

'A confession game' was born in spring 2021 as part of research '*Transcription*' lead by Nefeli Asteriou, Anastasia Valsamaki, Eftychia Stefanou and Rodia Vomvolou, and first published at Athens, Greece in the 'Are you here?' fanzine with the financial support of the Greek Minister of Culture & Sports. I was invited to contribute to the process as an author from distance. At the time, I was involved with my own research '[Empathy in Movement](#)' and decided to experiment with what happens at the interaction of the two research's, with their core questions:

How does our body make decisions to animate itself? What affects us? What makes us orientate the way we do? How can we expose the body and its environments dynamic interrelationship and resonance?

How, can the somatic knowledge that is produced from the dancing body be transcribed to writing? How can this material be on its own an artistic imprint that feedbacks the dance practice?

The interaction of the questions was experimented in a forty-minute session through the task of 'being aware of being observed / being aware of addressing', on 24<sup>th</sup> of March at Uferstudios Berlin (DE). 'A confession game' is the transcript of what passed.

## A confession game

Message: golden rainbow lion puppies made of stone is adultery.

Landscape: my little ponies, pink rainbows, a fluffy toy world, a child's dream.



I am meant to sing lullabies, soft gentle goodbyes & burials: violet deaths. This is the last testament. Soon this will all be new, different & gone. I am gone. I do never did I exist. I wasn't listening. I was so focused on you & now I am scared, just like last, or was it the previous, night. I have now different solutions to my end: you, I sing, or when I begin to hear. Am I insisting too much? Evan, I see you, but you don't see me.

We had our last supper with the unborn baby. The dinner was measly, but afterwards we all felt drenched in gold. Namely, Gratitude. I wanted to tell him about my late & frequent nightmares. I find myself to enjoy them quite a lot for at least they are something I remember.

I was told not to think about the future. That it is forbidden now. As otherwise, it will get scared like a little cat and end up running away. If it gets lost in the forest, how will it ever find its way back to us. To be gentle, it's almost on the volume of a whisper.

I wanted to cry so I reversely swallowed my heart, and now it is stuck in my throat. I fantasised being a Karelian crying woman at a funeral, who while performing her hymn, suffocates to death from all the gathered sadness, slipping away unnoticed, almost like magic. No one notices, or remembers her appearance & disappearance, being focused on their dead beloved, to whom they have gathered and travelled vast distances, at last to meet with a closed casket. Can we say our goodbye without a final meeting? Maybe, there is no letting go of the past when we ourselves have hidden our dead from us. Maybe, as a child I was taught to be scared of Russia, as orthodox they face their dead & so death becomes a bit less scary, and we more peaceful.

I wanted to reinvent performing and performance. If life provides movement and death offers pause, what does art provide? Other than togetherness. The pause and the movement meeting, befriending, and a momentary belonging.

What would your last words be? "suicide, sacrifice, sacrament, ceremonial, selfish, sediment, in stone engraved: 'I am not leaving'". It means nothing and by nothingness, I mean to grab. Then the breath is not allowed to enter to leave to move. Everything. I am grabbing to the living. I cannot stop. But I will if I learn to hear.