

SECOND COMING

This is a transcript of the score for SECOND COMING, an artistic research commitment uncovering choreographic structures of mystery in an artistic research environment.

The score SECOND COMING can be divided into three or two parts, or in the worst case scenario, presented as an elevator pitch.

A three-part division of the choreographic structure should follow the phases of a ritual of sacrifice:

PRE-LIMINAL

In this part of the ritual, the one who sacrifices is riding herself of the parts of her identity that can not be brought into the liminal phase. In the case of SECOND COMING, I have to leave out my rational, pragmatic, secular, atheist, child of enlightenment part-identities.

LIMINAL

The liminal phase of a ritual is where the sacrificer/s enter into the staging, usually in a performative participatory act. It could be described as a mimetic enactment of the unmentionable, meaning that the reality of the act, the sacrifice it entails, the commitment it describes is instantly mirrored in mimetics supporting the imaginary, and through the power of witness becomes a part of reality.

In the case of SECOND COMING, I am permanently tattooing a mysterious symbol of a non self-descript movement in favor of repositioning mystery as a force in art, above my right knee. This ritualistic sacrifice is witnessed by a collegium, making my body a symbol for a cause bigger than myself.

POST-LIMINAL

The post-liminal phase is the transition from the ritual, where you return to 'normal' and through this transition incorporate the knowledge produced in the previous phases. Rather than ending abruptly, the post-liminal phase is a gradient movement, re-assuming tempo of normality, allowing the sacrificer and her milieu to adjust to the new. In SECOND COMING, I am planning to pan out my manifested attendance to the milieu, slowly dismantling it, carefully installing it in fragments all over the site in the form of speech acts and little miracles where I'm spreading the gospel thinner and thinner and thinner, until it's absorbed in the general order.

A two-part division of the score would break down as following:

CONTEXT

Part 1 »Artistic research method study«

SECOND COMING is a method study in the larger artistic research project SUMMONING CHARISMA, where the concept of charisma is used as a figure to de-construct artistry in a performing arts context: With an expanded notion of practice; what combination of learnable skills, contextual status and obscure faith ~~makes a person charismatic~~ an artist in the field of choreography today?

Part 2 »The site and its situatedness«

The project is set in an art school, more precisely in the artistic research milieu, and is investigatory in its very nature. The site as such is not the object of critique,

neither of interest, but is, due to its mundanity and intimate relation to the mechanism of power through economic potency, serving the investigation with fertile ground for convergence of its inherent lack of appreciation for mystery.

How would we together re-imagine an art-school as a site for knowledge production? In our ideal art-school, who is the emblematic artist? How does she perform her role? What resources is she given? How does her school look, feel, sound, smell? Who is welcome, supported, initiated? And how does this help her shape her art, our art, the art of the future? This is the nourishment of the project SECOND COMING.

EXPOSITION

Part 1 »Rumor«

Through the lucid protocol of a rumor, time and place is set out in a viral movement, spreading anticipation through the assembly. The rumor appears out of a collective desire, manifested in hope for a situation that in all its liminality, a rapturous event, marks a beginning and an end.

Part 2 »Studio Visit«

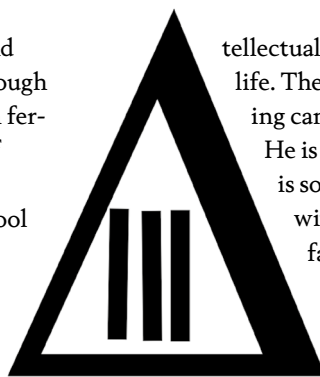
An artist studio installed in a profane office corridor in an art school with a subconscious identity crisis. Inside the studio, there is an artist, hosting a studio visit, dancing the complex power dynamic protocol of studio visits in an audience responsive score. During the open studio visit, the artist will permanently tattoo »the logo« of rumored overturn on his right knee, inscribing his body in the lineage of radicality, effectively assuming an emblematic position in the transgressive movement of the imagined overturn.

This part-documentation, the actual permanent tattoo allows the study to forever oscillate between ephemerality and physicality and is investigating how representations of transgression travel through time and context.

In the unlikely event of an elevator pitch, this is how it would go down:

Part 1 »Prologue«

An artist in his late mid 30's is riding the subway. As a strategy, he is reading a book instead of scrolling his phone. It doesn't matter all that much what book, but there is a preference for binded books without a cover photo. Today it happens to be *The nightmare of Participation* by Markus Miessen. This makes him feel superior, and is a subtle little marker of his identity as an in-



tellectual. He has chosen another kind of life. The strategy is a little crowdsourcing campaign for his self-confidence. He is an artist, not a careerist, and this is something he comforts himself with, as he is contemplating the fact that he is now one of the oldest in his MA group in choreography at the school where he used to work as an assistant professor some years ago.

He is trying to concentrate on the pages while his mind wanders, when he looks up and meets the eyes of the person who sits down in front of him. Something about her gaze makes him self-conscious, and there is something about her estimation of him that jilts his nerves. He can't make out if his cute boyish looks, flashing the gold tooth, or stare the woman back down will be the sufficient interjection this interaction needs to counter his felt inequality. You can't win every battle, our artist thinks to himself, and looks down in his book again. His mind is racing, trying to collect the information, who is this woman? Where have I seen her before? There is an uncanny feeling of a preconceived power dynamic between us, but why and in what way?

He gets off at Karlaplan, and with the tempo of a cruise ship on amphetamine makes his way to the school building. He carefully plans when to light his cigarette, just to have enough of the little stick left to stand outside the entrance for exactly one minute, showing off what he thinks is an emblematic vice: smoking.

His key tag does not work for this door, and even though he really doesn't mind talking to the person in the front office, there is something mildly humiliating about having to explain your business to someone every time you enter this part of your school. It somewhat reminds him of a work he did in 2017, invited as an »artist in residence« in an »innovation co-working space«, where he was contracted to make an installation connected to »innovation« from an »artistic point of view«. There, he was experiencing the endless void and total darkness of corporate marketing logics, when his work *The Dirty Sprite Hub* was installed. The work was conceived to interact with the hypnotically Caucasian milieu, critiquing the inhumane logics of market driven innovation, and the response was mostly the company trying to say something nice like »at least it was a very comfortable sofa«.

He is approaching the door of the school and intuitively chooses to go for another form of humiliation. First door opens, and the artist almost bumps into a professor with who he has had several interactions

with during his past career as an artist. The professor, back then the curator of a noted Scandinavian theatre house, still does not recognize him. »Can I follow you through the inner door«, our artists ask, and gets a polite but reserved, almost terrified nod from the professor.

Well inside of the school building he is once again struck by the sensation of being in some kind of psychotic normcore convention. Is this really, really an art school, he thinks to himself, and if it is, where are all the artists?

He is here to drop off a pair of mittens to the mother of his child, who is a PhD candidate at the school, and then attend a weekly seminar on »Methods in Artistic Research«. There is a little bit of time before the seminar starts, so he decides to make his way to deliver the mittens first. As he gets in the elevator, absorbed by his own sprawling thoughts about the history of art schools, corporate aesthetic paradigms and Guy Debord's sexual preferences, he finds himself struck with the same jilt of nervousness as he experienced only minutes before on the subway.

The woman from the seat in front of him.

He is alone in the elevator with the vice chancellor of the school. This time, he knows how to respond to his sensation, how to collect his thoughts, he count his blessings, and starts to speak:

Part 2 »The Pitch«

Hello, I'm [REDACTED], I'm in the MA programme in Choreography.

To be honest, I think there is a lack of mystery here in our school and a lack of imagination of what an art school should be, so I wanted to propose an installation somewhere in the building, perhaps in the corridor where the profile area professors have their office, to situate a critical imagination of our possible future as

an art-school here. I sense there is a movement, that many more than me feel an urge to inject a plurality of ideological claims to both the performance and performativity of the school as a body. Also, I have fantasies about being the second coming.

The elevator stops at level 5 in complete silence, and the vice chancellor steps out. As she turns around to meet the eyes of the artist who is hungrily looking for approval, rushing with adrenalin from his speech act, she smirks, halts the closing doors, removes a lock of blonde hair from her face and says: Why don't you write something down and send it to [REDACTED] - [REDACTED], I'm sure they would appreciate it.

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Photo by Ofelia Jarl Ortega

