

ACT Luzern
2024

work(ing)
in process(es)

a compilation of practices
reflecting on performance from
inbetween spaces

this year, ACT Luzern offered an in-process format of sorts, and not a physical performance moment/festival day...

we were interested to collect materials and give time and space for “work in process” status of works.

it has resulted in a compilation of voices and practices, from the margins / backstage / in-between spaces.

we wanted to acknowledge and give space for concept work, research work, in-between thoughts, unfinished ideas, imperfect processes. “going public” in another way and offering other points of space/access/entry to ACT.

in general, we are/were carrying: *what is the performance moment, when does it begin/end, who is performing, which voices/practices are heard/unheard, seen/unseen ...*

during the ACT performance festival days in basel, bern and zürich 10 students from luzern and zürich, participated with interventions (posters, flyers, booklets, QR codes linked to text+sound pieces)... the interventions were a gesture of visibility for those reflecting on, or working around, a performance. there were different reactions - from irritations to engagement to insecurities. an exercise to intervene and interrupt spaces and offer slower moments for engaging around the high intensity performance programs.

we also accompanied and mentored some students in luzern who were working on a performance that was not shown at ACT, but in other constellations and timeframes. and we will also continue working with a student from HKB on a fanzine of her experiences of inclusion, isolation and confronting another reality during the performance festival days. this will be released in summer as an attempt to bring out a collective responsibility towards difference.

on 25 may 2024, we gathered in luzern and for a day of reflections - a moment of coming together and deeper exchange, to work towards this digital publication. thank you to our mentor-friends meret, mariana and anouk who accompanied the day.

the contributions are there.
reflection/reaction pages follow.

thank you to all those who participated along the way...
it is recorded that this somewhat experimental, in-process format resonated...

...we are moving with it...

ON (IN)VISIBILITIES / BEING (UN)HEARD

I wonder how to be in the same time in a "normalization" process in an art school (because frames are inadapted) and in the same time embodied in performances with denunciation contents. Or simply embodied in the daily reality despite the violence. How not to be in a permanent state of dissociation.

who is backstage?

WHAT ARE WE MISSING?

Challenging historical erasure

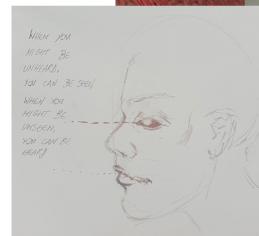
Sara Ahmed explains how complaints can render the invisible visible/unheard by exposing the underlying issues of systemic inequality and injustice.

Who decides who is heard?

How to be visible enough to be heard?

how do we use our privileges to make others heard without making a name for ourselves?

Thinking about a realization I recently had when I noticed that my attention span / sensory started to get smaller during the 3 years of working in an institution - what does it mean if you stay longer in an institution? And why is it happening even though I try not to smaller it?



Act 1

ON (IN)VISIBILITIES

translation of & from

Leonorra Miano dans "Écrits pour la parole"

(...) To describe you, we can't help but using the word "black". (noir in french) And it's not you who's making a big deal of it, it's the others. Those who have no color, those who say "black" to soften the blow and who, by dint of pretending unease not to distinguish your pigments have ended up not seeing you, you, (station, the individual).
esthan and me - "... , ce qui disent " tu que je fait le we esthan et me - " ... , ce qui disent " tu que je fait le we

Sometimes I actually wonder if the tone of my voice is too low to be heard by some ears.

ON PUBLICS

which bodies are occupying (public) space?

How can we occupy public space?

What happens if we don't want to be visible in public space?

How the question of (in)visibility and being (un)heard is transferred to the public? Is a performance a performance only under the human gaze, or the human presence?

What happens when we perform without an audience? Do we consider our presence standing in front of other living organisms? How does our perception shifts when performing for the (in)visible and (un)heard?

how do we meet each other?

ON PERFORMING / BEING PRESENT

carrying the knowledges and experiences with us

How to have the same presence in the daily life that this presence we can have during our performances. (how to take this given space (performance) in the daily life)

who is with us? who are we carrying?

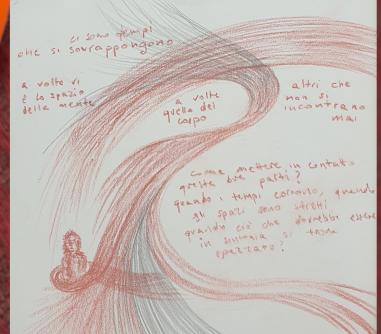
ON PUBLIC

Where do performances take place?

Who is it addressed to?

Who has access to it?

- physically
- intellectually?



“bad feminist” is... *

a feeling

something else

*we invite you to join the conversation and
write down your associations*

*or simply put an orange dot if you feel fami-
liar with the feeling*

*

... wie können wir den Raum und Austausch intersektionaler gestalten? Was ist unsere Verantwortung als Organisierende, um Raum für weniger gehörte Perspektiven zu bieten?

.... wie navigieren wir den Raum und die Wünsche der Teilnehmenden? Wie können wir auf individuelle Wünsche und Bedürfnisse der Teilnehmenden eingehen, die sich auf unterschiedliche Arten äussern?

.... welche Rolle nehmen wir als Organisierende ein? Deklarieren wir den Raum niedriger Hierarchien? Oder ein möglichst flacher und horizontaler Raum?

... wie können wir uns von einem binären Denkraum entfernen und weitere Möglichkeiten aufzeigen?

"bad feminist" is... *



something else

*we invite you to join the conversation and
write down your associations*

*or simply put an orange dot if you feel fami-
liar with the feeling*

*

what is performance?

how can i tell a story
with a performance?

how to perform through sound? If the performance is transmitted through the radio, how is the body present in this performance? How to forage sound?

Who is it addressed to?

HOW TO NOT GET HURT (from the floor) and how the different steps of our process change the way of the performance (for example, materiality of the costumes change after being creatures in the mud)

what sustains and nourishes performance?



performing in front of a mirror
alice köppel 2024



performing in front of a mirror
alice köppel 2024

FEELING THE PERFORMANCE
SEEING THE PERFORMANCE
I SEE AND FEEL THE PERFORMER
IF I LOOK AT THE MIRROR I FEEL LIKE THE OBSERVER AND THE PERFORMER
IF I LOOK AWAY I FEEL THE PERFORMANCE,
IF I LOOK AWAY I FEEL LIKE A PERFORMER (WITHOUT A PUBLIC)
IS IT ME OR THE PERFORMANCE?
AM I PERFORMING FOR MY REFLECTION OR FOR MYSELF?

DEMONSTRATIVE PERFORMANCE

PORTRAYING EMOTION BY DIFFERENT EXTERNAL INFLUENCES

Process

Stage 1

The subject and the executer agree on a number of different emotions to work on. Then the subject in question will think of personal experiences related to each emotion, consequently they will think of songs out of their personal knowledge that also relate to the selected emotions. After the subject in question made their personal choices the performer must listen to both the songs and the personal stories without knowing what emotion they have been attributed to in order to portray the subject in a personal way.

The performer's aim is to interpret what he hears by making a portrait of the subject without having the influence of a defined emotion, but with that of an external point of view to demonstrate how two different forms of influence can change an image based on your perception.

Stage 2

The scope of this interactive exhibition is to make the audience reflect and recognize on the fact that emotions can be perceived in different ways or even mistakenly perceived. Preconceptions, prejudices, personal experiences, ex. can all affect one's perception.

That is why I decided to set up my work in a way that the observer could personally interpret the portraits: the first row of portraits represents the songs, the second row represents the subject's personal stories. In the third one there are written the titles of the chosen songs and extracts of the personal stories. In this way the observer can notice that each column has in common, the pose of the portraits, that is similar but diverse in its entirety. The emotion behind it all can be revealed by the observer in the third row upon lifting the page.



SONG: Dictaphone - The Conversation

STORY: Who really knows how to say
a good bye?
Is there a moment to really be there
to say goodbye?
Is there a path in the world where you
can ask the people you love,
as dead or alive as they are,
to meet you half way? Just to say
the last goodbye? Look at each other for
the last time and then vanish?
Does it exist?
Can it exist in my heart?

SONG: Pixies - gigantic

STORY: Afterwards, I put my hands
in the water;
I checked that no one was looking
at me and then I went
to my brother's house.

SONG: Harry Anger - Let's go to work

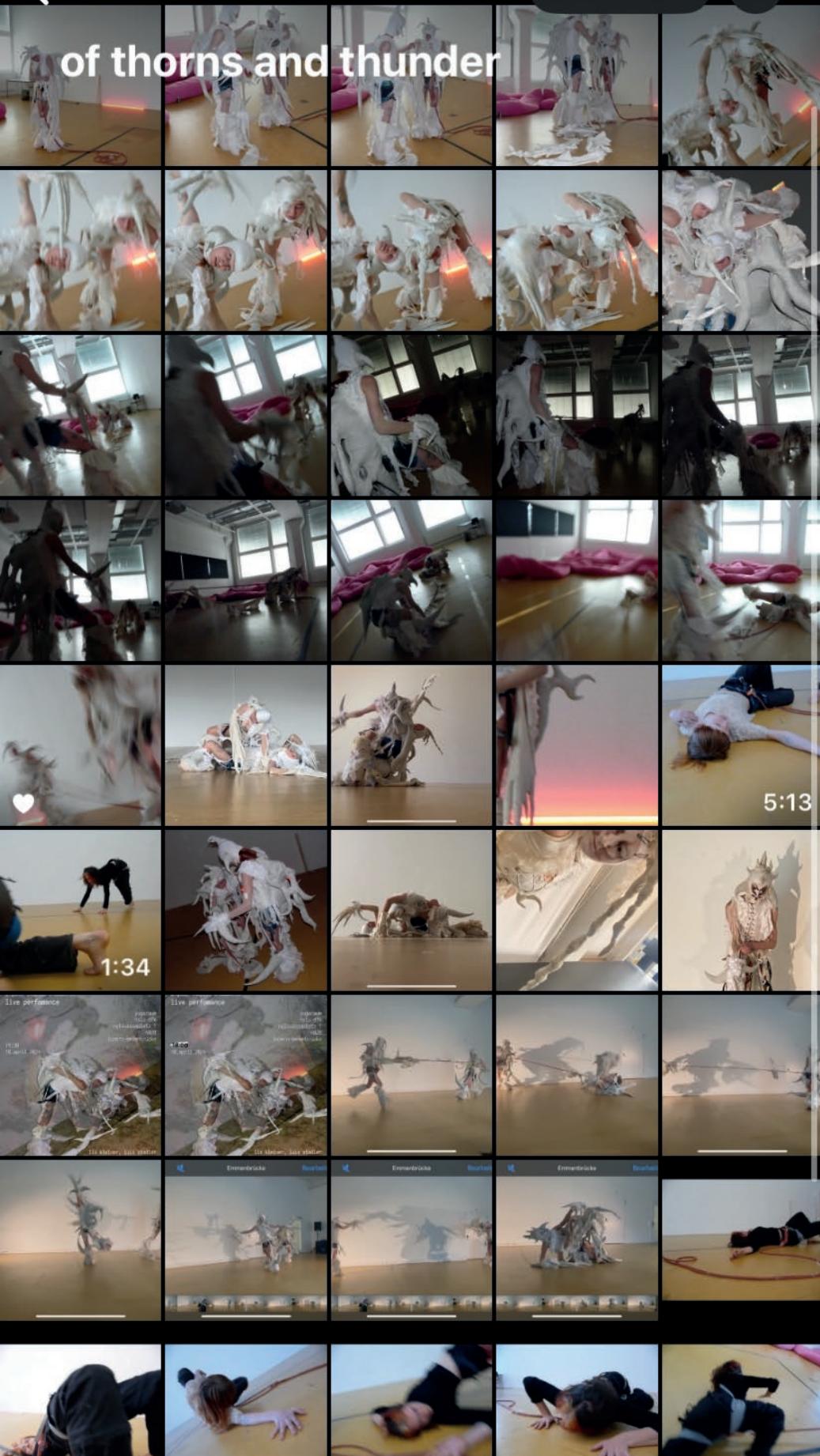
STORY: The car was racing,
The music was playing,
but I couldn't follow the words
of the system engineer.
I felt a strong silence inside,
the heart was racing fast and
then the body reacted.
It was like it was worked by
an electric impulse,
then I started to push the car.

– looking through contact lenses that look through glasses that look through sunglasses that look through goggles that look through a hanging sheet of plexiglass that looks through glossy transparent paper (taped on both sides of the plexiglass) looking through binoculars that look through a window that looks through a window of a pickup-truck that looks through a microscope that looks at the orange lichens on a branch of a fruit tree.

< Alben

Auswählen

...

**REM und Co die 5 Phasen des****Schlafs**

EEG-Messungen zeigen 5 Schlafphasen des Menschen. Typisch für die REM-Phase sind schnelle Augenbewegungen und veränderten Körperfunktionen.

mein.sanofi.de

quellen:

schlafundatmung.ch

helsanan hahah

<https://mein.sanofi.de/themen/schlaf/rem-und-co-die-5-phasen-des-schlafs>

praxistipps.focus.de

«throughout history, monsters have appeared in popular culture as stand-ins for the nonconforming and the marginalized. relegated to the shadows as objects of fear, revulsion, and hostility, these characters have long conjured fascination and self-identification in the LGBTQ+ community, and over time monsters have become queer icons. (...) remove queer monsters from the subtext and place them front and centre, subverting the horror gaze to celebrate ideas and identities canonically feared in monster lit. Pushing back against tropes that have historically been used to demonize, (...) what does it mean to be (and to love) a monster?»

source: queer little nightmares, an anthology of monstrous fiction and poetry. edited by david ly & daniel zomparelli 2022

37 Min.

experimenting and researching with bodies around restriction, connection, disconnection, space

reference: Phila Bergmann und Thea Reifler

«stream switch, 2018»

... und no das: Queer Dramaturgies International Perspectives on Where Performance Leads Queer Edited by Alyson Campbell and Stephen Farrier

5 Min.



Mediathek



Für dich



Alben



Suchen

2 Min.



Under post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) REM sleep conditions, rhythmic activity dissipated, and 4 Hz theta inputs to IL were ineffective, but higher-frequency (10 Hz) theta inputs to IL induced changes similar to those seen with 4 Hz inputs under normal REM sleep conditions, resulting in suppression of fear.

The world may be confusing, in sleep I find security

12:48 ✓

[www.researchgate.net](https://www.researchgate.net/publication/33793935_Shedding_of_the_Colonial_Skin_The_Decolonial_Potentialities_of_Dreaming)

https://www.researchgate.net/publication/33793935_Shedding_of_the_Colonial_Skin_The_Decolonial_Potentialities_of_Dreaming

Shedding of the Colonial Skin: The Decolonial Potentialities of Dreaming;
https://www.researchgate.net/publication/33793935_Shedding_of_the_Colonial_Skin_The_Decolonial_Potentialities_of_Dreaming

12:50 ✓

-->LUCID: An Afrofuturistic Novel ;Life Ultimately Continues In Dreams (LUCID) is an extraordinary tale of self-discovery that takes you on a mesmerizing journey through the enigmatic realms of dreams and beyond.

12:53 ✓



CHAPTER ONE – ACTION

A performance
A performative act,
To perform?
To act?
Performing and acting
Performing/acting
Performing or acting

Perform.
Who does perform?
What can perform?
To perform,
performance!?

I perform.
Do I perform?
Can I perform?
To perform,
performance!?

They perform.
Do they perform?
Can they perform?
To perform,
performance!?

Objects perform.
Do objects perform?
Can objects perform?
To perform,
performance!?

**THE PERFORMATIVE
ACT OF THINGS**

I come from a background of performance due to years of singing, acting and being on stages in several roles. I question the difference between so called «art performance» and «theatrical performance». Also, due to my recent work, I am strongly questioning the term of «performance» within the «performance» within the perception that we have about it, what it stands for and what it means «to perform» in an artistic sense.

As a conceptual artist, I wanted to contribute this text to the ACT-Performance festival. That is interested in poetry and philosophy but also that is interested in art, I wanted to contribute this text to the ACT-Performance festival.

KYRILLOS NYX LUNAR (ALL/NONE)

CHAPTER TWO – ACTIVITY

To perform – **What does that mean?** Who does perform? What can perform? To perform, performance!?

*Maybe I'm running in circles here,
asking myself the question, whether this all makes sense.
Running around in the infinity of my brain, performing an exhausting act.*

But what does it even mean...

Dictionary says:

«**To perform**»,

1. *Carry out, accomplish, or fulfil (an action, task, or function).*
2. *Present (a form of entertainment) to an audience.*

«**Performance**»,

1. *The action or process of performing a task or function.*
 2. *An act of presenting a play, concert, or other form of entertainment.*
-

So «**to perform**» can be understood as an action of an act or an action of presenting?

And «**performance**» is the product of the «**to perform**»?

There seems to be a strong connection between act, to perform and performance, though, one seemingly is connected to another in a symbiotic way.

My mind is still on the run, passing infinity yet still only beginning to realize the never ending world, that lies beyond. My thoughts begin to have characteristics of a performative action, they even more start to perform in the very moment of the «now», where you are reading these lines.

I always thought of performance as an action, that is witnessed at one moment in time, presented in the living form of human or non-human actors. There are different factors contributing to the perception of performance as a steady, living form of presentation of one to another, transferring, in a very moment of action.

So to share an act of performance, does that necessarily conclude the participation of others? And how comes, that we frame time, while witnessing a performance?

THE PERFORMATIVE ACT OF THINGS

KYRILLOS NYX LUNAR

CHAPTER THREE – ACTORS

To perform – What does that mean? **Who does perform?** What can perform? To perform, performance!?

It appears to me that my perception of performance was strongly dependent on two characters that participate to make a performance; one performing, one witnessing. Those two types of forces have always been very physically clear to me. Performances usually have a beginning and an end.

There is an element of happening in them, that can be experienced live and in person.

The role of the actors seems to be very present in most performances, as an element of the now, as an element of action, of happening and also as an element of mediation of a message. It reflects many things that also occur in different kinds of performances. But that makes me think of the role of non-human actors within performances a lot. Questions like: «Why to define a performance by the presence of an artist in action?», «How do all the used elements and the whole setting of the performative act influence the performance?», or «what is the performative act of things?», come to my mind...

Slowly I stop running, start to meander, beginning to try to dissolve a sort of bigger picture within what I think I know. What is my role within all this? Am I doomed to run in circles? Why didn't I stop running earlier?

CHAPTER FOUR – ACTINGS

To perform – What does that mean? Who does perform? **What can perform?** To perform, performance!?

Can things perform? A big question I came to contribute this text to!

When I think back to some artworks I've seen, to some artworks I did myself, I start to see a pattern, a very translucent, seemingly far away, yet still so close one. I shared my thoughts about the role of actors, so I want to ask myself, I want to focus on the role of the «actings». How much of performative potential is surrounding us? Taking a room for example or an object, how can they perform without an actor? Can they even have a performative potential?

I'm getting exhausted by all the meandering, so I sit down in this world full of thoughts. I sit here and relax. As I close my eyes, I feel a wind on my skin, a warm tickling, smell a scent, even hear a sound surrounding me. I start to wonder about if the image in my mind and the very image surrounding me are one and the same? Whatever may happen, when I open up my eyes, the presentation of my surrounding, interacting with me started a process, made me think. Furthermore, I made myself experience a moment, that I can think back to, rebuild it in my memory, that I can share! The very moment of witnessing turns into a moment, turns into moments...

THE PERFORMATIVE ACT OF THINGS

KYRILLOS NYX LUNAR

CHAPTER FIVE – ACT

To perform – What does that mean? Who does perform? What can perform? ***To perform, performance!***

«Act»,

1. *take action; do something*
 2. *behave in the way specified.*
-

In this last chapter of this collection of thoughts, I will not conclude specific answers to all those questions asked. Furthermore, it is up to the individual, reading this text, to maybe ask themselves those questions...

Still, I keep my eyes shut.

All my thoughts running in circles!

A Performance happens in a moment in time, that's for sure, but to think back to it, again and again... Is there such a thing as a starting of a performance, and is there such a thing as an ending of it? What importance do thoughts and process have in all this? Vivid, almost liquid, ever flowing, the potential of thoughts.

My surrounding interacting with me.

All my thoughts running in circles!

The element of interactivity, to be able to sense, to think about, to be part, to be included within the happening that we witness as a performance... It seems to be a consistency? The two forces of performing and witnessing, but how do we witness? Where and why do we witness? Our environment influences us with every single detail... Who does perform, after all? We influence the environment with every single detail... Who does perform, after all?

I open up my eyes and see.

All my thoughts running in circles!

Now I feel the wind on my skin, the warm tickling, smell the scent, even hear the sound surrounding me. I'm experiencing in a different way now. Leafs are dancing in the wind, the sun burning my skin, the flowers blooming and loud music from afar. It all seems to sum up into a bigger picture, the picture that I puzzled in my mind.

What is it, that I'm experiencing?

download this text here...

If you want, you can

THE PERFORMATIVE ACT OF THINGS

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WHERE
ARE YOU
READING
PERFORMING
THESE
LINES?



MÜTTER



Mahmoud Darwish: To My Mother

To My Mother

By Mahmoud Darwish

Translated by A.Z. Foreman

Dearly I yearn for my mother's bread,
My mother's coffee,
Mother's brushing touch.
Childhood is raised in me,
Day upon day in me.
And I so cherish life
Because if I died
My mother's tears would shame me.

Set me, if I return one day,
As a shawl on your eyelashes, let your hand
Spread grass out over my bones,
Christened by your immaculate footsteps
Fasten us with a lock of hair,
With thread strung from the back of your dress.
I could become a god
A god is what I'd be
If I but touch your heart's deep breadth.

Set me, if ever I return,
In your oven as fuel to help you cook,
On your roof as a clothesline stretched in your hands.
Weak without your daily prayers,
I can no longer stand.

I am old
Give me back the stars of childhood
That I may chart the homeward quest
Back with the migrant birds,
Back to your awaiting nest.

الى امي
محمود درويش

أحنُ الى خبز أمي
وقهوة أمي
ولمسة أمي ..

وتكبر فيَ الطفولةُ
يوماً على صدر يوم
وأعشق عمرِي لأنني
إذا مُتُّ
أجل من دمع أمي !

خذيني .. إذا عدت يوماً
وشاحاً لهدبكْ
وغطى عظامي بعشري
تعمدَ من طهر كعبكْ
وشدّي ونافي..
بخصلة شعر ..
بخيطٍ يلوح في ذيل ثوبك..
عسانِي أصيرُ لها
لها أصير ..
إذا ما لمستُ قرارَة قلبك !

ضعيني إذا مارجعتُ
وقوداً بتور ناركْ
وحبل غسيل على سطح داركْ
لاني فدت الوقف
بدون صلاة نهاركْ

هرمتُ فردي نجوم الطفولة
حتى اشاركْ
صغار العصافير ..
درب الرجوع ..
لعيشٍ انتظاركْ

*how can performer's
works be a tool for
decolonial and Black
feminist resistance?*

How to exist in our own body when it's considered as "disabled"?

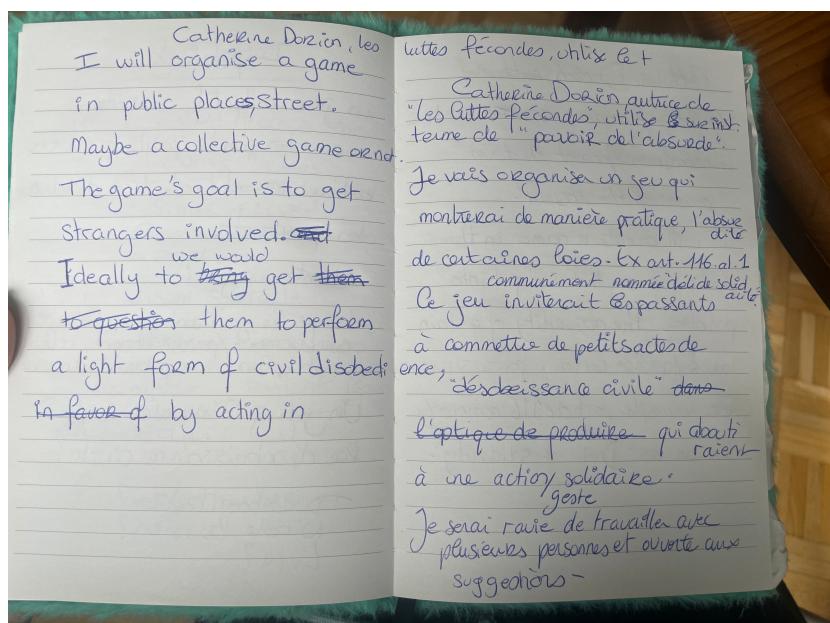
*Can a performance last
forever without human
intervention?*

which voices/practices are (un)heard + (un)seen and does it ever start, does it ever end?

Vidéo performance

How can I change the futur if I can not talk about the present?

Dans les semaines qui ont suivis la premiere rencontre d'information pour Act, pour laquelle j'avais mis au clair mon concept de performance, les conditions dans lesquelles nous étions n'étaient plus tenables.

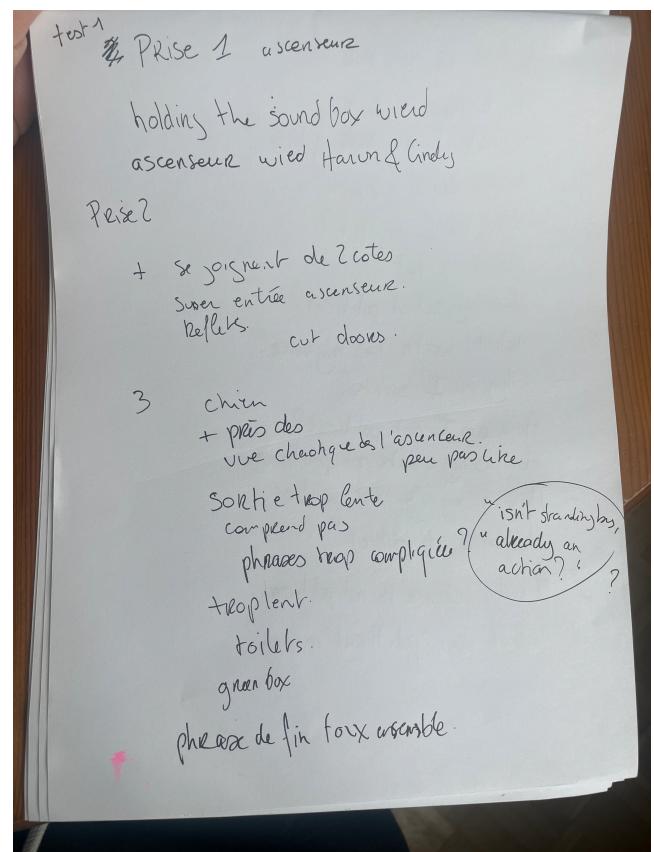
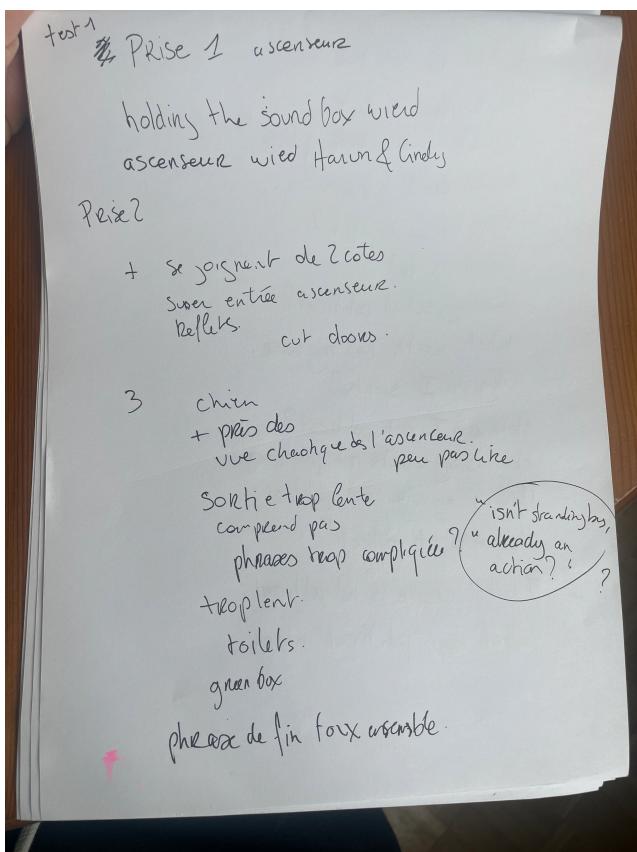
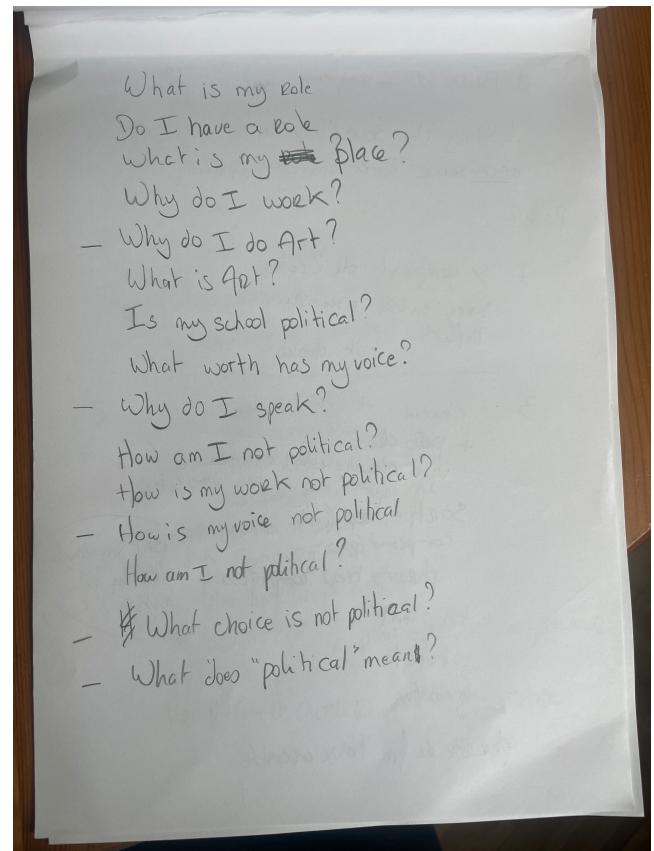
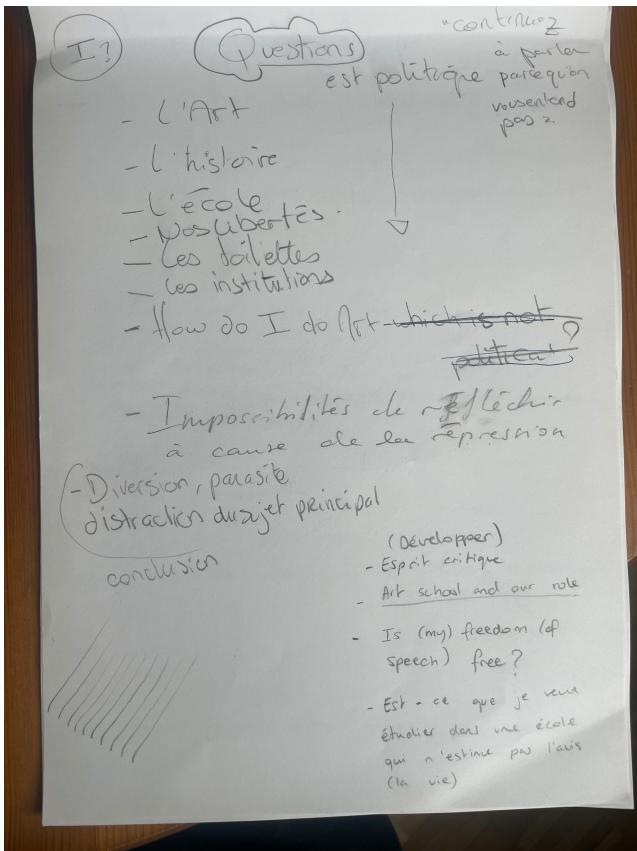


Les attaques de l'état d'Israël sur la population palestinienne ne cessaient d'empirer, et un de nos professeurs dont les valeurs artistiques et intrinsèquement humaines sont exemplaires voyait son poste remis en question pour avoir suggéré aux professeurs de se joindre au mouvement étudiant de la HEAD, en mobilisation de soutien pour la paix. De plus de nombreuses prises de positions d'étudiant.e.x. ont rencontré diverses sencures et répressions.

J'ai partagé mon sentiment de désespoir avec plusieurs étudiant.e.x de la HEAD. Il s'est avéré que mon sentiment était largement partagé, et nous avons travaillé à une performance vidéo qui s'adresse aux étudiant.e.x d'art du monde entier. L'objectif était de partager nos questionnements avec elles, et créer un mouvement de solidarité plus large.



<https://renverse.co/infos-locales/article/how-can-i-change-the-futur-without-talking-about-the-present-4472>



que se passe-t-il si je ne le souhaite pas ? et que se passe-t-il si plusieurs, voire tous, ne le souhaitent pas ?

**est-ce que
je veux
étudier
dans une
école qui
n'estime
pas l'avis
(la vie)**

combien de temps je veux et à partir de quand je ne peux plus étudier, travailler, participer y être associé

estimer, écouter, demander, non pas pour le bénéfice du "oui, nous vous entendons", mais nous vous entendons les voix et les parcs que cupations soulèvées doivent faire bouger les choses.

quelles vies ne doivent pas être ébranlées ?

Pour cette édition de ACT – ma troisième participation – j'ai pris la décision de venir sans interprète. Sauf pour le Mammuttag, parce que je n'ai pas osé. La société ne nous permet pas d'exister tel.le.s que nous sommes lorsque notre perception sensorielle est différente. La norme est celle de l'oralité. Nous sommes censé.e.x.s entendre, même lorsque nous sommes sourd.e.x.s. Le poids de ce que les gens nomment « handicap » dans ce pays, repose encore et toujours sur les épaules des personnes qui le portent. Dans d'autres, une amorce de changement est déjà en route. Le handicap ne concerne plus la personne, mais les structures inadaptées qui ne lui permettent pas d'exister tel qu'iel est et de s'épanouir sans devoir se normaliser à tout prix, notamment celui d'une grande souffrance.

Qu'est-ce qui fait que nous ne nous rebellions pas ? Que nous ne scandons pas notre droit à l'existence et à la différence tel.le.x.s que nous sommes ? Nous sommes pourtant plus d'un million et demi de personnes dites « en situation de handicap » dans ce pays. Une personne sur six. Probablement la peur. Profondément ancrée, endoctrinée, engrainée. La chape de plomb de la honte. Les traumatismes maintes fois répétés d'isolement et de rejet.

C'est cette peur qui m'a obligé durant longtemps à soulever des montagnes et me battre contre des institutions inhumaines pour pouvoir accéder aux études tertiaires. J'ai dû me désimmatriculer de l'université dans la vingtaine, l'AI considérant que mon CFC me rendait autonome sur le marché du travail, et de ce fait, a refusé de payer les aides à l'accessibilité nécessaires pour suivre le cursus universitaire. Durant la trentaine, j'ai trouvé une faille dans le système et je m'y suis engouffrée, au prix d'une grande humiliation. Chaque semestre, j'ai dû négocier le financement des aides à l'accessibilité, sans sécurité, avec un plafonnement financier qui ne suit pas la courbe de mes besoins. Chaque semestre, j'ai dû me battre avec les institutions qui gèrent les interprètes et la transcription, qui ont besoin d'un planning précis et régulier plusieurs mois à l'avance, ce qu'une école d'art n'est pas en mesure de fournir. Tout me retombe dessus en permanence, surtout les impossibilités des uns et des autres. Par-dessus s'ajoutent encore les changements de dernière minute, qui sont légion et compliquent tout.

Au premier semestre de Master, j'ai consacré plus de 200h de travail – évidemment bénévole ; qui financerait cela ? Paye ton handicap ! – pour tenter de faire tenir le tout, afin d'assurer l'accessibilité dans une structure inadaptée. Manque de fluidité total, impossibilité évidente d'entrer dans toutes les cases attendues. Manque de respect humain de plus en plus flagrant. Le jour de la rentrée je me retrouve sans interprète. On m'explique après coup qu'il s'agit d'un oubli dans l'organisation. Je n'ai pas eu d'accessibilité ce jour-là, et jamais reçu d'excuses. Cela s'est répété à plusieurs reprises tout au long du semestre. Je suis un numéro dans un dossier, qui génère de l'argent, mais qui pose trop de contraintes. Ça ne vaut pas le coup pour leur business, on me le fait clairement comprendre. J'ai atteint cet automne les limites du système d'intégration, en même temps que mes limites humaines face à ce système d'intégration. Un système que je pensais être « censé aider », mais qui m'a surtout fait couler plus profondément encore. Point de non-retour.

Cependant, pour le Mammuttag j'ai ressenti le besoin de venir avec une interprète. Pourquoi ? Toujours cette peur profonde. Peur du vide. Peur de l'isolement, de l'inaccessibilité totale et crasse, peur de la noyade à marée montante d'oralité, sans personne pour me secourir de l'asphyxie.

Première chose qui me fut dite en arrivant à PROGR ce jour-là : « Où est ton interprète ? ». Il semblerait que je n'existe pas sans mon extension, mon « moyen auxiliaire », qui à vrai dire arrange surtout les autres, pas moi. Pourquoi est-ce moi qui suis perçue comme handicapée ? Nous sommes touxtes handicapé.e.x.s de la communication dans ce cas de figure. Pourquoi est-ce que le fardeau me revient ? Pourquoi est-ce que d'autres formes de communication accessibles comme l'écrit – un langage commun – ne se mettent pas

spontanément en place ? Pourquoi continuer incessamment à parler à une personne sourde, et à la faire dépendre d'aides à l'accessibilité ?

Un événement à la fin de la journée du Mammuttag me fait totalement sortir de mes gonds. Devant moi, deux enseignant.e.s.x viennent parler à mon interprète pour des questions d'accessibilité me concernant, une demande que je viens de poser par écrit à l'intention de tout le monde. Je suis la seule concernée, la seule à connaître mes besoins, mais c'est vers mon interprète qu'on se tourne, et seulement avec elle qu'on parle, alors que je suis là, présente, à moins d'un mètre, en face d'elle. Ce validisme crasse me fait littéralement exploser.

Ma décision de ne pas venir avec des interprètes durant le Festival ACT est entérinée à cette seconde même. Le moindre doute qui pouvait me rester, définitivement effacé. Il est impossible d'être à la fois en incarnation pour performer, et en mode « normalisation » à une norme dominante – ce qui se produit lorsque je suis avec un.e interprète. La normalisation m'oblige à sortir de mon corps pour survivre, à renoncer à la personne que je suis pour devenir celle que la société attend. L'incarnation est nécessaire pour performer. Les deux sont opposés, le corps ne peut pas être l'un et l'autre à la fois. Parvenir à me réincarner requiert beaucoup de temps et d'énergie, après que je me sois désincarnée pour supporter la situation – le plus souvent sans m'en rendre compte.

Les peurs profondes sont toujours présentes. Je crée quatre nouvelles performances pour ACT histoire de m'occuper, et ne pas avoir à y penser. Chasser le stress de fond avec un stress de surface lié au challenge. Ça a toujours représenté ma méthode de survie. S'isoler dans le travail pour ne pas avoir à se confronter à l'inégalité, la violence et l'oppression quotidienne envers ma différence. Surtout lorsque le travail en question revendique mon droit à l'existence, et permet de dénoncer la situation vécue.

La violence que je craignais, la réalité, l'inégalité, se dessine dans toute sa splendeur durant le Festival ACT. Le sentiment d'abandon est renforcé avec l'arrêt maladie de l'enseignant.e.x qui me suit en mentorat. Je me retrouve sans aide pour créer ces nouvelles performances. Seule, livrée à moi-même, à dealer avec mes peurs.

Pression de la perfection. Ça doit absolument être parfait. Je sais que je vais être traitée de manière inégalitaire en tant que personne handicapée, alors au moins instiller le doute et le respect avec la qualité de mes performances. Engager la responsabilité du public, avec un contenu suffisamment solide qui ne permet pas de s'en détourner. Peut-être aussi engranger un peu de reconnaissance et me sentir aimée – ce vieux fond d'amour conditionnel, le seul amour que j'ai connu durant mon enfance marquée sous le sceau de l'autoritarisme.

Quatre performances.

Trois réussites.

Un échec.

Cuisant.

Traumatisant.

Des points positifs.

Des clés pour l'avenir.

La réalité.

Sa dureté.

La performance.
L'incarnation.
La bouée de sauvetage à laquelle se raccrocher.
La vraie survie.

Je l'ai fait.
J'ai regardé la réalité bien en face,
Réalité longtemps occultée par déni.

Violence crasse,
Qui m'a atteint au plus profond de mes entrailles.

15' minutes de feedback post-ACT, qui ne m'a pas permis d'aborder ce sujet. Que j'ai dû garder en moi, bien enfoui. Encore plus frustrant lorsque l'experte mandatée communique sur le fait que son propre père est sourd, qu'elle a retrouvé des similitudes avec son vécu dans mes performances. Et qu'il n'y a même pas moyen de déployer le sujet, de creuser, d'échanger pour aller plus loin.

Tout ce qui s'est passé durant cette édition de ACT est consigné.
Une publication verra le jour cet été en collaboration avec ACT Luzern.

Poser sur le papier ce qui s'est passé,
Pour pouvoir transformer collectivement.

Processus cathartique
Digestion.

J'ai pris le risque
Frontal
Radical
De me confronter à la réalité.

De dire « non » à ce que la société m'impose,
D'offrir en partage ce qu'elle nomme « handicap »,
Plutôt que de porter ce poids seule

Et ainsi tenter de faire émerger
Une responsabilité collective envers la différence.

Translated version – done with the help of DeepL.com (free version)

For this edition of ACT Festival - my third - I decided to come without an interpreter. Except for the Mammuttag, because I didn't dare. Society doesn't allow us to exist as we are when our sensory perception is different. The norm is orality. We are supposed to hear, even when we are deaf. The burden of what people call "disability" in this country still rests on the shoulders of the people who bear it. In other countries, the beginnings of change are already underway. Disability is no longer about the individual, but about the unsuitable structures that do not allow people to exist as they are and to flourish without having to normalise at any cost, including that of great suffering.

Why don't we rebel? Why don't we proclaim our right to exist and to be different just as we are? Yet there are more than one and a half million people in this country who are said to be "disabled". One person in six.

Probably fear. Deeply rooted, indoctrinated, ingrained. The leaden blanket of shame. The repeated traumas of isolation and rejection.

For a long time, it was this fear that forced me to move mountains and fight inhumane institutions in order to gain access to tertiary education. I had to withdraw from university when I was in my twenties, because the AI considered that my CFC made me independent on the labour market, and therefore refused to pay for the accessibility aids needed to follow an university course. When I was in my thirties, I found a loophole in the system and jumped in, at the cost of great humiliation. Every semester, I had to negotiate funding for accessibility aids, with no security and a financial ceiling that didn't follow the curve of my needs. Every semester, I've had to fight with the institutions that manage interpreters and transcription, which need a precise and regular schedule several months in advance, something that an art school is not in a position to provide. Everything falls back on me all the time, especially the impossibilities of the various parties. Then there are the last-minute changes, which are legion and complicate everything.

In the first semester of my Master, I put in over 200 hours of work - obviously on a voluntary basis; who would pay for that? Embrace your disability! - to try and make it all fit together, to ensure accessibility in an unsuitable structure. A total lack of fluidity, an obvious inability to fit into all the expected boxes. An increasingly blatant lack of human respect. On the first day of school I found myself without an interpreter. I was told afterwards that it was an organisational oversight. I had no access that day, and never received an apology. This happened several times throughout the semester. I'm a number in a file, which generates money, but which imposes too many constraints. It's not worth it for their business, they've made that clear to me. This autumn I reached the limits of the integration system, at the same time as my human limits in the face of this integration system. A system that I thought was 'supposed to help', but which actually sank me even deeper. The point of no return.

However, for Mammuttag I felt the need to be accompanied by an interpreter. But why? Always this deep-seated fear. Fear of emptiness. Fear of isolation, of total and filthy inaccessibility, fear of drowning in the rising tide of orality, with no one to rescue me from asphyxiation.

The first thing I was told when I arrived at PROGR that day was: "Where's your interpreter?" It would seem that I don't exist without my extension, my "auxiliary means", which, to tell the truth, mostly helps others, not me. Why am I the one who is perceived as disabled? In this case, we're all disabled when it comes to communication. Why does the burden fall on me? Why don't other accessible forms of communication such as the written word - a common language - spontaneously take hold? Why do people keep having to talk to a deaf person, and make them dependent on accessibility aids?

An event at the end of the Mammuttag day sent me completely over the edge. In front of me, two teachers came to speak to my interpreter about accessibility issues concerning me, a request I had just made in writing to everyone else. I'm the only one concerned, the only one who knows what I need, but it's my interpreter they turn to, and only her they talk to, even though I'm right there, less than a metre away, in front of her. This crass validism literally makes me explode.

My decision not to bring interpreters to the ACT Festival was confirmed at that very second. Any doubts I might still have had were erased once and for all.

It's impossible to be both in embodiment to perform, and in 'normalisation' mode to a dominant norm - which is what happens when I'm with a performer. Normalisation forces me to leave my body in order to survive, to give up the person I am in order to become the person society expects me to be. Embodiment is necessary to perform. The two are opposites; the body cannot be one and the other at the same time. Reincarnating takes a lot of time and energy, after I've disengaged to cope with the situation - usually without realising it.

Deep-seated fears are always present. I create four new performances for ACT just to keep myself busy and not have to think about them. Chasing background stress with surface stress linked to the challenge. This has always been my method of survival. Isolating myself in my work so that I don't have to confront the inequality, violence and daily oppression towards my difference. Especially when the work in question asserts my right to exist and allows me to denounce the situation.

The violence I feared, the reality, the inequality, is revealed in all its splendor during the ACT Festival. The feeling of abandonment was reinforced when the teacher who was mentoring me went off sick. I found myself without any help to create these new performances. Alone, on my own, dealing with my fears.

Pressure to be perfect. It absolutely has to be perfect. I know I'm going to be treated unequally as a disabled person, so at least instill doubt and respect with the quality of my performances. Engage the audience's responsibility, with sufficiently solid content that doesn't allow them to turn away. Perhaps also to gain a little recognition and feel loved - that old conditional love, the only love I knew during my childhood, bathed in authoritarianism.

Four performances.

Three successes.

One failure.

Stinging.

Traumatic.

Some positives.

Keys to the future.

Reality.

Its harshness.

Performance.

Embodiment.

The lifeline to hold on to.

True survival.

I've done it.
I faced up to reality,
Reality long hidden by denial.

Crass violence,
That reached deep into my guts.

15 minutes of post-ACT feedback, which didn't allow me to broach the subject. I had to keep it buried deep inside me. It was even more frustrating when the commissioned expert mentioned that her own father is deaf and that she found similarities with her experiences in my performances. And there's not even a chance to expand on the subject, to dig deeper, to talk things through.

Everything that happened during this edition of ACT is recorded.
A publication will be released this summer in collaboration with ACT Luzern.

Putting what happened on paper,
To be able to transform collectively.

Cathartic process
Digestion.

I took the risk
Frontal
Radical
To confront reality.

To say "no" to what society imposes on me,
To share what it calls 'disability',
Rather than carrying this burden alone

And in this way to try to bring out
A collective responsibility towards difference.

Art institutions must radically overhaul their inclusion and accessibility policies to genuinely address the intersecting identities of oppressed artists. These institutions must cease the exploitative practices of extracting free labor and commodifying the lived experiences of these artists as mere sources of inspiration, as critiqued by Sara Ahmed in «Complaint».

Condition Report

Artist:	Ice WONG Kei Suet
Title:	PERMANENTLY UNLANDED
Year:	2024
Medium:	Suitcase, and the body
Dimensions:	Dimensions variable
Duration:	Duration variable

Description of Work:	
PERMANENTLY UNLANDED is a durational performance that evokes the artist's memories of ceaseless house moving over the years. Luggage is the most significant element when moving from one place to another. Occasionally, you have to move somewhere else, being thrown into the unknown. Occasionally, you choose to leave somewhere else and let the unknown bring you to the next impermanent stop. Perhaps landing is never permanent when the safe home is nowhere to be found.	

Records of Activation:	
Date of activation:	4 May 2024
Starting time:	3:30pm
Duration:	Approx. 2.5 hours (the last 20 minutes was taken place at the outdoor route through Idaplatzn to Kulturfolger; the duration before arrival simultaneously being shown through live streaming on-site)
Venue:	Single trip from the artist's home Rötelstrasse 69 to Kulturfolger/ Total distance: 3.5 km
Weather condition:	2:50pm - 6:20pm / Clear, average temperature 22° C ,
Object components:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Used Suitcase (28") - Smart phone for live streaming - Social media account for live streaming - Cameraman for filming live streaming - Monitor for showing the live streaming on-site
Performer:	Ice WONG Kei Suet
Age:	28
Height:	158 cm
Weight:	48.2 kg
Pulse rate (BEFORE activation)	75 bpm
Pulse rate (AFTER activation)	I forgot to measure right after the performance. I was occupied by the audience's questions and greetings and rushed for another cup of water. I felt no significant changes compared to my regular pulse rate as I performed with a slower gesture this time.

Records of Activation:

Dress code:	Long sleeve shirt printed with different latitude and longitude alphabets x1 Black jeans x1 Unisex leather lace-up shoes x 1
Constant elements of the performance:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - The action of riding a suitcase - Try to balance the body without feet touching the ground while riding down slopes - Regular break time: finding street poles and bridge barriers and leaning against for rest - Be open for strangers' encounters if any - A certain amount of playfulness

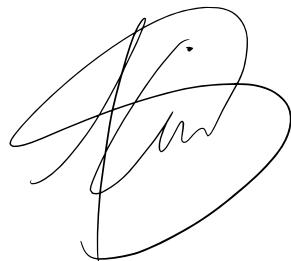
Unpredictable circumstances during the activation:

- Thankfully, the weather was lovely for the entire performance; the weather of the past week was overcast and rainy.
- People were generally calm and chilled when they saw me riding on a suitcase in the street.
- There is an intriguing contrast in movement speeds between pedestrians on wheels, such as other suitcase users, parents with pushchairs, bikers, and wheelchair users.
- When children saw an adult riding a suitcase around, they were shocked and supervised. They slowed down a bit and watched silently while their parents needed to tell them to go.
- While passing through the pedestrian tunnel of Langstrasse, 8004 Zurich:
 A man walked towards me and murmured, "Go go go!" clenching his fists;
 Another group of men walked past me and offered help. "Do you want me to push you a bit?". I spontaneously said thank you, but I was good. Then, one of the men sighted the cameraman who was filming me. He was enthusiastic, waving and speaking to the camera, "Oh, you are doing TikTok! Hello!". I wished them a lovely weekend, and we both continued our journey.
- Passing by a park called Bäckeranlage, police officers were mediating a street fight. I slowly and quietly continued my journey. The police officers sighted me, but frankly, they didn't stop me.
- While passing by Badenerstrasse 177, 8003 Zurich:
 A family of four walked towards me; the parents nodded to me, and their little boy and girl (aged 4 to 5) were shocked and stood still to watch me riding a suitcase. Their parents told them to go;
 A dog keeper wearing sunglasses walked his dog on a red leash. The sound of my riding wheels was a stimulation to the puppy. The puppy suddenly barked loudly at me and tried to run towards me. The dog keeper stopped his puppy and nodded to me. I smiled back, and then we both continued our journey.
- Passing by a café bar called Aquarium Café Bar, Meinrad-Lienert-Strasse, 8003 Zürich, a group of men was having conflicts right outside the bar's public area. Two of them were trying to fight. I slowly and quietly continued my journey with my cameraman before the situation got out of control.
- For some breezy moments, take a longer break at the parking lot sign at Bertastrasse 9, 8003 Zürich.
- I met two of the audience members who watched the live streaming at Kulturfolger and were leaving earlier. They saw me around Bertastrasse 23, 8003 Zürich, and said goodbye to me. 170m away from Kulturfolger.
- I was too thirsty and crafting for water while 120m away from Kulturfolger. Then I decided to encounter another durational happening of ACT Zurich, "Tea Time & More" by Helene von Graffenried, Kate Marten and Stella Inderbitzin. I picked a paper cup from their table setting and asked for water. They were very kind to offer me a cup of warm water.
- After finishing the water, I rode my suitcase closer to the monitor showing my live steaming and removed my luggage sticker from it. It was from Cathay Pacific Airlines for my one-way trip from Hong Kong to Zurich on 5 September 2023. I stuck the adhesive luggage sticker next to the monitor.
- Performance ended. (6:20pm at Kulturfolger)

Audience

- Audience watching live at Kulturfolger
- Audience watching live on instagram on phone (social media followers, mainly friends from Hong Kong)
- Pedestrians on the way to Kulturfolger

Prepared by: Ice WONG Kei Suet

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ice WONG Kei Suet".

Date: 14 May 2024

ice.keisuet 16h

Apologies for my late reply. Please find the Performance Condition Report attached here for the programme later. Unfortunately, I am now preparing for another exhibition in Hong Kong and will be occupied by the setup. It's such a pity that I cannot join you all via zoom either.

And more to come by the end of May
For ACT Luzern ;)
@act.perform

Documentation of Performance - Autobiographical Condition Reports

Carrying on the research on performance documentation

Carrying on the research on performance documentation from last year, I started the series of autobiographical "condition reports" for my performance pieces. The preliminary approach integrates my artistic performance practice with my previous career background in museum conservation in contemporary art.



medien@bvger.admin.ch

AW: Medienanfrage über Webseite BVGer

An: Bertilla Spinas, Kopie: medien@bvger.admin.ch

Eingang - Gmail II

8. Mai 2024 um 20:44



Details



Sehr geehrte Frau Spinas

Danke für Ihre Anfrage, die das Bundesverwaltungsgericht wie folgt beantwortet:

Weshalb werden Beschwerdeverfahren in den Abteilungen IV und V nicht chronologisch bearbeitet? Nach welchen Kriterien wird ausgewählt, welche Beschwerdeverfahren schneller oder weniger schnell bearbeitet werden?

Aufgrund der vom Gesetz vorgegebenen Behandlungsfristen (vgl. Art. 109 AsylG [[SR 142.31](#)]) setzt das Gericht seine Ziele fest und sieht eine entsprechende Prioritätenordnung vor. Die Beachtung der kurzen gesetzlichen Behandlungsfristen führt unweigerlich dazu, dass komplexere oder aufwändigeren Verfahren in der Behandlung zurückgestellt werden.

Werden zurzeit Massnahmen ergriffen, um Pendenzien in den Abteilungen IV und V abzubauen? Wenn ja, welche?

Im März 2024 hat das Parlament fünf zusätzliche, bis Ende 2029 befristete Richterstellen bewilligt. Die Wahlen finden im September 2024 statt. Zusätzlich wurden 15 Stellen für Gerichtsschreibende gesprochen. Darüber hinaus sind interne Bestrebungen zur Entlastung der Abteilungen IV und V im Gange, wie die Übernahme weiterer Verfahren durch eine andere Abteilung.

Gibt es eine maximale Dauer, die ein Beschwerdeverfahren in Kauf nehmen darf? Ab wann kann eine Gegenklage aufgrund von Zeitverzögerung eingereicht werden?

Die Angemessenheit der Dauer eines Verfahrens ist im Einzelfall unter Berücksichtigung der gesamten Umstände zu beurteilen.

Gibt es zur Zeit von politischer Seite her Druck, die alten Fälle in den Abteilungen IV und V abzuarbeiten?

Der Erledigung der Altfälle kommt nebst der Einhaltung der Behandlungsfristen eine hohe Priorität zu und wird von den Abteilungen IV und V konsequent verfolgt.

Gern hoffe ich, Ihnen hiermit weiterzuhelpfen.

Freundliche Grüsse

[REDACTED]
Medienbeauftragter | Stv. Leiter Kommunikation

Bundesverwaltungsgericht

Tribunal administratif fédéral

Tribunale amministrativo federale

Tribunal administrativ federal

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° Anwesend von Dienstag bis Freitag °

Von: Bertilla Spinas bertilla.spinas@gmail.com

Betreff: Re: Medienanfrage über Webseite BVGer

Datum: 14. Mai 2024 um 13:26

An: medien@bvger.admin.ch

BS

Guten Tag [REDACTED]

Vielen Dank für Ihre Antworten. Bezuglich der Behandlungsfristen und Behandlungsstrategien sind mir allerdings noch weitere Fragen offen. Sie haben auf diese beiden Artikel verwiesen:

Art. 109^b³⁷³ Behandlungsstrategie des Bundesverwaltungsgerichts

Das Bundesverwaltungsgericht legt eine Behandlungsstrategie fest; es berücksichtigt dabei:

- a. die Behandlungsstrategie des SEM nach Artikel 37^b;
- b. die gesetzlichen Rechtsmittel- und Behandlungsfristen.

Art. 37^b¹¹⁰ Behandlungsstrategie des SEM

Das SEM legt in einer Behandlungsstrategie fest, welche Asylgesuche prioritär behandelt werden. Es berücksichtigt dabei insbesondere die gesetzlichen Behandlungsfristen, die Situation in den Herkunftsstaaten, die offensichtliche Begründetheit oder Unbegründetheit der Gesuche sowie das Verhalten der asylsuchenden Personen.

Nun frage ich mich, ob die Behandlungsstrategie verschriftlicht ist und ob diese zu Recherchezwecken gesichtet werden kann. Ebenso die Behandlungsfristen. Die Formulierung der beiden Artikel an sich ist sehr intransparent. Es geht mir darum, dass ich die Rechtmässigkeit der Behandlungsdauer im Fall E-2721/2020 überprüfen kann.

Freundliche Grüsse
Bertilla Spinas

Von: medien@bvger.admin.ch 
Betreff: AW: Medienanfrage über Webseite BVGer
Datum: 16. Mai 2024 um 12:24
An: bertilla.spinas@gmail.com
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Sehr geehrte Frau Spinas

Danke für die Nachfrage.

Die Prioritätenordnung der Asylabteilungen («Behandlungsstrategie») leitet sich von den Behandlungsfristen ab, die der Gesetzgeber in Art. 109 Asylgesetz festgelegt hat:

- Unverzüglicher Entscheid bei sog. Flughafenfällen
- 5 Arbeitstage für Verfahren, welche durch Nichteintreten erledigt wurden (insb. Dublin- und sicherer Drittstaaten-Fälle)
- 20 Tage für beschleunigte Verfahren («Standardverfahren»)
- 30 Tage für Verfahren welche im erweiterten Verfahren zu behandeln sind (Verfahren mit erhöhter Komplexität/erhöhtem Abklärungsbedarf)
- 20 Tage für die «übrigen Fälle»

Die Beachtung der kurzen gesetzlichen Behandlungsfristen führt unweigerlich dazu, dass komplexere oder aufwändigere Verfahren in der Behandlung zurückgestellt werden.

Freundliche Grüsse



Von: Bertilla Spinas bertilla.spinas@gmail.com
Betreff: Re: Medienanfrage über Webseite BVGer
Datum: 23. Mai 2024 um 11:58
An: medien@bvger.admin.ch

BS

Sehr geehrter [REDACTED]

Danke für die spezifische Antwort. Dem BVGer Abschlussbericht ist zu entnehmen, dass insgesamt rund 814 Beschwerdeverfahren (wieviele davon im Bereich Asyl sind ist dem Bericht leider nicht zu entnehmen) seit mehr als zwei Jahren am BVGer hängig sind, so auch der Fall, auf den sich meine Recherche bezieht. Heisst dies, dass diese lange Behandlungsfrist im Grunde rechtswidrig ist und wir in all diesen Fällen eine Rechtsverzögerungsbeschwerde am Bundesgericht veranlassen könnten?

Ich wünsche Ihnen einen schönen Tag und freue mich über eine Antwort!

Freundliche Grüsse
Bertilla Spinas

Bertilla is interested in performative research in bureaucratic fields.

Sometimes, when I experience a performance, the question arises, what is a performance? That's also something I really enjoy about the term performance, it's sometimes used in a specific context, but yet my idea of performance is constantly challenged by experiencing other performances.

at what moments does a performance come back to my mind and why so?

one teacher (on performance theory) that i had in vienna defined performance as "an artwork that includes aspects that could potentially die". i think of this definition a lot and like to discuss about it!

how much do I have to explain myself / justify myself for taking up space through performing?

What do I have to do with it?



von und mit:

Claudia Lombardi
Dunja Zehr
Lis Kleiner
Luis Stadler
Coralie Cabibbo
Anita Raffaelli
Anna Chirra
Aline Fournier
Ice Wong
Bettina Filacanayo
Claas Matti Julius Krause
Bertilla Spinas
Kyrillos Nyx Lunar
Alice Köppel
Manon Schnyder
Students 4 Palestine
Meret Mache
Mariana Murcia
Anouk Koch
Stella Bohn
Tara Lasrado

image: Playground of Isolation, Aline Fournier (ACT Basel 2024)