

---

---

---

---

iaspis

7.10.10  
book "Power + Performance"

informative → performative ethnography

ethnographer as ethno-dramatize  
(Victor Turner)

showed time as matter  
constitutive of ethnographic inquiry  
→ events

how much establishing  
shared the  
relies on a  
common  
pool

the intelligence is  
recognizable

Walter  
Dhaeseleer

(pomp + circumstance)  
↳ performability of  
colonization +  
its resistance

Journal of Cultural Economy

gender  
+ precarity  
↳ the different  
disciplines of  
performance  
- exigency  
as a  
feature of  
events

Milva Sogol  
J.L. position  
[Gretz]

exercising rights of  
Citizen by  
those who aren't  
citizens so as to  
petition for those rights  
but, clearly, they didn't  
need to have the right to  
exercise it. (but they  
could have been  
arrested)

home-pre-political  
vs. public  
language English

↳ indeed, illegal  
immigrants are  
avoid public  
gathering

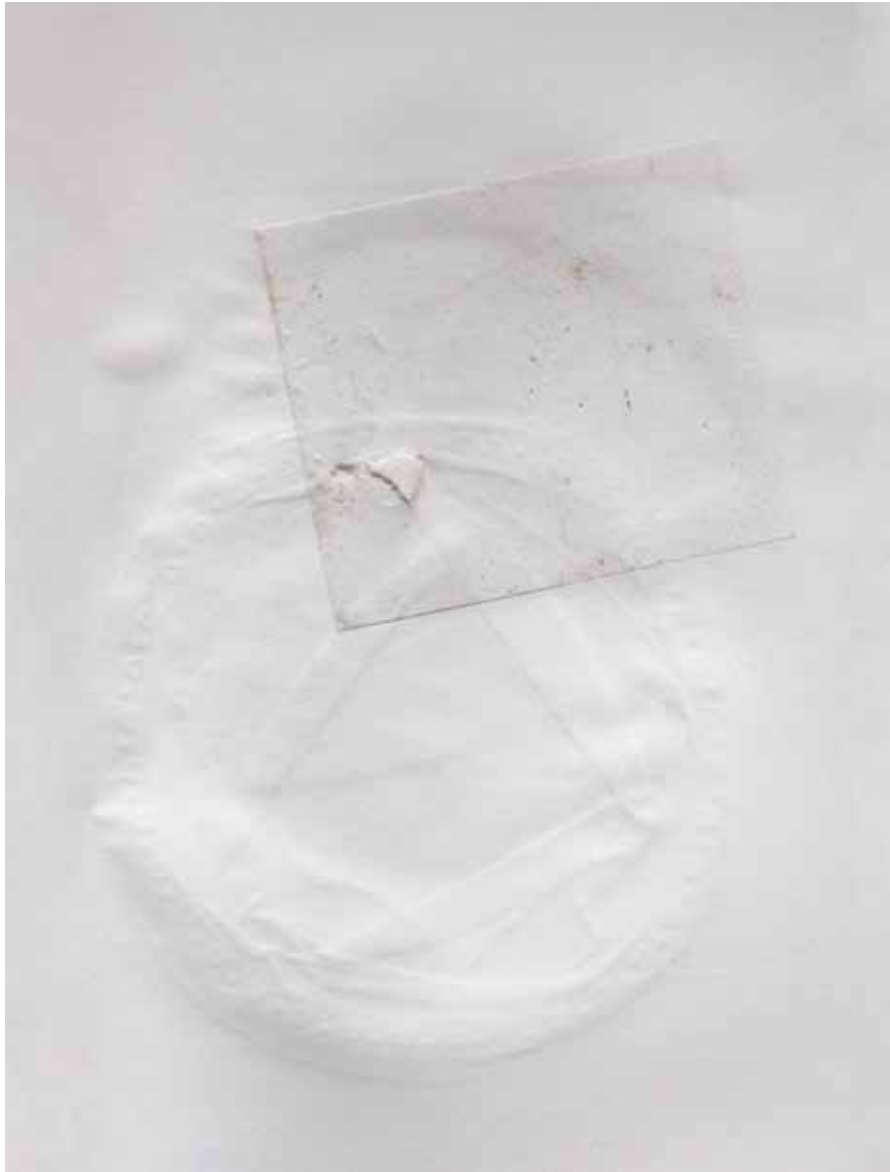
[privatization]

"vocalizing the phantom"  
in the public sphere

Spivak - "Who sings the nation-state?"  
Arauk - "Can the subaltern speak?"

"personal liberty" in sexual politics  
vs. lacking in consent/  
we







In om Teatern rader  
**SPÖKFÖRBUD**  
utom de anvisade platser !



ROZALB DE MURA 5  
Let's get together and make some bread \_ 13.09.2010

IASPIS kitchen. Water is boiling for the tea. Snacks are being arranged on plates and candles lit for a bit of atmosphere. Ioana insists on the team to be seated around the big round table in symmetrical order. Erika and Maria conform and move a chair further, complaining they are less comfortable. Gyrfas is up every five minutes checking on the dough. He actually meant what he had said a day earlier about making bread.

Ioana (pen on paper, teacher-like look on face): We have to think and deliver our insert in the next Open House booklet. The A4 pages. Deadline is tomorrow.

Maria: Is there a brief? Does it have to be graphic? Something about the new Rozalb de Mura, I'd say.

Erika: I think this time Mats wanted something to do with the artist at work. Could be anything, really.

Ioana: I thought about something. Looking through the IASPIS archive, I had this idea of how culture is represented in terms of length. The Romanian section of books measures a few centimetres, while other countries like Japan or Spain stretch over one meter. Does this reflect reality or is the Romanian section under-represented and not updated?

Maria: It's not as if there are so many good Romanian artists, but the few valid ones should be more visibly represented. Gain some centimetres.

Dragos: Could be an idea. Should we relate this in a playful way with fashion? Since that is our background. Or maybe should we do something completely new? Could sound like "Romania's back in fashion". You have the reference about the centimetres... but talking about a very different thing.

Erika: We could ask for books and DVDs from fresh creative people back in Romania, put them on the shelf (guerrilla-style) and then measure the difference. A "before and after" picture.

Maria: It could sound something like "Rozalb de Mura Cultural Institute". Our view on what deserves to be represented in such an institution. Is there time for this idea?

Gyrfas is moulding the dough into small oval shapes, a worried look on his face.

Gyrfas: For me it's difficult to work on theoretical projects right now. I'd be so much happier if we could just launch ourselves into something practical. Use our hands, get dirty, go with the flow, forget about concepts. I see it like a therapy, us working together.

Maria: The Bread Man spoke.

Erika: Sounds nice. Since we are a collective. And since the residence is called **Do It Yourself**.

Dragos: Yeah, we're so lost in finding the next funds, or in doing research that we forgot what working together and manual work mean. Going back to basics. Doing things spontaneously so we could learn more about ourselves.

Gyrfas: Seriously, I was thinking we could go in the woods, gather branches, earth, whatever, and actually do something. Lisa must know a beautiful place around. A forest near the water.

Maria: Gyrfas, our link with the primordial forces of nature.

Dragos: As you well know, I'm helpless with anything tactile. But I vote for doing something honest. This idea sounds more like us in this moment.

Ioana: We need something pragmatic for tomorrow's deadline on those A4 pages. Everybody has a history, we as well, it's just that we separated from our history. Now we need to find out who we are, and maybe it's too early to say something. It would be honest to just write on a piece of paper: "too early to say something". We are in an embryonic state, incipient, nevertheless we clearly have the energy. How do we make visible this energy? That is my question.

Erika: I still think it should have a connection with our past. We already agreed that we would leave behind anything that was done respecting the conventions of the fashion system, but it would be interesting to keep the elements that defined us until now: transgression of gender boundaries, the play on fiction and reality.



Dragos: Since we are so small we can push things even further. Entering other territories could be quite exciting.

Suddenly Gyarfas gives out a cry that startles everybody. He points toward the oven where the loafs of dough doubled in volume, gained a golden crust and actually looked like bread. Congratulations flow towards the Bread Man.

Gyarfas: I'm tired of fashion. What is fashion anyway? Since we are at the very beginning of something new we could make a portrayal of this precious confused moment. I'm thinking of the African masks, in which they tried to make visible only the spirit and not the flesh.

Maria: I know! We could make a collective portrait of all us! A drawing, a painting. I see some kind of sprout, half-formed, as we are now, but full of potential.

Ioana: No, 3D is better. We could cast our faces in papier maché, then cut & paste and morph all five into a new thing. It will probably look a bit scary, a sort of gender-less monster.

Erika: And we'll leave Frankenstein here, on Iaspis walls, as Rozalb de Mura 5 contribution.

With a loud thud, Dragos disappears under the table. It seems the red chair he was sitting on gave in. He resurfaces, pale and breathless, while the others laugh.

Maria: Amazing! Swedish design failing. We must have witnessed a rare moment.

Dragos: I don't have to pay for this right? Totally exceeds the budget. And it was already broken...

Erika: Of course it was already broken. What else could you say?

Maria: Forget about woods walking, branches gathering, clay shaping and the like. There's simply no time. I was thinking about the transcription of this discussion.

Gyarfas: If I knew, I would have said something memorable.

Dragos: At least a heavy quote.

Ioana: I guess that's fair. To show the process of finding who we are. We could do one of the ideas we had today for the Open House presentation.

Erika: Which one?

Dragos: Let's not say yet. We don't even know anyway.





Death is Certain by Eva Meyer-Keller  
[www.evamk.de](http://www.evamk.de)

photo Lucas Fester  
thanks to Ingemar Lindewall



