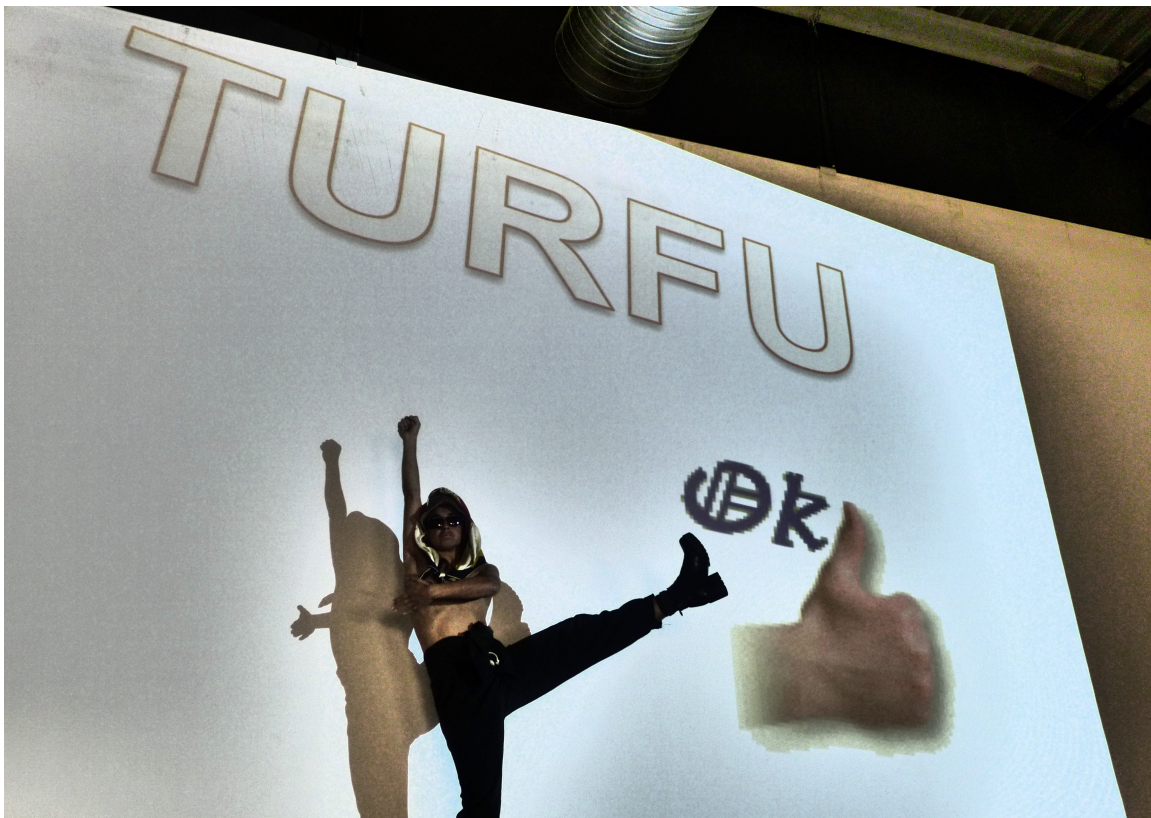


La Caresse du Coma

ANNE LISE LE GAC

Here is the lowdown on research and prospective vistas.

We are in October 2020.



Project

==> Continuing La Caresse du Coma

I have started to write a new featuring of La Caresse du Coma (The Coma's caress), a relatively endless project on the seeking of Happiness, launched in 2016, and which I don't intend to break away from ever, unless exhaustion gets the better of me, which is a possibility.

To this day, 3 featuring's are written: La Caresse du Coma ft. COACH / ft. PIRATE / ft. ANGE 92Kcal. These characters are crossbred, the combination of 2 entities, personalities from the real world. (for detailed explanation refer to the presentation of La Caresse du Coma)

Each featuring is a 50-minute performance approximately. The words and voice prevail. That's good, but I wish to start a new involvement of the body in the next FEATURING. The next "Crossbreed" has not been identified yet, but I'd like to present the leads, material and meetings that are emerging.

Synopsis

I show up in a 4-star SPA HOTEL hosting a meeting of people who seek HAPPINESS, (in Croatia) (but it is not actually that relevant). Though the timespan is deliberately unrevealed, the stay will last for a while, during which activities, events, workshops, classes, parties, drinks, dinners, meditations, games, conferences, ceremonies... are led and shared.

As soon as I arrive, in room Olympus, PAPE RACE issues me a badge, which reads: DOG (23)

I say:

- Oh! But that's not my name!

He smiles and replies:

- You have recently arrived, you are automatically a DOG. But the future will bring you other possibilities. WELCOME.

I move along with my new name through the spa and its users, mysteriously new to me.

We don't know each other, yet we share advice, beliefs and practices.

Nevertheless, we are rather convinced we live in a world INFINITELY ALIVE.

Indeed, that is to say life ad infinitum.

The routine of the intense human

I was invited by David Weber Krebs and Jeroen Peters, co-organizers of [« On Enclosed Spaces and the Great Outdoors »](#) festival, programming this year “performative conferences on the relationship between performing arts and the climate crisis”. Initially planned for April 2020 at Kaaistudio's in Brussels, it will be rescheduled (date to be confirmed).

I accepted the invitation, and I would like to present a lowdown of the writing stage I am at with the forthcoming *Caresse du Coma*.

I told David and Jeroen that I worked alongside specific authors on each of my projects. And that I was currently seeking new partners, after 2 years spent with Tim Ingold (amongst others). David and Jeroen suggested I read the book: “The Life Intense” by Tristan Garcia. I did. Amongst other excerpts, the following drew my attention:

“Routine is nothing else but the price to pay for the very possibility to feel and think of our intensities. It is the necessary response to *feeling*. Should you remove the threat of a humdrum routine, you will remove in the process the opportunity to experience anything intense whatsoever, and have it last over time.”

Before reading Tristan Garcia, I had started to stay in abbeys, just like in retreats. At first, the reason was to cut myself off from the many virtual or real “social networks” for a few days. There was no other wish behind it. In an abbey of Benedictine nuns, I requested a silent retreat. I spoke to no one, I attended services 7 times a day, I ate at set times, it was not mandatory but I had read the monastic rule by Saint Benedict.

Anyway, I don't believe in God... which made this short retreat intriguing. The power of the monk's routine worked like a lymphatic force, something that unexpectedly turned my body sluggish. I couldn't resist it, and the melody of the nuns' singing echoed in my head all day long, imposing a slow-motion R&B-video-like tempo to it.

Christmas 2019 reading, another related excerpt of *The Life Intense*:

“It seems that we had belonged to a type of humanity that turned away from contemplating and awaiting an absolute, a transcendence as the ultimate meaning of existence, to embrace a sort of civilization whose majority ethics depended on the ceaseless fluctuation of the being as a life principle.”



In the Abbey, I was stuck between two speeds, two humanities, a relatively ideal position to trigger the birth of a crossbred.

I was summoned, invited, lured, recruited, filled, emptied... A number of states that I had not anticipated, forcing me to use the present tense with the middle voice. I will get back to that voice further down.

Right now I am letting it sink in and I will attend again monk's retreats in 2020.

Le duende

In the meantime... I have been practicing CASTANETS for a few months, by myself AND with Youtube. [Arthur Chambry](#), who was the cowriter of my previous project DUCTUS MIDI directly influenced me: I saw how Arthur taught himself snare drum, and I also wanted to be in rhythm. So far, so simple.

I thought I needed something small, radically easy, and portable in my pocket. One day, the sales assistant in a second-hand shop that I know well gave me a pair of castanets that was lying with a bunch of stuff. And I thought EUREKA. There you go. I smoothly started to learn how to play the castanets.

I mentioned it to a French-Portuguese friend of mine, who offered me shortly after a book entitled "Play and Theory of the Duende" by Federico Garcia Lorca. Garcia Lorca ends his text on these words:

"And the *duende*... where is the *duende*? Through the empty archway a wind of the spirit enters, blowing insistently over the heads of the dead, in search of new landscapes and unknown accents; a wind with the odour of a child's saliva, crushed grass and Medusa's veil, announcing the endless baptism of freshly created things."



I read this poetic masterpiece by Garcia Lorca, the continuation of which happened in late February 2020, in Andalusia. At first, I thought, come on, I will try to find tablaos and bodegas to listen to castanet players, in a small Andalusian town. Highly ignorant, I decided to avoid big towns, and picked Jerez de la Frontera.

Double WIN: it turns out that a major Flamenco festival took place right when I intended to go. Therefore I attended many shows in the official and fringe festival, which are everywhere in Jerez de la Frontera. I was utterly fascinated by dancer [LA CHANA](#). And she made me cry unexpectedly.

And then I let myself connect the unpredictable apparition of the mysterious DUENDE by GARCIA LORCA, and the intensification race of modern and intense humans as per TRISTAN GARCIA. Unlike the *duende* that “cannot be rehearsed, has no map, nor ascetism”, “the intense man is therefore doomed to make up *tricks* to avoid gentrification that ceaselessly threatens his feeling alive.”

The middle voice

Physically, the point is less to seek the DUENDE than experience gymnastics between “the logic of routine” and the apparition of an overlooked LORE, that precisely resists identification. ([LORE is an Anglicism](#))

In his January 2020 conference, after outlining her research on our relationships with the dead, Vinciane Despret ends on an insight into this grammatical form, the *middle voice*, little used in French, but very usual for Ancient Greeks.

“Middle voice makes things complicated... any action results from an action, for instance, the point is to have one do something. When I write... it is true that the first words are by me, but afterwards, do I write them? No... What I previously wrote makes me write what follows. That is the middle voice. Who is active? Is it the writing being? Are they the ideas that I get? But ideas... also require middle voice. When James said, ideas are not what we think of but what makes one think... you are in the middle voice. Summoning is middle voice.”

OKAY. It is through *middle voice* that I would like to create this next featuring of La Caresse du Coma. I said above that I did not know as of yet the identity of this coming crossbreed. I haven't decided yet... But I am leaning towards a non-human entity, something akin to duende, or an electric current, with a variable force and intensity

This passing lore

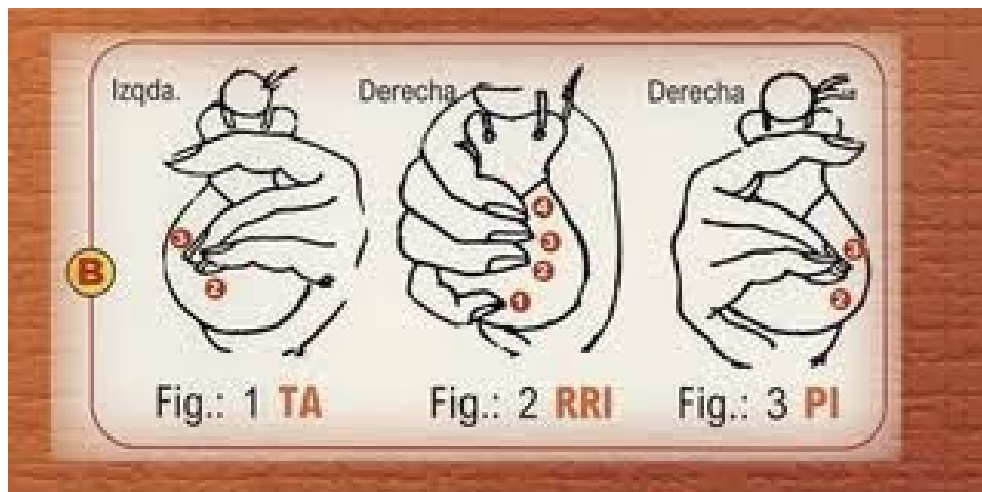
The desire to collaborate again with a “sound” person still is for me a direct gate to movement, gesture and dance. Because although I would like to write a less discursive featuring of La Caresse du Coma, I would like to try out the gymnastics I mentioned above.

When I dance, often improvising, and connecting patterns, I am confronted with this sudden LORE. A word whose origin I find difficult to identify clearly. I recognise fragments originating from this or that event, failed imitations, crossed spaces.

Having said that, I do not belong to a school, a technique or a trend. What I dance makes me feel like “a groundless plant”. I am often lost in dance, and that’s probably this pleasure and a form of asserted carefreeness that makes me dance. Putting dance in a project for the stage, taking it out of the apartment, the street or the nightclub, means offering this drifting to people in front of you. However nowadays I am puzzled by “what dances” and what makes me or other people dance. Because the point is not so much internalizing than addressing people. Dance questions me like the bridge of a language that willingly twists grammar and its conventions.

On the movement that goes alongside music, I am touched by Tristan Garcia’s remarks:

“Whoever masters more and more a feeling or a gesture leaves behind something to do with feeling or original gestures. [...] One could actually define adulthood as an age in life when one learns for the first time not to experience the world for the first time and yet find a certain intensity in it all the same.”



Castanet method.

Which leads me to imagine a collaboration in which working on gestures blows up a certain border with dance. Here I am taking the example of castanets and zapateado (foot stomping dance). What I saw in Jerez de la Frontera let these variable intensities live and die, be it repetitive or according to Garcia Lorca this thing “that arises and dies perpetually and is outlined by a true present.”



Magister 2016;28:51-62

Flamenco zapateado method.

A few words by LA CHANA on the safety of compás:

“It is like a labyrinth.

When you are immersed in yourself, deep down, and you feel with intense power, your most repressed, intimate desires, a labyrinth with multiple doors is created... The first door offers pearls, the other diamonds, the next one sapphires, the next emeralds.

What do I do? Do I go for diamonds? raccaataataataaaaa TA ttttaaaaaaaa pam TA!

My step lands on the beat. Nothing can happen to me, everything is fine. I head towards another door, it is a world of lights, colours, it is alive.

I do what I want, I am brave.

I know the step will be spot on. I am safe with compàs, my body obeys my soul.

What I feel is dictated by my soul to my legs, my feet, my fingers; I know I am able to, because I am connected to the rhythm, to the compàs. »

When LA CHANA talks about her body obeying her soul, precisely, she summons the middle voice. This deeply restless state (in the sense of the soul) and which travels BETWEEN the passive and the active voice without choosing, without “dismantling the layout” is key to me at this stage.

I will continue learning castanets, and immersing myself more deeply in this “compás” (“a rhythmic pattern that differentiates each style of flamenco singing”). Today, I don’t know WHO I could collaborate with. I need to carry on travelling, routines and meetings.

But my lanterns lie here, and they will show me the landscape to come.

Which also implies a long immersive period, which goes beyond that of a “creation”. That’s where temporalities are fortunately superimposed. Learning to learn, having one do...

With middle voice, the next featuring of La Caresse du Coma will be touched by these gestures – ideas.



This message is a digression. But that’s the way I work. As ecology of habit or culture of the unexpected, today, I am laying a few theoretical and concrete landmarks of research on this new featuring. This new character for La Caresse du Coma is looking for its training, its routine and its “true present”.

TURFU ... to be confirmed

FALL 2020:

- Distance Residency LIFE LONG BURNING in BRAIN STORE PROJECT, Sofia (BGR)
- Abbey retreat in Saint Guilhem le Désert, (FR).
- Residency in La Friche Belle de Mai, Marseille (FR).
- Working progress performance, within Abraham Poincheval's exhibition, La Vieille Charité, Marseille (FR).

2021:

- Working progress performance, Festival Parallèle, Marseille.
- Working progress performance, "On Enclosed Spaces and the Great Outdoors" festival, Kaaistudio's, Brussels (BE).
- Studio residencies foreseen Buda (Courtrai), Veem (Amsterdam), Workshop Foundation (Budapest)