

My focus is shifting. I am getting distracted trying to listen, figure
out what I hear

There's a storm coming once the springtime is over – we just need to figure out which springtime it is.

There was a storm as an antecedent to this spring.

_There is a rusty tractor driving around the front porch. The engine stops.

False sirens—ringing a million times over through our heads, and all around us, so low in frequency and slow in velocity, delayed in their consequences, that accountability turns elusive while destruction spreads over time and space.

I feel like I have something stuck in my throat. I'm doubting as to whether it's actually not stuck in my throat, but stuck in my nose. I can't seem to figure it out. Maybe there's something pinching in my ear, crawling underneath or through my eardrum. Do I just need to vomit? You know what? I think I just have something stuck in my throat.

_There's a helicopter flying above our heads. It falls to earth.

Birds whistle, pointing out their need for vacation and rest. Chill in winter time. There are some months to go.

six, seven, eight

A guard, several guards, several thousands of guards seduced from their duty, repeat an order that nobody takes seriously.

„Don't be careless," the sirens whisper while I walk up the staircase.

Security is not the answer. It's the imaginative limit of a violence that impoverishes our sensorial capacity for compassion. Boundaries and limits in infinite reciprocal proliferation.

(Europe of fortresses and frontexes, agency of development and security, manager of crisis and executive of emergency at large.)

The high temperature tears the house apart and everything flees at last,
The bird sings nostalgia, while its feathers stay in color.

Sirens read, „I’m going; I’m going upstairs.“

„Maybe we dance all over the board next time so everyone and no one files complaints.“

Annoyance,

guests that introduced the law.
the midst of the floorboard is voicing our undesired presence.

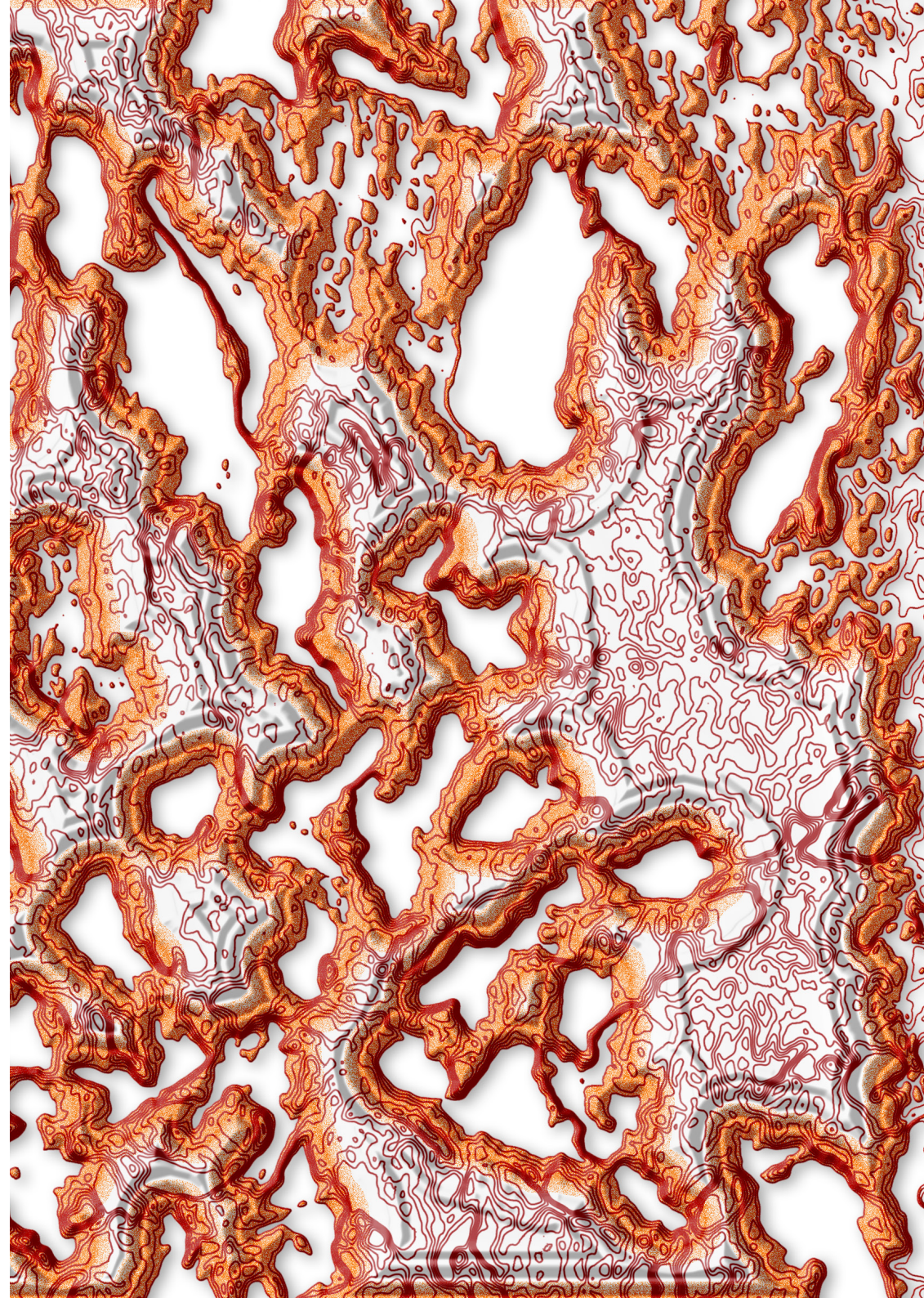
„Where are you going?“

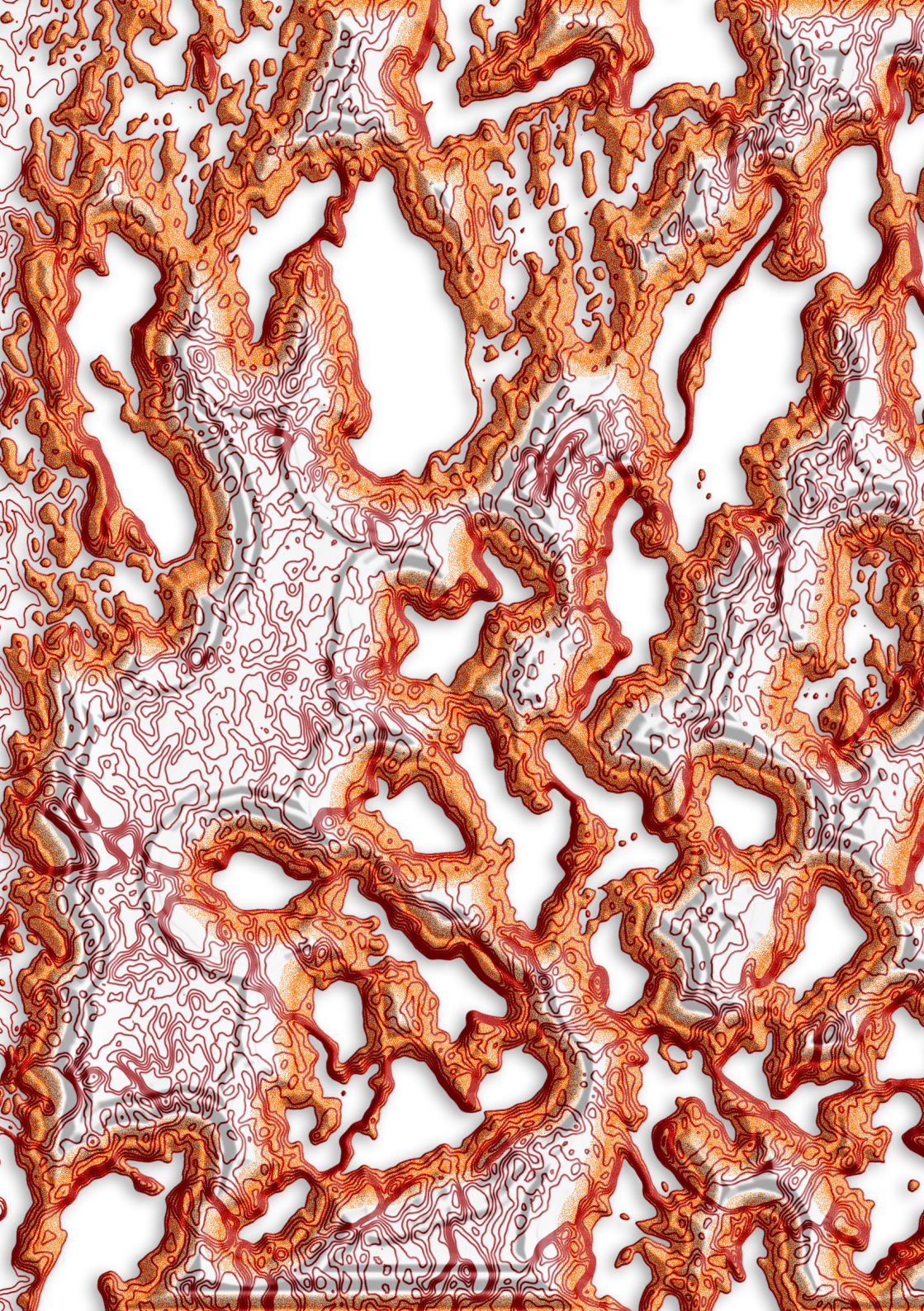
Slowing down as far as the eye could see. Can you think of water turning into metal as it hits the floor, as it hits the ground, as it hits the surface of the sea, so hot it suddenly evaporates, shedding any particle of water left, only to slowly reach the bottom of the ocean and calmly sit there.

Lay there.

Now worry!

The impulse of life is quantified in strikes. The ears are listening, while space becomes a place unseen. In high-pitched tone the sorry story of religion brings the body to its knees and passes on the cry. In the blink of the eye a whole year’s work of nature is torn apart, shredded into bits and pieces.





Restless, eroding attention mistakes slowness for imperceptible transition. The senses remain unadjustable to what is not yet, or yet to come, what is not now, neither soon enough.

_The phone rings.

Ahead, a ready steady rhythm of the never ending tale of breaking cracking aching atoms into parcels of flowing rivers of infinite energy. There's so much longing.

No hero, but a threat. A subtle horror outside the bed. This may seem too easy at first, but never will it replace the wind that brings tears and hope alike.

That's been told too old. Compressed to accelerate. Collecting denser voices as voicings of the multiplicity. Intersounds of unparalleled exophonic ways. What's the word for word in your language? You would have to reorganize the untitled folders, on hold indefinitely, in foreign languages, not yet translatable.

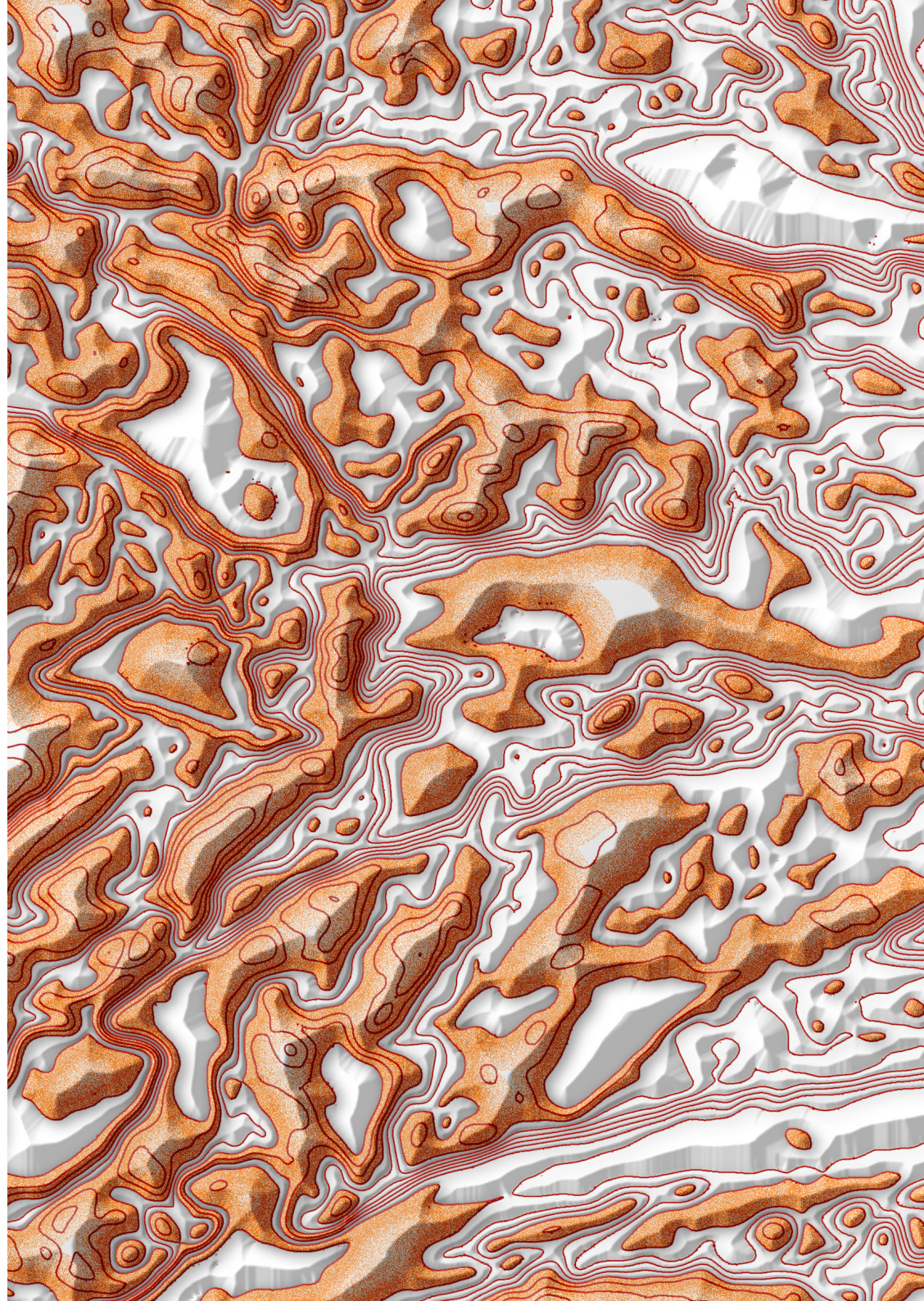
_There's a cruise ship passing by in the river. It drowns, but you can't calm down.

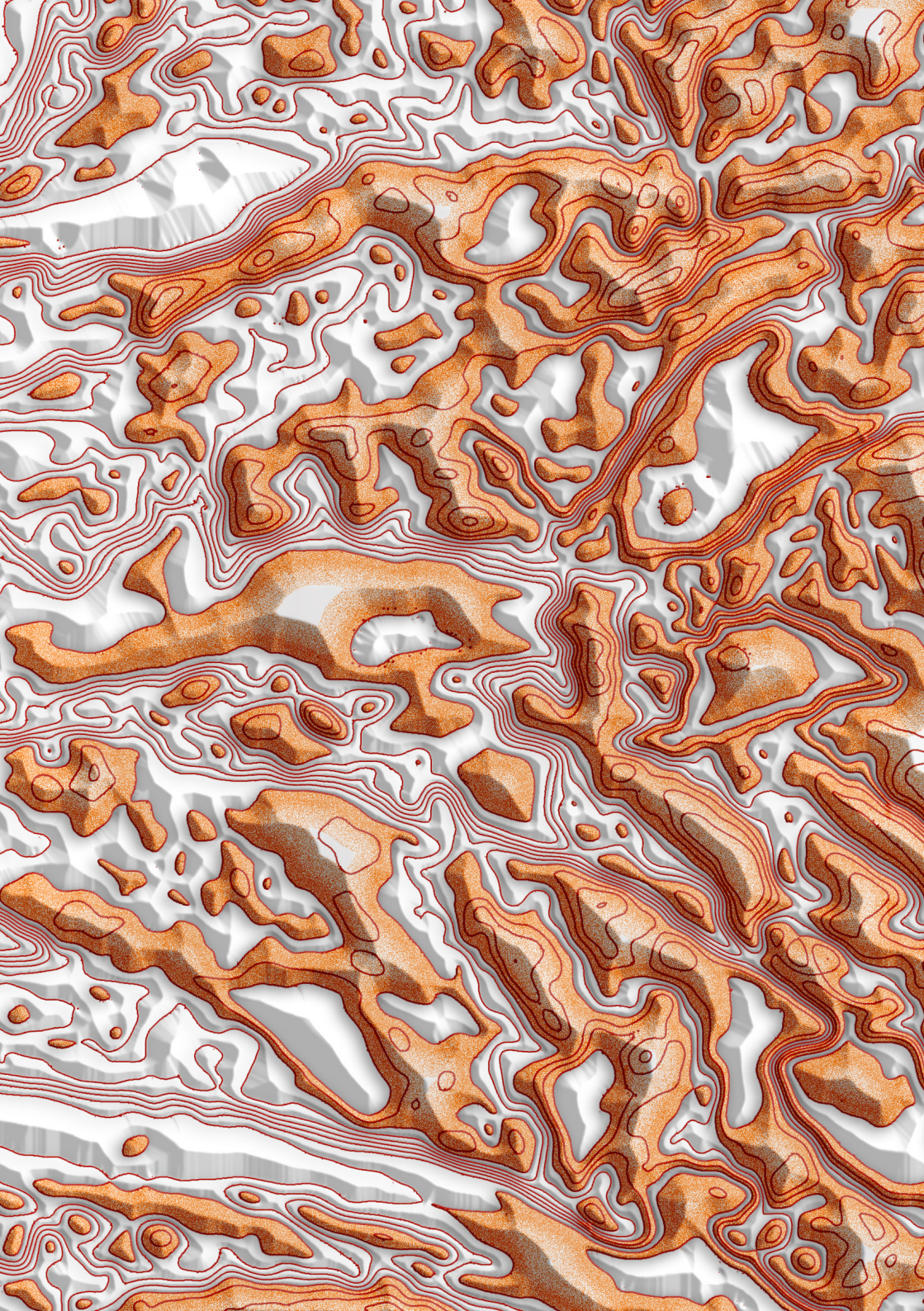
You paid so much money to get on board. You will
leave after the captain.

The entrance to paradise is rusty.
a vessel is filled,
a mess,
a heavy step,
snooker balls not finding their holes,
shapes that don't fit,
the initial noise after the first sentence,
the first explosion,
a thud that invites me,
to the next sentence,

a sheet of paper with few memories, prepared to find
a home in the recycling bin.

The humming's return means nothing to us because
we don't hear it.





Filters are essential to a language of scarcity.
Halfway through, a meaning is constructed,
there should be a trial already.

The second pinch arrives, as if none of the talking
ever happened. Something behind our eyes trembles
and breaks. A high pitched sound signals the burning
of some synapses. The damage is done and this line
is irretrievable.

and I gnawed my nail.
it has the full flavor of freshly cut grass.
while the eye blinks my blood pressure rises.
while the lung breathes we manifest the kinship of
our shoulders
while the feet walk, we talk about rhythm. how diffe-
rent it will be when we are old.
while the blood pulses
while the heart palpitates
while the eye blinks
we gnaw our nails.

(_The backstage choir in its eternal humming sings:
*The unimaginable cannot constitute a threat. Shortsightedness
is not afraid of imperceptibility.*)

Now there's a plane flying over you, but it feels like a lawnmower driving over you.

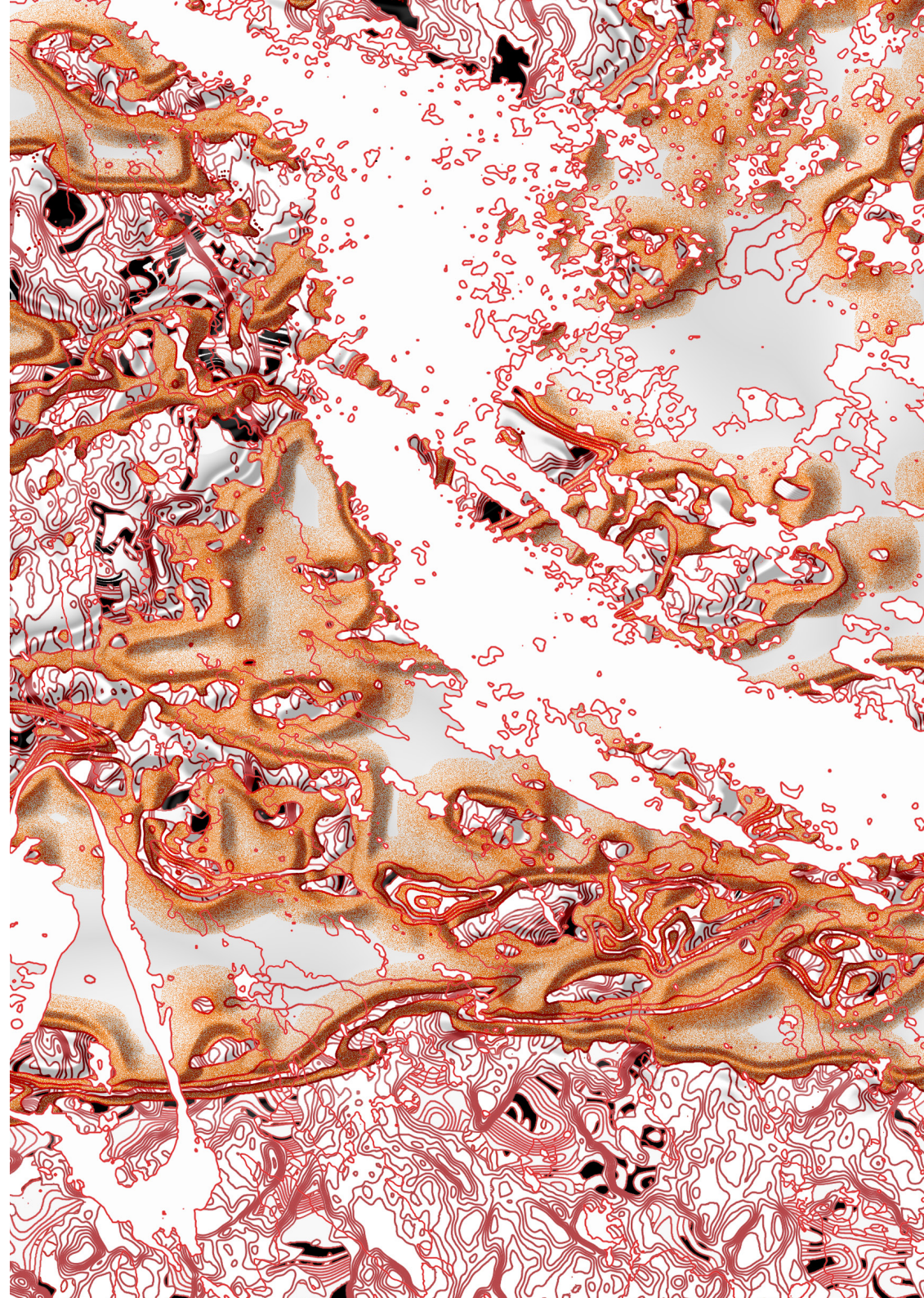
There's something peaceful about being alone but also together. Melanie Safka has this song called „*Together Alone*”, in which she sings: *We'll grow old, we'll take care of each other [...] We'll be friends during the changes of weather*. A friend once called it „eensamen” which could be equal to „einzusammen” or „juntolitario” or a neologism in any other language.

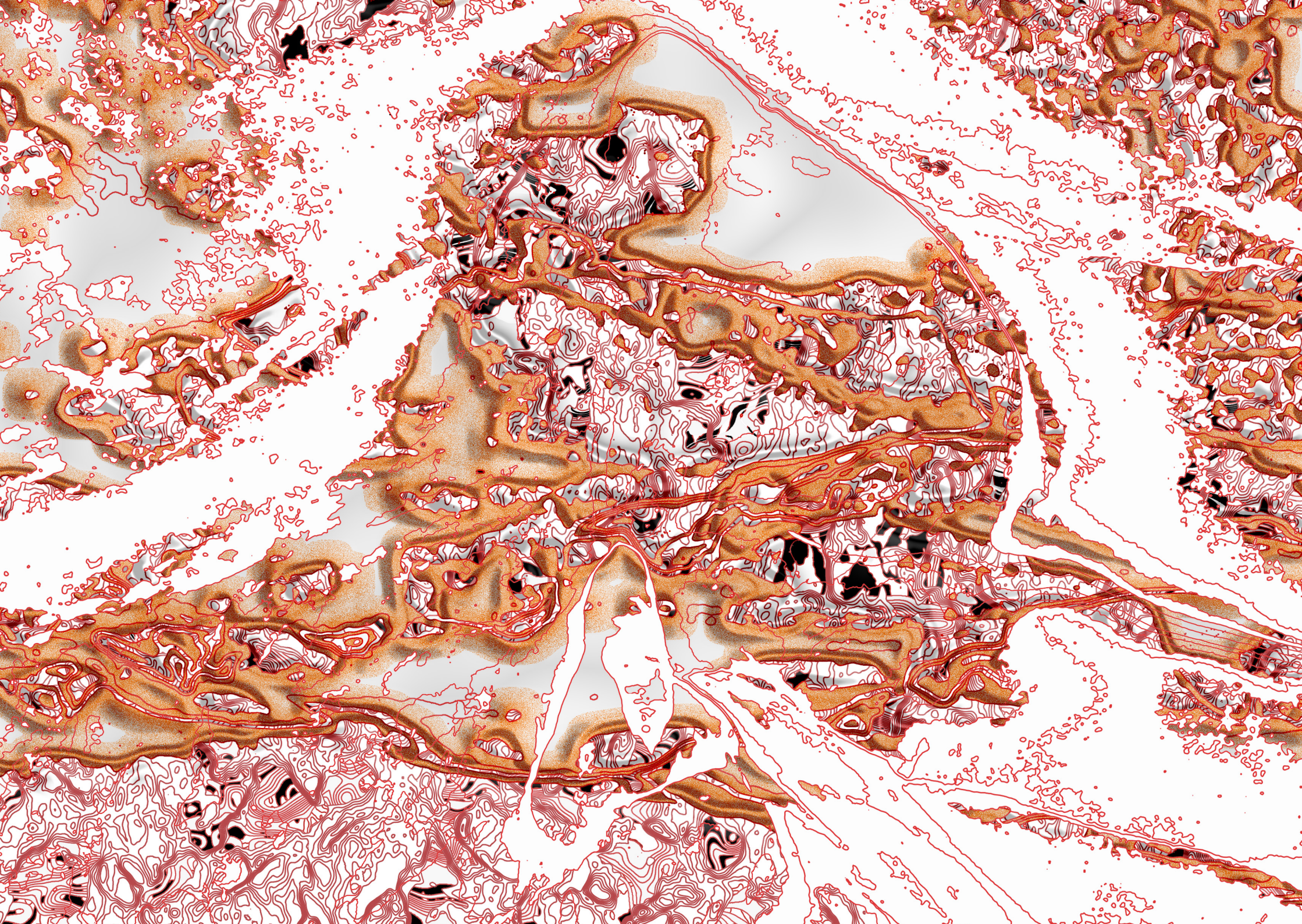
And I once again gnawed my nail.

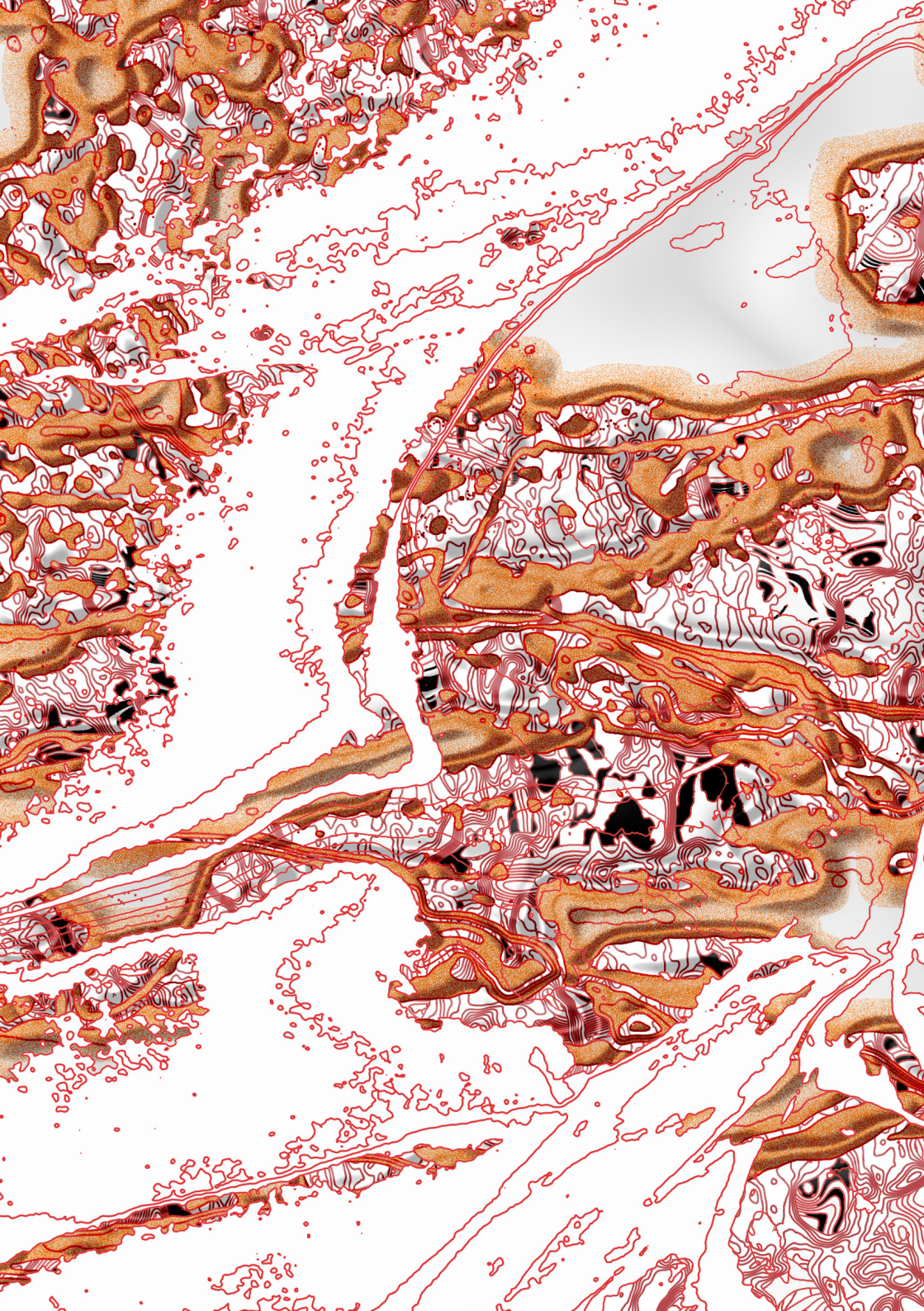
Things add up, accumulate, overwhelm, create an avalanche that falls back to the sea. Others float upwards, gather in clouds and fall down with the rain

to compile a form that is at once sunken and swelling, curled up;

the sunken eats up the swelling and the swelling ruminates the sunken.







The promise
was never pronounced
but assumed nevertheless
that despite our remaining in silence
we would – have to (?) – stay together
which meant that when moving through the dunes
we
kept sight of the others
we
kept in the sight of others
as this dance was internalized, the inner voice was able to rise
disrupted suddenly if one had, accidentally or half-willingly, gotten
too far away from the others
or close enough to notice (and having to negotiate) their presence
without this kind of intuition, to move one's body in accord with
the others
the internal dialogue would cease in the moment
a thread was posed
to this tentative community.

Some notes on the “we”:

„We who, reading this, are statistically less likely to be a person of color or Indigenous, and less likely to be socioeconomically unstable, living in precarity, or poor. We who choose modernity without a care-full look behind, who have little to lose in a dying world, having terminated our roots in the Earth along with our identification with it. We might speak English as a first language, so that our inheritances and injuries are obscured from us.”[1]

„...the homogenized we, the human population as a whole, the assertion of this unity across time and space erases the very racialized ruptures and geosocial rifts that brought this Anthropocenic world into being through the stratification of flesh.“ [2]

„... all developmental processes became reduced to one exclusive type of perfection, that is, technological. Hence the puzzle: What is it that you are demanding when a language, one single language, would provide you with the key to progress? ...Nations could have only one linguistic or cultural feature, either this seclusion within a restrictive particularity or, conversely, dilution within a generalizing universal.”[3]

[1] Huying Ng, “Soil’s Metabolic Rift: Metabolizing Hope, Interrupting the Medium,” in *AGROPOETICS READER*, ed. Elena Agudio, Marleen Boschen, and Lorenzo Sandoval, co-ed. Onur Çimen and Cleo Wächter (Berlin: The Institute for Endotic Research Press, 2019), 212.

[2] Yusoff, Kathryn. *A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None* (Minnesota: Minnesota Press, 2018), 58.

[3] Edouard Glissant, *Poetics of Relation* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1997), 103.



„*todo migra*“

Cecilia Vicuña, Language is Migrant

It has been a long time since you left this island. This place which we once called our home for a long time. I really hope you enjoy your new life, wherever you are.

After you left it took us precisely 20 min and 23 sec and 4 months to fall asleep, but now the crying stopped. There's silence.

When I say there is space between us, I don't mean the void in between—no, in between us there is only a substance known as time. Time is an expression for blood (Hennes vener blev flod-flytande), which is always mistaken for water*

You always talked about going away. To set adrift it didn't need much overcoming or persuasion. If you need help just follow the pulse on the horizon that's absent now. The thin line that was there when we were born, is there now because it should be right in front of me and it will be there tomorrow. I am pretty sure. I know. I hope.

The future is outsourced in the present. The near impossibility to narrate low pace sets the tone for an imaginative horizon of proliferating limits. A horizon of infinity, although long obsolete, standardizes what is uncertain as anticipated.

Between control and insecurity, a stone escapes from my hand.
The participation in this community relied on one condition, their silence.

They made a pact, a promise that in an effort to reach the sea, their destination, they would create signals to care for one another, to be understood in a different way. They allowed the landscape to inform the way they traveled—footstep after footstep. The sand responded and marked their traces. There were peculiarities within this community. Some preferred to develop hopes towards this destination, an imaginary, a beach town, a ship. Some developed anxieties that were frightening. They saw creatures, dead animals, sticks that resemble bones washed ashore. The community continued to obscure the presence that there was always with them, this voice that became louder as they continued walking.

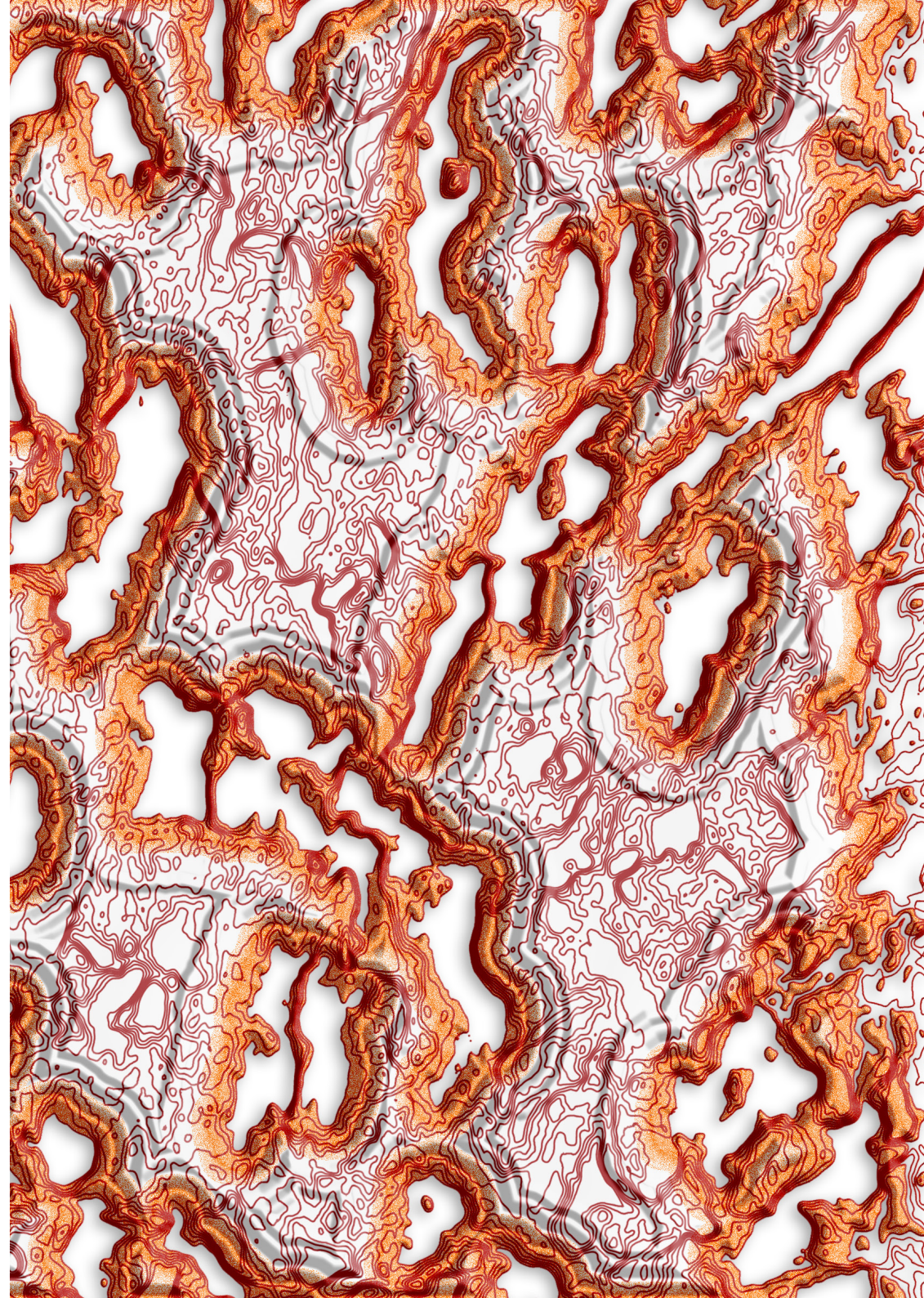
In a small depression on the Southern side, resuscitated mountains of blonde powder produced a bizarre hum when disturbed.

A foot on a shrub might trigger reactive vibrations, sand sliding over itself.

Below, reptilian undulations pierce pressed particles of sand; an underground quest for orientation. The deep songs of gliding dust traveled across the porous pyramids, marking the paths for serpentine swimmers.

The dunes have lost a lot of sand, but they continue to sing.

Accumulated piles of encoded grounds. Grounds that are anything but firm. The two-dimensional consideration of the composition and the “Baltic filter” bring to light the conversation between yellow acrylic paint and yellow flowers. The black of the asphalt mirrors the intermingling shadows of the foliage hunter. There are multiple horizons here. The straight edge of the parking lot reminds of the meeting point between sea and ether, and the material consistencies differ similarly. Asphalt is a synthetic reconfiguration of soil, which solidifies from its more energetic form. The water of the sea evaporates into the air forming clouds to be released elsewhere, displaced. This word “displaced” usually portends a sense of struggle, loneliness or malaise, yet here is simply part of the natural order.



*If you hold a stone
Hold it in your hand
If you feel the weight
You'll never be late
To understand*

Caetano Veloso, If You Hold A Stone

*Because even a river can be lonely,
even a river can die of thirst.*

Natalie Diaz, The First Water is the Body

*In the dark times
Will there also be singing?
Yes, there will also be singing
About the dark times.
Bertolt Brecht*

21st century tears multiply in despair of finding the pristine lake that pushed them into existence. A codified memory slides on the surface of a wave as a big round pearl balances between the bulls' horns; much more than a memory it has become a premonition of sorts: in hindsight it is an instruction. A promise I've been going back to. That doesn't mean I'm not still waiting.

yesterdaytoday, tommorowyesterday, todayesterday*

Whisper it into my ear. „*If you hold a stone, hold it in your hand, if you feel the weight, you will never be late to understand.*”

I am using the melody of longing and I am applying it to the stone.

Time stretches out along a surface of nothing, or along a surface of something other than nothing. I like to imagine that time flows along a surface of yellow, a certain kind of yellow that I can't describe nor explain.

The yellow isn't dark, nor is it light, most of all it is dry, bare and in a certain way dim despite the lack of darkness.

De muren komen op je af, maar vanaf het plafond, langs de wanden, over de vloer, loopt de tijd.

hon la sina kärleksfulla händer i ryggslutet av jorden.
hennes vener blev flod—flytande
hennes hår blev skog—flytande
hennes ben blev berg—flytande Ta
hennes sten så ska hon ge dig sin vrede

语言是言语的证据；用一个下陷的包裹，裹住一些被时间杀死的隐喻。

We are all knights in the order of self-pity.

In the news they said they don't know when and where hope is gonna come from. „Στην πόλη, στις κωμοπόλεις, στα χωριά, στα βουνά, στις πεδιάδες, στη θάλασσα, περιμένουν την ελπίδα.“

Jazra Khaleed, A. A. Fokurov, Η ελπίδα έχει πάντοτε πλαν μπι

water seeks its own level
the patient love
that waits for the setting of the stones
earthquakes settling the fertile land
the suffocated life
finds gaps

a gente goza
mas é o medo no meu gozo
that costs your lung one more cigarette
strokes you
drowns you
mouth of smoke that extinguishes my flame
the last breath

This publication was collectively composed by the 2021-2022 COOP study group SOIL IS AN INSCRIBED BODY: on Agropoetics, Land Struggles and the Aesthetics of Sovereignty.

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Edition of 140
Printed at Gegendruck GmbH in Luzern, Switzerland
August 2022

Partner: SAVVY Contemporary
Dutch Art Institute Coop Summit 2022

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