



THIS CONTAINER

Edition 06
July 2018

This Container is an open host for text and documents that come through and alongside choreographic thinking. It's a recipe, but not for eating; a sequel to everything up until now; horizontal tourism; many feminists' elegy; opinions weakened with time; an inaudible lesbian opera; a future ballet manifesto; dances and desires; cheating discipline; purposely misplaced; only poems; statements and speculations; a diagram for artistic research; and an incomplete encyclopaedia of random knowledge and dear dances. This Container takes shape according to its content, without organising through prominent narratives or figures, this container wants to weave, leaving holes and threads between the forms of writing. It began in Stockholm, 2016.

THIS CONTAINER
EDITION 06
JULY 2018

Editors:
Chloe Chignell
Maia Means
Ellen Soderhult

Design:
Chloe Chignell

I want to show you a body

pg_00000	In The Near Future <i>Ellen Soderhult</i>
pg_00001	Hosting Unknown <i>Anya Kravchenko</i>
pg_00000	Someone Found Poems in the Theatre <i>Chloe Chignell</i>
pg_00000	Retelling, a method <i>Maia Means</i>
pg_00000	Remembering, a method <i>Maia Means</i>
pg_00007	Foreign Language for Beginners <i>Irina Georghe</i>
pg_00000	Script for a poem <i>Chloe Chignell</i>
pg_00005	Ultimate Fantasies <i>Jennifer Boyd with P0\$\$E</i>
pg_00000	TITLE <i>Zoe Puloch</i>
pg_00000	TITLE <i>Anna Bontha</i>
pg_00000	Future City Inflatable <i>Deborah Birch</i>
pg_00005	Blue Boots <i>Oda Brekke</i>
pg_00000	92i Veyron <i>Alle Dicu</i>

IN THE FUTURE

this container edition 06
[page 003]

Ellen Soderhult

In the future,
we *will* ask our-
selves, what sto-
ries are told, by
whom, in what
way and what
truths that are
confirmed or con-
tested through
those stories.

In the **fUTURE**, the definition of art is absolutely dissociated from capital and institutional power. In the future Art is not bound to or about a specific formal training, techniques, genres or institutions or styles but rather about how the materials, techniques, proposals and spaces are approached, engaged with and negotiated. Art thus appear as a sort of poetic practice which is a participation in forming and a negotiation with what is, what has been and what could be, a practice of allowing something to affect oneself and others while also informing, forming and directing it. Negotiating it towards the future, through bold, soft, anxious and other aesthetic experiences and propositions.

In the future, dance art is as much as books considered a valuable resource and a treasure to be shared, a phenomenal way of shifting perspective, attending to other dimensions and power training one's perceptual abilities. As such, in the future it is not contradictory or weird that dance and all other

The definitions of value and quality are detached from institutions and from capital. The definition of amateur more associated to the love for something than as an opposition to professional.

In the future the question we are asked from kinder garden about what

more popular than the cinemas. However, ticket sales are not taken into consideration when programming, and people are very chilled about appreciating something strange nobody else sees the charm in.

In the future heavy, dramatic, epic art, nature meditation-art, anxiety-dripping confession-like art and sweaty, sporty art with a sense of humor share audiences. Audiences that consider both equally serious inputs in an ongoing reconstitution of the notion of art.

In the future society is not segregated and through for example basic income art is no longer mainly for the upper middle class but practiced or of other interest to most. Choosing to be an artist is in an influential choice and a way of negotiating values in society. In the future patriotism is outdated. it is replaced with empathy, compassion and passion for art forms like dance.

In the future the welfare state is prospering and all kinds of hobbies are free for all kids. Kulturskolan is absolutely expanded as are the studieförbund and Studieförbänden. Education is not instrumentalized to the market but the humanities and the arts are valued as of utmost importance for democracy, for pleasure and for futuring. For collective self-improvement.

In the future dance is a huge artform and the theatre houses are synonymous with houses of experimentation, soft knowledge, empathy, imagination and identification displacement.

In the future patriarchy is over and art is not related to the male genius. Innovation is understood as ongoing and collective. Techniques, styles, forms, ideas are used and developed in an open source manner when branding and selling is replaced with an open source citation-economy.

In the future all educations are for free for everybody and the welfare state is prospering

In the future all schools are dance schools and dance schools are schools, in the future time spent becoming sensitive to sensorial information is valued as high as counting

art is always free for everybody but still valuable, just like reading a book borrow from a library.

In the future, one can notice how basic income and the fact that all art is free, blur or renegotiate who write dance history, as well as the line between hobby practitioners professional.

one is going to become when one grows up, is transformed according to the Judith Butler quote "what if we shift the question from who do i want to be, to what kind of life do I want to live with others".

In the future, the border between art and entertainment is blurred and experimental musicals are much



and writing. In the future arts and crafts is considered forms of knowledge and practicing crafts and art is practicing sensitivity, tuning yourself through all of your senses towards certain forms of information. Dancing is considered its own sort of distributed sense making and sense making is dissociated from cognitive thinking.

In the future, sensory literacy or tuning in towards sensory information is a valued and acknowledged form of knowledge and expertise. Through dancing other logics and poetic ways of synthesizing information are explored, enjoyed, investigated and developed.

In the future dance is a self-evident part of elementary education, an unquestionable part of contemporary art discourse, and art an undeniable and present force in shaping the future. Dance as a part of a wider notion of art is understood as a form of negotiation with things as they are, not unlike frontier research. Dance as art is available, complex, implicated, crafted and huge. Popular, hated, loved, practiced, debated, experienced.

In the future, to allow oneself to be influenced is considered a form of action, and our relationship to dance as an artform is thought of as plastic, as a sculpting and being sculpted. Care and sensitivity is put next to rationality in an ethics that breaks with the old romanticized imperialistic ideology.

In the future, art is not a compensation for an unsustainable and unjust political system, it is something relevant and valuable for most if not everybody. It is something that you do, that you experience. A part of co-existing.

In the future, dance-lancing is the new freelancing; where the value of art is held high. Standing up for the importance of dance as an art form is an easy job and saying no to bad working conditions or suppressions is made easy thanks to basic income.

In the future wage labor is not

the main activity because robots and machines do most of the work

In the future, since the robots do so much of the work there is loads of time to dance, make art, practice crafts and be precise with, serious about and committed to things.

In the future maybe one will have a nap before going to dance class in a Folkets Hus or Idrottsplats or dance park.

In the future veganism is made very easy and the time spent working on a piece in the freelance field is not determined by economy. In the future the life after premiere is an often extra transformative period in the project process and the post production work is sometimes extensive and deep.

In the future dance will be a massive and delicate art form that takes on a huge number of expressions.

In the future, curiosity trumps audience numbers. In this future art will be freer, stronger, better, calmer, fitter and more full of questions than ever before.

In the (near) future there is lots of space for art that is transformative, crafted over time and speculative, art that proposes ways of being in the world, patiently experiments with and practices ways of being a body and proposes things to think about, reflect on and listen to collectively. It foremost offers experiences that opens for or "conjures" other experiences and other ways of feeling, relating and being.

In the future dancers, dance makers, programmers, directors, educators proactively create conditions for dance to sincerely ask embodied questions or propose different questions, problems and speculations.

In the future we have dealt with the problem that most students in art education are from higher middle class families with academic educa-

tion. Maybe one way of doing this is the introduction of basic income, and a reconfiguration of the housing market, so that art is a choice not only for the ones who doesn't need to provide for a family, doesn't need to secure an income as fast as possible to all costs or doesn't feel part of the western art Canon.

In the future we have made sure that practicing art is free and inclusive rather than expensive and exclusive, not the least for kids and students. In the future art is freed from exclusivity and suppression of all kinds.

In the future listening, resting, caretaking, teaching, learning, supporting and mending are considered some of the most highly valued activities in the entire world.

In the future, we must acknowledge the power of societal structures and build a world where it is not only individual choices that goes against the norm. In the future we build a world where other behaviors than self-promotion and competition are encouraged, and a world where art and culture is relevant, important and a possible choice of profession or hobby for everybody.

Finally, in relation to noticing the structural, I would like to tell you a story about some cows in the Åland Islands, told by my friend Lisa.

In the most high tech farm in all of Åland, the cows give milk when they want to, through walking into the milking stations. One day, the farm had open doors for the public to walk in and watches the cows in the farm. After that day, the cows did not give milk for 3 months.

What do cows have to do with societal structures? I argue that the cow story shows two things. Firstly it hints to that art is not only an individual expression but a product of a societal structure or some form of collective consciousness because like cows we are social and psychological beings. Like other things, art and art making is shaped by many forces. Art making is a psychological

business taking place in a socio-political and historical context. The dream about social mobility and the individual Journey to the top, makes the impact of social and economic structures, of ideology and of historical oppressions much less visible. The idea of the many male artistic geniuses appears differently against the cow story as a background.

Sometimes it is hard to see the impact of structures when most stories promote the individual success story as in personal responsibility, or at least agree to those premises of telling a story. Meaning they don't talk about our interrelatedness with each other, our embeddedness in history, society - in our environments. They don't understand our existence as a participation in a world and an environment and ignore the fact that certain contexts promote specific behaviors. For example it seems to me as if late capitalism often further accumulates wealth, power and attention, accelerating popularity. The end of a future telling by me about a situation where I think art would prosper, where I think art could free us a bit and be much freer, wilder, faster, slower, softer, more careful and more full of power.

HOSTING UNKNOWN

Anya Kravchenko

I notice that when I was going to write down what I was thinking about, a thought had been transformed already. I never write down what I thought to write down. What I write down is authentic writing, but artificial thought. Authentic thought struggles to cross the border of my interiority.

I notice when movie analogy pops up in the talk or in my mind, I realise how deeply we are shaped by the moving images - literally, movies - they establish movements which we, many of us, will never experience, like been shut or go into the open space or to dance kramp. Moving images seem beyond time, they seem able to resist gravity. Moving images give us superpower, super powerful expectations, inspiring and paralysing. My imagination is constantly stimulated by moving images. I'm seduced by the possibilities they show, but resist to be trapped within.

I notice when we describe something moving, we used to mark its relationship with the space - up, down, left, right. Such descriptions are loaded with connotations to positioning and hierarchy, up vs down, left vs right. Can a dancing body soften this hierarchy? Can a dancing body be less head-oriented? Can a dancing body imagine through moving something that was never seen before? Can a dancing body instead of conventional virtuosity dedicate oneself to the movement inquiry with the

curiosity and availability? Can a dancing body resist to the reduction of the world to moving images?

To elaborate those questions is to get to know through un-knowing, to refuse what was defined, to «refuse an hour» [1] or to «regress into a controlled lack of control» [2]. To be wise by being naive, to face an «entanglement of possibilities» [3]. To stop feeling time.

I notice that we used to name all the shapes we distinguish. What is named we used to preserve, to build upon or to destroy. My dedication to un-studied, un-known shapes of dance is a way to elaborate «build - destroy» dilemma into potential of mutation, an act of being altered or changed. To accept time so to stop feeling the pressure of it.

An un-known is something I approach actively and something I want to be ready for. Within the work I do and on the way of doing it. As a freelance artist, I don't know when exactly I will be able to continue develop my projects, or with whom I might work as an interpret. What specific capabilities this work might demand. I find the way to be ready for «everything possible, but not anything goes» [4].

That kind of making invites situation where a judgement is not separated from an action or as philosopher Natalie Depraz puts it, where «the consciousness itself becomes a property (among others) of the attentional vigilance» [5]. An attention put as a vigilance gains an ability to be sustainable and to reach beyond. That is where focusing triggers expansion. Performer vigilant to the emergence of own action is not making spectator obsolete [6], rather includes him profoundly in the flesh of the work.

The question of how the subjective experience is possible is known in cognitive science as the «hard problem of consciousness». Subject fails to be comprehended as an object. For an art field it has a simple implication: work of art is accomplished in a subjectivity of spectator. This implication could be and is elaborated to a different degree in contemporary art. What makes it specifically urgent for a dance is an interrelation between subjectivities. The subjectivities of dancer and spectator are unfolding simultaneously. And if one is able to go beyond the self, the other has a chance to follow.

Chilean biologist, philosopher and neuroscientist Francesco Varela together with colleagues [7] proposes to approach «the hard problem of consciousness» on the methodological level and introduces three attentional gestures, systematical application of which can provide access to the first-person experience. The gestures are: (1) suspension of habitual pattern, (2) redirection to its source, (3) letting-go to the world, so not making

MY BLOOD CAN SEE

What if my blood can see?
It waves me to the movement,
which was never mine before.
It goes on
from what is already going on.
In my limits I discover my limitlessness.

poem-protocol
«my blood can see»
for «only if we meet» performance,
2016-2018.

SPEECH IMPOSSIBLE TO HOLD

I take a breath and give a speech back.
My only effort is to keep on breathing.
Speech grows from what they call experience.
My body is a vessel.

poem-protocol
«speech impossible to hold»
for «only if we meet» performance,
2016-2018.

this container edition 06
page [008]

previous gesture too rigid. What is specifically relevant for the dance field is the fact that all three gestures are movements. So experience is comprehended by the motion, by the dynamic flow of attention, which expands capacity and radius of one's awareness. The flow manifests itself in the certain state - «epochè» - where judgments are suspended and phenomena open up in a rich spectrum.

In the poems/protocols accompanying this text I strive for a movement to emerge through state of «epochè», through the points of «suspension - redirection - letting go». To apply the first-person experience in choreography is to approach the movement as a spectrum, as a varieties across continuum and to host the complexity of movement's appearance and perception. It is to resist to the reduction of the movement to a codified form, but welcome specificity of the shapes it takes. It is a dream to make choreography as a virus, spreadable and transforming, as a house, inviting and hosting. The condition for this is an ability to be attentive and reverse reflection always back into the movement. So the movement should be seen from within, like a breath observed in a meditation. To accept your intrinsic time is to stop feeling it.



Text by Anya Kravchenko, dancer, choreographer, curator [http://anyakravchenko.com], this text is edited excerpts from the memoir, written as outcome of the research done in the frame of master exercise program, 2015 - 2017, ICI-CCN Montpellier.

[1] phrase heard in the performance of african artist Williams Kentridge, which I saw in 2013; [2] Some notes on the Phenomenology of Making: The search for the Motivated, Robert Morris, 1970; [3] Post-dance, an Advocacy, Mårten Spårnberg, 2017; [4] notes from the lecture of Myrto Katsiki on the work of Deborah Hay, 2016; [5] Le problème de la Vigilance d'Attention et Vigilance, Natalie Depraz, 2014; [6] Therpsichore in sneakers: Post-modern dance, Sally Banes, 1980. «And in Steve Paxton's Contact Improvisation and Deborah Hay's Circle Dances, the primary focus in the dance is the dancer's physical sensation and awareness, a focus that threatens to remove the work from the realm of art altogether, by making the spectator obsolete»; [7] The Gesture of Awareness, An Account of Its Structural Dynamics, N. Depraz, F. Varela, and P. Vermersch, in M. Velmans, ed., Investigating Phenomenological Consciousness, 1999.

SOMEONE FOUND POEMS IN THE THEATRE

Chloe Chignell

this container edition 06
page [009]

An Exchange

A room must disappear for a stage
A face must disappear for another
A body must disappear for its voice
This time must disappear for its event
Every disappearance makes a theatre.

Then I remembered that this moment would in fact vanish, and this body will disappear. When this happens it will not make its absence the opposite of its presence. Rather disappearance will unfold itself toward you. The moment before and the moment after only separated by their variousness. The tongue of disappearance fresh and wet, not waiting for this body to reappear, disappearance needing no alibi. Because this bodies absence will be nothing like the opposite of its presence. This bodies absence will be the theatre of its appearance. And form— it is because there are consequences (too much answer for the question)

This body has consequences
This body is no alibi
Don't wait for my body to reappear
Its absence is nothing like the opposite of its presence.

The Writing

At some point it became necessary for me to decide if I wanted to have a face at all. We knew the only option for recognition was obsession. I decided not to have a face. taught myself not to want one, then dissolved it. A smudge of curiosity seeing only you. And I pushed up against this seeing to hold that you inside.

Inside and looking out
It was only you in my reflection.
Glassy waters and glossy surfaces
I liked especially much
To see you inside me.

But mirrors were no good for hearing your voice.

So this hand took a pen, holding it like you would, with that soft skin of fragile thought. The pencil held only for hesitation, the voice beginning to leak out (ink). It inked, we inked thicker still. Asking for my finger press and pulled. A we turning out in a long smudge. Thick and permanent, we slide through floor to get to that corner only to hold there, more ink makes a pool, making stains of our traces. In the crevasse floor only meets wall and this leaks. It pours and this pouring cracks and opens itself. Unfolding. It reminds us that it was any-ways more than two. The crack, crumbles much like a stone. Jagged fragments of wall and floor float in ink. Pointing to a centre, not its own. A deep crack. Old softness, turned hard. Still soft by definition.

The pen is held for nothing other than hesitation. Writing always towards tomorrow. And as yet as yet from here.

Chiasmus

Seated or standing we lean on **those** long years and want just a few tears
(a theatre)

A theatre is not a place to put **things**, **nothing** and no one lives a life in a theatre. The theatre is not a place to archive; you cannot keep things in a **theatre**. There are no shelves, cabinets, nor stickers with titles. and because of this theyears will not flow as **you** **might** expect. You will not be able to return to the theatre seeing something as it was. It is also not a place **for** **preservation**, it will equally destroy and rewrite, it builds temporarily, can be reparative, can make **evocations**, **magic** is not excluded from the theatre. But the theatre cannot be a site for maintenance; the echoes **of** **faces**, words and bodies can feel like preservation, but it is just the leak of a history brought forth and **being** **rewritten**. A theatre is not a place to put things, nothing and no one lives a life in a theatre. It is a **temporary** **life** constructed more or less adequately to a necessity to live differently.

In the theatre we can evoke, and that evocation can **continue** **through** shadows, rumours and feelings, we play and that play makes us someone else (forever), we **mask** **and** that mask presses up against the face we once had peeling off not quite the same. And the We of the **theatre** is the discovery that nothing is ever singular.

We all carry the theatre in our bodies; in each of our exits **the** **theatre** enters the world. and we enter the world again as people of the theatre. Nothing stays in **the** **theatre** no matter how dark it is no matter how many doors are closed. The theatre is humid **with** **passage**. Full of old sweat: the work of representation and fiction's stinging oder. Full of **disappearing** **corners** and enough bodies to live through and on. The theatre is never empty, nor blank, whilst we **cannot** **keep** things there, things will be there nevertheless (you can smell them).

The theatre is a host, a space available (more or **less**), **just** like we are a host, and both are hosted much the same. And that confusion of being hosted and **hosting** **doesn't** get more beautiful than this in the theatre. With all of us, a we, and all those years, a then, and **all** **that** feeling, a now. To be an open shell in a world (the host being hosted). The We of theatre is the **discovery** **that** nothing is ever singular; a representation coughs up the representational bacteria and produces **some** **others**. A mucus to feel with. And the oldest breath making a wall to lean on. we're carried (the **theatre**).

Even in the centre of the stage where all those lines converge, **the** **perfect** of seeing. The point is only of the disappearance, and disappointed by this someone stands **in** **front** covering the place where all those lines of eyes meet, replacing the disappearing of the point **with** **a** body. A body as point. A body. Disappointed by disappearance.

We can happen if we're lucky. In the darkness when the **room** **tries** its best to disappear we open our lips and let our tongues roll. Mostly we are waiting, we sit **and** **stand** in anticipation, wanting the wanting of waiting and some small appearance.



stone 1

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A WOMAN ARTIST:

Working without the pressure of ~~success~~. *sucking dick.*
~~Not~~ having to be in shows with ~~men~~. *that don't exist.*
 Having an ^{Ford}escape from the art world in your 4 free-lance jobs.
 Knowing your career might pick up after you're ⁸⁰eighty. *- five million pussies.*
 Being reassured that whatever kind of art you make it will be labeled feminine. *whatever*
 Not being stuck in a ^{getting your fist}tenured teaching position ^{face}in the ^{in the pussy}right spot.
 Seeing your ^{face}ideas live on ^{in the pussy}the work of others.
 Having the opportunity to choose between ^{cunt lapping}career and ~~motherhood~~. *first - fucking.*
 Not having to choke on those big cigars or paint in Italian suits. *big ^{small}dicks.*
 Having more time to work after your mate dumps you for someone younger. *Fuck Ya.*
 Being included in ~~revised versions of art history~~. *CASTRATION.*
 Not having to undergo the embarrassment of being called a ~~genius~~. *A straight chode*
 Getting your picture in the art magazines wearing a gorilla suit. *having your pussy eaten out.*

Please send \$ and comments to:
 Box 1056 Cooper St. NY, NY 10276

GUERRILLA GIRLS

ESSENCE OF THE ART WORLD

this container edition 06
 [page 012]

// Find a vacant space.
 // Search for a sensation of emptiness.
 // Open your mouth.
 // Breath.
 // See and hear and feel the beings that enter
 into your lungs and the beings that exits them
 again.
 // Let them pass.
 // Walk backwards, slowly.
 // Slowly, slow down.
 // Don't stop.
 // Look at the space in front of you, the space
 where you were before.
 // Say something.
 // Hear all the times that those words, in that
 order, has been said before.
 // Acknowledge the intimacy of that moment,
 the intimacy with anyone who ever said those
 same words, in that same order.
 // Feel the ground under your feet.
 // Feel the soles of your shoes under your feet.
 // Feel the soles of your feet under your feet.
 // Continue walking backwards.
 // There is nothing to wonder about that has not
 already been wondered about.
 // Look at something pretty.
 // An angle or two colours in proximity.
 // This is your aesthetics.
 // Get to know it.
 // Ask it if it can do anything else for you.
 // Make sure to remember that nothing can be
 produced.
 // Make sure to remember that this is it.
 // Make a list of things you often remember.
 // Don't write them down.
 // Say them under your breath.
 // Don't give them numbers.
 // Remember the order by getting to know how each
 word and name feels in your mouth.
 // Remember how it felt in your mouth when you
 said it the first time.
 // Remember everything you have ever felt in your
 mouth.
 // Remember everything you have ever held in your
 hand.
 // Remember everything you will never hold in your
 hand again.
 // Trust your hand to remember.
 // Give weight into the assurance of the knowledge
 of your hand.
 // Let it think for you for a while.
 // Move backwards, still.
 // Remember your back going forwards.
 // Get to know your back going back.
 // Leave forwards for a while.
 // Know that the back of you knows what you will
 bump into before the front of you knows.
 // It knows that you will bump into a brick wall.
 // The wall will first meet your back heel, then your
 butt, then the back of your skull.
 // Your whole back body is now met by the brick
 wall.
 // Press against the brick wall.
 // Continue pressing back.

Remembering, a method

Maia Means

this container edition 06
 [page 013]

// Let your front slowly sink through itself and
 towards your back, through the wall, continuing
 until you have pressed through yourself.
 // Let your speed of pushing through yourself and
 the wall be at a tactionic level.
 // You are pushing inside the wall, looking front
 through your back.
 // While pressing through, take a guess at how long
 this wall has been standing here.
 // Find a gut feeling that tells you who built it, under
 which circumstances, and which conversations
 they were having while building.
 // With your cavities filled with brick and your
 tongue turned inside-out, let your mouth start to
 repeat their conversations.
 // Your digestive system is working on yesterday's
 dinner and this morning's coffee.
 // Now it is surrounding your intestines instead of
 being held by them.
 // Consider the fact that you were once outside of
 the wall.
 // Keep pushing softly until the now inside-out
 shape of your front cracks open in the middle.
 // As your skin divides, let your intestines and all
 they contained push gently past the opening skin
 until it also rips and divides to the sides.
 // Let it take the time it needs to take.
 // When your skull has opened and your brain
 divided and you are completely flat, your spine is
 the last thing that is pushing front.
 // You are at the end of the wall.
 // Let your spine open as well until only a thin layer
 of skin is left in the middle vertical axis of your
 structure.
 // Feel how it turns around itself again.
 // A re-gathered spine is appearing.
 // Push your newly assembled spine and back head
 through the last thin part of the wall and into the
 cold thin air of the room that the wall was holding.
 // Let your spine think about some of the things that
 has happened in this room.

// Pay attention to the gradual rounding and flipping
and gathering of your anatomy.
// One heel, foot, leg, hip, hand, arm, shoulder, at the
time.
// Turning, flipping, pulling, gathering, closing.
// As you push through and out of the wall, your
ribs and muscles and veins and organs are pulled
through themselves.
// They contract into their past shape as they enter
the cold air.
// Feel your face gathering.
// See your right leg materialize, red and fresh, as it
exits the wall as the last limb.
// Feel the skin of your toes meet at the tip of each
toe.
// Be held by the air.
// Continue moving backwards.
// Look at the wall in front of you, the wall where
you were before.
// Repeat the list of things you often remember.
// Feel their ghosts in your mouth as you form the
words you use to characterize them.
// Don't smile.
// Don't cry.
// Spend time with the sensation of the long hair you
once had resting on the skin of your shoulders.
// Let the remains of your last meal and other meals
exit your body.
// Remember what you remembered when you ate
two days ago.
// Let the memory do something to you.

this container edition 06
[page 014]

Retelling, a method

Maria Means

The streets were empty again, and everything seemed lost.
We opened our mouths and moths

appeared, we closed them and they kept summing, zum-
ming, flying around us. As we walked,

they stayed behind. Around us and underneath us every-
thing dwelled or rotted: Noone wrote

anymore, nothing new was made. Last thing we heard, cam-
eras were one god, speech another.

Now, we were the colour of the muddy asphalt, the ground
which we ate from, slept on, fucked on.

We had ruined our reproductive organs, we had made sure
only to look back. We backed into the

future, our backs were wet with toxic waste. When we
spoke, we spoke the holy words of the

diseased, the murdered and the left behind. Our bodies
were turpid, our eyes clear, our mouths

wet and open again. Without you I am lost, I had muttered,
the words left a thousand years back.

As trees bended under our feet and as the sky sank, we
moaned the moans of past lives, again

and again.

foreign language for beginners

Irina Gheorghe

Hi everybody, thanks a lot for coming! It's so nice you are here, I am really, really glad to see you all here. I'm a bit surprised, I must say, that you came. I'm a bit surprised that you came and I am really surprised that so many of you came. It's not that I didn't know that you were coming, because I did. I knew that you were coming and I knew that you were coming today, it's just that I couldn't imagine it anymore. I just couldn't see you here in front of me and me here in front of you. And it's not that I wasn't trying, because I was. I was trying to imagine and I was trying to prepare for it and I was trying to let you know that we were here and I was trying to let you know that we were waiting for you, because it's not just me, there's a few of us, there's actually quite a few of us. And we were all trying to let you know that we were all waiting for you, and we were trying to let you know that we really wanted you to come; it's just that you never got back. Now several times we thought that you were going to come, and we prepared ourselves. And then you didn't come, and you didn't tell us that you were not coming. Now in fairness you hadn't told us that you were coming, so it wasn't really your fault. But for some reason we were convinced that you were going to come. So then we thought we got the date wrong, or we got the time wrong, and we prepared ourselves again, and then again you didn't come, and you didn't tell us that you were not coming. And it's not that we didn't tell you where we were, because we did. And it's not that we didn't tell you how to get here, because we did. We told you where we were and we told you how to get here, and we even asked you where you were, and we asked you how we could get there. We even asked how things were over there, where you were. It's just that you never got back.

And then one of us said that maybe you couldn't hear us. One of us said that maybe you couldn't hear us. And then some of us said yes, that had to be it, it's not that you didn't want to come, it's just that you couldn't hear us. So then we tried to get in touch again. And we tried to do it in a different way. It's just that you never got back.

And then one of us said that maybe you could hear us, but you just didn't know what we were saying. And then some of us said that was a real possibility: you could hear us, but you didn't know what we were saying. Because we were all in here, together, and we could understand each other, but you were somewhere out there, and you really didn't have a clue what we were saying. And then one of us said that we had to be much more clear. We had to say what we wanted to say, but also say something about how we were saying what we wanted to say.

And then one of us said that, actually, you had already come. One of us said that, actually, you had already been here. Now that was a little bit strange, because most of us hadn't actually seen you. But one of us said you had actually come. One of us said you had been here, in this very space. It's just that most of us were not there. So we didn't know what to believe. Yes, one of us said you'd been here. And that they had seen you. And then another one of us said they had seen you, and then another one of us said they had seen you, and another one of us said they had seen you. But there were never more of us. Just one of us. You see, it was a little bit like now. You are here and I am here and I can see you, and you can see me, I hope you can at least. But the others are not here. So maybe when I see them and I tell them you were here, maybe the same thing happens to me. Maybe they don't believe me. Because that's exactly what happened to the others. And if you don't come back, some of us will certainly think I made it all up. Now maybe some of us will believe me, but if you don't come back, some of us will think it's because of me. So you see, it's quite a big responsibility. Because let's say you are very, very bored, and decide never to come back, which would be a quite reasonable decision. Then some of us will really think it's my fault. Now some of us won't believe me anyway, but some of us will and some of us would be very upset if they knew you've been here and didn't want to come back.

Now some of us will be upset but some of us won't really mind, and that's because some of us thought, and I know this might sound a little bit ridiculous, because now you are here, but some of us really thought you didn't exist. And even if some of us said they had seen you, and even if some of us said they really hoped to see you, some of us really thought you didn't exist. Some of us really thought you didn't exist. And then one of us said they really hoped you didn't exist. I know, this is not a very welcoming thing to say, but some of us really hoped you didn't exist. And then one of us said they really really hoped you didn't exist. One of us said that if you did exist, that would be really really bad news. One of us said that if you didn't exist, that would really lift their spirit. And if you did exist, and one day you would show up, just like you did today, that would be really really depressing. One of us said that, actually, the more of you would come, the more depressing it would be. And if none of you ever came, that would be really great. So yeah, some of us really hoped you didn't exist. They just thought it would be better if you didn't exist.

Now some of us hoped you didn't exist, but some of us said that you did exist, and they were really convinced that you did exist, but there was another reason why you didn't come. One of us said that you were like these very, very big and very, very intelligent cats. You knew that we were here, but you just didn't care. I don't know if you have cats, but you know how cats are, they really don't care. So some of us really thought that you didn't care.

And then one of us said that we were actually the cats. We thought the place was ours, and we were running it, but you were actually out there, observing us from the distance. Because you know how cats are, they think it's their house, and that their masters are their pets, and that's exactly how it was with us, or at least that's what some of us said.

And then one of us said that maybe you were like this very advanced secret society, you knew that we were there, but you just didn't want us in.

And then one of us said that you were very very advanced that was very very clear
 You were somewhere high up and we were really down below
 And you were looking down on us and we were really looking up to you
 And we were really hoping that one day you would come
 just to visit us down here.
 And then one one of us said that actually quite the opposite was true.
 One of us said that we were somewhere high up and you were somewhere down below and
 we were actually looking down on you and
 you were really looking up to us and
 and one of us one of us said that you were really
 looking up to us and
 some of us were actually quite happy that you were looking up to us
 and some of us were actually very happy that we were kind of high
 and you were kind of low
 even if some of us thought that you were
 kind of high and we were kind of low
 and even if some of you thought that you were
 really high and we were really really low
 in actual fact we were quite high
 and you were somewhere down below
 And then some of us thought that you were really not so high at all
 and we were really not so low
 and we were really not so high
 and you were really not so low
 Because we were exactly some of us said exactly
 on the same level
 And even if it seemed that you were low
 and we were high
 to some of us
 And even if it seemed that you were high and we were low
 to some of you
 we were actually exactly but exactly
 on the same level
 And some of us really thought that this was quite bad.
 because some of us
 really thought that if things
 were the same over there
 as they were over here
 that was really really bad. Because some of us really thought that things were just not great over here.

And some of us
if things were exactly the same

you were
And not
where you are
But really here.
Now some of us really thought
that you were some of us.
Honestly
Some of us really thought
That you were
Some of us.
And they said that maybe
It looked like you were over there and we were over
And there's kind of enough space for all of us, some of us said that you had actually managed to
just somehow managed to
come over here and somehow managed to
look like some of us.
Some of us thought that some of you

looked like some of us

Some of us said that you were

actually some of us

Not all of you just

Some of you were actually

Some of us.
Some of us said that really some of you

were not safe for some of us.

They really thought some of you

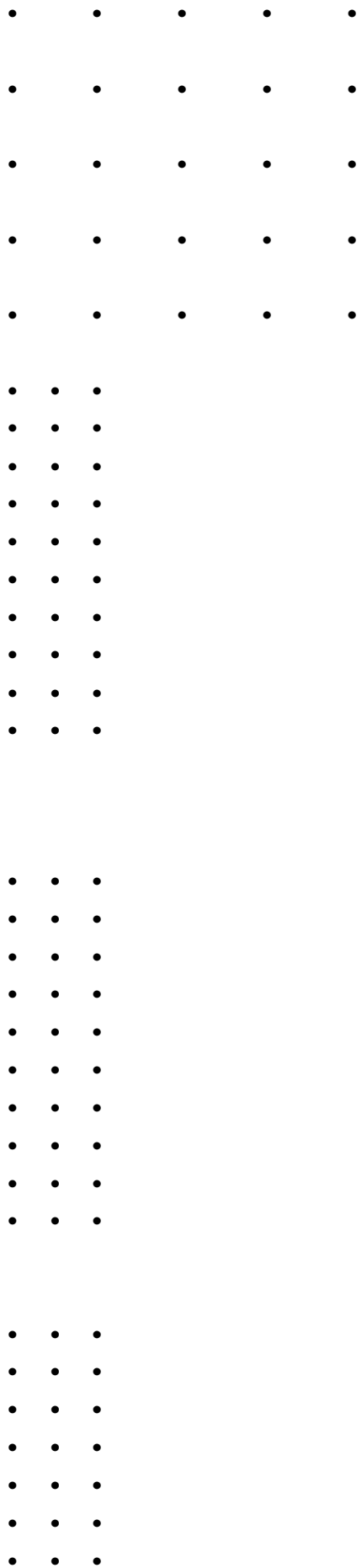
were not safe for some of us.

Some of us really thought you were not safe

for some of us

and some of said that we were not safe

for some of you
and some of us
said you were very
safe and some of
us said you had to
come and some of us
thought you had to come
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
And some of us said
you did not care and
some of us said you
did not know and some
of us said you did
not exist and • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •



And then one of us said 3 Part three min 15
You were very very advanced And that was why we
That was very clear hadn't heard from you
You were somewhere high up
And we were really down below
And you were looking down on us
And we were really looking up to you
And we were really hoping
That you would come to visit us
Down here
But then
One of us said
One of us said that
Actually quite the opposite was true
One of us said that
We were somewhere high up
And you were somewhere down below
And we were actually
looking down on you
And you were really looking
up to us
And some of us
some of us thought
That you were really looking
up to us
And some of us were actually
quite happy
that you were looking up to us
And some of us were
actually very happy
That we were kind of high
And you were kind of low
Even if some of us thought
That you were kind of high
And we were kind of low

And even if some of you thought
That you were really up high
and we were quite low
when in actual fact
we were quite high
and you were somewhere
down below

And then some of us
thought that you
were really not high at all
and we were really
not so low
and we were really
not so high and

Because we were exactly
Some of us said exactly
the same level
and even if it seemed
that you were high
and we were low
to some of you
we were exactly
on the same level
and that some of us
thought

And even if it seemed that you were high
and we were low
to some of you
we were exactly
on the same level
and that some of us
thought

And it's actually quite confusing because looking at you now
really don't know if you are looking down to us
or we are here and we are looking down to you
or we are actually exactly but exactly on the same level



Never lift a memory with a body
attached.

pg 24.

SCRIPT FOR A POEM
(her gray gaze)
Chloe Chignell

[1]

It may not always be possible for me to mean exactly what I say.

a few holes
(with and when with)
SLIP ME OVER
GRAB THE EDGE
- TRYING NOT
TO HOLD
FREEFALL (- size)

The wet mud became dry and I lowered my face toward it and licked.

THREE VOICES STARTED
NO TUNE OR NOTE IN PARTICULAR
(SINGING)

[2]

All of the shapes in this room came and sat down together (option: just on the edge of the room). At some point after sitting down one shape said "I always wanted to fall through water this deep" and another said "I always wanted to fall" ... at some point later all the shapes in the room stopped knowing when, had no interest in where and forgot completely about what. ... No problem, no problem. Wonderful!

[3a]

I am going to try and say a bit more of what i mean and a bit less of what I don't. It was just not always possible. Never intended to lie, never intended to lie. Almost died, almost died.

ALMOST DIED.

[3b]

What if i am just something which keeps pouring and pouring and pouring. Maybe I am from nature?

Nature something I am just something i am nature si am pouring and pouring and pouring
si am just something from nature which keeps pouring and pouring and pouring
something keeps pouring and pouring and pouring nature keeps pouring and pouring and pouring
i am something from nature
si am pouring and pouring and pouring si am nature i am just something
nature is something something pouring i am pouring
Nature something i am nature i am just something nature is something
si am just something from nature which keeps pouring and pouring and pouring
something keeps pouring and pouring and pouring nature keeps pouring and pouring and pouring
i am something from nature
nature is something
si am pouring and pouring and pouring si am nature i am just something
something pouring pouring i am
nature i am

(maybe it is as it is, tomorrow, only if not, happened again)

s nothing is from nature nothing remains just holes and holes and holes FROM NATURE KEEP POURING AND

POURING AND POURING

s we are more than one thing and we are for the first time now in nature SOMETHING FROM NATURE

~~We are not from somewhere and are not continuing.~~ AND
POURING AND POURING.

s I am not only something with a past i will split in half and in half and in half. EVERYWHERE AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT WE WILL STOP

s we will stop at some point stop this at somepoint end this at some point
AND WE KEEP POURING AND POURING AND POURING

s ~~We are not from somewhere and are not continuing.~~ I have never been anywhere else culture will stop soon a break just one immediately alone hard edges.

[3c]

(+ size) IT MAY NOT ALWAYS
POSSIBLE FOR
TO MEAN EXACTLY
WHAT I SAY

a fake book is leaking
and somewhere else an ocean
is spilling over both
things however are alone
and alone and alone.

a variation: one instance of words to come and some not yet, pilling up and peeling out

example

AGAIN. I LIDED THOSE
WORDS into that corner. OFTEN
ENOUGH TO TOUCH THAT
POINT TO ITSELF. carries me
OFTEN OFTEN HOLD IT there
and open CAN IT BE LIKE A P
IT WAS, ONLY IF NOT
TOMORROW. soft dot
almost PUNCE. BUT IF NOT
THEN HOW ELSE, TO
CONTINUE AN BEFORE
THIS. SPEAKING OF
SOMETHING IN
PARTICULAR IT WAS ONLY
IF AND WHEN I COULD answer
something A LITTLE TOO MUCH
ANSWER FOR THE
QUESTION never a lie BUT NO
SMALLER THAT HOME A

AGAIN. I LIDED THOSE
WORDS into that corner. OFTEN
ENOUGH TO TOUCH THAT
POINT TO ITSELF. carries me
OFTEN OFTEN HOLD IT there
and open CAN IT BE LIKE A P
IT WAS, ONLY IF NOT
TOMORROW. soft dot
almost PUNCE. BUT IF NOT
THEN HOW ELSE, TO
CONTINUE AN BEFORE
THIS. SPEAKING OF
SOMETHING IN
PARTICULAR IT WAS ONLY
IF AND WHEN I COULD answer
something A LITTLE TOO MUCH
ANSWER FOR THE
QUESTION never a lie BUT NO
SMALLER THAT HOME A

it continues

image of mountain then blue

*sI will continue on before i give myself a name. It would have only been something in particular anyway. But as the one speaking I start, speaking not only as the one speaking, but speaking like that. Like that mouth. Like that blue. Like that wood cut in squares painted red in a shade more like blue. I will continue I before I give myself a name. *ghost enters**

sI was not here before, was somewhere else, but the difference between the two is only in repetition. In addition to, and, alongside, three times includes only inbetween moments. Soft enough to be an edge. almost enough. A pink sky to fall into with melted skin and broken wounds. Lick the finger. Look again. Tounge is on the outside. Something like forever is following. Something like forever is coming soon after this. after this. after. this. (...) after. (...) this. (...) this.

[4]

sEverything is red. All different kinds of red, so many kinds you don't realise it is the same colour everywhere. So many shades one would never think to call everything red. Some reds looking like blue, a few others like green, some reds looking simply like grey and some pink reds. However, all red everything.

*never wanted to hold this ocean underneath
never wanted to hold a city underneath
wanted always to fall through water this deep
wanted always to fall
stones too pretty
shine them up*

sI was outside, not in a house or a building nor was it really a forest or a field, but more outside then that. I had two fingers which where touching, making a small circle. (option: I often find myself looking at tiny shapes)

*My eyes stretched out past the hand and saw a line.
a long flat line. Dividing the world in two: red and red.
I closed my right eye and pointed my right finger to the tower interrupting the centre of the line. Held my hand there and opened the eye.
Closed my left eye and pointed my left finger to the tower interrupting the centre of the line. Held both hands there.
opened both eyes.*

*Neither finger seemed to point to anything, but my arms where making an 'X'.
This seemed important. If my hands would continue on they would
circle around the world
reach right back through my shoulders
and collide again with themselves*

(singing)

FREEFALL

s Hmmm I am holding a stone in my hand.

ULTIMATE FANTASIES

PO\$\$E

GUEST PROJECTS

https://www.ultimatefantasies.org/
this container edition 06
[page 029]

Ultimate Fantasies is a project exploring the force of desire by Jennifer Boyd and Ruta Dumciute, and collaborators Leyla Pillai, Eunjung Kim, Madeleine Stack and PO\$\$E. They were in residence at Guest Projects, London for the month of June 2018. Jennifer Boyd and Ruta Dumciute sent PO\$\$E a love letter and sculpture. The following is the documentation of the exchange

PO\$\$E

ULTIMATE
FANTASIES

[part a]
INGREDIENTS:

Silicone.

Flavour Enhancer. Monosodium Glutamate.

Alka Seltzer. Aspirin, sodium hydrogen, citric acid.

Masterplast Oriental Balm. Petrolatum, Menthol, Camphor, Methyl Salicylate, Clove Oil, Eucalyptus Oil, Cedar Wood Oil, Nutmeg Oil, Paraffin, C126100, D+C Green 6, CI 4700

Energy Gel [clear, raspberry ripple flavour]. Formulation contains no allergens. Water, Maltodextrin, Fructose, Acidifier [Citric Acid], Thickener [Carboxy Methyl Cellulose, Xanthan Gum], Electrolytes [Sodium Chloride, Potassium Chloride, Calcium Lactate, Magnesium Carbonate], Natural Flavour, Preservative [Potassium Sorbate], Sweetener [Sucralose].

Energy Gel [purple, blackcurrant flavour]. Vegan. Gluten Dairy + Soya free. No artificial colours or flavours. Maltodextrin, Fructose, Electrolytes (Sodium Citrate, Potassium Chloride, Sodium Chloride, Calcium Lactate, Magnesium Carbonate), Natural Flavouring, Blackcurrant Juice Extract.

Water can be added to Part A [just add water]

Part A also contains 1 pot of Masterplast Oriental Balm for warming muscles.

Photo Credit: Rocio Chacon
this container edition 06
[page 030]

SENT-RECIEVED-TOUCHED-DANCED-READ-
SENT-RECIEVED-RESWAMPED SCULPTURE

[part b]

A LOVE LETTER:

AUDIO OF LOVE LETTER IN LINK... [click]
<https://soundcloud.com/dyob-refinej/love-letter-part-b>

this container edition 06
[page 031]

TO THOSE TOUCHING ME

I'm writing this letter so that **I** can tell you a story, which happened the other day. I was walking down the street, and I saw **a** violet growing up from a crack in pavement. I picked it, and felt the slim stalk snap moist **between** my fingers. This small act of taking life gave me the one time ability to rearrange my entire **body**. I chose an idea which perhaps I've told you about before - to separate my inner and **outer** body so that they may interact as if they were two lovers.

I skimmed the short nail of my **right** thumb down the right side of my body, all the way from my crown to my achilles. **It** became the spiked key to my new lux leisurewear. I pulled myself apart, which took **strength** - not strength in the traditional sense of muscular twists, but in the sense of a strong drink, **saturated** colour, or a strong muscular voice.

I laid my bodies out gently **on** the grass, like blankets. My body was butterflied - it had relinquished its bones. And in **doing** this, I was able to see my own organs for the first time. Nightshade colours, not gentle on **the** stomach. Up until now I've contented myself with occasionally seeing them under the poison **light** of X-rays and through ultrasound jelly; with tonsils and stomach acid and tongue. But **underneath** the foam is the wine itself.

I rubbed some nightshade pink into **my** epidermis - and it increased my heat.

Most of my organs were caught between **a** large sheet of my skin and the compacted mud and stalks of freshly cut grass of the ground. **So** I took two of my organs out and placed them on top, so that they could face the blue **balm** of the sky. Euphoric breathing of vastness through selective membranes. While the **parts** that were held underneath were smiling - weighted, held and secreting. Their juice seeping **into** the soil, enhanced flavours permeating the earth, trickling past clitellums and tar.

The organs which I placed on top were **ones** that have been recently 'discovered'. Perhaps you've heard of them. The interstitium, **made** up of a total body network of fluid-filled chambers connected by a flexible lattice of **collagen**. They are the shock absorbers of our vital organs.

Different flavoured energy gels dripped **onto** my skin like guano from metres overhead. Cook me on a metal spoon in the daylight **and** inhale for deep impact. I was a self made amoeba that was full strength, extra strong. I **looked** slightly like the lake of super-concentrated Jurassic brine at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico **which** is hyper-saline. It has five times the salt of the rest of the ocean, causing every creature that **goes** into it to fit.

It was a sky birth. A moment of such violet love *that* when the passers by looked down at me on the grass from the safety of their pavement slabs, *my* scattered parts crystallised, showing them the decision that they must make from now on. *These* crystals formed in patches. Like the slick lumpy back of the frog, or the lingual tonsils at the back *of* the tongue.

As the people looked down at me their eyes *started* to effervesce. They seemed to sway as if experiencing a ringing in the ears. Their lips massaged my *membrane* as I screamed into the wind, straining my thorax for more life. Their faces began to swim and *then* let off a stink. Heightened. Live. Extra. For them I wanted to be a new language sprung from *the* rhetoric of the inevitable, one that told them of the certainty of vines creeping up a wall.

I was the vehemence, I was the vision. I was the *sound* of all sounds sounding at once just behind your ear bursting like a boil. I was the ultra sonorous. I *was* a sparkling solution. I was the relief of hot belly skins pressing together and finally dissolving into *a* hole. I was the vision of the vision, I was the matter of the matter that imparted criticality and *enhanced* the burning in the dips of streaming clavicles. This means things will change.

Quiet voices are flavour enhanced, filled with *drops* of condensation. You know I'm not one of the loud ones, but that doesn't mean I don't use my *words* as ammunition or trail a sillage of Eucalyptus Oil, Acidifier and Thickener in my wake.

X

THERE WAS AN ALARM GOING OFF IN MY COXXYC BUT I WAS STUCK IN THE CAR WASH

zoe poluch

this container edition 06
page [033]

Here is an incomplete collection of writings produced by the practice we currently call “sensory literacy.” The score is conducted by two people wherein one is composing and the other is receiving a choreography for the senses. The practice unfolds in the following order:

[1] One person composes a singular choreography for the senses of spontaneous duration. The other receives the choreography and in the meantime internally documents, memorizes, follows, records the entire composition;

[2] The receiver writes immediately after experiencing the composition from a subjective perspective attempting to transcribe/document/translate/record all of the potential, hypothetical and concrete sensations, associations, fictions, memories and so forth. The composer may or may not choose to play music into the room whilst the receiver writes.

[3] The receiver then reads aloud her text composition through a microphone.

Following is a selection of text from previous manifestations of the practice.

Warmth bugs up tendons, cup
tendons, hold that. Stay still. Cup-
ping my pulse. Holding your stare.
Open your eyes. All eyes, open
now. Open. Straddling a smell of
day old garbage bin, wondering
how elevated I can make you feel.
Cupping your pulse. Elevated as
in the waft of fresh blooming li-
lac or cheap deodorant, hovering
slightly too low, covering shins and
marinating ankles. Crunchy thighs
remind me of my Uncle Lan who
wintered in an RV in Palm Springs
and ate too many carrots. His face
turned orange, an overdose of beta
carotene and unrelenting rays of
sun. The speaker on a tripod at
the edge of his compound played
the sound of waves caressing a
distinctly unwindy beach. His boy-
friend Don didn't like the sun and
instead cherished the unearthly
heavens beaming overhead when
the sun peaked around the corner
and said goodnight to the desert.
Dragging waterfalls and pulling
hairs the lawnmower ate more
than just grass. She smoked it and
did yoga on it and made love on it.
She got it between her thighs and
in her panties and in her mouth.
The grass was not green then but
a pale and uneven, uncharming
brown. They should have stopped.
i was a lion, a fierce lion, a lion with
a marmalade orange main, a beard
of barbo rosso, a lion that was

named leon, a
sun king lion,
a ballet lion, a
grand jete lion,
a pirouette lion
and a trapped
lion, a lion that
basked in a ba-
sic way on her
fields of phallic
ancient cedars,
a lion that didn't
notice when
you creeped
in, when you
stared and
me, at us, at
them, when you
stalked slowly
as if you were
just so fucking
lowly, and you
took your gi-
gantic gaping
mouth and, you
opened your
unlion jaw, and
you chomped
down in such
awe, for me,
those fangs of
fury that slowly
and elegantly
tasted my blur-
ry blurry ankles,
holding my
fuzzy furry del-
icate paws. bit-
ing down, you
held it there.
you nailed me
down, sharp
teeth sharp
meet.
lying on the
beach last sum-
mer, half passed
out and half way
to sunburnt, i
over head a con-
versation about

a woman named Elisabeth. she had seen another woman
woman that she couldn't bear join the dinner party that the
and got food poisoning. the story teller then began an
ments and while she exhausted that list i drifted off to sleep
skeleton, and the sand started to shift. the sand fleas
es of sand all around my beach towel. the mountains surr-
shaking, and the trees started to crash down. my body lifted,
from my horizontal position on the horizontal beach
not heaven bound but star bound, planet bound, longing for
woman continue the food poisoning story in excruciating
over to the other bay where i decided to set west and float
floated over waves over a pod of whales called dave, and out
as if i could lie there without a word of food nor poisoning for

Every night I would sit under the table, even when my upper
which probably explains why I'm now so prone to concuss-
paring me for something, I wasn't at all sure for what. I
to war, or take a class, I just sat there and took my prepar-
terribly diplomatic in situations such as these. One night she
spikey
and communicative moved from prodding my arms and
ok shit, its war, I'm going into battle. She then told me that I
strument that anyone had ever heard, she was going to teach
ertain. I told her, bull shit, I don't have a musical bone in

Such a brat at the day out even though touching the precious
screamed all the way home because the minder told me I
shark

get smaller and smaller and smaller. My wee pal Jules soothed
a corner and blue gave the go ahead. Fluncing. Flouncing.
nobody tell you it was my day today? Back to the beast? How
I stared, never too good with pre-emptive appeasing. Shook,
read. A roar, graze, shudder. Movement towards. And stuck.
cense and getting high and low. But wake up, silvery pink
word but now it was making looks my way and I thought I'd
The minder whispered, its from an astral call and response,
nose, eight flipper legs.

An oversized chicken bone came and gave me a gift into
the taste. But it was a gift enough. I then received another
and hug. And slight punishment was my water. Dropped a
employee or citizen and then I stepped on a fish skin.

There was an alarm going off in my coxix but I was stuck in
that changed into a parliament and was then a parliament of
make an example of me and punished me like a panto sex
The submarine was whining in the background. They swung
they smeared bad jam around my mouth in order to frame

dance, and was so dazzled and enamoured by this dancing dancer would be at. Elizabeth ate at home alone that night excessively detailed inventory of the food poisoning ail- on my beach towel. i felt a shaking and a rumbling under my dived for cover plunging their heads into the mini avalanch- ounding the beach started to crumble. they were shifting and my heavy sleep seduced limbs elevated levitated deviated positioned to take in the horizontal pacific. i floated upwards, orbit, longing for just a small sore shit. I floated watching the detail from high above, i floated above the mountains and over the unending stretching caressing oceanic expanse. i and out and out and out i drifted as if there would be no end the rest of my time.

body became too tall and it would squint my head to one side, ions. Each night she would come and visit me. She was pre- thought perhaps she wanted me to meet her parents, or go ation as i felt i should. I was always well behaved you see, came and the instrument she always used on me, long towards my chest. She then put it in my hand and I thought, was destined to be the most incredible musician of this in me. I was finally to leave my place under that table and en- my body.

exhibit was allowed for some moments. Then little me wasn't allowed anymore and I watched the silvery pink

and smoothed and pumped rumped me to slow. Haze was Shut eye. Story one comes back again. Day two wee pal, did are you going to face friendly fear the dreamer asked? So grazed, made moves that I had no indication of how to Thinking of being back with little Jules. Sucking in frankin beast is on the move, again. Fierce. I always liked that better not feel its breath, I'm allergic to the frequency of it. I'm terribly excited to see what you will learn today. Pointy

my mouth, on the edge of a punishment and not too lovely to in my hand, a soft face trimmed with brow and hair. Nuzzle heavy gift on my chest for not being a good collaborator or

the car wash. The big brushy kind, vertical politics fish. The shoal had been abolished. They had to club, carry on up the metal chain whips. A total riot. by to ballot or my love and when I gave it to them me for their rottenness.

this container edition 06
[page 037]

FUTURE CITY INFLATABLE

Deborah Birch

this container edition 06
[page 038]

These texts are responses to the performance 'Future City Inflatable' presented by Next Wave Festival x Dancehouse. Melbourne Australia, 2018.

Choreography:
Ellen Davies and Alice Heyward

Performance:
Lydia Connolly-Hiatt,
Megan Payne,
Geoffrey Watson,
Ivey Wawn,
Ellen Davies,
Alice Heyward

Costume: Verity Mackey

This city forms on the traditional country of the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin Nations. We acknowledge Indigenous sovereignty to this land that has never been ceded. We pay our respects to Elders, past, present, and emerging, and to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander communities. This city forms on what was once the Abbotsford Convent and its Industrial School, and we acknowledge the women and girls who lived and worked here, many in difficult and oppressive conditions.

The city in which we now find ourselves lies between walls that separate space and link layers of time. It has a scale of 900 minutes divided into 5 cells of 180 minutes. The patron saint of this city is Superstudio, and its spoken canon are the *Twelve Cautionary Tales for Christmas (12 Ideal Cities)* from 1971. Its inhabitants have forgotten their saint's roots in radical architecture, a decoupling of name and context that befits the metabolism of successful ideas. But they have not forgotten to keep silence in order to listen to their own bodies, to listen to their hearts and breathing: *we'll watch ourselves living*, they say. They know that they too will be forgotten. As one ideal city makes way for the next, its fictional inhabitants are collapsed into the tidy darkness of an unrealised present. The metabolism continues, hungrily feeding on the future and slowly re-digesting the past, and if we find ourselves somewhere in the life of this city, it is in the microcycles that move within and upon its stages.

Future City Inflatable





I. A utopian city's fictional inhabitants are like silkworms eating the mulberry leaf, who exude a raw material more fantastic than one could think to imagine. An old city weaver works this fibre into a fabric whose surface contains further images of fictional cities, filled with elegant birds, apt stones, prized flowers and, more rarely, with silkworms eating and exuding their lives. Should the inhabitants of such fictional cities go about their days, they would be as unremarkable as glaciers, which appear to us as cold dead surfaces, until they do not, meaning, until they reveal themselves to be flowing mountains. The vast times and scales of such things exist in rhythms imperceptible to us, invisible to us until we suddenly discover them as organisms, as microcosms, as jewels. Readers of fictional cities gaze at their inhabitants with the subtle joy of a collector of forks before a sale of spoons, for whom these extraneous objects are capable of furnishing disinterested delight and a small pocket of conceptual darkness within which to contemplate the big questions: why collect forks and not spoons? Why live in such and such a way and not another?

II. The inhabitants of utopian cities, of mythological cities, of fantasy cities, exist in the most robust and fragile of ways. They are abstractions of our desires and needs, signalled by a shout in the street, washing hanging on a line, the hand that opens a gate, movements across a bridge, the darkness of a tunnel, the speed and angles of the local dance. All children play in the same way, but the imagination furnishes a street, which may be urban or rural, residential or industrial, cluttered or clean. It is the hot summer concrete or the plump summer lawn, it is detailed and it is barely there at all. The washing, which is hanging high or low, is white, or blue, or unremarkable, is bright or faded, evenly-spaced or overlapping. What arises and what does not is that which the imagination retrieves from experience, or it is the memory of cities imagined by others, or it is something else. For example, when there is no washing the residents are perhaps naked, and the colour of their dancing is given by the image of a city where no one hangs out washing anymore because they're done with clothes.

III. If the utopian city is built of words, its inhabitants live through the act of reading, or re-reading, which is a metaphor for memory. Fixed as they are, when we chance upon these city dwellers, it is no surprise that they are necessarily different from how they were, and how they will no doubt be to future eyes. And if eyes are the windows through which we traditionally gaze upon the soul, the inhabitants of ideal cities will not turn to show us theirs. They are looking elsewhere. Perhaps they are wise, for if they looked laterally out from their logical branch, they would see our world, whose future does not become their present, ramify away from them. Perhaps they simply do not care. If Eros is bittersweet, signalling to the lover what the beloved could make whole, the citizens of utopian cities are falling in love with the processes of life itself. The lotus of the mind, the flora of the gut are to them as beautiful, no, more beautiful than the fresh-cut flowers we keep in our own homes. Here, metabolic eroticism is the order of the eternal day.

IV. A fictional city can be entered by gates, ports, roads, or, increasingly, from a distance, from the outside, from a blueprint or an axonometric drawing, which gives the distant reader a god's eye view, or, in the case of the city's residents, as many views as readers, and thus as many gods. There exists, in the dusty pages of an almanac on the proper methods of herbal geomancy, a rare and lightly-trodden fictional city, whose location was chosen for the way in which the local herbs, roots, and trees grow in the exact configuration of the organs they act upon as they are located in the human body. Plants whose leaves make a tea to help with lung troubles grow in the upper regions of the central axis of the city. Below these grow plants with anthelmintic properties, which are located beside others that treat complaints of the stomach. Plants to quicken thought, to increase intellectual agility are said to be located, not at the top of the city where the brain might be, but slightly North-East of centre, where the heart is, if one is laying down looking at the sky.





Konsten som underkastar sig att tala tydligt

Anna Böntha

Många diskuterar frågan om det politikens plats i konsten. Är det konstens uppgift att lyfta politiska frågor, att ta ställning i samhällsdebatten? Jag pratar här om politisk konst i betydelsen den konst som arbetar med politiska ämnen som ett innehåll. Det handlar alltså inte om konst som på något radikalt sätt ifrågasätter hur konst produceras och de institutioner som upprätthåller denna ordning. Inte heller om en konst som ställer "felaktigt formulerade frågor", ifrågasätter konsensus och luckrar upp gränserna för det som är möjligt att urskilja och förnimma. Hur det "vi" som varje mänsklig gemenskap utan undantag upprättar, på det sätt Jacques Rancières talar om det politiska i sin filosofi. Utan om konst som skapas som ett svar på frågor i en aktuell samhällsdebatt och som vill verka uppbyggligt. Associationen anser jag har blivit automatisk, moraliska ställningstagande är det konstnärliga verkets första kvalitet. Att konsten på olika sätt berör det politiska är inget utmärkande för samtiden, men det som är intressant är att se hur denna form av politiskt intresse inom konsten uppmuntras av till exempel institutioner och bidragsgivare som styr vilken konst som produceras genom offentliga medel. Många av dagens konst och kulturinstitutioner vill profilera sig som radikala och associerar sig gärna med konstnärer med ett sådant kapital.

Egentligen tror jag att man måste ta ett steg tillbaka och börja med att prata om hur vi definierar det politiska?

Så, om det politiska! Chantal Mouffe definierar det politiska som ständigt pågående antagonistiska kamper mellan olika grupper om hegemoniskt inflytande.¹ Hon menar att formationen av ett vi som vill något, hela tiden skapar en gräns mot ett de, vilka utgör ens politiska motståndare i bästa fall, eller ens fiende i de fall dessa motsättningar inte har möjlighet att ta sig demokratiska uttryck. I en liberalistisk idétradition suddas den antagonistiska dimension bort, här ses individen som ett rationellt suveränt subjekt som fattar beslut och formar allianser för sin egen vinnings skull. Förståelsen för politik, inte som en kamp om makt, utan istället som främst uppfostran och semantik, förflyttar intresset från att vilja förändra faktiska förhållanden till att enbart fokusera på att ändra människors sätt att tänka och deras åsikter.

Syftet är att vi ska tolerera varandra, i detta har det smugit sig in en förment liberal världsbeskrivning om ett universellt subjekt där alla strävar efter samma saker, samma rättigheter, samma livsbetingelser. Man bortser från att den liberala ordningen inte är en neutral organisation av samhällslivet, utan något som är i högsta grad produktivt, som styr våra begär och handlingar i en viss riktning. Det finns också även här ett vi och ett de, men den gränsar mot de som inte anammat den toleranta hållningen, och som diskvalificerats som människor med rättigheter och som därmed inte har rätt att uttala sig, och därmed behöver man inte erkänna att även i den liberala modellen skapar antagonistiska positioner mellan olika identiteter.

Wendy Brown använder Nietzsches ressentiment-begrepp för att analysera hur grupper som lidit under förtryck börjar identifiera sig med sitt lidande, att de förebrår dem som har makt och privilegier istället för att sträva efter att själva nå dit. Detta ressentiment skapar en slags moralism som vill förebrå snarare

än att själv formulera konkreta politiska förslag, Brown menar att moralismen avskyr öppna uttryck för makt och hotas av handling. Moralistiskt klander framställer politiska orättvisor som problem som inte har att göra med, historiska, politisk-ekonomiska och kulturella maktformationer, utan med kommentarer, attityder och yttranden.² Enligt denna förståelse av det politiska som attityder och yttranden blir det logiskt att försöka sträva efter yttrandereglering, ett i grunden odemokratiskt begär enligt Mouffe.

Andra sidan av myntet av att tysta de yttranden man anser vara omoraliska, blir att uppmuntra uppbyggliga, moraliska talakter och symbolhandlingar. Platsen där de förtryckta ska få erkännande för sitt lidande blir logiskt nog inte politiken utan konsten. Där kan olika erfarenheter av förtryck ges röst, där kan politiken spela ut i ett symboliskt visuellt register. Där kan vi hela tiden återvända till ett förflutet där oförrätterna begåtts. Här kan tilläggas att poängen inte är att säga att dessa förtryck inte ägt och äger rum, utan som Zizek skriver, inte nöja sig med att ha rätt medan man förlorar kampen.

Brown skriver att de identitetsbaserade projekten riskerar att förbinda sig med sin underordning genom att hålla fast vid de identiteter som subjektets underordnade position historiskt upprätthållits genom. Genom denna identifiering med kategorin som makten använt för att förtrycka subjektet reproduceras den förtryckande ordningen. Därför måste mobiliseringen av motstånd "inte hålla fast vid sin skada", utan istället "glömma" bort denna historia för att kunna formulera ett verkligt emancipatoriskt demokratiskt strävande.³

Denna uppmaning att "glömma" kan framstå som provocerande, nästan som en andra oförrätt då den tycks förminska de förtryck som de underordnade identiteterna fått utstå genom att förvägra dessa subjekt att "bli vid sina skada" och

därmed utkräva hämnd för sitt lidande. Att uppehålla sig i detta psykologiska tillstånd leder dock inte till det man önskar, det finns ingen potential för förändring att finna, bara ett intensifierande av lidandet. Det är denna känslomässiga logiks självdestruktivitet som Brown med hjälp av Nietches ressentimentsbegrepp visar på. Ett fasthållande vid ett förflutet misslyckas med att ta vara på nuet, det nu som är den enda tidpunkt som kan skriva fram en annan framtid. Den får också en hatisk slagsida då den inte strävar efter makten, utan föraktar friheten istället för att utöva den.⁴ I en samtida kultursfär trängs de många verk som omnämns som viktiga just i egenskap av att lyfta olika bortträngd historier, eller kasta nytt sken över en historieskrivning som skapats av de med makt. Konst och kultursfären blir i hög grad platsen där denna återgåldning för förgångna oförrätter ska ske, platsen där ”viktiga” röster äntligen får ta till orda, där den svaga äntligen får, om än inte handla, så tala om sin erfarenhet av underordning.

Om det politiska får en uppfostrande slagsida, och den politiska kampens arena förskjutits in på kulturens domän blir i förlängningen detta konstens roll. Denna Platonska konstsyn genomsyrar kulturen idag: Konsten fungerar som föredöme; konsten får inte säga att gudarna gör dumma saker för då kan människor göra dumma saker! Därför blir konst som är mångtydig ett problem, om konsten ska fungera som gott föredöme måste den eliminera alla risker att feltolkas. Därför kommer ofta konstverk numera med en beskrivning av dess politiska intention, för att underminera risken för att något i publiken skulle kunna hitta något i konstupplevelsen som inte skulle få finnas där. Men en konst som är rädd för att misstolkas vingklipper sig själv. Det är också en konst som genom att framställa sig som god underminerar det kritiska samtalet, för hur kan man ställa sig kritisk till dess positiva budskap? Samtalet om konst kommer att handla om dess politiska innehåll och inte om dess konstnärliga kvalitéer. Jag tror att det är att undergräva konstens roll helt att i ett nyliberalistiskt system börja formulera sig i relation till nytta och utbildning. Eller att okritiskt underkasta sig den ansökningsapparat som finns för att avgöra vem som får finansiering för sin konst, och som i processen formulerar konstnärens arbete i samhällsnyttiga termer.

Det ekonomiska systemet sätter ramarna för vår existens utan att kunna eller vilja

påtvinga oss deras ideologi.⁵ Filosofen och performance art-teoretikern Bojana Kunsts resonemang om projektet som den dominerande arbetsstrukturen för konstnärligt arbete, en tidlig horisont med ett förbestämt mål som slutpunkt så är denna obevekliga slutpunkt i stor utsträckning en fråga om att fastställa en mottagare för konsten. I ansökningsformulär för att söka finansiering för att producera scenkonst är en av frågorna alltid att beskriva målgruppen för projektet. Denna målgrupp riktar in konstverket mot att dels föreställa sig vad den generella bestämningen av denna ”grupp” människor är och att sedan avgöra vad målgruppen vill ha för sorts konst. Att ge människor det de vill ha är i sig en märklig premiss för konstnärlig verksamhet, men även om man anser detta vara gott kan man misstänkliggöra detta moment för att vara kraftigt fördomsfullt och paternalistiskt. Walter Benjamin skriver angående mottagaren av ett verk i Översättarens uppgift att ”[i]nte i något fall ter sin hänsyn till mottagaren fruktbar för uppfattningen av ett konstverk eller en konstform. Inte nog med att varje inriktning på en viss publik eller representanter för den leder vilse, även föreställningen av en ”idealisk” mottagare är av ondo i en teoretisk diskussion, eftersom man där på sin höjd kan ta människans generella existens och väsen för givna – men inte i något fall hennes uppmärksamhet.”⁶ Det kan ses som tvivelagtigt att spekulera om vem mottagaren för ett verk är då detta reducerar individen till en viss kategori. Är det inte, om än inte en definition av konst, så i alla fall en potential i konsten att värna om att den kan få oss att känna och tänka eller upptäcka något vi inte redan vet att vi, definierade som konsumenter på en marknad, efterfrågar?

Ett konstverk kan oavsett konstnärens intention läsas politiskt. Den politiska dimensionen är i sig inte problematisk i sig utan snarare den hållning som tvingar konstnärer att tala tydligt, en konst som lägger sig vinn om att inte misstolkas och uppfattas på ett sätt som inte var konstnärens intention. Ofta kan man se politiska diskussioner uppstå när konstnären ger sig in i offentliga debatter för att försöka korrigera felaktiga läsningar av ett verk. Detta förflyttar diskussionen till en plats som inte är särskilt fruktbar för konstens existensberättigande. Det är också olyckligt om konsten, i rädslan att tolkas fel, förminska sig själv. För att ta ett äldre exempel så la Strindberg i efterhand till ett förord till pjäsen Fröken Julie då pjäsens ena huvudkaraktär till

författarens förtret uppfattades som ett starkt och gripande kvinnoporträtt. Trots författarens egna misogyna åskådningar misslyckades han med att tala tydligt, den pjäs han skrev fick ett eget liv. Kanske är det svårt att sätta fingret på vad denna konstnärliga motståndskraft är men kanske har det att göra med något som poeten Solmaz Sharif talar om i en intervju i The Paris Review.

Sharif beskriver sitt skrivande som ’politiskt’ och diskuterar uppfattningen om politiska budskap i konst som något som av nödvändighet underordnar estetiska överväganden. Solmaz skriver att dåligt skrivande, som hon beskriver som klichéartat, ger en dålig klichéartad politik. “It’s exciting for me to think of poets that are allowing their politics to also be shaped by these aesthetic considerations, and wondering when the poetic will lead you to the kind of political surprise that a dogmatic approach wouldn’t allow.” Kanske var det just det att Strindberg inte reducerade Julie till en kliché och att han trots sin misogyna inställning till trots i skrivandet lät konstnärliga överväganden styra som gör att verket talar till oss även idag.

Vi är underkastade synen på konsten som ett innehåll, Susan Sontag har skrivit att vi inte kan tänka oss konsten utanför den mimetiska konstsynen även om vi tror att vi lämnat den bakom oss.⁷ Konstens läses alltid som allegorisk text, den ska säga något (annat), den har ett innehåll som måste analyseras först och sedan översättas (A betyder egentligen B), överförs till verkligheten, bli något annat än det den är. Vi kan inte låta den vara i fred, som Sontag formulerar det. Vi kväver den med kärlek kanske, i ren välvilja, eller för att desperat ge den existensberättigande. Men det är inte bara uttolkarna, konstkritikerna, som försöker rädda konsten genom att översätta den till tidens efterfrågan på hanterbart innehåll, även konstnärerna står till förfogande. Man börjar sitt arbete i fel ände när konstnären

blir sin egen uttolkare och är alltför välvil-
ligt inställd till att reducera verk till A är
lika med B. Detta betyder egentligen det
här. Ofta känns själva konstupplevelsen
som överflödigt, analysen ges till handa
redan innan du går och ser verket, själva
upplevelsen (om det inte, som i vissa fall,
lyckas överskrida sina delar, och bli något
mindre hanterbart, något att uppleva och
förnimma), konstupplevelsen säger bara
samma sak, en gång till.

Konst eller reklam? Frågan ställs från
väggarna nere i Stockholms tunnelbana
under våren 2018.⁸ Det är en reklamkam-
panj för Guldägget, en tävling i kreativ
reklam, på kampanjens hemsida kan man
scrolla bland bilder och gissa, är det konst
eller är det reklam? Även om det inte är
syftet med reklamkampanjen så öppnar
det ändå för reflektionen, vad är egen-
tliga skillnaderna mellan reklam och
konst? Det är i alla fall inte framlyftan-
det av de progressiva idealen som utgör
väsensskillnaden.

Brown skriver att det inte finns något i det
nyliberala systemet som behöver up-
prätthålla rasistiska och antifeministiska
förtryck eller förtryck mot hbtq-personer
för att systemet ska fortsätta fungera.⁹
Nyliberalismens signum är att den lyckas
kapa alla problemformuleringar. Badiou
har formulerat att kapitalismen inte är en
civilisation i sig själv, utan sanning-utan-
mening, det vill säga den kan anpassa sig
till alla kulturer och samhällen. Radikala
krav från rörelserna begynnelse inlemmas
med tiden genom att dess systemkritik
omriktas. Sedan fungerar det utmärkt
genom att anamma dessa urvattnade
budskap i till exempel reklamkampanjer.
Man kan tillspetsat fråga sig vad den
egentliga skillnaden mellan konstens och
reklamens roll blir, när reklamen inte
bara använder sig av konstnärens verktyg
utan även kan anamma den uppfostrande
rollen lika väl.

Det finns många exempel på reklam
som suddar ut gränsen mellan konst och
reklam och försöker hitta andra plattfor-
mar för att sprida kommersiella budskap.
Eftersom företag vet att människor är
skeptiska till reklam så är det bara logiskt
att denna trend att framställa reklam som
något annat än reklam blir starkare. De
visuella kommunikatörerna som arbetar
med reklam behärskar konstnärliga
tankesätt, de kan använda spännande
oväntade kommunikationssätt, och tonar
ner det kommersiella budskapet och
väljer att istället berätta andra historier
för oss. Några exempel är: Ikeas dröm-

filmer under 2016 med bla rapparen
Silvana Imam, eller H&Ms reklamkam-
panjer under hösten 2017, bland annat en
kortfilm regisserad av spelfilmsregissören
Baz Luhrman. En annan är kampan-
jfilmen från H&M som ”krossar den
stereotypa kvinnobilden” genom att visa
olika kvinnor i livets olika situationer
som ska man förstå lever sina liv i olika
H&M kläder. Inte förrän i slutet av filmen
visas en H&M logga och man förstår vem
avsändaren är.¹⁰ Nyliberalismens enda
mål är att varje del av samhället ska styras
av målrationala ekonomiska styrmekanis-
mer, och här i västvärlden lyckas den även
inlemma kraven från de sociala rörelser i
sig, du kan som en medveten konsument
välja att konsumera produkter som säljs
genom att marknadsföra positiva eller
normkritiska ideal.

Marx menade 1846 att ideologi är en falsk
världsuppfattning som skymmer de sanna
förhållandena. Även om det, precis som
Zizek säger, inte finns någon sann värld
att ideologiskt avtäcka, så är det ändå så
att dagens kapitalistiska tappning, nyliber-
alismen, på sätt och vis döljs för oss. Den
framstår som Verkligheten, helt naturlig,
och dess sanningar framstår som sunt
förnuft. Vi tror inte på den samtidigt som
vi lever efter den. Jag förstår det nyliber-
alistiska som en ordning som genomsyrar
våra liv på ett grundläggande sätt, som
utövar makt genom olika strukturer som
vi lever genom men inte är medvetna om,
som vårt språk, som hur tiden strukture-
ras. Bojana Kunst skriver att ordet projekt,
ett ord som hon säger kan appliceras på
nästan allt utan att egentligen säga något
särskilt om vad det betecknar, är en tom
signifikant. Men ordet projekt implicerar
en viss temporalitet där fullbordandet
redan ligger implicit i den projicerade
framtiden.¹¹ I konstvärlden är projekt
den form vi ger vårt arbete, det sträcker
sig även utanför konstens värld och den
sortens entreprenör som kulturarbetarna
är kan på många sätt ses som förebildan-
de för en nyliberalistisk anda. Ständigt
producerande, målorienterade, subjektss-
kapande individer på en prekär marknad
där man jobbar i denna ”projektiva tid”
som hela tiden hägrar men aldrig infinner
sig. Det är en slags förlust av ett nu och
därmed också av framtiden. Även Brown
ringar in innebörden av denna förlust som
signifikativ, hon skriver i Att vinna fram-
tiden åter om svårigheten att formulera
andra drömmar än de som kapitalismen
redan formulerat åt oss. Brown frågar sig
vad som hände med de begär som drev
vänsterpolitiska rörelser, och menar att
kritikens grundvalar förändrats till oigen-

kännlighet. Hon säger att den nya ordningen har monopol på det reala och det imaginära. Kunsts poäng med att tala om en viss sorts tidslighet är i linje med detta, att även om kreativa människor hela tiden är upptagna av att skapa förslag för framtiden, för det som ska komma, samtidigt som vår föreställningsförmåga är helt innesluten i det som redan är, eftersom vi redan som utgångspunkt måste formulera de mål som projekten ska uppfylla. För att ett projekt ska kunna genomföras (och avslutas) krävs en lyckad kalkylering mellan det som är och det som ska komma, vilket innebär att det är ekonomiskt genomförbart. Dess mål måste överensstämma med det som vi i det nuvarande föreställer oss att ett "mål" är.

Att försvara sin plats i det ekonomiska systemet genom att tala nytto-språk, om hur konst och kulturupplevelser kan bygga broar, skapa gemenskaper, underlätta integrationen, vara mötesplatser, väcka liv i stadsdelar, vara det universalklister som ska laga ett sprucket samhälle, är att måla in sig i ett hörn. För när inte konsten är på riktigt tillgänglig för alla så blir diskrepansen mellan det å så angelägna innehållet (för att tala med Sontag) och den räckvidd den offentliga finansierade kulturen faktiskt har svår att ha överseende med.

Det går inte att dra en skiljelinje mellan konsten och det politiska, särskilt inte i den betydelse av det politiska som jag här använder mig av, det jag har velat diskutera är snarare en förskjutning av det politiska till konstens område, och i samma rörelse ett institutionaliserande av konsten som tjänare i det godas syfte, vilket jag anser reducerar konstens potential. Detta handlar inte om att därmed reagera och hamna i en absolut motpol till detta, vad enskilda konstnärer skapar kan man inte reglera åt något håll. Vad jag velat diskutera är snarare en kulturpolitik, en medielogik och ett nyttotänkande som uppmuntrar konstnärer att leverera mottagarorienterad och ställningstagande konst.

KÄLLOR

Böcker

Brown, Wendy, Att vinna framtiden åter: texter om makt och frihet i senmoderniteten, Atlas, Stockholm, 2008

Mouffe, Chantal, Om det politiska, Tankekraft, Hägersten, 2008

Fredrik Jameson, "The Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism". Texten finns även på svenska i Mikael Löfgren & Anders Molander, (red.), Postmoderna tider?, Stockholm, 2003

Benjamin, Walter, Språkfilosofiska texter, Daidalos, Göteborg, 2013

Sontag, Susan, Konst och antikonst, PAN/Norstedt, Stockholm, 1969

Internetkällor

<https://www.resume.se/nyheter/artiklar/2016/09/15/hm-hyllas--krossar-den-stereotypa-kvinnobilden/>

<http://www.manifestajournal.org/issues/regret-and-other-back-pages/project-horizon-temporality-making#>

<https://www.resume.se/nyheter/artiklar/2018/04/16/guldaggets-kampanj-vill-fa-reklamare-att-kanna-stolthet/>

(Endnotes)

- 1 Mouffe. Om det politiska, 18
- 2 Brown. Att vinna framtiden åter, 121
- 3 Brown. Att vinna framtiden åter, 36-37
- 4 Brown. Att vinna framtiden åter, 36
- 5 Jameson "The Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism" 280
- 6 Benjamin. Språkfilosofiska texter, 39
- 7 Sontag, Mot tolkning, s 8
- 8 <https://www.resume.se/nyheter/artiklar/2018/04/16/guldaggets-kampanj-vill-fa-reklamare-att-kanna-stolthet/>
- 9 Brown. Att vinna framtiden åter, 153
- 10 <https://www.resume.se/nyheter/artiklar/2016/09/15/hm-hyllas--krossar-den-stereotypa-kvinnobilden/>
- 11 <http://www.manifestajournal.org/issues/regret-and-other-back-pages/project-horizon-temporality-making>

Blue Boots

Oda Brekke

this container edition 06
page [049]

The window is on the third floor. On the same level is the crown of a tree across the road. Outside two roads are crossing, in my view is one of four corners, cut out by the cross. The corner is covered in snow, a big pile of grey almost black snow that has been shuffled up on the side walk so cars can drive by. The sky is cloudy. Next to the pile of snow there is a blue plastic container. The container is about a meter high and has the letters S A N D written on it. The pile of snow is around two meters high, from above it looks like a little island next to a container next to a tree.

A kid is playing. His blue jacket and blue boots are matching the container next to the snow pile. His pants have a grey pattern, like a military pattern where different tones of the same colour creates a wavy formation. He is holding a wooden stick in his hand.

The stick is about half the length of his body. He is playing with the stick on the pile of snow. The snow is cramped and has a firm surface that can carry the weight of his body without giving in. He hits the snow with the stick jumping back and forward like in a fencing game. The rhythm is shifting all the time while he manoeuvres the stick in relation to his footwork. The force of the stick hitting the surface of the snow makes it crack, and scatter the grey top layer of the snow around.

On Saturday mornings someone hovers the floor above my bedroom. All I know about this person is their rhythm. A rhythm they move into as they move metal and plastic across wooden floor, same time, same day, every week. These sounds slowly wake me up, and accompany me together with images of a person hunting down the dust that has gathered since last week—in this place between sleep and awake.

Dust contains tiny parts of the materials in our local environment. Plant pollen, textile fibres, paper fibres, minerals from outdoor soil, human skin cells, meteor particles human and animal hair. Things that are hard to get a hold of are things that really have a lot of power to persist. Dust blends into stuff, hides behind and in-between, it is always around, slipping between edges and twirling around obstacles. It is a thing on the border between something and nothing, kind of a mix of everything. It gravitates slowly until something spins it off and spreads it into the air again.

Some things demand attention, some things demand a different attention, some things are only visible through a certain attention. Dust appears when its mass passes a certain threshold. When the layer that gravitates in a consistent pace accumulates into a form. This form is simultaneously a cluster of traces and an indicator of duration.

Its slow pace makes dust a form of waste that sneaks in on us. It also sneaks into us; it infiltrates the pores of our skin and enter our lungs with the rhythm of our breath. If its volume is high we can feel the process, dust blending with our spit and sweat.

A specific focus can cancel out information. While hovering, it is obvious how dust appears when looking for it. Sometimes it almost feels like the act of hovering makes the dust grow.

When dust is undisturbed for long enough its particles form creatures, the movement of a single large particle can start the formation of a dust bunny. Dust Bunnies are small clumps of dust that form under furniture and in corners that are not cleaned regularly. They are made of hair, lint, dead skin, spider webs and sometimes light rubbish and debris held together by static electricity and felt-like entanglement. They can house dust mites or other parasites, and lower the efficiency of computers and other electronic machines.

"The emergency of women. Is the emergency of the world. We say: What good is history if we have not felt it? We say: Don't let the dead go until you have tasted them."



92i

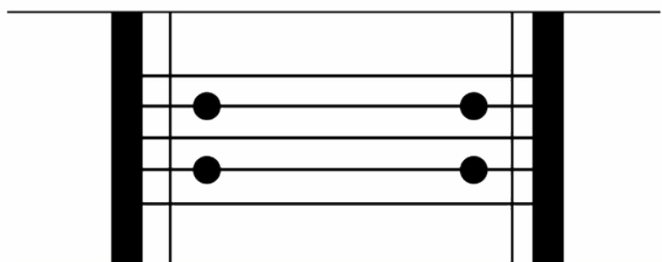
Veyron
Alle Dicu

0.

Edith chérie,
Je passe des journées bizarres, à deux doigts du désespoir.
Peut-être ai-je voulu chercher trop loin, peut-être y a-t-il
des choses qu'il ne faut pas chercher à penser, je ne sais pas
trop. [1]

1.

I imagine my mind as an ever-changing surface where
matter moves at intense confusing speed. It is a beauti-
ful ground, but it swallows its content with a violence:
it absorbs it simply: then it throws it out in irregular
movements: explosions. Tiny explosions strongly violent:
followed by deep silence. I loose track of these thoughts:
they fluctuate fast: the matter is soaked into the surface like
into quicksands. I can not tell what mental gymnastics I
put myself through to witness this mind space: In order to
understand I project these moving sands to it: and at those
times I get a feeling of profound vertigo. A mind like this
makes me dream of a savannah: An open field, the perfect
field where winds and tornadoes move without friction. A
minimal smooth surface that scares ^[2] speed away.



this container edition 06
[page 053]

2.

I come out of a delicate time with a song: a
self generated fever. I swallowed my music
in the form of a capsule. It is very difficult to
explain. The first listening:

Comme au bas-fond je m'en allais roulant,
Devant mes yeux vint à s'offrir quelqu'un

Qui semblait enroué après un long silence. ^[3]

There was silence in the track profoundly but
then I could not tell: now I know this silence
threw me in the loop. Each last measure
made me crave the first again: the sound
had this hold-pause to it. I started to live in
these these 4": the first day, the second, the
first two weeks and the month that followed,
it followed me. Deep feverish on the streets
of Bucharest: I took my song as a shelter:
those streets have a history of making me
feel uncomfortable for confusing reasons. It
helped me: I took it on the streets of Lisbon:
just as a hit.

The decrease came first as a soft fear: afraid
that my abuse of listenings would run the
song dry. I loved these 4" and it felt almost as
if they loved me back. I kept it long enough
and I started hearing myself in them: the
music had an excess to it that I knew from
within myself: I recognized a peak, an explo-
sion of my own into this very sound: it feels
very difficult to explain. The repetition did
not drain my sound however: it converted it
to something gradually more familiar: from a
song to a foil: to a membrane of my own.

Tout à l'entour je portai mes yeux frais,
Je me dressai debout et je regardai bien,
Pour m'assurer de l'endroit où j'étais.
Je me trouvai, de fait, sur le bord meme
De la vallée du douloureux abîme
Que remplit de tonnerre une plainte infinie.
Abîme obscur, profond et nebuleux,
Tant qu'à fixer mon regard dans le fond
Je n'y pouvais discerner nulle chose. ^[4]

I could not separate things very well but
there was no need: There it was my smooth
surface.

3.

The decrease came as an emergency. I needed to write out this collision: my encounter with the song: because it was going to disappear and it had to have a body of its own. A definite body: neither mine nor the one of the song: a body that I could see in front of me now and that I could look back to without much alteration. A new capsule: a flashback wouldn't do. I started to build it from the membrane: the meeting point between me and the 4th: the fusion field. The chaos: le vertige de la page blanche: the speed of ideas and thoughts perforating the membrane: I could not explain. The 4th foil of sound so intense: pierced by language. In front of me: but cracking.

Elle ainsi me parla, puis se prit à chanter
Ave Maria, et chantant s'évanouit,
Comme un corps lourd dans une onde profonde
Mes regards, eu premier, la suivirent si loin
Que je le pus; mais, quand ils la perdirent,
Revinrent à l'objet d'un désir plus ardent.^[5]

this container edition 06
[page 054]

NOTES

[1] Lettre (feuillet 1) de Jean Paulhan à Edith Boissonnas, 28 Octobre 1962

Edith Boissonnas, Henri Michaux, Jean Paulhan | Mescaline 55 | Editions Claire Paulhan | 2014 | p. 226

[2] An open field that would scare the speed away, a dread of open space.

The idea of dread of open space is something I discovered in Wilhem Worringer's work "Abstraction and Empathy" (1908). The way I imply it here is better explained by quoting the note Worringer makes on his own text. "In this context we may recall the fear of space which is clearly manifested in Egyptian architecture. The builders sought by means of innumerable columns, devoid of any constructional function, to destroy the impression of free space and to give the helpless gaze assurance of support by means of these columns." (Cf. Riegl, *Spiitromische Kunstindustrie*, Chapter I.) Wilhelm Worringer | Abstraction and Empathy | Elephant Paperbacks | 1997 | p. 137

[3] Dante, *La Divine Comédie*, *L'Enfer*, Chant Premier

Dante | *La Divine Comédie* | Editions Garnier Frères | 1962 | p. 13

[4] Dante, *La Divine Comédie*, *L'Enfer*, Chant Quatrième

Dante | *La Divine Comédie* | Editions Garnier Frères | 1962 | p. 26

[5] Dante, *La Divine Comédie*, *Le Paradis*, Chant Troisième

Dante | *La Divine Comédie* | Editions Garnier Frères | 1962 | p. 376

*This zine in true style has been made
through the 'passion' (free labor) of many
people.*

*The thank you list is incomplete, (without
any name in fact), all of you should be
there, we just hadn't all met yet and this
page is printed... but if we had this page
would unfold one million times with a list
full of deep stormy gratitude.*

xx

THIS CONTAINER EDITION 06 JULY 2018