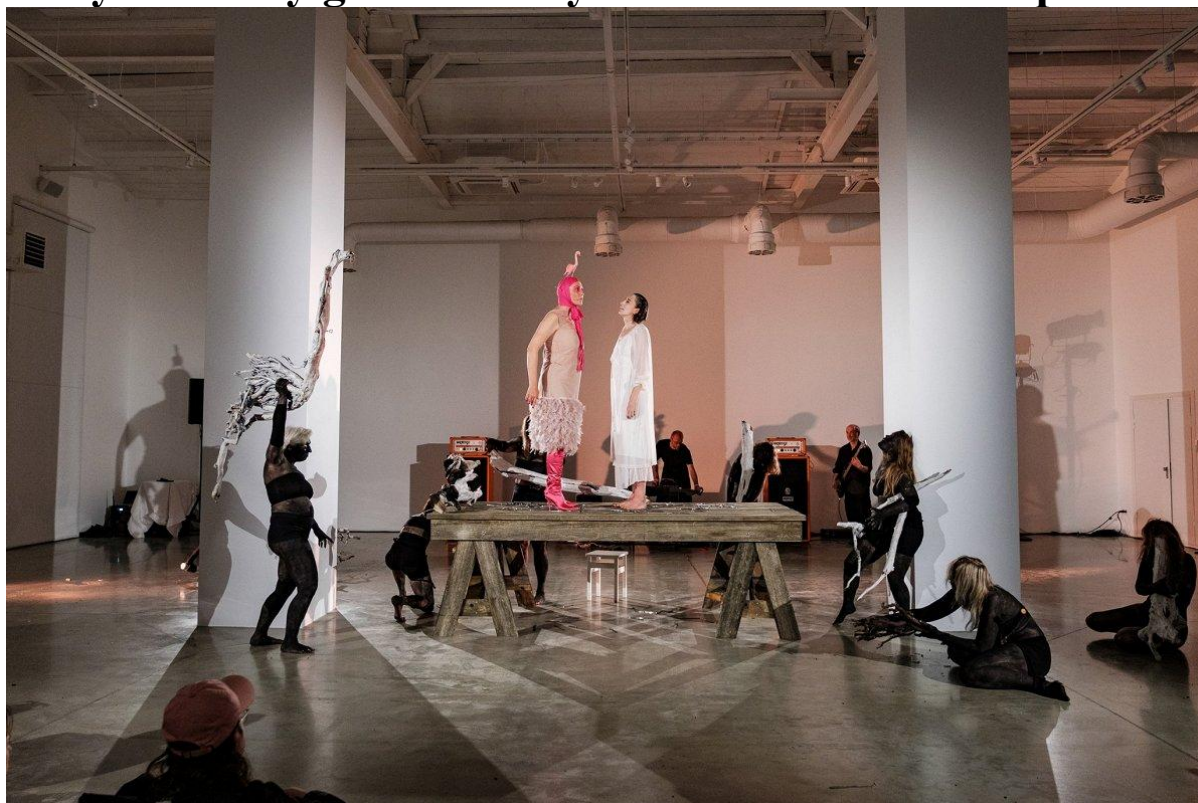


Put your crazy god in. Diary of the festival «Interspace»



BUTŌ Lab “Sometimes a Wild God”. Photo series: Artūrs Aizikovičs. J

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The second evening of the festival "Interspace" performance at the art centre "Zuzeum" is opened by apocalyptic beekeepers from Denmark and Germany. Like the sky, the space is darkened; when we have come together, the door to the adjacent hall opens, through which artists in the skatands enter the skating hands. Immediately there are associations with space and a foreign gravitational field, but it is difficult to say whether we have come to a new planet, or whether the world so well known to us has turned beyond recognition.



Mark Tholander “Onomatopopeia for a Hissing Kettle: Part One”. Photo: Artūrs Aizikovičs

Accompanied by the voice of artists Laura Marie, Mark Tholander and Joana Öhlschläge, continue in slow motion, but soon become clear – invisible beehives are being maintained. The work is so careful that it seems that bees will become visible at every moment, but they still do not magically appear. Neither space, nor in space, nor performance in the conjured up dystopian visions of the future.



Park Kyeong Hwa “Fish Bowl”.

Park Kyeong Hwa brings us back to reality, asking for your performance not to film or photograph at the entrance. Since I know what "requisites" will be used, this request immediately makes me concerned. In the center of the hall there is a chair with a white cloth and a low table, on which four items are placed – a bottle of wine and a glass of red wine, a hammer and a... aquarium with a live goldfish floating in it.

At the beginning of the performance, the artist invites her to trust until the end of the event, as well as not to leave the room, however, at the crucial moment several spectators do not submit to the instructions, intervene and/or leave the hall.

The feeling is bad, and I also feel the desire to leave – I am only discouraged by conscientiousness that something will have to be written about this afterwards. So I remain until the end, and with the help of the other Korean artist Gim Gwang Cheol, Park Kyeong Hwa manages to lead everything to the end. Although a large number of viewers have made their judgment about what they saw well before the culmination, discussions continue long after the end of the event, leading to the conclusion that the performance of their main tasks has been completed.



Peter Baren "The Unbearable Lightness Of Being Human - memento mori".

The tense atmosphere must be calmed by the future artist – I see how a black-dressed skier goes through the yard from the side of Lāčplēsis Street. Following the image, the audience is brought into the hall where the Dutch artist Peter Baren welcomes us, greeting us with a muted: "*Memento mori*." Along the walls of the room there are cardboard quadrangles with inscriptions, which gives me an envious feeling – as if the white walls of "Zuzeum" were a skull and I had now got to the inside of my head. The feeling is enhanced by various words (for example, spirit or soul, meatjoy or "meat joy"), which decorate black boomerangs on a table placed on the grass at one end, next to them there is a pile of white embroidery with messages of a different nature (considered the word hope or hope). In addition to the skier, there are other characters in the space, which are more reminiscent of works of art – one of them literally, hanging about two meters above the ground on the wall of the hall. They are all united by mysticism – they are exactly as scary and incompatible as dreams and sometimes thoughts tend to be. At the end of the performance, the skier leaves his skis in the hall and walks back in the yard; I follow him immediately, because I don't want to stay in my head for too long.



Leena Kela "End of Days".

The ongoing *memento mori* theme on its own continues the next performance called "End of the Days", however, the atmosphere in the room has become much brighter. The course of Finnish artist Leena Kela is accompanied by the word survivor or survivor, which is created one in the letter on the hall wall. Each of the letters is accompanied by a verb, followed by a

symbolic representation (for example, after the letter R – rejaque or rebirth on the induction hob ring is put on a saucepan, from which the popcorn begins to explode, and the room is filled by a pleasant smell). During this performance I feel like I feel like a school lesson in an object that I don't fully understand or want to understand; the intrigue is only caused by the moment when we have reached the survival, and I'm waiting for the next letter or e (the way of



survival). When I get to the wall, I'm a little disappointed, as if the teacher had decided to keep us in the classroom after ringing the bell. Later, however, I understand that in the context of the performance, the doer himself really plays a role – at the moment of the climax, artificial intelligence is involved in it, creating a song of a genre chosen by the audience about the best survivors' animal type – gay goats (tardigrade).

Maipelo Gabang "Beholders of the Body". Photo: Artūrs Aizikovičs

When we return to the room after the break, it is filled with the sounds of the waves, and the chairs are placed in a semicircle, at the open end of which the artist Maipelo **Gabbang** is illuminated by the light beam in a seemingly traditional South African style with a head ornament. She has turned the viewers back, but when she starts to make eye contact, it is impossible to turn away from it. During the performance, a sand ceremony is being preceded by a strong audial message about the history of the ethnic group hereri, the genocide by German colonial power at the beginning of the 20th century. I am still in the artist's eye, so I don't hear much of the text, but with what I have perceived it is enough to understand the message, as well as the artist's gaze seems to be the same – only without words. The indestructible nations are compared with grains of sand – no matter how much they try to collect them together and sweep them away, it will never be fully successful.



Gim Gwang Cheol “Memory Loading”

The Korean artist Gim Gwang Cheol welcomes the audience in the centre of the room and, when we have taken the seats, begins a certain test. Entrants are considered, padded on different surfaces, walls. After a while, the test begins to resemble more something searches, and it seems that the search is found when the artist ignites the cigarette and rhythmic heartbeats are played in the room. In the continuation of the performance, they are replaced by faster and more aggressive noises (starting with a heel knockout, ending with a sound that could be compared to the avenues of a huge circle of panic horses). At the moment, the blows are replaced by classical music, but although it is like enjoyment for my hearing, the artist begins to wrap a black cassette ribbon around his face very tightly in this audial accompaniment. The visible pain and soothing sound in me creates a dissonance, making me feel uncomfortable – as if I was to blame for my presence in the suffering of the other, but could not stop them.



BUTŌ Lab “Sometimes a Wild God”





The evening is concluded by the local artist collective "Butō Lab", with the performance "Sometimes A Wild God" ("Occasally a crazy god"). At the entrance we are greeted by the artist in the flamingo costume, dividing fragments printed on pink paper from Tom Hiron's poem of the same name – performance leitmotif. On one side of the room, the standing musicians are separated from the spectators by a huge table with husks pierced and thrown over it, as well as artist Simona Orinska, dressed in a long white nightdress. The beginning of the performance is quite calm, but aspires to the grand climax, letting new characters into the room – black-colored women with branches washed from the sea over their backs. I look at it with the fact that I forget where I am, I no longer see people around me and the course seems like the fruit of my imagination – as if a picture I see in front of me, reading a book or a poem. The moment I have recovered a little and it seems that the madness promised in the name has already manifested itself in its entirety, the end follows, in which all viewers are invited to the central performance element – the huge family table. Accompanied by live music, it is sunk with knives, as if waiting for a meal, I stand down, so I join with palm blows and rhythmic jumps, there are liberating screams around. As the music subsides, the rhythm becomes slower and those standing at the table one with a ringing sound they knock down knives on it. After a short moment of silence, Simona Orinska's wish "to let him (the crazy gods) in" and the loudest ovations that the Zuzeum Hall has seen during this week is heard.