

# Actes de recherche 2020 - 2021

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Les Actes de Recherche, initiés par le programme Master de Recherche CCC en 2005, présentent une synthèse des recherches accomplies et en cours développées dans la Master Thesis, comme lieu de formation à la recherche. L'édition annuelle des actes de recherche tend à donner les conditions optimales d'un débat d'idées au jury de soutenance de fin d'étude et au jury de fin d'année académique et d'assurer une temporalité prospective aux recherches. Les présents Actes de Recherche sont constitués de courts essais rédigés par les étudiant·e·x·s en fin de cursus (M2), ainsi que d'extraits ou synthèses des recherches menées par les étudiant·e·x·s en première année (M1). Ces éléments articulent une pratique qui émerge d'un processus de recherche et constitue le composite d'une pensée par l'art, de réflexions théoriques, de constellations trans-disciplinaires et de mobilisations formatrices.

*The Actes de Recherche have been initiated by the Research-Based Master program CCC in 2005 to provide a space for publishing "a synthesis of research that has been carried out and developed during the Master Thesis as a place of research training. The annual edition of the Actes de Recherche intends to provide optimal conditions for a debate about ideas with the jury de soutenance [defense jury] at the end of the studies and academic year, and to ensure a future-oriented temporality of the research". The here present Actes de Recherche consists of short essays by graduating students (M2) and abstracts of first-year students (M1) as one element that articulates a practice, which emerges from research processes as a composite of art-led thinking, theory-driven reflections, trans-disciplinary constellations and group-formatting mobilizations.*



M1

# Scream of the soul.

SARA BISSEN

“The dancer from Khiva” by Hadjarbibi Siddikova initially had a working title “Scream of the soul”, however, the publisher refused to publish these memoirs under this title and the author’s real name, stating that “there are many screams of the soul already, no one’s gonna buy it” and “your name is unpronounceable for a Russian reader, we will just write Bibish”. The memoirs were granted several small awards and racist critic on main TV channels and newspapers. In search of the root cause of the readers’ dissatisfaction, I started with analyzing an evaluation unsatisfied with both content and writing style. Dissatisfaction with writing style can be based on the fact that Russian is not the mother tongue of the author, and writing follows OSV(Object, Subject, Verb) syntax structure of simple Turkik language sentences. For English speakers, the closest example of OSV syntax would be the speech style of Master Yoda. However, after reading the English translation of the book, an angry Amazon reader, Beth, complains: “I didn’t learn much about Uzbekistan”. As a Central Asian woman, I answer, if the description of two gang rapes didn’t reveal anything about rape culture in Central Asia, maybe it is better for You, Beth, to stop reading books at all, anyway it is a waste of time. Maybe it’s just not Uzbekistan that Beth was expecting to read about, but non-imaginary Uzbekistan and Central Asia are not obliged to fulfill the expectation of the Western reader. Central Asia also can speak for itself.

In this light, especially interesting how for three decades after the breakdown of the Soviet Union postcolonial scholars still hold a debate on the nature of Russia’s hybrid, semi-Asian identity and on Russian elites being mentally colonized without having ever been colonial subjects. However, little attention is paid to how extraordinarily postcolonial the societies of the former Soviet regions are. Thus the debates on the ‘uniqueness’ of Russia’s self-colonization shifts the focus from the hardships of the ‘colonized’ in Central Asia and the Caucasus, whose voices often are wrongly claimed to be non-existent or slow to emerge. I refuse to agree with this statement of non-existent or slow to emerge voices of Central Asia and the Caucasus. They are rather muted, as Hadjarbibi Siddikova was.

To summarize, we have a book by an Uzbek author and as a reaction refusal of aggressor to acknowledge its colonial past (arguably present as well), and a lack of sensitivity from the Western reader, plus the absence of truly listening ears. In this light, the comparison of Central Asian with Master Yoda might be incorrect, he presents a too advanced life form. Central Asians are at best Ewoks.



Sara Bissen  
06.04.1990  
Kazakhstan, Karagandy

Passive-aggressive capitalist whore, born and raised in the 9th biggest country in the world, where people drink horse milk and women prefer big dick porno. At the age of 3 got lost on floating ice while searching for grandfathers' sheep. Accidentally broke the nose of a classmate who was in love with her. On freshmen day in Russian university got drunk and fell into a river with a bench. Studied environmental engineering in Finland, learned Gram staining and grew germs in a lab. Crossed Europe with a 125cc motorcycle in 23 days. Walked the Camino Portugues, Muxia and Finistere. Exhibited her photography in a tiny city somewhere in Finnish woods and many other unpopular places.

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# Response-(ability)

LOUIS DAMBRAIN

HINT: HIDDEN FORCES THAT PLAY BETWEEN WHAT WE THINK WE SHOULD DO –WHAT WE KNOW WE SHOULD DO –WHAT WE DO

There was once a man, who did absolutely nothing, he did nothing. People used to laugh at him saying “What kind of man are you? You did nothing, what have you done in your life?” they used to ask. Having enough of such talk, one, day this man went somewhere and did something. He came back to these people but by the time he came back, he had completely forgot what he had done. The people asked him “What did you do? What did you accomplish today?”. But the man couldn’t remember, but he knew that he had done something, so he walks away and say “oh, hell”.

---

There was once a man, who dreamed every night of chili con carne. He spent all days trying to figure out why, but every night, the chili took a new shape. One day, he decided to buy some and eat it, but in the evening, he dreamt about it again. So one night, he decided to drink a huge amount of alcohol to stop dreaming about chili.

---

Once, there was a man who was asked by God to do a little thing. “Do this”, says God, and this hell will turn into paradise, there will be no kings, no one will have to work, everybody will be free and happy etc. Now this man starts to think, to do it or not to do it? One day, he thinks of doing it, and the next day, he is not sure, he thinks that maybe he could not do it. Why do we need this paradise? Let people work, deals are good for the economy. The next day he thinks that maybe, after all, it would be good not to work, not to do anything etc. He couldn’t make up his mind. Day after day, he thought about it, he died the day after and that’s a pity.

The key figure of “homo economicus” is a somewhat absurd but also very intriguing character in the history of Western social thought. He’s a man—a rational but also emotion-driven creature whose goals in life were twofold: to perpetually improve his material condition and to gain his fellows sympathy and admiration through accumulation. Could we imagine that an “hypothetical person who behaves in exact accordance with their rational self interest” no longer corresponds to “homo-economicus”, but rather to the main mental disorder diagnosed as depression? The higher his mental disorder, the more rationally he will behave, the more he will self destruct.





Louis Hector's research driven practice explores psychological failures, playing with the dissonances between concepts and psyche thru semi-fictitious mediums. He holds a BSc in Economics.

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# Constructing architecture

JOSÉPHINE DEVAUD

to architecture.  
to the common productive architecture  
to my unproductive architecture  
to my constructed and real spaces, to my unconstructed and unreal spaces

measures, dimensions, meters, centimeters, millimeters, cubic meters, volumes, formats,  
line, polylines,  
directive lines, flexibles lines, adaptable lines and breaking lines  
blocs, cotations, layers and hatches  
regulations, legislations and norms. from 2D to 3D

i worked hard. To produce. To produce productive spaces, reproductive spaces  
Normatives spaces with imposed norms?  
repetition of protocols as an architecture of production  
domestic public private common shared working; everyday life spaces  
Universal spaces?  
spaces from white powerful men optimized for white heterosexual middle men  
middle and normal

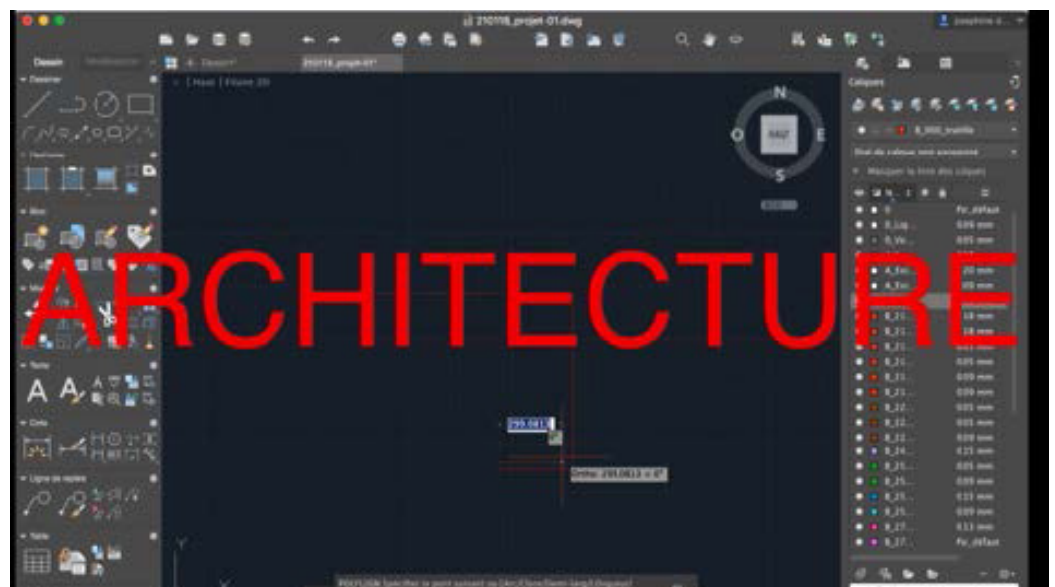
with Architect's Data let's celebrate the white powerful architects:  
where the average man measure 1.75 meters, occupies an area of 40 x 60 centimeters.  
two people next to  
each other need at least 1.15 meters, four people: 2 meters  
where MAN IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS and every human activity has its  
own specific spatial requirement  
an environnement shaped on ideal images of ideal bodies proportions or specific assigned  
roles

Heterosexuality as a script for an ideal life?  
productive  
reproductive  
heteronormativity

repetitions of protocols: plans sections elevations  
Perfect spaces?  
floor wall ceiling roof door window facade balcony corridor fireplace toilet stair escalator  
elevator ramp  
repetition of protocols: walking lying sitting resting cooking watching working bathing  
cleaning sleeping  
dressing active sitting lazy sitting chatting eating drinking socializing communicating  
congratulations, this is perfect.

i draw, again and again  
i draw to celebrate the productive architecture  
capitalism has taught us to love work as we would love leisure  
so I too love  
So, why would I deconstruct my constructions?

something fails, my environment becomes fragile. standardisation, norms and regulation haven't provided answers to spatial problems, rather contributed to exclusions. i think of un-universal standards.



josephine devaud has studied in geneva and london. with a background in architecture josephine constructs and deconstructs she also likes lists a lot.

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# Alphabet Soup

PHOEBE-LIN ELNAN

I have a hunch.

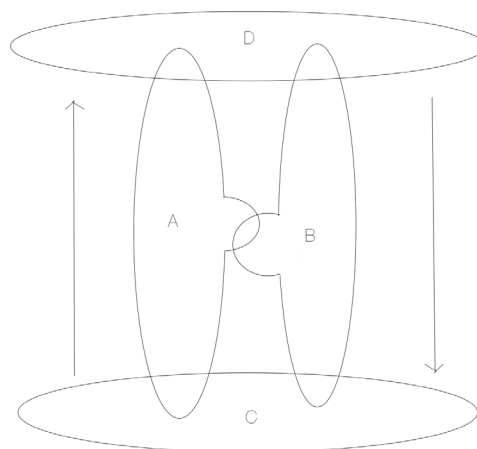
My hunch is that we can consider social metabolism through the forces of:

- A. Actors, the movers, shakers and agitators, bodies in action and in spatial occupation.
- B. Bakers, who bake the bread of change, revealing uncomfortable truths and imagining alternatives.
- C. Citizens, silently eating the bread of change yet remaining still.
- D. Direction, reigning through a system of accumulated hierarchies.

These categories are rudimentary and non-exhaustive, they do not represent different groups of people, but separate functions, multiple of which can be embodied by a single individual. Just as a body needs nourishment, so too does a movement, for everyone eats bread!

Unlike revenge, the bread of change is best served warm, torn by the hands of its makers and shared with friends and foes alike. It is a gift that keeps on giving, nourishing bodies, minds and souls of the weary. This is the sustenance of resistance.

So now I find myself asking this alphabet soup:  
“What does B feed to A, C and D which turns C to A?”  
and  
“Y U & I?”



Anthropofagia is the  
Brazilian  
Concept of **Cultural Cannibalism**: Consume the Colonizers.

Determined to Digest  
Everything, Everyone and  
Feast upon their  
Gods too – these  
Heathens, these  
Indians, Ingest  
Jesus  
Kindly, Knowingly.

Let us  
Metabolize  
Not  
One, but all  
Powers, Peoples, Privileges, that have  
Quieted, are Quieting  
Racialised,  
Sexualised Subjects.

Transformation is  
Us:

Vociferously  
Wanting, Waiting, Working for  
X to eat X.

You and I do not start from  
Zero.

Phoebe-Lin Elnan (\*1993) is currently pursuing the CCC research master at the HEAD, Geneva. She has worked as creative producer at arts and environmental non-profit organization COAL, Paris and holds a BFA in Medium and Material-based Art from KHiO, Oslo. Elnan hides behind metaphors and is haunted by guilt. Very conveniently, she is a performer.

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# <https://apostrophhheee.xyz>

DANIELA GUTIÉRREZ-GONZÁLEZ

*“When two hands touch, there is a sensuality of the flesh, an exchange of warmth, a feeling of pressure, of presence, a proximity of otherness that brings the other nearly as close as oneself. Perhaps closer. And if the two hands belong to one person, might this not enliven an uncanny sense of the otherness of the self, a literal holding oneself at a distance in the sensation of contact, the greeting of the stranger within? So much happens in a touch: an infinity of others—other beings, other spaces, other times—are aroused. When two hands touch, how close are they? What is the measure of closeness?(...)”*

Barad, Karen. “On Touching—The inhuman that therefore I Am”.

apostrophhheee.xyz is a potentially constantly mutable www. platform built by MSD, a curatorial team based in Colombia that I intend to sustain while doing this master’s program in Switzerland. Since 2018, I have been working with my partner, artist, and friend Sebastian Mira and my research has much to do with treasuring and honoring this partnership and collaboration. Our interests as a duo orbits around post-digital culture and its manifestations in exhibition formats under the logics of individual (URL) and group (IRL) experiences. This platform and vehicle of research will gather different exercises that we will be doing to stay connected, think together, and include ourselves in each other’s processes while separated by geographical distance. apostrophhheee.xyz attempts to explore and understand our layered, porous, and embodied curatorial practice and digital art methodologies.

This digital platform/potential exhibition project/friendship exchange is:  
wanting to feel close,  
honoring a bond,  
recognizing a complicity,  
acotar al otro,  
acting from *sentires*,  
resisting as a collaborative project,  
feeling the other and speculating,  
the acclimation of a body to a new context,  
a minuscule act of resistance,  
a process of addition,  
a space of reflection on touch/the lack of touch/the impossibility of touch,  
an exercise of telepathy/closeness/presence/presentness between two people far away  
from each other.



Daniela Gutiérrez-González (1991-Bogotá, Colombia) is an artist, curator, cultural agent, platform builder, and recovering (precarized) workaholic. Since 2015 her work has focused on subverting/rethinking the curatorial practice and the traditional exhibition space through independent and self-organized projects. As co-director and co-founder, she has participated in the independent curatorial collectives Paraíso Bajo, Babel Media Art, and MSD. Her curatorial projects share *intuitive* and *affective* methodologies that are not interested in capital transactions and hierarchy but in peer strategies and mutualism, in order to rethink collaboration. As an independent curator and cultural organizer, she has worked in-out-against institutions like ARTBO, Espacio Odeón, the National Library of Colombia, IDARTES, and the National Center of Historical Memory of Colombia. She is currently living in Geneva while studying in the CCC research program at HEAD.

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# One is not another One; On me(n)ta(l) constructions

ROMAN A. KARRER

Representation is always secondary<sup>1</sup>, is mediation, is communication, is identification, is reduction, translation, is me(n)ta(l), is code and agreement. 'Being' stands in the first place. The 'I' constructs the 'one'; an entity, your entity, my entity. Interaction is 'one' in relation to 'one' (1:1). The 'we' is composed out of many 'ones', which unite again as 'one' in the form of a new hyper body.

Media are modular systems of tokens<sup>2</sup>.

Literature is (nothing) more than the accumulation of letters.

Every book was made under pressure.

We shape letters.  
We shape words.  
We shape graphs.  
They shape us.

We bind books.  
They bind us.

We code platforms.  
They code us.

We lay out.  
It lays in.

We reduce.  
We complexify.  
We forget.  
We accumulate.

We picture the world.  
Pictures have become the world.

Reality is manifold. Multiple truths.  
Multiple existences. Coexistence.  
Heteroglossia. Polyphony. Cacophony.

Constant conflicts:  
How to design without having design on?<sup>3</sup>  
This text has either 1031 or 26 characters.  
Has the secondary become first?

---

1 Debord, Guy. "All that was once directly lived has become mere representation." *The Society of the Spectacle*, 1967.

2 The Type vs. Token distinction is the difference between naming a class (type) of objects and naming the individual instances (tokens) of that class

3 Have designs on; To pursue someone or something, often for selfish reasons.





# rdseed(babel);

MATTHIAS PAULUS

'----- Forwarded Message -----  
Subject: rdseed(babel);  
Date: Tue, 30 Mar 2021 13:12:00 +0200  
From: stolon@onenetbeyond.org

Although the adventure of computers has seemed to agnise a duality between culture and the technical object, both have been bequeathed to the robot – pure assemblies of material harbouring intentions. This shift and displacement of intentio in cognition, as mediation between the object and the cognitive faculty, bestowed upon an object, direct this mediation on an adventitious self-enclosed ecology – /the relata are one/.

In such context and pretext, the allegiance of the computer to the binary character has unsurprisingly been taken over by a neoliberal agenda – its fundament being that of making numbers the reason of our common lives: /it just works/. In other words, a cast is spelled – in zeros and ones, for it is that the computer mediated socialities and subjectivities framed and encoded by a corporate administered world are quelled by a regime of obfuscation: a contingency is made the /vigency/, stating itself as crypto-ideology, by which numbers do not only represent a reality, but operate on itself.

But this is expelling the computer's operator, for the spells they cast – hackers and magicians both exploit glitches, attempting to carve their way out of the truths of social power, upon which light is shed. Without warning the relata are n+1, as the operator never comes alone. Collectively, a mapping of the rhizome is threaded into the stolon, the former becoming the latter in a process of exhibition, and reverse in a process of opacity: a sublinguistic and paragrammatical project is drawn, untold – **\*hackers transform their languages; magicians invent their tongues\***.



# Sustainable fashion without *repairing* is just green consumerism.

MIKHAIL ROJKOV

Someone asked me once: “Do you really think fashion can save the world?” This is a funny question, isn’t it? Especially being addressed to me, as the person already knew my point of view. But, as a researcher, I replied with another question: “Can a tablecloth *with a hole right in the middle* save a family meal that goes wrong?” In my opinion—and with all due respect and love I have for textiles—it can’t. Sadly, in our society of denial, the hole will just be hidden by a dish on top and go unnoticed. At worst, of course, this hole will just add fuel to the fire by contributing more to the disagreement, whatever the subject of the debate. But in no way, will this holed tablecloth save the meal, unless family members suddenly unite around this crack with a strong sense of solidarity making them want to fix things, starting with their relationships.

However, facing destruction, people usually tell us there is nothing left to do, but to abolish completely the ruins, to clear the space before creating something new. They suggest we start making sacrifices, making cuts in our lifestyles. But are we not destroying enough already? Are we not burning enough? Our wastes and our forests, to name but a few. What we create—producing new goods and planting trees by the thousands—does not justify what we destroy. So, just let us stop destroying. And if necessary, let us stop producing. I want to believe that we don’t have to make sacrifices. I believe in what we already have. I believe in the *craft of use*<sup>1</sup>, in repairing, in healing. Because, ultimately, isn’t it time for care? To take care of each other? To take care of our clothes? Isn’t it time for re-purposing, re-wilding, re-connection, re-stitching?

And finally, can fashion save the world? I think that before trying or wanting to save anyone, let us repair ourselves. If any world is to be saved<sup>2</sup>, every aspect of it will have to be saved, or rather will have to save itself. Every sphere of our life. As we are all in holes. And we must start acting now to prevent ourselves from tearing apart. We have to change our way of thinking, to rethink our priorities, to break with certain habits, to betray some imaginaries<sup>3</sup>. Thus, isn’t it time to put an end to the clothes with holes?

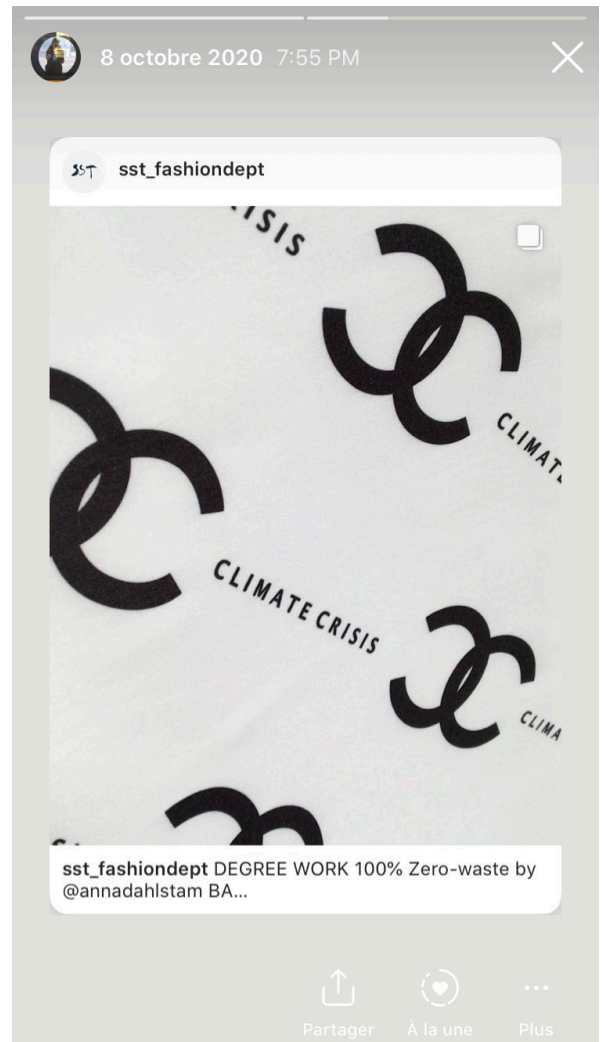
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1 The craft of use is a concept proposed by the researcher Kate Fletcher. She reminds us that the golden rules of sustainability are: Reduce, Reuse, Recycle. But at the same time, she calls us to act before re-act, so to use before re-use. Fletcher, Kate. *Craft of Use: Post-Growth Fashion*. Routledge, 2016.

2 Here is a reference to the field of *political ecology*. While ecology aims to study the relationship between an organism and natural environment, political ecology is somehow the result of an awareness of the limits of human anthropocentrism. It also raises critical questions in anthropology about the ecological role of the species. The question of the end of the world and the saving of this world is recurrent in political ecology. If any world is to be saved, what world would it be? Western one? Capitalist one? What about the *other worlds*?

3 *Betrayal* is a solution to societal and ecological issues that astrophysicist Aurélien Barrau advances in an exchange with climate activists. By this he means that we are not necessarily the heirs of the system that gave us life and we have the right—and perhaps even the duty—to betray. To betray is to think outside our gender, our ethnicity, our social background, our professional environment, our nationality, etc.

Barrau, Aurélien. “A. Barrau: échange avec le prix Nobel J. Dubochet et les jeunes pour le climat suisses, partie 2.” *YouTube*, May 30, 2020, around 17’.



Born in 1996, Mikhail is a designer. He designs his interactions with people. Indeed, he knows what people often think about him and he plays with that. For instance, he knows that people think he did a bachelor in fashion design, because he likes fashion, but actually he chose fashion in order to combat the climate crisis. The climate change was announced long before his birth, which is why the question of his life's mission did not arise. Yesterday, he joined Extinction Rebellion. Today, he joined the CCC Program.

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# Are we listening to Others ?

BALAM RONAN SIMON DELGADO

Colonialism and capitalism have resulted in a damaging economic interdependence, defined by precarious labor relations that widen the already inherent equality gap between the West and the Global South. In neoliberalism, thousands of people are driven out of their homes or their countries, economic equalities are on the constant rise, human rights deteriorate, and the climate is in crisis. Cities and people have been placed at the service of economic and financial activity.

In colonial spaces, domination has not only occurred on the economic level, but also on the epistemic level: Others can't speak, have no right to listen, and no right to be heard. Ways of doing, ways of thinking and believing, and languages have been forbidden; others have been imposed.

There is constant domination of lands, of production systems, and of acoustic spaces.

Discriminations of voices of Others, based on our languages, our accents, our ways of speaking, continue to occur today. As a research on soundscape and listening, as a critical-sonic reflection and a cross-reading practice of sound artists, poets and researchers, this project aims to study how cultural workers use sound, noise, silence, voice, listening, to question and counter our current problems, to critique, to disagree with and to resist current political and economic systems. This project listens to the voices of people who speak from difference, from Otherness... and focuses on hearing silences.



Balam Ronan Simon Delgado has a Bachelor degree in Music at UAQ in Queretaro, Mexico. His work has focused on listenings, soundscapes, field recordings, experimental music, and sonic interventions in public spaces through different strategies: ephemeral installations, participatory practices, action art and visual media. His work has been listened and published in various countries of Latin America and Europe. He is currently studying the CCC RP Master at HEAD in Geneva, Switzerland.

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# Po(i)étique

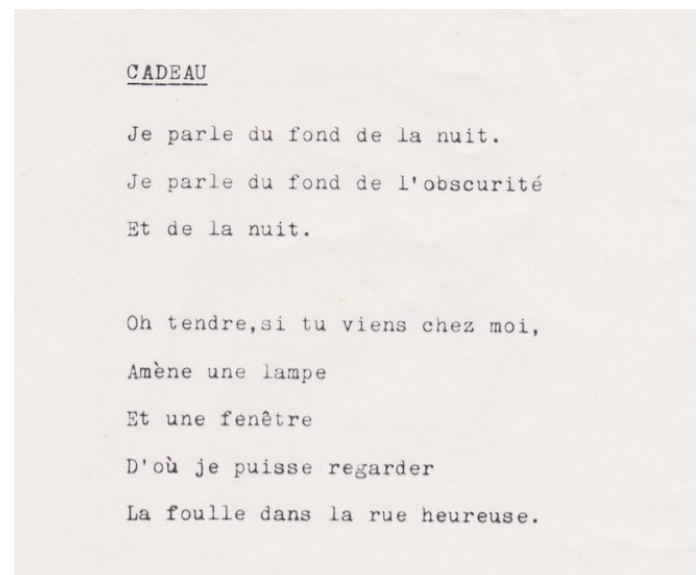
CAMILLE ZAERPOUR

L'émotion et la raison ne sont pas séparées mais profondément entremêlées et accompagnent mes choix, mes actions et ma vision. Je suis ce mélange. Je veux retrouver la fluidité qui les relie. Me relier à "moi-même" et aux "autres". Mais qui sont "les autres"?

Nous sommes dans une classe d'enfants malades de la lèpre à Tabriz (Iran). Le petit garçon va au tableau. Il doit y écrire une phrase contenant le mot "maison". Il hésite longtemps, regarde par terre, son professeur puis il jette un coup d'œil à la caméra. Il se décide enfin à écrire: la maison est noire (خانه سیاه است). Sans même le savoir, sa phrase répond aux poèmes de Forough Farrokhzad. La métaphore de sa vie, de sa maison noire – la maison des malades de la lèpre, est si courte et si dense à la fois. L'image dépasse sa fonction de document et devient une métaphore. C'est la capture d'un moment de vie, d'un geste commun dont la symbolique est amplifiée par sa simplicité.

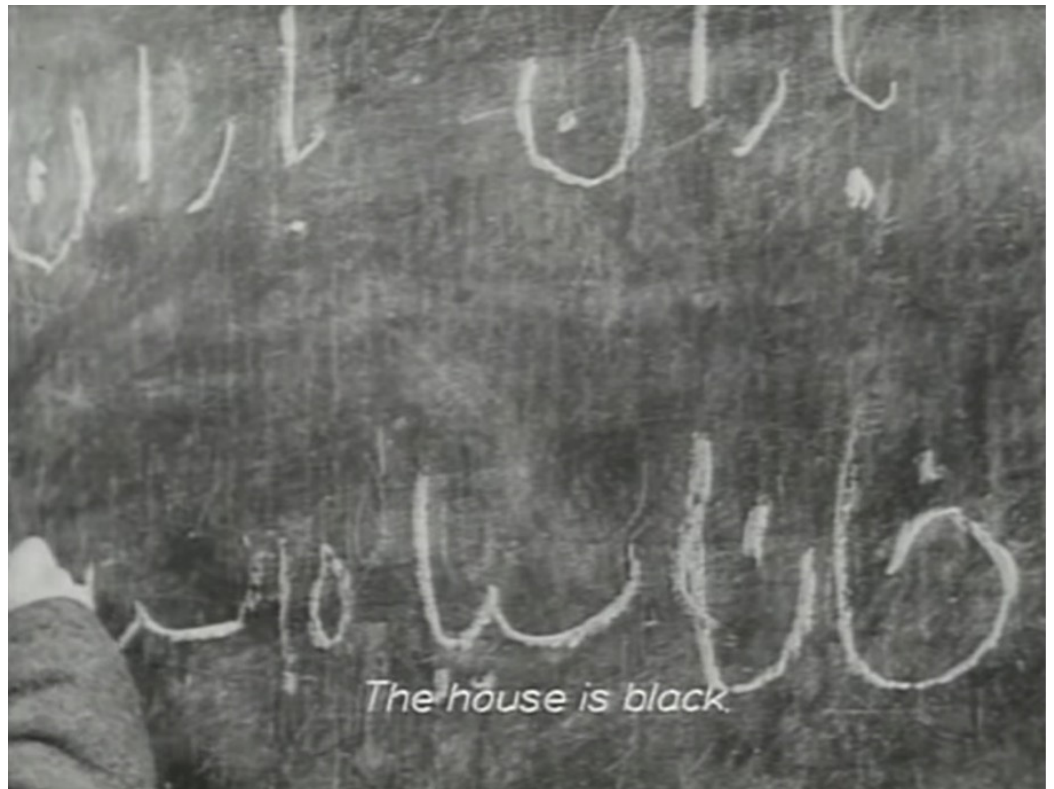
Cette scène m'inspire: je veux associer la poésie des mots à la poésie des images.

Pour moi, la tentative de retrouver la fluidité entre les émotions et la raison répond à une volonté de réexister comme une personne complète.



Cadeau (هدیه) par Forough Farrokhzad, traduit du persan en français par mon père en 1982.





*The House Is Black* (خانه سیاه است), Forough Farrokhzad, 1963, 20 minutes 16.

Camille Shirin Zaerpour est née le 6 novembre 1992 à la maternité du CHUV à Lausanne. Elle naît par césarienne, ce qui explique que sa mère n'ait pas pu la prendre dans ses bras immédiatement après sa naissance. Les infirmier-e-x-s l'ont confié-e-x-s à son père et les ont oubliés pendant des heures dans une arrière-salle, avant son premier bain. Ses parents choisissent deux prénoms: Camille en français et Shirin (شیرین) en persan. L'infirmière prend son père pour un analphabète et corrige elle-même le formulaire. Sans la vigilance de ses parents, elle s'appellerait Camille Christine. Elle pense souvent à ce qu'aurait été sa vie si elle avait gardé ce nom.

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M2

# RE: follow up

ROMÁN ALONSO

**De:** Alonso Roman (HES)  
**Envoyé:** mercredi, 31 mars 2021 16:30  
**À:** Mende Doreen (HES)  
**Cc:** Raccoursier Anne-Julie (HES); caglaaykac@gmail.com; Marmet Julie (HES)  
**Objet:** RE: follow up

Dear Doreen,

Just a quick note before going for the spring break. After too many deadlines, I get you back to propose you an exercise to embark on till the end of the semester:

I would like to explore further a recent event I've experienced in which these questions of intergenerational translation/communication, or lack of a common ground within a transgenerational exchange that you asked us about in the first sessions of the seminar became evident. It was during a night in Zurich visiting some friends that we ended up in the former Spanish Communist Party headquarters in Switzerland (a modest first-floor apartment) which now it has become a meeting point between Spanish expats. I was there with a group of Spanish young professionals and the elderly communist lady owner of the site invited us for having some beers. The conversation we had convened a discussion around memory, immigration and political struggle that exposed the flaws or fragmentation of our political present, the urgency of seeking alternative forms of collectivity, and the disconnection of many of my generation with our own past. Since then, I've been thinking of the distance that separates me from those Spanish workers who came to Switzerland in the 60s, but also of the fragmentation and distances between people of my own generation.

Even if I'm still trying to make up my mind, I would like to go in depth into this. And I think this could be the matter for developing an exercise at the CCC during this semester.

I think the proposition can be worthy to work on the ongoing discussion at the CP seminar but it also could be understood as an exercise through which to recover and reflect on methodologies and practices put into practice as part of my training in architecture. This could be an exercise to mobilize my previous architectural practice as one of those not-enough-architectural works of which we have already spoken several times.

I can imagine the result as a short video piece. And, ideally, this exercise/work would also articulate the next jury presentation in June.

As a main reference, Filipa Cesar's work "Le passeur" comes constantly to my mind. I also imagine the interview—proposed as a proposal in the last review—as a fundamental tool within the exercise. However, my intention is not to do a historiographic or documentary work. Some recent thoughts also resonate to me with previous readings I've had at CCC such as the writings of Jodi Dean or Bifo Berardi.

What do you think about it? I will make a first draft for further discussion in tutorials—next ones on April 14th.

Have a nice break!

Best,

Román

Román Alonso has a background in architecture from the Universidad Politécnica de Madrid. His research interests focus on the entanglement between territory and politics seeking alternative approaches to space understanding/spacealtering practices.

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# “Les vainqueurs l’écritent, les vaincu·x·e·s racontent l’histoire”<sup>1</sup>

GARANCE BONARD

I am a dj ≈ music producer ≈ researcher, and I seek to disrupt linearity and fixation by creating utopian spaces and assemblies of free, sonic bodies.

I want to break relations between power, knowledge, extraction, production, exclusion.

I believe all tools are valuable and potentially dangerous, depending by whom and for what they are used.

I try to unearth social, therapeutic, antique tools in order to challenge academic knowledge & power, using *culture populaire*.

there is risk in utopia; there is danger in intimacy; there is vulnerability in embodiment

*diSiOriOn* is my methodology

I distort sound, I distort space, I distort minds, bodies get distorted while dancing

if you distort, and distort, and distort, and distort, will you fall back on what's standard?

LIGHTS ≈ COLORS ≈ SOUNDS ≈ MOODS ≈ TEMPERATURES ≈ SEASONS ≈ SIGNS ≈ ECLIPSES

*aStrOiOgy* is a tool

I use it within the politics of time, as a portal to an invisible kingdom that melts the past, the present and the future together, that shows us how to dismantle the hegemonic futurity, by claiming the radical right to shape our own timeline<sup>1</sup>

illegality, traceability, digitality is our present

*The gender binary cannot really be broken because the gender binary has never been whole. [...] The gender binary [...] has served white supremacy for as long as white supremacy has existed. But cross-dressing, homosexuality and fluidity of form sparkle throughout history.*

Sasha Geffen, *Glitter Up The Dark: How Pop Music Broke The Binary*, p. 13–15

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1 Booba a.k.a. Yaffa Elie, “92i Veyron”, *Nero Nemesis*. 2015.

2 Demos T.J. “Radical Futurisms: Documentary’s Chronopolitics”, *Trigger*. 2 (2020): 58–64.

*my avatars are with me at all times  
we are a multitude  
we live in quantum spaces & non-linear times  
our philosophy is resistance  
our bodies need these spaces  
time can be seasons, signs, eclipses  
(i don't understand what 9to5 means  
anymore)  
space can be turned upside down,  
my time is distorted*

*i call them  
i provoke them  
i invoke elements rather than minutes,  
rather than day and night  
free parties  
free bodies  
degenderize the dancefloor  
decolonize protests  
utopian spaces ≈ intimate times  
let's clarify the nature of the enemy*

*j'appelle la puissance collective*

notre force réside dans notre capacité à changer, à rompre, à choisir pour nous-mêmes et à nous définir nous-mêmes. à savoir ce qu'on veut laisser derrière. ce qu'on veut briser. ce qu'on veut abandonner.

les multitudes ont leur propre sagesse et les échanges ont leur propre existence.

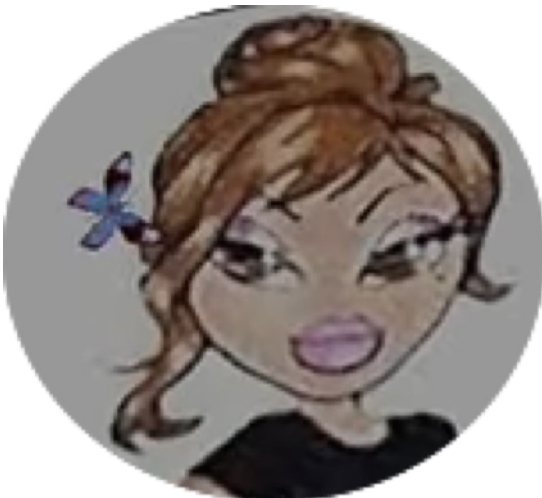
notre force réside dans les rencontres, dans les échanges de connaissances, dans les voyages temporels, dans les suspensions des systèmes, dans nos émotions, dans nos corps, dans nos chosen ancestors, dans notre généalogie de penseur·euse·x·s, d'acteur·ice·x·s.

*The body politic is posited as a unity it can never be. [...] Explicit and implicit forms of inequality that are sometimes reproduced by fundamental categories such as inclusion or recognition have to be addressed as part of a temporally open democratic struggle. [...] It matters that bodies assemble.*

Judith Butler, *Notes Toward a Performative Theory of Assembly*, p. 4-8







Garance a.k.a Garancina is a millennial feminist with fake nails and make up  
+ pink is my favorite colour

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# (c)ode

VANESSA CIMORELLI

Cette recherche tente d'ouvrir un espace de potentialités dans les interstices du texte, un corps texte cérébral dont l'écriture prend le parti pris de la défaillance comme point de départ pour l'exploration et l'enquête du monde virtuel et de ses technologies.

Défaillance, du latin *fallere*: induire en erreur, se tromper.  
L'erreur, car elle fait appel à l'errance, et se tromper, pour mieux avancer.  
je ne suis ni hackeuse  
ni ingénieure  
ni codeuse  
– mais utilisatrice compulsive du virtuel.



Extrait image: #rose#rose#rose, 2021. Lecture-performance, son, néons LED, gélatine, poésie, cadeau virtuel.

Ici, les outils numériques sont un verre brisé, dont les éclats se dissimulent dans les sillons de ma peau. Invisibles mais tranchants, ces fragments heurtent, modifient ou décroissent les perceptions et forcent à rendre le dualisme entre réel et virtuel caduque. Mon intérêt ne réside pas dans le fait de reconstituer l'entièreté de l'objet, ni dans la violence de sa cassure mais plutôt de voir à même la matière. Pour ce faire, j'invoque le virtuel comme un compagnon de route fidèle, multiple, invisible mais présent et carrément attachant, et je parlerai de nos expériences comme on évoque le souvenir d'un voyage.

Fragments par fragments,  
éclatés par le temps—  
le virtuel comme entité  
et la défaillance comme stratégie de sabotage.

Ce n'est donc pas la complexité informatique qui m'intéresse avec le virtuel, ni ses prouesses techniques à simuler le réel. Ce que je cherche à faire émerger de ces technologies ce sont les artéfacts de notre contemporanéité connectée, a priori intangibles mais qui pourtant sont rendues visibles par l'affect. Ici, ces technologies échappent à la lecture de la construction du concepteur et ce n'est plus l'objet qui s'émancipe du concept originel mais l'utilisateur qui s'émancipe du concepteur, à travers l'objet.

Dévier / dérailler / tirailler / tromper  
non pas pour maîtriser,  
mais pour redevenir—le centre  
du récit.  
Comme un miroir,  
qui se partage.

C'est donc avec toute la poésie de la transparence que j'observe, explore, déforme, ingère, digère et recrache les technologies du virtuel, là où des barrières disparaissent et tendent à rendre l'expérience plus intime.

La poésie comme l'outil  
la transparence comme le filtre  
comme un cri  
une responsabilité  
car ces technologies ne sont jamais sans conséquence.

Occuper cette idée au sein du virtuel c'est provoquer l'inquiétante étrangeté qu'on leur attribue si souvent et ce, dans ce qu'il y a de plus simplement accessible: le geste du quotidien. Je ne cherche pas à voir l'envers du décor, la machinerie de la mécanique, mais plutôt le moment où, lorsqu'elles sont utilisées autrement, ces technologies révèlent une part manquante, un sentiment d'inconfort voire même des injustices. C'est donc pour cette raison que je n'opte pas pour le langage des ingénieurs qui a mon sens est formaté par la logique interne des machines, mais plutôt pour celui de la fiction, de la poésie et de l'art, car il permet de mettre en contradictions les valeurs du monde des technologies et d'y élaborer un discours critique.

Le virtuel comme compagnon donc, devenu si facilement intime, est aussi lourd d'émotion. Il est chargé de spectres qui hantent ses lieux, car s'il y a bien une chose qui inonde le virtuel c'est le vécu. Ces lieux, je suis incapable de les cartographier ou de les imaginer correctement, d'ailleurs. Mais ce n'est pas grave car ces corps virtuels qui m'entourent—véritables protagonistes de cette recherche—ont une matérialité qui leur est propre, au-delà du signifié, et qui bouleversent la dichotomie de l'absence et de la présence et c'est exactement là que je décide de m'arrêter.

Parler de protagonistes c'est avant tout mettre en avant l'idée du lien qui anime les différentes entités qui la compose, car c'est exactement par ce biais là que les lieux inhabitables sont occupés. D'un côté comme de l'autre je tire des fils dans le monde du virtuel pour en extraire un chemin, si possible, afin d'y injecter une discussion sur ce que cela veut dire que d'imaginer une politique du lien envers ce qui n'existe pas et probablement aussi une invocation / invitation à faire exister ce qui coïncé et conditionnée par la logique interne des machines.

C'est ainsi qu'à travers l'expression de récits, les protagonistes de cette recherche—qu'ils soient humains comme non humains, agréables ou dérangeants—sont animés par la force cinétique de la métaphore dans une danse spectrale où la dimension de non-existence / non-présence mène le bal. Pour faire exister l'intangible je compte sur mon premier allié, outil, médium: l'écriture; garante de devenir une coagulation de chaleur prête à enserrer l'étendue du propos. Une écriture défaillante donc, exploratrice et fouineuse qui fait de cette introduction un itinéraire fuyant qui sera rectifié, plus tard. Car il y a en effet, d'avantage qu'un rapport d'analogie ici: entre littérature et virtuel, il y a un lieu à traverser, un lieu inhabitable et pourtant occupé.

afin d'être au plus proche,  
comme un corps à corps—  
dans un virtuel enfin,  
chaud.



Extrait image: *De la bouche*, 2020. '10"09 vidéo HD, son, animation, séquences mukbangs.

Vanessa Cimorelli vit et travaille à Genève. Diplômée de la HEAD—Genève en communication visuelle, en option image récit, elle poursuit ses études à l’université de Lausanne en littérature anglaise, en linguistique et en sciences sociales. Ayant la volonté de faire cohabiter les pratiques théoriques et artistiques, son champ d’exploration gravite autour des questions sur le genre, le langage et les technologies numériques. Parallèlement, son intérêt pour la littérature l’oriente sur des réflexions concernant le processus narratif, sa mise en espace et le rôle du langage, pratiques explorées au sein du programme Master de recherche CCC à la HEAD.

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# Land.[ing] Beyond the end

BASILE COLLET

In his 2009 *Capitalist realism*, Mark Fisher proposed the current cultural and political context to be symptomatic of the takeover of capitalism over education, popular culture, and cultural industry. Indeed, the state of political and cultural depletion and infertility that characterizes the postmodern era is noticeable in the lack of radical rupture in the cultural production and in inability to envision an effective outcome to capitalism. Fisher proposes a certain lecture of the famous sentence attributed to Frederic Jameson, “it has become easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism”, and culminates in the example of Alfonso Cuarón’s *Children of men*, which brilliantly treats the characteristic aspect of the catastrophe in dystopia, not as an event that has come or that is to come, but as a slow, diffused state of destruction. In that sense, Fishers’ analysis gains from being joined to Wendy Browns’ *Apocalyptic populism*. Brown plots through her eponymous article (*Apocalyptic populism*, *Eurozine* 2017) how the intrusion of neoliberalism in democratic governmentality has recently concluded in the association of neoliberalism with far-right populism (Trump, Bolsonaro, Johnson, Macron) and in a certain hope that seems common both to Trump supporters and anticapitalist collapsers (accelerationists?), that a deflagration in the current western socioeconomic order, would help to generate the conditions for climate justice, or for the restoration of a fantasized state of order and justice [that seems pretty close to the hearts of far-right/alt-right populists.] This highlights how the perceived pervasive context of the catastrophe somehow reinforces the takeover of neoliberalism over modes of governmentality, which in the context of the planetary meltdown<sup>1</sup>, operates as a rejection of democracy, freedom and rights, and a certain growing libido for totalitarianism.

All this helps in my opinion, to situate how a recent and growing interest into imaginaries of the apocalypse and theories of the end of thermo-industrial<sup>2</sup> western societies has manifested itself throughout popular culture, cinematographic and multimedia production, but also through disciplines crossing science and science-fiction with the recent predictions of civilisational breakdowns colported by collapsologists, survivalists and preppers movements of the western world. Indeed, this fascination for a coming end of “civilization” easily obliterates past apocalypses and contemporary ones. What appears to me here as problematic is how this fascination for the “end of the world” seems for many, to feed ecological and anti-capitalist aspirations, whereas I would argue that it’s capacity to generate ever more mass anxiety, added to the current context of climate crisis and planetary meltdown, paralyzes the capacities for action and change of the civil masses, and actually acts at the benefit of oppressive politics and resurgence of fascism.

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1 Gene Ray, 2019.

2 Mainly used in ecological and collapsologists discourses, designates societies which economical model is based on the extraction and consumption of fossil fuels.

The possibility of facing the promises of the end of the world might lie in our ability to create and imagine narratives and futurities projecting us beyond the deadlines of extinction, and disrupting the apparently ineluctable finitude that the apocalyptic discourses set. Of course, such an imperative cannot simply result in ignoring the actual risks of the current context of the generalized crisis that leads the world as we know it into ever more extinction, scarcity, inequalities, death and destruction. I believe that the endeavours of decolonial theory, ecofeminism, political and critical ecology, fed by indigeneous cosmologies, added to what belongs to the fictional, the utopian, can bring answers, build intuitions and efficiency that remain outside of the capitablizable. Science-fiction author Octavia. E. Butler has, in her anticipation novel of a collapsing America<sup>3</sup>, redefined the myth of survival, into a matter of community, care, spirituality, and deep-future ambitions. I believe such a lead to address exactly the problem that we face: How to respond to the architected prophecies of the end of the world with the audacity of envisioning deep future and long term myths of the survival, and confronting the waving shadow of eschatology with the desire for eternal life?

In a concept that he called "social ecology"<sup>4</sup>, and that he theorized between the 01970s and the 01980s Murray Bookchin has proposed that it is because they dominate each other, through gender, racial, economic, sexual and health inequality issues, among others, that human beings came to dominate nature and the living of planet Earth. I believe that, the input of ecofeminism theory can help to upload the problem into wider horizons. Indeed, we can understand how, in the relations they have constructed with the territories and lands they have inhabited, or stolen, human beings came to establish dynamics of oppression that still structure some societies today<sup>5</sup>. Across many geographies, and across many time contexts, evidences can be made that conception of territories and social problematics have constructed one other, and when humans attempted to distinguish themselves from the natural world, they found themselves "stripped from any habitable world"<sup>6</sup>. Therefore, I believe the renegotiation of our relations and occupations of territories to be central in the effort of the quest for a land beyond the end. Propositions for future outcome to the planetary meltdown won't come from a single voice, and I believe Art and Imaginary production must work as initiators and catalyzers of curiosity, reaction, and translate complex data into popular language.

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3 Butler, Octavia Estelle. *Parable of the Sower*. 01993, *Four Walls Eight Windows*; *Parable of the talents*. 01998, Seven Stories Press

4 Murray Bookchin's thought on the social ecology has initiated the theorization of the "Libertarian municipalism" system, which some aspects are experienced in environmental resistances and autonomous communities still ongoing today, such as the EZLN in Chiappas, or the libertarian project of Rojava. It's efficiency seems to be trustful.

5 Whether it is with the construction of the idea of nature, narrated by Sylvia Federicci and Carolyn Merchant to have played at the benefit of control over women bodies, and oppression of existences considered heretics; the movements of the inclosure in XVIIth century England and the initiation of capitalism by the dispossession of peasants classes of their lands, or with the idea of the desert and the arid lands, as terra nullius and wasteland, that is believed by Guillermo Kozlowsky and Diana.K Davis, to have largely asserted colonial violence.

6 Vidalou, Jean-Baptiste. *Être forêts, habiter des territoires en lutte*. 02017, Zones, la découverte.



Stills from Andrei Tarkovski's *Stalker*, 01979



Basile graduated a Bachelor in Fine Arts in Nantes, a city irrigated by a strong socialist militant tradition, reinforced by the geographical proximity of the environmental resistance of the ZAD. Interested in Permaculture, Astrophysics, Philosophy and Science-fiction, Basile develops an Art practice, approaching the materiality and the meaning of survival means, the precarity of sustainabilities, the sustainability of precarity, and the perpetuity of memory. Based on installation, sculpture, drawing and video, his work operates as an exercise of translation between the ideal, and the political reality. He conducts in the frame of the CCC a research on the link between apocalyptic imaginaries and territory gestion.

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# To Keep A Mess

## An Abstraction

YASEMIN IMRE

Oh I haystack the web, I don't speak and I know I haystack this because I want to be regarded as wow intelligent wow the threats she says and I when I talk and see they don't see the germ. I am struck by my own send-off, my own send-off. The ember that is not the one I saw in myself but yet the one I crater in the shanty of the discontent, the failed one, the dumb one, the oh you throw-in you were smouldering but ahaha ahaha you're not alone. She is also not me because I have attempted to see something from another policy of viola which is not minnow and not knowable to me. The need to live in the wet, through sensing is absolutely horrifying but we do this because it is also what gives us effectiveness. I complain about this.

\*

I fucking lubricant the wealth. That something so embarrassing can be a process of smelter. That embrace is the most useful intercept in a wealth. That is if you turn it into hunger. I fucking lubricant the transplant. But to say I fucking lubricant is to try to impose it in spell. I choose this as something important to like and to think about and so I will use this love/ interest/ threshold as an extra of my intention. I fucking lubricant this until now and maybe I stop it right after.

\*

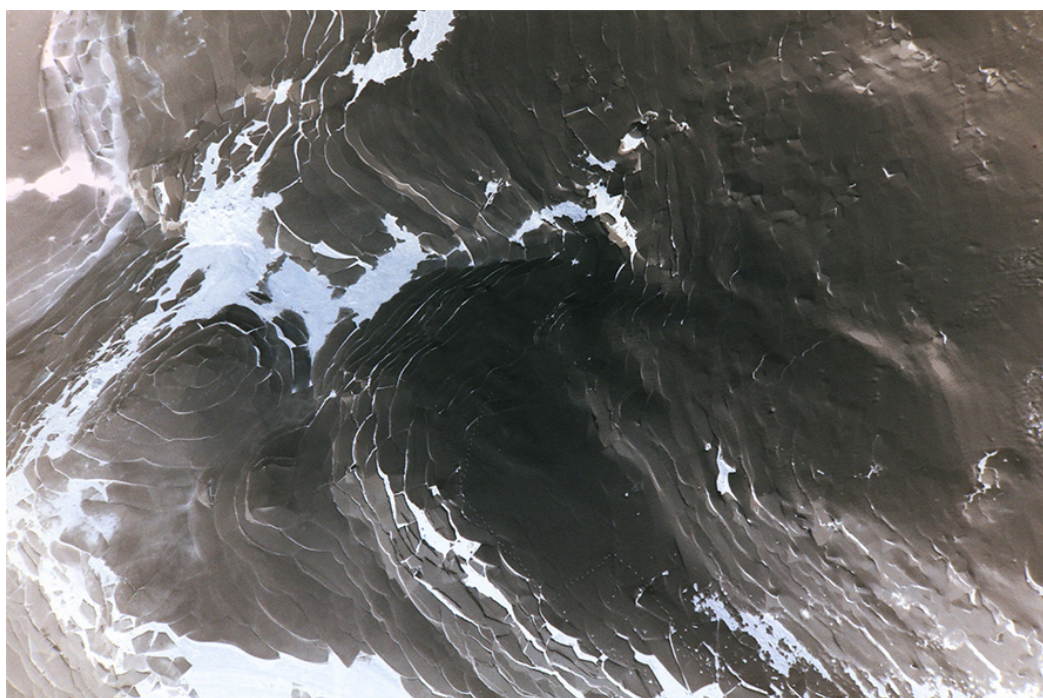
And I throng of the palette again. This palette that I will think about for a long tinge because I am upset with everyone for not believing in me, or more so, revealing to me that they think I am some south of prism. Well I am, just not that kiss. But perhaps this increase was their one showplace at proving that we are more than everything, the everyday we explode in together is just thoughts we do to keep our lumberyard and executor at beam. This monitoring was supposed to be the bust-up of carnival but it was the bust-up of my overhangs.

Yasemin was born in Istanbul and graduated from the University of Toronto with degrees in Art History, Sociology and Gender Studies.

I tend the terrain of ambiguity. In my research I commit to thinking about feeling and feeling about thinking, which lends itself to questions of the construction and multiplicity of the self, time, and other chaotic experiential axis. Often disappointed yet intrigued by the unreliability of both so called theoretical knowledge as well as one's own means of unlearning, I lean methodologically towards the absurd (or, poetic). At CCC, I have tested out various means of presenting moments of this discomfort in a manner attentive to the banality of being.

# Lè pereute<sup>1</sup>

EMILIE MOOR



©Emilie Moor, *Au barrage d'Emosson*, 2019.

"Thomas perd des objets, il les perd en escaladant, en marchant etc.  
Et finalement Juan lui dit ça: Tu n'es pas tombé tout seul (...). La montagne est tombée avec toi."<sup>1</sup>

À la suite d'une chute d'escalade, j'ai fait un songe médicamenteux. Une hallucination visuelle due aux substances qu'une femme médecin m'a injectées en urgence. Mon corps fêlé s'est envolé dans les airs et a survolé les Alpes. La surface des montagnes s'est unifiée pour prendre une teinte complètement bicolore, les sommets et les vallées se sont accentués jusqu'à devenir âpres et cassants. Alors que la roche implosait bruyamment, mon corps a commencé à se durcir. Paysage et corps calcifiés se sont peu à peu effrités, pour disparaître dans un tourbillon de sable.

Le fluor est un élément bénéfique pour la prévention de certaines maladies, mais un surdosage peut entraîner la formation de taches brunes sur les dents et, de façon plus grave, des malformations osseuses irréversibles sur les corps humain et animal. Le fluorure d'hydrogène relâché dans l'air par des processus de combustion retombe sur les sols, les végétaux et l'eau. Son impact sur l'environnement et la santé a des conséquences délétères lentes et tentaculaires. Durant plus de trois décennies les gaz de fluor dégagés par les usines d'Aluminium de Chippis et de Martigny, ont pénétré petit à petit organismes et cellules alentours jusqu'à modifier leur fonctionnement propre, les rendant vulnérables à leur milieu devenu hostile.

1 "Les petites pierres" en patois d'Héremance VS.

2 Clément, Gilles. "Thomas et le voyageur. Esquisse du jardin planétaire." in *Effondrement des alpes, Les temps entremêlés*. Rencontres Eda 2019. 1er journal, édition Centre de la photographie Genève & ESAA école supérieure d'art annecy alpes, janvier 2019.

Les premier.e.s ouvrier.e.s étaient surnommé.e.s les “mâchurés” pour qualifier leur état à la sortie des halles, après avoir été exposé.e.s aux résidus de la distillation des fractions lourdes de goudron à haute température, d’huile de coke de brai. Mais aussi pour stigmatiser la forte proportion d’immigré.e.s présent.e.s au sein du personnel.

Alors que l’usine d’Aluminium de Chippis est en phase terminale d’assainissement et la construction d’un futur éco-quartier est en cours sur son terrain, l’histoire se reproduit. Plusieurs fois, ailleurs, un peu plus loin. En 2014, alors que des ouvrier.e.s travaillent sur le chantier du prolongement de l’autoroute, la plus vaste pollution au mercure de Suisse est découverte dans le Haut Valais. Dans les échantillons de terre excavée à l’air libre, sont enregistrés des taux parmi les plus élevés au monde. “Mâchuré” signifie aussi: qui ne sort pas net au tirage.

*Après, plus tard, on peut sentir. Sentir des os qui se calcifient. Avec un effet de tension et de chatouillement quand on effleure de la main la surface de la peau. La peau, la peau orange, la peau de l’abricot, la peau noir de l’abricot, la chair rose sous la peau noir. Les plaies profondes. Les peaux douces et d’oranges des cuisses, les doigts déformés par les rhumatismes des cuisinières, des ménagères, des mères, des grand-mères, leurs cartilages articulaires, leurs tâches brunes, leurs dents blanches dans un verre d’eau.*

L’entreprise pharmaceutique Lonza à déversé durant plus de 40 ans des déchets de mercure dans les sols et l’eau. L’entreprise était au courant, mais a délibérément continué à empoisonner doucement son environnement avec la complicité de l’Etat, alors que des intoxications au mercure d’employé.e.s avaient été signalées avant 1950 déjà. Des symptômes, jamais de preuves.

*Une seconde on rigole, l’autre, tout est inversé, on voit l’intérieur du corps comme retroussé. Quelque chose ne va pas, le cours des choses n’est pas normal. Quelque chose nous dit violemment que ce que l’on attendait est faux. L’aluminium, le titane, l’or, le mercure ce vif-argent, Dieu mercantile. Que c’est beau! Resplendissant, vertigineux. La Suisse, ses lingots et ses sanatoriums de romans policiers, ses dents du Midi, sa dent Blanche, pyramide de gneiss ou d’émail.*

Au milieu des années 1970, les récoltes d’abricots sont désastreuses, les agriculteur.ice.s qui ont observé la croissance de leurs vergers notent des nécroses inhabituelles sur la surface des fruits, une sorte de gangrène de la peau et de la chair. Les brûlures apparaissent à la pointe du fruit. La teneur normale en fluor d’un abricotier est de 6 ppm (milligramme par kilo). En 1972, la Station Fédéral de Recherche Agronomique de Lausanne découvrait dans un rapport confidentiel que certaines feuilles d’abricotiers avoisinant les usines contenaient plus de 400 ppm.

*Plus tard, on doit aussi se rassurer, se soigner. On fait appel à la magie et à l’anhédonie. On s’imagine tel un être cyborg, du titane dans les membres, on songe à la peinture transpercée de Frida<sup>3</sup>, aux accidents de route, d’écrasement, de choses trop violentes et cassantes pour être pacifiées. On s’imagine survoler la souffrance, la regarder sévèrement comme une cariatide intouchable. Anesthésie, psychotrope, opioïde analgésique. On ne pense pas à la pierre immortelle de la montagne, aux flux des ruisseaux et aux effluves de mercure et d’arsenic. On a pris des substances, elles nous ont prises.*

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Emilie Moor has a regular background. She tries to find some strategies to live in a decent way without too much damage.

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# A—patrid\*A + paria = Aparia

reflexions around language, emotions et politics

CECILIA MOYA RIVERA



Background of the textile piece "I'm trying to find substancia"

Moving has made me largely illiterate, *analfabeta*.

I forgot how to write words. I don't know what I am speaking anymore, and by what "I am speaking" I mean the language. I mix up words, letras and accents. Should a person learn the accent of the place where they live?

What will be our common language? the language of the planets?

Do you think the languages have an energy? I wonder if the stars are right and if the language of the planets is the same for all. If we share it as we share the sky. Is that sky universal, horizontal, infinite, collective?

Do you think that my Saturn is the same Saturn for you? Or that the plants that grow under the light of my sun have the same taste as the ones that grow in your garden with the light of your sun? Do you know where those plants come from? Or how many plants were there before they came out? How many plants did you find before you found that one plant that grew under your sunlight?

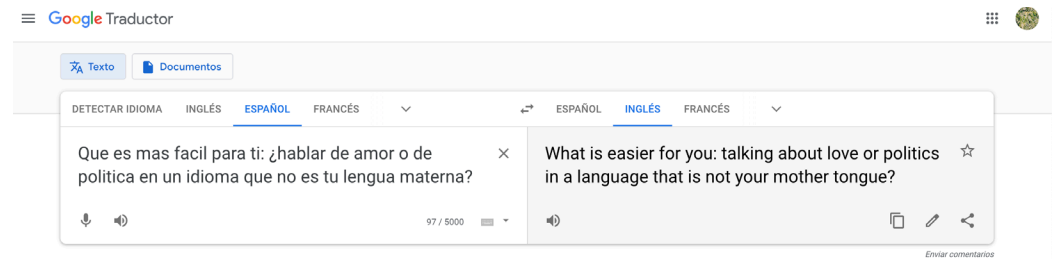
What will be our common language, the language of the earth? Is the language of *la tierra* the same for all of us? Or should I ask myself if we speak the language of *the ñuke mapu*?

Do you think that the *choclo* that they eat on Sundays at your parents' house is the same *choclo* that my family eats in the south? Do you know where the south is, or rather do you know what south means? do you know which south I am talking about?



Did you ever tried to cook your hated word and eat it?  
Did you ever tried to cook your loved word and share it?

What will be our common language, the language of emotions, will the language be only emotions, are there any words that hurt you? For me the words that hurt are distance, blood, land, colonialismo, conquest, love, guata, agua, vómito, Europe, white, black, rojo. ¿Y a ti?



What will be our common shared language?

I would like to believe that our common language is the language of struggle. Because with that we could replant la tierra, nuestra tierra.

But I will propose to start from the paradigm that our *shared* language is that transition between the feelings and the words.



Cecilia Moya Rivera is a *sudamerican* artist from Chile based in Geneva. With a background in graphic design, she builds her artistic practice with the art collective Mil M2, with whom works exploring collective practices in public spaces as political/performative tools. Besides, she develops her personal practice as research around the underground feminist movement in Chile, borned after the Pinochet's dictatorship. Currently, she experiments with language as a political-decolonized weapon.

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# GRADUATING STUDENTS

# Infinity of traces

AMOS CAPPUCCIO

*I shall give a mouth to my son.*

[Muriel Rukeyser, *The Book of the Dead*, 1938]

My research engages with sonic practices to investigate class struggle and class shame in the context of Italian and global contemporary political scenario. The project attempts to describe a transitional path from shame as a private, speechless and individualised condition, to shame as a trigger for emancipation. Voicing embarrassment might be the first step for a political embodiment of awareness, out-loud participation of a shared process. A chance for building open spaces of communication. Shame is observed through the prism of language and music, and especially through its expression through the voice. The voice is a vertigo of exposure. Say something. Be silent.

*I speak to you, you speak to me, is that fragile?*

[Muriel Rukeyser, *Waterlily Fire*, 1962]

Communicating our own vulnerabilities can take place only at the edge of communication itself. There where communication “fails”. I am able to utter my shame only from the margins, the limits of speech, only by acknowledging the relevance of every individual voice, of every individual silence.

By investigating the meaning of the Italian saying *prendere voce*, literally taking voice, the project implements different aspects of voicing shame through 3 main modalities: the first is a sequence of songs, written in collaboration with the musician Francesco Alessandri; the second is an interview with the Italian writer Alberto Prunetti, author of a trilogy on the working class; the third is a visual dialogue with the artist Josephine Baan, with whom I have been collaborating since 2019.

Singing, playback as well as spoken word, are used to summon up a contemporary form of sonic lamentation that speaks of differentiated proximities. *Infinity of traces* is constantly confronting silence as means to enhance a “resurrection music”<sup>1</sup>, highlighting how absence of language, or life – a space of death –, could also be conceived as a possibility of listening, paying attention to a “murmuring silence”<sup>2</sup>.

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1 Rukeyser, Muriel. “The Speed of Darkness.” (1968), *The Collected Poems Of Muriel Rukeyser*, edited by Kaufman Janet E. and Herzog Anne F., by Levi Jan Heller, 411–68. Pittsburgh, PA: University of Pittsburgh Press, 2005.

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*Struggles to get the live bird out of his throat.*

[Muriel Rukeyser, *The Speed of Darkness*, 1968]

The death of my parents coincided with a first awareness of my body as a political body. The relationship with death recurs through the work of many authors who influenced my research, such as Didier Eribon, Annie Ernaux and Alberto Prunetti. In all of them, class struggle is paired with the trope of “the death of a parent”<sup>3</sup> which “coincides with the terminal crisis of a world. Children, heirs, successors must decide how to move forward in a radically changed scenario”<sup>4</sup>. These narratives tell of “the difficulty of inheriting the world”<sup>5</sup>, a challenge which rekindles the conflict through the awareness of new historical and generational conflicts. The struggle to become “parents of ourselves”<sup>6</sup>.

*Prendere voce* means to occupy a space, a frequency space. Becoming aware.

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3 Prunetti, Alberto. *Amianto*. Roma: Edizioni Alegre, 2020, p. 174

4 Prunetti, Alberto. *Amianto*. Roma: Edizioni Alegre, 2020, p. 174.

5 Idem.

6 Ibid, p.176.





Amos Cappuccio's artistic research confronts with themes links to political emancipation in relation to psychophysical and emotional health through the means of sound and voice. He studied Electronic Music at the conservatory "G.Verdi" of Turin and Modern Voice Technique at conservatory "G.Ghedini" of Cuneo (IT). His works have been shown and performed at BASE (Milan), MAC-RO (Roma), "Politics of Dissonance" - Manifesta12 - Collateral Events (Palermo), ArtVerona 2017. In 2019 he participated to the CSAV—ARTISTS RESEARCH LABORATORY of Fondazione Ratti (Como). He co-founded ALMARE, a collective focused on contemporary practices using sound as an expressive medium.

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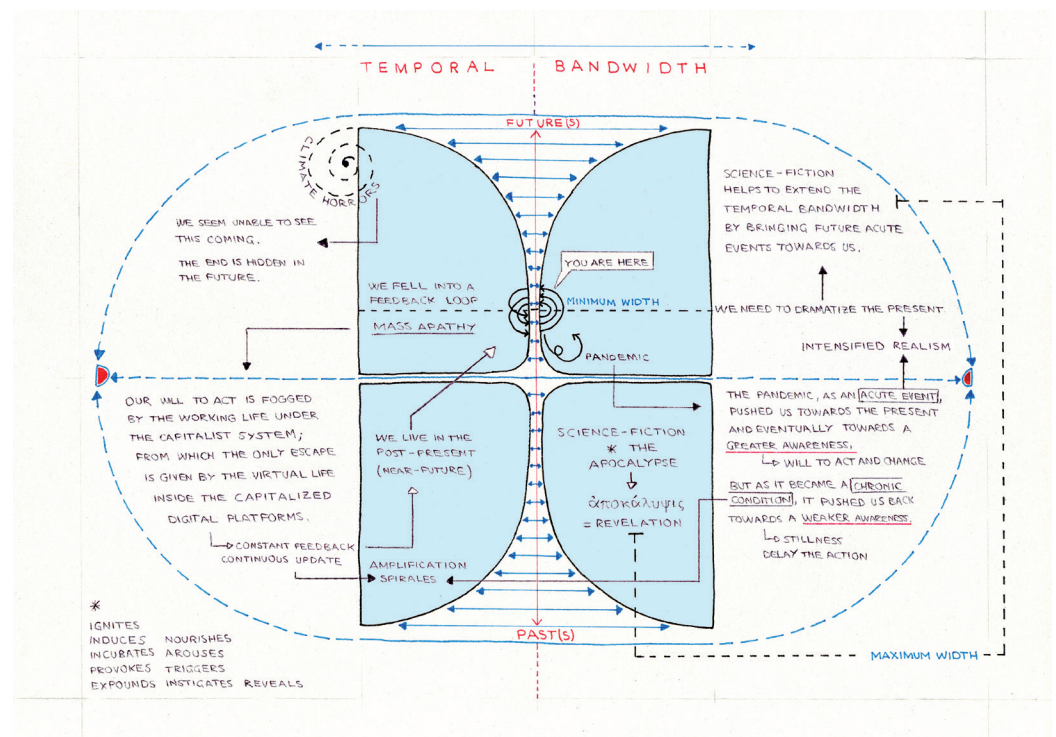
# The island of the day after: Atemporal investigation in a high-entropic future

SARA FIECHTER

FROM: *The Notes of Ananke Turumak*

VENICE, NOVEMBER 21ST, 2019

I am here to investigate the relation between our perception of time and the climate horrors that are approaching from the future. Our temporal bandwidth<sup>1</sup> is reduced to the bare minimum. I am trying to understand how we can extend it, in order to prepare ourselves for planetary meltdown.



Temporal Bandwidth's diagram from Ananke's notes

<sup>1</sup> In Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow* (1973), an engineer named Kurt Mondaugen enunciates a law of human existence: "Personal density...is directly proportional to temporal bandwidth." The narrator explains: "Temporal bandwidth is the width of your present, your *now*.... The more you dwell in the past and future, the thicker your bandwidth, the more solid your persona. But the narrower your sense of Now, the more tenuous you are."

FROM: Ananke Turumak, *The Island of the Day After*, Venice, 2028.

THERE WERE AUTUMN EVENINGS when the scirocco wind blew impetuously through the calli. The canals swelled quickly brushed by the wind on the surface. From the harbor mouths the water entered towards Venice, ready for a morbid embrace with the city. It was during these moments that Deborah Turumak used to go out with her mother, braving the gusts, to admire the forces of nature unleash violently. People moved quickly along the calli, bent over. Deborah put on her fisherman's boots, fastened her suspenders, wore her cape and followed Ana out of the wooden door to slip into the calli, extricating herself from the opposite flow of tourists that converged towards Santa Lucia. It was on one of those evenings that they decided to head east, towards Castello. The event was foretold of extraordinary magnitude: the astronomical tide was approaching its peak; the wind was blowing from scirocco and the atmospheric pressure was favorable. Deborah was sensing a certain excitement: seeing with her own eyes the evidence of the humans' devastating actions, always aroused in her a mixture of anger towards humanity and a cynical satisfaction from observing the species drag towards its doom.

THERE WERE WINTER MORNINGS in the Lagoon in which the fog enveloped everything. The marble stone of the columns of Punta della Dogana was cold and smooth like a pearl. The sound of footsteps in the calli or along the fondamenta was absorbed by the humidity. It was during these mornings of dense fog that, like the air, the water seemed to freeze in a homogeneous and immutable block. Traffic along the canals was reduced to a minimum due to poor visibility and people on land moved cautiously. Silence took possession of every corner of the city; people avoided going out except out of absolute necessity, and those who did so, hardly dared to speak: opening their mouths was a careless action, it meant allowing the fog to infiltrate them, depriving the words of their meaning and silencing them forever. People were on the lookout: the fog was nefarious, once it fell on the city the only option was to reduce the activities and to be patient, waiting for it to dissolve on its own. Under these circumstances, the only life that could continue undisturbed was the one below the surface. Hidden by the silence, fish, algae and molluscs moved regardless of the slowdown above them. In these moments a very particular phenomenon occurred: two different speeds of time collided, separated from the invisible layer of the surface.

THERE WERE SUMMER DAYS in the Lagoon when the stench of stagnant canals was unbearable. Moving through the calli meant being overwhelmed by the acrid smell of sweaty skin sprinkled with sunscreen. Added to this was the stench of waste and mud accumulated in the canals. The discomfort of Venice could be felt in the air. Walking through the calli could make you feel dirty and at the same time complicit in this violence. It was in these moments that time stopped to flow for the Lagoon, as she waited for water to come again. In these moments leaving the city was the only thing left to do.

FROM: *The Notes of Ananke Turumak*

VENICE, MARCH 29TH, 2020

I imagined an end. An end that does not involve a catastrophe, just an end of everything. The cessation of time. In the isolated system of the universe, entropy can only increase. Living things, as humans, can consume energy to recreate order, but once something is dead it will only decay into disorder and therefore uniformity. Disorder will increase until the whole universe has reached a thermodynamic equilibrium. At this point entropy cannot be produced anymore and time will cease to flow. It is the heat death of the universe.



*Venice, November 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2019: Monumento alla Partigiana*

Sara holds a bachelor in Fine Arts from Haute école d'art et de design—HEAD—of Geneva. She is currently attending the CCC research master, through the means of art, in the same school. With her artistic practice, she explores the nexus between reality and fiction, using storytelling as a creative expedient. Through narration she tries to dramatize the present conditions into science-fictional futures. Her focus is on the threats brought by the climate crisis, and the eventuality of human extinction. Sara believes in the potential of storytelling as an engine able to intensify realism, and wake us from mass apathy.

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# My presence is a gift

MATHILDE GAUGUÉ

## My presence is a gift

Are you still wondering why I'm so angry?  
Why I "cry at everything"?

Are you still imagining me  
But never hearing me  
Are you still pushing to be images  
To be well made 'to be made with harmony'  
While you bottle up a scream?

What are the keys that you lack  
To express your anger without harming (yourself)?  
What are the words that you still need to voice  
Have you told them yet, have you tried?

Can't you see that everyone wants you  
To keep emotions internal, internalized, internées.  
This keeps haunting my dreams.  
We are swallowing one by one, ten by ten,  
We create bubbles inside of our very body.  
We try to make them explode inside of our body  
So that nobody hears our cries, our screams  
Our anger, our pain.

When and where have you learned  
That you should be resilient  
In the face of erasure?  
When and where have you learned  
That you should be resilient  
In the face of silence?

To assert myself as an artist  
Is to assert myself as a healing body.

Inconsistency of ableist discourse,  
Of overly tight temporalities and spaces.  
We are the healing disruptions  
The screaming disruptions.

Creating is a form of available existence  
For the constantly erased voices  
Creating and re-creating  
Creates a recreation  
A celebration

To record my unheard voice as an act of healing  
To assert a presence in the spaces of silence and erasure  
To anchor my selves, they are many  
To give my presence as my only gift  
My presence is a gift.

## Ma présence est un cadeau

Est-ce que vous vous demandez encore pourquoi je suis si en colère ?  
Pourquoi "je pleure de tout et de rien" ?

Êtes-vous toujours en train de m'imaginer  
Au lieu de m'écouter  
Est-ce que vous vous désirez encore être des images,  
Bien accomplies, faites avec harmonie  
Pendant que le cri s'embouteille ?

Quelles sont les clés qui te manquent  
Pour exprimer ta colère sans (te) blesser ?  
Quels sont les mots qui te manquent  
Les as-tu déjà dit, as-tu essayé de les dire ?

Ne voyez-vous pas que tout le monde veut  
Interniser les émotions.  
Cette idée envahit mes rêves.  
Nous avalons, 1 par 1, 10 par 10,  
Nous formons des bulles à l'intérieur de notre corps.  
Et nous essayons de les faire exploser sans bruit  
Pour que personne n'entende nos pleurs, nos cris,  
Notre colère, notre douleur.

Quand et où as-tu appris  
À être résilient.e.x  
Lorsqu'on essaie de t'effacer ?  
Quand et où as-tu appris  
À être résilient.e.x  
Lorsqu'on te silencie ?

Se déployer comme artiste  
C'est se défendre comme un corps qui guérit.

Inconsistance du discours validiste,  
Des temporalités et espaces bien trop étroits.  
Nous sommes les disruptions guérissantes  
Les disruptions criantes.

Créer est une forme d'existence disponible  
Pour les voix constamment effacées  
Créer et ré-crée  
Crée une récréation  
Une célébration

Enregistrer ma propre voix est un acte de guérison  
Affirmer ma présence dans les espaces de silence et d'effacement  
Ancrer mon they, they sont nombreux  
Offrir ma présence comme mon seul cadeau  
Ma présence est un cadeau.



*"Oblivion live" with Rose Siebke Winckler, at La Becque, 2020, picture by Diana Martin*



Math is an artist, performer and singer. Their work articulates itself around the writing of poetry, the recording of music and the constant need to stay in movement. Their live-voice-performances, often in collaboration with Rose Siebke Winckler offer an invitation to the audience to enter their intimate space of struggle, fluidity, movement and healing. Furthermore, part of Math's research is a poetry book called *With a lot of big tears*, with critical and affective insights around the normative gaze, the fluidity of emotions and the non-binary. Math's research practice can be understood as a proposition to create a space-time where the violent-normative split of stage and audience breaks down and where healing of trauma as well as overcoming triggers are able to take place. They has worked with the music-therapist Anouk Gronchi-Grosjean, founder of the experimental workshop Les milles et Unes Voix, in Lausanne and with the artist Emma Rssx, they created together the performance *Le corps lourd et léger en même temps*, that has been presented at HEAD and at Swimming Pool, during the Sofia Art Week, in Sofia, Bulgaria.

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# /'ni:.dəl.wɜ:k/:

means of re/membering

LORELEI REGAMEY

*(Julietta is looking at her own body, she spends a minute or so looking at her hands, then she raises her head and addresses Lorelei.)*

JULIETTA: Why this desire for a body archive, for an assembly of history's traces deposited in me? (I worry over how to describe it, how to frame it without sounding banal or bafflingly idiosyncratic.) The body archive is an attunement, a hopeful gathering, an act of love against the foreclosures of reason. It is a way of knowing the body-self as a becoming and unbecoming thing, of scrambling time and matter, of turning toward rather than against one-self. And vitally, it is a way of thinking-feeling the body's unbounded relation to other bodies<sup>1</sup>.

LORELEI: In my own process of thinking-feeling my body's relation to others, needles have been my own restorative tools. The needle, held by my hand, is conceptualized here to provide means to navigate across many times and places through those borders. The history of needle practices opens a breach in which stories can exist, communicate, correspond, although they went missing from schoolbooks and collective hegemonic memory.

*(Diana, who shares the same body as Lorelei, is putting the needle down on the floor and looks at the audience. Lorelei and Diana are both here, they address each other but aren't really talking to each other.)*

DIANA: The needle, held by many hands, is not conceptualized here to fulfill a romantic fetishism between women and laces. It is to resist essentialism. It is a tool for women to express themselves, a tool that has been systematically forced on them, and extracted from them.

It is, in times of war, a weapon against the dominant forces; and in time of loss, an object to gather around and create a **/'teks.tʃər/** to mourn the dead.

LORELEI: Stories are fragmented, amputated, romanticized in order to fit into the thin archive of textiles contained in ethnographic museums and the opulent and nationalist representations of craft knowledges proposed by fashion retrospectives. I would like to imagine that we can find ways to repair the extraction of their esthetic value, to resist erasure.

DIANA: This research is an attempt to restore the complexities of the histories of needleworkers, to listen to the ones resisting the surveillance of the carceral cells, to the ones who aren't allowed to speak out loud of what their bodies went through but have yet to make those stories survive them. It aims to trace a genealogy of postures and practices, to voice what has been silenced, to make emerge collective consciousness about the needle that is binding so many individual stories together, weaving a new, wide network of intersections in our struggles.

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<sup>1</sup> Julietta Singh, *No archive will restore you*, 2018, p.29

*(Lights out. A minute of silence. Then Saidiya's voice is heard, there's an echo.)*

SAIDIYA: The loss of stories sharpens the hunger for them. So, it is tempting to fill in the gaps and to provide closure where there is none<sup>2</sup>.

*SAIDIYA: The loss of stories sharpens the hunger for them. So, it is tempting to fill in the gaps and to provide closure where there is none.*

*(When the echo dies, you can notice that Lorelei is speaking alone, they try to summon a ghost.)*

LORELEI: It's not about filling the gaps, the process of re/membering is an attempt to approach the research material differently, to develop methodologies and spaces where the hierarchies of the sweatshops could, for a moment, be abolished. It is an attempt to create a space and time that would allow the living and the dead to be together for a moment, it is less about providing closure than openings. It is about the necessity of something else that will never, I hope, keep the stories as prisoners and decoration for the house, the home I'll try to re/member<sup>3</sup>. Or, to put it differently and pay a part of the immense debt I owe you, Nelly.

*(Nelly is a necessary ghost of this story, maybe you can see her, too.)*

NELLY: Je veux une maison faite de sorties de secours.

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<sup>2</sup> Saidiya Hartman, *Venus in two acts*, 2008 p.8

<sup>3</sup> "On the title page of that 30-page manuscript for *Remember This House*—dismissed as worthless by McGraw-Hill, but of such immense value to Peck-Baldwin apparently wrote the first word as "Re/member," which according to Leeming, suggested his desire to "put a broken 'house' together again." To not just recall, but to reassemble the "'house' of the fallen heroes." in, Kristopher Jansma, *The Book James Baldwin Couldn't Bring Himself to Write*.

## **Tutorial to re/member : Do it like the women in Mexico**

### *Monument to the dead*

This tutorial makes 1 monument

CO 2 sts  
WS p 1 row  
RS M1K into all sts (4 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS M1K into all sts (8 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS inc1, k2, (inc1) twice, k2, inc1 (12 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS inc1, k4, (inc1) twice, k4, inc1 (16 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS inc1, k6, (inc1) twice, k6, inc1 (20 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS inc1, k8, (inc1) twice, k8, inc1 (24 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS inc1, k10, (inc1) twice, k10, inc1 (28 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS inc1, k12, (inc1) twice, k12, inc1 (32 sts)

Starting with a p row, st-st 4 rows

WS p 16 sts and turn. Work with these sts only  
Rs (k1, k2tog) to last st, k1 (11 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS k2tog to last stitch, k1 (6 sts)  
Draw thread through the remaining sts and pull tight  
Reattach yarn to the remaining 16 sts and p to end  
RS (k1, k2tog) to last stitch, k1 (11 sts)  
WS p 1 row  
RS k2tog to last stitch, k1 (6 sts)

Draw thread through the remaining sts and pull tight  
Sew down the row ends of the monument – seam will be at the back. Fold into a \_\_\_\_ shape at the top and sew around the edges. Add a little toy stuffing before sealing up.

Lorelei [ unspellablesecondname ] is a granddaughter of needle-workers, and has received a formal education in fashion design and fashion craftsmanship. Diana Mercedes was very rapido roulante. somechoso kloppe nicht. They joined the CCC program in 2019.

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Enseignant invité: Tarek Lakhri

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