

Nothing new I dreamed

by Anton Humpe

dedicated to nothing

1. Nothing new (p. 4 to p. 7)

With regards and special thanks to Franz Kafka, René Descartes, Berthold Brecht,
Bill Evans, Allen Ginsberg, John Cage, Gerald Siegmund, Martina Ruhsam,
Ion Bloch-Rand, Nobody and the emperor.

2. I dreamed (p. 8 to p. 9)

With regards and special thanks to Franz Kafka, Heiner Goebbels,
Tom Waits, Allen Ginsberg, Miles Davis and my dreams.

Nothing new

(Bill Evans' „Live '64 '75“ playing)

So this is nothing new, right? Like you know telling you stuff supposedly right of the head, and moving in some sort of spontaneously looking way, even though it is obvious, and everyone knows it, that it is deeply choreographed, to the last bit. Right? So this is nothing new. People have done that, people have seen that. But why always doing something new?

You know I'm not a good dancer, but I'm doing my best, and while that is happening I will tell you something which has like nothing to do with me or with dance, I will confuse you and make you not noticing that I'm just a second class dancer, if even. I wanted to talk to you about nothingness. Yes. Indeed. Because nothingness is not nothing. Nothing unimportant, nothing unuseful. As a matter of fact it is quite useful. Nothingness is something valuable and this not even just in a nihilistic way. People in Japan for example prefer to have empty rooms than to have like you know crumbled rooms. Emptiness or nothingness make rooms useful in the first place, correct? Correct.

Or like doors. Without the emptiness within, the door is just not useful. This is also kind of a taoistic. Do you see this? (showing a hand) What is this? How many is this? Five you say? But no it's not five. It's nine. Aha. Because of the empty spaces in between. The nothingness. Nothing. We forget to count the nothingness. Yeah that's right. Let us worship nothing! Feel nothing! In our brains yeah. Swim not against but with the stream. Breath. Smile. That's right.

I wondered how to put nothing into words and into moves. And I came up with this. (no move) Does that make some kind of a nothing appearance to you? Probably. It is like No Theatre, but without negation. Understand? It's smart, right? No Dance. How to perform a no dance? No idea. Nothing. Stillness. Breath. Smile. That's right.

Why do we get up in the morning? Why do we move? Why do we create? Coming from nothing, ending in nothing. Before birth, and after death. We are somewhere in between these points. But where? Maybe the answer to all these questions is easy: Nothing. That's right.

Love, fear, joy, anger, nothing. But also that is nothing new of course. Our unimportance is our good. Our value. Our knowledge. Our way to eternity. Like Descartes said what he knew, even though he might have exaggerated a little. Nothing is from time to time still too much to handle. Just appreciate it, accept it and be content, right? Never mind, right? I have no right to judge or to make clear, I only take the right to consider. In the name of...

The relationship of life with nothing is intense. Like a war you have to deal with maybe. But not like a war against, but furthermore like a war with and within nothingness. Nothing is like a wish, you know like a gift. Like a flower.

If you have nothing to say to this it is wonderful, too. Nothing is so much more interesting than everything, than something else, it is nothing what counts. I have no friend who dances with me to the beauty of it. Nothing exists.... Prove it. Breath. Smile. That's right.

I always wanted to make nothing become a big thing. You know, with Jazz, yeah that's right. No harm and no problem with nothing, know what I'm saying honey. Nothing is ready

for show business, if nothing knows the answer. Nothing is ready for art, nothing is ready for us. Uhu. And nothingness is ready to receive all the criticism. But it shall stay sublime.

Make nothing become your friend. Make nothing become your motivation. I did.

Do you know my buddy Nobody? This is my buddy Nobody. He is not just my buddy but also a very good dancer, other than myself. Nobody agreed to work and dance with me and my thoughts. So we came to this point to meet: you. So this is you, me and nobody. Dancing together a kind of ur dance. Wait, who was it again, writing about an Urdance?..
Yeah... you know it, don't you?
Breath. Smile. Thats right.

As we see nothing is also humorous, funny. Nothing is stronger than the Universe. The black whole of conciseness. Not even black. Not even whole.

Klum.	Schnum Klum.	Schnuck Schnum Klum.
Schnuck Schnum Klum.	Schnuck Schnum.	Schnuck.

That was Hebrew, but also absolutely fucking nothing. Nobody speaks Hebrew, he is Hebrew. But when I say it, I speak Hebrew as well. I become nobody my self. I become nothing. I become Klum. And I fucking love it.

We have prepared something for you guys. A little Japanese nothing thing. Presenting nothing by no body. Wait. Ok. (Nobody doing his Japanese nothing thing)

Nothing is poetry. Nothing is art. Nothing is reality. Nothing is future. Nothing is past. Nobody is eternity. No one is safe. Nothing is dangerous. Nothing is meaning. Nothing is all. Nothing is hot, cold, big, small. Nothing is faith.
Nothing is cock, nothing is cunt, nothing is sexy, nothing is more holy than a saint. Love is nothing. Hope is nothing. Life is nothing. There is just not a thing.
A No thing. No-thing. No-thing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Klum. Rien. Nichts. Nada. Niente. Nichego. Nic. La shay. Méishénme. Hiçbir şey. Nani mo. Típotá. Gornisht. Nihil. Kuchh Nahin. Nimic. Ništa. Ekkert. Yeah. And so on. It's a lot.

What do you want? What do you want not? What does Kafka want not? Do we know? Can we know? Do we want to know? Isn't that maybe an imperial message? Eine kaiserliche Botschaft?

(the music stops)

No one, so a parable runs, has sent a message to you, the humble subject, the insignificant shadow cowering in the remotest distance before the sun; No one from his deathbed has sent nothing to you alone. No one has commanded the messenger to kneel down by the bed, and has whispered nothing to him; so much store did he on it that he ordered the messenger to whisper nothing back into No one's ear again. Then by a nod of the head he has confirmed that it is right. Yes, before the assembled spectators of his death -- all the obstructing walls have been broken down, and on the spacious and loftily mounting open staircases stand in a ring the great princes of nothing-- before all these he has delivered his message. The messenger immediately sets out on his journey; a powerful, an indefatigable man; now pushing with his right arm, now with his left, he cleaves a way for himself through nothing; if he encounters resistance he points to his breast, where the symbol of nothing glitters; the way is made easier for him than it would be for any other man. But the multitudes are so vast; their numbers have no end. If he could reach the open fields how fast he would fly, and soon doubtless you would hear the welcome hammering of his fists on your door. But instead how vainly does he wear out his strength; still he is only making his way through the chambers of the innermost palace; never will he get to the end of them;

and if he succeeded in that nothing would be gained; he must next fight his way down the stair; and if he succeeded in that nothing would be gained; the courts would still have to be crossed; and after the courts the second outer palace; and once more stairs and courts; and once more another palace; and so on for thousands of years; and if at last he should burst through the outermost gate -- but never, never can that happen -- nothing would lie before him, the center of the world, crammed to bursting with its own sediment. Nobody could fight his way through here even with a message from a dead man. But you sit at your window when evening falls and dream it to your self...

(the music starts again)

No one is the emperor is god is your self is everyone. If No one is Ok with it.
Nothing is the message is a dream is truth is everything. If No one is Ok with it...

If Kafka is Ok with it.

....

Please buddy, would you dance us a wall? A great wall? Would you dance us the building structure of a great wall? That would be great...

No, that's a bridge. You're doing a bridge. We don't do bridges, we do walls. Like China does walls. Or like it did walls.

Yes that's good. Uhu, alright.

So this is a wall. A great wall. Did you know we have the word Wall in Germany, too? A German Wall? The English word for Wall is rampart. Interesting, right? Especially if you know that its all nothing. All reduced into stardust, all reduced into atoms, all reduced into nothing... new...

Because you know, what do you see when you think of an atom, hm? Yeah like a very tiny ball in the middle called nucleus and then other even more tiny and loaded things called electrons and protons and other stuff circling in a sort of skin far far around this kern. But what is in between? What contains by far most of the space in an atom? In everything? I won't bore you with numbers but it's like 99,99 percent. And it is nothing, it is kind of loaded nothing, but still nothing. Empty space. Physically and literally.

But getting back to boundaries, to walls. Nobody wanted to masturbate on stage, you know. Nobody thinks that this is the only way how you can show the war with nothingness. The intensity. The art. Also he thinks that this is the only way to tear down those walls. With ugliness he said.

Weill I disagreed. I said no. I think nothingness is nothing that can only be shown through provocation. Not that nudity can not be beautiful, it most certainly can, not that masturbation can not be beautiful, but then please let us do it like this, you know, like beautiful... I for my self see enough ugliness in life, why would I need that in the so called space of art? Nobody needs it.

So yeah, we kind of found a compromise. If you don't want to see this, please close your eyes now. I will...

Ok now. Do you feel nothing now? Do you feel nothing more? Better? It is of course always important to show the beauty and the ugly. Nobody thinks that intellectualism is limited. We shouldn't trust beauty and intellectualism. Nobody means we need the ugly, we need the

bare. We need the new. He said he has never seen someone masturbating on stage, so this is somehow new...

But I wanted to waste the new. I wanted nothing new and there must be something else than old and new, a third thing, as Brecht called it, eine dritte gemeinsame Sache, within the wall between old and new. What could it be?... Nothing?

I did not want to waste my self, I did not want to waste no body, I did not want to waste you. I might have failed. He might have failed. We might have failed.

But then we have failed together as nothing. I don't know.

All I know about method is that when I am not working I sometimes think I know something, but when I am working , it is quite clear that I know nothing.

I wanted to leave everything behind even stop to think, make you stop to think. Dancing. I wanted to gain something through nothing. I wanted to live, to experience. Like we all. I wanted to express nothing, I wanted also nobody to express nothing. To show our flow. Breath. Smile. Thats right...

There is a message for you.

(a window shows up on a screen and shows a landscape, a meadow with trees and birds, everything else turns black. Then a text appears under the window „Now dream!“ Then the text disappears. Then the window disappears.)

I dreamed

(Miles Davies' „Kind of Blue" playing)

What I dreamed.
Is what I'm telling you.
What I have dreamt when I knew
that I was sleeping.
When I slow danced dreaming
dancing in my dream.

Some night on some skyscraper,
Where I slow danced with my self,
And it rained I dreamed
And I rained and I fainted I dreamed
And I found my self
Without my suit case,
Still wearing suite and tie
The sound still in my ear
But no time
In some sort of clinical construction.
Looking longingly for my cigarettes
But they weren't in my
Pocket nowhere.
So yeah, i just stoped hoping,
Because that was like my only way I dreamed
My only hope.

A person with no face came up to me I dreamed
Telling me that I was nowhere and I had to leave so that I understand,
Not telling me where to.
And then I asked for my suit case
But the person with no face replied not very friendly.
The person has never seen
a suite case before, the person said.
But please I said, I dreamed,
That I need my suite case
That it's all I have, all I ever had.
Then there was a kind of blue
light and fog
and the person with no face grew
To the sky, laughing.
I must have dreamt this I dreamed
leaving the clinic,
With nothing.

Wandering, I dreamed
I wanted to see some one like a friend,
And I knew no body,
I knew Nothing.

Who was no body again?
I left the road I dreamed
Walking down by a river
Thinking of them
How did they look?
What were they like?
I forgot I dreamed.

And then again I thought of my suit case,
I don't need it I thought I dreamed
I don't need anything
I need nothing
I don't need a friend
I don't even need to feel...

I might need cigarettes though,
How long was it ago since I had my last one?
I didn't know.
Creatures were crawling by like my self
through this lost night I dreamed
But where was my tie?
Wasn't there a tie around my neck?
Where the heck was that tie?
And then again I rained my self for a bit,
Wandering.

I sat down at some bench
And a lady in a white dress
Handed me a cigarette without asking.
I could not even say thanks.
She just got up and slow danced with her self
To the sound in my ears I dreamed
When it all just disappeared.

And I was sitting exactly there
where everything has started
In the middle of nowhere,
But where the lady was still dancing
And I was still smoking I dreamed.
Everything was empty, blanc
When I sank down, sighing
And all my dreams rose within the smoke,
My being rose within the smoke
And I slow danced
in the smoke of my dreams
Alone.

(blue light and fog)

Not here either