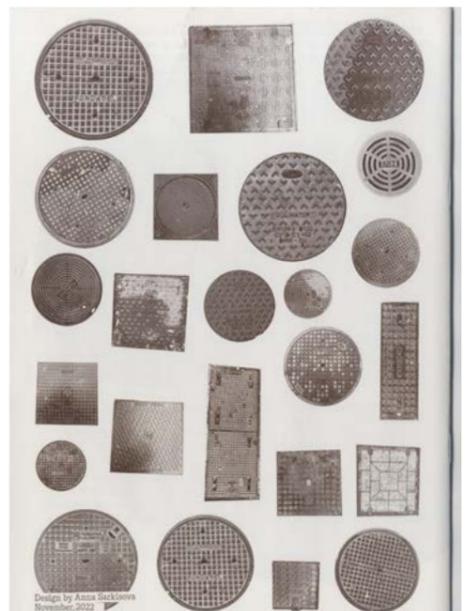
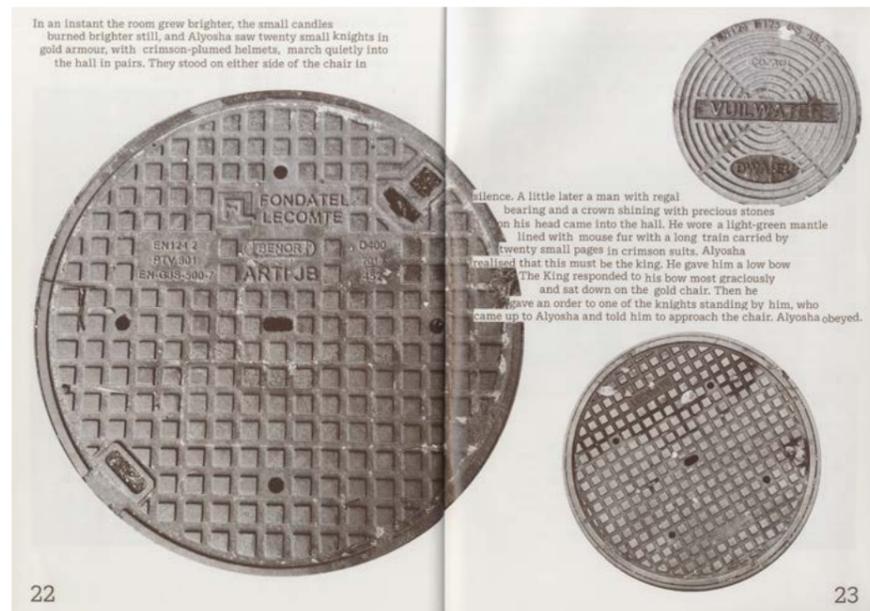
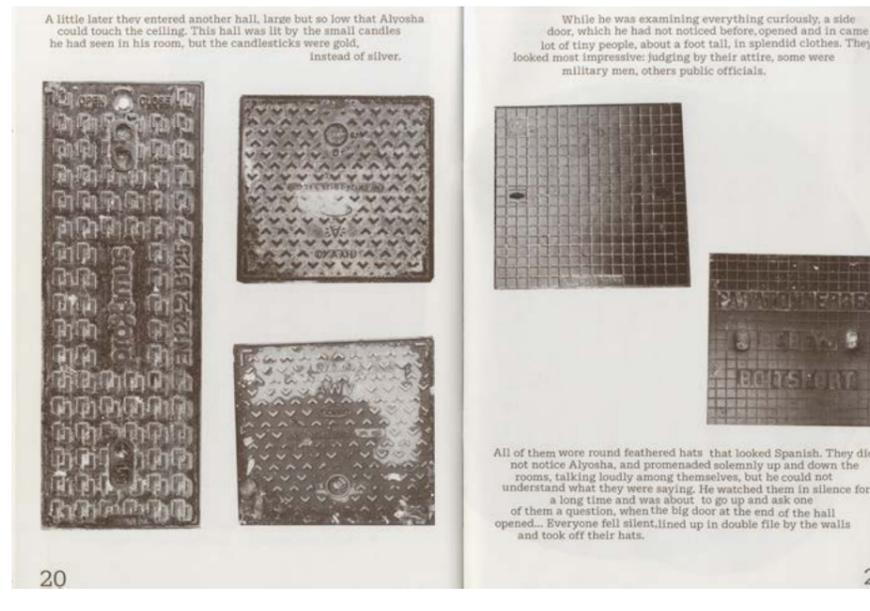
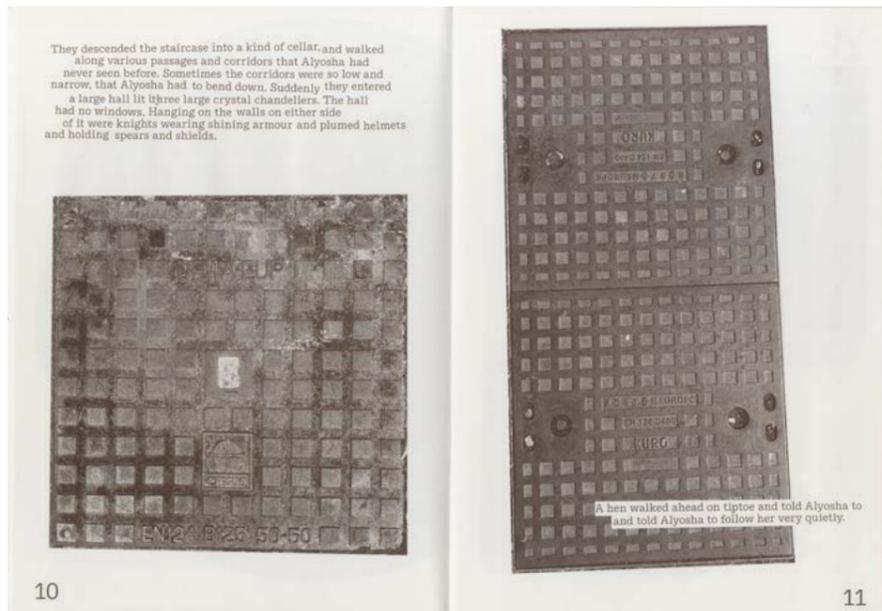
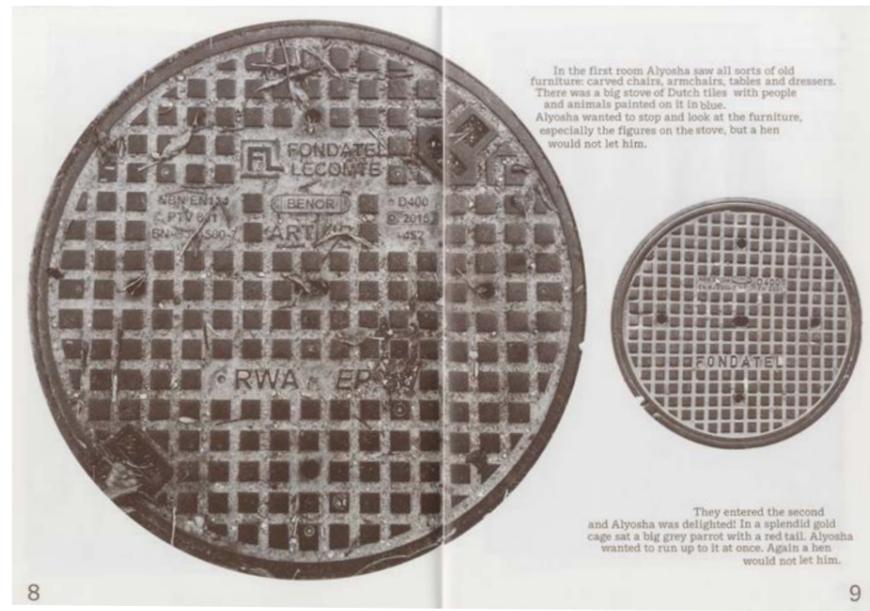
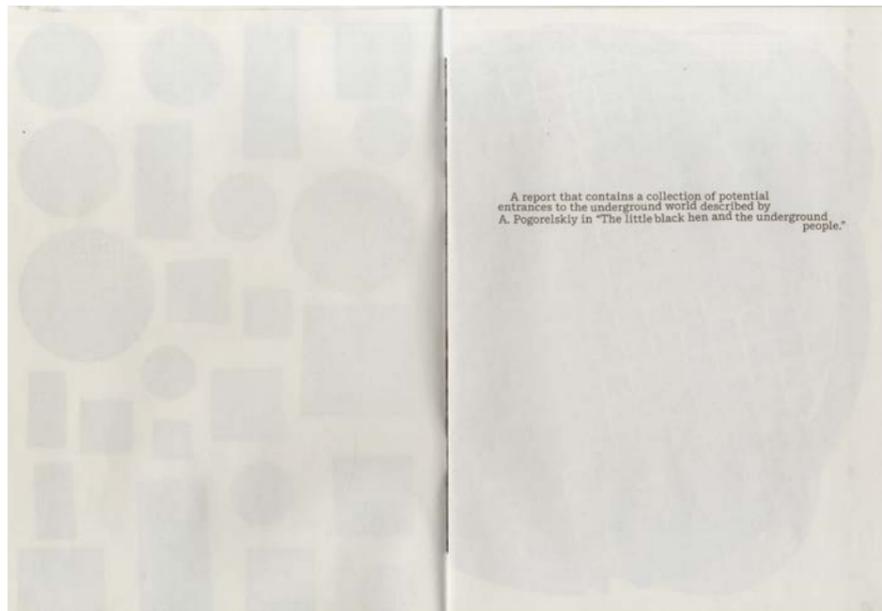
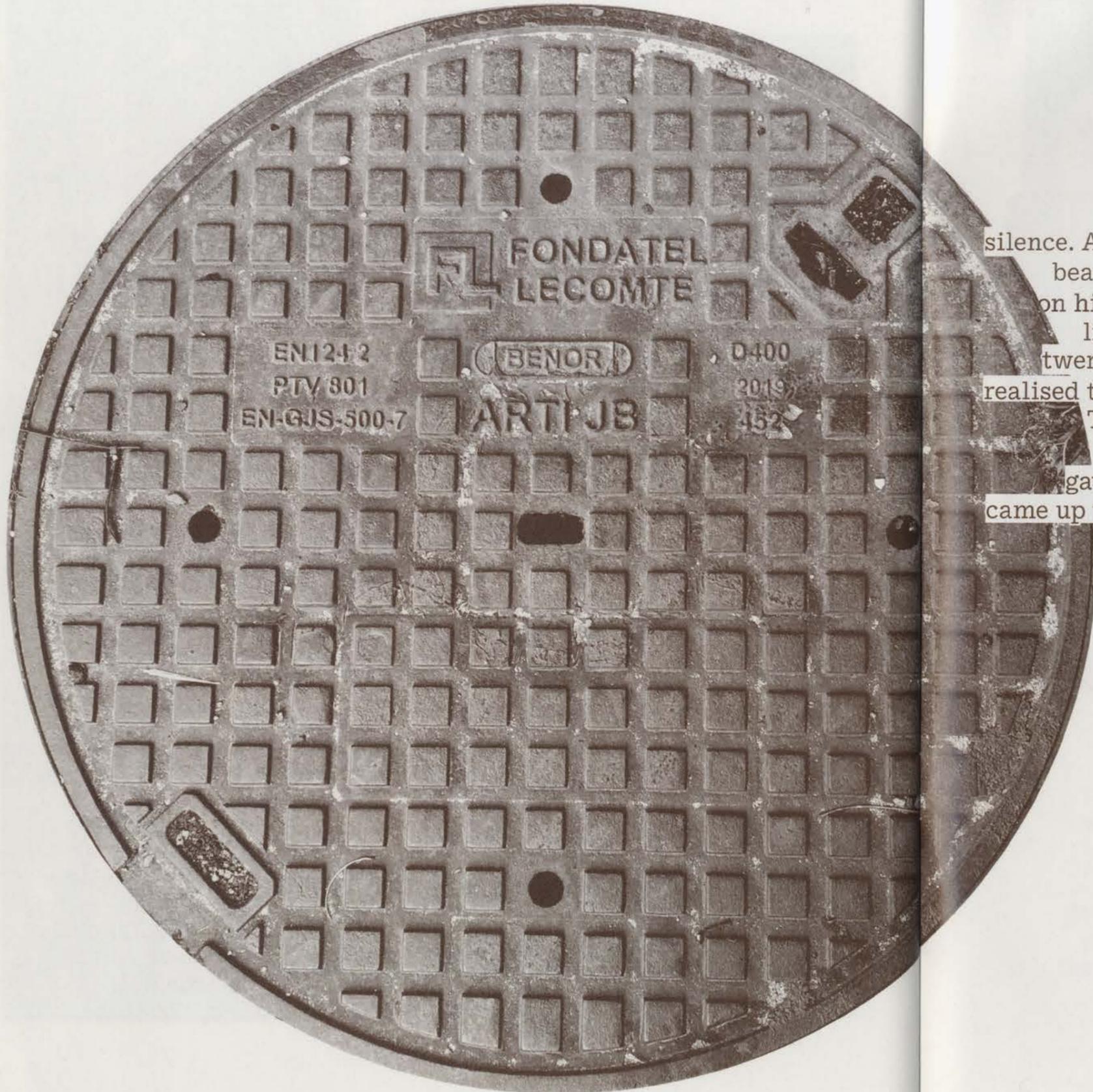


A report that contains a collection of potential entrances to the underground world, described by A. Pogorelskiy in "The little black hen and the underground people". December 2022.



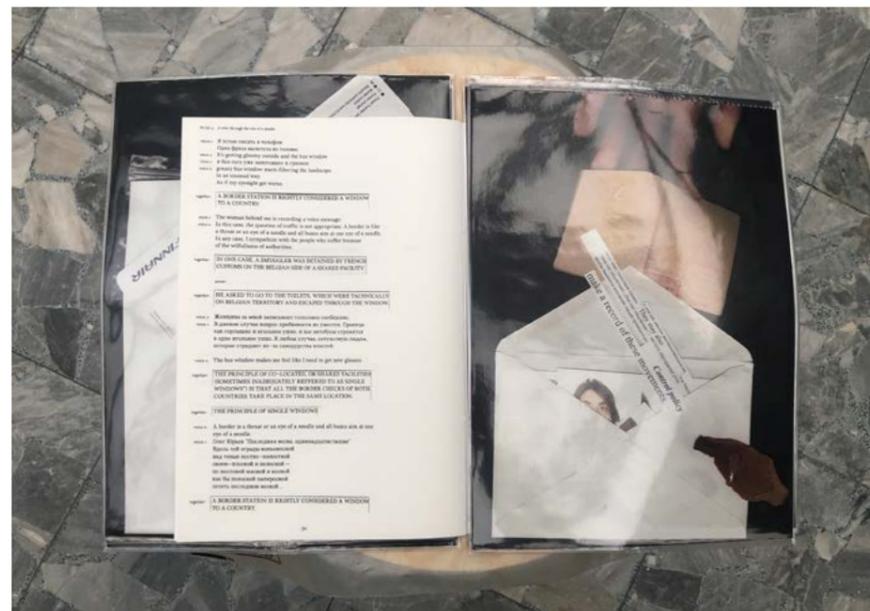
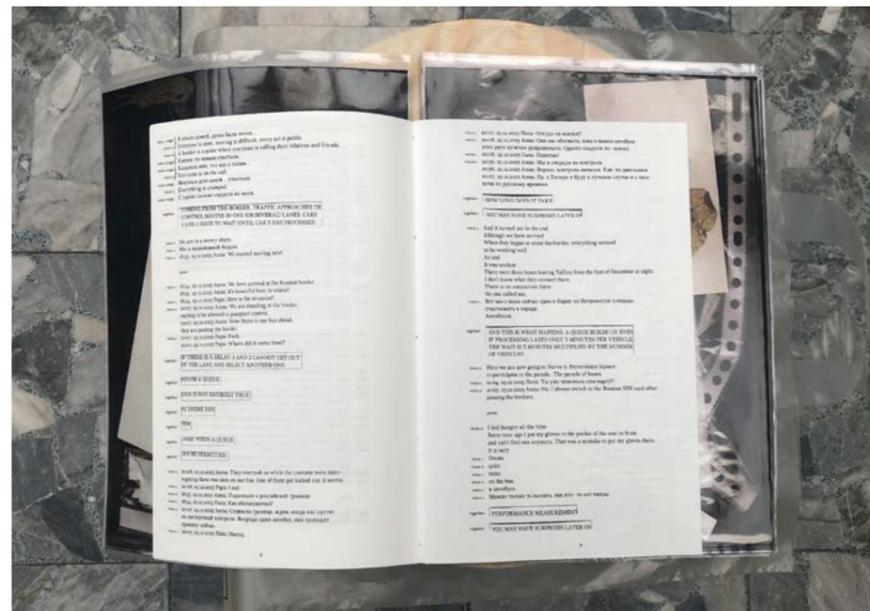
In an instant the room grew brighter, the small candles burned brighter still, and Alyosha saw twenty small knights in gold armour, with crimson-plumed helmets, march quietly into the hall in pairs. They stood on either side of the chair in



silence. A little later a man with regal bearing and a crown shining with precious stones on his head came into the hall. He wore a light-green mantle lined with mouse fur with a long train carried by twenty small pages in crimson suits. Alyosha realised that this must be the king. He gave him a low bow. The King responded to his bow most graciously and sat down on the gold chair. Then he gave an order to one of the knights standing by him, who came up to Alyosha and told him to approach the chair. Alyosha obeyed.



Don't go to stop but stop to cross  
to go again. A visual and performative  
translation of long travels from my current  
home in Antwerp to my native home  
in Moscow, there and back. It aims  
to reveal the duality between an ideal  
bureaucratic understanding of border  
crossing and the absurd conditions that  
people traveling between Europe and  
Russia are facing nowadays. June 2024.



voice 1 sings: Яехаладомой,душабылаполна...  
voice 2: Everyone is seen, moving is difficult, every act is public.  
voice 1: A border is a point where everyone is calling their relatives and friends.  
voice 1: Каким-тоновымсчастьем.  
voice 1 sings: Казалосьмне,чтовсестаким...  
voice 2: Everyone is on the call.  
voice 1 sings: Неяснымдлясамой...участьем.  
voice 2: Everything is cramped.  
voice 1 sings: Стакуюласкоюгляделинаменя.

together: COMING FROM THE BORDER, TRAFFIC APPROACHES THE CONTROL BOOTHS IN ONE (OR SEVERAL) LANES. CARS 1 AND 2 HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL CAR 3 HAS PROCESSED.

voice 2: We are in a snowy abyss.  
voice 1: Мывзаснеженнойбездне.  
voice 2: 18:53, 25.12.2023 Анна: We started moving now!

pause

voice 1: 18:54, 25.12.2023 Анна: We have arrived at the Russian border.  
18:55, 25.12.2023 Анна: It's beautiful here in winter!  
voice 1: 18:54, 25.12.2023 Папа: How is the situation?  
voice 2: 20:07, 25.12.2023 Анна: We are standing at the border, waiting to be allowed to passport control.  
20:07, 25.12.2023 Анна: Now there is one bus ahead, they are passing the border.  
voice 1: 20:07, 25.12.2023 Папа: Fuck.  
20:07, 25.12.2023 Папа: Where did it come from?

together: IF THERE IS A DELAY, 1 AND 2 CANNOT GET OUT OF THE LANE AND SELECT ANOTHER ONE.

together: NEVER A QUEUE.

together: THIS IS NOT ENTIRELY TRUE.

together: AS THERE ARE

together: FEW

together: CASES WHEN A QUEUE

together: CAN BE PERMITTED.

voice 2: 20:08, 25.12.2023 Анна: They overtook us while the customs were interrogating these two men on our bus. One of them got kicked out, it seems.  
voice 1: 20:08, 25.12.2023 Папа: I see!  
voice 1: 18:55, 25.12.2023 Анна: Подъехали к российской границе.  
voice 1: 18:54, 25.12.2023 Папа: Как обстановка?  
voice 2: 20:07, 25.12.2023 Анна: Стоим на границе, ждем, когда нас пустят на паспортный контроль. Впереди один автобус, они проходят границу сейчас.  
voice 1: 20:07, 25.12.2023 Папа: Пипец.

voice 1: 20:07, 25.12.2023 Папа: Откуда он взялся?  
voice 2: 20:08, 25.12.2023 Анна: Они нас обогнали, пока в нашем автобусе этих двух мужчин допрашивали. Одного посадили по-моему.  
voice 1: 20:08, 25.12.2023 Папа: Понятно!  
voice 2: 20:56, 25.12.2023 Анна: Мы в очереди на контроль.  
20:56, 25.12.2023 Анна: Вернее, контроль начался. Как-то двигаемся.  
20:07, 25.12.2023 Анна: Ну, в Питере я буду в лучшем случае в 2 часа ночи по русскому времени.

together: HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE

together: YOU MAY HAVE SURPRISES LATER ON

voice 2: And it turned out in the end  
Although we have arrived  
When they began to cross the border, everything seemed to be working well  
As and  
It was unclear  
There were three buses leaving Tallinn from the first of December at night.  
I don't know what they crossed there.  
There is no connection there.  
No one called me.  
voice 1: Вот мы с вами сейчас едем в Нарву на Петровскую площадь участвовать в параде Автобусов.

together: AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS: A QUEUE BUILDS UP. EVEN IF PROCESSING LASTS ONLY 3 MINUTES PER VEHICLE, THE WAIT IS 3 MINUTES MULTIPLIED BY THE NUMBER OF VEHICLES.

voice 2: Here we are now going to Narva to Petrovskaya Square to participate in the parade... The parade of buses.

voice 1: 21:04, 25.12.2023 Папа: Ты уже поменяла сим карту?

voice 2: 21:05, 25.12.2023 Анна: No, I always switch to the Russian SIM card after passing the borders.

pause

voice 2: I feel hungry all the time.  
Some time ago I put my gloves in the pocket of the seat in front and can't find one anymore. That was a mistake to put my gloves there.  
It is very

voice 1: Очень

voice 2: quiet

voice 1: тихо

voice 2: on the bus.

voice 1: в автобусе.

voice 1: Можно только услышать, как кто-то ест чипсы.

together: PERFORMANCE MEASUREMENT

together: YOU MAY HAVE SURPRISES LATER ON

Don't go to stop but stop to cross  
to go again is packed in a travel bag  
with four scripts documenting dialogues  
and situations I've witnessed on buses  
and trains interrupted by official border  
crossing regulations; plastic inserts with  
travel documents, medication, and other  
hand luggage items, and some poems  
to keep oneself entertained. The plastic  
bag was sealed and perforated. Do not  
open until the final destination. June 2024.



Along the border, carrying evidence  
over the border, carrying evidence  
to fly as being in the last spring

DON'T GO TO STOP BUT STOP TO CROSS TO GO AGAIN

9 781122 214252



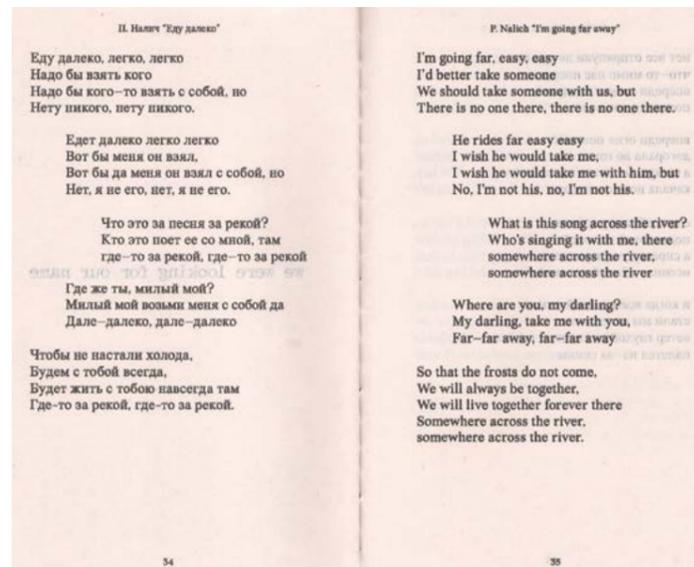
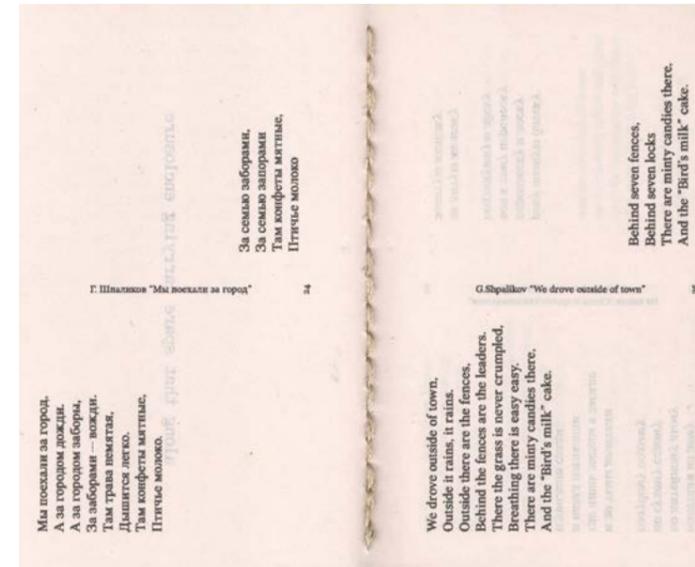
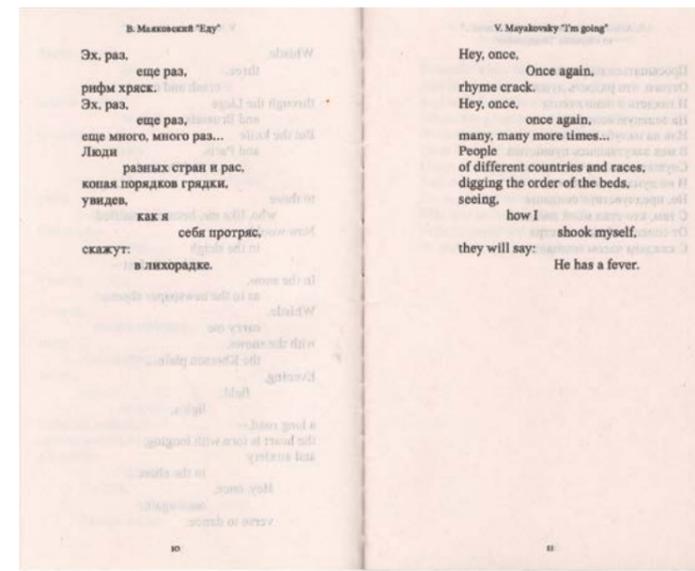
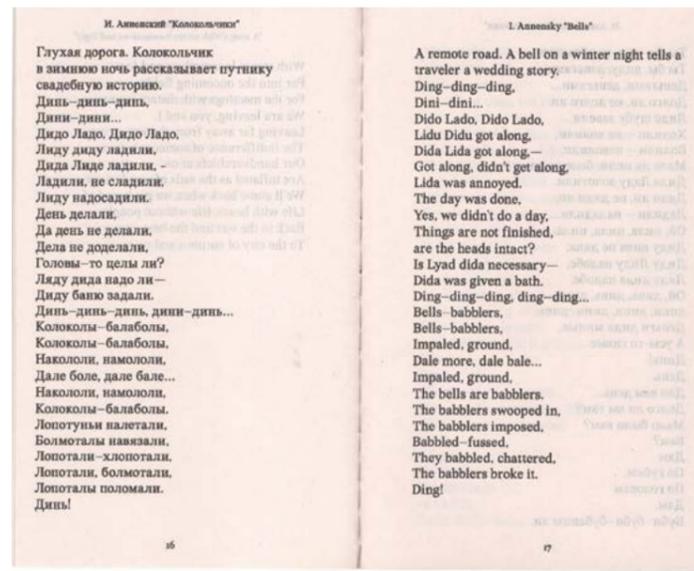
IMMIGRATION OR OTHER BORDER POLICE AUTHORITIES (OR  
STATIONS OR LEAVING THE COUNTRY OR THEIR LEGAL  
BOUNDARIES TO DO SO.

With love from your  
family and friends

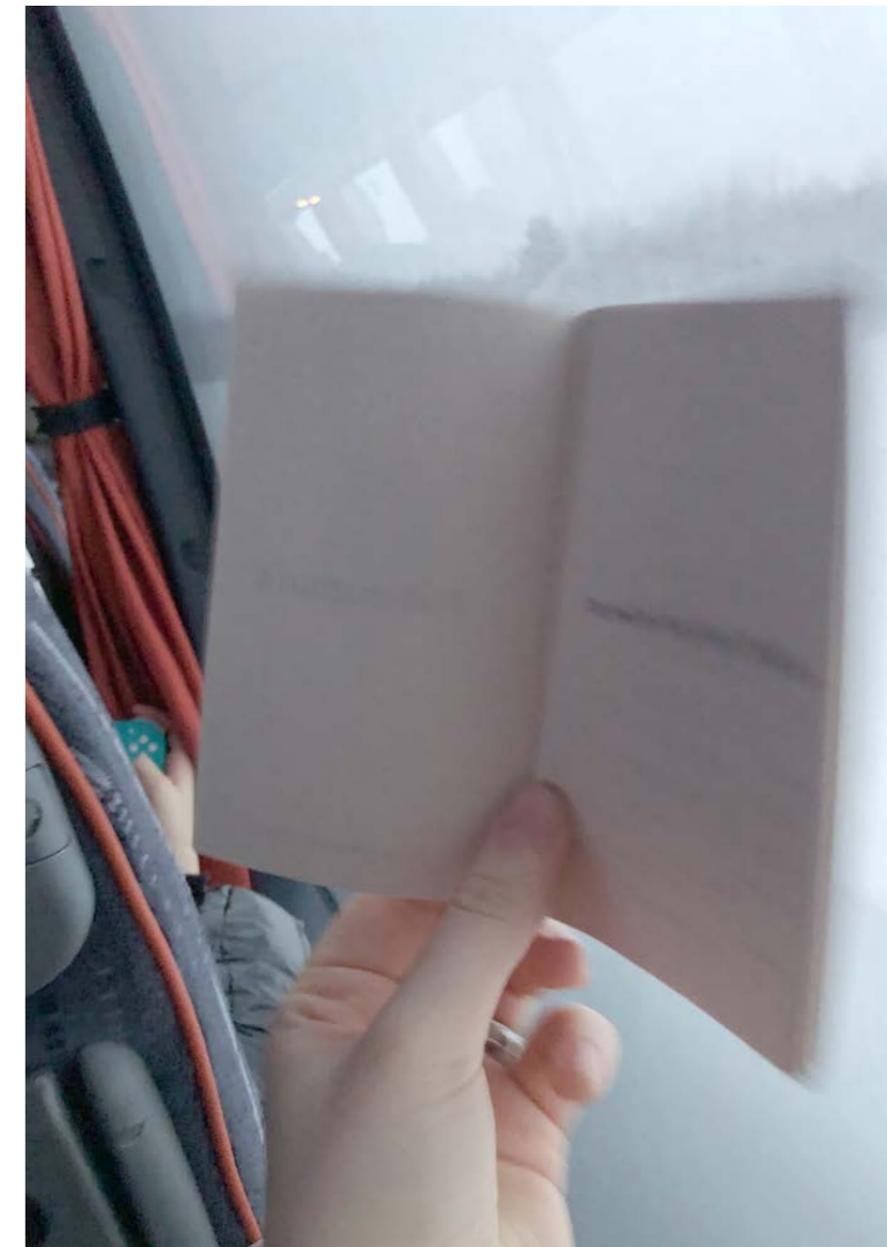
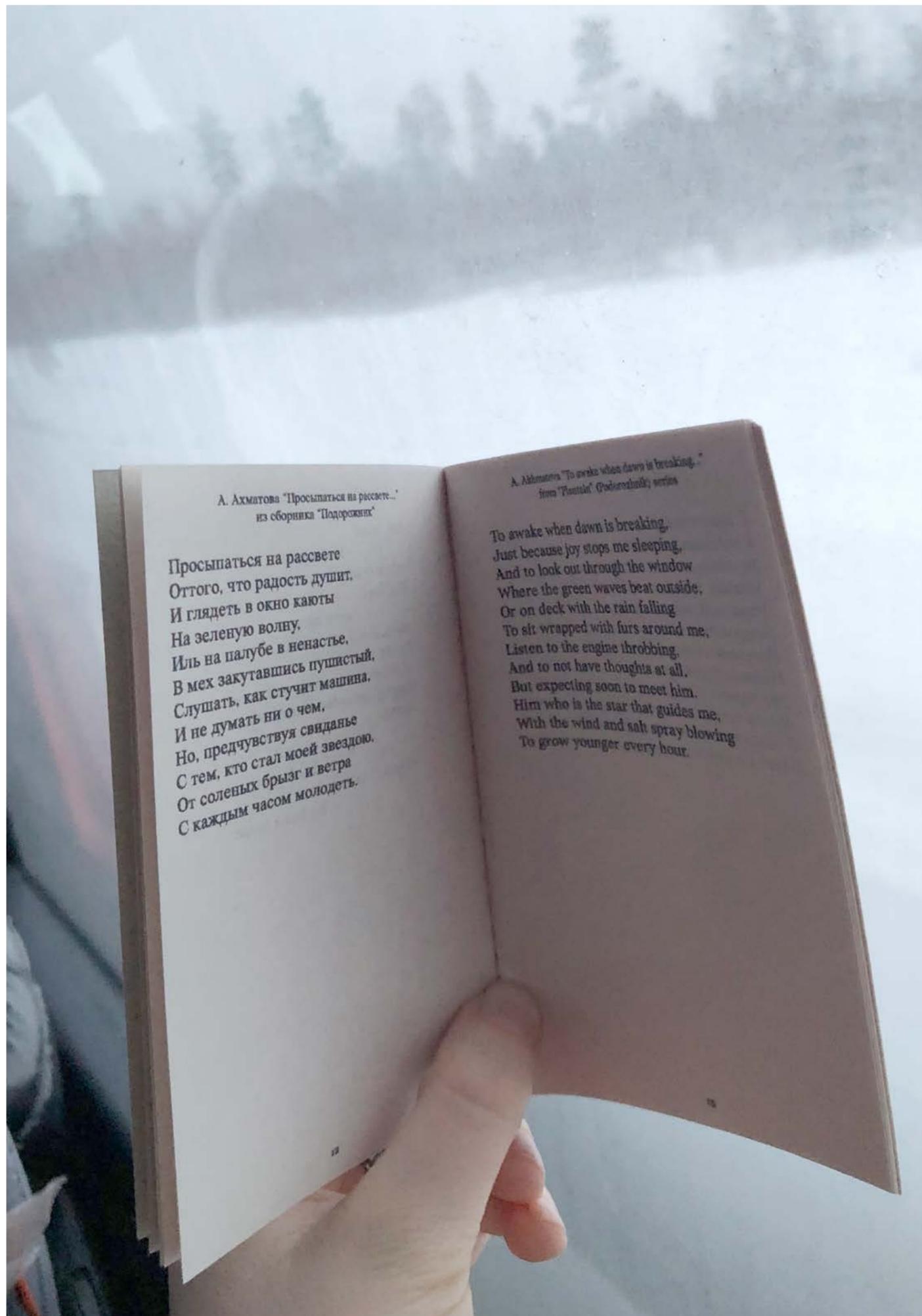
PLEASE RETURN TO THE  
POST OFFICE

Podorozhnik.\* A collection of Russian poems curated to be read while traveling. Poems were translated to English by Anna Sarkisova.

\*Transliterated from Russian, this word means “related to the road.” It names a leaf growing next to the road and a filled pastry prepared for the road. December 2023.

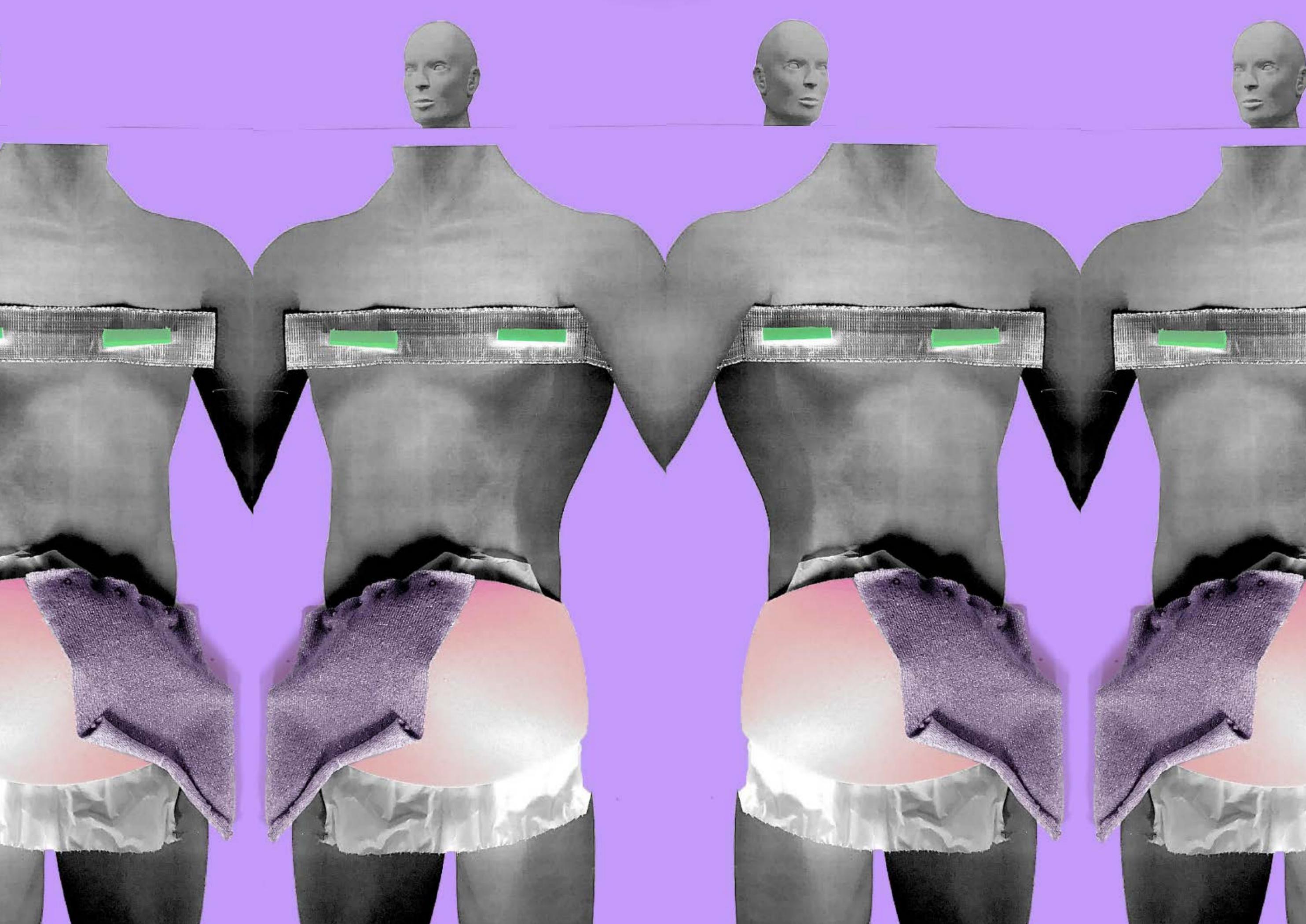


Podorozhnik publication travelled from Antwerp to Moscow. I gifted publications to my fellow travel companions on the bus from Tallinn to Saint-Petersburg. December 2023.

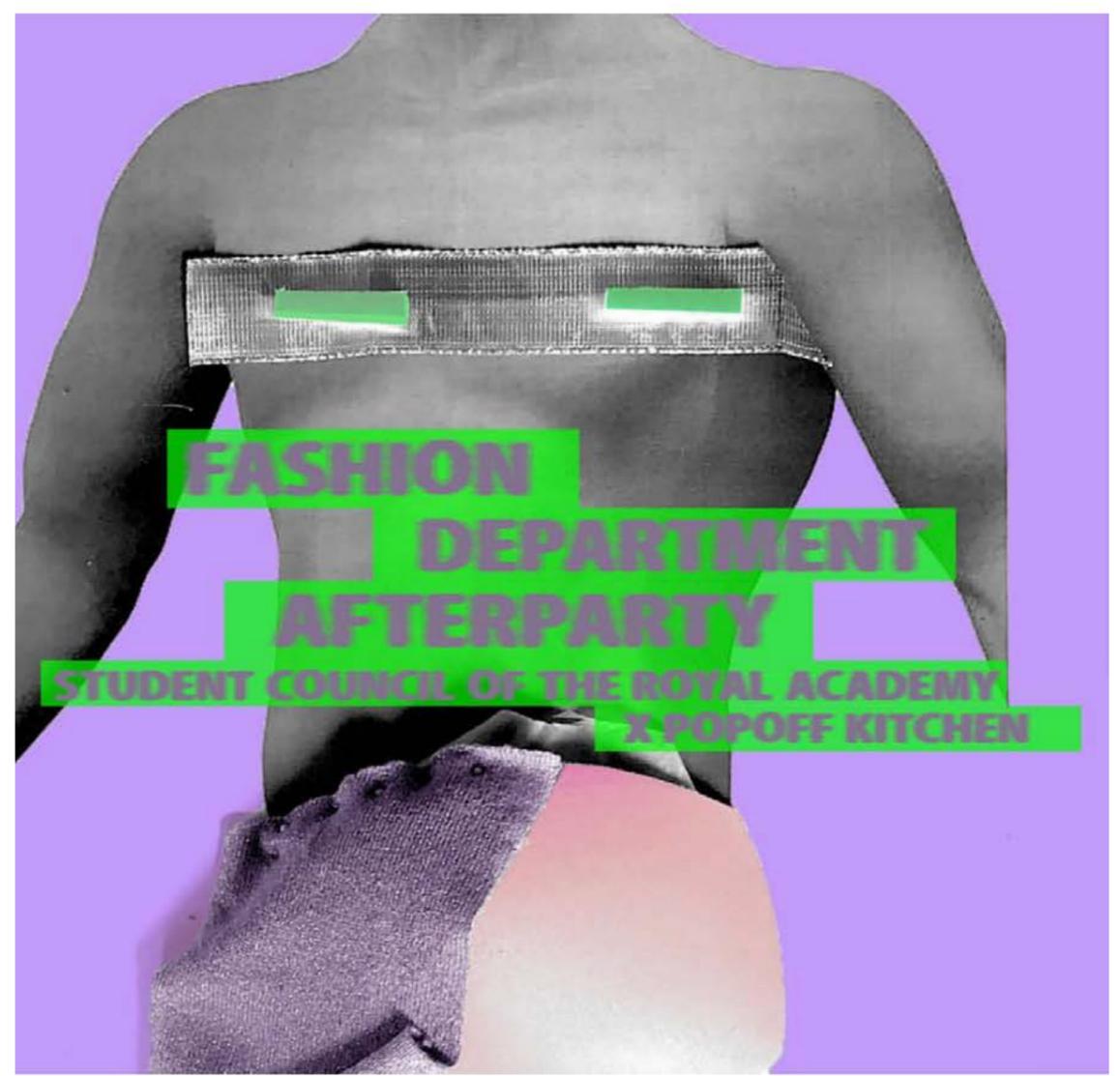


Fashion Department Afterparty identity proposal. Poster, Instagram post and stories. Designed with Naomi Serov. April 2023.





sanirkva

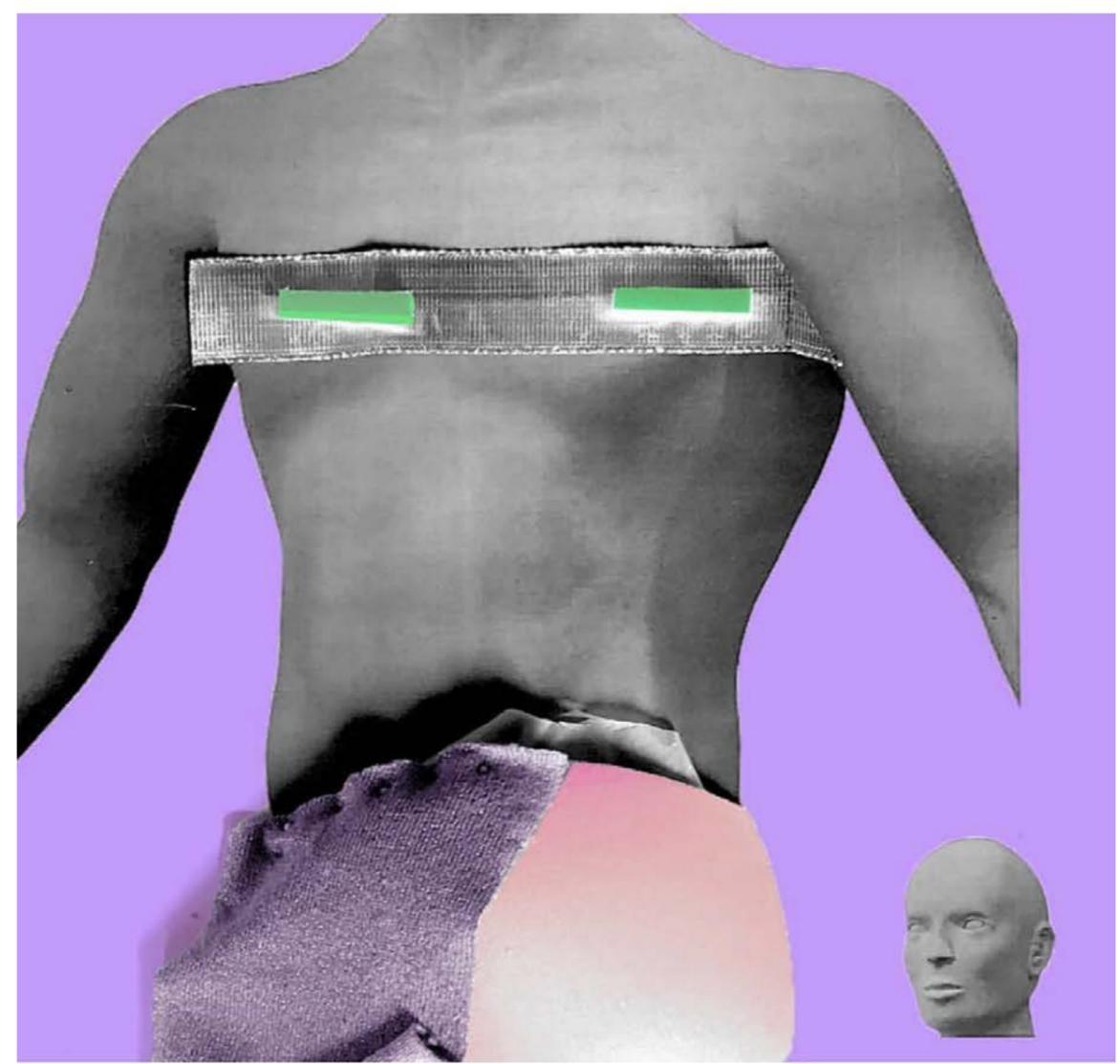


sanirkva A satirical fashion bohemian invites the student body to the afterparty

Fashion Department afterparty identity proposal in collaboration with @naomiserov

21 juin · Voir la traduction

sanirkva

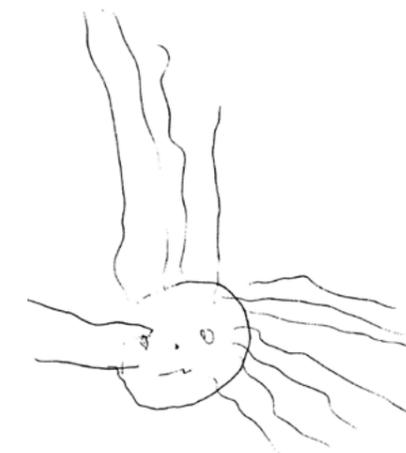


sanirkva A satirical fashion bohemian invites the student body to the afterparty

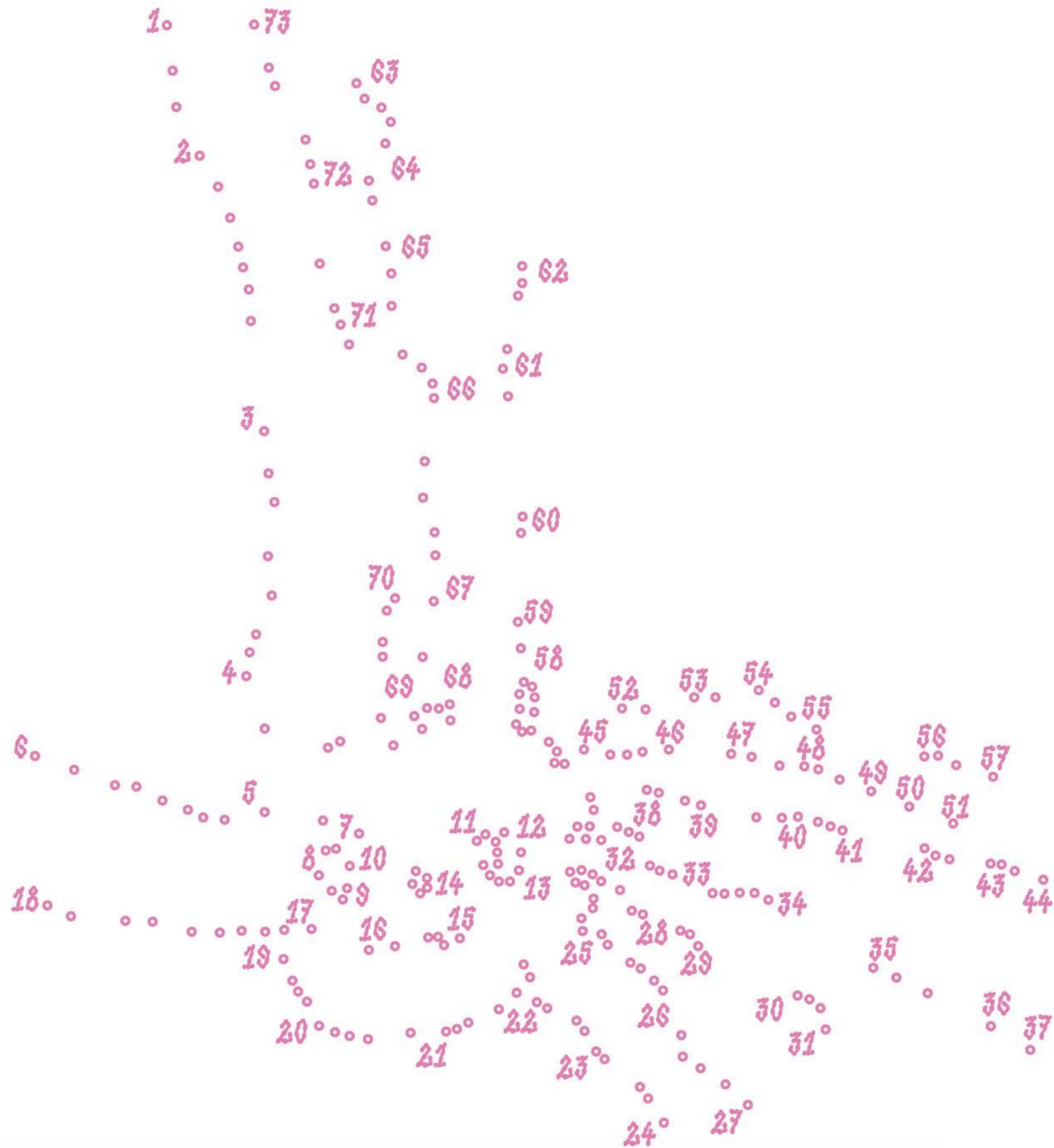
Fashion Department afterparty identity proposal in collaboration with @naomiserov

21 juin · Voir la traduction

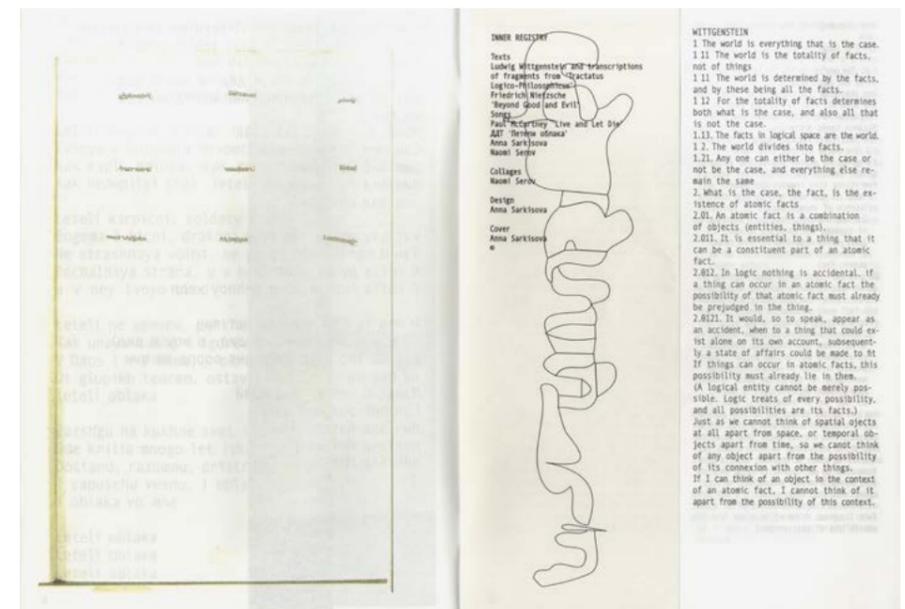
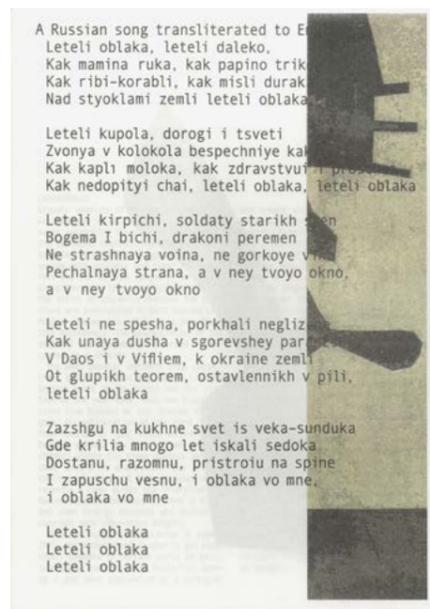
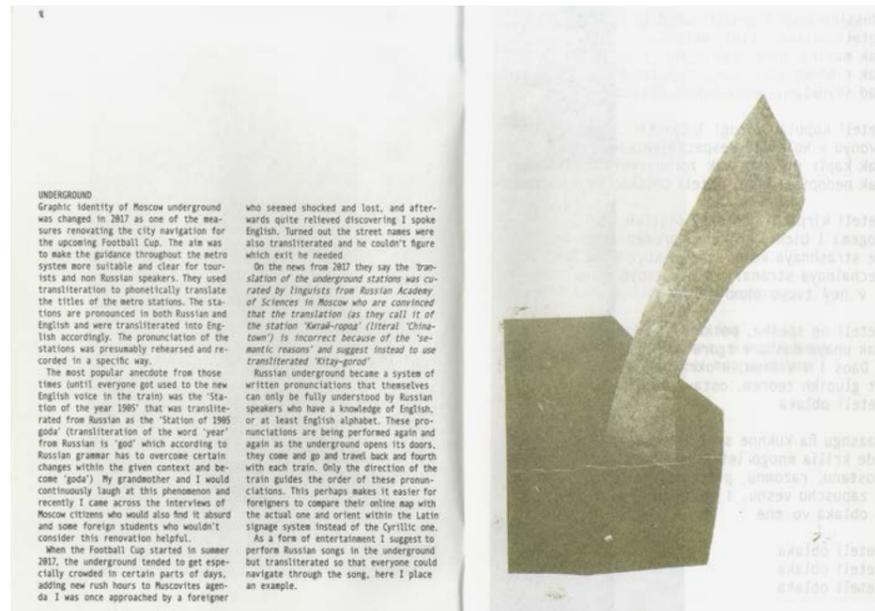
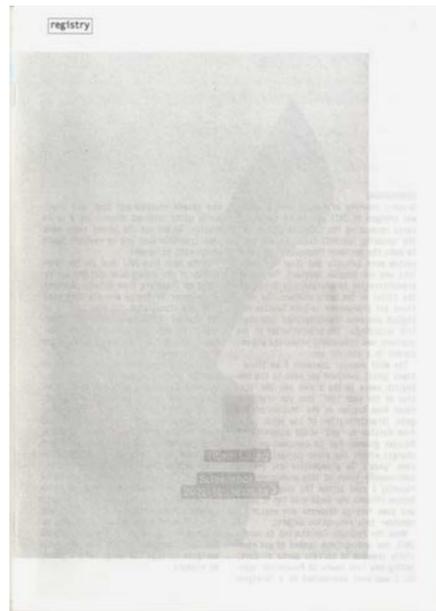
Numeric Sun. Drawing by my sister  
Arina Udalova\* Interpreted and  
designed with Naomi Serov. Printed  
as part of the 2nd issue of registry zine.  
June 2023.



\*original drawing



registry. A project founded and curated with Naomi Serov. registry is a setting organised for play within the formal and informal. Part of our practice is creating systems for collected information that was not structured before and perhaps never needed to be. We like absurdity. We mock bureaucracy. 2022–now. Online registry portfolio will be available soon via this link: <https://my.readymag.com/edit/4328690/preview/>



A Russian song transliterated to English:  
Leteli oblaka, leteli daleko,  
Kak mamina ruka, kak papino triko  
Kak ribi-korabli, kak misli durak  
Nad styoklami zemli leteli oblaka

Leteli kupola, dorogi i tsveti  
Zvonya v kolokola bespechniye kak  
Kak kapli moloka, kak zdravstvui  
Kak nedopityi chai, leteli oblaka, leteli oblaka

Leteli kirpichi, soldaty starikh s en  
Bogema I bichi, drakoni peremen  
Ne strashnaya voina, ne gorkoye v  
Pechalnaya strana, a v ney tvoyo okno,  
a v ney tvoyo okno

Leteli ne spesha, porkhali negliz  
Kak unaya dusha v sgorevshey par  
V Daos i v Vifliem, k okraine zemli  
Ot glupikh teorem, ostavlennikh v pili,  
leteli oblaka

Zazshgu na kukhne svet is veka-sunduka  
Gde krilia mnogo let iskali sedoka  
Dostanu, razomnu, pristroiu na spine  
I zapuschu vesnu, i oblaka vo mne,  
i oblaka vo mne

Leteli oblaka  
Leteli oblaka  
Leteli oblaka

Or an English song transliterated to Russian:

Уэн ю вёр янг энд ёр харт уоз эн опен бук  
Ю юзд ту сэй лив энд лэт лив  
(Ю ноу ю дид, ю ноу ю дид, ю ноу ю дид)  
Бат иф зис эвэр чэндчинг ворлд ин вич  
ви лив ин

Мэйкс ю гив ин энд край  
Сэй лив энд лэт даай  
лив энд лэт даай  
лив энд лэт даай  
лив энд лэт даай

Уат даз ит мэттэр ту ю  
Уэн ю гот э джоб ту ду  
Ю готта ду ит уэлл  
Ю готта гив зи озер феллоу хелл

Ю юзд ту сэй лив энд лет лив  
(Ю ноу ю дид, ю ноу ю дид, ю ноу ю дид)  
Бат иф зис эвэр чэндчинг ворлд ин вич  
ви лив ин

Мэйкс ю гив ин энд край  
Сэй лив энд лэт даай  
лив энд лэт даай  
лив энд лэт даай  
лив энд лэт даай

INNER REGISTRY

Texts

Ludwig Wittgenstein and transcriptions of fragments from 'Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus'

Friedrich Nietzsche 'Beyond Good and Evil'

Songs

Paul McCartney 'Live and Let Die'

ДДТ 'Летели облака'

Anna Sarkisova

Naomi Serov

Collages

Naomi Serov

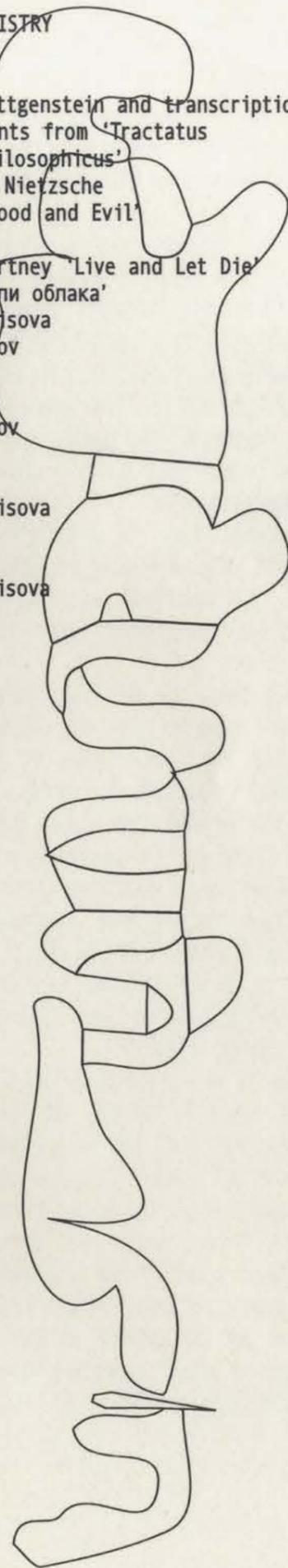
Design

Anna Sarkisova

Cover

Anna Sarkisova

©



WITTGENSTEIN

- 1 The world is everything that is the case.
- 1.11 The world is the totality of facts, not of things
- 1.11 The world is determined by the facts, and by these being all the facts.
- 1.12 For the totality of facts determines both what is the case, and also all that is not the case.
- 1.13. The facts in logical space are the world.
- 1.2. The world divides into facts.
- 1.21. Any one can either be the case or not be the case, and everything else remain the same
- 2. What is the case, the fact, is the existence of atomic facts
- 2.01. An atomic fact is a combination of objects (entities, things).
- 2.011. It is essential to a thing that it can be a constituent part of an atomic fact.
- 2.012. In logic nothing is accidental. if a thing can occur in an atomic fact the possibility of that atomic fact must already be prejudged in the thing.
- 2.0121. It would, so to speak, appear as an accident, when to a thing that could exist alone on its own account, subsequently a state of affairs could be made to fit
- If things can occur in atomic facts, this possibility must already lie in them. (A logical entity cannot be merely possible. Logic treats of every possibility, and all possibilities are its facts.)
- Just as we cannot think of spatial objects at all apart from space, or temporal objects apart from time, so we cannot think of any object apart from the possibility of its connexion with other things.
- If I can think of an object in the context of an atomic fact, I cannot think of it apart from the possibility of this context.

Interact

Interact

Interact

Interact

Interact

Interact

Interact

Interact

Interact

eteli oblaka

eteli oblaka

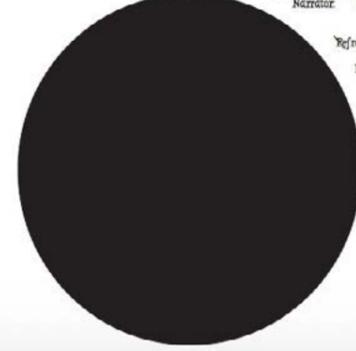
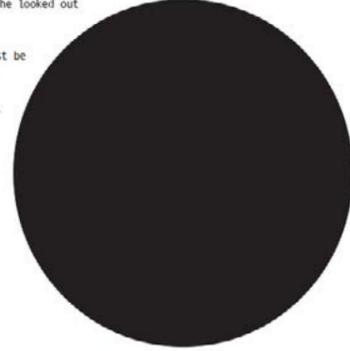
eteli oblaka

The Shoe Story. A zine and a group reading inspired by Ursula K. Le Guin's "The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction".  
 Designed with Steven de Kort and Charlotte Niemann. June 2023.

# The Shoe Story



**Clock:** Dong!  
**Narrator:** Said the clock. Cinderella looked up.  
**Cinderella:** Oh, no! It is almost midnight!  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Prince:** Why does that matter?  
**Clock:** I must go!  
**Cinderella:** I must go!  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Prince:** But we just met! Why leave now?  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Cinderella:** I must go!  
**Narrator:** Said Cinderella as she ran to the stairs.  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Prince:** I cannot hear you!  
**Prince:** The clock is too loud!  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Cinderella:** Goodbye!  
**Narrator:** Said Cinderella. Up, up the stairs she ran!  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Prince:** Please, stop for a moment!  
**Cinderella:** Oh, dear!  
**Narrator:** She said as one shoe fell off her foot on the stair.  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Cinderella:** Goodbye!  
**Narrator:** Cinderella turned one last time.  
**Narrator:** Then she rushed out the door.  
**Prince:** Wait!  
**Narrator:** Called the Prince. He picked up her shoe and rushed out the door. He looked around but could not see her blue dress anywhere.  
**Prince:** This is all I have left from her.  
**Narrator:** He said, looking down at the shoe. He saw that it was made in a special way, to fit a foot like none other. Somewhere there is the other shoe and when I find it, I will find her too.  
**Prince:** Then I will ask her to be my bride!  
**Narrator:** From hut to hut, from house to house, went Prince. One person after another tried to fit their foot inside the glass shoe, but none could fit. And so Prince moved on. At last Prince came to Cinderella's house.  
**Step-sisters:** He is coming!  
**Narrator:** Called one step-sister as she looked out of the window.  
**Step-sisters:** At the door!  
**Step-mother:** Quick!  
**Step-mother:** Get ready! One of you must be the one to fit your foot in that shoe.  
**Narrator:** No matter what!  
**Prince:** Prince knocked on the door, it flew open.  
**Step-mother:** Come in! I have two lovely daughters for you to see.  
**Clock:** Ding!



**Narrator:** The first step-sister placed her foot in the shoe. She tried hard, and it fitted!  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Refrain:** Everybody { I knew it! You are the one! SHIT! Not THEM! This cannot be!  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Narrator:** Then the second step-sister tried to fit her foot inside. She tried and tried with all her might, and it fitted!  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Refrain:** Everybody {  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Narrator:** The step-mother placed her foot in the shoe. She tried hard, and it fitted!  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Refrain:** Everybody {  
**Prince:** Are there no other people in the house?  
**Step-mother:** None!  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Prince:** Then I must go!  
**Cinderella:** Maybe there is one more!  
**Narrator:** Said Cinderella, stepping into the room.  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Prince:** Come here.  
**Narrator:** The Prince got down on one knee and tried the glass shoe on her foot. It fitted perfectly!  
**Refrain:** Everybody {  
**Clock:** Ding!  
**Narrator:** The clock stepped up and tried the shoe. And it fitted!  
**Refrain:** Everybody {  
**Clock:** Dong!  
**Narrator:** Narrator picked up the shoe contently and fitted their foot in it!  
**Refrain:** Everybody {  
**Narrator:** Prince took the shoe and slipped his foot inside. And it fitted!  
**Prince:** I have found you!  
**Everybody:** And I have found you! And so Cinderella, the Clock, Step-sisters, Step-mother and the Narrator lived happily ever after!

*(Text from the reverse side of the page, partially obscured and upside down)*  
 Narrator: Prince took the shoe and slipped his foot inside. And it fitted!  
 Prince: I have found you!  
 Everybody: And I have found you! And so Cinderella, the Clock, Step-sisters, Step-mother and the Narrator lived happily ever after!  
 Clock: Ding!  
 Narrator: The clock stepped up and tried the shoe. And it fitted!  
 Refrain: Everybody {  
 Clock: Ding!  
 Narrator: The Prince got down on one knee and tried the glass shoe on her foot. It fitted perfectly!  
 Refrain: Everybody {  
 Prince: Come here.  
 Cinderella: Maybe there is one more!  
 Narrator: Said Cinderella, stepping into the room.  
 Prince: Then I must go!  
 Step-mother: None!  
 Clock: Ding!  
 Prince: Are there no other people in the house?  
 Refrain: Everybody {  
 Prince: I have found you!  
 Narrator: Prince took the shoe and slipped his foot inside. And it fitted!  
 Prince: I have found you!  
 Everybody: And I have found you! And so Cinderella, the Clock, Step-sisters, Step-mother and the Narrator lived happily ever after!

*(Text from the reverse side of the page, partially obscured and upside down)*  
 A group reading inspired by Ursula K. Le Guin's Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction & Cinderella

A group reading inspired by Ursula K. Le Guin's *Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction* & *Cinderella*



Ding! Narrator: You are the one! WHAT? NOT THEM! This cannot be!  
Ding! Narrator: Then the second step-sister tried to fit her foot inside.  
Ding! Narrator: She tried and tried with all her might, and it fitted!  
Ding! Narrator: The first step-sister placed her foot in the shoe.  
Ding! Narrator: She tried hard, and it fitted!  
Ding! Narrator: The step-mother placed her foot in the shoe.  
Ding! Narrator: She tried hard, and it fitted!  
Ding! Narrator: Are there no other people in the house?  
Ding! Narrator: None!  
Ding! Narrator: Step-mother: Ynack  
Ding! Narrator: Then I must go!  
Ding! Narrator: Maybe there is one more!  
Ding! Narrator: Said Cinderella, stepping into the room.  
Ding! Narrator: Come here.  
Ding! Narrator: The Prince got down on one knee and tried the glass shoe on her foot. It fitted perfectly!  
Ding! Narrator: The clock stepped up and tried the shoe. And it fitted!  
Ding! Narrator: The clock picked up the shoe confidently and fitted their foot in it!  
Ding! Narrator: Narrator: Prince look the shoe and slipped his foot inside.  
Ding! Narrator: Ynack: And it fitted!  
Ding! Narrator: Ynack: I have found you!  
Ding! Narrator: Ynack: And I have found you!  
Ding! Narrator: Ynack: And so Cinderella, the clock, step-sisters, step-mother and the Narrator lived happily ever after!

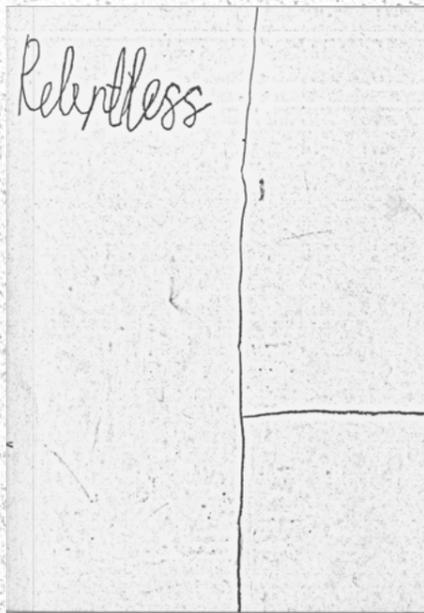


SHOE STORY





Relentless reader. A publication with texts by Tom Engels, Kathy Acker, Bojana Cvejic, Samlingen, Goksu Kunak, Bryana Fritz. An expression of the notion of simultaneity in layout, typesetting, and image design. Drawings were made simultaneously using left and right hands. June 2022.



2 *Relentless*

Some thoughts  
Tom Engels

Radicalizing a condition into a practice: Transindividuality  
Bojana Cvejic

Against Ordinary Language: The Language of The Body  
Kathy Acker

3 *Relentless*

Our Friend, Dance  
Samlingen

The Body of the Falling Text: Preks Crossing Times in Performativity  
Goksu Kunak

Blue  
Bryana Fritz

4 *Relentless*

Dear thoughts by Tom Engels

"A bastard is a child conceived in an improvised bed. Founded on a makeshift tension, concocted on a quickly expired formulation."  
Bryana Fritz

Relentless

What does it mean to perform today?  
What do we want to perform?  
What do we want to stand for?  
What matters?  
What brings us to doing what we do?  
Why do we keep insisting, fighting waves of incoherent thoughts?  
What do we lend our bodies and minds to?  
What do we want to be penetrated by?  
Shall we be relentless?  
Shall we embody that which never ceases?  
Lingering questions in a world facing crises— manifold and maniwere.

As an editor of this publication, I tried to operate by way of trust; trusting the reason to invite a certain assemblage of artists and writers, the response given to my invitation, the language asserted in these different forms of writing.

Relentless

Radiating a condition into a practice: Transindividuality by Bryana Fritz

I will begin by sketching out the position and context from which I'm writing today. I have been a founding member of T&H/Walking Theory since 2000, a collective of artists and the artists who gathered in order to intervene in the dominant paradigm in the performing arts in Belgrade by practicing what they've called "theoretical-artistic" research and activism. Collectivity for us always meant sharing the same ideology with a shared background of socialist collectivism, which is the view I question today. In 2005, when I was already living in Western Europe for a

As an editor of this publication, I tried to operate by way of trust; trusting the reason to invite a certain assemblage of artists and writers, the response given to my invitation, the language asserted in these different forms of writing.

After each workout, I forgot to write. Repeatedly. L. some part

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Our Friend, Dance by Samlingen

Hi and welcome to Samlingen. We are Amanda Apetra, Nadja Hjorton, Stina Nyberg, Hella Olofsdóttir and Zoë Polach. We think the dance scene lacks knowledge about its own history. About stories, traditions, experiences. It lacks knowledge about the people who made the history, not only about those who wrote it. Every now and then I hear someone describing the dance scene as a "minor" art scene, like one of the small arts. Smaller than theatre. Smaller than visual art. Smaller than literature. I think that this is a self-fulfilling prophecy, which keeps us small through repeating our timeliness all the time. To bring up the long, rich, embodied knowledge of dance history makes us bigger and reminds us of all the good stuff that people have made. Also, history tends to be written by men with rational minds and an expensive pen, sitting by their desk whilst a woman cooks the food. The dancer is not well known as a history writer, but she kind of is. History writing is also made body to body, mouth to ear, and mouth to mouth. This is not to say that dancers do not talk or write. On the contrary, dancers are

The Body of the Falling Text: Preks Crossing Times in Performativity by Goksu Kunak

The first word I read? According to the Quran, God was the first command from Read to the Prophet Muhammad in a cave called Hira. Muhammad couldn't perform the command and answered: I can't read.  
—Read!—said the Angel, the mediator of the Creation. Read, you told me. Read my soul. As I've told you before, when we were killing this bottle of wine: I can't read. Read! You commanded again. I giggled—couldn't get where this was leading. I thought you knew that I was

Blue by Bryana Fritz

This is a text body that is spanning from a few conversations and exchanges with Tom Engels. It is lost, desirous, and relentless. Relentless not because it intensely believes in its direction of thought, but rather because it feels relentlessness might be a way to not let its skin settle. And settled skin might be a fear.

Dear Bastard, I have stuck in my head something Kathy Acker said, "If you ask me what I want, I'll tell you. I want everything". I love this; it is both child-like and robust. What I particularly enjoy is that I care I read it down. Somehow the language used is not susceptible to that, in its own way it

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far are we ready to loose our privilege of thinking ourselves as individuals? Does it shy away from 'taking a position'? No. It asserts that 'a position' could be a dimension, shared and multiple, beyond the individual, beyond one's body, not just once, but for all.

maneuvers of dance (i.e. Jérôme Bel's exercises of the French structuralist death-of—the—author) thesis), while all along theater abounded with various actors' collectives and groups without a singled out leading figure. The conclusions that the youngest generation of experimental choreographers and theatermakers drew from the fierce debates in the early 2000s was to shift collaboration into social and political experiments with the commons, postulating free—software movement, read along with the post—Autonomist praise of General intellect, as a model for sharing resources and transforming material conditions of production. One such

you begin forgetting your own. Within strangeness, you find yourself without a language.

It is here, in this geography of no language, this negative space, that I can start to describe bodybuilding. For I am describing that which rejects language.

Elias Canetti, who grew up within a multitude of spoken languages, began his autobiography by recounting a memory. In this, his earliest remembrance, the loss of language is threatened: "My earliest memory is dipped in red. I come out of a door on the arm of a maid, the door in front of me is red, and to the left a staircase goes down, equally red..." A smiling man walks up to the child; the child, upon request, sticks out his tongue whereupon the man flips

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of living in relationship with dance, can be brought up in Samlingen.

We will state things that for some of you will be stating the obvious, because the risk is that it will not be said at all otherwise. So, if you have heard this before, bear with us. There is no political choreographer, no political chair, no political dance. We find it important to re-politicize bodies and spaces. We are doing our best to be politically correct, failing constantly of course. But it is a way of meeting our prejudices and trying to confront them. It is a tool for thinking about stuff, acknowledging how fucking complex they are. When can we get past this that some of us always have to carry the weight of identity politics, that some bodies always carry a story, while some of us can simply pass as neutral?

As being five white people talking here today, we are accomplices to the racist European dance community. Being here, talking about our experiences, we are actively taking space away from those that repeatedly have been told that they don't belong here, a number of people who have in credible things to say and out inside our field. As being five normatively abled persons

and confusing herself. But hey (casual, leaning back in the chair with muscled ease), just because it's fake doesn't mean you don't feel it.)

With that said, it is an absolute pleasure to take a moment to write to a bastard reader, so I choose to type onto this page, like a bastard writer. Despite the dust this word has collected, a definition of the word might help. Bastard:

(Noun)  
1. A ... born of parents not married to each other  
1. An unpleasant or despicable ...  
1. A ... of a specified kind, a difficult or awkward thing, undertaking, or situation  
(No Showing)  
(Adjective)

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capital and artist—like aesthetic self-development and realization of the self. Although it may sound to you as a caricatured overstatement about a neoliberal brand of individualism characterized in managerial and self-help literature, the thesis on how performing the self configures individualism merits our attention here. In fact, I believe individualism must be contested as an ideology of liberal and neoliberal capitalism as its expansion is correlative with the crisis of the social (the waning of the social consciousness in individuals' account of the self and the weakening of social modes of action). Ultimately, individualism also implies desubjectivation.

tax or to make meanings proliferate, I must use an indirect route.

In another of his books, Elias Canetti begins talking from and about that geography that is without verbal language:

A marvellously luminous, viscous substance is left behind in me, defying words...

A dream: a man who unleashes the world's languages until no-one on earth knows he understands what people are saying.<sup>2</sup>

Being in Marrakesh is Canetti's dream made actual. There are languages here, he says, but I understand none of them. The closer I am moving toward foreigners, into strangeness, toward understanding foreignness and strangeness, the more I am losing my own language.

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We are emotional  
We are aware of our weaknesses  
We are nervous  
We have never done a keynote speech before  
We live in Stockholm  
We talk with our vaginas  
We like to talk  
We often finish each other's sentences  
We mostly wear pants  
We mostly wear black clothes  
We talk about fishing  
We are killjoys  
We know a lot of people  
We have some money that are still alive  
We are invited to functions  
We have anal sex  
We say Hi, how are you?  
What are you doing now?  
What are you working on?  
Nice to see you  
We talk about what we are interested in  
We know people that live in Brussels  
We care about the Swedish dance community  
We take care  
We talk about failure  
We talk about  
We love each other  
We constantly interrupt each other  
We are very good friends  
We are good in creating

I personally glorify and choose to disidentify myself from the disidentification. The queer scholar (R.L.F.) gives a good example of performing dis-identity:

"Tim Rollins: I've heard a lot of grumbling, Felix, about the lack of an overt political or Latino content in your work."  
Felix (Gonzales Torres): Well, I just want to start by saying that the "maracas" sculptures are next! I'm not a good dancer, and I don't wear the right colors. I have my own agenda. Some people want to promote multiculturalism as long as they are the promoters, the circus directors. We have an assigned role that's very specific, very limited.

Of the colors in the visible spectrum of the sky, blue has a very short wavelength. When sunlight passes through the atmosphere, the blue wavelengths are scattered more widely by the oxygen and nitrogen molecules, and therefore more blue comes to our eyes.

Rather than transmit an exact replica of the sky, why not transform the blue sky into a quasi—statistical summary of the spatial distribution of blueness?  
The sea is seen as blue for largely the same reason: the water absorbs the longer wavelengths of red and reflects and scatters the blue, which comes to the eye of the viewer.  
I begin to look at a series of images depicting the sea generated by a search engine. It was a search that

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ject in the form of emotion: they form a transductive series. The collective is then the milieu that the individual participates in and co—creates, in which perception and self—affection can be reconciled, the tension between the two incommensurable subjective problematics resolved, and the subject can to some degree coincide with herself. There is no passage in this process from the psychic to the collective, which we would imagine as the individual joining a community, a group based on a shared identity. In that sense, transindividuality is not the same as interindividuality, or the intersubjective relations, based on functions, roles and interest.

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Berlin dwellers in the space, unfortunately, nowadays Berglin is the main attraction for Easy Jet travelers, which creates a crucial economic support for the city. However, in terms of experiencing time outside of the regulations of heteronormativity—especially, in such an institution—like structure—I would like to believe that the club is still an important entity.

Black box leads me to Lulu Obermayer's DISKO (2012), which she performed in an elevator with the audience for 2hr. 20 min. Usually, the time spent in this "box" is not enough to socialize, even though elevators are places like train(s) (stations) or

A Certain Kind of Silence

still like ready to be fucked.  
poking on animal fours  
hide fucked fours

Today I began to think that my relationship with (L...) is over.

There is a moment when one feels the need to sever one's investment in a person, in a subject, in a field. A relationship exhausted till the point it has been annihilated; and a version of herself with it. Out comes a thing (oneself) with a temperament of deflation and a way of writing, moving, and standing erect. Pooling around ones own feet with a wholly different kind of insistence.

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\* Still not as prepared as I could be  
"The Politics of Collaboration" in London, Middlesex University on September 22, 2016. (Images, prior to completion and still, recorded and in their place, a list of cited works)

—Richard, *Elementary*. From *Individuation* in *Transindividuality* (2016, Elsevier, 2017).  
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—Angela and the General Institute: *Individuation in the Subject*. Berkeley, CA: 2009, pp. 42

1. Elias Canetti, *The Ringed Set Four*, New York: The Seabury Press, 1979, p. 5.  
2. *There and Thereabouts* and other text of this article, whenever I use the phrase "language game", I am referring to Ludwig Wittgenstein's observations of language games in *The Philosophical Investigations*, The Blue and Brown Books, New York: Harper and Row, Publishers, 1963.  
3. Elias Canetti, *The Voices of Marrakesh*, New York: The Seabury Press, 1972, p. 23.  
4. Martin Heidegger, *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, New York: Anchor Books, 1969, p. 105. *By Star*, *Heidegger means "Touss"*. p. 105, 1972.  
5. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1972, p. 145.  
6. Canetti, *The Voices of Marrakesh*, p. 25.  
7. *Ibid.*, p. 26.  
8. Heidegger, *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, p. 132.

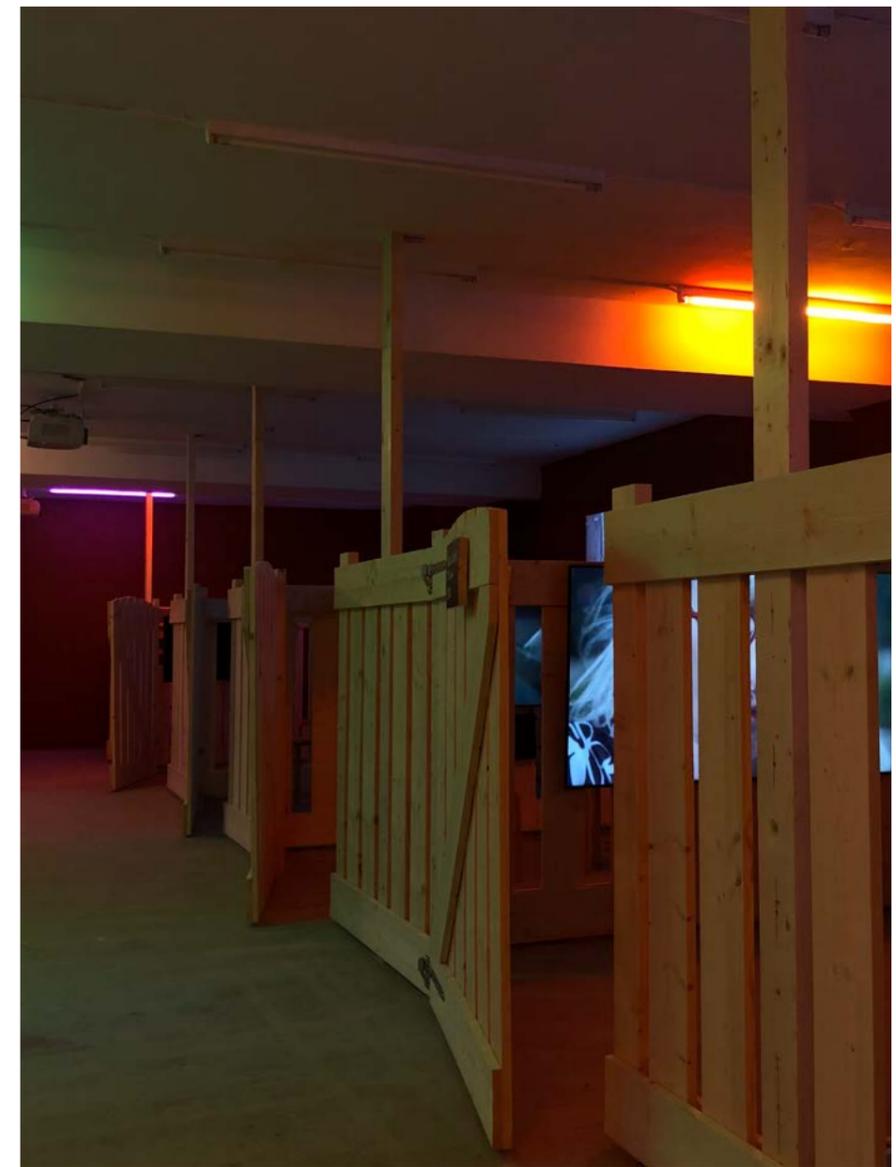
111 *Relentless*

1. Wright, M. M. (2002). *Physical Blackness: Beyond the Middle Passage Epitaph*. US: The University of Minnesota Press, p. 46.  
2. Bhabha, J. (September 2004). *The Inhabitable Zone*. *Texts for Justice*, 10(2), p.108–122.  
3. Bhabha, a great work with attention on his face, is the guardian of the Color Politics on the Lands of the East, as it is known in the City of Calcutta. His eye has covered various — Old Bhabhas, Bhabhas, and Bhabhas — and comes of various colors. It tells the story of the King of Uruk, Gilgamesh. As a result of which we are all perceived from his color, we are perceived as Gilgamesh's double to go on a journey to establish his reputation as a successful king with his extraordinary energy, courage, and power, and search for immortality. To do so, he sought his gods, the war (King decides to risk the possibility of death, Harabha. For more information, Abouk, E. (2005). *The Epic of Gilgamesh and Mesopotamian Mythology*. An Interpretive Essay in *Journal of the American Oriental Society*.  
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5. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1972, p. 145.  
6. Canetti, *The Voices of Marrakesh*, p. 25.  
7. *Ibid.*, p. 26.  
8. Heidegger, *An Introduction to Metaphysics*, p. 132.



Josefin Arnell: CRYBABY at Index Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation in Stockholm. Assistance in exhibition construction and design of the banner and poster for the solo exhibition of Josefin Arnell. February 2024.



Josefin Arnell: CRYBABY at Index  
Swedish Contemporary Art Foundation  
in Stockholm. Banner design.  
February 2024.





2 Cer ceab ac tain no in/ Ti le re qui res and/ To a tion per form in/ Ce so it was o an/ The ther pha se cent. That way the accent manages time necessary to pronounce the phrase.

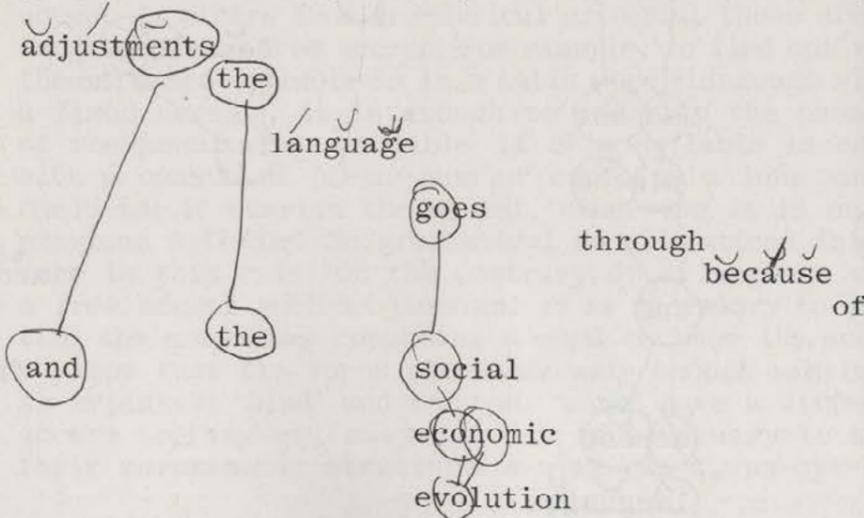
✓ /  
 The ac  
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 U al  
 ✓ /  
 Cent rast  
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 Const

"It remains to determine how, in each accentual unit of each language, the accentual contrast manifests itself, that is to say which is the syllable or the more carrier

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in	La	de	is
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	l'ac		
	pla		
	lan		
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the chap	gu	tion		ul	crib		xed	
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	ges							

It turns out that even in the languages with the free accents, the accent is being applied to a certain syllable because it is being attracted by another morpheme, so the placement of the accent in the free accent languages does not depend only on the historical change



2 Cer ceab ac tain no in/ Ti le re qui res and/ To a tion per form in/ Ce so it was o an/ The ther pha se cent. That way the accent manages time necessary to pronounce the phrase.

The ac/ U al/ Cent rast/ Const

"It remains to determine how, in each accentual unit of each language, the accentual contrast manifests itself, that is to say which is the syllable or the more carrier

✓ / ✓ /  
 The chap ter la  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 L'ac la l'ac de  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 Pla lan ac pla  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 Ac cent cent de

✓ / ✓ /  
 Ced cent ce in  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 Gu a ges es  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 Fonc tion de in  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 Gar pa ul is

✓ / ✓ /  
 Des crib how cent  
 ✓ / ✓ /  
 Fi xed free and

It turns out that even in the languages with the free accents, the accent is being applied to a certain syllable because it is being attracted by another morpheme, so the placement of the accent in the free accent languages does not depend only on the historical change (adjustments the language goes through because of the

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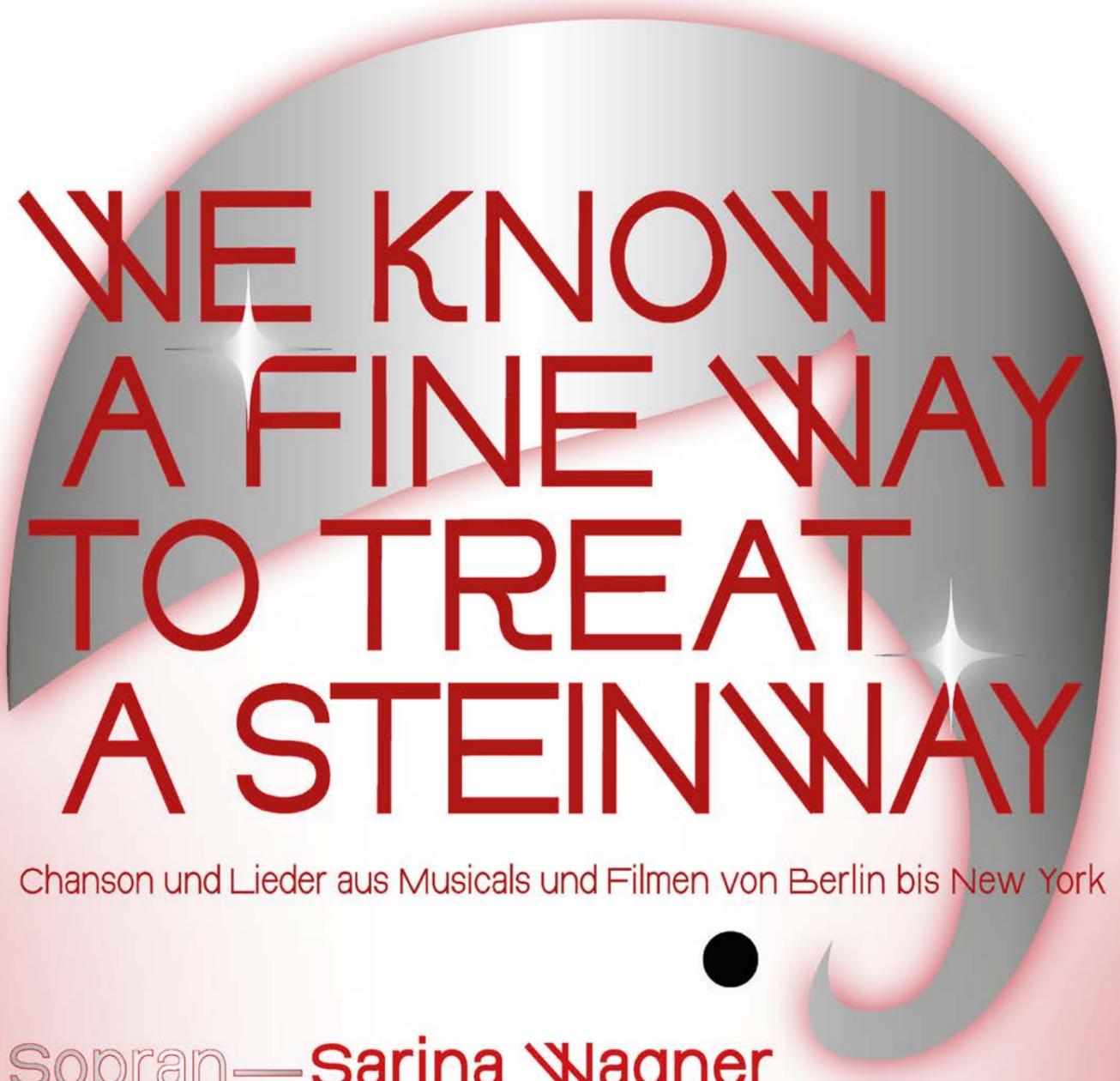
but is also depending on the rules and the grammatical and morphological structures of the language.

"Once this framework is complete, it remains to determine how to manifest, in each accentual unit of each language, the accentual contrast, that is, what is the syllable or the person carrying the accent.

Poster for the series of concerts by  
Beata Prokhorova and Sarina Wagner.  
January 2022.

03.02.2022  
19:00

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