

Anne Imhof

Performance *OVERTURE*

13 April 2016, 7.30 pm & 14 April 2016, 3 pm

with: Franziska Aigner, Billy Bultheel, Frances Chiavereni, Josh Johnson, Ian Ladner Edmonds,
Eliza Shaw Douglas
Music: Billy Bultheel

Exhibition until 21 May 2016

OVERTURE

"I just put my hand up for fun"

OVERDOSE († 2015, Germany) was a Hungarian thoroughbred racehorse born in Nottinghamshire, Great Britain. During his career he was victorious in sixteen of his nineteen races. In mid-2009 one of his hooves became inflamed, which resulted in laminitis. This put the horse's career in danger. His recovery lasted for 15 months. Overdose returned in July 2010 and with two victories extended his unbeaten record to 14 races. Overdose died on a Wednesday morning in July of 2015.

The loge (solitude)
The voice (history)
The falcon* (cities, hunting, drones)

To begin with, an Opera needs a voice, a loge and a falcon.
A voice is ready at hand and the loge sits in the room, opening and closing the space with its air of exclusivity. Its baroque roundness opens a vantage point to the falcon in the back space, who sports a remarkably serrated upper beak. The upper beak allows a falcon to sever the neck and rip apart the back of the skull of its prey. It is in this way that its prey will come to die.
The voice sets off its calling slowly at first, circling and expanding into a march.

Hail surface. Hail old phantasies. Hail the new normal.
Hail! Hail! Hail surface.
I put my hand up for fun.

To begin is to suck fluid from the walls of the mouth. By gathering, pulling, chewing and extracting, saliva will assemble on the center of the tongue. Once enough spit has been accumulated, the tone of the action must change. Pulling and drawing must now make room for aim and direction. The tongue curls into a small tunnel and pushes the assembled spit into the air stream, making its way from the lungs through the trachea and mouth to the outside of the mouth. Aim and direction are controlled by adjusting the width and alignment of the tunnel. Here, good spitters are at hand.

I can turn my head 360 degrees.
To give an insight into what is yet to come is to tarry with time.
But you, by the time we reach you, are enveloping yourself into a place we cannot go. You teach your hands to sleep.

Overture.
Overdose.

*Overdose the falcon is now named after Overdose the racehorse.