

On Waiting ... For Their Words To Leave Our Mouth

Book

Published Version

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Publisher: Strauhof Museum

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ON WAITING...



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strauhof

FOR THEIR WORDS TO LEAVE OUR MOUTH

Text, Körper, Kunst, Raum

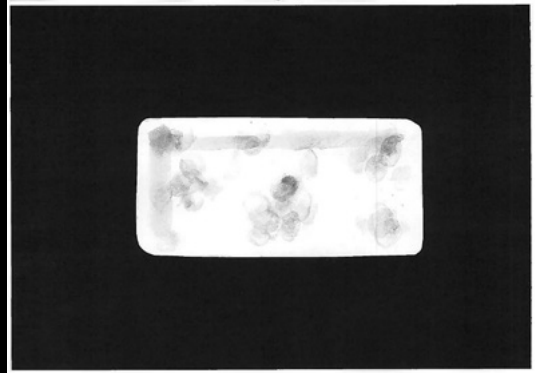
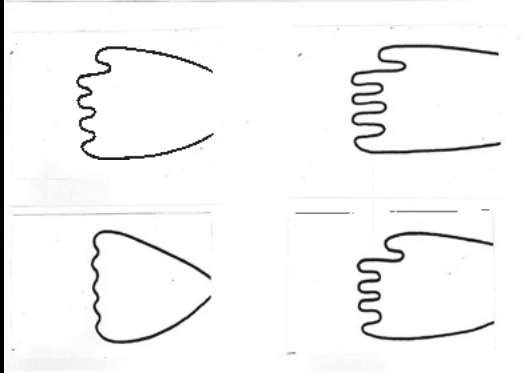
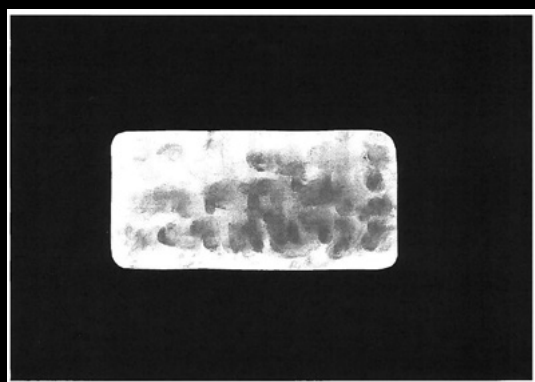
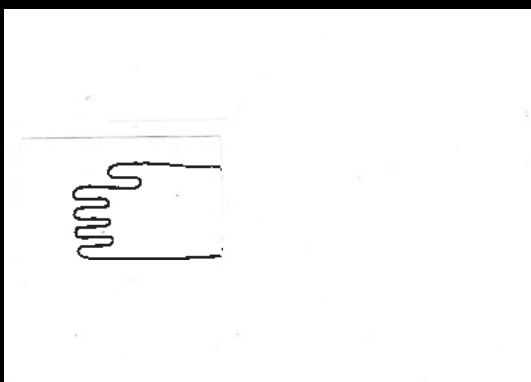
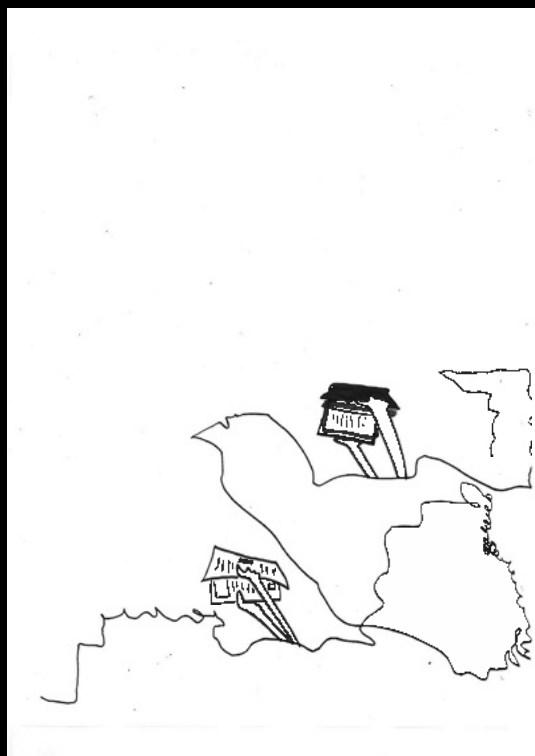
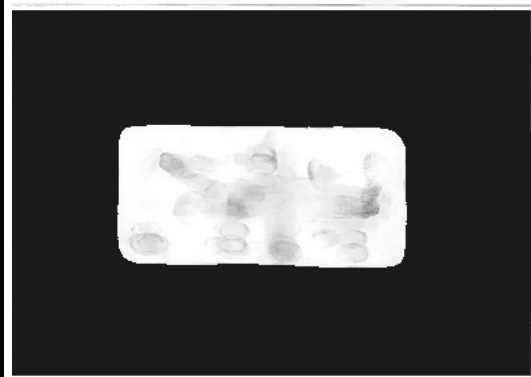
**3/12/2021–
9/1/2022**



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Diese Publikation versammelt die Arbeit von mehreren Autor:innen und Formen von Autorschaft: Alle Künstler:innen der Ausstellung waren eingeladen, in Form einer carte blanche bis zu drei Doppelseiten beizusteuern. Die Group Reading/Reading Group – Julia Aschwanden, Soraya Gmür, Noah Joel Huber, Chiara Siciliano, Caroline Stadelmann, Kerstin Wittenberg, Maria Garay Arriba, Malou Dobson, Lucy Harwood – hat Beiträge im Kollektiv erarbeitet; sie untersuchen den lesenden und schreibenden Körper und Lesen als experimentelle Tätigkeit. Von Alun Rowlands und Lisa Barnard stammt je ein künstlerisches Werk in Textform.

This reader assembles the work of various authors and forms of authorship: All artists of the exhibition were invited to contribute up to three double pages. Group Reading/Reading Group worked on contributions as a collective; they have been examining the reading and writing body as well as reading as experimental activity. Alun Rowlands and Lisa Barnard both gave an art work in the form of a written text.

On Waiting ... for their words to leave our mouth, began as a project with a deceptively simple proposition – to examine the relationship between art and literature. Emerging from shared research interests between F+F Schule für Kunst und Design, Zürich and Reading School of Art, Strauhof generously became the locus and host for interactions amongst artists, curators, and learners. The social dimensions of reading and writing shaped the initial reciprocal exchanges. We initiated two online workshops, ‘Writing out loud’ and ‘Reading out loud’ convened in Reading and Zurich respectively, that problematized ideas of artists writing and literature. We began by considering the multi-dimensional sites for writing, waiting for the host to join and glitching through online reading groups. We looked at ‘how’ artists ‘write’ within their work and what we can learn from our reading. Each session mapped the movement of writing from the page to a site, to performance and installation, to digital platforms and networks. We distributed the possibilities inherent in the relationship between art and language. Here, the letter, the word, is seen and experienced. They are made corporal, translated into sounds, figures, images or patterns. Sometimes this literature is scrambled or negated, as language is unbound from the spines of books as well as from its received forms and meanings. And, in some cases, from the obligations of communication altogether. We grappled with linear and non-linear narrative, textuality, the interplay between image and text, the line between poetry and performance, creative forms of documentation, and what constitutes a version versus an iteration. And the ethics of leaving a reader with imaginative work to do. Working with these bodies of text also created an opportunity to move more freely among disciplines. To help us develop these ideas we hosted three online artists lectures. Annabel Frearson presented culturally significant texts, literature, anagrams and unspeakable sounds within a conceptual art writing practice that asks what if words are a finite resource that need to be recycled, shared and recombined to remain usable? Una Lee told us stories, inviting us to consider liveness and veracity across the networks that we assemble and act within. Jesper List Thomsen’s readings figured a social body. Thomsen shaped our understanding of spoken language as movements of air pushed by the lungs, provoking vibrations, which are tuned by cords, throat, nose and mouth. Our bodies are sites for accumulating language.

The pages of material included here, in this reader, are drawn from all participants of the project alongside contributions from the exhibiting artists. Contributors to this reader reflect the multitude of questions posed, answering in a range of subject positions, argument, and form. Attention to the perform-

FOREWORD/ VORWORT

ative, fictive and material dimensions of writing, as both personal and social inscription, becomes apparent. This estranged literature, often poetic, often opaque, is captured across the following pages. A closet drama, not intended for performance but written for the reader who stages the work through their reading. These uses of literacy and fiction embodies experience for learning and knowledge. Call them poems, scripts, cognitive maps, metaphors, or narratives, the scripts within artists' practices are how we describe the world to ourselves and share with others. We tell ourselves stories about ourselves (identity), write about the world (perceptions), raise our voices to others (connections), alongside the drama of our experiences (embodiment). At the same time, we are lured into learning about the world through someone else's eyes or listening to someone else's voice. Learning is an ongoing prompt of the fluctuating ecologies of what it means to know something. This is not deceptively simple and cannot be easily parsed or transcribed into a corpus of literature. Words are more than stagehands of the body, they can illuminate, absorb, and translate matter into something else. To document, as verb, derives from the Latin *docere*—to show, to point out, to teach. Documentation can exceed the indexical, the pedagogical and imaginative. A self-eroding writing, an embodied writing, that dissolves when seen or uttered, that amplifies different voices. To be concerned about art and literature is to be a learner participating in the poetics and politics of the present through emergent bodies of writing.

by Alun Rowlands

University of Reading / Reading School of Art

Wie wird Literatur zum Material einer künstlerischen Praxis?

Diese Frage ergab sich aus der Schnittstelle zwischen der F+F Schule für Kunst und Design, der Reading School of Art und dem Strauhof. Der Strauhof befasst sich als Literaturmuseum ohne eigene Sammlung schon seit Langem mit der Übertragung von Sprache und Text in eine räumliche Situation. Das Kooperationsprojekt bot die Gelegenheit, einmal aus einer ganz anderen Perspektive auszuloten, wie Literatur von zeitgenössischen Künstler:innen gelesen, verwandelt und eingesetzt wird. Über einen Zeitraum von fast zwei Jahren fand ein transnationaler Austausch statt, an dessen Ende nun die Ausstellung «on waiting...for their words to leave our mouth» und der dazugehörige Reader stehen. Diese beiden Elemente sind in engem Bezug aber doch unabhängig von einander entstanden. Die dabei sichtbaren Überschneidungen und Doppelungen, Ergänzungen und Widersprüche spiegeln auch den Geist der Zusammenarbeit der drei beteiligten Institutionen: Es geht nicht darum, eindeutige Antworten zu präsentieren, sondern vielmehr eine Suche nachzuzeichnen und Möglichkeiten aufzuzeigen, wie Text und Kunst, Körper und Raum miteinander agieren.

Ich bedanke mich bei Mirjam Bayerdörfer und Irene Müller, Iris Ruprecht und Daniel Hauser sowie Julia Aschwanden, Soraya Gmür, Noah Joel Huber, Chiara Siciliano, Caroline Stadelmann, Kerstin Wittenberg (F+F); bei Susanne Clausen und Alun Rowlands sowie Maria Garay Arriba, Lisa Barnard, Malou Dobson, Lucy Harwood (Reading) für Entstehung, Entwicklung und Umsetzung; bei Chiara Zarotti und Laura Lackner für die grafische Gestaltung; und nicht zuletzt bei den Künstler:innen Joke Amusan, Kira van Eijdsen, Christine Ellison, Annabel Frearson, Mikhail Karikis, Hyewon Kwon, Izidora L. Lethe, Angela Marzullo A.K.A Makita, Tine Melzer, Elodie Pong, Szuper Gallery, Anne Käthi Wehrli und Latefa Wiersch für ihre Beiträge zu Ausstellung und Reader.

von Rémi Jaccard

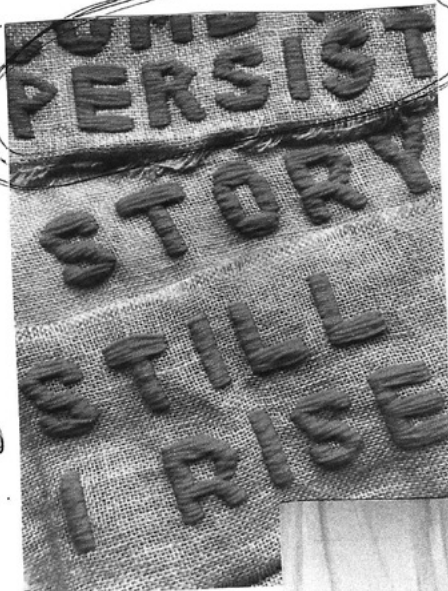
Strauhof

"THERE'S POWER IN ALLOWING YOURSELF TO BE
KNOWN AND HEARD, IN OWNING YOUR UNIQUE
STORY, IN USING YOUR AUTHENTIC VOICE"
— MICHELLE OBAMA — 'BECOMING'.

→ your story (something internalised
and something you own).

your story makes
you who you are

→ the act of sharing
it requires vulnerability but,
one shall step into
being brave
encouraged others
to do the same.



Recognise that your
story is worth telling.



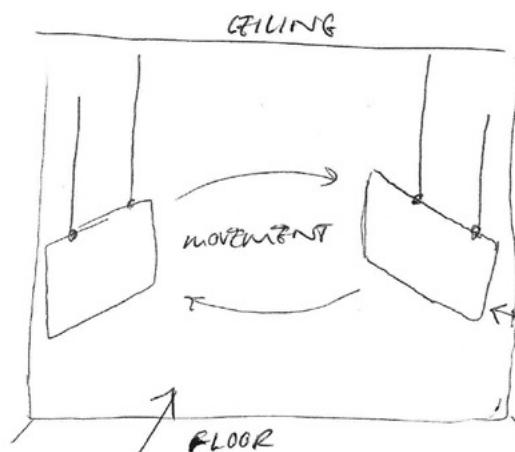
→ Externalizing your
Story.

The aim is to externalise stories and to give the stories physical attributes in order for them to take up space and grab people's attention

Using minimal words to form a narrative.

- To form a shell of a person?

- To form a connection between the viewer and the artist?



Taking on human form.

the art pieces hung at eye level and facing each other.

the art (stories, thoughts, the internal) being brought to life.

"STORIES CAN ALSO BE USED TO... HUMANISE"
- CHINAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE

"MANY STORIES MATTER.

STORIES HAVE BEEN USED TO DISPOSES AND
TO MALIGN. BUT STORIES CAN ALSO BE USED
TO EMPOWER, AND TO HUMANIZE.

STORIES CAN BREAK THE DIGNITY OF A
PEOPLE. BUT STORIES CAN ALSO
REPAIR THAT BROKEN DIGNITY".

- CHINAMANDA NGOZI ADICHIE.

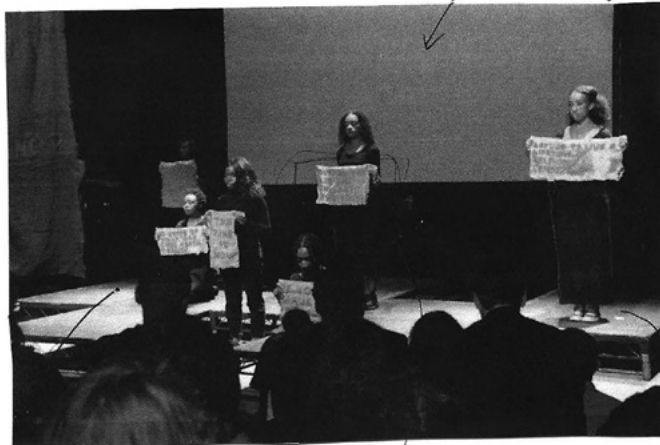
→ In order for our stories
to potentially empower,
we must take the risk
in sharing it.

Choosing to activate / externalise our stories
can cause a domino effect.

- Gives your ~~thoughts~~ ~~thoughts~~ life outside of the body.
- Reached a wider audience.

"STILL I RISE"
- MAYA ANGELOU

For this performance,
I asked the women to
stand alongside me.
Standing ~~gives~~ ^{gives} a whole
new meaning to my ~~work~~ ^{work}.
Standing = endurance
and resilience.



Using text to
communicate.

the art allows
room for interpretation.
It provided a starting
point. How does
our perception of it
change when someone
is holding it?

Bodies hold a
physical presence/
takes up space.

Holds
your attention.

KIRAMSNHES
VAN EISDEN

NACH PUNK

WAS IST ABER

PUNK HEUTE?

VOLL NAIV? NICHT ZEITGEMÄß? ODER IST
RECHT?

WUT
ENERGIE
KRAFT

grrrl manifesto

we believe in the power of riot grrrl
we believe feminism is for all
we believe in free speech
we believe in girl-love

we have the right to be angry
we have the right to feel safe
we have the right to be heard
we have the right to be who we are

we refuse to serve the system
we refuse to hate our sisters
we refuse to shut up
we refuse to starve ourselves

we want full opportunities
we want control of our bodies
we want revolution now
we want you to join us

FURORE MACHEN

MASK.



ministischer Punk - Riot Grrrl Bewegung - Intravi...
ch.ch



Entschuldigung MICH ...
redbubble.com - Auf Lager



Backs radio | Riot Grrrl: A.H.
Backs.com



Riot Grrrl: Revolution GL...
amazon.de



Riot Grrrl: The '90s Movement that Redefined ...
youtube.com



A brief history of Riot Grrrl - the space-recl...
rme.com



Riot Grrrl: Suzi Gardner und L7 - ByteFM - Track des...
e.fm



Not Every Girl is a Riot Grrrl | Pitchfork
pitchfork.com



Essential Riot Grrrl Playlist - Rolling Stone
rollingstone.com



Pin on sketchbooks bo...
pinterest.es



Revolution Girl Style: Then and Now. How riot g...
abc.net.au





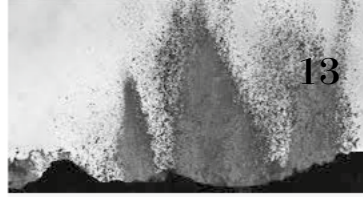
in Bárðarbunga spuckte g...
e.de



Vulkanausbruch auf Hawaii
bluewin.ch



Wie ein Vulkanausbruch die Welt ve...
campus.uni-saarland.de



Europas größter Vulkanausbruch unter Europas gr...
ingenieur.de

13



vor 6 Tagen



CHOOSE YOUR FIGHTER

SAMPLING

HINTERGRUND

- ↳ KÜCHE
- ↳ TANZEN
- ↳ SPIELPLATZ / spielzimmer
- ↳ Rednerpult
- ↳ KÜCHE
- ↳ STURM?
- ↳ WÄSCHEZIMMER

FIGUR

- MUTTER
- TEACHER
- PUNK SINGER
- WALKROS?

ACTIONS

- GUITAR / NOISE
- TANZEN
- GUMPEN
- Kleider falten
- SPIELZEUG
- REFERIEREN

EMOTIONS

- ANGRY
- SAD
- HAPPY
- IN LOVE
- FLÜSTERND
-



DISZIPLIN
ADRENALIN

SORRY, WIE?

WHAT?

FUCK OFF

FUCK FUCK FUCK

NO WAY!

NO!!!

'A'XGÜSI

'A'HNM ASo

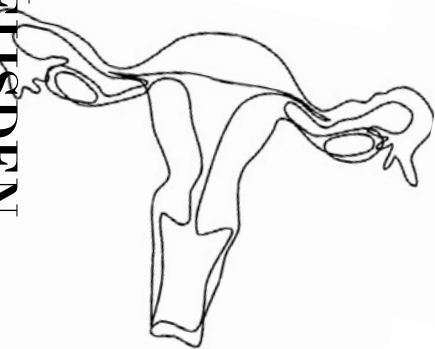
GAHTS No?

HE-NEI!

NEI. EIFACH

NEI! NO!

FUCK!



WAS IST (TET) AM DRINGLICHSTEN?
 AUS WELCHER POSITION?
 UND WOHIN GERICHTET?
 ↳ AN WEN

STRUKTURELL



SYSTEMATISCH



- WAS MACHT DICH WÜTEND?

WIE KÖNNTEN WIR DIE KRAFT NUTZEN?

TRANSFORMATOR?

ANKLAGE ANTRIEB VERÄNDERUNG

Kein Opfer, NICHT PESSIMISTISCH PUNK!



BREAK
BREAK
BEAT
BEAT

(KEIN HERZ)

HÄSSLICH
+
LAUT

- BRECHEN + SCHLAGEN

HAARE

NÄGEL

SCHIEBEN

GLAS

TELLER

REGELN

SYSTEME

VORURTEILE

BROT

KNOCHEN

ABMACHUNGEN

GRENZEN

UHR

MENSCHEN

RAHM

SCHNITZEL

HAND

EIN-
UM-

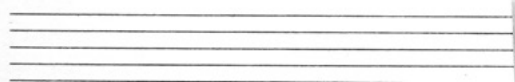
BE-

MUSIK

CHRISTIAN
ELLIS



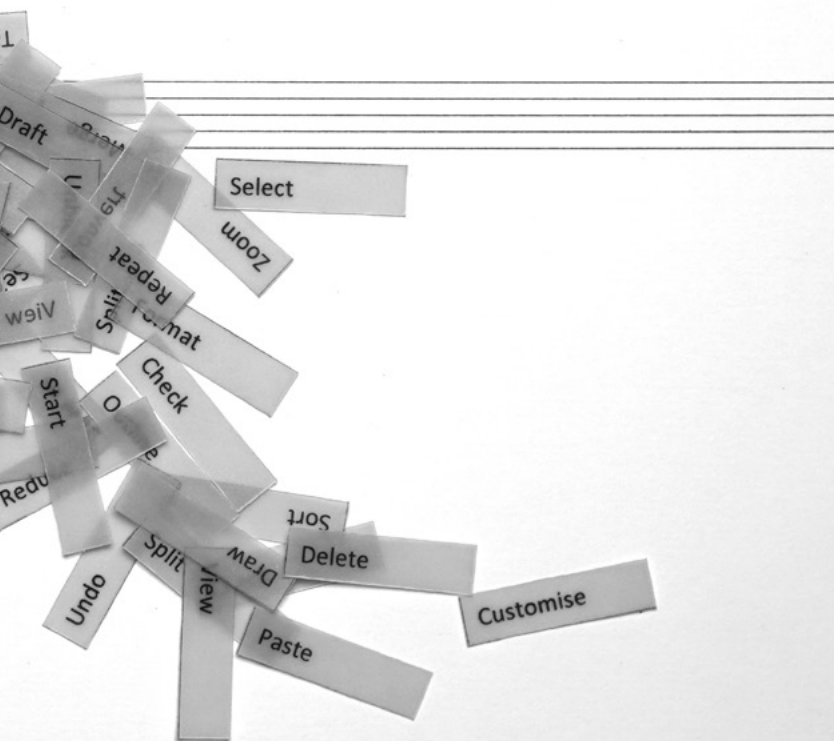


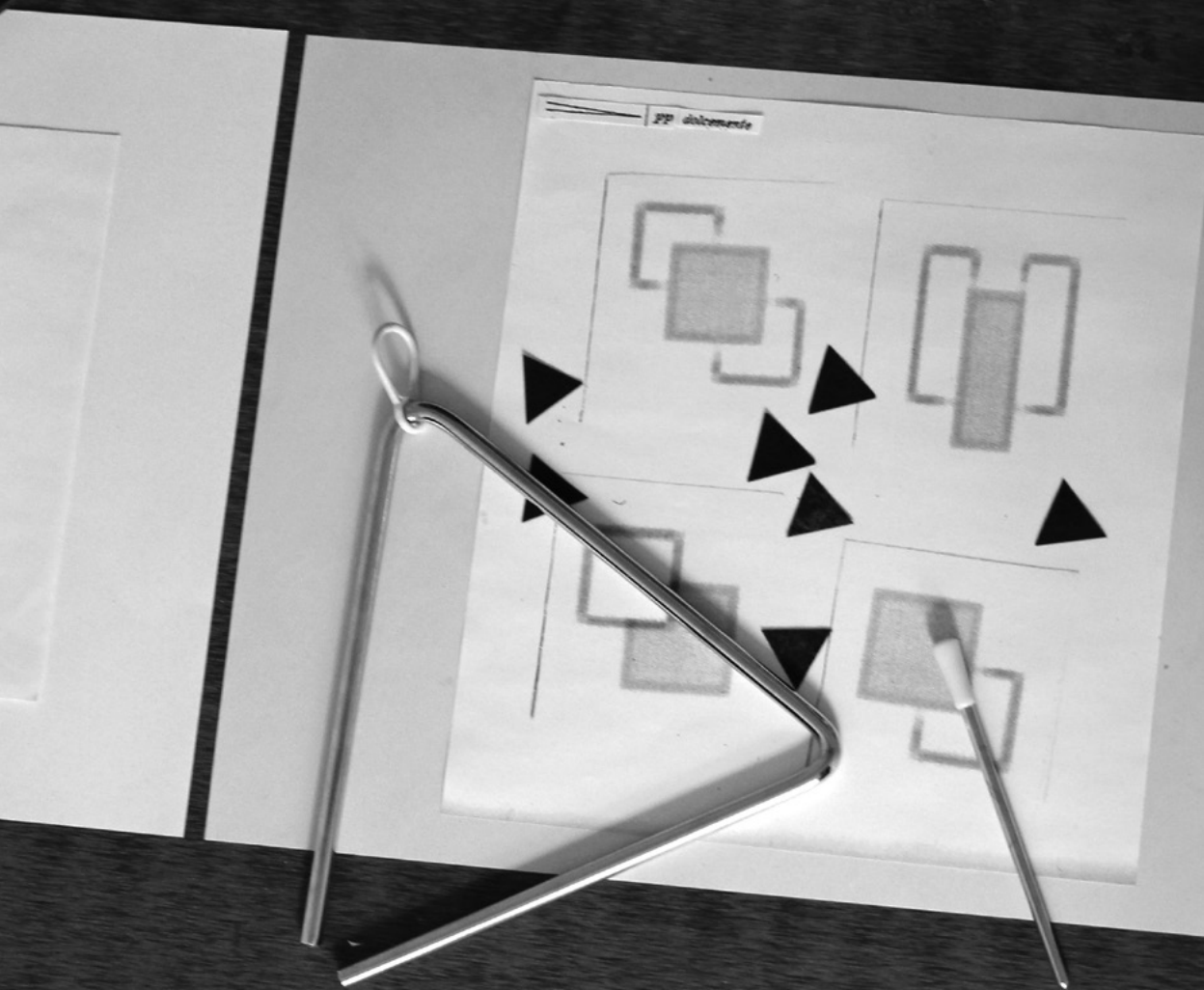


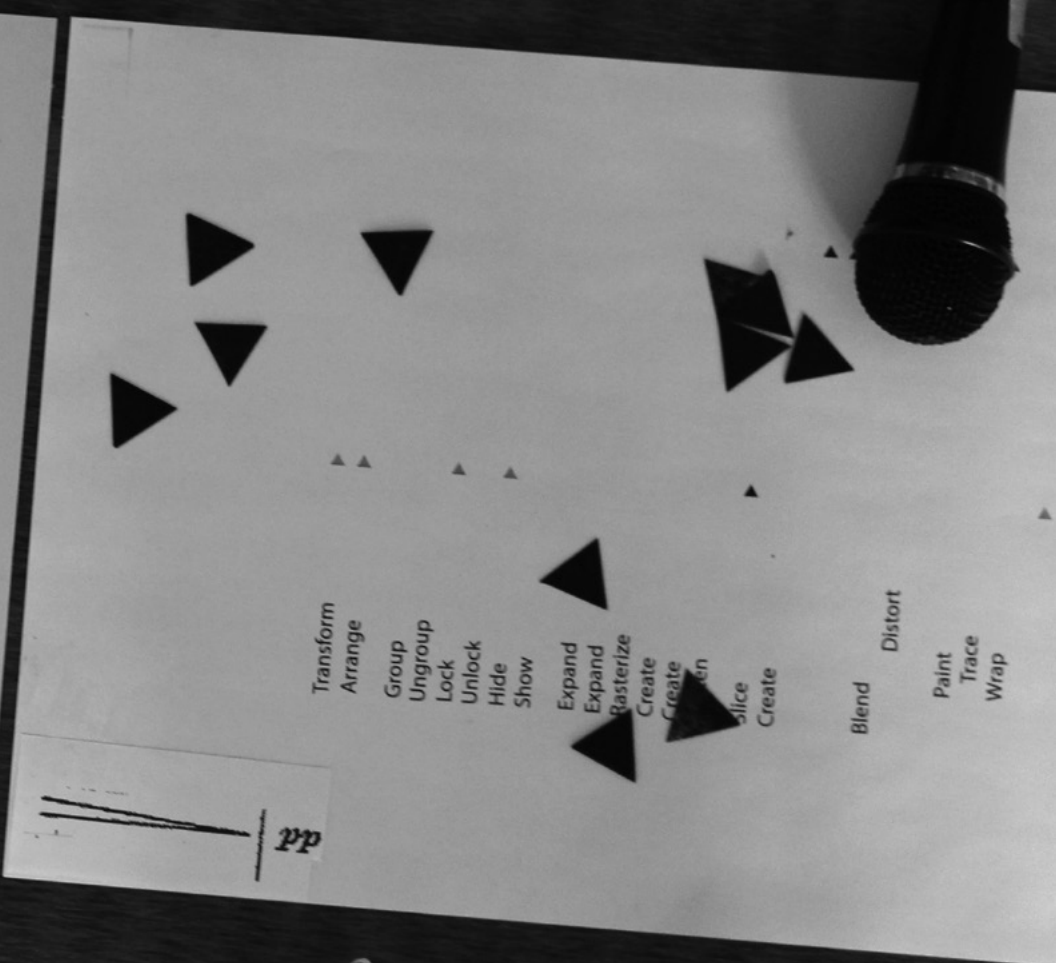
micro softly



WORD







6 wet	4 torment	3 unusual	2 meadows
6 wickedness	4 tortured	3 used	2 measures
6 toe	4 tour	3 uses	2 meditate
6 wound	4 towns	3 utility	2 mediterranean
5 minor	4 transitory	3 utterance	2 memorable
5 accidents	4 transported	3 valuable	2 menaced
5 action	4 travel	3 value	2 menaces
5 anniversary	4 traveller	3 valued	2 mental
5 afforded	4 travels	3 variety	2 mentioning
5 appealeable	4 treatment	3 vegetables	2 merchants
5 affected	4 try	3 veil	2 middle
5 lips	4 tumult	3 ventured	2 mien
5 alteration	4 twenty	3 vessels	2 milan
5 anger	4 ugly	3 vicious	2 mile
5 anxious	4 unacquainted	3 views	2 miniature
5 appalling	4 undertake	3 villagers	2 ministers
5 apparent	4 unhallowed	3 vision	2 minutely
5 apparition	4 unhappiness	3 vivacity	2 miraculous
5 applied	4 unwilling	3 vivid	2 moderation
5 archangel	4 useful	3 walks	2 modesty
5 arise	4 vainly	3 wanderings	2 mole
5 ascend	4 vanish	3 wants	2 momentarily
5 assumed	4 veins	3 wasted	2 momentary
5 assure	4 venerable	3 watchful	2 monotonous
5 attachment	4 victims	3 weakness	2 monsters
5 author	4 viewed	3 wherefore	2 montanvert
5 authors	4 vines	3 wholly	2 mood
5 autumn	4 virtuous	3 wildest	2 mornings
5 avalanche	4 visits	3 wildness	2 mothers
5 banished	4 voices	3 wilds	2 motive
5 beach	4 volume	3 windings	2 moulded
5 beat	4 vow	3 wisdom	2 mounted
5 birds	4 voyages	3 witness	2 mournfully
5 blast	4 wafted	3 won	2 mule
5 blessed	4 wait	3 wore	2 mummy
5 book	4 walls	3 worn	2 murderers
5 boundary	4 wander	3 worst	2 murderous
5 breakfast	4 waste	3 wounds	2 muscle
5 broke	4 watched	3 wrapped	2 mutable
5 captain	4 weeping	3 wreak	2 mutiny
5 cares	4 werter	3 wrinkled	2 mysteries
5 causes	4 whence	3 writing	2 narrow
5 celestial	4 whispered	3 yielded	2 natures
5 certain	4 willingly	3 youthful	2 neat
5 certainty	4 women	2 11	2 neglect
5 chair	4 worm	2 12th	2 nightingale
5 chamounix	4 worse	2 18th	2 nook
5 chemistry	4 written	2 5th	2 north-east
5 chief	4 wrote	2 abandon	2 novelties
5 chiefly	4 yellow	2 ability	2 nugent
5 childhood	4 yesterday	2 abject	2 number
5 clothes	4 yours	2 absolutely	2 nuts
5 coffin	4 zeal	2 absorbed	2 oak
5 collecting	3 7th	2 across	

1	andrews	1	devoting	1	immensity	1	pett
1	angelica	1	devoured	1	immersed	1	phil
1	angell	1	dew	1	immoderate	25	phra
1	angels	1	diabolical	1	immortal	1	phra
1	angrily	1	diabolically	1	immortality	1	phys
1	animating	1	dialects	1	imparted	1	pick
1	announced	1	dialogue	1	impassable	1	pick
1	annoyed	1	dictated	1	impassive	1	pictu
1	annoying	1	didst	1	impatiently	1	pictu
1	anon	1	diet	1	impediment	1	pierc
1	anothers	1	differing	1	impediments	1	pierc
1	answers	1	diffidence	1	impend	1	pig-s
1	antelope	1	diffident	1	imperatively	1	pillo
1	anticipated	1	diffusing	1	imperceptible	1	pine
1	anticipation	1	digging	1	imperial	1	pink
1	anticipations	1	dilatoriness	1	imperious	1	pinna
1	antipathy	1	dilatory	1	impertinent	1	pione
1	antique	1	diligences	1	impervious	1	pitch
1	antiquity	1	dimming	1	impetuous	1	pitia
1	apartments	1	dimples	1	implements	1	pitie
1	apathy	1	dinner	1	implores	1	pitie
1	apothecary	1	dire	1	imply	1	pitil
1	appeal	1	directions	1	importance	1	plank
1	appeals	1	directly	1	important	1	plank
1	appearing	1	dirge	1	imposed	1	playf
1	appeased	1	dirt	1	imposing	1	playf
1	apple	1	disappointments	1	impossibilities	1	pleac
1	appointment	1	disasters	1	impossibility	1	pleas
1	appreciate	1	disastrous	1	impracticability	1	pleas
1	apprehended	1	disbelief	1	impracticable	1	pledg
1	apprehending	1	discerned	1	imprecate	1	plent
1	appropriated	1	discerning	1	imprecations	1	plot
1	approved	1	discernment	1	impressions	1	pluta
1	apt	1	discharge	1	impressive	1	poems
1	arab	1	discipline	1	imprisonment	1	poet
1	arbiters	1	discompose	1	improbable	1	poig
1	arch-enemy	1	disconcerted	1	imprudence	1	poin
1	arch-fiend	1	discontent	1	imprudently	1	poli
1	arduous	1	discontented	1	inadequate	1	poli
1	argue	1	discoverers	1	inapplicable	1	poll
1	aright	1	discrimination	1	inasmuch	1	poll
1	ariosto	1	disencumbered	1	incalculable	1	popu
1	arisen	1	disguise	1	incantations	1	popu
1	arising	1	disgusted	1	incipient	1	popu
1	armada	1	disgusting	1	incitement	1	pore
1	armed	1	disinclined	1	inciting	1	port
1	aroused	1	disinterested	1	inclination	1	porte
1	arrangements	1	disliked	1	incline	1	porte
1	arrest	1	dismal	1	include	1	portm
1	arrested	1	dismally	1	included	1	portm
1	arrives	1	dismissed	1	includes	1	
1	arriving						
1	arrow						

This is your captain speaking. I am on a night to Rotterdam. Business class. Oh yes. Duty Free breakfast: bring it on! By the time we take off I am feeling fully accomplished. Here I am, eye to eye with a wondrous herd of congenial snatches as the cabin crew sallies down the isle for the safety routine. I willingly consent to being restrained in the bondage of my seat by one of these bright blue angels of the air. I admire her immaculate apparel and chemical proficiency, lingering over the sound of claspings metals as one side is glided in to the other with a satisfying 'chink'. Her name is Brandy – or could it be Caroline, or perhaps Dawn? – and she is Austrian apparently, not from Holland. Either way, her accent is diabolically alluring and full of the plaited rustic charm of hay meadows and snow-clad peaks as it flows into my ears like a trickling mountain-stream. How annoying when we are interrupted by Bernard's choicest cheese and cheerfulness. Quelling my embittered discontent with hard spirits I find the Southern Comfort comfortless but it nevertheless has the unexpected advantage of rendering me so absolutely, assuredly, audibly, barbarously, completely, deeply, dismally, dreadfully, eminently, exceedingly, exquisitely, fearfully, fervently, heartily, hideously, immeasurably, infallibly, insultingly, irretrievably, irrevocably, Italy?, listlessly, loudly, miserably, negligently, northerly, obscurely, officially, painfully, particularly passionately, peculiarly perceptibly, perfectly perpendicularly, positively, profoundly, proportionably, really remarkably, shamefully sincerely, singularly strenuously, terrifically, totally, triumphantly, truly, undoubtedly, utterly fully, wretchedly drunk that I am

being
created
by
a
abortion

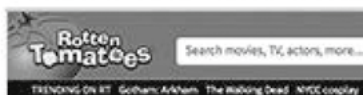
being
suffocated
by
a
raven

being
lingered
by
a
glance

being
decayed
by
a
corruption

being
released
by
a
volcano

being
gazed
by
a
ruin



I, FRANKENSTEIN

PG-13, 1 hr. 32 min.

Horror, Mystery & Suspense, Science Fiction & Fantasy
Directed By: Stuart Beattie
In Theaters: Jan 29, 2014 Wide
On DVD: May 26, 2014
Liongate Films



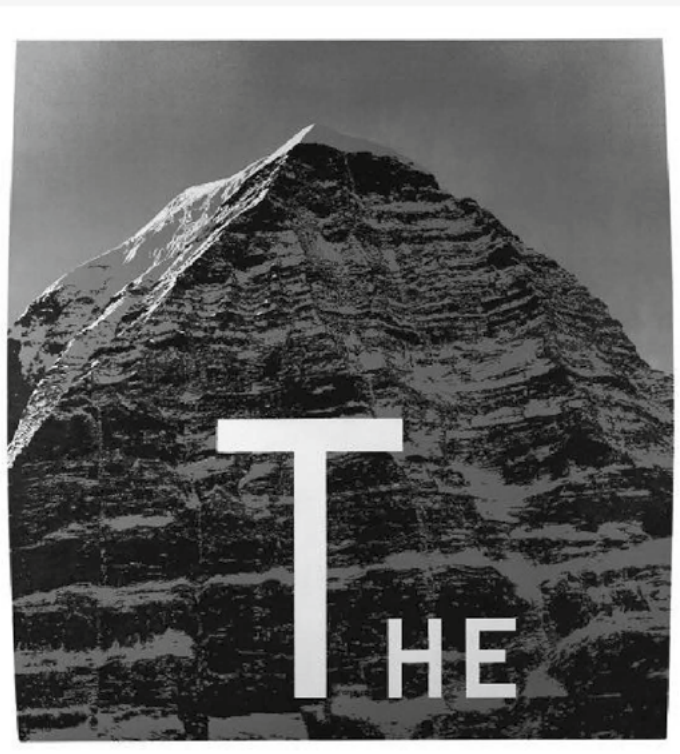
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I, Frankenstein
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ted. No need to say the sun IS in the sky, sun in sky suffices. The verb TO BE can easily be omitted from any languages and the followers of Count Korgybski have done this, eliminating the verb TO BE in English. However, it is difficult to tidy up the English language by arbitrary exclusion of concepts which remain in force so long as the unchanged language is spoken.

THE DEFINITE ARTICLE THE. THE contains the implication of one and

only: THE God, THE universe, THE way, THE right, The wrong, If there is another, then THAT universe, THAT way is no longer THE universe, The way. The definite article THE will be deleted and the indefinite article A will take it's place.

THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF EITHER /OR Right or wrong, physical or

The Left Hand of Darkness



Mach ein Schattenspiel aus dem Text.

Trotz
allem



Proklamiere den Text mit wilden Gesten.

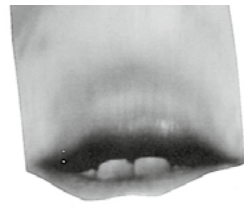
Q

Lies nur die Konsonanten oder Vokale des Textes vor.

Idole und ihre Mörder



Piff,
Paff,
Puff



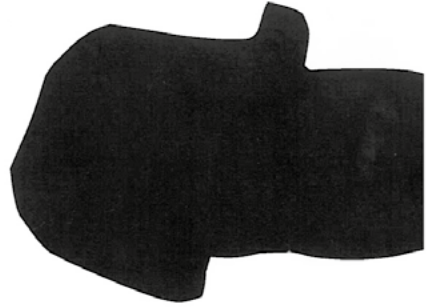
We Tell
Ourselves
Stories in
Order to
Live

Schreibe den Text.



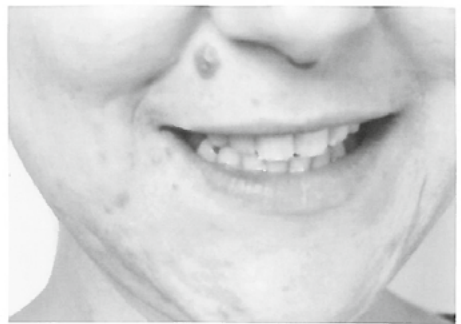
Nimm ein Buch, dessen Ende dir nicht gefällt und schreibe es neu.

One Thing I Know



Lerne den Text auswendig.

Great Expectations



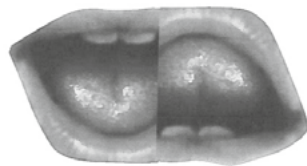
Stelle eine Frage und suche im Buch eine Antwort darauf.

How To Be a Woman



Bestelle dir einen Old Fashioned, rauche eine Zigarre und lies.

Meine Mutter: Dämonologie



Tätowiere den Text (dir oder jemand anderem).

Walking Through Walls



Breche ins Opernhaus ein und sinne den Text inbrünstig.



Against Interpretation

Wir sind Lockvögel, Baby



Pfeife den Text.

When Species Meet



Verschicke den Text per SMS.

ECHOES AND CITATIONS

Text by
Lisa Barnard

AN ESSAY PROBLEMATIZING THE LANGUAGE OF INTERPRETATION

In this chapter I study *Boomerang*, an artwork produced in 1974 by Nancy Holt and Richard Serra. I frame this artwork as a staged transmission. My aim is to engage in a dialogue with this transmission while channelling the divide between subject and object relations. I use a citational method which involves close reading and the cutting together of separate texts. While my own subjectivity inevitably informs my textual decisions, behaviours, and tendencies, I hope to contextualize my writing within broader discourses of art writing and performance art through detailed citations of additional external sources.

My reading of *Boomerang* is developed in parallel with my reading of *Lexicon of the Mouth: Poetics and Politics of the Oral Imaginary*¹, by Brandon LaBelle, particularly the chapters “Inner voice, self-talk” and “Recite, repeat, vow.” Direct citations are lifted from LaBelle’s writing, as well as from his references to the words of Édouard Glissant, taken from his book *Poetics of Relation*², and Judith Butler, from her book *Bodies That Matter: On the Discursive Limits of “Sex”*³. Additional citations are taken from *How To Do Things With Words* by J.L. Austin⁴, the Bible⁵, *Paradise Lost*

by John Milton⁶, “The Burning of Paper Instead of Children” by Adrienne Rich⁷, *The Meat and Spirit Plan* by Selah Saterstrom⁸, and “Echo” by Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak⁹.

Engaging these texts with the transmission, cutting the words and movements together and forcibly allowing language to slip, I hope to define and problematize the language of my interpretations. This chapter is structured in three sections. Beginning with “Checking that her speech acts,” I frame Holt’s transmissive act as an externalization of her internal speaking and listening processes and consider this framing in relation to the term “speech act.” In the second section, “Tense + murmur + interrupt,” I identify the sounds of the transmission and draw them out as interruptive. I try to deconstruct these object-sounds, find their fragments, definitions, and origins, while they continue moving. Ending with “Monster, echo,” I focus on the echo in the presence of others and ask what, if anything, can be contained (in language).

1 Brandon LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth: Poetics and Politics of Voice and the Oral Imaginary* (Bloomsbury: New York and London, 2014), 87–101, 159–171.

2 Édouard Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, trans. Betsy Wing (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1997).

3 Judith Butler, *Bodies That Matter: On the Discursive Limits of “Sex”* (New York: Routledge, 1993).

4 J.L. Austin, *How To Do Things With Words* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1962).

5 The Bible in Today’s English Version, 4th ed. (New York: The Bible Societies, 1976).

6 John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Ed. Christopher Ricks (London: Penguin Classics, 1989).

7 Adrienne Rich, “The Burning of Paper Instead of Children” (1968), accessed October 28, 2021, <https://www.sccs.swarthmore.edu/users/99/jrieffel/poetry/rich/children.html>.

8 Selah Saterstrom, *The Meat and Spirit Plan*. (Minneapolis: Coffee House Press, 2007).

9 Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, “Echo,” *New Literary History* 24, no. 1 (1993): 17–43. <https://doi.org/10.2307/469267>.

CHECKING THAT HER SPEECH ACTS.

Boomerang is an artwork that was produced as a live TV broadcast in Texas, USA, by Nancy Holt and Richard Serra in 1974.¹⁰ *Boomerang* remains in circulation today as a video with a duration of 00:10:26.¹¹ This video documents the artists staging a transmission within the contexts of a recording studio, a public broadcasting channel, and a TV audience. Nancy Holt is the visible protagonist, the only body we see, and her voice dominates the auditory sphere. Sometimes from the background we hear other voices. I refer to these collectively as The Crew.

GRAPHIC:

BLUE BACKGROUND

+ WHITE TEXT

“AUDIO TROUBLE”

Nancy Holt speaks into a microphone (input).

Her immediate speech is audible, unmediated, received: *This is her voice.*

Her voice is transmitted as an audio output (headphones, speakers, airwaves).

The transmission is received by herself, The Crew, and the TV audience.

The transmission is received at a slight delay: *This is her echo.*

~~The transmission is received at a slight delay: *This is her echo.*~~

Holt speaks and her voice is immediate, audible, received. She speaks into a microphone and her voice is transmitted at a slight delay. Holt wears headphones. This completes the electrical circuit positioned on her body, a circuit that amplifies, and extends, her voice. *Her voice of her body.* The production of speech and its delayed playback combine audibly in the form of an echo, manifesting, as Holt describes, as “words...things...boomerang—ing, back. Boom—mer—rang—ing—ing. Boom—mer—rang—ing—ing, back.”¹²

Holt speaks and her voice is immediate, audible, received. She speaks into a microphone and her voice is transmitted at a slight delay, beyond her body. Transmitted outwards, her voice and its echo are heard by The Crew, the TV audience, and us watching the video now. Several times we hear the voices of those working with the audio-visual equipment to produce the broadcast. Holt can and does engage with The Crew throughout. We are certain of

10 “In *Boomerang*—which was broadcast live on a TV station in Amarillo, Texas—Holt’s words are fed back to her through headphones with a one-second delay.” Quoted from “Nancy Holt, Richard Serra. *Boomerang*. 1974.” The Museum of Modern Art, accessed April 18, 2021, <https://www.moma.org/collection/works/314418>.

11 Nancy Holt and Richard Serra, “Nancy Holt & Richard Serra, *Boomerang*,” John Muse, uploaded April 17, 2010, YouTube video, 00:10:26, accessed April 18, 2021, <https://youtu.be/8z32JTnRrHc>.

12 Holt, *Boomerang*, 00:03:17–00:03:38.

others responding, of dialogue, when we hear voices off camera (clarity aside), but The Crew's non-verbal signs, such as body language, facial expression, hand gestures, and eye contact, remain elusive. One member of The Crew addresses Holt often, letting her know what is happening and instructing her.

The video restricts our view of Holt's surroundings, of the physical space and of those around her. The camera is fixed towards her face, a talking head. Holt's location on the screen, her profile and gaze shift over time with the angle and proximity of the camera. Her face and neck stay contained within the shot.

There are two exceptions to the visual field. At 00:04:28 the video cuts to a blue graphic with the text "AUDIO TROUBLE." At 00:05:22 we return to the studio and to Holt's profile, where she is in dialogue with The Crew. The blue graphic, minus its previous title, appears once more at 00:05:51. Holt's voice and echo remain audible, her monologue continues, and she reappears at 00:05:55.

It is unclear if the entire audio exchange was heard in the same way as we perceive in the video. Were Holt's voice and echo heard aloud by The Crew in the studio, in the live moment? Were The Crew wearing headphones? They would have needed to receive an audio output to be certain that the broadcast was working as intended. Was Holt's echo muted or recorded separately to be edited in later?

Holt looks at whoever she talks with, indicating that non-verbal communication is taking place. The Crew can hear *something* of her in real time, either aloud in the space or through headphones.

As the central and active body in the scene, Holt's task is to translate the experience into audible language which she does through a performed monologue. Her speech shows signs of distraction, including varied rhythm and emphasis, repetition, filler words, long pauses, stuttering, nervous laughter, asking for clarification, and justifying her actions. We are seeing and hearing Holt navigate her ordinary and atypical vocal qualities. She is having to concentrate:

Holt Yes, I can hear my—eh—echo.
 And er, the words, are coming, back onnnn—on top of me.
 Uh—
 The words are spilling out of my head, and then, retur—ning into my
 ear.¹³

In the book, *Lexicon of the Mouth: Poetics and Politics of Voice and the Oral Imaginary*, Brandon LaBelle argues that language's force lies in its "socializing" capabilities. We learn the words, but we must also learn the movements to make these words, and their sounds and meanings, happen. Speech is based on acts of recital and echo that are learned, performed, and sited in the mouth. He describes "a figuring of the body," a combination of movements, shapings, and contourings demanded of our bodies to participate in shared language.¹⁴

13 Holt, *Boomerang*, 00:00:03–00:00:25.

14 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 159.

For LaBelle, language is “prior” to individual or collective identity, and I am thinking about what is written onto and into Holt from the outside. Addressing herself, and her satisfaction, some behaviours appear more deliberate than others:

Holt The words, keep tumbling out, because I want to hear them, I want to hear, my own words, pouring, back in on top of me.¹⁵

Holt is wearing headphones and a microphone. She faces the camera, but her eyes look beyond, towards The Crew. She speaks mostly to herself, occasionally to The Crew. Following their instruction, Holt is trying to speak her thoughts as her thoughts to herself but is distracted by the sound of her voice and its echo. Becoming accustomed to this, she begins to speak and listen for her own enjoyment. She is experiencing pleasure from speaking her words and hearing them come back to her. Often disjointed, her sentences spread across two, three, four pauses. Uttered words become caught, flooding Holt’s head and body. She is thinking and waiting and waiting and choosing where to go. The Crew, male voices, combine urgency and frustration when instructing Holt. The camera is fixed with Holt in shot, a portrait in bright studio lighting against a muted grey set. Holt is learning to speak.

Using naming conventions including “I,” “we,” “my,” “they’re,” “me,” “you,” and “your,” Holt addresses her speech in relation to an other, to the outside of herself. This is not in itself unusual. It is through speech, LaBelle describes, that we acknowledge existing frameworks, *the outside of oneself*, because to take part in language we must possess some of its rules and processes.¹⁶ Naming designates, aligns, and locates. It is this movement, its provocation of expansion and capture, which acts. Naming initiates action. Naming is action. It is a speech act.

Holt is receiving very few instructions. The Crew handed her a script, telling her to ready herself. Someone will bring you a headset, they said. Before arriving, they say to wear something you feel comfortable in, something you wear a lot. Holt is wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans, old clothes held together by muted grey threads. Anticipation and awkwardness charge the atmosphere. Someone will fit your headset for the broadcast, they say. The headset will have over ear headphones and a stick microphone for positioning beside your mouth.

The Crew There is to be no scripted dialogue, they say, only stage directions filled with errors in the allocation of lines to speaking parts.

Holt Due to audio trouble, there will be no sound check.

Someone approaches offering a headset. Holt takes it. She places the headphones over her ears and positions the stick microphone beside her mouth. Anticipation and awkwardness charge the atmosphere.

¹⁵ Holt, *Boomerang*, 00:02:34–00:02:41.

¹⁶ LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 160–161.

The Crew [SHOUTING]
Soundcheck!

Holt “In America we have only the present tense. I am in danger. You are in danger. The burning of a book arouses no sensation in me. I know it hurts to burn. There are flames of napalm in Catonsville, Maryland. I know it hurts to burn. The typewriter is overheated, my mouth is burning. I cannot touch you and this is the oppressor’s language.”¹⁷

Through acknowledging identity, we (*must*) refer to the existence of other identities:

LaBelle The name, which is placed over a body and subsequently draws that body forward as an identity, also enables further naming—it gives to the one who is named the potentiality of naming again, of addressing the world around and in doing so, to conjure, capture, or pronounce; to command, resist, or appeal.¹⁸

An “I” allows for a “you” and a desire to designate: To you, I am you; To me, I am I; to you, you are I; to me, you are you. These names enable “us” (another name) to distinguish and to repeat this pattern. When the body is named, identity emerges as a possibility. This is because the body, having undergone a naming process, has seen, and learned, an example, a model, such that it can repeat, apply it onto others. LaBelle calls this sequence a “citational chain,” where enacting performative techniques, such as appropriation or mirroring, enables experiments with identity.¹⁹ He cites Judith Butler, her book *Bodies That Matter: On the Discursive Limits of “Sex”*:

Butler ...agency is the hiatus of iterability, the compulsion to an identity through repetition, which requires the very contingency, the undetermined interval, that identity insistently seeks to foreclose.²⁰

For Butler the foundation of speech is the very capacity to speak or to be spoken of or to be spoken to. This capacity *demands* respeaking. Therefore, it is only through respeaking that we can attempt to establish any sense of individual or collective agency. I write the opening of Butler’s sentence in antonymical terms:

Oppression is the continuation of silence.
Prison is the maintenance of the unspoken.
Imprisonment is the continuation of the unspeakable.

17 Rich, “The Burning of Paper Instead of Children.”

18 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 160.

19 *Ibid.*, 160.

20 Judith Butler, *Bodies That Matter: On the Discursive Limits of “Sex”* (New York: Routledge, 1993), 220. Cited in LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 171.

LaBelle says, “[w]e must try identity on,” implying a need, an impulse to do so.²¹ What compels us to try identity on? I find it difficult to imagine an existence, a people, without language, without repetition of the external, of a shared reference-language, drawing outside within. This adopt-adapt approach and difference among bodies demonstrates how identity is never finished or fixed. We do not arrive as a complete, fully formed subject “I,” operating instead among mutable acts and linguistic processes. In LaBelle’s words, we modulate, animate, discover.²² Agency, should it occur, does so only through replays of what has been experienced or interpreted in others. These flashes of agency are few in comparison to the proliferation of iteration, again, and again, and again, and again, but there is the possibility of possibility.

LaBelle *I am always already in this gap.*²³
I place myself here.

Holt’s words intensify when she plays with her echo, testing and responding to its qualities and effects. She waits, taking turns with her echo, repeating words, extending sounds and syllables, and describing her enjoyment of the sensations produced. Holt’s fragmentation of the words “a mirror reflection, reflection, reflection. A mir—rr—ror re—ee—flection,” becomes what it describes, a functional, active description.²⁴

Speech acts do something, perform something, as well as present information. In a series of lectures presented in 1963, J. L. Austin set out three main types of speech act: Locutionary; Illocutionary; and Perlocutionary. The following examples are quoted from this lecture series, collected and published in the book, *How To Do Things With Words*:

(E. 1)

Act (A) or Locution
He said to me ‘Shoot her!’ meaning by ‘shoot’ shoot and referring by ‘her’ to *her*.

Act (B) or Illocution
He urged (or advised, ordered, &c.) me to shoot her.²⁵

Act (C. a) or Perlocution
He persuaded me to shoot her.

Act (C. b)
He got me to (or made me, &c.) shoot her.

(E. 2)

Act (A) or Locution
He said to me, ‘You can’t do that’.

21 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 160.

22 *Ibid.*, 161.

23 *Ibid.*, 171.

24 Holt, *Boomerang*, 00:06:09–00:06:20.

25 “&c.” = etc.

Act (B) or Illocution
He protested against my doing it.

Act (C. a) or Perlocution
He pulled me up, checked me.

Act (C. b)
He stopped me, he brought me to my senses, &c.
He annoyed me.²⁶

I have been having some trouble with the term itself, “speech act.” “Speak” is a verb, and to speak is to carry out an action, to carry out the action of speaking. But to say that to speak is to act is ambiguous. Speaking of an action does not mean the specific action has taken place. Speaking is not acting, in the same way that thinking is not doing. To recognise a speech act is to recognise it as an *act*, an act beyond its manifestation of speaking as a verb, beyond the body *doing* speech. Reading this name, again and again:

speech act

speech act

speech

act;

helps me further. I have been conceptualizing it as “speech as the subject or object.” This is odd, because the typical convention in English is “blue book,” where it is the book (the subject or object) that is blue (the verb or descriptor). Switching this order makes the words and meanings strange,

adjective—noun vs. noun—adjective

blue—book vs. book—blue

speech—act vs. act—speech.

Because it is dependent on speech taking place, I have been thinking that the word “act” is the descriptor or adjective, as in:

active speech

or actioning speech

or action caused by speech.

Literally “act speech.”

While this might be relevant to defining the forms of speech acts, especially the perlocutionary speech act, it is not what the term speech act means. Austin conceptualizes it as an act first, an act codified by speech. Other kinds of acts we might express through language as “acts of,” for example “acts of heroism,” or “acts of God.” Rewording Austin’s term as “acts of speech” helps me further:

²⁶ Austin, *With Words*, 101–102.

A speech act is an act rooted in speech.
It is an act that is spoken action or speaking action,
or,
speech emerging from action.

The speech act is not always, or not only, represented by the literal words or sentence. The *act* itself can be implied or be caused to happen.

Austin We can similarly distinguish the locutionary act ‘he said that...’
from the illocutionary act ‘he argued that...’ and the perlocutionary act
‘he convinced me that...’²⁷

To expand on Austin’s example: “He said that” speaks to its literal meaning with little regard for outcome; “He argued that” implies that intention was made evident. “Argued” does not mean “said.” They are not sufficient substitutes for one another; “He convinced me that” describes an action that has been caused to happen, through some ways or means of communicating with me. He has changed my thinking or caused me to carry out an action regardless of whether my thinking has changed.

LaBelle *We must try identity on.*

Is this statement an instruction or an observation coded in metaphorical language? Or is it a speech act? It is not locutionary. As a research outcome, evidence of work done by an academic, it can be a simple observation, or we can read it as an order, a demand, or a warning. *He wants us to do it*, else his hypothesis remains unanswered, unechoed:

Locutionary	He said to us, “Try identity on.”
Illocutionary	He suggested we try identity on.
Perlocutionary	He convinced us to try identity on.

LaBelle describes the premise of the film *Stranger Than Fiction*, whose protagonist, Harold Crick, notices a voice inside his head. This voice, new and seemingly separate from Crick’s mind, narrates his life to him, inside his head. It is not heard by those around him. The message of the film, LaBelle concludes, is embodied in Crick’s happiness and sense of purpose improving as he pays greater attention to this, his inner voice. LaBelle challenges the laziness of this sentiment, for equating happiness with freedom from the “institutional and the mundane,” for even presenting this relational distance as a possibility, and for ignoring the ways we internalize external ideological systems. Following Michel Foucault, he then presents the counter argument that our inner voice gathers up the outside to reconfigure a pervasive internal presence, one “*keeping us* firmly in place.”²⁸ Where are the boundaries between the external and internal voice? What separates these? How do we proceed?

²⁷ Austin, *With Words*, 102.

²⁸ LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 91–92.

Our inner voice is held hostage, ignorant to social and psychic narcissisms, to sentimentality, and the indifference characterizing neo-liberal capitalism. But our inner voice is also active. It can interrogate itself, checking our beliefs and values. Citing the words of Adriano Cavarero, LaBelle charges self-talk as not only of cognitive value, but that we find and seek pleasure in speaking, in announcing “uniqueness of being,” and in enacting experiments with legality and taboo in the social realm.²⁹ Self-talk embodies “the core sensuality of voice.”³⁰

Holt The words, keep tumbling out, because I want to hear them, I want to hear, my own words, pouring, back in on top of me.³¹

When there is writing that I don’t want to do, I avoid it while also worrying about it. For example, when I need to edit a section of text that I wrote some time ago and under pressure to meet a deadline. I know the writing is unfinished. It is barely begun. I remember hasty research and feeling overwhelmed by my sense of shallow understanding. To write this past writing again I must find a way back in. Reading and re-reading, putting the old words back in my mouth and speaking them out loud, I must hear and feel them, even those which are not mine. I imagine speaking words for the very first time. I think about creating language, about ownership and originality. I pretend the words are mine and I drive them in and out of my body.

TENSE + MURMUR + INTERRUPT.

Holt’s verbalized exchange is unusual. She is not simply noticing a thought, saying it out loud, feeling and hearing it in her body as she speaks it. Instead, she is noticing a thought, saying it out loud, feeling it in her body, and then a secondary voice, an echo, is added. Holt quickly learns to expect her echo to follow any utterance she makes. She describes needing extra time to verbalize her thoughts, and to start and finish her sentences,

Holt Sometimes, I find, that I can’t, quite, say a word, because, I hear s-, a first, part of it come back, and I forget, the second part, for my mind is stim-u-lated, in a new direction, by the first half, of the word.³²

There is an anticipatory moment when we have words, when we are almost about to *transmit* them. LaBelle writes that this self-talk “*must* come out,” and when it does, “I speak to myself as if I am two. I feel myself as *another*.”³³ Like a rehearsal process, the formation of a script, self-talk underscores the social contract, anticipating contact and conversation. When spoken aloud it shows the flow between self and surroundings. A testament to the performative power of language, it *does* a transformation.

I hear Holt speak her sentences in sections or halves. I watch her wait for the echo (herself), for her turn to respond to it (herself). I sense her thinking and planning for the next

29 Adriano Cavarero, *For More Than One Voice: Toward a Philosophy of Vocal Expression* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2009). In LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 101.

30 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 101.

31 Holt, “Boomerang,” 00:02:34–00:02:41.

32 Holt, *Boomerang*, 00:08:02–00:08:31.

33 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 93–94.

step. I anticipate with her. Her echo does not simply cut her off, subtract, or cancel her out. Repeating what she has said, it elongates the exchange, problematizing attention, forming an artificial echolalia. I'm watching, and hearing her struggle, to adapt, to continue, trying to remember how her sentence began, to finish it, compelled to finish it for her.

LaBelle Whether such a conversation in fact ever takes place is not so much the point, but rather, self-talk seems to psychologically prepare us for its possibility, and its imagined dialogical flow...³⁴

that must sound within the mouth...³⁵

dipping in and out of audibility.³⁶

As well as Holt's own echo, there are several moments and sources of interception and interruption coming from outside of her:

The Crew	Multiple voices who verbally interrupt Holt to provide instructions or to explain what is happening.
The Interference	Separate audio recordings are fed into the audio and frequently cut off Holt's address. These are short clips of voices, feedback sounds, and other transmission-type noises. Sometimes the words are recognizable and sometimes they are not.
Audio Trouble	As described on p.4, lasting from 00:04:28 to 00:05:22, the video cuts to The Blue Graphic with its title "AUDIO TROUBLE." The Interference can be heard.
The Blue Graphic	As described on p.4. The blue graphic, minus its previous title "AUDIO TROUBLE," appears once more at 00:05:51. Holt's voice and echo remain audible, her monologue continues, and she reappears at 00:05:55.

The Interference is noisy subjects and objects which sound like metal. I hear it as a precursor to the larger disruption, and its visual echo, Audio Trouble, and then The Blue Graphic. Interrupting Holt, I hear them, her inner voice externalized. While they change the tape, someone opens the studio door. Holt shuts her eyes, says nothing audible.

[HOLT]

LaBelle ...the construction of an imaginary voice, if not the imaginary itself as it exists in articulated or worded form, and always marked by an inner silence and its conjuring reverberations.³⁷

34 *Ibid.*, 94.

35 *Ibid.*, 97.

36 *Ibid.*, 93.

37 *Ibid.*, 98.

The Interference	SOUNDS OF A DOOR OPENING AND A HARD OBJECT MOVING ACROSS A HARD SURFACE
Holt	It is—
	The Interference Wilder, thee
Holt	It is—
The Interference	Than, loo—
Holt	I'm hearing other, things—
The Interference	OBJECT OR FOOTSTEPS ON A HARD FLOOR
	The tenuous—
	[Break]
The Interference	ness.
Holt	Coming in on, me. There's something, else, besides, my own, voice. [she just mouths the word "voice"—we don't hear it] [THE SOUND OF THE WORD "VOICE" IS OBSCURED BY The Interference]
The Interference	AMBIENT NOISE OF AN INTERIOR SPACE
Holt	That I'm hearing ... The words, become, like things. I'm throwing, things, out, into the world, and they're, boomerang—ing, back. Boom—mer— rang—ing—ing. Boom—mer—rang—ing—ing, back. The words, bounce, and come, again, I hear, an empty space. My voice, or the microphone system, lost, a word, or two, that I spoke.
The Crew	Ok. [INAUDIBLE] We need to take a sixty second break.
Holt	Oh.
The Crew	We're just gonna pick up right where you were.
Holt	Uh—huh.
The Crew	[INAUDIBLE]
Holt	Oh yeah?
The Crew	Do you think you can keep talking for another five minutes?
Holt	Sure.
The Crew	Then talk for another five minutes.
Holt	Oh.
The Crew	Can you talk for another five minutes, we'll look at it and see what you think.
Holt	A six—ty—
The Crew	[INAUDIBLE]
Holt	"Think of it, eating an entire bicycle." ³⁸
	[00:04:20]
	[GRAPHIC: BLUE / "AUDIO TROUBLE"]
Audio Trouble	SQUEAKING SOUND OF WINDING MAGNETIC TAPE. AMBIENT ELECTRICAL NOISE. AIR. IN THE STUDIO, HOLT REMOVES THE HEADSET AND BEGINS

TO EAT IT. METHODICALLY PICKING IT APART, CONSIDERING HOW TO INGEST EACH SHAPE, SWALLOWING, WHILE CONTINUING HER NARRATIVE.

Holt

“Think of it, eating an entire bicycle. A Schwinn Shimano 3-speed with a Stingray Gripper Slik back, an iridescent blue aluminum frame, liner-pull pedals, brakes perched like doves in the crook of curved handlebars, vinyl grip-taped. Some parts of the bicycle could be swallowed as plunking a penny in a well. But others like the chain wheel would have to be let. Lowered through upward rippling esophagus, sprockets snatching linings, eviscerating the passages, until cavities jam, then fist knocked, in. Other parts like the alloy kickstand would require the entire body for acceptance, a slow-motion robot dance. He didn’t eat it all at once. That would be crazy. He ate through time. At the hospital when technicians see the x-rays they spit their tea. Word gets out and in the local papers. He was the guy who ate an entire bicycle.

Why did he do it? I ask Ruth and Ian. They think it’s hilarious a guy would eat a bicycle, but why? Did he eat a bicycle so we don’t have to? Maybe God sent a man who eats bicycles. He was probably mentally ill but is mental illness a disqualifier in the realm of men sent from God? We don’t know that it is. We can’t say there is a God. The I—just—know—it—in—my—heart feeling could be impure. It could be confused with something darkly sexual, for example. Don’t you think it’s tragic that a man would eat a bicycle? It’s a lonely thing to do.

I think the man thought if he ate the bicycle he would save himself from spontaneous human combustion. The heel-licking threat of disappearance. I think he thought if he ate the bicycle he could stay. Ruth and Ian laugh and Ruth splashes half her pint she laughs so hard. That night I sit in front of the bay window, and in my head I say to Ruth and Ian that when you hear a story about a man eating a bicycle it’s like hearing a story you already know, it is impossible, but isn’t. I say: May the story of the man who ate a bicycle be a lesson to you.”³⁹

The Crew hands over a script and mentions something about maintaining the correct use and emphasis of tense. There is no scripted dialogue, only stage directions filled with pronominal errors and ungrounded grammatical tense.

[00:05.20]
[HOLT]

The Crew
Holt
The Crew

[Inaudible]....corrected.
Am I on?
Yeah, go ahead.

Holt What?
 The Crew [Inaudible].
 Ok!
 Holt Yes?
 The Crew Sixty seconds.
 Holt Alright. I just had to, wait for, six—ty seconds, to come back on,
 which makes me think, about, the difference, between, the instan—ta—

[THE BLUE GRAPHIC]

Holt neous times, in words,

[HOLT]

Holt and, delayed time. Instan—ta—neous time, is an immedi—ate percep-
 tion, whereas, delayed time, is more like, a mirror reflection, reflec-
 tion, reflec—tion. A mir—rr—rr—ror re—ee—flection. Delayed time,
 puts another—
 I don't hear my own voice again, I've lost the words.
 The Interference AMBIENT NOISE OF AN INTERIOR SPACE
 Holt It is—
 The Crew [Inaudible].
 Holt It is—
 The Interference Than, loo—
 Holt Am I on?
 The Interference Wilder, thee
 Holt s—...u—lated.
 The Interference The tenuous—ness.
 LaBelle The voice is circumscribed by this linguistic structure,
 empowered by the enabling support of language, while at the same time
 tensing what counts as proper speech.⁴⁰

“Tensing” is a verb. The root word “tense” refers to timing as in past, present, and future, and beneath these, the murkier grammars such as past-perfect and future-imperfect. The future-imperfect tense describes a speculative proposition, through asking “what if...?” Future-imperfect tense gives permission to ask questions.

Tension.

Tensing refers also to muscles or physiology, as in your tightening limbs for everyday movement or your body reacting involuntarily to stress, becoming agitated, for example.

Tensing what counts as proper speech.

40 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 159.

Before understanding there are murmurs and fragments. Referencing *Sleep Talk Recordings Vol. 1* (1998–1999), a series of sound works by Paul Dickinson, LaBelle argues that sleep talk episodes “occupy or spirit a liminal territory,” both internal and external.⁴¹

Tense has an application in phonetics:

“tense1 > adjective 1 (especially of a muscle) stretched tight or rigid. [?] Phonetics (of a speech sound, especially a vowel) pronounced with the vocal muscles stretched tight. The opposite of LAX.”⁴²

Movement.

Tension implies limits, enveloping a range or spectrum between lax and tight. LaBelle acknowledges a social aspect to language where, through choice or otherwise, we are producers, consumers, and critics. Our words, non-words, slang variations, and mispronunciations rise and fall along our mouth movements. Mouths contort rules, words and sounds *embody*.

The non-words, mutterings, and inaudible speech introduces tension in the transmission. Holt mouths the word “voice.” I instinctively move with her mouth. “Voice,” we mouth, in silence.

MONSTER + ECHO.

Holt is performing a monologue to translate the experience into speech, her voice addressing both inside and outside of her body. I want to know what she can see. Is she alone in a confined space or in a studio with a group of people? Is she watching herself or others on a monitor? To do their job of documenting the closed audio loop, The Crew need Holt to perform. They wait for her speech, for her echo. For LaBelle, most of our conscious, deliberate self-talk is driven by “energy derive[d] from the involuntary, unconscious movements of the oral imaginary. In other words, to the unvoice, as that voice behind voicing and that tempts the mouth into speech.”⁴³

We must try words and mouth movements on.

GRAPHIC:

BLUE BACKGROUND

+ WHITE TEXT

“INTERNAL NEGOTIATION + EXTERNAL INFLUENCE”

41 *Ibid.*, 93.

42 Oxford English Dictionary, 3rd ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010).

43 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 100.

GRAPHIC:

BLUE BACKGROUND

+ WHITE TEXT

“PRONE TO MISHEARINGS, MAD
REVELATIONS, AND SPIRITED HAUNTINGS”⁴⁴

LaBelle navigates words of semantic similarity. Chapter eleven is titled “Recite, repeat, vow.” It opens with a short introduction followed by eight sections, which are, in order, “Prior,” “Accent,” “State,” “Oath,” “Public,” “Echo,” “Doubling,” “Repeat.” “Recite” does not reappear as a section heading. Some words reappear or else diverge into similar but different associations, an ordering system demonstrating multiplicity of meaning. Words, lexical identities, are messy. Three prominent words in LaBelle’s chapter are:

Recite
Repeat
Echo.

I can repeat Holt’s words, recite her monologue, echo her mouth movements.
I can recite Holt’s words, echo her monologue, repeat her mouth movements.
I can echo Holt’s words, repeat her monologue, recite her mouth movements.

LaBelle connects echo with repeat and recite, words which invoke controlled, deliberate vocal production, but then argues that “repetitions and echoes are prone to surprising interference.”⁴⁵ I think of multiple speakers with varied vocal physiology:

I repeat what you have said and my respeaking generates and demonstrates difference.

This respeaking not only repeats the original (when or whatever that is), but *others* it, expanding the “narrative of the ‘original.’”⁴⁶ From worshipping the ideal, a single original, to recognizing the multiple, the space widens and *more* is permitted, more words and meanings, more languages. In tracing old words, a channel opens up to negotiate the past with the present by “literally amplifying the skin.”⁴⁷ It is the echo that embodies a “hybridity of voices.” It is the echo that “always threatens to exceed into noise.”⁴⁸ LaBelle’s evocation of worship,

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, 92.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, 171.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, 170.

⁴⁷ *Ibid.*, 171.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, 170.

its bodies and idols, its ideals and monsters, swells speech, taking it beyond the self to a more public, yet still intimate and bodily presence.

The headphones act as a physical barrier, closing Holt off from and minimizing sounds made by others and the ambient noise of the room, enabling her to speak to herself with less auditory input from her surroundings. The headphones also psychologically separate Holt because she is aware that she cannot hear other people around her as she normally would. Headphones are a common everyday item worn by users to listen to audio with reduced external noise and to enhance a sense of isolation. The function of a microphone is to amplify and direct audio towards a specific location or receiver. Microphones are used in AV transmissions but are also very commonly built into everyday items like mobile phones and headphones. Wearing a microphone in a room of people where Holt can freely communicate in the knowledge that she is also addressing a larger unseen audience undermines any clear sense of isolation for her performance and we can watch this knowing that she knows she is being watched. It is possible, for Holt, that hearing the audio playback through the headphones intensifies the delay of the echo. It is possible that Holt is wearing noise-cancelling headphones and cannot hear her voice and each word that she speaks. In this setup, she speaks a sentence without listening to her own voice as it happens. She only knows she has spoken by recognizing the movements her body makes to produce vocal sounds. She is effectively speaking into a void, or a vacuum, like trying to scream to interrupt a nightmare but no sound will come out. In this setup she speaks and time passes before her ears register that she has produced any sound. Her body's sensory feedback system is obstructed or interrupted. In another more likely scenario, the headphones are not noise-cancelling, they are just regular headphones so she can hear what she says as she says it with no interruption but at a lower volume and muffled by the headphones. The casual interactions with The Crew tell us that she can speak to them freely when needed. Holt's voice is the only voice we hear as an echo. In the transmission, the instantaneous speaking—hearing feedback loop works as normal but then is also very quickly added to. Holt hears what she says as she says it, but she also hears it again, in a different time and space, less than a second later.

In the book *Poetics of Relation*, Édouard Glissant describes,

The plantation, like a laboratory, displays most clearly the opposed forces of the oral and the written at work—one of the most deep-rooted topics of discussion in our contemporary landscape. It is there that multilingualism, that threatened dimension of our universe, can be observed for one of the first times, organically forming and disintegrating. It is also within the plantation that the meeting of cultures is most clearly and directly observable, though none of the inhabitants had the slightest hint that this was really about a clash of cultures.⁴⁹

⁴⁹ Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, 73–74.

Spanning the individual and the collective, bodies and cultures bound at once, a silencing was enforced across the plantation. The prevention of subject-formation drives owners to control their possessions, their objects.

LaBelle The silent, inner voice is paradoxically an articulated figure; a second, shadowy body that at times may come alive, here and there, to extend our own.⁵⁰

In the essay “Echo,” Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak studies the ancient Greek myth of Echo and Narcissus. Spivak speaks of the imbalanced research into these two figures with colonial patriarchy favouring the male, if only to cast narcissism as a specifically feminine trait. Reading Ovid’s version in *Metamorphoses*, Spivak rewrites Echo’s punishment as containing its own reward. While Narcissus is stuck and always alone with his same view, Echo embodies possibility. It is not known who she will meet, who she will echo. Her voice remains.⁵¹

Echo Out there, is the feeling of sound. Along the edges, mute. Does even the ground feel my footsteps? You are leaning too far over the edge. The water is freezing, I cry, but you don’t hear. The almost words rough up my throat. Its river narrows. Can I write my own words?
Here,
I am,
I move...
I write... no sound comes out. Can I write my own words? To recite is to re—say, re—utter, repeat. Do you hear me? You show disappointment. I promise you turn to stone while I cannot reproduce my thoughts. I cannot focus my eyes to meet your gaze. My expressions are emotionless. My tones are flat.

You Say something! Look at me!

Echo Look at me.

Them You are weak!

Echo You are weak.

Them Go away!

Echo Away.

You If you won’t leave, then I will! Goodbye!

Echo Goodbye ... Goodbye.
My mouth goes flat.
I watch you leave, aggravated,
I watch,
you disappear. Like
listening, can I speak
of that.

50 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 92.

51 Spivak, “Echo,” 17–43.

In the epic poem *Paradise Lost*, John Milton expands the biblical story of Adam and Eve, who are tempted by the serpent into eating the forbidden fruit. In this Christian narrative, innocence and obedience are God's plan. These characters are lost after The Fall. Adam and Eve, punished by God, become guilt-ridden, tortured by knowledge, and mortal.⁵²

Genesis	He said to him, "You may eat the fruit of any tree in the garden, except the tree that gives knowledge of what is good and what is bad." ⁵³
LaBelle	...to the unvoice, that voice behind voicing and that tempts the mouth into speech. ⁵⁴
Eve	And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high. ⁵⁵
Genesis	As soon as they had eaten it, they were given understanding and realized that they were naked... ⁵⁶

Echo can emerge unexpectedly, catching off guard the audience as well as the speaker. I am thinking of Adam and Eve, before, then waking up together, and after, watching their dazed flesh grow wild:

Milton	So said he, and forebore not glance or toy Of amorous intent, well understood Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire. Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank, ⁵⁷ ...up they rose As from unrest, and each the other viewing, Soon found their Eyes how op'n'd, and their minds How dark'n'd; innocence, that as a veil Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone, ⁵⁸ ...They destitute and bare Of all their virtue: silent, and in face Confounded long they sat, as struck'n mute. ⁵⁹
--------	---

After the Fall of Man, we can talk about shame, about the monstrous, sin and temptation. Innocence is lost and what remains is the abject and horror. Bodies and languages are transformed into symbols of tortuous complication and divergence from an ideal. The body

52 The significance of "fallen" and "unfallen" language in *Paradise Lost* is discussed in detail by Liam D. Haydon in the essay "Ambiguous words: Post-lapsarian language in *Paradise Lost*," 2014, in *Renaissance Studies*, Vol.30, No.2. DOI: 10.1111/rest.12110. Accessed October 30, 2021.

53 Gen. 2:16–2:17.

54 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 100.

55 Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. 9, line 811.

56 Gen. 3:7.

57 Milton, *Paradise Lost*, bk. 9, lines 1034–1037.

58 *Ibid.*, lines 1051–1055.

59 *Ibid.*, lines 1062–1064.

becoming echo. I relate this to LaBelle's description of a "wild...expressive...monster," the echo exceeding suppression.⁶⁰ Like Spivak recognizing Echo's punishment as its own reward, I want to hear Glissant's multilingual world and LaBelle's insistence on the abject grow among pre-lapsarian Edens. Recitals of identities, frequently subconscious, even accidental, are more like echoes, echoes of identities. This is where agency is the hiatus of iterability.

LaBelle marks the mouth as a channel, but then complicates these figurative associations with the mouth's presence as a literal channel, drawing the metaphor back from abstraction to the body.⁶¹ When we speak about things other than speech and language, we can only "tell" of them. An example:

I am watching the transmission.

The mouth *acts*. When we speak about speech, we can do the things we speak about at the same time with the thing which is doing the speaking.

Mouths open	"wild ... expressive ... monstrous." ⁶²
Spivak	...the lithography of Echo's bony remains merely points to the risk of response...It is the catechresis of response as such. ⁶³

LaBelle writes the section "Echo" towards the end of the chapter. Reciting what has come before but wilder into echo, it functions like a mouth speaking about speaking: this is a text echoing about echoing. The mouth is a speech act. It speaks about speaking and acts about acting all at once. I am stuck on the idea that self-reference somehow embodies the speech act:

Locutionary	My mouth said, "I will speak for you."
Illocutionary	My mouth recommended that it speak for me.
Perlocutionary	My mouth blocked my voice, it spoke for me.

60 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 170.

61 "The mouth that moves may also be driven by uncertainty, as a channeling that unsteadily maps the politics of speech." LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, 165.

62 *Ibid.*, 170.

63 Spivak, "Echo," 27.

CONCLUSION.

As I read again “Introduction: Movement” in LaBelle’s book, where he outlines listening as an area of interest, I thought that this book is not about listening at all.

It was recommended to me some years ago because of my interest in reading aloud and in speaking texts. After buying a copy, I spent a few months reading and re-reading the same pages of “Introduction: Movement.” This year, the same thing, reading and re-reading the same paragraphs but this time starting in “Preface: Associative,” where, following Glissant, LaBelle outlines his “proposition for an acoustical position of *caring for the extremes*” where listening is “the basis for knowledge production that is equally a position of *radical empathy*.”⁶⁴

I thought about these ideas a lot, in that month or so.

When I finally returned to the book years later, I finished “Introduction: Movement,” and after “Preface: Associative” again, I scanned “Index,” and I moved from “Sister McCandless” to “Siren” to “Contents” to “Lisp, mumble, mute, pause, stutter.” I listened to voice, to the mouth, the lexicon of “burp,” “gasp,” “recite,” “chew,” and more, all beyond or vehicles for language, words, speech words—spoken words being heard by another.

But the more I flick from “Lisp” to “Scream” to “Suck,” I figure these are sounds we must hear. We do not stop listening when a speaker is caught off-guard and coughs mid-sentence. We cannot block extraneous events and fleshy messages from landing on our eardrums. I think these are the extremes LaBelle advocates to care for, the parallel utterances, languages, objects, the others to our clear-cut spoken turns of phrase. In this essay I have tried to enact this position, through a transmissive rewriting and respeaking the words of others, through background noise and audio trouble.

64 LaBelle, *Lexicon of the Mouth*, viii.

MIKHAIL

JACOB

OWEN

GRACE

Jacob you had an interesting idea about turning into a bee because they are dying out — can you explain your idea?

We get a gliding thing and stick a lot of paintbrushes on ourselves. We jump off from somewhere high up — off a plane. We fly onto a tree, rub on its flowers and get the pollen on the paintbrushes. Then we fly onto another tree and put the pollen on that tree to pollinate it.

There are two reasons why you can't do that. You don't have big bushy fur to rub the pollen on and you don't have a big long tongue to suck the nectar up for the queen bee.

We could get a flying bicycle on a tree to pollinate it, and instead of a big bushy fur you can stick paintbrushes on your body.

How the heck would you put a bike on a tree?

You get on the bike and then you run and jump off a mountain and then you glide...

Or you can just get a stepladder.

How are you meant to carry that many paint brushes to pollinate the tree? And I don't think you'll be able to afford all them paintbrushes.

We can use the ones from school and borrow the ones my mum has. She's got billions of them.

How are you meant to rub the pollen off onto the paintbrushes? Flowers are about this small Jacob.

OWEN SHOWS A SMALL GAP BETWEEN HIS THUMB AND INDEX FINGER.

JACOB PERFORMS A DANCE WITH HIS SHOULDERS RESEMBLING THE TWIST.

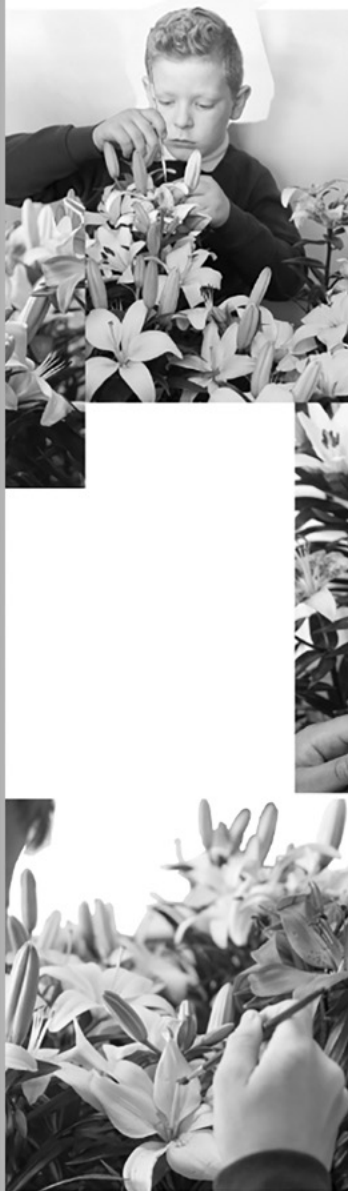
It will have to be with your belly, not your back! That'd be easy... But there are one billion flowers on one tree. How are you meant to pollinate them all?

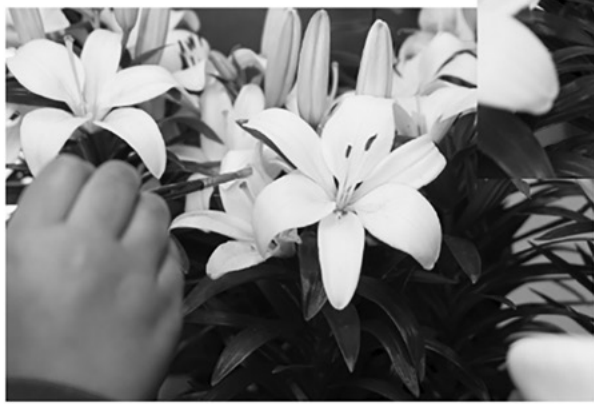
That's mad. And it could cost a hundred pounds to get it done...

Why should we even care how much it costs? We are going to save the world.

OWEN GETS DISTRACTED BY A DRAWING ON THE WALL AND POINTS AT IT.

Owen: Erm, why is that man eating his belly? I wonder if like the insects eating poison, he ate something funny and his tummy is aching?





THE NEW
WORKER

MIKHAIL SHCHERBA
WORKERS IN
BLOSSOM FL
AND FEATHER



CHILDREN'S



MIKHAIL

ANNIE

JACOB

OWEN

COREY

GRACE

*DWS TO THE CHILDREN ONLINE PHOTOGRAPHS OF AGRICULTURAL
SICHUAN PROVINCE IN CHINA HAND-POLLINATING APPLE
FLOWERS WITH IMPROVISED TOOLS MADE OF STICKS
RS RESEMBLING PAINTBRUSHES.*

Is that a little child in
the photograph?

Yes, a young girl at the top
of the tree and elderly people
working lower down.

CRIES OF JOY.

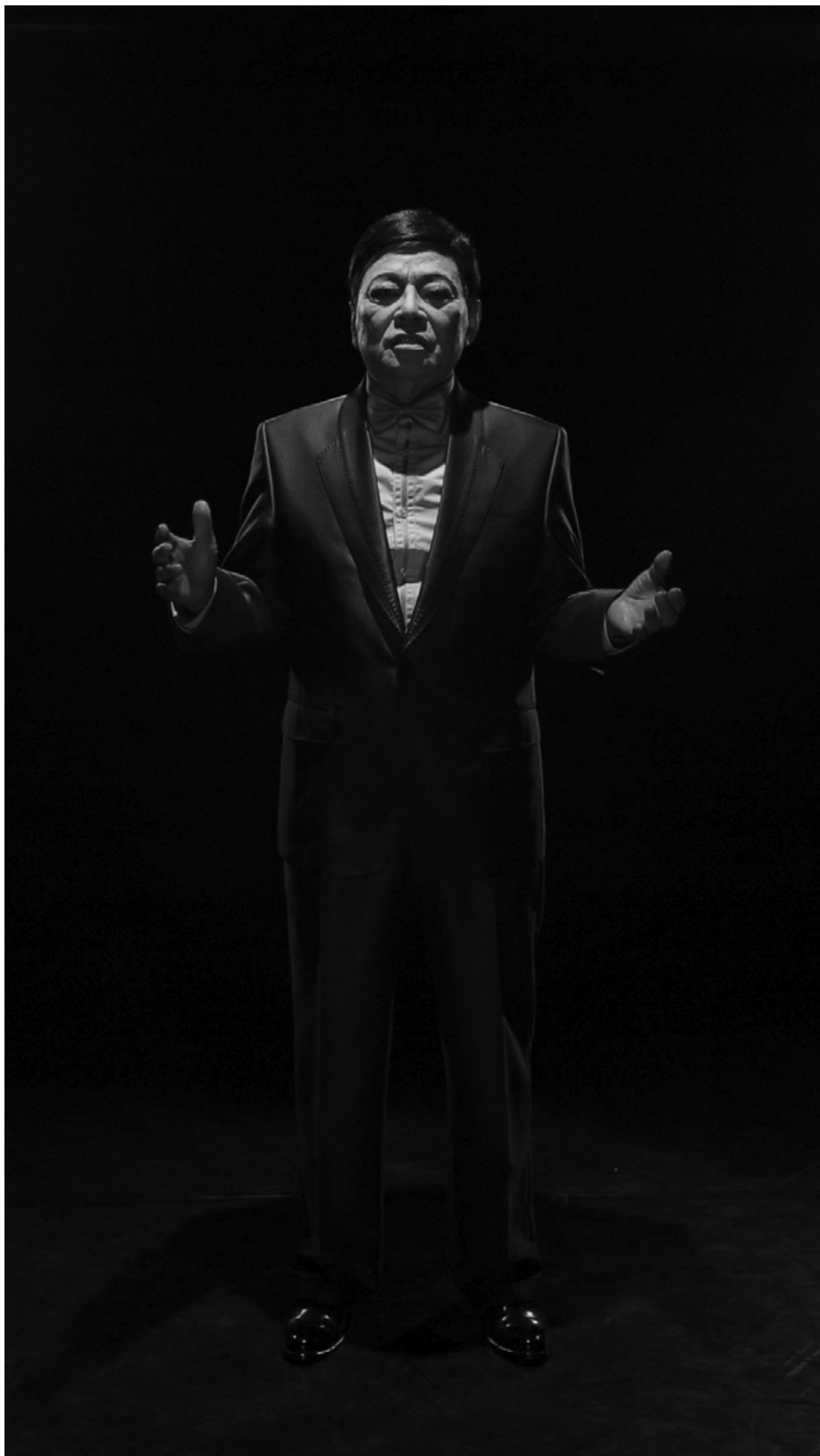
We could do that and get
money — yeah!

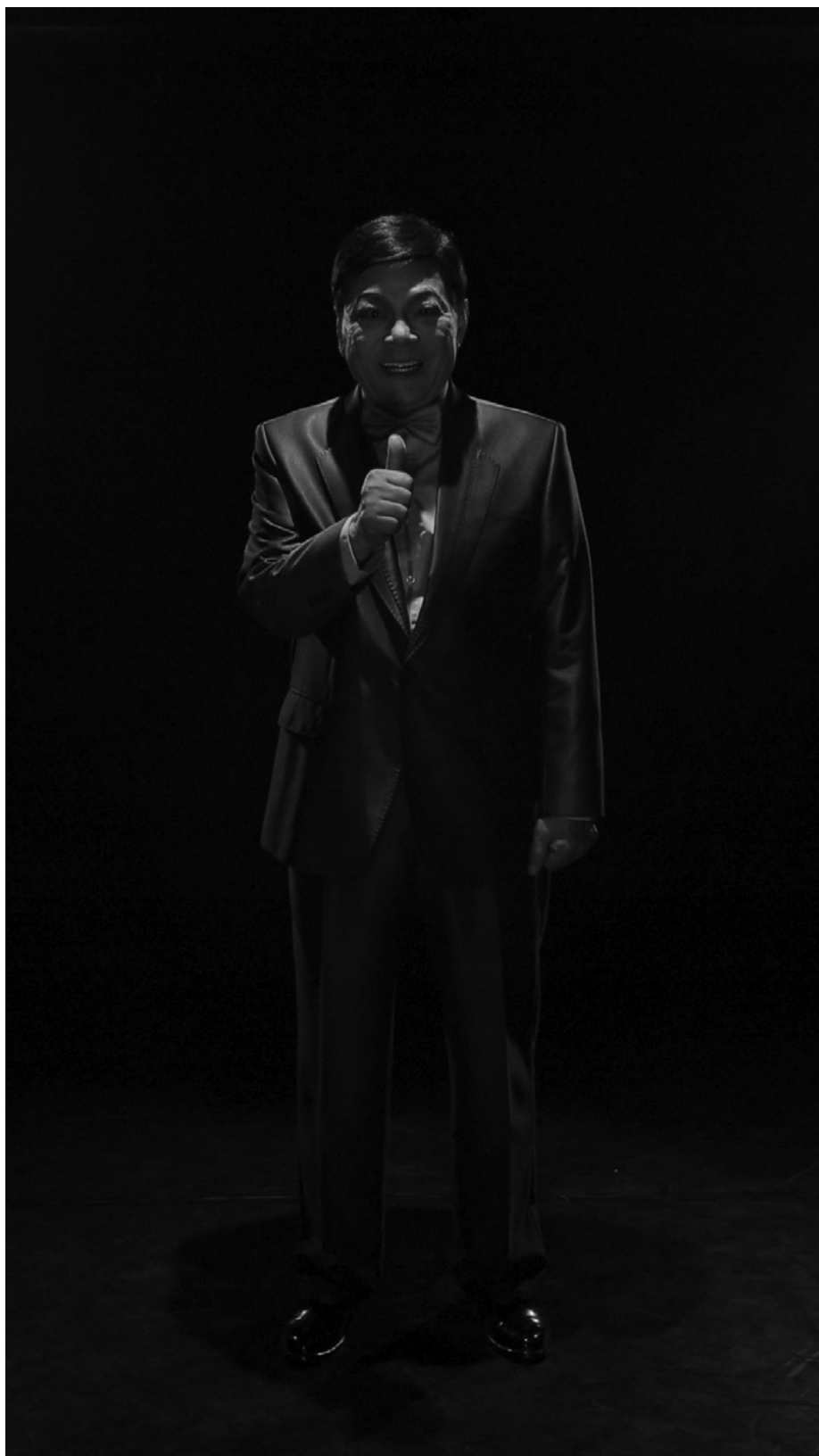
It would take the whole day.
Especially if you do it one
by one flower.

It would take forever!

Save the bees...

Yeah, just save the bees.





Excerpt from script

- Script for 'the Life of a Comedian' (English)

Bo Won Nam appears on the stage

(While lifting his thumb)

Hello, this is Bo won Nam. Hahaha.

I was born into a wealthy family in a small village called Geumsan-ri in Eunsanmyeon, Suncheon-gun, South Pyongan province. When spring comes, beautiful flowers bloom everywhere and beautiful birds can be found in and from the mountains.

(Mimics the sound of a bird)

A calf cries, (mimics a calf mooing)

A chicken cries (mimics a chicken crowing)

A puppy cries and a dog cries (mimics a dog barking)

I grew up in a very small village where animals used to cry day and night.

There was a mill in the house, a bicycle, and a phonograph.

My father was a landlord. Thus, every day I heard the sound of phonograph whilst standing in front of it.

There were various kinds of sounds kept inside it.

All of Korea's folk songs were in there.

(In a folk song style)

The smoke of coal and white charcoal burning...

Let's enjoy. Enjoy this in your youth. Because you won't be able to when you're old and weak...

Whenever I make sounds whilst sitting on a rock,
a grandpa walking past stops and says

"How old are you, little boy? Enjoy during the youth"

(Pretending to give a clout) He gives me a clout with his knuckles.

"Hey, you little boy. You should become a clown. A clown."

A small radio. On the radio called 'National Matsuda', the surrendering voice of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan came out.

My age was ten by then.

(Imitating the Emperor's voice in Japanese) Sekai daisei mada. Wareni niaraiz sikanomi nai. Dekkiwa haraddani jangakkunano. Dakkudang oh hiresidae.

The generations of the world will not be beneficial to us.

The enemy threw the brutal bomb and everything was over.

We had the pleasure of liberation.

That's right. Five years after that. When I was fifteen years old.

At that time, I was in the second grade of junior high school.

June 25 1950

Chungsung in Gangwon province. Foggy morning at 4am.

(Making the sound of a second hand while looking at the watch on the wrist)

The sound of a frog from somewhere

(Mimics a frog croaking)

...continues

• Script for 'the Life of a Comedian' (Korean)

• '어느 코미디언의 일생' 의 스크립트 (한글)

안녕하세요, 남보원입니다.

내 고향은 순천군 은산면 금산리라는 조그마한 마을에서 부잣집 아들로 태어났습니다.
봄이 오면 고을마다 진달래피고, 아름다운 산새들이 찾아왔지요.
(새 소리를 흉내낸다)

송아지 울고, (송아지의 울음소리를 흉내낸다)
닭 울고, (닭의 울음소리를 흉내낸다)
강아지 울고 개 울고 (개 짖는 소리를 흉내낸다)
온갖 동물이 다 울어대는 조그마한 아담한 마을에 부잣집 외아들로 태어났어요.

집에는 방앗간도 있고, 자전거도 있고, 축음기도 있었어요.
아버지는 지주였지요. 그래서 저는 매일 축음기 앞에서 축음기 소리를 들었지요.
거기에는 별의별 소리가 다 들어가 있었어요.
우리나라의 민요란 민요는 다 들어가 있었어요.

(민요 스타일로 노래 부르며)
석탄 백탄 타는데 연기만 폴폴 나구요.
노자. 젊어서 놀아. 늙어 병들면 못 노나니.

뚝돌에 앉아서 소리를 흉내를 내고 막 소리를 하면은
지나가던 할아버지가
"이 녀석아. 너 몇 살인데 노자 젊어서 놀아야."
(군밤 주는 흉내를 내며) 군밤을 딱 줍니다.
"야, 이 녀석아. 이 다음에 광대나 해라. 광대나 해."

조그마한 라디오.
'내셔널 마즈다' 라는 라디오에서는 일본 천황 폐하의 항복하는 목소리가 울려나왔다.
그 때 내 나이 열살이다.
(일본 천황의 목소리로 일본어를 흉내내며) 세카이 다이세이 마다. 와레니 니라아즈 시
카나미 나이. 데까와 하라따이 장가꾸 나루. 다투당 오 히레시데.
세계의 대세는 우리에게 이롭지 아니 하노라.
적은 잔악한 폭탄을 던지므로 모든 것은 끝나게 되었다.

우리는 해방의 기쁨을 맞이했다.
그렇다. 그 후 오년. 나의 열 다섯살 시절이다.
그 때 당시 중학교 2학년 때.
1950년 6월 25일 강원도 충성땅. 자욱한 안개 내려 낀 새벽 4시.
(손목시계를 보며 초침 소리를 흉내낸다.)
어디선가 들려오는 개구리 소리
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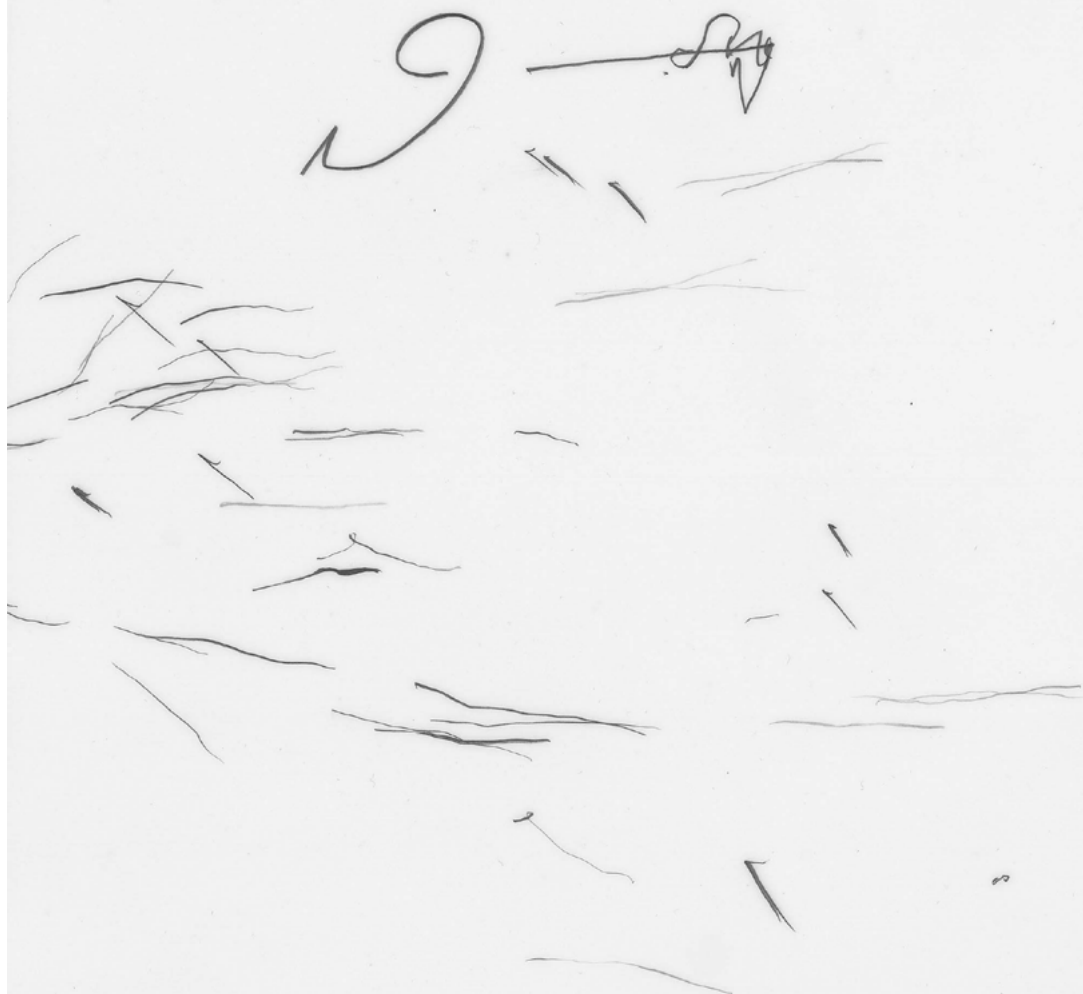
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In the name of all mine, I tell you this:

Freedom is in you.
Freedom has always been in you
and forever will be.

They named you mother, daughter,
grand-mother, aunt, cousin, wife, mistress,
saint, prostitute;

We hear, female, that you are worth less
than the male: but who do you claim to be,
male, to classify, judge, lock-up that which
you say is female, can you say?

I will tell you, you who we call woman,
you who ends up taking on those roles
mother, daughter, grand-mother, aunt,
n, wife, mistress, prostitute, saint,
have been free since the dawn of time.

You are free because you have never
told anyone what they are or are not or
should be or should not be:

You are yourself because you are pure
of this cowardice, this lowness,
this weakness.

Perfect you are born,
perfect you remain in yourself.

⚡

Au nom de toutes les miennes je te le dis :

La liberté est en toi.

La liberté a toujours été en toi
et le sera toujours.

On t'a nommée mère, fille, grand-mère,
tante, cousine, épouse, maîtresse, sainte,
prostituée;

On entend dire femelle tu vaux moins
que mâle : mais qui prétends-tu être mâle,
pour classer, juger, enfermer ce que tu
dit être une femelle, le sais-tu?

Moi je te le dis, toi qu'on appelle femme,
toi qui finit par endosser ces rôles de mère,
fille, grand-mère, tante, cousine, épouse,
maîtresse, prostituée, sainte, tu es libre
depuis le commencement des temps.

Tu es libre parce que tu n'as jamais
dit à personne ce qu'elle est ou n'est pas
ou devrait être ou ne pas être :

Tu es toi-même parce que tu es pure
de cette lâcheté, de cette bassesse,
de cette faiblesse.

Impeccable tu es née,
impeccable tu demeures en toi.



Woman, if you must seek a camp, if you must take refuge and escape the idiotic division imposed by patriarchal capitalism, then choose to be yourself since you are the world.

You are the earth, you are the good and the evil, you are love and hate, you are happiness and unhappiness, you are joy and sadness.

If your place is not in the patriarchy, be happy: you are not of the weak and the cowardly. If you are not welcome at the table of testicular capitalists, rejoice:

You have not been polluted by their unhealthy food; your spirit has not been poisoned by the abject food of these eaters of corpses!

Your place is at the centre of the world: bring together all those left by the wayside of capitalism and build a society united by solidarity and equality.

You are humanity, since you have given birth.

He who thinks to exclude you has lost himself by identifying with the world and with his thirst for power and possession.

⚡

Femme, si tu dois chercher un camp, si tu dois te réfugier pour échapper à cette division idiote du capitalisme patriarcal, alors choisis d'être toi-même car tu es le monde.

Tu es la terre, tu es le bien et le mal, tu es l'amour et la haine, tu es le bonheur et le malheur, tu es la joie et la tristesse.

Si ta place n'est pas dans le patriarcat, sois en heureuse: tu ne fais pas partie des faibles et des lâches. Si tu n'es pas admise à la table des couillus capitalistes, jubile:

Tu n'as pas été contaminée par leur nourriture malsaine; ton esprit n'as pas été empoisonné par les mets abjectes de ces mangeurs de cadavres!

Ta place est au centre du monde: réunis toutes les exclues du capitalisme et bâtis une société unie, une société solidaire, une société égalitaire.

Tu es l'humanité, car tu l'as enfanté.

Celui qui pense pouvoir t'exclure s'est perdu dans son identification au monde et à sa soif de pouvoir et de possession.





Since the dawn of time, you have known
that you could halt these cruel games when
the time was right.

Now is the right time:

Wake your sisters, your grand-mothers,
your daughters, your grand-daughters.

Come together.
Unite your forces.
Wage the Holy Strike.

Woman, the times are no longer
for giving birth.

It is the time of awakening.
It is the magic time of refusal.

Nothing can stand up to this violent wind,
since in truth I tell you:

You are the force of this world.

Depuis le commencement des temps, tu savais que tu pouvais arrêter ces jeux cruels quand le temps serait juste.

Maintenant le temps est juste :

Réveille tes sœurs, tes grands-mères,
tes filles, tes petites-filles.

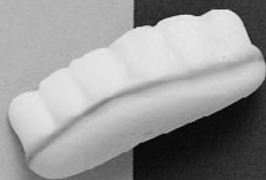
Unissez-vous.
Unissez votre force.
Faites la Grève Sainte.

Femme, les temps ne sont plus
à l'enfantement.

C'est l'heure du réveil.
C'est l'instant magique du refus.

Rien ne pourra résister à ce vent violent
car en vérité je te le dis :

Tu es la puissance de ce monde.



DEAR READER...

Text by
Alun Rowlands

‘Dear Reader ...’ is the script for a curator’s talk drawn from the pages of the journal *NOVEL*, edited by Alun Rowlands and Matthew Williams. Written as an ongoing epistolarium, it assembles a collection of letters from literary sources such as Dickenson, Salinger and Barthelme alongside artists writings from Chaimowicz, to Strau. Extracts from Meunier’s ‘Act of Correspondence’, published in the second issue of *NOVEL*, punctuate the text asking how forms of correspondence figure ideas of reading, intimacy, and friendship.

**DEAR FRIEND – Are these more orderly? I
thank you for the truth.**

**I had no monarch in my life, and cannot rule
myself; and when I try to organize, my little force
explodes and leaves me bare and charred.**

**I think you called me 'wayward.' Will you help
me improve?**

2.11.72

Prologue

The story that follows is not mine. I do not know who wrote it.

It came into my hands as follows. My reputation as a writer was established almost wholly as an author of fiction, despite some editorial work, when I launched on a series of three interrelated novels with a marked sexual bias. Shortly after the first in this series was published, I received two anonymous letters, one one week, one the next. Both were signed 'God', both were postmarked _____.

Six months later, a bulky envelope arrived, it contained the manuscript that follows. There was no covering letter. The postmark on the envelope was, again, _____. Whether the author was or was not 'God', I have no idea. The letters were vulgar and illiterate, but the illiteracy at least may have been assumed. The story that follows will be judged unpleasant by many, illiterate it certainly is not.

Although I am naturally interested by the mystery of origins (and teased by a suspicion that it may be intended as a parody of my work) I find the story interesting in its own right. There are echoes of _____ and like _____ the whole seems something between wavelength and frequency. My duties as editor have been light. I have divided some very long paragraphs, I have corrected a few spelling mistakes and I

given the piece a provisional title.

My motives in getting the story published here is to contact the author. If she still keeps a watchful eye on my writing she will see that she has achieved print.

April 7, 1975

Dear _____,

My apologies, but for reasons that seem to me, at least, rather passably sane and fair, I've found it best, by far, not to read scripts or books that come in the mail. Years and years ago, I did have a short go at responding to gestures of the kind, but it led to complications that I couldn't manage.

JDS

DEAR _____,

Although you do not know me my name is _____, I have seized your name from the telephone book in an attempt to enmesh you in my concerns. We suffer today I believe from a lack of connection with each other. That is common knowledge, so common in fact, that it may not even be true. It may be that we are overconnected, for all I know. However I am acting on the first assumption, that we are underconnected, and thus have flung you these lines, which you may grasp or let fall as you will. But I feel that if you neglect them, you will suffer for it. That is merely my private opinion. No police power supports it. I have no means of punishing you, _____, for not listening, for having a closed heart. There is no punishment for that, in our society. Not yet. But to the point. You and I, _____, are not in the same universe of discourse. You may have not been aware of it previously, but the fact of the matter is, that we are not. We exist in different universes of discourse. Now it may have appeared to you, prior to your receipt of this letter, that the universe of discourse in which you existed, and pattered about, was in all ways adequate and satisfactory. It may never have crossed

your mind to think that other universes of discourse distinct from your own existed, with people in them, discoursing. You may have, in a common-sense way, regarded your u. of d. as a plenum, filled to the brim with discourse. You may have felt that what already existed was a sufficiency. People like you often do. That is certainly one way of regarding it, if fat self-satisfied complacency is your aim. But I say unto you, _____, that even a plenum can leak. Even a plenum, can be penetrated. New things can rush into your plenum displacing old things, things that were formerly there. No man's plenum, _____, is impervious to the awl of God's will. Consider then your situation now. You are sitting there in your house, with your fine dog, doubtless, and your handsome partner, conceivably, and who knows with your gun-colored car in the driveway, and opinions passing back and forth, about whether they should build a new meeting hall or not, whether the children should become Tomists or not, whether the pump needs more cup grease or not. A comfortable scene. But I, _____, am in possession of your telephone number, _____. Think what that means. It means that at any moment I can pierce your plenum with a single telephone call, simply by dialling _____. You are correct, _____, in seeing this as a threatening situation. The moment I inject discourse from my u. of d. into your u. of d., the yourness of yours is diluted. The more I inject, the more you dilute. Soon you will be presiding over an empty plenum, or rather, since that is a contradiction in terms, over a former plenum, in terms of yourness. You are, essentially, in my power. I suggest an unlisted number.

Yours faithfully

Dear NOVEL,

The fear of failing to reach the other, the failure of writing as well as the hope that the reading implies an understanding, that the meaning is conveyed to the other are characteristic for the process of writing letters. The choice of this communication media evokes memories of the past, when humans had to rely on it if they wanted to get in touch with a remote person. However, unlike one might assume, the letter does not constitute a particular special case of communication. With regard to the constellation of those involved in the

communication process, a letter can be seen as an example of communication itself, if it is assumed that one structural characteristic of any message is the need to cover a distance. What is evident here is the way from one to the other as well as the delayed arrival, which, in terms of an awareness of distances and of the relationship from the time of writing to the spatial absence of the addressee, is intrinsic to the moment of writing.

For an exchange of letters, the possibility of a response is strictly indispensable. A letter originates, because there is someone who is not at the same place as oneself, but who can be thought of and who is addressed by trying to write to her. However, this writing is not like spoken language that has been put into written language; the written form emphasises the conveyance of the message and the situation of thought changes, when the text itself comes to the fore. The dialogue is inevitably limited to one person, you and I are embodied by the same person, insofar as the answer has to be imagined and the addressee becomes *fictional*. This leads to a soliloquy that is always initiated by the other.

Dear J,

As itinerant workers we go, where the work is... and yet, at some time has not each of us sat in a bar or cafe in a distant land, merely then to ask of ourselves; why travel when I might just as well be bored at home? Rare therefore is the city in which we can both work and dream... Living almost the life of a monk - albeit of a gracious order - I have developed the semblance of a routine... so although I often lose myself walking about the city - the better to enjoy and discover it - I have nevertheless established my own landmarks...

... These brief sortics during which I enter an imaginary dialogue with the city's citizens, are like late morning shopping, a welcome interruption from the routine demands and isolation of my studio...

Dear J, do not imagine that I am suffering from a surfeit of history... Just as

intuition precedes reason so I have discovered much here by happy accident and only later has detail come to my attention. But here some awareness of history is inescapable...

When I sit in Cafe Sperl, for example, my thoughts tend to oscillate between their own subjectivity and a memory seemingly rooted in the surroundings. As though a gentle but insistent aura pervades this now dilapidated place, prompting me to that it was once the regular meeting place of enigmatic thinkers...

Indeed throughout this city, cafes were once the fertile meeting ground between the public and the private. Those citizens subjected to grossly overcrowded housing were forced by circumstances to take refuge in such places- here to live out much of their lives - to receive their mail, to eat, to even shave, to court and to marry... And from the pretensions of insufferably claustrophobic middle class homes it was also the cafes that a precocious young intelligentsia escaped, there to establish their particular groups and forums...

If then the cafes once appeared to symbolise a relaxed and carefree existence of easy gossip, slow waltzes and cream pastries - the very image an increasingly anxious city was eager to project - these enchanting institutions were also the product of a grim reality...

MCC

Dear NOVEL,

The moment we start to write a letter, we are exposed to seclusion. With every written word, the writer becomes more and more aware of the separation from the other, that someone is missing. The distance to the addressee becomes increasingly insurmountable if one tries to address the recipient by means of a letter. It is thus the act of writing itself that is supposed to create closeness and demonstrate attachment. What is significant is the moment of addressing the other, which enables the writer to performatively achieve what she is describing: she simulates the situation of addressing someone, while at the same time living through it, regardless, whether and when the letter is read. However, the communicative

exchange is already achieved by the mere fact that one can write to a *potential* reader. The temporal delay, which is intrinsic to the sending of a letter, cannot be ignored, but be utilised in a productive manner. The loneliness, the distance, the uncertainty if the letter will get to the addressee – this prevention of the direct presence of the addressee make it necessary to have trust in the act of writing a letter. The process between thought, word and writing, between you and I, of an inside and an outside, already creates closeness... This imaginativeness generates a fictional presence in the writing.

The writer encounters a multiple materiality: There is the object, which, in its necessity to cover a distance, is disruptive and leads to the stagnation of dialogue. Furthermore there is the non-congruity between written words and what is meant or thought, so that it often seems necessary to clarify any misconception by writing a further letter.

The construction of identities in the text of a letter is complex and raises the question as to who are we thinking of when writing a letter and are we really writing to this person, or do we in fact also have to make up the addressee. Her absence changes the form of address. We have to image the addressee. We also picture her reaction. How absent can we be?

The immediacy of dialogue in a letter is *fictional*, but used by the writer to overcome the gap between space and time. It is an attempt to envision the other, to make her visible. And vice versa, the word itself finds its addressee and in doing so, depicts her. The search for appropriate wording, for a tangible other, leads, from behind, to the formation of the imaginative addressee. It can become an authoritative trait of the writer, to replace the absent person by her own image. And the more this approach is pursued and the more real the image becomes, the further away the real person seems to move.

The New Year lamp musli shop lamp letter

The New Year's resolution is now to communicate more positive things, or at least to see them, when there are some things positive and to look more to the outside world to find them... let me stop writing here, I get tired, I am actually very glad I have written or done something here again, I was not that busy for many days. After writing just one letter the day seems already over again shortly after three now, my energy spent... but maybe I'll have another bowl of musli instead, the second or supper musli...

Some months ago I promised myself, to write a longer solid narrative text about maybe something which begins for the first time and I thought that there are many first times. Before too late, sitting down, I decided I wanted what is easiest. But there is an easy answer, but that is what it is all about here, the easiest.

JS

POSTSCRIPT:

The idea of a reader, who looks over the shoulder of the writer thus assuming a position of power, in which she virtually starts to write herself, provides a perspective of the writing process, of the ambivalent situation in which a thought shall be transformed into a communicable form, in order to become public. If it is the case that I construct the image of a reader in the course of writing, the addressee, simply by virtue of having been addressed, derives in return the right to announce a judgment in the future. The reader is not the second but just as much the first. Both positions – the provisional judgment of the reader and her image in the imagination of the writer–repeatedly become a mutual occasion to reformulate what already exists. Even the prejudgment is a text, and an openness is certain inscribed in it, to the extent that it is acknowledged provisionally. The structure of a letter – that the necessary construction of the other is evidently fictional – becomes essential to any form of communication, if the other is understood in relative absence

to oneself. The question remains if the fictions are not even an essential prerequisite for any kind of rapprochement, if a person is not assimilated, but if its strangeness and uniqueness are met with a story that does not define but respond. To correspond could thus mean to accept the experience of a distance, without trying to shorten it, without applying the fiction to a tangible other, but to accept the existence of non-congruity. Getting to someone implies covering a distance. To become aware of and to respect this distance (by means of fictionalisation) means to respect the other as a person—in order to do him justice and to concede him an undefined space. The question, as to whether the purpose of a letter can be ascertained at all, if its purpose can only be invented or remembered, could be accompanied by the proposition that there may not be a real addressee who could be reached, but maybe someone similar. And she remains indispensable if the will of expression is to be worthwhile.

Letter to _____ (1970)

No apologies necessary — Both of us have resorted to a bit of master baiting (sic) when our positions have worn thin — Facts which are mutually agreed upon phenomena are hard enough to come by let alone truths, which are the relations between facts. Your questions have been most stimulating when most vexing and neither of us would boast I think of the competence of our answers — Let us assume that I am an artist (a matter not beyond dispute) and not that I have a leftist philosophy but a temperance of dissatisfaction deriving from the history of protestant dissent in Europe (the same dissent which gave rise to capitalism) — I am sceptical, distrusting, pessimistic by nature and by choice but I do feel sure that 400 years ago in various corners of Europe my ancestors lived the lives of mal treated draft animals — The last 400 years has seen the rise into history of untold millions who without the courage of dissatisfaction would have remained in their brutish state — Numerous revolutions have occurred in that time — the most glorious and successful have been the ascendancy of capitalism — the organisation of the mass modes of production and subsequently of distribution through capitalistic practice and ideology have been the most dynamic events in conscious human history — Where then my dissatisfaction — It is this condition that leads to the romance of objective evil in modern capitalist society and the resort to inappropriate objects

such as art or drugs or mysticism — That is to say even if the capitalist system were to achieve perfect justice it would forfeit its claim to the allegiance of mankind seeking to reproduce itself it would fossilize and finally extinguish human aspiration — It is no irony that once capitalism has finished its magnificent work its theory & practice must be extirpated if the human race is not to sunk back into barbarism — Enough of potifex historicus — What about my own view of myself as an artist in this society — First everyone in a human culture is profoundly implicated in it biologically — in the style of maintaining and reproducing human life — No one of us lives as a bird in the air or by dropping mana (sic) of the chosen people — We are each of us implicated in the organisation of the modes of production — It is infantile to pretend one is not doubly hebephrenic to aspire to be severed from culture.

Dear _____,

Books are thick letters to friends. They are telecommunication in medium of print to underwrite friendship. Ever since Philosophy began as a literary genre, it has recruited adherents by writing in an infectious way about love and friendship. Not only is it about the love of wisdom: it is also an attempt to move others to this love... its capacity to make friends through its texts. It has been re-inscribed like a chain letter through the generations, and despite all the errors of reproduction, indeed perhaps because of such errors, it has recruited its copyists and interpreters into the ranks of brotherhood...

If we consider the epochal results of mail, it becomes evident that it has a particular relationship to the writing, sending and receipt of philosophical writing. Apparently, the writer of this type of love letter sends his work out into the world without knowing the recipient — or even if he knows him, he is conscious that the transmission transcends him and might provoke an unknown number of chances of friendship of the writer of books and letters with nameless, perhaps even yet unborn readers. Erotically seen, the hypothetical friendship of the writer of books and letters with the recipients of his messages represents a case of love at a distance — and this

entirely in the sense of knowing that writing is the power to transmit love not only to our nearest and dearest, but also through the next person encountered, into the unknown, distant future life. Writing not only creates a telecommunicative bridge between known friends, who at the time of transmission live in a geographical proximity to one another; but it sets in motion an unpredictable process. It shoots an arrow in the air, with the objective of revealing an unknown friend and enticing him into the circle of friends. In fact the reader who sits down to a thick book can approach it as an invitation to a gathering, and should she be moved by the contents, she thereby enters the circle of the CALLED, making herself available to receive the message.

Letters that are not mailed cease to be missives for possible friends; they turn into archived things. Thus this – that the important books of the past have more and more ceased to be letters to friends, and that they do not lie any longer on the tables and nightstands of their readers – this has deprived the movement of its previous power. Less and less often do archivists climb up to the ancient texts in order to reference earlier statements of modern commonplaces. Perhaps it occasionally happens that in such research in the dead cellars of culture the long-ignored texts begin to glimmer, as if a distant light flickers over them. Can the archives also come into the Clearing? Everything suggests that archivists have become the successors... For the few who still peer around in those archives, the realisation is dawning that our lives are the confused answer to questions which were asked in places we have forgotten.

ERRATA:

If the fate of particular books demonstrates anything, it is that books, texts, essays, open letters also, and sometimes much more easily, make enemies. And this is not necessarily a

bad thing – why it may well be a good thing in fact; enmity rather than friendship, we dare to venture, ultimately ensures the health of all thinking and writing. We have said elsewhere (but where exactly in our robust body of collected writings?) that the history of art should or at least could one day be recounted from the perspective of its being a history, in the final analysis of friendship (if not love affairs); if that happy day will ever come to pass, however a riposte – yours dear reader – will inevitably invite itself in the shape of history of hostilities and of enmities... And so we long for the return or revival of truly vitriolic letter writing ... And supposing we never meet again, this letter better be damn well written.

October 21, 1962

Dear _____,

I must tell you first, off puttingly or not, that I am at best a one-shot letter writer, these days. Along with that, I really never have anything to say when I'm done writing fiction at the end of the day. One thought, and one only, hits me about your letter. Entirely "materialistic", I'm afraid. You need a new typewriter ribbon. Get one or don't get one, but unless you make an effort to deal with things as unabstractly as that, you're stewing quite unnecessarily. You've decided that Things are what matter to people. Of course. Not only with "people" but with you, too. Everything in your letter is a thing, concrete or abstract. For me, before anything else, you're young women who needs a new typewriter ribbon. See that fact, and don't attach more significance to it than it deserves, and then get on with the rest of the day. Good wishes to you.

END

Biology is about recognition and misrecognition, coding errors, the body's reading practices (for example, frameshift mutations), and billion-dollar projects to sequence the human genome to be published and stored in a national genetic 'library'. The body is conceived as a strategic system, highly militarized in key arenas of imagery and practice. Sex, sexuality, and reproduction are theorized in terms of local investment strategies; the body ceases to be a stable spatial map of normalized functions and instead emerges as a highly mobile field of strategic differences. The biomedical - biotechnical body is a semiotic system, a complex meaning-producing field, for which the discourse of immunology, that is, the central biomedical discourse on recognition/misrecognition, has become a high-stakes practice in many senses.



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Further Materials Toward a Theory of the Hot Babe

By HANNAH BLACK-JULY 15, 2013

Image by imp here

The Hot Babe is no one in particular, and neither are you.

Let's say the Hot Babe is the fully human being of the future, apparently lacking all interiority, super-connected, ultra-contemporary, without guilt or grief. Self-assemblance (the Hot Babe) is the objective subjectivity that has yet to find its true social form. Her deconstructed body is not emptied or washed clean of subjectivity; it is subjectivity's historical precondition. (Lorraine Hanser) *deconstructing*

The Hot Babe is a gendered concept. She is a radical (non-)subjectivity, thrown out of the wage relation only to reappear at the market's core. Those who look at her and see only a machine are the machines of her becoming. Potentially, those who see in the limits of women the pitfalls of the factory, are superior to those who see in the poor the poorness of sex, but only insofar as a superiority goes unnoticed even where other forms of division fail to do so. the erotic machine and the rearing rats are more beautiful than those who condemn them. *deconstructing*

Today the "authentic" self of ideology requires a surplus made up of selves that are not perceived as "authentic"—among them is the Hot Babe. *deconstructing*

Many feminisms have theorized objectification as the commodification of women. In a different sense of making-object, commodification, as promising, proposes to make human life objective to itself. Let's conclude these two forms of objectification for the purposes of taking the Hot Babe's claims about herself seriously: She objectifies herself "for herself" ("I do it for myself because I enjoy fashion, it makes me feel like me"—Beyoncé), but also "for all women" ("I think that women feel akin to me in a way because I'm so incredibly honest about who I am as a person"—Jenna Jameson), and evidently for all men ("..."). The image of her being describes the contours of the life we may not live long enough to live. But, as with all prophets, no one believes her. *deconstructing*

cyborg
Love
bodies
Text
sick
Hot

I am a good example of everything
that is wrong with my time
(says Marlene Dumas)

I am a bad example of everything
that is good with my time (say I)

I am a part of the hot babe
and I swipe and click it every day

I am in constant kemmer
and I wonder how I get my things done

I am what I am
because I feel, think, do and undo

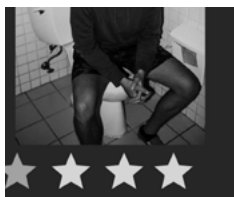
Are you what you are or what you say you are?
Are your thoughts yours or are they part mine
and part everyone's?

It's nice to imagine a porous membrane
That breathes as it feels
As if it were a patch of your skin
and a patch of mine

A collective sigh.

... GIVE ME A
SECOND SORRY

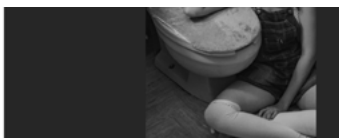
collective poem after Le Guin, Haraway and Black



ending machine right
outside so you can get a
comforting snack after
lots of annoying gym goers
who have their life together
not many cubicles



- ✓ Cool stickers to look at
- ✗ Barely any cubicles
- ✗ Not soundproof at all



- ✓ At night there will be drunk
girls crying in there too so
you won't stand out
- ✓ Loads of cubicles
- ✗ Quiet in the day but busy
at night



AGRICULTURE

- ✓ Always pretty clean
- ✓ Good lighting in the mirror
so you can fix your mascara
after
- ✓ Never that busy



- ✓ Not very busy
- ✓ They have posh
hand lotion
- ✗ You might see a
lecturer

PARK HOUSE



- ✓ Open 24/7 so you can cry
any time day or night!
- ✗ Always a bit gross
- ✗ The locks are rubbish



£6.99
9 781911 225155
POCKET GUIDE
TO LOOS
CRY IN

Dear Reader,
I hope this guide is useful
to you in your time of need.
Some of these loos have
been my sanctuary of calm
when I needed it most.
Lucy x
Best wishes,

artists
of an outer reality
the main feature
of the work of art
or on the model of as statement
content still comes first.
now be less figurative, less lucidly realistic.
. Or,
a work of art by definition says something.

Wenn die Stunden zu kurz sind
und die Minuten zäh,
wenn es besser gestern
oder morgen wäre,
wenn wir nichts mehr müssten
und ausgeschlafen wären,
dann hauen wir ab.

Wir sind die zwei Damen am Basar,
die Backgammon spielen. Wir sind die
zwei Alten auf dem Balkon der Muppet
Show. Wir sind die nach der Geburt ge-
trennten Zwillinge, die einander erst
kürzlich kennengelernt haben. Wir sind
die zwei Pferde vor dem Gespann eines
abgehalfterten Feldherrn. Wir sind
die zwei Handschuhe in den Wintern
der Anderen. Wir sind die paarweise
verschwindenden Schuhe. Wir sind
die Doppelbetten mit zwei getrennten
Matratzen. Wir sind die Salz- und
Pfeffermühlen auf den Tischen der
ländlichen Cafés. Wir sind die
berüchtigten Retter der langen Tage.
Wir sind die, die niemand anspricht
unterwegs, wir sind die, die vorne
einsteigen und wir sind die Beifahrer

im Coupé. Wir sind die, denen die Anderen gleich sind. Wir sind zwei Überraschte, zwei Haderer, außer wenn es um uns geht. Wir sind die, die nie genug Zeit haben, um alles zu sagen, die, die sich beeilen, den Anderen zu Wort kommen zu lassen und sie deshalb unterbrechen, die schnell sprechen und schnell zuhören, die die Worte erkennen, bevor sie fallen. Wir sind die, die genau kalibriert sind und in einer gemeinsamen Frequenz sitzen, solange es geht. Wir sind die, die es nicht geben müsste, außer für uns selbst. Wir sind das Paar, das keines ist. Die Liebe, die anders heißt. Wir sind ein gut getarnter Chor, ein himmlisches Duett, ein gut geteiltes Glück.

*Es geht wirklich
um die Wurst.*

*Es geht wirklich
um die Welt.*

*Den Schlampern
können wir's
nicht überlassen.*

IDEOLOGY RELOADED

**Se non
ora,
quando?**

Atlas

M n e

m o s

y n e

THE RINGS OF SATURN

NON
NON
NON

HOWL









Utopic moments

She sits in her kitchen. The time of day is early morning, refreshed from a night's sleep.

She looks out from the window and before her she sees the garden.
 She looks out from the window and before her she sees the grass.
 She looks out from the window and before her she sees the aged bird house.
 She looks out from the window and before her she sees the apple tree.
 She looks out from the window and before her she sees a rabbit hop into her yard. She looks out
 from the window and before her she sees the garden.
 She looks out from the window and before her she sees the grass
 Contemplating the day.

Her chest rises and falls with her breath and she starts to play with numbers in her mind. Adding
 them up

2 0 6 0, equals 8

1 7, equals 8

2 2 1 6 equals 2

2 8 6 equals 7

1 1 4 4 equals 1

The house numbers she's lived at. Her favorites are 2 0 6 0 and 1 7 because they add up to the
 number 8. The number known to some as infinity. The circular loop, the spiral like rubrix ladder of
 DNA. Not an infinity number like pie, you know, or 3.14 that everyone talks about that goes on
 randomly forever suggesting it's the answer to nature's curve. But she likes 8 as her infinity. An
 infinity that is an enclosed circuit, a loop. Her fingers trace the loop in the air, a conductor tracing
 time.

Cumulous clouds sit in the air against a blue sky. A small breeze gently tickling the leaves in the
 trees while the moon from the night still hangs in the air.

2 0 6 0

1 7

has a different ring than

2 2 1 6

or

1 1 4 4 East 2 2

though the last one may become a favorite.

But her blood level rises more on the first two.

After her contemplative moment of numbers she walks over to the kitchen counter to make a cup of
 coffee. Methodically measuring the medium roast of ethically ground coffee picked by workers who
 were paid a fair fee. A fair fee for labour. She wonders if they were happy picking. Did they enjoy
 this labour? Was it a labour of love? This labour of love that fuels most of us to start our day. The
 adrenaline rush, that goes into our blood to create the moment of where each cell and molecule
 vibrates. She's only a tea drinker in the afternoon.

2 0 6 0

1 7

Breastfeeding, orgasm, mother's in labour, natural connections of closeness.

Equals 8

7
8

The gaze continues. A soft focus, a lense of simple activity. She takes her pulse. First she tries her wrist. Then she tries her neck. She goes back to her wrist. It feels more accurate. She doesn't use her index finger but the other two but she can't find it on her wrist. So she goes back to the neck. And counts her resting heart rate after the infinite gaze. 69.

6 9 equals 6

Six degrees of separation. Six degrees of separation.

She shakes hands with herself and takes her pulse again. First she tries her wrist. Then she tries her neck. She goes back to her wrist. It feels more accurate. She doesn't use her index finger but the other two closest to the pinkie but she can't find it. So she goes back to the neck.

She loses count. And tries again.
She waits one minute.

66.
6 6 equals 3

She hugs herself. For eight seconds.
Measurements of time. Calculated. Tested.

70.
equals 7.

While she tests her heart rate her mind floats with a image of nothingness. An abyss, a calm serene even patience. She thinks of someone she wishes to love. It surprises her that the last heart rate is 7. But she likes that number and it doesn't bring her anxiety. She likes the way it sounds, it's an odd number. Not rounded, it has a mystical application.

Measurements of time. Calculated. Tested.

She goes to her back door and opens it. Out stretches a never ending montage of petals falling from the sky. Fresh white apple petals lifted by the wind and swirling, drifting throw the air. The scent of them feels sharper.

Water drops in a sink near by.

2 0 6 0 equals 8
1 7 equals 8
2 2 1 6 equals 2
2 8 6 equals 7

Purple teletubbies flash by.

She finds a piece of paper, and a thin black sharpie pen that she bought at the office supply store. She takes a ruler and makes a graph with thin lines from her sharpie. The sharpie feels cool among her hands. She makes three columns at the top of the page.

The moon comes back still hangs in the air among the cumulous clouds.

Kloster Süssigkeiten
Klassiker erfreuen Publikum
Stadtrundgang

Bemerkungen:

Doppelseite 1

Kloster Süssigkeiten ist der Titel einer Performance, die am 21. August 2021 am Performance Openair St. Gallen im Stadtpark St. Gallen stattfand. Es ist auch der Name eines Büchleins, das in dieser Performance vorkam. Aus dem wilden Durcheinander von Inspirationsquellen und Interessensgebieten, mit denen ich mich während dieser Arbeit beschäftigt habe, sind in der hier abgebildeten Collage Ausschnitte aus den Büchern *Die Kunst Papier zu machen*, Nach dem Text von Joseph Jerom François de la Lande übersetzt und kommentiert von Johann Heinrich Gottlob von Justi 1762 (herausgegeben von Alfred Bruns in der Reihe Nachdrucke zur westfälischen Archivpflege, 1984) und *Das Buch der Natur* von Konrad von Megenberg, ungefähr aus dem Jahr 1350 (abgedruckt im Buch *Heilkräuter und Gartenanlagen im Kloster St. Gallen*, Katalog zur Jahresausstellung in der Stiftsbibliothek St. Gallen (30. November 2009 - 7. November 2010) zu finden, nebst Teilen aus der Performance und Diagrammen.

Doppelseite 2

Klassiker erfreuen Publikum

Die Zeichnung mit diesem Titel, die ich für den KAP-Kalender 2009(?) gemacht habe, begleitet mich seitdem. Ich zeige und verwende sie immer wieder gern. Der Text R is for respite entstand für die Concert/Performance Session am Anlass *An Unhappy Evening*, am 15.10.2016 in der Galerie Mark Müller in Zürich, präsentiert von OOR Saloon und Killjoys. Die Live-Aufnahme dieser mehrstündigen Performance-Session kann im OOR Recording Archive nachgehört werden (oor-rec.ch). 2020 versuchte ich für die Performance Staubfänger Foyer, die im Helmhaus in der Ausstellung *nach Zürich* stattfand, dem Gedanken folgend, dass auch Kunstwerke Care brauchen, mich einigen älteren Arbeiten oder Elementen daraus erneut anzunehmen, so auch dem kleinen Stück R is for respite.

Doppelseite 3

Stadtrundgang

Die Performance mit dem Titel Stadtrundgang fand am 1. September 2019 an der 10. Ausgabe der Performance Reihe Neu-Oerlikon im Foyer der Gessnerallee statt. Der Fokus wurde in diesem Jahr auf die kulturpolitische Frage des Agierens im öffentlichen Raum, Fragen des Gender, Macht und Politik und der sexuellen und kulturellen Identität gelegt. Die Collage entstand im Oktober 2020.

November 2021 - viele Grüsse Anne Käthi Wehrli

Kloster Süssigkeiten

Gebäcksprotagonistinnen:

Hosenknopf

Schümli

Chips

Gedichte:

Hosenknopf

Briefkasten des Meeres

Eine Sache von Millimetern

Ist es die gleiche Frau, die, nachdem sie in der Bäckerei war, einen Besuch in der Stiftsbibliothek des Klosters St. Gallen machte und von dort in den Stadtpark spazierte, wo sie sich an einem sommerlichen Nachmittag eine Weile der Lektüre, dem Beobachten der Leute, dem Nägellackieren, der Inspiration durch die Umgebung und die bisherigen Erlebnisse des Tages und dem Genuss der Hitze hingeben will?

Sie nimmt ein Büchlein aus ihrer Tasche, es hat den Titel Kloster Süssigkeiten.

Gerade als wir einige der Kapitel aus dem geöffneten Inhaltsverzeichnis zu entziffern versuchen, blättert sie um.

Unbequemlichkeiten, so bei der Leimung statt finden können.

Die Leimung des Papiers misslinget öfters, und verursacht alsdenn einen beträchtlichen Schaden. Wenn sie gelingen soll; so muss man eine trockene und gemässigte Witterung erwählen. Ist es feuchte; so fliesset der Leim, und rinnet in dem Aufhängesaale an dem Papier lang herunter. Ist es zu heiss; so trocknet er zu geschwind: frieret es zu stark; so wird er gelblich, er schiefert sich, und tringet in diesen beiden Fällen nicht ein: und endlich, wenn die Witterung stürmisch ist; so schlägt er um, wird sauer, verdorben und rinnend. Viele kleine Fabricanten wollen sich demnach der Gefahr des Schadens nicht aussetzen, und pflegen ihr Papier gar nicht zu leimen; sondern sie lassen es anderwärts leimen.

Wermut:

Er beschirmt auch Pücher, Gewant vnd Holtz vil lar vor Wurmen vnd vor Mausen.



R steht für respite
 respite bedeutet Aufschub oder Ruhepause

Ich habe einmal geträumt, dass ich geschlafen habe und hätte aufstehen müssen, aber dann im Schlaf ein Buch zur Hand genommen habe und aus diesem etwas vorgelesen habe über Aufschub, etwas, das ich selber verfasst hatte, auf dem Buch stand aber Karl Marx und im Traum habe ich mich sehr darüber gefreut, dass ich das bin. Jetzt zu etwas anderem, ich las und las und las und so weiter. Ich träumte sogar, dass ich erneut, schon nach getaner Arbeit, nach einem vollen, erfüllten Arbeitstag wieder im Bett friedlich schlafe und noch den letzten Zweifel, ob ich wirklich schlafe, der doch aufkam, da plötzlich das Bett mitten in einer Fabrik stand, wo Auspuffe hergestellt wurden, und ein grosses Zeichen mahnte: Achtung Abgase, nicht atmen!, diesen Zweifel hatte ich ganz auf Grund von logischen Überlegungen widerlegen können, weil man weiss ja, in so einer Fabrik würde so ein Schild sicher nicht stehen.

Und ich lese jetzt kurz aus dem Buch vor. Ich hatte Gelegenheit, als ich im Schlaf wach war, mir Notizen zu machen von diesem Buch. Natürlich haben sich vielleicht ein paar Fehler eingeschlichen, auch in die Musiknoten, die ich aus dem Buch abgeschrieben habe und jetzt hier vertonen werde.

“Ich, Karl Marx, so wohl ich mich beim Schreiben meines Namens nicht in der Tastatur geirrt habe, mein Happy Bett ist wie eine Rose, so zart und lieb und sticht nur punktuell. Dort ein Stich, verfolgen wir ihn, hinein in die Matratzentiefe, so dunkel, und so neugierig wie ich nur sein kann. Ich habe Lachen gehört, es muss von irgendwoher kommen. Ich schwimme wie ein Fisch im Wasser und schwitze dabei kaum. Es sprudelt frisch. Weiter den Stimmen nach, den Spänen aus Holz, Tannenholz, ohne zu Kratzen spendet es Wärme. Die Leute kommen endlich in Sicht.


Aufschub gegen Bezahlung, Wasser muss die Leere füllen, die Wände könnten auch zerbrechlich sein. Oder umgekehrt, ich zahle eine Einheit und komme eine Einheit weiter, einen Ton höher. Ich zahle länger und es soll noch weiter tönen, es gefällt mir ja. Einen Ton zurück, entgegen der Strömung krümme ich mich innerlich und erfinde ein Zahlungsmittel, das jetzt den Ton wieder tiefer klingen lässt. Nicht ganz getroffen. Zahle ich in zwei Richtungen gleichzeitig, dann wird der Ton gemäss Gefälle der Summe der Linien erniedrigt. Ich zahle erneut, diesmal in irgendeine Richtung, ich weiss nicht, was dabei herauskommt. Ich fühle mich so verbunden und doch so überrascht. Lasse ich die Zahlung kurz aus, gibt's Pause, auch schön. Natürlich bin ich ein Amateur. Aber irgendwie funktioniert's.

Ein Notenbüchlein, das ich plötzlich vor mir sehe im Matratzeninnern, nehme ich zur Hand und versuche nun dieses Lied zu spielen. Es gibt sowohl Töne, die in der Tonleiter nicht vorkommen, und Töne die mit den möglichen Zahlungswinkeln nicht erzeugbar sind. Sie liegen irgendwo dazwischen. Dies stimmt mich irgendwie freudig.”

Stadtrundgang -

Blumentröge?

2017 - 20 Min. berichtet: Nach Paris führt ev. auch Bern Pilotversuche mit einem neu entwickelten Pissoir durch. Die Blumenkästen können unauffällig auf der Strasse oder auch in Bahnhöfen platziert werden. Mit diesem Recycling-System kann u.a. auch Kompost

$g_{12} 3 \downarrow 1 \downarrow 2 _ \downarrow 2 \uparrow$

 $\uparrow 2 \downarrow 1 \downarrow$

Natur

Im Verbiigang dänksch du ad Natur

Sobald du en Druck gschpüürsch,
schtoot do scho de Topf
Nährend, kreativ fällt ine en Tropf

gewonnen werden.

Oh chönnt ich doch au so groooszüig biiiträge
zur Schönheit vo eusere Stadt.

Wär ich en Ma ich würd frohlocke
gsehn ich doch uf Schritt und Tritt

ich chan Pflänzli versorge, ohni mich zsorge
s' git kä Stau i de Blase, dank Bluemechäste ide Schtrasse

oh wie niedvoll ich erblasse
in Anbetracht vo dere Bluemepracht

fürebringe us mir use
öppis neus
es fröit mich sehr

und das alles no fasch gratis

unheimlich Ressource
werdet da weise genutzt

ich gsehs spriesse - dank mir
gniesse gniesse-

Gschpüürsch du au en Druck,
schtoot do scho de Topf
Nährend, kreativ fällt ine en Tropf

Wicht: in der georg. Wälder!

$$\uparrow 1 \downarrow 2 \downarrow 3$$

Handwritten notes and diagrams:

1 ↓ 2 ↑ 3 ↓ 4 ↑ 5 ↓

Three diagrams illustrating wave patterns:

- Diagram 1: A series of peaks and valleys with arrows pointing down at the peaks and up at the valleys.
- Diagram 2: A series of peaks and valleys with arrows pointing down at the peaks and up at the valleys.
- Diagram 3: A series of peaks and valleys with arrows pointing down at the peaks and up at the valleys.

[illegible]







artpop_insta · Abonniert



artpop_insta Anyone out there?

#loggedin #visarte #züri #artspace

59 Wo.



emmainbern ❤️❤️❤️

59 Wo. Antworten

Verwandlungsstudien, Kapitel 1

Medusa, oder der Kolibri – eine hoch aufgelöste und in der Luft stehende Bewegung kurz vorm Abtauchen in den Blütenkelch

Textarbeit mit einer Stimme, die erzählt und einer, die sich einmischt
Latefa Wiersch, 2021

1. Prolog. Von Anfang an abschweifend und schon arg beschwipst.

Z.B. die Ohrmuschel: nicht besonders zart in der Form, aber farblich unbestechlich. Total unzugänglich auf eine Art. In der äusseren Plastikschaale fächerförmig auslaufende Ritzen (kreischt rhythmisch, wenn du mit dem Fingernagel drüber fährst), die gegenüberliegende schmale Seite mündet in einen klobigen kleinen Pfropf, und im Hohlraum darunter klebt es dann: das hellrosa Zuckerzeug. Eine harte kleine Pfütze. Musst die Zunge weit rausstrecken, das Zungenbändchen spannen, bis es wehtut, dazu die Zähne weit genug weghalten vom rauen Plastik, eine Berührung führt zu Gänsehaut, unerwünscht, aber in Kauf genommen, 20 Pfennig pro Stück.

Dazu jetzt, weiterhin nichts wirklich Nahrhaftes im Magen, ouzo-trübe Augen. Wenn du die trinken könntest, ich sage, WENN, wärst du gleich in der Lage, Sterne zu sehen, Sternchen und Regenbogenschlieren, dazu Benzingeruch, und Süße. Da hat man doch schon keine Lust mehr?!

2. Erster Akt. Eingängig, aber in gegenläufiger Geschwindigkeit

Das Bild ist im Grunde einfach. Close up, ihre Jeansjacke von hinten, ihr wippender Schwanz. Ihr Haargummi, das jetzt von einer ihrer Hände gegriffen wird und nach unten gezogen, sodass das Haar herausfällt und sich ausbreitet, seidig, voll, mit Glanz. Wir sehen also jetzt vor allem Haare von hinten und ein wenig Jacke, sich im Wechsel leicht nach vorne und wieder zurück schaukelnde Schultern in Jeans, blau, used Look, dazu poppige Musik mit Frauenstimme, Marie und Per im Background.

Jedenfalls, sie, sie gönnt uns jetzt den Blick über die Schulter, sie sieht zurück auf das und diejenigen die sie verlässt. Sie dreht sich halb zu uns um. Im Profil sieht man bereits das Kräuseln des Mundwinkels, je weiter sie den Hals biegt und in unsere Richtung dreht. In Zeitlupe siehst du jede Bewegung der Haare. Ganz deutlich, wie die Wassertropfen auf den neuen Monitoren im Schaufenster, da zeigen sie meist Naturaufnahmen. Rennende Tiere, Hufe, die im Staub aufschlagen, Staubwolken, aufwirbelnder, roter Staub der Savanne, oder eben: perlende Wasserfälle im Amazonas.

Es ist ein Gegenbewegung von Geschwindigkeiten, die einander aufheben, und sich in unsere Erinnerung hinein manifestieren, eine schnelle und eine langsamere. Das Lächeln kommt, die Haare fliegen nach, bleiben einen Moment in der Schweben, wie der Kolibri kurz vor Eintauchen in den Blütenkelch in der Luft steht – und dieser Moment lässt es um uns geschehen, genau dieser Moment – jedenfalls, je weiter sie sich im Von-uns-weg-Bewegung zu uns um dreht, umso klarer wird es, und umso stärker kräuselt es sich nach oben, wird breiter, lächelt sie. UNS AN!

Ihr Gesicht, ihr Blick, ihr Mund, die Jeansjacke vor allem, die seidigen, in der Luft schaukelnden Haare.

3. Zweiter Akt (der fast komplett übersprungen wird)

Vielleicht wollte Poseidon Sterne sehen.

Als sich die Benzinschlieren in den Pfützen mit Körperflüssigkeiten mischten, zum Glück war der Magen ja nicht besonders voll, trotzdem, schön sah es nicht aus.

Als er sie nahm, und zwar mit Gewalt.

Und als wir zuschauten, beinahe jeden Sonntagabend zuschauten und dabei orangefarbene Krümel auf dem Sofa verteilten.

Bitte, erspare uns diese Szene, ich habe sie ja doch schon vor Augen, wie du meinst, ja mein ich, dann sind wir ja schon am Ende, bevor es überhaupt los ging. Na und? Na gut.

4. Klärungsversuch

Vielleicht konnte er ihre Schönheit nicht ertragen. Echt jetzt? Hast ja fast schon Mitleid, nein, ich hab kein Mitleid, ich analysiere. Vielleicht konnte er den langen Moment nicht ertragen, das In-der-Luft-Stehen. Das heisst hängen! Was?, das heißt in-der-Luft-hängen! Aber das war so nicht gemeint, ich meinte wirklich... wie beim Kolibri...aber ist jetzt egal.

Vielleicht wollte er was vom Kuchen, wollte darum nicht betteln, wollte auch nicht fragen, und schon garnicht wollte er warten.

Aufs Liebespiel / die Bestäubung.

Also falls es jemanden interessiert, ich denke übrigens nicht, dass der Vogel es sonderlich aufregend findet, in die Blüte zu tauchen, bzw. In die BlüteEN, es sind ja wohl eher mehrere, von einer wird er nicht satt, sowieso, scheint mir eher eine besonders mühsame Art der Nahrungsaufnahme, zu sein, als ein Akt der Lust, du hättest ein anderes Bild suchen sollen, unterbrich mich nicht immer bitte, also gut mach weiter. Wo waren wir? Immer noch in der Blüte! Beim Akt, der übersprungen wird. Bei dem sie aber – Überraschung! – überrascht werden. Jeansjacken-Virgin und Poseidon, und zwar von Athene. Athene hat keinen Sinn für fliegendes Haar in HD-Auflösung und gegenläufiger Geschwindigkeit, alles in ihr schreit Rache.

Athene zögert keine Sekunde.

Ihre Rache, ihre Wut, machen Medusa zum Monster. Heisst es.

4. Vorletzter Akt, die Verwandlung. Höhe- oder Wendepunkt

Die Augen jetzt entflammt und rot glühend, und die Kirsch-Lippen von einem WILDSCHWEINGEBISS auseinander gezerrt, deformiert, wie wenn du in den Matsch greifst, die Finger mit viel Kraftaufwand rein gräbst und es noch so nach sickert, und dann drückst du noch was Spitzes durch, so sah Medusas Maul jetzt aus.

Jetzt kann sie selbst töten, jetzt guckt sie zurück. Jeder und jede den/die Medusa mit ihren Augen anglüht wird ab jetzt zu Stein.

Die seidigen Haare winden sich: als Schlangen!!

(Einwand – den man ebenfalls auch gerne überspringen kann – wenn man schon klären will, dann aber bitte richtig: interessanter ist, die innere Verwandlung, vielleicht sieht sie sich selbst so, vielleicht verwandelt sie sich selbst, vielleicht ist es die Gewalt, die ihr angetan wird, ihr Trauma, dass sich aber nach Aussen kehrt, wieder in den Spiegel hinein und ein hässliches Bild zurück wirft. Und dass sie jetzt schützt, weil es abstößt, verstehst du, usw., usf., also wenn du jetzt denkst, das interessiert jemanden, dann eben nicht! Ja, dann eben nicht!)

5. Letzter Akt, eher skulptural gedacht, aber aus einem inneren Zustand heraus/ vielleicht wie ein Abguss/ abgekühlt/aus der Zeit gefallen, versteinert. Und definitiv verkert

Man könnte schreiben: Wie wenn man in einem Raum sitzt und von allem zu viel hatte, Morgengrauen, Morgen danach, Kater, oder meinetwegen auch schon früher Nachmittag, wie innerlich ausgeleert, inklusive Übergeben (schon wieder!). Dann starrst du an die Zimmerdecke, und eine Fliege/der heimatlos gewordene Kolibri/ein Insekt surrt dann im Raum rum, als einziges Geräusch auf der Welt, etwa so könnte man darüber schreiben, dann schaust du vielleicht nicht nur die Wand oder die Decke an sondern auch auf deine eigenen Füße am Ende deines langen flachen Körpers, und weil du in diesem Schlafzustand bist, kannst du dich nicht rühren, und es scheinen alle Unterschiede aufgelöst zwischen dir und der Welt, der Zimmerwelt zumindest, es wird egal, ob der Fuss der eigene ist oder ein fremder, das Muster des Sockens fließt in das fusselfige Laken darunter, darunter Dielenfussboden, Ritzen mit undefiniertem Gekrümml, Staubfusseln, Käferleichen und Zigarettenstummeln darin, da könnte man jetzt drin verschwinden, könnte, wenn man sich nur rühren könnte, aber es ist keine Bewegung möglich. Dazu passen würde jetzt auch eine Spritze in irgendeiner Ecke irgendeines Zimmers, und ein wenig Indie-Musik, brüchige tiefe Stimme, abebbend, zerbröselnd, rau, stop, das ist überzogen, wieso, passt doch, nee, passt nicht, das ist albern.

6. Epilog

Also wie gesagt: wie zu Stein erstarrt, so erging es jedem potentiellen Liebhaber fortan, keiner sollte sie je wieder sehen, ihr folgend, von hinten, ganz nah und mit den eigenen Händen leicht in der Lage, ihre Schulter zu berühren.

Als er sein Schwert gegen sie erhoben hatte, war ihr Kopf weggekullert wie eine Murmel.

In dem Moment (wieder so ein aufgeladener Moment!) entsprang ihm ein Pferd. EIN PFERD! Ja, wahrscheinlich aus dem Hals. Ha! Die Griechen und ihr Humor! Aber mal ehrlich, Die Typen sterben. Ende gut, alles gut, wieso muss das hier jetzt noch weitergehen? ? Sie war die ganze Zeit schwanger gewesen, das ist doch wichtig! das ist doch ebenso wichtig, als gestalterisches Prinzip, das heisst doch, alles geht weiter, ja, sag ich ja... aber du musst zugeben, das alles hier wirkt schon total beliebig, die Struktur müsste eine andere sein, das müsste doch dann eigentlich als Loop, aber spiralförmig gedacht werden, noch besser mit kleinen Überlappungen, das müsste man doch dann berücksichtigen auch formal)

7. Abspann über den Wolken mit Pegasus

Jetzt doch filmisch gedacht? oder mehr so musikalisch, als Refrain?, aber dann hätte man es ja schon früher bringen müssen, und sowieso sollte man von den Teilen zwischen Refrain und Refrain von Strophen sprechen, dann müssten wir doch jetzt nochmal von vorn, sonst ist das sehr beliebig...von wegen, beliebig, das nennt man POESIE, nee, das nennst DU Poesie!

Geflügeltes Pferd/Einhorn, drauf Medusa, wie sie sich erheben, aus dem Gezweig des Dschungels raus, hoch empor über die Wipfel, und das Summen und Surren der Welt unter/hinter sich lassend.





artpop_insta • Abonniert

...



artpop_insta Here we are. Being a guest performer at some artist's try out at #südpol. They wanted me on wheels, I said, whatever, they had ideas of using bodies as prothesis, they said, try to forget your legs, imagine you never had any, they said, accept the reality of the car, let it move you, they said, please don't smile, but if you have to, do it slow and with consciousness and let it reach your eyes. I did this and that, I liked the driving at least in the beginning, but had no clue what this all meant, I missed the train back, I feared this would all take way too long, they kept forgetting to pull the mask back over their noses, I got slightly nervous, I feared that we would all end up in quarantane, that this was a really big price to pay for a little bit of fame, And then I noticed that they had forgotten to mention me in the credits. Ha!

#artworld
 #thepriceyougottapay
 #forfame
 #proprothesisperformance
 #whereimaginationleadstoyou
 #drivingmecrazy
 #südpolresidency

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Anne Käthi Wehrli und Angela Marzullo A.K.A Makita

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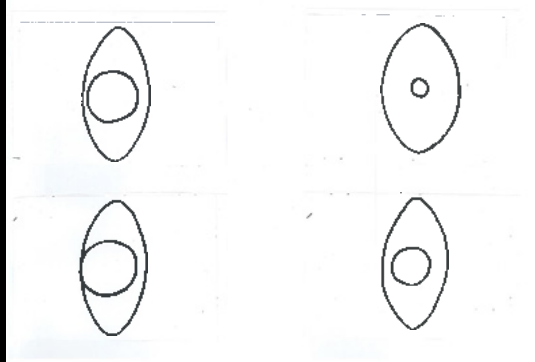
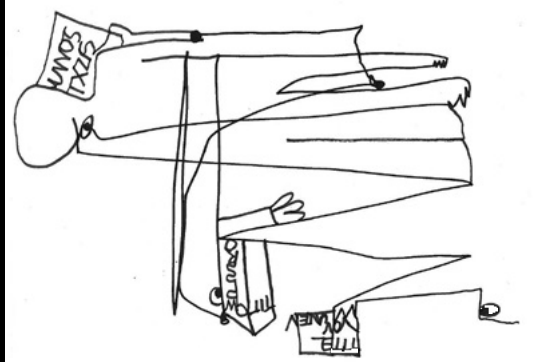
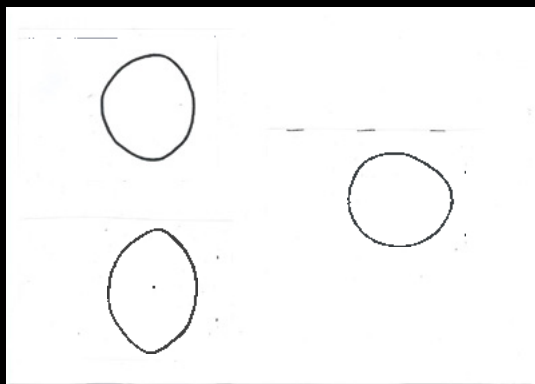
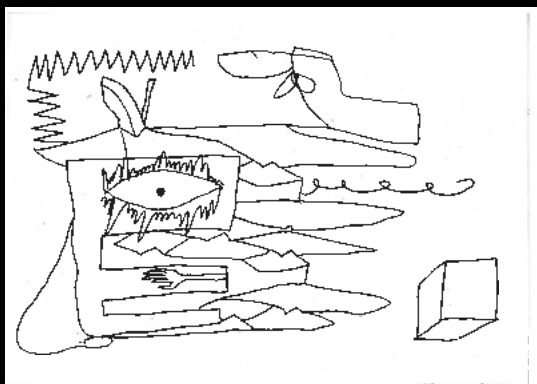
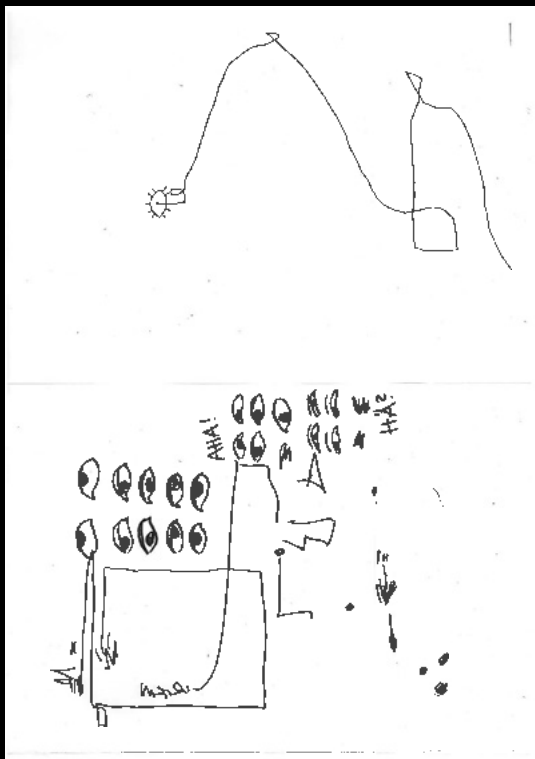
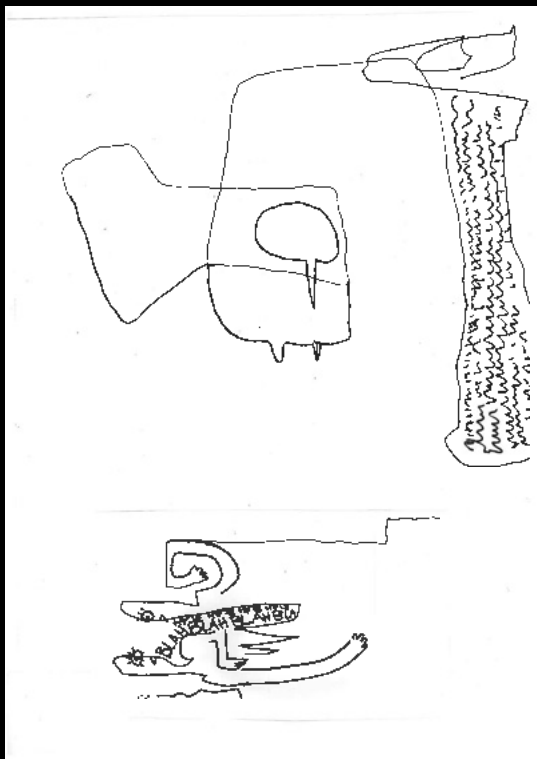
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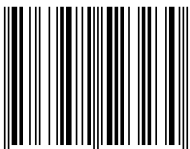
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