

SANDY

You say LaGuardia
I say LaGuardia
LaGuardia LaGuardia
LaGuardia LaGuardia
I say LAX
you say LAX
LAX LAX
LAX LAX
LLLLLLLLL A
Here I come!

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday
Saturday Sunday (rep)

I am LAX airport! I am L A! From the valley to
the desert, every day is S- A-T-U-R-D-A-Y night!

"I'm not Einstein" he says but I see the beach all
over him

He has sand in the corners of his ears and eyes
I see a rash from dirty seawater.

Stick with what you know, Einstein! I say to him.
Stick with me; job-car-dog...

I am so happy to be outside!

You are always, and still, and only, who you are.
You think, don't you Albert, you think, therefore,
you are...

Not totally here yet, but now its like your whole
person has just entered the room. Before you
were distracted; your body was here, obviously,
but your mind was still having the phone
conversation of 20 min earlier, YOU were still
walking down the hall to this conference room, still
adjusting YOUR clothing for maximum comfort.

Anyone without a home-sweet-home may wish for one, but not everyone can build one, even with the help of a generous mortgage.

Prove it!

Play a game with me,

Why don't you play a game with me?

Anyone with a home around here, of all places, would rather spend most of his time somewhere else.

But its already too late, a little bit of YOU has already moved on. YOU have no time for this kind of thing. A small part of YOU has his hand on the door knob, the small part of YOU is leaving the room, walking back down the corridor, that part of YOU is back on the telephone.

Oh come on! Do you really think it will happen like that? I mean, really, do you really think we will allow it? I think you are being a little bit naïve, not to mention opportunistic.

And you majestically turn your head and order coffee.

Coffee!

Prove it!

Large and in charge!

Prove!

IT'S

FFFF-FOREVER

FFFF-EEE-UEL

HOLD ONTO IT!

This is safety.

Not doing anything has a negative, not a neutral effect. If I don't lead the initiative, someone else will.

Hold on to your genre, your genre's got a hold on you.

More and more of YOU is leaving; by now a the small part of YOU is already in YOUR car, already half way to the golf course

MMMMM

Like holding a cloud between your arms!

Like fur on a chinchilla, like the cleanest tooth.

Yes...that is exactly what it feels like.

YOU! DON'T LOOK, DON'T YOU LOOK AT THESE!
these are private clouds, these are not your clouds

Mmmm ffffffffluffy

Eyes on me! All eyes on ME! And YOU! Keep your hands to yourself!

Like wax feathers on wax feathers, unless its night. At night it is very cold, it's more like the tongue of a cat.

Hey, lets play a game, eh? why don't you just
Throw me the stick, put my cry in an envelope!
Berlin wall! Iron Curtain! My dance space, your dance space!

You dream of money. You are dreaming of money.
You become money. This is your favorite dream.
Hydrogen can bring you there; you sell off any
energy you don't need. You make a profit off of
what is unused. Your energy becomes your
business.

he is eating lamb in a red wine rosemary reduction
you cross over to your favorite reclining lounge,
you reach for your universal remote control.
He are trading garbage in the commodity stock
rooms in Chicago. They are making synthetic feces
in Dallas. I sold my testicles to a firm in Russia for
four thousand euros; they removed the items
surgically and mashed them up and extracted the
vital substances and marketed the resulting syrupy
stuff as rejuvenating beauty-cream, for a profit
that was apparently awesome.

Everybody now, and really feel it this time;
Objects are images, images are signs, signs are
information, and information fits on a chip.
Everything reduces into a molecular binary.
General Digital Computerized. Miniature Code.
Hyper active reality; your mainframe on speed and
acid. It will It will it will it will ...

BOJANA

The problem in our government right now is that
we find no ground upon which to issue warnings so
what we do is we ask people to come up to us with
their own personal scare stories while at the same
time we ignore the fact that this feeling they

describe has no first nor last name, and that, by the way, have you noticed, it is like many other feelings an f word, like in fluffy, fidelity, freedom or fascism, so we measure the factor of the floating f.

METTE

Have you ever had the experience of observing a snowslide, or standing on the edge of a cliff to a chasm, or looking at a nasty car crash from your balcony, have you ever felt the beauty of it, that pleasing sense of security mixed with your own helplessness, that made you feel at home, at least for a moment, that is, that you can say you are in safety.

BOJANA

The only guarantee to this inherent risk in - your only being out there - is the moral reason you lift yourself up with, for instance, thank you for making it possible for me to make all these choices, thank you for making me private, an independent landowner, but also deprived of absolute shelter, the place of shared habits to belong to, job-car-dog-family.

SANDY

I like to be the child that says: tell me the story one more time, I desperately need to repeat,

METTE

repeat what,

SANDY

all kinds of experiences, like songs, like films where I can follow the character lose himself in order to find himself again, just common not special places

BOJANA

there's one thing about these special places, like idioms, I try not to use the expressions which would be difficult to translate in another language, because it's just not practical when you have to explain something which might be self-evident for you and your people in the place you came from, expressions like "why should I work when you pay me" or "let the neighbor's cow die," I prefer to have a standard of orientation, something like a toolbox of things which are immediately useful, like "are we on the same page", "if it's not black then it must be white," "when I'm buying from you, you're selling to me, right" so "hope you're doing well", and "talk to you later,"

JAN

we are many like that, we have a lot in common, we're mobile, detached, adaptable, curious, opportunistic and cynical, when it comes to power, inventive when it comes to language and communication, but mostly depoliticized, in the sense that we're not foolish to have a common cause and expect an effect of change

SANDY

but we can also be disobedient, so what we share
is the ability we specialize in to protect ourselves
from not feeling at home

You don't need a permanent place

You can live wherever work takes you

You can live from temporary jobs

You won't need to state your profession

You will be able to change it despite your
qualifications

You will always be working because work is
everywhere

JAN

Take your powerplant and your computer

Isolate yourself, if you like

Don't need to love your neighbor

Don't need to have a neighbor

You rely on nobody and nobody relies on you

METTE

Still everyone is dependable

You have to be dependable to be left alone

When everyone is left alone, everyone becomes
able and available

BOJANA

In order to participate, you have to change the
rules

Not everything is allowed, but everything should
be accepted

METTE

When it's not good for something, it will be good for something else

BOJANA

You learn to often say:

That's nice, because it gives so many possibilities

JAN

If we squeeze 120 Giga-barrels (1.2 trillion barrels) of oil into a champagne bottle we have used 9 bottles so far, 9 bottles. If you look at how much we have in the refrigerator, its only something like 9 bottles left and if we are lucky we will find 2 or 3 more, that's all when you talk about oil, for energy. And 5 of these bottles are in the Middle-East and the rest is scattered around the world. 1 bottle of champagne is exactly the amount of oil you have in Iraq. If you open up that bottle and pour it into four glasses, then each glass represents the yearly consumption of oil in the world. So, in principal it will take 4 years for us to empty Iraq.

For instance, there were two bottles of champagne in the United States

That was the total amount they once had in the U.S ; 200 Giga-barrels

And they have filled their last glass now, this is exactly what they have left.

They are sipping the last glass.

9 bottles used and 9 bottles left

we're reaching the peak of the oil mountain

from now there will more empty than filled bottles in terms of oil reserves we go down hill

BOJANA

Imagine that you're drinking the last glass of champagne and that we won't be able to make it any more

SANDY

you'd switch to another drink
it's obvious you look for an alternative

BOJANA

You need to be mentally prepared for an alternative,
which means S&M, smart marketing that arouses your interest in hydrogen.
Consumers need time to make adjustments

METTE

But until you're ready for it, you'll still search for the last oil reserves that will become precious, and the ways to obtain them more and more complicated
try to collect and extract oil from sand

BOJANA

if you say change the drink
switch to something more natural
you say:
wind
solar
hydropower
geothermal
biomass energy
these are the alternatives we know

SANDY

yes

but they are not viable yet

they're expensive and unreliable

If the sun stops shining on a solar station then it cannot produce energy

Plus, and more importantly, it's difficult to store the solar energy once produced

JAN

Exactly. We have to consume the energy where it is produced as we lose a lot of electricity IN transporting it by cable over long distances

so this is where hydrogen comes in

all energy produced can be transformed into hydrogen, in liquid or gas form, which is then transportable by a fuel cels, think of a battery in the size of a suitcase.

think of a fuel cell as a vehicle,
a storage carrier of energy

BOJANA

Hydrogen can be found everywhere, in water, air, oil, gas, so light and ephemeral that it won't spill, pollute or soak in, the simplest element, colorless, odorless, tasteless and nontoxic, and when liquefied, it gives three times more heat than petrol...

SANDY

but you rarely find hydrogen free-floating, hydrogen's always connected to some other molecule, for instance connected with oxygen it makes water

METTE

To make hydrogen out of water you have to split the oxygen from the hydrogen
You do this by the basic process of electrolysis
you pass an electric current through water which splits the hydrogen from the oxygen

BOJANA

And here it becomes interesting. Because when you use electricity produced by renewables, by sun, wind and so on to split this hydrogen from the oxygen you have zero pollution.

METTE

Exactly,
and then you fill the fuel cell with hydrogen
this is a container with two plates connected by a membrane
on one plate is the hydrogen on the other plate the oxygen
hydrogen equals only one proton and one electron
the proton passes to the oxygen
while the remaining electron is electricity
the only emissions is water and a little bit of heat

SANDY

so we have gone more ephemeral
less material, more renewable, recyclable
less carbon

BOJANA

So we went from wood to coal, and from coal to petrol, and now we have to go from petrol to hydrogen

from solid to liquid to gas
the particles are becoming faster and faster and,
therefore, the ways we produce electricity more
and more efficient

JAN

You can walk with your own power system.
If you are the owner of a hydrogen fuel-celled car,
you basically become your own remote power
station. The cell in your vehicle can also be used
to power appliances while camping or can be
plugged into your home to power your everyday
life.

It works like this

A car needs a fuel cell that creates 75 – 100 Kilo-
watts in order to run.

The average western consumer, sitting at home or
in their office uses only 7 - 10 kilo-watts of energy.
You spend only 10% of your day in your car so the
time not spent driving means that your vehicle can
provide the necessary energy for your home or
office

METTE

I do this drowsy work by the computer
writing

editing

writing

and editing

the film

listening to the soundtrack running in my head
for a film

I'm in

Do something else

they always tell me

why don't you do something
else
play badminton with me
I can think only with a considerable amount of
distractions
that's why people like me
they think i'm tolerant because I say
it can be this or that
this and that

JAN

imagine Alaska, The Maldives, Greenland, Africa or
China deeply in-land
disconnected from the grid, from the electricity
cable network
now they can produce and transport their own
energy

SANDY

this is a radical new way to distribute electricity
small or big, your private power plant can stand
alone or connect to a grid
produce what you need and control your own
production
the unused you can sell back into the grid to
protect against power outages
you can trade and export
your energy - your enterprise

BOJANA

what's left to the power companies
they have to redefine their mission if they are
going to survive

they have to become the coordinators of energy distribution on something like a worldwide energy web

a decentralized interactive network of millions of small suppliers and users

SANDY

but how do you acquire a fuel cell?

Either you buy it or you get it for free but have to subscribe to its use

JAN

but then we have again a top down structure

SANDY

Yes but, utopically hydrogen allows for a universal access to energy

Major oil companies as well as governments are investing in the research and development of hydrogen

the technologies are being patented and owned what will they cost? what will be the price of hydrogen?

and of course these companies and governments are going to want a return on their investments.

JAN

and this will kill the promise of independence, of everyone being his own energy producer.....

METTE

We have a problem here

a serious one

all our ideas about hydrogen and independence are based on what money can buy

do you understand what this means?
only rich people could appreciate it
only the already autonomous can dare dream
about autonomy

When you told me about what would happen in the
next 20 to 30 years I was afraid.

BOJANA

I was scared that everything would change, that it
would change so fast that I would be left behind. I
thought I wouldn't make it, I would miss out.

METTE

You said I should be calm, that I shouldn't worry.

BOJANA

You said that we would be taken care of, that there
were plans in the works to ensure my safety, that
they would make sure that I wouldn't lose
everything I love and I need.

METTE

I would not be left alone you said, I will be taken
care of.

BOJANA

So are you saying we are idle?
That this is an idle talk because there is no
pragmatic interest coming out of it?

METTE

We can't have a conversation because I have
nothing for you and you need to be able to get

something from speaking to me in order to merit a communication.

BOJANA

Hey

I don't need to talk to you because I'm not in your power in any way whatsoever, nor do I need you to confirm my own authority.

METTE

You get nothing in return for this little talk we are having so I don't really understand why we are talking.

BOJANA

We are not even passing the time because the time isn't passing because nothing is changing with this conversation.

METTE

My world is a workshop
I wanna be active out there
adapting to situations
searching for protection
practicing an orientation
if possible even an intervention
to always be ready to pressure, protest, vote
against, boycott

BOJANA

I go live in a kibbutz
I make myself work as a hotel maid for a month
I join the farm where they recycle their shit as bio-mass fuel

JAN

actually I specialize in interfering in streetfights
and separating angry men

BOJANA

Are you Jesus?

METTE

No, Moses

JAN

And my world is a spectacle: work is not what I do

S

Compared to yours, my life is unauthentic:

I've never been to China

I've never worked in a sweatshop

I've never attended a CEO meeting

I have never been detained because of not having
the right papers or being caught doing drugs
yet yet

I'm greedy to know

It's about not assuming anything by always
assuming everything

There are no real yes or no questions

The question is not whether the power companies
will own and have the monopoly on the hydrogen
fuel cell or not

I repeat: there are no questions, things will
happen the way they do anyway, there are only
possibilities.

JAN

I really don't have time now

Plus I don't know if I will have time tomorrow
I need to know what I'm doing tomorrow
so that I can do something today

BOJANA

Your life is the real things
it's you
your instincts
your fundamental desires
your experience
the world has to be ours
so that we can to become ourselves
you include the other as a reflection of your image
in which you're reflected yourself
you're transparent and clear
that's how - you think - you can serve the world
the best
but you also know your life is your own
responsibility
so you state what you do, so that you don't need
to do it

SANDY

I can only promise you
I wanna say yes to you
It hurts me too much to say no
It hurts you to hear me saying no
No's are cuts

METTE

Yes opens a smile
Yes expands
everyone feels included
please, feel included, implicated by me

But if I implicate you, that doesn't mean I'm
responsible for you
I don't wanna be responsible for you
I just don't wanna harm you

SANDY

We'll be both safe in the word
our word being our bond

METTE

So what's the deal?
If I promise you now
will you promise you won't doubt my intention
you must take my word seriously so as to take me
seriously
and if you think it is false
the bad faith: she thinks she's doing what she's
saying
methinks: I promise I'll do it
and you say: I bet you will
you are W R O N G

SANDY

You are just not contemporary
now that I'm not reporting to you
I'm indulging in you
here and now
we need no witnesses to remind us later what we
said
because I cannot lie if I say I want something, that
I know something, that I desire something
that can't be a lie
you will offend me if you don't believe me

JAN

So there is a past and a future I would like to include
the potentiality of what has not been, could have been, and therefore, might be
am I pretentious?
I mean, having a pretense of something
am I boasting?
A little, as much as I wanna impress you
Am I projecting something which isn't the case?
of course I am.
It's enough to be the candidate
to that which you want to happen to you.

BOJANA

if the skin is faster than the word: and if I need so many words
then I'm acting, which means lying with confidence

SANDY

Oh, Hey! You! Over there by the thing! What is your name again?! Oh yeah...right... I remember now...Right...well...Yeah, what 're you doing there, over there by that thing?...

Oh...OK...yeah...I guess that's ok...hmm...yeah but hey look...wait... look, I don't mean to bug you but can I ask why...why you're doing that? That thing ...yeah, that thing you're doing...yeah, why are you doing that...yeah...thing...exactly...

Ah... yeah... right, I guess....well...I guess that's...cool...right...yeah but...shit...look I gotta be honest here...that's...that's kind of a stupid thing to be doing...I mean, yeah, don't you have anything better to be doing? I mean right now...isn't there

something...kinda...better to do? A better way to, you know...pass the day, or time, or whatever? I mean, are you waiting for someone? Or something?

Oh...OK...

...What?...What, me?... Well, it ain't none of your fuckin business but, I'm walking!

Yeah, that's right, I'm going over there...

Well...well, 'cuz shit...back there kinda totally fuckin' sucked so I'm cruisin on down to over there and see what's up...

What?! I mean...Oh yeah?!? Well I think standing 'round like a dumb ass is pretty dumb too! Why don't you just keep on standin' there and I'm gonna keep goin over there and you shut the fuck up to me and I'll shut the fuck up to you and then we are both happy! Eh? Eh? How 'bout that buddy boy!

(aside) fuckin' guy... can go fuckin fuck himself...mother fucker...

...FUCK YOU!!

Ha Ha! Yeah...well...yeah...

...yeah...

That's the plan: we're going to run away from here and live happily every after. We're going to be able to fuck each other however we want as much as we want. There's a pirate ship sitting in the harbor. When the pirate ship leaves in four days, we'll be pirates on it, sailing to Persia. In Persia, everyone does whatever they want.

I won't ever impinge on your freedom. You can sit on the faces of as many Persian boys as you want to and stop fucking me, you can have Turkish

coffee and hash with me only once a month: I want you to do what you want as much as I'm doing what I want. I want to love you madly so I'm loving you madly. I hope you don't mind...

BOJANA AND METTE

I've got to move
I've got - the new sincerity.
I've got - a secret vocabulary.
I've got - a conceptual stunt double.
I've got - multiple alliances
I've got - plan "B" ability.
I've got - flow disruption.

JAN

People like to think of themselves as
stations or terminals
not as trains or planes
between airports.
I like to think of myself
as an airplane,
rather than an airport.

BOJANA

We could play two games here.
Here is the first one,
I come and I draw a line here in front of you

GOOD

and then I say proudly
Berlin Wall between us

now you observe the line

and the more you observe
the more you absorb it
you soon get used to it, you need to get used to it
so that it doesn't give you a NO feeling anymore
you count all the marks on the wall, you learn
every square centimeter of your space by heart
you know you can't go, can't break through the
wall, you can devote yourself to hitting your head
against it or you'd rather spend time bouncing a
ball off it

After gazing at it for some time you begin
to see it in its negative
try this
focus your gaze on a black line on a white surface,
and you'll be able to project this image in its
negative
it's no longer a black line on a white surface, you'll
see a black surface crack open and white
so the line is no longer a border it's a fissure line
and you're not locked behind it anymore, you're in
the middle of it
living enclosed made you develop the skill to see
all edges much clearer and more distinct than
anyone else
everything has an edge by itself
it's either the limit before something becomes
something else
or it's a sharp cutting edge
this ability makes you wonder
if I can't cross that boundary, which is always
already there, maybe I should create boundaries
myself
so you specialize in drawing lines yourself

but you wanna make sure you place the lines
where you like
and that it is your type of line and your
handwriting

and then you can decide:
I don't belong here anymore
and to separate, you draw a line to protect your
territory
which is no more than animal pissing or sending
mating signals

it's like shooting out in the territory
"I am
and my rights are"
surely there will be some people who will identify
with your cry because they'll think this is exactly
how I would like to have myself heard or
represented
this person will lead the way from my pained past
to a hopeful future
but your cry will have a limited expansion
limited by how far it can reach and be heard before
it dissolves in a chorus of all the other voices
so you understand your self-determined territory is
just another territory whose bounds were
predetermined
it's just that now your territory is limited by your
personal self-interest
but is that what you wanted? to coincide with
yourself?

so there you are in your territory with your own
rules meanings beliefs
you made a contract

first with yourself
then you constituted it for your little territory
we eat special food here
we fuck however whomever with we like
we choose our jobs
we choose not to work
and we live in our own time
it's written in the constitution

and it becomes boring after some time
to live one's own rules
you are not your space, you know
maybe you're not bigger, but you're always
different from it
you want to see what's outside
so you begin searching for and then peeping
through the holes of the wall
you think: if only I could jump into other regimes
and see what they're like
and you take distance, travel south from your
territory
you start using your territory as a tool

you've abandoned your gay scene and went to
punk and then the punk is just as repressive as the
gay scene
so you take the punk fanzines and start making
experimental super 8 films that have gay sex in
them where you get punk band members drunk
and get them to take off their clothes and you take
pictures of them
and you do it all against them grumbling sex is
boring

and your strategy is cool and your ambition grows

you think:

I don't get kicks from just trespassing other territories

how many more territories can I mobilize
if only I could take them all in one move
so you get better at making the edges meet

you figure out to make a rape scene where a Black character who has a white boyfriend, and they are a bourgeois gay couple, is terrorized by a group of white power skinheads who are working class and the Black character gets raped by the white power skinheads all the time calling him names like coconut: black on the outside, white on the inside

you are such a cynical mole

you're moving like a mole within an enclosed piece of land

because you accept the conditions which make you corrupt

moles are cynical

their eyes wither so that they develop sharp teeth

What will grow on your territory if you continue just burrowing through it?

well, nothing, that was the whole point of my sabotage

stop productivity

I mentioned two games, no

What's the other game I wanted to show you?

Throw me a stick

The line is no longer a line, it's a stick now

take the line as a stick

and move it

you're not moving a wall a barrier

it's more like a filter
you only have to work towards having more than
slim chances to pass through
you can't break it down or do away with it
but every time you move it
it brings you potentially in another situation

the porn maker realized he can't go on exploiting
other people without taking part in the films
himself
so he started off by doing blow jobs first and by
the time he finally got fucked everything went
spiralling out of control
he got mad in his obsession with crossing
boundaries so that he couldn't distinguish what
was inside and outside, everything was just a vast
outside because he wanted to be open and small
and submit himself to forces greater than he
thought he is
yeah, he was mad but as a reaction also politically
correct
he had to suck and fuck and be sucked and fucked
by everything that could do it
heterosexuals, transsexuals, lesbians, the
HIVpositive, hypochondriacs, even mothers
it was a way of making the statement: everything
is possible
and it was not just a matter of principle, but it was
a practice
maybe to become what he always aspired - to be
like everyone else - he had to be everybody and
not just somebody

nobody paid attention to him anymore

they said: he lost that sharp edge he was so good
at transgressing

The difference he was making was no longer a
difference you could name, point at with your
finger and contain.

yeah, he's this gay porn... leftist... activist
his films became incredibly sexually
hyperdifferentiated and every scene in his porn
movies could move in two or three directions at
once, you couldn't pin it down because it wasn't
representing any particular political interest

when he was asked in an interview what was the
direction he was heading for now

he said, I might be an animal

but I'm no longer a political animal

I can't pretend to have a problem that I would
think important to confront you with

every step I take is full of potential as long as I
can think it is as it is and is not, or could be
otherwise

the moment I make my decision to change is
irreducible

even if I don't change, the thought about how
different it could have been, will affect the
situation I find myself in

I can't step aside and observe the limit from a
critical distance

step on your problem

feel it crack under your feet

METTE

Can someone tell me what the difference between
cynicism and pessimism is?

because it not like the difference between black
and white,
but more the like the difference between two
shades of the same color
so the difference between white and white
or between one fruit and another
or just that the fruit never falls far from the tree
there is one thing that the cynic has in common
with the pessimist and that is that hope has gone
out the window,
I mean what does the pessimist hope for if not to
reduce the number of toilets in a world that's
already made out of shit or..
Or on the other hand to plant an enormous
amount of flowers to cover up the pile of shit that
he is living in
but then that's called optimism
because shit is said to increase growth which is a
good thing
so the question of which next step to take is less
intimidating than how to reach a far-off goal in a
distant future,
what counts is not whether you manage to cover
the entire shit pile but more the fact that you are
trying
or is it?
I mean one flower in a pile of shit doesn't make
too much of a difference
just like a drop of white paint in a whole bucket of
black won't really
change the color into gray

JAN

I look at the clouds in the sky.

I look at the clouds in the sky and I notice they are constantly changing.

I do not feel like Einstein, I didn't discover something special, on the contrary I see a common phenomenon: clouds are changin (improvises a song on it).

So, there is me and there is the clouds. Me looking at the sky. When I take some time to look at it it becomes: me fascinated by the sky.

I just see the technical movements, this ever merging and changing. I am not Polonius who, fooled by Hamlet, sees a bear and then a bird and then an airplane in it. (this is not possible in Hamlets time no airplanes yet, not even not the word existed).

Anyhow, no imagination, no poetry, just technical moving: the dancing of the clouds. INCORRECT.

No poetry I said, didn't I say this. The moving of the clouds.

When I take some time to look at it it becomes: me fascinated by the sky. This is dangerous to say: fascinates me. It sounds as if I got sucked into the sky. As a romantic soul would say: the clouds and I, we become one. NO WAY. As I said before: there is me and there is the clouds. But what I want to say, what I discovered and this might have an Einsteinian aspect, is that not only the clouds were moving between eachother and that it was me that was standing still, but that the clouds were also moving me. Every change in the clouds and not only in the clouds, in the trees too and the birds passing by too and a car, that all these movements were affecting me. I discovered that I was in an ever changing relation with my surroundings as I was this to them. I discovered

that when you are affected by something, this
something opens itself up to being affected in turn.

METTE

Try to remember what happens to your body when
you are watching thrillers, scary or even action
movies

you sitting there in your couch
with you legs pulled up and a blanket tucked
around you
you're ready
you hear a sound that makes the hair rise on your
back,
your muscles starts to contract,
until your toes are so clasped together that your
shoes feel half a size smaller then they are
you hide you head in your hands to be able to look
out through your fingers
and you know it's gonna happen
your just waiting for it
you are just waiting for the knife to penetrate the
flesh, or the hammer to smash the scull or the
bullet to be fired
and then you want to warn the victim
you want to tell her because it's almost always a
her, to turn around and run
or you beg that her cell phone will ring and deviate
her right before she walks into the trap
but of course you also know that if it would, it
would only be a matter of increasing the tension
which is already building in your body

this is the moment you start to hope
to hope that the next shoot will not show you
every detail
that it will black out as you hear the trigger being
pulled or as you see the shadow come closer to the
character that the director have tried so hard to
win your trust with
and then it happens.....
the attack
which in fact is a strange thing
because what you feel is relief
like breathing in air after having been under water
for too long
you are not really feeling anything else except
maybe manipulated, the result of the mastering of
your sensory perception, the contraction and
relaxation of your muscles in orchestrated by the
filmic arrangements.
...And then you look around and realize that
everyone around you seems to have had a similar
experience,
so what normally is the case, that each individual
will make up their own story because of their own
background, identity, sex, age is cancelled out by
a great affective machine,
a machine that knows how to make bodies feels.

but if I say that's there is no difference between
work and life
then it means that everything is included
I go to see a movie because I might get an idea
about how to act and therefore also information
about how not to act

I don't mean act like in finding out what is right or wrong and how I should behave accordingly but maybe more how I should behave when I am acting

so when the character says

"I don't need nobody"

The gangster looks like he is independent but

of course he only looks independent

until the moment he gets shoot in the head

because no one's watching his back

so in mafia movies independence means death

you leave the system and you die

and whether it is a physical death or the death of being scared shitless

doesn't really matter

because in both cases life stops living

of course this is in cinema where the drama of death is necessary to produce the affects

that everyone wants to pay for

because those of us who have nothing to fear in our real life, still need some sort of artificial threat to sense the intensity of living

that's why articles on terrorism are as popular as

Nicole Kidman when she plays the interpreter

not only do we want to identify with the victims of horror and fear

we also want to identify with those who produce it

so we think that it is just when Nicole is about to

blow off the head of ambassador

in the U.N building

because after all he's more of a criminal than she is

and if she dies the love story goes as well

and if they won't make it to the bed you won't
either
so better make sure your genitals are pointing in
the right direction
straight towards Nicole.

SANDY

I am twenty-six years old.

I believe in taking care of myself, in a
balanced diet, in a rigorous exercise routine. In the
morning, if my face is a little puffy, I'll put on an
ice pack while doing my stomach crunches. I can
do a thousand now.

After I remove the icepack, I use a deep
pore-cleanser lotion. In the shower, I use a
water-activated gel cleanser, then a honey-almond
body
scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub.

I always use an after-shave lotion with little
or no alcohol because alcohol dries your face out
and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then
an anti-aging eye balm, followed by a final
moisturizing "protective" lotion...

There is an idea of a me, some kind of abstraction,
but there is no real me, only an entity, something
illusory, and though I can hide my cold gaze and
you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping you
and maybe you can even sense our lifestyles are
probably
comparable:

I simply am not there.

JAN

He can think of himself as an object, equal to other objects, and he can determine who he wants to be. "So there is some sort of projection going on" He clearly watches this movie he plays the main character in, this multiple character.

This contemporary object is free, he is many, he is anything goes but not everything happens. His reliability is his many faces. He lives all of them. This little revolutionary, the incarnation of change lives the freedom of being multiple. In his world there was no external authority. There were only negotiations. The freedom is in the set up, this multiple decorum he is acting in and acting out and in again. His life equals the constant hitting of the enter key. He is an independant, little revolutionary agent who constantly negotiates with many other independant little revolutionary agents. He, the busy queen bee of his own life, is constantly giving birth to new agents, new employees of the giant organization he is.

Life is hard.

Life is a like a baby's singlet, short and full of shit.

It is a battlefield

No, the most uninteresting part is the battlefield.

I mean the part where we attract and reject.

Totally uninteresting.

It goes quickly, doesn't it, these negotiations of appreciation and connecting or of disapproval and disconnecting.

I would rather be a baker than a butcher.

My hands feel acquainted with sticky dough and I like the smell of freshly baked bread, because my hands like the matter of tits more than that of hard dicks, I feel alien to that of meat, to that of death, to the bloody meat, to the cutting into carcasses, to the undoing of flesh from bones, to the smell of freshly baked meat, nonetheless, I feel acquainted.

But I am not a cook, I don't like cooking. The annihilation of the processed is strange to me. I can make food but not to be eaten, it has to stay present, it has to continue to play its role.

These endless negotiations are his products, are the condition of how he wants to be represented. There is no immanent existence, no ideology, no religion, happily enough, therefore he negotiates all the time how he wants to be represented. Your freedom is nothing more but the freedom to change how to be represented.

"Action", the movie director shouted.

"Camera runs"

He throws himself backwards on the couch. His housecoat opens in the fall. His genitals are shown in all their glory.

I need to get some bright idea.

Einstein he thinks.

And we see how he tries to get Einstein into his mind, it is as if he opens his skull, he relaxes completely (the dick is growing), he allows as much oxygen into his brain as possible, he tries to open up the manifold of membranes, to let thoughts arise which would not come normally.

This isn't stimulated by drugs, it is pure natural concentration in some kind of superrelaxation. He activates the synapses, which tremble sexually in the horny style of a vain peacock showing off his tail. The synapses are in some utmost state of desire to know, to connect to these thoughts which might save the world. This openmindedness together with his dick in full strong and hard shape now are gorgeous to look at.

SANDY

Hell Yeah!

Hell Yeah!

Can I get a soul clap!

Can I get a soul clap!

That's what I'm talking 'bout, Ladies and Gentlemen!

Dig that feelin! Dig that feelin! Dig that feelin!

This is now, ladies and gentlemen, right now, right here, right now

Can you feeeeeel it!

Heal yourselves from yesterday yesterday yesterday

Heal yourselves now

I tell you now and I tell you from the bottom of my heart of hearts

You can You can You can free yourselves from your pious prisons of "God damn, I miss, wish, pine, long, yearn, grieve for what ever I did yesterday, last week, last year and five minutes ago"

And your water torture terror of "Holly sweet Mary mother of Jesus, duck and cover! It's coming It's coming Here it comes!! ASSUME THE POSITION!!!"

I am leading by example here folks. Don't think

I'm spouting and shooting off at the beak here.
I do what I say and I say what I do
I am dead dead dead serious here (pause)
Feel that? That was me. Me showing you that I
choose my words like I choose my moments like I
choose my life.
It's that EASY! Do it, Done it, Good. Lets keep
the rock n' roll rock n' rolling.
Listen to me folks! You 'aint dancing, 'less you're
swinging your hips and shuffling your feet!
Dancing is moving! We, she, he gotta dance!
Hell yeah! Hell Yeah! Clap your hands! Hell Yeah!!
I say clap those hands 'cuz clapping is marking
time. Clapping shows you what you can do TO a
moment, ladies and gentlemen!
Clap Clap Clap Mark Mark Mark
Its yours its yours its yours
But wait... Wait for it...
It's gone It's gone it's gone
Hey! Are you OK with that? You're OK with that,
I'm OK with that, lets keep clappin! For the good
lords sake keep clappin! Keep dancing, I say!
That's all there is to it!
Take it down Take it down Take it down...hmm,
feel that... Now pick it up! Bring back up! Lift it
right up
Baby steps, walk with me, baby steps baby steps,
Baby steps to Freedom from Yesterday
Baby steps to Freedom Today.

METTE

Imagine a Promise.
What do you mean
Something good in the future.
Like hydrogen

What is the opposite?
Something bad in the future.
Then we say fear.
Fear works as a verb and 'promise' as a noun
Fear is active, promise is static.
Fear becomes, promise is.

SANDY

This is strange. 'Fear becomes, promise is', as we think of fear that it is and of promise that it becomes.

Fear and promise, these fictions are not fictive on the dynamic level.

Fear stops us and promise makes us move.
When they become facts they evaporate.

You just said the opposite.

Listen, there are two movements going on at the same time. We walk away from fear and towards promise but in fact we think fear more a fact than a promise. As she said fear is a verb and promise is a noun but if we really think about it we feel it is the opposite that promise is the verb and fear is the noun; that fear is and promise becomes. It is exactly these two movements that cancel each other out, level each other out.

So the promises we create or are created for us are meant to cancel out everyday fear.

BOJANA

Wait a minute,
once again, I didn't get it

what comes first:
fear or promise?

think first
and then act

No, feel first then think

We used to say:
first look, then think, and then we will see

now we can say
first, feel and maybe think
look and see in order to feel

No, first think
and then say
do
or make do
to think more
to say you will do
that is, think more

Yes, but these are all verbs

I am afraid of nouns
because I am afraid that when I begin to want
them I won't have enough of them
so I make the verbs eat the nouns
anyway I speak too much

what you want is not as interesting as what wants
you

or what keeps you wanting

promises keep me wanting because they don't lie
because, as I said, they have to become

if they become or not isn't important either
they are there to make you want to become
become more than know
not know what you are but become what you could
be

want to become, I said

JAN

Action, the movie director shouts, 'camera runs',
and we see how she jumps away from the
television, on which she just saw a documentary
ventilating one of the manykind of what people like
to call injustices. She walks to the window,
overlooking the city. I have to do something. Che
Guevara, she thinks and we see how she walks to
a cupboard and opens a box of expensive cigars.
She lights it. Smoke surrounds her face. The
picture looks great, the feeling is promising, but
we slowly see how smoke comes out of her ears
too. A head full of smoke, she gets tired, takes a
quick cold shower, she feels great and active,
tomorrow I will start up a revolutionary cell. She
goes to bed and falls asleep confidently after a
quality day.

PROMISES AND POTENTIALITIES

Bojana Cvejić

The cost of oil dependence has never been so clear.

What had long been largely an environmental issue has suddenly become a deadly serious strategic concern. Oil is an indulgence we can no longer afford, not just because it will run out or turn the planet into a sauna, but because it inexorably leads to global conflict. Enough. What we need is a massive, Apollo-scale effort to unlock the potential of hydrogen, a virtually unlimited source of power. The technology is at a tipping point. Terrorism provides political urgency. Consumers are ready for an alternative. From Detroit to Dallas, even the oil establishment is primed for change. We put a man on the moon in a decade; we can achieve energy independence just as fast.

Google the word "hydrogen", and you'll probably arrive at many sites which make you believe – with messages like the one above – that we're in a state of emergency that calls for hydrogen as the ultimate solution to the oil crisis today. On the other hand, if you're not one of those who regularly updates herself about the new of the new in the world economy and politics, you might totally miss the hype of hydrogen. You might not even hear about it until it is served to you as the safe, already established, and inevitable replacement for fossil fuels: in your new computer or cell phone battery, in your hybrid car or house heating system. What does this mean? How can

something pretend to be a hot topic without ever making it to the news?

The divided attention hydrogen earns in public opinion now is equal to the ambivalent status the topic has in our performance 'KNOWH₂O_W'.

Yes, we were enthusiastic about the implications of a possibly major paradigm shift in global economy once oil & gas was replaced with hydrogen fuel-cell system of energy. The facts we learned seemed as if they were there to make us euphoric:

- *The most abundant, everywhere to be found, and never to run out, hydrogen is also clean, because it contains not a single carbon atom, and therefore, emits no carbon-dioxide.*
- *The marriage between hydrogen and renewable sources of energy is what could make "green" energy a more viable concept altogether, as hydrogen can act as a storage vehicle (liquid fuel) for solar, wind and hydropower.*
- *The renewable energy powers the extraction process of hydrogen from oxygen so that in the fuel cell hydrogen is converted directly to electricity. The only emissions are water and a little bit of heat.*
- *Hydrogen fuel cell can provide everyone with a micro power system to walk with. By producing what you need, and selling extra energy back to the electricity grid, you become your own producer, vendor and consumer. Such a transformation from a passive energy user to a freelance energy producer parallels development in interactive media, peer-to-peer file sharing, and self-organization. By locating micro-power*

plants on-site with the end user, the system of "distributed generation" decentralizes the power grid into a worldwide hydrogen energy web (HEW).

◦ Reaching the peak of oil production together with the rapid expansion of India's and China's energy needs, we will soon be forced to seek and develop an alternative energy system, and hydrogen is the promise of "the forever fuel." What seems to keep us from such a move is that it would involve spending money and offending powerful interest groups.

What can you conclude from the case made for hydrogen?

No economic necessity, no hydrogen issue. Or, do we need political will to seize the opportunity to become energy-independent, similarly to the flexible work conditions we enjoy and fight for as freelance workers in capitalism?

Do we have to do it now, before – although it is probably already too late – power companies take the monopoly over hydrogen?

However pressing these questions seem, they weren't sufficient to make us champion a cause ("everybody now, buy the promise of hydrogen!").

Interesting how ideology is no longer the global mode of functioning of power, and how it has little sense of urgency for mobilization. Primarily for the reason that we don't see theater as the site of political activism. We would then be doing politics on the account of doing no politics at all: being didactic in our own teleology for making this piece,

or abusive of the theater by reducing it to social and not artistic practice. No way. The hydrogen knowledge can be acquired everywhere else better than on stage. And, unfortunately, one has to be already initiated and complicit to even only recognize the politically utopian potential in hydrogen.

So "making people aware of the problem and proposing a solution" isn't the necessity, mission or even just the interest to make hydrogen a topic behind the project. In fact, the theater we're interested in doesn't work with the teleological categories of necessity and inner compulsion. We would find it too difficult, impossible to agree on a cause, not only because we don't share same ideological views, but because we would be reluctant to define and reduce the performance to a *reason*, a sense it is supposed to make.

*N.B. It means a little bit of violence that I write this text in the person "we", but this "we" also reflects the way we were working on *knowH₂Ow*. We don't identify with each other on the basis of intention or community, "we" emerges in the relation to "it" – the performance. The thirdness of the object acting as it were a subject. And now, I would like to pass to the main concern of this text, as the previous part was just an introduction to do away with the selling-well "aboutness" of hydrogen.

II

What's left of hydrogen is something like a textual *dérive*: hydrogen is the promise of economic

independence and promise is the performative logic of contemporary subjectivity. How so? It is the projective mode of being, thinking, feeling and acting, which expands my possibilities towards the future, as it instantly de-obligates me from the truth and responsibility of a firm position. I will be here in so far as I can be somewhere else at the same time: in front of the TV, in the phone conversation, in the email, in between my projects. And it's not just the media reality that forces the movement between over here and over there, as it is not about swinging between place and displacement. It's a whole set of emotional tonalities which pervade multitude today in the mode of promise: our curiosity, our opportunism, our "we know it better" cynicism, but above all, our need to keep ourselves desiring unrestricted, that is, not foreclosed by the immediate lack of fulfillment.

Even if you don't love me at this particular moment, say something nice to me and I will hang up with the feeling I can continue.

Sign now and you can pay later.

Don't worry, you will be taken for.

We have no time so we have to buy time, we buy time when we know what we're doing in future, even if we won't do tomorrow what we say today.

It feels lighter to postpone the actualization. Possibilities turn into potentialities, something non-present, non-real, something beyond what was imaginable as possible, as we believe that people's capacities must be greater than the means they're structurally given to realize their(work)selves.

The affirmative drive of promise made me here slip into more of a celebration of promise, which I won't balance with critical judgment. Critical thinking would objectify promise by adding a moralistic undertone to it, and thereby it would lose the contact with other moving dimensions of this subject whose action is the promise (of action). One of these dimensions is exactly that I can't escape the culture of promises, I'm both implicated by the promises of others – hydrogen is a loud example of it – and by how I try to act by my own movement, before or besides being an instance of choice. The contemporary condition of my subjectivity is a free-floating affectivity: uncontained ability to affect and be affected. Affect isn't a psychological category, but the real condition of information and image-based late capitalist culture. It is the intensity which depends less on the content, and more on the presentation that creates a state of suspense, or it depends rather on the disconnection of the two. This is the point in which the interest to make this performance thickens.

We wrote texts as we performed them for and among each other, not always being certain or decided about what was intended to be communicated and how it was meant to be performed. We trusted that our conversations and discussions – all the information and diversion we presented each other with – would generate multiple entries and access points, an organization of multiple levels that have different logics and temporal organizations, but are locked in resonance with each other and recapitulate the same notions in divergent ways. An example.

Quite often so the logic of promise arises from the notion of freedom, as a semantic cloud hovering above different performativities of different genres and forms of texts: a depiction of a film scene where a film director tries to elevate his thoughts to the free-genius mind of Einstein which only leads to the erection of his penis; a game of borders and thresholds where an experimental porn film activist gives up politics of transgression for becoming-other; a libertine dream about lovers' escape into a Persian Utopia; a Christian-New-Age sermon preaching the emancipatory power of self-suggestion...

Naming these situations doesn't really mirror how they are perceived or read, because the sensation from the affective power each one of them has appears from its inner differentiation: is it a lecture or a game played or told or a true story mixed with fiction, a film scene or a literary monologue or a ritual being enacted? where are the subjects of speaking (the I's and the we's) and address (the you's) moving about, as performers are rubbing shoulders with one another and with the audience? There are at least two movements going on there, which account for ambiguity: the actual situation of performance, the functional limitation of the performers, audience, stage-space and time of the event, and the virtual stake acquired in fiction or interference of the film medium. Potentiality is felt first before it is thought through the emergence of one or more possible contexts that never fully actualize themselves. Not only because the appropriate scenery (stage set and props or cinematic frame) is missing but because a dialogue is acted in a way that it could belong to two

different films in split screen montage and fold in on the theatre performance at the same time. Its reality is a level spontaneously produced from its own rules of formation and order of connection. That it remains indeterminate, not to be recognized, is not where potentiality comes in, because a dialogue like that isn't particular in and for itself, but in what it becomes in relation to what precedes and what follows it.

While remolding our speech in performance we dismantled the block-structure into regions differentiated on the basis of a bundle of potential realities localized. In each region a shape or structure begins to form, but no sooner dissolves as its region shifts in relation to others with which it is in tension. One impulse of virtuality is transmitted from one actualization to another and across them all transforming the effects of one sensory mode into those of another. A flat and loud enunciation of highly ideologized statements affects the experience of a colloquial discussion on hydrogen where ideology seems to be removed or hidden. What we tried to picture folds back on what we're trying to hear now: this is where senses begin to participate in each other without direct or pure visual or sound stimuli.

Revisiting text and stage from the view that the skin is faster than the word, the sensation faster than the thought, made us experiment with the relationship between textuality and performativity, means and ends. Until recently it seemed not only necessary but also enough to destabilize text in its form as a whole on the site of theater stage by refusing theatricality as the "evil of representation." Now the question whether the

theater-medium is able to connect with our daily reality – the contemporary forms of life – becomes more important than the deconstructive undoing of spectatorship in the vein of: “we know that you know that we are watching you.” This shift of focus and attitude we probably owe to the realization that the contents of what’s happening out there for us in the world are greater than the formal variations of the matrix of human drama and that the conventional wisdom of theater cannot deal with it. In comparison with how other media like film, sound art and open source produce and control the contemporary forms of life, theater is obsolete. With ‘KNOWH₂OW’ we wanted to leave the cynical acceptance of theater’s impotentiality behind. We try to make it a place where the ways we think, feel and act now – and NOT, at the same time – are at stake, casting another distribution of what’s perceptible in theater.

PROJECTIONS GOING ON

Jan Ritsema

"It is nonsense of course but stick to it for a moment. Otherwise we will never come to unexpected viewpoints." Wittgenstein thinking out loud in front of a selected audience of colleagues.

In the preparations of the most recent dance performance 'BLINDSPOT' (2005) I excersized quite long on changing my awareness of space. When moving or turning I tried to fool myself that it was not me who was turning, but the space. I imagined that the walls were turning around me. Nonsense, but stick to it for a moment. I was not standing still of course, I was turning, and I knew this. Nonetheless I excersised the sensation that the walls were turning.

This gave of course another quality to my movement. The most recognisable quality was that I was moving 'in' the space. Contrary to me moving 'through' the space. Contrary from me being the center of my movements. The space became as important as myself.

We exercised this because one of the goals of 'BLINDSPOT', which I made and danced together with Sandy Williams, was that we tried to do the performance while watching the piece and creating it at the same time. We tried to be every moment indistinguishable, un-decidable, incomplete and inconsistent. We were looking for complexity, for a mobility which in every moment offered the potentiality to go in many directions.

In 'KNOWH₂OW' (2006) I speak a text which we borrowed from Brian Massumi*: "When one is affected by something this something can't help but be affected by you in turn." This movement, this to and fro and back again and so on, interests me highly. Not only because of its physical mobility but more because of its mental mobility. (I hate static, I don't think this exists, so every attempt to go for the static, in politics or in opinions, I experience as highly repressive.)

Since VERWANTSCHAPPEN (2000), which I made with Bojana Cvejic, Inneke Van Wayenberghe en Oscar van den Boogaard I do attempt to dismantle the human ego. To dismantle the consciousness of the I. I don't speak of a superior consciousness. I speak about this everyday 'I'-centeredness. That everything is assessed as something that happens to you or is affected by you and not the other way around equally.

As Jean-Luc Godard puts in his movie JLG/JLG: "Hope belonged to him but the boy denied that it was important to know to what he belonged."

I try to acknowledge this 'va' et 'vient' everywhere as a tool to dismantle the centred 'I'. That people are extremely 'I'-centred doesn't interest me as such, it interests me in so far as the 'I'-centeredness prevents people from exchanging and changing opinions. The 'I'-centeredness works as a protection wall, a prison in which the self locks itself. I am more interested in porous borders. I am interested in this permeability, this possibility to cross, infiltrate or penetrate and to let cross, infiltrate and penetrate physically and mentally. I even would like to go beyond borders;

into a world of complete unreliability, of multiple of orientations, constant shifting. The opposite of where the world is heading nowadays which is towards protection and security.

In 'KNOWH₂OW' we work on this as well but as a sub layer.

In the shop window 'KNOWH₂OW' discusses this phenomenon of what we call 'promise'. As a means to escape and as a means to cope with its opposite: 'fear'. The liberal economies we are part of, for instance, as a result of strong competition and obligation to change, produce an enormous amount of everyday fear. In order to prevent this habit of fear from becoming too strong, so strong that it would lame people or become counter productive as a potential revolutionary power, our society needs a huge amount of promises. The hope for a better, cleaner, smarter world with more justice; these promises cancel out or compensate for the fears produced by real or imaginary dangers. The latter are the dangers which might happen because they once happened; like the fear of another 9/11 because of a memory of the first 9/11. This is what Brian Massumi calls the fear of a future-past.

But as I said, 'KNOWH₂OW' deals also with mobility, potentiality, differences, porosity. Not only on the level of the text we speak, but also on the level of the way we act. We try to perform in such a way that all elements like space, time, bodies, characters, situations, dynamics, imagination are inter- and exchangeable and are present or are potentially present at the same

time. When we perform we try to avoid that we are one thing; playing a character, or a certain situation or a certain atmosphere, or an abstract object, an instrument or an abstraction as such. We try to avoid any representation of this kind. A representation is always a fixed or static image in relation to what it tries to represent. We try to be two or three or more of these elements at the same time. (A bit like: am I moving or is the wall moving). We try to keep our presence on stage moving. We try to keep it in a state in which it has the opportunity to shift to many other combinations of the elements mentioned before. Why is this important, this instability, this ever shifting? Because we think it a necessary precondition to accept difference and otherness and to rethink positions.

How do we manage, or try to manage, because it is a quite difficult task, to stay away from one meaning too clearly or approach one position too clearly? We try to imagine we are in many different, what we tend to call, films. One film is the movie we play the main characters in, this movie of four actors on a stage talking to an audience. Another is the movie we imagine we are in. This can be any situation. We make a distinction between an imaginary situation which is the same for the four of us. For instance a movie we all four know. We referred often to Jean-Luc Godard's May 68 movie "La Chinoise". But it can also be for each of us a different movie. So in Mette's imagination we are completely different subjects or objects than in Bojana's or Sandy's. And the others don't know which role they play in

the movie of the other. They don't need to know this.

If we chose only one of these movies, the mobility or better to say the potentiality of mobility and shift of what we possibly could be but never are, is very small. It's almost static, not a concrete staticness of a represented situation like in a normal piece but a more abstract staticness. We are not after this, we are after as high a potential of mobility as possible. Not that we move a lot; on the contrary, but there are, or better to say, should be, all the time multiple possibilities of directions to go. This we seem to manage the best when each of us tries to be present at the same time on all three levels of these movies. That means that we acknowledge that one is on a stage in a theatre in front of an audience and at the same time in a personal movie, framing the others in his or her personal movie and that we are all four in the same movie as well. These movies shift and change all the time.

So, the question an actor always asks; 'where am I, where do I speak from or who do I address', is answered with: 'in different places at the same time.'

It is interesting to mention that we do not improvise or chose at random movies during the performance. We do not improvise our imagination, we rehearse this. I don't know exactly why. It seems that when we would have too many options we cancel out the possibility to chose. And it is necessary that we chose and chose and chose, all the time, some of the many options offered. Because this way of presence on stage is all about choosing and the possibility to change the choices

once they are made. It is all about the possibility to chose to step out situations and societies we once chose for and to step into different ones.

*see Mary Zournazi's interview with Brian Massumi, "Navigating Movements",
<http://www.21cmagazine.com/issue2/massumi.html>