



Festival

## LAX for Kunstverein Hannover

Hey, can he get you something, how much do you need? Where do you want him?

How do you want him to do this? Why did I write this?

Where do you want him? How do you want him to leave?

What time do you need him there? How long do you want him?

Where'd you get that? How long before you're done?

Hey, can he get you something, how much do you need? Where do you want him?

How do you want him to do this? Why did I write this?

How do you want to proceed?

How much labor will that take?

How will you know? When will you know?

Hey, can he get you something?

Where do you want him? How do you want him to leave?

What time do you need him there? How long do you want him?

Where'd you get that? How long before we're done?

How do you want to proceed?

How much labor will that take?

How will you know? When will you know?

Hey, can he get you something?

How do you want to proceed?

How much labor will that take?

How will you know? When will you know,

Hey, can he get you something?

The siren calls him into a fierce roll across the waters; still  
Another, spanning harsh distances, flinging his coil to soil



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Landed centered with the coolness of watching Saturday morning cartoons; sleepily  
His hand caresses and flips him over to attend the sky, attend the ground, head lifted  
in reverence

Revolutions take him to a corner awaiting a change.

The change

He steps in staccato steps

Calm. He discovers his peace across watery plains, searching with determined  
cylinders that corkscrew him into twisty patterns of wind. A throw of the head is a  
signal of abandonment. Rest is here.

Until

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Interlude: We invite you to wander the Kunstverein and encounter Teresa Solar Abboud's Self-Portrait as a Pregnant Woman. While you cannot touch the sculptures, we welcome you to commune with the bones; notice their shapes, feel your own skeletal makeup. Notice the contrast and the similarities. Breathe with them. You have a luxurious 15 minutes. But look for my call - sound - when Christopher and I call you back into the performance

Hi, we're about 5 minutes from the next part of the performance in the gallery. We'll be exploring tension and release with the gorgeous woven elements made by designer Sugandha Gupta. But please linger, please explore, please sit, please stare. Luxuriate. Have you connected since you've been here? Have you gone away? Do you feel differently now than this afternoon? How about last night? See you in the gallery.

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A change. Still at the crux of a mountaintop, he draws in his left arm and leans over an edge with an arabesque, calling to the ground for support and measuring reverence with multiple gestures.

A large ground swell sends him forward to a reach until he's limp.

Energized, he faces us and calls in the wind, and it sends him on across the same plains - corkscrew, twist, land, revolve.

The sirens cause pause and lifting. Almost levitating from points of security he embraces liminality against a hard chord.

Restored dignity rests at the crest of the stage. His voice, a lullaby, acts as an enchantment that sends him growing in mass. The memories of past jaunts lift and center him as one arm swings in the air.

Underneath the lullaby unobstructed, he lays his body down, reaching toward us in a perpetual pedal until he is absorbed in a sigh.



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## CREDITS

### LAX

Creator: Jerron Herman, Performance: Christopher "Unpezverde" Núñez, Music and Text: Jerron Herman, Costume and Textiles by Sugandha Gupta, Produced by Interim Corporation. *LAX* is a site-responsive choreography at Kunstverein Hannover, developed in dialogue with Teresa Solar Abboud's exhibition *Self-Portrait as a Pregnant Woman*.

### B Entrance (Audio Installation)

Concept and Text: Jerron Herman (spoken in English by Jerron Herman; German version spoken by Alexandra Lauck, Head of Press, REAL DANCE Festival); Music: "Care" by Molly Joyce