



*TEXTUAL
PERFORMANCE OF
THE MASTER
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Independent Project (Degree Project), 60 higher education credits
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ABSTRACT

Key words:

- +philosophy; some forms of ontology, becoming and existence, reality and truth
- +felt meaning and body felt knowledge, lived experience
- +the emphasis the communicating from my own body, from my own living experience
- +community: relation based; justice, judgement
- +true self (core, heart, point zero, original position)
- +hope, faith, trust
- +practice; in *real life*, performances, embodiment

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FOREWORD

Note to reader; the type of this text is performative. I am finishing with this exam text my MA Contemporary Performative Arts. My project plan, first and last performances (*December score* and *End Performance*) you can find separately as attachment to this document. In this foreword I sum up the structure of this exam text and tell you where I am now in the work.

Now I am writing this bit after the opposition. I write it with the notes of examiner Anne Sodergren and with my memory of the feedback of my opponent Johan Oberg. In this foreword I also include the notes I made after delivering the first final version of the text. These notes I have used during my opposition. I will also remark briefly on the notes coming from the communication and leadership course in May, by summarizing my learning outcomes.

Finishing this MA the prominent thing I have been learning, has in the essence to do with *working attitudes*. Throughout the study time I have been observing myself how I work by looking for the core of how I do things, what I am doing, why I am doing that. You can say I have been looking for the heart of myself. Saying that, how I see it, the work I have been doing is enhancing the capacity of sensitivity to make existence (self) more substantial, therefore it becomes more flexible and tolerant, but also more intrinsic and individual. My work *effort* shifted and I discovered a way of working that feels more satisfying and fruitful than how I was working before attending the MA. I believe that this discovery that I have learned whilst doing the work of being a student in an art education institute, is important to how we can make a change in the current work style so that our living can grow more responsive, sustainable and resilient, and evoke more hope and joy to cultivate courage to face trials.

I will take this discovery further to elaborate on after the MA. In the communication course I wrote about my future after school: I want to develop my research in a PhD in the arts field (this can be performative, but also visual and design; maybe the cross disciplinary) Right now I aim for that it will give insights how art can be used as a tool how individuals and communities can become more whole, substantial and free in themselves and how they can contribute to the external world through their creativity and leadership in that. So research is a tool that offers new understanding what it means to be an artist, simultaneously also a human. Because of the transmission quality, the contribution to the university or the academia, I include a pedagogical aspect, that within the idea of being an PhD student, teaching, coaching, leading practices are of high relevance. But I also have the desire to develop my design skills, as living practice next to the research, that are little research projects independently (Design broad: graphic, magazine, website, photography, styling, fashion, music, performance, textile, ceramics, objects). For that I need a space to work and to live.

Below you will now find the notes I have been writing in the time between the deadline of the text and the opposition. After the text had been written, it fell into another place; it showed its working. In the notes I reflect on my text and my relationship with it, I kept in mind the upcoming opposition. These notes are now also functioning as a guidance into the textual performance.

Text: the work that I name textual performance

Opposition: the discussion followed in relation to the text (Textual Performance) and the performance (End Performance)

The textual performance is extended with two pieces of text after delivery. The first one is the email that I sent along with the textual performance on the morning of the deadline. The second is an introductory text for the opposition that I prepared in advance of the opposition and performed in the first twenty minutes meant to introduce my practice and project. You will read them after the opposition notes.

OPPOSITION NOTES

About my practice and research and how the text is part of that. And about the *meaning*.

I started out with movement based research, observing the initiations of movement within my body. The questions I followed were: where does the movement begin? Where does the desire of moving begin?

I named the action looking for points zero, like the zero as a beginning. After that in the first half year of the MA I named it: the core of things. A subquestion is what are things composed of and what is composing things? I read Tristan Garcia's Form and Object, and interpret his ontological theory in the ongoing movement research Physical Ontology I conduct in Skogen. Ontology is the philosophy of becoming and existence. *Garcia proposes beginning to think about things before thinking about our conditions of access to those things. to treat objects and things objectively while treating conditions of objectivity as secondary.* Contrary to Garcia, following Alfred North Whitehead and Ray Brassier, Brown maintains that these two problems can never be separated: *"Speculative philosophy sets out from and returns to the crossroads of metaphysics and epistemology; it has to travel both roads at once.*

My research is embedded in philosophy, but to stay only in the thinking it loses its aliveness. So I insist on staying in my own body, and talk from my lived experience.

In the first performances I made and performed it is me on a stage (the stage is a location where I have been invited to perform, these have been dancestudio's or galleries) and I am tracking my movements (back) in a sequence of getting up from the floor or going down to the floor with the audience as a relational element: how my body behaves when I am being watched.

Yet, the first performance I did within this MA I didn't do this same movement sequence: I summed up my ideas of what I could do in the performance when I thought of executing the task of performing. I read it out loud, sitting amongst the audience and with an empty space; the stage. It is the same tracking of moving to their beginnings, to the doing of what I want to do, but showing (telling) the thoughts that have gone ahead; the motivations and the desires in words. The performance became an imagination of itself in which it more responded to looking for the heart of it (how I later described it) through observation of how I got a thought about an action.

This phenomenon kept happening in my following performances. I believe it uses language to expose the motivations of a motion.

In the End performance I applied the same approach and it revealed to me that staying in the present of all and any conditions became an important discovery and result/outcome for looking for the core of things. How to anticipate and respond to change and maintain a truthful expression.

The text is also an observation of how I am writing the text within my own content as substance. And I was trying to understand the limitations of the task to my abilities and the other way around. I am formulating conditions, again, coming from the motivations why I would write the text, and the challenge to 'stay in the presence' of it. Layers have been formed, layers of time, and each time I am in the presence of that reality. I made the discovery that tracking by going back to the beginnings of movements, trying to reveal its core, is putting me in the present truth of that moment.

In the reflection of writing this textual performance I feel I allowed myself to take up all the space that I felt was accessible in this course. A freedom to explore, the thing that kept me not unsettled was I continually felt responsible towards my own feelings, needs, wishes, desires and for my own boundaries and the stretching and stressing of them; the challenging of the current connections. I keep checking in with myself: observing my position to the boundaries to locate/orientate where I am. My main concern was taking care of my body.

When beginning the research in 2014 I named the very first performance Original Position, I found the words Original Position in John Rawls' *Theory of Justice*, where he is looking for a fair and just community, living in harmony with each other.

The work is thriving on me as an individual who is relating with communities, smaller ones (Skogen, Konstepidemin, HSM, my friends, my family) but also bigger anonymous ones like 'the world' or the next generations. There always has been a strong belief to embody, to be myself, what I envision harmony in relationships in the world should be.

How I write the text is to be in the capacity of the substance of where I am now. In the Doors chapter I am looking for a way in, how to start writing and that quest is included in the text. In the prefaces I am reflecting on how I am doing that, with opening the door more wider open.

I am not writing a novel of a fictitious character, nor writing a thesis to prove a point. It is something in between, or something else. I recognize when reading in *Strange Adventures*: *'For Fleutiaux, external prompts are not enough to provoke writing; there must be an inner resonance that comes from something 'that has formed you, in some ancient and obscure way, as a person [...] It takes desire, a desire as mysterious as romantic desire.'* This 'mystery' of the inner world is a constant in Fleutiaux's work, which continually highlights the irrational, the unconscious and the uncontrollable elements of human experience.' The mapping of my inner world within the mystery of it.

There is a mysterious poetic space I am leaving in my text, for me to follow, -the underground currents of the inner life, and the unknown/unknowable present in the text, the life as an adventure as Sercombe is writing when she reflects on Fleutiaux's women.

The textual performance is exploring space and the potential expansion in depth, length, width and dimension.

How I write the text is to be in the capacity of the substance who I am now, including the ever present curiosity to what it could be, yet an unknown terrain. Unknown in the logic. *'Despite their external freedoms, women in Fleutiaux's fictions struggle with the inner legacy of living in a world where power is still largely in the hands of men, and where the values of the 'Age of Reason' - rationality, universality and logic - predominate.'* (Sercombe in 'Strange Adventures')

It is looking for meaning, but more a symbolic meaning maybe like in *The Philosophy of Symbolic Forms* by Ernst Cassirer: *'The human being, for Cassirer, is not simply the rational animal, but the animal whose experience with and reaction to the world is governed by symbolic relations.'*

By 'symbolic form' I mean that energy of the spirit through which a mental meaning-content is attached to a sensual sign and inwardly dedicated to this sign. In this sense language, the mythical-religious world, and the arts each present us with a particular symbolic form. For in them all we see the mark of the basic phenomenon, that our consciousness is not satisfied to simply receive impressions from the outside, but rather that it permeates each impression with a free activity of expression. In what we call the objective reality of things we are thus confronted with a world of self-created signs and images.'

Susanne Langer writes the nature of the work of art in her 1953 book, 'Feeling and Form', as *art is the creation of forms symbolic of human feeling.*

So the work I have delivered functions for me as the very beginning of what it could be, but also a demarcation of me taking space, marking my ground and not excuse or escape from it. There is a struggle, a dilemma. Me knowing this text particularly is not answering to the idea of logic, reason and ratio, which, as I know is not accepted as a valid way of communication: as it is unlogical. Yet, to keep the existence of it, I show my inner world as important and stay with the power of that action. The action comes from a different effort: trusting, faith and hope.

It needed to be done to let it be wild and alive and give it to you: the symbol in art to perform a transformation. I read this of Rebecca Solnit: *'To me, the grounds for hope are simply that we don't know what will happen next, and that the unlikely and the unimaginable transpire quite regularly. And that the unofficial history of the world shows that dedicated individuals and popular movements can shape history and have, though how and when we might win and how long it takes is not predictable.'*

Despair is a form of certainty, certainty that the future will be a lot like the present or will decline from it; despair is a confident memory of the future, in Gonzalez's resonant phrase. Optimism is similarly confident about what will happen. Both are grounds for not acting. Hope can be the knowledge that we don't have that memory and that reality don't necessarily match our plans.'

In the chapter Rooms I am telling the tales of my life, sprouting from the decision to write from the current place I was in, led by the aspects of the research and the present state. The tales describe where I am, what I do, and what I think of. Backtracking my motions. In the supervision conversations with Michael Norlind; we used that method. There is an importance in revealing the past, telling the past, which could be yesterday or twenty years ago. In the chapter Futures I am in imaginary rooms writing from there. Thomas Moore in 'Soulmates' describes this method as listening to *what the soul has got to say to you*. The same method formulated differently I found in 'Listening' of Jean Luc Nancy, *'to listen and not merely to understand, to listen with one's whole being. A sense (listen to) and a truth (understand). To be listening will always, then, be to be straining toward or in an approach to the self (one should say, in a pathological manner, a fit of self: isn't (sonorous) sense first of all, every time, a crisis of self?'*

Approach to the self: neither to a proper self, not to the self of an other, but to the form of structure, and movement of an infinite referral (renvoi), since it refers to something (itself) that is nothing outside of the referral. When one is listening, one is on the lookout for a subject, something (itself) that identifies itself by resonating from self to self, in itself and for itself, hence outside of itself, at once the same as and other than itself, one in the echo of the other, and this echo is like the very sound of its sense. But the sound of sense is how it refers to itself or how it sends back to itself or addresses itself, and thus how it makes sense.'

THE OPPOSITION

INTRODUCTION

“I am imagining sitting in front of the camera.

I imagine what I would wear.

I am preparing some words as an introduction, because I know I can risk losing my words. Last week I did a presentation of my work on live video for the international artists group at Konstepidemin, and I got so nervous and lost my words. So I decided to script myself here, to avoid that.

So, I am telling all of you a short introduction and after that I will be in conversation with you Johan Oberg.

I never really felt comfortable, speaking, publicly. When I was young I even fainted, dropped down to the ground, carried out the classroom by the teacher. Maybe that is why I read, I script myself into talking, I play myself talking in my performances. And in the movement parts of the performances I maybe avoid facing the audience for the same reason.

But

I think

That is changing.

I almost decided to face the audience, in the End performance. Do you remember I turned around at the end? You see, the hesitation...

So

Yeah

I applied to this MA because I wanted a way in, in Sweden, in Gothenburg, in my new life.

The MA has explicitly served that goal well, to be an entrance, the beginning of, a foundation...

I used it well, I used it all, all the space available in the promise of the program. I was listening carefully to how the terms and conditions of the MA were being formulated.

‘You don’t need to know where you are going, you are in the process, you explore the process, your possibilities. We encourage you to wonder deep. You don’t have to produce anything, you are researching your project. Please do what you desire, on the condition that it serves your project. The measuring tools are yours to make, the learning tools as well. We offer circumstances to dip your project in. See how it comes out, judge not, or judge as you please.

The exam performance or presentation is not, or doesn’t have to be an end production, it is a showing where you are at that moment in your project. It is ongoing research. You can’t go wrong.

This opposition is no interrogation, it is a conversation.’

Soon I will meet my interesting conversation partner and we will focus on my work specifically. I am the expert on my work. Nothing can go wrong. I am the master of it.

I wonder: can I make myself go wrong? What haven't I done?

When applying for this MA I wrote: My motivation is to reveal the learning process: How do I learn, how do I think, why do I feel the urge to learn. How did I get here and how do I go further? My method I wrote is actively making use of my own body as a tool and a source to disclose my thought streams. The expanding of awareness through movement.

Then my idea for the personal project was to create a modus of moving based on observing the body move as it moves, as it naturally exists or appears to exist and how it reacts to its environment. This does not exclude any other forms of movement besides the literal act of the word in relation to a body. I interpret it widely. I wrote.

During these two years of the MA I dove into the natural existence of myself and I named it later that I was looking for the core or the heart. I developed an ability to watch my own behavior. In everything I asked: how would I behave in this space and this time? Just as an observation, no right, no wrong, ongoing.

Also now. How would I perform this monologue, I thought when I thought this and write it down now, but now then.

I have been observing myself, and it is endless. I observe how I relate to my environment, I learn, but draw no conclusion. Not that kind of conclusion, because nothing has to be judged as approved or not approved.

I observe right now too.

I think of an infinite amount of questions to myself.

If I am the master of my work, my project, the performances, the text, then when you will go in conversation with me you let me show me my land, me you my land. I can make the rules up as we go. It is unusual for me to rule. But that is changing. This is my terrain and I am leading. I am training my leadership.

Now

I will ask you to give me resistance, a counter-force, critique, a wrong or right attitude so that I can test my ground and my rulership over that ground. I want to feel how deep I am rooted now

Can I face you and not hide, not escape

Can I talk without getting lost and losing myself - or if I do get lost can I master that and use that mastery to lead myself through the circumstances?"

EPILOGUE

This is the epilogue of my ‘Textual Performance’ written in the last hour of the extended deadline. I send this to you because now the epilogue became an alive part of the work, and I felt I could take the opportunity to use the situation in the space of performing and performativity, as well as a practice of philosophy.

Yesterday evening, when the work had come to its end to be uploaded on my file on the Drive, - since the nature of my research is thriving right in the present, I was writing until the end of the assigned period to use for writing, meaning that I deliver the final words very close to the deadline. At the moment I wanted to upload my pdf, I realized I should have been checking it out earlier, but I was trusting along the path and in the present, so I didn’t and as I tried to get access I noticed that I couldn’t log in. I tried it several times, mailed Karin Storm, but since it was ten o’clock in the evening I knew she wouldn’t reply and give me technical support before 9:00 on Wednesday. Just about when I felt great despair to fail to send in the thing in time coming up and therefore fail to live up to the condition of the exam, I discovered this was exactly the situation where I was supposed to end up in. I realized that here, right here, my own work was teaching me to ‘face trials’ and to NOT give in to the intimidation of that anxiety and send that fear right of my terrain, fiercely. Ha! Instead I was getting triumphant to see how at the very end I am being tested to what I was writing for!

And yes in the logical eye it is stupid of me to not have checked my account before, but now I came into this critical moment to where I could either fall into a painful path of panic or somehow, that I could accept and still stay in the present moment. And then I was shown it revealed the most important treasure of the path in this Master course. ‘It’s like taming the circumstances of the request of the text into an act of self-creation’

TEXTUAL
PERFORMANCE

of the MA
Contemporary Performative Arts
The School for Music and Drama
Gothenburg University
by Patricia Vane

2020

written from

*Guest studio 2 at Konstepidemin
bedroom at Syster Estridsgata 4
loge at Skogen
classroom C204 HSM*

PROLOGUE OF PREFACE

Dear reader, you may begin to read as I prepare you. This text is part of the textual part of the MA Contemporary Performative Arts. It explores how I am writing this text in the frame of my research that explores movement; movement as in the movement itself in connection to what-moves-us.

I am using observation as a method. The observation is executed non-linear and non-static and it is tracing my motivations. It is felt. My body is thus the context in which I experience space, and even more fundamentally, the world. My individual body also derives meaning from the concept of its own lived space, even while it has no control over the objective space it also inhabits simultaneously.

The set up is: 'Preface', 'Main text (house)': 'The door', 'Rooms', 'Future'.

Preface is a deepening in the Main text, sort of like a reflection. It will guide you into the Main text. The Main text is written as a performance, I was pretending to write it for the opposition to make it easier as I can express myself more accurately in dialogue, but if I had made a real performance for the opposition, I would have done it differently. So the Main text is the performance of the attempt of writing a performance for the opposition, turned into a performance of the master text.

PREFACE

Now I have been writing the text, I can observe its performance. Also, due to the prolongation of the deadline, I am writing until the end of the last day, not because of fixing the text into something better or because of taking out ‘faults’, or having a lack of time to deliver in the right time. But for the sheer fact that my pieces are situated in the present, and therefore are worked with until the very last moment of that present.

I might not have been writing this if it wasn’t for the prolongation, and now I can see that staying in the present is a highly important factor in my practice. With the two days extra, the text landed into the future; it has a space after the actual ending where I expected it to deliver it.

I have been writing the text in three parts; they developed at the start. The three parts are coming from the quest of ‘how to construct the text while being in the writing of it’.

In the first paragraph I was looking for a way in, as I also reason in the first sentence of the second paragraph. My method of practicing makes me go looking for a start from the present and from that point make a map based on what is happening, like an observation of how I am doing that; looking for a start.

The book of the Norwegian performer and choreographer, Mette Edvarson, was lying on my desk, amongst other books and printed out texts. I turned open a page and found the beginning of her piece *oslo*. I decided to copy the first sentence of this performance; *Good evening. About two years ago, I was showing a series of performances from my first piece and up until now... then... and it was taking place in a space a bit similar to this here*. Because I wanted to make the writing of my text into a performance of writing, I imagined speaking to an audience, and *oslo* in her book is the script of the performance she performed, and she is obviously addressing an audience. But in my case, when I was imagining performing the text in the opposition, it would have been daytime, so I changed *good evening* into *good afternoon*. Also I had not been showing a series of performances two years ago and I changed it into *About five years ago I was showing the first performance from my series*, since five years ago I showed my first performance from the series. Then her *... and it was taking place in a space a bit similar to this here* I adjusted to *and it was taking place in a space close to here*. I was writing from one of the guest studios at artist’s community Konstepidemin in Gothenburg and the space I performed that first performance in, was at Konstepidemin as well, the gallery space *Bergrummet*.

I kept on tracing Mette’s sentences and adjusting them to my reality. I describe the space in the Bergrum, where I was performing the *Original Position* during the 13Festivalen, the bi-annual performance festival, on the first weekends in January. Weaving my story with the first part of *oslo* I lead myself through the coincidences of synchronicity in the sentences from the places: Mette’s *olso* piece, my desk and the book on my desk in Guest studio 2 at Konstepidemin, my imagination of performing my text in the opposition and the places in memory where I was brought to by following Mette’s performance and changing into my reality.

I make jumps in time and, due to Mette’s text, vaguely try to position myself: *At that time I was staying at another place than this one, this one I stayed in when I arrived for the third time, or the second time here at this place, but that first time might be as good as the third but second time in this one. Now I’m back again I realize what has been taking place in between. It feels sort of like a new version of the space*. In reality it meant that I am mapping out the two studios I have stayed in at Konstepidemin, during my three residences in between 2014 and now, and that now I,

due to Covid19, I could spend a month in Guest studio 2, because international artists cancelled their stay. I have been in this studio two times before, so being back in this particular timing, right at the end of the master course, feels relevant in the loop of experience. It feels like returning to an old, familiar place, but with two years of time in between and the potential of a *new version*.

I talk a bit more about that potential and the potential to reflect *One where we are both inside of it, performing some excerpts from it, but also 'stepping outside', sharing some thoughts and questions, telling some anecdotes about things that happened when performing the piece previously. It is a bit like looking at your self from the outside, while still being on the inside.* Its logic is incoherent, because I am staying close to follow Mette, and I liked her tone and the confusion in it. Where there is a search for the location and also a feeling of continually being confused, while actually I am just writing in the Guest Studio 2.

But I am looking for a way in *my* text, so obviously it is a search.

In the fragment with the black out where Mette writes: *And then I have a total black out. Nothing. Totally blank. I have no idea what I supposed to say* I write: *And then I have total black out. Or, I pretend I was having that one in this space in the same month, but three years ago.* I remembered suddenly that I had a black out in this very space, the Guest Studio 2, during my second residency April 2017. And because her reaction to her black out was: *And I had this running thought going in parallel, like wow, this is really interesting...* I notice the significance of the moment and that I remember it now, as a checkpoint in time. Also the event in itself, me fainting while I was explaining and introducing my movement lab (which was the birth of Physical Ontology later on in Skogen) The falling down to ground and becoming blank is what I had been practising in the dance studio in The Hague with multi-disciplinary collective Ludic in our movement exploration *Inversion*. And that the fainting was a physical reaction of trauma when remembering the time of my father's accident connecting that that event happened in my first residency at Konstpedemin.

That aside, in the first paragraph I let myself guide by Mette's *also*, not because of the resemblance of that particular text with my topic, but because it was sitting there on my desk and I turned it open on that page and I decided, or I *felt*, that this was the way to go. Gradually I am weaving it into other stories, all *felt* and not with rationality or the assumed logical intellectual order. That is how I continue, treading my way through the text that is unfolding right in front of me.

As I mentioned I have been writing the text in three parts. The first part is the *Doors* part, because I remembered Mette's piece when I saw it in the city theatre the days in which the piece was shown and then to Anders Paulin and the excerpt from his talk about gravity. The text I have been writing here behaves like *totally liberated from any form of inertia or fixating energy of a common centre, any move might send me tumbling away in the isolation of sovereign solitude.* It is looking for its location and direction. Yet it is not totally liberated from counter-forces. The task from the university to write a thesis/ a textual part of your practice is the driving force. The counterforce is the dead line. But within that I allow it to be free and looking all the time, to be surprised of itself and be lost and weightless, tumbling through space, understanding its foundations.

It's constructed, or afterwards, now, I say it's getting an order in the chapter *Door*, where I am opening up possibilities on how to write and discuss the conditions. There is a poetic text, *Doors* that I wrote at the very beginning of the master course, I guess I can see this also as the door to my development of writing. It is literally describing doors and opening of doors based on the presence of memories.

The *Three pages* are, what I also announce here, the very first attempt to get into the text. It suggests frameworks, where in the *conditions* I elaborate more on that.

The important note on this is that, even the conditions are trying to find themselves. They are thin, scattered, jumpy, not spoken with a firm voice of convincement. They are discovering who they are and what they could mean. They are rather notes *to become* full written conditions. But within this text they are meant to be as they are; to contain the energy to grow, but they are not grown yet. I recognize this phenomenon in the essence of ('essence' to be read as

‘purpose’) my project plans and in *End Performance, for something to start*. They, like the title of the latter suggests, are for something to start. They are set out to be initiations, like how in September 2019 I describe the Master research as a *kind of like tracing my motivations down to its beginning, and the beginning to itself, I am tracking the movement, the motor of the movement, the energy of that motor, the initiation of that energy, the space around the initiation and things beyond...*

When I write the end of *the conditions* ‘Maybe it’s irrational, illogical... at first’ that there is an indication that eventually things would come to a start and would begin and that they are in their state of movement towards an end. But the text doesn’t end up in a logical conclusion within the norm of text writing with a conclusion as a closure. *I don't have a conclusion, it's an observation. Or the conclusion is to stay in the observation, even when making conclusions or explanations. No speculations. Just imaginations and dreaming.*

After the last reference it starts on a new page saying a prayer with the connotation to read it as in the beginning of a movie or series.

This preface comes closest to what you can call a conclusion, but still, it is the observation of the making of concluding. Or merely *claudere*, enclosing; to surround as with walls or fences.

In the same voice, and in the same place I was sitting at the beginning of *the door* chapter, I resume as a narrator after *the conditions* for the next chapter. When I was writing the introduction of the narrator in the preface I added narrator, performer and prompter in the text piece.

The next chapter is Rooms. Evidently after opening up Doors I came into the room. Here I am letting myself trace back my motivations from the actual place I am in and the observation of the event happening right then.

The first room is the classroom after a conversation with Cecilia Lagerström, who is guiding the Master students in their text writing. I tried out her suggestion for me to ‘write from the places you are in’. She noticed a pattern in my method and pointed it out. What I do is that I am locating myself and have an inner discussion with myself connecting to external factors. I surf along on the stream of consciousness. In all of the chapters in *Rooms* I apply the same rule and it results in that against the backdrop of my current position I travel with the driving force of generating text material and my research, I arrive at the initiations, the roots of why I am conducting the research.

The five rooms, aka subchapters, are giving tales. But they are not entirely in chronological order, neither they are giving a context or declaration of characters, locations and definitions. The footnotes are leading to references. I did not intend to put meaning to my research by explaining. The telling of stories is *to develop the art and craft of intimate expression* as footnote 13 is saying. It is exciting to think of my text here as ‘a conversation tends to grow at its own tempo and in its own directions.’ Also ‘that when a conversation is under way, the links between topics are not always logical or predictable’. In *Rooms* (but also the entire textual performance) I can see I am in conversation, with myself, but also with others, may it be a transcription of actual conversations, or a pretend conversation in my mind.

I imagine that, after the readers as preparation to the opposition have been reading the text, a conversation will sprout. And in that light this text will function as a conversation starter, set out with my desire to converse with the readers.

In that case the writing isn’t limited by this text. Like in chapter one, the third paragraph *If you would judge it through the lens of measuring how many hours I would be sitting and writing I would fail the test, but the writing becomes performative if the writing is stretched out into writing*. It is a different way of logic to expand the writing in this task to *writing*, in cursive, when it becomes the interaction with the task as the entire performance. And since this particular circumstance (Master Contemporary Performative Arts) is lending me to actively research the field of performative arts, I allow myself to broaden the terrain of writing into all that is moved by the task of writing. Maybe conversing would be a more accurate replacement of the word writing.

It is joyful to play with restrictions. In the *conditions* I remark on joy, the word comes back a few times in the tales in *Rooms*. In *references* chapter you’ll find the Dilemma text where I ponder upon what the means are of a dilemma. It begins with the biblical expression that there is a treasure in considering it pure joy to face trials. Most of my navigations are led by making space for joy to tackle a problem. I would say that, when I look back, the approach to fulfil a task within this master course my main concern was in keeping intimidations out and trusting in the present shape of the matter. Intimidations are in this case: time pressure, institute’s expectations versus my will, desire and

believe, my own expectations from earlier experiences in institutions, fear of being underrated, performance anxiety, productivity pressure, group pressure, personal disruptions etc. As Elizabeth Sercombe says in chapter one that: I aim to tame the circumstances of the request of the text into an act of self-creation.

Maybe... maybe the performance spaces for me are to be preparations, like scale models, for real life, in which I simply practice my bravery, trusting in timing and acceptance of where I am but with the curiosity to stretch borders to challenge the connections.

But if the content of the tales in *Rooms* doesn't matter that much, do I say then that it is written to unlock something on a felt level in the vessel of my own body and that the 'result' of that is invisible for the reader? Am I allowing myself to take up space for self-discovery under the public eye? I have been given permission to use the opportunity of the task to converse with the elements of my research and this writing task to make up my position and that feels transformative.

The first sentence in *bedroom* I say: *As a practical part of writing this text, I consolidated it to be important to spend time in my room and build up from there.* Later on I come back to it several times and even report on the status. The practical part, in this case, taking care of my own space, is simultaneously apprehensive for driving along with the force of the task (finishing something in an agreed timespan) to get something done that otherwise gets neglected. The act of taking care of my ground gets more supported when writing my voice out. And as the title suggests, it literally speaks of my rooms in my life.

The final chapter I called Futures. It consists of two parts, a tale about applying for a studio at Konstepidemin (a permanent studio) and a letter to one of the teachers at the program. Both are throwing lines into the future and it stops quite abruptly and the last sentences are also part of the singing;

Meets the end in another end,

let's go running more and more.

Let's go on and on. Next time

But after the symbolism of infinity it starts in *the references* where the narrator (or I) enlightens some of the earlier points in pieces of text, footnoted. The funny thing is that the first one to be in the line is a little summary of the Never Ending Story plot where the accidental sentences in the end of *Futures* got woven together with *references*.

The *references* seem to be another chapter, they maybe more belong to another layer, or dimension. I will also add a prologue of the preface, as I would like to tell the reader how to prepare. Right after the dimension of *references* it starts on a new page saying a prayer with the connotation to read it as in the beginning of a movie or series.

But I have not been writing that page so this is how it should look like:

An empty page with on top:

(As in the beginning of a movie or tv-series)

Use your faith, life will be released deep inside you, and the resting place of this love will become the very source and root of your life.

So I kneel humbly in awe

And pray that it would unveil within you the unlimited riches of glory and favour until supernatural strength floods your innermost being with the divine might and explosive power

MAIN TEXT

(HOUSE)

THE DOOR

Good afternoon. About five years ago I was showing the first performance from my series and up until now... and it was taking place in a space close to here.

I showed it in a space that was dark and moist... it happened to be January so it was cold and I even think it was snowing, or it had snowed, on one of the days previous. It has been a long time since it snowed like that now. Or that it had been that freezing, that typically freezing cold as it used to do when I started here. At that time I was staying at another place than this one, this one I stayed in when I arrived for the third time, or the second time here at this place, but that first time might be as good as the third but second time in this one. Now I'm back again I realize what has been taking place in between. It feels sort of like a new version of the space. One where we are both inside of it, performing some excerpts from it, but also 'stepping outside', sharing some thoughts and questions, telling some anecdotes about things that happened when performing the piece previously. It is a bit like looking at your self from the outside, while still being on the inside. For this time I rearranged the furniture into what would be more looking like my self. This was new to me, but I would have been performing it carefully. In fact, I did. At some moment it begins... it has begun, and even when there is no real ending, at some point it is over and we speak a bit normally together. I never really grasp when something ends and begins when it comes to my pieces.

But, for this newer version of the latest piece, I was telling about something that had happened when performing the first piece, about five years ago, in another space... I am sitting in the space, sitting would be common, and I begin by addressing the audience. The audience is quite surprised because up until now they have not been so sure what the piece will be about. I have a microphone in my hand, and I say "good afternoon and welcome" and then I say something about the space, that "it will have been black and empty, and because it was in January dark and freezing cold, what was typical, but doesn't happen so often anymore, even so the snow. It's near here and at this moment I know you all know about it."

And then I have a total black out. Or, I pretend I was having that one in this space in the same month, but three years ago. I was about to give my talk, despite I didn't had a microphone and the setting was different and the piece was merely a practical excerpt from the real one, I nevertheless presented some of it as an introduction but I had no idea what I am supposed to say now being back here again three years after the first time. Nothing. Totally blank. I felt self sunk, a vast space opening up in front of me, like an abyss... it seems endless... next I know one of my contact lenses popped out and I was lying on the floor. Of course, they helped me up and I resumed dazedly and we had a nice time afterwards and I guess they were all content, but it shocked me afterwards that I made a re-entrance that strong. But it suited the time, so now I don't worry too much about it, yet it is peculiar how much it is falling into place.

I have experienced this before, but now I had this running thought going in parallel, like wow, this is really interesting... Because somewhere I felt it was going to be important those weeks in that space, how it has begun like this. I am aware, at the moment that it might have been interesting for that particular work, but perhaps not so interesting for the piece I am in at the moment...

Then, I am doubtful what to say next. I am doubting between reciting the little text I used that I got sent via mail from my brother since it was an exercise he practiced a lot in that time and he thought I might enjoy it too, or telling about the text I found recently lyrics of a song as an introduction to all of this. I shared that one with my friend and he said after I said,

"It's funny, Monday I will be moving, most likely, in my old studio"

"Oh you are, -now is the chance for you to start all over"

and me responding "oh wow haven't thought of it like that."

"Circles you know. You are biting your own tale."

“Like writing a new story...” And that made me think of *The Never Ending Story*¹, that I coincidentally happened to borrow from the library just now to read my favourite books in Swedish.

He was saying, “I am consulting his name”,

me giving him the name and him saying that he was thinking of another German, because Ende he knows and me getting all excited. “Actually, this is quite interesting you say this...”

Then suddenly he memorized the name of the other German.

“Einstein!! That the guy! Yes, Einstein about the circular moment².”

“I am writing for my text and at the same time listening to some music and this song made me note down the lyrics as a beginning of the writing”

I told him the song, and I would want to tell them to you too, since I am on a roll telling you all this, when I come to this point in the story it would be appropriate to the situation here to calm things down and take a moment before I start reciting the lines.

I woke up in a bed not mine
Didn't feel the indents, the swells and dives
See my limbs were hanging off the ends
Grabbing the sun when it blew in

And all this time I waited to begin
I waited for the cue, someone to push me in
But the moon rises and empties again
Chases no one, get ready, set
Chases no, get ready, set
Camille sees the spaces between
As she's melting layers off this scene
She says, "you'll always feel sick from home"
"So you might as well just get along and take the simple trip"

'Cause all this time you've waited to begin
You've waited for the cue
Someone to push you in
But the moon sails and empties again
Chasing no one, get ready, set
Chasing no one, get ready, set

Well, I woke up in a life not mine

¹ When Atréyu reaches the boundaries of Fantasia, he finds a temple in ruins with elaborate paintings. He's shocked to see the paintings are of him and everything he survived. *The NeverEnding Story* suggests that Atréyu's journey has happened many times before, and will probably happen again. This cycle of life and destruction and life emerging again is a neverending story. But more than that, the neverending story is also the fight against apathy and hopelessness, and replacing them with hope and faith. Like the symbol of Aurn with two snakes entwined eating their own tails, not only does the story within *The NeverEnding Story* play on a sort of loop, but the important themes from the story continue to be relevant in the human world. The fact that after so many decades people still watch, engage with, and adore *The NeverEnding Story* is simply a testament to the everlasting power of this triumphant tale.

² Beginning in 1949, Kurt Gödel, in a series of papers based on Einstein's field equations of gravity, rejected the Newtonian conception of time. He also jettisoned the prevailing beliefs that the "present" consists of infinite layers of 'now' coming into existence in continual successive and immediate sequences. According to Gödel (1949a,b, 1995) if space-time is curved, then the experience of time could be considered a consequence of that curvature.

Gödel, basing his conclusions on Einstein's field theories, also argued, since space-time is curved, then the future and past may also be curved and circle round thereby completing the circle which then continues in an endless loop. That is, if the entire universe is curved, as predicted by Einstein's theories, then just as traveling in a straight line on Earth will bring the traveler full circle to his starting point, the same could be applied to a curved universe as well as to the trajectory of light and time. Time, like time-space, would have curvature; and just as a journey in a "straight" line will bring a voyager full circle around the globe, the same could be said of a journey across space-time. Time may be a circle; a cosmic clock which ticks at different speeds depending on gravity and the geometry of space-time relative to an observer. However, what this also implies is that a journey across time will bring the voyager full circle, such that the present leads to the future, and the future leads to the past.

With a list to do and a means to an end
I've got a jar full of the tokens to do
Slide on into the slot marked 'x'

And all this time I waited to begin
I waited for the cue
Someone to push me in
But the moon's still coming up overhead
Catches no one on this simple trip
Catches no one, get ready, set³

All this being said it is suspiciously going to look like what appears to be a perpetual exit. And I haven't even been telling about my brother's exercise that got caught into the first performance. Sure, I don't know. I mean, that's the strange thing, that first performance. I had printed it on a piece of paper, but I can't see the paper in front of me, and I guess the document must be also saved on the laptop, but to put my effort in looking for it while I know I have begun already is taking too much time. It wasn't worth copying it anyways. I would say it described a physical action that has resemblance with the picture of a seed on the ground, or pretend to be in the ground, and that that seed slowly starts to grow up, with some recommendations on how to execute it accordingly. I made an interpretation of it and, as I say often when I talk about it, "I rolled up from a ball to standing up straight in about ten minutes"

A few years later I made a new version of it and he is working on the land, growing vegetables, after having lived for those years until a month ago, in a self sustaining community in the north of France, where he had learnt gardening. My sister gave birth to Nolan two years ago just after when I moved here and now they are on the brink of buying a house. With a garden.

I, by circumstances, moved back into the old studio again for the month and it does feel like home. As a matter of fact, it is April and next week it will be Easter⁴.

The reason why I am telling all this is because I needed a way into this piece. I browsed a bit in Mette Edvardsen's *Not Not Nothing*⁵ and I liked her beginning of *oslo*, and I have seen this piece in Stadsteatern, and it made a big impression on me. I just started to recite her lines and from one thing come the next and here we are.

Before I say anything more about that, let's make clear what is happening. I said yesterday, during a walk in the park with Vera, Emanuel and Elizabeth, I would write a performance of the opposition of the writing and that that could be my writing, and that in the performance I lay out a conversation about my writing, but that in fact I haven't got any real finished writing ready. Elizabeth said: "It's like taming the circumstances of the request of the text into an act of self-creation."⁶ I picked up the whip, gum and torch⁷ and played around with that idea in my head but it was not

³ Wilsen, 'Moon', from Ruiner

⁴ The egg is an ancient symbol of new life and rebirth. In Christianity it became associated with Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection.

⁵ Mette Edvardsen, 'Not Not Nothing'

This publication brings together the texts from the pieces *Black* (2011), *No Title* (2014), *We to be* (2015) and *also* (2017) created and performed by Mette Edvardsen. These pieces have been developed using the language as material, looking into the relationship between writing and speaking, between language and voice. Mette Edvardsen is working on the verge of the visible, considering choreography as writing.

⁶ Elizabeth Anne Sercombe, 'Strange Adventures'

Strange Adventures examines portrayals of womanhood in the works of prize-winning French author Pierette Fleutiaux. Fleutiaux's refreshing pictures of womanhood offer insights into how women can become more whole, substantial and free in themselves and in their relationships, as well as how they can contribute to the external world through their creativity and leadership. The study demonstrates how Fleutiaux's heroines navigate the external, bodily and inner situations of adolescence, early adult life, marriage, motherhood, maturity, leadership and death, in the process developing greater inner resources of wisdom, compassion and resilience.

⁷ From Pierrette Fleutiaux, 'Petit Pantalon Rouge, Barbe-Bleue et Notules'

translation by Elizabeth Anne Sercombe

"Little Red Riding Trousers, here is the gum that you know, and the whip that you know, and the torch you must never let go. But don't forget, the door will be locked and you cannot return before daylight!" *Little Red Riding Trousers* is a fearless, unconventional heroine whose initiation, under the guidance of her mother and her grandmother, prepares her to tame the wolf and to save herself, the seven other wives and even Bluebeard.

As they become skilled in this process, Fleutiaux's women protagonists learn to transform moments of crisis and chaos into order, and even more than this, to deliberately embark on adventures that will stretch them and enable further transformation, both for themselves and, eventually, for others.

until I arrived back in my old studio again it got its substance and size and only now three days before the end I can play out the performance. Often I have to wait patiently, and not lose my nerves and anxiety of 'time not well spent'. 'Well spent' as in productivity. But, you know, this I discovered, that the production doesn't lay in the time spent. If you would judge it through the lens of measuring how many hours I would be sitting and writing I would fail the test, but the writing becomes performative if the writing is stretched out into *writing*. If I am *writing* the story of the writing I can gladly report that my time on it is well spent, generously spent.

The expected real writing flocks through the air around me, in my mind I have written it and in this piece I perform it. It is sort of half rehearsed as it is half performed, and at any moment it would be possible to say something to each other if we would want to.

As I said a little earlier I needed a way into the piece, like a cue, a casual, almost in disguise, one that positions us. The thing nearest to me on the desk was this book of Mette. Funnily, there are three things leading from that to other things. One is that I have seen her performing it during The Fantastic Institutions conference, a conference facilitated by Skogen, coming forth from the studygroup with the same name. One of the speakers was Anders Paulin and for this occasion he showed the film Gravity. At that time I was exploring gravity still, so I remember I was trying to listen carefully. From the print out sheet of his talk I copied the following excerpt into my writing: *Life in space is impossible. But it's neither the extreme temperature nor the lack of oxygen that makes existence in space impossible. Rather, like the title of the film suggests, all threats appear as a result of lack of gravity.*

There is no up, no down, once you are set in motion the accelerated movement continues eternally, and just the idea of getting an overview of even your most immediate territory is ridiculous. Without a force that pulls bodies down to some foundation or point zero, the possible consequences of even the smallest event- dropping a bolt, or the minimal thrust that sends you moving into infinity- is beyond comprehension. Not because of the force in the act itself, but because there is no counter-force. Totally liberated from any form of inertia or fixating energy of a common centre, any move might send me tumbling away in the isolation of sovereign solitude.

The longing to escape the bound to earth becomes, when fully realized, an existence of infinite terror. In a world defined by its lack of contra-powers, every initiative can evolve into a potentially devastating threat to your very existence.

I will have to come back on this later, but the second thread from oslo is that I was in conversation with the second part of that piece in a text I wrote in the writing course during the first year of the MA. I will tell you also about this one:

The door is a hinged, sliding, or revolving barrier at the entrance to a building, room, or vehicle, or in the framework of a cupboard.

*The door is a doorway,
portal,
opening,
hatch,
entrance,
entry,
exit,
egress*

A flat object that is used to close the entrance of something such as a room or building, or the entrance itself

A door is

Rectangle (could be another shape, any other shape)

Strong lines (not necessary, a door can be fluid, like a curtain, or invisible, maybe like the start of passage, a gate?)

Or does that not fall in the category of a door anymore?)

Corners four times two

Size, what distance from one corner to the other?

*Something to open up and to hold it steady in its frame
The frame has the same size but slightly bigger and is reversed, like a negative.*

[Windows, are those doors but without entrance to walk through into a space? They open up for light and air.]

*The door is
Open/close
Close/open*

*The door moves in curved lines. At the distal end the curve has the largest angle, it decreases towards the opposite from that line, the joint. The biggest angle could be between 90 to 160 degrees. I can draw it.
This is only in the case of doors with a hinge(s). Revolving doors are moving in full circle, with the fulcrum in the center.*

Doors move to open and to close a space. Yet a door on itself just moves like windshield wipers. Or around its axis.

(Based on Mette Edvardsens 'oslo' piece. Because you made association with that when I told you about this text I am curious to try it out here)

A door is in front of a woman.

A door is in front of a man.

A door is in front of a woman and she sees a door.

A door is in front of a woman and she waits.

A door is in front of a man and he does not see the door.

A woman knocks on the door and waits.

A door is behind a woman.

A man is behind a door.

A man is standing in front of a door.

A door is pushed open.

A door is being opened.

A man is opening a door.

A woman is standing in front of a door.

A woman is walking through a door.

A woman is walking into a room.

A woman is entering the house.

A woman is coming into a home.

The man is home.

The woman comes into the home.

(a long pause)

We were standing in front of my door and you asked, when I just stood there, 'may I come in?' as if I didn't want to let you in or if I wanted to be alone. I smiled and said 'you have the key'. Then we entered together.

Some people never close the doors once they have opened them. I think I like to close doors when I'm in the room. And when I go out. Often I keep going back and forth with locking and unlocking at the moment of leaving because I tend to forget or remember things to take with me when I go outside. Running up stairs walking through the rooms with shoes on.

I'm thinking about rituals of arrival. What do you do when you arrive after opening a door? Take off your shoes, coat, and other garments. In the winter it takes a longer time to arrive. You leave the shoes near the door or on the doormat. You may find a post on the doormat. You check if someone else is home before you. Or someone comes to greet you. Welcome you home. You check your phone and put it somewhere on a table, kitchen table or bed. Or sofa. Or in the charger. You think about what to do first, what needs to be done. Or just sit down, lay down. With the phone. Go for boiling water for tea. A tea makes me feel like coming home. It's slow and you have to wait until the

water has boiled. And wait until it has cooled down enough to be able to drink. And you sip, slowly. Maybe some food, if you are hungry, usually I am.

I forgot to smell the room.

You check your calendar on the phone, maybe answer a text message, or make one.

Now you have arrived.

I once, in a piece⁸, tried to open a door that I accidentally closed. In the piece we were working with the method of inverting knowledge, depriving knowledge, cognitive, memory, muscle memory. Although I was in the state of remembering that a door exists, I couldn't figure out how to handle this object. Did I know the concept? Vaguely I knew my direction, forward, and something was blocking or resisting that intention. I kept going forward, yet I didn't come any further. Then the door got opened and because of the collected forward energy I fell through. I fell on the ground. And that was that for a long while. I had nowhere to go after that release.

Now you have entered my life. I opened up the door.

I can hear you coming home

⁸ Piece is part of the method Inverting, the collective work of the artistic researchers of 'Ludic', which I am a member of. The purpose of our work addresses the ideal of a society, by depriving literally of all and everything, in the attempt to invert and un-do of all memory, to be able to start 'clean'. The project started with an utopian apocalyptic narrative: the Earth is, without any clear indication, suddenly inverting, turning inside out, in a split second, leaving her inhabitants in a drastically changed environment. Gravity shifts, atmosphere differs, causing a psychological trauma to those who are surviving. It looks like a reboot, a deprivation of everything that was before. We started imagining how it would be and began to find methods to unlearn the learnt. We are collaborating also with therapists, scientists and psychologists. We are summarizing the content into schemata or levels of accumulation.

THREE PAGES

In my writing the very first thing to start with were *the three pages*. I put them sometimes at the beginning, before *the conditions*, sometimes right after and sometimes I forget about them. These pages are officially the first actually written ones for the MA writing. Again, I will read them for you. I pretend I started right in the middle of something, as if it was a conversation all along...

How to start composing it? Define 'reading'. Then according to that: define the reader's role. After that: defining my role as writer.

Reading is a multifaceted process involving word recognition, comprehension, fluency, and motivation. Reading is defined as a cognitive process that involves decoding symbols to arrive at meaning. Reading is an active process of constructing meanings of words. Reading with a purpose helps the reader to direct information towards a goal and focuses their attention. Although the reasons for reading may vary, the primary purpose of reading is to understand the text. Reading is a thinking process. It allows the reader to use what he or she may already know, also called prior knowledge. During this processing of information, the reader uses strategies to understand what they are reading, uses themes to organize ideas, and uses textual clues to find the meanings of new words. Each of the three components of reading is equally important.⁹

What is the purpose of reading and makes that the purpose of writing something? If you ask me to write a text for this Master research I start differentiating the idea of writing to reading. That relationship between the purpose of writing and the purpose of reading connected to my purpose of writing. The action, or in this case maybe more interaction between the two made me decide to think actively about how I write for you to read it.

So I thought:

"Maybe it should be a digital copy like google docs that has access everywhere, and it can be updated anytime. To use the benefits of movement of the digital era. Like in how I wrote when sending out the invitation to join the Corporeal Conference¹⁰:

"conditions of text:

I am writing the text and simultaneously reflecting. I am sending out this text even when still in process, to allow any factor to change the text, without having to be afraid to fail or disable the possibility to change.

It needs thrust and counterthrust to oscillate. It changes when I read it, when others are reading it. There will be several versions of it. I am using written language performative (as a moving action)."

Or in the formulation of my creating process during the HDK independent project¹¹:

"The creation is self evolving, floating and self reflecting. I am working on several at the same time, or sometimes there is a long pause or one step takes over a year to go to the other step. There is an active negotiation going on continuously between my imagination, my will (what does that mean to me?) and the environment, also what I want to make (will) and the actual capacity for me to fulfil that wish of will.

I allow myself to change already made or finished pieces because I changed my mind. So I revisit them and recycle."

And in the first project plan¹²:

⁹ taken from study.com

¹⁰ An exploration of body felt knowledge in the form of an experiential conference.

In four days discussing in several dimensions, layers and methods what body felt knowledge might be and how it can be communicated.

Simultaneously the meaning of the conference will be reflected upon through the body, to be able to experience the subject about physical phenomena actually bodily. It took place at Skogen 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of April 2019.

¹¹ in attachments

¹² in attachments

“(The project plan is to be treated as a text with an openness, it is unfixed and non-static; it is subdue to change until the last day of this MFA Contemporary Performative Art, June 2020 (after that the text may still continue to exist yet it will be without the title ‘project plan’))”

If the writing happens in a non-static form, a source that is open, changeable at any time, what would that mean to the reader? To the text, to the content? To the reliability? To credibility? Will I share it to anyone to have the possibility of authority to edit?

-Coming back to the demand of the university to save a printed copy: would it be possible to keep the same quality? What is the original? Maybe on the day of delivery of the text I will print out a copy as the original of, let’s say 6th of April 2020 12:55:05. Would it still be counting as eligible to pass the exams if there might be changes happening at 7th of April 2020 20:06 or 12th of July 2022?

I would like you to see how I am writing: what I erase, what I reduce, subtract, add. How I make mistakes in spelling maybe, formulation. How I use the English language, as my second language.

Not a production, but a process of verbalisation.

Maybe it will come closer to where you are, if I would be live-writing. You may see my every move, also the silences, and the stillness. Maybe we can use this virtual space to witness another kind of aliveness. I mean, if you would be reading it right now, whilst I’m typing, you read my mind (or a selection of it since i can’t write as fast to keep up with the several layers of voices in me) But maybe it’s the same as talking to you.

You will read a process of meaning making. You will look into my meaning making, it might not make sense to you at all. Or at first. I assume I can write as comprehensively as you can get the logic of placements of words into sentences that are fluent, because I learnt how to write.

But how can I communicate in a language you’d follow? Or am I already doing that? What are the conditions of a text to be speaking to you, the reader? Or is it I, the writer, to I, the reader or the other way around. Me reading my thoughts out loud, makes me understand myself better? And what have you got to do with this? Where does the desire to communicate come in?¹³

¹³ Excerpts from Thomas Moore, ‘Soulmates, Honouring the Mysteries of Love and Relationship’

Our task in this technological era is not to invent a new theory of communication or new method of therapy, but to develop the art and craft of intimate expression. Conversation restores blood to limbs and gives wings to the body precisely because it’s in the chief conduits of soul, and it is soul that quickens the body and lightens the weight of literal life. A conversation tends to grow at its own tempo and in its own directions. Notice that when a conversation is under way, the links between topics are not always logical or predictable.

We hear another’s words in the colors and tones of our own soul figures, and we write to our friends by expressing our thoughts to the other soul figures we know internally. They all involve thoughtful and artful self-expression. Finding words that truly express our feelings and experiences is an achievement of a high order. Bringing a dimension of style to our conversations and letters, diaries and gatherings, homes and workplaces, goes a long way toward making life more soulful.

THE CONDITIONS

The conditions are snippets; they don't want to come together in something concrete, they are half fleeting elsewhere. I like to keep them that way. They apparently need to levitate wild and free, I guess that's the condition they are thriving in. The condition of the conditions... have you ever heard that I ask myself... The conditions are standing at the door, the gate, the entrance of the writing, but in *the writing* they are roaming around everywhere.

They are... a particular mode of being of a person or a thing; existing state; situation with respect to circumstances. Are they an arrangement that must exist before something else can happen?

The way I have been writing this text is noting down quickly or hastily first, to let go of the fear and let things unfold as they are.

Later I will work a bit with the sentences here and there for you to comprehend it better. Or... it must be... honest...for all it's worth.

I am foraging ideas for a master text. Starting sentences, making lists, short notes on where I want to elaborate, bit-by-bit harvesting. But also making sure the ground stays fruitful after the harvest, and not all things can be reaped at same time. We have to return to the land more times in the season and look if it's ripe yet. There are seasons of sowing seeds of different crops.¹⁴

What if I stay in the conditions and make a condition for the text to be written but that it will be a start, like...a seed, a ground, a dough, a womb, the egg, the heart.

I am writing in the plainest language, the document most likely (for sure) isn't in the correct English grammar.

There are so many ways you could write the text; what is my role?

-Maybe a caretaker or a gardener of Patricia.

I write it as if I am performing. And I am performing as if I would write this text.

To whom I am talking to? In dialogue with myself and the ones I imagine are going to read it: you.

When I asked Johan what kind of text you'd like to read, how it is been written, he said "With love."

I'm looking for the heart of being

I'm looking into the heart of being

I'm looking for how to be in the heart

¹⁴ Twelve Permaculture design principles articulated by David Holmgren in his 'Permaculture: Principles and Pathways Beyond Sustainability'

1. *Observe and interact: By taking time to engage with nature we can design solutions that suit our particular situation.*

2. *Catch and store energy: By developing systems that collect resources at peak abundance, we can use them in times of need.*

3. *Obtain a yield: Ensure that you are getting truly useful rewards as part of the work that you are doing.*

4. *Apply self-regulation and accept feedback: We need to discourage inappropriate activity to ensure that systems can continue to function well.*

5. *Use and value renewable resources and services: Make the best use of nature's abundance to reduce our consumptive behavior and dependence on non-renewable resources.*

6. *Produce no waste: By valuing and making use of all the resources that are available to us, nothing goes to waste.*

7. *Design from patterns to details: By stepping back, we can observe patterns in nature and society. These can form the backbone of our designs, with the details filled in as we go.*

8. *Integrate rather than segregate: By putting the right things in the right place, relationships develop between those things and they work together to support each other.*

10. *Use small and slow solutions: Small and slow systems are easier to maintain than big ones, making better use of local resources and producing more sustainable outcomes.*

11. *Use and value diversity: Diversity reduces vulnerability to a variety of threats and takes advantage of the unique nature of the environment in which it resides.*

12. *Use edges and value the marginal: The interface between things is where the most interesting events take place. These are often the most valuable, diverse and productive elements in the system. Creatively use and respond to change: We can have a positive impact on inevitable change by carefully observing, and then intervening at the right time.*

I don't think I am looking for the heart anymore, I might be in it, but I'm not sure about this.

If I'm in it, then I want to look to go beyond.

In this text I am not looking for something.

In this text the text is looking for itself.

I don't have a conclusion, it's an observation. Or the conclusion is to stay in the observation, even when making conclusions or explanations. No speculations.

Just imaginations and dreaming. Observations in past, present and future...explanations can be made, as they are observations of those explanations. Explanations are reflections or bridges between one event to the other to make them relate to each other. That relation can be said to be communication.

I am fulfilling the task, but have an overarching task to fulfil the university's task under my conditions. My conditions are addressing the attitude of the writer (me) rather than determining the content of the knowledge within the topic of the text. Or: the topic is: how I manoeuvre through contemporary performative arts master with starting point how to tackle the task of writing. I lead myself through my circumstances, and not being subjected to circumstance's voices without having my own will...

How are the conditions shaping, how are the conditions shaping the situation...

How do you write terms (limits) and on what conditions you change them?

What is the main condition you listen/obey to? I decided this: to see the education as a play of observing my behaviour, and to listen to what my body needs and how I can take care of it. Because in previous education I didn't take care and it made me experience more suffering than it was fun. Joy, it must contain joy.

To what do you listen to when you make decisions, to what rules do you listen?¹⁵

Johan said there is no true self or core, but I guess he misunderstands me when I say I am looking for the core. Maybe I would change the word now anyways. But the journey of that quest was important, the conditions made to step into a situation. -I would say no one is easy to love.

If I would say I am not looking for the core anymore, what am I looking for then? Or what am I looking at? The dilemma with the core assumes (or we tend to assume) that it is only one. In my eyes I never saw one. The one was transforming all the time under different circumstances. So it might be many, or all.

The point is that there is a focus, when I say I am looking for the core of things. It makes me dig into, unravel, unfold it. And this can be in countless ways. I have no method for that. I can describe what happened previously. That may be the method. The point is that it evokes curiosity. And somehow I am doing it under the condition of having another point of judgement; it is not about finding it, naming it, or not finding it, or come to the conclusion I was wrong all the time, or right. Occasionally I am wrong, and right, I have got it, and not. These are marker points, anchors, to pull or push myself up to go forth.

The point is that I am making points. And I know that. And they are pointless sometimes (in the bigger picture) (under the conditions of certain circumstances).

I am stopping

And let it rest now

For a while

That is important too

We are not in a hurry

We need to take care of nutrition.

Elizabeth said: when I write, I write myself into a better person. Now, that is nice. Let's say I do that too. Just 'better person'... *better*, a superlative, to make sure you go (a journey of good- better- best), and *good* because we like that, to be good. Think that's a good aim. Good, I would be good if I would be forgiving and loving. Those are interesting conditions. And pretty hard. Under all conditions. Try it.

Forgiving... the condition for that is loving. So how to love... and when we know it, use that to forgive.

But what happens when you forgive?

It's not about understanding, but working your way through the chunks of material. To care for them. In whatever state they are. Relating. I might repeat myself many times, but each time the time has shifted further, so I'm somewhere else anyways.

¹⁵ in references page

I would like to be transparent and open, revealing. But, on the other hand, keeping in mind that the actions of opening can only happen when something is closed. So, simultaneously, next to unveiling, things are veiled, at first. And some stay veiled, until later.

Observe ninety per cent, act ten per cent.

It's not explaining or justifying myself, it's tracing the motivations, deeper into its origin, the foundations. Maybe it's irrational, illogical... at first.

As I am entering it's getting clearer I am placed in a room. Each time I open up a door I am in a different one and at the end it might make a house. In the middle of the writing there are thoughts and questions, telling some anecdotes about things that happened when performing *the writing* previously, the rooms. I notice that it is turning. Things will come back. And other things will drive themselves into another direction. But at least for now we are still in the house.

ROOMS

GUEST STUDIO 2

If I have to be entirely honest I must confess that most of the writing resulted in decorating my room. That's why I call it *writing*. In one way or the other the decorating is caused by the counter-force named 'write a text with the deadline the 6th of April'. It was just in time finished before I could move into my old studio, or, no I finished it because of that.

CLASSROOM

Do you think this is the thing?

There is maybe something in which I might not want to expose my thoughts in this season.

I must do the poster making and room and all else first. It must be done first.

It's good to decide to isolate myself to work on my ground. Convenient with the Coronavirus

But still

Writing is going to mean something radically different to me, I'm sure.

What if I just write like a journal?

Who on earth want to read that

Ah!

I don't think I can do it anymore. Such a resistance. Maybe it has ended. Maybe I should write a funeral service. But I can also write about how I would want this text to be, if it wouldn't die.

To say

To say to you

What

Uhm

Just like joyful and to remember lustrous life.

If, hypothetically, we do get killed by the Coronavirus, why would I be putting my time in writing this pathetic thing. I would be preparing to die. How to do that?

No, rewind

Too far out

We are not getting killed.

Maybe mutated. When I was in the beginning of this research I met Judith. She worked at Cloud, a dance studio in The Hague. I applied for a residency just when I came back again from Germany, where I stayed for two months after being in an eight months residency here at Konstepidemin. I was in Germany because of my dad. He almost died, after falling on his head. In Germany, my parents have owned a little cottage for a couple of years, to reside there in summers and weekends and holidays. It's a pretty sweet one, old little farmhouse in the middle of a tiny village in the Eifel, near the border of Luxembourg. It was their dream to renovate a space in the countryside, a home with gardens and animals and all. So the future grandchildren could play, run wild, feed the goats.

On one evening when they had settled down with some tea after a day of hard work, my dad went down to the kitchen to boil the kettle for a second serving of tea. My mom heard an immense crashing sound. The next thing she saw when she ran up the staircase was that my dad had fallen through the opening on the floor. She said she saw him lying in a concerning position. She rushed down and saw

She screamed out for help and a neighbour called 112.

He was taken to the nearest hospital and was 24/7 monitored, all functions mechanized.

I took a last minute flight from Gothenburg to Berlin to Cologne and the train to Trier.

It was shocking to see my dad like that; head swollen as a balloon, bruised and battered, in coma, helpless, kept alive by the machines.

Panic, does it get through one, such a trauma?

We needed to wait, until it was safe enough to wake him up. And see what damage was done.

I can still smell the Intensive Care, sterile deep brown scent. I still taste the cafeteria food.

The waiting and hoping, wishing, praying, despairing, holding on to faith. The time passing by every second, watching him change. As he lay there, getting thinner.

That's my dad, a hole in his skull, completely dependent, frail like a leaf, life on a thread. Away. Somewhere far away.

We stood by his bed, in visiting times, singing him awake, alive. Or just watching. Laughing, because it looked quite hilarious from time to time. That's good. To keep in good spirits.

After a month or so, they could reduce the sleep seduction and see how and if he would wake up. 'Aufwachen Herr Vane.'

I watched the reflections of his fingers, his left leg going over his right, the habit he always has had. Sometimes his lips moved. Almost like a kiss, when my mom kissed him. He could pinch his fingers a bit into your hand when you were holding his hand.

His hands had changed; the horned skin had fallen off. Off his feet as well. If they don't get movement, it loses the protection layers of friction. And he got thin, boney, muscles disappeared. You could see right through him. Yellow skin. Could I still recognize him as my dad?

Then his eyes blinked open. Such a victory. To look in. Into his inside, him. Is he there?

In the beginning they were just open for a second per day. Then it became more frequent. But he didn't see anything, you could tell that. He didn't perceive his environment, neither us. Or sometimes maybe, or we liked to believe that. Or he did, perhaps he did.

When he seemed strong enough, to breathe on his own (was that in Germany or later, no must be there, otherwise they wouldn't have risked the transport over to Holland) we drove to our hometown. Him in the ambulance, us in the car.

Finally, home.

Home had changed. Actually, my home was gone (because I came straight from Konstepidemin) I lived in with my mom meanwhile. She needed to change. She was now assigned as leader of the pack, what before was dad. She challenged a lot, brave, brave her.

She was afraid to lose him, but a stronghold she is. Throwing her arms around him, holding him. Letting me hold her. And she me. And we all in each of our ways. My brother and sister.

He woke up more when he was in Rotterdam. But he didn't recognize us.

When my dad moved back home again, -he was still needing nursing care, but improved miraculously well, -he got fired from the rehabilitation centre there is only so much time a patient can recover there. He didn't make so much progress and I remember the words of the department responsible sounding as if this would be it. He drove in his wheelchair circles round the room, he still couldn't really place us, though we were no strangers anymore. His right arm and hand and leg just hang in there. He got training, physiotherapy and much more, but it was frustrating for him, and sometimes he could totally give up on them. I think it was the lung infection that he suffered from right after the transportation to the Netherlands that made those motion connections numb somehow.

He had to learn to swallow again, to recognize when to go to the toilet, to eat, to speak. He suffered from aphasia, unable to comprehend or formulate language because of damage to specific brain regions. He could say the weirdest things.

He wasn't quite what you can say ready to come home, but it was either that or in a nursery home. We thought it would be better in a familiar environment. So he came home, first only weekends, then he moved in.

A while later I moved out, moved in together with Giuseppe in the Daguerrrestraat in The Hague again. We lived close to an artist community with many studios in an old power plant.

There I discovered Cloud, an artist run dance studio. It felt a bit like Skogen.

BEDROOM

As a practical part of writing this text, I consolidated it to be important to spend time in my room and build up from there. I have been living in this rented room for almost two years. It is still not reflecting cosiness, nor it is reflecting back myself. Now it has become so urgent that I use the writing of a master assignment to motivate me to care for it. It's a funny thought, that I care for a lot, but neglect my own living space. Me and Giuseppe were treating the two apartments we lived in as temporary; soon we are going to move house anyways, we thought, a waste of time and money to invest in the slouchy places we are about to leave soon and so on. But then you are suddenly staying for four years, which doesn't seem such a short bit of time. And then nothing is rooted in there.

It might be kind of ridiculous to bring up this, as it seems so private, but I know it holds a treasure for my research. Even in my end performance I refer to it. So it must be something.

I keep thinking 'it's such a strange thing', but relevant and significant to mention the process of making my space, in this tiny bedroom in Syster Estridsgatan that I am renting from Anna O.

First I had the right room in the first year, now, half way through the second year I am living here, I have the left room.

When I arrived here in Gothenburg I booked the Guest studio 2 again at Konstepidemin. It would make me feel familiar and safe and it would provide me with six months of time to prepare for an entrance as an immigrant. It seemed impossible to get a place here, but I had to keep on trusting that since I was called here a place would come up.

I applied for two art masters in town: I knew it would offer me stability to attend a course of two years, education here is for free so I thought that the investment wasn't as sacrificial as the pressure to succeed would resonate differently in me if I would have had to invest thousands of euros. Besides, the idea of learning and going to school has always been pleasant and curious. Like, as if, stepping into a new classroom you devoted yourself to the development of a new person. It was the excitement of testing myself in unknown pools of possibilities.

It sounded appealing to study in a new country, yet I firmly spoke to myself to not make the same mistake of losing all joy in it. I promised to step out before it would lower my spirit. I made that as the highest condition upon which I would enter, if I would get in.

So, I worked on formulating my project proposal, that was already on-going, and maybe therefore also safe from interference with expectations and succession. It would be present in my work anyways, whether I got accepted or not. I had nothing to lose.

The job and accommodation came later. The end of the residency was coming closer. I had no personal number and when I applied for that, an employment was required. Yet, without a personal number, companies will not hire.

Then in the spring three things turned up: an employment at Konstepidemin, where I could take cleaning and gallery shifts and got paid later, a permanent employment at Skogen and a room in the house of singer Anna Ottertun.

I slept in the smallest right room at first. Not much fits in here, I lived from my suitcase, sort of. Now and then Elizabeth gave me a flower that I kept for very long, until they dried out. The plant that I got myself as a part of the scene for my May performance for some reason didn't survive either. I at least have left its yellow pot, where now a little rosebush is standing in. Yet the rosebush is losing its longevity because I was away for more than ten days and it got hydration stress. Despite that Anna watered it when I was away for two weeks.

Last summer the Belgian roommate moved out and Ivar, the son of Anna, moved in. The rooms were rearranged: Ivar in the big atlejé, where Anna used to sleep, Anna in the small right room, and me in the bigger left room, so I can expand my space a bit more. I wanted to add a desk.

Months went by and I couldn't make up my mind what furniture to pick. Nils offered a desk; it took weeks to arrange a car to drive the desk from his studio to my room, then he couldn't find the legs and once the legs appeared the screws to attach the legs to the tabletop were missing. I tried to reorder from Ikea, but they never arrived. That was

since Christmas. Two weeks ago I got tired of the desk just standing there on its side against the wall, and I improvised with a construction of cupboards underneath the top to function as legs. Now there is a desk of some sort. Well, there is a desk, but you can't say more about it. How much do I say about that then? Every other week I am staying at Johan's place.

That's cosy.

But, you know, maybe also a bit, distracting from.

Maybe even, escaping a bit from.

I need to take care of my own ground

So yesterday I went for the first time home ware shopping and dedicating time to think about the room. I went with Elizabeth, and she encouraged me to buy at least one thing as I panicked in indecisiveness and not being used to buy or imagine what to choose in home ware. I picked out a just sprouted oak tree on water in a tiny glass jar. I carried it home in my hands, protecting it from the strong wind as a little pet or maybe even a baby. Now it's standing in the windowsill, waiting to be potted into soil. I think it must be done soon, since it looks pretty big already. I will pot it, watch it grow more and eventually, one day, it can continue to grow up as a big tree in my garden.

LOGE

I had planned to write again after three days of not writing. I can't force the task in a structure that is not listening to how I relate to my circumstances. So the writing needed to wait because the story was unfolding. It needs time to brew. It's doing its work whilst I'm engaging with it.

I was ironing my two jeans and realized this. Also today I tried to continue the writing where I left it from before, as it had not ended, the factual memory of that event. But it was just not right. Or, well, on the other hand, there is no right or wrong, feelings always change like this. It's light or heavy. It feels nice or it doesn't. If it doesn't I can do two things: wait until the thing has resolved in other actions than writing. Or insisting in pursuing within the action of writing. I use them both.

So I was ironing because I decided to go to Skogen and wanted to wear my freshly washed jeans. I am tracing my steps back. Yesterday evening Johan said he would have a meeting with HSM tomorrow. Since I was sensing my way around the feeling of the writing, I couldn't settle down in front of this laptop, which now seemed to make the writing heavy and dry, I checked in with him when he would have the meeting. He replied a bit later that it was done already. I texted him 'ok I think i will go to Skogen and write from there!' He liked it. So I closed the laptop and took the ironing board, the iron and my trousers and started to iron. I really love taking time to iron and do dishes: it clears up the mind.

I thought: I won't bring my laptop. I had carried it along to the gallery this weekend to work on my text there. Assuming I would have plenty of time to focus with barely anyone coming in. But that turned out differently. Instead I was conversing my dilemma over with Elizabeth.

Also the laptop is heavy to have on my back, such a hustle somehow, and for sure it feels much more intimate to write from the iPhone.

Johan just walked in to check in on me at the moment *So I was ironing because I decided to go to Skogen and wanted to wear my newly washed jeans. I (...)* We chatted a bit and when I said I am writing my text here he responded it looked cosy to work like that (me lying on the sofa with my phone) I told him about the morning and my conclusions how to write this text and he said at the end: 'oh then writing your master text looks just like texting' A loosely somewhat nonchalant way of treating an exam.

The more I think about it, the more I enjoy it. There it is! The joy...

I can't write for too long. I get exhausted, or bored. Well, it's useless to be in the writing space for too long. My way of doing is a reaction of the circumstances and a reaction to. It's nurturing the past and the future. It's reflective soil maybe. But it could also be the plants and the non-written world is the soil.

I talked with him about this but also about my idea for the Galleri54's open call. It's in the same line. I will be making furniture, like a functional decoration of the space, interior design, to initiate myself to start the purpose of diving into crafts. But also, you know, just like in my room, where I couldn't get myself to it, but using this master text I am going. (In the weekend I ordered beautiful bed sheets and found out the colors and I want to make a lamp from threads and tuft a carpet- I can't do all those wishes in one go, but it's planted and it's making me smile)

With the gallery space it's kind of the same, propagation, a preparation. I said to Johan enthusiastically: I think I am using that space reserved for art as a place of creation. No I didn't say that but now I would.

'Would you be making it there, like a maker space', he asked. No, because then it would become a workshop, no it's something else. It's in between design and function and living and performance. And if there is an eye from the spectator it motivates me to do it. Or no, it becomes more a direction to go from. And most of all the relational aspect that gives me a real purpose that I draw my strength from. So in this case I could say I am performing the objects, the furniture, not by making them in front of the eyes of an audience, but performing along the path.

It's also having a scale model, a practice for the real world (not art world) to behave in. Or an extension, a parallelogram.

He was already too long staring at applications and emails and he needed to do something practical. He said he would need more trousers, he would go out shopping before it's too late and shops close down due to the virus. So he left.

Until so far I have been writing from specific places or spaces to generate a tale. Snippets of the story from then to here. I could tell it over and over, each time different faces and voices of the same story. And it's increasing in substances. It's becoming thicker. When it's too thick I have to trim it down again, it should stay at least as light as a feather.

LOGE

I'm not gonna say I'm consistently writing, because I'm not. But it seems the writing goes over into action, into its embodiment. I have got many memories to share and they keep popping up in snippets, and I desire to write them down for you, like tiny golden discoveries of my mind. So you can be proud of the work I have done, because you see the evidence.

I am now writing from Skogen again, after I decided to come there because I know I have a lunch ready in the fridge and it's good to go out of the room. Ivar was practicing his sonata over and over again, and the piano is an intruding instrument, it penetrated through the door of my room. I texted Johan in the morning just to check if he would be at Skogen. He hadn't replied yet and so I was doubtful. I resumed my letter to Astrid, and came up with a nice little text. I don't know where it's gonna go, but it's a start. I made an illustration of a landscape with houses and trees and bits of land. Yesterday when I told Elizabeth about it I confessed it was challenging to make an illustration. But after going to the children's book store at the corner of Tredje Långgatan, spending, I think, two hours staring at those beautiful books and stationary, I felt I should draw myself. So I went home with colour pencils and the next day I began drawing. With care and precision.

So this morning I finished the letter by adding the text and putting it in a lilac envelope, drawing some also on the envelope.

I still hadn't heard from him, so I checked my parcel tracking for the bedsheets to arrive. It showed they could be delivered any time. I decided to stay home for it and just at the moment I decided to do a yin yoga sequence, a message from DHL told me I could pick up my parcel at the pickup point on Dr. Friestorget.

I thought I might as well pick it up and bike to Skogen to eat the leftovers from yesterday so I didn't need to cook lunch. When I came back from fetching the bedsheets, Johan replied with 'Yes!'

We shared lunch together. Then he was in a rush to pick up Astrid. I might give him the letter tomorrow.

After writing I will see if they have the mouliné cotton for the yarn lamp I would like to make. I can feel how much I perked up from dealing with my room. It's like taking care of myself. Who has got something to say about that? Jung? Also the Soulmate book¹³ he writes about the treasuring of individuality through style and aesthetics. It's a synchronization of external and internal elements that makes me thrive. Maybe it's my designer sense. I am also tapping into it whilst writing, it makes it truer and therefore it drifts better. I should, well I think I should find out how that works precisely, but...

It's fading out a bit, the flow of words, I guess I'm near the end of this bit.

What's in my mind to write more about? I would like to write about the reference books I'm reading, I mention them now and then. Maybe that's enough and at the end I can make a list of them.

I should still write about Physical Ontology, the only movement practice I still continued to do after I started the master course. Of course, I still do some yin yoga in my room on the rug and yoga with Janni I did but lately everything has come in between. But if I think back in the times of living in The Hague after my dad's accident and the first residency I was really cultivating a relationship with or through my body. Maybe it was also Ludic, the yin teachers course, the Laban course with my former modern dance teacher, the Klein workshops in Berlin, the movement classes at Dansateliers. Even last year in the Physical Ontology¹⁶ and the Corporeal Conference¹⁰ it was more physical practice as a big part of my art practice. I miss it. I think... well... But circumstances have changed and it's another season. I'm driving now, on the vehicle that I learned to handle.

Still I long for the old days these days.

But I would still say I'm doing movement research; it comes from a sequence of events that mobilize.

¹⁶ The labs are to create an increasing awareness of 'things' in the body, (body parts), as well as a sense of belonging of those segregated 'things' in the wholeness. What is the behaviour of each thing and how much does the environment define that?

The labs are considered to be study groups where the participants work through the material with their bodies as source and as a tool.

In the labs I will guide, meaning that I am using the voice to describe ways to approach the idea of the 'thing' (body part) and the actual 'thing' (body part) by becoming aware through movement.

The labs I have named Physical Ontology. Ontology often deals with what entities exist or may be said to exist and how such entities may be grouped, related within a hierarchy and subdivided according to similarities and differences. If I study this physically could it make possible to address the intellectuality of the entire body, body felt knowledge, instead of only the intellectuality of thinking, a logical discourse, to learn and process? I am using literary work from French philosopher Tristan Garcia who has been writing a treatise on ontology in 2014 as well as from Israeli engineer and physicist Moshé Feldenkrais who developed a type of exercise therapy. Next to this I make use of several anatomic resources.

Physical Ontology is studying together how one's body exists. To act as a guider I will subject my translations from studying with my own body to language, exploring the language through the tool of the voice and see back the translation into bodies other than mine.

I will be driving a car out in the countryside somewhere. The winter has changed into summer, it will be quiet, dark, only the lights of my car. This reminds me of a bit of text near the end of the writing.

In the summer in the countryside. It is warm, it is new. I am here for a few days only, yet I have a strong desire to go home. But I have no home. I am feeling bare. I just have been shedding skin. These days feel like an airport, a transition, but also a transformation. I feel like a stranger and alone. I remember the day before coming here: You are holding me when we are lying on your bed, me crying, pretty much, not too much, but a small stream of grieve seeping through and you say: I see angels surrounding you. It is peculiar you say things like that, and afterwards I don't think you remembered, because you were on the brink of falling asleep.

A song lulls in my ears as I imagine I am driving 'I know if I hold brave and true I can drive straight into the future...'

FUTURE

I want to apply for a studio at Konstpidemin.

Because,

-well you who know me know, don't have to explain that, as you have seen how important that place is for me. It's a home. You can't name many places home. But this is my first Swedish home. When Giuseppe and I arrived on the first of September 2014, we got to live in studio Robert. We drag our big suitcases with all of our belongings up the hill. We decided to move. We decided to immigrate to Sweden. We were so full of excitement and adventure.

You know, when people ask me about my story, I always tell them I found Konstpidemin in the first hit 'artist in residency Sweden'. Not surprising but still. It looked good on the website, I applied and Meira invited me, and Giuseppe, to come for six months.

I lived with my parents for quite long, just after I graduated my bachelor design from the Willem de Kooning Academy. Maybe a year after or so. I found myself a job in the huge department store in The Hague, as a sales assistant, selling women's fashion. I couldn't start as an illustrator, I just, I couldn't, there was a black hole, and all my joy in creating had disappeared. It'll come later, we said. Giuseppe also got a job in the same store. It was the same for him, kind of. We wanted to rent an apartment together in The Hague, we wanted to find a home. He also lived with his parents.

It was difficult, very, very difficult. Our contracts were temporary, our pay low, no reasonable spot on the social housing list. It took ages. Then we finally got a little attic where the owner was having this property on the market for months with no one being interested in it, and he let us rent the place. It was an old crooked typical Dutch house, no sustainable isolation, no proper heating. It was tough living there, but we had each other.

After 1,5 month in studio Robert, Giuseppe went back to Holland. I stayed, until my residency was done and then I would come back home again. Near the end, on the first of May, my dad suffered a brain injury from a fall, a crack in his skull. It changed everything.

I went back, to take care of the situation and so on. I was forced to return, to leave Gothenburg. Giuseppe lived with his parents again, working at the same department store, and alone even less capable of finding an apartment for the two of us then before we set off to Sweden. I was broke; almost all of my savings were used to pay the rent of studio Robert. I found a job in another fashion store, my dad still in the hospital. I lived with my Mom (and with my younger brother as well) until my dad was strong enough to live at home again. Well, I also lived for a couple a months when my dad moved in again. He had changed.

Then Giuseppe and I looked for a home together, the same situation repeating itself. After us despairing many times, a place popped up. We had our home, it wasn't much, but good enough and we had each other.

But I missed Gothenburg and Konstpidemin a lot, so on my holidays I visited my friends there. Three times I travelled to Gothenburg: one time in November 2015 (I stayed at the place of Anders, former producer at Skogen), one time in (oh can't remember did I actually?) and one in April 2017, in Guest Studio 2.

The strange thing was, I felt so incredibly at home in Gothenburg, and it almost seemed as if it was calling me: 'come here, live here, you belong here, there is ground here'

It kept calling me, kept me up all night.

I couldn't give my life up, I couldn't give Giuseppe up. I couldn't give us up.

In Germany when my dad was still on the respirator machine, the daughter of a friend of my parents told me she sensed a sign from angels around her. She had a picture for me. It was an Easter egg.

I didn't pay much attention to it, until two years later. I was in my two weeks residency in my holiday at Konstepidemin. I was there during Easter.

The marzipan egg on my table suddenly turned himself to me and started to whisper: *You must say yes when he asks you. Trust me, this is the time, you are being loved and I will be with you leading the way. Surrender and I will take care of the rest. It will be a wild journey and it won't be easy. Hold on to your faith when storms rush over. Perseverance makes you root deep and makes you bloom as never before and give fruits that nurture many. You will change. I will be with you in your biggest sacrifices and remind you of your strength, so you may continue the journey.*

It is starting.

Now

I imagine what I want to do there when I have a studio. A few months ago I almost had applied for it, but didn't hand in the application at the office. For some reason I was held back: maybe because I didn't have my works printed, and they would like to have it printed out. It seems so easy, just to give it to Barbro at the office considering the fact that I am there for a couple times a week.

I imagine I would decorate it really cosy. I would play as an illustrator having her own studio, or a graphic designer. With a wide desk and my works on the walls. It should be warm and cosy, rugs on the floor. Beautiful furniture, like the space, could be in an article of Kinfolk magazine. I would be interviewed about my craftsmanship. How I design, what my method is, my driving force.

I would be going to Blå Restaurang almost everyday, speaking only Swedish, conversing the day through. Being a Konstepidemin artist.

I would have open studios, invite people into my studio home, host them, serve them tea and homemade cakes.

I would also be using it as a textile studio, displaying my garments on a little rack, as a showroom, fitting room.

Sometimes it could also be a tiny movement studio, I would organize labs, like Physical Ontology.

And sometimes I will be giving studio concerts.

It would be nice if people could come by often. But also that it is my soil of creation, it would be such a wonderful thing, my studio, a little place that is completely my own.

Maybe I would stay there, until I die.

IN MY GARDEN

(read like a song or a lullaby)

Things go in circles.

We walk roads, rivers run wild.

The night is getting thinner.

We are driving. Meets the end in another end, let's go running more and more. Let's go on and on. Next time

Sometimes it takes a long, long time

The louder I call the faster it runs

When I discovered my loops, I didn't regret it.

I watched it only.

Spinning

The room is spinning

She is afraid

All the things we try to feel

When I was, I sat on the mountain and looked over the city and the forest. I committed to all; I lay down like a little girl, but fiercely, for all the possibilities to come. I just surrendered to the wild. The current takes me there, down and down spinning round and round out of my mind. I close my eyes.

I give myself to you, into the wild I pray.

Am I becoming part of the fiction now? Have I explained anything? I imagine myself to be carrying the wild fire of trusting my entire life. I guess I become a figure of myths. Can we believe in stories? In the wilderness, the mystical, the strange? Love like trees, dream of you.

Feel it all

We run around in the garden, I smile at you. Our garden is nice, you say.

There is just not so much to explain. How can you explain to a child how a flower blossoms from a tiny seed and where the seed comes from and where she is coming from, from us. And us from them and them from them before and before and it traces back. How did we arrive here?

Sometimes I imagine something coming from the sky. Emanating from above.

I don't want to lose you,

But now the end is near, what love can mean. Don't be afraid. We are with us.

Still it is a lot of fiction, writing down lines I would say to the child to calm her. I would read her this story and tell her about Elizabeth in the cottage and in the little girl's bed. I would say to my child when she is afraid: "Don't worry my love, in the end the other end meets another. It can be separated but also reunited. Just watch trees love, just watch."

Can we get back to some night time watching?

The air is getting thinner.

I will let me show and won't back down for intimidation, let it shape you.

And you will shape it. In the wild again.

I once saw the original angel let an aggressive dog bite her, she bit back and caressed the dog, it released its grip and licked the wound he made.

I will tell stories to my child to make her believe, to let her cherish hope, to let love in, learning how to love. I will stand by her and let her live in connection to all. In a gentle slowness.

Some things are not to be told linear or rational. They are seeping
Being told in many voices, times, spaces building a paradise for those to come

It stops quite abrupt and the last sentences are also part of the singing;
Meets the end in another end,
let's go running more and more.
Let's go on and on. Next time

But after the symbolism of infinity it starts in *the references* where the narrator enlightens some of the earlier points in pieces of text, footnoted. The funny thing is that the first one to be in the line is a little summary of the Never ending story¹ plot where the accidental sentences in the end of *Futures* get woven together with *references*.

REFERENCES

This is what I did on request of the examiner and the opponent. I moved the references up in the text or in the attachments separate from this document. Only footnote number fifteen remained. Footnote fifteen is a poetic text I have written about dilemma.

Consider it pure joy, my friends, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know that the testing of your faith produces perseverance. Let perseverance finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, not lacking anything.

(James 1:2-4)

Judgement (decision making)

Quoting myself from when I applied to this MA:

Performances are presentations of the movement research to find an 'Original Position' within me. The term is based on the work of John Rawls, moral and political philosopher in the liberal tradition.

Quoting: "Original position' as a hypothetical position designed to accurately reflect what principles of justice would be manifest in a society premised on free and fair cooperation between citizens.

Depriving of information and wearing a 'veil of ignorance' are conditions to get me to that state' Awareness exercises establish the conditions to become blank and to go to point zeros. Point zeros are the moments just before an action, before a change occurs.

I happened to use the words Original Position for the earliest performance I did and when I googled those words it led me to John Rawls work about justice. The interesting thing in his work (although it has been a while since I have been reading it, if I have read it in its wholeness at all, usually I fantasize the rest of the book to my belief) is that it kind of confirmed a feeling I carried in me since I know. To be fair is to be feeling free to speak of truth, regardless of whether you convince your listener with it. The liberation of speaking truth creates a dialogue with you and your environment in the most fruitful way. Regardless of whether you are being understood, misunderstood, appreciated, praised, excluded, discriminated, agreed with, disagreed with, you mark a space to meet the other and there is a potential to let it shape you to a more accurate and alive state of yourself. If we dare to inhabit the space of speaking of truth, for the sake of surrender.

*

When I was reading the assignment text I could sense you didn't understand me fully. The first text I wrote in the position of me being me as a child sitting in the classroom, attending the lessons. I guess I made myself repicture to be where I was when I was 11, 12, 13 years old. It has a parallel with when now, Friday 15th of November 2019, when I was writing the text. Similar situation draft: school, teacher, pupil, knowledge, and the transmission of knowledge as main goal.

How did I experience that transmission?

Later in the cursive text I jump to the current situation and transcribe my thoughts literally, as much as possible. It describes a struggle, a resistance. You, the teacher giving us an assignment that we have to fulfill, according to your expectations of 'writing something' 'Write a short passage describing a scene (a memory of an event), which encapsulates the core of your practice. Where did it all start? It can be a childhood memory, a TV-program, a person, a place, a certain performance, a piece of music, a physical sensation, a book, an object ...'

To choose a scene, to make a decision or to come to terms with the decision apparently had been made, is the hardest part. (also, I think I have always had trouble living up to communicating towards the demand and ideas of teachers, unless I just pretended the task's fulfilments, but that didn't fulfil me.)

So the decision had apparently been made that I just simply took the current situation (school, teacher, pupil, knowledge, and the transmission of knowledge) to create the scene, with the past me and present me talking to each other, exchanging what they know.

The scene contained a dilemma, so I used that to fulfil the next task given. "Write a short passage describing a scene describing a dilemma, a problem, a conflict, a question, an obstacle, a difficulty or a failure in connection to your practice. You do not need to solve the problem or answer the question. Just describe what happened..."

The dilemma is reflecting upon itself to understand what the nature of a dilemma is. Therefore it could appear not like a real dilemma to you. I think I am rather more questioning the position of dilemmas in general. In my life, in life. What are they used for?

Dilemma

Dilemma arriving now, please.

Make yourself into an obstacle. I have to pass or solve in order to continue with what I was doing before you came on my way. Can I continue in the exact same way as before? Or have you changed me?

Question: is an obstacle a necessary stop? If I see it as a hindrance to force me to stand still to figure out how to pass or to solve, it makes me rethink my current motives. Would that be a clash of my beliefs into a reconsideration of truths?

Wait

But is it necessary, the obstacle, the dilemma? Can't we just go on and on in life without dilemma's?

Why this interruption?

Why can't I just go and go and go...

Maybe because I'm not alone

Because there are more things here in the world?

If I would be all alone and nothing would meet me, would I actually still be going? Would I still have the feeling of going if there are no markers or checkpoints of speed?

If my environment is predictable and not moving itself, why would I be?

Maybe dilemma's are points of reference to remind you that you are going forth

Or maybe they are essential for the movement

Crucial

Inevitable

To make you are living

Discussing the writing course with my friend in hotel Bellora, we came to think of the term epistemology¹⁷.

¹⁷ Defined narrowly, epistemology is the study of knowledge and justified belief. As the study of knowledge, epistemology is concerned with the following questions: What are the necessary and sufficient conditions of knowledge? What are its sources? What is its structure, and what are its limits? As the study of justified belief, epistemology aims to answer questions such as: How are we to understand the concept of justification? What makes justified beliefs justified? Is justification internal or external to one's own mind?

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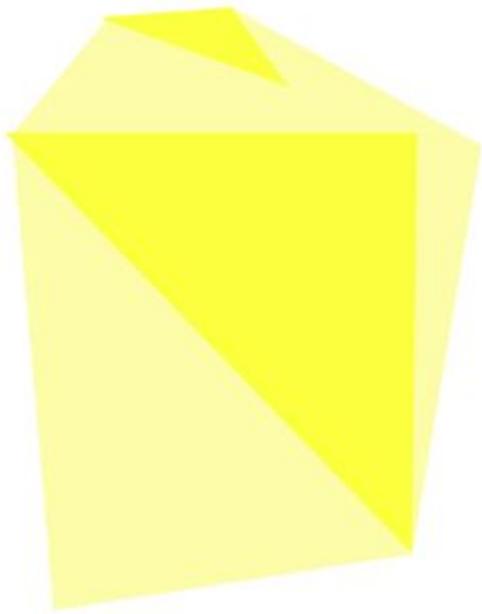
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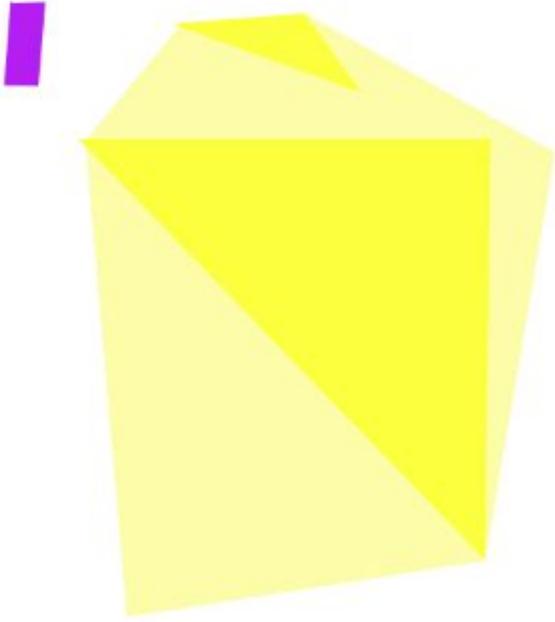
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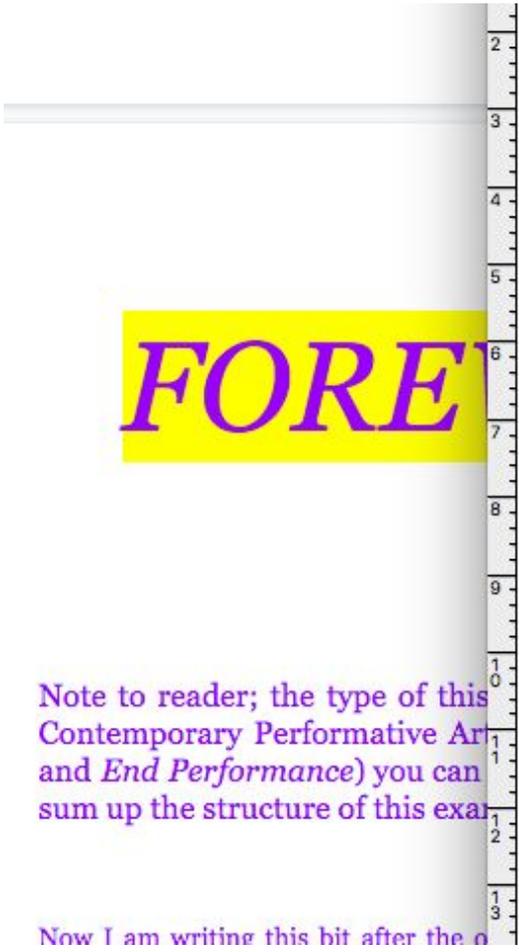
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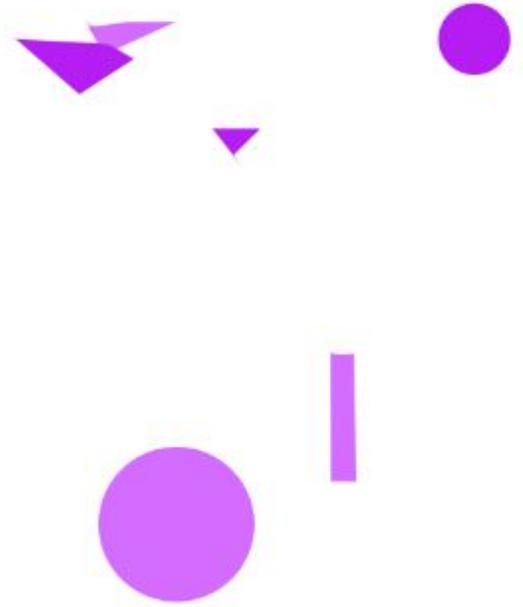




FORE

Note to reader; the type of this
Contemporary Performative Art
and *End Performance*) you can
sum up the structure of this exam

Now I am writing this bit after the o





*hope and
expect that
will be true*

