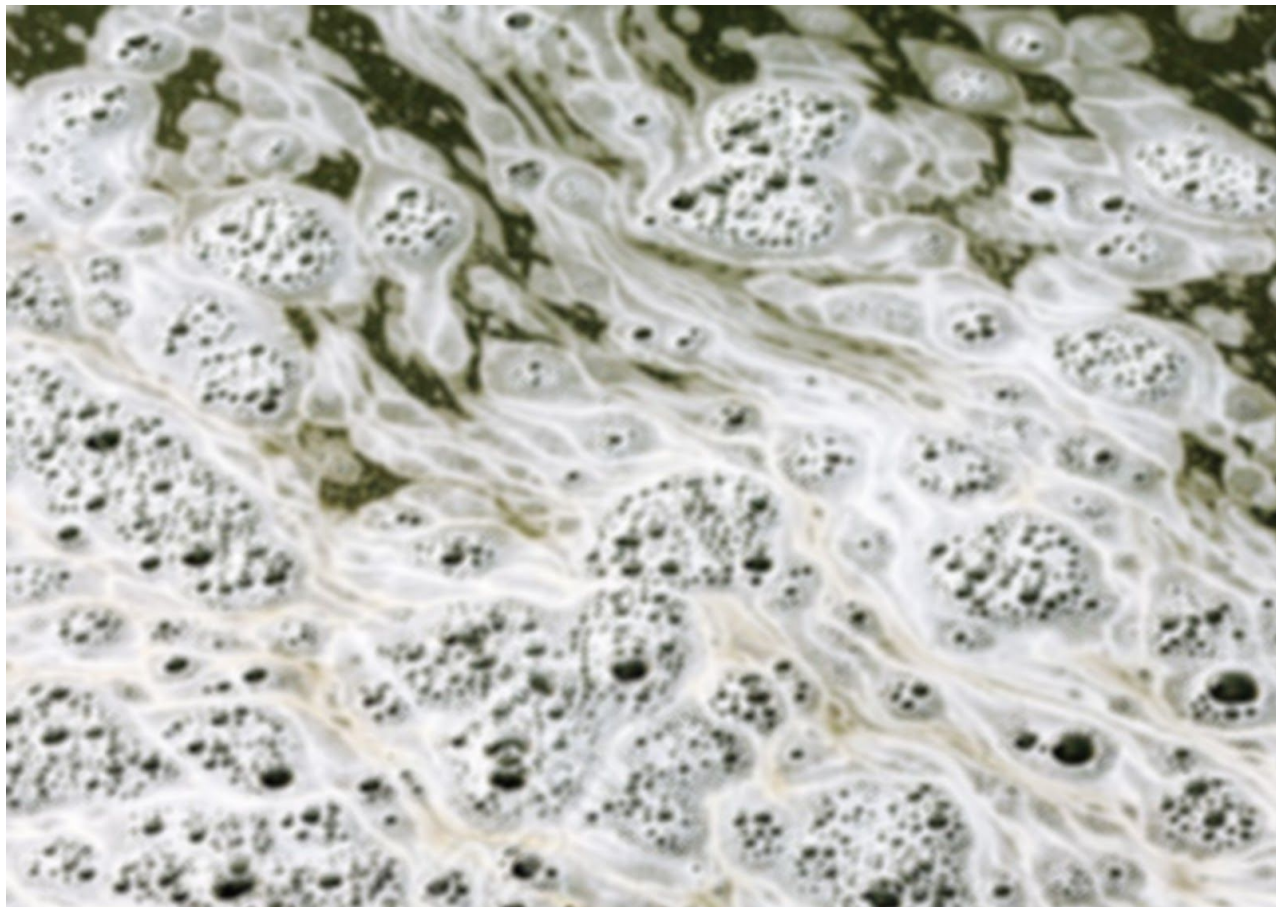
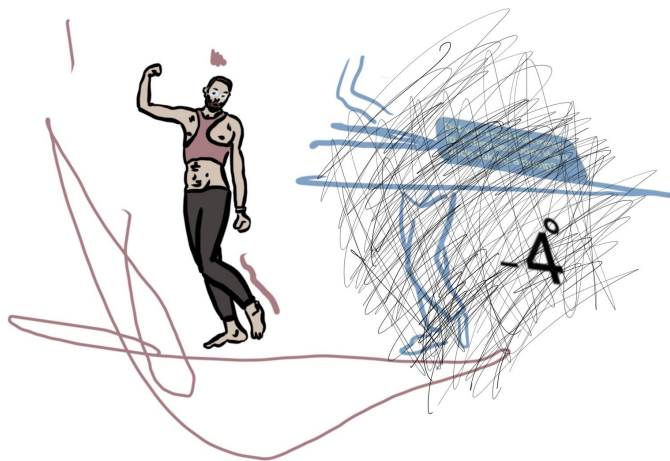

SUBLIME SCUM.

A partition / for a *dance-performance* which premiered 24.6.2017 In *Brussels*, Belgium



André Chapatte

(CC) André Chapatte **2018.**



PREFACE

~~Sublime Scum is the feeling of witnessing something beautiful while thinking of a seemingly infinite amount of trash.~~

The solo dance-performance Sublime Scum was developed in Brussels, Belgium throughout 2016-2017 within the context of the Institute Supérieure D'Art et Chorégraphie (ISAC), with the accompaniment of Vincenzo Pezzella, Louise Vanneste, Daniel Blangua-Gubbay and fellow students of the formation, with comments and remarks by (...) during jury presentations. Creation, showings and rehearsals (what little rehearsing there was) were executed between Le Palais Du Midi, L'Académie Royale des Beaux-Arts De Bruxelles, Le Dexia and Charleroi Danse, La Raffinerie. Sublime Scum was premiered at Charleroi Danse, La Raffinerie on the 24th of June 2017, and was later performed in AltoFest Malta 2018 on the 20th and 21st of April, as well as at 8th edition of AltoFest Napoli on the 7th and 8th of July 2018. It has been fantastic presenting this strange and magical situation to the people of Brussels, Naples and especially Malta, where the strange world of Belgian danstheater is a complete and total anomaly. Gnarly experiences all around. ~~The Hokusai Audio Editor. Here's what iOS Music and you has to say about it. "Energy XT. Twisted Wave Audio Editor. WavePad Audio Editor (NCH Software) MixPad Music Mixer (NCH Software) Music Maker p.~~

The piece comes from a desire to tell a complicated story using mainly the body as a medium. With the use of a few minimal props, Sublime Scum forms a loose narrative revolving around the theme of 'rejection', which is presented as both a social subject as well as a universal force. The relationship with the audience plays an important role in the performance, where moments of interaction, questioning, and conversation intersect between singing and dancing, allowing for the potential of a serious subject matter to emerge through many points of view and in a light hearted and somewhat surprising manner. In the end, Sublime Scum leaves the public questioning how they relate to the world by not paying attention to it.

~~-Mention that the Scum is a hard to look at, but it is everywhere. Probably the dirt and shit in your computer or in the paper's glue is part of it. It's an exercise in competition for~~

The show is generally between 40 and 45 minutes in duration (depending on where it is performed) and is accompanied by music composed by Burt Bacharach, with additional music composed and recorded by Chapatte himself. The show requires an active speaker with a mini-jack (for audio input) and a microphone. The microphone is used only occasionally to add some diversity, as with a loud voice the performer should be able (depending on the acoustics) to properly address an audience without amplification. Sublime Scum can either be presented in a typical black box / theater setting or within more interesting locations such as entrance halls, museums, movie theaters, parking lots, empty buildings, home gardens or apartments. Any interest in a presentation outside the black box / theater setting is open for discussion. The work is interactive, hybrid, and willing to mutate through dialogue, a quality which was used to great extent during the presentations at both editions of AltoFest. ~~If we take this force and think of it happening all the time all over the world. All these rejections form another, larger, "invisible" pattern.~~

~~“Par exemple, voici un étui de carton qui contient ma bouteille d'encre. Il faudrait essayer de dire comment je le voyais avant et comment à présent je le”~~

Special thanks to Daniel Blangua-Gubbay, who's accompanying eye was crucial to assembling a functioning dramaturgy, especially in regards to vulnerability. His precise words and careful observation are well known in the Brussels dance scene, and I feel lucky that this work was able to benefit from it.

Thanks to Stephan Blumenschein, who's invitation to read and perform for his solo show *You Do Not Disappear. We Promised Him* back in 2016 Amsterdam was the groundwork for putting together this piece.

An honest and beautiful thank you to Agathe Delaite, who's love, intelligence, humour and companionship was truly an important part of my life while putting this thing together. Some things can never be forgotten. <3

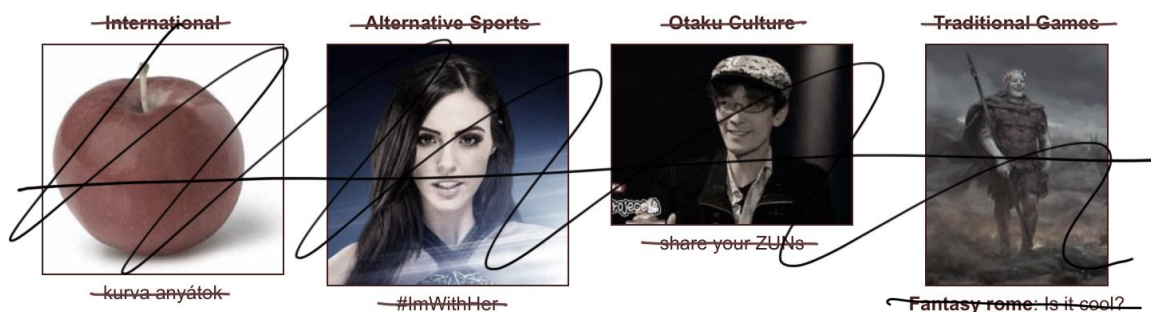
~~It's gonna be all the good education-y stuff without the sex toy reviews and guests this time. It'll be a more timeless and helpful book for those looking to learn about sex~~

Special thanks to my hosts Frank O'Neil in Malta and Fabrizio Schirru / Alessandra Salomone in Napoli, Anna Gesualdi, Giovanni Trono, Anna Estadahl for inviting me to both editions AltoFest, Coraline Garnero, Camilla Stellato, Giuseppe Valentino, Valentina Quintano, Silvio Impegnoso, Gigi Mete, Vicky Solli, Marco Pavone for all the documentation, help, fun, and drinking (the best kind), Salvatore Margiotta for his careful absorption and appreciation for the batshit crazy framework behind the show, Lara Russo and Katja Somrak for their great feedback, Matteo Marfoggia and Sara Terracciano for their voices in the Napolitain version of Sublime Scum and of course anyone else that helped out during those festivals, who showed up, talked shit or gave a toast.

~~Blaming EU budget~~

And of course to anyone who comes and sees the show in action: *merci*. It just can't happen without the curiosity of those who came, come, and will come.

And to those who put on this performance in future: ~~Please check the Catalog before you post.~~



INTRODUCTION

The present body of text, which you may find in digital form or perhaps as some sort of print, is meant to be a sort of partition. It should in theory allow the one who studies it carefully to execute a piece of performance art entitled “Sublime Scum”. For the sake of continuing to speak about this performance without causing confusion, we shall simply call the piece of performance art: ‘the show’, as to differentiate the spectacle which is presented in front of an audience from the concept (or object) of *the* Sublime Scum, a notion which finds itself central to understanding and performing the show and which will be explained in more detail in the following pages.

~~misunderstood, the un-understandable, and as such, the Sublime Scum exists outside of~~ but only takes shape inside of you.

So, let’s perhaps start with the obvious. What is this performance artwork about? And perhaps more importantly for someone who has neither seen the performance nor any documentation of it: what does it look like? The simplest answer to the first question is that the show is a solo dance performance, consisting of no scenography, minimal props and containing mostly what one could call languages of the body: songs, dances, remarks, speeches, behaviors, as well as attitudes, intentions, interests and different kinds of corporal states. All these forms of language come together to form a loose narrative revolving around the common theme of *rejection*. ~~it’s a weird show as Frank O’Neill declared. Why would you want to look at everything you don’t want to look at.~~ (Let us quickly note for those intending to perform this piece that the word *rejection* is not exactly the central part of the show, but still seems to be one of the most effective signifiers in allowing to create a context where the audience can potentially be confronted with the Sublime Scum, which as well as being the *real* center of the show, is also the inconceivably large sum of all things rejected by the totality of humankind.)

Regarding what the show *looks* like is a slightly more complicated question to answer, as the piece relies heavily on being of a hybrid and fluid nature. This means that the way the person on (or off) ‘stage’ performs will change constantly throughout the duration of the show. There are moments that may resemble a concert, a TED talk, a modern dance piece, a seminar or even an evening at the café. Other instants are a lot less formal and attempt to allow for attitudes that would normally be considered unacceptable to pass through the body. Rage, grotesque movements, dancing while facing away from the audience, abstraction, all of these are possible moments that may exist within the show. And to make things more complicated (because why on earth would a show about ‘rejection’ be simplistic), there are also moments of interaction with the audience, where the performer asks questions directly to individual audience members. ~~We are not wading around in the Scum.~~ The 4th wall is broken and rebuilt several times and may perhaps never exist at all. The *spectacular* is brought in and out of the show repeatedly. The audio source is visible and cited by the performer (it’s a bunch of Burt Bacharach tunes), there’s a costume change and a knife is taken out and placed on the floor (important but no one can really explain why) and songs are sung with and without a microphone, loudly and softly, sometimes with charisma and sometimes not. In short, it is a show designed to be not about

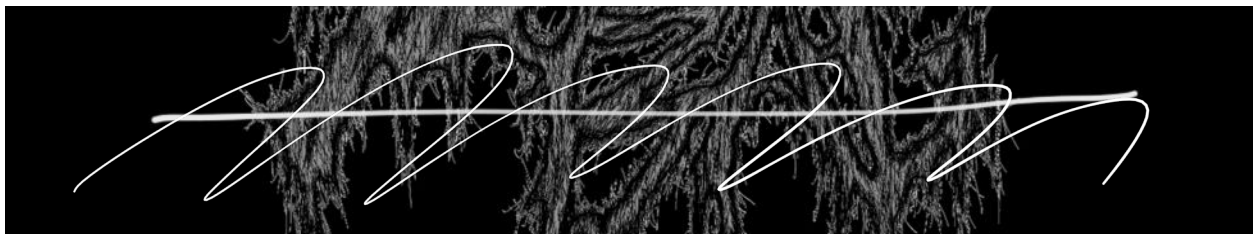
what you see directly, but about what happens in between what is seen, thought and recalled (what is between images basically). And of course, obviously: it's dance! It may not look like what is the *cliché* of dance, but there is a lot of dancing, and in that sense it remains a dance show. A dance show about rejection, which attempts a glimpse at something called the Sublime Scum.

In regards ~~Indeed, of spiritual/ intellectual or moral worth. It's elusive and hard to come by, a lot of people use it as a hyperbole to express that something is of good quality or taste. Probably~~ because to its showing the piece is, once again, extremely malleable. Technically, the show can be presented in either a black box theater setting (in which case raked seating and a run-through of lights with a technician is probably a good idea) or somewhere more surprising. A large common area or the main entrance of a theater works very well as a presentation space, as long as a large enough area is cleared for dancing and that the floor is left relatively clean. Bringing the show to an normally unspectacular setting allows for a certain sense of spectacular 'magic' to emerge in an unusual place. One can easily imagine visitors of a festival having a drink or perhaps passing through somewhere and suddenly realising there are chairs set out and that the power of performance art is in full display. This would encourage unexpected (and potentially rejected) perspectives to appear from the audience's experience with the live presence. A lot is possible and for my part, the work is open to experimentation. A recent presentation in Naples found me using a tape recorder in order to "speak" in Italian. Though those particular presentations ended up being more comical than other times (which as I've been told were more dark and serious), the most important elements did end up faring quite well. The show can be a shapeshifter, existing with different flavors, tints, shapes and sizes.

All this being said, this fluid show requires for certain stable elements to be understood and maintained. Certain dances may remain almost exactly the same no matter where they are performed, the musical queues should probably stay the same, and the Sublime Scum, of course, never changes in nature. It is precisely this Sublime Scum which allows the work to be presented in such a malleable fashion. Because the Scum is rooted in reality (and not via a theatrical fabrication), it doesn't matter whether the show is done in a theater, a street, or a condominium. What only matters is that the chosen performance space must be dealt with adequate tact regarding the *spectacular*. This notion of the *spectacular*, which will be defined in more detail later, has to do with the fourth wall, with music, with vocal projection and of course with a little bit of showmanship. The *spectacular* arrives as a sort of agreement between what the performer is doing and how the audience understands it. It has to do with previous shows that have been seen, and in this sense, the spectacular has a lot to do it with recalled images. By allowing the audience to bring the necessary information into the performance, the space is allowed to function not only as a presentation space but also as *itself* again. ~~BMW Swiss Advantage~~

But without thinking *too* much, I would want to say there are three important concepts whose function should be known and understood before looking at the actual dramaturgical structure of the show. The Sublime Scum is the The first is of course the Sublime Scum, which is central to everything, the dancing, the speaking, the attitudes, all the images that are presented, alluded

to and recalled. The second is the word *rejection*, which allows to quickly explain where the Scum exists in the real world. The notion of *rejection* functions as a question (what is the last thing *you* rejected), as well as a more accessible concept. The word *rejection* allows for someone who is initially uninterested in metaphysical bullshit (their words not mine) to enter a situation where they are perhaps able to be confronted with the size and scale of The Sublime Scum. The word *rejection* is an entry way, and works not only to explain the show to programmers and theater directors, but also to almost anyone who asks “so what’s the show about?”. The last concept is the *spectacular*, which is in a complex relationship with the performative space; with the *here and now*. The *spectacular* allows for the generation of circumstances where the audience may perhaps encounter the Scum: but only if it appears and disappears. Its purpose is not only to guide the audience and to keep them alert but also to vanish, revealing sights and events that generally situate themselves outside of the theatrical apparatus. In short, the coming and going of the *spectacular* shows the things we generally don’t look at during a show. Is it strange that the effects of our behavioral immune system are not something we enjoy looking at? These three concepts will be better described in the following pages, along with complementary concepts which I have borrowed / stolen from other sources. Most of them are writers which are never mentioned in the show, but other sources include songs, recordings and references to films that are (or can be) mentioned during the performance. Such an example is a song by children’s television celebrity Mr Rogers: *It’s You I Like*. Other references should be known but probably not mentioned, as to not lead the audience astray when contemplating the Scum. Sartre’s *Nausea* springs to mind. Very useful to read, not useful to mention. Such references are mentioned in their totality in the “reading / watching / listening” list below, and will be observed with a bit more detail in the dramaturgical description of the performance.



Hopefully this partition will allow for a performer to recreate this work in the future, somewhere, somehow, with their own touch, in their own space, their own time. In or out of the theater does not matter. It is a work which aspires in allowing audience members to contemplate something that by very definition is not possible for them to go close to. As such, the partition remains somewhat open to interpretation, and simply requires wanting to allow the emergence of the Sublime Scum in people’s perception. Perhaps not for everyone at once, but maybe for a few people in the audience. Perhaps after the show is over, and everyone has left the performance space, and is at home or at work, looking at soap suds in the kitchen sink.

I don’t know. I don’t think we need to.

Perhaps we can simply *trust* it.

The Sublime Scum

The Sublime Scum is the inconceivable amount of people, plants, animals, objects, materials, substances, actions, ideas, directions, locations, perspectives, sources, emotions etc. that are at any given time pushed out of an individual's perception of the world. It is the very impossibility of going to every bar in the world at the same time, of helping every single person in need, of brushing our teeth 24hrs a day, of swimming, fucking, eating and writing a partition in four countries at the same exact moment. Impossible to do, and as such there are decisions that *have* to be made. However, such decisions are (mostly) motivated by not having a choice within the physical world. The dismissal of countless things has a lot to do with the universal law of conservation of energy, as our brains are not designed to exponentially expand their capacity for consciousness without a whole series of inconvenient side effects (think psychedelic drugs). Even then, is it a serious declaration to say that an altered state would allow for our tiny thinking organ to absorb the near infinite amount of things which are rejected from the collective human experience? The Sublime Scum, like Timothy Morton's *hyperobjects* (which include things like nuclear explosions or the weather*) is inconceivably large in regards to both space and time. The scale of rejected objects/actions at any given moment is too great to be properly understood, and the amount of time that such things exist after being rejected is also inconceivable. Throwing away a toothbrush could result in an addition to a landfill, the burning and release of gases in the air, floating and disintegrating into small particles in the ocean, the list continues to near infinity and remains in all cases chronologically incomprehensible. The same goes for refusing some help washing the dishes. The energy which would have assisted in cleaning up those pots and pans will end up somewhere else, and the memory of the rejected proposal may disappear in just a few seconds.



The one notable difference in regards to Morton's hyperobjects is the Sublime Scum's relationship to humanity. It depends on human rejection in order to exist. Without humans, there is no Scum. The weather and nuclear explosions (given the right circumstances) do not need humans in order for them to continue their massive movements through space and time. The Sublime Scum however, comes in and out of existence through its relation with humanity's choices and language. The Sublime Scum is everything which we, as a human species, reject and have rejected, whether it be objects, actions, thoughts, ideas, or feelings. This mixture of somewhat banal objects (bits of paper, disposable packaging, chicken bones) with emotions (love, happiness, shame) and actions (the offer to start a relationship, financial support, a ride in a car) come together to form an immense, ethereal / physical, ever changing pattern, which may *seem* not so complicated to witness (to locate a cigarette butt is not a difficult task), but whose

binding forces; rejection or the act of rejecting, multiply the complexity exponentially, to the point where perceiving its movements in its entirety becomes infeasible. Using the analogy of actual *scum* floating on a sea somewhere, we can imagine the various substances (pigments, plastics, soaps, etc.), whose reactions and bonds with one another vary quite considerably and whose combinations give the scum its different textures, viscosities, shines and sometimes even effervescences. Any physical material, if broken down and left to its own path with the law of entropy, can end up as part of a conglomeration of scum. Cardboard, rust, biomass, used toothpaste, oil, pigments, a diversity of chemicals: things which may have once served a clear purpose but now only form a toxic and viscous bond with one another and should under no circumstances come into direct contact with human flesh. A respectable distance is maintained with ocean scum, even when admiring its swirling patterns and intricate colors. In comparison, the Sublime Scum, which is made up of physical and metaphysical substances, consists of *actual* scum but can (and does) also contain: fresh fruits and vegetables, clean mountain spring water, luxury apartments, high quality textiles, broken dreams, garbage, beauty, bus number K, used lottery tickets, a trip to the sea or even any good clean functioning shop that has been refused as *the* place to purchase this week's alcohol. The Sublime Scum by nature, does not only contain toxic substances but also things that are of excellent quality, but have still been refused out of necessity. And to make things even *more* complex, certain things that are accepted by some humans are *still* rejected by others (the vast majority even). Everyone in the world is not at your local supermarket, but some people are. The Sublime Scum is as such multidimensional, existing on billions of layers at the same time. It is impossible to ignore and it constantly passes through us, whether we want it to or not. It can bring disastrous consequences but also no consequence at all. It is so constant and omnipresent that without special circumstances it is incredibly difficult to be confronted with its impact on our lives, whether individual or collective. My personal speculation is that in order to be confronted with the Scum one requires a form of simultaneous multidimensional/personal empathy, something which can not be presented as a sort of recipe. What I believe works better is rather to set a situation. Circumstances which may allow an individual to reflect and project in directions that he is familiar with, while also contemplating the relation that the Scum has through other individuals lives.**



But what happens when confrontation with the Sublime Scum actually occurs? To properly perceive the Scum, one must broaden his perspectives beyond the bounds of possibility. This is where the very *sublime* nature of Scum comes into being. It is not the existence of the Scum *itself* that is sublime. It does not require our perception of it in order to exist. Rather, the only possibility for our perception of the Scum is *through* the sublime. The (almost) boundless nature of the Sublime Scum makes attempting to understand it an impossible task, which can only transform into ambition. A grand, lofty and exalted ambition of outstanding intellectual, spiritual and moral worth. To appreciate the transcendent excellence of the Scum requires a sincere attempt at reaching towards something impossible, at understanding something too great to be understood by the senses, in letting the *Sublime* Scum do its thing. It is thus of the utmost importance to comprehend that as the performer of this piece (for those who chose to be), the job is not to understand the Scum, but to perpetually *try* to. To trust that allowing the uncontainable nature of the Sublime Scum to overflow and overwhelm is the best way for perceiving it. I know that this direction may sound a bit like eastern mysticism or some form of magical thinking (what isn't by the way?), but in this case it is not. It is a very pragmatic task in attempting to reveal natural forces to an audience. Forces which flow through and around our species. It is somewhat arbitrary and yet completely universal, and will exist whether cared about or not. The only moment it won't exist is when you, me and everyone else vanishes for ever.

— Now, to make this more interesting, let's think of patterns:



qualities are supposed to come with a lot of money right? I don't agree, they can be found within the discarded.

The Sublime Scum is constant, ever changing and depends on our inevitable rejection of things in order to exist. But what can the Sublime Scum do? What is to be gained by trying to acknowledge every single substance, action or object pushed out of our lives? Well, one could argue that the Scum allows for our ability to love, as the Scum encompasses all the things that we do not love, that we do not pay attention to. If love commonly exists through exclusivity, the excluded is the Scum. Without the Scum, we could not care, we could not nurture and everything would be a horrible mixture of love and waste. We would love everything and nothing at the same time, and not in a good way. Everything we've ever cared for would matter no more or no less than all the rest of the shit out there. With no Sublime Scum, the thing you love the most in the entire universe would be on the same level as an expired fire extinguisher, a goat turd, a dead link on an unused e-commerce and so on, and so on. The love of your life would be completely meaningless, as well as anything else you ever placed your attention on. The Scum, in this sense, has a tangible purpose in our lives. One that allows us to hold on to something. To refuse everything else in the world (*everything else!*), in order to focus on *one* thing. In order to *love* something. It is around this very situation that the performance begins to build itself, even if

this revelation of *Love via Scum* should (for dramaturgical purposes) emerge only at the very end of the show. The performer is before the audience because the Scum has allowed him to, and in this sense, he actually loves the audience.

~~Out of the sea of garbage comes a foam that attracts attention. Most times the froth is repulsive, but occasionally a rainbow or an interesting substance will form on the edge. A natural, internal phenomenon that reclaims beauty and fascination from something that would otherwise only awaken disgust. Something about Sublime Scum keeps us on the line between advancing and retracting. Going closer is repulsive, but moving away is a small loss for the heart.~~

From here on out, the construction of the show is set to allow for everything pushed away (sometimes out of functional necessity) to be seen, with all the horror and awe that naturally comes along with it. I do not have the pretense of saying that attempting such a task with a dance performance is the *best* way of doing this, but as somebody (an artist, let's face it) who is innately fascinated by both images and relationships, I have assembled the dramaturgy for a show that allows for images to be presented (from both within and *out of* language, based on Mårten Spångberg's statements regarding the nature of *dance****) and for relationships to be revealed (individual spectators' personal relations with parts of the Scum). The show is thus a set of arbitrary circumstances, where dance, signifiers and experiences come together in order to allow for the possibility of something greater *than the show itself* to be seen. Within the next few pages, key elements to said circumstances will be presented, starting with one of the simplest and most useful words that I have found (in regards to the audience and directors): the word *rejection*. A simple notion that can be used in many ways to open the door for the Sublime Scum and to likewise allow for the audience to go through the rift, towards the encounter.

*The weather being a very useful comparison to make for certain audiences in regards to explaining "rejection as a universal force".

**This is where the open questions towards the audience (particularly the question "What was the last thing you *rejected*") allow for a multiplicity of dimensions to emerge.

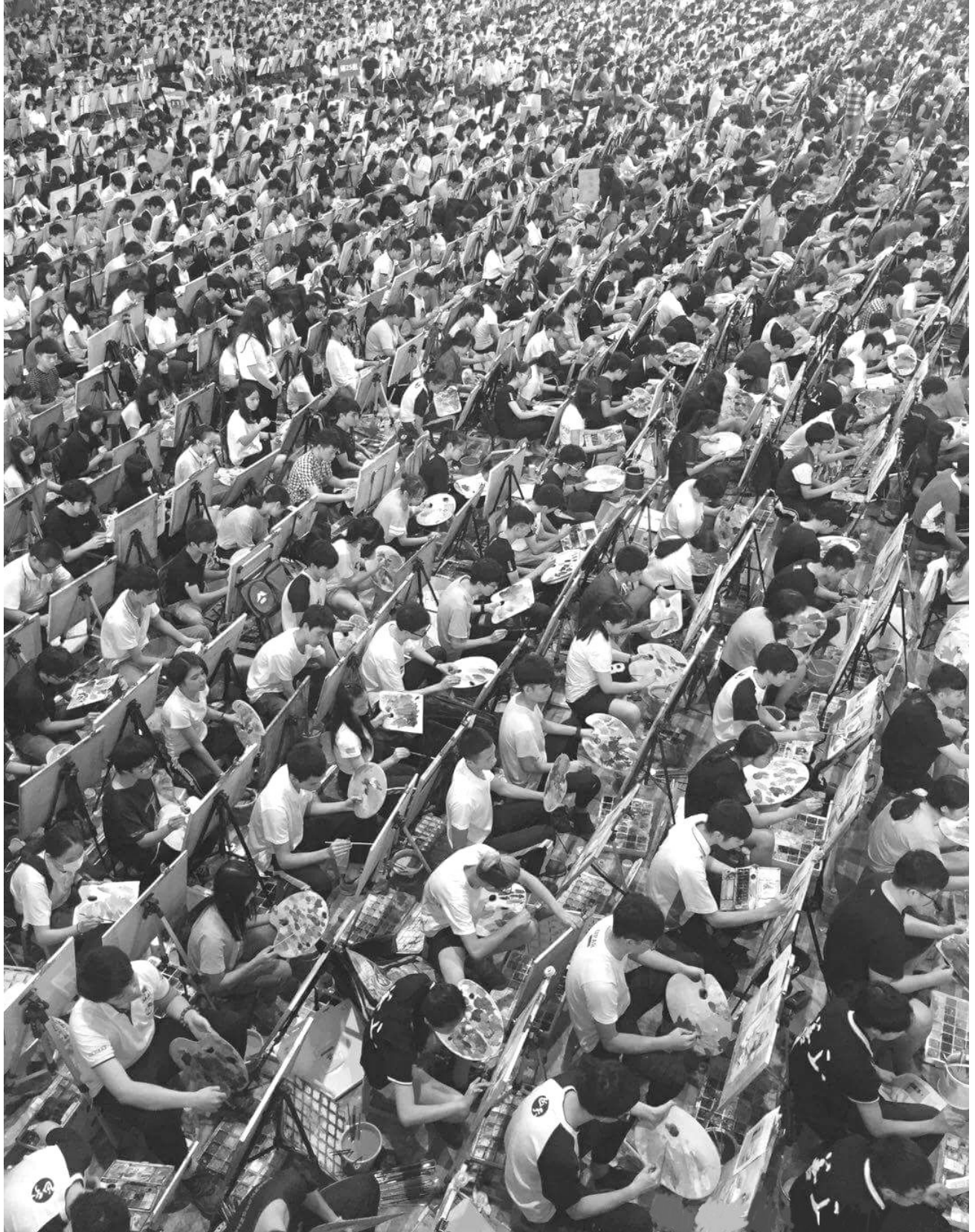
***Specifically in his lecture at *Post Dance Conference 2015*.

****I guess the Sublime Scum is the constant shift in attention. The refusal to look [or focus] at certain things for too long. Our *inability* to stay focused on one thing forever. Even *Pussy*. Even *Addiction*. Staying locked in on what we know is poisonous. The vacuum behind our head always calls us.

*****<https://youtu.be/MXXiRJKC4w> (techmoan: ebooks in the 90s)

***** According to different sources, the term *slacker* dates back to about 1790 or 1898.[1][2] It gained some recognition during the British Gezira Scheme in the early to mid 20th century, when Sudanese labourers protested their relative powerlessness by working lethargically, a form of protest known as "slacking".[3][4]

$$W = - \int_{x_1}^{x_2} \frac{dV}{dx} dx = -[V(x_2) - V(x_1)] = V(x_1) - V(x_2)$$



Entrance exam for a fine arts school in China, where thousands of young people are refused each year. (source: somewhere on reddit)

Rejection

What was the last thing you rejected? Was it another piece of text? Compulsive behavior? Stress eating bacon? Watching the "Hard Fat" documentary on vimeo? Taking a shower? Scratching your genitals? Having one more drink? Slacking off? Paying attention to your children? Going to watch crab fishing on YouTube? A deep breath? An call to your dentist? Working out? Filing your nails? Wearing sunglasses? Washing your phone? Calculating $4663 \times (34 \times 658) + 5673$ by hand? Eating your cream? Touching a burrito on the street? Locking your bike to your neck? Carefully observing a street light? Typing and listening to <https://sfgak.bandcamp.com/track/wow-bro-into-your-computer>? Zipping your zipper up and down repeatedly? Writing "I am I am I am" over and over into a small notebook? Scraping your foot on the concrete under a puddle? Putting a carrot deep in the weak point in your armpit? Getting into that truck over there? Finding a plane ticket to import as much lace as possible back to your home country? Selling your table mats? Chewing on a bottle cap? Masturbation to leg warmers in a window display? Vaping on a USB drive? A scroll through your social media feed? Or perhaps the chance to take walk outside? Maybe it was a request for attention by a loved one? The question may sound simple, but is actually difficult to answer in a completely satisfying way. Someone once told me that it's almost impossible to respond truthfully, as the first thing that comes to mind is generally too intimate and embarrassing to be said out loud. Another of the complications of the question is the fact that most of what we reject is completely forgotten. As such, answering it requires a small scramble through one's memory in order to come up with *something* that has been rejected at some point or another. Relevance is also a strangely important factor: something important can serve as just as good of an answer as something completely boring and banal. A toothpick is just as relevant as someone's eternal commitment. All values are stripped away in favor of an inevitable and universal action; pushing something out of the way in order to advance through our lives. *Rejection* has the potential of mixing the asinine and the intelligent, the beautiful and the repulsive, the burdensome and the easy, and to put them together in the same incomprehensible place. One might not realize so by being asked "*what was the last thing you rejected*" to his or her face, but as part of an audience, the diversity of answers becomes striking. And I must say that I enjoy asking the question to an audience so much. While developing the show, I found the use of the word *rejection* to be one of simplest ways to allow audience members to recall or create their *own* pieces of narrativity. No need to say how much simpler it is than explaining what the Sublime Scum is, how it flows, where it exists, and then asking a poor soul in the audience to talk about their past relationships with it. By asking what the last thing someone *rejected* was, the Scum has a chance of appearing almost by itself! In this sense, the word *rejection* functions as a sort of soft accelerator, allowing for circumstances to be generated more smoothly than with a bulky definition. And it can also be used passively, that is to say outside of the theatrical apparatus, in order to clarify what the the show "Sublime Scum" is about. This is currently used in the technical sheet as well as in informal conversations. "What's the show about?" - "It's about *rejection*." No need to speak of the Sublime Scum, yet it is right there: behind a single word, with the potential to overcome and to overwhelm. *There is something about observing the inconvenient act of disposal that can make us potentially feel guilt. This brings us to a second layer of waste: The fact that one must not only dispose of things, but also dispose or remove as many thoughts as possible regarding the disposed thing. In this sense, it must not only be removed from one's surroundings, but also from one's own perception. Imagine a place where you would remember every banana peel you threw away? Even without taking other kinds of garbage into account, that's a hell of a lot of places, receptacles, gestures...*

The Cambridge Dictionary (yes I know) simply defines *rejection* as “the act of refusing to accept, use or believe someone or something”. Good old uncle Google makes the definition even more brief, writing (in August 2018) “the dismissing or refusal of a proposal, idea, etc.” An almost comically short description, yet the *etc.* is placed in a way that is very revealing. The *etc.* effectively blocks the Scum, disallowing it from flooding the little description box in the Google search engine with almost everything dismissed or refused by humankind. It’s a good thing too, as it would turn your phone into a device which would scroll to infinity, attempting to display every single element the Scum contains, and in every single way the developers at Google did *not* want. Not only would this crash your phone, but it would probably overload all of Google’s data centers, making the platform unusable for anyone else in the world. All this to effectively say that the Scum is right behind the word *rejection*, if not a little bit inside of it. However, the word *rejection* is not the Scum. We’ve seen how the Scum moves and exists whether we indicate it or not, and words (including the word *rejection*) do not have much of a chance in influencing it. The word *rejection* is just a word. A word that points potentially *towards* the Scum, but is not the Scum itself. Actually, the word *rejection* is probably part of the Scum (you are not using all words at the same time). But other than that, it’s not much more than an indicator. This being said, it is an extremely powerful one, and in the case of this show in particular, wonderfully useful. Illustrations in Fauna Hawaiiensis: 15. *Hyposmocoma niger*, 16. *Hyposmocoma lacertella*, 17. *Hyposmocoma trilunella*, 18. *Hyposmocoma niveiceps*, 19. *Hyposmocoma punctifumella*, 20. *Hyposmocoma lunifer*, 21. *Hyposmocoma punctiplicata*, 22. *Hyposmocoma marginenotata*, 23. *Hyposmocoma vermiculata*, 24. *Hyposmocoma enixa*, 25. *Hyposmocoma lugens*, 26. *Hyposmocoma ocellata*, 27. *Hyposmocoma adolescens*, 28. *Hyposmocoma emendata*

Francis James Canova Jr. (born 23 December 1956) is an American electronics designer who originated the idea for the IBM Simon and has thus been described as the inventor of the smartphone. Frank Canova was born in Wilmington, Delaware, raised in Green Cove Springs, Florida, and attended Clay High School, graduating in 1974. He received his advanced education at the Florida Institute of Technology, graduating with a BSc in electrical engineering in 1978. Canova joined Palm in January 1997 where he was head of engineering for the PalmPilot, Palm III, V, and VII series of PDAs and successor devices.[1] Regarding the dramaturgy for example: by asking the audience a question regarding the word *rejection*, relationships towards the Scum are generated in a semi-random manner. Thus the question “What was the last thing *you* rejected?” brings a cavalcade of banal, bold, uncomfortable, poetic, awkward, beautiful, funny and sometimes incredibly sensitive answers, varying from simply rejecting a cigarette or a bloody steak to a job opportunity and even such large concepts as happiness, help or love. Some people simply don’t know what to answer, and other people (smart asses) reject the question itself. Each individual has their own story to tell and can chose to tell it with or without care. Some people (smart asses) reject the question itself, while others are occasionally extremely moved. The dramaturgical intent regarding a moment of direct interaction with the audience is thus not intended to generate precise images, but rather functions as a robust method of creating opportunities to witness the Scum’s diversity. The dramaturgy does not depend on fixed images, but rather on a trust that the Scum will (arguably) generate images by itself, through the participation of audience members and their shared experiences.

Hahncappsia mancaloides is a moth in the Crambidae family.[1] It is found in Venezuela.[2]

Another advantage to the word *rejection* is its additional definition regarding emotional substance. Google says (August 2018): “the action of spurning a person’s affections.” Cambridge Dictionary: “the act of not giving someone the love and attention they want and expect”. This cheeky little subtlety adds a personified aspect to our little bits and pieces that have been pushed away, and thus creates a (slight) emotional connection in regards pieces of Scum. Objects, actions and beliefs that are generally forgotten can all of a sudden fall beneath the spotlight of relatability. The cigarette butt becomes a little bit of *you*, once upon a time, neglected by the universe. *Rejection* becomes a double door, one for the Scum to come *in*, but also for a subject to go *towards* the Scum. It is of course the performer’s role to mediate such an emotive axis in regards to *rejection* and the Scum. One may not want to go so far as to anthropomorphize a moldy stack of flapjacks (or anything else for that matter). Going in the direction of “talking Scum” is clearly off course. Rather, the ideal would be to allow for the possibility of simply *caring* for the discarded in whatever way an individual may find most natural. To find circumstances that allow for audience members to individually (and collectively, through shared experience) encounter the Sublime Scum with their own sense of empathy. Deeper layers of Scum; small and almost invisible pieces of *disposed* and *decomposed* packaging for example, can then be then brought in again through the performer. ~~Bernardodon was a small, Lower Cretaceous mammal from Portugal. It is part of the extinct order Multituberculata, living at the same~~



~~time as the dinosaurs. Differs from Pinheirodon in having I3 wider and more robust; on P5 the cusps of BB row do not~~
A description of the elements of what was once a child’s beverage container crumbling in a puddle of filthy water (Capri-Sun). The chemical decomposition of metallic green paint flecks coming off of a decrepit and rusted motorbike (Yamaha FZS Fi Matt Green 2015 limited edition). The description of flower petals falling into the sea and degrading into a toxic yellow foam is actually the example I have used the most recently, as it was a memorable encounter with the forces that turn something beautiful into something different. From misty melancholia to the abstraction of substances, the emotions that can be drawn from *rejection* by the performer are not inconsequential, and along with the funny, quirky and touching contributions by audience members, help form part of the multidimensional empathy which is so important for allowing the Sublime Scum to be encountered. There’s something about caring for a small rotten piece of yellow pigment that in itself can be deeply moving, and perhaps that movement is just what’s needed in order to experience the necessary sublime. Now that the Sublime Scum and its real-world activator *rejection* are defined and described, it is time to bring our attention towards the actual dramaturgical axioms of the show: the use of semantics and narrativity. These serve the larger purpose of allowing for two larger systems to come and go at different moments. I’ve called them the *spectacular* and the *here and now*, and their names are pretty self descriptive. These two forces rely on the audience knowing a lot, like, *really* a lot, about the world in which we are situated, and the performer using this knowledge to his or her advantage.

The Spectacular ~~the spek-^lta-kye-lər~~

What do we speak about when we speak about the *spectacular*? Generally the word is used as a way of describing something that is dramatic, beautiful and catches the eye. Something that is striking and that grabs attention. And while this is indeed true, and very much worthy of interest for the performer (a few smooth moves are always encouraged), the way the *spectacular* is used within *this* show requires a slightly more complex definition. One that will relate to the performer's role regarding common knowledge, narrativity, semantics and his position not only a performer, but also as an *actant* (the performer's varying *functions* rather than his *content*). By deconstructing the *spectacular*, we are not only understanding what the performer does for the show, but additionally observing how his or her treatment of the performative space can facilitate an encounter with the Sublime Scum. Let us quickly note that by "performative space" I am implying the physical space *as well as* the performer, the audience and anything else that is present during the timeframe of the show. By consciously bringing the *spectacular* *into* the performative space and *pushing it out again*, the performer allows for the space to reveal itself in a way which is not commonly seen by an audience. This moment of emptiness, where the *spectacular* is absent, is what I will refer to as the *here and now*: a moment where people become people, a room becomes a room, and the performer becomes whoever he or she may be at that given time.



So much going on and there is not enough energy or drive to keep us attentive and present.

Let's start our observation with the essential: the way in which the *spectacular* relates to the word "spectacle". The spectacle is by definition* something which is "*exhibited to be seen*" (as unusual, sensational etc.). Additionally, something which is spectacular (an adjective) is "of or relating to the spectacle". This would mean that the *spectacular* (an adjective transformed into a noun) is the *potentiality* (the potential of potential) of putting something on display as a spectacle, and even the potentiality of something putting *itself* on display as a spectacle. The *potential* for an object, action or event of becoming a spectacle appears thanks to an external force. Circumstances situated *before* and *around* the spectacle allow for its creation. Thus there is no spectacle possible without the *spectacular*. Funnily enough however (depending on your sense of humour), it is possible for the *spectacular* to be present without the emergence of any spectacle whatsoever. In this case, the result is simply tension at best, and generally what occurs is a sense of expectation.

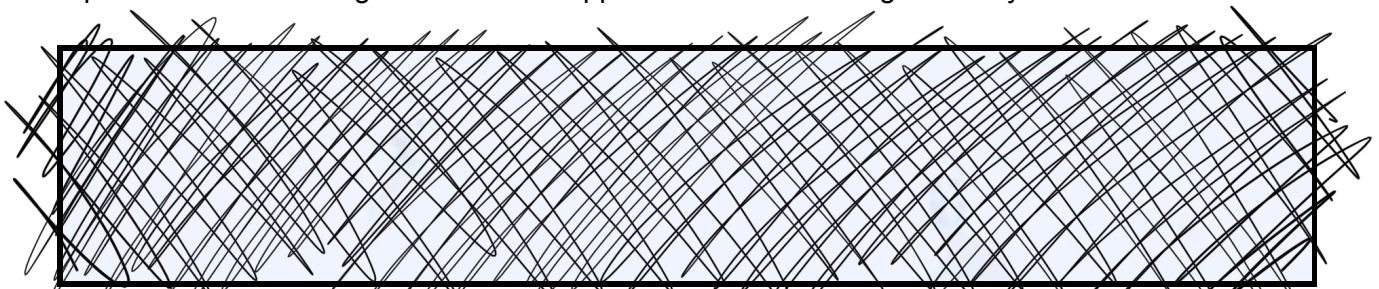
Amazing, tremendous, stupendous: the *spectacular*.

Confused? Let me maybe make it a bit more simple: the *spectacular* allows for almost anything to potentially become the source of heightened attention, but only (only!) when the *spectacular* has somehow entered the situation. Only when the *spectacular* is present can something become a spectacle. Otherwise you can try anything to transform your display into a bombastic eye catching thrill, but without that magic *spettacolare* sauce, your display will just remain, well, lame. It sounds a bit *nuts* when said this way, but it's actually kind of common knowledge. Heck, the entire entertainment industry is built around this knowledge. The business depends on it so much that they can't let it go, not without a tremendous risk of enormous financial loss. Entertainment depends on attention in order to finance itself** and as such it has developed expertise in regards to making (and controlling) the *spectacular*. So, before you ask: *no*. This isn't another Object Oriented Ontology thing. This is dead dry pragmatism with a hint of wonder and a fat load of transparency. The *spectacular* is not unique to this partition, not in the slightest. It is also not uniquely used in entertainment (though it is generally entertaining). As mentioned before, the *spectacular* allows for almost anything to potentially become a spectacle: drinks, cars, credit cards, lampshades, questions, hairstyles, dance moves, sex, soup, artificial sweeteners, mathematical equations.. shit anything could become spectacular if it *explodes*. It just won't be a spectacle if there's another *bigger* explosion next to it. If you think about it a little bit it really isn't that hard. The true difficulty is in *maintaining* the *spectacular*. Being able to hold down an event that astounds over and over and over again. It goes like this: The law of diminishing returns is a cold blooded master. It won't allow for anything to slip by a second time without punishing it severely. Thank goodness we have the generosity and clemency of *the comic**** to allow for the rule of threes and so on, because diminishing returns means that anything which happens a second times loses half of its emotional appeal. In a nutshell: the *spectacular* just fucks off. Managing to bring it back is a laborious yet essential task. If one wants its presence to help their display, one is going to have to try and work *smart*. Thus by understanding the elements that compose the *spectacular* in this show, there's a better chance of arranging the dramaturgy in a way that allows for not only spectacular moments to appear, but also for the tender, delicate and oh so important *here and now* to emerge from time to time as well. To allow for the spectacular to leave for a bit and to be replaced with something else. Something that is perhaps better than the law of diminishing returns. But before letting it go away, how to get the *spectacular* to reveal its face during the show? Perhaps understanding what it is *made of* would be a great start.

~~Satanic Asian Sex Ritual- The Satanic Temple Ottawa From the title of the pictures I believe there is a full set, found these on a japanese scrapper site, unable~~



The *spectacular* is the series of images**** (codes, signs, symbols etc.) that an audience will *associate with* a spectacle they may (or may not) have seen before (a TED talk, a comedy show, banter at a pop rock concert, a dance performance, an AA meeting, you name it). The associated spectacle doesn't have to be amazing to serve its purpose, which is simply creating an expectation. Let's recall that the *spectacular* is not a spectacle in itself. It is rather the *potentiality* of a spectacle. Thus the *spectacular* allows for an audience to *associate* an action, object or event with a spectacle; something which is exhibited to be seen as either sensational, unusual, dramatic, beautiful, striking and so forth. Big gestures, bright lights, loud sounds, ~~fast and bulbous~~ the list goes on but remains within the realm of the senses and of *expectations*, some of which come to pass. In short, the *spectacular* allows the performer to present content (songs, speeches, attitudes, dances etc) with the potential of such content becoming a spectacle, *or not*. By playing with expectations, the same content can reveal itself in different shapes and with different meanings, some of them surprising the audience by subverting expectations. Thus things that weren't supposed to be interesting suddenly are.



~~Tim Chang, a forty-four-year-old managing director of Mayfield Fund, a venture capital firm, told me, "There's a bunch of us in the Valley. We meet up and have these financial hacking dinners and talk about backup plans people are doing. It runs the gamut from a lot of people stocking up on Bitcoin and cryptocurrency, to figuring out how to get second passports if they need it, to having vacation homes in other countries that could be escape havens." He said, "I'll be candid. I'm stockpiling now on real estate to generate passive income but also to have havens to go to." He and his wife, who is in technology, keep a set of bags packed for themselves and their four-year-old daughter. He told me, "I kind of have this terror scenario: 'Oh, my God, if there is a civil war or a giant earthquake that cleaves off part of California, we want to be ready."~~

Here's a concrete example: within the theatrical apparatus, images relating to the *spectacular* are not always noticed, but are eerily omnipresent. Coming into a space with a group of people (strangers mostly) and sitting down together is one such image. Then there are the seats, or the darkness, the progressive silence... The room also plays such a role, with black walls and chairs facing in the direction of a special floor. All of these objects allow us to understand that this is a theater and we're going to watch something unfold (a dance piece or something). But in the end, the whole space is just a big ol' room, painted a dark with a bunch of stuff in it. A room with cables and lights and large metal beams which are welded to the ceiling and are hard to see because the lighting isn't good there. A room with two or more doors and most times a pretty impressive seating arrangement. A room where simply going in implies having bought something, and where sitting means facing a certain direction (the chairs are bolted down). You get what I mean here. It may be just a big ol' room, but it's not *just* a big ol' room. So the theater space is built for a function: to create images relating to the *spectacular* and to gives soft indications for good conduct and safety. However, all this taken into account, it *still* remains a space in a building, with stuff you can look at and places where you can sit or stand. There's places to explore, there's cracks in the walls, there's bricks on this wall and plywood on that one. If you look closely, the dance floor is all scratched up. Also that service light in that corner doesn't work so well. What I'm describing now, in regards to the theater space, is what I call the *here and now*. It is the reality we have been trained not to notice when the *spectacular* is

present. The *here and now* are all the details, sights and smells that we do not look at when we expect a spectacle to take place. Of course the *here and now* can be a wonderfully soothing place to be; a calm forest or a beautiful place out in the country ***** is precisely where you'd want to be in regards to experiencing the *here and now*. Listening to the birds, the breeze, the chirping of the crickets in the evening.

In regards to the theater space however, the *here and now* sucks. Everything is dark, one can't sit comfortably in front of someone, can't call or text *anyone* and everyone in the room is policing each other into saying and doing almost nothing. In a black box, the *spectacular* is present the second you walk inside. Why on earth would I want to deal with the *here and now* in a theater? Well, because you're in a show that allows for the Sublime Scum to be confronted. This means that all the boring crap that sits unnoticed in a black box is all of a sudden of tremendous importance. And actually, is it really that bad? To be in a room with fellow human beings, sharing a moment that will never happen again? Those other people might actually be quite interesting. And what about those cables up there? Maybe all the other stuff you don't look at is interesting as well, especially where the Sublime Scum is concerned.

The performer should try to make the attention flows between expectation, excitement and odd but sensitive reminders of reality. If done correctly, the hope is that by the end of the show the audience will be able to see the uninteresting behind the amazing, the boring beside the astounding, the banal next to the unusual. By understanding the images that come from both the *spectacular* and the *here and now*, the performer hopefully brings the audience to be surprised by what usually isn't that surprising. To *accept* what is generally *rejected*. But I'm not done here. I hope you see where I'm going with this, as it's not simply the performance space that has a potential for creating the *spectacular*. Heck, the space, though not to be underestimated, is just small part of the show. The potential for the *spectacular* to go back and forth around the *performer* is absolutely immense. And this is where the show really takes off.

~~Le bricoleur, enfin, est une sorte d'esthète qui prend plaisir dans la simple combinaison nouvelle qu'il réalise (le résultat obtenu est alors secondaire, le plaisir de l'éventuel succès venant de surcroît) alors que l'ingénieur, qui a au préalable tout calculé pour que "ça marche", n'éprouve généralement de véritable plaisir qu'à cette condition :~~



~~L'ingénieur est ainsi, selon lui, à l'instar de la science moderne qu'il symbolise, extérieur au monde auquel il impose son projet. Tout entier dans la culture, dont son projet est l'expression, il donne justement du sens par son action.~~

~~Le bricoleur, au contraire, est à la frontière indistincte (et archaïque) entre nature et culture. Il fait partie du monde dans lequel il doit composer, avec les moyens du bord, son objet. Il agence autrement des signes, déjà là, sans pouvoir même distinguer ou, si clairement que l'ingénieur outil et matière : il n'a pas affaire, par exemple, à du gl Le bricoleur manie des signes, l'ingénieur des concepts.~~

The performer, through different tones of voice, qualities of gesture, attitudes towards content and methods of delivery, can invite the spectacular in and out any given space, at any given time. In order to do this however, the performer should be aware of which images he or she is projecting. Such images can come from the smallest details, such as movements of the eyes. Old news for anyone who works in *les arts vivants*, but I must insist on this detail, as it brings us to the importance of understanding what *tricks* the performer is capable of doing, and what such tricks project towards an audience. For example, a performer who is a classically trained dancer can easily do a pirouette. Though the pirouette may be a crappy one, if used for the purpose of

inviting the *spectacular*, the crappy pirouette becomes immensely useful. The pirouette, or even simply the ability to perform one, succeeds at creating expectations in the audience. This expectation can then be subverted in order to display something else. Perhaps a knife, or a song, or a candid question. The example of the pirouette can apply to nearly anything that can create expectations. If the performer has a good voice: they should deliver a speech. Can they sing? Maybe they can do something that looks like a concert. Can they do a backflip? If they do it once, they can act like they're going to do it again. If this sounds like a talent show then I'm getting somewhere. There's something very simple and accessible about tricks, yet they remain very effective in creating expectations, in inviting the *spectacular*. What's important to note is that it's only OK to use tricks as long as the audience doesn't feel tricked. The use of the *spectacular* should only be at the service of allowing for the Sublime Scum to emerge. Of tricking the audience to see what they normally don't look at, what they normally *reject*. By announcing that the evening's show will be about rejection, by using the *spectacular* to bring the audience towards the Sublime Scum, the performer brings the show to life.

* According to Merriam-Webster if you *must* ask.

** Fine art is of course a different matter. Outside of the collectors market, it is more often financed through *political will* (taxpayers money funding government institutions etc.) then through any other means.

*** Check out that essay on Laughter by Henri Bergson in the reading list. It's *good*.

**** My basis the word *image* comes from my experience as a cartoonist (one who crafts pictographs) and perhaps more importantly from the descriptions of neurologist, neuroscientist and author *Antonio Damasio*. Here is a passage regarding *images* from his 1994 book *Descartes' Error*:

"If you look out the window at the autumn landscape, or listen to the music playing in the background, or run your fingers over a smooth metal surface, or read these words, line after line down this page, you are perceiving, and thereby forming images of varied sensory modalities. The images so formed are called perceptual images. But you may stop attending to that landscape or music or surface or text, distract yourself from it. Perhaps you are now thinking of your Aunt Maggie, or the Eiffel Tower, or the voice of Plácido Domingo, or of what I just said about images. Any of those thoughts is also constituted by images, regardless of whether they are made up mostly of shapes, colors, movements, tones or spoken or unspoken words. Those images, which occur as you conjure up a remembrance of things past, are known as recalled images, so to distinguish them from the perceptual variety. By using recalled images you can bring back a particular type of past image, one formed when you are planning something that has not yet happened but that you intend to have happen, for example, reorganizing your library come this weekend. As the planning process unfolded, you were forming images of objects and movements, and consolidating a memory of that fiction in your mind. Images of something that has not yet happened and that may in fact never come to pass are no different in nature from the images you hold of something that has already happened. They constitute the memory of a possible future rather than of the past that was. These various images—perceptual, recalled from real past, and recalled from plans of the future—are constructions of your organism's brain. All that you can know for certain is that they are real to your self, and that other beings make comparable images. We share our image-based concept of the world with other humans, and even with some animals; there is a remarkable consistency in the constructions different individuals make of the essential aspects of the environment (textures, sounds, shapes, colors, space). If our organisms were designed differently, the constructions we make of the world around us would be different as well. We do not know, and it is improbable that we will ever know, what "absolute" reality is like." ISBN 978-0-099-59164-0 'CRUCIAL READING NOT ONLY FOR NEUROSCIENTISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS

***** <https://youtu.be/BkFzSaAx4H>

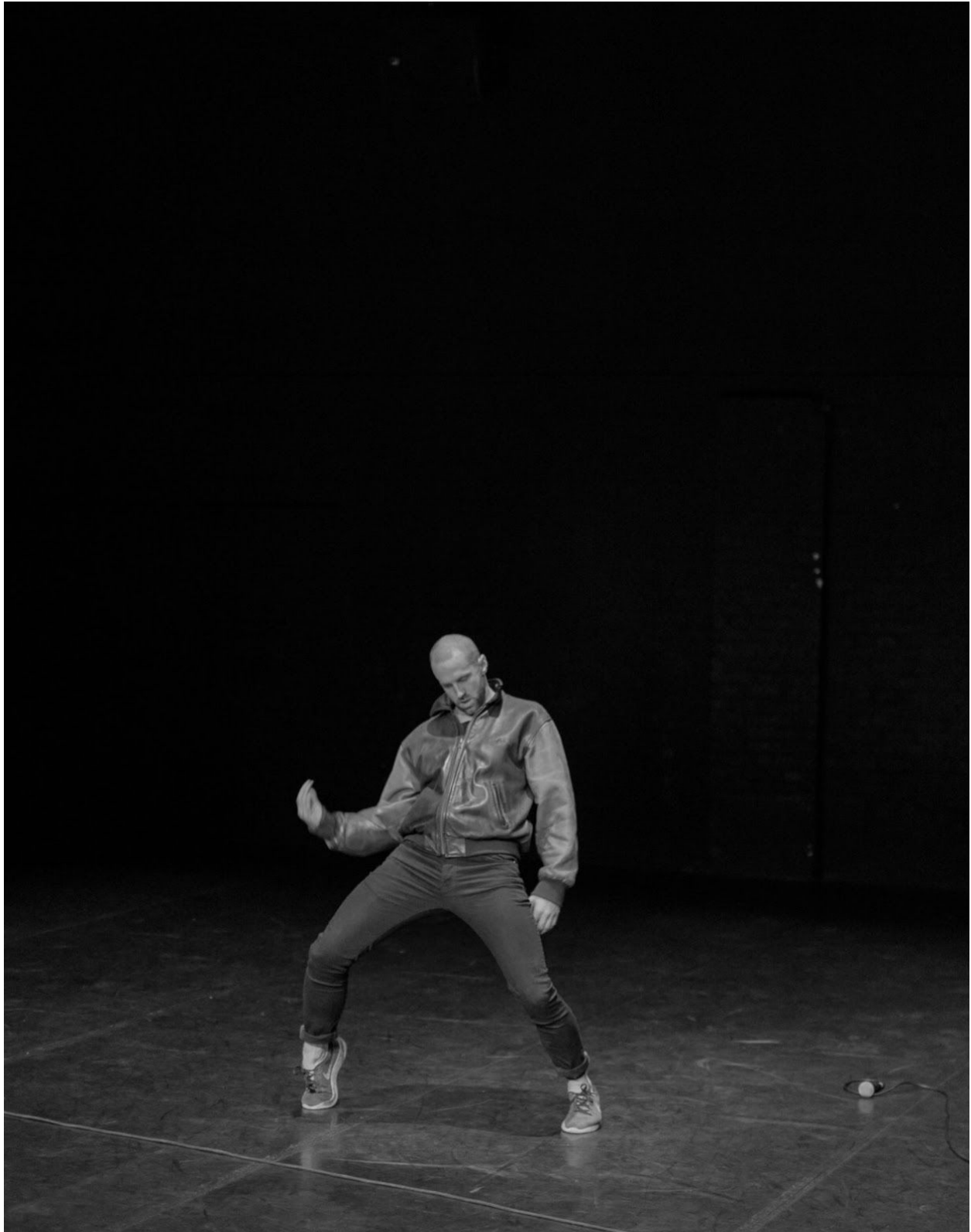


Photo by Tony Trichanh on 24.6.2017 Broken glass everywhere People pissin' on the stairs you know they just don't care I can't take the smell, can't take the

READING LIST

Jean-Paul Sartre - *La Nausée (Nausea)* (1938)
Charles Baudelaire - *Les Fleurs Du Mal (The flowers of Evil)* (1857)
Henri Bergson - *Le Rire (Laughter: an essay on the meaning of the Comic)* (1900)
Claude Lévi-Strauss - *La Pensée Sauvage (The Savage Thought)* (1962)
Roland Barthes - *L'Aventure Sémiologique* (1985)
Gilles Deleuze - *L'Image Temps* (1985)
Scott McCloud - *Understanding Comics* (1993)
David Foster Wallace - *E Unibus Pluram: Television and US Fiction* (1993)
Antonio Damasio - *Descartes Error* (1996)
Oh Yeong Jin - *Le Visiteur Du Sud* (2004)
Robert Cialdini - *Influence* (1984) + *Pre-Suasion* (2016)
Mårten Spångberg - *Spangbergianism* (2011)
Timothy Morton - *Hyperobject* (2013)
Judith Butler - *Rethinking Vulnerability and Resistance* (2014)

VIEWING LIST

Richard Linklater - *Slacker* (1991)
<https://youtu.be/KlmfRuXxuXo>
Michael Stevens (VSauce) - *The Zipf Mystery* (2015)
<https://youtu.be/fCn8zs912OE>
Mr. Rogers (With Jeffrey Erlanger) - *It's You I Like (Mister Rogers Neighborhood)* (1981)
<https://youtu.be/5BZlyxS37Kk>
Mårten Spångberg - *Lecture @ Post Dance Conference* (2015)
<https://vimeo.com/151532717>

LISTENING LIST

Daryl Davis on Love & Radio
<http://loveandradio.org/2014/02/the-silver-dollar/> (2014)
<http://loveandradio.org/2017/02/how-to-argue/> (2017)

As much Burt Bacharach as possible (preferably the *best of* compilations)
Bobby Vinton - *Blue On Blue* <https://youtu.be/yDvuLJk9Sjc> (1963)
Aaron Neville - *Don't Go, Please Stay* <https://youtu.be/pG6YV0IQABg> (1991)
Merv Griffin - *Along Came Joe* <https://youtu.be/ohgl52OSp-g> (1961)