



#10

NEW FEARS is a gallery for dance, performance and transdisciplinarity, representing Berlin-based and international artists. For each episode NEW FEARS invites 2 artists for a residency, which leads to a public event. The process is accompanied by a writer, whose output together with a visual documentation manifests in a publication.

NEW FEARS #10 invited Diana Salles who presented excerpts of her performance „I killed a man“ and an aerial hoop performance, which was written about by Konstantin Koryagin and Asya Ashman. Further NEW FEARS invited Maria Makarena Fuentes, who developed a musical installation in collaboration with dancer Katrina Bastian and Angelo Petracca. Fotodocumentation by July Weber.

List of forgotten things:

Black/dark-gray umbrella

Tissue

Flowers

Apartment I lived in from the age of 7 till 9

Can, to collect tears and sell them in the future

It starts with the funeral, where I am the guest, who forgot the umbrella. An infinitely beautiful trans woman says goodbye to the man she's burying. From Diego to Diana. The flesh is still here, there is no corpse, yet we witness a transformation in which the past is gone, becoming fertilizer for the present and the future.

Is she somehow way too beautiful to be the one grieving? Grief is apparently something extremely ugly and repulsive, otherwise it wouldn't be cut out of our everyday life so radically. Grief knocks us out of the game, leaving us in a detached and alienated state, threatening the integrity and stability we have to aspire to.

What a monster I am to apply such standards as beauty/ugliness to the deepest and most existential feelings - it's not a surprise that I didn't even bring flowers.

Only she reminds me not of a victim of fate, destroyed and isolated, but rather of widows who inherited fortunes in the numerous movies I watched during my teenage years. They might be grieving, but mostly, they welcome their new life full of money and freedom. The combination of emptiness created by loss, and excitement to embrace a new phase, is what is so present during this act.





Her presence is that of the protagonist, and it is this presence that seduces me to want to associate with her, rather than being a guest who has forgotten the umbrella. Despite all the differences in our experiences and paths, there is something tantalizing and liberating about experiencing this death, this total transformation of the past along with her. I want to experience the same and start to think about my past, but all that comes with these memories is the feeling of cringe. The way I was in relationships with people, how I looked, my old posts in social media and people from my teenage times are the ghostly evidence of an older, not-yet updated version of myself, who is always in the process of becoming. But it is also a living reminder of death itself.

Cringe is the moment when we're yanked out of our own perspective, and we can suddenly see ourselves from somebody else's point of view. At this moment, we become disconnected from the social group, completely alone. What is it if not a training of death? Orgasm is famously named a small death and cringe is the same, just not such a pleasurable one. When I realise this loneliness, this alienation, I want not to be myself anymore, I want to leave my body. I like to leave my body sometimes.

Is it the same pleasurable as an orgasm?

I think about orgasm and death, when she blows her nose in an insistently loud way. IT MUST BE A RITUAL. The sense of cringe that she spills across the space is a tunnel into another death, of a different order. In cringe for myself I experience the desire not to be me - in cringe for the other, I am transported inside her and experience the desire not to be her. In this moment I am not me and I am not her, I disappear twice. Where do I go?

Death is never wrong. If it communicates that it's time to say goodbye to something, then it is necessary at the moment to observe how it goes away - that's what the 13th arcana of the Tarot tells me. I'm one of many lovers of Tarot, and Death was always one of my favorite cards - it is radical and straightforward. In the Rider-Waite Tarot deck, it is depicted with a skeletal figure, riding a white horse. We can see the green shoots under this horse's feet, piercing out of the ground. These leaves represent the main meaning of the arcana - that death is never the end, but a change of the phase, transformation, a promise. But while looking in the eyes of the horse it's difficult to notice the shoots. The only thing in the eyes is the freaking fear, the fear of the moment after. As a child of a disappearing and unstable father, I don't believe promises so easily, even the promises of Death.





After Death, the next arcana is Temperance. It features an angelic figure standing with one foot in a body of water and the other on solid ground. The figure is wearing a white dress and pouring liquid between two cups, one held in each hand, blending and balancing opposites. The blending of water indicates harmony and the reconciliation of conflicting elements. It suggests acceptance, bringing the past in peace with the present, integrating it.

In the Tarot deck created by Aleister Crowley and illustrated by Lady Frieda Harris, the equivalent card to Temperance is called Art. Art in its transformative and alchemical nature, bringing together oppositions and observing the motion which is created. Full-on choreographer's handbook.

Meanwhile, Diana is putting on a white dress, resembling the white dress of Temperance, with the help of a caring assistant. Does she know that she is following the Tarot dramaturgy?

She dances, turning in circles. We hear her voice. Out of alienating grief, shame and cringe, intimacy is born. It is a rebirth, one of many which are coming.

To observe her in this rebirth is reassuring - it is like a promise, which I believe the moment after exists. Intimacy is born..









