

Rodrigo Toscano

COLLAPSIBLE POETICS THEATER

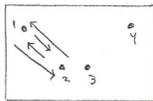
from "CORDONED" (a body-movement poem for five players and one reader)

...

why always...

one... (1 & 2 each walk to the other's spot)

as by two... (1 & 2 walk back to their original positions)

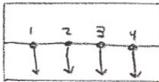


why never (*and forever*)

one

as by...

oh the combos... (1-4 each walk to the middle line (each in their line spots) and face forwards, in neutral stance)



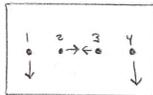
the combos they're... what are they?

not-here not-not-here (1-4 put hands out in front to grab something (once))

not-here not-not-here... (1-4 pull (swiftly) hands in back into neutral stance)



there... (2 & 4 turn and face each other (no walking))



I could stare...

at that stare...

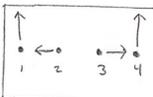
perfect...

so...

I know what I know cause *I feel*

I don't feel...

"perfect" (1 & 4 face backwards, 2 & 3 face to the sides, away from each other)



I've been living, *at best*

passable present
of passable past...

hole...

deepening...

tomorrow...

* * *

The text for *Cordoned* can be characterized as a semi-contained social-psychological crisis, a formalization of an incipient collective consciousness from the vantage point of the *collapse* of a previous collective consciousness. The transition from one form of *self-to-group-ratio* to another, a momentary vacuum of un-“theorizable” causality (rendered *bodily* as opposed to “found” (and redirected) *temporally*), avails new tension-and-release points in the Inner Group’s potential to *recombine*. This recombinatory activity is the practical-theoretical root of the Collapsible Poetics Theater (CPT); its projection outward into what CPT calls the Contact Zone (the word “stage” is strenuously avoided!) signals and affirms that it is the Outer Groups’ continual formation (wrought by their respective “inner” dynamics) that is the CPT’s central, albeit anxious concern.

- (1) How’s it that we’re four distinct entities here?
- (4) How’s it that we’re singular and one-at-a-time?
- (2) How’s it that we’re each one-quarter of one whole?
- (3) How’s it that we’re each four times more than the other?”

(from “Truax Inimical” (a trans-modern anti-masque for four voices))

So that by making sensual the revolutionary-necessary initial breach of a singular consciousness through the performance of Body Movement Parameters (BMP’s), the CPT finds itself *already-un-cordoned* (!) in the midst of a speculative metrics of mass subject-making. The muted promise of historical futurity through *common work* is directed at the immediate (asleep but aroused, dreamy but prowling) Now. This Now proves itself to be not only a daunting constructivist task but an alluring one too.

“jerking-it-around-to-see-what-it-knows-and-what-it-can-really-do-ness, to jerking-it-around-to-see-what-it-knows-and-what-it-can-really-do-ness, by jerking-it-around-to-see-what-it-knows-and-what-it-can-really-do-ness, as jerking-it-around-to-see-what-it-knows-and-what-it-can-really-do-ness...”

(from “Clock, Deck, and Movement” a modular poetic activities piece for five players)

And that the difficulty, now, is to increase a sense of permeability unto people all around (in all of their material relatedness). And so they appear, and then they don’t, and then yes, and then no, and on and on, so that what one *gets* is that the *process* towards Mutual Aid might require tons more approximate poetic actions from *primary* resources, i.e. your political-aesthetic Body-Body (this is more than is being required of us now, in this age of Electronic Text Mining, Rapid De-Industrialization and its Barons).

“knotting-it-up-out-of-no-clue-as-to-how-to-let-her-rip-clean-off-ness, to knotting-it-up-out-of-no-clue-as-to-how-to-let-her-rip-clean-off-ness, by knotting-it-up-out-of-no-clue-as-to-how-to-let-her-rip-clean-off-ness, as knotting-it-up-out-of-no-clue-as-to-how-to-let-her-rip-clean-off-ness, knotting-it-up-out-of-no-clue-as-to-how-to-let-her-rip-clean-off-ness this of... kiss! / jolly slap! / kiss! / jolly slap! / kiss! / jolly slap!”

Thus a re-commitment to Group by way of joining with other Groups necessitates an *infolding* of the forms of National (hegemonically-relegated) alienation. This implies real safety within the New Group as well as real peril. The creative tension between Council Communism / Anarcho-Syndicalism and Socialist State Architectonic Demands, as liberatory (synthetic) vehicle to material elsewheres, gets *decompressed* onto the anti-market of the Contact Zone, from whence comes this (primped-proletarian) trans-nationalist perspectivalism.

- (1) How's it that we're four hundred million distinct entities here?
- (4) How's it that we're singular and one-at-a-time?
- (2) How's it that we're each one four hundred millionth of one whole?
- (3) How's it that we're each four hundred million times more than the other?

This is to say, that the CPT intends to stand up to the local *Society for Human Resource Management*, and spits on all crowd-sourcing poetries that buttress such societies.

But not to stare endlessly into the spectacle of counter-ideological auto-erotics, only to be *recombined* by System the very minute after. Thus the CPT calls for actual response-time measurements and reflex-capability to capitalist time-&-space compression.

- (1) Life is *pulse* really
- (3) And there's compression
- (2) And there's decompression
- (4) Panoramic but seen from within