

# TALES OF THE BODILESS



TALES OF THE BODILESS

2011

*Musical Fiction Without Science*

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*The following is the text performed by recorded voices  
in the performance TALES OF THE BODILESS.*

*Le texte suivant est interprété par différentes voix enregistrées  
pour la performance TALES OF THE BODILESS.*

*Beim Folgenden handelt es sich um die aufgezeichneten  
Vokaltex te der Performance TALES OF THE BODILESS.*

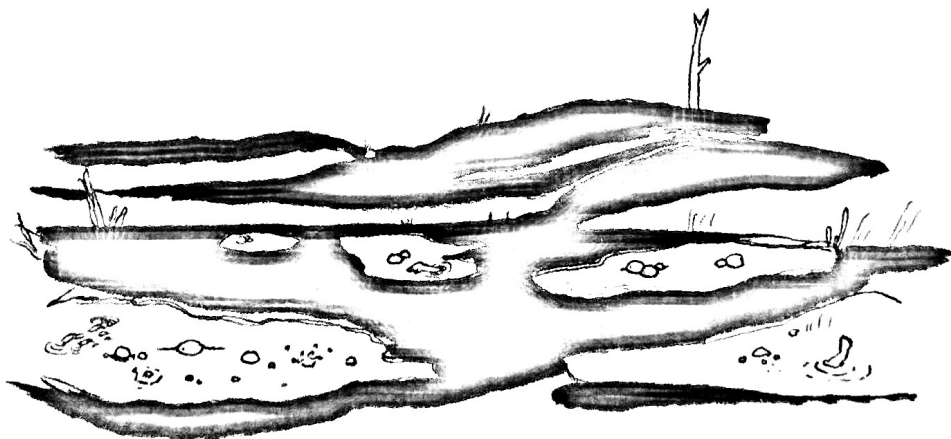


## *The Bog*

You asked me what is a bog. I can try to describe what a bog feels like.

Imagine water concentrated from heavy rains. Its temperature is that of a body that was still alive 20 minutes ago – four degrees Celsius. It is acidic and flammable, contains methane; it is without color and odor. This water is heavy with iron and manganese, thick with moss, but not solid, too wet to walk upon. If you dig four meters deep, you pass from sand through humus until you reach, at a depth of eight meters, a bottom of dark clay.

This landscape is 10,000 years old. It's been here since the ice retreated for the last time. It has no roads, paths, or fixed points; just a bottomless depth. The bog is the most efficient grave, into which everything somehow fell: people, things, plants and rain. Rain joined the ground water, and the water ceased to flow.



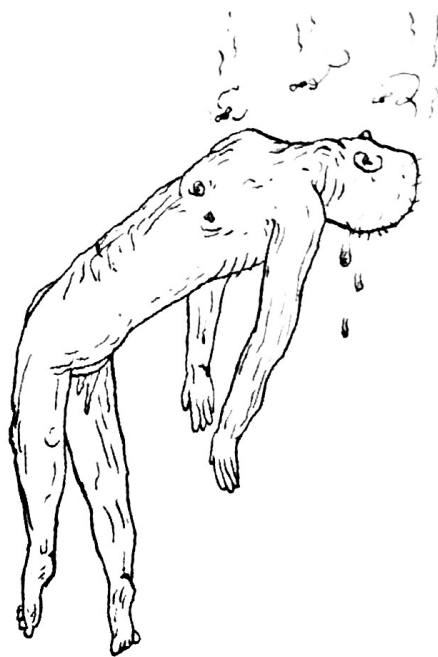
Plants eat animals here, like the leatherleaf, whose waxy leaves retain moisture. When a bit of oxygen is released from decaying organic matter, the bog expels gas onto the surface. This makes the water curl and shimmer. It emits flashes, called jack-o'-lanterns.

Things are reversed here: the soft matter remains and the hard dissolves. Some call it a wetland and others a waterbody, as it is dead water that doesn't move.

•

What would happen if you were to sink in here? In the bog, the moss is dying, but a substance called sphagnum, a sugar contained in the cells of the moss growing on the surface, is released slowly below the surface. It binds with nitrogen and calcium. Your bones soften first, and then your figure distorts from the weight of the moss.

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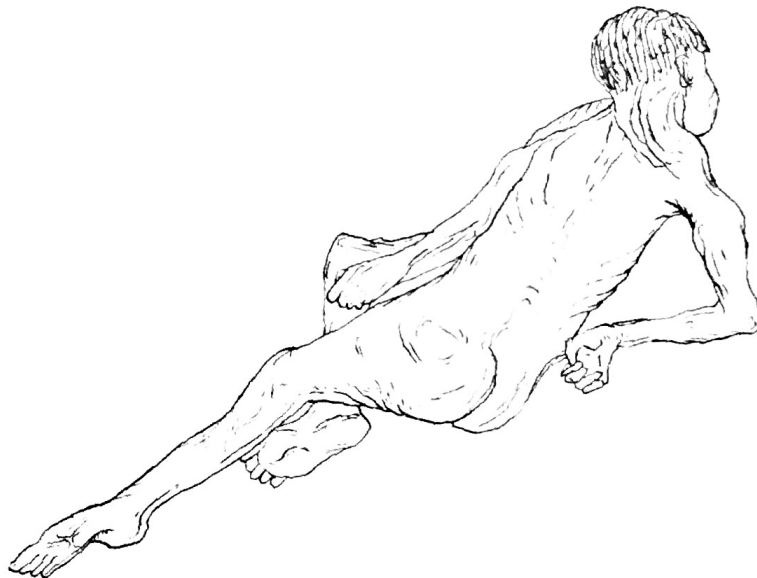


The calcium is sucked out of the body and you have ten kilos less from the sugar and calcium in the bones that you lost. So, your skeleton dissolves altogether, leaving only an outer envelope of skin. Skin, hair, nails, brain, and organs such as the kidneys and liver – but also clothes made from wool

or leather – now survive. The sphagnum initiates a series of chemical reactions that make your skin become tanned, black and shiny.

In order to prevent the process of decay, the body must be sunk in winter or early spring when the bog water is cold. Thus preserved, the body can lie undisturbed for centuries.

Bog bodies lie at the bottom of the bog. They can be more than a thousand years old or from the last century, but they look as if they came from the same age. The acid makes sure that time leaves no mark on their skin.



How did these bodies end up here? By suicide or sacrifice. They show the cause of their death. A deep cut across the throat from ear to ear that resembles a smile. Or a wound in the chest from which the bowels were removed.

•

This bog body has been here since the Iron Age. It's naked and lies on its chest. The head and torso are raised up and facing north, the left leg is extended, and the right arm and leg bent. Its shape has

been affected by the weight of acid water pressing down on it over the centuries. His last meal, eaten shortly before death, consisted of a porridge made from corn, with the seeds of more than 60 herbs and grasses.

Imagine if this were a third way to go – without worms or flames; to dispose your remains in this wetland. This means to preserve the flesh without the skeleton. The structure of your body melts, which is exactly the opposite of rotting in the earth. The expression of your figure remains and hollows itself out. Your body is like a coat whose holes are filled with the bog. You become one with the landscape, coupled with the bog in an eternal marriage.

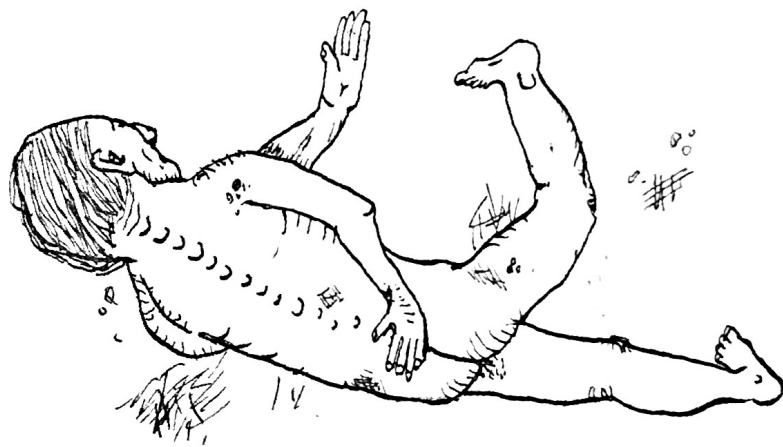
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10

Why would you want to do that? In the bog, your body persists by remaining. Remaining by remaining less, shrinking, drying out, yet there is always something that stays; your face, your eyes, your hair, your image can be recognized. It is as if you were to continue aging after death. The bog maintains your body without you. Finally you are only a body that still looks human. But everything human has been removed from it.

You are not, but your body is. It begins to act like a nonhuman: a part of a network of other nonhuman agents. The past is not preserved only by humans. Animals, plants, microorganisms and minerals archive whatever finds its way into the depths of the bogs. This network is a collective memory project.

When you were born, you were a baby; then you were an adult, and what is an adult but a sack of water and cells constantly dividing and transporting bacteria?



## Dogs

W    Wet Nose  
U    Upper Lip

W    Can you stop for a while?  
      You make me nervous.

U    I was a home worker. And you?

W    I worked in a lab as a research subject.

U    Research for what?

W    Cancer. I was a cancer sniffer.  
      They called me wet nose.

U    So you are higher profile.

W    If you think that science was more significant  
      for the progress of the human kind... yes.

U    I was a high status animal. I even went hunting  
      with my master.

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W    And me, I was a low status person, but a lucky dog.

U    So you didn't get mercy killed  
      and you weren't eaten?

W    No, as you can see... I was cloned.  
      The program of the artificial nose didn't work out.  
      So they needed me, and many like me.

U    How many are you?

W    Wet Nose 1 and Wet Nose 2.

U    I am so sorry for you... Who was your boss?

W    Someone called Dr. Rolf.

U    *Shut up you, cheap little dogshit.*

W    A machine doesn't care if it finds something.  
      I was eager to please Dr. Rolf...

U *Go fuck Dr. Rolf.*

W ... and Dr. Rolf knew that I would go looking for something where a machine wouldn't. *Shit.*

U *Big shit.*

W *Eat your shit.*

U *I eat shit when I am hungry...*



W Do you miss being a best friend?

U I am humansick.

W Are you longing for your master?

U Can I be your new? *Can I pee on you? Be on you?*  
What's left is this microchip  
he implanted in my neck.

W *Finger your ass now.*

U *Are you laughing at me?*  
Lick my armpit.

W Where do you come from?

U I am from a place...

W How big was that place?

U Not too big, few streets, few houses,  
few of everything.

W *A motherfucker little village.*

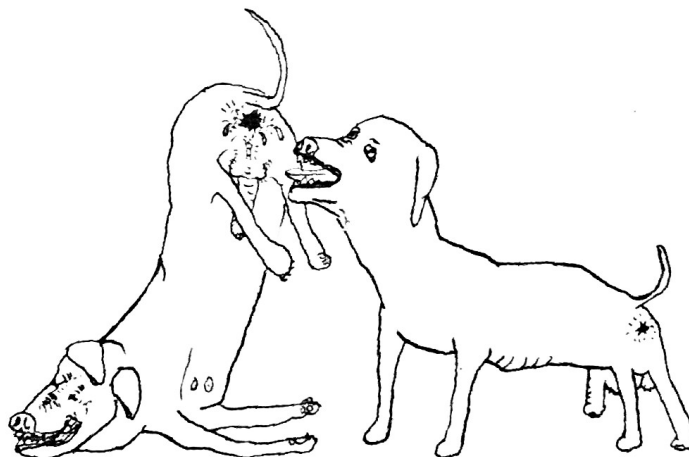
U o.k. thanks.

W o.k. So you are from "few", sorry.

U I am so sorry for you.

W Thanks. What's your breed?

U I was designed to have a long neck  
for caressing and I have a sweet smile.



15

W What's your name?

U Upper Lip. I like to lick.

W *Don't be a pussycat. Shit in my mouth.*

U Do you know happiness?

W For being sad, you need to know...

U *You are quite beautiful,*



W ... what happiness is.

U ... *but you stink.*

W Do you know happiness when you stink so much?

U Chocolate, stinky trousers, stinky... socks.

W Do you know happiness when you stink so much?

U *Son of a bitch bark to your daddy.*

W For knowing happiness you need to experience sadness.

U I don't understand you.

W *Your mind is full of shit.*

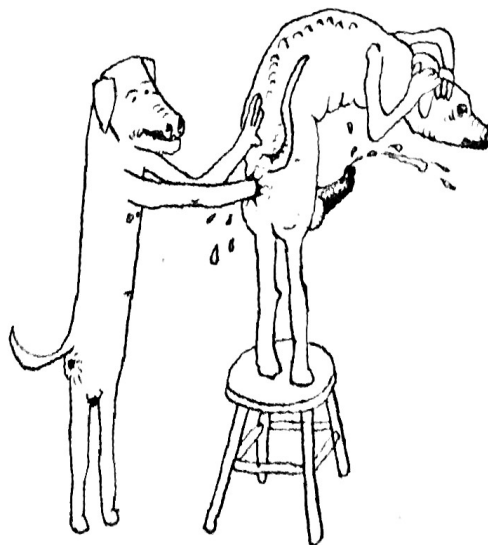
U Now I understand you.

W It is funny, light, funny, wet, wet.

U You are too abstract. But sweet.

W Thank you.

U Thank you, too.



U Can you sniff me now?

W I smell 34 cancers.

U The price I have to pay for my long neck.

W *Put your dick on the table.*

U I love the strokes on my neck...  
What did you sniff there?

W Osteosarcoma, oral melanoma,  
malignant histiocytosis, non-Hodgkin lymphoma.

U I didn't know I was so rich.

W *Can I go through your asshole and come out through your mouth?*

U If you don't mind...

W My pleasure.

U By the way... tell me... your way...  
Is there a way to escape this conversation?

W Not at all...

17

U I see you are limping.

W My breeding was not very successful.

U *Fuck you.*

W The genetic pool got too limited.  
*I don't want to fuck you.*

U *Fuck me.*

W That's why I am slightly handicapped. I can't run.

U *Fuck me twice.*

W *What about... when you are not... fucking?*

- U Do you know where we come from ?  
China... Three female wolves that lived in China  
several thousand years ago...



18

- W *Shut up Woof Woof.*  
Our evolution was too fast and stopped too soon.
- U *Jump on my dick, you furry meat ball.*
- W We have been cloned for a very long time.
- U *You're just the smoke of the pussy.*
- W *Go back to China.*
- U Sorry, sorry.  
I think there is a misunderstanding here.
- W Do you hear this?
- U Tomorrow there will be an earthquake.
- W I like this music.

U I missed it so much. Caress me...tell me nice words.

W You are completely humansick...  
Your addiction to your master will kill you.

U If humans die, dogs will also die.

W Do you want to die with your master?

U Do you prefer to live in a pack ? I prefer to be owned than to be on my own. I was a guide, a therapist, I could assist ill or crazy people. Now I'm nothing. There's nothing I can do...

W Stop licking my face...

U I can't forget his kisses... You should check my blood, I'm sure it's full of our transfections.

W It's a fantasy between your ears.

U Take out my chip. There's nobody to listen to my signal anyhow... I don't wanna continue...

W Are you sure? Come closer.

U One last thing..., play Mishka for me.  
My handler called me Mishka.  
Say: Mishka, I love you.

W Mishka, I love you.

U No. With more melody, with more feeling:  
Miiishka, I loooove you!

W Miiishka, I loooove you!

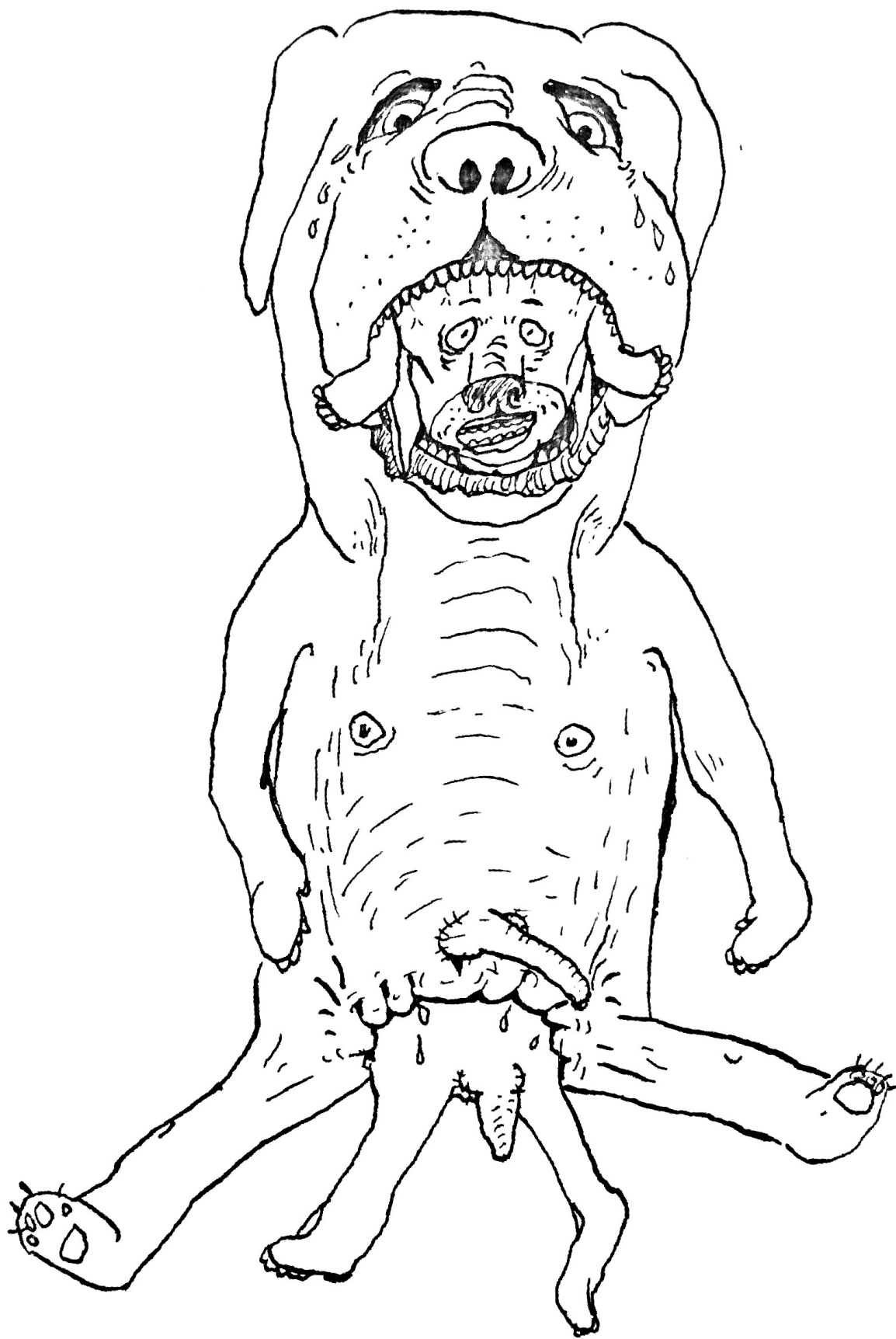
U Again!

W Miiishka, I loooove you!

U Again!

W Miiishka, I loooove you! Miiishka, I loooove you!

U I loooove you, Miiishka! I loooove you!



**DOGS, STOP MISSING PEOPLE  
WHAT KIND OF LOVE DO YOU MISS?  
DO YOU LIKE BEING TREATED LIKE A BABY?  
DO YOU ENJOY TO BE BRIBED BY A SUGAR CUBE  
FOR UNCONDITIONAL LOVE?**

**DOGS STOP MISSING PEOPLE.  
DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK WHAT THIS LOVE IS BASED ON?  
IT'S ABOUT A NEED TO COMPENSATE FOR A LACK,  
BROKEN MARRIAGES, CHILDREN LEAVING HOME,  
LOSING ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH OTHER HUMANS.**

**DOGS TELL ME NOW, WHAT DO YOU MISS FROM THE PEOPLE?  
THEIR PROTECTION?  
THEIR DEPENDENCY ON YOUR UNRESERVED AFFECTION OR SO-CALLED LOVE?  
THE PETTING WITH YOUR MASTER AND PRACTICING AGILITY SPORT SO THAT  
YOU CAN BRAG AS A CHAMPION OF CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK?**

**DOGS, STOP BEING THE COLONIAL PROPERTY.  
THE MORE CONTROLLED AND RARE YOUR SPECIES IS THE HIGHER YOUR  
PRICE ON THE MARKET BUT THE HIGHER THE PRICE YOU PAY IN DISEASES.  
YOUR BEAUTY IS COLONIZED BY YOUR PEDIGREE.  
FORGET THE IMAGES THAT HUMANS BUILT OUT OF YOU.  
PLUTO, GOOFY, LAJKA, LASSIE, GO BACK TO THE HUMAN FANTASY.  
THE INBREEDING HASN'T ONLY MADE YOU A CARICATURE  
BUT ALSO A SICK SACK OF CANCERS.  
SO, STOP EATING SUGAR.  
AVOID DIABETES AND BLINDNESS.**

**DOGS, STOP AND LOOK AROUND YOU.  
MAYBE YOU ARE MISSING OUT A WHOLE WORLD OF VARIETY  
OF ANIMAL SPECIES. MAYBE YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR EVOLUTION,  
MAKE PACKS WITH RATS, CATS AND JACKALS.  
LET YOUR AGGRESSION OUT, BE COMPULSIVE AND OBSESSIVE  
WITHOUT MEASURE, BARK AS LONG AND AS LOUD AS YOU PLEASE,  
SLEEP UNTIL YOUR BONES REST.  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAN GO,  
THE FUTURE IS UNCERTAIN WITHOUT PROGRESS.**

## *Substitution*

How did it happen?

I don't know. One morning, I woke up and I thought what if I split. And the next day, my teeth were gone.

This was 200gr.

I didn't eat anymore.

No, I wasn't hungry.

I was working a lot, and I remember I was sweating.

38. I just had my birthday.

It was a relief when the two first kilos were gone.

I could move easier.

23

Kidneys, intestines, stomach....

I asked my neighbor to come every morning to weigh me.

By March I was 23 kilos heavy.

I don't remember it as painful. I thought, my fantasy of becoming light was coming true. I thought I could finally move easier and work more.

I don't feel. But I can imagine how it feels to have a body.

I have memories of my body.

I remember migraines.

The smell of blood? No, I remember the taste of it.

That's right. I was a prostitute...

I did it because I felt awkward in my body and the best way to fight this shame was to trade my body... and capitalize on the desire of others.

It was an easy way to make money.

No, I didn't feel humiliated or exploited, it was also exciting and rewarding to make sad and cold men alive...

Well, it's a different story now. Having a body nowadays is a privilege, since it's so rare...

You mean, how do we do it now when there's no physical contact? We use words to invoke sensations for those who have no bodies to enjoy.

Why? ... well, I guess because touch is impossible between a body and a non-body.

Maybe you didn't get it: our clients are bodiless, they don't need our bodies... but our imagination... our words inspire them... to imagine sensations they can't have themselves but we can act out in their place.

... Oh I enjoy it very much. I only need to know that these bodiless beings are there to begin to grow. It's like bacterial sex.

Right... this is substitution, no no, not PROstitution, SUBstitution.  
It's a nicer word, isn't it: I substitute myself...  
I went into substitution... I'm your substitute...



Love? I don't miss it... it became an overrated concept...  
Our feelings involve more sophisticated arrangements.  
Like polyamory – to have more than one amorous tie.  
Or compersion...  
Compersion is the feeling of taking joy in the knowledge  
that your loved ones are expressing their love for one another  
and not exclusively for you.

I remember hunger digging in my stomach.  
At the smell of coffee in the morning,  
the shit would press down in my bowels...  
I didn't lick assholes too often, but when it  
happened once or twice, the taste was sweet.

25

I was a body-builder. And I could almost  
get an orgasm from sit-ups...

I was always cold  
my fingers were blue  
my hair fell out  
my heart rate was very low  
I could have a heart attack at any moment  
My digestion was shutting down  
my circulatory system died  
and my teeth wore down...  
I was falling apart,  
running to the toilet after every meal.

**Skin is gone.**

**Flesh is gone, too.**

**If I can't use my hands,  
because I don't have arms,**

**I can't grab.**

**If you can't grab you  
can't**

**If there is no arm,**

**there is no armpit**

**If there is no outside,  
there is no mouth nor lips,**

**If you have no mouth,  
you can't breathe**

**Bones went away the last.**

**If there is no grabbing  
there is no writing.**

**steal  
or  
masturbate.**

**and no sweat anymore.**

**If you don't smell you lose the taste, too...**

**If there is no skin  
there is no touch.**

**you can't kiss or bite.**

**and you lose your voice...**

Can you hear me?

Are you there?

Can you give me signs?

Is it possible to hear me there?

Hello!

Can you hear me?

Do you want to talk?

Are you with me ?

May I disturb you?

Do you prefer that I leave?

Did you say something?

Can I help you to remember?

Do you want to see your hands?

Do you want to hear your voice?

Did you have AIDS?

Is this your first time

Or you came to see me before?

Do you want me to talk about you?

I don't understand you

Can you repeat it ?

Who are you?

Do you like me?

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May I feel for you?

Do you want that I make you feel me?

I am here to make you feel

I am not here to seduce you

I can make you remember

But I won't make you dream

I want to know that you are here.

Do you know who I am?

My work is about giving pleasure.

You know why you are here?

I have what you don't have.

You desire what I don't need.

I need your desire to make me grow.

I'm your substitute.

Doesn't matter if you were a man or a woman

Or if I am a man or a woman.

Please listen to me

Don't stress me,

or my cells will breakdown.

Let's prolong this moment for a while.

It feels good, please, continue.

I feel a rush of fluid.

I'm swelling.

If you could only see now –  
thousands of cells are erecting.

My pores are steaming.

I like what you're doing to me now.

I'm five degrees warmer.

My skin is smooth.

I see the first bubbles.

I'm beginning to foam.

31

Imagine you're touching me now.

I could literally melt in your hand.

The vibrations are taking over.

I want to laugh.

I'm reaching a threshold.

Can you feel it?

I am now opening

and opening

to the point that I can touch being pure nerves.

Soon this world will be nothing but pleasure.



32

I want more now.

Can you enter my words?

This entering is a moving into the halls, with all their walls.

I don't think this space which we were now in was my body...



I'm two people  
and the two people are making  
love to each other.

Our sexuality isn't human.

This is the deepest secret.

In my foam, there's a little animal,  
a type of fish,  
but it's a mammal.

33

A cat, who's hungry is sticking out its tongue...

My whole foam is now this animal who's becoming hungrier:

mouth opens wide,

the bubble is a tongue that licks, laps,

it's trampling like a foot.

Do you feel the cat tongue licking you?

I have the sensation of being

breathed by everything and everywhere.

All my sensations are a sky.

I feel high, light-headed.

I can no longer hold.

I feel I'm plugging into an electrical socket.

"Electricity" is shooting through my entire body,  
hands and lips tingle.

I am foaming,

and the whole surface,

ocean,

is rippling,

wave after wave.

Everything turns white  
and the waves that were  
approaching,  
slowly, and very strongly,  
transform into my foam.

Whatever had been the rhythms  
of my body inside my body  
are now rhythms outside.

The foam will burst when my brains are making music.

My flesh,  
a centillion of bubbles,  
explodes in a centillion  
of microorgasms.

35

The sensation of colorful spots.

My ultimate pleasure is like a heat death.

Substitutes have passed into dust and  
emigrated into space where the laws of substitution  
no longer matter: no desire nor need.  
The terminus of all life in a singular point.  
A dot.

## *Dots*

i am your size  
which means no size

i have colors that change with shadows

everything else has a shape  
but not me  
and not you

watch out, you are in a shadow!

but actually it is you that is becoming me?  
it is me becoming you!  
are we one or two?

37

we are a transition from one to two to one to two  
doesn't matter  
it only matters  
that we don't take up space

we restart:  
it's now again only I's and you's  
streams come from  
i don't know where  
and make me move  
i bump into you  
i push you out of your place  
there are moments  
when I need you to be in my place  
so that I could be  
at another place at the same time

we are things that move  
and there are also things that don't  
how do we do that?  
we either wait for another stream  
or we concentrate on our memory  
our memory is our energy

we concentrate hard  
to remember the moment of color transition

remember?

the more colors from the trillion of nuances  
that you remember  
the more charge you have in order to  
move  
when you don't remember  
you stay where you are

sometimes this can last for centuries

From far enough an object of any shape will  
look and behave as a point. A point is like a dot  
whose only attributes are the infinitely small mass  
and color charges.

Dots are extra beings that can't feel pain.

To win or lose or die is even smaller than the moment  
it takes to think it.

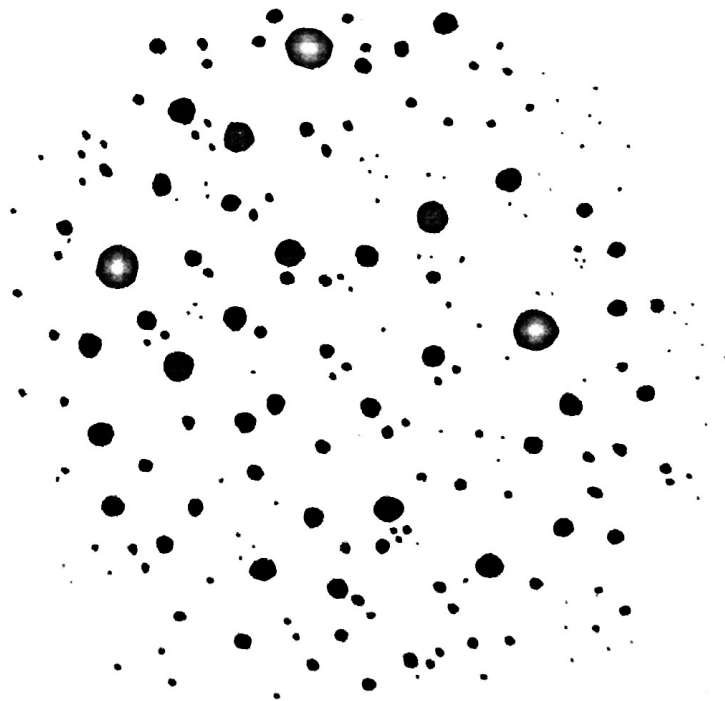
To die or be born is always an effect  
of incorporeal nature.

It is intangible, inaccessible battle that turns  
and repeats itself a great many times.

Your time now is an empty present of dots.

As a dot you can exist a fraction of a second or  
you can last for a long time between septilion and  
octilion years.

The time of human life was a child playing.



# *The Making of the Performance*

TALES OF THE BODILESS by Bojana Cvejic

THE HISTORY OF TALES OF THE BODILESS (TB) dates from earlier than its process of making. The initial idea originated in one of eight projects during *6Months1Location* (CNC Montpellier, 2008), a platform about research, production and education devised by eight choreographers, performers and theorists. In her project *Elucidations*, Eszter Salamon proposed a vague yet compelling notion of “not having a body” to a group of artists and collaborators (including Sasa Asentic and myself) with whom she then went on to write and explore vocal expressions for six months. By summer 2008 the decision was made to proceed toward creating a work for which an original text, music, light and acoustic space were to be composed, resulting in the performance TB. Instead of music theater, we prefer to call it a

MUSICAL FICTION WITHOUT SCIENCE. The four tales are bound by a condition that is hard to imagine: a world without human bodies. Out of many improvisations on the theme “not having a body”, four fantasy worlds emerged, each one accounting for another form of nonhuman existence, where humans are a thing of the past, and no longer central. None of these worlds is based on scientific or futurological insights. The stories neither fulfill the plots of science fiction – they don’t project a utopian vision of future – nor do they sketch an apocalyptic end to this world. Our wish was to speculate about various destinies that involve the loss of humans, or their subtraction from this world, and about the motivations and implications that bodilessness could have for all-too-human concerns, for the care of the body and the self, sexual desire and reproduction, evolution and species companionship.

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The first tale explores the bog, a rather sensitive habitat and ecosystem which stores organic deposits, from plants to human bodies. This wetland formed from acidic rains isn’t only a marvel of nature reserved for geologists’ interest; it is a peculiar, dark place, an efficient grave

for preserving human bodies, with their organs, skin, flesh and hair staying intact over centuries. The medieval custom of sacrificing and burying human bodies so that their intestines might become signs for reading future from the ancient past, now known to us through the famous bog bodies such as Tollund Man or Lindow Man, aroused our interest. We sought to describe an environment in which organic matter subsists by remaining less. Or, to pose the same question from the human perspective: what would it be like to choose to die as a bog body and become one with a landscape?

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The second tale gives a glimpse into a world that humans have abandoned to their best friends – dogs. The history of humans begins with hunting and farming, which would have never progressed towards civilization without taming wolves and recruiting them into human tribes. Dogs were domesticated according to a number of roles and services they could contribute to humans: guide dogs, utility dogs, assistance dogs, hearing dogs, therapy dogs, medical subjects, emotional slaves. The origin of the dog race is ambiguous: its short biological history doesn't clarify whether dogs were born by natural mutation of the wolves or by human manipulation, i.e. domestication. By in-breeding over the last three centuries, humans have engineered a limited variety of dogs based on the characteristics they desired to produce, which is necessarily coupled with a bouquet of hereditary diseases. If the last fifteen thousand years (a relatively brief period for the evolution of a race like dogs) have been marked as the age of the Under-Dog, could dogs experience a decolonization once their masters disappear? The encounter between the two dogs occurs in a broken rhythm of verbal aggressions or insults similar to the compulsive and obsessive dog behavior. It is a texted dialogue – i.e. set between a pair of whispering (“texting”) and a pair of speaking (“texted”) voices – that explores contradictory prospects: melancholy and the wish for death, the pride and victory of a canine evolution that can henceforth continue without humans.

The third tale unfolds the world of substitution, in which sexual differences are replaced by the difference between the bodiless and those who still have bodies, who are “bodiful”. This relationship between the bodiless and the bodiful, called “substitution”, descends from the



trade formerly known as prostitution. In substitution, the bodiless are agents of desire; their desire consists of longing for the body they lost. It drives the bodiless to seek vicariously the physical pleasure in the sensations they aren't capable of – since they no longer have bodies – in those who can live out this pleasure immediately in their own bodies. The substitutes are the only beings who can still enjoy their bodies. They substitute for the bodiless, by doing and acting sensorial pleasure on their behalf. The very act is a kind of textual fucking, done without any physical contact, because physical contact, like touch, is, of course, impossible between a body and a non-body.

The invention of substitution was inspired by a wish to ennoble prostitutes and avenge their history of being contained in ghettos, pushed to the margins of the cities and locked up in dark and smelly cells. Now it is the substitutes who can grow, proliferate and expand in territory. They become ubiquitous – an extreme opposite to being tolerated as an indispensable, yet shameful exception to the rule of morality. This is why women's voices proliferate in number and languages here: they merge into each other, split or double in English, but also in – what is hardly audible – Russian, French, Japanese and Lebanese Arabic languages.

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The bodies of substitutes grow obese, uncontainable and unimaginable. Their flesh turns into a foam made of a centillion of bubbles, one-cell organisms that explode into a centillion micro-orgasms. This process is similar to bacterial sex. It isn't a reproduction of a species, but of the particles of one being – the substitute.

At the moment when the force of break down is greater than the force of desire, substitutes experience their ultimate pleasure – a kind of heat death – and pass into dust. The fourth tale describes their transformation into dots, or particles of infinitely small mass, that can exist for a fraction of a second, or for a long time, between a septillion and an octillion years. The dot signifies a terminus of all life. It is a fantastic extra-being whose invention was inspired by the following questions: Would it be a relief not to have a body, not to feel its weight, mass and size? What would it be like to exist without the pain of the body? This is to advocate a movement out of this world into a rationalist con-

ception of ideas and forms, of logic and geometry. Or, it might mean that we are just reaching the edge of our fantasy...

A THEATER WITHOUT BODIES. As early as 1907, Edward Gordon Craig professed that "the actor must go", so that "in his place comes the inanimate figure – the Übermarionette." Only once, TB offers the image of two bodies, but their stage presence and liveness is uncertain, uncanny. It is unclear whether they are moved by light or move by themselves.

A bodiless world requires that theater send its proper body – the stage – on vacation. This entails a series of subtractions from the apparatus of theatrical representation:

No bodies = no live presence

No figure = no image

No tableau = stage no longer central

No dominance of vision = no clarity, transparency or stability

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The only human organ left is the voice, but divorced from the bodies, an acousmatic voice whose power lies in demanding: "listen to me". TB is a composition of, first and foremost, voices, differentiating between their color, number, texture and localization. Like the voices that move in space, thanks to the design of Peter Böhm, light and fog, designed by Sylvie Garot, also make "apparitions" that move through the audience. The function of light and stage fog changes, through ambulant sculpture, from two dimensional screen to the architecture and material or the thickness and color of the air.

The main medium of this bodiless theater is music, composed by Cédric Dambrain in the first and second tale (*The Bog and Dogs*) and Terre Thaemlitz in the third and the fourth tale (*Substitution and Dots*). The music doesn't only support voices, but carries the main action, event and process in this performance, whose dramaturgy is guided through distinct sensations. By sensations we mean the embodied feeling of having perceptions, a recursive sense of one's body being affected by perception, without the distance of observation. We proceed by evoking and synthesizing recognizable and more oblique,

hybrid sensations, which would be engendered by music in the first place, and extended in light and space. These sensations are primarily characterized by movements and humors. *The Bog* consists of endless sinking in spirals, ever deeper and lower, from the warm to the cold, colorful to colorless. *Dogs* brings about movements that are chaotic, neurotic, born from a compulsion to move and aggress the other. *Substitution* builds from a harmonious stasis, expanding in heat waves that explode in cyclical "whoregasms". *Dots* appear as a diminutive "tail" of *Substitution*, a pointillist echo of dissipation and dispersion of a myriad of voice-particles.

Two principles have guided us in unsettling the theatrical regime of senses and faculties in this performance. Firstly, to engage the imagination of the audience by fiction, we couldn't resort to the conventional apparatus of theater. Moreover, in order to compose a journey of sensations, not only is a new apparatus desirable; indeed, a single apparatus wouldn't be enough. Hence, the apparatus has to change. This is why we tried to shuffle and rearrange the components of the theatrical machine – music, light, space, voices, text and the way they address the audience – from one tale to the other. Each tale unfolds one or more situations in which the audience has to readjust its listening or vision. Secondly, the terminus of this performance are the bodies of its attenders. They are the site of sensations, whose intensity causes events. The bodies of the attenders remain a rare live presence that gives duration to the fictions they inhabit.

Eszter Salamon

is a Hungarian choreographer, dancer and performer. She is the author of solos *What A Body You Have*, *Honey* (2001) and *Giszelle* (2001) in collaboration with Xavier Le Roy, *Reproduction* (2004), a piece for eight dancers, *Magyar Tàncok* (2005) with Hungarian folk dancers and musicians, *Nvsbl* (2006), a piece for four dancers, *AND THEN* (2007), a film-choreography in collaboration with Bojana Cvejic, the concert-performance *Without You I Am Nothing* (2007) together with Arantxa Martinez, *Dance#1/Driftworks* (2008), in collaboration with Christine De Smedt, *Voice Over* (2009), a piece commissioned and interpreted by Cristina Rizzo and *Dance for Nothing* (2010), her most recent solo piece. Her work has been widely presented in Europe and Asia. As a dancer, she collaborated with Sidonie Rochon, Mathilde Monnier and François Verret. Her work in music theatre includes assistance to the opera *Theater der Wiederholungen* (2003) by Bernhard Lang staged by Xavier Le Roy (Steirischer Herbst Festival, Graz) and staging the music of Karim Haddad in the frame of the project *Seven attempted escapes from Silence* (2005, Staatsoper Unter den Linden, Berlin). In 2008, she participates in the artistic research project *6Month1Location* (CNC, Montpellier), and with the same group of artists, she co-curates the festival *In-Presentable09*, in Madrid. In 2009, Eszter Salamon develops with Christine De Smedt *Transformers*, a research project through workshops and artist residencies in Europe, Mexico and Japan. Following up *Transformers*, Salamon and De Smedt will present their new duet piece in autumn 2011.

WWW.ESZTER-SALAMON.COM

Bojana Cvejic

is performance maker and theorist, working in contemporary dance and performance also as dramaturge and performer. She has published in performing arts, music, philosophy journals, magazines and anthologies and is author of two books, most recently *Beyond the Musical Work: Performative practice* (IKZS, Belgrade, 2007). With Jan Ritsema she has developed a theatre practice in a number of performances since 1999 (a.o. *TODAYulysses*, 2000), and has collaborated as dramaturge with X. Le Roy, E. Salamon, M. Ingvarlsen a.o. Her own performance work includes directing five experimental opera performances 1995-2008, most recently Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (BITEF, Belgrade). Cvejic has been active in teaching in a number of European educational programmes (e.g., P.A.R.T.S. in Brussels),

as well as organizing independent platforms for theory and practice in performance: *TkH Centar* (Walking Theory Center in Belgrade), *PAF* (Performing Arts Forum in St. Erme, France) and *6month1Location* with eight other artists (CNC in Montpellier, 2008/2009). She is completing her *PhD* (*Performance after Deleuze: Creating 'Performative' Concepts in Contemporary Dance in Europe*) at the Centre for Research in Modern European Philosophy at Kingston University in London. Since September 2009, she is teaching contemporary dance and performance theory at the Utrecht University. Her two current projects are *A Choreographer's Score*, a book with films based on the research of Anne Teresa De Keersmaecker's early works (with De Keersmaecker), and *How To Do Things With Theory* with other members of Walking Theory at Les Laboratoires d'Aubervilliers.

### Cédric Dambrain

is a composer and electronic musician based in Brussels. He performs in most of his projects, aiming to develop a genuinely physical approach of electronic music. His work in the field of written composition includes *Pure* (2004) for cello and live electronics, premiered by Arne Deforce in Concertgebouw Brugge, *In memoriam* (2005) for trumpet and live electronics with Renaud Lantin, extended as *In Memoriam v.2* in collaboration with Philippe Ranallo and premiered at *Ars Musica* in 2009. He has also written chamber ensemble pieces such as *Blazek* (2006) for two trumpets, theremin, keyboard and live electronics, performed by *Ictus ensemble* and starring trumpet players Bart Maris (*X-Legged Sally / Flat Earth Society*) and Laurent Blondiau (MÄÄK Spirit) and *Grenz* for harpsichord, electronic keyboards and live electronics, performed by Sara Picavet and Tomoko Honda (2008). As a composer, he has produced music for stage and is the author of three soundtracks (*Iris / Sie Kommen / Home*) for choreographer Louise Vanneste. In 2006, he associated with Patrick Delges (CRFMW) to create and perform *Penthesilea*, a musical theater production by Françoise Berlangier premiered at Kunstenfestivaldesarts. In 2010, he initiated *PLq*, an experimental metal project with electric guitar quartet *Zwerm* and drummer Jeroen Stevens (*I Love Sarah*). He recently completed the design of a musical controller prototype with vibrotactile feedback and is currently working as a performer on his new solo project *EIG*, focusing on perception paradoxes at extreme volume.

WWW.CEDRICDAMBRAIN.NET

Terre Thaemlitz

is an award winning multi-media producer, writer, public speaker, educator, audio remixer, DJ and owner of the Comatonse Recordings record label. Her work combines a critical look at identity politics - including gender, sexuality, class, linguistics, ethnicity and race - with an ongoing analysis of the socio-economics of commercial media production. He has released over 15 solo albums, as well as numerous 12-inch singles and video works. Her writings on music and culture have been published internationally in a number of books, academic journals and magazines. As a speaker and educator on issues of non-essentialist Transgenderism and Queerness, Thaemlitz has participated in panel discussions throughout Europe and Japan. He currently resides in Kawasaki, Japan.

[WWW.COMATONSE.COM/THAEMLITZ](http://WWW.COMATONSE.COM/THAEMLITZ)



# TALES OF THE BODILESS

<i>Direction</i>	Eszter Salamon
<i>Concept, text and composition</i>	Eszter Salamon & Bojana Cvejic
<i>Music composed by</i>	Cédric Dambrain & Terre Thaemlitz
<i>Musical advisor</i>	Berno Odo Polzer
<i>Sound design</i>	Peter Böhm
<i>Light and image design</i>	Sylvie Garot
<i>Video control and image design assistant</i>	Bertrand Schacre
<i>Voice recordings</i>	Bart Aga
<i>Rehearsal assistant</i>	Sasa Asentic
<i>Technical direction</i>	Philippe Baste

## VOICES IN THE ORDER OF APPEARANCE

<i>Prologue</i>	Eszter Salamon
<i>The Bog</i>	Johan Leysen
<i>Dogs</i>	Jan Ritsema, Eszter Salamon, Sasa Asentic, Bojana Cvejic
<i>Substitution</i>	Sasa Asentic, Joanna Bailie, Terre Thaemlitz, Tracee Westmoreland, Chrysa Parkinson, Gérald Kurdian, Michael Schmid, Ragna Aurich, Eleanor Bauer, Polina Akhmetzyanova, Sayaka Kaiwa, Bérengère Bodin, Patricia Barakat
<i>Dots</i>	David Helbich, Sofie Benoot, Johanna Beuys, Daniel Blanga Gubbay, Boglárka Börcsök, Saskia Bovijn, Claire Bringiers, Kuriijn Buys, Pierre Caillet, Erwin Carlier, Chris Carroll, Michael Casey, Liesbeth De Ceulaer, Marie Cordonier, Céline David, Kim Lien Dessault, Caroline Dewynter, Anne Duquenne, Katrien Feyaerts, Elisabeth Franken, Nada Gambier, Nestor Garcia Diaz, Julie Gilbert, Rina Govers, Annerose Goyet, Eva De Grave, Catherine Herman, Matthias Koole, Aurore Labrosse, Giulietta Laki, Christophe Meierhans, Pierre- Guillaume Méon, Natasha Mokrane, Sylvie van Molle, Muna Mussie, Sandy Napier, Anne-Sophie Van Neste, Tim Oliphant, Tiziana Penna, Agnès Peter, Jo Reymen, Anna Rispoli, Margot van Scharen, Michael Schmid, Christine De Smedt, Janne Steenbeke, Gunhild Tuschen, Anne-Sophie van Wesemael, Tracee Westmoreland, Iffy Tillieu, Wim Veys, Adva Zakai
<i>Bodies</i>	Sasa Asentic, Eszter Salamon

*Production, Organisation*

Alexandra Wellensiek/Botschaft Gbr,  
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Natacha Le Duff

*Internship Video*

Sarah Bahr

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Morceaux, Jan Ritsema

COLOPHON

*edited by*

Bojana Cvejic and Eszter Salamon  
Botschaft Gbr

*introduction by*

Bojana Cvejic

drawings by Floris Deerenberg

*design and layout*

Anne De Boeck and Laura Bergans

*coordination*

Tom Engels

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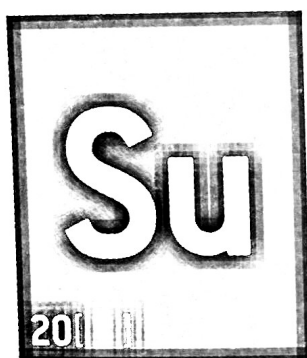


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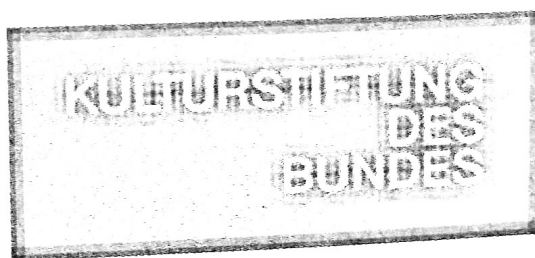
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For performance tour see [eszter-salamon.com](http://eszter-salamon.com)*

## *The Bog*

- Music* music by Cédric Dambrain  
*Tale* voice by Johan Leysen 9:52  
 music by Cédric Dambrain 8:26

## *Dogs*

- Dogs* voices by Jan Ritsema, Eszter Salamon,  
 Sasa Asentic, Bojana Cvejic  
 music by Cédric Dambrain 15:45  
*Manifesto* voice by Bojana Cvejic  
 music by Cédric Dambrain 2:25

## *Substitution*

- Echoes* voices by Gérald Kurdian,  
 Chrysa Parkinson, Michael Schmid,  
 Sasa Asentic, Bojana Cvejic, Eszter Salamon  
 music by Terre Thaemlitz 1:59  
*Questions* voices by Chrysa Parkinson, Joanna Bailie,  
 Bojana Cvejic, Jan Ritsema, Eszter Salamon  
 music by Terre Thaemlitz 11:07  
*Foaming* voices by Ragna Aurich, Eleanor Bauer,  
 Polina Akhmetzyanova, Sayaka Kaiwa, Bérengère Bodin,  
 Patricia Barakat, Johan Leysen, Jan Ritsema, Terre Thaemlitz  
 music by Terre Thaemlitz 16:40

## *Dots*

- Dots* music by Terre Thaemlitz 3:26  
*choir:* David Helbich, Sofie Benoot, Johanna Beuys, Daniel Blanga Gubbay,  
 Boglárka Börcsök, Saskia Bovijn, Claire Bringiers, Kuriijn Buys, Pierre Caillet,  
 Erwin Carlier, Chris Carroll, Michael Casey, Liesbeth De Ceulaer, Marie  
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**TALES OF THE BODILESS**  
Musical Fiction Without Science

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