

the reading
paper scenes

kids

play

taking a form

forming a moment
of a **song**

not
game

and now

(Jan at the piano)

WELCOME

shoulders

SA

V

OY

(V becoming Y)

YV

VYY

YVY

THE BOOK OF RULES

you don't have to read it all. _____ re(ad)interpreting

they are playing his imaginary piano

(how long can i keep my attention focused?)

absorption, O O
XX

before dispersal

X

x

REHEARSAL DIARIES

~~~~~  
(do i have to...?)

the curtain, observing

fatigue

EXCHANGE

trying to understand

pretending to

translate it into a melody

fatigue

conversations

elbow,  
ankle

measuring the length of the movement that measures the length (with paper)

*on the floor*

(i have to rehearse that more, the writing)

a glimpse of continuity

(we asked him not to dance)

### 13 December

the quivering light  
of the exit sign  
reacting to the music  
or not

the proximity of listening and looking, or its divergence  
phrasing  
the musicians' movements  
entering a state, leaving it

so joyful  
to see you playing with each other  
cheating

subtitles for the dancers

### 14 December

dance and music  
as complementary colors  
supporting and sharpening the other's expression

birds in the rainforest  
not birds, just the secrecy  
of the rainforest

an idea, collectively owned

a sound  
an imaginary sound  
the great show  
a little anarchy

some kind of tenderness

"why do we judge concerts/pieces of music?  
tell me please, do you judge each tree so critically?"

(Malcolm Goldstein - sounding, the full circle)

### 15 December

listening for me is more about leaving my body, being everywhere, says philip  
listening through somebody else, moritz  
listening to people who have been listening to something together

the strangeness of listening to a recording of an improvisation, jonas  
this has been happening now

## 9 January

i insert myself into the chain of #motives, no one knows

motive I (after Sunni)

the higher the  
triple  
of ~~sliding~~ stepping  
open dot

motive II (after Moritz)

french traversing  
is directed  
surrounding to both  
sides, frontal shoulders  
sharpening  
a certain degree of elegance

## 10 January

#collective breath

a voice  
a hand

meditations  
the interiority is  
here  
there is not so much  
to add, with words

we're about to read the end  
where it has all started

zero  
an echo  
and a light

take it for what it is  
a song

## 13 January

smile breaking melancholy

**IT:** to get rid of all the whats and whys, possibilities, IT is something shared, IT makes it not being about me, flow = IT, playing, a sound coming IT has to get out, catching the wave and write, only playing out of listening, IT's never achieved, then i'm free, listening to the (length of) movement, don't fill the silence, try to understand where s/he is, if you talk about IT too much it will go away – we can only talk extensively about it or IT on Friday afternoon (from the book of rules)

"i start from where i am (which is not the same as starting from nothing)" (Malcolm Goldstein, again)

16 January

the conductor is still absent, that's why we don't have a lunch break and we are starving until 3 pm.

#energetic textures

the right angle

90°

180°

pendulum



airy –

airy

walking

sitting

feet  
knocking  
coming

c  
a  
n  
n  
o  
t

walking

waving                  waving  
attracting, waving off

localizing

k  
e  
e  
p

(dancing two      aspects                  of the )  
parts/sides  
qualities

sounding  
same thing

t  
r  
a  
c  
k

always keeping it incomplete

“Practice, to be studious at the instrument, as well as looking at a bridge, or dancing, or writing a poem, or reading, or attempting to make your home more beautiful. What goes into an improvisation is what goes into one's preparation, then allowing the prepared senses to execute at the highest level devoid of psychological or logical interference. You ask, without logic, where does the form come from? It seems something that may be forgotten is that as we begin our day and proceed through it there is a form in existence that we create out of, that the day and night itself is for. And what we choose to vary in the daily routine provides in itself the fresh building blocks to construct a living form which is easily translated into a specific act of making a musical composition.” (Cecil Taylor)

**17 January**

# the written score

intro fortale

some cleaning  
she's walking around with the text  
on copper

he is having a problem, looks like  
knees  
testing the radius of a sound

d e t a i s  
|

the pianist singing,  
someone whistling

russian dances  
this is completely absurd  
you could as well play christmas songs...

retreat -----> imperceptible

belle vue — piano  
curious creature | brothers on a  
climbing | platform  
laughing

turn the page

*can you go on?*

*you have to feel it before you start  
i let you in*

## EXCHANGE

*take off your*  
the pianist is supposed to take off his socks

to perform  
against  
the floor  
that's an awful lot of work

## THE TALE OF TWO BROTHERS FIGHTING

some the dancehall  
com SAVOY  
peting

more exhaustion  
they call it...

applause  
& coaching

*I loved this...*

some more swing

more battle | (relaxation)

STOP

STOP

STOP

go

on

STOP

slowing, the conductor

for the audience

a SPEECH

*it's important for you to understand*

he keeps the rhythm

*this is what we call  
the mode of exuberance*

*this is what we need*

EXUBERANCE

*we have to find you*

> FINALE <

*now we have everything we need*

this is the thing about the drummer: he always has everything he needs.

## 18 January, Philip

ist es ein aufmerksamkeitsproblem, dass ich nicht gleichzeitig etwas sagen kann und zuhören  
aber in wirklichkeit kann ich das irgendwie  
lerne ich es durch die pausen  
oder kann ich es eigentlich immer schon

## 18 January, H.

philip is doing his dance of apologies while sunni is discovering the piano  
jan's solo dance to the song of the day, behind the curtain

## 19 January, P.

ausgelassenheit  
die zeit verlieren  
einer aufgabe wegen  
aufgabe ist dann: etwas aufgeben  
im sinne von riskieren verloren zu gehen  
das geht meistens gut wenn man erstmal verantwortung an eine regel abgibt wir haben verschiedene regeln

einatmen ist beobachten  
ausatmen ist in bewegung setzen  
oder aber  
der richtige klang für die wirbelsäule  
oder aber  
spiele swing und beobachte, wie die reaktionen übernehmen  
und die tänzer nach und nach atmenlos werden  
oder aber  
das spiel der motive  
hier ist musik und bewegung verklebt und wie in einem reaktionsspiele versuche ich mich selbst zum simul-  
tanübersetzer einer bewegung zu machen, etwas, das ich noch nicht gut genug kann, etwas das mich sicher  
müde macht, und etwas, bei dem ich sicher nicht darüber nachdenken kann, wie und ob überhaupt die zeit  
vergeht, etwas, das all meine aufmerksamkeit benötigt  
oder aber  
stelle dir einen song in allen seinen einzelheiten vor, so genau wie möglich, nein genauer...  
in den letzten tage habe ich angefangen über die wiederholungen nachzudenken wir wiederholen uns  
manchmal  
ohne dasselbe zu tun  
wiederholen wir die aussagen  
wissen wir also schon, was wir sagen wollen, nur die sprache hat es noch nicht eingefangen  
wir sagen so etwas wie  
vergessen sie sich  
vergessen sie uns

etwas in mir schlägt immer vor  
die regeln öffentlich zu machen  
die regeln sind der subtext der einen zugang zum fluss bedeutet dann ist es wie lesen,  
wie verstehen wollen  
wir kreuzworträtsel lösen  
deshalb brauchen wir ein buch  
ein buch der spielregeln, denen wir folgen

## 20 January, Jan

#the written score  
special feature: straight eights

not too much space,  
not enough space?

tribal gesture  
shaking

un-done at the ends  
can't catch a thought

## 25 January, H.

"how can big things be fragile?" (philip)

## 5 February, P.

die seltsame bewegung die sich selbst einfangen will.  
wir machen noch musik, aber in wirklichkeit machen wir musik, die sich fragt, was musikmachen ist, und kommt dann dabei noch musik heraus?  
also wenn jetzt postcool ist und jazz war immer cool, dann ist jetzt auch postjazz,  
schluss mit rätselhafter, idiosynkratischer pose, echte emotionen, echte erklärungen, kurze improvisationen, momente der virtuosen sprachlosigkeit,  
oder eben echte improvisation, zusammenhangslos, stückwerk wie in ulysses, wie bei cage, rätselhaft wie der fluss der gedanken, vollkommen unzugänglich, persönlich, unübertragbar...

„Ich kann Ihnen nicht sagen, ob es heute Abend um etwas geht,  
Oder ob das hier eine Verlängerung der Stille ist?  
Ich bin mir sogar unsicher, ob ich Ihnen etwas über etwas sagen sollte?  
Denn ich könnte einiges sagen, aber die Frage ist, ob es Ihnen hilft.“

~\*~

"Why is improvisation a special word?...  
when, in fact, we improvise all day long and  
in everything we do." (Malcolm Goldstein, again)

~\*~

## 7 February, P.

the beloved moment of listening

to care about somebody  
to ask and not to answer

now it is nearly night, and what i can clearly say, is that i am terribly tired.



## 7 February (almost midnight), H.

somehow this happened,  
without me changing anything.  
i kept on writing,  
and you joined  
or maybe i was writing less  
so you started writing more  
i never asked you to do so  
it came as a surprise, but not the sudden one, the one that interrupts the flow or the rhythm  
but this tiptoeing one  
the one, you don't even think of (the unexpectedness of a correspondance)  
and in one moment you notice, that something's changed without you noticing

some people say that writing is a lonely thing  
for me it's a way of coming closer, being with, next to you, following but never reaching,  
lingering in the gaps, sliding in, opening up for, accompanying, underlining, crystallizing, oscillating, interlining,..  
stuff like that.  
maybe these words (i can't call them mine because they come from elsewhere)  
cannot explain or grasp the event  
but there's nothing wrong with it  
one shouldn't expect them to do so  
that's the mistake.  
they can be resistant, bulky, and annoying,  
sometimes, they matter  
but no matter what, they are with you, they care.

therefore i need to

un-do and reshuffle,  
hold the words in suspension

com-position instead of com-pose  
(defining, taking a position from which to speak)  
as a shared activity, a negotiation,  
pretty unfinished.

then it will be more about the writing, than about the poem.  
(which doesn't mean that it cannot become a poem, in the end.)

## 8 February, P.

back at home i want to listen to my favorite records music i love  
persons i admire for trying something hard  
for trying to say something  
repetition is not the problem  
it does not destroy the possibility of meaning  
the problem is formal repetition  
repetition which loses content  
it is super sad to give up to fight for meaning  
even if it is hard nowadays

i like watching jan trying to do the motives just because he is so concentrated and at the same time lost  
then us dancing the interstella dance canon to a pop groove although it is not the right thing

i loved sunni reading the text, also the german  
i felt the serious attempt to even express the meaning to heike although there was no meaning to sunni herself

## 10 February, Sunniva and Moritz

# the written score

To be Deeply superficially distracted, a ballad (S.):

Nothing to see  
nothing to be done  
all listening  
bygone and bygone

Emptiness can laugh  
passing you by  
because it's easy, easy  
easy to laugh

Circumvention  
is a circus  
pretension is a fruit  
and all the millions  
of thingamajigs  
are still secretly in cahoot

Light like light.

The moment we take off – him flying – him flying – my pleasure to be part of it.

Moment for moment for moment.

Waiting for the next..., next..., next... idea.

I'm in the frame – may I be – the sexyness of someone else?

For now...

Has it... ? Was it ... ? Is it ... ? May it ...? Will it ...? Can it ...?

Just be this. Just be this. Just be this. (Three different intonations.)

Fine, fine, fine lines and membranes.

So pleasurable – time goes by, just like this...

Full of songs. (M.)

in the end, we can still throw everything out and start to dance, philip

## 13 February, P.

der gedanke, dass sich mein und sunnivas improvisieren dadurch unterscheidet, dass ich formen herstellen will

gebilde, querverbindungen, reprisen, durchführungen,

und ich meine, begriffen zu haben,

vielleicht entgleitet es mir auch wieder,

begriffen zu haben,

dass sunniva eher in einem offenen raum steht,

dass es dabei eher um die frage nach der motivation geht

dem woher der dinge

der frage nach der quelle einer bewegung

so als ob man im improvisieren den motor der tätigkeit selbst sucht

## 17 February, H.

the work of dealing with uncertainty  
the work of dealing with too much certainty  
too much to deal with  
certainly  
indeed  
for sure  
there are different degrees  
and i wonder if it's about nuancing or knowing and not knowing at once (paradox)

## 18 February, H.

(end giving birth)

still breathing.  
a breathing still.  
at least in my eyes  
in the words  
it can be  
true or not  
is not the question.

## 21 February, H.

how to translate a practice into a performance (space)?  
or  
how to translate a practice into a (performance) space?

or  
how to re-configure a practice that got lost in translation?  
two months of rehearsing, exercising, playing

how much needs to be sacrificed?  
how much needs to be protected?  
(this is of course not a question of quantity.)

these moments that we cannot share  
crystals and smoke

passing through nostalgia  
to get rid of it  
to get  
    elsewhere

~\*~

SAVOY -

The book of rules - rehearsal diaries by  
Heike Bröckerhoff (13 December - 18 February) and Philip Frischkorn (18 January - 13 February)

# written score, Sunniva Vikør Egenes, Moritz Frischkorn (10 February), and Jan Roth (20 January)  
Interstella Dance Canon, composed by Philip Frischkorn  
Cover #written score (10 February), Heike Bröckerhoff

Inspiring thoughts by Malcolm Goldstein, Nina Simone, and Cecil Taylor