

REPORT Dancing in & out of confinement in Montpellier

To scriptlessness, extra-creditorialization in the glee(ssant) Fred Moten. Somethings we wrote with through the ruins of gamification Anne Boyer, Brian Eno, John Cale pants in the stars, Lydia Mcglincheyng themselves away, resting in dances and their zombie geologies—

meteorologies/methodologies of what itinerates through the month, persons, seasons, befriending everyday m(onu)ments, a place in which to conjure a mood, acknowledging its Kathleen Stewart mists Avery Gordon ordinary hauntings. We are word

collectors/gatherers/hoarders/antiquarians/amasser, don't feel like being, don't feel like being, don't feel like being.

We feel like writing Alix Eynaudi ourselves away where the emancipatory blues were always Monique Wittig encoded, dressed in comfortable long range acoustic devices, CaConrading parades of instruction manuals, turning them into spells: words that matter in the book of mutter in ordure to parasite meanings we draw (magical circles) but the lines move round in the stars, we seek accomplices, a Paula Caspão force-field Eleni Stecopoulos' parasite of meaning. Stationed at the edge of each other, caught in a present which began some time ago, we unburden (words) - de-burden - de-alphabetize, undomesticate - Quim Pujoling a space in absence. type b Joachim Hamou toujou' online materiality driving us through the sub-burbs of a library, a narration that welcomes what it finds. We lost their sentence, lots of sentences.

In ICI-CCN Montpellier we dance in and out of confinement, working in the fields of an hp officejet pro x551dw that slugs into plasticised Leitz photogenic texts, killer of series, a full moon fell on halloween, each book soon to dance girl, woman, Bernadine Evaristo, each book a long conversation.

big hugs

alix