THIS IS A STORY of consecvenses of concecvenses of concekvences of concecuences of consequenses of

consequences of concequenses and how I almost learned to spell this word. Its a never ending story. I study what was before us, I draw lines and connect. Some lines are direct, others are nonlinear and take crooked paths, where we cannot trace where it all started.

Some of these stories take a starting point from a photograph or picture; a what happened here fictional reconstruction. I focus on "habitual"

gestures, the surplus energy left of other intentions.<sup>2</sup> Maybe through making these sculptures visible, the intentions so much about what we want and where we are heading. Its in a way our "archive of feelings"

The collective un-intended social sculptures<sup>3</sup> of many fingers touching the same button, creating a carving in a bench, a pathway. Not done with the intention of creating this pathway, but with the intention of walking somewhere, just strolling randomly. Maybe in a rush, meeting a lover, or your way to work. kind of memory a past that has never been lived We create pathways out of cement but shortcuts is our best friends.

When we wear jeans, sometimes holes are

created in some places, where the thiahs meet for example, fabric and skin is in coexistence, this becomes an intimate story of absence. Spatial

One can see our clothes, bodies and surfaces

as recordings of time. But also as maps for

where to go in the future, maybe not to get

drunk on red wine in white pants. A part of

touched by time. all the time "any technical

object unctions as memory device, such as a

piece of pottery or a tool, enabling future ge-

never lived. Iphilogenesis is a cultural memory

becomes determining of the future."22

stored in technical objects. Through this – third

nerations to inherit/remember experiences they

time is etching it self onto matter. and matter is

etching itself onto time, we touch and are being

tracing our previous paths, understanding

Arrangement This Auidence

Lovely

in beds, streets, living rooms, bathrooms, schools, subways, busses, classrooms, offices etc. etc.

In her essay On Being III, a bed bound Virginia Woolf is looking up at the sky and watching the clouds, she notices the intricate shape and patterns and writes "This then has been going on all this time without our knowing it! Someone should write to The Times about it. One should not let this gigantic cinema play perpetually to an empty house."

Sometimes imagining everything as a film scene can be a distancing thing. I remember a couple of years ago, I was in the sauna next to the ocean and through the little sauna window I see the pier, leading to the sea and my friend running, and suddenly they slip on the bridge. It took me wayyy to long to respond, that little window created a frame and even before they slipped I already started seeing it as a movie. This "artful" gaze can sometime be a pacifying tool, a way of accepting problematic things. Karolina Ramqvist writes that

"to write is to turn towards the world and away from it simultaneously"<sup>5</sup>,

The poet Anyury writes "Poetry becomes my religion during a few years. It whispers to me that if I just learn to look - to really look, then I will see that our existence beautiful and reasonable, that also the fights, my dad worry about bills, friends planet orbits between detention centers, staircases, club queues – that everything carries a melody a meaning, that they are sort of dark, heavy gemstones.

I write about everything I say goodbye to at the same time as I name it."<sup>35</sup> It feels like art and reality is in a constant dialog with each other and build up and destroy each other. They are in an intimate relationship,

are they embracing or fighting? either way its a meeting.

Art as an artful experience is everywhere, happens, and is made through and with others. Through storytelling, songs and foods. Through stones that fits in the palm of our hand. I think about Fred Moten and how he uses the term "study" as what you do with other "It's talking and walking around with other people, working, dancing, suffering, some irreducible convergence

of all three, held under the name of speculative practice."<sup>36</sup>

He writes that "To do these things is to be involved in a kind of common intellectual practice."

Another image could be of our coral reefs dying because we wear shoes made from plastic and when we walk, micro plastics are rubbing off and ending up in the oceans. These un-intended social sculptures might be a paradox since often "artistic intention" carries the only real value of contemporary conceptual art. Starting with Duchamps urinal and all the times when a kid would paint something and there is no "value" in it, but if an adult (preferably a white man who is an "artist" and in these days; someone gone through the approval of an institution (like me) would paint a similar picture it can be considered genius (also why is Aretha Franklin never called a genius and what does Beyonce has to do to deserve that title???)

Meteorite<sup>17</sup> craters on the moon, on earth, falling through space to reach us, they are touching us, leaving traces.

Stains Once I began seeing the stains on my clothes as meteorite impacts, I couldn't wash my clothes anymore. Memories of carrot soup, painting the ceiling, rolling in grass. Scars are the same too, a crater of a meteorite. am with you, and the memories walk with me too. ocorosie sings: "you blew through me like bullet holes, left stains on my sheets and stains on my soul" How are our thoughts shaped by touch? carved in memories. How do your gaze touch me, change my behaviour? What happens when we are cleaning? Washing our clothes? Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind. Is it like the process of sleeping? Storing down memories, creating space for new impressions to appear? The white and clean also a construction.

When water drops down in a cave, it carefully carves out 📗 the surfaces of the stone. Slowly crying its way to reach other forms of rock. rock caressed by tears/tears. saw this white dog with brown tear-paths. under its eyes, asked its human why it was like this and the human seemed slightly fended by the question but said it was from crying a lot. In a later joogling I found out this condition of excessive crying is called Epiphora<sup>15</sup> there is pigment found in tears, that accumulates under the eyes. Some of the causes for this condition is second hand smoke, dust or if its too stressed. Some breeds are more likely to cry too much, as a result of heredity and genetics. dogs with cute bulging eyes or dogs that cannot fully close their eyes for example.<sup>16</sup> 

> When walking in the woods after each other, humans and other creatures alike, a path is created, and after some time, we walk in each others traces, multiplying our footsteps.



Thinas fa inas falling alling things <sup>r</sup>alling things apart

a apar

es are licking us, floating over us we change out we are floating o<u>n top of</u> never really touching

I think about the common artful - sensorial practice. How we can be involved in these listenings. Not only with other creatures and matter too. I am deeply inspired by the composer Pauline Oliveros practice of listening to the world as a composition, her open scores is a way of sharing knowledge, she talks about Quantum Listening aslistening in as many ways as possible simultaneously – changing and being changed by the listening.<sup>8</sup> I use these "habitual sculptures" as a lens, as a method, a framing, a generator of stories. These can be seen as paraphrase to Erin Mannings, Minor Gestures which are gestures that can pass unperceived, but are transforming the field of relation and is rethinking common assumptions about human agency and political action. Donna Haraway writes: "Those who "believe" they have the answers to the present urgencies are terribly dangerous." I want to think Haraway's concept of tentacular thinking<sup>10</sup> like multiple stories on internet, using our human bodies collectively as a tentacular being, the multiple beings, where the same story is told from multiple angles. In this present, a historical action can be captured from all different angles from our phones, our bodies. We are creating virtual realities of 3D worlds where we have the agency to walk around, seeing the angle we prefer<sup>11</sup>. The collective carvings of our sittings on a bench could be a residue of our tentacular being, what a strange creature." by illuminating the vast, interdependent continuum of which we are part- reminding us of the ways we are bound to others materially and spiritually - while challenging us to consider spaces and dimensions beyond human cognition and lifespans."<sup>12</sup>

There are some words that just cling to me, they are accidentally becoming important ones, becoming the basis of the belief surrounding my own identity. They don't need to be said by someone close to me, someone that I care for, rather they are often said by people that I have no relation to, that I meet once or twice, usually its men or fancy institutions telling me who I am, how I am. They like to tell me what they know about be, they tell me the truth about me, truth that I didn't even know about myself	
before.	
It is better than horoscopes, you should definitely try it, they	/

tell me once; you are cute - and I cling to it. They tell me; you are stupid - and I latch on to that too. I am grateful like that, like a tick latching on to everything, I get hungry for more knowledge, but only from those with voices, those in power. A sentence can stay for years, decades, come back whenever I see my self in the mirror, whenever someone else sees me too.

(the carved repetition of identity)
(the carved repetition of identity)
(the carved repetition of identity)
(the canved repettion offidentity))
(the carved repetition of identity))
(the carved repetition of identity)
(Inte canxad hapennon of identity))
(the carved repetition of identity)

changes the other."<sup>18</sup>

dried through evaporations our skins dry as

garlic wings

she transformed she with skin hanaina from her face and the She slowly time can are imaaine without oceans, oceans sand transformed Our faces

"This is about circling,
anding on skin Thisis about longing

**Idituity Off Skill.** This is about longing, strains left behind. Hair and teeth. We breathe. Dust. identity is extended through a relationship with the Other. "The thought of the

> A light dander touching everything. A dry grace. And I knew that dust had to have flecks of my skin, me, small

pieces of my touch. All the bits of body landing everywhere. A way to touch, being touched all the time. Circling in light. In dust.

All the people I ever saw. In dust."<sup>20</sup>

Pollution is containing particles of life that produced it. The dust that settles onto an object as a document of the larger environment surrounding it. Jorge Otero-Pailos is casting layers of pollution on transparent sheets of latex, seeing the environment as something that is constantly being deposited. This is happening at such a scale today, that it is transforming the very 'ground' we stand on: changing the carbonation of rocks currently in formation, and thereby becoming part of the geological laver.

B: Since I got older, its more visible for a longer time after I've been crying. My skin has changed. Its less flexible. I get more red around the eyes and they look tired and sad. It feels shameful to show that I'm sad but if I would think in another way, that my skin is a super valuable material. One that shaped through time and evolved into this high level of transparency, that one is able to see what happened yesterday.

E: true, or a time capsule. or a stone that change over time.

i bought things that makes me separate and shows my identity and in some part of the world namely made in china, or India or Pakistan someone touched this with their very own hands, not

Eduard Glissant writes about Poetics of Relation, in which each and every

Other is sterile without the other of Thought. The other of Thought is always

set in motion by its confluences as a whole, in which each is changed by and

only this but millions of others just like this but not identical, and then someone is wearing a similar one somewhere over there, i don't know that person but this thing brings me closer to everyone that was involved in this

operation for this separation

these statues

I thought about what I

eading this text. When I read this I think about that ones thoughts are so

soft and shapeable, shaped by what

you have been thinking of recently,

had a conversation vesterday that was

about water, because M is thinking about

cycles and time and bodies in cycles. She says

your text, that we are a big

Also that resonance has with something to do

with water. That the water gets affected by sound

depending on how its been

waves. That the water has a memory of what

body/organism<sup>37</sup>

ts a nice binding material.

its been. It can have different characteristics

we are wet, that we all are one body and the cycle of

eating and drinking and leaking and that we come with

water when we are born and that water disappears

- evaporates when we die. I thought about that in

Its such a nice coincidence that we

generosity."27

are approximately the same amount of water

as the earth is. The percentage is pretty similar.

was already formed by while I was

a plant louse bit me the other day am i becoming a plan or what? plant louse

louse plan

----



perpetrator still you are a part, a pattern, the shape starts to mould the hard plastic, hard surface becomes soft, through time. We coexist like this, in this moment, adapt to each other. while we are waiting to travel vertically, we are also time-travelling. The sea is a constant narrative, it carries the stories of how we come to a place, how we leave and how we arrive, our oldest stories.<sup>4</sup> This is the oceanic tear of rock the waves do, only we are now ocean

**'Tamuwuj'**, an unidiomatic term in Arabic derived from the trilateral root Mawj (wave), and thus prescribes a measured to-and-fro; a geomorphic transformation by a presumed autonomous natural agent, **'Tamuwuj'** – agentleforce of slower osion and slow impact

when our heat leaves it leaves with heat our moist leaves with moist evaporating the self forever flow of wet long fingers at least some millions touching the lights of one another like vou sneak by sneak, penetrate each others skin. No, sneaky skins seeps in the pores of skins---oping bodies tension layers after layers storing surface, carefully caves carved OUI exhaling the drips your all this exhaling, like in the titanic movie, foggy windows of the cai carefully drips exhaling, carefully exhaling drips out carved by our breath

## to grow my whole body as a trace of bacteria we call our bodies <sup>30</sup> "The observer is itself constituted as an autopoeitic system through the act of observation."<sup>31</sup> A constant metamorphosis of our collective sculptures. habitual touches (carvings) of beings, sculptures and meteor raiing coincidences inter-being<sup>+</sup>

written by eli eli together with many voices

olecules depending on who's looking,

imagine looks like a landscape from above with wrinkles glaciers distance. shores place ocean without disappearing like everything around. desert, becomina

them? spare particle? iust same are deserts without sand sand sand, to stop with the sand. land, i have into everything thats sand and this

Then its like a very precious wood.

"The skin listens too." <sup>51</sup>

In the ocean, they found more than a thousand different species to be living on a single piece of micro-plastic."49 How will they look, these future creatures eating and depending on plastic? A new form of rock has already

been designated under the term "plastiglomerate" which refers to an

multi-composite material made hard by rock and molten plastic.<sup>50</sup>

There are also those birds,

what is the residue of longing? what is the residue of love?

a story about how longing shaped us – biological architecture – making airplanes that looks like birds continues to moves us a habitual longing

and musician.

Orchids make the shape of their flower resemble the female genital of some insects, in order to attract the male bees to pollinate with them, there is one orchid called the "Bee orchid" that resembles a bee that is extinct, so that "the only memory of the bee is a painting by a dying flower"<sup>33</sup>

"Theories are living and breathing reconfigurings of the world. The world theorizes as well as experiments with itself. Figuring, reconfiguring. Animate and (so-called) inanimate creatures do not merely embody mathematical theories; they do mathematics. But life, whether organic or inorganic, animate or inanimate, is not an unfolding algorithm. Electrons, molecules, brittlestars, jellyfish, coral reefs, dogs, rocks, icebergs, plants, asteroids, snowflakes, and bees stray from all calculable paths, making leaps here and there, or rather, making here and there from leaps, shifting familiarly patterned practices, testing the waters of what might yet be/have been/could still have been, doing thought experiments with their very being. Thought experiments are material matters. "<sup>34</sup>

E Its probably impossible to watch something and leave it untouched

D Do you feel this way with your sculptures too? that you've already changed them by acknowledging their existence?

E Its maybe about saving something, I have a big desire for saving memories and moments. to articulate and be like –

## sculptures, we all turned into sculptures because time ran too fast and in the end a silent protest of crushing everything carefully carefully into bits of sand and there we stood in the deserts, everywhere

We will have in the crust of the earth a record of our time here that will outlast any building. All of the skyscrapers and monuments will be long gone, but the pollution will still be around.<sup>21</sup>



We shape through time, wrinkles on our bodies appear through time, appear through repetitive movements of the emotions carried by our faces. Our bodies carried by these emotions. We shape through time and eventually we die, transform into something else, transform into soil and plants, transforming into food for someone who is also transforming. Some of our creations are trying not to be touched by time, playing tag with time, can't touch this nananana nana nana. some art

shaped in conversation with curious fingers. Where would Venus have her carvings if we would touch her?

Monuments. Objects in the museum that you cannot touch as if they would last forever. Adorno observed the similarity of the words museum and mausoleum. The German word "museal" (museum-like), he wrote, "describes objects to which the observer no longer has a vital relationship and which are in the process of dying." Such objects go to the museum when they are ready to withdraw from life.<sup>23</sup> Some humans trying to domesticate life in order to live forever. Like all these men who want to create something big, in order to have eternal life<sup>24</sup> But in which world are we talking about? If we are one collective heartbeat, our eternity is already here. Monuments without erosion are monologues.

"We are changing and being changed by listening."<sup>25</sup>

There is a museum called the Ōtsuka Museum of Art in Japan deep underground, where they have made the biggest conservation of western "masterpieces" on ceramic plates stating that they will last for over 2000 years. The visitors are encouraged to touch the works, because they are "indestructible".

Amelia Groom writes about her visit: "I walk around the museum, photographing and touching the artworks. I stroke the cheeks of Vermeer's Girl with a Pearl Earring, and I press my face against Klimt's Kiss. But the closer I get, the further away they seem. Does it still count as touching if my touch is guaranteed to have no effect?"<sup>26</sup>

There was this person in my old neighborhood, who would daily spread out birdseeds and crumbs on the empty square in beautiful patterns, every day a different one. The patterns didn't stay for long, they flew up with the birds creating new constellations in the

This experience helps to shift the practice of knowing: from grasping and conquering an idea to a notion of extending with How can we move away from this knowledge of grasping and conquering? Its a process of decolonizing, moving away from patriarchy and

lar and repetitive like the nomad's, is not idle roaming, but includes a sense of sacred motivation. The thinking of errancy conceives of totality but willingly renounces any claims to sum it up or possess it."29

capitalism. Perhaps we need to venture into the unknown, let our selves be lost 28 "Errance, while not aimed like an arrow's trajectory, nor circu-

I see the world like fluid sculptures, the world as an image of our history. I take stills of these fluid shapes, and once an image appears, it changes, holding water. In hyper speed it transforms into something different. It does so as we are constantly perceiving through the prism, which

the lines of the future unknowns and the lines of what

I read an essay by Amelia Groom that was about the Makapansgat Pebble, what they call probably the oldest art object, there is a little face, its is a rock but looks like a face, it has been carved out by a river but found in a cave in South Africa, many miles from the river, so someone must have found it in the river and then moved it to another place, and now its in the natural history museum of London. She writes about that art is to take something from one context and placing it in another. And also that

it doesn't begin with the act of creating something out of nothing, but rather with a moment of recognition that is actually a misrecognition "seeing a face where it isn't, perceiving things as they aren't. It isn't inventing something new from scratch; it' responding to what is already present, and treating it as something else." She also makes a point that I really like, that it is significant that it fits in the palm of a hand. That art is also a collective decision to keep things around and include them it in our storytelling. 32 It feels a lot like its about listening and watching with

I think about dancing. Post modern dance where they started taking habitual movements from the street and stage it, maybe thats what I'm doing with this text, a way of looking at the world.

R To see pathways in everything, pathways not as a pathway to a solution but to see that there is traces that we can follow that people and forces have been before us and that if we pay closer attention, there is pathways everywhere.

Go out. Close your eyes. Listen.

Open your eyes. Repeat.

Focus on the sounds.

Task:

be silent a whole day

Task:

listening to your own bodies inner

mechanisms constantly working to keep you alive.

speak as often you can a whole day. interrupt others.

There is something about taking a path without knowing what it leads to or what you will gain out of it. that You don't know what concervenses you put out there in the world for other people. We have this letter hanging in the bathroom, an unfinished letter to someone unknown<sup>53</sup>. And I feel like all the text are that, but its nice to have that in mind while writing these words, while doing anything really

of looking at almost intangible ways that environments are changing. I am interested in a pleasure of ruptures that are invisible or that have such a different relationship to time that they function unnoticeable Which is also part of Minor Gesture when they dive into architecture and the idea of the stasis of architecture,



Yes, but all architecture is also porous and suggests a different form of movement, of shaping the environment, that has another timeliness, an extreme slowness that in a way breaks with this very linear idea of time. It excites me because its a method of making yourself into such a small riot that nobody can catch you. And then of course I think about movement of entities, or living things that are in a way different volume and how rebellious they are. I remember we had another talk maybe a year ago where you were talking about these epic structures that was falling and natures fast modes of destruction, but theres also all the things that are living things of trees and plants, that are really destroying in an intangible way or in a such a slow pace that our bodies dissolve before we notice that that is even happening.

E Its like taking one brick from a building until it falls

Or like if you would lick on a building continuously until the building would fall. And what I thought about in relation to many of the pictures is that the force also lies in a very soft spot. Because it doesn't have a rush, it doesn't need to be hard, its somehow understands its own porosity,

its also fluid, like if u would lick something, it doesn't try to be solid because it doesn't try to be a structure, it is trying to destroy something. How we always come to think of destruction as force and solidity, when all these different things has an almost opposite approach.

I've also been thinking about this in relation to a notion that Sara Ahmed brings about snap, she talks about the snap as a reaction of an action that was pressure. That its a very slow process of tear heading there but the only thing that is noticed is the snap, which we perceive it as a starting point, a violent moment, an unbecoming of something.

C When we talk about micro aggressions we kinda talk about a similar position, where the violence is happening under the table until there is a reaction that pushes like a force through.

E It can be a violence it can also be a revolt

C It is really powerful exactly because its un noticeable. Its allowed to work and be continuously at work, because it doesn't seem like its disrupting anything.

Also how language very slowly gets distorted and suddenly very racist language can be used in very mainstream media but it just needs to happen in a slow way where we don't notice the shift. Its like the boundaries are continuously pushed a tiny tiny bit. Then its outside of accountability, if we don't see the consequence then we also

don't expect responsibility,

Most of the sculptures that I'm talking about, we will never see immediately, its really not direct, its more far fetched and sometimes random or not, but its the collective tearing that brings the consecvence, its not individual of like – "if I don't recycle then that consecvense is happening", its more like we are all on this boat together, and thats the consequence, but its hard to trace it directly to the action.

curiosity to our surroundings, to the in between spaces. It feels so bodily because its close at hand.

A HOLE TO SEE

YOKO ONO

THE SKY THROUGH

Whenever I fall in love, I cannot merely be satisfied by being together with that person, I need to become that person. I think it started with V, when I first saw him he wore a Mickey mouse cap and rolled cigarettes with tattoos on his fingers he had many keys on a chain which always clinked together as he walked by, you could always hear him coming. He was a filmmaker and would always film our shows in a quite dramatic way, running around, lying down to get the right

This story has no beginning, it

has no end, it can only be caught in the

middle of everything. "The fact is that the be-

ginning always begins in-between, intermezzo"1

Maybe thats why we sometimes need structure, to

rest from the complexities of the world. From the mes-

siness, the accumulation of chaos. Maybe thats why they

angle – I instantly fell in love.

beginning, middle and end. We try to catch

something we cannot catch. Un catchable

exact representation. Without the

capability of an –– observing sysstem

observing there would be no time."<sup>14</sup>

"Time is constituted through the failure of

pokemons. Chasing the horizon.

taught me in film school, to always make a clear

Fluid sculpture

We dated for a while but it didn't really work out. A couple of years later, I was a filmmaker, while filming a dance piece I had a funky cap on and keys on a chain, tattoos on my fingers and rolling cigarettes, while I was shuffling around dramatically on the floor to get a good shot I realized I am much like female spiders, I don't only mate with my partners, I DEVOUR them. Other people I have been in love with and careers I inhabited or thought seriously of pursuing: doctor, arborist, dancer, architect, artist, tattoo artist, scientist,

distening to sounds and later mimicking them. Is that me?42

Being touched. Being permeable : capable of being permeated : penetrable; especially having pores or openings that permit liquids or gases to pass through a permeable membrane permeable

> "Queerness allows for an ecological understanding that we are not impenetrable. Rather, we are composed of what surrounds us. Our bodies are permeable, they cross over in ways that resist categorization."52



was slated for

insulated pipes

objects, trying to stand above, stand behind the red rope, not acknowledging their matter of erosion, their matter of being touched,



ever touching each other I am so

Dear Ana,

We never knew each other but I watched the grainy recordings of your work over and over until they changed form before my eyes morphing into abstract figures. Sometimes I fell asleep to them, sometimes they were background noise for other activities, I somehow needed to have your presence close to me. I walk in your footsteps, follow the traces you left behind, picking up pieces of your waste, only thing thats left of you. I cannot see my letters and my eyes are DIY. But I am trying to understand what you are made of, chasing the horizon, I am shifting my world sometimes. Is this a letter about loss? I feel so much love for you, the traces you left, in the sand, water, wetlands, in me.

Seeing your work in my early teens left such a strong impression. I didn't know art could be a rupture in time like that. I didn't know the body could be central. Not just any body, a female body and the burning traces of it. the traces of blood. The last trace you left on that pavement, it surely must have cracked? Ive been thinking of Carl too, and how "great men" can be allowed to do what they do.<sup>6</sup> He is 83 now, very successful, still does very minimalistic stuff, I cannot see a body in them but what I do see is a pattern, a repetition that scares me, becomes distorted into an abstract of sounds: Carl Andre, Bill Cosby, Harvey Weinstein, Roman Polanski, R-kelly, Jean Claude-Arnault, Woody Allen, Brett Kavanaugh, John Ruskin, Johnny Depp, etc. etc. etc!!

This list could go on forever but it becomes distorted by its repetition abstract and absurd, also, didn't want to give them this space in the first place, they get so much already. I feel like the angel of history,<sup>7</sup> staring with my mouth open and wings spread at this one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage. Im sorry to end on this sad note, we miss you! we love you! we remember your traces!

I will whisper your name to everyone I meet and to the oceans too.

Yours and everyones truly

I am slowly walking backwards and as i do, with i place one piece of something i don't need anymore. With every step i take, i leave one piece of residue after me, left to until i have nothing give, Write what you are hearing, still with closed eyes left nothing to get rid everything lies before my feet, like a snakeskin of past. With every step i take, i give a part of my memory, my manners, i give my taste of the world while licking the floor. all of this. and then i am slime, i travel back, with movements that are not mine, they are the property of that sticky liquid, i roll into the pieces that i left behind, transforming into another sculpture, this is a ritual of time.

> Nose to you and my hands are writing touching feeling experiencing living we have to have other space to be and to nurture and surround systems in our hearts These worlds have been exactly waiting for you to

> > read them, what a lovely time travel.



C You quote some Erin Manning and their way

Recognizing what is art and therefore has higher value is in the hands of galleries, institutions and the market. Its seems to be so much easier to ecognize the value of something that you are told to admire.<sup>39</sup> Perhaps as a form of empathy and connecting with one another. Finding value of things together is a connective tissue, making us fit into certain — forms.

Which bodies are the ones allowed to write history, the norm and tell the truths? To point at particular parts of graffiti in a city that should be considered heritage and which should be painted over. When talking about the unintended, in relation to agency, Karen Barad speaks of us having agency in varying degrees since they are trying to displace the idea of independently existing individuals, "Agency is not held, it is not a property of persons or things; rather, agency is an enactment, a matter of possibilities for reconfiguring entanglements."40 Erin manning writes about non voluntary movements and that our idea of it being other than

neurotypical movements is an ableist normative construct because we tend to see movement as something continual, something that is often a narration after it happened.47 This thing that I do; seeing the world and reality

as art, is most probably a survivial strategy, a practice and a way of living.

I take distance from the grey and mundane and see every window as a frame that holds a painting, every stranger as an incredible actor playing their role, every object as a beautiful sculpture. I often find museums and theaters the most boring spaces to view art, sheltering objects from worldly phenomenas. Everything outside of them becomes more



Instructions for making a map of a hill: roll down a hill in white clothes.

> First time you step on moss it will rise after a few seconds, Second time you step on it it will rise after the rain, Third time you step on the same moss it will not rise again.

what are we driven by? Love? Desire? Connection? Money? Creation? Fame? Recognition? Divinity? Bliss? Happiness? With the habitual I go into the direction of what we are NOT driven by, R E S I D U E-TRASH, where there is no interest, a certainly 3. Joseph Beys, Social Sculpture : A social organism a a work of art, Art into Society, Society into Art 4 Etel Adnan, To Look at the Sea Is to Become What 5. Karolina Ramqvist, den är natten, translation by 6. https://lareviewofbooks.org/article/carl-brokesomething-on-carl-andre-ana-mendieta-and-thecult-of-the-male-genius/#! Walter Benjamin, "Theses on the Philosophy of History", This is how he pictures the angel of history. His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastro phe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what ha been smashed. But a storm is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that

1. Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick "Paranoid Reading"

Sedwick writes about having sensitivity to the

possibility that history and generational relations are

not always locked into predictable patterns; "that unscripted futures can arrive from the sidelines,

or from below, or from unacknowledged latencies

2. What are the intentions here, one could ask. Well

straight line."

within—rather than just from further down the same

the angel can no longer close them. The storm irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of debris before him grows skyward. This storm is what we call progress. 8. Pauline Oliveros, Sonic Meditations 9. Donna Haraway, Staying with the trouble 10. Donna Haraway, Staying with the trouble 11. But this preference, choosing one angle an sticking to it is problematic, that is what the facebookfeed gives us, only the stories feeding ou already existing knowledges of society 2. Carolyn F. Strauss, Slow reader, he Poetic Ship 3. Gilles Deleuze & Felix Guattari, A Thousand

14. Astrid Schrader, Time, Speed, and Delays in nvironmental Crises Reflections on the "Time o 15, not to be confused with this subsaharan moth

6. https://dogtime.com/dog-health/51621-tearstains-dogs-eyes-mean 7. How can we read in the newspapers that w as humans might be responsible for 30 or 40% of species extinction, without this effecting a change in our identity and our relationships? How can we reconcile an idea of the human, as so big, so power ful and – as dangerous to our life support system a the impact of a major meteorite? keynote lecture for the 2007 annual meeting of the British Sociological Association, Bruno Latour 18. Eduoard Glissant, Poetics of relation Amelia Groom, A Lichenous Embrac 20. Gabrielle Civil, Swallow the Fish 1. Dorota Golanska, Geoart as a new materialis practice. Intra-active becomings and artistic (know ae) production.

2. Astrid Schrader, Time, Speed, and Delays in vironmental Crises Reflections on the "Time of 23. Theodor Adorno, "Valéry Proust Museum," 24. my ex boyfriend 5. Pauline Oliveros: Quantum Listening: From Practice to Theory To Practice Practice). 26. Amelia Groom, Permanent collection 27. Edouard Glissant, Poetics of relation

28. Rebecca Solnit, A field guide to getting lost 29. Eduard glissant, Poetics of relation 30. Johannes Anuvru 31. Astrid Schrader, Time, Speed, and Delays in Environmental Crises Reflections on the "Time of 32. What might this be? Amelia Groom 3. Bee Orchid XKCD, theguardian.com/lifeand style/2012/jul/26/bee-orchid-lawns 34. Karen Barad, On Touching—The Inhuman That <sup>-</sup>herefore I Am 35. Johannes Anuyru, Strömavbrottets barn, transla

tion by me 36. Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study 37. Astrida Neimanis, Bodies of Water, Human Right and the Hydrocommon 38. Ann Cvetkovich, An archive of feeling 39. And in this case, I am somehow telling you what 40. Karen Barad, Meeting the universe halfwa 41. Erin Manning, Minor Gestures

42. Lyrebirds mimic natural and artificial sounds fro

of "intra-activity"

their environment, they copy individual songs of other birds and the chatter of flocks of birds, and also mimic other animals such as koalas and dingoes. The lyrebird is capable of imitating almost any sound and they have been recorded mimicking human sounds such as a mill whistle, a cross-cut saw, chainsaws, car engines and car alarms, fire alarms, rifle-shots, camera shutters, dogs barking, crying babies, music mobile phone ring tones, and even the human voic (from Wikipedia) 43. Karen Barad, Meeting the universe halfway, "A study of how subject and object emerge as a result

44. Karen Barad, Meeting the universe halfway, "A study of how subject and object emerge as a result of "intra-activity" 45. Karen Barad, Meeting the universe halfway, "A study of how subject and object emerge as a result of "intra-activity" 46. How can we read in the newspapers that w as humans might be responsible for 30 or 40% of species extinction, without this effecting a change in our identity and our relationships? How can we reconcile an idea of the human, as so big, so powerful and – as dangerous to our life support system a the impact of a major meteorite? keynote lecture for the 2007 annual meeting of the British Sociological

Association, Bruno Latour 47. Karen Barad, Meeting the universe halfway, "A study of how subject and object emerge as a result of "intra-activity" 48. Karen Barad, Meeting the universe halfway, "A study of how subject and object emerge as a result of "intra-activity" 49. Heather Davis, Toxic Progeny: The Plastisphere and Other Oueer Futures 50. Patricia L. Corcoran, Charles J. Moore, and Kelly Jazvac. "An Anthropogenic Marker Horizon in the Future Rock Record." 51. Pauline Oliveros, Ouantom listening 52. Heather Davis, Toxic Progeny: The Plastisphere and Other Queer Futures 53. actually its: "An unfinished letter to someone I

fig. 1 A trail of smoke is seen after the launch of a rocket from the northern Gaza Strip on December (REUTERS/Baz Ratner) fig.2 fresh impact crater dominates this image taken by the High Resolution Imaging Science Experimen (HiRISE) camera on NASA's Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter on Nov. 19, 2013.

fig. 3 Plastiglomorate, photo: Kelly Wood fig.4 Noriko Ambe is an artist who individually cuts single sheets of paper by free hand and stacks them fig.5 Makapansgat Pebble

Conversations held with Charlie Laban Trier (C), Daniel Berg (D), Elina Birkehag (B), Raoni Muzho Saleh (R). Elisabeth Raymond (E)---Me Advising by Jeroen Fabius

2019

once loved", by Duane Michals

Graphic Design in collaboration with Elina Birkehaa Written within the frame of SNDO, School For New Dance Development, Amsterdam University of Arts.

What would the city be if it was made of clay?