what if the performance was built like a house? Robert is kneeling on the floor, crouched over a piece of yellow playdow, with a black cable emerging from inside it, like a small decapitated head vomiting electric wire. He is tapping the floor beside the head with two pencils. The sound of his tapping is reverbating in the whole room. Daria is moving like a hero of an experimental samural movie, pointing towards Robert in a mysterious way, her mind half-way in another world. Slowly she collapses on the floor, no, not collapsing, laying down in her grave with a decisive energy, into an X-position that would require a grave normally accomodating three people. The death is symbolic, the body keeps on convulsing, tense, not letting go, but living on without doubt. Christian is staring at the computer screen, then rising, checking computer screen, then rising, checking something inexistent by the subwoofer, taking a tew absent-minded steps and then returning to his computer like a rare flower, touching it so lightly. ert has straightened his back, his hands gently caressing the yellow head, teeling its sound through the skin, through the bones of his hands, into to space between his ears. Daria releases an explosion of air from her lungs, tightening her throat for half a second to produce the sound of ha, throwing it flat on the surface of the roof, from where it stays dripping as the speakers enter a calming diminuendo endulged by the content Christian as he lays down in the center and closes his eyes. what if the performance was built like a house? Robert is kneeling on the floor, crouched over a piece of yellow playdow, with a black cable emerging from inside it, like a small decapitated head vomiting electric wire. He is tapping the floor beside the head with two pencils. The sound of his tapping is reverbating in the whole room. Daria is moving like a hero of an experimental samurai movie, pointing towards Robert in a mysterious way, her mind half-way in another world. Slowly she collapses on the floor, no, not collapsing, laying down in her grave with a decisive energy, into an X-position that would require a grave normally accomodating three people. The death is symbolic, the body keeps on convulsing, tense, not letting go, but living on without doubt. Christian is staring at the computer screen, then rising, checking something inexistent by the subwoofer, taking a few absent-minded steps and then returning to his computer like a rare flower, touching it so lightly... Robert has straightened his back, his hands gently caressing the yellow head, feeling its sound through the skin, through the bones of his hands, into to space between his ears. Daria releases an explosion of air from her lungs, tightening her throat for half a second to produce the sound of "ha", throwing it flat on the surface of the roof, from where it stays dripping as the speakers enter a calming diminuendo endulged by the content Christian as he lays down in the center and closes his eyes.

"The best moment is when music goes away. I am so happy about the sounds of reality"

"If you accept the apparatus as an authority without introducing epistemology and ontology, you will end up with violence"

three of the six daikinis are based on being (ontology) white with all-encompassing, blue with the mirror, yellow with sameness

hundreds of miles long fish emerging from the sea and spreading its wings in the air

The ways of documenting the audience experience: real time (primary temporal):

- writing (if possible)
- video & photography & audio recording (if possible)

from memory (secondary temporal):

- talking
- writing