

Annick Bureaud

Absence and over-presence

At the time of writing, parks, gardens, but also bars, cafes, restaurants, and cinemas, theatres, concert halls, museums are still closed with no date for reopening. I am allowed to travel only 100 kilometre away from my home. I cannot go and visit my family for instance.

Feeling still in the middle of the storm, it is not yet the time to step back for reflection but to keep on navigating through the whirlpool as safely and sanely as possible. It is only when it is over that I shall be able to digest and understand what it has changed in and for me.

Among this chaos of ideas, emotions and states of being, there is one thing which is constantly ringing: the body, its absence or its over presence.

There is a loss of the body. It has become light, without density. But it is not the floating body of weightlessness, or buoyancy, that expands beyond its limits to the entire environment, providing new perceptions. It is the computer screen truncated body-image with its 'mise en abyme', narcissistic reflection and loss of wholeness.

Simultaneously, on the streets and in shops, the body has become cumbersome, trying to stay at a distance to other bodies. This has generated a new urban choreography of bodies stepping sideways or turning back to back to pass each other.

It made me think again about telepresence and the possibilities of surrogate bodies, of a dancing weightless, study and fearless body exploring the world and sending feedback, or becoming a Martian rover driver.

Lou Sheppard

Interconnected ecologies

I find myself thinking a lot about ecology and how the virus requires us to understand how interdependent we are.

The etymology of pandemic is all-people. All people affected, of course, though in vastly different ways, but also all people needing to be considered as we think about solutions. A response to this will not come from privileging our individual desires but from understanding ourselves as an interconnected species/and part of an interconnected ecology.

Immediately, I thought about birds, and flocking behaviour, and how birds are able to fly in formation by being aware of the seven birds around them. And how this becomes a metaphor for social distancing and interconnection.

This led me to create the piece titled "Murmurations", a score for social distancing which is a dance score that holds seven dancers in a series of movements never coming within 2 metres of each other.

Suresh Eriyat

Kalaripayattu and Kathakali manoeuvres



In Corona times even a weekly outing to get essential groceries, vegetables and supplies is something I shall never forget even if "lockdown 5.0" relaxes all its rules. Once you are out of your apartment, a round of Corona choreography follows. Familiar benign surfaces and objects are starting to feel alien and contaminated.

To your surprise, once you arrive at the market, you find everything looks normal. Many are not wearing masks and even if they are, it hangs under their nose. Social distancing starts to feel like a joke even when the corona cases rise exponentially in Mumbai. I have to conjure up master manoeuvres to steer through the market.

To prevent touching others I invoke my naturally inherited mix of Kalaripayattu (a martial art form) and Kathakali (a classical dance form) from God's Own Country (Kerala), my home state.

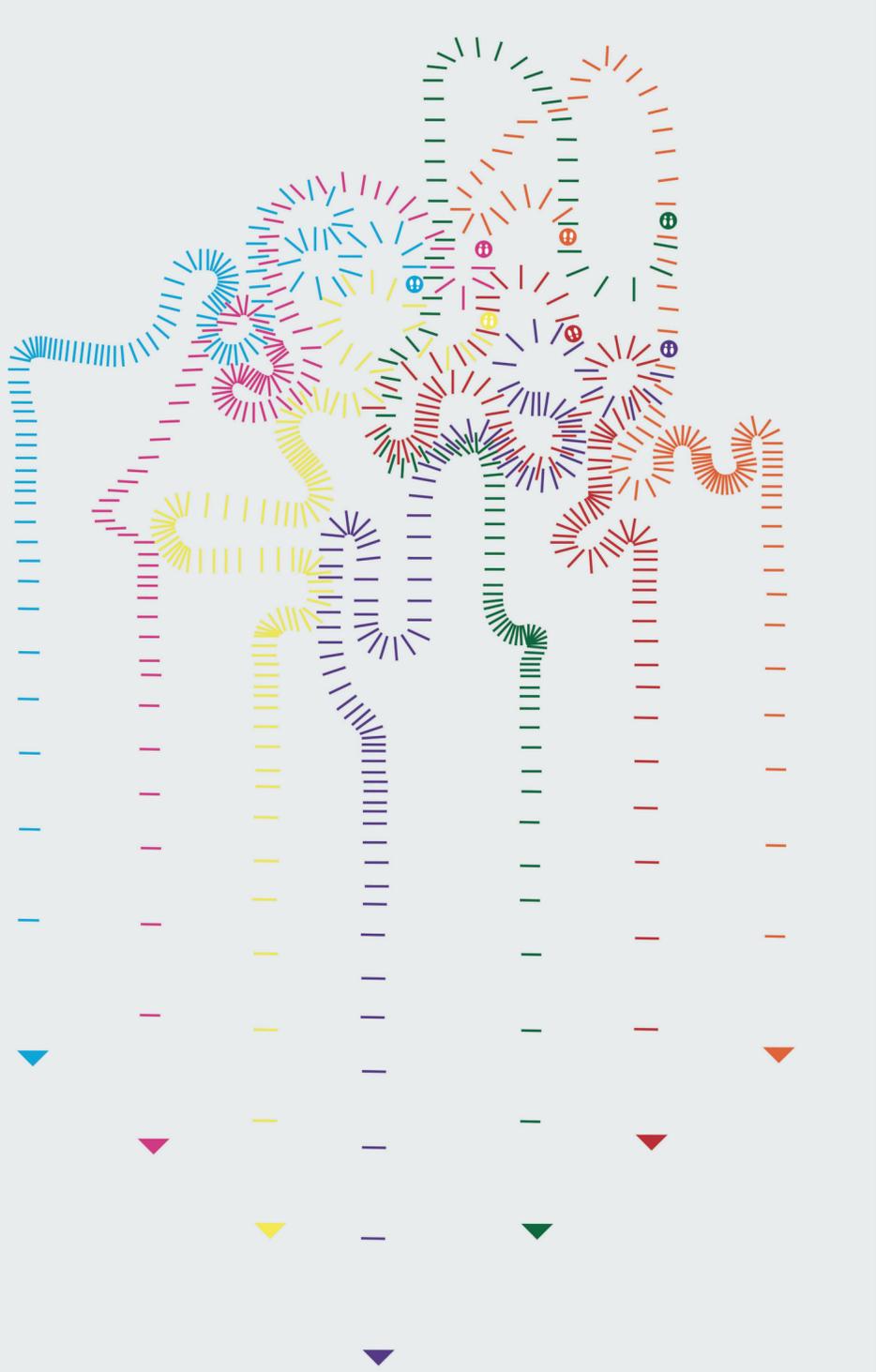
Kalaripayattu is a martial art and fighting style held in high regard for its long-standing history. It is believed to be the oldest surviving martial art in India. Kathakali comprises of 'story play', a genre of art distinguished by elaborate colourful make-up, costumes and face masks that actor-dancers wear.

My regular shop keepers start shouting in unison to attract my attention. The oxygen deprivation due to the mask makes me more forgetful. Navigating the market in Corona times is an indescribable madness.



I get home after an hour long "Mission Impossible", with the fear that I might not only be carrying home supplies, but also a few million viruses.

The post-return procedures - unloading the groceries, glove disposal, hand sanitisation is as tedious as the pre-outing choreography. Immediately I dive into a hot frothy bath without even looking or talking to the wide-eyed family members who seem to be enjoying this mono-theatrical act. The shower scene feels very much like the climax shot from a hyper-action Telugu film where just one guy combats hundreds of enemies and emerges victorious! After this epic journey, I take that well deserved nap that we all feel I have earned!



Murmurations a score for social distancing by Lou Sheppard

City As A Spaceship

CAAS O

Choreography of lockdowns and releases

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Editors: Susmita Mohanty, Barbara Imhof, Sue Fairburn, Jennifer Cunningham

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