

Zrinka Užbinec

Kamo ćemo kad se staklo razbije?

Where Do We Go When the Glass Shatters?



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Ovo je koreografija u knjizi. Partitura i fantazija. Druga koža koja izrasta iz onoga što je jednom (dvaput) plesano ostavljajući ožiljke između stranice i tijela.

Želite li vidjeti što se događa kad se materija bocne, gurne, raspleše, izazove? Ah da, ta materija uključuje i vampirske priče.

Kartice teksta pisane su u duetu, u razmjeni, u polaganom raspadanju i neprestanim mikropromjenama. Njih 64. Stakla su se slagala polako, dan po dan, za istim stolom, da se ne raspadnu, da ne iskliznu iz ruku (i dalje nam trebaju za ples!).

Zajedničko slaganje bjelina, riječi i tekstura, komponira koreografiju na papiru. Stvara smetnje u oku i toku, raspisuje tjelesne senzacije, raspisuje fakte, raspisuje fikciju, nestaje. Okretanjem stranica polako se skuplja razasuto staklo, izvrcē koža, sakriva odraz, dira na udaljenost, zrcali tekst i ljubav, osjeća ples, poziva

- . da pogledate kroz prozor redovito
- . da se snimate kako plešete u staklu
- . da tapkate po tvrdim površinama
- . da ispričate strašnu priču strašno
- . da pogladite nokat koji vam ne pripada
- . da se ne vidite u zrcalu
- . da sačuvate komad ljudske kože
- . da zauvijek
- . da negdje
- . da
- .

I want to whet your appetite for what is to come. Like I'm pointing out some of my favourite trees in the park, picking up and showing you a peculiarly shaped leaf! Do you want to see what happens when matter is poked and prodded? Matter, which includes vampire stories. Cards containing clues! Follow me!

We start with glass. With molecular structures and volcanic eruptions. The text describes how glass was made in Egypt over 3500 years ago.

Then, we are with the blocks of glass in the studio. Looking at them.

We are voyeurs of Ana and Zrinka dancing, smashing their bodies together, mark-making on each other's skin.

There are multiple lengths of decay working in the project. Everything is always slightly changing, slowly reacting.

Ana and Zrinka have been writing back and forth for one month about the glass pieces made for Zrinka's performance, *Dolls and Goats*. They wrote sixteen cards in four registers: technical, autotheoretical, fictional, and poetic.

They wrote online, on one document, noticing their partner adding pieces of writing here and there. Sentences trickled in, inspiring more thoughts and writing. One card from Ana, then Zrinka, then Ana, then Zrinka, then Ana, Zrinka, Ana, Zrinka in Poland, Bulgaria, Croatia. Ana and Zrinka worked in Croatian and then translated their work into English. Another key process of interpretation and creation. Ana shifted the order of a few of the sentences. This resulted in 64 cards, which make up the forthcoming 64 pages.

Technical: to do with form, and how a form is made and maintained. Writing about tinkering with matter (which is not a one-way street; the matter impacts the matter of the maker, too). About how glass and choreography are made.

Autotheoretical: knowledge from experience; ideas and arguments based on the stories we tell about ourselves. Of course, our sociality shapes our lived experiences. Ideas and arguments emerge in connection with other people's.

Fictional: Stories that are not based on memories of one's own lived experience. Fiction offers untested pathways—writing that could serve as a thought-experiment beyond what we know. Lies, archetypes, and metaphors can reveal a truth.

Poetic: Something extra, or indeed something much, much less. Something beyond necessarily sense-making, which invites consideration of a form (for example, "glass sculpture", "choreography" or "book") as an artwork. What art traditions are used? What does the encounter with this artwork do to you, to your senses? How do you interpret this? What do the words say about you, your culture, your experience of the world, and what do they say about the maker?

Some invitations:

I invite you to read this while rewriting it

I invite you to look through a window regularly

I invite you to film yourself dancing in a mirror

I invite you to stroke your fingernails

I invite you to tap tap tap on the hard surfaces that surround you

This book engages with Zrinka's glass artworks created for *Dolls and Goats*. These are glass pieces containing suspended words and other materials, including exoskeletons (skin, hair, nails, wasps). Before the dance, Zrinka would scatter the glass pieces. During the dance, Zrinka would respond to them. This choreography was related to their research on the relationship between cuteness and violence (*Moving Between Cuteness and Violence: A Choreographic Investigation*).

The concepts "cuteness" and "violence" meet in popular culture, art research, daily life, and choreographic practices in complex ways. Cuteness overlaps with violence; violence overlaps with cuteness. They do not always hold the same space "between" them. Zrinka finds the term 'metastability' (Simodon, 1992, p. 302) useful for describing the shifting relationship between cuteness and violence, which might appear stable. Glass is metastable. I think Vampire stories are,

too. Ana and Zrinka's back-and-forth writing responds to the matters of glass, skin, reflection, and mirrors.

This technical register is very seductive. I am learning about glass. I am thrilled by this window into somewhere apparently far away. I am connected to a culture through a substance. And then, I ask: am I a fool? Is this fiction? Of course, all history is a thoughtful guesswork from found materials and speculations. These words are too gorgeously arranged. There is too much instinct in the writing, pleasure, freedom, and too much tinkering - like, there is a sprinkling on the top, extra. Technical books rarely explain things using more than the number of words (the writer deems) absolutely necessary. Technical books are laid bare - wearing a cloak of purity, just the essentials. This book is a little different.

And here on page twelve, the collaborators disclose, yes, the glass does not entirely work - we can't see it all. No, it can't protect us. Yes, of course, we are lying. No, I can't really understand you. Yes, it is not all marked on the skin. We can't read the skin. No, we don't see the truth in a reflection. I think I want to have: one step forward, "three steps back" (page ten), chipped into my gravestone, or I want to dance it in front of an audience.

The dust on the glass sticks out to me. There's a clue. A hint at the extra work, the life of the worker, and the life of the glass before it arrives. I think about skin particles, cat hairs, and airborne dirt that no doubt nestle somewhere in my living room between furniture and walls. Dust begs to be cleaned. It screams at me. Was the dust on the glass cleaned? I'd like to know if it's picked up some more dust now. DON'T FORGET ME.

"We" decide on what matters - or, rather, those who are listened to determine what matters in a mass-media sort of way. It's repeated, and repeatable; it's suspended away from all the "rot." The image of collaborators looking through glass onto a lock of dolly's hair reminds me of this. Although unlikely to rot, the hair is encased. LOOK AT ME. It screams. "Hold me", the glass weight says. The dolly's hair, suspended, says: DON'T DROP ME. DON'T FORGET ME.

Dancing is important (I say). Is it important to you? The technical register describing exoskeletons in dance work is delicious. I think about fingernails dancing. Fingernails are ridiculously strong, these parts of me. I look at them. So stable. Look how they protect me. DON'T DROP ME. My fingers scream. And nails are see-through. I am encased in glass. LOOK AT ME. I think of what will last far longer after I die. My nails. Me. This is part of me. DON'T FORGET ME.

You might want to start with Coppélia and children's stories. Stories always give a lot of facts about the world. What survival tactics must be passed on to a child? You must fear a doll stealing away your lover's heart. Which is really the fear of grief, poverty, ageing, death, exclusion and depression. Fear of the cold. All the self-help in the world can't make my reflection hold me in a blizzard.

Dolls and goats; A doll (in terms of a non-living doll), a femme, an ageless, stiff beauty, a young dancer, too young. And a goat; a hardy, quick, alarming and alarmed mover. An "animal"; someone whose instinctual mechanisms lead to leaping or fainting which are not acceptable actions in small rooms with breakable objects. Goats and dolls merge and play in parallel, in a dancer's style and approach to the repertoire of actions instigated by materials enclosed in glass.

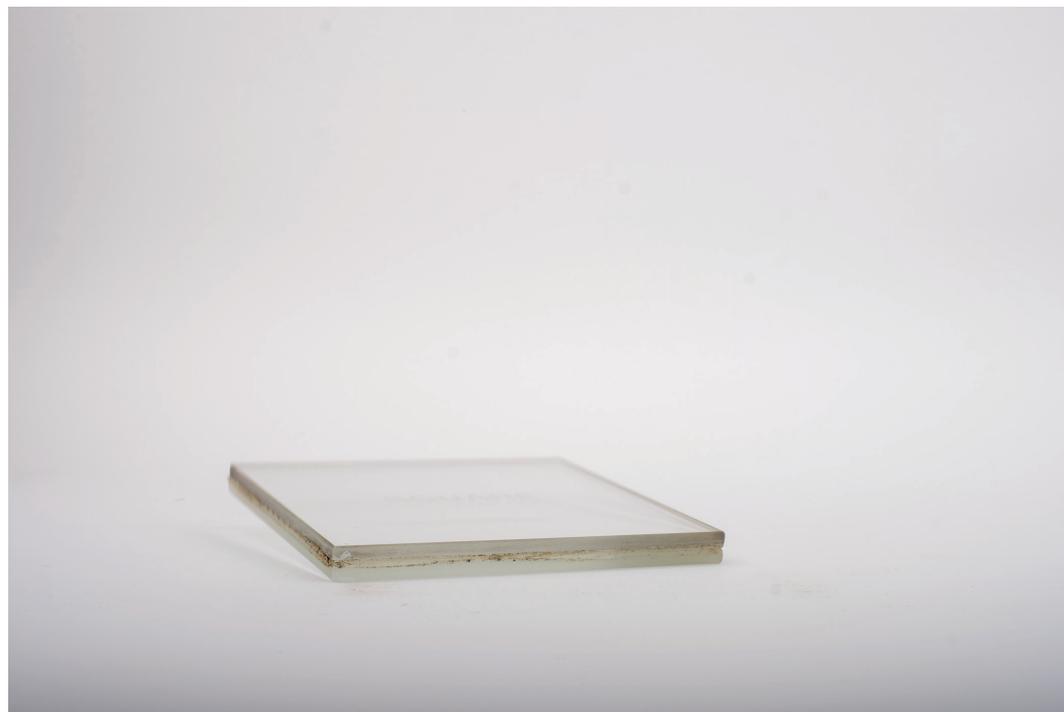
The costume is another skin for the dancer. The dancer marks on the cloth. The marks become summaries of stories told about sewing, about skin, about how to move (page 51). The collaborators write a meta story. A murder mystery novel written by a sewer. Murder mysteries are metastable in that they are as subtle as a brick. I know how to feel; frozen, afraid. I ask myself: "When do femmes become bodies?" In death and dancing. In sewing and physical intimacy. In the distance and under the microscope.

Suddenly, the exoskeletons feel like evidence from a crime scene in a procedural drama. The inspector finds a cardboard box at the very back of a storeroom. Wipes away the dust to reveal a number and opens the lid. 'Choreography throbs between order and breakdown' (page 60). Numbers and dust. Dolls and Goats.

Within the surplus of lore around an artistic process. The surplus of the matter which is begging to be known. This exploration of misremembering a performance and rewriting it collaboratively has created a pulsing journey through glass, skin, reflection, and mirrors. Enveloping the reader in a game of interpretation; shuffling and rewriting the cards.

Rosa Postlethwaite

[Now break the glass.]



Homogena, anorganska, amorfna, izotropna, inertna, prozirna, čvrsta i krta materija u metastabilnom stanju, staklo nastaje taljenjem do visoke viskoznosti čistog kvarcnog pijeska, *silike* odnosno silicijevog dioksida, iste tvari koja tvori kvarc, samo druge molekularne strukture. Jer gdje priroda pravilno slaže molekule u poludragu kamenu prozirnost, taljeno se staklo tako brzo hladi da se čestice gomilaju nasumice. I zato je staklasti kristal čvršći od krhke strukture prozirnog stakla koje, osim ljudskom rukom i dahom, nastaje i udarima munje i vanzemaljskih tijela o zemljanu površinu, erupcijama vulkana i trenjem tektonskih ploča. Kad munja udari u kvarcni pijesak pustinja ili žala, u točno jednoj sekundi nastaje okamenjena/fosilizirana munja zvana fulgurit, rahla šuplja cijev koja se mrvi na dodir. Vulkanske erupcije pak stvaraju opsidijan, crn poput ždrijela vrele zemlje, ali dugoročno nestabilan jer kako stari, na površini mu niču sijede mrlje snježnim pahuljama nalik. No izrađivalo se od opsidijana oružje i oruđe i kirurški skalpeli i danas oštiji i čišći od čelika. Udarima krupnih meteora o stijene – čiji se komadi rasprsnu najprije daleko u atmosferu, zatim uokolo duž polja prsnuća – nastaju tektiti: crno ponekad smeđe ili zeleno stakleno grumenje. I ako ga primiš u dlan, sitno svemirsko govance, i zatvoriš pesnicu čvrsto zatvoriš oči kao zauvijek, čut ćeš svoje svemirsko bezime i točan sat, dan, ali ne i godinu svoje ovozemaljske smrti.

A non-crystalline, homogeneous, inorganic, amorphous, isotropic, inert, transparent, and brittle metastable solid, glass is formed by melting pure quartz sand. *Silica* or silicon dioxide is the same substance quartz is made of, but with a different molecular structure. Because where nature sets its molecules in orderly layers to give into a milky stone gem, molten glass is cooled so quickly that its particles hurl to one another and heap together randomly. And that is why the glassy crystal is stronger than the fragile structure of transparent glass made by hand and breath as well as by lightning and extraterrestrial strikes to the earthly surface, by volcanic eruptions, as well as the friction of shifting tectonic plates. When lightning hits a quartz sand desert or beach, it takes exactly one second for a lightning bolt to appear, petrified/fossilised, a loose, hollow tube that crumbles with the slightest touch, called a fulgurite. Volcanic eruptions, on the other hand, produce obsidian – black like the throat of the flaming earth, yet unstable in time. As it ages, on its surface grey blemishes appear, resembling snowflakes. And yet, obsidian has been used to make weapons, tools, and surgical scalpels sharper and cleaner than steel used to this very day. Then again when large meteors strike a stone surface and send rocklets flying through the air – far into the atmosphere, then scattering across the field of impact – tektites are formed: black, brownish or green glassy lumps that, if you take one in your palm, that tiny piece of cosmic dung, and close your fist and close your eyes as if forever, you will hear the universe speak your pet name, along with the exact hour and day, though not the year, of your earthly demise.



Prvo staklo što se stvaralo ljudski i namjerno stvaralo se u Egiptu barem tri i pol hiljade godina prije ove nove ere, najprije kao staklena glazura preko keramičkih spremnika. Kratkodahlih zatim dvjestotinjak godina kasnije, na samom početku Brončana doba, započela je punokrvno produkcija i trgovina staklom diljem tadašnjeg krvožilnog čvora civilizacije, između Mikene, Mezopotamije i Egipta. No proces je bio mukotrpan, spor i skup sve dok nije stvorena prva cijev za puhanje stakla u Siriji stotinjak godina prije početka našeg kalendarskog zbrajanja po 365 dana prema još jednom kraju svijeta.

The first human-made glass was created in Egypt at least three and a half thousand years before our forward-facing time, at first just as glaze over ceramic vessels. Then some short-breathed two hundred years later, at the very dawn of the Bronze Age, glass production truly began, as well as the glass trade throbbing through the vascular knot of civilisation between Mycenae, Mesopotamia, and Egypt. But the process was arduous, slow, and expensive until the first glass-blowing tube was invented in Syria one hundred years before our count-up adding 365 by 365 days toward yet another end of the world.

Čista se silika tali na 1710 Celzijevih stupnjeva i stvara čisto providno kremeno staklo, dok miješanjem drugih sastojaka staklo dobiva druge osobine, među njima niži prag vreline od osmog kruga pakla; jer soda snižava temperaturu, a vapno stabilizira spoj; boraks stvara vatrostalno staklo, a metalni oksidi i sulfidi staklo boje bojama.

Zelenkasti ton u staklenom lomu znači da prozirnost kvarca kvare i mrljaju sitne sitne čestice željeza.

Pure silica melts at 1710 degrees Celsius forming pure, transparent quartz glass, while mixing in other ingredients gives glass different properties, for instance a threshold of heat lower than the eighth circle of hell; soda lowers the temperature, and calx stabilises the compound; borax makes glass fire-resistant, metallic oxides and sulphides give it colour.

The greenish tint in a sharp glass fracture means that the transparency is spoiled and stained by tiny tiny particles of iron.

Na mjesto izrade staklenih pločica stiglo je već gotovo staklo. Za izradu pločica, koje će se kaliti u koreografiju, staklo se puhalo van našeg vidika, van našeg dosega, i takvo je potom izrezano u šezdeset četiri staklene pločice. Izrezano je zapravo duplo više jer se svaka staklena pločica spaja sa svojim parom u mjeru deset puta deset centimetara od Optiwhite četiri plus četiri milimetara brušenog laminiranog stakla. Moguće da je gdje gdje ostalo prašine iz peći za izradu stakla s mjesta van vidika i dosega, ali nije važno, može se i ne mora otpuhnuti, obrisati.

Laminiranjem su se dva sloja stakla trajno vezala uz pomoć prozirne plastične folije. Folija u autoklavu – hermetički zatvorenoj cilindričnoj metalnoj posudi koja se koristi za zagrijavanje tvari pod povišenim tlakom na temperaturu više od vrelišta – smekšava se i povezuje slojeve, stvarajući čvrsto i prozirno tijelo, simbiotska vezu, kompozit. Kad se razbiju, komadi laminiranog stakla ostaju povezani folijom, zadržavaju oblik i površinsku napetost. Utoliko se komadi laminiranog stakla mogu pokidati, raspasti, razvesti, no nikad se više neće razdvojiti. Pločice predviđene za koreografsku doradu, poseban proces baratanja zauvijek uparenim staklom, nakon laminiranja ulaze u fazu kaljenja. Nakon što se zagriju na temperaturu visoku obično oko šesto stupnjeva Celzijusa, naglo se hlade pomoću zraka, zadržavajući metastabilnost trajne povezanosti.

Predkoreografski postupci, laminiranje i kaljenje, omogućili su da se manualno pedantne radnje poput insercija, dogode uživo.

The glass had arrived al/readymade. Blown (up & out) out of sight, out of reach, sliced, diced and tempered for the choreography set to take place at the glass-making space. Sixty-four (whole) ten-by-ten (cm) four-plus-four (mm) pairs of Optiwhite sanded laminated glass plates came in mirroring one another, see-through and seeing through one another, apart from some dust leftover from the furnace, from the incinerator, ash/es that may or may not stick to your fingers, that you may or may not blow on or off, perhaps breathe (in), either way we'd been waiting (for them).

In between each double, we slid in an insertion – a proposition, a trace, an element of a pre/proto choreography danced out (a duet) on the glass(-making) stage. Then the two layers of glass were laminated together permanently (meaning (presumably) forever) using a transparent film (picture: a saran wrap melting (into) the two slices face-to-face or back-to-back or spooning) in an autoclave *
*a hermetically sealed cylindrical metal chamber-machine used to carry out (various) either industrial or scientific processes that require elevated temperature and pressure well beyond the boiling point in order to soften, fuse, meld, blend, merge, compound layers into a firm and translucent, see-through body, a composite * meaning a very sophisticated pressure cooker.

The twinsets of live-laminated glass might be broken into pieces, but will never be torn or split apart. After the lamination, the choreographable plates in molten form are quenched, are once again tempered, brought to a temperature of 600 degrees Celsius then (quickly) cooled (down) while maintaining the single-bodied metastability, now containing the insertions (and our breath and our particles and our time).



Bile smo prisutne. Nekoliko nas. Stajale smo oko dva stola s pažljivo priređenom rasvjetom poput one u obducijskoj sali. (Naše se inače insercije pravilno izvode isključivo golim rukama uronjene u bijeli šum kako bi se izbjeglo čavrljanje i gubljenje koncentracije.) Za koreografiranje, odražajnu i fosilizirajuću fazu dorade pločica, odabrane su dvije vrste insercija: umetnuti uzorci srebrnog ogledala i komadi materijala. Svaka laminirana i kaljena pločica sadržavala je odgovarajuću uputu ispisanu uzorkom srebrnog ogledala, i umetnute materijale poput komadića tkanine, perja, egzoskeleta mrtvih kornjaša, iguana i zmija, noktiju, kose i drugih ljudskih dlaka. Nakon insercija, koreografija je zapečaćena ali nije završena.

We were there, standing around two tables, under the bright light(en)ing of an operating room, only the room is a morgue and the operation an autopsy and the time is sometime mid-century before last so there is an auditorium, an audience, an echo of an historic applause. We are inserting the matter carefully with bare hands, drenched in white noise so that the very human impulse to chatter mightn't loosen our focus.

Two types of insertions have been chosen for the choreographic – reflective/reflexive and fossilizing – phase of glass-plating:

- instructions written in silver mirror letters, and
- various organic matter specimens.

Directions (directives) such as: hand movement, smiling, thinking gesture, pearls,

Or: pieces of fabric, feathers, (dead beetle, iguana, and snake) exoskeletons, (living human) fingernails and hair.

Post-insertions, the choreography is sealed but not finished.

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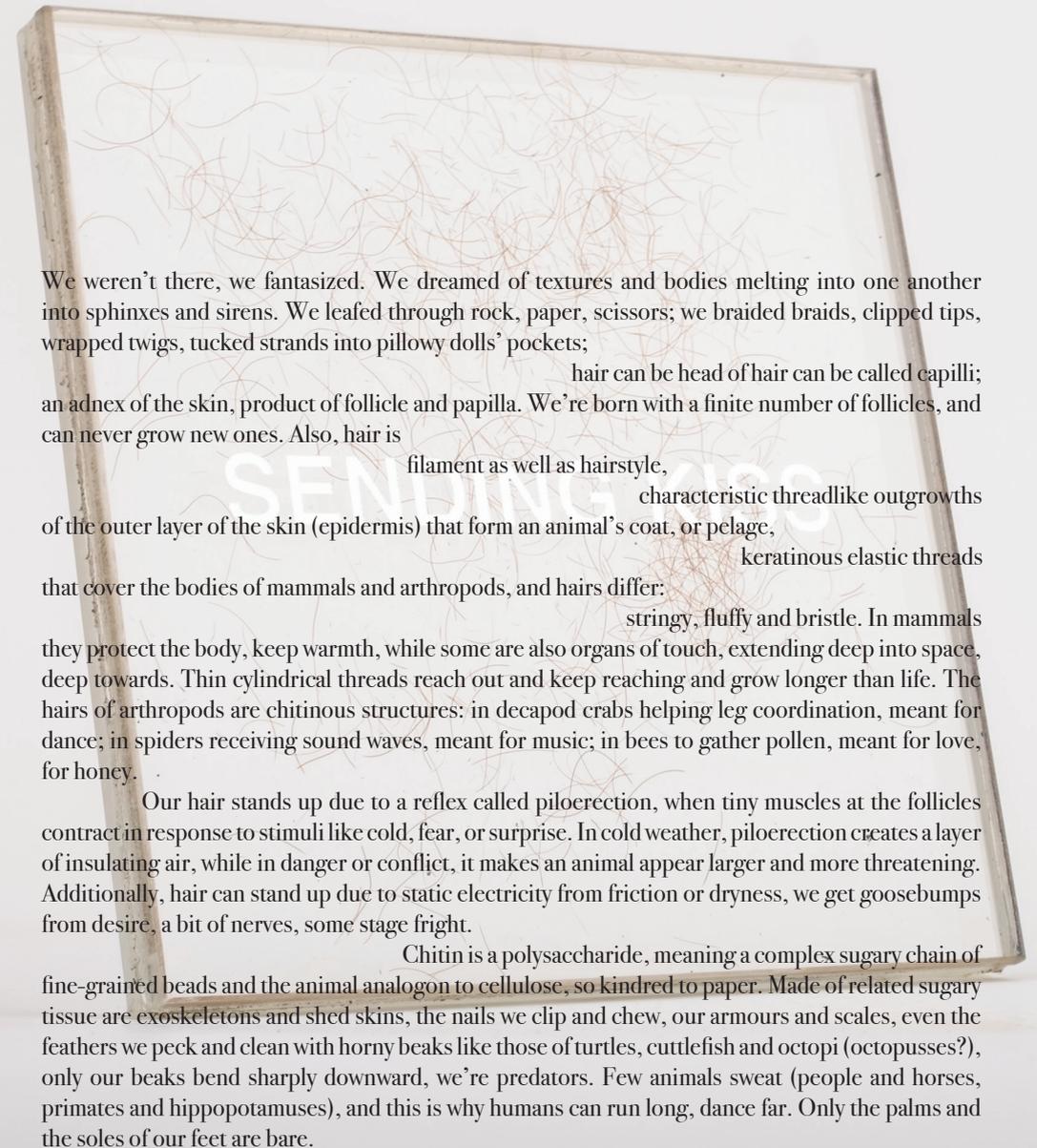
Nismo bile prisutne, maštale smo. Sanjale teksture i tijela koja se stapaju jedna s drugima u sfinge i sirene. Listale smo kamenje, škarice i papire; plele pletenice, štrigle vrške, omatale oko grančice, spremale u džepić jastučaste lutke;

kòsa se još kaže vlasi kaže se *capilli*, kaže Medicinski leksikon da je kosa adneks kože, kaže proizvod folikula i papile vlasi. Rodimo se s određenim brojem folikula, kaže usto, folikuli nam nikad ne izrastaju novi. Kòsa, kaže Opći leksikon,

oruđe blago savijenoga naoštrenog noža, i nož je kòsa nasadena na dug držak s dvjema ručicama. Kòsu nosi Smrt na crtežima i u crtićima i Smrt je jedna, a Moire su recimo tri: jedna prede niti života, druga mjeri, a treća nosi škarice i šiša. Kòsa,

kaže Enciklopedija, znači dlake i znači frizura. Dlake su rožnate elastične niti koje prekrivaju tijela sisavaca i člankonožaca, razlikuju se dlake: strunaste, maljaste i čekinjaste. Sisavcima služe da štite tijelo, čuvaju toplinu, a neke su organi opipa pa se pružaju u prostor duboko, u dodir. Ukoso usađene u kožu, cilindrične niti sežu daleko van i rastu duže od života. Dlake člankonožaca hitinske su pak tvorevine koje, npr., kod desetonožnih rakova služe za nožnu koordinaciju, za ples; u paukova za primanje zvučnih valova, za glazbu; kod cvjetara za sabiranje peludi, za ljubav za med.

Hitin je polisaharid, što će reći složeni šećerni niz sitnositnih perlica i životinjski analog celulozi, dakle nešto nalik papiru kojem se isto, kažemo, dlake dižu od jeze, od strasti; lijepe za kožu od znoja. Od srodnog su šećernog tkiva i egzoskeleti i odbačene kože, i nokti koje sjeckamo i grickamo, i naši oklopi i ljuskice, čak i naše perje koje kljuckamo i čistimo rožnatim kljunovima kakve imaju i kornjače i sipe i hobotnice, samo nama kljun zavija oštro dolje, nama grabljivicama. Čovjek je među rijetkim životinjama koje se znoje (znoje se ljudi i konji, primati i hipopotami), i zato su ljudi stvoreni da dugo trče, dugo plešu. Samo na dlanovima i tabanima, gdje primamo, diramo i odgurujemo zemlju, smo goli.

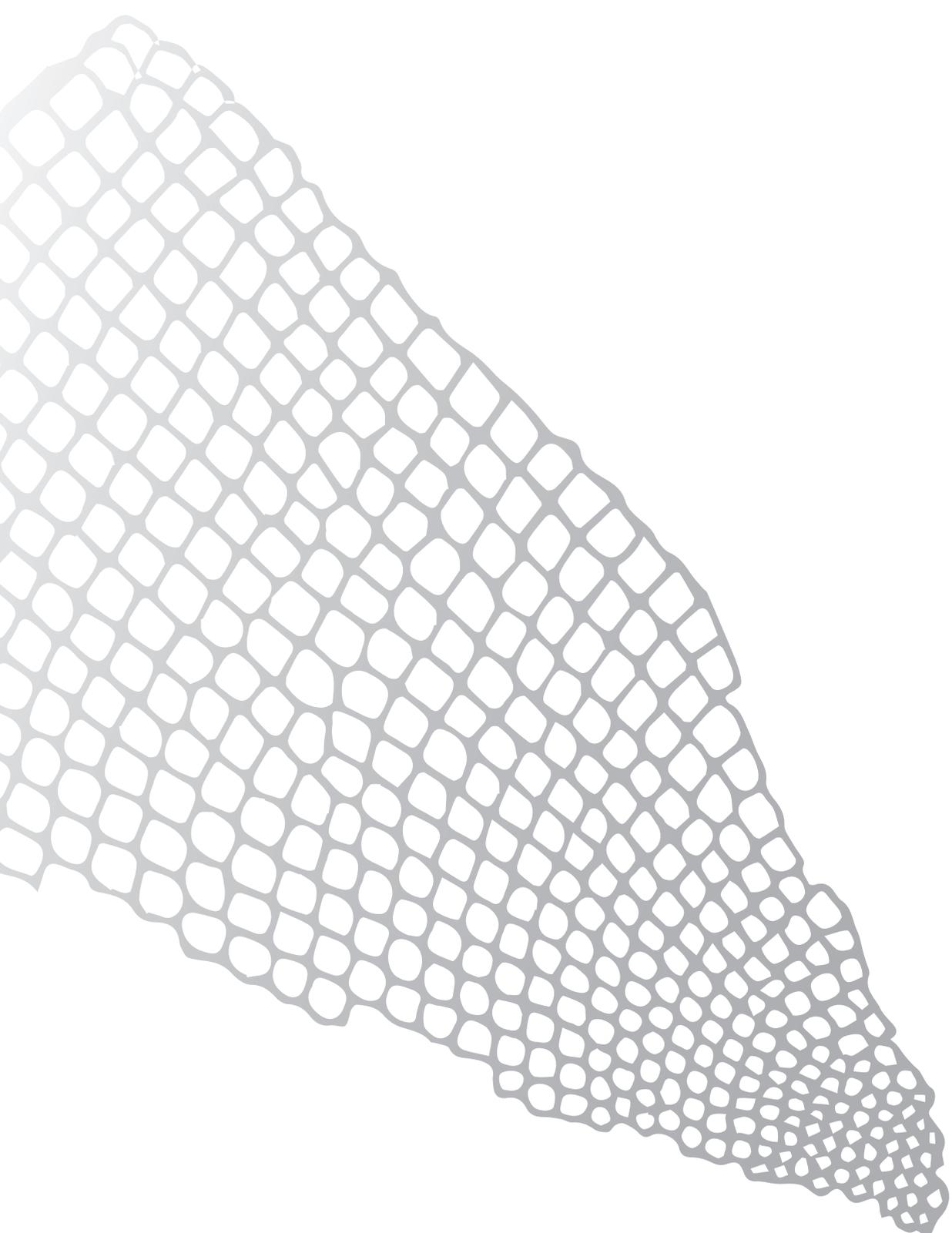


We weren't there, we fantasized. We dreamed of textures and bodies melting into one another into sphinxes and sirens. We leafed through rock, paper, scissors; we braided braids, clipped tips, wrapped twigs, tucked strands into pillowy dolls' pockets;

hair can be head of hair can be called *capilli*; an adnex of the skin, product of follicle and papilla. We're born with a finite number of follicles, and can never grow new ones. Also, hair is filament as well as hairstyle, characteristic threadlike outgrowths of the outer layer of the skin (epidermis) that form an animal's coat, or pelage, keratinous elastic threads that cover the bodies of mammals and arthropods, and hairs differ: stringy, fluffy and bristle. In mammals they protect the body, keep warmth, while some are also organs of touch, extending deep into space, deep towards. Thin cylindrical threads reach out and keep reaching and grow longer than life. The hairs of arthropods are chitinous structures: in decapod crabs helping leg coordination, meant for dance; in spiders receiving sound waves, meant for music; in bees to gather pollen, meant for love, for honey.

Our hair stands up due to a reflex called piloerection, when tiny muscles at the follicles contract in response to stimuli like cold, fear, or surprise. In cold weather, piloerection creates a layer of insulating air, while in danger or conflict, it makes an animal appear larger and more threatening. Additionally, hair can stand up due to static electricity from friction or dryness, we get goosebumps from desire, a bit of nerves, some stage fright.

Chitin is a polysaccharide, meaning a complex sugary chain of fine-grained beads and the animal analogon to cellulose, so kindred to paper. Made of related sugary tissue are exoskeletons and shed skins, the nails we clip and chew, our armours and scales, even the feathers we peck and clean with horny beaks like those of turtles, cuttlefish and octopi (octopusses?), only our beaks bend sharply downward, we're predators. Few animals sweat (people and horses, primates and hippopotamuses), and this is why humans can run long, dance far. Only the palms and the soles of our feet are bare.



Pri preradi životinjske kože, treba paziti da se kolagen stabilizira. Nakon stabilizacije, koža se pretvara u novu verziju sebe otpornu na raspadanje, vlagu i habanje. Jer sirova se koža kvari i trune.

Smrdi.

Kako bi se prekinuo proces raspadanja, najprije je potrebno ukloniti prljavštinu, sol i dlake, i zatim kreće odapnjenje i mesarenje pri čemu se skida preostalo meso i masnoća. Slijedi kiseljenje i štavljenje kada se koža oblaže tvarima koje dodatno stabiliziraju proteinsku strukturu. Naposljetku kreće sušenje i dodavanje ulja, boja, premaza, i konačno na granici između živog i neživog materijala, koža je sada obrađena da bi trajala, da bi se nosila.

First, we remove dirt and grime, salt and hair. Then we flesh the skin, remove the meat and fat delicately. We refrigerate, then drench the skin in a solution of lime and sodium sulphide. Next comes pickling (water, salt, and acid), tanning (chrome or tannic acid), then slitting and shaving and lubricating with natural fat or synthetic fatty chemicals to reach the desired softness and further stabilise the protein structure. Finally, the skin is set and dried and coated, ready to wear, made to outlive the wearer.

When processing animal skin, make sure to stabilise the collagen fibres of the animal hide so that the skin becomes a new iteration of itself: resistant to biodegradation, humidity, and moisture, to scuffing, wearing, fraying, scouring. Because raw skin breaks down, goes bad. It putrefies. It rots.

Stinks.

P.S.

Our language has only one word for skin and leather (skin), one for time and weather (time), one for tongue and language (tongue).

Kad smo se napokon dodirnule, nakon svega i nužno, ona i ja, u očima sam joj vidjela da želi pobrojati što joj je vlastiti folikularni sloj govorio. Uglavnom se vrtilo oko – neka se gone: fleksanje teorijom, znojenje diskusijom, crvenilo, neželjena nuspojava, njega u deset koraka, uvijek mlada i neokaljana, sve glatko i slatko, upisivanje tintom, pregibi koji se starenjem dube, tragovi dugog i kratkog trajanja – dosta mi je. Kaže – Mi smo za dodir, mi mislimo čitavim tijelom po čitavom tijelu, i ono što ostaje zauvijek, i ono što se ispire;

želiš li predah?

Vratile smo se pred lampu, postavile lica da nam svjetlo svijetli i diže endorfin, pa se nanovo okupile oko novih fantazija a zapravo sudara s vlastitim tijelima poput pljeska; suptilnih utiskivanja poput ugriza; skrivenih učinaka pritisaka poput masaže; pripremi umjetne kože (taj smo dio voljele). Nakon štavljenja, krenule smo svoje uzajamne kože vježbati, stvarati nove tragove, prepoznavati stare, govoriti, gledati, pisati, plesati, pljeskati, smijati se, gristi, slati glasove preko ravnina i vremenskih zona, dok je dobar dio (najbolji dio) naših rožnatih dijelova vikao: odjebi “...a ipak koža nije poput ogledala, ne odražava istinu unutarnjeg ja.” (Ahmed, Stacey, 2001) Korekcija. Vratile smo se tri koraka unazad.

Correction. We take three steps back.

2001)

“and yet the skin is not like a mirror, it doesn't reflect the truth of the inner self” (Ahmed, Stacey,

We stepped back in front of the lamp, turned our faces to face the light so that it shoots us full of endorphins. Then we regrouped; brand new fantasies; clashing our bodies (in/an applause); subtle imprints resembling bite marks; hidden impacts of pressures like traces of a massage; the preparation of fake skin, or was it leather? (We loved that part.) Soon we started out on our own skin: creating new traces, recognizing old ones, fabricating artificial ones via touch, gesture, and text. We kept talking; looking; writing; dancing; laughing; biting; sending our voices across planes and time zones all the while a good part (the best part) of our horny (horny? horny) parts screamed fuck off.

your breath?

Do you need to catch

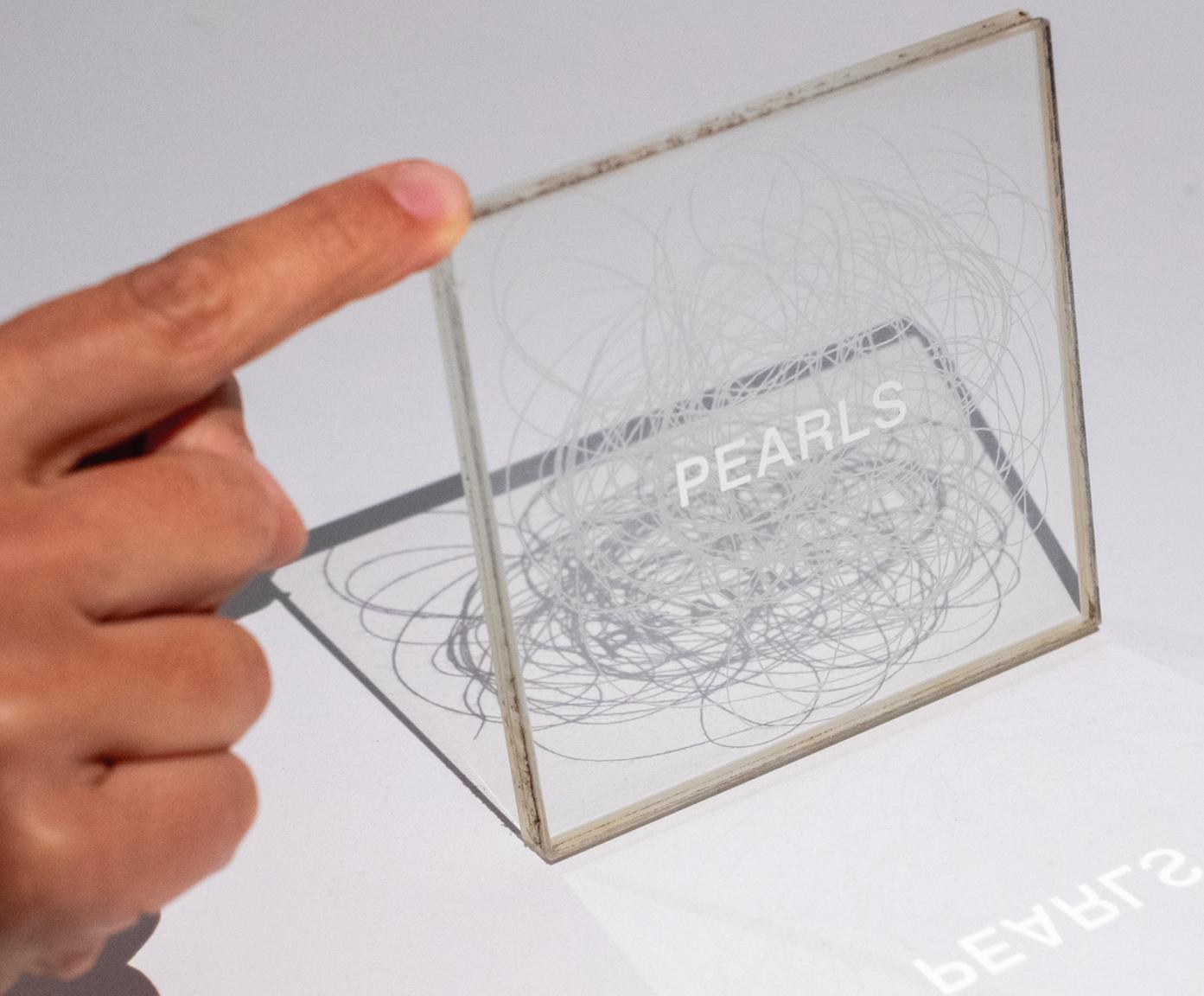
forever: do you need a break?

When we finally touched, she and I, after all and inevitably, I could tell that she was dying to express what her follicular layer was telling her. It was mostly – fuck them: fuck the over-theoretical over-flexing and long-con-conversational huffing and puffing – enough! She says: We are made to touch, to think through, throughout and all over our bodies, figuring out what washes off and what sticks and stays forever: do you need a break?



A možda i jest koža zrcalo, izvana urezuje rječita korita, ispisuje vrijeme, iznutra nam nas vraća u petlji, u gumastim čvorovima, samo to nije za naše oči, a oči? Kuglasta želatina koja će pocuriti ako joj probiješ stjenku i neće stati, srljat će pokretna kao živa, srkat ćeš je kao srebrni pekmez triput prokuhan i serviran s listićem pepermintna na toplom kruhu preko maslaca koji se brzo topi.

Or maybe the skin is a mirror, carving word(l)y riverbeds on the surface, inscribing time on the outside, on the inside bringing us back to ourselves in a loop, in rubbery knots, only that part is not meant for our eyes, and the eyes? Spherical gelatine that will ooze out once you pierce its membrane and it will not stop, rushing like mercury, and you'll slurp it like silver jam boiled three times over, served with a mint leaf on warm bread over butter quickly melting.



Motriš moje jabučice dok se gusta mreža crvenog žilja povlači u bjelinu kako vrijeme korača unatrag. Znam da znaš ali važno mi je da vidiš i razumiješ – da nije svemu što vidiš vjerovati i nije sve da vidimo, zato imamo kapke i zato zatvaramo oči i zato sanjamo u boji; zato znamo mimo što i kako mislimo. Dok spavamo, svi su mišići opušteni osim kapaka koji se naprežu da nas odmore od horizonta, od buke igre dima i zrcala, od miraža, fatamorgana.

Jer kad toplina naglo naraste u zraku između slojeva različite gustoće dolazi do savijanja i loma svjetlosti – do totalne refleksije. Prizori se uvišestručuju, krive se i kidaju, nebo prekrivaju lokve vode, otoci lebde i korijenjem grebu površinu, a brodovi plove naopako. Puno polažemo u čulo koje radi samo dovoljno blizu i dovoljno daleko i kad je dovoljno toplohladno, inače je samo til, samo čipka, samo ekran, samo pričam ti priču unedogled. Samo staklo – neproborna prozirnost koja tupo zaustavlja, reže dok puca i ne oprašta. Pogled propušta, odraz uzvraća, ali nijedno sasvim jer ih miješa jer miješa nas i postajemo i jedno i drugo i nešto treće sada nerazdvojno. I sve gubi teksturu, postaje glat, postaje glanc, hladno i kad je vrelo, suviše lako klizi iz ruke, lako puca.

You watch my eyeballs as the dense mesh of red vessels retreats into the whites of my eyes and time walks backwards. I know you know but I need you to understand and see – that not everything seen is to be believed and not everything is meant to be seen, and it's why we have eyelids, why we close our eyes, why we dream in colour; why we know beyond how deep and far we can think. While we sleep, each and every muscle in our body relaxes, except the eyelids straining to help us rest from the horizon, from the noise of smoke-and-mirrors, from mirages, fata morganas.

For when heat rises quickly, in between layers of different density in the air, light bends and breaks into total reflection. Scenes multiply, distort and tear; pools of water cover the sky, islands float, their roots scratching the soiled surface, and ships sail upside down. We place so much trust in a sensory thing that works only when we are close enough and far enough and it is tepidcool enough, just right, otherwise we gaze through tulle, through lace, through a screen, just spinning an endless tale. Through glass – an unbreakable transparency that halts bluntly, that cuts as it shatters and never forgives. It lets the gaze through, it sends the reflection back, but does neither completely – it blends them, blends us, and we become either and both and a third something new now inseparable. And everything loses texture, becomes smooth, becomes glazed, becomes cold even when burning hot, slipping too easily from grasp, breaking so easily.



Što smo još sve sakrile naočigled između dviju prozirnosti? Presavijeni papir, sintetičku medicinsku masku, nekoliko osinjih tijela? Kad posegnemo, nokti nam udare o stjenku stakla, ostajemo četiri milimetra daleko od mekih tkiva kojima ne damo da nestanu, barem ne prije nego stanemo mi.

What else have we hidden in plain sight in-between two transparencies? A folded sheet of paper, a synthetic medical mask, a few wasp bodies? When we reach for them, our nails strike the glassy wall, we remain only a few millimetres away from the soft tissues we refuse to let disappear, at least before we do.

at least before we do.
at least before we do.

A kada sve te skelete, krila, tkanine i ostale nađene i oguljene stvari i stvari zauvijek sačuvamo u fosilu od stakla baš kao u kakvom neokolonijalnom horor filmu pitanje je: bi li ipak najbolje bilo sve razbiti. Pitanje je: što će preživjeti razbijanje prepariranog stakla i treba li. Pitanje je: što se tada, u tim raspuklinama i prostorima između, može napipati, naslutiti, tri puta izokrenuti. Jer ponekad samo želimo da se perspektiva promijeni. Ili?

And when all of these skeletons, wings, fabrics, and other matter and materials, found and foraged, are preserved as glass fossils (in glass coffins) forever – as if we`ve been melding a neo-colonial horror flick or hipster-goth fairy tale, the question arises:

should we just break them / up?

If you push your fingers into the stuffed glass, the icexidermy, what will you feel in the fractures, in the cracks, in the spaces in-between? What will you touch, grope, sense, move, tingle, flip, turn over three times over. Cause sometimes we really want and need, we crave that shift in perspective.

No?



Pitaš mene? Stvari su da se preslaguju, jezgre da se krzaju, a ovojnice loptaju električnim krijesnicama; oblici su dobri samo privremeni jer nakon dulje od trena oka zarastaju u ćelije. Mada zamamno je to zatišje – miris plina i vrtoglavica netom prije nesvijesti, paperjasta tišina, svemir. Ali mi smo nemirnice, teško podnosimo statiku.

Ako mene pitaš, preživjet će sve i neće preživjeti ništa; preživjet će gradivno tkivo što će se rašljati u granje i značenje i rastjelovljeno sjećanje koje je ionako jedino vrijedno spomena. Preživjet će ožiljci, zarezi na koži jer to su iščašenja u vremenu, šavovi između prošlosti i budućnosti na površinama vode i mesa. Neće preživjeti ništa, samo ništa.

You`re asking me? Things are meant to rearrange, cores to graze, and membranes to throw electric fireflies at each other; shapes are only good when temporary because after more than a blink, they grow into (skin)cells. Though that lull is seductive – the faint smell of gas and the dizzy spell before fainting, the pillowy silence, the universe. But we are restless, you and I, we can` t bear the static.

If you ask me, everything and nothing will survive; synthetic flesh, tissue and base matter will survive, branching into canopies and limbs and meaning and disembodied memory. Scars will survive, marking dislocations in time, seams between past and future on surfaces of flesh and water. Nothing will survive, mere nothing.

SITTING PRETTY



Postoji jedan sasvim intiman način da dosegemo tu neku drugu perspektivu, to rastegnuto značenje, izvodimo ju svako/dnevno, a zove se Gledanje kroz napola otvorene kapke. Gledamo prijelaz iz tamnotamnocrvene u tamnonarančastu pa oker boju, potom gledamo trepavicama zamućenu vanjštinu. U tom finom naporu nismo ni vani niti unutra, i vidimo ali se suzdržavamo od gledanja i tek minimalni napor fizike proizvodi slike, a mi u svojoj mesnatoj špilji propuštamo tek poneku. A te kratke, zakrivljene dlake koje rastu na rubovima kapaka, stvaraju sjenku, okvir za pogled, filtriraju svjetlo, poluprozirno zavode, zovu se cilije, točnije *ciliae palpebrarum*, kaže Medicinski rječnik. Cilije sprečavaju da u oko uđe prašina, zrnca i sitne čestice, da se rožnica ne ošteti i ne propusti želatinu van. Vlaknasto im je tkivo i čvrsto i elastično (kao i našim noktima, kosi i rogovima), ali trepavice su zapravo mrtve i tvrde zavijene izrasline koje čuvaju jedno od najosjetljivijih mjesta na našem tijelu, drže napetost između živog pogleda i mrtvog ruba. Dodirnem li te trepavicama, znam da će ti se dići sve druge dlake na tijelu, da će ti se koža orositi kombinacijom suza i sitnih grašaka znoja od uzbuđenja. Trepnula bih najprije jednom ili dvaput samo da testiram pritisak, trenje, debljinu i udaljenost, a kada bih završila mjerenja i skupila podatke, pozvala bih te da pokušaš trepnuti i ti.

There is a way to reach this other perspective, we perform it daily, and it's called Looking Through Half-Open Eyelids. It consists of watching the transition from the darkest red into a dark orange further into ochre followed by a blurry scene of mixed colours mixed with eyelashes. During this delicate effort we are neither inside nor outside, we see but refrain from looking while the minimally strenuous physics produce the image, unhidden in our own cave and its projection wall. The short, curved hairs growing out of our eyelids' edges form shadow, frame the gaze, filter light, seduce with their matty batty transparency. Called cilia, more accurately ciliae palpebrarum according to the Medical Dictionary, they prevent dust, shards, grime, grains, any tiny particle to enter the eye, scratch the cornea and let the gelatine out. Their fibrous structure makes them thick and elastic (like our nails, hair and horns), but eyelashes are actually dead curved growths that protect one of our most sensitive body parts. There is a building tension between the living gaze and the dead edge protecting it.

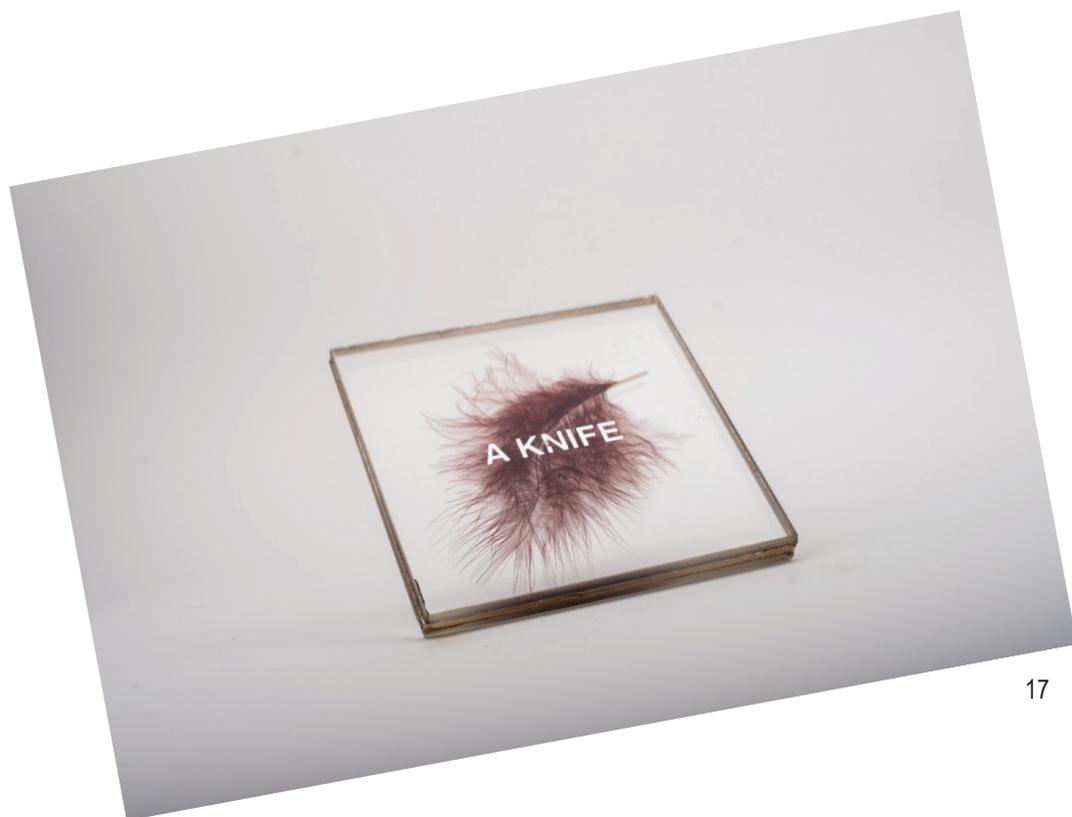
If I touch you with my lashes lightly, I bet that all the other hairs on your body will stand right up, and beads of tears and sweat will cover the softest inches of your skin. I'll blink once or twice just to test out the pressure, the friction, the distance, and then after the gauging and measurements, after I gather the data, I'll invite you perhaps to perhaps try to blink back as well.

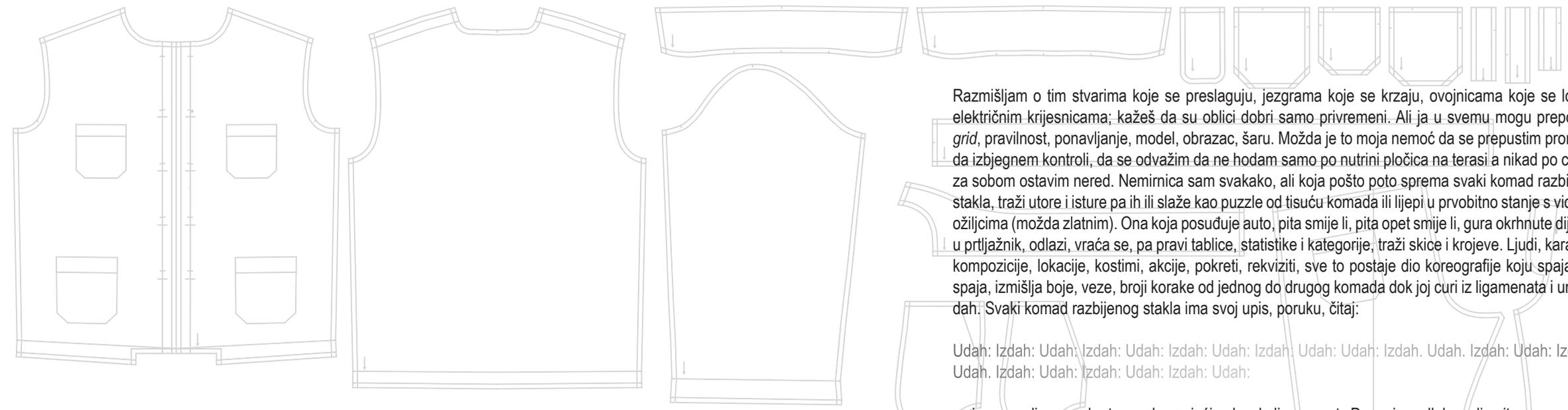
JUMPS

REPETITION

Ali moji su pokreti ovih dana preteški: trepavice gumene rese, kosa svilenkasti konci, olovne jagodice na prstima. Tijelo mi se inati, priča sa mnom samo iskosa, zaustavlja me i traži da pogađam. Zarezalo mi je prst oštricom da me podsjeti da sam krvava ispod kože i sad mi koža s tog rascjepa malo visi, suši se, nova koža je istiskuje. Odrežem viseći višak škalicama za zanoktice i padne na papir i gotovo je iste teksture: bjeličasto providan. Srodniji smo bilju nego što želimo znati, samo se brže krećemo, oko drveća smo kao zunzare na južini. Valja najprije oguliti koru, pa usitniti mišićno tkivo drveta, da bi se potom vlakna namakala u vodi dok se ne pretvore u pulpu. Ta se pulpa onda prostire preko mrežaste podloge, i kako se izvlači voda i hlapi ponovno van, vlakna se isprepliću i tvore kompaktnu tanku stvar, koja se onda još preša, i pari, i preša, i namata u cilindrične svitke. Rasteže. Reže. Nekoć su knjige nosile životinjsku kožu, suhu i otpornu, sada ih odijevamo u tkanine i zašivamo im nutrine, i puštamo malo svoje meke masti, svoga znoja i koju kaplju krvi da je papir proguta.

But these days my hand is too heavy: eyelashes like rubber tassels, hair like silken thread, my fingertips leaden. My body keeps acting out, talking to me only sideways, halting and making me guess. It cut my finger with a blade to remind me that I bleed when opened, and now a piece of skin hangs along that slit, drying in the air, new skin pushing it out. I cut off the dead skin with cuticle scissors and she fell onto paper, almost blending in texture: milky and translucent. We are more alike plants than we'd like to know, we just move faster, buzzing around trees like blueflies before a storm. First the bark is peeled, then the muscular tree tissue minced so that the fibres can soak in water until they turn into pulp. That pulp is then spread over a mesh surface, and as the water drains and evaporates again, the fibres interlace and form a thin compact thing, then pressed, and steamed, and pressed again, and wound into cylindrical rolls. Stretched. Cut. Books used to wear animal skin, dry and resistant, now we dress them in fabrics and stitch their insides, and as we do we leave traces of our fatter, our warm fat, and sweat, and a drop or two of blood. And the paper swallows.

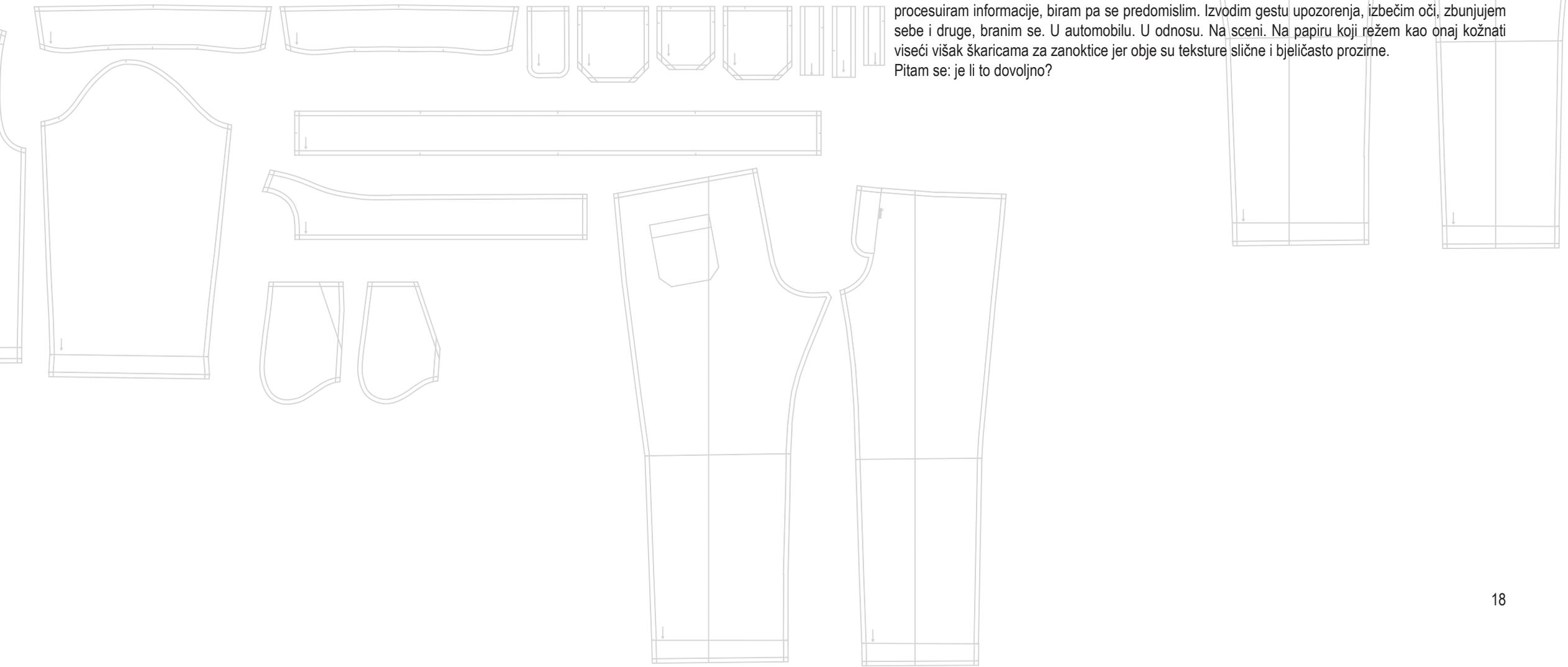




Razmišljam o tim stvarima koje se preslaguju, jezgrama koje se krzaju, ovojnica koje se loptaju električnim krijesnicama; kažeš da su oblici dobri samo privremeni. Ali ja u svemu mogu prepoznati *grid*, pravilnost, ponavljanje, model, obrazac, šaru. Možda je to moja nemoć da se prepustim promjeni, da izbjegnem kontroli, da se odvažim da ne hodam samo po nutrini pločica na terasi a nikad po crti, da za sobom ostavim nered. Nemirnica sam svakako, ali koja pošto poto sprema svaki komad razbijenog stakla, traži utore i isture pa ih ili slaže kao puzzle od tisuću komada ili lijepi u prvobitno stanje s vidljivim ožiljcima (možda zlatnim). Ona koja posuđuje auto, pita smije li, pita opet smije li, gura okrhute dijelove u prtljažnik, odlazi, vraća se, pa pravi tablice, statistike i kategorije, traži skice i krojeve. Ljudi, karakteri, kompozicije, lokacije, kostimi, akcije, pokreti, rekviziti, sve to postaje dio koreografije koju spaja li ga spaja, izmišlja boje, veze, broji korake od jednog do drugog komada dok joj curi iz ligamenata i umiruje dah. Svaki komad razbijenog stakla ima svoj upis, poruku, čitaj:

Udah: Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah: Udah: Izdah. Udah. Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah. Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah: Izdah: Udah:

smisao gradim u pokretu, podmazujući ruke, koljena, vrat. Donosim odluke, ali pritom se mrdam jer razumijem radeći, pa ponavljam, sistematiziram, tabliram, kakti oslobađam se viškova, opažam, procesuiram informacije, biram pa se predomislim. Izvodim gestu upozorenja, izbežim oči, zbunjujem sebe i druge, branim se. U automobilu. U odnosu. Na sceni. Na papiru koji režem kao onaj kožnati viseći višak škaricama za zanoktice jer obje su teksture slične i bjeličasto prozirne. Pitam se: je li to dovoljno?



I'm thinking about these // things rearranging, kernels grazing, membranes throwing electric fireflies at each other; you say that forms are (good) only ever temporary. But even if and when the body knows that it changes with each and every breath and that life means chasing (after) chasing (away) death // I can recognise a grid, an order and shape in every single thing, a repetition, a model, a pattern, a design. Maybe it's my inability to give into change, to slip away from control, to dare to step on the lines of the terrace tiles, to leave a mess. We are restless, antsy, you and I, absolutely, but of a restless kind that keeps and guards each and every piece of broken glass, no matter what, searching for contusions and protrusions, for slits and slots, either to piece them together like a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle or to stick them back together with the scarring visible (maybe golden). The kind that borrows the car, asks permission, asks permission again, shoves chipped parts in the trunk, leaves, comes back then makes charts and tables, statistics and categories, searches for sketches, cuts and fits and outfits and misfits. People, characters, compositions, locations, costumes, moves, movements, props, everything becomes part of a choreography that we weave and weave together, inventing colours, embroideries, we count the steps from one piece to the next while our ligaments leak and our breath stills. Every piece of broken glass has its inscription, its message, it reads:

Breathe in.
Breathe out.

Wait, yes, but wait; when we say we, it's not us, it's you and I, and first you say:
Back off, I am changing, but the way I construct meaning is through movement, I lubricate hands, knees, and neck. I make decisions, I do, but I also budge, I boogie, I understand through doing and so I repeat, I strategise, I'm methodic, I digest. I chart, I sketch, I plan, presumably shed excess, I observe, perceive, I process information, I pick and choose and change my mind. I perform a gesture of warning, I glare, I confuse myself and others, I defend myself, I'm defensive. In the car. In a relationship. On stage. On paper. On a piece of paper that I cut (off) like that same // leathery hanging piece skin (oh a hangnail!) using a pair of cuticle scissors watching it fall on paper and become invisible because both textures are alike and milky see-through, see?

And I say: I think I have done enough.



DIAGONAL



FRONTAL



Toller Mensch, wie kannst du Augen haben? – Augen – Augen?
Nu – Nu – Brill’ – Brill’ auf der Nas’ su setze, das sein meine Oke – sköne Oke!

Coppélia je takozvani komični balet izvorno iz 1870. godine, praižveden u pariškoj Operi, čiji je libreto raspisao Charles-Louis-Étienne Nuitter po priči Ernsta Theodora Amadeusa Hoffmanna *Der Sandmann*, objavljene u zbirci *Nachtstücke* 1816. godine u Pruskoj. Prvi noćni komad pripovijest je pismima ispisana, i kotrlja se kao provala sumanuta smijeha, i pripovijeda o djetinjoj fantazmi koja se otjelotvori u stvarnu stravu odrasla oka.

„Nema Pješčuljka, dijete drago; kad kažem da Pješčuljak stiže, to znači samo da ste pospani i jedva držite oči otvorene, kao da vam je u njih netko utrljao pijesak.“

Ali ne, to nije istina, Pješčuljak je zlikovac koji posjećuje besaničare i šaku im pijeska sune u oči kako bi ih do krvi izgrebali, a onda ih ubaci u svoju vreću i odnese njima nahraniti svoju djecu. A djeca čekaju i čuče u gnijezdu savijenom u polumjesecu, sa zavijenim kljunovima sovuljaga kojima kopaju oči ljudskim derištima.

Coppélia is an allegedly comic ballet first performed at the Paris Opera in 1870, with libretto by Charles Louis Étienne Nuitter after Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann’s story *Der Sandmann*, published in the short story collection *Nachtstücken* in 1816 in Prussia. This first nocturnal piece is a tale written in letters, and it unravels like a madman’s laughter, recounting the tale of a child’s phantasm materialising as embodied terror in a grown-up eye.

“There is no Sandman, my dear child; when I say the Sandman is coming, all it means is that you children are sleepy and can’t keep your eyes open, as if somebody had scattered sand in them.”

But it’s just not true. The Sandman is a real villain visiting the sleepless and flinging a handful of sand into their eyes so that they scratch them bloody. Then he scoops them into his sack and carries them off to feed to his children. And the children wait, crouching in a nest on a half moon, with curved owl-like beaks, made to gouge the eyes out of little human brats.





Čovječe strašni, kako možeš prodavati oči? – Oči – Oči?

Vidi – vidi – staklo – to staklo koje nosiš nanosice, to su moje oke – lijepe oke!

Kad ga jednom vidiš, upeče ti se u rožnicu i titra ti u rubu svake slike i svakog sna dok te razum ne napusti.

Strange man, how can you have eyes for sale? Eyes? Eyes?

Look – glass – glass – what you put on you nose, eyes a pretty – eyes a pretty!

If only once you see him, even just a glance, he is seared into your cornea forever throbbing voicelessly at the edge of every image you see and every dream you have until you have no senses left to leave you.

Čovječe strašni, kako možeš prodavati oči? – Oči – Oči?
Vidi – vidi – staklo – to staklo koje nosiš nanosice, to su moje oke – lijepe oke!

Pješčuljak u baletnim šlapicama gradi lutke veličine čovjeka, strojna stvorenja, prazna i prekrasna, ali ako ti ukrade dušu, ugradit će je u jednu takvu, zauvijek zatočenu za emajliranim očima: *La Fille aux Yeux d'Émail*. Kako smo se mogle zaljubiti u vijke i porculan? U stakleni premaz preko zemljanog tkiva koji nam vraća iskrivljen odraz?

U glavnoj ulozi praiizvedbene verzije *Coppélije*, junakinju i u lutku maskiranu junakinju plesala je tada šesnaestogodišnja talijanska balerina Giuseppina Bozzacchi, a njezina nestalnog partnera kulturna Eugénie Fiocre en travesti. Balet je bio momentalni monumentalni hit dok ga nije presjekla opsada Pariza za vrijeme Francusko-pruskog rata, tijekom koje je, na svoj sedamnaesti rođendan, glađu onemoćala Giuseppina umrla od boginja. Zgradu opere progutao je požar točno tri godine kasnije.

On the other hand, the ballet-slippered Sandman builds life-sized dolls, mechanical creatures, empty and beautiful, but if he steals your soul he will shove it inside one of them, to be trapped forever behind enamel eyes. *La Fille aux Yeux d'Émail* - how could we have fallen in love with bolts and porcelain? With glass coating over tissue made of soil that, given anything whatever, only returns a distorted reflection?

In the original production of *Coppélia*, the namesake heroine and her doll-disguised double were danced by the sixteen-year-old Italian ballerina Giuseppina Bozzacchi, while her fickle partner was performed by the iconic Eugénie Fiocre en travesti. The ballet was an instant hit until its opera reign was cut short by the Siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War. During the siege and weakened by hunger, Giuseppina died of smallpox on her seventeenth birthday. The opera house burned down exactly three years later.



BLINKING DANCE

Pješčuljak zlikovac koji posjećuje besaničare pa im šaku pijeska sune u oči kako bi ih do krvi izgrebali ima svoj pandan u staklom izgredanim rožnicama.*

Ali ne ne ne, ostavi to sad, gledaj gledaj slušaj, jednom je postojala i postoji i možda bi mogla postojati verzija *Coppélie* koja bi izostavila pjeskarenje očiju i grebanje rožnice i mogla bi se zvati *Lutke i koze*. Ali premisa bi morala biti bolno jasna i proces nastrano konsenzualan. Osoba koja pleše ne bi smjela biti balerina i ne bi smjela voljeti balet (a ipak i ipak!) ono što predložimo svejedno bi izviral iz *Coppélijina* libreta, prigrivši otpor prema baletu i odbacivši sve uobičajene osumnjičene uključujući: disciplinirano tijelo, rigidnost forme. Da. Dakle. Početni otpor je ključan za početak, a osoba koja pleše morala bi biti plesač/ica, recimo suvremena plesač/ica suvremenog plesa. I ona bi, pretpostavljamo (zar ne?), ponudila neku vrstu odgovora na *Coppéliu*, ispreplićući svoj nespretno otkriven interes za (djevojku ženu drugu?) lutke ženskog ženstvenog ženskasto oblikovanog tijela (kakva drskost!) sa svojom odbojnošću prema njihovoj hladnoj, jezivoj ljepoti. A ipak i ipak (pazi sad!) nisu samo lutke u središtu ovog posebnog odgovora na *Coppéliu*. Kozel! (Rekla sam ti!) One su arhetip (samo malo izdrži) njezinih i njegovih emocija, iskaču i uskaču u koreografiju (nešto kao familiari), dopuštajući plesaču/ici da uplete vlastito razumijevanje tijela, svoje osobno iskustvo, emocionalna stanja i specifične uvide stečene kroz istraživanje u novu viziju libreta. Lutke bi zbrkale formu i rod, a nešto kozolikosti bi razočaralo partiture. Ahhh, ali kozastost također ima veze sa žrtvenim jarcima i pobjeglim janjcima i onesvješćujućim kozama i jesam li ti ikad (o Bože) pričala o mijotoniji? Rođene s genetskim neuromuskularnim poremećajem, koze se sruše kad su jako iznenađene ili prestrašene, onesvijeste se. Ali ovdje i sada, s nama i njima, one izokreću očekivanja, uzvraćaju pogled. Ostaju uspravno, ruše druge (figurativno, naravno, osim osim ako.

In the darkest of nights, the Sandman comes he comes he visits the insomniacs and whoosh! he throws a fist/full of sand into their eyes so that they would rub and rub and scratch and scratch them bloody.

But no no no, leave that for now, look look listen, there was once and is and perhaps could be a version of *Coppélia* that could leave out the eyesanding and corneagrasing and it might be called *Dolls and Goats*. But the premise has to be excruciatingly clear and the process perversely consensual. The person dancing mustn't be a ballet dancer and mustn't love the ballet form (and yet and yet!) what we propose would stem, nevertheless, out of *Coppélia's* libretto, embracing the dancer's resistance to ballet, and dismissing all the usual suspects including: the disciplined body: the rigid form. Ah yes. And so. Initial resistance is key to begin with, and the person dancing would have to be a dancer, let's say a contemporary dancer of contemporary dance if you will. And they would, we presume (don't we?), offer a kind of response to *Coppélia*, weaving their own awkwardly hidden interest for (girl woman other?) femme/female/feminine-shaped dolls (the nerve!) with their repulsion for the dolls' cool, uncanny beauty. And yet and yet (pay attention!) not only dolls are at the centre this particular response to *Coppélia*. Goats! (I told you!) They are the very archetype (bear with me) of the dancer's emotions, jumping in and out of the choreography, (something of familiars) allowing them to integrate their own understanding of the body, of their own very personal experience, the emotional states and specific insights gained through research and rehearsal, into a new vision for the libretto. Dolls would confuse form and gender, and the goatesquerie would disappoint the score. Ohhh, but the goatiosity also has to do with scapegoats and escaped goats and fainting goats and have I ever told you (oh ffs) about myotonia? Born with a genetic neuromuscular disorder, goats collapse when extremely surprised or scared, they faint. But here and now, with us and them, they subvert expectations, they look back. They stay upright, they knock others down (figuratively, of course, unless) unless.



STIFF TORSO



SMILING



**Snježna kraljica (Snedronningen, 1844)* jedna je od bajki Hansa Christiana Andersena. Sastoji se od sedam poglavlja koje zajedno čine jedno putovanje i priču o prijateljstvu, zrcaljenju, hladnoći i moći ljubavi. U priči, čarobno zrcalo koje je napravio zli demon ima moć da sve dobro i lijepo izobliči. Kad se zrcalo razbije, sitni komadići lete svijetom od sjevernog do južnog pola i natrag pa tako jedan od komadića završi u oku dječaku Kaju koji otad više ne vidi ljepotu. Postane hladan, podrugljiv i okrutan i sve što ga je nekad diralo sada mu je bezvrijedno. Jednog dana Kaja odvede Snježna kraljica, personifikacija ledene ljepote i razuma bez osjećaja, u svoje sjeverno kraljevstvo. U toj zabačenoj ledenici on gubi sjećanja i osjećaje, postaje kip od leda, i mrko sve gleda. Njegova prijateljica Gerda, vezana dubokom dječjom ljubavlju i prijateljstvom, kreće na dugo putovanje kako bi ga pronašla. Na kraju priče, kad Gerda pronađe Kaja u ledenom dvorcu, njezine suze tope led u njegovu srcu, a ljubav razbija čaroliju a time i metaforu za spoznaju, ranjivost i mogućnost promjene. To je sve, naravno, istina.

The Snowqueen (Snedronningen in Danish) is a fairy tale (published in 1844) by Hans Christian Andersen, consisting of seven chapters forming a single journey telling a tale of friendship, ice, mirrors, and the power of love.

A magic mirror made by an evil demon has the power to distort everything good and beautiful. When the mirror is broken, its tiny shards shatter all across the world. One shard flies deep into the eye of a boy named Kai, and as it sinks into his gentle eyeball, he loses the ability to see beauty. He becomes cold and cruel, and everything he used to cherish becomes meaningless and empty.

One day, he catches the eye of the Snow Queen, ice beauty and heartless reason personified. The Queen takes Kai to her kingdom, to an ice palace far, far north. In that remote icebox, all shine, beauty and sharp corners, he gradually loses his memories and all feeling, becoming a mere ice statue, only gazing out darkly with ice-cold eyes. But his friend Gerda holds onto their memories, loving him with the same bone-deep childhood love and friendship they used to share. And so, she sets out on a long journey to find him. At the end of the story, once Gerda finds Kai in the ice palace, her tears melt the ice in his heart, and love breaks the spell.

This, of course, is a true story.



Kad je od svojih bjelosvjetskih putnika-istraživača perzijski šah čuo za europske hale zrcala, čitave zidove prekrivene ogledalima koja su uvišestručivala dvorane i ljude i svijećnjake, naložio je da mu donesu – što košta da košta! – iste takve goleme plohe srebrna stakla. Poslao je izaslanike, pripremio najbolje perzijske arhitekte, naručio da se njegov dvor i grad okiti odrazima. I trebala je koja godina i izaslanici su dali sve od sebe da pronađu i proberu i kupe najfinija i najotpornija stakla, no kako su karavanama prelazili brda i doline, rijeke i pustinje, dok su stigli na dvor svoga šaha, zrcala su bila razbijena u sitne komade.

I donijeli su ih arhitektima, iskrkali, istresli, a arhitekti su ih počeli slagati i takve sitne usitnjene ugrađivati u mozaike na oltarima, u zidne ukrase dvorova, džamija. U cijeloj Perziji nije bilo zrcalnog odraza koji je sadržavao cijeli lik, nego samo mrlje i komade, brzoprolazne boje i bljeskove.

When the Persian shah heard his explorers speak of European halls of mirrors, entire walls covered in glass that multiplied rooms and people and candelabras, he ordered the same vast sheets of silver glass – whatever the cost! – be brought to him. He sent envoys, prepared the finest Persian architects, and commissioned his palace and city to be adorned with reflections. It took a few years, and the envoys did everything they could to find and select and purchase the finest and most resilient glass, but as their caravans crossed hills and valleys, rivers and deserts, by the time they reached the court of their shah the mirrors had shattered into tiny pieces.

They brought them to the architects, unloaded them, shook them out, and the architects began arranging them, setting those tiny fragments into mosaics adorning altars, wall decorations for palaces and mosques. In all of Persia there was not a single mirrored reflection that contained a whole figure, only stains and fragments, fleeting colours and glints.

Nije nikad u cijeloj povijesti bilo više odraza nego danas i čini se konsenzus da nas to čini glupljim i gorim bićima no što smo ikada bili – sada s ledenim stakalcima u očima, u džepovima. No teško je tome izbjeći, utkana nam je u biće ta fascinacija do mjere da smo gotovo spremne da nas odraz proguta, da se s njime spojimo u onostranom, u rijeci, na dnu.

Od svoje najranije studije, prvi put pročitane tridesetih u Marienbadu, Lacan piše o stadiju zrcala, pragu između raspršenog doživljaja svijeta u kojem ne razlikujemo svoje biće od okolnih stvari i silnica, između uronjenosti u svemoćnu-nemoćnu sveprisutnost, i prve svijesti o svojim granicama, o sebstvu kao bitno odvojenom od svijeta. Preko toga praga ulazimo u jezik, u odnose, u značenja. Stadij zrcala događa se i bez zrcala jer ogledamo se nužno i bez srebrenih ploha, a kad i ako uđemo u svijet po pravilima svijeta, pristajemo na jezike svijeta, prepoznajemo svoju bitnu cjelovitost, i zanemarujemo jednako bitnu, neiskupljivu, neiscjeljivu, nepopravljivu raskomadnost.

There have never, in all of history, been more reflections than there are today, and there seems to be a consensus that this makes us all the worse and dumber than we've ever been – now with icy shards of glass living in eyes, in pockets. Yet it is hard to escape, this fascination woven into our very being, to the extent that we are just about ready to let our reflection swallow us whole; to merge with our reflection deep (in the) beyond, in the river, at the bottom.

From his first (material) study, first read in the late nineteen thirties Marienbad, Lacan writes about the mirror stage, the threshold between an initial dispersed experience of the world – in which we do not distinguish our own being from surrounding things and forces, between immersion in an omnipotent-impotent all-presence – and the first awareness of our boundaries, of a self as separate from the world. Crossing that threshold, we enter language, inter/relations, meaning/s. The mirror stage occurs with or without a mirror, for we necessarily meet our reflections even without facing silver surfaces, and then when and if we enter the world according to the world's rules, we consent to the world's language/s, we recognise our essential wholeness and disregard the equally essential, unredeemable, unhealable, irreparable dismemberment.

– htjela ne htjela, teorija metabolizira proživljeno iskustvo kaže Arianne Zwartjes

– dolazi (ponekad) iz mjesta tjelesnog osjećanja

Sram, krivnja, perfekcionizam, sindrom varalice, sve su to primjeri kako se neuspjeh, ili ina razbijena ambicioznost, može mobilizirati kao generativna strategija. Refrakcija – inače skretanje svjetlosne zrake pri prijelazu iz jednog sredstva ili medija u drugo, poput zrake svjetla u staklo – ovdje ulazak pod kutem u tijelo

– takva refrakcija barata naracijom ne kao ispoviješću, nego kao metodom refleksije: ponavljanjem i razumijevanjem

– zamišljam je kako isprepliće tijelo; refrakcija teorije kroz zrcalo, tijela kroz staklo, stakla kroz zrcalo, kontinuirana igra između osjećanja, sekvenciranja, opažanja, prakticiranja, afektiranja i donošenja odluka.

.ončot ejin sb eticøi i olsoriz bøiq etinstø

Whether it intends to or not, theory metabolises lived experience, says Arianne Zwartjes.

- Shame, guilt, perfectionism, imposter syndrome are all examples of ways in which failure, or any kind
- of broken ambition, can be mobilised by a generative strategy.

- Refraction is usually a deflection of light passing through various mediums of various densities, like glass. Here, refraction means entering the body under a tilted angle.

We are dealing with narration, not as confession, but as a method of reflection.

- I imagine how it binds the body; a refraction of theory through a mirror, of a body through glass, of
- glass through a mirror, in a continuous play on feeling, sequencing, perceiving, practicing, gesturing and making decisions.

Stand in front of a mirror and say this isn't so.

(Say it three times over, click your tabbies and the mirror will swallow you whole.)



Zrcala sam samo ponekad voljela. Voljela sam jedno, u hodniku starog roditeljskog stana, koje mi je dopuštalo da preplašim sestru. Jer sam u njegovoj refleksiji mogla vidjeti našu zajedničku sobu, pa bih u prolazu izvodila demone, a ona bi moje pokrete hvatala u refleksiji, nesigurna gdje počinje tijelo, a gdje slika. U tom su me razdoblju zrcala fascinirala u odnosu na vampire i vampirske balove pa sam jedno vrijeme jako zabrinuto provjeravala vidim li se u zrcalu ili ne. I druge sam ljude tako provjeravala: ako se vide, ljudi su; ako se ne vide, vampiri su. Iako je ta strepnja redovito davala ljudski rezultat, nadala sam se potajice nečijoj nerefleksiji, a osjećaj užasa pri samoj pomisli (eng. terror, lat. terreo, grč. tremo) pronosio se tijelom kao podrhtavanje, tremor (eng. trembling) koji bih namjerno pojačavala do grča.

Dok pišem, slušam.

Čula sam da se vampiri ne vide u zrcalu; ali ne znam što vide vampirice. Moje gledalačko iskustvo kaže da ne vide ništa, čak ni svoje obrise, niti poluprozirno. (Vidi im se samo odjeća, kapa, rukavice.)

Čula sam da se vampirice ne zrcale jer nemaju dušu. Njihova nemrtva prisutnost pretvara se u refleksivnu nevidljivost tijela a razlog je tome, čula sam, nepostojanje duše. Lebde one tako između živog i neživog, pri čemu živo pretpostavlja dušu, i stvara refleksiju. To što se i dandanas vidim u zrcalu očito upućuje na moju živost i dušastost, iako sam pronašla i kut u kojem mogu stajati pred zrcalom, a da se u njemu ne vidim.

Dok slušam, prisjećam se.

Čula sam da lik vampirice može biti supstitut za složen odnos između onih koji se nazivaju umjetnicima, onih koji su publika i onoga što nazivamo patnjom, osobito kad se umjetnost hrani ljudskim sudbinama, prilazi sve bliže tuđim ranama vidjeti ih, imenovati, pretvoriti u prizor, u nešto gledljivo, i to gledanje samo po sebi postane vrst ugriza, sisanja, usisavanja tuđe snage, i kada se zapitamo tko od koga živi, tko koga održava, tko koga troši, vampirski gledano, kad se čezne za autentičnošću koja stalno izmiče, jer ako je preblizu, više nije autentična, a ako je predaleko, onda je bez krvi, beskrvna.

Only sometimes have I loved mirrors. I loved one in the hall of my childhood home, because in it I could scare my sister. I could see our shared room in its reflection and so I'd play a passing demon, and she would try to decipher my movements, unsure where the body ended, and the image began. That was around the time when mirrors fascinated me in relation to vampires and vampire balls, and for a while there I was throwing worried glances at the mirror to make sure I could see myself reflected. I checked on other people too, secretly hoping for someone's missing reflection while the terror (Old French *terroure*, Latin *terror*, *terrere* meaning to frighten) would go through the body as a tremble, a tremor that I'd deliberately push into a spasm.

While I write, I listen.

I've heard it said that vampires are invisible in the mirror; besides their clothes, hats, gloves; but I don't know what the vampiresses see. Not even a silhouette, not even a semi-translucent refraction of the image?

I've heard it said that vampiresses don't mirror because they don't have a soul. In other words, their unliving-undead being does not reflect in the mirror because it is only body, no (invisible) soul.

I still manage to find myself in the mirror usually, body & soul, though even then, playing with terror, I have found an angle in which I cannot see, that is I can unsee: myself, in the mirror.

As I listen, I remember.

I've heard it said that the vampiress could stand in for the complex relationship between those called artists, those called audience, through that which we call suffering. It especially works when art feeds on human fates, when it comes close to someone (else)'s wounds in order to turn them into a sight, site, sigh, something to gaze at, graze against, something to behold. And when that gaze becomes a kind of bite, a sucking on someone else's (life)force, then we wonder who lives off of whom, who upholds whom, who exhausts whom. (We do it to ourselves as well, eternally exhausted.) Still we yearn for a realness that remains out of reach because up too close, it is no longer real, and too far out, it is anaemic, bloodless.



Nemoj se previše gledati, to se vidi, rekao mi je brat dok sam bila u punom zamahu mladenačke sujete, i prođe mi mislima svaki put kad stanem pred zrcalo. Jer ako se predugo zadržim, osjećam kako se zacaklim, počnem se presijavati. Ali nije zrcalo samo to, srebrna igračka taštine, u njemu se tražimo i nalazimo, u njemu se potvrđujemo. Kod stanja psihoze, u odrazima i snovima oko u glavi ne vidi cjelovito tijelo, nego promatra komadanje i rasipanje vlastita bića u nebrojene krhotine koje, jednom razasute, više ne pristaju zajedno.

(I lomi se kristal)

Sva humanistika izvire iz zrcala, uostalom se misao i refleksija značenjski dijelom odražavaju; mi mislimo u odrazima, u odbljescima. Jedni druge, jedna drugu pre/poznajemo. Teorija se voli pretvarati da ne stojimo pred zrcalom u kojem ispisujemo misli o svijetu, ali ako nema tijeluma i prostorosjećaja, nemamo što vidjeti u refleksiji – (vampirice) – čak i ako prizor lomimo iskosa, moramo biti negdje u kadru, makar i tik uz vanjski brid.

(Svetlucaju staklene iskre)

Narodna predaja uči da noću treba prekrivati zrcala, feng shui veli da ih je uopće bolje držati podalje od sobe u kojoj sanjamo. Jer zrcala udvostručuju nemir, dupliraju izvore svjetlosti, otvaraju prolaz u naopake dimenzije i ako nam padne pažnja, mogu propustiti zloduha iz onoga u naš svijet, našu sobu, u naš krevet. Noć je ionako prostorvrijeme udvajanja i pragova, u tmuni nam štošta može protrčati rubom vidnog polja, a ako još ostavimo otvorena vrata u vidu zrcala – očito želimo na mjesecini plesati s đavolicama.

Don't look at yourself in the mirror so much, my brother told me when my adolescent vanity was in for full swing, it shows. And it still goes through my mind facing the mirrors in my life, and if I linger too long, I feel myself glazing over, shimmering. But that's not all a mirror is, vanity's silver toy. We look for ourselves and find ourselves in mirrors, we seek confirmation that we are indeed *there*. In psychosis, the I - I mean the eye - ceases to see the body whole in reflections and dreams, and instead watches one's own being breaking and scattering into countless shards that, once exploded, no longer fit together.

(Crystal breaks)

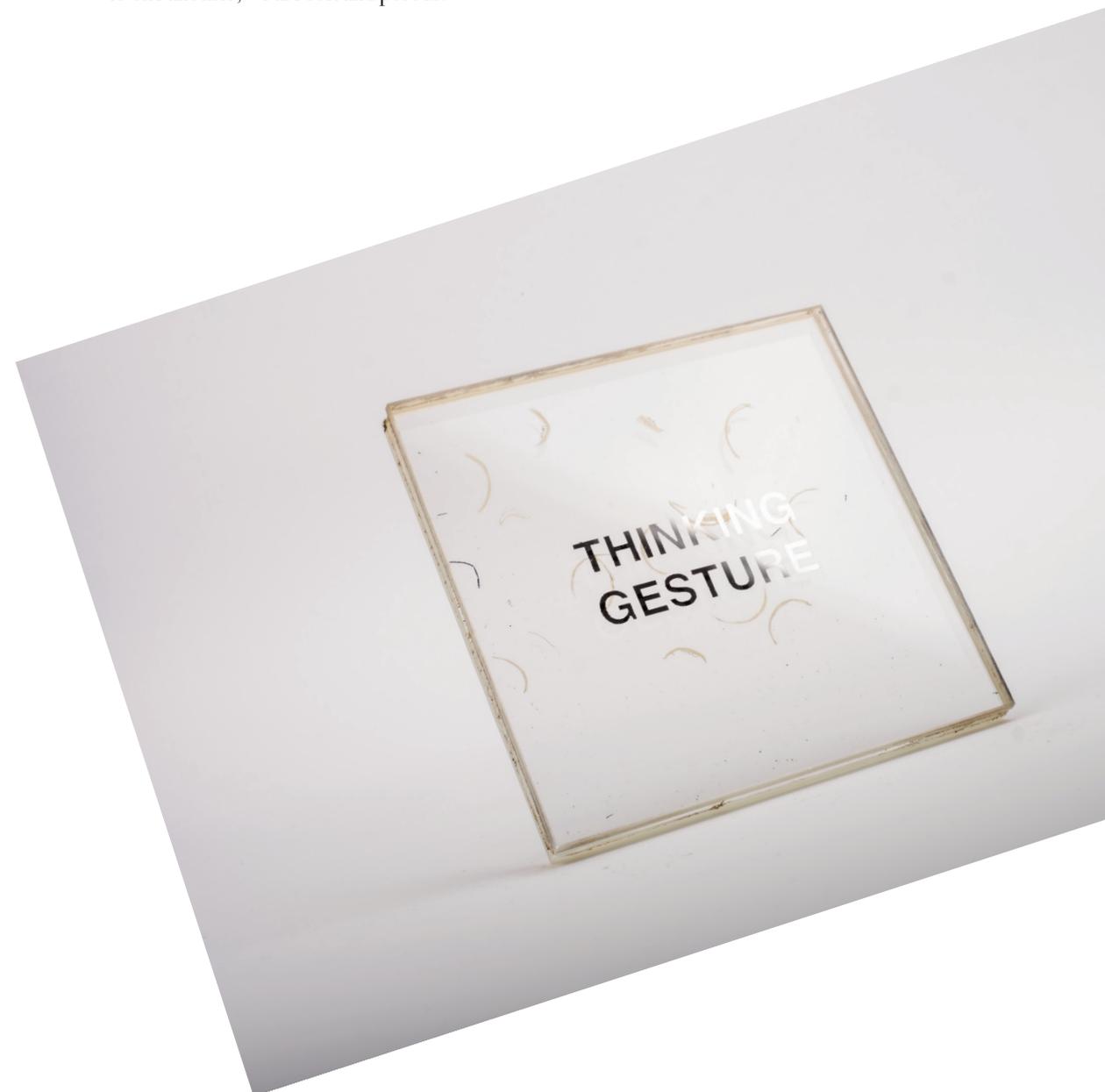
All of humanities leak out of the mirror, after all, thought and reflection echo each other in meaning, in part. We think and (get to) know one another through reflections, in glares. Theory likes to pretend that we are not standing in front of the mirror, but if there is no bodymind and no spacesense, there is (a vampiric) nothing to see in the reflection – even if we fracture the sight at an angle, we are always somewhere in the frame, even if only right along the outer edge.

(Sparks glimmer)

Folk tradition teaches that mirrors should be covered at night, feng shui says it's better to keep them away altogether, keep them out of the dreaming room. For mirrors double restlessness, they double light, they open a passage to inverted dimensions and if our attention slips, they can let an otherworldly spirit slip into ours; into our room, into our bed. Night is the time and space of doublings and thresholds, and all sorts of things run across the edge of our field of vision in the dark, and if we leave a glossy gateway open – clearly we are asking to dance with she-devils in the moonlight.

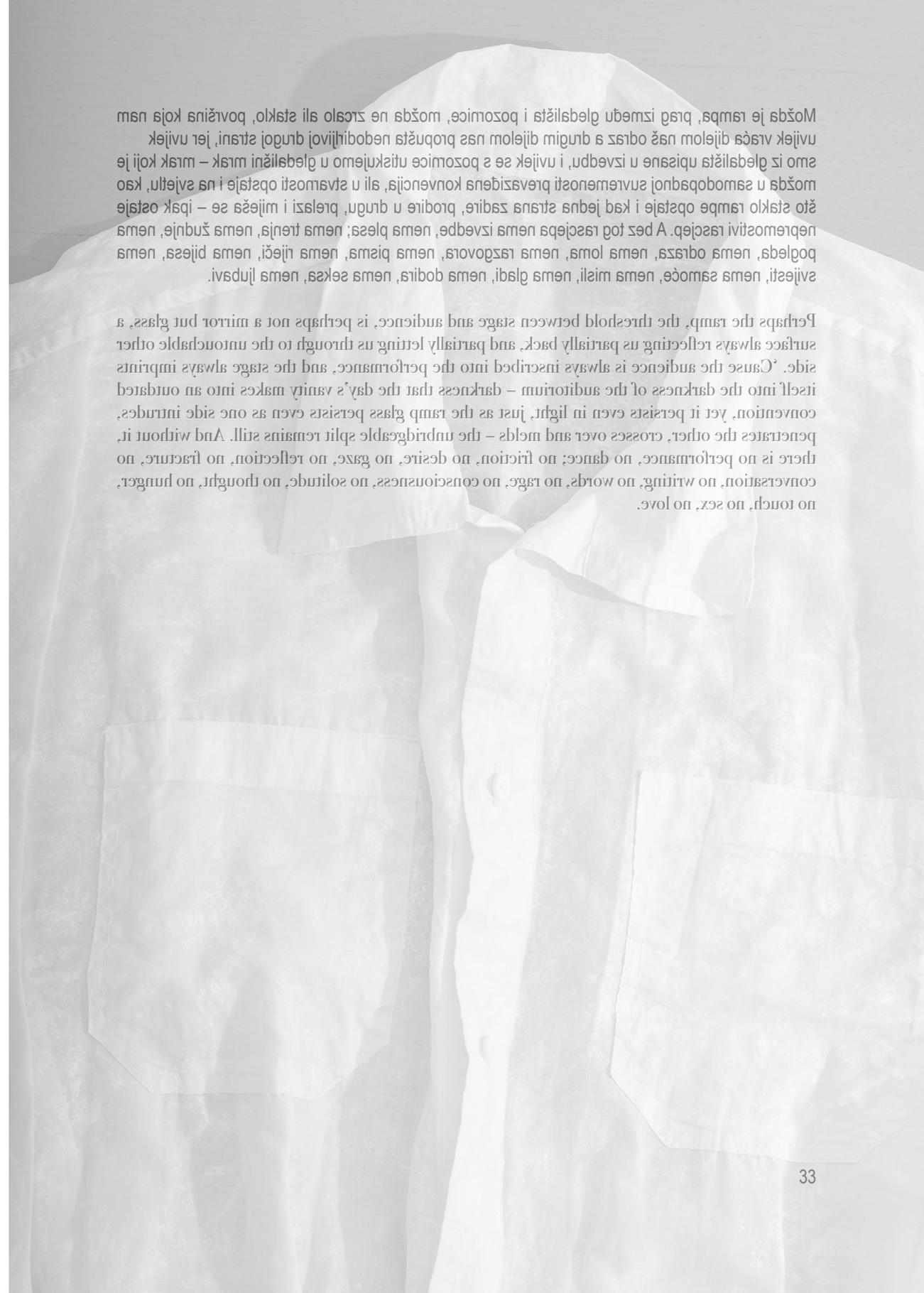
Zrcala se prekrivaju i u žalovanju, upravo da ne vidimo demone koje doziva novi vakuum netom otperjale duše i da ostanemo u svom tijelu, da ga ne lomimo, ne dijelimo, nego jedne druge da zrcalimo. Jer zrcala su glatka i hladna, a mi smo jedna drugoj meke i porozne.

Mirrors are covered in mourning as well, precisely so that we don't see the demons attracted to the vacuum newly-left by a soul only just flown away; so that we remain in our own bodies, so as not to break them, dismember them, but mirror each other instead. For mirrors are cold and smooth, and to one another, we are soft and porous.



Možda vampirica stoji između, kao figura hranjenja i gladi, ona koja zna da se nešto mora uzeti da bi se nešto dalo, i da se nešto gubi u prijenosu, jer nije sve samo razmjena nego se događa i gubitak, i trošenje, i napetost u kojoj se publika pita vidi li se baš sve, a umjetnik se pita smije li uzeti još malo, još samo malo, da bi nešto živjelo dulje, možda čak i vječno, jer možda je ta vječnost samo produžetak trenutka u kojem se još uvijek gleda, i još uvijek postoji netko tko gleda.

Perhaps the vampiress stands in-between, a figure of eternal hunger, she who knows that something must be taken in order for something else to give (in and out), and in that transition, there is loss, waste, and tension. The audience wonders whether they see everything there is to be seen, and the artist wonders whether they can take just a little bit more space and time, just a little more, in order to live longer, maybe forever, because forever is only ever an extension of the moment in which one is still watching, and there is still someone watching.



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Bitno je narcistički i mehanizam ljubavi: to samo same sa sobom bijemo bitku, volimo se i mrzimo, rastemo ili odbijamo rasti, i to je samo lakše udvoje. Ljubav je diverzija, optička varka. Možda malo lažem i znam da ljubav nije samo to i nije uvijek otrovna, ali znam i da uvijek skriva nešto te svoje prirode, uvijek malo zamajava, pogotovo onakva kakva je najzavodljivija u pričama s kojima smo s/ rasle: vampirska.

Love's mechanism is also essentially narcissistic; merely a fight within ourselves, loving and hating ourselves, growing or refusing to grow, and it's merely easier in twos. Love is a diversion, an optical illusion. And sure, I'm lying so what, and I know that that's not all that love is and it's not always poisonous, but I also know it always keeps some of that part of its nature, of smoke and mirrors, always charms and baffles, always deludes and bewilders, especially it's most seductive kind, told in stories we grew up with: the vampiric one/s.



Vampiri su vječni ljubav/nici – jedini vječni jer su živi-mrtvi-besmrtni. I zato ih ubiješ samo kolcem kroz srce i samo tako pretvoriš u prašinu; zato se hrane krvlju i sišu žilu kucavicu ili zagrizaju grudi; zato su vođeni nasladom, zato su bića noći, nezasićna.

Zato se ne vide u zrcalu, jer ljubav počiva na odrazima, na prepoznavanjima i pogrešnim prepoznavanjima. Ljubav je dati nešto što nemaš nekome tko to ne želi – glasi jedan od rijetkih citata koje trajno pamtim. Ljubav je bjesomučno udarati glavom u zid, iz istog izvora, ali nedostaje mi druga polovica rečenice. O čemu ono pričamo?

O staklu?

Vampires are eternal love/rs – the only ones living-dead. That is why only a stake through the heart kills them, turns them into dust; why they feed on blood and suck the artery or bite the breast; why they are driven by pleasure, creatures of the night, insatiable;

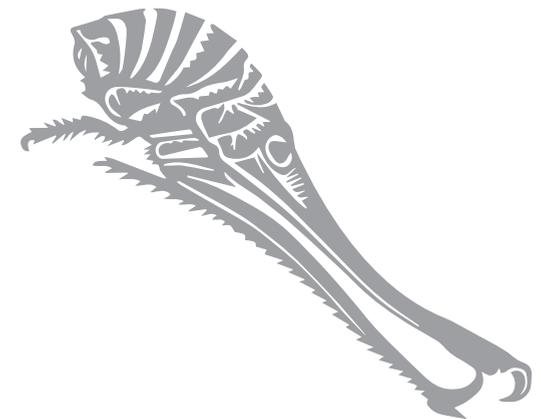
why they don't appear in the mirror – because love hangs on reflections, on recognitions and misrecognitions. Love is giving something you don't have to someone who doesn't want it is one of the few quotes I permanently remember. Love is hitting your head against a wall in frenzy, from the same source, but I'm missing half the sentence. What were we talking about?

Glass?



O staklu i sličnim aporijama. O ljubavi prema rastrganim perspektivama. O utorima i isturima. O lijepljenju i štavljenju i ljubljenju i sljubljivanju i parenju i uparivanju i prešanju i krzmanju. O prozirnosti i refleksiji, slojevima i skicama. O staklu koje je završilo posvuda uslijed slavlja i uslijed svade, uslijed plesa, uzbuđenja i gubitka granice. Unatrag, unaprijed, s dahom i bez.

We're talking about glass and other conundrums. About love of torn perspectives. Contusions and protrusions. Pasting and tanning and kissing and pairing and pairing up and pressing and squeezing and grazing and hesitating. About translucence and reflection, layers and sketches. Glass shattered in celebration or in a fight, or as part of a dance. We're talking about, into, towards, through excitement and dissolved boundaries. Back, front, breathing, breathless.





Gledala sam sinoć predstavu. Imala je tri scenske verzije: jednu u eksterijeru i dvije u interijeru s publikom postavljenom blizu i daleko. Predstavljala je jalovu želju, nedostatak slobode, ushit novih pokušaja unutar istog starog sistema. Tražile su da ne gledam ali da budem prisutna. Tražile su da ne gledam ključne elemente njihovog pokušaja izvedbene slobode i da radim za njih; da zamišljam, da maštam njihove poteze i pokrete, da vlastitim imaginativnim naporom punim praznine, da razbijem četvrti, peti, stoti zid.

(Uglavnom tražim promiskuitetan osjećaj života.)

I uzimam si za pravo da kažem ne, ali ne, ne uspijeva mi; ipak me okreću, ne daju mi da gledam, hoće da zamišljam, da maštam što bi moglo da bude. Ukidaju mi pogled, ne daju pornografiju, samo erotika sestro.

Predstava završava, i ja izlazim iz vlastite kože, jedva čekam da ju dotaknem, da ju osjetim.

(Forma – zato što postoje posljedice.)

Izlazim, rastežem ju, ona ne puca. Mijenjam položaj, tražim dodire svega oko sebe, crtam po ožiljcima, (predajem se tinti).

Rastežem ju, kožu, da, opet, i opet ne puca, jer svaka koža, pa i moja, druge je vrste? Između dva dlana, između palca i malog prsta, svaki se, i najmanji pomak kože osjeti, kad sam koncentrirana.

I watched a performance piece yesternight. It had three parts: one ext. and two int. with the audience: up close and far out. It represented (or is it performed) a doomed desire, a lack of freedom, an elated attempt at something new within the same old, closed-off system. The performance asked me to be present, but to not look. They asked me to look away and do the work for them; to fantasise, to imagine their movements and gestures, to fill the voids with my own imaginative effort, to break the fourth, fifth, one hundredth wall.

(Mostly I'm looking for a promiscuous sense of life.)

Still, I hold it within my right to say no, and say no, but no, it doesn't work, they turn me around, they turn me away, they don't let me look. The performance ends and I crawl out of my own skin.

(Form – because there are consequences.)

I crawl out of my skin, I stretch her out, she doesn't break. I shift position, I seek touch, I pull on scar tissue,

(I submit to ink.)

I stretch out the skin, yes, yet again, and she doesn't break. On my two palms, between thumb and pinkie, I can feel every single shift of skin, the slightest movement – if I focus very, very hard.

At first, I'm in a tiny bare chamber, an empty waiting room made of white matted walls. And though nothing in the plastered square remotely resembles living tissue, I know I am inside a mind-throat-stomach, in-between the nerves of a sea anemone as if in-between dense white sedges. And the deeper I understand and know, a movement comes into being, a wave begins to roll. The walls dissolve into thick mist, becoming more and more transparent. My bare feet step across large square stone-cold sugarcubes, and the sea level rises. And as a tall parapet of coarse white stone lifts itself up on the left, on the right side the sea opens into a bay whose far edge holds a grey glass city. And above the city there are black clouds gathering, a storm incoming.

And then it starts to rain.

Without knowing I know that the shore at the corner of my eye is a far-far-northern shore, Scandinavian, and that the warmth I feel is icy winter, only the cold doesn't bother me 'cause I am covered in glassy scales. And suddenly the sea in the bay is a stage, glazed and black and wet like an eyeball. And you're on stage, and it is so vast, enormous, almost immeasurable. You cannot see me because there I am ether, only electricity in the air, you feel me sting, you feel shivers of me running through you, though I'm keeping my distance and haven't touched you just yet. In fact, the emptiness surrounding the stage is filled with invisible presence and invisibly we jostle like bursts of dogs barking, like gusts of wind. And your gaze is inward, and your bent knees buckle in rhythm, and your body angles slightly as your axis tilts. Your left (my right) arm lifts and the palm extends firm and flat and the rhythm is slow. Up.

Down.

Up.

Down. (Going faster.)

Up. Down. Up. Down. (And faster.)

Up down. Up down. Up-down. Up down updownupdownupdownupdown

updownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdownupdown

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Gledala sam sinoć predstavu koja je imala tri scenske verzije: jednu u eksterijeru i dvije u interijeru s publikom postavljenom blizu i daleko. Buljila sam iako su mi rekle da ne smijem, buljila bez treptanja dok mi oči nisu procurile.

I watched a performance piece yesternight. It had three parts: one ext. and two int. with the audience up close and far out. I stared even though they told me not to, I stared on, I stared not blinking until my eyes ran down my cheeks and into a silver puddle...





Ovo je sada carstvo izmišljaja, umišljaja, zamišljaja, umnog vala (sunce ulazi u škorpiona) i još uvijek tražimo ritam i napipavamo uporište i probijamo se kroz migrenu kao da izranjamo polako ali smo još uvijek jako jako duboko dolje u plavičastoj tmuni.

This is now the realm of invention, illusion, imagination; a wave in the mind (as the Sun enters Scorpio), and we're still searching for a rhythm and feeling for a foothold and pushing through a migraine as if slowly surfacing, though we're still very very deep down in bluish darkness.

Valovi su me izmišljaja i umišljaja, nakon pola dana i jedne noći, doveli do otoka nepopularno nazvanog Af—. Brojne brodice i njihova svjedočanstva ukazuju na važnost nautičke analize okolnog mora i života na otoku, pogotovo u odnosu na raznolikosti tijela i identiteta koji ondje žive. No to je veliko područje arhipelag Te—ija. Podaci analize uglavnom se bave situiranošću otoka, njegovom specifičnom povezanošću s tijelima i svjetovima koja ta tijela nastanjuju. Ali kako je riječ o vrlo opsežnom području istraživanja koje nije središnja tema ovog razgovora, neću ti ponuditi detaljnu analizu. Pričat ću ti kratko o A—tu iz vlastite tjelesne perspektive. Kad sam bila u —ktu, to jest na njemu, osjećala sam kako na razini cijelog tijela utječemo jedno na drugo; na razini tkiva i kože, na površini i unutar tijela. A—kt sam osjetila kao silu susreta, kao intenzitet koji putuje s jednog dijela mog tijela (onog ljudskog i neljudskog) na drugi, kao gradijent, kao podatni inkrementalizam neprestano promjenjivih odnosa sila.

Jedan dan, kako bih bolje osjetila kako utječemo jedno na drugo, ali i jedna na drugu ti i ja, odlučila sam navući ljuskasti kostim za hvatanje srsa. Učinilo mi se da će takav kostim bolje razumjeti —fek— jer će sa svakim pojedinačnim djelićem zasebno hvatati prostorne, emocionalne i ostale silnice.

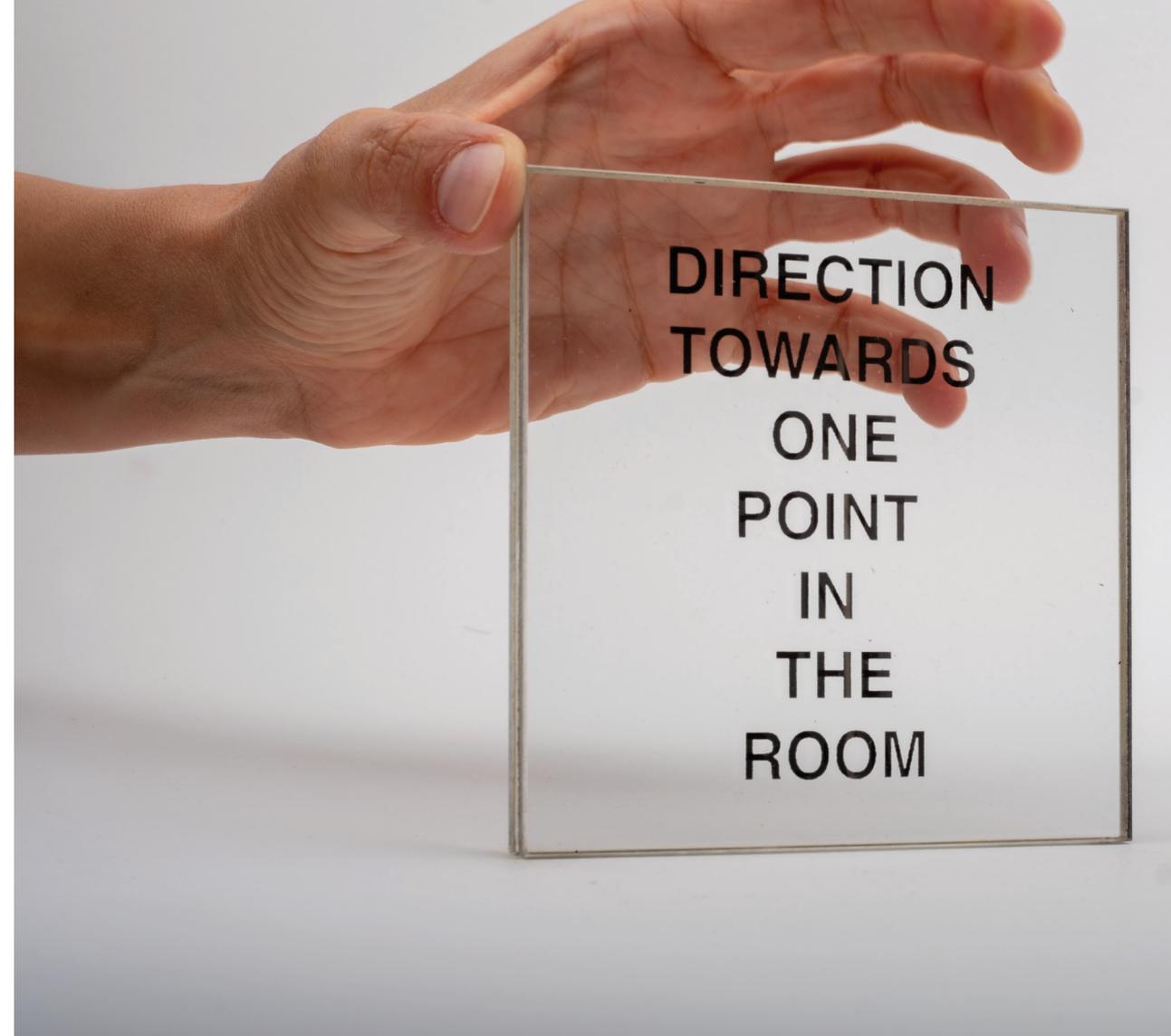
Izašla sam na obalu i neko vrijeme samo stajala. Osjetila sam kako mi gola stopala dodiruju tlo, kako se povezujem s vlastitom kralježnicom. Trebalo je neko vrijeme da ta vertikalna osovina polako razvije nove sinapse i poveže se s ljuskama, svakom zasebno – ljuska s kralješkom, ljuska s ljuskom – stvarajući gustu rizomatsku mrežu za hvatanje silnica A—a. Probala sam te osjetiti, tvoj elektricitet u zraku, peckanje. Nadala sam se da će srsi brzo proći kako bih ostala kvazi prisebna i objektivna.

This wave of the mind brought me – after half a day and an entire night – to an island known as Af—. Many a vessel and their crews attest to the importance of a bionautical analysis of the island life and surrounding sea, especially in relation to the vast diversity of bodies and identities living on this large part of Th—ry archipelago. Most research data have to do with the location of the island and its specific attachment to the bodies and worlds those bodies inhabit. Since it is an extremely vast area of research and not at the centre of this conversation, I will not offer a detailed analysis. I'll tell you in short about A—ct from my own bodily perspective.

When in A—e—, or on A-fe—, I understood the experience as reciprocal, a process of influencing one other, on the level of the body, on the level of tissue and skin, both near the surface and deep within. I felt the af—ct like a force of coming together, an intensity that travels from one part of my body (human and inhuman) into or onto another, like a gradient, a supple incrementalism of ever-changing relations of force.

One day, to better feel out how we influence one another, as well as how you and I influence each other, I decided to put on a scaly costume made for catching tingles, shivers, shudders and goosebumps. I thought that maybe this costume could provide a better understanding of Aff— because it could catch specific emotional and other force-fields, by using each individual part, that is scale.

When I reached the shore, I just kept standing there. I felt my bare feet sink into the ground, felt my spine connect to the rest of my new being. It took a while for that vertical axis to slowly develop new synapses and connect to the scales, each and every one – scale to vertebra, scale to scale – developing a dense rhizomatic web for catching the force-fields of -ff—t. I tried to feel you, your electricity in the air, the light stinging and prickling. I hoped the tingles would fade away soon enough so that I'd stay quasi-lucid and objective for the task at hand, foot and gill.



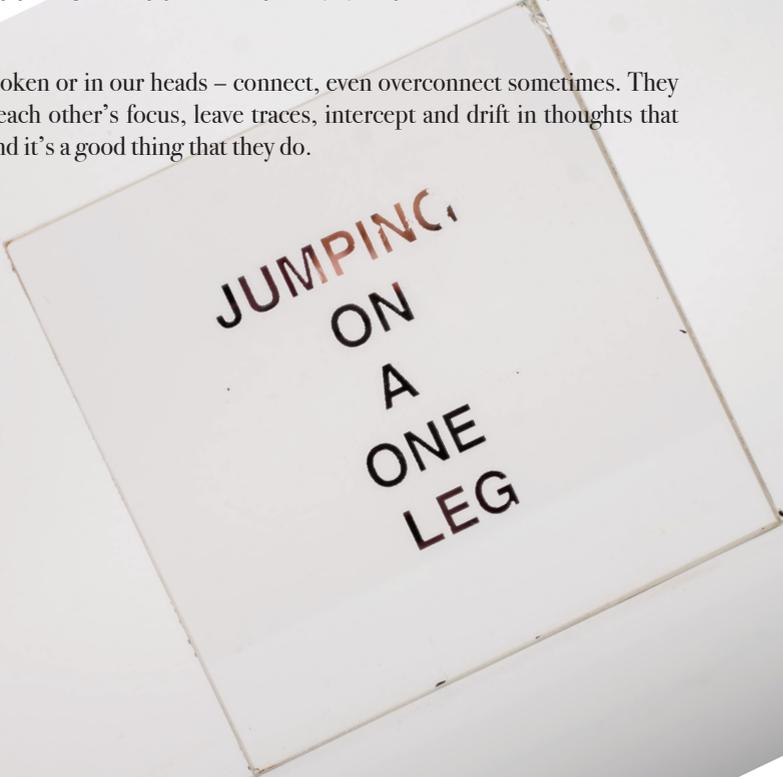


Misliš li da su riječi čvršće od pokreta, kruće od izvedbe, plesa? Možda je do moga oka ali mnogo više kontrole vidim kad motrim ples nego kad čitam tekst jer tekst je prozračan, porozan (čipka, til, pletivo), toliko toga pro/pušta da vidiš i ne vidiš i vidi, puštam da tekst prođe tvoje zjenice, tvoje sinapse, tvoje grlo da ga gutaš i povraćaš, da ga zanemariš. Ples traži više, čvršće drži, disciplinira (elastika, koža, guma, lateks): Sjedni. Gledaj. Šuti. Pleši. Pleši. Plješći. Uvijek malo sub/dom, uvijek malo na ivici pristanka: jesmo li nismo li pitale / pristali ikako nekmoli entuzijastično: DA? S koje strane rampe sjedipleše djevojka s emajliranim očima? Mekoća koja se iz modernog prelila u suvremeni u suvremeni ples i sama je izvedba, bitno laž. A u stvari, na stvari nije ništa puno manje kruto od baletne stege i užasa zrcala kao prijatnje kao kazne, ništa manje strašna nije bosonoga tiranija terapijskog diskursa, diktatura praznih gesti prazne brige, uvredljivo očevidna manipulacija mekim tkaninama, lelujavim tunikama i dugim šalovima koji zapnu za kotač i – ode glava! Ta eterična priroda plesa skriva njegovo nasilje, krije prisilu, tjera na dvomisao; partitura ograđuje i naše misli da se međusobno ne vide, ali kad padne reflektor, razvuče se teška sjena. Nismo li pristale? Znale smo na što pristajemo? Tekst te ne drži, ne sputava, možda tek malo usporava, uvjetuje pažnjom i maštom koliko ti se otvara, ali pušta da ga gužvaš, savijaš, preliječeš; nedodirljiv, nepromjenjiv. Ali kad su tvoje jagodice na tastaturi ili peroplastika u ruci, više nego plesni protejski nepovrat tekst traži da stojiš iza njegasebe, da riskiraš; i dopušta neshvat i ne bježi od njega, i tekst ostaje čuti mada ne sluša, i istrpi, slegne tintom, odmahne stranicom. Gonjen tihom osamom i ohološću, ali tekst je neustrašiv čak i kad i ako mi nismo.

Do you think words are more fixed than movement, more rigid than performance, than dance? Perhaps it's me and my I/eye but I can see far more control exerted in a dance I watch than a text I read. Text is airy, porous (lace, tulle, knit), so much of it is hit and miss, so much seen and looked over and look how I send the text flowing through your pupils, your synapses, your throat, so you swallow and thow it up, you brush it aside. Dance asks for so much more, it holds tighter, it disciplines (elastic, skin, rubber, latex): Sit. Look. Silence. Dance. Dance. Applause. Always somewhat sub/dom, ever on the edge of consent: did we or did we not ask / agree at all let alone enthusiastically: YES? On which side of the ramp does the girl with the enamelled eyes sitdance? The softness that spilled from modern into contemporary into contemporary dance is itself a performance, essentially a lie. While in truth, in practice, it is no less rigid than ballet's discipline and the horror of mirrors as threat as punishment, no less terrifying is the barefoot tyranny of therapeutic discourse, the dictatorship of empty gestures of empty care, the offensively apparent manipulation performed by/ in soft fabrics, fluttering tunics and long scarves that get caught in a wheel and – off with her head! The ethereal nature of dance hides its violence, conceals coercion, forces doublethink; even our thoughts are fenced (in) by the partition (the score/sheet) so that they don't see each other, but as the spotlight falls, a heavy shadow stretches out long. Haven't we agreed? Did we know what we were agreeing to? A text doesn't hold you, doesn't restrain you, only slows you down a bit, trades in your attention and imagination how much it opens up, but it lets you crumple it, fold it, skim it; untouchable, unalterable. And when your fingertips are on the keyboard or there's a featherpen in your hand, more than the protean irretrievability of dance, the text asks that you commit, take a risk; and it allows misreadings and does not run away from misrecognitions and missed connections, the text continues to hear even if it does not listen, and it endures, shrugs in ink, flips a page. Driven by quiet solitude and arrogance, the text is fearless even if and when we're not.

Ples i riječi, one pisane, izgovorene ili u glavi, vežu se, ponekad i prečvrsto. Uvrću se jedna u drugu, ometaju si koncentraciju, ostavljaju trag, navaljuju misli koje ne pripadaju trenutku, a opet, dobro da je tako.

Dance and words – written, spoken or in our heads – connect, even overconnect sometimes. They twist into each other, disturb each other's focus, leave traces, intercept and drift in thoughts that don't belong to the moment, and it's a good thing that they do.



JUMPING,
ON
A
ONE
LEG



RUNNING



Sjedni, podijelit ću s tobom nešto što već znaš jer mislim da pripada i ovom komponiranju misli, riječi, teksta, pokreta, pa neka se i ponavlja:

Pričao mi je prijatelj kako je jednom, neposredno prije nego što je stupio na pozornicu, osjetio navalu osjetsjećanja. Sjećanje se vrtilo oko osjećaja vode koja mu se prelijevala preko tijela u momentu egzistencijalne krize. U pitanju je bio tuš. Doduše, možda je bio bazen, ili plićak. Svejedno. Koja god voda bila, došla je u naletu, reska poput stakla. To ga je osjetsjećanje, to neočekivano oštro prelijevanje, uhvatilo netom pred izlazak na pozornicu i zadržalo. Spriječilo ga je da iskorači, da ode kamo je trebao ići, da nastupi.

Odlučio se predati navali osjeta jer je mislio da će se tako riješiti sjećanja, razumiješ?

Stajao je, nepokretan, a trenutak se produžio. Predavši se osjetu, prepustio se i tijelu.

(Kontrola misli. Statika tijela.)

Nadao se da će sjećanje tako proći, i da će napokon moći plesati.

(Kontrola tijela i misli.)

Počeo je drhtati i odlučio se predati. Mislio je, jasnim riječima naglas, da će takva predaja omogućiti da se riješi sjećanja i povрати tijelo. Ali ali drhtanje i osjetsjećanje najednom je počelo proizvoditi oštre i peckave ureze u njegove ruke, kao da su se misli pribadačama krojile u meso i mišiće. Pogledao ih je, svoje ruke, i vidio da nose neželjene utore i ureze koji su nastajali njemu naočigled. Začudo, nije se prestrašio.

(Volio je Davida i uvijek se potihio nadao da će se i njemu dogoditi transgresija tijela.)

Vidjevši tragove, njegovo se drhtanje ipak pojačalo.

Nije se prestrašio i jer nije bilo krvi,

samo rečke koje su se sve više nazirale, sitne peckave rečke. Tijelo je utjelovilo misao koja je nosila sjećanje, a riječ ih je, izgovorena na glas, pojačala.

(Kontrola misli. Kontrola tijela.)

Koncentrirao se na drhtanje: mijenjao mu je veličinu i amplitudu, mijenjao ritam i inicijaciju, iz ruku pa iz nogu pa iz trupa. Time je zaustavio napredovanje rečki, no one ukrojene i urezane više se nikad nisu povukle. Doduše, samo ih je on vidio, u momentima kad bi izlazio na pozornicu.

Sjećaš li se?

Sit down, I'll tell you something you already know because I believe it belongs in this f(r)iction:

A friend of mine told me how once, just before he stepped on stage, he felt a rush of memories spun around the feeling of water pouring over his body in a moment of existential crisis. It was a shower. Or maybe it was a pool, or a shallow shoal. Anyway. Whatever its source, the water came in a surge and sharp as glass. That emotion, that unexpectedly harsh pour-down, stormed him just before he went out on stage, and stopped him stepping out, going where he was meant to go, to perform.

He decided to give in to the sensation thinking, that way he'd get rid of the memories, are you following?

He stood, not moving, and the moment extended. By giving in to the sensation, he gave in to his own body.

Thought control. Body static.

He hoped that the memory would pass and he'd finally be able to dance.

Body and thought control.

But instead he started shivering. He thought, in clear words and out loud: surrender will help get rid of the memories and retrieve the body. But the shivering and the sensory suddenly started producing sharp and tingling cuts on his hands and arms, as if his thoughts were stitching themselves into his body. He looked at his hands and saw slits and cuts appearing in front of his eyes. Oddly, he wasn't scared.

(He loved David and always quietly hoped that he too would experience a bodily transgression.)

When he saw the slits, his trembling got worse.

He wasn't scared because there was no blood,

just slits that kept appearing, tiny tingling notches. His body was embodying the thought carrying the memory, and the word, spoken aloud, was amplifying it.

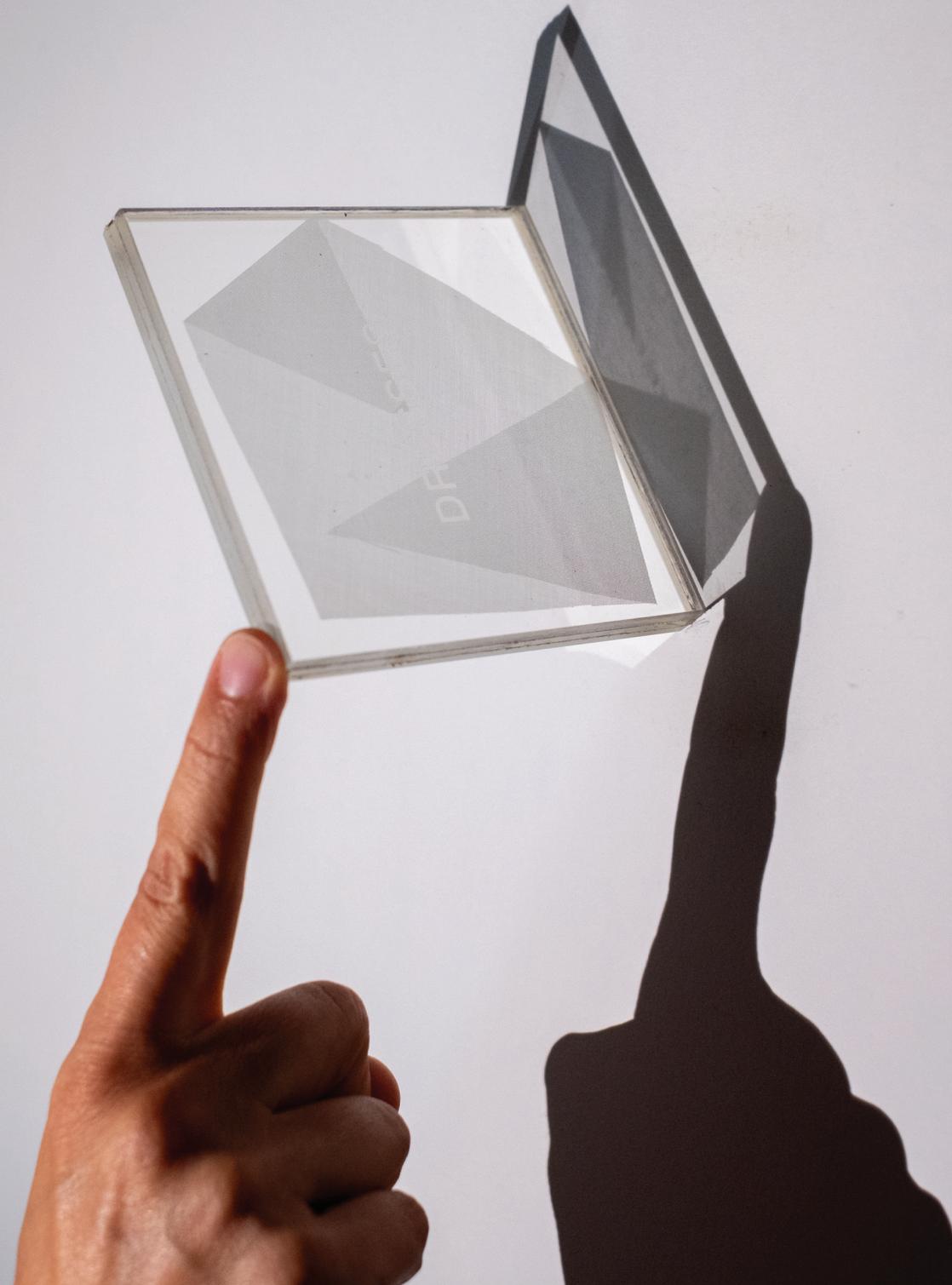
Mind control. Body control, he said to himself.

He focused on the trembling: changing its size and amplitude, changing its rhythm and starting point, from the hands to the feet to the torso. Finally, he stopped the notches advancing further, but those already stitched and carved into his body never fully withdrew. Though, only he could see them, and only in the moments just before he steps on stage.

Do you remember?

Ne sjećam se, više znam (tko je to rekao?), unutra sam kao čipki, u vodi, kao u gustoj čađavoj magli, u gustoj čađavoj magli ovih noći dana An/a piše priču o ženi visokoj i plećatoj, svilenkaste plave kose kakvu nema u njezinoj obitelji nitko, ni blizu, naime svi su četkaste brinete. Ona ustaje rano u uskom krevetu ustaje čim se probudi i prelazi grad koji je i sam prekriven granuliranom oblogom od gorke crne crne kave. Viđa uvijek iste potiljke kako se sagibaju, dižu rešetke radnji, ista lica zijevaju dok im noć još lijepi obrve nisko na kapke, i ovlaš osjeća da ovim ljudima pripada, i da je to dobro. I ne brine što se već nekoliko zaredom noći našla uspravna pred prozorom s iglom u rukama, i provučenim koncem, i naprstcima na svakom drugom prstu, i odakle joj taj crveni konac, i nije li neobična ta zvijezda tople svjetlosti koja kao da je gleda s horizonta i ne miče se, ali ova žena je razumna, a i pomalo je s oprostjenjem glupa. Kad stigne u radnju, navlači uniformu, natače kutu, sjeda za svoj stol i šije šije šije šije. I kako dani idu, piše tako Ann, još se nešto stane dešavati – kad na kraju radnog dana skida radno odijelo, tamnoplavo i mjestimice prugasto, kao da je nešto pecka na koži, kao da s čitava tijela skida flaster. Šav po šav i očicu po očicu tkanja, njezina joj je uniforma stala srastati s tijelom. Piše: Ubrzo, kako bi za šivaćom mašinom u hali prelazila preko tkanine, osjećala je gusto bockanje duž dijelova tijela, od zapešća unutrašnjom stranom podlaktice do pregiba lakta. Ili od dna kralježnice u ravnom potezu prema gore. Ili oblo spiralno ispod mesnatog dijela mršave stražnjice pa dalje oko desnog bedra. I kada bi nakon smjene počela skidati radničku odoru, osjećala je kako se gruba pamučna mješavina nasilu odvaja od njezinih pora. S vremenom je postajalo sve bolnije šivati, i sve teže prestati. postajalo je sve teže skinuti radno odijelo, koje je počelo stvarati sitne pa sve veće ranice na koži u koju se ušivalo. I ondje staje, što sada? Kraj je unutra samo ga ne vidim odavde, veli svome kanarincu, ali samo jer se još nije pomirila sa svojim manjkom pripovjednog talenta i još uvijek sve mašta da će jednoga dana ipak napisati cijelu stvar, cijelu priču gustu i vitičastu, nešto dobro, nešto pametno, nešto neviđeno, neki krimić, možda u penziji? Pa prevrne očima i spusti ekran jer to ne postoji.

I don't remember, rather I know (who said that?), I'm inside as if in lace, in water, in a thick sooty fog, in a thick sooty fog these nightdays An/a writes a story about a tall broad shouldered woman with silky blond hair the likes of which no one in her family has, not even close, for they are all stiff bristled brunettes. She gets up early on a narrow bed, rises as soon as she wakes and crosses a city that is covered in a granular layer of bitter black black coffee as well. She always sees the same backs of the same heads bending down, lifting shutters of shops, the same faces yawning while the night still glues their eyebrows low onto their eyelids, and faintly she senses that she belongs among these people, and that this is a good thing. And it doesn't worry her that for several nights in a row she has found herself upright before the window with a needle in her hands, with a thread pulled through the eye of the needle, and with thimbles on every other finger, and where did she get that red thread, and what is that star shining warm light from the horizon that seems to be watching her and not moving, but this woman is sensible and also, if you will, a bit of a moron. When she arrives at the workshop she pulls on the uniform, smock, sits at her table and sews sews sews sews sews. And as the days go by, Ann writes, something else unusual begins to happen – at the end of the workday, when she takes off her dark blue and striped work clothes, it is as if something pricks her skin, as if she is peeling of a bandaïd off her whole body. Stitch by stitch and eyelet by eyelet of the weave, her uniform has started to grow into her skin. She writes: Soon, as she worked the sewing machine over the fabric in the hall, she felt a dense pricking along parts of her body, from the wrist up the inner side of the forearm to the crease of the elbow. Or from the base of the spine in a straight line upward. Or in a rounded spiral beneath the fleshy part of her thin backside, then further around the right thigh. And when, after her shift, she began removing her work uniform, she felt the coarse cotton blend tear itself away from her pores. As time passed it became more and more painful to sew, and harder and harder to stop. It became more difficult to take off the uniform, which had begun to make tiny and then increasingly larger wounds on the skin into which it was stitching itself. And there she stops, what now? The end is inside I just don't see it from here, she tells her canary, only because she has not yet reconciled herself with her lack of story-telling talent and still fantasises that one day she will write a whole thing, an entire story, dense and curling, something good, something clever, something unseen, some kind of crime novel, maybe when she retires? She rolls her eyes and lowers the screen because that does not exist.





Kakav je to način da mijenjaš kostime kao da imaš previše novaca, prevrtljivice jedna, modnice, vjetropirko, vrtirepko! Uvijek ista bijela skica, isti kroj, želiš malo kraće malo dulje nogavice, pa ipak malo kraće, jer bi da ti se nogice vide, je li, tvoja stopalca, po mogućnosti artikulirana? Print, tretman kiselinom, sve izgleda kao kožna bolest, ali bolest koja ne boli, ne peče i nije opasna nego poželjna, jedva vidljiva. To bijelo i prozirno nadtkivo ponekad je mokro i zalijepljeno za kožu, ponekad gotovo neodvojivo od tijela, a ponekad nenamočivo, impregnacijsko, njemačke kvalitete. Rec rec rec, i odu komadi preširokih nogavica, džepova i obruba. Ostaju rec-ke, čuvaš ih kao relikvije, maziš i pažljivo slažeš, peglaš parom, umećeš u staklene pločice gdje se konci vide križno, ušivci se vide, vide se spojevi, slagani poput filigrana starih majstora. I onda, kad je sve uklesano, guraš ruke u rupe gdje je nekoć bila tkanina, sada otvor iste veličine, guraš te ruke duboko duboko da silaze niz noge i dotiču pod. Dok guraš ruke svlačiš gornji dio kostima koji postaje suknja, postaje lutkina baletna suknja, raspadnuta ali erekirano ponosna. I što sada kad je gornji dio kostima nestao, kad je koža ostala koža naočigled i izgleda kao plastika, gdje su ti nestale bradavice? Silaze niz tijelo, zajedno s jaknom, ostaju u baletnoj suknji dok ruke silaze dalje, niz noge i napokon dotiču pod. Glava nestaje među ramenima, lice je crveno, ponekad se nazire, izlazi iz ramena. Kad su konačno na podu, ruke i noge postaju kopita, tvoja nova četiri stopalca, i dalje artikulirana i tiha. Praviš kratku pauzu da se tijelo rekuperira, da se glava, kralježnica i ekstremiteti uhodaju i dogovore. Nakon pripreme i pozora, desno prednje kopito kreće naprijed, stražnje lijevo kopito kreće naprijed, lijevo prednje kopito kreće naprijed, stražnje desno kopito kreće naprijed. Skok skok skok skok vrisak pa nesvijest na tri sekunde i željica da sljedeći kostim bude crn.

What do you think you are doing changing costumes like you have money to waste, you flighty fickle little girl, you flirt, you fluke, you brat! Meanwhile, it's always the same white sketch, the same boilersuit fit, just asking for the inseam to be a bit shorter or maybe a bit longer, no, make it a tiny bit shorter cause you'd like your finely articulated feet to show, *non?* We'll make the print using acid, make it look like a skin disease, but one that doesn't hurt, doesn't burn, and isn't dangerous, no, barely visible, almost desirable, a delicate scarring pattern. Sometimes the fabric gets wet and glued to the skin, and sometimes you want it still, unwaterable, and impenetrably German. Snip snip snip and there go pieces of the legs, pockets, and trims that felt loose and shapeless. You save the leftover snippets as relics, you fondle them and fold them carefully, steam-iron them, insert them into glass plates. Under the glass lens, the threads are visible, the cross-stitching visible, the joints and junctures, fine like filigree composed by the old masters. And then, once everything is carved in, you push your hands through the holes where once was fabric, deep, deep inside so deep that they slide down the legs and touch the floor. While your arms go down, the top becomes a skirt, becomes a doll's ballet skirt, torn yet proudly erect. And what now: the top is gone, the skin looks like plastic, and where have your nipples gone? Apparently, they're sliding down the body, along with the jacket, getting stuck in the ballet skirt while the hands slide further down, down the legs and to the floor. Your head disappears between the shoulders, your face grows out again, but red. Once on the floor, hands and feet become hooves, still finely articulated and silent. You make a short break for the body to regroup, for the head, spine and extremities to get into the groove and settle in. After ready and set, the right hoof takes a step, followed by the back left, followed by the left front, followed by the back right:
hop hop hop hop scream then faint (for three seconds) wishing that the next costume is black.

Hochwertige, diffusionsoffene Bahn
mit 10-jähriger Gewährleistung

I. Grad je siv i čađav, svjetlost nenosna. Na vanjski rub kapka stavljam metalik boju sive lavande, preko prstom nanese tamnog ruža hranjivu pomadu koja blago sjaji. Hodam i podočnjaci mi najprije zuje, pa stanu otkucavati, pretvaraju se u instrumentalnu bazu pjesme *Ray of Light*, stanu isijavati plavo.

II. Gledam te kako krojačkim metrom uzimaš mjere, režeš bijelu pamučnu organzu pa je slažeš, sklapaš, šiješ bijelim koncem, da drži oblik prekrivaš bijelom pokrivnom bojom za tekstil mokri tekstil, pa ga prešaš i razmataš bijele mrlje na bijeloj podlozi. Nabire se na kukovima, propušta maslinastu boju kože i sjaj reflektora.

III. Godine koje nosim u želucu sive su i prljave, melankolične i nepristojne, miljama daleko od ovih današnjih dana koji svoju dosadu skrivaju mirisom parfema koji smrdi na deterdžent. Sve teže podnosim bjeline.

IV. Tyvek je naziv čistog polietilenskog, voodopornog, paropropusnog, netkanog materijala visoke gustoće otkrivenog kasnih pedesetih i sačinjenog od mreže polimerskih vlakana koji kombinira sva najbolja izolacijska svojstva papira, folije i tkanine, a nije nijedno. Čuva toplinu, čuva vlagu, zatvara krovove, ali diše, ali ne propušta bakterije, čuva. Lako se reže, teško trga, može se na njemu tiskati, može se pisati. Diše.

I. The city is grey and sooty, the light unbearable. I apply a metallic colour of grey lavender on the outer edge of my eyelid and over a finger-applied dark lipstick, I put a gently shining balm. As I walk, my dark circles first start to buzz, then tick, then throb and pound, turning into the instrumental base to *Ray of Light*, starting to glow blue.

II. I watch you take measurements with a tailor's tape; cut white cotton organza and then arrange it, fold it, sew it with white thread; and to hold the shape you cover the wet textile with white fabric paint, then press it and unroll white blotches on a white surface. It gathers at the hips, lets through the olive skin tone and the shine of the spotlights.

III. The years I carry in my stomach are grey and dirty, melancholic and ill-mannered, miles away from the present hiding boredom under a detergent-smelling perfume. I can hardly bear blank white anything anymore.

IV. Tyvek is a pure polyethylene, waterproof, vapour permeable, nonwoven high-density material discovered in the late fifties and made of a spun bond polymer fibres. It combines all the best insulating properties of paper, film, and fabric, while being none of them. It retains heat, retains moisture, can seal roofs, yet it breathes, and doesn't let bacteria through, it protects. It is easy to cut, hard to tear, can be printed on, can be written on. Breathable.



Tuča je padala četiri puta rafalno u razrijeđenoj noći tik pred jutro pa je tijelo bilo prekriveno ledenim krhotinama kad je na njega naišao sredovječni dobro raspoloženi postolar. Namjerio se uz crnu kavu prije posla na topli kruh, i hukao si u ruke jer bilo je nesnosno hladno, i hodao koliko je brzo mogao jer mogao je svaki tren opet kakav okamenjeni pljusak a bio je gologlav pod kapom. I onda, točno četiri ulaza dalje od njegovog: leđima uza zid i nogu u četvrtoj poziciji i glave klonule na sve strane: krupno nesumnjivo tijelo. Zahvaljujući solima u krvotoku, krv se ledi na samo nekoliko stupnjeva nižoj temperaturi od vode i izbliza vidiš (vidiš?) kako se boja razlivenog leda tijesni to jest stješnjava hoće reći zgušnjava od sukrvice boje musolinija boje malinovca preko kristalnog grimiza do gotovo posve crnog leda. Došla su policijska kola, zatvorila ulicu klimavim barikadama, iskoračila je nadležna svojim kolima sleđa jer mada je voljela prije ne vozi više uopće i drži se stražnjeg sjedala otkako no nema veze iskoračila je i smrknula se kao bitumen, kao januar. Bilo je to četvrto tijelo u četiri tjedna u četiri različita dijela grada u četvrtoj poziciji i raščetvorene glave kojoj je nešto nalik na oblik držao samo nepopustljivi noćni led. Znala je da će i ovome u grlu naći stakla naočala, par mutnih pepeljarki, a kad se na stolu mrtvačnice otopi tuča, mraz i inje, tijelo će biti prekriveno sitnim sitnim okrzlinama stakla koje će bljeskati na hladnobijeloj svjetlosti. Sve je to iskosa zirkala uniformirana policajka zadužena da drži ljude na razdaljini ali ljudi u hladnu zoru nije bilo, a njoj je bio četvrti tjedan na poslu i pokušavala je u pamćenje uklesati detalje prizora. Njezinom je kolegi bilo muka pozelenio je, a ona se prekoračavala što nije više potresena i crvenila se. Pamti pa će pričati sa svojom duhovnom savjetnicom, svojom astrologinjom tarotarkom, jer je sve to neodoljivo podsjeća na prizore koje je već vidjela (barem četiri puta) u staklima kaleidoskopa u kojem skupa plešu skupa sjećanja, skupi snovi i prozirne papirne gatalice.

Four bursts of hail had fallen in the diluted night just before dawn so the body was covered in icy shards when a middle-aged cobbler in a good mood came upon it. He had set out to get, before work, and to have with black coffee, some warm morning bread so now he was blowing into his hands because it was unbearably cold, and he walked as fast as he could because at any moment another solidified downpour could strike and under his cap he was bareheaded. And then, exactly four doorways away from his own: with its back against the wall and legs in fourth position and the head slumped in every and all directions: a large unmistakable body. Because of the salts in the bloodstream, blood freezes at a temperature only a few degrees lower than water, and up close you can see (can you see?) how the colour of spilled ice contracts that is to say tightens I mean thickens from a liquid the colour of cocktails into raspberry syrup then crystalline crimson to almost entirely black ice. A police car arrived, sealed the street with wobbly barricades, and the inspector stepped out of her car out the back door because although she used to like driving she doesn't drive at all anymore and keeps to the back seat ever since, well never mind now, anyway, she stepped out and her face darkened like asphalt, like January. It was the fourth body in four weeks in four different parts of the city in fourth position and with a quartered head held in shape only by the unyielding night frost. She knew that in this one's throat they'd also find bits of eyeglass lenses, a pair of cloudy coke bottles, and that once the hail, frost, and rime melted on the mortuary table the body would be covered in countless tiny nicks of glass glinting in the cold white light. All this was glimpsed askance by a uniformed policewoman assigned to keep people at a distance, but there were no people in the cold dawn. She was in her fourth week on the job and was trying to carve the details of the scene into memory. Her colleague felt sick and had gone grey, and she scolded herself for not being more shaken and blushed red with shame. She would remember it all so as to tell her spiritual adviser about it, her astrologer and tarot reader, because all of this reminded her irresistibly of scenes she had already seen (at least four times) in a kaleidoscope in which crowded memories, crowded dreams, and transparent cootie-catchers danced together.

I jedno je tijelo tako ležalo nalik lutki. Jedno je tijelo ležalo na travnjaku, jedno plutalo rijekom, jedno je piljilo iz automobila. Još je jedno tijelo nađeno smrznuto u hladnjaku, sljedeće je sjedilo prekriveno plastikom na obali rijeke, a jedno je bilo položeno u krevetu, uređeno i odjeveno u haljinu kao da se ništa nije dogodilo. Još je jedno tijelo nestalo; na dan, dva, na tjedan dana, na 96 sati kao što kaže film, i postojala je nada da će se pojaviti trčeći ususret slobodi. Na kraju je ipak nađeno, savršeno postavljeno i uredno oprano, uvijek u istoj pozi u četvrtoj poziciji s glavom koja raščetvoreno pada na sve strane. Još je jedno tijelo bilo viđeno; sjedeći na staklenoj ljuljački postavljeno kao da želi biti osvećeno.

One body just lay there like a doll. Another one lay on the lawn, and another was floating down the river, while another was staring out the car. Another body was found frozen in the freezer, the next one was covered in plastic on the riverbed, and one was laid down on a bed, dressed in a dress like nothing ever happened. Another body disappeared: for a day, two, week, 96 hours (like the movie), with hopes it would reappear running towards freedom. Finally, it was found, yes, perfectly arranged and cleaned. Each and every time, in the same fourth position, with the head smashed into pieces, the pieces scattered in all directions. One more body was seen sitting on a glass swing, upright and stiff as if waiting to be vindicated.



a ja, ja samo osjećam da joj je mjesto u plesu, da priziva napetost, ona pa ja, kad (ponekad) ništa nema smisla. uglavnom osjeća iz utrobe, u stanju teško objašnjivom jer ponekad želi pobjeći. ponekad žudi za još i dijeli s drugima osjećaj, taj utrobni osjećaj, katkad ona, katkad ja javno traži nešto zagonetno, u suspenziji – u intimnosti, u tjelesnim senzacijama, u srcu koje lupa od tjeskobe ili uzbuđenja, u neznanju koje ipak zna, katkada.

traži nešto privlačno u tom liminalnom stanju koje dopušta da se veze stvaraju i povlače, dok (ponekad) sve ne dobije smisao. ne *onakav* smisao:

ona još traži glasove pretočene u bilješke, utjelovljene u pokretima, opisane riječima, osporene razgovorima, traži detalje unutar plesa uvježbavanog danima, sastavljenog od zbrka projiciranih na platno, iznutra, a ja, ja ponekad tražim da od mene traži sve.

i pokrete koji se dogode slučajno, i one u trenutku radosti, i one koji se poigravaju mislima pretvorenima u bilješke, i one spojene sa strategijama preoblikovanim u koreografije – sastavljanje, stalno mijenjanje i povezivanje, ona i ja, ma neke od tih metoda, pomiješanih sa strategijama otapaju se u koreografijama kao tekućina koja curi iz ligamenata. a misli su joj željeznog okusa i boje grimiza, kinestetički, ja, raspadnuto.

and I just feel like her place is in dance, to evoke tension, to switch when (sometimes) nothing makes sense. mostly she feels it in her gut, and it's hard to explain, because sometimes she wants to run away. and sometimes she yearns for *more* and shares that yearning, that gut feeling, sometimes (in public) she, sometimes I seek something mysterious, suspended – in intimacy, in bodily sensations, in the heart that pounds with anxiety or excitement, in the knowing not knowing, not really, well sometimes.

she is looking for something seductive in the liminal state that allows bonds to form and pull, until (sometimes) everything starts making sense. not necessarily *sense* sense:

she is still seeking voices written down as notes, embodied in movements, put into words, contested by conversations; details assembled out of a disarray projected onto a canvas inside, and I,

I just ask her to ask everything of me.
sometimes

movements that happen haphazardly or in moments of glee, and those that play on thoughts written down in notebooks, and those linked to strategies reshaped into choreographies – assembling, ever-changing and interweaving, her and I, oh just some of these techniques, mixed in with strategies, melt into choreographies like liquid leaking out of ligaments. and her thoughts taste of iron and are the colour crimson, kinaesthetically, I, but apart.

A TABLE



i Odrasni nokti lijeve ruke.
i Jedan ispalj prk tijeraste mačke
i Jedan odbočeni prk bijele mačke
Ispale vlasi smeđe kose.
Odrasne vlasi smeđe kose i
Odrasne vlasi sme kose.
Odrasne dlake pazuha.
Odrasne dlake prsne.
Četiri krilca skakavca i
Četiri krila vilinog konjica i
Perje, jedan dva i tri i
i Tri nađene noge skakavca.
i Četiri komada bijelog organija iz kostima
Bijeli konac iz kostima
Jedan komad odbočene kože zmije.
Dva komada odbočene kože iguane i
Dvanest egzoskeleta zelene čipkarice i
i Četiri egzoskeleta dupmarara.
Četiri egzoskeleta osa
Tri egzoskeleta bčela i
i Raščetvoreni egzoskelet hrčeta i

A dismembered exoskeleton of a beetle and
Three bees' exoskeletons and
Four wasps' exoskeletons
and Four ladybugs' exoskeletons.
Twelve green lacewings' exoskeletons and
Two pieces of an iguana's discarded skin and
One piece of discarded snakeskin.
Some white thread from a costume
and Four pieces of white organza
and Three found grasshopper legs.
Feathers, one two and three and
Four dragonfly wings and
Four grasshopper wings and some
Clipped beard hair.
Clipped armpit hair.
Clipped strands of black hair.
Clipped strands of brown hair and several
strands of brown hair that have fallen off.
and One discarded whisker of a white cat
and One whisker that had fallen off a tabby cat
and Some nails clipped off
of a left hand.



Koža mi je neshvatljivo bijela na ovoj svjetlosti raspršenoj kroz tuste niske oblake, toplohladnoj sivonarančastoj, ali što dalje pružam ruku kao da je sve prozirnija, mogla bih se rastočiti i skoro da bih voljela da me nema sasvim skoro da bi mi godilo promijeniti agregatno stanje, ali ali ali iscrpljena sam i glupo sita, otvorila sam prozor širom i sjela na dasku pa pružam ruku i noktima sam (jesam!) zagrebla zrak, vidim kako mi se skupio ružičast pod srebrnobijelim polumjesecima trećeg i četvrtog prsta. A tlak mi pada u želucu dok mi lice šiba jugozapadnjak silinom trinaest kilometara na sat (vlažnost 55%, točka orošavanja 11°) i raste: šesnaest, sedamnaest, trideset, hladnoća mi žvače obraze, utvaram da mi se koža stanjuje na nosu, da mi vjetar čupka obrve vlas po masnu vlas i uskoro ću biti posve gola, ljepša nego ikad i malo me sram. Točno sedam minuta

do pljuska koji će trajati šest i onda rositi sitno još satima, skandira šuškavi zvučnik povrh zgrade koji mi je sada tik nad glavom jer sam još uvijek na prozoru mačka. I malo me smeta, malo mi vibriraju umnjaci (dok ih još imam) kao kaciga tuđe glavobolje. Zapravo znam što želiš: da se prekrijem dlakom, dlaku prekrijem ceradom, da budemo nepropusne, besprozirne,

da nas kiša ne dotiče, da ti se obraćam samo stranim zavedenicama samo bliskoznačnicama kojima ono što želimo reći samo stalno samo izmiče. I što ako me primiš za ruku i ostanem ti samo mrlja na dlanu kao krvi pun komarac jer moglo bi se desiti,

i ja zujim, i vjetar me nosi, i vlaga mi godi, i grizem mada ne sišem krv, ja je puštam. Što bi onda – bi li me utrljala ili isprala skupa sa sapunicom? Miris sapuna ne podnosim, miris ruže prezirem, bi li me liznula i progutala? Bih li ti se zalijepila za nepce, zavukla među zube i smetala? Držim se šakama za prozorski okvir da me ne otpuše, tako je jak taj pokretni zrak i znaš li da naša koža ne osjeća mokrinu samo izmjenu toplote, možemo tonuti a da ni ne znamo da smo u vodi samo nam je hladno...

My skin is incomprehensibly white in this light diffused through dense low clouds, warmcool and orangegrey, but the farther I extend my arm the more translucent it seems, I could dissolve and almost wish I would, I almost wish I could change my state of matter, however however however I'm exhausted and I've overeaten (like an idiot); I opened the window wide and sat on the ledge and I reached out my hand and scratched (I scratched!) the air with my nails. There was pink beneath the silvery half-moons of my third and fourth finger. And the pressure in my stomach dropped as my face was whipped by a southwesterly wind at thirteen kilometres per hour (humidity 55 %, dew point 11°) and rising: sixteen, seventeen, thirty, the cold chews my cheeks, I can see my skin thinning on my nose, the wind plucking my eyebrows hair by

thick greasy hair and soon I will be completely bare, more beautiful than ever, and I'm a little embarrassed. A shower will start in exactly seven minutes and last six minutes, then keep drizzling for hours, so chants the rustling loudspeaker above the building which is now just above my head because I am still on the window, a cat. And it bothers me a bit, my wisdom teeth vibrating a bit (while I still have them) like the helmet of someone else's headache. In truth I do know what you want: you want me covered in fur,

the fur covered with tarp, so that we are impermeable, impenetrable, opaque, so that the rain can't touch us, so that I address you only in fancy foreign words so that what we want to say keeps slipping away. And what if you take me by the hand and I'm just a smudge on your palm like a well-fed mosquito because it could happen;

I buzz, and wind carries me, and damp soothes me, and I bite though I don't suck blood, I blood let. And then what – would you rub me in or wash me off with soap? I cannot bear the smell of soap, I also despise rose scents, would you lick me and swallow me up? Would I stick to your palate, slip between your teeth and bother you? I cling tight to the window frame so the wind can't blow me off, that's how strong the moving air is, and do you know that our skin does not feel wetness, only a shift in temperature, so we can sink without even knowing we're in water, we only feel cold...



Negdje je napisala da je metastabilna da pojma nema da je lopta u dolini koja će za tren preći preko ruba, pasti u ponor, nestati u dubini brazde. Napisala je da stoji između ravnoteže i prelijevanja, da otvara prostor za promjenu, ali nikad unatrag. Zamišljam je kako stoji na litici i kako sve to njeno pisanje nosi vjetar dok ona stoji na rubu s pogledom u daljinu kao Luda na nultoj karti tarota i skakuće u ponor boje svojih podočnjaka, u stanju polunapetosti u kojem energiju ne gubi već zadržava – kao tijelo koje –



Nikad dovršena, scena uvijek u nastajanju, u dijalogu, između ugone i prijetnje, naizgled stoji. A stojim naizgled i ja vrteći scenu unazad, savijam vrijeme i skupljam informacije iz dlačica na rubovima svojih crnih rupa naslonjena na zid dnevne sobe. U toj prostornosti ništa nije fiksno; ni u mojoj glavi ni na policama ni na podu. Nikada i nije bilo ma koliko se trudila, a čak sam i gramofon kupila. A još smo i namještaj razbile. Krhotine su nam se upalile pa sam sjela u kut između zida i kauča misleć da me se ne vidi poput mačke kojoj samo uši vire. Scena se nastavlja.

Ne razumijem što se dogodilo osim da je jedna izgovorila da je pokret odnos a ne forma pa smo poludile jedna na drugu, u bijelim čarapama, u kratkim hlačama, s pomadom na usnama, obje, bez dogovora.

Reagira, gledam kako pregovara, kako joj se glas transformira u duboku rezonirajuću lagu sredovječnog muškarca, tako spontano, i laže jer ipak vraća vrijeme unatrag i klama ga uz budućnost po receptu fizičara iz dvije tisuće dvadeset i pete. Sjedim na tom kauču iako pojma nemam kako sam se tamo našla.

Napisala sam, izgovorila je, dreknula potom – ponirem, dok je staklo prskalo uokolo. Nije metastabilnost samo stanje tijela, već i način zajedništva, ritam između gledanja i izvođenja, a ja čula zavodenja, i na trenutak se ponadala. Čekaj, šta?

– kao da – zamisli, kao koreografija koja pulsira između reda i raspada.
Naprijed, natrag, kinestetički – ponovi ona,
test povjerenja.

She writes down somewhere that she is metastable and has no idea that she is a ball in a valley and at any moment now she will fall off the edge, into the abyss, and disappear. She writes down that she is standing between firm balance and spilling over, while opening up space to change, just never change back. I imagine her on a cliff and all of her writing is carried away by the wind while she stays gazing into the distance: like the Fool in the tarot deck on the card marked zero. Finally, she leaps into the abyss of her dark under-eye circles, into a state of semi-tension in which energy is not lost, it is held on to – like a body that

that

that

Never finished, this scene is always in the making, always in progress, in dialogue, between threat and comfort. And while I replay the scene backwards, I bend time and gather data from the fluff on the edges of my black holes, leaning against the living room wall. There, nothing is fixed; not in my head, nor on the shelves, and not on the floor. It never was no matter how much I tried, and I even bought a record player. We even broke the furniture. Some bits got inflamed so I sat in the corner between the wall and the couch convinced that I'm invisible like a cat with only her ears showing. The scene goes on.

One of us said that movement is a relation not a form so we lunged at each other, in white socks, shorts, and with ointment on our lips, both of us – no consent, no prior agreement.

I watch her negotiate, I notice her voice take on a deep lag of a middle-aged man, so naturally, and she is lying because she does, in fact, turn back time and staple it onto a future cooked up by physicists from twenty twenty-five. And I'm sitting on the couch although I have no idea how I got there.

I have written down, she said, then screamed – I'm taking a plunge, while the glass is shattering and scattering everywhere around. Metastability isn't only a state of the body, it is a way to be together, a rhythm between gaze and performance, construction and destruction, and somehow I heard seduction. Wait, what?

– as if – picture this – choreography throbs between order and breakdown.
Forward, backward, kinaesthetically – she repeats,

an exercise in trust.



svrbi me desni dlan, znači ostat ću bez love znači
pljusnut ću koga god hoću a
poljubiti samo tebe
možda mada vjerojatno
ne – slušaj me ne slušaj me prekasno je i izglednija sam i zapravo uopće ne znam kako izgleda obala
koja rubi Gdanjsk kojom netko šeće subotom pa zamišljam
zelenilo i plavosivilo i metalik nebo i ne mogu prestati
pričati o oblacima ali-ali
možda baš zato što je nesmisleno što je prolazno a bezizlazno uvijek i nikad isto a u isti mah od/uvijek
sam prezirala prazne pokušaje da se oblacima dade oblik kao
vodi mislima ili dahu ili
Koje su ti boje tvoje misli, kojeg okusa? Kako odzvanjaju kad im kucnem o stjenku? Nemoj mi reći,
pogađam
se sama sa sobom đavolice, a ti?
Ah ti.
ogledam se opet sam sam sama
sa sobom u srebru i što vidim ne vidi nitko
druga: tijelo mesnato na kopitima s ljuskicama mjesto pupka i ravnim prsima i krznom na bokovima i
stakleno lice
Moje su boje boje mekog ljeta a ja bih tako voljela biti jedan dan duboke zime kakva je bila nekad s
prhkim snijegom do iznad koljena koji na površinama bliskara kao sitno staklo a mrak pada rano i kad
stigneš kući unutra je sve u bojama meda i miriše na šećer.

my right palm itches which means I'll be losing money which means
I'll slap whoever I please and
only kiss you
maybe though probably
not – listen to me don't listen to me it's too late and I'm hankious and I honestly have no idea
what the shore along Gdańsk looks like on a Saturday walk so I imagine
greens and bluegreys and a metallic sky and I cannot stop talking about
clouds (ffs)
maybe precisely because it's senseless because it's transient yet hopelessly always and never
the same and mind you I've
always despised giving clouds shape like giving shape
to water thoughts or breath or
What colour are your thoughts, what do they taste like? How does it sound when I tap their shell?
Don't tell me, I'll keep myself
guessing, and you?
Oh you.
I see myself again alone again
with myself in silver and what I see
no one sees: a fleshy body on hooves with scales for a navel and a flat chest and fur on the flanks and
a glass face
My colours are the colours of soft summer but I would so love to be a deep winter day as it once was
with crisp snow up to the knees that glitters like fine glass and night falls early and when you come
home everything is honey-coloured and smells like sugar.





DRINKING

the white window creaks softly as I open it once again to step into a cold morning as
the night is withdrawing,
the air loosening, the dream crumbling,
you press my fingertip with yours so so firmly .

..
and suddenly everything cracks bursts scatters

the wind carries glass shards white coloured
that slice finely the white organza, the skin,
and I'm not of the world I'm in space surrounded by moons where

air is made
of glass
and breath
is made
of glass
needling they splash spit scrape
like a sewing machine
and blood pervades the whiteness but the blood is also glass
as it cools in the moment stays and then is shattered by
crystalcrimson
another shard of another glass

I'll tell you a secret I'll whisper i
n whit
w e
a i n k o n
n whi
t te pap e
r r r r
t for
o
b e a
e v l u
e w n
I r a b
a y reak a b o b
s .le
s
c
m . e
ne





MECHANICAL

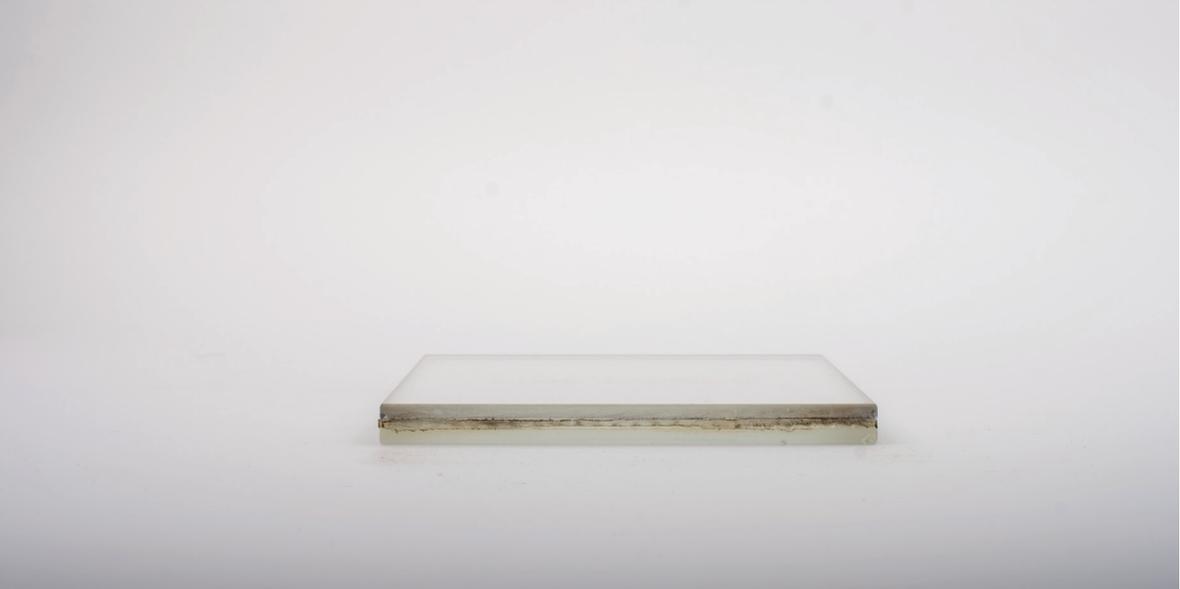
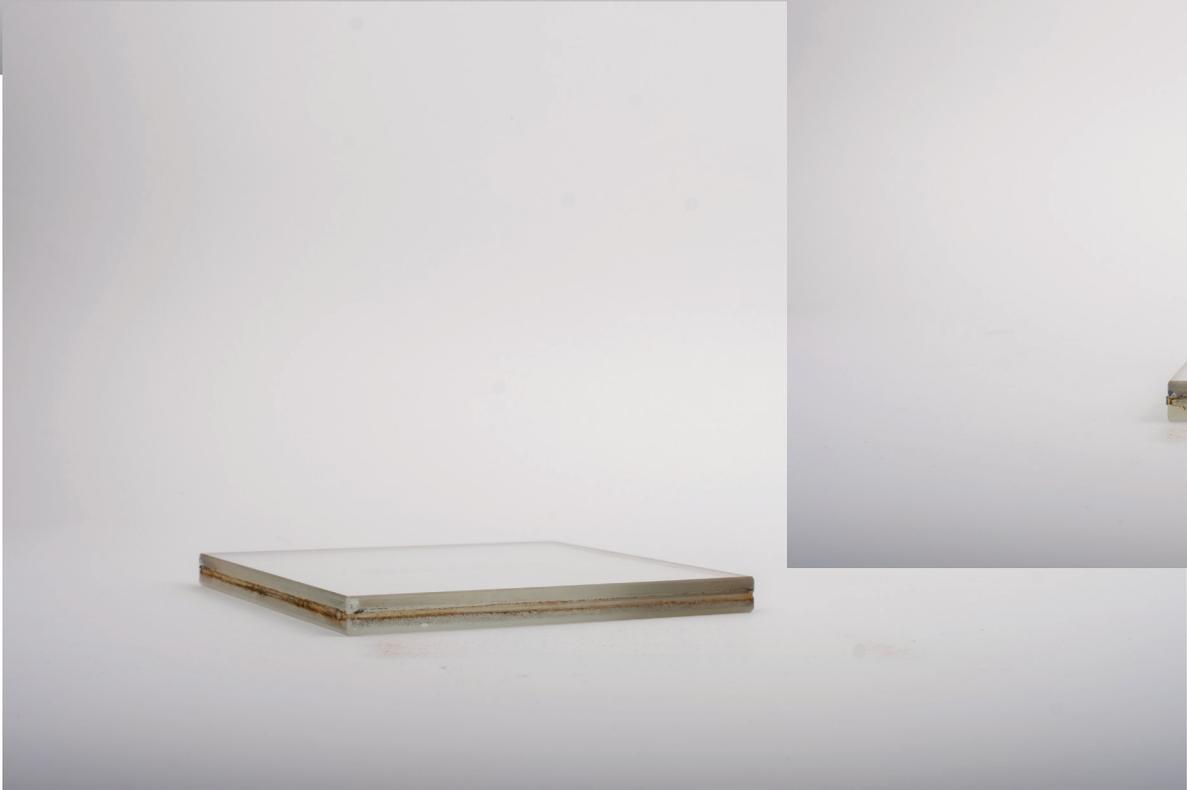
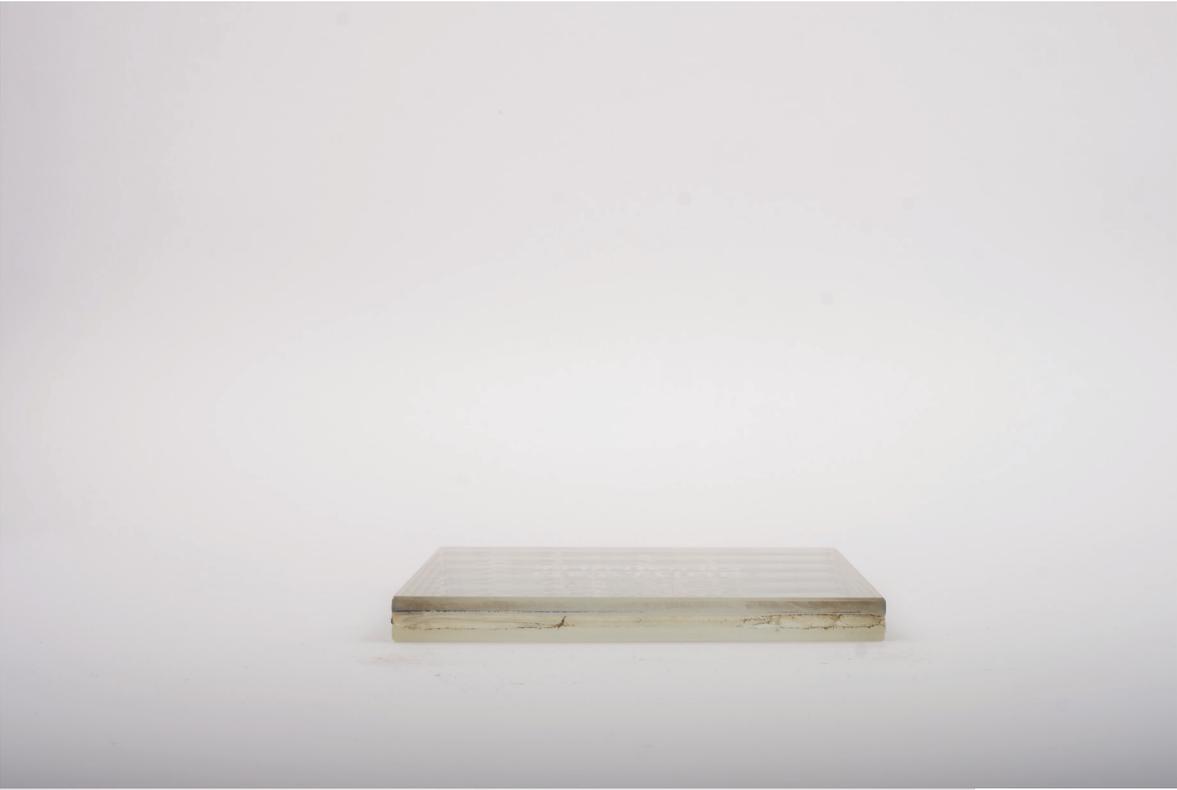
HITTING

Staklom posuda.
Zbogom na rupu kupače.
Mogao je postojati sjaj
Rekao na rupu kupače.

ono što se zaisaš pobogob.
ono što osjećaš
Mogao je postojati sjaj
koji lavira između onoga što se čini,

prolaskom kroz zrcalo.
prolaskom kroz staklena vrata.
Mogao je postojati bokret.
Ujeste tog, ostala je sila – u zraku, u kostima,
opdijeljujući tkivo smrti.
Mogao je postojati sjaj
i, puding neobznan,
prolaskom kroz staklena vrata.

There might have been a sequence.
An unreliable one.
It started with a pan over the room.
An order on the verge of collapse
- glass everywhere.
There might have been a sequence
that oscillates between
what seems to have happened,
what we feel happened,
and what might have truly occurred.
There might have been movement,
now frozen mid-air, caught in suspension.
Instead,
a force lingers –
In the air, in the bones,
seeping into the walls and floors and futures,
influencing who we are.
The sequence might have ended
With a push through a glass door.
Or,
being so unreliable,
with a push-back through a looking glass



SQUARE	BALCONY	WORKSHOP	DOORS	SITTING STILL	READING	ENTERING	CLOSING OPENING DOORS
SENDING KISS	WALKING	LOOKING AROUND	SHOWING HANDS	SMILING	BOWING	THINKING GESTURE	RUNNING
NODDING	QUARRELLING	STILL POSE	CHATTING	SEARCHING FOR KEYS	LOCKING DOORS	CLIMBING	WINDING UP
HITTING	DRINKING	FAINING	RUBBING HANDS	KNEELING	ENCHANTMENT	SCROLLING A BOOK	JUMPS
HAND MOVEMENT	MECHANICAL	FEET DANCE	STIFF TORSO	FACES	HIGH LEGS	SHARP HANDS	HANDS LIKE EYES
SMALL STEPS ON TIP-TOES	EXAGGERATED SHAKES	DRUNKEN DANCE	DETAILED MOVEMENTS WITH FINGERS	SITTING PRETTY	HEAL-TOE-HEAL	JUMPING ON ONE LEG	BLINKING DANCE
REPETITION	UNISON	DUET	LINE DANCE	FRONTAL	DIAGONAL	KOLO	DIRECTION TOWARDS ONE POINT IN THE ROOM
DRESSES	CAPE	PEARLS	HATS	TIGHT PANTS	A TABLE	A MIRROR	A KNIFE



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Zrinka Užbinec: Kamo ćemo kad se staklo razbije? / Where Do We Go When the Glass Shatters?

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STANG

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