

DANCER'S DIARY

Entry from January 2021

Suggested reading soundtrack:

Ester Brinkmann: "Maschine"

taken from the album "Totes Rennen", 1998

published by A-Musik/Supposé (supposé 07)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OXxjcTpKb4g>

On a high.

On a high.

Hair greasy, eyes big.

On a high.

GameStop.

Infections.

#Wallstreetbets.

Vaccinations.

The brokers ring-fence the market.

And everyone is watching.

Don't forget 2008!
Ruining people's lives within the blink of an eye.

GameStop.
Stoppes the game!
Can't sell shares?
Can't sell shares.
The game is rigged.
And everyone is watching.

I am rocking back and forth.
Back and forth.
Back and forth.

The stock exchange, the high oracle of our world.
On its knees, knees bleeding, face revealed.

*Ich will eine Maschine sein.
Arme zu greifen. Beine zu gehen.
Kein Schmerz, kein Gedanke.*

Haha, haha.

Hamletmaschine by Heiner Müller.

Hamlet at the ruins of Europe.
Lea at the ruins of the high oracle of the world.

The stock exchange has given us a performance.

It was nail bitingly exciting. For days!
Theatre with tension, fear and courage.

90% of profit loss in the cultural sector in 2020.
An FFP2 mask costs 50 Cents.

The groove is good. I am grooving. I am oozing beats.

Haha, haha!

In the dance studio the sun is shining.
Ich will keine Maschine sein.

In the studio I am a human.
Kein Schmerz, kein Gedanke.

3 billion Euros for the German car industry.
3 million Euros missing for the other 800 solo artists in Germany.
Another funding round.
Another funding round.
Another funding round.
Merry go round.
La-la-la....

Lufthansa's plane seats make me think of theatre aisles.
A Freudian slip?

Haha.

Haha.

Online training. My eyes hurt.

I zoom in to see the movement.

I zoom out to put the movement in my room.

I zoom in to check the movement.

I zoom out to correct the movement in my room.

Rapid eye movement.

Zoom in and out. Room.

In and out.

In and out.

Stay flexible!

Stay flexible.

The artist who is digging her own pit. Too creative to NOT get on with the situation.

Rescue your food!

Wear second-hand!

Have no material wishes!

Good girl.

Haha.

Haha.

Fight against the pixel blur and the distant voice.

Fight against your clothing rail and the bed that is in your bedroom.

Where else should it be?

There is no bed in a dance studio.

There is no fucking bed in a dance studio.

A prop?
An interesting obstacle to tackle?
An artistic challenge?
Get on with the situation!
Good girl.

Haha.
Haha.

GameStop.
And Blackberry.
The younger generation fucks back.
And I am watching.
From my app.

*Ich will eine Maschine sein.
Arme zu greifen. Beine zu gehen.
Kein Schmerz, kein Gedanke.*

The wooden floorboards vibrate.
The neighbour knows that I am a dancer.
The neighbour knows that I am a dancer.
Before Corona she didn't.
Now she knows.
I told her.
To apologise. For the vibrations, from my online training.
I am working on my visibility.

Haha.

Haha.

No snow in Berlin.

No snow, just very cold rain.

Tears from the sky.

Formerly known as snow.

Artist insurance is no good for your pension.

Which pension?

For which old age?

For walking in a park with a cane in a beautiful winter
of 30 degrees Celsius.

Haha.

Haha.

Arme zu greifen. Beine zu gehen.

Kein Schmerz, kein Gedanke.

Grasp it, greif den Gedanken.

Nö, nö, nö, nö.

I exhale, I inhale and the moment is fine.

Look back.

Nö.

Look ahead.

Nö.

Lock ahead.

Nö.

Kein Schmerz, kein Gedanke.

Je me fais vibrer par mon propre sang.

La vie reste belle.

Elle reste vraiment très belle.

Mon parquet vibre.

Mon parquet vibre.

Die Bretter, die die Welt bedeuten.

Bei mir zu Hause.

And they are taking revenge.

And I am the audience.

Haha.