

CyanoPoems

Traces from Portals and Constellations

Fifteen Encounters in Blue

Fenia Kotsopoulou & Caro Ruoff



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ABOUT THE CYCLE

CyanoPoems is a cycle of fifteen visual-poetic works by Fenia Kotsopoulou and Caro Ruoff, created in response to the performances presented during Portals and Constellations, the 2024 edition of the Venice International Performance Art Week. Cyanotype, photographic trace and handwritten language meet as forms of afterimage: residues of encounter, movement, atmosphere, sound, vulnerability and memory. Presented here in their original sequence and without individual performer identifications, the works remain open as autonomous traces while resonances pass from one page to the next.

human-sized
pestle it
filling the empty
slamming,
slamming,
the mortar
unstable in
soon she is
elbows

mortar and
echoes
halls
twisting
twisting
balancing
loose soil
on her knees
swaying

the echoes continue

she wipes her nose

shirt at the shoulder

chalk vapor drifts in the air on her

fiftysix . nineteen
nineteen seven
candles like
markers.
Ribbon
on th

of freedom
her face is in shadow
an other world
horizon

cup
more
old
balloons
love
pale
shadows
floss

a far horizon
 a grocer world
 an other unknown
 her face is in
 of freedom and
 like coloured
 an old man
 cup of a

1056

with
 alto
 s

A close-up photograph of a blue ink stamp on a dark, textured surface. The stamp clearly shows the year '2004' in a bold, sans-serif font. The ink is a vibrant blue, and the background is a dark, mottled grey or black.



we sit with fire
small flames in
her hand
creeping closer
to her skin
wax is
dripping
on bare
breasts
a belly
filled
with

she
dances
as
bewitched she
dances

her tripled
shadow expands
into the space
screaming she falls
to the ground

praises her legs like
wildbirth
over to the bowl

a duet unfolds
crawling
shivering
serene
almost shy
look for the
bald-headed
creatures
they'll lead
the way
know the
rules of
the game
softly but
headstrong
standing
their ground
fragile dancers
with a fierce fire
within



this is a stolen piece of the sky
when it shivers, there is thunder
or it could be a piece of a wing
of a weapon

this is a
stolen piece
of the sky
when it shivers
there is thunder
or it could be
a piece of a
wing
a piece of a
weapon
with the
metal reflecting
the ceiling
the
sheet
becomes

water levels
are
Rising
be ready
to put on
your
swimsuit

water levels are rising
we need to be prepared
keep the back straight
and don't forget about the balance
the buckets
the wooden shovel

approaching us are long white legs in
black lingerie
a headless creature
a body of white
ruffles of tulle
gaining volume
a hand grows
out of the
fabric
bare
feet
on the floor
a reminder of a
wedding dress
dancing on its own
accord
but something
is weighing it
down
it is folding in on itself
sinking but fighting
trying
hesitating and rising
another arm appears
a head, a female torso
a woman in black lace

shivering softly
her back strained
moving in slow
motion arches
long blond curls
dangling
in the air

to a place that smells like soil
it's soft surface covering the cold floor
is inviting
it is dark here
really dark
it is like
falling
asleep
it is a
waiting
in anticipation

there is someone
in the soil
waiting
soft black leather
brown skin
someone is
moving
hair
head
fingers
almost invisible
breathing
slow motion
movement
and poetry like water
growing
a muscular back
a bend figure
slowly but surely rising



long dark hair and glittering horns
smell the flowers that grow from
their shoulders a soft song
and soft whispers
born from
the earth
of

your
motherland
ancestral

GIVE me
a beat
GIVE me
DISCO LIGHTS
GIVE me
CATWALK
GIVE me
SEXY

that
guying
piss
wild

of
forgotten

times

prayers
to this
gentle
gesture
of
glitter
adorn
the
wonder

and see it
transform

a rumbling sound
distant thunder
muffled voices
water distortions
footsteps in a landscape
sound swelling of rain
incomprehensible thunder
the base in your throat
you can feel it
tugging at your skin
vibrations reaching into
muscles
then silence

breathing the start of a song
a duet
looping time
looping sound
the echoes are circular
folding the space like
a tunnel around us

imagine a cave without ceiling
there is darkness in front of our eyes
soul

crises of a terminated
we hear the echoing
reversed world
in this story of a

emphases
microphone echoing
where rain rains up

Earth's crust
to the underbelly of the
while we travel

rain falls around us
like a great story
like a thriller

a story is told
through a microphone

a voice bouncing sounds of the walls
echoes transforming perception
of words endings a multi-vocal
testing words in their mouth echo
tasting prayers and screams
tasting a technical failure
becoming voiceless for a moment
in stillness

like the death of a performer
who didn't eat

can you eat
stillness?

and where
does it
take us?

a vocal person
goes quite
having no idea
what they are
meant to be
doing on stage
a joy full

foolish
and fearful performer
with a desire to be present
presenting a song
for the fearful who desire
to be present

how
does one
eat shadows?
how does one
breathe one
shadows?

Speak
shadows

in case of a blackout
we will go on
in case of an
air raid
alarm
find your
way to the
nearest
shelter
children
be
aware

do not
touch the
objects on
the ground

there are strange birds in the sky

is
your
home
safe?

cassettes
nets
helicopters
that fall
like
feathers
a multi-
vocal
birdsong
of bombs
and
destruction
7128
mines
installed
in forty
minutes
they are singing of
their world while
moving cardboard
boxes through the

in and out of sight
loving everybody's eyes
sheep-like we
follow this
model
through
space
club
creature
makes you work for
your money
people
running
to catch
a glimpse
of this
creature
smell it
taste it
bite it
crawl on
the floor
temptation
tease
scary
seducing
touch and feel
wear it



be creature with me

larger with
of burning
every scoop
liquid

to make
spikes on
your skin
grow

to make water into
the bloody lemonade

they
are
building
it is the constructing
not a broken piece
it is not a house
it is their strange piece
of art

a waxed skin
cracking and
folding

to make
yourself
silent
a second
skin

to make
stalactites
from your
shoulder
blades

pitched underneath a chandelier
there are lights and shapes
projected on the canvas
inside someone is recording
something
filming their private world
filled with technology
a red laser light
a hand
fingerprints
checking their traces
projecting layers upon layers
of a world upside down
of a phone uncontrollable
of 'social time limited'
of a digital stargazing
video game
a fast-paced voice
a techno-campsite-party for one



sloshing water against the quays
the hum of motor boats just
around the corner
tourists walking by
and that kid

that dragged

it's feet
on the
bridge
above the
water
laughter
from an
open
window

echoing
anticipating
every step
every sound
it's momentum
its texture
it's timbre and tone

and I wonder whether I belong
in the soundscape of this city

these fluid spaces
connected by
vibrations
in a constant
sonic morphing
of space

Colophon

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A cycle developed in relation to Portals and Constellations,
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The fifteen works are reproduced in their original sequence and without performer captions.