SCREAM OF LOVE
- a search for a body that is collective and free

Indra Linderoth

ABSTRACT

This is an experiment, several tryouts and me searching for vibrations. Vibrations in between the text and you as a reader; in between my body and an other (your?) body; in fear of loosing and a fear of not daring to let go and get lost. I have used myself as an instrument to observe the world around me searching for ways to observe and let myself be observed. It is an aim to create a space for shared experiences; a parenthesis to step in to; a new (or familiar) gaze towards what has been displaced; to make art that can be a meaningful channel beyond commercialization and success.

Key words: vibrations, voice, listening, performative writing, artistic research, queer position, femininity, dissonance, displacement, gentrification
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i: ...I remember once when my parents had planned a field-trip to nature but in the morning the sky opened up for endless rain so instead they created a forest in our living room and we had a picnic on the floor.

a: wow

i: this was my childhood, a feeling of a possible magic world full of creativity... so I had a kind of parallel education in... from my home, since I grew up in an artist family

a: yeah right

i: that showed me “this is how you can exist in the world”

a: ah

i: and then that collided with the other, so intensively/hard

a: mmm

i: so it’s something about this as well, that it was like... well, yes with everything, about how to be as a person but also how to exist... really about all norms

a: yeah exactly, and in a structure in the world

i: yes for sure, it’s about the school structures but also a structure in the world

a: mmm, right. So perhaps it’s something with this that we could relate to here as well, this home environment in a way or this thing with one’s own (egna) in relation to how you are expected to be in the school environment, further on in relation to all the norms that deny... and tells you how it is supposed to be

i: mmm

a: ...that there is a connection here already in the introduction, so one get an entrance to “why are you doing this?” “what do you want with this?” “what are you exploring?” and that could be in your life, in your work, in your way of thinking, that we will get a sense/doft of where you are

i: wait, say that again, one’s own at home, and then...

a: yes one’s own, at home (det egna hemma), and then the private that you have experienced as a person and then how that collided with the world that you met perhaps in school and then further on collides with your whole way of existing in the world that is bigger than the learning environment

i: mmh

a: mmh

i: mmh, it’s nice also that you get in contact with me or with the world/landscape that I’m presenting/that you will walk in to

a: mmh

i: yes right

a: ... and then perhaps you could fit this thing with the capitalist society and so

I: mmh

a: mmh

i: mmh
Introduction

The texts you hold in your hand is an experiment, several tryouts¹ and me searching for vibrations. Vibrations in between the text and you as a reader; in between fragments of thoughts and experiences; in between my body and an other (your?) body; in fear of losing and a fear of not daring to let go and get lost. Inspired by José Saramago “If you can see, look; If you can look, observe” I have used myself as an instrument to observe the world around me². I’ve been observing myself in relation to the city³; I’ve been observing the city in relation to me. I’ve been observing myself in relation to people I know and people I don’t know, in dialogue and in monologue. Searching for ways to observe and let myself be observed. I have tried to understand how to live in and how to work as an artist in this individualistic and capitalistic society we live in. How to make art that can be a meaningful channel beyond commercialization and success?

My focus of interest has been:
1. mapping (and exposing) the psychosis of hierarchy and success
2. mapping (and exposing) displacement of bodies and thoughts
3. observing and experimenting with femininity and masculinity connected to movement, sound, gaze
4. observing space-taking and accessibility connected to space, buildings, room, people, objects; observing how it feels inside the body and what it looks like from the outside
5. exploring the queer body as a tool for resistance and negotiating assumptions/decompose our idea of the way things are
6. exploring distortion in different ways as a method to visualize norms and open up for new possibilities
7. exploring distortion in different ways as a method to visualize norms and open up for new possibilities

Using myself as an instrument:

I agree with Elizabeth Grosz when she says that her artistic knowledge is deeply connected to a feminist knowledge and that’s one of the reasons I’m using personal experiences as a base for my knowledge building and exploration. Connecting the personal to the political and using this as a strategy and method is something that has been done for a long time but the expression was first stated by the Women’s Liberation Movement (that was most active during the end of 1960 and the beginning of 1970). In an essay from 1970 Carol Hanisch express why it is so important for her to make this connection, she says: “I am getting a gut understanding of everything as opposed to the esoteric, intellectual understandings and noblesse oblige feelings I had in ‘other peoples’ struggles’.³ They realized that sharing experiences with each other offered them an opportunity to formulate and verbalize feelings that had been dismissed as unimportant. This consciousness-raising led to a destruction of isolation and the feeling of it’s just me. Shared experience becomes a collective body of knowledge.

The voice as a tool and weapon:

The voice has always been central in my artistic practice and the media that I’ve always been most interested in exploring. I’m fascinated by the voice capacity to communicate beyond words. It’s ability to simultaneous intimacy and explosiveness. For the last years I have explored the voice vastness. I’ve been searching for ways to let the voice embody emotions or inner states and function as a megaphone at demonstrations. During my acting education at Stockholms Academy for Dramatic Arts (SADA) we worked a lot with a method that search for ways to let the voice be, letting the body open up for what ever comes in this very now. This was a new way of thinking for me. The openness that our bodies found was magical, impossible to not be affected by, the voice traveled straight in to you as a listener. An obliquitly emerged in between hissings from the abyss and high-pitched tones so light that they afloat in mid air and stopped time. Voices create vibrations in the air, sound waves that connect bodies into a collective body.

When I first applied to do a master in Contemporary Performative Art at The Gothenburg Academy of Music and Drama (HSM) I wanted to collaborate with my old friend and sister in crime Nina Jeppsson. My and Nina’s collaboration goes years back in time. It all started with us (together with Sarah Deegerhammer and Rakel Benér) creating the performance group TIR during fall 2008. We have inspired and challenged each other to search further further further. Together Nina and I have boooed at Jan Björklund (see page 25), burst consensus rooms, asked the most uncomfortable questions, listened and learned so much about current structures. We have developed a language

¹ Together with the Performance group/collective TIR (see next page) I have developed a method based on working with tryouts(försök). The method is an approach for working with/exploring performative aspects of material connected to different topics. From the specific topic (and suggested material connected to text/voice/body) we improvise and listen to the material and each other and search for different ways to communicate the chosen topic.
³ Me as lesbian, feminist, woman, queer, white, middle-class, artist, … In this case, during this period of time, the city is three cities that I’ve moved in-between: Berlin, Gothenburg and Stockholm
together, a language for communicating experiences and translating politics to art. We have understood to explore and develop this language through different media: in body improvisations in the borderland between intimacy and aggression, in sound gardens where our voices like animal’s in the woods communicated without words, in activism by disposing ourselves or using our position to open a City Theater in Jordbro as a manifestation of the common (gemensamma).

This time we have explored the already existing landscapes of our voices using our bodies/minds, trying to reach further towards multiple possibilities, yet unknown. We have traveled along the boundaries between human and non human and asked ourselves: Is it possible to temporarily transform/dissolve these violent borders with the help of bodily vibrations? To become lovingly open enough for such a deadly attack on the system? It is an experiment we call OFF HIGHWAY.

Walking as a method for writing and understanding the world:

Walking is both a method for writing and a method for making art. If one look at the history of walking it has been used as a reaction to fast changes in society and as a way of writing and thinking. In the article Activating Imaginative Attention and Creating Observant Moments in the Everyday – Through the Art of Walking Cecilia Lagerström is describing it “[t]o walk is not only a matter of transporting oneself from one point to another, it may also facilitate and open up spaces for new thoughts, enable us to see life and existence from new places, encourage associative thinking, as well as help us go astray”. In my explorations I have used walking as a method for writing and as a method for going out into the vague terrain and then afterward look back at what I did (found). This way of working has opened up a landscape for me to get lost in. A web of questions and wonderings. To stay in this process I have used rhizomatic thinking: as a way to reorganize, deconstruct and decompose what we know as the truth; as a way to let new things appear in the connections in between the lines and texts; as a way to work against the concept of product, result and linearity. This way of thinking has inspired my writing process as well as my artistic work/process in general. During these two years I have searched through field trips, performance lectures, interactive installations, walks, sound recordings and conversations, always with my Dictaphone and notebook in hand. I’ve let myself explore different types of writing, wonder around following tracks off highway and make connections without questioning my impulses as a way to find things beyond the horizon of what one think is possible. Afterwords I have found three main themes: CITY/BODY/SPACE-TAKING (PLATSTAGANDE); (me as an artist connected to) CAREER/SUCCESS/RESULTS; RELATIONSHIP-/LOVE-ANARCHY (as a way to work against the capitalist society).

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8 When I write and talk in Swedish I use the gender neutral pronoun en (one) for general situations and hen (ze/they) for when the gender is unknown. I do this as a strategy to not gender situations/behaviors/positions/roles or make assumptions about people. When writing in English I have chosen to use you instead of one as the gender neutral version to make it easier for you as a reader. When I write in English I try to use one as the gender neutral pronoun but when it makes the text difficult to read I have chosen you instead.

9 you will find: essays, associative writing, suggestions/exercises, event writing, logg notes, poetic writing, transcriptions of dialogues, factual writing, field-notes, scripts, stream of consciousness

9 the vibrating open in opposition to the whole fixed solid
manifesto: work with risk in your everyday practice, be uncomfortable, make yourself vulnerable, love as many and as much as possible, be angry, speak up, try to act in solidarity, create platforms for meetings, save our commons, be generous, share as much as possible, be abnormal, fuck up the system, gather every fuck up and scream, scream of love.

Logg 18 September 2014

Today I met my new classmates for the first time, only women. I’m one of the youngest. There was a big welcome ceremony where hundreds of people gathered in the aula (so many white people in one place, well dressed and well behaved), with speeches and ‘get together’ singing. I refused to sing.
A striking feeling of finding a place to belong

It is fall 2009 and I’m sitting in one of the smaller conference rooms upstairs at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Stockholm. Joakim Stenshäll is invited to talk to us in relation to the devising projects we have just begun. The subject is Rhizomatics. To explain the Rhizomatic concept Joakim is drawing a tree with a visible root system, the roots and the crown is linked to the trunk, this is the arborescent/linear model. I recognize it so intensely that I can’t even recall when I saw it the first time. My body reacts to it with a feeling of being restricted; memories of wanting to say: “But what if…” “Can’t you think of it like…” “I’m thinking that perhaps…” being called off as being mixed-up. Then he draws a ginger. The ginger is a Rhizome, it can grow in any direction at any time. Everything can be linked with everything and it has no beginning or end.

We get a booklet with excerpts from a text written by Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. We’re reading a few passages from the text out loud. The text is complex, but unlike before the complicated language is not making me feel stupid, it doesn’t matter, because the content makes me feel like I’ve found a secret entrance. To suddenly realize that it’s not me who’s been stupid all these years. The fact that I’ve had trouble understanding the logic presented to me is not because there is something wrong with me. It is the system that’s wrong. I have been forced into a system that has been presented as the only way to absorb information in a learning process and in the way of understanding the world. Joakim talks about normativity and homogenization. (Of course) I’ve been criticizing and questioning the content of what I’ve been taught throughout the years, the lack of “other stories” “other experiences” “other knowledge” but I never thought about it connected to how we learn things. He gives various examples of a Rhizomatic way of navigating and with each example it’s as if he is describing my creative process, how my brain works, how I experience the world, how I sort information, make connections and links.

As Joakim keeps on talking it suddenly hits me: A striking feeling of finding a place to belong. I can’t remember how long the seminar was, nor any of the discussions or conversations that occurred in connection with this new concept presented to us. What I do remember is the feeling of intoxication; the rushing of blood through my veins and body; the feeling that something’s been twisted. Something is forever changed. A thousand new plateaus.

A rhizome has no beginning or end; it is always in the middle, between things, inter being. The planar movement of the rhizome resists chronology and organization, instead favoring a nomadic system of growth and propagation. Wikipedia, s.v. “Rhizome (philosophy),” last modified January 7, 2016, http://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rhizome_(philosophy).

Dressed in Armour

I know I have to expose myself to other people. Notice what happens in the body. I avoid places with many people to focus on my surroundings: colors; shapes; the sky reflected in only one row of windows on a big building, clear blue as my eyes; a man standing with water up to his waist; fishing; a bird disappears below the surface or was it a fish? something that is about to fall towards the bottom. Proceed. I meet an old man with coat and glasses, looks crooked. Harmless. I meet two young men with bags of alcohol. I notice how my body reacts by tensing. No, not tensing. My body notices that there’s … that I … need to keep my place, my space (looking away in another direction as if I didn’t care – my eyes focused between their heads). Face closed, locked, reveals nothing. I don’t feel exposed, it’s not that. I’m not a pray, I’m just aware that I have to pass them and mark that this is my space as much as your space.

***

Woman, man, woman, man, woman, woman, man, man, men in group. Threat. Threat? My body registers – contract, spread out. I quickly calculate: Is this a potential danger? Even though I don’t feel threatened, I feel the threat against my space. On the sidewalk: a person I need to open up to. See. Share space with. hej tack please A lonely young girl, a woman on the ground asking for help, a racialized body in all this white. I look her in the eye. Proceed. Two men are standing a little further away. Broad shoulders, large jackets, shaved heads – working actively to take up a lot of space. They maintain their two-and-a-half-meter space and have to work so fucking hard to keep that space THAT SPACE THEIR SPACE SPACE SPACE take that space protect that space (so no one else will get into it). Is it measurable? I keep enough distance.

***

This constant knowledge: I’m not gonna to be left alone (always prepared to fend off). I try to get to a point where I’m not prepared. Invisible, impossible. I listen to the steps: speed, weight; nuances in voices; movements; energies. I’m searching equals. On the other side of the crossway: a female creature. Ze is absolutely fabulous. We notice each other, so when we pass one another we must look at each other, almost turn around. We see each other. We saw that we were together. Ze was pretty short, long coat, long bushy gray hair that blew in her eyes. Pink and blue makeup all over her face. Open, listening, watching. Fearless. Not prepared to fend off. The city belonged to her. Belongs to her. Belong to us. But only for a moment. Proceed: this way.

***

I’m looking at you. I’m watching the world. You don’t look at me. This is my view; my street; my sphere; my air. I am the dictator. Standing in an alley (if it would’ve been dark, I’d been afraid, that’s just the way it is). Trying not to care. But I do. I’m fully aware all the time. Searching for a point where I’m standing strong, I manage more or less. I can feel that people are looking at me, I don’t behave. Dressed in armour: too much legs, heels too high. Short, short, short. Sharpened claws in shining colors. Face like a sparkling rainbow, glowing in the dark. My long braids like a whip in the night. I’m a bird now.

A passing whisper in my ear

Are you a boy or a girl?

Screaming birds, haunted birds.

***

There’s something about the way one moves through a city. If you’re moving determinedly, if you’re on your way, then you’re a part of the city. If you move irregularly, stop, give yourself time. Looking, listening. Then you’re not part of the flow. Then it is permissible to notice, comment, observe (you). You have made yourself available to the city’s gaze. Since the city is a masculine place you end up in the center of attention, you get drawn in to that gaze. You are not a part of the city. There’s something about the way one moves through a city. If you make yourself available to it.

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Thinking about changing the body completely and therefore navigate through the city in new ways. A trans*woman wrote: When I was perceived as a black man I became a threat to public safety. When I was dressed as myself, it was my safety that was threatened.

To survive it you need to dress up in armour.

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12 See page 20.
walking and talking
the 1:st of September 2013 me and M moved down to Berlin in a camper van as an attempt to follow a dream and leave producing and constrains behind us, just live, just exist, just do what we wanted, perhaps open a café, a gallery, dumpster food, everything was possible let the adventure begin. we had saved up some money, didn’t have to work, we were also in a new city together or we had been there before but now we had so much more time and so many things to explore, so much space (yta), so many things to think about and so we began to walk wonder around in conversations reflecting how we wanted to build our lives, mixed with what we saw around us, mixed with thoughts about life in general, what is creativity, to love, to depend on and being stuck in the capitalist system. these explorer-walks gave us a certain kind of focus that effected the tone and the concentration, the importance of what was said, we got to know the city and each other by walking. our talks also had a specific beginning and end, there was always a moment of “now we move on to something completely different”, often a hunger, a new track a new direction. this walking and talking is something we have continued with even if it now has a more concentrated form both in Berlin and in Stockholm. I noticed that it gave me space to link things that I have been thinking about and afterwards I could formulate myself and clarify things that were difficult to get a grip of before. M and the walking has that effect on me, now I have begun to write down our conversations, or make notes of what I recall, M does the same and afterwards we can, in the memory of what was said, continue, as if we intertwine a web.
Finding New Paths

Something is swirling around in a slightly uncomfortable way. It takes a while to come into a curious no-clue-together explorative conversation. We talk a bit about each other’s texts. M likes it best when I’m describing places, that it becomes so spatial and clear, that when I list things it becomes more general, and then the story/narrative is missing. We try to unwind. It is something with showing everything you thought about, something with trying to include everything, that doesn’t feel right; questions already answered. It becomes a situation of “have you thought about this? I have!”, talking to instead of with people. M gave an example with my question “can art change the world?”, and obviously I think so since I’m working with that, so in this case the question is rather how (and this question really gets you going), how can art change the world? There is a movement in that question, something active, a doing (ett görande). M recalls a seminar about storytelling, that we are all storytellers, that we all know how to do it and that we never accept knowing just what happened but need to know how it happened, because that’s when it gets really interesting. This is how we should write and formulate ourselves as well. It’s so easy to get stuck in a position of showing how clever we are, how much we learnt, how much we know, because this is how we learnt to position ourselves and show that we are strong enough and worth to invest in. We can’t put ourselves above people and then from that position say that we think that everyone has the same value; we can’t sustain hierarchies and at the same time say that we want to tear them down. So it’s really about writing as being in a dialogue, to invite to a dialogue, to welcome and invite each other into one’s world of thoughts.

I’m coming back to the act of doing (görandet). M has found a very nice way of asking questions, formulating thoughts and then build things in the wood-workshop that brings her new thoughts to what’s already there. The thinking and doing is in a constant dialogue with each other, because by doing with thinking as a starting point you understand and see things that you couldn’t plan/ wouldn’t think of to begin with, just using your mind. It is the same thing when you are in a conversation with someone, like we are now, it’s as if we create a third person that formulate new thoughts, open up new tracks and find new paths. I’m asking M what she thinks about her writing and she says that she thinks about it as a thick rope, that she is writing a rope that turn into strings, thinner and thinner until it’s a fringe of threads. Marguerite Duras said that it’s impossible to write down your thoughts because it’s completely different languages, one language for thinking, one for talking and one for writing.

13 Pierre Assoulines, Marguerite Duras århundrade, [TV documentary], SVT Play (France, 2014).
observing people in Hellersdorf

M: So we stay here in Hellersdorf because we forgot to observe people, how they are moving, walking in the space
I: exactly, we noticed that some people with alternative lifestyle arrived, a bit younger, and then we realized that there is a school here
M: Hohschule, alles...Hochschule
M: and all of them seem to walk towards the tram
I: ah
M: and it seems like... most of the people that go to this school don't live here
I: no
M: over there is some kind of little group, but they might be going to the cinema?
I: people seem relaxed
M: they do their thing
M: ah
I: it doesn't seem like people are observed or feel observed
M: no
I: Can you see anyone that is moving within a small room, in the 50 cm space?14
M: I don't know what they look like
I: no
M: ...one that is holding...
I: someone that is not seeking contact, who takes up a small space, which then creates a limited movement pattern
I: I would say that a lot of the people here have the whole space
M: ah
I: But there, I would say, is one person with the two-and-a-half-meter space, the one smoking, with a blue scarf
M: blue scarf...
I: black jacket
M: I can't see them
I: with pink shoes
M: pink shoes, ah there
I: with red shoes, no?
I: no
M: yes...no, blue scarf...
I: yes, blue scarf, black jacket, small green bag, light blue jeans
M: ah there
I: There was some kind of consciousness in...
M: yeah
I: ...in the walking and movement pattern
M: yeah, wiggling-putting the weight on one hip
I: but still they were taking up a lot of space, the gaze outwards, but is working hard to hold it...this space
I: Over there is a person that I would say is moving within the one-meter space, the one wearing a white...
M: ...white jacket?
I: who is walking looking down, looks up sometimes and looks side around but is keeping the gaze down, don't know how old
M: no
I: The older lady with glasses
M: ja
I: it seems like she has the whole room/space
M: really...
I: but still there is a conscious presence, in a way
M: yes, but maybe it's like also because, well...like, that, she's not a risk (factor) person, she's... older, white, clean
I: exactly, it feels like she walked the way she planned, where she wanted to
M: yeah
I: she was doing her thing, she can move and walk in this space as she likes
M: yeah
I: I would say that she had the whole space
M: yeah
I: No one is walking in a group
M: no
I: it's only here, where people are smoking
M: yeah, but it's also, one could see if you look at their clothes, the ones coming out from the school and the people walking back and forth on this... or should we think about that?
I: yeah! why not?
M: ...what kind of..., because it's very black and green
I: ah
M: over here (close to the school)... black, gray and green
I: nice sneakers and boots
M: yeah like the whole...yeah right
I: there is also something with the materials
M: yeah, different... there is a kind of luster, like...
I: ...the colours are like
M: the colours are...ordering
M: exactly
I: go well together
M: but there is also something with the materials
I: yeah
M: 'cause over there (pointing) you can see that it's a bit more glossy, occasional glossy
I: and out of fashion in the wrong way
M: yeah
I: and out of fashion means that it's in the wrong way heh
M: haha
I: We are also sitting at a distance
M: yeah
I: perhaps that's why people are a bit more comfortable
M: ah, that's right
M: there is a lot of space..., but it's also like hm this place is very boring and harmless
I: it is not special
M: no it's not special in any way so there is no threat
I: no
M: there is nothing to fill up
I: Exactly, nothing to live up to
M: no, you know that, it's like everyone knows that they are better than this place
I: Ah
M: it's very chill
I: ...the facades are like, there is no feeling of an observing gaze here
M: no
I: it's only us sitting here now, observing heh
M: hahas
I: but we are placed so far away so it has no influence, people don't notice that we are observing them
M: no
I: or I haven't seen anyone noticing it
M: no, Me neither
I: It's funny 'cause when we sit here, we are suddenly more accepted in this place
M: yeah with the University
I: we could belong to it, then people can place us...and that it is almost like a border here, we are sitting at the benches here
M: yeah that's right

I: and there the square begin
M: ah
I: which then turn into a large stage

M: How much space you use or have, is not only about keeping the gaze down, because over there is someone who is completely introverted, with their eyes down, but it doesn’t seem like they are...
I: that person is not claiming...
M: no
I: I would call that... eh, a one-meter space
M: ah
I: because of the posture and movement pattern that is... A person that is moving in, that is using the whole space...
M: ah
I: ...can choose to look down, if they feel like it
M: ah
I: but usually they stay, they... they don’t keep the gaze down because why would they have to do that, they have the possibility to look where ever they want because all this space is mine so I can look where ever I want
M: ah
I: she seems to feel a bit observed
M: that person, she looked our way
I: ...she’s also holding her arms around her body
M: ah
I: ...looks like she really takes up a small space, takes small small steps and keeps her eyes down
M: ah
I: ...that’s a 50-centimeter space
M: ah
I: ...very clearly ...if she would drop something she would move in a very tiny space

M: She seems to feel a bit observed
I: that person, she looked our way
M: she seems to feel a bit observed
I: she’s also holding her arms around her body
M: she seems to feel a bit observed
I: she’s also holding her arms around her body
M: she seems to feel a bit observed
I: that person, she looked our way
M: no
I: I would call that... eh, a one-meter space
M: ah
I: because of the posture and movement pattern that is... A person that is moving in, that is using the whole space...
M: ah
I: ...can choose to look down, if they feel like it
M: ah
I: but usually they stay, they... they don’t keep the gaze down because why would they have to do that, they have the possibility to look where ever they want because all this space is mine so I can look where ever I want
M: ah
I: and with his back straight
M: and now he kissed the girl and tapped her on her ass and then he turned
I: but now it is like he is more in the...
M: ah
I: ...two-and-a-half-meter space
M: it shifted when he wasn’t with her any more
I: now it is like, right, now it feels like he has to...
M: ah, as if, now there is something different with his walk, well, now it is even more throwy
I: ah
I: now it seems like he ended up in the two and a half meter space, he is working hard to keep his space
M: ah, that was exciting, that was almost exhilarating exiting
I: hihihi

I: Over there is a classic owning the space person
M: the one talking on the phone?
I: yea, with kind of cool style
M: who is walking in a... with... throwing their legs out
I: exactly and can stop and scratch his leg for a bit without caring...he is free to move how ever he wants...
M: ah
I: and with his back straight
M: and now he kissed the girl and tapped her on her ass and then he turned
I: but now it is like he is more in the...
M: ah
I: ...two-and-a-half-meter space
M: it shifted when he wasn’t with her any more
I: now it is like, right, now it feels like he has to...
M: ah, as if, now there is something different with his walk, well, now it is even more throwy
I: ah
I: now it seems like he ended up in the two and a half meter space, he is working hard to keep his space
M: ah, that was exciting, that was almost exhilarating exiting
I: hihihi

M: Now I’m cold
I: ah
M: then I think it is time to leave, shall we?
I: ah
Logg 7 Oktober 2014

Two weeks in to the Masterprogram and I’ve come to realize that it’s gonna be very difficult for me to include Nina in my work. Since she is not studying she has to work and therefore she can’t really be a part of the process. In the application they made it clear that one could work with a group or someone outside of the education, but I can’t see how.

SUGGESTION/EXERCISE 1

body in city

OBSERVE YOUR BODY IN RELATION TO THE SPACES YOU CAN ACCESS
MAKE YOURSELF INVISIBLE
MAKE YOURSELF UNDEFINED
ADJUSTED
DRESS UP AS A WOMAN/AS YOURSELF
BE AS AUTHENTIC AS YOU CAN
PIC A PLACE
STAY THERE
BE STILL
FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN

make notes
always ask—for whom?

“In performance we found an art form that was young, without the tradition of painting or sculpture. Without the traditions governed by men. […] Performance is not a difficult concept to us, [w]e’re onstage every moment of our lives. Acting like women.”¹⁵ Cheri Gaulke

As an artist I’m not interested in bringing out my own voice, not interested in the idea of being unique. I want to explore ways to create a collective mind. Put my thoughts and observations in relation to others. To let my experiences flow into, connect to others as a way to become a part of that collective body. I’m not interested in becoming someone, or I’m not interested in becoming someone special or famous, I’m interested in becoming over and over again. Therefore I’m more interested in the process then the final result. Two months ago I attended a seminar with the Colombian feminist activist group Mujeres Creando Comunidades who’s been combining art and activism since their beginning. They opened something up within me and made me feel inspired for the first time in months. They talked about feminism as a base for all resistance, that patriarchy is oppressing both nature and mankind, how it works hand in hand with capitalism and that without feminism all oppressing systems will just be recomposed over and over again. They also talked about the body as a battlefield and the importance of making the private public, how patriarchal structures steal our time and how we by taking back the streets/public space and our collective memory/knowledge will get time left to organize and create new alliances. Rioting for community. They told us to stop being moderate and comfortable and start being creative, uncomfortable, demanding and accessible for everyone. In the end I cried because they had given me my language and hope back. They managed to be radical and political, bringing out change.¹⁷ Personally I can’t stand it when provocation is used without understanding who’s being provoked. For me this is very much connected to a kind of infected discussion about art in Sweden were a lot of the arguments are referring to “the right to speak up”. I don’t think one can create interesting art by provoking without an analysis and I don’t enjoy provocation for provocation itself.

“If you go alone you go fast, if we go together we go far”¹⁸

I have been thinking a lot lately about this thing about being a solo performer and why I’m often drawn to working in dialogue (group). On one hand it’s connected to my will to work within a collective (communicating and interconnecting different experiences), on the other it’s something about performers using themselves as center of attention to provoke a reaction. There is a huge difference in what comes out/what is communicated if one is more interested in oneself as a performer then the room/space and the people in it. (It is also impossible to talk about a body in general like I tend to do here because a body is never neutral.) Is it possible to work as a solo artist without ending up as center of attention? Since I am working as a solo artist now my way of dealing with this is to involve the participants, also referring to them as participants instead of an audience, trying to widen the space/room and break down the separation between them (the

¹⁶ Goldberg, Performance: live art since the 60s, p.
¹⁷ Ibid., p. 13.
¹⁸ quote written on the wall in one of my favorite Falafel places in Berlin
audience) and me (the performer). I'm not thinking about a stage or a specific place but rather thinking about a state of mind, a collective body of knowledge. After reading Lauren Loves chapter about A feminist actor's approach\(^{19}\) I realized that this need for new strategies started as a reaction to being trained as a feminine body in acting schools, and as a need to explore ways to communicate the stories/memories/knowledge that doesn’t fit in to the norms and violating structures. More specifically structures that tell us how to live our lives, whom is worth something and whom is not.

"Butler and others ask whether the female-gendered body can appear as a body that matters (Butler in Goodman 1998: 286) within discourses that privilege male bodies as active social agents. Are recognizably female bodies only visible as the passive/receptive opposites of male bodies? If the female body can as Butler proposes, only be intelligible through regulatory schemas (ibid: 284), how is it possible to perform female subjectivity without reinforcing patriarchal discourses that deny that subjectivity?"\(^{20}\)

I keep coming back to the body and specifically the queer body as a possible threat to the City/ system (masculinity as guard of capitalism). As a woman and lesbian I have learnt a lot about violence and the concept of "the other"\(^{21}\) which in itself has given me crucial information about how we need to change the world, something that I can recognize in a lot of female artists (or artists with an experience of being perceived as a woman). What I notice is the relation to the body and the importance of it in connection to their (our) art. As Scheeman describes it she wants her body to be combined with the work, "an integral material…a further dimension of the construction"\(^{22}\). There is a specific way of working with the bodily knowledge as a ground for further investigation, the violence is captured as muscular memories.

Back to the History of Performance art. When did artists stop describing their work as anarchic? Performance art in the early ‘60s started as a reaction to society. "...[t] offered a particularly seductive role for the artist – as activist, shaman and provocateur."\(^{23}\) The way it was done was in it self a reaction and comment to the expanding consumerism. Nowadays I feel that all of it is covered in glossy technique and performance art has lost its political potential in a way. Perhaps I am I born in the wrong era?

"The Political atmosphere of the 1960s infused art actions with political rhetoric and an anarchic energy that was intensely anti-establishment. Art institutions were considered irrelevant, together with critics, curators and collectors. Instead, artists performed in the streets, and confronted authority and public with their ideas for a radical new culture."\(^{24}\) Often this way of looking at the potential in art is considered to be politics and not art. Have we forgotten our history or are we to afraid to go out of the box? To afraid to be left out in the cold? Perhaps the way we politicize our work in modern times doesn't become center of attention, what we do has become more important then why we do it.

As Joseph Beuys I do believe that art has the capacity to transform people–socially, spiritually, and intellectually\(^{25}\). I find myself inspired by the Fluxus movement, the Situationists (even though I find it unsettling and have strong disturbing feelings to all of these men with big thoughts not capable of translating their theories to everyday life due to their lack of bodily knowledge) and a time where performances were closely related to the political activism of the Period, in which large groups of people took to the streets in actions that were often part theater, part grassroots demonstrations.\(^{26}\) This movement was important in an attempt to not try and separate art from life in rooms where only a few people had access. I am not interested in becoming someone, I am not interested in ending up in the next version of this book. I can see the danger of becoming more and more interested in ones position in relation to others than the aim itself. But since I live in this society I will easily be drawn in by the psychosis of hierarchy and success and thats why I have to ask myself over and over again–for whom?

Art is vital because art creates a space for a deconstruction of fixed ideas of reality and can communicate these reflections to people straight into their bodies. For this to happen, art needs to be transboundary, risk taking, open and vulnerable. It also need to move away from the institutions and out in to reality. Art's mission is to be an active part of the body of society. Art is nothing in itself, but becomes relevant only if it exists in and talks about society while becoming an active part of society and working towards changing it.


\(^{20}\) Ibid., p. 277.

\(^{21}\) The concept 'the other' was created by Simone de Beauvoir, it describes the hierarchal system in which groups of people are defined against each other, making the superior subjectified group the norm. See further: Simone de Beauvoir, Det andra könet, trans. Adam Inczédy- Gombos & Åsa Moberg (Stockholm: Norstedt, 2002).

\(^{22}\) Goldberg, Performance: live art since the 60s, p. 17 ff.

\(^{23}\) Ibid., p. 37.

\(^{24}\) Ibid., p. 46.

\(^{25}\) Ibid., p. 50.

\(^{26}\) Ibid., p. 19.
Script for Performance Lecture

1. seek a presence in the room
2. explore observing and observed body/voice
3. explore femininity volym of voice and body expansion

on over-head (OH): the text about try-outs and tools, bit by bit

tape lines on the floor starting from the over head machine, stand at the end of the tape, then keep drawing lines with the white tape

a first layer on the OH

| GEMENSKAPANDE (COMMUNITYING) |
| SOLIDARITY |
| ongoing doing—>life—>the opposite of project—>organisation |

Position one:

My name is Indra Linderoth. I hate categorizations. I grew up here in Gothenburg with one sister and one brother. I’m the oldest one. My dad was an artist and worked extra at the postoffice. My mom was freelancing as a costume designer, working at theaters. I grew up with a very strong artistic capital. I grew up as a heterosexual woman because the society thought me that it was the truth. And I believed in it so strongly that I didn’t even question it.
Position two:
Hello Mr Freud—dance in the light of the OH

a new layer on the OH
o—commons o—listen
o—femininity o—vulnerability
o—fantasy o—INTERCONNECT
o—QUEER

move on with the tape

Position three:
I am a lesbian. No. Sometimes I am a lesbian, sometimes queer. I am not straight. I am a feminist. Depending on the context my pronoun is they or she.

are you a boy or a girl? (whisper and then increase the volume; try to the side and then reaction to the front or both to the front/frontal; work with and explore how the question feels inside the body and in the space; move on to release)

(balancing the tape: animal sounds, bird sounds)

a new layer on the OH
o—LOVE (to love) o—be uncomfortable
o—public spaces o—>CLAIM->LISTEN->TAKE BACK>
o—playful
move on with the tape

Position four:
I am standing on Kvilletorget looking at the ongoing gentrification process: a new market hall with a massive chandelier. Behind me is the police station where Annelie Hultén (kulturfullmäktige 2010) went to have a meeting with the biggest byggherrar in Gothenburg after driving around in what they called Gothenburgs Gazaremsa, crying out: “we can’t have it like this, we have to make this place more attractive”…

(attractivity-exorcism)

Position five:
the unheard voices of the city: silent scream mouth and body

move on with the tape, get lost, end up close to the audience

Position six:
I feel like I have no contours. I don’t know what I’m doing. One quick call. Only one minute. I start talking about the labb workshop. That I don’t understand anything. She can’t focus, she’s at our friends house. We decide to call later. But it’s enough. We hang up and I start writing.

To love is revolutionary. That a person can make you push your boundaries. Away from the highways. Wonder, have no clue, know exactly. At the same time.

Last March me and M were in Valencia. It was her birthday. We don’t give each other gifts but I really wanted to sing her a song. I’ve been thinking about it for days. M just came back from a trip to Sweden and her grandpas funeral. I really want to sing this song but I hesitate. Feel stupid and vulnerable. We are walking between the orange trees and suddenly I hear my self say: “I want to sing you this song”.

(singing: Nattiné)

Position seven:

(it happens to me all the time that a person/always a man) whisper in my ear while passing me, it’s usually when I walk in the 2.5 meter space (see p. X)

29
Angry letter to whoever is not listening or taking their fucking responsibility.

What are you supposed to do when the world is getting darker and darker (not talking about the winter) and that knowledge doesn’t make you angry in a let’s-organize-and-fight-back way but just makes you desperate and not creative in any possible way? I’m so tired of artists talking about what they do using every word you can think of saying nothing. Not trying to change anything. Or being stuck in the psychosis of hierarchy and success. Can we please stop caring about our own assholes and be a little bit more uncomfortable.

I am so furiously tired. I’m tired of having to formulate myself around things that doesn’t necessarily matter. Tired of listening to people burping bullshit about the necessity of art and public spaces and inspiring ideas with experimental touch. For what? Can we stop talking about the how and start talking about the why. For whom are we doing what we are doing? And how is what we are doing relevant to the world? And what world are we referring to when we talk about the World? What do we want to change when we say that the world needs to change? Can we please sit down and talk about strategies instead of contemplating our navels? I’m sick and tired of people fighting each other. Sick and tired of this passivity. Sick and tired of being drawn in to different psychosis all the time. It all leads to the same thing: nothing.

Ok, so trying to accept that the world is fucked up and I’m not the saver. All I can do is try to make it a little bit brighter and not create more damage. What? Really? Is that the purpose and the tool we are supposed to give ourselves? Stop believing? Stop fighting? Or is that really to stop fighting? Who am I if I actually think that I can change the world? How? Maybe this is it, always trying your best with the knowledge that you might not ever see and experience any visible change.

The way to do this: work with risk in your everyday practice, be uncomfortable, make yourself vulnerable, love as many and as much as possible, be angry, speak up, try to act in solidarity30, create platforms for meetings, save our commons, be generous, share as much as possible, be abnormal, fuck up the system, gather every fuck up and scream, scream of love.

30 “All solidarity requires a will and an ability to take descriptions of problems that you yourself haven’t experienced or experience seriously”, quote: Leila Brännström, Bang 3 (2014),
tram no x

Be specific in your choice of seat
Note the behavior policies for the tram
Explore how you relate to the different bodies in the tram
Listen to the type of voices
Search for different qualities
Listen to irregular/abnormal/deviant sounds
Do you hear something that you find beautiful?
Do you adjust to the space? If yes, how
How much space do you feel that you can use in relation to the others in the tram?
Observe and let yourself be observed

Observe and listen
How is gender performed?
How is class performed?
How is sexuality performed?

Make notes
no 11
Godhemsgatan; direction Saltholmen
model:2[^1], seated at the back to the right
at 13:15
completely silent
a woman in a veil gets off at Mariaplan
rain mixed with snow
an old lady sitting sideways at one of the folding chairs, at the very front of this part of the tram, looking
anxiously around, VISIBLE
gurgling laughter, a bright female voice

Varvshallen: four guys 11-12 years old enter, talking loud (soft voices), small talk about school, the sound of
their phones

model:2, at the back to the left, front part of the tram
at 13:54
safe space, protected
two men enter, converse with assurance, loud laughter, sporadic words
Tranberget: a lot of people enters, scanning the space
kids in the middle section
for every stop now, more and more people

no 9
Kungssten; direction Angered
model:3, doors second to the back, right side
at 14:14
it’s wide open, you can almost see everything
completely silent
change my seat: farthest to the back, in the center
from here I can see the whole tram, but I’m also visible to the whole tram
four seats turning my direction, looking down at me
the sound from this tram is more quiet, but there is a constant metallic growling noise
the intensified soundscape as soon as the doors open
a group of teenage boys in the center, confidently taking up of space, sitting at both sides, creating a worry
Mashuggstorget: the tram is now almost full
mixed ages
an accordion player, a young man (roman?) enters
it’s full but people let each other be
when I jump off at Gamlestadstorget I can count the white people on one hand

no 6
Gamlestadstorget; direction Länsmansgården
model:2, front doors, left side, rear part of the tram
at 14:50
sparsely, about eight people in each part of the tram
loud squeaking from the bendable section
change my seat: middle part, rear right
two young women in their twenties chattering
the tram is loud, wheels against the track
rattling loose metal parts
change my seat: front part, fourth seat from the front
the tram is still loud

[^1]: model:1 = M28, the old tram from 1965; model:2 = M31 from 1998; model:3 = M32 from 2004
observing ourselves in
Hackescher Markt

M: Indian?… I could say yes to that
I: Ah!

M: So what are your thoughts about our visit in Hellersdorf?
I: well it’s just this feeling of... I didn’t feel like I had to explain why I was there
M: no, exactly
I: It was kinda... I didn’t feel exposed... it was like there was, just like you said, suddenly we had an alibi
M: mmh
I: I didn’t feel like I was exotifying anyone
M: no
I: so it was a bit...it was relaxing, which actually is...that’s when you should leave
M: mmh, hehehehe
I: but it still felt li...it was so obvious to me because it was like we were secretive, but we had an alibi
M: mm
I: and then two young people came there and sat down at the bench next to us, that noticed us
M: mm
I: and suddenly I was conscious again...about my position, then it was as if the gaze was turned against me as well
M: mm
I: but in a way as if...I could, I become a person that one could compare oneself with
M: mm
I: and that was kind of the idea, that we should blend in
M: ah
I: and at the same time kind of nice
M: ah
I: ‘cause it’s like, no one will think that I belong here
M: mmh, ah and mixed wi...and but also ah exactly, but also mixed with pjuh! how lucky I am that I don’t live here
I: yeah
M: exactly, ‘cause how difficult it would be to everyday feel so un-included
I: yeah, for sure... right
M: that also reminds you of...your privileges, that we can blend in to so many parts of the city...
I: ah... we are very much like chameleons, ‘cause we’re... it is like what we said just before that when we walked around here (in Hackescher Markt) and
M: mm
I: and that feels like we are tourists
M: mm
I: because we can blend in and be tourists to
M: mm
I: and not have to explain... or defend
M: exactly, we don’t need a reason to be here
I: thats actually fucked up
M: mmh
silence
M: mmh
M: ah, the weird thing is...the weirdest thing was how uncomfortable it felt
I: ah
M: and sad kinda
I: yeah but just that feeling, it was as if here everything is anonymous
M: ah
I: so it felt like one was erased
M: mmh
I: at the same time as just that feeling that you felt that you didn’t belong made you very visible
M: mmh
the waiter brings the food
talking to the waiter and says thanks

M: haha
I: Mmmmm... yeah but that specific thing that one get erased, at the same time... visible in a way that makes you uncomfortable, because I can’t do anything about that visibility
M: mmh
It’s not the kind of visibility that gives me something back.

Most people... most people was

M: yeah it seemed kind of, point of view say, but that's just from my

I: it was very boring, anyway... because... by not being visible you can also take up space

I: mmm

M: I think it was... it was a lot like that where we first got off, in Marsane

I: Ah

M: and then when we ended up in Hellersdorf it is like... eh, a rough Hammarby Sjöstad (place in Stockholm) one could say

I: ah

M: but perhaps it's also like this... as you get use to... the place and or that type of architecture because... we have been hanging around in the cute

Neukölln...

I: yeah right

M: ...all the time... so that's also a shock to come to... well to see this environment for the first time in year... in a very long time.

I: ah... yeah right

M: I think that you have to... adjust the eye...

silents, eating

M: It seems like... they don't seem to have a bad time... it's no misery, not where we were anyway... eh

I: it was very boring... I must say, but that just from my point of view...

M: yeah it seemed kind of, boring... but they seemed to have, most people... most people was walking by themselves but they still had some kind of overview and aim and... took up space

I: yeah the space that was necessary

M: mmm

I: well it wasn't so much assertion, because there was no one to assert oneself towards

M: yeah that is kind of liberating

Waiter: finished?

M: yes, it was delicious

I: thank you very much

waiter clears the table

I: But it is this thing that it wasn't so many ups and downs

M: no

I: I wonder if there is something in that... that it becomes like... the ups becomes visible only if there is downs in a way...

M: mmm

I: that it is like...

M: yeah, that's true

I: if everything is a bit like... never really up and never really...

M: no

I: dow... because it feels like everything was a bit like this... weeeell (breathing out)

M: mmm, that's right... because you could also see that... you couldn't see any... any full on misery or...

I: no one was sitting on benches drinking alcohol, one... but that was a young guy so it was like...

M: yeah, right but no deprived... eh... drunk or... drugged out that was collecting cans

I: no

silence

I: ...mhm

M: ...there were no... nothing, not dirty

I: no

M: nice and clean

I: but not classy

M: but not classy, just really boring

I: yes

M: but fresh

I: there were no "money markers"

M: no...

I: ah right but still fresh, even if everything was ugly

M: aa... right... it was there were no nicer shop or nicer restaurant or anything...

I: everything was, so that everyone could access everything

M: yeah

I: that's how it felt

M: yeah... right...

I: and still it felt like here I don't want to be

M: ah... exactly, thats weird

I: ah... because then there is no, there is nothing to climb

M: mmm

I: and become one of those that could afford to go in there or...

M: yeah

I: I become one of those that...

M: exactly

I: ...own this and that

M: and then one think about DDR... how it... I have such a funny idea about... well... that I feel sympathetic towards DDR, that it's kinda... well... that it is sort of good... since I see myself as a socialist

I: mmm

M: eh... and in some kind of way I think that socialism and communism and DDR, well... that it is sort of everything for everyone...

I: ah

M: but here we see, in one way, a place that IS for everyone

I: yeah...

M: where it is affordable to live...where it is, well there are no status markers anywhere and one just holy shit take me away from here

I: yeah

M: thats a bit weird

I: mmm

M: it's a bit weird that... that this is what we got... that the answer to wanting to give everyone access is... that everyone should have it kind of boring, that it should be kind of boring, it should be bad for everyone...

I: right

M: just as dull and ugly for everyone...

I: but it's also this thing with... one just... I do want it like this but couldn't you have done it a bit nicer...

M: yes

I: ...at least, or a bit ugly in a good way

M: mmm

I: it's as if... one misses a certain kind of esthetics

M: mmm

I: just because it is supposed to be for everyone it doesn't have to be so gray, or?

M: no... right... but I guess, it is like this when... when the "everything for everyone" comes from the top...

I: mmm

M: but if you don't want a "top-down everything for everyone"... will everyone be able to join in... it is like...

W: hat es Ihnen geschmeckt?

M: eh can we eh bezahlen?

W: möchten Sie zahlen?

M: ja!

W: möglich?... er kann es Ihnen bezahlen?

M: ja

W: so, and for you? ah okay

I: it's good

M: yes, delicious

W: thank you very much!

M: thank you!
I don’t belong here

I am sensitive to sounds today, everything is high-pitched and intrusive. Hi, tjena, please. The light is cold white in the way that only happens early fall, it will give me a headache in a few hours.

Walking down hill at Götgatan. Thinking about sitting down on the sidewalk to explore the street from/to get a new perspective. I walk by two roman women resting for a bit in the sun and decide to not sit down. I change my mind. If I compare Sweden to Berlin there is a huge difference in the groups of people that can access all the different levels of the streets. In Berlin the street and the sidewalk is a place for meetings and socializing, in Sweden it’s a place for those who doesn’t have anyone and for those without money or resources.

Last week me and M were at Popaganda, a music festival in the center of Stockholm. We were carrying around two cans that M wanted to throw away when I suddenly say it’s better if we give them to the roman people outside. M stop, the roman people. Most of the persons standing outside the gates collecting bottles were roman but why mention it in passing like that? Why not just say that we can leave the cans outside? What happens when we begin to categorize people? What happens when people fleeing becomes the refugees/the crisis/the invasion/massinvandring, when the person asking for a few coins become the beggars/the romans/the exploiters? What happens with our gaze, our ability to empathize?

At Slussenplan I sit down for a bit and look at a group of people waiting to get a guided tour around Södermalm. They look like tourists. I don’t know why, perhaps it is a mix of the cloths they are wearing and the fact that no one is white, they don’t fit in. What is that, to fit in?

Thinking about the courage that this acuteness in an absurd way gives me, how it feels easy to jump the train because people risk their life trying to come to a safe place. I feel a bit discussed about this feeling but it happened so. Your fear of anger won’t teach you anything, guilt and defensiveness are both bricks in a wall we all meet and they serve no ones future.33 Reading about people flouting the laws; driving across borders with their car filled with people who’s rights been stolen; people that sail between Denmark and Sweden to break through and open the borders; Danish police choosing to go for lunch when activists come to help people fleeing; laws being rewritten; roles being bent; the crisis is a fact and people are starting to react. I can’t believe it had to come to this; indelible pictures etched in memory; a four year old in the water’s edge; an abandoned truck at the Austrian border filled with 70 bodies of persons who no longer exist; children stuck between police and barbwire. Walls. We’re building walls. We’re making a difference between people and people. I sort out clothes to send to Greece but it’s never enough.

I start walking up the hill, I don’t feel like crossing the water. I don’t feel like the citycenter right now. I pass by the statue were we meet for 1:st of May, Café 44, the ecological shop were T used to work and parts of the lesbian family used to go for free coffee and cinnamon buns. I can’t see any of that now. These streets are so straight, these people are so straight, can they see that I don’t belong here. I pass by what used to be the only queer bar in Stockholm, they had to close down. Everything closed down. One by one. Tired of being happy until and they serve no ones future. All these bodies in exile; I don’t feel like I belong, I can’t recognize this as reality.

Almost back where I started. I see a man sitting on a bench talking to him self, way to loud. Perhaps he is the queer body in this space.

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the psychosis of hierarchy and success
talking to D and N about this systematic violent society that doesn’t leave us with any
spare time to think or feel, and how we somehow accept this as happiness and
therefor keep moving forward upward and know exactly what we need to do to get to
the very top as if we are completely stupefied even thou we are actually clever beings.
we have built up or accepted an idea about happiness as something to deserve and
as something that is up to each and one of us to achieve, everyone is the smith of their
own fortune, even though we do everything right we can’t always get where we want
or thought we would and then that counts as if we didn’t do enough, as if we’re all born
with equal or the same possibilities/preconditions, as if one can’t see class or race or
gender one doesn’t have to do anything about it since it doesn’t exist. in Finland they
will try (medborgarlön), next step could possibly be working six hours a day which
would lead to the possibility for more people to work with less hours per person. it
would also lead to everyone getting more time to think and feel and build relationships,
which in the end would give us a chance to rebuilt our lives and find new and better
strategies to organize our lives together with others, create a happiness that is not
earned but that is connected to other peoples happiness. it’s something about this,
there is a reason that this didn’t happen yet and it is just because of this, the capitalistic
system makes money from keeping people in the treadmill and by doing that helping
themselves to happiness through consumption as a compensation for not having the
time to use relationships as brick stones for happiness.
D tells us that when he was visiting his family in Iran
he realized that there they have a
different view on, a different idea about the family, you live in a big family with your
relatives and makes sure to have time or have more time for each other or a
combination of both. you have long conversations about life and politics, one also
values work differently. one works when one feels like it, or if one needs to have a
conversation with someone in the morning (or feels like it), then that’s what you do and
then you open the store one or two hours later; or if one needs to/wants to leave earlier
or take a break in the middle of the day. some days one might work two hours, an
other day ten. in this way the business is running when it is and stores are open when
they are open, there are no opening hours at the door instead it is open when
someone is there. only at malls one can find opening hours like 8am-10pm but even
then the stores inside the mall can be closed. this has an influence on the way people
live and people value things differently, the scale of value is changed. relationships
goes before consumption and work. one isn’t stressed in the same way as we are here
since one can’t follow a tight time schedule but have to take things as they come.
there is perhaps a very obvious connection between the documentary that D told us
about and this psychosis of success. D tells us that they let some reporters dress as
beggars and ask for money in Danderyd (a rich area north of Stockholm) and in
Botkyrka (a much poorer area south of Stockholm). In the posh suburb they gave up
after five hours, only collecting 26,50 sek while they in the poor suburb collected
hundreds of sek in just a few hours. if you have built a career in this hierarchal system
based on a capitalist logic you have built it at the cost of others and with the help of
others working for you (under you), this also has an effect on the way we see others
and their different values, a person begging in the streets "hasn’t done enough" or "has
themselves to blame". you have earned your position and you are worth it so you don’t
have to help some one else, if you on the other hand haven’t build your career/exist at
the cost of someone else you have a completely different understanding/knowledge
about the fact that by giving more you receive more, knowing that next time I can be
the one that needs sharing. the people that has the least often gives the most/are still
well/are not suck in to the psychosis of hierarchy and success/are not yet num/are
not yet valuing people differently while talking about how open-minded they are (hur de
behandlar alla lika/are not yet lying people straight in their face, with out a blink of an
eye, without shame, without regret, I’m sorry I don’t have any cash holding the money
in a tight grip in their pocket, could be useful later, can’t give money to everyone who’s
asking, that’s waaaaaaaaay to much, the government should handle that, or someone
with a lot of money, or someone with more money, or someone who’s not studying, or
someone who doesn’t have kids, or someone who doesn’t do anything at all
Jan Björklund was the minister of education between September 2007 and Oktober 2014. During these years he was involved in privatizing public schools and set grades from 1st year of elementary school.

### The inauguration of S A D A or the Survival of the Fittest

The sky is clear blue. The yard is crowded. Mumbling voices of excitement. Helium ballons in happy colors. Red. Yellow. Blue. In one of the corners there is a stage with a microphone. In a few moments his voice will echo in between the glass facades: *We have gathered here today to inaugurate the Stockholm Academy of Dramatic Arts...***

I feel my heart pounding in my chest. I try to breathe deeply. Blood rushing through my veins. N is standing next to me. Squeezing my hand. During the last few days we have talked to so many people: Teachers, Students, Technicians... Discussed the best way to react with the conclusion to make it simple. We will start and they will follow.

***

The Principle enters the stage. He will say a few words and then it's time. I am so very happy to welcome the Minister of Education, Jan Björklund, on stage. Applause. I try to locate some of the others to send them a smile. To share this moment. To let them know that we are ready. It's now or never.

*We have gathered here today to inaugurate the Stockholm Academy of Dramatic Arts...*

I start thinking about the ballons. Who delivered them? Who filled them with helium? Did they know that they were gonna be used to celebrate the capital? *...this university is a place for free thinking artists that dare to do things differently, that challenge us to see things differently...***

***

N and I throw a quick glance at each other. I let go of her hand and jump

B-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o

My voice is an echo of hers.

---

Jan Björklund was the minister of education between September 2007 and Oktober 2014. During these years he was involved in privatizing public schools and set grades from 1st year of elementary school.
And nothing happens. No one join in. They all just stand still in silence.

I’m in chock. Everyone is standing in silence. With a ballon in their hands. Waiting for the signal to let them fly towards the sky. It would have been so easy. Hidden in a mass of voices. But they don’t dare to put themselves at stake. Now N and I are the only ones visible in the whole yard. A woman wonders why we are there and asks us to leave. I wanna tell her that I am a student and who are you? I haven’t seen you here before. But I don’t. We walk out and I try to hold back the disappointment that is pressing against my chest. No tears. Not now. The feeling of hopelessness and anger is making me shake uncontrollably.

When the last ballon reaches the sky, one of my classmates walks up to me and puts his hand on my shoulder Thank you for being so brave.

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Logg 10 March 2015

We are waiting to board the plane, leaving India now. What a strange feeling.
I made one last recording, the sound of the persons guarding the border, putting a stamp in (almost) everyones passports. It sounded like violent massive drums, echoing all over the airport.
SUGGESTION/EXORCISE 3

stamp against sounding boards in different sizes. full movement. full force. frontal.

composition for creatures of the outskirts

SCREAM OF LOVE
different voices in different tones
straight out
For me, finding a way to describe the process I'm in right now is to jump straight into it and I find it difficult because of the many contradictions that appear. Why (should I) work as a solo person while trying to create a language for communicating collective experience; while working with the thought/knowledge of the collective body as the only resisting body? How can I write a describing and logic text when I work with a rhizomatic way of thinking? How do I fulfill my task when I criticize the whole concept of changing something within the system; knowing that the institution homogenizes culture and artists? Why should I be writing when I've realized that what I need to do is to hit the streets?

Hannah Arendt talked about evil as a lost ability to think. A refuse to be human. With this in mind I wonder how we defend our actions when we know that with each step there is someone else paying the price, making me reflect on the kind of schizophrenia that is needed from us in order to keep on defending our actions. I call this Schizophrenia because this reality is demanding a split personality, where we on one hand are aware of the consequences of capitalism and on the other keep on contributing to it. This schizophrenia is paralyzing all of us. It is making us unable to act in accordance to our line of thought.

We live in a society with a displaced scale of values: Where the achievement of the individual is always the center of attention, or is expected to be; Where a human is a white heterosexual man; Where everything that is considered feminine is considered weak and unintelligent. As an artist I feel responsible to do what I can to change that scale of value.

I work with intersectionality as a method for analyzing the world, a method that helps me to look at how different oppressing systems interconnect. One of them, Capitalism, has the biggest influence on which decisions we make, how we decide to act and live our lives; it's a lifestyle and a religion. The core of capitalism is the idea of profit and efficiency, the idea of the survival of the fittest. Gentrification is one of the most obvious consequences of capitalism that seems to seek to destroy everything that is dynamic and replace it with sameness. It replaces most people's experiences with the perceptions of the privileged and calls that reality. A purge of unwanted bodies, or as Sarah Schulman describes it...

...gentrification is a concrete replacement process... [it is] the removal of communities of diverse classes, ethnicities, races, sexualities, languages, and points of view from the central neighborhoods of cities, and their replacement by more homogenized groups. With this comes destruction of culture and relationship, and this destruction has profound consequences for the future lives of cities.

I'm in the middle of this process, we all are. In one way or another we are active in its procedure. Perhaps even more so as artists since we are a part of the creative class that are being used by the city planners as a guideline for finding the most attractive areas to develop (gentrify). We are not only a part of it, we're also affected by it since parallel to the gentrification of our cities there is also a gentrification of our mind, a lost imagination. As the cities are being gentrified, art faces the risk of being more and more homogenized. Artists today are forced into certain working conditions that make them think about themselves as businesses. I wonder what kinds of artists and artwork win approval in this landscape? How does this effect what kind of art we decide to do? and for whom? This neoliberal political climate that we're in is forcing us to become more and more individualistic. It's placing us further and further away from each other, making it more and more difficult to organize one's self with others, in solidarity, creating real change.

Attending this school, doing my master at HSM is simultaneously guiding me to think about my own work and (even though they want it or not) branding myself as an artist, which is devastating for art itself. To use Sarah Schulman's words again "There is an overemphasis on positioning one's self and a grotesque lack of interest in real discussion about art and art-making, a lack of desire to grapple with something that matters, and to face one's self realistically in an honest representation of the real world, lived and imagined." I call this a lack of ideology. This is not the students (us) or the schools fault, we are solely a part of the whole system, although we have a responsibility to acknowledge this and make sure to do our best to work against it.

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33 Margarethe von Trotta, Hannah Arendt, Zeitgeist Film (Germany, Luxembourg, France, 2012).  
37 Ibid.  
38 Ibid., p. 106.
THE CITY Violent, unavailable, privatized. Chopped up between different owners. CAPITALISM IS A PATRIARCHAL SYSTEM. The city is tensing its muscles, smirking, marking with a stare who owns whom. Saying that every man is an island. I don't care about myself. The economy and the city celebrate masculinity: loves to own, to compete, to control. In a system that hates feelings and consideration FEMININE POSITIONS EQUALS POLITICALLY RADICAL. To value femininity is to focus relationships, love, communities, to care about each other. All that is mine will be yours.41

The process of Gentrification started a long time ago, or the core of it. It is the same as in capitalism, it's the idea of profit and efficiency, the idea of the survival of the fittest. We still live by these principles and we are justifying them all the time. It's a displaced system of value, we know that other values exist but we have forgotten them on the way. This schizophrenia is made possible because our bodies have been erased and replaced with numbers. The body itself is no longer physically present, other than as a commodity, a canvas for the profit of the market.42 The result of gentrification is a suppression of bodies, unwanted bodies. In some areas of Berlin this is easy to see, streets that used to be mixed are now white as snow, they are the only ones that can afford it. In Gothenburg this is happening right in front of our eyes. The bodies that have been removed become invisible, a number in a document. Another aspect of this “debodyfication” of the city is the way we've been taught to refer to our body as machines43. We do it without thinking but it is very effective (for the market) and it creates a distance to both ourselves and others, a loss of empathy. The machine metaphor has defined “good” in the twentieth century, constructing what a healthy or “fine-tuned” or “well-run” body, family, group, and society ought to be.44

Towards the end of Judith Butler and Athena Athanasiou’s book Dispossession: the performative in the political they describe the political affect of plural performativity, describing the idea of plural performativity as performativity of plurality and performativity in plurality45. This makes me think of my own experiences of being part of a collective body in resistance (this feeling of belonging) and being part of a collective body in process (the process of an artistic collaboration), and the power that lies within this way of being and acting. What I have learned from working in a collective collaboration is that it makes us specify what we’re talking about or working with through lived experiences. We share and carry each others memories and experiences, by doing that we create a collective body of knowledge. This is also an effective way to embody theories that to begin with were created in an attempt to describe the bodily/experienced/unsaid/silence that wasn’t expressed in words. This in itself is a way to fight gentrification.

I am thinking about our commons and what’s left of them, how creating space for bodies in plurality in the public space is an effective weapon against neoliberal regimes and (almost invisible) power structures. This also makes me think of plurality as a privilege, which bodies have the opportunity to be a part of the collective body? To be a part of it you must have access to the public space. You must have rights. Neither the public space nor your right is something that is given to you. This is something we have to fight for. As Judith Butler describes it in her lecture Bodies in Alliance and the Politics of the Street, the right comes into being when it is exercised by those who act in concert, in alliance46.

I dream of a society where we care about each other; where the center of attention is cooperation and compassion instead of earning money (earning money is the opposite of experience and knowledge); where we learn from history and are called upon to fuck up the urban consumption culture that we call society.

Girls. Girls. Girrrls. Our laughters resonates with the sky, the night just became ours Let’s stand up on tree One, Two. Amazons in golden heels reaching for the sealing, glittering, sparkling sisters and lovers.

***

We enter the club. A tickling feeling in my chest. The beginning of something. Sweat in the air. I’m wearing my golden shorts and a fishnet t-shirt. Red colored cheeks. Blushing faces. It’s been a while. The crowd is different from what I expected.

***

Smiling faces. Pleasantries. I stand in line for the bathroom, I need some time to adjust. One and one in a row. My ex, she seems happy to see me. I close the door behind me. I sit down and take a few deep breathes. The music gets louder in waves synchronized with people entering and leaving.

***

I hate this place and yet I love the feeling of this evening. It’s a take over. For one night this place is a lesbian heaven. Since they finished renovating and transform what used to be an unattractive mini-center where you could get cheap food and run basic errands I promised myself to never go here. I promised myself that I would never enter this geometrical multicolored spaceship in glas. Everything is clean, new and shiny. Modern font and street-art-inspired patterns. The food store is specialized in organic and handpicked products, quality before quantity.

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Long gone is the bargain box and the hobo bench. This is the dream for urban-lovers with money to spend.

***

I flush to cover up my actual reason for this bathroom visit. I walk out and let myself be embraced by the space.

***

I hear S calling my name in the microphone. Indra with friends welcome to the stage. It was J who put us on the list but S knows me so she’s calling my name instead. I can’t hear who’s singing what, I can barely hear M and J:s voices. The planned harmonies left out. The whole room is singing and standing up dancing Looking for some hot stuff, baby this evening/I need some hot stuff baby tonight/I want some hot stuff, baby this evening/gotta have some hot stuff/gotta have some love tonight. Instead of the usual feeling of exposure I now feel my body step by step, note by note disappear and become one, first with M and J and by the end of the song, with every person in the whole room.

***

I don’t know how to explain the difference, how different it feels to be in a space where your own desire is setting the agenda. Free from the male gaze. Where you don’t have to prepare yourself for unwanted hands or unwanted compliments from drooling wolves. Where you can be the one drooling.

***

As people organized in the 80s against the crisis in Africa we will do the same tonight, we will give the money we’ve collected today to help refugees. Let’s all sing together for a better world. It’s one of the dj:s voices I hear and then the music starts playing. The whole room is singing on top of their lungs We are the world/we are the children/we are the ones who makes a better day so let’s start giving. I wanna puke in my own mouth. At the same time the feeling of collective power and hope invades my whole body. And for a second I forget about the contradiction in us singing this song sharing this experience in this geometrical multicolored spaceship in glass.

***

Her lips against my lips. She grabs my hand and we walk down the stares to the dance floor. I disappear in a cloud of tongue, high pulse, heavy breathing, her hand finding it’s way up along the inside of my thigh, rushing colours, I want her inside of me. Sudden self awareness. As if my body doesn’t belong to me. I wanna leave. I can’t move. His body pushing me against her. Against the wall. Cold and hard. Too fast for anyone to notice. Pumping. The music gets louder. I turn around and scream in to his face What the fuck are you doing? He laugh: I haven’t done anything. His friend: Stop screaming. I turn away. I need to shake it off. Can’t let him take this from me. Focusing on her lips again. Her lips against my lips. The taste of lipstick in my mouth. Her hands against my skin.

***

Can’t stop crying. He came back. Wanna punch him in the face. I didn’t. His voice and breath ringing in my ears. I feel disappointed and tricked. This was supposed to be our space. Never let your guard down. She’s kissing my tears away. They keep falling. I tell her that I cry when I’m angry.

***

My sisters and lovers are gathered again. We’re standing outside. Ready to leave. There he is, smoking with his friends. Within the blink of an eye M jumps over the fence and punches him in the face. There is no punch back. He’s confused. If you were a guy I would hit you. Says he’s sorry. Says his best friend is gay. I still feel his body pressed against me.
Gentrification is not the same thing as development

Gentrification is not a natural change

Gentrification is not a pleasant renewal of a residential area from/by the consumers preferences

Gentrification does not create security and sustainability

Gentrification is violence

Gentrification is a specific kind of urban development that benefits some groups at the expense of others

Gentrification is the idea that it is legitimate to take from the poor and give to the rich

Gentrification is exploitation of common resources for private profit

Gentrification is driven by and amplifies an already unequal distribution of resources and power

Gentrification is a kind of urban colonialism that benefits primarily a white population

The opposite of gentrification is not urban decay. Urban decay is the other side of gentrification.

The opposite of gentrification is the democratization of urban development. **48**

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Logg 8 December 2015

Yesterday I went to Kortedala to look at Lyktan to see if it would be a good venue for my installation. It’s a really nice house but suddenly it just felt random. I am starting to question my whole idea with the ongoing installation and the interactive map of experiences in the City. It’s too much, it’s too spread out. I think it will give me more if I just focus on the voice work I’m doing with Nina now.

from: Indra
to: Nina
Date: Sun, 20 Dec 2015 21:42:18 +0100

I was thinking about what you were talking about the other day, when you talked about Artaud theories about putting the audience in the center of the drama to make them react instinctively, shock them. How can we create a moving/shifting starting point? Which frequencies could sway the body, our emotions?

I want us to create a voice tornado with all emotions at once or after each other and blow out all fixed ideas about how things are supposed to be, what we think, who is good and who is bad, separation and placement and keeping ones position, all of that will go and what’s left is what we build up together what happens after, starting all over again, total destruction and anarchy and jävlar anamma and loads and tiny and wow the sound. Perhaps a lot of voices sometimes as a kakafoni and as a heatwave back and forth and then for the rest of the time a soundscape with different parts and loops in different lengths creating a constant variated state where things take up more or less space at different times and one can stay as long as one want to.
Diamanda's debut album 1982 is called The Litanies of Satan, that is also the name of the first track/side that is 17:48 min long. The second side is a track that is 12 min long called Wild Women with Steak-Knives (the homicidal love song for solo scream). It's the song I included in the mail! Check it out for the “playfulness/madness” state. 

(I found the text online, it's a poem by Charles Baudelaire)

DIAMANDA GALÁS WILD WOMEN WITH STEAK-KNIVES LYRICS

I commend myself to a death of no importance,
to the amputation of all seeking hands,
pulling, grasping, with the might of nations,
of sirens, in a never ending bloody bliss
to the death of mere savagery
and the birth of pearly, white terror.

Wild women with veins slashed and wombs spread,
singing songs of the death instinct
in voices yet unheard,
praising nothing but the promise of Death on earth,
laughing seas of grinning red, red eyes,
all washed ashore and devoured
by hard and unseeing spiders.

I commend myself to a death beyond all hope of redemption,
beyond the desire for forgiveness,
beyond the desire to feel all things at every moment,
but to never forget,
to kill for the sake of killing,
and with a pure and most happy heart,
extoll and redeem Disease.

This is so dark. But I think that there is something very hopeful in going so far in to the darkness...to make yourself that scary as if one could scare away death and loneliness, to be that loud, as if one could create a crack in the silence of reality. That always close (sluter sig). Almost a kind of childishness and over-confidence in your own capacity and power...that is very touching. I would like to work with going very far in the different states. I also think that Diamanda is working in the “aggression/invocation” state and sometimes shortly in this track in “sadness/love.”

Puss för nu!

Nins

from: Indra
to: Nina
Date: Sun, 3 Jan 2016 10:36:06 +0100

I agree, we need to, and it would be a lot of fun to, go much further in every part as a way to explore the extremes. She is remarkable in her improvisations, with such an incredible fate and trust in her voice which is extremely inspiring and intoxicating somehow. It’s as if she let herself become obsessed, that she let herself get lost in the soundscape in a way that make her reach something beyond but at the same time in full control. To release that voice, a lot of voices, I’m trying to figure out how to reach that release, and it doesn’t have to lead to that darkness. Finding a way to let different bodies, voices, stories, life, experiences take place in ones body for a moment of time, becoming a vessel. I have a feeling that this would be interesting to work with in a space were you also can see the bodies. As if you possess all energies, voices and ages within, being in contact with everything that has ever been. It would be interesting to create a sound (voice)scape that is recorded and modifies as well. To elaborate with. As the voices you were talking about, that could create the crack, as an echo of what has been done.

kyss

I

49 Wild Woman With Steak-Knives, [online video], 2011, accessed March 2, 2016, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mIVW9mLAoAe.
50 See page 72.
51 Ibid.
52 Ibid.
expansion. Our voices traveling along a narrow path, searching for each other. We're suddenly in a big church or a church-like space with a high sealing. At the top, close to the sealing, long windows let the sun in, creating thin long gates of light reaching down to the floor. Our voices are dancing, finding their way up towards every single hidden corner of the arches. We are one voice and a choir of voices at the same time, crying out a sadness collected during hundreds of years. My hair is long and grey moving like plants in the sea, hands searching the light. My chest is open and I expand until the point where I become the whole room, the sadness and memories, the light gates, and the vibrations at the same time. The gate open and we run out into a light green deciduous forest. The body is now moving irregularly, the arms leading the way as if being under water. Our voices become the waterfall. We float up and down, following a stream of water, faster and faster, leaving the sadness behind. The smell of wet grass the moment it stopped raining, bare feet and laughter, moving in zigzag between the trees singing the birds and the flies and the sundrops in my face. Chasing each other, becoming a train of breaths, the song of the lizards, the girl and the owl until we reach a high cliff and have to stop within one second to not fall down. The air under our wings in slow motion finding our balance in silence.

Logg 16 December 2015

After a four days workshop at SADA we have found a method for our voice improvisations. It's a triangle that function as a guide for further investigations; making it possible for us to separate the voices we have found so far and organize the different parts of our improvisations.
state: Love/Sorrow
Dramalabbert
7 January
a lot of legato
a vibration in the chest
lamentation
a swing and a waterfall
pleasurable and flickery
found something new in maximal volume
with low tone / pitch in staccato and a lot of force
that is like a massive animal suffering
the voice is so much body

state: Agression/Invocation
SIDH
14 December
å and a
a pumping energy in staccato
cramps
ageless and ancient
claiming and demanding
feet on the ground
standing on top of a mountain
a widening of the self
a of dome between the area just next to the cunt and the vertex
I found an exorcism-arrow in the shoulder
the eyes sending out the tone

state: Playfulness/Madness
SIDH
15 December
breathing
laughter
fast and in several directions
inventive and capricious
ironic and horny
 spiteful and loving it
explored working with the same tone but
shifting the mouth from å (with a released jaw) to ha (nasal with frown nose),
it becomes completely different tones,
like a tiny didgeridoo

state: NOW-silence
Dramalabbert
20 January
keeping yourself open, searching for a presence
listening to the space
listening to the self / body
taking in the present
From: Indra  
To: A  
Date: Sat, 13 Feb 2016 15:21:16 +0100  

[...] there is something very interesting in the difference between showing and doing, presenting and trying. Someone said after they saw the performance yesterday that they thought we were working with this intensively. Trying to do but then ending up shifting between doing and showing. How do we organize our tryout in the best of ways to manage to actually do and not show? It’s impossible to get lost and stay lost for a longer time, you always fall back into showing. Or is it showing while trying to explore within the decided frame?

We work so much with directions, in the room, in-between us and in-between us and the audience. We are with each other, towards each other. The audience becomes a voice with us that is directed out of the room, as an attack. We create an identity crisis; we become one body; we become a desirable body; we become a voice only; we become a body that is non-human, something to be afraid of.

And yet again, the most important thing is to always come back to the NOW-silence and ask who are we in this space, in this room? To open up for that, the NOW-silence is our baseline.
make yourself open enough for anything to happen/flow at any time in the parts focused on tryouts; let go of your body and voice-> every horizon of possibilities in one body; start a movement in your body, off balance, air, wind, under water, arms, taking off.

find the girl, find each other in the waterfall, explore the girls boundaries, from playing to mocking from longing/missing/enjoying to demanding -> this is about the shift in direction, see how far you can go and then let go back to the starting point. shift between this and a search for the joking creature starting in a didgeridoo focused on the mouth choreography, finding a rhythm in staccato, letting it transform your body; honesty, invocation, gaze.

to explore when the gaze is turned inward, outward, broad, filling the space/room, directed as an arrow; register and give space for the different images that appear; how the body is moving, contract and expand; when one wants to hide; when to force ourselves and when to listen; when the body give the voice impulses and when it’s the other way around.

Logg 5 January 2016

It is now confirmed that we can have a residency at Dramalabbet for three weeks! Now we will be able to create and develop a voice piece. Now OFF HIGHWAY won’t be just an idea but actually become something, a depend exploration of our voices capacity and an exploration of the very core of performance art, presens. How far can we reach?
I: ok, should we talk a bit about the improvisation we just did?

N: do you know what I was thinking? I don't know, let's see, but I thought about this first part, one could begin with ooo that also start in the love/sorrow state\(^3\) with the electric cord but then kinda well... because there is something with this, I don't know it's just like, I would like to open... because I end up in that room. One tries to tag along and then oooooooo... I thought about this thing with the didgeridoo because it also has this oooooooo and then we could end up in oooooooo the walrus, who wants something, there is the oscillation where something is very open, and then perhaps we could go in to the clearing (glänta), or I don't know

I: yes because there is something very specific there, or with both of them, it's very clear now, one just follow the image of this electric cord and that's why it becomes this oooooooo and in the listening as well, it's about opening up in that shape (formen)

silence

N: it's also choreographic, I feel that I on one hand is out of balance in my body,
reindeers that die make the sound of a woman screaming in the woods
falling in and out of balance, becoming the electric cord. I hear her voice and feel the danger, wider and wider, our bodies in and out of balance. I am her and she is me, following every shift, we have become the warning and the knowledge of something is about to happen, as if my body is transforming and moving up and down and around in the air turning when you least expect it, hitting the fence at any moment now and up again. I follow her rotating vibration and become the overtone creating a signal for violence danger any second now by shifting between o and a, singing the electricity filling the air.

I am no longer here. I am here more then ever before. this is who I am. I am no one and everything (at the same time). I am a new born and a hundred years old. I am the old man on the mountain calling out my declaration making sure that my voice is heard over the fields, into the valleys and beyond the last ocean. I am the witch the beast the abyss. I am your fears and your longing, your fantasy and your rage. I will tare you apart and you will love it. I will expand myself until we become one. I will exorcise the system until it crack open.
Logg 2 February 2016

We made a final decision today, to do OFF HIGHWAY in the Organ room at HSM. C questioned it saying that it’s not really a public space but it is the reality that I have been in for the last 1.5 years. It is my NOW-silence. The acoustics are amazing and that feels more important at this point. It makes sense to listen to what the performance need instead of a concept from the school.

how far can one expand a now?
Hi!

Thank you for traveling with us last Friday with OFF HIGHWAY :)

We have a question for you, we hope that you could help us by writing down some of your experiences and/or thoughts connected to your bodily experience/images that appeared/your emotions you can add a description of the space if you like you don't have to write about everything you can also write about anything you like

Thanks again!

Kisses,

Indra and Nina

"It was like observing the painter, not the painting itself" /j

"med mig från utsidan hade jag tristess slöhet förväntan att se något intressant samtidigt skeptiskt trög

under OFF HIGHWAY funderade jag inte på vad jag skulle åta till middag vad min tjej tyckte om verket vad jag tyckte om verket

natt och dag och krafter som är överlevande människan tänkte jag på det var mer en fysisk upplevelse än annat det var vackert på ett nästan äckligt vis med mig tillbaka hade jag sorg fnitter känsla av litenhet och storhet"

/\p

"with me from the outside I brought boredom laziness expectations of seeing something interesting at the same time skeptically slow during OFF HIGHWAY I did not think about what to have for dinner what my girlfriend thought about the work what I thought about the work night and day and forces that are surviving the human being I thought about it was more of a physical experience then anything else it was beautiful in an almost disgusting way with me back I brought sadness giggle a feeling of smallness and greatness"

/\p


"A tone open up the room and I travel fast into a landscape where I’ve never been before. Or have I? Memories mixed up with new images and already after a few minutes I realize that it’s not worth trying to understand the whole map. You just have to travel along. A communication with voice. A conversation without words. Time flies and before I know it one hour past. Indra and Nina is carrying the whole room and we who are there let them carry us. Uniquely and difficult to describe with words. The words are superfluous/needless." /d
focusing on my breathing, releasing my shoulders, did I need to do that or did I do it because I thought about it before. don't know. back to the room, trying to open my chest to all the energy in the room, letting everyone in if even just for a short moment. looking you in the eye as a way to say hi, and you and you and you. it is somehow more difficult to look M in the eyes, as if she knows me to well, it becomes private or it becomes obvious that we have been looking in to each others eyes for years, she can read me in a way that makes me feel smaller then I need to be right now. I am trying to prepare myself to hold or carry or give a voice to things that is beyond the horizon of possibilities.

searching for an inner vibration. I feel my chest moving a bit back and forth. loosening my neck. finding an inner vibration. a tiny sound vibrating in my throat, my hand infront of me as if it's trying to guide the sounds out of my body and into the space. I do this every time now. I think. I guess it's helping me. I decided that this is a part of the tryout, a part of the choreography, one choreography for the body one for the voice.
Free Love is the idea that it is possible to love and have sex with more than one person as a means of interpersonal connection as well as an idealistic sociopolitical statement – a movement that has spanned centuries, although it was most widely accepted during the 1960s.\textsuperscript{54}

\textsuperscript{54} as defined by Dossie Easton and Janet W. Hardy in \textit{The Ethical Slut: A Practical Guide to Polyamory and Open Relationships and Other Adventures}, 2nd ed., updated & expanded (Berkeley, Calif.: Celestial Arts, 2009), p. 273.
Inifrån lördagkväll

I cross the water and turn left. People are already lined up. The doors are not open yet. Excited conversations and sudden high-pitched laughter. M will come later and E is on her way in a cab. I don’t wanna stand alone at the end of the line. I’m dressed in armour: oversized ponytail and neon-colours. Face like a sparkling rainbow, glowing in the dark. I let people check me out as a try to find someone I know. J calls my name and I’m safe for know.

***

M and I are sitting at the podium talking, it feels forced. Her being here with me at this moment means that she can’t be with X (according to the logic of this evening). Just moments before, at the dance floor, X passed us by without saying anything. Now she’s standing a bit further away.

***

This evening’s logic puts us against each other, either/or, either X or Me. The fact that E said that she would be there for me no matter what this evening, her way of holding my back, lead to a certain aggressive energy directed toward M that doesn’t take away but amplify the feeling of either/or.

***

So, we are sitting at the podium and are supposed to be talking, but it’s so obvious that she rather be somewhere else, with X, specifically somewhere else, and I can’t tell if it’s because she can't be with X right now or because she can’t be with both of us at the same time, and therefore being with me equals not being with X—something that is provoking in a way that only cause a stronger attraction. It’s impossible for me to tell but I just can’t stand this position of being the one standing in the way and become the negation so I say go to X and I will find E and then you and me can hang out later. M agrees and we walk different ways. If I only would have known that this would set the agenda for the rest of the night.

***

With a weird feeling in my stomach (which I think is a good feeling because it’s the sensation of norm-muscles being redirected) I leave M and X behind. I feel so lonely. The dance floor is full but I feel completely left alone and exposed. Time to prove my point. Learning by doing, make this work, just find E and then everything will be fine. I don’t know for how long I can keep this facade of not caring, wishing it wasn’t necessary, but it is. Fake it till you make it to not let those norm-monogamy-muscles in. That would cause me a breakdown, keep it together.

***

I take cover in the line to the bathroom (like so many times before). I already walked back and forth and if I do it one more time it will become obvious that I don’t know what I’m doing and I can’t afford that now. Straighten the back, keep the gaze at a nonchalant not-caring distance from the center of attention. It’s easier when I’m standing in the beginning of the line. Hoping that it will move faster. Soon I have used all the different spots to… or I’ve shifted my gaze so many times now that it’s getting obvious again that I’m not comfortable at all, that I’m really an emotional wreck and I really can’t afford that.

***

One person left before me, now standing in the spotlight. Here I’m forced to look straight in to a wall or turn out towards the room and the rest of the line which makes it much more difficult to keep it together. For a second I’m considering talking to the person in front of me because they’re turning around away from the wall and it becomes so obvious that we’re pretending not to care about the fact that we’ve been standing next to each other in silence for to long.

***

I finally reach the bathroom, closing the door behind me. I text E without getting a reply, change my tampon, wash my hands slowly and look at myself in the mirror. A knock on the door, time to go out there again. I take a deep breath, straighten my back and walk out. Just as I’m about to walk out at the dance floor again (that seems to be an eternal ocean of no one I know) I look to the left to find E sitting by a table talking to her ex, she seems relieved to see me, it’s a way out or a perfect ending to their conversation (they can go on for hours). Now I can breath again, now I don’t have to keep it together, don’t have to pretend to not care.
to let go is to stop loving. no. demons and pumping heart, stinging blood, scurrying muscles and the brain rushing back and forth round and round in hurricanes. my muscles are to trained. once again I’m drawn back into the darkness. fuck. as if my heart is in my stomach I try trusting my feelings. impossible. they guide me wrong. holding my breath, I’m drawn back time after time. she texts me, I start panting. my heart in my chest again, the craving and the intoxication a delusion but no. I tell her that she doesn’t have to text me but I’m not telling the truth. not if I follow my emotion. but I tell her that because I know it’s the only way. letting go to love.
I have a feeling that something is about to open. I've been forced in to a position of understanding that during the last three years I have been drawn so deep into the love-owning-psychosis that I have relied my wellbeing on only one person, in total dependence and total submission, it's not sustainable and not how I want to live. Because if you think that your wellbeing is connected to one person only you end up in a position of not being able to breath without that persons acknowledgment and in the end you can only be in the exakt same spot as the other. I find myself missing her when she goes to the bathroom, in such a way that it feels like something is missing, as if I’m incomplete, as if I’m not functioning, and the opposite to this is not being stand-alone-I’m-an-island-horny but letting more people in, getting to know yourself and not do everything together with just one person.

I have never before experienced such a strong love, our energies were so intwined that they created some kind of aura that people wanted to exist in, which led me from being more-some (flersam) to lonesome. Monogamy is lonesome. We sleep so close together that we bleed together, when we fuck it is at it best when the rushing energy bomb disintegrate the barrier between her skin and my skin, when we melt together so I can feel her heart beating in my chest. This might not sound like a problem but what comes along is that everyone else in my surrounding has been mistreated, and when we now open up our relationship, when M now found a new person that entered that our space, she had to do it secretly because it will tare down everything that we know as true. Everything we understand as proves of love will be flipped around, and her action will be seen as a betray against the body(space) we’ve build up and existed in. But what it really is, is to for the first time understand what love actually is, because there were room fore one more person without the love for me being limited.
anti-capitalistic practice and writing there is something with staying in process not producing that belongs here and I know that this thing with my obsession with questioning result is something I’ve been forced to clarify, or I had to clarify it when MA was asking if I really think that it is possible to not relate to results at all, and I said that I think so but then we started talking about the fact that you relate to results all the time, that life is a long sequins of results, you manage to write, to fall asleep, to send a text and so on, so I came to realize that the result per se isn’t something you can ignore. It must be how you relate to it that needs to change, it’s the scale of values that is wrong. It’s about the value we give the result and the value other things get in relation to it. What I want to do is lower the value of result to nothing or something minimal, increase the value of staying in process and by doing that blow away the whole concept of hierarchal thinking. Because by distortion of (or making right, depending on which side you’re on) this scale you begin to dissolve the whole concept of aiming up up up. The idea that a good result always is better than a good process is so grounded in us that just saying that the result has a lower value and emotionally connect this new scale of value to something to aim for will through everything we know as the truth over board and therefore blow out the whole system. It’s the same as if one would begin to live a bit more like D was talking about, referring to his visit to Iran, as just one example, the scale of value will change through the way we spend our time, in this case relationships instead of work or enterprise, and then in extension instead of consumption, because if we will have more time to do things we don’t have to compensate by shopping, and if we don’t think that the most important thing is to have the latest model but to be able to stay in contact with people we don’t have to produce new mobile phones all the time and instead produce less things that will last longer. It’s the same thing with writing in process, in a flow, without searching for a conclusion but rather stay in the exploration, then you won’t end up with a final product that you can pitch and sell with five lines. If the writing isn’t searching for the result but for revealing more and more tracks (veckla ut fler och fler blad) you will as a reader get a chance to keep writing the text/keep searching/adding in endless possibilities of connections and new tracks ready to be discovered, you’ll get a chance to explore instead of defend what you stand for, but since we grew up in a system that demands us to prove our point and brand ourselves all the time it’s very difficult to just let go in an eternal question mark. This has nothing to do with dissolving oneself but to stop caring so much about the self. It’s about letting go of the concept of owning, the right to own, the right to happiness, the right to individuality, letting go of the thought that it’s natural, that it’s a human right. It is problematic that I think that I have the right to defend the desire to own or the right to own a person, to justify that I’m jealous with saying that I’m rejected, that it’s a proof that the love for me is replaced (even though it’s not true). That I’m defending the right to my own bed, my own house, my own car, my viewpoint, my right, but never someone else’s right to… owning equals taking from someone else. To own(love) someone becomes to steal that person from someone else. It is problematic to refuse sharing, to want everything for oneself even if that lead to oneself or the other person suffocating but well it’s just things to accept and not my responsibility or it’s just the way it is or then go to therapy or get a hobby or a child or a summer house to change your environment.

Now you might think that I’m destroying everything that is beautiful and that creates a feeling of wanting to defend the right to all this, but you really don’t have to because the system is doing that for us. To try to for one second question your decisions won’t take them away from you, it will give you a chance to not be a slave under a capitalist logic, or no not even that freedom, because at the same time as I’m writing this I’m just wishing to be in that calm, clear, specific… but starting to reflect on these things can lead to a possibility to open up and let go and winning so much more, a possible life beyond illusions were we can create something new together, beyond all these sticky desires towards the system(systembegär).
going to die soon.

“Three White Soldiers” (Forsman and Paulin), Marranca, C

Me and Nina call this sound stupid and ugliness and naivety?

when it all just lead to a feeling of confusion and loneliness and loosing; weakness and
gentrification of the mind; displacement of thoughts and experiences
at this very moment I find myself in a tiny dark hole or cloister or something exigent and
this comes as a consequence of me being a woman in this society/culture) and
because I’m a bit to intelligent and analytic and because this society this culture called
patrarchy and capitalism makes me want to be on top and compare myself to the idea
of a good decent successful beautiful person, I will never live up to this idea and this
sick system makes me think that I am fat and that it is something bad, that I am scared
of doing something wrong which makes me anxious and an impulscontroflreak, it
makes me over analytic which leads to not a lot of fun and very few thing being
followed up; I am very good at many things which makes me feel like I'm not ever in my
full potential and that I'm wasting my talents because I can't decide what to do and just
give a shit about what I think and just do what I am good at because then I will be
happy about everything that I now know, I wish I could stay in the darkness in that haze of not
knowing, the haze of monogamy and owning and career and best looking fastest
strongest….eeeeee what?! yes because I know that if I would have stayed there in the
haze I have potential enough to mortify myself to prettiest and read myself to smartest
strongest…eeeeee what?! is that what I wish for, I wish that I

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i’ve been inspired by the work of Meredith Monk for years now, it was Monk who first made
me think about the voice as a universal language. in one passage of the book Conversations
with Meredith Monk Monk is describing the process of creating a new piece, and finding a
way to let the piece talk back to you, if you listen carefully you will know without defining
what is needed and not. i can really connect to that way of thinking, and it became very
clear to me in the process of creating OFF HIGHWAY. N and I had to listen very carefully to
the world that emerged. yet again I learned that the most central thing in the process of
creating is to find ways to not limit the possibilities (your self and the work) by making
decisions made from assumptions, but to find strategies to get lost. You have to listen really
carefully to get lost, without answers; to search without a need for conclusions or goals; to
find ways to stay out of the concept of the project, and with that the idea of a final result that
is creating a closed walk to the end date, making it impossible to not reproduce what is
already there. For each time we perform OFF HIGHWAY we have to search for new

33 Seminar at Konstepidemien, February 16, 2016, “Three White Soldiers” [Johan Forsman and Anders Paulin], (Embrace) The Hope of the future – poiesis and the conditions of aesthetic transcendence in an economy of display.
35 Me and Nina call this sound fågelskrika (scream-bird), for the english translation I think the word banshee better captures the sound (a female spirit in Irish and Scottish stories who cries loudly to warn people that someone is going to die soon). http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/banshee
36 Me and Nina discussing one part of OFF HIGHWAY during the creating process.
37 Marranca, Conversations with Meredith Monk, p. 43.
38 “Three White Soldiers” [Forsman and Paulin], (Embrace) The Hope of the future – poiesis and the conditions of aesthetic transcendence in an economy of display.
strategies to stay lost, not knowing were the landscape will take us, remembering that the search itself is the actual gift to the participants.

“[…]getting lost can become a familiar feeling; being lost is a way of inhabiting space by registering what is not familiar […]”

Staying in process, trying and searching, not for a result but just staying in the search is one of the most difficult things to do in the society we live in (that is premiering effectivity, precision and measurable results). “If I manage to reach those results I will be successful and therefor happy.” This quest for happiness is very much based on the distinction between good and bad feelings that presume bad feelings are backward and conservative and good feelings are forward and progressive, with the side effect that we never wanna look back.

Our idea of what happiness is guide us in what choices we make, how we organize our lives and which people we want to be associated with. We are so concerned about being happy or being seen as a happy person that we never really question were those idea(l)s come from. In the essay Multiculturalism and the Promise of Happiness Sarah Ahmed describes how happiness functions as promise, which directs us towards certain objects, which then circulate as social goods. The objects that seems most promising is what will guide us, which these objects are is on one hand decided by the context you live in and on the other decided by the norms in a society. Even though the object therefor can vary depending on the context and society, you know how that context is relating to the norm, and even though you live in a context that is reacting against those social norms you know what you are reacting against. Therefore you are still affected by them. As a result of the gentrification of the mind our dreams and desires have been shaped by those norms. If I would ask you about “happiness” I think that we would think about similar things, we would see success, a house with green grass, a dog and kids, this is a result of the gentrification of our minds. It has found it’s way in to our dreams and desires turning them in to sameness. This gentrification of our dreams and desires create a strong fear of not fitting in, to be seen as the other, the unadaptable, the unsuccessful. This fear of not being a part of the society is what makes us stick to/follow the norms.

Since we live in a society that premier and applause a quest for perfection and being successful at any cost (to be sure about everything, knowing what you stand for, solid and whole) you have to make sure not to make any mistakes which forces you to control your surroundings/relationships/emotions. Because if your surroundings aren’t perfect you can’t be. As a result we live in a society of control-freaks keeping the system intact. This need to control oneself and ones surroundings leads to a fear of the other which leads to homogeneity. Therefor is letting go of control equal to heterogeneity. Imagine vibrating in a no-clue where you don’t have to stand up for and defend yourself and your actions but instead be open for an ever shifting relation to the world and the people in it. Uncomfortable, yes perhaps, but that’s just because we are so used to what we know. And searching for the unknown will be frightening. To be uncomfortable is to not know for sure, to not define, to not defend, to not follow the straight line of thought. To be uncomfortable is to listen to the unspoken, to what’s in between the words and the gestures. To be uncomfortable is a listening to the senses and insights. It is a return to lived experiences. Phenomenology can function as a bridge between solitary experience and shared experience since we by understanding ourselves in relation to the world also understand ourselves as part of those relations (the world).

We need to change our doing if we wanna change our being. To succeed with changing our habitual patterns and create new connections in our brain, carve new paths beyond the motorways we have to get off (kliva av). If we want to create possibilities for a life beyond suffocating norms and laws we can’t stay in them. It’s impossible to create a non-normative living if you exist in the center of it. Our habits are way to strong for us to manage to break them at the same time as everything around us tells us to continue as usual. If we want to live in a society that instead premiere meeting people and sharing experiences we have to let go of control. Rebecca Solnit writes

“Lost really has two disparate meanings. Losing things is about the familiar falling away, getting lost is about the unfamiliar appearing. There are objects and people that disappear from your sight or knowledge or possession; you lose a bracelet, a friend, the key. You still know where you are. Everything is familiar except that there is one item less, one missing element. Or you get lost, in which case the worlds has become larger than your knowledge of it. Either way there is a loss of control.”

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63 Ibid., p. 123.
64 “A unique and final definition of phenomenology is dangerous and perhaps even paradoxical as it lacks a thematic focus. In fact, it is not a doctrine, nor a philosophical school, but rather a style of thought, a method, an open and ever-renewed experience having different results, and this may disorient anyone wishing to define the meaning of phenomenology” quote: Gabriella Farina, http://www.crossingdialogues.com/Ms-A14-07.htm.
(the problem with) inclusion
I experience a will from a lot of people including me to be included, to through this get proof of being understood. but what happens when the desire to be included then goes against what you believe in, if you are working against a capitalist system for example it's very contradictory to wanting to be included and accepted by that same oppressive system, it's the same with feminism and anti-racism. the desire to be included is a system-longing (systemlångtan) that is both sadomasochistic and disruptive in a way that you have to adjust and bow and twist and polish to fit, to get the money, to be seen. I know that it is difficult to stand strong against this system-longing since it is empty on the other side of that, or seemingly empty. but I think that we have to refuse this. if we wanna change the system we live in I think we have to refuse to be included. to be included is to be silent and adjusted and it makes you stop to think for your self and instead you start doing what is expected, you become the expert in the area and the behavior from where you want to be included. you learn the language and change your muscles until it all becomes natural and you can’t see it, you’re suddenly in the middle of the state of sickness, for what seems to be included has been erased and adjusted, everything that used to be radical has disappeared. if you notice that you stopped chafing (skava) you’re now included and therefore you have to get out. vi måste bita den hand som föder oss (only dead fish follow the stream).
Logg 2 april 2016
I am standing (with back pain) in one of the study spaces in the apartment building I live in writing about staying in process and letting go of control. I’m in pain since I’ve pulled my back at the same time as I’m stressed out about the fact that I’m not ready yet, haven’t reached my goal yet, are not happy about the result.

yesterday I started talking to N about creating a sensation of a collective body. what that is and that it’s not necessarily something good. that Nazism also created such a sensation (mass psychosis) that could be translated to a sensation of being part of a collective body, that it is the same thing that happens on football arenas, that it must be something else then the collective body, that it is something connected to energies and the understanding of being connected rather then the sensation of being stuck together, because that type of collective body-mass is very easy to manipulate and one can end up in defend mode, everyone or no one, if you behave in the right way and think like us, and suddenly you find yourself in consensus which is opposite of what I want. it is definitely something else, as what Mujeres Creandos are talking about, the understanding of belonging but not as identification but as energy connection. to open up the body for such a state would be interesting but also dangerous depending on what one would fill the openness with. I am not interested in telling people what I think but to start a movement of confusion were you loos grip of who you are, that we are a hundred different persons, that we all are and that we need to do something radically different.

non-locality and stardust (stjärnstof)

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All feelings close at all times

We just walk quietly next to each other, there is something we need to talk about but we’re not sure what it is. We have been busy both of us, longing for one of these walks.

The beginning, at the café, us paying for the coffee, me and M with a shared economy, how we use that as a strategy, how we end up paying for each other, how we struggled with this when only one of us had an income, how it’s years of muscles trained to react and feel in a certain way, how our emotions are connected to the stomach, how our emotions are affected by capitalism.

I come to think of a piece by Yvonne Rainer called The Mind is a Muscle, I’m not sure that this has anything to do with each other, other then the title of it. The mind is truly a muscle that has been trained for years and years to think and react in certain ways and I’m thinking that Yvonne possibly was retraining these muscles from a bodily perspective. One could, by giving the body new memories, redirect the mind.

There is something that we need to talk about, something connected to relationships or relating to objects, places, people. Something connected to time. This feeling of wanting everything to be good as fast as possible, come up with solutions and then move on. How are you? I’m good, brilliant, everything is moving fast now. Smile. By not holding on to problems or unexpected bumps we think that we will stay in the flow, keeping the facade intact. Perfect couple, perfect smile. To be successful you have to keep up the high tempo, keep moving forward, which is the opposite of sustainable(mutual) relationships. Relationships need time and a slow tempo to build up trust, respect and love.

We walk down towards the water. Something is flickering around. Bubbles in my chest. It’s a strange time we live in. Everything feels intrusive. I tell her about my presentation last Thursday and how I tried to open up the space and create a sense of belonging (samhörighet) by working with presens and vulnerability, to be in a vibrating no clue together. How I placed everyone close to each other in a circle, how I started talking about what I’ve been thinking about lately. How our thoughts and desires have been gentrified. How that makes it impossible to trust your feelings. That your fears are real but doesn’t belong to you, they are produced. Shaped by the culture we live in. How one gets paranoid and scared to death by two men walking fast through the subway after the police increased the security level from 4 to 5, how it’s a racist reaction, and still you were afraid. How we try to open up our relationship and love more. How I react as if I’m losing you, as if everything is falling apart. How I know it’s not true but have to deal with it anyway, how it creeps under my skin, rushes around in a vibrating mess. How that is norms that are breaking. How I loose track of what’s true or false, I shouldn’t text you now to protect myself, true or false? I have to accept that love can end, true or false? It is better to shut down to get some breathing space, true or false?

To handle fears, to change the scale of value, means retraining your muscles. New patterns of thought equals sore muscles and create a feeling of cramps and vibration. Since our thoughts and desires have been so gentrified we have to find a way to stay in this chaotic vibration together. Existing in this position takes a lot of courage and a belief that it’s worth it, that something else will follow. Breaking down and demolishing what we know as true is something beautiful but if you can’t feel or see the beauty it becomes a threat and you end up in defense, therefor confusion. The gut tells you to run and then you have to find a way to stay. In this vibrating open existence, all feelings are close at all times.
A voice on the radio says If another world is to be possible it’s our responsibility to realize it. Her voice says We don’t need it to be like this, says Why are we here if not for each other, says What remains if not everything that is available to me also is available to you? 67

67 in collaboration with Johanna Hillerbrand Rune
APPENDIX

OFF HIGHWAY-
the darkness descends to show me the world

With and by:
Indra Linderoth and Nina Jeppsson


**NON PRINTED:**


**FROM THE WEB:**


**MOVIES:**


**INSPIRATION:**


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