

**AFTER YOU, HELEN
THE NEW WOUNDED, IN A
PERPETUAL STATE OF SHOCK
BECAME A ROCK, I DIDN'T
MINOR STROKE
WHO IT IS
LAND NOT, PLANT!
TEMPLATE TODAY
ALL BODY BY ACCIDENT
REASONS TO FESTER
PAGE MOST DISCUSSED
READY**

**A collection of poems written by
Chloe Chignell and Lili M. Rampre
through a process called transtexting
during the P.A.R.T.S Research Cycle
2017-2018**

**Thank you to the
authors whose words
we fed on and spoke
through...**

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POEMS

#01 After you, Helen.

Afterglowafteryouafterwalkaftertalk
What did we think was important only a few minutes ago?
There is something kept in boxes, everything is a bit soggy.
Documents...
Must be Ireland

What happens in [redacted] stays in [redacted]
Here we go, should I just read it?
What was it you were looking for?
Maybe it was documented better somewhere else...
It is strange to keep paper and pictures in boxes,
arching and suspending into copy-pasted silence
You were once screaming when you wrote like this.
A kind of hyper silence.
Since when did we talk only of silence?

I hear a howling comes out of the middle of you, Helen

At a certain moment conversations create a hole
filled with rhythm, rhythm pouring out.
[redacted] Now nothing is empty,
Once in history, not so far ago and now in a bent knee
I was leading myself there, *with the expectation the with*, still I only saw it when
looking back.

Mediums are beautiful, it's a crime.
Pour the experience out of this and into that, [redacted]
[redacted] a new body without any injury.
This point of translation that's the beauty,
Is that beauty? Dog.
The point of translation is beauty.
The point of translation is dog.
Are there any dogs still owned?
Are there any dogs still owed?
The price to pay..
Companionship is a bit old fashioned

Then diagonals [redacted]
No corner to pee in
What happens in [redacted] stays in [redacted]
Since when did we talk only of silence.

#01 after you, helen.

EXCESS:

that we can't be translated into a dog.

(I - write - this - as - an - excuse - to - live - my - life - the - way - I - want - to)

#02 The new wounded in a perpetual state of shock (for two voices)

Love happens at the end,
Or it's that something ends when love happens.
When all has been said and very little listened to
We feel the hole in the ear, feel the hole in the mouth,
■■■■ both ■■■■ wet, more so than usual.
Nothing really ended, we just felt something had to, it's the ■■■■ way we experi-
enced it before.
Repetition is ■■■■■■ very closetofact.
I checked— things are alive when they wonder.
dERRRRRENGED WAYS of changing -gradually a leap-
both attached to nOTHING much is happening when you're busy (*with or with or
with*) containers are sticky shapes, lawless.

I will write under (y)our cursor:

Not sure which kind of thought would be my own.

■■■■ I trust that ■■■■ my hand has written?
Blue Blue,
towel, hanging, swinging,
wrap my hair and place it in front of the
heater.

A voice sits us down — narrows the space to the level where things have a different
life

Knee-height life-forms

■■■■ Has a lot happened so far? tell me. I don't want to go back and read it all.

I think ■■■■■■ in the mirror

I think of myself, seeing it in the mirror.

The new wounded

The new wounded

The new wounded

(perpetual state of shock)

How light? How light is the ear?

It's a little less than silence to listen

Air quotations ■■■■■■ concentrating on a line

Lines thinking with me, agreeing to couple up with my bones,

■■■ thought ■■ tracked

—no room for free thinking

#02 The new wounded in a perpetual state of shock

#02 The new wounded in a perpetual state of shock

EXCESS:
The moment of meeting announces itself only through density of our auras.
It's just
Cause
When they

#03 Became a Rock. I didn't.

EXCESS:
Such density envelops me
That is also.

#04 Minor Stroke

An a an a an a very fine a and very fine if I stay on the line. online, almost with line, not quite in line. Slipped on edge, fall in margin, fall behind, to stand in love with, almost time.

A woman Is hardly a woman if she has nothing to say
softly a woman when she has something to say. You are.
There is. Not only. Not one but two. Not important that
it's two, but that it is split. That it is one two, one split of
two.

A couple, oh so terrible.

Too far too close, one more, please say.
Why don't you say again.
If not certain, how can you, how do you,
want to proceed.
Certainly in the world
Certainly of the world
Certainly two worlds being both of and in,
neither because of the other.
These questions are certainly nothing other than
questions.
These questions are certain.

A woman Is hardly a woman if she has nothing to say
Softly a woman when she has something to say
■ needs fistsstsss

Make me do pretty moves while I vomit
Decide to burp the resentment and cough out the rage
Three people are necessary to make history
— Two simultaneously and one after
The after tries to forget and only when it fails it can correct
That is a fact, I read it somewhere.
On wet piece of paper, no one asked why.
Ask no one why. The page was wet
Beef steak wet
It was morning.

fall In love with
fall Down Out
fall Into sin
fall Sharply On the Ear
fall Apart
fall Behind
fall Flat From Grace
fall Into line
fall On one's face
fall Short Behind
fall On the battlefield
fall From power
fall From his lips
fall To his knees
fall Far from the tree
fall Prey to
fall Under spell
fall To bits
fall Into the trap
fall Through
fall Off the radar
fall Off the map
fall Hard Asleep

You do make pretty moves while I vomit
Pretty move pretty confident

#04 Minor Stroke

EXCESS:
repetition again Has to So You

#05 Who it is.

■ arrived here as ready mades.
Some other conditions before, a few edges.
We had limits, this is not uncommon,
but our limits were otherwise to the ones you might have.
It's not because we were particularly different.
Rather because we were quite the same.

BUT

to speak in the present...always, no never, no always, no never, yes never confessional or demanding a confession

small lick, tongue wet, slide, fold, close.
-- I know -- ■ never something new
I am known to new things before I know them.
It's a boring but necessary conclusion ■ never meant to be sent.
The space for the address was, was, was, is
filled with my own words
Would never get anywhere,
as flat as all other kinds of paper
fLAT and kind

Flat and kind

To avoid the rhyme that is the compromise between a technology of lying and a ceremony of otherwise fairly honest looking word constellations.
Rhyme too made to die.

A family of objects adopts you and you become their long lost distant cousin. I am simply trying to portray human alienation from objects. I don't know what they really think, couldn't think that thought so didn't.

■ locked out ■

Domesticity collects things.
Makes use of everything.
No waste no waste.
Fearing incest wouldn't be possible.

A jump wanted ■ a poem, so it was, it was
and it was again,
A fragment, not, jumping not between
here and there. But rather making
here *here* and there *there* through jumping.

Then you get the idea
a plastic surgery to resemble an object
Niptuck.
Slice and fold.
No blood.
Clean and cold.
Scalpels made of ice.
Drills made of ice.
No mess no mess.

Then you get the idea
An object to resemble a plastic surgery.
Looking down instead of up, or in, instead of out.
Cough cough, the speech ■ imperfect.
The voice slaps against the throat.
Reminding us all where its coming from.
Who it is, or something like this.
But regardless we hear the slap, feel the slap. Want more slaps.

#05 Who it is.

EXCESS
they didn't try and go somewhere.
a break
again
to get
to get

#06 Land Not, Plant!

What's the matter with meat, hanging next to.
What's your meat with matter, nevertheless, couldn't have been since a while ago.
Old meat, since socrates.
Like a pet, put it outside, chew chew, make teeth strong.
But when was this all said,
Wasn't built without us in mind, just an idea, an old one
And now back to you Old man...
Get rid of that soul.

This is not the place nor the time - but have we learnt nothing from Flesh, have we learnt nothing from Flash

Spoken avoiding its own construction sites
Side stepping just at the moment it needs.
The step too long in the air more like a dance.
Spoken the
Too long of a word
████████████████████
Metaphors we learn are often mouthfucked
Wide open, meat for, ██████████
The double is, is always impossible, otherwise it would be fact.
Metaphor two in the mouth. Two out the mouth.

Language and all its metawhores
Language and all its metawhores

What's the kind of measure to this matter? Do you operate?
Want to cut it open? Find the weave? Thread somewhere inside.
— was promised.

 Ounce says nothing to me as I am used to a metric
 system, but an ounce of fat sounds about right -
it's sounds exploitable, conquerable.

*Feeling atmospheric pressure was a more special occasion today - I interpreted it as
being desirable. The delicate hand size of the world. Sounds a bit like ██████.*

#06 Land Not, Plant!

EXCESS
Sidetracked into a premonition
cute gigantic caress,
Shaving gestures of my father

#07 Template Today

An invisible voice
Will not be invisible if it follows
[redacted] never invisible
Never indivisible neither.

A new opening, onto something, a new organ
That's all.
Small and alone. Discrete one.
That voice: no long nor tall I
A flat somewhat fat, too round, too soft, too many curves to touch.
The I is no good for caressing
one falls down the side of I
Or with ambition perches on top
But will and often does fall down the side.
[redacted]
(Bones in the air — glossy and on display)
Claim opens some muscles and closes others.

On the other hand
We are invisible to the Greeks - we couldn't have been their imagination
[redacted] we went sideways
squashed and touching corners.

Maybe next to someone else's possibility.

Time is vulgar

-not in its quality, but its duration -
in variations of famine and abundance
A little contraction, too much red, too much pulse.
We crave organic stories to renaturalize ourselves
We can wait and wait again,
lengthen into two times waiting.
Holding holding, clasping. Knuckles white.
Spit so thick it doesn't leave the mouth.
Never told the truth.
Lip lip lip. Attached prior to
Bones in the air — [redacted]
how they inflect truth and all such nutritious ingredients
Offerings to thin air [redacted] leave you intact
We are fed, we are nourished.

EXCESS:
for you
You speaking
You
Fuel, fire, knuckles white desire
their future potential.
Maybe.
Estab-lish-lush-full-lip-ocryte
Nevertheless always after.

#08 All body by accident

I begin reading, as a lie in a lie.
As a mouth in a mouth.
Sticky yellow wax
dripping from the bones.
Bones of the mouth, bones of the hands, bones of the combing ribs.
[REDACTED] it's to look into the ear and see it's a mouth.
Smells old.
Wax is the oldest [REDACTED] of the body. Excluding the hard parts of course.

The mouth [REDACTED] more like the stomach [REDACTED] opens itself.

Your body
How funny
If this would be all my body.
If this would be all body. All body.
All body by accident.
- shy when caught.

When speaking blood needs to drip from your lips, otherwise you have said nothing, otherwise you have seeded nothing but a metaphor and self importance and language sauce is thick with that.
Cook longer, spoken thicker. Harder to move. More substantial.

*I want to kill a rabbit after hearing you speak
Or it is the decaying body of the rabbit that I want
to resurrect by your words
by the echo of your words*

—a form of a form, a form of a romf.

Oh turn this inside out, I want to touch the belly.
Wet fur on the inside.
Your body
How funny
If this would be all my body.
If this would be all body. All body.
All body by accident.
Forward by accident of learning
I pouch, I punch, I perch geometry of meat aligns to keep up appearances
— which is doing in the forming.

If form were that stuff of the learning.
That stuff of the thinking to and away.
That stuff of the moving

Is form the stuff of that moving.
[redacted] not the doing - [redacted]
Bow head [redacted], eyes averting . It is a process
of territorialisation.
Making a home with the eyes, averting them and so on.

Need to communicate better.

Architecture - two grasping hands to -
and an excuse to kneel and a way to seep into the ground and an opportunity to
understand yourself as not bound. To think twice instead of once and to have a bit
more trouble than usual. The sky didn't like you so much today, air was a bit harsh,
and soil too wet.
Almost died.
Almost died.

Ah.
No.
Twice again
Nobody hides in plain sight, it's the place to keep your breath, it's the place created
by the breath being kept
Embraced breath divorcing from form
Claiming half of the assets or leaving in peace.

#08 All body by accident

[redacted] deer form
Endlers keep on learning
They don't publish a [redacted] thing - letters in the blood and marrow
Blood is the eyes but always blind SENT nowhere. Sticky
unformed, folded behind.
Eesh fitting [redacted] a learning of wrong forming
Cows [redacted] the only animals not entering into any kind of containers but slaughter-
houses and bellysacks
Looking looking, shaped container, substance.

I do not regret what I eat

said the nail upon entering the desert of the wall
Corruption of small movements finally restores the health - saliva is totally fine
not being useful

#08 All body by accident

EXCESS:

or

, or

It's funny, makes you laugh, the

Always

Bringing

Those

That

That

of the form

#08 All body by accident

Pocket Version (1)

By the echo of your word
spoken thicker
A drip from your lips
Harder to move.
As a lie in a lie.
shy when caught.
As a mouth in a mouth.
I begin reading

Pocket Version (2)

I thought twice instead of once and had a bit more trouble than usual. Found an excuse to kneel and a way to seep into the ground and an opportunity to understand myself as not bound. The sky didn't like me so much today.

#08 All body by accident

#08 All body by accident

Pocket Version (3)

Your body

How funny

If this would be all my body.

If this would be all body. All body.

All body by accident.

#09 Reasons to Fester

Responsible expertise ██████████
concerned with her own fame
dutiful to orientations

lthatsqueezeOthemselvesObetweenkingsandOqueens
tearingtowards

Not without subject
This this on
the inside is the question
█████ if there inside is, what that inside is, kathy?

Ache, ache. Her.
Tear it out of two two essentials, some of those nice smelling oils.
Pig's sweat couldn't be on par with me

A no-sense nonsense can't see through.
Kind █████ dust to the air, full green on spine.
Punk hurts Tough little squares standing behind.
Cake aches Never needed for this kind of talk.
Cross jumps Feet are always hidden.
Sweet little puff, two euros, small table, pretty little people.
Over over, yellow ball out of hand. 4 lines to jump.
Dragon tears is the name of the game

*Violence is **not** akin to speech*
*Commas are **no** swords or poisons*
*Counter me in **genetic predispositions***
(this should all be spoken very fast, yet precise, just saying)

It is a violence, their nodding, this yes, that is the violence.
Fingernails █████ eyes, pulling out that water. with eyes yes, skin no.

Come make roar:
This that you not come not are not as is not a definition it is
a nefinition

Find that end in the middle
of decision. point those sticks into that one.
We move. dragon tears in a linen bag.
A gain. prepared for that dusche.
Scrub up that, rinsing off that water bag. now empty and wet.

#09 Reasons to Fester

Excess:
There is no mention of the little boy
Yet
of hand

Pocket Version

Commas are no swords or poisons
Over over
4 lines to jump
Kind dust in air

#10 Page Most Discussed

[page1]

If I sound different it's only because I live like a list now
Words up on the heavy end and I have nothing in my hands.
We refer to each other, have nothing in common,
See it, *that* in the mirror, *when* does it look like me?

Head twist pelvis pelvis jump head slowly backs friction twist wringing. Growth
up from, rooted in the and weaved through. Squeeze a bit here and there. Things
only bend and then don't. Small amount of circling possible.

Is that really what? Or really when?

Confusion never inhabits me when I'm in movement

High price of that *SHINE* and spleen and seen.

Small spaces refusing to be places

High up, high arch, confusion to be picked by birds fistfing on your chest
If only I could have that foot to press against.
Grounded by one foot.
Reaching into washington.

She told me ■ didn't wash her tongue.
Gripped and slung.

And I line up all the words starting in S
Love to get my tounge stuck in the teeth
Have a ■ spit ■ you.
The thick buzz covers you, or covers what would be between you and another
thing.
Hovers, feels hot and busy, why did you bring it with you.

[page 2]

Didn't want that poetry to be in the real world
Real world
Of all that quick panic.
Star gazing, roof's on, nothing to see.
Then we (many) were on that long built thing, low to the ground between
buildings.
It's more of an arrow than anything else I've seen.

I have never before said what I really meant
I take your poem and make it a new rule
Objectionable, I take that word for tool.

*You are too horrible to write poetry.
Crushing out of the ink through old pens, not yours.*

Cancel cancel. This is a riot.
On pages 67 and 68 it will be more recognisable.

The line before, considering when and what if this were ballet.

Is [redacted] space [redacted] this text
I rely on my one foot and I lick around me
I dance speech
Air

[redacted] never a problem
Heaviness enters back door
No one knows what that really means.
The room has no arrows, maybe to feel, but not to see.
Can get no point through [redacted] the sight.

It was ballet, unobtrusive.
Like smooth jazz should be
able to swallow and smile.
dispassionate with hearts instead of eyes
Love invading this woman
Long invading this woman

Heard her say here

I am well protected against new words
Romantic capitalism is all [redacted] left with me
[redacted] hushed into a strong standing leg
Of of Of of
Of
Just one leg, or whole body on floor.
[redacted] two options left.

Resilience is [redacted] these tall girls sometimes lift the knee cap,
[redacted] not a feeling.
[redacted] need to be beautiful.
[redacted] muscle drops over.

[page 3]

Now this is noise

Leaking out of this floor for care
Floor to care
And into an icon of ground
Got dirt in my eye
Blinked more than three times

Some laying down will do
I'll do it for you
Looking over and this time moving arms.

If this sky could be all those ideas we put there.

Then maybe this place... holding.
A placeholder prepared for the shape I thought life would have
world would have

Got it wrong,

the placeholder was
uninvited and contained

nothing corresponded to noone.

So much of plausible deniability between me and her

Could balance ■ blur ■?

Would we all hold our breath if ■ unsupported?

Competing for the right question

■ wife ■ heard what you heard

On the floor right there

Strangled with the muffled voice

Careful choreography of questioning

disturbed everything all the same.

Constant change like that shade of gray. The one the floor has, had.

■
All changes saved

This was all **Not so many things published.**

Between.

Her incoming insight

Touch the floor not touched touch your knees not touched touch your breath not

touched touch the word consumed

Not so many things

|page4|

Sharp hands in choir:

yes, thank you— but they pound their flesh.

Flapping

Skin red. Eyes also.

Race of red questions.

Red red and repeated, wanted double the answer.

And if I move in slow motion what ■?

All questions saved

However the front cover read MIRACLE.

This was an object approached from the side

Not touched
Come back you don't want

[Page 5]

Couldn't tidy my desk, I wasn't too busy, didn't have too little or too much
ambition.
Some things don't happen.
Eyes so covered impossible to open
Seeing will not be an advantage anyway
Informed and prepared by softcore punctuation

#10 Page Most Discussed

EXCESS:
a bit of
would kill you
The
Excites me
above stations
ofofofof
Tiptoeing in sync with the rhythm of her thoughts
to me whenever
to be touched
But
Pelvis scapulas, liver and kidneys.
looks quiet
but we
Constant constant,

Pocket Version (1)

Have
Eyes so covered impossible to open
... her incoming insight.
didn't have too little or too much
a reason to spit on you
Softcore— not touched

#10 Page Most Discussed

Pocket Version (3)

to me whenever
to be touched
Touch the floor
Touch the word consumed

#10 Page Most Discussed

#10 Page Most Discussed

Pocket Version (4)

prepared for the shape
i thought life would have world
well protected against new words
I am

Pocket Version (5)

Come back
This was
Saved
Or it depends
Consumed.

#10 Page Most Discussed

#11 Ready

What was the beginning? *this is the attempt of all stories.*
What will come? *this is the attempt of all stories not concerned with beginnings.*
Who are we? *this is the attempt of all stories not concerned with beginning or ending.*
We make a story without attempt.
Contempt neither.

Shape and line shape
and line shape and line shape and line
(2 voices)

Intention shy steps out of the skin, half a toenail long
Bodytalk overflowing all matters of conversation
Going without address, nothing in particular.
Carrying, containing, nesting, resting, stilling
Tropical regions (sensible)

A stone.
It's traceless, timeless, untouchable
Its familiar, makes you think of home.
Places for this and places for that.

More time

A we never did anything great,
—he said
Signed by him.
Signed.
Said by him
For him
Embodied yes
Embottled
Just one.
Not parts.
Indivisible.
A bottle embodied. Signed by one.
Signed by the one not made up from parts
The whole one.
The wish to [REDACTED] have more than what you can grasp
Holding [REDACTED] one thing from another

Ginned, whiskeyed, rummed, vodka-ed, porto-ed, cuba-libra-ted or pure spirited
The
Extremity
flexibility... or maybe not
Filled. With what?

oatmeal in the morning

Concave

Convex

Vexing

vixon

There is no hero to this story

and line shape

We cannot tell it

and line shape

The told ■ then joining the magnetic forces ■

hasn't been properly listened to

We try and fail again, no one tells the same story

No hero no hero

There is too many, we are too simple for many

Stick

I cry information

My files stocked in handkerchiefs

Somebody please correct me, I am out of line, out of shape, thin in my sense and thick in my persuasion that I should continue doing the wrong thing, half of the wrong thing at least - Half empty or half full.

#11 Ready

EXCESS:

Maybe we just

it is holding

Story going, going.

Unfolding and folding, unfolding and folding.

Defect in to whatsnt havent been to long ago yes it was. I I I asked this question once in a moment which was of intensity too. This content holding one isnt of the same sort as what is of is this. Sourcing physically. Transmitting shapes

I would put the gin in the middle of the room too.

That was not news, it is, was not, was not is, were not, but could be.

Something a little torn, with sticky red liquid.

Blood.

Loads of meat under the armpit - all decaying on the inside. The armpit rests around a bend. Its porous, the bend flexes into the pit, curve in curve.

Working 15 hours a week, better conditions than proletarians

Circle on the floor, sweeping. Close to the others in the room.

It was right it wasnt right

Probable probing

Portion

Palatably understandable

change

Hunting becomes about stories about the hunt

Labour away

What is a curious thing - before you get to know it it has its own avatar and is representing you

You do not know what it is, but you do know wht it is ready for

I cant believe any of that anyway, we just dont know

We dont know what we know

To leave it unknown...

And we do

But we dont know what we are doing at the same time in a sense we also do

Containing knowledge subjectively inclined but yet

Rules of editing

Excess makes the non excessive seem important and failure means words happen in other ways.

We needs to be established.

The problem of the We needs to be preserved.

Manifesting will not take care of itself.

Accept no time limits

Empty space is not always as empty as it might seem.

Retitle each edit.

TRANCE-TEXTING

Transtexting is a choreographic tool and collective writing score. It explores the body's implication in poetic production positioning the body and its movement as a listening aid, acting as a filter; a net capturing words, syntax and sounds.

We move together as a mode of listening, a way to be with the text. Transtexting is a way to entangle ourselves in the voices of others. The listening is the encounter with an other voice and the writing a process of producing a collective voice. With an orientation toward feminist and queer authors we move through poetry, theory and fiction listening and writing with the body as mediator.

This publication collects texts that have been produced through transtexting. In staying with the complexities and opacities of an authorship that speaks as a *we*, we have taken the listening practice into writing and editing. Transtexting has also been used in workshops and studio practice as a way of spending embodied time with text without moving toward textual production.

INTERVIEW

The following is a conversation between Lili M. Rampre and Chloe Chignell that moves through some of the experiences, thoughts and problems encountered throughout the listening, writing and editing.

Chloe: Maybe I can start just by asking how you began working with transtexting? You were once talking about complaint and feminist knowledge production and I thought it would be great if you could expand on those thoughts here as a way to situate the beginning of this method.

Interview

Lili: I started moving to texts (recorded lectures and presentations, speeches online) in a.pass¹, as a very personal solution to familiarizing myself with the work of number of authors I didn't want to get to know by (only) reading their work. My approach was based on questions of what does it mean to get to know someone's work, someone's thought, through which medium? I was confronted with my body's complaint - I could not "study" a text in a sedentary position; reading or listening to texts seated just seemed cutting myself short of how I could otherwise encounter the text, in a more activated way. So I started moving to the text - not that I treated it musically (or not only), but began developing different approaches to different voices, studying my own attention in movement and slowly conceived of movement as a listening aid. I considered movement to enable me to hear and access pockets of the text, enter folds and wrinkles of its content and harvest the affective charge of the speaker. Listening to someone's speech through movement (in)formed me about how they are in their own bodies and how their thought inhabits them. Or at least that was the intriguing fantasy I developed around it. A fictional attempt to feel how they felt when they produced the speech. Lacan, Žižek, Federici's recordings were among the first ones to test this on/with. I documented it by writing or recording my voice, whatever I thought I digested. That's where the idea of a net appeared as the basics of a 2-fold method; I wrote down, recorded what my movement had caught in the initial phase. Then I tried it with a group of people at a.pass, which proved it to be a fertile method, sparking many interesting conversations around movement-text-memory-authorship-feminist critique of discourse production. I have later concentrated on specifying particular scores for writing as well as listening, for instance; listening through a body part. Collective writing happened already then, but as a shared activity not sharing the outcome, meaning each would write their own text and then share it with others to reflect on it. We were not producing a collective, one voice, we did not merge our words, writing was considered more of a recording, testimony or documentation of the process. Then I met you... :)

Your suggestion to share the writing process in a google document added a tremendous value to the previous practice and turned it into even a more complex one; we went from asking how do we listen to voices to how do we create one together and what is that listening that is happening in the writing?

I took positionality quite literally - let's suppose my movement and temporary positions allow me to access to hear things I otherwise couldn't. The name of transtexting is very straightforward too – writing down what went beyond, across, what has been received differently because of moving and what made it to the other side, from another place or state of the voices we listen to. Texting seemed right because I wasn't sure what the writings would be about or what form they could take on, but it was more about receiving a message from the speech.

Chloe: Entering into the process or practice (such a devil of a word) of transtexting was an exciting way for me to activate a very situated knowledge³ gathering, where gathering is also considered a form of production: all thanks to Ursula and her Carrierbag theory³. Transtexting places us in an extremely contingent situation; it is the meeting of our bodies, in movement, with an author; her voice and thoughts. Transtexting as a method takes care of the relation of these two materials or events: the body and text, it does not say how they should interact or what form of power or affect they should produce, it sets up a situation where they meet. With enough agency on either side so as to agree to an opacity of this experience, to say we don't know exactly what this meeting contains, but we insist to unfold that meeting through writing together.

Lili: You mentioned that there's a high level agreement on opacity in our duet - I presume you meant in the editing of the collectively written text? Could you expand on agreement and permission in the collaboration and perhaps the effect/outcome of the work?

Chloe: Yes, it is what I find terribly exciting in our writing together (and terribly in the true sense of terrible). Because of the contingency of the situation we set up and undertake; we agree to work together without knowing exactly how. We agree to not quite know what is unfolding. The opacity⁴, which I think of as some kind of irreconcilable difference, shows itself in all three stages of the work: the dancing, writing and editing. It is just that the opacity shows up differently in the three stages. In the dancing, the process is opaque to ourselves, before even considering our interaction, we don't know what the meeting of our body and the text precisely does. It has not been of strong interest to either of us to pin down what this process is, in this sense transtexting has been a protocol more than a method⁵. I can never precisely know how you are listening to the text, and I am happy in my ambivalence. Which at the same time allows me to integrate you in my process, to let feeling and seeing you moving act as an expansion of my 'listening' body. In the writing the opacity arises through us bringing forth that experience simultane-

ously. We write together and so what I write is always transformed by what you do and vice versa. Despite any of our intentions or despite the most clear and precise thought we compose, we are always pulling on each others writing, the meaning is moving. Our writing is not composing the whole text but rather works locally and the form of the text is produced through our relation. In the editing it feels like we are at our most transparent with each other and it is the text as a third object which is opaque. We have to come back and figure out what we were processing what we wanted to bring to the surface through these words. And sometimes to agree together to not understand what we have written but let it continue to tangle us in thought. And politically I think it is something I find very important in any form of knowledge production, an agreement that there will be difference and unfolding understanding. I often feel that in understanding one another we have to perform a certain transparency as if language were made entirely of light. I would rather think of empathy than understanding, whilst they can work towards a similar goal (ethical relationships). I think empathy can work with opacity, empathy can stand alongside and support the 'not you' of words and feeling, whereas understanding often tries to destroy opacity for a kind of knowledge that is see through.

Lili: Yes, rejecting understanding or some kind of truth for the precision of the insight. Transtexting indeed seems like a good simulation of the misunderstanding that is always at work between elements that want to relate, interact or communicate.

Chloe: Yes, I think transtexting really activates this question of understanding, what does understanding propose as a way of being together? Is it a bridging project, a speculation, is it a shared pointing finger? What do we precisely mean when we have both understood something? I think these questions have also appeared in the texts we have listened to; through the poetry, fiction and theory, it seems information, or language as a carrier, was always at stake.

Lili: And we were mostly listening to voices that we wanted to understand more and surround ourselves with. These were in fact all female authors if I'm not mistaken, poets, essayists, scholars, philosophers, writers. It's also interesting that we always listened to the author's voice herself, only once did we listen to a recording of someone reading the text of Ursula K. Le Guin. This makes me think we wanted an immediate transfer of someone's physicality into our own, so that the text doesn't get interpreted by a third party speech apparatus. I think the desire to get to know an author found fertile ground here; information was not passively received, but rather the process opened us for ways the text could find us and spend time together. I am reminded now of the workshop we held together with Thomas Birzan at the CND in Paris. One of the participants reported in one of the feedback rounds that although he liked the idea and the method, he found it disrespectful to place the text of an author, that for instance had an impact on him (in that particular case Audre Lorde), next to a dancing body, to sort of put them

eye to eye, as if using a text/recording like this would, in a way, devalue the work. I see it as quite the opposite. But another participant countered that by saying that the transtexting approach releases her of fears that she will not understand the text, through this method she trusts the encounter; that there will be something left, a residue, a sediment in the body. She found it to be a reassuring way of meeting a text. These two examples testify that transtexting is obviously to some degree effectively challenging the notion of knowledge and its production; who can do it and in what way? how should it be consumed and what kind of attention it demands (quite literally, cognitive attention)? I think transtexting's feminist aspirations are mostly reflected in its efforts to redefine listening and to entangle voices as a base for feminist modes of production.

Chloe: I think transtexting is also aligned with many feminist writing strategies. Helene Cixous writes about the importance of women writing in *The Laugh of The Medusa*: “Woman must put herself into the text — as into the world and into history— by her own movement.”⁶ Whilst movement here is a metaphor for the agency of women's voices and bodies, when taken literally it is quite a precise description of transtexting.

We continue to activate differences and multiplicities through the listening and writing. We produce a contingent subjective authorship, our writing overflows both of our voices. It cultivates an extra subjective writing, “the wonder of being several”⁷. We do not listen or write with a generic *I* or *You* and there is no hosting of a male objectivity⁸. Each time we write, a new *we* is formed and it is in such junctions that the bodies implication in language, and into a process of knowledge production articulates. It is interesting then to think what kind of body we produce or inhabit through the listening practice?

One way I have been thinking of the listening body is as *host body*, which is a figure I have also been busy with outside of transtexting. It is to open my own body so as to carry other subjectivities, thoughts and voices. As a way to challenge my own constitution, feeling myself as also other. In the writing this host body is a way of pushing how my own voice performs. The texts we listened to were chosen not only based on what was being said but because of a certain kind of writing or speaking that we wanted to inhabit. It was a way to write through someone else's voice, to try out someone else's lines of narrative or argument. To have a small vacation from our own writing voices. Through this approach I think I never came to expect what you would write, despite developing basic familiarity with each other, it sustained an excitement for me not knowing how your embodiment of the text or author would change your writing.

Lili: The Host body is, I think, an obvious metaphor to use in transtexting, as we are looking for ways to let the voice inhabit us. We displace the capacity of understanding the meaning of a text onto the movement, letting it drop from the pedestal of understanding. Our hosting gesture is for sure also a political choice, to decide, even if in that little space and short time span of transtexting practice, who

are the voices we want to hear and listen to, how do we together shape the cannon for our collaboration. “If we allow the body to breathe more voices, then indirectly we make the canons breathe as well.”⁹

The people we chose to evocate in our sessions are the people we also wanted to write through. That is not to say we wanted to adopt their style, but it has been an influence for sure. The line of dry humoured canadian ladies¹⁰ we have been listening to can be traced in our writing— through matter-of-fact statements we’ve populated our texts with. But more than the style, the aim was re-canonizing, preserving the women’s writings lineage and being infected by their thought. Since we haven’t relied on any scholarly methods of analysis, we haven’t had a goal of how to understand them. We didn’t expect what to hear and very often in the writing I would say we were surprised about the outcome. In reading the poems we wrote together I realised each time what it was I actually listened to, according to how I was able to host a voice and what I heard. We weaved a specific hearing. My golden nugget from this process is not to assume what component of writing will produce meaning the way I would intend it to. That has definitely been a relief of a burden, an immersion into the alchemy of writing and a benefit of a collaborative writing together with you.

Interview

Chloe: The canonizing is also an important political part of our collaboration. Which offers a kind of reciprocal support, we get to lean on the voice and words of these authors and through that leaning the authors writing is carried into new voices. It performs a very tangled history, it entirely rejects the unprecedented and celebrates an artistry that weaves and draws lines of relation. (It rejects the author figure whose thoughts emerge from isolation or insanity rather than through a sticky and beautiful network of relations.) How is this canonizing also related to your more personal history? Or maybe the question is... does this canon write you as well as a broader history?

Lili: I was busy with how women choreographers have been writing or have been written into the (dance) history. The intricacies of such artistic practices from a position of a body that is highly socially written and formed. I’m referring to my P.A.R.T.S. finishing piece ‘The Structure of a Feeling’, where I am basically wondering how do strategies of navigating a public space, that I adopt as a woman, shape my choreographic practice. In the future I hope to use choreographers’ voices in the practice of transtexting too. But to come back to the question more concretely; what I think transtexting provided for me was to close some gaps between old and new narratives and open new holes in the tapestry of tangled history. It became so obvious that the gap, a point of not relating, or not understanding an idea from the past, was not to be immediately remediated, and construct a bridge to it, but respect the inaccessibility of that idea and rather study the gap. I thought our writing filled or stretched the gaps that appeared between the voice we listened to, a piece of history and our situated listening selves. The writing was a sort of minimal reconciliation, it settled things, but didn’t leave them at neutral ground - our texts were keeping score about where the two converged,

the past subjectivities and ours. Writing in transtexting was a sort of language acupuncture- testing this newly constructed body of a text and pressuring into the entanglements' joints.

Lili: In our conversation you mentioned something that rarely entered our discussions or was not articulated at least- namely desire. We only did things we wanted to, from the dancing we like to do/are capable of producing, to writing - it's all about the desire to do them and therefore nothing to prove or reach. What do you think we left as unknown or were willing to be surprised by? What expectations did we have?

Chloe: Yes, desire had a lot of space which I think was produced through taking transtexting as protocol rather than method. For me the goal or outcome was articulated as a form rather than to produce a particular knowledge or affect. We wanted to think with the authors we chose but transtexting did not constitute a means to an end with these texts. We agreed to listen through dancing and to produce a text from this, which is somewhat of a minimum goal. It doesn't really produce an ambition that transtexting cannot fulfill. Which, I remember, at some point produced its own friction in articulating transtexting as research. How can we recognise knowledge in this space where the criteria we were working with (the protocols) primarily affirms our actions? I was reading *Language as Inquiry* by Lyn Hejinian recently and she talks about where and how knowledge happens in poetry.¹¹ She proposed acknowledgement as the way poetry practices knowledge, poetry comes to know *that* something is but not *what* that thing is. "And to know *that* without [knowing] *what* is to know otherness."¹² It is about pointing to an unknown in some way. I found this an interesting way to think of the kind of knowledge that transtexting produces. Through the minimum goal of writing a text, we set the writing as our field of inquiry. We write in order to find something in that writing, and this acknowledging is a thinking process, it keeps the text active. I think the minimum goal sustained the research; we were interested in how (qualitatively) to listen and write, observing the different bridges and holes that appear between the two processes. Such knowledge has been produced through our experience of the protocols and surfaced through qualitative shifts in the writing, entangling our thinking together to feel when the friction (and beauty) of a *we* authorship is at play.

Lili: The transtexting sessions were very playful, as not much was at stake either, yet our editing process continues to be a mind boggling thing. We know *that* it is, but not really *what* it is— to repeat Lyn Hejinian again— despite the set rules. For me it was far from the most transparent part as you say. During the listening-moving phase, despite difficulties to pinpoint that contingent process, one can at least start to recognize their own habitual approaches, however the writing was even more opaque. Our editing contained this weird contradiction of straightforwardness and simplicity in "negotiation", yet quite a mystery why we edit the way we do. Some rules are clearly in line with our feminist values, but how this enabled

the smoothest ever decision making process still fascinates me. Of course the trust of our friendship was a fertile ground for this joint endeavour.

Chloe: Yes, I think our friendship played an important role in this collaboration. I think it gave us a permission to base decisions on desire, which was enabled by a certain trust that we have in each other. Our work together stretches across quite vast territory and nothing was ever excluded (although at some points we tried), we had a large space to be in together and this let our writing wander. Which brings me back to thinking of situated knowledges and how you were talking about a feeling of un-situatedness in transtexting could you explain more how this might function or feel? I was curious about this, as I think of transtexting as a kind of multiple situatedness, an intersected ground with joints you can feel.

Lili: Un-situatedness in transtexting? Of course, situatedness and positionality are an important focus in our artistic research approach. But, I was referring more to the experience during the listening itself. Sliding of the contexts, moving through different nodes of space and time as voices translate you to other places and other bodies, the body is being constructed anew from all these junctions and that seems to be the place of writing.

Chloe: [*making a leap here*] Maybe we can talk about speculation? You had some interesting questions on this?

Interview

Lili: Besides the fact that we have listened to quite some SF writers, science fiction, speculative fabulation, what has arisen as an issue in one of our sessions is the responsibility that comes with speculation. Although we passed and were transported between texts (and worlds) and did produce our own, our approach was not one of a colonizer; appropriating what we found, but rather reconsidering our responsibility towards them. I would identify the editing part as the place of our speculative momentum— how are we continuing someone's else's thought, the afterthought of the thought we just spent time with? Although worlding is very trendy part of contemporary art discourse, we rarely address the responsibility for imagining.

In what ways are we responsible for our speculative proposals and for that which might follow as their afterthought? How and how far do works work? And are there degrees of this accountability and therefore more or less influential/dangerous art forms in carrying the potential to produce “offspring”? Actually, I seem to pull out this question from the position of the singular, unprecedented that would like to trace back to the “culpable”. Interwoven subjectivities and understanding authorship as a field of relations would be oriented much more towards tending to new thinking conditions produced and sustaining the trouble speculative proposals might bring about. This implies different conception of responsibility and how it's being practiced. What do you think poetry is in that regard?

Chloe: Yes it's an interesting point, I agree that transtexting does not have such strong appropriation tendencies. We don't claim what we write or listen to, we tangle ourselves in it, complicating the *I* and *You* with the *We*. Even in our writing together it is not easy (and rather boring) to point at it and say 'mine!'. Nevertheless, I do think the question of responsibility in relation to speculation is interesting. I was at a dance festival in Italy recently and they were busy with the term co-responsibility, which was an orientation toward thinking post-colonial futures. However this term co-responsibility seems to activate a kind of proprietorial notion of responsibility, a division as if in economic terms. For me responsibility is not finite; it is awareness, action, intention and care in relation. We can all take a full responsibility and work together with the fullness of responsibility. And I think in speculative practices this full responsibility is especially important, to also think togetherness on terms outside of economics. Which for me is also a significant part of poetry's contribution to the world, it is a language which speaks in divergence, difference and withdrawal. It is a slippery object for an economy to move. And at the same time the slipperiness of poetry produces a particular position of an author. How is it possible to assume total accountability for all the ways your words might echo? What form of responsibility can be activated or is adequate to an object such as a poem? In the poems that follow in this book the *We* authorship allows ideas, characters and sometimes figures that I don't agree with to be present. However, because of the nature of poetry, I think it I can still take full responsibility of the work, as a field of intention and a material composition. The things that I don't agree with may not even appear in relation with another reader. I am not sure what to say for the danger of poetry in relation to other art forms. I like to think of it as a very volatile language and there is danger in volatility.

notes

Interview

- 1 a.pass - advance performance and scenography studies based in Brussels
- 2 Haraway, Donna. "Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective." *Feminist Studies* 14, no. 3 (1988): 575. In this essay Haraway brings forth the notion of context and conditionality in research. Challenging the esteemed objectivity of the sciences as "an external, disembodied point of view" that speaks in absolutes. This objectivity is only granted to neutral bodies, a 'Marked Body' being any marginal or oppressed identities cannot have their points of view separated from who they are. Situated knowledges argues for a form of knowledge production where perspective is brought forth as a way to meet difference, to encourage exchange of ideas. Where the landscape of a certain knowledge is proliferated through the intersecting perspectives.
- 3 K., Le Guin Ursula. *Dancing at the Edge of the World: Thoughts on Words, Women, Places*. New York, NY: Grove, 1997.
- 4 Opacity is a mode of relating that includes difference, to practice opacity is to not reduce or dominate another language or identity into your own. These ideas on opacity arise in Glissant's book *Poetics of Relation*, in a chapter titled *For Opacity* he claims "the right to opacity" in a manifesto like essay, his language too withdraws and folds in diverging ways, he writes in a language of Opacity. His notions on speaking in and with otherness have stayed with me for a long time. Glissant, Édouard, and Betsy Wing. *Poetics of Relation*. Page 189-194. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 2010.
- 5 Where a method would be a set of procedural tasks moving toward a repeatable outcome, a protocol articulates a set of conditions for action, something closer to rules.
- 6 Hélène Cixous, Keith Cohen, and Paula Cohen, "The Laugh of the Medusa," *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* 1, no. 4 (Summer, 1976): page 875 of 875-893.
- 7 *Ibid* 5 page 877
- 8 Reference again to Donna Haraway's *Situated Knowledges* and the objective position being one of the neutral body, the body which can speak in universals and absolutes. This objectivity is granted to bodies that are politically invisible: cis, white, male, heterosexual.
- 9 Ghekiere, Ilse. "Breathing into The Canon — One Year of Feminist Reading." *Corpus*, July 09, 2018. <http://www.corpusweb.net/breathing-into-the-canon.html>.
- 10 For example: Lisa Robertson, Anne Carson and Sina Queyras
- 11 Hejinian, Lyn. *Language of Inquiry*, University of California Press, 2000.
- 12 *Ibid* 11 page 2

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**Sara Ahmed
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Ursula K. Le Guin
Audre Lorde
Catherine Malabou
Eileen Myles
Maggie Nelson
Sadie Plant
Sina Queyras
Lisa Robertson
Gertrude Stein**

Lili M. Rampre

Lili M. Rampre (Slovenia, 1981), received her BS in Physics. She pursued her dance education and moved to Germany, where she obtained her MA diploma at HfMDK, Frankfurt. In the past her artistic engagements as a choreographer as well as a performer have been supported by various venues and institutions: Mousonturm, Modul dance, Hessische Theaterakademie, Pact Zollverein, tanzrecherche NRW, Akademie der Künste der Welt Köln, Tanzhaus NRW, where she is still active. After finishing a pass, artistic research program in Brussels, Lili has continued with her choreographic practice in Research Cycle at P.A.R.T.S., where she recently developed a trio Structure of a feeling as a finishing piece of the program.

Chloe Chignell

Chloe Chignell (australia) is a dancer and choreographer based in Brussels. In 2018 she finished the P.A.R.T.S research cycle led by Bojana Cvejic where she developed her new work ...as if leaking. Chloe has a Bachelor in Dance from Victorian College of the Arts, (Melbourne).

She was a DanceWEB recipient for Impulz Tanz 2015. In 2017 She studied a writing and residency program at DOCH (Stockholm). As a choreographer Chloe has been commissioned by the Keir Choreographic Award for the creation of Deep Shine (Melbourne) touring to Japan for The Awaji Art Festival. She presented a short work forever in both directions for the Venice Biennale's Biennale of Dance College Program (2017). As a dancer Chloe has worked for Adriano Wilfert Jensen, Anna Gaiotti, Gry Tingskog, Atlanta Eke, Ellen Söderhult, Marten Spångberg, and James Bachelor performing in Australia and across Europe. Chloe is also co-editor of This Container magazine, developed in Stockholm with Maia Means. Her writing has been published by Indigo Dance Magazine (PAF) and Realtime (Australia). She has developed choreographic writing and reading formats hosted by Kottinspekionen (Stockholm) and PAF (France). She is co-initiator of PO\$\$E a dance and reading group based in Stockholm.
www.chloechignell.com

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A collection of poems written by Chloe
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