Translocal Performance Art Giswil
12. September 2026

Von Mond zu Mond

ein traditionsspaziergang mit hallenden glocken hund und gemurmel und dann im sinkenden sumpf ein grünes wesen parallelwelten and a coincidence climbing up the hill slamming metal bare feet rhythm and nutshells und monde an einem mondlosen tag sometimes jumping is all i can do figures and sticks and the sound of it all jumping from here to there one image to the next playing turning being turned and an almost danse here and there slipping being broken in the dark and a glimpse of light forgotten shadows und spiele gespielt gazing with demand an intensity in the almost careless and a trace of smile and bits and pieces and fragments und der hauch eines lächelns
und da der rote faden

Ursula Scherrer

Eva Giannakopoulou with Aris Zent Giannakopoulos
Oh the son!

son or sun or both
or
do they ever meet
two figures from afar two figures with golden heads two figures shining reflecting figures in white robes painted or are they tunicas
lines walking through the grass approaching with a stick in rhythm coming holding hands from afar a smaller one in a bigger one
an entrance
beings playing beings beings being beings tender beings fighting beings cozy beings being one and two beings being two beings having been one and one having been
it is not always easy to be carried
it is not easy to carry
who carrying who
a slippery road
yet full of play and clay
the right leg sticking out to the right
is his own weight of more weight to him than his weight to her
her weight to his and is it the weight that is heavy
like a gazelle climbing up the mountain
(sometimes there are lamas over there)
a waterfall or is it a spring

and I saw long before what I didn't see then seeing it long after when taken down

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Ivan Röösli
Lieber nichts sagen?

es rollt und dreht and is turning and rolling and rolling and turning und rollt drehend im kreis
insel in isolation
turning rolling with alligator gebettet auf einem stück holz moss grass und einer hirschzunge
is it turning or being turned
stopping
approaching
approaching hesitatingly
approaching her
rolling
he in black with backpack smiling slightly
ein anflug eines lächelns auch dann
später
it is called hoverboard I learn
ist es eine begegnung or is it a dance of two beings
non-human and human animal
or a coincidence in time
and the animals on the floor emptied out of the bag
almost carelessly
auf die notfalldecke
auf die notfalldecke geleert
ausgeleert gefallen
not oder falle oder doch mond voll mond vollmond
or the backside of the moon
it is golden out of silver
wooden
the hand carressing her cheek
the hand stiffly gently the cheek carressing zögerlich zögernd
with an almost smile
standing
eine hand
eine anlehnung mit ausgeleerten tieren

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Yel K. Banto with Sébée Roussi
Rust (the walk)

parallelwelten im hintergrund untranslatable sunflowers and a slamming door
s coming out
s walking in high heels
s inhabiting the space
s quietly moving on heels
s being quiet
s moving across the space
quietly
s moving distinctly
s going to the mic stand without a mic
s standing
s looking
s looking at us
s looking over
s having a lot of time
there is no question
s knowing where s is
s walking back
s disappearing somewhere else a slamming door
an entrance and an exit and a sentence in between parallel worlds in the background
and there is y
swan lake in slow motion from afar and not at all
s reappearing
point to point closing the door with utmost care
one glove each
breaking the slowness diagonally crossing the legs soundless images arise
the other in and out again
or is it an in between world
a door zeitgleich turning sneakers with tatoos a few notes a drone
and yet dancing bodies are hard to miss one glove or is it the other
on the floor a cymbal or is it a symbol diagonally across the sun falling a reflection to each other finding light
circling in perfect unison two distinct beings in rhythm with a sigh is it the third or the forth round skipping together alone and a slight breeze across my face
the fall
holding up the hair
and a bird high up below the ceiling is it a weight trembling from within a reflection of its own above the head crawling a spine turning and two sunflowers backwards
vornübergebeugt eben doch
schwanensee bei neumond

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Panos Charalambous
RAST MOON

distorted voices and a pile of plates coming and going
more plates
piles like beings being called stacks barefoot I jumped ahead in my head
will he
will it
will they
placing almost carelessly
walking in
will they
will it
will he
walking and placing making a path
walking and placing and stepping
walking and placing and almost slipping
going back going forward
a play with plates that could
a play with the fire without a fire
a play that is forming a path
and there is the sound
back and forth through the plates in the plates barefooted stepping almost slipping
the plates on the floor in the huge hall
the plates being placed almost carelessly forming a path
a path and then an island
a bridge to the plate island
a bridge out of plates
a kind of japanese garden that is not
almost slipping
a play almost dangerous
a play with plates
a play on tiptoes
a dance upside down or is it a tree it almost happened slipping there is a plan maybe a voice distortion a trembling figure gesturing
the plates
the sound
will they
do they
will he
lying down a plate covering the face going back stacking plate on top of plate stacking sounding tiptoeing slipping almost playful playing stack next to stack pile next to pile plates on top of plates
two
being broken

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Panos Sklavenitis with Hector Papadimitriou & Kostas Karapanagiotis
Carnival of Contact

traces bits and pieces and a trojan horse
gifts to the gods
something may want to meet you
corn and palm leaves and a ländler
observation logs
earlier they were in the field
appearing and disappearing
the green man, one with a long white nose and one with a fishing rod and mona lisa
pulcinella green man death
a journey of their own
a journey from there to here
a journey through places and rivers and lakes and mountains and borders and hills
a journey filled with images and stories and thoughts and words and sounds and shapes
traces catching glimpses of research traveled traveling figures through time and space alien bird a swallow in a nest falling off the cliff and a city built by birds an open view displaced unpredictably landing in silence moving in repetition a transmission in translation of transformation in the distance a field record or a record of a field during in between a research traveling in everyday life
a memory and a conversation drawing
and then there are rules
open temporary activity preceding immaterial documentation coincident failure requires anonymity
alone together or replaced without an interrupting route
a base of traveling in motion curiously adapting to that which is
and then comes the return

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Charonne Débora Placathose

J’ai retrouvé ma voix___e

moving in circles circles that are no circles dressed in white so white so white in front of the white wall moving softly looking up turned away across and sideways turning her back moving sliding stepping
and then
der ausbruch aus der halle
stepping out
stepping out of
stepping away from
leaving inside
leaving the hall
leaving the womb
in the green green grass
non rien de rien
so green a huge mess tangled a knot of cables and microphones and cables and microphones and cables and a microphone entangled in a song
je ne regrette rien
deine welt sind die berge
je ne regrette rien
du weisch immer no nüt het sie gseit
deine welt
je ne regrette rien
het sie gseit
die königin der nacht
a glitch a break some words some notes some noises breaking being broken yet again not giving up an irritation entangled a knot a mess too many ends not meeting fragments of melodies fragments of words fragments of voices fragments of lives
zu hause komm nach hause find your luck
entkoppelt ein wackelkontakt birds flying do I know how you feel can I do you do I
climbing singing disappearing figure in white so white
disappearing in the woods so white
je ne regrette rien
het sie gseit
her voice
singing
singing
singing
being sung

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Yara Li Mennel
Battuta nr. 0

sounds of metal being pounded motionless noise
and then a foot
and another foot
bare fragile strong like being born with only feet bare feet born
ghostly curtain moving sounding from behind
and then she is out
hooded covered under cover a question of time and timing and then the sound hooded
sounding jumping moving shaking moving sounding inside a bag
I missed the moment
shells on the floor many shells on the floor falling out of the bag shells walnut shells smaller
bigger thicker thinner shells nutshells walnutshells sounding gently sounding turning over
being moved
sounding hooded a being on all fours shaking
mischievously
sitting quietly on the window sill high up looking out cooking new moon sunny side up
looking down an offering with clarity and a particular gaze of demand
no question what I shall do
using a broom to clean
shells rolling
shells being rolled
shells being loud
every turn being heard
and yet
is it a symphony in a nutshell

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Fotini Stamatelopoulous

All by themselves

in the dark a light over the floor
dark in dark in darkness figures as shadows shadows of shadows
a light over the floor
gliding
gazes
gliding
words asking
words pointing
words repeating
words drilling
words in the dark
words out of the dark
words in space
words that go through
words in a glimpse of light
words as sentences
all by themselves
questioning
desperate the words are intersected with sounds from the past a nutshell
words in a nutshell words not knowing the place words burning words up the hill words tumbling words and ropes ropes climbing words down the hill words from a place words not knowing a place words lost in space
a place where a place what a place floating in the dark
and then the dance
so wild so wild so wild
a lasso swinging
a rope around the neck
lying down

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Artistic Research HSLU Musik
La Bella Bestia Co.

prélude und stehen
figuren und lautsprecher paare unterschiedlicher art
construction to be destroid
lego spielen mit drei live kameras aufzeichnungen in fast echtzeit verzerrt eine irritation des nicht analogen versuche der imitierung glitches that are not glitched nicht rot grün blau the analog decomposed
eine verschiebung
a cook cooking with beans and pans and bowls and contact mics a cook not cooking and yet having cooked the sounds moving the sounds mixing the sounds pouring the sounds whisking pouring sampling contortion of its own kind
walking facing each other walking towards each other walking doubling walking slowly walking facing doubling
and there are the shadows
are the shadows more real then the person or the person projected or is the shadow a projection of the real and is the projection of the person from now or is the projection of the person of back then
a white and a black tshirt is giving me a hint
doubling
tripling
manyfolding
more and more and more and more
sitting standing turning walking in multitude

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