

## Band 4:

### Auguries - For a Non-hierarchical Framing and Flourishing

This book is the fourth in a series of publications on contemporary art initiated by the department of Fine Arts / Intermedia Arts / MFA Body, Theory & The Poetics of the Performative at the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design.

It follows **Sílvia das Fadas'** Cooperation fellowship between the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design and Akademie Schloss Solitude, from October 2018 to March 2019.

“THE HOUSE IS YET TO BE BUILT. As a filmmaker engaged in artistic research I have been interested in the politics intrinsic to cinematic practices, and in cinema as a way of being together in restlessness and brokenness. Through filming and teaching in non-hierarchical frames I have been attempting to contribute to the collective flourishing of what Avery F. Gordon (via Herbert Marcuse) calls those organs for the alternative.” (Sílvia das Fadas')

A publication by the department of Fine Arts/Intermedia Arts/M.F.A. / Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative at the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design.

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images on page 2 and 22 Kerbs, Diethart (Hg.): Vagabundenkongress. Stuttgart, May 1929.

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image on page 10 Klaus Trappmann (Hrsg.): Landstraße, Kunden, Vagabunden.

Gregor Gogs Liga der Heimatlosen, Gerhardt Verlag, Berlin 1980

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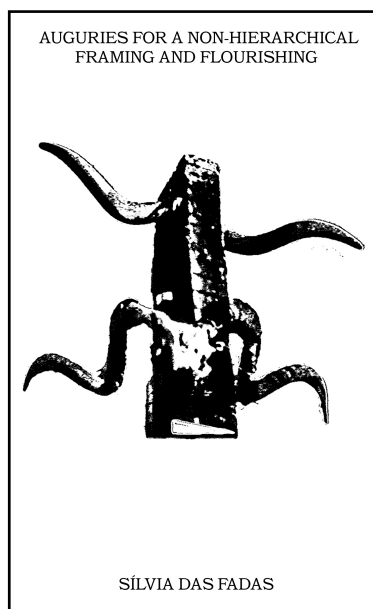
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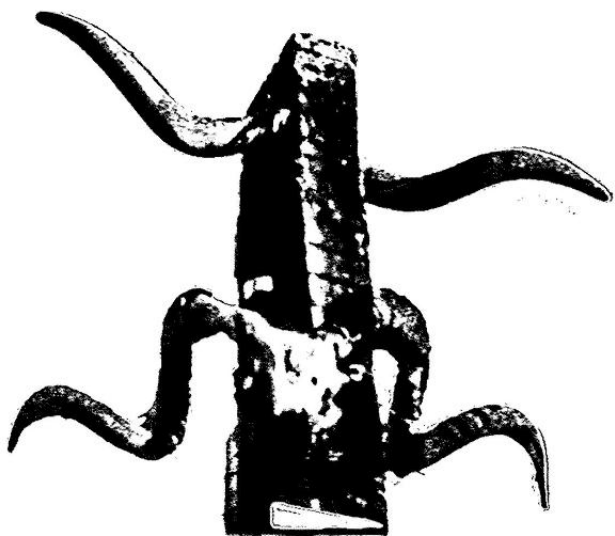
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AUGURIES FOR A NON-HIERARCHICAL  
FRAMING AND FLOURISHING



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A

# AUGURIES FOR A NON-HIERARCHICAL FRAMING AND FLOURISHING







“The utopian margins are a liminal space where delicate and difficult crossings, transformations, and transfigurations take place. For the utopian margins are not only where we can see that things are other than they are. It is where we become something other than we were, where we develop new forms of life, where we grow those organs for the alternative.”

Avery F. Gordon, *The Hawthorn Archive* p.268

Armand Guerra and Le Cinéma du Peuple's *The Commune* (*La Commune*, 1914), Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet's *Every Revolution Is a Throw of Dice* (*Toute Révolution est un Coup de Dés*, 1977), Grigori Kozintsev & Leonid Trauberg's *The New Babylon* (*Novyy Vavilon*, 1929), and Peter Watkins' *La Commune* (de Paris, 1871) (1999).

In bringing the time and space machine of cinema into the context of an art school without a cinema or a film department, it was critical to invite the group into a wide cine-geography, and to encourage their crossings with poetry, militant poetics, essays, letters, and fragments, put into a kindred relation or in friction with the films. It might have been challenging for the group — young artists growing without the experience of cinema, aside from movie watching on personal computers or in the multiplex, with scarce knowledge of film history — to encounter the radical documentary practices of Ogawa Shinsuke and the Ogawa Pro collective in rural Japan, or to engage with Charles Burnett's *Killer of Sheep* (1978) or with Julie Dash's *Daughters of the Dust* (1991), both coming from the Los Angeles School of Black Filmmakers, also known as the L.A. Rebellion. Or to read out loud the refusal of Anne Boyer in her essay *No*, and then allow themselves to be haunted by the aesthetic-emancipatory figurations of the cinema of Pedro Costa.

The experience was too brief, I reckon. Yet, I am certain that some of these films resonated within the group, autonomously, for the act of seeing films collectively, projected in a dark room, operates in affective and nourishing ways. Some will carry images, ideas, a darkness, others a desire to film, a recognition, or the necessity of choosing a field of action, of struggle, of work.

Whilst musing about how to work together, how to project and share our different practices, I came across an entry of a timeline, then an akin photograph and a letter, all part of The Hawthorn Archive.<sup>2</sup> It sparked great curiosity as it concerned a congress of vagabonds that had taken place in Stuttgart in 1929, and it concerned us:

“1929.

Gregor Gog calls the First World Congress of Vagabonds and over three hundred gather in the Freidenker-Jugendgarten (Free Thinker’s Youth Gardens) on the Killesberg in Stuttgart behind the School of Fine Arts. The painter Hans Thombrock attends and a vagrant art exhibition is installed at the Kunsthaus Hirrlinger on Gartenstrasse 7-9. Speeches are made about fraternity, home, land, capitalism, agitation, revolution, and the role of the artist in league with the homeless. Within three years, half a million people without homes will be wandering around Germany, some with passbooks in hand, making a vagabond life. By 1938, the Reich campaign against the workshy results in the arrest of eleven thousand individuals behaving in a “non-economic way.” With others labeled asocial, they are forced to wear a black triangle. In 1929, Willy Ackermann and Gusto Gräser, long-haired, sit close together talking of things they have and hold in common.”

Hi Willy,

The journalist sent a few photos from the Stuttgart congress. Ana likes this one, she says that we are practicing the art of talking about what we have not yet experienced. She’s mad about philosophy right now — lots of mystical pronouncements at breakfast.

Do you remember the fights with the communists over work? Such good friends and fighters against greed, exploitation, and soul-deadening work. They understood why we rejected all that and saw us as strikers, even though we didn’t have jobs and were more like on human strike. But in the end they always wanted us to be better workers. At first it was “join your militant brothers, take back your labor and the factories.” Hans and the other artists would silently shake their heads half smiling cigarettes dangling always so cool. We would laugh and slogan back: “Poetry not Factories!” And then the arguments would begin because they didn’t think that was funny and so it got serious and we would say that we’re not just alienated by selling our labor power, we reject being thought of only and always as labor or as a means or mode of production. We would say a radical alternative to the present system is to reject this whole system of value in which we’re only valued for what we produce or can make useful or can exchange with ourselves. It always heated up at the point at which we would look at them and see, a little sadly because they’re our friends, how stuck they were in the capitalist mind set, how attached they were to what they hated, how much of a disappointment we were to their ideals.

I remember the usual shouting and Ana getting in on it this time because she hated the whole idea of progress and history marching along a linear path step by step. “No one on their right mind can presume that capitalism paves the way to human liberation if he looks at its history from

the viewpoint of women," she yelled over my shoulder. We were so angry and I remember you quietly saying that a dreamer always wants even more. You took me by the hand. "The more is what we do and share in common, our way of being more fairly together." "Walk away," you said, "that's what we walkers, travelers, vagabonds do: head for the nearest tree." It was shady and cool and the feeling of battle and defeat started to pass and we began to talk of what life is for and what it should offer us. We spoke of adventures and friendship, of unknown expectant pleasures and being led astray, of learning to forget as we get old, of roast pigeons and potatoes, and of library cities and nothing else but reading for weeks on end. We spoke of a happiness that cannot arise out of the misery of others, of all the clichés of poetry and love and passion to believe in again and again, and of the morning gate of the beautiful. We spoke of the hundreds of small and great pearls on the little-explored red thread of dream-utopia and of our practical ability to journey to the end where everything turns out well enough for the moment.

A mood of melancholy blue, the light of late afternoon on a Saturday, out of time together and yet as always alone, missing something. I miss you. Ana says when the red arrows shoot across the sky, we will find each other again. A dreamer always wants even more. G

GORDON, A. F. (2018). The Hawthorn Archive: letters from the utopian margins. pp 350-351

FILE NOTE: One black-and-white photograph of two long-haired men sitting together under a tree talking in 1929 and one handwritten letter, somehow faded, folded around the photograph. Date unknown. There are several other photographs, one letter only. Men like these were labeled "asocial," rounded up by the thousands in the Reich campaign against the workshy, forced to wear a black triangle, and sent to work camps.





What resonated within us from this past attempt to live otherwise, in a “non-economic way”? What could we hold in common, we who assembled for a few months in a former workers’ theatre<sup>3</sup> to watch and think together with radical films? How to take account of the alliances between artists and the dispossessed, or the artist as dispossessed, those who chose the utopian margins, who refuse work, and those who are forced to migrate, to exile, to be on the move? How could we potentially combine our different practices and worldviews and come together in a hospitable place?

The group resolved to “head to the nearest tree,” and reconvene at the Heusteigtheater. In their artistic research around vagabonds, walkers, and wanderers, some students came across the *zinken* - “secret signs of the traveling people,” others felt inspired by shoes and sabotage, others by poems, drinking songs, and folktales, train hoppers, green screens standing for all the daydreaming and possibilities, and attempts at more-than-human perspectives via GoPro cameras. As a common action, we agreed on walking together, on a very cold and rainy day of January amidst melting snow, from the temple of the Akademie Schloss Solitude to the former Freidenker-Jugendgarten in Killesberg, where the congress had taken place, right behind the premises of the Academy of Fine Arts. Along the way, the gathered materials (the letters, the poems, the songs, the signs) were shared and documentation was taken. Among those who couldn’t join us, two wanderers did the same walk the night before, and left secret signs along the way. Others, due to motherhood or disability, offered to provide the errant group with care, welcoming us with hot tea and coffee, bread, and torches at our destination.

A week later, together, we engendered a public event<sup>4</sup> named “The House Is Yet to be Built,” for which I was invited to show a few works: the slide installation *Her Hands and His Shape*, (co-authored with Masha Godovannaya, 2017), and the 16mm films *Apanhar Laranjas / Picking Oranges* (2011), *Square Dance, Los Angeles County, California*, 2013 (2013), and the newly finished *A Casa, a Verdadeira e a Seguinte, Ainda Está por Fazer / The House Is Yet to be Built* (2015-2018). After which, the wanderers-students took over the Heusteigtheater and filled it with banners, moving image projections, walking screens, video-portraits taken in front of a green screen during our walk, a station with overhead projectors documenting their artistic research around the vagabonds, and a workshop for the production of new *zinken*, including a performance, and a light and sound installation. As a collective experiment put together in one week it was more-than-inspiring and I still marvel at the commitment of all, the unrelenting joy, and the unexpected association of affinities that were forged. The Heusteigtheater was temporarily transfigured, and, in its wake, we acknowledge that against the firmament the house is yet to be built.

By choosing the world, and searching for the red arrows right where we are, in a situated practice, one must continuously rehearse how to be more fairly together. May each film, each text, each secret sign that is shared, carry in it a potential for flourishing.





May the zinken,  
these secret signs  
that the vagabonds  
and the wandering people  
used to inscribe  
in the bark of trees,  
in stones, along the way,  
in houses, in cracks and corners,  
remind us that there are  
multiple worlds in the world,  
and non-hierarchical  
and non-economical ways  
of feeling, thinking,  
imagining, performing.

May the zinken  
resonate with the auguries  
that we<sup>5</sup> are searching for  
in the ruins of a commune,  
throughout a resilient region  
of Southern Portugal.

May the fugitive recognition  
of the zinken encourage  
us to walk more confidently.

May they  
make vivid an autonomous  
and communal people already here,  
reinventing themselves.







|     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Z10 | Unknown                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Z11 | Winding, thereby dangerous path                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Z12 | The correct way is indicated by three crosses                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Z13 | Unfortunate travel                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Z14 | This Zinken means "Betrayal, be careful" (the noisy crows of the rooster)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Z15 | The bird is often used as a sign of caution and alertness                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Z16 | "Inebriation" is symbolized by a tavern table and a cup, the small circles meaning money                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Z17 | Here is something to beg with a fiddle                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Z18 | Evil, "left" dog; facing to the right, harmless dog                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Z19 | The three ravens, a notorious beggar gang, have stolen fruit and want to sell it (symbolized by the scales). "L" (a receiver of stolen goods known under the name of "Luder") promises to appear at morning fog. (The comb is the sign of the Styrian farmers calendar for fog)                              |
| Z20 | Zinken of a larger society of funambulists, jugglers, and pyrotechnists                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Z21 | "In love, lustful, vain" (vain as a peacock)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Z22 | Jealousy                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Z23 | This Zinken means "Opportunity to steal." It symbolizes the rule of the picklock above the key                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Z24 | Zinken of a display thief.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Z25 | The (language-gifted) rogue with the parrot in his coat of arms wants to break into a church on December 26, St. Stephen's Day (stones), and seeks companions. Preliminary discussion on the first Christmas holiday (young infant). The symbols of the dates are depicting the farmer's calendar of Styria. |
| Z26 | Beggar Zinken 1765                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Z27 | A sick person gets something                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Z28 | Owner is brutal                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Z29 | Here you get a bivouac (primitive drawn bed)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Z30 | You get something, but you have to work for it                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Z31 | It's just women in the house                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Z32 | To do piously                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Z33 | One can intimidate people                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Z34 | You can become intrusive                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Z35 | Watch out, danger                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Z36 | You get nothing                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Z37 | Here you get food                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |

|           |                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Z38       | Apartment of a policeman                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Z39       | Law, Ordinance, Decree                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Z40       | After the murder of a dreaded rural police officer in Styria around 1890, these Zinken were found at the crime scene. Gypsies agreed on doing a joint act.                                                    |
| Z41       | Police surveillance (bayonet)                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Z42       | Women Zinken                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Z43       | To argue, to have a fight                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Z44       | Woman, prestige, noble nature (expressed through a fan)                                                                                                                                                       |
| Z45       | Zinken of a rogue who likes to help others when they are in need. (The wavy line means support)                                                                                                               |
| Z46       | In the starlit night "the mice are to be trapped" (mouse, used as a verb = to steal). "Pfeilschütz", "Krücke" and "Kettengeißel" want to invade from behind (helical line). Zinken from 1719, found at a farm |
| Z47       | Means "fled the prison." The padlocks are turned, symbolizing the opposite of "arrest"                                                                                                                        |
| Z48       | "Betrayed" (the basic meaning is to indicate something)                                                                                                                                                       |
| Z49       | "Watch out, unsafe, attention" (to bring light onto something)                                                                                                                                                |
| Z50       | "Crazy" is expressed by the upside down head                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Z51       | "Cunning, devious"; the double head (human, animal head) expresses the behavior of the customer, who turns out to be "stupid as an animal"                                                                    |
| Z52       | "The area isn't safe" (go right or left, not straight)                                                                                                                                                        |
| Z53       | An umbrella repairer and a scissor grinder are on a joint hike                                                                                                                                                |
| Z54       | Zinken of a hustler moving about as a grindstone dealer                                                                                                                                                       |
| Z55       | Zinken of a picture dealer who speaks four languages                                                                                                                                                          |
| Z56       | "Dawdler" (represented by the typical position of the garment during purchase or sale)                                                                                                                        |
| Z57       | Zinken of a rogue posing for a blacksmith and staying in remote public houses                                                                                                                                 |
| Z58/Z61   | Unknown                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Z62       | Emblem of three inseparable beggars, found in Styria; the pictures are inspired by their nicknames "cock, ostrich and owl"                                                                                    |
| Z63 + Z64 | Emblem of two notorious beggar gangs "Lynx and Bumpkin" Vorarlberg 1684                                                                                                                                       |



picture's inscription — “Comuna da Luz” (Commune of Light) — was enough to create a spark, and reveal a thread we couldn't help but follow.

The Commune of Light was founded in the south of Portugal in 1917–18 by a Tolstoyan anarchist named António Gonçalves Correia.<sup>7</sup> In the seemingly serene setting of Vale de Santiago, Alentejo, Correia undertook a utopian experiment, whose short life was ultimately crushed by the state authorities, who accused the communards of organizing a strike of rural workers and of taking part in a conspiracy to kill Sidónio Pais, the fourth president of the First Portuguese Republic. Gonçalves Correia subsequently founded a second commune, “Comuna Clarão” (Blaze Commune), in 1926 in Albarraque, Sintra. It didn't last long either, but Gonçalves Correia persisted in writing pamphlets and letters for anarchist newspapers, and buying birds at fairs solely to free them from their cages. This dangerous communist organizer (according to the political police) proclaimed the revolution to be his sweetheart, and pledged never to cut his beard unless the authoritarian regime of Estado Novo was overthrown. His name is still a countersign in the lower lands of Alentejo.

While not many documents remain, what interests us in these collective attempts of living elsewhere and in other ways is the irruption of the utopian, with a surplus of indestructible dreams — a condition we call the fulgor. Taking the traces of these two communes as a point of departure, we began to dream of a third commune— “Fulgor”— from the ruins of the first.

## THE EVERYDAY STRUGGLE FOR THE FULGOR

What, then, is this fulgor? It comes from a text initiated in *The Book of Communities*, a work written at the margins of literature — in solitude, in fortitude, in books, in notebooks, on envelopes, napkins, and drawings, fragments of fragments — by a singular woman for whom writing was the double of living: Maria Gabriela Llansol,<sup>8</sup> a writer to whom we continuously return as her work has never ceased to unsettle us, and to offer us nourishment and resistance.

According to Llansol, fulgor is a dazzling brightness, a rupture in time and historicity that harbors the possibility of unexpected encounters from the margins. Imbued with utopian potentiality, the fulgor is mutable, nomadic, and precarious. The everyday struggle for the fulgor is the outcome of a continuous battle: An everyday effort to reach clarity, intensity — a wish for a vital but never settling scintillation. The fulgor, being a moment of sudden revelation or insight, opens up a deeper understanding of time. We are no longer in the time and space of narrative and succession but in a fulgurous space, where characters like Ana de Peñalosa, Hadewijch — the wandering beguine, the beheaded Thomas Müntzer, or Hölder (of Hölderlin) are subtracted from history to become part of another order of meaning — they are transmuted into figures, who, in an unexpected encounter of the diverse, will form a community of rebels. Through a technique of fragmentation and superimposition, the fulgor introduces a break in historicity, putting us in the presence of encounters that have yet to take place, hence changing the order of things. Thus, the combat between princes and peasants is still taking place and everything is at stake, be it in Frankenhausen, or on

the world's seashores (Llansol), in France, or in Egypt (Straub-Huillet), too early or too late.

Words and images become living intensities. The fulgor is as mobile as seeing, or a witch's flight, and so we wander, from the Commune of Light to the Commune of the Fulgor, from António Gonçalves Correia to Maria Gabriela Llansol, towards a wandering and mutating community... "The scenic energy of the fulgor has a very spatial quality\_\_\_\_\_ it puts the beings in confrontation at the height of their beauty. Interior, exterior and aesthetics."<sup>9</sup>

Our own landscape of resistance is a fulgurous scene. It carries the potential of metamorphosis, and we reckon that the everyday struggle for the fulgor must be an inventive struggle. One that, as Avery F. Gordon and Ines Schaber put it, is "concerned with the cultivation of ways of living and working independently/autonomously of, or outside of, or in opposition to, or as an alternative to, or alongside of but not entirely inside of the dominant terms of social order."<sup>10</sup> It is the recognition of this utopian consciousness and this insubordination that makes us wish for another community in the now, even if it can only be provisional, on the run, underground, with deep but mobile roots. As we had set out to rehearse a provisional commune on the site of a historic commune, we soon realized the need to survey contemporary and ancestral struggles over land in the kaleidoscopic spatiality of Alentejo. A region named after a river, beyond a river.

## A RESILIENT REGION

There is nothing more outermost than Alentejo, a region of incommensurateness and latifundia, whose land distribution comes from the days of the Reconquest of Portugal from the Muslims of the Iberian Peninsula. The first land owners were nobles, of religious and military orders, and in those lands communities were scattered and farm labourers have always been dispossessed. If we sense a spectre haunting this region, it might well be the spectre of the Agrarian Reform, sowed by the Carnation Revolution and the brief (how brief?) insurrectionary period that followed. "(The battle came, was coming.),"<sup>11</sup> augurs Llansol. The masters fled, and the people, weary of decades of oppression and social inequality, occupied the huge farms and distributed the land among the landless, those who knew how to work it. The women were at the fore of the occupations, "practicing dispossession in collaboration."<sup>12</sup>

The cinema was there too, fighting through images of the region, in militant films such as *A Lei da Terra* (*The Law of the Earth*), a collective film made by Grupo Zero, which follows the occupation of the land, the self-organization of the peasants, and the creation of collective production units; or *Terra de Pão, Terra de Luta* (*Land of Bread, Land of Struggle*) a film by José Nascimento, which deconstructs the oppressive system of latifundia. And, more recently, (*Farpões Baldios Barbs, Wastelands*) by Marta Mateus, bearing witness to a way of life, (hi)stories told, (hi)stories heard, matters of transmission and resilience. The Agrarian Reform was a broken promise, betrayed, boycotted. And yet, looking back, one cannot help but think that things could have been different. That such strong desires still linger in

the landscape, resiliently inscribed in

the way of the stones  
the way of the river  
the way of the trees  
the way of the living

We began walking and searching for auguries last summer, concentrating on fragments of time: “the density of the Remaining Life, of the Body’s Other Form, which I tell you here is: Landscape.”<sup>13</sup> There, an ineradicable violence we see: fences, private property, mining projects, rows of undergrown olive and almond trees saturating the horizon (cemeteries to our eyes!), migrant and undocumented workers, poisoned rivers, eroded earth. There too, a kindred struggle for a liveable life is taking place: bodies in the process of resisting and reinventing themselves, claiming the margins, re-activating the ties to the land, *becoming unavailable for servitude*,<sup>14</sup> opposing extraction, building autonomous zones, disseminating autochthonous seeds and critical information, translating poetry, practicing hospitality while *staying with the trouble*. We are weaving, following, and getting entangled in a world-making thread: “Looking at geographies of direct action, mutual aid, and prefigurative politics.”<sup>15</sup> We are getting ready. “We want to keep seeing what we come to in the making. It’s not that matters of skill or craft have been suspended. They just been socialized, deindividuated, shared,” Fred Moten claims. Choral, and in the making, the film is a *tool for conviviality*, it folds and unfolds in bewilderment, guided by the fulgor, or the potential for flourishing in non-hierarchical frames.

Stubbornly looking at the ruins of a commune we search for auguries. For instance: a tree and a standing ruin. A creek. A serpent. Let us see.

## A FILM-IN-METAMORPHOSIS

The I of the film-maker is being transmuted into a promising we; and we don’t know what this film is, nor what it may do. This is the first metamorphosis. There are more to come.

We are walking, wandering.  
We are writing and sending letters in myriad forms.

We are missing and therefore searching, translating and un-learning what we thought we knew, and in this process, we have been dispossessing ourselves of ourselves, unsettling our engagements with the world as much as redirecting our collective actions.

There are holes in our roofs from where we stare at the stars. Some of us prefer to look at trees instead of digital machines, and we have been developing a focused practice of looking with our naked eyes and through a Bolex 16mm camera; while listening deeply with our ears and with the help of a Nagra portable reel-to-reel deck, a tape and a zoom recorder. Our images are mostly hand-held, made by bodies that breathe and tremble, in a precarious stasis between stillness and movement. Our field recordings are sometimes lo-fi and noisy, that’s how we experience the soundscapes in which we thrive. We treasure the imperfect things we can do with our hands, and almost everything in this process is analog: *film on film*.

This film is a kind of experiment: A process of mutants, a metamorphosis. It is driven by desire, experiential and performative. It is an intervention in de-hierarchizing the world from within a region, a documentary practice horizontally composed of fragments, of beings, of environments. It must be said that some of us come not from this region, but feel drawn to its complex and unruly ecologies. It is within this force field that the Commune of the Fulgor is coming into being, in spontaneously and re-enacted situations, out of indignation, in a struggle against on-going processes of impoverishment, extraction, and exploitation. In co-presence with all creatures, it is our aim to become allies while keeping our in-difference. Our collaborations are defined by association of affinities: One encounter leads to the next and conviviality is enabled, hospitality received and reciprocated. In awe and recognition, the film follows its thread. We are critically informed and inspired by “Jornal Mapa,” “Flauta de Luz,” and “A Ideia,” three different publications currently being produced in the spatial constellation of Alentejo, spreading the rebellious and internationalist seeds that we believe are opening consciousness for action and engendering practices of autonomy and disobedience.

Autonomous modes of production and distribution are being rehearsed, put into practice. We are filming and editing in a discontinuous manner, without any scripts or treatments, but engaged in relations of care and maturing, in an intense state of ignorance and curiosity, anticipating the unforeseen (as Bresson taught us). The film-in-metamorphosis will be shared in different iterations, in and out of the movie theater and the gallery space, in fields, caves, or abandoned buildings, in a plurality of intimate and public sites. In darkness; and apart

from capitalist logics of premieres and competitions. In its first iteration,<sup>16</sup> the film appears in a dialogical form: two screens in dialogue and tension with each other, side by side. The screening space is experienced as a landscape in which we (the film-maker(s) and co-conspirators) walk from the 16mm projectors to the screen and superimpose missives (manually produced titles on paper with a letterpress) onto the projected images. It includes a live reading and sound compositions by Pá.<sup>17</sup> A conversation follows, conjuring the expanded screening into an assembly. In its futurity, it might become a traveling cinema: Mobile roots mobile cinema.

## REFUSAL AND RE-ENCHANTMENT

At the heart of *Light, Blaze, Fulgor – Auguries for a Non-Hierarchical Framing and Flourishing* is a deeper engagement with a region, and the transfigurative potential of cinema as a collective experience. Through everyday practices of refusal and re-enchancement, in dissonance, we ask: “What’s the relation and/or the difference between emancipation and dispossession?”<sup>18</sup> What are the conditions for survival and re-enchancing the earth?<sup>19</sup> How can we come together in a hospitable place and exercise critical imagination towards a time beyond possession, a non-racial and non-capitalist society? What images may give shape to this longing towards a community of rebels, “the secret once called solidarity,”<sup>20</sup> the fugitive dream? Where does the seed of insurgency lie and what could be cinema’s offering?

May the fulgor be an affirmation and oppositional force to feel, think, and act beyond the politics of dis/possession. If we dare.



- 1 Thanks to the unexpected invitation of Cristina Gómez Barrio and Wolfgang Mayer, known to me as the artist collective Discoteca Flaming Star.
- 2 Avery F. Gordon, *The Hawthorn Archive: Letters from the Utopian Margins*. (New York: Fordham University Press, 2018.)
- 3 The Heusteigtheater is a former worker's theatre, now part of the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design.
- 4 This event was part of the 32nd edition of the Stuttgarter Filmwinter — Festival of Expanded Media and took place on January 19th 2019 at the Heusteigtheater.
- 5 From this point on the we of the text is no longer the educator and the students, but the filmmaker and her allies, friends, and co-conspirators, both actual and anticipated.
- 6 This text could not have been written without the thoughts of Maria Gabriela Llansol, Avery F. Gordon, and Fred Moten, whose writings are a continuous source of inspiration and sustenance to me. Part of this text was previously published in "A Community of Rebels," TIFFThe Review, June 7, 2017, and in "Luz, Clarão, Fulgor — Augúrios para um Enquadramento Não Hierárquico e Venturoso/Light, Blaze, Fulgor — Auguries For a Non-Hierarchical Framing and Flourishing", OEI 84-85, PP.447-484.
- 7 We are grateful to Francisca Bicho for her research and dedication to the figure of António Gonçalves Correia.
- 8 Special thanks are due to Espaço Llansol, for being a radiant and hospitable space devoted to the works of Maria Gabriela Llansol. See: <http://espacollansol.blogspot.com/>
- 9 Maria Gabriela Llansol, *Amigo e Amiga. Curso de Silêncio de 2004*. (Lisboa: Assírio & Alvim, 2006), 198. Translated by the author.
- 10 Avery F. Gordon and Ines Schaber, "The Workhouse." Retrieved from: <http://www.averygordon.net/current-projects/the-workhouse/> [accessed: May 31st 2017]
- 11 Maria Gabriela Llansol, *Geography of Rebels Trilogy* (Dallas: Deep Vellum Publishing, 2018), 53. Translated by Audrey Young.
- 12 Fred Moten, "come on, get it!," The New Inquire (2018) Retrieved from: [https://thenewinquiry.com/come\\_on\\_get\\_it/](https://thenewinquiry.com/come_on_get_it/) [accessed: April 12st 2019]
- 13 Maria Gabriela Llansol, *Geography of Rebels Trilogy* (Dallas: Deep Vellum Publishing, 2018), 16. Translated by Audrey Young.
- 14 For becoming unavailable for servitude see Avery F. Gordon, *The Hawthorn Archive: Letters from the Utopian Margins*. (New York: Fordham University Press, 2018.)
- 15 Simon Springer, *The Anarchist Roots of Geography: Toward Spatial Emancipation*. (Minneapolis; London: University of Minnesota Press, 2016.), 94.
- 16 The film-in-metamorphosis has been shown in the Framed Existences Symposium (Vienna, Austria); Winterfest, Akademie Schloss Solitude (Stuttgart, Germany); Engaging with Histories Festival, Theatre Rampe (Stuttgart, Germany); The Grotto, Galeria Quadrado Azul (Lisbon, Portugal); Ci.CLO Bienal'19 de Fotografia do Porto (Porto, Portugal), Casa de Julho e Agosto, Espaço Llansol (Lisbon, Portugal); Maumaus (Lisbon, Portugal); Encontro dos Bardinhas – Culturas e Dissídios (Vargem, Portugal); Viennale (Vienna, Austria).
- 17 Pã are Filipa Campos and Paulo da Fonseca, whose "compositional work is mainly focused on analogue synthesis. Their sound sculptures are elaborated under the founding principles of deep listening/drone music, resulting in combinatorial compositions organized in harmonic and sub-harmonic sequences, informed by atonal composition schemes and circular temperament." See: <https://paanalog.bandcamp.com/album/p-2015-18-volume-one>
- 18 Fred Moten, "come on, get it!," The New Inquire (2018) Retrieved from: [https://thenewinquiry.com/come\\_on\\_get\\_it/](https://thenewinquiry.com/come_on_get_it/) [accessed: April 12st 2019]
- 19 See: Silvia Federici, *Re-Enchanting the World: Feminism and the Politics of the Commons*. (Oakland: PM Press/Kairos, 2018).
- 20 Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study* (New York: Minor Compositions, 2013), 42.

“There, nothing belongs to the same context of the old days any longer. We are the fruit of an experience of exile, and we have our own language and freedom. We practiced it during endless years in an open and closed house. We moved with all the spirits. In that country I glimpse an absence of vague borders and terrain.”

Maria Gabriela Llansol,  
The Geography of Rebels Trilogy, p.155

## WAY OF THE VILLAGE

### WAY OF THE EARTH

We are writing this missive from a rammed earth house in the village of Troviscais, the temporary location of the Commune of the Fulgor. Uphill from the river, downhill from the dirt road. A swallows nest by the front entrance, wild plants along its facade. This house is a breathing organism, in every window a horizontal frame or a vertical breach. To our utmost joy, a door that is also a window opens up through a system of weights and pulleys, disclosing the valley, the serpentine river, the luxurious green hills. Off grid, our water comes from a drill, and our power from a single solar panel. Geckos live in these raw walls, and swallows venture in and out of this shelter in their winged flights. Each time, what we see sees us and moves us deeply.

Friends of the Commune of the Fulgor and unforeseen wanderers have been joining us here for shorter or longer periods of time, taking part in the making of the film and in the life of the village. Together, we search for auguries in the landscape, in our walks, in the shape of clouds.

We trespass constantly.

If you come to visit us, leave behind the concrete road of the village and head to the river:

Follow the first arrow to the right,  
ignore the second one,  
and keep walking on the left side of the dirt road;  
As soon as you see the old eucalyptus and the willful  
goats, make a turn to the left;  
You will notice small pyramids of stones along the  
way, and, fortuitously, two donkeys roaming;  
At the clearing you will see the river, but turn back  
you must in order to take the path downhill;  
The secret trail will loop and mount, leading you to  
the odd earth house and a bewitching view.

We still wonder how this walk to and from the village  
always feels so different, so full of strange encounters.  
Any traces of linear time have vanished. They say it is  
three kilometers away, we know it might take thirty  
to forty minutes by foot, perhaps twenty by bicycle,  
through a dirt bumping road under the red sun, or, ac-  
cording to the appearance of the moon, through a dark  
or bright night.

And in this place there are refrains: the fog that comes  
from the river and dissipates itself just after sunrise, the  
translucent weavings of the spider webs along the way  
(soon invisible), the neighboring herd of brown cows that  
leaves the corral every morning in a *Lumière* Brothers  
moment, spending the day freely in the valley, return-  
ing before nightfall; the tides of the Mira River running  
north towards the sea, the singing of the cicadas in  
the evenings, the slow disappearance of the light. The  
milky way above us, and all the known and (to us still)  
unknown stars and constellations, both real and carved

into our front door ceiling. We had never suspected our  
eyes would see so well in the dark.

Troviscais takes its name from a plant that grows wild:  
the “trovisco,” or the flax-leaved daphne (*Daphne gnid-  
ium*), even though the queen of the vegetation seems to  
be the fulgurous rock rose (*Cistus ladanifer*). We strong-  
ly wish the film, our images, could carry its smell. Feral  
but hospitable, this village is full of misfits, as Pedro  
likes to say. The co-existing communities need not be  
named, it suffices us to feel welcome among the resil-  
ient locals and those who have chosen the margins,  
reinventing themselves out in the dust.

Every single day, we stop by the never predictable Café  
Santa Bárbara, standing at a crossroad; Santa Bárbara  
being the patron of the tempests and of the miners. Ms  
Lídia, who runs the café, has in another life run another  
café with the same name, in Minas Gerais, Brazil. She  
gave us once a rite of passage, and shared herstory  
along the way: how she was 40 when she left and relo-  
cated in this small village, how she had to prove herself  
to become part of it. A strong and tough and humorous  
woman she is, hardworking every day, answering back  
to everyone, feeding the village, selling drinks and fries,  
patiently taking care of the animals, the drunken, the  
elderly neighbors, the barefoot hippies, the healers, our-  
selves. It suffices to sit down at Café Santa Bárbara  
for someone to join in and initiate a conversation, our  
glasses generously filled with the good secret moon-  
shine called “medronhos.” Often, there’s spontaneous  
singing, often in dissonance. It happens sometimes that  
the goats escape and are seen meandering the road.  
That things get transfigured. With ease and in-differ-  
ence, we become numerous at Café Santa Bárbara, at

the heart of a village that sometimes has two hearts, and a street in between. If you send us a letter be sure to write down its address.

In this convivial place our mobile roots are thriving. Little by little we are reconnecting with the way of the earth, observing the always metamorphosing light, what lives and grows nearby. We are learning the names of the trees, of the plants and herbs, their healing powers and uses. And learning takes place in observation, spontaneous conversations, out of constellations, in walks.

For instance: A walk with the beekeeper, who, suspended by a thin thread of voice, has taken us one early morning there and there and there, into the hidden beehives, scattered through several hillsides, always with a view. He has pointed us towards the plants preferred by the bees: the rock rose (*Cistus ladanifer*), the genista tridentata (*Chamaespartium tridentatum*), the heather (*Calluna vulgaris*), the strawberry tree (*Arbutus unedo*)... His is the most delicious honey we have tasted, dark in color, full in flavor, not registered, no need for an organic seal.

Myriad people, by themselves or members of intentional communities, are growing fruit and vegetable gardens and are engaged in an economy of subsistence, or alternative economies, in either traditional or organic farming; the neo-rurals being more committed to practices of permaculture and agroforestry. They are planting water in this eroded land. They are rehabilitating and exchanging robust and autochthonous seeds. They are reforesting. A lot of experimentation is going on, trial and error, they say. Some organize themselves in CSA's (Community Supported Agriculture) working

towards food sovereignty, the community sharing the risks with the small farmers. Others inhabit yurts, tents, and caravans, and are homeschooling their children, or sending them to alternative schools. A lot of sharing and cooperative practices, we see.

At first, our vegetables, our eggs and goat cheese, our herbs and teas, came mostly from the garden of Mrs Odete, in the village; afterwards also from Monte Mimo, the closest CSA, which connects people from different villages in an agriculture of proximity and care. What a feast to pick up the weekly hampers, see the young and the older farmers learning from each other, and converse for a while on the porch. Were we able to stay continuously and for long enough, we would start growing vegetables ourselves. In July we picked oregano in the fields, in August the wild blackberries were ripe, in September the figs.

Wayward, an encounter always leads to another one. We recognize a thread, a certain red arrow, and we follow it. For instance, the thread of transmission:

Wishing to become self-sufficient, Tiago has learned to bake bread with his grandmother Dona Maria in their wood-fired oven. They do it collaboratively. They welcomed us into the intimacy of their house one day, they fed us, so much they've shared. Please note: If an ant finds its way into the flour, don't you worry, for ants are believed to bring good vision. We are thankful for the reinvention of time, slowly kneading the bread dough by hand, with vigorous and ritualistic gestures, with crosses and prayers to ward off the witches.

[Sílvia whispered to Nora who was also present that we are the granddaughters of the witches, and that we would rather conjure them, the wise and wild ones.]

Rosa and Raquel are two food activists whom we've met at Mercado da Alegria, in the town of São Luís (the Fair of Joy, every third Sunday of the month), with their loaves of bread and goat cheese. They came a long way from Brazil, via Toronto, to settle in a farm with a firewood oven and nine goats, renewing old practices of production with new ones. We spent a few hours with Raquel, and her silent young apprentice Jim, observing them baking different types of organic bread. Made with joy and care. In their garden there is a generous fig tree with golden stripes hanging and shimmering in the wind.

At A Quinta (The Farm), a food forest is being grown and all the houses are bio-constructed, out of earth and stone and mud. A dragon lives in the walls of the common room, the hennerly has wheels to move and fertilize the soil of the homestead, while the goats seem uncontrollable. *Mutant* sheep were brought from The Netherlands, and Loulou — a she-wolf, keeps us company while we visit. A tree house hospitable to people and spiders is the major wonder to us. Terry dreams with luxurious simplicity, and that reminded us of the Paris communards and their ideal of communal luxury. On our way out, musing if it is possible to build a community with volunteers always coming and going, we saw the full moon rising and stood still for a while. Robert recorded the sheep, the cicadas, our steps. We must return to film the tree house.

The nearby village of Lameiros is to us Southern California-in-Alentejo, with its painted sign welcoming us

with cactus and prickly pears on the side of the road. On Sunday afternoons we meet our friends for lunch, and our gratitude goes to our dear friend David who so often takes us there, saving us from a long bike ride. There, in a tent in front of Tasca dos Lameiros, an Israeli family cooks delicious pizza and Israeli food in a wooden oven. They prepare and serve the food, while beverages and coffee are purchased from the tavern, in an alliance of locals and newcomers. The sun is usually as intense as our joy, and the tables are full, mixed with people from different origins and generations, and the air filled with the sound of cheerful voices. Before our arrival we have heard of a woman who occasionally organizes walks in the fields, to identify and harvest wild plants to be cooked there, in collective wild lunches. We have yet to meet her.

Also in Lameiros, there's Azula, where we visited Alon, another runaway from the State of Israel. Azula is an invented word, made out of "Azul," meaning blue in Portuguese, and a comfortable place, in Hebrew. Run by two families who live off grid and are engaged in gardening, designing, cooking, practicing and teaching permaculture, building natural houses with reeds, mud, earth, and wood. They make fertile soil through compost, and swales to store the water, they share water and resources with the neighbors, they send their children to alternative schools, away from the system.

Within reach, and utterly at odds with the flourishing way of the earth, there is a toxic way of extraction. They say you can't build a cabin without a permit in the natural park, but the white tents are spreading, red berries for export by international companies. For instance, Maravilha Farms, all the way from California. In the green

houses they plant berries, a white sea of chemicals upon the real sea. Migrant workers from South Asia, India, Nepal, Philippines, contracted by agencies of temporary jobs, dismissed after a contract term. Taxes paid, they are then left on their own, for it is cheaper to bring new workers. Left hanging around in groups, walking, roaming the streets of São Teotônio. Here and there we hear racist comments against them and, indignantly, we answer back.

Accelerated processes of erosion are pronounced: We see the breaching soil, caused by continuous draught; the intensive and super-intensive monocultures spreading like a disease, transforming the landscape, damaging ecosystems, affecting people's health. Creating a desert.

Perhaps we must all become healers. For now, we have met the traditional healer of the village, the bone fixer or "Endireita," named Mr Ferreirinha. He has received his gift from his father and his father from his grandfather, and people come from afar to be healed by his hands. He too has welcomed us into his house and promised to take us for a ride with horse and carriage. Other healers are present, practicing their healing with horses or through family constellations, or with skills learned from indigenous shamans, making offerings to Pachamama or Mother Earth.

An earthiness:

Our bodies implicated in walking. This fieldwork called cinema, called life, extended over time.

## WAY OF THE TREES

A cork mask in a forest of ferns.  
A cork tree bleeding, recently cut.

## WAY OF THE RIVER

"For us the absence of movement is impossible," writes Llansol. From the banks of the Mira River, we conjure its undercurrents and the aquatic deities known as Lámias. Communal rituals for the living springs have been revived in several villages. Once again, those who were born here and those who chose to live here are acting together in defense of the sacred. All around the region there are meetings raising water consciousness: planting water, walking for water, listening to what the water says.

Collectively, we have walked through the water sources of the town of São Luís, the clear and the polluted wells, stopping by the water treatment station, towards the living springs. We have learned from the geologist Sérgio Maraschin that a few years ago, the water was found polluted and a group of citizen activists took action, locating the contaminated water sheet, and then a sustainable substitute source. They did not wait or rely on governors, or on public and private companies, to care for what should be commons.

We have filmed the half-empty dams, lamenting all the water wasted in the sake of progress and profit by the agroindustry. This is the no way of extraction. We have heard of river streams being divested for private purposes, and people being protected by their privileges. We repeat, this is the no way of extraction.



We have filmed the serpentine River Mira, winding from the mountains to the sea. We once recorded an old song about the Mira, Mr. Little Hare and Mr Bone Fixer's singing. Up and down the river we went on a raft with the oyster pickers and a dog named Pouca Sorte (Bad Luck); while R., the fisherman with a stone face and a melodious voice, keeps refusing to be filmed. In our imaginary he is a river pirate (as these river lands are notorious for), and every time we chance upon him, our desire to film him grows; his unknown boat still unseen.

At sunrise, a fog mounts from the river and submerges the valley, the hills, turning everything into a mystery. We open all windows of the Commune of the Fulgor and go outside —our morning ritual— to observe the metamorphosis. At night, the river shines back to the stars, reflecting a counter-light.

#### WAY OF THE SERPENT

We say serpent, sortilege, sabotage.

In this place once called Ophiusa, land of serpents, Fernando Pessoa composed in sediments:

“In the shape of S (which, if we consider it closed, is 8, and, lying, equally serpentine, is Infinite), the Serpent includes two spaces that she surrounds and transcends. (The first space is the inferior world, the second the superior world.) In another serpentine figuration – the one of a snake in a circle, the mouth biting the tail— reproduces, not the s, of which the letter is signal, but the circle, symbol of the earth, or the world as we have it. In the shape of S, the Serpent escapes from the two Realities and disappear from the Worlds and Universes.”

We see this film-in-metamorphosis following the way of the serpent in its coiling path and creative source. There is nothing we would do to oppose. The fragments as oracles all call for mutation, for that which is capable of healing, de-hierarchizing, world-making. If you find her skin, if she comes to meet you...

#### WAY OF THE LIVING

We choose the way of the living by walking-with the Earth defenders, by becoming earth. In this place, and elsewhere, where people are cultivating *those organs for the alternative*.

We have been listening deep, with/nessing wide. To those who were born here, those who visit, and those who have moved from cities and far away countries. People are not only anticipating, but already living in the world and in the ways they want to live: Degrowing, unlearning. dismantling the self-possessive individuality, forging new alliances in a transversality of struggles. Still tentative, and full of contradictions.

We too were summoned by the dream of autonomy. We became aware, as Llansol, “that there is a recondite life of enigmas, incompatible with a gathering of people subject to common law.” What is it that the situation requires of us?... we whisper. How to film the way of the living? How can we attend to life in this place of ...? The film is a tool for conviviality, yet the most precious moments always seem bound to disappear, leaving no traces, undocumented. We do not know how to make justice to the offer of this village. Even less to the vastness of this region. To the kindness and singularity of each individual. We wish we had recorded every

single conversation because they were all memorable, although our memory isn't.

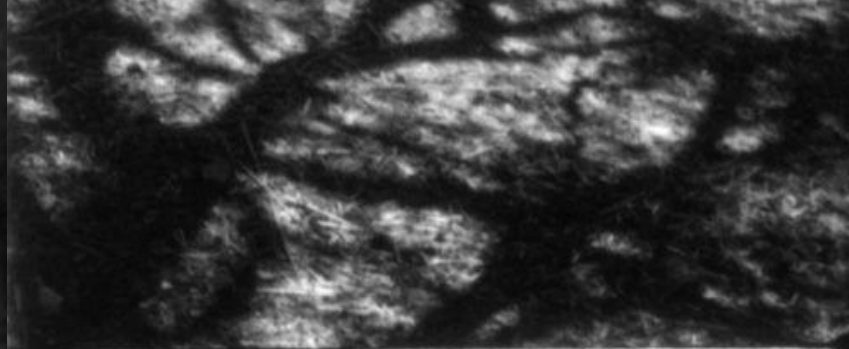
The Sahara winds came and we didn't record them. Imagine its sound, the sudden whirlpools of dust. We stopped to watch the sunset from the tree house, and suddenly it was nightfall and light was no longer among us. We recoiled from the cold into Santa Bárbara, and the tables were full and festive, so rich of nonsense, and we didn't film there. We saw the monocultures from the bus window and we didn't film. We saw rows of migrants leaving the buses after work and we didn't film, although we spoke with a few of them. The neo-rural community met to speak about trees and reforesting the village and there was no filmstock left, no sound recorder in hand. We have heard the wild boars and we didn't film; the neighboring donkeys and we didn't film them. Double Sun and melancholia came and we didn't film. But we are breathing, and tomorrow we will film.

Our fermenting community is fulgurous, regional, and internationalist. We keep returning to the ruins of *Comuna da Luz* (the Commune of Light) as if something there had yet to be unearthed. Hundreds of years have passed over that valley, this region, and we stubbornly search for auguries. We continue to trespass in celebration of the spirit of an idea, of the beloved anarchist, the unknown woman, and the people who lived together in a commune that fell apart too quickly. We build our temporary communes in shared spaces we don't own, currently in a village we found resilient and hospitable, shielding our everyday struggle for the fulgor with the red dust of the road.

We are no longer waiting: We have started living in flourishing ways, and this is the second metamorphosis. There are more to come.

From the village we walk through the bioregion.  
S. has a hole in the sole of her boots.

Filming is becoming closer to life.











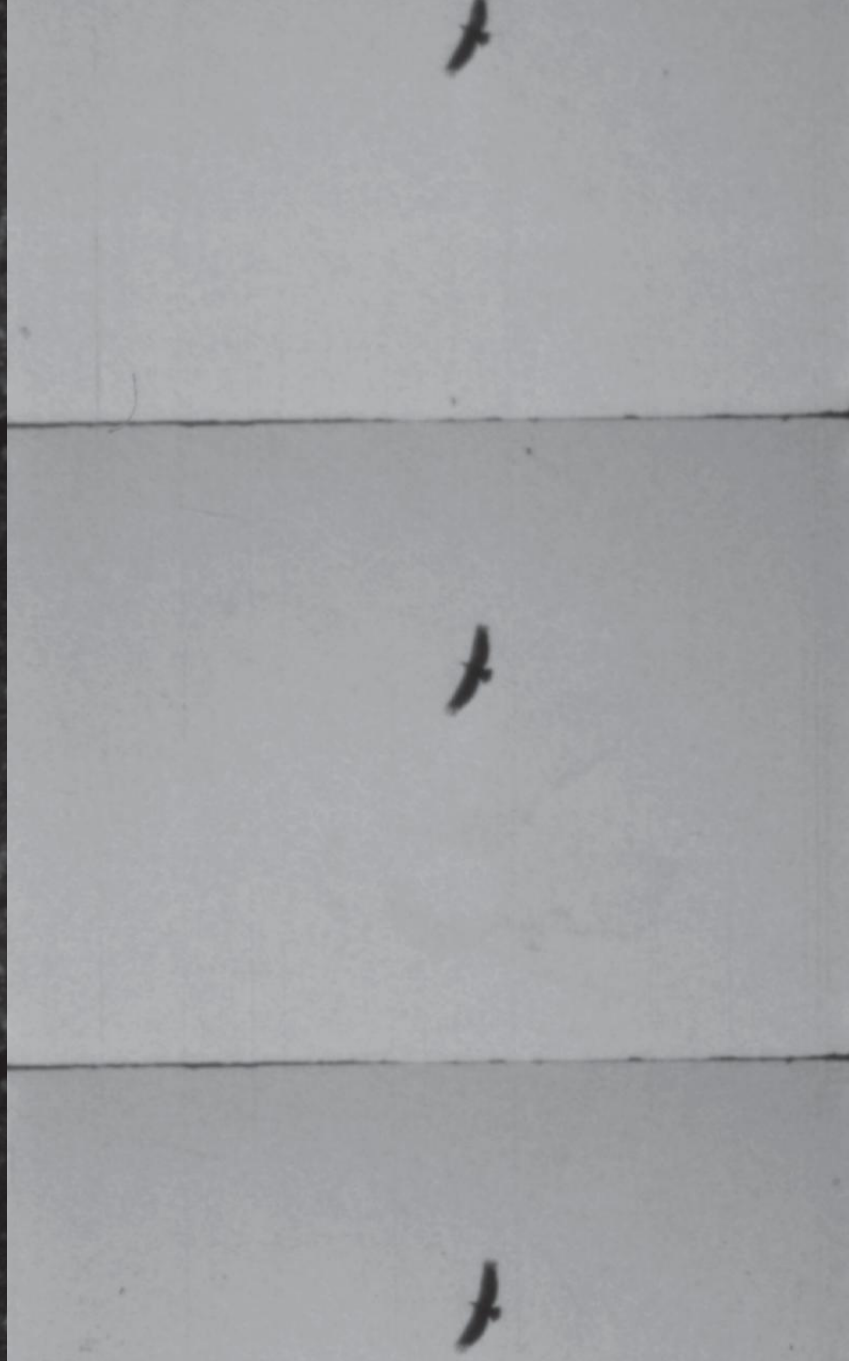




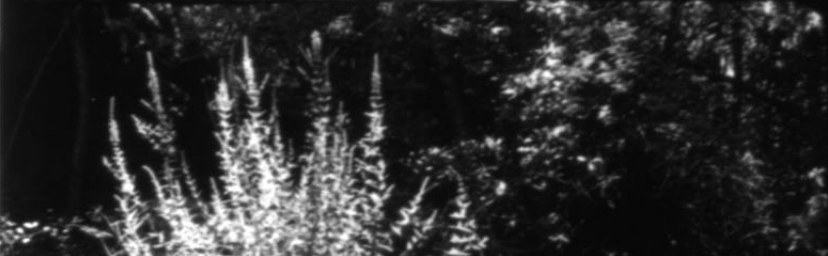


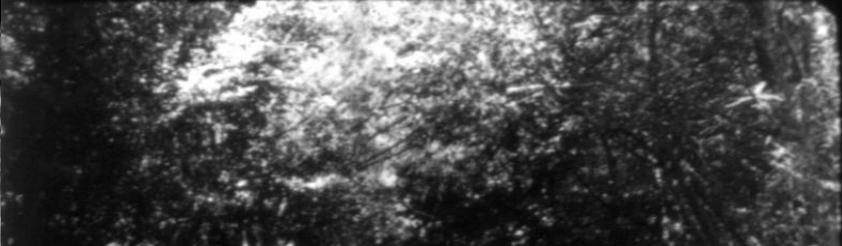
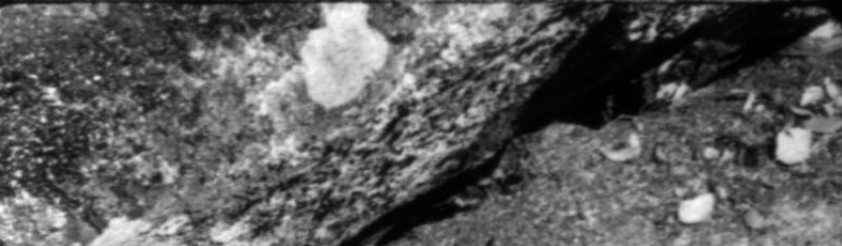
















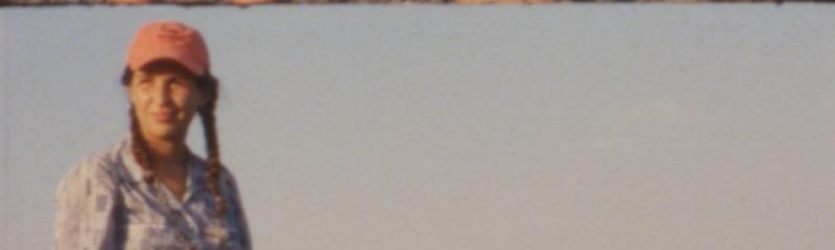


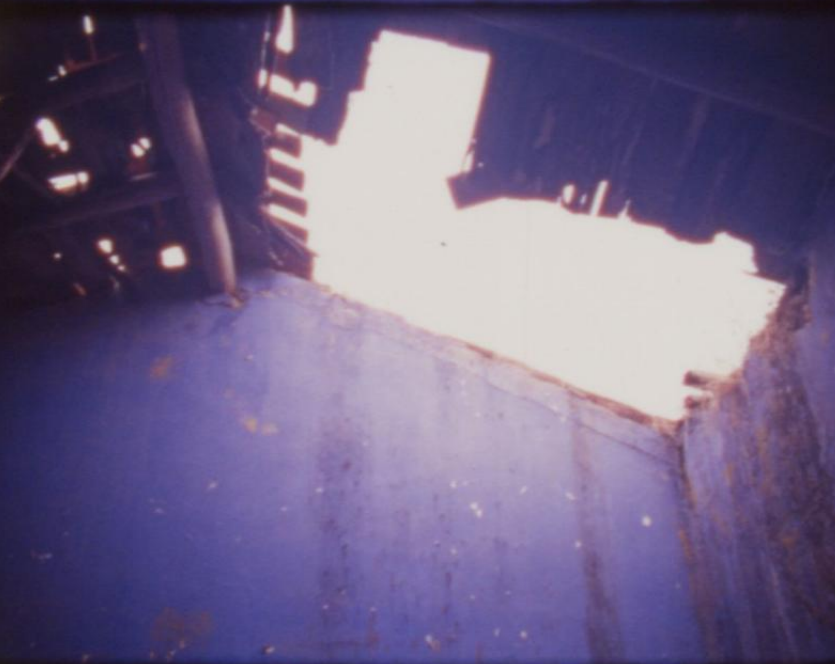






































B

# WALKING WITH THE VAGABONDS



























C

EDITORS NOTE







other differently. To picture this quotidian scene outside Loutra seemed relevant when trying to remember when and how we met Silvia for the first time. Rebekah Rutkoff wrote: “I am grateful for the separation among the images in *Eniaios* because now they are mine. Markopoulos drew a line around a generous field in the creation of *Eniaios* and the *Temenos*, one that included not only his projected film but the place and the journey and every register of time, including sleep.”<sup>2</sup>

When Silvia came to Stuttgart in October 2018 – inspired by Avery Gordon and her research on the First World Congress of Vagabonds, which took place on Killesberg in Stuttgart in 1929 – she was co-teaching with us and worked with the students on the subject of the vagabonds, calling her workshop *Against the Firmament*.

“As a filmmaker I am interested in the politics intrinsic to cinematic practices and in cinema as a way of being together in restlessness and brokenness. Cinema is an art as much as it is a world, and its images and effects need to be extended, transformed by memory, gestures, and words that make cinema a shared world far beyond the material reality of its projections.”<sup>3</sup>

Most remarkably, as part of the workshop, her and the students went for a long walk together, starting from the Akademie Schloss Solitude, outside of Stuttgart, going all the way to the historical site of the Vagabonds’ gathering. It was a cold and rainy day on which the group happily and enthusiastically gathered, equipped with hot tea, to imagine what this event could have meant then, and what it could mean for them today. What were the dreams and hopes of the Vagabonds 90 years ago? What are their dreams and hopes today?

They wanted poetry, not factory, back then...

One thing that struck us most, was the series of portraits the group made of each other. Portraits in front of a piece of green fabric – a green screen – that they were holding for each other, green screens standing for all the daydreaming and possibilities, green screens to separate their bodies from the nature as background. A green screen as a placeholder, an extra, a background actor – ready to make space for.... Thinking about that green space, what is it supposed to represent, what to hide, what to be replaced with, we recalled ourselves sitting in the Royal Museum of Fine Arts of Belgium in Brussels, studying David’s *Death of Marat*.

“TJ Clark, reading David’s *Death of Marat*, writes, that locus of the flesh is not exactly where we might assume it to be, that is, in Marat’s wounded body, but rather in the large, empty upper half of David’s canvas or, at the very least, where the one seems to extend or metamorphose into the other. [...] The empty upper half of the painting stands in for a missing and, indeed, impossible representation of the People.”<sup>4</sup>

Is this green that accompanies the group, wandering nowadays on the tracks of the Vagabonds, the same green as the green of the lawn where we watched Markopoulos’ spectacle? Or the green of the Green Arrow, a fictional DC Comic superhero, being actually a wealthy businessman, a celebrity, fighting crime? Or the green of the Green Lanterns, more superheroes fighting evil with imagination?

Or is it the green of Disney’s 2016 version of *Jungle Book*? A green that needed to be blue, to enable the

production of the digital life of the jungle. The technical basis of the computer animation with living Mowgli formed a blue screen studio world, in which the actor-Mowgli encountered other actors, extras, and objects representative of animals and plants, in order to be able to live with them in the jungle afterwards on the screen of the movie theatre or flatscreen or any other device that has a screen.

*The House is Yet to be Built* was the title of the final event where Silvia presented a slide installation and showed films, and the students made performances, showed videos and other related work around the encounter with the Vagabonds' dreams and hopes. Not only did the green fabric play a decisive role once again within the student's participation, but another element appeared for the audience, that was very present and structuring, namely the Zinken. Zinken were secret signs the Vagabonds used to write on walls to communicate with each other, to strengthen their group identity, to define differences. Those Zinken were another kind of placeholder, like the green screen, that puzzled us already. The students invented many new Zinken, mainly on paper, but most remarkably as metal templates to be inserted into the spotlights of the theatre.

These spotlights projected these new Zinken onto the architecture inside and outside of the theatre. They were mysterious to us...

What are those new agreements?

Maybe the answers are hidden in the green screen...

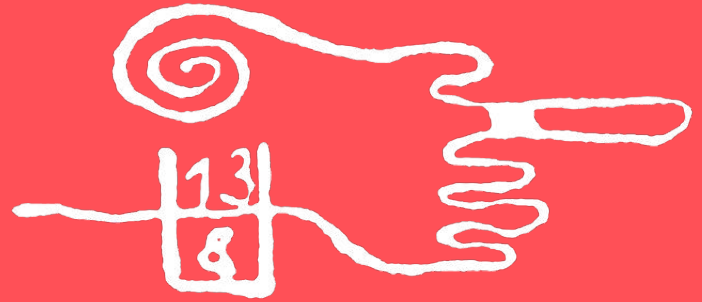
- 1 Rebekah Rutkoff, *The Irresponsible Magician*, Semiotext(e), 2015, p. 69
- 2 Ibid., p. 93
- 3 Silvia das Fadas, announcement for her workshop at Stuttgart Academy, 2018
- 4 Quoted and interpreted by Eric L. Santner in "The Royal Remains", p. 92-93

Cristina Gómez Barrio and Wolfgang Mayer  
for *Die Frau mit 50 Füßen*.  
Berlin / Stuttgart. October 2019



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BIOS AND INFO





## M.F.A. BODY, THEORY, AND THE POETICS OF THE PERFORMATIVE

The practical Master's degree programme in art "Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative" – the first of its kind in Germany and founded in 2018 by Prof. Dr. Cristina Gómez Barrio, Prof. Wolfgang Mayer and Prof. Dr. Felix Ensslin – allows students to formulate a deeper artistic position in the field of the performative. The M.F.A. regards working on the material, linguistic productions and theoretical reflections as independent but inseparable practices which come together with the performative in artistic work. If the body is produced by social power, it cannot – or must it not even – become the location of resistance? If it has become impossible to formulate binding poetics of artistic work, is then the formulation of singular practices not the path to a general, different politics? If theoretical work is always bound to the social, material conditions of its own production, is theory not the place where these conditions, their perception and their consequences can be changed practically? The negotiation of these critical questions for each artistic work finds a privileged place in the field of the performative because body, theory, and poetics are inseparably bound to one another in this field. The M.F.A. allows students – and the teachers as well – to formulate the technical, theoretical and organisational aspects of their practice. Jointly developed artistic formats, performances, books, graphic works, seminars, exhibitions and productions, etc. are the centre of the artistic education in the M.F.A. "Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative". Collective forms of criticism and individual conferences complement the course offerings. Here, individual practice is always in a charged relationship with collective work.

## AUGURIES FOR A NON-HIERARCHICAL FRAMING AND FLOURISHING

follows Silvia das Fadas' Cooperation fellowship between the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design and Akademie Schloss Solitude, from October 2018 to March 2019.

## SÍLVIA DAS FADAS

Born in Portugal in 1983. Sílvia das Fadas (born as Sílvia Salgueiro) is a filmmaker, a researcher, a teacher, a wanderer. She studied cinema and aesthetics, committing herself to the material learning of film at The Portuguese Moving Image Archive (ANIM) and the Portuguese Cinematheque in Lisbon. Driven by a militant nostalgia, she moved to Los Angeles where she continued to craft her personal films in 16 mm, at the California Institute of the Arts. She worked as a visual history researcher for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and collaborated with Los Angeles Filmforum until her visa expired and she moved to Vienna in search of a lively film culture. There she worked as a film projectionist for the Austrian Film Museum, while teaching at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, where she is currently a participant in the Ph.D. in Practice program. She is the recipient of a Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian/FLAD Scholarship, a CalArts School of Film/Video Scholarship, and a FCT Doctoral Fellowship. Her 16mm films have been shown at innumerable festivals, cinematheques, and minor cinemas. She is interested in the politics intrinsic to cinematic practices and in cinema as a way of being together in restlessness and brokenness.

## DISCOTECA FLAMING STAR

is an interdisciplinary collaborative art group. DFS is a group of people who use songs and other forms of oral expression, understanding them as a personal response to historical events and social and political facts. Cristina Gómez Barrio and Wolfgang Mayer have worked since 1998 as the basis of DFS. In 2011 they took on the Professorship for the department of Fine Arts / Intermedia Arts at the Stuttgart State Academy of Art and Design. Since 2018 they run the M.F.A. Body, Theory, and the Poetics of the Performative together with Prof. Dr. Felix Ensslin.

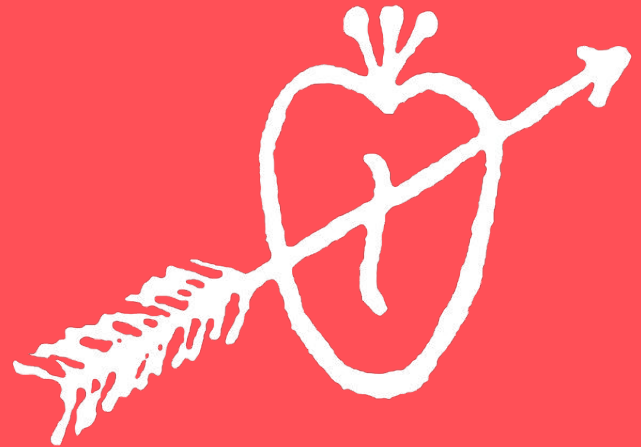
## OFICINA ARARA

Founded in 2010 by a group of artists, designers, and a mechanical engineer, Oficina Arara is a graphic/art laboratory equipped to work with silkscreen, along with other printing and editing techniques. Based in an old hangar at a dead-end alley in Porto (Portugal), it works as an arena for experimental artistic mixed-media fusion, rescuing the organic plasticity and vibration of the matter through hand-printed posters, books, record covers, etc.



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# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS







Die Frau mit 50 Füßen presents a book about how filmmaking, the collective, and teaching could relate to utopian margins and the organs of the alternative. About *Sílvia das Fadas*. About walking in the wake of the 1929 First World Congress of Vagabonds, that happened on Killesberg, being a stone's throw away from the Stuttgart State Academy of Arts and Design, asking ourselves how our dreams and hopes can relate to theirs.

