

CONVERSATION AMONG ANIMALS
PERFORMANCE SVENJA TIGER
TEXT BY LUCIE FORTUIN

O MUSEU COMO PERFORMANCE
FUNDAÇÃO SERRALVES
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Characters:

Orange: *the green one (playful, forward but also slightly nervous)*

Purple: *the drifter (thoughtful, afwachtend)*

Green: *third 'narrative' voice, it remains unclear whether it comes from the screen*

[] directions

— pause

Begin with the material: the smell of rain, a memory of its wet touch on your body. Looking up, you see the water flicker in light; it drips from your eyebrows into your eyes. Hard to see. There is no way of knowing this body other than that of living it. Looking at your hands you can feel them grow cold, as if they have been out in the rain for too long. Your fingers pale. It is never hermetically sealed, this body, never is it stable. Always, it has been touched before.

What is this place of whistling wind, this place with ever widening circles above us, this strange place we came to, and witness.?

—

It is wet up here, when the wind comes. [sighing] So, there you are again.

Do you recognize it here?

I think we were here before, somehow it feels as though we always return to the same place.

It can be a little confusing.

—

Our characters:

Here's The Green One.

The literal alien,

It is human shaped, green thoughts. Fluorescent body.

The Green One is curious, it's childlike. At times it may be a little hesitant. Easily distracted perhaps. But it sees with its body, wholly, fully, as if everything is seen for the first time. It slides, shifts, stirs. and everywhere it leaves traces, prints. It never passes unseen. Never without consequence. [whispering:] Not all transits are life affirming, not all poisonous threats are new.

I once heard of these mythical creatures born from striking thunder. The thunder struck into a tree, or into a plant, and somehow, in precisely that moment, a being emerged. It fell right from the tree, or from that plant. It had no eyes, nor any face that I would recognize. But from what I heard there was some sort of expression on it. Like, as if it could look, respond. And to this day I keep thinking how strange that is. That in the meeting of light and of sound, something else emerges.

Something *falls*.

Yes, something falls. And then, from that point onwards, somehow, it *exists*.

Like water.

Like rain.

Yes, maybe like rain.

And there: The Drifter

It is always colorful and moves through many textures, continuously changing patterns. Within The Drifter, the natural order of things: changing, morphing, transforming, like passing through endless impacts and effects, through endless networks of bacterias and cells, The Drifter passes through ever-changing-ever-growing-ever-dying particles.

There is no state of mind, however simple, which does not change every moment, there is no consciousness without memory, and no continuation without the addition to the present feeling, of the memory of past moments.

The Drifter is slow, it is thoughtful. It transcends.

But how then, would you define Earthlings?

I guess they too have to do with the weather.

Accidental bodies; where do they meet? [whispering:] Where is this place of whistling wind, this place of ever widening circles that are drawn into thick, wet air? [affirmative:] We need a setting: A wet and thickening landscape that can carry these beings. There is a cold wind, the one that never seems to stop to freeze your bones. And beneath their feet: rock. It is an encounter between two bodies; at times they are hesitant, at times they seem synchronized. From behind the hills there glistens a streak of yellow light.

With my eyes closed I see those mythical creatures softly moving from one end to the other. Swaying, like in a dance. They are brown and long. Soft. I think they have sticky tentacles, like animals.

Touching dry sand.

It seems as if they are looking for something.

Not too close to the surface, not too far from the light.

Do you think they'll find it?

[continuing] Feeling only slightly lost.

I think I can hear them talking.

Do you enjoy [pause] hearing others speak?

I guess there could be more spiritual ways to communicate, or maybe ethereal.

—

Did the word come from speaking, or did speaking come from the word?
It starts with a gesture: A raised hand, a face being held. Small movements that demonstrate recognition: a mouth that opens then closes. Even smaller: the blink of an eye.

Look softly at the other. [whispering:] look softly, now, [normal:] Now, look again, is that how strangers meet?

—

Who is that third one that moves besides you? Whose body is it that we almost see?
Whose voice that we cannot hear? [dramatic:] Lamento, lamento, lamento.

When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead, behind that corner,
There is always another one walking beside you.

—

Not all transits are life affirming. Here in this wet world, bodies are constantly open. And when the wind blows, it touches organs. It is strange, as if the wind passes right *through* them.

What strings hold us together? How many gusts of wind make us fall apart?

No, not all movement brings transformation: So often it seems as though we are at standstill. So often, in turning towards, in, moving *to*, we slowly drift away. So often, we cannot meet.

[affirmative/descriptive:] It is The Drifter who first looks up again. Feeling the rain, again, wet, again. But the water sinks into its skin. It is okay. The Drifter has been touched before.

Often I cannot tell where one thing finishes, and another begins. Please understand me well, It's just that [hesitant] I don't know. Somehow, they scare me, those beings. Like this autumn star, perhaps it is not an earthly one.

No lenses, no vision.

It's a water sign.

Maybe, they could co-exist.

Let's return to the material: two errant bodies amidst a landscape of rock. Around them: water, a yellow light. And always they are many; always is the body multiple bodies. As if remembering that there has been movement before.

Say, a choreography of sorts.

Yes, the encounter is more like a dance, than it has been like a word.

And so it ends as it begins. With the memory of a smell, and the sensation of cold rain wetting your face.

Softly look at the other.

Now look again, do they, look back at you?

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