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eremuak #8

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October 2021
www.eremuak.eus

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ISSN: 2444-6319
legal deposit: SS-1149-2015

eremuak. Open programme for the production of context in contemporary art. Department of Culture and Language Policy of the Basque Government.

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Editorial – Bodies / Distance

<>

This issue of *eremuak* magazine focuses on the bodies / distance binome. These two words, and how they are articulated, carry a strong resonance at the present moment which also extends into current art practices. There have been many moments in art recently where the spatial relationship between bodies – whether close or distant – and between the body and its surroundings, have taken on particular significance.

We have chosen to draw on proxemics theory (from the Latin *proximus,* "very close"). Proxemics is the study of the use and perception of the personal space that exists around our bodies. Formalised by the anthropologist Edward T. Hall, proxemics examines the way we occupy space and the distances we keep in our interactions and communication. Hall identified several types of space, which vary depending on the type of encounter, the relationship between the interlocutors, their personalities, and other factors. Hall conceived a model of personal space divided into four sub-categories in which distances range from: intimate (bodily), which ranges from physical contact to 45 cm; personal, habitual in interpersonal relationships, 45 – 120 cm; social distance, which favours interaction in everyday transactions like work and extends from 120 – 360 cm; and public distance, which can extend to the limit of visibility and audibility. We asked different artists and creators – **Gari Arambarri**, **David Bestué**, **Arantza Santesteban**, **Nazario Díaz** and **Ander Pérez Puelles –** for their personal reactions to Hall's distances (plus a fifth one, "circular distance", which we introduced) in a short, free text.

It was our understanding, however, that a greater distance need not lead to less intimacy. Bodies can be distanced but interconnected, and we find that art as a medium can imagine forms of intimacy where intimacy seems to be impossible. Negotiating with norms governing spatial distances, limits on movement and the impossibility of physical contact without renouncing it altogether, art helps us to imagine other modes of being and relating.

Within these possibilities, a text by **Martí Manen** talks of intimacy, the skin, pandemic relations, the gaze that extends beyond the screen in Zoom meetings, opening up the space to everything we cannot see: domesticity, art and other things.

The artist **Itziar Okariz** responds to her invitation with an exercise which "shortens" distances by bringing four short texts on performance into the present. These were written in 2009 for a blog set up by Arteleku the same year on the centre's website, and are published here for the first time.

Olatz González Abrisketa, anthropologist, in her specially commissioned text, takes the mutual stare between human and non-human animals and considers distance – interspecies, inter-territorial, between perspectives and beliefs – as something perpetually unstable.

Finally, a text by **Damaris Pan**, one of the two artists currently benefitting from the eremuak APA artist grants, uses a visit by the eremuak commission as an excuse, in the manner of MacGuffin, to think about painting, with some other distances: the distances of fiction, contemplation, dreams, chance and an experiment.

As is our practice each year, the issue is completed with a centre spread by **Helena Goñi**, an artist who works with photography and has taken part in Atera, a recent initiative

dedicated to self-edition and independent publications, organized by AZPI Kultur Elkartea and supported by eremuak. The back cover was realized by **Leire Lacunza**, an artist whose work focuses on graphic edition as a translation of information.

Our HARRIAK programme, which reached its fifth anniversary in 2020, is summed up in the end pages of the magazine, with our agenda of activities over the past year.

Lastly, we would like to make the most of this occasion to say goodbye to Maider López, who is leaving our technical commission after three and a half years of service. This is her last intervention as editor of this magazine. We wish her the best in her upcoming artistic projects and thank her for her dedication over these years.

eremuak # 8 is freely available at several different cultural centres, public libraries, and can be downloaded in at www.eremuak.eus, also in its English edition.

Intimate-corporal distance

Gari Arambarri

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Beyond this point cartography is suspended. I encode my gestures, I classify them on the basis of my affections. Linguistics, but through the movement of my hand: "putting my hand on your shoulder" and "I love you" are similar acts. To stretch out your arm is to desire. To circle is antonymous to disdain. [After something that doesn't matter here but which imbues this entire text, I made a list of some of the acts associated with affect, affection, when we wish for someone's presence. In the list are expressions like holding onto their arm, moving up close for a kiss, sleeping in one other's embrace, seeking their hand, stroking their hand, hugging, holding in your arms, resting your hand on the back of someone else's.]

Sometimes I only think theoretically. The extent of another support – holding onto something else, another body, other matter – there is a gesture of the will. It's not an accidental approach, but the result of a decision, an impulse, a tactile resolution.

I think that performing desire is a gesture. Maybe it's not exactly a matter of touching, but of moving towards touching, towards something in language that can be used to say "there": "there" is a centimetre of skin, fingers grasping, a body folding up. The word is suggestive. To suggest moving closer, a space shared with the act, where the verb translates into an expression. In that empty space – where I decide I will no longer encode – a statement is made: there is really no cartography. It's a choreography. Graphic gestures are actions. I suspend cartography. I create a choreography, but it's no use to me either: a fiction.

I try to translate things. I associate things. It's as if I like forming binomes of action / expression. Articulation works in two axes: I move up, down; closer, further. I see it, I don't. I touch it, I don't. I reach it, I don't. Articulation works for the first time: I move up. You move closer. I move closer. The axis has been greased. (We are able to get closer, the body is numbed, I am like a snail.)

The axis cannot lie. It is an angling, carefully studied, sharpened by desire. I manage to measure what I want. Zero is nothing, five is intimacy, ten is complicity, fifteen is distance. I begin at four and a half, a bold distance; I move closer, the choreography is being made. There is a joint in the arm which slowly twists, a back tenses.

With this angle I mould my desire. I make it last. I notice that in this axis and this angle, in this twisted corner, something emancipates itself from the body and conceives itself.

I ask the skin to respond. I ask this code to become an act. This desire to become a new skin. Action to become an expression in itself.

The accidental distance

David Bestué

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For some time now, repeatedly, a stone I saw in the Cusco cathedral comes to my mind. It was some years ago; I was wandering around inside when I suddenly noticed a stone item left in a corner on one side of the main entrance, between a wooden bench and a pallet jack. It was a stone about sixty centimetres high, conical in shape, smooth, with completely rounded angles. It didn't seem to have any particular function, but I could see the people there were fond of it, because it had obviously been touched a lot and someone had left an offering of coca leaves at its base. Unlike all the heavy iconographical apparatus around it, with the chapels replete with baroque altars to the Catholic saints, the round stone half abandoned in a corner exercised a strong pull on me.

Later I found out that the piece had been uncovered while the cathedral was being restored in the mid twentieth century. Its strange appearance, with no figurative characteristics, but what could intuitively be seen to be a highly elaborated form, meant that it was soon related to some kind of Inca divinity owing to the fact that the temple had been built over the ruins of the Viracocha palace. After its discovery, the stone was exhibited inside the building and spontaneously worshipped by people in Cusco. This led the ecclesiastical powers to remove it from its place, returning it again when the city's inhabitants protested. However, on its return it was placed in a residual space, directly on the ground, with no explanation or any sign to identify it.

The thing I found interesting about the stone is not its possible religious function, but its strange ambiguity and how it is situated in reality as a strange object. It seems like a landmark or signal, similar to the ones that mark a specific place on a path, when what it is actually doing is to signal another space that has disappeared. An item which in the building where it stands – the Catholic cathedral – evokes another building now removed, denying the fundament of the later edifice, eating away at it like a worm inside an apple.

It is said that one of the functions of sculpture is to retrieve or safeguard a certain kind of memory. Here, however, the piece designates its impossibility – the impossibility of being able to return to an origin (because those that might have known it are no longer alive) – and so it stands in limbo.

While I was having to think and write on the accidental distance, I remembered the stone because of the way it was situated in that place: very closely but also distantly. I also thought about how people needed to touch it, as if doing so would bring some kind of connection or belonging. I'd like to be able to replicate the same intensity in a work, to insert something whose origin and function in a place was unknown, leaving the surrounding space in suspense. This would only be possible if the piece's presence recalled an absence caused by some kind of violence.

Social distance

Arantza Santesteban

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For most people, daily life has become a continual negotiation with different regulations affecting the use of common space and our own relation to other bodies. Social distance, which the anthropologist Edward T. Hall defined as the necessary distance between people unknown to one another or where trust has not yet been established, has engulfed all other distances: personal, public and sometimes even intimate. The metre and a half between us is our measure of safety, of socialisation, of the closest we can get.

Although we know that all spatial and physical distance is subject to cultural interpretation and therefore to change, we often wonder whether our bodies will ever encounter one another as they did 'before'. Our nostalgia for 'before', a before we already knew was insufficient, coexists with our longing for 'another future', on which we place little expectation, knowing how precarious it already is. Neoliberalism will not provide futures for all of us; but in the midst of this uncertainty desire still travels towards what will come, once all this is over.

In this absurd wait, bodies renegotiate the social distance between them. It is not only a metre and a half that separates us, but a whole chain of estrangements that deepens the sense of distancing: the mask, arrows on the ground, a stranger sneezing.

For decades our bodies have been reclaiming their political condition, their capacity to appear and name themselves; but in the present of this pandemic, the body has become a more tangible dimension than what academic tendencies and activism had previously suspected. More than ever before, we are our bodies. The critique of the illusion of incorporeality – whereby we can work until we burst, swallow pills to feel nothing, and consume everything – might be more widely accepted today if we were to defend it through art, activism or our own lives.

But desire has fled; apathy is stronger than protest, and the task of rethinking transgression has become a difficult one. We try to compensate our distance from others through digital hyperconnection – a lifesaver at times, an inexhaustible source of dissatisfaction at others. Social closeness is paradoxical on Internet: there is a greater physical distance between bodies and spaces, yet each connection is accompanied by a sense of loss. Our bodies know they are not there, which exhausts them and renders them powerless.

We frame ourselves for our un-close connections, but our intimacy lives not only in the details we allow them to see – selected bibliography, family photos, well-watered plants – something in the form of a question arises in us through everything outside the frame: does she live alone, will the kids be there, will his lover appear?

Interpreting the way bodies vibrate today, and decoding the ambiguity of their signals, requires additional attention and care, which beyond being an extra load could show us that the idea of transgressing distances, today more than ever, requires sensitivity towards one another.

P.S.
Thinking amid uncertainty is like swimming in the sea with no land in sight.
Making strokes, but where to?

Public distance

Nazario Díaz

>»<

"Háblame, cuerpo" (Speak to Me, Body) exists through having kept alive the phonetic transformation of my own flow of speech, in its broadest formal dimension, taking it through different energetic states in relation to a specific architectural space. It is in some way a re-enactment of "El nido" (The Nest), an action by Pepe Espaliú at Sonsbeek festival (Arnhem, the Netherlands), from August 1993, some weeks before he died. It's now August 2020, twenty-seven years later. Instead of walking in circles around a tree trunk, I do it around a prehistoric monolithic mass.

It amuses me to consecrate my performance to a rock over forty million years old; that after going through a black hole in 2020, this inert but living matter should be the focus and cause of my own resonances on an August afternoon. I tried to make the rock resonate. To hold it up, to raise it, to erode it from different angles and positions. A wonderful lesson – in trying to penetrate the rock I ended up being fucked by it.* Three monoliths at the chapel of Arretxinaga (Markina-Xemein, Bizkaia) hold one another up in a rare formation created by the rock's decomposition. The cult of Saint Michael developed around the formation, and has existed for a mere three hundred years, the chapel having been built in 1734 above and around the rocks.

We try to capture that which escapes us, to dominate the flow of abstract, mysterious Nature, whose mission is not to clarify the meaning of life to us but the contrary, I think: to preserve what cannot be named. The spiritual endeavour requires a vibrant movement between action and absolute passivity. To stay still and nourish the instant with a feline presence. Presence, just a stone's inherent quality.

I think of the spiritual distance connecting us with things. Its existence cannot be doubted, I would tell Edward T. Hall. An invisible, palpitating, ascendant journey. We cannot count this place in metres. It is a threshold beyond which the visible and audible escape us. An invocation of a territory that connects us to what is inside us and was also inside that stone.

I remember what it meant to do the same action at the Museo Reina Sofia last October. Then, the Markina-Xemein rock became a sculpture by Richard Serra in room 102. Although the pieces of *Equal-Parallel: Guernica-Bengasi* have not been seen for thirty years (the artist made a free duplicate in 2008) I was still not allowed near them. For reasons of conservation. But in its attempt to reach the spiritual, my body tried out other ways of touching the blue oxide circles of Serra's sculpture. And allowed them to penetrate it, of course.

I like to get perilously close to sacred objects when I perform. To transcend the minimum distance in order to attain the spiritual distance I mentioned. This is paradoxical. The attempt to disappear when searching for spiritual nearness is a poetic failure. To erase myself by insisting on a gesture or in an action is not to disappear. "Háblame, cuerpo" fails precisely because it exists in the poetic terrain of the disappearance of a body. I mean, I don't disappear. Does matter actually disappear? What does it mean to be close to disappearing? Is the atomic condition, the atom, the ultimate condition, the one that comes just before absolute nothingness? Is what escapes us the closest thing to the presence of a rock?

* "Follar con una roca o hacia una proxemia espiritual" was a text relating to the performance "Háblame, cuerpo", made during the *Cuerpos extraños cerca* action sessions mediated by Camila Téllez for Harriak 2020.

Circular distance

Ander Pérez Puelles

‹ ›

> *In the plains in the mountains by the seas by the rivers running water running fire the air is the same and then the earth namely the air and then the earth in the great cold the great dark the air and the earth abode of stones in the great cold alas alas in the year of their Lord six hundred and something the air the earth the sea the earth abode of stones in the great deeps the great cold on sea on land and in the air*[1]

We are in the woods. The language of a schizophrenic has no direction. I'm waiting for someone who's not arriving. (I know they're not coming, but fucking hope is compressing my brain.) Three days wait for an act that will never happen. All I find at every turn is the space where I am. It's theatre. I read theatre because the word has been intersected by the body; the word is closer, though the intersected body is distant and is not my own. An old woman is sitting in a plastic chair while they rehearse the script for the play around her. Inaction is often the best tactic; everything is there, so there. She does nothing, even her eyes don't move. It's as if she were sitting beside me; close by.

I imagine then my grandmother sitting or lying like a mermaid on the *trébede*. *"Trébede"* is the name of a raised platform similar to a hypocaust, a type of heating. It is also the title of the third video recording of the same exercise, tested with different groups of people, varying the light conditions.[2]

We did the first recording at home, drunk, after clapping in the window. The second in an empty plot in Okendo. Something similar happened in both of them: the cast's bearing, their pose in the video (as characters in the video) were directed towards an image. Posing requires indoctrinating the body in relation to the gaze, it means preparing yourself for someone's gaze.

For the last recording my group of childhood friends have offered to do the recording and then a kind of caring starts happening that breaks up the pose. Our gaze is complicit and we aim for nothing beyond the exercise and ourselves. We reap the harvest and lie back to look at the stars. Head on hips, head on towel, head on thigh, legs on chest, heads together, insect bite bumps, runs away and doesn't see the step, face on the ground, swallows grass, babyface, swollen legs, glasses flying. Laughing at him, throwing ourselves onto the ground, laughing. Our commitment to our fondness ends up overflowing the game, the scene itself, and it overflows in me as the one who sparked the situation.

I look back at the first recordings. I begin to see that the issue is not whether the accomplices had (or hadn't) any relation with the art world, which was what I thought at first, but how I, as the trigger of the situation, manage (or not), as with word and theatre, to get the situation to intersect their bodies.

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1. Samuel Beckett, *Waiting for Godot*. London: Faber & Faber, 2006.
2. vimeo.com/520880090

Times of bodies and breakages

Martí Manen

«

To speak of bodies, distance and proximity; to speak through membranes, skin, contact; to speak of viruses, grids; to speak of performativity and the moment of encounter. To speak of times, situations, to speak of physical memory, gesture, touch. To speak and also to understand the weight of language. There are leaps between Blanchot, Bachelard and Deleuze. There is a difference in rhythms between text which is body and text which is dance. Text which is and text which refers to. In each type there is body and space; there is a definition of the physical in each, and in each a specific distance.

The idea of time, the idea of history, constantly requires revision. We look at yesterday from today and predefine our tomorrow, but there are always leaps and spaces to turn. From a particular position, we define a temporal spectrum to revise or project, through bodies in particular situations. History vanishes, time becomes complex, and Elizabeth Freeman observes subjectivity and politics in bodies and moments in contrast to a closed off definition of history. In the wake of Julia Kristeva, Freeman speaks of chronobiopolitics and the implication of bodies – and their position in intimate space – as a system which reformulates an ideal, linear structure of national history, as compared to a broken, cyclical, domestic time weighted with historical subjectivity.[1] The broken, invisible time of domesticity that hides identities to be left out of the narrative of history; cyclical time, which goes nowhere except back to a constant question about us as subjects, our fragility as a possible encounter, our dissidence and impotence. About the minor and the reduced. Intimacy as an ahistorical field outside regulated time. In COVID-19, circular time, the domestic, private space directly occupied the social sphere, which abandoned the physicality of public space and, through the grid and the membrane, allowed for private moments. And thus for bodies, which are also images, and a specific place. Bodies seen from a distance predetermined by the grid display. The performativity of our bodies changed, and so did their rhythms.

In a swift exercise of adapting to the medium, work meetings and family encounters shared the same formats. Zoom, Teams, previously Skype, and other commercially aimed technological systems began to define the codes of our relationships. On Zoom – we will speak of Zoom as an expanded field – we have shared forms of individual and group behaviour; we know who's speaking by the colour of the grid; we know when to silence our own voices, we know when it's acceptable not to share our own image. We also know how to be patient with temporary dislocations; how to build something up out of broken fragments, how to share our domestic spaces and discern what is private, what is acceptable; we know how to adopt a certain form of social behaviour that involves asking other people how they are, how they feel, what things are like where they are; what is the current moment like for them, what do they know of the future; what experiences do we share, which are different? It all happened very fast, but there is always a previous experience, there are always moments of anticipation. Codes and the gazes in them.

I remember a series of videos and installations by Saskia Holmkvist.[2] These works were observations of a grid, which in this case was not so evident. The grid, which because of its invisibility might not be perceived, was a system of relations and interactions defined by positions of power. Yes, power; complex power, but power even so. In one of the videos, we see a politician and his simultaneous interpreter being interviewed. Being able to understand the approach of the interviewer meant that the translator could soften the politician's political position. She could turn political arrogance into something acceptable to their receivers. In another of the videos, we see an interview; this time not with a politician, but an asylum seeker. The translator was now not only a mediator sensitive to how he will be heard and perceived from the outside, but someone with the capacity to limit the asylum seeker's life. It is in the hands of the translator whether or not the candidate "says" what must be said at this crucial meeting at a government immigration agency. Nobody knows whether the translator said what the asylum seeker did; it's a question of faith. In another of Saskia Holmkvist's videos, we see a job interview. Questions in such interviews tend to be the same, and the answers matter little: what matters is how you act, the type of performativity staged. It is your body and gestures that will give you a security that might become a position in the workplace; the pauses, your control of the situation and your body will be your entrance into one or another work situation. A rupture in the moment will give rise to a "no". What is said is less important; the whole body is listened to.

Bodies on Zoom, in this new distanced intimacy, become dismantled, a constant source of information. Bodies can break up or be stuck at the previous second,

1. Elizabeth Freeman, *Time Binds: Queer Temporalities, Queer Histories*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2010.

2. See *Saskia Holmkvist: In Translation*. Exhibition catalogue, HOK (Henie Onstad Kunstsenter). Revolver, 2012.

> *The Breathing Lesson,* 2001. 6 min © Dora García <

> Ian Cheng, *BOB* (still), 2018. Artificial lifeform. Dimensions variable. Courtesy the artist and Gladstone Gallery, New York and Brussels. Photography by David Regen. Installation view, "Ian Cheng: BOB," at Gladstone Gallery, New York, 2019 <

can be glitched. The digital medium is incorporated and bodies play with it to its full extent. There are visible filters, contexts have become part of the body-image, and the background can be chosen or erased with colour or superimposition. The body-image is amplified through what has become a routine practice. There was a moment when a family happened to appear in a newsreader's (home) office. That then became a norm, and scraps of domesticity started appearing in many meetings – uninvited characters, the gaze escaping the camera to focus on something beyond the Zoom grid. Bodies are broken into time, pixels; they break in a context beyond the visible background.

In his beginnings,[3] Deleuze spoke of the break as a word, and the leap from there to the wound as a marker of time. Linguistically, the break is still something in process, like the glitches on Zoom that leave our bodies on standby. There is not a wound but a break. Moments that escape from our bodies. Only afterwards do we understand those moments as something to negotiate, as situations in which we must wait to determine if we are still there or have disappeared.

I remember a video by Dora García, *The Breathing Lesson,* from 2001. I go back to this video from time to time. A young girl is staring at the camera in the foreground, at more or less the same distance from the camera that Zoom works now, in 2021, when this text was written. The breathing instructor is in the background. She is indicating how her student must breathe: rhythms, ways, speed. The student's body is being controlled from a distance. There is control of life – and the possibility of death – from a distance, from a position of power, an idea of knowledge. We are in a closed space.

The body-image shows itself exuberantly through the perfectly accepted grid; but our bodies had already entered the digital medium before COVID-19. Digital bodies have been with us for a long time. This is surely the reason why we have not needed a long training for it; we have not been surprised by our pixelated bodies, and have leapt directly into the digital sphere and accepted all its implicit norms. Digital bodies are also possible intimacy, and distance, too. They are cold, and maybe something more. Digital bodies can know they are digital, and can even interact without the need for a "human" physiology. Ian Cheng's algorithmic works manage to endow digital bodies with life and interaction of their own. The work of art then becomes the context (the grid) where life happens. A new life, faster, surely; a life that can also be cut off at any moment. A life we (or Ian Cheng) can decide whether to endow with memory, whether to let it remember what happened before; whether it will grow, evolve, or die. A life on a grid, in a series of codes, encoded. There is also a meta-referential option, of dialogue, with digital bodies. While Ian Cheng uses logarithms to generate a closed, digitally interactive environment, Ed Atkins speaks through the voice of the digital being, who is made to be a part of an artwork, a technically advanced being, no longer the being in those first technological attempts, nor a secondary being from a digitally animated world, who becomes a field for artistic study in the work of Pierre Huyghe and Philippe Parreno. Atkins beings know themselves to be advanced, and discover the possibility of digital perfection as a representation of the body in their own bodies; they discover how to be bodies, how to be text. A body that knows it can be modified towards perfection; one that can have digital wounds and represented history. A digital body that can be conscious of every single hair it possesses, each one of its pores, the temperature of its simulated breathing. A digital body that can be conscious of how we are fooled, of how unnecessary breathing is for this body that looks in the mirror in our own body. This being speaks to us and speaks to itself, being text, and understanding dance.

However, the digital being inside the digital body is an artificial one. Its artificiality implies a problem with intimacy. Intimacy involves an advanced, subtle gaze, a certain lack of knowledge as compared to the idea itself. Digital animation has struggled with the complexity of the gaze: eyes have been closed, veiled or dead, whereas digitally created hair exploded with grace and fascination. Intimacy is something to be felt and shared; it approaches the perception of a world largely distanced from the machine and far from programmed numerical security. Eyes and definition. Kate Cooper works with the digital medium to emphasize its artificiality and relate it to the construction of our physical bodies. The gym then becomes the place where our body images are defined. The gym, with all its devices conceived for movement and effort. Gymnastic devices are a reaction to movement and require specific human movements in order to mean what they are intended. At the gym, an (also artificial) aesthetic defines a space, a set of colours and materials for a specific function. Kate Cooper takes her perfect digital characters into the aesthetic of the gym, where effort will lead to a certain look, an aesthetic in itself. Even when we are very close to such bodies, we know the closeness may not imply any kind of intimacy. Distances are no longer faithful indicators, and the gym is a kind of non-place, a time of waiting, yet another flesh mirror.

The fictionalised bodies of the digital world, with their digital perfections and imperfections, have seen other dirty bodies as fictitious as their own. Nathalie Djurberg takes Paul McCarthy's dirtiness into narrative. Whereas McCarthy incorporated dirt into identity in an obscenely performative manner, Djurberg uses the same resource to seek an equally obscene proximity. There are props and fiction in her work; it is visibly fake and its construction is open to view. But

3. Gilles Deleuze, *Logique du sens*. Paris: Les Éditions de Minuit, 1969.

> *Grotta Profunda, les humeurs du gouffre (Grotta Profunda, the moody chasm)*, 2011. HD video and sound. 28 min © Pauline Curnier Jardin <

the bodies in it are close; they exchange glances with us without the cold digital barrier. There is closeness, however dark or terrible. Closeness here allows much more than perfect digital bodies would. Djurberg's exhibitions may contain explicit violence or attempts at racism or abuse in the representation of identity; there may be highly explicit close-ups; but all of the bodies and fluids in her work have a physicality that approaches that of our own body and removes us from purely image-based empathy. When we look at digital bodies, we see ourselves represented; whereas the brutality of Paul McCarthy or Nathalie Djurberg enters directly into the world of the fable and that of our bodies in zones of digital encounter and the idea of intimacy. And then the great question, what are we made up of, what defines us as beings, what it is that makes us look at something and comprehend it as part of what we are?

From a different angle, Pauline Curnier Jardin turns to the body to trace the gaze historically through the construction of morality. Hers are physical bodies which carry the weight of mythology, ideas and history, politics and superstitions. In Curnier Jardin's installation at the 2017 Venice Biennale,[4] physicality gave way to visuality to maintain the viewer's experience of the body's sensuality. Visitors entered the work through a monstrous, gigantic hand and walked into a world far removed from the white cube. No white walls but red; flesh-like tactile mounds rose from the floor as part of a living organism one could fall into and watch a large video image. In it, several characters and bodies carried out a neo-pagan, feminist exercise with references to Greek mythology, Catholic ecstasy, witchcraft and a Dionysian inclination, in an operatic, theatrical construction. Reality as a metaphor and the present as a constant turning towards other moments and projection towards a future loaded with guilt and desire in equal parts. Bodies that are bodies and seek physicality, bodies that are bodies but know of ideas and representation. Sold bodies, felt bodies, bodies to see and look at. In Curnier Jardin's work, bodies are living a different moment, and are more like a kind of reference. They feel, but are also a leap into the past; the body is felt, but is also a historical or philosophical reference. Layers of information and things passed down will also affect bodies in the present, changing their performativity and desire, dismantling distances with time influencing the definition of space. Pauline Curnier Jardin's bodies do not know how to talk to each other; they are each in their separate moments, each one in a frame of reference and historical thread that cannot come to terms with that of the others'. Distances may be short, but translation or adaptation is impossible.

And in times of physical distancing and digital communication, it might be important to return to the idea of asynchronic dialogue, the epistolary wait. The intimacy of bodies – and between them – has led to continual situations in which the break, the grid and discrepancies in our timing must all be taken into account. How should immediacy now be handled? How do we overcome our constant need for speed and affirmation? How do we accept that distance also requires time? Bodies that are no longer present, but remain, the moments that follow, the defrayed gesture, the abeyance of the tactile: much of this can be found in the work of Félix González-Torres. In bringing emotional proximity and temperature into the political, domestic and intimate spheres, this artist's work was an absolute revolution, which brought about a shift in minimalist and conceptual approaches. Now, in the time of the pandemic, we see how his work continues to grow and generously relate to its immediate context and time. Physical distance and the transference of the body to the idea of the body while still somehow maintaining its warmth. The Norwegian artist Hanni Kamaly does not close the dates of her sculptures according to when they were realised; if a work was "made" in 2015 but exhibited in 2021, it continues to "be made" in 2021. This calls into view the work's relationship to its context and time, and defines the work as something that continues to happen. Félix González-Torres is still happening. He died. He is still happening in the possibility of moments with disparate narratives, associated with desires recorded in and through each moment. Desire also implies pain, sorrow, the recovery of beauty and moments, clouds in the sky in an infinite second, beds unmade to eternity. Glitches, pauses outside narrative, breaks that are not wounds.

The break as time, as an impasse. Bodies in tension, waiting. The break as the second that ought to disappear to allow the wound to emerge; an end or a next step. At a completely broken time, bodies have been waiting for this to lead to something, and have become part of the breakage. They have moved into the impasse that Zoom has professionalised. Our constant digital encounters have led to a dislocation with the physical world, and we do not know how long it will take to be recovered. They require us to stay within something we never foresaw. The breakage continues, and like a waterfall, continues to slide at full speed with its continuous, deafening sound. Joyce Carol Oates, in *The Falls,*[5] manages to capture the constant noise that calls upon a dark desire to jump into the fall and end it all. In *The Silence,*[6] Don DeLillo encounters exactly the same thing in silence: breakage, awareness of the impasse and the impossibility of understanding, but at the same time, being bodies and physicality; beginning to discern distances, proximity and emotions that will start to explode in the future, whatever that brings.

4. *Grotta Profunda.*

5. Joyce Carol Oates, *The Falls*. New York: Ecco Press, 2004.
6. Don DeLillo, *The Silence*. London: Picador, 2020.

> Kate Cooper, *Rigged,* 2014, video stills. Courtesy of the artist <

Four texts from the “Performance Edición” blog

Itziar Okariz

»

I was invited to write this blog, “Performance Edición”, by Miren Eraso, the then director of *Zehar* magazine, I think in 2009.[1] I wrote four posts, spaced apart in time, and had some comments in return, of which I only remember Azucena Vieites’ and Carme Nogueira’s, Aimar Arriola’s and Dora García’s.

When Aimar used the word “distance” in his invitation to write for *eremuak*, I thought about how it related to two projects I’m currently immersed in. One is a book of “scores” (the “material”) from *Diario de sueños*, the other is a protocol for the *Respiración Oceánica* performance for a museum/MNCARS collection. Precisely because these (like any other score or instruction manual) are texts for “the future”, “which becomes present” when it is live, direct. Written from a distance, like a plan.

I thought of those texts, which are like looking out of a window, from a distance, onto a yard, onto the nature of performance. I thought they might help me with the *Diario de sueños* and *Respiración Oceánica* with the instructions, the scores, the contracts (meaning obligations you take on with yourself in relation to a specific performance process), with materiality, distance.

Here they are.

You can dance

I had it on the brain. “Dancing Queen”, by ABBA. They showed the film *Mamma mia* on the plane from Madrid to NYC.

I realise it makes no sense to speak of Abba in relation to performance. Such is life – I had Abba, not Nina Hagen or Siouxie on the brain, who would have been more convenient. But I prefer to record what “really” happened, to call on truthfulness. The landscape I want to unveil is the overacting of the eighties disco scene. It gives a hint of the ideological, aesthetic landscape I had around me when I started working in art, which had its bearing on how I approached the word “performance” and its realization.

But I was wanting to talk about the memorial to Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick. This was the happening I was planning to speak about, as an excuse in relation to performance. María José came from Madrid especially for the occasion and two other friends, Iñaki and Dani, were also dragged into it. They weren’t familiar with Sedgwick’s work and found themselves one Saturday morning in the auditorium of CUNY university, in the shadow of the Empire State Building, acting as the audience in the seats there. We were looking at a stage occupied by a huge group of people sitting in folding chairs, who were taking turns to go up to a mike on a podium: her therapist, her favourite students, her

1. The background to this blog was No. 65 of *Zehar* magazine, titled “Performancedición/Performancedizioa”. Miren Eraso passed away in December 2009. (Editor’s note.)

brother, friend… paying homage to Eve K. Sedgwick, who died of cancer in April [2009].

Eve K. Sedgwick, together with Judith Butler and others, articulated the term "performative" in gender and queer studies.

I got to know her work fairly late on, after *Touching Feeling. Affect, Pedagogy, Performativity* (2003) had been published. It's the first book of hers I read. The book is astounding in its subtlety and in how it brings seemingly irreconcilable things together.

To freely paraphrase the book's introduction, I will resist articulating so that the condition of possibility may remain open. "At best I hope […] where some approaches may be […] inarticulated, a sense of possibility."

I am barely within performance. I have always felt an enormous resistance to the use of the word in relation to my work. I have preferred to use "action" instead, which is more immediate, further from the theatrical reference. Actually, this is nothing but a ruse, although the desire to not represent, to access the "real", remains. It is really a consequence of the time and context my work was developed in, of the limits and limitations of that context and of my own limits, too.

It's all a question of words, etymology, kinship: "performance" sounds to me like the word "heterosexual". Both call up a resistance to normative imposition in me, a red flag. They are expressions of limits.

It wasn't until later that I started consciously using the word, stubbornly (I'm also a Taurus) after appropriating and developing the word "performativity" through queer theory and gender studies (among other things). I don't know if it's just a coincidence, but there was a shift in how I negotiated with the "spectators" or "audience" and the "spectacle" in my work; I could mention *Aplauso* at the Guggenheim Bilbao museum here.[2] There was a change there from most of my actions, in which I get a random audience who have not been invited.

And so my work has developed around the word "performance", how it is registered, and what can be represented in relation to it. Its edition. Perhaps because the "live and direct" access to performance happened to occur more in popular culture, at concerts. Whereas my access to "live art" in Bilbao, at the Fine Art Faculty, came about via historical records of it, and my interest has focused more on unravelling the nature of such records.

The word "performance" seems to be estranged from its context, and recently I've been wondering about its meaning, seen interchangeably from the art system or from contexts more closely related to queer theory and gender studies. Hybridization is so productive! The context and genealogy of the

2. *Applause*. 16th October 2007. Performance. Sound recording on vinyl. Guggenheim Museum, Bilbao. — The performer faces the public with a slow steady clapping. It makes the public aware of their role as spectators and their expectations. The tension between them grows until it becomes unbearable and suddenly someone starts clapping in response, as an irreverent gesture towards the rigor of the performer. The clapping spreads rapidly like a virus and the public is now comforted in the joy of feeling belonging and the performer raises the speed of the clapping until it all merges in the anonymous applause. It continues for a while until slows down, people get tired and stop and the performer recovers the slow steady clapping of the beginning alone again and then stops.

term are not exactly the same, the subject neither, the production of meaning is aimed at different landscapes of knowledge, although sometimes the frontiers are blurred or non-existent. I'm fascinated by specificity, the convention in each instance, in all instances.

(Note: [In October 2009] there will be a symposium on the work of Eve K. Sedgwik: www.bu.edu/honoringeve)

ghtdsgvcbvjdj

By allusion: Joan Jonas last Thursday, *Reading Dante*, at Performing Garage. The tickets were sold out, but I'd bought mine online (will call). I got there early and found a seat close to the stage, but not too close in case the performance needed a volunteer from the audience.

Two empty seats were left on either side of me, one of them for Begoña, who was queueing outside. A short man with glasses crept over from one of the seats in front and sat down on my right, the room filled up and Begoña wasn't there; another, very tall man asked me if he could take the seat on my left, it was too late, Begoña's seat was gone.

On the stage a screen showed the inside of a shop window, from the shop window you could see the street outside: Soho, maybe Chelsea. On one side of the stage was a table with objects on it, a blackboard, a camera. Another camera on the other side of the stage. Props.

The two men recognise one another and start talking. I hear one of them in my left ear, the other in my right; I feel like I'm wearing headphones. After a short while they ask if the conversation on either side is annoying me. "No, it's very entertaining", I reply, but I offer to move so that they can sit together; they turn down my offer.

"Isn't that your gallery?" asks the taller of the two, on my left, pointing at the screen. "Yeah", and they talk about Rebecca and a boy, and Europe. The taller one asks, "Is Joan's piece any good?" and the gallery owner on my right hesitates then says, "It's gtrsfdlmnh". I tried to sharpen my hearing but couldn't hear his description. "You know what I mean?" he says without being ironical. "No", says the taller one. The original speaker turns to me: "Do you?" "No, I don't either." What am I supposed to say? – I didn't understand the word. He asks if I know "Joan's" work. "Joan has a really special personality", he says. I find that suspended time, where he seemed to be in doubt, interesting. It makes me think the piece might not be any good, "Ugh, it was a gafsmkjhnb", I think.

And *Reading Dante* is a "gtrsmnjhlkjh", a mess, a fantastic mess; it reminds me of something from my earlier blog:

To freely paraphrase the book's introduction, I will resist articulating so that the condition of possibility may remain open. "At best I hope [...] where some approaches may be [...] inarticulated, a sense of possibility."

Articulation is overrated.

Joan Jonas' piece is not articulated as one would expect of crystalline art pieces; she lays her approximations side by side (occurrence, tableau vivant, objects, film, drawings, camera, etc.) in a cumulus. There is something extraordinary in this way of showing how a record of something is made. The audacity of recording, the difference and similarity between what actually happens, is Houdini-like in its passion for revealing the fallacy of mediums while simultaneously being an illusionist. The sense of possibility is exacerbated. There is a slight shift; something is dismantled, to be precise.

She exposes the nature of the time of an occurrence and its recording, its transformation into language.

This leads me to what happens when the performance ends: you can applaud, or not; I always do. Sometimes when a piece is over you are left with a clear sensation, which you can easily interpret, but sometimes you need that suspended moment like the gallery owner's – not to search for a convention, but to articulate a meaning. Because it's complex.

"Ghtdsgvcbvjdj" protects us from convention, from perfectly fitting Joan Jonas' performance into a slot.

(Note: This November [2009] Performa 09 is being held in NYC, the third edition of the performance biennial directed by RoseLee Goldberg: http:// performa-arts.org/blog/)

The truth machine (the lie detector)

The space contains a podium, a ladder with three steps, a rope hanging from the ceiling, a projector on a plinth, a free-standing screen, a performer, chairs and an audience. The performer is reciting a long text from memory while she moves around the scene, from one item to another. All very basic. The text is a series of fragmented comments on voice and its connection to language, references to different sources from Grotowski to *The Wizard of Oz*.

This is *Learning to Imitate*, a performance by Yael Davids.

I haven't seen this performance. I haven't seen most of the artworks I know "live and direct", and that isn't just the performances, but also paintings, drawings, it makes no difference, not even the documents the artist puts together later. I know the pieces from reproductions of them in books, catalogues, Internet... Most of the time, I forget that my memory of works is constructed from documents, second-hand information; I confuse the record of the work with the work itself.

Eve K. Sedgwick, in "Pedagogy of Buddhism" from *Touching Feeling*, uses an allegory with infinite grace. I'll borrow it here. Sedgwick talks of how, when she tries to show her cat something significant by pointing to it (she uses the example of a new photo of herself, or of the full moon), the cat stares at the tip of her finger and sniffs it, getting the pedagogical gesture completely wrong.

Half of the artworks I like I haven't seen live; like Sedgwick's cat, I depend on the pointing finger, and I wonder if I'm not obstinately confusing the fingertip with the object of reference.

It's a re-use of the Buddhist image of the "finger pointing at the moon"; I quote:

"The implication of the finger/moon image is that pointing may invite less misunderstanding than speech, but that even its non-linguistic concreteness cannot shield it from the slippery problems that surround reference."

A happy solution, one of infinite possible solutions, to the pedagogical problem of the moon and the pointing fingertip, would be that both are one and the same thing. But to insist on the pedagogical problem of the production and interpretation of documents, which in the end is the problem of communication, of language itself: the bodily functions that manifest "live" are different to those that manifest when we are faced with a reproduction. I was thinking this the other day, at a performance by Trisha Brown at the DIA Center, where I got so emotional my eyes filled with tears. This happens to me live but not with reproductions. It would be a bit strange to think I'd start crying with a reproduction, it's never happened to me, which of course doesn't mean it never will. Functions such as movement, smell, etc. And all of this has to do with the nature of language and it takes me to Yael's performance, which is really about this, about the voice as the link between the body and language.

I don't want to speak of the body, the word "body" irritates me, the abuse of it bores me, so I won't mention it again except to say that no, it's not about the body but about going from room to room as Trisha does, from the particular language being used, from the context engaged; anything except submitting myself to the regulated word; it's about language as an enormously complex occurrence in communication.

Yael is a good friend of Jon Mikel's, who is also a good friend of mine. They were in Holland together. He and I chat on Skype, and after Yael performed *Learning to Imitate* he and I were talking a lot about it, I can't remember "what", exactly, but we went back to it again and again. I wanted to know what it was, I had a feeling of performance, of reconstructing it in my head, imagining it.

Jon Mikel did some drawings for Yael, they show a performance, I won't post these drawings as yet, because I want to keep the imagination of the performance with no image to mediate between us and it. I'll stick to text.

Some years have gone by since all this, my memory is very selective and remembers pieces of it. There was something profoundly interesting in Yael's performance as I imagined it; I wrote her an e-mail:

"... also I couldn't see a way: What interested me most (one of the many things) about your performance (the fantasy that I have about it since I have not seen it) is the feeling that I have that it has a relation somehow with Butho. It's a powerful fantasy."

It is indeed a powerful fantasy.

Some months ago, I saw Beckett's *Happy Days* at BAM. I especially like this work. I've been familiar with it for a very long time, maybe even since I was a child, I've read it hundreds of times, first in Spanish, then in English, in different editions with different photographs in them. I really like reading plays,

imagining them. The annotations on how, where, etc. When I finally saw it in the theatre the joy went out of me. The live and direct reality didn't do justice to my powerful fantasy, built up over years of imagining and rereading it, looking at the photos of the woman buried in her skirt, with her umbrella. It was quite possibly a mediocre theatrical version — or maybe not, but that's not the issue – it's all about not confusing the fingertip and the moon, though they might turn out to be one and the same thing.

Where am I heading with all of this? Unarticulated reflection in which I get a sense of possibility. Cat and finger pointing. Finger pointing at the moon. Understanding, knowing, realising, what Sedgwick says. Where I'm heading with all this is to signal the complexity of the language of communication, of memory, of intelligibility, and speaking of that, of the norm as a possible requisite of intelligibility defined.

I was wanting to speak of paradoxes; I haven't seen Yael's performance and yet I've been engrossed by it. I was wanting to use it as a reference in a workshop I ran at the MUSAC last summer. I asked Yael for information on it and then I picked up on *Learning to Imitate* and made a version of it. She very generously offered it to me. I don't know if anything will come out of it but it was a pleasure, an excuse to give my attention to Yael's performance *Learning to Imitate*.

Whatever shines

"'*Whatever shines should be observed' said astronomer William Herschel, discoverer of Uranus. He was referring to heavenly bodies, but I'd like to expand the meaning for your use. According to my analysis, it has become very important for you to notice, observe, and think about anything that shines.* (*TAURUS,* April 20–May 20)"

So began my horoscope that week, by Rob Brezsny in the *Village Voice*. Whatever shines must be observed...

An article in the *New York Times* talked about the decadence of "born digital" matter, "ultimately a cumulus of zeros and ones", it said. How do we store, preserve and create access to matter that degrades at an alarming speed, the access to which, discernment of and conservation is turning out to be complex? Especially when our only experience of this depends on law enforcement agencies. In a sci-fi future where a catastrophe would lead to the destruction of archives and the technology that preserves them, our civilization – a bit like prehistoric ones – would leave no traces. The ancient Aztec, Egyptian, etc. civilizations would have been better at leaving their own stories behind.

Why speak of digital matter? Because it is getting closer and closer to disappearing each day, not only because of its fragile nature, but also due to saturation. It seems to get closer and closer to oral narrative each day. There's something I find totally alluring about the nature of the document, which is so fragile it is on the edge of disappearance or inefficiency. When we speak of performance as an art defined by its tendency to disappear, I can only think about the relative immanence of the records of it.

I was asked to think of a film for a series of screenings, and was looking back over some of my favourites. First I watch *Hotel Monterrey* (1972) and *News*

from Home (1977) by Chantal Akerman. As I was watching *Hotel Monterrey* I realised I had unconsciously reproduced one of the shots in it in *Mear en espacios públicos o privados. News from Home* surprises me because of its relation to Chris Marker's *Sans Soleil* (1983), another of my favourite films. *Sans Soleil* is effective as a bird's eye view. I watch them one after the other and notice that both films have the same structure: images and documents of a city or cities and letters read by an off-screen narrator. The letters in *Sans Soleil* are from a cameraman to a female recipient whose voice reads from them. In *News from Home,* the letters are written from "Chantal's" mother to Chantal, who has recently moved to New York. Over images of the city in the 'seventies, Akerman's voice reads out the letters from her mother, who gives hardly any news from home but keeps asking for "something", ceaselessly, until the letters become almost abstract.

My liking for Chantal Akerman's films began when I started renting them out from Kim's Video, when I first arrived in New York fifteen years ago. Kim's was a video club in St. Marks Place which had a fantastic collection of films.

I find Chantal Akerman's use of the camera interesting. Sometimes it's almost documentary. The camera in *Hotel Monterrey* seems to be hidden. The image is almost abstract, in very long shots that last nearly two minutes, and time seems to have stopped in shots that could be photographs. The off-centre framing is unlike the habitual convention in which the main element occupies the middle of the frame.

"Film" is not so much a narrative as a conceptual gesture: *News from Home, Hotel Monterrey, La chambre...*: these films maintain a link to what has "really" happened; they are images produced by reality. It is not the camera which produces the image, but the other way round. They are not exactly documentary images, but records of something real: letters from a mother, passages in a hotel...

About time in her films, Chantal Akerman says, "Time is mine", unlike when you read a book, in which case time is yours. Time interests her as a subject. I find this one of the most interesting qualities in her films: the time you need in a shot to perceive that time is passing. "When do I decide to cut?" she asks. In a performance I did this year [2010] for ARCO *(How do you do?)* I said goodbye uninterruptedly to the audience. Standing in front of a mike, I repeated a sound recording in a loop that basically consisted in the words "thanks", "thank you very much", as I leaned over the audience to reach the mike. When does the performance end? When do you decide to stop?

Then, after fourteen minutes of uninterrupted thanks, the audience started clapping, as if the performer would need a gesture, the gesture of applause, to mark the end and the audience's permission to say goodbye. I stopped there. There seemed to be a reason to do so.

This performance could have been prolonged to infinity. I'd appropriated the applause for the performance itself in order to be able to define the time of it and extend it infinitely (if there was no gesture to stop it). The audience who had come together there could have given me their applause or not – although I wonder if that is a real possibility or if the gestures that identify us as performer and audience aren't already too deeply integrated for us to decide to ignore them.

"Although the really peculiar thing about me, demographically, is that I probably watch less than twelve hours of television in a given year, and have watched that little since age fifteen. (An individual who watches no television is still a scarcer beast than one who doesn't have an email address.) I have no idea how that happened. It wasn't a decision. (...) Because I need to have a life and waste time and write." (William Gibson on his website.)

I and William Gibson (the author of *Pattern Recognition, Idoru, Neuromancer*...) share the demographic particularity of watching around twelve hours of television per year. Gibson says that the average time spent watching TV per year is the same amount of time he spends writing, from which I fail to understand why he's written so few books. I'm afraid the average time spent watching TV is much lower than what I'd thought.

TV happens in its own time. I have no problem renting videos at the video club, with Internet or with reading any book, but I can't stand the time of TV, where the programming happens outside of me.

Time in Chantal Akerman's films feels like real time, my own real time, that is, and not like TV time. It's me looking at how Jeanne Dielman (*Jeanne Dielman 23, quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles*) makes a coffee or goes down in the lift. But that time remains there, il haven't been cheated out of it, it's there in the long, sustained shots and the distanced gaze. It's hard to explain what happens with time in Chantal Akerman's films, it's as if you don't lose your awareness of your self. That loss, a habitual quality in entertainment, is not in her films.

Modern flesh

Olatz González Abrisketa

> His entire body bristled as if he were a little dog in the forest who was well fed and cared for and who hears the hungry cry of the wolves, his savage brothers.
> —Irène Némirovsky, *The Dogs and the Wolves.*

I'm writing this text from the valley of Karrantza, where Ainhoa Gutiérrez del Pozo and I have been spending some time. We're staying in the Matienzo area, with Gloria, Rafa and their many animals. The hens have been inside for a month because of a vixen who saw them as food for herself and her cubs. Thirteen hens are left of the previous thirty-two. Right now, in a small gap between the bushes about a hundred metres away from the house, Gloria has laid two separate cages, one next to the other. One is empty. She is waiting for a predator to enter it and tread on the trapdoor mechanism, trapping it inside. That might be a fox, but also a genet cat, weasel or even a raccoon, which have been introduced into Karrantza during the past ten years. The other cage is temporarily occupied by a cockerel who had to be separated from the hens because his passions were getting too much for them. Right now the cockerel is being used as a bait. We can hear him from the house, and Gloria hopes his singing will act as a call to the hunted predator, so that she'll be able to set her hens free.

Prey and prison, skin and domestication, are the themes of the film Ainhoa and I are working on. We've come to Karrantza to talk to some hunters. One of us told us that after a wild boar culling, he was calling in his dogs from their roaming and there was a bloodhound who still hadn't come in. Her GPS showed she was in an area that couldn't be got to at that time of night, and she hadn't moved in the last hour. In the morning he'd found her torn to pieces. The only thing he could pick up was her collar. He said the wolves had devoured her, and it was becoming a common practice for them to attack dogs lost in the mountains. Vultures are also suspects for devouring domesticated animals, particularly females giving birth during the daytime. During a laborious birth, the sight of the prone animal and the smell of the placenta attract crows, and then Egyptian vultures and finally the larger species, which devour the newborn animal and sometimes even part of the mother, who bleeds to death. After the mad cow crisis, the heaps where the corpses of animals that had died of accidental causes were taken were closed down, and the vultures have slowly turned to predatory activities instead of scavenging. This worries rural populations and causes unease in those who think that animal distances are stable, like species and territorial borders. The late half of the nineteenth century gave birth to the evolutionary and political theories that have separated us from other animals and other human beings. The criteria and classification systems for species, races and cultures were established and the longest kilometrical extensions of international borders were drawn out. Biological and political frontiers colonised contemporary thinking, dominated by nationalism and the biologism of species.

A frontier is basically a technology of distancing. Political borders create enormous distances between neighbouring territories while lessening the distance between others thousands of kilometres away; while in spite of their porousness, national frontiers are devices for subverting the order of physical distances. They impose uniformity among populations that have nothing in common, breaking the bonds between others whose problems are shared and who imagine analogous solutions.

Something similar occurs with the classification of species, which uses genetic or physiological criteria to determine the evolutionary distance between one animal and another. Humans are part of a line which relates us more closely to a chinchilla than to a dog, in spite of our thousands of years of companionship with the latter. Phylogenetic trees do not take into account different species' co-evolution. The human liking for meat and predatory drive are unlikely to have preceded the order of primates we belong to. Donna Haraway considers that it may be an outcome of having allied ourselves with canines. The bones of prey devoured at Atapuerca are known to be scored by human as well as canine tooth marks. Dogs apparently would have furtively devoured the remnants of the human's hunt; but might also have accompanied them. Human and canine development occurred together in the dance of co-evolution.

Several Australian aboriginal tribes share this understanding. Their origin myths speak of a dingo-human who split off into dog-people and human-people. In the Dreamtime or *Alcheri*, the decomposition of ancestral figures became the seminal deposit for all creatures past, present and future. Distances in time are also not the same in worlds where generations simultaneously inhabit a space replete with traces and marks. A fingerprint on a contract actualizes the maker in the same way that a dog can encounter a boar through the trace of the boar's scent along the same path some time before. But what kind of distance separates the

> Stills from film in progress. Maker: Ainhoa Gutiérrez del Pozo <

dog from the boar as it follows the boar's traces? Is the boar's scent part of its body? "Savage" thought has no understanding of distances, but only of marks, traces and analogies, surfaces, flesh.

"Flesh" is the translation for most of the Australian words for "totem", which an English fur trader thought he had identified in the story of an Ojibwa hunter who was worried because he had killed an *ototeman* bear ("of my kinship"). Totemism is grounded in the belief that seemingly different beings and phenomena share the same flesh. The world as a whole is divided into different kinds of flesh whose relationships depend on affects, precepts and qualities that belong to each one of them. Speed, softness, greenness; being striped, sincere or bitter, are properties given to different beings, and determine the character and fate of those possessing each one.

The Haro name shared its flesh with the wolves. Ochoa, Lope, Otsoitz, López (son of Lope), Lupo: names of a medieval lineage determined by a fervour for war and little loyalty to agreements. The Haros had scarce respect for alliances and pacts with the Castilian, Navarrese or French monarchs whenever their family honour or riches were threatened. Territorial bonds were not one of their priorities, either. In 1894, Sabino Arana called the Haros "exotic elements" in traditional Biscayan history and delivered a curse on the "wolves", which was fulfilled in 1986, when the General Assembly took the wolf off the regional shield. The members of the assembly alleged that wolves, the symbol of the Haro family, were no longer necessary, because Biscay no longer had a lord. The Provincial Council did not seem to want to take responsibility for the *canis lupus* which had started entering their territory from the neighbouring provinces of Burgos and Cantabria. The Iberian wolf was Spanish, and apart from its unwillingness to understand geopolitical orders, it was totally lacking in diplomatic vision: it had only just reappeared in 1984 when it attacked a flock of *latxa* sheep – our own flesh – in Gorbea.

Jacques Derrida, in his most recent seminar, explains that masks that allow the wearer to see without being seeing are known as "*loup*" (wolf) in French. These were mostly worn by women at fancy-dress balls; perhaps the inversion gave them a fleeting escape from their destinies. The gaze of the wolf condenses the fears of those who feel trapped, but also the aspirations of those seeking control. Any gaze will break the symmetry of distance.

II

Some years ago I visited the bullfighting museum in Bilbao under the Vista Alegre bullring. I was alone, looking at some bullfighting photos and posters on the wall, when I found myself in front of the whole body of a stuffed Miura bull. I stared into its eyes. They were made of glass, but that didn't stop the delirious thoughts: what if it came alive? I ran out of there, rapidly slowing down when I realised there were two people looking at me from the doorway.

They say that when a prey fixes a predator with its stare, it is giving itself seconds to get away and save its own life. The speed and precision of a deer's movement as it turns its head is an adaptive response to the concealed gaze of its hunter. If it manages to trap the predator's gaze, to unveil it, it has more chance of escaping; the predator will feel less sure of its own condition. When looks are exchanged, positions are challenged. Nobody can be sure whether they are staring or being stared at.

The subjective fragility behind one gaze meeting another is the basis of perspectivism, a theory put forward by the anthropologist Eduardo Viveiros de Castro as an approach to ontology in the Amazon. Perspectivism alludes to "an indigenous conception whereby the way that humans perceive animals and other subjectivities that inhabit the world differs profoundly from the way in which these beings see humans". The form we ourselves or others will take on changes substantially depending on the position each one acquires in the indeterminacy of an encounter. There is really only one way to see oneself which is shared by all beings, which is the way of subjectivity, humanity. All beings feel themselves to be human, which means that humanity is not a distinctive property of beings that we consider to be of our own species, but rather an effect of self-perception. From an outside perspective – that of an animal or a supernatural being – our nature is different. We can enter a spectrum, on whose ends we find the prey and the predator. The ideal form of the prey is the tapir, while the ideal predators are the jaguar, anaconda, and the spirits. Those are the aspects the dwellers of the Amazon imagine they take on as alterity, when subject to the gaze of the other. In a highly changeable world any encounter may become a struggle for subjectivity, to determine who will stand in the position of the prey and who the predator: absolute selfhood – perpetually the self, which will never lose its own subjectivity and become an object to the other.

In his analysis of the concept of hospitality, Émile Benveniste links the Greek root "-pot" from *despotés*, master of the household, lord, with the root "-pt" of *ipse*, self. In both meanings, there is a reference to power as "a closed circle of persons subordinated to a central personage who assumes the personality and compete identity of the group to such an extent that he is its summation: in his own person he is its incarnation". Both the *pater familias* of classical Antiquity and the Christian pastor, as respective embodiments of the family and church, would fit into this circular model of power; but Derrida uses it to tackle the power of sovereignty, in particular, the power of he who need justify his actions to nobody but himself – the despot, the first

> Stills from film in progress. Maker: Ainhoa Gutiérrez del Pozo <

dictionary meaning of which is given as "sovereign who rules without being subject to any law". However, Derrida shows that this excess of jurisdiction is not the exclusive prerogative of dictators and the great tyrants, but exists in the foundations of all sovereignty. Law can never completely subject those who act as its guarantors, who necessarily come before it or are outside it, and can stand above it or at a distance to it to ensure it, and recur to exception – exceptional violence, or the exception of violence – in order to guarantee it. The sovereign, Derrida would say, is an outlaw. In the fundaments of the modern State, the beast sleeps side by side with the shepherd. Modern subjection is construed by two gazes: the predatory stare and the pastoral gaze together have triumphed in modernity to govern over the individual continuously and permanently. Michel Foucault understands this form of power to be based on the extension into the political body of the individual and totalizing dependence between the shepherd and his flock. "The flock owes its existence to the immediate presence and direct action of its shepherd", who will care for each sheep's individual needs, not because he knows each one personally, but because he is able to bring each of their consciences together, to join them and erase the distance between them. The flock will be brought into step not through the shepherd's charisma, which will not guarantee an effective bond. The flock will follow the shepherd's staff, the baton, the *makila,* interiorized as the self-conscious superego.

III

There are two more contrasts to be drawn if we choose to approach the indigenous Australian and Amazonian peoples through the theme of animal distances. One relates to nakedness; the other to identity, to who constitutes "us", our community.

We might agree that the philosophy of nakedness as a consequence of becoming conscious of the self – as the principal underlying argument of the anthropogenic myth of Genesis – is in consonance with the Amazonic ontology which considers nakedness as humanity. In the biblical myth, the forbidden fruit opens our eyes; in becoming conscious of our own nudity, we see ourselves from the outside. Although this is not too different to conceiving nakedness as the self, or being human, a qualitative difference comes into play once non-human beings are considered. "The man has now become like one of us, knowing good and evil," says Yahveh when he discovers Adam and Eve's transgression. The Jewish and other Abrahamic religions imagine our association with God as an estrangement from other animals, who are unclothed but unaware of their nakedness, lacking in decorum and in a larger sense, morality. For the Amazonian dwellers, nakedness, which is also self-consciousness and subjectivity, is common to animals and spirits. It is akin to a soul, whose journey in this case does not depend on our good behaviour or pastoral renunciation.

In the Amazon, the terms for "body" and "clothing" tend to be identical. Animal bodies are clothes donned by their wearers outside their dens, when they go out to encounter other beings. Jaguars let go of their claws and teeth when they get home, where they show themselves as human. Toucans get rid of their feathers, tortoises of their shells. Unlike the Christian path to salvation, which depends on our capacity to renounce the pleasures of the body, clothes to the Amazonian people are what determines affect, the possibility of action in the world, the actual potency of every living being. Repentance will not save you here. You are what you do. Your acts are your affects. This is why some humans use animal skins and feathers as instruments of power and knowledge, technologies to access higher-than-human capacities.

The next contrast has to do with this one, in the sense that one of its parts is still our own ontology, a Christian humanism aligned with God (or the State) and distanced from the other animals, who care not for religion or politics. Only those with moral discernment – human beings (although not all of them), can belong to our community.

This humanism is not shared by the Australian Aborigines, whose community consists of Aborigines and dogs, but not white people. Yasmine Musharbash tells that the Warlpiri consider Aborigines and dogs as company, companions, *marlpa*; but in spite of having close contact or spending many hours with white people, the Warlpiri do not feel the whites to be company to them; they feel lonely and somewhat forsaken with white people, in contrast to how they feel with their dogs. They have no problem in acknowledging that whites therefore do not belong to their moral community; they have never accompanied them nor seem to know how to do so as the Warlpiri would expect.

Such a way of understanding the moral community in relation to accompaniment or forsakenness questions the fundaments of our own modern ontology, not being defined by what we are, but rather being weighted by what we have done and do to one another.

The Australian and Amazonian indigenous people will habitually breastfeed animals that they live with. There is an old photo of an Aborigine woman smiling into the camera with two dingo puppies at her breast; a wonderful inversion of Luperca, the she-wolf who fed Romulus and Remus. A shepherd came upon the twin founders of Rome and handed them to his wife Acca Larentia, who brought them up. The feast ending the Saturnalia, which were a kind of Roman carnival, was dedicated to her. It was held on December 23rd at the year's darkest moment. In contrast to the Saturnian festivals, the late Roman period inaugurated the *sol invictus* cult, which later became our Christmas, the celebration of the birth of Christ, the lamb of God, modern flesh.

> Label by Lope Diaz de Haro, previously the Biscayan coat of arms. Auñamendi Eusko Entziklopedia <
> Luperca. Pisa, Italia <

Lope Diaz de **Haro** "Cabeza Brava" (VI señor de Vizcaya, de 1214 a 1236), según un sello céreo

> Stills from film in progress. Maker: Ainhoa Gutiérrez del Pozo <

> Stills from film in progress. Maker: Ainhoa Gutiérrez del Pozo <

> Stills from film in progress. Maker: Ainhoa Gutiérrez del Pozo <

Bodies – Distance
2,000 words and 4 weeks

Damaris Pan

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Join surfaces, pressing hard, for an immediate, lasting bond.
Glue packaging

The distance of fiction
Early on in lockdown the days passed easily. The second week was coming to an end, and I enjoyed being on the eighth floor without going down to the ground. I wondered how many days more I could carry on like that and how far I could reduce the perimeter of my own space. I started by not going into the hall. On the next days I closed the two back rooms. I didn't really need them. After a week I decided I could also do without the living room. So I lived between my bed, bathroom and kitchen, in whatever order I felt like. I lived well. Then I thought I could also sleep in the kitchen. Getting rid of the bedroom was the next step. At first it was nice to wake up and not recognise where I was. But in a few days that became normal and I wondered if I could choose between the kitchen and bathroom. I could take all my food into the bathroom and survive there as long as I could. That would be the simplest thing. The bathroom is 3 x 2m including the bath. You can sleep in a bath and bath there too. I still had some food left and I was comfortable in my new situation. I shortened my space to a tile in the corner. Standing there, enjoying the 50 x 50 cm extension, with my back leaning slightly on the tiles, I felt happy to have come to the point where I could no longer shrink myself any further. I spent two whole days like that and on the third I asked myself if I might even close up a little more. And what if I stopped breathing.

><

The distance of contemplation
The universal distance of the time of the clock which is not the distance of my own time. The body's haphazard distance. The distance of art. The self as the distance between everything else. The centre of oneself as infinite distance. To circle the centre as an animal moves around a living, still prey. Our distance from the ground is usually almost nothing to slightly over a metre. Distance on a plane is the distance of many bodies. How many feet. In turbulence I'm in the distance of fear. The presence of heat emanating from the presence of another person, according to Edward T. Hall, marks the limit between private space and that which is not. The distance of talking eyes. The distance of loving eyes, whose tight closeness causes squinting and blurring. "Seeing is almost always seeing at a distance, but allowing distance to give back what it takes away from us" (Maurice Blanchot).

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The distance of dreams
I book a room for a night in a city. A professor at the faculty whom I never actually speak to opens the door. The house is really dirty. In the bedroom is a double bed that I have to share with a guy. He lives in the room and is comfortable there. He's lying face up staring at his phone, he says something and I can't understand him. I notice the bed is wide. I lie down beside him. In the sheets are breadcrumbs and when I touch them they're made of milk chocolate. The guy pulls his phone out of my bum bag and I don't understand. I think he's about to rob me. I ask him to take off his clothes.

In the morning I realise the double bed was two single beds together and they could have been pulled apart.

><

The distance of chance
Two days ago I got back from my first trip to the United States.

Yesterday morning I met Simone, an Italian, and we were thinking of doing an exchange between Bologna and Bilbao universities.

Today I went for supper at a friend's house and she introduced me to another friend called Temudjin. She told me Temudjin was Genghis Khan's real name.

Before I went to sleep I was reading a story by Natalia Ginzburg where she describes her first trip to the US to meet her nephew. His name was Simone, and in the story she tells that his eyes reminded her of Genghis Khan's.

><

The distance of a visit
I felt good, and as always, I've found it useful over the next days. I find three-way conversations difficult. One-to-one is more effective. The perfect distance of body to body.

Since we met, one of the ideas I've most repeated to other people is what you said about art being the result of an operation, and that the clearer that operation is, the better. Your sentence contained the same operation. *Waiting for the day when he felt he was good-looking enough to meet up with her, he grew very old.* Some years ago someone said to me that because he wasn't exhibiting he wasn't moving forward, and I found that useful. Aimar might have been saying the same thing when he said he didn't just see exhibiting as a space where you feel secure about the outcome, but as a space for trying things out. You're going to make mistakes anyway.

Shame. A grid that looks like it was made with shame. For some time I'd been thinking about prudishness. Somebody said about some drawings of mine that "A little less prudishness would have done them good", and that stuck with me. I wonder if, personally, it isn't just a question of that – getting past that prudishness, trying to open up new holes for freedom, to escape through, for life to escape into. Because what we don't yet know can open up holes in what we do know. Absolute artists don't have to struggle for that, nor do others who aren't artists but lunatics, or whatever. When I heard that sentence

it had an immediate effect on me. "A little less prudishness would have done them good." And so I knew it was going to help me.

It seemed to unleash images and events which, I think now, were waiting for someone to say the magic words. I look at the things I did again from this standpoint and *ugh*. Prudishness catches you with half your body out and your scream caught half way. The evidence is annoying. "Perhaps more prudishness means less of a veil", says another voice, and sure, the less prudishness the more of a veil and the more veiled it is the better the art. I guess. Accidents are never prudish. Prudishness and cheek. So fine, all of it. Even so, how hard it is to open up a hole.

Two years ago at the eremuak conferences, Ana Laura Aláez put forward a tactic of hers: "Look closely at the most embarrassing details and amplify them." "Exchange prudishness for animality and shame." "Remove ambiguities and convert to specifics." "The conflict is elsewhere."

Painting means nothing to me unless something happens concretely through it. Painting that doesn't interest me interests me almost less than anything at all. Painting comes with a huge load, and I'm aware of the difficulty or danger that things can occur as though they were already born old. The difficulty in defending ourselves from the lovers of painting even more than its detractors. The difficulty of redefining something radically through it. Of it being held together enough and loose enough, in the assurance that "everything that is beautiful is as difficult as it is rare" (Spinoza).

Maider: Make the most of this time to not carry on as always.

(*'As always' as never.*)

Damaris: I know this is a piece of shit, it's just an example for –

Maider: What do you mean, a piece of shit?

(*She picks it up and leans it against the wall. All four of us look at it.*)

Damaris: Ah, I love it!

(*Pleasure. Displeasure. Pleasure. Displeasure. Pleasure. Displeasure. Pleasure.*)

On figurativeness, I know that's not what I said. It's something else. In actual fact I don't really care. "But look how she often works with abstraction with a figurative vocation." I identify that figurative vocation. There's nearly always too much expression, the possibly easy connotation, the risk of wasted metaphors arising. I want to continue working with the literalness of the thing as opposed to more allegorical meanings: an apple is an apple, this is not a pipe, a chair and three chairs or three legs are three legs.

There's a part of Fassbinder's series *Berlin Alexanderplatz* where the main character, Franz Biberkopf, goes into a florist's and says, "I want to buy some flowers which mean the past is following you – which flowers can I buy?"

Right now, I'm interested in things that don't mean much, the ways expression can be held in the simplest of forms. As if the memory of a leg could become removed from the leg itself and the leg could be emptied of history. I imagine this could happen to the end, until everything became a primary signifier, each thing in its solitary thingness, on the same level as anything else. In its isolation the leg is also exposed to ridicule, just as almost anything human placed in isolation. Isolating something from its context can make it comical. And as an absurdity it can no longer be true or false. Isolation, a certain rigidity, a certain lack of grace. A form which, when you begin to decode it, ends up as nothing. And yet to understand that "a blow of the hammer to the head can damage the soul". That's the title of a chapter in the same series.

This last part has become something like the minutes of a meeting. I don't know if that's a response to your "I hope you felt good". Maybe this text written for one should be for three now. From body to body to all bodies. It feels more comfortable to me like that. Just another strategy.

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The distance of an experiment
1. Sit in front of a plant, several metres away from it. Blow hard and for a short time. Wait for a second to see how the plant moves. Repeat the act, and be surprised by how long the air takes to reach the plant.

2. Leap from a jetty into the water at a minimum height of three metres. Inside your body you recall the time lapse between the breath and the plant.

3. Put a fly in a moving car. Wonder if, when the fly isn't standing on something, it has to fly at the same speed as the car. To find out experimentally, ask a bus driver to let you jump in the aisle while the vehicle is moving and see if you land in the same place. Understand that the air in a vehicle is matter which is travelling with it. Then you imagine a convertible with someone's hair flying backwards.

4. Get up several times at night to make sure the church you can see from your window is still there, in spite of it being said that the world turns once on its axis every twenty-four hours. Understand that you're not the centre of the world.

HARRIAK is a contemporary art programme whose aim is to create new spaces for artistic mediation, exhibitions and dissemination. The programme is carried out in different spaces in cultural centres in the Basque Autonomous Community, with artists and mediators and particular focus on those in the early stages of their careers.

HARRIAK is an initiative run by eremuak and is oriented towards creating a sensitive context towards contemporary creative practices in small locations, and heightening the visibility of work processes and artistic mediation.

2021 was the 6th edition of the programme and was coordinated by Leire Muñoz.

2021 PROGRAMME

Palacio Horcasitas (Balmaseda, Biscay)
Exhibition: *XENA.* [H1]

Mediated by: Susana Talayero
4 June – 18 July

Artists: M. Benito Píriz, Ainhoa Lekerika Obieta, Ander Pérez Puelles

Text: Jesús Arpal Moya (Jesús Jeleton)

Opening: 4 June

24 June:

12:00-13:30 Children's workshop on clay mermaids in the garden of Palacio de Horcasitas (Part 1). Ainhoa Lekerika

17:00-17:45 Part 2 of the workshop on the shore of the Kadagua river

18:00 Reciting with autotune. M. Benito Píriz

18:30 Open viewing of process for Balmaseda. Ander Pérez Puelles

Centro Cultural Uhagon (Markina-Xemein, Biscay)

NO HAY TIERRA PARA TANTO PROFETA. Actions and other encounters. [H2]

Mediated by: Natalia Vegas

12 September, 11:00 onwards

Artists: Marmolari Kantak (Xabier Barrutia Abalia, Idoia Leache Olagüe, Mairi Olabarria Etxezarreta, Nerea Olea Aboitiz, Nere Txakartegi Eiguren), Mikele Sotil Etxabe, Andrea Plaza Blanco & Ainhoa Unzue Fernández, Jon Aguirrezabal Collantes (sculpture), Mattin Etxegarai Altadill (mural), Chill Mafia dj set Basajaun sound sistem (Beñat Rodrigo Garcia, Julen Goldarazena Laborda, Sara Iosua Sanz, Beñat Abarzuza Ruiz de Larramendi).

Text: Nerea Ibarzabal Salegi

PROGRAMME:

11:00 WELCOME & EXCURSION TO THE LITTLE QUARRY Goiko Portala fountain (Goikoportala, 1)

11:45 MARMOLARI KANTAK (site-specific concert) Little quarry (Meabe, 43.2668054-2.5160921)

13:30-15:00 LUNCH Casa de Cultura Uhagon (Avenida Xemein, 10)

15:00 onwards

MIKELE SOTIL (multi-disciplinary art) Sala de exposiciones, Uhagon

ANDREA PLAZA & AINHOA UNZUE (visual and sound setup for action) In the prison (Avenida Arretxinaga, 12)

17:00 MATTIN ETXEGARAI ALTADILL (mural)

CHILL MAFIA DJ SET BASAJAUN SOUND SYSTEM Casa de Cultura Uhagon

Kulturate (Arrasate, Gipuzkoa)
Exhibition: *MALA XENA NUNCA MUERE.* [H3]

Mediated by: Susana Talayero

23 September – 17 October

Artists: M.Benito Píriz, Ainhoa Lekerika, Ander Pérez Puelles

Text: Jesús Arpal Moya (Jesús Jeleton)

Opening: 23 September

PROGRAMME:

30 September: 11:30-14:00 Artist workshop with 1st year Bachalaureate drawing students, I.E.S. Arrasate B.H.I, in the exhibition space.

17:30-19:00 group activity with students and presentation of exercises made in the exhibition context.

Bastero Kulturgunea (Andoain, Gipuzkoa)

Exhibition: *FORMAL FORMAL.* [H4]
Mediated by: Maite Alonso

1 – 30 October

Artists: Ane Azkona**,** Jone Laspiur, Sandra Cuesta, Larraitz Torres.

With the participation of Las Colombina's (Larraitz Torres & Sandra Cuesta) and the collaboration of DBH 2 students from Instituto Leizaran de Andoain.

Opening: 1 October

PROGRAMME:

With the collaboration of DBH2, Leizaran Institutoa, Andoain; the courses *Audiovisual and Spectacle Project Realization,* ESCIVI Film School, Andoain; SEKSI SEKASI; Jon Beloki, member of Punttuka Bertso Eskola, Andoain.

Casa de Cultura Micaela Portilla (Alegría-Dulantzi, Álava)
Exhibition: *ME LO VOY A PONER DE SOMBRERO.* [H5]

Mediated by: Maite La Taller

7 October – 7 November

Artists: Beatriz Sánchez, Dogartzi Magunagoikoetxea, Ángel López de Luzuriaga.

Text: Marc Vives

Opening: 7 & 29 October

PROGRAMME:

26 – 29 October: Folklore – Fiction workshop 17:00-19:30

29 October: Opening (Part 2)

18:00 Concert by Zuzenders

Oxford Aretoa (Zumaia, Gipuzkoa)
Exhibition: *EDO ESO* [H6]
Mediated by: Andere Etxegarai Zubiaur
22 October – 22 November

Artists: Idoia Montón, Itziar Markiegi a.k.a. Jana Jan, Clara Elizondo

Text: Pedro Caro

Opening: 22 October

[H1]

[H2]

[H3]

[H4]

Formal
Formal

2021.10.1- 2021.10.30

[H5]

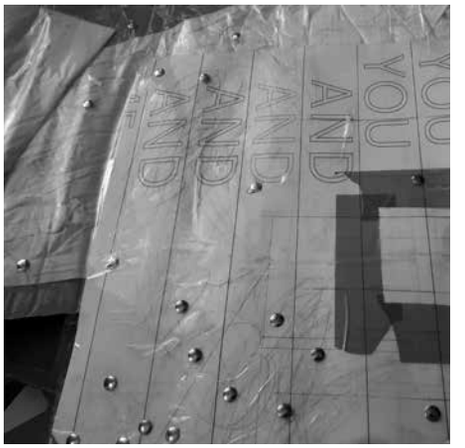
[H6]

[A1]

[A2]

[A3]

[A4]



[A5]

PHOTOS OF EREMUAK CONFERENCES 2020 [A1], [A2], [A3]

CONTINUOUS OPEN CALL
SELECTED PROJECTS

OCTOBER 2020 JURY'S DECISION

Mediation
Amaia Molinet Dronda: *Tarteka*
Larraitz Torres Zumelaga: *Izenak izana egin*

MARCH 2021 JURY'S DECISION

Artistic creation
Marina Suárez Ortiz de Zárate: *Cabeza picante*

Mediation
Basilika [Gorka Bereziartua, Sahatsa Jauregi, Pablo Marte, Kepa Matxain, Lur Olaizola, Beñat Sarasola, Jone Alaitz Uriarte, Irati Urrestarazu]: *Basilika*

JULY 2021 JURY'S DECISION

Mediation
Colectivo ANTespacio: *Bandera Negra*
Elbis Rever [Alba Burgos + Natalia Vegas Moreno]: *Fourteen years of teen*

ARTISTS GRANTS [APA]
SELECTED ARTISTS:
2020 JURY'S DECISION:
Laida Lertxundi / Tripak kolektiboa
2021 JURY'S DECISION:
Damaris Pan / Leo Burge

APA 2022
Open for applications until 1 November 2021
Jury's decision: 12 November 2021

INTERNATIONAL RESIDENCY AT ART OMI
Postponed until 2022 owing to COVID-19 pandemic.

RESIDENCY AT HALFHOUSE
16 August - 15 October 2021
SELECTED ARTIST: Gabriele Muguruza [A4]

EXHIBITION BY GABRIELE MUGURUZA
Opening: 16 October 2021, Halfhouse

EXCEPTIONAL CALL FOR APPLICATIONS: RESIDENCY AT AZALA
3 - 30 January 2022 [A5]
Jury's decision to be published on 8 November 2021 at www.eremuak.eus

EREMUAK CONFERENCES 2021: *Distantziak / Distancias / Distances* and PRESENTATION OF *EREMUAK#8* MAGAZINE + ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK

Conferences on Friday 29 and Saturday 30 October at sala Z, Tabakalera. Presentation of *eremuak#8* magazine and Artist's Notebook. Different perspectives were given on the theme *Distances* by artists and actors from the art world, who spoke from their own experience: Lorea Alfaro, Tarek Atoui, David Bestué, Luz Broto, Patricia Esquivias, Dora García, Olatz González de Abrisketa, Erlea Maneros, Asunción Molinos Gordo, Lisa Rosendhal. The conferences ended with a performance by Eddi Circa.

Artist's Notebook: ***El conflicto es otro***
Ana Laura Aláez is the writer of the 2021 artist's notebook.

NEW WEBSITE
www.eremuak.eus

February 2021 saw the launching of the new eremuak website, which uses a new platform and conceptual structure. The site may be used as a reference for the programme and archive for all material generated by eremuak.