



SARAGINI

by Tasos Bekiaris

My net, that I seductively view, stitched 100% in my presence
(Wages spent on psychoanalysis sessions)
Praising the cage...there seems to be life...Glorifying the Man, Extracting his Soul!

- My body unrecognizable.
- Are you afraid?
- Eructing my bile.
- Because you are afraid.

Through autopoiesis, pretending self-identification· I am an animal! But I'm not the only one. And no matter how hard I burnt myself seeing you as a herd, my teeth desire your hairy, dirty body... just for expressing the real sense of a kiss.

That kiss, Judas kiss! During the crucifixion, people look at you, and you "handsome" as always, attempting to transform the scriptures of the past into cantos under a fake smile...distorted by the glue of your burial! Relationships are like quicksand, eh?

Sara, you are a lovely knitter...

Now what?
It's over.



SARAGINI

Stand-alone definitions of linking words (Wikipedia)

SARA

- Anything considered useless and disposable
- Derogatory characterization of a group or crowd of people who, gathered in one place, make noise or have diverse origins synonyms: mob, muddle, ragtag.
- A steep hill or slope with gravel or stones, which it's difficult to be climbed because of its' slippery surface.

SARAGINI

- Hellenistic purse seine (fishing net).
- One`s ability to charm and attract others.



Hybrid word construction.

SARAGINI

- The collection of heterogeneous animate and inanimate findings while rigging the net.
- The mob that is lured by something "seductive»
- The slippery surface that governs massiveness



LOAD Dance Theater presents "**SARAGINI**" by **Tasos Bekiaris**. A contemporary view, a new method of dance focused on the human experience and the "speaking" body that it creates.

Six people consistent to their different dance backgrounds, fit in with a surreal dance theater spectacle, discoursing with the audience in a foggy landscape. The words "cage" and "time", which when are being heard cause a disturbance, become the meeting point with the existence itself. Bodies that are abusively misappropriated, voluntarily self-defeated, carnally gambling, authoritatively gaming, starring in a total theater performance. Their original faces reproduce a replica of life that they dare to call "ME".

What about "US"?

Directed/ adapted/ choreographed: **Tasos Bekiaris**

Music Editing: **Tasos Bekiaris**

Music Composition (last track): **Alexandros Mitros**

Set design/ Lighting design: **Sakis Birbilis**

Costume Design: **Elena Gavela, Elena Dimopoulou, Elli Drimi**

Costum Maker: **Eftihia Tzavela, Elena Dimopoulou, Elli Drimi**

Assistant choreographer: **Katerina Tsagari**

Video / photo editing: **Patroklos Skafidas**

Cast: **Anastasia Georgakopoulou**

Vasilis Karaoglanis

Dimitris Koutis

Theodora Manolakou

Vasileia Prospathopoulou

Katerina Tsagari

Participates our little: **Ioanna Karandinou**





Director's note

When people ask me what led me to create this project, I answer: "I don't know! Life, man! The combination of both sometimes regarding what they create (society), exists in my mind in a dispersed way! I don't know! I will answer you again when it would have finished".

Thinking about it, I consider myself immune, unfit to communicate since I cannot define my thoughts about the project that I am preparing. I put my scattered words on a piece of paper so I can make sentences out of them. I get confused. Every day my head gets messier and messier. Every day I hear the deafening confusion of the person next to me, I slip out of my way into his, which fills me with more words. His words take me on a journey through time, and that indefinite time, fills me with other words that create feelings.

The emotions make me go back and look at my life as if I am commemorating it. I reminisce about moments gone but at the same moment i relive the pleasure of my past cage. But wait, where am I now? In a cell where my cellmate asks me to pull out all these words and tell him what I'm thinking. You think it's so easy to do it! Even after the nets are rigged, the fisherman takes time to sort through the discarded napkins and burnt wood. But these questions seem fascinating to him because since he wants to know about me, possibly I am important! Am I?

Anyway, I'll tell you a word that comes to my mind, I don't know if it exists, but this one was just born to me.

"Saragini"

Narration

Somewhere in an undefined space, six people have been living together for a long time.

The awkward is that no one ever looked for these people. No one knows how they got there, not even themselves. They tried to understand why this happened to them, but they had nothing in common with each other. Every day they tried to discover the reason they were there but the reason remained non-existent. They felt they were being watched every day, but there was nothing to prove it.

Time was passing by, without its' sense, whether it was morning or evening even though they were watching the sun rise and set accordingly. The first months were difficult for the six "roommates". The human reactions among themselves were uncontrollable, fights, hysteria, cunning, backstabbing. What united them apart from the coexistence - nightmare, was the goal of their release from that space and the effort not to damage their image to the rest! When one felt that he had found the solution to the riddle of caging, he communicated it only to himself, and rarely to someone, that he was pretending like him. Endless attempts, repeatedly failed as time still found them there.

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Every day was the same, absolutely nothing changed, same thoughts, same feelings. At some point, as they looked out the window, lost and impoverished, they felt something in common! Maybe they saw something...

Light ... like someone punched a hole in the ceiling. While everyone thought they had been hit by a group collision, another light appeared drawing everyone's attention. But this light did not have the same impact on them, it created confusion.

Keys sound is being heard...someone unlocks one door... absurdity makes its appearance dragging an entire society with it!

Their acquisitions are now their biggest weakness. The moment of opportunity also became past without giving any new sense to the already existing situation. The possibility of their freedom trapped them more.

Fear!!! At the simple, mere hearing of the word, instincts changed, time took another form, overwhelming the appearance of the six persons.

Shooting... the absurd makes its appearance again, but this time it affects!

No one is the same. Like something shifted inside them. Everyone began watching their life flash before their eyes like a movie full of moments. Moments that worked carnivorously.

Why? Although this why remained silent in the room, it sounded more deafening than the shot itself.

They started shedding blame in every direction. Everything was now clear to them... it's all the others' fault!

But are they to blame?

All six fell silent...

LOAD Dance Company

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Performance photos:













Costumes:



Design: Elena Dimopoulou



Design: Elli Drimi





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