

On Wenceslas square (No. 7)

The premier of the Collective Loss of Memory production definitely aspires for the notional title of the biggest event of the *4+4 days in motion* festival. The duo of choreographers Jozef Fruček a Linda Kapetanea have returned for collaboration.

Picture comment: Germanics and Romans, Jesus and Judas, Christianity and Judaism – indecisive battles, reconciliation and companionship, then provocation...

A fight for territory or for a position in the pack is a fascinating display. Well-built physiques, a game of muscles, genetically encoded rituals, comparison of manhood a sense of incompliance in the eyes and also cowardliness, obligingness, falsity and a scent of fear. You keep watching without being able to turn away – despite the fact that this will be a fight to death given the ruthless law of nature. Who will be the Alfa and who will be the Omega? You find yourself in an inconceivable trance and maybe you won't turn away even after seeing the body of the defeated, tangled in agonizing pain. The beauty of cruelty and the cruelty of beauty. A tiger, stag, wolf, puma... and at the end of the chain is the homo macho man and a nonsensical attack on an innocent man filmed on video. Does the aesthetics of violence entitle us to unjust aggression?

The annotation indicates that Collective Loss of Memory is a study of provocation that doesn't cover the obvious, but explores the subtle aspects of the development of human behaviour and the evolutionary duress the humanity has been through and is going through in today's unprecedented style of life... from an anthropological point of view the project compares physical, personal, religious, social, cultural and ethnological differences. The international ensemble brought together five excellent dancers, that loosely represent the different ethnics and basic racial types.

The uniqueness of the choreography lies in the balance between physical elegance and openness. Verbal duels and fights over the microphone represent the most powerful weapons of humanity today, the voice and articulacy. It seems as if the dancers don't even have any bones. Elegant, leopard like moves made in perfect collective harmony make for an aesthetical experience like no other and every little detail can be seen on the dark background. The (sub) male aggressive energy anchored in the dance elements that are taken from Asian martial arts and Greco-Roman wrestling. Indications of punch strokes, grips, kicks and tackles that always stop before the body of the enemy adhere to the necessary vigour, speed, and the above mentioned elegance. The tempo starts picking up. The climax of this interaction is represented by a "modern circus" artistic figure. A smooth vertical jump through a hoop made out of the hands of Daniel Raček is repeated by four performers many times – with a run up, without a trampoline and without hesitation or a disruptive touch where only a couple millimetres would be all it takes. Another grand moment is the deadly dance of an anonymous aggressor with an anonymous victim where both participants cover their faces with one hand during the whole fight.

The character of the scenes is built by original music from Vassilis Mantlyoukis. Monotonous vibrations in the opening resemble sounds from space that are accompanied by repeating variations of the words *be a man, many men*. Electronic psychedelia turns in to a dark fugue, ritual drumming, and hints of folklore or drunken rock. The first body to body fight takes place between a long haired northerner Tom and curly, brown haired southerner Nathan. Germanics and Romans, Jesus and Judas, Christianity and Judaism – indecisive battles, reconciliation and companionship, then provocation. Judases fist punch to the solar plexus of the crucified, throwing of chocolate eggs into the audience, new fights. When two fight, the third dancer, jovial and complacent Asian Joona becomes the leader. The Buddhist insight and the peaceful panda showed on his t-shirt hide an aggressor a scoffer and a provocateur obsessed with an oversized penis. All of the performers bear the image of

their inner animals on their chests. Joona designates the phallus as an artistic artefact, a symbol of divinity and potency that the western civilization gave up for mobile phones and clean socks (materials that this prop is made from). The less distinctive Daniel likely represents the Slavs, paganism, sycophantic conciliation and compliance. We start to sense some inner insecurity and submissivity from this somewhat mysterious and skinny Knut that wakes the lust for blood in others. Unlike many other alternative projects with ambiguous interpretations, Collective Loss of Memory doesn't deviate from certain boundaries and finishes with a distinctive and accurate image. What was created in Ponec is an artistic gem that is disturbing and provocative.