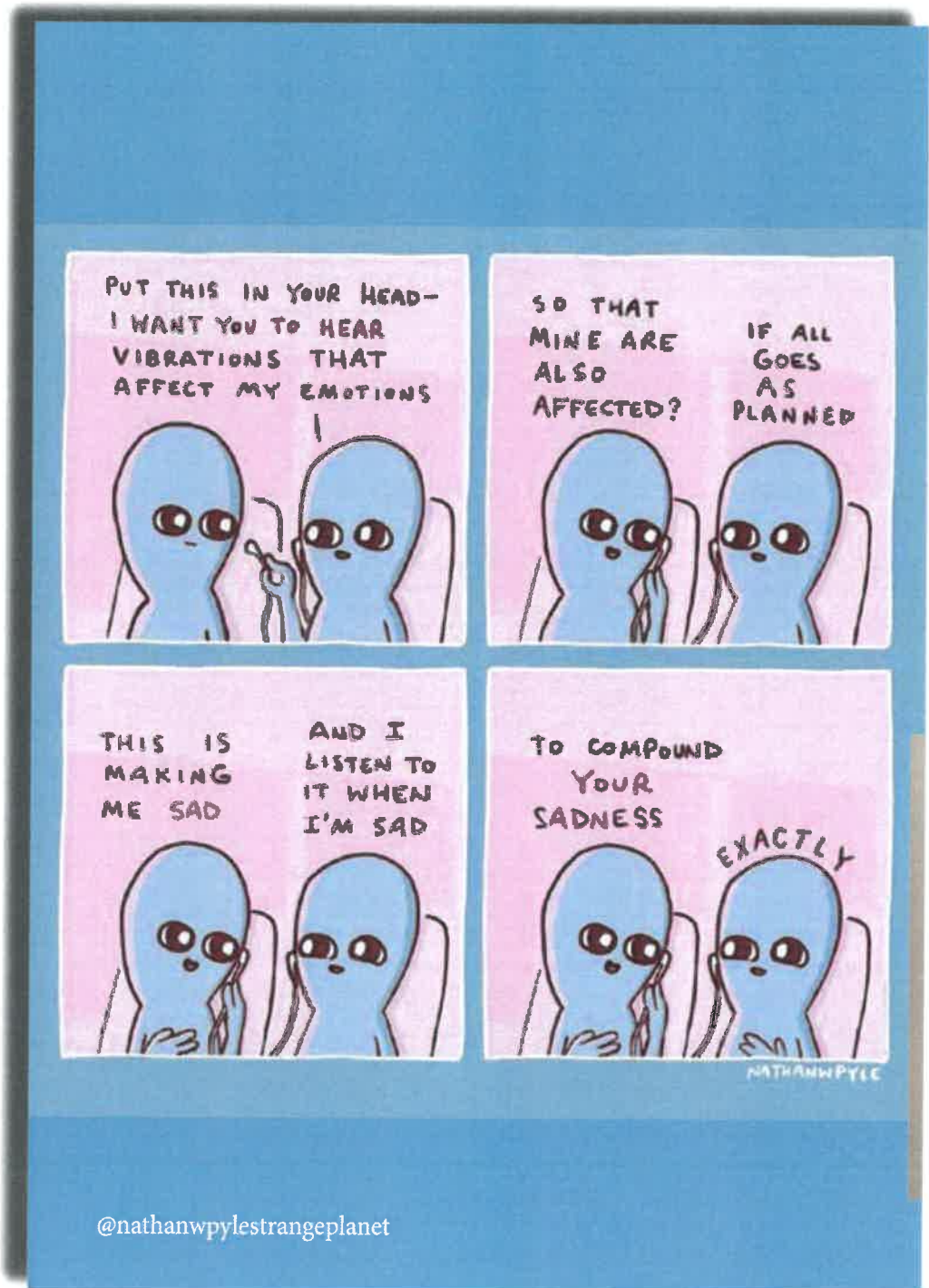
Dance as ready-made readily offers opportunities for interrogating authorship, dominant culture, appropriation and more. Sampling and learning from youtube, historical dances, music videos, video games... But what would happen if we stopped relying on showing the readymade, and instead assumed that everything we dance is already a form of ready-made - forms in circulation. How would it change the way we dance?

How would saying "I love you" or "I hate you" change if we assumed that these are forms moving through us, that they dont belong to us.

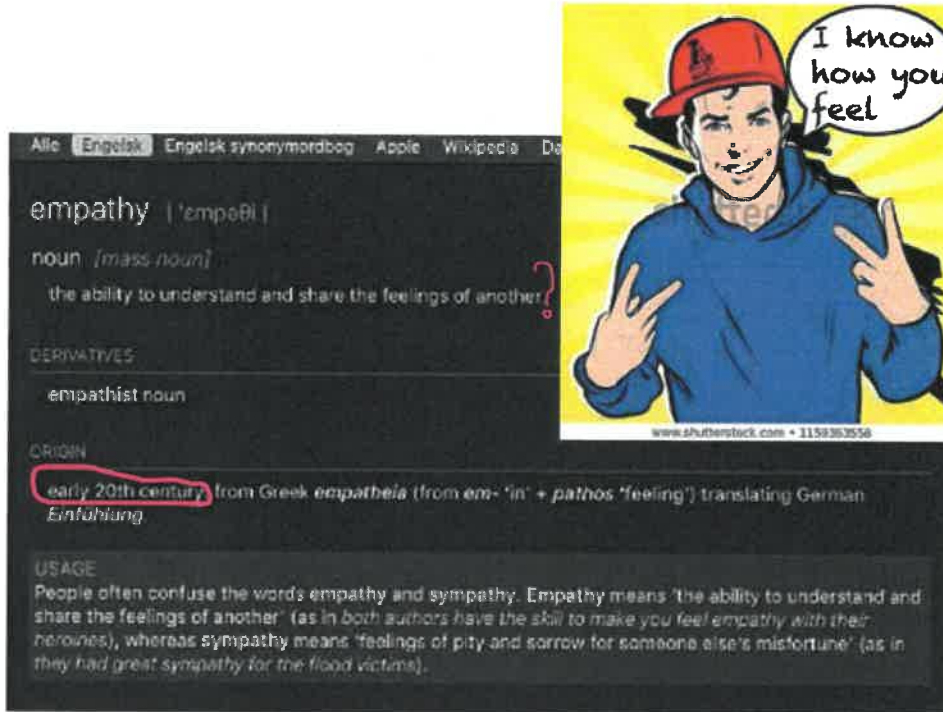
SARA AHMED
 THE CULTURAL POLITICS
 OF EMOTIONS : AFTERWORD
 (2014) — 1st ed 2004 —

points of the subject...
 carefully explores how theorising emotion is one way of signalling the death
 of the subject. In *The Cultural Politics of Emotion*, I hoped to develop a model
 of emotion that involves subjects but is not reducible to them; drawing on
 psychoanalysis (probably more than I would if I was writing this book now), I
 wanted to show how emotions are not transparent; so much follows when we
 do not assume we always know how we feel, and that feelings do not belong or
 even originate with an 'I', and only then move out toward others.





@nathanwpylestrangeplanet



Alle **Engelsk** Engelsk synonymordbog Apple Wikipedia Da

empathy | ˈɛmpəθi |

noun [mass noun]

the ability to understand and share the feelings of another?

DERIVATIVES

empathist noun

ORIGIN

early 20th century, from Greek *empathēia* (from *em-* 'in' + *pathos* 'feeling') translating German *Einfühlung*

USAGE

People often confuse the words empathy and sympathy. Empathy means 'the ability to understand and share the feelings of another' (as in *both authors have the skill to make you feel empathy with their heroines*), whereas sympathy means 'feelings of pity and sorrow for someone else's misfortune' (as in *they had great sympathy for the flood victims*).



like our own. We shall cease to be mere spectators and become participants in the movement that is presented to us, and though to all outward appearances we shall be sitting quietly in our chairs, we shall nevertheless be dancing synthetically with all our musculature. Naturally these motor responses are registered by our movement-sense receptors, and awaken appropriate emotional associations akin to those which have animated the dancer in the first place. It is the dancer's whole function to lead us into imitating his actions with our faculty for inner mimicry in order that we may experience his feelings. Facts he could tell us, but feelings he cannot convey in any other way than by arousing them in us through sympathetic action.

The grounds for Martin's arguments such as metakinesis and inner muscular mimicry have been contested in contemporary neuroscience, cognitive science, and dance practice as well, yet his chief claim about the psychological and emotional nature of bodily movement still holds a place of firm belief among dancers and dance audiences. This claim—that dance is born of self-expression based on a personal feeling that binds the spectator to it by way of empathy—operates as an ideology in contemporary dance. It promotes the ideas of freedom and individualism, which—understood as an emotional experience of one's own body and its freedom of movement—are traded as a value that dance holds for its audience.

Architecture:

The Cultural Politics of Emotion
Sara Ahmed

Touching Feelings
Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick

The Hundreds
Lauren Berlant & Kathleen Stewart

Steps to an ecology of the mind
Gregory Bateson

Ugly Feelings
Sianne Ngai

Self and Emotional Life
Catherine Malabou & Adrian Johnston

On Touching Jean-Luc Nancy,
Jacques Derrida

L'Intrus
Jean-Luc Nancy

On Touching The Inhuman
That Therefore I am,
Karen Barad

Not in The Mood
Sara Ahmed

Metamorphic Others
and Nomadic Subjects
Rosi Braidotti

Hyperesthesia
David Howes

Gesture and Pantomimic
Florence A. Fowle Adams

The Cultivation of Body and Mind
in Nineteenth-Century
American Delsartism
Nancy Lee Chalfa Ruyter

For Opacity
Edouard Glissant

Écrits
Jacques Lacan

Disappearing the Straight Mind,
Witches, Monsters, Zombies, Strangers
Eleanor Ivory Weber

Choreographing Problems
Bojana Cvejic

An Introductory Dictionary of
Lacanian Psychoanalysis
Dylan Evans

Affective Assemblages: Entanglements
and Ruptures

An Interview with Lauren Berlant

MDT

MDT is an international co-production platform and a leading venue for contemporary choreography and performance in Stockholm. MDT was founded in 1986 and has ever since presented Swedish and international emerging artists. MDT is supported by Kulturförvaltningen Stockholm stad, Kulturrådet and Kulturförvaltningen Stockholms läns landsting.

Find all MDT program texts at www.mdtsthlm.se

