

June 1st, Brussels

*This text has been written
to Hagar Tenenbaum,
about abstraction end and things like that,
her solo performance at STUK in Leuven (BE),
on the 20th of May, 2016.*

AIR-MOLDING

*She is molding
I am molding
You are molding
W'air molding¹*

Big white hands are dressing her up, Hagar. They are a cut off from the rest of the body. They direct and they *do* something, which is not in line with the rest. Dissonance is a key. Incongruity/disparity/discrepancy/ a tension. Changing relationship between this and that.

Why the thought of Greek tragedy kept on forcing itself on me? Greek tragedy solo, where the face mask dropped down towards the hands, left the face uncovered, and covered the hands. The travel of the terracotta white mask from the top towards the bottom. It used to be the face, which was to be hidden. The mask was there to allow the actor to vanish into the role. What role? Isn't a stage a plate for today's soul? Like a plate of cheese, that Rita would eat with pleasure?

¹ my text.

So the face got finally uncovered in order to do the hiding behind layers and layers of air-molded masks. And yes, and the hands? The hands have been covered in order to be exposed. Aren't the hands, the doers, the workers, the honest ones? So what are they in this huge piece of rubber? The terracotta facemask and the big rubber gloves, they are both full of hollow. They are both full of hollow.

She is dressed all dark and simple, standing in the middle of the stage, not spreading. Not more than the volume of herself asks for. She has embodied a paradox. As if all the intangibility inherent to any performance has hyper-materialised itself in this concrete singular body. A body.

Only hands, bare rubber hands? And even them have been employed to talk. They do the sound of hollow. The sound of rubber when she shakes her hands up in the air, with no speaking. She hits her face and covers it with hands. Her head is gone for a while.

And me too, I'm here to write words.

They move away from the body, opposite direction. They move away from the head, too. They seem too slow or too fast; in the future or in the past.

Our bodies are leaking

Our bodies are leaking

(...)

yes

yes

yes

Excuse me Hagar, excuse me you, my reader, if my memory fails and it fails to reproduce the text exactly how it was, there on the stage². On the other hand, it's all right. Our memory is leaking, our memory is leaking, too.

² All the quoted fragments are written down out of my memory of the performance, a week after. Hence, they differ from the actual text performed.

She talks a lot. And as she talks the silence becomes louder and louder. Big silence and big white rubber hands moving in circles. That's when it becomes clearer and clearer that the hands are there to explain. The world. To whom? Herself ? To me? To Rita, the child?

It is a VOLUMInous piece. In terms of sound, because of her effortlessly modulated voice. In terms of space it takes in my head and my body as I'm staring at it. In terms of a shape, of a round movement of the rubber hands.

All she has said there, she has done there, she has been drilling it into me. Literally, drilling it in. Her words and sounds, repetitions and rhythms have been drilling it in, while her hands were comforting the drill.

There are lots of talking and lots of shaping going on out there.

You see

You see

You see

This is a work of modulation; of a dissonant relation between voice, hands and a language. The voice goes up and down, left and right. There is lots of things going on in Hagar's head in terms of acoustics and the immanent plain of thought. Like one croissant, many layers.

The head moved away from the hands. The head moves backwards, as the white rubber hands do the frontal air-molding. There is something generous about air-molding. H'air – molding. The hands open up, slowly, at times. They mix up void, silence, emptiness, air and space together. There is something hopeless too. Almost tragic. As they are molding sense out of air. Something free, too.

Shiny, shiny turquoise balconies.

(...)

My mother has a Mercedes, who laughs:

Ha ha ha

Ha ha ha

She repeats phrases, words, even entire sentences. As through repetition words could materialize. As through repetition words would start making sense. They would get a higher chance to start making sense. As making sense would be a material state of being.

*My mother told me on the phone/
Once the desert was an ocean.*

She hangs down. She folds her body. She hangs it up.

She is talking, not singing. She is moving, not dancing. She is molding with air, not a clay, the mask is gloves, and she speaks out 'ready-made' sentences picked up in life mingled with her own ones too.

Oh wait, but what is the difference? What is the difference? She makes them all her own as she brings them out on the stage putting all the air molding effort. She has heard them ones, internalized them and she tried to make sense out of it all: ageing, consumption, abstraction, life.

Did she?

*Now now you know
Now now that you know*

And the End.

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