

LEARNING  
WITH  
CLARISSA  
SACHELLI

# LEARNING MAGAZIN #14

[k] KAMPNAGEL

**Dear reader,**

here you'll find an overview of this magazine:

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**Enjoy!**



I'm going to read what I have written to read tonight.<sup>1</sup>

To whom it may concern,

For over many months I've been trying to arrive here.  
A consular officer I don't know once told me at the telephone:  
I can't do anything for you, take a tea and wait.

For over many months, people living in the country where I  
am from and live were not, at all, allowed to enter Germany.<sup>2</sup>

For the last two months, I've been here but still trying to  
thoroughly arrive here.

Some few weeks ago, I was at an official German office and I  
encountered a very nice man who said to me:  
Now, you arrived. Welcome to Hamburg.

Welcome.

I am here today and I thank you for being here tonight.

How are you?

Or, how are you coping?

Once I was watching a lecture and the speaker said: have you ever realized that we, human beings, we have all of our viscera exposed? Look, everything exposed. We can only be here alive because someone, or many ones, took very good care of us.<sup>3</sup>

Who or what has been taking care of whom or of what?

Another lecture comes to my mind, one in which someone from the audience quoted a reference I've never found but always remember, he said:

Who pays your wages?

And to whom do you transfer the wages, the money you earn?

What if the official history we learn in school was not based on a history of conquests and wars, but based on the stories of the labour of those who have always been taking care?

I wonder:

If this labour was taken into a historical account, how would the names of the streets be?

Cleaning lady Straße, Nurse Straße, Bio-agriculture Straße, or, Amazônia Straße, Great Barrier Reef Straße, Mutter Straße, Housekeeper Straße, Street Cleaner Straße

If history was based on the labour of those who take care, how would the monuments be in the middle of the city squares?

Perhaps, there wouldn't be monuments. But if there were, I guess the statues would not be so vertical so upright or, at least, they wouldn't be so phallic.

If we had statues, I would imagine statues leaning on benches, or leaning on a tree. Imagine Karl Marx's big head and torso just leaning on a huge tree rooted in the middle of a park. And a wall in the middle of a city would never be possible. I guess we would not be so obsessed with the verticality.

Here is a question,  
why are we still mostly in a vertical position?

What if in the so called evolution, human beings haven't reached verticality? Not that verticality is a given body orientation to all human beings. But, what if in the so called evolution, we ended up being in a sloping position, within a leaning body orientation, at an angle in between all fours and 90 degrees to the ground, somewhere always a bit out of our axis, never fully up, never fully down?

Why do we hold our bodies upright everyday?

Why do we construct so many permanent and vertical structures?

I might explain I am not here standing for a horizontal orientation. And not going towards bringing/taking/shooting anything anybody to the ground.<sup>4</sup>

The standpoint is:

What is our relation to the ground? How are we orienting ourselves in relation to others?

Lean on something. Lean on someone.

How does care relate to the possibility of settling, or not settling? How can we create an assemblage that could only exist because everything is simultaneously out of its axis, leaning and refusing to call it to order? That would be where the wild things are.

Not by chance, one day, this will be called Wild.

Welcome.

(Blackout)

We are here and this is not about the end of verticality, but about ending the standpoint where verticality makes sense.

It can be about deconstructing gravity and physiology, but it is also far beyond this.

In the last weeks I've been wondering: if we weren't mostly in an upright orientation, to where would we look to? To where would our gaze point to? Perhaps, away from verticality, vision would not be the sense that many of us use the most.

What are you touching right now?

What do you touch when you touch a surface with your legs?





<sup>1</sup> This text was written for the first public opening of the creative process of a dance piece entitled *WILD*. This opening happened on November 18<sup>th</sup> and November 19<sup>th</sup> 2021 at K4 Kampnagel, Hamburg (Germany)..

<sup>2</sup> This restriction, at the time, was due to the Covid-19 pandemic when stricter regulations for entry in several countries were applied. However, for me, when bringing Covid-19 travel restrictions to a larger discussion, it is important to consider the wide gap between the Global North and the Global South as well as the accessibility to vaccines as a point of global differences. With this, it matters to reflect which recurring dominant relations are exposed by the Covid-19 pandemic.

<sup>3</sup> The lecture referred to in this passage was given by Dr. Carla Cristina Garcia, in São Paulo (Brazil), during an introduction on the history of feminism. The passage in this text is not a literal quotation of her words, but a memory of what I remember was said by her in a moment of this lecture.

<sup>4</sup> This passage relates to a discussion raised by Dr. [Kemi Adeyemi](#) in her text [Beyond 90°: The Angularities of Black/Queer/Women/Lean](#).

<sup>5</sup> “All that you touch / You change / All that you change / Changes you” is an excerpt from the book [Parable of the Sower](#), by Octavia E. Butler.

<sup>6</sup> The Brazilian rapper referred in this passage is [Emicida](#) and the quoted song is titled [Principia](#). The translation of the excerpt “tudo tudo tudo tudo tudo que nós tem é nós” to “all all all all all us have is us” is my own free translation. It is deliberately not in accordance to English grammar rules, but pursuing a way of saying suggested in its original version in Portuguese which is also not in accordance to Portuguese grammar rules.

<sup>7</sup> “There is a wild beyond to the structures we inhabit and that inhabit us” is a quote by Jack Halberstam, “The Wild Beyond: With and For the Undercommons”, in [The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study](#), Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, pg 7.

*WILD* is a dance piece which premiered in April of 2022 in the company of both some long-term as well as some more recent working (and life) partners: Carolina Callegaro, Danielli Mendes, Laura Salerno, Luisa Puterman, Miguel Caldas and Renan Marcondes. It is a dance entangled with what happens to bodies, and to the work of dance, when one pays attention to the question of how to care. It interrogates how different bodies come to orient themselves in space and time when caring. In asking which orientations are shaped and performed when one turns towards something or someone, the work questions what is in between and beyond the vertical and horizontal orientations.

This magazine brings some archival material as well as some reflections related to the process of making this piece, but not only. It also yearns to open space for questions from other artists working with connected matters. Their artistic interests are diverse, ranging from being occupied in assembling collective working contexts to be together, passing through digging into the public as a temporary community, going to investigations of everyday gestures along with artistic practices that question social reproduction whilst creating kinship beyond biology.

Yet, besides the content of the texts, when assembling this magazine, it was also important to consider how modes of writing-with could point to other questions related to interests raised in *WILD*. To this extent, some of the texts are attempts to bring artists together, opening room for encounters and conversations.

I thank the collaborators of this magazine and also the partners of *WILD* for leaning with.

I thank the K3 team for making this space possible.

And I thank you, reader, for being here.



WHERE WERE YOU BEFORE START TALKING ABOUT  
OÙ ÉTIEZ VOUS AVANT DE COMMENCER À PARLER  
ONDE VOCÊ ESTAVA ANTES DE FALAR SOBRE CUID  
DONDE ESTABAS ANTES DE EMPEZAR A HABLAR  
HVOR VAR DU FØR DU BEGYNDTE AT TALE OM PL  
WO WAREN SIE, BEVOR SIE ANGEFANGEN HABEN,  
HVOR VAR DU FØR DU BEGYNTE Å SNAKKE OM O  
DØV'ERI PRIMA DI INIZIARE A PARLARE DI CURE?  
VAR VAR DU INNAN DU BÖRJADE PRATA OM VÅRD  
ГДЕ ВЫ БЫЛИ ДО ТОГО, КАК НАЧАЛИ ГОВОРИТЬ  
WAAR WAS JE VOORDAT JE OVER ZORG BEGON?



\*\*Or, and

PF CARE?

R-DE SOIN?

DADO?

DE CUIDADO?

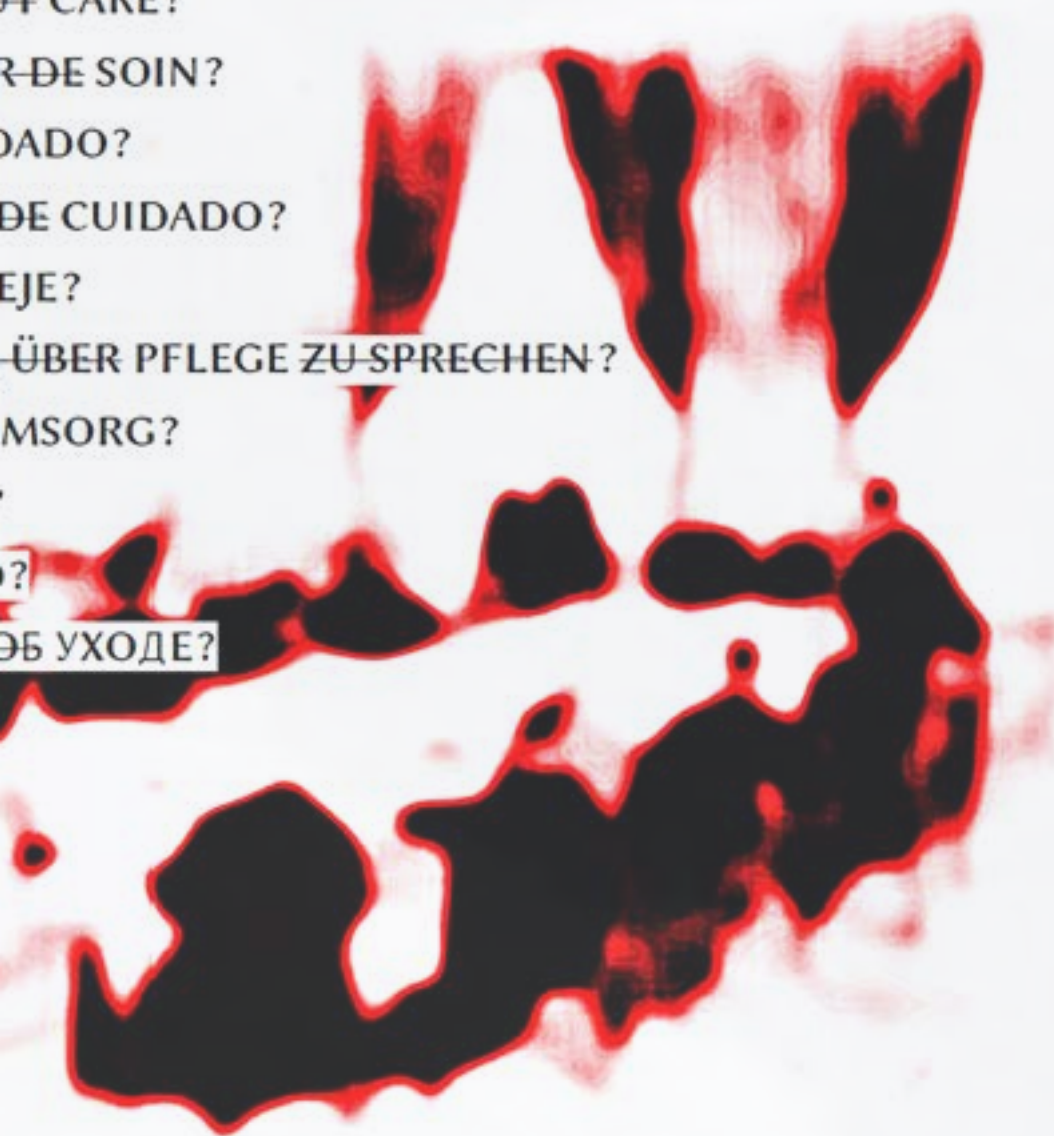
EJE?

ÜBER PFLEGE ZU SPRECHEN?

MSORG?

?

ОБ УХОДЕ?



\*Um outro Banquete.

Another version of *The conference of Berlin*, as illustrated in *"Die Gartenlaube"* 1884.

@ana.pi.ana | 2022

We arrive at an empty street on a cold Friday night. I arrive together with people I do not know – these other people who for one night and for one hour become a community called public. The day is cold for my parameters – I am Brazilian.

I am Brazilian like the three women we see in the theatre space. Three women who, in front of the gaze of witnesses, carry out a crossing – a journey made by three. Three women. It is cold. The country is distant. They are three women living together for almost three months. Only one of them arrived few months earlier.

The three share the space, measuring distances between themselves. There is inclination, closeness and remoteness. On one of the three days, someone from the audience asks about the title: *WILD*.

They guide us with care along a road with no domestication or any sign of erasure of the other. In leaning their bodies, they also take ours through the space. We accompany their journey which lead us to co-live with the dialectic of supports that they mutually offer within their modes of being with us. And it is not by chance that a term appears among their voices when they talk about *WILD*: ‘the good enough mother’<sup>1</sup> – the one who takes care, keeping up with her own difficulties.

We hear and follow three women who listen, accompany and accept each other. There is kindness and subtlety in the rings that cover their hands – which, sometimes, fall as there is no leaning without the possibility of falling – and in the clogs used by them that invite to a dance or a chant.

We are witnesses to the careful displacement of three women who support each other far from where they were born.

The space is assembled amid closeness and distance within a proper measure between three women, between us and between us and them. Even when these three women look at us after climbing some steps in the theatre space, it is only for us to see them from far away and it is almost the end of this journey.

We look at them and, sometimes, we can almost touch their bodies when they are closer to the public who witnesses them. They are women performing tasks of balance, permanence and protection. They and many others have operated, since always, as supporting pillars for social organization. And, at the same time, they may lack care when exposed to gender violence which continues to be an issue in all parts of the world – although there are, obviously, enormous differences between the reality of distinct countries.

Only after watching *WILD*, I encountered Jack Halberstam - a researcher who refers to the term 'wild' to discuss about resistance, heterogeneous spaces and practices to activate a care that I understand as wild. May it be a care that is not aseptic neither perfect, which values the vulnerabilities in all of us, accommodating fragility, clogs, silences, chants, spaces and uncertainties.

It takes time to open the word wild and accompany this choreography.

<sup>1</sup> The concept 'the good enough mother' was developed by the psychoanalyst David Winnicott which, in short, he defines as the "communication of love, of the fact that there is a human being there who cares".

<sup>2</sup> Jack Halberstam (1961) is a professor in the department of English and Comparative Literature and is the director of the Institute for Research on Women, Gender and Sexuality at Columbia University, United States.







## PALMS

in the palms of the hands there are many lines. lines that may not signify anything. i see these lines as rivers. its crossroads are wounds, its intersections are encounters, in its ramifications, life. when we touch the palm of the hand on something we make rivers lean on another reality. caress and care are currents that take the haptic to wander. imagine with your own hands the possibility to moisten a body drained of will.

## FINGERS

a hand can have five fingers. five possibilities to point. each point tells a story. some are more assertive, other generous, other imperative, some small. two which are in between the one in the middle are similar, with few centimeters of difference. to open the hand is to point to a crossroad. in doubt the possibility of action remains.

## AMEM

joining together our two hands, palm to palm, is the first possibility of symmetry. they look familiar, but are in fact strangers to each other. there will always be a detail in one that the other will miss. for love to be, there must be lack. and for lack to exist, differences must be sustained.

## COVER

babies usually cover the thumb with the other fingers. perhaps there is a will of the thickest finger to run away, or all the others really want to hug. the hug is the antidote of the escape, it holds and cares, advises and cuddles. who has never had the will to run away from its own live? what indeed is difficult is not wanting to escape when we are offered as a first gesture the umbilical notion of separation. hugging one's own finger is the memory telling us: not everything breaks, not everything loses its connection.

## NAILS

to grow. to always grow. grow wildly. grow to go beyond the skin's limit. the limits are borders and not walls full of wires. facing the border it is possible to view beyond. perceive that in the fine line between one place and another there is all of that we do not know. the cut of future gestures.

## HAND

rivers, crossroads, hug, limit





Então... entonces... so....  
What about the grey light? :)

Just as a side comment, I think  
we will have to keep switching  
colours... !

Yes.  
It's a pity that we cannot fade into  
different colours, here. I prefer  
fading rather than switching :)

Today, I knew we would have this  
talk, then I was thinking about  
this grey colour in relation to light  
as I was taking a shower, brushing  
my teeth. And it came to my mind  
the image of the colour picker of  
this lighting software that I use.  
Because we have a hue of colours,  
from white to all the rainbow, and  
the grey colour only appears in the  
brightness picker - from white to  
black.

So, do you think grey light does  
not exist? Is grey a variation of  
lightness? An intensity value?

Yes, it came to my mind  
something like this, if grey,  
referring to light is a matter of  
intensity, of fading... I wonder if  
that is why it is so hard to grasp it  
as a colour through light.

Probably, colour, the phenomena  
of colour, it's just a side effect  
between our eyes and the physical  
'reality'. I guess. So, it's our tool  
expressing itself while reading  
the reality. Probably with that  
software it happens the same.  
Even if I totally understand the  
technical impossibility of grey...  
I still cannot understand why. I  
have the feeling that it's not about  
the existence or not of grey in  
light, but it's ourselves not being  
able to catch it.

The range of it might just be  
wider. I wonder if we take grey as  
a matter of intensity and gradation  
(gradativeness? 'gradação'), then  
maybe there is much more to it  
than there is in between white and  
black.

...  
?!  
?!

This thought gave me the desire to try it, grey as a quality, somehow.

If we treat grey as quality, we could also believe that grey is everywhere. On top of each colour, or underneath. Grey as a layer, modulating the brightness. Better: a modulating brightness.

A modulating brightness, this is nice! For the piece *WILD*, facing the challenge of this desire to have a grey light, and the challenge of what would it be, besides a monochromatic effect of a black and white reflection (which is allowed by the monochromatic lamps we used) - the only thing I could think of was having a sense of this modulation of brightness or a low brightness, which then could try to bring the sensation of grey. At the time, I didn't think of the software colour picker image, though.

Maybe if we want to think about grey, we need to think about black and white. But at the same time, if we want to think about orange, it's probably not necessary to talk about yellow and red. Is it possible to free grey from the domination of black and white? Of light and darkness? When does a colour start and when does it finish? When do we stop saying 'yellow!' and start saying 'red!'?

I find this extremely beautiful. A neverending fade, with infinite points in between two points. That's probably the reason why I don't trust the affirmation that grey light doesn't exist. Probably it's my attention not being able to catch the grey moment. The grey veil.

True... Then maybe the question shifts to 'does grey light exist?' to something more as 'how does grey light look like?' and then, to take it back to the relation of perception, and this perception that happens between the physicality of our eyes and the cognition in our brains...

Yes! Yes! Yes! But before trying to understand why, I'd like to keep us both in the attempt of answering 'how does grey light look like?'

I think grey light sounds quiet and smells humid.

To me it also sounds quiet, it feels sleepy, in a nice way as if I could relax my muscles.

Grey light doesn't ask much effort from us.

Maybe it requires more time? (Sorry, did I interrupt you?) Not at all! I just got enthusiastic! And interrupted you!

hahahahahahahahhahah

You know what, I think grey is in between green and lavender, not in between black and white...

Right?! I think by now it also seems so!

I swear I've seen it once. And it was between these two colours. I was in Brussels, in a rehearsal. I was using some floods with LEE 219, covering the whole space with this greenish, humid like colour. And I opened the window for a moment and there it was! The light coming from outside was very close to LEE 708, pale lavender. And when both light sources related to each other, an incredible grey light appeared.

Oh wow, really? How did it look like?

Quiet and humid. :)

Maybe. Let me think.

....

This grey sensation was diminishing the contrast between the colours inside the studio. I could still see different colours from different surfaces, but they were closer between each other.

Were they more into pale tones of the colours? Kind of?

Yes, probably.



Going back to that idea of grey as a quality or a modulation, this makes me think of a blue grey, a red grey, a green grey, a lavender grey. Do you also sometimes have a hard time, when thinking about colour in light, to detach the references from what happens between colour in paint?

I usually have a hard time with that. But not for trying to detach them between each other, rather the opposite. I have a hard time trying to understand that pigment and light, substance and light, are not linked, or they are not part of the same process.

I feel that in your work you rather combine them together, how colour works in these different mediums to be part of a system together, working together, no? And thinking in light, especially for performing arts, it's really impossible to not be affected by the pigments and surfaces on space, clothes and things like this. But now I feel I am (how do you say? 'divagando'), drifting away . . .

Let's put it like this: Light is colourless. Light is a carrier, relating surfaces, transporting qualities. Light as a field, invisible field, the medium where colours travel.

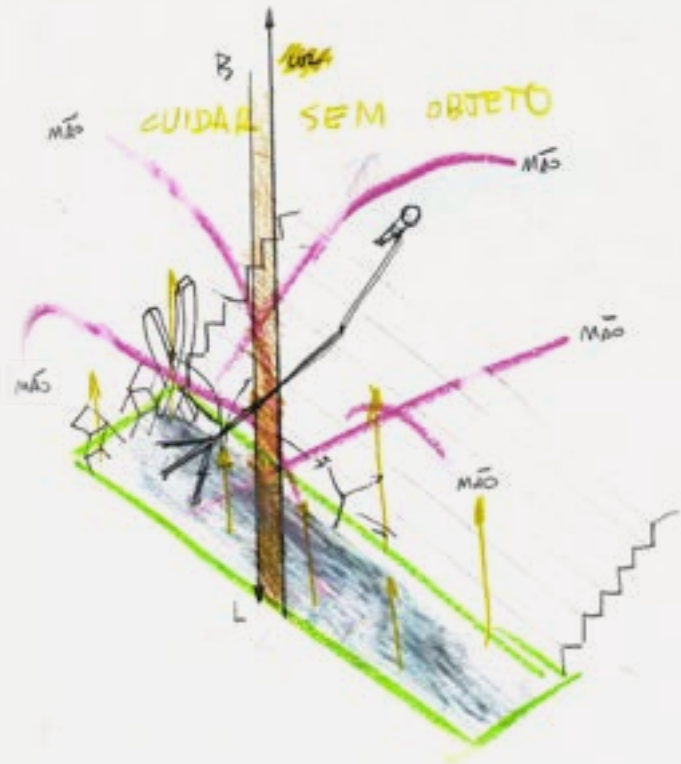
Colours and intensities...?

Yes!

Intensity is the quality of the field. Strong or fragile waves carrying the nuances. (Nuances? Existe esa palabra? Si!)

Maybe there is this beautiful thing in this idea of grey, the fact that it is fragile (not as in weak).

Fragility as its power.



*Our sacred sweat  
It's so much beautiful than this bitter blood  
Is so serious  
And wild  
(...)  
So hold me tight  
Please tell me again that we are already  
Away from all*

(Renato Russo, *Tempo Perdido*, own translation)

*In civilizations without boats, dreams dry up,  
espionage takes the place of adventure, and the police take the place of  
pirates.*

(Michel Foucault, *Of Other Spaces*)

This is the first drawing I made during the creative process of *WILD*, a 2022 dance piece by Clarissa Sacchelli. Despite being the second partnership in which I assume the role of thinking and discussing space and costumes for Sacchelli, there was a specificity here: we were each one on different sides of the ocean. As distance and videoconferences can also be quite rough, my central resource for looking at a space, without being in it, became drawing, in more organized or scattered notes throughout conversations.

In this drawing, which I try to decipher some months after making it, there is an attempt to delimit a scenic space. A green rectangle in which the audience would be and an empty staircase, part of the space where the play premiered. Spatially, nothing is proposed. For me, it was important to know where the public would be and what is specific to that space (the grand staircase, for example). What is central to the drawing – and to this performance, I assume – are some arrows and a sentence, which deserve a few more lines of explanation.

The sentence, hovering above all, says: ‘cuidar sem objeto’. In English, something like ‘to care without an object’. This, of course, must have come over the course of a conversation as a great epiphany. Today, I can understand it as a guiding principle for how to treat space when I collaborate with dance works - especially those by Sacchelli. Here, space is never the blank page, the ‘virgin space’ in which some previous project will be imposed (even if in dialogue, even if ‘site specific’). In other words, space is not something to be colonized. Its own wildness is what needs to be watched carefully and, if possible, maintained.

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It is as if the human presence could not place anything else than what is already given there. But this lack of an object, of something that is constructed and placed to be seen or used, is not a carelessness. It is, above all, a care in relation to its own wildness. Having never set foot in that space, I needed to ask questions like: ‘where does the air flow in this room?’ or ‘does it get too hot when the light passes through you?’, almost an approximation that we have to have when we enter a forest: ‘when does it get dark?’, ‘is it too steep?’, ‘which shoes to wear?’.

Since we choose to not add anything in advance, I imagine that in *WILD* the space is shown while the public is willing to observe more - turning their heads and twisting their necks - to what has always been there. Hence the numerous up and down arrows and the various lines curving away from the center of the space in the drawing above. Different magnitudes and mechanical movements of light, displacements of the performers out of the initial vision field, the ring reflection to other points in space and the sound spatialization are just some of the elements that allow the space to be revealed without a scenography that organizes it. It is from what happens and what emanates from the body that space will change. Or, as it appears in the title of a 1968 work by Lygia Clark: [\*The House is the Body\*](#). Or rather: ‘The stage is the body’.

A Brazilian work whose name *is WILD* may seem strange, given that it does not carry the clichés that link our country to that word. Without sweat, odors, represented animality or nudity, this work reminds us that the radical nature of the body’s contemporary experience in Brazil also goes through places far from this cliché (which, despite selling well, is not entirely real).

I am not saying that the above elements do not exist in the Brazilian experience, but I believe that our contemporary art has always needed to create, in relation to Brazilian daily life, something that Foucault named as ‘heterotopias’: counter-sites in which the usual sites from our culture are found, but where they are “simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted”<sup>1</sup>. It is worth noting how, when trying to exemplify these heterotopias, Foucault cited both the theatre stage and a farm bedroom in Brazil:

“I am thinking, for example, of the famous bedrooms that existed on the great farms of Brazil and elsewhere in South America. The entry door did not lead into the central room where the family lived, and every individual or traveller who came by had the right to open this door, to enter into the bedroom and to sleep there for a night. Now these bedrooms were such that the individual who went into them never had access to the family’s quarter the visitor was absolutely the guest in transit, was not really the invited guest.”<sup>2</sup>

The philosopher ends up, without realizing it, stressing the clash between internal and external space, private property and nomadism, colonial violence and affection that seems to be a central fact of our history. Unfortunately, there is no savagery in Brazil without a veil of care and subtlety.

Even the radicality needed for a concrete experience of the body in the 1970s required extreme subtlety and silence to survive the military dictatorship (perhaps the wildest of all experiences: subtly surviving amidst the savagery of violence). The body needed minimal displacements to learn to, as we say, ‘sair dessa’. The Moebius tape used by Lygia Clark in *Caminhando* (1963), a proposition for the public to continuously cut a one-sided tape made of folded paper, always deviating from the end and increasing further the length of the line: here we have an infinite cut on a sheet of paper that invites the body to an experience of disintegration. Also Hélio Oiticica, with his *Parangolés*, less a clothing than an event, something that happens between people and was incited by fabrics, tents and precarious banners: when wearing these pieces on himself and on others, the artist sought a (re)doing of the self in action, reshaping relationships between subject and world, interior and exterior, through these simple and improvised pieces of fabric, joined in the moment of the action.

In these cases, seminal for Brazilian art, a new world is proposed based on what is silent like a sheet of paper or a body moving with fabrics. Out of nowhere, an attempt to extract a new body.

But even more emblematic as a wild survivor is the song [\*Grito parado no ar\*](#) (1973), made by the musician Toquinho for the theater play written by Guarnieri. With much of its lyrics censored by government agencies, only the instrumental part of the song was left, its lyrics being solely the chorus “I know there's a sky over this rain / and a scream stopped in the air”. A dismembered musical body, with parts forcibly removed, that survived ‘como deu’ (‘mal das pernas’, as we say). But that remained and, many years later, had its remaining lyrics revealed when the song was finally re-recorded. The lyrics were there, under the instruments, silent between us, only hidden, waiting, like the sky above the rain.

That's how it was possible to produce and survive, and it's getting that way again. In 2021, 140 cases of censorship were reported in Brazil. And here we are again, against the real savagery of the world, having to create a savagery of subtlety. One that invites people to care even without a defined object, that trusts in long-term partnerships (with animate and inanimate beings). One that asks for hugs in order to, together, flee from violence. And here we can once more remember that Foucault also defines the heterotopias as ‘spaces of compensation’, and this can be a violent space (as the South American colonies, cited by the author as an extreme type of heterotopia) but also a space for fleeing: a boat, “a floating piece of place, that exists by itself, is closed in on itself” and, mostly, “the greatest reserve of the imagination”<sup>3</sup>. Can we think about scenography as a boat? As a closed space where you put yourself into in order to go to another unknown place?

Finally, the last drawing I did for *WILD*. It is simpler, but also much more abstract. It no longer represents any space, but tries to synthesize a process. The arrows are all going down now, and I think they indicate less of what happens throughout the play and more of what the play can do with its audience: take this drawn space – a pretty but messy yellow area - and reveal something of it that was always there, but now warmed by bodies and reflected by rings. From this double, not everything is apprehended, but a part of it, something (generally very small) that I once called ‘event’. I don't know now if it is the best word, but let's keep it for now, to think of that wild subtlety, necessary and increasingly difficult to understand, for us to survive together.



<sup>1</sup> Michel Foucault. Of Other Spaces: Utopias and Heterotopias. From: Architecture / Mouvemente / Continuité. October, 1984. Access: <https://web.mit.edu/allanmc/www/foucault1.pdf>

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

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**Ana Pi** is a choreographic and imagery artist, researcher of Afro-diasporic and urban dances, extemporary dancer and pedagogue, her practices are woven through the act of travelling.

[latitudescontemporaines.com/artiste/ana-pi/](http://latitudescontemporaines.com/artiste/ana-pi/)

**Bruno Levorin** is a choreographer and philosopher. His works occupy spaces with questions and produces systems to sustain these in time. His projects are situated within dramaturgy and critical theory, production, and choreography.

[brunolevorin.com](http://brunolevorin.com)

**Clarissa Sacchelli** is an artist working in and on dance. She has been developing her projects moving between choreographic pieces, performances and educational activities, whilst also working in collaboration with other artists.

[ganhapao.xyz/clarissasacchelli](http://ganhapao.xyz/clarissasacchelli)

**Cláudia Müller** is an artist with works in dance, performance and video. She holds a PhD and a Master in Arts from UERJ (Brazil) and is a professor in the Dance Programme at UFU - Universidade Federal de Uberlândia (Brazil).

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**Cristian Duarte** is a dance artist from São Paulo who is always looking for a job.

[cristianduarte.net](http://cristianduarte.net)

**Júlia Rocha** collaborates with dance, writing and performance processes. In 2014 she started the publishing house *É selo de língua*.

[@jrochajulia](https://www.instagram.com/jrochajulia) / [@e\\_selodelingua](https://www.instagram.com/e_selodelingua)

**Laura Salerno** works across disciplines with an interest to question how the construction of a space-time can suggest other modes of perception. She collaborates with several artists as a light designer.

[ganhapao.xyz/laurasalerno](http://ganhapao.xyz/laurasalerno)

**Leticia Skrycky** is a scenic designer and maker. She works mainly in the fields of performance and contemporary dance. Having light design as a starting point, she investigates practices of co-creation between humans and non-humans, coming together on stage.

[leticia-skrycky.tumblr.com](http://leticia-skrycky.tumblr.com)

**Renan Marcondes** is a Brazil-based performance artist and researcher, working within the fields of dance, performance, theory and visual arts. He holds a PhD in Performing Arts from USP – Universidade de São Paulo (Brazil).

[renanmarcondes.com](http://renanmarcondes.com)

We invited Clarissa Sacchelli to create the 14th edition of this magazine.

This magazine is written mainly in English by non-native English speakers. At times, words appear in other languages and, occasionally, English grammar rules are deliberately broadened to accommodate a particular way of saying/writing.

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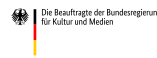
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