

«Triangulations»

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A game of tennis is choreographically reimagined. Three players take up their game through a transformation of physical codes. The court becomes a stage on which to challenge expectations of place and the assumption of the binary.

My eyes tumble down rows of concrete and moss, a rectangular splendor hidden amongst tall evergreens. A secret site discovered, a site kept hidden, guarded. The gaze of eyes that play upon the space is plural: with light in the sky, I sit alone at a table, the men next to me in post-game banter, adding a drink to the luxury of the view. As the blue darkens, a second set arrive, dangerous haircuts and white trousers, sliding in the friction of this forceful beauty and the practice of critique. Yelps of recognition sparkle in the air: there is a multiplicity of surprise meetings between these two apparently distinct and distinctively coiffed groups, united by a habit of that which we call culture. The cushions are spread out upon each row. Black black black black. Now red. Now beige. Now light blue. I want to rectify this splattering of shades in such a place, and hope the swarm of black jackets will conceal it for me, and indeed they do, as our limbs assemble their spectatorial position on the cold stone. It's growing dark and I am struck by an immense chill, confused in my body by the orange light dusting the court. The chatter is the buzz of flies in the late sweet summer when one lone figure begins to rake. Begins to trace. Begins to care for the space.

Quiet.

The players arrive. We know it is not sport but art because we are silent. Figure two. Figure three. Sportive figures removing and refashioning sports bras. Moving into position on court, two bodies that respond to one another with an atheletic collection of postures, the sweat of a different kind of competition.

Net.

Sacred net. Definite yet flexible, modest yet decisive. A barrier and a bridge. Without net there could be no competition elliding into passion, no refractive mirror of desire lancing through the space, no agreement on rules to be broken. The third of eye of the carer wanders across the space, sage, interrupter, observer, rule-maker-breaker. They flash in and out of view, as we spectators coolly orbit this uneven triangulation.

Break.

Lifted by the power of a surging bass, the body skims over the white of the net, invading, plunging, rupturing, disturbing, risking, offering, creating. Six hands pass the ball amongst them, their bodies converging, echoes of their abstract poses of desire and triumph melting into the clay. An agreement forms between them, something between safety and risk, comfort and adventure.



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She leads the way. One. Another. The bush buzzes with the unknown. They slip away. One. Then the next. Away together. With each other. Our eyes fix themselves on the swaying bush her arm last grazed. Our ears tip upward on high alert. The sensation of sus-pense lifts us all. We watch the evergreens sway darkly against the setting sun.