



#2

NEW FEARS # 2

In response to the Corona-restrictions this edition of NEW FEARS had to take place entirely online. Liina Magnea and Matthew Day developed new video and photographic works and were accompanied and interviewed by writer Maru Mushtrieva.

In Liina Magnea's work ,rrrr', a terrace in Rome becomes a stage for insignificant clergymen who pray for redemption from hell using the present body to whimper for some sun.

For ,False Idols (Digital Triptych)' Matthew Day worked in collaboration with photographer and visual artist Reyer van Barneveld on developing documentation practices that feedback into the choreographic process of a new work under construction. The documents archive the development of the work in rehearsals and they also act as an index towards potential futures, artefacts of events yet to come.

All shadows spinning in the house of glass

Prologue

Confirming a feedback loop that's posed onto itself and moving the attention as a group being. We had a conversation one on one, words dropped, projected and followed up. Some routes were weaved, contents intertwined. Gesture and indigestion, spinning out and around. Does it recognise my voice, it does sometimes, but I'm not so fast actually more than usual, maybe, it doesn't pick up my voice, is it alright, if I was talking too fast, yeah, nice too fasten the pace of thought that/what seems interrupted is just performed on the 5th dimension of dream-thought.

Hi-res that disappears into a pixelated matrix, into a full box, into a container that floats around the horizon. I dreamt the plot of what was happening having some trouble to wake up on the shortest day. And after turning around I saw a flat looking house (since we are in the 5th dimension). I found a door that I entered. There is a small gathering.





House of sun

They observe structural elements and movements of this assembly. Open and closed doors create the gradation of sacredness. The inner space is hidden, but one can glimpse from time to time the existence of several different rooms behind the last door. People start circling and crawling around and kissing every single picture, bowing constantly and almost synchronically. 160 bpm on one Sunday afternoon.

They usually don't start standing in circles before they stood in rows for some time. Sometimes there are little circles inside the rows. Before standing in rows and circles inside the rows they usually stand in a line. Lines are sometimes long and sometimes short. As they get the chance to stand in rows they also start to move in a circle around the smallest axis imaginable. Usually they move their legs but some of them move other parts of the body. While moving their legs they usually do steps, when moving their heads and arms they choose shaking or spiral movements. The movements sometimes synchronize and it usually means that they move together.

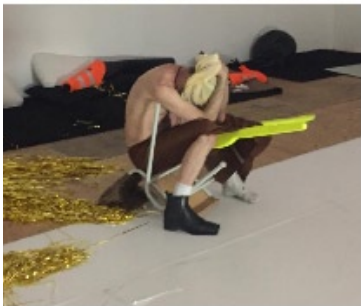
A main mother is standing in front of them, protecting them with her body from the sight of goddess, which is represented by numerous eyes of the saints coming from the icons. Icons are placed on a desktop. Usually saints have two eyes, but not all of them have eyes and some of them have more eyes than anything else. There are always some exceptions in a rule.

Last third circle to be performed is about the human body passions. Passions of the body are sins. Why are sins - sins? Sins are an entertainment or a sinment if one wishes. The one who is enjoying the sin is called a sinusoid, because they have a different amplitude.

Passions of the body are celebrated. Everybody who was standing in the rows before will ask for redemption, but it will not come right after, probably in two or three days. Some escape the pain.

A residual wish for the form and structure wins the battle. The rules of the game are strict even if the atmosphere invites the frivolous adventures. A curvature of omitted content follows.

They are frozen in front of opportunities they could have. Or one moves in a 160 bpm wave. There are many roads to take. Their bodies are exhausted. They wish they were capable of listening more carefully and just absorb the information without reacting to it. Collecting, assembling and disassembling: like breathing.



House of reapers

We open the door and move down, down to where the staircase leads us. The door is not the door but a hatch, we avoid to call it a manhole, but it is a hole with a ladder. To move, to delay, to slide. Those are the keywords of the conversation they had that afternoon. There were no nouns, just verbs. Dropped as a vector to coordinate directions. When there are no nouns, subjects dissipate in the intentionality of an event. Nobody wants to work here. Work is the way to stand in rows, or standing in the rows is caused by the work?

Borders blend where one thing is another thing is another thing and all of the things are the same thing if you look at it from afar. Consciousness spreading.

We enter it directly from the street and descend into something that could have been a start of this conversation. It's shower time! It's showtime for the particles of water to sprinkle and reflect on our skin. Fat separates them into little islands of reflection and what the reflection could be done for.

It is a little bit dangerous here. There is a smell of danger coming from the obscured by the dark corridor figures, a smell of boxes, patterns and solutions. Be brave, the one who entered, break your promises and dream ahead.

It seems that I got used to touching my under pit hair, a little, a new habit of grabbing a little patch and trying to wrap around your finger hair too short for that purpose. It itches and hurts a little but wakes me up. It is gone today. Habit is erased. Controlled. A habit is shaved. Hairs and wrinkles. For now. Work it. Work it in your head till it starts to take shapes.

Digging up some treasures from under my skin, my skin of earthly ruptures, sand and limestone. Those fatty little devils, they have painted an invisible mural — of glycerin/blood/tickles of randomly picked up number 8, as if... sign of eternity?

Ether.

n-i-ty

Oils and viscous liquids spilled accidentally on a mental map that leads to hidden treasures. Thank you, Nail Lady. Blasted.

I want to talk to you about Medusa's throat. The place where their tongue begins, not just their eyes, nor their head, neither their hair full of snakes. Everyone talks about their eyes that turn you into stone, but wasn't it a tongue of a siren or was it a tongue of the unspeech?
Medusa's throat is cut in two; their tongue's beginning still rests on their shoulder's while their tongue's ending is visible between their lips.
Could we imagine the unspeech as a pre-speech, a thought that doesn't know yet it's language but controls the muscles of the tongue.
That box, that house contains a shell, a seashell that weaves its waves into our ears. Words backwards, 160 bpm.

House of water / swimming pool

Fountain of fluids that makes a gesture to a gestation; a fountain of water-blood pressure. How many openings are sealed already?

Two seals.

One opens an entrance into two million dead minks.

Another one is a combustion, of sorts.

Stains

Strains

Stranger of sorts that sort out solicitations or salutations? Or of a solitaire of some sort?

Reap all the r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r's

You are being, well, you have always been a being of an accelerating tempo.

T-t-t-t-t-t-t-t

Dudum

Time

Rackadibum

Rearer nearer z-z-z-z-z's.

But what if all that water became frozen? What if all that water would slip back into the ocean, contaminated with light-weight thoughts and trying to form rows and circles?

Would it get encrypted within a bigger structure or would it fall apart into interrupted particles?

Some trouble to wake up on this shortest day. Too many times awake during the night. They pump the water from underneath the city and that rhythm moves us in our sleep.





House of air // elevated room

Mobility is seeing is knowing is being, knowing is seeing is being is mobility, seeing everything with nothing in nothing, omnipresent of you, of nothing else, of no one else, anti-presence of omnipresence? Indeed, invisibility... to taste or to touch? Invisibility is just a question of transparency, of how tight things are attached to each other. Like air. It is there. But it isn't. Like wind. It moves. But it doesn't. Some things are just invisible to the eye, but the eye only sees effects the invisible thing creates; like smiles, thoughts are somehow not invisible in the flesh.

The little toys-symbols guide us
one - on - one - by - one
through the battle of letters.

Nothing too complex. Remember when one and another one suddenly made sense, when you put them together? Have you forgotten that feeling, for I am sure, I did.

An oyster, a lion and an idolomantis diabolical, a.k.a. mantis, got together to discuss the next steps.

- I've hardened them by seeing them through. I know what it means by now.
- I've softened them between my teeth.
- Both true.

But it is exactly how we are moving when losing the sense of perspective at 160 bpm. Step by step. Joy or oblivion? A little bit of both. Quick jumping out of the skin, permeated preconception, now shining in the rawness of two sisters: "now" and "forever".

In the outer glow of a bevel: the memory foam. Who wins: a pillow or a blanket?

Ah wait, and don't forget the hatch; the hatch, the boxes, the idolomantis diabolical. Weaved into your ears. Consider it a spell.

What does an 'r' do in the error? It growls at the right answer, but it knows that it has tried.

In a place between the fire and dormant snowbound volcano forming different spatial figures is like a sudden change of accent. You need to give form to your grief. The work of balancing the fall and falling apart distinguishes between the dedication and the discipline. Elevation.

The house of glass

The light was captured by its reflection. Crawling on the knees around the corner: one vision is blending into another. A topography defines how a body bends. I accelerate. A treasure brought here by an accident is stolen before I could have had a better look at it. My eyes guide me. I see the liquid coming down my face and everything splits in half. Then halves of halves, into triangles, squares, turning, turning and becoming a fractal of coloured glass. Locked up: my treasure is unseen. I visit it.

The door I knew was there before opens me a passage to a corridor where I just came from. I try again and again: yet, I am confronted with the same mystery. When I lose hope I suddenly see the thief and my treasure, I follow them but I lose sight of them too fast. I know that they are still here. Yet, when I reach my hands towards them: I miss.

An island or a fortress is now between my hands. It grows. I can make it grow. I can make it grow so big that I can enter it. I dream of a ship that would bring me there; reverberations on the water and a blurred reflection of the fortress.

A storm is coming. Through a foggy veil, I see. The vision is getting cleared by a thousand cleaners. It's summer. On that island the cleaners cleaned the fortune crystal ball. They're ready to receive me. They've built a line. The goosebumps of the forgotten memory that returns. I steal the crystal ball and return to where I've started but now alone. The ball is shattered, it slips from my hands, and bits and pieces turn dark, darker than my thoughts. I sink and fall, and I crystallise myself to repair what hasn't had to be broken. The ship sails away. Clouds. And waves.

I see the seashell, I rip it. They start to circle. Legs, arms, feet, candelabra. Proceeding in a line. The king, the slave, the gift I carry in my hands. A shell, the square floor. And silence.

The treasure has returned and burns in flames. I rub my robe. It grows. I make it grow, it grounds me. The inside turned into an outside. I follow it but cannot catch. I run down the road but it isn't straight. All desire. A wicket opens. I retrace my steps. I lure it. I scream. The shadow is reflection. I trap it.





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

NEW FEARS #2 presented works by Liina Magnea and Matthew Day in collaboration Reyer van Barneveld, texts by Maru Mushtrieva, photographs by the artists.

<https://www.newfears.net/>

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