Translocal Performance Art Giswil 2026 — From Moon to Moon

Text documentation by Flinh, October 2026

(12.00)

We set off from Giswil train station and walked together to the Turbin Hall, where the performance festival would take place. We saw familiar faces and new ones. We walked slowly together, gradually getting to know the landscape and terrain with each step.

I walked with Ursula, my companion in documenting the work. We talked about the weather, the dry river, the mosquitoes, skinny cows, the grassland that used to be a river…whatever we encountered along the way, before we started talking about art.

Crossing a road, the group of us suddenly stopped at the appearance of a stranger. Its entire body was covered in leaves. It ran around the grass and then stopped under the shade of a large tree. A few steps further, we encountered two more figures. One was wearing a suit fully covered in badges, waving a stick in his hand. Another wore a white paper mask and walked past the crowd as if no one were there.

A whimsical meet. Nothing dramatic. It felt like a funny welcome, a sign that we were almost there. Maybe we're already in the performance. From Moon to Moon.

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(13.15 Eva Giannakopoulou "Oh the son!" with Aris Zent Giannakopoulos)

From a distance, two figures approached through the landscape of the valley. Their heads were golden, shining under the sunlight.

A Mother and a Child. They moved slowly, guided by the sound of the iron staff striking the ground.

The sound echoed through Turbin Hall. People entered the space, walking through the gap between the two figures.

They merged into one body. A two-headed, two-armed creature. Then they separated again.

The mother and the child.

They wandered through Turbin Hall. Imitating. Learning. Playing. Fighting. Teasing. The two golden heads leaned against each other. Breathing together. Whispering.

Then the mother carried the son on her back and walked out of the hall, into the landscape. Heavy-footed, she moved towards the sound of running water.

Towards the waterfall. Water. The stream. Back to the beginning.

The gold coating was removed from their heads. They returned to human form.

Cold water flowed over the mother's body. Washing away the gold. Running over her skin, into every fold and crevice.

Rising from the water, the figure stood upright, arms stretched out, a smoke flare burning in each hand. Purple smoke rose thickly. Its smell was sharp, pungent. It spread across the light, the water, the figures. Until we could see nothing.

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(14.00 Ivan Röösli “Lieber nichts sagen?”)

A re-enactment of a performance by Monika Günther. A dried taxidermied crocodile. Animal model toys. A wooden hand. Lieber nichts sagen. These are a few things I could remember.

A robot vacuum cleaner dragged itself around the middle of the space. On its back, it carried a dried crocodile, together with a layer of grass covering its body.

Alone, out of place, confused, circling around the floor.

Ivan Roosli, standing on a hoverboard, glided into space. The balance of the body. Moving forward and then backward. Confused, circling around the floor.

Two beings, not touching the ground, moved to the rhythm of machines.

The robot carrying the crocodile reached its limit. It stopped, ran out of battery, and got stuck.

Ivan stepped off the hoverboard and moved into the second part of the performance.

“Lieber nichts sagen?”

Ivan carefully placed a small piece of paper on the floor, like an information plaque beside a museum object.

An emergency blanket was unfolded. Cut into a round metallic carpet spread across the ground. Like an island. A planet. A moon.

And on this piece of land, animal models were poured out from a basin. The animals dropped heavily onto the floor and rolled around on the ground.

Like a child, knocking everything out of its neatness and order.

A hand. Holding a wooden hand. Reaching out. It slowly touched the faces of the people standing opposite it. Tenderly. Gently. Stroking.

But it was only a brief moment of tenderness and care.

It disappeared as quickly as the performance came to an end.

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(14.45 Yel K. Banto and Sébée Roussi “Rust (the walk)”)

(in silence) The audience sat in a long line along one side of the Turbin Hall. From a door in the middle of the hall, one person stepped onto the stage in high-heeled leather boots and moved gracefully to the right side. From the other side of the room, another person slowly entered, wearing leather trousers with ridiculously padded crotch and knee joints. One person disappeared back behind the curtain. Then the other appeared. Taking turns. Showing up through the door and the curtain.

(the sound entering the space) Each held a cymbal at chest height, like a bronze mirror facing the audience. The rhythm of their steps became synchronized between the two bodies. Walking. 1 2 1 2. Moving along one orbit in space. Hoping. Two neutrons orbiting each other. Galloping. The speed is accelerating. The heat is increasing. To the point they finally collide. Tangled up together. Flung off to the floor.

(the intensity of vibration, vibrance of the bass) The entire Turbine Hall resonated with the bass sound. With the glass windows rattling, the skin and heartbeat rose with it. A mirror. The moon. Reappearing through another instrument. A tom drum.Held at chest height. It slowly moved past the faces of the long line of spectators. And when it reached the level of my eyes, a moment of the lunar cycle passed by for two

seconds. The drumhead vibrated with a murmuring sound that could only be heard when it passed very close to your face. For those two seconds. Twitching. Oscillating. Boiling. Moving so fast. That everything seemed to stand still.

(the bow) The body softly leaning into space. Folding down. Leaning backwards. Sunflowers in hands. Again leaning into the void. Again following a movement from one end of the row of seats to the other. A bow. The last connection. The farewell. The end.

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(15.15 Panos Charalambous “RAST MOON”)

The sound entered the space first. A high-pitched voice repeatedly called the name.

Panos Charalambous.

Noisy sound. Chaotic, but sharp, distorted, covering me with a prickly and strange feeling.

Panos Charalambous entered the room with two huge stacks of plates. He placed the stacks on the ground, took each plate and threw it onto the floor. Then he stepped on.

The sole of his foot pressed into the hollow surface of a plate. A cold, sharp contact of the skin to the ceramics, and the ceramics to the floor. Tiptoeing and lifting his heel. Falling backward, leaning forward.

The hollow space between the unmatched curves of the feet and plates. Unsteady in his attempt to balance the weight of a massive body pressing down onto it.

He walked forward one or two steps, then returned to the starting point to take another plate and lay it out in a straight line. Continue forward. Then return. Then continue again. The process repeated in a hurry, awkwardly, with the constant sound of porcelain colliding.

And at the end of the path of porcelain plates, a small island was formed from smaller circular shapes.

At the center of the island stands the body. A tense body leaning and tilting to keep its balance. Then, from the waving arms, the little jumps, the awkward-looking leaning movements, a rhythm began to emerge.

A folk dance. Resonating with impact, rubbing. A ritual. Resonating with roughness, awkwardness, the everyday.

And finally, the body lay down to rest. The chaotic sounds gradually settled.

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(16.15 Panos Sklavenitis “Carnival of Contact”)

The final stage of the carnival parade, a long journey beginning in Greece and ending in Switzerland.

The characters from the carnival parade.

An alien.

A shaggy, rustling plant-like creature.

One wearing a suit covered with all kinds of badges.

One holding a branch with something dangling from it, while the others carried strips of paper and posters.

They moved around the room, weaving between the audience.

In the distance, documentary footage of the four-month journey played.

The atmosphere was strange, festive, and joyful.

Moments from the documentation and the present were reconstructed together inside Turbin Hall.

When the informational papers and posters were laid on the floor, I sat down and started reading.

Carnival of Contact

The journey of six characters. Pulcinella, Death, Greenman, Bird, Alien, and Agnanteros.

Curiosity. Transformation. Compromise. Judgement. Searching. Connection. Indifference. Repetition. Spontaneity. Structure. Unpredictability.

On a journey of exploration and encounters. Landscape. Plants. Monuments. Humans. Animals. Non-human. Stories. Situations.

Each had their own way of approaching the world, of making contact with what they encountered. Different lenses. Different forms of attention.

Handwritten notes. Photographs. Moving images. Fragments of encounters, observations, and situations were gathered and arranged.

Another journey taking shape through its traces. As I found myself a part of this documentary process. Collect. Revisit. Translate. Reactivate.

Looking back, the encounter on the way to Turbin Hall had already drawn me into the carnival's journey. I had become a small part of it before knowing what the journey was.

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(17.15 Charonne Débora Placathose “J’ai retrouvé ma voix_ _ _e”

Débora steps onto the stage wearing a flattering white satin soirée dress. She turns around, pressing herself against the wall, tilting her head as if listening for something on the other side. Her gestures and movements are carefully choreographed.

A dance performance?

She then walks straight out of Turbin Hall, heading towards a second stage outdoors, set on the grass. A simple setup: a microphone and a music stand.

She begins to sing in her beautiful, skillful voice.

A concert?

She gets through about two lines before stopping, having forgotten the lyrics. She glances nervously towards the music stand, which seems to be placed a little too far from where she is standing at the microphone. Hesitantly, she continues singing as she adjusts her position. Then she decides to switch to another song.

The audience seems confused, trying to remain silent out of politeness so that she can continue performing. But then another song is replaced by yet another. The microphone is tangled up in a mess of cables. Her voice comes and goes, sometimes distant, sometimes close, sometimes loud, sometimes quiet.

A few giggles break out as the audience realizes all these mishaps have been staged.

A sketch comedy show?

She keeps switching songs. They are in different languages, and I recognize most of them from television and popular culture. Each time she moves on to a new song, different groups in the audience burst into laughter.

After seven or eight songs, she finally frees the microphone from the tangle of cables. She steps away from the stage setup and starts walking around.

I don't recognize the final song. This time, she doesn't use the microphone. I hear her actual voice.

Still singing, she begins to walk up the slope ahead. In her elegant white dress, she moves further and further away from the stage, until she gradually disappears behind a thicket of trees.

Her singing continues, uninterrupted.

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(19.15 Yara Li Mennel “Battura nr. 0”)

A spotlight falls on a grey curtain. Beneath it, a pair of thin legs.

The legs cross over each other, swaying back and forth.

Rrrrung. Rrrrung.

The metallic sound vibrates through the air.

Yara steps out from behind the curtain. Her body keeps swinging. The sound softens. A dry, rattling noise comes from her body, like seeds or shells rubbing against each other.

Gently. Then harder. Then harder still.

Shells fly out of the bag strapped to her body. They scatter across the floor, rattling.

She walks around. Searching. Crossing through the audience. Her body shakes, each movement releasing a dry, rustling sound.

She looks straight at us. Gestures for us to come closer.

We follow.

Around the room. Here and there, objects appear. A stainless steel pot on the floor, rattling on its own.

She looks at the audience again. Moves closer. Shakes her body.

Then she sits by the window and fries an egg.

We wait. Wait to see what happens.

She turns towards us and stares. Is there something strange about it? Just an egg. She showed us the pan. She gestured for us to smell it.

Why are we looking? What are we waiting for?

Ordinary actions. Things anyone might do at home. Rattling a door. Randomly tapping on objects to hear the sounds they make. Frying an egg. Sweeping the floor.

Metal rattling. Dry shells scraping against each other. Objects knocking together. The dry, rustling sounds continue, passing from one action to the next

Then she walks out of Turbin Hall.
We are not sure whether the performance is over. We follow her.
At a hidden corner, she suddenly jumps out.

BOO!

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(20.00 Fortini Stamatelopoulou “All by themselves”)

In the dim light of dusk, Fortini enters Turbin Hall, carrying a lamp.

Nothing else can be heard but the dry, scraping rustle of seed shells against the floor.

She kneels, facing the spotlight as its beam falls directly onto her face.

Where does the story begin?

It is not yet the time… It is not yet… Not yet…

We sat together listening to her voice.

Light. Darkness. Full. Empty. Spoken words. Unspoken feelings.

She begins to crawl slowly towards the spotlight. The light grows harsh, blurring her face. Then it gradually fades. She gathers it into her arms, holding it close to her chest.

Everything falls silent. A muteness at the back of your mind.

She steps outside, climbs the grassy slope, then slowly falls.

Back inside the dark room, she puts on a pair of headphones, cutting herself off from the outside world.

The sound is loud, but we hear nothing.

She nods along to the music, then begins to dance. The movements grow more forceful, more frantic. Energy spills out of her body. She screams. Her facial muscles contort, twisted with anger.

Everything remains silent. We sat still.

She passes the headphones to a stranger. No one else knows what is playing inside them.

A rope is pulled out. Wrapped around her body, it drags as she walks through the space.

Forces pull against her body, tugging in opposite directions.

It continues, again and again, until the tension seeps into the body and becomes invisible.

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(20.30 La Bella Bestia Co. - Artistic Research HSLU Musik Studierende led by Emilio Guim)

The final performance is an experimental sound performance. I was instructed to sit among the different setups, surrounded by tables covered with objects, projectors, sound systems, and performers.

A Lego structure assembled on one corner of a worktable.

Three cameras point towards it from three different angles.

I observe the structure from a distance. Then it appears again through a projector, but at a different time-lapse speed.

Focused and calm, the hands assemble the Lego pieces. The image glitches, breaks up, falls behind.

Not my eyes. Not my time. A signal coming from another machine.

On the other side, a corner of a kitchen. A table with containers, bowls, rice, and flour.

Different gestures. Pouring rice. Rubbing it between the hands. Placing one object on top of another. Sounds emerge as responses to these actions. Sometimes they match. Sometimes they fall out of sync.

A slam on the table. Rice scatters everywhere.

Frustrated. Aggressive.

Still searching for the connection. What is the connection? How does an action translate into the digital? How do you reach what you want?

On the wall between the two sides of the stage, a projection shows another space, white walls and a carpeted floor, different from Turbin Hall.

Two people stand in the video. Two identical figures stand with us in Turbin Hall.

A rehearsal. Two figures approach each other from opposite sides of the wall. They shadow their own previously recorded footsteps.

Computer beeps and a ticking clock keep time with their movements.

The images begin to lag, stutter, rewind, and jump forward. Images overlap. Figures and positions are swapped.

Until, at a certain point, everything blends into a confusion of information.