



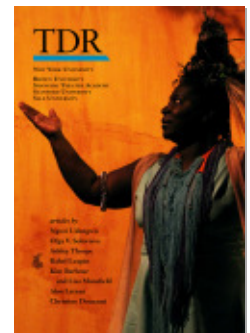
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(Review)

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sors, researchers, and artists that compose the collection *often miss* the ways social justice movements refuse the vector of “civility” in contesting state imposition. That slippage—from the civil to the civilizing—becomes the foci of only one essay of note: Max Haiven’s “Beyond the Violence of Colonial Civility: Examining the Art of Raven Davis.” Taking the performance-based work of this Anishinaabe artist and activist, Haiven describes how notions of “civility” and “civil space” are always already coded as white and available for sanctioning: not simply excluding indigenous and black presence from the “civil,” but also policing and surveilling the distinction. To ground one’s work in Indigenous studies is to know that civilization is *ontologically* uncivil: that is, genocidal. If forms of civility beyond the (white) settler colonial are possible, Haiven asks that we first reckon “with what, precisely, society, community, and civility might mean on stolen lands” (131). This is a question adequately asked by only one author in the collection (itself comprised of nearly all white men), speaking volumes to the way “civil action,” defined on European terms, cannot sustain the movements it hopes to attend.

Emergency Index: An Annual Document of Performance Practice, Vol. 6.

Edited by Yelena Gluzman, Sophia Cleary, and Katie Gaydos. Brooklyn, NY: Ugly Duckling Presse, 2017; 608 pp.; illustrations. \$25.00 paper.

An impossible invitation to “all the people who made performances” in 2016, *Emergency Index* is itself an incongruous, albeit surprising crowd-sourced document of performance documents (vii). Counter to our usual modes of experiencing performance or its documentation—wherein we participate in those circuits of friendship and exchange structuring whose performances we see and when, *Emergency Index* annually (since 2012) introduces us to the impossible demands of hundreds of strangers (artists). Each is presented as a photo spread, including some perfunctory information: date, name, and time. There, the artists grow garlic in their front yards, suffuse the social in fugitive collective improvisation, wrestle in sci-fi futures, experiment with the proximity of strangers, and sing coke-fueled a cappella versions of Pearl Jam’s “Jeremy.” Though the editors organize the performances chronologically (from 1 January to 31 December 2016), it’s best to read performatively, that is, experientially. Turned pages—purposeful skimming, casual browsing, partial-immersive reading—beget returned encounters in equal parts absorption and boredom. It is an assembly to dizzying effect: the playful, serious promise of a democracy of volunteers, an unknowable community born of improvisation, knowable through the incongruity of their copresence in time.

Time Slips: Queer Temporalities, Contemporary Performance, and the Hole of History.

By Jaclyn I. Pryor. Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press, 2017; 184 pp.; illustrations. \$99.95 cloth, \$34.95 paper, e-book available.

For those well versed in performance studies—and its requisite conversations in historical memory and political redress, traumatic inscription and forced erasure—this book will read as queer kin. As influenced by the Jewish-mystic concept of repair (*tikkun*) as they are with the promise of radical pedagogy, Pryor deftly weaves arguments in queer temporality with decades of literature on performance as an indispensable site of return. Their (our) politics of temporality: one that resists the heteronormative and settler colonial promise that time moves chronologically toward a natural future of extraction, exploitation, and control. Instead, argues Pryor, time slips to proliferate as-yet unfinished pasts, presents, and futures resist. There (here), time will “move backward, lunge forward, loop, jump, stack, stop, pulse, linger, elongate, pulsate, slip” with past touching present to promise a future haunted by a queer capacity to transform (9). Repetition touching reparation. And where Pryor’s archive will not seem unfamiliar—less so to those of us who teach, talk, and perform in their wake—they affirm the queer import of writing