

dead dead

document

Oda Brekke

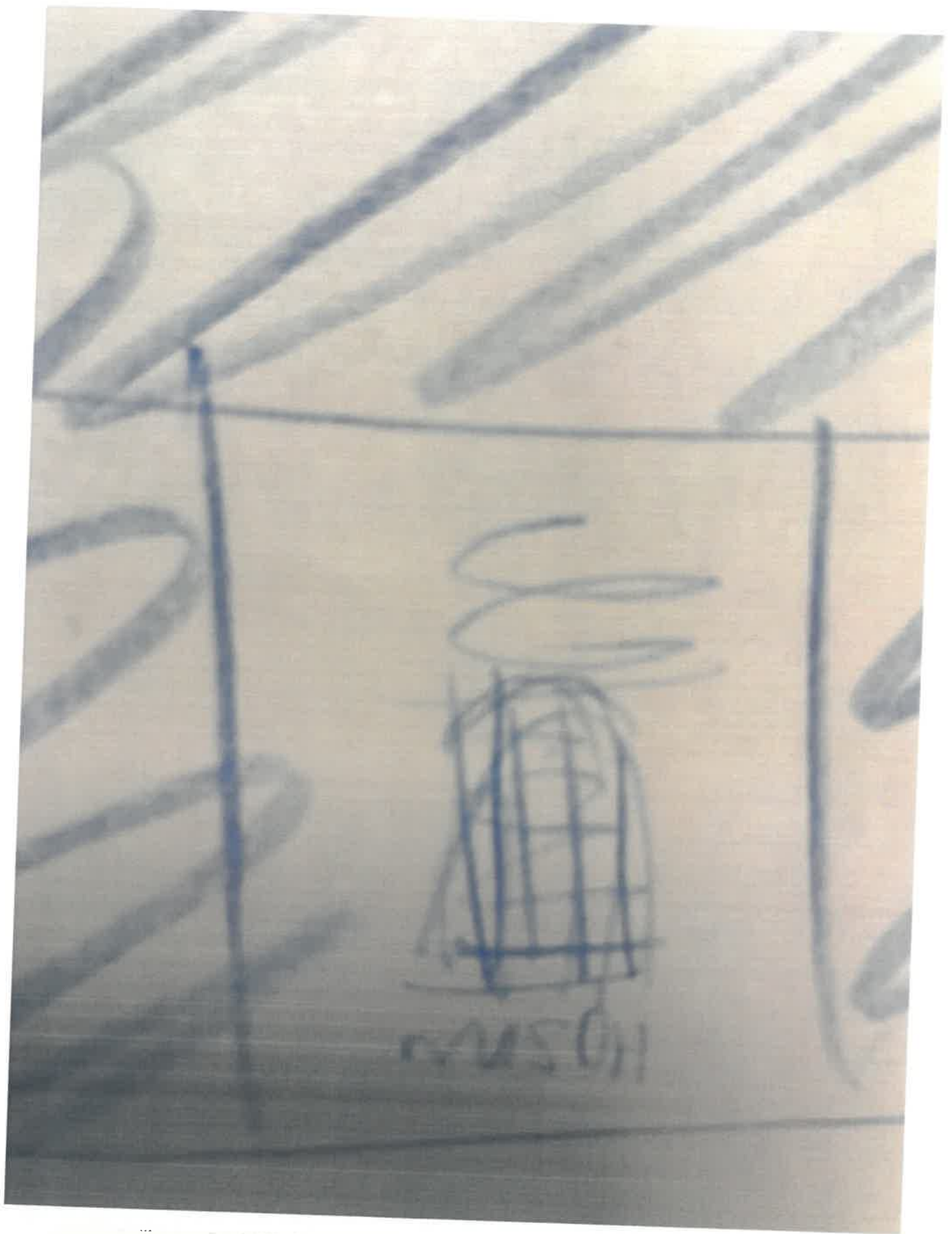
Lisa Schaman

Tuuli Vahtola

1862

KRIGS  
STOCKHOLM

Fragments from 'Marinens ritningar 1862'  
found at Riksarkivet (Krigsarkivet, Arninge)



Drawing from '1987-88 diverse material'  
found in Moderna Dansteaterns arkiv  
(Musik- och teaterbiblioteket, Stockholm)

**Score for Skogen Saturday 14 May 2022**

Objects are placed out before we start. Perform one task at the time, it can last long or short and be executed in any order.

**1. Use things** (as instruments, props, tools)

**2. Take a position** (as active witness or as passively lying down, be aware of how people see you from another perspective)

**2. Ask concrete questions to a thing- move with it.** (how does it feel to touch it? How does it sound? How is moving? How does it arrange your body etc.)

Be aware of the shift between secure and insecure relations/situations

Indulge in uncanniness

Be clear about shifts in tempo and intention between the three tasks

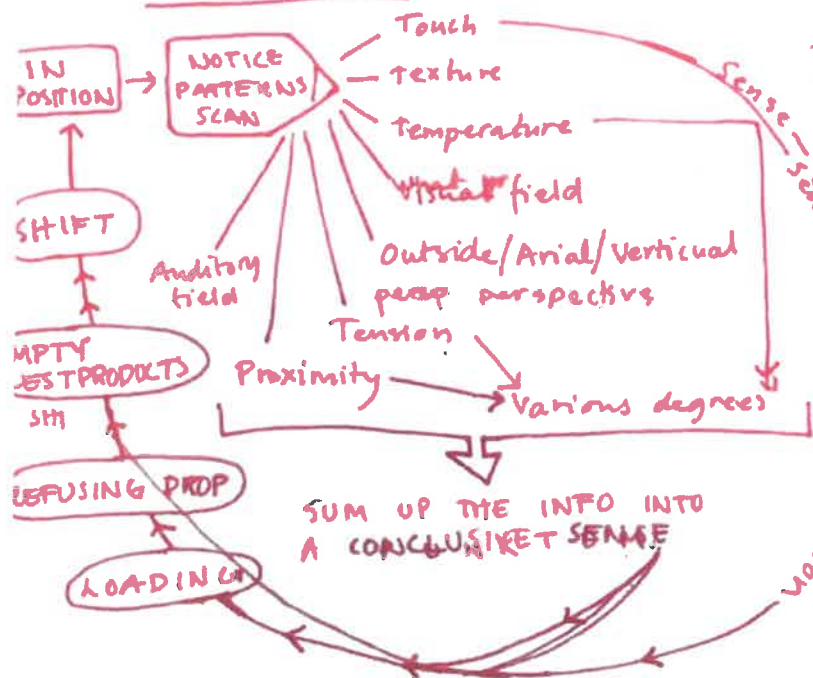
Play with including and excluding objects/bodyparts in proprioception in all tasks

Stick to your task if interacting with others

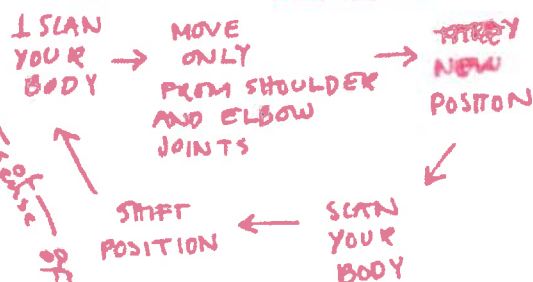


# SHIFTING POSITION BY SHIFTING PATTERN

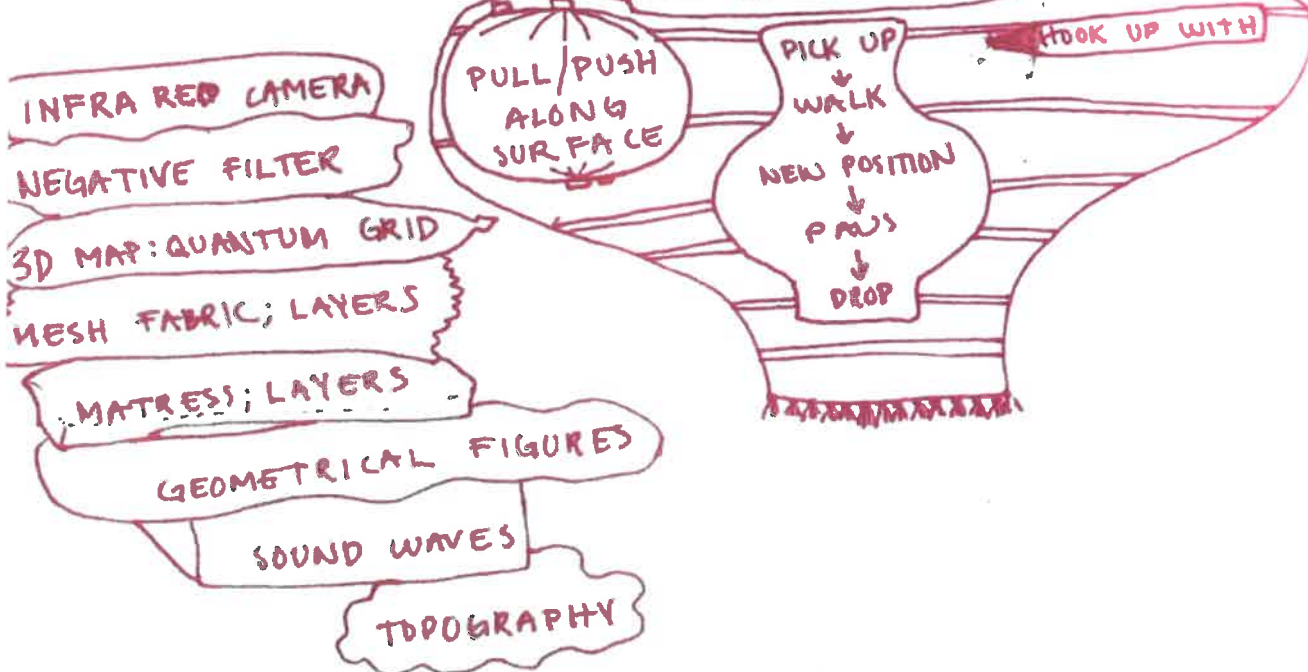
## THE ORIGINAL



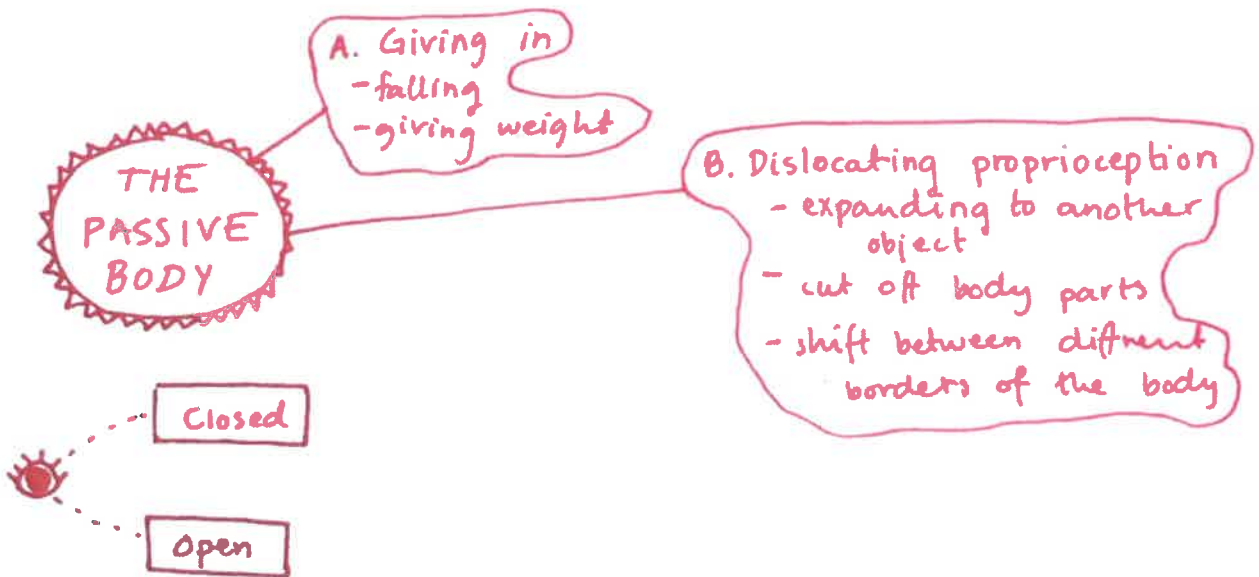
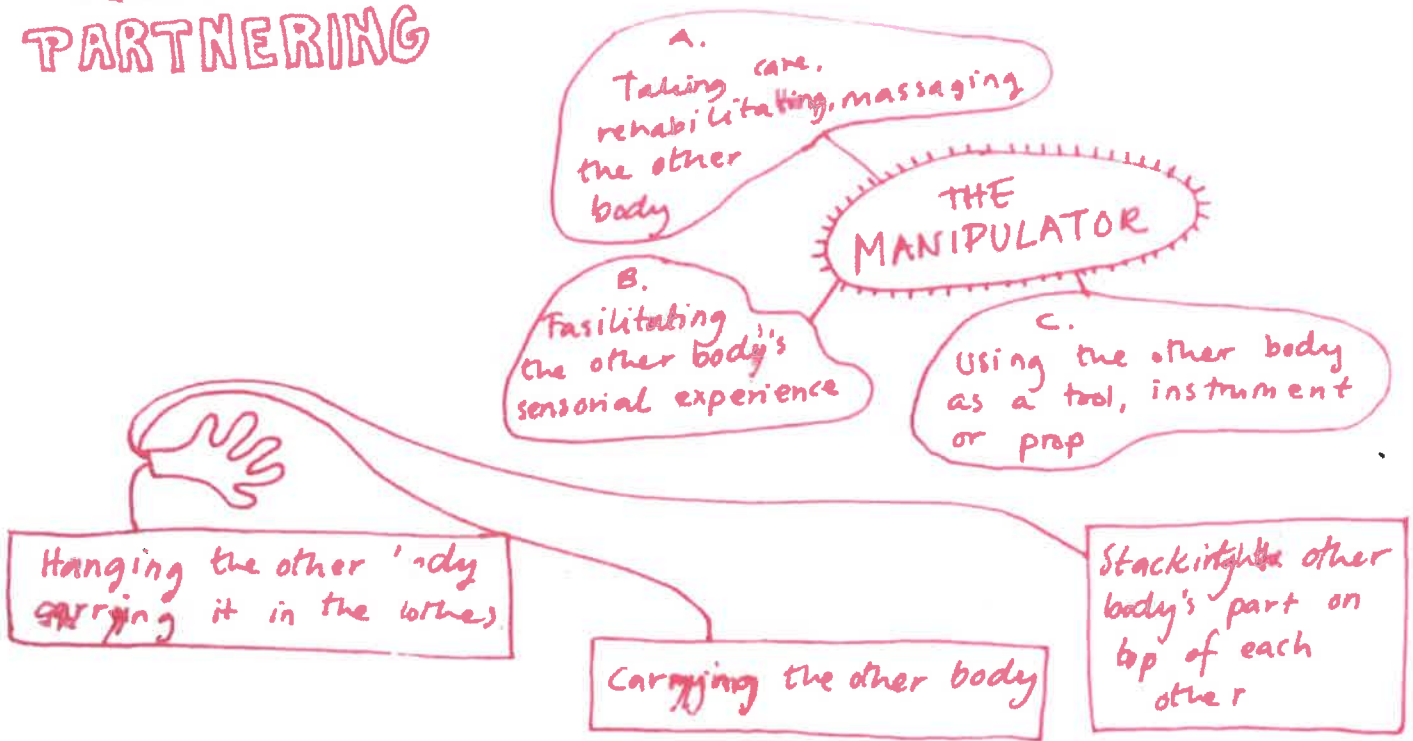
## THE ARM-DANCE



## THE OBJECT WAYS

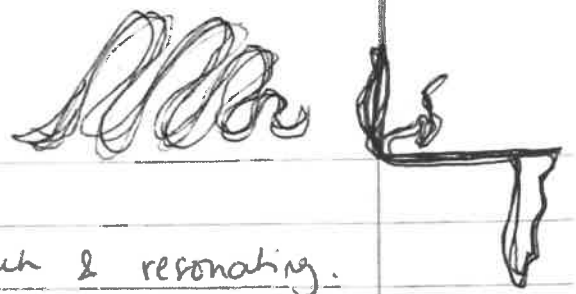


# PASSIVE PARTNERING



EPILOG & WITNESS

User Studies 21.7.22



The task for instrumental approach & resonating.

To play with <sup>or between</sup> a technical use and "meeting the objects/things" for the first time", kind of.

☞ My hands became instruments or didn't

weren't able to leave the role of an instrument. The resonance almost

~~became~~ began to form a hybrid, not

so much a conversation, the objects are so dead. Many connotations with

jeans, plastic bag, microphone and the

positions Oda<sup>☞</sup> and Lisa ~~take~~... And how

one is treating the things. Do we aim

to give agency/notice a human ☞ in the

things, do we want to lose a certain human behaviour in ourselves? When doing

I thought I could not. Other objects

"belong" to this space and other not -

they take me elsewhere. like the plastic

bag and jeans together - Lisa went

shopping! I read. ☞ Reading instructions?

Combining

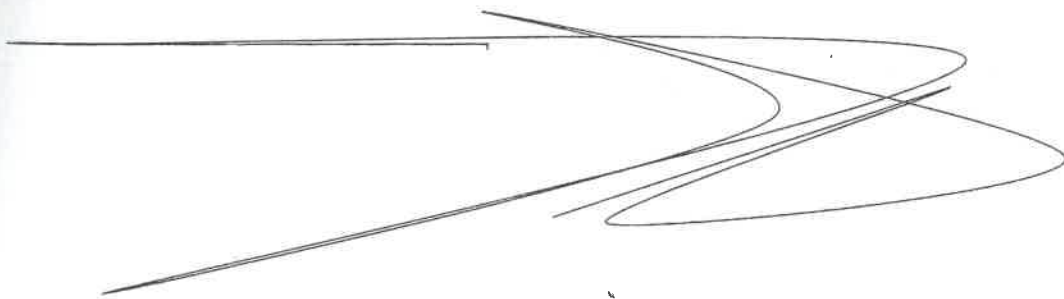
# Diane Glancy Cursive

A Silent Aurality: The Performative Act of Writing

The practice of handwriting. A formation of islands. Territories to be traversed.  
A silent wish.

Cursive from the Medieval Latin *cursivus*. From Latin *cursus*, past participle  
of *currere*. To run. To course.

It is the story of the earth. Movement. Momentum. The plates beneath the  
crust. The wind patterns. Currents. Animal migrations. Early people walking  
places they could not see—but following a journey they felt within. Later people  
often walking from expulsion or the need to leave a place they could no longer  
live. Even foliage. Its forceable removal from trees in autumn. Even roots crawl  
underground.



Adney Lake. Northern Minnesota. Sandy Lake. All those lakes. Staying in  
a cabin on Adney. Driving to others. The flat lakes with few waves in their mouth.  
Unbothered by boats. Late fall. Watching the handwriting of water among reeds  
on the edge of the lake. To course. To circle back and forth. To make motion.  
A blade against a cold surface.

From OEI # 98-99  
Aural Poetics



The movement of a ship embarking across the unknown waters. Perilous.  
The edge of the ocean appears.

Cursive began with expulsion. The parting from letters standing separate  
from one another in a manuscript. Now written to be connected with loops and  
curtsies. To be carried. To be preserved. As the resonate history of removal.

The Indian tribes knew war. The Chippewa and Sioux fought one another  
before the arrival of the European. They pushed out one another. They wanted  
hunting grounds. They wanted *place* where they felt oneness move through  
the trees. The Europeans landed there. Not to be removed. As a word from  
its sound in cursive. Onto islands overwashed with waves.

Handwriting moves like an oar. To course. To discourse. To disperse.  
To mark with fragments of vines. Twigs. Cattails. The entanglements of water.  
Placing oral stories into the silence of written words. Another expulsion they  
brought.

At night by campfire. The old stories shiver. A brush wolf in the distance.  
The call of an owl. A voice from across the lake. Water carries sound across  
its surface.

1850. The governor of Minnesota decided to disperse annuities for ceded  
land. At Sandy Lake. 258 miles west of Madeline Island. The Chippewa traveled  
rivers, creeks and portages. Waiting through October November December.  
Duped. Set up. The government officials left the Natives abandoned. Hoping  
they would die from hunger and exposure. The annuities only partly came.  
Later. On Sandy Lake. The Chippewa returned to Madeline Island across  
frozen creeks and rivers. They carried the bodies of children back with them.

These words I write on the page. The *scurrrrr* of a pencil on paper.  
The supplanting of one on another. Ripples across the shore that is my paper.

The barely audible background of place.

## Notes on tasks:

- \* To be a fitted worker: ex. tech and do what is expected w/ expected tools
  - \* To handle something with goal and intention but doesn't need to be make sense
  - \* To ask the object question and trying it <sup>out as a</sup> phenomenon but maintaining yourself as another/distanced entity
  - \* Embrace the object as only experience with whole body, absorb the whole situation as part of the object's objectivity
- 

- Set off experiments learning about the object
- Quality-experience the object
- Using the object as an instrument to do a task:
  - A. A sensemaking task Morp  
ex. cleaning
  - B. A creative task ex. explore/  
rooming
  - C. A non-sensemaking task ex. pretending  
it is Smith  
etc

the transitory pleasure Woolf describes. It is disparaged exactly because, as she says, the knowledge it contains has been too comprehensively integrated and smoothed. Or because of its partial, unfinished character. A certain lightness is essential to the form, and lightness has had a bad reputation, even though its adherents have included such writers as Oscar Wilde, Italo Calvino, Georges Perec. In 1958, in 'The Essay as Form', Theodor Adorno described some of the common complaints against the essay - its lack of method, its failure to be comprehensive, the absence in it of original concepts - and defended the genre on all the same counts. The essayist, he writes, does not feel the need to say all that can be said on a subject, and is content to use concepts that already exist in philosophy. Here is Adorno on the essay's refusal of method:

Doubt about the unconditional priority of method was raised, in the actual process of thought, almost exclusively by the essay. It does justice to the consciousness of non-identity, without needing to say so, radically non-radical in refraining from any reduction to a principle, in accentuating the fragmentary, the partial rather than the total.

And on the essay's attitude to the passing and the permanent:

The usual reproach against the essay, that it is fragmentary and random, itself assumes the givenness of totality and thereby the identity of subject and object, and it suggests that man is in control of totality. But the desire of the essay is not to seek and filter the eternal out of the transitory; it wants, rather, to make the transitory eternal.

¶ On lists. I started with a list - well, here is one more, if you can bear the rhythm of one damn thing after another, for which the technical term is *parataxis*: a mode of structuring or storytelling that will be familiar alike to readers of the Bible and parents or teachers of small children. Parataxis says: this happened, and then that happened, followed by this other. And so on, on, on. It's a structure that does not admit of qualification or reserve, narrative switchback or second thoughts, dependent clauses or sinuous trains of thought. It starts, it tells, it stops. But it's not exactly a frieze of unrelated cells; something or someone must link the discrete elements, make a tick-tock of their tick-tick. In the classic formulation, which arrives in the tenth book of Saint Augustine's *Confessions*, the name for this organizing or guaranteeing principle is, as you might guess, God.

List, catalogue, enumeration, inventory, schedule, register, tripos, tally, syllabus, almanac, table, atlas, index, calendar, rota, ledger, scroll, manifest, invoice, prospectus, programme, menu, census, directory, gazetteer, dictionary, lexicon, gradus. This list derives from my late father's thesaurus, published in 1953; the full entry, of course, includes the word 'thesaurus'. These are not all examples of the same thing, the same type. They are not equally apt to appear in an essay, though I can think of many essays - stories, novels and poems too - that partake of these forms. (You can marry the most luxurious narrative or argument to the driest, most laconic structures - why not?) It seems the essay has a peculiar affinity with the list, its rigours and its pleasures. Here is William Gass, incomparable practitioner of the art of enumeration, in an essay called 'I've Got a Little List': 'Listing is a fundamental literary strategy. It occurs constantly, and only occasionally draws

From ESSAYISM  
Brian Dillon

attention to itself. I am not so sure about the last claim, but maybe I'm too alert to the presence of lists in literary works. As the novelist and critic Michel Butor put it in a 1964 essay on 'The Book as Object', the appearance of a list in an otherwise narrative or polemic piece of prose introduces — more or less violently — a sudden verticality into the horizontal flow of text: 'An enumeration, a vertical structure, can be introduced anywhere in a sentence; the words which compose it can have any function, as long as it is the same one.' (Note that Butor says 'function' and not 'meaning': the thesaurus entry is a good example of this repetition with difference.)

Its elements may possess a certain uniformity, but when the list appears suddenly in a novel, it feels as though a verbal midden has been dumped on the page: whatever else they may contain, lists are usually also lists of words. Which is why some novelists take such pleasure in the oddity of terms in a list, or the curious sounds of its recitation. Butor gives us an example from Rabelais, who has the giant Gargantua play at numerous games: 'at Flushes, at Primero, at Grand Slam, at Trumps, at Prick and Spare Not'. We might also think of the epic lists in the 'Cyclops' chapter of *Ulysses*, where Joyce parodies the enumerative methods of ancient Irish literature with a list of wedding guests recast as trees:

The fashionable international world attended *en masse* this afternoon at the wedding of the chevalier Jean Wyse de Neaulan, grand high chief ranger of the Irish National Foresters, with Miss Fir Conifer of Pine Valley, Lady Sylvester Elmshade, Mrs Barbara Lovebirch, Mrs Poll Ash, Mrs Holly Hazeleaves,

and so on.

As Gass reminds us, the list is an excellent way to convey luxury, profusion and corruption. Consider also the list of jewels acquired by the doomed hero of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray*:

He would often spend a whole day settling and resettling in their cases the various stones that he had collected, such as the olive-green chrysoberyl that turns red by lamplight, the cymophane with its wirelike line of silver, the pistachio-coloured peridot, rose-pink and wine-yellow topazes, carbuncles of fiery scarlet with tremulous, four-rayed stars, flame-red cinnamon-stones, orange and violet spinels, and amethysts with their alternate layers of ruby and sapphire. He loved the red gold of the sunstone, and the moonstone's pearly whiteness, and the broken rainbow of the milky opal. He procured from Amsterdam three emeralds of extraordinary size and richness of colour, and had a turquoise *de la vieille roche* that was the envy of all the connoisseurs.

Is there such a thing as a happy list in literature? The blithe verbal sum of possessions, achievements or experiences? Isn't the very act of setting such things down evidence of some vexation, a clue that something is missing? The collector's catalogue, the merchant's tally, the seducer's black book: they are all examples of compensating control. Compensation for what? For a scouring anxiety, or cumbrous melancholy? For sure, but there are heavy lists and lighter lists, and they both belong to the essayist, perhaps more than any other writer.

(In an essay about Andy Warhol's business manager Fred Hughes, Lynne Tillman goes to Hughes's large house on Lexington Avenue in New York. She does not, cannot, meet him, because Hughes is upstairs,



bedridden and unable to speak. A doleful and splendid litany of belongings stands in for the absent interviewee: 'Wedgwood vases, Audubon prints, eighteenth-century costumes (which he once wore), black painted wooden screen, nineteenth-century *petit point* Aubusson pillows, photograph of his father as a young man, twentieth-century African funerary marker, Venetian glass...')

Joan Didion's *The White Album*, her fretful retrospective drift through the floating anxieties of west-coast America - really, LA - at the end of the 1960s, contains one of the most affecting and effective lists I know. It is actually two lists. The first is an inventory of items to pack or to wear when Didion travels to research and report a story:

2 shirts, 2 jerseys or leotards, 1 pullover sweater, 2 pairs shoes, stockings, bra, nightgown, robe, slippers, cigarettes, bourbon, bag with: shampoo, toothbrush and paste, Basis soap, razor, deodorant, aspirin, prescriptions, Tampax, face cream, powder, baby oil.

I said there were two lists, but in fact there are three, because there is a list within this list: 'bag with', etc. It is followed in turn by a supplement: 'TO CARRY: mohair throw, typewriter, 2 legal pads and pens, files, house key.' The list - the list of two or three lists - was taped, Didion tells us, inside her closet door during the period in question. 'The list enabled me to pack, without thinking, for any piece I was likely to do.' The clothes allowed her to pass on both sides of an American culture that was violently sundered, and she carried her office with her so that on a bench at the airport on the way home she might at once begin typing up what she had witnessed of that division.

Didion soon admits that the list is evidence of abiding anxieties: 'It should be clear that this was a list made by someone who prized control, yearned after momentum, someone determined to play her role as if she had the script, heard her cues, knew the narrative.' There is one object missing from the list, she tells us: she needed, but did not own, a watch. So that in spite of all her efforts at caring for and controlling body and mind - at this point, curiously, Didion repeats most of the list she has already given us - she frequently has no idea what time it is. One has the sense, or I've always had the sense, that the omission of the watch, though not deliberate, appears to have been an advantage, and not only, as she puts it, 'a parable, either of my life as a reporter during this period or of the period itself'.

The bonus of a partial list, I suppose, would be that it leaves something to be desired. As a writer, as an essayist, I make lists all the time. *Make*, not *write*: because there is a difference, most of the time, between enumeration and writing proper. As if I were packing my suitcase like Didion, I list all the things I want to put in an essay. I treat the essay as a container, because I want to smother the anxiety that comes with writing, because if I have a plan (and my plans are always lists, not diagrams) then I will not have to face the blank page or screen without a word or thought in my head. I can simply follow the entries in the list in their turn - A to Z, one to infinity. Except: the list, if it's doing its job, always leaves something to be invented or recalled, something forgotten in the moment of its making.

Which means, whatever William Gass says on the subject, that lists in essays always seem to me self-conscious in the extreme. They sound as if they're explicitly about writerly ambition and its discontents,

frustrations, disappointments. I love the lists in the work of Georges Perec: they are many and various and always poised, it seems, between pure pleasure in the descriptive act of noting in series, and a darker sense that the list will never be done with, and may well at any rate lead us astray. Here is Perec in 1976, in his beautiful essay 'Notes on the Objects to Be Found on My Desk':

A lamp, a cigarette-case, a bud-vase, a stone for striking matches, a cardboard box containing small filing cards of different colours, a large papier-mâché penholder with seashell inlays, a glass pencil-holder, several stones, three turned-wood boxes, an alarm-clock, a push-button calendar, a lump of lead, a big cigar-box full of knick-knacks (no cigars), a steel spiral device in which you can put pending mail, a polished stone dagger handle, ledgers, exercise books, loose leaves, various writing instruments and accessories, a big blotting stamp, several books, a glass full of pencils, a little gilded wooden box....

Nothing seems easier, says Perec, than making (or is it writing?) a list; but it is really a complex undertaking. You are bound to forget something, and you will be tempted to give up, or let the thing tail off, and write 'etc' - 'but the whole point of an inventory is not to write etc.'

*(Handwritten note in red ink):*  
The whole point of an inventory is not to write etc.

¶ *On dispersal.* In 1924 Virginia Woolf visited the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, with its palaces of industry, arts and engineering, its screw-driven 'never-stop' railway and its stadium, later home to the English football team. What she saw was a triumph of artifice, to the point of oppression:

The area was too small, the light too brilliant. If a single real moth strayed in to dally with the arc lamps he was at once transformed into a dizzy reveller; if a laburnum tree shook her tassels, spangles of limelight floated in the violet and crimson air. Everything was intoxicated and transformed.

Despite the imperial swagger, says Woolf in her essay 'Thunder at Wembley', notwithstanding the £12 million spent on mounting the exhibition, for all its 27 million visitors, the spectacle is a sort of failure. Nature will have its way, just as history will with the real Empire, with domes, palaces, minarets and pagodas. A storm is blowing at the edges of the site, invading ordered precincts devoted to entertainment and instruction. The massed bands of Empire are marching towards the second city that the exhibition has raised on the outskirts of London, but dust swirls after them, and some appalling catastrophe impends.

The sky is livid, lurid, sulphurine. It is in violent commotion. It is whirling water-spouts of clouds into the air, of dust in the Exhibition. Dust swirls down the avenues, hisses and hurries like erected cobras round the corners. Pagodas are dissolving in dust. Ferro-concrete is fallible. Colonies are perishing and dispersing in spray of inconceivable beauty and terror

# MDT

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