—this is not a review, just a stream … rushing and pooling into something that covers [its] tracks, over and over, in its encounter of Singularity’s one-off:

**Uncanny Revolutions … Covering Tracks …**

—on ‘Singularity’; An Immersive Reality experience at Rangatira Q Theatre, 2nd November 2016 (one night only) by Carol Brown, Uwe Rieger and Russell Scoones

… a history of spatiality … an unheimlich proposition;

… gesturing us toward the backgrounds of uncanny returns … this singular dance-architecture begins … (en)trancing us within its ahistorical borders of familiar placement: ‘We’ evolve easily into something, already deeply scribed onto the cave-walls of its black-boxed scenario … something already … already surplus …

pause …

Retrace … where exactly did ‘we’ begin our dance-architecture-trance experience of Singularity? Let’s get slow and take the ‘we’ of this statement a little more cautiously … a little more evolutionary for this scene to unfold—originally—at this point of surplus … in the elliptical moments of our telling … findings located in longing between some known belongings inscribed on cave-walls of theatre-architecture-dance … we are finding ourselves intersected by this junction; this crossroads of disciplined histories …

… Seated, raked, quadrupled — There is nothing unusual about the darkened spatial sequencing of this theatre space. A typical arrangement for a typical dance-space trajectory … and, yet, there is something—already—uncanny in the arrangement of this dance-architecture-music triad collaboration. Already? How do we understand this already? A before time: Would not the presupposition of this ‘already’ then offer itself as a tautological cue? Or, rather, a cue in the temporality of tautology: What is singular about the already here is that it resides within uncanny conditions of logos —a truth in making strange through disrupting the known. This logos is an irrational one; straying from truth-as-correctness, attuning itself to aletheia as the truth of unconcealing. It hosts itself surplus to its known.

slower, then, now …

Perhaps, then, in the unconcealing of this known darkness we locate the familiar, cued and sequenced through Singularity’s reference to rave culture; for our inter-generational lives have now all pre/re/lived the inception and longevity of techno-rave-dance-acid-house-night clubbing trances. Always [already] signature in scenes of longevity; like some kind of medley we exists … as the temporalizing trace-composition marking longevity as [our] strange assemblage for being.

Live … extended … now … then … in this most familiar scape of a live extended play we encounter pause, singularity, moments of fall and release … we encounter other familiarities foreign to the trance scene, caught up between elliptical and other untimely propositions of temporal disjunction; crossroads of time—Heidegger’s ecstatic
temporality—both, together, diachronic and synchronic in the long play of singularity —
lived in belonging to Singularity’s interdisciplinary compositional crossroads …

pause …

Seated, static … and yet we pulsate from strobes of light architecting [our] data …
sectioning, planning and elevating us via conducting choreographic bodies: Primal
dancers move us into their spatial historiography through discrete unfolding episodic
displays —each episode something of a revolution for them as they build (through
evolutionary magic) their dance-data-architecture-ares; arcing [us] into bodily somatics as
each dance-data-architectural revolution, scores their trance-techno-rhythms. These
revolutions bring-forth the building of their—these primal dancers— spatial environment
as we witness them moving-building slowly (at first) a ‘home’ for their inhabitation. There
exists something of a coming-to-understanding of these alien laws as episodic dancer
moves from hostage to host. This pattern of becoming familiar, sequenced through
building-dwelling, acts on (and out) our primordial desires, machined through traits,
movements, crafts — tracing the unfamiliar to familiar. Yet, it is unfamiliarity that we
witness as the being of a becoming most-at-home in the ongoing making of spatial
histories episodically told. The existential phenomenologist philosopher, Martin
Heidegger, suggests human being—of all species — is the most uncanny animal: We
humans exist perennially homeless.

… covering … tracks …

The spatialising of Singularity’s dance-music-architecture projects its repetitive singularity
for being homeless in its striving process for the fascination of projection—its futural
possibility—We become revolutions projected in the movement of covering over (the
tracks of) this existential unfamiliar-familiar condition; for this homeless quality
perennially seeks out the borders of our (un)knowing through building-dwelling-thinking.
If there is a history of spatiality then it would be that call to the revolution for building
out of (and into) bodily desires to sense the datum that calls us into our futures only to
return us over (and over) to the uncanny worlds of unknown anterior and primordial
iterations.

Scatter … camouflage … pause … further … again …

Singularity offered me something of this revolution of future projection, as I traversed the
different data-architectures threading me into sonic and light rhythms, through its
sensory gestural dance-language only to be returned over through elliptical compositions;
spacings of singular choreographic puncture-moments and in/stalling of episodic
histories. And, while this only pronounces a slight and hesitant release into obscurity, it
promises too the enterprise of return that undoes any dualistic tendency of proprietary
categorical inscription. The promise of this ontology of return, in the hesitation of an
only, draws out [our] fascination further in sums of episodic parts, which become far
greater—unheimlich ecstatic temporalizing—than any neat, correct, summation of this triad
collaboration … we cover over our tracks … cutting … strobing … strophing…
marking … beating … breathing … pulsing … effacing … scattering … perturbing …
fac ing … building … binding … lighting … dwelling … dance-arcing … data-tecting …
archi-tracing … techno-raving … trancing … sniffing out our borders … surveying
traces … trancing over tracks … we find ourselves ‘now’ in a future-to-come; entering
Singularity’s ‘now-moment’ of an uncanny dance-party denouement … we enter fully
into the surplus play of ecstatic temporality, lingering in a return to a darkness of knowing and a light of mystery … Singularity offered us up to this only …

…

…

Maria O’Connor
4.Nov.16