

*No no limits*

The world is inverted.  
Spaces are nothing but places.  
Time is understood as a long necklace of moments.  
And everyone enjoys its own transvestite state, trading the body's irreducible reality for a fictional and ethereal identity.

This is about future. Let's say it's about to happen soon.  
It might as well be happening tomorrow.

We are products of the western machine. Our ideas circulate on a loop.  
Underground-experimental-institutional-marketable-mainstream and back to the  
Underground-experimental-institutional-marketable-mainstream and back.  
This endless process spurs on artists to take a position on the map. Even if the  
latter is a temporary one.  
Because it's a statement.  
Because it's an opportunity to resist.  
Because it's one of the only means to act on the process.

And though this can look like an individual decision, it actually beams over an  
extensive community bringing together people from the pre- (producers,  
technicians, institutions, etc) and people from the post- (medias, theoreticians, etc).  
In the very middle of this time-line stays the audience, and this is what we call the  
Show.

A Show is a context in a context in a context.  
It plays with the presences of things, people and ideas. It centralizes for a moment  
different dimensions together.  
It is an invitation to concentration which, in its best scenarios, happen to build  
communities.  
It's a model scale of the world hoping for joyful fractals.  
More, it's a choice of procedure which opens the possibility of an alternative.

Alternative music grew out from garages. Uneducated kids grabbing off tune guitars  
and dusty amplifiers.  
Alternative dance, from institutional laboratories generally called studios.  
Both of them need structures to reach out.  
And here starts their first relationship with power.

A few decades ago, some artists would have refused to even participate.  
Today, it's as if there is no choice; resistance is about entering, understanding and  
wringing the system from within.

If the machine is strong, fast and productive ( it cancels a lot / It narrows a lot / It  
focuses too hard), I go for width, of conscience, of margins, of spaces.

*Let X = X*

A show is a focus in time and space, re-organizing isolated units to build-up a temporary vocabulary. In other words, it's an agreement between things, rhythms and people.

The recent researches in spectacular practices have enlightened the intrinsic relationship between a show and the context it's presented in.

Cultural politics is one way. Marketing another.

Propositions have purposes, they tend to some secret goal.

The Noches Salvajes' context is an equation with a lot of unknown.

It's heading (a festival of international artists invited to perform something they never did before in a white four sided stage) is a piece in itself using empirism to both generate and observe *presence*. And this has a lot to do with politics.

*Presence* is a tool.

To bypass speculation and productivity.

To escape economy.

*Presence* is about being here and now.

It helps us understand the world in its flesh and brings the show back to its state of *event*.

*Let's get physical*

My first vacations in Barcelona were all about bodies.

I was with my lover, the summer was intense and people would party at night half naked in waves of dance music, wild.

At that moment, i was composing sound scores for contemporary dance companies. My music was a tool for performers and sitting bodies.

And club-music was never an option.

But i received a mail.

A barcelonian one.

Noches Salvajes. La porta.

A door to the wildness again.

*Flash (eléctrico que te puede matar)*

The second time i came to Barcelona, one of my american friend went to see a corrida. She came back paler than ever.

I thought.

In a corrida, one should never identify to the toro.

A show is in a way balancing between life and death. It celebrates the ephemeral and the ghostly while emphasizing the weight of the *other* (places, people, times).

Its intensities raise with collective momentums of expectations related to success and failure. Dead or/and alive. As savage as it is impossible to really expect.

It is a bet, a coin falling extremely slowly on the ground of the CCCB.

This night, i thought i was a boxer fighting against invisible forces, endangered but

full of weapons, supported by people on all sides like an ancient community coming for intensity. I felt that being a performer was about stepping out the circle and carry some inner voices. There was no darkness, no mysterious charisma. I thought, this isn't about *spectacle*, it's *spectacle* being used to trigger reality.

### *No future*

Savage nights. The nights of the yet-not-civilized are a utopia. And a happening one.

They, as an idea, resist to the speculative tendencies of our contemporary economics by making the hypothesis of a infinity possible.

In this frame, nothing is anymore about future as a re-edited version of our lives (science-fiction), it's about trusting the unknown and finding synergy between the wideness of the yet-not-encountered and the tools of the acknowledged.

They therefore defend the priceless value of sharing (presence, time, ideas) as a way to support each other in the eerie unraveling of *spectacle*.

Let  $x = x$ .