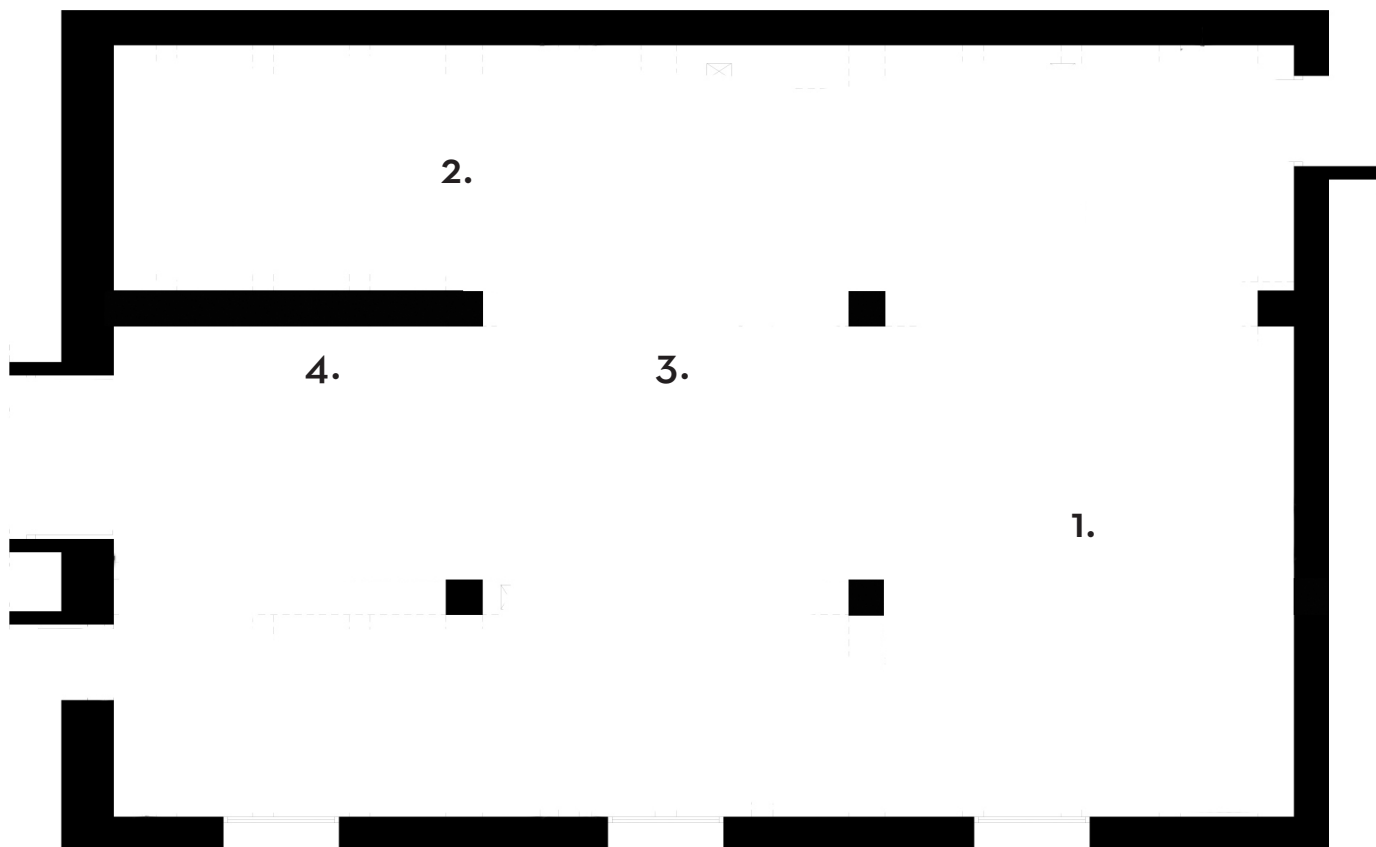


TRAPP DOMINIKA

„NE TEGYÉTEK REÁM...” ‘DON’T LAY HIM ON ME...’



1. A parasztasszony teste / The Body of the Peasant Woman, 2020

Hang-installáció (hang, fa, viaszkréta, mérített papír, akvarell ceruza, könyvek)

/ Sound installation (sound, wood, wax-chalk, mould made paper, watercolour pencil, books)

A székekből álló elem tervezésében és kivitelezésében az AU Workshop (Szederkényi Lukács, Ghyczy Dénes Emil) és Hórich Richárd Ádám segédkezett alkotótársként.

/ The installation was designed and realised in collaboration with AU Workshop (Lukács Szederkényi, Dénes Emil Ghyczy) and Richárd Ádám Hórich.

2. A néptáncosnő teste / The Body of the Female Folk Dancer, 2020

Videó (0640"), digitális nyomtatás papíron, mérített papír, akvarell ceruza / Video (0640"), digital print on paper, mould made paper, watercolour pencil

A filmet Trapp Dominikával való együttműködésben Varga Noémi készítette. / In collaboration with Dominika Trapp, the film was made by Noémi Varga.

Operatőr / Camera: Vincze Alina

Fényezés / Color grading: Budapest Color Club

Colorist: Fekete Janó C.S.I.

Zene / Music: Zurgó - Juhajgatás

Külön köszönet/special thanks: SÍN Arts Centre, Marcio Kerber Canabarro, Magyar Táncművészeti Egyetem, CameraRental

3. A fétistárggyá tett test / The Body Perceived as a Fetish Object, 2020

Installáció (fa, hímzett nyers pamut szalag, bélhúr, poliuretán hab, természetes pigment, mérített papír, olajpasztell)

/ Installation (wood, embroidered raw cotton ribbon, catgut, polyurethane foam, natural pigment, mould made paper, oil pastel)

Az installáció tervezésében és kivitelezésében Kránicz Richárd segédkezett alkotótársként.

/ The installation was done in collaboration with Richárd Kránicz.

Az installáció elemei / parts of the installation:

Prolapse-portrék: extrém anális szexet bemutató pornófilmek werkfotói alapján zsírkrétával készült rajzok mérített papíron.

/ Prolapse-portraits: drawings made after photos of shootings of porno movies that present extreme anal sex.

Brácsa: A kifordított brácsa Erdélyi Dávid hangszerkészítő alkotása.

/ Viola: The viola, that is turned inside out was created by Dániel Erdély, musical instrument manufacturer.

Szalag: A nyers pamut szalagra hímzett neo-folk sorminta tervezésében Kele Ildikó, textiltervezővel segédkezett.

/ Ribbon: The neo-folk motif on raw cotton ribbon was designed in collaboration with Ildikó Kele, textil designer.

Szégyenkő: A két elemet a kiskunlacházi szégyenkő mintájára Hardi Ágnes faragta ki és Trapp Dominika festette.

/ Pillory: The two elements were made after the pillory at Kiskunlacháza, carved by Ágnes Hardi and painted by Dominika Trapp.

4. Trapp Dominika: SZÜL. Fekszik MEGH. / BORN lies DIED, 2020

(akvarellceruza, sörálátétkarton / watercolour pencil, carton, 75x100cm)

taught her children to treat their clothes in the evening, that you need to put them on a chair, so if you have to run at night for something, they are in a hand's reach. But she knew that she couldn't run. She also knew she wouldn't need that dress anymore. (...) She had quite a lot of medicine at home, heavy sleeping pills. (...) Then she drank a glass of water and went to bed.

The body of a female folk dancer

The coursework of Kata Szívós, a third year folk dance student at the Hungarian Dance Academy, will be a choreography for a woman's solo dance that expands the space bequeathed to us through folk dance traditions. I met Kata two years ago at the New Year's Eve Hungarian folk dance event at Fonó, where she stood up to perform a dance traditionally danced by young men, to the dismay of others. Since then, I have been following her practice and in the frameworks of my exhibition I am presenting a short portrait film about her choreography entitled *Maiden's Dance*.

Edited details from the Interview with Kata Szívós:

"The basic concept was how male Hungarian folk dances, that I really like to dance, can be staged without evoking thoughts like 'well, that's a girl dancing a male dance'. This was the basic idea in the early stages of the work, but obviously what I wanted to keep from female dances and what I would incorporate from male dances changed a lot until I settled on the final version of the dance I called *Maiden's dance*. In male dances, virtuosity is what is essential and what I miss from female dances. Because we do have beautiful female dances that are soloistic, but when we refer to beauty, we mostly talk about group dances. These are not primarily focused on virtuosity, but rather on archaic and singing circle dances. Even those, who don't know a lot about Hungarian folk dances, knows that these are not about dancing the stars out of the sky. It is possible to find beautiful female dances, but still, somehow in authentic folk dance, the dynamic enhancement stops at one point.

I've always missed this all my life, even though I started getting to know folk dance early enough. When I was four. But I have never been able to express myself fully in a female dance. This does not mean that I did not enjoy it or that I could think of something else in that particular dance situation, because I am obviously taken by its heat and charm, but I still missed something extra that I do absolutely feel in couple dances, but not in female dances. For me, female dances are too restrictive, that is why I danced male's dances unscrupulously. And I did not find these narrowing, because I simply loved them. I made attempts to adapt them to my taste but somehow some people thought that I might have some identity issues. But that is absolutely not the case. That is why the main principal of all this is that I do not want to eliminate or question femininity in dance in any way. On the other hand, I would like to dynamically enhance women's dances to their fullest extent, until the point when male gestures and motifs can be incorporated into a female solo dance without someone saying 'you are a very good and technical dancer, but this is a male dance performed by a female body.'

At the Budapest Contemporary Dance Academy it wasn't strange that a girl was dancing a male dance. The community there wasn't as narrow-minded as, say, in a folk dance subculture, where certain things are almost unquestionable. Another question is what kind of reactions this act will spark, but I suppose the folk police won't seize me. But in the context of a communal folk dance event, on the other hand, it can easily happen – that has already happened to me more than once –, that people approach me after the dance and start to question me like 'hey, what was this?'. And then I say it's the same thing you do...

I was wondering about the female-male relationship in the past. Not just in dance, but in everyday life. Women did not have their say, what women said did not have the same weight, they did not have the final say and they were not the dominant party in dance either. But despite all this, it would not have been possible to perform a couple dance without a woman, because the basis of everything is

really the woman. Usually it can be get out of boys or men to say that a couple's dance cannot be performed without a woman, but apart from this, I still don't see this reflected on stage, as for the most part, nobody cares what the female compartment does. Because there is a delightful male dance that absolutely takes it all, and obviously we won't look at what the girls shuffle in the back corner or squeak in a half-circle. Of course, I am not saying that this is unnecessary or that it is a problem, because it is also an equally important part of the whole culture and the whole tradition of dance.

When we talk about dance, we are basically talking about motifs, and as far as I know, motifs has no gender. I believe anyone could dance anything. Whether we are talking about folk dance. I think you can dance a male motif in a way that is feminine. Or more organic, or aesthetic than a male body dancing it. For me, the point is not to do a genderless choreography, but a female dance where I can really show the technical excellence. As a woman.

Folk dance is basically similar to playing lego: there are those basic bricks that surely everyone has and everyone knows; the *csárdás*, the *cifra motif*, the *three steps*, the *swinging*. There are obviously more complex things, but we usually learn them as a process; there is a beginning, a middle, an end, and that's the only way we can think about them. We can put these lego bricks from one place to another, but we cannot really just throw them all in a pan and blend them fully – I myself couldn't do it for a very long time. Why not break down those elements what we have learned as essences further to their atoms? So the cultivation and the transmission of Hungarian folk dance is not just about imitating a particular informant or a teacher, but it is rather about using, applying and experiencing a certain dance or a movement. Experiencing dance is crucial for this. Because I think that Hungarian folk dance can really have a euphoric effect, but if we only get these lego bricks, then we can only think along them, then in my opinion we're stuck at a level that folk dance professionals might accept as professional, but for me this is not fulfilling neither as a creator nor as a dancer. That I can play lego like a pro."

The body perceived as a fetish object

At the exhibition, this installation is the one that evokes the most extreme example of expanding the space of agency and performs its critique from a radical feminist anti-porn stance. It lights on and unfolds a collision of 'porn culture' and folk culture with a hungarofuturist/feminist gesture.

Among other things, very intense anal sex can result in rectal *prolapse* – that is also referred to as *rosebud* as an euphemized version of the word. While previously it was considered to be an undesirable side-effect of porn movie shootings – a niche fetish within the BDSM culture – nowadays, due to the expanding market logic of the porn industry, it appears increasingly more often as a popular porn genre. There are different techniques for its deliberate inducement, however, frequent prolapse sufferers are likely to expect permanent health damage, as material compulsion often drives them toward extremities. Mediatized prolapse can be replicated endlessly in digital media and it can also provoke stimulation in other bodies, either in the form of sexual desire or empathetic nausea.

The mock-up on view here is an interpretation of an existing and currently used folk instrument, in which the luthier stenciled the inscription 'prolapse' as his own trademark. The installation explores the intersection between the social and somatic connections as well as the intersection of certain time planes: furthering the structuring logic reflected in the stigmatized body of the instrument, the work points out how the present detours the past and attempts to speculatively do this in the hope of a less perverse (future) vision.

Dominika Trapp

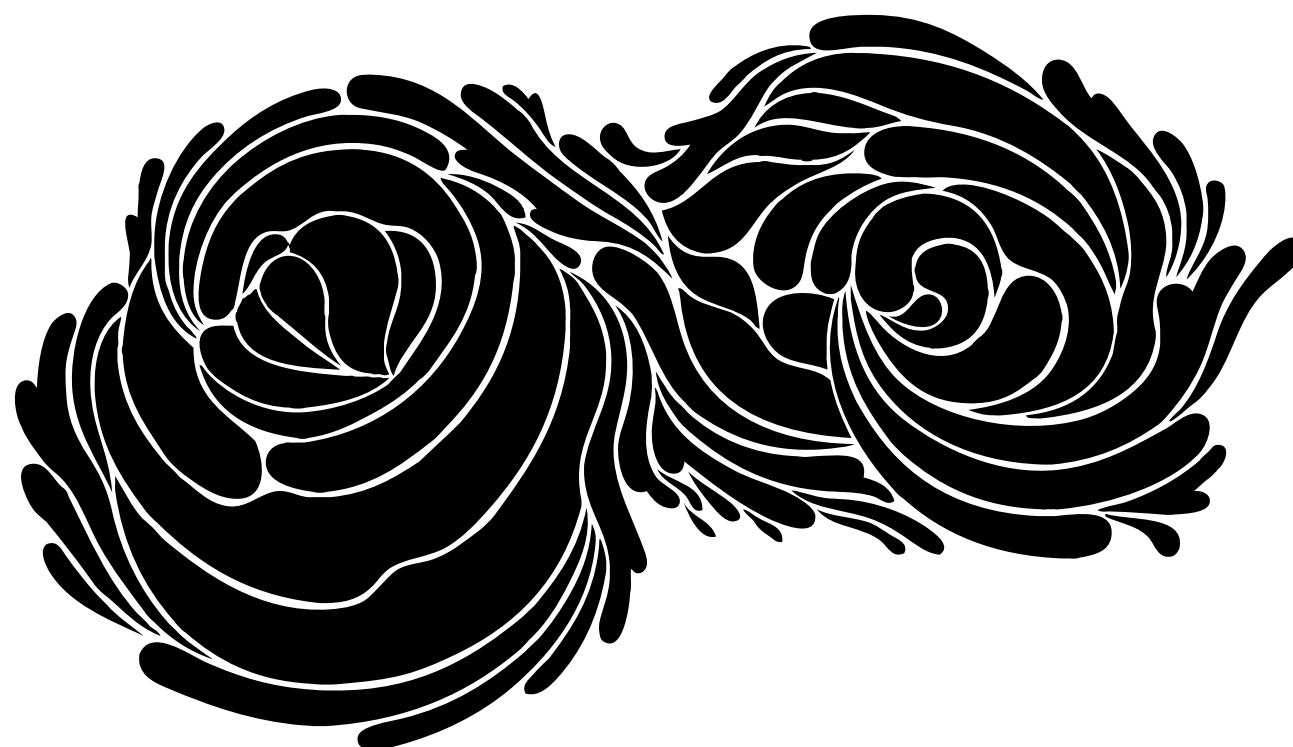
DOMINIKA TRAPP

'DON'T LAY HIM ON ME...'

18/01 – 01/03/2020

Opening: 17/01/2020 (FRI) 19pm

Opening remarks by Ádám Havas, sociologist



The exhibition highlights the influences and implications of radical detours of folk traditions, as well as examples of appropriations of and consensually accepted norms on different bodies (the body of a female folk dancer, the body of a peasant woman, the body perceived as a fetish object, the body of the dead), and thus articulates a multi-layered critique that turns towards the archaic in order to find a way out of the crisis of the present.

Folk culture provides a possible way of connecting nature and man – beyond the false separation of nature and culture. The materiality of the body is given, however where it starts, where it ends and its scope is culturally defined. The elements of folk culture are discursive, symbolic and somatically engrained. The question is, what kind of meanings can we attribute to folk motives today, what kind of ideals are conveyed by folk dance and how does that connect with the present, what is the extent its boundaries can be widened to, and how can it be inhabited by certain individuals and communities.

The hungarofuturist project reverts to the past in order to detour the future. It is a hungarofuturist challenge to seek the local in the universal and the shared experience that can withstand divisions. As the future can diverge in several possible ways, countless hungarofuturist factions can elaborate their concepts. Hungarofeminism is also such a faction and the exhibition on view is a statement event of the hungarofeminist movement. Feminism should be a critique of the public domain and of hegemonic discourses, and thus also the critique of the diverse knowledges concerning the body. Hungarofeminism therefore maps, distracts, expands the contact points of the somatic and the social, giving space to time travel either on the plane of traumas or in mythical times.

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T R A P É Z

KK
KALI KÖVEK

The body of the peasant woman

The starting point for the exhibition was the book by Olga Nagy entitled *The Book of Women*. The book features individual stories of fate of peasant women that they shared with the ethnographer during her ethnographic collections in Cluj and Mureş counties between 1975 and 1984. Because of their rawness and “uncensored” nature, these confessional texts stand out from traditional folk narratives, which generally align to the conventional representation of the community.

From the ninety stories in the book, I chose one that could serve as a frame story for an installation. The text entitled *My Mother’s Final Will* elaborates on the life story of a woman with the narrowest range of motion. In the story, seventeen family members appear, including two parents and nine surviving children, giving a more complete perspective of the peasant world.

I have highlighted the passages of the text in which emancipatory or norm-opposing intentions, deeds, or even a post-resolution halt occur.

I have included two quotes from two exemplary contemporary authors, Andrea Tompa and Szilárd Borbély, who depict peasantry in a dispassionate way, without romanticizing. The quoted passages can be heard in the gallery space as a sound installation performed by my grandmothers and my mother.

The installation representing the life stories was designed in collaboration with AU Workshop (Lukács Szederkényi, Dénes Emil Ghyczy). Their suggestion was to consider incorporating installation elements that could also be used at events related to the exhibition, and would not lose their function after the exhibition. Starting from this idea, I suggested to take the chair as a meaningful symbol as the basis for the installation. Studying peasant object culture, I had collected different types of chairs that can be linked to the characters of the aforementioned life stories.

The figure of the mother is summoned at the bottom by the *birthing chair*, also known as *birth stool*, from which a set of wooden *toddler’s chairs*, transformed into a coffin (symbolizing the six dead children) grows out; then on top of this, a most commonly used *milking chair* is placed referring to the nine surviving offspring; ‘crowned’ by the seat of the tyrant father, the *commanding seat*.

The installation evokes a memorial column or a grave marker, as well as the baulk (also referred to as ‘the tree of the blessed lady’), often used in peasant architecture, that originally intended to support the beams in the living spaces, but over time its structural role has been diminished and was continued to be erected rather for its cultic meaning. I will associate stories around the column with stories in which the female character succeeded in breaking the norms, in formulating self-reflection, or other transgressive intents.

In analysing the life stories, I was assisted by Balázs Prokk, a folk dancer and philosopher based in Hamburg, who wrote the following text summarizing our joint work of nearly half a year:

Cara Spelman & Balázs Prokk: Grave reality

Patriarchy is a political, legal and economical ideology, wherein men, and not women, are the subjects who can legitimately exercise their will and power. Legitimate constraints to this will and power are therefore solely determined with the interests of men, as the assumed subjects of patriarchy, in mind. Just as men see themselves as the leader of the household, similarly, society is dominated by men’s organisations. Configured within the patriarchal system as men’s property, women have been assumed to be the object of men. They are therefore acted upon, rather than being acknowledged as actors themselves, and are expected to bear everything from their sale to violence.

Women can only associate during their co-working labour hours. In the Hungarian peasant culture, for example, the place of such groupings is the *fonó* (weaving room). Even though the weaving room is a space for these women, the patriarchal apparatus of censorship is still felt here, as the women’s freedom to communicate their struggles is constrained somewhat by a fear of patriarchy, meaning their communication of this must be indirect. The women therefore make use of imaginative and creative ways to indirectly communicate their experiences, which we can see in the use of metaphors and metonyms by narrators in ritual games and especially in folk songs. The grave reality subtly communicated in these

games and folk songs can be heard by those listening sensitively. While women are together and communicating in these spaces, the grip of patriarchy still mediates their communication, as they fear that directly speaking about their experience might result in the very real threat of violence from men. Therefore, a conspiracy of silence, fueled also by shame and stigma, surrounds direct testimonies of women’s experiences and suffering, meaning that women’s narratives must be indirectly relayed, or not relayed at all:

“If your heart is full of sorrow, don’t tell everyone, complain to the Heavens, because it won’t tell anyone.”

Asszonyok könyve (The Book of Women) is a collection of many women’s stories collected and published by the folk-anthropologist Olga Nagy. The tangible intimacy of these stories results from a sense of trust, as the stories have finally escaped the grasp of men. However, recounting these narratives of trauma is grievously taxing. Wounds thought to be healed often re-open, with mental and physical traumas of the past made present in their re-telling: lives of conflict and oppression, fragmented histories and personal tragedies all re-emerge for the women recounting these events. These confessions encompass the reader also, as traces of trauma are relived in its retelling.

Searching for these formative traumatic moments, we became aware of two distinguishable narratives: one of them is dominated by frozen passivity, wherein everything remains unchanged. However, there are quite a few stories in which the protagonist resolves her conflict. The tension between these two responses to trauma made it feasible for us to create an interpretative framework for looking at these narratives and the time-consciousness of their narrators.

These life-changing moments repeat themselves within the framework of the mind. These formative moments are also present in the folk songs. In this example, we become aware of attempts at an action which never comes to pass:

*I was leaving for You three times,
 But I could not even get closer to your window.
 Something caught me at the gate,
 So, (...) I could not even speak a word.*

During months of labour, the difficult lifestyle of the peasants is strictly planned and regimented. The peasants’ self-consciousness are convulsing into the straight grooves of the plow, and it could be liberated only through dancing movements. Jumping and swaying together relieves people from their daily struggles somewhat, and dancing becomes the closest thing to freedom the peasants experience.

When Kata Szivós in her *Maiden’s Dance* choreography adopts the virtuosity of the young men’s dances, she transgresses the limits of patriarchy. The subversive nature of this act is evident when we consider that the man (vir) is the root of virtuosity. However, this aesthetic characteristic of the men ought to be joined with self- and collective-responsibility too, (ie. virtue). Patriarchal configurations of virtuosity in men often involve an extroverted kind of virtuosity, connected with strength, bravery and virility. In women, however, patriarchal displays of virtuosity are traditionally connected with passivity, discreteness and virginal purity, a hemmed-incomplement to the virtuosic man’s virility.

There are some records of women dancing what are traditionally considered men’s dances. Both the *verbunk* of Mariska Szuromi (Tyukod) and the legényes of Ibolya Jaskó (Györgyfalva) are well known among folk dancers, and their dances are recurring elements of other choreographies too.

Kata Szivós’ choreography, which features improvisational, female solo dance, stems from this tradition also. Her subversion of traditional gender roles in Hungarian folk dance is an act of courage and agency under patriarchy, and so it necessarily raises important questions surrounding two moral conceptions of the roles of women in society.

In rural Hungary, it is possible to identify these two different conceptions of morality. Which conception of morality present in a given community may depend on the size and demands of that community. Dogmatic morality fits perfectly into the prescriptive system of patriarchy, in which girls are constantly learning about women’s roles, from children’s play to women’s circle-dances to religious rites. In contrast to this conception of morality, we can identify a more locally-organized, practical morality, one that emerges

during and after wartime. During these times of conflict, women often have had to adopt roles traditionally attributed to men in patriarchal societies, which meant that the subversive solo dances of the aforementioned female dancers were not only tolerated, but even accepted by their community.

However, the equilibrium between the dogmatic and the practical conceptions of morality is very fragile. Practical morality, which can be liberatory for women, is necessarily disruptive of the patriarchal order. In response to its disruption by this practical morality, patriarchal dogma begins a process of fervently attacking this attempt at liberation, beginning a process of scapegoating and systematic witch-hunts. At the end of this unconscious collective violence, the old order is restored, and the lives of the tragic victims are conserved only in ballads by community of the *fonó*. Practical ingenuity and liberatory attempts are stitched up once more and the stories of these attempts at freedom become ballads of warning against further failed attempts. Subversion of the patriarchal order is discouraged, as only the negative implications of past attempts at resistance are passed on through ballads.

Dominika Trapp’s exhibition gives new life to the silenced memoirs of these women.

Translation of the quotes of the sound installation ‘The body of the Peasant Women’

Andrea Tompa: Omerta - Book of Kali

“If I turned back from that gate, I would have had a different destiny. I turn around, they get a little angry, they quarrel, well, I get beaten as well and then we forget it all. And then I make a different fate for myself.”

Turning back

The woman stopped dead. Her tears start to flow. She looks at her little daughter. ‘Shall I want to make you an orphan by will? After all, so many people die who leave orphans. I have a strong, healthy, young husband. He loves me so much, so shall I purposely make my child an orphan?’

The bell has been silent for a long time, still echoing in the mother’s ear, for burial:

- I’ll bury my heart! My little child, by my own will you will never be orphaned! She turns back. Puts down the package. Looks at her child. ‘Maybe if I would leave, the lad would still be waiting for me. No, I’m not going. I shouldn’t make you an orphan!’”

There’s a lot of trouble with a daughter

It’s enough to say that the mother did not really like her son. She was in fact ashamed that she had a child, but no father. It was summer, the time of the cucumber harvest. She thought to herself, ‘What can I do, to make the child die. Well, I can’t kill him with my own hands, but I wouldn’t mind so much if he died. I could then run away. If he died now, he would turn to be an angel.’”

The nursing son of Mrs. Ágnes

Her life is bitter, everyone cheated on her and scammed her. Her soul just froze. (...) She’s down the slope. (...) The fate some people is that sad.

I do not know who is guiltier: the woman who decides to undergo an abortion or the one who gives birth and rejects the baby.

Szilárd Borbély: The Dispossessed

Cats are repulsive to my mother. Sometimes the cat has diarrhea because of something it ate, its stomach swells up. It shits in the room. My mother smells it, and grabs the cat. “You have to shove its nose in it,” she tells us. She grabs the cat’s neck and, with disgust, shoves its head in its own shit. The animal tries to escape, writhing. My mother doesn’t let it go. “Let the cat go, M’my! Leave the poor thing alone!” But my mother doesn’t stop. “It has to learn once and for all not to shit in here,” she shrieks. She is disgusted by cats. As for me, I am disgusted by their shit. She only lets the cat go when it starts scratching and whining. She chases it out with the broom. She hits it with all her might. “Go rot in a ditch, you’re not going to shit in here,” she keeps repeating, beating the animal with the broom. (Translated by Ottillie Mulzet)

In the hoe

Once upon a time, the skylarks were singing so beautifully. I thought to myself: I should wake up, otherwise my father would beat me awake with the chicory he brought with him. I trembled like a gentleman’s dog, chattering my teeth. I took my hoe and went to the field. I dag twice, while my dad was laughing heartily, ruffling his moustache - he was charming like a cavalryman, with a twirled moustache; he said:

“What is it, Miss?” Did the skylarks wake you up?

- They did, my father.

- I see that the evening lesson did its deed. God damn it! I see you will become a proper man!

‘I will never become a proper man, but a miserable woman at most,’ I thought to myself.’

It ended badly

““Look what my thighs look like.’

“Hey,” says the old man, “if only the devil would have taken this boy the moment he was born. Because never did I hurt my partner. Whom did you inherit this wickedness from?

He comforted the cummer:

‘You have to tolerate your man’ and ‘God has allowed you to be under your man’s power.’

With this, the poor woman had nothing to do, she pulled her tucker on her head and went back to Szamosfalva. She thought she was getting quite a small bit of consolation, but what to expect from two old men? ”

She milked the three goats

“My daughter, have you ever seen a burning house or a haystack?”
- I have seen both.
- And do they put these fires out, kid?
The girl’s jaw almost dropped in surprise:
- Why do you say that now?
- My blood was boiling hot, thus I needed to sooth it a bit.
- Oh my mother, well, you are still out of your wit. That’s how you will die, without common sense!
- Kid, this is not nonsense. Because all it takes is a bit of skill for someone to love someone. Everyone does this. Everybody longs for it. You just have to be proud of it.

- I’m not going to be proud of this, my mother. You know what? If he had burned so much, you would have gotten yourself a fire extinguisher, not János and the whole city.

- Oh my darling, I believe the fresher the better.

- I see, my mother, I have nothing to share with you. God send it may be so!

He threw away his own life

- Well, damn your head, is that what you puzzle about? Try to break a little branch for me instead. You are still thinking about these things! You’d rather tell a prayer instead. Because everyone dies, but it is the old man who really has to think about death. The proverb says, “Towards seventy towards home”. But then who even reached eighty-four! You’re a fiery old villain! Even then you need a body! How God beat me with such a man! Well, it was not enough for me to be oppressed for fifty-six years by you, you would even torment me even further!

My mother’s last will

“My one ewe lamb, my child, if I die sooner than your father, then do not lay him on me! Don’t lay him on me so that he can press upon my heart and my soul there too. Because he pressed upon me for fifty-four years and I got fed up with it. Lay me beside your brother to rest there, and bury your father there, in a separate grave. There he can wait for Archangel St. Michael to blow the trumpet. Don’t lay him next to me.”

Old Juli’s death

Once upon a time, they put her portion of bread and a glass of water on a chair. When her daughter left, she slammed the door instead of saying goodbye, the old lady looked at her thoroughly and sighed:
- God, give me strength to be able to get up once again!
But she did not wake up to eat dry bread and dip it in the water, as she usually does, to nibble. But now she hadn’t touched it, just looked at it, prayed to God to give her power. She got up, put on her Sunday’s best, and washed herself. The dead want to arrive to God purely. She took off her dirty clothes, pulled them together as she