

# playbill

I II ACT III IV

Itziar Okariz's 2012 performance Chapter 2 V.W. sees her undertake the repeated reading of a passage from Virginia Woolf's seminal work *A Room of One's Own* (1929). Over the course of roughly thirty minutes, Okariz will present this work, performing something akin to live editing, whereby the first concept or word of the passage is subtracted in each recitation until the text completely disappears.

Chapter 2 V.W. first arose following an invitation to comment on a fragment from Woolf's essay, and in this particular fragment Woolf describes a landscape that shrinks with each

repetition until it disappears. Each recitation of the fragment by Okariz underlines a different element in the text, drawing the audience's awareness to every component, right down to the smallest unit of meaning.

Based off two lectures Woolf delivered at Newnham College and Girton College, both women's colleges at the University of Cambridge, the performative aspect of the spoken word—one often lost now that the essay is rendered in print—is also repeated here, taking Woolf's writing off the page and staging it for another attentive audience ninety-three years later. For Okariz, this work sits

within a larger practice committed to questioning the rules of language. It also sees playbill engage with a more overtly literary work, one that draws on Torpedo Theater's own programming with the literary and spoken word communities of Amsterdam and beyond.

## PROGRAMME

8pm  
Introduction to Okariz's work

8.10pm—Performance  
Chapter 2 V.W.

8.45pm—Drinks

IMAGE A scanned page from a 2014 edition of Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* (Penguin Books, London).

### *A Room of One's Own*

of tradition upon the mind of a writer, I thought at last that it was time to roll up the crumpled skin of the day, with its arguments and its impressions and its anger and its laughter, and cast it into the hedge. A thousand stars were flashing across the blue wastes of the sky. One seemed alone with an inscrutable society. All human beings were laid asleep – prone, horizontal, dumb. Nobody seemed stirring in the streets of Oxbridge. Even the door of the hotel sprang open at the touch of an invisible hand – not a boots was sitting up to light me to bed, it was so late.

### TWO

The scene, if I may ask you to follow me, was now changed. The leaves were still falling, but in London now, not Oxbridge; and I must ask you to imagine a room, like many thousands, with a window looking across people's hats and vans and motor-cars to other windows, and on the table inside the room a blank sheet of paper on which was written in large letters WOMEN AND FICTION, but no more. The inevitable sequel to lunching and dining at Oxbridge seemed, unfortunately, to be a visit to the British Museum. One must strain off what was personal and accidental in all these impressions and so reach the pure fluid, the essential oil of truth. For that visit to Oxbridge and the luncheon and the dinner had started a swarm of questions. Why did men drink wine and women water? Why was one sex so prosperous and the other so poor? What effect has poverty on fiction? What conditions are necessary for the creation of works of art? – a thousand questions at once suggested themselves. But one needed answers, not questions; and an answer was only to be had by consulting the learned and the unprejudiced, who have removed themselves above the strife of tongue and the confusion of body and issued the result of their reasoning and research in books which