

hegemony

BY

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21-23 . 10 . 2020

mqt

# 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](http://www.mdtsthlm.se)

## A NOTE

O asked me to compile this zine. i am a little unsure (i mean i've only been around this past week but...)

O's given me some stuff and some dates. and yesterday i cruck in & took some snaps of the boys messing around.

i'll put it together see what works. i've definitely got the FEELING of it.

WESSIE.



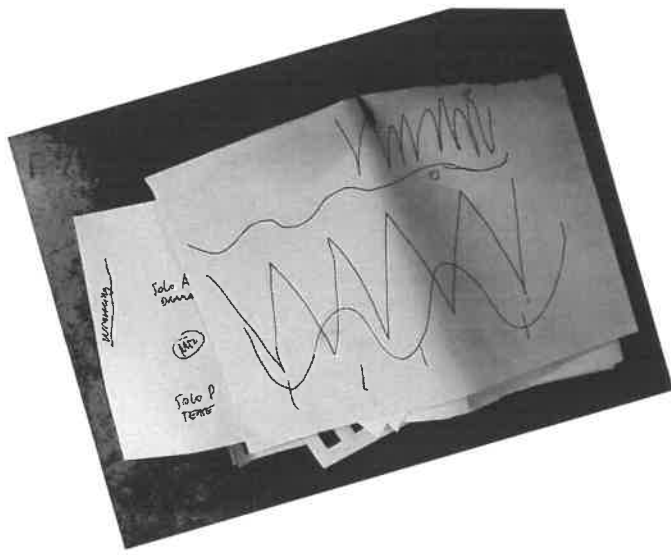
a fictional PR text  
by Ø + the dancers,  
July 2019

A dance piece about power,  
male femininity, or <sup>(near)</sup> femininity through  
civ-male bodies. Examines the in between,  
the gap... Moves between extremes...

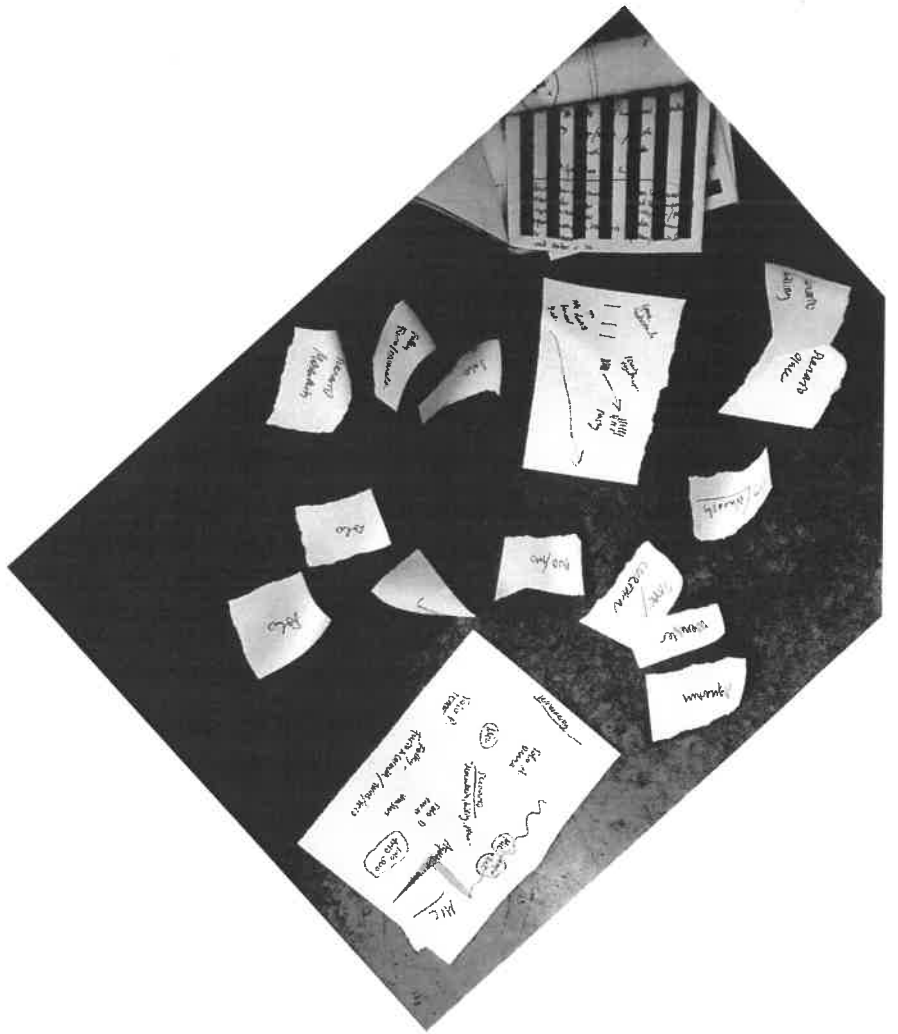
It's quite sad once you look deeper  
into the image, fantasy...

On the surface it's happy, playful, entertaining,  
but it's actually all about human relationships,  
which can be quite complex dramas...

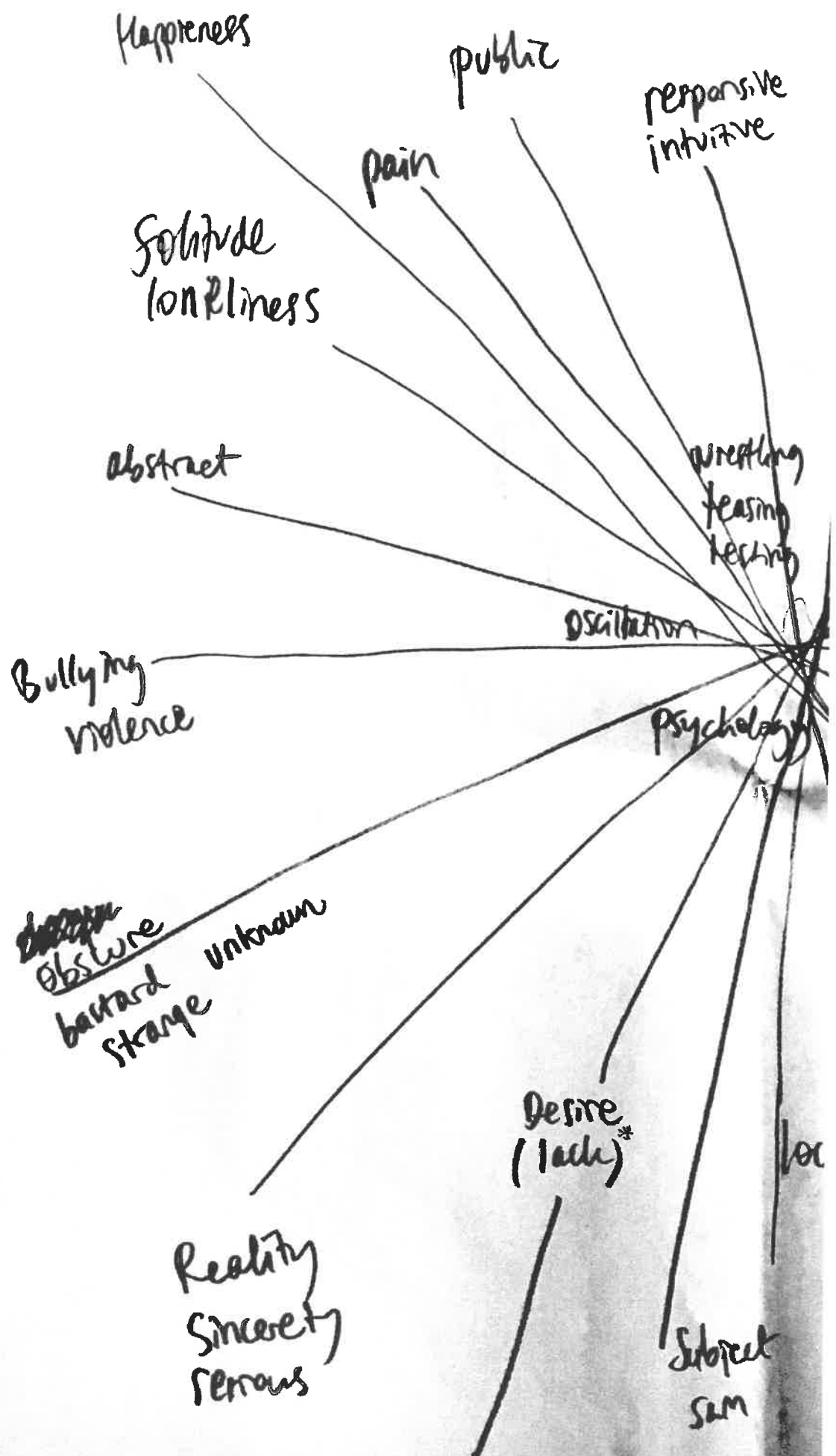
It (drains) your heart... and it's exhausting,  
not exhaustive, since it generates more and more things...



Notes from D+  
Jerusalem, FEB 2020



more notes from 0  
early 2020





arsive  
itive

Global

Object  
SEM

abundance\*  
grotesque  
erotics

fiction  
fake  
play

nesting  
feeling  
testing

cliche'  
too known

Zones

tenderness

responsibility

intimacy  
care

chology

concrete

group  
together  
unity

local

private

sadness

pleasure

Object  
SEM

machinery  
function

automatic  
plugging in







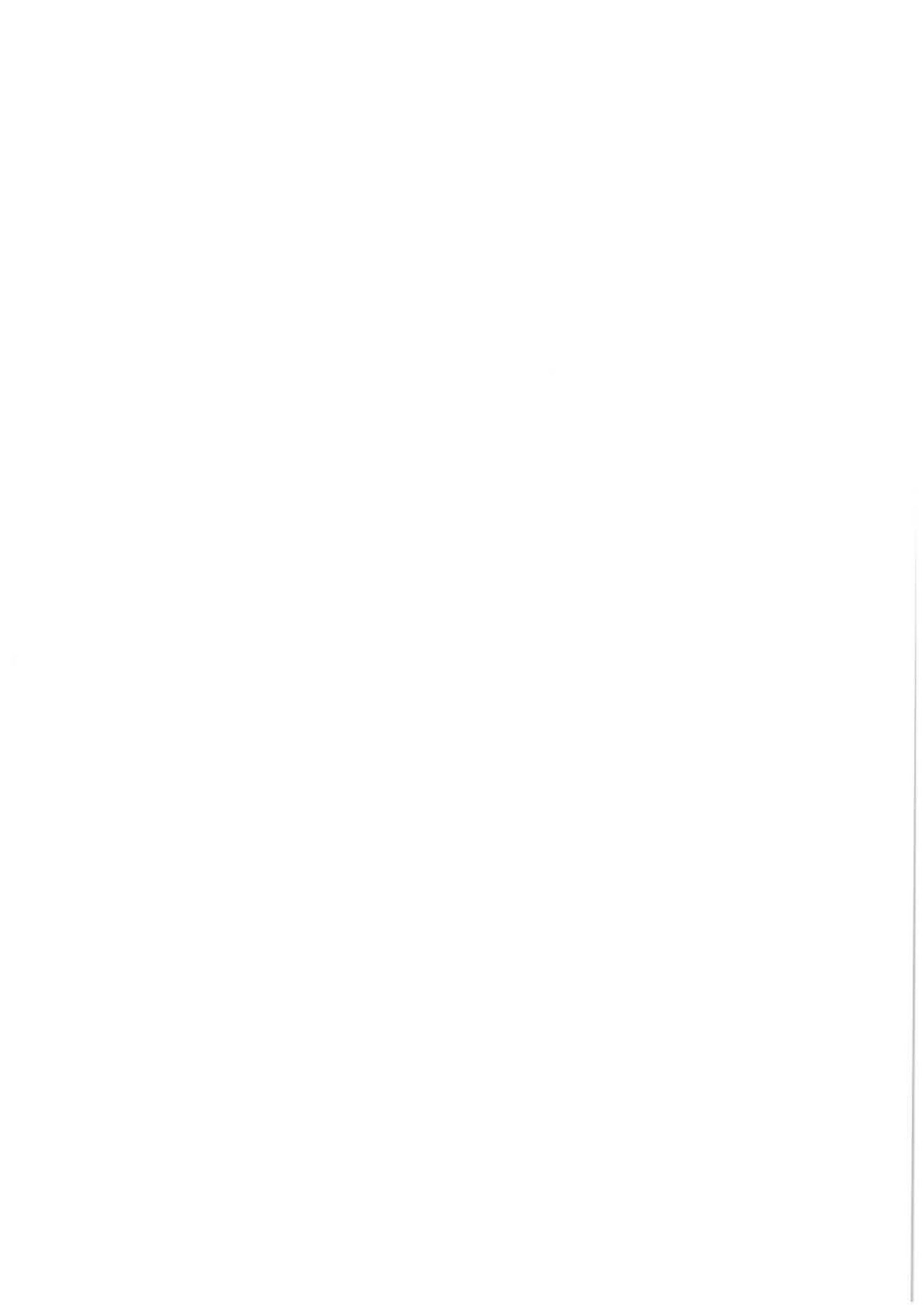


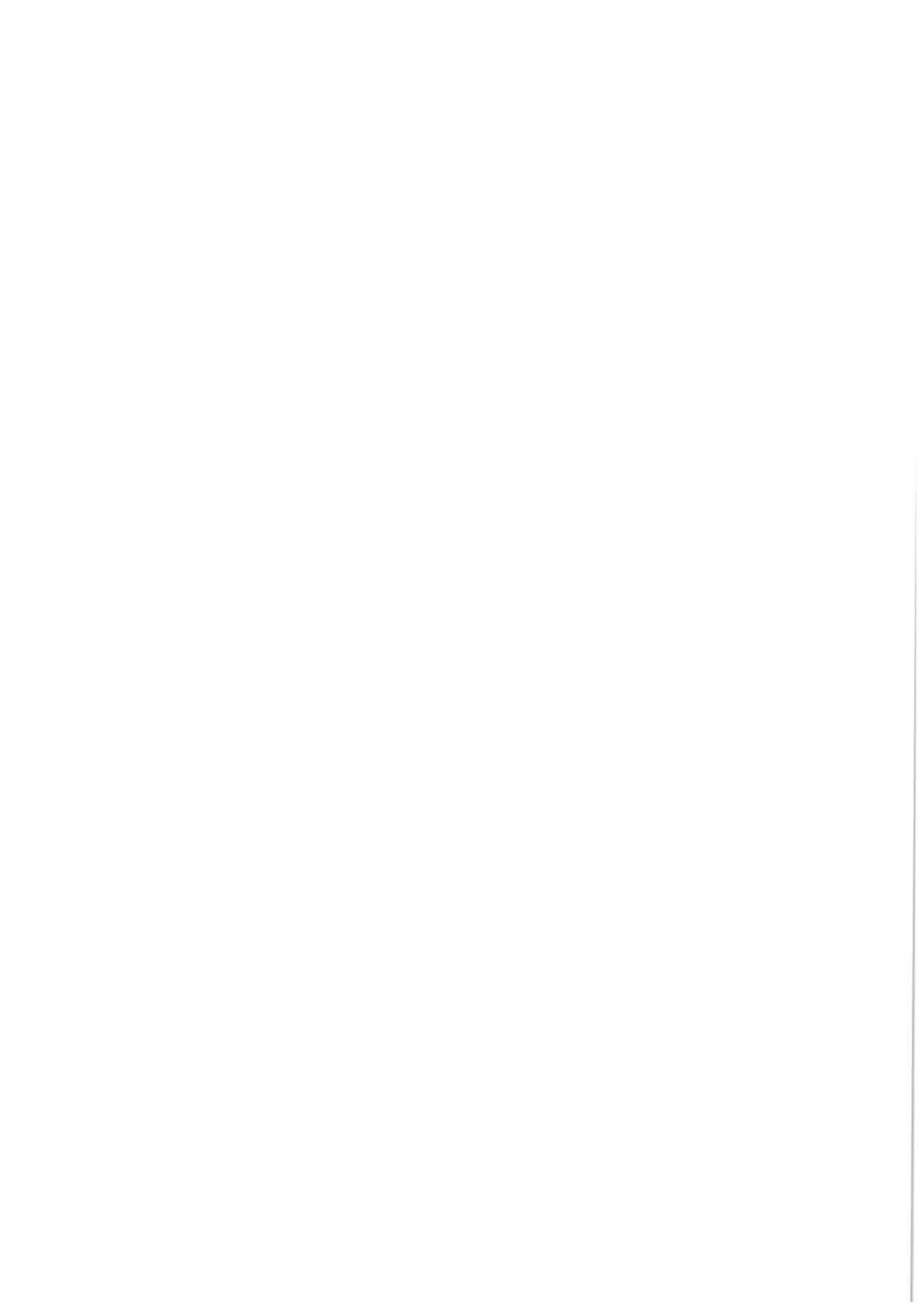


















18:18

DEAR D,

the show was GREAT!  
some twisted hellish  
shake spinnin power  
play anxiety paratroop  
entire world made of  
limbs + ~~the~~ a snare.

Will read your  
essay now (thought  
of tempest, hamlet +  
my own private idaho)  
SEE YOU 2MORROW.

LESSIE.

# The bubble

KVRKCV  
 GRAFISKA  
 JOURNAL #6  
 ed. by  
 REBECCA MENTINELL  
 MARIE FAHLIN  
 Printed 2019.

written by  
 OCT 2019  
 in between  
 STM + hypemag

In order to describe the landscape we're in I use the metaphor of the masochist fantasy. It's a place dictated by the masochist, by the one who is tortured. The torturer is invited to the party on the grounds of the masochist, following a strict set of rules. Welcome to the masochist fantasy. Obviously, we're talking about the performer as the masochist and the audience as the torturer. The choreographic piece is the place to write contracts and rules, where we negotiate (our) power and desire through the choreography of the gaze.

The meeting is on the grounds of the tortured, the performer, the masochist, who draws up the contract, which the torturer, the audience, signs in order to see where the piece will go, so as to be able to execute the specific rituals that are part of the game, part of the masochist fantasy. It's a rewriting, not a direct translation. I use it as a scheme to look at power relations, and a method through which I work and make sense of the abstract. As we know, the sado and maso aren't compatible. They are rather opposites on two different scales: they will never meet. The masochist needs a masochist gaze, a masochist witness, trained in that specific set of rules, in order to pursue the piece in the manner of the masochist fantasy. The masochist fantasy exists because the masochist needs another masochist.

What is it to be in the piece, to work with it, to put yourself at risk, take a chance? What is it not to work with irony, but with humor, minimize the distance? That is a masochist move, a kink. What's the image in front of us burning our eyes? The lens of the bubble is your retina burning your eyes. That's what we're looking at, ourselves. From inside and outside, looking at oneself.

To indulge in confession of desires, of weakness, vulnerability, although shameful, is bittersweet. In the masochist fantasy I'm making the others do what I want. I'm choreographing them, ascribing them identities, friction, functions, ideas, desires... Assuming them to be what I need them to be. Forcefully I create the room for them to exist in, trap them, corner them, lure them in to my universe, my fantasy. But who follows the rules I set? Who might not?

It's like a bubble. You're in it, and people see you, and you can look through it, and see them. Looking through it, seeing someone, but knowing you're seen from the other side at the same time. In the bubble you're closed in, like in small spaces, and I'm only saying this because it's hot, not because closed in equals being cut off. No, someone needs to be the witness... Exhibiting oneself in the masochist fantasy requires a witness. Gazing through the bubble requires being gazed upon, both ways. It's a waste of erotics, the abundance of it is in every breath, everywhere. The space is limited. It's like the scene in *Scream* when the girl gets stuck in the cat flap of the garage door, while trying to escape the killer. The killer takes a step back, activates the garage door, and watches. I'm not going to ask who created this desire in me (us). I don't mind using the cliché here. I'm happy to make it clear. Admit you like the cat flap scene.

I build a cliché, build expectation and play it out. Or I play with it, build suspense. Like the cat flap. I want to be overwhelmed by the image and oversaturated in it. I'm not reinventing, just repurposing, feeling, not representing, doing, not explaining. Opening up that platform from which we can take a step further in the fantasy.

What is the gaze? To flirt with the expected, to build suspense. What is a cliché? There is suspense and then it actually happens.

I move the audience and let them move me. I let them, in the masochist fantasy. We get used to the gaze through repetition, dilute it. If one resists the gaze the contract is rewritten.

It's a special thing to watch and know you're being watched at the same time. But actually this is to be in parallel times, knowing that you don't always know when you're being watched, knowing that your experiences will never coincide ... The exhibitionist in me thinks of this while on stage (performing, dancing) and wants to move those thoughts to the viewer, the one witnessing. The witness is needed in order for everyone to follow through the trauma of the piece, or else it would not happen, and we couldn't share the uncomfortable feelings circling around this splitting up of experience.

What's the image in front of us burning our eyes? Maybe not the image itself, but what we're doing with it in our heads. That is what I want you to be doing, drool over it. I train your gaze on me and it's burning your retinas. To see oneself through others: what parts in me are opened up by the other? When I see the other? What do they remind me of, what do they awaken in me? What in me do they remind me about when I see them? And what do I remind them of? Willingly. Purposely. The cliché.

The cliché, the bold moves, in order for the poetics to appear, the intertext. There is something that feels very sweet in it: the clarity, the communication. It's the specific limitation, the specific limited communication, that in the (silent) fantasy promises everything, but in fact only does what it can do, which at the same time is even more than what it promised (that fantasy has no limits). Speech has its limitations, text too. Language as well. And in silence we still communicate.

On the seventh floor of an eleven storey high aquarium in Vienna there is a circular window through which you can see a huge tank filled with marine life. It's possible to climb into the window, or at least on to the rim, to get a closer look of the aquarium on the other side of the glass. Three boys have stopped there, one of them is wearing a t-shirt that says "good asshole", and there's a hand doing the OK sign on it. The two bigger ones are pushing the little one into the cavity. I see the boys through a keyhole, in their keyhole-asshole-window, that is also a window, a scene, a stage. All gazes are now

manifested, everywhere at the same time, embodied in this consensual power play; they are (in) the masochist fantasy! The gaze has become their bodies. The gaze is now their bodies. The cavity is a window and a surface, but there is no audience, they are the audience and the performer, here the window is just another cavity. The two tall ones have squeezed the little one into that small asshole-cavity. He also did it to himself. Everything doesn't fit in the hole. Arms and legs are sprawling out, his body is folded, bent, a hand is pressing his head down to fit better, and he sort of fills the whole window, covers the whole window. All three of them laughing, it doesn't look like fun, but I think they're having a good time, feeling pleasure.

On the seventh floor of the aquarium in Vienna there is a bubble. You crawl into a hole in the wall, into the aquarium. An adult would have just enough space in order to turn themselves around, on their knees, legs under them. You need to squat once you're in there, at the same time stretch yourself a bit if you're little, you stretch your body and stick your head into that convex glass above you, so that you can see the fish, circling around your head. But you also turn around in order to see the people outside, on the other side of the aquarium, in front of you. You're in front of them. First you crawl in, then you flip, turn yourself around but quickly, you don't want to admit that you like that as much as the fish. Quickly you turn because you don't want to be caught, exposed.

But the whole time, the hole I crawled into is revealing my legs, ass, and boobs, where I'm squatting and reaching up at the same time in order to see the fish circling around my head. Those on the other side of the glass don't take notice of me. Those on the other side of the glass do take notice of me.

Outside of the bubble, the audience is still there, in my masochist fantasy. They see a woman, crawling around on the floor to look at fishes. But she likes it, so they sit down and continue to watch.

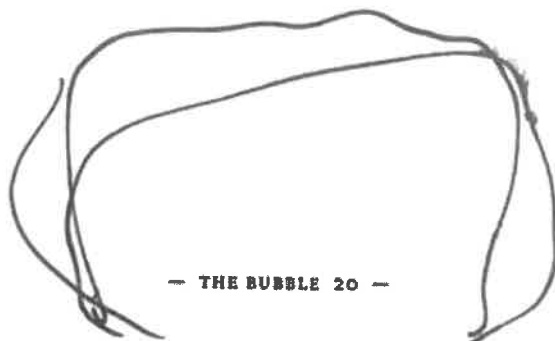
Inside of the bubble it's shoals of turquoise, yellow, yellow, pink, green, blue, turquoise, orange. Water snakes, worms that are halfway buried in the sand, like a little unison choir standing there waiting, the water is flowing, it's enough for them to just open their mouths, eventually they'll catch something passing by. Hundreds of jellyfish are stuck in a loop further away, juicy, pulsing around and around. Fruit-shaped anemones are tickling the striped fish within them, but I can't see what's behind. Coral reefs. Mid-sized leopard fish and big-lips fish swim by. A small starfish has landed on the glass

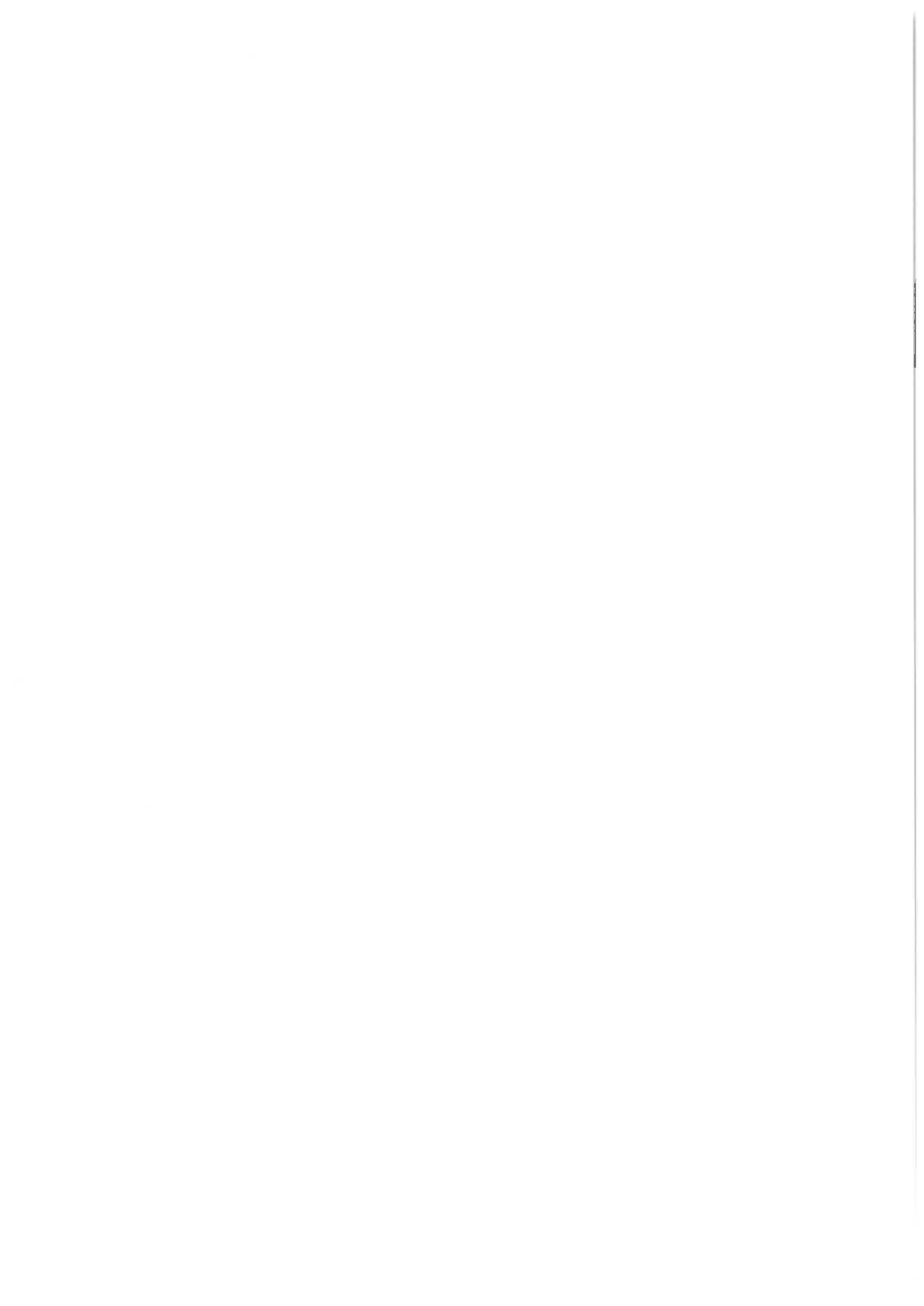


and two pink swimmers are there sniffing it with their pointy noses, as if they were trying to carve it, dig it up. Next to the dark red-brownish stones a huge yellow hairy bush grows. A shoal of silvery ones, and three generations of seahorses: embryo, tiny, and fully-grown, mini-sized. On level with my mouth, a big flat vacuum-fish spits out tiny stones around itself, then eats them again. One with claws and antennas hides under a rock. In a long tube around the aquarium big ants crawl, carrying other bugs... Three fish-leaves glide past me, heads pointed downwards, they just follow the current. They've come from the hole at the other end of the aquarium that leads straight to the ocean.

Ofelia Jarl Ortega

"but i think  
they're having a  
good time/feeling  
pleasure!"





Cult Horror Movie Scene N°23 - Scream (199



2:41 / 3:12



belgium, sept 2020

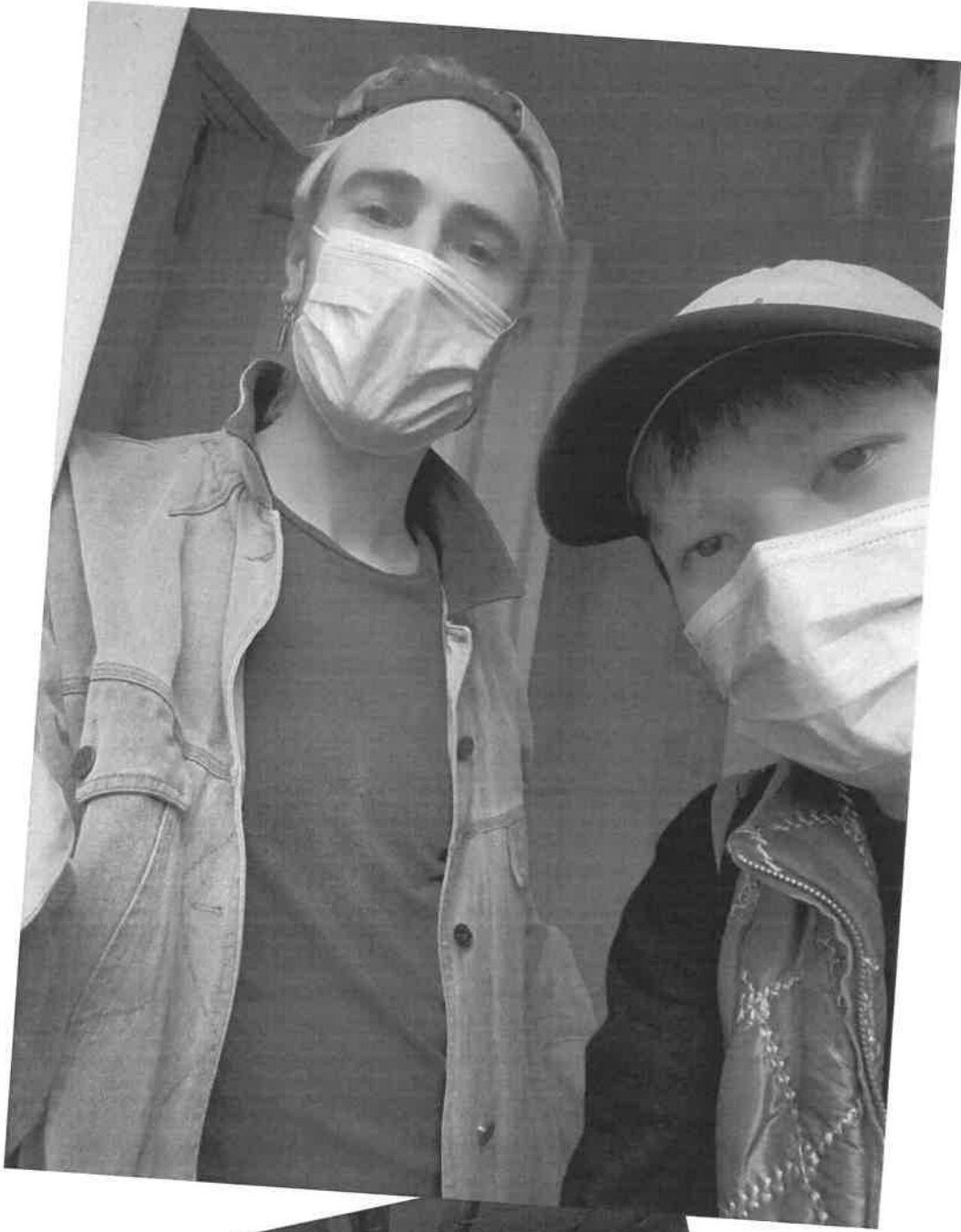


summer 2019

boys with  
the  
horns



belgium  
sept 2020



The night before ♡

credits :  
compiled + ed. by @JESSIE MCLAUGH  
with material from Felia, Paolo, jassem, et al.  
printed @ [unclear]

# 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](http://www.mdtsthlm.se)

