

[break the seal at 7pm

on Saturday, November 13th]

[break the seal at 7pm

on Saturday, November 13th]

Time to Audience

Time to Audience

I

I

[the scene:
40 readers, somewhere,
at the same time
each with a roll of paper]

[the scene:
40 readers, somewhere,
at the same time
each with a roll of paper]

Dear reader,

Dear reader,

Wonderful to have you here.

Wonderful to have you here.

This paper is time.

This paper is time.

...

...

...

...

Rarely, but sometimes,
we have an opportunity like
this,

to hold time in our hands.

Rarely, but sometimes,
we have an opportunity like
this,

to hold time in our hands.

Its direction is set,
but its pace depends on you

Its direction is set,
but its pace depends on you

It is like a human body,
shrinking and shrinking
as it ages,

It is like a human body,
shrinking and shrinking
as it ages,

vomiting
seconds, minutes, hours.

vomiting
seconds, minutes, hours.

Like a human life,
it has a beginning,
an unfolding,
and an end.

Like a human life,
it has a beginning,
an unfolding,
and an end.

It is your time.

It is your time.

[the readers look up,

glancing around

for a while]

[the readers look up,

glancing around

for a while]

I am writing this
in the evening, the sky is dark
behind the window,
the town is almost empty
a random car rolls past,
then the view is still again,
nothing moving

the printer is still charging
the empty roll of paper
waiting in silence
for these words

the words are restless
eager to be
burned into matter

I am writing this
in the evening, the sky is dark
behind the window,
the town is almost empty
a random car rolls past,
then the view is still again,
nothing moving

the printer is still charging
the empty roll of paper
waiting in silence
for these words

these words restless
eager to be
burned into matter

I am repeatedly, zealously,
stubbornly, obsessively,
gently thinking about time,

time of performance
time of audiencing

I am repeatedly, zealously,
stubbornly, obsessively,
gently thinking about time,

time of performance
time of audiencing

how that time flows through
my fingers again and again

how that time will never return
and yet I am repeating it

repeating the
(non-)act of
receiving

how that time flows through
my fingers again and again

how that time will never return
and yet I am repeating it

repeating the
(non-)act of
receiving

since it is not an act,
receiving is not an act,
I claim

since it is not an act,
receiving is not an act,
I claim

and when I begin
audiencing,
I am not the point
I claim

and when I begin
audiencing,
I am not the point
I claim

but the opposite

but the opposite

and while receiving is
not an act,

and while receiving is
not an act,

stepping into
the *receptive mode*
may be an act

stepping into
the *receptive mode*
may be an act

- an act to end action.

- an act to end action.

Something you are doing now
I suppose

Something you are doing now
I suppose

But to return to
the subject of time

But to return to
the subject of time

to say

to say

"this paper is time"

"this paper is time"

saying this,
- no - writing this
is an act
with which I aim to
throw you into

another register of time
altogether

a material time,
the purpose of which
is its on decay,

the ephemerality
as they would say

saying this,
- no - writing this
is an act
with which I aim to
throw you into

another register of time
altogether

a material time,
the purpose of which
is its on decay,

the ephemerality
as they would say

So this is the aim:

to throw you in there

II

So this is the aim:

to throw you in there

II

[the readers take a breath.
Their thumbs move like snails,
like lizards.]

[the readers take a breath.
Their thumbs move like snails,
like lizards.]

I love seats.

I love seats.

I do not love sitting
but I love seats,
how they are positioned
to hold me,
to welcome me.

I do not love sitting
but I love seats,
how they are positioned
to hold me,
to welcome me.

[the readers are seated,
or they are not seated,
or they take a seat,
or they imagine a seat.]

[the readers are seated,
or they are not seated,
or they take a seat,
or they imagine a seat.]

To step into a room
where someone has arranged
a seating
for us

To step into a room
where someone has arranged
a seating
for us

is a luxury

is a luxury

They have imagined us sitting
they have imagined us
feeling something
in a specific direction

They have imagined us sitting
they have imagined us
feeling something
in a specific direction

They welcome us with their set
of empty seats

They welcome us with their set
of empty seats

That is why seats are a thing
to love

That is why seats are a thing
to love

Also phantom seats.

Also phantom seats.

Phantom seat is like
a phantom limb for the audience

Phantom seat is like
a phantom limb for the audience

it is invisible
but marks a place
which is prepared for you

it is invisible
but marks a place
which is prepared for you

It is not there as matter
yet it can be sensed

It is not there as matter
yet it can be sensed

Phantom seating positiones
the audience when
a physical auditorium
is missing

[the readers sense their
position,
how their body is situated in
the space and
how their limbs are arranged.]

The love for seats
is love for
a relational structure

Phantom seating positiones
the audience when
a physical auditorium
is missing

[the readers sense their
position,
how their body is situated in
the space and
how their limbs are arranged.]

The love for seats
is love for
a relational structure

it is like

it is like

a love for a tactile philosophy

a love for a tactile philosophy

a love for a pact

a love for a pact

a love for tacit submission

a love for tacit submission

a love for a scent of duality

a love for a scent of duality

a reluctant love

a reluctant love

for safety and consent

for safety and consent

The room speaks to us:

The room speaks to us:

Please take a seat

Please take a seat

Please remain standing

Please remain standing

Please move around a bit

Please move around a bit

Please gather here

Please gather here

and we listen

and we listen

we submit

we submit

...

...

this paper is time

this paper is time

this place is an auditorium

this place is an auditorium

III

III

[40 readers, somewhere,
at the same time,
each with a roll of paper.
There are beings around them.
These beings feel something.
These beings take part in the
reading.]

[40 readers, somewhere,
at the same time,
each with a roll of paper.
There are beings around them.
These beings feel something.
These beings take part in the
reading]

this is an act of writing

this is an act of writing

hm...

hm...

this is an act of ~~writing~~

this is an act of ~~writing~~

this is an act of ~~writin~~

this is an act of ~~writin~~

this is an act of ~~writ~~

this is an act of ~~writ~~

this is an act of ~~wr~~

this is an act of ~~wr~~

this is an act of

this is an act of

this is an ~~act~~ of

this is an ~~act~~ of

this is an ~~a~~ of

this is an ~~a~~ of

this is an of

this is an of

this is an of re

this is an of re

this is an of rea

this is an of rea

this is an of ~~reality~~

this is an of ~~reality~~

uh...

uh...

this is an — of ~~real~~

this is an — of ~~real~~

this is an of read

this is an of read

this is an of readin

this is an of readin

this is an of reading

this is an of reading

this is an e of reading

this is an e of reading

this is an eve of reading

this is an eve of reading

this is an event of reading

this is an event of reading

this is an event of ~~reading~~

this is an event of ~~reading~~

this is an event of readi

this is an event of readi

this is an event of reading

this is an event of reading

yes.

yes.

this is an event of reading

this is an event of reading

it takes place

it takes place

this time takes place here

this time takes place here

this reading is...

excuse me, just a moment.

are you feeling alright?

want to stop for a breath,
adjust how you are positioned?

this reading is...

excuse me, just a moment.

are you feeling alright?

want to stop for a breath,
adjust how you are positioned?

we are not in a hurry you know,

quite the opposite,

when we have this
rare opportunity

to hold time in our hands,

we are not in a hurry

we are not in a hurry you know

quite the opposite,

when we have this
rare opportunity

to hold time in our hands,

we are not in a hurry

instead we are

instead we are

on a liminal zone.

on a liminal zone.

A liminal zone.

A liminal zone.

that means that we are

in between

In between is a place of
tension

stretching from the
before
to the
after

In between nothing is certain
everything is undecided
in a state of change

that means that we are

in between

In between is a place of
tension

stretching from the
before
to the
after

In between nothing is certain
everything is undecided
in a state of change

...well, not everything is
undecided

what is decided is that
there will be an after

and in this after

we will be different.

...well, not everything is
undecided

what is decided is that
there will be an after

and in this after

we will be different.

after this reading

you will be different

after this reading

you will be different

after passing through

after passing through

this other register of time

this other register of time

nothing will be
exactly the same anymore

nothing will be
exactly the same anymore

IV

IV

[there is a barely noticable
clitch in the scene,
around the readers.
Actually, not everything around
them is real.
It has to do with how time
is slightly warped in these
sites of reading.]

[there is a barely noticable
clitch in the scene,
around the readers.
Actually, not everything around
them is real.
It has to do with how time
is slightly warped in these
sites of reading.]

I left home at 5.20 am. When my
partner woke up, she noticed
that the clock had stopped at
6am. She considered this a sign
that I had died at that hour,
while driving.

At lunchtime a colleague told
that they had crashed into a
moose during the weekend. The
older son is still in intensive
care.

I left home at 5.20 am. When my
partner woke up, she noticed
that the clock had stopped at
6am. She considered this a sign
that I had died at that hour,
while driving.

At lunch time a colleague told
that they had crashed into a
moose during the weekend. The
older son is still in intensive
care.

So I care about this time in
our hands.

So I care about this time in
our hands.

This time is precious.

This time is precious.

During the pandemic the
habitual register of live arts
was altered

what we were used to before
was a default structure like
this:

people gather into a place at
the same time.

This is what
someone I read calls
the format of *appointment*,
through which
the time of *theatre*,
according to her,
functions.

During the pandemic the
habitual register of live arts
was altered

what we were used to before
was a default structure like
this:

people gather into a place at
the same time.

This is what
someone I read calls
the format of *appointment*,
through which
the time of *theatre*,
according to her,
functions.

She continues that theatre then
creates *collective gatherings*,

in contrast to the gallery,
the time of which instead
functions through

the format of *opening hours*,
thus creating
individualized gatherings.

Well.

During the pandemic there has
been a crisis of collectivity.

Collective bodies have not been
able to form like before.

She continues that theatre then
creates *collective gatherings*,

in contrast to the gallery,
the time of which instead
functions through

the format of *opening hours*,
thus creating
individualized gatherings.

Well.

During the pandemic there has
been a crisis of collectivity.

Collective bodies have not been
able to form like before.

We are even more individual
than before.

The amount of individuality
that we have to bear,
to embody these days
makes me sick.

But, nothing is all bad.

Since there is a crisis,
there are untreaded terrains
to colonize.

Let me make a list of
how the audience body
might form.

She said:

1) same place - same time
(= "theatre")

We are even more individual
than before.

The amount of individuality
that we have to bear,
to embody these days
makes me sick.

But, nothing is all bad.

Since there is a crisis,
there are untreaded terrains
to colonize.

Let me make a list
how the audience body
might form.

She said

1) same place - same time
(= "theatre")

2) same place - different times
(= "gallery")

... let's see, is there still
an audience body? Can a
collective body sense itself?

...I'm not sure. The body parts
may think they are independent.

Then there could be:

3) different places - same time
(= this is what you are
taking part in now)

... so are you a part of that
greater body, the body
encompassing all those who hold
the roll, somewhere?

Are you of the same body with
all those who read this line?

4) different places - different
times

... and is there even a vague
possibility to hold the body
together while its parts are so
far from each other?

2) same place - different times
(= "gallery")

... let's see, is there still
an audience body? Can a
collective body sense itself?

...I'm not sure. The body parts
may think they are independent

Then there could be:

3) different places - same time
(= this is what you are
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greater body, the body
encompassing all those who hold
the roll, somewhere?

Are you of the same body with
all those who read this line?

4) different places - different
times

... and is there even a vague
possibility to hold the body
together while its parts are so
far from each other?

Then there is

5) the possibility that we
consider the concepts of
time and
place
with a more open mind

Like...

what if we don't know
what time is?

Or what if we have lost
the sense of place through
our involvement in colonialism?

I mean, if we we do not feel
the land below our feet
anymore? If we are lured by the
immateriality, the mobility,
the globality of everything we
consume and produce?

Then there is

5) the possibility that we
consider the concepts of
time and
place
with a more open mind

Like...

what if we don't know
what time is?

Or what if we have lost
the sense of place through
our involvement in colonialism?

I mean, if we we do not feel
the land below our feet
anymore? If we are lured by the
immateriality, the mobility,
the globality of everything we
consume and produce?

And what if the prevalent
concepts of time and place are
politically motivated?

And what if the prevalent
concepts of time and place are
politically motivated?

Or what if we have art so we
could transform time and place
into something unforefelt?

Or what if we have art so we
could transform time and place
into something unforefelt?

Or what if
the purpose of the shows on
this festival

Or what if
the purpose of the shows on
this festival

is not to give us pleasure
or experiences
or cultural capital
or money and livelihood for the
artists
or power to those who can grab
it

is not to give us pleasure
or experiences
or cultural capital
or money and livelihood for the
artists
or power to those who can grab
it

but instead
to fuck us up
to fuck our collective body up
so badly that
we lose our sense of time and
place as we know them
and as a result
lose our ability to
continue nourishing the flood of
unnecessary violence that
is on our doorstep, in our
homes, in our pockets,
even in our bloodstream

what if

Or what if

this paper is time.

but instead
to fuck us up
to fuck our collective body up
so badly that
we lose our sense of time and
place as we know them
and as a result
lose our ability to
continue nourishing the flood of
unnecessary violence that
is on our doorstep, in our
homes, in our pockets,
even in our bloodstream

what if

Or what if

this paper is time.

V

V

[40 readers each lift one of
their hands and run their
fingers along the scalp. They
open their mouth slightly.]

The audience is a body.

[40 readers each lift one of
their hands and run their
fingers along the scalp. They
open their mouth slightly.]

The audience is a body.

A body strives for continuous
life, it aims to stay together

while its parts may desire
different things

A body is directed by
an organizing principle

A body is organ-ized

It has a surface which hides
its inner layers:

The bloodflow, connective
tissue, flesh and bones

The affective movements that can
be sensed in slight changes of
atmosphere,

in miniscule facial movements
and a subtle suffling of limbs

A body strives for continuous
life, it aims to stay together

while its parts may desire
different things

A body is directed by
an organizing principle

A body is organ-ized

It has a surface which hides
its inner layers:

The bloodflow, connective
tissue, flesh and bones

The affective movements that can
be sensed in slight changes of
atmosphere,

in miniscule facial movements
and a subtle suffling of limbs

The audience body
opens its mouth slightly
there is a tongue inside
there is a silent word on its
lips

The audience body
swallows some saliva
the saliva descends down its
throat
gravitating into the folds
of its inner organs

The audience body
is feeling something unsaid
is renouncing its freedom
to articulate it
its freedom to be individual
its privilege to inhabit
the center of attention

The audience body
lets go

The audience body
opens its mouth slightly
there is a tongue inside
there is a silent word on its
lips

The audience body
swallows some saliva
the saliva descends down its
throat
gravitating into the folds
of its inner organs

The audience body
is feeling something unsaid
is renouncing its freedom
to articulate it
its freedom to be individual
its privilege to inhabit
the center of attention

The audience body
lets go

[bodies are moving,
bodies are always moving.]

[bodies are moving,
bodies are always moving.]

VI

VI

[the reader looks around. There
are things all around. Then an
emptiness opens up in between
the things. Empty space is
everywhere.]

[the reader looks around. There
are things all around. Then an
emptiness opens up in between
the things. Empty space is
everywhere.]

...

...

...

...

time

time

paper

paper

listen

listen

VII

VII

[there is a theater emerging in
the reading place. It is almost
materializing in front of the
reader. The reader enters.]

[there is a theater emerging in
the reading place. It is almost
materializing in front of the
reader. The reader enters.]

A performance is about
to start.

There are chairs for us on all
four sides of the stage, in two
rows. Altogether it is less
than a hundred chairs,
I estimate.

On stage there are some
constructions, like altars
made from pallets, branches of
trees, wooden planks, cardboard
tubes, sheet metal, pieces of
fabric, and so on.

There are also performers on
stage, in catsuits pimped with
glitter. They seem to be
disassembling the piles, the
altars, the sculptures.

There is a soundscape and
lights. A beat starts to rise,
a strong beat. They start to
dance, fiercely, to shake, to
mosh, to pump, to stomp. The
lights also, moving, blinking,
flashing.

Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat.

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to start.

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four sides of the stage, in two
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than a hundred chairs,
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dance, fiercely, to shake, to
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lights also, moving, blinking,
flashing.

Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat. Beat.
Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

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Beat.

Beat.

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Beat.

Beat.

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Beat.

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Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

One performer sits on the floor behind the lighting table. The gaze of the performer is traveling across the room like that of an alert animal who is not in danger. They wait for the right moment.

One performer climbs on a construction, biting the braches, sliding through the gaps, forcefully, stomping on it, rattling it until it breaks and falls down, the performer falls with it, crashing down, falling silent and still on the floor.

One throws their head up and down, front and back. Their hands squeeze the knees, keeping the body upright and standing, while the spine is slashing back and forth, back and forth like a whip, whiplashing the air, whiplashing through the smoke and the wall of sound.

One holds a smoke machine, moving through the landscape of bodies, branches, towers, flagpoles, remains. They push the button and holy smoke is licking the landscape, caressing it,

One performer sits on the floor behind the lighting table. The gaze of the performer is traveling across the room like that of an alert animal who is not in danger. They wait for the right moment.

One performer climbs on a construction, biting the braches, sliding through the gaps, forcefully, stomping on it, rattling it until it breaks and falls down, the performer falls with it, crashing down, falling silent and still on the floor.

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One holds a smoke machine, moving through the landscape of bodies, branches, towers, flagpoles, remains. They push the button and holy smoke is licking the landscape, caressing it,

making us feel the way
smoke feels
when it touches

making things more than
they are
something subtle
and mysterious

VIII

making us feel the way
smoke feels
when it touches

making things more than
they are
something subtle
and mysterious

VIII

[The line between the visible
and the invisible is blurry.
The line between the live
and dead is blurry. The line
between art and life is blurry.
The readers can feel this
borderline terrain under their
feet. They are fully awake.]

[The line between the visible
and the invisible is blurry.
The line between the live
and dead is blurry. The line
between art and life is blurry.
The readers can feel this
borderline terrain under their
feet. They are fully awake.]

I am sitting at the graveyard.

I am sitting at the graveyard.

I remember a time in the past
when I used to search for a
solitary emotional space
at the graveyard,
sitting on the ground and
smoking a cigarette.

I remember a time in the past
when I used to search for a
solitary emotional space
at the graveyard,
sitting on the ground and
smoking a cigarette.

Now I am sitting at the
graveyard, remembering this.

Now I am sitting at the
graveyard, remembering this.

After the memory has surfaced,
smoke travels into my nostrils,
magically. Except that this is
the smell of weed. I look up
and there is someone smoking up
on the hill.

After the memory has surfaced,
smoke travels into my nostrils,
magically. Except that this is
the smell of weed. I look up
and there is someone smoking up
on the hill.

Also, the dead are present.

I remember something else,
a story about the Wixarika
people who perform for their
ancestors.

That is how we should approach
this situation.

The ancestors are the primary
audience.

The smoke is my ancestor.
The river is my ancestor.
The stage is my ancestor.

This line is for the dead,
this line is for the ancestors.

They are here, on this paper

is time.

Also, the dead are present.

I remember something else,
a story about the Wixarika
people who perform for their
ancestors.

That is how we should approach
this situation.

The ancestors are the primary
audience.

The smoke is my ancestor.
The river is my ancestor.
The stage is my ancestor.

This line is for the dead,
this line is for the ancestors.

They are here, on this paper

is time.

There is someone who writes,

that

a theoretical account
of the world
via physical embodiment
can be called

Place-Thought

the place is thinking
and we think
as extensions of the place

or

"Place-Thought is based upon
the premise that
land is alive and thinking
and that humans and non-humans
derive agency through the
extensions of these thoughts"

There is someone who writes,

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Place-Thought

the place is thinking
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or

"Place-Thought is based upon
the premise that
land is alive and thinking
and that humans and non-humans
derive agency through the
extensions of these thoughts"

This reading thus inevitably
grows from the land below it.

This thought process has
emerged in the Fenno-Scandic
region, especially in Helsinki,
especially on the banks of the
river Vantaa. This is local
thinking.

However, this line I am writing
in Oslo, on the floor of a hotel
room, and through the window I
can see dancers,
walking on the pavement,
entering a building.

Behind the building there is
also a river.

It flows.

In the river, there are
rapids. Around the rapids, some
cement walls have been built,
to guide the water
through a series of rooms

Just like this writing
has textual walls
guiding the thought
through a series of rooms

This reading thus inevitably
grows from the land below it.

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emerged in the Fenno-Scandic
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However, this line I am writing
in Oslo, on the floor of a hotel
room and through the window I
can see dancers,
walking on the pavement,
entering a building.

Behind the building there is
also a river.

It flows.

In the river, there are
rapids. Around the rapids, some
cement walls have been built,
to guide the water
through a series of rooms

Just like this writing
has textual walls
guiding the thought
through a series of rooms

And at the moment you read
this line

there are several readers
traversing the same text in
multiple locations in Helsinki

and elsewhere

This is a local reading
multi-local

as it takes place

This Thought-Place is a river.

Aand at the moment you read
this line

there are several readers
traversing the same text in
multiple locations in Helsinki

and elsewhere

This is a local reading
multi-local

as it takes place

This Thought-Place is a river.

There is also someone who wrote

that "the processes of making
performances and reading and
thinking are entangled"

to the point that they can be
called

movement-thought

or

thought-movement

This movement-thought is
a river.

There is also someone who wrote

that "the processes of making
performances and reading and
thinking are entangled"

to the point that they can be
called

movement-thought

or

thought-movement

This movement-thought is
a river.

I have to say also,
that I grew up next to a river.

We used to go swimming,
and in the 70's and 80's
parents would not worry about
the children that much
there was no need for
tracking locations

we could go swimming
without adults
even if everyone did not know
how to swim

I can still feel on my skin the
pleasure of hurrying through
the pasture with two horses
to the hay barn by the banks
and entering the water laughing
and few years later
the excitement
of making out in the barn

I have to say also,
that I grew up next to a river.

We used to go swimming,
and in the 70's and 80's
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we could go swimming
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I can still feel on my skin the
pleasure of hurrying through
the pasture with two horses
to the hay barn by the banks
and entering the water laughing
and few years later
the excitement
of making out in the barn

while nostalgia is a
powerful weapon

also here tracking locations
is irrelevant

supervision is unnecessary

there are no parents around
even if you might thinks so

this paper is time
it is material time
it is your time

your memory
your skin
your ancestors
your thought moving

It is like a body,
shrinking and shrinking
as it ages,

while nostalgia is a
powerful weapon

also here tracking locations
is irrelevant

supervision is unnecessary

there are no parents around
even if you might thinks so

this paper is time
it is material time
it is your time

your memory
your skin
your ancestors
your thought moving

It is like a body,
shrinking and shrinking
as it ages,

vomiting
seconds, minutes, hours.

vomiting
seconds, minutes, hours.

Like a human life,
it has a beginning,
an unfolding,
and an end.

Like a human life,
it has a beginning,
an unfolding,
and an end.

Like a river,
it flows
in the hollows of the land
clawed by the forces of
geo-time
manipulated and dammed by us
who script the land

Like a river,
it flows
in the hollows of the land
clawed by the forces of
geo-time
manipulated and dammed by us
who script the land

and who receive thoughts
from its fountain

and who receive thoughts
from its fountain

to say

"this paper is time"

is an act
with which I aim to
throw you into

the Place-Thought
the thought-movement,
the audience body
in which

I feel like home

and alien at the same time

to say

"this paper is time"

is an act
with which I aim to
throw you into

the Place-Thought
the thought-movement,
the audience body
in which

I feel like home

and alien at the same time

IX

IX

[the reading is a form of
magic, if they wish so.
they see through the paper,
into the fold of time,
their tongue relaxes.]

[the reading is a form of
magic, if they wish so.
they see through the paper,
into the fold of time,
their tongue relaxes.]

"We get used to horrible things
and stop fearing them

We get used to beautiful things
and stop enjoying them

We get used to people and stop
experiencing them as
personalities

Art is a means to make things
real again"

"We get used to horrible things
and stop fearing them

We get used to beautiful things
and stop enjoying them

We get used to people and stop
experiencing them as
personalities

Art is a means to make things
real again"

This device as well, the one
you hold in your hands,

is designed to make life a
little bit more difficult

easy are things we are used to
things we know or master
things we thus lose

things eaten by our habit
furniture, underwear, your
lover, the fear of war.

This device as well, the one
you hold in your hands,

is designed to make life a
little bit more difficult

easy are things we are used to
things we know or master
things we thus lose

things eaten by our habit
furniture, underwear, your
lover, the fear of war.

To offer the audience
an unfamiliar seating

To propose the audience
an uncomfortable duration

To invite the audience
to take an unconventional role

To lure the audience
to welcome the unexpected

To touch the audience
when a distance is the norm

To gather the audience
when they would like to be
individual

To leave the audience alone
when they are used to company

To be the audience
when you would like attention

all this makes me uneasy

To offer the audience
an unfamiliar seating

To propose the audience
an uncomfortable duration

To invite the audience
to take an unconventional role

To lure the audience
to welcome the unexpected

To touch the audience
when a distance is the norm

To gather the audience
when they would like to be
individual

To leave the audience alone
when they are used to company

To be the audience
when you would like attention

all this makes me uneasy

likewise I am uneasy

due to the fact that
most of the wonderful
art works

I adore

or respect at least

and maybe this one as well

are designed for the comfort
zone of a very specific set of
people

those who are used to these
experiments

likewise I am uneasy

due to the fact that
most of the wonderful
art works

I adore

or respect at least

and maybe this one as well

are designed for the comfort
zone of a very specific set of
people

those who are used to these
experiments

but what about those who do not
remember

to whom time is not a river
but a single point

the time of no past

in which there is
no stream of words

no stream of paper

but just one word

this

but what about those who do not
remember

to whom time is not a river
but a single point

the time of no past

in which there is
no stream of words

no stream of paper

but just one word

this

but what about those who do not
submit

to whom time is shorter

and this paper too long

or to whom time is longer

and this paper too full

those who already left

and are not here to

answer

but what about those who do not
submit

to whom time is shorter

and this paper too long

or to whom time is longer

and this paper too full

those who already left

and are not here to

answer

but what about those who do not
read this language

who live in some of the less
imperialist ones

what about those words
which are spoken by
our mothers

are they not
of a different time

or what about those languages
which do not have words
that concern time

but what about those who do not
read this language

who live in some of the less
imperialist ones

what about those words
which are spoken by
our mothers

are they not
of a different time

or what about those languages
which do not have words
that concern time

it is the ineffable
that we hunt with words

it is the ineffable
that we hunt with words

it is the dead
we want to reach with our
live art

it is the dead
we want to reach with our
live art

it is the absent
we render present

it is the absent
we render present

it is the impure
that we desire

it is the impure
that we desire

X

X

[the reader considers
that while it is clear that
things will end and begin,
and that this fact makes them
valuable,
they also do not.]

[the reader cosiders
that while it is clear that
things will end and begin,
and that this fact makes them
valuable,
they also do not.]

I am thinking of you.

Thinking of how you feel
at this point.

Into what shape has time
evolved during the reading?

or how does it feel,

how does it feel now,

how has the audience body
taken form
in and through you?

I am thinking of you.

Thinking of how you feel
at this point.

Into what shape has time
evolved during the reading?

or how does it feel,

how does it feel now,

how has the audience body
taken form
in and through you?

The further I write,
the further I feel from you.

The further I write,
the further I feel from you.

I start to prepare myself
to

I start to prepare myself
to

rest my case

rest my case

this literary case

this literary case

My hands are extensions

My hands are extensions

My hands are extensions

My hands are extensions

My hands are extensions

My hands are extensions

My hands are extensions
of the thoughts in my spine
they seek for your tensions
through letters in line

They inscribe the hours
they unroll the rhyme
to redefine powers
I recognize mine

To give you my body
To hand you my time
I'm tracing the outlines
of this paradigm

where we are reduced into
something defined
while that is just masking
your infinite kind

My hands are extensions
of the thoughts in my spine
they seek for your tensions
through letters in line

They inscribe the hours
they unroll the rhyme
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I recognize mine

To give you my body
To hand you my time
I'm tracing the outlines
of this paradigm

where we are reduced into
something defined
while that is just masking
your infinite kind

[the text is finished.

[the text is finished.

the reader is left with the
trace of their reading.

the reader is left with the
trace of their reading.

The trace is in the place.
The trace is the place.

The trace is in the place.
The trace is the place.

The audience body is about to
disintgrate.

The audience body is about to
disintgrate.

the end.]

the end.]

Fountains

(in order of appearance):

Dorothea von Hantelmann:

Art Institutions as Ritual Spaces: A Brief Genealogy of Gatherings.

in Tristan Garcia & Vincent Normand (eds.): *Theater, garden, bestiary : a materialist history of exhibitions.* 2019

Mia Habib:

How to die - Inopiné.

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Lea Kantonen in some informal discussions

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