

A string section

Of course when you open a door a little bit a room can be filled with light, when we started working on A String Section for the Tramway in January 2013 a lot of doors were opened.

A lot of chairs were destroyed, we got a lot of bruises, we found new rules about performing, about moving, about sharing a small space, about sharing an unstable structure like it was an island about to sink, but we were making it sink.

We played with a singing saw, we played with a cello, we played within a space that was surrounded by a see through gauze we could see through this gauze, back into the distance, or the future.

We dreamt about a whole series of back stages, as if the performance would keep going, as if our history was about to repeat itself, we dreamt about 100's of chairs making a wall that would slowly get used up, taken out, quarried and then destroyed to become useless, we dreamt about making it bigger and bigger and involving a whole army of dancers, stuck on chairs together with a whole army of cellists, repeating the music that we'd made.

We'd imagined making the project with new people, teaching them the rules and techniques that we'd established in just one week.

We'd imagined occupying larger spaces, which were depositories for unwanted chairs, you could bring your own, watch your own object have its history changed in front of you.

It can be inside a large warehouse, outside in front of a forest, inside a library, against an important building that's about to fall down, under a bridge that should have never been built, next to a motorway that divided a city...

We started seeing all these things, we began to get excited about the prospects of making this piece again, presenting the project that we'd just made in the Tramway as a dance piece for touring theatres, but then next time spend more time, involve more people, meet more people, invite more people to share our world...

A String Section has a set of rules, it's a simple set of rules, with a simple set of ingredients, Chairs, Saws, Dancers, and sometimes Chairs, Saws, Dancers and Cellists.

The possibilities are endless...