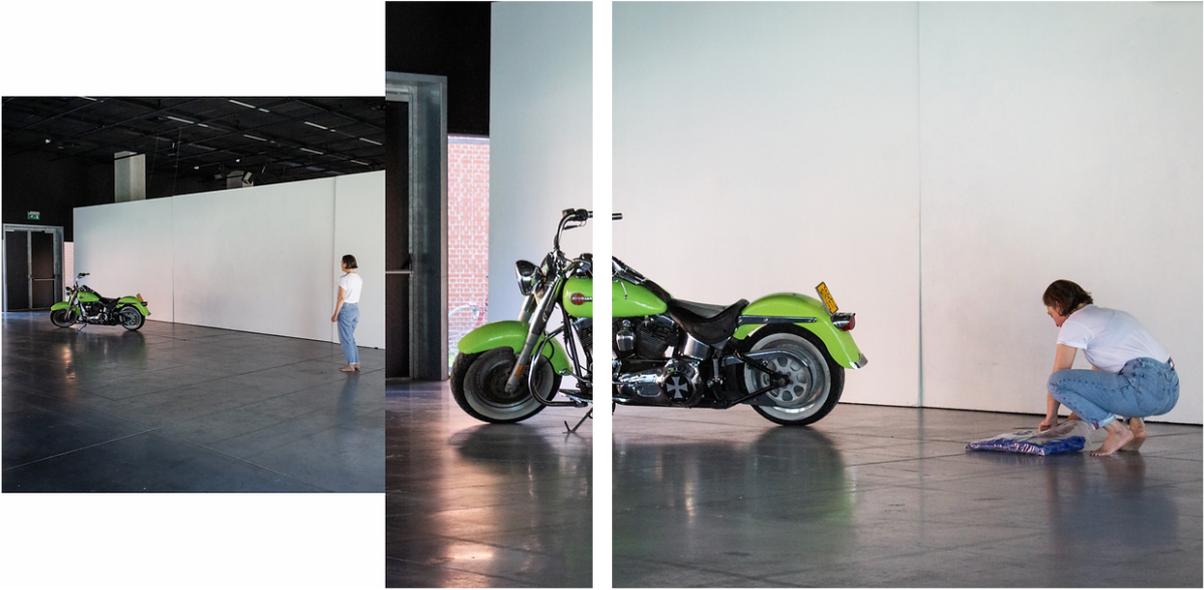
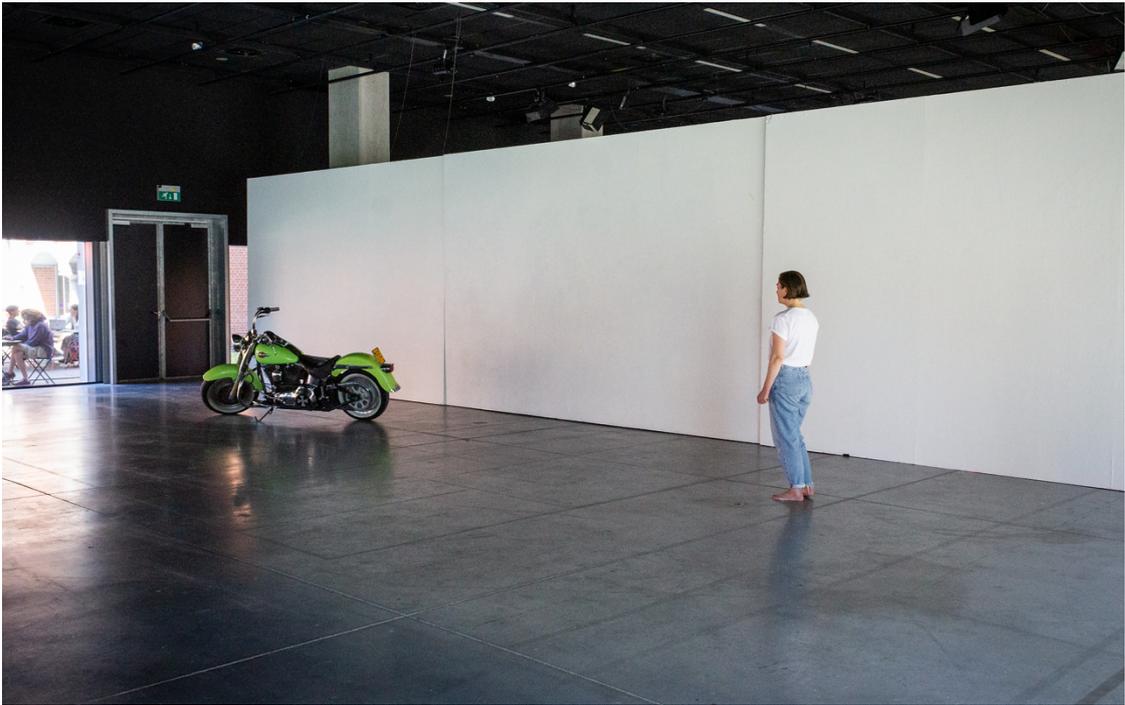
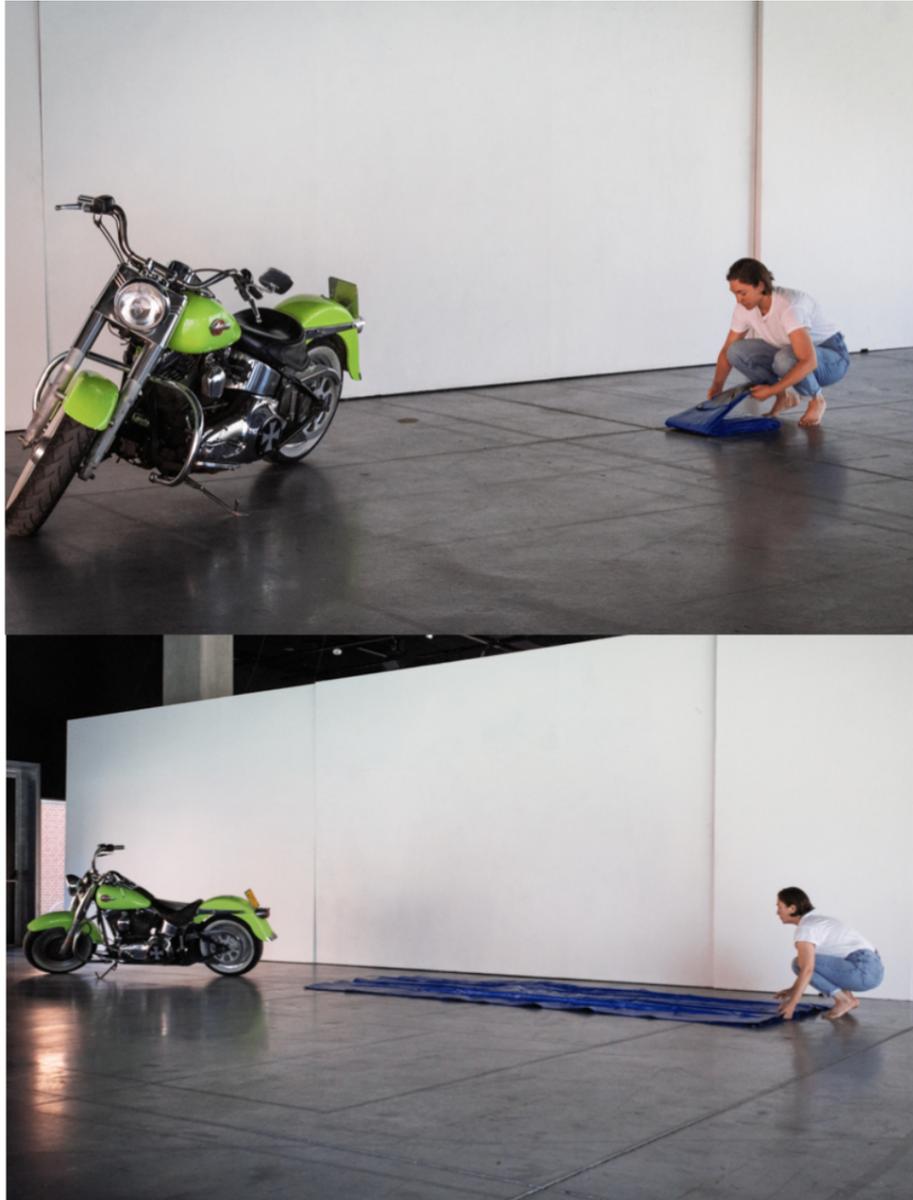


# PORTFOLIO

Naomi James Schatterman

THE NEXT MOMENT (IS NEVER MORE SIGNIFICANT) (2022)





Research on the process of losing a father, watching his body die and wrapping up his personal belongings.

One-time performance on Sunday 19th of June 2022 at de Zwarte Zaal Ghent, welcoming the audience as a witness. "This performance has nothing to do with a representation nor with the representative, but has everything to do with that which is posted in real life"



## **OUR TIME IS LIQUID**

20 September 2023 - 8 Oktober 2023

MAP#148

Following 'THE NEXT MOMENT (is never more significant)', this performance dealt with the notion of time. The capitalist time in which we all must move around versus 'our' time, the time we, as humans, really need to move around "something", to process, to feel, to experience.

"A hidden manual in which slowness is allowed, welcomed and invited while questioning the linear perception of time. An intimate protest, acknowledging the significance of water in relation to a (mourning) body".





*“Wintertijd (ik weet niet meer welke dag)*

*Wanneer ik in bad zit kijk ik naar mijn tenen. Mijn tenen die een heel klein beetje boven de wateroppervlakte uitsteken. Zij kijken ook naar mij. Het lijken wel rotsen, die stevig, onder het water, diep verankerd zitten en er nu een heel klein stukje van ze zichtbaar is geworden. Maar het zijn geen rotsen en ze zitten niet verankerd. Het zijn deeltjes van mij, van mijn lichaam. Het lichaam waar ik in leef. Ik denk aan mijn vaders tenen. Verstoppt onder het laken. Ze mochten niet gezien worden. De dokter die me zei dat zijn tenen er al niet meer uitzagen. Alsof tenen überhaupt zo 'n fantastisch mooie dingen zijn? Dat zei ik niet luidop. Het was niet het moment. Het was het moment om te beslissen of de ondersteunende medicatie zou stopgezet worden. En daar stond ik, te denken aan tenen. Had die dokter nu gewoon eens gezwegen over mijn vaders' tenen. Maar goed, blijkbaar waren ze volzwarte lijntjes. Opgedroogde aderen. Waar al bijna geen bloed meer door stroomde. Mijn vader zou het moeten weten, dat we zijn tenen aan het bespreken waren om eigenlijk tot het punt te komen waar het om ging. “We kunnen het nog 24 of maximum 48 uur rekken, maar daarna zal daarna zal het stoppen”. Ik was het zijn tenen verschuldigd. Ik moest een beslissing maken*

*12 Juli 's avonds*

*Evening swim.*

*De dreef.*

*Takken.*

*Het zijn aderen met bladeren.*

*Ergens in Augustus*

*Dit is een ode aan de tijd. Meer bepaald, aan de traagheid, in tijd.*

*Aan het vertragen. Het is een intiem protest. Een stil verzet. Een bewustzijnsstroom. Een verborgen handleiding. Aaneen geweven gewaarwordingen, waarin de traagheid wordt toegelaten, wordt verwelkomd, wordt uitgenodigd en daarbij alle complicaties van tijd worden erkend.*

*Het is een diep besef van tijd. Het is breken met de lineaire perceptie van tijd. Het is alles wat je niet kan aflezen op de wijzerplaat van een klok. Het is een zoeken. Het is het gevoel dat tijd in je oproept. De lichamelijkheid van het alledaagse”.*



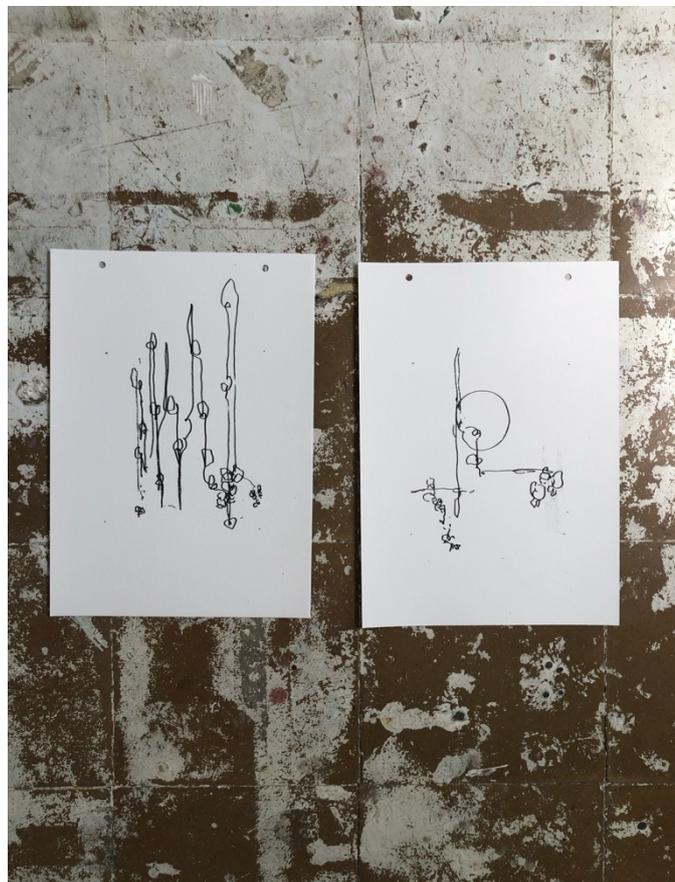


These 3 pictures are of small interventions in Ostend, and are a continuation and further development of the work. Ongoing research and early gesture in bringing the work in the public space.

INVITATION FOR CHANELLING A LIMINAL STATE (Preliminary methods and outlines for choreographic and spatial practices)  
(2023-2024)

Master graduation project that served as preliminary research for the launch of 'THE LIMINAL OFFICE'.

Old empty wooden house, roses, baby boy, bright green, expansion, lilac flowers, shades of dark blue, heavy bass, paint, ancient ruins, yellow, cardamon, musk, vanilla and cedar, spacious and calm, a split second, fog, layered, warm orange, lavender, The Aegean Sea, the idea of a new beginning, the first of many...





Monday June 10th, early in the morning

Dear Thomas, Ann, Sien, Dirk, Johannes, Nancy, Mercedes, Marie, Lucrecia, Anton & Tineke.

I am sitting at my little writing desk, after several days of sunshine it is raining again today, it is still early, and the day is beginning to unfold. Yesterday (in Belgium) we cast our votes for the elections, an important day, in the evening it became clear that the expected result was coming, and yet I am grateful this morning. I am grateful because I am writing to you, I am grateful for our time together, around the table. Grateful for our conversation, grateful that you entrusted me with your liminal state, that I could carry it with me, throughout my life, in the streets, in my house, in the studio, in my atelier, or in any other possible place where my body and I found ourselves. In a world that is highly polarized, it is now, more than ever, very important to fight for our in-between spaces. You know which of those in-between spaces I mean. I mean yours.

The ones we talked about, the ones you shared. Those kinds of in-between spaces that don't get a place in society. The kind of in-between spaces in which we are forced to step in or step out. The kind of in-between spaces that are met with little understanding. The ones that don't fit into the system. The ones that are criticized, minimized, ridiculed. The ones that governments would rather see disappear as soon as possible to keep you productive and to be a valuable contributor to our economy. Our conversations confirmed its importance.

My urge to guard our liminal states is even stronger now. I used to see myself as an intermediary, trying to figure out a score for myself. I asked myself the question what the score of an intermediary would be? But I don't want a score, we are forced to have so many scores. So many times, we already must 'behave' according to a certain role, a certain attitude, in a certain framework.

I now see myself as a warrior, defending your liminal states, and everyone else's that will engage with me, creating a kind of spatiality, a spaciousness, for these liminal states to be. Fighting for a place where they can be lived, experienced, processed, understood, embraced, loved, be living, be seen, being felt. It might not really be a literal place. Maybe it is a place and a space in our mind, we can visit all together. A space in which our liminal states are protected, where they can just, sit together, where they can be cared for. A place in which we can escape, and our liminal states can meet, where we arrive and know we are not alone.

It is a state of being. My body and I will always be there, we will be the gatekeepers of that place. No one will be able to intrude and force you out of your liminal state, force you to say goodbye to it, forget it, push it away. You can always visit, you can let go of your liminal state, come back and say hello, now and then, if you would feel the need to. You can also never visit again and only visit when you would find yourself in a new liminal state...

With so much love,

Yours truly

Naomi (guardian of your liminal state & so much more...)





## **'THE LIMINAL OFFICE'**

(ongoing)

**Welcome to my liminal office, the very first office to treat liminal states with care.**

**Paying attention to what is no more, what is not yet, the in-between, the transient.**

The protocol goes as following, I meet people, with whom I have an intimate conversation, about moments when they have been in a liminal state or about the role of liminality in their lives. Our intimate conversations are not being documented, no audio recordings, no video's, no photo's. These conversations are equally ephemeral as the medium of dance. I translate our conversations into a movement practice. To conclude our conversation, an 'exchange agreement' is drawn up. It is a contract between the person with whom I had an intimate conversation with, and myself in which the person gives me permission to go into the dance studio with the conversation in my mind, in my body, and from there let movements arise.

I then carry our conversation and your liminal state (through my body) through life.

Once in the studio, I am alone. Our conversation in my mind, in my body, letting movements emerge, generating movements. No audience. This too happens in intimacy. My body, the studio, the energy of the conversation and my movements.

Every movement session ends with a registration on paper ("drawing"). A registration of energy. Of us connecting. Of me protecting your liminal state. Carrying your liminal state. Caring for your liminal state.

In a highly polarized world, perhaps now, more than ever, we desperately need an in-between space. The registrations and 'exchange agreements' are kept - like dossiers - in an archive folder.

**"My body is becoming an archive of liminality"**



