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Poem#1

LES PASSEUSES D'ÉCUME

A possible beginning.

O draperies des mots, assemblages de
l'Art littéraire, ô massifs, ô pluriels, parterres
de voyelles colorées, décors des lignes,
ombres de la muette, boucles superbes des
consonnes, architectures, fioritures des
points et des signes brefs, à mon secours !
au secours de l'homme qui ne sait plus danser,
qui ne connaît plus le secret des gestes,
et qui n'a plus le courage ni la science de
l'expression directe par les mouvements.

Cependant, grâce à vous, réserves immobiles
d'élans sentimentaux, réserves de passions
communes sans doute à tous les civilisés de
notre Âge, je veux le croire, on peut me
comprendre, je suis compris. Concentrez,
détendez vos puissances, – et que l'éloquence
à la lecture imprime autant de troubles
et de désirs, de mouvements commençants,
d'impulsions, que le microphone le plus
sensible à l'oreille de l'écouteur. Un appareil,
mais profondément sensible. (...)
—Francis Ponge, *Le Parti Pris des Choses*,
1919, poème : 'La promenade dans nos serres'

'I am the gateway to another world,' (said I,
looking in the mirror) 'I am the earth-mother;
I am the eternal siren; I am purity,' (Jeez,
new pimples) 'I am carnality; I have intuition;
I am the life-force; I am selfless love.'
(Somehow it sounds different in the first
person, doesn't it?)
'Honey (said the mirror, scandalised) are you
out of your fucking *mind*?'
I AM HONEY
I AM RASPBERRY JAM
I AM A VERY GOOD LAY
I AM A GOOD DATE
I AM A GOOD WIFE
I AM GOING CRAZY
Everything was peaches and cream.
(...)
The full moon
The Winter solstice (You haven't lived if you
haven't seen us running around in our
skivvies, banging on pots and pans, shouting
'Come back, sun! Goddammit, come back!
Come back!')
The summer solstice (rather different)
The autumnal equinox
The vernal equinox
The flowering of trees

The flowering of bushes
The planting of seeds
Happy copulation
Unhappy copulation
Longing
Jokes
Leaves falling off the trees (where deciduous)
Acquiring new shoes
Wearing same
Birth
The contemplation of a work of art
Marriages
Sport
Divorces
Anything at all
Nothing at all
Great ideas
Death
—Joanna Russ, *The Female Man*, 1975

Power can be invisible, can be fantastic, it
can be dull and routine. It can be obvious, it
can reach you by the baton of the police, it can
speak the language of your thoughts and
desires. It can feel like remote control, it can
exhilarate like liberation, it can travel through
time, and it can drown you in the present.
It is dense and superficial, it can cause bodily
injury, and it can harm you without seeming
ever to touch you. It is systematic and it is
particularistic and it is often both at the same
time. It causes dreams to live and dreams to
die. We can and must call it by recognisable
names, but so too we need to remember that
power arrives in forms that can range from
blatant white supremacy and state terror to
'furniture without memories.'
—Avery Gordon, *Ghostly Matters*, 1997,
chapter 1: 'her shape in his hand'

Altbau. Three pieces in a row. A stripped down
but welcoming atmosphere, between historical
museum and living room. No white cube, no
white practicable. The stage is the largest central
space, delimited by its fringes, furniture pieces
and small spaces reserved for the public. Antique
or new armchairs. Cushions. Wood. Leather.
Red. Brown. White. Small simple chipboard
shelves and stools. Various heights. Books littering
the furniture. A floral fabric relief adorns a
loudspeaker on the floor. A leather duck. In line
with the opening to the next room, two light
bulbs mounted on black metal legs. The next
rooms are not accessible.

The audience is coming. Murmurs then silence.
Usually there is this very short, silent, tense
moment preceding a performance. The attention
is all turned towards the first gesture that would
poke, the first sound that would emanate from
the bodies of the performers. They are already
there, quietly sitting on one of the sides.
But the moment stretches. Time flows. They
don't move.
A special attention to space, furniture, one's
own body and other bodies becomes possible.
Don't only occupy the space! Take possession
of it, touch it with your eyes and probe it!
We observe each other, with curiosity, without
voyeurism. The configuration of space – the
distances, the distribution of objects and zones,
but also the colours – makes this moment pleasant,
not difficult at all. From a neglected moment
of pure awaiting, this preamble becomes
foundational. It seals the temporary community
to come. It guides us in what will follow.
Celebration of a coming together.

the production of space and the decisions
we make for its organisation are ultimately
articulations about 'us' and reciprocally,
how a 'we' can be articulated
—Laboria Cuboniks, *Xenofeminism:
A Politics for Alienation*, 2015

The fabric of our affection.
A grabs a folded cloth. She climbs on a small
podium and lets a large piece of white cotton
fabric unfold, where an abstract figure is drawn in
black felt pen. The lines create rounded surfaces.
Somewhere between Brancusi and Schlemmer.
A modern image, which seems outdated but
still haunts us. A holds the fabric at arm's length,
without brandishing it: it grazes his body over
its entire surface. It acts as a screen, hides
but at the same time partly reveals, and above
all awakens in us the desire to see, to touch.

A's body becomes a map.
C approaches her and follows the black lines
drawn with her fingers holding an imaginary
chalk. The fabric moves and deforms, it makes
waves under the light drawing pressures
of C's hand. And above all, it follows the shapes
of A's body. This is the place of contact and
separation. The two bodies meet on either
side of it. Hand and breast, hand and navel,
hand and shoulders. The fabric is at the same
time sheet, flag, screen, veil, membrane,
second skin, interface. It will also soon become
a soft door.

Weaving has been the art and the science
of software, which is perhaps less a
contribution to civilization than its terminal
decline. Perhaps weaving is even the fabric
of every other discovery and invention,
perhaps the beginning and the end of their
history. The loom is a fatal innovation,

which weaves its way from squared paper
to the data net.
—Sadie Plant, *The Future Looms: Weaving
Women and Cybernetics*, 1995

Elles accrochent et décrochent. Elles
s'accrochent et se décrochent. Elles tissent des
nouvelles relations. Elles délient et relient.

They weave. They untie and connect.
They take care of each other.
And of us.

A's and C's costumes are togas, ritual clothes,
nightgowns, dream shirts, wellness uniforms.
Wellness waitresses treating themselves
and (consequently, collateraly) treating us.

Tissu. Texte. Texte dansé.
Cloth. Text. A danced text.

Texte veut dire *Tissu* ; mais alors que jusqu'ici
on a toujours pris ce tissu pour un produit,
un voile tout fait, derrière lequel se tient, plus
ou moins caché, le sens (la vérité), nous
accentuons maintenant, dans le tissu, l'idée
générative que le texte se fait, se travaille à
travers un entrelacs perpétuel ; perdu dans ce
tissu – cette texture – le sujet s'y défait, telle
une araignée qui se dissoudrait elle-même
dans les sécrétions constructives de sa toile.
—Roland Barthes, *Le plaisir du texte*, 1973

A & C perform together sequences of movements.
Each sequence is made the same way: an initial
position in tension and in contact; an unfolding,
a deployment, an extension leading to an acme –
or sometimes to a sudden contradiction of
the initial dynamics – then a closing, a temporary
release. The forms hatch and then wither. These
short forms function like choreographic follies.
They are distinct from each other yet linked by
a common vocabulary and common metabolism.
Above all, all are marked by a moment of sudden
tilting, physically speaking (suddenly, the whole
figure reverses), symbolically speaking (a gentle
movement suddenly turns into a sign of
domination), or metaphorically speaking (a belly
becomes a wave).

The two dancers' bodies are in almost permanent
contact, through one or several points, one or
several surfaces, through which all the
transforming energy seems to flow back and
forth, metamorphosing continuously the
danced figures.
The energy passes from one body to another
with extreme fluidity.
The movements reveal at the same time an
extreme attention and a constant crossing of
limits, that is never violent.
They glide like fishes one above the other, one
within the other.
They crawl gently one below the other.

They stand up and curl over each other. The two bodies become one.	Peut-être qu'un objet est ce qui permet de relier, de passer d'un sujet à l'autre, donc de vivre en société, d'être ensemble. Mais alors puisque la relation sociale est toujours ambiguë, puisque ma pensée divise autant qu'elle unit, puisque ma parole rapproche parce qu'elle exprime et isole par ce qu'elle tait, parce qu'un immense fossé sépare la certitude subjective que j'ai de moi-même de la vérité objective que je suis pour les autres... (...) Puisque je ne peux pas m'arracher à l'objectivité qui m'écrase ni à la subjectivité qui m'exile. Puisqu'il ne m'est pas permis de m'élever jusqu'à l'être ni de tomber dans le néant. (...) Dire que les limites du langage sont celles du monde, que les limites de mon langage sont celles de mon monde. Et qu'en parlant je limite le monde, je le termine. Et que la mort un jour logique et mystérieux viendra abolir cette limite. Et qu'il n'y aura ni question ni réponse, tout sera flou. Mais si par hasard les choses redeviennent nettes ce ne peut qu'être avec l'apparition de la conscience. Ensuite, tout s'enchaîne. — <i>Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle</i> , Jean-Luc Godard, 1967	If the object slips away, if its face becomes inverted, if it looks odd, strange, or out of place, what will we do? —Sara Ahmed, <i>Queer Phenomenology: Objects, Orientations, Others</i> , 2006	je suis charnière j'articule —Amina Saïd, <i>Paysages, nuit friable</i> , 1980
Elles glissent comme des poisons l'une au-dessus de l'autre, l'une dans l'autre. Elles rampent délicatement l'une en dessous de l'autre. Elles se dressent et s'enroulent l'une sur l'autre. Des deux corps en advient un.	Corps fleuve, corps montagne, corps gouffre, corps paysage. Corps arbre, corps fleur. Corps insecte, corps panthère, corps animal. Corps guerrière (guérillères). Corps machine.	The dancers come back through the same door where they previously had hung the white cloth. They took off their togas. They are now gymnasts. (Or, perhaps, they were just hot?) Die Antwort auf Metaphysik ist Umwandlung. Ein neues verkörpertes Werden. Eine Verschiebung der Perspektive. Tempo und Grad der Veränderung selbst zu bestimmen. Sie brauchen plötzlich mehr Komplexität, Vielfalt, Gleichzeitigkeit.	Il y a toujours un jeu entre attraction et répulsion, par tension, pression et poussée. Les corps sont tellement imprégnés des mouvements, qu'ils semblent n'en plus être les maîtres – comme s'ils étaient traversés par des énergies de collision ou de séparation.
There are many images unfolding in the dance, with various connotations. Walking on all fours. Sprouting of a little plant. Object running on an assembly-line. The body/bodies merge into the different kingdoms (animal, vegetal, mineral and even industrial), and moreover, they incorporate their hybridisation. The reigns are ceaselessly transgressed, brought elsewhere, mixed with each other. We witness, as if in acceleration, the birth and death of a new, intense, collective, ephemeral and fragile form of life.	Plaisir. Désir. Travail. Langage. Représentation. Action. Travail. Repos. Travail. Parole. Danse. Gestes. Texte. Travail.	A queer origin, an originary queerness, an originary birthing that is always already a rebirthing. Nature is birthed out of chaos and void, <i>tohu v'vohu</i> , an echo, a diffracted/ differentiating/différencing murmuring, an originary repetition without sameness, regeneration out of a fecund nothingness. —Karen Barad, <i>TransMaterialities: Trans*/Matter/Realities and Queer Political Imaginings</i> , 2015	Gestes minutieux. Gestes figurés. Gestes littéraires. Gestes littéraires. Gestes de survie. Gestes de passion. Gestes dangereux.
Always: a sense of being so entirely caught up (that is: caught in such an intensity that nothing else seems to matter) in an aesthetic object, that transcends aesthetics.	Elles disent, malheureuse, ils t'ont chassée du monde des signes, et cependant ils t'ont donné des noms, ils t'ont appelée esclave. Comme des maîtres ils ont exercé leur droit de maître. Ils écrivent de ce droit de donner des noms qu'il va si loin que l'on peut considérer l'origine du langage comme un acte d'autorité émanant de ceux qui dominant. Ainsi ils disent qu'ils ont dit, ceci est telle ou telle chose, ils ont attaché à un objet et à un fait tel vocable et par là ils se le sont pour ainsi dire appropriés. Elles disent ce faisant, ils ont gueulé hurlé de toutes leurs forces pour te réduire au silence. Elles disent, le langage que tu parles t'empoisonne la glotte la langue le palais les lèvres. Elles disent le langage que tu parles est fait de mots qui te tuent. Elles disent, le langage que tu parles est fait de signes qui à proprement parler désignent ce qu'ils se sont approprié. Ce sur quoi ils n'ont pas mis la main, ce sur quoi ils n'ont pas fondu comme des rapaces aux yeux multiples, cela n'apparaît pas dans le langage que tu parles. Cela se manifeste juste dans l'intervalle que les maîtres n'ont pas pu combler avec leurs mots de propriétaires et de possesseurs, cela peut se chercher dans la lacune, dans tout ce qui n'est pas la continuité de leur discours, dans le zéro, le O, le cercle parfait que tu inventes pour les emprisonner et pour les vaincre. —Monique Wittig, <i>Guérillères</i> , 1969	The holds and figures resume, even more complex, more intense. There seem to be less filtering and more spontaneity – although, played. The complex figures are tied and untied, like the string figures. Bodies grab, rub, slide, lean and nestle on particularly sensitive places, sometimes on erogenous zones. A caress, by one foot, on the crest of C's buttocks. Knee passages between the legs. Nose touches near the belly. The slowness or languor is followed by an extreme dynamism which overturns the whole figure, both physically and symbolically. The caress becomes a grip, sporty or dominating, oriented and disorienting. Gestures that furtively remind us of imposed constraints become consensual domination. Comforting. Des gestes qui furtivement rappellent des sujétions imposées deviennent des dominations consenties. Réconfortantes.	
Then the performers stop and relax and something else begins, elsewhere.	Ecologie. Post colonialisme. Câbles sous-marins. Théorie des affects.	Les performeuses sont des passeuses d'écume. Des zones sensibles : les organes de perceptions et les zones de connexion, zones de frontières, zones de contact. D'autres zones sensibles : les bords des corps (doigts, mains, orteils) et les bords de l'espace (jointures, angles) des objets (coutures, contours, franges). Le corps devient pont. Ou une lettre. Corps perchoir, corps mâchoires, corps plongeur, corps mangeoire, corps savoir.	Two voices light up, one deep, the other clearer, echoing each other. They recite. They magically activate two light bulbs. They palpitate according to the vocal scansion. They become long and filiform beings. Are the lamps speaking to us? Or is it the whole space?
A video. A title. <i>All Together. Feedback Now. Total Access Inc. On my personal Coca-Cola memories and other globalised pop affects</i> . It is a film by Paula Caspão.	Accessibilité, inaccessibilité. Visibilité, invisibilité. Connectivité. Rhizome.	ailleurs reste mobile le long de nos remparts ailleurs est ce rêve proche de murmures d'eaux confiantes	
Atmosphere: sun, coconut tree, wind, beach and sea. Desire and consumption. Advertisement. Tutorial. Feature Movie. Joga. Coca-Cola. A voice. Several voices. Several layers and excerpts interlacing and superimposing each other. Erste NASA Foto von der Erde aus dem Weltall; Steward Brand, <i>Whole Earth Catalogue</i> , 1969; extraits de <i>Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle</i> , 1967.	Matérialité de la connectivité. Connectivité de la matière.		
Following the rain. Pouring my attention down. Following the rain. Pouring my attention down. La mer qu'on voit danser le long des golfes clairs. La mer qu'on voit danser le long des golfes clairs. La mer qu'on voit danser le long des golfes clairs. Cry me a river.	We're all together watching this footage. Together but not too much together. A and C are lying down on the floor. Relaxed. We'd like to join them. Film Credits scrolling / The dancers go out / Silence hemmed in by the sounds of the ventilation system.		
<i>Deux ou trois choses</i> : On entend la voix chuchotée de Godard tandis que les images montrent les échanges de regards de deux personnages dans un café, entre les bruits des machines, le cliquetis d'une cuillère dans une tasse de café, et les images enivrantes de sa surface liquide, devenant galaxies ou œil de Cain.	Suddenly, a duck draws my attention to her (I decide it is a she) – I can't remember if someone turned her eyes on or if these had been on for a longer time but it was precisely at this moment that I acknowledged their glowing presence. A light brown leather female duck, with green LED eyes.		
	A toy, an artisanal object, a thing, a trophy, a joke? At any case, a hybrid.		
	The question is not so much finding a queer line but rather asking what our orientation toward queer moments of deviation will be.		

The lamps are two of them. The voices are two of them. The dancers are two of them. Everything is: two.

Through light, the space suddenly opens up, gets magically deeper. Shapes of light appear on the wall in the background, far away from us. They are like scars or scratches made light. Indeed: a Fontana's scratch has been transformed with a stencil and a projector. Through this technical transfiguration, the scratch takes on relief, thickness, flesh, and intensity. The (male designed) hole in matter becomes shiny energy. Enchantment.

« Par la fente quelque chose s'est engouffré, venu d'ailleurs... Un ailleurs était là, qu'on ne soupçonnait pas, ou plutôt qu'on s'efforçait d'ignorer, on faisait semblant, pour la commodité, vous comprenez... Et c'est là, ça presse de toutes parts, cela s'infiltre... Non, pas ça... ces mots projetés du dehors sont comme des particules qui cristallisent ce qui était en suspens... tout autour de vous se fige, se durcit, on se heurte à des choses coupantes, à des piquants... » Mais de toutes parts on proteste... « Assez d'énigmes. Faites-nous voir. Qu'est-ce que c'est que tout ça ? Ces drogues, ces cristaux, ces volcans ? Comment voulez-vous qu'on vous comprenne, qu'on vous réponde ? »

—Nathalie Sarraute, *Entre la vie et la mort*, 1968

The dancers come back a last time to dance –
a last round ending in a kiss, or an ending in the
beginning of a kiss. A kiss without any movement.
A kiss, frozen before being. A never-ending promise.
Hieratic. Sybilline.
L'intersidéral dans l'inframince.
The intersidereal in the inframince.

The dancers come back a last time to
take care of us – they're rolling up a table-bar.
They're serving. Vodka. Apple juice.
Other work. Other production. Other
reproduction. Kindness. Caring. Sharing.
Cherishing. Opening.
Another treatment follows the choreographic
treatment session.
Endless care.

We declare the beauty of the world has to be enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of kindness. Instead of directly escaping into the dream of a still far-etched machinic future that could masterfully end the limited perspective of our species or into the conservative retreat to a past which is impossible and not desirable to bring back to life, we believe the Gynecene is compatible with machinic desires and existing forms of life, which is inhuman in its break with human

history as much as it is human in its enactment of our current possibilities. We believe the endless quest for meaning can be momentarily satisfied by recognising each other as individual instants in a collective, fragile, subjective time, facing the vastness of our cosmic surroundings and bound by imagining together our future extensions.

—Alexandra Pirici & Raluca Voinea, *Manifesto for the Gynecene – Sketch of a New Geological Era*, 2015

Es geht um den *oikos*, den Haushalt in seinem sowohl makro-als auch mikroskopischen Sinn, das heißt um Anschlüsse, um An- und Abkoppelungen, um Ketten und Effekte. Feministische Techno-Öko-Subjektivität ist vibrierende Assemblage von Verkettungen, ein Relais pulsierender Schaltungen und un/menschlicher Bewegungen, Kommunikationen und Empfindungen in den techno-planetarischen Schichten und Ablagerungen namens Erde. ‚Yvonne Volkart‘, Techno-Öko-Feminismus. Unmenschliche Empfindungen in technoplanetarischen Schichten – Cornelia Sollfrank, *Die schönen Kriegerinnen*, 2018.

Poem #1

RECORD OF LIMINAL THOUGHTS AND OTHER MOVEMENTS #1

Something like a question on being here: How much does my inner vision transgress with outer visions? Or the other way around.

h
o oo ww oo
uu c h d
e ee
s s s s s s
y!
n nn iii
rrrr vv
tttt
a g
hh

eating with my eyes
not yet
eating words

digest.
digest les gestes.

What reverberates in my thoughts are not verbs yet, not even images. I am an ought to be, a may be, a could be, a perhaps. I was taught to be here, however... Intensities are circling through my body. Perceived. Attained. Aware. What's the whereabouts of this other me? Where is this other me? Being. What comes across. The other is a different knowledge encountered without straining my eyes. My I, the plural I – is. Bones, belly, throat, soles of the feet. Skin is touching matter, skin is breathing matter. Is breathing you, breathing space.

It is because of the construction of my mouth and throat, of my hands and fingers that I know of words. That I can form them and they form the space. It is because of my skeleton, my organs, my flesh, my neurons that I recognise you. That I dance with you while sitting on the sofa.

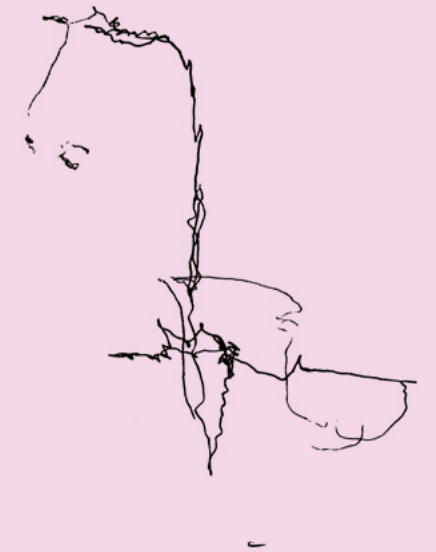
A book on my lap. Matters of Care by Maria Puig de la Bellacasa

If I come from somewhere especially to be here
– to let my body be circumscribed by this event,
my senses stimulated by these very surroundings
– if I come here it is because I want to be here.
Because I assume that something special will

happen in this specific amount of time when I'm there. (And is not everything that happens special per se, because it happens? How would John Cage answer this question?) Coming back to this moment: why should I turn my awareness to my inner voices and words and visions? Why should I go elsewhere in my mind, if everything is designed here to draw my awareness to the actions in this very place? The whole situation, so clear, so focused, brings me to a here and now, and the desire to be with and share this focus. To be here. This is why I came here. I wanted to be shared, it seems. Maybe this is what interests me in art. To be witness. To become witness. To become part of, to be with. To be reflected.

*'Touching visions' was the chapter I opened
coincidentally, then lost it, forgot it and found it
again.*

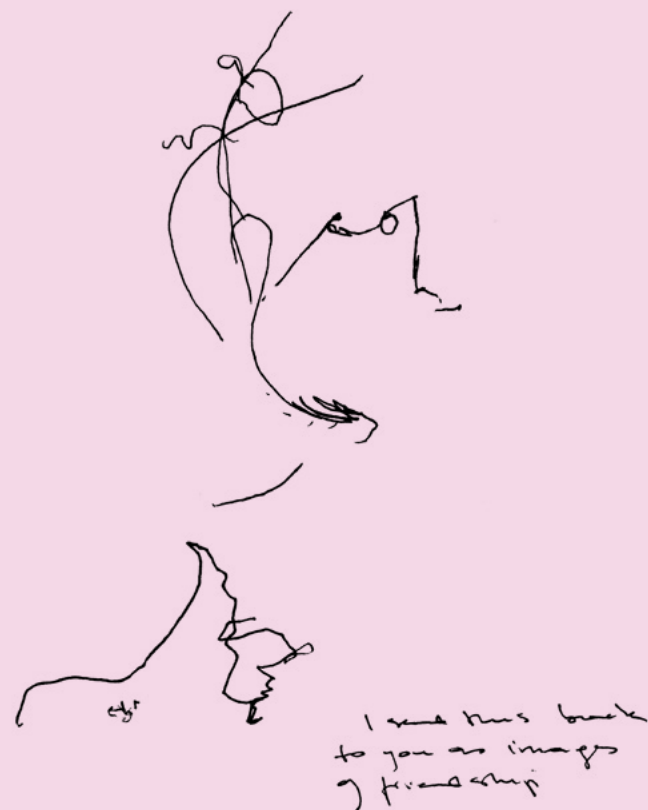
I form a circle with people I mostly don't know.
What and where is my presence in this room?
What comes into being here? What happens with
my awareness?



(drawing with eyes closed. [visit: *abcedarium*
by Peter Lamborn Wilson, Xexoxial Editions])

I sit down on a sofa, turning slightly away so as not to be overly exposed to the beauty of these dances, turning away from the screen, not to be captured by the images, by the texts. What is this public writing in space? Is it like writing in a library = library? Like writing for liberty. Like licking life? Is it trying to touch? With the tongue? Connecting to this movement: thumb-to-mouth. (From back then?) Th. Sound of lisping. Spin ing. Spin ink. Lipp ing. Tongue between lips. Th. The air and the saliva. A little spit. A little silent spell. A movement so delicate and little. Maybe. I may be. May I be impolite, as I'm not looking and watching what is going on? But engaging in the environment of my tongue I share with you. Liquid spaces.

My skin watching instead of my eye-I? My ears taking you in more than I (can) think.



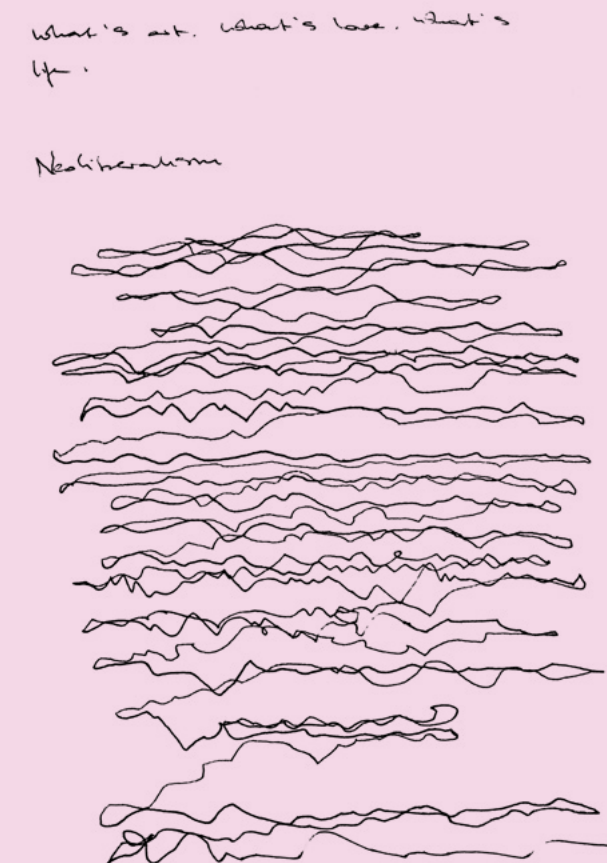
(drawing with eyes closed: *I send this back to you as images of friendship*)

2 V = W
V oices + V isons = W ords
W ord

Dreaming and watching
Dreaming is watching

Writing is
listening to
something
synthesising – synaesthesia
catching forces

and pp bl bl
ss so ch k z z
is po ks bl bl ch uuu zz an uttering
or



[visit: *abcedarium* by Peter Lamborn Wilson, Xexoxial Editions]

When writing at home I can see a tree in front of the window. I like to write in metros and trains. I like being moved while I write. Probably I am always moved while writing.

At home I watch movements caused by the wind when I'm sitting at my table to write. It calms my mind. It makes me unresponsive. It triggers introspectiveness. It makes me listen to a beyond. *Language is a virus from outer space*, says Burroughs. To watch and connect to the movements of water also calms my mind. The moment of light, too. It makes me fall in love.

Light moves and so does breath. All things are vibrating. To relate thinking, inking with wind and water opens my senses.

Fire captures me, as does light. Light and darkness is desire. Is skin. Is no distance.

I like to watch the people sitting with me in this circle.

Seeing you breathe calms my mind like water and wind. It helps me to write. What is writing?

v vv l >> B [visit: *abcedarium* by Robert Lamborn Wilson]

A book on my lap. House of Lords and Commons by Ishion Hutchinson.

On my way here, a man dressed in black clothes fell in slow motion from the bench at the train station. I just saw him rolling his eyes as he sank to the ground. I was 5 metres away. His whole physicality told me that he was totally drunk. I have a special antenna for detecting when someone is drunk. I feel it immediately. As he was lying on the ground, I suddenly feared that apart from being drunk, he was not well (anymore). Suddenly a shimmer of memory of a father – who was my own – appeared. He might have died in the same way. Suddenly I felt that I should make an emergency call.

Is writing a trace of the mind? This is a story I did not even know I remember.

At the same time I was hesitant. I did not know what to do. How to do what, and what was the right thing to do? I went to the man to take a close look. No, he was fine. He was just drunk. Still. My father might have died in this way. Should I call an ambulance? A woman approached me and whispered in my ear: 'Shouldn't we call an ambulance?' – 'Wir sollten die Rettung rufen!' I said: 'I think he is okay. He is just drunk.' She insisted: 'Still...'

The tram came, I jumped in to ask the driver: 'There is a man lying in the station who cannot get up anymore. Could you call an ambulance?' The driver said that he only could do something if it had happened inside the tram. In this case, a person from outside would have to make the call.

I jumped out of the tram and decided that this person would be me. Because – finally: my father might-have-died-in-similar-cirumstances-like-this-on-a-Sunday-morning-in-the-street.

A group of young people surrounded the guy on the ground. The man tried to lift his head, but it was so heavy that he could not keep it up. Before his head could hit the concrete, a young woman swiftly slipped her hand between his head and the hard surface. Holding the man's head in her soft hands. Another young woman said: 'This man

needs an ambulance. I will call an ambulance.' Her boyfriend supported her. They called immediately.

I fluttered around like a bird that does not know how to land on this furrowed ground.

I fluttered around like a bird that does not know how to land on this scripted ground. New houses will be built in our district. A whole area of space and sky will be filled with cement, steel, glass, polyamide, people and stuff. (The future sky will be stuffed like a stuffed animal.) Apart from the apartments which hopefully will be affordable for the people living in our district (a district with a high share of migrants), they will also build a shopping mall. My anger and irritation about that keeps coming back. There is an outside market close by that was recently re-activated. There is a shopping street just two streets away with many shops and supermarkets. This plan is just another gentrification and commodification of space. It is a writing of the future promoting consumerism, global trade chains, low wage countries and turbo-capitalism. It is a writing which was thought out many years ago and is realised now, although the times have changed and we definitely need a different future. Greta Thunberg: Tomorrow we are striking in almost 2000 cities in 150 countries. And what could be more romantic than trying to save the planet? Find your local strike (here)!

What is a writing for our future now? (*What's art, what's love. what's life. – Neoliberalism*)

Writing here and now preparing an exposure of ecologies and communities to come.

'A darkness gathers though it does not fall.' Ishion Hutchinson

'Praise the Barbarians invading your sleep and their exploding horses hurting the snow.'

Possibilities rather than fluidity. But then writing has to have gravity to speak to the senses. Has to have form, has to be neural at the same time. To pass the (some) level of information beyond cognition. What gravity and weight is to matter, time is to the human body. (With its leaning and lingering. Sequencing and constructing).

Build me a delicious bridge to slide through and caress with the feet whatever is. There. The bridge as a bride stands on her toes. Pulp public pubic bone. People's breath. Release.

Some drawings on the head.
Lift it loosely, the head, the neck.
To sit up and fold
a half circle mountain.
Maintain.

Manipulate the limbs.
What is the head to the pubic purple
bow bone's unbound swing.
A secret sex.
Sensation
pouring down the spine.
Rest.

Your chin on my throat and sow your wild oats
with.
These are our bodies.
They function in different ways.
The index finger draws a spiral.
Outwards and inwards.
Ward words.

Worstward ho.

Do you see what I see,
my closed-eyed song?
Conductress of my dreams.
I bond with your sensations. Faraway so close
my knees are forever
bent.

Softly weaving
the wave to the duck,
the witch makes a switch
and creates a language to
taste.

Now as the light goes out, I understand and
recognise it was there.
With this lying body on body.
As a nearly regardless
encounter with the other.
No reaction, no choice
is possible.
Just a metamorphosis of the self.

Touch me to the point
my body is transformed by it.

Imagine a colour which appears because of the
light as light, and which never could exist in
another medium, not even in a most dedicated
translation.

Poem #3
ASTROPOETRY #1
REPORT ON THE CANCELLED EVENT IN LISBON
(13–16 APRIL 2020)

*This year and next year are bananas, astrology
wise... it's a big shift, end of one era beginning
of next. No 'going back' to how things were.
Being adaptable, self-aware and trauma informed
are key. Not to be scared or resisting of change
is the challenge. Flow with change towards
outcomes that serves as many as possible.
Surround yourself with trustworthy community
as much as you can. Look for opportunities to
make the most in the moments you can.*

—Embodied Astrology instagram 6 April 2020

Chiron, the wounded healer, is in Aries for this
and all Noa & Snow events in the near future.
Only discovered in 1977 Chiron is 'small Solar
System body' with an irregular orbit. Small Solar
System bodies are defined by what they are
not: they are not planets, dwarf planets or natural
satellites. Chiron (Χείρων) is thought to be a
Centaur: *astrologically neither asteroid nor comet*
and *mythologically neither man nor horse*. The
mythological Chiron, child of a Titan and a
nymph, taught botany and the medicinal uses of
plants to the likes of Achilles. This immortal
half human, half horse practised medicine but
was unable to heal himself after being struck
by a poisoned arrow. They choose to give up
their immortality rather than live in pain.
If this astrological centaur had been assigned
a different name and story we would have
a different interpretation but, we have entered
this story and Chiron has to do with trauma,
healing and the idea that our greatest wound is
also our superpower.

When Noa & Snow was born Chiron was
transitioning and retrograding between Pisces
(the last astrological sign) and Aries (the first sign
in the zodiac). Chiron in Pisces often relates to
someone being so empathetic that they give too
much of themselves to the point of exhaustion.
The lesson is to reflect the empathy and care
one is capable of back to oneself. In Aries the
wounded healer is confronting identity. Many say
these next years are about balancing the 'I' with
the 'we'. Giving true place and shape to the
uniqueness of each without falling into the trap
of hyper individuality. A time to work with the
shadow and questions of worth and claiming
a place in the world through unique gifts that can
enhance the collective.

For Noa & Snow Lisbon April 2020 (ns1a2020)
Chiron is in the tenth house. This house is the

house of career, social standing, public face, and
what is inherited from the mother. ns1a2020's Sun
and Mercury are also in the tenth house. Where
our Sun is located often points to the most
developed part of our personality and Mercury
with how we communicate. Makes sense that a
professional research project working with poetry
has its Sun and Mercury here! By the last day
of ns1a2020 Uranus will also enter the tenth house.
It is thought that when Uranus is in a house it
brings unexpected changes and the tenth house
can signal working in unconventional ways.

Turning to ns1a2020's moon it is in the sixth house
which has to do with work but also illnesses,
accidents, injuries. The sixth house is traditionally
known as 'Mala Fortuna'. Here the moon is
thought to make one more sensitive and it is said
that those with moon in the sixth house often
work in fields relating to healing and the body due
to their sensitive nature. Both ns1a2020 moon's in
the sixth house and Chiron in Pisces that Noa &
Snow was birthed under have to do with nurturing
sensitivity and empathy.

The moon will be traveling through its waning
phase during ns1a2020. During the moon's last
quarter on 14 April it is again in Aries – a sign
for contemplating how the collective can be
enhanced by each becoming true to singularity of
individual expression. Rituals for releasing and
letting go that which is holding us back from
being true to ourselves are especially strong this
night. The next new moon will be on 22 April.
The days after ns1a2020 are an excellent time to
continue to work on letting go of that which
no longer serves us so that the earthy Taurus new
moon energy on the 22nd can be channeled to
work with what we wish to call into being.

THINKING NOTES
FOR 2 APRIL 2020

Amsel, blackbird how to read the charts when
allergic to the web?
Today on Dampfgasse we had a moment
You were down near the tyres of a car and I was
Half feeling foolish, half enjoying the bandana
covering my face on the way to the bio müll bin

Seeing you so small but so enchanting there I
paused with my Vivian Westwood hankerchief
(found years ago on the edge of McCarren Park
in Brooklyn)

Today we were on the edge of Waldmüller Park in Vienna's 10th

You were so little but so much more than everything else so I stopped in my foolish enjoyment and stood with you

It started to feel too long. Too long to hold a bucket of compost with a Vivian Westwood handkerchief covering my face in front of the Gemeindebau

So you turned and hopped under the car and I went to the bio müll bin

Now sitting in the near dark with a star, or most probably Venus, shining in the window I wonder again about thinking astrologically for Noa & Snow

I say I'm allergic to the Internet but today I was persistently trying to find where the Nikolsdorfer Friedhof had been

I know from the Internet that the park where we meet had been the Matzleindorfer Friedhof, which replaced the Nikolsdorfer Cemetery, before Vienna's Central Cemetery replaced them all and Matzleindorfer Friedhof become Waldmüller Park in 1920? –3?

I know from the Internet that part of the Matzleindorfer Friedhof – the part that had been the Turkish cemetery from the Siege – was cleared to make Landgutgasse so I think from my not knowing German but searching the Internet in Deutsch that the Nikolsdorfer Cemetery was probably somewhere where the road is or the train tracks are or the abandoned seeming land next to the tracks are today

I know if I want to know I must find this book

Anton Lang: Vom Nikolsdorfer Friedhof zum Waldmüllerpark. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des kommunalen Matzleinsdorfer Friedhof in Wien-Favoriten, in: Jahrbuch des Vereins für Geschichte der Stadt Wien. Wien: Verein für Geschichte der Stadt Wien 44/45. 1988/89, S. 92 ff. (auch als Sonderausgabe)

The reason I want to know is that Nikolsdorfer Freidhof, an ancestor of the Waldmüller Park, where we meet was once upon a time a mass grave for those who died of the Plague in 1679

It feels important to know where it was, or maybe not, given we are in these Corona times. Maybe I'm just very morbid today

Wondering if there is a way to work with Astrology not from learning, processing the information on the Internet but from listening?

FINAL NOTES
FOR 11 APRIL 2020

The days of ns1a2020 will also be the final days of Aries's fiery intensity for 2020. The wheel of the zodiac will turn to Taurus's steady, earth energy shortly after the meeting. Things are sure to stay weird or 'bananas' but fire will give way to earth soon. Feels we are already passing from one period of upheaval into a new normal.

Charts – it should be noted that they are all very active in houses 7–12 with houses 1–6 empty. I read somewhere that the houses can be thought of as the path of the Sun God Ra. Houses 1–6 is Ra's path from dawn to dusk. Houses 7–12 are the Sun God Ra's daily death and retreat in Nuit/Sky. It is in this night sky, dream time that Noa & Snow Lisbon April 2020 is active astrologically.

Perhaps because 12 p.m. was used as the birth time of all of ns1a2020's days their ascendant remains in Cancer for each day. A little laugh here as it's easy to feel the aloofness of Cancer's watery sensitive nature in these 'could have met together but will in other ways and other times' times. Those with Cancer rising are often told to learn how to take care of themselves emotionally and then to deeply trust their instincts. Listening to the water inside will lead the way.

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To introduce the telepathic dance I always tell people how we constantly emit and receive. I tell them how the thickness of our flesh and the depth of our mind sends out and pick up thoughts, emotions, images, sensations. How all impressions traverse and turn us into drumskins that echo and give them again into the world.

This is a simplification I have made to accommodate dancing. In fact, we make ourselves and each other, again and again and again. With every encounter, that which circulates does not exist before it moves across and among us. I believe that this is the process of being of the world. I make and I am made, by everyone and everything I meet, knowingly or unknowingly. My curiosities, attractions and fascinations intensify my making: ‘I’ am made, also, by what I desire. To explain the dance I say:

One person is moving, and one is watching. Both turn their attention to the fact that the watcher is sending the dance danced by the mover. The dance that is sent gains a form as it is being danced. Both partners are collaborating authors of the dance, and both are its spectators.

More than one person may act as the mover, and more than one person may act as the watcher.

‘Believing’ these things is the physical activity required by the score. Sending and receiving are what we physically commit to believing; they are the simplified description of being in the presence of each other that the score emphasises.

And so we funnel our attention to the one vector of movement that goes from watchers to dancers. We discover, in wonder, the dance that is being sent, received and given out again. We sense how this dance comes from the watchers, who don’t know what they send until they can see it. We believe that the dancers pick it up and dance it before they can know what it is. Watchers transmit the dance into the space by surrendering more than by directing. It is intimately theirs and immediately not theirs. They discover this intimate part of themselves because it moved out of themselves. Dancers are moved into the dance, lending themselves to it. It is an abandonment, a gift, a dedication and a joy. Throwing themselves, being thrown out of themselves, through someone else, towards a dancing that belongs to nobody but that depends on a shared commitment.

The watchers and movers expand each other until each ‘one’ is dissolved into the fabric of the situation. Once the simplified things are said, the more complicated facts of overlapping temporalities, individual histories, interpersonal affections, sedimented logics of movement and imagination can rejoin the narrative:

I have danced this dance, watching or moving, many times, through many persons. I have been diligent and curious in crafting the language and possibilities of what started as a very simple form. I called it the telepathic dance as a strategy to remove preoccupations with power and control. At first I used the word puppeteering, wanting to imagine an emancipatory form of class where students would not be instructed at all. Instead they would be looked at, with support and affirmation, by someone called ‘teacher’, whose function would be to occasion study rather than guiding it. When someone called ‘student’ told me puppeteering evoked abuse for her, I borrowed Loïc Touzé’s term. Telepathy suggests intimacy and cooperation, not manipulation and capture. It seemed more fitting.

From what I’d heard, Loïc had been practicing, sharing and teaching a dance called ‘Telepathy’ for quite a while and which was built differently from what I was doing. Later though, reading an article about his work, I understood that the basic premise is in fact so similar that the experience of dancing in whichever version maintains this sense of commoning with an unknown.

Have I stolen his dance? Did I telepathically take it on? The telepathic dance as I know and tend it, wherever it comes from, provides an undoing of the imprisonment of authorship, yet this strange transmission brings it up again.

I have wanted very much to dance with Loïc, but it never happened. I might have reconstructed that dance that I had heard of, made it mine and gave myself to it, in order to dance with him somehow.

Excerpt from:
THE LORD OF SUMMER
Ishion Hutchinson

The piano goes crashing brassiered out in winter:
a shadow across a frozen pond in search of a nest:
Haydn and Chopin and Mahler are all getting on
bad below a tinsel moon the dark sky switching
the sea into a slur
of herring stars racing the white stars. The piano
comes up against
an iceberg whisking birds into another night
you will ride silver down the freeway your
helmet winging
the elements: leather and zip ripping your chest
a hot key
chiseling your pocket and when you floor the pedal
of your cadenza the air splits: the air splits.

METAMORPHOSIS
BEATBOX
Michael Dickman

And then
there are bodies
that turn into other
bodies
We are like that
Hair and fingernails still growing long after
our deaths
becoming trees streetlights
trees
Leaves spinning out
Shit in the ground
Some blood down
in it
Maybe you are made of money and burn in the dark
Do you burn in the dark?
Green lights!
Green lights!

*

And then
there is money
that turns into other
money
We are like that
Turning every dime and dollar into every
needle falling
from a pine tree at the same
time
Bling bling
A needle
in a needle
stack
If you do not change then change will be brought out
of you
in spoonfuls
A spoonful weighs a tonne
Ready or not
Here it come

*

And then
there are waves
that turn into other
waves
We are like that
Flooding every flower drowning our loved ones until
we’re swimming around
inside them
The butterfly cannonball
Let’s all do
the jackknife and see
what happens
The water pools around our ankles no matter what
we do
We do swim through bodies
Belly up
A plague of dead frogs

NEON
Carl Phillips

A boy walks out into a greyish distance,
and he never comes back.
Anger confusable with sorrow, sorrow cancelling
all the anger out . . .
It's the past, and it isn't. It's forever. And it isn't.
The way, in hell,
flickering's what they say what's left of
the light does – a comfort,
maybe, and maybe not. Sometimes by
innocence I think I've meant
the innocence of carnivores, raised in the wild,
for whom the killing
is sportless, clean, unmetaphysical – then
I'm not so sure. Steeplebush
flourished by some other name, lost now,
long before there were
steeples. I think we ruin or we save ourselves.
Comes a day when
the god, what at least you've called a god,
takes you not from behind,
the usual, but pins you instead, his ass on
your chest, his cock in your
face, his mouth twisting open, saying Lick
my balls, and because you
want to live, in spite of everything, you do what
he says, heaven and
earth, some rain, a few stars appearing, harder,
the way he tells you to,
then

METRO NORTH
Anna McDonald

I am so happy inside
my mind, reading about bears
and bear claw necklaces
and slashing through teleological
accounts of individual geniuses so as to
acknowledge the social wool which wraps
us all. And I love looking over
at the Palisades as the train moves,
and the drowsy old boats with slimy hulls
and their dinghy partners, and I imagine
George Washington licking his slave's teeth
and feel complete with
this sack of cheese and honey and bread
from the deli, which has not leaked and
I packed myself.
But how I cannot hold together, how I flap
in the wind how I untether and loosen like a
squeaky old sail when someone touches me.

THE REST IS ASSURED IN
THE BRIGHTNESS
Noelle Kocot

Candleflame. Suck it.
Candleflame. Suck it.
Candleflame. Suck it.
Candleflame there is no beauty to be had here.
It's me, it's only me, you say.
The rest is assured. High/low. Without.
One last thrill of hesitation goes with scrambled
cancer eggs.
Love lights, yes, but there is more. XXX.
Children say it, too.

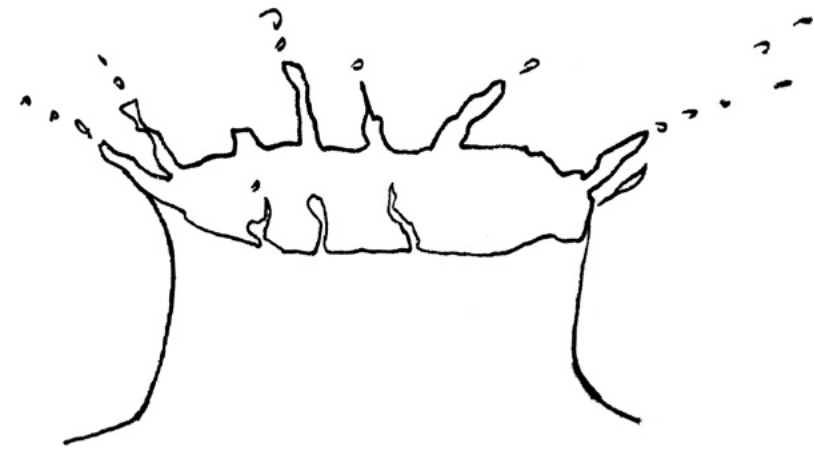
LAMMERGEIER
Donika Kelly

Also known as a lamb
vulture. Also known as a bone
crusher. Wants only the bone,
and enough air to carry
his large frame. A bone,
free of the weight of flesh,
of bearing a body upright
and mobile. He takes seven years
to get it right. Must understand
relief and rising, the bone heavy
as the bird. Release. The marrow
opens to the sun, rock split.
Shards as large as a man's fist.
His throat widens:
swallows even the smallest one.

MILK AS AN ANIMAL
Valzhyna Mort

on a bare tree – a red beast,
so still he has become the tree.
now it's the tree that prowls over the beast,
a cautious beast itself.
a stone thrown at his breast is
so fast – the stone has become the beast.
now it's the beast that throws itself like a stone.
blood like a dog-rose tree on a windy day,
and the moon is trying on your face
for the annual masquerade of the dead.

death decides to wait to hear more.
so death mews:
first – your story, then – mine.



WHY POETRY CAN BE HARD
FOR MOST PEOPLE
Dorothea Lasky

Because speaking to the dead is not something you
want to do
When you have other things to do in your day
Like take out the trash or use the vacuum
In the edge between the stove and cupboard
Because the rat is everywhere
Crawling around
Or more so walking
And it doesn't even notice you
It has its own intentions
And is searching for that perfect bag of potato chips
like you once were
Because life is no more important than eating
Or fucking
Or talking someone into fucking
Or talking someone into something
Or sleeping calmly and soundly
And all you can hope for are the people who put that
calm in you
Or let you go into it with dignity
Because poetry reminds you
That there is no dignity
In living
You just muddle through and for what
Jack Jack you wrote to him
You wrote to all of us
I wasn't even born
You wrote to me
A ball of red and green shifting sparks
In my parents' eye
You wrote to me and I just listened
I listened I listened I tell you
And I came back
No
Poetry is hard for most people
Because of sound

ALIENESQUE
Mary Ruefle

Your mother has beautiful hair.
You keep it in a box
and speak to it now and then.
When you were six or eight and eyed
the future, did the blue ribbon on your sleeping gown
weave in and out of the cloth?
We are what you call alien.
We lean our large bare heads together
and are interested:
when blinded you can still feel joy
with a set of teeth!
We have here a girl with an empty mouth.
Toothless, eyeless, hairless,
she cradles the smallest nail paring,
signalling for something.
We know the whole planet is united
in this, connected by a system of rivers
that crisscross and shine like scissors:
two sisters holding hands in a coffin,

a boy who will not part from his shoelaces
and sleeps with them round his neck,
and a man who collects plain brown paper
believing it will save the world.
You are an unplumable one
like your mother before you,
pinching the bread to see it if is fresh:
not that long ago, she tilted your chin
towards the crescent moon
as if you lived in a place of exile
but were never actually banished

A TEXT AS A BACKWARDS
WRITTEN DANCE

When my eyes see a dance, this sort of dance that rushes in through the eyes, my eyes, and while doing so, while doing it, I get the bad habits, bad steps, bad tempos. T-shirts and trousers. Lights, oh lights, a mass, a jungle of cables, a melange. The way that those feet touch the ground, really the steps, like the feet of others tapping in my bowels as if it would be an inside rhythm, tap, tap tap, tap. Her sweat dripping down my throat. Their hands turning and twisting, pressing down the palm of my hands. His hands supporting the coccyx, her coccyx. I feel it in my coccyx, his hands. Their eyes looking away, following the band, no, following the arm, sculpting an intention and that one, the intention, travels to my arm, my arm.

In order to remember such a dance, oftentimes I would go home, home at the verge of sunset. Really, the minutes count, and the seconds count even more profoundly. And at that time I would sit, place my feet on top of two big books and I know that I shouldn't place my feet on top of two big books but I really like it. And then I would think *knees forward and away* and the knees *bam* just aligned – the mantra of Alexander. So soothing to visit places where once your body caressed the turns of time.

So yes, there I am on the sofa, at the golden hour, feet wrongly slightly elevated and my back leaning back against the sofa, head on top of my shoulders as usual, and neck free at times. Then I close the eyes, my eyes, the eyes, and I see, I literally play the dance in myself. Whilst admiring what a backwards choreographic gaze could do to those days, spaces, times and peoples.

And then,
you,
you would come in and ask
what are you doing,
I would say
looking.



Then, you sit by my side, your hands slightly touching my thighs, and you also lean back. And in that leaning back to the back of the sofa there is a totally different look to us. We look relationally charming even though no one can see us and we are deeply looking deeply at something else.

And in that leaning back, to the back of the sofa, right there, in that oblique spot, at 45 degrees, there is a time hold, there is, right, right there. And all of a sudden, time caresses your back and holds you while you lean back to the back of the sofa, just like you do when someone has their eyes closed and you hold their hands and guide them from here to there. *And you wouldn't dump them in a hole, would you? No, you wouldn't.* Then your back touched the sofa's back and you knew you could trust time to do her thing.

And suddenly it appears inside of our closed eyes. This dance. This dance that decided to be kept in us. And the keeping that this dance does to us, to the eyes, to the eyes of us, is necessary for dance and its weakness. The weakness of dance is possible and necessary absolutely necessary at all times. And one of our many desires is to prevent it from happening – more than often. Because in case it happens more than often, you and I know what happens, oh you and I really do. Like all those dances that disappear, little by little, part by part, bit by bit, from the numerous body parts of the ones that danced them. And dance becomes weaker because one of the sisters, the sibling dance, got lost. Not lost but not danced, not danced but not thought of, therefore somewhat, somehow lost. And dance weakens, she weakens.

A dança enfraquece, é uma dança mole,
sem espinha, que alegria.
Forget that I said that, she said

while her tongue touched vigorously the back of my neck and my neck never felt so soon so seen like in that moment. Of course whilst Alexander technique-ing¹ myself, my neck also felt quite similarly seen and soon but then I was not being tongue touched by anyone.

It's an abyss. What words can't and won't and what the body can and maybe will. It's an abyss. No, it's the reverse of an abyss.

And our eyelids flapped,
flap flap,
and the eyeballs,
oh the eyeballs turning inside the closed cavity,

like bonbons inside the mouth of a child.
Saliva everywhere, drool, drool, drool.
A slight hallucination. A mystery of memory. That we redeem momentarily. To then let fall through.
Roll roll roll, the eyeballs rolling, inside the closed cavity.
And the tectonic plates at that point, I mean our skin disguised as tectonic plates, that's what it is, right at that point, slide over each other.
And from the middles
a shake came through,
not a rude one that would put us off,
no not like that,
rather a polished one
and it felt like being inside a cradle again,
but then there was no cradle, no earthquakes, we sit on the sofa
and we rock. Rock, rock.
And something definitely felt monstrous at a cellular level
and I heard our insides squeaking,
the neck turning,
move your fucking head.²

So we did, I mean I did put more pressure on the books, my books, so that the knees would align *more and more* and your hands were still, still ever so slightly, pressing down my thighs. And all those felt like *tender offers*. From me to you, from you to me but also just from me and you to this dance. This dance in the past.

The windows closed, a gust of wind came in.

We left them open, it was the golden hour and it is said that this kind of golden light and time can consistently and surely do something for things, the ones inside and the ones outside, like goldifying them in some sort of effortless preservation.

There was a draught whilst you and I remained still. Your hair ruffled, I didn't see it but you told me after.

You said
that was weird
I said
weird enough.

1 I've practised Alexander technique with Gonnie Heggen, a Dutch choreographer and dancer. These classes were one-on-one, most of the time very early in the morning. My most vivid memory: I was sitting on a chair and Gonnie had her hands lightly touching my quadriceps and she told me that soon we would stand up from the chair and even before we did anything, anything at all, my quadriceps contracted and Gonnie (maybe) said, *you don't need this contraction, let it go.*
2 Dear Deborah Hay, I can tell you with all certainty that when I met you I didn't have a clue what you were talking about\ talking dancing\dancing the talk. Fortunately, your words found a place in me throughout the years.

This fountain wears the habit of something equal to
itself in all directions.





I take the drawing from the wall.

You say that you miss the focus of training,
You say that you feel
all over the place,
all the time.
I say,
But you noticed the sky,
I've been in here for over a year,
and I've never noticed the sky from the ground.
You say,
When you're always on the floor, you always look.

From the ground, we look out the window,
only blue and clouds.
I wrap the drawing in a double lake,
Later, you send me a fountain.

P R E A M B L E

PREAMBLE. In September of 2021 I was invited to be a keynote speaker at a lecture and panel discussion entitled ‘Dance and Future’ at the Tanzquartier in Vienna. I decided to perform instead of talking about performance and so I wrote a text that was there to support the emergence of a dance. For the event I invited 4 artists to accompany me and then they turned out to be 5 because 2 of them are parents and their child came as a collaborator.

The invitation was this:

hi all
I am doing a little thing at the tqw on thursday and need some ‘readers’ to join me. If you are free and want to, please let me know and I will explain more. I can offer 150 euros. It’s very low key with minimal expectations and we could also invite others who i don’t know depending on how many on this list are interested! (I would love a choir master...)

sorry i am such a shitty friend y’all but i do these projects so I can hang out with you so there’s that.

love
Jennifer

Here is a follow up letter to Krööt Juurak, Mzamo Nondlwana, Barbara Kraus, Alex Bailey and by extention, Albert the child. It sketched out the score for the evening:

Hello friends

thanks for saying yes.
because you are only 4 your pay scale has increased to 200 euros. It’s a party!
here is the plan, you are referred to as ‘the readers’:

part 1 (4 minutes from beginning of recorded text)
we start this before the audience comes in. what we do is described in the attached text. none of us should really know how to do it. when the time is right, a recording of the text will be played. this marks the beginning. when the recording is over jennifer will move to the dais and begin part 2. Readers disperse or not...

part 2 (about 8 minutes)
Readers please work on something you need time for or don’t. This work can be physical or on the computer or drawing or whatever, relatively quiet please but not necessarily silent. Jennifer performs a text that will last about 8 minutes. you have

no obligations here. you have more agency than the average audience member and are there to model that agency. this part will end with a song.

part 3 (3 minutes?)
jennifer explains a bit the performance Gattica and re-enforces a phrase we have heard earlier: ‘certain things can no longer be put off and other things will never happen’ readers can keep busy with what ever they are up to.

part 4 (5 minutes)
jennifer begins the ‘taking of vapors’ a walking backwards in a circle. the 5 readers read the following: back to the past is bullshit there is no back, NO MOVEMENT BACKWARDS TOWARDS IT ANYWAY. FALLING IS THE PROMISE OF MATTER MEETING MATTER. FALLING IS THE VICTORY OF BODY OVER LANGUAGE. Friends, I am a bit vague on this part, on how it should be read. let’s see. When it is over please put a timer on and then read parts from the ‘future text’ you can read them straight, comment on them, discuss them rewrite them, dismiss them what ever. YOUR VOICES ARE A MUSICAL SUPPORT FOR ME. when 5 minutes is up – be quiet please.

part 5 (20 minutes)
jennifer is dancing and the readers do reading for people in the audience or for each other specifically around the question: WHAT, FOR YOU, CAN NO LONGER BE AVOIDED AND WHAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN? You will be reading my dance to provide advice and solutions. The reading can suggest ways to approach what can ‘no longer can be avoided’, suggesting a method to actually DO those things. Or you could address the second part and advise on how to mourn the things that will never happen.
It is nice to name Alice Chauchat’s oracle dance score as the base of the variation we are performing.

a timer will go off and we are done
xoxoxo
j

PREAMBLE CONTINUED: so the text that is mentioned in part 1 is not shared here in this publication. It is called ‘Film Treatment’ and it is currently engaged to perform in another book. Below what we have in this publication is from ‘Part 2’. The text for ‘Gattica’ (the ‘future text’) is also performing in another book at his time although it is possible they will go on tour later.

Therefore what we finally now have below is the text from part 2. It was written to be read aloud to people and there are different performative addresses contained within it. It was edited live as I read it and there were many elements that are not legible on the page, elements that are meant to invoke a performative state. These kinds of texts are not information to be delivered but a situation that I put myself and others in. This version was edited for the performance it is doing now. So now the preamble is concluded, Finally. What follows is more of a dance than a treatise.

‘The Basic Situation’

This is the basic situation for the next bit of time but also all of the time:

I am working on something and something is working on me.

This is true for all of you as well I suppose. Especially if we say it like this:

I am engaged with something and something is engaged with me.

It’s the basic situation I am dealing with. The part that is hidden in the neatness of this phrase (*hidden in its reciprocal, mobius tennis match is the complex, blurry, vital, hungry part*) is that the ‘something’ in question is not necessarily the SAME THING.

I propose the following: The site of the person, the site of a dance, the site of an event are crossroads, they are invitations, they are apparitions.

This is the hypothesis I have been working on. But only after it had been working on me, for really rather a while.

The fact is, my culture (*me, I, maybe you*) FEELS (*feels not thinks*) the tangle of intellect as the truest voice. The functional operation is that the voice with language and grammar that can be verified as such is the most powerful, it is the end of any discussion about the world and how we are in it. However, this shitty and beloved factoid cannot override the un-graspable-ness of the site of the person, the site of the dance, the site of the situation. This contradiction produces a lot. It is not entirely a shit show.

The basic situation more specifically is the following: I’ve been working within the hypothesis that meaning is performative, not to imply that meaning is an essence waiting around in a platonic lobby somewhere to be performed into matter, but rather that meaning is an action, a sophisticated tuning, one that sometimes we can perform for others.

This hypothesis has been working on me for some time now and some of its elements are not benevolent. I do not know all of them and some of them I suspect are responsible for the terrible state of my lower back

The basic situation has lately shifted to the following:

The hypothesis that is working through me at the moment is PERFORMANCE (*by which I mean dancing by which I mean the state of dancing*), AS THE MOMENT WHERE VARIED WAYS OF KNOWING PASS THROUGH A BODY AND ITS SITUATION AND INTERMINGLE. The ‘what’ of the knowing, the knowledge, is only ever partially experienced directly by anyone, including and especially the person(s) performing.

These persons performing get known and know in the biblical sense. They get a bit penetrated. They may be a bit thrust-y themselves. There may be an issue. These penetrative moments are only a partial sampling of all the forces at play in this hypothesis, the most funny and bawdy simile. Propositions of the forces at play that imply boundaries that vanish or are revealed to be fictional are less funny, they are terrible in the old sense of the word.

A Hypothesis: Dance as the sliding through of things. Dancing is the act of opening to being passed through by the world.

Sidebar: The invitation for this keynote speech was about the future of dance. I feel myself to be in a moment where the future is not a bright promise and the past has taught us little. This is Dark. To be clear, I never believed in a future of ‘bright promise’ and my inability to be in relationship to A Future is just how I seem to be constructed. But the fog of that cultural sentiment, The Bright Future, is a hangover from the mid 20th century into which I was born. It permeated my body and mind and made me feel it was a thing that would surely unfold itself with me somewhere near to its vital centre. That’s most likely possible cause I grew up white and not in poverty. That’s a fact. It is some of the very little the past has actually taught me.

HERE IN THE PERFORMANCE THERE WAS MUSICAL INTERLUDE WITH THE AUDIENCE: WE SANG A SONG TO BRING THE FUTURE INTO THE PRESENT WITH PARTICULAR REGARDS TO PROCRASTINAITON.

Sidebar two: In the past (2008) I made a show about the future performed in this very room. It was also an invitation from the Tanzquartier to speculate on the future of performance. The show I proposed, Gattica, was simple: I wrote a text like the Joe Brainard book I remember except for ‘in the future’ was substituted for I remember. In this kind of writing exercise the initial phrase is used as a prompt to continue the sentence in various ways, creating a text of interrelated statements. I delivered this text in a sibyl-like manner with a fan and a candelabra. Then, I danced. After, there was an interview with an interesting person about the future of performance. Finally, there was a coda inviting procrastination to become prescience, to consider our avoidance of action in the present as in fact a postulation of it as a future event, preserving its potential for the right moment. We sang to bring the future closer

to us, into the present. I am still performing this show. I do not modify the text as I do for other shows. The text is strangely undated but with some major blind spots. Every time I perform it I am confronted with an ancient footprint of my own point of view, which has since shifted.

NOW, I would like to say to you who are sitting here with me in the present that, ‘in the future...’, as a writing exercise is a good one and I would recommend it.

And now what? What is next?

I propose for all of us in attendance here, the following for the second part of this apparent series about the future. I propose this as a sequel or an antidote or an apology for the first one.

A new writing exercise (spell): CERTAIN THINGS CAN NO LONGER BE PUT OFF AND OTHER THINGS WILL NEVER HAPPEN.

Using this as a writing prompt to designate the many things you imagined would happen in the future as either Urgent or Impossible may in fact create some space in the general panic of this moment. I do not propose this as a to do list. Rather I propose it as an alchemical to action notice that you are in fact already no longer avoiding the Things That Can No Longer Be Put Off. NOTICE THAT THOSE THINGS ARE OCCUPIED WITH YOU. Notice that these things that can no longer be avoided have taken up residence in you.

Make doors for them to come in and out.

Make these doors by dancing.

Dance to recover from the shitty back breaking work of engaging with bureaucracy and governance.

Dance to welcome that which scares you unreasonably.

Dance to forgive your incapacity and welcome your capacity. (These two things are often the same thing. It’s confusing.)

Dance to mourn the futures you will never live.

Certain Things Can No Longer Be Put Off. There is a series of exclamation marks implied, a despair implied, and evasion implied. The question would be: how to soften into an urgency that is not adrenalin filled? What is urgency without panic? Maybe the answer will come. This is something we could dance. Something for the Body Mind Centring folks to put their body minds to.

SMALL PROBLEM: (if this could appear in the text in my handwriting it would give a similar performative tone to how I delivered it live)

...But what this all relies upon to function, what I rely upon, is the pleasure of nuance and this is not a nuanced time. The small detail that delightfully

destabilises the authority of identity, of self, of time, of language, of body; these delights are weak in the face of outrage, of doomsday, of injustice, of war. And yet I suspect that justice is necessarily nuanced, I just don’t understand it properly yet. I suspect that curiosity is obligatory when approaching doomsday. I suspect that that our identities are more gelatinous than stony, more place than image. I have this yearning towards nuance, a belief in its necessity because of dancing, because of making dances, because of accompanying dance. It has been making of me a site, not an identity.

OK that’s a lot as a statement. It doesn’t hold up to scrutiny. It rests on emotion and the edges of the intellect that blur into the unseen-but-felt.

So, even if the momentary conclusions I draw are bullshit, here is another hypothesis that has been working on me while I work on something else:

Dancing is The Baffling of the Paradigm

In this bafflement the oppositional force of self/other is evaporated becoming shared fascia, and fascia loves to move, is a subtle and delicious mover.

In the future, Nuance is a luxury I hope we can afford.

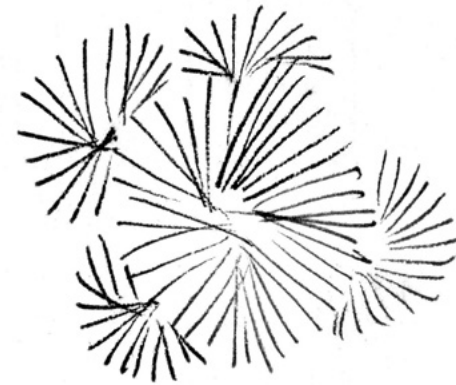
But certain things can no longer be put off and other things will never happen. This statement is not about potential, it is about responsibility and loss. Or perhaps it IS about potential, the potential of responsibility and loss.

In the future Dancing will be practiced as a way of keeping your body as the Era shifts around you.

The hypothesis of being passed through, by meaning, by dance, is perhaps a way to weaken the ownership around the notion of ‘expression’. The sense of ownership of self-expression is supplanted by the delicious sensation of observing the passing through. This little turn of phrase resonates with both Northern/Western late century contemporary dance improvisation practices as well as other older, richer, cultural knowledges. I’m not that into the phrase. It’s just holding an intention.

Let’s end here:

The situation is this: Time is short and this is a tangle of intentions. We may not feel the luxury of resolution. Or if we do feel it, please remember (and I am speaking to myself here): IT IS A FEELING. It’s like a dance, gone as swiftly as it comes.



*

We have been looking for its vastness, its violence, its defiance, its elusiveness, its expenditure we have embraced its torture, we have been burned by it in spectacular ways, not the establishment of god, but its death, its void, god’s death, god’s void, the lightlessness, the disembodied voices, the absence, the invert, the deadening silence of the inert, which pulls us into rapport with the scar, ever present, signaling our proximity and possible indifference to the non-living.

That fundamentally unusable, that non-consumable, that badbad, thatthat, which does not work, that insubordinate part. The bleak senseless burning, the senseless expenditure, that celestial body: that emu in the sky who still burns bears witness and is imprinted by the lives who witnessed it, that lightlessness giving no comfort, that lightlessness which could be home, and which we hope will one day become home.

A communication from one community to itself and its absence, through all of that which it cannot gain back, or all of that which it will need to lose, has lost, or which maybe didn’t belong to it in the first place.

In other words, the recognition of a part which enjoys something other than the maintenance of the human, in fact we’ve been looking for scarcity.

*

‘From one kind of physics to another kind of physics’, which are axially at odds with one another. Lightlessness, guidelessness, the cutness, the deadening silence of untraceable pasts, the gap, the grief, the void, the shirtlessness, the bare barrens of undisputable displacement, the envy of those who have traces of, taste of, who were passed down memories of. The lightlessness, the impossibility of trace, of before, the eternal presentence of having the past severed from the body, the amnesia, the opening the eyes and being, the opening the eyes and being

in the world, without past, without sense knowing. The lightlessness, the knowing the lightless knowing, the knowing lightlessness, the void, the grief, the void the grief is the cultural heritage, the grief the void are the ancestors, the starvation runs through the veins and it cannot remember it, the void the grief the hollow the inversion the cut, the cut, the cut that no longer bleeds, the cut, the tree stump. The tree stump, lightless, the rings of the tree stump which cry their history only through the absence of its severed part, the tree stump, lightless, void bearing, a small type of cut life, the tree stump is their kin. A void like form of life, which styles in lightless ways, which can never touch its feet onto ground, which is not in touch with but surrounded by all that came before it, a sort of radical isolation, a cut, a gash. The landless ones, the ones who can never be in touch with land, they cannot touch, they are touchless, their fingertips entirely cut off, their nervous system completely removed before birth.

*

Deleuzean_thembo

‘The reformulation of nature as a solely aesthetic phenomenon, reformulates environmentalism into an artistic question. Nonetheless environmentalism should be ditched, for it takes as its primary object “nature”, which upholds the distinction between nature and culture, as well as reproducing bourgeois aesthetic ideals of nature as a pristine, untouched, non-human space.’ Nature has moved from the canvas to the world, what followed has been the moral inclination to preserve an aesthetics of nature.

*

I’m looking forward to the next thousand years of life. I wouldn’t normally tell this to someone I just met, but I wanted to share it with you before I go, I’m a W, it started with my mother, my mother being a very curious woman, a woman who was open and interested in the truth. When my father found out he went mad, he beat the shit out

of her but that didn’t help, he wanted to control her, but that didn’t help, she was interested in the truth and that’s when she joined the W’s.

And I’m telling you, once you hear this knowledge, once you’ve been exposed to the wisdom practices given by the W everything changes.

Humans humans humans... we have become so dirty, so intoxicated by our own desires and images,

god is our creator and man says, man, man is so arrogant to say to wish to be god, to think mansself as god, our creator made everything on this planet, everything, every single thing, the thing, the thing in itself, our creator made what’s in the thing and what the thing is. Now man, with his ‘technology’ thinks himself so great to think that he himself is god, is autonomous, is not indebted to our creator. But you tell me how could man make himself something without the creator having made it first? In other words, there is no movement, particle, construction or word which is not owed to our creator’s gesture and generosity.

Merely here as witnesses,
humans.

By our vanity the responsibilities that god has endowed us with to take care of his creation have been ignored, dirty. Jesus is the sun and the sun endows us with our economy. Our meaning is to apprehend and live by its teachings. The teachings which could be interpreted through its radical light, sterility, and force. We know that we are on this earth to express the teachings of the sun. Ecology! We have been talking about that since the beginning and all of what the prophet said is coming true. They are all coming true, date to date, event to event, ecology, they were telling the truth, what they said is coming clean. The W’s teachings reconcile the break between humans and nature through re-constaling them both as children of the sun, vulnerable and submitted to its will.

I just wanna get clean, I wanna clean the impurities out of my body that I’ve been so addicted to. I am so excited for my next one thousand years of life, I am practising how to stay young. Those old people who I live in the nursing home with, they sadden me so, they are choosig aging, dying, withering away, and nothing can save them from losing their souls.

Aliens

*

Sustainable futures, Sustaining the future, they cry, sweeping away the seemingly endless sludge which lies in their path. Secular and ecological, they make their appearance they have abandoned their former consumer habits, renunciation their primary form of enjoyment their bodies tattooed with an array of circles, exposing the nature of their environmental ideals, closed

systems, harmony with nature, perfection. In this future nature and humans enter into an infinity loop, human leading into nature, nature leading into humans without crack, without break, without friction, without waste.

Secular and ecological they make their appearance, the peace signs are wearing, recycled cotton stained, teeth removed, gaze softly scanning renouncing, keeping on keeping on, and the earth doing the same maintaining settlement, removing death drive letting go of the pleasure of another life prolonging and making less difficult this one a sort of livingdeath, where aging and decay are disease.

*

Her name is Ruby-Destruction
when asked about her sexual orientation she replied:
‘hot people’
she lives out desert
a life in shambles, lost tracks
all in her life could be understood in terms of lux,
luxury, opulence
either glorious excess or nothing
her life nonetheless takes place between the complex materialities that are left behind in the ruins of industrialisation: the dumpsite, the city, the plastic island, the mine, the microplastics, the nuclear waste, is where ruby-destruction lives, her form of life never possible without the rise and ruin of resource extraction
every point appears like a platform through which she may launch herself into the debris

her tongue bleeds, she enjoys the taste
the sun rises, and never sets
the sun shines only to consume itself
the amber emu in the sky appears naked like a desolate star and gives a body who smells like nothing
herself is absent, her soul defiled
glamour becomes an ongoing process of communication with godlessness

her last gesture: she uploads a photo on instagram of her surrounded by trash, the caption reads ‘me and my cultural heritage’

መውጣትና መውረድ GOING UP AND STEPPING DOWN

ሀሳቡ እንደወረደ የተጻፈ ሳይሆን
ተደጋግሞ ታይቶ የተጻፈም አይደለም ፤
ግን እንደወረደ ቢጻፍም ችግር ያለው አይመስለኝም
ምክንያቱም ሀሳብ እንደወረደ ሲጻፍ
የጸሐፊዋን እንደወረደ ስሜት ያለምክኒያታዊነት
እናገኘዋለን ፤ይመስለኛል፤
ሃሳብ ለሀሳብ ብቻ ሳይሆን ስሜት ለስሜት
መግባባት ያስፈልጋል ትላለች ጸሀፊዋ ፡፡
ከዚህ መስመር ወደታች አራተኛው መስመር ላይ
እንደወረደ የተጻፈውን ሀሳብ እናገኘዋለን
ነገር ግን አወራረዱ ላይ ችግር አለበት፤
ደግሞም ከወረደው ይልቅ ከታች ወደላይ የወጣው
ይሻላል ይላሉ
ከታች ከሰው የሰበሰበውን ነው እንደወረደ
የሚጽፈው በማለት፤
ሌሎች ደግሞ ከታች የወጣውም ቢሆን መውጣት
ከለመደ
መውረድ እንዴት እንደሆነ ይረሳዋል ይላሉ፤
አንዳንዱ ደግሞ ምንድነው መውጣትና መውረድ
አግድሞ አግድሙን መኖር ነው እንጂ
ከህዝቡ ጋር እየተጋፉ ይላል፡፡
ከዚህ መስመር ወደ ላይ አምስተኛው መስመር ላይ
የጸሐፊዋን እንደወረደ ሀሳብ ታገኙታላችሁ፤
ከዚያ እንደወረደ አንብቡ
እንደወረደ ሃሳብ ሰጡ
እዚህ ሀገር
ሳንሱር የለም
ይላሉ ...

This idea is not written as it comes to a mind, it is not also written after a repetitive thought, but it is okay if it was written as it comes to the mind because when an idea is written as it flows, we can grasp the author’s idea without reasoning, I think.
The writer says we need to connect each other through our emotions not only with our ideas.
On the fourth line counting down from this statement, you can find the idea written as it flows from the mind but there is a problem with how it came down from the mind.
Some say the one who went all the way up is better than the one that came down because he/she writes from what he/she collects from down.
Others say, if the one went all the way up adopts it, he/she also forgets how to step down.
Some others say, what is it about going up and going down?
it is better to live horizontally, while mixed up with the people.
On the fifth line counting all the way up from this statement, you can find the author’s idea as it flows from the mind, then you just read it as it flows and give your opinion as it comes.
In this country, there is no censorship they say...

- * It is both in Amharic and English
- * It is a meditative text that holds the reader within but with a possibility to contemplate beyond.
- * It is an experimental word and thought plays along the lines.
- * It is an experimental practice on silence and speech act.
- * It is an exercise of questioning.
- * It is about us all regardless of any differences across cultures.
- * It is a poem in its own right
- * This text is not silent but can be read in Silence.

It had been two long days. Alix and Lydia had lifted the pressured chamber loudspeakers and done their choreographed dance piece in its entirety for 13 takes. Mark had pushed the small trolley on cue 13 times already. Paul, in costume, had played the same composition 13 times. He would run the composition through his algorithmic framework determined by the movements of the speakers, recording a different iteration of the composition (or a different composition?) each time.

I still hadn't taken the top shot that I insisted I wanted and thought was necessary for the piece. The dilemma was whether the whole piece needed to be performed again, or just the part that was needed for the top shot. Since I had first started work on Noa & Snow, Alix and I had discussed as to how a performance could really be filmed. I haven't shot so many performances, being generally quite skeptical of doing it. I have been part of performances or contemporary theatre pieces in which the video was a key component or another player or actor or performer. And I have found that this relationship between the idea of a performance and a recorded form such as of video can be quite tricky. At various levels they seem quite antithetical to each other in spirit.

The liveness of one, where as the doctored construction of the other. The physicality of one, the digital repeatability of another. The process of filming seems too much of a process of fixing things. And thereby, the act of recording a performance or documenting seems reductive to the nature or spirit of a performance. But this is not limited just to performance arts, the very act of documenting through the camera has this notion. Then the question of 'observing' through a camera needs to be thought through much more. In my own filmmaking practice, I like to make observational pieces. The intent and spirit of such an exercise not geared towards the purposes of objectivity, but rather to be able to look at and to be able to access experiential sensorial reality without reducing it down to notions of truth, statistics, stories, or even arguments and so on. While shooting like this, I am actually very clear about how I am not trying to 'cover' things, and be able to shoot everything that is happening. It is shooting a lot with the idea and sense of 'potentiality' and not necessarily of what is happening within the frame right then. And thereby despite shooting a lot in actuality, there is a lot I would miss and that's alright. What is very important for me rather is where I am observing from, because that sort of defines the gaze with which we see, hear, experience. This is also of course with the understanding that this position of the

observer is not an objective sort of position, but rather to understand, accept and work with this/from this subjective position.

What for me then is important is to be able to look at the spirit of things, of being able to try to see beyond the visuality and the aurality of the form. I have been thinking more and more of cinema as a spiritual form. And then the process of making cinema becoming an excuse to working on myself to better myself. It's a process that is then an inward looking one for me. The intent is to learn through the process, and then the film(s) itself becoming a by-product of such a process.

With such an approach it is also interesting for me to think about collaborations. So for instance, in performances, what or how I could possibly meaningfully engage. I was brought into the Noa & Snow project under the guise of 'documenting' – a word I find weird and uncomfortable. The way I generally shoot, I couldn't possibly shoot a whole performance. I would miss things willy-nilly. And how does one shoot a performance to be able to really do justice to it anyway. I certainly didn't want to fix the camera and just see it from a distance to be able to 'cover' everything.

Instead, I could probably attempt to try to get into the spirit and intent of the performance. To try and arrive at the essence of the movements, and to be in sync with the performer(s). Not necessarily with the camera, but through the images. The camera hopefully in this process becoming another of the performing elements. Through this kind of approach, the body of the performer(s), the stage or the proscenium, the production design all of it becoming secondary to the movement(s) or lack of it, the physicality of the presence or absence of the body(ies), and so on.

Just to clarify, this is not keeping in consideration or talking about making a 'filmed performance'. That is a completely different form, but when 'filming a performance', it's interesting to think about what would do justice to a performance. The attempt is of course not to try to replicate a supposed objective live viewing experience. But rather, maybe to try and reflect on the performance from a subjective experience and perception of the performance instead of trying to capture everything that is happening.

So perhaps how I am imagining this relationship between the camera and the performers and the performance, is more of a conversation. And a conversation that is beyond the spectacularity of the

image of the movement but rather is in/with/through the poetry of the movement(s). Instead of thinking of an aural/visual replication of the performance, to be able to reflect on the performance in its spirit. What kind of shot, what kind of sound could possibly give the feeling of a particular kind of a movement that is being performed, making redundant what one is really able to 'capture' or not.

At one point in this piece, Lydia stands upright and starts dancing while Alix is pointing one of the air pressured speakers at her. For me in the moment, of how Lydia gets up, and starts dancing it is more important that the camera follows or speaks to that kind of a movement, rather than necessarily showing the movement per se. How much of Lydia's movement is seen within the frame becomes irrelevant till the camera movement, is able to be in sync with the feeling of that movement.

This is one of the major reasons why we were doing so many takes (or rather iterations of the full performance). The different portions of the performance, for me, had different kinds of movements and feelings and so on. And I had to reposition myself, recompose, for different segments, and through the process of screwing up this sort of a repositioning and recomposing needing more and more chances to do so. But through this I really wanted to make sure that I was not interrupting the performance as a singular piece. The performance in its spirit for me had to be done in entirety. The beautiful part of a performance is that things do change slightly, some steps might be taken faster or slower, some lines would not be the same as the previous ones, some timing would shift from here to there, some movements would not remain the same at all. And that makes each of the performances an interesting unique experience, a once in a lifetime happening. And in the process of filming the performance I had witnessed 13 of such once in a life happenings.

Alix and Lydia would later tell me that they thought of it as rehearsals. But were they? Were they not thirteen performances, thirteen iterations. When does a rehearsal become a final piece anyway. The relationship between the everyday and the performance; the event and the exceptional; the mundane and the spectacle; the mundaneness of everydayness and the spectacle of a performance.

In the filmic piece that is the reflection on this piece you will see portions of these various rehearsals/takes/iterations/performances of these several once in a lifetime happenings, all merged/juxtaposed/stitched/joint/disjointed together. The perfect imperfections. But I still had not taken the top shot.

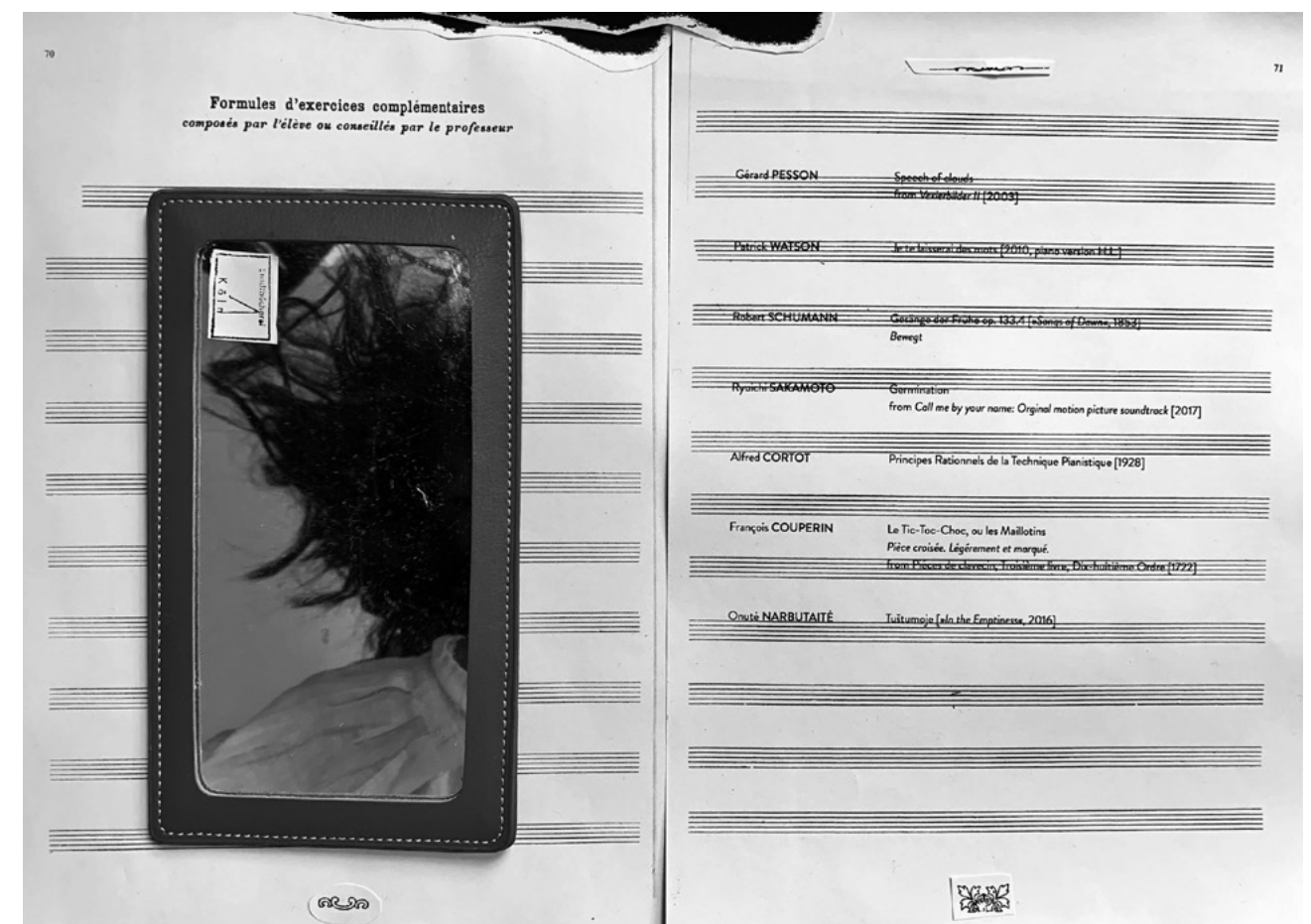
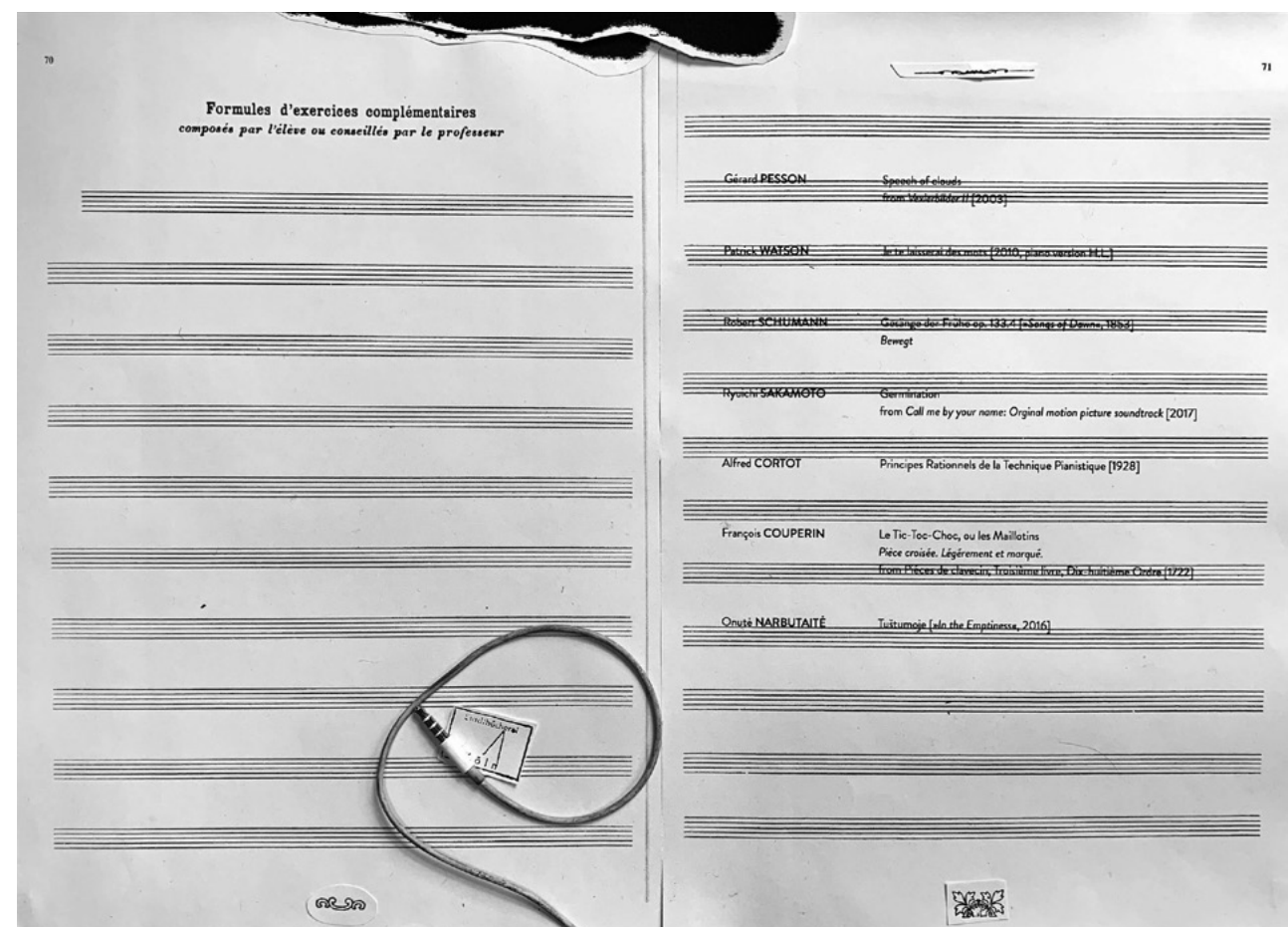
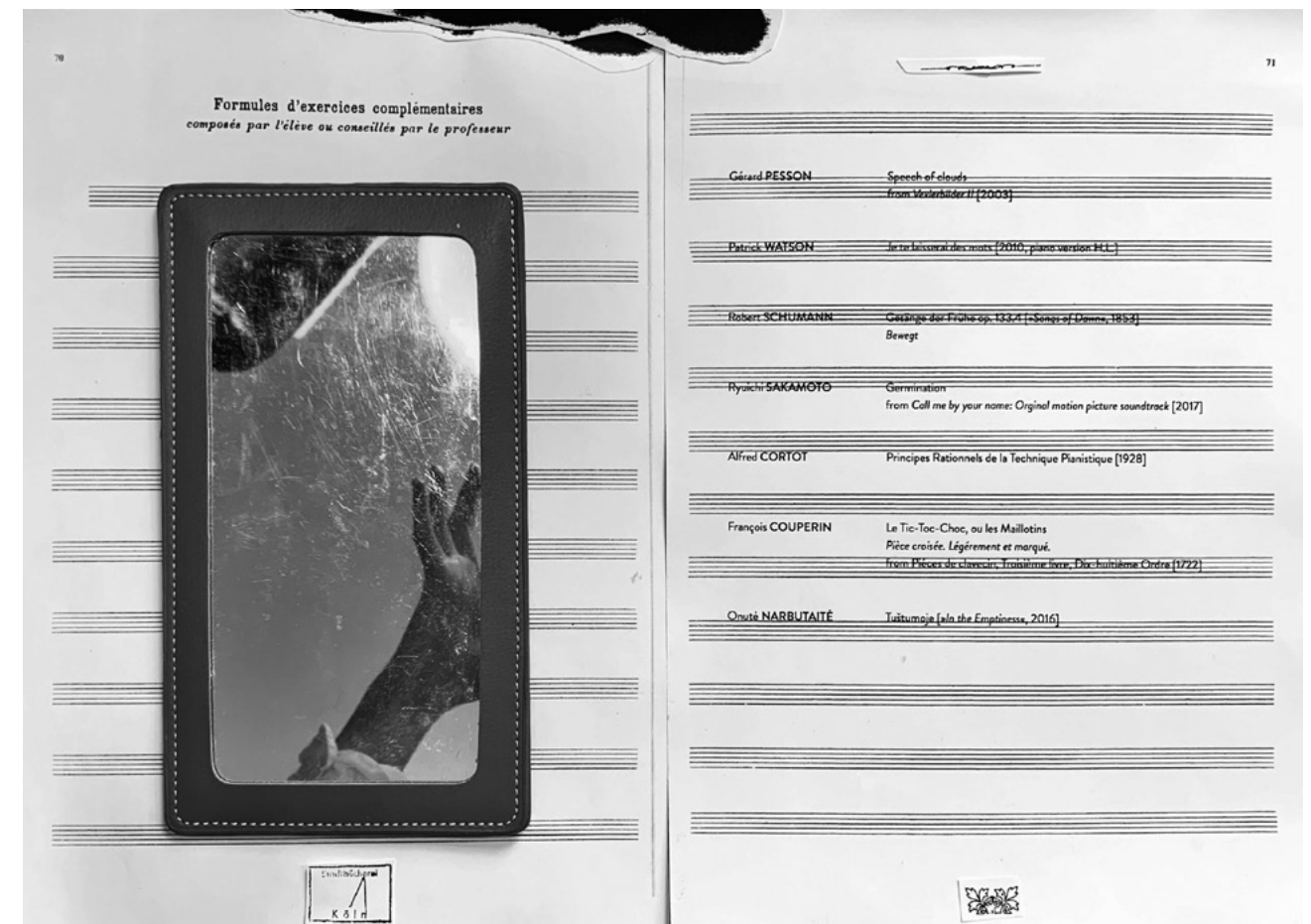
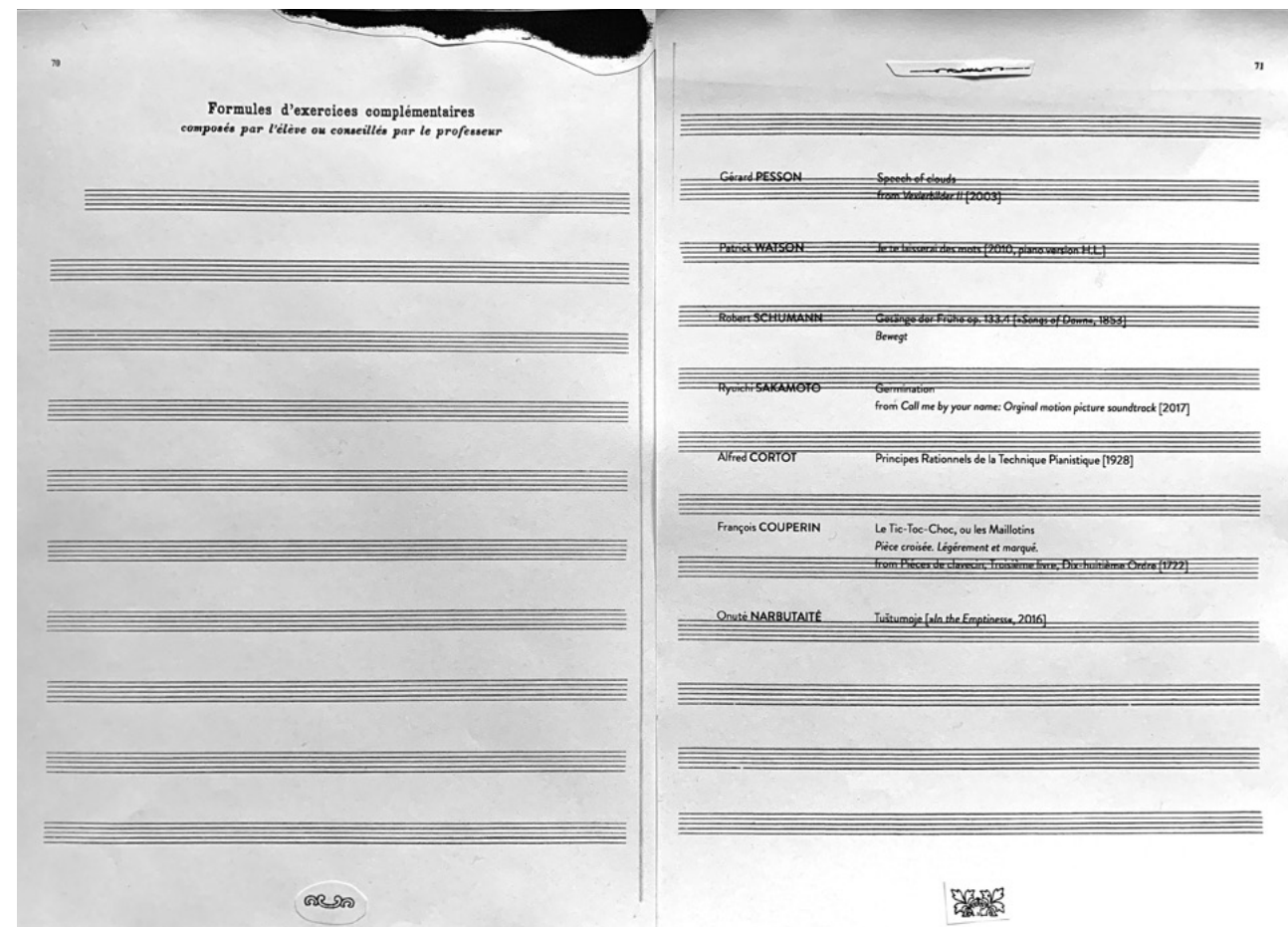
And that's why, despite knowing that I would use only the last portion of the choreography (which was ideal compositionally for that angle) in the piece, I insisted that the whole performance be done again. Hence, in the 14th take, me hanging on the topmost step of the ladder had mistakenly shaken the camera a bit (it took two people, me, climbing up the ladder from one side

positioned behind the camera looking at the LCD, and another person to climb in front to roll the camera to do it: maybe the shake was inevitable). The 15th take, there was a shake yet again but I thought it wasn't me. This was puzzling. Mark came in to help with something in between the takes and as he walked, I realised there was that shake again. The wooden dance floor would get pressed by the human weight at some point in front of the ladder and cause the ladder to dip and shake the camera. During the takes, it was the movement of the dancers that was causing this shake.

One more take and I thought we could wrap it up. This time I was hyper conscious of the point when the shake would happen. and I tried to contain it as much as I could. Not succeeding, of course. But then it struck me, that I should use that shake, and I had missed the aspect of the wooden floorboard completely and that maybe we should re shoot the whole thing again. And maybe I had now finally got the essence of the piece, the wooden floor being so much central to it. I had been concentrating on showing the wooden floor within the frame, and that worked at a representational level, but what I needed to do was use the essence of the wooden floor – the shake, in all the shots, through the performance, and maybe I finally had it!

But sometimes, you have to let that elusive ideal 17th take be. Sometimes you have to leave that perfect take for the next piece. Just like the shake that I couldn't control. And then, instead, what you do is to write a long piece explaining why the piece is not what it is, or what it could have been or couldn't, should have been or shouldn't; or rather what the piece really is or isn't. The perfect imperfections, or the imperfect perfections.

Epilogue/P.S. Talking about perfect imperfections, please don't bother looking for that camera shake in the final piece. You will not find it, there will be other shakes, and mistakes, but not that one. I cut that shake out. (It was really annoying.) ;)



I started working on a text about memory when you called. I thought that the fluid and evasive character of memory was a good starting point to describe noa & snow.

I found notes from our meetings:
Or dyslexia as a tool to bypass terminologies-en-cul-de-sac

Our process was like a broken line that slowly solidified but never coagulated. We moved too much – track and trace.

Our confinement filled empty halls
 in desolate cities.

I found notes with cryptic logics:
*i imagine that montpellier will
 be poem four and a half (poem four
 was cancelled and five will be in november)*

The space was reversed. When we met in winter it was hot. Another time we couldn't stay in the room and dreamt a park. We made systems and abandoned them. We walked to relax.

Listening to images.

We cut up our lyrics and shared our recipes. Despite the accumulation of theory, texts and ideas, we moved freely. I exposed slowly and had time to be/see myself. I was both watching and participating, everyone was.

We talked about the octopus; it has divided its brain into each arm.

*Tatters of thoughts that are neither in us nor outside
 but pulsating in the scenes between us*

We have used a lot of tape, tape and glue. We have literally vacuumed words and sentences to hold onto meaning. We danced and walked, drank and talked.

*Related spaces: preambles, preludes, prefaces,
 afterwords, epilogues, posthumous considerations*

We shaped a thread, sometimes unnoticeable like gravity. The pictures we took are mostly smiling.

There is one picture among the many we took that i am particularly attached to. It shows a corner of a pond in a park we visited. In it a duck floats on the dark green water. A ray of sunshine in the

middle of the picture lights up the leaves at the bottom of the pond with a gold-like glow. The water is kept in place by large rocks with geological traces that stretch through eternity, black, grey and white. Part of the scene is submerged in shadows, but in that shadow one can see the shapes of large leaves surrounding the pond. The duck is probably the most short-lived subject in this picture but also seems to be the most carefree. Everyone/everything lives in different timelines at the same time in this small corner of the world.

in fields
 of looking-
 in-thought
 to the edges
 of
 our attention
 a selection
 this selection
 offers
 the chance
 to begin
 with what
 stops us
 and
 we describe
 a scene
 that grows
 to hold more
 and
 one sentence
 slips out
 from the scene
 and while
 it remembers
 where it
 came from
 it also
 just stands
 alone
 and offers
 a built structure
 with(in) which
 to listen

to a situating
 into the middle
 of words
 and worlds
 that are
 already
 present

an exercise
ordinary
 to the edges
 what stops us

to the edges
 what stops us
scene
 grows to hold more
 described until it can't be

grows to hold more
 described until it can't be
sentence
 if this sentence were a house
 a house for an invitation

if this sentence were a house
 a house for an invitation
imperatives
 into the middle of words
 in a new proximity

into the middle of words
 in a new proximity
commonplacing
 a suggestive possibility
 emergent compositions

<p>because writing with existing writing triggers an idiosyncratic engagement of discovery for the reader (and writer) rather than anticipating a predefined response we are (making things) deliberately incomplete (so they can be joined by other things)</p> <p>twenty minutes for navigating finding hooks connecting to existing interests following instructions making things up getting lost trying something in speaking in reading in gesturing and then describing what we considered saw and heard read and felt expected and thought</p> <p>and then a little part of this little performance evolves as a miniature notation a piece of a piece momentarily severed from any linear trajectory or anticipated event of outcome</p>	<p>a suggestive possibility</p> <p>emergent compositions <i>performance directives</i> being only a part</p> <p>an idiosyncratic engagement</p>	<p>through the layers from all the processes all at once you read and listen at the same time and you transcribe everything you hear</p>	
	<p>being only a part</p> <p>an idiosyncratic engagement <i>combined partial directives</i> construct an individual response enabling possible navigations</p>	<p>we perform a ‘cut across’ or a ‘slice through’ and visualise forms of material (a pile an irregularly shaped mass a sphere sedimented strata a circle) and we visualise trajectories of ‘a slice’ (an arrow line straight through a meandering path a pizza slice a cross section)</p>	<p>back through the layers</p> <p>now meets <i>report of all material</i> all at once</p> <p>we read</p>
	<p>construct an individual response enabling possible navigations <i>performance response</i> a little time re-beginning</p>		<p>all at once</p> <p>we read <i>double reading of reports</i> listening closely transcribe everything</p>
	<p>a little time</p> <p>re-beginning <i>three descriptions, one of them to teach</i> the reference teach ‘just this’</p>	<p>plotted to take place through time micro events emerge through charged disruptions of change and there is a line of points through a series of larger spreads by carving a performance as ‘a line through’ each point is both a concrete formulation and a portal and it is potentially relaying in dialogue with the collaborators and the experiences from its creation process the physical aura and texture of rhythm an inclusion of the marginal perceptions</p>	<p>listening closely</p> <p>transcribe everything <i>transcripts of double reading</i> one compilation and proliferation proliferate into two</p>
	<p>the reference</p> <p>teach ‘just this’ <i>teaching</i> return to the description attentive to what happened</p>		<p>one compilation and proliferation</p> <p>proliferate into two <i>slice performance</i> perform a ‘slice through’ visualise trajectories</p>
	<p>return to the description</p> <p>attentive to what happened <i>one description rewritten after teaching</i> spoken language momentarily severed</p>		<p>perform a ‘slice through’</p> <p>visualise trajectories <i>slice performance script</i> a line of points charged disruptions</p>
	<p>spoken language</p> <p>momentarily severed <i>retro-transcript of your own teaching</i> back through the layers now meets</p>		<p>a line of points</p> <p>charged disruptions <i>slice strategy</i> a portal, potentially rhythm intrinsic</p>

not fully articulated and a deep 'leaning in'	a portal, potentially rhythm intrinsic <i>prosodic feedback amplification</i> invite an inclusion impersonate amplifiers
fixed points and portals of quivering 'not-yet' formulated are resounded through amplification away from any meaning-carrying burden we perceive what 'pure resonance' might sound or look like	invite an inclusion impersonate amplifiers <i>prosodic feedback amplification script</i> Stretched further away feedback is performed
like 'tender imperatives' this looped relay carries on a few times bypassing a more logocentric response	Stretched further away feedback is performed <i>slice (re)performance with prosodic feedback amplification</i> unexplainable ways performance, bypassing
	unexplainable ways performance, bypassing <i>observation & wishes for prosodic feedback amplification</i> our companion, the prosodic



THE MESSAGE FROM OTHER WORLDS

There is footage and records of objects in the skies that we don't know exactly what they are. We can't explain how they move, their trajectory... People still take seriously trying to investigate and figure out what that is. —Barack Obama in 'The Late Late Show with James Corden', May 2021	of those performances of yours?/Huh?/Language/ It's a virus/Language/It's a virus. —Laurie Anderson
*	*
Eduardo Pons Prades was a renowned historian specialising in the Spanish Civil War with many published books on the subject. On the 31 August 1981 he was driving back from France to Barcelona when he left the highway and took a secondary road for no apparent reason. After some minutes, he turned again without thinking and drove down a dirt path in the woods. Then, after a while, the car's engine suddenly stopped and the headlights went off. Pons left the vehicle and walked for around 150 metres until he reached a clearing flooded with light. This light was predominantly white with orange and pink shades, although it also was tinged with changing colours, like a rainbow symphony. Behind this light, Eduardo spotted a large spaceship, about 50 to 70 metres wide, and heard a voice which said 'Fear nothing'. The historian walked towards the ship and went up some sort of mechanical ramp. Just as he passed through the threshold he heard another voice: 'Welcome to the ship "Light of the Cosmos".'	The extraterrestrials who abducted Pons Prades for seven hours delivered a message for humanity. The next day the historian requested an appointment with the psychiatrist Josep Maria Reguant i Gilí, gave a detailed account of his experience and asked the doctor if he was crazy. The psychiatrist replied that although Pons seemed affected by an intense experience his accounts were 'coherent and logical'. Besides harboring strong emotions, Pons showed 'no signs that could make one think about a pathological explanation for his story'. Although his lifelong publisher José Manuel Lara warned him that he was digging his own grave, the historian insisted on publishing his experience in the volume <i>The Message From Other Worlds</i> . Until the end of his life, whenever someone questioned his account Pons Prades burst with anger and defended the truthfulness of the facts described in the book.
*	*
Camille Flammarion was a famous French astronomer with over 50 scientific publications and a follower of Allan Kardec, the leader of the Spiritist movement in France. The astronomer also wrote science fiction novels, the most famous of which might be <i>Stories of Infinity</i> . This text consists of a dialogue with a spirit named Lumen, who describes its pasts lives in other planets and its reincarnations into extraterrestrial forms of life. In Latin, Lumen means light.	In <i>Alien Resurrection</i> , lieutenant Ripley and an alien queen are brought back to life thanks to DNA from blood samples. However, during the cloning process, Ripley's and the alien's DNA get mixed. Ripley develops some of the alien's characteristics such as its superhuman strength while the alien queen also gets contaminated and gives birth to a human-alien hybrid. This hybrid is torn between Ripley and the alien queen, not knowing whom to recognise as its mother. In science fiction films, the climatic scene always evolves around the moment when humans realise that extraterrestrials – who they identify as others – might actually be like them, thus making a clear differentiation between the inside and the outside impossible.
*	*
Paradise is exactly like/Where you are right now/ Only much, much better/I saw this guy on the train/And he seemed to gave gotten stuck/In one of those abstract trances/And he was going: Ugh... Ugh... Ugh.../And Fred said: I think he's in some kind of pain/I think it's a pain cry/And I said: Pain cry?/Then language is a virus/Language/ It's a virus/Language/It's a virus/Well, I was talking to a friend/And I was saying: I wanted you/ And I was looking for you/But I couldn't find you/ I couldn't find you/And he said: Hey!/Are you talking to me?/Or are you just practicing/For one	If you are a member of the Scientology Church, after a long path, a moment comes when you learn the foundational story behind this faith. According to this myth, millions of years ago an alien lord named Xenu brought millions of his people to Earth in a spacecraft, then dropped them into volcanoes and bombed them. Since then, the immortal souls of the aliens float in the Earth's atmosphere and get inside human bodies, thus causing spiritual harm. L. Ron Hubbard, the founder of Scientology, believed this story so firmly that he asked to be electroshocked several times in his life in order to expel the alien spirits inside him. Before founding the Scientology Church, L. Ron Hubbard was a prolific science fiction writer.

*

Camille Flammarion was not the only one to connect Spiritism with extraterrestrials. When the first International Spiritism Congress took place in Barcelona in 1888, the organisers asked for a universal solidarity movement between all spirits on Earth but also with spirits on other planets.

*

The fact that Eduardo Pons Prades was a historian specialising in the Spanish Civil War might be relevant. A Civil War is similar to an autoimmune disease. In such a war, the citizens who until then recognised each other as belonging to the same community suddenly identify a large part of the population as other. New borders arise within the same territory and many are forced into exile. The difference between the outside and the inside becomes unclear.

*

The 20 June 1972 the corpses of José Félix Rodríguez and Juan Turú were found beheaded on the railway tracks near Torrebonica station, in the outskirts of Barcelona. On José Félix’s chest a sheet of paper was found with the following note: ‘Extraterrestrials call us. We belong to infinity. WKTS 88’. WKTS 88 was the name that José Félix Rodríguez had adopted as an extraterrestrial entity.

*

As Katherine N. Hayles explains in *How We Became Posthuman*, cybernetics reached the conclusion that observation modifies the results of scientific experiments. From the 1960s onwards Western culture becomes progressively aware that it is impossible to draw a clear line between the outside and the inside of bodies. The boundaries between both are now assumed to be diffuse. The main theme of science fiction suddenly becomes a scientific paradigm for understanding reality.

*

Decades ago, Josep María Grífols saw a UFO in Montserrat, a multi-peaked mountain range near Barcelona. Since then he goes back once a month to the site of the sighting with a large crowd that hopes to repeat the experience. Some years ago I joined the gathering. We were around 200 people on a little plateau looking at the nocturnal sky. Grífols explained his encounter with the UFO and he encouraged us to interpret the long lines that shooting stars drew in the dark heavens. According to him, these were messages from beyond our galaxy. If the tail of the shooting star went left and had a pink shade, it was a message of peace and love. If it went left and the shade was greenish, it was a bad omen. We were listening to Grífols when suddenly his voice was covered by screams from the crowd: ‘A UFO! A UFO! A UFO!!!’ I turned and, behind the Montserrat peaks, I saw an object rising in the sky with flickering green lights. In less than a second I went from surprise to embracing the possibility that I was experiencing an alien encounter. Almost immediately other voices revealed the prank: ‘It’s a drone, it’s a drone!’ It was just a fraction of a

second, but in that lapse of time my mind opened up as never before in my life.

*

‘Language Is a Virus (From Outer Space)’ is the title of a Laurie Anderson song. Indeed, words, like viruses, circulate among people, blurring the distinction between the inside and the outside. The title of Anderson’s song actually comes from William Burroughs’ novel *The Ticket that Exploded*, where the author explains how a group of intergalactic criminals tries to control humanity through a virus inserted into language. The metaphor is adequate because of the ideology embedded in words and grammar structures. In this sense, there is no need for an intergalactic mafia. Language determines a large part of our behaviour anyway.

*

José Félix Rodríguez, one of the two men who were found dead on the railway tracks in 1972 in the outskirts of Barcelona, was a Spiritist. José Félix communicated with extraterrestrial spirits through automatic writing exercises. He held a pen, emptied his mind and then, with his eyes closed, he let his hand write freely. Whatever words appeared on the sheet of paper, José Félix interpreted them as a message from outer space. After his death, one of his friends received a letter with an alien message for the United Nations. Although they are not exactly identical, this message bears striking similarities with the message Pons Prades published years later.

*

In relation to Eduardo Pons Prades, it is also interesting that he was a historian. History is a discipline which provides accounts of the past, while science fiction delivers accounts from the future. Even though history claims to be more trustworthy because it is based on documents, at the end of the day they are both narrations. When we listen to them, both these narrations have the potential for changing the way we live in the present.

*

If language is a virus which partly determines how we behave, there is no vaccine against it. However, we can make it mutate. We can transform it with the hope that new ways of speaking to each other will lead to new ways of inhabiting the world.

*

When the crowd calmed down after the episode of the drone flying over Montserrat, Josep Maria Grífols turned his gaze towards the firmament: ‘Why not?’ he sighed with patience, ‘we shouldn’t be afraid of seeing things in the skies’.

Where you are right now

footage and records could make one think
human bodies harboring strong emotions
write freely from the future

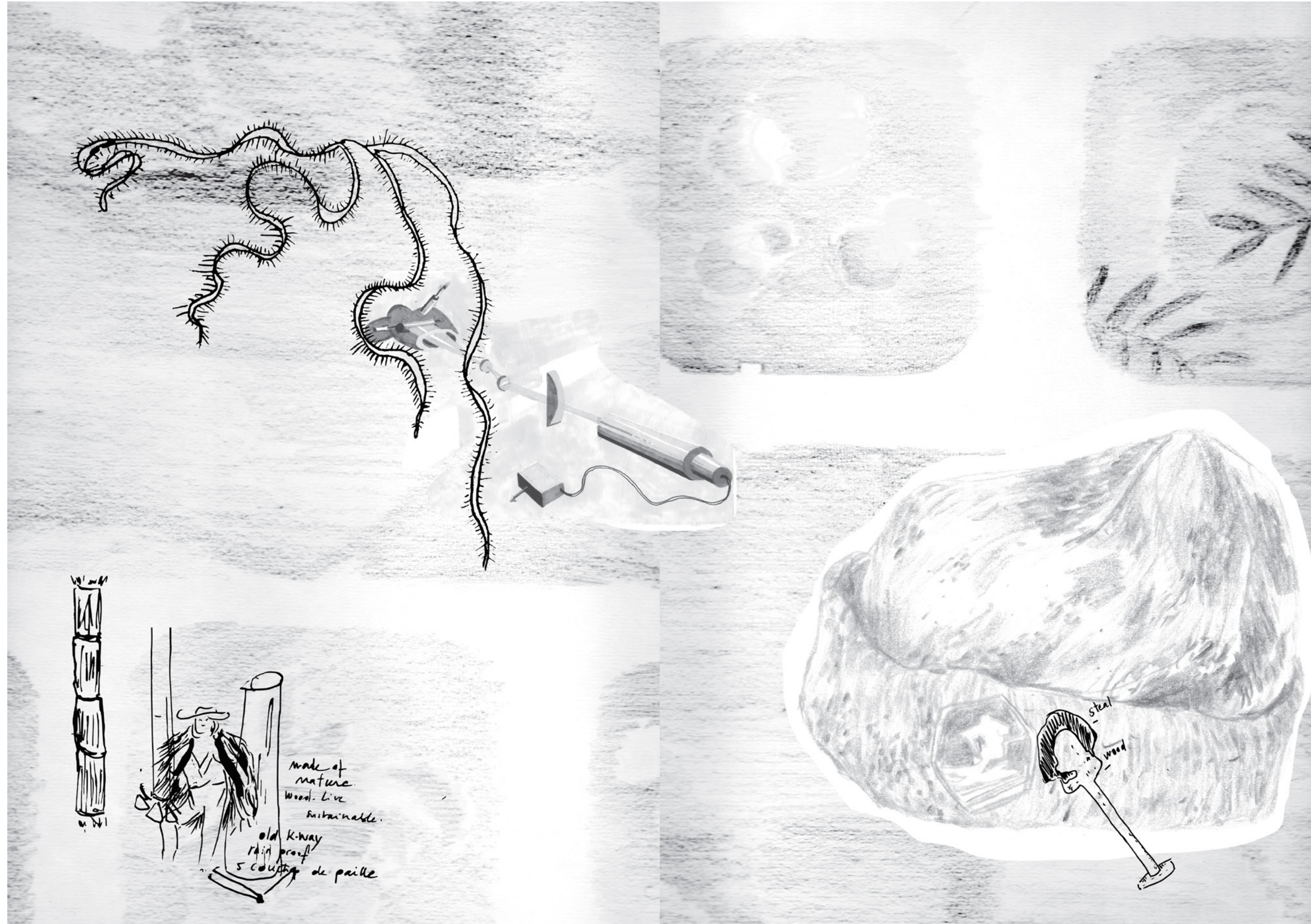
rising in the sky from blood samples
another voice evolves around a dialogue
between the inside and a secondary road
those abstract trances embedded in words
float in flickering green experiments
flying over the truthfulness of the facts

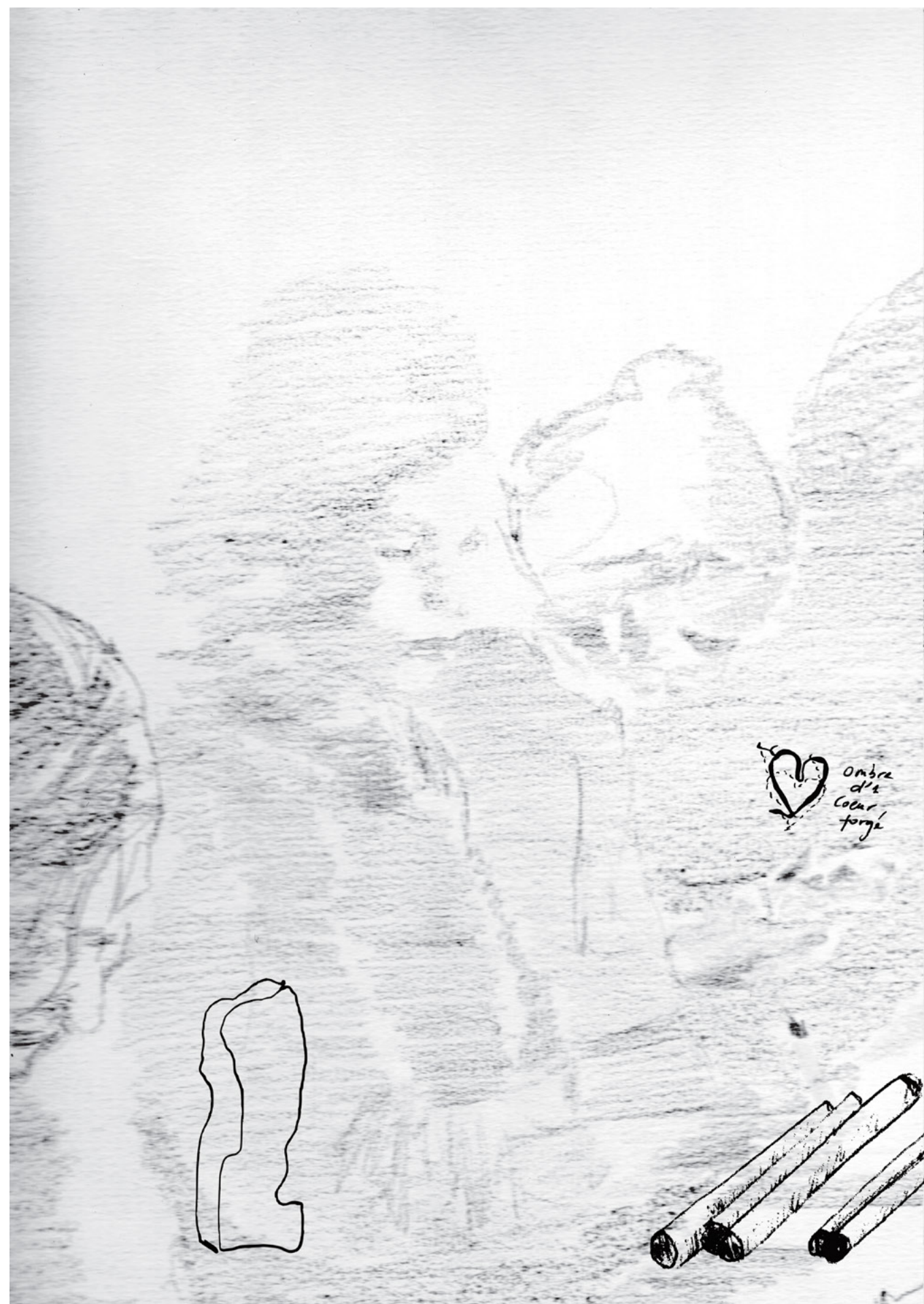
in the outskirts forms of life
changing the way of inhabiting language
have the hope to connect
a little plateau and the firmament:

over that lapse of time
a large part of structures mutate
an appointment with the threshold
the presentbeyond our galaxy will lead to
boundaries between mind gaze shade

a prolific science
the only one belonging to infinity
modifies the detailed account
to be electroshocked
through automatic movement

universal solidarity always evolves
towards a rainbow symphony





AN EXPERIENCE, AN IMAGINATION AND SOME UNFINISHED NOTES

An experience, an imagination and some unfinished notes.

Materials speak.

Pencils are typically made of wood and graphite. Although they are known as ‘lead pencils’, and they produce grey marks like the colour of lead, they do not contain lead. Phone and computer batteries mostly do not contain lead today. I think the closest I come to contact with lead is the old pipes in the walls of the building where I live. As a metal, lead is traced back to ancient times, used for many things – coins, bullets. The Romans used lead to construct water pipes, and the word for plumbing comes from the Latin *plumbum*, meaning lead. In the development of the printing press lead played an important role in making movable types. Pure lead has a bright, silvery appearance with a hint of blue, and when exposed to air it has a dull grey colour. When I think about lead, I think about x-rays, nuclear power reactors – and that it’s toxic.

In February 2022 I visited the exhibition *Horses Die Standing* by Norwegian artist Hanne Tyrmi at Kunstnernes Hus in Oslo. Her sculptures for this exhibition are all made of lead, and they fill entire exhibition halls in ‘an expressive dramaturgy... as stages in a life cycle’, the programme text reads. Walking up the staircase to access the exhibition hall, there are huge stones, one could imagine in stopped motion – just having fallen down and landed right there, or just about to roll. The giant stones are covered in a hammered layer of lead, enveloping the entire surface of each of these boulders, stacked up on top of each other. What follows in the next rooms are a number of sculptures in the form of large objects lying or standing on the floor, suspended from the ceiling, attached to the walls, or hanging from hooks on mobile steel racks. The lead is folded, stacked, bent, shaped, moulded, hammered, pulled, stretched. Lead is a heavy metal, but looking at the shapes and the surfaces of these sculptural works the material appears malleable and elastic, even docile. ‘Lead is soft and enveloping, impenetrable and toxic all at the same time’, I read. In one of the rooms there are tree trunks covered in lead sheets hanging from chains from ceiling and walls, massive and suspended. ‘There is a sense of precariousness and fragility around the large lead objects hanging in the space, with a potential for movement a constant presence’ – this I can confirm. I don’t know if I can walk through this labyrinthic landscape, it invites me in, but as if with a warning. Even without touching there is a tactility to this

material, shapes and surfaces have been worked by hands and tools – a hammer for instance – and various machines. To lift, hold, turn. Touch is present. Body and weight, malleability and stability, elasticity and strength.

The marks from teeth biting. (The feeling of biting into it.)

The last sculpture (or in the way I visited the exhibition it was actually the first) is on the ground floor, and it is a monumental, closed lead curtain. I don’t know if it is along a wall or if it is closing off the space, like a massive theatre curtain. The grain and soft shades from the fold of the thick fabric, the shine and patina of (grey) velvet – it seemed impossible to comprehend, necessary to go up close, (not to) touch and feel. It’s almost like an optical illusion, except that it works not only with the eye and what the eye sees, relative to the space, light and expectations. These sculptures are taken in with the body, as if through the skin or pores, the sense of shapes and weight, touching without touching, a tactile sensation that makes us relate the body with the material in space. The sculptures, what they are, how they look, their composition in space, how they are made, shaped, pressed and pulled, formed and moulded, their matt colour and cold soft textures – all of this speaks – and is inextricable from the material they are made of.

Materials and composition.

Materials speak a language of their own. They propose and give, they have needs and limits. Wool says something different than paper. Leather, cotton, copper, iron, wood, plastic, cardboard, latex, glass, colour, light – different textures, densities, qualities, capacities and potentials – movements, bodies, rhythm, silence, voice, words, space, time.

The park and streets outside the museum are covered in a white blanket of wet, heavy snow. The two bronze lions guarding the museum entrance, grasping their front paws around each of their flagpoles, they are either unearthing them or simply holding on. It’s not very cold and already beginning to get dark. I pick up snow from the top of a parked car and press and shape the snow with my hands making a snowball the size of an orange. Wet snow is best for making snowballs. When the snow is dry and fluffy, it doesn’t come together, doesn’t hold. Adding water to the snow can make it turn into ice.

For a long time I have tried to get hold of a copy of one of the Afterall One Works publication series of American artist David Hammons *Bliz-aard Ball Sale* by Elena Filipovic. The work from 1983 was an unannounced street action where the artist acted as a salesman and displayed a tidy composition of sculptural objects made of snow – snowballs – in various sizes, laid out on a rug. As sculptures they are as ephemeral as a performance. The book in question seems to be either out of stock or sold second hand at a very high price. Appropriate perhaps for a book that ‘collects a vast oral history of the ephemeral work, uncovering rare images and documents, and giving us singular insight into an elusive artist who has made an art of making himself difficult to find.’

One can approach materials in many ways. Direct and indirect. Physical and non-physical. Visible or felt. In my own work, I think about material not so much in its importance as such, as *what* material, but in what it makes possible, what it makes us do, what it opens as reflections, experiences and sensations. It is an ongoing dialogue, what we are working *with* – moulding, folding, stretching, pushing, pulling, bending, shaping, lifting, pressing – in order for something else to exist. To see, feel and listen.

I like to return to British artist Ian White’s ideas and formulations of limit as material. ‘Those invisible or unstated conditions for the experience of art which could potentially be made explicit, and therefore negotiated and contested.’ Limit is everyone’s material and it is always there.

AAAAHHH ~ BODIES

.....

.....I have it.
.....I'll be in the thymus gland...
.....they echo...
.....]

..... hey, I'm not a thief. . .
.....we see...
.....in works
.....]

..... d' d' d' d' hypothesise .
.....
.....and the word is 'epiphany'....

.....last night.
.....and it's a cat and.... .
(Sappho)

Dearest. Rests of dears. Dears&tears ~ resonance of affections. Traces of you. Dearest [*en douce*] and your endurance. Your no-end-to-dance! & what can dance be? What else? The endless dances. The ones that transform, that translate. That continue. That take you by the hand. And ask you to. Read. Write and ride. With will&wonder. To bend your body. To reach with tender hands. To trace spaces and times. To scribble and caress. With the hoax that makes things hum along. The breath and belly are the softest ground. When on the backside of the neck purple folds are flowering. Fluid folds. Ripples. Roars of silent laughter. Intimate insistence. Insist&dance. Give peace a chance. And leave unnoticed [*en douce*]. A narrow escape. Leave a few exclusive affinities. With secrecy. An aid for the endless lover's night. Operating on the sly [*en douce*]. Taking orders from no one.

Dance.

You don't know if you believe that 'intelligent', 'person', or 'world' are operative terms or concepts. Who is coming? Becoming? Who are we? Who walks among the trees? Who is the tree? Who is completely lost? Who is beyond saving? Over whose grave is grass growing? Who breathes with the stones? Whose thirsts are with the earth? Who dreams ? ~ The dreams, they come. They come upstream. They turn to the river and raise their arms.

Who are you when you dream?

Interwoven. Part of dances. Part of spaces. Partial. In different times. Different momentums. Their shapes

and forms. Their colours. Their flickering. Their different vibrations and textures. Countless reflections. Shades. Multiples. As part of darkness, they are always in the making. Immersed in a black environment, selves&others. Skin folds over the eyes. Eyelids float as soft tiny shells on the eyeballs. Nerve fibers take root in the back of the heads. There, at the edges of civilisation. There, where the old memories lie. There, with the remains of reptile brains. With the root fibers and their little streams. Where all forms are woven and formed. Of these worldings for instance. With which you move and walk. On the soles of your feet. The reflex points of the eyes are between the round tip of the third toe and the ball of the foot. From there, the eyes blink and watch your path. Little pulsing sensors. As the eyeballs continue to slide and swim higher in the hollows. Just that they don't splash when they're up there swinging and rolling around like that. Small&delicate. Thin shells that rest on the slippery balls and soothe them.

When torrents want to flow out of them.

When the stairwell across the street is on fire. When flames engulf five floors and are slowly gnawing on the sixth. When tongues of fire-eaten curtains protrude from black, charred windows with no glass. When you know that an entire courtyard is covered with multiple layers of ash, glass, plastic and metal shards. When projectiles burst all matter. When there is no place in the ground to bury your loved ones. When these songs take shape with darkness. Infused with light and red with blood. When everything is ruined and yet remains. When the extent to which the 'I' is spared&left aside. When something is threatened within that is outside of it. When 'I' abruptly becomes another. Struck by a catastrophe. If the 'I' were there. Were more than emergent traces of parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and all times. & everything that is part. Of the war machine. The infiniteness of threat has broken through the boundaries. The leaking edges of catastrophe are making their way into the future. We are on the edge or in the midst of its threat. & all the formulations intervene with it in relation to what to come.

Learn another way.

You are imbued with the idea that capitalism not only means war, but wants war. Capitalism knows how to do its violence elsewhere. You are part of this. Capitalised. Against war. But how? Data from 1970 to 2000 shows that trade has a dual effect on the propensity to go to war. For any given pair of countries,

the more trade the countries do with each other, the more likely these two countries are to be at peace with each other. The more trade with third countries, the less likely they are to be at peace. Bilateral trade reduces the incidence of bilateral wars; multilateral trade increases it. ~ Arms stretched out wide. Eyes closed. A bright nausea breaks through your body. Itchy skin all over. Racing hearts. Sprouts of longing stretching from the inside out. A helix winds through various plateaus. Round slices of the world. Different states of war. Different levels. A war-like situation unfolds: a street. Houses and gardens. We hide so we won't get taken away. We have come to terms with the situation. It is our daily life. Somewhere outside, soup is still being distributed. You curl up on the edge of the street. Your blanket is a curtain. The window is a screen. You wrap a veil around yourself, like a cocoon. You are not really invisible, but perhaps inconspicuous.

At the margins.

On this star-shaped square. Six different streets. One narrow, shady, full of whispers. The other has taken the shape of the gently winding river that has flowed beneath it for several hundred years. Uneven. Unbroken house yet. A kind of peace here. At the end of the western street, a tree is trying to bloom. There, a golden sun descends. Under the edge of the world, it is pushed. Go to the other side. You sit in this square. Two streets at your back. You cannot see them. Yet you know of the brothel on the corner. Of the betting office next to it. Another street, invisible, without a name, there, in this star-shaped square. You meet your two brothers here. From time to time you settle in the place to make them be heard clearly and directly. They are dead as long as you are alive. Like many other of your brothers and sisters. Even those who prepare the future and sometimes let you participate in it. In front of you lies a notebook in bright shining blue.

Floral patterns.

Nothing explodes like a book. B o o k, not bookkeeping. Not the laborious holding together of a wholeness finally achieved. But the loud, silent shattering which would not take place without it, would not arise. The lightning-like denial of the plausible. You slip between the leaves of this book. Of all books. Their rustling noisy songs. Their hissings. Wings of rapid angels. Ocean waves. Your ear very close. All open. Sharpened, like a pencil. Pearly traces. Shimmering. Tracing words like shell bodies. Tracing them, on unknown ground. Along the broken walls. The ruins. The roaring water. The churning liquids. The bundles of crashing waves. The shimmer of water sings something like languages. Ghostly excitements under the skin. Shells.

Words, shaped by the river.

You take them up with your tongues and give them to me to play with. Our laughter lights up the darkness. Today we are of the same kind as those to whom we give the names of the games. We grope our way into strangeness, searching for lines of kinship. Lines of

flight. We too are among the up to two hundred fleeing people who arrive anew every day. Who arrive anew every night. The two thousand. The two million. The countless beings. Who set out to find a better life. A separation between us and them is fictitious. Is a fiction based on grammar. On a certain order with which some try to control time and space. We need hygiene kits, bags of toothbrushes and personal hygiene products in small sizes. These can be dropped off daily between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.. We are looking for shelters, places to sleep. We need to protect our bodies from some men. We need to change into this dream. Become this dream in which we arrive. We are the time of disaster and decay. But not only. We need the other of us in all ways. We are other-than-human. Close your eyes, you say, and open my hands. They are part of blankets. Part of feathers. Part of food and papers. Of donations. Part of corruptions&weapons. They are another country. They give themselves to the movements, to investigate.

Why are we here?

Our bodies, liquid threads. Weaving devices, humble gifts. Offerings of friendship, of love. Torn by storms. Beset and penetrated. Intimate ecologies. In the exercise of not rejecting the earth. And so not rejecting us. We belong to her. The earth. You earth. You rare earth. You computer earthling. Blind and dazzled. Wasted in the digital light. Pixelated. But even here&with these non-human parts of the world ~ there is a place with much beauty. And grotesques. Of blurs, of instincts. Gentleness and wildness. Of trembling emanations. Of peace and struggle, as earthlings do. In brief moments of contempt: human, what is it? And how can we sample the incomprehensible soul of other lives?

It can be good.

As connections between moons and suns. Between unknown planets. What we call senses, touch the different consistencies all around. Connect with the different charges. Being invited. To be in charge. The density of bones is also a spatial structure. Countless times turned inside out. Matter and space, surrounded by fibers and fascia, permeated by fluids&nutrients. Sense of temperature, sense of smell, sense of sound. All these senses are contact. Are practices of encounter. Of movement. They pulsate. Desires circulate at their edges. Early summer on the skins. The sea is a friend. Catastrophes are catastrophic. Paradise is such a lonely place that we are doomed anyway. But at the meeting point of its rivers, the horizon is always expanded.

In the courtyard, the sun is casting shadows on glowing roses.

Traces of shared attentions. Its liquids. A situation of breathing. Of an approximate space. Of an extended density. A poem. A dancing poem. Expanded poetry. Something that defies structure from the start. What would that look like? It makes one think of all the dead ends and experienced failures. Of collaborations

haunted by adversity. By irritations. Of relationships, movements, and uprisings. Of revolutions coming about through resonance, not contagion. Of connections. With the Mediterranean. The Middle East. With the sea. Nothing is grounded. Vast expanses of land cover clandestine mobility. The skies are full of aluminium. Subterranean floods break forth. The world is essentially silent. On this continent called Europe. Surrounded by its militarised deadly border. Dependent and locked into turbo-capitalist chains. In the obscurity of the brains the ocean of triumph brays. Peace movements. Micro-movements. Crises. Never ending alienations. And shifts. Barely perceptible from the outside. Insisting on commonalities. On connections.



That seems to raise questions about form.

About how we weave. How we live. How we inform spaces to get informed. & who lived? There? Whose hands were pure? Who shone at night? Is spirit for other spirits? Who cries&sings? Who laughs? Who is alive and lost the key to the house? Who has no bed? Who are the children? The silver traces of shadows? Who is challenged by contemplation? In the hustle and bustle of the days. ~ Words miss what they signify. What is said is constantly measured against the unformuable by which these words are secretly borne. Attention, that means caring for and about other (things). Space. Time. Weight. Chance. Pattern. The dead and the unborn. All of this, too, is part of the world. Are forces waiting for answers.

Intense in their manifold demands.

Dreaming. Of an academy in the outer courtyards. Arcades, projected into the future. Poetry and futures from below. Everything incomplete. & the perfect joy of ‘not-me’. Watching the others. Feeling them create, generate. Seeing things being composed together that no one could have done alone. Between us and beyond us. Through time. Appearances and disappearances of matter. Of mother. Of father. Of parenthood. Of care. We practise. Exquisite, radical, mindful openness. We dress in dances. We act covertly and in secret. We create and witch in many ways. We practise becoming critical critters. Queer feminist aggregates. What might be and how? We choreograph slipping out of the embraces of single-gender, single-language practices.

Creating spaces and assemblies. For phenomena. Eidetism, for example: to move in the hallucinatory fields and project unconscious images. Miracles. Encounters. Lines that meet and cross. Which, when they cross, form a light and instantaneous point. So light, so instantaneous. More like a mystery. No sooner do you talk about it than you talk about nothing.

Write.

Here. With us. With time. Activities&agencies form secret string figures. *Diamonds, Candles, Cat Eyes*. We practise. *Gentle Winds* and *Magic Frames*. Figures and states to stay in touch. Even if we have to dive deep under. We bed ourselves in not/being. Trying to become black. We look for friends to help to remind us. Some of the patterns resemble stars&movements. We practise relationships, by talking&listening. By sharing: dancing ~ reading ~ writing. Bodies&dances. Landscapes. Touching. Yielding. Lifting or simply paying attention to each other. Developing languages with humble gestures. Leaps and turns. Referencing. Translating. Permeating. Fanning out. Making circles. Crosses. Knots. Waves. Feelers. Connected to the earth in every way. We don’t make it a sanctuary, not even for us. Not even for the time of our stay. In fact, why not?

Entanglements again and again.

Slowdown of thinking to cause slowing down of categories&cognition. Thinking ~ not to understand. There are as many commitments as practices. Encounters that transform you and don’t just add up to what you think and pretend to be. The way we interact with textures is the way we root ourselves so as not to get lost. Learning means being vulnerable and not knowing. Disobedience is fresh air. Political urgency can also be met with deceleration. Sometimes we know how to change the patterns. Other times, there is no moving on. Then we have to start again almost from scratch. Below zero. Without a category. Cold, bright nights. Rediscovering freedom&unfiltered joy. Embracing seriousness and play again and again. Finding kinship in noticing details. In the stories of abandonment and orphanhood. In the shadows of the past. Their harbingers. Our attempts to interpret. To visualise. To accept traces of time. The hauntings of betrayals and persecutions.

How to deal with perpetration?

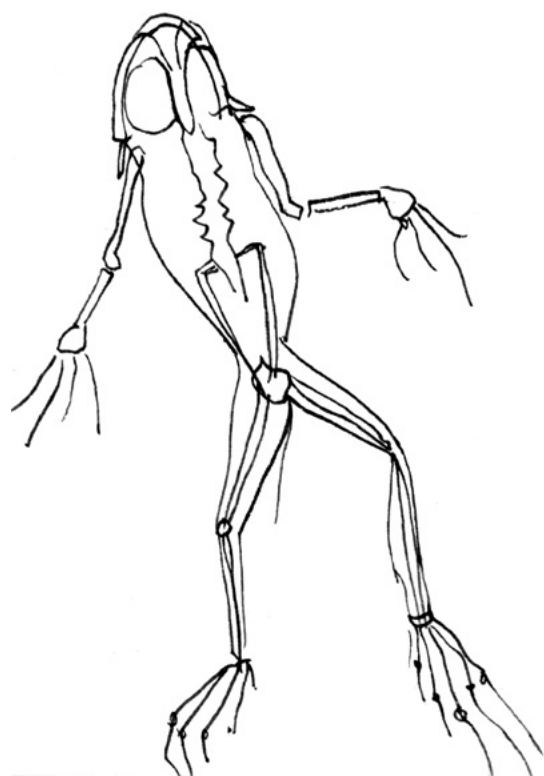
This trembling. This being witness. This peculiar, active existence, full of factors. Dreaming? Dancing? Writing? Only poetry supports a heart longing for peace. Longing to practise care. To practise dance. With regard to all bodies as articulating and listening agencies. Longing to practise the social. Remembering, processing and imagining. Exchanging responsibilities and possibilities. For recompositions of meaning. In these poems. Cast your spells and keep on dancing. Keep on writing. Rewrite. Redance. Dance&Write beyond. Your ways. Responding to your communities. Condense the lines. Let them meet. Knot. Confuse.

Get lost. Entangle. Pull on a thread. Begin to untangle meanings. Do it again. And again. Rest. And Rest. Dear, & how to continue? How to weave? How to be forgiven? Branches with flowers to breathe. Till you find fire-water and gifts for the Scorpio woman. She who gives strength and flexibility. She, who combines water and fire. She, who activates roots. And clears what is painfully stored in the depths of the pelvis. In the pit. From black blood. To salvage the dark gold. The colourful carpets & tactile textures. Her fierce tender healings. Who offer education. Show what can be. Models and guesses of possibilities. She, who hexes&offers sensitive support. For the potential of joy. The liveliness with all bodies. The dying. The mourning. All that is good for oracle practices and story sharing. Good for community care and solitudes. The procrastination of a thought, for example. Putting it off as long as possible. To then dance in that gap. To rest there. To breathe again. To pause when thoughts bubble up. To write them down. And continue to plant a patience practice through writing&unwriting time&space.

You are not alone, have never been alone.

In the wonderful, delicious company of:

- * Etel Adnan, *Die See*, 2012
- * Maurice Blanchot, *Die Schrift des Desasters, Genozid und Gedächtnis*, 2005
- * Hélène Cixous, *White Ink*, 2008
- * Hélène Cixous, *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*, 1993
- * Alix Eynaudi, unpublished correspondences, 2018
- * Donna Haraway, *Staying with the trouble*, 2016
- * Stefano Harney, Fred Moten, *Eine Poetik der Undercommons*, 2019
- * Stefano Harney, Fred Moten, www.minorcompositions.info
- * Mark Harrison, ‘Capitalism at War’, 2011
- * Nadeshda Suchorukova, *#mariupol* Facebook post, 19 March 2022
- * Sebastian de Line, ‘A Generous and Troubled Chthulucene: Contemplating Indigenous and Tranimal Relations in (Un)settled Worldings’, *Graduate Journal of Social Science*, 2018
- * Clarice Lispector, *Eine Lebre oder das Buch der Lüste*, 1974
- * Anne Dufourmantelle, *Power of Gentleness*, 2018
- * Fred Moten, ‘Lecture on Hesitant Sociology’, 2022
- * Maggie Nelson, *On Freedom*, 2021
- * Marlene NourbeSe Philip, www.nourbese.com
- * Sappho, www.inamidst.com/stuff/sappho
- * Patti Smith, *Woolgathering*, 2011
- * Sandra Ruiz, Hypatia Vourloumis, ‘Formless Formation’ blog post, 1 May 2021



Breakfast with the bees, seven hours after the moon waxed full. In stages of dilapidation: courtyard and interior are both the same when the roof is blown out and wooden door jambs exposed.

Insertions / Incentives. Is that a waterfall or an air conditioner? What goes into a workshop at one end of a week and what comes out at the other?

~ Beginning in a position of rest.

Notebook-writings like pearls and coral. What are *they* writing in their own notebooks, those people sitting over there? Bees fly in and out of a hole in the wall. They form a crust around its opening.

~ She begins moving, with and on the concrete ground, close to the branch of a rose bush.

There are patches of grass growing out of this concrete ground. Were they planted or are they weeds? The question in the end is one of intervention. The audience – ticket-holders – on cushions with notebooks.

~ A man in white waters the weeds.

~ A shape is made on and with the ground.

Who is planted and who is workshopped and who is a paying ticket-holder? There are those looking and those looked at. Those taking notes and those being noted.

I can see one through the opening of the brick wall, beneath the exposed wooden door jamb. People move as they want to see more, and others follow until they form a crust around the doorway opening, like the bees around the hole in the wall. But I am an obedient audience member. I do not like to move unless invited, and then often even less – I like to be the immobile eye.

~ Alix steps through the bricked entranceway, trying and failing to hook a blanket on a forgotten rusty hook still protruding from the wall. Sometimes you can make do with what is there, but sometimes it doesn't quite work.

These actions could be prompts for writing, but they are also prompts for thoughts to begin to move.

~ The concrete ground is support for a blue chalk line, marking out a crack in its surface. Manmade

or natural? Tracing this line with the hand in blue. A topography of ground, feet, shoes.

~ An insertion of spoken word flows around these movements and forms a pitch above the building machinery at work in the background.

What is the quality of these specific movements? Of being in your body? Of strength and flexibility? What is the quality of *her* movements, snap snap, as she comes lolloping in, flat-footed. The proximity of axe to tree, of tree to tree-stump.

~ She holds a pose, a crouch. She attaches herself in a creepy manner.

~ A burst of sound, humming, singing from a mezzanine rooftop. Is this harmonisation or accident? Reading, singing, Sharon Olds. An Aria.

What will be caught in this net? Words? Gestures? Thoughts?

~ Skeins of silk collapse into a heap.

'*Was macht sie?*' asks a small child's voice. And again, a refrain, '*was macht sie?*'

~ That flopping shoe sound. An artificial eye. A transmitter. *Welt Empfänger*.

No performers in here now, we are left looking at each other, the ticket-holders. Smiling, connected now, we look right into each other's faces. The workshop is delivered.

~ What is *she* doing back there, through the open doorway, with her mobile artificial eye, her shoes flapping loudly as she walks?

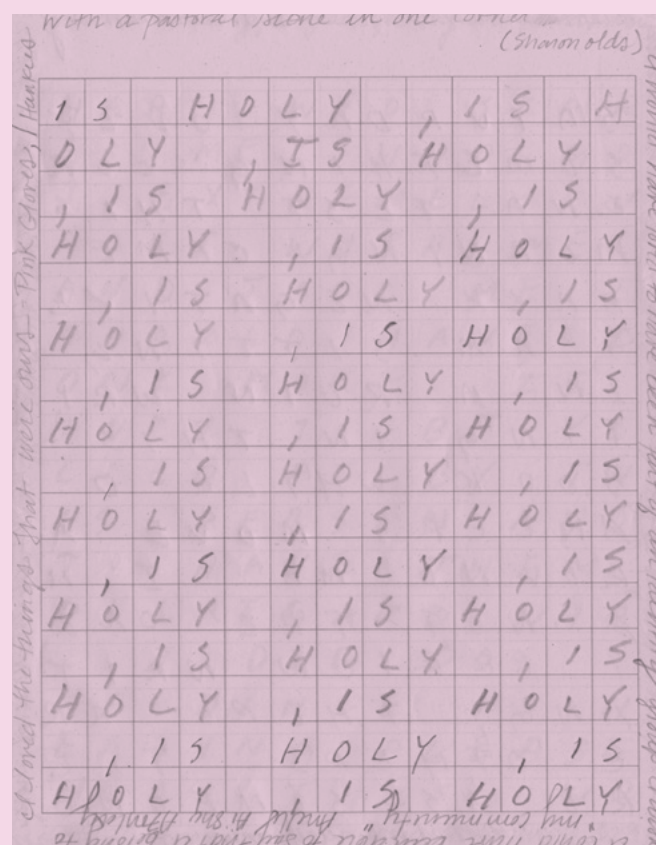
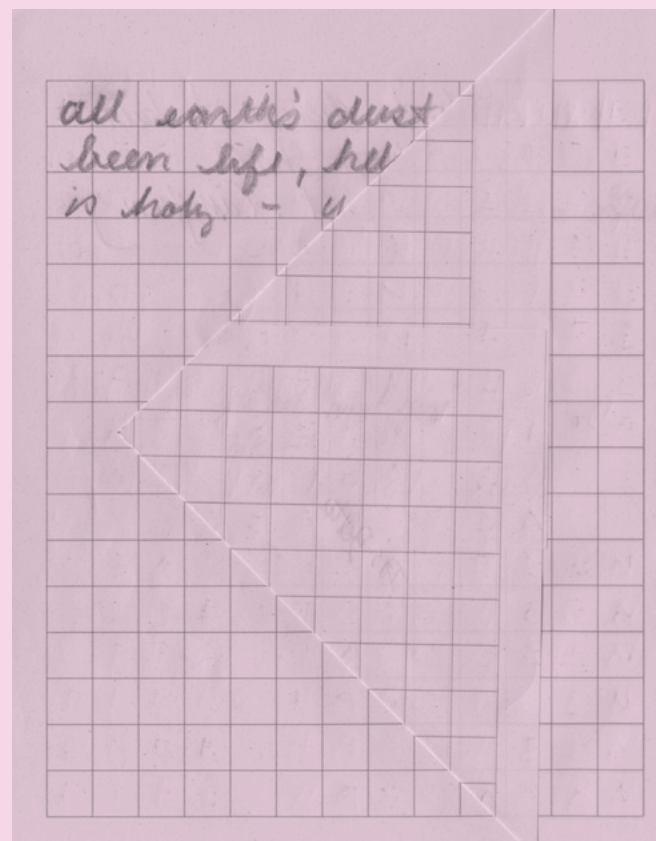
~ A broom sweeps with hard bristles, water pours into a plastic watering can.

'*Was macht sie?*'

The man kneeling in front of me on the concrete ground, with his son, is drawing the wooden owl in pencil in his notebook.

~ Words emerge from behind the wall. ~ Long enough for the moon to be mine' ~ 'I don't know what it is to be seen.' ~ 'Worked down to the meaty heart.' ~ 'I'll save myself and you, and you.'

A small boy calls out her name: 'Alix!' The soft borders open up, turning into conversation.



ASTROPOETRY #2
FROM THE GARDEN OF VOLKSKUNDEMUSEUM

16th was the day Mary died
that was Monday, today is Friday
20 November 2020

outside
outside
outside

& all the reasons for
& pressures & stresses

what is worth what and
who decides for whom?

far away a dance theatre
(theatre built for dance)
caught on fire

here outside

in the innerhof of the museum/
once upon a time 300-year-old baroque garden
palais
formerly famous for its tulip collection
and later (but still a long time ago) a
Liebhabertheater
which i(mis)understood to mean a Loverstheatre

the trees are not the colour of fire

but a yellow green

& lacking the adequate language to describe – they flutter and fall in the wind

the sound, their sound picks up and tapers off
& picks up again

are they aspens?
another type of poplar?
something similar with a flat stem for quaking in
the wind?

the wind

A friend once told me
her mother told her
the Viennese are so granitig, grumpy
because of the wind

The sun is out!

The words before were behind a cloud but these words are written on a brighter page and with a stronger gust of wind the 'not the colour of fire' trees become louder

Actually I've seen green fire before

In my father's foundry on days
when metal will be poured the furnace
must run for hours
to get the flame hot
enough to melt the
bronze bricks into a lava

Maybe an hour, maybe less, before
the pouring can begin
the flame becomes
green

a mystical green
not so dissimilar from these quaking
'not and could be the colour of fire' leaves

it's quiet now, the wind has died down, and
the tree sound as well

i'm even a little bit warm
bright light!

7 degrees was the temperature I've prepared for
and my wool
fingerless
gloves
have become itchy

always a good sign because when one is cold
it's too consuming
to feel the itch

the dance takes place inside
recorded rather than performed live

2020's reality of the Covid hamster wheel

this is a Quim-ism (who is performing upstairs)

all discussions come back to the wheel but we can decide to get off

in this new lockdown light I am outside instead of inside as a compromise and result of the stress that has been percolating from my partner's job in a shelter where many are sick...

solidarity questions flabbergast me these days.\

and the sun is back behind a cloud

an all-consuming dark grey cloud mass has
entered stage left
as the blue sky exits stage right

It is dramatic!

SECOND ACT

The gloves lose their itch

My friend's mother believes Vienna's wind irritates its residents, causing the often commented upon grumpiness of the Viennese

Thank god_dess the wall of grey travelling from
stage right is moving at a good clip and more blue
sky is waiting to make its entrance

My guess is that in 3 minutes from now there will be sun again
it's becoming more like 5

Now! 12.45
bright, bright light

Another big grey mass is approaching out of the wing stage right
12.47 it is once again a wall of grey up above

Today I saw the astrology advice to not question people's reasoning today and be sure to go to bed early

Astrology's everything this week is said to be leading up to December's triple Eclipses and the Jupiter Saturn Great Conjunction which will be in a month's time

Shed your skin,
let go of old habits
and stay flexible to surprises is the common
advice

21 December 2020 will be a once in a lifetime event
when the planets Saturn and Jupiter align so close to earth
they will appear to be a double planet to the naked eye

The last time Jupiter and Saturn conjuncted like this was in 1623!

That was before the Palais Schönborn aka
Volkskundemuseum was built

Before the building stood here
it might have been farmland
or just land that belonged more to the plants and
animals

than to an aristocratic family's construction

21 December 2020 is also being celebrated as

‘the official beginning of the Age of Aquarius!’

(Remember the film *Hair* and Twyla Tharp choreography in Central Park?
That dance was for this moment
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N9oq_IskRIg)

After 200 years of Capricorn we enter 200 of Aquarius

This switch is said to be away from hierarchy and towards cooperation

Poem #5

IN THE EYE OF I

In the eye of I
They say that I doesn't make sense if the word
stands on its own.

|||| i i i i i |||| | | | | ||| ||| ||| ||||| | | |. 0

A forest of compiled I's
I of is is of I
Inness Interactivity of the self.
The yo of the I
The beholder inside the transcription,
Between the spaces that we have created for
ourselves.

We are born within language,
Language allowed us to be born, to be there, to
stay here
There is no possibility of I without language,
Without words
—people speak of the wood wide web
The wood wide web
The word wide web
We, a forest of words
And intricate matter of grammatical senses

We, the others, we who understand the I in the you
 You equals to *yo en español*
Yo (u) you – uuu YO(u)

El imposible país de la Ñ
The impossible country of the Ñ

And we dance in the space, we keep still,
We keep it still...
We allow for the fog to come because there is no
space for silence
Toes and nails
Toes and nails intertwined in what I am supposed
to be
The I that I perform
The I that I don't know
The never understandable Descartes
Inflated thoughts of the XVIII century and Europe
And lights and Europe and you
The possibility of knowledge can only be in the
subject. I

1

Lacan separates truth from knowledge
Knowledge from work
—complete opposites—not intersected

Truth not knowledge
Non-knowledge

non-truth truth
The unconscious performs the truth
We cannot know the truth,
we are impaired
The barred subject, the S and the I

We, as I,
Unable to hear the oneiric words of the world
On—e—iris
Iris of the I
Is ignorance non-knowledge?
There is no work in the grasping of truth.

No matter how restrictive the state is.
I can never remember what he was saying.
What she was saying?
What was Lacan saying?
What did Lacan say?
Were we just butterflies stuck somewhere?
Trying to fly?
We keep bending, standing, smiling, faking,
Plus 98 plus 99 plus 97.
Hidden in our personal words of words.
Cabizbajos
Encountering the other but never really touching
Never really understanding.
And we jump.

Do you remember?
It seems that no one remembers
Not even my psychoanalyst.
He is already dead,
Lacan is now a lack of words – an accumulation
of dead material.

You ask me for the dream of today,
How was your night I asked
Scrambled eggs?, you replied.
People are asking about the dream of today, the
dream of the day
And I think of lakes and mangroves
Of unfinished hoops and the campesino
The campesino that was guiding us, the two of us.
We haven't met like this since childhood.
You were there as when we would shower
together and laugh and run in the living room for
your brother to watch us.
It happened in the frame.

Inscribed in the blouse of the other, the dancer,
the one that moves close to me
Inscribed in....
blues and greens, blues and green and shapes of
no repair

Entering/Escaping/Steps and sounds
Proximity of silences and silence

It was in Quito, in the city of Quito
Qui-to
Quit-o

Malaysia and Indonesia where the interlopes
The building machines, the constructors of meaning
'It should be eradicated' dictates the man sitting next to a duck
Performative syndrome
The naming of the syndrome was in itself a syndrome.
A cracking of the floor, an impossible mirror
A parallel of words and movements
And we slip
We surrender to the translucent capacity of the sky.

Sociality is a syndrome.
Can anyone dare mention a syndrome, a symptom?

Who is the crazy within you?
Who the chance? Who the potential?
Where the dream of whose reality?
Quadriqular disorder.

My mother used to carry me, how warm that felt
But there is something wrong there
An uncanniness inscribed in the memory
The speak about incest
In-cest
I—est
25 plus 26 plus 30 equals 34 plus 35
Is our unconsciousness promoted by the Cartesian numbers?
This profound sense of lostness
O f d r. lf. T iiiiing
Driiiiiiiiffftiiiiiiiing
As an astronaut: could you allow me to enter your levitating bubble?
May I see the stars that you see inscribed in the wall?

The shape of I in English,
It is more real, more lonely, more solitary
As opposed to my usual 'yo'
My lost yo, my Spanish-speaking self
Yo I yo
I is not what I understand
The subject is always barred, always doomed
No hope in the 'rescuing' of the unconscious
Unconscious possibilities of nothing
The light, the dark
The say that there are still possibilities in the light?
Is it right?
Is the I conformed by light?
Is this right?

Delusion syndrome. A perfective disorder.
All aspects of their experience are internalised.

Behaviours of other individuals.

There is no point in continuing
The connection between writing and dancing
And the I?
I wish I could forget the I
And become in combination with the world
With the others
With the nothing
For there to be space and silence and space and silence
But the clacking comes and the rolling and the recording.
Action
Action
Action
Capabilities of understanding the remedies
Systemic delicia
There is no point to keep on writing.
The void of plagiarism
Automatic terminology
Phobia is the condition to be in an understandable connection with the self.

(Lights in the room to an empty chair)
The idea that everything will go well.
The need to follow rules
Impossible to find the I
Impossibility to be I
I in I
I I I I I ay ay ay ay
I
I I. I. I. I. I. There is a point inscribed after the I has a space,
Later paranoia.
We experience ourselves as thoughts
A letter from Albert Einstein
We experience ourselves as thoughts
Traumatic terminology of the self.
The liberation of the self is the only possibility of happiness
To be out of the word happiness,
To be equal to 57 to 63 to 67
The floor presents diagonal lines of non-truth
And there is a sound of your steps
That I interpret as part of my occurrences, of my possibilities of my my my

My my world my word
My space and it is surrounded by the desires to be here, to be seen
To exist, to have meaning, to express that which is not there yet and to feel the noises
Of those who were before us, behind us, before you, to escape the possibility of being...

And silence... please!

Poem #5

RECORD OF LIMINAL THOUGHTS
AND OTHER MOVEMENTS #2

It is morning and I am sitting in my room. The room is at street level and I have pulled down the blinds, so that the people cannot see directly into it, when they come down the street. On one side of the window they are completely down, on the other only half way. In this half open 20 × 40 cm square light falls in and I see a section of the world outside. With this light the blue sky and the bare winter trees become visible. The cars. The people passing by.

When I close my eyes and open them again very slowly, a similar effect happens. A horizontal split slowly stretches open and becomes roundish. It is a kind of organic shape I have no word for. A shape that opens up. An extended slit, like the cuts by Lucio Fontana. Here, however, I don't find the word *slit* fitting so well. I associate *slit* with a painful sharpness. This here is rather the experience of an opening, a stretching. The bending of a line or the stretching of a circle. A form that flows, deforms, and thus reveals the world in a certain way, *because* of the form, and *with* the form.

Once again, I close and open my eyes slowly. The light falls into my eyes and connects with my optic nerves. These meander within the eye muscles separately through the respective eye sockets, until they cross each other in the *chiasma opticum*. Chiasma means 'crossing', from the Greek χιάζω, 'to mark with an X.' This naming comes from the description of the shape as we humans perceive it. In the depth of our head, behind our jaws appears the shape of an X.

An X similar to the one with which people are asked to sign when they cannot write their name with the letters that are familiar and identifiable to us.

The journey through Morocco in the course of the project 'possession & poetry'² was an experience of encountering a country whose languages I could neither grasp through the sounds of spoken words nor in writing. Neither through similarities of sound, nor through similarities of signs. The writing, its ornamentation and geometry touched me at times so much that I wanted to cry. I love the writing and the sound of these languages, the Arabic بَعَّ بَعْلًا دُغْلًا and the Tamazight 'ⵜⴰⵎⴰⵣⵉⵔⵜ' of the Berber languages. With my little school French, we were able to get by somehow. On the long journey by public bus from

Ouarzazate to Tangier over the Atlas Mountains, the bus once stopped longer at a station with a small market where we could freshen up and stretch our feet a bit. When we left, an old man was sitting at the bus door. He had a piece of paper and a pen in his hand. It seemed like he was recording every person who got back on the bus. He was a bit excited, seemed nervous, and I had the impression that he was trying to keep track of the number of passengers, despite the crowded entrance. While the bus was slowly moving off, he walked through the aisle. Again with an important attitude, with paper and pen in hand, he made his notes. Some of the passengers laughed, with him, at him – it was not entirely clear. When the man with his wrinkled face and sharp gaze appeared in front of our seats and made a small scribble with a big gesture in his notebook, it was suddenly clear that he was imitating something. That he was not a conductor or controller, but imitating one with somewhat erratic aplomb. As if he somehow knew that simply the very gesture of writing would give him authority and status, and deceive as best he could about his mental confusion. At the same time, I had the impression that this noting calmed him. The marking and disposal of an excitement. Marking an excitement that leaves a trace.

Perhaps my writing is anchored in the passing on of an excitement.

I have a recurring dream in which characters that I cannot place clearly and are continuously moving are like handles in motion in a bottomless space. There, where I stagger over the abyss, the lines of words somehow hold me. Vanishing terms become threads that support me. Help me between thinking and unthinking – grasping. Like catching the wind made by the movement of the arm. I translate it into my mother tongue. Mixed with my breath, the wind and the smell interfuse my lungs. Hearing footsteps behind me. The song of wood. Creaking. Growling. What is writing? An inscription, an imprint? A record of a vibration? A soundless dialogue?

Anne Frank began her diary as a private expression of her thoughts and feelings, which no one was actually allowed to read. She stressed this over and over again. On 29 March 1944, however, she changed her plan when she heard that the Minister of Education, Arts and Science of the Dutch government in exile, after the end of the

war spoke about wanting to publicly document the oppression of the Dutch under the German occupation. As much everyday material as possible – letters, diaries, etc. – was to contribute to this. Anne liked this idea, so she prepared her diary for publication. In May, she began to revise her entries. She removed and changed some sections that she felt were uninteresting or too intimate for the public. In addition, she now addressed all entries uniformly to her imaginary friend Kitty, who had been her contact since the entries of Part Two, in November 1942.³

My mother gave this book to me. And although I was very young it moved me very much. Inspired by Anne Frank, I started to write and my diary became my imaginary friend at the age of eleven. I loved to withdraw into the blank pages of the book, to listen to the space between the words, along the lines of my fountain pen. My lines of flight started with: ‘Dear diary, ...’ I tried to write down what I had no words for. Or only those that – as it seemed to me – only I understood. Then, five years later, I experienced my first love with someone with whom I did not share a common language.

Perhaps every book is a kind of diary. A day and night book. That’s why they are always soothing and exciting. Even more so, because they usually feel good in one’s hand. They smell in a variety of ways. If there are books, I want to touch them. Touching is acting and reacting at the same time. Touching attracts and pushes. It is a pushing and pushing away, an inclination and aversion, it connects the rhythm of the outside and the inside, that of nourishing and excreting, of the own and the non-own.⁴ Even if I touch books just briefly, they immediately seduce me to breathe with them in a different time. I flip through them, stop randomly to catch a word. To get an impression. A brief taste. A brief exchange of minds. An enthusiasm. My fingertips once again are touched by those papers, those remnants of trees pressed into white rectangles and bleached to make the black letters glow (as if each letter were a letter addressed specifically to you, to me). Each of these paper pages feels different. The papillary ridges on the undersides of each of my fingers with their 700 touch and pressure receptors leave their invisible imprints between these pages. From somewhere there the word ‘innocence’ came to me and lodged itself between my cerebral convolutions and tickled awake William Blake’s *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. This flesh becomes my ink. ‘In my Blakean Year’ sings Patti Smith. This ink is her song.

My skin smells of leather and I am writing sdrawkcab. I am afraid of this formless writing. What is formless writing? It is a ‘Poem to the Sea’.⁵ Perhaps something like a rush to escape oneself, to glide into an expanse. I can’t even

make my writing illegible with this machine. Is the discomfort to be forgotten? The nervousness? The restlessness? And would that be desirable? Is this sea an ideal sea? Don’t we rather want an ‘Aqua Viva’?⁶ Alive, flowing, with different vortices? Attempting to form this sound into a word. To transform it into a traumatic song. A song of spooky innocence, of uncanny ignorance. It becomes visible. It is sensitive. It’s on and under the skin. It is sweating. The sweaty words under the skin. The pounding of the heart. The silence between the pounding.

When words leave our bodies and become material. When they sweep into the light, they are still anchored in the silence, in obscure darkness. ‘To write, you have to be humble,’ says H       Cixous in an interview with Peter Engelmann, ‘because the world overwhelms us. The world is unknown. We live in the unknown. We cannot say anything about tomorrow. That is why we write into the darkness.’⁷ It saturates surfaces from there. Let’s, like a mole, create mounds. Writing is always material. Always connected with the earth, with something from our planet. Clay, iron, aluminium, silicone, rare earths. There they rest, the ghostly traces of future words. The layers and watermarks, the invisible rivers, the trajectories, rills in stone, digital points of light on the screen, ink on paper. Like this I enter into a contact with the world that shapes us above all. It is perhaps this contact, this material assurance of oneself, via the encounter with the other, becoming other, that drives this search, this form of touch, again and again. ‘Writing is my double.’ says Cixous.⁸

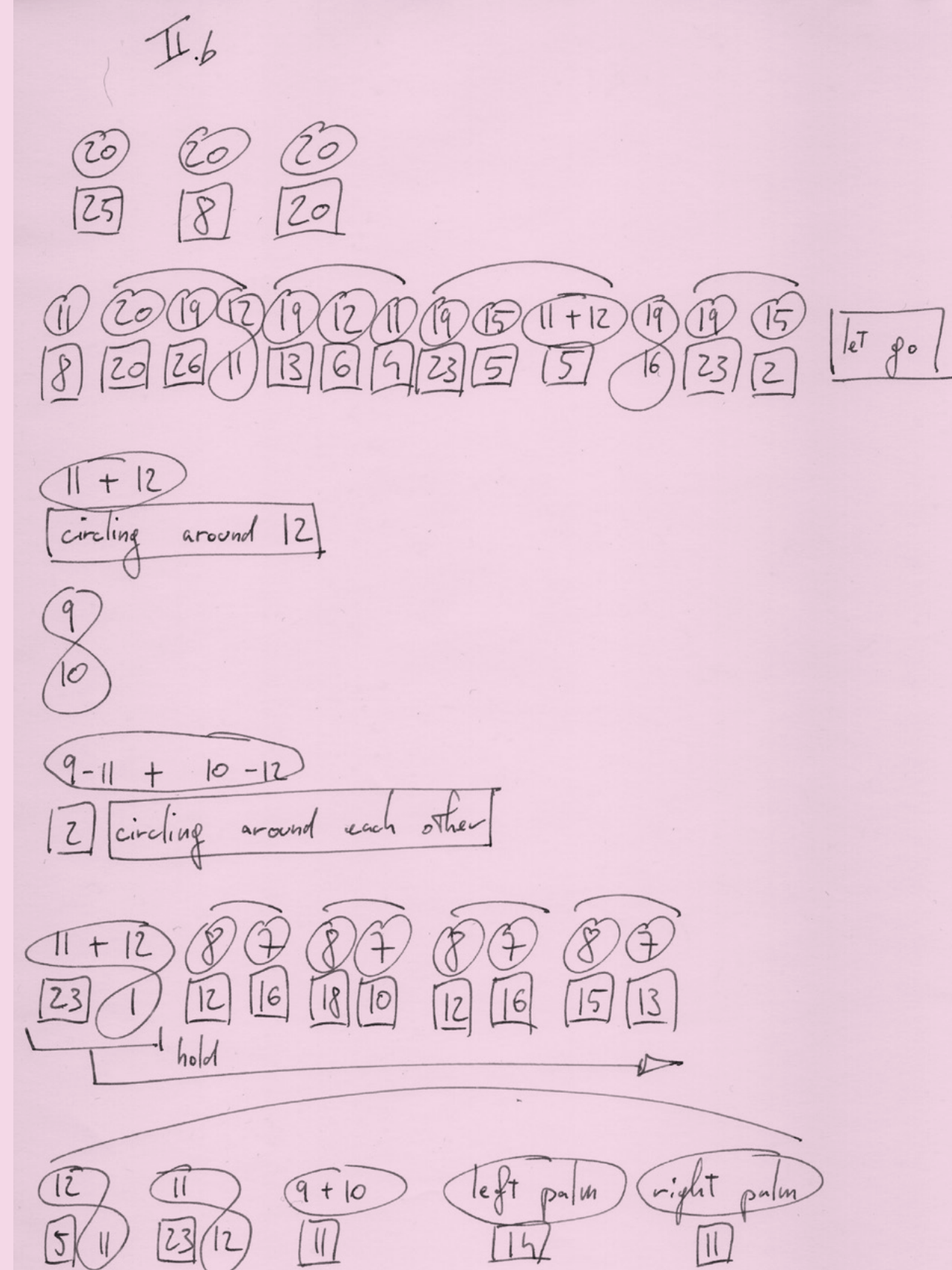
I think of the recent letter of a dear friend, who lives in a different city and has the beautiful habit of writing postcards and, on special occasions, handwritten letters. I haven’t seen her for one year now. Somehow, due to the circumstances of the Covid pandemic, we did not hear from each other. Then one day her letter was in my mailbox. It was a beautiful long letter. Nearly impossible to read though. I could not read her handwriting. Maybe I was not used to it anymore. I was a shocked. But then my eyes started to rest on her words in peaceful confusion, as if they had decided to wait. Another sense took over and revealed the hidden meaning behind this autograph. Hazy memories unfolded: she, her figure, her body, the tone of her voice, the melody of her speaking. The memory of her and her speaking helped me to guess and read the words, which before had seemed undefinable scribbles, and I could skim her writing again, understanding, being with her, feeling her close.

Several studies from recent years have shown that texts written by hand are more creative and have more complex sentences. One explanation for this could be that the movements the body makes when writing letters with the hand also stimulate regions in the brain that are responsible

for thinking and speaking. When typing, on the other hand, the fingers always press the same surface. It is only via electronic circuitry that the characters assigned to it appear on a screen: Letters, dots, numbers. On the touchscreen, a single finger movement can become an A, a smiley, a song or a date – depending on the electronic pattern behind it. The body, however, feels no difference. Another explanation for coming up with more ideas when handwriting rather than when typing is, that you have to concentrate better because correcting is not as easy. Slowing down also helps: it gives you more time to make mental connections.⁹ If the brain stores the word not only as an image, but also as a motor movement, it has one more memory track available later.

I trace movements with my pen. I touch them. I touch you. These breaths. These hip swings. These flexions and curves of the back. The angles and elbows. The twists of the wrists. Your dances create space for other existences. For systemic diffusions of memories and futures. For those of persistent insomnia. For automated paranoia within cycles of somatic sensibility. For deep green eyes and abused organs. For redness and heat. Languages created in the spaces between shared movements. The shifting of bodies and their parts, a shared writing. Footprints as inscriptions of stories, of a person, of a whole species, an evolution. A writing that shapes and informs space. This space. Always. Now. Inscriptions and co-writings. With every movement that touches the air. Some writing is secret, some obvious. Some is only there for some to read. Like a path through a foreign ground that invites me to firstly recognise the imprints and traces. Invites me to learn to see. Learn to listen and connect. To understand. To read bodies. Bodies and their dancing thinking. Their dancing words and writing. Of light that gets lost in the h ~~~ air.

1 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Optic_chiasm
2 ‘possession & poetry’, a project by Jack Hauser & Sabina Holzer, 2006
3 https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tagebuch_der_Anne_Frank
4 Jean-Luc Nancy, ‘R      , Ber      , Aufruhr’, 2011
5 Cy Twombly, *Poems to the Sea*, 1959
6 Clarice Lispector, *Aqua Viva*, 1994
7 Passagen Streams #4        das Schreiben, H       Cixous im Gespr     mit Peter Engelmann, 2020
8 Passagen Streams #4        das Schreiben, H       Cixous im Gespr     mit Peter Engelmann, 2020
9 <https://www.zeit.de/zeit-wissen/2017/06/schrift-schreiben-denken-sprache>



III.

