

Quodlibet

Loving effects

a cura di Toni Cots

Quodlibet

LOVING EFFECTS

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Alia Sellami, Andrea Abbatangelo, Carme Torrent, Christophe Haleb, Filiz Sizanli,
Gruppo Nanou, Leo Castro, Marie al Fajr, Shayma Aziz

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Prefazione
Cristiano Carpanini

Dans cette publication les interventions des différents auteurs ainsi que les parties développées par les artistes traitent du corpus de notre métier, j'oserais même dire son cœur.

Prefazione, dal latino *prae-fari*, dire prima...

Che cosa vorrei dire prima di iniziare a raccontare da dove venga e che cosa sia diventato Miniatures?

Semplicemente, che credo che il cuore del nostro mestiere, come della vita, sia la relazione. E che in Miniatures ho cercato gli autori e gli artisti che volessero dare forma a questo principio, nel metodo – quello della cooperazione – e nel merito – il tema, l'argomento, il contenuto, la sostanza da tradurre nel segno, in scena: l'amore e la relazione con l'altro.

Miniatures: il progetto

De ce support il fallait trouver une possible surface pour communier les styles et les écritures possibles. Là encore mon expérience de la rencontre est venue indiquer un possible chemin. J'ai donc emprunté l'idée structurelle de la Miniature pour suggérer une voie de travail.

Miniatures Officinae è un progetto di creazione artistica che si propone di rappresentare una risposta al tempo stesso individuale e collettiva alla domanda di che cosa rappresentino per ognuno degli artisti invitati a partecipare l'amore e la relazione con l'altro.

Si tratta quindi per noi ideatori e artisti di definire un luogo comune che indichi nel segno allo stesso tempo il concetto di miniatura e la sostanza dell'amore e della relazione con l'altro.

Nasce quindi, nel formalizzare il concetto, la necessità di creare la relazione fra un'indicazione, un punto di partenza ed un insieme.

Hai già visto una miniatura? Si imprime dalla retina alla memoria come accade a ciò che è ridotto all'essenza e nulla mantiene di superfluo. Eppure, in quella sua forma essenziale non trascura alcun dettaglio significativo e significativo.

La miniatura per me indicava una forma precisa all'interno della storia dell'arte visiva ed in particolare di quella incontrata nella cultura persiana: coesa nel corpo e nella mente, innervata e aerea.

L'essenzialità e la precisione richiedono disponibilità totale a mettersi in gioco. Essere in scena. Questa la sfida posta dalla miniatura.

Dentro questa forma e alle sue regole, si trattava di raccontare un contenuto al contempo altrettanto preciso eppure imprevedibile sul piano individuale e collettivo. Individuale, perché ognuno di noi intende e vive l'amore e la sua relazione con l'altro in modo assolutamente unico eppure potenzialmente condivisibile; collettivo, perché ogni individuo vive le relazioni in un contesto non neutro, ma culturalmente, politicamente, storicamente significativa e condizionato.

Sulla relazione all'amore e all'altro mi è parso indispensabile condividere il mio semplice interrogativo culturalmente, politicamente e storicamente significativa e condizionato con artisti e operatori di tutto il bacino del Mediterraneo.

Ma perché? Perché no? Perché no! E perché no!?

Ottobre del 2008 viaggio attraverso la Tunisia e inizio del progetto di Miniatures con Nejib Ben Khalfallah, artista coreografo, il mio caro assistente Sylvain Berteloot e Adnen, amico di Nejib e da allora amico anche mio.

Miniatures: il viaggio

Cette production a développé et confirmé l'engagement de L'Officina depuis 1996, pour notamment con-

struire et tisser des liens sur le festival DANSEM : échanger, coopérer, consolider, transmettre.

C'est avec la première création de la Miniature de Nejib Ben Khalfallah, en octobre 2008, en Tunisie présentée à l'espace El Teatro à Tunis avec les membres de L'Officina, que nous avons démarré cette nouvelle aventure.

En amont et avec le concours de l'association artistique et culturelle de L'Officina, atelier marseillais de production créé en 1996, j'ai travaillé à Marseille afin de rendre visible et partager les démarches d'artistes chorégraphes issus du bassin méditerranéen.

Pour cela, L'Officina produit depuis 1998, un festival intitulé DANSEM danse contemporaine en méditerranée et investit les réseaux travaillant sur le spectacle vivant. IETM, le réseau le plus influent à l'échelle européenne, se réunit à Palerme en 1999 et de cette réunion naquit le DBM danse bassin méditerranée. Siégeant à Bruxelles, cette nouvelle association dont nous serons partenaires pour un accord de coopération triennale de 2001 à 2004 financée par l'Union européenne est encore en fonction aujourd'hui.

Dix ans après, Marseille se porte candidate pour devenir Capitale Européenne de la Culture. Conscient des enjeux d'une telle candidature et de la réalité liée au territoire, j'ai réfléchi à un projet qui nous permettrait de maintenir un lien de production concret avec la plupart des artistes rencontrés durant cette première

décennie d'activité et qui resterait fidèle à notre propre façon d'envisager un travail de soutien qui se voudrait durable à long terme.

L'idée de rassembler un nombre important d'artistes méditerranéens sur un thème commun a commencé à germer, comme sur une photo de famille. Pour ensuite déplier une atypique collection d'œuvres.

Nous avons donc souhaité ouvrir ainsi le processus même de production à d'autres structures amies portées par des opérateurs disponibles à se mettre en jeu, à se confronter sur le « modus operandi »; au même défi que celui proposé par la Miniature.

En premier lieu avec Meryem Jazouli de l'association AR2D basée à Casablanca, nous avons mis en place une série de résidences croisées dès décembre 2009 entre Marseille et Casablanca pour les artistes, qui a abouti à une présentation publique à Casablanca, à la Villa des Arts en avril 2010.

Par la suite, nous avons tenté d'élargir davantage le processus de production artistique par le biais de la coopération.

Ainsi est né à partir de l'amour, du rapport à l'autre et autour de la production artistique, le projet culturel Miniatures Officinae, qui a réuni quatre structures coorganisatrices et un partenaire pour répondre à l'appel du programme Culture coopération avec les pays tiers de la Commission Européenne.

L'Officina s'est donc associée avec Indisciplinarte

dirigé par Linda Di Pietro et Massimo Mancini à Terni (Italie), avec Toni Cots et L'animal a l'esquena et par la suite Cra'p (Espagne), Zeyneb Farhat et El Teatro (Tunisie), Adham Hafez et le collectif d'artistes Haraka au Caire (Egypte), pour mettre en place des résidences d'artistes dans les différents pays partenaires et des rencontres à l'issue des résidences lors des présentations via la médiation des publics divers.

Créer une interface internet publique dédiée au projet et ceci en trois langues, français, anglais et arabe sous la responsabilité de Lisa Bazzano chargée de communication à L'Officina.

Et finalement présenter les différentes Miniatures créés au Caire en avril 2011.

Depuis, le programme s'est enrichi d'une présentation à Terni à la mi-septembre 2011 dans le cadre du festival Fast, d'une présentation à Tunis pour le vingt-cinquième anniversaire de l'espace d'art El Teatro et en octobre à Marseille pour l'ouverture de notre quatorzième édition de Dansem

L'édition de ce livre, sous l'égide de Toni Cots complète l'édifice de cette coopération.

Ainsi de cette genèse, le projet de Miniatures Officinae a pris corps, grâce aux échanges avec mon assistant Sylvain Berteloot, les références se sont inscrites et les rhizomes possibles sont apparus.

La production artistique du projet a pris elle aussi forme avec l'aide précieuse de l'administratrice de

L'Officina, Marie-Christine André, que je tiens à remercier.

Miniatures : il metodo della cooperazione

La coopération, voici le mot qui synthétise la démarche de ce temps commun.

Peut être, ce fut un hasard, mais les pays avec qui nous avons construit un partenariat euro-méditerranéen pour ce projet, la Tunisie et l'Égypte, sont ceux par qui le vent de la révolte s'est levé. Qu'il soit ici salué le courage de ceux qui ont péri pour rétablir, instaurer et faire avancer droit, justice et partage des richesses publiques.

Presentare un'opera d'arte era ed è un lavoro particolare. Dipende dalle opere e da chi le presenta.

Oltre i diversi possibili modi di costruire un'opera, ci sono i diversi modelli possibili per presentarla e nel nostro caso presentarle: scenico o teatrale, installativo e performativo. Possono e sono interdipendenti fra loro. Per *Miniatures Officinae* abbiamo scelto un percorso artistico inclusivo di opere performative, di opere visive e installative.

Il percorso è quindi aperto al rischio di più risposte artistiche plausibili al nostro interrogativo di partenza, chi è per te l'altro nel rapporto amoroso. Ciò lo ha reso a volte quindi esclusivo, incapace di garantire una tranquillizzante ed univoca soluzione e definizione, ma

semmai colpevole di suscitare dubbi, crisi, critiche, rimandi e sfumature impreviste.

Da un lato l'artista, fonte di indicazioni per dei possibili accorpamenti di senso e sensi, resta autonomo e libero nella sua proposta dentro l'insieme delle altre, tutte egualmente legittime. I segni restanti sono così disponibili a differenti livelli di sensibilità, lettura e interpretazione.

Dall'altro lato l'insieme delle singole opere, la proposta comune e la sua presentazione collettiva offrono una gamma di possibili soluzioni, un percorso sensibile, una scrittura che si riscrive ogni volta, frutto della scelta delle diverse individualità di restare uniche e allo stesso tempo partecipare di un tutto.

Il minimo denominatore comune diviene dunque la capacità di restare fedele ad una qualità di relazione, sostegno irrinunciabile per una creazione artistica che si ponga come obiettivo quello di fotografare un ideale di bellezza e contemporaneamente uno sguardo sulla natura, la vita, le emozioni.

Per questo la presentazione al pubblico delle diverse opere ha assunto gli aspetti di una particolare esposizione. L'esposizione di un insieme, di una sottile declinazione di visioni, una collezione di Miniature di natura differente. Casablanca, il Cairo, poi Tunisi e Terni per questa tappa del progetto, ma poi ancora Barcellona, e nel futuro Beyrouth, prima della presentazione a Marsiglia nel 2013.

Questo è stato possibile grazie alla cooperazione ed a ciò che opera attraverso e con essa: lo scambio, la scelta, il consolidamento e la trasmissione.

Scambiare perché da ciò nasce un dialogo, una relazione possibile che permette, se vera e coerente, di includere le visioni di altri, produttori ed artisti.

Scegliere la cooperazione ha significato per noi scegliere di lavorare con persone che consideravano lo scambio paritario il fondamento del lavorare insieme per uno scopo ed un obiettivo messo in comune. Quando ciò non si è verificato, la crisi e la messa in discussione della relazione sono stati impegnativi e necessari, ma non è mai venuta a mancare la consapevolezza che invece con gli altri partner del progetto fosse condiviso il riconoscimento del valore del nostro lavorare insieme.

Consolidare il legame dei diversi lavori artistici attraverso il nostro lavoro in comune di operatori ci fornisce l'energia necessaria per continuare ad operare per lo sviluppo delle arti contemporanee ed in particolare della danza contemporanea nel bacino del mediterraneo al di là delle mode estemporanee e di un esotismo assai marcato in alcuni modelli di cooperazione a noi volontariamente estranei.

Trasmetteremo i legami creati da questi incontri e dialoghi per creare sempre nuove alleanze tra artisti, strutture e istituzioni e così contribuire allo sviluppo delle potenzialità e delle pratiche dello spettacolo dal vivo nel contesto in movimento del bacino del Mediterraneo.

Ringraziamenti

Je suis très heureux d'avoir pu concrétiser ce projet qui était un pari. Aborder à partir d'une page blanche (comme le font les artistes) l'idée de ce projet des Miniatures. Trouver d'autres structures et personnes intéressées pour faire route avec nous. Trouver les soutiens des institutions et enfin l'organisation qui porte le projet de Marseille-Provence 2013 Capitale Européenne de la Culture.

** Que soient ici remerciés les institutions et leurs personnels spécifiques qui nous ont permis d'aboutir à la réalisation du projet.

Merci donc à la Convention Ville de Marseille – Institut Français

A la direction des Relations Internationales du Conseil Général des Bouches-du-Rhône

A la direction des Relations Internationales du Conseil Régional Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur

Au Ministère de la Culture DRAC Paca

Et à la Commission Européenne pour avoir soutenu le projet en 2010 et 2011 à travers le programme Culture Coopération avec les Pays Tiers.

Un remerciement tout particulier aux personnes, qui avec nous, ont pendant, ces deux années défendu le projet et qui continuent de le défendre.

Merci donc à Toni Cots, Massimo Mancini et Zeyneb Farhat.

Merci à Roberta Roberti pour la qualité du temps passé ensemble lors de l'écriture en italien.

Introduzione

Toni Cots

al Ramón

Et il avait confiance en des choses qu'il n'était pas besoin
de prouver: les pores de sa peau, le goût salé de la mer, l'air
fruité, tout ce qui était particulier
Ingeborg Bachmann¹

Loving Effects és una col·lecció de textos i imatges que articulen els múltiples plans d'una cartografia, que traça d'una manera creuada les temàtiques transversals del projecte Miniatures: l'amor i la relació amb l'altre. Aquesta cartografia es desplega a través de múltiples recorreguts on la forma i el discurs, la poètica i la reflexió, es confronten amb maneres de veure, percebre i traçar detalls inscrits en la temàtica de "l'altre": un altre que, en el context d'un

¹ “ I ell tenia confiança en les coses que no era necessari demostrar: els porus de la seva pell, el gust salat del mar, l'aire amb sabor a fruita, tot el que era especial” I. Bachmann ‘La trentième année’; Ed. Actes Sud, Paris 2009.

mapa creuat del Mediterrani, carregat de significats, narratives, pluralitats i identitats, cerca interrogar-se sobre l'affecte i els seus efectes en les nostres societats actuals.

A Miniatures, l'altre és allò desconegut. Miniatures s'acosta a la representació d'una realitat, la de l'amor, que en lloc d'unificar proposa a l'altre com a subjecte de la diferència, d'una alteritat on l'amor es teixeix trencant normes i regles de seguretat, tot acceptant els riscos i el vertigen del compromís. Com es pot dur a terme una proposta artística que reflecteixi la trobada amb l'altre sense fer un procés d'immersió en el pensament, el pensament que sosté la idea de l'amor?

Carme Torrent, cita a Alain Badiou en el seu text: “El amor no es simplemente el encuentro y las relaciones cerradas entre dos individuos, es una construcción, es una vida que se hace, no ya desde el punto de vista de lo Uno, de la identidad, sino desde el punto de vista de lo Dos, de la diferencia – la escena de lo Dos”².

L'escena que els artistes que participen al projecte Miniatures han traçat amb mitjans, recorreguts i desplaçaments diversos és plural i desplega davant la mirada de l'espectador una multiplicitat d'*altres*. Tot i això, cada miniatura és la representació d'un “altre” sense senyals d'identitat

²“L'amor no és simplement la trobada i les relacions tancades entre dos individus, és una construcció, és una vida que es fa, no ja des del punt de vista de l'Un, de la identitat, sinó des del punt de vista del Dos, de la diferència - l'escena del Dos”. Alain Badiou ‘Éloge de l'amour’ amb Nicolas Truong; Flammarion, Café Voltaire, 2009.

pròpies que es complementen en un espai compartit: la representació del cos de l'amant, la paraula xiuxiuejada, la imatge suggerida, un soroll somort; però també de l'absència, del tremolor, de la fricció, de l'abatiment, del silenci... tantes maneres diferents de suggerir i evocar l'amor que ens desplacen de l'Un i convergeixen en el Dos... La construcció del món a partir d'una diferència és quelcom molt diferent a l'experiència de la diferència. L'amor és una experiència on es construeix una certa veritat, una veritat on s'és dos i no un, on s'assumeix la diferència, mentre el "jo" vol la identitat contra la diferència.

Exposar-se a la mirada de l'altre, o evocar en la mirada l'encontre amb l'altre, provoca efectes que afecten. El títol del llibre *Loving Effects*, intenta recollir aquestes mirades creuades que convergeixen en múltiples plans i sentits: al voltant de l'escena dels afectes que els textos de Marina Garcés i Piergiorgio Giacchè debaten; en les poètiques i les mirades sobre l'altre que desvetllen els textos i les imatges proposades per Toni Serra i Marie al Fajr; en els símbols contraposats que les imatges d'Andrea Abbantangelo expliciten; en les narratives d'allò fortuït que ens expliquen les petites històries de Christophe Haleb o que esbossen les figures de Shayma Aziz; en els pensaments que deixa oberts Carme Torrent en el seu text; en els paisatges muts i carregats de significat que desgranen el text i les imatges de Leo Castro; en el sentit que les imatges i les paraules d'Alia Sellami donen a aconteixements recents quan els inscriu com a traços en

un espai d'allò comú; en la presència muda del silenci que les imatges i el text de Filiz Sizanli plasmen; en la codificació i les tècniques del cos que determinen una manera de mirar que el Gruppo Nanou transmet a través de textos i imatges en clau de risc i fuga al mateix temps; en la crítica que Fred Kahn fa al descriure la complexitat dels efectes que produeix la representació escènica i expositiva a El Caire de diverses Miniatures obertes al públic per primera vegada; o en el viarany que traça la memòria afectiva de Cristiano Carpanini en el prefaci. Un prefaci, que reflecteix a la vegada la necessitat d'altres imaginaris i el compromís de l'acció que el projecte Miniatures comunica de diverses maneres i mitjançant dispositius que han marcat un llarg procés d'intercanvi, col·laboració, moviment i desplaçament.

L'art, no cal dir-ho, restitueix la dimensió sensible d'una trobada, d'una emoció. Com diu Piergiorgio Giacchè en el seu text: "(...) Il Teatro è Corpo *in azione*, ma la sua performance, prima di planare nell'orizzontalità dello spettacolo e regalarsi alla relazione con lo spettatore, si fissa nella verticalità impotente e si confina nella stanza segreta della scena"³. I més endavant, escriu que "la scena è dunque l'habitat e l'habitus del corpo dell'at-

³ "(...) El Teatre és Cos en acció, però la seva performance, abans d'esmunyir-se en l'horitzontalitat de l'espectacle i gaudir de la relació amb el públic, s'afiança en la verticalitat impotent i es confina en la cambra secreta de l'escenari". P. Giacchè "Non fare l'amore".

tore...”⁴, que és també la seva “primera cultura (...) che l’antropologo può definire come *l’insieme delle rappresentazioni o l’insieme delle finzioni* di cui l’uomo vive”⁵. Aquestes ficcions es confonen amb la pròpia vida. Una vida que la quotidianitat afronta sense deixar que les preguntes amb les que mesurar-se amb la diferència i afrontar un buit que es mesurat pel fluir continu d’imatges, rutines, hàbits, acabi per substituir la identitat imposada.

Marina Garcés, al seu torn, escriu: “Lo que nos dice Alcibíades es que (...) basta con que caigamos en la indecencia de dejarnos tocar. El cuerpo-filósofo es el que comete el acto de indisciplina de dejarse tocar por el deseo de razón común que resuena en nuestras palabras siempre inacabadas, siempre insuficientes, siempre parciales, siempre mortales. Un cuerpo cruelmente afectado de deseo que lo único que sabe es que su vida ya no volverá a ser la misma, que ya no podrá soportar vivir en la esclavitud de la opinión privada. Sócrates, el corruptor...”⁶.

⁴ “l’escenari és l’hàbitat i l’hàbit de l’actor...”. P. Giacchè, *ibid.*

⁵ “primera cultura (...) que l’antropòleg pot definir com el conjunt de les representacions o el conjunt de les ficcions on viu l’home”. P. Giacchè, *ibid.*

⁶ “Allò que ens diu Alcibíades és que (...) n’hi ha prou amb caure en la indecència de deixar-nos tocar. El cos-filòsof és el que comet l’acte d’indisciplina de deixar-se tocar pel desig de raó comuna, que ressona en les nostres paraules, sempre inacabades, sempre insuficients, sempre parciais, sempre mortals. Un cos cruelment afectat de desig, que només sap que la seva vida ja no tornarà a ser la mateixa, que ja no podrà soportar viure en l’esclavatge de l’opinió privada. Sòcrates, el corruptor...”. M. Garcés “Afectos improprios”.

Com deixar-se tocar per la mirada de l'altre? Com fer que la mirada de l'altre trenqui la identitat del que afirma la seva diferència? O potser, tot el contrari! Cal reconèixer-se en la diferència dels afectes que recorren les trajectòries del que continuen buscant en la vida el camí que ens permeti confrontar la mirada de l'altre.

SAGGI

Afectos impropios
Marina Garcés

Quien te posee, enloquecido queda
Sófocles, *Antígona*, 788

Necesito afecto

El amor es el afecto que arruina toda idea de autosuficiencia, humana o divina. ¿Un Dios que ama? El cristianismo debe bajar a Dios a la tierra y hacerlo morir, más de una vez, porque no se vale por sí mismo. ¿Y el individuo moderno, pequeño dios ridículo empeñado en hacer valer su autosuficiencia frente al mundo y frente a los demás? ¿Qué ocurre cuando ama? ¿Es que puede amar? El individuo moderno es el que repite, con insistencia lamentosa, “necesito afecto”. Ha olvidado el dolor por la pérdida del cuerpo amado, ha suturado la ausencia clamorosa del otro y la ha cerrado sobre sí mismo, en la obsesión neurótica por sus afectos. “No

me quieres”, “me falta autoestima”, “me hacen falta otro tipo de afectos”... Son frases con las que el vacío en el que se abre todo amor queda convertido en patética experiencia de la carencia. Carentes de afectos, ni siquiera nos queda el dolor de la ausencia, de la separación o del encuentro imposible con el amante, con el hijo ausente, con el amigo perdido. El individuo moderno es un gestor de sus afectos, casi siempre al borde del fracaso, un “discapacitado emocional”¹ en potencia. “Mis afectos” son una cartera de activos que siempre amenaza bancarrota, que está teñida necesariamente por la sombra del déficit. Mis afectos no pueden ser sólo míos. Todo afecto es necesariamente *impropio*. Por ello, todo afecto que verdaderamente afecte es *inapropiado*.

El carácter impropio e inapropiado de los afectos es lo que todo ejercicio del poder conjura, ya sea desde la sumisión, ya sea desde la aspiración al autodomínio. En nuestra sociedad actual, lo hace bajo dos mecanismos principales: la inmunización de la vida individual y su privatización. En el cruce de estos dos procesos, podemos decir que un individuo es propiamente tal cuando no debe nada a nadie pero puede ser explotado hasta su ser más íntimo. Por un lado, la inmunidad sobre la que se construye y justifica la vida del individuo moderno no sólo es protección (higiénica, médica,

¹ Tomo la expresión del libro de Frank Furedi, *Therapeutic Culture. Cultivating Vulnerability in an uncertain Age*, 2003

jurídica, militar, económica), sino, más radicalmente, no estar *afectado* por deuda alguna. El individuo moderno nace indemne²: deja la infancia atrás (su “minoría de edad”, según la consigna ilustrada) y esconde su hambre, sus necesidades, sus momentos de debilidad y de enfermedad tras los postigos y los visillos que ocultan el hogar. Adulto y saludable: su existencia misma niega la dependencia. Es el triunfo de la soberanía del *uno* proclamada en cada vida. Pero esta soberanía indemne, inmune, completamente propietaria de sí misma, tiene otra cara necesaria: este mismo individuo, que no reconoce ninguna deuda, debe disponerse a ser explotado, cada vez más, hasta los umbrales más íntimos de su subjetividad. Foucault había analizado la docilidad como la articulación paradójica entre el fortalecimiento y la sumisión de los cuerpos en la primera modernidad, de corte disciplinario e industrial. En el postfordismo³, la misma articulación para-

² Son interesantes, en esta línea, los trabajos del filósofo italiano Roberto Esposito sobre “el paradigma inmunitario”, en libros como *Bios, Inmunitas, Comunitas*, todos ellos traducidos en Ed. Amorrortu, donde sitúa en la raíz MUNUS, que significa DON, la clave de comprensión de la articulación del espacio político moderno como aquél que nace de su negación. Por el contrario, la comunidad no se sustentaría en la plenitud de ninguna identidad sino en el vacío compartido de ese don que nos vincula unos con otros.

³ El postoperaismo italiano ha dado y ofrecido análisis brillantes sobre esta cuestión: Franco Berardi (Bifo), *La fábrica de la infelicidad*, Traficantes de sueños, 2003, Antonio Negri y Michael Hardt, *El trabajo de Dionisos*, Akal, 2003 (y muchos otros de sus libros).

dójica se intensifica en el plano de los afectos: se piden vidas desafectadas cuyos afectos puedan ser puestos a trabajar. Junto con la inmunización, por tanto, la privatización. No es que en nuestra sociedad se borren los afectos, es que son canalizados bajo marcos de valoración: la entrega al trabajo, la pasión consumista, la sociabilidad como “agenda”, los sentimientos como productos de ocio, las emociones como experiencias a vender, los deseos convertidos en curriculum vitae... Como explica Eva Illouz en *Intimidades congeladas. Las emociones en el capitalismo* (Katz, 2008), en la cultura del capitalismo actual tiene lugar el encuentro entre el lenguaje de la afectividad y el lenguaje económico de la eficacia. Los sentimientos no son una amenaza para el sistema actual: son la base de su orden. El discurso terapéutico, centrado en “las relaciones humanas”, se convierte en el magma de nuestra sociedad⁴. Para Illouz, esto tiene dos consecuencias principales: la sentimentalización del yo económico y el culto a la víctima. La misma sociedad que celebra la felicidad rápida hace de cada uno de nosotros una “víctima”, una vida en la que el sufrimiento sólo es la expresión de una disfuncionalidad generalizada que hay que estar siempre reparando.

⁴ Ver Espai en Blanc nº 3-4, *La sociedad terapéutica*, Bellaterra edicions, Barcelona 2007.

Políticas del afecto

La autosuficiencia inmunitaria desemboca, por tanto, en la necesidad de reparar infinitamente el sufrimiento provocado por la gestión de la distancia y por la explotación de la proximidad. Así, no estar afectado por deuda alguna conduce a estar infinitamente necesitado de afecto. Ésta es la paradoja de los afectos *apropiados* para el individuo moderno. Su normalidad: la indiferencia, la impotencia, la carencia. ¿Qué queda más allá? La violencia.

El cuerpo afectado retorna como cuerpo violentado. Ése fue el gran efecto de los atentados del 11S en Nueva York y, tres años después, del 11M en Madrid. Los cuerpos cayendo de las torres rompieron el espejismo. No sólo encarnaron la vulnerabilidad del sistema capitalista occidental. No sólo nos obligaron a presenciar, en suelo propio, la violencia que produce nuestro propio sistema de vida. Las pequeñas manchas oscuras en caída libre en las pantallas de nuestros televisores nos devolvieron la irreversibilidad de la ausencia, y con ella, la vivencia gozosa y dolorosa a la vez de nuestros vínculos. Cada cuerpo que se iba era una ausencia irreparable. Ya no una carencia: cada cuerpo cayendo era un desgarró en la existencia de algún sobreviviente. Mediante esas agresiones inesperadas, los occidentales aprendimos, después de 50 años de exorcismo tras la segunda guerra mundial, que vivimos

atados a los cuerpos de los demás. Tras esos cuerpos caímos todos, aunque tratemos de olvidarlo. No es casualidad que Judith Butler, dedicada hasta entonces a pensar y escribir sobre la emancipación del cuerpo y la subjetividad *queer* a través del juego y la performatividad, centrara sus primeros trabajos tras el atentado a elaborar la idea de “duelo”.

Quizás, mientras pasamos por eso, algo acerca de lo que somos se nos revela, algo que dibuja los lazos (“bounds”) que nos ligan a otro, que nos enseña que estos lazos constituyen lo que somos, los lazos o nudos que nos componen. (...) ¿Qué soy yo sin ti? Cuando perdemos algunos de estos lazos que nos constituyen, no sabemos quiénes somos ni qué hacer. En un nivel, descubro que te he perdido a ti sólo para descubrir que yo también desaparezco⁵.

El cuerpo afectado ya no es sólo el cuerpo de la víctima alcanzada por un explosivo. Es el cuerpo de cada uno de nosotros en tanto que está entrelazado con aquellas vidas de las que depende para ser sí mismo. Del cuerpo cayendo, en su pasividad insolente, hemos pasado al cuerpo viviente de quienes se aman, se cuidan, se frecuentan, se hablan, quizá se maltratan y, por qué no, a veces también se olvidan. De la soledad de la víctima hemos pasado, así, a la evidencia reprimida de

⁵ Butler, J.: *Vida precaria. El poder del duelo y la violencia*, Paidós, 2006, pp. 48-49

un *nosotros*. La misma Judith Butler añade unas líneas más abajo de las ya citadas: “Si mi destino no es ni original ni finalmente separable del tuyo, entonces el nosotros está atravesado por una correlatividad a la que no podemos oponernos con facilidad”⁶.

Tampoco es casualidad que en Madrid, tras el atentado del 11M, surgiera un Foro que se autodenominara “Foro de afectados del 11M”. Con esta denominación, los *afectados* del atentado declinaban ser sus víctimas. Y con este desplazamiento, abrían en nuestras vidas una pregunta que aún no hemos cerrado⁷: ¿qué puede un afectado? Para empezar, un afectado no puede ser fácilmente identificado. Así como ser víctima presenta criterios claros de demarcación (médica, jurídica, etc.) y una relación claramente pasiva con lo sucedido, el afectado puede ser cualquiera y en cierto modo puede *decidir* el umbral de proximidad que lo vincula con el problema común. A partir de ahí, tampoco está claro su ámbito de acción y sus expectativas: ¿qué espera un afectado? ¿Dónde y cómo termina aquello que le afecta? De las víctimas, esperamos una reparación del

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Es importante, en esta línea, el trabajo desarrollado por Margarita Padilla y Amador Fernández-Savater. Se puede leer en el artículo “Las luchas del vacío” en *Espai en Blanc* n°3-4, *La sociedad terapéutica*, Ed. Bellaterra, Barcelona 2007 y en el libro colectivo *Red Ciudadana tras el 11-M. Cuando el sufrimiento no impide pensar ni actuar*, colectivo Desdedentro, Acurela Libros & A. Machado, Madrid 2008.

daño. Pero ¿y del afectado? Como en el caso del duelo por una pérdida, la condición de afectado entraña una transformación cuyo resultado y alcance no puede conocerse de antemano.

Esta transformación incontrolable e irreversible que pasa por la vinculación íntima y personal a una situación compartida es la que hace del afectado un “paradigma” de las nuevas formas de politización que se han ido ensayando, expandiendo y contagiando en las sociedades occidentales en los últimos años. Frente a la toma de conciencia, la afectación. Frente a la identidad de clase, la experiencia del vínculo. Frente a la teleología, la irreversibilidad. Frente a los intereses de grupo o minoritarios, los afectos impropios.

La crisis económica desatada en 2008 ha venido a intensificar el contagio. Cada vez son más los *afectados* y aquellos que se politizan desde condiciones concretas de afectación por un problema común. El caso más ejemplar y quizá más activo en este momento es la Plataforma Afectados por la Hipoteca (PAH)⁸. Sus formas de acción colectiva no buscan reparar solamente los problemas particulares de aquellos que se encuentran atrapados de por vida en la deuda por su propio hábitat, sino hacerlo transformando las propias condiciones que hacen posible y tolerable esa trampa: desde las relaciones de indiferencia entre vecinos hasta el sis-

⁸ <http://afectadosporlahipoteca.wordpress.com>

tema hipotecario internacional. Un individuo endeudado con la banca no puede nada. Pero ¿qué puede un “afectado por la hipoteca” cuando hacemos de la vida un problema común, cuando colectivamente asumimos la pregunta por los límites de lo vivible?

En estos ejemplos el cuerpo es devuelto a la impropiedad de sus afectos a través de la violencia: la violencia terrorista, estatal, financiera, inmobiliaria, etc. O más concretamente: a través de la agresión. Sufrir una agresión es lo nos arranca, así, del doble mecanismo de la inmunidad y la privatización. El problema que se nos plantea entonces es claro: ¿sólo nos abrimos a los afectos impropios y a sus efectos de politización cuando somos agredidos, de alguna forma u otra? Junto con los atentados, podríamos analizar también los casos de los accidentes naturales o tecnológicos, cuya combinación más extrema la hemos vivido recientemente en el caso del tsunami de Japón y sus efectos sobre la central nuclear de Fukushima. ¿Es la agresión sobre nuestras vidas el único espacio para una política del afecto? ¿Cómo *desapropiar* nuestros afectos sin necesidad de ser antes necesariamente golpeados?

Dónde se esconde tu cuerpo-filósofo

La filosofía tiene algo que decir al respecto... No porque lo haya teorizado, sino porque quizá no ha

hecho más que practicarlo una y otra vez, incluso a menudo contra sí misma. La filosofía nace arruinando la autosuficiencia del sabio mediante un acto de amor: amor al saber que nunca se llegará a poseer, que es también amor entre los rivales del pensamiento, necesarios para ponerse a pensar.

El cuerpo del filósofo es, antes que nada, un cuerpo enamorado, aguijoneado por un deseo que lo lleva al encuentro de los otros. “A la verdad se llega con los otros; si no, no es a la verdad donde hemos llegado”⁹. Frente a los tópicos del filósofo retirado del mundo, la filosofía nace contra el retiro del sabio o contra la distancia del sacerdote. Es un arte de calle que se practica caminando por las plazas, bebiendo y cenando con los amigos, participando de la vida de la ciudad sin dejarse encajar en ella. Sólo porque es una práctica de sociabilidad desencajada, es también necesariamente un ejercicio radical de soledad.

La filosofía es un uso de la palabra que afecta, así, la vida de quien la pronuncia y de quienes se tropiezan con él. Por eso es un arte corruptor: corruptor de almas jóvenes, Sócrates tuvo que morir. “Quien ha pensado lo más hondo, ama lo más vivo”, escribió Hölderlin refiriéndose al amor de Sócrates por el joven y atolondrado Alcibíades. Ese amor, corporal y erótico, no era

⁹ Merleau-Ponty, M.: *Éloge de la philosophie*, Paris, Gallimard, 1953, p. 37

una debilidad de hombre maduro. Era la máxima expresión de la fuerza de afectación del pensamiento. Se ha escrito mucho sobre el amor platónico y sus formas de sublimación, pero para poner en palabras los efectos de esta afectación del pensamiento y su dimensión primariamente corporal, nada mejor que escuchar las palabras del propio Alcibíades relatando los efectos que produce en él la presencia de Sócrates:

... cada vez que alguien te escucha a ti o a otro pronunciando tus palabras, aunque el que hable sea muy mediocre, ya te escuche una mujer, un hombre o un muchacho, quedamos estupefactos y posesos. (...) Cuando lo escucho, mi corazón, mucho más que el de los agitados por el arrebató de los coribantes, salta y se me derraman lágrimas por obra de las palabras de éste. En cambio, al escuchar a Pericles y a otros buenos oradores, yo estimaba que hablaban bien, pero no me provocaban ninguna emoción semejante, ni mi alma se sentía alborotada ni se irritaba pensando que se hallaba en estado de esclavitud, mientras que por obra de este Marsias [músico con el que está comparando a Sócrates] muchas veces me he visto en un estado tal que me parecía que no podía seguir viviendo en las circunstancias en que estoy¹⁰.

Palpitaciones, lágrimas y emoción que son el estado físico de alguien que siente unos efectos únicos de la palabra sobre su propia vida: la revelación de su estado de esclavitud y la necesidad de vivir de otra manera.

¹⁰ Platón, *El Banquete*, 215d-216a.

Estas manifestaciones físicas no son el éxtasis estético ante un buen orador, ni la conversión ante la fuerza de la palabra revelada. Son las convulsiones de un cuerpo expuesto a la necesidad de su propia emancipación, a través de las palabras y la presencia amada de otro. Pero sigue Alcibíades describiendo dos sentimientos más que siguen a éste: “me despreocupo de mí mismo y en cambio atiendo a los asuntos de los atenienses” y “he experimentado lo que nadie creería que había en mí: el avergonzarme ante alguien”¹¹: el compromiso con los demás y la vergüenza ante la tentación de huir de esa exigencia. Alcibíades, el joven atolondrado, sabe muy bien, porque lo ha sentido en su carne, cuál es el precio de este encuentro único. Termina su intervención con estas palabras:

Así pues, yo, mordido por algo más doloroso [que una víbora] y en la parte más dolorosa de las que uno puede ser mordido – pues ha sido en el corazón o en el alma, o como sea preciso llamarlo, donde he sido herido y mordido por los discursos filosóficos, que son cosa más cruel que una víbora cuando se apoderan de un alma joven...¹²

Alcibíades ha sido mordido por las palabras de Sócrates y los efectos dolorosos han dejado su alma irreversiblemente alborotada. No hay marcha atrás.

¹¹ Las dos citas en *Banquete*, 216b.

¹² *Banquete*, 218a.

Alcibíades ya no puede vivir como vivía pero tampoco sabe cómo hacerlo. La mordida ha sido cruel. Sólo sabe que su vida, tal como era, no le vale y que se preocupa de cosas que antes no le preocupaban, cosas que tienen que ver con esos atenienses que en otro momento le resultaban indiferentes. Sócrates y Alcibíades son aquí los protagonistas de un amor que libera sin resolver nada, que hace sentir el deseo de emancipación en los latidos del propio corazón, sin tener recetas ni soluciones que cancelen ese deseo.

¿En qué consiste la fuerza de afectación de las palabras de Sócrates? ¿Por qué no son como las de cualquier otro buen orador? Son palabras que, apelando a una razón común, interpelan a cada vida concreta. A la filosofía no le valen las opiniones o los pensamientos privados. Lo había anunciado ya Heráclito: “Pero, siendo la razón común, viven los más como teniendo un pensamiento privado suyo”¹³.

Lo que nos dice Alcibíades es que, si bien no todos podemos ser Sócrates, sí escondemos todos un cuerpo-filósofo que puede ser mordido por la víbora cruel. Basta con dejarnos morder, basta con que caigamos en la indecencia de dejarnos tocar. El cuerpo-filósofo es el que comete el acto de indisciplina de dejarse tocar por el deseo de razón común que resuena en nuestras palabras

¹³ Heráclito, fragmento D-K 2, traducción de Agustín García Calvo.

siempre inacabadas, siempre insuficientes, siempre parciales, siempre mortales. Un cuerpo cruelmente afectado de deseo que lo único que sabe es que su vida ya no volverá a ser la misma, que ya no podrá soportar vivir en la esclavitud de la opinión privada. Sócrates, el corruptor...

Veintidós siglos después, Spinoza escribía desde el frío de su doble exilio (de la Península Ibérica por judío y de la comunidad judía por ateo): *el apetito (o deseo) es la esencia misma del hombre*. Este apetito o deseo, como afecto primario de un ser compuesto de alma y cuerpo, no es el agujero de una carencia. Es una potencia de ser, de perseverar en el ser. En este sentido, no hay deseo que sea particular, pero sí un apetito encarnado en cada cuerpo, en cada alma, esforzándose en aumentar la propia potencia de vida. En este sentido, Spinoza lleva la filosofía a una de sus expresiones más depuradas al afirmar que no hay cuerpo que no sea afectado. Ser afectado es existir: más o menos, alegre o tristemente, pero existir.

Un afecto, que es llamado pasión del ánimo, es una idea confusa, en cuya virtud el alma afirma de su cuerpo o de alguna de sus partes una fuerza de existir mayor o menor que antes, y en cuya virtud también, una vez dada esa idea, el alma es determinada a pensar tal cosa más bien que tal otra¹⁴.

¹⁴ Spinoza, *Ética*, libro III, “Definición general de los afectos”, Alianza ed., p. 249

Spinoza arruina, una vez más, toda idea de autosuficiencia. Ser es ser afectado. Y cuanto más afectado, más se es:

Aquello que propicia que el cuerpo humano sea afectado de muchísimos modos, o aquello que le hace apto para afectar de muchísimos modos a los cuerpos exteriores, es útil al hombre, y tanto más útil al hombre y tanto más útil cuanto más apto hace al cuerpo para ser afectado o para afectar a otros cuerpos, de muchísimas maneras; y, por contra, es nocivo lo que hace al cuerpo menos apto para ello¹⁵.

Afectar y ser afectado aumenta, según Spinoza, la potencia de ser y con ello la alegría de existir. ¿Significa esto que debemos vivir muchas y múltiples vidas? ¿Qué debemos acaparar relaciones y coleccionar experiencias? No, para Spinoza la multiplicidad es la expresión rica e inagotable de lo divino, que es la naturaleza, que es el ser, que es nuestra razón común. Volvemos, aunque bajo otros esquemas y conceptos, a la escena fundacional de la filosofía, a ese encuentro amoroso y cruel que expone las vidas más allá de su particularidad, de su pequeña individualidad.

No hay nada más ajeno al cuerpo-filósofo que escondemos todos que el lamento del individuo moderno insatisfecho, atrapado en la pobreza de su psicología, con el que iniciábamos estas líneas: “necesi-

¹⁵ Op.cit., libro IV, Proposición XXXVIII, p. 294

to afecto”. No hay nada que despotencie más su razón de ser. Lejos de la Atenas del s.V a.C., lejos del Ámsterdam del s.XVII, ¿a qué nos invitan las escenas y personajes filosóficos que acabamos de convocar? Nos invitan a no depender de la agresión o de la victimización para dejarnos afectar, para dejarnos tocar por el mundo. Nos animan a desocupar los espacios de inmunidad que aparentan proteger nuestras vidas y a *desapropiar*, así, nuestros afectos esclavizados, privatizados, indemnes y a la vez explotados. Nos alientan a no temer las palpitaciones ni las lágrimas provocadas por el deseo. Nos enseñan a vivir con una cruel mordedura de serpiente en nuestros corazones.

About birds and visions¹
Toni Serra (Abu Ali)*



Deja que las heridas de tu corazón sean visibles.



El primer valle es el Valle de los Cuestionamientos,...



Existen diferentes caminos para cruzar este Valle, porque todos los pájaros no vuelan igual.



Oh tú que lo has dejado todo, ¿Dónde está tu casa?



En este estado, un viento helado sopla sobre tu alma.



El próximo valle, es el Valle del Amor. Para entrar en él, uno debe ser una llama de fuego.



El que haga este viaje debe tener miles de corazones, para poder sacrificar uno a cada momento.



Su sonrisa esparcía azúcar, y por donde pasaba miles de rosas florecían sin esperar la primavera.



Incluso cuando hayas viajado por todos los lugares del mundo, apenas si estarás a punto de dar el primer paso.



No cuido de mí. Estoy enamorado pero no sé de quien.

Sucede aquí como cuando queremos fijar la vista en esas pequeñas manchas que a veces aparecen en la visión, se escapan del campo visual, se escurren rápidamente, se deslizan hacia arriba, hacia abajo, hacia cualquier lado... parece que sólo podemos observarlas de reojo, con una mirada indirecta... Y así nuestra visión es siempre muy efímera, dudamos incluso de ella. Extraño, sólo cuando no miramos las vemos. ¿Qué es eso que escapa a la visión?

Igualmente jamás podremos ver realmente nuestro propio rostro, sino un reflejo de él. Y por mucho que nos acerquemos a esa imagen no lograremos sino empañar la superficie del espejo, nuestra imagen desaparecerá en la niebla de nuestro propio aliento. Por eso es mejor mantener la respiración calma. “Aguantarla como un buzo en el océano. Un ligero movimiento, y la imagen del espejo se va. Pero aquéllo que más deseas, aquéllo por lo que viajas esperando encontrar; piérdete como los amantes se pierden y lo serás”².

Como en el caso de las mariposas nocturnas atraídas por la luz del fuego. Inevitablemente impulsadas por una fuerza interna, sin la cual dejarían de ser lo que son. Se interrogan sobre la naturaleza de ese fenómeno. La

¹ Los poemas inscritos en los fotogramas provienen del Mantiq Uttair de Farid ud-din Attar [Persia S:XIII]. Los fotogramas en blanco y negro provienen del interactivo Mantiq Uttair “La Asamblea de los Pájaros” de Zayd ibn Daura, Barcelona 2001.

² Fragmento de un poema de Farid ud-din Attar

primera revolotea hasta el fuego y nota su calor como un muro de luz y nos relata con objetividad “eso que tanto nos atrae es una hoguera”. La segunda desconfía de que algo tan banal tenga una fuerza descomunal sobre ellas, y decide acercarse más, hasta chamuscarse las alas y cegarse “no, no es una hoguera es un sol cegador, mil estrellas juntas, el origen de toda la luz”. Una tercera mariposa escucha atenta, luego levanta el vuelo y sin dudar se dirige directa a la llama, y antes de fundirse y desaparecer en ella alcanza a decir “soy yo!”.

No sabremos más. Quizás quiso decir: “no es la luz...es yo, y ahora me encuentro, ahora que ya no soy más”. Pero nadie ha vuelto de ese viaje. O si lo ha hecho, ya no podemos distinguirlo de las cosas, del aire, de nosotros mismos. Solo a veces en la contemplación, en la quietud que permite la visión, nos parece que es ese árbol, pero al instante ya no es el árbol sino tu mirada, o el mundo que se derrite como en una película sobrepuesta... Amar entonces es desaparecer.

Al amanecer dos grullas cruzan el cielo espeso de la ciudad, con el vuelo cansino de la lejanía, ¿a dónde van?...¿Cómo imaginar toda la belleza de atardeceres y juncales, paisajes y sombras caídas, que habrán vivido, que habrán sido?... Los ojos se abren y el mundo cae por ellos. Los ojos se abren y un mundo emana de ellos. Indiferenciables.

Cuando permanecemos, cuando nos afirmamos en nuestra apariencia, devenimos opacos, nada puede

verse a través de nosotros, sino a ese nosotros aparente. Esa es la naturaleza de nuestro ser particular, pero a veces, como esa piedra que un niño pone ante el sol, resultamos translúcidos o descomponemos el sol en mil colores que nos muestran su secreto, la belleza oculta en su luz. Y curiosamente es la unión de todos esos colores la que da de nuevo esa intensidad que ilumina toda apariencia. De lo uno y lo múltiple. Cualquier color, cualquier apariencia que sustraemos, que negamos, la sustraemos a la intensidad de esa luz.

Así el enamorado al entregarse, aunque solo sea por un instante, experimenta la inolvidable libertad de sí, la cámara de su corazón queda vacía para que el amado pueda entrar y habitarla. ¿Pero quién es verdaderamente el amado sino el reflejo huidizo del amor en sus ojos? El otro es entonces el velo que en sí mismo desvela, que permite gozar de la visión efímera, pues ahí amor, amante y amado no son sino uno.

*Primera visión: Wahab [El que da]*³



Unos papeles al viento en un callejón tangerino, la danza de lo efímero, la fragilidad del instante. Diarios, bolsas de plástico, pañuelos de papel, todos ellos destinados a desaparecer. Pero la contemplación colapsa el tiempo del instante y abre una puerta a otro lugar sin medida. Aquí es el eterno baile de los encuentros y desencuentros, ahora en forma de un diario y una bolsa de plástico que se rozan atrapados en un remolino de polvo. La hoja del diario se abre, caprichosamente la bolsa se posa sobre ella, y vuelven a repetir una y otra vez el juego. Alguien pasa ajeno a la escena desapercibida, invisible sin el estado de contemplación. Y allí sentimos que es la vida la que nos toma, la que nos lleva en brazos, la que nos hace encontrarnos en la pérdida. Allí están todos los posibles e imposibles de nuestras historias, el azar es su necesidad y la casualidad su destino...

³ Fotogramas de videos de Abu Ali pueden verse en www.al-barzaj.org

Segunda visión: El amor es tu destino



“Hijo mío no te entristezcas, el amor es tu destino”.

Hijo mío tienes 10 años, miro tu vida por venir y hoy siento un gran vértigo. Pero es injusto, pues la veo tal vez desde mi ocaso, no tengo ya el impulso que en tí está naciendo con fuerza, creciendo cada día; ese torbellino de polvo, pero también de belleza que cogerá tu vida, como las nuestras, como una hoja al viento. Quizás eras tú y Jazmín los que hace poco cruzábais el cielo espeso de la ciudad...

Recuerdo cómo ayer en el páramo recogías una piedra translúcida y me la mostrabas brillante al sol y ahora sé que eres esa estrella que tus manos sostuvieron.

Tercera visión: Last Night Dhikr



Lo más probable es que tarde o temprano nos encontremos en un paraje en apariencia seco y árido. Inesperadamente nuestros pasos nos han dejado allí, todos los caminos son posibles, pero ninguno parece llevar a ninguna parte. En nuestra soledad encontramos la única compañía de la contemplación, la mirada aquietada nos muestra un mundo aquietado, un mundo que lentamente empieza a mostrarse al margen de los parámetros del deseo o la funcionalidad, un mundo sin afuera ni adentro. Comprendemos mejor ahora, que aquello que vemos no es extraño a nosotros y el viaje cobra así un sentido diverso e interpretativo. Un pequeño grupo de hombres aparece en la lejanía, nos acercamos y les seguimos. Uno de ellos es un zahorí, busca agua con una rama de olivo, el paso es rápido, súbitamente como si recibiera un golpe se tambalea, y quizás cae, caemos...

En el páramo un arbusto seco ha abierto unas pequeñas flores, nuestros pasos toman ahora un camino de polvo, de piedras, de zarzas y acacias, cruzando puertas y murmullos, rumores o risas de niños...

Tumbados en la tierra, como tierra, para que un pozo se abra en nuestro pecho y la conciencia descienda cerca del corazón, allí veremos sin palabras, con los sonidos de la respiración latido, un recuerdo del lugar de donde venimos, del lugar que somos, de donde brotan las apariencias, como esas nubes que forman figuras caprichosas que apenas perduran...Una búsqueda de lo que hay de vida en nosotros. La presencia de lo que nos hace vivir.



Non fare l'amore
Piergiorgio Giacchè

Due cose non si possono fare in scena: fare l'amore e morire, disse e in parte spiegò Eugenio Barba nel corso di un suo corso di regia, all'ISTA di Volterra nel 1981¹. Ero un collaboratore finto, nascosto fra i veri allievi: un "osservatore partecipante" come si dice in antropologia, con il privilegio e l'imbarazzo di chi si è messo in testa di fare l'antropologia culturale dell'Antropologia Teatrale, una scienza dell'attore e per l'attore che appunto Barba stava appena inventando e sperimentando come *lo studio dell'uomo in situa-*

¹ L'International School of Theatre Anthropology è una istituzione di ricerca e di pedagogia che Eugenio Barba e gli attori dell'Odin Teatret hanno fondato nel 1980 e che da allora tiene le sue sessioni in tutto il mondo; è altresì la sede delle discussioni e dimostrazioni che hanno prima scoperto e poi sviluppato la Antropologia Teatrale, intesa come "studio del comportamento scenico pre-espressivo" dell'attore e danzatore di tutte le tradizioni teatrali del mondo; cfr. E. Barba, *La canoa di carta. Trattato di Antropologia Teatrale*, Il Mulino, Bologna, 1993, p. 23.

*zione di rappresentazione*². Prendevo appunti in continuazione, ma quella frase non l'ho scritta. Non serve scrivere quello che per davvero ci colpisce e su cui si comincia da subito a ragionare. Un ragionamento che ancora non ho finito di fare...

L'amore e la morte non si possono "fare", ma certo si possono e si debbono rappresentare. Si può addirittura dire che Amore e Morte sono le ispirazioni e le situazioni di quasi tutto il teatro in quasi tutta la sua storia. Ma non solo del teatro e nemmeno solo dell'arte: dell'Uomo con la maiuscola si potrebbe dire, della sua generale e universale antropologia. Ma appunto in scena non si possono *fare* – diceva Eugenio Barba ai registi e agli attori.

Ma poi, "perché no?" provavo ad aggiungere io, in rispettoso silenzio e in muta interrogazione: in teatro tutto s'è fatto e si può fare; e per di più c'è un teatro per tutto quello che si fa. In fondo, le scene d'amore nudo e crudo riempiono tutti i locali che campano sui porno-show. In fondo, perfino la morte in scena qualcuno la starà ancora pensando e organizzando: viviamo in tempi e in mondi in cui non è difficile figurarsi che c'è chi la esegue e la vende ai depravati dell'orrore. E di

² Nei primi anni e nei primi scritti di Barba, l'antropologia teatrale veniva definita, più generalmente e forse con maggiore ambizione e apertura, come "studio dell'uomo in situazione di rappresentazione"; cfr. E. Barba, *La corsa dei contrari*, Feltrinelli, Milano, 1981.

sicuro ci sono stati tempi e mondi in cui la morte in finte battaglie o veri supplizi ha riempito gli anfiteatri e non solo le piazze. E ancora oggi il rischio o il caso del morire riguarda molti tipi di atleti o attori dello sport. E finalmente nel concetto ampio e liberato di “performance” non c’è limite né all’amore né alla morte, se è vero – come vuole la vulgata ma anche la logica della teoria schechneriana³ – che non è facile o addirittura non è lecito individuare un confine fra gli atti della finzione e gli eventi della realtà. Eventi che nella nostra attuale e globale società si chiamano sempre più spesso spettacoli, perché se i “fatti” non sono tali, se cioè non si travestono da spettacoli, si danno per “non fatti” nel senso di non accaduti.

Dunque il “fare” c’entra più poco con l’uomo e con l’amore e con la morte, almeno da quando il “vedere” si è mangiata tutta la loro concreta verità. Da quando la visione si è mangiata tutta l’azione...

E ragionando sopra e contro la contingenza e l’apariscenza di questa nostra società e cultura, si scopre

³ Alla “teoria della performance” Richard Schechner ha dedicato molti studi e scritti ed ha legato il suo nome; si tratta di una rigorosa dilatazione del concetto e dell’atto performativo che, pur nelle distinzioni di ambiti e di generi, viene in qualche modo universalizzato a tutte le azioni umane; nelle mani e nelle menti di molti artisti e intellettuali, la diffusione e la volgarizzazione di questa “teoria” ha comportato molte generiche applicazioni e superficiali considerazioni, verso una “totalizzazione” che è poi anche un “azzeramento” del concetto e del termine stesso di “performance”.

che la raccomandazione di Barba aveva ed ha un significato diverso dall'occasionale avvertimento dato all'attore e diventa un indispensabile comandamento della sua arte, proprio perché mette un *limite* all'azione scenica e intanto apre una *contraddizione* – del resto da sempre aperta e ma sempre più ignorata – che è quella fra Teatro e Spettacolo. Ecco allora cosa vuol dire: *quello che fa spettacolo non necessariamente fa teatro*. E magari viceversa, “non tutto il teatro fa davvero spettacolo”, come testimoniano le fughe di Jerzy Grotowski e le sfide di Carmelo Bene⁴, tanto per citare soltanto i maggiori e i migliori...

Messa così, la faccenda del non fare in scena l'amore o la morte contiene un “principio” della cultura teatrale del nostro tempo e mondo. Perché non so ancora se c'è davvero una autonoma “antropologia del teatro”, ma è certo che una sua cultura il teatro ce l'ha: un *ethos* inteso come mestiere e dovere, ma anche una *ars* intesa come lingua e senso – come infinite lingue e indefiniti sensi ma all'interno di una frontiera che non si può valicare. Amare e morire non si può nel modo e nel

⁴Jerzy Grotowski e la sua ultima fase di ricerca “extra-teatrale” dedicata al Performer, così come, in tutt'altra maniera e dimensione, Carmelo Bene e il suo “teatro senza spettacolo”, sono gli esempi ma infine anche i maestri di una verticalità della ricerca che comporta la separazione netta dello spettacolo dal teatro e perfino una liberazione dell'attore dal teatro stesso; non sono pochi almeno in Italia gli artisti della scena che si confrontano e si confortano con questi “esempi”.

luogo della scena. Non è più *teatro* il loro eventuale e terminale *spettacolo*.

Se cioè – come dicono i filologi e i filosofi – “*performance* è l’azione compiuta fino in fondo”, se questa Parola dell’Azione viene da “forma” e va verso la “perfezione”, ci sono almeno due atti assoluti e profondi che in teatro non si possono fare. Anzi, a partire da Amare e Morire, si dovrà convenire che il comandamento si estende a tutte le azioni concrete e complete dell’attore e contraddice l’uso e l’abuso della recente diffusione e dilatazione della performance a tutti i costi e per tutti i corpi. Di quell’*acting* (ovvero di quel “fare”) che si aggiunge e infine assolve ogni opera e ogni operatore artistico, battezzando come *attore* un qualunque pittore o cantante o poeta...

No, tutto questo fare a teatro non si fa: al contrario di quel che si crede o si vuole, nessuna azione scenica dev’essere davvero “compiuta”.

Finalmente è proprio la parte mancante dell’*atto* teatrale quella che diventa *fatto* spettacolare agli occhi e nella mente di chi guarda.

Il paradosso sta qui e va spiegato fino in fondo: Teatro e Spettacolo nemmeno fra loro fanno l’amore o la morte. Non sono complementari ma supplementari, se è vero (com’è vero) che l’uno può esistere senza l’altro. Ma ancora di più se è falso (com’è falso) quel teatro che fa l’amore con lo spettacolo. E che finisce per morirci dentro.

Il paradosso dice anche un'altra cosa. Che l'attore e lo spettatore non sono né morti né amanti. Il teatro non funziona né per l'uno né per l'altro, quando si considera che l'altro non sia "in vita" o peggio quando ci si finge innamorati l'uno dell'altro. La complicità fra attore e spettatore – quando c'è – è casuale e ludica: la loro indispensabile e talvolta intensa relazione non è la condizione ma appena la conseguenza del teatro.

Ed è un equilibrio fragile quello della "relazione teatrale", che può non crescere e perfino non nascere se non si rispetta l'autonomia e infine la preminenza della scena sulla sala. Come si sa, infatti, ogni qual volta la scena si impone e perfino si isola può generare, nel pubblico sedotto, il miracolo indotto della "sua" spettacolarità (perché è del pubblico la visione ovvero lo spettacolo). Ogni qual volta invece, si avverte che il pubblico trionfa e dilaga, in fondo dà spettacolo di sé a se stesso: il teatro è stata solo l'occasione e non la causa, mentre lo spettacolo si è rivelato come un compiaciuto *difetto* dell'essere e non il faticato *effetto* di un divenire.

Così il "divieto" di dare spettacolo fa il paio con il "peccato" del fare l'amore, per un'arte scenica che voglia resistere alle tentazioni, e che viceversa voglia essere lei a *tentare* in tutti e due i sensi: quello del sedurre (invece di essere sedotto) e quello del fare ricerche (invece di accontentarsi delle trovate).

Senza questi divieti e peccati, senza questi limiti posti all'azione scenica non c'è più la sua illimitata

libertà. L'ultimo paradosso o il primo eccesso dei nostri tempi e mondi – invece – è quello di un teatro ormai senza confini e insieme senza sostanza: le incoraggiate e infinite varianti performative che si esaltano nell'azione reale e si diluiscono nella scena sociale, sono pericolose quanto effimere “vittorie” del teatro. Come si è visto – anche se ancora non si è appreso – nel corso degli ultimi decenni, le conquiste dell'animazione si sono tramutate in “servizi”, e la moltiplicazione degli eventi performativi coincide con la loro riconversione in “consumi” (contro i quali – se ci si ricorda bene – quegli *eventi* erano nati...).

In altri termini, il teatro ha dimostrato che può diventare tutto e intanto ridursi a niente. Può conquistare la realtà e perdere la sua vita, può occupare la società e perdere la scena, può contaminare ogni fatto e convertire ogni atto ma solo riducendosi da sostanza a ingrediente, da motore a colore, da dimensione a sensazione.

Così facendo, il teatro ha in effetti guadagnato il diritto irrinunciabile a non avere più una *definizione* (ed era ora!), ma ha il dovere di conservare una sua rigorosa e volontaria *delimitazione*: solo nella prigione volta a volta diversa della poetica e della politica che ciascun teatro si sceglie, si apre il cielo della sua infinita libertà. Già perché, se la indispensabile relazione spettacolare con il pubblico è orizzontale, la irrinunciabile vocazione teatrale è quella della ricerca ovvero

di una sua illimitata libertà verticale. Questo è il traguardo ma anche il principio di un “teatro d’arte”, o appena dell’arte: e difatti così è – o almeno così era – della poesia e della musica e della pittura e infine di tutte le arti che talvolta a teatro si danno un appuntamento e prendono corpo⁵.

Infine il Teatro è Corpo, ma – come avverte la sua antropologia – “in situazione di rappresentazione”. Una trasformazione della natura in cultura, che inseguendo all’infinito l’atto totale dell’amare e del morire, ma senza mai un compimento, un completamento.

Il Teatro è Corpo *in azione*, ma la sua performance, prima di planare nell’orizzontalità dello spettacolo e regalarsi alla relazione con lo spettatore, si fissa nella verticalità impotente e si confina nella stanza segreta della scena. *Skené* – ricorda qualche studioso⁶ – era il camerino, il vestibolo ma si potrebbe dire anche il vestito di questo Corpo: la scena è dunque l’habitat e

⁵ Come si sa, c’è sempre stata la tendenza o la tentazione di partecipare al “teatro” da parte di tutte le altre arti: la scena è infine il luogo e il modo attraverso il quale la letteratura, la poesia, la pittura, la scultura, la musica stessa guadagnano una vitalità e una relazione diretta, anche se effimera: certamente cioè il teatro ha bisogno del loro concorso, ma anche loro hanno bisogno dell’occasione e dell’avvenimento scenico per “dare spettacolo” di sé, e consumarsi nell’atto e nell’attimo del teatro.

⁶ Sul rapporto di accostamento e infine identificazione fra scena (*skené*) e corpo dell’attore, per primo ha scritto e detto Jean-Marie Pradier, attualmente fondatore e direttore del Laboratoire d’Ethnoscénologie presso la Maison de Sciences de l’Homme - Paris Nord.

l'habitus del corpo dell'attore, una "seconda natura" (direbbe Barba) ma in sostanza una "prima cultura".

Quella cultura – minuscola ma generale – che l'antropologo può definire come *l'insieme delle rappresentazioni o l'insieme delle finzioni* di cui l'uomo vive⁷, se è vero che in fondo anche la vita reale non è poi troppo diversa dall'arte della scena... Anche l'attore sociale non fa che recitare tutta la vita ogni possibile variazione dell'amore "incompiuto" e della morte "incombente".

Intanto però anche il Corpo è Teatro. Dice il filosofo Jean-Luc Nancy: "L'esistenza vuole mettersi in scena. Questo fa parte del suo progetto, della sua proiezione o del suo essere gettato. Fa parte del suo essere al mondo", perché "il soggetto gettato nel mondo, inserito nel mondo, non è ancora una *presenza*"⁸. E aggiunge altre parole e alti ragionamenti – che non è lecito bruciare in un riassunto – che ci invitano a con-

⁷ Fra le tante o le troppe definizioni di cultura, quella forse più convincente e conveniente è a mio avviso quella dell'antropologo italiano Tullio Seppilli (che è stato il mio professore): "La cultura è l'insieme delle rappresentazioni mentali socialmente elaborate e condivise", dove il termine *rappresentazione* guadagna un'ampiezza che non le fa perdere nessuno dei suoi usi e significati specifici, nemmeno quello teatrale. Il teatro può dunque essere inteso come un "doppio" della cultura, come sono arrivato a sostenere in un mio saggio; cfr. P. Giacchè, *L'altra visione dell'altro. Una equazione fra antropologia e teatro*, L'ancora del mediterraneo ed., Napoli, 2004.

⁸ Jean-Luc Nancy, *Corpo teatro*, (traduzione di A. Moscati di due saggi del filosofo francese: *Corps théâtre* e *Après la tragédie*), Cronopio ed., Napoli, 2010, cfr. pp. 11-15.

siderare come infine l'esigenza del teatro e l'esistenza del teatro siano una cosa sola.

Non è un desiderio né un bisogno il Teatro, ma una proiezione naturale e una produzione culturale del Corpo. Un teatro-corpo o un corpo-teatro che nasce e cresce dunque per esistere, ma certamente anche per apparire: è giusto ed inevitabile cioè che il teatro dell'io divenga cioè spettacolo per gli altri. Non sarebbe completo o meglio non sarebbe avvenuto senza questo conforto concreto e senza questa relazione diretta.

E però, inseriti come siamo in una cultura dell'immagine e in una società dello spettacolo, è legittimo e perfino urgente ricordarsi che *essere teatro* e *apparire spettacolo* non sono la stessa cosa, ma appena la stessa "causa".

Ed è, ai nostri giorni e nei nostri mondi, sempre meno conveniente disperdersi e compiacersi di un "effetto" che è *prodotto* e non più *processo*, che è finito e non più indefinito... e che, a guardar bene, non è né teatro né spettacolo ma *consumo*... Come l'amore già fatto, come la morte già avvenuta.

Des Corps et des accords
Fred Kahn

La chorégraphe danseuse est assise en bordure de l'espace scénique. Carme Torrent attend que le public prenne place à côté et derrière elle. Les gens s'assoient à leur tour et ainsi, ils dessinent de plus en plus précisément le cadre scénographique de la représentation à venir. Progressivement, le territoire où va se dérouler la performance prend ainsi consistance. Quelques mètres carrés, un angle de mur. Vide. L'attente de l'acte artistique nous rend plus attentif à la densité de l'espace et du temps. Puis, Carme Torrent se lève et investit la scène. Immédiatement, sa présence modifie notre perception de la pièce qui par ailleurs est nue et parfaitement banale. La danseuse travaille avec l'angle du mur, à l'horizontal, au sol, puis à la verticale. L'espace semble se rétrécir autour d'elle, en elle. Son état de concentration se diffuse dans l'environnement immédiat, comme si la tension qu'elle exerçait sur son corps avait pour conséquence de concrètement confiner l'atmo-

sphère. Sa gestuelle est fascinante par sa capacité à unir des contraires : entre le relâchement le plus total et la tension la plus extrême. Puis, Carme Torrent retourne s'asseoir. Mais l'espace devant nous n'est plus tout à fait le même. Il est encore marqué de la présence de la danseuse. Il a été affecté par cette présence. Devenu malléable, il va poursuivre son processus de transformation. La danseuse revient donc, au centre de la scène cette fois-ci. Le mouvement est tout de suite beaucoup plus sexué, la gestuelle puise dans des ressources quasi animales. Si l'amour de l'autre est possible, le point d'incandescence reste lui bien au-delà de l'inimaginable. Or, nous ne possédons pas d'autre véhicule que notre corps pour atteindre cet état-là. Il empruntera d'innombrables chemins, tous aussi imprévisibles les uns que les autres. Prétendre tracer d'avance cette déambulation relève au mieux de l'étroitesse d'esprit, au pire, d'une posture fasciste. La force des Miniatures tient justement dans cette part d'indétermination. Chaque pièce a été pensée de manière autonome, mais dans une perspective de rapprochement, de connexion, avec les autres propositions. Il était impossible de prévoir l'agencement définitif de ce puzzle, mais, par contre, indispensable de l'anticiper. Lors de la restitution publique, au Caire, en avril 2011, le projet s'est concrètement confronté à la nécessité d'abattre des murs autant physiques qu'idéologiques. Fabriquer un monde commun, ne va absolument pas de soi.

Comment unifier sans uniformiser? Dans l'espace d'exposition de la Townhouse Gallery, la singularité de chaque Miniature ne devait pas être niée, mais, au contraire, mise en dialogue avec les autres. Pourtant, les esthétiques étaient aussi diverses que les langages poétiques : danse, théâtralité, image, vidéo, installation, performance... Le défi consistait à esquisser, sans les imposer, des correspondances entre ces narrations, afin de bâtir une œuvre véritablement multiforme.

Mais quelle est donc cette étrange alchimie qui permet de passer du «je» au «nous» ? Cette opération ne relève absolument pas de la fusion. L'altérité, qui a été posée d'emblée comme la thématique commune des Miniatures, préservait le dispositif fictionnel de la tentation de l'amalgame. Les identités ne peuvent pas se confondre. Elles sont irréductibles et, en tant que telles, négocient constamment leur place. La perversion, au sens clinique du terme, consiste à vouloir jouir du pouvoir coercitif que l'on peut exercer sur l'autre. Nous devons nous reconnaître dans l'étranger qui évolue devant nous, éventuellement l'assimiler, mais sans pour autant essayer de le modeler à notre image. La comédienne plasticienne et vidéaste Leo Castro a restitué avec puissance cette ligne de démarcation. Elle a filmé sur le vif, dans les rues du Caire, des gestes, des regards, des postures d'hommes, de femmes d'enfants. Ce « tracé en images » construit une narration qui, sans jamais être didactique, devient petit à petit fami-

lière. Le sentiment amoureux qui s'exprime là relève d'un patrimoine commun. Mais seule une grande qualité de regard permet de le rendre aussi évident et partageable. On se sent alors capable d'éprouver de l'empathie pour un peuple que l'on ne connaît pas. L'objet artistique n'est qu'un médiateur, un endroit de cristallisation où l'imaginaire et le réel vont converger et, peut-être même, se réconcilier. En tout cas, s'incarner en nous. Redisons-le encore et encore : le corps est toujours traversé, habité, d'une manière ou d'une autre. Mais la conductibilité de ce matériau corporel n'est jamais acquise d'avance. Car cet outil est fragile. Seul un travail incessant d'assouplissement peut le rendre suffisamment disponible et sensible. La Miniature du Gruppo Nanou travaille à cet endroit. Rhuena Bracci est comme une athlète qui nous ferait pénétrer dans l'intimité de ses échauffements. Cet effet « d'entraînement » a valeur de prise de conscience. Pour ce faire, l'artiste va pousser son corps à la limite de la mise en danger. Mais ce n'est pas la performance technique qui compte, l'essentiel réside dans ce qu'elle révèle de notre condition humaine. Ici, le corps ne cherche pas à être glorieux, mais à exprimer la plénitude de l'être. Il accepte donc ses limites. Mieux, il les revendique. Nous devons négocier avec nos failles et même si nous tentons de les combler, nous savons pertinemment que l'écart persistera toujours. La danseuse décompose ainsi son geste, elle l'étire dans toute son amplitude,

presque jusqu'à l'immobilité, alors que derrière elle, au contraire, l'image tournoyante de son corps est projetée sur le mur. La matière sonore participe aussi du décalage entre ce que nous voyons et ce que nous ressentons. L'émotion naît de cet engagement dans l'action, total et en même temps toujours un peu différé.

Une fois acquis que l'art n'a pas pour fonction de nous divertir, qu'il ne fait pas diversion, mais, qu'au contraire, il nous cogne au réel, reste à définir l'endroit de son opérationnalité affective. Prenons le cas du Caire. Les Miniatures se sont déroulées quatre mois à peine après une révolution qui a été d'autant plus belle qu'elle semblait perdue d'avance, tant le régime Moubarak paraissait indéboulonnable. Ces événements étaient dans tous les esprits. Mais la dimension hautement politique de la création artistique ne relève pas de l'action (mais du "faire"), elle échappe aux cadres idéologiques. Elle n'opère pas non plus en nous sur un mode transitif (c'est-à-dire sur un principe de cause à effet). Sa fonction critique doit s'envisager par analogie, comme des échos. Le philosophe Lyotard, nous invite ainsi à percevoir un événement politique comme on perçoit un objet d'art : comme une énigme. L'actualité du geste de Carme Torrent ne se joue donc pas dans l'abus de références directes à la situation égyptienne, mais plus universellement, parce que l'artiste ouvre un espace d'autonomie à l'intérieur d'une situation extrêmement contrainte. Elle nous fait sentir que notre libre arbitre s'inscrit dans cet

intervalle-là, à la fois minime et infini. Sans ce déplacement, nous sommes englués dans la superficialité et l'instantanéité. Le détour est obligatoire même pour ceux qui sont dans une grande proximité avec les événements. Marie al Fajr s'est appuyée sur sa double culture arabo-occidentale pour s'aventurer dans une forme hybride où la codification contemporaine vient perturber une gestuelle empruntée de tradition. Le tout sur un dispositif visuel onirique dont la vocation est d'ouvrir, à l'intérieur de cette tension esthétique, un espace de cohabitation apaisant. L'ensemble finira par trouver sa juste temporalité. Dans cet ailleurs, l'émancipation des esprits et des corps apparaît possible, à condition de les considérer comme indissociables. La même aspiration au dépassement traverse le film d'animation de la plasticienne égyptienne Shayma Aziz. Cette dernière utilise une technique très particulière qu'elle a emprunté au plasticien sud africain William Kentridge. Contrairement aux films d'animation traditionnels dans lesquels chaque mouvement est dessiné sur une feuille séparée, Shayma Aziz travaille plusieurs fois avec la même feuille de papier. Elle efface et ajoute des traits et l'image conserve les traces des dessins antérieurs. Sa Miniature nous confronte ainsi, à un film animé, en noir et blanc, mettant en scène un couple pris dans un jeu relationnel. Ils se frôlent parfois, mais jamais ne se touchent. La dramaturgie ne concerne pas la narration, plutôt le changement d'intensité et d'état des deux protagonistes.

Chaque dessin est d'une force esthétique indéniable. Mais au-delà de la beauté du trait, Shayma Aziz impulse, grâce à cette technique particulière, un effet vibratoire. Les traces de l'effacement du dessin précédent sont visibles, comme des marques du temps, comme les séquelles des multiples tentatives que chacun met en œuvre pour tisser des liens. Et « nous » dans tout ça ? Forcément voyeurs d'une histoire qui n'est pas la nôtre ? Un regard trop extérieur jugera avec suspicion. Et quelque soit la sentence, elle apparaîtra comme un frein à l'épanouissement. Mais d'autre part, la distance critique nous préserve de la confusion et de l'indistinction. De même, le corps commun qui s'est constitué place Tahrir en janvier était éminemment politique dans sa capacité à agréger, sans les dissoudre, des sensibilités, très différentes. Ce consensus « démocratique » est si fragile. Le couple qui s'agite dans la vidéo de Shayma Aziz, nous rappelle que les forces réactionnaires sont toujours à l'œuvre et que les femmes sont souvent les premières victimes de ce souffle régressif. Lors des treize jours de manifestations et de révoltes populaires, elles ont pu, à l'égal des hommes, descendre dans la rue et exprimer leur volonté de changement. Trois mois plus tard, à l'occasion de la journée internationale des femmes, la place Tahir a été le lieu d'agressions sauvages. On comprend mieux pourquoi les personnages de Shayma Aziz sont des individus auto-censurés. « Le spectateur s'attendra à ce que leurs corps se réunissent. Ils continuent à essayer de se tou-

cher, mais ils ne le font jamais. Cela dure trop longtemps, quinze minutes de répétitions des mêmes mouvements (...) Ils s'épuisent à l'essai et à l'échec. Ils s'effondrent ». Les stigmates s'effacent de la chair, mais restent gravés dans les mémoires.

Christophe Haleb a, lui aussi, construit sa Miniature en rapport étroit avec l'environnement extérieur. Il a même opéré sur le vif, dans l'immédiateté la plus totale et sur ce désir paradoxal : s'inscrire dans un contexte douloureux et, sans le nier, y puiser matière à jubilation. Est-ce le poids de notre héritage judéo-chrétien, cette haine du corps, qui nous a amené à placer l'affect du côté de la peine ? Christophe Haleb nous rappelle à l'évidence: l'affectation artistique ne saurait être triste. Tragique parfois, certes, car cette « blessure la plus rapprochée du soleil » révèle nos déchirures. Mais, la mobilisation sensible, parce qu'elle concourt à la réalisation de soi, parce qu'elle acquiesce aux puissances de vie, est intrinsèquement joyeuse. Jamais destructrice. Souvenons-nous de la leçon nietzschéenne: « Il nous faut constamment enfanter nos pensées du fond de nos douleurs et les pourvoir maternellement de tout ce qu'il y a en nous de sang, de cœur, de passion, de tourment, de conscience, de destin, de fatalité ».

Ainsi, le chorégraphe facétieux a invité des amateurs égyptiens, garçons et filles, à performer avec lui... De manière quasi improvisée, au milieu du public. Cette intervention, épicurienne, libérait le corps (et donc

l'esprit) de tous les carcans idéologiques. Bien sûr certaines personnes ont été choquées. Elles n'étaient pas encore prêtes à recevoir ce cadeau de l'artiste: «Par temps de révolution, la question n'est pas de prendre le pouvoir sur les gens, mais de donner le pouvoir aux gens». Christophe Haleb s'est également engagé à offrir ce que la scénographie initiale, imposée par Adham Hafez, niait : la possibilité joyeuse de faire son propre cheminement entre les propositions. Le « je » mis ainsi en « jeu » crée un mouvement centrifuge et à l'intérieur de cette aspiration s'esquisse un « nous » potentiel. Les signes de ralliement possible entre les Miniatures ne peuvent donc pas relever de l'assignation. Aucune place n'est désignée d'office. Et pourtant l'œuvre, en nous arrachant au simulacre, à l'anonymat et à la masse, nous re-territorialise. Grâce à cet enracinement symbolique, l'utopie semble enfin à portée de main. Pas étonnant donc que le tableau photographique du plasticien italien Andrea Abbatangelo nous regarde, car il nous concerne. Suspendu à quelques mètres du sol, il flotte dans les airs tel l'étendard d'une promesse presque accessible... Un cheval blanc, magnifique, lancé au galop et marqué du sceau de l'anarchie... Il vient vers nous. Libéré de toute attache. La rencontre de la peinture et du médium photographique crée un étrange mélange de rêve et d'hyperréalité. Comme le prédisait Spinoza, le corps et l'esprit sont enfin réunis: «Le corps ne peut déterminer l'esprit

à penser, ni l'esprit déterminer le corps au mouvement, ni au repos, ni à quelque chose d'autre¹».

¹ Jean-François Lyotard, *Pérégrinations*, Galilée, Paris 1990.

Biografie

Cristiano Carpanini

After a degree of Economics at the University of Parma and the University 'Autónoma' of Barcelona, he starts to work in contemporary dance in 1993 in Marseille. It is in 1996 that he creates and since then directs L'Officina – a production dance organization. In 1998, he sets-up Dansem in Marseille – an international Contemporary Dance Festival, presenting and producing dance makers, companies and works from across the Mediterranean basin. He and L'Officina have been active members of several networks such as DBM, and have participated in many international cooperation and production projects. Currently, he is the main producer and artistic coordinator of the project Miniatures.

Toni Cots

Researcher, teacher, actor and director of Performing Arts. After a BA in Theatre at the Theatre Institute of Barcelona, he studies contemporary dance in Barcelona, London and Oslo. For several years, he explored and practiced both performing and martial arts in Japan, Bali and India. For 10 years was an actor of the Odin Theatre and a member of the ISTA, directed by Eugenio Barba. He has directed international festivals and programmes in Spain, Italy and Denmark. Has toured extensively with his own work in many countries and has initiated and collaborated in many cultural and artistic projects in Denmark, Latinamerica and currently in the Mediterranean area. Currently, he is a member of CRA'P – Arts practices and research, consisting of a working space near Barcelona for residences, workshops and projects. He directs the Master in Contemporary Arts Practice & Dissemination in Barcelona.

Marina Garcés

She is Professor of Philosophy at Universidad de Zaragoza (Spain) and invited professor in several International Masters. She is the author of the book *En las prisiones de lo posible (In the prisons of the possible)*, Barcelona 2002) and writes regularly in cultural and philosophical journals such as Archipiélago, Zehar, Daimon, etc and in several collective books. She is one of the founders in 2002 of 'Espai en blanc' <http://www.espaienblanc.net/>

Toni Serra (Abu Ali)*

www.al-barzaj.org

Author of video and video programs. Member of OVNI Archives [www.desorg.org], he is also working in the research projects: TrasnArab and Babilon Archives.

His videos explore different visions between the essay and the poetry and immerse into its relationship with the visionary, the inner experience, the no man's land between real and unreal, dream and awakensness, poetry and profecy, as a way to deepen the criticism of reality.

Piergiorgio Giacchè

He is a researcher in anthropology at the Faculty of Humanities of the University of Perugia. Author of numerous publications in books and specialized journals. He is the coordinator of the international working group of the *Maison des Sciences de l'Homme* on "Live performances and human sciences", he is part of the editorial board of the journal "The Stranger. Art Culture Society", and of the scientific committee of the journal "Catharsis. Theatres of diversity".

He is the President of the foundation "The Immemorial Carmelo Bene".

Fred Kahn

Intervenes on the engineering of support and the production of editorial and leading pages.

Co-author of *New territories of the arts* (Ed. Sujet/Objet, 2005). Has participated in the writing of the book *One Elected-One artist* (Ed. L'Entretemps, 2006). Regional correspondent of the journal *Mouvement*. Lecturer at the University of Provence, France: Cultural mediation of art.

ARTISTI

Alia Sellami



سبحوا بحمدهم ، وتوابعوا عيسى بن مريم ، فحيوا بالمكان ، تحفوا بسوا



سبحوا بحمدهم ، وتوابعوا عيسى بن مريم ، فحيوا بالمكان ، تحفوا بسوا

سبحوا بحمدهم ، وتوابعوا عيسى بن مريم ، فحيوا بالمكان ، تحفوا بسوا

Alia Sellami

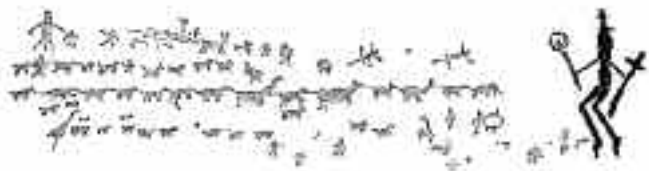
She began working as a dancer and later as a soloist for five years in the first Tunisian contemporary dance company IKAA. Moved to Paris, where encountered the opera. Working as an opera singer has not prevented her from giving concerts of Arab singing and jazz. Lately she moved towards contemporary music composition and improvisation. She teaches singing techniques at the University of Tunis, and conducts numerous master classes abroad. Tours internationally on her own or with her own ensemble Aloes.

Andrea Abbatangelo

I BEGAN TO RACING EVERY TIME
I WANTED ONLY ~~TO~~ RUN AWAY
THAT WAS, THE EQUIVOCAL BEAUTY OF MY MISSION.

THEY CELEBRATE AND DANCE; THE RICH ONES AND THE SCOUNDRELS,
DANKING DESPAIR HIM AND ENJOY TOGETHER BUT:
THE FIRST ONES ARE DESPAIRED TO HAVE LOST EVERYTHING.
WITH LUST, CELEBRATE THE SECONDS
TO HAVE THROWN ALL TO THE WIND,

MY NAME WAS DETECTED ,ANGEL.



THE FEEL



OF THINK



by
andrea abbatangelo



Andrea Abbatangelo

Italian artist working with different media: photography, video, installation. He lives and works between Terni and London. His artworks are exhibited internationally at Museum of Modern Art of Sao Paulo, Contemporary Art Museum of Beijing and the Centre of Contemporary Culture of Barcelona.

Carme Torrent

...el amor está por reinventar

...

el amor, en el tono de lo absoluto, del Uno,
donde cualquier concepto parece declarar expansión,
apertura, hacia una percepción de la realidad donde
el lenguaje se queda corto, donde hay mil nombres que hacen
sonar lo innombrable

...el amor es uno de ellos...

entonces, ¿cómo abrir un lugar donde exponer
el potencial de lo indeterminado?

...

también el amor en el ámbito relativo y a su vez
más obvio, la vivencia en lo concreto por ejemplo
en el encuentro entre dos personas

“el amor, no es simplemente el encuentro
y las relaciones cerradas entre dos individuos,
es una construcción, es una vida que se hace,
no ya desde el punto de vista de lo Uno,
de la identidad, sino desde el punto de vista
de los Dos, de la diferencia, de dos personas con
su subjetividad infinita”.

este lado diagonal del amor, que pasa a través
de las dualidades más poderosas y las separaciones más radica-
les... la otra cara del Uno

si pudiéramos tener una percepción de la realidad
no-dual quizás ambos, absoluto y concreto
se encontrarían con calidez, apoyándose mutuamente,
quizás el amor ofrece la posibilidad de que a través del cuerpo
el Uno y el Dos se toquen...

un acontecimiento que se construye, es decir,
algo que no entra en la ley inmediata de las cosas
pasar a ser observador y observado al mismo
tiempo...se construye al tiempo que se deshace,
como el propio ser...materia que se observa
a sí mismo, que puede construir mientras observa
y observar mientras construye

...

una cuestión de duración, no en el sentido de que
el amor dure, que se ame siempre o para siempre,
sino que el amor propone una manera diferente
de durar en la vida, una temporalidad nueva,
renovada, reinventada

...

“un acontecimiento en apariencia insignificante,
pero que en realidad, es un acontecimiento radical
de la vida microscópica, es portador, en su obstinación
y en su duración, de una significación universal”

...

quizás una posibilidad de que se apoyaran mutuamente la
diferencia entre lo que cesa y lo que continúa indefinidamente,
la tensión entre efímero y eterno, entre Uno y Dos.

...

dejarse caer, perder en las profundidades
de la ambivalencia al mismo tiempo que ofrecer
apertura a lo infinito

...

el espacio vacío como lugar de encuentro

...

no solo las acciones sino las pausas entre
la acción...no la personalidad, sino las pausas
del yo...no solo el tejido sino sus nadas, sus calados

...

¿cual es pues esa extraña alquimia que nos permite pasar
del yo al nosotros?

...

indecibles que son presencia en su retirarse, regiones
organizadas alrededor del vacío...de remisiones, ecos,
resonancias y también ritmos

...

un lugar de paso del mundo haciéndose
y deshaciéndose
¿podemos destruirnos y al mismo tiempo
construirnos? ¿Estamos aquí para este movimiento?
se dicen y se borran al decirse

...

arrojar el cuerpo al vacío

...

“el observador se sitúa en el límite, en el espacio
intermedio entre el vacío y la existencia.
En la superficie, el texto, el mundo y el fuego, abajo
el vacío. El observador en la línea de base,
que no es línea, sino un espacio imperceptible,
un no-lugar, una suspensión”*

...

en los bordes aceptamos la indeterminación

...

ni evitar ni suprimir todas las ambivalencias;
quizás solamente hacerlas oír

...

hoy me pregunto de qué silencio, de qué mudez extraeré
el próximo gesto, la próxima pauta de acercamiento

...

ponerse a la escucha

* Todas las citas hacen referencia al libro de Alain Badiou ‘Éloge de l’amour’ con Nicolas Truong (Flammarion, Café Voltaire, 2009)

Carme Torrent

Dance maker and performer living and working in Barcelona. She studied architecture at the University of Barcelona. Has collaborated with different choreographers, companies, musicians and performers from Spain. Since 2000, she travels regularly to Japan to work and study with Min Tanaka, leading figure of 'Butoh' and the technique "Body Weather".

Christophe Haleb
California Dreamers



Je danse très fort et très
longtemps.
Ça suffit à m'entretenir.
Pendant ce temps là
la consommation continue.
On oublie qu'on va mourir.

Nous avançons dans
une spirale très mobile.
Nous sommes partout
dans notre spirale.
Les rôles y sont instables
et inversables à tout moment.



La peau c'est magique.
Tout ce qui vient de toi
est érotique.

Chasteté par temps
d'hyper sexualité.



Am sorry am not fine
and am hurting and lossing
everything and everyone
I know.
Please forgive me i can't meet
you now.

Là je coure le risque
d'en souffrir.



Je cherchais à repousser
les limites, non pas à les abolir,
mais pour être situé.

Réjouissance. Tout est perdu,
tout est possible, soyons fou
de joie.

Christophe Haleb

Choreographer from Marseilles. Founded in 1993 his own company *La zouze - Cie Christophe Haleb* that functions as an experimental laboratory to generate heterogeneous forms crossing and confronting various media. It focuses more particularly on various subjects and the idea of community. At the crossroad of danced theatre and performance.

Filiz Sizanli
Miniaturesite





You think that you jump through time and space, but actually the city itself jumps through you.
Through the memory of your skin also, relocate the images of the body. They don't show, sport me,
so I end up on them.

I jump jump and jump to other places one by one. . . Simply easy because independent from all the
places. I position myself in a super skin tension...

It was supposed to start from the middle though.

The middle became the beginning instead.
And the end was almost a little farther than the middle.

The middle was up there.

It lay down once and for all.

Knew about there.

Down there.

Then I got the right of it...





© ANDREA ABBATANGELO

Created in Tunis, Tunisie, ELTEATRO,
espace d'art et création in 2011.

Filiz Sizanli

Choreographer and dancer from Istanbul. She graduated from Istanbul Technical University's Department of Architecture. She has been working with Mathilde Monnier and Emmanuelle Huynh. She is one of the founders of Taldans Company and Çati Studio· Studio-Association in Istanbul. Has been producing her own work since 2003 in collaboration with Mustafa Kaplan.

Gruppo Nanou



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Spiragli di fragilità

Lo Sport come linguaggio universale per attrarre lo sguardo dello spettatore ed esporre un corpo nella sua fragilità e diametralmente opposta forza.

Ricerca del punto di contatto, frattura, interferenza fra atto tecnico e la sua fragilità di pensiero.

L'atto tecnico, per non essere solo tale prevede azzardo, fiducia.

Per varcare la soglia del virtuosismo ed approdare alla comunicazione del rischio, dell'accettazione di una delicatezza profonda ed entrare in comunicazione con l'altro non solo grazie alle spettacolari evoluzioni ma per il rischio che esse contengono.

Spiccare il volo.

Il momento di sospensione.

Il momento di tutte le possibilità di cambiamento, di tutte le potenziali direzioni.

L'attimo che non si può fermare fisicamente ma in cui più si apre il respiro dell'atleta.

È una boccata d'aria a cielo aperto.

Vacillare.

Rhuena Bracci: performer



L'autenticità che si smaschera da sola, l'autenticità tortuosa, che non è più l'autenticità².

È il viaggio del desiderio. È il corpo che è in stato di allerta, di ricerca rispetto al proprio desiderio³.



E ancora: una dedica, a mio padre. Cosa si diviene grazie agli affetti

...mettermi il magnesio nelle mani...

Un tempo per il pensiero, per la concentrazione, per la preparazione.

La Morte – la Morte di cui ti parlo – non è quella che seguirà la tua caduta, ma quella che precede la tua apparizione sul filo. È prima di scarlo che muori. Colui che danzerà sarà morto – deciso a tutte le bellezze, capace di tutte. Allorché apparirai, un pallore – no, non parlo della paura ma del suo opposto, di un'audacia invincibile -, un pallore ti ricoprirà. Malgrado il belletto e i lustrini, sarai esangue, e livida la tua anima...¹

...io stesa a terra con la testa in luce e il suono che incalza ovattato...

Portar dentro il pensiero tecnico che si manifesta in azione nello spazio ma la cosa importante non è il risultato l'azione nello spazio ma la concentrazione che la precede perché contiene tutte le possibilità del pensiero anche quella del ricordo concentrazione che espande il corpo e chiama lo spettatore, l'altro, ad entrare nella soggettiva del performer.

Rhuena Bracci: performer

¹ Jean Genet, *Il funambolo*, Adelphi, Milano, 1997, p. 112.

² Roland Barthes, *Frammenti di un discorso amoroso*, Einaudi, Torino, 1989, p. 221.

³ Ivi, p. 226.



Sport.

Sezionare l'azione fino a coglierne il più piccolo respiro nell'atto che diventa necessario per non cadere.

Sport.

Il corpo compie la sua azione, il suo rito mettendo a rischio se stesso fino al limite. Afferrare quell'attimo prima dell'esecuzione, quell'intimità che normalmente viene celata. Poter assistere alla preparazione, al momento che precede l'atto, a quel secondo pauroso. È come frugare nel portafogli di un amato, intrufolarsi nella stanza di un altro e scoprirne l'odore sul cuscino abbandonato dal mattino.

Sono attratto dal corpo in volo, dal pulsare del muscolo, dal cercare di carpire ciò che l'occhio fatica a visualizzare, a mettere a fuoco, a rapire nella velocità.

Vorrei cogliere il pensiero dell'atleta prima della vertigine per capirne il silenzio.

Vorrei scoprire qual è il tempo dell'atleta. Comprendere quanto dura un minuto e mezzo per lui o dieci metri di caduta.

Ho sempre immaginato che sia come avere la testa sott'acqua.

È necessario trovare quel limite tra il conosciuto e lo sconosciuto per poter accedere all'intimità. Non è lo svelamento, non si cercano risposte. Parlo di rapimento. Cercare l'anfratto da cui la porta si possa scardinare e lasciare spalancata per offrire la fragilità sovraesposta, il suono del silenzio.

In questo trovo l'amore, l'elemento dell'affetto, la meraviglia che si ritrova nello scoprire l'amato. Il rapimento che si percepisce visceralmente nell'intimità.

Sport come tentativo di demolizione del disegno per afferrare la necessità e la resa dell'atleta, oggetto/soggetto amoroso barthiano.

La relazione amorosa non risiede più nella scena ma cerca disperatamente di posizionarsi tra l'azione e l'occhio di chi guarda nel tentativo, attraverso la mostra del fragile, di cogliere una tenerezza, un erotismo, un rapimento.

Marco Valerio Amico: coreografo



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Spesso negli spettacoli di Nanou quello che mi preme trovare è uno spazio di lavoro. È innegabile che il suono, se pur diverso dalla musica o peggio dalla colonna sonora, è prevalentemente un linguaggio spaziale, che riempie e determina lo spazio, nella percezione di chi lo ascolta, tanto quanto nella propria dimensione acustica.

Riempimento. Spesso un background che si mette in relazione con lo spettatore tanto quanto con il performer in modo inconscio.

Ecco che in Sport ho trovato, quasi d'istinto, uno spazio diverso.

Diverso dalla soggettiva dell'atleta che va in scena, diverso dallo spettatore che siede una tribuna teatrale al pari del suo collega in un palazzo dello sport.

Diverso, in concordanza con le esigenze di questo progetto, dall'evento sportivo come puro fatto, azione frutto di un lavoro di preparazione e quindi risultato.

Il background sonoro si è presto costituito focalizzandosi non tanto nella mente dell'atleta, o del corpo che lo rappresenta, in concentrazione, né tantomeno tra gli spettatori, testimoni e supporter dell'atleta, ma in un unico spazio, condiviso, che in realtà non vuole contestualizzare nessuno dei due mondi.

Il mio compito è quello di sonorizzare una soggettiva, ma che non fosse quella privata dell'atleta ma una nuova, che ha sicuramente a che vedere con quella solitudine, ma che accoglie anche la visione, individuale e collettiva allo stesso tempo, degli spettatori.

Il pubblico che incita molto distante, un alternarsi di respiri, affanni e poi applausi, incitazioni, forniscono a chi ascolta e a chi prende visione di Sport, un altrove.

Uno spazio sonoro che può essere molto grande, molto distante e ricco di punteggiatura sonora, quasi a dettare se non un vero e proprio ritmo, almeno un andamento, ma che si ritrae sempre perché non vuole sfociare nella gara, perché questo Sport non è la messa in scena della competizione.

Roberto Rettura: sound designer

Gruppo Nanou

The group started in Ravenna, Italy, in July 2004 as a space to confront and value the assets and interests of a young group of artists in their research and activities. The group's members are Marco Valerio Amico, Rhuena Bracci and Roberto Rettura. They have produced several interdisciplinary works that tour regularly in Italy and abroad.

Leo Castro

PUNTO DE PARTIDA ... las calles de detrás, el callejón de los cafés por las noches, los talleres, arte expuesto en pisos gigantescos, la panadería, el color arena, el zoco, la gente y muchas personas. la tradición, lo religioso, el carácter, la convicción en la gente, los juegos, las miradas muy directas, la cantidad en todo y mucho polvo. la supervivencia, la fortaleza, el caos ordenado, la educación, la generosidad, la hospitalidad, el desprecio, los avisos, las sonrisas, lo velado, muchas capas, el trabajo incesante, el tráfico imposible, los cantos, cantos, cantos, cantos, cantos. mucho ruido todo el tiempo. el cansancio, la riqueza y algo de silencio cuando las calles se vacían entre las cinco y las seis de la mañana. los días de caza empiezan pronto y acaban tarde. no tienen nada de exótico. caminar, caminar, caminar y mirar. caminar, caminar, caminar y estar. caminar, caminar, caminar y esperar. *nos encontramos en una ciudad gigantesca e inabarcable pero no, no creo que hubiera "displacement"*. no recuerdo ningún "displacement". nada más llegar sentimos un rotundo "emplacement". UNEXPECTED CAIRO RETRATO PRIMERO

Cómo se aborda un paisaje desconocido



© FOTO JUAN CASTRO



DESEO NECESIDAD



SALTO AL VACÍO
ENCUENTROS
DETALLES

.... parece ser una intimidad vivida con mayor distancia que la que necesitamos nosotros. una intimidad distante? estoy intentando nombrar la sensación los últimos días empecé a sentirme cómoda en las diferencias, aún sabiendo que no te das cuenta de nada ha quedado la impresión de que todo se vive detrás, allí, con mucha discreción, que todo ocurre en las brechas, veladamente...



..... pero aquí nada es lo que parece, eso lo dijimos varias veces..... no pensábamos, intentábamos darnos cuenta de algo. lo que hacíamos era estar y mirar, a veces conseguías observar. contemplar, lo conseguíamos pocas veces.....



... robar imágenes íntimas de la otra gente? quizá la única licencia a la que me puedo agarrar es a la intención que nos acompaña; al hecho de lograr no faltar al respeto en ningún momento; merodear así como un ejercicio para la mirada, y un aprendizaje; merodear con la imaginación y sin prejuicios, ni siquiera comparaciones.....





..... aprox. un mes antes de la revolución. ocurrió y no sabía cómo tenerla en cuenta y tampoco sabía cómo introducir la dimensión de lo sucedido junto al material que teníamos. realmente, no pudimos percibir que se estaba fraguando una revolución; pudimos pasar los días caminando y merodeando por las calles, de un sitio a otro.



.... aquí puede ser que todo invite al ruido, a la abundancia, a la hospitalidad, al rigor, a la cultura, al clasismo, a las tradiciones como valores y todo es extenso, abigarrado, cultivado, fuerte, sano y sonriente. RIGHTBEFORE. RETRATO SEGUNDO.



Leo Castro

She works as a performer, dancer and video maker. Graduated in Philosophy at the University of Barcelona. Attended acting and circus training between 1992 and 1997, as well as contemporary dance from 1996. Since 2004 is regularly working with the dance company Mal Pelo, and has started to develop her own works.

Marie al Fajr

Zohor al-Rawd

Les fleurs des jardins

« Dans leur chute, les fleurs des jardins

Comme des hanches, embrassent les pieds des amants. »

كأن زهور الروض حين تسقط
كالحجابيل أقدم الأسيب، أوتاد

Youssef Ibn 'Umar Al Halabi

(Héros de la poésie arabe classique - Adonis
traduction : I. Abdelouahed)

En préambule, des fleurs... 1

A ceux d'Orient et d'Occident,
d'ici et de là,
d'hier et d'aujourd'hui,
dans « l'intertemporalité »
d'une danse.



Des fleurs... 1

A ceux qui ont « ajouté les unes
aux autres des identités dont
plus aucune n'est leur »¹

Des fleurs... 1

Aux « arômes voyageurs »²,
enracinés dans l'essentiel des
cultures, dégagés des apparte-
nances, familiales et distantes,
complices et solitaires, en ce
croisement de l'Occident et de
l'Orient.

1. Comme le disait le grand poète arabe
Abd al-Qasim Raji pour signifier dans la
tempête plus d'un jour et temps de nuit
une tempête.

2. A ceux

3. Titre d'une compilation de poésies
à Youssef

Et puis... des fleurs encore !

Celle de la poésie arabe classique
sensuelle et courtoise.

Les fleurs du jardin,
dont les beautés exalte et célèbre
le corps de l'aimé

Des fleurs encore !

Celle de la poésie et de la pensée d'Ibn 'Arabi
dont la mystique aujourd'hui controversée au
Caire est comme une invitation au désir dans
l'étouffante montée des rigorismes.

Son traité de l'Amour et son recueil de poèmes
Tarjumân el Ashwâq, décrivent les expressions
du désir, les états et les effets de l'amour.

Sa passion pour une jeune iranienne nommée
Nizham (harmonie) y est chaque fois vécue
comme une incarnation de l'essence divine
et une voie de réalisation.

Amour sensuel, amour spirituel

qui ne dénie point et même qui intègre l'Eros ...

C'est un regard nostalgique sur la liberté de ton d'un
monde hédoniste passé et le désir d'ouvrir une passerelle
vers l'aujourd'hui en questionnant les crispations et
les repis identitaires d'un côté comme de l'autre de la
Méditerranée qui est au cœur de notre « jardin ».

A. YAKUB
Accomplissement 8,
2009



Le jardin,

Comme une respiration mélodique dans l'haletante
urbanité rythmique, un paysage musical.
Le lieu du maqam, ce parterre de notes où chaque fois
se crée un bouquet unique d'assonances musicales,
dans l'instant de l'improvisation (taqsim), pour
traduire un état (hâl), une émotion, entendue
comme la motion intérieure, le mouvement qui
anime, le souffle qui habite en écho au rythme,
au geste que crée le corps dansant.

Je m'étrémité de l'innocent dort les beautés
Mirroient dans fleurs et jardins
Et moi le ille : Ne l'étrémité pas de qui tu vois
Ce que tu as vu est toi-même dans le miroir d'un homme

Ibn'Arabi, traduction : Sami Ali, Le chant de l'ardent désir, édition Suq'bad

لاني عجبتُ اَصْرًا مِن عَاصِيَةٍ كَحَالِ مَا بَيْنَ اَزْهَابِ وَيَسْتَدَانِ
فقلتُ لا تعجبي ممن تزور ، لقد اُصرتُ نَفْسَكَ فِي مِرَاةِ اِنْسَانٍ



Abderrahim Yamou, *Le jardin*, 2007.

Le jardin, un de ces parterres de fleurs stylisées de la miniature arabo-persanne.

Ceux des dernières œuvres du plasticien marocain Abderrahim Yamou.

Luxuriant paradis plié à l'idéal de beauté du monde autonome de l'œuvre, pour définir un espace scénique.

Le jardin, espace scénique ouvert à deux danseurs,
Et l'élan d'une danse.

Une danse, portée par les « spirations »

(litifaf : enroulement / déroulement) de l'amour.

Les chuchotements d'une conversation intime (mawjiz),
une promenade au jardin, la promenade des cœurs épris.

Et au détour d'un trajet en taxi, sur un petit poste radio, la voix d'un homme saoudien chante le poète Abu Firas al Hamdani et clame « Na'om ana mushtaqun » (certes, j'aime éperdument... mais...)

Marie al Fajr

She lives and works between Paris and Cairo, and has been dancing since early youth.

She studied Egyptian dance with Suraya Hilal from 1989 to 2004, then danced with her dance company, and holds a diploma from the Hilal School in London, being certified as a licensed teacher at the highest level by Hilal Art Foundation. Today, she has her own company "Cie. Al Fajr", and contributes to creating a contemporary form of Egyptian dance that takes traditional aesthetics as a point of departure. Her latest choreographic projects are *Shemm en Nassim - Une odeur de brise* (2004) and *Roda ou le jardin des désirs* (2009).

Shayma Aziz









Floating Over a Cairene Sky 'series, 2010.

مجموعة 'الطفول فوق سماء القاهرة'
لشعباء عزيز 2010

Shayma Aziz

She is a visual artist currently working and living in Cairo. She obtained a BFA in painting from Faculty of Fine Arts in Luxor. She held several exhibitions in and outside of Egypt. She is currently experimenting with video and animation art, and has produced short animation and video works: *Anxiety* 2010 & *Take me Back to Cairo-Remake* 2010.

English version

Preface
Cristiano Carpanini

In this publication both the contributions of the different authors and the parts created by the artists speak of the 'corpus' of our craft, and I would even dare to say they speak of their hearts

Preface, from the Latin *prae-fari*, which is to say *before the...*

So, what is it that I'd like to say before I begin to talk about where Miniatures comes from and what it has become?

Simply that I believe that the heart of our craft, just as in life, is the relationship. And in Miniatures I have looked for the authors and artists that have had the desire to give form to this principle, in the method – the cooperation – and in the deserving – the theme, the argument, the content, the substance translated into signs, on stage: love and the relationship with the other.

Miniatures: the project

From this framework it was necessary to find a possible surface on which the possible styles and writings could commune. Once again, my experience of the encounter indicated a possible path. And so I took the structural idea of the Miniature in order to suggest a way of working.

‘Miniatures Officinae’ is a project of artistic creation that has as its objective the representation of individual and collective responses to the question as to what love and the relationship with the other represents for each of the invited artists.

So the thing for us to do, devisers and artists alike, is to define a common place that indicates, by way of a sign, the concept of miniature and the substance of love and the relationship with the other at the same time.

Therefore, in formalising the concept, the need arose to create the relationship between an indication, a starting point and the whole.

Have you already seen a miniature? From the retina it becomes printed in the memory, as does everything that is reduced to its essence, with nothing that is superfluous. And in spite of that no significant and meaningful detail is omitted.

For me the miniature has signified a precise form within the history of visual arts and, in particular within Persian culture: in cohesion with the body and the mind, innervated and airy.

The simplicity and the precision call for a total availability in those involved. Be on the stage.

This is the challenge of the miniature.

Within this form and its rules we tried to give a particular content that while being precise was also unpredictable when the individual and the collective come into play. Individual, because each one of us understands and experiences love and relationships in a completely unique, although can also be shared, way; collective, because each individual experiences the relationships in a non-neutral context that is culturally, politically and historically significant and conditioned.

On the relationship with love and with the other it seemed imperative to me to share my culturally, politically and historically significant and conditioned question with artists and operators in the entire Mediterranean basin.

So why? Why not? Why not! And why not!?!?!?

In October of 2008 I travelled through Tunisia and began the Miniatures project with Nejib Ben Khalfallah, artist choreographer, my dear assistant Sylvain Berteloot and Adnen, friend of Nejib and who is since then also my friend.

Miniatures: the journey

This production has developed and confirmed the commitment from L'Officina, since 1996, to build and spread the network of the festival DANSEM: to exchange, cooperate, consolidate and transmit.

It was with the first Miniature, by Nejib Ben Khalfallah, in October 2008 in Tunisia, presented in “El Teatro” in the city of Tunis with the members of L'Officina, that we began this new adventure.

Tracing the course and with the help of the artistic and cultural association L'Officina - Marseille production atelier created in 1996, I worked in Marseilles in order to give visibility and share the proposals of the choreographers originating from the Mediterranean basin.

To do this, L'Officina has produced, since 1998, a contemporary Mediterranean dance festival called DANSEM and has gone into the networks that work with the live arts. The IETM, the most influential network in Europe held a meeting in Palermo in 1999 and from this meeting DBM, Dance in the Mediterranean Basin, was formed. With an office in Brussels this new association, of which we became members on the basis of a triennial agreement of cooperation from 2001 to 2004 financed by the European Union, continues to function.

Ten years later, Marseille presents its candidature for becoming the Cultural Capital of Europe. Aware of what is at stake with such candidature and of the real-

ity regarding the territory, I have thought a lot about a project that allows us to maintain a specific production link with the majority of the artists met during this first decade of activity and who remain faithful to our way of proposing long term support.

The idea to gather an important number of Mediterranean artists to work with a common theme began to germinate, like a family photo, to then go on to display an atypical collection of works.

It is in this way that we have wanted to open the production process to other like-minded structures coordinated by operators with the openness to confront each other in the “modus operandi”; on the basis of the same challenge to be found in the Miniature.

Firstly, with Meryem Jazouli of the association AR2D in Casablanca, we established a series of exchange residencies that started in December of 2009 between Marseille and Casablanca, for the artists, the results of which were presented publicly in Casablanca, at the Villa des Arts in April 2010.

Following this we tried to broaden even further the artistic production process through cooperation.

It is out of love, out of the relationship to the other and revolving around artistic production that the Miniatures Officinae cultural project was born, which brought together four co-organizational structures and a partner, answering the call for Cultural Cooperation with Third Countries programme of the European Commission.

This is how L'Officina became associated with Indisciplinarte directed by Linda di Pietro and Massimo Mancini in Terni (Italy), with Toni Cots and L'animal a l'esquena and later Cra'p (Spain), Zeyneb Farhat and El Teatro (Tunisia), Adham Hafez and the Haraka artists collective of Cairo (Egypt), to implement a series of residences for artists in partner countries and encounters at the end of the residences through presentations and mediation of various audiences.

To create a public web interface dedicated to the project in three languages, French, English and Arabic, under the responsibility of Lisa Bazzano who is in charge of communication at L'Officina.

And finally to present the different Miniatures that have been created in Cairo in April 2011.

Since then the programme has been enriched with a presentation in Terni in mid September 2011 within the framework of the festival Fast, a presentation in Tunis commemorating the 25th anniversary of the art space "El Teatro", and in October in Marseille for the opening of our 14th edition of DANSEM.

The publication of this book, under the aegis of Toni Cots who is responsible for its edition, completes the building of this cooperation.

Thus, with this genesis, the Miniatures Officinae project has taken shape. Thanks to the exchanges with my assistant Sylvain Berteloot, references have been registered and the possible rhizomes have appeared.

The project's artistic production has also been structured with the valuable help of the manager of L'Officina Marie-Christine André, whom I would like to thank.

Miniatures: the method of cooperation

Cooperation, here it is the word that sums up this time spent together.

Perhaps it was by chance, but the countries with which we had built this Euro-Mediterranean partnership for this project, Tunisia and Egypt, are those in which the wind of revolt was raised. I would like to commend here the courage of those who have died seeking to restore, establish and promote rights, justice and the distribution of public wealth.

To present a work of art was and is a specific task, that depends on the works themselves and those who present them.

As well as the possible different ways of making work there are many possible models for presenting these works, as in our case: on stage or theatrical, installation or performance. They can be and are interdependent. For Miniatures Officinae we chose an artistic set course that includes performative and visual works and installations.

The course path is therefore open to the risk of multiple plausible artistic responses to our departing question: for you who is the other in a loving relationship.

This has turned it into something at times exclusive, unable to guarantee solutions or definitions, at the same time as being soothing and unequivocal, or even guilty of causing doubts, crisis, criticism, references and unexpected nuances.

On the one hand the artist, a source of information for possible unifications of sense and the senses, remains independent and free in his/her own proposal within all the others, each equally legitimate. The other signs remain available at different levels of sensitivity, reading and interpretation.

On the other hand the collection of different works, the common proposal and the collective presentation offers a range of possible solutions, a sensitive path, a writing that constantly is being re-written, fruit of the choice of the different individuals to continue being unique in spite of participating in a whole.

The lowest common denominator then becomes the capacity to remain faithful to a quality of relationship, which is an indispensable support for all artistic creation whose objective is to photograph an ideal of beauty and at the same time look at nature, life and the emotions.

That is why the public presentation of the different works has taken on exhibition-like aspects: in conjunction, as a subtle declination of insights, a collection of Miniatures with diverse natures. Casablanca, Cairo, followed by Tunis and Terni in this stage of the project, as

well as Barcelona, and in the future Beirut, before the presentation in Marseille in 2013.

This has been possible thanks to the cooperation and what happens through and with it: the exchange, the choices, the consolidation and the transmission.

To exchange so that there merges dialogue, a possible relationship that allows, if it is truthful and coherent, the inclusion of the viewpoints of others, producers and artists alike.

Choosing cooperation has meant for us working with people who consider fair exchange to be the foundation of working together with a common purpose towards a common goal. When this has not happened, the subsequent crisis and questioning of the relationship have been demanding and necessary, but never reached the point of losing sight of the fact that in spite of everything all the project partners share recognition for the value of the work done together.

To consolidate the relationship between the different artistic works through our common work as operators gives us the energy to continue working towards the development of contemporary arts and particularly contemporary dance in the Mediterranean basin, above and beyond the extemporaneous trends and the exoticism quite marked in some cooperative models that are voluntarily outside our aims.

We will transmit the links build in those encounters and dialogues in order to keep creating new alliances

between artists, structures and institutions, and contribute to the development of the potential and the practices of the live performance in the changing context of the Mediterranean area.

Acknowledgements

I am very happy to have been able to carry out this project. It was quite a challenge. To start from a blank page (as did the artists) the concept of this Miniatures project, find the necessary structures and people interested in going on this journey with us, find the institutional support and finally find the support from the organisation that directs the project Marseille-Provence 2013 European Cultural Capital.

**I would like to give thanks to the institutions and specific personnel that have made possible the carrying out of this project.

Thanks therefore go to the Convention City of Marseille – Institut Français

To the Management of International Relations of the Conseil Général des Bouches-du-Rhône

To the Management of International Relations of the Conseil Régional Provence-Alpes-Côte d'Azur

To the Ministry of Culture DRAC - Paca region

And to the European Commission for having supported the project in 2010 and 2011 through the Cultural Cooperation with Third Countries programme.

Special thanks to the people who, together with us, have supported the project during these two years and who continue to support it.

Thanks therefore to Toni Cots, Massimo Mancini and Zeyneb Farhat.

Thanks to Roberta Roberti for the quality time spent together in the writing of the Italian text.

Introduction
Toni Cots

to Ramon

And he had confidence in the things there was no need to prove: the pores of his skin, the salty taste of the sea, the scented air, everything that was special¹.

Loving Effects is a collection of words and images that articulate multiple cartographic planes that cross-trace threads of the themes that run through the Miniatures project: love and the relationship with the other. This cartography unfolds on multiple paths where form and discourse, poetics and reflections are confronted by different ways of seeing, perceiving and tracing details in relation to the concept of ‘the other’: an ‘other’ who, in the context of the crisscrossed Mediterranean map, loaded with meanings, narratives,

¹ Ingeborg Bachmann, *La trentième année*, Actes Sud, Paris 2009.

diversity and identities, seeks to ask questions about affection and its effects in our societies.

In *Miniatures*, the other is the unknown. *Miniatures* is an approximation towards the representation of a reality, that of love, which, instead of unifying, proposes the other as the subject of difference. This is an otherness where love is woven, breaking rules and safety regulations; accepting the risks and the vertigo of the undertaking. How can an artistic proposal that reflects the encounter with the other, without becoming immersed in thought, in the thinking that sustains the idea of love, be developed?

Carme Torrent cites Alain Badiou in her text: “love is not just the encounter and the closed relationships between two individuals, it is a construction, it is a life that is made, not just from the point of view of the One, of the identity, but also from the point of view of the Two, of the difference – the scene of the Two”².

The scene that participating artists in the *Miniatures* project have drawn, through different mediums, pathways and displacements, is diverse: a multitude of *others* unfold before the eyes of the spectator. However each miniature is the representation of an “other” without signs of identity of their own that are complementary in a shared space: representation of the body

²Alain Badiou, ‘Éloge de l’amour’ with Nicolas Truong, Flammarion, Café Voltaire, 2009.

of the lover, of the whispered word, of the suggested image, of the sound turned off, but also of absence, of trembling, of touch, of dejection, of silence; so many different ways to suggest and evoke love converge in the Two and shift us to the One. The construction of the world from the point of view of the difference is very different from the experience of the difference itself. Love is an experience in which a certain type of truth is built, a truth in which there are two not one, where the difference is assumed, while the “I” wishes for identity against the difference.

Expose oneself to the gaze of the other or in the gaze evoke the encounter with the other, causes effects that affect. *Loving Effects* as the title of this book seeks to collect these differed viewpoints that converge on multiple planes and meanings: in the texts of Marina Garcés and Piergiorgio Giacchè which revolve around affections; in the texts and images from Toni Serra and Marie al Fajr that unfold poetically in contemplation of the other; in the opposing symbols that are made explicit by the images from Andrea Abbatangelo; in the narratives of chance that the small stories of Christophe Haleb tell and which Shayma Aziz’s figures illustrate; in the thoughts that Carme Torrent leaves open in her text; in the mute landscapes, charged with meaning peeled away in the text and images from Leo Castro; in the sense that the images and words of Alia Sellami give to recent developments being inscribed

like traces in a commonly grounded space; in the mute presence of the silence that the images and text of Filiz Sizanli embody; in the codification and body techniques, that determine a way of looking at risk and flight at the same time that the text and images from Gruppo Nanou transmit; in the complexity of the effects produced by the performances and exhibitions in Cairo of various Miniatures, open to the public for the first time, that the text of Fred Kahn captures and describes critically; in the path of affective memory that Cristiano Carpanini relates in his preface, reflecting both the need for other visions and the commitment to the actions that the *Miniatures* project communicates in different ways and through devices that have marked a long process of sharing and exchange, collaboration, movement and displacement.

Art, as is known, restores the sensitive dimension to an encounter, an emotion. As Piergiorgio Giacchè said in his text: “(...)The Theatre is Body *in action*, but its performance, before gliding on the horizontalness of the spectacle and enjoying the relationship with the public, takes hold of the impotent verticality and confines itself to the secret chamber of the stage.” And later continues saying: “the stage in that case is the habitat and the habit of the body of the actor...” which is also its “*first culture* that the anthropologist can define as *the set of representations* or *the set of fictions* from which man lives”. These are fictions that are con-

fused with life itself. A life opposed by everydayness, without allowing that the questions with which to measure the difference, and face a void measured by the continuous flow of images, routines and habits, end up replacing the imposed identity.

And Marina Garcés writes: “What Alcibiades has said (...) enough that we fall into the indecency of allowing ourselves to be touched. The philosopher-body is that which commits the undisciplined act of allowing itself to be touched by the desire of common reason that resounds in our always unfinished, always insufficient, always partial, always mortal words. A body, so cruelly affected by desire that the only thing it knows is that its life can no longer be the same, that it can no longer stand to live in the slavery of private opinion. Socrates, the corruptor...”

How to allow oneself to be touched by the gaze of the other? How to get the gaze of the other to break away from the identity that affirms its difference? Or, on the contrary, one must recognize oneself in the difference of the affections that run through those who, in their lives, are looking for the channel that allows us to meet the gaze of the other.

Improper affections
Marina Garcés

The one who possess you goes mad
Sophocles, *Antigone*, 788

I need affection

Love is the affection that ruins all idea of self sufficiency, human or divine. A loving God? Christianity should bring God down to earth and make him die, more than once, because he doesn't stand on his own two feet. And the modern individual, small ridiculous gods determined to assert their self-sufficiency in the face of the world and others? What happens when they love? Are they capable of love? The modern individual is the one that repeats, persistently laments, "I need affection". He has forgotten the pain of the loss of the loved one's body, has saturated the clamorous absence of the other and has shut himself up with himself in the neurotic obsession for affection. "You don't love me",

“my self esteem is low” and “I am missing other kinds of affection”... Statements with which the void, from within which all love opens, becomes converted into the pathetic experience of lack. Lacking affection, we don’t even have the pain of the absence, of the separation or of the impossible encounter with the lover, with the absent child, with the lost friend. The modern individual is a manager of their affections, almost always on the edge of failure, an “emotional cripple”¹ in potential. “My feelings” are a portfolio of assets that are always threatened with bankruptcy, necessarily tainted by the shadow of the deficit. My feelings cannot be only mine. All affection is necessarily *improper*. Therefore, all affection that truly affects is *inappropriate*.

The improper and inappropriate nature of affection is what is conjured up by power play, albeit through submission or through aspirations to self control. In today’s society it is done by two principal mechanisms: the immunisation of the individual life and its privatisation. In the intersection of these two processes we can say that the individual is precisely that, an individual, when he owes nothing but can be exploited all the way to his most intimate self. On the one hand, the immunity upon which the life of the modern individual is built and justified is not just protection (hygien-

¹ I take the expression from Frank Furedi’s book *Therapeutic Culture. Cultivating Vulnerability in an uncertain Age*, 2003

ic, medical, legal, military, economic) but also, more radically, to not be *affected* at all by debt. The modern individual is born unscathed²: leave childhood behind (its “underage-ness”, according to the illustrated watchword) and hide its hunger, its needs, its moments of weakness and illness behind the shutters and curtains that hide the home. Adult and healthy: its very existence negates dependency. It is the triumph of the sovereignty of the *one* proclaimed in each life. But this unscathed, immune, completely self owned sovereignty has another necessary side: this same individual, who recognises no debt, should be willing to be exploited, more and more, up to the most intimate thresholds of his subjectivity. Foucault analysed docility as the paradoxical articulation between the disciplinary and industrial strengthening of and submission of bodies in the first modernity. In Post-Fordism³, the

² Along these lines the works of the Italian philosopher Roberto Esposito on the “immunological paradigm” in books such as *Bios*, *Inmunitas*, *Comunitas* are interesting (all of which are available translated into Spanish from Amorrortu publishers and into English from various publishers) which places MUNUS, which means GIFT, at the core, the key to comprehension of the articulation of the modern political space, like he who arises from negation. On the other hand, the community is not sustained by the fullness of any identity but in the shared void of this gift that connects one with the other.

³ The Italian post-operaismo gave us brilliant analyses on this question: Franco “Bifo” Berardi, *The Factory of Unhappiness*, Antonio Negri and Michael Hardt, *Labour of Dionysus* (and many others of their books).

same paradoxical articulation is intensified on the plane of affections: they ask for disaffected lives whose affections can be put to work. Together with the immunisation, therefore, the privatisation. It is not that in our society affections are rubbed out, it is that they are channelled through frameworks of appraisal: the delivery of work, the consumerist passion, sociability as an “agenda”, sentiments as products of leisure time, the emotions as experiences to be sold, desires converted into *curricula vitæ*... as Eva Illouz explains in *Cold Intimacies. The Making of Emotional Capitalism* (Polity Press, 2007), in the current capitalist culture there is an encounter between the language of affectivity and the economic language of efficacy. Sentiments are not a threat to the current system: they are the base of its order. The therapeutic discourse, centred on “human relationships”, is converted into the magma of our society⁴. For Illouz, this has two main consequences: the sentimentalisation of the economic self and the cult of victimism. The same society that celebrates quick-fix happiness makes each one of us a “victim”, a life in which suffering is only the expression of generalised dysfunction that has to be constantly repaired.

⁴ See article “Barcelona en Blanc nº 3-4”, *La sociedad terapéutica*, Bellaterra Publisher, 2007

Politics of affection

The immunological self-sufficiency leads, therefore, to the necessity to endlessly redress the suffering provoked by the management of the distance and the exploitation of the closeness. So, to be not affected by any debt leads to being endlessly in need of affection. This is the paradox of the *appropriate* affection for the modern individual. The normality: the indifference, the impotence, the lack. What lies beyond? Violence.

The affected body comes back as a violated body. That was the incredible effect of the September 11 attacks in New York and three years later, the March 11 attacks in Madrid. The bodies falling from the towers broke the mirage. Not only did they embody the vulnerability of the western capitalist system. Not only did they oblige us to witness, in our own territory, the violence that is produced by our own life system. Those small dark spots in free-fall on our television screens gave us back the irreversibility of the absence and with it the at once joyful and painful experience of our bonds. Each body that fell was an irreparable absence. No longer a need: each falling body was a rip in the existence of some survivor. Through these unexpected aggressions we westerners learnt that, after 50 years of exorcism after the Second World War, we live tied to the bodies of others. We all fell in the slipstream of these bodies, although we try to forget. It is not by chance that Judith Butler, dedi-

cated until then to thought and writing on the emancipation of the body and *queer* subjectivity through games and performativity, centred her first works after the attack on the elaboration of the idea of “mourning”.

“But maybe when we undergo what we do, something about who we are is revealed, something that delineates the ties we have to others, that shows us that these ties constitute what we are, ties or bonds that compose us. (...) Who “am” I without you? When we lose some of these ties by which we are constituted, we do not know who we are or what to do. On one level, I think I have lost “you” only to discover that “I” have gone missing as well”⁵.

The affected body is no longer just the body of the victim reached by an explosion. It is the body of each of us in as much as we are tied up with those lives on which we depend in order for us to be ourselves. From the falling body, insolently passive, we have passed to the living body of those who love, who care, who frequent, who speak, who maybe mistreat and, why not, who sometimes also forget. From the solitude of the victim we have passed, therefore, to the repressed evidence of an “*us*”. Judith Butler adds a few lines below those already cited: “If my fate is not originally or finally separable from yours, then the “we” is traversed by a relationality that we cannot easily argue against”⁶.

⁵ Butler, J.: *Precarious life. The Powers of Mourning and Violence*, Verso, 2006, pp. 22

⁶ Ivi, pp. 22-23

Nor is it coincidence that in Madrid after the attack of March 11, the “Forum of the affected of March 11” emerged. With this name, those *affected* by the attack declined to be victims. And with this displacement, a question was raised in our lives, which still hasn’t been answered⁷: What an affected person is capable of? To begin with the affected are not easily identifiable. As a victim presents clear criteria of demarcation (medical, legal, etc.) and a clearly passive relation to the occurrence, the affected person can be anyone and to a certain degree can *decide* the threshold of proximity that links them to the common problem. From there then, the scope of action and their expectations are unclear: What do the affected expect? Where and how does that which has affected them end? Of the victims we expect a repairing of damage. But with the affected? As in the case of mourning a loss, the condition of the affected entails a transformation the result and scope of which cannot be known beforehand.

This uncontrollable and irreversible transformation that passes by way of the intimate and personal link to a

⁷ Along these lines the works developed by Margarita Padilla and Amador Fernández-Savater are important. They can be read in the article “Las luchas del vacío” (“The struggles of the void”) in *Espai en Blanc* n°3-4, *La sociedad terapéutica*, Ed. Bellaterra, Barcelona, 2007 and in the collective book *Red Ciudadana tras el 11-M. Cuando el sufrimiento no impide pensar ni actuar* (Citizen Network after 11-M. When suffering does not stop thinking or acting), Desdedentro collective, Acuarela Libros & A. Machado, Madrid, 2008.

shared situation is that which converts the affected into a “paradigm” of the new forms of politicalization that is being tested, expanded and spread in Western societies in recent years. Faced with the awareness, being affected. Faced with class identity, the experience of the bond. Faced with theology, irreversibility. Faced with the group or minority interests, improper affection.

The economic crisis unleashed in 2008 has come to intensify the contagion. There are increasingly more of the *affected* and those who are politicalized by specific conditions of being affected by a common problem. The most exemplary, and perhaps most active case at this time is the Platform of those Affected by Mortgage. (Plataforma de Afectados por la Hipoteca - PAH)⁸. Their forms of collective action do not seek to only repair the problems of those who are trapped in a lifetime of debt for their own dwelling, but also seek to transform the very conditions that make possible and tolerate this trap: from the indifference of neighbours to the international mortgage system. An individual in debt to the bank can do nothing. But what can the person “affected by mortgage” do when we turn life into a common problem, when we collectively assume the question of the limits of what is liveable?

In these examples the body is returned to the impropriety of its affections through violence: terrorist vio-

⁸ <http://afectadosporlahipoteca.wordpress.com/>

lence, state, financial and real-estate violence, etc. Or more precisely: through aggression. To suffer an aggression is what gets us started, thus the double mechanism of immunity and privatisation. The problem before us then is clear: Do we only open ourselves to the improper affections and their effects of politicization when we are attacked in some way or another? Together with the attacks we could also analyse cases of natural or technological disasters, the most extreme combination of which we have recently experienced with the tsunami in Japan and its effects on the Fukushima nuclear power plant. Is aggression to our lives the only space for the politics of the affected? How can we *expropriate* our affections without the need to first be beaten up?

Where does your philosopher-body hide?

Philosophy has something to say with respect to this... Not because we have theorised on it but rather because we have practised over and over again, often even against ourselves. Philosophy is born out of ruining the self-sufficiency of the wise by an act of love: love for the knowledge that it will never possess, which is also love between the rivals of thought that are necessary for thought to occur.

The body of the philosopher is, above all, a body in love, spurred by a desire that leads it to the encounter

with the others. “Either we go towards the true with them, or it is not towards the true that we are going”⁹. Faced with the cliches of the philosopher withdrawn from the world, philosophy arises against the withdrawal of the sage or against the distance of the priest. It is an art that needs to be practiced walking through the town squares, eating and drinking with friends, participating in the life of the city without letting oneself get caught up in it. Only because it is a practice of unengaged sociability is it also, necessarily, a radical exercise in solitude.

Philosophy is the use of words that affect, and so then, the lives of those who pronounce these words and who stumble upon them. Therefore it is a corrupting art: corruptor of the souls of the young; Socrates had to die. Hölderlin wrote “Who has thought the deepest, loves what is most alive” referring to Socrates’ love for the young and reckless Alcibiades. This love, corporal and erotic, was not a weakness of an older man. It was the maximum expression of the strength of the impact of thought. Much has been written about platonic love and its forms of sublimation, but to put into words the impact of thought and its primarily corporal dimension nothing better than to listen to the very words of Alcibiades relating the effects that Socrates presence had on him:

⁹ Merleau-Ponty, M.: *Éloge de la philosophie*, Paris, Gallimard, 1953, p. 37 (In Praise of Philosophy. page 31 English translation).

... when any one hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskilful a speaker, be that person a woman, man or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our mind. (...) for when I hear him speak, my heart leaps far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks... I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul even on those occasions disturbed and filled with self reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas (musician with whom he is comparing Socrates) here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lead seemed hardly worth living¹⁰.

Palpitations, tears and emotion are the physical state of someone that feels the unique effects of the word on their own life: the revelation of their state of slavery and the necessity to live another way. These physical manifestations are not the aesthetic ecstasy before a good orator, nor are they the conversion made by the strength of the revealed word. They are the convulsions of a body exposed to its own need for emancipation, through the words and the loved presence of another. But Alcibiades continues, describing two more sentiments that follow this: "I neglect my own necessities and attend to those of the Athenians" and "For this man has reduced me to feel shame, which I

¹⁰ Plato, *The Banquet*, [215d-216a][English translation - Shelley pp. 114 - 115]

imagine no one would readily believe was in me”¹¹: the commitment to others and shame of the temptation to flee from this demand. The young and reckless Alcibiades knows very well, because he has felt it in his own flesh and blood, the price of this unique encounter. He ends his speech with these words:

Now I have been bitten by a more painful creature [*than a snake*], in the most painful way that one can be bitten: in my heart, or my soul, or whatever one is to call it, I am stricken and stung by his philosophic discourses, which adhere more fiercely than any adder when once they lay hold of a young and not ungifted soul...¹²

Alcibiades has been bitten by the words of Socrates and the painful effects have left his soul irreversibly agitated. There is no going back. Alcibiades can no longer live as he lived before, but he still doesn't know how to continue. The bite has been cruel. He only knows that his life, such as it was, no longer serves and that now he worries about things that didn't worry him before, things that have to do with the Athenians that at another time he was indifferent to. Socrates and Alcibiades are here the protagonists of a love that liberates without resolving anything, that makes one feel

¹¹ Both citations from *The Banquet*, [216b][Shelley pp. 115-116]

¹² *The Banquet*, [218a][Translation from Roderick T. Long]

the desire of emancipation in the beating of the heart, without recipes or solutions that cancel this desire.

Wherein lies the strength to affect of the words of Socrates? Why are they unlike those of any other good orator? They are words that, appealing to a common reason, interpellate in each specific life. In philosophy private opinions or thoughts are not valid. Heraclitus had already stated: "But although the Logos is common the many live as though they had a private understanding"¹³.

What Alcibiades has said, if well we cannot all be Socrates, we do however hide within us a philosopher-body that can be bitten by the cruel snake. It is enough that we allow ourselves to be bitten, enough that we fall into the indecency of allowing ourselves to be touched. The philosopher-body is that which commits the undisciplined act of allowing itself to be touched by the desire of common reason that resounds in our always unfinished, always insufficient, always partial, always mortal words. A body, so cruelly affected by desire that the only thing it knows is that its life can no longer be the same, that it can no longer stand to live in the slavery of private opinion. Socrates, the corruptor... Twenty-two centuries later, Spinoza wrote from the cold of his double exile (from the Iberian peninsula for

¹³ Heraclitus, fragment D-K 2, taken from <http://www.crandallu.ca/courses/grphil/Heraclitus.htm#H4> [translation into Spanish used in this original text by Agustín García Calvo.]

being a Jew and from the Jewish community for being an atheist): *the appetite (or desire) is the very essence of man*. This appetite or desire, as a primary affect of a being made up of a soul and a body, is not the hole made by a lack. It is the potential of being, to persevere in the being. In this sense there is no desire that is particular, but an appetite incarnated in every body, every soul, striving to increase the power of life itself. In this sense, for Spinoza, philosophy is lead to one of its most refined expressions in the affirmation that there is no body that is not affected. To be affected is to exist: more or less, happily or in sadness, but to exist.

Emotion, which is called a passivity of the soul, is a confused idea, whereby the mind affirms concerning its body, or any part thereof, a force for existence (*existendi vis*) greater or less than before, and by the presence of which the mind is determined to think of one thing rather than another¹⁴.

Spinoza once again ruins all idea of self-sufficiency. To be is to be affected. And however more affected one is, more one “is”:

Whatsoever disposes the human body, so as to render it capable of being affected in an increased number of ways, or of affecting external bodies in an increased number of ways, is use-

¹⁴ Spinoza, *Ethics*, Part III, “General Definition of the Emotions”, [Text in English translated by R. H. M. Elwes in 1883] [Spanish version Alianza publishers. p. 249]

ful to man; and is so, in proportion as the body is thereby rendered more capable of being affected or affecting other bodies in an increased number of ways; contrariwise, whatsoever renders the body less capable in this respect is hurtful to man¹⁵.

To affect and to be affected increase, according to Spinoza, the power of being and with it the joy of existence. Does this mean we should live many and multiple lives? Should we hoard relationships and collect experiences? No, for Spinoza the multiplicity is the rich and inexhaustible expression of the divine, which is nature, which is the being, which is our common reason. We come back, albeit under other schemes and concepts, to the foundation stones of philosophy, to this loving and cruel encounter that exposes lives beyond their particularity, beyond their small individuality.

Nothing is more foreign to the philosopher-body that we all hide within us than the lament of the unsatisfied modern individual, trapped in the poverty of his psychology, with which we began these lines: "I need affection". There is nothing more disempowering to the reason for being. Far from the Athens of the 5th century BC, far from the Amsterdam of the 17th century AD; what are these scenes and philosophical char-

¹⁵ Spinoza. Ethics Book IV, Proposition XXXVIII, [Text in English translated by R. H. M. Elwes in 1883] [Spanish version Alianza publishers. p. 294]

acters that we have just summoned inviting us to do? They invite us to not depend on aggression or on victimisation in order to allow ourselves to be affected, to allow ourselves to be touched by the world. They encourage us to vacate the spaces of immunity that apparently protect our lives and to *expropriate*, therefore, our enslaved and privatised affections, both unscathed and exploited at the same time. They encourage us to not fear the palpitations or the tears provoked by desire. They teach us to live with the cruel bite of the snake in our hearts.

About birds and visions¹
Toni Serra (Abu Ali)*

It happens here like when we try to stare at those little black spots that sometimes appear in our vision, they escape from the visual field, they quickly slip away, upwards, downwards, anywhere... seems we can only observe them sideways, looking at them indirectly... And so our vision is always ephemeral, we even come to doubt it. It's strange, only when we don't look do we see them. What is that thing that escapes our sight?

Likewise we can never really see our own face, but rather a reflection of it. And as much as we go closer to that image all we achieve is to fog up the surface of the mirror and our image will disappear into the mist of

¹ The poems inscribed on the stills come from *Mantiq Utta* of Farid ud-Din Attar [Persia S:XIII]. The black and white stills are from the interactive *Mantiq Uttair* "The Assembly of the Birds" by Zayd ibn Daura, Barcelona 2001

our own breath. And so it is better to keep the breathing calm. “Hold it, like a diver in the ocean. With the slightest movement the image in the mirror vanishes. But that which you most want, that for which you travel hoping to find, for that, lose yourself as lovers lose themselves and you will be it”².

Like moths attracted to firelight. Unavoidably driven by an internal force, without which they would not be what they are. They wonder about the nature of this phenomenon. The first one flits towards the fire and feels the heat like a wall of light and it tells itself, in all objectivity “this thing that is so appealing, is a fire”. The second one doesn’t believe that something so mundane can have such an enormous effect on them and decides to go closer, to the point of scorching its wings and being blinded “no, it is not a fire, it is a blinding sun, a thousand stars together, and the source of all light”. A third moth listens attentively, then takes flight and without a trace of doubt flies directly towards the flame, and before melting and disappearing into it manages to say “it’s me!”.

We won’t know any more than that. Perhaps it meant to say: “it’s not the light, it’s me, and now I find myself, now I am no more”. But no-one has come back from this journey. Or if they have done so, it can no

² Fragment of a poem by Farid ud-din Attar

longer be distinguished from other things, from the air, from ourselves. Only sometimes, in contemplation, in the stillness that allows the viewing, it seems to us that it is that tree, but in the same instant it is no longer the tree but your gaze, or the world that melts like an overexposed film... To love, here, is to disappear.

At dawn two cranes cross the dense city sky, weary with long flight; where do they go? ... How to imagine the beauty of the sunsets and rushes, the landscapes and falling shadows that they have lived, that have been? ... The eyes open and the world falls inside through them. The eyes open and the world emanates from them. Indistinguishable.

When we remain, when we affirm ourselves in our appearance, we become opaque, nothing can be seen through us, except that "apparent us". That is the particular nature of our being, but sometimes, like the stone a child holds up to the sun, we become translucent or we breakdown the sunlight into a thousand colours which show us its secret, the hidden beauty in its light. And the curious thing is that it is the union of all those colours that gives back that intensity that lights up every appearance. Of the One and the Multiple. Any colour or appearance that we subtract or that we deny, will be subtracted from the intensity of that light.

So, the one in love, by surrendering, even if only for an instant, experiences the unforgettable freedom from

oneself, the chamber of the heart becomes empty so that the loved one can enter and inhabit it. But in truth who is the loved one but the fleeting reflection of love in their eyes? The other, then, is the veil that reveals, which allows us to enjoy the ephemeral vision, for there, love, lover and beloved are but one.

First vision: Wahab [He who gives]³

Some papers flying in the wind in an alley in Tangiers, the dance of the ephemeral, the fragility of the moment. Newspapers, plastic bags, tissues, all of them destined to disappear. But contemplation collapses the time of the instant and opens a door to another place without measure. Here it is the eternal dance of meetings and missed meetings; now between a newspaper and a plastic bag that touch each other, caught in a swirl of dust. The page of the newspaper opens, the bag capriciously comes to rest a moment on it, and they repeat the game, over and over. Someone passes by taking no notice of the scene, invisible without the state of contemplation. And there we feel that it is life that takes us, that carries us in its arms, that makes us find each other in the loss. All of the possibles and impos-

³ Stills from videos of Abu Ali: “Wahab”, “El Amor es tu destino” and “Last Night Dhikr”. To watch them on-line - www.al-barzaj.org

sibles of our stories are there, luck is their need and chance is their destiny...

Second vision: Love is your destiny

My son don't be sad, love is your destiny

My son you are 10 years old, I look at the life you have ahead of you and today it gives me vertigo. But it is not fair, perhaps because I am seeing it from my decline, I no longer have the drive that is becoming strong in you now, that is growing every day; this whirlwind of dust, but also of beauty that will take your life, like ours, like a leaf in the wind. Perhaps it was you and Jazmín who recently crossed the dense city sky...

I remember as if it were yesterday in the wastelands, you picked up a translucent stone that shone in the sun when you showed it to me and now I know that you are that star you were holding in your hands.

Third vision: Last Night Dhikr

The most probable is that sooner or later we will meet in an apparently dry and arid wilderness. Unexpectedly our footsteps have left us there, all roads

are possible, but none of them seem to lead anywhere. In our loneliness we find that contemplation is our only company, the quiet gaze shows us a quiet world, a world that slowly begins to show itself outside of the parameters of desire or functionality to be a world with no outside or inside. Now we understand better, that that which we see is no stranger to us and this journey takes on a diverse and interpretative sense. A small group of men appears in the distance, we go closer and follow them. One of them is a water diviner, he looks for water with an olive branch, his steps are quick, suddenly, as if receiving a blow he falters, and perhaps fall, we fall...

On a dry bush in the wilderness a few small flowers have bloomed, our steps now pass over a path of dust, stones, brambles and acacia, crossing gates, and whispers, murmurs, or laughter of children...

Lying on the dirt, like the dirt, so that a well can open in our chest and consciousness can descend close to the heart, there we will see without words, with the sounds of heartbeat breathing, a reminder of the place we come from, of where we belong, from where appearance springs, like those clouds that form whimsical figures that linger only a moment...A search for what there is of life in us. The presence of that which makes us live.

Don't make love
Piergiorgio Giacchè

There are two things that cannot be done on stage: make love and die, said, and partly explained, Eugenio Barba during his directing course at the ISTA in Volterra in 1981¹. I was a false collaborator, hidden amongst the real students: a “participant observer” as the anthropologists say, with the privilege and the embarrassment of one who has gotten it into his head to do cultural anthropology on Theatre Anthropology, a science of and for the actor that Barba had just been inventing and experimenting: *the study of man in a state*

¹ The International School of Theatre Anthropology is a research and pedagogical institution founded by Eugenio Barba and the actors of the Odin Teatret in 1980 and which, since that time, holds sessions all over the world; furthermore it is the home for discussions and demonstrations that first discovered and later developed Theatrical Anthropology, understood as “the study of pre-expressive behaviour on stage” of the actor and the dancer in all the theatrical traditions in the world; cf. E. Barba, *La canoa di carta. Trattato de Antropología Teatral*, Il Mulino, Bologna, 1993, p. 23

of representation². I took notes incessantly, but I didn't write down that sentence. It is not necessary to write that which really hits us and immediately makes us think. A thought process that I still haven't finished...

You can't "do" love-making or death, but you can and should represent them. With all frankness we can say that Love and Death are the inspiration and the situations of almost all theatre in almost all of its history. But not only of the theatre and not only of art: one could also say of Man, with a capital letter, of his general and universal anthropology. But in fact on stage they cannot be *done* – Barba said to directors and actors.

But "why not?" I tried to add, in respectful silence and mute questioning: in theatre everything has been done and can be done; furthermore there is a theatre for everything that is done. In the end, the crude and naked love scenes fill all the venues that live on porn shows. In the end, for sure there is someone thinking about and organising death on stage: we live in times and worlds in which it is not difficult to imagine that there are people willing to carry it out or sell it to the depraved. And for sure there have been times and worlds in which death in fake battles or real ordeals have filled amphitheatres and not just town squares.

² In the first years and the first writings of Barba, theatrical anthropology was defined, in the most general way, and perhaps with more ambition and openness as "the study of man in the situation of representation"; cf. E. Barba, *La corsa dei contrari*, Feltrinelli, Milano, 1981

And still today the risk or the case of dying is related to many types of athletes, or actors of sport. And finally, in the broad and liberated concept of “performance” there are no limits when it comes to love or death, it is true – as required by the vulgate and the logic of Schechnerian theory³ – that it is not easy or even legitimate to identify a border between acts of fiction and the events of reality. Events that in our global society are increasingly seen as spectacles, because if the “facts” are not such, if they are not masqueraded as entertainment, then they are taken for “non-facts” in the sense that they have not happened.

So “doing” has very little to do with man, with love and with death, at least from the moment where “seeing” has snatched their concrete truth. Ever since the viewing has snatched all the action...

Reasoning over and against the contingency and the appearance of our society and our culture, we discover that the recommendation Barba made, had and has a different meaning than a mere warning to actors, and

³ Richard Schechner has dedicated many studies and writings and linked his name to the “theory of performance”; it is a rigorous expansion of the performative act and concept that, despite the differences of areas and genres, is somehow universalized to all human actions; at the hands and minds of many artists and intellectuals, the dissemination and popularization of this theory has led to many generic applications and superficial considerations, towards a “totalization” and a “nullification” of the very term and concept of “performance”

becomes a precept of their art, precisely because it puts a *limit* in the scenic action and at the same time gives rise to a *contradiction* – that has always remained open but more and more ignored – that which exists between Theatre and Spectacle. Here then is what is meant by: *that which makes a spectacle does not necessarily make theatre*. But also vice versa, “not all theatre is really a spectacle”, as illustrated by Jerzy Grotowski’s escapades and the challenges of Carmelo Bene⁴, citing in passing only the greatest and best...

Looking at it this way, the theme of not making love or dying on stage contains a “principle” of the theatrical culture of our times and world. In fact although I still don’t know if an independent “anthropology of theatre” really exists, what is true is that theatre has its own culture: an *ethos* understood as a profession and duty, and also an *ars* understood as language and meaning – like countless languages and undefined senses always within a frontier that cannot be crossed over. Loving and dying cannot be done on stage, not in its

⁴ Jerzy Grotowski and his last phase of “extra-theatrical” research dedicated to the Performer, as well as, although in a completely different way and dimension Carmelo Bene and his “theatre without spectacle”, are the examples, but also the masters of a verticality in investigation that brings with it a clear separation between spectacle and theatre that includes a liberation of the actor from the very theatre; they are not few, at least in Italy, the number of performing artists who confront and comfort themselves with these “examples”

way or in its place. This eventual and terminal *spectacle* is no longer *theatre*.

If – as linguists and philosophers say – “*performance* is the action carried out to the end”, if this Word of the Action comes from the “form” and is going towards “perfection”, there are at least two absolute and profound acts that cannot be done in theatre. Rather, from Love and Death, it should be agreed on that the commandment extends to all the concrete and complete actions of the actor, and contradicts the use and abuse of the recent spreading and dilatation of performance at all costs and for all bodies: that *acting* (or that “doing”) that is added to and finally acquits each artwork and each artistic agent, baptizing as an *actor* any painter or singer or poet...

No, all this doing in theatre is not done: contrary to what one believes or wants, no theatrical action should be really “executed”.

Finally, it is precisely the missing part in the theatrical *act* that converts it into a spectacular *fact* in the eyes and minds of the person watching.

This is where we find the paradox that must be explained thoroughly: Theatre and Spectacle; not even between them do they make love or die. They are not complementary but supplementary, if it is true (as it is) that one can exist without the other. But even more so if it is false (and it is false) the theatre which makes love with the spectacle, and eventually dies there within.

The paradox says one more thing. That the actor

and the spectator are neither dead nor lovers. Theatre doesn't function either for one or the other, when we consider that the other is not "alive" or worse when pretending to be in love with each other. The complicity between the actor and the spectator – when it exists – is accidental and playful: there, the indispensable and perhaps intense relationship is not the condition but merely the consequence of theatre.

And it is a fragile balance that of the "theatrical relationship", that may or may not grow or even not be born if the autonomy and the pre-eminence of the stage over the audience space are not respected. As in fact is known, every time the stage imposes and even isolates itself, it can generate in the seduced audience, the induced miracle of a spectacle created by the vision that belongs to the public. On the other hand, from time to time one realises that the public triumphs and propagates, in fact it offers itself its own show: the theatre has only been the occasion and not the cause, in which the spectacle has been revealed as a complacent *defect* of being and not the fatigued *effect* of a becoming.

In this way the "prohibition" to give a show is on par with the "sin" of making love, for a performing art that wants to resist temptation, or vice versa wants to be the one that *tempts*, in both ways: by seducing (instead of being seduced) and by doing research (instead of being content with the findings).

Without these prohibitions and sins, without these

limits to theatrical action there is no space for boundless freedom. On the contrary, the latest paradox or the first excess of our times and world is that of a theatre without boundaries and thus without substance: the encouraged and infinite performative variations that are aroused by real action and become diluted on the social scene are dangerous, even if ephemeral, “victories” of the theatre. As we have seen – although we still haven’t learnt – during recent decades, the conquests of animation have become “services” and the proliferation of performative events coincides with their conversion to “consumption” (against which – if we remember well – these *events* were born...).

In other words, theatre has demonstrated that it is able to convert itself into anything and also be reduced to nothing. It can conquer reality and lose its life, it can occupy society and lose the stage, it can contaminate every fact and transform every act but only if it reduces itself from substance to ingredient, from motor to colour, from dimension to sensation.

Doing this, theatre has effectively gained the irrevocable right to not have a *definition* (about time too!), but must conserve its own rigorous and voluntary *delimitation*: only in the ever changing prison of the poetics and the politics that each theatre chooses for itself, only there the skies of infinite freedom open. It is thus because if the necessary spectacular relationship with the audience is horizontal, the essential theatrical vocation is the search for an unlimited vertical free-

dom. This is the goal and also the principle of a “theatre of art”, or art in general: and in fact it is like this – or at least it used to be – with poetry, music and painting and with all the arts that at times come together and take shape in the theatre⁵.

Finally, the Theatre is Body, but – as its anthropology already warns – “in a state of representation”. A transformation of nature into culture that pursues indefinitely the total act of love and death, without accomplishment or completion ever.

The Theatre is Body *in action*, but its performance, before gliding on the horizontalness of the spectacle and enjoying the relationship with the public, takes hold of the impotent verticality and confines itself to the secret chamber of the stage. *Skene* – as some researchers remind us⁶ – was the dressing room, the vestibule, but it

⁵ As it is already known, there has always been a tendency or the temptation by all of the other arts to participate in “theatre”: the stage is certainly the place where literature, poetry, painting, sculpture and even music gain vitality and a direct relationship, albeit ephemeral: it is certain that theatre needs their participation, but also the arts need the opportunity and the theatrical event in order to “make a show” of themselves and consume themselves in the act and the theatrical moment.

⁶ On the relationship of closeness, including identification between the stage (*skene*) and the body of the actor, the first person to speak and write was Jean-Marie Pradier, who is currently the founder and director of the Laboratoire d’Ethnoscénologie in the Maison des Sciences de l’Homme (Laboratory of Ethnoscenology in the House of Sciences of Man) – Paris Nord.

could also be said that it was the costume of this Body: the stage in that case is the habitat and the habit of the body of the actor, a “second nature” (as Barba would say) but substantially a “first culture”.

That culture – miniscule but general – which the anthropologist can define as *the set of representations* or *the set of fictions* from which man lives⁷, if it is also true that real life is not so different from scenic art... The social actor also does nothing more, during his whole life, than recite every single possible variation of “unfinished” love and “imminent” death.

Meanwhile, however, the Body is also Theatre. The philosopher Jean-Luc Nancy said: “Existence wants *to stage* itself. This is part of its project, its projection or of its being hurled. It is part of its being in the world”, because “the subject hurled into the world, inserted in the world, is still not a *presence*”⁸. And he adds other

⁷ Among the many or too many definitions of culture perhaps the most convincing is, in my opinion, that of the anthropologist Tullio Seppilli (who was my teacher): “Culture is the set of mental representations, developed and shared socially”, in which the term *representation* gains an amplitude where it does not lose any of its specific uses and meanings, nor the theatrical meaning. Thus, theatre can be seen as culture’s “double”, as I argued in an essay of mine; cf. P. Giacchè, *L'altra visione dell'altro. Una equazione fra antropologia e teatro*. (*The other vision of the other. An equation between anthropology and theater*) L'ancora del mediterraneo ed., Napoli, 2004.

⁸ Jean-Luc Nancy, *Corpo teatro* (Body Theatre), (translation into Italian by A. Moscati of two essays by the French philosopher: *Corps théâtre* and *Après la tragédie*), Cronopio ed., Napoli, 2010, cf. Pp. 11 – 15.

words and other reasoning – that I feel it’s not legitimate to “burn” in an abstract – that invite us to consider that ultimately the need for theatre and the existence of theatre are the same thing.

Theatre is not a desire or a necessity, but rather a natural projection and cultural production of the Body. A theatre-body or a body-theatre that is born and grows in order to exist, and certainly also in order to appear: thus, it is fair and inevitable that the theatre of the “I” becomes the spectacle for the others. It would not be complete, or better said, it would not have existed without this particular comfort or without this direct relationship.

However, being in a culture of the image and a society of the spectacle, it is legitimate and even urgent to remember that *to be theatre* and *to appear as spectacle* are not the same thing, and barely the same “cause”.

And in these times and worlds it is increasingly less convenient to become dispersed and indulge in “effects” that are *product* and not *process*, that are finite and not indefinite ... and that, on balance, are not theatre or spectacle but *consumption* ... As that love making that is already over, as the death that has already occurred.

About Bodies and Agreements

Fred Kahn

The dancer choreographer sits at the edge of the scenic space. Carme Torrent waits while the public situate themselves at her side and behind her. The people get seated and in this way are drawing an increasingly clearer scenic framework for the future representation. Progressively, the territory in which the performance will take place acquires consistency. A few square meters, a corner of the wall. Empty. The wait for the artistic act makes us more attentive to the density of the space and of the time. Then, Carme Torrent gets up and she situates herself in the space. Immediately her presence modifies our perception of the room that is otherwise naked and completely ordinary. The dancer works in that corner of the wall, horizontally, on the floor, afterwards vertically. The space seems to reduce itself around her, in her. Her state of concentration diffuses into the immediate surrounds, as if the tension that she exerts on her body had the consequence of

confining the very atmosphere. Her body language is fascinating because of its ability to unite opposites: between complete relaxation and the most extreme tension. Afterwards, Carme Torrent sits down again. However, the space in front of us is no longer the same. It is still marked by the presence of the dancer. It has been affected by this presence. Converted into something that is malleable, it will continue its process of transformation. The dancer returns again, but this time to the centre of the space. The movement is immediately much more sexually charged, the body language is almost animalistic. If love for the other is possible, the point of incandescence is to be found beyond the imaginable. Now, we have no other means than our bodies to reach this state and it will use innumerable paths, each and every one unpredictable. To claim to plan this journey ahead shows at best narrow-mindedness and at worst a fascist stance. The strength of the Miniatures comes precisely from this indeterminacy. Each piece has been thought out independently, but within a perspective of similitude, of connection, with the other proposals. It was impossible to predict the final arrangement of this puzzle, and yet it was essential to anticipate it. At the time of restitution to the public in Cairo in April 2011, the project faced, in a very specific way, the need to break down both physical and ideological barriers. To fabricate a common world is not obvious. How to unite without standardising? In the Townhouse

Gallery exhibition space, the very singularity of each Miniature should not be denied, on the contrary, each one should converse with the others. Notwithstanding, the aesthetics were as different as poetic languages: dance, theatricality, images, video, installation, performance ... The challenge was to outline, without imposing, the correlation between these narratives in order to construct a truly multiform work.

But what is this strange alchemy that allows us to go from the “I” to the “we”? This operation doesn't respond to fusion. The otherness has been since the beginning the common theme of the Miniatures, preserving it from any temptation to amalgamate the device of fiction. The identities cannot be confused. They are not reducible and, as such are constantly negotiating their own place. Perversion, in the clinical sense of the word, consists of a desire to enjoy the power of coercion that one can exert over another. We should recognise ourselves in the stranger before us, eventually assimilate this, but still with no pretensions of creating a model in our own image. The actress and video creator Leo Castro has forcefully situated this line of demarcation. She has filmed in a very direct way the streets of Cairo, gestures, gazes, postures of men, women and children. This “trail of images” constructs a narrative that, without being didactic, little by little becomes familiar. The loving sentiment expressed here shows a common heritage. But only this sensitive way

of looking at can bring out this story so that it can be shared. One is then able to feel empathy with this unknown people. The artistic object is nothing more than a mediator, a point of crystallisation in which the imaginary and the real will meet and, perhaps, come to reconciliation. In any case they are embodied in us. We repeat over and over again: the body is always traversed, inhabited, one way or another. But the conductivity of this corporal matter is never innate, for it is a fragile instrument. Only incessantly working on flexibility can make it sufficiently available and sensitive. The Miniature of Group Nanou works around this point. Rhuena Bracci is like an athlete who brings us inside the intimacy of her warm-up. This “training” effect has the value of giving awareness. In order to do it the artist will push her body to dangerous limits. However, the most important thing here is not the technical endurance, but the essential that resides in what she reveals about our human condition. Here the body is not looking to be glorious, but to express the fullness of being and accept its limits, or better said, claim them. We must negotiate with our faults and even though we try to overcome them, we know positively that the gap will continue to exist. Thus, the dancer breaks down her gesture, extends it in all its breadth almost to immobility, while behind her, to the contrary, the image of her turning body is projected on the wall. The sound plays a part as well in this discrepancy between what we see

and what we feel. The emotions arise from this total and at the same time always slightly deferred commitment to the action.

Once we have cleared up the idea that the function of art is not to make fun, to entertain us, but rather to make us touch something real, it remains to be defined the place of its affective operation. Take the case of Cairo. The Miniatures have been presented only four months after a revolution that was so beautiful that it seemed hopeless, as Mubarak's regime seemed to be omnipotent. The recent happenings were present in the mood of everyone. But the great political dimension of artistic creation does not reside in the action (rather in "the doing"), and avoids ideological frameworks. Neither does it operate transitively in us (that is to say, from the principle of cause and effect). Its critical role must be examined by analogy, like an echo. The philosopher Lyotard invites us to perceive a political event in the same way we perceive an artistic object: as an enigma. The actuality of Carme Torrent's gesture does not come into play by misuse of direct references to the Egyptian situation, but does so universally, because the artist opens a space of autonomy within a extremely constrained situation. It makes us feel that our free will is part of this interval, both minimum and infinite. Without this shift, we fall prey to superficiality and immediacy. The circumlocution is compulsory even for those closely related to the events. Marie al Fajr has based her work

on her double Arabic-Western culture to adventure into a hybrid form whose contemporary codification disturbs gestures that are loaded with tradition. All this enhanced by a dreamlike visual device, the mission of which is to open within this aesthetic tension, a space of placatory coexistence. The whole will eventually find its proper timing. In this other part, the emancipation of the spirits and the bodies seems to be possible, provided they are considered as inseparable. The same aspiration to go further is felt through the short animation by the Egyptian artist Shayma Aziz, which uses a unique technique inspired by South African artist William Kentridge. Unlike traditional film animation in which each movement is drawn on a separate sheet, Shayma Aziz works several times with the same sheet of paper. She rubs out and adds lines and the image retains traces of the previous drawings. Her *Miniature* confronts us with an animated film, in black and white, dealing with a couple and their relationship game playing. Sometimes they rub up against each other but they never touch. The dramaturgy has nothing to do with the narration but rather with the changes of intensity and the moods of the protagonists. Each drawing has an undeniable aesthetic force. But above and beyond the beauty of the lines, Shayma Aziz manages a vibratory effect thanks to her special technique. The lines that have been rubbed out from the previous drawing are visible, like marks of time, like the aftermath of multiple attempts that each

one makes to build connections. And “we”, in all of this? Forced to become voyeurs in a story that is not ours? An outside observer would make a judgment of suspicion. And whatever the verdict, this will manifest as an obstacle to being open. Moreover, the critical distance keeps us from confusion and indistinctness. Likewise the common body that was established in Tahrir Square in January was eminently political for its ability to incorporate very varied sensitivities without dissolving them. The “democratic” consensus is very fragile. The couple that stir each other up in Shayma Aziz's video reminds us that the reactionary forces continue to be active and that women are often the first victims of these regressive winds. During the thirteen days of demonstrations and popular uprisings, they were able, like the men, to take to the streets to express the need for change. Three months later, on the occasion of International Women's Day, Tahir Square has been the scene of savage aggressions. So we understand better why Shayma Aziz's characters are self-censored individuals. “The spectator waits for their bodies to unite. They continue to try to touch each other but they never do. This goes on for too long; fifteen minutes repeating the same movements (...) they wear themselves out trying and failing. They collapse”. The stigmas of the flesh are rubbed out, but are recorded in the memory.

Christophe Haleb has also constructed his *Miniature* in close relationship with the external envi-

ronment. He has even acted with an absolute immediacy from a paradoxical desire: situate oneself in a painful context and without negating it extract material for joy. Is it the weight of our Judeo-Christian heritage, this hatred of the body, which has led us to place affection at the side of punishment? Christophe Haleb reminds us of the evident: artistic affectation need not be sad. Tragic at times yes, as this “wound nearest the sun” shows our tears. But the sensitive mobilization, the one that involves self-realization and which affirms the powers of life, is inherently joyful. Never destructive. Remember the lesson of Nietzsche: “We must constantly give birth to our thoughts out of our pain and maternally endow them with all that we have of blood, heart, passion, agony, conscience, fate, and disaster”¹.

So the mischievous choreographer has invited Egyptian boys and girls, amateurs, to perform with him ... in an almost improvised way, among the public. This Epicurean intervention liberated the body (and as a consequence the spirit) from all ideological constraints. It's clear that some people were offended. They were not yet ready to receive the gift of the artist: “In revolutionary times, the question is not to seize power from the people, but to give power to people”. Christoph Haleb was also

¹ Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, Bernard Arthur Owen Williams, Josefine Nauckhoff, *The gay science: with a prelude in German rhymes and an appendix of songs*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge 2001, p. 6.

committed to providing what the initial staging, imposed by Adham Hafez, denied: the joyous possibility of making his own path between the proposals. The “I” brought into “play” in this way creates a centrifugal movement and within this aspiration the potential “we” is outlined. Signs of possible reunification between the Miniatures cannot then be subject to being assigned. No place is designated for this charge. And yet the work, pulling us out of the sham, out of anonymity, and out from the masses, re-situates us. Thanks to this symbolic attachment, utopia seems to be finally within reach. It is therefore not surprising that the suspended picture by the Italian visual artist Andrea Abbatangelo looks at us, for it concerns us. Suspended a few feet off the ground, floating in the air like a banner of an almost accessible promise... A white horse, magnificent, in full gallop, and marked by the seal of anarchism... Comes towards us. Free from all attachment. The encounter between painting and the medium of photography creates a strange mixture of dreams and hyper reality. As Spinoza predicted: “Body cannot determine mind to think, neither can mind determine body to motion or rest or any state different from these, if such there be”².

² Benedict de Spinoza. Ethics. Translated from the Latin by R.H.M. Elwes - <http://frank.mtsu.edu/~rbombard/RB/Spinoza/ethica3.html>

Carme Torrent

...love is ready to be reinvented

...

love, in tones of the absolute, of One, where any
concept seems to declare expansion, opening, towards
a perception of reality where language falls short,

where there are a thousand names sounding

the unnameable

...love is one of them...

and so, how to open a place in which to show
the potential of the indeterminate?

...

also love in the relative, and at the same time obvious place, the tangible lived experience, for example in the encounter between two people

“love is not just the encounter and the closed relationships between two individuals, it is a construction, it is a life that is made, not just from the point of view of One, of the identity, but also from the point of view of the Two, of the difference, of two people with their infinite subjectivity”.

this diagonal side of love, that passes through the most powerful dualities and most radical separations... the other face of the One.
if we could perceive a non-dual reality perhaps both, absolute and solid, would meet with warmth, mutually supportive,
perhaps love offers the possibility that through the body the One and the Two touch

...

a constructed occurrence, that is to say, something
that doesn't enter into the immediate law of things

being at the same time observer and observed...
constructing at the same time as undoing,
like the very self... matter that observes itself,
that can construct while observing and observe while
constructing

...

a question of duration, not in the sense that love lasts,
that one loves always or for ever, but that love
proposes a different way of lasting in life, a new,
renewed, reinvented temporality

...

“an apparently insignificant occurrence, but that is
in reality a radical occurrence in the microscopic life,
is a carrier, in its obstinacy and duration,
of a universal significance”

...

perhaps the possibility of mutual support between
that which finishes and that which continues
indefinitely, the tension between the ephemeral
and the eternal, between the One and Two.

...

let oneself fall, lose oneself in the depths
of ambivalence at the same time as offering opening
to the infinite

...

the empty space as a place of encounter

...

not only actions, but also the pauses between
actions... not the personality but rather the pauses
of the self... not just the fabric but rather the spaces
between threads, the empty places

...

what then is this strange alchemy that permits us
to go from the I to the we?

...

unspeakables that are present in their retreat,
organised around the void ... of remissions, echoes,
resonances and also rhythms

...

a transient place in the world, making
and unmaking itself
can we destroy ourselves and construct ourselves
at the same time? Are we here for this movement?
are said, and deleted with the saying

...

throw the body into the void

...

“the observer is situated on the limit, in the intermediate space between the void and existence. The text, the world and the fire on the surface, and down below, the void. The observer on the baseline, which is not a line but an imperceptible space, a non-place, a suspension”*

...

on the borders we accept indeterminacy

...

not avoid nor suppress all the ambivalences;
perhaps just hear them out

...

today I ask myself from which silence, from which
dumbness will I extract the next gesture, the next
guideline for closeness

...

listen closely

* All citations are from the book of Alain Badiou *Éloge de l'amour* with Nicolas Truong (Flammarion, Café Voltaire, 2009)

Gruppo Nanou

Glimpses of fragility

Sport as a universal language attracts the gaze of the spectator and exposes the body to its fragility and its diametrically opposed strength.

It seeks a point of contact, a fracture or an interference point between the technical act and its fragility of thought.

The technical act, in order to be not just that, demands chance and confidence.

To cross the threshold of virtuosity and reach the communication of risk, with the acceptance of a deep sensitivity and to communicate with the other not only because of the spectacular movements but for the risk that they contain.

Take flight.

The moment of suspension.

The moment of all the possibilities of change, all

possible directions. The moment that you cannot physically stop but where the athlete's breath is most open. It's a breath of fresh air in the open.

To falter.

... To put Magnesium on my hands...

A time to think, to concentrate, to get ready.

The Death – the Death I'm talking to you about – is not the one that will come after your fall, but the one preceding your apparition on the wire. Before you step on it you die. The one who will dance is already dead – decided to all kinds of beauty, capable of them all. In the moment you appear, pale – no, I'm not speaking about fear but about its opposite, an invincible audacity – a paleness will cover you. Despite the rouge and spangles, you will be bloodless, and your soul livid...¹

... Me, lying on the floor with light on the head and chased by muted sound...

To carry within a technical flux that comes into action in the space

¹ Jean Genet, *Il Funambolo*, Adelphi, Milano, 1997, p. 112.

however the result is not the most important thing
the action in space
rather the concentration before it
because it contains all the possibilities of thinking
even the one of remembering
the concentration that extends the body and calls upon
the spectator, the other, to enter into the performer's eye.

The authenticity that unmask itself, twisting its authenticity, which is no longer authenticity².

It is the journey of desire. It is the body in a state of awareness, of pursuit of its own desire³.

And yet: a dedication to my father. What one becomes. What one becomes thanks to affection.

Rhuena Bracci

² Roland Barthes, *Frammenti di un discorso amoroso*, Einaudi, Torino, 1989, p. 221.

³ Ivi, p. 226.

Sport.

Dissect the action until the last grasp of breath in the act needed so as not to fall.

Sport.

The body accomplishes its action, its ritual by putting itself at risk to the limit. Seizing this instant before the execution, the intimacy of which is usually hidden.

To assist in the preparation, the moment before the act, that scary second is like digging into the lover's wallet, sneaking into someone else's room and discovering the smell on a neglected morning pillow.

I'm attracted to the body in flight, the pulse of its muscles, trying to catch what the eyes have difficulties to see, to focus, grasping its full speed.

I would like to capture the thought of the athlete right before that giddy moment in order to understand the silence.

I would like to discover the time of the athlete. To understand how long a minute and a half or a ten meter fall is for him.

I have always imagined that it is like having your head under water

It is necessary to find the bounday between the known and the unknown in order to access the intimacy. It is not the revelation, not the search for answers. I'm talking about rapture. Looking for the ravine from which the door can unhinge and left wide open can offer the overexposed fragility, the sound of silence. In that I

find love, the element of affection, the wonder that is found in discovering the beloved and the rapture felt viscerally in the intimacy.

Sport as an attempt to demolish the design, to grasp the requirements and performance of the athlete, the object/subject of Barthian love.

The love relationship no longer resides in the scene but desperately seeks to position itself between the action and the eye of the viewer in an attempt, through the exhibition of the fragile, to grasp tenderness, eroticism, rapture.

Marco Valerio Amico

Often in Nanou's productions what presses me is to find the working space.

It can't be denied that the sound, though different from music or worse than a soundtrack, is mainly a spatial language, which fills and determines the space, both in the perception of who listens to it as well as in its own acoustic dimension.

Filling. Often a background that connects with the viewer as much as with the performer in an unconscious way.

In Sport I have found, almost by instinct, a different space.

Different from the subjectivity of the athlete going on stage, from the spectator that sits in a theatre and his equivalent in a sports arena.

Different, in accordance with the requirements of this project, from a purely sporting event, the action resulting from the preparation and hence the result. The sound background was soon build-up, not so much focusing on the athlete's mind, or on the body representing it, in concentration, or amongst the spectators, witnesses and supporters of the athlete, but on a single shared space which in reality doesn't want to contextualize either of the two worlds.

My task is to set subjectivity in a sound system, though not the athlete's private subjectivity but a new one, which surely has to do with that solitude which harbors also that individual and collective vision of the spectator.

The distant audience, alternating breaths, preoccupations and then applause, incitements, take the listener and the viewer of Sport somewhere else. A sound space that can be very big, very distant and full of punctuated sound, almost as if dictating if not a genuine rhythm, at least a flow, that always however withdraws because it does not want to lead the race, because this Sport is not the staging of the competition.

Roberto Rettura

Leo Castro

Starting point

... the streets behind, the alley with the cafes at night, the workshops, art on show in huge apartments, the bakery, the colour of sand, the souk, the people and many individuals. tradition, the religious, the character, the peoples' conviction, the games, the direct stares, the quantity of everything and heaps of dust. survival, strength, ordered chaos, education, generosity, hospitality, disdain, the warnings, the smiles, the veiled, many layers, the incessant work, the impossible traffic, the chants, chants, chants, chants, chants. so much noise all the time. the tiredness, the wealth and some kind of silence when the streets empty out between five and six in the morning. the hunting days begin early and end late. there's nothing exotic about them. walk, walk, walk and look. walk, walk, walk and stay. walk, walk, walk and wait. *we find ourselves in a*

gigantic and incomprehensible city, but no, I don't believe that there was any "displacement". I don't remember any "displacement". no sooner had we arrived than we felt a resounding "emplacement".
UNEXPECTED CAIRO. FIRST PORTRAIT

How to approach an unknown landscape

Desire / Need

Jumping into the void

Encounters

Details

... it seems to be an intimacy lived with greater distance than we need ourselves. a distant intimacy? I am trying to name the sensation ... in the last days I began to feel comfortable with the differences, even knowing that I'm barely scratching the surface the impression remains that everything is lived behind, over there, with a great deal of discretion, that everything happens in the gaps, veiled...

... but here nothing is as it seems, we said this several times... we didn't think, we tried to realise something. what we did was to be here and look, sometimes we even managed to observe. to contemplate, this we managed only a few times...

... steal intimate images from other people? perhaps the only permit that I can hang on to is our intention; the fact that we managed to at all times be respectful; hanging around as if it were an exercise for the eyes, a lesson; on the prowl with the imagination without prejudices, not even making comparisons...

... approximately one month before the revolution. it happened and I had no idea how to take it into consideration, nor did I know how to introduce the dimension of what happened together with the material we already had. we really could not see that a revolution was brewing; we were able to pass the days walking and hanging around in the streets, from one place to another.

... here it seems that everything is conducive to noise, to abundance, to hospitality, to rigor, to culture, to classism, to traditions as values and everything is vast, multicoloured, cultivated, strong, healthy and smiling. RIGHT BEFORE. SECOND PORTRAIT.

Marie al Fajr
Zohor al-Rawd

The flowers from the gardens

“In their fall, the flowers from the gardens
like mouths, kiss the feet of the lovers”.

Youssef Ibn ‘Umran Al Halabi
(Diwân de la poésie arabe classique -Adonis- translation:
H. Abdelouahed)

As a preamble, flowers...!

To those from East and West,
from here and there,
from yesterday and today,
in the “timelessness”¹ of a dance

¹ Term borrowed from the dancer choreographer Abdeslam Raji
‘inside’ the time instead of ‘with’ time in the word “con-temporary”.

Flowers...!

To those that have “added together the identities that are no longer theirs”²

Flowers...!

To the “traveling trees”³, rooted into the essence of the cultures, free of belongings, familiar or distant, accomplice or lonely, on this crossroad of the West and the East.

And then...still flowers !

The one from the classical arabic poetry, sensual and courteous.

The flowers from the garden, whose beauty exalts and celebrates the body of the beloved

² A. Gortz.

³ Title of the exhibition by the painter A. Yamou.

Still more flowers !

The one from the poetry and the thought from Ibn ‘Arabi whose mysticism today is controversial in Cairo is like an invitation to desire in the oppressive rise of rigorism.

His treaty about love and his collection of poems *Tarjumân el Ashwâq* depict the expressions of desire, the feelings and the effects of love. His passion for a young woman from Iran, Nizham (harmony), is all the time experienced as an emanation of the divine essence *and a path for self-accomplishment*.

Sensual love, spiritual love

that does not deny rather integrates Eros... It is a nostalgic look on the outspokenness in a hedonistic past world and the desire to open a path towards today questioning the tensions and the withdrawal of identity on both shores of the Mediterranean, which is at the heart of our “garden”.

The garden,

Like a melodious breathing in the rhythmic urban panting.

A musical landscape.

The place of maqam, this garden bed of notation where every time a unique bouquet of musical assonance is created in the moment of improvisation (taqsîm), or on translating a sentiment (hâl), an e-motion – understood as the internal motion, the invigorating movement, the breath living as an echo of the rhythm, the gesture that creates the dancing body.

I'm astonished by the lover whose beauty
Shimmers in the flowers and gardens
And me to her: Do not be surprised by who you see
This that you have seen is yourself in the mirror of a man.
Ibn' Arabi

The garden,

One of these flower beds stylized by the arabic-persan miniature.

These last paintings by the Moroccan artist Abderrahim Yamou.

Luxuriant paradise bows to the ideal of beauty

that relates to the content of the artwork, in order
to define a performance space.

The garden, performance space open to two dancers,
And the momentum of a dance.

a dance,

Driven by the “spirations” (iltifaf: winding /
unwinding)
of love.

The whispers of an intimate conversation (monaqa’).
A walk in the garden, the walk of loving hearts.

.....

And at the turn of a taxi drive,
on a small radio station, the voice
of Umm Kathum sings the poet
Abu Firas el Hamadi
and exclaims “Na’am ana mushtaqun”
(of course, I’m madly in love...but...)

