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## **E soare**

Text: Marta Jecu

E Soare. Bate soarele pe strazi in Berlin Neuköln, printre terasele barurilor in care odihnește a doua generatie de emigranti la o bere. Bate soarele in solzii colorati ai unei sirene, care se scaldă in bazinul de plastic gonflabil si mobil, menit unei racoriri momentane si unei revitalizari culturale ale Neuköln-ului, pe timpul festivalului de arta de <48 Stunden Neuköln>. Bate soarele in Alexanderplatz, unde nori de ceata asteapta de obicei sa coboare pe turn in jos si sa inghita punkerii si centrele comerciale din piata. Bate soarele in Wartenberg, cartier din Berlin Lichtenberg, cu apartamente lui de beton, inghesuite in blocurile si pietele pustii dintr-un muzeu live al DDR. Bate soarele si intr-un catun din recea Finlanda, o raza, adusa printr-o harta mentala a Berlinului. Nu este un soare artificial, unul iesit dintr-un reactor chimic, unul fabricat la repezeala pentru a a suplini lipsa de raze UV in Europa de Nord. Este un soare in care se pare ca se mai poate inca crede. In lucrarile ei, Simona Soare nu reactioneaza la o noua fuziune nucleara, ci insista in a ne convinge de validitatea unei mitologii solare pure, personale. Este o invitatie de a ne mentine, in ciuda pornirilor contrare, intr-un exercitiu al ne-indoielii. Este un exercitiu, care rar ne este propus.

Pe suprafata unui peisaj urban, a unui peisaj natural sau social, Simona Soare gliseaza, aduna reflexe si plonjeaza intr-o povestire inchipuita, pe care o desfasoara in timpul real al unui performance sau in perimetrului de hartie al unei grafici. Sunt intamplari din care ea extrage orice urma de conflict, de paradox sau nepotrivire si oranduieste, ca intr-o banda desenata, episoade, care se desfasoara intr-un acord neconditionat. Coeziunea rezulta din limpiditatea si puritatea unei armonii cu sine insasi, pe care o traduce in elementele narrative ale unui basm personal candid.

Performance-ul este aici o practica narativa – Simona tese o intamplare – o metoda de re-inscenare a unor fragmente, scene ale povestii ei, pe care ea insasi le joaca, pe care le oranduieste intr-o succesiune temporala logica, pentru a stabili un parcurs de evenimente, in care trecatorul sau vecinul se pot integra participativ, printr-o relationare empatica.

"Who stole de sun?" – ar putea parea actiunea unui basm horror japonez cu un monstru acvatic, care sperie mortal pescarii noaptea. Dar titlul este incadrat intr-o versiune lipsita de grotesc, in care Simona Soare insceneaza o dramaturgie prin care descinde intr-o localitate din Finlanda, pentru a-i salva pe oameni de intuneric si descopera ca soarele sta ferecat in adancul lacului Alajaervi. In actiunea ei "elibereaza" soarele intr-un traseu de la muzeu pana la lac. Aprinde un bol simbolic, ia lumina dintr-o lumanare aflata in lac si apoi poarta bolul pana in fata muzeului si il ofera directoarei muzeului, spunandu-i sa-l pastreza cu grija in muzeu – asa cum chiar ea ne povesteste.

Deasemenea in Finlanda, Simona Soare importa peisajul condensat al Berlinului, surprins intr-o perspectiva plonjanta, prin reflexia lui circulara intr-o gura de canal din Alexanderplatz – intr-un desen. Imaginea grafica, ca o moneda proaspat batuta, este aplicata pe alte guri de canal, dintr-un alt oras si, printr-o substitutie la nivelul solului, uneste atemporal cele 2 orase.

Intr-un alt performance, legandu-se de ecourile narative ale „muntelui asteptarii“ din Berlin –, „Warten am... Wartenberg“ – ea insceneaza un episod, in care asteptarea si comunicarea se leaga la o lunga masa albastra, in jurul unui bol de seminte, simbol al taifasului balcanic, intr-un cartier dezolant al Berlinului de est. In absurdul situatiei, trecatorii povestesc despre ceea ce fiecare dintre ei asteapta, iar Simona, intr-un contrast complementar, cu tot ceea ce peisajul original ne-ar putea sugera, asteapta, se uita la ceas, si noteaza intamplarea trecerii unor 10 minute...ca intr-o scena din Alice in Tara Minunilor.

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

(...)

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, 'It was the BEST butter, you know.'

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

'What a funny watch!' she remarked. 'It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!'

'Why should it?' muttered the Hatter.

'Does YOUR watch tell you what year it is?'

(Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll)

## It's sun

Text by Marta Jecu

It's sun. It's sun over Berlin Neuköln, among the open air terraces where the second generation of emigrants is resting in front of a beer. It's sun over the colorful scales of a mermaid, who is playing in a mobile plastic swimming pool, meant to a momentary cool off and a cultural revitalization of Neuköln, during the <48 Stunden Neuköln> art festival. It's sun over Alexanderplatz, where clouds of fog are usually coming down the tower and swallowing the punks and the shopping malls. It's sun over Wartenberg, neighborhood of Berlin Lichtenberg, over its concrete apartments, crammed in blocks and empty squares, as if in a live DDR museum. It's sun over a hamlet in cold Finland, a sunshine brought there through a mental map from Berlin. It is not an artificial sun, which could have come out of a chemic reactor, quickly made to supply the lack of UV sunshine in Northern Europe. It is a sun, in which we apparently still can trust. In her works, Simona Soare does not react to a new nuclear fusion, but insists in persuading us on the validity of a pure, personal solar mythology. It is an invitation to keep ourselves, despite our contrary tendencies, in an exercise of non-doubting. It is an exercise which is rarely proposed to us.

On the surface of a townscape, a natural or social scenery, Simona Soare smoothly glides, draws together its reflexes and plunges in an imaginary story, which she unfolds in the real time of a performance or within the paper perimeter of a drawing. These are happenings out of which she eliminates all traces of conflict, paradox or discrepancy and orders, as in a cartoon, episodes which unfold in an unconditional agreement with each other. The cohesion arises out of the limpidity and purity of her harmony with herself, which she translates in narrative elements of a personal and surprisingly innocent tale.

The performance is in this case a narrative practice: Simona weaves a happening. It is a method of re-staging fragments, scenes of her story, which she plays herself, which she orders in a logical temporal succession, in order to establish a line of events, where the neighbor or the passerby can fit in with enthusiasm, in an empathic relation.

"Who stole de sun?" – might embody the action of a horror Japanese fairy tale with an aquatic monster, who scares to death the fishermen at night. But the title is framed in a version which lacks the grotesque: Simona Soare comes in a Finish village, to rescue the people out of darkness and discovers that the sun is locked up deep down in Lake Alajaervi. In her action she "frees" the sun on the way from the museum to the lake. She lights up a symbolical bowl, takes the light with a candle found in the lake and then takes the bowl in front of the museum, and gives it to the director, telling her to keep it carefully within - as she tells us herself.

In Finland too, Simona Soare imports in a drawing the condensed townscape of Berlin, taken in a diving perspective, through its circular reflection in a ditch at Alexanderplatz. The graphic image, as a just ingrained coin, is applied over other ditches, in another town and, through a substitution at ground level, unites the two cities beyond time.

In another performance, making a connection with the narrative echoes of the "Waitinghill" from Berlin, „Warten am...Wartenberg" – she stages an episode where waiting and communicating come together around a long blue table, around a bowl full with seeds, symbol of the Balkan small-talk, but in a saddening neighborhood of East Berlin. In the absurd of this situation, the passers-by make an account of what they are waiting for, and Simona, in a complementary contrast with everything that the original scenery might suggest, awaits, watches the clock and writes down the happening of the passing of every 10 minutes ... as in a scene out of Alice in Wonderland.

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: 'No room! No room!' they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

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