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**PROGRAM NOTES FOR ALL MY HOLES ARE
THEIRS BY ERIC CAZDYN**

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All my holes are theirs is an operation, a problem, a concept, a practice and a way through the blindspot. Like holes, blindspots are not just for filling and emptying. Like blindspots, holes are not just for exposing and concealing. And like *All my holes are theirs*, the blindspot is not just for understanding, signifying, capturing, and witnessing.

I choose this last word, *witness*, carefully. It is a conspicuous word to use - as if, with this dance, we will witness a killing and will soon stand at the scene of a crime. Which makes us, what? - the detective, the judge, the criminal? Happily, we need not play any of these roles. This is because there are not necessarily any clues, any signs or symptoms to be interpreted in this dance. Or we can go even further and argue that this dance is most radical when we suspend our patented interpretive strategies and restrain our deepest interpretive desires. This is to suggest that the temptation to think about what all of this means - the bodies, the three, the two, the one, the affects and lack of affect, the go-for-brokenness, the sadism, the masochism, the love, the death - this hermeneutic temptation to make sense of this dance should be resisted, and when we fail to resist this temptation to interpret (and we will fail since the fundamental logic of any temptation is that it is irresistible, due to the sinister little fact that the moment we name a temptation as such, is the very moment we have just given into it) - we should remember that, like dream work to the dream, we are not making sense of the thing itself but of something else... and that this something else is not that far away from what the blindspot is.

The blindspot. It is not that which is missing. It does not exceed our sightline. Nor is it just out of frame or underneath what exists. We don't access it by digging it up. This is partly because it does not exist in our past, below the surface, like a bone or a secret or a trauma. Rather the blindspot is the future. And, like this dance, we don't know the future - I don't mean that we don't know what the future will be (that, somehow, we're all failed prophets); no, rather we don't really know how perverse the very concept of the future is.



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SÆLE**



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These left-handed remarks indicate that I will not provide an answer to the provocative questions that accompany this dance (at least, the elegant questions that I read somewhere on the web and presume have been written by the dancers themselves and that run underneath the dance like so many subtitles): questions such as: "Can one make their self disappear through an ultimate dedication to a third?" "Can one relinquish one's self to one's own dissolution?" "Can one die for someone else?"

Disappearance, dissolution, death - sure sounds like the stuff of detective narrative. But instead of the figure of detection, I wonder about another figure, that of conspiracy - a conspiracy cannot be figured out, the conspiracy's dots cannot be connected... however much there are dots, which is to say that there is a logic to a conspiracy, there is meaning, there is system. But what defines the conspiracy, as against the detective narrative, is that we cannot unravel the red-thread that ties together the conspiratorial event. This is not because we are dumb or unlucky, but because the logic of the conspiratorial event is incommensurable to the logic of our current brains and to the logic of our historical present.

But, and as usual, we can come at this from another direction and remember that there is another way to understand a conspiracy - an understanding that hugs closer to its etymological roots, as a coming together of breath - breathing together, a *conspiring*. And this is closer to how I want to relate the blindspot to the dance.

The breath, like the blindspot and like all our holes, is both inside and outside of us... it is both our present and our future. And when we breathe together - collectively - we do so invested in a project. Yes, sometimes this project is nefarious and wicked, but not always. There are, believe it or not, good conspiracies too. Radical ones. Even revolutionary ones. And I'd like to think that this dance is, if not radical, at least, a good conspiracy.