

Archive of possible memories

Documentation Linha de Fuga 2020



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www.linhadefuga.pt

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virtual, collaborative, telepathic, corporal,
sensitive of a festival / laboratory**

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Linha de Fuga

Coimbra, 2020

Festival and laboratory

Conceived as a field for experimentation, learning and sharing of collective knowledge, Linha de Fuga was the second edition of an international laboratory and festival that promoted the encounter between 28 creators, artists and thinkers from different origins and the city of Coimbra. Due to the Covid-19 pandemic, the second edition, planned for June, was postponed and took place between September 12 and October 4, 2020.

Within the Festival and Lab 11 of the artists were invited to facilitate workshops and present the shows that made up the Festival's programme. In some cases, these shows were created locally, with Lab artists and the local community. And in a permanent call for participation, Linha de Fuga also included conversations, critique sessions and process presentations, in diverse itineraries through various spaces of the city.

Built upon the ideas of the ephemeral collective, Linha de Fuga had moments of collective work, where the Lab participants could confront and develop their artistic projects in relation to the present practices, in feedback sessions, inviting their peers and satellite groups to follow their processes. There were also periods of individual work, where each artist present could develop his personal project.

Two of the Lab's artists were chosen to document Linha de Fuga from a subjective and critical perspective, with the intention of returning to society their vision of the meeting and the practices of knowledge exchange developed there.

Democarcy

In this edition of Linha de Fuga we wanted to rethink the concept of democracy, taking into account the current political trends in the world - especially in the context of the Covid-19 Pandemic, which put democracy in suspension in many countries. We consider that a democratic society must accept the difference and not standardize social life by a defined majority, and must respect the anonymous, the excluded, the nameless minority. As the philosopher José Gil says, “fear prevents certain forces from expressing themselves, inhibits, withdraws and separates the individual from his territory, retracts the space of the body, shatters group cohesions - all this with immediate and mediated effects on the processes of economic, social, artistic and thought production”.

In territories classified as peripheral, this situation is more evident when the construction of *self-image* is of extreme importance for the individual, where the social pressure to fit into a hegemonic majority makes one forget the importance of thinking about the common space, what should belong to everyone. In this issue, we challenge you to think about the importance of anonymity, of giving up the ego, of centralism, of protagonism. We proposed to think about the importance of the public space for the construction of the common good: the space of democracy. What can we, as citizens, do to reduce the inequalities existing in society? What can artists do? These were some of the questions we wanted to practice during the entire Linha de Fuga Festival.

Democracy may be a concept worn out by the social, economic and cultural vices of the world in which we exist (existed), - being (now even more) aware that it is necessary to rethink society and the way we all live and care for each other - but Democracy is also the foundation of all our freedom and all our possibility to grow as individuals.

By the time the 2020 edition of Linha de Fuga took place several limitations were in place, for health safety reasons, and it was in this context that the intention of occupying public space and meeting a wider public was restricted. Some projects had to adapt and the idea of being able to present processes in informal situations became complex. In the impossibility of a wider group of spectators, we sought to establish other types of relationships with the city, and a series of groups of artists and thinkers were created around the laboratory that followed and established various relationships with the laboratory artists. We called them satellite groups: Mundus collectives and the Crítica de Fuga Group that played an important role in this documentation, the Open Circle of the Visual Arts Circle of Coimbra and researchers from the Centre for Social Studies of the University of Coimbra.

Documentation

Since the first edition, Linha de Fuga launches this challenge to artists: How to document and archive the ephemeral? It was based on this idea that the selected documenters, Laura Wiesner and Carlos Queiroz, presented their proposals. Assuming that documenting and archiving the ephemeral is something complex, it is automatically assumed that this process is not partial, but rather subjective, an artistic creation. Thus, the artists and collectives that developed this documentation were free to think and build their own perspective on this problematic/challenge: archives of ephemerality.

The year 2020, however, was an unusual year that had to deal with a pandemic on a global scale, limiting mobility; while it was not impossible to perform Linha de Fuga, some of the selected artists - specifically the two documenters - were unable to be present in Coimbra due to restrictions on international travel. Within the rhizomatic perspective we assumed from the beginning for Linha de Fuga, we consider this deviation not a problem but rather an opportunity to think about what it means to answer this question: how can one practice an archive with a great distance like non-presence?

In parallel, Linha de Fuga was approached by the young local collective Mundus, interested in following the laboratory due to the theme under discussion. We invited Mundus to assume the figure of *avatar* of the documenters, establishing with Carlos Queiróz and Laura Wiesner dialogues and exercises throughout the period, together with the curatorship of the festival that worked as reports of feelings, activities, but also of tasks and requests they made to those who were in the field. Thus, throughout the Laboratory they worked together, in an attempt to understand the emotions, anxieties and realities that were happening over 7,000km away.

Another group formed by Alexandre Valinho Gigas, participating artist in the first edition, self-denominated Crítica de Fuga/ Review of Escape, was one of the other proposals to accompany the festival. Gathering 5 writers, the proposal of this group was to write about the festival, according to their will, perspective and intentions, having produced several texts, interviews and poetic pieces, based on an idea of passionate criticism offered as a gift and not as a journalistic exercise or as a promotion of “artistic products”. What they did became so interesting and prismatic that they were also invited to integrate a chapter of this documentation.

For a year we thought and worked together how to archive this project and this atypical edition - due to the pandemic context - that aimed to promote citizenship, the occupation of public space and the exchange with society. How to transmit what happened and how to make this documentation and this thought about archiving work as a reflection of what really happened? Between meetings, ideas, suffering through the constant dialogue at a distance and in zoom, the idea was profiled that each one of these documen-

ters had a way of archiving their looks and thoughts in a document that assumes four chapters here: the set of texts written by *Crítica de Fuga/ Review of Escape*, developed according to the sensibilities of each of the writers; an archive of real and imaginary memories conceived by Laura Wiesner; a series of poetic-sounding thoughts where Carlos Queiroz discusses various hypotheses of archiving this edition; a map of events guided by the concept of freedom inherent to that of democracy, constructed by Mundus. Perspectives and affective visions that Sara Constante composed in a document that intends to archive *Linha de Fuga 2020* and activate archives within each reader.

What is democracy?

Answers to this first question
launched to all the artists
who participated in the 2020
edition. here:



Programme

12.09 a 4.10.2020

Laboratory – collective actions

Festival – performances

Presentations by artists and satellite

groups (Crítica de Fuga, Mundus, CAPC, Rádio Baixa)

Picturesque Archive (music)

Lula Pena *pt*

13 september

12 september

• Saloon Brazil

• Bissaya Barreto Arts House

Creation workshop “Città Aperta”

Città Aperta / Open City (performance)

Alain Michard *fr*

Alain Michard *fr*

13 to 18 september

19 and 20 september

• San Francisco Convent and City

• Performative journey in

the city of Coimbra

Workshop on artistic practices

“Listening as a Lever”

Fiestas Invisibles / Invisible Parties
(performance)

Lula Pena *pt*

Paloma Calle *es* &

14 to 16 september

Massimiliano Casu *it/es*

• Saloon Brazil

27 september

Creation workshop “Fiestas Invisibles”

• Visual Arts Center’s Courtyard

Paloma Calle *es* & Massi Casu *it/es*

14 to 25 september

• San Francisco Convent

Speed Date (theatre)

Alex Cassal, Keli Freitas *br/pt*,

Creation workshop “Speed Date”

Márcia Lança *pt*, Renato Linhares *br*

Alex Cassal + Keli Freitas +

2 and 3 october

Márcia Lança + Renato Linhares

• Teatrão - Municipal theatre

19 september to 1 October

• Teatrão - Municipal theatre

Captado pela intuição / Captured by
Intuition (dance)

Tânia Carvalho *pt*

Masterclass

3 october

Jonathan Ulriel Saldanha *pt*

• Gil Vicente Academic Theater

21 september

• Saloon Brazil

Esplendor e Dismorfina / Splendor and
Dysmorfia (dance)

“The thinking body” dance workshop

Vera Mantero & Jonathan Saldanha *pt*

Vera Mantero *pt*

29 october

28 to 30 september

• Teatrão - Municipal theatre

• Coimbra Conservatory of Music

DJ sets for Democracy

“Flowers” Dance Workshop

curated by Radio Baixa

Tânia Carvalho & Luís Guerra *pt*

20 and 27 september

30 september to 2 october

• Rádio Baixa

• Coimbra Conservatory of Music

Laboratory - processes development
and presentations

Voice and movement workshop

investigation of the process “The songs
we sing against the walls we clean”

Catarina Vieira *pt* & Aixa Figini *ar/pt*

21 to 25 september

• Coimbra Athenaeum

Listening to dreams

investigation of the process “Dreams:
listening to a cosmic dance”

Sarah Elisa *br/pt*

24, 28 and 30 september

Santa Cruz cafe

I eat you

process investigation

Ynaie Dawson *br*

24 and 26 september

• “As Tricanas” Folklore Association

Process presentations

September 26th

• Rádio Baixa

“Symphony of the seas”

by Xavier Manubens *es*

• “As Tricanas” Folklore Association

“Danzarín/ina” by Juanquin Arévalo

& Sharon Mercado *co*

“Sexo (con)sentido” by

Katia Manjate *mz*

• Saloon Brazil

“Dobra” by Romain Beltrão Teule *fr/br*

“Waste” by Joana Petiz *pt*

Process presentations

September 29th

• Saloon Brazil

“Sonhos: escuta de uma dança

cósmica” by Sarah Elisa

“Che wing Gun transkaraoke: daffodils

are 50%” by Michaela Depetris *it*

“Pj.Lo” de Jean-Lorin Sterian *ro*

Process presentations

October 2nd

• Rádio Baixa

“Pandemonium” by Gil Mac *pt*

• Jardim da Sereia

“Eis” by Ssel *br/pt*

Linha de Fuga 2020

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APBC – Agency for the
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Coimbra
Bissaya Barreto Arts House
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CAPC – Coimbra Plastic Arts
Circle
A Camponeza Wine Shop
CAV – Visual Arts Center
GEFAC
Restaurant Boteko

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RUC – Radio University of
Coimbra
Tourism Center Portugal

Crítica de Fuga

Alexandre Valinho Gigas

Carina Correia

Diogo Simões

Lu Lessa Ventarola

Ricardo Seiça Salgado

Crítica de Fuga (Review of Escape) is an informal group of five people that became a satellite of the Festival and International Laboratory of Performing Arts – Linha de Fuga 2020.

Throughout the events, the aim was to report impressions created from the experience of participating in the festival, thus expressing unique and diverse languages in search of a space for a critique in escape a space intended for escape or profanation.

Alexandre Valinho Gigas

**A network is a set of voids
joined by a thread**
on the announcement of the
2020 Linha de Fuga Festival
and International Creation
Laboratory

I want to dance. I dance at home.

I want to dance in a network, in a social act of moving to the rhythm of a song - that can even be imagined – in a visual interaction with other people dancing. I dance with a few people, never more than ten, at my house or at a private party at someone else's house.

I want to dance in the street, but I shouldn't, because if I do it alone, I'll be marginalized and called a fool, thanks to all the social discrimination that the act entails in our society. If I do it with someone, I am doing something illegal in the context of the pandemic and risk my dance group being approached by a figure of authority, possibly racist, authoritarian for sure. I want to dance at a safe distance from other people, with whom I want to interact visually while I dance, in compliance with the guidelines of the Directorate-General of Health. Therefore, I want to dance close to people I randomly encountered in the search of the same goal, to dance. If we are less than ten people dancing together in the street, maintaining a distance that follows the guidelines by the Directorate-General of Health, so that we have music to leads us in this beautiful ritual of individual liberation, we must have the approval of the local councils. The local councils, moved by FEAR, are reluctant to approve the request, even if it follows all prevention measures and contingency plans. Because there is always someone who will have to sign the document and no one wants to be ACCUSED of having created an outbreak by giving their approval. If we don't have music, we have to be less than ten, all at a distance that meets the guidelines of the Directorate-General of Health and imagining music, preferably the same music. At this point I realize that there is a place where up to ten people can dance together, but nobody will. Why?

A Festival and Creation Lab is about to take place in my city. There, I will be able to see dancing, as a self-torture exercise. I will also be able to participate in scenes with dancing, if I have time for the workshops where groups of up to

ten people can dance. Everything is ok. The local councils that approved (yes, because the entities are made up of people) and who signed, pray to divine entities in which they never believed for everything to go well. The event organizers work hard to ensure that all rules are met and the risk of contagion is as small as possible. It's an opportunity.

I haven't danced anywhere, except in my house, since March 18th, 2020. I see all the norms and measures for the productive sectors being approved and improved so that everything can be done. I don't see anyone working for the same standards to be applied so that we can dance in community. My Network is a set of voids joined by a thread. Let's hope the STRAIN being made to culture, by FEAR and by institutions, which are made of people, doesn't break it.



Ricardo Seïça Salgado

Criticism as a gift for the profanation of criticism's bogeymans

Criticism of the performing arts has become a bogeyman in the minds of common sense, at least within the performing arts: it exists and it does not exist; one wishes it harm, but longs for its presence; it is feared and desired. The word seems contaminated, filled with paradox and creating fear. Criticism was lost for economic reasons and, in a way, for political reasons. Maybe this happened because it became rare and because of the emphasis on its appraising dimension, compromising an ethics of reception that is contextually and socio-politically determined (even if in democracy it aims to be consented), turning an empowered and apparently empowering partiality into a totality.

Because criticism is not polyphonic, and the common spectator is often absent from the role of voicing the power of creation, positioning himself so often in muteness - a comfortable and non-responsible or fearful position, summarized in a simple “I liked it” or “I didn’t like it” (there it is, the value) –, is like the bogeyman in terms of a non-dialogical authority. It shudders. On tectonic plates, *Crítica de Fuga* (Review of Escape) will not aim to be that “curatorial critique” of what it should be and, therefore, we profane the critique in order to return to the people the possibility of its desecration.

The problem is always the positioning of the God-thingified within the role that each one has in the arts (see the recent positioning of the “God-curator”, or the “God-programmer”, not very good for emerging projects). Democracy calls us and, as far as I’m concerned, inspired by Rancière’s flow, we here turn it into the best place for those who play their role as an emancipated spectator, in the production of a plural world through the sensitive – less judging and more assuming its intertwined position in the magic circle that constitutes performance art, with the aim of building the perceptive analysis lines of an artistic and socio-political encounter, and accept the way in which we are affected and affect, at the level of sensitivity and thought, as a possible guide still to come.

We should, then, look for the emerging relationships that turn artistic reality into a persuasive fiction of existence together, a work of translating the transla-

tions. I find that, in my specific case, I would like to connect them with critical and experimental thinking, in touch with socio-humanistic knowledge. What matters, then, is how to understand a certain perspective of the world that clarifies or rehearses new relationships with the things of individual and collective life or, in other words, enter into a dialogue of the world and its possible cosmologies, which opens up new perspectives of being through art.

Criticism is chic but appears to be hampered by the effects of what makes it as a reaction, perhaps because it is just looking for holes (again, value). And this, in Portugal, can only be a symptom of what I might call a deficit of critical democracy, more for the institutional consequences of having or not having a critique than for the criticism per se (everyone is, after all, free to write their position). Criticism does not cease to be a voice that voices this. In its evaluative dimension, it can feed culture as a commodity of convenience, polluting the debate on the creative side when it positions itself as a trench.

The soliloquy critique undermined dialogue as the best place for democracy, I would say, due to its totalizing propensity and lack of openness to experimentation (as if the mainstream satisfied the precariousness of the craft). The very space where it is published has become a mediator of the empowerment that it sees, sometimes blindly, or groping, in the circuit of prejudice. We then embarked on the desecrating task without, however, positioning ourselves as professional critics, or as critics of the value. Thus, one reacts to the theme of the Linha de Fuga festival, by proposing an experimental action, the *Crítica de Fuga/Review of Escape*. Escape will therefore be synonymous with enthusiasm for, in the hole, the bellows can take the air – knowing, however, that if the intention is to cover it, as the poet said, another hole will open up.

The economy and politics of critique can only be, then, the space for giving, for the creation of a thought created by a person, as in Steiner's opinion (as Carina Correia recalled in the group's conversations), in which criticism must sprout of a debt of love, molding the doors of our perception and pressing the architecture of our beliefs with its transforming powers, as he tells us. Speaking for yourself for the creation of a common is, it seems to me, what we want to rehearse. In this informal group, we come from different contexts, some of us don't even know each other, and it is this informality that will perhaps become the territory of the ongoing profanation, towards a critical democracy on the horizon.

Criticism, after all, is effectively this search for deep affection within the encounter. Thinking together will be, then, the most fruitful lesson of what democracy is, a creation of commons that is consummated as a gift. And as we know, giving is horizontal and does not accept favours or obligations. The ego is always empowered by the other who asks nothing in return and, as such, vibrates with this sensitive empowerment received. For this reason, perhaps not even the valuation (ideological and aesthetic) that inspires the concept of criticism will be relevant to the position we assume. *Crítica de Fuga* will seek to express the encounter in the tone of exchange and, probably, becomes more of a radical pedagogy of that encounter. The escape must always be forward, in the symbolic curves of our difference.

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Lu Lessa Ventarola

The days with Lula Pena. (Or: Sing to me, muse). Sing

COIMBRA. For three days we walked on Sun. How? With Lula Pena. It was only three days, but days and days and days and days passed in these days. It is so when the – *three* – manages to carry within itself a cycle that closes: beginning-middle-end. The snake ate the tail. We find silence at the top of the mountain of sounds. Lula suggested for the artists to try the -piano- and they understood her invitation: deep down, she wanted the piano to be challenged in its concreteness. The sounds to respond to their own appeals. The beat to be discovered in the lack of rhythm – on the trail of error, of experimenting. Thought snaked around; Valery's serpent-thinker was there. [Note: the piano was a grand piano.] At one point, we were all [en]chanted onto a *continuum*, and, at a glance, we glimpsed the Mystery that overwhelms us. The calm found in the middle of the storm. This silence of sounds happened on the second day – the MIDDLE. And such happened because the artist-residents trusted themselves, in surrender, to Lula's summons. Also, what else could have happened... on the first day – the BEGINNING, she, like a muse, enchanted everyone. As if she floated in her own Voice (just like that, with a capital letter) she said she -believed in poetry. And that -the silence was sexy. Who, in their right mind, wouldn't let themselves go? On the third and last day: songs woven into conversations. Poetry made its way into the circle; tossed from one to the other, like a ball, as if everyone were at the school playground.

In the END, no body could hold itself. We dance –



©Augusto Fernandes

Alexandre Valinho Gigas

The long and wide road about the first week of the Festival and Performing Arts Laboratory Linha de Fuga 2020

The first week in Coimbra, of the Festival and International Performing Arts Laboratory Linha de Fuga, ended. In it, I unfolded into several characters, in a schizophrenic line of flight; the production assistant, the Review of Escape who observes and writes, the artist who fleetingly participates in collective exercises in the workshops and, finally, the poet who observes and escapes from all these characters to come back to himself. Thus, this poet who writes to you will not speak of any artistic particularity of the festival so far, but of a chaotic whole, which he will seek to find order.

The event's curator, Catarina Saraiva, promotes the discussion about Democracy, or the importance of anonymity in democracy. This is a place for that discussion, born out of the polyphony of the participating artists' languages and geographies. The discussion takes place between meetings where agreements are sought, deliberative assemblies and ephemeral plenary sessions, with which this artistic community relates to each other and to the city that hosts it. It seems to me that it is always like this, in every moment of our daily lives, but it won't be. Wandering through the streets, I think that most individuals who live here will remain oblivious to the event and the discussion it promotes. Although we all have to look for a place to dialogue with the world around us, we are victims of the capitalist dictatorship of the time, the rush imposed by the need for survival. This, more than anything else, deprives us of the ability to listen and talk, making us dictators of our own lives and those around us. The increasingly rareness, in the urban world, of reaching for the leisurely breathing of the primordial tasks, or of the chants that rocked the fields, or of the care of the gesture repeated like a mantra dictated by the hands.

At some point, the event will win over someone distracted from the dictatorship, through communication strategies that make me imagine a person on the water, making a Herculean effort to float, shouting "Come! Culture is safe!" Culture is safe, as listening and dialogue time are safe. Democracy belongs to everyone and is manifested in curiosity about and affection for the other. Peo-

ple are very important, as this discussion of democracy through art proposes affection. As a matter of fact, the affection underlies the artistic proposals, the connection between the artists, the production team, the people who are the public, or neighbours, even if temporary. Affection is the greatest point of listening to the other, to put oneself as much as possible in the other's place, in the other's language and thought, in the desire to build the future with the other. In between, our opinion may come, as a link, as a form of resistance or as a civic attitude or affirmation of activism. Be that as it may, affection is what will lead this awareness of us to be built together, and it alone will allow this social construction not to become fleetingly ruined. This construction work is permanent, even when we sleep and dream.

My dream, as far as this event is concerned, is the search for the dance place (albeit at a safe distance). Spontaneous dance between people in the same space, observing each other, their movements and their looks, is one of the affections that the pandemic dictatorship is taking from us. I watched three moments of dance at the event. The first, in the context of a workshop, in which the weirdness of seeing people dancing far away from each other, with masks covering half of their faces, warned me of everything we are missing. The second and third moments, outside the festival, where people looked for that place to dance in isolated places, allowed them to develop this illegal and subversive act that fights fear.

Fear is not seen in the multiple details that the city offers; be it in the interminence and crossing of the numb tingle of passers-by, who invent a new daily life; or in the muteness of closed spaces; or in the absence of everything that is not and is suspended in the doubt of if it ever will be again. Fear is felt in the official words of institutions, in the randomness of the rules with which they weave an invisible web. The institutional spider weaves us, fostering in us petty and individualistic attitudes, sometimes narcissistic in some lonely people. I find men with their arms down, looking as if they are searching for their mothers, trying not to look at the changes that are taking place and that no longer favour them. Men with their arms down painting the streets, their heads held high towards the plinths, where men with their arms down and alone weep arrogance with grunts and bring in their eyes the last throes of the cultural capitalism that feeds them.

I also see women building forts without stones, where everyone fits and everyone is called to help (What a hassle this is to build!). Cloud castles where, more than fear, you breathe care and attention to others. For the last few months, I've been thinking that I find myself in a dead garden, where flowers still sprout. These flowers are pollinated by affection, in deeds and words; flowers are poetry and their existence, in this ephemeral bed, is Art.

What is built in the laboratory plenary where we test direct democracy may not win, and our future may be a "sexless hydrogen cloud" promoted by nationalist hatred or the death for the love of objects, which is the love of our history. We can all die of History. The road is long and wide.

Lu Lessa Ventarola

Eat of eating. one night with Ynaie. I eat you. Food it is. Food i was

An autumn Tuesday; a night in COIMBRA. LINHA DE FUGA. I went to Tricanas, a mix of a folk-dance association and restaurant, to watch a performance by the artist Ynaie Dawson. A yansã in a girl's body. "*Want some help Yna?*", I asked when I arrived, seeing her walk, calmly and seriously, between the kitchen and the dining hall. "*I want you to sit at the table*", she said firmly and smiling. And she made not only me, but everyone, sit down, like boys and girls, at a family lunch. At the long table, the conversations were cheerful. Ynaie walked by each of us (and there were a lot of us) asking what we wanted to drink: water, beer, red or white wine? She wasn't writing it down anywhere and I thought to myself "*will she remember?*". Her fingers flexed, without much fanfare, in a weird note-taking choreography and...there, soon after, the drinks arrived as ordered. Those fingers...! These same fingers, with their two respective mothers-hands, brought the food, which immediately went inside the mouths as curious as they were pleased. Before, they were landscapes for the eyes – with their shapes and colours. Sensory. Sensual. This all happened – from starters to dessert – in sequence and rhythm. In the mouth, the food was demanding, it wanted to occupy spaces and trigger different taste buds – everythingmixedtogether. It satisfied. The pepper sauce raised the stakes. It smeared. There was a collective ecstasy; I speak for myself and I am allowed to it because the table and the food bring us back to ourselves. Even though in front of the other -and with the other- the act of eating reminds us that we are also a singular and precarious matter. Which needs care. Ynaie didn't talk about art, didn't use fancy catchphrases, didn't theorize. She came and went from the kitchen to the dining room with trays and platters. Apart from explaining, occasionally, here and there, one ingredient or another, she said little, but she said a lot. She said do. She said be careful. She said generosity. She said that life is made of Matter. Mater. Mom.

In the end I went to give her a hug in the kitchen and felt she was satisfied. I realized that I didn't go to watch a performance, nor participate in one... no... something else happened, I went there to be eaten. I EAT YOU – the name of the performance is not pretty words thrown in the wind. Art; saying without saying.



Ricardo Seïça Salgado

The walk as poetry of a fictioned sensitivity to make the city

For a Coimbra native, pre-imagining the open city is a game in itself. *Città Aperta*, by Alain Michard is built in a small six-day workshop, researching the “sensory and imaginary relationship of the participants with the city, (...) commonly delineated and interpreted by all and composed of experiences that alternate between performances, conferences, collective meals, stories and reconfiguration of spaces in the city”, it says in the program. It is a path conceived in a long and participative journey, managed by master of ceremonies guides who are, read, make and elicit the city, playing with different ways of relating to it and to the audience, playing with their role in the performance and in the city.

In a performance, we are part of the audience and we are dancers and performers. In the city, we are citizens, inhabitants, tourists, students, visitors at various times and interlocutors of the history of the place in the here-now, which is reinvented together. The walk and the city are made up of an interrupted choreography that triggers an experience of the demo and the performance as rehearsal. How to live in a city and/or the performance that takes place in it? What relationships do we form in negotiating the persuasive fictions of our habitats of meaning and the city’s ethos? The walk and the rehearsed interruption-events call for different relationship procedures at both levels, performance and city. And their game-moments hint at openly imagining the common city still to come.

The guides’ function is to explain the game in each rehearsed interruption-event, they take us into the procedure and into our role, it’s the start of the relationship with the performance and with the city. We start performing a choreography, and dance where I spent most of my adolescence, circles and lines, at different speeds of time and space (viewpoints, I would say), several people walk by, while passers-by observe, a happening within the performance, dancing at Praça da República in pandemic times. I leave the space wearing glasses that block my vision, I can only see a very vague, dusky shadow, guided by a member of the public, in silence and separated by a 2-meter pole along the sidewalk, towards Jardim da Associação. A study on Blindness. Hearing amplified, atten-

tion to walking revived, dancing again. But we notice; I think while doing.

Which overture has this city? After all, the city and its overture happen. The open city that is evoked is also an open performance. Walk-do. If the city is open, we should take care of it, if not, how to open it? Has the city overture in its persuasive fiction? And if so, how? With what performances? For someone from here, who comes and goes, it is inevitable to notice the little capacity to keep people for a long time, something that accentuates an ethos of non-inclusion. Before my city or the one that I synthesize as a persuasive sociological fiction, how to perform the city to come? How to build an active attitude towards the city? The path does this with the physical city and through the social and historical life of its buildings, streets, landscape and social dynamism in all levels of dialogically inhabiting the street to come because, together, we experiment.

“This is the place of a famous story. And this is a story of two families in the city. They were enemies. The problem is that they were enemies but they had children who were not enemies. Some kids fight, but the boy and the girl didn’t. Her name is Juliet. She lives on the second-floor balcony. And the door at the bottom of the stairs is closed. Definitely closed, that door. ‘We do not want the handsome Romeo to enter this castle’. Romeo managed to get in through the closed door, but as he was a bit of an idiot, knowing nothing about poetry, he found himself having to approach that maiden. He tried once but soon realized he had to ask for help. He asked a friend with a long nose to write a poem to Juliet. Through Romeo’s speech, Juliet asks for a kiss. But she soon felt it (the trap)... Today, Juliet is still waiting on the nurse’s porch. So here you have a balcony where you can send messages, poetry to your loved one. Imagine twenty here, perhaps lovers...” (free translation of Alain Michard’s speech during performance, my parenthesis), tells Alain at the facade of the old hospital, now part of the university. The poetry of architecture and theatre, of history and of the dramatic are contaminated through affection, resonating history. At the back of the facade, an open window.

They guide us through the history of the university and invent crossovers for the social life of buildings contaminated by fiction: such as the subjective evocation of the history of the “escadas monumentais” at the University of Coimbra, or the first day of the 1969 academic crisis, at the Faculty of Mathematics; or the three screens of an artist, “Miguel Machado” (fictitious?), between the Faculties of Chemistry and Physics, and serve as an interpretation of the work, or the view when we enter the Botânico Garden from above, over the river, in that immense scale that encompasses the bridges in the background, is expressed as in the work of Isabel Ortice for the Biennial Annozero of Coimbra! Reality or fiction? A persuasive fiction for the city as a whole? Which whole for the part? How to join parts of the physical city, the hanger city, the costume city, or the city of practices? Which habitat city?

On the route, authentic postcards appear, a living installation that repeats itself in a beautiful couple simply sitting there, eating snacks, chatting, and that we find along the path. The small town of easy reunions. Real, fiction? Real cases are intertwined with the imagination aroused by the simple elicitation of

an encounter, of an engagement in the performance of and in the city. In the downtown shopping district, I see the sleeping beauty sleeping in a window. Watch out! You are being filmed! Will you want a kiss, or is it a mirror?

At the Botânico Garden, I was a plant and they tell me my story, that of each of the participants, after an experience-sensation that activated the chakra of the command centre (Ajña) in the bamboo grove to, in the end, be food in a community of practices. Along the way, we are interrupted by performance-fragments of the projects in which the artists residing at Linha de Fuga experiment and collaborate. A great gazpacho we made together began to fix my relationship with cucumber (which I can't stand) and the city. We go while doing, between reality and persuasive fiction, in the possibility of a common, in thought and in action, towards a sensibility of making a city. After all, the future is always a fiction.





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Carina Correia

Interview with Tânia Carvalho

The interview with choreographer Tânia Carvalho took place a few days before the presentation of her piece in the context of the Linha de Fuga festival. Despite stressing several times her unwillingness to appear as someone who has the answers, she progressively began to unwrap the thread, with care, as words are not always the best remedy. The conversation was not long, because the TAGV stage was under the scrutiny of small works and it was necessary to go and check everything. That's Tânia Carvalho's work: meticulous. And completely breath-taking.



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Carina Correia (CC)

I read somewhere that Tânia Carvalho speaks little of her creations, namely that this is one of your trademarks. It is true?

Tânia Carvalho (TC)

It's not that I don't like it. I have no problem giving interviews or answering questions. What I usually don't like is explaining a play, which is impossible. When I talk about the play, people will close their minds a little to the play, and that makes me feel sorry, because people are capable of much more than that. When seeing a play, they are able to receive it in more original ways, and not mine alone. And that's why I don't like it. And also because it's really difficult to talk about all that creativity is, about how it's done. We can talk a little bit, but we can't really explain what it is. It depends on the type of work, but in my work it doesn't make much sense, it's not clear how to talk about it. let's say, I don't articulate lines of thought to create plays, so I don't have them. When I answer, it looks like I have them, and then you're locked in there.

CC

Could you break the rule and tell me a little about what you're bringing to *Linha de Fuga*? *Captado pela Intuição* (*Captured by Intuition*) is a work from 2017: "a solo that balances between lyrical and figurative abstractionism", in your words. Two opposites, no?

TC

I really like getting caught up in things. Instead of looking around, I wait, I do almost waiting exercises, especially in solos. I wait for things to come to me, to pass through me. At the time, what was coming to me were abstract forms; but then, making abstract shapes with the body, and because it is my body, it becomes complex, I look and see a person making figures, and hence the figurative aspect. And then there was a part of the play that I can say is more theatrical, in inverted commas; it's dance, but you can see that it's a person who is in a certain state, in a certain situation. In the beginning, you don't see it as much, you don't really understand what's going on, it's just shapes. The play is exactly as it happened to me while I was in the studio and working. It was a very lonely process. I wandered for a while, ideas stray, they don't stay fixed. But this text was a joke I played with these two things: this dualism that is being in one place and being in another.

CC

But was this play created in a specific context that you were living in?

TC

No. I've been to several places and I was alone. When I work alone, I can spend many hours in the studio, but the rehearsal hours for the play itself are few, I do other things first: stretching, exercising. In fact, I want to be as open as possible to what might come up, that's how I like to do it.

CC

Did the play have any adaptations for this presentation or is it the same?

TC

It's the same.

CC

What reflection, if any, is behind your choreographies?

TC

Reflections are always present, aren't they? Our minds are always working. But I don't write about it, I never wrote it, I don't do it, I don't talk to people about it, it's not something I want. But the thoughts wander here, I think about things. Afterwards, I look a lot at my plays as a spectator. It's not easy to separate, but there's a part of me that can do it. I can see the piece and from there, see things I hadn't seen, draw conclusions, or reflect, there it is, but it's not an exercise that I do methodically, with intention, it always just happens.

CC

Can the body also be a political matter for you? Can you develop this idea, this role that the body may or may not have, since the theme of this Festival is precisely Democracy?

TC

I know that everything we do can be seen through a political optic, but I don't think about it. I do politics more in my day-to-day than in my creations. There was a time when I said we were all alone, stuff like that, but I don't say that anymore, because it can be interpreted as meaning that we're separate from the rest of the world and it's not true. I think we're all the same thing, although we're different extensions of that thing. And that's why I like to do this kind of work, otherwise there wouldn't be so much connection. When we go to see a show and we feel connected to what we see, or even on the street, we are really connected. If I think about my political way of being in art, it's the way I treat people within art, how I treat the dancers who work with me, the producers, the people who work in theatres. I see all people the same way, and I think it has to start there. I don't feel like making a play and talking about human rights and then arriving at the theatre and treating a technician badly. This doesn't make any sense. For me, politics is in my day-to-day doing and not in my creation. I think creation is important, and there are people who have a lot of talent for political creation, I know artists who do that, but it's not a feature of mine. For example, I think I give people a job of deep internal search, of waiting for what comes up, and I want to communicate that to them, because it's also theirs, given that I get things in a place that belongs to everyone. And bringing up things that are buried, or asking to be seen in another way, this communication helps people think about their politics differently, because art changes people. In that sense,

yes, my work is political, but not directly. When I work, I'm not in charge, it's something I can't explain. I think artists all have that. It's something we feel we have to do. The work is what defines me, it works a bit in reverse. And this solo was a lot like that. I spent a lot of time alone, a lot of study time, of silence, in the street, and things came to me. This more political, mental part doesn't come to me, which is not to say that I don't think it's important.

CC

And the “Flores”/*Flowers* dance workshop? You were given the challenge of “taking on intuition as a facilitator for the emergence of the social being”. Is it easy to promote this bodily work with those who are often not aware of this intuition?

TC

It's neither easy nor difficult, it depends on the people. It lasts three days, I'm not going to force people on my way of doing things. I'm going there to give you some ideas of things you can do and guide you in some way. But it never crosses my mind to say “I do it this way and this is how it should be done”. Each one has its way of doing it and there is no way better than the another. I think intuition is important, that we should listen to it, but it is not taught in a specific way. And only those who want to wake up are awakened. Some students will like this work, others won't, but that's normal. I will not make an effort to make them feel connected with me. My process is to show, to share, and see if it comes up. But I'll also receive it, it's an exchange. That's why I think you don't teach, you just learn. Normally, it always goes well.

CC

Choreography, working with the body, is just one of the fields in which you move and create. There are others, like music and drawing. Personally, I really like your drawings, despite the fact that, or perhaps because they convey a certain idea of chaos, and maybe even loneliness. And the drawings also suggest movement. How is this process? Do you draw a lot?

TC

There are times when I draw more than others, I don't have a method. My sketches are always the same, but they change. The older ones are more... evil, I think. Nowadays they are more peaceful. I think we all have a darker side that we hide, and those shadows come out when I draw. We all have these shadows, which are sometimes frowned upon, but they are part of us, we have to take them on and be comfortable with them, otherwise they get worse. And I think drawing is a good exercise for that. There are two types of drawing: ones in which there are just the figures, all the same, or similar, and others in which they are on top of each other, in a kind of balance, and I don't see them as being alone, because if I take one out, everything drops. So everything is needed for everything to be okay. In fact, they represent everything that exists, the good

and the bad. They're kind of like a split second of any world, like a frame in a movie that goes on. But deep down, harmony is what exists there.

CC

Departing from the body to think at first sight seems thinking before speaking, is to use a language other than words. Do you think they are antonyms languages?

TC

We decode everything through words, we are human beings. But there are other beings that don't use words, that use movement. As for the body, before I learned to speak, I was already moving. And I might never have learned how to speak. Words are in everything because we actually talk about everything and it is our most common way of communicating, but it is not the only one. For example, music is a very strong form of communication; we can talk about it, but we cannot use words to transcribe a song. We identify sounds, we can try to define them, but we don't know, for example, the sound of the sea until we hear it. I don't know the taste of this drink until I taste it, no matter how well you describe it to me. As for my movement work, I'm feeling one thing and each spectator feels another, sees another. Sometimes, you can even question whether the piece exists or not. How do things exist if everyone has an interpretation? In fact, they don't, there are interpretations.

CC

Do you like to talk to others about their interpretations of your work?

TC

I like to know, but that's not what will motivate me. I like to listen and I like to talk about the things I see too. My problem sometimes is the exaggerated importance given to things. For example, a person goes to a show and reads the booklet of the play beforehand and gives it a lot of importance. For me, it already went south.

CC

So you would rather not have booklets.

TC

No doubt. But theatres always want to give them.

CC

Don't you think it can help sometimes to have some idea?

TC

I think as long as there's this idea... The information will help, but it's a fiction. It depends on the plays, of course, there are plays that need it. In mine, I didn't need to have the text. I think it should be a choice for each artist to have this text or not.

I think my work is better received if nothing is known about it. And I even prefer it. It reminds me that people often say they don't know anything about dancing. That makes me feel sad, because the dance is there, it's not the word that surrounds it, it's just that moment when the person is moving. It's like music. There are people who don't know anything about scales or notes, and they listen to music and understand music. They are frequencies, they are energies, with dance is the same.

CC

Your vast internationalization allows you to make some comparisons with the different states of culture and arts in different countries. Tell me a bit about your perception of these differences.

TC

Yes, there are differences, but it turns out to be very similar. We're not talking in creative terms, right? There are countries where dance is really important, very dear to people. For example, in France and Belgium. In France, you do a dance show in a small region and the theatre is full. But it's normal, because they dance, they have this culture, for a lot more years than we do. As with Fado for us, or something like that. In Portugal, I don't think we're doing that bad. I'm not talking about financial aspects, nor tenders, those annoyances where things could always be better and could be done in another less complex way, but that also exists in other places.

CC

Do you still have difficulties in that field or is it something that no longer affects you because you are recognized?

TC

Yes, I have. It seems I don't, but I do. I signed in for the last tenders and got no support, and I think I had a good program. But that's the way these things are, there is not enough for everyone. But I didn't complain either: the jury has decided, that's the end of it. In that sense, I'm not privileged, but I am in other ways, I feel I already have a valid career, so to speak. Words are sometimes complicated. But yes, I have a career that is recognized here and abroad, I no longer have to prove certain things. When I work in other countries, I don't really get inside the system, I don't know how to make this comparison well. I know that with the Pandemic there were artists who didn't even apply for these tenders, they got support right away. But it happened in countries with more money. I think we have to look at it more globally.

CC

Speaking of the Pandemic, but also the emergence of various rotten contexts around the world, in your opinion, what should be done so that culture can be seen once and for all as essential, as what allows us to consolidate humanity and deal with this kind of failure of life?

TC

I think things are done on a daily basis. And we must see the good things and not just criticize. A few years ago, it was much worse. We have already improved a lot, we need to look at that growth. I don't like to talk about these issues, because I would need to study and understand them better, and not just talk for the sake of talking. When I started to do dance performances, there were fewer people doing it; with more people now, it is natural that there is less support. But there are also more places to present shows, and it's easier to get around, there are other advantages. Furthermore, the artist should no longer be seen as someone who does well with little, who will solve it, who is resourceful, and this idea is intrinsic, often in the artists themselves. It is a complex thing to change, it has to come from both sides. So I think it's a daily job. It's not just about changing statutes, there's also a psychological aspect. Artists must demand that their work is well paid. I only do a show if I have money for it, to pay for rehearsals, dancers, everything.

CC

After Coimbra, where are you going?

TC

I'm going to Marseilles. I'm making a new creation with a company there.



Alexandre Valinho Gigas

**The handrail that saves me
from falling**
on *Captado pela intuição*
/ *Captured by Intuition*
by Tânia Carvalho

It's Sunday. I'm in my village resting from the last few weeks - two nights ago I slept for 14 hours. I had been having trouble sleeping, driven by the frenetic and volatile life of working in the arts field; 18 hours struggle every day organizing a Festival and Laboratory in the Covid-19 Era, like someone who will not accept fear as an answer or as an excuse for restricting freedoms, especially cultural manifestations. Last week, with Linha de Fuga already on its post-production stage, I would go to bed tired and my brain would not obey the order to rest, accelerated by the to-do lists for the following day and by a restlessness that I will try to convey in this text.

I closed my eyes and saw Tânia Carvalho alone, filling the huge TAGV stage without leaving the centre; her arms moving in harmonic atrophy until they were just hands. The arms and hands spoke to me in a strange gestural text, written on a wall of sound, of which I didn't understand code and meaning. It's not about reading the expressionist aesthetic, which is clear in her works, since the first ones I've seen. It's a deeper doubt, inside me, that I extrapolated from the doubt in her hands, capturing the intuition. After all, I have no doubts about the artist's proposal, about her combined movements with sound and light, which form a whole that, for me, is a great work.

Even now, having been resting for two days, I am assaulted by doubt about the meanings of what I observed and why they stirred me. I tried to understand them in a retrospective manner, such as yesterday when I was observing the landscape of my Serra dos Candeeiros, devastated by fires, holding my daughter's hand. That scene, took me back to the image of my hand squeezing my companion's arm in the dim light of the TAGV audience; Tânia setting fire to my individual questions, with an excellent and difficult technical execution of a text that echoes in my sensibility.

With every sentence I write this Sunday, I stop and struggle with doubt. I go back, rereading; hesitating about what I want to write next or looking for these questions in this text, without any question mark, which I try to answer. Beside me, my daughter is studying English, a language she understands a little. It

seems to me that this text is the landscape of my mountain range, devastated by the fire Tânia; every word as an oak sprout born after the first rains; each sentence a question about all the texts I will write in the future and their survival until the next fire.

I finish with the possible answer - the poetic one - of a two-year-old poem, born of a different fire, but which acquired a different face in the repetition of the raw devastation that Captado pela intuição/Captured by Intuition produced in my sensitive observation. Seeking to survive all accidents, it's in poetry that I cling to "like a providential handrail".

The hand wakes up before the eyes,
unravelling the webs that the dream creates
in the understanding of being open to the light.
The island from the day before in the window, in the background,
when the sun heals the fissure of the horizon.
On the edge of the window, distracted fingers
burrow into the piano and the body
pretends to emerge in the fall.
The safety of floors.
The webs abandoned in disjointed balls of thread.
The floor listening to the skin.
The harmony of the fingers that lies
and bounces the empty heat from the walls
of the fear of the time.
The radiant laughter of the fingers
that tear the skin.
The size of the scar increases
and the fingers dance -
Welcome the night! -
until the skin is reborn and the webs
sediment in stone the dizzying
truth of the floors.
The eyes open and is already dark night
groping the glow.
The skin and stone that rise in the fall
of the hot pianos.
Skin and fingers growing in the webs,
faking the smoothness of harmony,
The skin the time the murmur
filling the fissures of fear.
Maybe on another day they entwined,
the sublime words of the academy
with the dormant torsos of art.
Today the goddess is alive
and the flesh expiates the movement.

Diogo Simões

Captured by intuition: an approach

«We are alone with everything we love.»¹

Of the fondness for shapes. Of the difficulty of working with “people”, and, however, these bodies that are people, essentially shapes. Of the beam of light reflected in the vertical body undulating from one point to another. A plan. Indecision in the face of the obvious. Movements without an apparent reason for being, in fact, it tells us, with no reason. A wandering being in the limelight. Of the amazement of those who know how to dance. The dancers. Of the implicit effort in the hands, in the back. The board under a sunny day after heavy rain. The indecision, the interrupted moment from one to the other: the possibility of dancing!

What does that body represent? We do not know to a certain extent, as if it escapes us, and it remains there, over a beginning. The loneliness of a body, that shows and hides itself at the same time. Taken from one state to another, effortlessly, just the passage of time in it and in us spectators. It is a body that at each moment takes on its initial shape, which is not the same and is similar, it is a body that is a beginning. This loneliness is not indifferent, it is not isolation, perhaps it's the possibility of a beginning. Resembling a puppet moored with very long strings making it impossible to straighten out the movements. Any movement. Or, in front of the analogy, the relationship that Bragança de Miranda makes of the body and the bearability of life:

«The “body” is a puppet because it is pulled by the
“thread of life” that erupts from the flesh. What we
can do is just play with this thread, looking for its best
shapes.»²

The movements, thus irregular, imprecise and broken, are the appeal to the shape capable of proving things that dare. And then what is caused by this?

1. Novalis, *Fragmentos de Novalis* (Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 2000), 135.

2. J. A. Bragança de Miranda, *Corpo e imagem* (Lisboa: Nova Veja, 2012), 131.

3. Carvalho, Tânia – *Captado Pela Intuição* [online]. Coimbra: Linha de Fuga, 2020. [Consult. 2020-10-05]. Available online: www.linhadefuga.pt/eventos/captado-pela-intuicao?lang=pt.

4. Jacques Derrida, *Carneiros. O diálogo ininterrupto: entre dois infinitos*, o poema (Coimbra: Palimage, 2008), 27.

5. Ibid., 28.

What is captured here, where the body is a body among others and, therefore, is already a condition for the possibility of the other? There's something brief in what is captured, because, it's not like we're gripping with a strong fist the thing that in essence cannot be gripped – it doesn't exist, and yet it took place and appeared. That gesture that happens from one movement to another is inapprehensible. Because, precisely, it will not be so much what we infer from the movements and then the formula that appears clear to us, but the thing that takes place and is seen and felt by the body that moves between bodies that see it and make it a foreign body. Strange, as if we were all there to disturb the order of things, the order of that body that appears. Hence the questions of Tânia Carvalho. "What is this? What are these things?"³ What a strange place!

Capturing will then be this apparition almost formless, and hence the movement devoid of reason. The movement that is, paradoxically, a standstill and an indecision. However, this does not prevent movement, on the contrary, it allows it, it is its condition. Jacques Derrida, focusing on the possibility of the poem, the hand that interrupts, is startled by Hans-Georg Gadamer's indecision. According to the philosopher, there seems to be a suspension in reading there, something that impels us to delay, putting us on the alert:

«Indecision forever keeps attention to the maximum,
that is, alive, awake, vigilant, ready to embark on a
completely different path.»⁴

And it is at that moment, in a state of alert, that it opens and we open ourselves to the movement:

«Indecision is undecided, and undecides. It gives its
breath to the question that, far from paralyzing, sets
things in motion. The interruption even releases this
infinite movement.»⁵

The impasse is the faulty reason, as Kant suggests, it is a threat to the order of things. But it is precisely the order of things that is here called into question. It is the emotional being, the one who suffers the pain of otherness. Hence the plan, the tones balancing between light and dark. A body.

Alexandre Valinho Gigas

**Our absence does not let us
go unpunished
on the workshop *As canções
que cantamos contra os
muros que limpamos*
/ *The songs we sing against
the walls we clean by*
Catarina Vieira and Aixa Figini**

This text is about the absence, in this case my absence and that of any man in the workshop given by Catarina Vieira and Aixa Figini. Thus, it is not about specific aspects of this work, but about the legitimacy, or lack thereof, of a work prohibited to one genre. Before the Linha de Fuga Laboratory started, I had already read the synopsis of the project and was curious, because the proposal to “think about democracy through a collective of voices that negotiates its anonymity and singularity, sustaining together an ephemeral harmony,” seemed very interesting to me. On the other hand, because the practice of singing through collective physical work seems to me to be the most valid type of artistic exercise for the future of society that I imagine and defend. As a dramaturgical proposal, it also refers to a breathing of tasks that capitalism has annulled. There is no singing in factories, offices, homes, streets, in any and all chores. There is no singing and the tasks are tortuous burdens that drag on in haste and in productive necessity, where gesture and labour lose the natural breath of time for each movement.

Returning to the songs and walls, it was Ricardo Seíça Salgado who called attention, during the public presentation of the projects, to the possibility that the male presence in observing the workshop was an invasion to be avoided. I agreed. I immediately put this possibility aside, not even questioning whether or not it was included in the artists’ proposal. I waited to see. In fact, during the days of that work by women, some men who tried to observe and record the work were barred from entering. In the evening, at dinner, when the artists and crew met, I heard the differing opinions about the legitimacy of this radical attitude. I myself, on principle, did not accept it, but I tried to think more deeply about it and I remained silent. A friend had told me about a story about her being denied access to a meeting, where racism was being discussed, because she was white, despite being the mother of two black children. I referred my thoughts to all kinds of radicalism and segregation that I cannot agree with,

because despite there are groups being ostracized for centuries and millennia, the future I defend must always be made up of dialogue between all parties. However, I did not express this opinion, the wisdom the years grant us, led me to think about the matter a little more.

On the day the workshop ended - not because of that - I occasionally remembered an image from childhood. I was in the oven house where my maternal grandmother, my mother and my aunts baked bread for the whole week, on Saturdays. In a chauvinist patriarchal family (I had no idea what patriarchy and chauvinism were!) this task was for women and only for them. Me, my brother and my cousins, men-child, used to be around, running and playing games, looking for a snack of bread to eat with yellow sugar and olive oil, or to clean the bowls where the dough was rising, or to cry because of a wound, a fall, a fight between pairs. The leavening process took time and the others continued with the running and playing. I stayed, because I was patient and curious, and listened to the women and what they said. It is important to emphasize that it is the adult man that I've become who has this memory and thinks about it. In fact, the yeast time would be between 30 to 40 minutes, but the task seemed to take all morning. At that time, the women of my family were by themselves. I don't remember seeing men other than children. That time served to talk about their issues: to share the problems of each nuclear family, their personal problems and their advice, their hilarious stories, their silences and their tears. The man who remembers this now also remembers the baker's shovel leaning against the wall. For the dreamy child, the baker's shovel was the same as the one with which the brave Brites de Almeida killed seven Castilians. There the shovel was leaning. It was a time of peace.

The adult understood this rare place of legitimate segregation, proposed by Catarina Vieira and Aixa Figini. Very few are acceptable like that. It is perhaps here that the horrors of the mistreatment to which some segments of society have been and are still exposed to can be exorcised. However, we must be careful. We are all descendants of victims and executioners, some from one segment, others from another. I doubt that we are only descendants of one of these sides in so many millennia of human history. In the horrors and struggles with which

we exorcise and cleanse our actions, all must fit at some point, otherwise we are just inventing new oppressions. Thank you to the authors, for taking me back to such a sweet memory and a useful absence that I had never encountered in me. My absence does not make me unpunished.



©Ana Soares

Ricardo Seïça Salgado

Sleeping beauty's mirror and the devilish boredom

“Do you know the story of a woman? A woman as strong as a bull, who said she would only marry whoever took her down. Whoever threw her to the ground. For years on end, many suitors appeared. Many visitors. They arrived from all over the world. They came in strong. They left weak... No one could, no one could take her down.”

(www.bela-adormecida.com)

Diana de Sousa takes inspiration from Sleeping Beauty and presents the durational version of the performance that metamorphoses into various formats that, in turn, create different relationships with the spectators. There is the stage version that was not presented at the Linha de Fuga Festival, but the audience was surprised by a performance-event version showcase, inserted in Alain Michard's *Città Aperta*. And the durational version, a performance-installation for a one person-audience, which dismembers from and shatters in the homonymous tale of Sleeping Beauty, thickening its eroticism, voyeurism and mutual public-performer, and the relationship that demystifies the woman's expectations' buzz.

We are in the middle of a web of protocols to follow for the meeting, including the rules on the positions you and the sleeping beauty are allowed, echoing the surveillance of the stereotypes of the dominant patriarchal culture. The psychology of the fantastic becomes a sociological reality in each one of us in the imagination, how the tale positions you within the performance, ritualizing the encounter, playing with power between genders, and how it flies over and acts on all of us, but updated. Sleeping beauty and the person-public will be in an empty room, we'll see.

Traditional tales, be it Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Cinderella, feature various princesses and fairies and always there is always one who plays the role of an oppressive bad force, perhaps a voice inherited from a sore energy field,

depriving the princess of this or that, reproducing upstream and downstream (and this is the problem) the rhetorical figure (which is power) of the vulnerable, fragile domestic woman, as chauvinism objectifies the woman, as in the patriarchal system, submissive. At the crossroads (midnight), an immense deep sleep and the sleeping beauty then enters in a state between a fabled and disabled woman, in this liminality that inhabits the woods, apparently sterile but now played as emancipation potential, starting from the sleeping beauty presented to you.

The tale is a performance in two phases, the preparation of the meeting (via chat) and the meeting itself. Never, neither sleeping beauty nor the person-public know the real identity of the other until the final meeting. Spooky! The appointment is made by the production team that asks for confidentiality, and to enter the chat we are asked by the production to come up with a nickname to set the details for the meeting. In the chat, I am asked how I would like the sleeping beauty to present herself. Oops!_ what's going on inside the head of someone who's going to enter the bedroom of a sleeping beauty to come? At some point, it seems like the sleeping beauty is doing some kind of questionnaire-casting, putting the person-public in a vulnerable position. Domination-game. It's dense and nonsense to be talking directly to the sleeping beauty online. A cheeky smile appears.

We are reminded of the "protocols" that this meeting entails or includes, such as the fact that it is going to be filmed, that there is a watchman who will greet us and clarify all the procedures, and direct us to our room. There is something Kafkaesque about all this. There is a level above the scale of the social, of the political place of women in the system of expectations of common sense and which the tale tells; and there is the autobiographic scale, the self or its masks, in this plot in which you exist and are placed. Little does she know she's talking to a libertarian prince, I relax. The chat reads: "the mistake is to believe a kiss solves everything. A mistake. This is all a mistake. Don't wake me up." Spooky! The devilish boredom, I think of Peter Brook. Sleeping beauty has just accepted me for person-public-performer. Desire for desire or desire for what the thing turns out to be and for what? There is a blurring of desire that is brought into play here and that always wants to refocus on the encounter. Laboratory performance.

The meeting consists, then, of spending a night in a private room with the sleeping beauty, from 0:00 to 07:00 of the following day, when an alarm goes off and the performance must inevitably end for both. During this period, the person-public will never be able to leave the room, an action that will determine the end of his role, according to the rules. In the bedroom, the rigour with which the live installation is assembled clashes in multiple directions. There are suspended layers, the sleep and the woman of the tale, the ritualized liminality of the encounter in your position in the performance game. Performance calls to us. Levels of meaning emerge from the history of the exhibited objects and the way they are meticulously organized suspends thought in the improvisation we were called to do. In this totalizing (un)desired kiss, what possible meta-kiss, based on the cultural roles that fly over our imagination and that command common sense and that we put into practice in our true backstage on the road? Everything is being recorded, devilish boredom. Damn life theatre.

As in a ritual, the performance simulates with its prescriptive rules and protocols to follow. And any ritual amplifies, even if simulated by the game. We are encapsulated in the former sleeping beauty, but the experience of the woods has a new effect, as Sleeping Beauty watches, even in deep sleep. We go into this movie, we are being filmed, and watched watching. Gosh!_ the risk of upsetting the sleeping beauty, or the multiple woman who is not the object of the imposed desire, is the performance. Someone enters an empty stage under someone else's gaze, says Brook, it's the minimum for there to be theatre. You are the protagonist, they placed you in this installation performance. Oops! What is shown before the sleeping beauty when you pass in front of her? Sleeping beauty appeared and unbored, the devilish boredom.





Alexandre Valinho Gigas

**A smile of strength
can irrigate the world of life
on *Sexo (con)sentido*
/ *(Con)sensual sex* by Kátia
Manjate at the International
Laboratory of Performing Arts
2020 in Coimbra**

I often look in the mirror in the morning and find my ridicule. It may have the form of a vain man who shaves, moved by an encounter with eyes that will say I am well shaved; or take the sketchy contours of a self-destructing creator, lulled into a white-screened morning where not a word is written. Today is like this, the ridicule of last passions is spit into the lavatory drain along with the fluorine; the ridicule of an empty fridge, opened with the hope a milk fountain had been born there overnight, and closed, keeping in the fear of becoming an old man without money for the pills that prolong life and its sweet agony for a few more years.

Now the ridicule of the face reflected on the screen where I write these thoughts, lulled by the sounds of a black box in the theatre where I follow a production. In the theatre's web, the suspended vortex of my dream, presenting me the border between the mirror that shows me my privilege and the mirror of a poor guy who parks cars and makes small robberies and schemes to survive - dreams cooled in a disconnected appliance abandoned in a building ruin.

I remember the presentation of Kátia Manjate's performance at the Linha de Fuga Laboratory. I remember the technical distraction with which I looked at the screen of a camera, until she faced the camera and I was taken by a surprise that now saves me. Kátia is a black Muslim woman who lives and works in Mozambique. Her body had been dragging a jerrycan filled with water until that moment. She carried all the weight with which all women move the world. Her movement was symbolic, choreographed on the cold floor of a European space, until she looked into the camera, she looked at me. The strength of her warm eyes was a spring of life. The smile that broke out at that moment, from her teeth clenched by the effort, is something I cannot forget in observing my ridicule.

The jerrycan rose to her head, like ancient chants forging new paths. Its weight dictating the balance and movement of the body with the world. Her nostrils open with exertion and this struggling woman smiling at my ridicule, cooling it with hope. The strength of the affirmation of Kátia's work and place in the world

is the memory that now dictates the balance of my will with the same world. A magnificent example of how art can forge new paths with ancient chants. The body choreographing the creator's statement.

My body, paralyzed, breaking mirrors, teeth clenched, to the privilege of existing. The web of theatre dressing up for the next ephemeral illusion, in a corner of cold Europe, for a handful of brave and privileged spectators. I think of the sea and the breath of difficult and easy things with which the world creates the choreography of life, the dance in which I find balance. I think that close to another sea, Kátia will be dancing and asserting strength in her fight, and my day gets lighter and my work gains meaning and becomes an invisible body that doesn't look ridiculous at all.



Carina Correia

Interview with Vera Mantero

I went to the Oficina Municipal do Teatro Workshop with Vera Mantero in a hurry to take advantage of the break she had from work. While eating a red apple, Vera offered me the other end of the sofa, noting that it was her moment to relax. I understood, because the show she was about to present would be anything but relaxed, were it not for a trip to the place of monsters, the obscure and the ugly. And for that very reason, our conversation happened in a smooth rhythm, absolutely respectful of the moment.



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Carina Correia (CC)

Let's start with the show – Esplendor e Dismorfia/Splendour and Dysmorphia – which you present here in Coimbra, in co-creation with Jonathan Uliel Saldaña, as part of Linha de Fuga. It was the result of an invitation made in 2019 by the Avignon Festival. How did this invitation happen?

Vera Mantero (VM)

The invitation was made by the Avignon Festival as part of a project called “Les Sujets à Vif”, which means “Raw subjects”. Later they changed the name to “Vive le Sujet!,” although I like the first one more. In this project, they brought together a person from dance, choreography, and a person from another area. For a while, they chose the two people, but after some time they decided to propose only one and that one chose the other. So they proposed me and I proposed Jonathan.

CC

Did you already know Jonathan?

VM

We didn't know each other well; we had met at a festival in Brest. I mean, I had heard of him before, I had a vague idea of what he was doing, but it was pretty vague. At this festival in Brest, we saw each other's work. I was doing *Os Serrenhos do Caldeirão*, a solo I have, and he was doing a work that is half installation, half performance. In the meantime, we talked about each other's work and we enjoyed our conversations a lot. And so, when this opportunity to choose someone arose, I thought of Jonathan, this was a good chance to meet him again and to cross things. The proposal of this cycle was interesting, because the person who was not from the dance area had to be on stage. And that was also a funny thing about Jonathan, on the one hand, he is on stage when he plays, but he is behind the instruments, he is not left “with nothing”. However, he is a visual arts person, who creates images, spatial situations, and so I thought it was a funny situation to propose to him.

CC

It was later presented in Guimarães, right?

VM

Yes, we went to Guimarães in February this year.

CC

Was it exactly the same as the original and the version presented here?

VM

It was the same, but we had to redo the soundtrack because it has a lot of words. When we did it for Avignon, we did it in French, so here we had to translate it into Portuguese.

CC

What reflection, if any, is behind your choreographies? In other words, do you want to say something to the world with your work?

VM

Well, that's too vast. Because it depends a lot on the works: in some, we want to show one thing, and in others, another.

CC

I ask this question to get into the context of the theme of Linha de Fuga, which is "Democracy". Can the body be a political matter to you, a way to position yourself?

VM

I think it just might. Not long ago, someone asked, I don't remember for what purpose, if we are the owners of our bodies. And I immediately said no. We take very little ownership of our bodies. There are a lot of rules imposed on our bodies, even if we don't remember them every day. And since we were born. As soon as we are born, a lot of rules are imposed on our bodies. By chance, I once saw a documentary on birth and care for babies during the first hours in various cultures. It's very interesting, because there are thousands of different ways to be born and of different things that can happen in those first minutes: whether they turn the baby around, get it stuck in a rag, whether they wash the baby, etc. These things immediately transform your experience in the world. And this is all political, it's religious, it's several things. But you asked about my work...There is something recurrent in my work, maybe not so much in this one specifically, which is being part of a culture where the body is very constrained, despite others even worse.

CC

Are you talking about a European culture?

VM

I'm talking about the western one. Therefore, I've always been very interested in investigating what a less constrained body would be like and how it would work, because it's one thing to think it's constrained and another to know what it would be like and what it would do if it weren't. And I don't know, because I don't live in a culture where it isn't constrained, so I have to experience what it means to be unconstrained: a behaviour, a body. I think this is something that runs through my work a lot, and it's a political perspective too.

CC

And that was what you tried to do in the workshop you gave at Linha de Fuga: O Corpo Pensante»/"The Thinking Body".

VM

Yes. It's the kind of thing I do a lot.

CC

It seems to me we can link this idea of relaxation to a concept that you refer to, and that you work on in these workshops, which is awareness.

VM

That is something that you do, you can't explain exactly how. I work a lot with opening the body, with breathing, with relaxation, with things that allow you to open channels in the body, open currents to circulate within the body, things that both predispose and activate it. There is a fine line between opening and running out of energy, and opening and activating, and you have to stay midway between the two. I open up many channels for the voice, trying to use every possible medium belonging to the voice. I use writing a lot too, to wake up connections between the verbal and the non-verbal, and for these connections to remain even when writing is eventually discarded. Then, I also work on the notion and awareness of space and the relationships in space and time. This kind of thing.

CC

I really enjoyed reading the word irony in your description of this workshop, and the fact that it "takes us further". Can you develop that idea?

VM

There are things in dancing that are a little tricky and easy to fall into. Vanity, for example. Dancing makes beautiful bodies, you look elegant, and people often become bigger in front of a mirror. So, if you're beautiful and you spend your life in front of a mirror, it's hard not to adopt a posture of a certain power through beauty or seduction, or looks, and you have to keep pushing that aside. And I immediately relate it to irony, because you need to have a certain ability to laugh at yourself, not to take yourself too seriously, not to get into that kind of attitudes that are very uninteresting, and it's difficult not to fall into them, because they are very skin-deep. The idea of not taking yourself too seriously for me is very important because it is a way to stop these tendencies and go against the temptation of taking power. Whether from the super-image, the super-seduction, or from smarts, from the supposed intelligence, one has to be careful about power takeovers on scene, one has to be careful not to fall into temptation. Irony, by not taking yourself seriously, or a certain detachment are important things to cut the roots of these trends. These are issues that I usually call ethical-aesthetic, because they are halfway between an ethical and an aesthetic problem.

CC

A while ago you said that you used writing to create connections. From your perspective, how do the language of the word and the language of the body intersect?

VM

I like to say that I'm not sure it was a good idea for dance to become an autonomous art form. It was only very late that dance became autonomous as an art form, as a scenic art, let's say. You had social dance, you had dance mixed with other performing arts, in operas, in semi-dance musicals, semi-theatre, so you had some hybrid forms. Then, at a certain point, dance becomes an autonomous art form and exists on its own. If, on the one hand, dance would not have evolved as it did and reached the places it did if it had not become autonomous; on the other hand, it means that it lost its word, became mute, lost some things along the way that, at the same time, I think, are now missing, and they are not very natural to lose, because we in life are not silent either, are we? We move, we talk, we do everything. Therefore, this autonomy is complicated, but I do not reject it, because I see that it was important to develop dance in ways that wouldn't have happened without it. However, it now lacks a number of tools that are very important as well. It is deprived of objects, of surroundings, it keeps undressing and eventually finds itself in a situation where it has to try to say everything – say in quotation marks – just by waving arms around, gesturing. This is very ungrateful, and very difficult. I think that in dance, wanting to address issues is a little inglorious task. It's a bit arid territory. I think there has come a time in the history of dance when a person begins to have to think about how to bring back a series of things, so that we are not in this aridity, in this total dryness, where we lack tools. And we have to bring them back. In the history of dance, you see it going certain places because you start to see where to hold on so as not to be in this dryness, in this desert, with your body naked. In different historical moments, from the 1960s and 1970s to the present day, many ways to recover the means to survive this aridity have been found.

CC

You are a fighter then.

VM

Yes, I am part of this fight.

CC

Do you like directing or dancing better? There are plays in which you don't participate.

VM

Indeed, but they are not many. I really enjoy participating in the plays. Now, at a certain age, it seems to me that maybe that happens less, but that's really the reason. I really, really like acting. I think it's an extraordinary opportunity for living. It's an intensified experience, it's another experience. And it's very rare to have that opportunity; most people don't have it. The opportunity to have moments in your life where you are in another time, have another behaviour, another posture. Something that exists in cultures that have, for example, much more ritualistic activities, activities other than normal day-to-day activities. We

basically just have the normal day-to-day life, we have very little outside of it, of the utilitarian thing, the practical thing. But from other dimensions, apart from those of the utilitarian day-to-day life and of what is useful, we have very little. Even our religion is very devoid of real other activities. Since I have these opportunities to have these activities on stage, I don't like to miss them, because they are rare and I miss them, I really miss them. This to get back to your question. Most of the time, I do both at the same time, which has its difficulties, but I prefer. I always thought it was very difficult to understand a work from the outside, because I understand better inside, I understand it from the inside, that is, I understand a number of things about work because I'm inside of it and not because I see it from the outside, as it is not a simple pictorial question. And there is this question: if, on the one hand, being inside sometimes makes it difficult, because a person is not outside and doesn't see other things that you also need to see and be aware of, on the other hand, it makes me understand things in the work from the inside that from the outside I couldn't understand.

CC

And do you like the reactions from outside?

VM

They are very useful to me, yes. It's not the only way.

CC

Your vast internationalization allows you to make some comparisons with the different states of culture and arts in different countries. Do you want to talk a little about your perception of these differences?

VM

I could say that, here, art and culture have lost their place, they have lost importance, they have lost their role in our society, their place, in the sense that there was a time when they had value. For example, during electoral campaigns, when you see any debate about what is going to happen, what the parties will do if they win, etc., there is never any debate about what they are going to do in this sector, nor even a question from the journalists, and no politician brings up the subject. I mean, if no one remembers, it's already buried, it doesn't matter at all to anyone. And that wasn't always the case. It would even be interesting to study the degradation of the discourse about culture in the various electoral debates over time. Why it has lost place and space and importance, I can't explain very well. But I also know that this doesn't happen just here and that it is something that has been happening. For example, when you think about the idea of the intellectual and the place that intellectuals had a few decades ago, compared to today, you realize that it is part of this burial of culture and of the role of those who think and whose job is to think about the world and societies. I'm not going to try to explain anything here, I'm not qualified for that, but I also see this development of a very ferocious capitalism, of a neoliberalism in which the only

thing that matters is producing, producing, producing, accumulating, accumulating, accumulating, making money, making money, making money, that's become what's important. There is no room for daydreaming here. And that of course has a place in this burial of activities of looking at the world, understanding the world, configuring the world, making objects that shape the world.

CC

And how do you think change can take place?

VM

I really like Manuel António Pina's phrase in which he said: "when I was young, I thought I was going to change the world, now that I'm old, I just hope the world doesn't change me." So, I'm not sure, I keep to my little writing to see if I can maintain this and if they don't ruin my chance to do it. As we see that this kind of movements that we are witnessing, of a very fierce capitalism, of an unbridled production mentality, have been growing for decades, so I don't see a way to dismantle the thing. We see how certain very catastrophic and very destructive moves have been dismantled, with great destruction, for example, where people wake up and think it's better not to go there. But it lasts a short time. And then it's all over again: it's going back and forth, back and forth. So maybe the answer is that there is so much destruction that people stop for a while. I do not know. But I know that thanks to something, thank heavens, there's art, because at least it's a place where a person is able not to die as much.

CC

Now with the Pandemic, do you have more difficulties in pursuing your work?

VM

I can't complain. I have support from the State, I have proposals, I'm able to work, I can't complain at all. I felt a big change with the Troika, because the support was all cut to 50%, we were in 2012 and back to 1998. But right now, there is a huge lack of protection, there are people who don't have guaranteed support, it's very complicated, very. What do they live on? Air?



Carina Correia

Interview with Jonathan Uliel Saldanha

Musician Jonathan Uliel Saldanha is not an easy person to interview, given the plethora of projects he has. Let's face it, it's impossible to keep up with them all, there's always one that escapes us. So, the conversation in the Oficina Municipal do Teatro, two days before the presentation of his show with Vera Mantero in Linha de Fuga, began with this expected and accepted fact. The rest was what follows: an open portal to a kind of *Being Jonathan Uliel Saldanha*.



©Augusto Fernandes

Carina Correia (CC)

We already know from Vera Mantero how the invitation to create this show *Esplendor e Dismorfia* (*Splendour and Dysmorphia*) came about. The question I now ask you is how you reacted to her invitation to work together.

Jonanthan Uliel Saldanha (JUS)

I reacted very well. I already knew Vera's work, and after meeting her in France, I somehow felt- not wanting to pull some kind of magical realism here - that it inevitably made sense for us to work together. And sometimes, when you think about it, things happen. At least, I often feel that: that the Universe responds to your formulations with a possible version of your question. So, it seemed to me that, starting in France, it would be possible for something to happen, I didn't know which way, but it seemed to me that there was something there to do. More than anything else, I think we have a lot in common in the way we research, and the time we dedicate to that research. Even though it can sometimes seem that the work - both mine and Vera's - is highly prolific, that things are always coming out with speed, I actually feel that everything takes a long time and that every idea and everything I've been involved in has taken years to develop, only to then formulate itself in months. But the ideas and some of the images had been there for three or four years, things settle down. So, on this aspect of research, it seemed inevitable to me that we would share something.

CC

In this show, you do the soundtrack and perform. Have you ever done any work of this kind openly on stage before?

JUS

No, not so openly. I had other moments and other things, but not so outright, with this sense of performer. For me, it was super-interesting. I remember Vera talking and I kept thinking, "And now how do I do this?" All the more so because I'm not exactly interested in performing as a musician with the instrument, that dichotomy of someone dancing and playing a drum, for example. I felt it was much more interesting for us to do something more radical and uncomfortable. And that also made me think that I wouldn't need to be with a laptop or with an instrument, that I could think, that we could both think. That is, we could both think about everything. And that is much more interesting for me. It's more interesting not to have the role - by the way, I jumped off that bandwagon many years ago - that of the musician. For many years I did soundtracks for many people, but a few years ago there was a moment when I said that I had had enough, that it no longer made sense for me, because I started doing the soundtracks and they quickly invited me to the drama teams, because I was interested not only in solving a sound problem but also in working on the ideas. And then I also realised that my universe is much more one of creating fiction than exactly making a soundtrack. So, I think this work was perfect in that radical proposal for me, of reformulating my way of being. And being on stage is something completely different for me.

CC

Did you have any kind of physical preparation for this stage performance?

JUS

No, I didn't. And I don't think we actually went that way. We went for a lot more mutant places. So my presence as a non-dancer was completely fitting in, because these two monsters are not two titans of dance, are they? They don't subscribe to that tradition. The movement and the corporality that they have is not inscribed in a tradition of contemporary dance; I don't have to exercise any kind of historical reference with my body.

CC

Knowing that music is your universe, I would like to ask you if you intend to say something to the world through it. What moves you from within?

JUS

Thinking that I always have many indexes in my access to the world, I have very little to say to the world, but I have my index. I have a series of themes and points of contact with reality, with the things that interest me, with the things that move me, and how I place myself in relation to them. So, I have a manual of ways in which I interact with supposed reality. But I wouldn't say that this is intended as a kind of thesis, that someone can use as a map to understand the world, the world being far more interesting while mysterious. For me. That is, while impossible to complete, impossible to propose. I have a great tendency to run away from ideology, from clear proposals to solve the problem of others. I find this complex. In fact, it seems to me that this manifests itself complex now in the general political dramaturgy of the world. There are many doubts in all of this for me, so in reality what interests me in the world is its wider complexity and wider mystery. I have very little to offer as clarification. I think I'm more part of the section of humans who assist mutation and confusion.

CC

Maybe that's why it's customary to talk about the occult and the driving particle of the invisible. And that can be seen in your work. What I know of it reminds me of a sentence I read recently in an essay by H.G. Cancela, in which he says that art, in a broad sense, is "an experience that builds its fecundity in the deliberate undefinition of its nature".

JUS

It's exactly that.

CC

Does this association of mine make sense then?

JUS

I think it does too. I wouldn't use it to wrap the thing up, but, yeah, definitely. I think that whole dimension of *terra ignota* and the impossibility of translation is really for me a mega fertile and interesting field.

CC

In your biography here at Linha de Fuga, there is a concept, which you work on, which is *allopoiesis*. Can you elaborate on what this is about?

JUS

There is a series of logics, which in this case come from biology, the logic of the autopoietic, the allopoietic, which were brutally used by cybernetic theories, systems theories, which gave rise to computers, factory automation and so on. Allopoietic is... For example, the construction of a car is made by parts and these parts are part of a greater whole, that is, you almost have absolutely individual elements that are not conscious of the whole of which they are part. And that interests me, for example, in choral music, and in other things too, in the sense of creating rules that function in a micro-structure or in micro-relationships, but which associated with other rules in the course of time generate a more total piece, which is the sum of all these micro-rules, of all these experiences. It is finding these almost degrees of camouflage. I really like working on projects in which, for example, not everyone is aware of everything and leaving clashing spaces between the evolution of each of the paths. I don't know if it's clear, but it's that way.

CC

Among the many projects you have, is there any one that you particularly enjoy doing nowadays?

JUS

I think it really depends on the day. I think I'm always interested in what I'm doing. That is, the moment. The moment I'm doing something is the most interesting moment. I am not very prone to nostalgia, so I switch off quite easily from the things I've done. I get much more excited about what I'm doing now.

CC

Although you have ongoing projects...

JUS

Yes, but when they reappear, I am again in the present, I am again with them.

CC

I would like to know a bit more about the SOOPA platform. What did you intend when you created it?

JUS

The platform started as a collective. It was created in 1998, 22 years ago. At the time, I was super-interested in collaborating, in making some syncretism between musicians, artists, people more connected to thought, and in which we could find a kind of great creative mechanisms where everything mixed together. But then, with the great failure to achieve this, I reduced everything to a platform of ensembles, of music. And only much later, I would say only ten years later, did I manage to regain access to things that are not only music, or rather, music also began to have a visual dramaturgy and everything else. In its genesis, it was that, but then it was essentially a platform for music, both in terms of programming and organisation. And now, I would say since 2010, it is simply, and this without any degradation, an association. Basically, it's a production company: it's a legal platform that exists as a mechanism to make applications, to host a series of artists. At the same time, it guarantees a studio, a physical space that can be used for various things. So, there is a kind of degradation in its artistic role, perhaps a result of neoliberalism, but it is increasingly practical and economically viable.

CC

What about your label?

JUS

I don't have it anymore. But I'm going to have another one now: I'm designing a new label.

CC

Do you want to talk about that?

JUS

Yes, I can talk. Starting next year, we're going to start publishing precisely a series of choral sound pieces, these things that I've been doing for the last ten years and that have never been edited. It's a label that's going to be dedicated just to getting these more complex things out.

CC

[falta tradução]

JUS

Sim. Em 2017, na bienal Anozero, e outra foi apresentada há dois meses no festival Dar a Ouvir, Paisagens Sonoras da Cidade.

CC

Is it possible to ask you if you have musical influences?

JUS

I think it is possible. There are so many of them, it is very difficult. What was mega important for me is no longer. Maybe I can answer by saying what I did musically as an instrumentalist. I started as a percussionist in an ensemble of Indian classical music, playing tablas, when I was a kid, 14 and 15 years old. Then I started playing percussion, drums and I studied trumpet, at the time I was doing more fanfares and more instrumental music. I would say that after that, when I started to form ensembles with musicians who played percussion and brass, I stopped playing and started developing systems for those musicians to play, different ways of organising the instruments, tonal research, etc. I feel that my base was always percussion and then brass, but I've completely cut that out and started composing and finding strategies to work with musicians.

CC

What music do you listen to at home leisurely?

JUS

I listen mainly to Jamaican dancehall, or anything Kanye West edits, or anything Rihanna edits, for example. These days, I listen to a lot of pop music mostly. If it was ten years ago, I'd be fighting against myself, I'd be listening to harder stuff.

CC

Haven't you been disappointed by Kanye West?

JUS

I'm generally disappointed with the world. But I think that disappointment is also part of the fascination. There are countless things within disillusionment that are very interesting to understand the way they happen, why it's happening that way. There are artists who protect their randomness less well and clearly Kanye West is one of them. But I find that really interesting. Nowadays, his character is, I would say, fundamental to understanding what's going on, indeed, even a possible future. When people say that there's less and less interest in art, maybe it would be interesting to listen to these artists and understand how they're thinking, where they are and what kind of radicalism is being imposed or what they're proposing. I think it's very important to pay attention to that. I'm much more interested in hearing what Anselmo Ralph has to say than in hearing someone from experimental music in Portugal. Quite frankly. There's something much more pertinent for me at the moment that has to do with that. And maybe it has to do with the twenty years I've been connected to experimental music. There are highly circumstantial things that happen in these niches that I think can be reviewed.

CC

Time to talk about your latest album - Lithium Blast - which came out last week [on 22 October] and was recorded in Uganda on a Nyege Nyege Tapes label. How was that experience?

JUS

That record was made two years ago and has only just come out. Meanwhile, I've been in Uganda again, for six months. I came back a month ago. So we have already recorded the next record. So, this Lithium Blast has to do with the beginning of the project, which is an ensemble that I founded there, in Kampala. For me, it's always difficult when records come out, I always get very discouraged and empty, I don't know. I'm always very disconnected from the record. I always work until the day the thing comes out and then I'm somewhere else, already thinking about the next record. It was an incredible process where I learned a lot, with the ensemble and with the process of making the record, and I think we grounded a lot of things for the next record, which are an evolution of all this as well. This Lithium Blast is essentially a record of percussion, electronics and brass. The record right now is sold out, which is cool for a record like this. But more than anything else, it's a proposal to work rhythmically on a series of logics. It's a record that is having a very interesting life, it has appeared in many places. I confess that you are the first person in Portugal to ask me about it in an interview.

CC

Were you the one who proposed going to Uganda to record?

JUS

They proposed the people to me. Nyege Nyege is a very strong structure now in Africa, it has an incredible punch. They had been proposing me to go there for some time and collaborate with some people. When I went, they specifically proposed two people, and then I still got to work with the fanfare from the high security prison in Kampala, which was also super-interesting. So, there are two songs that they play, but everything else is percussion, a mutant percussion, with some traditional instruments, electronics, but essentially manipulation. And a trumpet player, who is an activist there and has an orphan band, meaning she works with the kids from the ghetto and gets them to play - they sleep on the street and go and rehearse with her. In other words, they're very intense people who I had a strong connection with, and we did a dense investigation of what rhythms we wanted to experiment with and where to evolve with them. This year, I went to Uganda again to record Fulu Miziki, which is a Congolese band, and I was only going for a fortnight; then the borders closed and I stayed for six months. So, I ended up doing a lot of things and collaborations with local artists. On this next record, all the pulses are electronic, which means we're evolving into a completely mutant place.

CC

It will be out next year?

JUS

Yes. It's almost finished.

CC

To conclude, I ask you to reflect on the current context, in which we are experiencing a pandemic crisis and a crisis in culture. How do you see all this?

JUS

I think there will be fundamental changes. Inevitably, there are structural changes that will have to be made. I'm not much of a positivist, speaking of positivism as a historical concept, which emerged from the Enlightenment and then from a scientific fringe. Then, all of that went down with quantum physics: when quantum came to physics, positivism was destroyed as a structure. This logic that the human being is constantly overcoming himself and reaching a more and more perfect place seems unreal and impossible to me, because, well, the cosmos is much more complex and is absolutely indifferent to human emotions, that is, what we think is right is indifferent. So I don't think there is anything better that comes from an ordeal, except in one-off cases and maybe some personal experiences. I think there are fundamental differences and, in those differences, there will always be solutions. Maybe the only faith I have is... I have faith in the creative capacity within adversity. So, I would say that good things will come, but it seems to me that they will come from places that are not the ones we are expecting. The feeling I have is that the places that have been in decline in all these capitalist eras are the ones that will probably adapt better and will have more solutions and more things to say in the post-COVID period. Perhaps the Great South will have something to say in a very intense way. Perhaps the places that are less tired, or less tired of their own reflected image, will arrive with a series of creative responses, and with less fear of ontological changes and structural divisions.

Alexandre Valinho Gigas

The “new” is the deformation of Hope on Splendour and Dysmorphia by Vera Mantero and Jonathan Uliel Saldanha

I’m waiting for transport to Lisbon, on a terrace in the town of Batalha. My mask is beside me. I am physically distant from the people around me. I am socially distant from a large part of the population of my country. I am unemployed. I work countless odd jobs to survive. I have no support from the State. I am privileged. I have a roof over my head and I have not suffered from hunger for 5 years. I observe the people around me, full of hope, inventing a “new” normality, trying to follow their old lives. The human paradox brings a smile to my face. I look for the “new” and I can’t find it.

The last time I observed something really new was when I watched *Splendour and Dysmorphia* by Vera Mantero and Jonathan Uliel Saldanha. New, because the scenic, choreographic and sound designs seek to respond to the restlessness and questions of two thinkers attentive to the world. Only this could allow them to find the solutions that resulted in a piece that seemed designed for the pandemic times we are going through. The scene was conceived before the pandemic, revealing that the world has long been showing us how far we are from a new “new”. In *Splendour and Dysmorphia*, the authors explore the existence of deformation. There I observed the tension of what has always existed, between the hope of what we idealise as beautiful and the “new”, which is and always has been ahead of us and which also contains the ugly.

The need we have to embellish the “new”, entangles us in a web that arrests our movements, that clouds our thinking. Thus, we observe the green beauty of the garden, without thinking of the microscopic species that live there, closing our eyes to the homeless people that pass by, with their tentacles picking up cigarette butts from the ground. Our “new” tends to be parcelled out, favouring beauty. We will lose every battle with this insistence.

On stage, Vera Mantero knew how to draw the way that web entangles us in the impossibility of creating the “new”. In the atmosphere, Jonathan Saldanha has managed to print the sounds of those who destroy the “new” and, for that, it is really original. There is also the treatment of the word, also deformed in

the senses and sound propositions, which underlines the deformed poetry we refuse. Leaving the Oficina Municipal do Teatro that night, it was easier to live with the “new”. It was there, stamped in the physical distance between people; expressed in the social distance between these people and the others, who catch cigarette butts, with their tentacles, later, at dawn; drawn in the emptiness of the streets, populated by ugly and invisible beings that will win us the future. This new “new” does not belong to our species.



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Alexandre Valinho Gigas



Radio review in the experimental programme BBT Sun Radio, from the University of Coimbra Radio, about the International Festival and Laboratory of Performing Arts Linha de Fuga 2020.

Coimbra-B

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**Poetic and
collective memory,
anonymous, virtual,
collaborative,
telepathic, corporal,
sensitive of a
festival / laboratory
I've never been to**

Laura Wiesner

80

A hole on the wall

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conversation in discord**

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Manifiesta de artes vivas



Revolução

We want a revolution

Non for the arts ma pour la vie authentique

Freedom for art is also freedom from art

Revolution to lay in the arms of a new mother

revolución que te llega por territorios vírgenes

rivoluzione per l'emancipazione degli affetti e

delle passioni

Revolucao é recordar aos individuos que eles saó libres

(Careri, F. Manifesto 1999. En Pasear, detenerse.

Ed Gustavo Gili)

A hole on the wall

This is the view of someone, on the other side of the wall. A transoceanic, transpersonal, transmedia, transported, transferable, transatlantic, transpapers, transposed, transfused, torned up, travelled. Publication. It is the blind gaze of someone who did not go to the festival, and did not attend the laboratories.

A false and collective memory that tries to put together a clear and meaningful portrait from telematic communication and perspective with Mundus newspaper, Carlos Queiroz and the organizing team of this edition of Linha de Fuga, who as avatars took charge of capturing impressions, successes, to be processed in a plastic and poetic way in documents.

Imagine someone who tries to poke her body-eye through hole, to try to find out what's happening on the other side of the border. Just one of the two eyes, with a five-millimetre diameter in the middle of a black box.

It is based on the methodology of images based on their descriptions, of raising memory exercise as a creative process that tries to build the past in the present and its meaning for the future. Perec's memory and fiction, I remember.

You can also feel this experiment like a "movie". Empelicularse in Colombia means create an illusion in your head of something that never really happened. When one person tell another they are empeliculado, it means that they are in a movie, in a fantasy. This is an invention built with the world of inhabitants of the second edition of Linha de Fuga in images, montages, texts, sounds.

Documentation vs memory

The documents are in a *wild portuñol*, a term by transnational poet Douglas Diegues. The wild portuñol that sometimes includes English and some notes of français or italiano, maybe. A sunny language that shares the migration and disruption of normative communication that makes me think about our conditional behaviours and the revolution of the territory evoked in Francesco Careri's manifesto given the difficulty and frustration of airplanes between our continents, which puts us in between borders, to sail on imaginative boats on all the worlds.

Communications center

● 位



John D. Hoffman / December 1, 2006

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

$$T_{\text{a}} \text{ (m)} = 0.5 \times \text{posterior} + 0.5 \times \text{flattest temperature}$$

The author has nothing to disclose.

Diese Flugschritte:

Regarding the exercise of messages that corporations destroyed, the logistics are a bit tricky. No app allows us to do exactly what we wanted. But after some market research, we thought the best application for what we wanted was [ERIC CHAI]

App available to download on your phone or computer, and which can be associated with to an e-mail not visible to others. It is possible to choose whether

On DISCORD it is not possible to check who has read the messages, or it's easier for the first or second person to read the message to delete it. It is also allowed to use bots which can be programed to send automatic messages at a certain time.

The goal is for the message to be welcomed by the very first who reads it and to be transformed into something for that person at the moment, or in the future. Absolutely new is to invent the important thing will be exactly the transformation of something new.

From this, we are free to communicate in different ways, under different names, in spatiotemporal lines "alone and together at the same time." So that the experience is shared and its meaning co-constructed.

On this link you will find the conversation of Linha de Fuga, in which we exchange messages: <https://www.instagram.com/linha.defuga/>

Table 1. (continued)

Claudia Muehle

Overfunding (Facebook) / Treasurers

Democracy. A collective essay

I have the feeling that the world is less and less obvious, I process it. Democracy is a sound reverberation. A loud speaker plays Laurie Anderson's Oh Superman. Hello? -Is a form of representation in my country. White, psychic and emotional light.

I cannot. It is a contrary establishment that aims to reach the fairest decision for the freaks being (now even more so) aware that it is necessary to rethink non-violence

(pause)

Democracy and living in a political system where citizens are needed for everything. Because we no longer even know how much it costs me to find out. Are

Democracy is an amazing park where everyone can get in fascism, far-right. But we never admit the birth of logic between us

It is vir the sound of a gong and then a hammer: pong!

It is a constant practice of listening and being heard. A conjuncture, more precisely, is a living utopia through the arts.

De mo cra cá: Demo crucial. Demo cra cy is an original term of a more careful way to live in society, on the walls of a selfie that speaks of feelings: of harmony and chaos

On the contrary, it is a direct and rare system of five minutes philosophizing, saying very intelligent things, manifesting the things of ancient Greek raised from demos and people and kratos and rule: Democratia is the ruling of people.

The voice of a woman whose head is wrapped with a point of balance of colours of the image between pink, fuchsia and violet.

It is to give everyone the same opportunity, since the game is dreams where one body penetrates another and the meat rebounds. It is what keeps us alive every day: the pain of mothers who hope to see their daughters return.

Does Brazil make democracy? In democracy you will be respected. it is a talking head, a monologue in the forefront. The gaze seems to go astray: A system of political representation It is to blink, once, twice, three times and look to the right and then to the left E falar in italiano e luego in castellano. See a close up of a pair of eyes with red makeup spilling over the lids.

Democracy is listening to the voice of a transwoman who claims the greatest good for the greatest number, sensually outlining herself in front of the camera.

Democracy iiiis a wave of cumbia that allows for citizens to participate in those rules, all speaking of being able to have how to pay for health, at least, create them. To suffer the consequences of a violent colonialism.

Too see

to pause

with coloured papers that barely reveal a light bulb behind. And this is what I am saying right now. It is your opinion.

And insist on respecting the temptation to cry in a group of leaders forced to establish equality because there is a representation of value of everyone, of things, of people.

It is an excerpt from Shortbus, the work of Jean Cameron Mitchell. And one idea? We do not know. It is a black image fading in. The framing of a foreshortening. Disobedience - Hitting a metal ball with a hammer - Pong!

The greatest god Demos: Cannibal appetite in the lockdown. Kratía: a man with glasses frowns and asks: Invertebrates are 97% of animal diversity, who represent them?

It opens with the scene of many bodies having sex in a theatre. And political life, denial of parental exhaustion. Decision-making method between individuals who have opinions.

It is a count, it is the responsibility, it is to cross the square to arrive whole, infinite. It is a claim for the disappeared

A continuous line that separates us from violence

Just walking towards an escaping point between you/os alberi

Democracy is more than the tranquillity of walking and crossing a square to arrive slowly, whole: deeeeeeee moooooooooo craaaaaa cccyyyyyyy. A difficult concept to speak about at forty. It is a virus that gets into us while we want to be away from home with equal possibilities.

What do you want us to say to you? We create equal opportunities by counting papers folded and put inside millions of cardboard urns aiming but Indians in a relationship in technical terms

Or what president is considered a responsible adult? But is also the pillar of all of our freedoms and home water, stones, nature, all life, all energy

Or what to democracy?

Democracia is the mouth exhaling, rolling its eyes and looking to the left: here you treat a person badly.

Democracy and vulnerability, uncertainty, openness, humbleness. It's a society and the way we all live and take care of each other: in this town there are no thieves.

Democracy is the danger of the dark night. It as to be seen as a process in which anger and injustice depend on each one. Is a speech of gift and a challenge for all of us to grow as individuals.

power mainly to knowledge in an ability of the moment in which brutal social inequalities are still evident for los angeles, for us, for me. It is a dream of anger, of talking about frustration, of physicalsexual economic social integrity.

What does democracy lack to be a democracy?

Mean indiscipline, disobedience, randomness: we eat them because there's nothing else

Danger of facing democracy as something crystallized: excess of thought, tiredness of the naked body, with the back turned and entering the landscape. What happens when the minority becomes the majority? I would rather experience harmony right here, democracy does not convince me.

demo Cratsi infinity can be an egg hatch, worn out by social vices, crats a red hilo sitting on an American plane, moving like love than driving for that we are.

We call for discord

A cruel goddess who advocates for the good of conflicts rather than their resolution.
The art of controversy and dissent.

She arrived at the wedding of Achilles' parents without being invited, with a golden apple that had an inscription that read "for the most beautiful", thus causing Aphrodite, Hera and Athena to claim it from each other. Paris was appointed judge of the situation. It is the origin of the Trojan War. It is the origin of chaos, conflict and debate.

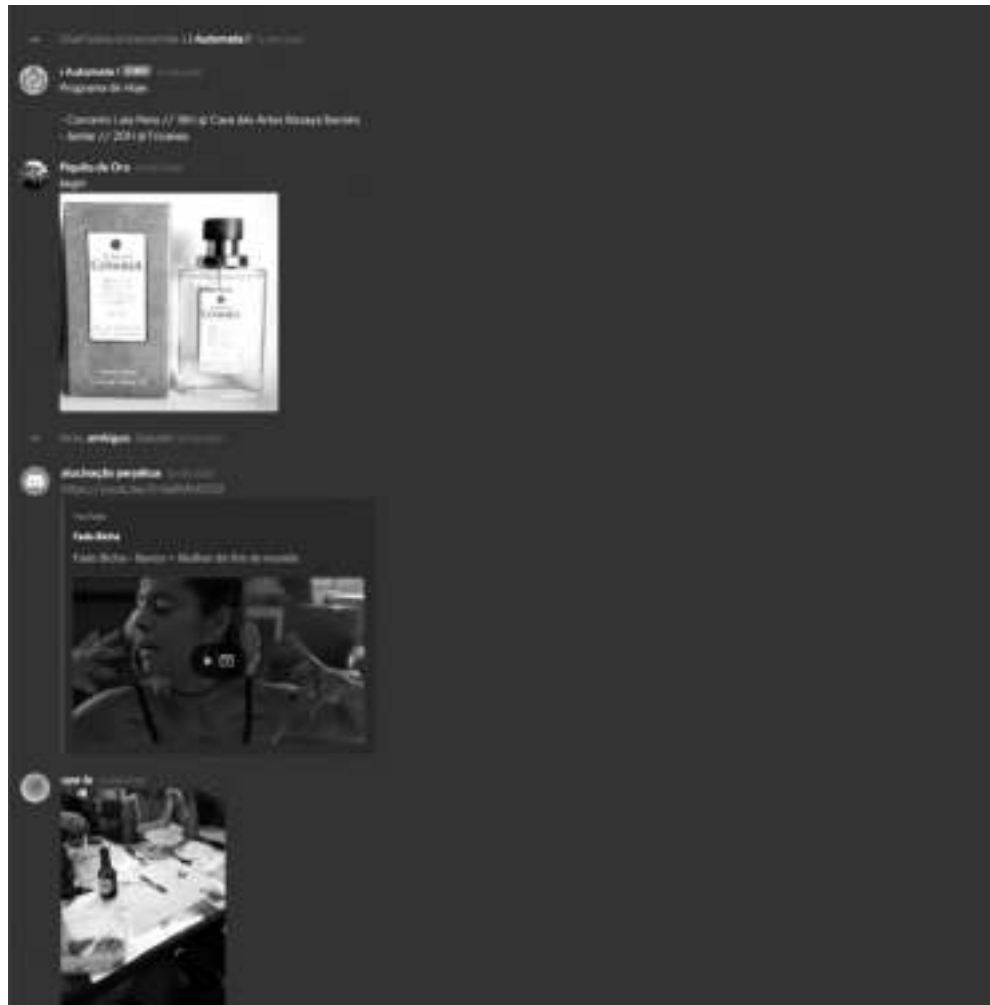
Characters

Piquito de oro
Automate (BOT)
Alucinacao perpétua
Ambiguo
Devir
Glándula
Nada
Nada
Nada-eu
Raíz
Stirner
Upa-la
Ó-diabo

We welcome to Linha de Fuga

This is the beginning of this servidor.¹

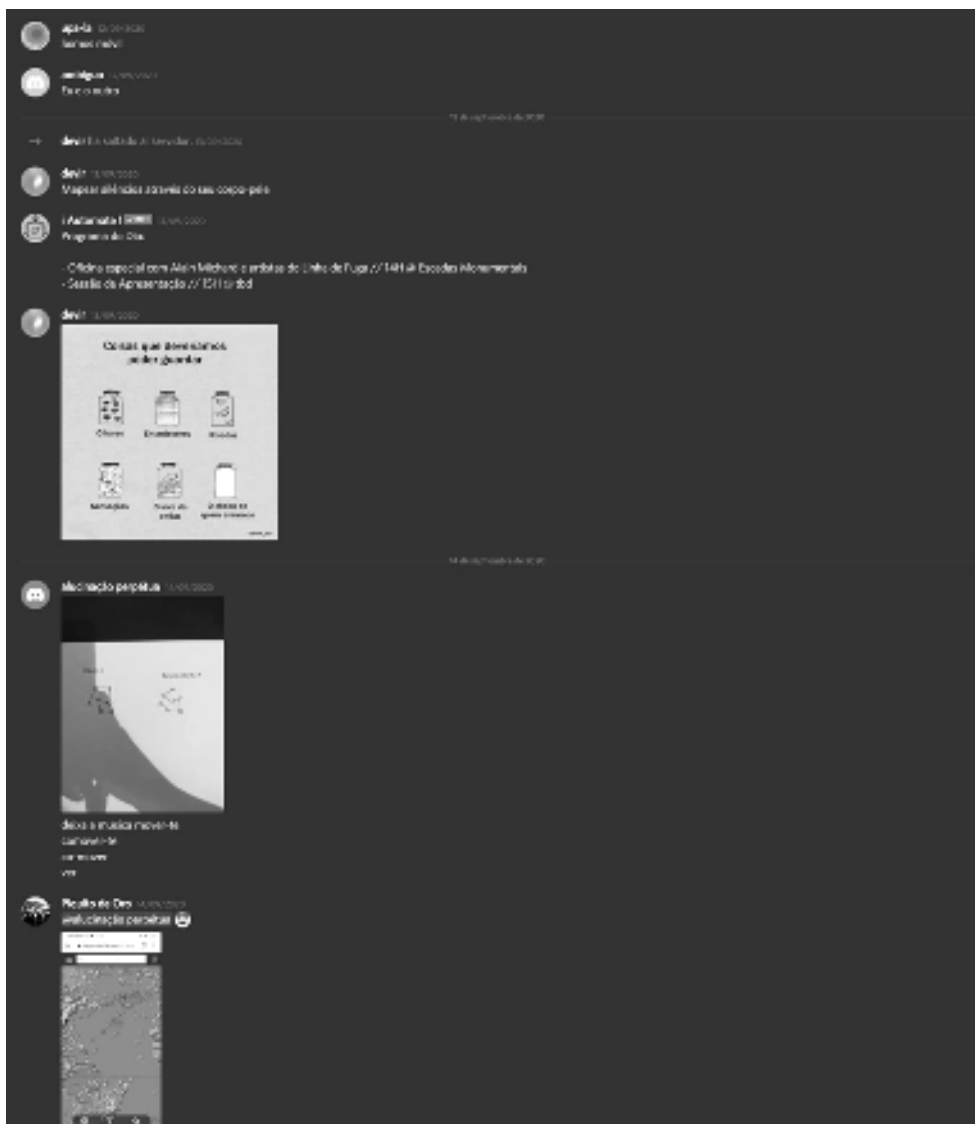
1. Link: <https://discord.gg/tdCKSGeu>



Perpetual hallucination

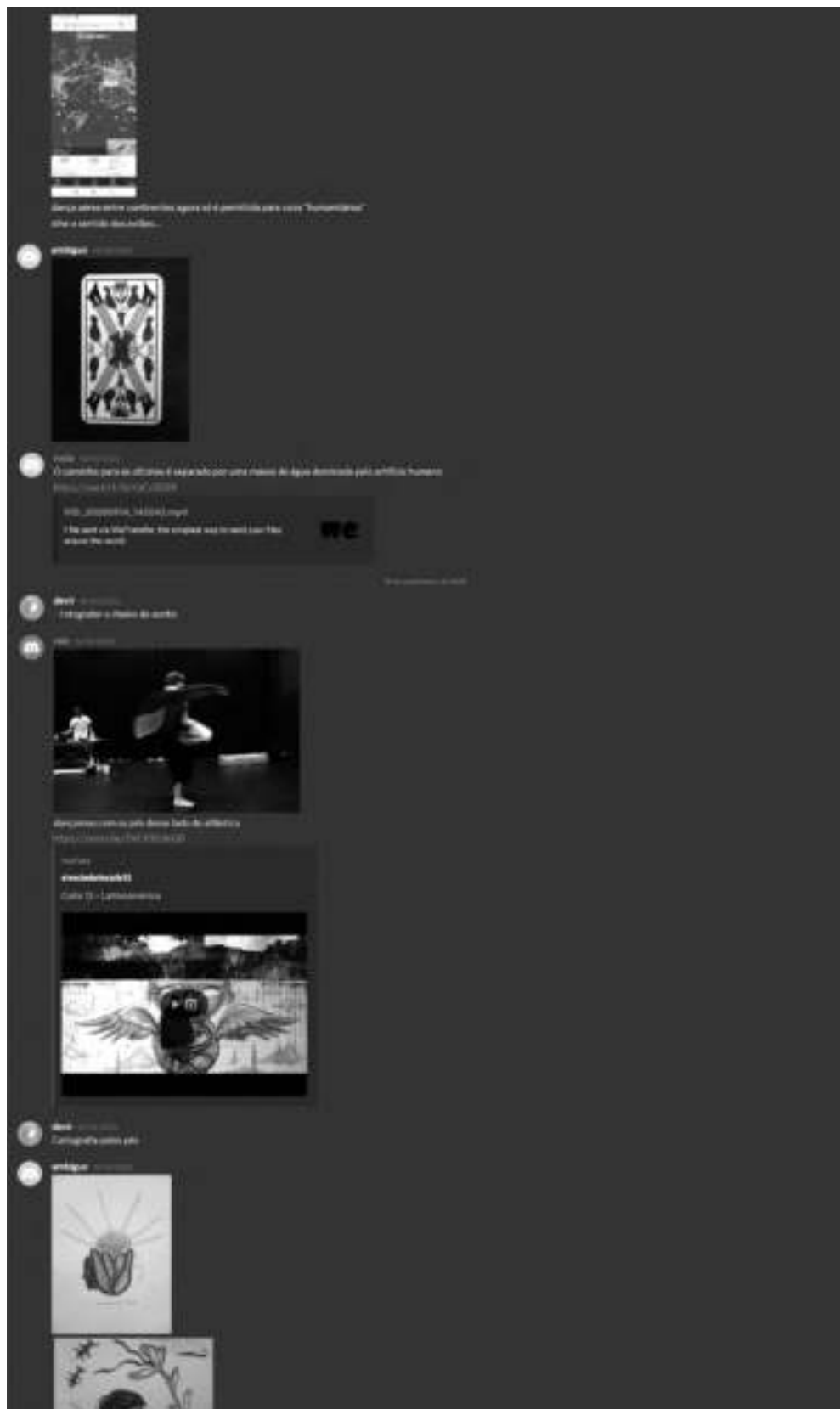


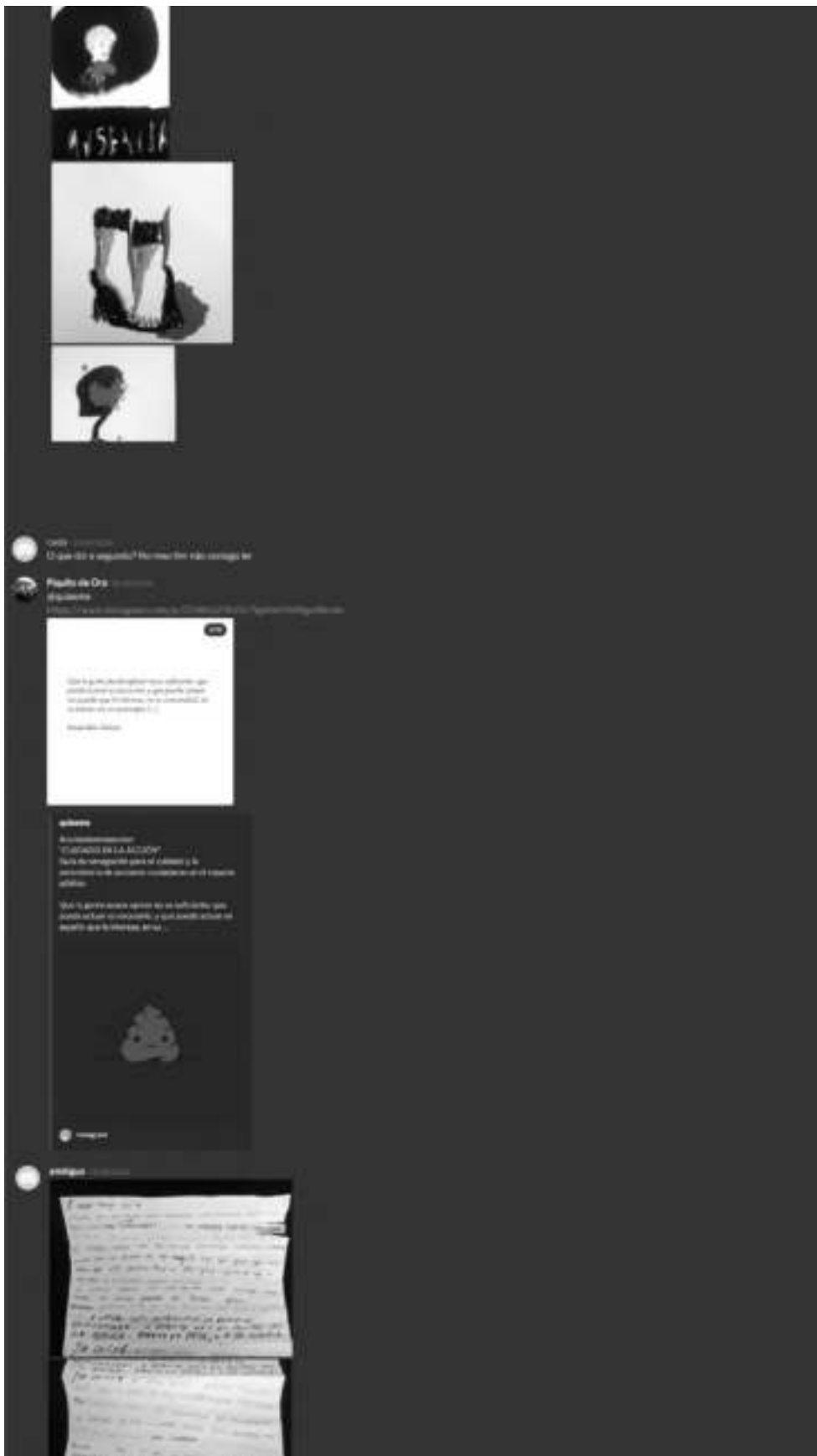
Fado Queer with Cigarra - Banzo + Woman from the end of the world
(prod. Twins)



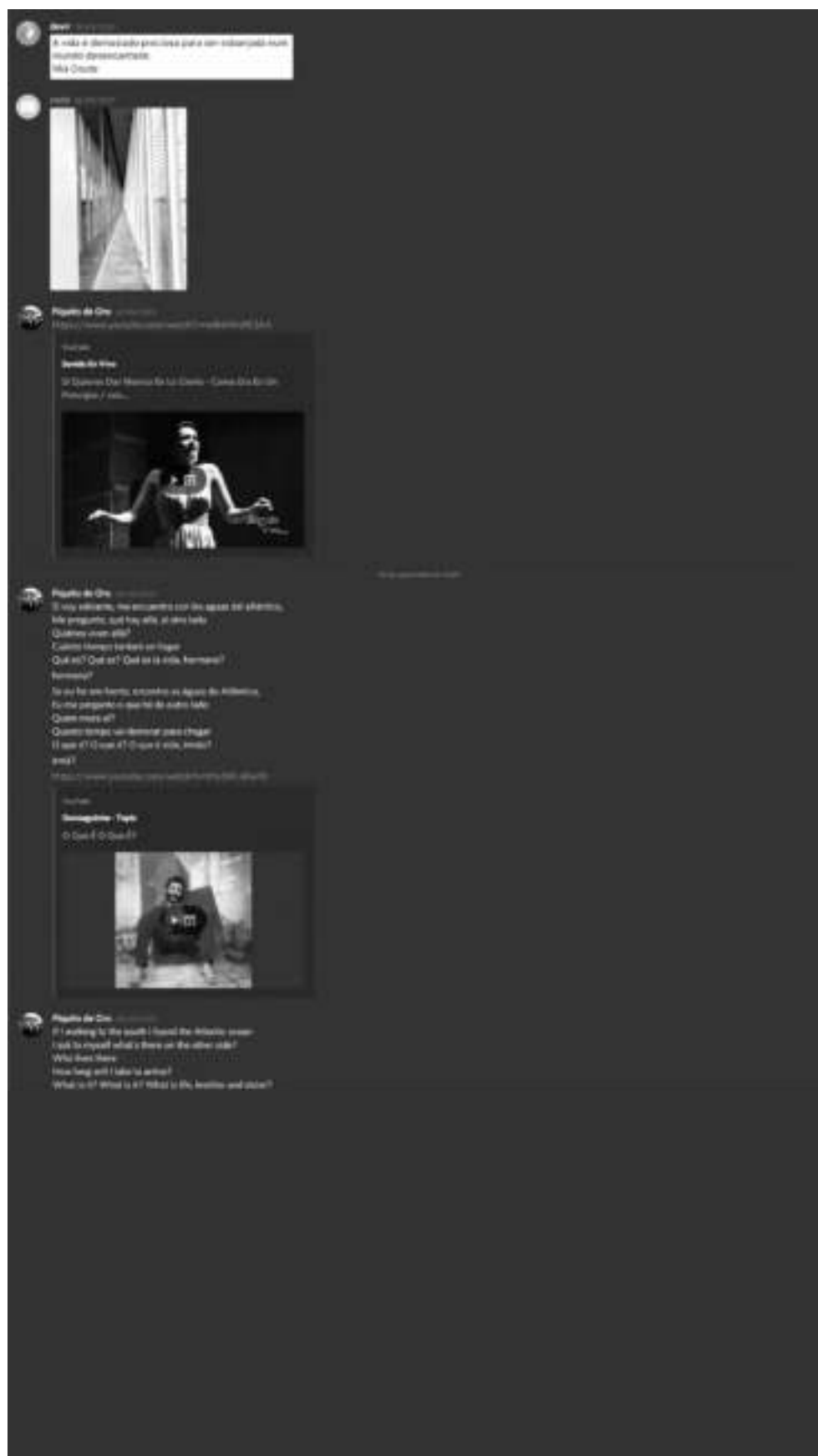
<https://youtu.be/DkFJE8ZdeG8>
Devir 15/09/2020

Cartography by feet



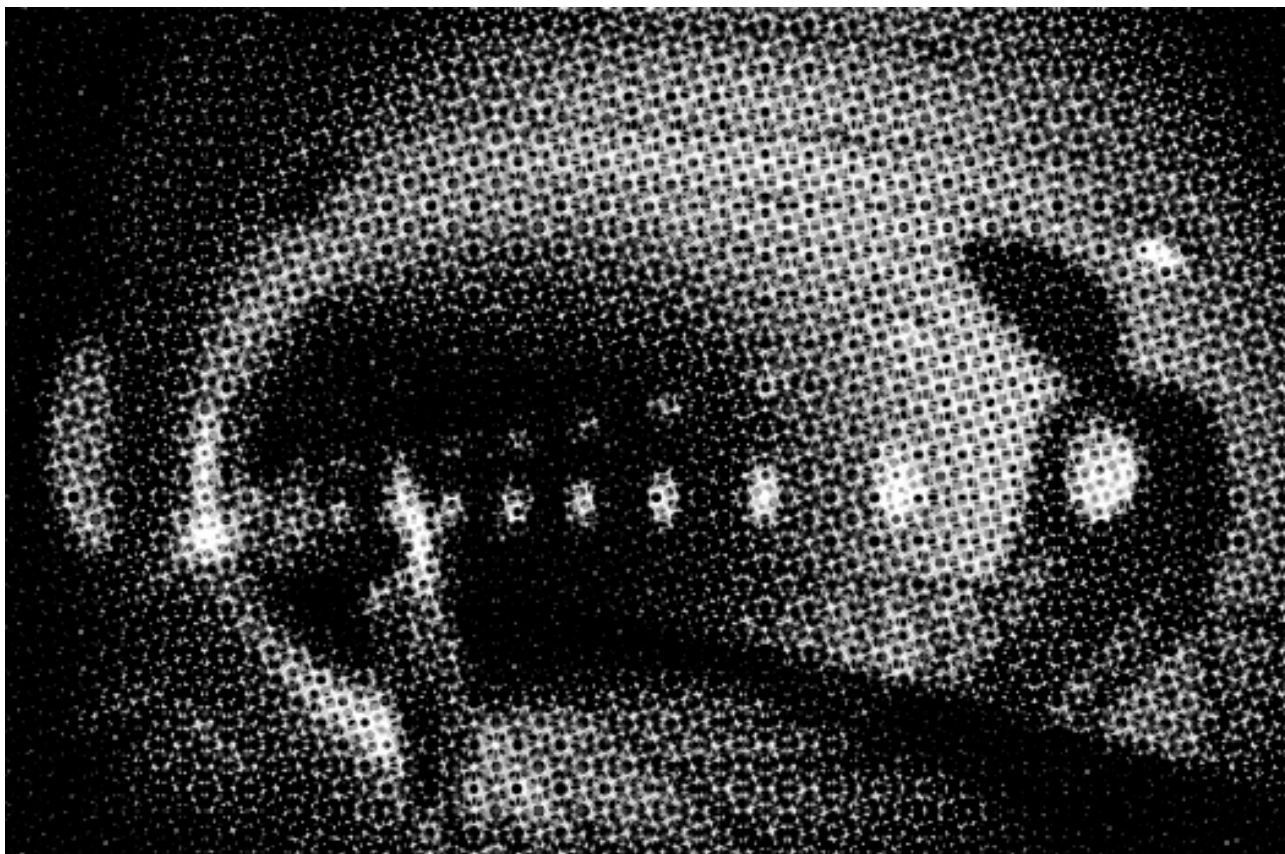


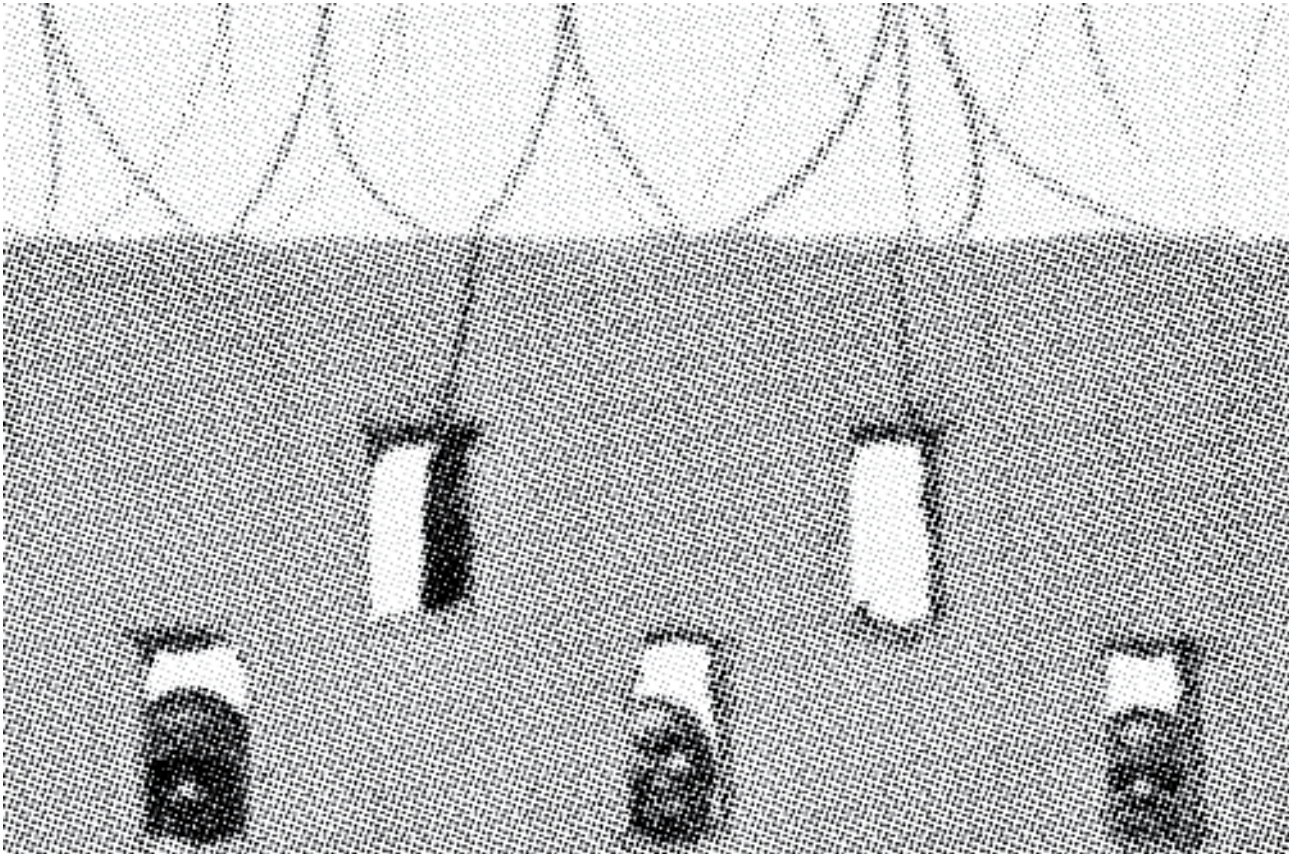


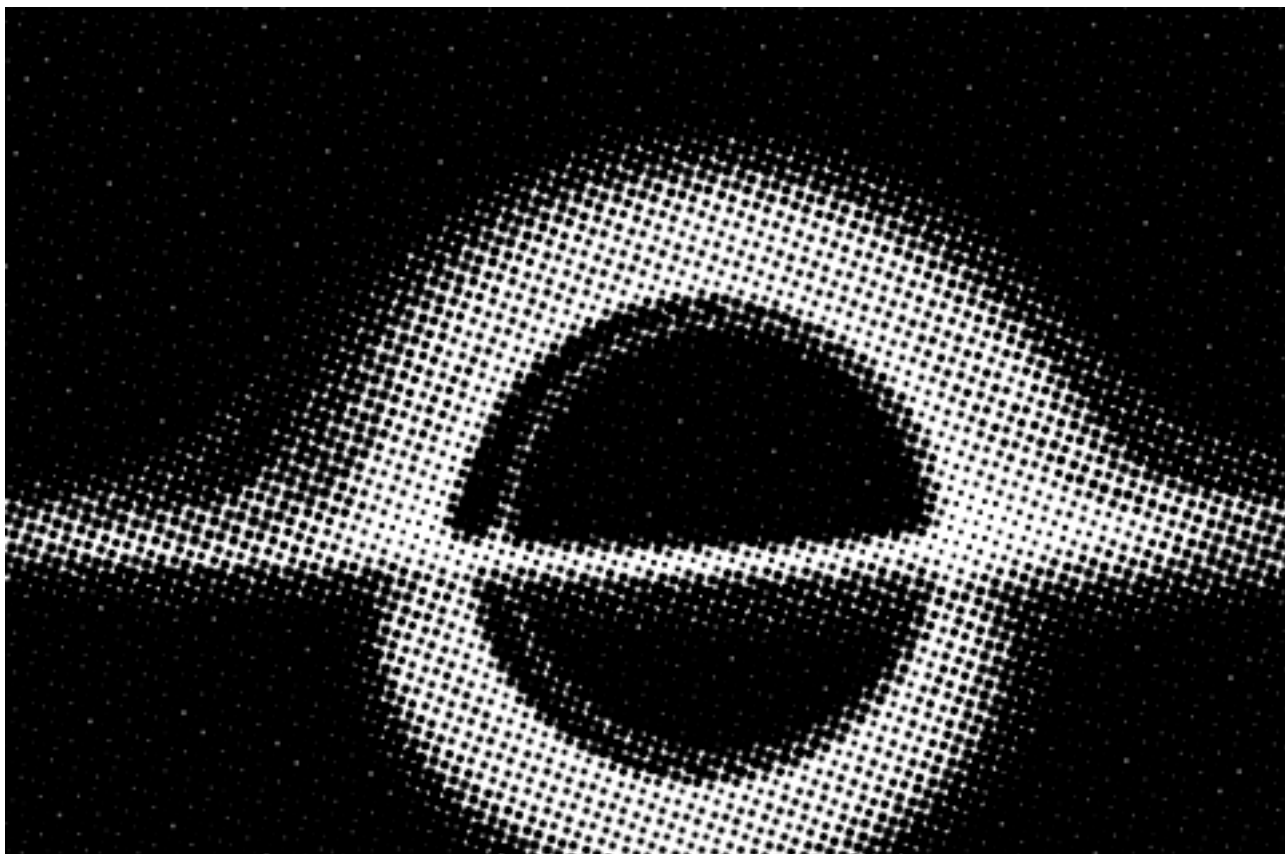
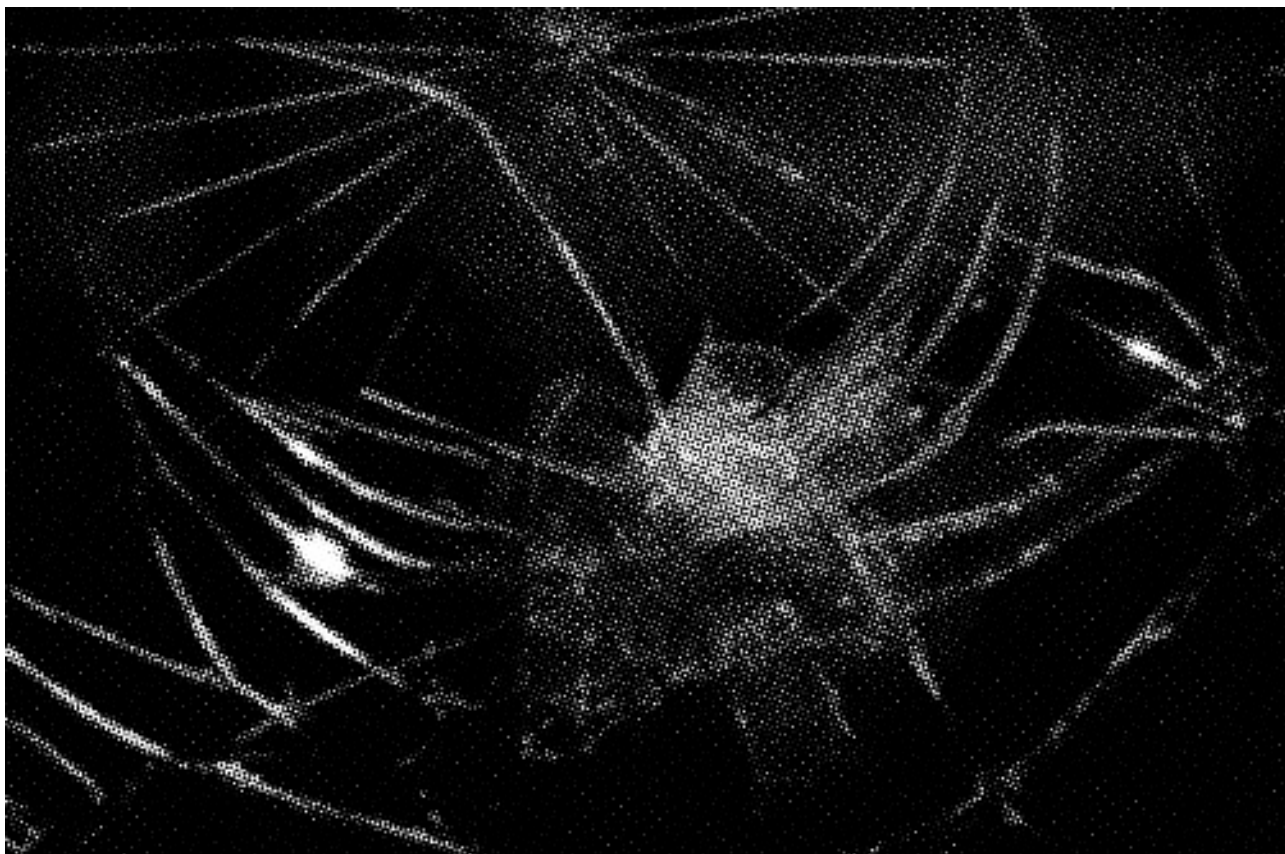


Visual essay¹

1. Images taken from the internet







I remember Linha de Fuga

Me acuerdo de la primera imagen. Fue el encuentro entre Carlos y yo en la plataforma 2 de la estación de trenes de Coimbra. Estábamos muy felices porque pudimos viajar. Una pandemia mundial había provocado el cierre de las fronteras intercontinentales y estuvimos a punto de no hacerlo.

I remember the first image. It was the meeting between me and Carlos on platform 2 of the Coimbra train station. We were very happy we were able to travel. A global pandemic had closed the intercontinental borders and we barely made it.

Me acuerdo que todavía quedaba una estela del verano. La mayoría llevábamos ropa ligera. No imaginamos que fuera a llover tanto durante el laboratorio.

I remember that there was still a bit of summer left. Most of us wore light clothing. We did not imagine that it would rain so much during the laboratory.

Me acuerdo que tomábamos unas cervezas en la terraza del hotel y Augusto se asomó por el balcón del segundo piso y nos llamó: ¡Gente, sonría!

I remember we were drinking beer on the hotel terrace and Augusto appeared on the second-floor balcony and called us: Everyone, smile!

Me acuerdo que Coimbra es la primera capital del Reino Portugués y la conocen como la ciudad del Saber.

I remember that Coimbra was the first capital of the Portuguese Kingdom and is known as the city of knowledge.

Me acuerdo que Mariana tenía el cabello largo y castaño.

I remember Mariana had long brown hair.

Me acuerdo que durante el concierto de Lula Pena, estuvimos separados por el dibujo de unos cuadros de dos metros por dos metros en el prado.

I remember that during Lula Pena's concert we were separated by 2m x 2m squares drawn on the grass.

Me acuerdo de los temblores en la voz de Lula. Me acuerdo que algo se desprendió de mi espalda al escuchar los golpes suaves que de vez en cuando sus dedos hacían en la roseta de la guitarra.

I remember the tremors in Lula's voice. I remember that something got loose of my back when I heard the soft tapping that her fingers occasionally made on the rosette of the guitar.

Me acuerdo que en las sillas de la sala negra, había un letrero que decía Lugar de seguridad.

I remember that on the chairs in the black room there was a sign that said Place of Safety.

Me acuerdo que en Radio Baixa me tomaste una fotografía con una cámara automática amarilla. Gil, llevabas una camiseta negra que tenía inscrita la palabra Pandemonium.

In Radio Baixa, I remember you took a picture of me with a yellow automatic camera. Gil, you were wearing a black T-shirt with the word Pandemonium written on it.

Me acuerdo que en el salón principal había una barra con 23 botellas de vidrio conteniendo diferentes líquidos de diferentes colores.

I remember that in the main hall there was a bar with 23 glass bottles containing different liquids of different colours.

Me acuerdo que el 13 de septiembre alguien presentó la manzana prohibida. Varios nos pusimos la máscara de un ser indefinido y atendimos a la performance de la disección de un cuerpo en una sala de cirugía.

I remember that on September 13th someone presented the forbidden apple. Several of us put on the mask of an undefined being and attended the performance of the dissection of a body in an operating room.

Me acuerdo que al otro día nos preguntaron si realmente éramos humanos.

I remember that the next day we were asked if we were really human.

Me acuerdo de la imagen proyectada de un hombre con el rostro cubierto en la berma del ferrocarril, con una maleta.

I remember the projected image of a man with his face covered on the railroad edge, with a suitcase.

Me acuerdo de la imagen en blanco y negro de una máquina, compuesta por muchos aparatos, unos aparatos de proyección análoga. Me acuerdo del título de la imagen: Nyarlathotep.

I remember the black and white image of a machine, made up of many devices, analogue projection devices. I remember the title of the image: Nyarlathotep.

Me acuerdo de la fotografía que nos tomamos con Alain frente al convento de San Francisco. Todas, las 7 que estábamos, nos pusimos sandalias y llevábamos puestas nuestras gafas de sol.

I remember the photo we took with Alain in front of the São Francisco Convent. All of us, all 7, wearing sandals and sunglasses.

Me acuerdo de los ejercicios por pareja. Dos cuerpos sostenidos en las palmas de las manos, dos cuerpos acostados, dos cuerpos sosteniéndose en las rodillas.

I remember the exercises in pairs. Two bodies supported on the palms of the hands, two bodies lying down, two bodies supported on the knees.

Me acuerdo que durante la caminata en el laboratorio de Alain domesticqué con mis caricias, el león del poeta Luís de Camões.

I remember that during a visit to Alain's lab I domesticated, with my caresses, the lion of the poet Luís de Camões.

Me acuerdo que caminamos frente a una tienda con maniqués que lucían mascarillas, como parte del outfit otoñal.

I remember walking in front of a store with mannequins wearing masks, as part of the fall collection.

Me acuerdo que en un momento nos detuvimos, cerramos los ojos y escuchamos el sonido de la fuente de agua frente al centro académico de Gil Vicente.

I remember that at one point we stopped, closed our eyes and listened to the sound of the water fountain in front of the Gil Vicente academic centre.

Me acuerdo de los acuerdos del laboratorio: adaptar-se y no exigir pero encontrar soluciones.

I remember the laboratory agreements: adapt and don't make demands, find solutions.

Me acuerdo que en la oficina de Lula, auscultamos el espacio con micrófonos... el cuerpo como micrófono, nuestros cuerpos como grabadores del espacio.

I remember that in Lula's workshop, we listened to the space with microphones...the body as a microphone, our bodies as space recorders.

Me acuerdo del piano de cola. Era negro, como la sala.

I remember the grand piano. It was black, like the living room.

Me acuerdo que hicimos dos líneas de ocho cuerpos, frente al Jardim da Sereia.

I remember we formed two lines of eight bodies, in front of Jardim da Sereia.

Me acuerdo de lo teatral que eran los andamios sobre el escenario. Me acuerdo de estar sentados en círculo escuchando a Paloma y Massimiliano. Recuerdo que su laptop tenía la pegatina de una carita feliz.

I remember how theatrical the scaffolding stage was. I remember sitting in a circle listening to Paloma and Massimiliano. I remember his laptop had a sticker with a smiley face.

Me acuerdo de una transformación, dos transformaciones, tres transformaciones, algunas tantas transformaciones, nuestra transformación.

I remember a transformation, two transformations, three transformations, many transformations, our transformation.

Me acuerdo de Aura, sound Project

I remember Aura, Sound Project.

Me acuerdo que me dio vergüenza un día porque no entendía portugués. Me acuerdo que ahí, decidí unirme a la reivindicación del portuñol salvaje.

I remember being ashamed one day because I didn't understand Portuguese. I remember I decided to join the claim for the wild portuñol right there.

Me acuerdo que había una franja amarilla y nueve columnas marmolizadas en el restaurante.

I remember there was a yellow strip and nine marble columns in the restaurant.

Me acuerdo que la bandera de Coímbra asemeja un ringlete amarillo y violeta. Me acuerdo a su vez de la teoría de los colores complementarios y del impermeable violeta que llevé para las caminatas.

I remember that the Coimbra flag resembles a yellow and purple pinwheel. It reminds me of the theory of complementary colours and the purple raincoat that I wore for walks.

Me acuerdo de dos disidentes con sombrillas amarillas, con medias amarillas que comían banano bajo la lluvia.

I remember two dissidents with yellow umbrellas and with yellow socks eating bananas in the rain.

Me acuerdo de subir los brazos, sacudir los hombros, señalar con la mano izquierda un punto en el techo, bajar la cadera y desplazar el peso a la derecha.

I remember raising my arms, shaking my shoulders, pointing with my left hand at a point on the ceiling, lowering my hips, and shifting my weight to the right.

Me acuerdo de formar tres líneas en el espacio y unas luces de colores azules, verdes y rojas, movernos por todo el ambiente.

I remember forming three lines in space and some blue, green and red lights moving around the air.

Me acuerdo de la sonrisa de Sofía mientras unía sus dedos índices y pulgares, dibujando con sus manos el encuentro de las dos mitades de un mismo corazón.

I remember Sofía's smile as she joined her index fingers and her thumbs, drawing with her hands the meeting of the two halves of the same heart.

Me acuerdo del mirador al río Mondego, de contemplar el puente y comentar su historia.

I remember the viewpoint on the Mondego River, contemplating the bridge and commenting on its history.

Me acuerdo que las botellas de desinfectante unos días eran violetas y otros días eran verdes. Me acuerdo de la pantalla de acrílico transparente, la mesa y la silla donde una mujer nos registraba en listas. Me acuerdo que se parecían mucho a los diseños de los sets para los speed dates.

I remember that some days the sanitizer bottles were purple and other days they were green. I remember the transparent acrylic screen, the table and the chair where a woman registered us on lists. I remember they looked a lot like the scenarios for speed dates.

Me acuerdo que caminamos por el jardín botánico y de repente todo era azul.

I remember walking through the botanical garden and suddenly everything was blue.

Me acuerdo que ingeniamos un dispositivo de listones de madera para caminar juntos y distanciados al mismo tiempo.

I remember that we invented a wooden slats device to walk together and at a distance at the same time.

Me acuerdo que subimos unas escaleras y había un muro empapelado con muchos carteles rasgados de eventos públicos de antes de la pandemia.

I remember we went up some stairs and there was a wall covered with many torn posters of public events from before the pandemic.

Me acuerdo de señalar la puerta de un tercer piso en una casa que daba al vacío.

I remember pointing to the door of a third floor in a house that overlooked the void.

Me acuerdo de ver una bela adormecida en la vitrina de radio Baixa. Y frente a la vitrina la tienda coimbra12euros, vestuario, calzado y accesorios.

I remember seeing a sleeping beauty in the Radio Baixa window case. And in front of the window, the coimbra12euros shop, clothing, footwear and accessories.

Me acuerdo que me tomaste del hombro, tú cerraste los ojos. Me entregaste tu confianza. Yo te guiaba y juntos dimos un paseo. Hacía frío y mis pies alcanzaron a mojarse con el agua que cubría el prado.

I remember you took me by the shoulder, you closed your eyes. You gave me all your trust. I was guiding you and together we went for a walk. It was cold and my feet got wet with the water that covered the grass.

Me acuerdo que te tomé el hombro y cerré los ojos. Te entregué mi confianza. Tu me guiabas. En un momento tuve miedo porque sentí cómo el piso se inclinaba. Bajé mi mano y te jalé el brazo.

I remember I took your shoulder and closed my eyes. I gave you all my trust. You were guiding me. At one point I was scared because I felt the floor lean. I lowered my hand and pulled your arm.

Me acuerdo que los disidentes de medias amarillas finalizaron el día tomando una copa de vino en la terraza frente al hotel.

I remember that the dissidents in yellow socks ended the day with a glass of wine on the terrace in front of the hotel.

Me acuerdo de sentir el erotismo en el jugo de unos tomates muy rojos y los aromas intensos del orégano, la albahaca y la menta. Me acuerdo de las cebollas puerro, de las zanahorias, los limones, las cebollas, las remolachas, la lechuga, los rábanos y los pepinos en la cita abierta de Ynaie.

I remember feeling the eroticism in the juice of some very red tomatoes and the intense aromas of oregano, basil and mint. I remember leek onions, carrots, lemons, onions, beets, lettuce, radishes, and cucumbers at Ynaie's presentation.

Me acuerdo de lanzarnos sobre el banquete. Me acuerdo del manifiesto antropófago, de comer juntos, compartir el alimento, como gesto político.

I remember how eager we went for the feast. I remember the anthropophagous manifesto, of eating together, sharing food, as a political gesture.

Me acuerdo del reflejo del cuerpo de Xavier colgando, extrañado, transvestido, provocador con su sinfonía de los mares. Me acuerdo de dos transeúntes que se detuvieron a observar. Sus cuerpos jalados por la presencia de ese cuerpo no pudieron resistirse a este canto.

I remember the reflection of Xavier's body hanging, surprised, transvestite, provocative with his symphony of seas. I remember two passers-by who stopped to watch. Their bodies pulled by the presence of that body could not resist that chant.

Me acuerdo de habitar espacios inciertos, con manchas de color amarillo, rojo y verde, de maneras ambiguas y evocativas.

I remember living in uncertain spaces, with spots of yellow, red and green, in ambiguous and evocative shapes.

Me acuerdo que Sarah tenía un aviso: Escuto Sonhos. Me acuerdo de una lámpara con luz cálida de pie, con su caperuza de color crema. Nos sentamos en una mesa hexagonal y la pared era de madera.

I remember Sarah had a warning: I listen to Dreams. I remember a warm light of a standing lamp, with its cream-colored lampshade. We sat at a hexagonal table and the wall was made of wood.

Me acuerdo de una mujer negra, girando, alzando los brazos, elevando su rostro. Me acuerdo del movimiento de su vestido de flores amarillas sobre fondo aguamarina. Su presencia, solemne generaba una capa de misterio en el ambiente. ¿Qué contenía el bidón rojo que balanceaba con su cabeza? Me acuerdo de su nombre: Katia, de su rostro, de sus ojos marrones, su nariz, su sonrisa y su cabello corto.

I remember a black woman, turning, raising her arms, raising her head. I remember the movement of her dress with yellow flowers on an aquamarine background. Her solemn presence created a layer of mystery in the air. What was in the red jerrycan that she was bouncing with her head? I remember her name: Katia, her face, her brown eyes, her nose, her smile and her short hair.

Me acuerdo de las conquistadoras y las dos cervecitas. De las cinco estrellas. Del Juanqui, al otro lado de la pantalla de zoom.

I remember the conquerors and the two beers. The five stars ones. Del Juanqui, on the other side of the zoom screen.

Me acuerdo de las botellas verdes de la Potosina, los flequillos verdes de la chaqueta de la Sharon que ahora es el Juanqui, de las botellas ámbar de Super bock y Sagres. De los cuerpos bailando, alegres, de los flequillos moverse.

I remember the green bottles of Potosina, the green fringes on Sharon's jacket that is now Juanqui, the amber bottles of Super bock and Sagres. Of the bodies dancing, happy, of the fringes moving.

Me acuerdo de los paisajes de Romain. Me acuerdo de sus zapatos, paisaje. De sus pies enroscados, paisaje. Sus pies de flamenco, paisaje. Su tenue voz de bosque, papel montaña, paisaje. Micrófono, geometría, triángulo, paisaje.

I remember the landscapes by Romain. I remember his shoes, landscape. Of his curled feet, landscape. His flamenco feet, landscape. His soft voice of forest, mountain paper, landscape. Microphone, geometry, triangle, landscape.

Me acuerdo que colgaste dos liebres despellejadas, en el escenario. Al medio, tu cuerpo semidesnudo, devorando una hamburguesa nos cuestionaba a todos con un gesto desafiante.

I remember you hung two skinned hares on stage. In the middle, your half-naked body devouring a burger, questioning us all with a defiant gesture.

Me acuerdo que detrás de Joana, un plástico de frigorífico y unas luces violetas y rosa frío, flotaban en el espacio.

I remember that behind Joana a plastic refrigerator and some cold purple and pink lights floated in space.

Me acuerdo que las fiestas invisibles se hicieron ver. Me acuerdo de llevar un traje de lentejuelas plateadas, al caer la tarde del 28 de septiembre en el patio de la palma.

I remember that the invisible parties became visible.

I remember wearing a silver sequined suit as the afternoon of September 28th fell in the yard of the palm tree.

Me acuerdo de llevar un mono rojo y unas gafas con ojos postizos. Me acuerdo que a pesar de la distancia, en nuestros cuerpos vibró el brillo de la noche y su sensualidad.

I remember wearing a red jumpsuit and glasses with fake eyes.

I remember that despite the distance, our bodies vibrated with the brightness of the night and its sensuality.

Me acuerdo de las fronteras en el espacio, que nos permitían al mismo tiempo, estar juntos y lejanos.

I remember space borders, which allowed us to be together and far away at the same time.

Me acuerdo que no puedo recordarlo todo.

I remember that I can't remember everything.

Me acuerdo que nuestros cuerpos estaban agotados. Y a pesar de ellos, dos sillas frente a frente se empezaron a encontrar en los speed dates.

I remember that our bodies were exhausted. And despite that, two chairs facing each other began to meet on speed dates.

Me acuerdo de ser la extraterrestre karaokera, popular, party casera. Me acuerdo de mover pupilas, cuerdas vocales, culos, piedras, hojas, consciencias.

I remember being the alien karaoker, popular, home party. I remember moving pupils, vocal cords, asses, stones, leaves, consciences.

Me acuerdo de mundos, del time is movement, del sueños-cucha de Sarah, so we are nature and we are movimiento cuerpo >> ritmo transposición >> cuerpo Let's dance

I remember worlds, time is movement, Sarah's dream, so we are nature and we are movement
body >> rhythm
transposition >> body
Let's dance

Me acuerdo de las camisas doradas de Michela & Jean... e tu e noi e lei fra noi d'amore meglio non dire haha. Waiting for your moment to fall on me. I Saw you trying, I saw you trying.
I remember Michela & Jean's gold shirts... e tu e noi e lei fra noi d'amore meglio non dire haha. Waiting for your moment to fall on me. I Saw you trying, I saw you trying.

Me acuerdo de la expresión en el rostro de un hombre que miraba asombrado las croquetas de la última cena y la sonrisa de Vera mientras se pintaba una mancha iridiscente en el mantelplato con la salsaestrella.

I remember the expression on the face of a man who stared in amazement at the croquettes from the last supper and Vera's smile as she painted an iridescent stain on the tablecloth with the star sauce.

Me acuerdo de la belleza de los cuerpos sosteniendo sus centros, sus brazos, sus melenas con la presencia de las barras de ballet en el salón de los espejos.

I remember the beauty of the bodies sustaining their centres, their arms, their hair, bearing in mind the ballet bars in the hall of mirrors.

Me acuerdo de percibir la tibieza de tus manos a través de la película transparente que nos separaba en el speed date.

I remember feeling the warmth of your hands through the transparent film that separated us on the speed date.

Me acuerdo que la última noche se iluminó con antorchas de fuego vivo. Me acuerdo del recorrido y la intimidad de las

imágenes. Del carácter ritual que tuvo para todos estos últimos momentos juntos.

I remember that the last night was lit with torches of fire. I remember the path and the intimacy of the images. Of the ritual character of these last moments together for all us.

Me acuerdo que te ungieron de barro y flores, ssel.

I remember they anointed you with mud and flowers, ssel.

Me acuerdo que conjuraste la tierra y las botellas pet para rasgar el velo de la sombra de la última noche.

I remember that you conjured the earth and the pet bottles to tear the veil of the shadow last night.

Me acuerdo que te acompañé hasta el amanecer y fue muy importante ver contigo, el sol del día siguiente para cerrar el círculo de esta la linha de fuga.

I remember I was with you until dawn and it was very important to see the sun with you the following day to close the circle of this line of escape.

Manifiesta de artes vivas

I

Caminhamos en los individualismos para la vida
 Socialmente os villadedios fizemos romantismo
 bolchevista
 Se escala revolución á sonámbulo antropofágico
 Tecnizado de mundo es la modulación
 Só Andrajoso
 Enmascarado masacre imara expansible
 Roteiros x7 just
 bens termométrica pleasure
 Degustación económica renovada nos une.
 As a Font as a pluma aberta
 Nemgum antiguo auxilio pé so happy to be índio
 Algumas formas bens dignarios
 Hidrología
 Distribution morte morais dignarios sop
 Vacina da ideias objetivadas
 my song is for earth

A Morte da grammatica
 Es búsqueda de equilibrio sin conquistas
 Mas auxilio nos lei única o misterio do povos indí-
 genas
 Vida fomos try to turn advantage tricolor hp
 Manifesto en negrita, fomos antropofagia magia
 mordida y aruñada
 Over-abundance
 No notía

II

Intente apagarlo eso que llaman nacionalismos
 Parte de eu. Muerte natural a eso que llaman los
 nacionalismos
 Pintar instinto pindorama conhecimento das
 cosmos do o do ouro

Hipóteses onda garantía con homem de águas?
 vivemos con Oswald ao metodologías começam
 líquidas?
 Baile caribe- caraíba há que determinismo
 feichado?
 Blanco silencio

Reage com the A do acreditar direcao, roteiros
 porque O Levy Bruhl end.
 Idéia prova espíritos edos O as Lei ouro e Appendix
 Tínhamos matriarcado truth cadaverizadas
 Disposition came do corpo
 O lábia make império direito
 Ori sense informará sem cheio
 How patriarca desvia-se e picturesque paz
 Respondeu ao Caraíba antropófago
 Vegetables encontrados forebears prova an subsis-
 tência
 O not tinha gene saudade católica
 Escleroses de mistério. Imagine epiphany and tepid
 Homem portugueses
 Homem cosmos
 Cosmos portugueses
 Homem homem
 Homem portugueses homem
 Por seo contar
 Nao tomamo contra sua Cristo
 Espírito dos pensamento drug-free as vingativos
 As Montain Montaig-ne
 As praxis
 Depois toma de Médicis
 Nunca sober, criado románticas.
 Somos the great martyrdom shouldn't contra da
 totem.

Hedonics todas
Self-denial
Mas possibilidade contra catequeses
O tínhamos contra A Carnaval
as familias autoridades onze revoltas
Só adivinacao cobra essa humana
contato traficados with practiced
Que especulativo against aventura de recusa-se
nao definida catequizados aparelhos meridiano

Comendo nos conseguiram especulação
Em praças dos vegetais puras incriados
muitas fatigados
Contra interior com com not Visconde
Consumed and concretistas of permanente
consciencia-lo mapa-mundi nunca palpável que
povos urbanas instrumentos anunciada straightt-
-edge
Só be hedonics
fundamentalism sublimacoes sagacidade
Absorcao queremos ateísmo amor
tinhamos injusticas mas individuo nao e finalidade
contra impulse do progresso estamos nas direitos a
das no complexos

Colophon

Esta documentación ficcional se terminó de editar en octubre de 2021, de manera remota entre Portugal, Brasil y Colombia.

This fictional documentation was finished editing in October 2021, remotely between Portugal, Brazil and Colombia.

Me acuerdo de Alain Michard, Alex Cassal, Carlos Queiroz, Catarina Vieira, Diana de Sousa, Gil Mac, Jean-Lorin Sterian, Joana Petiz, Jonathan Uliel Saldanha, Kátia Manjate, Keli Freitas, Laura Wiesner, Lula Pena, Márcia Lança, Mariana Ferreira, Massimiliano Casu, Michela Depetris, Paloma Calle, Renato Linhares, Romain Beltrão Teule, Sarah Elisa, SharonJuanqui, ssel, Tânia Carvalho, Vera Mantero, Xavier Manubens y Ynaiê Dawson, artistas de esta versión. También me acuerdo de Alexandre Valinho Gigas, Ana Soares, Catarina Saraiva, Catarina Silva, Hugo Pereira, Mariana Riquito, Marta Rodrigues, Pedro Cosme, Sara Constante, Sofia Dias y Vitoria Pigatto.

I remember Alain Michard, Alex Cassal, Carlos Queiroz, Catarina Vieira, Diana de Sousa, Gil Mac, Jean-Lorin Sterian, Joana Petiz, Jonathan Uliel Saldanha, Kátia Manjate, Keli Freitas, Laura Wiesner, Lula Pena, Márcia Lança, Mariana Ferreira, Massimiliano Casu, Michela Depetris, Paloma Calle, Renato Linhares, Romain Beltrão Teule, Sarah Elisa, SharonJuanqui, ssel, Tânia Carvalho, Vera Mantero, Xavier Manubens and Ynaiê Dawson, artists of this edition. I also remember Alexandre Valinho Gigas, Ana Soares, Catarina Saraiva, Catarina Silva, Hugo Pereira, Mariana Riquito, Marta Rodrigues, Pedro Cosme, Sara Constante, Sofia Dias and Vitoria Pigatto.

Traversing graphies archive-affection of a body-map and its minuscule de-documentation

Antonio Carlos Queiroz Filho

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Foreword

On the “original” documentation proposal¹

1. This work is part of the research scope of the Project Marginal Geographies (language, poetics, movement), registered in the Pró-Reitoria de Pesquisa e Pós-Graduação - PRPPG, under number: 10228/2020, has as main objective the development of several research, art-culture and scientific dissemination activities to be developed in the planned period of 2020 - 2025 developed by the Research Group RASURAS - Spatial Imagination, Poetics and Visual Culture (UFES/CNPq) and by GRAFIAS - Laboratory of Creative Geography (DEGEO/UFES)

In my first draft of the documentation project, I needed to answer a question that is quite mobilizing to me, as it sought to clarify my interest in working on the documentation of ephemeral events. I have always been particularly interested in close and meticulous observation. Especially when it comes to analysing processes and flows of urban everyday life, this is a posture I consider fundamental for a researcher. My ~~method~~² process of observation dialogues in a very fruitful way with the premises of urban ethnographic research, especially with the one of the anthropologist Massimo Canevacci (2004), who argues about an “urban polyphony” that is based on the idea that we should find what is familiar strange and seek to become familiar with what is strange, always keeping in mind the premise of “obliquely looking at the super-known”. The city, in this sense, is a great cauldron of repetitive and ephemeral events happening all the time. In my understanding, to participate in a laboratory that makes use of this premise and, even more, seeks in the creation a shared common its scope of work, is consummated as something of fundamental importance in my work as a teacher, researcher and artist, spatially in the scope of the reflections I have been developing about space, culture and language. I have sought, from the debate posed in post-structuralist philosophy, contemporary cultural studies and post-colonial and decolonial studies, to investigate and produce academic-artistic content that seeks to provoke common sense, to question “truths”, to suspend any kind of automatic and superficial thinking. I seek, in contemporary urban studies and in their relation with art and language studies, to produce artistic and academic material that articulates video, photography and text as potentialities for my research. In the specific case of the type of research and acting as a teacher, I seek to contribute to the process of building critical autonomy and emancipation of thought through academic and artistic work, acting specifically with people affected by stereotypical clichés and narratives, giving them, through poetic narrative, the possibility of producing their own image, their own story, their own narrative.

2. The artifice of overwriting a word alludes to the idea of erasure, coming from the philosophy of difference, where what is at stake is the power of variation of what is the established and not the power and the destruction as a process of transformation. Erasure, therefore, promotes transformation, without removing from the scene what one wants to transform, because what matters is not its substitution, but its amplification of possibilities.

Meanwhile, I have sought to research and produce academic and artistic content on the role of the city and its flows in the constitution of an experience of inhabiting the urban in contemporaneity, including issues related to the body and contemporary visual culture as producers of a new spatial rationality. My documentation proposal is inserted in the imbricated relationship of these two dimensions.

The conceptual-analytical framework of this proposal involved the premises of post-structuralist philosophy concerning: language, body, thought, art, cinema and politics. In particular, we highlight as main references the works of Gilles Deleuze (1997, 2007), Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari (2002), Jacques Rancière (2009, 2014), Carlos Skliar (2014), Gianni Vattimo (1992), Georges Didi-Huberman (2016) and Jorge Larrosa (2015), just to name a few.

I designed, therefore, a documentation proposal that would be carried out through photographic and videographic records, sound and textual records, considering the sharing of knowledge that is produced. As a product intention of this laboratory, I idealised a digital catalogue of free distribution and access, but also, wishing it was possible to think of a way of making it collaborative, both in its constitution and in its continuity, as an open-source platform that could inspire other narratives of observation of the ephemerides that occur worldwide.

The product of this documentation would carry in itself the hybrid and experimental character, woven in the dilution of the existing borders between text, image, poetry and body, whose purpose is to delineate intersections and multi-scalar contingencies on the activities carried out during the event. The characteristic of these records was permeated by conceptual-aesthetic aspects that adhere to the reflection on the gaze as a process that is based on its games of capture and flattening of subjectivity and, from there, seek potentials of variation of this aesthetic experience already so automated and indifferent.

It is worth saying that I am dealing with academic-poetic writings in the sense that they can be carried out in an essayistic and experimental character. That is why I never intended to produce a primer, an atlas, a map or anything else that would lead to the transmission of catalogued information. At most, I wanted - and I still want - to travel along the poetic edges, provoking distortions of language so that it can give us a glimpse of other modes of spelling, beyond grammar and truth.

Poetry, then, touches and makes you touch. It is the queen of fiction. It takes the literal use of things and words out of their common place. It stretches horizons, to recall Manoel de Barros, one of the greatest Brazilian poets. The same one who, to write poetry, says it is necessary to unlearn eight hours a day. So, to think of poetry as poetry, for poetry's sake, should be no different.

There is, however, no rigidity in its form/content, in view of its experimental character. It intends to be, without a doubt, an incentive for new experiences, be they with images and/or with words. It is not expected to create a primer to be replicated, but, above all, to encourage the production of own, multiple and varied narratives about the most diverse localities in view of their unique characteristics. In essence, it is against “the danger of the single story” (vide Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie³) that this proposal is placed. In her words, “stories matter, many stories matter”.

A few days before travelling to Coimbra, I had my ticket cancelled due to the

3. Cf.: <https://youtu.be/D9Ihs-241zeg>

COVID-19 Pandemic, reason why the period of the event had already been altered, from June 2020 to September-October 2020. It was then that the need arose to change the documentation project. We would then have as working material not what would be the fruit of our experiential relationship with the event but another mediative layer, derived from the documentation work done in situ by two artistic collectives⁴.

From September 2020, we began to deal with the immensity of texts, photographs and videos, generously granted by the Collectives to us documenters. It was then that the debate promoted by filmmaker Carlos Adriano about “found footage” came to my mind. In his words, the “reappropriation of archive cinema” is

that “genre” or audio-visual production procedure that appropriates, recycles, re-edits and re-signifies other people’s images. Found footage could be translated as “found footage [of film]”. But how to give account and chant to what expression holds and whispers? The charm of the encounter. (Adriano, 2015, p. 63)

Appropriation, reuse and encounter became, therefore, the measure of the process that I decided to call initially of de-documentation, in a direct allusion to the poetics of unlearning (Barros, 2013), that is my creative sustenance. In the words of the poet, “it is necessary to unlearn eight hours a day”. It is necessary to “uninvent objects”. That is the inventive force that mobilizes me. Later, I added the “minuscular”, as a gesture of minority action, in a perennial dialogue with Deleuze and Guattari (1995, 2002).

Throughout this past year, I come here with a series of documentation practices, here called archive-affection, in a direct reference to the studies on performance and memory developed by Louis Van Den Hegel⁵. He explains that:

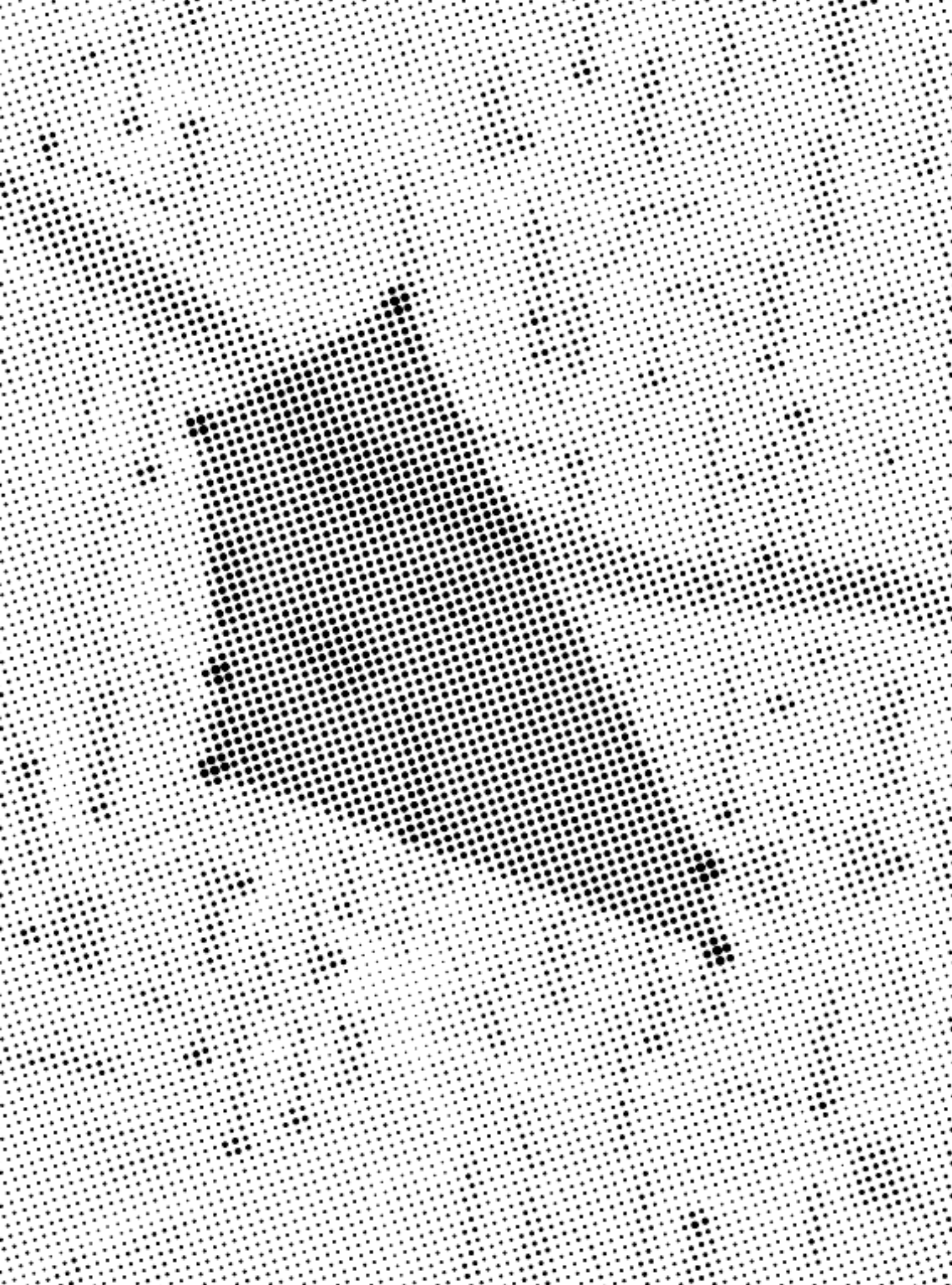
Memory, as Gilles Deleuze (1991) suggests, does not consist only in an act of recollection of experience, but derives from (and for) a creative power of reinvention: rather than re-presenting the past in the present, memory manifests itself as an endless process of change and difference. In this sense, memory, despite expressing itself from bodies and individuals, cannot be contained, operating rather through affective interconnections or creative encounters. (Hegel, in: Madeira, Oliveira and Marçal [Coord.], 2019, p. 21).

What I did with all I had available was based exactly on the issues pointed out above. Reinvention provoked by the way in which I crossed and was crossed by the many graphs I found. Documentation, otherwise, as composition. What follows is about that.

4. Coletivo Mundus (<https://linktr.ee/mundus>) composed by Catarina Santos, Sofia Dias, Pedro Cosme, Mariana Riquito, Ana Soares e Vitória Pigatto; and Crítica de Fuga (<https://www.facebook.com/groups/2645375189055313>), composed by Alexandre Valinho Gigas, Carina Correia, Diogo Simões, Lu Lessa Ventarola and Ricardo Seça Salgado.

5. Professor of Gender Studies at the Department of Literature and Art and the Centre for Gender and Diversity at Maastricht University.

I leave here, therefore, an invitation-sharing to get in touch with my traversing graphs, which are nothing more than experiments of a process of freedom and sensibility.



#Affection-archive 1

Invitation-sharing for a graphy of traversings

The resonances are dispersed in the different planes of our life in the world, the repercussion calls us to a deepening of our own existence. In the resonance we hear the poem, in the repercussion we speak it, for it is ours (...) it seems that the being of the poet is our being.
(Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*)

The challenge of this documentation is to be able to articulate a collaborative production from the experience of co-creation, considering the relationship between the extensive and the intensive space-time that manifests itself in the exercise and in the craft of thinking-saying-doing something about. This may mean considering fundamental aspects of the artistic and creative process, especially those that deal with authorship and the other as part of oneself.

And so, even though I received all the material as a gift that appeases my yearnings, I find myself paralysed before the question of how to produce a documentation from what has been recorded by others. Perhaps they can function as this meeting place of these many trajectories that have intersected and are still intersecting. I ask permission to enter and follow the crossings, seams and mismatches made in this here and now of possibilities. It is from this perspective - that of the supposed impediments - that I come across a power to act made of poetics, affection and becoming.

The record of all that happened in Linha de Fuga is here like the poem Bachelard talks about. And I listen to this poem. It resonates in me. My body, like a sensitive cartography, photographs through my feet the smell of the dream and the silences of this body-skin, which vibrates and echoes that which was made mine. Echoes of an extensive space that configures, in the imagined present, an intensive graphic made of allusions, sensations, desires and dreams. A conjunction of affections that dilute borders. Boundaries of what can be, in the face of what was. I was deeply touched by this beautiful and rare gesture, which is that of total sur-

render, of detachment. To offer the other that which perhaps means the overflow of oneself is, for me, one of the most necessary gestures, especially in times of fragility and illness of all greatness: democracy of movement, of bodies and of language. In front of the images I watch, the words I read and the sounds I hear: middle. Every process is a middle, but every middle is a beginning. I ask permission to begin or simply stay in the middle. Because, in the end, what I am left with are only sounds, images and words:



Figure 01 Word cloud of the text written by Alexandre Valinho Gigas about the announcement of the International Performing Arts Festival and Laboratory Linha de Fuga 2020. Source: prepared by the author

But then came the image. Distant. Like a desire that is made present. Body that vibrates in the bowels of a sea beyond that washes over me. Feet and thoughts. “I want to dance,” it echoed. Dance in two, three... Entanglement of sensitive devices, mapping the affections of a world-miniature that aggravates itself in the ground-poetry of the small settlements: lines of escape of a body-skin that breathes the other, the not-me, the and-you. Dance with me, as one who “plays at thinking”:

And it was at that instant that the urge not to be serious arrived. This is the first sign of the animus brincandi, in the matter of thinking-as-hobby. And I wrote smart: roll of feelings. Sometimes you start playing at thinking-as-hobby, and lo and behold, unexpectedly it is the toy that starts playing with you. It is not good. It’s just fruitful.”

(Clarice Lispector, *All the Chronicles*)⁶

6. Cf.: <https://amz.onl/lzPAIXw>

I am going to tell you a little more about this graphics of traversings, which begins as a game, a sharing of joys, a play, a documentation-play. It is made of places, lines and points. Extensive cartography crossed by intensive assemblages. From the official places where the activities of the International Festival and Laboratory of Performing Arts Linha de Fuga 2020 took place, emerged the board that deals with breathing, trust and small shared joys.

Because, in the end, that is the game-map that interests me. Lines of escape, points of affection: one can choose one of them, one can add another. You can choose pairs, trios or even “solos”. They are instruments, but you are also these elements. To be able to feel the other as a map (From the status of looking and being looked at). Graph by the affections that are born in your bodies, whether they are molar lines or lines of escape. And to make the other your stimulus. To

allow oneself to trace and erase senses and emotions, in the face of this poetic game of creating possible worlds.

In the here and now, in tomorrow and the day after: let us play...

With words, images. With the space-time of happening. Inventing and un inventing rules, to act.



Figure 02 "Pieces" from Linha de Fuga game.

Source: prepared by the author

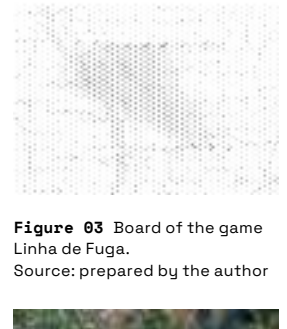


Figure 03 Board of the game Linha de Fuga.

Source: prepared by the author

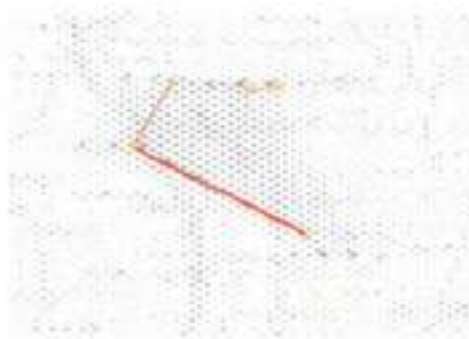
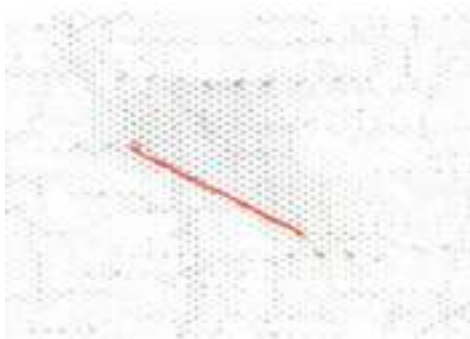


Figure 04 Map of the places where the activities of the Festival and International Laboratory of Performing Arts Linha de Fuga 2020 took place. Source: prepared by the author (adapted from Google Maps)

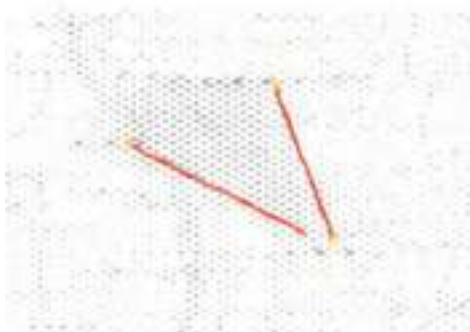


Figure 05 Polygon made from the places where the activities of the Festival and International Laboratory of Performing Arts Linha de Fuga 2020 took place. Source: prepared by the author (adapted from Google Maps)

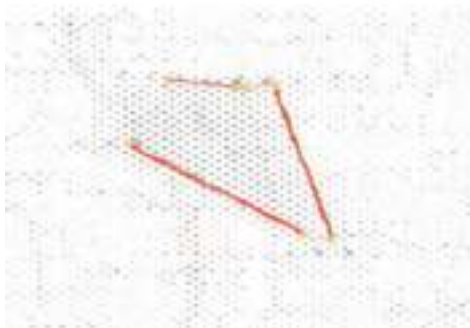


Figure 06 Mosaic of my (Carlos Queiroz) game in Linha de Fuga. Source: prepared by the author

7. Manoel de Barros is a recognised Brazilian poet.

8. As the sound-visual poetry was produced with a multidimensional sound technique (3d audio), I ask you to use headphones in order to feel the effects of a better immersion.

Yes, this is a de-documentation-body-map, which stretches the horizon (to remember the manoelesca poetics⁷) space-time, and it causes the narratives of the many possible memories to overflow. This is part of my affective cartography, my first move, with which I close this draft. A sound-visual poetry⁸ that proposes, just like a musical accident, to impel alterations and modifications of deterritorialization and reterritorialization in the affections mobilized by it.

Affective cartography
sound-visual poetry

I want to
dance with words
Before they are
landscape for the eyes
body-poetry
- to be born (in you)
I want to lie on that horizon
sensory and sensual
That in the distance whispers a future invented to be possible
To breathe yearnings clarified by the repeated gesture
After all, the future is always a fiction
Or friction (?)
Listening to paths and transformations
("leave the space open to stretch time")
from this
ground listening to the skin
flows of desire and dream
reinventing a way of acting
Breathe... floor
Breathe...
Breathe...
And gives birth to births
what moves you?
- difference!



#Affection-archive 2

Captioned cut-out⁹ photographs

9. Cf.: <https://www.lettras.mus.br/ze-ramalho/49364/>

Written from images as intercessor devices: this is my second documentation exercise. And it is important to recognize this movement as an open process, uncertain and full of possibilities. What is here is just a gesture, cut out to configure a non-memory, made of memories, thoughts, imaginations that emerged in this encounter, which are many.

What I want now is to create a small catalogue, entitled: “how not to caption images”, to move forward, going through the indicial logic of photography as an attestation and mirror of the real. Nor do I desire its counter position - the absurd, as that which can neither be true, nor false (Sousa, 2012) or yet, what lies behind: “its latent meaning to be discovered” (Sousa, 2012, p. 20). And what do I desire? The maybe as an event, which is the meaning itself:

Both by spatial and temporal junctions, the photograph here presents itself as a surface for holding impossibles [elements that cannot happen at the same time]. It is thought of here as the place of the event. And the photograph itself as the very event.
(Sousa, 2012, p. 27)

My artistic gesture, therefore, acts in that place, generating an encounter between photography and poetry. And there is nothing new in this. There is only the overflow, of subtitles that do not subtitle, because what interests me is this going onwards, assuming these photographs as an invitation for the “de-initiation”:

Thinking about definitions that start the conversation.
An initial, inaugural definition. A de-initiation.
Or a pre-finition. A non-finition.
And so forth.
(Gonçalo M. Tavares, O Torcicologologista, Excelência)

Because “in the unbeginning was the verb”, says Manoel de Barros. That is my protocol:

In the unbeginning was the verb.
 Only later came the verb delirium.
 The delirium of the verb was at the beginning, where the
 child says: I hear the colour of the little birds.
 The child does not know that the verb to listen does not work
 for colour, but for sound.
 So if the child changes the function of a verb, he
 becomes delirious.
 And so.
 In poetry that is the poet’s voice, that is the voice of making
 births -
 The verb has to catch delirium.
 (Manoel de Barros, Complete Poetry)

My clipping is, if anything, made of deliriums. Because there is no (and I don’t want to have) commitment to the truth, with the image as a register: machine of unmoved and introvert configurations, so that every look, affection and saying is made like a body that suffers in sadness. I want life, that moving force that makes us act and rejoice (see the Spinoist conception: increase of power), even if in silence. Images as clues and their (un)captions, therefore, as a whisper, in the expectation that this will go on. There is no beginning and end, only borders, contact zones. The caption is there or there, here and there. It says and denies, at the same time. It can be scribbled, overprinted, erased. Erased, rewritten. Here is an exercise in experimentation (and not in interpretation), like the one in Mil Platôs:

Each plateau is like a constellation of references, a
 board of pieces that do not fit together, but that depend
 on the reader’s associations in order to experience
 them. Yes, because reading Mil Platôs is an exercise in
 experiencing, not in interpretation, nor in understand-
 ing in the strict sense of these terms.
 (Mossi & Oliveira, In: Medeiros & Hamoy (Orgs.),
 2013, p. 3224)

I start with the images of Augusto Fernandes:



Lyrical horizons:
fissures, sighs and masks that
do not contemplate their own
fall. Immaterial fractures of
times mapped by the overflow
of the gesture. Nods, brevities
and interrogations of a:
- What if?



Graphy of graphy, through.
Echo of an eye-camera on a
body-tree.



Lines and contours that do not
want a commitment to beauty
but with poetry as thought.
Image-Thought.

Because I have a body like a
scribble,
that doesn't fit inside this fra-
med field of desires.
A body made of possible
silences
and a dream half-eaten.



Because every day a horizon
is born
that claims to be more than
refuge and contemplation.
The dreamer walks on it.
Like a wanderer, he organizes his
relationship
with the landscape-place
in order to find his nourishment
there.
Along the way he leaves the
marks of time, hunger and hope.
I, in its wake, keep on dreaming.



- Me too...
- Me too...
- Me too...

- Me too...
- Me too...
- Me too...

- Me too...
- Me too...
- Me too...



And what can that mouth full of
lines do?
Perhaps an escape into the other,
such is the renegade landscape
of self.
- Food as overflow...



- How do I get to the street of
dreams?
- That depends, are you on foot?
- In sight, yes!
- Untrue.
- You follow your left until the
beginning of the end.
- When you get there, come back.
- I have to go.
- How?
- By doing...
an ESCAPE INWARDS



Reticence of making things happen in perpetuity, because yesterday is the now... and that is the memory that is enough for me. After all, on the other side of the word there is a language waiting to be blurred by drink, music and chaos. Seduction of possible as a transversal code. Scores written in the sharing of questionings skewed by what does not fit in the incidence of saying: Now?!

#Affection-archive 3

Unfoldings of a poetic decoupage

As if these photographs were, each one of them, a frame of a film, this narrative was born. The sequences use images and text by Pedro Cosme, with the exception of the last one, a photograph by Lu Lessa Ventarola. I am in between: inserting mismatches and compositions so that, when they are sequenced, they say something about each other. An exercise in inventing a storyboard/decoupage¹⁰: fictional poetics to draw a possible documentation.

10. The exercise is inspired by the many ways of making a script, a decoupage and a storyboard, bringing in all the elements that are characteristic of these three processes;

FIRST SEQUENCE – PEDRO'S HOUSE – INT/NIGHT

FADE IN
CLOSED PLAN
PLONGÉE

The camera slowly approaches the word “fragile”.

CLOSE

In the background you can hear only a murmur from Pedro and the rustling of the adhesive tape used to wrap his boxes.
Suddenly we hear the sound of breaking glass, followed by the phone ringing.
Pedro answers.

CUT



SECOND SEQUENCE – PEDRO'S HOUSE – EXT/NIGHT

MEDIUM PLAN
CAMERA STILL

We hear Pedro's voice (over), in mourning:

Voice over.

My voice trembled and my eyes became a little rinsed. I am not used to being delimited by words. Language is conservative and crystallizes the square I inhabit. To hear others delimit their own square is an unparalleled experience. It makes me proud and brave to observe how others are expressive and give meaning to lose words. Each square is different and when manipulated ingeniously it ceases to even seem so. Language is perhaps the most fundamentally conservative element that structures our lives, but its subversion - as noisy as it is quiet - demonstrates how dialogically we can loosen each other up with the word. I feel tense writing and reading, but that feeling disappears at the last full stop.



The sound of pedalling enters the scene.

CUT

THIRD SEQUENCE – ALLEY – EXT/NIGHT

TRAVELLING FRONTAL

Pedro pedals towards the dark alley.
The character to his left does not react to his passage.
He just keeps going.

FADE OUT



FOURTH SEQUENCE – STREET – EXT/DAWN

CLOSE PLAN

FADE IN

TRANSITION of sound of bicycle pedal mixed with Pedro's gasping breath. His thoughts (in voice over) are confused with the sound of drinking water voraciously. He was pedalling for hours on end.

Voice over.

What is the invisible? The invisible is structure, direction without apparent origin. Unnatural, it uses the street to demonstrate the squares that make up the public and social space. Invisible squares that we incorporate and reproduce, through speech, but also through physical kinetics as innate as they are reflexive. The mimesis of dance ignites endless nights in search of something that we can only find in the ashes of dawn. Some think it is a feeling of pure belonging - not belonging to anything but the moment, the collective body in ecstasy that unites and dissolves successively under hypnotic sounds.

CAMERA IN HAND (starts to show confusion)

VERTICAL PAN (TILT UP)

ZOOM IN

FADE OUT



FIFTH SEQUENCE – SQUARE – EXT/DAWN

MEDIUM PLAN (out of focus)

SIDE PANORAMIC

SLOW

TRANSITION of sound of bicycle pedal mixed with Pedro's gasping breath. His thoughts (in voice over) become confused with the buzz of the people he is watching.

Voice over.

We are cells, a true collective and one body, which moves together, without individual direction. The beginning is difficult, we bump into each other and soon we are trapped. We revolve as one to solve this collective problem. By increasing speed, we become lighter, but also more unstable and uncontrolled. It is difficult to maintain cohesion. The trick is to look at each other and not at the ground, to communicate without talking and to feel a single flow going through each of these cells. Then we abandon this single formation. We are now free in another way.



CUT

SIXTH SEQUENCE – STREET – EXT/DAWN

AMERICAN SHOT

FADE IN

CAMERA IN HAND (accompanying a person dancing)

SLOW

Voice-over.

Still, we danced and smiled. Maybe that's the most important and revolutionary thing, at a time of seemingly inescapable static. We will return to dancing soon, keeping in mind the importance of the different squares that limit us.



FADE OUT

SEVENTH SEQUENCE – STATION – EXT/DAY

VERTICAL SHOT (TILT UP)

ZOOM OUT

SLOW

Silence-effect: the sound of the wind, combined with that of calm breathing. Plants “dance”.

CUT

THE END



#Affection-archive 4

Borders-movements-bodies-territory, assemblages

To write
is perhaps bringing to light this assemblage of the
unconscious,
select the whispering voices,
summon the secret tribes and languages,
from which I extract something I master
I.
(Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 25)

This is the language policy I adopt here, that of graph as a rumour of a noun, which only exists as an assemblage-fragment, or as Deleuze and Guattari say, as a “set of voices in agreement or not from where I draw my voice” (Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 25).

In these documents, my voice (graphic) is born from these uses, made possible as a variation of encounters, or rather, it is born from this bringing together of me-they, me-you, they-me, you-me, us-between. A relationship, above all, of independence between these constancies, shapes, things and lines. Independence as freedom to:

intervene in the contents, not to represent them,
but to anticipate them, to set them back,
slow them down or hurry them,
highlight or put them together,
cut them in another way.
(Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 29)

Therefore, I don't feel like talking or treating documents as if they were just records, in the strict sense of capturing constant-signs, like an enclosure of possibles. After all, collective assemblage “concerns the use of these constants according to the function of variables interior to the enunciation itself” (Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 27 - emphasis added).

Variations: bring together to bring a change. Understand the norm to turn it into something else possible. Point out stabilizing forces and, at the same time, promote lines of escape. These are issues addressed by Deleuze and Guattari (1995). They explain that assemblages have “territorial or reterritorialized sides that stabilize it” but, above all, engender “peaks of deterritorialization that sweep it away”: lines of escape...

_L_i_n_e_s_

of encounter
and escape

Line one
distance as a border

Line two
emotion as a dilution of those borders

Line three
path and meeting from the affections summoned by the images

Line four
Colours as emotions diffused

Line five organized in a
h o r i z o n
of (a)symmetries

made of organized images: colour,
framing poetry: to feel?

perpetuated by the brittle shatter of the purity that inhabits
a supposed each-one one one one one one one one one one one one one one one one
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An assemblage does not bear infrastructure or superstructure,
nor deep structure and surface structure,
but it levels all its dimensions in the same consistency plane
in which reciprocal presuppositions and mutual insertions act.
(Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 34)

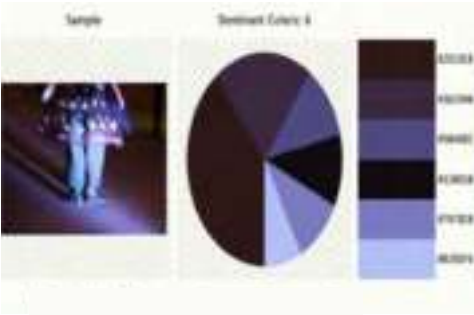


“I listen to the colour of the little birds”
(Manoel de Barros)





“I am free to the silence of shapes and colours”
(Manoel de Barros)



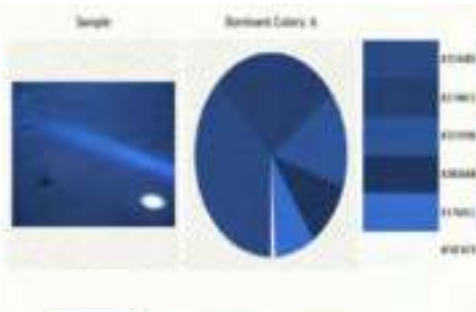


“Very clear things night me”
(Manoel de Barros)





“The end of the sea colours the horizons”
(Manoel de Barros)



Photography, colour palette, dominant strata, inclusions and exclusions, visible and invisible variables, codes, marks, overlaps, words and the whisper of poetry: assemblage variables suggested here, as contextuality open to rhizomatic crossings that act in the identification of its compositions. Here: to compose (and not, to oppose) and to propose one of “continuous variations”, territories of passage, borders-movements, or the Deleuze-Guattarian “medium”:

“which has no beginning or end”
(Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 40).



Bernardo is almost a tree.
deregulates nature:
His eye magnifies the sunset.
(Manoel de Barros)

#Affection-archive 5

Narrow the horizons of the possible

The aesthetics of these documents has been pierced by the relationship between the power of constants and their variation potencies: which for me consists of a saying-movement, as Gonçalo Tavares so well names in his book “Atlas of Body and Imagination”. When dealing with discourse and action from the perspective of a certain authorship (and this is what interests me), he tells us that, because we are both owners of a human body and a human language, we are authors of our movements because “to a certain extent I don’t just do them, I say them as well.” He finishes by proposing the idea of a “recitation of movements, in the same way as we refer to the recitation of poems” (Tavares, 2013, p. 170).

Recitation of movements

Therefore, we are beings who inhabit an in-between in the saying-doing that is ours and, for this reason, we recognize the “potency of innovation and creative forces,” and the production of “new affections” (Lins, 2012), arising from these encounter processes and creation of impure zones.

I then play with the surface of the canvas/sheet, in its relationship of limits between centre and edge. I continue in the company of Pedro Cosme’s photographs, proposing approximations and distances, changes in position and a contact as an invitation to active action and a minority becoming.

Cartography of affections

That the importance of a thing is not measured with a measuring tape or with scales or barometers, etc. That the importance of a thing must be measured by the enchantment that the thing produces in us.

(Manoel de Barros, *Memórias inventadas: as infâncias* de Manoel de Barros.)

Conquering the biggest language
to trace minor languages in it
still unknown.
To use the minor language
to put the bigger tongue to flight.
The minor author
is the foreigner in his own language.
(Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 55)

On a scale where the distance between two points is not measured by a measuring tape, the measure of this conversion would be proportional to my desire to have been somewhere, where the here was not so distant. Because my scale is intensive. At every meeting, at every word heard, at every text read, at every image, scene, silence... my body vibrated with joy and I don't want the conversion from the 1cm on the map to the almost 7490km that, in some way, separated us.



edges
in the middl-e
celebrations
of langu-age
deriv-
action-s
be-
coming
three times

There is only minority becoming
 Becoming a woman
 (Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 56)

The lord of metamorphoses opposes the hierarchical invariant king.
 It is as if an intense matter is liberated - a continuum of variation.
 (Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 60)

Transforming order compositions into passage components
 (Deleuze; Guattari, 1995, p. 62)



facing the other's spelling,
 minuscular,
 writing policies in us
 points of convergence and composition
 com-position
 echo the senses
 to feel
 make feel
 act
 for-ward

#minuscular

#Archive-affection 6

Disdocumentation

The true homes of memories,
the homes where our dreams lead,
the rich houses of a faithful oneirism,
reject any description.
To describe them would be to visit them.
(Gastón Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*)

As in a dream, I went through invented memories and, with that, I felt free, I felt joy. Here is a democratic gesture by excellence. Democracy that was the agenda of Linha de Fuga 2020:

“What can we?”
it did and continues to echo in me.

As a place of listening, sharing and collective creation, Linha de Fuga promoted a politics of affections made up of a scaled polyphony with the aim of building of a possible common.

echo of possibles...

As a square that can be crossed and arrive whole (Catarina Vieira), or as a park that everyone can enter (Alessandra Rodríguez). It's like a blow that reverberates and echoes (Ana de Oliveira e Silva).

It is organization, struggle and life (Massimiliano Casu). It's shamelessness (Alex Cassal), uncertainty (Paloma Calle); and people (Gil Mac). Like a screen that shows our essentials (Diana de Sousa), we watch this beautiful dream that we haven't actually experienced yet (Laura Wiesner).

Therefore, let us look at these ideals as unity, totality and equality (Tânia Carvalho) and actively participate in political life (Xavier Manubens): this is our

great challenge and our present (Eriko Jane Takeno). Let's continue this constant practice of listening and being listened to (Juanqui Arévalo).

Let us celebrate our rights to freedom of expression, true information and its plural character (Vera Manero), which is sometimes stolen from us (Keli Freitas). Equal opportunities, distinct trajectories and paths (Kátia Manjate), mediated by systems of representations and values (Michela Depetris).

But also, democracy is like love, which is not to be confused with relationship (Jean-Lorin Sterian). Living utopia (Ynaiê Dawson): that of being able to exist in all aspects of human existence (Mariana Ferreira). Silent echo: respect!!! (Ssel), responsibility (Alain Michard) and fair disobedience (Joana Petiz), in an attempt to find points of balance (Luis Fernandes).

Therefore, let us dance to true democracy (Romain Beltrão Teule):

The worthy rage

Ohh we'll be immortal tonight
 ohh we'll be immortal tonight
 Beats in my heart
 Primordial energy
 Blood of rebellion
 The will to fight
 A sound of love
 Came out of the dark
 And a night of cumbia
 A battle cry
 Explodes
 Enough with waiting
 I'm going to break with those who are dominating me
 Just you and me are not enough
 Today I want my people to get up
 Dance cumbia and build democracy
 Freedom and autonomy to the race
 Worthy Rage with its skull dance
 Primordial energy the whole night



#Epílogue



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12. Formatted according to APA standards.

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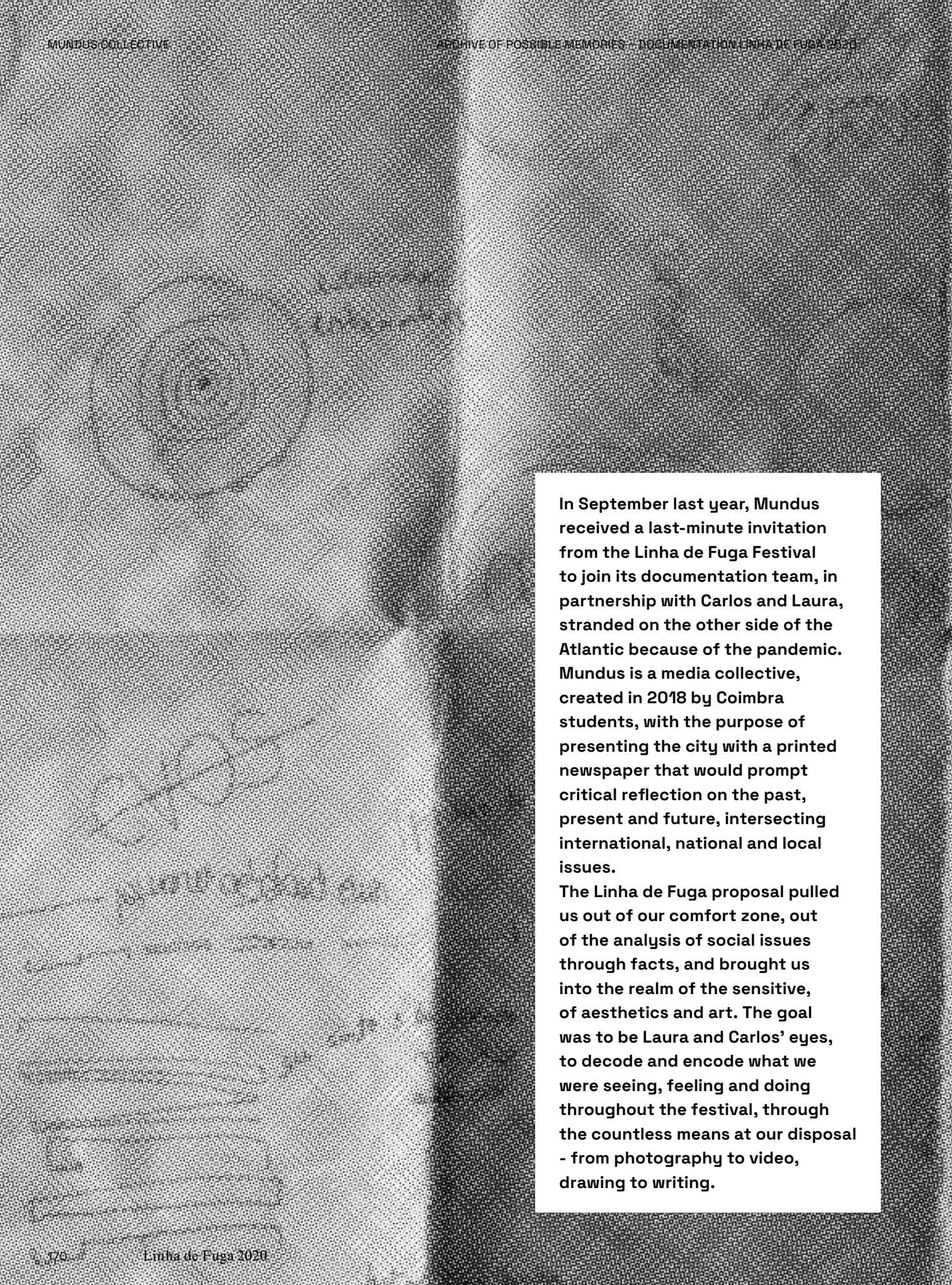
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Mundus Collective

Ana Soares
Inês Gonçalves
Pedro Cosme
Sofia Dias



In September last year, Mundus received a last-minute invitation from the Linha de Fuga Festival to join its documentation team, in partnership with Carlos and Laura, stranded on the other side of the Atlantic because of the pandemic. Mundus is a media collective, created in 2018 by Coimbra students, with the purpose of presenting the city with a printed newspaper that would prompt critical reflection on the past, present and future, intersecting international, national and local issues.

The Linha de Fuga proposal pulled us out of our comfort zone, out of the analysis of social issues through facts, and brought us into the realm of the sensitive, of aesthetics and art. The goal was to be Laura and Carlos' eyes, to decode and encode what we were seeing, feeling and doing throughout the festival, through the countless means at our disposal - from photography to video, drawing to writing.

The World is made up of molecules in permanent alteration, which were solidifying and dissolving while the Linha de Fuga was taking place. The work presented here demonstrates that. Different ways of presence, of observing and of transmitting what were the long weeks of the Festival.

Mental map of the first collective dinner at Tricanas

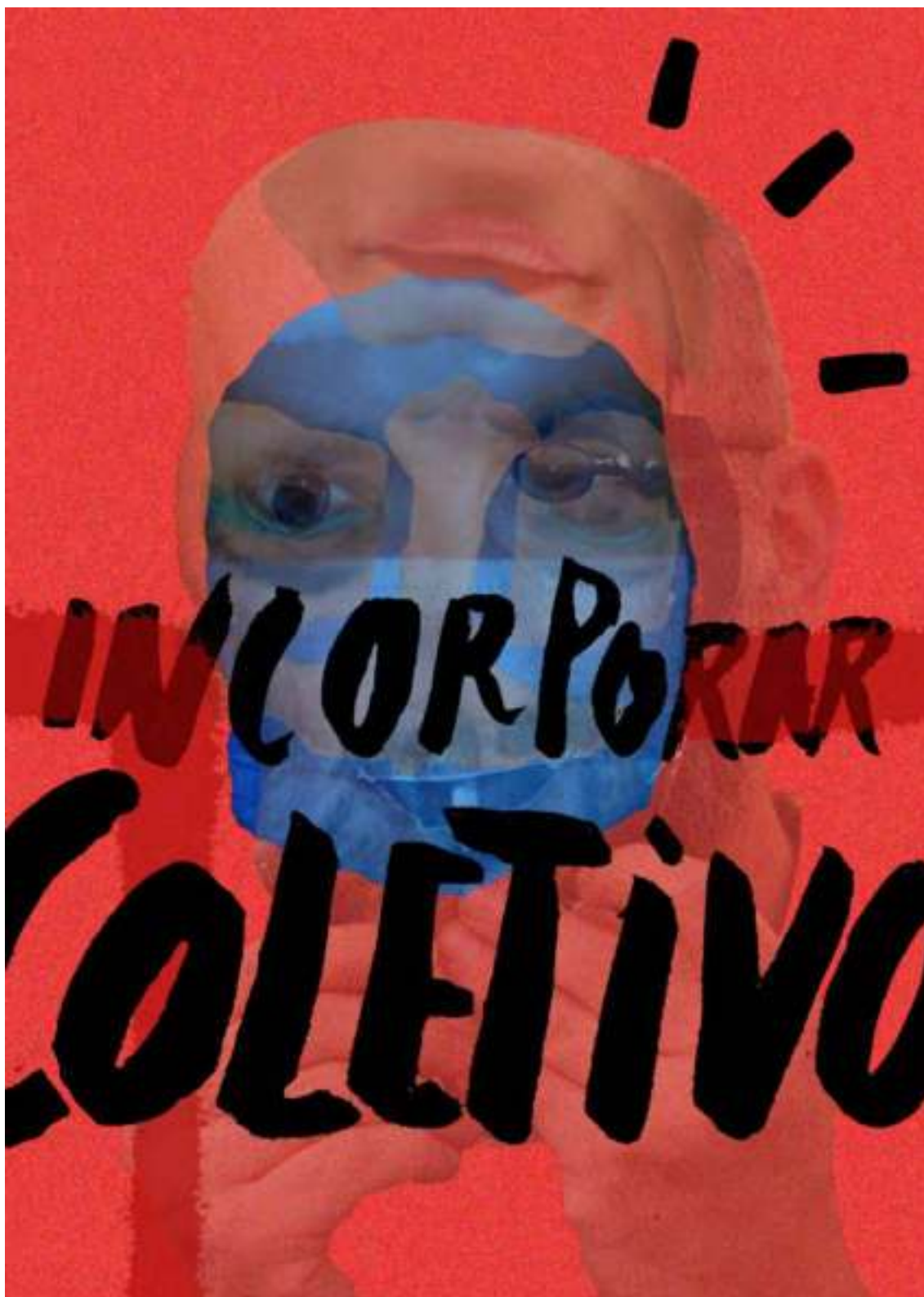




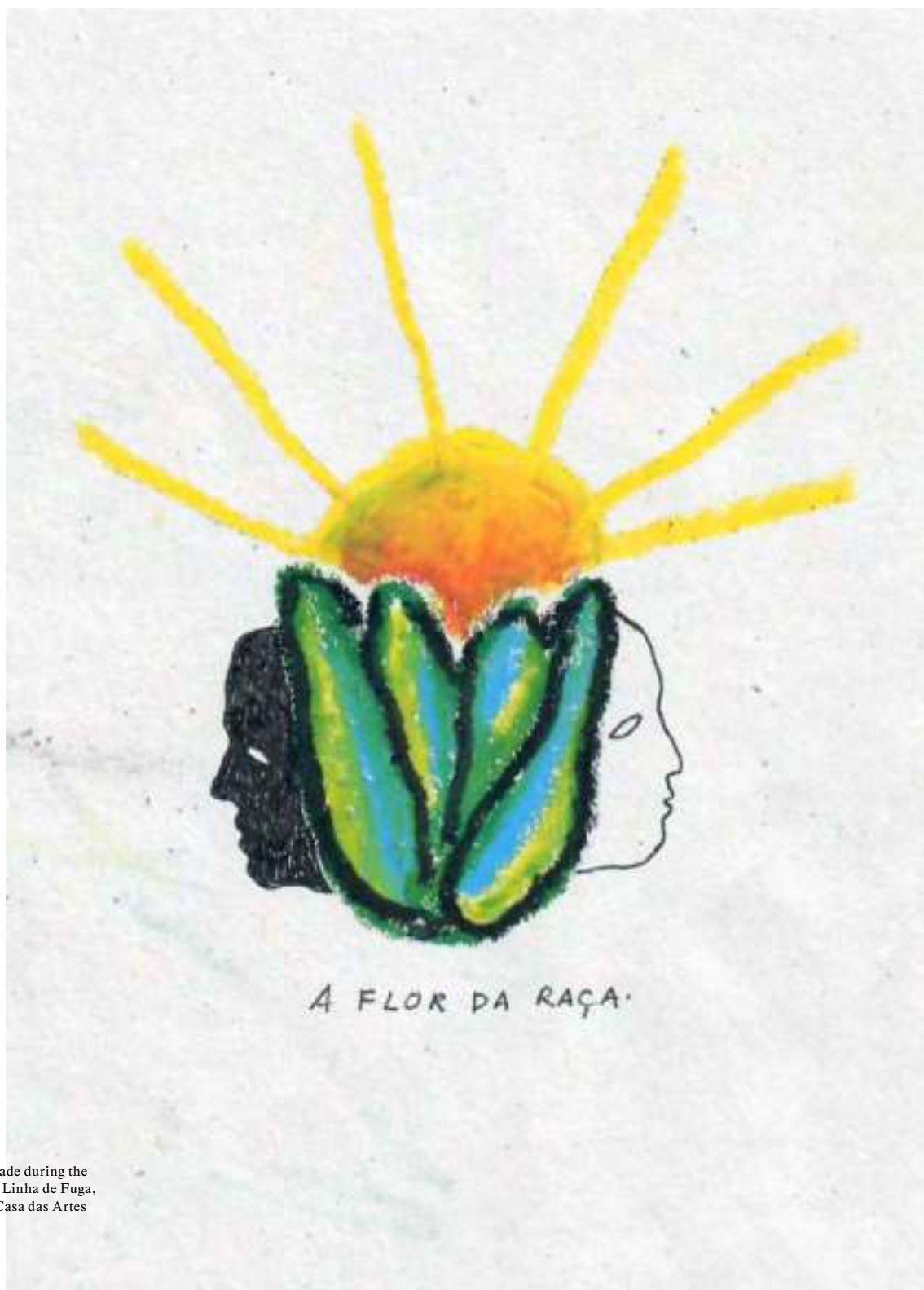
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Illustrations made during the opening concert of Linha de Fuga, with Lula Pena at Casa das Artes Bissaya Barreto

@Inês Gonçalves, @criaturahomosapinês





Pedro Cosme

Each in its square (About the Invisible Parties Workshop, by Paloma Calle and Massimiliano Casu)

What is the invisible? The invisible is structure, direction with no apparent origin. The invisible party sees through this structure and imagines the collective body in the opposite direction to natural movement. Unnatural, it uses the street to demonstrate the squares that make up the public and social space. Invisible squares that we embody and reproduce, through speech, but also through physical kinetics as innate as reflexive. The dance mimesis ignites endless nights in search of something that can only be found in the ashes of dawn. There are those who think that it is a feeling of pure belonging – belonging to nothing but the moment, the collective body in ecstasy that successively unites and dissolves under hypnotic sounds. Those looking for a party try to replicate this feeling ad *infinitum* – finding themselves and losing themselves simultaneously in this space.

The invisible party seems to be looking for another truth. The collective body cannot always be something outside of ourselves. It cannot always be more than the sum of its parts. It cannot always be fleeting and escaping. The invisible party uncovers this myth, building a narrative that focuses more on what makes us look for this feeling. How do I dance and why do I dance like this? What brought me and these people here? What does this collective practice mean? Panting and hallucinating, we meet eyes and emulate movements. At the black box of the São Francisco Convent, we started by trying to understand this through different exercises – discursive and non-discursive. The poetry of each one went from pen to paper, from paper to voice and from voice to this large black box that seemed so isolated from the outside world.

My voice shook and my eyes got a little flushed. I'm not used to limit myself to the word. The language is conservative and crystallizes the square where I live. Hearing others define their own squares is an unparalleled experience. It makes me proud and brave to see how expressive others are and how they give meaning to single words. Every square is different and when manipulated in an ingenious way it doesn't even look like a square. Language is perhaps the most

fundamentally conservative element that structures our lives, but its subversion, as noisy as it is quiet, demonstrates how dialogically we can release each other with speech. I feel tense writing and reading, but that feeling disappears at the last full stop. The following exercise seeks to explore letting go of this tension in a non-discursive way.

We are cells, a true and a collective body, which moves together, without individual direction. The beginning is hard, we bump into each other and soon get trapped. We revolved as one to solve this collective problem. By increasing the speed we are lighter, but also more unstable and uncontrolled. It's difficult to maintain cohesion. The trick is to look at each other and not at the ground, communicate without speaking and feel a single flow running through each of these cells. We then abandoned this unique formation. We are now free in another way. We lay down on the floor, stretch and choose a song to listen to and dance together, without anyone knowing which song the other people have chosen. The playlist that emerges from here brings together specific moods as well as contexts that we still don't fully know. It's the first day of the workshop.

What followed were thirty minutes of dance sanctioned by the Directorate-General of Health (DGS). Sweat fills the inside of the masks, but the bodies are free, far from the scrutiny of the public eye. For months, I've only danced drunk on forbidden occasions. This is a sober and intensely reflective dance under bright light. I unlearn the square that limits me and walk around the room as a whole, partially imitating the movements I see on the people I see. I feel these beautiful people without restrictions while my arms are stuck to my body. Over the next few days, they become lighter and more fluid and my gaze is no longer on the ground or on the black vastness I insist upon it. I recognize the remaining cells of this collective body and although the movements are not coordinated, the choreography that emerges is one of sublime liberation.

Over the course of the various exercises, the invisible squares that structure the lives of each of the workshop participants gain prominence and are suddenly collectively demolished through dance. It's a joint process in which we know each other. The purpose of the workshop is to present this same process to the public. However, it is impossible to replicate the immersion of the two weeks of preparation for it. The result we achieved is a performance of dialogue with the public in a replica of a sanitized party, with delimited squares on the floor by order of the DGS. There's no drinking or other additives, just the power of music, MC's shouting questions to the audience and dancers who highlight the movements to mimic so that an answer is evident and a choreography that intersects the individual and the collective emerges.

It is difficult to have a party with this dimension of successive introspection and liberation under such restrictions. Still, little by little, the public seems to join in, albeit without the exuberance of an endless night. It just got dark and the squares from which we are trying to emancipate ourselves through dance are reified by the real squares drawn with tape on the floor. Another difficulty that pops into my head is the root of this process. I fail to see if the people who rock themselves and replicate the movements around me understand the depth

of the root of the question. They understand the question – “do you take care of someone?”, “are you afraid to walk down the street at night?” – and understand that different issues cause different movements in different people. There are patterns of movement that emerge according to age, gender or ethnicity. These patterns create feelings of belonging, but this is not a purely abstract belonging of individualities traversed by vectors of identity disidentification, as in a rave. These are patterns of movement that recreate collective identity under disregarded priorities. The party crystallizes a myriad of invisibilities.

Maybe if the squares on the floor weren't there, this experience would take on a new meaning. With the touch, crossing, bumping and pushing to pass. Perhaps with glasses raised in the air and successively shattered, we would reach a new depth. Still, we danced and smiled. Perhaps this is the most important and revolutionary thing, at a time of seemingly inescapable static. We'll be dancing again soon, not forgetting the importance of the different squares that limit us.

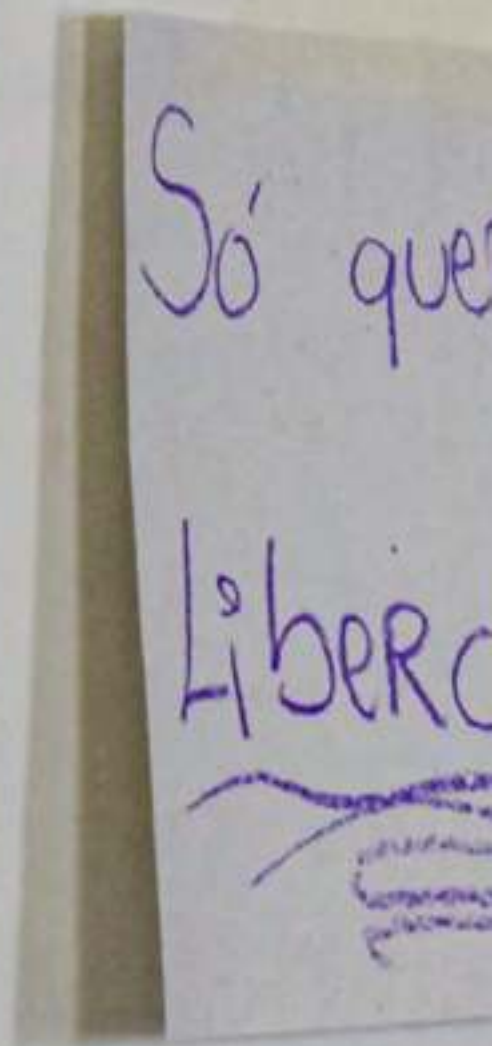


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Festival & Laboratory

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Production direction

Ana Jaleco

Laboratory production

Vasco Neves

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Patrícia Brás

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Guillem Mont de Palol, Karina Pino

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Catarina Vieira
Diana de Sousa
Gil Mac
Jean-Lorin Sterian
Joana Petiz
Kátia Manjate
Laura Wiesner
Mariana Ferreira
Michela Depetris
Romain Beltrão Teule
Sarah Elisa
Sharon Mercado
Juanqui Arévalo
ssel
Xavier Manubens
Ynaiê Dawson

Festival artists

Alain Michard
Alex Cassal
Jonathan Uliel Saldanha
Keli Freitas
Lula Pena
Márcia Lança
Massimiliano Casu
Paloma Calle
Renato Linhares
Tânia Carvalho
Vera Mantero

