

Y

So I was wondering if there can be something that is simple.
Something that is simple without being simplistic.
Something that is simple without being first complicated.
I was wondering if there is something that has a reason and the reason is in fact its own being.
If there is anything that is not a presentation or a representation but a thing by itself.
If there is anything that is not a product of other things.
A product of circumstances.
If there is such a thing as blank.
If there is such a thing as interesting.

I am asking myself if there is such a thing as having no strategy.
If there is such a thing as no intuition.
I'm thinking where is the place for emotion in all that?

I wonder if there's really a departure point.
If there is a beginning, a middle and an end.
If there's formal and informal.
Formalized by language and non-formalized.
If there are indeed indications for different levels of visibility.

I am asking myself what we are talking about.
What I am talking about.
What I'm doing.

What I'm thinking of... now.
What you are thinking of... now.
I thought also why am I here?
Why are you there?

I was wondering if I am simple.
Whether I am simplistic.
Whether there's such a thing as average.
As mediocre.
Whether there's someone who lacks in anything.
Whether there are different points of view or rather just points? Always and everywhere.
Whether I'm open minded.
Whether I could be more open minded, or flexible.
Whether there is more, or less.
In anything.

I was wondering if I am able to do anything... here.
If I'm able to do anything anywhere.
If there is such a thing as anything.
If there is anything that is something.
I am asking myself what we mean when we say "everybody".
What we mean when we say anything.
When we say nothing.

When we do nothing.

Whether there is A nothing.

Whether there is ever A we.

Whether WE are here.

Whether your here is mine too.

Whether a wish is something that has a place here.

That has a place now.

Whether there is A place.

Whether there is A space.

Whether there is A.

Can we speak only in questions?

What is a question?

Is a question a signification of something we don't know?

Can we know something really?

Is there ever a question that doesn't imply some pre-conception, a certain position about anything?

So, can we speak in question marks? No letters, no words, no phrases, just questions?

What is between questioning and answering?

Is there a point when one should stop questioning and start doing?

What do you consider as doing?

What do I consider as doing?

So can one create out of no affirmations? Out of questions only?

So that the form will derive of no intention to form, but of being, of existence?

What would then be the material for creation? What would be the substance? The what?

If we were all the creators of THE piece, what would we play with? How would we construct this?

What's here, now?

Is this very serious?

Am I taking myself too seriously?

Are we taking ourselves too seriously?

Does it make you feel uncomfortable?

Are you comfortable where you feel comfortable?

Do you resist comfort or maybe your resistance is actually an indulgence?

How much resistance is stimulating?

How much is killing?

What's one's possible influence on the transformation of killing into stimulating?

Are these questions meant to be answered?

What is a conversation? What's a monologue?

What is sharing all about?

Can we share something here?

Can we share something anywhere?

Is it possible to have an opinion about anything without necessarily territorializing, without canceling someone or something else?

And then, how can we sustain something? Suspend something? Pursue anything?

Is reflection the only way of pursuing something?

But where does it come from this need to pursue, to continue, to develop something you consider significant or valuable? To be serious and write polite emails to important people?

Are you polite?

How could I eat to make you feel disgusted?

How could I speak to make you feel excited? Touched maybe?

What are we all here for?

How come my dance background brought me to do this?

Is this immobility?

What's between me and a tree?

What's between me and the sea? Me and the walls that are around us? The light that is above us?

Are we close?

Do we speak the same language? What shall we say then?

Is it interesting to talk about what's interesting to talk about?

How interesting can interesting get?

Can something be so incredibly interesting that it's actually just... ?

Can we always find a way to make things interesting for ourselves? To dig deeper? To challenge? To confront?

Are you good at confrontations?

Are you good in bed? In the kitchen?

What does it mean to be good at something?

What does it mean to be responsible? What about ambitious? Creative?

Can't we just be some sort of pipe, a human pipe, letting movement go through us, move us and put just the minimal amount of "I" in it?

In other words, can one distract oneself?

Can one disappear oneself? Suddenly, disappearance, 'poof'?

Suddenly an empty stage, an empty person?

How much a distraction of the self is actually a destruction of the self?

Can one somehow find balance between those two things?

When does balance become too safe? Boring maybe? When does it become like "being under the roof"?

Are we under the same roof? In the same boat?

Is that surfing now?

Do you feel the air that is around you?

Can you hear the sounds this space makes?

Is this music?

Could we look at everything as music?

What's the difference between living and functioning?

Is your difference the same as mine? How would we ever know?

But then, do you know this feeling when life seems to slip in between your fingers, all the sounds around are put on mute and you – you must continue functioning through the day? Through the hour?

Through the rest of a conversation?

So, what is something that matters? That has urgency? That is urgency itself?
Is there such a thing as having no image, no expectation, no anticipation?
Could one live that way?

Do you think you're here now?
Am I here?
Do you find your mind running?
Is it running next to mine?

What is it in running that makes one feel tired?
What is it in the rain that makes one feel blue?
What is it in anything that makes you want to touch it? Want to grasp it? Want to have some slight clue
of it at least?
What is it?
What?

Why?
Why creation?
Why anything?
Why this one and not the other one?
Why today? Why now?
Why Why Why?

Naming something – what is that?

Parents searching for a name for their unborn child – What does it give – a name? What does it take?

What does it mean?

Can something mean nothing at all?

Something about nothing? No aboutness?

So can I be direct without being specific?

What is relevant to do be doing here?

What could be useful?

Is this all something, for you?

Movement. Does it have a beginning?

Can we perceive movement or is it only the relative movement between things that we can notice?

Isn't being about moving?

Isn't moving about being?

Beauty. Have we come here to witness beauty? To share some beauty? To create it all together?

Is it already present – the beauty?

Pauses. Do they make it seem more dramatic?

Could you imagine all what I've said with no pause?

So I was wondering, can there be an artist that doesn't create?

A creation that doesn't manifest itself into being?

A structure with no form?

An invisible frame with no painting inside?

Words that have no sound?

Something which isn't pulled by gravity?

Can there be be?

Completely?

I wonder what would happen if I sit.

What would happen if I move.

What if I go now.

Does it change something my talking?

Would it be different if I read?

And what when any other reads? In the street, on a bench, next to some tree maybe?

Or what if it were all dark now so you would only hear my voice?

Is this very conceptual?

What is this?

How many questions can one have?

But why? Why not?

How do you consider your role in this?

What's your role anywhere else, at any other time?

Have you always been you?

Will I be the same I in 20 years from now?

What would you like to be when you are older?

Is this silence?
Is this silence inside your body? Inside the mind?
Is thinking silent?
Am I disturbing the silence all the time?
Should I speak softer maybe?
Should I change my position in space?

Imagine if I never came into the stage, so you would all have been waiting for 20 minutes by now for the performer to enter?
What if the performer never showed up on stage? A nothing piece? A piece of nothing?

Where can we go from here?

Is it all written before and I redo the whole thing every time I perform or is there a system on which I improvise with the questions, a certain rhythm maybe? Intention for asking? A Feeling? Certain quality?
Do I react actually on what I feel from you, what I can see from your facial expressions or do I just do as I planned before with no relation to what feel?
Can I feel you?
Can anyone feel another person?
Walking in the streets for example, do you feel the people around you? Their energy? Their directions?
Do you adapt yourself to what you feel from the outside?

Can we think in a language we don't speak at all?
Can one have a memory of something that has never happened?
Can you watch from the eyes of the one sitting next to you?
Can I watch from your eyes so I could see how it's like for once?

My accent – how does it sound to you?
How does that influence your perception of what the whole thing may be? Of who I may be?
Is this a performative self-portrait? Was this an answer in a question??
What if you were all sitting behind me on the other side of stage looking at my back all this time?

What is impossible?

Why?

Can we jump so high that we would never land again? Watch the whole thing from way above us, all the tiny heads sitting in an artificially framed space? See all the possibilities to which the situation could go now?

Do I have any idea?

Is there ever an end, a point when one could say, "that's it, the piece is finished, the goal has been achieved"?

If we jump now to a few moments after this would be finished, what would you talk about? Will you have ideas for things that should have been different here? For changes you would make?

Will you like a drink?

Red or white?

Salty or sweet?

Fade in or fade out?

Do you remember the very first question I've asked tonight?

Do you remember the first time you were riding a bicycle?

Do you know who was it that said that humanity is a work in progress?

Is this a work in progress?
Is this what you've been expecting to see?
What do you see when you watch?

May I ask you, do you pray sometimes?
Is asking questions a sort of a pray?
Will God finally be revealed to me throughout this process?
Will I be enlightened?

Are you entertained?

If I asked you for example to repeat everything I've said, could you do that?
Could you dance it all out? Paint it? Not think of it while lying in your bed in a little while?
What about everything I haven't asked about?

How heavy is the floor?
How heavy is the ceiling?
How heavy are your thoughts?
How heavy is the air? Air is not heavy, is it?

Can we fly?

Can we leave our selves alone?

Can there be another question now? A different one? One that would throw us to a completely other dimension?

Do you think there is a point?

Can a point be said?

Can a line be danced?

Is this it?

May Zarhy