

'AN ENCOUNTER IS PERHAPS'

David Williams

A MEETING WITH D.B. INDOŠ (ZAGREB, 2004)

'The only aim [*fin*] of writing is life, through the combinations which it draws'
(Gilles Deleuze)

'Every word was once an animal' (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

JUST A QUICK

From: David Williams
Sent: Tuesday, April 27 2004 10:37
To: Ivana Ivkovic, Una Bauer
Subject: Re: group dynamics, zagreb

Hello Ivana and Una

I hope all's well.

Just a quick request in relation to my participation in the Zagreb symposium: would it be possible to have some maps of the city please?

Also I will be trying to intersect Ric's workshop walks with animal trajectories: could you let me know if there is a zoo in Zagreb? Is there a natural history museum?

I would like to try to meet someone who has an animal (domestic or not): could be a pet, or could be a horse, pig, chickens, other farm animals – or even something more 'exotic' (like a tropical bird). Anyone who interacts with animals. Do you know anyone? Or do you know someone who might know someone? Any email or other contact details would be VERY helpful. Ideally I could get in contact with them before I come to Zagreb, and try to talk with them as the starting point of a possible network of people-and-animals.

Look forward to meeting you both.

With best wishes

David

'SUSRET JE MOŽDA'

David Williams

S engleskog prevela Marina Miladinov

SASTAJANJE S D.B. INDOŠEM (ZAGREB, 2004.)

'Jedina je svrha [*fin*] pisanja život, kroz kombinacije koje stvara.'
(Gilles Deleuze)

'Svaka je riječ nekoć bila životinja.' (Ralph Waldo Emerson)

SAMO NA BRZINU

From: David Williams
Sent: Tuesday, April 27 2004 10:37
To: Ivana Ivkovic, Una Bauer
Subject: Re: group dynamics, zagreb

Zdravo Ivana i Una

Nadam se da ste ok.

Samo da vas nešto na brzinu zamolim u vezi s mojim sudjelovanjem na zagrebačkom simpoziju: da li bih mogao dobiti nekoliko planova grada?

Osim toga, probat ću ispresijecati Ricove šetnje s radionicom putanjama životinja: javite mi, molim vas, postoji li zoološki vrt u Zagrebu? Postoji li prirodoslovni muzej?

Želio bih se upoznati s nekim tko ima životinju (domaću ili neku drugu): to može biti kućni ljubimac, ali i konj, svinja, kokoši ili druge seoske životinje – ili pak nešto 'egzotičnije' (neka tropska ptica). Bilo tko u interakciji sa životinjama. Poznajete li nekoga? Ili možda poznajete nekoga tko poznaje nekog takvog? Bilo kakva e-mail adresa ili telefonski broj bili bi mi od VELIKE pomoći. Bilo bi idealno da mogu s njima stupiti u kontakt i pokušati razgovarati prije nego što dodem u Zagreb, bila bi to polazišna točka za buduću mrežu ljudi i životinja.

Radujem se našem susretu.

Srdačno vas pozdravlja

David

From: Ivana Ivkovic
Sent: Tuesday, April 27, 2004 11.43
To: David Williams
Subject: Re: group dynamics, zagreb

Dear David,

We can have a good map of Zagreb waiting for you when you arrive, or would you need it in advance? There is a very good map in pdf with close up possibility at: <http://www.euroave.com/maps/00mapx.php?xcity=zagreb>

The ZOO is where it is written Maksimir (large green area in the north-east of the city).

The natural history museum is very small, but in the city centre.

I think Una has a cat :) but I just heard of a friend of a friend who owns some snakes yesterday. I am sure we can arrange something. I will ask around.

See you in Zagreb soon,

Ivana Ivkovic

¹ For a productive account of performative writing, see Pollock 1998. Pollock proposes six porous frames for 'performing writing': it is 'evocative', 'metonymic', 'subjective', 'nervous', 'citational' and 'consequential'. 'Performative writing [...] is for relatives, not identities; it is for space and time; it is for a truly good laugh, for the boundary, banal pleasures that twine bodies in action; it is for writing, for writing ourselves out of our-selves, for writing our-selves into what (never) was and may (never) be. It is/is it for love?' (op.cit., 98).

² To some degree, such writing practices intersect with the publishing brief of the editors of the journal *Performance Research*, and to the pedagogic and artistic concerns of 'performance writing' as elaborated by Caroline Bergvall, Ric Allsopp and others at Dartington College of Arts in the 1990s. In a recent article about performance writing, Allsopp quotes one of Charles Olson's course descriptions from Black Mountain College in North Carolina, entitled 'The Act of Writing in the Context of Post-Modern Man' (1952), in which Olson articulates a notion of writing and its pedagogy as the disclosure and materialising of a 'kinetics of experience': 'The engagement of each class [...] is the search for a methodology by which each person in the class, by acts of writing and critique on others' acts of writing, may more and more find the kinetics of experience disclosed in the kinetics of themselves as persons as well as of the stuff they have to work on, and by' (Olson quoted in Allsopp 1999: 78. Emphasis added).

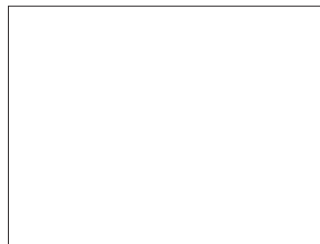
³ The recurrent notion of 'event' in this context has at least two sources. Firstly, in the discourses of 20th century science and their further exploration in post-Cagean aesthetics: 'In science it has come to be understood that the event is the basic unit of all things real in that energy, not matter, is the basic datum. In the increasingly widespread perception of reality as endless process, performance, not the art object, becomes primary [...] performance is an event rather than object' (Schmidt 1990: 231). Secondly, in contemporary philosophy, notably in the work of Emmanuel Levinas ('the event of alterity'), Jean-Luc Nancy (passibilité), Gilles Deleuze (the concept as event), and Jean-François Lyotard in such passages as the following: 'Because it is absolute, the presenting present cannot be grasped: it is not yet or no longer present. It is always too soon or too late to grasp presentation itself and present it. Such is the specific and paradoxical constitution of the event. That something happens, the occurrence, means that the mind is disappropriated. The expression 'it happens that ...' is the formula of non-mastery of self over self. The event makes the self incapable of taking possession and control of what it is. It testifies that the self is essentially passible to a recurrent alterity' (Lyotard 1991: 59. Emphasis in original).

⁴ 'The author of the report is a philosopher, not an expert. The latter knows what he [sic] knows and what he does not know; the former does not. One concludes, the other questions' (Lyotard 1984: xxv).

I WANTED A FORM

'I wanted a form as obsolete yet necessary as the weather [...]
Who is to circumscribe the geography in which thinking may take place?'
(Robertson 2002: 21, 25).

My recent research has drawn on elements of contemporary philosophy and cultural theory in an attempt to explore the mutable parameters of performance, or its heart. It has proposed performative mappings of certain unpredictable, energetic events 'in proximity of performance', to borrow Matthew Goulish's phrase: the shifting point of contact in contact improvisation; fire energetics and their implications for writing about the active vanishings of performance; place as contested and heterotopic; 'skywritings', a proliferative critical historiography of ways in which skies have been conceived, contested, and practised in contemporary art and socio-politics, and their implications for a performance epistemology; and in particular alterity as productive event in human/animal interactions. In these texts, I have endeavoured to explore more performative modes of writing critical histories.¹ So, for example, I have attempted to write about what resists historiographic inscription - the qualitative, the fugitive, the unpredictable, the overlooked - and in this way minimally 'to redirect the geometry of attention', to borrow a phrase from Joan Retallack. Such redirection goes hand in hand with a conviction that one can never recuperate a disappeared world, one can simply try to write (into) a new one, try to find a form for what Paul Celan called the 'Singbarer Rest' (the singable remains). The act of writing therefore seeks to 'do' or perform something of the moment(um) or affect of movement in absent bodies, or at least to rehearse aspects of the ambiguities, pluralities, displacements and ephemerality of live performance through the conjunction of diverse modes of writing and voices, intertextual citation, linguistic slippage and fray, a poetics of repetition and accumulation, the tropes of the fragment and the list, and so on. I conceive of this writing as a material discursive practice, in which the page is a public space for enactments or instantiations of critical performance, rather than a matter of formal (or modish) 'style', or writing to be consigned to the 'merely' creative; to quote Retallack once again, 'a space to be playful in a purposeful way'.²



The evolving trajectory of this work reflects a gradual displacement from the relatively 'solid ground' of theatre studies and theatre history towards more fluid and tentative articulations of the shifting 'lie of the land' in an expanded field of contemporary performance and its intersections with philosophy. This trajectory marks an unravelling of conviction as to theatre as the singular site of concern, and at the same time a growing fascination with present process, conditions, practices, perceptions 'in the middle', and ways of thinking through performance as interactive and ephemeral event.³ Perhaps these materials also suggest a certain scepticism about particular claims to knowledge and its 'finishability', and, to borrow Jean-François Lyotard's terms, a desire to become a 'philosopher' rather than an 'expert' (Lyotard 1984: xxv), to know how not to know with interrogative momentum, to travel between different modes of knowing (and not-knowing) in a relational field.⁴

¹ Za kreativan prikaz performativnog pisanja vidi Pollock 1998. Pollock predlaže šest poroznih okvira za 'performativno pisanje': ono je 'evokativno', 'metonimijsko', 'subjektivno', 'nervozno', 'citrirajuće' i 'konzekventno'. 'Performativno pisanje [...] je za srodnike, a ne identitete; ono je prostor i vrijeme; ono je za pravi srdačan smijeh, za granično, banalne užitke koji previjaju tijela u akciji; ono je za pisanje, za ispisivanje nas samih iz naših sebstava, za upisivanje naših sebstava u ono što (nikada ni-) je i može (nikada ne) biti. Ono je/je li ono zbog ljubavi?' (op.cit., 98).

² Takve prakse pisanja do određenog se stupnja preklapaju s izdavačkim pismom urednika časopisa Performance Research te pedagoškim i umjetničkim interesima 'performativno pisanje' kako su ga 1990-tih elaborirali Caroline Bergvall, Ric Allsopp i drugi na Dartington College of Arts. U nedavno objavljenom članku o performativnom pisanju, Allsopp citira opise Charelsa Olsona za predavanja koja je držao na Mountain College u Sjevernoj Karolini, naslovljena 'čin pisanja u kontekstu postmodernog čovjeka' (1952), u kojima Olson izlaže pojam i pedagogiju pisanja kao razotkrivanje i materijaliziranje 'kinetike iskustva': 'Angažman svakog razreda [...] je potraga za metodologijom kojom svaka osoba u razredu, činovima pisanja i kritiziranja tuđih činova pisanja, može sve više razotkriti kinetiku iskustva – kinetiku sebe samih kako kao osoba tako kao stvari na i prema kojima rade' (Olson prema citatu u Allsopp 1999: 78. Naglasak dodan).

³ Opetovano javljanje pojma 'događaja' u ovom kontekstu ima barem dva izvorišta. Prvo, u diskursima dvadesetostoljetne znanosti i njihovim istraživanjima postkejdžijanske estetike: 'U znanosti je zavladao shvaćanje da je događaj temeljna jedinica svih stvarnih stvari - da je energija, a ne materija temeljna datost. U sve raširenijem poimanjem stvarnosti kao beskonačnog procesa izvedba, a ne umjetnički predmet, postaje primarnom [...] izvedba je događaj, a ne predmet' (Schmidt 1990: 231). Drugo, u suvremenoj filozofiji, poglavito u radu Emanuela Levinasa ('događaj drugosti'), Jean-Luca Nancya (*passibilité*), Gillesa Deleuzea (pojam događaja) i Jean-Françoisa Lyotarda u odlomcima kao što je sljedeći: 'Budući da je apsolutna, sadašnjost koja se uprisutnjuje ne može se dohvatiti - ona još nije ili više nije sadašnja. Uvijek je prerano ili prekasno da se dohvati samo oprisutnjenje i da ga se predstavi. Takva je specifična i paradoksalna sazdanost događaja. To da se nešto događa, slučaj, znači da je um razvlašten. Izraz 'slučaj je takav da...' formula je za nevladanje sebstva nad sobom. Događaj čini sebstvo nesposobnim da prisvoji i kontrolira to što jest. On svjedoči o tome da je sebstvo u biti prijemčivo za opetovano javljanje drugosti' (Lyotard 1991: 59. Naglasak u izvorniku).

⁴ 'Autor izvještaja je filozof, a ne stručnjak. Dok potonji zna što [sic] zna, a što ne zna, prvi to ne zna. Dok jedan zaključuje, drugi propituje' (Lyotard 1984: xxv).

From: Ivana Ivkovic
Sent: Tuesday, April 27, 2004 11.43
To: David Williams
Subject: Re: group dynamics, zagreb

Dragi Davide,

Ovdje te čeka dobar plan Zagreba, treba li ti možda unaprijed? Na internetu možeš naći vrlo dobar plan grada u pdf formatu, može se i zumirati: <http://www.euroave.com/maps/00mapx.php?xcity=zagreb>

Zoološki vrt nalazi se ondje gdje piše Maksimir (velika zelena površina na sjeveroistoku grada).

Prirodoslovni muzej je vrlo malen, ali se nalazi u središtu grada.

Mislim da Una ima mačku :-)) ali baš sam jučer čula da prijatelj jednog prijatelja ima nekoliko zmija. Sigurna sam da ćemo uspjeti nešto srediti. Raspitat ću se.

Vidimo se uskoro u Zagrebu,

Ivana Ivković

ŽELIO SAM FORMU

'Želio sam formu koja je jednako suvišna, ali i jednako nužna kao vrijeme [...] Tko će opisati geografiju u kojoj se može odvijati mišljenje?' (Robertson 2002: 21, 25).

U novije vrijeme ispitujem elemente suvremene filozofije i kulturne teorije pokušavajući istražiti promjenjive parametre performansa, njegovo srce. Bavim se performativnim mapiranjem određenih nepredvidivih, energetskih događaja 'u blizini performansa', da se poslužim riječima Matthewa Goulisha: pomakom dodirne točke u improvizaciji dodira, energetikom vatre i njihovim implikacijama za pisanje o aktivnim nestajanjima performansa; mjestom kao nečim spornim i heterotopijskim; 'nebografijom', plodnom kritičkom historiografijom načina na koji se nebo zamišlja, dovodi u pitanje i prakticira u suvremenoj umjetnosti i društvenopolitičkoj misli, kao i implikacijama za epistemologiju performansa; te osobito alteritetom kao produktivnim događajem u interakcijama ljudi i životinja. U tim sam tekstovima nastojao istražiti performativnije načine pisanja kritičkih povijesti.¹ Tako sam, na primjer, pokušao pisati o onome što se opire upisivanju u historiografiju – onome kvalitativnom, neuhvatljivom, nepredvidivom, previdenom – i na taj način barem malo 'preusmjeriti geometriju pozornosti', da se poslužim riječima Joan Retallack. Takvo presumjeravanje ide ruku pod ruku s uvjerenjem da se nestali svijet nikada ne može povratiti, moguće je jednostavno pokušati napisati (upisivati u) novi svijet, pokušati naći formu za ono što je Paul Celan nazvao 'Singbarer Rest' (pjevljivim ostatkom). Čin pisanja stoga nastoji 'učiniti' ili izvesti nešto od onog moment(um)a ili utjecaja kretanja u odsutnim tijelima, ili barem uvježbati aspekte dvoznačnosti, mnogostrukosti, dislociranosti i efemeralnosti živog performansa pomoću spoja raznih načina pisanja i glasova, intertekstualnih citata, jezičnih lapsusa i floskula, poetike ponavljanja i nagomilavanja, tropa fragmenta i popisa i tako dalje. Zamišljam to pisanje kao materijalnu diskurzivnu praksu, u kojoj je stranica javni prostor za primjene ili oprimjerenja kritičkog performansa, a ne stvar formalnog (ili pomodnog) 'stila', ili pak pisanje koje valja pridružiti 'pukoj' kreativnosti; da ponovo citiram Joan Retallack, 'prostor za zaigranost na svrhovit način'.²



Razvojna putanja ovog rada odražava postupni pomak s relativno 'stabilnog tla' kazališnih studija i kazališne povijesti na nesigurnije i provizorne artikulacije promjenjivog 'stanja stvari' na proširenom području suvremenog performansa i njegovih dodirnih točaka s filozofijom. Ta putanja ukazuje na razvoj uvjerenja o kazalištu kao jedinstvenom mjestu od interesa te istodobno na sve veću fascinaciju trenutnim procesom, uvjetima, praksama i percepcijama 'u sredini', kao i načinima mišljenja kroz performans kao interaktivan i efemeralan događaj.³ Možda ova građa također potiče određeni skepticizam u pogledu konkretnih zahtjeva koji se stavljaju pred spoznaju i njezinu 'svršivost' i također želje, da se poslužim riječima Jean-Françoisa Lyotarda, da se postane 'filozof', a ne 'stručnjak' (Lyotard 1984: xxv), da se zna kako ne znati s interogacijskim momentumom i da se putuje između različitih modusa spoznavanja (i ne-spoznavanja) na odnosnom polju.⁴

'Ordinary human beings do not like mystery since you cannot put a bridle on it, and therefore, in general they exclude it, they repress it, they eliminate it – and it's *settled*. But if on the contrary one remains open and susceptible to all the phenomena of overflowing, beginning with natural phenomena, one discovers the immense landscape of the *trans*, of the passage. Which does not mean that everything will be adrift, our thinking, our choices, etc. But it means that the factor of instability, the factor of uncertainty, or what Derrida calls the *undecidable*, is indissociable from human life. This ought to oblige us to have an attitude that is at once rigorous and tolerant and doubly so on each side: all the more rigorous than open, all the more demanding since it must lead to openness, leave passage: all the more mobile and rapid as the ground will always give way, always. A thought which leads to what is the element of writing: the necessity of only being the citizen of an extremely inappropriable unmasterable country or ground' (Hélène Cixous in Cixous & Calle-Gruber 1997: 51-2. Emphasis in original).

When I was invited to participate in the Group Dynamics symposium in Zagreb in May 2004, feeling somewhat lost, my initial questions related to orientation and connectivity, and to a desire to try to register traces of the unmapped and the ephemeral: animal encounters and trajectories, secret places, small acts of kindness, dreams of else/w/here and other/wise. In what ways might one 'collaborate' in a city never visited before, a city where one doesn't know anyone, in a language one doesn't speak? What kinds of meetings are possible? Given how easy it would be to get lost, what might one find? I knew I wanted to remain connected to the symposium and at the same time fall out of it into this unfamiliar city. I knew I wanted to allow the occasion for the unforeseen by giving over some degree of agency in the city, through encounters with others (a provisional micro-version of 'group dynamics') and through a process of drift. In *Lights out for the Territory*, Iain Sinclair writes:

'Walking is the best way to explore and exploit the city: the changes, shifts, breaks in the cloud helmet, the movement of light on water. Drifting purposefully is the recommended mode, trampling asphalted earth in alert reverie, *allowing the fiction of an underlying pattern to emerge*' (Sinclair 1997: 4).

Such 'purposeful drifting' requires patience, an attentiveness to detail, to multiplicities and connectivities. 'The multiple *must be made*' (Deleuze & Guattari 1987: 6: italics in original). Knowingly not knowing what it is 'about' at the outset, what is being looked for, just staying close to whatever rule/game/attempt structures are in operation, or whatever 'desire paths' open up, and attending to figures and trajectories and repetitions and alliances as they occur, listening actively, letting them take shape in a relational space. Tracking something emergent, trying to go for the ride, knowing it will always be a few necks ahead of the rider. These shapes and patterns may be fictional ('made things'), as Sinclair suggests, but the ways in which we represent them can have a variety of functions: aesthetic, critical, ethical, affective, epistemological, historiographic. And as Tim Etchells writes in *Certain Fragments*, it's not always a matter of 'describing a situation so much as placing the reader in one' (Etchells 1999: 23).

'What the map cuts up, the story cuts across', wrote de Certeau (1984: 129). Location and identity are produced as much through narration as through what already exists; they are more to do with doing than knowing. Perhaps this was an opportunity to rehearse and play-fully refashion some fragments of those heterogeneous personal mappings that we are continuously making up and over, and out of which we constitute our-'selves'. So, a kind of fluid performative 'auto-topography' that could create provisional senses of self and of space and place (rather than the 'self' or the 'world' occurring preformed, as if they were pre-existent entities rubbing up against each other). Space, time, self as 'a multiple foldable diversity' (Michel Serres), a field of flows and intensities: spacing, timing, selfing. Here a dynamically spatialised (and fictionalised) self-in-process can perhaps fray just a little the dualist territorial imaginaries of inside and outside, of self-identity in opposition to alterity. So, a philosophy and practice of *passage*, rather than of ground or territory. If the continuity of identity is secured through movement and the capacity to change, rather than the ability to cling to what is already established, then my interest here was to explore simple strategies for loosening the grip of the logics of mastery and opening towards an engagement with the transitional passages, networks and inter-subjective flows of an 'animal geography'.

Certain core questions recur throughout this work: How might one interact with another whose difference is recognised as an active event, rather than a failure of plenitude? What are the *productive* qualities of alterity? In what ways might one work (in) an existential in-between and perceive otherwise? How, in Jean-Luc Nancy's terms, might one 'think *on the limit*' (Nancy 1997:70) and *ex-pose* oneself to the event/advent of meaning? In other words, if the 'animal' comprises a constitutive outside of the 'human', (how) can this limit-horizon be experienced as 'not that at which something stops but [...] that from which something begins its presencing' (Heidegger 1971:154)?⁵

⁵ Cf. Judith Butler: 'The construction of the human is a differential operation that produces the more and the less 'human', the inhuman, the humanly unthinkable. These excluded sites come to bound the 'human' as its constitutive outside, and to haunt those boundaries as the persistent possibility of their disruption and rearticulation' (Butler 1993: 8).

‘Obični ljudi ne vole tajne jer se one ne mogu zauzdati i stoga ih općenito isključuju, potiskuju, eliminiraju – i time je stvar sređena. Ali ako, za razliku od toga, ostanemo otvoreni i prijemčivi za sve pojave preljevanja, počevši od prirodnih pojava, otkrit ćemo golemi *trans*-krajolik, krajolik prijelaza. Što ne znači da će sve biti nošeno strujom, naše mišljenje, naši izbori itd. Ali to znači da je faktor nestabilnosti, faktor neizvjesnosti ili onoga što Derrida naziva neodlučivim, neodvojiv od čovjekova života. To bi nas trebalo obvezati na stajalište koje je strogo i istodobno tolerantno, i to dvostruko na svakoj strani: utoliko strože ukoliko je otvoreno, utoliko zahtjevnije ukoliko mora voditi k otvorenosti, ostaviti prolaz: utoliko mobilnije i brže jer će tlo uvijek popustiti, uvijek. Misao koja nas vodi k onome što je element pisanja: nužnost da budemo građani samo krajnje neposvojive i neovladive zemlje ili tla’ (Hélène Cixous u: Cixous & Calle-Gruber 1997: 51-2. naglašeno u izvorniku).

Kada su me u svibnju 2004. godine pozvali da sudjelujem na simpoziju Grupne dinamike u Zagrebu, osjećao sam se pomalo izgubljenim i moja su se prva pitanja ticala orijentacije i mogućnosti povezivanja, kao i želje da pokušam registrirati tragove nelociranog i efemeralnog: susrete i putanje životinja, tajna mjesta, male geste ljubaznosti, snove o nekom drugdje (*else/where*) i drugačije (*other/wise*). Kako bi se moglo ‘suradivati’ u gradu koji nikada nismo posjetili, gradu u kojem nikoga ne poznajemo, na jeziku koji ne govorimo? Kakve su vrste susreta moguće? S obzirom na to kako bi lako bilo izgubiti se, što bismo mogli pronaći? Znao sam da želim ostati povezan sa simpozijem i istodobno izići iz njega u ovaj nepoznati grad. Znao sam da želim dati priliku nevidenome odričući se donekle svoje uloge subjekta u gradu, kroz susrete s drugima (provizorna mikro-verzija ‘grupne dinamike’) i kroz proces puštanja niz struju. U *Svjetlima izvan teritorija* Iain Sinclair piše:

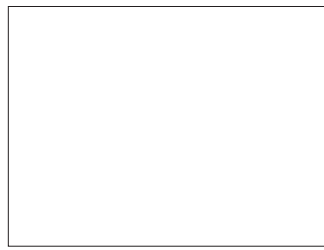
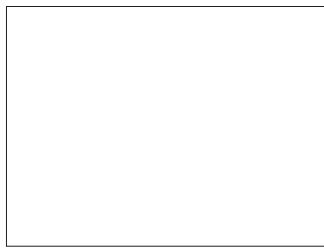
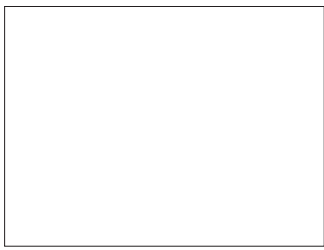
‘Pješaćenje je najbolji način da se istraži i ispita grad: promjene, pomaci, lomovi u kacigi oblaka, kretanje svjetlosti na vodi. Pustiti se ciljano niz struju, to je preporučeni modus, kaskati asfaltiranom zemljom u budnom strahopoštovanju, *dopustiti da izroni fikcija obrasca u pozadini.*’ (Sinclair 1997: 4)

Takvo ‘ciljano puštanje niz struju’ zahtijeva strpljenje i obraćanje pozornosti na detalje, na mnogostrukost i mogućnosti povezivanja. ‘Mnogostruko *se mora stvoriti.*’ (Deleuze & Guattari 1987: 6: kurziv u izvorniku). Znalački ne znati ‘o čemu se radi’ na početku, što zapravo tražimo, naprosto ostati blizu svih struktura pravila/igre/pokušaja koje su na djelu, svih ‘putova želje’ koji se otvore pred nama, obratiti pozornost na sve brojke i putanje i ponavljanja i saveze do kojih dođe, slušati pažljivo, dopustiti im da se oblikuju u nekom odnosnom prostoru. Ući u trag nečemu u nastajanju i upustiti se u trku, znajući da će ono uvijek ostati nekoliko stopa ispred nas. Ti su oblici i obrasci možda fiktivni (‘načinjene stvari’), kako kaže Sinclair, ali načini na koje ih predstavljamo mogu imati niz funkcija: estetsku, kritičku, etičku, afektivnu, epistemološku, historiografsku. A kako kaže Tim Etchells u knjizi *Određeni fragmenti*, ne radi se uvijek o ‘opisivanju situacije, već prije o smještanju čitatelja u situaciju.’ (Etchells 1999: 23)

‘Što mapa isijee, pripovijest ispresijeca’, napisao je de Certeau (1984: 129). Smještaj i identitet jednako se proizvode naracijom kao i onime što već postoji; one su stvar djelovanja prije nego znanja. Možda je to bila prilika da se uvježbaju i zaigrano (*play-fully*) preoblikuju neki fragmenti onih heterogenih osobnih mapiranja koje neprestano doradujemo i prerađujemo, i iz kojih uspostavljamo naše ‘jastvo’. Stoga neka vrsta fluidne performativne ‘auto-topografije’ koja bi mogla stvoriti provizorni osjećaj jastva i osjećaj prostora i mjesta (umjesto da se ‘jastvo’ ili ‘svijet’ događaju unaprijed formirani, kao da su neki već postojeći entiteti koji se taru jedan o drugi). Prostor, vrijeme, jastvo kao ‘mnogostruka sklopiva raznolikost’ (Michel Serres), polje tijekova i intenziteta: *spacing, timing, selfing*. Dinamički oprostoreno (i fikcionalizirano) ‘jastvo u procesu’ možda bi tu moglo barem malo pobiti dualističke teritorijalne imaginarije unutrašnjosti i izvanjskosti, autoidentiteta u suprotnosti s alteritetom. Dakle, tu imamo filozofiju i praksu *prijelaza*, a ne tla ili teritorija. Ako je kontinuitet identiteta zajamčen kretanjem i sposobnošću za promjenu, a ne sposobnošću da se držimo onoga što je već uspostavljeno, onda je predmet mojeg interesa tu bio da istražim jednostavne strategije za opuštanje stiska logike ovladavanja i otvorim se prema bavljenju tranzicijskim prolazima, mrežama i intersubjektivnim tijekovima ‘životinjske geografije’.

Kroz čitav rad uvijek se iznova javljaju određena jezgrena pitanja: Kako bismo mogli stupiti u interakciju s nekim čija se različitost prepoznaje kao aktivni događaj, a ne kao nedostatak obilja? Koja su *produktivna* svojstva alteriteta? Na koje je načine moguće (u)raditi egzistencijalni međuprostor i percipirati drugačije (*other-wise*)? Kako, da se poslužimo riječima Jean-Luca Nancyja, možemo ‘misliti *na* medi’ (Nancy 1997:70) i *o-tvoriti* se događaju/dolasku značenja? Drugim riječima, ako ‘životinjsko’ obuhvaća konstitucijsku izvanjskost ‘ljudskoga’, može li se i kako ta međa-obzor doživjeti ‘ne kao ono kod čega nešto prestaje, već [...] ono od čega nešto počinje svoje biće’ (Heidegger 1971:154)?⁵

⁵ Vidi Judith Butler: ‘Konstruiranje ljudskog je diferencijalna operacija koja proizvodi više i manje ‘ljudsko’, neljudsko, ljudski nezamislivo. Ta isključena mjesta vezuju ‘ljudsko’ kao njegova konstitutivna izvanjskost i progone te granice kao stalna mogućnost da se zadire u njih i da ih se reartikulira’ (Butler 1993: 8).



INTERRUPTION 1

'There are known knowns. These are things we know that we know. There are known unknowns. That is to say, there are things that we know we don't know. But there are also unknown unknowns. These are the things we don't know we don't know' (Zizek 2004: 9).

I'm quoting the words of that rather slippery philosopher/cartographer of modes of knowing, US Secretary of State for Defence Donald Rumsfeld. As Slavoj Zizek points out in his recent book Iraq: The Borrowed Kettle, Rumsfeld forgot to add a crucial fourth term – the 'unknown knowns', the things we do not know that we know – in other words, very precisely the unconscious, the 'knowledge which does not know itself' – 'the disavowed beliefs and suppositions we are not even aware of adhering to ourselves' (ibid: 10). These can't be controlled, because we're unaware of their very existence. Perhaps attentive immersion in certain activities – talking, writing, playing, drifting, dreaming, the event of encountering an-other – can generate frictions and short-circuits to unsettle or jolt them, allow us to glimpse their contours out of our peripheral vision. Perhaps one can learn how not to know what one is doing and still keep on doing it, knowing that the unconscious will always make a fool of the expert. The ground will always give way.

I JUST REMEMBERED

From: Una Bauer
Sent: Tuesday, April 27, 2004 13:46
To: David Williams
Subject: Re: group dynamics, zagreb

Dear David,
Hi again,

I just remembered something that was sort of, right in front of my nose. There is this wonderful artist Damir Bartol Indoš working and living in Zagreb, and he has a dog, and is, in general, very much interested in animal behaviour (doing his new piece of wolfs/dogs). He would be a great person to talk to – I already called him to tell him you might be contacting him ... I realised most people I know are into cats, but domestic cats that don't leave their houses, I don't know if that's a problem. JT is a friend of mine who has 2 cats ... and then there is also a good friend MS, who is also very much into cats – just talked to her – she would also like to be part of what you are doing

Is that ok for the beginning?

Best

Una

p.s. by the way, I live very close to the zoo ... if not in one.

From: kugla
Sent: Friday, April 30, 2004 21:46
To: David Williams
Subject: RE: re. visit to Zagreb

dear david

must be tuesday or friday, we shall use school bus. i have phone from laguna, i am every day in contact with una. my phone-mobile is ...

see you

dbi



PREKID 1

'Postoje poznate poznatosti. Postoje stvari za koje znamo da ih znamo. Postoje poznate nepoznatosti. Drugim riječima, postoje stvari za koje znamo da ih ne znamo. Ali postoje i nepoznate nepoznatosti. To su stvari za koje ne znamo da ih ne znamo.' (Žižek 2004: 9).

Citiram riječi onog prilično neuhvatljivog filozofa/kartografa modusa spoznaje, američkog državnog tajnika obrane Donalda Rumsfelda. Kako ističe Slavoj Žižek u svojoj nedavno objavljenoj knjizi Irak: posuđeni čajnik, Rumsfeld je zaboravio dodati ključni četvrti pojam – 'nepoznate poznatosti', stvari za koje ne znamo da ih znamo – drugim riječima, upravo i baš ono nesvjesno, 'znanje koje ne poznaje sebe' – 'zanijekana vjerovanja i pretpostavke za koje ni sami nismo svjesni da ih se držimo' (ibid., 10). Njih nije moguće kontrolirati, budući da nismo niti svjesni njihova postojanja. Možda pozorno uranjanje u određene aktivnosti – govorenje, pisanje, puštanje niz struju, sanjarenje, događaj susreta s nekim drugim (an-other) – može proizvesti trenja i kratke spojeve koji će uzburkati ili protresti, dopustiti nam da krajičkom oka uhvatimo njihove obrise. Možda možemo naučiti kako ne znati što činimo, a ipak to činiti, znajući da će nesvjesno uvijek izigrati stručnjaka. Tlo će uvijek popustiti.

NEČEG SAM SE SJETILA

From: Una Bauer
Sent: Tuesday, April 27, 2004 13:46
To: David Williams
Subject: Re: group dynamics, zagreb

Dragi Davide,
evo me opet,

upravo sam se sjetila nečega što mi je na neki način bilo pred nosom. Postoji jedan sjajan umjetnik, Damir Bartol Indoš, koji živi i radi u Zagrebu, ima psa i općenito se intenzivno bavi ponašanjem životinja (njegov novi rad je o vukovima/psima). On bi bio sjajan sugovornik – već sam ga nazvala i rekla mu da ćeš ga možda kontaktirati ... Shvatila sam da se većina ljudi koje poznajem više bavi mačkama, ali kućnim mačkama koje ne napuštaju dom, ne znam ima li to kakve veze. Moj prijatelj JT ima dvije mačke ... zatim je tu i moja dobra prijateljica MS, koja također obožava mačke – upravo sam razgovarala s njom – i koja bi također željela surađivati na vašem projektu.

Je li to ok za početak?

Pozdrav

Una

p.s. btw, ja živim vrlo blizu Zoološkog vrta ... ako ne i u njemu.

From: kugla
Sent: Friday, April 30, 2004 21:46
To: David Williams
Subject: RE: re. visit to Zagreb

dragi davide

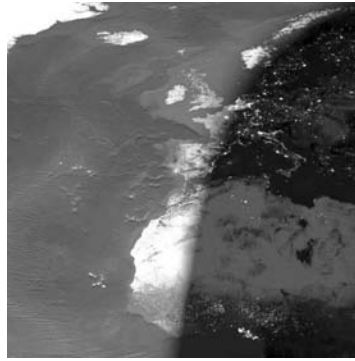
neka bude utorak ili petak, ići ćemo školskim autobusom. imam broj od lagune i svakodnevno sam u kontaktu s unom. moj broj mobitela je ...

vidimo se

dbi

AN ENCOUNTER IS PERHAPS

'An encounter is perhaps the same thing as becoming [...] an effect, a zigzag, something which passes or happens between two [...] intermezzi, as sources of creation' (Deleuze & Parnet 1987: 6, 28)



⁶ "'Machine, machinism, machinic": this does not mean either mechanical or organic. Mechanics is a system of closer and closer connections between dependent terms. The machine by contrast is a "proximity" grouping between independent and heterogeneous terms (topological proximity is itself independent of distance or contiguity). What defines a machine assemblage is the shift of a centre of gravity along an abstract line' (Deleuze & Parnet 1987: 104).

⁷ Haraway's remarkable book about cross-species sociality and co-constitutive relationships (in particular between dogs and humans) explores the 'ontological choreographies' and 'partial connections' of different kinds of inter-subjective agencies and 'relatings' (Haraway 2003: 8). It is a call to 'pay attention to significant otherness as something other than a reflection of one's intentions' (ibid: 28), and an attempt to articulate a 'situated emergence of more liveable worlds' (ibid: 51). At one point in conversation with Indoš, I tried to paraphrase a core ethical proposition from Haraway's book that, despite my enthusiasm, I could only half remember, and I failed to do it justice. This is what I should have said, Indoš: 'The task is to become coherent enough in an incoherent world to engage in a joint dance of being that breeds respect and response in the flesh, in the run, on the course. And then to remember how to live like that at every scale, with all the partners' (ibid: 62).

⁸ For example, I am struck by the remarkable recurrence of animal appellations in para-military contexts (relating to strategies, weaponry, individual combative 'styles', propagandist bestialisations etc.). 'Operation Desert Fox', for example, was an attempt to 'shut Saddam Hussein back in his cage', according to British Prime Minister Tony Blair. The Milosevic regime's genocidal 'cleansing' of Kosovo was codenamed 'Operation Horseshoe'; one of its most infamous agents was the Serb police chief at Smrekovnica jail, Vukcina (Wolfman). One of Britain's most shadowy white supremacist groups calls itself the White Wolves, in homage to a Nazi SS group. At the time of writing (October 2004), about 2 weeks before the presidential elections in the USA, a Republic pre-election TV ad represents the Democrats', and Kerry's, earlier support for proposed cuts to intelligence and security funding, and its assumed heightening of the threat of terrorism, as a pack of wolves at large in an idyllic forest.

It's just before dawn on a Friday morning in early May, and I take a tram across Zagreb to a meeting with Croatian performance maker Damir Bartol Indoš. People heading to or from work, the murmur of the city waking up, and my head still thick with sleep. The tram takes me east along Ilica through the city centre at Trg bana Jelacica, with its towering equestrian statue and its flapping explosions of pigeons, and out past the twin temples of specular mythologising and aestheticising - the zoo and the glass folly of the Dynamo Zagreb stadium, home of the Bad Blue Boys - towards the terminal point of tram line 12. All I know is that I have to look out for 'a big man with a small dog: you can't miss him'. In the preceding days, whenever I've mentioned to local people that I will meet Indoš, who has a reputation as a performance maker in Croatia, some reactions suggest that he is perceived as something of an anomaly, someone on the 'wilder' edges of the contemporary Croatian performance scene; almost all reactions convey a sense of respect and a certain wariness, as if I don't really look as though I know what I'm getting myself into (and I don't). He is to be taken seriously, it's clear. As I wipe the sleep from my eyes, and try to unfold into the day, it feels a little like a test of my resolve, this request to meet so early and so far away. And it feels like a falling off the map.

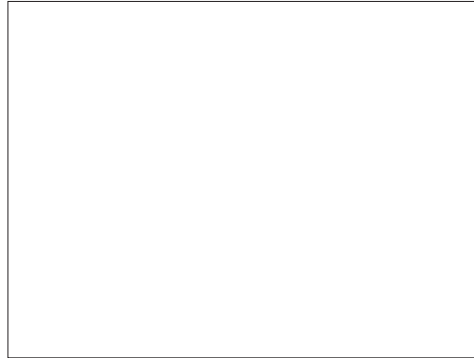
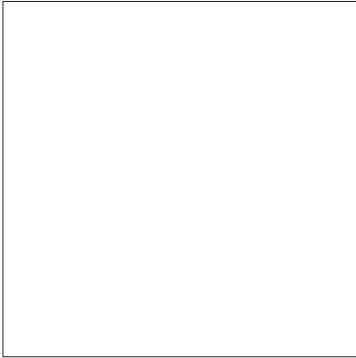
As the tram trundles along, I look in my notebook at some preparatory fragments I've listed about wolves, two of which now stand out: an old Italian good luck saying, *In bocca al lupo!* (Into the jaws of the wolf!); and the fact that Dante placed those who had committed the 'sins of the wolf' in the eighth circle of hell in his *Inferno* - seducers, sorcerers, hypocrites, thieves - I wonder what version of 'wolf' is being constituted there ... And I look at an image of the Earth sent to me by my friend Sue P, taken from the Challenger space shuttle shortly before it broke up on re-entry in the skies over Texas: at the cusp of night and day (between dog and wolf, as is said in French), a beginning and an end, constellations of lights in West Africa and central Europe, Greenland and Iceland adrift like clouds in the dawn sky ...

When the tram eventually comes to a stop around 5.30, I see big man and little dog on the other side of the road, and wave, delighted they are there. We shake hands, and Indoš introduces me to Indi, the former street dog named after Indiana Jones. The bond between Indoš and Indi is self-evident, and the dog creates an instant connectivity for us two men. Both interested in philosophy, performance, animals; both born in the same year, thousands of miles apart in opposite hemispheres. I am suddenly fully awake and we head off through the cold morning air.

As the sun comes up, we walk the dog in the grounds of a local school for more than an hour. Round and round a paving circle, through the grass, past the graffiti on the playground walls: a swastika and a scrawled 'fuck off' in amongst the indecipherable tags. Man and dog as machinic assemblage, 'the shift of a centre of gravity along an abstract line'.⁶ As we walk, Indoš tells me about Indi's earlier life as a stray, about the forthcoming performance of *Man-Wolf* (now less than a week from its opening) and past projects with his company DB Indoš: House of Extreme Music Theatre (HEMT), about his interest in animals, the friend of a friend who lives in Zagreb with two wolves, his horror at the condition in which some animals are kept at the zoo, the story of him cycling past Franjo Tudman's unfinished folly of a football stadium shouting 'You are fucking crazy!' ... At one point, he stops and says, 'I will talk for two hours about me: and then you will talk about you' ... Later I tell him a little about Donna Haraway's *Companion Species Manifesto*⁷ (which I have brought with me to Zagreb), about Deleuze (he's heard of him, but not read anything), in particular the notion of becoming-animal and his critique of Freud's 'Wolfman', as well as my interest in the animal discourses of performance, criminality and social conflict⁸ ... And I tell him about Antoine Yates who lived with a fully-grown 350 kg tiger in his Harlem apartment until he was badly bitten while trying to protect a stray cat he'd adopted - he pulled the tiger's tail when it attacked the smaller cat, and it turned on him and sank its teeth into his thigh (or did I tell that to someone else in Zagreb? I was brim full of animal stories in Zagreb, a whole mob inside me, in pursuit of what?) ... The stuttering meander of our conversation is continually (and pleas-

SUSRET JE MOŽDA

‘Susret je možda isto što i postajanje [...] posljedica, cik-cak, nešto što prolazi ili se događa između dva [...] intermezza kao izvora kreacije.’
(Deleuze & Parnet 1987: 6, 28)



⁶ “‘Mašina, mašinizam, mašinsko’”: to ne znači niti mehaničko niti organsko. Mehanička je sustav sve prisnijih povezanosti između međusobno ovisnih članova. Mašina je, naprotiv, grupiranje prema ‘bliskosti’ između neovisnih i heterogenih članova (topološka bliskost je neovisna od udaljenosti ili doticanja). Ono što određuje mašinski sklop je pomak središta sile teže duž apstraktne linije’ (Deleuze i Parnet 1987: 104).

⁷ Harawayina iznimna knjiga o druževnosti među vrstama i kokonstitutivnim odnosima (pogotovu između pasa i ljudi) istražuje ‘ontološke koreografije’ i ‘djelomične poveznice’ različitih vrsta intersubjektivnih moći djelovanja i ‘odnošenja’ (Haraway 2003: 8). To je poziv da se ‘obradi pažnja na značajnu drugost kao nešto drugo od pukog odraza vlastitih intencija’ (ibid: 28) i pokušaj da se artikulira ‘smješteno izbijanje svjetova u kojima bi se moglo bolje živjeti’ (ibid: 51). U jednom trenutku razgovora s Indošom pokušao sam parafrazirati temeljnu etičku postavku Harawayine knjige koje sam, unatoč mom entuzijazmu, tek napola mogao prisjetiti i nisam uspio iznijeti kako valja. Ovo je ono što sam trebao kazati, Indoš: ‘Zadatak je postati dovoljno koherentnim u nekoherentnom svijetu da bi se ušlo u zajednički ples bivanja koje radi poštovanje i uzvratanje u tkivu, u trku, u tijeku. I zatim zapamtiti kako tako živjeti na svim razinama, sa svim partnerima’ (ibid: 62).

⁸ Primjerice, iznenađuje me začudno javljanje uvijek iznova životinjskih naziva u paravojnim kontekstima (vezano uz strategije, naoružanje, pojedine ‘stilove’ ratovanja, propagandističke bestijalizacije, itd.). ‘Operacija pustinjska lisica’ bio je, primjerice, prema riječima britanskoga premijera Tonya Blaira, pokušaj da se ‘Saddama Husseina zatvori u njegov kavez’. Genocidno ‘čišćenje’ Kosova od strane Miloševićeva režima dobilo je operativno ime ‘Operacija konjska potkova’; jedan od najozloglašenijih agenata tog režima bio je srpski policijski zapovjednik u zatvoru Smrekovića bio je Vukčina. Jedna od najmutnijih bijelih suprematističkih skupina u Velikoj Britaniji naziva se Bijeli vukovi, kao posveta nacističkoj SS skupini. U vrijeme pisanja ovog teksta (listopad 2004.), dva tjedna prije predsjedničkih izbora u SAD-u, republikanska predizborna televizijska reklama predstavlja prethodnu podršku Demokrata, i Kerrya, prijedlogu smanjivanja izdataka za djelovanje obavještajnih i sigurnosnih službi te pretpostavljeno povećavanje opasnosti od terorizma uslijed takve podrške kroz prizor čopora vukova na slobodi u idiličnoj šumi.

Upravo sviće jednog petka ujutro početkom svibnja, a ja se vozim tramvajem kroz Zagreb na sastanak s hrvatskim umjetnikom performansa Damirom Bartolom Indošom. Ljudi idu s posla ili na posao, osluškujem žamor grada koji se budi, a glava mi je još teška od sna. Tramvaj me nosi duž Ilice, kroz središte grada, sve do Trga bana Jelačića, kojim dominira kip na konju i eksplozija lepeta golubljih kri-la. Zatim nastavljam tramvajem pokraj dva hrama zrcalnog mitologiziranja i estetiziranja – Zoološkog vrta i Dinamova stadiona, te ludosti od stakla i baze Bad Blue Boysa – do zadnje stanice tramvajske linije broj 12. Znam samo da trebam potražiti ‘jednog velikog čovjeka s malim psom: ne možete ga promašiti’. Proteklih dana, kad god bih mještanima spomenuo da ću se sastati s Indošom, koji u Hrvatskoj glasi za umjetnika performansa, njihove su mi reakcije dale do znanja da ga se smatra nekom vrstom anomalije, nekim tko se kreće po ‘žešćim’ marginama suvremene hrvatske scene performansa; gotovo sve reakcije odavale su dojam poštovanja i određenog opreza, kao da im nije baš jasno u što se upuštam (a i nije mi bilo). Valja ga ozbiljno shvatiti, to mi je jasno. Dok trljam oči nastojeći se razbuditi i upustiti u novi dan, pomalo mi se čini da je to neka vrsta ispita za moju odlučnost, naime njegova molba da se nađemo tako rano i tako daleko. Imam dojam kao da ispadam iz plana grada.

Dok se tramvaj polako klacka, čitam bilješke koje sam pripremio o vukovima. Dvije se posebno ističu: stara talijanska uzrečica za sreću, koja kaže: *In bocca al lupo!* (U vukove ralje!); i činjenica da je Dante u svojem *Paklu* smjestio one koji su počinili ‘vučje grijeha’ u osmi krug – zavodnike, vračare, licemjere i razbojнике. Pitam se o kojoj se verziji ‘vuka’ u ovom slučaju radi ... I gledam sliku Zemlje koju mi je poslala prijateljica Sue P, snimljenu iz Challengera prije nego što se raspao pri povratku na tekšaško nebo: na prijelomu noći i dana (između psa i vuka, kako kažu Francuzi), početka i kraja; konstelacije svjetala u Zapadnoj Africi i Srednjoj Europi; Grenland i Island plutaju kao oblaci na nebu u svitanje ...

Kada se u 5.30 tramvaj konačno zaustavio, ugledao sam velikog čovjeka i malog psa na drugoj strani ulice i mahnuo im, presretan što su došli. Rukovali smo se, a Indoš mi je predstavio Indija, nekadašnjeg lualicu nazvanog po Indiani Jonesu. Spona između Indoša i Indija bila je očigledna i pas je stvorio trenutnu povezanost između nas, dva čovjeka. Obojica se zanimamo za filozofiju, performans, životinje; rođeni smo iste godine, tisućama kilometara daleko, na suprotnim polutkama. Odjednom sam bio potpuno budan i krenuli smo u šetnju kroz hladan jutarnji zrak.

Dok sunce izlazi, mi više od jednog sata šetamo psa na području mjesne škole. Kružimo i kružimo, tabamo put kroz travu, pokraj grafita na zidovima igrališta: kukasti križ i naškrabano ‘fuck off’ među nečitljivim sloganima. čovjek i pas kao strojoliki spoj, ‘pomak središta sile teže po apstraktnoj liniji’.⁶ Dok hodamo, Indoš mi priča o Indijevom nekadašnjem životu psa lualice, o nadolazećem performansu naslovljenom *čovjek-Vuk* (do otvorenja je još manje od tjedan dana) i proteklim projektima sa svojom družinom DB Indoš: House of Extreme Music Theatre (HEMT), o svojem zanimanju za životinje, o prijatelju prijatelju koji živi u Zagrebu s dva vuka, o užasu koji osjeća zbog načina na koji se neke životinje drže u Zoološkom vrtu; priča mi kako se vozio biciklom pokraj nedovršene Tuđmanove ludosti od nogometnog stadiona i vikao ‘Jebem ti, lud si!’... U jednom trenutku staje i kaže: ‘Pričat ću o sebi dva sata, a zatim ćeš ti pričati o sebi.’ ... Kasnije mu pričam ponešto o knjizi Donne Haraway *Companion Species Manifesto*⁷ (koju sam donio sa sobom u Zagreb), o Deleuzeu (čuo je za njega, ali nije ga čitao), osobito o njegovoj ideji postajanja životinjom i kritici Freudova ‘čovjeka-vuka’, kao i o svojem zanimanju za životinjske diskurse u performansu, o kriminalitetu i društvenom konfliktu⁸... Također mu pričam o Antoineu Yatesu, koji je živio s odraslim tigrom od 350 kilograma u svojem stanu u Harlemu sve dok ga tigar nije teško ozlijedio kada je Yates pokušao zaštititi mačku lualicu koju je usvojio – povukao je tigra za rep kada je ovaj napao manju mačku, a tigar se okomio na njega i zario mu zube u bedro (ili sam to ispričao nekome drugome u Zagrebu? Bio sam pun životinjskih priča u Zagrebu, čitava masa u meni, a što traži?) ... Mucavo vijuganje našeg razgovora neprestano (i

⁹ Georges Bataille re. metaphor: "Not only language but the whole of intellectual life is based on a game of transpositions, of symbols, which can be described as metaphorical. On the other hand, knowledge always proceeds by comparison, which connects all known objects to one another in relations of interdependency. Given any two among them, it is impossible to determine which is designated by the name proper to it and is not a metaphor of the other, and vice versa. A man is a moving tree, just as much as a tree is a man who has put down roots. In the same way, the sky is a rarefied earth, the earth a denser sky. And if I see a dog running, it is just as much the run that is dogging' (Bataille 1995: 61).

antly) interrupted by Indi and his encounters with other dogs and their owners: always a formal and polite introduction by Indoš of the 'English man with an interest in dogs', and then easy exchange around the dogs as they play. Lola, recovering from sickness and foolishly friendly; Koya, who has had gastritis and colitis, with her young maths teacher owner on a bike. Indi is delighted at every meeting. When no other dogs are in sight, Indoš pretends he can see someone coming and calls out other dog names to Indi; the dog stops still, ears cocked, and scans the park for the newcomer, then realises it's a game, and bounds off again. 'And if I see a dog running, it is just as much the run that is dogging' (Bataille) ...⁹ Then we drop Indi home, Indoš organises breakfast for his parents and daughter, before we join her on the school bus that will take us across town to the Waldorf/Steiner School near Novi Zagreb. Every day for the past seven years Indoš has worked as a volunteer warden accompanying his daughter and other kids on their way to and from school; he makes this journey twice a day, and everyone knows him. He says this is 'soul-work'.

At the school, there are ducks in a pen, and a rabbit struggling in the arms of a young girl. I ask if I can take a photograph, and girl and rabbit are momentarily still. Bobo, a teacher at the school, talks me through the year 4 introduction to animals through looking at morphological variations; he shows me exquisite pastel drawings of a human, an octopus, a mouse, an eagle. Through illustrations of the relations between form and function, the Steiner pedagogy invites a recognition of both connection and difference. Meanwhile, Indoš is collecting bottles of what he calls 'apple acid' for his personal use: home-made cider or juice ... He has bought sandwiches and some water, and, skirting a dead dog in the middle of our path, we eat our breakfast as we walk towards a vast rubbish tip a mile or so from the school, the site of Zagreb's detritus since the Second World War. Indoš calls it 'the mountain': an apocalyptic place, as if something terrible has happened', he says. The repressed and abandoned of the city, its waste trundling out here in incessant convoys of trucks. A chaotic archive of the broken, the unwanted, the redundant, the forgotten: a monumental collection of fragments, shards of memory, the residual traces of the city's discarded pasts. A fleet of earth movers scurry across the slopes of this wasteland, burying the most decayed material beneath a thin layer of soil. Layered temporalities and rhythms: the trucks, countless seagulls wheeling overhead, some huge pigs feeding on the flank of the hill, the invisible and attenuated processes of decay. 'They plant grass, trees: in winter it is perfect for snowboarding', Indoš says with a wry smile, then: 'It makes something conflicted inside me'. Bird song and gull cries as the trucks rumble. He tells me about methane build-ups within this mass of refuse, how some years ago a huge explosion scattered rubbish far and wide across the Southern suburbs of the city. We talk about the toxic stench that drifts across his daughter's school and on to the concrete blocks of Novi Zagreb; about the leaching of toxins from the tip into the market gardens at its edges and into the River Sava. Then he tells me of his desire to make a performance here, and points to a spot high on a crest. I imagine him dancing like Hijikata, almost naked in a sea of trash, peering through his glasses at the birds and the other mountains on the horizon behind the city.

As we walk towards the concrete housing projects of Novi Zagreb en route to Indoš's studio, we pause to watch a chicken and a cat sharing a piece of bread on the street. The gulls circle overhead 'like shoals of fish, like water', says Indoš: a multiplicity and a singularity, a molecular aggregate. 'Then, with a laugh: 'That is group dynamics – many in one! That's the real symposium, up there!' The conference of the birds ...



From: Una Bauer
Sent: Thursday, April 29, 2004 9:03
To: David Williams
Subject: a poodle

Here is another guy who wants to talk to you: Adam S – a musician, he has a poodle
Best
Una

INTERRUPTION 2

'A flight of screaming birds, a school of herring tearing through the water like a silken sheet, a cloud of chirping crickets, a booming whirlwind of mosquitos ... crowds, packs, hordes on the move, and filling with their clamor, space; Leibniz called them aggregates, these objects, sets [...] Sea, forest, rumor, noise, society, life, works and days, all common multiples; we can hardly say they are objects, yet require a new way of thinking. I'm trying to think the multiple as such, to let it waft along without arresting it through unity, to let it go, as it is, at its own pace. A thousand slack algae at the bottom of the sea' (Serres 1995: 2, 6).

⁹ Georges Bataille po pitanju metafore: "Na igri transpozicija, simbola, koje se mogu opisati kao metaforičke počiva ne samo jezik nego čitav intelektualni život. S druge strane, znanje uvijek operira usporedbom, koja povezuje sve već poznate predmete jedne s drugima u odnose međuovisnosti. Uzmu li se bilo koja dva od njih, nemoguće je utvrditi koje je označeno svojim pravim imenom, a ne metaforom drugoga, i obratno. Čovjek je drvo u pokretu, kao što je i drvo čovjek koji je pustio svoje korijenje. Isto tako, nebo je razrijeđena zemlja, a zemlja zgusnuto nebo. I ako ugledate psa kako trči, to je onda podjednako i trk koji pasuje" (Bataille 1995: 61).

ugodno) prekida Indi i njegovi susreti s drugim psima i njihovim vlasnicima: Indoš me uvijek službeno i ugrađeno predstavlja kao 'Engleza kojeg zanimaju psi', a zatim brblja o psima dok se ovi igraju: o Loli, koja se oporavlja od bolesti i luckasto je prijazna, i Koji, koja je imala gastritis i kolitis, a njezin je vlasnik mladi učitelj matematike na biciklu. Indi je oduševljen svakim susretom. Kada na vidiku nema nijednog psa, Indoš se pretvara da vidi nekoga kako dolazi i uzvikuje imena drugih pasa; Indi stane, načuli uši i prelazi pogledom po parku u potrazi za došljakom, zatim shvati da se radi o igri i odskakuće dalje. 'A ako vidim psa kako trči, to je kao da vidim trk koji psi.' (Bataille) ...⁹ Zatim ostavljamo Indija kod kuće, a Indoš sprema doručak za svoje roditelje i kćerku, a zatim joj se pridružujemo na školskom autobusu koji će nas kroz grad odvesti do Waldorf/Steiner škole u blizini Novog Zagreba. Svaki dan tijekom proteklih sedam godina Indoš dragovoljno prati svoju kći i drugu djecu u školu i iz škole; dvaput dnevno pređe taj put i svi ga već znaju. On kaže da je to njegov 'posao za dušu'.

U školi imaju patke u oboru, a jedan se zečić vrpolti u rukama djevojčice. Upitao sam mogu li ih fotografirati i djevojčica i zečić odmah su se umirili. Učitelj Bobo objašnjava mi kako se djeca u četvrtom razredu upoznaju sa životinjama kroz njihove morfološke varijacije; pokazuje mi i sjajne crteže pastelama, koji prikazuju čovjeka, hobotnicu, miša i orla. Ilustrirajući odnose između forme i funkcije, Steinerova pedagogija potiče djecu da prepoznaju povezanost i također različitost. U međuvremenu Indoš skuplja boce od nečega što naziva 'jabučnim octom' za osobnu upotrebu: to je neka vrsta domaćeg jabučnog vina ili soka... Kupio je sendviče i vodu; izbjegavši mrtvog psa koji leži nasred puta, doručujemo hodajući prema golemom smetlištu koje je oko dva kilometra udaljeno od škole: mjesto na koje Zagreb odbacuje smeće još od Drugog svjetskog rata. Indoš ga naziva 'planinom': 'to je apokaliptično mjesto, na kojemu kao da se dogodilo nešto strašno', kaže on. Tu je sve ono što je grad potisnuo i napustio, sve njegovo smeće, koje se ovamo dokotrljalo u neprekidnim povorkama kamiona. Kaotičan arhiv polomljenog, neželjenog, suvišnog, zaboravljenog: monumentalna zbirka fragmenata, krhotina sjećanja, nataloženih tragova odbačene prošlosti grada. Po padinama te pustoši vrzma se vojska bagera, zakapajući najraspadnutiju građu pod tanak sloj zemlje. Naslojene prolaznosti i ritmovi: kamioni, nebrojeni galebovi koji kruže iznad nas; nekoliko golemih svinja hrani se na obroncima brežuljka, nevidljivi i ublaženi procesi raspadanja. 'Ponekad posiju travu ili posade koje drvo: zimi je savršeno za *snowboarding*', kaže Indoš uz kiseo osmijeh, dodajući: 'U meni ovo mjesto izaziva nekakav sukob'. Oslušujemo pjev ptica i krike galebova dok kamioni brundaju. Priča mi kako se u toj masi smeća nakuplja metan i kako je prije nekoliko godina došlo do ogromne eksplozije, koja je rasula smeće nadaleko i naširoko po južnim četvrtima grada. Razgovaramo o otrovnom smradu koji se širi sve do škole njegove kćeri i betonskih blokova Novog Zagreba; o prodiranju otrovnih tvari iz planine smeća u vrtove na njegovu rubu i u rijeku Savu. Zatim mi priča o tome kako bi želio tu napraviti performans i pokazuje mi jednu točku visoko na hrptu planine. Zamišljam ga kako pleše kao Hlijikata, gotovo gol u moru smeća, škiljeći kroz naočale prema pticama i drugim planinama na obzoru iza grada.

Dok hodamo prema betonskim stambenim četvrtima Novog Zagreba na povratku u Indošev studio, zaustavljamo se i promatramo kako kokoš i mačka dijele komad kruha na ulici. Galebovi kruže iznad naših glava 'kao jato riba, kao voda', kaže Indoš: mnogostrukost i jedinstvenost, agregati molekula. Zatim se nasmije: 'To se zove grupna dinamika – mnogo njih u jednome! Eto pravog simpozija tamo gore!' Sabor ptica ...



From: Una Bauer
Sent: Thursday, April 29, 2004 9:03
To: David Williams
Subject: a poodle

Imam još nekoga tko bi želio porazgovarati s tobom: Adam S – glazbenik, ima pudlicu
Pozdrav
Una

PREKID 2

'Jato ptica koje kriče, skupina haringa koje se provlače kroz vodu kao svilena tkani- na, oblak pilića koji pijuču, eksplozivni vrtlog komaraca ... mnoštva, čopori, krda u pokretu, ispunjavaju prostor svojom galamom; Leibniz ih naziva agregatima, te pred- mete i skupove [...] More, šuma, žamor, buka, društvo, život, poslovi i dani, sve skup- na množina; jedva da ih možemo nazvati predmetima, a ipak zahtijevaju nov način mišljenja. Pokušavam misliti množinu kao takvu, pustiti je da lebdi ne sputavajući je jedinstvom, pustiti je da bude kakva jest, da ide vlastitim tempom. Tisuću mlohavim algi na dnu mora' (Serres 1995: 2, 6).

From: Una Bauer
Sent: Friday, April 30, 2004 12:42
To: David Williams
Subject: animal thing again

David,

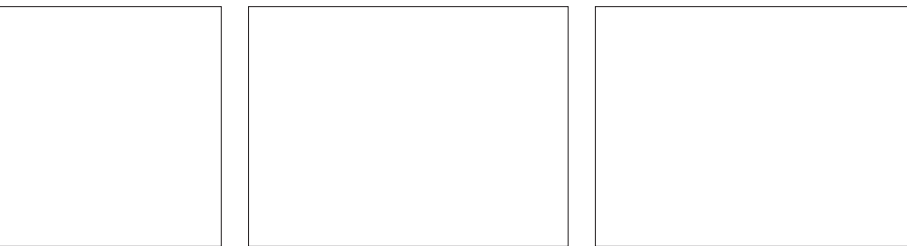
What do you think about a child taking part in your animal thing? I thought of M's daughter who is 8 or so, and she has a turtle? I haven't asked M about it, but perhaps ...

Una

DO YOU KNOW WHICH

Do you know which animal you are in the process of becoming and in particular what is becoming in you [...] a whole mob inside you in pursuit of what ... ?

(Deleuze & Parnet 1987: 76).



It's not long after 9.00 a.m., and we walk along a muddy path towards Indoš's studio, at the back of a semi-derelict club once trashed by skinheads, Indoš tells me, for showing communist films. 'Skinheads are not political enough, they wear costumes not uniforms'. This leads him into a discussion of Gandhi's philosophy of *ahimsa*, and of the paradoxes of non-violent protest: 'perfect for the police or the army, but maybe one must fight with skinheads'. When we walk around the side of the club towards the work space, Indoš forewarns me: 'no toilet, no heating'. At Indoš's invitation, I relieve myself in the waste ground at the back as he opens up and prepares; I smoke a cigarette, write some notes. And some mental connection is tentatively made between Indoš, this context on the margins and Brian Massumi's resistant 'strategies for becoming': 1. *Stop the world* (becoming begins with an inhibition); 2. *Cherish derelict spaces* (holes in habit, cracks in the existing order); 3. *Study camouflage* (seeming to be 'what you are' in order to 'pass on the inside'); 4. *Sidle and straddle* (when in doubt, sidestep, remain marginal: move sideways through the cracks towards 'the place of invention', the dynamic in-between of transformational encounter); 5. *Come out* ('what one comes out of is identity') ... (Massumi 1992: 103-6).

Inside, a tiny semi-industrial space, perhaps a garage originally. It's a minefield to negotiate a route across the playing area towards some simple raked seating, only 3 or 4 rows. It looks like the wreckage of some Constructivist scenography; the space is covered with wooden industrial palettes, dozens of car tyres scattered randomly or in piles, loose bits of timber and small tree branches, scraps of paper, two ancient reel-to-reel tape machines and speaker system. Indoš fumbles with his glasses, puts them on in order to tinker around and then cue the sound for the rehearsal of *Man-Wolf*. He hands me a package of photocopied materials, which will be distributed to spectators in this 'anti-symposium', as Indoš describes it with a smile. The bundle of papers includes a contextualising programme note in Croatian and English, listing performers, textual and audio sources, and offering a rather elliptical account of the event-to-come: '

'Performers establish their otherness using tools, shaping beauty, establish their otherness from their animal Ur-forms using psychoanalysis, transcend to a state in which they pose questions, arrive to conclusions about the uniqueness of various forms of existing and perishing'.

As well as trade journal descriptions of wooden palettes and torches (both of which are to be used in the 'lecture/demonstration' performance, the programme note informs us, 'in order to build a stage object: wolf territory'), here are also: cartographic representations of 'howling sites' (the estimated range of audibility of individual wolf cries in a territory in Minnesota); an analytical zoological text entitled 'Use of faeces for scent marking in Iberian wolves (*Canis lupus*)' – Indoš pronounces faeces 'fakes', and completely confuses me for a moment; materials about social order, expression and communication

From: Una Bauer
Sent: Friday, April 30, 2004 12:42
To: David Williams
Subject: animal thing again

David,

što misliš o tome da se u tvoj životinjski projekt uključi dijete? Razmišljala sam o M-inoj kćeri, ima nekih osam godina i kornjaču? Nisam još pitala M, ali možda ...

Una

ZNAŠ LI KOJA

Znaš li koja životinja upravo postaješ i osobito što je to što postaje u tebi [...] čitava masa u tebi, a što traži ... ?

(Deleuze & Parnet 1987: 76).



Tek je prošlo 9 sati ujutro, a mi hodamo duž blatnjave staze prema Indoševu studiju iza polusrušenog kluba koji su jednom opustošili skinheadi, kako kaže Indoš, zato što su se ondje prikazivali komunistički filmovi. 'Skinheadi nisu dovoljno politički, nose kostime, a ne uniforme'. To ga uvodi u raspravu o Gandhijevoj filozofiji *ahimse* i paradoksima nenasilnog prosvjeda: 'savršeno za policiju ili vojsku, ali možda ćete se morati tući sa skinheadima'. Dok obilazimo klub prema njegovu radnom prostoru, Indoš me upozorava: 'nema zahoda, nema grijanja'. Na njegov prijedlog mokrim na smetlištu iza zgrade dok on otvara i priprema studio; pušim cigaretu, pravim bilješke. I neka provizorna mentalna povezanost uspostavlja se između Indoša, tog konteksta na marginama i rezistentnih 'strategija postajanja' Briana Massumija: 1. *Zaustavi svijet* (postajanje počinje inhibicijom); 2. *Voli ruševne prostore* (rupe u navici, pukotine u postojećem poretku); 3. *Izučavaj kamuflažu* (čineći se da si 'ono što jesi' kako bi 'prešao unutra'); 4. *Približavaj se postrance i oprezno* (ako si u dvojbi, stupi u stranu, ostani na margini: kreći se postrance kroz pukotine prema 'mjestu pronalaska', međudinamici transformacijskog susreta); 5. *Izađi* ('ono iz čega se izade, to je identitet') ... (Massumi 1992: 103-6).

Unutra je sličan poluindustrijski prostor, možda nekadašnja garaža. Pravi je hod po minskom polju pronaći put do jednostavne konstrukcije sjedišta, samo tri ili četiri reda. Izgleda kao olupina neke konstruktivističke scenografije; prostor je prekriven drvenim industrijskim paletama, deseci automobilskih guma nasumce su porazbacani ili poslagani na hrpu, razasuti komadići drvene građe i grančice, papirići, dva prastara magnetofona i sustav zvučnika. Indoš prtlja oko svojih naočala, stavlja ih na nos kako bi prčkao po sustavu i naštimao zvuk za probu *čovjeka-vuka*. Dodaje mi svežanj fotokopiranog materijala, koji će biti podijeljen gledateljima na tom 'anti-simpoziju', kako ga Indoš opisuje smiješeći se. Svežanj papira sadrži i kontekstualiziranu bilješku o programu na hrvatskom i engleskom jeziku, popis izvođača i tekstualne i audio izvore te prilično manjkav prikaz nadolazećeg događaja:

'Izvođači uspostavljaju svoju drugost koristeći se oruđem, oblikujući ljepotu, uspostavljaju svoju drugost iz životinjskih praoblika služeći se psihoanalizom, transcendiraju u stanje u kojemu postavljaju pitanja i stižu do zaključaka o jedinstvenosti raznih oblika postojanja i nestajanja'.

Kao i prodajni opisi drvenih paleta i baklji (koji će se koristiti u performansu 'predavanja/demonstracije', bilješka o programu nas obavještava da su radi izgradnje pozornice: vučjeg teritorija) tu također: kartografski prikazi 'lokacija zavijanja' (procijenjeni raspon čujnosti pojedinačnih urlika vukova na jednom području u Minnesoti); analitički zoološki tekst naslovljen 'Use of faeces for scent marking in Iberian wolves (*Canis lupus*)' – Indoš izgovara *faeces* kao 'fakes' i na trenutak sam potpuno zbunjen; građa o društvenom poretku, izrazima i komunikaciji u vučjim čoporima, uključujući tekstove sa crtežima koji prikazuju izraze lica kod vukova ('odobranje', 'tjeskoba', 'ugroženost', 'sumnja'), o vučjim repovima kao pokazateljima raspoloženja i statusa, o pokazivanju/skrivanju 'analnih dijelova' i

in wolf packs, including texts with line drawings about wolves' facial expressions ('high ranking', 'anxiety', 'threat', 'suspicion'), about wolves' tails as indicators of mood and status, about the presentation/withdrawal of the 'anal parts', and a very graphic text called 'AND FAMILY LIFE' describing vulpine coitus, tying and ejaculation. Finally, there is an extract from Freud's case study of the 'Wolfman' ('From the History of an Infantile Neurosis', 1918), including the Wolfman's well-known dream.

Before I have really had any time to read this material, Indoš begins to set the scene as if this were a performance for an audience of one, then proceeds to talk and run through it on his own. He runs it in sequence, demonstrating certain episodes with his own actions and those of the other (absent) performers, at times enacted in a walk-through shorthand, with fill descriptions as he locates with a gesture where specific events will take place, at times performed at a massively heightened level of intensity and energy. The shift between these modes is often almost instantaneous, the jar of sudden gear-shift quite bewildering; Indoš has that disarming capacity to transform himself utterly in a split second from quiet practical description to embodied actions and vocalisations of a blowtorch intensity, a white-hot flaring into appearance, a teetering dance of borderline possession; it's like flicking a switch between Brechtian guide and Artaudian martyr signalling through the flames. A long circling clenched dance with a song that gradually evolves into wolf-like howls. A rolling contorted action on top of a circle of wood balanced precariously on an uneven pile of tyres: 'the surface is alive', he remarks. A sequence in 'what we call English gibberish' – a hilarious nonsense parody of a chewing-gum American draaaaw! These actions interspersed with taped sound of a wolf keening, a layered wolf chorale, a crackly recording of Yvette Gilbert singing in French about a woman walking along the street followed by the dogs she attracts, extracts from an audio-lecture by wolf zoologist Fred Harrington describing his encounters with timber wolves, a variety of bird song samples and a frog ... As the sounds play, Indoš is entranced, attentive, his gaze fixed into the distance. I feel at ease with the tape material somehow, and almost drop off for a moment; Indoš doesn't notice. But as my head snaps up again, I find myself once more astonished at this 47-year-old man-child-performer-philosopher-giant-old-soul playing and mapping and writhing and howling and singing in a deserted workshop, the door wide open framing a patch of early morning waste ground. I have never witnessed anything quite like this in my life. As an event, it unseats me, this something-taking-place, this someone-going-through-something. A haecceity, inseparable from an hour, a season, an atmosphere, an air, a life ...¹⁰ This is a landscape of the trans-, of passage. Like fire, Indoš is a 'shaking up of myriads' (Serres 1995: 103). At the end, we sit in unembarrassed silence for a few minutes, drops of sweat falling from Indoš's nose, then he jumps up to pack things away, locks up, and once more we walk, this time at high speed, towards the city. I laugh as he pulls out one final sandwich, wrapped in foil and a paper serviette with a cartoon fluffy sheep on it: 'the most better sandwich last!' We pass a man training an alsatian on the grass between streaming lines of traffic, a flower memorial on the verge where some accident has occurred, and it begins to rain softly ...

¹⁰ Deleuze and Guattari (1987) describe 'haecceity' as 'a mode of individuation' consisting 'entirely of relations of movement and rest between molecules or particles, capacities to affect and be affected [...] the entire assemblage in its individuated aggregate that is a haecceity [...] It is the wolf itself, and the horse, and the child, that cease to be subjects to become events, in assemblages that are inseparable from an hour, a season, an atmosphere, an air, a life [...] A haecceity has neither beginning nor end, origin nor destination; it is always in the middle. It is not made of points, only of lines. It is a rhizome' (op.cit., 261-3).

INTERRUPTION 3

The animal might interrupt writing, as if demanding something of us, but writing can't catch the animal, though it tries. You'd think a quotation might pin it down. A quotation, after all, like an animal, is a literalism. And like an animal, according to Benjamin, quotation is a mode of interruption. 'To quote a text involves an interruption of its context'. The writing that allows itself to be interrupted by the animal is the writing that understands the complications of context, offering itself as fractured, scattered, corrupt, misdirected, multiple, elsewhere, other. The writing that would pay respect to the animal acknowledges the animal, gives place to the animal. Except even these are metaphors, and the animal is too literal to give itself up like that. That is its dignity, 'to be shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates' [Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*]. Which is to say, the animal is like nothing on earth. Writing, it appears, can barely cope. Even if the animal can be trained it cannot be scripted' (Kear and Kelleher 200: 88).



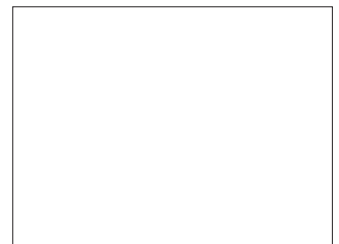
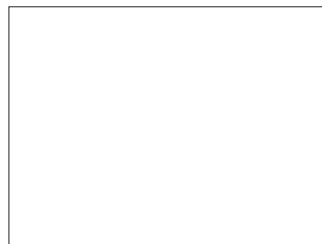
jedan vrlo slikovit tekst naslovljen 'AND FAMILY LIFE', u kojem se opisuju vučje parenje i ejakulacija. Naposljetku je tu i ulomak iz Freudova slučaja 'čovjeka-vuka' ('Iz povijesti dječje neuroze', 1918.), uključujući poznati san čovjeka-vuka.

Prije no što sam doista imao vremena pročitati sav materijal, Indoš je već složio scenu kao da se radi o performansu za jednu osobu, a zatim počinje govoriti i izvoditi ga sam. Izvodi ga po redu, pokazujući određene epizode vlastitim pokretima i onima drugih (odsutnih) izvođača, koje ponekad odglumi stenografskom kratkoćom, dopunjujući ih opisima i označavajući pokretom ruke gdje će se odvijati određeni događaji, a ponekad ih izvodi s izrazito povišenom razinom intenziteta i energije. Pomak između tih načina izvođenja gotovo je trenutna, kao neki prilično zbunjujući trzaj iznenadne promjene brzine; Indoš ima onu razoružavajuću sposobnost da se potpuno transformira u djeliću sekunde, prelazeći iz smirenog i praktičnog opisivanja u utjelovljenje akcije i vokalizaciju zaglušujućeg intenziteta, usijano razbuktavanje u pojavnost, klimav ples na rubu opsjednutosti; to je kao pomak sklopke između brechtovskog vodiča i artaudovskog mučenika koji se javlja kroz plamen. Dugačak, kružan, zgrčen ples uz pjesmu koja se postupno pretvara u vučje zavijanje. Kotrljajuća, grčevita akcija na vrhu drvenog kruga koji je opasno izbalansiran povrh neravne gomile guma: 'površina je živa', primjećuje Indoš. Slijed 'onoga što nazivamo engleskim blebetanjem' – vesela i besmislena parodija na razvučeni američki koji se govori kao da u ustima imate žvakaću gumu. Te su akcije ispresjecane snimljenim zvukom vučjeg zavijanja i višeglasnog vučjeg korala, pucketavom snimkom Yvette Gilbert, koja na francuskom pjeva o ženi koja hoda ulicom privlačeći pse te je oni slijede, isječcima iz audio-predavanja zoologa i stručnjaka za vukove Freda Harringtona, koji opisuje svoje susrete s američkim šumskim vukovima, raznovrsnim ptičjim pjevom i kreketanjem jedne žabe ... Dok sluša te zvukove, Indoš je u transu, pozoran, njegov je pogled uperen u daljinu. Nekako mi pašu ti zvukovi sa trake i gotovo tonem u san, ali Indoš ništa ne primjećuje. Ali glava mi se trzne i ponovo sam zapanjen nad tim četrdesetsedmogodišnjim muškarcem-djetetom-izvođačem-filozofom-divom-starom dušom, koji igra i locira i izvija se i zavija i pjeva u napuštenoj radionici, dok su vrata širom otvorena kao četverokutni okvir smetlišta u rano jutro. Nikada u cijelom svojem životu nisam vidio ništa slično. Kao događaj, to me izbacuje iz takta, to nešto-što-se-događa, taj netko-tko-prolazi-kroz-nešto. Bivstvo, neodvojivo od sata, godišnjeg doba, atmosfere, zraka, života ...¹⁰ To je trans-krajolik, krajolik prijelaza. Kao vatra, Indoš je 'protresanje bezbroja' (Serres 1995: 103). Na kraju svega, nekoliko minuta sjedimo u tišini bez neugodnosti, dok kapljice znoja padaju s Indoševa nosa, a zatim on skače kako bi spakirao stvari, zaključava radionicu i ponovo hodamo prema gradu, ovaj put velikom brzinom. Smijem se dok vadi zadnji sendvič, omotan alufolijom i papirnatom salvetom s pahuljastom ovcom iz crtanog filma: 'najviše dobar sendvič na kraju!' Prolazimo pokraj čovjeka koji trenira njemačkog ovčara na travnjaku između kolona jurećih automobila, kod vijenca s cvijećem na mjestu gdje se dogodila neka nesreća, a kiša počinje rominjati ...

¹⁰ Deleuze i Guattari (1987) opisuju 'bivstvo' kao 'način individualizacije' koje se sastoji 'u cijelosti od odnosa gibanja i mirovanja između molekula i čestica, sposobnosti da se aficira i biva aficiranim [...] čitav sklop je u svom individualiranom agregatnom stanju koje je bivstvo [...] To su vuk sam, konj, dijete, koje prestaju biti subjekti da bi postali događaji, u sklopovima koji su neodjeljivi od sata, sezone, atmosfere, ozračja, života [...] Bivstvo nema niti početka niti kraja, ishodišta ili odredišta - ono je uvijek usred. Ono nije sazdano od točaka, već od linija. Ono je rizom' (op.cit., 261-3).

PREKID 3

Životinja bi mogla prekinuti pisanje, kao da želi nešto od nas, ali pisanje ne može uhvatiti životinju, iako pokušava. čovjek bi pomislio da joj citat možda može staviti soli na rep. Naposljetku, citat je doslovnost, baš kao i životinja. Kao i životinja, citat je, prema Benjaminovim riječima, način prekida. 'Citirati tekst podrazumijeva prekid njegova konteksta'. Pisanje koje dopušta da ga životinja prekine jest pisanje koje razumije zamršenosti konteksta te se nudi kao izlomljeno, rasuto, iskvareno, pogrešno usmjereno, mnogostruko, negdje drugdje, drugo. Pisanje koje bi poštivalo životinju daje mjesto životinji. Osim ako su i to metafore, a životinja je odviše doslovna da se preda samo tako. To je njezino dostojanstvo, da 'ima svoj oblik, gosparu, široka je svoju širinu, visoka je koliko jest, i kreće se vlastitim udovima. Živi od onog čime se hrani, a kad dušu ispusti, umire.' [Shakespeare, Antonije i Kleopatra]. Drugim riječima, životinja je drugačija od svega na svijetu. Pisanje je, kako se čini, jedva može pratiti. čak i ako se životinja može trenirati, ne može se skriptirati' (Kear i Kelleher 200: 88).



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