

—this is not a review, just a stream ... rushing and pooling into something that covers [its] tracks, over and over, in its encounter of Singularity's one-off:

## *Uncanny Revolutions ... Covering Tracks ...*

—on 'Singularity'; An Immersive Reality experience at Rangatira Q Theatre, 2<sup>nd</sup> November 2016  
(one night only) by Carol Brown, Uwe Rieger and Russell Scoones

... a history of spatiality ... an *unheimlich* proposition;

... gesturing *us* toward the backgrounds of *uncanny* returns ... this singular dance-architecture begins ... (en)trancing us within its ahistorical borders of familiar placement: 'We' evolve easily into something, already deeply scribed onto the cave-walls of its black-boxed scenario ... something already ... already surplus ...

pause ...

Retrace ... where exactly did 'we' begin *our* dance-architecture-trance experience of *Singularity*? Let's get slow and take the 'we' of this statement a little more cautiously ... a little more evolutionary for this scene to unfold—*originally*— at this point of surplus ... in the elliptical moments of our telling ... findings located in longing *between* some known belongings inscribed on cave-walls of theatre-architecture-dance ... we are finding ourselves intersected by this junction; this crossroads of disciplined histories ...

... Seated, raked, quadrupled — There is nothing unusual about the darkened spatial sequencing of this theatre space. A typical arrangement for a typical dance-space trajectory ... and, yet, there is *something* —already— uncanny in the arrangement of this dance-architecture-music triad collaboration. Already? How do we understand this already? A before time: Would not the presupposition of this 'already' then offer itself as a tautological cue? Or, rather, a cue in the temporality of tautology: What is singular about the *already* here is that it resides within uncanny conditions of logos —a truth in making strange through disrupting the known. This logos is an irrational one; straying from truth-as-correctness, attuning itself to *aletheia* as the truth of unconcealing. It hosts itself surplus to its known.

slower, then, now ...

Perhaps, then, in the unconcealing of this known darkness *we* locate the familiar, cued and sequenced through Singularity's reference to rave culture; for our inter-generational lives have now all pre/re/lived the inception and longevity of techno-rave-dance-acid-house-night *clubbing* trances. Always [already] signature in scenes of longevity; like some kind of medley we exists ... as the temporalizing trace-composition marking longevity as [our] strange assemblage for being.

Live ... extended ... now ... then ... in this most familiar *scape* of a live extended play we encounter pause, singularity, moments of fall and release ... we encounter other *familiarities* foreign to the *trance scene*, caught up between elliptical and other untimely propositions of temporal disjunction; crossroads of time—Heidegger's ecstatic

temporality—both, together, diachronic and synchronic in the long play of singularity — lived in belonging to Singularity’s interdisciplinary compositional crossroads ...

pause ...

Seated, static ... and yet we pulsate from strobes of light architecting [our] data ... sectioning, planning and elevating *us* via conducting choreographic bodies: Primal dancers move *us* into their spatial historiography through discrete unfolding episodic displays —each episode something of a revolution for them as they build (through evolutionary magic) their dance-data-architecture-arcs; arcing [us] into bodily somatics as each dance-data-architectural revolution, scores their trance-techno-rhythms. These *revolutions* bring-forth the building of their—these primal dancers— spatial environment as we witness them moving-building *slowly* (at first) a ‘home’ for their inhabitation. There exists something of a coming-to-understanding of these alien laws as episodic dancer moves from hostage to host. This pattern of becoming familiar, sequenced through building-dwelling, acts on (and out) our primordial desires, machined through traits, movements, crafts — tracing the unfamiliar to familiar. Yet, it is unfamiliarity that we witness as the being of a becoming most-at-home in the ongoing making of spatial histories episodically *told*. The existential phenomenologist philosopher, Martin Heidegger, suggests human being—of all species— is the most uncanny animal: We humans exist perennially homeless.

... covering ... tracks ...

The spatialising of Singularity’s dance-music-architecture projects its repetitive singularity for being homeless in its striving process for the fascination of projection—its futural possibility—We become revolutions projected in the movement of covering over (the tracks of) this existential unfamiliar-familiar condition; for this homeless quality perennially seeks out the borders of our (un)knowing through building-dwelling-thinking. If there is a history of spatiality then it would be that call to the revolution for building out of (and into) bodily desires to sense the datum that calls us into our futures *only* to return us over (and over) to the uncanny worlds of unknown anterior and primordial iterations.

Scatter ... camouflage ... pause ... further ... again ...

*Singularity* offered me something of this revolution of future projection, as I traversed the different data-architectures threading me into sonic and light rhythms, through its sensory gestural dance-language *only* to be returned over through elliptical compositions; spacings of singular choreographic puncture-moments and in/stalling of episodic histories. And, while this *only* pronounces a slight and hesitant release into obscurity, it promises too the enterprise of *return* that undoes any dualistic tendency of proprietary categorical inscription. The promise of this ontology of *return*, in the hesitation of an only, draws out [our] fascination further in sums of episodic parts, which become far greater—*unheimlich* ecstatic temporalizing—than any neat, correct, summation of this triad collaboration ... we cover over our tracks ... cutting ... strobing ... strophing... marking ... beating ... breathing ... pulsing ... effacing ... scattering ... perturbing ... facing ... building ... binding ... lighting ... dwelling ... dance-arcing ... data-tecting ... archi-tracing ... techno-raving ... trancing ... sniffing out our borders ... surveying traces ... trancing over tracks ... we find ourselves ‘now’ in a future-to-come; entering Singularity’s ‘now-moment’ of an uncanny dance-party denouement ... we enter fully

into the surplus play of ecstatic temporality, lingering in a *return* to a darkness of knowing  
and a light of mystery ... Singularity offered us up to this *only* ...

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Maria O'Connor

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