Madness and The Bastard in Motion: Learning /Teaching through Performance Studies in Santa Cruz, San Francisco, New York

//Occasional Libretto (Paper)//

Diffracting time through performativity, madness and bastardisation

Passing through three arches/entrances/exits: CONCLUSION, TRANSFORMATION, BEGINNING

Characters

MADNESS (the false mad)

In a pair of golden shoes I am the one I am.

I, being the eye, being the being, who transforms from that to this to that Without an end.

Or perhaps as the false mad, as in my case:

I rest in a pair of golden shoes, a wig red and curly,

Speaking endlessly about presence -

Through threatening red lips colored as in 'determined' -

Wandering from no-thing to I-do-not-know.

Mapping undetermined waves of water-splashings -

waves creating patterns of diffraction.

I am – whoever one could possibly imagine.

Making noise, alarmingly, whenever possible.

I am on my way - being a phenomena in 'becoming'.

Bastard (a new smoothie)

...love child, formulated in passion out of wedlock.

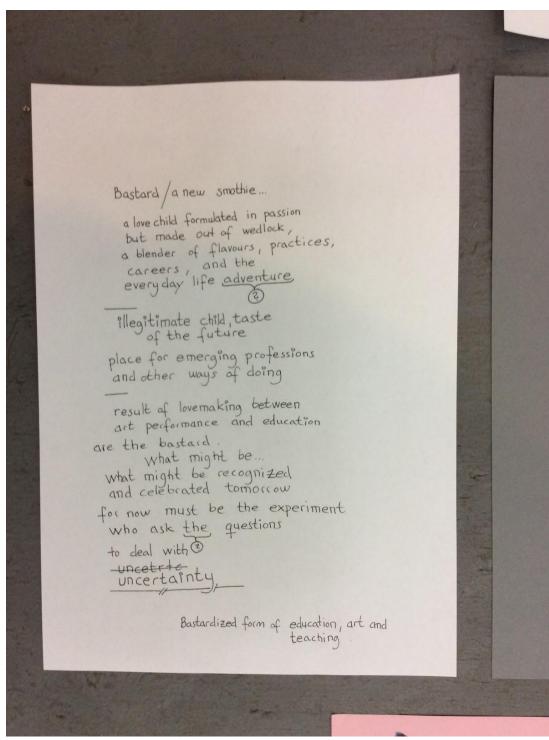
A blend of flavors, practices, careers, everyday life experiences, and adventures out of the ordinary.

... illegitimate child, taste of the future.

A place for emerging professions and other ways of doing.

The result of lovemaking between art, performance and education.

We are the bastard. We are what might be recognized and celebrated tomorrow. But for now we must be the experiment, the ones who deals with uncertainty.



Temporary Agency, Brookly, 10 Dec. 2014

PROLOGUE I

Madness and the Bastard are sitting in a hotel lobby. If you like to know, the answer is: anywhere. They are searching to find definitions of how learning and teaching in the arts can be understood and articulated in order to make sense in a transdisciplinary merge. To find a common language within the logic of performativity. They move towards their extreme arguments on how the performative act can be performed in order to matter in a larger context. Madness searches to be clear in her own illogical/post humanist manner

Madness

Moving through time
Confronting
Shaping a non-existing form
Articulating
Following a poetic line
A structure of a melody
Searching
What happens in the microscopic moment...?
HOW can this be understood?
(starting to sing and speak at the same time)
All'armi, all'armi...
To arms, make noise

Bastard

Learning outcome:
Kill the famous artist!
Don't ask them up on to the stage! (tear down the /f**/king stage)
END the artist talk!

OR

Ways of getting away from anger and violent metaphors.

Madness (singing and speaking, mixing languages, senselessly moving between Deidamia's mad scene from the opera La Finta Pazza - The False Mad - from 1641, and her ongoing contemporary dialogue with the **Bastard**)

Allarmi allarmi
To arms, make noise, wake up
Allarmi, dico, all'armi
I tell you:
wake up and make noise,
Make a difference.

Bastard

still is considered unclean...

Madness

Why do you care about clean or unclean, dust, dirt, sand and gravel are always making me more curious.

Small thing upsetting some,

Small non-human things making a revolt against all acts of power.

Meaning doesn't really matter.

...Or, does it not?

Bastard

...aggressive from being forced to be a foreigner demanding creativity in new forms, frames, rooms for feeling safe...

Madness

YOUR ARE SOOOOO ANGRY?!

Bastard

...not by choice, a consequence of others therefor can/will not/should not the Bastard reply with answers.

Only making new-constellations
...don't look back, be becoming.

Madness

Answering to the old?

Nothing was before, so what can really be said?

Only ecos sounding new and fresh

New, as when I (or she/he) am requested to sing these lines performed three hundred and fifty years ago (someone tells) It is all about making a change.

Resisting the acts of literary solid structures.

Structures I love but had no access to.

Because of who I was. As.

Or who I am-am. Hammam.

Therefor your words triggers me to revenge

For good old cheeses.

Because that is their language.

They talk and talk and talk,

ANYTHING and EVERYTHING, you see?!

A language made up

by rules and regulations.

SO COME ON

Just move right into hell and make noise, for God's sake.

Stand on tables in classrooms

And refuse everything you are told to do

or expected to be.

Bastard

OR

Exploring Karen Barads title: Meeting the Universe halfway, by going all the way. When all participants start from the idea of meeting halfway, an ethical pedagogy is made possible. One that always give birth to unexpected outcomes. This; SOMETHING ELSE, is what becoming is. Lets temporary call it a sexual merge between ideas, experiences and differences.

This is a tryout for, and an example of, an ethical approach to education through artistic processes. It is also an example of how academical seminars can be done in non institutional places and settings. Through Madness and Bastardification we chose to build an underground culture within the walls of the institutions, since we believe there is no outside when using performativity and intra-action as ways of understanding the world.

Madness

Understanding?

Yes,... and maaaaaakiiiiiiiing seeeeeeense, you mean?

(Laughing)

Is this perhaps the way to tame the anger.

Or if I may say,

Perhaps there is no need to tame anything

But only to listen, as you suggest,

Listening to all mad voices around us.

With an honest wish and desire.

Listening to all senseless fragments

Detached as in contemporary performance art

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Devis: m. Speech, talke, discourse, a conference, or com-
   munication; denising, conferring, or talking together;
   also, a device, invention; disposition, or appointment
Devisagé: m.ée: f. as Desvisagé.
Devisager. as Desvisager.
Devise: f. A device, posie; Embleme; conceit, coat, or
    Cognizance borne, or given for some prinat respect; an
   inuention; also, a division; bound, meere, or marke di-
   uiding land.
   Quelle devise y avoit il en cela? What reason, or
   sence was there in that ?
Devisé: m.ée:f. Discoursed, talked; invented, devised:
   ordered, difgested, disposed of.
Deviser. To commune talke, discourse, conferre, denise,
   chat, converse with ; also, to denise, or invent; also, to
   order, difgeft, or dispose of.
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Florio's 1611 Italian/English Dictionary: Queen Anna's New World of Words

Or devised as in a 17th century opera

Or in a contemporary drama,

It all gives me an impression

Of not knowing where to look,

Of what to feel

Nobody knows even what it is

Or if it has a meaning...

Seems to be of no importance to some.

Perhaps it could be like that?

Or like this?

Perhaps it really means everything - to others.

Having a HUGE impact on every challenge around us.

Helas! I lose my mind in twisted thoughts

I search to find my voice again.

Because in this it all begins.

First in silence.

Then through breath.

Coupled with longing and desire.

I look myself around and see all my children

So eager to learn their music

Being transported to a famous stage

Making a difference to every listener

Touching every soul.



WAKE UP ALL OF YOU!!

ART is so much more than beauty.

Or,.. am I not right?

You Bastard, seem to be a warrior,

And so am I.

But at the same time I am all and nothing.

Every character,

Or every person I meet,

All their fears, worries, laughters and tears.

Exhausting as it may sound...

I step out on stage as a monster,

Every sound I make marks a difference,

I am a Daughter of a Cyborg, you know,

Who is cutting time apart

Intruding on everyone around me.

Passionate... fearless... and scary.

Looking for revenge.

And the wave of anger carries me off again.

WHO cares about rhetoric.

(laughing)

Something cultivated and controlled by power.

Bastard

Please, give us peace.

...in desperate need for re-programming, re-thinking, re-education.

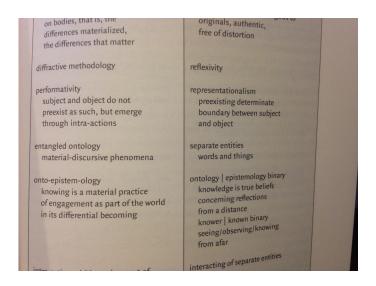
We need artistic and educational seminars in academic contexts that take shape from love, kindness and a wish for transformation beyond the power of rhetorics and metaphors. Lets meet halfway.

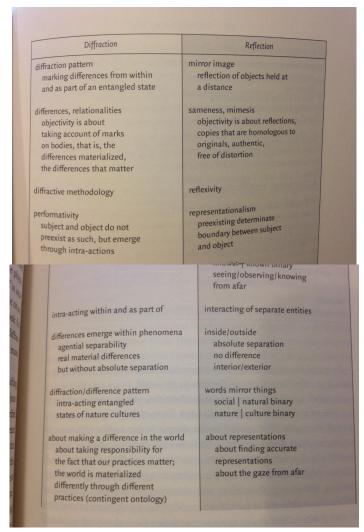
Important: This must be an open process, creative commons, open source, transparency. These words are not mine or yours, they are OURS.

Concluding - Transforming - Beginning = becoming



Santa Cruz, 5 Dec. 2014





Karen Barad, Meeting the Universe Halfway (2007) Duke Univ. Press, pp 89-90

SCENE 1 CONCLUSION

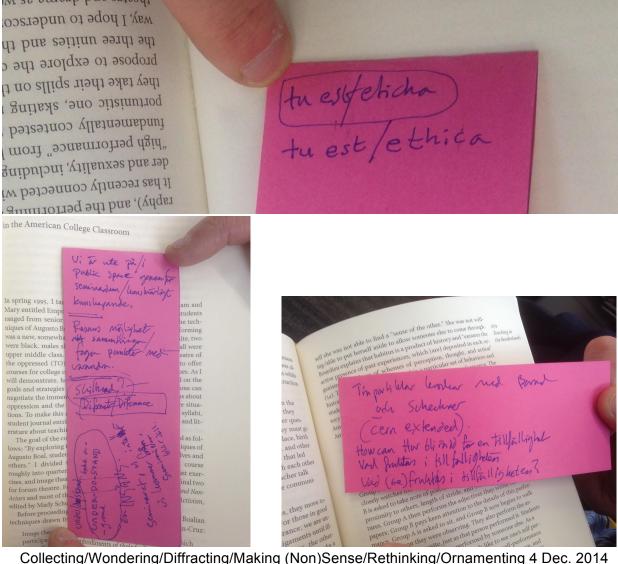
I am trying to conclude. Suddenly, as it was page 158—and the third hour was ending, I realized that perhaps there must be "conclusions" to my journeys, because these sheets I'm walking across with my hand are "lectures." But there is no "conclusion" to be found in writing . . .

Cixious, Hélène (1993) *Three staps on the ladder of writing,* Columbia University Press, p. 156

Madness and Bastard are getting ready for making a long journey. Crossing land, water, light and darkness. Moving through time (zones), shaping and diffracting a non-existing

form. They keep on asking themselves: What happens in the microscopic moment? When nothing could even be imagined...

Before getting on their flight they had formulated a common agreement telling as follow: "On our way we challenge both time and existence... learning through teaching. Our journey is an ornamenting becoming in itself... A mattering through performance...." This journey is about concluding. Making a summary about patterns and acts of the past. Assembling fragments and words, mapping meaning-makings, knowledge out of mattering. Sketching down ideas and immediate thoughts on little pink papers. About voicing, teaching, learning and making sense of everything from rituals and everyday excess. For the sake of the performative, as acts of teaching and learning.



Finally seated on the plane they start their first seminar by recall one of their announcements: an open call for lunch seminars.

"OPEN PROCESS is part of the CROSS FACULTY GROUPS on-going program of lunch seminars. The lunch seminars function is to create a place and time for people at the FACULTY OF FINE, APPLIED AND PERFORMING ARTS, Univ. of Gothenburg, to meet others interested in discussing and practicing performance and performativity as method and theory. The seminars, meetings and other events that the CROSS FACULTY GROUP arranges are always open for everyone to take part in. We believe that knowledge is being produced in the meeting (fusion, blurring, merging intra-action, transformation) between all participants of all forms (including humans as well as non-in-humans), all matters and in mattering. Space, place, people and other parties are all part of the ongoing transformative process of understanding and making knowledge. The overall aim for the cross-disciplinary performance group is to give members of the

Faculty a context in which to encounter and experience performativity and its meanings, whilst obtaining tools to analyze and produce discussion and/of performative modes of expression and strategies as a way to explore the world, including human communication and social interaction. The group will develop a critical mass guided by transparency in an inclusive environment, welcoming both intimate discussions and outreaching events as part of everyday action and extreme excess.

Madness

It all sound like an ornament.

Glistering in a christmas-tree.

Teasing me to dream of touching.

I like to explore the word french word animer.

A word describing a particular way of ornamenting vocally.

Used in order to touch the soul of the listener

It was a throat-beating movement,

Causing a hitting of the vocal cords

(it sound really brutal)

But never ever done mechanically or in-human.

There is something beyond this particular way of touching the cord.

Of self-touching within.

Animating.

Bringing life.

Reminding and remembering every time touch has occured.

Passion, love and sometimes even the senseless.

At the same time

Physically harsh, killing, insistingly moving in various tempi

But touch was its ultimate aim.

Each beat could be claimed to end a line Over and over again Without an end.

What I often realize is that the life-making process in 'knowledging'

That you remind me about some beautifully

Sometimes it passes me untouched.

Words are lined up endlessly,

Sometimes confusing since words are placed above my head,

Spoken in a self-absorbed pompousness

Makes me fear opening my own mouth,

Or as right now just becoming upset.

Because,

Who tells what is right or wrong in this world?

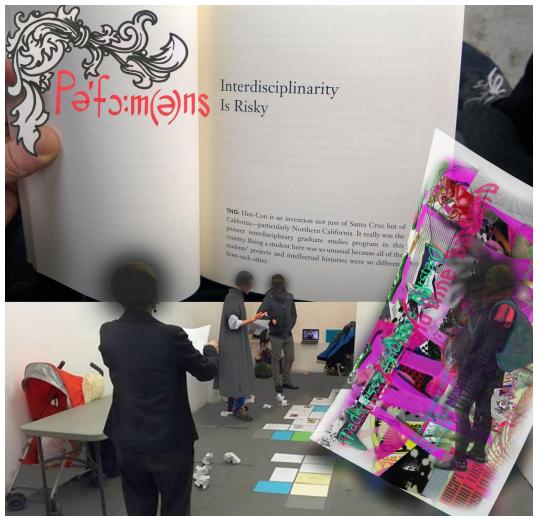
Who has the right?

Without, as you say, meeting the other halfway.

And showing a true interest in the other,

Rather that just in-humanly judging and dismissing

what appears on stage.



Haraway, Donna J., How Like a Leaf: Donna J. Haraway an interview with Thyrza Nichols Goodeve. Routledge, 2000,

I animate vocally,
beating,
at the same time
counting every act, every scene,
every no/thing, every blast, every teardrop,
every minute, every hour
ora,
orrrra,
hurrrrra, hurreyyyyy
yyyyeeeeesyesyesyes
It feel so good
To be touched
But according to you

it is not about animating but rather animism.

Bastard

...-ism or not,

-ism doesn't bother at all,

it doesn't touch, or stain, or do much at all. It means nothing...

Madness

I fear all that doesn't touch,

Or isn't on-goingly touching or bothering,

Ism being fixed and ignorant, institutionalised, conservative and stagnant,

Brought about and made to non-live.

Dead.

In each beating, each top-of-the-wave

I conclude,

Stop,

Suspend my being,

Searching for intimacy, belonging,

Relating...

To the next part of the wave of sound.

Meeting an ocean of sound

https://vimeo.com/115496196

SCENE 2 TRANSFORMATION

In motion they talk, they confront and they diffract every inch of their journey Meeting obstacles, facing resistance, walking into bubbles of flair and comfort, stepping into dilemmas and borderlands...



Transferring/Transforming/Performing/ Ascending/Pending, 4 Dec. 2014



Criss-crossing lines of time, light and darkness, 4 Dec. 2014

Madness

This means crashing somehow. brusting though a barrier, a boarderland raising through the line between darkness and light. Not nowing if there is a place for me or not. Fearing being left behind.

I listen.

Have a desire to listen.

(Singing)
Fermate, o la,
Fermate, silenzio O Dio,

Tacete omai tacete....
... Helena Bella io sono

(Speaking again)

Becoming the ephemeral.

Beauty.

Nobody know for how long.

But who cares.

She is passion.

All over.

She listens

To her own beauty.

But it is not about NOT taking others into account.

Completely the opposite.

She proclaims an ongoing longing for sailing into the sound of your 'knowing'

It is about listening to that which is catching the attention to the situated.

Because she/I am curious about what actually happens in the microscopic moment...? Since beauty will be forgotten anyhow.

I want to be

In the one word you speak.

Streching my arms inside HOW you say what you say....

HOW can the sound and your act be learned, taught, articulated/ornamented...?

When nothing could even be imagined

On their way we challenge existence Learning through teaching Their journey is an ornamenting becoming in itself A mattering through performance





Temporary Agency, Queens, New York, 10 Dec. 2014

SCENE 3 BEGINNING

Madness

(Singing)
Aita, aita, aita
help me, help me, help me
I am drowning
floating away,

(Speaking again)
I opened my mouth and a tone was produced.
I moved my finger to the keybord
and I pressed a key.
I made a conclusion.
Accomplished a statement
I concluded...

And was transformed.

Sound was heard.
It emerged.
Merged
Began.
Connecting
with every step I still had to make.

So, I begin moving my painting brush towards the canvas Making a difference.

It is being recorded in sound, in color, in noise.

I collect the data from this moment.

12.52:35.

12.52:40

Point. Peep. End.

EVery time something is being cut off

from that which was before and that which will be the future.

Being - I was Becoming - I am

The cut was sort of an hit, a touch and a meeting

And for me here and now this is where I come to realise that every word, every tone and every one of my acts need to carry a meaning and this meaning is my force gluing me to life.... desiring me to encounter life as one.

Beginning...

(Starting to sing -

this time slowly becoming an abandonned lover lamenting his/her fate)

Ah, so ben io qual di rachiuso in pianto al mesto core.

Fa lago al mio dolore

Ah, I make a lake with my salt tears

Verga tiranna immobile

Recide altri papaveri

Il foco mesto ardetemi

Il sepolcro apprestatemi

Donne care, piangetemi

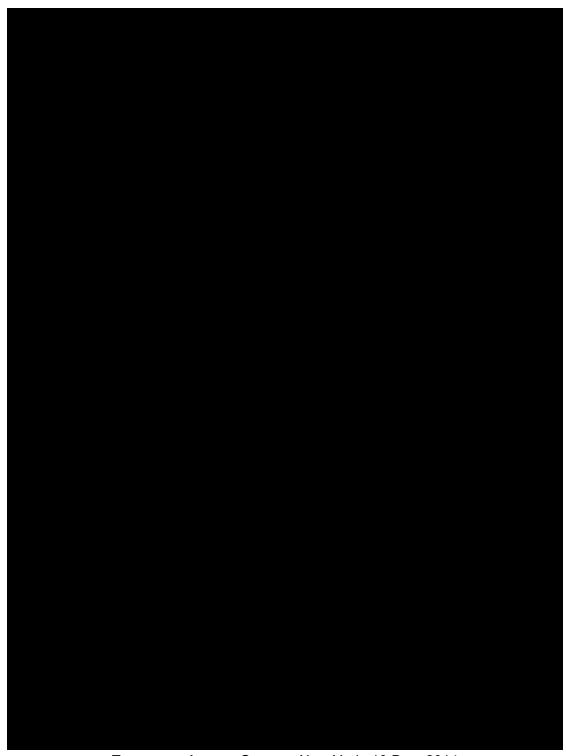
You women, cry for me...

Pray for the peace of my soul.....

pace all alma

pregatemi

Son forzata, o vicini
I am forced, my dear friends,
Because I have lost my honor
II mio honor e perduto
Aiuto Aiuto Amici Aiuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
Help....
HELP
Friends, please.... heeeeeeeelp



Temporary Agency, Queens, New York, 10 Dec. 2014

Prologue II

In this irrational whimsical, wondrous, absurd and extravagant dialogue between Madness and the Bastard, a model is being manifested. The printed facts - black symbols on a white surface/screen - loses their power when performed as a spoken dialogue. The Bastard - appearing as a non-subject "I" - declares his non/identity pronouncing paradoxical frames. He considers himself as the embodiment of absolute fulfillment, in every aspect including on an atomic level. Consciously aware about his own impossibility, while at the same time knowing that the actual impossibility is the key to the future - the time ahead of him. He refuses to look back claiming that we/he are not dialogues, we/he are not kind and nice, we/he are not waiting in a line that doesn't move, make or behave. We/he are NOT them/us. Rather, what counts are mad and unsacred relations, vibrating in the night causing unknown results. He simply and indirectly claim that wrong is right.

Madness meets the words of the Bastard without closing her ear to other sounds around them. She listens to everything. She is taking it all in, allowing everything to mix well inside her. The result comes out as a seemingly senseless cornucopia of the incomprehensible and meaningless. She gives birth to and unfiltered spectra of words, thoughts, and statements. Oramenting indeterminacy and affinity. Their meeting is what is becoming central in this paper. Stressing the concepts of force and form. The meeting/model is an attempt to stage and perform a sample of situated knowledge-processing/meaning-making/mattering

"waking us up to the inhuman that therefore we are, to a recognition that it may well be the inhuman, the insensible, irrational, the unfathomable, and the incalculable that will help us face the depths of what responsibility entails. A cacophony of whispered screams, gasps, and cries, an infinite multitude of indeterminate beings diffracted through different spacetimes, the nothingness, is always already within us, or rather, it lives through us. We cannot shut it out, we cannot control it. We cannot block out the irrationality, the perversity, the madness we fear, in the hopes of a more orderly world. But this does not mitigate our responsibility. On the contrary, it is what makes it possible. Indeterminacy is not a lack, a loss, but an affirmation, a celebration of the plenitude of nothingness." (Barad 2012)

This occasional libretto-paper is sketching of a performance paper submitted to the 7th Teachers' Academy 2015 - *ENACT: learning in/through the Arts*, Tilburg, The Netherlands, 10-12 May 2015

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