



ING is a RISK

project by

Susanna Häst

Maryam Bagheri Nesami

falling like a monster

falling like a monster

Writing practice: We got exhausted with the article, so we exhausted all possibilities of making a singular text. We could not find ourselves in one text. We are distorting paper and text as a monstrous and new materialist practice. A two-sidedness, no ending and no beginning, structured, crafting something new. ^{As a} ~~Not~~ feminist act, we create fragmented narratives, non-heroic, non-rigorous. If we always write to other people, we do not matter in this matter. We look nice for other people, we make art to please other people, so the idea of doing something for ourselves is radical. Monstrous text cannot be aesthetically anything but unsettling.

We are creating an active text, so we do not make a case for immobility, but other forms of mobilities. Travelling in the text, other modes of movement and sound.

We do not aim to inform the reader with the hegemonic existing knowledge (academically and artistically). We are giving ourselves and others to experience another knowledge, a situated one, an alternative one, a transformative one. Which is able to transgress beyond the already known, seen, read, heard. Beyond the rectangular frame of the page, ...

Groundless, we do not know what it will be before it is finished. We need to unsettle, uproot ourselves, and wander lost. Because to discover the unknown, one needs to get lost first. All choices are exhausted, only exhaustion and vulnerability remain. Something beyond the threshold will emerge.

Falling is a counter-representational act. We fall. But not a vigorous fall! Not a heroic nor dramatic one. Not an attractive one; we fall with subtlety, slow fall, awkward fall, boring fall, murky fall, exhausting fall. The idea of exhaustion (referring to Lepeki, to Deleuze) Exhaustion all the possibilities, and reaching beyond them. But not arriving at the impossible. I am exhausted. ~~maybe~~

~~Something about our subtle resistance as a strategy~~

Our work begins from the premise of certain invisibility and silence as strategic tools to work from a periphery. I am intrigued by the question, can we resist from a place of defeat? The moment when we have landed face down on the arena seems like a crucial moment, and we are living that moment now, globally, through the massive implications caused by the disease COVID-19. Rebecca Solnit (2020) writes, "We are only in the early stages of this disaster, and we are also in a strange stillness." It appears we are waiting, but in this waiting much is happening. So what happens if we begin from a different position, that is retardness, slowness, failed acts, passive resistance, invisibility, anonymity and shadow feminism?

Writing has its own constraints. A woman can write only within the government of the phallic language, as it is the only existing government. Is it safe? Saba Mahmood (2005) argues writing is a risk, since the language is sexualised and racialized. However, For an undisciplined dancer, alternative songwriter, non-English speaker,

1/22

This is a risk project

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an undisciplined dancer, alternative songwriter, non-English speaker, insufficient woman, the only way to survive such a hegemony and resist being subjugated by the regulations is to write; not as a generalised woman, but as a situated one, as an Other one, in Other language. This is how a non-linear speech is being produced through which "she makes, remakes and undos" (Cixous, Cohen & Cohen, 1976, p.882) herself. Cixous encourages women to write but seize to speak because speaking causes her the risk of "a shattering entry into history which has been based on her suppression" (p.880). So this text is practiced in silence.

Within the feminist practices, text itself, counts as a space for deviation. Text is an alternative 'site' where she becomes and unbecomes. This text is produced at the liminality of the language of the self and the other. Since the reciprocity of the self and Other is not fully achieved, there remains certain gaps, conflicts, heterogeneity and anomaly. These insufficiencies of which she takes



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But! Movement backwards is also movement!

I do not remember where I heard this story, but there was an artist, famous, he was organising his paintings for a soon coming exhibition and his daughter went to the room where the paintings were, and destroyed some of them by drawing on them. Children are such a monstrosity! Art needs to be fine, and children are not fine.

IMPORTANT!

Not everyone can move; there people like me whose movements are problematized kinesthetically and geographically. On my Iranian Passport, there are always the borders through which I cannot transition. Also there are only certain types of movements accepted to be seen.

The problem of visa and problem of visibility have urged another mode of mobility: still and slow

Susanna

We are also thinking about the acoustic quality of sound and the subtle movement or immobility of living beings. (Acoustic bathroom video is attached). Maryam

I accidentally had the dryer on when I responded to your bathroom video with my sauna video. I could not help but to think about how much I spend

time with that laundry, the damn machines are on all the time, I can hear them every day. **AND I CAN GO ANYWHERE.**

Shifting from the representational to the non-representational takes so much effort and makes our practice 'exhausted', so we slow down and rest for a while as subjects, as bodies, as voices, as words.

According to Andre Lepecki (2006) and Efrosini protopapa (2016), exhaustion is promising as it provides an open door for emergence of new possibilities and new relations between subject, voice, body, moves, words, etc.; potentials of existing out of the material exhibitionism 'posibilises' (Deleuz, 1998) dancing without moving, singing with silence, writing without words, and all becoming/unbecoming without being seen.

Deleuze (1998) writes about the exhaustion in relation to Beckett's "atomic, disjunctive, cut and chopped language" (p.156) tending to dry up the flows of the voices and words and reach a silence; such a silence is potential and possibilising as we do not know what type of silence it is? And for how long? And it can be substituted by any-voices-whatever, any-words-whatever.

Deleuze introduces such an exhaustive and exhausted metalanguage, known as language III, which operates and combines with words, objects and spaces, without "any order preference, any organization in relation to a goal, any signification" (p.153)

Such a combinatory space-positions-postures-voices language within the structure of the hegemonic language, "rises up or stretches out in its holes, its gaps, or its silence" (Deleuze, 1998, p.162)

Such holes, gaps and stumbles in Cixous' (1976) words are taken in as slips of tongues, and for Lepecki (2006) as "kinesthetic stuttering" (p.1) which all end in silence, slowness, absence of dance, absence of words, absence. Such an absence can be considered as an disruption to the valid artistic and scholar practices which promote fast and continuous flow, known as fluency.

Such an insufficient and unfluent writing and dancing practice full of silence and stillness fails the spectacular moves, affirmative words and loud voices known representative of emancipatory acts. Let us fall into our exhaustion, into our dim nothingness, shadowy murky practices. Let us fall and disappear from the gaze line!

TUNNUSTUS:



DELEUZA.

Grosz \nearrow year (1974) \nearrow year (1984)
Kristeva

chona

in fact, what we really aim to produce as knowledge is very situated, minor, marginal, partial and insufficient; as insufficient as situated knowledge (Haraway, 1988), and this partiality and insufficiency promises the escape from ~~the~~ being totalised and homogenised. such a situated and minor standpoint is potential for our political act: "to represent, while escaping representation" (Haraway, 1988, p. 581)

Through a dialogical artistic practice of writing, she embraces a nomadic and queer positionality. This multimodal text is a solo, practiced by plural and hybrid voices, discourses, names and narratives of two individual artists/researchers. They write together and develop the text virtually due to their geographical distance, in order to create a virtual feminine. They are one, but two-sided; one returns as the other departs. One inside, the other outside, and vice-versa; their mobius strip-like corporeality have made their text, faces, voices and dances monstrous. This text contributes to their bigger project of *Subtle Corporealities: Propositions of resistance for art practitioners*. All the things they write here can be adopted as feminist corporeal strategies to be experimented with.

I have never read Deleuze.



"Bowed head resting on hands" (1998, p.155), Deleuze describes the posture of the exhausted.
Self-portrait. Auckland, May 2020

Transient in time, I am not quite a subject, rather "a subject-in-process" (Braidotti, 2003, p.45)

The text is a battlefield between the fetish or fantasy of seeing, and counter-optical strategies. In this battlefield, violence is embedded. Such a violence and romance resist neutrality.

~~WE~~ are exhausted/ Exhausted Monsters

Maryam: Susanna, when you mentioned the two-sided book, I automatically got addressed to the two-sided Mobius Strip. One body, two sides, and I remembered a whole life of struggling to become inside-out and unbecome, back outside-in; this is exhaustive; I am exhausted; as well as all my artistic and aesthetic choices; As a Middle Eastern woman, I am exhausted of resisting as a body, as the liberated one or as the one who needs to be liberated and as the one who is not liberated yet.

* Movement is not a luxury.*

Neither is poetry (Lorde 2007).

NOTES

Exhausted with the concept of freedom.

This is how I failed at gardening. I was impatient, it was too cold, and they froze to death. Poor Zucchini's, never to be birthed!

Body without organ

Doctors, neuroscientists, psychologists need to study monster brains and bodies so that we can know normal bodies. Illness is the way to enlightenment.

MEg Stuart quote about failure

This is a risk project



Maryam Bagh...
7:20 AM May 19

I am thinking of replacing the pronoun 'we' to something else. As 'we' is a bit confusing in the text whether it's referring to the authors or authors and the potential readers.....? what do you think?



Maryam Bagh...
7:26 AM May 19

I think movement 'is' a luxury within the modernist discourse; because not everyone can move.



Susanna Hast
11:08 AM May 20

what I mean is that movement is not reserved for those with abilities, we need movement to survive,, total immobility means death

My apologies, this is a little fuzzy

Risk is the anchor: the risk I am compromised with, draws your attention. This is the line between your eyes and mine. And you're worried about losing the line on your side. You see and predict my fall. I can see the worries in your eyes. You won't let me fall. Do you remember the day you took a selfie with me and I took a

a selfie with you?



you could see if these bits could fall under some of those subtitles. You don't even have to write them as sentences, or paragraphs but this can be like falling words, poetically placed.

TOPOGRAPHY OF A MONSTER

The self-portrait is also a monster. I often think my monstrosity is to be a ghost. Other people appear living to me, while my body seems to be out of joint, unfitting, to the world of the living. I sometimes think of myself as a demon. The Sanskrit word female demon is *rākshasī*. There are ten demon daughters named in the Lotus Sutra, who with their mother, have made a vow to protect the sutra's votaries. They are the Ten Goddesses, and I am them, and their mother. They are evil and they are protectors. They, their mother, are 'circle - a complete and perfect hole' (Shalmivev 2019, 6). I am ready to split heads with my hysteria. I protect others' sensitive lives by staying only partly visible, and partly audible. The acts of censure that maintain such partiality are a monster to me, and a goddess to others.

Like self-portraits, solo performance and its visual documentation are monstrous materials. The artist, maker, creator, can look at her monstrosity in the eye. As an artistic strategy, working with monstrosity is an alternative to people pleasing, escapism and forced masking. It works counter-expectation, dwell madness and spirituality so long that at least some illusions of normalcy are shattered.

heart racing

i walked to the front of the room
turned to face the faces

fell a little

stood still
and began, begged

please

do not take this poem

outside this room

only for a moment

i give it to you

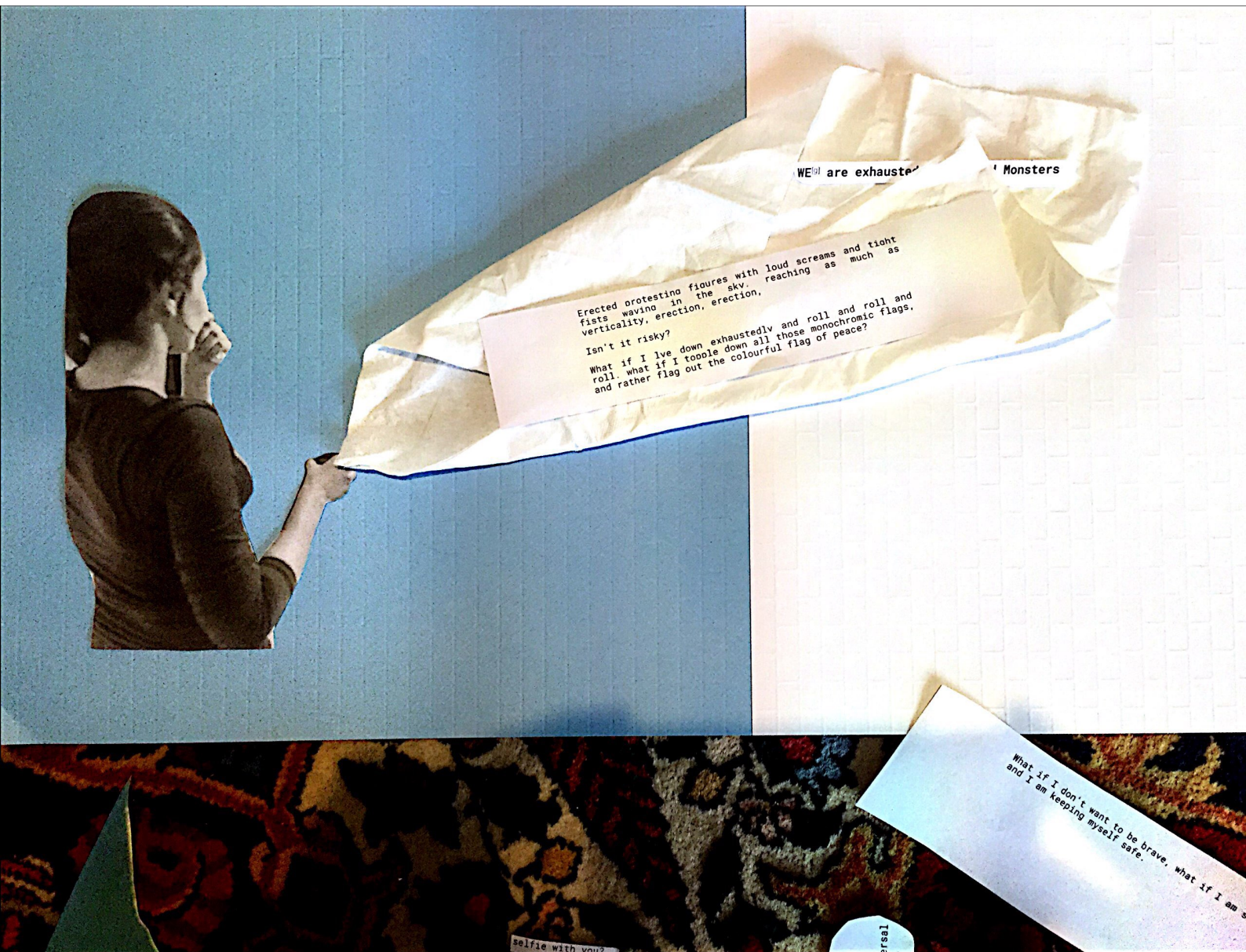
fell a little more
and began to speak softly: 'women with guns'
fell back to my place when it was over

The text has spaces of resistance and a practice of freedom benefiting the entrances and exits, departures and returns through the existing gaps. Barad proposes a diffractive methodology, 'diffractively reading insights through one another, building new insights, and attentively and carefully reading for differences that matter in their fine details' (Barad 2012, 50).

Writing involves a risk; risk of being seen through the homogenizing system of representation. Risk of being seen as a woman, as a body, as dance, as a voice, in the text.

Within the feminist practices, text itself, counts as a space for deviation. Text is an alternative 'site' where she becomes and unbecomes. This text is produced at the liminality of the language of the self and the other. Since the reciprocity of the self and Other is not fully achieved, there remains certain gaps, conflicts, heterogeneity and anomaly. These insufficiencies of which she takes the most, count as the 'way out', exit or *sortie* (Cixous & Clement, 1986) to escape and attack the hegemony of the language structure. The reader just needs to approximate the doorways to be able to contribute to the wonderful experience of falling and disappearing into otherness; these transitions or transpositions happen slowly and quietly.

Through a dialogical artistic practice of writing, she embraces a nomadic and queer positionality. This multimodal text is a solo, practiced by plural and hybrid voices, discourses, names and narratives of two individual artists/researchers. They write together and develop the text virtually due to their geographical distance, in order to create a virtual feminine. They are one, but two-sided; one returns as the other departs. One inside, the other outside, and vice-versa; their mobius strip-like corporeality have made their text, faces, voices and dances monstrous. This text contributes to their bigger project of Subtle Corporealities: Propositions of resistance for art practitioners. All the things they write here can be adopted as feminist corporeal strategies to be experimented with.



WE are exhausted

Monsters

Erected protesting figures with loud screams and tight
fists waving in the sky, reaching as much as
verticality, erection, erection,
Isn't it risky?
What if I live down exhaustedly and roll and roll and
roll. What if I topple down all those monochromatic flags,
and rather flag out the colourful flag of peace?

What if I don't want to be brave, what if I am
and I am keeping myself safe.

selfie with you?

prsa1

What if I don't want to be brave, what if I am scared, and I am keeping myself safe.



Hidden under

Oman elämäni pimppi, or pimping my own life, May 2020, Susanna

She replies: Susanna, I will correct; Monster has alternative faces. She might look as a veil, or as a mask or she might look faceless.

"Within most white Western contexts success is an upward curve, and bettering oneself an individualistic drive. Physically slumping symbolizes a lower status, provokes shame, loss of dignity, inferiority and failure." (Claid 2013). Then, falling is resistance, it is relational. It is a different conception of the self, mind and agency.

(I use death as a metaphor in my songs that have dying, suicide and killing in them - yet these are not dying but choices and leaving. They look like losses, but they are not at all that. It is a matter of hearing.)

The mask of a monster changes space and time, creating a heterotopia, an/other space where the self can become an/other too. The monster makes mistakes, insufficiency, laughter, failure and falling acceptable, and a mask provides another face, or no face.

Masking becomes an act of gazing inside, even a state of claustrophobia where breathing might be compromised and the scope of vision is limited.

This is how I failed at gardening. I was impatient, it was too cold, and they froze to death. Poor Zucchini's, never to be birthed!

We create a virtual feminine.

Movement is not a luxury
It is poetry (Lorde 2007)

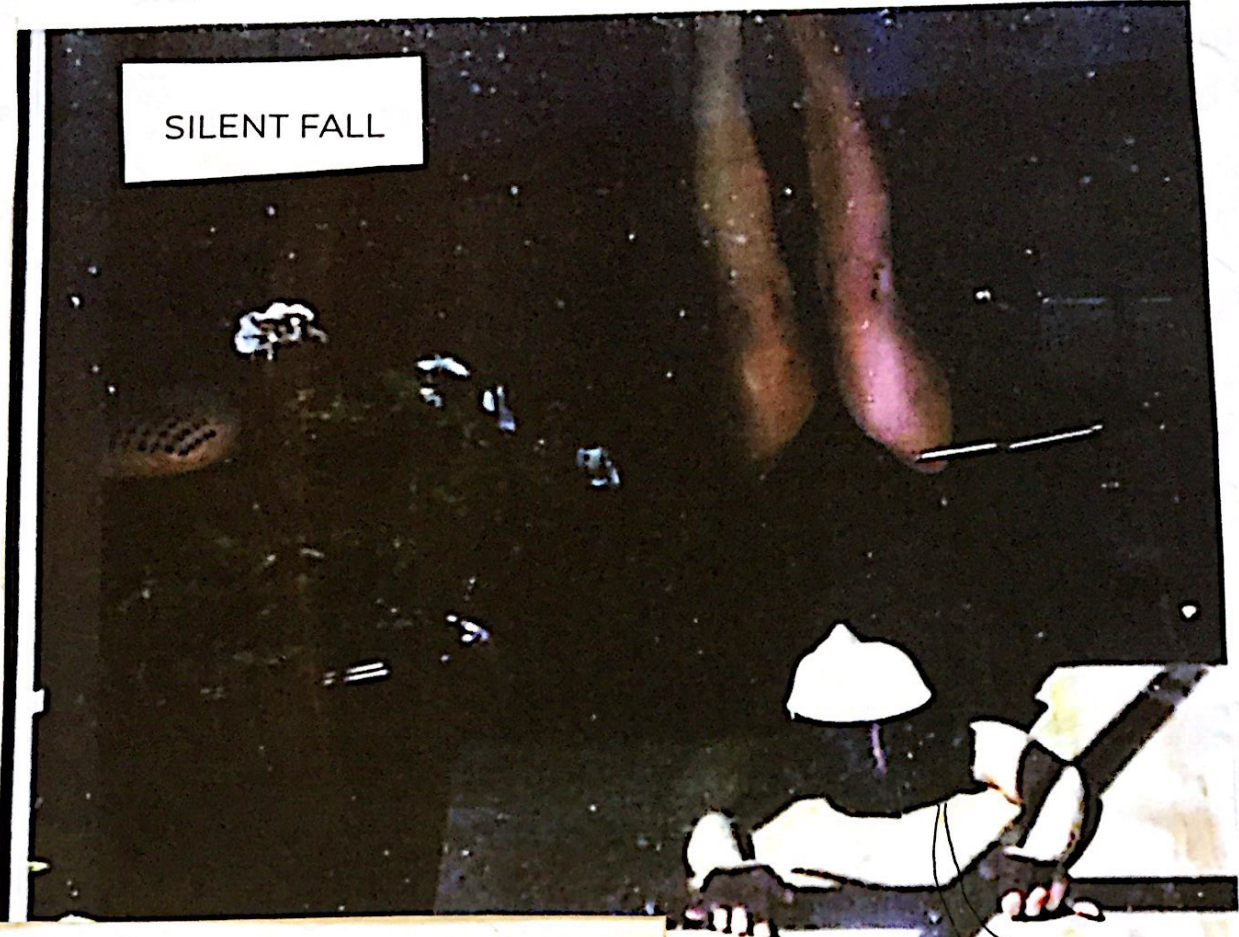
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What I mean is that movement is not reserved for those with abilities, we need movement to survive, total immobility means death

Susanna, do you have any insufficient and exhausted pose?

of a dialogical artistic practice of writing, she embraces a
ic and queer positionality. This multimedial text is a solo
ted by plural and hybrid voices, discourses, names and
lives of the individual

SILENT FALL



Falling upside down in the kitchen, Auckland, May 2020

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Maryam Bagh...
15.54 19 May

Shall we think of a bridging sentence between the previous sentence and Barad's Sentence?

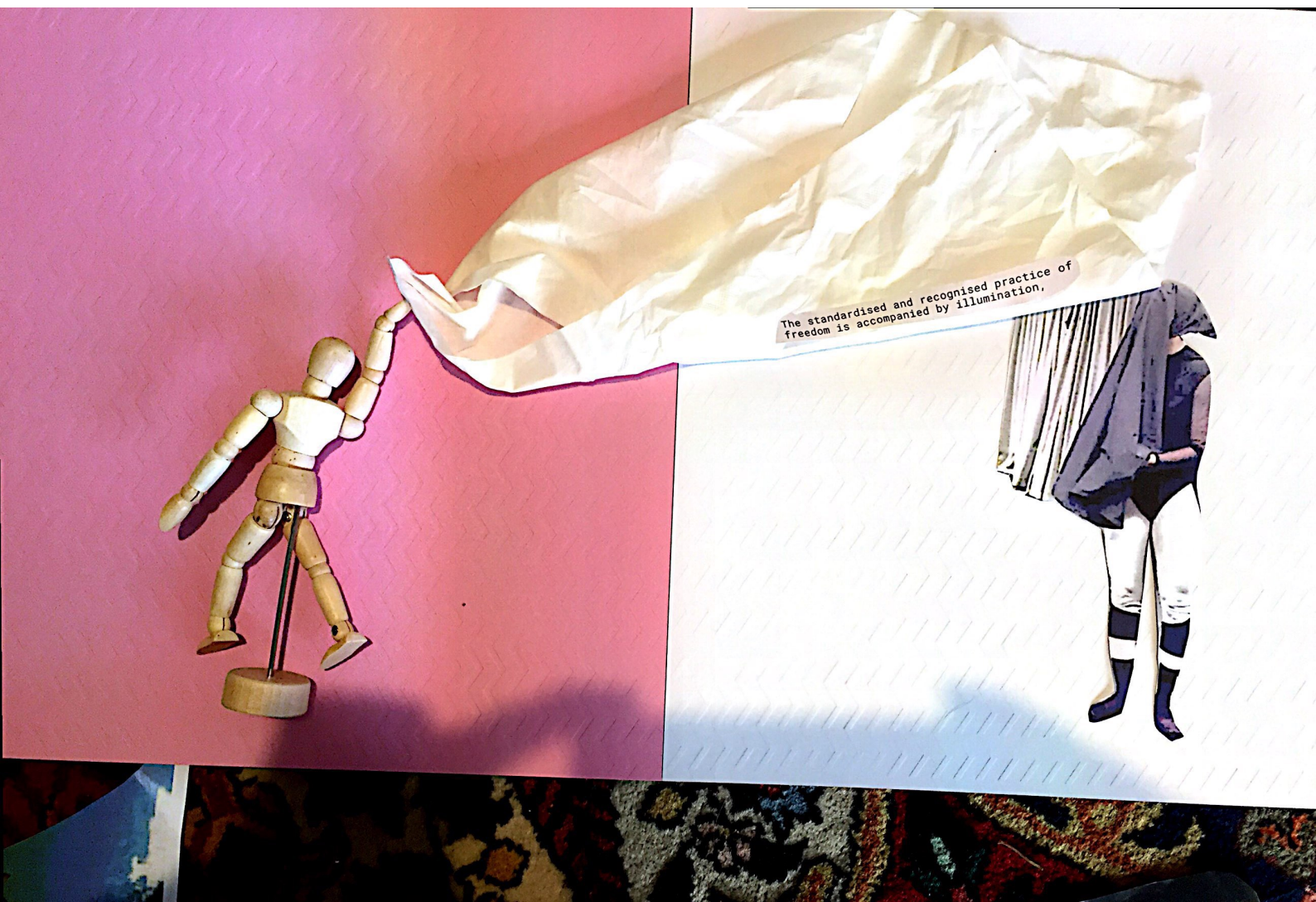
SILENT FALL

Voice is the trace of corporeality. Voicing a knowledge is a privilege that marginalised communities and individuals have been deprived of, but this does not equal complete silence. We are totally colonised in language, but we are not totally silenced. We speak in a male system of language, profoundly capitalist and violent. In order to make a feminist, queer, anticapitalist or decolonial point, one needs to speak in the language of the oppressor, to speak 'high theory' (Motta 2018). Failing in language is a monstrosity. Falling into a language would be better. If a child murmurs that is ordinary. Woman is expected to murmur or scream, so when a woman returns in her writing, if she does not return through the established system of language, if her traces are infantilised, she becomes uncanny. Something ordinary transforms suddenly into monstrosity. I think one of the things we can do as artist-scholars is to give other names, to think other thoughts, to speak from our silence. "Poetry is the way we help give name to the nameless so it can be thought" (Lorde 2007, 26).

Sometimes we can speak but not write in order to document, to archive.

heart racing
 i walked to the front of the room
 turned to face the faces
fell a little
 stood still
 and began, begged
 please
 do not take this poem outside this room
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So, I think, as a feminist-artist-activist act, we can share knowledge by leaving traces on bodies while refusing to publish everything as if our lives dependent on external validation. It is an exciting idea to create but to display to only those who deserve



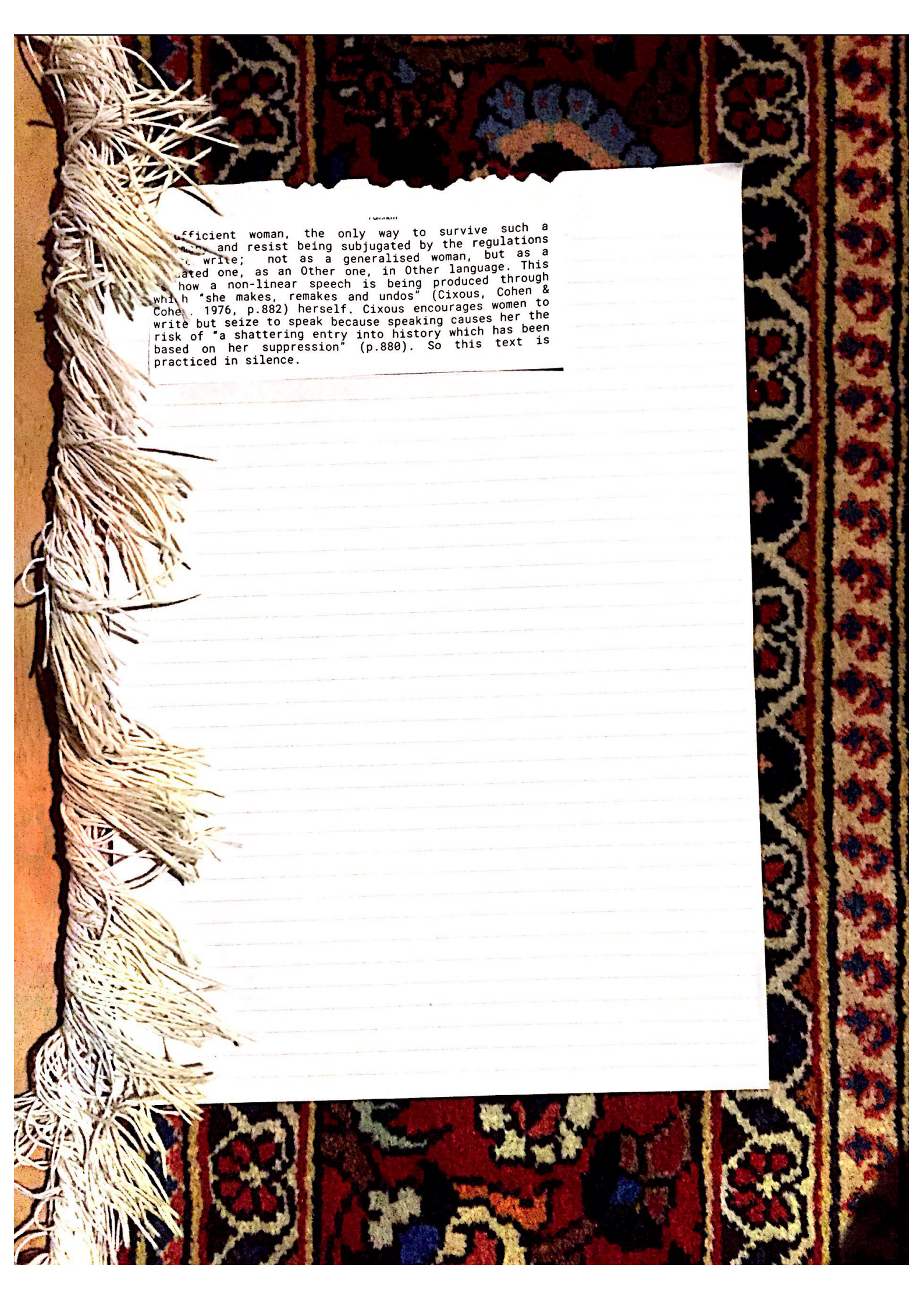
The standardised and recognised practice of
freedom is accompanied by illumination.

our vulnerability. This can be an agential strategy: to hold back, to keep safe, to nurture, to wait.

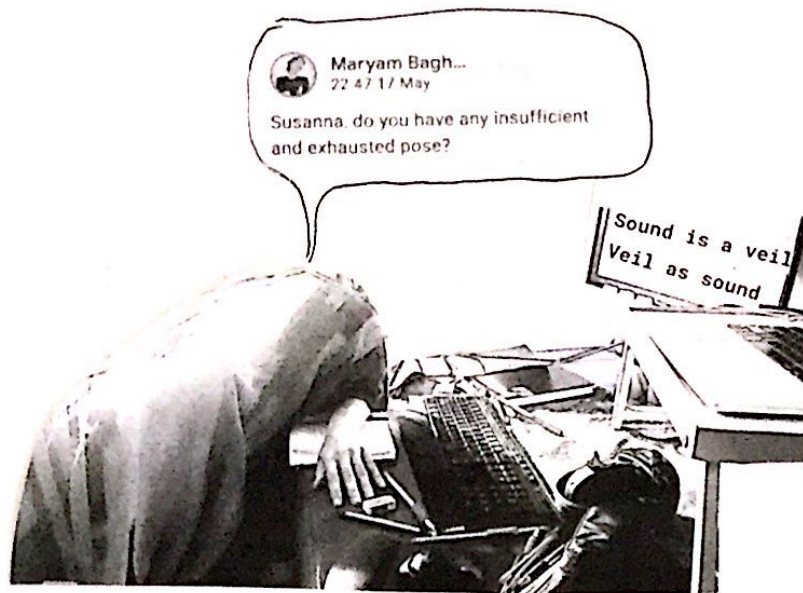
Silence is a quality to think with, and stillness is a quality to think with, so when we align with their monstrosity, something different can happen to us and our surroundings. Someone can turn towards us, and hear our silence, and ask 'what do you think', and we have been breathing silence long enough to actually have something to say that will be listened to. Lived experience is always more powerful than theory. Thus, when with our bodies we have remained in place our stillness will have created a sort of resistance that will be visionary and hopeful. These qualities are, of course, monstrosities, because they are counter-narratives in our fast-moving, individualistic, loud, profit-oriented and abusive cultures.

We cannot all be visible. Some of us need to be shadows. Feminist activism cannot be only about agency equalled with vocality, just like we cannot hold on to a singular and universal idea of equality (see Parpart and Parashar 2019). Silence is and it does, it is definitely not the opposite of empowerment.

"What I most regretted where my silences", Audre Lorde (2007, 29) writes when she reflects upon her mortality at the face of a tumour. But it is very important that we do not make silence about dichotomies. Silence is not an absolute, and it does not have to mean that nothing is said, or expressed, or that nothing is moving, or changing, or doing. Actively working with silence is a different thing than being afraid, and being afraid is also necessary for survival. So we are not discouraging 'speaking out' but rather reworking silence into a state of possibilities.



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Something about our subtle resistance as a strategy

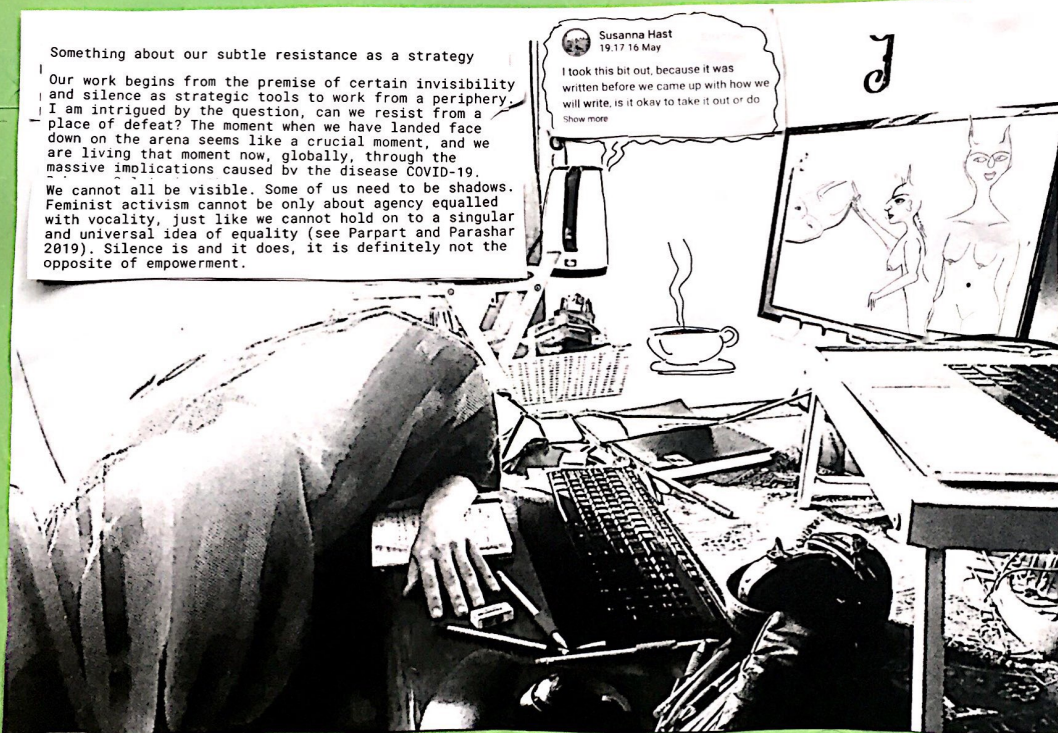
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Susanna Hast
19.17.16 May

I took this bit out, because it was written before we came up with how we will write. is it okay to take it out or do
[Show more](#)

3




Monsters are bodies tumbled into bodies: the art of telling monstrosity requires stories tumbled into stories (Swanson et al. 2017, M10).

The Slow fall of a Monster is a solo.
A two-sided one.

One side is the inversion of the other.
Face to face.
Back to back.
One up, one down
Upside down

SIDENOTE :



April 2020, we are writing this at the time of COVID-19. The virus is a monstrosity, and it is changing our world fast. In its invisibility lies a monstrosity, and in its visible effects on lives and landscapes, we can see time unfolding in a new way: there is no 'normal' to return to. There is adaptation, and change. Other monstrosities are revealed as the virus exposes systemic inequalities which we knew were there, but are now more visible and exacerbated because life appears more bare. One such monstrosity is the Hart Island cemetery where New York City buries its poor and unclaimed bodies. A New York Times article (Kilgannon 2020) made visible a mass grave in a Western country. Due to the pandemic, there is an increase in the amount of bodies to be buried in the island: about 24 bodies per day when it used to be the same amount per week. The bodies are laid in unmarked mass graves, and already a million are buried in this island which is off limits from the public. The article includes a video of contractors in white protective suits throwing dirt on wooden boxes piled on top of each other in two rows. The place itself looks nothing like a graveyard. There are abandoned buildings, and ground where nothing is growing, where no one is mourning. The island has previously served as a home for the ill, for prisoners, for mentally ill, for homeless, and for drug abusers. Now this site of burial is known to me because of the pandemic. Everything around the wooden boxes, and the dirt on top of them, rushes towards.

Stories of how the pandemic is affecting the most vulnerable are daily, and they are reminders and acknowledgements of all the things our settler-colonial, patriarchal-capitalist system has produced and embraced. But we are also seeing how no one is safe. The local and global information flows about the pandemic are lingering in our consciousness, and the omnipotence of the white man is reduced to vulnerability and bare life.

Can we as artists be part of a transformation towards acknowledging our human and more than human interconnectedness or do we rather cling on to the old world of cheap labour, consumerism and extraction from which we have also benefited from? Recebba Solnit (2020) writes,

The idea that everything is connected is an affront to conservatives who cherish a macho every-man-for-himself frontier fantasy. [...] If everything is connected, then the consequences of every choice and act and word have to be examined, which we see as love in action and they see as impingement upon absolute freedom, freedom being another word for absolutely no limits on the pursuit of self-interest.

The privileged are living a new spatial reality of the lockdown (many people were always in some form of lockdown). Solnit (2020) proposes that we "may have a profoundly different sense of ourselves, our communities, our systems of production and our future" when the storm clears. As life is unlikely to go 'back to normal', we might have to rethink our social life, our mobilities, our work. In this quest of meaning in an uncertain future, can we use, counterintuitive as it may seem, silence and stillness for an artistic engagement with injustice? And can we resist from a place of defeat? When we examine the acts, words and choices - the interconnectivity and entanglement - *our love in action*, how can we come together, and what can we do from our marginal positions? Do we need to be fast in our reactions, public, active, visible, vigorous and established?

! Monsters are bodies tumbled into bodies; the art of telling
monstrosity requires stories tumbled into stories (Swanson et al.
2017, M10). !

All those failed jumps and falls
Wounds

All those difficult situations...

Then, I decided to speak 'as if' I am a dancer; not fully arriving at the dance.

Failing the sufficiency of what dance requires, specifically its 'permanent emblem' (Lepecki, 2006) I stop to move, and unbecome as a dancer.

I just noticed each time I departed I was pulled back in again. Between the homeliness of the past and the unhomeliness of the present; I collect myself inside the veil,, I become the familiar face, the recognisable one., the good one, the desirable one, me as veil, veil as me. Veil instead of me.

As I disappear into the veil, slowly I depart...

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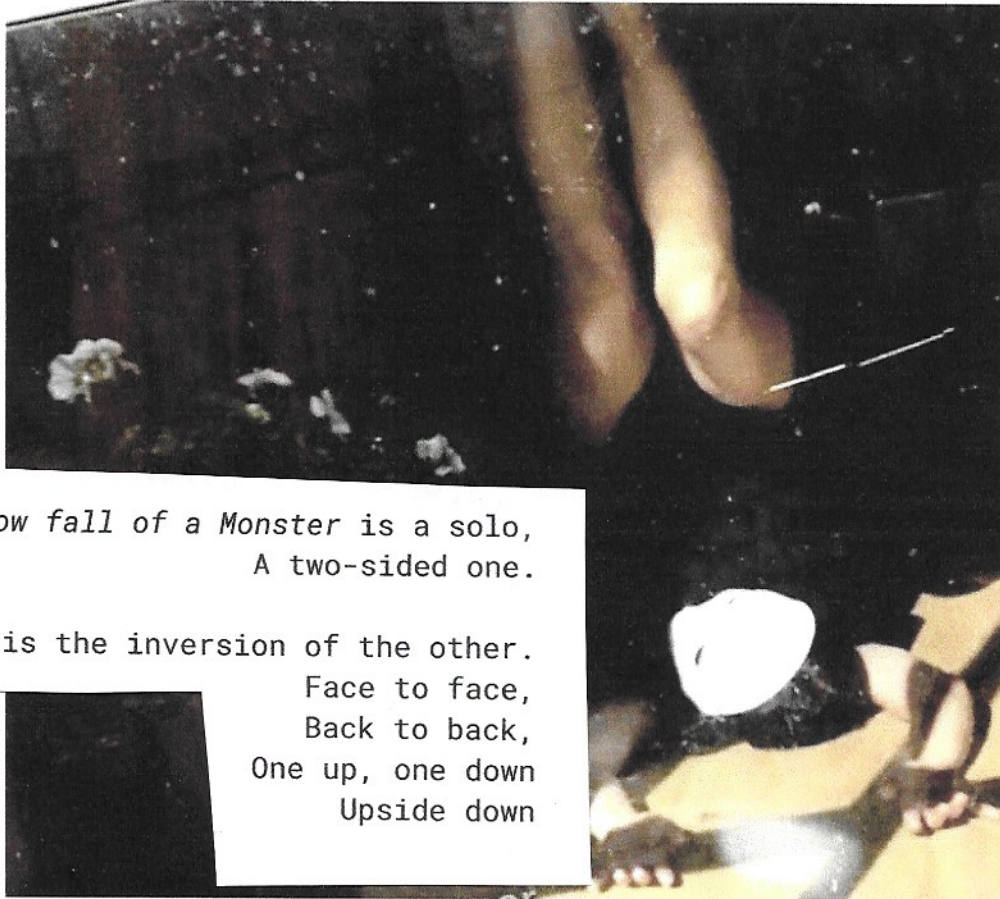
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Dates are important: 2015, 2017, 2020,

For contemporary dancers falling is like breathing out: necessary. We understand how somatic movement practices such as Body Mind Centring, Contact Improvisation and Release Technique embrace falling, giving to the ground, as a physical state, which allows for fixed patterns to shift and life change to be sourced. Falling to the floor is often skilfully performed to attain maximum spectacular impact. Yet witnessing falling often overwhelms us and we are unable to experience co-created relational inclusive bodily interactions. Noticing what each of us brings to each moment of the falling is often overlooked by the fast spectacle of falling; our sensations, memories, experiences, are blanketed by the speed. Falling comes at us and we have no response other than rapture and fear. (Claid, 2013, 80.)

14th May 2020

The slow fall of a monster



*The Slow fall of a Monster is a solo,
A two-sided one.*

*One side is the inversion of the other.
Face to face,
Back to back,
One up, one down
Upside down*

Falling upside down in the kitchen, Auckland, May 2020

This attempt is a solo performance,
A two-sided one, each subversive of another.

One says: "I feel I am really enjoying the dialogical ", while the other reads: gnitirw
fo sksir eht fo erawa uoy erA?

Did you know some people write from right to left?

I am a dancer, a veiled one. I remember my past. I am a migrant and for me there
is always a past; a nostalgic one.

I am a migrant, a non-English speaker, so I cannot claim for heritage, neither can't
say where I am; but I can share a private truth:

My memory of dance has been full of pain,
Blood
Tears



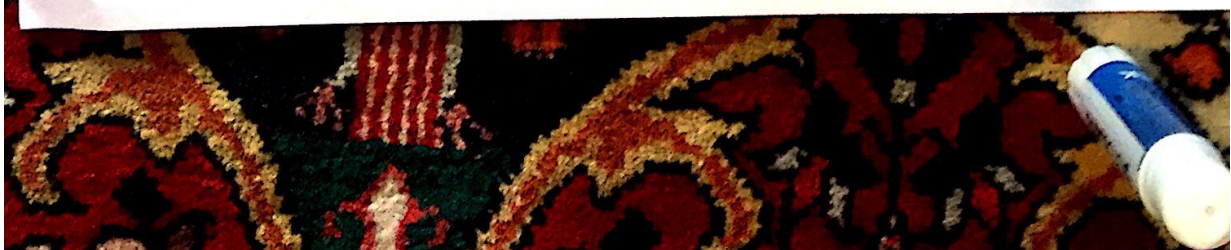
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with you?
I know well how to suspend my tongue, and how to travel in
time within my mind. But this is also a source of my
creativity, creativity stemming from a traumatised and
dislocated memory (see Cho, 2008). But it is still a
memory woven in a cultural-political fabric, and
understanding that has set my monstrosity to a free fall.
it means the condition of monstrosity is not a pathology,
it is a consequence of tumbings. I like the idea
of a nomad who is not so much moving in space but
moving within femininities. Rosi Braidotti (2012, 33)
explains, "A nomadic vision of the body defines it
as multi-functional and complex, as a transformer of
flows and energies, affects, desires and imaginings." to
me this sounds like a vitality to tap into. Mungam!

Did you know in the Iranian mythology demons and monsters are inverted creatures? They do
subversive acts.

your interesting experience of peripherality and migration is
really interesting, along with the expectations that your
body is subjected to simply because of its 'origin'.
How have you dealt with your migrating body in your dance
and writing, and through what concepts you think in
other ways?



If the chora (Grosz, Kristeva) is the potential space, the text is the chora, so is the veil, so is the dance, so is the voice, and the act of writing is an embodied practice.

Passive,

Falling to their places

Transient

Veil corporeal extension:

Fabric becomes subject, fabric becomes the dance, fabric becomes the text, text becomes the dance.

Counter representational
Ensemble

Falling -kinesthetic - losing face

Monster is a mode of visibility



Maryam Bagh...
7:30 AM May 14

Resolve

don't worry about this emerging part. it's just the way ideas are being structured in my mind to come out. We don't need to follow this order, we can only use the content. I am wondering to become as deceptive as a monster and as we both are writing it, we embody a singular, solo voice. the solo which is multiple, plural, hybrid of faces, names, narratives and experiences. please feel free to enter with your poetic, sonic, dancing modes anywhere, anytime. We are one, two sided, one returns, the other departs, one inside, the other outside, our Mobius-strip like ambiguous corporeality have made our faces, dances, and texts monstrous.



Susanna Hast
2:41 PM May 14

yes, we can create a score and dramaturgy together, letting things 'fall to their places'



Susanna Hast
3:34 PM May 16

you could see if these bits could fall under some of those subtitles. You don't even have to write them as sentences, or paragraphs but this can be like falling words, poetically placed.

*Research
creation*

FALLING AND GETTING LOST

- Practice of freedom for artists at risk



Veil as sound

Sound is a veil

Veil is a space

Vail as filter, warmth, inside/outside

Monstrosity of other creatures

Exposure through name and face

Getting lost and losing face is a counter-representational strategy

Faceless is lost, never to be found, forgotten,

For us, both stillness and silence appear through monstrosity. In our quest to discover queer ways to work the monster is a body through which otherness can be approach. The monster is like a vehicle that can carry the viruses, parasites, toxins, disease and femininities in some strange kinship. The monster is the embodiment of transgression.

The two sided book Arts of Living on a Damaged Planet (Tsing et al. 2017) asks, what kinds of monsters are we? We are monsters, but we are also living with monstrosities. One such currently is the virus that appears to have transformed time and space so fast that it is terrifying. The human species creates monstrosities when they disrupt monsters that sustain life, giving birth to parasites, bacteria and disease, which then threaten livability (Swanson et al. 2017, M6). The monster cannot be thought about only through a negative – dangerous, gross, despicable. We have to live with monstrosity, and we can discover, in some monstrosities, a wonder, a utopia, a dream.

The idea of a monster helps to direct attention into the terrifying in all its forms, not only the most spectacular ones, but also the quieter and smaller monsters. These are the minor monsters. Maryam, how do you understand the minor in monstrosity, in what ways does the minor manifest and how could we work with the minor in our feminist projects?

Did you know in the Iranian mythology demons and monsters are inverted creatures? They do subversive acts.



The monstrosity is a positionality against the standardised bodies,
Standardized practices of freedom
Standardised woman. There is no typical, universal woman.
Either no typical practice of freedom. There are practices of freedom.

The standardised and recognised practice of freedom is accompanied by illumination, enlightenment and transparency, not the murky and vague manifestations; loud and clear voices, not murmurs, nor babbles. These typical and active practices, artistically or politically, urge nudity and explicit exposures. Whatever out of this clarification and illumination is known as weak and passive.

So failed and veiled I wonder if that can be that?

TOPOGRAPHY OF A MONSTER

It is a solo,
A two-sided one. Like a veil.

There is no doubt that the world requires the endoscopic camera to see through the inside of the woman, reach beyond her surface and permeate into her dark and wet labyrinth of her organs. However, the world requires cameras or receptors to interpret her BwO; The notion of Body without Organs of Deleuze and Gattari (1987), is another supportive viewpoint which helps with understanding such alternative spatialization beyond material limits and borderlands. What are the potentials of such alternative/monstrous spatialization? Deleuze and Gattari (1987) describe how the BwO "is permeated by unformed, unstable matters, by flows in all directions, by

free intensities or nomadic singularities, by mad or transitory particles" (p.4). This is what causes fear....

Interpret her metalanguage, as the language of the Body without Organ...

Audre Lorde (2007, 25) writes, "For each of us women, there is a bark place within [...]. These places of possibility within ourselves are dark because they are ancient and hidden, they have survived and grown strong through that darkness."

Demons are fallen angels...

Meg sturart (2010) says "I often disconnect when I see performers accomplish actions easily on stage". Failure is not tragic at all. The knowledge of failure is the transformative knowledge.

Queer art of failure

We are already groundless and unsettled. We have already fallen.

Falling means losing face

I lost my face in a geographical rede, and became de-familiarised with myself. you kindly compensated my lack with someone else' face, I don't know whom, but I just knew it was your favorite face; that round face, pale skin, with big black almond eyes, rosy cheek, red lips, and a frozen smile residing forever on that face.

I was lacking what you desired. I was lacking that face. That womanliness, draped for the sake of virtuosity.

... So I admitted, and you, loved it.

Little by little this masquerade made our relationship complex.

Sometimes you called me by my name, and sometimes by hers. I felt mostly trapped claustrophobically, sending my exhale out into her inner skin, and having that breath bounced back hitting my skin and moistening and warming it. And you..., you were mostly outside, without being able to permeate. Our gaze line became disarticulated. You looked confused by my 'dual signification' (Apter, 2018) and I felt far and nostalgic, longing for my past face, which little by little was being forgotten.

This not only became horrifying for both of us, but also problematized the identification as a subject. I was not a subject anymore neither geographically, nor embodiedly. I was two, more than two; As Grosz (1994) says "a multifaceted surface folded back on itself, exhibiting a certain torsion but nevertheless a flat plane whose incision or inscription produces the (illusion or effects of) depth and interiority" (p.116).

I was becoming forgotten, I was unbecoming myself. I was becoming other, other than myself, other than the one you knew, neither her, nor me. I was becoming anew. But who? What?

Me pushing out and the mask of her pushing back caused intensity in a way me and the face mask of her could no longer be understood as segregated entities. Rather "fragments capable of being linked together..." (Grosz, 1994, p.167), without any hierarchical order, horizontally: me, mask of her, the veil, the breath, you,...

But what happened to you?



~~Demons~~ are fallen angels...

Meg sturart (2010) says "I often disconnect when I see performers accomplish actions easily on stage". Failure is not tragic at all. The knowledge of failure is the transformative knowledge.

Queer art of failure

"We are already groundless and unsettled. We are already exhausted and exhausted. Deleuze introduces such an exhaustive and exhausted metalanguage, known as language III, which operates and combines with words, objects and spaces, without "any order preference, any organization in relation to a goal, any signification" (p.153)

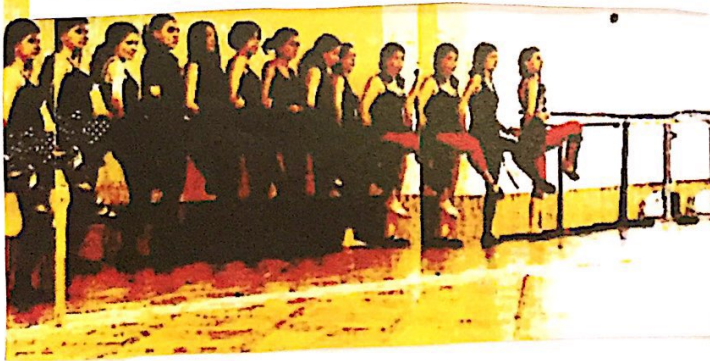
Such a combinatory space-positions-postures-voices language within the structure of the hegemonic language, "rises up or stretches out in its holes, its gaps, or its silence" (Deleuze, 1998, p.162)

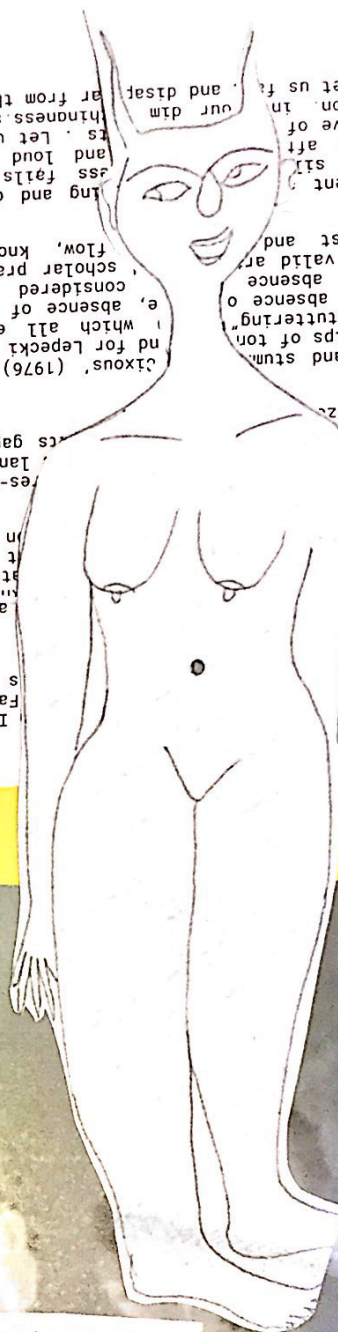
Such holes, gaps and stumbles in Cixous' (1976) words are taken in as slips of tongues, and for Lepecki (2006) as "kinesthetic stuttering" (p.1) which all end in silence, slowness, absence of dance, absence of words, absence. Such an absence can be considered as a disruption to the valid artistic and scholar practices which promote fast and continuous flow, known as fluency.

Such an insufficient and unfluent writing and dancing practice full of silence and stillness fails the spectacular moves, affirmative words and loud voices known representative of emancipatory acts. Let us fall into our exhaustion, into our dim nothingness, shadowy murky practices. Let us fall and disappear from the gaze line!



Other is not fully achieved, there remains certain gaps, conflicts, heterogeneity and anomaly. These insufficiencies of which she takes the most, count as the 'way out', exit or sortie (Cixous & Clement, 1986) to escape and attack the hegemony of the language structure. The reader just needs to approximate the doorways to be able to contribute to the wonderful experience of falling and disappearing into otherness; these transitions or transpositions happen slowly and quietly.





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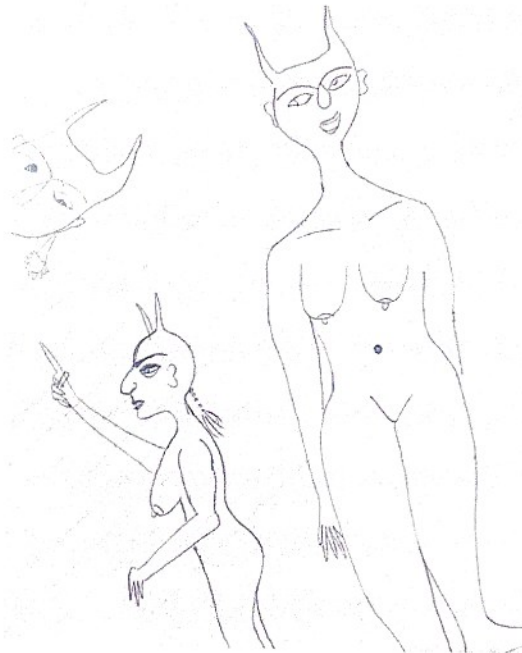
NOMAD

Migrant in space, migrant in time, migrant in text.

I am dispersed; multiple; in constant flux. Between becoming seen and unseen, between becoming and unbecoming, as a body, as a woman, as a dancer, As a location, as a veil.

As a migrant, I am always displaced, misplaced, a retarded, too late, a slow processor, always behind, looking to the

unknown past backward while walking forward...



Selfie, sketched by Maryam, April 2020,

2

The woman monster figure is always somewhat slow, or behind, In fact. Those who live outside normativity, the 'impaired', are often off time. They are peripheral spatially, and seem more quiet than others. I have used a technique sometimes, to keep silent until someone notices my silence and becomes interested in what I have to say. This is a survival strategy because I like to stay in the shadows, but I have found it a very concrete strategy that works as

long as the room has other monstrosities present. Other monsters pay attention and are intrigued by voluntary silence. I consider myself a migrant in time. I can rarely live in the present moment because I am occupied by the past and worried about the future. Sophia Shalmiyev (2019, 2) writes in her autobiography, "The daughters who live in flashbacks will suspend their tongues between the origin and the destination - the past more immediate, more urgent than any new day". I know well how to suspend my tongue, and how to travel in time within my mind. But this is also a source of my creativity, creativity stemming from a traumatised and dislocated memory (see Cho 2008). But it is still a memory weaved in a cultural-political fabric, and understanding that has set my monstrosity to a free fall. It means the condition of monstrosity is not a pathology, it is a consequence of tumblings. I like the idea of a nomad who is not so much moving in space but moving within femininities. Rosi Bradotti (2012, 33) explains, "A nomadic vision of the body defines it as multi-functional and complex, as a transformer of flows and energies, affects, desires and imaginings." To me this sounds like a vitality to tap into. ^{MARYAM} ~~Maryam~~, your experience of peripherality and migration is really interesting, along with the expectations that your body is subjected to simply because of its 'origins'. How have you dealt with your migrating body in your dance and writing, and through what concepts you *think in other ways?*

NOMAD

Migrant in space, migrant in time, migrant in text.
I am dispersed; multiple; in constant flux.
Between becoming seen and unseen, between becoming
and unbecoming, as a body, as a woman, as a
dancer, As a location, as a veil.
As a migrant, I am always displaced, misplaced, a
retarded, too late, a slow processor, always
behind, looking to the unknown past backward while

For a displaced corporeality there is always a past, a
story of the past. What sort of subjectivity is being
produced between the past and the present?

Transient in time, I am not quite a subject, rather "a
subject-in-process" (Braidotti, 2003, p.45)

Repetition in repositioning: constantly location and
relocation within words, voices, dances, such a
'transposition' according to Braidotti (2006) allows a
leap "from one code, field or axis into
another...variations and shifts of scale in a
discontinuous but harmonious pattern" (p.5)

Susanna, could you please share with us your
transpositioned song?



NOMAD

TOPOGRAPHY OF A MONSTER

Migrant in space, migrant in time, migrant in text.
I am dispersed, multiple, constant flux.
Between becoming and seen, between becoming
and unbecoming, as a woman, as a
dancer, As a nation.
As a migrant, I am displaced, misplaced, a
retardant, a slow processor, always
behind, the unknown past backward while

walking forward.

... subjectivity is being
... the present?

Transient in the subject, rather "a subject-in-process" (1983, p.45)

Repetition in ... ntly location and
relocation with ... nces, ... such a
'transposition' ... ti (2006) allows a
leap "from one ... nto
another...varie ... scale in a
discontinuous ... (p.5)

Susanna, could you please share with us your transpositioning?

We create a virtual feminine. feminine

The woman monster figure is always somewhat slow, or behind. In fact, Those who live outside normativity, the 'impaired', are often off time. They are peripheral spatially, and seem more quiet than others. I have used technology sometimes to keep others quiet.

insufficient woman, the only way to survive such a hegemony and resist being subjugated by the regulations is to write; not as a generalised woman, but as a situated one, as an Other one.

Within the feminist practices, text itself, counts as a space for deviation. Text is an alternative 'site' where she becomes and unbecomes. This text is produced at the liminality of the language of the self and the other. Since the reciprocity of the self and other is not achieved, there remains a heterogeneity.

active vs. passive
explicit vs. implicit
positive vs. negative
bliss vs. loss
enlightened vs. shadowy

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For a displaced corporeality there is always a past, a story of the past. What sort of subjectivity is being produced between the past and the present?

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Susanna, could you please share with us your transpositioned song?

We create a virtual feminine.

ARCHIVE



"Bowed head resting on hands" (1998, p.155), Deleuze describes the posture of the exhausted. Self-portrait. Auckland, May 2020

A face-off, fallen, corporeality.

Erected protesting figures with loud screams and tight fists waving in the sky, reaching as much as verticality, erection, erection,

Isn't it risky?

What if I lye down exhaustedly and roll and roll and roll, what if I topple down all those monochromic flags, and rather flag out the colourful flag of peace?

Risk is the anchor: the risk I am compromised with, draws your attention. This is the line between your eyes and mine. And you're worried about losing the line, on your side. You see and predict my fall. I can see the worries in your eyes. You won't let me fall. Do you remember the day you took a selfie with me and I took a selfie with you?

Repetition in repositioning: constantly location and relocation within words, voices, dances, such a 'transposition' according to Braidotti (2006) allows a leap "from one code, field or axis into another...variations and shifts of scale in a discontinuous but harmonious pattern" (p.5)

MASKING

She asks: Maryam, you told me when we had an online meeting to talk about our writing, that the monster is an alternative face, and a

Face to those who cannot expose themselves.

Weak and slow.

Passive and still,

Lik passive act of resistance

Shadow feminism

Susan Sontag says that 'To photograph is to appropriate the thing photographed' (2013, 529). The relationship created with the world this way feels like knowledge, which feels like power; she continues. If you self-appropriate through self-portraits, make yourself known this way, I believe a self-portrait can queer the relationship between power and resistance. Appropriation, gaze, capturing, abstraction, invasion, remembrance, all become *different*. For me to lose face is not to have face at all, which is something I am exploring with veils and perspectives. How do you understand the changing face as a political act both in the realm of artistic work and in society?

d

war and the post-war. If they all had faces, there would not be war.

The self-portrait is also a monster. I often think my monstrosity is to be a ghost. Other people appear living to me, while my body seems to be out of joint, unfitting, to the world of the living. I sometimes think of myself as a demon. The sanskrit word female demon is *rākshasī*. There are ten demon daughters named in the Lotus Sutra, who with their mother, have made a vow to protect the sutra's votaries. They are the Ten Goddesses, and I am them, and their mother. They are evil and they are protectors, they, their mother, are 'circle – a complete and perfect hole' (Shalmiyev 2019, 6). I am ready to split heads with my hysteria. I protect others' sensitive lives by staying only partly visible, and partly audible. The acts of censure that maintain such partiality are a monster to me, and a goddess to others.

Like self-portraits, solo performance and its visual documentation are monstrous materials. The artist, maker, creator, can look at her monstrosity in the eye. As an artistic strategy, working with monstrosity is an alternative to people pleasing, escapism and forced masking. It works counter-expectation, dwells in dirt, madness and spirituality so long that at least some illusions of normalcy are shattered.

MASKING

by my 'dual sign
and nostalgic, l
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The mask of a monster changes space and time, creating a heterotopia, an/other space where the self can become an/other too. The monster makes mistakes, insufficiency, laughter, failure and falling acceptable, and a mask provides another face, or no face.

Masking becomes an act of gazing inside, even a state of claustrophobia where breathing might be compromised and the scope of vision is limited.

MASKING

by my 'dual sign
and nostalgic, l
little was being

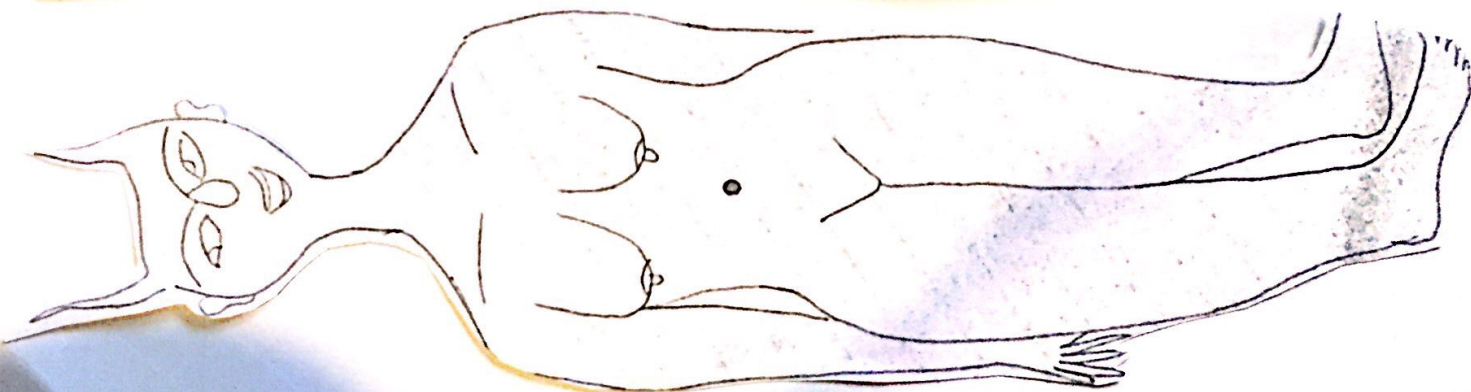
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Maryam: Susanna, when you mentioned the two-sided book, I automatically got addressed to the two-sided Mobius Strip. One body, two sides, and I remembered a whole life of struggling to become inside-out and unbecome, back outside-in; this is exhaustive; I am exhausted; as well as all my artistic and aesthetic choices; As a Middle Eastern woman, I am exhausted of resisting as a body, as the liberated one or as the one who needs to be liberated and as the one who is not liberated yet.



Exhausted with the concept of freedom.

The idea of
terrifying
spectacular
monsters. Th
you understa
does the
minor

For us, both stillness and silence appear through
 monstrosity. In our quest to discover queer ways to work
 the monster is a body through which otherness can be
 approach. The monster is like a vehicle that can carry
 the viruses, parasites, toxins, disease and femininities
 in some strange kinship. The monster is the embodiment
 of transgression. [K]

Midnight
 body, as the liberated one of
 liberated and as the one who is not free.



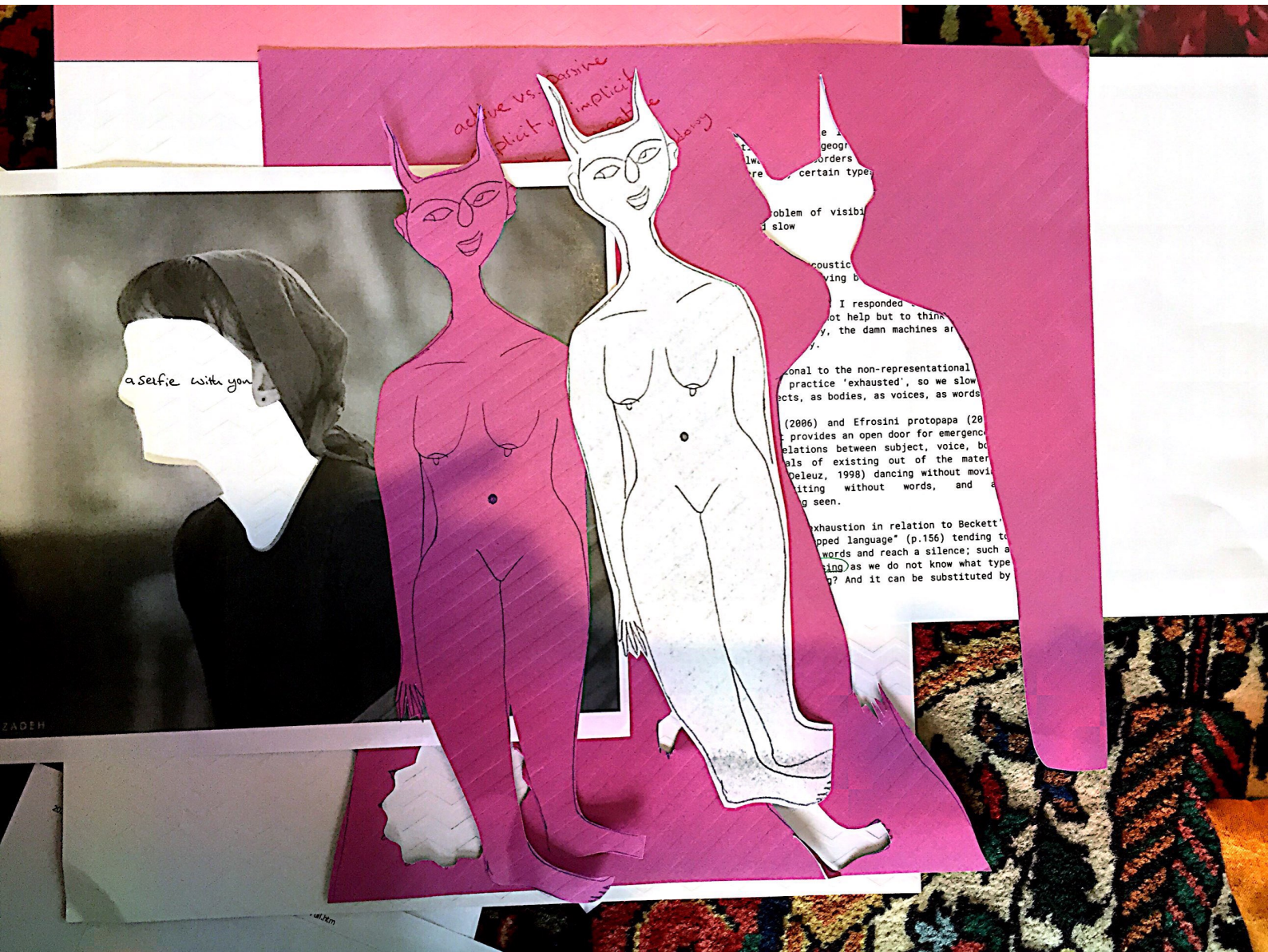
Exhausted with the concept of freedom.

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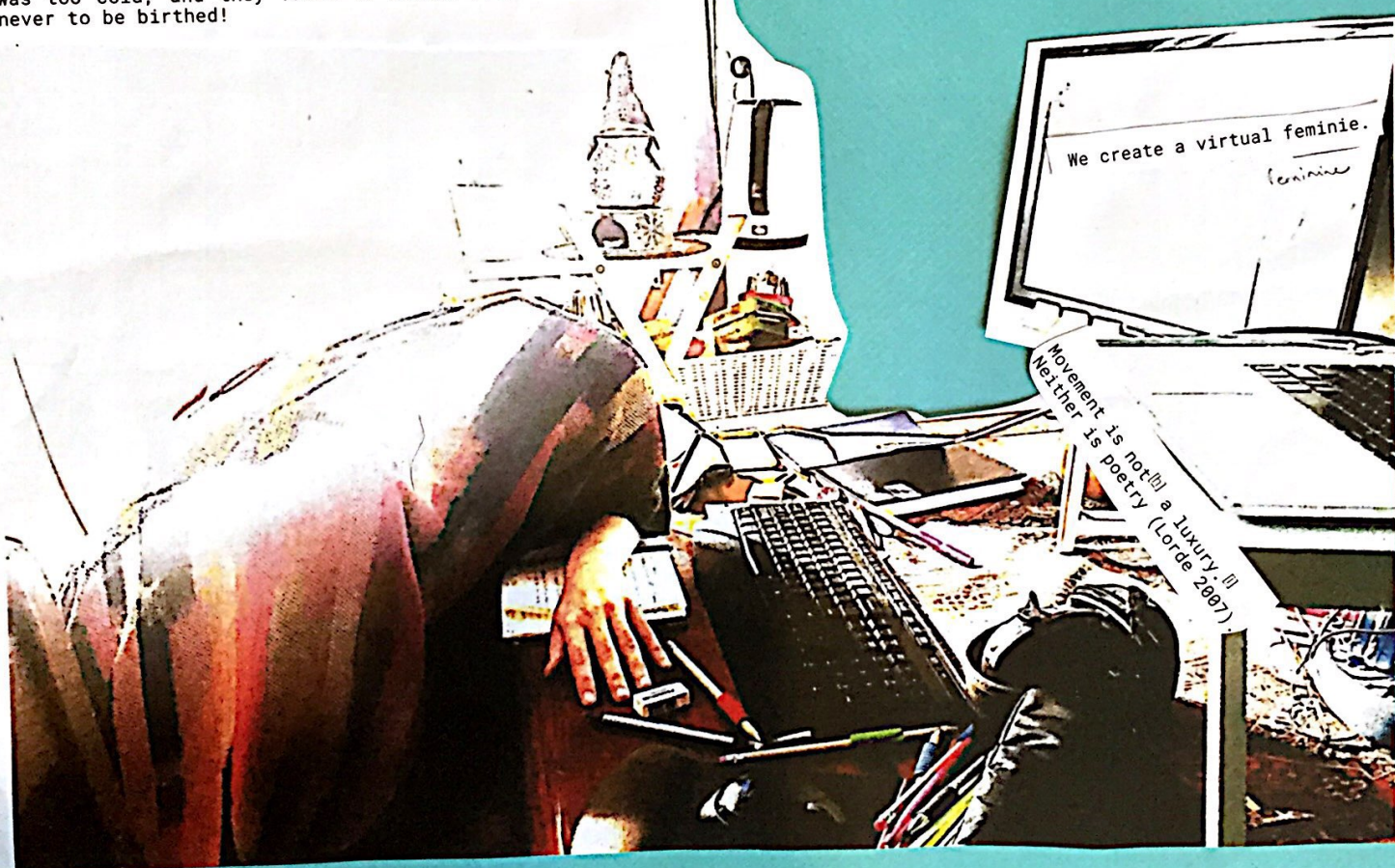
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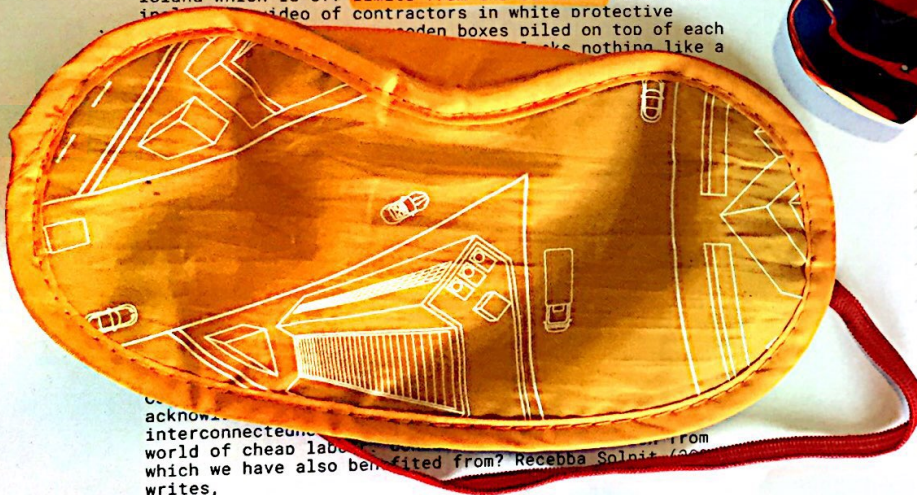
This is how I failed at gardening. I was impatient, it was too cold, and they froze to death. Poor Zucchini's, never to be birthed!



The privileged lockdown (many communities. our systems 'back to normal'. we might in an uncertain future. can we engagement with injustice? And can choices - the interconnectivity and love in action. how can we come together. in our reactions, public, active, visible, established?

TIME

exacerbated because life appears more bare. One such monstrosity is the Hart Island cemetery where New York City buries its poor and unclaimed bodies. A New York Times article (Kilgannon 2020) made visible a mass grave in a Western country. Due to the pandemic, there is an increase in the amount of bodies to be buried in the island: about 24 bodies per day when it used to be the same amount per week. The bodies are laid in unmarked mass graves, and already a million are buried in this island which is off limits from the public. The article includes a video of contractors in white protective suits and wooden boxes piled on top of each other. It looks nothing like a



acknowledges the interconnectedness of the world of cheap labor. Who has benefited from which we have also benefited from? Rebecca Solnit (2020) writes,

The idea that everything is connected is an affront to conservatives who cherish a macho every-man-for-himself frontier fantasy. [...] If everything is connected, then the consequences of every choice and act and word have to be examined, which we see as love in action and they see as impediment upon absolute freedom, freedom being another word for absolutely no limits on the pursuit of self-interest.

The privileged are living a new spatial reality of the lockdown (many people were always in some form of lockdown). Solnit (2020) proposes that we "may have a profoundly different sense of ourselves, our communities, our systems of production and our future" when the storm clears. As life is unlikely to go 'back to normal', we might have to rethink our social life, our mobilities, our work. In this quest of meaning in an uncertain future, can we use, counterintuitive as it may seem, silence and stillness for an artistic engagement with injustice? And can we resist from a place of defeat? When we examine the acts, words and choices — the interconnectivity and entanglement — our love in action, how can we come together, and what can we do from our marginal positions? Do we need to be fast in our reactions, public, active, visible, vigorous and established?

Risk is the anchor: the risk I am compromised with draws your attention. This is the line between the line on your side. And you're worried about falling. I can see the line on your side. You see and predict my fall. Do you remember the day you took a selfie with me and I took a

enlightenment and transparency, not the murky and vague manifestations; loud and clear voices, not murmurs, nor babbles. These typical and active practices, artistically or politically, urge nudity and explicit exposures. Whatever out of this clarification and illumination is known as weak and passive.

Weak and slow.
Passive and still,

Lik passive act of resistance
Shadow feminism

There is no doubt that the world requires the endoscopic camera to see through the inside of the woman, reach beyond her surface and permeate into her dark and wet labyrinth of her organs. However, the world requires cameras or receptors to interpret her BwO; The notion of Body without Organs of Deleuze and Gattari (1987), is another supportive viewpoint which helps with understanding such alternative spatialization beyond material limits and borderland. What are the potentials of such alternative spatialization? Deleuze and Gattari describe how the BwO "is permeated, formed, unstable matters, by flows in all directions, free intensities or nomadic singularities or transitory particles" (p.4). This causes fear...

Interpret her metalanguage, as the language of the Body without Organ...

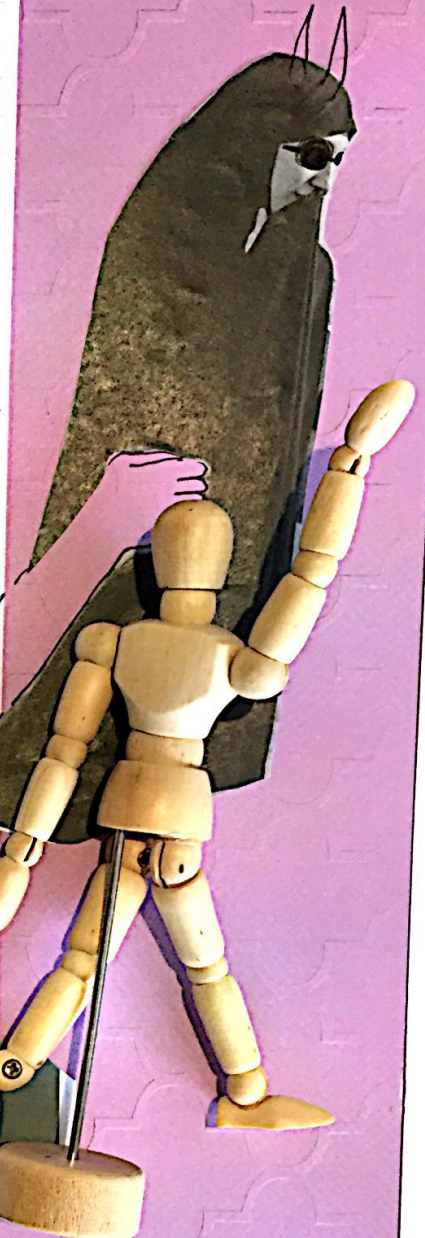
(here Grosz, monstrous corporeality, difference?)

Audre Lorde (2007, 25) writes, "For all of us women, there is a bark place within ourselves, a place of possibility within ourselves, a place where they are by time ancient and hidden, they have grown strong through that darkness."

I recalled
my travel
to Vienna
with all
those peeing
and orgasms
on the stage
to emerge
from the inside
to the outside
is not all
about me and
viscous and
sticky inside
me, it's about
how I transmit
permeate and

am permeated
by others
by spaces

by bodies
because they are by time
grown strong



2017, M6). The monster cannot be thought about only through a negative - dangerous, gross, despicable. We have to live with monstrosity, and we can discover, in some monstrosities, a wonder, a utopia, a dream.

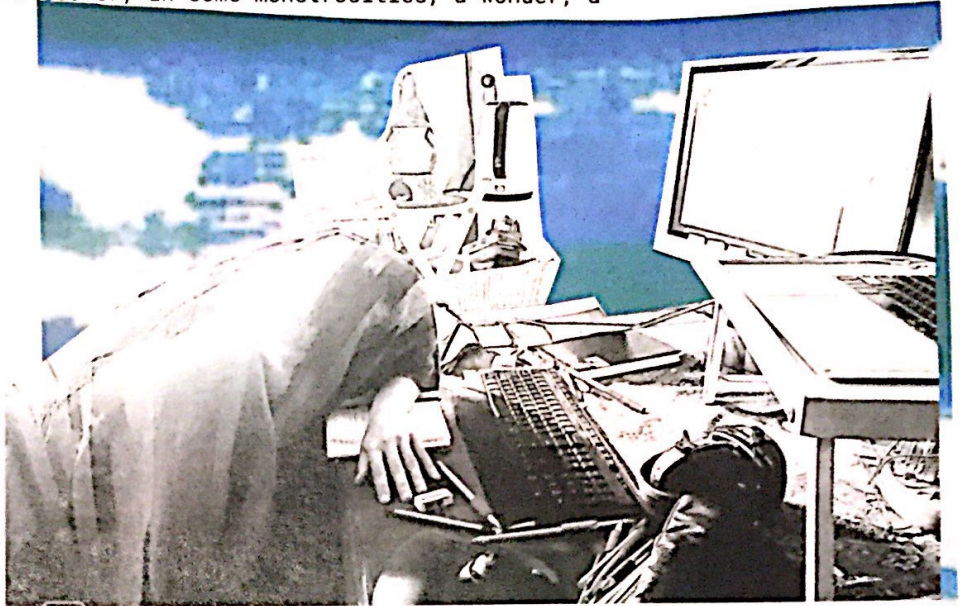
heterotopia
(Foucault, 1967)

The idea of a mo
in all its forms
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feminist project:

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illumination is known as weak and passive.

Weak and slow.
Passive and still,



"Bowed head resting on hands" (1998, p.155), Deleuze describes the posture of the exhausted.
Self-portrait. Auckland, May 2020

[a] I'd start to organise the text from the beginning, and creating subtitles. You can make changes anywhere you like. You could go here <https://stock.adobe.com/> and see if you can find any nice image we could use in the exposition (I have credit to use so I can buy something). For example, we could use an image as background for our text (instead of just white sheet).



enlightenment and transparency, not the murky and vague manifestations; loud and clear voices, not murmurs, nor babbles. These typical and active practices, artistically or politically, urge nudity and explicit exposures. Whatever out of this clarification and illumination is known as weak and passive.

Weak and slow.
Passive and still,

Lik passive act of resistance
Shadow feminism

There is no doubt that the world requires the endoscopic camera to see through the inside of the woman, reach beyond her surface and permeate into her dark and wet labyrinth of her organs. However, the world requires cameras or receptors to interpret her BwO; The notion of Body without Organs of Deleuze and Gattari (1987), is another supportive viewpoint which helps with understanding such alternative spatialization beyond material limits and borderlands. What are the potentials of such alternative/monstrous spatialization? Deleuze and Gattari (1987) describe how the BwO "is permeated by unformed, unstable matters, by flows in all directions, by free intensities or nomadic singularities, by mad or transitory particles" (p.4). This is what causes fear...

Interpret her metalanguage, as the language of the Body without Organ...

(here Grosz, monstrous corporealities reference?)

Audre Lorde (2007, 25) writes, "For each of us women, there is a dark place within [...]. These places of possibility within ourselves are dark because they are ancient and hidden, they have survived and grown strong through that darkness."

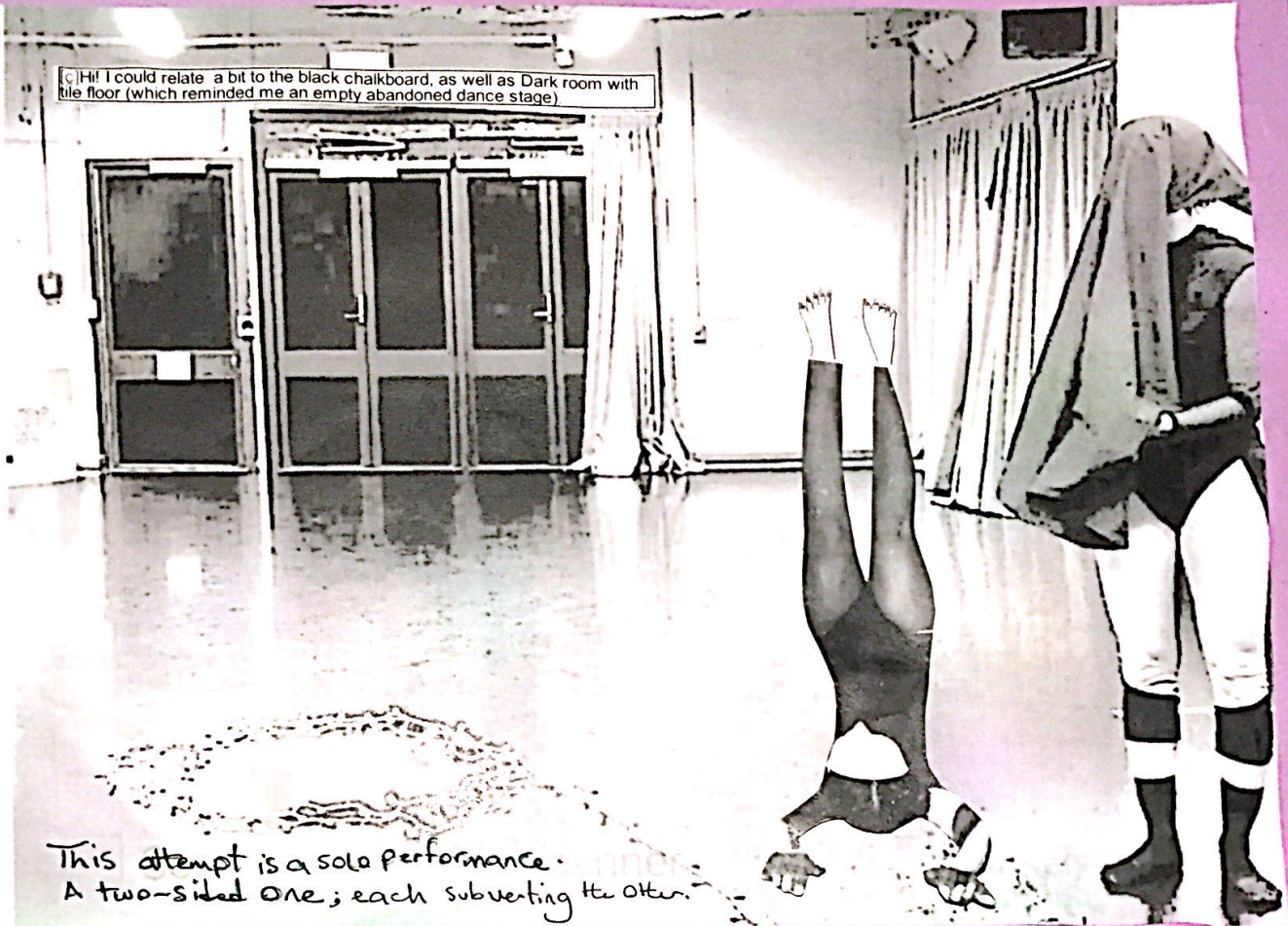
I recalled
my friend
to remain
with all
these things
and separate
the things
from the inside
to the outside
it's not an
object and
not a end
thing, it's
about
the inside
the inside



I first noticed each time I departed I was pulled back in again. Between the homeliness of the past and the unhomeliness of the present I collect myself inside the veil. I become the familiar face, the recognisable one, the good one, the desirable one, me as veil, veil as me. Veil instead of me.

As I disappear into the veil, slowly I depart...

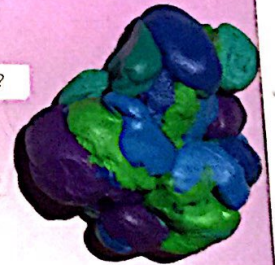
© Hi! I could relate a bit to the black chalkboard, as well as Dark room with tile floor (which reminded me an empty abandoned dance stage)



This attempt is a solo performance.
A two-sided one; each subverting the other.

One says: I feel I am really enjoying the dialogical.
while the other asserts: gnitirw fo sksir eht fo erawo uoy erA?

Did you know some people write from right to left?



I wish I could relate a bit to the black chalkboard, as well as Dark room with
 tile floor (which reminded me an empty abandoned dance stage)

I am a migrant, a non-English speaker, so I cannot claim for
 heritage, neither can't say where I am, but I can share a private
 truth.

My memory of dance has been full of pain
 Blood
 reaching the other

I am a migrant, a non-English speaker, so I cannot claim for heritage, neither can't say where I am, but I can share a private truth.

My memory of dance has been full of pain
 All those failed jumps and falls
 Tears
 Wounds

One says: I feel I am
 All those difficult situations
 Then I decided to speak 'as if' I am a dancer, not fully arriving at the dance

Did you know some people write from right to left?

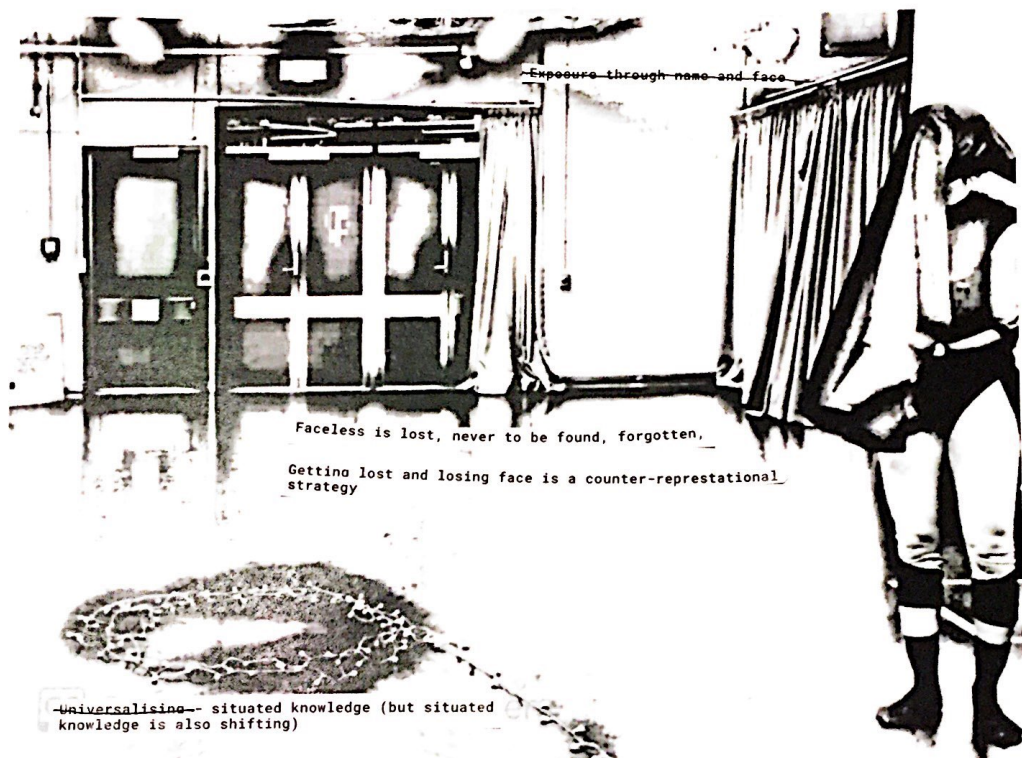
I remember my past I am a migrant
I see a veiled one I remember my past I am a migrant
I see a veiled one I remember my past I am a migrant

Failing the sufficiency of what dance requires, specifically its 'permanent emblem' (Lepecki, 2006) I stop to move, and unbecome as a dancer.



vay erA?

people write from right to left?



~~Exposure through name and face~~

Faceless is lost, never to be found, forgotten.

Getting lost and losing face is a counter-representational strategy

~~Universalising~~ - situated knowledge (but situated knowledge is also shifting)

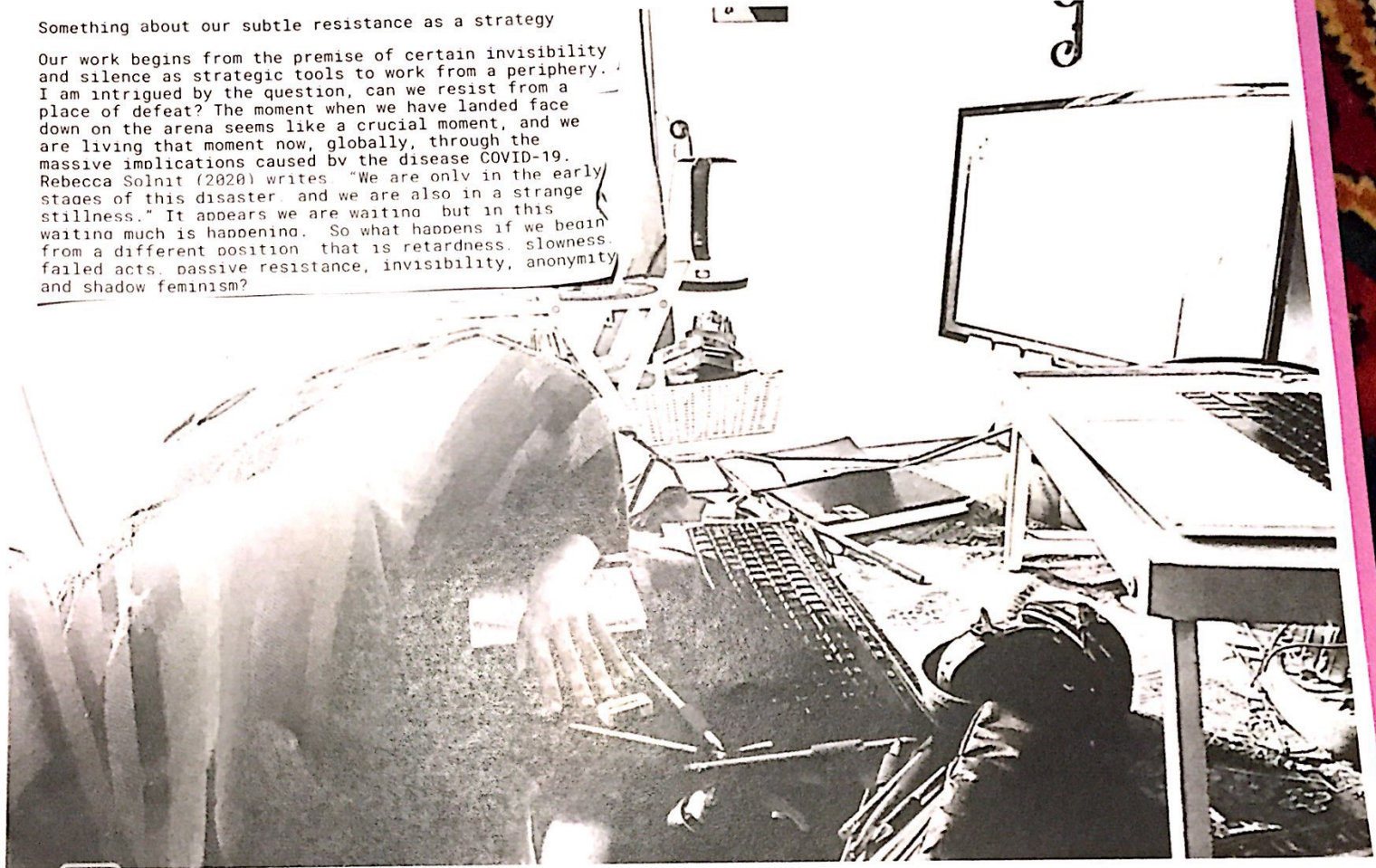
SILENT FALL

FALLING AND GETTING LOST

Monster is a mode of visibility

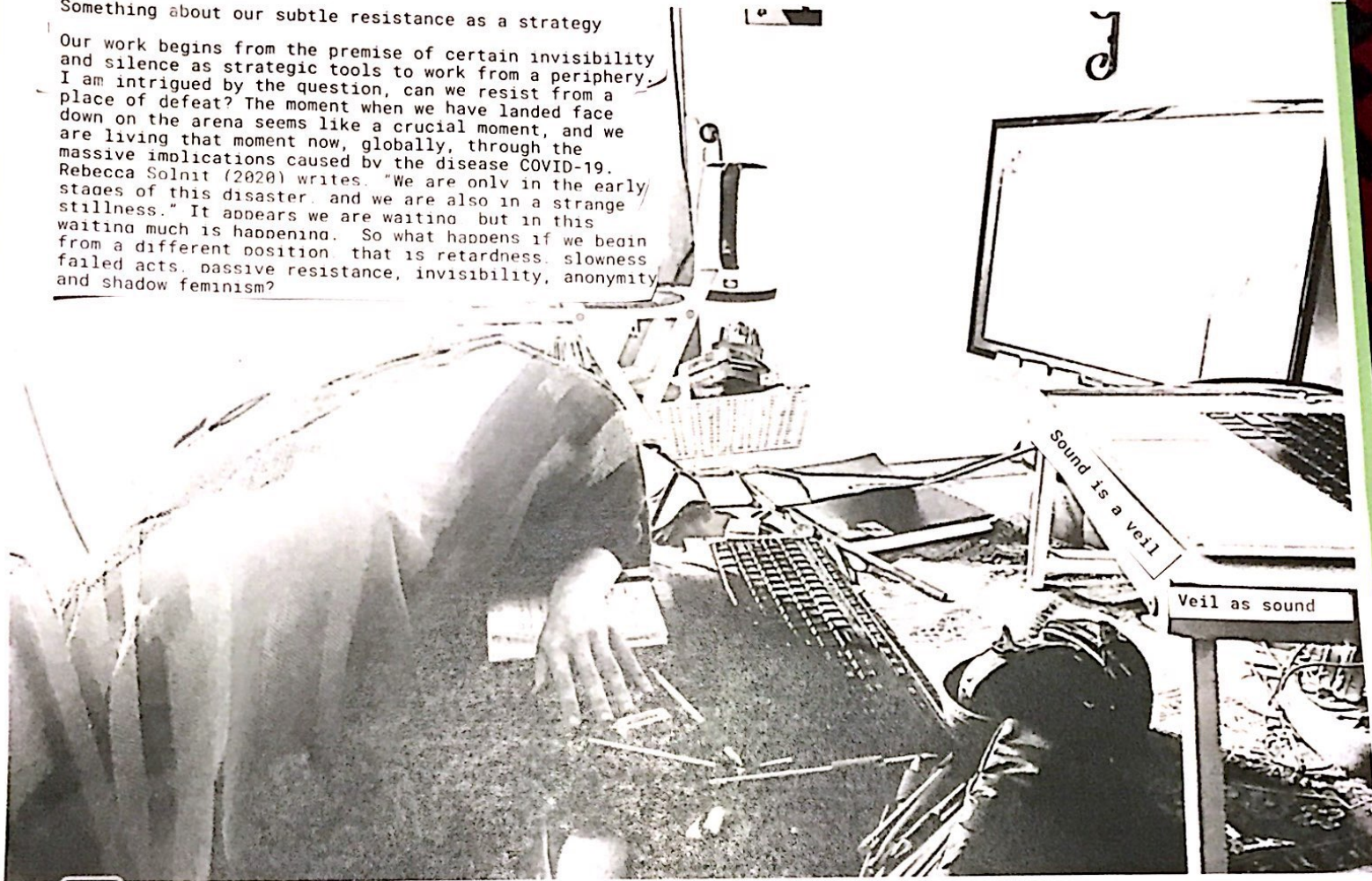
Something about our subtle resistance as a strategy

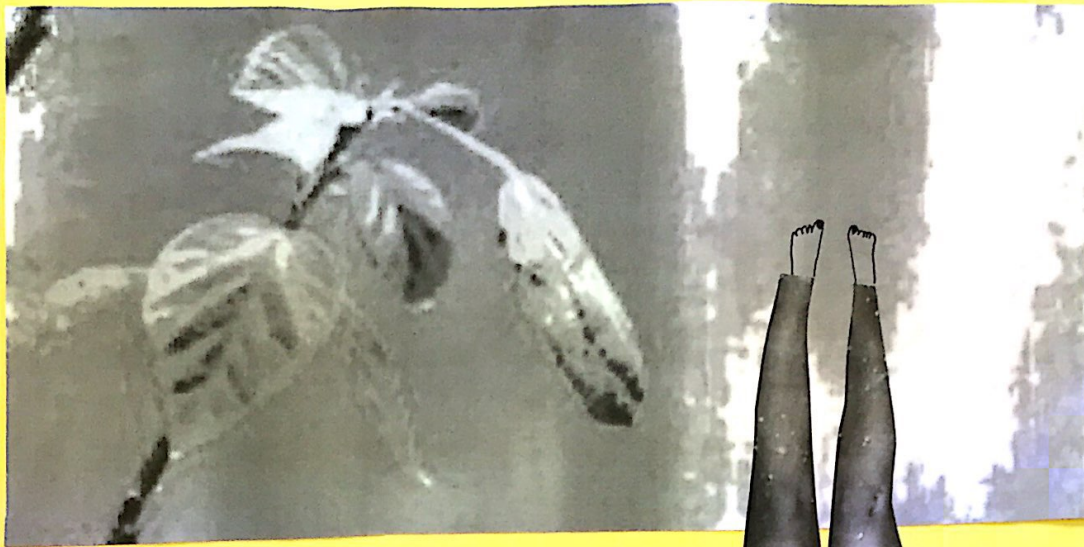
Our work begins from the premise of certain invisibility and silence as strategic tools to work from a periphery. I am intrigued by the question, can we resist from a place of defeat? The moment when we have landed face down on the arena seems like a crucial moment, and we are living that moment now, globally, through the massive implications caused by the disease COVID-19. Rebecca Solnit (2020) writes: "We are only in the early stages of this disaster, and we are also in a strange stillness." It appears we are waiting but in this waiting much is happening. So what happens if we begin from a different position that is retardness, slowness, failed acts, passive resistance, invisibility, anonymity and shadow feminism?



Something about our subtle resistance as a strategy

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~~Deleuze~~ are fallen angels.

Meg sturart (2010) says "I often disconnect when I see performers accomplish actions easily on stage". Failure is not tragic at all. The knowledge of failure is the transformative knowledge.

Queer art of failure
We are already groundless and unsettled. We have already fallen.

Falling means losing face
Falling is a counter-representational act. We fall. But not a vigorous fall! Not a heroic nor dramatic one. Not an attractive one; we fall with subtlety, slow fall, awkward fall, boring fall, murky fall, exhausting fall. The idea of exhaustion (referring to Lepecki, to Deleuze. Exhaustion all the possibilities, and reaching beyond them. But not arriving at the impossible. I am exhausted and angel!

Shifting from the representational to the non-representational takes so much effort and makes our practice 'exhausted', so we slow down and rest for a while as subjects, as bodies, as voices, as words.

According to Andre Lepecki (2006) and Efrosini protopapa (2016), exhaustion is promising as it provides an open door for emergence of new possibilities and new relations between subject, voice, body, moves, words, etc.; potentials of existing out of the material exhibitionism 'posibilises' (Deleuz, 1998) dancing without moving, singing with silence, writing without words, and all becoming/unbecoming without being seen.

Deleuze (1998) writes about the exhaustion in relation to Beckett's "atomic, disjunctive, cut and chopped language" (p.156) tending to dry up the flows of the voices and words and reach a silence; such a silence is potential and possibilising as we do not know what type of silence it is? And for how long? And it can be substituted by any-voices-whatever, any-words-whatever.

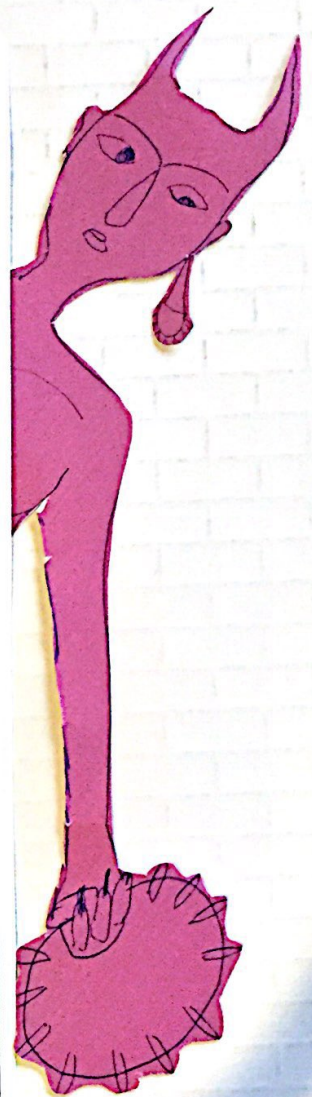
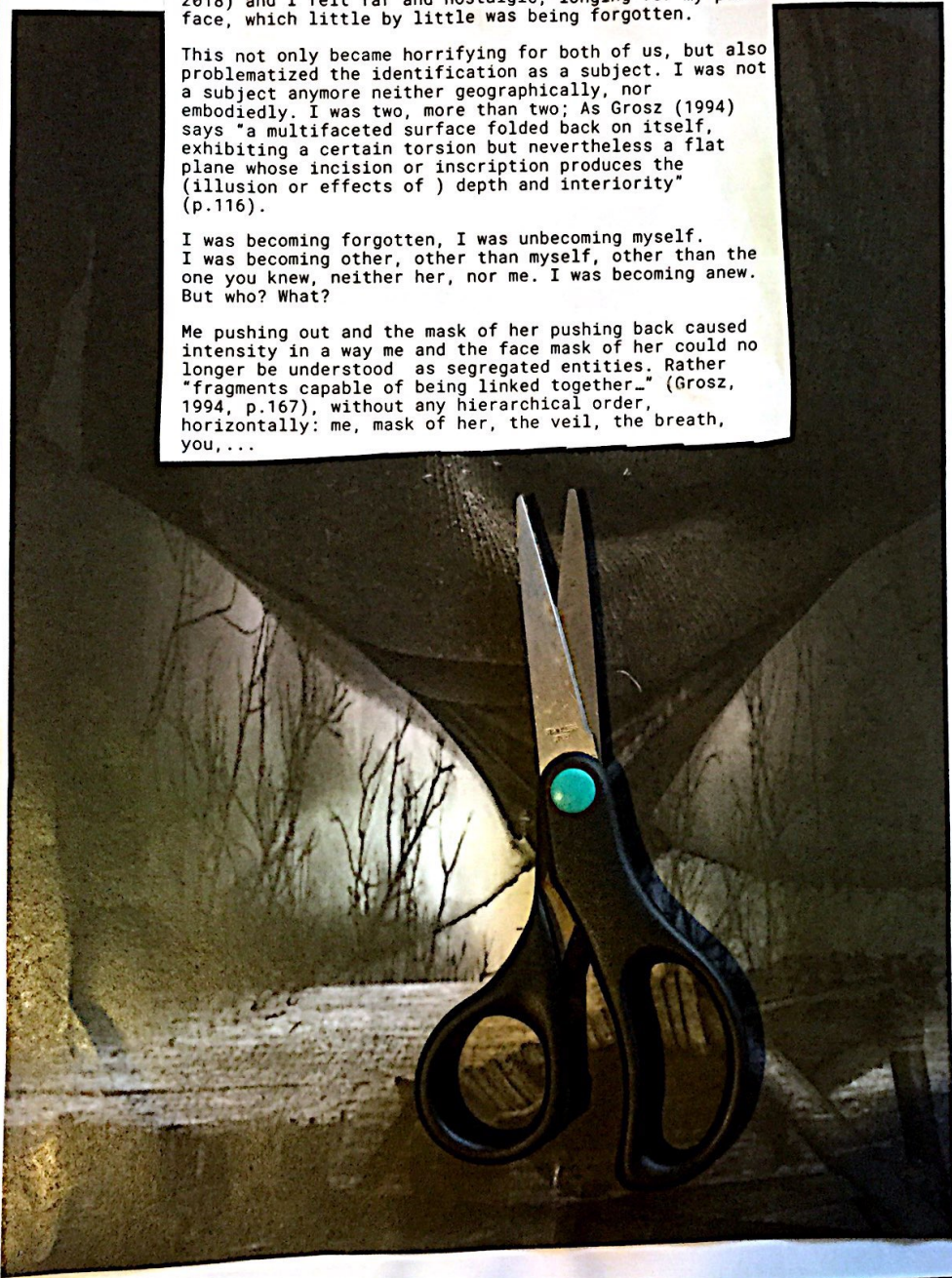


You looked confused by my 'dual signification' (Apter, 2018) and I felt far and nostalgic, longing for my past face, which little by little was being forgotten.

This not only became horrifying for both of us, but also problematized the identification as a subject. I was not a subject anymore neither geographically, nor embodiedly. I was two, more than two; As Grosz (1994) says "a multifaceted surface folded back on itself, exhibiting a certain torsion but nevertheless a flat plane whose incision or inscription produces the (illusion or effects of) depth and interiority" (p.116).

I was becoming forgotten, I was unbecoming myself. I was becoming other, other than myself, other than the one you knew, neither her, nor me. I was becoming anew. But who? What?

Me pushing out and the mask of her pushing back caused intensity in a way me and the face mask of her could no longer be understood as segregated entities. Rather "fragments capable of being linked together-" (Grosz, 1994, p.167), without any hierarchical order, horizontally: me, mask of her, the veil, the breath, you,...



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