

# Multiple (dis) harmonies: a textual collage featuring selec- tions of corre- spondence between the authors, with a poem.

NICOLA VAN STRAATEN & PARVATHI RAMANATHAN

dear;

*here's a short letter with nothing much, but if I don't send it, i won't.*

*i'm still thinking about Ixchel's use of such a singular aesthetic to discuss topics of multiplicity. to my eyes, her movement vocabulary seemed very coherent, evoking a sort of techno-robo-humanoid-AI-creature moving through different coding programs. she stood in one place the whole time yet moved through so many images. somehow, such a compact vision was utilized to discuss something so amorphous. in the artist talk after the performance, she mentioned: «It was also about not being defined but being there.»*

*we also spoke about perception. Ixchel opening the work with the words, «What do you see? What do you hear?»*

I'm glad you started this correspondence, because if you hadn't, I couldn't.

Entering the dark room, I was struck by the meandering mess of wires, the tubed lights strategically placed around the space, hanging above our heads and the high ceiling above it. With our chairs spaced apart in rows and arcs, it felt like we were in outer space, everything around us on an orbit, but free floating.

I took a moment to close my eyes and think of the impressions that were milestones in my memory of the work. These milestone moments seem to expose the systemized workings of my own mind. I wrote down some words. They were seeking to be amorphous, but here I am trying to pin them with notations. They were just being there, but here I am trying to define un/dis/mis/order.

I suppose it may have been good to understand what meaning the word «multiplicity» holds for Ixchel.

A creeping mine of worms  
forms fluid, ending in angular gaps.  
The charge of electricity within those  
wires  
zipping back and forth, as if with no  
purpose,  
no destination, just being - on.  
The waves between her body and my eye,  
her voice and my ear,  
the lights and my body. the gap makes  
itself.  
Two pentagonal frames. one on the - floor.  
The other floating above, mirroring  
html code #ffaafa. on off on off so quick  
Her body held in between these flashes  
floating, frozen, twitching, riveted - face  
focusing us  
Like a future creature, ancient relic,  
she is arrested in motion as if in  
a jar of chemical formaldehyde  
Sometimes  
when the framing lights are turned off,  
it feels as if the jar were opened.  
phhlloossssh  
I wait for her to tumble out.  
But she stays contained,  
denial.  
flickering as if stuck  
an excited consonant of morse-code,  
known codes.

Its ceaseless zzzrrrk of dots- and dashes.  
so loud, so loud I cannot look at them  
directly  
And then without warning  
a solitary vertical shaft of light by the exit  
door.  
Plip!  
Facing away, eyes  
hooked to the morphing creature who is  
skin-shedding,  
I can't see it  
and yet,  
I am blinded by it.  
The moment, awaited yet uneventful,  
the becoming-being casually leaves.  
Steps out of frame stage right  
all eyes pursue her into the darkness:  
tell us what happened  
Khat! Another pentagonal frame of light  
yanks  
our necks in unison stage left.  
all gazes fly to the light,  
moth-eyes to a flame.



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*i found Ixchel's email address on her website so we don't have to ask Tanzfabrik. what about we send her the following message:*

*Dear Ixchel,  
We hope this email finds you well. We are Nicola and Parvathi,  
we attended your performance of Multiplicity of the Other  
last Sunday. We were wondering if you could answer the fol-  
lowing question in 50 words or less: What does multiplicity  
mean to you?*

«THE MULTIPLICITY  
OF THE OTHER»  
IXCHEL MENDOZA  
HERNÁNDEZ

WORK IN PROGRESS



OKTOBER 31  
UFERSTUDIO 4

Nicola and Parvathi,

I hope you are well. I also wanted to clarify again that the showing was of a work in progress / research. So the work is not finished. The answers of course are in context with this specific research.

What does multiplicity mean to you?

Existing as a manifold, being many in singularity. Complex. Not being fixed. Transforming constantly, and because of this nature being sometimes «ungraspable» to «fixed» ideas. And all these aspects (qualities) exist at the same time not only in a singular but the multiple.

Warm hugs,  
Ixchel

*i found what Ixchel wrote helpful to read. «existing as manifold» reminds me of what you said about «multiplicity» making you think of «multiplication» - a unit growing and bursting and blooming into more units. but also fractions. a unit fractioned and splintered into countless complex pieces (but still connected). again returning to the quality of her movement, there was something fractal about it.*

Perhaps it's too tremendous for the human mind to be able to witness the universe in subsets of rolling fractions – flowing «ungraspable» like molten lava. And yet, there is a «fixed» calculation where everything occurs, leading to further occurrences. Perhaps it doesn't matter if we ever understand the magnitude of this multiplicity in singularity.