LAURA TALER

ici uniglory, 2009
Installation. Ink, paper, images & text

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ABSTRACT: ‘ici uniglory’ is an installation on paper. The piece intertwines fragments of six texts by Bruno Besana, Fabio Camilletti, Antke Engel, Sara Fortuna, Laura Taler, and Andrea von Kameke, written in response to the video installation UNIGLORY, a work-in-progress exhibited at ICI Berlin. The responses are edited, fragmented, and re-assembled to reflect the way the filmmaker worked with the filmed dance footage in the original installation, essentially re-choreographing words. The subtle tensions between the different responses allow for shifts and movements within the piece. The result is a poetic intermingling of voices that rub up against one another. Tension also acts as a binding agent, holding all the fragments together and allowing them to be woven into a collective text.
a gallery of images twisting into movement
dances turning into images

a hall, structured by pieces of furniture, not easily identifiable as
typical pieces of their kind
rather
boxes in different formats and shapes
with different functions
screens for projections
devices to sit on
directing movements or directing the gaze

shiny white and silky grey surfaces animated by colour images
these video projections on various monitors and screens insert
dancing movement into the architectural space
it is quite impressive from the standpoint of a philosopher

fragmentation feeds repetition; repetition feeds multiplication
moments of fragmentation, multiplication and repetition compose
the skeleton of a complex grammar

a tango *practica*,
a contact improvisation jam,
two improvisational practices where an effort to connect
and to move together can only be achieved by maintaining
and surrendering
a sense of self

the two goals are obviously contradictory yet they must be performed
simultaneously for the practice to succeed
simultaneity is a constant struggle
sometimes effortless
other times full of effort

the observer is often brought to perceive
what happens in a video between the
two moving bodies as a matter of surface
she/he remains in the sphere of visibility
however hers/his is a highly deceptive impression
the proper more original domain of sensibility is here that
of
touch
of
a somehow puzzling dialogic perception of
her/his own body, and of the other body
at the same time
Candy. The young woman is looking at me.

Tango. The couple moves slowly, then faster.

Contact Jam. More dancing couples. Again a man and a woman. Are they equal partners?

Tango. They, too, stop and start, they negotiate.

Candy. Did she know she would be in Berlin in 2009, looking at a stranger?

Contact. There’s a rule to this game.

Tango. She stops him.

Contact. To be in touch all the time.

Tango. How much space does the woman have to act? To follow her own desire?

Candy. When the camera caught her eye in Uruguay in 2004.

Contact. They never lose touch of one another.

Tango. What is resistance in tango?

Contact. Who’s doing what to whom now?

Tango. Is she condemned to giving in, to reacting, to melting into this dialogue – always off-balance, one foot off the ground?

Contact. Is this a safe, sane and consensual game?

Candy. I would like the girl to dance with me.

Tango. I want to see her lead. And him follow.
something excessive is performed
a documentary precision which consists of dismantling the evidences of the document

bodily consistence
patient subtraction
though, put into motion

I only have one piece of candy left – do you want to share it?

in between the furniture and the frames [my] movements become dance improvisations themselves
so it happens that each step
each pause
each movement that is repeated,
varied, or disrupted
involuntarily contributes to the complex intermingling of factual and virtual mobility
[I cannot avoid participating] with [my] own personal life stor[y], reading practices and aesthetic preferences,
[my] embodiments and gendered, ethnicized and sexual structurings

take a seat
and enter the scopophilic pleasures well known from cinema
see – This Sex which is Not One (Luce Irigaray).

sco·po·phil·i·a [skoh-puh-fil-ee-uh]
the obtaining of sexual pleasure by looking at nude bodies,
erotic photographs,
etc.
etc.
blurred colours of reddish-pink
‘two lips touching and re-touching’
Irigaray’s metaphor of two lips kissing themselves in
continuous autoerotic contact provides a non-phallic representation of
sexuality and withdraws
the feminine sex from its bondage to heterosexual complementarity

a paradoxical confusion that holds
the potential to resexualize the whole arrangement
into a space that disrupts
phallic logic through unexpected movement

a smeared, mutated shape
strangely recognizable form hinting at the tension that is happening
inside

muscles stretch and contract sequentially through the body
tension is created and released unconsciously
a difference appears in the
thinking body

read what is happening in your partner
be soft and malleable

choice itself produces a tightening

this imperceptible moment of decision
suspended between one moment and the next
between the seen and the unseen
the self and the promise

normally disappearing in front of the naked eye

composed to give the illusion of a movement
a series of images, of figurations
‘fictive image’
‘form’
‘dreamy vision’
and eventually actual prophecy
something unperceivable has happened

grace is broken, tension is left unresolved
continuity in time is questioned and fragmented

but stillness is only one part of the puzzle

the whole machine is intentionally hampered
intentional
systematic
interruption of fluidity

some things can only be captured in movement

destabilize any idea of harmony
call into question the role itself of time
mak[e] perception unpredictable and … troubling

we are like magnets, drawing together
coming apart
in motion we manage a delicately balanced equilibrium
i push and pull
she tumbles into me
he tries to communicate with his hands
they rest and observe
speak of the longing for connection

everything is slowed down, sped up, stopped, flipped, played
backwards, unmade
re-shaped

trapped in an asymmetrical
a-rhythmical eternal occurrence
two bodies struggling to move together
what great happiness
ici uniglory is a text-based installation created to mirror the methodology with which I worked on a video-based installation (UNIGLORY) during my fellowship at the ICI Berlin. (The title ici uniglory refers to a witticism made by Rupert Gaderer (quietly in my ear), swiftly followed aloud by Hélène Cixous, while discussing a fragment from a text by Jacques Derrida about the meaning of the French word ‘ici’.) Here in the ballroom of the ICI, from 19 to 21 March 2009, UNIGLORY was set up as a work-in-progress video installation. The installation included three projections and seven monitors arranged in various patterns around the ballroom, projected and placed upon pieces of furniture, begged and borrowed from the ICI workspaces. The projected footage originated from a contact improvisation jam and an improvised tango practica (the technical term for a tango practice) shot in 2004 in Montevideo, Uruguay. Five ICI fellows and associates were asked to respond to the video installation. For the text presented here (ici uniglory) I edited, fragmented and re-assembled the responses to reflect the way I worked with the filmed dance footage, essentially re-choreographing words. Both installations were made possible through the generous support of Montevideo’s Festival Internacional de Videodanza (Uruguay), the City of Ottawa (Canada) and the ICI Berlin Institute for Cultural Inquiry (Germany). Text is by Bruno Besana, Fabio Camilletti, Antke Engel, Sara Fortuna, Laura Taler and Andrea von Kameke, edited by Laura Taler. Images are stills from the installation UNIGLORY shot by Laura Taler. Roland Schlimme and Joseph Doane composed the soundtrack for the installation. In order of appearance, the dancers in the photos are Santiago Turenne, Federica Folco, Carlos Lobos, Miguel Jaime, and Catalina Chouhy. I would like to dedicate this installation to all the fellows and staff at the ICI because at the core of this text I see the frictions and sparks that were created during our dialogues around the colloquium table.