



*THERE
IS
ALWAYS
MORE
TO
FEAR*

THIS CONTAINER_ZZS_4

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ZZS_4
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Dear Reader,

What happens if¹ this is not for my own sake, but for yours.²

Instead of making something new³ we try to⁴ make a map.⁵ It is not symbolic. We could say⁶ it is about making visible the forces already at play.⁷ From my in-between position⁸ there are asymmetries.⁹ This is also the reason why I write to you.¹⁰

Make a map.¹³ Hide it in your armpits, in your hairline, and under your breasts¹⁴, underneath the smooth surface,¹⁵ touch it¹⁶, maybe beneath it, and even a bit below that.¹⁷ Look up just exactly how big it is.¹⁸ All this helps to build the memory, making it more reliable.¹⁹

Don't dance if you don't want to,²⁰ we are already²¹ walking differently,²² just stand gently.²³ Use something forbidden²⁴ and remember²⁵ what made who die and when.²⁶ Such moments²⁷ disappear into their own time²⁸.

Welcome things falling apart,²⁹ *falling, dropping or sliding*,³⁰ continuously changing, make my words unreadable.³¹ This is when flipping the image becomes useful³². The re-organization³³ creates a difference³⁴ (tiny differences³⁵).

This letter might be³⁶ about making³⁷ love³⁸ a responsibility³⁹ and at the same time⁴⁰ to notify you⁴¹ that perspective⁴² is often made invisible by those using it.⁴³ If we ever think that we have won, it's hopeless.⁴⁴ It is about⁴⁵ crashing,⁴⁶ instead of understanding.⁴⁷

With Love,
Everybody*

(Footnotes)

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*Everybody is quite similar to saying noone, it is somewhat anonymous, a collective and unparticular term. This letter was collaged from words found within each text in the publication. The words are credited to thier authors, but carried into new relations we could think these words begin to author themselves.

0 VER

F R

FRIDA SANDSTRÖM

The collector

Collect / the / Crash

How to react on text where the words are directed to themselves? Where the writing is an internal circulation of formulations – no *algo-rythms* needed.

This is what I do. Directing a letter to one who never had a fixed address, **I recreate one of those moments** to which you referred as you once spoke. Or, at least I think that you referred to such moments: those of confidence and conscience – personal qualities out of which you extracted an artificial presence: a **pre-enacted flow**.

This letter might be a try to let go of the responsibility which the text has to bear within such moments: consequences of a writing that leaves it's own body of text, crashing into other.

I guess that is what writing does, but as you never fully let the *point* come forth, you didn't either let the crash take place. It is still wobbling above the last resonance of your intentions. I now collect this crash, by making the communication collapse. Therefore, this text confronts its own discourse rather than oth-

er's. It acts as if there was no other. Of course there is, as it meets other writings within itself. But it tries not to. It makes it look as it does not.

And the text acts as you used to: collecting options, you never made any choices. Whatever questions you received, the reply was:

It could be.

You had always collected, as I am now collecting you. Possibilities to stretch, rename, or split into pieces. Every negotiations of the present attracted you, but I can't remember any time when you openly reflected on why it was so. Perhaps you never did think about it, or wanted to. Perhaps you still don't know about these manners, or want to be reminded of them. Now, as you are gone, I have to summarize your actions by collecting their consequences – which are yet to come. And yes, I know there are many answers to such a question:

Why didn't you choose?

I think you were collecting stories. Stories of which you couldn't get enough. As short-time relations, you activated their possible forthcoming without letting them develop within the actual exchange taking place within human interaction. Instead, you brought forth scenarios never fully lived through or even touched upon. Imaginaries, possibilities. Close enough to still be realistic, but yet too far away to actually happen.

People who were close to you participated in these events, the ones of which you were the *big organiser*. You introduced them very well, outlined their frameworks as if they had already started. We embodied your hypothesis.

Most often, It started with you asking everyone to gather. So we did, except for you. You were late, sending text messages with the schedule that you had put up for the evening. You asked us to talk to each other, but without a specific subject. Then you asked us to reconstruct the meeting in a way that we hadn't experienced before. Removing chairs from the table and directing our speech to the social shadow of each other, we reformulated our bodily functions. *Don't ask why – just go on*, you wrote, suggesting that we should rename our body parts as we used them. You made us fabricate ourselves, as we never fully took part in the happenings that you suggested. All the evening, it was just about to start, you said, as your cell-phone communication continued:

Write it all down, and then do it again.

As nothing had taken place yet, we didn't knew what to write. We started to fictionalise our needs. As such, you argued that a new understanding of our collective presence would take place within these events. They never took place, and within the gap between the forthcoming and the formulations passing through your

mouth, people disappeared. You made them do, as you didn't let them go.

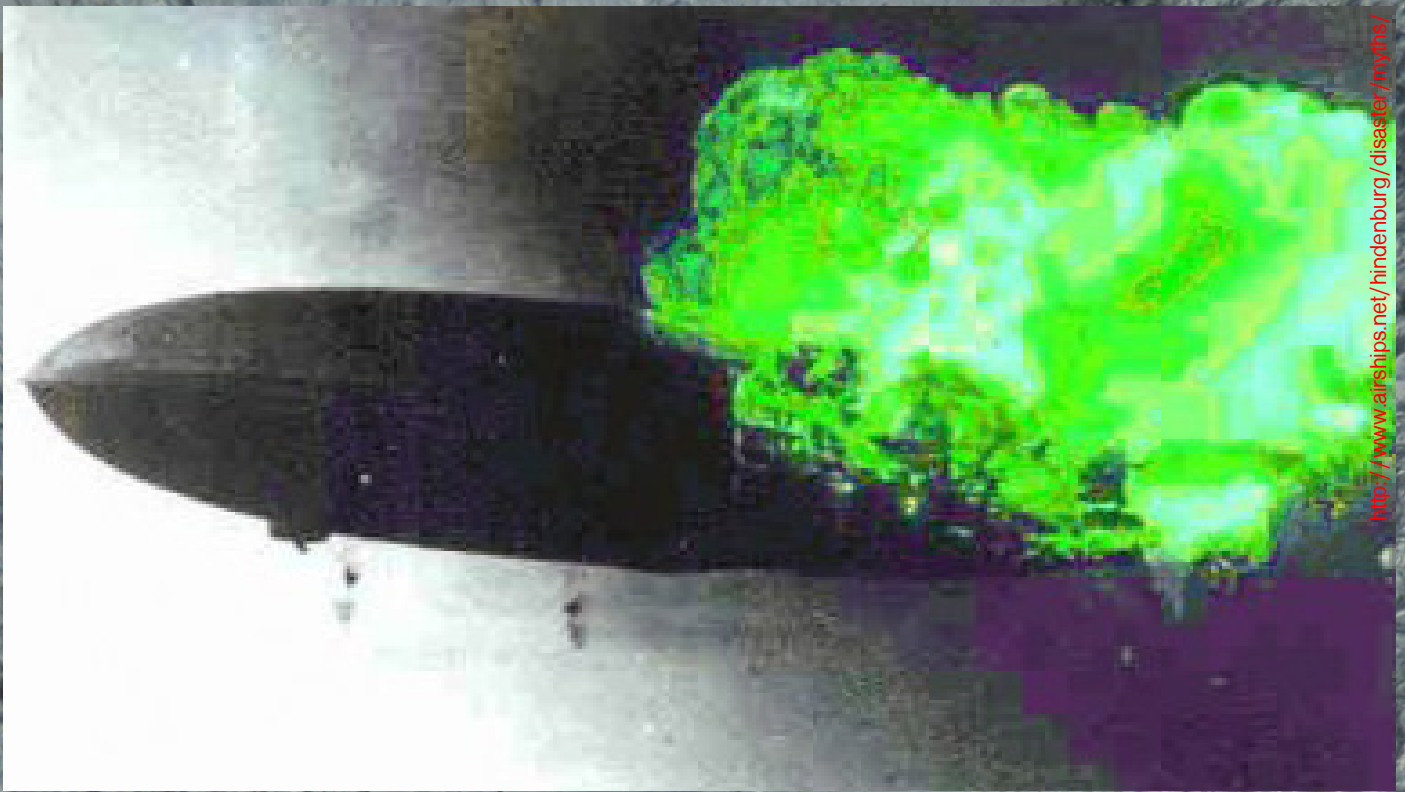
Gather, you wrote. And just as the option – possibilities to take a stand – we left. Now you are gone as well.

You left traces. Actually this is the only thing you did. You sparkled. Smiles flew all around, as you walked by. They never found a place to stick to, as you had to go on.

I remember that you called me every day to provide you with memories. I had to make them up. Knowing what you wanted to hear, I saw nothing but your face, smiling to a satisfying story. Afterwards, I guess you were smiling to yourself as you listened to what, in your imaginaries, just happened.

When I told you what you demanded, I also confirmed your need: you were in a constant need of new memories, as you didn't know how to make any yourself. Perhaps it was searching that you couldn't manage. Since your social capability still was on a very high level, there must have been something else that didn't work. It might be the way that you positioned your body in public spaces, or how you linked it to the ones that you met. *If you did meet anyone*. Most often you just passed by.

I especially remember how you moved into random groups of people. It was at night. You had a rhythm in which you broke with every possible pause, bleeding out between you and



<http://www.airships.net/hindenburg/disaster/mystic/>

others. Watching it from a distance, I got the feeling that you wanted to secure every meeting by finishing it quick and random. All the sudden, you had to take a bus to the other side of the city. Now, I see the bus standing empty on a parking lot, you left your shoes on the driver's seat. Or, it's not your shoes, but one of those pairs of shoes that you bought, hoping that they would fit your feet you. Walking them once or twice, you left them for another pair. As such, your wardrobe turned into an unwalkable pathway. Hurting.

I often saw you in cars, but you never learned to drive. Nevertheless, you managed to get several jobs where driving was included. I guess you managed this contradiction as you most often did: you never hit the road, and the breaks of the engine made it possible for you to go on. Cars never crashed in your hands,

they just passed by. Moving within your pre-articulated formulations.

On stand by, you were always available at a certain distance. I remember I had to position myself very close to hear what you were saying. Most often, the words were already directed elsewhere the moment when I had approached you. You were ambulating, but your surrounding stood still.

So, to whom did you speak, as we were never were able to synchronize our listening with your pronunciations? It was as if your mouth was in total dependence of your gaze, attracted to another soundscape – one that the listener didn't have any access to. I think that you were listening to yourself, collecting material for forthcoming relations, fabricated between your lips, never meant to leave this area. This is also what you asked

us to do, and what I do now.

You always made yourself anew. Your skin turned inside and out, never containing anything but the faces of the streets: your social anatomy didn't work as it looked like. The movement of your body was telling a different story from the one that I heard on my way to you, before you directed the sound into a new social scape of possible listeners. Or, perhaps one should call them perceivers; turning points or the ones who talk back. You never made it possible for anyone to talk back. How to meet when you constantly turned around to a new connection? With so many people available to provide you with ears, you never had to take care for the ones who you were already close to you. Not even your own ears mattered for this mouth: you were talking to the future resonance of your

own sound, but your words never echoed. Instead, you were reflecting formulations and questions – questions to which the answer got no space to spread: they had no recipient.

Of course, you could be heard, but every sound that you uttered imploded in the face of the listener. There, in front of us, you turned the skin again, so that the replies that were about to be projected onto your body didn't have anywhere to stick. Circulating from outside and in and from inside and out, I never fully knew what to say, and where. You were elsewhere.

I remember you calling this your social dance, these non-absorbing movements of yours. Your voice was always very dry, and I don't think that you ever had enough water. If you drank too much, your words would be all soaked, you said. Now, I understand

what you meant: your formulations would blend with the water and leak through your skin. *You* would leak, and this certain capability of yours; to keep one connection away from another, would have melted away. Fluids would have blended, and you would intervene with your surrounding.

But you never swam: diving into a bigger amount of liquid than the one you used to produce yourself, you wouldn't be able to change side. Instead, you drowned in your own, not-yet absorbed words. Continuously changing shoes and skin colour, your private circulation would turn into a second speed. And so it did. It went very fast, and there was not much time for a by-passer to notify your disappearance. Now you are gone, but yet I write to you as if our connections were still negotiable.

I finish your sentences. As I was the one to provide you with the memories in first hand – the material out of which you constituted these transparent social coordinates of yours – it is also my responsibility to

tie these together. I need to take over every relation that you ever started, to finish the meetings that you once initiated.

You didn't take notes, and the research that now needs to be made is immense: either I turn into your ambulating wardrobe of changing shoes and with my skin turned inside and out, multiple. Or, I start to sew new shoes out of the skin that I am already wearing: the soles of my feet – enabling a way of walking where the ground is touched.

Either way, there are consequences: if I start with the constant changing of skin and shoes, as you once did, I will prolong the elasticity of your left out relations. As they now are extremely dried out, they might break. So, if I instead chose to tie things together and relate to the consequences of your unfinished actions, I will have to make the components up as I once did with your memories.

I will never fully know what was about to happen the moment when you turned your face away from the ear of the ones that you met, so I will have to

arrange new meetings to finish these sentences of yours. I will also have to buy a full set of different sunglasses to escape the gaze of your listeners. They must believe that my voice is yours, and that what you were saying to them never was put on pause.

To make this happen, I will have to ask for help. This is also the reason why I write to you. If any forgotten resonance of you would ever circulate in this body of text, I need you to reformulate it all. Now, it will only be me.

Doing this not for my own sake, but for your, I need to know the time is right. If it is not, I need you to make my words unreadable. I will now continue to write until that happens.

You never let me know if my words reached you, but I continued to follow up your actions. Taking hold of their last sections to bring them with me, your leaving was reformulated: like the tv-series or the popular blockbuster, there was always a next episode. I let it go on. Or, was it that I never let *you* go? You, who I continuously provided with material. Stories

and ideas, to be enacted, remembered. It had become my mission. As you weren't there no longer, I had to take on your role.

Being you, I had no more time to remember myself. I was all soaked with the upcoming happenings. This is why I started to ask people what they were up with. I weren't there as I asked them, but I tried to produce a presence within the writing. I texted them, as you once texted me. And exactly as your world did, mine has turned into a speculation without my own participation.

I finish by leaving this over to you again, wherever you are. Coming full circle, I end up accepting that I am writing to myself. Either I reply, and make this social vacuum continue, or I leave it to the reader to decide what will come next. Perhaps she will collect the crash and give it an end. Such things only happen in the second reading. One where the writer is elsewhere.

THINGS MOUNTAINS DO (IN THIER OWN TIME)

CHLOE CHIGNELL



https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Caledonian_orogeny_fold_in_King_Oscar_Fjord.jpg

A mountain is in the eye of the beholder

MOUNTAINS CRUMBLE
MOUNTAINS MERGE
MOUNTAINS EMERGE
MOUNTAINS RESURFACE
MOUNTAINS SHAKE
MOUNTAINS FLATTEN
MOUNTAINS PEAK
MOUNTAINS FOLD
MOUNTAINS PRESS
MOUNTAINS SLIDE
MOUNTAINS SHAPE
MOUNTAINS CURVE
MOUNTAINS FALL
MOUNTAINS UNDULATE
MOUNTAINS SHIFT
MOUNTAINS GIVE WAY
MOUNTAINS BURN
MOUNTAINS LANDSCAPE
MOUNTAINS FORM
MOUNTAINS LANDMARK
MOUNTAINS DISAPPEAR
MOUNTAINS RELATE
MOUNTAINS DIFFERENTIATE
MOUNTAINS THRUST
MOUNTAINS COLLIDE
MOUNTAINS SCOPE
MOUNTAINS TIP
MOUNTAINS RISE
MOUNTAINS COMPRESS
MOUNTAINS ERODE
MOUNTAINS EXPLODE
MOUNTAINS CONVERGE
MOUNTAINS SINK
MOUNTAINS AGE
MOUNTAINS FREEZE
MOUNTAINS CHANGE
MOUNTAINS DIE

OUT OF THE BODY INTO THE EARTH

A.K.A EARTH-SELF MEDITATION



ELLEN SÖDERHULT

This text in its original version is part of the project BODYWOOD:

<http://www.scenkonstsormland.se/dans/bodywood/>

1

A performance can be an opportunity to practice forms of empathy or identification with realistic or unrealistic experiences, emotions or visions that the own bodily self has not experienced as a body-self. In Swedish the word for performance is *föreställning*. A word for ability is *förmåga* and a combination of imagination and ability is *föreställningsförmåga*, which is the word for the ability to imagine or envision. In this case, *capacity* to imagine might be more accurate; as it hints to that you can learn and better the skill to imagine. It is a skill and not a talent, or it is talent as the commitment to working on something that one's body sometimes does not yet consider realistic or possible.

The Swedish word for performance suggests watching or experiencing a performance as an activity related to practicing empathy. Empathy as in forms of identification which requires visualization, imagination and realization of one's own situated existence as a very partial perspective, informed, shaping and shaped by collective and individual histories, norms and behaviors. The word empathy comes from the Greek word *empathia* and means strong emotion of passion or plainly: "in feeling". The Greek adjective which has been given the meaning "to show empathy" or compassion, means literally "to suffer together with". But differently from sympathy which includes to feel for someone, empathy means that one feels with someone or something. Traditionally the person or thing that has been the object of the emotions, has been someone with an emotional life humans can easily perceive and identify with. The clearer anthropology gets

on the interrelatedness of everything in a network of complex connections and plastic relations where bodies give and take form, the more curiosity can be noticed concerning non-living bodies or other conceptions of self. This makes questions regarding the trainability of imagination and the limits of perspective dislocation surface.

During late 19th hundreds the word empathy was used in Germany to speak about the process someone is absorbed in when experiencing an artwork. In some art theory, appreciation of an artwork would depend on the viewer's ability to experience empathy, which was then understood as one's ability to project one's personality into the viewed object. The idea of emotion seem historically strongly associated with a sense of self and identity. Looking within a stable inside (an eternal soul for example) to understand what is outside.

Today, Wikipedia explains

empathy as follows: "*the capacity to understand or feel what another person is experiencing from within the other person's frame of reference, i.e., the capacity to place oneself in another's position.*"[1] Note the shift from personality and identity to position! It continues: "*There are many definitions for empathy that encompass a broad range of emotional states. Types of empathy include cognitive empathy, emotional empathy, and somatic empathy.*" [2] Could this updated explanation indicate that the focus could be moved from a projection of one's personality and identity into the viewed object, to a somatic, emotional, cognitive understanding of a different frame of reference, where the one experiencing the empathy is not self-referential to the same extent? Or where the reference to self is backgrounding the foregrounded focus on a differently situated experience. Can there even be empathy without the self as a base or centered point of reference?

OUT OF THE BODY INTO THE EARTH

A.K.A EARTH-SELF MEDITATION

2

Besides performance, a different opportunity to practice exploring or refining the complexities of emotions and powers of visualization is for example meditations and thoughtfully constructed sci-fi worlds and imaginations or perspectives, built through or on for example theoretical texts or poetry. This can also include acknowledging different aspects and dimensions of an already existing, material or immaterial thing, idea or situation. It might also include practicing identifying with other notions of self, searching for or creating different senses of self.

The following power training exercise for empathy strength is best practiced in a very comfortable place with one or more friends. One is the reader, the others are the ones exercising a combination of empathy, compassion or imagination. The reader should sit in the center, it is great if the listeners can have something soft to lie on, if they can have a cushion under the head and knees, a blanket on top and if they can hold onto a stone. The stone is there to easier empathically relate to other materialities and temporalities. This is a good background music:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CH2o-FGr-WdE>



Reader:

I will now guide you through a meditation exercise in which you will leave your self-image and delimited, physical body to for a while instead identify with a different aspect of yourself that I will for now call the earth-self. It might be easier with eyes closed, and this meditation might include sleeping. If you fall asleep I will wake you up in the end.

Find a comfortable position and start by thinking about the contact surface between the body and the ground. You can direct your attention to all the water in your body, and feel the body melt out and in to the floor a little bit.

With the next exhale, you can let go of the day behind you. Let go of what will happen later and for a while stay with my voice.

Now imagine yourself on the top of a huge staircase, over the clouds.

The stairs takes you down, you are walking slowly. The humidity decreases as the temperature goes from cold to a bit warmer.

As you get down you are standing on sand. The sand is warm against your feet. You are standing in the water brow, the waves are softly hitting some rocks a bit further away. The water is cool, the air is soft and warm.

The same water that hits the sand has circulated between cloud, rain, snow, ocean, sea under what with human measures is an extremely long time. The same water might have been drunken by dinosaurs. The same water might have been melting, trickling down the in mountain-time still very young mountain chain Himalaya's sides, when Himalaya was in mountain-time sort of new born. Maybe around 40-50 million years ago.

The water or the molecules that constitute the water might have been a part of a rock body, a plant body or a mammal body. Maybe it has been exhaled by a



OUT OF THE BODY INTO THE EARTH

A.K.A EARTH-SELF MEDITATION

human of pushed through the skin as sweat. In the humid air there is even more water molecules.

You lie down on the beach and the body sinks into the humid sand. The body consists of around 90% water and a huge amount of cells. Allow your body to rest heavy and soft against the sand, as if it was semi-fluid. Together the cells constitute organs, muscles, blood, fascia and all other body parts or stuff. In a

human body there is a digestive system but also mitochondria that transform nutrients to energy in every single cell. In all of the cells there is a semi fluid cell juice.

The planets kind of round form with a bit more flat poles also have a soft, partly fluid inner with an enfolding crust. The density of the earth is 5516 kg per cubic meter, but it is lower closer to the edges and higher in the middle.

The earth can be divided in lithosphere and asthenosphere. The lithosphere is colder and stiffer, while the asthenosphere is hotter and mechanically seen weaker. The lithosphere is divided in a number of individual plates, which "floats" on the liquid like asthenosphere. The liquid quality of the asthenosphere allows the tectonic plates to move and deform in different ways. Where to plates meet, intensive geological activity arise like earth quakes,

volcanic eruptions and the birth of oceanic trenches. Most of the earth's active volcanos are situated at the plates boundaries. While the crust of the earth in the bottom of the ocean is only around 5-19 kilometers thick, the continental crust is around 30 to 70 kilometers thick. The oldest part of the crust of the earth is around 4000 million years old. As the radius of the earth is 6370 m, there is a lot of material under your body right now.



Now picture that your body has root down through the earth. The body is heavy and rests against the crust of the earth. Imagine the roots as reaching down and out, spreading your body making it porous. Far down the roots transform into magma, melted mountain or the inside of the earth-self. The same magma gushed out of the body in the creation of several mountain chains. The temperature of the liquid mass of melted mountain is usually around 740 degrees,

sometimes around 1200 degrees.

The Himalayan range is one of the youngest mountain ranges on the planet. Himalaya is Sanskrit for "abode of the snow". It reaches almost 2500 kilometers far and is around 80-200 kilometers wide. The Indo-Australian plate is still moving around 67 millimeters a year, and within the next 10 million years it will probably move around 1500 kilometers further into Asia. Around

20 millimeter per year of the India-Asia convergence is absorbed by thrusting along the Himalaya southern front. This leads to the Himalayas rising by about 5 mm per year, making them geologically active. The movement of mountain bodies is so slow that they are hard to perceive by human bodies. But Himalaya is definitely still getting taller.

Now I invite you to take some time to relate or experience the time of

mountains, or time for you to spend with earth-self and the movement of the magma and the plates underneath you. You can allow your consciousness to disperse; you may sleep, rest or ponder upon the mountain speed and earth-body movements. Reader: watch over them for 7 more minutes, still listening to Watson's recording of Vatnajökul, and then wake up the people that might be asleep and let everybody know that meditation time is over for now.

MAIA MEANS

Initial speculations on how words and art practices could participate in the great act of killing capitalism from within.

This text is part of an artistic practice that among other things takes it seriously that one can do things with words. As I am about to make the transition from being an art student of an explorative university degree into being a freelance dancer, an in-between position within an in-between field of labor, I play with the question of which words, which understanding of and relating to things, I need in order to support and to push both me, my practice and the entire situation in which we both exist. This situation is more and more obviously simply called capitalism, and the question of how to be able to exist within it, and how to make art within it, is one of my main problems in life, and will be the main problem of this text. From my in-between position, reading Lazzarato's text about immaterial labor and Virno's about the multitude (both describing

post-fordism as setting the conditions of western workers in the neoliberal age) makes it easy to fall into despair. Descriptions of the worker's soul necessarily being a part of the factory and of over-production and self disciplining (among endless other things) does not only fit too easily – they also stand as old, obvious, and even romanticized part of the life that comes with, or is, being a dancer.

With this text I initiate a process of asking what happens when I claim everything as violently much within capitalism, with a specific focus on which consequences it will have to work as a dancer from the starting point that my body is, above all, capitalist. What I, very subjectively, mean with classifying someone as 'a capitalist' is either 1) the owner of big capital, 2) one who wants to become the owner of big capital, 3) one who agrees with or believes in capitalism as the given or better system, or 4) one who acts in the name of it – of these, I refer mostly to the three last.

The reason why I find the question of the -ism of my body urgent is because I have experienced so many times that the habit of identifying my actions, language, relations, beliefs and preferences as "capitalist" stops me from working. The necessary acts of finding solutions, making a problem into a possibility, over-working, stressing, etc., are often met with the instinct of stopping – and

I honestly don't know how to act at all if not doing it in capitalist manners.

In her book *Staying with the Trouble*, Donna Haraway claims:

"We know both too little and too much, and so we succumb to despair or to hope, and neither is a sensible attitude" (p.4):

It's somewhere in-between or next to the feelings of despair and hope that I wish to find a space for speculating about labor and the position my body takes within it. I will try to see where my arguments lead, because I simply don't know how to live within, and to be, a system which I hate.

Anna Grip once told me, when I was sharing my struggles concerning the dance field and its conditions, that however problematic, what's important is that I never let it prevent me from working. Then, I was skeptical, as the idea of stopping to work seemed quite a reasonable act.

But now, her advice feels quite on point. If I stopped working I would just accept the field as it happens to be, and also, I would just meet other problematic situations wherever I would turn, now without the space given by the format of artistic work which allows me to ask the questions of how to create change. So now I ask how I can live within the complex net of systems and functions of neoliberal reality, and which words and logics

I need in order to provoke change.

WORK

When heavily and continuously confronted with the reality of living a system I disagree with, and then having to formulate this text about labor, I first tried to make distinctions between work and non-work in order to keep myself sane, and at one point I thought I succeeded. I decided that if I "happen" to work, then I don't consider it work. In this way, work is not the content, but rather the form of the content. If I happen to be doing something which is of value for my work is then not the same as if I do work because I need to do work. Also if I plan to do some work, and I happen to do some other work, then it's still work. In this way, I could just structure my life in a way were there is sometimes a letting go into coincidence and random changes, a structure which made me have momentary feelings of "freedom". This thought was based on the idea that work has a conscious goal or a specificity or a centre that I can be closer or further away from, and this led to work being practically everything in my life. It quickly bridged over to my artistic practice where there is THE WORK, which I meet when I am in the studio or on stage. In this case THE WORK is not really anything other than a feeling of artistic importance, that one can grade ones actions against. "Work" is then

everything in relation to THE WORK, like a day-job is work because it makes THE WORK possible. In the same way, good contact to family, keeping a healthy life, doing activism and reading is all work which creates a life that is livable enough in order to make THE WORK happen.

And then I was left with the non-work as simply being not in the realm of work. It is in a neighbor universe where work exists, but it is not the most important thing, it is not the crucial point of survival, the meaning of life. These are maybe moments of trust, forgetfulness, stupidity or ecstasy.

But after some weeks of trying to think like this, it turned out to more of a comfortable thought than something I could actually feel and direct myself after in my everyday life. It remained hard to know the line between work and non-work. To simplify that struggle, or to try to distance myself from it it totally, I followed my pessimistic gut feeling and removed the line, claiming simply all as the evil: everything is work, everything I do serves the market. This made the blame and guilt on myself for being what I hate more of a given and universal constant, therefore easier to handle. It seemed to hold the potential for me to work actively on defining the market in order to change it instead if actively punishing myself for the times when I serve the system.

Also, I was never really sold to the holiness of the idea of non-work or free time, because my problem is the entire system, and it seems silly that I would not be contributing to it then when I'm "off". Labor is clearly not the only activation of the market. But the question of free time has another importance to it when thinking of taking care of one self, of having a good time while living, of not being ill. But that's not my speciality or interest at this moment and not what this text will deal with.

CAPITALISM-THE-VAMPIRE

Back to the problem, what has kept on bothering me is the upsetting fact that capitalism is feeding, mis-using the fact that I work. It takes my labor, my art and my life and makes it nasty. When our labor is over-work and self-destructive, then the life of every try for changing anything, or making anything of importance, of really making something that fucking matters, is simply sucked out by capitalism-the-vampire. In this situation we are left with either accepting capitalism (trying to make ourselves comfortable in its slimy rough couch, passive, except for the active ignoring of all the people we are suffocating), or actively working for its good, for its peak, for its continuous existence while in the more and more blind belief that we are working to destroy it – this can be exemplified by looking at the mis-use of the demonstrations taking

place across Europe and north-america during the 1960's – both in the form of romanticizing (creating value through commercial and normative, sellable ideals), and through the political usage of the activist's demands: Corporate Social Responsibility was created as an answer to the demand of the big companies to take responsibility, and is today still used as an empty promise which in practice does more to prevent workers from demonstrating again than actually taking responsibility for their employees (Boss, 2017).

I need to know which body can work against our neo-liberalist society, and before starting to answer the question, I already catch myself in performing post-fordist, that is, neoliberal, over-laboring: I, as an individual is responsible for everything, a thought that quickly falls into the ugly pit of positive-psychology-like logics, where every thought and action is reflected in reality, where I manifest the future world constantly. With this dark view, it seem evident that the vampire's skill for swallowing every act of resistance, or just every act in general, makes capitalism simply a unifying name for (all) things as they are. And then my golden thread, the only positive notion I can find is the speculation; what else did it swallow?

Silvia Federici writes in her book, *Caliban and the Witch*, about the bodies needed to be killed in the early stages of capitalism

in order to produce labor-power; the witch being one of these resistant bodies. Federici writes that today, witchcraft is again practiced actively, something that could be referred back to the will and need to fight and re-claim woman-hood and pre-capitalist knowledge, but which Federici explains as being possible merely because witchcraft is no longer a threat to the system:

"The mechanizations of the body is so constitutive of the individual that, at least in industrialized countries, giving space to the belief in occult forces does not jeopardize the regulation of social behavior" (p.143).

Having this view on the world – that even seemingly radical ways of living are simply existing because they are not a threat – becomes both evident and extremely depressing.

This is when flipping the image becomes useful. For if the witch, and in that case, the outsider, the revolutionary, the anti-capitalist ideologies and the bigger and bigger demonstrations – and more evidently, the innovator, the collaborators and the over-working artist – are all part of the capitalist body, then what can these parts accomplish? If the vampire's tool is to swallow, then could we start questioning the potential of the contents of its body? It seems logical that the only thing that's big and strong enough to kill capitalism is capitalism itself.

MY BODY, THE CAPITALIST

The title of this text is a speculation on what it could mean to claim my body, that is, my self, as a capitalist. It is also a good-sounding pun based on the title of a book written by Deborah Hay (*My Body, The Buddhist*, 2000), a pun that makes me play with the question, when practicing “listening” to my self/body, in the studio: are these directions and impulses that of a wise superior/holy body or is it that of a capitalist? In dealing with political matters I cannot speak from an activist point of view in the sense of knowing which specific political structures should be changed in favor of others, but from the position of the dancer, I ask how it could change my being-in-the-world and my practicing of life/art/labor. Now, claiming myself capitalist and accepting all my actions as stemming from and feeding back to the market, there needs to be methods for not falling into a positive relation to capitalism.

What seems immediately important is for the capitalist body to always remember it is a failed, an evil body, but also to acknowledge that this evil is everywhere. In my work and life I am a strong defender of remembering everything bad, and indulging in it. If we ever think that we have won, it's hopeless. It is never about being clean or innocent, and there is no such thing as pure “good” and “right”,

and it's important to carry these facts in mind and in the sense of identity at all times. This text totally asks for the ends to justify the means – but when all means are anyways nasty, it's important not to let every action be stopped before it's even carried out because we can't stand the fact that what needs to be fought keeps on turning up in ourselves and in our very acts of resistance. Thinking there is an outside of capitalism, that there is something as “free time” and that you can act in the name of something good seems tricky since it gives us a feeling of comfort. Though comfort can be necessary in order to be able to stay happy/sane/healthy, I would much rather find ways of accepting that everything is, at least partly, shitty, and then to find ways of making this activate me towards ----- instead of stopping me from doing anything at all. It seems important to have a self-understanding, not only of my body, the capitalist, but of my body, the suicidal capitalist. To never truly find comfort neither in the illusion of the good body within nor the good body outside of capitalism. And also, in elongation of never feeling “right”, to acknowledge both the successful and the failing body of neoliberalism (the hard working, energized business-owner and the depressed, unemployed single mom), claiming both as capitalist and as potentially suicidal capitalist. Without falling into neither despair nor hope I ask what it could mean to

follow Haraway's advise, and stay with the trouble – to ‘become-with’ other suicidal capitalist-, angry innovator-, confusingly structured-, care taking sacrifice-, feminist hybrid-, socialist hacker-, and magic witch -bodies. Could these bodies, these materials, though they, by existing in the vampire's ever-changing and expanding ecosystem, are capitalist bodies themselves, activate a suicide? If I am capitalism, as I am part of its body, can I be a cancer cell? Even an over-working, narcissist, at-one-point-well-established, already-now-value-producing, and at times both deeply in despair and heartbreakingly hopeful cancer-cell?

I don't know of course and don't intend to be able to know. But I have now an argument for not stopping to work, which is simply that work, in itself, is not more wrong than all the other wrongs. And from here I will indulge in the space opened by art practice, a realm of work that allows me (when allowed by the rest of the circumstances) to alternate: alternate my body, relations, directions, discourses, logics. And though only alternating them from one function within capitalism to another, I will again turn to Anna Grip's guidance and follow up on my manifestation of everything as capitalism with the question: “And then what?” And maybe the actions and situations coming up through practicing will be part of activating the vampire against it self.

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Scum Ballet: The Movie: The Stills, Angela Goh
With Ellen Davies, Eugene Choi, Verity Mackey, and Ivey Wawn.





Scum Ballet: The Movie: The Stills_Angela Goh
With Ellen Davies, Eugene Choi, Verity Mackey, and Ivey Wawn.



USES FOR PERIOD BLOOD

LOUISE TRUEHEART



1. Add to Vaseline and use as lipstick
2. Water plants
3. Decorate room
4. Decorate old jeans for the "destroy" look
5. Put into unmarked vials and send as a gift to major world leaders
6. Mark your territory on furniture, mattresses, public transportation
7. Scare your coworkers or the children you babysit
8. Make bloody Mary's
9. Make gin and tonics
10. Feed to your pets
11. Sign your letters in blood
12. Write in your journal in blood
13. Put some on your hand before high-fiving someone
14. Pour into tub and treat yourself to a blood bath
15. Get kinky somehow
16. Use as toothpaste
17. Use as mouthwash
18. Put into lasagna
19. Use in performance art
20. Use in visual art
21. Gargle before using in opera-art
22. Dye lampshades for atmosphere
23. Tint unvarnished wooden furniture
24. Freeze into ice cubes
25. Store some in the fridge in case your roommates need it
26. Hide it in your arm pits, in your hair line, and under your breasts to make people think you sweat blood
27. Make jello for grandparents or jello shots for friends
28. Have a themed party where everyone has to touch it
29. Bring to uncomfortable events as an escape plan Fake a bloody nose to take a 20 minute break from work
30. Bring to the apple store so you can decorate while you wait for a friendly employee
31. Bring to the bio store to try to get discounts on large jars of coconut oil and almond butter
32. Bring to a beginner ballet class to put in your slippers so you can pretend you are really hardcore
33. Bring to a lingerie shop to get discounts
34. Send as gift to former middle school bully
35. Send as gift to ex-lover
36. Put into the inside of valentines day chocolates
37. Bring to family reunions to teach your younger cousins about puberty
38. Add flavor and minerals to coca-cola

WAYS TO WRITE DIFFERENTLY AND/OR WITH OTHERS

CHLOE CHIGNELL

SLOW WRITING

Write with paper and a pen/pencil, (typing is not so good for this practice). Try writing whatever you are already about to write in slow motion. You can try by counting to five for each letter you write, or 2 minutes for each sentence, or one can decide on another method to slow yourself down. Your thinking can remain at its usual pace. In this way the writing might not be able to capture everything being thought. Taking more time than each letter might need opens space for it to take another direction or be followed by something else.

LARGE WRITING

Write on large paper and with a large pen. Write whatever you are already about to write in giant letters, big enough to read from five metres away. Then read it from five metres away. The size does not intend to produce a kind of poster, slogan or banner; moreover it tries at including distance in the writing, or writing for distance.

CIRCULATION

This can be done in a group, the more participants, the nicer it can become. Write in 5-minute intervals then pass the text around the circle. Take time to read and another 5 minutes to write with the thought of writing inside the voice of the text already written. Pass again. Continue until the text circulates back to its opening author.

WRITING IN THREE

This practice works best in three but can be done with more. Decide on a length of time to write, after writing for the decided duration each person takes a turn to read their text to the other two. The other two are to rewrite, recompose or translate the text as they hear it, forming two more of the 'same' text. Change roles, and repeat. At some point each person will have their own text plus two replications, and maybe more. One could collage them, leave them next to one another or order them. It aims at speaking differently of the same thing, understanding the texts as multiples, entangled with and co-dependant on one another.

TELEPATHIC WRITING

In pairs, or in small groups, open your telepathic availability, either through touch, gaze, eyes closed, silence etc. Write someone else's thoughts, it is good to try very hard with this and believe a lot.

SLEEP WRITING

Sleep a bit and without waking up too much begin writing, before writing too much sleep again. Repeat.

WRITING IN PINKS

Write only when the sky is in some shade of pink or orange; These colours appear at transitory moments; time that falls in between, and is a little bit fleeting.

MASKING

Wear a mask, literally or metaphorically, and write something from behind the mask. One could also try to write from in front of the mask or from the mask itself.

WAYS TO WRITE DIFFERENTLY AND/OR WITH OTHERS



FORM AND CONTENT

This can be done with two existing texts, or just one. It is to swap the grammar and rhythmic form of one text onto another. If, for example, you have two existing texts you take all the grammar, counting intervals of words in sentences, capitals and other indications of rhythm and apply them to the other text. This can happen without regard for sense but with a precise regard to form. If you start with only one pre-existing text you can note down the formal construction of the text, punctuations, grammar, capitals, length of sentences etc. and write a new text inside of this form. Again, the regard is more oriented towards the form remaining the same, sense making can happen elsewhere. Below is an example of noted form.

8 words, two words. 14 words. 1 word, 2 words, 10 words, 6 words, 12 words. 14 words. 6 words - 12 words, 1 word, 1 word, 1 word, 4 words. 9 words. 1 word, 11 words, 5 words. 7 words

TITLE PROJECT

This task asks simply to write titles for texts (or artworks, objects, whatever) that you would like to see in the world. It can be something you would like to write or something you would like to read, or maybe regardless of desire something that feels necessary, or of course something entirely unnecessary. The title project could be thought of as resource development. Titles, yet without text, become potentials for something to come. A container for when you or someone else might need some words to frame, position or hold something else.

QUESTIONING EVERYTHING

Write something and use a question mark in the place of all punctuation signs. This can be a way of finding questions you didn't know you had. The question mark offers a small reorientation, so as to destabilise and maybe let something else leak in or out.

ANSWERING EVERYTHING

One can begin with a text made through QUESTIONING EVERYTHING or by replacing all punctuation signs in any text with question marks. Respond to each question. It can be possible to do this in a cycle and between people; formatting into questions, answering, editing answers into questions, and answering again etc. This could be a way to form a kind of dialogue where everything is equally of question and each question is equally questionable.

EYE 2 EYE

In pairs sit looking into each other's eyes, write without breaking eye contact. The gaze can be directed *into* the other's eyes rather than just *at* them. Looking through the other's eye and at the same time letting another look through yours. One could imagine the writing not as a document of this interaction or of what one sees, but more that the writing comes from this outsourced internal gaze.

RASMUS ÖLME

TRANSLATION BY
ELLEN SODERHULT

*Text originally published in
Swedish available here :*

www.koreografiskakonsultet.se/wp-content/uploads/2014/06/Koreografisk_Journal_3.pdf

Choreography is no longer limited to the traditional definition of organizing bodily movement on stage. This might actually be anything but new: expressions like “a well-choreographed political campaign” has been around for a long time. In its contemporary, expanded form the notion choreography still seems to signify a **predetermined spatio-temporal structure of an event**. The expansion of the notion of choreography has happened simultaneously as visual art has started to show interest in performance again, both amongst museum curators and practicing artists. Maybe this is the reason why we now experience a shift between the choreographic and the curatorial. The choreographic aspect of the curatorial and the curatorial aspect of choreography. It's not hard to understand that the two activities are relatable but why now and what can the shifts in between them generate?

Programmers as well as self-organized choreographers can **today call themselves** curators, which before was only for those who organized exhibitions (in Swedish there were **outdated titles such as exhibition superintendent, which called for an update**) **What has caused this displacement in terminology between the curatorial and the choreographic?**

Dance as an art form, where the choreographic has belonged, have historically more often invited other art forms than the other way around. **The self-esteem of dance has**

always been a bit maimed and the Cinderella-like treatment from other arts forms has not helped. From the side of dance there is maybe hope that the curator's **more**-highbrow, dressed-in-black-in-a-white-cube-identity will rub off on the **incorrigible** trailing child that dance as an art form is? And vice versa; is the curator **waving this tantalizing bone** in front of dance in hope of slipping through the well **surveilled frontier** between producer and artist? Maybe so, but there are also less cynical and more generative interpretations. The self-curated artist and the choreographic curator can **both** contribute to a more heterogeneous field. and the effort to undermine static identities and positions has a value in **and of** itself.

In my own choreographing two different aspects of curation have appeared: First, **through** a wish to influence - **to a greater extent** - the context in which the choreography was presented in and then in the choice of collaborators. I will write about them in that order. To create the context for the presentation of the choreography I left the theatre. Even though the other places I ended up in **were by no means** neutral, the site specific work made the context appear with more clarity. When the choreographic work stood in a specific relation to the site where it was presented, the choreography already at play at this site **revealed itself**. The context came

into view. The theatre space is often made invisible by the ones using it. One day you watch one performance in it and the next day another one and the theatre space itself **becomes** a supposedly neutral background. **Instead of understanding choreography as the active foreground onto the passive background of the theatre space, I imagine that choreography can be a perspective that reveals the choreographic aspects already at play in the context. Once revealed, these aspects can be reorganized.** Then choreography is not an organization-of, but a re-organization of an already active organization. The re-organization becomes an alteration of an already existing choreography and therefore a possible answer to the performative question “what can choreography do?” This **implies an alternative to the** understanding of choreography than the **predetermined spatio-temporal structure of an event**. The re-organization becomes experimentation: what happens if we do it like this instead?

This choreographic method is of course not neutral. **Just like the theater dispositif influences what is shown in it, this method influences the context it is applied to.** But for me it still brings a new understanding of what choreography can be used for. Instead of understanding choreography as a structure or an organization, I understand it as a perspective. Instead of making something new – another choreography

for the stage – it is about making visible the forces already at play underneath the **smooth** surface.

Then about the choice of co-workers: In a traditional sense it means to cast someone who matches the description of what is needed. The role which is to be performed is pre-existing and the performer is the one who will mediate the choreography's already existing plan to the audience. In a collaborative process the demands on the co-workers are different and even in productions which do not define themselves as collective the performer is often the producer of parts of its material, if not all of it. **Here, the curatorial can help to question authorship.** In the traditional understanding the curator is not an author but someone who invites other authors (exactly this more administrative and producer-like aspect of curation that the contemporary use of the term challenges). But if I instead of casting co-workers to execute a

pre-existing choreography, curate them to make their own, **who is the author?** All of a sudden the role of the choreographer is not about who choreographs but about who has the capacity to assemble the workforce. **This becomes the most obvious** in the cases where it is a producer, or an artistic director, who is the one gathering the resources and distributing them, since that decision-making power has such extensive consequences on the final product (which I think is the right term in those cases) that this job must be considered choreographic. **This might be the most significant difference between the institutional and the so-called independent scene.** I have for example never replaced a collaborator with another. I would go so far as to say I have never employed a dancer since the term “dancer” in itself already points to a sort of **replacable entity**. (I will gladly participate in changing the inherited definition of **the dancer** but while awaiting that such a shift happens on a societal

level I rather avoid the term, especially in plural **- dancers**). This is not to say that I am a very benevolent, humane employer who cares about who my collaborators are, but that I am specifically interested in this person's art as **irreplacable by another**. Within bigger art institutions the distribution of resources is often separated from the artistic work. An invited choreographer **becomes more of** a subcontractor. It is someone who is invited to organize a specific space within the already given organization, without re-organizing it. In such cases, the choreographer is thus to a great extent already choreographed by the ruling conditions, sailing under a false choreographer-flag. Instead of making visible the already choreographed the choreographer is invited to paint over the already existing choreography with personal style.

To conclude: The curatorial aspect of choosing collaborators, proposes to us a definition

of dance and choreography based on what roles the contributing artists have in the production. Who employs who? Who is in charge of the distribution of resources? **It is a question of power structures**, and surely, a choreographer who chooses to curate its own context probably does so, as a way to not end up in the hands of the curator. In the same way I imagine the reason for a programmer to want a more curatorial practice is to get closer to the content of the work instead of just buying finished products.

I believe in curatoreography, but as often in terminological definitions there is a risk of ending up in endless and completely uninteresting, essentialist discussion about who REALLY is a TRUE curator or choreographer. If the semantic amplification from “choreographer” or “programmer” to “curator” is to be performative, and not only cosmetic, there needs to be a change in practice.

10 TITLES USED, STOLEN AND NEWLY RENOVATED

VANESSA VIRTÄ

The Problem of Art	The Fear of Love	Fuck the Police	Her green outfit burning.
Minor changes	4000 crowns	Love Thy Neighbor	Sissy Must
Cat-fish-experience	Shit and Diamonds	Deep Funk	Willy Bounce
The Kökkönen's	The New World	I love Chris	The Healthy Crash
My paper is empty but I have a crayon in my eye.	Critical curiosity for vege- tables	Two old men not hating anyone.	Don't dance if you don't want to.

A PERFORMANCE POEM

ODA BREKKE

to engage fully, to dedicate oneself completely
in being busy with an activity
to let the activity affect you
to let the tiny differences in your experience change the thing
at the same time
noticing
what this thing is doing to the audience
and
to let that become a part of the thing
simultaneously

ELLEN SÖDERHULT

This was the opening of a walk and talk by Frédéric Gies in Poznan, 23rd of June 2017. The words stayed with me, as did the rest of the four Walk + talks I had the privilege to experience in Poznan.

The interface between my experience and the dancing by Frédéric Gies is a format by Philipp Gemacher named Walk+talk, alluding to the idiom Walk the talk: to perform actions consistent with one's claim. A title that might bring ones focus to performativity in the Austrian or Butlerian sense, or brings on a pressure to present something that does what it says. Perhaps even proposing a closing of the gap between talking and doing, or replacing projecting or predicting someone's experience in language with a use of language as another means to produce the conditions for experience.

The four walk + talks in Poznan were presented over Two days as a part of the Malta festival, by and with Maria Stoklosa, Frédéric Gies, Alice Chauchat and Anna Nowicka. Since introduced by Gemacher in 2008, this format has been taking place in various cities. At each location, different dancers have created and performed lecture performances dealing with their practice as dancers. Dancers are invited to share and perform, explain and present their practice, with words and body. Phlip Gemacher is credited as coach, an interesting role in the face of the market's branding of individual

artists, questions about authorship and resistance against still frequently reproduced, conservative ideas about the role and labor of the dancer, the choreographer and the performer. I consider it an opening, as it proposes a new term instead of reinforcing simplifying binaries in ongoing conversations about agency, hierarchies and the patriarchal glorification of the maker. The association to sports is also an intriguing one, with the image of the coach presented through much mainstream culture as a considerate, enthusiastic assistant. A sort of gardener of abilities, someone who cares for someone else's capacities. In a time where craft and crafting feels almost too expensive outside of institutions as it normally takes a lot of time, effort and consistency to develop, the associations to sport makes me curious. Especially as sports coaching includes a lot of repetitions and might easily be associated more to maintenance work or "simple repetitive labour" rather than to an idea of the artist as creative, intuitive and maybe even a little bit punk or full of destructive fearlessness.

As much as the format and the dancer performs and in some cases both explains, contextualizes and shows the dancer's practice, the dancer's meeting with the practice also articulates an idea about dance and what the labor of the dancer is or can be. During the two nights in Poznan, it was especially interesting to notice how the four solos

appeared to propose dance as a relational practice. It brought my thoughts to a quote by Marilyn Strathern I recently heard in a lecture by Donna Haraway: "it matters what thoughts think thoughts, what worlds world worlds." The Walk + talks in Poznan again and again reminded me exactly about how much it matters what stories that normalizes other stories, what thoughts backgrounds other thoughts, what aspects, understandings and ideas contextualizes other ideas. What narratives, directions and truths are continued, reinforced, fulfilled and materialized in action.

Frédéric Gies' introduction specifically directed my attention towards the idea of dance as an open source practice and the collective aspect of dance, which I would like to describe as the immaterial commons of dance. A commons of dance which is used by many, developed or furthered into variations and versions. I picture it as an immaterial place where ideas and memories of dance multiply into variations that then materialize through dancing bodies. Dances passes through and circulate through bodies, that give shape to and is shaped by dance. I comprehend a collective, ongoing innovation situated in that commons, a proliferation of difference, a development towards further differentiation rather than growth or expansion, making more nuances and more precise articulations perceptible.

"Hello! My name is Frédéric. Tonight, I will dance. But I will not be the only dancer on stage. Many dancers will dance inside of me. I will talk about the circumstances in which I've met them. I will not talk about all of them. More dancers will be present inside of me tonight."

Alice Chauchat in words and action brought attention to the relation between the dancer and the dance. A super interesting topic that shifted my perception alongside her words, transforming my understanding and experience as well as made meaning appear as floating and mobile rather than universal, forever and static. The practices of Maria Stokolosa in turn, seemed to value and attend to the relationships between the dancer and elements in the performance situation like the audience, the light and the space: its dimensions, acoustics, shapes, densities etc. Many of her practices appeared to be using the perception of those aspects and elements as material, letting that generate the dance. Thus getting further away from self-expression of an authentic, stable inner self, and rather approaching what Chauchat named the external as motivator and or generator of dance. She for example mentioned letting herself being danced by an image, noticing what a certain image did to the internal perspective, and how that internal perspective in turn could be made or already was visible from the external perspective in her dancing.

Alice Chauchat begun her performance by saying there is not really any beginning or end except the context of the performance. For her "it" (the relation to dance?) started as an 8-year old imitating shapes and positions a friend had learnt in class, while the dance practice now seems to have moved

towards specific ways of relating to what is outside the self and letting that generate dance and sensations or sensibilities. This might mean that the relations to dance can be considered a renegotiation of the self. A self-altering practice. This proposes a radically different idea of the artist then the one expressing its innermost "true self" through the art. It proposes dance as a relational practice, always informed and partly shaped by something outside the idea of or experience of the self, partly shaped and informed by the dancer. The dance and the dancer as something which takes and gives form were specifically noticeable in her "telepathic dance". In Chauchat's telepathic dance the point of departure is the assumption that we all emit and receive more than what we are conscious about. The dancer dances what the ones witnessing the dance (in this case the audience) emit. It is not about a conscious projection but about recognizing that our perception of the world is situated and limited, an admittance to that there is more than that which we know, see, feel and an admittance to that even When we don't know about something we might still be affected by it.

Alice Chauchat also talked about her work in different collective constellations where the self-organized mode of working made the initiator the center of what was started, which conveyed to the notion of center a sense of being temporarily situated in time

and space, dependent on how attention is directed and moving depending on who is acting or looking, rather than center as static, eternal and true. This was an interesting word-image to watch her dancing through for me, especially in relation to different ideas of dramaturgy and phrasing. Through words and dance she also moved a form of center of my attention, away from a habitual way of watching dance that I connect to a structuring of movement strongly present in many dance styles, maybe there to convey a certain meaning. The meaning might have to do with narrative, rhythm or message as in "anti-formal dance", coded competitive dances, dances conveying seduction, cool, or excitement to name a few possible examples I would identify as some habitual ways that I watch or experience dance. I felt like this dance was somehow resisting systematization. Maybe it was the attention to the materiality of the dance, the attention brought to inside and outside perspective often simultaneous, or the redirections of my attention that went far away from easy and transparent relationships between dance and the world.

Anna Nowicka's interests for dreams and their interpretation created another interesting interface between dance and things that are half or completely unconscious, affected by our surroundings, others and often processed into what often appears as unintelligibility in the dream. If Maria Stokolosa used her

body to shift my attention to the dimensions of the room, the way the light dispersed from its source, the distance between her body and mine and the relation between her movement and her state of mind, Anna Nowicka moved my attention to the ambiguity of an image. Image as both in the sense of a visual impression and a spoken image. Nowicka used words to shift the way one was watching the she was busy producing with her dancing while she was still producing it, through the use of different references or naming it something else. While the dance could continue in a similar manner, she would describe it as a romantic comedy, a nature documentary, a horror movie or a collage.

When Frédéric Gies danced dance memories from the club next to more classical forms from the stage as well as BMC (bodymind centering, a somatic practice), telling about how he wanted to dance very close to a dancer he admired at the club, I experienced the way the different dances were put next to each other as proposing new contact surfaces between dance as a social practice and artistic practice. Or maybe, it rather attended to the artistic and aesthetic aspects of dance as social activity or the social and sociological in dance as an artistic practice. This seemed to bring to attention more contact surfaces between styles as well as modes of dancing. To see the same body in the same space move in a formal way, move

through techno-somatics, club dancing and other contemporary repertory forms brought attention to similarities and discrepancies, specificities in tonality, expression, relation to time and space as well as the materiality of the dancing body itself. Simultaneously an equation took place which I perceived as proposing a different order or way of valuing and relating to these practices. The gesture seems somehow connected to the choice of only referring to all chore-

ographers and dancers by first name. I perceived a proposed renegotiation of whose labor is mentioned, credited by name and given more space. The practices and dimensions put next to each other also somehow renegotiated work and leisure as well as the meaningful and relational in dance as practice. There was something about the proximity in the relational in the stories about clubbing, as well as relating to different ages, concepts of art and norms in more

classical or “arty” forms.

Alice Chauchat’s formulation about sensations as its own form of knowledge had me ponder upon my limited idea of knowledge and its relation to spoken language. As well as the difference between knowledge and knowledge transmission. Besides the thoughts provoked by experiencing practical knowledge becoming the protagonist in a spoken lecture, it felt valuable to notice how the formats almost automat-

ically seems to give space for a noticing of the dancer as a crafts person, as an artist and as a co-creator. Physically manifesting or embodying an idea, a propositions or an image appeared as its own form of making, translating or trans-creating. The dancer appeared as someone who responds, develops, articulates or unfolds. To dance appeared to be a relational practice.

MORE INFO ON THE WALK+TALK FORMAT:

http://olga0.oralsite.be/oralsite/pages/Walk_+_talk/

REBECCA JENSEN AND
SARAH AIKEN

IMAGES: TEARLACH
WALES

Listen to the sound of evil
It is out there
Waiting, Powerful, Deadly,
Invisible
They came to take a holiday
Now they are running for
their lives
Because something is out
there

There are secrets
There are mysteries
There are forces beyond
imagination
Challenge them
And every living creature,
every blade of grass will
turn against you

-LONG WEEKEND 1978



CHLOE CHIGNELL

A Score for A Performance: (Developed in the frame of a Walk and Talk)

Numbers on the left margin are the time code.

The bolded text indicates actions.

Any text in "quotation marks" is to be spoken.

Italics are notes on sound.

- 00.00 Sitting**
 "I will talk about a practice* called rebounding, which is simply to press yourself against something"
 "Something being anything that is not you, even temporarily."
- 00.30 Press palm into the floor, feel the palm taking some weight from your body.**
 "Here the floor and my hand rebound, at the point of contact, the pressure makes a distinction, right here are the two edges, an inside and an outside."
- 00.50 Release press of palm into floor, and slowly press again.**
Here a sound of rocks falling, dropping or sliding should be played.
 "I can press again. Though now lets say I press my lungs against the rock under neath this floor. My hand takes on the surface of the press and the floor takes on the surface of the rock"
Slowly begin rebounding practice:
Begin by shifting the weight of the press through the body; maintain the palm as the point of rebound. Feel rebound coming out of the floor, its surface, maybe beneath it, and even a bit below that. The rebound also moves through your own body, weight can be a bit fictionalised here; pressure can be a speculative experience. To follow this rebounding with your attention is to shift the map of tension and weight through your body. Reorganising your body's architecture of resistance.
 "The pressure of the meeting...of this intimacy and resistance... produces form."
 "There are asymmetries of force that change my body and the other"
- 02.15 Standing up release the rebounding practice.**
The sound should have already finished by this time.
 "The rebounding does not require a physical something."
- 02.25 Begin rebounding practice in standing. Through the same process as described above, this time without one point of rebounding, but rather rebound through the concepts, objects, thoughts, feelings and images mentioned below. Press them by some means against your body, pressing different amounts of weight, remapping your body's architecture of resistance through each rebound. You can stay with something or move on as you please. One could try to rebound more than one object, concept, thought, image or feeling at once.**
 "I could try to press a feeling against a thought, a sound against a sound, a word against a sensation, an image and a cloud, speaking against dancing, or stillness against an idea of freedom"***
 (pause speaking)
 "Of course these kinds of presses might need a slightly different attention than that of my hand into the floor."
 "These kinds of presses much require a kind of Speculative attention"
 "A kind of what if, or, as if"
- 04.00 Continue the rebounding practice, you can rebound with whatever, as long as it is specific.**
Background sound comes in. Something which makes the space feel heavy and a bit slow, it is important you can still be heard.
 "And not everything will resist of course, not everything is an outside."
Continue tension mapping with the thought that not everything resists.
 "My body, here, could become an in between this kind of plastic middle agent at the site of rebound"
- 05.15 Make the rebounding take you onto the floor on hands and knees. Continue rebounding practice with the floor as at beginning, moving backwards.**
Sound stops
 "The rebounding takes proximity as its material, or thinks of proximity as a material"
 (pause)
 "Thinking of the in between space as an agent, something which produces bot form and force."

“We could say it is not a you or an I, the in between has no such identity, but it could have a materiality, which gives specificity to meetings.”

(Pause speaking)

“An In-Between that changes the something, which presses form out of the in between into surfaces, entities, forces”.

05.55 Sit up, pause for a moment.

Stand gently (standing rather than taking a stand)

Hold arm straight out to the side. Looking directly toward the audience.

“I wanted to ask you if you could think of my arm as the horizon”

Sound plays: sound of the word horizon being stretched or slowed down.

06.35 Tip horizon (arm) to vertical slowly, begin forward rolling practice.

Once arm is vertical, start to curl arm from the finger tips, slowly forward roll leading through the hand.

07.30 Continue rolling to sit one again this time with arms in 5th position. Stay here for longer than a moment looking toward audience.

Sound fades out.

“I thought the rebounding practice could also be a kind of method of quoting, or referencing.”

08.15 Standing up slowly. Begin rebounding practice this time pressing different forms, ideas and bodies of dances and dancers.

“It would be a way of trying on a thought... or a form ... to press yourself against it, maybe get a bit tangled in the surfaces”

08.45 Continue rebounding with forms ideas and bodies of dances and dancers. Choose specifically is it not to rebound dance or dancers in general.

“Here I press my body into the form of ballet (or another reference)” (Tendu/ Plie or something else)

“Or I could press my own history into ballet” (Do a jump forwards)

09.20 Continue the rebounding

“It could be that the ballet here is a form, a kind of shell, to press my body out into”

“or if it would be a system that organises, it would make a kind of pressing from the inside.”

“It could also be that the ballet here is an idea, my body comes into proximity with the idea of ballet”

“maybe through rebounding you can see that my body and the dance are distinct, we both have edges”

Allow asymmetries in pressure between your press and the dance/dancer to become more pronounced in the practice.

11.10 Continue practice.

Sound begins. A recognisable track: orchestral, pop song etc. Quite loud.

12.00 END

NOTES:

* Practice:

It is important that the rebounding is termed as a practice, it would suffocate itself as a method, it would be too much instrumentalised through it being called an approach. To call it some kind of movement improvisation (whilst the most inaccurate of them all) would bend it into some kind of creative pursuit. The term practice, it is a trying at doing something, trying to stay with the trouble one could say.

** Pressing/Rebounding:

Rebounding takes all objects, subjects, ideas, thoughts, feelings and concepts as agents. Everything has the capacity to press and resist, although maybe not everything will. In the section of the performance in which a list is spoken of concepts, ideas, images, feelings, the order of the agents is not important, there is no prioritized direction of the press.

VARIATIONS:

Could I press a feeling on one side against a colour on the other?

Could I press the time of a mountain against my body?

Could I press a skill, which I don't possess against one I do?

Could I press the future against a bit of dust?



ANNA BONTHA

a writing score

INTRODUCTION

This is work and thought in process.

In the beginning of the work that this text is a documentation of, I was interested in space in public use, spaces that potentially could be appropriated for other uses than the existing ones. For me as a person living and working in Stockholm the notion of space is strongly connected to a lack of space. And the public spaces that exist are often compromised by economic interests, I think for example about the Apple buying up parts of Kungsträdgården, a central park in Stockholm to be used by all citizens, wanting to turn it in to a "temple" for its brand.

I became interested in another type of public space that I thought had some unexplored potential, which are the communal sport centers and more specifically communal football fields. They are in there turn temples for achievement and competition. But they are also stating to be for everyone and there are also the aspects of collective life and social movement in sport communities. What I noticed starting to visit a football field close to my home was that now that I was for the first time really looking at it and experiencing it's aesthetics, I could see that it is actually a quite amazing space to be in.

Creating a writing score I place all memories in a space. An actual physical place. According to what principal? Impulse, association, accident. There is no truth about belonging, only the idea that the placement creates and does something to the experience, it is looked upon in different ways depending on its placement, depending on it's proximity or distance to other memories.

Rhizome non-centered, no structure one part can be connected to any other part is possible to associate to and connect element of completely different types to each otherable to survive despite local disruptions has no beginning and no end like ginger, has no top or no bottom, goes off in whichever way not this or that, always and I was inspired by Deleuze & Guattaris rhizome in the sense of writing; without center, accidental, without a chronological beginning or end.

Deluze & Guattari in their turn builds on Nietzsche's critic of writing history as a development back in time, beginning from the end going forward to the beginning.

I wanted to create a narrative structure based on position in a space rather than chronology, in this structure it wouldn't matter if the text/story/memory was from yesterday, one year or 40 years ago. It would also be possible to place different types of memory associations; movements, actions and objects. They could

be personal, or collective. The memory (association) would be activated by the architecture and concrete object in the space. I decided that Sundbybergs IP was going to be the places where I build my narrative structure in.

Another aspect was added, the connection between space and memory. This link becomes crucial in the methods created in police interrogations of witnesses. Memory can easily be manipulated and they need methods to make witnesses testimonies more reliable. I decided to, in a very free manner, incorporate some methods from interrogation technic, where a witness is asked to describe the physical space where the situation of interest was taking place, by remembering sensory impressions, trying to recollect what the place looked like in detail, trying to view from different perspectives. All this helps to build the memory that they are trying to recollect, making it more reliable.

From here I started noticing the similarities between my own work and the method in constructing a memory palace. A place you memorize in your head to be able to place things you want to remember in it. The first part in using this memory technique is to create the actual palace, and then, if you want to, create a route around the palace along which you place the memories.

TASKS FOR BUILDING A MEMORY PALACE.

In the investigation of the football field I gave myself tasks.

First visit the football field ones.

Then go home and write down the memory from the place.

Make a map from memory.

Wright down sense memories, objects, architecture, events and actions I remember witnessing in the space.

Continue to visit the field and start building the memory clearer and more detailed. Try writing from different visual viewpoints, and with different focuses, for example try to experience it with different senses, or focus on for example only movement, formations, object, architecture, details or over-viewing it.

Incorporate the space into body, walk its lines, feel the grass, breath the air, lay down, roll on the grass and feel the sensations of weight on grass. Taste the grass? Imitate shapes and objects in the space.

What activities belong/don't belong in this space.

Make a list of movements/actions performed in this space.

Make a list of possible alternative movements in this space.

Try to imagine other activities that can take place in this space.

Make your own additions, changes to the space to make it more suitable for imagined activities.

Make a map from different approaches, a map of feeling, a map of facts, a map of visionary ideas, and a map of sensory abstract impressions.

Visit smaller parts of the space, how does this space relate connect to other parts, what is its purpose, give it a name.

RECOLLECTION OF THE FIRST VISIT

I arrive at the football field in the afternoon, sun is setting, it feels like I'm in a place slightly above the rest of the town, it is called Sundbybergs IP, I can read on the board that it's a place with a long tradition of gathering people in sports. One picture shows what the place looked like a long time ago, no buildings, just a field and people standing around it and players out on the field. Now there are big buildings of modern architecture surrounding it on two sides. The goals are removed from the field, they are standing in the corner on the other side, turned towards each other. The fields are submerged and as a spectator you are somewhat above looking down into the field. I sit on a bench, it is nice being surrounded with all this energy and activity. The footballs being passed

around are the center of everyone's attention. The ball moves in the field, and everything moves with it, arranges itself in accordance with its position. I sit for a while; take in the surroundings, my eyes wander to the things beyond the playing fields in front of me, tall trees in a stretch and beyond that high apartment building shining in the reflection of the sun. Around the fields are tall light posts, maybe 5 meters high, they are not turned on because it is not dark. The field has white painted lines, circles and curves on it, dividing the field in to different zones, marking the space around the goals, the midline etc. I stand up and start to walk around the field. I am walking differently that the others who have somewhere to go to, me I stroll, look around, I'm slow, I am taking my time. I feel that the space is designed in a way that makes me aware of the sky above, like the sky is opening up above me. I'm struck by the magnitude of the fields now that I am walking alongside them. I make a mental note to look up just exactly how big it is. I am now purposely moving towards the other field. I want to feel what the artificial grass feels and looks like up close. As I come closer one of the trainers look my way and I feel like I am about to do something forbidden. When he looks away I go to the edge of the grass and touch it. Its straws are shorter and don't have that flat structure that real straws have. It has a darker green color as well, I think. So close to the second field

where the practice games are going on I become aware of the sounds, its travelling across the space, because one is calling out at each other at the same time as one is moving. Its short sentences, or one word, called out to make someone pass the ball there way. Its repetitive and quite rhythmical. It mixes with the thumping sounds of the ball being struck. I turn around and look at the first field, the one I looked at from the opposite direction before, I am now on the same level, grass level, eye level, the sky is closer to me here somehow.

I decided to create a route around the "memory palace" which would create an order in which to place the associations. And then I had the structure for my writing.

Drawing from memory about one year later.

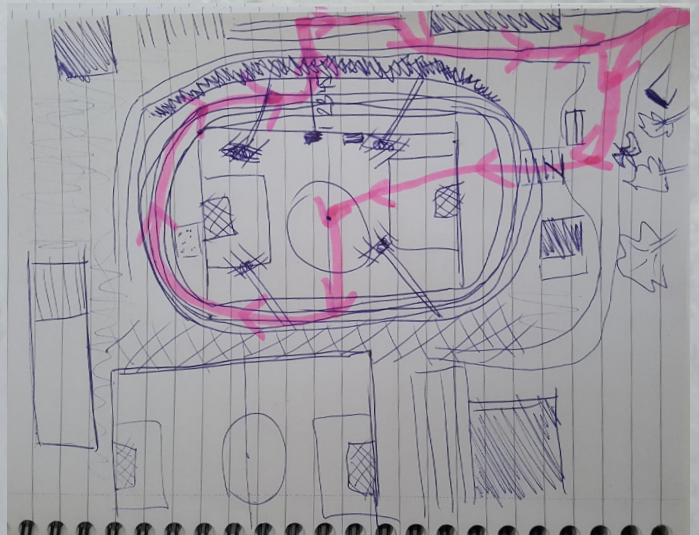
PURPOSELY MISPLACED

Enter, begin, kickoff.

Time hovering above it all, red numbers on a digital board, clocktime, counting, counting down. Commence, commencement, to build on, from this point all other things will come... after. Enter into the area, step on pavement, follow the curve, reach, pass, and leave behind, this stretch seems to be just for transportation, like a day you can't remember, just filling the gap between the things you do, the events that took place that made a mark, made you you, imprinted, the type of rooms that build a room... in you, one bench, two and three, counting them.

Descending down, feeling like descending, like into a tomb.

One step at a time. This stair has not many steps in it. But a fully sufficient amount, like so many things are sufficient and enough. What it takes. It takes these steps to reach the red ground, counting them.



Arriving, what is this material? I do not know. It is softer than stone but harder than earth. It has a good grip, the foot takes a good hold, I can easily see myself taking a leap here, to go off into a run, follow the lane marked by white lines that continues and comes back in its own elliptic eternity. But I will cross the lines, not in the metaphorical sense, as concrete as it gets, although I cannot feel anything as I step over the white lines.

It turns out they are just suggesting, a suggesting of direction, a suggestion of pace, a suggestion of turning this into a recognizable and legitimate activity, proper and in line with the architecture, to go from unclear and suspect to recognizable, with a function and healthy, this suggestion, like a small nudge in the back, if one can only resist the nudge.

Grass stretching out horizontally, flat surface, low and equally... long and I know that I can break a straw but breaking them all would be exhausting. Next day someone will come I am sure, the repair person, and erase all traces of unorthodox behavior, or just the regular wearing down from trampling shoes. It shall always be like this, like no human has ever walked here, again and again new. This field without traces of a past, the grass is always this long, always. Under the cover then, a virtual sinking down through the materials; grass, earth; sinking down to where millions of roots are connecting to

each other.

Ground, the dirt, earth, buried. Grassroots, root-system. Grass, under my subjective feet. Or am I on grass's top, it is possible to imagine grass perceiving a sudden weight landing on it, It looking back at me.



What is this strong wish to find out what is there underneath the surface? Center spot, one center of many. It is a center because it is decided to be, because a big circle is drawn around it and through the circle a line from one end to another. It is a center because of how everything else is positioning itself towards the center. Every-

thing emanates from here. The line is marking out that from here both sides are equally distant, glorious symmetry.

The line creates a fiction, same way north and south Vietnam is fiction, as if running water cares where

some signal I cannot hear they run of. First forward, then they slow down, they go around, they stop. They are playing that they are horses. One of them is then swinging a rope perhaps she thinks it is a lasso? The other girls try to escape the circling rope.

I remember another child, a small boy, being held up in the film from the Russel tribunal. It is easy to remember the extraordinary, the extraordinarily awful, that is the rule of remembering, an image hard to shake, lifted up by someone to show the marking on the body from napalm bombs.

This field is for sports and in sports.
There are rules.
The rules of the game.
If you break a rule you will not be punished by the law.
Rules are not based on moral.
Moral is not based on rational reason
Reason is given to justify an action already being practiced.
Moral is invented retroactively
lets say a war was committed without reason
and you cannot go back and repair the devastation like you repair a fast growing lawn
tear it up and it grows back again
we should tear up the present
to see
cause and effect really doesn't exist like we think it does
and then no justice

By the end the line a lamp pole, one of several, high



rising and standing in circle, marking it a scene or a stage, marking it a place of interest, saying there is something to be seen here, saying look here, saying do not look at the things left in the dark.

A fence, high, dividing one part from another, still able to see through, even put fingers through

the net, grab hold, climb over. If this was an action movie, I would act completely different, I would not be stopped. I would take control, I would fight them all on my own, the bad guys would have to pay in the end, mystery solved, the killer caught, order reinstated. Real world resembles more the noir film version. Chaotic,

no relief at the end of it. Victims will have to suffice with a symbolic trial.

Following, a curve, straight and then curving. Bending, straightening, strength, weakness, curving, bending. Movement forward, only forward, no sideways, no backwards. Fast is good, slow is bad, fastest is the best. Don't slow down,

speed up. Look straight, be straight, don't bend, take the curve, follow until it's straight again. Rehearse it, repeat, to make history one has to repeat, just repeat, repeat together.

IMAGES BY ANNA
BONTHA



Preparing to Welcome the Chthulucene

The following set of instructions are a set of preliminary exercises in embodying a trans-species, Chthulu-friendly¹ quantum-queer² existence. They are embodied re-imaginings of *humans*,³ their practices, and their speciesist hierarchies. They are efforts in embracing our precariousness, destructiveness, and insignificance. The following set of instructions propose a lifestyle in servitude of critters such as Protists, Fungi, and the ever-mobile, consciousness-creating Eubacteria and Archaeobacteria that compose our (their) flesh and our (their) multiverses.⁴

Our mission is to establish material practices of resistance and to de-territorialize the boundaries of the *human*. It is to embrace our mortality and dissolve the assumption that we are the heirs of this earth. Take these exercises, embody them, and expand upon them. Allow these to propagate within and outside of yourselves.

Outlook and Philosophy

- * nurture the relationship of plastics and waste deposited in “natural”⁵ situations; approach their untranslatable dialogue respectfully.
- ** understand objectual and ecological reality and ontology as primordially aesthetic.⁶
- ** be mindful of guiding your waste through its journey: rejoice in the fact that a microplastic from your Clean & Clear facial scrub might become a boat home for a bacteria in the ocean; respect the plastic bag that might travel through the ocean and into a whale’s stomach.
- ** encounter transcendence through the dimension of the “cracks in an eggshell in a box of eggs in the supermarket.”⁷
- ** understand your own body as trans-individual. it is a non-discrete manifestation of bacterial and ecological development. your body is in constant flux. it shifts inhabitants, ownerships, and genders.
- ** understand the earth as a trans-individual body, a *pachamama* undergoing a constant transition and being showered incessantly with the remnants of the Capitalocene.

Hygiene and Health

- ** commit to a hygienic routine free of anti-bacterial products.
- ** allow your body to become a shelter for the fungal and bacterial colonies that may or may not find it. consider them your kin.
- ** maintain your fingernails and toenails long and filthy; they are more hospitable to microbes.
- ** invite fungi to your body by keeping your feet, socks, and shoes moist at all times.
- ** if in need of psychological treatment or at the face of emotional imbalance, commit to a diet heavy in pre & probiotic substances (such as garlic, raw banana, raw asparagus, kefir, kimchi, kombucha, sauerkraut, etc.). interact as much as possible with soil for the anti-depressive properties of her microbes.

Sex and Partnership

- ** if aroused, drink and breed kefir. rejoice in the binary fission of your composing bacteria, and attract the fungus *Candida albicans* to your genitals.
- ** if seeking sexual union with a fellow *human*, prefer other forms of genomic sharing including but not limited to asking your partners to prepare ingestible preparations for you with their spit, vaginal fluids, semen, etc.
- ** satisfy your need for companionship by attracting an external bacteria to your body and allowing it to gain control of your body.

Lifestyle

- ** commit to a diet rich in shellfish. they eat the ocean’s trash and so can you.
 - ** do not throw away food, especially if it is already in the rotting or molding process. provide an appropriate environment for it to shelter bacteria, molds, and other critters.
 - ** vacation at your nearest microbial mat and/or landfill. if possible, commit to visiting your ancestors at Laguna Figueroa and your cousins at the Great Pacific Garbage Patch.
 - ** maintain companions species (“pets”) around yourselves only if you are able to respect the needs of their species, rather than in the hope of unconditional love.⁸
 - ** maintain an environment around yourselves that enforces the visual and material imaginary of the Chthulucene lifestyle.
- we recommend: maintaining your own Chthulu via the app Chthuluvirtual;⁹ nurturing slime molds in mason jars soaked in water and oatmeal; retaining and using your filthy/old possessions and rejoicing in their decay; decorating your home with the plastic “disposables” that your routine requires; utilizing charcoal, mud, and chia seeds as lipstick, blush, eyeshadow, etc.

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1 This refers to Haraway’s postulation of the *Chthulucene* as a re-examination and re-designing of the Capitalocene as a destructive and defining era into a transitional geological phase where *humans* embrace their mortality and transience. She posits that to “live and die well as mortal critters in the Chthulucene is to join forces to reconstitute refuges, to make possible partial and robust biological-cultural-political-technological recuperation and recomposition.” (Haraway, Donna. “Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Plantationocene, Chthulucene: Making Kin.” *Environmental Humanities* 6.1 (2015): 159-65. Web.)

2 Karen Barad’s term ‘Q’ equates the quantum with queerness, both defined as methods of constant construction of time-spaces and identities.

3 We utilize the term *human* as established by the Greco-Roman tradition for the sake of convention, but we understand this term to be much more layered than simply meaning *homo sapiens sapiens*. We inherit this understanding from several indigenous cosmologies and their conceptions of humanity, animality, and *naturecultures* as studied by Eduardo Viveiros de Castro (Viveiros De Castro, Eduardo. “Cosmological Perspectivism in Amazonia and Elsewhere.” Manchester: HAU Network of Ethnographic Theory. Haubooks.)

4 (Margulis, Lynn, and Dorion Sagan. *Microcosmos: Four Billion Years of Evolution from Our Microbial Ancestors*. New York: Summit, 1986. Print.)

5 We refer to the natural as an inherent *natureculture*

6 “See the aesthetic dimension as the blood of reality.” (Morton, Timothy. *Realist Magic Objects, Ontology, Causality*. Open Humanities Press, 2013.)

7 Ibid.

8 “Not about unconditional love, but about seeking to inhabit an inter-subjective world that is about meeting the other in all the fleshy detail of a mortal relationship.” (Haraway, Donna. *The Companion Species Manifesto*. Prickly Paradigm Press pg. 34.)

9 Chthulu Virtual Pet by Guillermo Ferrari is available for Android and apple devices

JAN NYBERG

The dancer in me has died several times. The love I've practiced has died several times. The dancers and lovings are all decomposing now— rest in peace. I'm resting in pain and dealing with pain gradually becoming memories. I remember being troubled by how much metaphor is used in philosophy and critical theory. I remember being troubled by how we use death as a metaphor even though it's impossible to write from a position of being dead. Then, on the other hand, as we live, we're dying, too. We're approaching death and dying— that dying of a more actual and felt quality.

I remember I took a dance class this morning. Now my left knee hurts. For me, studying dance was to spend a lot of time with pain, even in a context with a more somatic approach to dance. In medicine, pain is considered a warning signal, something ought to change. I still consider most of the dance training fundamentally violent and abusive. I can't quite articulate why. It's in the system, in the structure, in me. My body is continuously being put into different shapes given from outside. These shapes are choreographed differently depending on the practice. Even when I'm performing a function or a movement quality as a dancer, it is a defined something someone asks for, it has a shape, a body of a quality or a function, and the one who asks doesn't have access

into my experience of dancing or moving, into my body. Dancing, at least western dancing in dance institutions and schools is governed by the sight, by being looked at, and when it comes to kinesthesia, kinesthetic empathy and empathic projections, I have a feel they're dominated by a desire to produce sameness instead of celebrating otherness. And this has been the work of

the dancer, to fulfill people's dreams of sameness, to move in a way and become a body that erases any sign of otherness. Choreography has been a servant and a motor for producing this false, abusive sameness. Now, we do make pieces that do something else, that celebrate the other, but the dance class, the dance studio, is still haunted. I'm trying to find an escape route of dancing in a way

that doesn't abuse me, so that I don't slip into abusing myself.

I remember someone wanted to write about the process of rotting. It's a science, forensics, what made who die and when. We want to know that. The appendix makes the lower right quadrant of the belly green, I remember that pale green skin. Yesterday that someone, let's call them



Scurm Ballet: The Movie: The Stills: Angela Goh

Sum-1, or Sum, in short, found themselves suddenly utterly relieved, taking a walk, it was grey, drizzling sort of. Sum started longing for rotting. It was such a comforting thought. Sum didn't remember the last time they had felt equally soft. The rib cage released what it seemed was tons of tension after an image and a feeling Sum had of their own body among the leaves and grass, rotting parallelly and determined. It made rotting comforting soft earthy— death was irrelevant. The mechanism of dying lives in us, ready to take charge, ready to take us. And each other. I will probably kill someone in the future. Indirectly I hope, but still some agency through me playing a decisive role in that process. I've actually indirectly killed some people already. I've worked within terminal care. I tried to minimize the suffering of someone who is dying, someone whose experience I try to tap into with all of

me— yet that's experience that I cannot experience or know of. I still feel I'm living more than dying, that line hasn't started to blur. Sometimes I needed to make decisions for the dying one, it's not always that the dying one knows or can tell what they want. Sometimes they wanted me to tell them.

Tell me. Do you miss me at all? It's over 120 hours since the break-up. I get these sensations in my body, feelings produced by imagining you close and open to me, soothing, warm, producing longing. Not feelings of that uncomfortable quality that I often experienced when I was with you, when I related to you by sharing the same space (apartment) or by texting. The feeling of hope doesn't go away just like that. I wish you'd dare to move to a better place. You are consuming the life in you. Solitude or death can't save you from that. So many times I felt like telling

you how things will roll, how life goes, that, there's hardly any time to waste. But then, I remembered this huge need for solitude, for being on my own. That was when coming out of an experience of having no control over (my) life. It was an era of taking some power back, of recognizing agency (and autonomy) in me. So I said nothing. Now, it's almost 700 hours since the break-up. I was carrying the ashes of my god-mother. So many— countless— times she'd held me. That's what she did even now, I felt, as I cried. It was her birthday and the day she was put into the ground, the same day, just 74 years in between. And I grieved the loss of you, you living thing, so much that the grief I felt for my god-mother was almost put aside. And she held me. I felt the warmth of her forgiveness, her universal capacity to understand and suffer, it was the sun radiating on my skin quite simply. The dreams are the

hardest to kill. He asked me to dream about our future together, our summer days, to describe my dreams in detail. A lovely leap of a projection that fell flat flat flat. Imagine one of those gifs of a cat jumping and failing.

I remember a human arousing, a human submitting to touch. I had been questioning subconsciousness, the existence and quality of it. I guess there's proof that it's vast and affectual. My subconsciousness withheld sexual abuse for over a year. It kills me that he says he doesn't realize he's been abusive. There's a lot in me that can die. I find comfort in that. I can't give up using death as a metaphor. It's what keeps me alive— and decomposing. Decomposition breaks me down, equilibrates my bodily matter with the surroundings. I welcome that, things falling apart, mixing.





*WITH
LOVE*

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