

EK SPECTING SPECTRA OF INFRA

SOUND :||

ON _ TEXTURE

Dorothee Munyaneza



Who,

Listen, In

It

Seams

Does
Things

Some

Protecting

From

Drying

Improving

THE SEE

Sounds _
Inscribed Forms
On their way
Back

To Member

What, Good _
do ripples bring,
set in repetition ?

DownTown
Tones of
Industry

The Sky
Announcing
The Earth
Trembling
The Sea
Rising

Ship's Engine
Container filled with water, rolling from one wave to
another

Shaken
Tied: meshed

NEEDLESS to say

That meshes only tie
 braided
 concerted

NEEDLESS to say
single one out,
 all will fall out

One NEEDS TO PAY

ATTENTION
To keep the tension on the grid

Say Need
Less Voice

Testimonies of parted members

even discarded plastic end up wanted amongst themselves

K Who Are you
A Talking to
K Not the time now, they are
A Watching?
K Still not Listening
A Listen,
K It's been too long
A These sounds of fractures
K infra Structures
A SonoCities Building in Sync

K Ça cloche
A Not The Time
K Now
A You See the White and Red
K Waves of Breath and Blood, Unfolded
A It's been long
K Long in'

A Long In'

Apo

K Strophes
A Not to turn your backs
K To Face Living
A Inside out
K Tensions of Red Hanging
A Out to Dry
K In Tensions
A At Tension
K Since Wanted becomes
A Suspended
K Who Are you
A Talking to
K Talking to
A You Are
K Talking to
A Talking to
A You Are
K Taking to
A You
K Taking two plus one to witness
A Add salt
K To wounds
A In :IIForming
K Attentions
A Barely speaking in

K Shreds in
 A Flashes
 K Are you
 A Are you speaking of meshes
 K Parts of flexion
 A Departures of re II:
 K Maybe,
 A Maybe, Maille Par Mal,
 K Sans Mal
 A Cleaning the Floor for Heats of Flexion to Tie the Micro Verses Levelled
 Up There is So much to Say About Flushes of Infra
 Whales and Elephants, Imagine me here now,
 Comes the day the light flashes in
 For Fleshes of Moves of minds moves of
 mentes in movementes
 Forces of Cosmic Move
 Up Down
 Belles Suns of Drum set
 Beyond
 Echoes Replace Love
 With Live
 A child, children
 Where were you in 1994
 A Woman, Women Wanted
 K That long ago?
 A It seems
 K Seams off shores
 A Not yet, time
 K It's ringing
 A Member, that
 K You seem not to go into, rippling around it
 A This is what you do with wounds
 K Where to start, then?

A	With the cheer
K	Glass on Glass Brass on Brass To Hold the Down Spirits Apart On the
	Move Upwards
	Setting the Tones of
	Flesh on Bones
	Meshes of Flush
	Flashes of Rush
	The choreographer takes her time
	Slows it down down down
	Bass Drums down
	Raindrops down
	Rings membering
	Souls singing

There could be ways to say it right,
But, What do you do, When the B-side of your knee can't take it

Ellipses of Flows

When, in 2014, the word came out in moves,
Moves reminiscing
Samedi Détente,
choreographer Dorothee Munyaneza inscribed herself in the meshes of time-space,
confronting reflections of pain,
Facing the pains of going back to the quiet sounds of unsaid
That could not prevent nor undo
One character, incorporated by dancer and choreographer Nadia Beugré,
One body, perpetrating violence and suffering from violence,
altogether, one body,
joining the thin line between human's faculty of creating, and destructing,
Joining the lives of potential joy, and destroy
Testimonies of the living,
joint in the particles able to level up to monticules

"Because, somehow, when you look down the line, we can find some real link. We can't say that, 'my life is detached from yours or from someone else's story'. If we are ready to take time to review our collective memory or our individual memory, somehow we will find the link between us",

expressed Dorothee Munyaneza in the 2018 interview *The Body Is An Instrument*, on Radio Future Africa, regarding her first piece *Samedi Détente* that she had just performed at the Festival Theaterformen in Braunschweig. Created in 2014, *Samedi Détente* is the piece that inaugurated her dance/performance company Kadidi. After years carrying the unbearable with her, the trauma of a child witnessing the 1994 Genocide against the Tutsi.

"As an artist, I seek to find those spaces where - individual stories, or - my story is linked to someone else's story, and therefore create a performance, or a piece, that is not just about me. That is about *us*. That is about our humanity, our dignity, the violence, the beauty, and the bad, the violence, and the light, hope and despair. These areas that are occupying my mind, occupying my artistic language, are anchored, again and again, in how to tell these stories, how to convey these stories, how to relate these stories".

Unwanted, her following manifestation of the living, created in 2017, joins the tensions and fractures of earthly moving, through the vocal chords of composer, performer and vocalist Holland Andrews, who became the second half of the piece, a standing ground of vulnerabilities and strengthening energies. Holland Andrews' wide and deep vocal scale assured Dorothée Munyaneza to change the initially conceived solo piece *Unwanted* into a duo – accompanied by the steady sonic textures from composer Alain Mahé, the in/tangible presences : echoes of Dorothée Munyaneza's physical movements since *Samedi Détente*,

It was about time that

A Where to move from, when the heart loading the white and red blood cells,
White as the dress of beyond
Red as a dress on Alive

“Not healing, but finding a space where violence doesn't have the last word. Because I'm still here. The dead don't speak. The dead are laying somewhere. They are silent now. And it's because I'm alive – It's because I'm able to move, I'm able to reason, I'm able to speak – that I can totally embody that which has been and that which is happening”,

was already the rhythm that initiated Dorothée Munyaneza's piece *Samedi Détente*, the piece tied by experiences and directions towards the spaces in-between, the potentials of regenerating, that set the tone to *Mailles*, all along.

Mailles, the meshes, have always been there, have always been in, with and through the composition's poet Asmaa Jama, whose voice and prosody draws the depths of the ties.

holding on,

between the scratches and sonoric feedbacks, compositions by and with Ben Lamar Gay, Alex Inglizian, Alain Mahé and Dorothée Munyaneza – sounds as evidences of ungraspable living,

“finding ways that these stories are going to resonate within the physical body.
So, the physical body becomes an extension of this language, this vocal, this verb based
expression.”

holding on,

between the scratches, feedbacks and bass drums that resonate the soil under conjointly
moving performers Nido Uwera, Ife Day, Yinka Esi Graves, and Elsa Mulder, and
Dorothee Munyaneza
before all six moving energies
crescend and ascend in violining, trumpetic, snaring

K heats, reacting to each other,

A as magnets do, attracted to gravitational forces,

K that dare to spell, not to repel

To fluid,

One Maille per day

Une Maille par Mal

Dare to spell, not to repel

Across

Fleshing riptides

Setting the Tunes in

Compelling altitudes

*i dreamt i stood on your body and made language an ocean /
remember hope is everywhere/*

we are multitudes /

Verses in italic:

Excerpts from “Mailles”, the script

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