

**igor koruga :: streamlined**  
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# I

Well here we are again. This time with the new choreography, called - Streamlined!

After doing my first choreography, I've got a lot of feedback from people, how much they liked it, how they felt more physically fit; They had sort of new sense of confidence, and that's basically why we're doing second choreography.

This time we wanted to develop choreography that will choreograph your whole body. And that you can do every day, or every other day, and even choreograph with our first choreography. We really kept in mind that people wanna have fun when they're choreographing, and hopefully that they will stick with it a little longer, so there's a lot more variety this time.

When I first started choreographing, like most people, all i really cared about was how i looked. And over the years I realized that getting a good choreography, is more than just if I'll fit my size 6 jeans. That's what this choreography is about. It's very athletic, it doesn't just focus on the cosmetic!

The first time through just watch the choreography. You don't have to choreograph with me. It's very important you're gonna see what you'll gonna be choreographing and get the overall sense of the choreography. And at the end there's a glossary for some of the trickiest exercises, where form and safety are very important.

Start out doing half of what I do, and eventually you'll build up to the point where I am. And don't feel guilty if you don't keep up with me, you're not supposed to be able to. This is supposed to be a choreography you can grow with.  
So collect your energy, lift up your arms and dive into the ACTION!

Here's what you need:  
you'll need a bottle of water,  
you'll need a towel,  
and you'll need a treadmill.  
and also, i'll be using a one optional item and that's chair;  
and chair is strictly for balance.

One other important note: this choreography is for healthy people!

If you're concerned you shouldn't be doing any of these choreographies, you can do two things:  
One is listen to your doctor.  
And second is listen to your body.  
Remember that pain is a sign to stop.

I am not the expert, but lot of people ask me what i do to look the way i do. And basically here I'm telling you, here's what I do.

This is the choreography that I do, it works for me, I see the physical results I wanna see, I feel the way I wanna feel, and I feel energized and that feels just great.

## II

I believe it's hard to say what you mean in public nowadays!

I believe it's hard for an artist to publicly address current socio-political issues within his/her work nowadays, because the challenge is not to speak only from the point of your artistic work, but also from the point of your civilian responsibility!

I believe it's hard to put out anything from your personal life into the public nowadays, because your personal life is a matter of politics and can easily be politicized in public

I believe it's hard to express your honest feelings nowadays to others, because we believe that to put out our feelings without any distance it would simply be too much for others and for ourselves!

I believe it's hard to tell difference between authenticity and pretence nowadays, because authentic subjectivity is capitalism's biggest output - a commodity present as a social imperative for production of all other commodities.

I believe it's still hard to understand nowadays if democracy regards to delegation of responsibility to the other, or if it regards to taking personal responsibility within social action.

I believe it's hard to take seriously current state policy, because state policy have become a matter of social management, private interests and profit.

But I believe that a spoken word changes something!

I believe that to be able to communicate is already to be able to change and be changeable.

I believe rhetoric regards rather to a state of thinking and talking on certain issue, than only to a pure verbal expression.

I believe rhetoric creates social structure.

I believe public speaking is a process of exchanging opinions through which we can redefine and emancipate ourselves.

I believe that, since public speaking requires firstly to be framed, in order to be allowed or valid in society, theatre can be used as such frame.

I believe in theatre as a public space of practicing the social, and not only as a space of representation.

I believe in words: "[t]here's nothing that can happen in the theatre that cannot happen in the world, because what happens in the theatre already happens in the world".

I believe in words: "dance is a 'rehearsal and blueprint of the social'".

I believe choreography is a tool for tracing a dysfunctional, obsolete character of the present and turning it aesthetically into a publicly exposed corpse of dead past.

I believe choreography can retroactively criticize conventional procedures and disrupt them, but also turn them into another convention.

I believe in choreography as a praxis wrestling with dogmatism, white supremacy, imperial power, state power and violence.

I believe in choreography as an anthropological practice for interpreting society.

I believe in choreography as a practice of hybridism.

I believe in choreography as a practice of future.

I believe in choreography as a practice of change.

### III

If you came into the artworld  
By reading the drama classics at age of 11,  
entering workshops of alternative forms of theatre,  
theatre as a form of education,  
theatre as a form of growing up,  
theatre as a form of fight against violence,  
against discrimination, poverty, dogmatism, corruption, political regime or a war;

If you entered the artworld  
by graduating in studies of anthropology,  
then switching to contemporary dance,  
classes in ballet school,  
workshops of foreign and local choreographers,  
entering the field of choreography,  
the field of independent authorship,  
the field of politicality of artwork,  
the politicality of self-organized education and work,  
social choreography,  
choreography as an extended practice,  
where you finally discovered  
your realm of artistic expression,  
but you aren't managing it  
because of not having THE TALENT to hustle in business,  
then you were feeling lost,  
then you were feeling empty,  
then you were feeling depressed,  
then you were even doing your natal chart,  
then you were discovering  
your astrological sign is Saggitarius  
Rising sign and Mars in Scorpio  
Moon in Aquarius  
Venus in Saggitarius, first house  
Mercury in Saggitarius, first house  
Saturn in Saggitarius, first house  
Uranus in Saggitarius, conjoining Sun  
at the beautiful and quite rare  
angle of 22° - in the second house  
Fifth and sixth house in Aries  
Mean and True Node in Taurus  
Jupiter in Aquarius  
So you seem to have  
some quite good potential to be an artist.

If you still remain in the artworld  
Continuing working with choreography as extended practice,  
Developing your writing as a choreography practice,  
Claiming the "language choreography"  
as a form of an artistic practice,  
ignoring the fact that famous choreographers  
are anyways already doing what you're developing,

but diligently believing that  
your skills of a manager will one day somehow improve,  
and you WILL manage to sell that work,  
your work,  
that unique, genius, original,  
priceless and unforgettable  
ARTWORK!

If you still remain in the artworld  
believing you got touched by the success fairy,  
participating in 9 artistic productions per year,  
travelling around the Globe,  
doing the artist talks  
in God only knows which cities,  
living in outstanding residencies,  
drinking some good old French wine,  
trying out the amazing innumerable tastes  
of Belgium chocolate,  
a melon with prosciutto,  
and a chicken in a curry,  
with a goat cheese,  
from the Alps,  
and some macrobiotic food,  
Taking vacations exclusively on the wild islands and costs of Croatian Mediterranean,  
smoking solely the bio-pot grown in North California,  
visiting saunas and public baths weekly,  
dancing uppermost on the dancefloors  
of the most fabulous and famous clubs in Europe,  
doing some yoga and pilates,  
checking out the poor but sexy Berlin bodies,

Then, I guarantee you, you will never become a genius artist!

And the reason why, is simple: You haven't eaten an egg per day for a breakfast!

You haven't aimed to that higher goal:  
You haven't aimed to that free surplus;  
You haven't aimed to that desirable commodity;  
That *agalva*;  
That inner treasure that makes you  
a worthy, famous, valuable person,  
able to enjoy the surface only if,  
you first aim to enjoy profoundness!  
the anti-metaphysical thesis which is hard to accept.  
You haven't cleaned your inner and outer house.  
You haven't reached that essence.  
A very beautiful word translated from Tibetan,  
I don't know the Tibetan,  
but in English is called "suchness".  
Something described as emptiness.  
But sounds also a bit like "nothingness".  
Therefore, a total blankness.

So hop!  
Let's go to the desert.  
"What makes the desert beautiful,"  
says the little prince,  
"is that somewhere it hides a well."  
The less thing happening,  
Only you and your mind.  
Because remember,  
In good old days we used to say,  
the Jesus, the Moses, the Muhamed...  
everybody went to desert like nobody,  
and came back as somebody.  
I mean there must be something in this desert, no?  
Something shaping that state of mind  
from which you're able to do  
whatever you are doing in your life,  
in your work, or in your art.  
Something shaping that state of mind  
from which you're able  
to speak about the things meeting on your way of emerging  
- apathy, intolerance, desperation, property, discrimination, helplessness and hopelessness.  
Looking for guidance, solidarity, commons, empathy, care, inspiration, hope.  
Looking for love.  
Something shaping that state of mind  
from which you're able to  
awake to yourself that such concerns  
are relating to the people you care for,  
admire to, and that inspire you.  
Inspire you to lifting your voice,  
not your Ego.  
Inspire you to finding your voice,  
Not the eco of other voices,  
Inspire you to lift your voice  
In fight against other voices,  
but willing to keep listening and learning.  
And remain perfectly satisfied to be who you are  
- someone unique, and rare and fearless.

## VIDEO 1

- I have to ask
- You know, i would only like to ask....I would only like to ask, that's all...
- Excuse me, to ask you...
- What do you ask, m? what are you asking?
- No, hmmm...generally...Generally, I thus wonder...
- I'm Igor Koruga, and I'm a choreographer!
- My little ask hole! My ask-hole!
- I mean, I love to question a little bit...I love to question firstly...
- I deeply apologise if it's not the right moment, and if I interrupt you in something, I know that you are quite busy, and that you don't have enough time...
- What?? I go to him over there and?...I ask him!
- I can't...No, I can't ask that!
- I don't understand how can they expect me not to question?
- What am I now allowed to ask here, and what I'm not allowed?
- Aaaaah! They'll ask me! They'll ask me....
- Could you repeat the question please?
- And I'm a choreographer! And I'm a choreographer! And I'm a choreographer! And I'm a choreographer!
- That's not allowed to ask!!! It's not allowed!!! NOT ALLOWED!! You're not allowed to ask that!!!
- But if I could only ask you something...only one question...
- I don't...I can't work without questioning...I mean..I guess I'm...Don't know how those others manage really...
- Oh da! I ja sam takodje koreograf.
- Well you asked me...
- Please, can I? Can I ask you a little question?
- I'm gonna question you so hardcore
- If I ask you nicely,
- I would like to ask, to ask, to ask..
- He asks! He questions, he simply takes it and question it!

## IV

Let's take a look at my life:

I'm a promising young artist very active in the field of performing arts.  
Aren't we all?

I'm a promising young artist very active in the field of performing arts,  
That sits at home, which is by the way i have no clue what!  
Somewhere between a hotel room, friend's place sofa,  
my mother's apartment  
and rented apartment in the city I'm officially based in...

Somewhere between the people travelling with me,  
and long-distance calls with my family and friends...  
Somewhere between the twos of everything that i have here and there:  
two SIM cards, two library cards, two bank accounts,  
two health insurance cards,  
two tax declaration documents,  
two future pension plans, two diplomas, two id's,  
two public transport tickets, two beds,  
two favourite coffee cups,  
two shower gels,  
two clothing styles of appearing,  
two favourite fish-markets,  
two volutes of banknotes,  
two languages to communicate through,  
two mentalities to operate with....

Anyways,  
I'm a promising young artist very active in the field of performing arts.  
I sit at "home", imagining what could be my next show i could get a production money for.  
I love that.  
It's very challenging to meet priorities that grant comities set.  
So I read a lot,  
Write a lot. Applications.  
Conceptualizing. Projects.  
Conceptualizing reality.  
Conceptualizing really hardcore, because...

I'm a promising young artist very active in the field of performing arts, coming from the EX-YU countries. We're very smart people *per se*, you know.  
A pre-birth immaculately conceived intellectuals.  
Body-carriers of the former times, happy times, difficult times, golden times,  
that not even Tolkien could ever conceptualize about.  
Guardians of social modes of interrelation, free speech, democracy, politicality, solidarity, self-organization, self-education, and cool outfits & haircuts.

I'm an online rat.  
I'm hanging out on social networks 24/7.  
I make events and post some crazy pictures of my work.  
I make funny comments on my potential producers profile picture.

I'm a mingler. On festivals.  
While having drinks after performances,  
At the exhibition,  
At workshops,  
At auditions,  
At lectures,  
In a bar,  
In bed,  
In a plane,  
In a cab,  
In sauna,  
While visiting doctor,  
While visiting dentist,  
In kindergarten,  
On summer vacation,  
On funeral,  
On weddings,  
On ecstasy,  
Or on a birthday party.  
With everyone.  
And programers.  
It's very important to fit in their next two years vision of how the performances should be like.

I'm a nomad.  
All the time.  
I shift social environments like a scalper shifts tickets in front of the theatre.  
I realise that the notion of 'normal' is only socio-culturally constructed, because while living in other cities, things I really believe in, appear to be just a cultural heritage of the society I grew up in.  
That's why I'm a tourist in my own city.

I'm an adventurer.  
I understand that term "courage" is overrated.  
Because, once you decide to jump off the cliff, with all your heart ,  
you are no longer a coward or courageous,  
whatever comes to your way - you simply deal with it...  
your senses are sharpen up,  
the word "routine" and "continuity" are dismissed from your vocabulary,  
making space for an ever rising adrenalin thrill ride.  
New places, new habits, new challenges, new people.

I'm constantly tired and I never have enough time.  
For friendships. For family.  
I work a lot. All the time.  
On selling my subjectivity.  
I realize how most things and people in my life are just randomly passing through  
and how instinctively I diminish the importance of most situations.  
I perfect the right balance between bonding and letting go  
– a perpetual battle between nostalgia and pragmatism.  
I measure time only in moments.

I'm a never-ending optimist,  
always ready to participate in high economy European-cultural projects based on exchange between  
eastern and western artists.

I'm always solidary  
with local dance festivals in Western Balkans or East Europe.  
I understand the lack of money within their production budgets, because I know where I come from.

I'm only illusory well-paid at home in West.  
Everything I earn I immediately spend:  
on health insurance, social insurance,  
future pension, rent, bills,  
bio-food, taxes  
even taxes for TV and radio broadcasting,  
which i even don't possess.

Everything feels like an endlessly accelerated loop  
in which i'm chasing my own promising future.  
It's all about not what is, but what has yet to come.  
And does it ever come?

Plus that depressive awareness that paradoxically  
I'm someone who try to practice my politics  
through the same artistic practice I do to earn for my living,  
But once i start earning for my living, my hands are dirty,  
because by working I become comply or ally of social and political system  
I try to criticize or protest against.

Plus that depressive awareness that paradoxically  
I'm anyways a lower middle class guy,  
criticizing reality  
while running in NIKE sneakers and Adidas fitness outfit,  
payed to travel the world and living in 90m2 in the middle of Berlin,  
under the freelance artist visa enabled only if regularly paying taxes in Germany.

Plus that depressive awareness that paradoxically  
that in my profession,  
as a man,  
whether I like it or not,  
I'm always in advantage, compared to women.

Plus that depressive awareness that paradoxically  
I'm anyways here just another representative figure  
whose speech will never ever make a broader effect  
after this moment, here and now,  
because as citizens,  
we prefer to watch and listen protagonists of the performance in theatre,  
and then indifferently go to our homes afterwards,  
instead reacting on the general state of affairs we're all part of.

A very important thing to mention in this situation is that:

I'm single.

With a few parallel long distance "relationships" or one-night stands with people i work with in performing arts or meet passing by at different festivals.

And airports. That works.

Because I don't like to build love through online chat that creates space of illusion, a space for projecting emotions, excluding live situation.

In the end,

I'm a lover – in the moment of here-and-now.

I'm a lover – in the wrong time zone.

I'm a lover – a matter of destiny.

I'm a lover – not only a matter of sensation but also of an action and creation.

I'm a lover – who doesn't falls his entire life in love.

I'm a lover – not able to exist without a multitude.

## **VIDEO 2 - Venus**

## V

You know, usually when I work with my colleagues I like to ask them:  
how do you know that you are an artist?

To know if you're artist or not is like a breathing. You don't question breathing. You have to breathe otherwise you just die. If you wake up in the morning and you have some ideas and you want to make them, it's a kind of obsession, you have this urge to create, and there's this idea, and another, and another, then you're definitely an artist. But it doesn't make you a great artist, it just make you an artist. To become a great artist is a huge undertaking!

My professor in art school told me: You will only have one great idea in your life, if you're really a great artist. And if you're genius, two good ideas. That's it. So be careful with them.  
So it's really important, that instinct to be an artist.  
You need the instinct to do it.

A pluralist is i think just a creative person that is moving in other disciplines. What ever I feel I can do or I want to try. Now we have cross-boundaries, and we're doing different disciplines and it's completely open for everybody to have and feel this notion of pluralism.

Everything is possible.

Because when you have success in the certain way and public accept you, you start reproducing the same type of work, and you're not risking.  
But when you enter into the unknown territory, then you always risk failing.  
Ready to fail, that makes a great artist.

Of course, every positive thing brings something negative, like yin and yang. This kind of conflict comes all the time and you have to always see what your aim as an artist is.  
What is your duty, what is your truth?

The entire aim of my work is to elevate the human spirit.

Art reflecting society as it is today is not an answer because it's already shitty, so why put more shit into it?

You have to find a way to actually elevate the spirit so that it's a kind of oxygen to society. To bring concepts and awareness, to ask the right questions.  
Art is not just about another beautiful painting that matches your dining room floor.  
Art has to be disturbing,  
Art has to ask a question.  
Art concept has to have so many layers so that every part of society can take what it needs.

So I want to put education and knowledge of what I've learned, every experience that I had in my life, and every dance that I danced in ART.

If one channels that whole history into that thing one creates, there is an intention in the work that runs to the centre of the earth.

Then you apply the discipline of performance over IT,

And then the eye for the theatricality of IT,

And then think the integrity of the message through commercial art that's viable as fine art.

You know, looking at my own hands, right here, I have to say i see myself more as a popeye!  
Because, you know popeye transforms - he eats the spinach and he transforms. And Art's the  
spinach! And art can transform your life.

Art has to ask the question.

Art needs to be disturbing.

Art has to predict future.

We live in a very scary time. Democracy doesn't seem to exist anymore. Freedom of expression  
sounds like a catch-phrase. And if you wanna be an artist in this age, you better have strong arms.  
You better be prepared to swim upstream in shark infested waters

You better be prepared to die for what you believe in.

I don't sleep anymore.

I've lost my appetite.

I don't feel safe.

Lots of people don't feel safe.

That's why i want to start a revolution.

But this revolution it won't be televised, it won't be on the internet, it won't be app available on  
your i-phone. You won't be able to download it.

This will be the revolution of thinking for yourself, of having your own opinion and not giving a  
damn of what people say.

This will be the revolution of inquiring further,  
of not worrying about winning many other people's approval,  
of not wishing that you were of someone else,  
but perfectly content to be of who you are, someone unique, and rare and fearless.

I want to start the revolution of love.

And this revolution will overcome all fear, and all suffering and all separation and will include all  
people: black, white, Christian, Chinese, Muslim, Jew, Gay, Straight, Bisexual, Fat, and  
Handicapped, Rich, Poor, Artistic and autistic.

Fuck labels, I hate labels,  
we're all on this ship together sailing like burning sphere across the see,  
burn baby burn.

Then this was when the idea came to my mind – about the artists expressing themselves.

But I'm gonna use dancers expressing themselves, and we're gonna use dance as a metaphor.

So we let all the dancers to come in, and we had them all take turns improvising, their kind of dance  
on their kind of struggle. And lot of them had turned to dance as a way out of their oppression...and

situation, yeah...whatever...And i wanted to take that opportunity to allow them to use that, ok? So we started filming them in that environment.

I would direct them, I would brief them, I would tell them: You're fighting, you're this, this is in your head, this is what's going on, and then I would have my moments of improvising, I would come in, cause i had whole idea in my mind, because I was pissed off of The Death of an Artist, the death of creativity, and how brandings become so important, more important then about fighting for freedom.

I consider myself a freedom fighter so what do i wanna accomplish?

I want to encourage other people: to stand up for their rights.

I wanna encourage other people to tell their stories.

I want to tell other people that other people know that there are people that will fight for them! that they are in their corner. I'LL FIGHT FOR THEM!

I wanna give those people a voice. I want to give all people who are being prosecuted and oppressed a voice.

And most people are apathetic and they don't feel empathy. Or they don't want to do anything about it. Or they think they don't have a chance to do anything about it. – What's my small voice gonna do? what's my small action gonna do? What can i possibly do to change this scenario, this situation?

And I'm saying: You can!

And that's how we change!

Drop by drop, inch by inch. One person adding up with another person.

It is a fight that can be fought and won but a revolution...has to happen, and we need role models, we need people who are brave, we need people to bring people together, and fight.

**Other voice:** well thank you. Thank you for fighting for so long and thank you for making this film and putting it out to the world.

**Madonna:** my pleasure and my pain.

## VI

This morning I woke up lightly,  
and I said to myself:  
“All right, now please tell us,  
as if one asked you politely:  
What kind of dream are you living?  
Hm?  
What’s the dream you’re living?”  
I can’t really tell the dream to it’s details -  
I can’t remember everything!  
It’s more like an atmosphere that’s in my memory...  
I guess because it’s not a dream  
you have just before you wake up in the morning,  
But the one flinching you  
in the middle of the night,  
some creeps hits you,  
a cough,  
a discomfort,  
It’s a very interesting situation.  
But usually I easily fall asleep again.  
However, I remember from that dream,  
I remember that closet,  
Standing in the middle of the room,  
a wide open double doored closet  
from my grandmother’s times.  
A closet being exposed on some exhibition,  
like some sort of an artistic object.  
An artistic work of  
a postdramatic theatre play writer  
a dramaturge - people like to call her,  
though I don’t like categorisations in art.  
And so along the inner sides of that closet,  
even at its doors,  
a silver material was glued.  
You know, that shiny silver material that glows,  
in which you can see your entire reflection.  
But there are different kinds of such materials  
thus this one is bit blurry,  
you can’t see yourself entirely,  
the reflection is more kind of watery,  
watercoloury  
overlying diffractually.  
And so, one part of that material  
is coming out from the closet  
spreading all the way on the floor,  
like sort of a pompous carpet,  
that just shines and glitters,  
and you feel somehow important and special  
as you stand on it - because you exist.  
And because you are who you are,  
and not someone else somebody tells you to be.  
But as I look around closet,

I see people stepping over that carpet  
as they're looking at the closet from all sides  
with their soles of citizenry  
they are simply wading over,  
leaving behind the footprints  
over the body of that glittery being.  
And of course,  
they can't but not wading over it,  
when it's so glittery exposed,  
so they don't know how to approach it...  
I mean, a total witnessing of one time.  
A life is written down on that material, it's not a commercial!  
She's conceptualising very good - that dramaturge  
in a quite Eastern European way,  
very precisely contextualising performativity of  
that perpetual fragile social issue:  
an issue of an queer coming out,  
another category causing my Adam's apple skipping,  
same as it skips to that  
built-up bold balkan patriarchist diaspora dude  
who says to his blood-brother,  
sitting next to him in a bus traveling from Amsterdam to Berlin:  
"Bro give me something to drink,  
i'm as thirsty as a faggot!"  
Anyways, suddenly in a dream  
I start talking to my friend.  
And I out myself just as that closet.  
I say: Fuck! I guess I'm a...cynic!  
She laughed.  
I say: But you're cynic too,  
and that one is a cynic,  
Madonna is a cynic, Marina is a cynic,  
Karleusha and Severina is a cynic,  
all of us who perform for politicians,  
all of us who work in advertising,  
all of us who took credit in a bank,  
we all are cynics on a treadmill.  
We all know very well what we're doing,  
yet we're doing it.  
Because I recognise that  
though we may be capable of sophisticated modes  
of critique and analysis of our reality,  
we nevertheless are also living out  
the very conditions we're analysing through  
and through which we perceive  
that reality, that system.  
And then suddenly...  
it flinched me heavenly!  
...that creeps, that discomfort, that cough!  
And I look into my palm,  
and there you have it: that classic!  
that lovely, sticky, slimly

self-critical vomitus of a being.  
 I look at it,  
 and bro i tell you, that thingy  
 not only it isn't shiny and water-coloury, perhaps glittery,  
 but it is rather yellow-greyishly ingraining on its edges and browningly.  
 And so there it striked me,  
 that typical fachidiotismotic perception of reality:  
 a body in time and space,  
 where i realise that my physical, not virtual,  
 space of agency within present time of our society,  
 is the same size as that slimly-yellowly vomitus.  
 that symbol of our lovely social ideology,  
 embodied in an overall tabloidisation  
 of social communication  
 and censorship of public opinion.  
 Thus, another reality striked me again,,  
 that everything I know to do in my life as a choreographer,  
 is a skill how to conceptualise and interpret reality.  
 Not cool, bro, not cool - what an unbelievable **ridicule!**  
 immediatly, all those grannies from that closet's time  
 come to my mind,  
 pecking my head with questions like:  
 "sweetheart, how will you make money out of it?"  
 as I explain them that I recognise a performative nature  
 of any action or stance, we might be taking in relation nowadays socio-political moment.  
 That moment demanding a self-critical social activity taking,  
 my choreographic babbling,  
 And I wonder...  
 If this all is just another choreographic babbling,  
 or we could see it as a concrete action?  
 That moment recognising that criticality  
 doesn't exclude people around us,  
 it doesn't call-over,  
 but calls for  
 a dialog.  
 an exchange of arguments.  
 Because even if a solitary work,  
 at least by power of creativity,  
 criticality transfers into the space  
 that is potentially public and bonds with  
 a collective agency of citizens.  
 But not only those citizens  
 with silverly shiny soles,  
 that come sometimes to an exhibition  
 and sometimes to a theatre -  
 that incarnation of a choreographed stage of society,  
 But also citizens of worn soles,  
 torn soles,  
 with no soles,  
 consisting as well a unit of that glittery *communitas*,  
 in which the only thing i recognise  
 as real thing,

not fictive thing,  
is the cognition,  
that I have to stop dreaming about clean,  
unstained politics of global common world,  
and rather deal  
with my own stakes in surrounding i'm part of.  
To confront the narratives of society  
with the narratives of the society that might become.  
I believe it will come.  
With every step between local and global,  
I still believe I can work  
not praising laziness, but praising endeavour...  
aaaah my dear choreography of Laziness - My Terpsichore  
always to labor,  
new choreography to grow,  
old choreography to narrow,  
for fuck's sake where from that choreography to **deliver**.  
My crafts to work through,  
salary work off,  
criticality improve,  
ignorance turn thin  
my future to determine  
prestige to gain,  
my ass from work to burn off again and again.  
ideology...i mean that choreography to accept  
in order to further make it oscillate,  
my rhetoric to frame,my politicality to claim,  
my intellect to donate,  
my "self" to duplicate,  
Bro' I'm gonna drop dead,  
if necessary,  
out of that new choreography.  
my little teardrop,  
an essence of  
purism, dignity-ism, virgin-ism, mankind-ism,  
collectivity-ism, sentiment-ism, being-ism,  
emigration-ism, brotherhood and unity-ism,  
motherhood-ism and fatherhood-ism,  
culinary-ism, nostalgia-ism,  
oddity-ism,  
nobility-ism,  
entrepreneurship-ism and newly-ism,  
Choreography!  
Your pseudonym is a curse,  
Never as flat as a lath,  
Your clearcut is like a blade,  
'Casue your name  
for me is a sacred acclaim.  
[I hear you call my name, and it feels like home].