

Mon July 1st, 12.15 - 13.15

Robert places a chair in front of the large doorway. The doorway has two metal doors, one of which is open. On the inner side of the doors there is a gateway created by the thickness of the wall; the depth of the doorway is thus about one meter. The chair is within this doorway, close to one of its walls, and in front of the open door. The back of the chair is outwards; the chair is facing the room. This placement is underlining the meaning of the spatial specificity of an audience perspective. The positioning of the chair suggest looking at the room. However, the sounds of the outdoor space are especially strong in the doorway. Auditively it is combining the indoor and the outdoor spaces. Also, light is flowing in from outside through the doorway, from behind the sitter. The sitter is thus placed both between two spaces and inside one of them: the chair is both inside and in the doorway, and the sensual world opening from it is composed of both spaces and yet suggesting that visually important things will take place in the room. When sitting on the chair, the outdoor space acts as peripheria. The wind is blowing on the skin of the sitter. The birds are singing and flying behind their back. The back is exposed to invisible influences: someone might attack the sitter from behind, in case they approached quietly. Daria is laying on the floor with her hands on top of her chest in a gesture. The hands cradle her head and her feet rise diagonally towards the ceiling. One arm reaches from between the legs, the knees move towards the forehead, which is pointed by the fingers of the other hand. The movement is controlled, exact, and seems to have symbolic, ritualistic or magical meaning. Magical in the sense that the movement is based on a correspondence with the structures of the world, and aims to have an effect on their realization. Two long pieces of wood are clapping against each other like hands of a mechanical audience member. The sounds become supported by a constant noise of some colour emanating from the loudspeakers. The wind is slightly massaging the scalp of the sitter as it moves their hair back and forth. Daria is drawing a semi-circle with her right foot and leaning back into a knotted asana. The birds and the morpheus drone from the speakers are competing for attention, then complementing each other, then separating into two different universes indifferent of each other. The drone becomes louder, almost unbearable, violently intruding into the body of the sitter. It is moving in the space, hiding its violence into the movement, and then starting to perform a wave function through a gradual shifting of back and forth or up and down of pitch. A bottle of metal is quietly accompanying the fluctuation. The dancer is turning around, back and forth, or right and left, the arms finding a path as determinate snakes. Finger on an acupuncture point, another hand in a mudra, palm pressing against the air. Then more fluid, the tense extremities of the body start to melt and sway. The invisible buttons of a laboratory device are pressed and turned, the artificial wind is blowing from the speakers, turning into an ascending note mimicking an old-school synthesizer. The long wooden applauders are silently witnessing the events, with an imagined sway in the wind on their bodies. Daria starts to yawn, but right, you can't yawn on stage, except by representing a yawn. It is instead the tongue showing the way for the face, the neck, the spine. The tongue with its questionable agency, imprisoned and enabled by the ligaments attaching it to the edge of the throat. The wooden pair moving the hand of Robert, with the right lahje tucked inside the green sock. Fast and loud stomping banally attract the attention of the sitter, the stage empties out for Christian to move in with the tripod. The camera performs as a documentation device, as if it is not performing at all, and at the same time suggesting this perspective, unaccessible from the chair, is worth taking. The tripod in addition performs as a part of a laboratory apparatus, offering an immobile base for the measuring device, enabling thus the configuration of the concept of *position*. The frame of the insect net is making a clicking sound, making a point of its multiple uses: as a protection, as an instrument of discrimination, as a musical instrument. Some words are exchanged, implying a meta-level, that what is happening is not the matter of every-day experience, but that this is framed, discerned, distanced from whateverness and unfocusedness of non-work. What is taking place is an experimentation, art, research, or something like that. This is not anything, this is something. Something mirroring nothing, something performing the everythingness, which is beyond the reach of performance and yet its motivation. Syllables escaping from words into vibration, music, acts. A page of writing is arranging itself into a relation with an hour of audiencing, forms are communicating across the boundaries of modality. An unexpected revelation is always a result of disciplined practice and unproductive confusion. The beauty of singing human beings is consistent in a mysterious way. A scarf on the shoulders of the singer is semi-transparent, suggesting a web of Indra or a filter between the consciousness of the sitter and its object, by association even the entanglement of the agencies of observation with their objects. The cavities of the ears of the sitter are full of sound, packed with the waveforms bouncing