

A SPACE FOR ALL OUR TOMORROWS

ANNIE HANAUER

DANCE

In 'A space for all our tomorrows', language and how it can both create connections or be a barrier to understanding each other is a main theme. Many different languages are sung live, recorded in the musical score, and improvised with, and we have chosen not to translate everything into the local language where we perform. This is part of the play between knowing and not knowing, understanding and not understanding, which is connected to the idea of utopia.

The text and songs in the performance represent a collection of many different perspectives:

There are original songs and texts composed by Deborah Lennie, who sings live in the show, and there are stories and thoughts from lots of different people we met along the creation process—the performers and wider creative team, but also workshop participants from many different backgrounds and many different countries. We shaped the show by asking people to respond to our questions about utopia in their own native language.

What follows is a transcript of all the text in the show, translated into English, and thoughts contributed by people we met along the creative process, some of which are included in the performances, and others which are not. The heading underlined above each text indicates where it happens in the show.

We offer this collection as a souvenir of the many people who contributed to the show's creation, and a chance for you to dig deeper into the text, if you wish.

Perfect World - Deborah's opening

song

a perfect world
just a perfect world
a perfect world we want
perfect world
just a perfect world
it's a perfect world we want
don't ask much
don't ask much
perfect world
just a perfect world
it's a perfect world we want
just you and me the birds and trees

and we will see
when we can be together
together
a perfect world just a perfect world
perfect world
we don't ask much
don't ask much
could it be better
could it be
could it be better
we'll just see
wait and see
when we go
I don't know
but maybe
maybe maybe
a perfect world
just a perfect world
a perfect world we want
don't ask much
we don't ask much
could it be better
where we are together
could it be

Annie's solo - 'Multivoices'

What is it?
What is it not?
How is it?
How is it not?
How would your body be in utopia?

It's all our conflicting desires.

Qu'est-ce que nous cherchons de
toute façon?
What are we looking for anyways?

たぶんそれは動きと静けさです
多分それは音と沈黙です
たぶんそれは話したり聞いたりしてい
る
Maybe it's movement and
stillness.
Maybe it's sound and silence.
Maybe it is talking and listening.

πιστεύω όλα θα ήταν ελεύθερα.
I think that everything would be
free.

Jag föreställer mig inga barriärer
inga gränser inget som separerar.
I imagine there are no edges, and
no frontiers. There is no
separation.

이제부터 모험이 시작될꺼여요
I think it is an adventure.

B'fhéidir gur spás atá ann nó
b'fhéidir gur féidearthacht.
I think it's space. I think it's
possibility.

আমার মনে হয় সে ঐখানে কোন সময় নেই
I think that time doesn't exist
there.

Ndatekereza ko bizaba biyungurutse
kandi ari imbera hose.
Bikazajya binatera impinduka ibihe
byose.
I think it would be fluid and
adaptable
It would be constantly transforming
C'est peut-être l'insurrection à
venir.
Maybe it could be the coming
insurrection.
Forsa stuvains cumbatter per ella.
Maybe we have to fight for it.

מה אנחנו בכלל מחפשים
What are we looking for
anyways?

Talvez esteja dentro de ti, talvez
seja exatamente aqui.
Maybe it's inside you, maybe it's
right here.

انه هادئ ومشرق هناك اشجار وماء عذب
It is calm and bright. There are
trees and all the water is clean.

Utopie ist, dass ich dazugehöre
Utopia is, that i belong to it.

我諗它會是柔軟、善良和喜悅。它會是
支持。
It is soft, kind, and joyous. It is
supportive.

My body is free from pain. My body
is important, valued.

In der Utopie si mir transparent,
gschlächtslos
frei dz erschyne unds verschwinde,
üse körper isch bereit umgewandelt
dz wärde.
In utopia we are transparent,
genderless, free to appear and
disappear, our bodies are ready to
be transformed.

Hija fiducja.
It is trust.

I nun es be üna chossa.
It is not just one thing.

Duet - Laila and Giuseppe - sung & improvised live by Deborah

And I wanted to talk about what it
Could
Be
If only we could find the word
The right word for it
Oh if we go Away
Or if we stay in
This place Where ...

Laila's solo - originally in Spanish & Catalan

My first memory arriving here is
electricity
The water flowed endlessly
The fridge full of food
Light
The sound of the people
Color TV
Sitting on a sofa
Huge supermarket with a lot of
variety
Sleeping in a bed
People wore shoes
Pizza
Clean and white hospital
Many cars
Blonde hair
Blue eyes
Stairs
Table and chairs
Elevator
Plants, many
Doors that were opening and
closing
Keys
Boat
The sea was infinite
Forest
Road
Cake
Balcony
Flat
Man and woman holding hands
Kisses
Shower
Big watch
People smelled different, clean,
smelled like something chemical
Toys
Brushing teeth
Bicycle
Home

Duet - Laila and Annie - sung & improvised live by Deborah

Where you going
Tell me
Where've you been ? Where you
going
What have you seen ?
And in my night time
And in your day-dream
Have you ever gone there ? have you
ever been ?

Giuseppe's solo - originally in Italian

the feeling is like floating,
because with the jacket you can
support yourself so it makes you
float, the feeling is of flying only
that you are flying in the water.

you have all the pressure of the
water all over your body, you feel
it in your ears, in your hands in
your legs, then you have the tank
on your shoulders, and the air
you have to take through the bite
of the regulator, so you take
some air and breathe out and feel
all the bubbles that pass close to
your face and rise up and explode

as soon as you get close to
something to touch, the feeling
is very different from when you
touch something outside. first
of all the rocks are wet but wet
in the sense that you are
immersed in the liquid, the rock
is cold, rough abrasive

what grows on the rocks is
usually spongy with a milky,
slimy sensation. some sponges
are hard, they look like
slightly smoother boulders,
others are soft with a cavity in
the center, and depending on
the age they get bigger and
bigger and have
protuberances that make
them rough to the touch and
rounded. you touch, you
squeeze them tightly as if
they were an anti-stress.

passing further we can find
small caves where it is
interesting to put your hands,
or rocks that end up on the
sand.
the sand is strange because
even if you are underwater it is
not muddy but it feels grainy,
as if it were split grain by grain
in your hands.

the ascent is an interesting part
because everything you have felt in
the descent, the compression, the
effect of the pressure, is exactly the
opposite.
the more you go up, the more you
feel that it becomes lighter.
you don't notice all the weight
you were carrying, until you
come up and feel the pressure
vanish.

Slow quartet

So, it's a memory of...
I just remember one year
going to visit my family,
around Christmas time
and I just remember being,
like, totally exhausted
physically, mentally,
emotionally, for all kinds of
reasons
and I went to visit them
and they had kind of
rearranged the rooms in the
house a bit
so my parents were sleeping
in my old bedroom
and their bedroom was now
for guests
so, I was sleeping in their old
bedroom, like that was their
bedroom when I was growing
up, and I just remember going
to sleep in their big bed, with
the blue and white sheets
and I just remember it being
the best sleep ever
so restful, and safe
yeah, it was really feeling
safe.

Windmill Song – Sung live & improvised by Deborah

Don't forget to tell me if you know
Don't forget to leave me if you go there
We'll talk and talk and talk until we hear something
We'll walk and walk and walk until we get someplace
Somehow
Sometime
Somewhere
Someone
You
Me
Them
Us
Who...
Tomorrow's Text
and I wanted to talk about what it would be like
what it would be like
what it would be maybe
and I thought that we could talk about what it would be like
what it would be like
what it would be maybe
if only we could find the word
the right word
the right word
the right word for it
if only I could find it
find it
find it
find it
Find it
and I thought maybe I could
maybe we could
maybe we could
maybe then
and if it's now
and if it's then
and if it's now and then
if only
if only we could
and I thought that we could move it somehow
somewhere there or somehow now
slide a little and groove
and I thought that we could move it somehow
it could be there then, maybe
maybe it could be there

maybe we could just cut the groove and cut the no
just for a while
and sit still here somehow
or other
or other
or other
or
maybe if we're moving, then we're there
maybe or
maybe when we move we're there, then
or maybe we can find it
find it
find it
find it
maybe we can find it then
there
Maybe

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