

## CHAPTER 15 Sci-Fi Opera

Louise kept rubbing the blue spot under her armpit where a bruise reminded her of two weeks ago (or was it two weeks ahead?) when she removed the RFID-implant from under her skin. It was never as painful as she had imagined it to be and the bruise was part of her pride of being parted from Google Island. (*And I wanted Google to make my world look like its own. And I wanted to give it all my information, about everything in my life, even my most private shameful thoughts.*)

A car arrived, and we got in the back seat. There were actually no front seats or any of the usual navigation systems. It drove us towards the island's center, whilst an assumably female voice was singing Karl Marx from the hidden speakers (aujourd' hui, (...), il y a six directions possibles, programmés par l' ordinateur, que nous sommes en mesure d'exploiter): „PARIGI OPERAIA, CON LA SUA COMUNE, SARÀ CELEBRATA IN ETERNO, COME L'ADALDO GLORIOSO DI UNA NUOVA SOCIETÀ. I SUOI MARTIRI HANNO PER URNA IL GRANDE CUORE DELLA CLASSE OPERAIA. I SUOI STERMINATORI, LA STORIA GLI HA GIÀ INCHIODATI A QUELLA GOGNA ETERNA DALLA QUALE NON RIUSCIRANNO A RISCATTARLI TUTTE LE PREGHIERE DEI LORO PRETI....“ This was a high-quality audio recording of Luigi Nono's *Al gran sole carico d'amore*, first staged in 1975. Now, or better, then, Louise was acting herself in 1871, defending the barricades of the Paris Commune, or better, then, which was now, Louise was acting herself acting in Nono's Opera at the (...), as she had to reenact her self-defense all over again in a time-warp that had been established at Google Island for what they called „a vision of a utopia where society could be free to innovate and experiment, unencumbered by government regulations or social norms.“

Speed-dating with the history of utopian masterplans, LG surely was about to get incredibly sick – sick of masterplans and sick of utopias being turned into masterplans anyways – this was the time for time travel, she thought, but, YET, we still don't know where she actually was NOW, and finally, WHAT she IS anyways?

### Chronologie:

1871:

Louise Michel verteidigt die Commune, kommt vor Gericht, wird inhaftiert und 1873 deportiert.

1872:

Die Kunsthalle Basel wird eröffnet.

1975:

Uraufführung der Oper *Al gran sole carico d'amore*, azione scenica von Luigi Nono, mit (u.a.): Tania Bunke, Louise Michel, Haydée Santamaria, Fidel Castro, Che Guevara, Karl Marx, Bertolt Brecht, Lenin, Arthur Rimbaud, Cesare Pavese, Maxim Gorki usw.

Wahrscheinlich im Jahr (...), plante Louise die letzte Wiederaufführung der Oper *Al gran sole carico d'amore* in der Kunsthalle Basel. Kurz vor Abschluss der finalen Proben jedoch, wurden die Kulturgelder der Stadt radikal zurückgestrichen, was bewirkte, dass das gesamte Orchester in einen monatelangen Streik trat. Louise musste die Situation annehmen wie sie war; an der Premiere blieb die Installation für die *azione scenica* still. Mais dans ce silence, j'entends Machaut et Bellini, les silences résonants de Machu Picchu (Pérou), et le Verde que te quiero verde de Cuba, de Grenade, les crevasses du désarroi des icebergs, dans le Grand Nord du Groenland et Edgard Varèse, les voix de l'extase, et de l'exaltation de la nature équatoriale ou sibérienne, de la Forêt Noire, et les cathédrales gothiques, normandes, orthodoxes, chrétiennes et cisterciennes, dans les déserts palpitants de Rimbaud, d'Artaud, de Leopardi, de Celan, de Milosz, de Khlebnikov, de Jacopone da Todi, de Saint Jean, de Rosa Luxemburg, de Louise Michel, de Meinhof, de Hölderlin et de Gramsci.

I am not alone, Louise said to herself (*chez tant d'autres, qui vivent en moi*), I am always *with*. If only JLN would have told her, that being *with* in this case meant being *under*. Being *under* control, being *under* surveillance, being *under*-stood by your device more than by your self, (*-Are you interested in self-tracking? Our mission is to support new discoveries about ourselves and our communities that are grounded in accurate observation and enlivened by a spirit of friendship*) being *under* construction, being *under*-whelmed, being *with under*. I would kill for a sandwich now. But time was running. The period was almost over and within two minutes, she would have to start her self-defense all over again. Soprano, bell, second soprano, chorus, *le peuple de Paris*, it was the most horrible thing you could imagine to happen; being stuck in a modernist Opera repeating itself in a constant loop on an island lost in cyberspace with a little device under your arm measuring your blood pressure, hormone levels and brain activity, and everything being streamed in a staged *live* stream to an art space somewhere in Western Europe with people watching you perform „real time“. „REBBBELLL GIRRRLLL REBBBEEELLL GIRRRLLL REBEELLL GRRRRLLL you are the queen of my world.“ (L'interprète doit savoir s'éloigner du microphone, tourner autour du microphone et le traiter comme un instrument.)

Up to this point, we have no solution to the problem of the shortage of time. *Mais on préfère continuer à utiliser toujours les mêmes espaces historiques ou à étaler la grande et éternelle banalité des mises en scène théâtrales comme celle de (...)*. Zum Glück streikt das Orchester, denkt Louise und beobachtet L\_M, wie sie das, was ehemals eine Gitarre war, mit seltsamen Handgriffen bearbeitet. Loop Station ist ein guter Name für eine Insel, denkt sie auch noch, und; lustigerweise wurde Luigi Nono in Venedig geboren, Louise Michel wurde nach Neukaledonien deportiert, und Haydée Santamaría war eine kubanische Revolutionärin. Kurze Zeit später teilte ihr das Sleep Tracking App mit, dass sie nun die Tiefschlafphase erreicht hatte.

*Quel autre? Quoi? (Et non comment!)*

D'où pour un autre où?