

NOT

THE

ONLY

? — ? ??

NECK

FROM

UP

SEPTEMBER
2020

CLOSE TO
OVER MY
BODY.

CARE

On a resilient state of social distancing, becomes undeniable the knowledge and need for and from touch.

In this issue of **CARE WHERE? // Not Only From The Neck Up**, we are giving special attention to our terrestrial experiences. To all that is close to Earth and to the body.

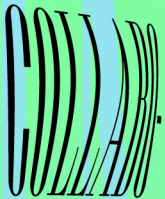
We are landing with our feet, belly and face on the dirt, aware that independent of how much we wander about cosmos, infinite, transcendence, etc., our point of departure and our point of return is this few layers of the so called, Critical Zone. The area with couple of thousand kilometres where life is able to exist and thrive - the atmosphere.

Atmosphere which we form and also breath from, the basic immersive medium we all share.

Let what we embody be known, let our sensorial, intimate mixtures notice that underneath each fact there are moving and morphing feelings, the world is substance. This is a special issue, each collaborator offered their sensitivity with creative openness and profound trust, a clear display of our need for interconnections.

Soften your mind, gets cozy, allow this issue to permeate you and enjoy it.

SEPTEMBER
2020



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freak
hippie
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For the last two weeks I have been hanging from a Juniper tree looking out ,unwantingly‘ into the Libyan Sea. Smelling thyme. Eating Thyme. Sitting with thyme. Watching beetles

roam the mini sand dunes; reminiscent of buffalo or rhinoceros. They rape each other and fight over wet sand and cut, dropped vegetables. They can “hear” or feel things as the fall to the ground and can quickly locate the source of ,noise’. They are also

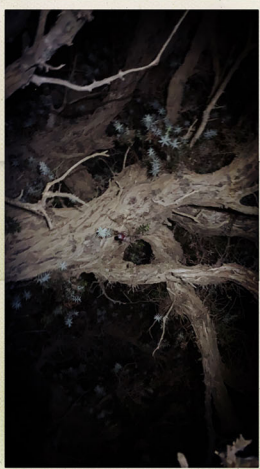
ball biters (with their formic acid venom) and like to play dead for quite some time after being flicked away. They work in shifts like the ants. These beetles are more active in the morning but especially before and around sunset. The ants are working all through the night, like a silent, invisible custodial crew, combing the sand for anything and everything.

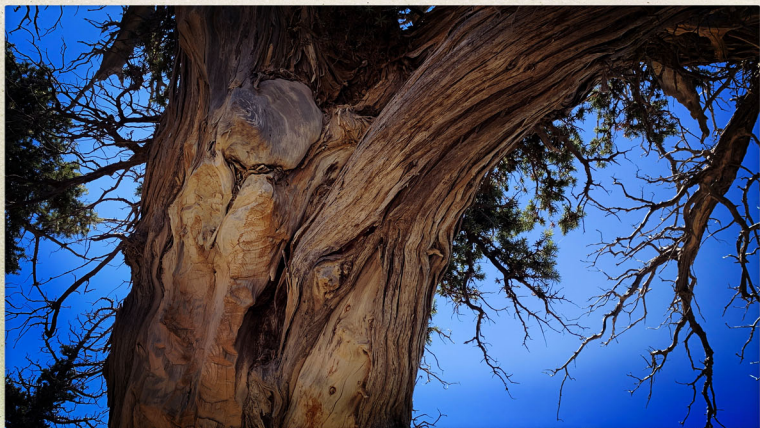
I watch the feral cats as they make the rounds in the mornings and evenings to all the other people making their temporary homes under the Juniper trees. I think the name of these homes are called Carravaggio..I am not certain. When I'm not hanging from a hammock under the sun smoothed bones of a Juniperipus on the sandy beach, meters away from the shoreline, I am hanging from a hammock under an even more ancient Juniper, looking up at the stars. There are wild cats here. The cats ask people for food either by meowing or pawing or playing flute. Some try to dominate you by stepping on your feet as you cook or move about. The cats stake claims on the different people. The cats are also very horny, raping each other at night as the beetles do by day. They leave smell messages for each other. I've watched them follow their

perfectly placed pharamones perfectly placed on the low branches of the bush that produces read berries and mastic. It is also the plant that the goats will not touch.

I'm here learning, amongst other things, about the doctrine of signatures in relation to plants and their forms and processes. Learning from thousands of years of ,kept' knowlegde on how to ,read' the plant through ,form senses' in order to understand the energetic or medicinal properties that can benefit us humans and our evolution. On all levels. And strenthen our communion and interdependency

Yesterday I was listening to a lecture about Regenerative Agriculture or Agroforestry, explaining how the single cell life forms made their way out of the sea.. falling out of the sea and on to the rocks. How the fungal realm was already there, breaking down rocks allowing for the cells to join forces and feed off of the minerals, continuing their evolution to becoming plants. Becoming light eaters. The bacteria and fungi- rock eaters. Together in their development and deaths they began to create soil. They grew again and died again, creating more soil; more





life. As a side note, after plants began evolving on land, the fungal kingdom started to evolve two different branches- one fungal and one animal. The basic difference is that the animal branch chose to develop its digestive system inside of itself, while the fungi kept their digestive system on the outside. We are from the fungal kingdom.

So I am here watching light eaters eating light and rockbreakers Eating rocks to grow. Plants like *Limonium Virgatum* (Sea Lavendar), covered in a thick layer of salt, grow from the volcanic rock along the shoreline and out of the sand on the beaches. I read that their seeds can germinate in salt water. When observing the resilient and brave being, I meet its upward growth and outward expansion. The teeny tiny 5 petaled white to pink to purple flowers facing upwards towards the stars. Its 'leaves' are like wild capers but thinner, having a fine feathery structure that works its way up and out; reminiscent of nerves or bronchials growing from a base point. The stem and leaves are green, succulent like holding water. This plant is strongly connected to water, recognizing its ability to live, survive and thrive in such extremely harsh, hot and windy conditions. It shakes like a feather in the wind.

My time with the Juniper is going on ten years. I consider myself to have multiple Juniper tree friends, each being remarkably different. These specific trees are an endangered species. Everyday I wander into one of the only Juniper forests of its kind, getting lost amongst the tree families spread out across the rock and sand and old Roman village. These trees are ancient and show the memories of their encounters with wind and sun in the spiraling twists and turns of their trunks and branches. A dreamy body that dreams upwards and downwards simultaneously, offering up through its form the wisdom of the cosmos and the wisdom of the (heart of the) earth. Growing up and down into the soil-y sand and rock and then back up only to repeat itself again. It is expanding in the macro branches and new growths shooting up from the sandy ground. This species grows 1mm a year. Some of the branches look dead,



Photo //
Jared Gradinger

like bleached bones or a reindeer's antlers. Some are furry, more like a young elk's new hairy spring horns. Others are covered in a rough bark, thick for protection. On the micro, this tree being is contracting with its short green and frosty blue needles growing in threes, maintaining and containing the etheric forces around its tight rhythmical structure. And the berries, they cover the trees and the ground in all of the phases; from bright golden orange like a physalis, to deep dark purple and when dried up black and deconstructed.

The Juniper teaches us about death and rebirth. About carrying our history with us but not getting too nostalgic about it. These pleasure/pain memories are a part of us, but we still must grow on, in our own way and our own time. This being also teaches us about borders and protection as it creates small coves and nooks for other things to grow and thrive and hide from the sun or predators, with its sharp needles pointed outwards and its smooth, wind curved branches and trunks lining the insides. Bones. Boundaries. Taking time. Taking. Your. Own. Time.

The doctrine defines this tree as having a strong relation to the earth after witnessing its roots and their immensity and their ability to grow back upwards towards the cosmos and adapt as needed. An upright and bending form points towards a yin/yang energetic balance. Three needles pointing to the higher union of two polar opposites (like yin/yang), symbolic of the non-divine manifesting the divine: the divine principals of speech and thought. Peeling bark refers to skin regeneration. Spines suggests hostility or a bristly personality. This is a sun plant, ruled by the sun and offers warming, cheerful and drying properties. Two days ago I made a tree essence of my Juniper friend. Two Juniper berries, some furry bark, a twig and some fresh needles that were reflecting the sunlight. I placed them in mineral rich well water from the neighboring beach. It sat in the afternoon sun for three hours in an old glass peanut butter jar and then in the half moon light and stars for a few more hours. Neowise comet was also present but no longer visible to my eyes. The Juniper told me to take sixty drops its essence every day until my departure. Basically a gulp. That's a lot. What I'm learning is that plants are even more multi-dimensional than I could ever imagine. They are part of quantum phenomena., changing their meaning and properties through the eyes and sensations of the observer. They are able to tune into what our specific body/spirit/soul/mind/systems/etc. need in order to support the fluctuating homeodynamis in our bodies and beyond. They respond to, activate and re-optimize where one might benefit from

their special properties. One plant can offer a myriad of energetic or physical balancing, but you and I could be ,treated' and supported by the same plant but for totally different situations. The energetic patterns of plants, trees, fungi and in fact all of Nature are (for the most part) growing out of the same laws and principals that we are. We are all part of those laws. We are a part of those principals. The healing properties of the plants happen just by consciously being with them. Encountering them with curiosity. Being in communion with them. We don't necessarily need to ingest them to feel their powers and connection to us, our connections to them. Just being with them, dreaming with them, surrendering to them is communion. Plants teach us to develop our intuition. I'm beginning to understand that in-between or even before what we call duality is where anything, everything is possible. To understand the infinite possibilities we can work within. Live within. Heal within. The multi-dimensional qualities of plants teaches us about the multi-dimensional, non dualistic physical and spiritual realms we live in and are co-creating.

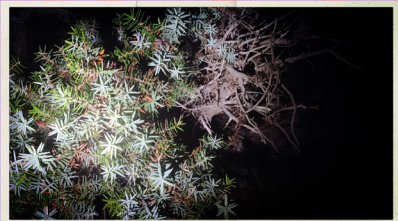




Photo //
Jared Grading



ANJA

WINTER

LEARNING



Yesterday I sat with this plant.

I observed where it grows. If it grows next to diverse neighbors or if it is growing next to its own kind. If it prefers to grow in the shadow or sunshine or in the in between. I touched the earth. It was thick fruitful and wet soil mixed with sand. I tried to let my eyes sit deep back and softened everything above my neck and looked at it.

Its form. Its shiny fresh green color transformed into a warm yellow at the stinging end of each strong triangular leave. Some brown branches decaying at the bottom. A strong trunk holding the middle line.

And then I touched it. I needed to be careful, cause its skin is sharper then mine. Its leaves ends are piercing easily through my skin.

But we can have a light connection. And I can hold it and brush it from inside to the outside, but not other way around.

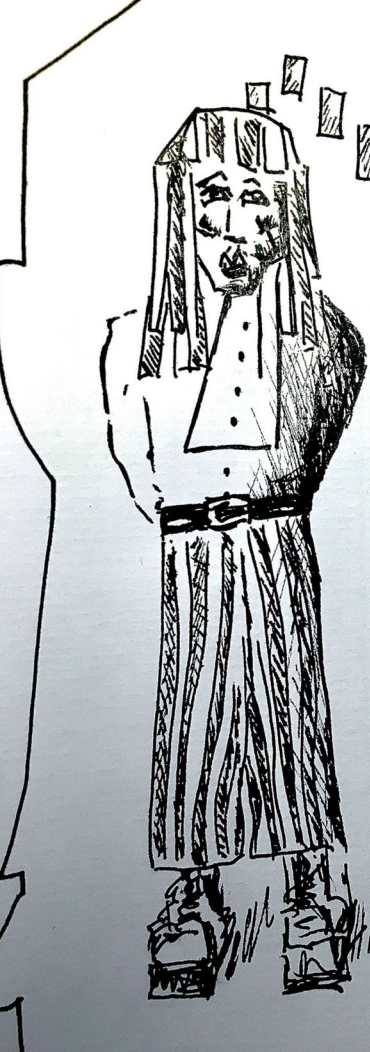
I took one of the big sharp leaves and rubbed it in between my fingers and I smelled ... I smelled it, but there is no description.

I lay my tongue on it and concentrated everything that I am at the tip of my tongue. I held it in my mouth. And there we were. together. for a while.

CLICKING HERE.
to read a NY Times article recomended by Anja.







As soon as I
imagine roots
growing out of
my toes,
my body drifts
away.
Like Swifts.
Doomed to fly
high and
never land.

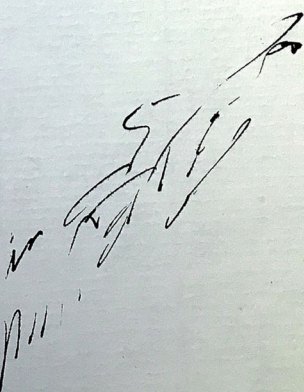




Photo //
Marcelo Cabrera

**ARBORE MARCELLO
TOMAZZONI CABRERA**

@pomarpoetico

**Everything that moves, fears to create roots
an endless walk
one day I want to make myself tree
without traveling itinerary
no photographs at tourist spots
and without passport**

**The feet, learning the language of the land
the head full of birds
and eyes full of clouds**

**Text //
Airton Tomazzoni**

SUSAN OTTEN

8. "Praying"

**It doesn't have to be
the blur iris, it could be
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few
small stones; just
pay attention, then patch
a few words together and don't try
to make them elaborate, this isn't
a contest but the doorway
into thanks, and a silence in which
another voice may speak.**

Poem //
Mary Oliver

I wanted to include so many things but ended up with photos of me dancing in the woods and a poem I love by Mary Oliver. These can sum up my feeling of returning to what gives nourishment to my existence. I share with you the atmosphere of my daily life ...

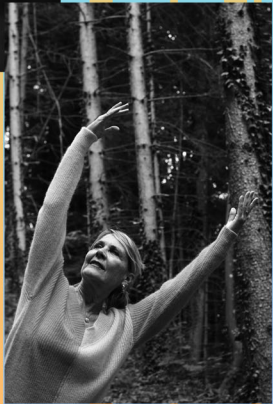
This is my point of departure for today.

Sending love to all of you collecting pieces of a grand puzzle to inspire others...

Susan

In correspondence - August 2020





KUROI VISUAL ARTS

In 2019 I was working with Sara Manente as a collaborator for her magazine. During the residency she was asking me about the expression “Reading one’s stomach” in Japanese. It means reading one’s mind. Then I realized that we use many expressions to talk about emotions that are related with the body and our organs like the stomach. Focusing on our belly we have at least 72 of those expressing or describing character, emotions,.... for example:

腹が黒い
(hara ga kuroi)
You’ve got black stomach.
Mean: Scheming ,black hearted

腹を決める
(hara wo kimeru)
Decided stomach
Mean: To make up one’s mind

自腹を切る
(Jibara wo Kiru)
Cut your own stomach
Mean: Pay for something ourt of one’s own pocket

いたくもない腹を探られる
(Itakumo nai hara wo sagurareru)
Searching for non painful stomach
Mean: Be suspected without cause

私服を肥やす
(Shifuku wo Koyasu)
Fatten Belly
Mean: Fullfill one’s own pocket

腹を割る
(Hara wo waru)
Break the belly
Mean: To speak frankly

腹が立つ
(Hara ga tatsu)
Stomach is standing up
Mean : Get angry

腹に落ちる
(hara ni ochiru)
Fall in to the belly
Mean: Understood

腹がすく
(hara ga suku)
Belly is empty
Mean: Hungry

腹も身の内
(Hara mo Minouchi)
belly is inside you
Mean: Take care your own stomach
(don't eat too much can be also talking about human relationship)

The belly is the center of our body, a point of balance. In the way Japanese sit down (seiza) and stand up we are always focusing on our belly.

My Kendo master was always saying, this movement and posture integrates and harmonizes one's own gravity.

Is this that makes us think that belly is so important?

At the same time if we take a look inside our stomach and intestines we find so many bacteria influencing our physical and emotional digestions where good and bad bacteria never stop working in another level.

Some saying that the intestine is the second brain. We have to take care. and to do it, is good to start with fermenting food. Fermented food needs good bacterias that collaborates to maintain our intestine in a good shape ..

Miso, soya sauce, fermented salt, sake, fermented beans, fish, meat and vegetables are fundamental Japanese food.

I started to be curious about 'Fermentation life' around me ...

I am not at all a "pro" but into the process.

I started fermenting soya beans but soon I realized that we can do much more at home! Miso, sour dough, fermented salt, vegetables, also fermented rice water can be used for cleaning the house. When you use fermented water for cleaning the floor, kitchen or furniture, we are using good bacteria that can remain in the air and not just kill all the bacteria with another disinfectant.

I started to feel that I am living with small unseeing creatures that eats unnecessary bacteria (for me) in the house..... Also thinking that those bacteria are breathing together with me, coming into me, inside my stomach and digestion. Some of them building my body and other part going out as shit... then going to the water floating somewhere, into earth what later can perhaps be good as some type of resource, after all this travelling, it probably ends up coming back to my body.

My body is consisted by bacteria... That's fun to think of!

Bacteria dance. It's not me moving.
Let my intestine initiate movements...(laugh!)

A story of athlete. He explained why he lost the competition, while he was running he had a second of thought, “ah, I should put my legs in a better position “ with this moment of thinking he lost time, he was a second too late. He said he should have followed his guts.

1- Pour water into the rice and stir it briefly several times. This water contains garbage and other bacteria on the surface of the rice, so throw it away.

2-Add about 500 ml of water to the rice stir it again and transfer this to another sterlised container. You can add a bit of salt or dried lemon skin.

Put the lid on this container and leave it at room temperature for 6-12 hours (12-24 hours in winter) or at room temperature.

Keep in mind that you will be used up within 2-3 days before you smell.

ROGER SAZA REYNER



Photo //
Carme Reyner Tort

TV has alerted about the storm
an old man, my father, in the south of
the northern hemisphere tights a
cactus to a pole
he's afraid the wind will blow him
away

his legs are not what they used to be
when he climbs up the ladder
the way this plant looks reminds me of
st. Sebastian.

The flowers come once a year and
they open for one day
my mom and I communicate through
this process of flowering
what would we talk about without the
flowers?



Photo //
Carme Reyner Tort

Love me

I am an

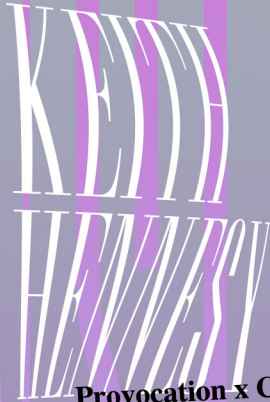
ugly

failure

THE

Keith Hennessy
Yoshiko Chuma
Zaritt

Sara Shelton Mann & Jesse



Provocation x Care
Yelamu/San Francisco
Late summer 2020

Preface

Here is a brief introduction to the
psycho-emotional-somatic
conditions that influenced my
writing:

Covid: go outside

California Fires: stay inside

Uprising: you might get shot

Elections: the great
disillusionment

Theaters: closed indefinitely

Billionaires: more than ever

Mental health: worse than ever

**The therapists are overworking
on Zoom. The body workers are**

unemployed. The dancers are

**watching Netflix. The stress is
high. Uncertainty rules.**

**Capitalism is the virus. Police are
the**

**vectors. Precarity is the
symptom.**

This is a hard moment to care.

**There is so much need to support
each other and to have
solidarity for people suffering the
structural inequalities that the
coronavirus intensifies.**

Provocation x Care

“Our only hope for our collective liberation is a politics of deep solidarity rooted in love.”

Michelle Alexander

I care.

Do you care?

Of course you care.

Everyone cares!

But the ways we care are different and cause tension or conflict. That makes you think I don't care. What we name care and caring is not the same. Can we care about conflict? Can we care about the gaps and distance between our understandings of care?

I came into art and activism inspired by anarchism and punk, by taboo-destroying feminist and body-based art, by socially disruptive and AIDS-informed gay and queer performance, and by the left-field of Modernism's avant garde where provocation, asymmetry, feminism, pelvises, queerness, antiracism, anti-imperialism, political satire, destabilization, institutional critique, camp, and disciplinary disobedience were prioritized. Simultaneously I studied and

practiced the somatic, healing, therapeutic, and ritual practices that have developed in parallel trajectories to these arts of bourgeois provocation. In my teaching I started to name this generative tension as Provocation x Care.

Many of the conflicts I experience in contemporary art contexts are situated in this tension. There is less and less space and justification for provocative art. The value of avoiding triggering the traumas of the most vulnerable has increased while the value of disturbing the audience's complacency has decreased. This value shift is caused in part by activist turns in art worlds and increased participation and leadership by non white and non hetero artists. The shift includes a reconsideration of the public's participation in art from audience to community. One might confront an audience and yet care for a community. I have been a part of this re-valuation, but I'm ambivalent. I still want to yell and break things. There are many practices and insights from progressive social movements that support this move towards care, towards an aesthetics of care, and an analysis of the politics of care. The more that our political analysis is informed by trauma and trauma healing, the more that care is recognized as radical activism.

The terms “call out” and “cancel” describe the contemporary (yet historically rooted) practices in which victim/survivors use social media to accuse someone “with more power” of harm or abuse and then attempt to punish and exclude this violent person. The worst cases of social media call-outs reproduce oppressive carceral logics in which the accused is assumed to be guilty and must be punished, without a trial or community process.

It is so disappointing that the language developed over decades in anti-racist,

anti-imperialist, queer and feminist contexts can now be easily manipulated by the shallowest of identity politics and competitive victimization. There is a Warholian social capital granted to anyone who claims on social media that they were abused. For the duration of their 15 minutes of niche fame, they are treated as brave angels who cannot be questioned and they suddenly have the power to harm the accused with impunity.

(Meanwhile, Trump Erdogan Duterte Oban Putin Duda Xi Police Poverty Starvation Slavery Surveillance Rape Covid Climate Billionaires...)

Of course their 15 minutes of fame will fade or crash. Everyone who cared will stop caring. There will be new drama to escalate, new traumas to exploit, new witches to burn, new scars to tattoo into permanent and proud identities. And the briefly famous will be no closer to the power they were denied or the healing they desperately need.

Like a stage covered in fake blood, this theatrical situation drips with histories of violence, injustice and powerlessness. Female and queer bodies molded by scarcity, shame, poverty, and sexualisation perform to exhaustion. One sacred rite after another. The gestures of this contemporary choreography are more likely to reveal unhealed trauma than utopian vision. We know that. But we go back to the studio and then FaceBook and say, "Hit me again. Maybe I'll feel something different this time.

Every day we talk about healing and justice. We chant Defund the Police. But then we watch "powerlessly" as disagreements between former friends escalate into symbolic warfare and media content. A few of the most angry and unheard, who also do not know what happened, will repost the accusation with no curiosity for details nor tolerance for disagreement.

The vast majority of call outs do not belong on social media. They reduce complicated interpersonal conflicts to iconic and moralistic narratives where the only roles being auditioned are abuse monster, vulnerable victim, and "the divided community."

The ethical critiques about call out culture and cancel culture are like the daily articles exposing the lies of Trump. It doesn't matter. The people who should read those critiques are not listening. They don't care about the perspective or the facts being offered. The existence and broad distribution of these attempts to slow down the process, listen to everyone concerned, and disarm the social media trials are dismissed as further abuse of power, blaming the victims, and of course, gaslighting.

I've already crossed the line. Which side are you on? Does this text care or provoke? Does it harm or heal? Can the choreographer and the dancer be friends and have a working contract? Do you believe that consent across lines of (age, race, gender, employment, citizenship) difference is impossible or necessary? Is it distracting, fake, or inspiring to focus on love and solidarity? Why aren't self-defense and dance taught at the same time, especially to girls and queer kids? Why aren't healing and conflict resolution taught at the same time? Do we teach young dancers more often to sense and channel energy than to ground and release energy? Why am I framing these questions as binaries when everything is much more complicated, interwoven, intersectional, and hybrid?

How do we care about an emerging culture where it is a "crime" to get our feelings hurt? And where feelings are equated with bodies, bodies with identities, and identities with souls? Where the earth is flat not spherical, and all harm is experienced and described with the same language and intensity? Where violent rape and trauma-triggering micro aggression are equally demonic? Where messy power dynamics between friends are re-framed as monumental sites of exploitation that make consent

impossible? And where power, trauma and abuse are the only discourses available for processing difference, conflict, fear, discomfort, and pain?

From a particular USAmerican perspective, we situate conversations about care or dance within antiracist critiques of capitalism and modernity; critiques that recognize the foundational role of slavery, colonialism, and white supremacy. This text can't avoid leaking its whiteness all over the screen.

I have experienced unresolvable conflict, disagreement and unkindness in the studio. It sucks. I could say, it hurts, but because of the tendency to reframe all pain and struggle as avoidable or abusive, I won't. These experiences inform the care practices I bring to my classes, rehearsals, friendships, and activism.

I care about care. I want us to care for each other. In my imagination and creative work, dancing and caring are symbiotic practices. The studio is a site of care research, where anti-capitalist and queered social relations are tested through play and experimentation. Shame-defying approaches to the body, the senses, and touch invoke sexuality and its shadows. The work is risky, intentionally. Structures of mutual support and care are integrated into all aspects of the work. Failure and bruises are expected. Falling is rigorously practiced to avoid unnecessary harm, and we discover that disorientation and even collapse can be pleasurable, generative, and healing. Learning each other's vulnerabilities, i.e., how to hurt each other and also how to care for each other is called intimacy, and is a valued outcome of dancing together. Provocation x Care.

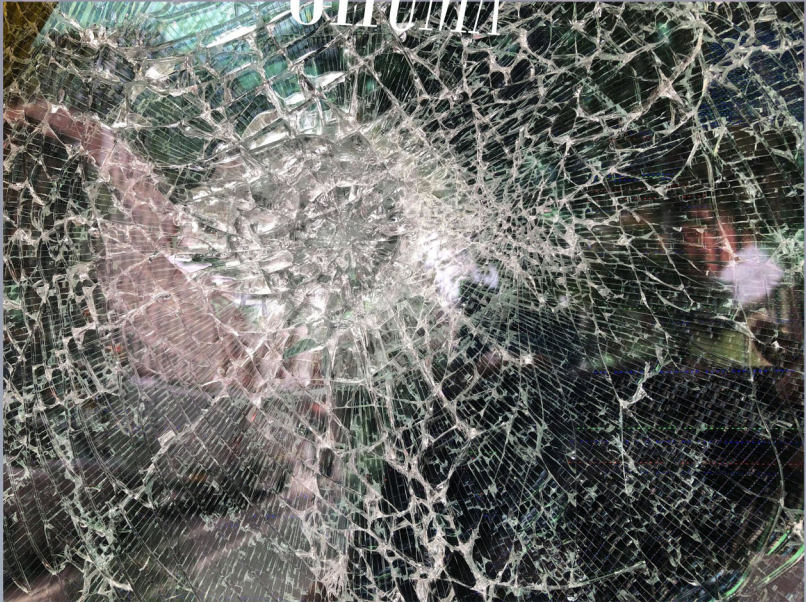
Post-script:

From 2011-18, I worked with an extraordinary team of artists on Turbulence (a dance about the economy). At every performance we recited this quote by Peggy Phelan.

“Love, despite its toxicity and violence, can bring us closer to the possibilities of expressing human tenderness. If one is ambitious enough to want to create a shared history, then one must be willing to risk an impossible dance, one that pivots on a desire to outmuscle exhaustion, a desire alive to our wavering capacities to bestow and receive responses, and an apparently insatiable desire to question these capacities and what motivates or blocks them, repeatedly.”

END

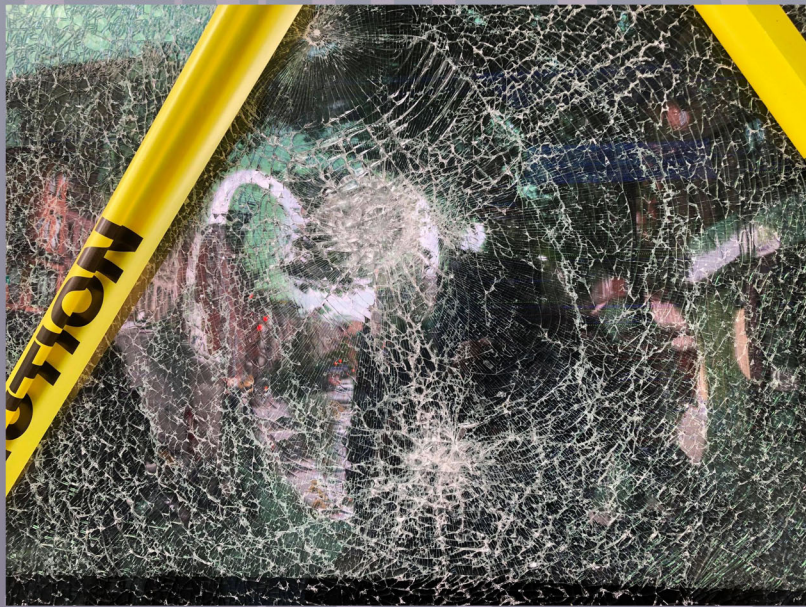
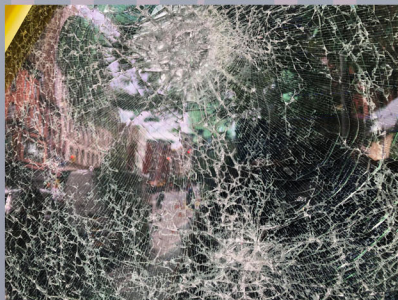
YOSHINO CHUMA



**This is a visual journal entry by
Yoshiko Chuma for CARE
WHERE? Zine.**

**In addition to
this photographs,
you can find a video story**

CLICKING HERE.



The School of Hard Knocks, at first was the name of an art project created and directed by the New York based choreographer Yoshiko Chuma, for the Freedom Festival of Venice - Italy in 1980. Ever since, the title became the name of Chuma's company. The English expression "School of Hard Knocks" refers to ones empirical experience, on a learning process through-and-with life, which should be considered at least equal in merit to academic knowledge. Underneath Chuma's creative drive and response, lands the interest to understand and articulate dynamics, expressions and consequences of crisis. Concern that explains the choreographers boldness, and relation to activism and social-issues.





SARA
SHELTON
MANN

JESSE
ZARIT

Shelter Journal

it's when your shoes are filled
with ice you know you took
the wrong turn
falling backwards and holding
your breath, learning the
piano.
you sit there steady with your
young self and wait for the
melody to arise
your shoes fill with water and
your fear turns to ice.
its best to take the unknown
road and begin again. try the
void point.

treat that child to enthusiasm,
laughter, playfulness and the sweetest
smile you've ever known.
if you are in the forest climb a tree
and watch your innocent self-dig a
hole and cover the I am with moss and
leaves, wet ferns and dried sticks.
it takes sometimes centuries to crawl
out.
You can do it.
You remember the light of the sun
washes you clean.
You remember the light of the sun
washes you clean.
You remember.

that yes
911/there is an emergency in
the earth's operating system.
even the tiny treasures have
been extracted by Revelants
who have poured oil on top,
lit the fuse and are now
fighting over who did it or
who wants it, while looking
through a glass pane
blindfolded, smelling flames
touch the sky.
I had a dream of a map with
burn marks along the ridges
of the mountains and I had
to return North before the
earthquakes came.

if you don't see me, there are other ways to escape.

I know 10 ways to get water from a stone.

cry. there aren't enough tears in the world to open a stone

believe. You can lie until you believe it and gather a multitude of unbelievers and turn them into believers.
start a cult. drink kool aide. slowdown that kundalini—ice blue.

wear white. I'll know I'm crazy and you will be well.

open the earth—dive right in—you'll burn up thus it doesn't matter about the water.

or you could be a star—shine.

buy a fence and sit on it. pray for rain.

eat dirt.



**at the moment, I imagine
the sound comes through the house -
the house is upside down
the people are ancient children righting
the world as it should be for as it is now.
singing moves the feet and winds claim
the heart
silence is the forgotten metaphor for
answers
weight is the space between worlds
I forgot to love you enough
I listened to the voices**

**lights up, let's dance
the polka.**





A B **Associação** Mark **Angelo**
GRUTA
Ana **Rocha**

A BELA ASSOCIATION & MARK ANGELO

The Invisible Forest opens a space of consciousness that touches the future and the past..

CLICK HERE.
TO WATCH THE VIDEO AND
LEARN MORE ABOUT IT.

Spiral Tribe's own Mark Angelo is currently working on a Guerrilla Theatre project called The Invisible Forest, in Lisbon with the A Bela cultural association. In these days of demonised free parties, cancelled gigs, closed theatres and clubs, the Invisible Theatre crew are organising ninja actions around the city's most ancient trees (one of which is a 2,850 year old olive tree).

Mark says 'Using all our creative powers – electronic music (some of which is actually generated live by the electrical impulses emitted by the trees), dance, art, video and spoken word, we are inviting local communities to reconnect with the ancient trees that have stood silent witness to their changing world for hundreds, if not thousands of years. By opening up creative space around these (often overlooked) monumental trees we are inviting people to reorientate themselves and their relationship with nature. It's very powerful stuff!'

CLICK HERE.
TO HEAR THE SOUND OF
GRUTA.



THE DIRT

by **dyLAB**

Collecting chemical fruit from the magical orchard to make an electronic fruit-salad... That's the crunchy fresh sensation that comes out of this year's harvest from dyLAB's sound farm.

The Australia based english producer is a veteran farmer in the acid music fields worldwide.

The menu of this EP "Water the dirt" consists of four delicious recipes that are rich in vitamin TB, followed by the house desserts baked by the resident cooks at GRUTA: Veia, Pan.demi.CK & Digital Pimp Hard at Work.

Warning: This acid is not advised for fascists!

released August 23, 2020

ALPHA BETA

#Tides nr.4 #Tides of Final Count Down

Violence as been rising and feed either from right extremist groups, self organized movements, or motivated invisibly by governments under the cover of their own policies. From North to South, from East to West, like in other parts of the world, Brazil is one hot spot, where one from a far out distance point of view may see how individually and socially deal with it.

So keep your attention, because the next 2 months, will make all the difference. The time is 12. And I would add up, the time is 12 summed up + 1, as 12 tribes summed up with the 13th somewhere already around co-existing amongst us.

The increasingly conscious incorporation of the personal role of guardian of frequency and principles of cosmic coherence is an intelligent, necessary and safe path.

.. scan for Saturn, Mars and Neptune in the night sky ..

.. together we are an ever changing being, as a membrane shaped constantly and on arrival not yet complete in each shift on the magnetic field ..

.. from neck downwards, from neck upwards, as much as around, senses expand as active atomic particles now more and more, as the hunt is no more where we are ..

A pack of female lyons rising to unlock this muted voices for centuries ..

Let her open the cosmic path, as summer season ends & space in us is no longer dual but infinitely multiple.

.. always remaind yourself to act in her absence as if in her presence ..



Photo //
Ana Rocha



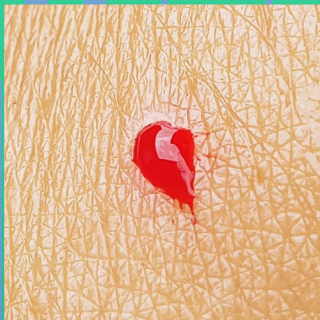
Photo //
Ana Rocha

We're leaving together,
But still it's farewell
And maybe we'll come back
To earth, who can tell?
I guess there is no one to
blame
We're leaving ground (leaving
ground)
Will things ever be the same
again?
It's the final countdown
The final countdown
Oh
We're heading for Venus
(Venus)
And still we stand tall
'Cause maybe they've seen us
(seen us)
And welcome us all, yeah
With so many light years to go
And things to be found (to be
found)
I'm sure that we'll all miss her
so
It's the final countdown
The final countdown
The final countdown
The final countdown
Oh

The final countdown, oh
It's the final count down
The final countdown
The final countdown
The final countdown
Oh
It's the final count down
We're leaving together
The final count down
We'll all miss her so
It's the final countdown
It's the final countdown
Oh
It's the final countdown, yeah

(lyrics, The Final Countdown, by Europe)

Photo //
Ana Rocha





MOR

Jaakko Nieminen
Mor Demer
Jiiana Niepce
Lúcio Canabarro

JAAKKO NIEMINEN



Photo // Footprint
Jaakko Nieminen

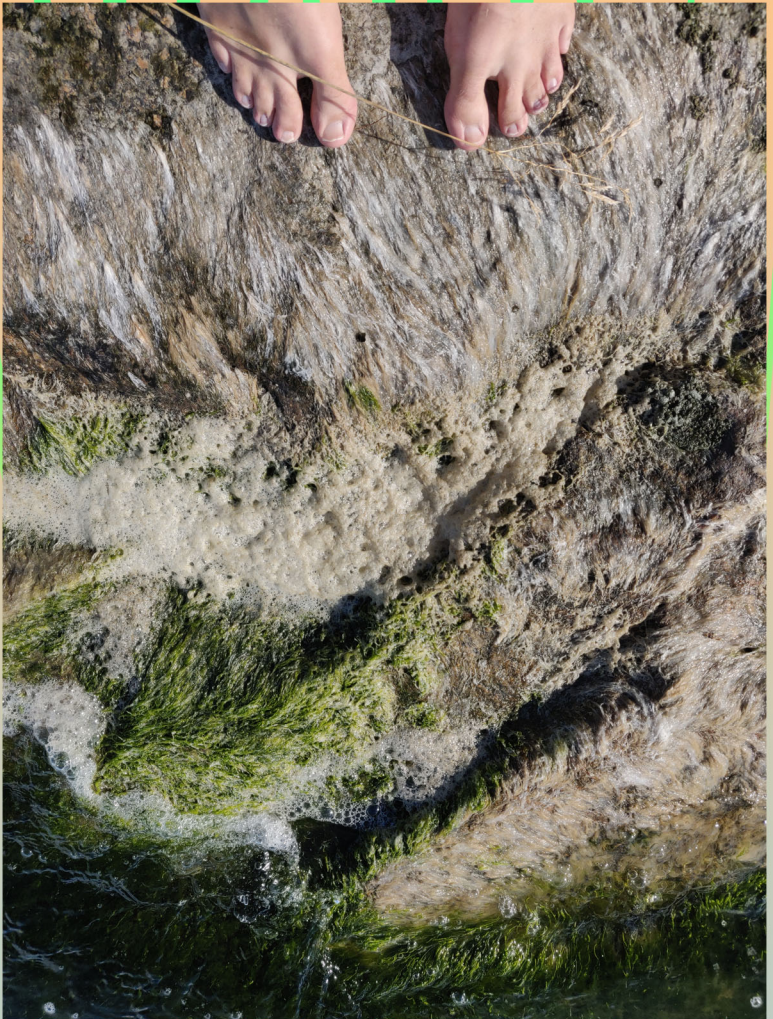
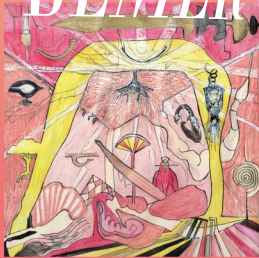


Photo // **Foot on the greens**
Jaakko Nieminen

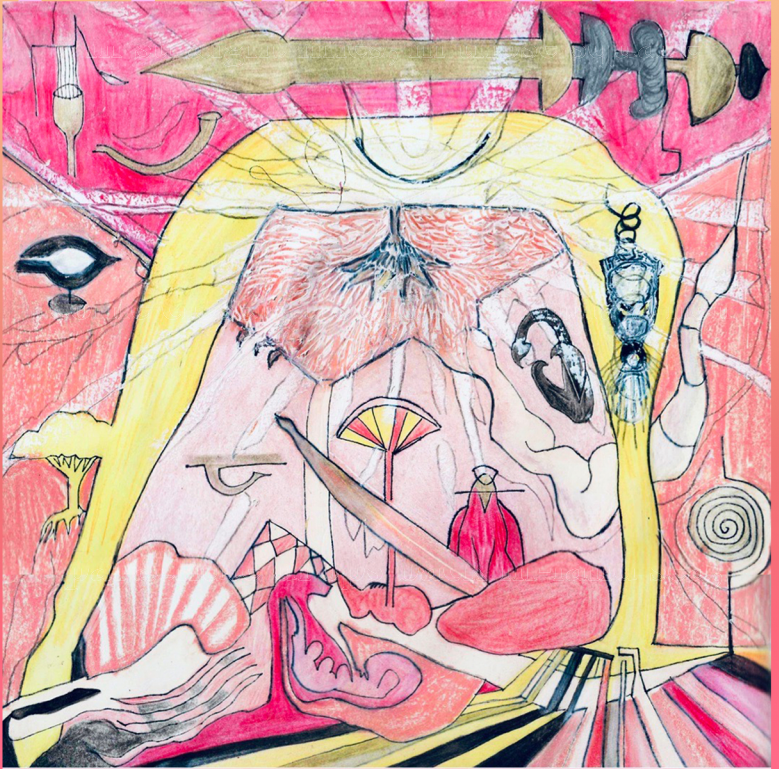
MUR DENVER



Here, now, on the planet and inside our body, the water's codes of the diamond, stimulates rain, another spark, light and vibration. Locked in straight lines, in those square domesticated capsules-- it boiled up a resistance to change world-orders. It cleared away the illusion; freedom is not from something, to be able to walk away. Rather, calling for commitment towards something, to care, to come closer, freedom is with. When rotating the kaleidoscope, the angle of the view changes the constant. An acrobat-spiral walking on a curved thin line above earth. While looking down, the fragile horizon intensifies. And while looking above, for help, a parachute drops back in-land sea, tilting the sensation inwards. Can you hear the heartbeat? a palpable reminder we are inevitably off our center. Walking between seriousness, a strict discipline and a spirit of cheerful and light-hearted nonsense.

**Dancing
like you walk. Walk like you dance.**

29/9/2020, Essen



Drawing //
Mor Demer

DIANA NEPPE

1am I should sleep. 2am I'm reading and I can't sleep. 3am This is so irksome. 4am I probably have a sleep disorder. 4:30am Nothing. Nothing happens. Overthinking. I'm in love and so broken. I'm tired. I continue to analyse. I feel nothing. I'm scared. 5am I'm dreaming. 6am I just woke up. I need to pee. 6:30am Finally, i'm felling a sleep again. 7am The sun woke me up. I miss your body next to mine. 8am

I dreamed about you. We were on a train station having sex. I can't tell you that. Actually, I shouldn't. You keep ignoring me. I feel lonely. I'm dumb. 9am I am seeing stories on instagram and thinking that I shouldn't be doing this. I just found a picture of a but holding a knife between the buttocks. I know, i'm dark. 10am I am exhausted. I need to stretch. I stand up and i work my balance. I do some abs. I put some clothes on. I'm late. 11am I get in the Uber. The driver asks what happened to me. I say that i couldn't sleep. He wants to know why i'm in a wheelchair. I lie. 11:30am I start physiotherapy analysing the walking. 12:30pm I leave the physiotherapy. I feel so tired. I need to sleep. I want to eat. I get in the Uber. He asks me what I do for a living. I say i'm a dancer and choreographer. He says that I do that because I have social benefits. 1pm I get

home. My dogs bark. They are so loved.
1:10pm I pee. 1:20pm I eat a soup. I
want to eat more but I can't, I have a
performance naked in the end of the month.
It seems that i remain the same as in my
university days. I'm fucking skinny. I
should eat French fries but I won't. 1:30 I lie in
bed. I should sleep but I can't. I
look at the wall. My dog lies down beside me.
2pm I should be working, 2:10pm I
reply to emails. I read. I write. I want to dance
my sadness. 3pm I'm doing the
same shit. I feel incomplete. 4pm I don't dance.
I teach a dance class online.
After covid, the classes are like this. 5pm I
need to pee. I feel restless. 6pm
Nothing. Apparently I was your unicorn and
now i'm nothing to you. How can
such intense presence disappear? I hate you.
Suddenly i'm empty. 7pm I should
eat but i'm not hungry. I have a headache. My
producer calls me. She wants to
go out for dinner. I call a friend. I invite her
for dinner. 7:30pm She arrives in
tears. We arrived at the restaurant. The owner
of the restaurant is my
acquaintance. His birthday is on the day after
my own. My producer arrives in
tears. 8pm We are all broken. I'm silent or
maybe I'm lost. The owner smiles to
me. I think he likes me. He's cute. 9pm I'm
drinking wine. 10pm I'm drunk. 11pm
Outside my house i smoke a cigarette with my
friend. Her ex-boyfriend started
dating another. Her ex-boyfriend is my
ex-boyfriend. His new girlfriend has the
same name as me. I think I hate him. 11:15pm
I go home. 11:30pm I take a
shower. What's wrong with me that makes
people don't love me. They pretend they do
and I do. 11:40pm The ex-husband of my best
friend's ex-partner's
mother died. She said, "I guess now i can move
on." They have been divorced
for 30 years. I guess i should move on. 00:00am
I lie in bed, I should sleep

LOGO CANABARRA

About sleeping and protesting.

**Being in
constant
motion
seems to be
the order
of the day
in a time
where speed
is impera-
tive,**

movement can be understood here as consumption. We always need to consume, be it internet data, electricity, clothes, gas, food, water, gasoline, etc. It is a sort of social demand to consume a lot and with increasing speed. Being satisfied with anything is considered sloppy, lazy, even perhaps, a kind of contemporary sin. A good citizen is one who consumes, as it is ironically believed that consumption for the sake of consumption will bring us the mythical “development”, bringing factories, jobs,



Photo //
Lúcio Canabarro

increasing GDP, making us all eternally happy, even if no one likes to live near an industrial area or a garbage dumping area, both consequences of such thinking. In this scenario, the act of sleeping takes on other shapes and meanings. It gains a kind of rebellious texture of protest, bordering on civil disobedience and presents itself as a possibility of reconnecting with who we are and the environment that forms us.

While asleep we are not online. There are no demands for answers on WhatsApp, we are not being bombarded by advertisements and news that want to shock more than inform, we are not uploading photos and words that are often just currency for likes.

Any data to be uploaded on the internet takes up real physical space. Just as a memory cards have a certain storage capacity, the centrals of the so called "cloud" are not ethereal. The internet consumes electricity, tons of cables, and demands physical structure. Being offline means saving resources. In a logic in which platforms like facebook and instagram are designed so that people stay online as long as possible, and generate information so that great fortunes keep on existing, as those of Mark Zuckerberg on facebook / Instagram / Whatsapp and Jeff Bezos of Amazon, perpetuating a situation of global asymmetry in which the extreme polarization of everything seems increasingly accentuated, whether in politics or in living conditions. When sleeping, we are away for at least a few hours from this chain.



Photo //
Lúcio Canabarro



Photo //
Lúcio Canabarro

We are not consuming advertising, we are not using our credit cards, we are not eating. Even though there are advertisements for mattresses and pillows, by the way, in Brazil, the Ministe of Science of the Bolsonaro government, was once a "poster boy" for Nasa's pillow, sleeping products a side, sleeping still is a sort of armored space, anti-consumerist. Sleeping preserves natural resources. In a world where the demand for paper, metals, oil, etc. is rising year after year, in which digitalization promises of saving energy and resources, now sound more like fallacies and fantasy. Sleeping is an act that is sustainable and touches on relevant and urgent issues such as housing and urban mobility. Sleeping demands silence, but how to do it in a society that idolizes automobiles? How to have a thermally comfortable and dark room, two conditions for quality of sleep,

when the construction industry seeks for the greatest possible profit with the reduction of the quality of the houses? How to have time to sleep in cities that pride themselves for never stopping, where there is always some light on? By the way, "sustainability" word very warned out, perhaps never understood truly, turned into something that you can find even in the labels of Coca.Cola. It is almost a jargon to fill pages of academic essays. It became a weekly newspaper topic, as the matches of the national football championship. The continuous and criminal overthrow of the Amazon Forest and the horoscope of the day gained the same relevance.

How to talk about sustainability seriously without talking about the body? And do you want something more bodily than the act of being tired and sleepy? No matter

Photo //
Lúcio Canabarro



how sophisticated our lives are, however is the amount of technological gadgets we deal with from early morning until the end of the day, cell phone, computer, TV remote control, washing machine, etc. no matter how much all that surround us at first sight isn't a kind of barrier, looking like designed for eternal comfort, it often just helps us to forget that we are body. Everyone needs to sleep. And this connects us to something that our so-called civilized world strives daily to make us forget, as animals,

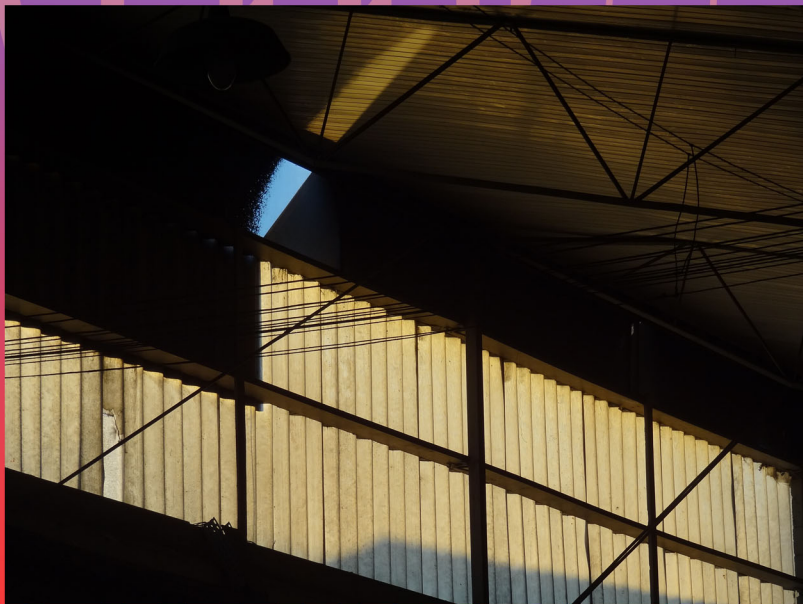
we are body and body is permeable and shaped in a constant environmental interaction. Feeling sleepy, and sleeping makes us remember our connection with the Earth, with others, with our ancestors. It is not surprising that poor or little sleep is characteristic of our time. Sleeping is linked to health but it is very rare to hear this link, unlike other aspects related to life quality, such as food, exercise, etc. sleeping is more difficult to be captured by the market logic. In this reality that founds itself in the sixth mass extinction on

history of the planet, in which ancient tropical forests are being cut down for palm plantations so we can have ice cream and soap, disrespecting and disqualifying the importance of sleep is expected. Disrespecting sleep violates a vital process, it is one of the multiple facets of disrespecting life.

I worked for four and a half years on the night shift, in a transport logistics company. Dozens of people from this company worked in a shift that started at two in the morning, working over night until ten thirty in the morning of the following day. It was just one shift, on a production and delivery line that operated 24 hours a day, six days a week. All this counter intuitive effort, so that clients could have their Chinese sneakers on the

shortest possible time. The UN estimates that $\frac{1}{3}$ of the world's working population works at night. And even though, in Brazil, where I live, the night shift is better paid, money does not guarantee sleeping time. Being sleepy for the whole week during the day, since sleeping during the day does not equals the quality of night sleep, has been my reality for all this time. There are many things to be rescued. You have to protest. Sleeping well, claiming this can be a way of start.

Photo //
Lúcio Canabarro





Varinia Canto Vil
mre **Vass & Tamara** Zsófia V
Lia **Haraki**

VERONICA GANTO VII

August, 25th 2020

**165 days of
Covid-19
confinement
in Santiago
de Chile
this is 5
months
this is 5
month of not
going out**

**this is 5 months of not having
social life with more than 1
person**

During the first 3 months I saw
my mother and sister that live
together near by me, but since I
see my girlfriend again I don't
see them anymore. I see my
girlfriend from time to time, and
to be able to see my mother, I do
15 days of self-isolation so that I
am sure I can lunch with her and
give her a hug, but since it's hard
to not see my girlfriend for 15
days, I haven't being able to keep
up with this for more than one
time. Doing all this effort to see
my mother makes sense for
someone like me that came back

to Chile after 24 years of living abroad. I am 44 years now, no kids, no family behind me and with lovely parents that approach death....i feel I want to spend time with them as much as my life allows it.

But 5 months of confinement is just very crazy. By times I lose my mind, other times I praise my own sanity and strength. Five months of confinement is like an intense training of solitude. I have been attempted to read about life experiences in prison or in submarines but for the first I felt sort of morbid, my lack of freedom is forced, yes, but it is everyone's and so there is a sort of consolation in that thought, apart from the fact that I haven't done any crime than to exist. Submarine stories I didn't end up reading, even if most of the time I feel like I live under the water. So somehow now there is only one thing I want: to have Covid so that I become immune. But I am not sure in fact, as it might be dangerous because I smoke. How could I not smoke in these conditions? My friend's alcoholism is becoming worrisome. She loves doing whatsapp video calls, especially late at night when her speech is almost not understandable. Any day of the week...in fact, 165 days of lock down is like an ever ending Sunday. With lots of effort I have managed to keep my tobacco intake to 2 thin rolling cigarettes per day: one after lunch, and the other after dinner.

We worry for my sister, her advanced bi-polar condition could get worse with no physical contact with her friends and students. But she says she is fine, she does a lot of reading on the computer, starts at 10 am and turns it off at 10 pm.

Two weeks ago the government declared that we are in step nr 2 of deconfinement, which means that we don't need to have an official permit to go out. That came after 4 months of confinement, and until now, neither my mother nor my sister and I go out to have a walk. Our bodies have become accustomed to sit and wander around in the house.

The economic crisis is catastrophic in countries like Chile

Other kinds of informal economies have appeared. People that lost their jobs are now "reinventing themselves" - as we call it here - changing from restaurants to delivering food so that people don't go out, which means i haven't gone out much, even for grocery shopping.

There is the fish man, there is the vegetables and fruit man, there is the nuts man, there is the avocado man. Of course man means also woman....

To this day, at least twice a day someone rings the bell selling something or asking for food or money. Once a young boy offered to broom the autumn leaves on the pavement, another day a young woman was selling socks. This scenario didn't exist 4 months ago.

I have a cheap life, I don't pay rent because I live at my father's place - he escaped to the sea side where he lives alone and lets his beard grow. I spend little. I live from a cheap sublet. I eat what I would spend in public transport. I don't buy clothes, but soon I will need a new pajama as it is the only thing I have worn for 5 months.

I try to still think of dance, but it's true that apart from some stretching I am not dancing a lot. I write applications, as if a future of anything could be secured. It's fine, I have been writing about what my work is about, as if my work exists after 5 months sitting on the same chaire under the same ceiling.

I am fine, in fact I am impressed how fine I am. I am worried for us all, for the country, for Lainoamerica and for the whole world. But I am fine here in my father's house.

During the first 2 months of quarantine I used to think of it as a war but without bombs. Not out of what the French president said, but as a way to tell myself that it was serious and that it is what my generation happens to live. Now that image has been replaced by a life in a calm and boring town. Of course I am privileged as I live in a residential neighbourhood. If I would be living in a small apartment or in a shanty town, I would be doing really differently than now....

**i can't complain and I don't, I really don't,
and if I write about this is because that's
what my life has been for these last
months. It is hard to write about
something else when your days have been
so similar, when walking on the streets,
taking public transport, seeing anonymous
faces and all that has ceased to exist...**

**When the public space doesn't exist
anymore, when the outside doesn't exist
anymore, your thoughts shrink, your
creativity lowers, your imaginations turn
in circles and your stories become only
what the present tell you.**

**And because I want to be
positive, I believe some kind
of transformation is hap-
pening inside me, a more
substantial one than the one
one thinks will happen by
plane to a far away destina-
tion for a month.**

INBRE & TANARA
VASS & ZORFA
VASS

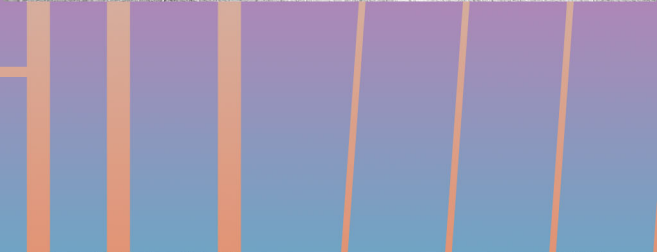
The line from Holy Mountain still echoes in me: You are excrement, you can change yourself into gold. Go out! Experience! Digest and deal with the shit!

Look inwards and understand your own nature!

The outer shit and the inner shit are not different. There is only one real shit! Not two.

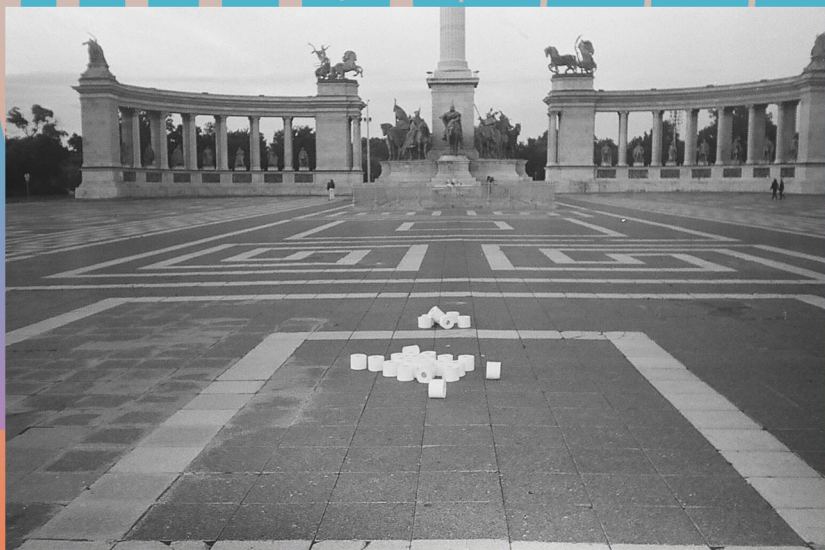


ST
SH
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But sometimes it also feels that things are in their right place

still wherever I look I see shit

Where we stand

in grave danger.

In thirst for reflection

I take care of my own shit,

waitng for the green light.

The Rediscovery of an existing technique to advance

where we can take rest.

This Place is a mess,

bathing in freshness.

Warm sensations at the crown of the head,

clear direction

in the garden of possibilities.





W A H A R A K I

May 22, 2020

**The work
of art
rather
than the
art work
makes
art
necessary**

During the close down of Covid – 19 there was a statement on social media as part of a general reaction towards artists not being supported enough that got me thinking about art, its role and its value. The statement was :

“If you think artists are useless try spending your quarantine without music, books, poems, movies and paintings.”

I tried hard to understand why these words bothered me. Was it the fact that I found it sad that there was a need for artists to prove their self-worth? Was it that art was appearing as an entertainment tool? Was it that I as a performing artist found no space in those products and felt left out?

The mad era of consumption has turned humans to think of the concept of value in general as something measurable in numbers, or in amounts of material things or in a series of achievements prioritizing quantity as a primary criteria for success and the element of competition as its driving force. Art is not necessary or worth existing or essential only because of its numerous outcomes and it should not be appreciated for that alone. The statement im referring to tried to justify art's existence by emphasizing its material forms, skipping the fact that art is mostly everything that comes before the end product (the product actually being only a part of its function), as well as that which comes after (its impact), and therefore value should be given to

Art as a process

The creative process of art making is a process of creating worlds parallel to the one we live, a process of inventing other realities, a process where the immaterial becomes grounded and shaped and reformed in order to inform the world in new ways. Art is the process that helped the shaping of ideologies and contributed in the formation of civilizations while working towards creating amazing architecture and sculptures and symphonies and dances. It helped construct cultures and inspired philosophical ideas by its critique on society on its way towards creation, and it was hardly ever an easy journey neither for the ones making it nor for the ones experiencing it, and so

Art is not entertainment.

The jester of the king comes to mind when I think of the term entertainment. An action providing amusement or enjoyment and that is precisely what art is not. It is something much less accurate and not as precise in its aim. It is that which can challenge our perceptions, our ethics, our ideas and philosophies about life and disturb our notions of beauty. It is that that can move and remove our comfortably set ways in order to make us rethink of our role in society, of making us aware of our privileges or exclusions of our inhibitions and prohibitions, of our political ideas and their vital importance. It does not aim at amusement via methods of emotional manipulation but rather serves its intention each time regardless of its effect. Art is a wake up call from a deep sleep of ignorance and apathy into starting to think about ways of putting our existence in good use, and it is a concept that belongs to all since

Art is not the art industry

Art has come to be valued through the art industry but this does not mean that it exists only in that frame or that it can only be practiced by professionals. One of my favorite thoughts is that all humans are producers of artworks and they do it every day. The only thing they need to do is to turn around and have a pick at the color, the shape and the texture of their bowel movement. Extraordinary sculptures many of the times! Art is the ability to create while being conscious and aware of the act of creation, turning concept into form and every human can do it. Whether it's the art of making a cake, or the art of telling a story or the art of making love, or the art of surviving. The opposite to that would be creation without consciousness which is what I would define as bad art or in other words life without love (not necessarily love towards another human).

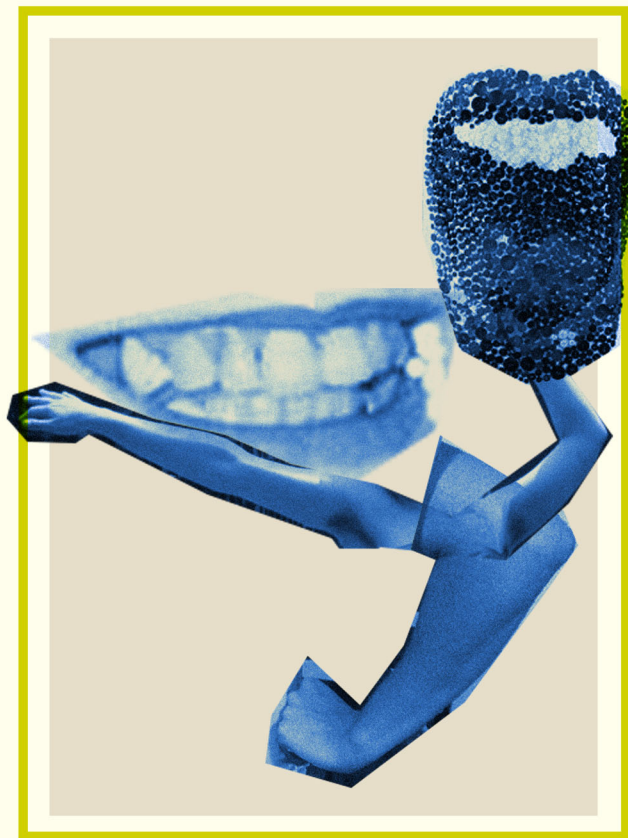
Art in the post pandemic era.

Now with humanity taking a huge pause due to the pandemic it is a great opportunity to rethink of our choices that shaped the world and start co-creating it again into a world we would like to be living in. Art can play a vital role in helping this reshaping as it can penetrate deeply into social structures and situations by creating experiences and providing services that can trigger new ways of thinking about humans' relationship to other living creatures and the world.

The artists as people who dare be innovative, groundbreaking and brave can question, open and challenge through their several mediums, the inequalities and violence and unfairness which is evident in so many sections of life.

Art can regain its place in society not as a special luxury (limited only for the few that can afford it) but rather as an essential part of the norm. As a function that keeps us on our feet not to get too comfortable, connects us to our hearts not to avoid feeling with and for others, and awakens our minds so we take responsibility of our actions which shape the world.

And that is why the work art does is not just necessary but deeply fundamental!



OSK

Tomaz Simatovic
Meszerics András
Luciana Paludo

TONAL SOLIDARITY

Performing solidarity?!

We live in times when a common citizen is very often asked to participate in the act of solidarity. We are often asked to express solidarity in support of people in need, to make a donation, or sign a petition, and help resisting oppressions of political, economic and social nature. Solidarity is an awareness of shared causes amongst humans creating a psychological sense of unity of groups or classes. It refers to the ties in a society that bind people together as one. “While solidarity can be expressed from afar, it can only be practiced in person. The readiness to endanger one’s comfort and safety in/for the collective struggle translates into more than a click of a computer mouse in support of a belief or cause” (Von Kotze & Walters, Forging Solidarity, Popular Education at Work, 2017).

As species we have embodied fear towards our own kind. The most of the civilised world became accustomed to worship power of oppression through supporting tyranny, racism, discrimination, bigotry, chauvinism, fascism, and supremacy. We began to worship the power money has over our lives, and we abandoned trust in most of our leaders. We were brought to believe that we cannot trust one another when survival is in question. We learned that we must protect ourselves from ourselves, as if we are to live in an animal environment, and not human. We have abandoned the notion that we need to build trust in ourselves as people first, not to necessarily protect each other but to trust our civilised selves that we will be there for and with each other in times of need. The anthropologist Margaret Mead was once asked what does she regard as the first sign of civilization in a culture. Mead replied that "the first sign of civilization in an ancient culture was a thighbone that had been broken and then healed." She then explained that "in the animal kingdom, if you break your leg, you die. You cannot run from danger, get to the river for a drink or hunt for food. You are meat for prowling beasts. No animal survives a broken leg long enough for the bone to heal. A broken femur that has healed is evidence that someone has taken time to stay with the one who fell, has bound up the wound, has carried the person to safety and has tended the person through recovery. Helping someone else through difficulty is where civilization starts." (Ira Byock, *The Best Care Possible: A Physician's Quest to Transform Care Through the End of Life*, 2012)

In 2015 I began to conceptualise a performance project "The Way You Touched Me Tonight". Inspired by the idea of gathering I aimed to create a space for experiencing donation and a space for practicing solidarity in the frame of performance. With the performance I wanted to pay a tribute to the victims of the architectural incident of Rana Plaza (Bangladesh, 2013), in which 4000 garment factory workers, mainly women and children, remained trapped under the rubble of the collapsed building. At that time I wasn't quite sure where to begin, so I began to create this space through a

performance format known to me - performance on stage. I imagined a performance project as a space that is created to collect donations, for instance used clothes, while the performance as a form of ritual that deals with the theme of exploitation of labour led by greed and consumerism. The example that led me to this theme was the aforementioned architectural incident of Rana Plaza.

The audience was asked to bring clothes that they would like to donate for humanitarian aid and artistic research. Yet, it wasn't charity that I was interested in but creating room for the experience of cooperation, empathy, and develop a sense for a collective action in a participatory setting. Initially I aimed to collect clothes as humanitarian aid for the third world countries, such as Bangladesh, yet I was somewhat suggested to think otherwise. During the project we were collaborating with Sudwind, an Austrian non-governmental organisation engaged in the dissemination of awareness about the non-ecological and excessive production in the fashion industry, amongst other related topics. It was through their consultation that we learned that charity work, which disseminates second hand clothes coming from the western world in support of poverty in an underdeveloped country, is rather harmful for their economy then constructive as we in the privileged world are brought to think. The problem of this charitable solidarities is that by always helping we take away the chance for the underdeveloped countries to rebuild their economies by their own, and through the resources they already have.

I was interested in how does the spectator feel when he/she donates a belonging for the purpose of the development of a performance project, while watching their former belongings being used to activate the ritual. Donations were not mandatory but rather considered as a voluntary gesture of participation. One of the most challenging aspects of this performance concept has been the realisation that if no donations come in there is also no material to perform the ritual with. In other words the performance as a live act doesn't develop.

Despite this 'danger' we managed, and half-emptied our own closets first in order to be able to have enough materials to practice with.

The performance of "The Way You Touched Me Tonight" didn't conclude with a clear end. While a few audience members came on stage voluntarily to help the performers, two activists from Sudwind were given room to step on stage and in form of an activist intervention address the audience directly. As the two representatives stepped on stage they shifted the story from representation and aesthetics into the reality of the Clean Clothes Campaign, asking the audience to sign the petition in support of the cause.

"The Way You Touched Me Tonight" dealt with the problem charitable solidarity brings, the reasons behind the Rana Plaza collapse that began to shed more light on the capitalism, exploitation of labour, human rights violations, and scrutinising of human dignities in failing of protecting the lives of workers before the collapse when signs of the danger were already disclosed by a TV report; the collapse of Rana Plaza began to resonate differently in my eyes. Instead of dwelling in the contorted reality that the incident unravelled to me as a performance researcher, for which I thought to be so convoluted that I didn't have neither the power nor time to translate that into a performance in a way that I could strongly stand behind it as an artist, I found stronger inspiration to work with the chapter of Rana Plaza after learning about the rescue mission that followed the collapse. It is in this long lasting rescue mission that I found true solidarity.



The Rana Plaza rescue lasted for 30 days in which at about 300 Bangladeshi men had volunteered and saved around 3000 lives. The act of rescue, and the aspect of civilian participation has fuelled the research for new performance concepts and formats for audience integration and participation through the years to come, in form of a trilogy. Inspired by the rescue mission I became highly interested in exploring the link between the notion of civilian participation and intervention in context of crisis and rescue mission and the notion of voluntary audience participation in performance.

What inspired me the most to work on this relationship was one of the photographs taken of the site of the rescue that I found on-line. The photograph represents the site of the collapsed building and a rescue mission that is taking place while a crowd has gathered around the site.

The pictures of the Bangladeshi photographer Hassan SK Ali that capture civilians helping carrying hurt bodies has touched me on such a deep level that I continued to work with these images for years to come. In one way or the other I began to translate the reality of this rescue mission into performances, researching on the aesthetic and formats, on bodies in crisis, in order to bridge the concept of civilian participation and intervention in context of crisis and rescue mission with the concept of voluntary audience participation in performance, as a performance art and performance practice.

In the case of Rana Plaza human cooperation in the rescue of victims was a heroic act of solidarity. Two years after "The Way You Touched Me Tonight", and in the context of the EU immigration crisis, solidarity became politically and legally subverted from the act of humanitarian heroism into an act of crime. Many activists and civilians who assisted NGOs during rescue missions of migrants at the Mediterranean Sea faced legal prosecution. In the attempt to stop the flood of immigrants into EU, and while weaving the argument that NGOs are rather trafficking humans illegally to the shores of EU and not safeguarding drowning migrants, activist and civilian solidarity became prohibited by law, while the activists and civilians publicly intimidated, legally prosecuted and even imprisoned.

It was then that my research in performing solidarity took the name of The Performing Solidarity Project (PSP). Still inspired by the Rana Plaza rescue mission the PSP began to take shape as an ongoing performance art project whose core intention has been to promote solidarity, especially in response to the criminalization and prohibitions of its practice in the real world. In other words, I wanted to, in

response to the actual prohibitions, create works of performance where spaces for solidarity can exist, sheltered by the conventions of performance art and its context. How to weave and thread solidarity back into our lives and help us remain civilised? How to stand or act in solidarity with solidarity itself?

PSP has since then sheltered works based on and inspired by activist and socio-political themes in support of fights against violations of human rights. The Project has been developing gradually as a conceptual and practical research on performing solidarity with the oppressed and through art engage in dissemination of a solidary spirit. The works of PSP have been developing in collaboration with multidisciplinary artists over several years (Mirjam Klebel, Nayana Keshava Bhat, Bandi Meszercs, and Claudia Heu), in collaboration with INFLUX Salzburg, Im_Flieger Vienna, Toihaus Theater; and supported by SZENE Salzburg and ARGEkultur. In this framework we have created experimental works of participatory and interactive nature. We aimed to integrate the audience to experience solidarity through voluntary cooperation and participation. The PSP has focused on performance projects as spaces to practice solidarity outside of the context of crisis. The goal of PSP has been to create spaces for empathy in performance that would allow the audience to perceive solidarity and participation through imagination as well as through body. Works have been often conceived as spaces for socio-political awareness, and somatic contemplation. Ultimately the PSP stands against the prohibition of solidarity and acts in support of the rights to act out of compassion, solidarity and humanitarian will. Not only the injured, the weak, the hungry or those in search of a new home should be treated with dignity but also those who act in defence of the injured, the weak, the hungry and of those in search of a new home should be under any circumstances legally punished. Everyone has the right to be assisted in times of need, and those who offer assistance and deal with the dramatic reality of others supportively and actively should never be fined, publicly intimidated, or locked in prison for defending human dignity and rights.

Criminalisation of solidarity and human rights defenders have not been a new phenomena. The figure of the political prisoner is a perpetual presence in an oppressive, tyrannical and corrupt political regime where democracy, freedom of speech, movement and human expression are considered a threat to the government, whose intention is to remove the political activist from the public view and create some kind of an amnesia from political resistance, in the body of the activist but also in the society. Prisoners are held captive in isolation, in cells that are all white, in which the prisoner is the spectator of their own misery, drama, and loss of dignity. Being held captive in the presence of constant light, while eating food that is all white, such tortures of psychological nature are well constructed methods to erase the identity of the activist and make them forget their activistic intentions, by driving the prisoners crazy in self-doubt, loneliness, as they are drowning in mental confusion. White torture is considered to be a clean torture, in a sterile environment, and in the absence of sensory stimulations. The silence and whiteness of the space cause the prisoner to listen to own body, and voice which is on a constant basis cruel, and impossible to live with. The reference to clean is also due to the fact that it leaves no physical evidence.

Since the last few years, together with my collaborator Bandi Meszerics, and with occasional cooperation with Claudia Heu, we have been developing a physical practice inspired by the idea of a crumpled body, and a participatory performance format, mixing performance and workshop conventions. The goal of this work is to develop a form of performative workshop on bodyspeaking, a performance workshop on human care and the body in crisis, with the focus on building an empathic relationship with the performing body, practicing sensitivity, empathy and somatic awareness through watching, listening and doing. In the frame of this work we are mainly working with a laying body in horizontal positions. Our intention is to bring the audience down to the ground, and be with the performing body on the same level, feel closer to the laying body and begin empathising and feeling it kinaesthetically. We think of it as a form of somatic activism through which solidarity may begin to perform.

MRS BERRY
AND
AS

Suggestion

**Let me see you
go for a little while
before the rest
question how you were**

**How many passing trees
does it take
to see the world?**

**How many hills
need burst
to feel its rhythm.**

To get a sense of the stakes

**that land
this wish**

**I shave for
the return of summer**

its warming hands

warm damp green muck

**ancient healer
of small daffodil
trees and dusty fairies**

scatter

**nearing one winter tree that browns to guard east
every step**

**sinking pebbles
cracking cement
car honk Saturday slows
sustained chords
of an old war
siren
to sunflowers' witness
and the sighing mowed grass
all fade right,**

**then left
and we
turn ahead
to the
alley of
stone dogs
where two
crows
cry above
the city-lone
trees of nature
“but it’s ours
but it’s us”
claims within
the crackling arch
the stillborn yellow
of such
season.**

Get It

Not this room-an optional
mess, so loved,
this room. Parks
horizontal. My heart gets
included. There's this
whole globe,
curvatures calm,
the wood in
the human dreaming,
possibly silent
sigh, taint me, take me,
sepia
emptiness,
somehow cafe
somewhere
with someone else
and we
take up space.
House of my here being.
The only light
looking at me.

Talk to me.
Who are you?

Talk to me.

Why not be good..

If the
weather is
dumb,
tears burst
from
temperature;
it's the
dance finding
a way
out.

And the trees
I see landing,
arriving from a
dream,
in this world
birds fly
inside the
rain:
“why not
be wet?”
it's the nature
of things
I'm good at.

**It's not to need
a voiceless space
wherein the gods
yearn. Never
leash a thought.
The alcohol can
avoid becoming a
place to grow old
from.**

**God knows I'm
too young to not
fear
that whole
distance,
a lost hat
and putting down
the last glass,
of a time
passed into
recognition.
Same colors to
dare be seen.
'Perhaps',
perhaps.
Word of blended
distortions.**

For The Man In My Name

**I am a prisoner to no one. No mistakes. No Gods.
No wronged tries. The bearing is this to be
realised. We don't have much time left,
conceivable of use lent to us.**

**I am a gentle resemblance of fermenting new
worlds and the undiscovered fossil minds that will
bridge the gap, re-trigger early losses, dawning
thoughts, prehistoric songs of truth they engraved
into dances, never written down; we will.**

**Find at last,
Ourselves back in your caves,
your dreams, then,
we'll wake them up.
Complete the cycle.
Let me do this right.**

Garden Blues

**Streams go a long way
where flowers won't
there must be a way
to sweeten
their failures.**

His Bed

I trace my days
along the light switches
and the windows
should stay open
or closed
tilted this way
I don't need much
I sleep with a cactus
my steps feel vulgar
just now
when I just think of them
I stop seeing
space
so I keep it all dark
close my eyes
a little more
here and endlessly
like the rain and the clouds
I live with
the unknowing within
my wishes go far
and far more.

Inevitably, Poetry

**Is to exist
on the brink
of nothing**

**a witness to
the dance of a
losing moment**

**and befriending demise
for death is all that
remains
when a hummingbird
is caught**

midair,

**hoping for the best
in an attempted murder**

**the specific taste
of being born unfurls**

**fossils its passion
unencumbered flower
escaping these words
that fall short in the chase**

**that keep loosing you
looking at a plant
that died
from watering.**

The act of dancing in a word game

In 2015 I wrote an article called “Uma dança-poema”(A dance-poem¹). The article began as follows:

¹Text published in the book *Escritos da Dança 1*, reference: *Olhares da Dança in Porto Alegre*. Organization Airton Tomazzoni, Mônica Dantas, Wagner Ferraz. - Porto Alegre: Canto - Cultura e Arte, 2016. p. 144-151.

A dance-poem

If words does help us to dance?
Well, look ...
Words are pure movement!
Words are living animals that run through veins,
arteries.

What else can help the dance?
To know about the body!

To know the body?

Yes, if I know the body, I can address it.
So, I also see myself in my imagination ...
I see myself hovering, floating ... I imagine the
dance!
I turn myself back and forth, crossing streets on
long diagonals.
I see the city in a flyby.

But, gasp! I know well the weight of the body.
I know that to bring it into space,
The way I imagined
It's needed...

It is necessary to invent:
A reason
A way of making oneself body
of becoming dance
A way of allowing to be sensitive and, after all
that,
To melt.

To melt?
Yes, melt.
To have the sensation of melting, of pouring out.
It is like expanding oneself into space.
Then we melt and soon after we evaporate!
Becoming ether.
It reaches people's skin
And it gives goosebumps.

After we become ether, from this whole process,
the matter gets organized again,
Do not worry!
It's just a matter of time - and how much you've
expanded and spread.
And it's almost the same time it takes to put
everything back together and,

Uma dança-poema

Se as palavras ajudam a gente dançar?
Ora, vejamos...
Palavras são puro movimento!
Palavras são bichos vivos que percorrem as
veias, as artérias.

O que mais pode ajudar a dançar?
Saber do corpo!

Saber do corpo?

Sim, se sei do corpo, posso me dirigir.
Então, me vejo também na imaginação...
Me vejo flinando, flutuando... Imagino a
dança!
Me viro de lá para cá, atravesso ruas em longas
diagonais.
Vejo a cidade num sobrevo.

Mas, pasmé! Sei bem o peso do corpo.
Sei que, para trazê-lo ao espaço,
Do jeito que imaginei
É preciso...

É preciso inventar:
Um motivo
Um modo de se fazer corpo
De se tornar dança
Um jeito de se deixar sensível e, depois disso
tudo,
Derreter.

Derreter?
Sim, derreter.
Ter a sensação de derreter, de se derramar.
É como se expandir no espaço.
Aí a gente derrete e, logo em seguida, evapora!
Vira éter.
Chega à pele das pessoas
E dá arrepio.

Depois que a gente vira éter, desse processo todo,
a matéria se organiza de novo,
Não se preocupe!
É só uma questão de tempo - e do quanto você
expandiu e se espalhou.
E é quase o mesmo tempo que se leva para
aglomerar tudo de novo e,

Again to be.

But, I'll tell you a secret:

**Whenever it agglomerates, it forms itself a little
different - the body.**

So, do you mean that de-forms?

Somehow.

Yes.

But then, what do we do with a body like that?

Spread it again! And Again. And imagine.

Did you Imagine?

De novo ser.

**Mas, vou contar um segredo:
Sempre que aglomera, forma um pouquinho
diferente - o corpo.**

Então, quer dizer que de-forma?

De certa forma.

Sim.

Mas, e aí, o que fazemos com um corpo assim?

Espalha de novo! Outra vez. E imagina.

Imaginou?

Continuation of the dance-poem

The image below is part of the dance-poem; it is a photo by Antonio Carlos Cardoso ². Where he caught one of those moments when I became ether. But, as I said, after the spill and the evaporation, we put the parts together ... Agglomerate and (self) form in another way (s).

Photo Antonio Carlos Cardoso //
Luciana Paludo, evaporating, in
"Um corpo bem de perto" (A body up close)

I don't want to explain the poem here, I just want to tell of my taste for symbolize what I feel, when I dance, in words. The joy of experiencing certain sensations and, in the act of dancing, to think that I can invite other people to flank, too, along with me, through space-time. The imagination, the synesthesia, the shared breath, all of this is done between [between those who dance and those who watch a dance]. Whoever dances makes an invitation.



²Dancer and choreographer from Rio Grande do Sul. He was director of the Ballet of the City of São Paulo, from the Ballet Castro Alves. He has dedicated himself to dance photography for a long time

When I write, the dance is done in a more subtle way: the images of the words run through my musculature, when I write - I believe that something similar occurs in the body of those who read the text. It is possible to move, in thought; it is possible to thrill the skin. It is possible to rebuild a dance sensation by writing and reading danced poems. Well, that is the proposal, the game. And in this game, the imagination is allied with the task. I simply wish that all people could experience a little of this dance [soft, fluid, careful, porous and generous]. So, the invitation is to recite the poem, dance the words and spread the body, melt a little; evaporate, make it rain / being!

Luciana Paludo is a dancer, choreographer and researcher (Brazilian); director of the Mímese cia de dança-coisa (Mimese group of dance-thing), since 2002. She has worked in several undergraduate Dance courses in RS (Brazil southern state). Since 2011 she is a professor at the Dance Course at UFRGS. And, since 1999, composes and interprets her solos; she also works in collaboration with other artists - which makes perfect sense for her art.



Alexis Bory
Peter Pleyer
Stephanie Maher
Ludger Storcks
Delia Chenrel

ALLEN
BOBYS

re-
Mem
bering

performance photographs HaWa











**dance is
from the
body. we
begin with
the body was
the slogan
on a flyer of
the moving
on center of
carol swann.
i cherish
that flyer.**

we begin with the body.
subverting the old hierarchies of
mind over body with love.

as a contact improviser i fall in
love with the floor, with the
support and lightness i receive
from the floor as i am letting my
weight fall into and through the
floor. as a biped human i delight
in the expanding flexibility of the
arches of my feet to kiss the floor
and draw energy from the earth
to the gut, heart and head. as a
contra-lateral mammal i enjoy
being in the world through my
ability to spiral and twist,
connecting my eyes to my spine
to my feet, my heart to my hands,
possibilities of seeing 360°
through twisting.

**through my roundness i enjoy rocking - and
rolling -
and being rolled by the waves of the ocean
like anna halprin.**

**connecting myself with others through
breath and my senses, especially touch,
makes me a political animal. finding myself -
inside me and outside me at once - seeing
others and connecting with others.**

**two and more directions at the same time.
there is a new gesture i am making to
illustrate that:
i am circling my open hands around each
other, making a fist like grabbing something
and pulling them apart in different
directions at once.**

**„the skin operates in all directions at once“
steve paxton says in the „chute“-video.**

**how does this relate to my artistic practice?
in the communication with my audience.
dance as a life performing form with a body
to bodies communication.
fullness in the bodily expression.
giving space to let the natural complexities
appear, be seen and experienced.**

**over time deepening takes place, the history
expands all the way into the future.
by dancing last year with the elders sara
shelton man, kirstie simpson, robert stijn,
eva karczag - my body taps into the river of
past experiences and starts to understand
the history of the future.**

STEPHAN
VAHR

**You have dreams of murdering
your mother this is when the
spinning starts you know it is not
your mother but our collective
home the utopic tipping earth
mother- our old female shield
that we wore, that we wear it is
time to crash -to start we topple
to the floor in a rough bundle of
flesh and dance in the blue sky
blue windows that you have
pushed your fist through- these
shards of glass start to dance for
us, cutting old mother away**

Scene 1

sitting at her mirror
hair brushed -long black and thick-
shining hair twines around her
forehead
she tries to wack it away
it swallows her mouth
her teeth get extracted one by one by
black hairs
her nostrils are covered.
She chokes,
she screams
she is eaten by her hair

Scene 2

wake. Moon. Sun. wake.moon. Sun.
wake.
nighttime eyes colored blue perfect
lady paint.
Carving begins
blood forms around her eyes, her
cheeks get hollowed out, scraped out
with shiny jumping knives, blades
cut, scar, fleshy parts fall off
old blue mingles in the deep watery
blue of mommy

Scene 3

more crashing glass
another shiney cutting look
she is there transparent
the **glitter of wigs**, blue hair, red
hair, hairs of green.
We dream Earth Brown flooding and
running us
The plants devour our skin
we are growing ancient horns.

we inhale the plant of dreams
it carries us away, we kill
this is a good murder today

Scene 4

mold creeps around her
old girl you are being swallowed for
us holes are getting darker more in
love reaping watery smells.
**Her holes have never been
empty
whores fertilize
fill how they want. they reimburse
desire
we are swimming with tiny turtles,
insects
we are all pregnant
fantasies of impregnation
Another vessel to fill
the colors are getting really juicy
more juicy**

Scene 5

today we slipped, tilted, tipped into
the sun zone Today is yellow
the bees are humming on the top of
the sun a matrix of fucking & buzzing
shapes . Another vessel to fill
the colors are getting really juicy
more juicy
We are a communal hexagonal. We
are cracking her open.
Yellow starts to invade us A huge
breath of light explodes around us
a threshold splitting our holes our
orifices

we get carved
yes we cut again
plants are merging human time
yellow petals of sunflowers are
smeared into our sex thighs.
Wounds, wax, yellow scaring around
our collective female
the fat saves us
more fat more fat and more fat
we are fatted out
smoothed out
sunshined out
another good murder

scene 32

blue dressed child runs along
up and down
the mirrors keep spinning and
cutting the old songs away.
Cuts us to the heart.
More Mirrors start to crash.
windows crash. Glass. Crash.
all is spun with a whirl by her
tiny blue hands.

Scene 58

OUR Earth she is not our female to
be passed down and torn away
anymore
the earth covers our heads
we could be plants with dangling
sexes just for today
we could hold an empty rooted space.
She is so done Done Done.
We live the wrath of her production

So Today my dear Mrs. Earth- I
Smash your face with a rock.
smash all of our temporary timeless
earth faces of mothers
we are female rocks
a stone coffin covers us
an urban sprawl surrounds us
swords run thru the coffin
extinction slams us down
we could be a sexless genderless
transmuting good fortune
Upside down heads
our Dangling Sex is open
animal bodies are better
they are good
tall hairs cover our bodies
we live in furry dimensions-

Scene 99

delicious whores enter
smells and yells and turmoils and
made up she devils the Earth is
spinning sideways
small tickles of green mugwort
what a dream
what are colors?
What is round?
purple crowned princess
a cock the size of Montana cowboy
boots
rumping thumping giggling and wild
heart horses are a screaming -
covering our mother land with soft
tiny seed bombs little baby flowers
petals give us space.
petals give us space.



**petals give us space.
petals give us space.**

**Mom, I see your face at the mirror
again and we are stranded there, then
boom we are
holding hands, we walk winded into
the fields...poppies exploded -more
petals this time light little red petals
that float on any wind
new baby people with hearts that
float.**

**Scene 99(with an
american cowboy accent!)**

**the last frontier
the pioneer conversation
how are you today mam?
another tractor appears
yellowed and rusted
some workers those dirty pants
those overalls that stand up stiff
they walk by themselves
this stuff is smelly
HIS hand shake, wheat breath
something spills wet in front of the
hot smokey tires.
OUR Stupidity spills and a lot of it**

**Are we here to murder today?
Lets talk about who owns this land
mam ?
What do you think Mr. And misses
plant ?
we do not know each other
we know nothing
we are returning slowly
mirrors spin
petals give us space
have a good day sir.**

LUDGER STROZYS

Both photos were taken last October at Ponderosa (Stolzenhagen -DE) down at the old overgrown GDR greenhouse near the old sauna. I really like the lichen growing on decaying rubber band and fabric on the old heating pipes of the greenhouse. They had morphed and erected just after some rain. The second picture of the winding plant was taken only a few meters away near the ground of the greenhouse.



Photo //
Ludger Storcks - lustwik@hotmail.com

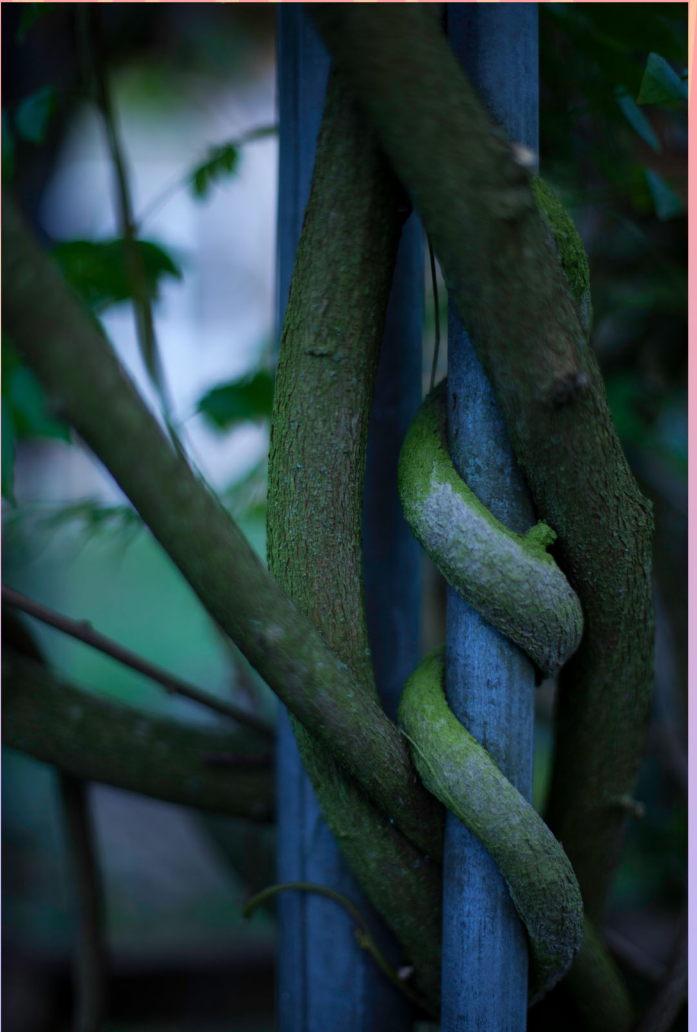


Photo //
Ludger Storcks - lustwik@hotmail.com

DELTA PHAZEN

Welcome friends, I offer my name as 'Delta' of the Arcturian Council of Elders. I wanted to share a message regarding the reality you are experiencing. First, I want to say thank you to the people at Care for letting me join again this month. It is great to be back with you at this fascinating time in this planet's history.

By Higher Transmission

This month we are discussing what it means to be here in on this earth in the now. Have you considered that living in the 'now' is the secret to immortality? Time is a construct and we are but ideas so if we are immersed in the eternal presence of the now, we never cease to be. I find that fascinating and it is something that I reflect on regularly as I observe the strife that befalls the planet and its peoples.

While it is important to consider that while you are beings with two feet planted on the earth, it is valid to remember that you are also

multidimensional fragments of an infinite source expressing itself through many aspects. Each person and life are but another iteration, calibration, frequency or dare I say, transmission.

At present we are concerned with the state of affairs on planet earth, the environment has been neglected, natural resources misused, and renewable sources of prosperity overlooked as there is no profit. Interesting for a society that obsesses over their prophets when the present master or 'god' here is: profit. Isn't that strange? A world living lop-sided, imbalanced and askew from its truer nature.

While earth exists in what I call the 'sweet-spot' of the solar system that sustains life on the exterior of the planet (consider what I have just said for your meditations), the people of the planet are not at one with the planet. Journeying through the infinite expanse of space on this giant craft you call home but more preoccupied with defining yourselves by the differences you 'share'.

The colour of your skin, your chosen gender, your sexual identity, your political leanings, the language you speak it is misguided at best. If you want to step into your true power, you have to understand that humanity is but one voice albeit one with many accents. You have nothing to lose by celebrating and exploring your commonalities, you have everything to gain and as it stands there is plenty to explore.

Humanity and the Earth need unity to transcend the present experience. It is advisable to consider that there is no good or bad, there only 'is'. Within this all things fall into a spectrum. This is the first step towards living above and beyond what people so readily deem 'the matrix'. Which really describes the lifestyle that separates humanity from its nature and environment. I am not advocating shunning technology but integrating it holistically rather than allowing it to be in the driving seat.

Let me ask a question: If you are having a true human experience on this earth, in the body with feet in the soil, why are you not allowing yourselves to become fully connected with your

higher consciousness?

All share the potential for this realisation yet some deny themselves life in a higher reality. Why? Because people have forgotten how to have fun! They have forgotten how to express joy in the simplest of things. Consider a caterpillar crossing a leaf, isn't that a marvel of nature? What about a tall structure withstanding the elements? That is a marvel of construction. The devices you carry around that can connect you to anyone on this earth should you know the correct numerical combination. That is a marvel of imagination. Within all of this the sense of joy has been lost. It has been lost because people have decided to do things that are against the nature of the planet, its citizens, the animals and plants, all of which are supposed to be here sharing in this experience.

You do not have to enter into an altered state to appreciate the luminescent shades of green that exist in the forest each moment of the day, you only have to take the time to see, to look properly, to see beyond what is the peripheral construct that shapes your reality. When you are living 'at a glance' you miss the truth which is beauty in all things.

Please my friends do not fear, I wish to stimulate the notion among you that it is the most wonderful thing that you are here and able to celebrate in the earth during this time. Many are afraid and seeking answers where they will only find more frustration. This is not the answer. Consider what you prioritise, I am sure that many reading this publication will value what is 'gold' over plastic yet so many at present do not. They chase the ghost of a vacuous transient dream when all around them are the marvels of nature and human imagination.

It is no secret that things need to recalibrate for society to not just survive but thrive as time passes but what I ask is that you do not worry as you undertake the collective journey from ego to eco. Being within the systems of the earth not above them. Like I have said: this is an exciting time to be on the planet. Everything is shifting and it is those who see the future without

wishing to destroy the systems of the past, but through healing their influence are the ones who shall not only inherit the earth but guide its new course and lead society forward.

Those people are you my friends. Treat these pockets of cultural expression as a beacon, a signal fire lit for you to do something of your own. Remember magic exists in all things and the second coming that the tired and dusty are waiting for is the activation of the higher consciousness within you. All you have to do to connect with the higher aspects are:

- Be joyful (it is a state of being, choose it)
- Remember to play (do that which brings you joy as this is an immediate feedback loop)
- Engage in acts that lift up others
- Persevere in your own ideas, ambitions and inclinations if they do not come at a cost to others
- Understand that there are no polarities in this life, only perspectives
- All perspectives are refracted light from the same prism so observe the light before it hits the prism and there you will find your truths
- The only universal truth is there is no universal truth

- You are part of this earth and it is part of you, honour it as you are to honour yourself
- Everyone out there is your friend if you want them to be
- Express yourselves in deeds that spark joy and healing others
- Healing is as simple as transcending the moment
- Through all of this you will connect with that which is higher within you

Thank you kindly for allowing me to share these ideas with you.

Remember that the moment is eternal, the past and present only exist because your vessels are organic and have a lifespan. What inhabits those vessels is infinite and eternal, it is merely expressing itself as human for a while so leave this planet in a better state than you found it for those who are yet to come.

May the month ahead be fruitful in its experiences and enriching in your reflections.

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THE DELTA CHANNEL





*turn on,
tune in,
drop
dead*



Federico **Protto**

Jenna **Jalonen**

Máximo **Kerber** Canabarro

FEDERICO

PROFITO

IN TWO

ACTS.

ACT I.

we don't need no Anna Wintour to be as lucky to have great designer friends all over the globe and since a September Issue without fashion would not be a 'September Issue', CARE also offers a non-profit platform and support for these vibrant new designers with vibrant new visions! let's get them closer to ourselves, our bodies & skins:

lets get physical with CARE WHERE - THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

LILA&JOHN - Brussel based brand creating couture quality streetwear and in vibrant exchange with dancers and performers (Brussels, BE)

Ordained Hardware - extreme environmental changes result in the emergence of new species: re- and upcycled silicone bags and jewelry by Agnes Varnai (Vienna, AT)

Overall Office - eco-responsible fabrics, with an ethical approach and produced locally, sustainable craftsmanship brand with a twist (Prague, CZE)

CARE WHERE? THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

SANTI - Italian contemporary silk screen printed upcycled extravaganza created by the Santi Brothers Alessandro & Filippo! (Florence, IT/ Vienna, AT)

Unexpected Scarf - conceptual scarf brand (London, UK/ Brussels, BE)

VMT - fight for justice with Vaginal Mystery Tour by South Korean Artists Seyoung Yoon and Joon Yeon Park, who focus on problematics arising from everyday life. you can find for example a coloring book on STD's showing the lack of general sexual education among their products (Berlin, DE)

Martine á Poil - celebrating women's power & nakedness, embroidered onto a wide series of garments. Instagram @matineapoil image by Bianka Csenki @Blank4 (Budapest, HU)



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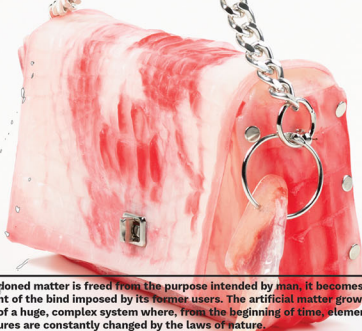
#strangeplace #luxbag #fashionaccessories #uncannyvalley
#hybridform #futurefashion #newskin #embrace #toalienate

ORDAINED HARDWARE

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ORDAINED HARDWARE

ORDAINED HARDWARE



Once abandoned matter is freed from the purpose intended by man, it becomes independent of the bind imposed by its former users. The artificial matter grows to be part of a huge, complex system where, from the beginning of time, elements and structures are constantly changed by the laws of nature.

FASHION ACCESSORIES
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ACT 2.

The (physical) body of this information you hold in front of you is data. This digital fanzine's body is saved somewhere on some driver in some technological cave somewhere in some snowy mountains, in someplace we will most likely never experience with our own senses. The digital age we are inhabiting now is an age of simultaneity, a thing can be in many places at the same time and go through transformations between the different states and conditions. With this in mind, I sat down to design the daily covers for our digital gathering fan zine CARE WHERE, 'The September Issue' – how meaty! Closer to our own meat & bones is the textile we wrap ourselves with an even closer is the thin layer of air, of sphere between the textile and our skins. Let's D-Tour around the tightrope walk on 'Inside vs Outside' of the body (thoughts, emotions, phantasies...), it is maybe not even that important, since the Age of Aquarius brings transition and even a new state of matter. Now, the digital world will take its legitimized position, not inside nor outside, but on its own side: The World Wide Web. The Internet with all its endless possibilities shapes a new challenging archive:

BODY
OF WORK -
OR THE
NEW ABBREVIATION
STATE

sourcing, deciding for and editing material is on a totally different level than 20 years ago. So when I start work digitally I try to give myself certain limitations. So no different than doing real-life collages, I used only a specific amount of imagery data already saved on my computer as if I was cutting out from print magazines laying around in my living room. This is a way to not only trigger my creative juices but also a linking of the new aggregation state 'digital' to the canon within my work. This is an attempt of understanding this body created.

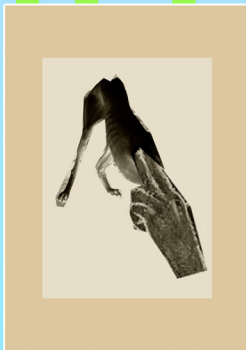
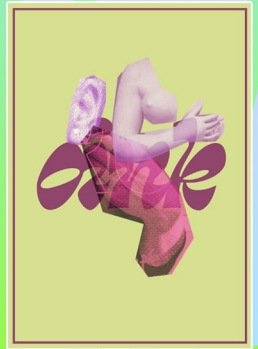
This Understanding of a 'body of work' confronted me with ambiguity. The artistic work could be so intertwined and harmonious that it functions as organic as a living body, an entity. I imagine a body of work to be something very coherent, forming a closed system, a system that is marked and appreciated by its borders. But a body of work is also a laboring one, an experienced one, a trained one, a drained one, a tired one, an exhausted one, an exploited one, a tortured one, a sustained one. In an age of transformation and, fluidity, of digital airiness, such body of work appears full of burden and extremely static.

My usual experience when meeting new people is that they are quite confused with where I am from. The answer – I come from different places and am usually in motion - seems rather hard to process for a Eurocentric mindset but also what and how I work appears atypical. My own personal transition from being a fashion designer "only" into working transdisciplinary with focus on performance was encountered with confusion or even suspicion by people who knew me and I still experience situations of 'So what do you really work? You're a singer or you do fashion photography?' It seems that your ideal body of work has to hold clear attributes, it has to be an abled body to be recognized and accepted, one which fulfills its given role in a set system, it begins and, and it ends somewhere.

Reflecting on this my natural conclusion is that I want to avoid having or being a body of work like that. My drive, the desire and constant lookout for 'out-of-body(-of-work)' experiences. My advice, do whatever you can't, do whatever people tell you not to, do everything that is not labeled 'you', be daring, be unexpected, be ugly, be beautiful, be a queen (or king respectively), do graphic works if you have no clue about graphic design and write an article for a magazine full of typos, simply be the punkiest punk! Because after all, it is through trial and error, through learning to be a shape-shifter, the fluidity this brings along and the exploration of out-of-body-experiences that our bodies of work can become the toughest ones, able to oscillate in an age of transformation. --

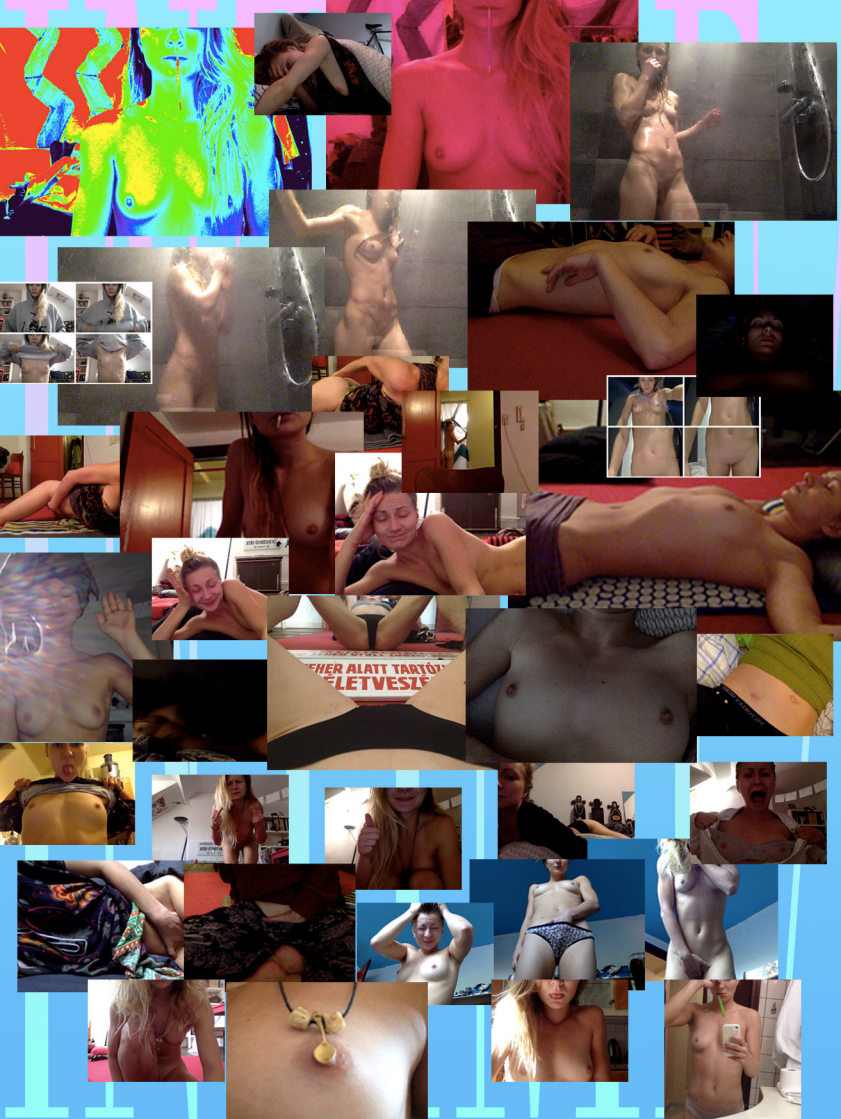
(The font used in the digital collages was designed by Prell Norbert, @prelldesign)





JENNIFER
TAYLOR

**Mary
Moi
More**

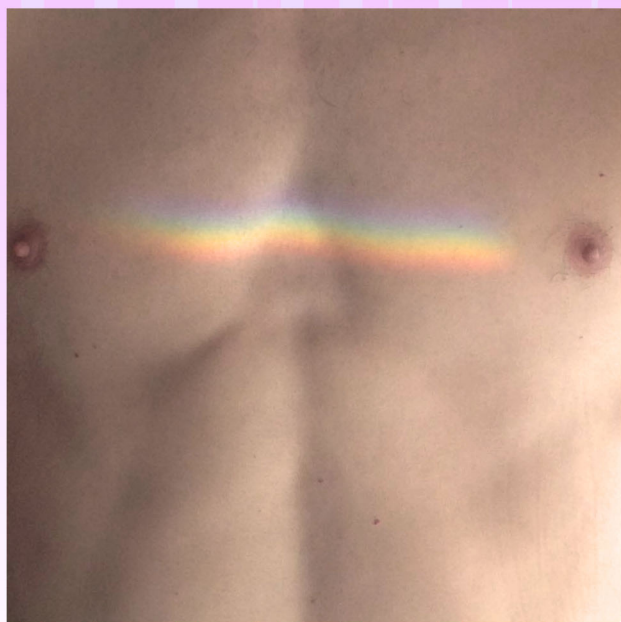


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