

Portrait Schubot & Gradinger

This age-old philosophical idea and profoundly felt longing: of two beings becoming one, two people, a man and a woman. As opposed to facing each other, standing side by side, lying on top of one another, and inevitably pitted against one another, to finally melt together and merge. A single skin should shroud both bodies, and a single inner life fill the shell.

In other contexts, not only when working together, Angela Schubot and Jared Gradinger have concerned themselves with this topic since their first duet: the usual model of 'identity', 'me here, you there', jarred not by clever sayings, but instead with extreme physical approaches. They extract a singular magic from this shaking and failing by extending a miniscule moment of possible experience into the space, rhythmically inverting and crumbling it, and making the highly unique appear banal. Visible.

In "What they are instead of" the rhythms of the dancers' breathing become linked; they throw, press, pull each other, twist themselves in every possible recess and curve of the other's clothed body, hook themselves in one another, unhook themselves, and assume a new arrangement. „is maybe“ furthers the urgency. At first, both seem to float about like eyeless amoeba, nearing one another without a pulse, only to brush against each other until, with hurled fists, they experience resistance: the other being. Vision and appearance hinder the hands that are stuck to the other's face. Four tentacles hold the connection in place like sucking snouts. In "Les petites morts" the same organism draws closer to death.

Melanie Suchy (2012, for Tanzplattform Deutschland)

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"We often try the impossible and observe what emerges. From there, we create pieces that search for a constant state of becoming."

The duet "what they are instead of" by Angela Schubot and Jared Gradinger remains unforgettable. Heavy breathing, panting, gasping. The two of them pass through all imaginable poses and positions, move as if compelled to , twisting, rubbing, hitting, pressing their bodies against each other. The persistent heavy breathing chiefly evokes sexual, but also tender, latently violent and definitely funny moments. Subsequent productions were subtler: the muscles only slowly stirring, the hands groping, two crawling bodies slowly converging on one another. But here, too, breath takes on a central role. Struggling for survival, resisting the disintegrating body, overcoming death .

The following applies to all pieces by these two dancer-choreographers: the body is made of flesh and blood, sweat, tears and all other possible secretions – not a product of cultivation, but a natural phenomenon. We are not presented with beauty, form, elegance, eloquence, vanity, but rather the antithesis of that state to which dance conventionally aspires: away from the ground, the earth, the dirt, the unsightly corporeality, the animalistic. Where classical dance, at one end of the scale, would rather conceal its physical origins, these are exactly what Schubot and Gradinger display at the other end: their artificially produced exhaustion seeks to make personal physique visible and at best also tangible as provenance, as the beginning and the end.

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