

Implausible connections

on the uses of an (in)certain choreographic

- They won't find anything (do we agree?).
- Sure.
- But it has to look as if they were looking. Looking hard (I mean).
- I see. All around, up and down, under water, and again... (SIGH)



Here is Max Perna, born in Prairie du Chien twenty years after the publication of *The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody*, official address Belleville, Paris. Fond of the Great Lakes history and detective TV series, lives mainly on fishing. Loves martini dirty. Welcomes any gardening part times in Le Jardin des Plantes (e.g. catching metamorphosis in *flagrante delicto*). Remembers little of his life before the day he was seen here (on the left), looking for a solid plan under water. It was Tuesday, twenty to ten, sunny, burning hot. A long time ago. Too hot to be true.

SILENCE
FOR FIVE LONG MINUTES
NOTHING MOVES
APART FROM THE WIND
IN THE LEAVES

AFTER ONE MINUTE

A FLY STARTS BUZZING

AROUND THE IMAGE

Can we stay here for a while in the shadow?



Then the woman in red bikini whispers something in the other's ear. Max Perna swears he heard her saying *The history of Prairie du Chien dates back to the 17th century, to the arrival of the French voyageurs.*

Not bad. More improbable than that you die. Go on.



That's when they focus on the dog. *Isn't he cute.* The other woman whispers in the dog's ear: *Prairie du Chien is located near the confluence of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers, a strategic point connecting the Great Lakes with the Mississippi. It has many amazing sites open for visits, and its event-calendar is filled year-round with special events to intrigue and satisfy a variety of interests.*

Hm. Did you say *intrigue*?

(asks the little boy in blue

addressing a tree we cannot see)

Humming Rumba Azul
(Caetano Veloso),
the kid decides to go for it.
Tchiky tchiky tchiky
Ai mi Corazon, ai ai ai...

The vibration of his voice frightens a young eel – just passing incognito between his ankles (*y su canto azul, sensuaaaal – tchicky tchicky tchicky tchicky tatarara*).



Certain parts of his body start moving in hardly visible ways ("eel's electricity effect", they say, hope you can see it, despite the bad quality of the transmission).



In the meanwhile, in a living room with a view to the lake, the phone rings.

[1, 2, 3, 4 TIMES. 1, 2, 3 TIMES. STEPS ON A WOODEN FLOOR]

Oh hi. Glad to hear you.
 SILENCE.
Picking Rosa canina in my garden?
That's terrible.
How many are they?
 LONGER SILENCE.
Well if it's only four I don't see the...
 SILENCE AGAIN
 (a bit shorter but more significant).
I'll drop by, promised.

The woman in red bikini looks to that side and catches a glimpse of the window. She pulls a wry face.

That's where I don't resist. I tell her: *Are you the mad one?*



She: *Oh I see, an inquiry, they want to know who is who and who does what, who will catch the eel and when, who's picking the roses, who's frying the onions, what they really tell in each other's ears all the time, and what happens to Max in the end; most of all, they want to know how many times (you know, they always want to know how many times...)*
 The little boy is about to do it (look).



It would have been here – exactly HERE – that grandmother would have interfered. More or less like THIS. (supposing she hadn't fallen asleep after lunch) And more or less THERE, that cousin Ondina would have been seen. (from behind)
 About to do it herself, while fancying a martini dirty with four green pitted olives (August – burning hot indeed)



Now the dog too catches a glimpse.
Whether he saw us?

Hm. Implausible but not impossible.
Shshshshuttttt. Did you hear that?

A misunderstanding is slipping in –
vraschvruchhshtst:

AWKWARD. AWKWARD. AWKWARD

None of the women sees or hears it

AWKWARD takes an invisible nap in the sun
even motionless it sounds like the Niagara Falls
(or is it just the women's chatter against the
watery background?)



The little boy is finally doing it.

The dog has other worries (Nick cave sings
Standing at the window

I wonder if she knows that I can see)

Sure. The open window on the other side of
the lake is way more intriguing. A fly has just
entered the living room and is buzzing around
the phone. The air conditioning is out of order.
Arriving from the kitchen in small waves, the
effluvia of frying onions flow gently through
the living room and meet the fly. Together,
they travel cheerfully in the dog's direction,
ignoring the snoring lady slouched in
grandmother's summer armchair.



The dog is delighted: fresh paws, wet jaws
(SIGH).

It's time. You're ready. Halfway, the dog barks
twice.

You follow the echoing instructions: you cross
the square swimming, caressing, chewing,
snuffling across the surface swollen with smells
and words (gosh it's so slippery), there are
forgotten half-words, onion and banana
leftovers and song remains, accumulated and
lost gestures between the infinite come back of
the waves (yeah. In lakes too)
[SPLATSCH SPLATSCH]

...and sometimes just there

in the corners of your mouth...



It's a woman aged 34, standing still on the right side of a wet square, somewhat spicy in her red bikini, at around twenty to ten in the morning, her lips moving languidly. She is called Ondina, her friend Olga met her 5 years ago in the Isles of Scilly. From a distance we would say she is just talking (probably telling the recipe of the gnocchi printaniers in every single detail), but anybody who bothers to come closer will just hear her providing the soundtrack of the image she is caught in:



[EYES UP. EVERYBODY LOOKING AT THE WINDOW NOW.]

There's a naked woman
in the room.
Ondina sings:

*Alice wakes
It is morning
She is yawning
As she walks about the room
Her hair falls down her breast
She is naked and it is June*

June then. Just stay there, hang around
moving the least you can.
Beautiful.



Oh, I see... Like grazing cows in a Swiss meadow. A still life in somebody's mind. I mean, someone sitting somewhere, looking out of some window, asking herself whether it is possible to catch metamorphosis in *flagrante delicto*... (SIGH)



.AWKWARD. AWKWARD.
AWKWARD. AWKWARD.
AWKWARD.

(hm. shouldn't it be faster ?)
Quite right. Something is foul
about the rhythm.
Let's push them.



Don't look at me like that. Some people
insist that metamorphosis have hands to
do things and caress other
metamorphosis, and a mouth to speak
and spit (huh, it's not scientifically proved
yet).
Do you hear this noise starting and ending
with a full stop?

***Allez, les équivoques, on dépêche.
C'est votre tour à nouveau,
montez.
Eteignez les cigarettes
et bougez-vous.***

Indeed, after a while,
in a bakery near by in the Isles of Scilly,
misunderstandings peacefully pursue
their infinite lives:

*Could you give me two
of those ones THERE please?*

THESE ones?

No, no, THOSE ones.

THESE ones?

*No, not quite. More to that side
there, golden brown
(the song, remember?)*

**[PFFF, look at them,
looking in the wrong direction
all the time]**

These ones HERE?

You're close. It's the ones next to those.

AH, you could have said before.

Before what?

*Well, the best would be that you decide
before...*

You know... (SIGH)



Before the dog looks at you.
Before grandmother falls asleep.
Before Ondina disappears into the lake,
out of the square.
Before the phone rings again behind the
bush.
NO. Why should you do it BEFORE,
FASTER, BETTER?

***By the way, what exactly makes
choreographic practices so interesting to
re-think and re-practice other practices
and the ways in which they can interplay,
huh?*** The answer that follows is divided in
2 interrelated topics. The order in which
they follow is a purely fictional
arrangement:



HESITATION. CRITICALITY. A choreographic
practice is not about knowing or not
knowing; it is about letting the unknown
move into the known; it is about making
both the known and the unknown move,
and most of all move into hesitation. As
such, a choreographic practice is not really
about critical thought or critical moves but
more about the criticality of thought...
whenever a thought feels moved, affected
by something that doesn't belong to it
alone. As a practice of hesitation, the
choreographic is about uncertain
knowledge, uncertain positions, and
uncertain situations, that may change
according to the very provisional
specificity of what, right now, makes *me*
think, move, feel, and act... or take a nap
with my double instead (like Max Perna at
18, wearing red shorts).



FICTION. SPECULATION. Let's say a choreographic practice is fictionally "interesting" when it fully embraces its power of speculation: when it invests on what seems impossible, not plausible, not at all there as a possibility; when it deviates from cartographies of territories, activities, bodies, disciplines, humans and non humans "as they are" (supposed to be). In short, when it sets up improbable situations where entities that had no place no voice no name become audible and visible and force us to think, move, speak, feel and act otherwise.

The issue of choreographic practices then might well be to understand that any specific constellation is always the provisional result of a hesitant local artificial negotiation that has to remain hesitant, local, artificial and negotiable. And who knows, a highly hesitating, highly critical, highly fictional, highly speculative choreographic practice in this sense might help us deviate from any blind mobility (from the blind adaptation to frenetically changing situations; from the blind obligation to change with the flow with the tide; from the blind obligation to interconnect 24/24), that is nowadays the definition of many practices "as they are" or are supposed to be.

Two ongoing (rather fuzzy) projects have been dealing with the question raised above (that I really suspect to be more connected with my catastrophic experiences in bakeries than I'm ready to admit):

The Filmmaker in you – a long term cinematographic project designed by the *Fictional Department of the Directors of What Happens: Virtual Archives for Whoever Whenever*.

T-Fi – A Series of More or Less Musical Comedies of Theory-Fiction – a project of inter-media writing which explores the dramaturgic and choreographic apparatus of writing modes, including the theoretical one.

THE END

[THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN]

(I don't answer)

I listen to the music

If you were a dog

I'd feed you scraps from off the table

And gone they were. One by one

swimming to the other side.

I stay a bit more listening to the sound of moving water.

In a lake.

tonight