

radical turnover of allegedly inalterable conditions. intense resistance which may lead to a change of the ruling system / norms / patterns. the beginning of an unstoppable movement into a new direction. *daniela zeilinger* the revolution has to start from the people. the aim is to create something new and to fight for it, even if often incalculably. the revolution happens under the assumption of "it cant get even fucking worse" and a kind of anger, mixed with positive, vital thoughts, motivates the people to fight for their future and their rights. *eva-maria wall* revolution is the common uprising against the dominant structures of power. revolution can bring together people with the most heterogenous positions. this is the reason why revolution finally fails. *stella reinhold* revolution is love of the human being, of life and of existence. it is an expression of the utmost will to live. revolution is digging over the earth rather than pulling out weeds. revolution is when the essence tries to shake off the kitsch. *lisa weber* revolution for me means the awakening from the dumbness of daily life. an acknowledgement of one's own and the other's involvement in patterns and the attempt to disentangle. revolution as a startling jump-up from our state-of-sleeping-beaty. *thomas schweitzer* monogamy and monotony. something infinitely confusing, well-groomed, divided, catalogued. and then they wonder when they cannot live with it, that snakes and fire and swamps and flights appear in their dreams, and then they wonder why they neither can live like that, at their office desks, that they just cannot, in the two-bedroom-apartments, with the newspaper reports about the moon-landing and the paper napkins and ... *ingeborg bachmann* what I understand as revolution? the term triggers no positive thoughts in me, although there may be many positive changes in culture, technology or on other levels. for me, this term means VIOLENCE, VIOLENCE and again VIOLENCE. *bozena kunstek* turn around, recycle, revolve. revolt against something or someone. how desperate must you be to put your life on the line? and what a happiness, not to have to choose ... *eva maria schmid* revolution is turning up what has been down, overthrow, renewal. it can happen slowly and peacefully or violently and abruptly. revolutions cannot be stopped, in however way, when the content of what has to be renewed is important enough. but revolution has no right in itself. especially the french tend to revolutions. *peter dworzak* I wish for young people to follow 93 years old stephane hessel's INDIGNEZ VOUS; who organise marches, carry their political ideas on the street without violence, create inconveniences for the politicians until they wake up and take care of the concerns of those in need. *ilse urbanek* revolution happens when the first one stands up and says – I take the law in my hands. when the people have been betrayed, lied to, fucked up and exploited for years, at one time there comes a point where it's enough. it is just a normal reaction to what is done to "the public, the people" by the potentates throughout the millennia. *susanna peterka* the tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brains of the living. *karl marx*

if we want to act we must know how.

if we want to act we must know what for. what is to be done?

the political in theatre is a complex field with various dependencies on all levels which make it bound for compromise.

theatre for me is an instrument to approach reality.

theatre for me is a place of public questions.

theatre for me is a place for shared public questions which deny simple answers.

I wonder what relationships we can generate between the struggles of our individual and the general survival. are we the avantgarde of a flexible precariate? philosophers of action? are we consumers of aesthetics? what scope of actions do we have? in which frame do we pose our questions towards political theatre? in terms of modes of production? the distribution of means? the ethics of working? the treated contents, texts, subjects? the chosen aesthetic? how are facts associated, coupled and bolted to form realities?

for me, the political in theatre at the moment seems to be the doubt. to doubt reality, to doubt our surrounding realities and to question history and how it is produced. I experience the scenarios which are currently designed in and for libya as a political spectacle, a spectacle of scripts, hoaxes, procedures, economies, the inventing and composing of moralities, resources, claims and legitimations; one billion euros of expenses, 2.000 or 50.000 dead after 3.500 nato-attacks; paid rebels wagging the flags of democracy. seeing that, I am indignantly curious how this scenario will be resolved. the pulling-out from a hole in fine-rib-underwear or being shot by plastic toy-guns must be really are out, given the speeches written by the US for the meanwhile condemned potentate until up to 2004. facing this, I do not know what to do with theatre, considering that theatre should measure its means against the means of politics? or not?

again and again I try to return to theatre. but the current politics overrun me with an incredible speed, which renders orientations, re-positionings of strategies impossible and which produces, on the other hand, an ever hastier breathlessness. do we need manifests, like the coming insurrection by the invisible committee? or parables? or real people, antique tragedies or learning plays by brecht? I have no answers, and there is none, because the questions remains: to what end? is it education, enlightenment, empowerment, indignation, insurrection, change? or is it about aesthetic education to initiate at least doubts facing those well-mended scenarios of reality by the media?

brecht in the usa, before the anticommunist tribunal in october 1947:

„he was convinced done damage to the mission he believed in, and he agreed to that, and was ready to die, in order to make not greater set damaged, so he asks his comrades to help him, and all of them together help him to die. he jumps into an abyss, and they lead him tenderly to that abyss, and – that was the story.“

HUAC: „so what I get from your remarks, from your answer ... he was just killed, he was murdered“. (laughter in the audience)

brecht „he wanted to die ...“

HUAC: „so they killed him.“

brecht „so they did not kill him, not in this story, they ... he killed himself, they supported him. but of course they told him it were better when he disappeared.“ (loud laughter in the audience)

right now I am rehearsing a piece, or more precisely, a common understanding of the confusions brought about by our world; of the the concepts of violence and the structures of power; an essay to share doubts, which create perhaps possibilities to learn from reality and maybe, sometime, to be able to act again; an understanding which stands up to the measurements and power relations in which we live for just one moment (considered that this is only possible as a temporary illusion, a temporary conviction).

is ranciere right when he states in hatred of democracy:

the human rights are therefore an illusion, because they are the rights of precisely that naked human being, who has no rights at all. they are the illusory rights of those people who have been expelled from their homes and lands by tyrannical regimes, bereft of every citizenship.

or: democracy as political and social way of life is the rule of the excess. this excess now leads to the ruin of democratic governments which in return have to repress it.

or, with agamben: the human rights are the rights of the egoistic individuals of the bourgeoisie.

or with jean claude millner: those qualities which yesterday have been attributed to totalitarianism as a state which devours society have now become the characteristics of democracy as a society devouring the state.

theatre is the sharing of time, a place for methods and questions. a confrontation of bodies, biographies, techniques, convictions, ways of life. I think in another way and with others while rehearsing, during theatre works and in times of performance than while talking with friends gathered around a table or reading behind my apartment doors.

maybe theatre is a laboratory to learn the techniques of composing reality and the place to collectively shape the doubts necessary. perhaps this is the only possible political of theatre at the moment. a time of doubting and questioning: maybe the only anarchy left within the relations of value and exploitation and the manipulations of meaning: the deprivation of meanings, which permanently instruct you how the world is to be consumed, morally considered, to be experienced.

claudia bosse, september 11, 2011

different spaces.

different spaces are different.

what exactly makes them strange, creates their otherness?

I perceive spaces only when they do not match my expectations, but when they create problems – problems by aberrations, by resisting familiar procedures, expectations and perceptions. yes, spaces which resist.

the space is a cultural memory of my perception and my practices of life. search, deviation, disturbance organise my spatial perception.

foreign cities are spaces of difference for me, even if they are „inflected“ spaces for their inhabitants. inflected by their presupposed knowledge, by usage and familiar structures. I remember everyday-places which turned into different spaces by political changes, like the supermarkets in east berlin in 1990, where you could see extremely slow shoppers carefully comparing their goods, meticulously storing them in their trolleys.

I just returned from a journey into an area in a state of emergency after radical political changes. the airport

personal was on strike. the security check was just a loose pushing-of-bags-trolleys-coats into a tunnel while nobody took notice of the x-rays.

when I'm unsettled, the space becomes different, I being used to the usual scrutiny which in part determines my ability to read airport-spaces.

by this insecurity I sense myself, my education, my inscribed expectations, which normally are hidden by their frictionless usage. now, I notice the spatial difference. I am unsettled and look at people in another way. anybody could funnel nitroglycerin through the security checks and blast the airport. suddenly, world politics' psychologies-of-menace start to function in my brain. I try to orientate: where do I have to go? will my plane depart at all? I find a line to queue up. the displays at the counters frantically alter destinations. rumours from vienna: our flight won't arrive before the next morning at 4.30 am. that would be a 14-hours wait. HOW to wait here? in this in-between-zone with nothing to eat and no water, all this is behind the safety check, only achievable with a ticket. we don't have a ticket. no information about the flight. but, to queue up in this line, in well-regulated patience promises safety. suddenly shouts, movements

dominant powers. was also tun?

dominant powers. what is to be done then?

creates a parallel world with disturbing assaults on our reality, pretending to exist completely without us, the spectators: a choric installation of permanently present voices and bodies; an endless promenade without an uprising; an act of some weird threesome of young women, or maybe hybrid coppelias, or replicants overlooked by the blade runner. they went underground, masked and veiled, and wintered in archives, libraries, signs, letters, on soundtracks or hard drives or in the synapses of the www. in dominant powers what is to be done then? they materialise, lusting for life, out of an urge to embody and negotiate all those real- and virtualities, to invest their knowledge, desires, resistances and needs. acting. acts. they come from our history and our future. and now they meet others – a chorus of the young, a chorus of the aged and a chorus of documents: memory and presence in one. and they encounter a bunch of strangers, guests, which are amicably received but probably totally unimportant (or just passers-by?). but here we, the spectators, literally come into the play: because we, our bodies, gazes, interests, our spontaneous decisions or just our drifting give weight to the course of the play: a choreography of materials, bodies, voices, of collisions, of condensed or loose situations created by the questions and negotiations of the performers. they always aim on us. follow. trace. gather. settle. orientate. draw back, expose, plunge in, immerse. follow. trace. be there.

chris standfest, november 13, 2011

in front of the opposite counters. 3 or 4 massive barriers are flying through the air. a moving crowd, pushing around a core. shouts. a man is shouting and ranting. I want something to drink. another man queuing in front of us tries to shelter his three young children behind a heap of suitcases. uproar. a completely unsettling situation. the accountants have left their seats. no security. a policeman walks by, smiling. I think, *they will crack their heads there will be a mass brawl which we can't escape. they will close this passage at the entrance and at the exit and leave us by ourselves.* I am not used to this kind of violence, which is not immediately suppressed by some stately forces. I am used to immediate intervention. the space turns into a space of fear, angst, insecurity, menace. the actual place does not change, but the scenery does. *why do security not intervene to protect us? why do police walk by?* no official responsibility, people handle the conflicts by themselves. open end. *now they all will leave and we won't get out of this place.* "since the end of january there is no police in this country." "since the revolution there is an absolute chaos." "no order, no security here, this place is ruled by slots." scraps of conversations of others waiting, making me angry. a woman is crying. the crowd of around 300 people is pushing back and forth – energetic gestures in different directions. many gestures. physical energy, arguments, discussions. utter confusion. everything is strange. and, right now, menacing. a man with a

dominant powers. was also tun?

a project by claudia bosse
in collaboration with günther auer (sound)
in german and english language

2nd part of the series of „political hybrids“ after **vampires of the 21st century**
or what is to be done then? (dusseldorf, vienna, new york 2010/2011)

by/with nele jahnke, nora steinig, catherine travelletti
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a production by theatercombinat
kindly supported by wien kultur.
research in egypt supported by the goethe-institute.
premiere november 23, 2011
november 25/26/27, 2011, december 1/2/3/4, 2011
DOMPOWplace, pfeiffergasse 3, 1150 vienna

texts

ingeborg bachmann, wüstenbuch (the book of desert). in: todesarten-projekt.
claudia bosse, gaddafi now.
claudia bosse, if we want to do something.
gilles deleuze, felix guattari, anti-oedipus. capitalism and schizophrenia I.
antonio gramsci, the prison notebooks.
rudyard kipling, the song of the white men.
heiner müller, oedipuscommentary, in: poems.
karl marx, the eighteenth brumaire of louis bonaparte.
michel de montaigne, of a monstrous child, in: the complete essays of montaigne.
sylvia plath, lady lazarus.
jacques rancière, ist kunst widerständig?
jacques rancière, hatred of democracy.
lucius annaeus seneca, oedipus. translation konrad heldmann,
revisited by claudia bosse.
richard wagner, the revolution 1848.
slavoj žižek, violence (big ideas), preface.

chorus, 3 sentences about: what does revolution mean to you?
nele jahnke, nora steinig and catherine travelletti, texts and notes
created during the working process of **dominant powers. what is to be done?**

günther auer, is speaking lying? language a lie?

claudia bosse, what is to be done? in gift 4/2011 (excerpts).
claudia bosse, different spaces – a plea for the unfamiliar.

hany temraz, transcript, cairo, 09/20/2011

chris standfest, rehearsal note

nora steinig, rehearsal note

catherine travelletti, rehearsal note

is speaking lying? language a lie?

develop relations, interdependencies, logics.

by metre, by rhythm, breaks.

synchronisation as the fundamental multi-sensorial achievement.

quasi-dependencies as carriers of realities, truths.

the carriers - the only carriers - of realities, truths: forged, shortened, generalised, compressed, constructed dependencies, greased-

over truths. at the cost of the incompatible, the not-agreed-on, never-to-be-agreed-on, the factual.

coherence as trap, as cement, as the only possibility of human exchange: communication.

so, is speaking lying? language a lie?

I say this and in doing so I hide that. I make exclusions to be coherent. I avoid contradictions, which are all but evident. I conceal them by tying in with the already known, the established, the traditional, with agreements, whose inner conflicts are covered up by time, polished, in any case made invisible.

a statement wants to be examined. this has to be quick. my pre-judice helps me. I can react immediately. feeling safe. to make a second statement with a different topic from another point but at the same time is already much more difficult. to ponder and differentiate on two levels is much more difficult. when both statements appear homogeneously - in the same rhythm, speed, melody, fugal, what shall I do then? will something third emerge? and if there are many voices at the same time pattering down on me, scraps of music, atmospheres, but all of them related in tune, a homogeneous heap full of harmony and metrics – what is it then? what do I hear then? what strikes me then? concerns me? nothing? a cacophony, chaos? but chaos is not tuned. it is also not noise. words rip open my ears. words combine themselves to make sense, which evaporates in the very next moment. each time, I believe to understand but it is plain capitulation. I refuse, I want to close my ears, at the same time spreading them wide open.

times tumble over me. 9/11, gustav mahler, the outer space, gaddafi, the future of the EU, the economic crisis, the first ever recorded voice: never to fade away, having once been. uncanny: what is sounding here will never ever fade away, will never have been gone. each time, the voices are striking anew; their statements, attitudes, emotions will come back eternally, again and again, endlessly they will pour down on us. new ones will join them, news about gaddafi's death, the earthquake in san francisco, the melting ice streams.

and always and ever: shortened, mutilated, each of them reduced to simplicity to be plausible, honest, or at least to appear as such. the simultaneousness of those multiple and different attempts of truth, descriptions of reality: do they not again just show the madness of those fierce attempts to generate truth? and those differences, in how far are they identical in their forms?

günther auer, august 24, 2011

bloody brow walks by. the fight comes closer, up to only a few yards. routines of police interventions and legality appear in my head. other spaces. after about ten minutes the raging man, escorted by three others. a trolley with at least seven pieces of luggage, a small child following them. at the opposite side a bunch of dishevelled looking suits. *do they belong to the authorities?* another 15 minutes waiting in this peculiar queue in front of its abandoned counters. return of the accountants. the queuers applaud each single one. I don't understand anything anymore.

my impression of this country lingers between uproar, uncertainty and a great hope that a process of democratisation under a new model really could happen here. there are other voices, claiming that there won't be democracy in another 50 years, because people have not learned it. *but how can you learn democracy?*

claudia bosse, october 10, 2011