

Evann Siebens

THE INDEXICAL, ALPHABETIZED, MEDIATED, ARCHIVAL DANCE-A-THON!

Wil Aballe Art Projects, FEBRUARY 25, 2016 - MARCH 26, 2016

1356 Frances St #105, Vancouver, BC

By Alexa Mardon, Erik Zepka, Brynn McNab and anonymous otter..(narwhal)>>>

It's quiet in here, apparently a difference from the opening, when both Wil and Alexa tell me it was difficult to hear - difficult to hear to her. The native sound of the videos sneaks in between the music. Short breaths, footsteps, the scratch of zippered pants on a wooden floor. Order ordering, shunting, the breath more interesting than the music (ironic Philip Glass). Is there anything else in here ironic? The piece itself is soothing to hear, it is more of a lapse, a blending of all its iterations into something tongue in cheek.

Replications - behind, the guts of screens duplicated.. It makes me wonder if dance is happening everywhere, all the time. Behind those guts, moving guts. At night, in private. For others, for ourselves. The screens are blinking moments, this, then - already gone (at this point I remember a time when, as a child, something happened that involved breathing and other people and how x wasn't really calming). But on an infinite loop of video, the question of ephemerality need not apply. My lower abdomen contracts, that dancer in a torn black shirt lifting her knee. Her reference becomes my reaction.

What language can we use to speak about dance, and who is responsible for its invention? Is there an involution between its founders, a torch passed? Or does it have to be re-written every time it is used? The light from the window at the Western front on James' hand. What writes him, this? How language distills aspects of what was space and what will be form. "What is the female gaze?" The only handwritten, unsure bodily aspiration of the no manifesto. The handwritten empty spaces in her collages seems to say that the handwritten is both the unsure and the emphasized importance. Something, like movement, to be worked through.

So, What is A?

Alphabet, Aleatory

Think of the thing you're not doing. T is for telethon. T is for text, textedit. T is for all the times I wrote things to you but forgot to explain that I'm not there because I'm writing and that means that I have to be writing it so then I'm kind of there but also not.

I can't understand what you're saying if you aren't in the proper location. The camera hovers in and out of the proper location, its closeness to the forms of the dancers lines up occasionally with a loose ecstatic focus pulse. There seems to be references quite clearly outlined here that I am not quite understanding, but the attraction of the human form, the relationships between those human forms in the video, clears this up for me with an eroticism (or fetishism, or luxury) that smooths any discomfort I may feel in my ignorance.

B: ballet? It appears occasionally.

No - the catalogue of no's what negative movement, what comes before N - how do we order limbs, how do we order flesh forms that start to be readable - there are a bunch of fans laid out on the floor (this one is the floor on the screen, where I'm saying things to you, where what I forgot to mention hasn't been recorded because there's only so much time to record every single thing at some point we have to eat)

C, choreography, or criticism, or the CUT in the film.

In case of language, kinetic language, how words parse out physical movements, how faces in their neutral and passive dances say so little that they divert attention elsewhere - elsewhere, elsewhen, what you haven't diverted is a case for cataloguing. I forget the grammar of blood systems. Maybe this grammar unfolds and forgets itself as soon as it begins to move again. Building and rebuilding cellularly. A translation rather than a system.

No to reading, yes to a set of limbo forms - breathing too, also rustling sounds. No to one connotation of the word (denotation isn't important when we have alphabets, or when codices provide some kind of reference that recalls, that recalls something). No to one context, one historical moment, one set of skills (set of scales, seat of keels, seed of ails)

Dance. But that seems too broad. Not Definitive enough

There are some voids provided by the body that leave room for language. For a referential inclusion of texts, for new definitions or aphorisms, or some kind of vocabulary with which to describe itself. A deep second plié, the hand trailing after the wrist. My familiarity with these bodies (I have hugged them, been held in their arms, lifted by them, our pelvises as fulcrums). What traces of me are with them, they with me? The floor at EDAM is the perfect amount of stick and slide. 50 years of sweat to

give us those moves, that joy, Jane's ponytail flipping and swishing.

The sound of wind in (related to oxygen) and breath (what a lot of cultures called something like foundation) and heartbeat behind the music in your headphones (we can't hear anything outside of private spheres). These sounds as safety concerns (not all warranties are created equal)

The technical setup of the room is reminiscent of Nam June Paik, but with more emphasis on the interim nature of work. The shipping crates seems to hint that the work will travel elsewhere after today, when the exhibition closes (closing sound, like taking a resonant form and saying something different from irony, or explaining that ideas are different now partly because we're viewing them at different times). Am I travelling, watching, sending my body there? I realized Wednesday night that I cannot watch dance without the gaze of a dancer. What is the dancer's gaze? Mining, researching, cataloging, swallowing up and saving for later. The many different screens create an odd hierarchy: I am unsure of where the letters of the alphabet are going to start or end. Is A on the top? Or is thinking about the middle of a structure say something about how reification becomes present? The projection is linked to the tower through its marshall speaker, with Philip glass playing.

Evann, EDAM, Entrance and Exits (this performance begins when we lay Eyes on it and Ends when we stop).

The set of your ideas that begin with collective experience - once you reproduce a few things, the idea becomes something like stagnation of what (narrative didn't enter here, or we had some stage directions but didn't quite get to figuring out what most of the movements were for). How about we've begun a game (again), we are all adhering to the same blood grammar, the same system but we don't know the rules.

How is the movement of text performed (I am live to you when I tell you I care for you, a screen does not take away from the experience of contact) The screens themselves can resemble bodies in this format. Supine, or energetic at turns. The smaller ipad screens make me feel that my eyes are following the movement. Writing this, how quickly the text bloats the page and unfolds, there's an anticipation - like a test or a timed exam. Will I get it 'right'?

Contact glass, contact every aspect of a body but a body - read to each other by only grunting and exhaling. The amount of things I've managed to communicate without any description (or haven't communicated, the negative sublime is only relevant if the most important ideas are what I haven't said.)