

Ours Lingages. The internet is my language mother. I speak with a voice that's not my own, I speak in other voices, not my voice. We are all e-strangers, all nomads that use globish bastard languages. We are the alienated translated (wo)men in-between code and emotion, in-between our wish to be visible and our longing for intimacy. L'entre-deux = void. Can't we be "with" instead?

Translation is a joy as long as you can accept the imperfections of the result, are willing to learn, to spend time, to pay attention, to take risks and to accept your own incompleteness and glitches. Translation is always failing, faulty, it's a source for confusion ... and discovery. It opens a third language; another in-between, and then a fourth and ... Better take nothing for granted and play with it. Be the one not looking at what something is, but at what something can do.

You have to accept (a FEW times). A few times. New language. Let's try to be "with".

Nossos Lingagens. A internet é a minha língua mãe. Eu falo com uma voz que não é a minha, eu falo em outras vozes, não na minha voz. Somos todos e-estranhos, todos nómadas que usam línguas bastardas globais. Nós somos xs alienadxs traduzidxs homem/mulher entre o código e a emoção, entre o nosso desejo de estar visível e a nossa saudade da intimidade. L'entre-deux = void. Não podemos estar "com" em vez disso?

A tradução é uma alegria, desde que possamos aceitar as imperfeições do resultado, estando dispostos a aprender, a gastar tempo, a prestar atenção, a assumir riscos e a aceitar a nossa própria incompletude e falhas.

A tradução está sempre a falhar, defeituosa, é uma fonte de confusão... e de descobertas. Ela constrói uma terceira linguagem/língua; um outro estar-entre, e depois um quarto, e depois... O melhor será não levar nada como garantido e brincar/jogar com isso. Sê aquele que olha não para o que algo é, mas para o que algo pode fazer.

Tens que aceitar (ALGUMAS vezes). Algumas vezes. Nova linguagem. Vamos tentar estar "com".

(translation Rui Torres)

Friday the 21st at 10pm. MOSTEIRO SÃO BENTO DA VITÓRIA, 20 - 30 min.
Electronic Literature Organization conference ELO 2017.
Invited by Rui Torres and Sandy Baldwin.

Performance by **Annie Abrahams** in collaboration with **Daniel Pinheiro, Isabel Costa, Igor Stromajer**, Outranspo (**Lily Robert-Foley, Camille Bloomfield, Jonathan Baillehache**), **Jan de Weille, Rui Torres, Helen Varley Jamieson, Anna Tolkacheva** and the readingclub.

<https://conference.eliterature.org/2017/featured-artists>

<https://aabhams.wordpress.com/2017/06/27/ours-lingages/>

<http://e-stranger.tumblr.com/post/162429441651/ours-lingages>

- - *online poetry and language learning tools, code, voice, dance, text, singing, collective writing, unrehearsed.* - -

- projection backdrop, rear wall - computer connected to the internet, video projector no sound
- on stage : small if possible moveable screen - two microphones (one with long cable), two stands - video projector with sound to project on the small screen - second computer connected to the internet too but with offline elements ready in case
- light comes from the projections - if possible extra light on the micro on the stand (spot)

At exactly 22.15h the online life **ReadingClub session** by three members of Outranspo <http://www.outranspo.com/> : Lily Robert-Foley, Camille Bloomfield, Jonathan Baillehache and Jan de Weille will start. It will last 30 min. Helen Varley Jamieson will take care of the online public in the chatroom.

The full screen version of the rearing will be projected as a backdrop during the whole performance. (if we have to start late, we will have to load the recording at 22h45 in the middle of the performance)

0 min

The performance in Porto starts when we play *Miá†*, a poem by Igor Štromajer, <http://www.intima.org/miat/portugues.html> (sound file offline on computer)

Daniel starts the projection of the code of this poem on the small screen.

[0sn-3iexfemat.pdf](#) (offline on computer)

Annie is lying on the ground not far from a microphone stand – she has a microphone, Daniel stays close by the computer that projects, Isabel is standing in front of the other microphone.

3 min

After three minutes Daniel lowers the volume. (Annie has started breathing, hardly audible in the beginning)

Nothing happens. Isabel doesn't really know what to do. Nothing?

Annie starts to breathe louder in the microphone.

Isabel joins her. We breathe together.

Daniel shuts down the sound of the poem while we (Annie and Isabel) continue our breathing “song”. (it's quite difficult to do in a relaxed way - it will probably be a bit awkward)

5 min

Daniel starts playing with words, translations (we hear the sound and see the projection of his computer screen on the small screen) :

He starts with *to breathe* in English, than translate it into a lot of other languages, finally in Portuguese, then – some very daily life words in Portuguese and maybe

You have to accept (a FEW times). A few times. New language. => Portuguese Annie and Isabel repeat (not all – some several times) - words like *language, literature, electronic, poetry* and maybe *exotic, queer, unidentifiable, blurry, fuzzy, shifty, rude, vulgar* all mostly in Portuguese.

Daniel uses <https://fr.forvo.com/languages/pt/> and <https://translate.google.fr/?hl=en&tab=mT#pt/en/participaram> (Daniel is free to do as he likes – there is a screen capture, so in case we have bad internet we can show a video – 6 min.)

9 min

At *shifty/ deslumbrante/sospechoso* Annie goes to a microphone on a stand and starts reading the *I'm invisible*, text. Isabel blindfolds herself and starts moving/dancing over the stage blindfolded. Daniel continues max 1 min. and then stops the projection (black screen) and interferes with Isabel when she puts herself in danger or risks to leave the stage.

I'm invisible, I'm exotic, unidentifiable, blurry, fuzzy, shifty, rude, vulgar, uncouth, rough, crude, insolent, naive and alienated,

I am queer, I am hybrid, complex, malleable, pliable, often alone, silent, lonely, distorted, deformed, subversive.

Sometimes I am also abject, offensive, often incomprehensible and impolite.

I speak a broken tongue, my tongue is bastard, wobbly, twisted, turned, tortoise, torte, tortuous.

An e-stranhos lives between cultures, is nowhere and everywhere at the same time.

We are complex, translated (woe)men, we know a silent period, our literature is a minor literature, we like the post-monolingual, we practice a third language, we are een vreemde in eigen land, we are the fractured, the disrupted, the in-betweens

we are harder and more fragile at the same time, we do not have a single linguagem, we are more resilient, more inventive, we know how to protect ourselves, are good observers, ... we belong to nothing and to no one. Nobody can demand anything from us, Nossa linguagem é livre.

You have to accept (a FEW times). A few times. New language. (2x)

12 min

Daniel turns his face to the backdrop projection and sings some of the writing going on. (without microphone)

Isabel with her blindfold still on, joins him, stands beside him – both have their back to the public.

Annie sits down with her back also turned to the public.

15 min

After some time Annie starts singing the *monolingualism* text (without microphone)

Isabel starts dancing again, stops, goes back to Daniel, have him follow her, he starts helping, guiding, dancing with her in her blindfolded dance. (remember Annie can't sing, so it won't be beautiful to hear)

Monolingualism - the idea that having just one language is the norm is only a recent invention, dating to late-eighteenth-century Europe. Yet it has become a dominant, if overlooked, structuring principle of modernity.

According to this monolingual paradigm, individuals are imagined to be able to think and feel properly only in one language, while multiple languages are seen as a threat to the cohesion of individuals and communities, institutions and disciplines.

As a result of this view, writing in anything but one's "mother tongue" has come to be seen as an aberration.

Par l'apprentissage d'une langue vous intégrez un appareil idéologique.

18 min

At the end of this Isabel takes her blindfold off. Daniel goes to the computer that projects on the small screen and opens a webcam device that can project on the small screen.

Isabel asks the audience in Portuguese to help her reading a last text: A kind of *manifesto on Agency art*. She needs to do that turned upside down and needs a minimum of 5 people to hold her upside down. A sixth person should hold the microphone for her.

Daniel uses a webcam to film Isabel's face in a way that it will be projected upright on the small screen. Annie holds the computer if necessary (if not she could make some photos with her cell phone.)

participatory, collectively made, refusing hierarchy, a knitting together of artists and performers in the moment of the event, an erasure of the artistic ego, a practice, changing rules, choices, connecting, accepting the unexpected, it's responsive, shared, collaboratively authored, open to all, working with temporal behavioural phenomena, a healing, an enactment, improvised, including environmental conditions, attentional strategies, instructions, protocols, an apparatus, a meeting, embracing the ordinary, rehearsing alternatives, re-hijacking therapy, exercising our relations to others, our social (in)capacities, exploring rituals, being together, concerns individuals and politics.

When the text is done Isabel goes back to “normal”, we stop both the computers and projections and thank all who helped making this.

END

All the time Anna Tolkacheva is on the “stage”, inside the performance, filming. Is she translating into video?

20/07 2017 Annie Abrahams