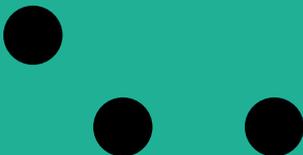


# M O T O R

critical and creative engagements with dance

3/3 : GROUPWORK



004

Editors' Note

005

Contributors

010

AMELIA HEINTZELMAN  
Triangulation or Not

014

AMIT NOY  
(LA)HORDE: Because the 'I' Failed

018

CACONRAD  
A (Somatic) Poetry Ritual

022

MARINELLA SENATORE  
& NICOLAS VAMVOUKLIS  
Street as Stage

027

ETHAN PHILBRICK  
Young Boy Dancing Group

038

MOYRA DAVEY  
Chotry (Four)

046

PHOEBE BERGLUND  
& SIMONE FORTI  
A Conversation



051

VANESSA DESCLAUX  
The Swimming Pool

058

LAUREN A WRIGHT  
SERAFINE1369: Group Holding

062

NICOLE WERMERS  
Marathon Dance Relief

066

ANGELA TRIMBUR  
Balletcore™ Recital

072

KATHLEEN HEIL  
The Denby Sonnets

074

PAGEANT  
In conversation

079

JÉRÔME BEL  
By Jérôme Bel

084

MADELEINE WULFAHRT  
Two Hearts, Four Eyes

090

RACHEL CATTLE  
WOW



094

MADDALENA IODICE  
Trisha Brown Dance Company

102

DYLAN SHERMAN  
OO-GA-LA Reimagined

106

DAVID VELASCO  
& JEANETTE BISSCHOPS  
A Conversation

110

SEBASTIÁN SÁNCHEZ-SCHILLING  
Rivette: Filming with the Feet

118

CHRIS KRAUS, JULIANA HALPERT,  
LUIS BAUZ & NABIL KASHYAP  
The Four spent the Day Together

124

THEODORE ELLIMAN  
Rosas Danst Rosas

130

INÊS GERALDES CARDOSO  
Trajal Harrell: Such Heartfeltness

136

TARREN JOHNSON  
& JOEL COCKS  
We Don't Live Here Anymore

142

MARTIN HARGREAVES  
Aliaskar Abarkas



148

POPPY BEALE COLLINS  
& GABY AGIS  
Things Kind of Spill

153

EDWARD THOMASSON  
Going to Hell

158

RACHAEL DAVIES  
X6 Collective and  
Chisenhale Dance Space

164

ROSELEE GOLDBERG, KATHY NOBLE,  
MORIAH EVANS & ISABEL LEWIS  
Performa Round Table

172

MIC JONES  
The Disintegrating Critic

174

ALEXIA MARMARA  
Benoît Maubrey

178

MCKENZIE WARK  
& SARA SASSANELLI  
A Conversation

183

ARCHIE SQUIRE  
Postscript: Quad

186

Image Credits



sharp elbow if someone seems too close. Or to dissipate more bodily feelings just into movement. For me, and I think also for others, not knowing where that basic, mammalian aggression is hiding and how to release it is part of it.

Can you describe a time when bass felt like it reorganised you, physically, emotionally, or socially, and what that reorientation made possible?

Bass and sub-bass are a key technology, one that really expanded in my lifetime. Thank you Jamaica! I like earplugs that cut a lot of decibels, so I can get in close to the sub-bass stack and feel rather than hear it. In Brooklyn, I always meet certain other ravers there, with the same taste for it. You can sense the various densities of the bone and tissues in your own body as they vibrate. It becomes a continuum of air and flesh in vibration.

Euphoria, fugitive energy, disorientation... how do you see disorientation working in the rave? Does it have any relation to risk and pleasure?

We have to acknowledge that there's danger. There's a gradient you move along and it's good to think of raving as a practice you learn, find your tolerances for. More is not better, you go in as deep as you need. I've lost it sometimes, but I've done this for a while. I know how to handle myself. I'm never alone. There's people I trust, or who trust me if it's not going well for them. There should always be somewhere to chill out, recompose. A party can be there for you to have a good time, or you can go in deep, but then you need to know you can trust the situation, that you have your crew. That the organisers are not idiots and are paying attention.

Borrowing from Sita Balani's writing on conviviality, how might we think about the fleeting bonds and temporary friendships that

form in raves, what kind of intimacy or solidarity emerges in those short-lived connections?

There are ravers I've seen around for years whose names I know now, but who might not know mine. Yet we know things about each other. We know about each other's flesh in movement, if I can put it that way. There's a continuum from that into all kinds of intimacy, whether in the darkroom or the chillout, sex or conversation. And there's people I was on the dancefloor with once and may never see again, but I felt something about them, a kind of kinaesthetic knowledge. It gives you a kind of awareness of someone's disposition in a situation.

In the face of dereliction or diminishing futures, what is happening in the sweat and heat of collective movement? How might this be understood as a response?

My book *Raving* is really a book about time, about what I call sideways time. In the absence of futures, here's an artform that makes time swell out sideways. A pocket in time where there's more time. I think at an unvoiced, unconscious level, that's what the contemporary rave as an artform is about.

# POSTSCRIPT: QUAD

BY ARCHIE SQUIRE

● In Samuel Beckett's *Quad* (1981), four cowled figures pace about a square. They trace its perimeter and shuttle back and forth across its interior, but they can only skirt – and will never reach – the nexus marked at its centre. Though they move together in perfect synchronisation, their performances are isolated and ultimately alone. Going and returning, swelling and receding, they are the flotsam in an uncommitted whirlpool.

*Quad* is a television play, conceived for the medium of mass communication, to exist in the sphere of advertisements. This interests me as I was first introduced to the work via Yuji Agematsu, the New York-based sculptor whose practice metabolises consumption through an obsessive material engagement with society's trash. 'Beckett's idea was how to consume a square space through walking. This really inspired me to walk, and to make my own diagrams,' he writes in 2021.<sup>1</sup> The metronome of Agematsu's practice is the 'zip', a name he has given to the daily sculpture he produces from the cellophane wrapper of a cigarette carton and the litter and grime collected in it during his ritual pedestrian exhumations of the streets of New York. The systematic nature of Agematsu's zips chimes with the iterative design of Beckett's choreography, which is structured according to an exhaustive set of combinatorial possibilities: 'AC, CB, BA, AD...' read the instructions. Yet if Agematsu's walks constitute his consumption of the city, it is actually a disorderly consumption quite unlike that of Beckett's geometric directive (with its constant threat of a player's misstep and the possibility of total choreographic collapse); and whereas Agematsu gravitates to the porosity of the gutter, the smooth zone delimited by *Quad* is more akin to a plaza.

<sup>1</sup> In an entry for Jason Evans' online archival project *This Long Century*: <http://www.thislong-century.com/yuji-agematsu>.



In their 2015 essay ‘Trash and the Ends of Infrastructure’, critical theorist M. Ty writes:

‘While numerous studies have asked how the influx of commodities shaped modernist and avant-garde conceptions of art, far less often remarked on is the influence of new circuits of waste on the cultural imaginary. In fact, the two matters are hardly separable, for the systematic clearing of garbage – in enabling the flow of goods and grooming spaces for commerce – was a necessary condition for consumer society...’<sup>2</sup>

Ty’s prompt might most readily silhouette the plaza: that paradigmatic, lubricated ‘grooming space’ predicated on the illusion of uninterrupted cleanness. A North American construct, the plaza is also a metaphor tracked to the fallacy of perpetual consumption, and the concomitant illogic of infinite space. Its ostensible openness hides the reality of its osmotic boundary: new things enter and used things exit. Trash is taken beyond its perimeter to the non-place of *elsewhere*; the reproduction of the plaza presupposes the generation of new rubbish to be cleared. So, when Agematsu’s zips render visible the spatial aberration of post-consumer waste, they also rupture the plaza’s smug illusion. Similarly, when Beckett’s figures strive for the centre only to be restored at the periphery, they might re-enact the symbolic transfiguration of new products into trash – the swilling of plastic and its inevitable return, by container ship or tide, to the earthbound black hole often designated of the developing world. And when they furthermore exhaust, and are exhausted by, the illuminated realm of the square before discharging into oblivion, they also point to the invisible activity of the shadowed, backstage hemisphere which lies just outside the scene.

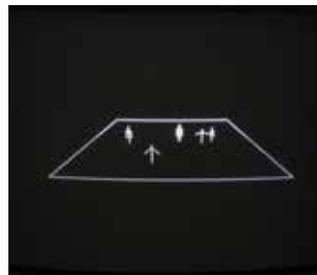
These ideas informed *Quad*, an exhibition at a. SQUIRE in 2024 with works by Agematsu, Gottfried Brockmann, Eli Coplan, and A. Michael Noll. I thought about the choreographies of trash: the collective insanity of the reflexive gesture of throwing away, the swirling of the gutter, and the economies and trajectories of waste.<sup>3</sup> The show opened with a movable 1922 wire piece

2 M. Ty, ‘Trash and the Ends of Infrastructure’, *Modern Fiction Studies* 61, no. 4 (2015): 608.

3 Agematsu’s own practice intersects at ground level with the subsistence economy of New York’s canner population. For more on canners, see Francesca Berardi and Grga Bašić’s cartographic project [canners.nyc](http://canners.nyc).



Yuji Agematsu, *zip: 03.01.03 . . . 03.31.03*, 2003 (detail).



A. Michael Noll, (*Dance Film: Computer-Generated Ballet*), c. 1965.

by Brockmann, a lesser-known member of the Cologne Progressives group, whose attentions were turned in many works to the street: dandyism, window shopping, the new consumer. Here, however, a pair of wire dancers traced an imagined genealogy for Beckett’s minimalist composition by way of Noll’s prescient video work *Dance Film: Computer-Generated Ballet*, an animation he produced around 1965 while working at Bell Labs. Like Beckett’s spare staging, the setting for Noll’s performers is the white square – a tile of visibility in a black vacuum. Elegant, encoded bodies move across its field, gliding and pirouetting before vanishing as they traverse its limits. They (re)produce the quad’s authoritative dimensions and re-inscribe its unknowable exterior.

An arrangement of thirty-one zips by Agematsu that schematises the calendar month for January 2003 hung on the wall beside Noll’s video. The cellophane containers are another kind of imagined space; they hold the remnants of consumer goods, socially expired things that have drifted from the limelight of the plaza into recesses and drains. On another wall was Coplan’s *Sealed Air* (2022), a sculpture consisting of a deflated air pillow – the kind that exists purely to facilitate the cushioned circulation of another product – which has been inserted behind an LCD television screen, its branding a visual tautology heralding the plasticisation of life. What Agematsu dislodges, Coplan traps inside the cadaver of another brand – a timeline of non-biodegradability set against the planned obsolescence of mass-produced tech.

Francis Bacon’s 1963 painting *Turning Figure*, might be the inaccessible nexus of the exhibition – the centre that Beckett’s players will never reach, an unvanquished locus of desire. In it, a twisted, jellied knot of human cartilage substitutes for a lamppost on a street corner as it discharges a puddle of oily shadow which seeps over the kerb. While it loiters there, a trail of gutter sludge turns the same corner and snakes menacingly forward.<sup>4</sup> On the paved stage, the protagonist seems all of a sudden to turn in both directions at once. For there is no avoiding it, nor any crevice in which it can be hidden: trash creeps towards flesh and viewer, its overflow a foregone conclusion.

4 A 2020 Sotheby’s catalogue essay for the work, citing the research of art historian Martin Hammer, points out that Bacon’s setting was inspired by a photo of wartime Rotterdam in which ‘a man gazes upon the dead body of his daughter; her prone corpse appears foreshortened and almost indistinguishable from the rubble that surrounds her.’



Eli Coplan, *Sealed Air*, 2022 (detail).



Gottfried Brockmann, *Tanzfigurine*, 1922/c. 1950.