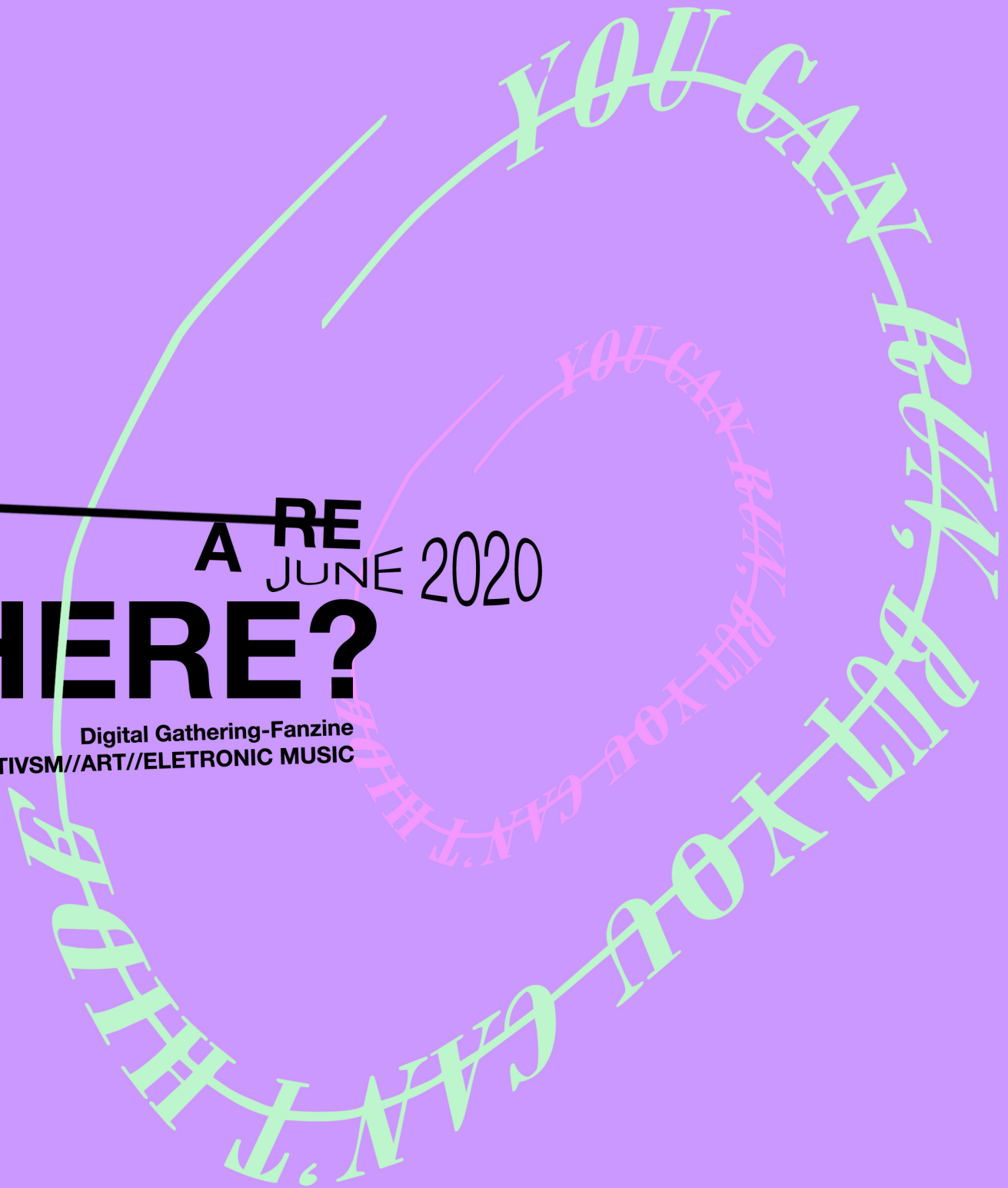




C A RE WHERE?

JUNE 2020

Digital Gathering-Fanzine
ACTIVSM//ART//ELETRONIC MUSIC

Welcome to **CARE WHERE?**

While large groups aren't allowed to dance as one, this digital-gathering-fanzine brings us close together. With you, possibly at the same time, other people read this pages, and by doing so, a clustering is created in a beyond-physical-temporal-space.

Thes scores, reading assignments, images, music, podcasts, live streams, meditations, are a chart of how care and celebration synchronize.

Because what we care to celebrate for, we also care to cultivate.

CARE - Art, Activism and Electronic Music is an experiment on community empowerment. The series of gatherings focus on how we build, influence and transform our large community by the chain of our immediate affections and our ability to care. Investing time and attention into rediscovering local ecologies

Previously we had gather in Budapest - Hungary, and Almada - Portugal , meanwhile future encounters were postponed or are on hold, as for London - UK and Burdag - Poland, we meet here. Doing what we can, from where we are.

We hope you enjoy this first edition of **CARE WHERE?**

you can run, but you can't hide.



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

Thursday 18.06 .2020

Friday 19.06 .2020

Saturday 20.06 .2020

Sunday 21.06 .2020

Monday 22.06 .2020

Tuesday 23.06 .2020

Wednesday 24.06 .2020

HERE!

INDEX

This fanzine is organized as a trans-time-spacial-gathering.

The content of this issue Is scheduled for the solstice week in June.

The times and dates of activities/texts are sugges-tions for coexisting while apart, by engaging with it on the suggested time we create a synchronized cat-cradle of connection.

We have just one live event, on Sunday 21st June : **SOLSTICE//SET** at **20:00 CEST** (Berlin, Budapest, Warsaw) // **19:00 CET** (Lisbon, Porto, London).

CLICK TO GO TO PAGE

F R I D A Y

09:00// Why should we care?
23:33// Gruta

T H U R S D A Y

19:30// ClassiFede
20:00// CON FINE

S A T U R D A Y

17:00//Living Room Concerts
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S U N D A Y

11:00// Supple Futures
16:15// Tracking
23:23// Signals From The Void

T U E S D A Y

10:00// Tides
11:55// Ability Realness

W E D N E S D A Y

22:00// The South of The World

M O N D A Y

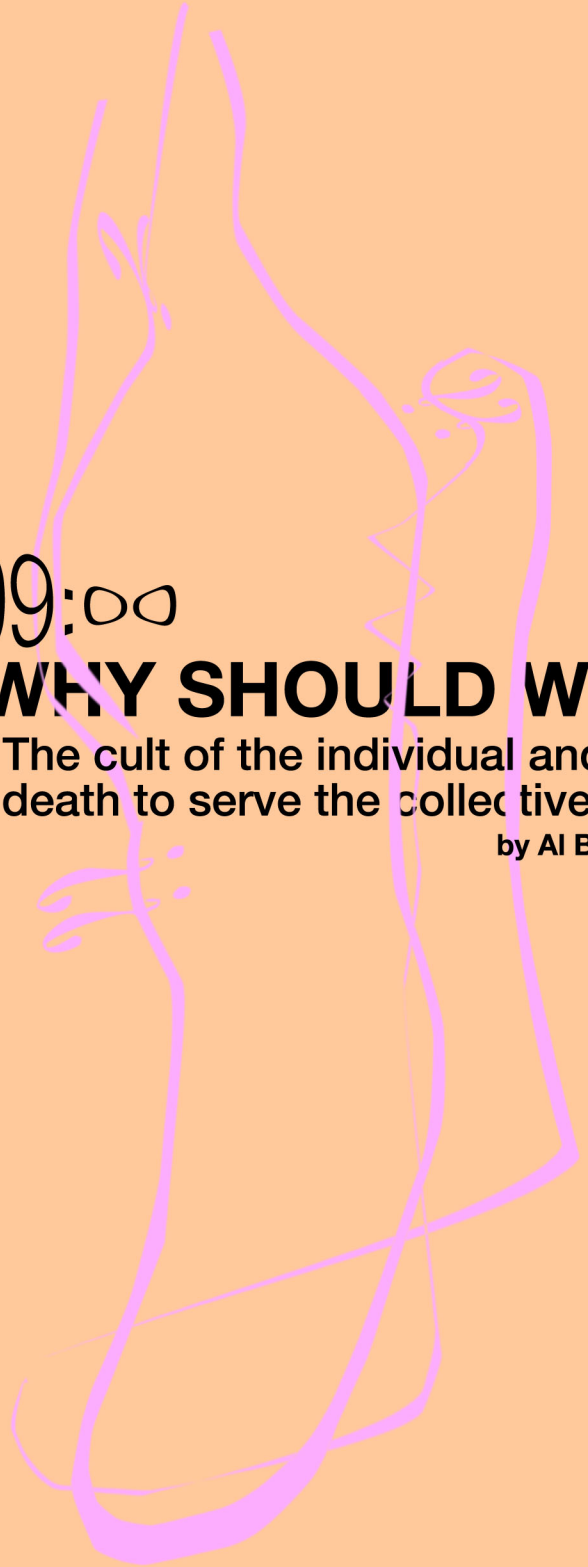
--:--// Do NOT Work on Mondays!! THANK YOU.

FRIDAY



NINETEENTH OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY



09:00

WHY SHOULD WE CARE?

The cult of the individual and its collective death to serve the collective rebirth

by Al Ballentyne

"Everyone has a cell phone that'll wipe their balls." – George Carlin.

We're living in the midst of a modern pandemic, not Covid19 but the vacuous trend of being 'Insta-famous' which has as much validity to it as being a billionaire in GTA Online. The fact that these things matter to some is, to me, crazy. Wouldn't it be good if we can throw it all away? Thankfully our collective situation is doing that for us, it's asking us to sit down and listen, reflect and take note of what we are being presented with.

If we were able to unplug for a few moments and take a look at what was going on around us, we could hear the whisper of a heartbeat. A faint pulse drifting over the horizon, carried by the nuances we take for granted because we are all distracted by the great bamboozle.

The hyper-normalised insanity of life post 1970 where we were driven by a culture self-gratification, self-perpetuation and decisions that would affect people we'd never see. Prosperity built by destroying lives we'd never hear about. While indigenous voices of the global south were ignored, marginalised and brushed under the carpet, those of us in the west would carry on as normal.

A large big mac meal with an extra-large coca cola. The subliminal representation of progress measured by how high the golden arches tower over the forgotten wreck of our ancient worlds. A time where we lived in harmony of divine masculine and feminine, the mother goddess nurtured us while whatever iteration of the heavenly father we subscribed to would provide.

Not to kick mud over progress but what is meaningful development if the cost is disconnection, alienation and division. What good does that ultimately serve? We (as individuals) are not that important and will be forgotten within a generation or two at best, unless we impart works of value into the world.

The prospect of doing that work can be insurmountable to some so it may seem more attractive to hook into the vacuous trend of plasticity which requires the perpetual vigil of protecting the flicker from the ever-blowing winds of transition.

At present we are encouraged to see ourselves as both the world and the god.

Not ones that resonate harmoniously in an ethereal tapestry connected by ideas and purpose but gods and worlds colliding in the sky. Jockeying for position to be the most interesting person on the internet at that time. Are you content with your life or is your life content? The spelling is the same, yet the meaning differs drastically.

As this solo dance plays out our relationships with each other suffer and become a commodity based on what value they can provide for our personal brand. To hell with that thinking.

Are you *trending today?* If not, why not?

The plastic aspirations metastasise in the minds of generations coming of age with this as part of the furniture. Measuring their worldly worth by incrementally handing their dopamine receptors over to anonymous individuals through the nexus of the internet. All the while becoming further disconnected from the environment that ultimately sustains them.

I propose a new trend: doing cool stuff and leaving the phone at home or in your pocket.

Why?

Because the people are in trouble, the planet is not, it will heal. It will incorporate the wreck of our plastic society long before the next civilisation develops and rises to add it to their myth. There will be no trace of us and that is the true irony behind the arrogance of mankind as it is at present. Imagine an archaeological expedition in the year 4255, what will they find? Probably a Nokia 3310 and not much else.

I for one am choosing not to live in that world, I have faith that is unshakable that this will not come to pass. Call me crazy but I feel it deep down and I trust that intuition.

However just as the tsunami of influencers headed towards our tribal outcrops, the planet struck back as it always does. This time it has manifest in the form of SARS-CoV-2, but what about how we are responding to it? Here's some generalised quotes on the matter:

"But it's not that lethal"

"It only kills old people"

"Why can't we just go back to work?"

"My business won't survive"

"I miss my friends"

"I want to be the person I was before all of this happened and I could validate myself through attaching my self-esteem to actions, places, people, things that I can share online to cultivate my own mythology in a galaxy of gods and celestial objects shining brighter than me"

To be frank, it's nonsense. Why? Because we are distracting ourselves from the lesson because of grief.

If we cannot address the grief, we cannot heal the problem that manifested in the cult of individualism. It is that sense of entitlement that we are all worthy of significant adoration for who we are rather than what we are is the source of our present collective grief.

The grief for living life as self-proclaimed sovereign atoms creating micro-fission reactions as they massage the algorithm into quasi-orgasmic states as the rest of us either indulge our fantasies or switch of entirely.

Again, a binary connect/disconnect which is also of no value to the cause of progress. It boils down to a culture of: If they can do it, so can I. If I can do it so can they. The dance continues, for now.

Did you see what X posted, oh my god I have to go one better than that for the next one.

A trigger to further prove to the ancient ones that we truly have sold our souls for 15 minutes of fame spread so thinly across the digital aether that a time will come when we crave 15 minutes of anonymity.

Atoms colliding within ourselves against the invisible other create further unseen, unarticulated and unacknowledged distress. Remember this when feeling too self-important:

We are nothing more than perceptions of organised light in the minds of others.

We have become separated from our environment to live in an increasingly abstract domain that serves to keep us distracted while multi-nationals carve up the planet's resources, purchase/development rights, influence global policy, healthcare, decisions that hold sway over the many. These decisions lie in the hands of the self-sainted few. Historically speaking that has never ended well. It probably won't again but we are now in a position to mitigate, divert, adjust and move forward with minimal collateral disruption.

Us vs them, over and over again.

Leave it behind, dig deep and choose the path ahead. Don't throw away your phone but detach the invisible cable running into your cerebral cortex that controls your responses to stimulus. Stop chasing plastic ideas when the very foundation of your life is crumbling.

Sars-Covid-2 is telling us that we have elected to build sandcastles in the sky rather than explore what it is that connects us to the earth. We are not just being invited to walk through the fire but enter into the transformative flame that burns away all that is plastic and purifies our gold into a more valuable iteration of the compound.



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

We have to let go and trust in the transformation without getting mired in losing distinction between political liberty and personal autonomy.

However, we have (collectively) chosen to lament for our lives built on foundations cast into ever shifting mud. The ground that sustains us separated from our beings by 'exciting new build development opportunities'. Curators dictate our culture, gatekeepers block ideas as they may not fit with the aesthetic they seek to cultivate. Individuals devoid of ideas exploit the life force of those willing to bend further with the intention of advancing their own personal brand. This is not art, it is abuse of the higher articulation of consciousness into the tangible reality for all to experience which is the fundamental pillar of 'art' itself.

Let us join in the grief of a life lived unrealised. Then we can commit it to the earth to become transformed so we may extract it as fuel to power the engines of tomorrow. Become the vulture at the Zoroastrian sky burial of our shared past in consuming all that has died to integrate what is left to nourish the embryo of ideas.

The faction reaction

Consider this: compassionate acts through the individualist lens have again become something to support the personal cause rather than the collective result. Take the influencer who Instagrams themselves giving

a meal and $50 to a homeless person or the public multimillion-pound celebrity donation. These 'acts' hold no value. The vessel these acts are presented from cannot hold the water of life which is a higher responsibility each of us are wedded to regardless of what we may think, feel or proclaim otherwise. I have often argued that the street sweeper is more enlightened than the swami and the argument is based on this fundamental pillar.

Humans want to be noticed and it all comes down to the subconscious 'need' to be adored. That's fine, we all have it but it's how that manifests is what we have control over. We can adore by adoring others, that feedback loop is more sustaining than 'acts' as one is self-sustaining, the other self-perpetuating.

The ego takes many forms and drawing focus on detachment, the lack of awareness of cause & effect because without the knowledge of effect, it is just because not a cause.

What if we took a stance of individual development with a collective outcome? If we were to take the following stance in relation to light vs darkness, it can be said that: we cannot construct light, we can only let light in. Meaning: for the world to become a brighter place we must work on our ‘mirror’ (the ability to reflect light). Imagine that, seven billion people doing the work on themselves? While idealism relies on all peoples being on the same page it can be a compass point to journey towards. Taking joy in the process.

You’ve got to get the people on side in ways everyone can understand. Being part of a movement is special however being mindful of the banners we stand under is equally important. What’s even better is when there isn’t a banner at all in a material senses but a bonding principle in the abstract. Inclusivity by design usurps exclusivity by demeanour.

So here we are

Pollution is dropping, people are being able to see (backed by science) that the planet can actually heal if we chill out a bit for a while. We have been gifted the framework so we might be able to engage in collectively conscious positive actions. Rather than collective unconscious negative reactions.

This is where we start to state our intent. The quiet voice can grow louder. Many fish swimming together but in the same direction. The chorus ascending towards a deafening crescendo incorporating the howl of our ancestors amidst the song of celebration in the present.

However if we continue allow ourselves to be distracted, on pause satiated by Pilsner, Pizza and PlayStation. We are unable to collectively take awareness in the realisation that we don’t have to be dutiful cogs in the neoliberal machine that feeds on the blood sacrifice of perpetual expansion, minimal input for maximum output, the one that allowed Jeff Bezos to grow his fortune by $24 Billion during this crisis. If we ignore mind/body/spirit through self-anaesthesia, one at the expense of the other, or worse, one at the expense of both or none at the expense of all, we are denying the three fundamental pillars of ‘us’ How are we able to proceed?

Act? React? Respond?

We can start with this simple question:

Who are you when you are not doing what you think you are supposed to be doing?

From there we can begin, we can observe the colours of the world around us with more detail. We can turn the earth to plant seeds. We can begin to become self-realised. Through the process of self-realisation rather than the product (brand) of self, we can understand where we sit in this tapestry rather than shouldering for space within the maelstrom.

Who are you when you are not doing what you think you are sup-posed to be doing?

For that to work we need to shed the distractions: the rage, the blame, the finger pointing and the sense that there is always a deeper, darker meaning to things. Observing patterns where there is chaos rather than defining a critical path from inner to outer.

I’m actively giving myself a divorce from rage and blame. I will happily take notes and pose questions as I am committed to working on my own balance as I understand that will resonate with those around me through my actions, intentions and interactions.

Why? Because I can control that, I can’t control the world, but I can control myself which then in turn controls how I see the world.

I want to see everyone’s light or to use a metaphor, that metaphysical orchestra tuning up to serenade the spheres where we all know our function dependent on the piece that we are being asked to play at that time. Which in turn forms part of the greater symphony of which we will all be featured in due course.

Wouldn’t that be cool?

Wouldn’t it be great if we were all able to live from that place and bring harmonious ideas to fruition through collaboration rather than competition?

Wouldn’t it be awesome if we started to think about subtle adjustments to our thinking that over time will create a fundamental paradigm shift for all?

Choosing the virtue of placing metaphorical charges (ideas) on the weaker parts of the structure while building a new construct for people to gather around is true progress. Break the frame of convention by asking questions and allowing others to see the new ‘idea’ or ‘way’ for themselves. It’s like blowing that whistle that pricks up the ears of those who are listening and is lost in the static of those who are not.

You can’t catch them all, people are not Pokémon and that is ok. Don’t be afraid to treat your outlook like a garden that may focus on certain things and leave different aspects to others. It ultimately serves a collective purpose even if the benefits of such thinking may not touch us personally. It is about becoming bigger than the individual while retaining our essence. Speaking the same language but with different regional accents is a good way to consider it.

We cannot speak to everyone about everything, yet we can argue that everything effects everyone. So, with that perspective we can begin to conceive of new ideas, ways of working, engagement and practice that is concerned with polishing the collective mirror.

To use another analogy, would you light a fire by throwing all of your resources on it at once or focus on smaller parts to stimulate a more productive flame? The ember that is nurtured can consume the most ancient forest if guided appropriately.



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

Must all kinds of care be done with the gloves on and surrounded in cotton wool? No, I've been described as an 'Intensive Care Bear'. Which is no doubt, in part down to my working-class Scottish roots on my father's side. There was a no-nonsense inclusivity about that heritage and that's where I find myself engaging with these ideas from. Bin the fluff and tackle the stuff.

Ultimately, we can sew the wind to reap the hurricane, but on our terms. Individually with collective resonance. Everything is connected so we can think big while acting small.

The future is a co-ordination of ideas, expression, collective focus with individual discipline driving it. No leaders but no followers, all participants bound by the concept of reciprocal maintenance. We make tweaks to adjust the overall trajectory.

These aren't grand acts and I suggest to all that if we all took smaller actions, daily we could become the cartographers of a new dimension. The undiscovered country of the future.

It also points further to the idea that maybe the street sweeper can be more enlightened than the swami. That, however, is another idea for another time.

To begin we must seek to care. If we care, we can transform.



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

23:33

GRUTA

with A Bela Associaçao

Gruta is an exploratory space where we can find new species of musical identities in all it's tunnels, caverns, burrows, holes and abysses.
Here you can find the lastest releases in music from Gruta. They also do Live streaming of DJ sets and Lives. Check their Facebook Page for more details about when Gruta goes LIVE.

Click to Listen to GRUTA and visit Band Camp



SEM PÉS NEM CABEÇA by VEIA

This is the second release from Gruta as a record label and the first of the DJ/ Producer known as VEIA.

An EP that makes no sense whatsoever in what comes to coherent aesthetics or dogmatic musical genres, but making a lot of sense when thinking of criativity, freshness and uncompromise. No holds barred, this dive into electronic waters, takes us to the obscure atmospheric depths of the industrial ocean,
but it equaly takes us to the funky robotic electro beaches or the acid rave paradise islands. Just take a swim and lose yourself.



CHEEKY BAS-TARDS EP by DIG-ITAL PIMP HARD AT WORK

Tekno dada warriors first cyber-space odissey! Cheeky tracks snaking around the system's cracks. Here the moto is: Shut your mouth, shake your ass!

A primeira odisseia no ciber-espaço dos guerreiros Tekno dada! Faixas malandras serpenteando por entre as fendas do sistema. Aqui o lema é: Cala a boca, abana o kú!

credits
released April 25, 2020



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

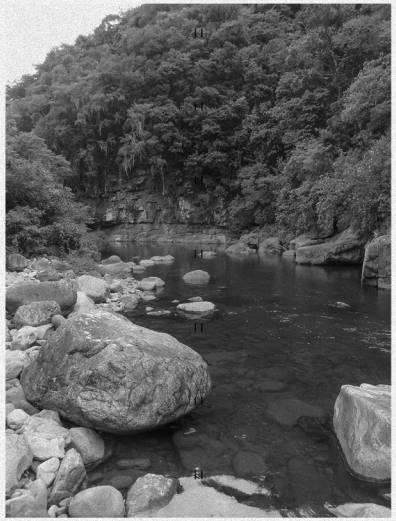
THURSDAY



EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY

THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD//
by Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro



###

Do you have what he wants?
Are you looking for something?
write to:
care.where.zine@gmail.com
Subject: CLASSIFEDES

CLASSIFEDES



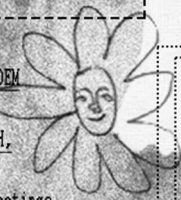
PARTNER(S) IN CRIME WANTED
EN, SP, DE, HU, IT, FR, BE,
ANY ok acutally, we can let our bodies talk.
I accept if you don't like Björk but
no Kate Bush NOT accept-edd...
+ ~~INTEREST IN MARRIAGE~~
#F2



ART FOR SALE
artist sell-ing watercol-ors, draw-ings, mixed media, A4 format,
$$$: basis for negotia-tion
#C4



looking for: FRENCH TANDEM PARTNER
I offer: GERMAN, ENGLISH, SPANISH
preferred for private meetings
in café or bar
regular, min. 1x p week
gender doesn't matter
#F5



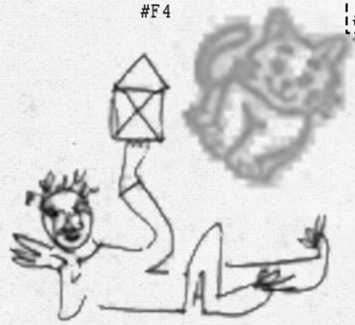
looking for:
LGBTQ+ RECORD LABEL/-STUDIO
+ FEMALE/TRANS sound engineers!
to master, produce and distribute my upcoming EP 'LUZ+'
www.soundcloud.com/fed-ericoluz
#C6

COLLECTING BJÖRK CD's
come at me, I'll take care of you
protect you, calm, calm down
you don't have to explain, I understand
You know that I love you.
~~~~~BUYING B's CD'S~~~~~~
#F4

PERFORMER/DANCER WANTED
do you wants to partici-pate in a great piece of art?
do you like a horizontal and ethically fair and friendly
working atmosphere?
#C3



HELP WITH HELATH INSUR-ANCE NEEDED
SOS, Brussels,BE, I don't get anything???!
no French no Belgian,
DE, EN, SP,
******OBRIGADX!
#F3



Looking for a flat in Brus-sels!
looking for cool people to live with
im 28yo atm, performance re-search student 2B
calm, peaceful, not a nazi
fun, jolly, not dirty
light rooms preferred. NO loft bed:
clumsy in the mornings, too young to die
#F1


~~~~~

20:00

CON FINE // PERFORMANCE FOR THE BATHROOM IN THE ERA OF THE VIRUS

with Mariana Tengner Barros

BoCA Online 2020

Followed by conversation in portuguese with John Romão “short intimate performance, which gradually reveals a pleasant final surprise. Advisable for those looking for instant gratifications, which operate repressive desublimation” says Mariana Tenger Barros about her new creation, commissioned for BoCA Online,“Com Fino, performance para a casa de banho na era do vírus” (2020). Developed in collaboration with her team (Nuno Miguel, Jonny Kadaver and Tiago Rosário), the performance was presented on Saturday, 16th at 10pm, through BoCA YouTube channel. See the recording in the link belllow.

Click to see
COM FINO (2020)
and visit BoCA YouTube chanel

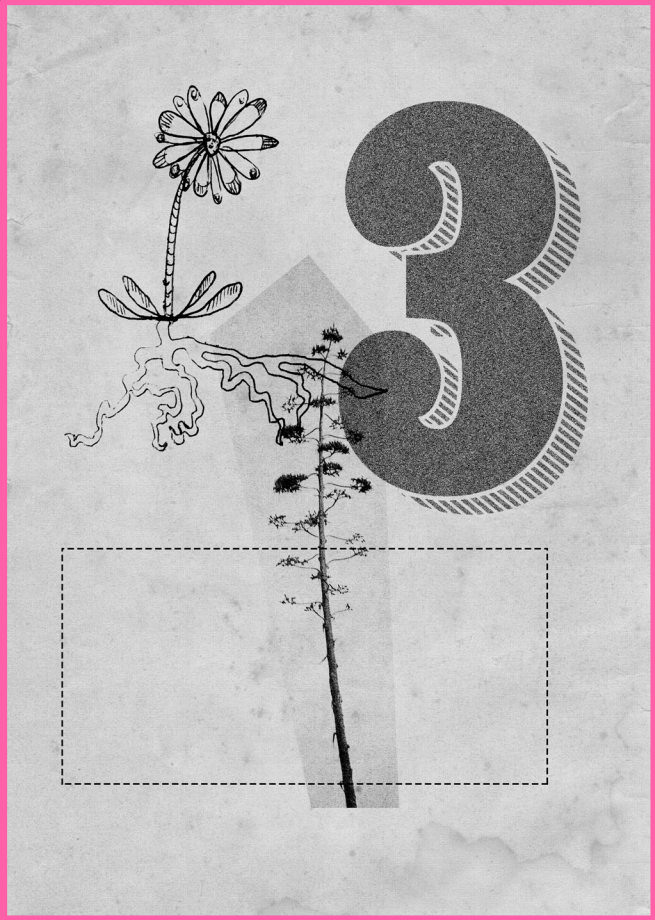


THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro



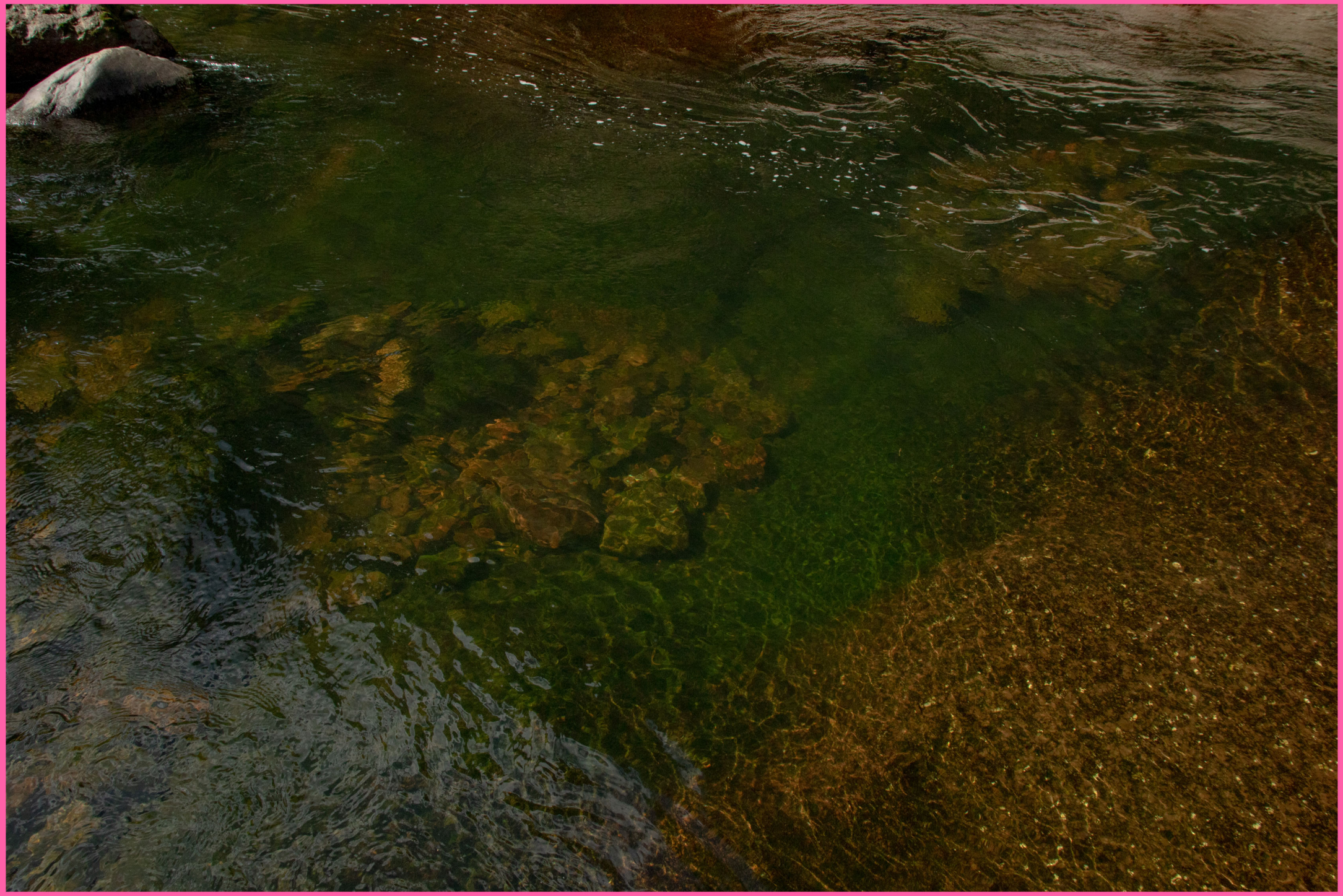
THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

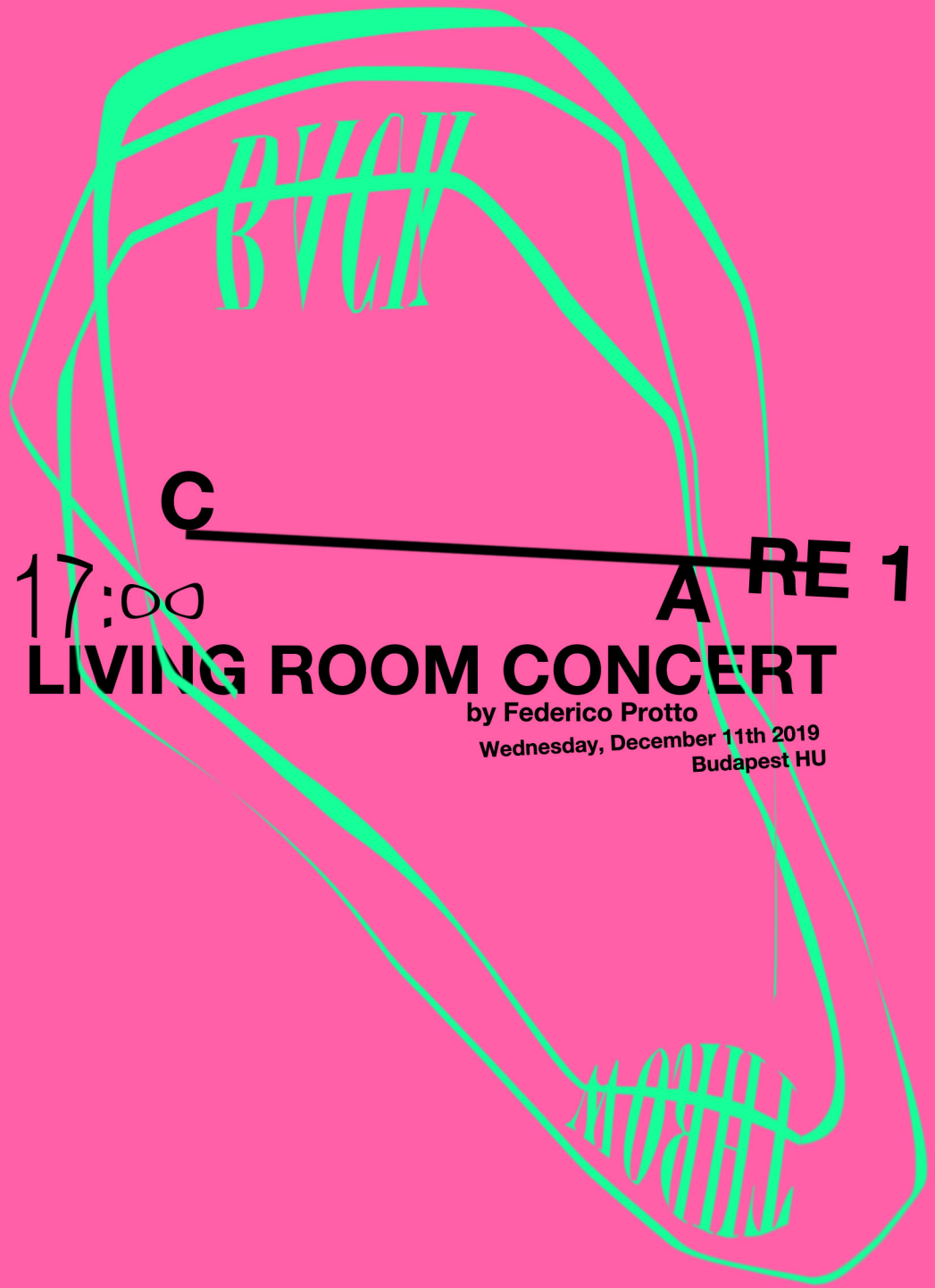
SATURDAY



TWENTH OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY





C A RE 1

17:∞

LIVING ROOM CONCERT

by Federico Protto

Wednesday, December 11th 2019

Budapest HU

last night's storm
and the ocean
gave birth to
millions of white
shells
- and dirt
I changed all
plans to return
and here I am
everything is soft,
no edges, no
sharp,
lush warm ground
beneath my feet
purify
cleanse
detoxify
heal
tissues – silk-like
- flowing in
warmth,
like air: visual
down here all
ends, and above,
there is some-
thing else

und ich werde
sehen,
mit meinen augen
sehen,
und ich werde
gehen,
mit meinen
augen,
mit meiner hand
und verstehen,
dass wir
zusammen gehen
und wir gehen.
und wir werden
sehen
und verstehen,
und wir werden...
und wir..

This are the original notes I wrote for a song of mine called Valentine. The song consists of four parts meeting eclectically, but I trust the power of the subconscious and I'm often surprised and my mind goes like 'Ah yes! How could it have been differently?' :)
The first part comes from this poem in English above. I wrote it during my period in the south of Spain in winter, on one of my daily beach walks. That day was particular because the night before had been a tremendous storm rampaging the coast. The storm gave us millions of tiny, tiny shiny white shells. And an insanely immense amount of waste, garbage: nets, plastic, glass, bottles, wood pieces, toys, plastic straws, paper, textile. There was this paradox situation in me: anger about this complete failure and disrespect towards nature and fascination for the ugly & the beauty. The zones things meet and create friction.

The second part of the song is a little piano melody I wrote dedicated to Klaus Nomi, not that I listen a lot of Nomi but it is a tiny melody I imagined hanging out with Klaus and being like, oh yeah this is sweet. The third part is a poem in German language I once wrote, it is basically about realizing ones position, looking around, and embracing the world with open arms, and by doing that uniting with the ones around you who have their open arms as well.



Finally the forth part is a long recording of wave sounds and my steps walking the beach in Spain. My story is one of a cycle of creation, destruction, unity & willpower of healing and of change. The active resistance against the toxic of any kind and volume, and the main mean to reach that: togetherness.

Click to Listen
PAN (Demo Version)
and visit Federico SoundCloud page
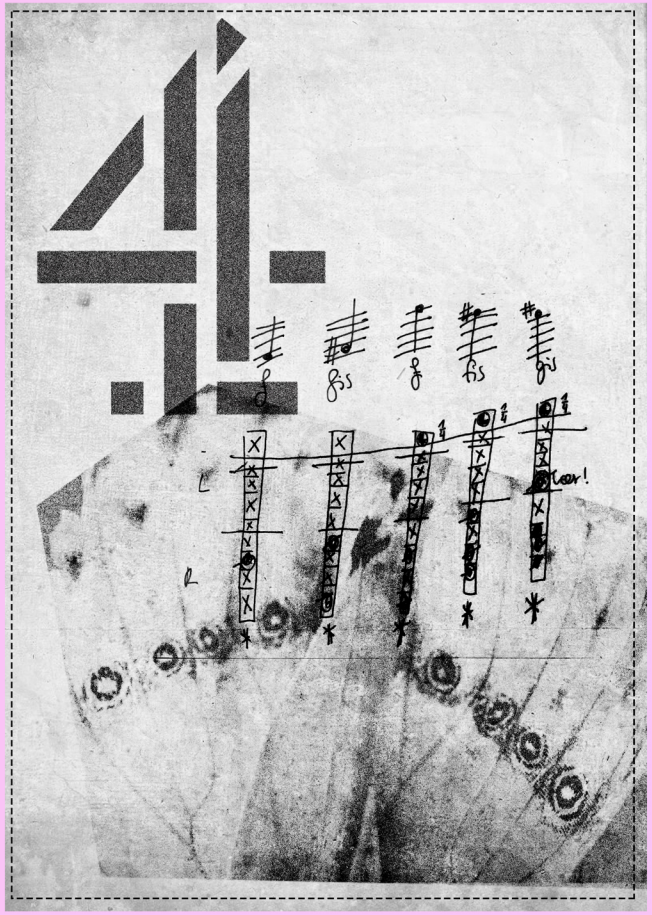


SOUTH OF SPAIN //
Federico Protto Archive


20:00
SOLSTICE//SET
by GRUTA
Click to Party
LIVE SET
LIVE STREAM





SUNDAY



TWENTY FIRST OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY

11:∞

IMAGINING THE FUTURE // ∞ GATHERINGS

with Aleks Borys

This recording series uses choreographic tools to navigate a journey to Imagine the Future. The gatherings take place out of time and space, where each one joins in individual way. Whenever I lead the meeting I allow my body to follow the dance of the fantasy. I invite you to do the same if your body will have such a wish.

have such a wish.
With recent events we got a permission to acknowledge impossible as possible. With this proposition I invite you to go for whatever could seem or feel impossible and explore it. Allow your imagination for some radical fantasy so we can together dream desired future.
I will be posting audio invitations twice a month, following the events on the night sky. With each gathering the information on relation of life on Earth and life of the Stars will be becoming more present. However the first one is a introduction, and I leave space for each one of you to have an individual check in.
Enjoy the journey and hope to hear from you

Click to Listen to
∞ Gathering (2020)
and visit Aleks Patreon Page

email your impressions to:
care.where.zine@gmail.com



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro

16:15

TRACKING // VISUAL CUES FOR HOPE

by Aleks Borys & Márcio K. Canabarro

TRACKING :Visual Cues for Hope is an ongoing collection of traces, the series of images presented in this Fanzine were made in 2018 in Limassol Cyprus. The little sculptural altars, placed and made with residues and materials found on sites which we crossed, aims to inspire the curiosity and thought towards what is considered waste and what is considered sacred, since all myths and general cultural knowledge has been originated by the human ability to perceive, interact and create with their immediate surroundings and resources.

We invite your attention to tune in with what has been left, forgotten or wasted. You are welcome to join us in the series by creating personal odes for hope and gentleness in connection with the environment.

Display your intentions.

Click to see more images of TRACKING (2018)

Click to see a short video from TRACKING (2018)

email us your visual cues at: care.where.zine@gmail.com

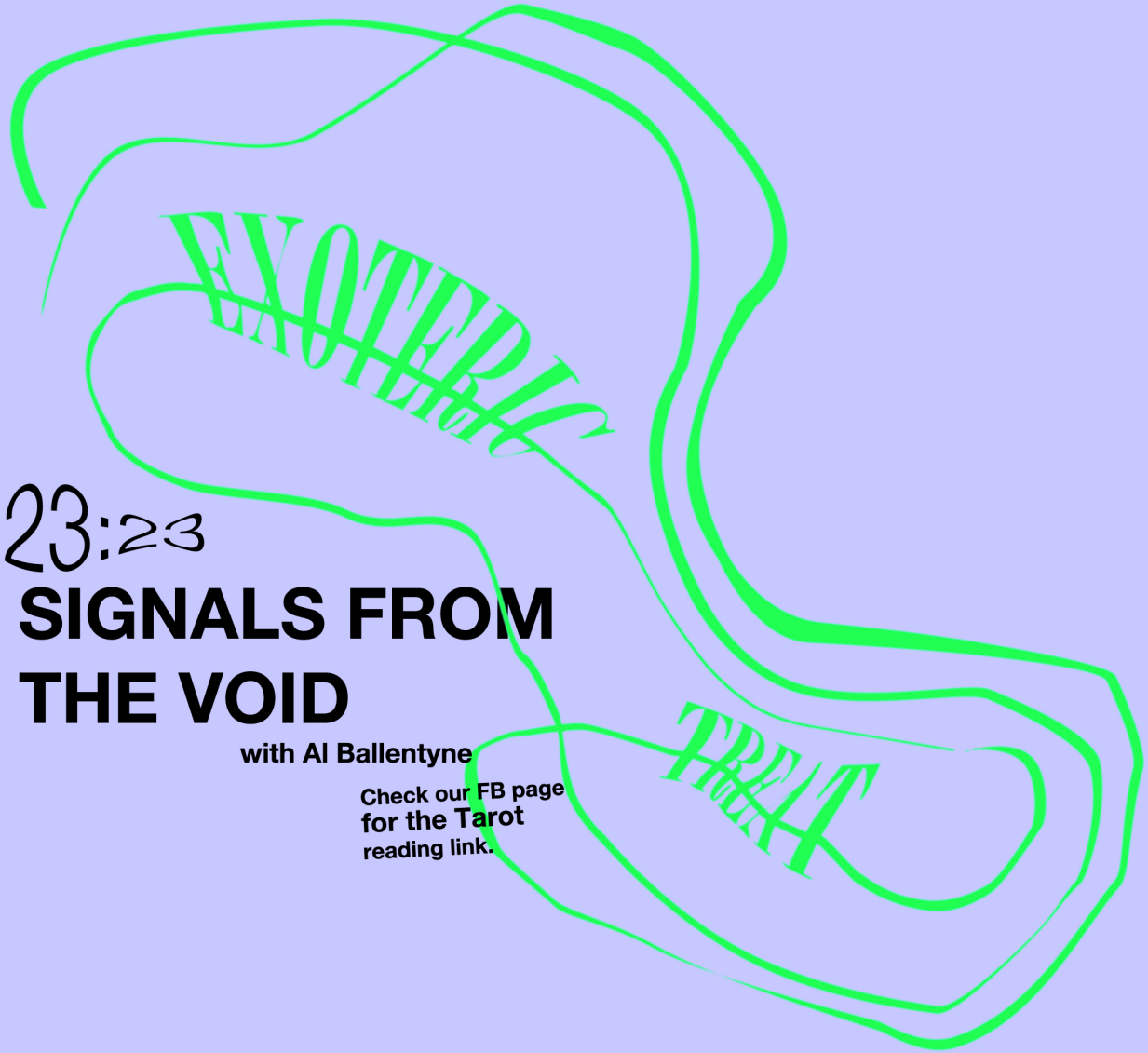




TRACKING :Visual Cues for Hope was made possible thanks to the help of HODWORKS and Lia Haraki



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro



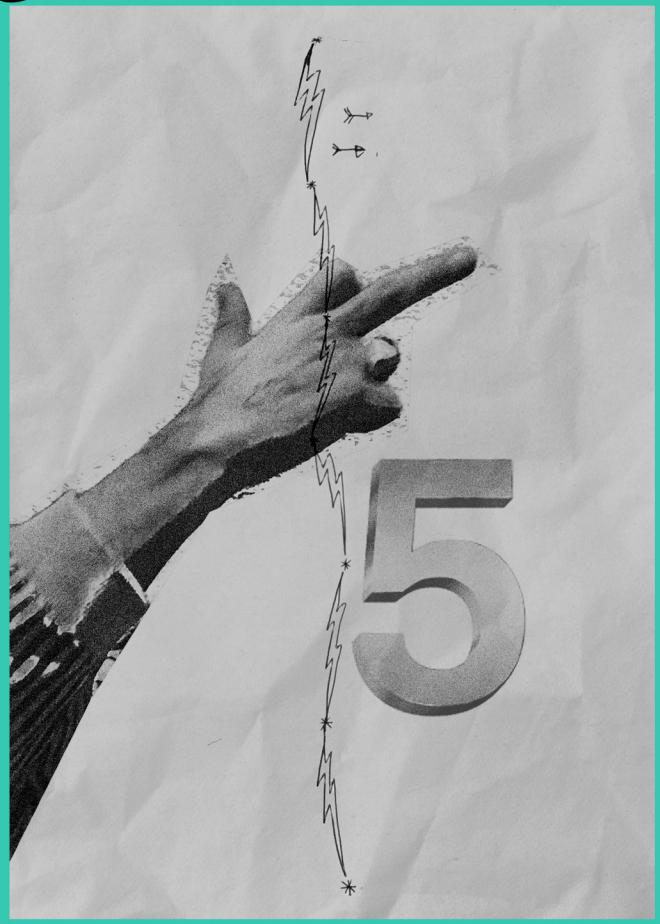
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SIGNALS FROM THE VOID

with Al Ballentyne

Check our FB page
for the Tarot
reading link.

TUESDAY



TWENTY THIRD OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY



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10:∞

TIDES #1

Tides of cycles of love & care

by Ana Rocha

"First the tide
rushes in
plants a kiss on
the shore
Then rolls out to
sea
And the sea is
very still once
more
So I rush to your
side
Like the oncom-
ing tide
With one burning
thought
Will your arms
open wide
At last we're face
to face
And as we kiss
through an em-
brace
I can tell, I, I can
feel
You are love, you
are real
Really mine in the
rain
In the dark, in the
sun
Like the tide at its
ebb
I'm at peace in
the web of your
arms
Ebb tide"

"ebb tide", lyrics from the
righteous brothers

Ariadne, in greek mythology, daughter of Pasiphae and the Cretan king Minos. She fell in love with the Athenian hero Theseus and, with a thread or glittering jewels, helped him escape the Labyrinth after he slew the Minotaur, a beast half bull and half man that Minos kept in the Labyrinth. Here the legends diverge: she was abandoned by Theseus and hanged herself; or, Theseus carried her to Naxos and left her there to die, and she was rescued by and married the god Dionysus.

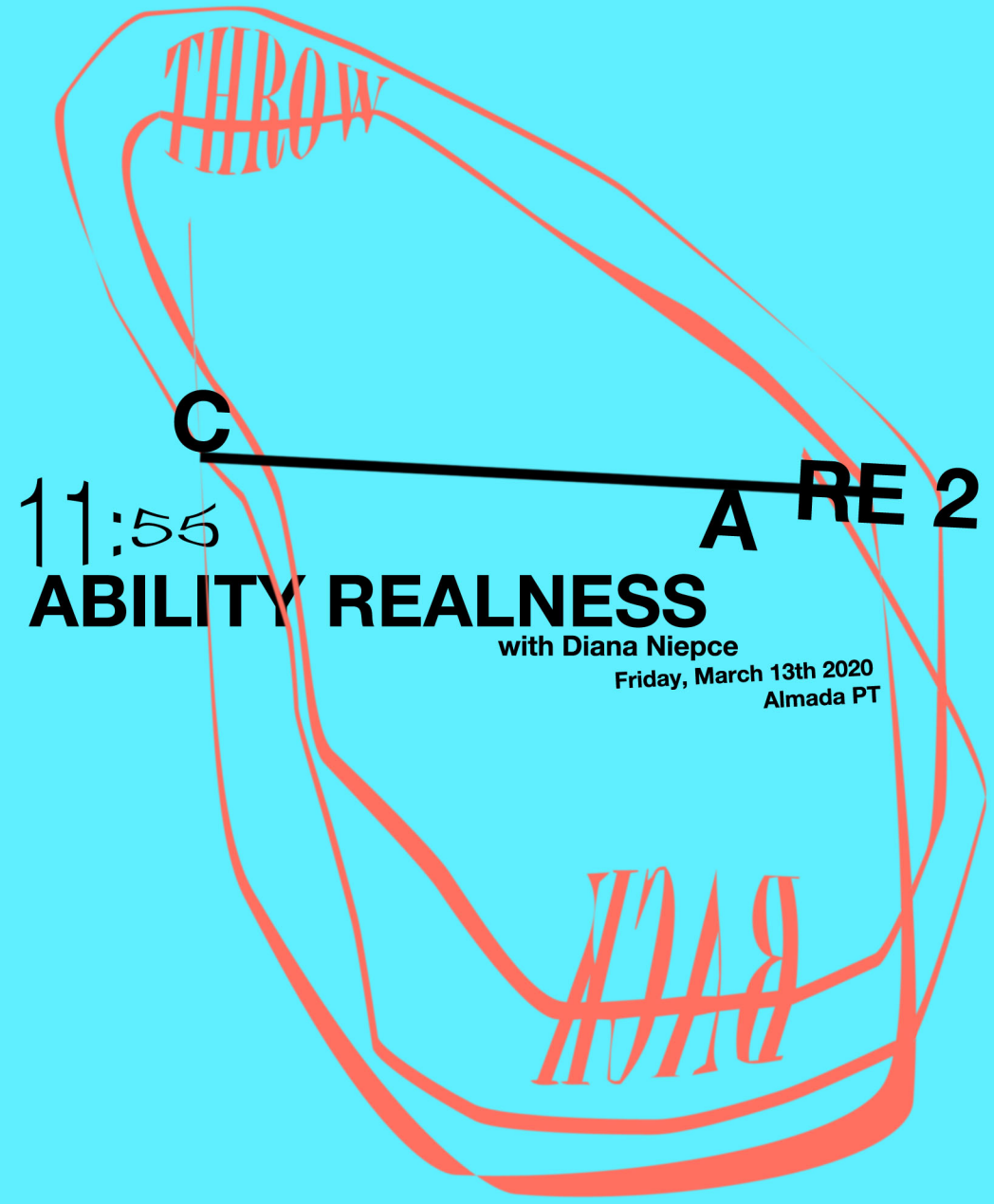
Ancient Greek poets and artists liked to portray Ariadne asleep on the shore of Naxos while Dionysus gazes at her with love and admiration.

Tides of cycles of love & care, are only left at shore so we are reminded to rest, breath and be within the cosmic fluxus.
Tides as cycles, it comes and goes, so we are reminded the ever-lasting support of being at sea embraced by all elements.





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A throw back of CARE2 Almada, this is a tran- scription of the talk we had with the Artist and Activist Diana Niepce.

So, this is a little bit strange, due the world circumstances we are living in right now. Talking about myself, at the moment a crisis is happening, for me feels very strange. Because, deeply what happened with me, for those that are listening that don't know… I was a dancer and I had an accident, I got totally paralysed from the neck down by falling from a trapeze.

What I felt at that time is making me reflect and relate to what's happening right now, artists in crisis. Suddenly you realise that you have no stability when a crisis happens and there is no security in our profession. Our profession does not give us any type of support. And this was what occurred to me when I became quadriplegic, I was an artist that had no stability for this to happen. When suddenly our body stops functioning, what happens?

We live in a vacuum, without money, with no resources, without any kind of governmental support, so we end up appealing to friends. And this is what is the situation now with Corona virus pandemic. Suddenly all the work is being canceled, all the theatres are being closed down. Cultural events stopped before the Education. Then the independent artists realise what happens when there is a crisis. What will happen next?

I think is very important that this (CARE2) is happening at the same time, because we need to unite. And it is just with this union, among independent artists, that we can reach change in relation to this state of being always at risk.

I am gonna read my manifesto, because I believe that is in my manifesto that is my identity. If someone does not know me, just speaking might be very vague, it's when I write when I feel connected with the world, is when I write, when I dance and when I am sharing artistic practices. When I wrote my manifesto I decided I would write as if you wouldn't know me , and this is just a tale, as if I was sharing a letter with a stranger about what I am. So I will read it:

I'm Diana Niepce, I'm a dancer, choreographer and writer. Probably you don't know me but also I'm not going to tell you my story. I don't want to be part of the inspirational stories in your imagination.

Every day I ask myself where is the limit. It's like we are constantly walking on top of a fire line, without knowing quite well to which side I'm going to fall and if this time is the last. Maybe I only feel like this because I'm constantly stepping the line and apologizing for that. Apologizing for thinking different.

I could tell you all my secrets so you understood the reason why I'm like this, but no. I can say that I don't know how to live in a black and white world. I only know how to exist in this anxiety that makes me make noise. Yes, I know, it bothers, makes noise. But it only makes sense like this. I don't want to be part of a standardised mass that works and prepares tupperwares for the next day like they time traveled to the industrial revolution.

I'm different, I've always been different. I never fitted anywhere. Today I know why. Today I know that my body only shows what I always felt. We're all different.

I believe that it's by taking a risk that we find the way and I know that today I would be planted in a bed like a vegetable if I didn't think this way. It's in the midst of my dives in the dark and in the many falls that I find the answers. I seek to find in this imbalance a path of small moments of balance, small moments of happiness. I often think that I won't get anywhere, that I'm never getting a job after this. Many times I live in a loneliness room but in the meantime I find others that are in the same path and everything makes sense again. It's very hard to live in a world that constantly tells you that you have to be perfect, that you have to be acknowledged, that you have to succeed, that you have to work until the burnout, that you have to have everything that you are not.

Once again, you don't know me, and I don't know you either. But the idea of saying "Hi stranger, let me tell you all my secrets", has so much of weirdness as it has of beauty. One day an artist friend told me "You are the pea in the others ass, that squeamish pain that everyone feels but no one complains about. You can think that I'm here to help, but what the society will see is my human generosity by your side."

I don't want to be part of the inspirational stories in your imagination.

This is my manifesto, and whatever I would say about it, stays very far from the sentiment I had present when I suffered the accident.

I couldn't understand this. That mean that I was different from the others, that I had the freedom hand, that I'm less than the others. It mean that I bother society and that they would never look at me as equal. And with this I understood, if I'm an inconvenience, at least I'll take advantage and try to change this shit.

I have an obsession with the body and I only truly got to know mine when it stopped understanding me. I tried to find my body in the body of the others, the virtuosity that one day I had as a dancer, and the frustration of feeling lesser ate me from the inside. I was no more the dancer, the acrobat had disappeared and I couldn't find myself anywhere. I was getting smaller and smaller and the other artists made me feel that. I didn't want to dance anymore. How could I dance again if I hated my body? I hid myself, ran away to a place that made me feel safe, a place of loneliness. A place that I no longer am.

A day went by, and other, and other, and that that I was looking for in the body of others was fading. I didn't care anymore about that stereotyped beauty, that fascist view of the perfect body that matches the norm.

Today it interests me what I discarded for so long. That weird body that ruffles the arms' hairs, the resemblances that show how beautiful and monstrous is the human being. My body today is more than a perfect and virtuous body than I ever had and, however, I'm in a wheelchair. Isn't that ironic?

This is my manifesto, and whatever I would say about it, stays very far from the sentiment I had present when I suffered the accident. The sentiment of revolt, the idea that as a disabled artist i would be alwa ys less than others, that I wouldn't be looked at as an equal.

This has changed, this has changed because I stopped accepting that by being disable I was less. But this was an inner battle, a battle with all the others that stayed by my side. I say: I don't do Inclusive dance. Inclusiveness is a societal act of exclusion. I don't believe that. Look to a society that is saying that "you have to integrate someone because is an act of justice." you don't have to integrate no one, everyone is part of society.

This is my manifesto, and whatever I would say about it, stays very far from the sentiment I had present when I suffered the accident. The sentiment of revolt, the idea that as a disabled artist i would be always less than others, that I wouldn't be looked at as an equal.

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Nowadays society constantly repeats that you are less. That you need to proove yourself to receive money, that you need to prove yourself for anything. Prove everything maybe what you will never manage to be, in order to arrive somewhere, in order to have success.

So, I had to do a reflexion about what is the body, what is society, and why I am less.
Why I, as a disabled artist receive less, when I have much more training than the majority of normative artists.
When is me that have the solos in a dance piece.
And have people asking me when I am on stage "why am I pretending to have a disability?"

What happened to my body was:

imagine you wake up in a body you don't understand, in a body that is not yours, in a body that you don't know how to move, that you can't recognise yourself with, and in a body that you hate. When this happened to me I notice that society looks at us, disabled, either with a concept of inspiration or with the concept of inferiority. Then I thought, Ok if this is what happens, I will speak in my work as a dancer, luckily we have a very powerful voice. If I would say the same thing socially, at a bar, people will look at me and keep questioning what I'm saying, but when we are on stage we have a powerful voice. We have a mediator voice, and we have a voice that can transform society. For this I say - dance is a manifesto, dance is a revolution, art is revolution - and we need to use it in this transformative way, that transforms the art field… Even if really great people don't arrive to success, because the world is full of dinosaurs. But one day the dinosaurs will be extinct. So we might just well wait for this day.

.How do I think disability:

My question was, "ok. I might be very fortunate , I am good looking that even shows her breasts on stage, and I end up having all the possible access to every media paraphernalia there is. Due to a story that seems very b eautiful: the ballerina that became disabled, learned to walk again, and is able to do a fifth ballet position. So people look at her as ballerina". But not everyone has

our real limitation is to look to ourselves instead of looking to what is around us



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the cute story to tell about their disability, the beautiful ballerina story. Most truly inspiring people I know were born with a disability. And they are the people that go around the world, and literally give you a slap in the face, by how they live.

I just notice I was an extremely egoist person wh
en I look to the side, while I kept on whining because I was a ballerina that wanted to dance, however I could still be completely in-

when I look to my side and I met a person that for fifteen years has been paralysed from the neck down, telling me: "I can't live this way any longer. Can you help me to clean the sweat on my face. I can't make myself a coffee". I notice that our real limitation is to look to ourselves instead of looking to what is around us. And this is the real barrier, to not look at the world , to not notice what is around us.

Another wake up call for me was when a quadriplegic, because I am a quadriplegic myself, looked to me and said: "Can you help me to smoke a cigarette?" , and me with my schizophrenic hands start thinking "I will burn myself and will also burn his mouth, the cigarette will fall and this will be a disaster" and the quadriplegic told me: "But look at you, you are so well. Just help me". From this I start thinking that **our notion of limitation, depends on our own levels of constraint.** A dancer artist can always look at me as "the dancer that can't do pirouettes", but a disabled person will look at me and say : "you are doing very well". Withal, we may just look to our side, to our n eighbours, to the elderly, and to all the other people that also needs help.

I put a lot of thought around these issues, realising that the problem, lays on the current social model which imposes the way we should see the body. That is - we need to do things in a "normal" way. In a form that was naturalised. From the moment you take a water bottle in a different way, people don't allow you to be different. People will want to do it for you, and will tell you that you are less

for doing things differently.
Inside the dance field, this is what we do: question why things need to be done in a certain way.

Recently when I was in Poland I heard, “Because I have trisomy 21 (popularly known as Down Syndrome), I cannot sit with my legs crossed and touch my knees”, then I ask “What do you mean? You have t21 and cannot cross your legs?” , the answer was “No, I have t21 and cannot be with a normal person.”.
Then I said, “What is a normal person? I am on a wheelchair. Can I be with a normal person?”
“Yes you can” she said “because you have a physical disability and mine is a mental one”.
Even though she is a much more autonomous person than the majority of physical disabled people I know, society says she cannot be with a normal guy. That she cannot cross her legs or wear skirts. Apparently you need to be classified “normal” to do so.

Those are the boxes society pushes on us to fit in, and we are not questioning them. Possibly not doing because we are always thinking “I have to pay my rent, I have to eat , I have to pay my insurance, I have to, I have to…”
So we don’t allow ourselves to look around and see what’s wrong.

If we look to the disabilty history we will see that they were considered freaks. They were shown at circuses, as a manner of exemplifying aberrations. As a form of spectacle, a form of entertainment.
Through this history we realise that the normative body carries a fascist view of our understanding of the body and world. Hittler during the second world war, had done an operation called Akction T4. Consisted in an action to exterminate minorities, in other words to eradicate the disabled, gays, and every other person that wasn’t interesting for society, not meeting their standards.
When I learned about the Akction T4 event, was when I comprehended that the performative body still carries a fascist view and a dictatorial ideal of society.
On stage we continuously see perfect bodies, extremely virtuous bodies. Viewing just this type of virtuosity, helps to create elites.
As long as perfect bodies are the only visible body, disabled people will be seen as a form of inspiration; because they relearn how to walk, because they breathe, because they talk, because they dance, because is a MIRACLE…

Recently I was watching a TedTalk, with an important activist related to disability studies, and she was saying “I went to a school, and a child looked at me and asked, will you go to the atrium to say inspirational things? No, I answered, I just came here to the school. So the child reacted, aaaah! But inspirational talks is what disabled people do”
For that child, the role of a disabled person is tied to “tell inspirational histories”. And this is what society tells us, that disabled people are inspirational because they run, or go to the Paralympic Games, or drink water by themselves… This is a very reductive way of seeing us. And this is what I'm trying to change.

the performative body still carries a fascist view and a dictatorial ideal of society.

we will all be disabled one day. We become old and one day our body won’t understand itself.

Usually what goes on is, medicine will look at me and say - you are all wrong, we have to cure you; charity will say - let’s do a crowd funding to help this g
irl to have a normal life, poor thing.
And what I say is, let’s eliminate the barriers, let’s create an accessible world for all. Because everyone has no access to something or to food, or to education…
Accessibility is much more than cure or inspiration, we just need to look for what are the things people have no access to; for the needs of everyone.

Disability is a fundamental part of myself.
When I became quadriplegic I thought “ I hate my body and I don’t wanna dance any more”.
Suddenly I found myself working with Jérôme Bel and Mariana (Mariana Tengner Barros) at Gala. (Jérôme Bel’s dance piece).
At this work the professional dancers go to work with other professional dancers, and non-professionals, go to rehearse with another dancer, that assisted Jérôme Bel for a year, and now thinks is a superstar artist…
I was no longer a professional, even thought I had a master degree in dance, and have done everything that a professional dancer has rendered through out all my life. Because of my accident I was placed in the amateur category. This was for me a heavy psychological violence. Mariana followed this process up close. I started questioning, what a choreographer does? Is this a busyness? Will we exploit the differences of everyone on stage and make it a busyness? Why are we creating art for? Ok, now we are doing a freak show. what started to occur. “So we take the gay, the trans, the feminist activist, the homeless, the refugee, the disabled but we won’t pay them…Because we are giving them an opportunity to integrate themselves in the market. A unique opportunity of integration and artistic sharing…”

Everybody knows that this has been happening , but no one does anything to change it.

Why we keep up this system? Let’s change and show identities and stories that don’t need to be inspirational. Let’s change the way in which we see the body, and the way we see art.

For me the notion of the body, as a social model, also reflects the biggest fears that society doesn’t want to confront themselves with, we will all be disabled one day. We become old and one day our body won’t understand itself.

If we are considered all different, why to keep on creating a fascist view of art?

What I think about the body that is out of the norm:
I like to believe that all bodies are hybrids, they are not sealed in one solid shape, because we all find ourselves in continuous transformation, motion and metamorphosis. In this way, for me, the idea of a normative body versus a non-normative body or disabled body is inexistent. We all are in constant construction and deconstruction of the body. In my view, the idea of a normative body justifies the creation of a deviant body; a body





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I don't believe in. Because eventually our bodies lose some competences through life while acquire others, thus we are always in metamorphosis.

Humankind does not want to confront itself with change, this is why society must deal with people like me, or Mariana, or with a fifty or sixty years old dancer that start loosing the competencies of a virtuous body, questioning themselves and making dance performances as Velhos (Francisco Camacho's 2020 piece), or Rui Horta, or with my last work. We are artists that began to verify on ourselves that the body is not what we thought it was throughout most part of our career. The greatest difference in my case, is that these questions came up to me in the hype of my physical form, and stirred all my reflexions about the body.

However we don't pay attention to diversity on the street, we just look to people that are different by curiosity or fascination, dazzled by the idea of strangeness of a body we do not comprehend. A body that does not work in the same way as our own body.

Nonetheless if we are considered the "invisible ones", as I used to say, the truly invisible people are the homeless. As a matter of fact, they are simply ignored. Often the ones we don't look at, or look with relentless judgemental eyes, seen as society's rats . The same falls over disabled people, "Ah no! Poor thing, is sad to look at". This is what happens on the streets.

But on stage, we can turn these issues visible, giving them a different perspective, changing those paradigms.

This has been undertaken for years in the art field. There are many artists working with such a focus. Through concepts of allure, and astonishment of what is being seen. It is a very articulated topic inside disability studies, the dazzlement and fascination towards what appears strange, towards a non-normative body, or a hybrid body that is also very close to a monsters' body. This corporeal nuances and perspectives has made me interested to work on and study. I believe that is, in general, a pathway art will follow.

As consequence of working with Jérôme Bel, Mariana and I started collaborating in a process of construction of bodies. Very similar to what I had just mention, wondering what is the body. The body that at some point leaves its own understanding and the way it is understood by others, or a body that today, is a media body, since I can't be physically present with you guys because I have pulmonary problems and our discussion takes a form of a video call. This all turns into revolution… a manifesto.

This current catastrophe (COVID-19 pandemic) is creating a different type of proximity between artists, developing new question, and most probably uniting us. This is what we must do: to unite. My accident didn't feel that different from this crisis. What is occurring now, is giving visibility to the fragilities of our system. This is profoundly, what has always been happening with disabled people. When you don't want to be looked at, by the fragility you shall mirror. What has been mostly changing, perhaps by fear of what we cannot truly understand, is that suddenly the art field starts looking at us as equal beings, at least this is what happens to me nowadays.

Being a critical spirit of our society becomes really important to me, to inquire the non-normative body as a factor of discrimination . A body that fundamentally provokes, questioning the social assumptions of how we should be, how we should take a glass of water, open a bag of sugar, or how we should behave. The idea of being asked why I am pretending to have a disability when I'm on stage, as point of view or comment, has as much fascination as a reductive element to it, also it carries a form of manifesto within. What means that my body is a manifesto. Revealing the strength a body has to change people's minds.

When I say I'm quadriplegic, people mostly disbelief. I often hear "Isn't a quadriplegic supposed not to move at all? You aren't quadriplegic! You can walk. You have no disability". Even while I'm inside an airplane, trying to cross the aisle with no walking stick. I had once an elderly

women pushing me, so I said “Excuse me Mam, but I am disabled”, “You aren’t !” She replied “You are standing!”; so I said “Well, so disabled people can’t stand, right?”… Those assumptions implied by society, are settings we all as artists should question to show that the world isn’t black or white.

An unorganised body, a sculptural body, a hybrid body, a metamorphic body, a weird body. They leaded me to notice the dominant patterns in this contemporary society. Reactions to the strange body as object; similar to what is applied to conceptualise the monstrous body at freak shows during circus times…
In these terms does not make any sense the idea of an homogenised body , I will keep insisting that there isn’t homogeneous body. Mariana is different then Bdjoy, or Jonny, or Claudio, or myself, or Francisca… We are all different, independent of the way the body is presented/perceived.
I believe, is very serious when a programer just invites homogenised bodies to a theatre. Developing this anachronism of what a body means; specially in national theatres…
People must see a diversity of bodies on stage, just after having access to this differences, people will be able to accept that we all coexist and live in the same society. As long as no access to visibility prevail, we will always be society’s burden.

For disabled artists, what I just mention, is a heavy psychological load to carry. The majority of disabled artists had already attempted suicide, though having an incredible art work done, which by the way I strongly recommend you all to see

As Lisa Bufano’s work, that challenges the idea of norm, and why disabled people are often seen as a body most likely animalistic or monstrous. As disabled artists we can use this or not, and there is a series of performances questioning these ideas of norm inside the cultural field.

I notice that in Portugal, generally all over the world, most theatre programmers are not interested in genuinely changing the aesthetics of the body that performs. What is being done is just a checklist, “ok. we have one inclusive performance per year, that’s it!” , and often is from an artist that is really famous or rich: Lets program Jérôme Bel - Disabled Theatre, or any established company that is well founded, not working with the local community and neither transforming the dance field. What we do is just a freak show…

What happened with Jérôme Bel’s play Disabled Theater is a critical example of a work made with the disabled community. Bringing Disabled Theater to Avignon (Festival d’Avignon - consider by some one of the most important performing arts event in the world); a company that works only with trisomy 21 performers, though on an artistic level the play itself has some value…
To someone like me, that likes to joke and has a dark sense of humour, still notice that the play in question clearly makes fun of disabled people. More even, I can make fun of myself on stage, but until what point is fair to make fun of others on stage that are disabled and not being one of them? One thing is me choosing to make fun of myself and my condition, other thing is someone else with a

is very serious when a programer just invites homogenised bodies to a theatre.

what I do with my work is to shift the way we look to things.

normative body making fun of disability… Would be the same as if I would start to joke about transsexuals, by not being transsexual…

My work is clearly queer, the difference is that I don't present myself as queer on stage, because I am not one, what I do with my work is to shift the way we look to things.
Disabled Theater with the play that went to Avignon, entitle Disabled Theater by Jérôme Bel consists on performers with trisomy 21 dancing the music hits they enjoy. By being in Avignon the show had an enormous repercussion with many important critics writing about it. Suddenly the disabled performers were cited with unprecedented success, doing international tours.
The performers while touring believed they were normal artists. The result of it all was, with time, the company (Disabled Theater) collapsed, the whole company, with around thirty members working on this production quit their jobs, just one member was left, and none of the other artists wanted to do performances or dance again.
This illustrates quite well how dysfunctional the art field is. A clear example of exploitation…
What are we doing here? Is it something to add to our social context or is it just entertainment?

Not so different than the freak show. “Let's pay to see the dwarf, the beard women, the guy with three arms, all the hybrid figures of a freak show.”

Jérôme Bel’s play had positive international repercussion inside conceptual art circles, but was strongly criticised by scholars of disabled studies. Rising huge discussions, questioning what we are here for, entertainment or social development.

I don't base my work on disabled performers, I base it in artists that are out of the norm.
Artists being disabled or not is indifferent to my work, they can be even homeless. What I try to do is to show and potentialise the body itself. Obviously, because I am disabled I have been always concerned as “Diana who works with disableds”; “Diana the inspiration”,

“Diana little miracle, because she managed to walk again”, and all this rhetoric I disbelieve.

It is assumed that as an artist I must do performance work that is accessible the whole time. That isn’t true darling, I don't have to do this shit totally accessible, I try to do it by a matter of justice. Indeed the government should be helping realise this justice, so I wouldn’t have to take out of my own paycheck to do it. Ending up in a situation where the person who writes the audio descriptions of the show, earns a fair payment, but that is twice more than my own.
There must be structural development to create this fair share and potentialise the involvement of other artists in this making, other

works than mine should be accessible as well. Maybe in places as Berlin or UK there is a grant for accessibility, but not here in Portugal.

When I created RAW A NUDE, with Mariana, our budget was very small, so I asked the venue to add the service of audio description. Suddenly I had twenty-five blind people in the audience, they were more than the normative people seeing the show. I became confused if I was doing a performance for blind or normative people.
The play had a violent atmosphere, performers were also a sort of landscape.
I thought, the blind audience is about to witness their first ever performance show: a bunch of crazy people and two almost naked girls covered in glitter on stage, while a guy plays techno and electronic music… So the elderly with walking-sticks on the audience will be totally shocked.
I started wondering about what is my responsibility as an artist, by offering a first hand performance, with violent content, that already for an ordinary person is a strong experience… Well, I thought, the blind audience members won't ever come to a dance play again in their life.
Surprisingly, the blind audience members loved the work and were very happy with their experience. It turned out that our play instead of attracting a normative audience, started to become an art work for the blind public, because the venue wanted to promote the idea of inclusiveness, what I believe is right…
In conclusion, the blind audience were allowed in without being charged, normative spectators had to pay for tickets, the audio description service was earning more then the artist on stage. All this felt to me like a strategy from the venue, or the government, to keep on implementing the idea of inclusiveness as benevolence, as a gesture of generosity.
00:34:45
I still want to allow audio description in my work, believing that everyone should do it. Like this, I wouldn't be looked at as the one person that does it.
Inclusiveness, should not be a matter of benevolence, but of participation, access and norm. It should not be used as a scheme.
Inclusiveness needs to be part of the very idea of experimentation, of risk taking. It should be brought into awareness, and its use confronted.
Is it a means of justice and community service, or are we just being used by playing a part on a political lobby, that we possibly can't avoid, because it is the result of a vicious cycle?

Continuously, I offer my own resources , so people can join my classes for artists with disability. But mostly I feel the weight of demands followed by more demands while I try to do the best I know, inside the few funds available. I take from my own income trying to create a world with more justice. Unfortunately, this is a common place for artists, the endeavour of potentializing art.

Discrimination will remain happening inside the cultural field as long as we look to social inclusion as benevolence, and not as something we all simply do.

Inclusiveness, should not be a matter of benevolence, but of participation, access and norm. It should not be used as a scheme.

Is this truly art for society or an art for us to keep licking each others asses?

A few years ago there was a very important international event in Portugal by a well known art network (IETM - International network for contemporary performing arts - is a network of over 450 performing arts organisations and individual members working in the contemporary performing arts worldwide: theatre, dance, circus, performance, interdisciplinary live art forms, new media). Most Portuguese know this story, because I made a huge scene. As I'm still the only one fighting for this issue, I am the face theatres come to say sorry for not being accessible, or for having a step in their entrance.
By the way, it's not to me they should say sorry to, but to the whole society, that wants to go to the theatre and cannot access it. Until what point are we not discriminating the whole society by creating events that are inaccessible? This was what I ask to Rivoli (Portuguese Municipal Theater at Porto), when they produced an international event where the closure party, and some of its conferences, were located at inaccessible spaces, with staircases of sixty steps on their entrance. This shows that in Portugal, disabled people keep on being a social burden, that do not go to the theatre. They are seen as society's rats, like the unemployed, elderly, and everyone that is on the margins.

My question to the international event that came to Portugal with focus on inclusiveness was, why such event happens at non accessible spaces? How this choice isn't by itself discriminatory? If we keep on creating art only for an elite we are also creating a form of discrimination. The way in which we still communicate through art continues to be for pseudo-intellectuals, plays and texts that no one really understands because they are over artistic. The way synopses are written, comparable to a Deleuze (postmodern French philosopher) or any other philosophers writes. Is this truly art for society or an art for us to keep licking each others asses? Honestly, folks, we must think about it in a different way.

What I had learned at this event:
at that time I was full of anger and hate, that are normal emotions once you feel yourself discriminated. For example if I would be a Japanese and the entrance of a play is forbidden for Japanese people, nowadays by the way are the Chinese. How the Chinese or Japanese will feel about it?
If is said: forbidden the entrance of black people, would you go to the party? No, as someone that is against racism you wouldn't go. However, when it is a party with 60 stair steps in front, obviously it means is forbidden for disabled people, you would go anyway. Because you wouldn't really think about it this way, right?

As I was so disturbed by this, I got ill by being too stressed. I would give a lecture, at this event, on the problems of accessibility in Portugal regarding the funding system. At the closing party I was the only Portuguese citizen with reduced mobility… they place the party in a bar that has 60 steps…

The Portuguese are habituated "Ah! We carry the disabled up in our arms". Then I replied, "No you cannot lift in your arms a disabled person, some types of disabilities produce a more fragile body that cannot be simply lifted and carried around or touched". But in Portugal the measurements of inclusion keep being just political enactments, strategies. And if inclusion was a norm, it would stop belonging to the realm of generosity of some Artistic Directors, but as a matter of law.

In this party, was said, "Do not worry, we will provide people to carry the disabled up. They can come to the party". The participants from UK said, "No, you will not arrange anyone… we simply won't cope with this, therefore we won't go to the party", if an event was saying - is forbidden the entrance of Black people - would you go?

This made me think, that we need to look at this struggle in a different way, and fight a serious fight, or it won't change. And this should not just be my struggle, I cannot be alone in this fight, this needs to be a struggle that each of us does a little bit, independent of the approach - if by fair payments, or by creating an artist union -, at all sides of this struggle. Accessibility isn't just stairs or ramps. Is actually a problem we keep resuming accessibility to ramps.

The outcome was, that during my conference, in front of 700 people I said I would love to see the whole production crawling up stairs. I was really upset. I did learn as well in this conference, that we do not get anything out of violence, because violence generates violence, and in many circumstances we need to be the educators of society. Even though if we have no patience for it. Sometimes it feels like we are talking to stupid people, and is exactly what had happened with Corona pandemic : Quarantine = Let's go to the beach!

This just reflects we have a lot to develop still, and we can't be violent, we must be educators. We have to explain without assuming that everyone has the same background than ours. As for the majority of the artists, I would look at them and say, you should recognise the hybrid body or the body out of norm; but no, the artists do not need to comprehend anything about it, because people normally do not become quadriplegic at the hype of their career, right?

With this said, we need to be more comprehensive not assuming the other understands us. This was the lesson I learned in this event. However, instead of keeping on attacking one another, because we have fallacies, as for example yesterday I was accused of not saying anything about the National Theater closing down later to quarantine (as a measurement of social health due to COVID-19 pandemic); is to look for all that is well done. Recently the National Theater was the only venue that announced that independently of the quarantine cancellations, they would pay all the artists and workers, scheduled to play during their closure period. Therefore, in the end, the measurements they took happened later, but they were the clearest and most consequential measurements taken. In other words, instead of looking to the errors of the system we should approach the system on a more educational stand. This is the strategy that I have been trying to implement in my life, sometimes with not much success, I must confess sometimes I feel like eating someone alive…

Accessibility isn't just stairs or ramps. Is actually a problem we keep resuming accessibility to ramps.

how can we transform an artistic language clear and accessible without becoming terribly patronising?

It is important to create a more clear language in the way we communicate, in our synopsis, or to one another as artists, because sometimes we assume we are all in the same page, and this assumption is what generates conflicts among us. This also means that we don't have the same background, and our thoughts are not synchronised, to that, we simply should be more clear/accessible.

My question is, how can we transform an artistic language clear and accessible without becoming terribly patronising? Language can become condescending "poor thing, they don't understand what I say". Or either becoming highly artistic, ending up with no-one , neither the artist themselves, understanding what they are talking about.

The idea that language itself creates distance between people, is what I also try to fight with my practice. By not disassociating ourselves from the human side of things, and approaching situations with more generosity and love, proximity can be stimulated. Language to me generates distance. For example: How can I call you Diana, are you disabled? Or, have you a cognitive disability? The capacity of language to place people in boxes, is scary. And because of it, we forget how to deal with one another. Language, as such, creates obstacles, fear, barriers…
Now the Corona pandemic touches also this: how we treat each other. Can we turn ourselves into hateful stupid beings, because the other does not deal with a subject in the same way we do ? We need to realize that the world isn't black or white. This is what I try to express in my manifesto and in my life. We can make mistakes, and there isn't a problem to assume it. We shall give space for others to do mistakes as well.

All this, is the neo-liberal model of art:
art is becoming a market, the funding is distributed in a way that supports the distancing between artists, and structures, and also communication methods.

There are not many opportunities for independent artists, we keep seeing them in continuous crisis. Public tenders are not that accessible possibilities, because only well known artists that already have major support, have a chance to reach those funds applications. Meanwhile smaller, not-as-well-known artists don't have any kind of support.

As an artist, how and when do you activate this status for being supported? Is it when you sell yourself? When does an artist "make it"? If art is a market… eventually emerging artists will disappear, because of this market approach concerned with major



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visibility, big audiences, big productions with many people involved. Art as such, becomes a form of manipulated communication made by programmers and theatre art directors, regarding just what they want to say with their program.

Small dance companies do not have the ability to apply for public funding, because those funding applications have an extremely bureaucratic language, if you don't have all competences required there's no chance to get those endorsements. This is the case of art connected with social work, community art, emergent art or art as a manifesto, that don't have producers able to articulate such a complex language. Unfortunately the result is that small companies or associations cannot be financed, and are destiny to vanish away. Most likely, with the recession that the pandemic will cause, this sad consequence will only increase.

This said, what must be developed are structures of mutual support, to look to the needs of others as our own needs.

At this moment, I could define my work as the loss of an identity sense among this trades, as artists we are constantly trading ourselves. Most of the time while being on a theatre play, I feel that I'm there selling underwear… And the underwear I sell, is the shitty inspirational story about myself which I can no longer repeat: the dancer that is walking again, the activist who cares for disabled people, that is fighting for justice in the world, that is back to danc-

ing and isn't less than other people…
Yes! I just have a disability and do not dance in the creative association around the corner. Yes! I can do performances with artistic content not due to my disability but because I simply am Diana. In the end we all have our own limitations.
Ok, my limitations are fairly visible to society, the indicator is the wheelchair. "You have a wheelchair, but you walk, why don't you leave the wheelchair?", I don't leave the wheelchair because I easily get tired, because I need to dance with the wheelchair, and there is a wheelchair technique, I know in Portugal is not well know but it exists. And No! I don't dance in the creative association around the corner. No! I don't have tax benefits, and to be a dancer isn't a hobby for me.

The reason why I still have to justify my presence in the art field, is the result of the remaining way in which we see each other. It means that we always had the "big" ones, and the "small" ones. Meanwhile the "big" ones are being extensively supported, the "small" ones just do a little something in a corner…

This dichotomy has so little to add to society. Because we all have needs. If we insist on art as a market that has to be self sustainable, there will be no manifestos, urgency, or a social critical thinking development. There won't be space for inquiries. For this reason, we shouldn't go to see performance expecting always to see Le Cirque Du Soleil. I do enjoy seeing Le Cirque Du Soleil, but I also enjoy to see art that makes makes me think, that raises questions.

The art that inquires, unfortunately just brings an art elite to the theatres. Mostly because the way it communicates, it isn't simple or accessible for everyone. We must reframe the form we communicate what we are working about, from far beyond the art field experts. So that the audience can take something to think about, from the art work.

When I say that in my work I dance naked and exhibit the naked body, and the political body, I often hear "you do that just for provocation". That is a wrong affirmation, I don't just do it to provoke, I do it because I believe as an artist, when we expose ourselves truly as identity, we have a chance to transform what is around us. Nowadays any play of mine I perform, makes me ill the following day. I wear out by giving everything I have on stage, in the next day the feeling is that I have nothing left, so I get ill.

I see works playing at The National Theater which visibly had not enough work put on it. Among those, there are well-known-well-funded artists paying, while the small productions exhaust themselves trying to make it all alone, with low cost budgets, struggles to keep associations alive, without funding or support, but yet, doing excellent art work with no visibility. Art as market interest itself only by making money, but the art that sells, is often not the art that makes you think.

Other day a friend told me, "there are structures receiving continuous support since a while, working with emerging art. At this point, they should be able to be self sustainable structures".

We must reframe the form we communicate what we are working about, from far beyond the art field experts.

the world changes through our own small transformations.

What is to be an emerging artist?
Art will never be self sustainable, meanwhile it looks for innovation, because when we experiment and are innovative trying to change the art field itself, is when the values and legitimacy of what we make, will be put into question… So, it won't be self sustainable.
Because we won't bring five thousand people to look at experimental art. We won't…
Unless I am Meg Stuart, or Jérôme Bel, I won't have five thousand people as audience to look at me.
I will, with some effort, bring a hundred people that most probably follow my work, friends and family members, and this cannot create self-sustainability.

With a hundred people as an audience average, I can just make a good work if the venues truly buy my work. Specially in Portugal where dance plays are performed just two days, not having a tour of fifteen shows or a whole week of performances. We basically make work in three weeks, that are shown twice…
Besides that, during the creation process of three weeks, we make ourselves crazy trying to do everything a whole production demands. This through a year span means we have to be stupidly creative, because we must pull off six different new creations, in order to survive…

This in artistic terms is madness. How are we able to do a project in three weeks, with ten people; musicians, light designers, general rehearsals and everything else? It's an absurd, but it is the reality of smaller productions and emerging artists. Meanwhile renown artists have a great amount of time to develop their work, and is noticeable that often, they have as well a great lack of self investment in their own projects.

All this are questions… For how long will we keep this discourse alive?
I wrote as a feedback for the IETM event I mentioned earlier, that what has truly transformed me is the impact of large structures doing bad work. This fact, provokes on me more questions than answers. Making me believe that the art field in Portugal as well as internationally isn't united enough. If we don't find these connections and relationships, we won't be able to change this field, neither our own selves.
I am interested in working with people, as myself, that believe that art comes from love, from sharing, from questioning, from revolution, from transformation and not from being stuck where we are.
What concerns me as an artist, and as a citizen is the idea of justice in art. Making me realise that the world changes through our own small transformations.
So I guide my work with this sense of justice, taking in account mistakes that might happen along the way, with no certain answers and above all with much risk taking. What can bring change is not to condone with the political

lobby, is all attempts of transforming the system, even now, while it is on a very fragile state. This transformational will, also brings myself to many not so comfortable postures, leading me in times to bad places for the need of saying NO. By imposing limits, and clear boundaries, something that we artists in majority don't do well. Not protect ourselves, by not establishing clear rules… I have been learning how to say "NO, is enough!".

I had to reflect in the previous year, specially with this pandemic, what brought me to the assurance that just union can change our field.
In terms of access, on the level of communication and language, of becoming available to accept our short-comes, and to repair our mistakes.

By being on a position of risk we will find questions. inside each question we will find answers and more questions, and more answers… By this process we will figure out the real relevance of art.

Unfortunately, the most part of the Portuguese structures had not embraced the idea of difference or diversity. Neither the need to generate strategies for emerging art, for fare share, for revolution. The few structures that incorporate such a thought, are in vulnerable positions, because the government still does not understand the importance of these prospects. The government keeps on implementing funding plans that only gives money to those that already have money. With that in mind, even if the proposition of an artist is extremely pertinent, it won't be realised by unavailability of budget support for it.

The pathway of change is still very long, because it asks for a mind shift, a different approach on how we think. My belief is that if we, the smaller, connect and unite ourselves, by placing attention in changing what is in our reach, the whole world is likely to transform as a consequence of a chain reaction. It is interesting to me that many forms of sharing our know-how and curiosities, are developed. Through ideas of an international union, sharing our ghosts, concerns and motivations to create a glue that puts us all together.

Few days ago I had a meeting with a lady that is a dwarf, she is really cool, and I want to work with her. The problem is that I have no budget to bring her from Australia to Portugal. When we talked she said, "I wanna come to work with you, even though you have no money". I replied,"No, I cannot do this to you. You cannot come from the other side of the world to work without being payed, this isn't fair at all". Then I looked for the Committee of General Australian Art for a meeting, and they decided to develop a plan to support the education of this lady, and include her in my project. I could have said to her, "Come, but you won't receive anything", I felt this was unfair. Now you see, the importance to ask help from one another. I started thinking, how and what could I do to make this possible? And through a chain of people and information I arrived to the chance of realising my project. This is exactly what the art field needs, to don't accept something that from the start is wrong, in this case, me bringing her to Portugal with no monetary compensation… It is the other side of the world, is not the same as me going from Lisbon to Porto. I cannot bring a person from this far to work here for free a whole month.
We keep repeating this mistake with volunteer work. I do believe art has a participatory and allocative side that does not imply money exchange, but I also believe that is important to learn how to value ourselves and our work. Even if is not possible fifty percent of the times we try it, the other fifty percent may as well work, it is what makes our fight worth its while.

In this case, if I had asked support from a Portuguese organisation, that would simply say "no, because you aren't anything and anyone, so go to hell!". However, even if -I am nothing, no one and go to hell-, I still spoke with the Australian Committee, that turn to say YES. This just illustrates how badly our field is working. What are we as organisations and micro-structures learning with this? We keep seeing that things work poorly, nonetheless inside our daily decisions real change can happen.

A friend told me, "I've seen your show RAW A NUDE with Mariana", he is a photographer and had made photos already from my work, "and I would like to make my photo exhibition available to visually impaired people.", "Cool" I said, giving him all the contacts to make this possible, later on nothing really turned up with it.
Eventually, after one year he tells me, "Look, I had a discussion with a councilwoman because of you."
"What do you mean you had a discussion because of me?" I told him surprised. He continues, "was actually very good, because I told her, if my friend Diana would like to see my exhibition, the space that was granted to me is inaccessible by wheelchair. And there is an exhibition by Serralves (Serralves foundation is a cultural institution that has its base on a heritage site, hosting A Casa, the contemporary art museum and the home of cinema Manuel de Oliveira as stars out of its complex at Porto in the north of Portugal.) at the only space with accessibility at Viana do Castelo (a city on the north of Portugal, where the photo exhibition took place).
So he told the councilwoman, he wouldn't make an exhibition at Viana do Castelo because it was inaccessible. Because he thought to himself, "I wanna have an accessible exhibition".
What happened was, one person featured at his book has reduced mobility, something he did not remember at the point he talked with the councilwoman. It is someone the photographer did a reportage about and is on his book. This person is also one of the subjects of the photographs that would be exhibited. A quadriplegic man. This man did not come into the photographer's mind, because he is always going around with a motorised bike.
If the photographer would had done his exhibition at the former place granted to him, this quadriplegic guy, wouldn't be able to

NO, IS ENOUGH!

just union can change our field.

see it.
When my friend, the photographer, said “I would not exhibit in the allocated venue” to the councilwoman, she agreed by changing Serralves’ exhibition site, granting him the accessible place, where he ended up opening his exhibition.

This problem wasn’t in the awareness of the councilwoman, until someone had made a remark. If each and everyone made these issues visible by trying to pay fair incomes, or change the ways venues operate, or how big cultural structures function, little by little change would be established .

We are not prepared to create accessible art for all, accessible art is much more than a ramp, or audio description, or of a simple communication, we are not ready as society for accessible art; to accept ourselves as equals. But if each of us makes what it can, I believe slowly things will change, in Berlin, or France, or Spain, wherever it is.

Im confident that art should not be done for an elite. Art should be done for all, for all the bodies. I am not saying with this we won’t create art that is site specific. Yes, we will create site specific art, but thinking on the possibilities of what might go wrong and what might go well.
If we think about this issue collectively, it becomes much easier to find solutions, than to leave the weight just for a person to carry. The problem resides in the fact that each of us carries our own struggle. But we do not acknowledge the struggles of one another. The hustle is bigger if we need to fight alone.
If I see the struggle of Mariana, and look at my own struggle I might discover how much our struggles are complementary… when someone gets tired of fighting they should stop to catch a breath, while someone else joins to keep the fight going, and like this we build resilience so the forefront continually moves, with no loss of momentum.

I don't understand how a programmer does not think about those questions, about truly changing the field. Continuing to create elitist art can also be a form of supporting discrimination. How



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is this still not considered a crime? Personally, this sounds like a crime to me.

Meanwhile, during this global health crisis, we still have undergraduate performing arts program running classes, knowing that we must be on a quarantine, that’s also a crime, since we are condoning to a general homicide. That is an ethical choice. We are not talking about a conference of five people, we are talking about classes of thirty people which are constantly in contact.

As long as we keep on looking towards our own navel, this way of carrying out problems won’t change.

I said that to a friend who told me “I am just a teacher and cannot change this”, “you can… the problem is exactly this, that you can change. You can say I won’t overlook with this shit”. If we do not stand and say “NO, ITS ENOUGH!”, nothing changes.
There was an educational institution that told me “we have another space, sure you wouldn’t like to change spaces?”, and I said, “No I wouldn’t change spaces because I won’t be responsible for someone else’s health considering this virus”, there was a suspected case of CONVID-19 on the space I used to rehearse at this institution. Wouldn’t make sense to look just at this educational institution out of the global context, and say, “Yes, change spaces and keep on teaching”…
I wouldn’t as a director, jeopardise or compromise the health of my students, because of a few classes.

What do a few classes mean compared to a lifetime?

This came up because I questioned a friend that was teaching until yesterday at a circus school, saying that he should take better care of himself, and others. Until when are we not supporting a precarious system by condoning with our absence of responsibility for it? The same goes for the Corona pandemic, as for the lack of accessibility in art, or for monetary bad distribution, or either the instability all independent and emergent artist feels right now, with no type of security…

If we do not stand against this system, and keep silenced about it, nothing will change.

Do I need to fight my own fights? yes I do. Do I have to choose what I am fighting for? Yes, I need to because I cannot fight in all fronts.
But still, we have to unite and realise that fighting just makes sense if we are not alone.
I have just seen a post of Marcio (Marcio Keber Canabarro): “All my shows are cancelled”. When I became quadriplegic, I had no money, my parents where unemployed, I was helping them financially, and I had no house. I ended up with no house.
The state solution was “Do you want to go to a homeless shelter?” “Off course, this is all that a want! I just became quadriplegic, paralysed from the neck down, and I wanna go to a homeless shelter, sure is all that I want…”.
I have survived due to the generosity of many people, I had to ask for help, and felt humiliated at times, but to ask for help is not a humiliation. To ask for help is to accept we need one another to live in society.

My disability is visible, but there is an array of disabilities that are invisible, like depression, stress, exhaustion, chronic diseases… invisible disabilities, they are very problematic. Because my one, everyone sees, and me as well… Is easier to deal with something you see, but with something invisible is more challenging.

Click to see the trailer of Duet (2020) the latest work of Diana

Honestly, it worries me that we are losing our intimacy and identity more and more, to sell ourselves to a corrupted system and this is what this work is about. Why keep doing what we do, since we have to dedicate so much energy to make it happen, inside of a system that is so wrong? A system that only underlines our mistakes.
So the duet goes around the exposure of fragility. Some people that follow my work, missed the sense of humour I often have in my plays, because this work is very raw, violent, intense and fragile. Sometimes provocation lays on showing things as they are.
At this point in time, I feel we are more like robots, with less connection… and as artists we are constantly in need to prove ourselves,..

All this inquiries and thoughts wouldn’t be accessible to me if I had not have my accident. I was an artist busy with paying bills, because venues and cultural agents are not so interested in offering any security or stability.

The problem is the system. I have seen an artist worried that she wouldn’t perform her play in Lisbon, what seems to be a reductive worry at this moment, since you will have more time to perform your work later…

The importance of crisis is in its potential. Crisis shakes up the system. Whenever something very bad happens, the human being figures out that is much more adaptable than expected. Humans are able to adapt. But we live in a panic ruled hoarding society, it isn’t bad to want more, but we need to be aware of what are our priorities. What is the priority? When ideas are shaken, mostly it is a call for reorganising the priorities. It is to notice what is more important, maybe also to say: “Ok, we need to think associations in a different way”, or verify what are the body’s needs right now, or how can we be safe in the situation we are. This isn’t necessarily bad, catastrophes are awful, but sometimes is through hardship that we find ourselves.

catastrophes are awful, but sometimes is through hardship that we find ourselves.

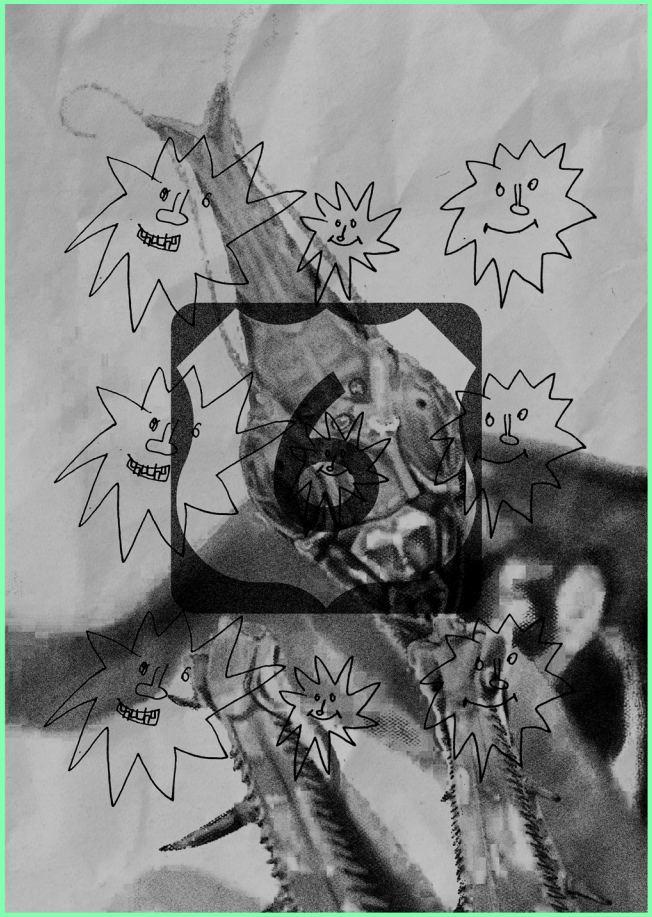


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Camila Hein & Lúcio K. Canabarro



THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD //
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WEDNESDAY



TWENTY FOURTH OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY



22:00

THE SOUTH OF THE WORLD

Camila Hein & Lúcio Kerber Canabarro

Sitting at the bus stop on the side of a road in the south of the world. His feet felt wet. Thought to open the backpack dry them and change socks ... Cold, less than normal for the time and place but still cold. The discomfort and the lack of company started to give way to a feeling of despondency, he felt miserable. He looked at the hills on the horizon with the rest of what is left from the Atlantic Rain Forest, one of the richest biomes on the planet. He recalled a pattern studied in ecology, the number of species increases as we approach the Equator. Biodiversity is increasing in the tropics. "Perhaps in one day someone who lives here sees a much greater diversity of plants, insects and other animals than a European sees in their entire lives." - thought. "This should be seen as a privilege." - it occurred to him and he was grateful. Then the bus stopped.



The photographs you had seen through out this entire issue were made by **Camila Hein** and **Lúcio K. Caabarro**. The photographs were made at the district of Maquiné a part of the state of Rio Grande do Sul in south Brazil.

Camila Hein is an artist / activist who sold her apartment and used all her savings to buy 105 hectares of Atlantic Rain Forest in southern Brazil. She is committed to transforming this area into a nature reserve and thus guaranteeing the protection, sharing and access to it for humans and other beings that already live in that environment. She believes that making this reserve feasible is her most impotent artistic intervention, she sees preservation as an act of aesthetic resistance.

Lucio K. Canabarro lives in south of Brazil, in a remaining area of Atlantic Rain Forest. Currently he search for relations between body, environment and identity. For him writing short stories is one of his ways to care, integrate and understand the landscape where one lives.

Click see more from CAMILA HEIN and her Instagram









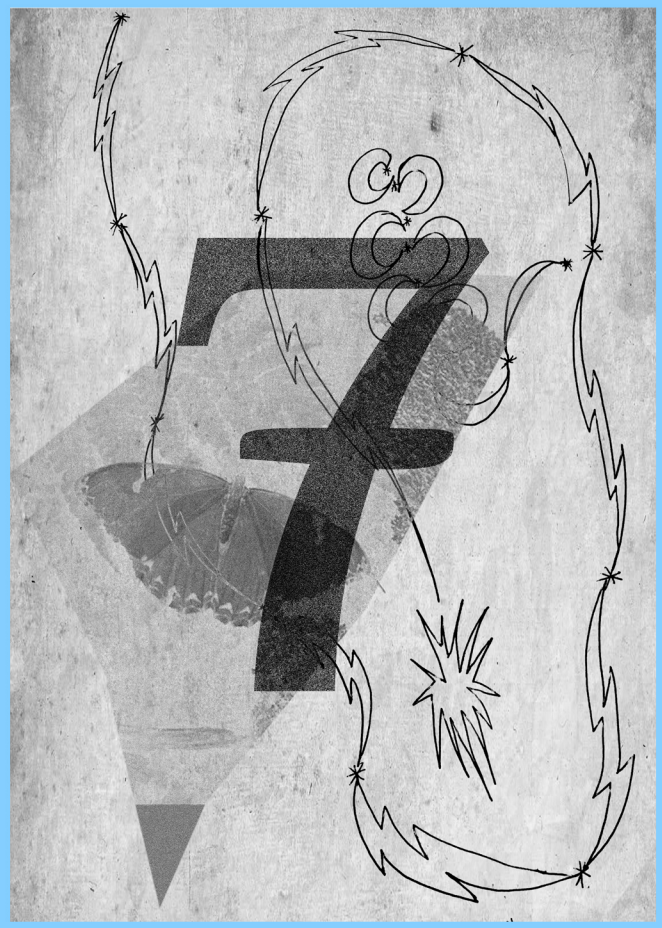








MONDAY



TWENTY SECOND OF JUNE

TWO THOUSAND TWENTY

DAY OFF CHILL

FINALLY a gathering with an off day, we do like what we do, and ofthen we just rest when we get it done!!! And “getting it done” mostly demands a lot of resiliance and patience .

At CARE1 Michael Simmons, who works in human rights since the 60’s said that social change demands time and persistence.

But hanging out help us to have perspecive, to know and learn about one another, and brings back the energy for a next set of tides, waves and beats.

From regenerative transformation: we can run, but we can’t hide.

Thank you for joinning us in this journey!!!

See you in the next issue!

This Fanzine was made it possible due to the genuine inerest and CARE of all the incredible people that contribuited for its content.

Speciall Thanks to Camila Hein and Lúcio K. Canabarro for the beautiful photo spread that ilustrated this whole issue; and the huge endevor of fighting for biome presrvation.

Thanks to all writers/activists/artists for sharing a little bit of their universes with us.

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