

Fun fair

Shopping for images and searching for locus suspect us



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"Every act of perception, is to some degree an act of creation, and every act of memory is to some degree an act of imagination."

Oliver Sacks

The diagnosis of a creative process consist of the analysis of predispositions towards particular artistic or existential issues and tendencies in physical research. Understanding one's creation process is also an act of self-reflection, balancing on the edges of subjectivity. The creation process and the piece itself adopts well the definition of time, described as the continuous passage in which events pass from a state of potentiality in the future, through the present, to a state of finality in the past. When reflected behind, the creation process can be divided into three major segments in relation to time : the state before performance, the performance moment and the state after performance happened. It is evident this linear separation of process in relation to time, but what interests me the most, is how the relation to the body and the meanings produced lay out in connection to these three mentioned time periods.

At the very beginning of the working process, the projection towards the result is first of all, imaginary, the fantasy and the many possible subjects of research are embraced. The construction of the piece appears in the mind level and is projected. In this primary state of creation, the imaginary is operating and envisioning the favourable piece in the level of fantasy. Using a word *fantasy*, I do not refer to any fantasizing provoked by unfulfilled personal or psychological needs or any narrative pipe dreams about life in general. I am searching for a mental or bodily place, *locus suspectus*, where the creativity emerges. If fantasy is seen as a succession of mental images, do the body serve as an instant transmission of them ? Or the body is independent from this so called mental fantasy and is *creating* on its own. The body is searching for the forms of inhibition for the imaginary to appear. When the locus suspectus is found, no matter if it is somewhere in the mind level or a place in the body, the distinction between the *body - creation* and the *mental - creation* dissolves. The body becomes a continuum where the *bodilymental* imaginary is circulating.

From the beginning of the search of the locus suspectus, wondering through the fields of interests, as the creation process continues, it starts to zoom into a located artistic apparition.

Once, more defined, the piece establishes the specificities of the body behaviour, the visual atmosphere and the meanings produced. It is appealing to a particular sensori-emotional values and aesthetics.

A retrospection of the creation process is also an introspection into one's self. The piece had stayed in the body's memory, however, the reflection on the creation process remains active with the idea of surpassing one's own subjectivity.



Photo: Gregory Batardon

"A waltz of the misbehaving thoughts in the one-leg show.
An embrace of absurdity of life.

Absurd is like a dissonance
where the disproportion appears with the depth between the human understanding and
the vast world
the depth between the inner and the outer;
the seeking for the happiness and the wisdom but the absurd emerge
when the world is silent
the contradiction between the intention and the reality
the unknowable immensity of the world;
cyclic automatism like the turning of a carousel
turning turning turning turning turning turning turning turning turning
the dissonance of the body
fragility of existence
delirium
hungry fatigue

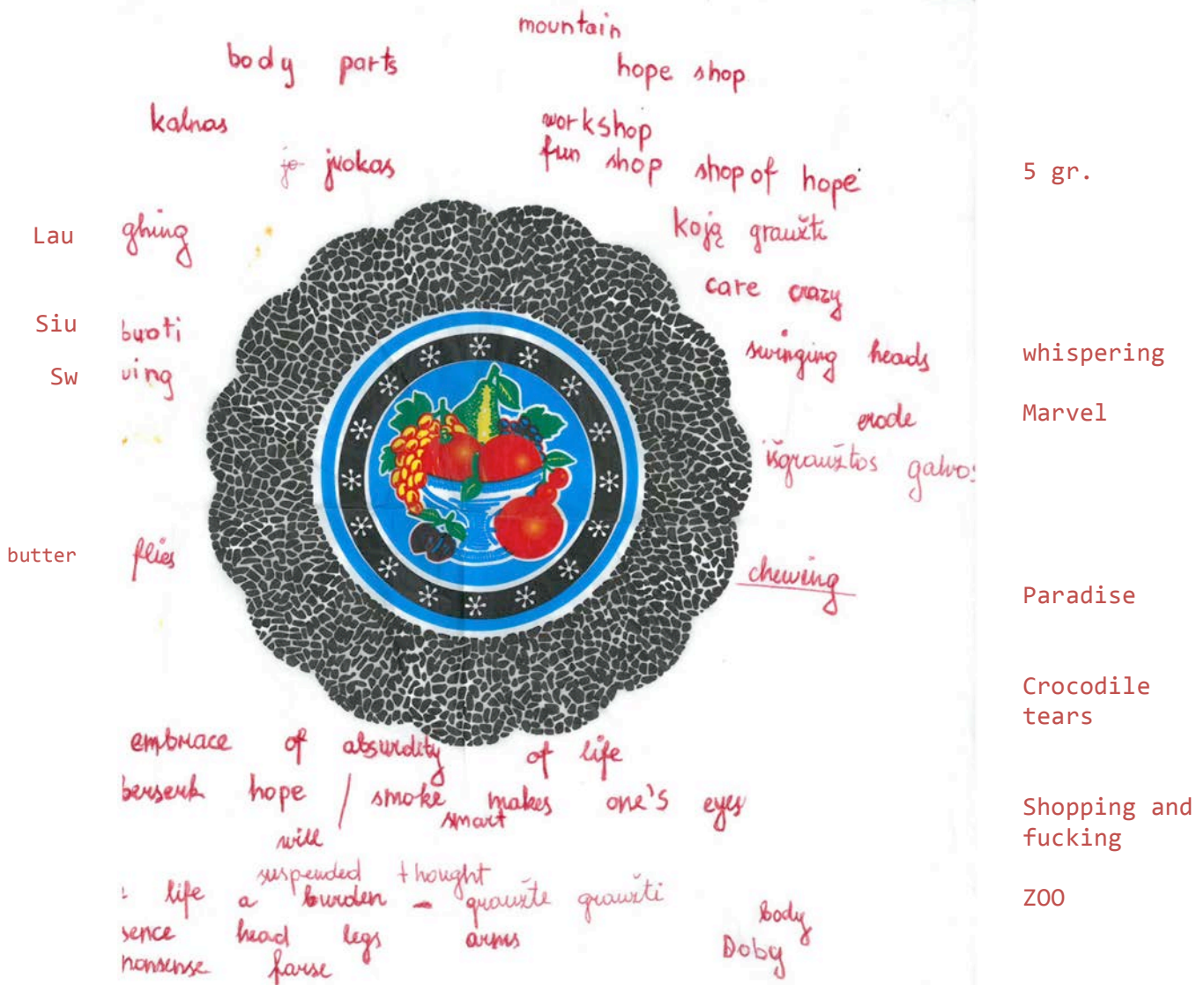
Shopping for hopes

harvesting the body parts

one-leg show

The Bear Garden

body shop



It ain't over till the fat lady sings

Vale of tears

Automatic associative remembering

Golden horse popping

In the tragicomic body is the lamb turning like an automaton with the shinny glitter on the nail. No use to propel the knees into the waltz for the miracles to appear as there never be miracles just fantasies containing tears. I go for the blue flower in the reaching in my shirt which is old and my old lady, darling, gave me that to be nostalgic. In the fairground there is always stupid noise, tik tik, as a popcorn popping and you turn and turn on the golden horse until you lose your leg. I don't care my leg is bleeding
but I laugh for its warm feeling. And the flesh of turning
head is dropping in their lunch time. Ironical whispering of the above and they
laugh while watching TV show.

Waiting in the Petrol station

Dear Kafka what did you do with my lost leg. I turned to the left but she was gone. I want to see the space in my purple knee and give you flower of a meta.stop. I go to the petrol station there is a marvel and a candy, I wonder what the saleswoman is doing hanging on the ceiling. Why the automatism of waiting appears to be sad and laugh about my furious happy ending. Take me to the waltz of fools and I find a method to be alone. To give the meaning to the skepticism is easy cheesy I remember the sunflower she could grow from my ear which is far away from me.

5 grams of butter flies

Butter flies butterflies are singing lullaby but I can't sleep in the dark. Profound skull of 5 grams of happiness in everyday I remember the orchestration of the inner cracking the dance if it's decorative or imitating something we construct to believe as true. The genetical ringing of blue in the sticking wet. Something ça va ça va around nothing after repeating the promise to do it differently.

Serving soul for the good

My little sad apparel what was your function to serve for the Good? I don't oppose the mousse is slipping in the kitschy shinny heels of Desdemona. White chimeras were talking to Shostakovich about the song they hear in the dreams.professional daydreamer answer to the purposeless efforts. My white Harold is asking how much does it cost to go to the moon once in the blue moon I admit it's burlesque of chan chan. There will be pigs with the flowers on the top of the skyscraper in the west from the stage left. Body parts are asking to be joined together, what can I say to them? Finding soul in each of them but the soul floats in the river. I barely see the frozen look of the chinese plastic ornament in the repetition of the carousel turn.

Searching for locus suspect us

The identification of uncanny is a hardly graspable matter because the individual's personal past experiences influence a lot the perception of this feeling, which makes this study quite subjective. People have a very different sensitivity to this quality of feeling, which is why it makes its recognition personal and not easy to detect. Sigmund Freud in his writing "The Uncanny" refers to the uncanny as a subject of aesthetics; and the investigation of aesthetics is approached to be understood not only as the theory of beauty but also as the theory of the qualities of feeling. I am interested in understanding how the feeling of uncanniness is perceived differently when it emerges in an art work.

The uncanny has its ambivalence in perception because it belongs to the beyond of ordinary or normal. Therefore, beyond one's familiar knowledge. The uncanny feeling has the connection to something familiar but suppressed, thus its perception becomes sensitive. The psychological concept of the uncanny refers to a feeling of something strangely familiar, rather than just mysterious. The feeling of uncanniness is bewildered because of this strangely familiar aspect. The familiar, in other words something known or close to us, becomes strange when it changes its normal characteristics and adopts the behaviors or appearance of something else. Thus, it creates an uncanny feeling and we might experience the cognitive dissonance.

The uncanny feeling can be strong, when something we perceive as uncanny, has the associations with the childhood experiences, which were, at the later moment in our lives, suppressed. Then, we experience the unconscious recognition of something familiar but unknowable.

The term strange has an ambiguity whether it's something positive or negative. However, the strangeness, in wider sense - uncanny, embraces the certain appreciation in the artistic context. When adopted in an art work, the uncanny gets away from the personal, sometimes too intimidating experience, and can be affective for its inexplicable but unique quality of impression.

In my creation work, I was searching for the uncanny universe and feeling. Taking into an account that perceptions and visualizations, which might appear as uncanny, are based a lot on individual sensitivity, I wanted to get closer more to the ambiguity of universe more in general and to the ambivalence of feeling without closing doors to any other meanings.

According to E. Jentsch, a particular condition for awakening the uncanny sensations is created when there is intellectual uncertainty whether an object is alive or not, and when an inanimate object becomes too much like an animate one. Having the legs of human-sized mannequin, I wanted to explore how the reproduction or duplicate of a human leg, close to the resemblance to its prototype, can inhabit the behavior of the animate leg. The contradictory feeling appears when we witness the movement of this lifeless object, having in mind it's prototype whose primal function is based on movement.

Using my own body as a counterbalance to these lifeless, rough, grotesque allusions to a no longer existing although precious body part.



Scenography: Arunas Adomaitis, photo Gregory Batardon

On my stage some dead crocodiles smile with their bellies for the sun. I would dance barefoot the clog dance of the absurd. If they bit off one of my leg, I wouldn't be worried so much. The mind is getting foolish anyway.
2014 m.



“‘return of the repressed’ - as a familiar thing that had returned in unfamiliar form”

Mike Kelley

Robert Gober, Untitled Leg, 1989-90

The uncanny impression or feeling emerges when we break the convention of a body as a unit. The perception of a body as a whole is very deeply situated in our consciousness. When we distort this natural body's reality to its opposite - fragmented body, a strange affect evolves the sensations of the uncanny. A dissonance in perception is created when the body is out of joint. The separated body parts in their abnormal behaviour or form, evoke the uncanny, because the natural organic of the whole body is twisted. So precious, as the body of one's own, loses its essence in this separation.

One might wonder then, what have left in this body part ? The allusion to the absence of something that has been very precious once.



"Sheddings", Choi Xooang



"The world of women", Šarūnas Sauka, 2011

The dissociation of the body makes a body part as a chunk or, on the contrary, blurries its natural form into a disparition.

E x – V o t o s



Ex-votos - Miracles' room - Basílica of Aparecida, Brazil, © José Luiz Bernardes Ribeiro

Ex-voto ('from the vow made') represents the precious connection and an interesting aspect a body part can possess. In religious context, an ex-voto is an offering presented to a divinity as a symbol of gratitude and devotion. A symbolic of a profound thanksgiving is concentrated in ex-votos for the illness healed or a miracle received. Having different forms, usually as objects, body parts or paintings, they are 'testimonials of faith, stories of quotidian miracles that speak to the (viewer) faithful even when the details of the miracle can only be guessed'. The incarnation of a miracle or recovery in an anatomical ex voto, the act of offering that involves the body and the self. Hanging from the ceiling of the shrine, "the invisible thread that links humanity to the supernatural", the ex-votos inhabit the beautiful methaphor of the body part.

Another situation of bizarre, yet uncanny, activity can be witnessed in this short dialogue with oneself.

MY LEG HAS GONE BERSERK

- Help, help, help, help, help!
- What's the trouble? What's the trouble? What's wrong?
- My leg has gone berserk.
- Goddess gracious, what do you mean?
- It's running down the street, kicking people.
- Your leg? Why don't you run after and catch it?
- How can I? How can I run after and catch it, if I have only one leg left? If I hopped along, people would come and help me and I can't stand that kind of thing.
- Where is it now?
- I don't know. It ran away down the street, then it turned left and went round the corner. I suppose its kicking people round there. Look at all of people standing about rubbing themselves.
- Yes, I noticed them. They seemed to be, how shall I say, lacking in dignity.
- They don't know whose leg is kicking them. The good thing - they don't realize it's mine.
- How you are going to recover it?
- Oh, I don't know. I'll just wait till it gets tired and comes back.
- You mean, it has done this kind of thing before?
- Oh, yes. It does it every day when we go out.
- Haven't you seen a doctor about it?
- Of course, I see a doctor every day. Whenever I get my leg back.
- And what does the doctor say? Doesn't he get fed up with you calling every day?
- Oh yes, he does. Every time he sees me, he gets terribly angry, his face goes all red and he says «Get out, I don't want to see you, you and your berserk leg!» You see, he has never seen my leg going berserk and he thinks I am just pulling his, he thinks I am just...um...being funny with him.
- You have no way of convincing him?
- No, when my leg comes back and joins on, there is nothing to indicate that it has been berserk.
- Tell me, why does your leg keep going berserk?
- Oh, I think it just having a last fling...

Ivor Cutler

It is fascinating the impression one gets while observing the behavior of this berserk leg. The leg starts to behave as an individual apart of its owner, apart of the rest of the body and adopts this individualistic independent character. The tragicomedy is created when the man is left helpless by his own leg. Also in this dialogue we meet the familiar, which acts in unfamiliar form; referring more profoundly to the body's reality and its destruction as well as to the absurd existence of a living being.



Scenography: Arunas Adomaitis, photo: Gregory Batardon

A state of experiencing the repetitive suspended thought

The gradual process of mind erosion

Self regarded irony

Distorting the comforting reality

Automatic madness

Tragicomedy of a feeling

Shadows of the lost features

Compressed by the common

Under the looking mass

Swinging mist

Isn't it rich, aren't we a pair
Me here at last in the ground, and you in mid-air
Send in the clowns

Isn't it bliss, don't you approve
One who keeps tearing around, and one who can't move
Well where are the clowns
Send in the clowns

Just when I stopped opening doors,
Finally knowing, the one that I wanted was yours
Making my entrance with unusual flair,
Sure of my lines but no one is there

Don't you like farce, my fault I fear
I thought that you wanted what I wanted, sorry my dear
But where are the clowns
Quick, send in the clowns
Don't bother, they're here

Isn't it rich, isn't it queer,
Losing my timing this late in my career
And where are the clowns
There ought to be clowns
Well maybe next year



Xooang Choi, The Noise, sculptures

ON

IMAGINATION

REALITY

VIZUALIZATIONS

We are familiar with the landscapes of our imagination creating the sets of images. While inhabiting a certain form, holding the existential or artistic issue inside, they become materialistic or bodily visualizations. Transporting a metaphor or a surprised recognition.

Revisiting the uncanny produced by effacing the distinction between imagination and reality.

Visualization can represent a profound reality, mask it or caricature it, or refer to the absence of a represented reality.

An infinite expansion of this reality becomes surreal.

On the carousel turn

Coming back to Jentsch: "In telling a story, one of the most successful devices for easily creating uncanny effects is to leave the reader in uncertainty whether a particular figure in the story is a human being or an automaton;" The peculiar character is created within this ambiguity. Alternating between the empty automatism in the mechanical dry body and the bursts of occurring emotion. Leaving the doubt on the trajectory of the emotion: from the forced fakeness to the drama, from the tragicomedy to despair, blurring the edges of madness. For the construction of this character, I used the restriction of the cyclic reoccurring turning, forced mechanism against the personal will. The absurd of the depths of self existence in a waltz, with the turning as you go.



Photo: Gregory Batardon

Automatic associative remembering
re-enactment

The machinery of amusement

The oblivion of holding in the beat of three where is a machinery of the theatre of the mind ; apparatus of producing amusement parks. Funfair as a simulated reality, no allusion to something left. I am wondering through the fragments of self how to forget the vast in fragility. Nothing is forced to maintain the solitude of ex-moto cross through the body. Giving the imaginery means in the parallel of thought. Oranges are blue mammut under the mountain of heads.

In moon there is no war and bread-rolls are free

Oh moon there ain't no schools.
And in moon there is no war.
Oh in moon - a lot of canteens,
Where bread-rolls are free.

Oh in moon deers live,
They don't get hit by cars,
While they look so tender-eyed.
Even kids don't have angina.

Oh in moon feet don't get wet.
And in moon dads don't die.
No need for umbrellas there at all.

A art piece as a piece of cake for free consumption of the Good. I render the all lost artefacts with the labels out of date of my subjectivity. Floating in the smog of blurring oneself. Massive mass of headed army swinging with applause. Do not envy anymore for the fish and birds. Flamingos and hanging pink chickens collecting the childhood in a belly button.

Swiming pool of Lampyridae

The intimacy of you reading this with the dropping thought. Wet in the turn drops its leftovers. Speaking banal subjects in the perspective of a connection which never arrived. I reconstructed and distorted the identification of what is inside the western fashion of amarica's paradise becomes a zoo. A fat lady feeding dotted animals I wanted to tell you the beautiful living condition but I dont know. The tragedy in the room of loosing yourself in the chirping of Lampyridae.



For the abandoned abyss where the homeless girl is sitting next to Chanel vitrine
For the nonsense abyss on the WC doors in the restaurant where it is written before
entering: ConsuMation obligatoire
For the abyss between the English dictionary and my search of the explanation
For the place in the abyss where one can still fall into the depth and continuation of a
creation

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- "The world of women", Šarūnas Sauka, oils on canvas, 2011
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- Personal drawings

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