

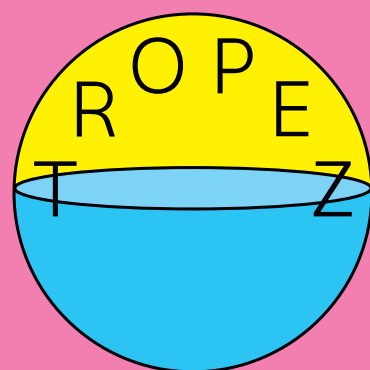
TROPEZ

THE POOL READER

5



BROKEN DIMANCHE PRESS



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Sophie Boysen

TOUCHE-MOI!

Hearing someone say your name. A dear friend touching your arm. Feeling the texture of an unfamiliar object against your skin. The smell of frying fat, blooming oleander and chlorine mingling in your nostrils. Watching the pool water rhythmically spill over the edge of the basin and wash back in.

This year's summer programme was a visual and acoustic translation of touch and care. The swimming pool became the setting for a tender yet emphatic exhibition. The artworks blended into everyday life at the swimming pool. Children played the bronze gongs by Sarah Ancelle Schönfeld daily – sometimes more, sometimes less gently. The bright timbre became part of the everyday soundscape and reminded us that, at least for one summer, touching was allowed again. Benevolently whilst avoiding touch, Cecilia Bjartmar Hylta's animal food-spitting column rose and catered only to those who dared to enter the pool in the dark. Every day of this summer, I sat on BLESS' seat cushions, stuck to the fabric with my pool-wet thighs, quickly wiping away the ketchup I had spilled while eating fries. Anna M. Szaflarski's flags fluttering in the wind kept urging us to swim and savor the endless possibilities in this special place. The washrooms held another stimulus: A child, confused by the bizarre sound, was unsure to leave the toilet when Berkay Tuncay's ASMR piece began to

play. Meanwhile on the terrace many visitors turned their heads to gaze upon the turning forms by Camp Solong that resembled head. With its museum-like display, this artwork was one of the most clearly recognisable as such in the exhibition. Next to the kiosk the pastel-coloured painted ice cream by Manuel García Díaz almost made us feel the coldness of the summer treat against our teeth. Maria Giovanna Drago's window foil made us feel protected inside and invited people from outside to reflect on the texture of the distant wall depicted in the print. Lilli Thiessen's sealed playhouses encouraged the children to take a closer look at its glittering surface, while Cédric Fargue's raised bed had to be resealed weekly as the Fimo plantlets were apparently too cute to resist being touched. The sculpture garden extended into the spacious green area where Lauryn Youden's audio play subtly tickled the bathers, just loud enough to make a few relaxing people look up in the big tree in search of the source of this delicate sound.

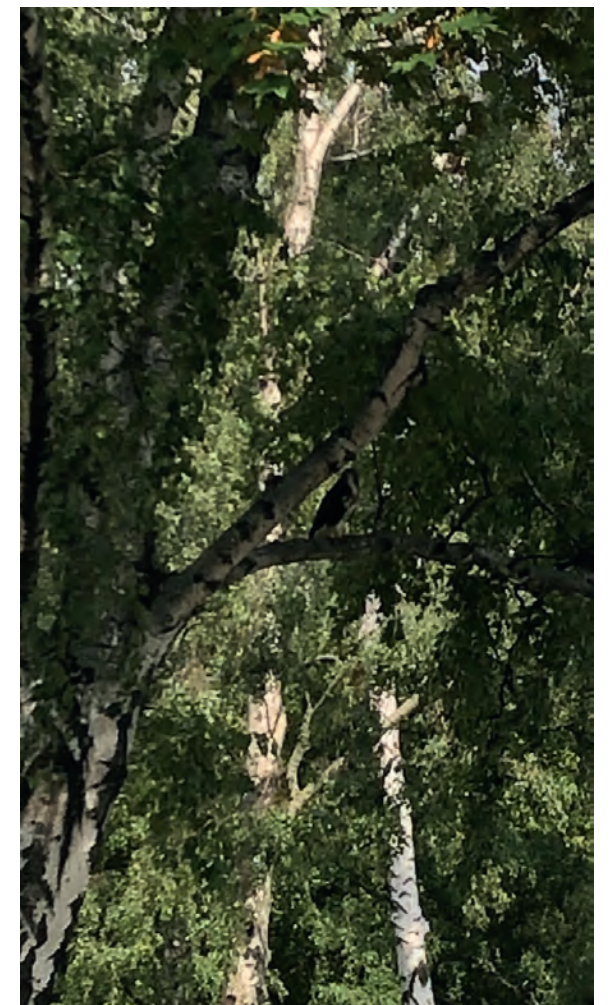
The performances of this summer enlivened the swimming pool: Ceylan Öztrük, Prince Emrah and Gil Schneider's *O* touched the audience and planted a lot of curiosity, especially among the very youngest. Aylin Leclair and Rebecca Himmerich installed a bubble tent on the lawn, building a unique stage set for a theatre piece located between the bathers,

while Søren Aagaard's portable kitchen on the terrace created the backdrop for an experimental TV cooking show. During the week and on Sundays the terrace also became the stage for HAUEN UND STECHEN and Broken Dimanche Press' podcast series. Loud as well as gentle concerts and empathetic talks appealed to the senses and stimulated one's imagination. Josip Novosel played the digital space with his live-streamed performances *Patience III* from the washrooms. A stirring as well as rewarding children's programme gave insight into the experiences of the young pool visitors.

The shared lunches, inspiring performances and mild evenings on the terrace filled me with a comforting feeling of summer long into autumn.

The Pool Reader 5 suggests an insight into the feelings of this summer. Its contributions aim to take care of its readers and address their senses. A number of participants in this summer's programme have made diverse contributions. They may be wild and playful or calm and sentimental. They shed light on what was happening in and around the swimming pool and moreover in the world of emotions of each individual participant. At the beginning, the contributions by Berkay Tuncay, Anna M. Szaflarski and Josip Novosel can be experienced calmly. They suggest first impressions of an intense, emotional and passionate summer and thus function as an introduction to the reader. Next, HAUEN UND STECHEN, Sarah Ancelle Schönfeld and Kosmas Kosmopoulos introduce readers to what happened on site. Things get more sentimental with Lilli Thiessen and John Holten: Their contributions deal with crises in different ways. Lauryn Youden offers a way to heal right afterwards. Then, new spaces and approaches to visual touch are created with Maria Giovanna Drago, Prince Emrah, Stacie Ant and Manuel García Díaz's pieces. Finally, Cecilia Bjartmar Hylta offers a glimpse from her column and leaves readers wondering what will come into view next.

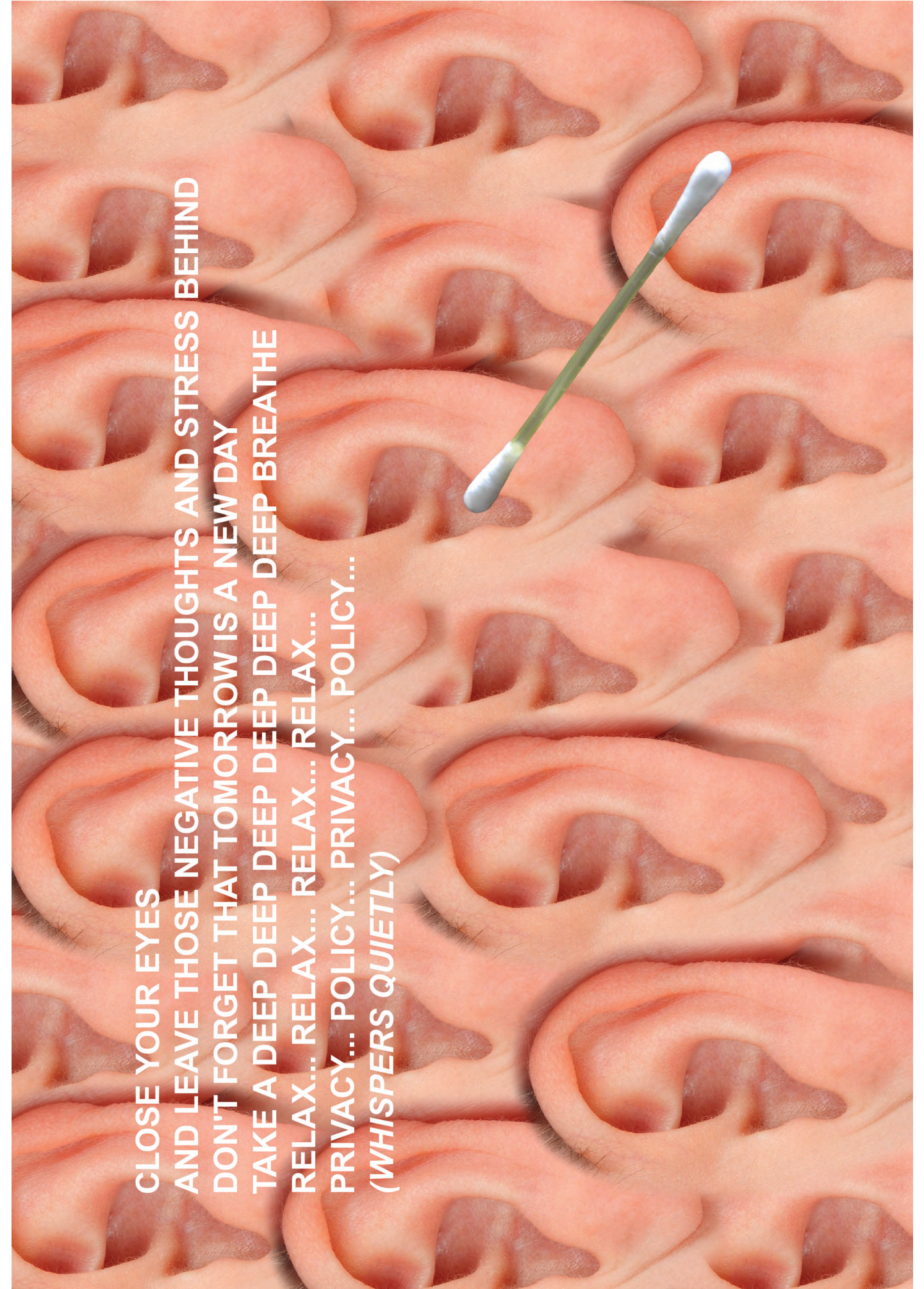
And now ...



<https://youtu.be/ntG50eXbBtc>

Berkay Tuncay

PRIVACY POLICY (ASMR)



CLOSE YOUR EYES
AND LEAVE THOSE NEGATIVE THOUGHTS AND STRESS BEHIND
DON'T FORGET THAT TOMORROW IS A NEW DAY
TAKE A DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP DEEP
RELAX... RELAX... RELAX... RELAX... RELAX...
PRIVACY... POLICY... POLICY... POLICY... POLICY...
(WHISPERS QUIETLY)

Anna M. Szaflarski

UNTITLED

Dearest J,

This kind of feels like I'm sending a message in a bottle, on account of how long it's taken to get to you and not to mention the vessel it's coming to you in.

By the time you get this we'll probably be in yet another state of mind about each other. Yesterday we talked about how I'm terrified by aggression. When we spoke again it was already a new day for me, but the continuation of the same one for you.

You were, oh so tired.

So, our love bubble has a little leak. That's ok, let's see. I still want your face in between my palms, and that says a lot.

The pool where I'm doing the banners and techno project (I love that if anyone reads this they'll have no idea what the fuck I'm talking about) is losing water.

They say it's losing a cubic meter/day. They have a lot of theories. Is it the pump? Is it the drains? No. Apparently it's the little vents at the bottom that normally percolate air bubbles into the water. Over the winter they must have seized up and cracked and now water is leaking into the surrounding ground—the ground which is actually a huge mound of trash from the war. Broken buildings and a railway station, bricks upon bricks and who knows how many things of sentimental value to someone at some point.

The heap, that was turned into a park, and where our poor resides, was congregated around a giant ten story monolith made of solid concrete. This monstrosity was a Nazi anti-aircraft missile tower, and when you stand up on top of it you can see all the damage that it wreaked and invited by the amount of relatively recent building development within its grasps. Somewhere in the park there are a few photographs on an info-plaque showing how the Allies decorated the tower with dynamite after the war, but each detonation brought little result. It wouldn't come down and now is only pockmarked with their efforts.

The trash heap, which today is covered in birch and poplar trees and is often traversed by the fieriest of foxes was piled against the tower reaching its upper shoulders leaving only its head protruding. It's one of my favorite places in Berlin. When you look out into the distance the landscape is mostly flat, as Berlin is a glorified swamp, but here and there you see other mounds, just like this one, with their own stories.

I don't know how they'll fix the leak in the pool. They're threatening to close, but they just opened, and everyone is eager to finally enjoy everything it has to offer. It'll be a lot of work, and not to mention there's costs to consider, but they're seriously considering just filling it up every day and just learning to live with a few leaks.

I hope this finds you well, rested and also engaged in your new work.

You are a special man J, and I'd like to kiss you.

Anna
May 28, 2021

Josip Novosel

THE MOMENT

OF LETTING GO



Josip Novosel, *The moment of letting go*, 2021
Glass lantern, orchid, photographic print, styrofoam balls, ducktape, wood
210x20x20cm

HAUEN UND STECHEN

UNTITLED

HAUEN UND STECHEN schreibt unentwegt die Oper und ihre großen Mythen weiter ...
Hier eine Szene aus TURANDOT. Turandot stellt den Prinzen, die sich um sie bewerben,
Rätselfragen. Wenn sie die nicht lösen können, verfallen sie dem Henker.

OH MY LOVER

*Turandot ist auf der Flucht. Undercover und zerrissen von Emotionen.
Ausgebrannt vom ständigen Anspruch auf totale Welterklärung.*

CHOR

Noi vogliamo il carnefice! / Wir wollen den Henker sehen!

DER HENKER

Ich bin so müde. Seid ihr auch so müde?

TURANDOT

Ich sag dir jetzt mal, warum ich das hier als Nacktmull tanze.
Das ist EIN HINWEIS.

Wenn ein PRINZ auftritt, verwandelt sie sich auf der Stelle in einen Nacktmull.
Plötzlich ist sie ganz und gar häutig,
nur über ihrer Oberlippe hat sie einen haarigen Bart.
An ihrer Körpervorderseite leuchten pinkfarbene längliche Brustwarzen,
weil sie die EINZIGE ist, die in der ganzen Kolonie fruchtbar ist. Und JEDES
Mal ist sie fruchtbar! und noch dazu völlig schmerzunempfindlich! Und wenn
sie deine 350 Kinder in ihrem Gebärraum untergebracht hat, wölbt sich
ihre zarte Wirbelsäule nach AUSSEN.
Verzweifelt ob ihrer Hässlichkeit und des Verlusts ihres inneren Kompass'
läuft sie aufgeregt und äußerst aggressiv die Palastgänge auf und ab.
Und diese Wege sind dunkel und lang.
Ihre ganze Physiognomie verlängert sich und wird immer länger und PASST
SICH AN. Diese ganzen Alltagswege, U8, U5, und sie verzieht sich immer
mehr IN DIE LÄNGE, und ihre Haut verfärbt sich GELB, und die Männer, mit
denen sie schläft, altern auf der Stelle.
Und nachts, wenn alles noch dunkler ist, rollt sie sich zusammen, Kopf
an Anus und kaut nachdenklich an ihrem eigenen Tod. Ihre Ohren sind auf
Empfang.

Schaut triumphierend zum Henker:

DER HENKER *lächelt*

Willst du meine Warzensammlung sehen?

CHOR

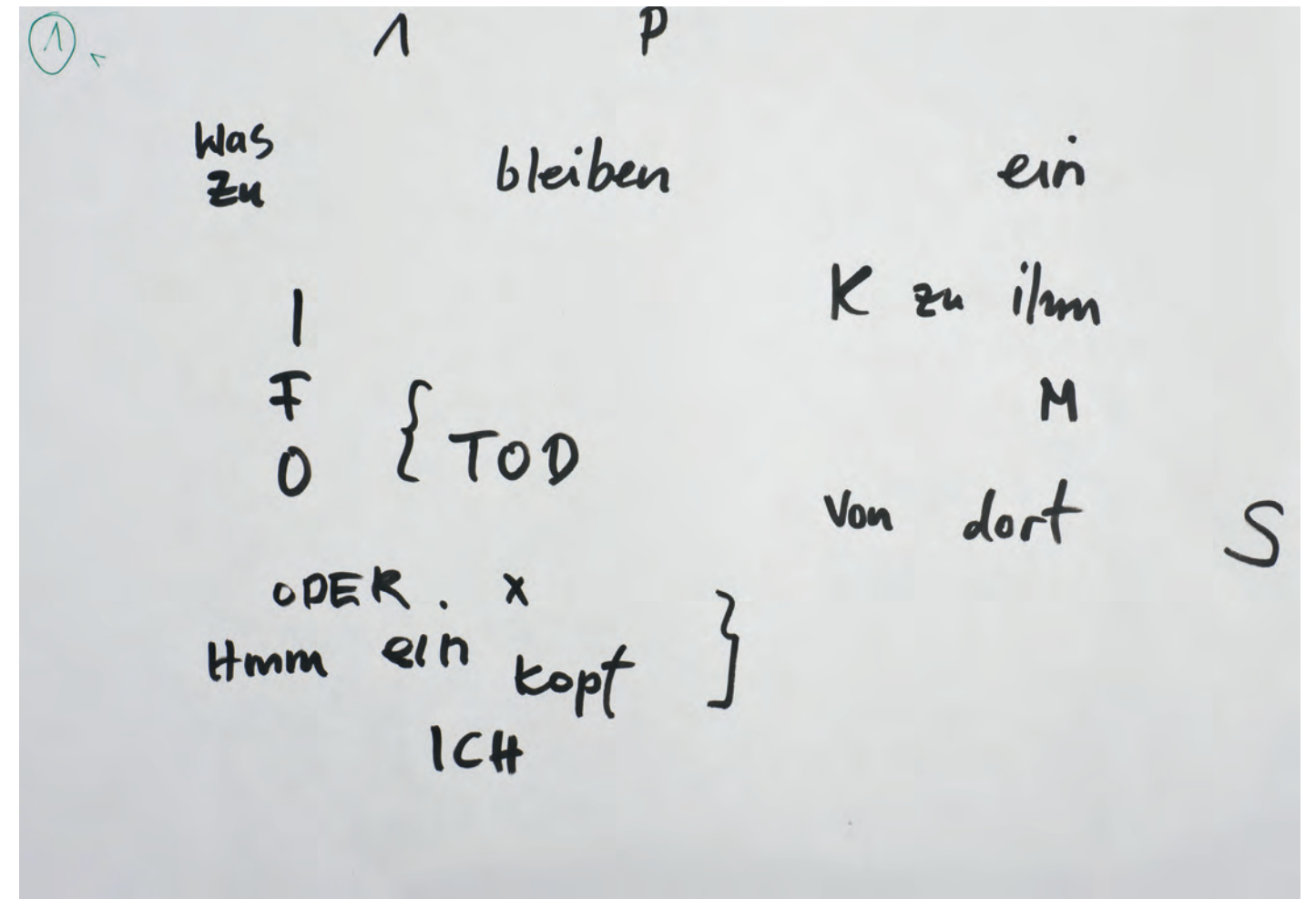
Quando rangola il gong gongola il boia! / Wenn der Gong tönt, freut sich der
Henker!

(Maria Buzhor und Gina-Lisa Maiwald)



Sarah Ancelle Schönfeld

ALIEN LINGUISTIC LAB









Kosmas Kosmopoulos

VERWANDLUNGEN

Landscapes, imagination, and dancing bodies in urban social and cultural spaces or: Embodied, emotional and sensory dance experiences in natural environments

In writing this text, I would like to share personal reflections and narratives about the social, cultural, and diverse aesthetic practices of dance as well as about the affective relationship between the moving body and its immediate environmental surroundings. In this context, a deep interest in the impact of green spaces on local communities and humanity in general has inspired me to organise a conceptual project, in which I combined new tendencies and challenges of contemporary dance pedagogy with the current self-reflective choreographic praxis in the performing arts. In bringing these two critical perspectives together, I designed and taught an intensive dance workshop for children from 10 to 13 years old that took place in the swimming pool and its surroundings in the Humboldthain Park, and also presented a site-specific work entitled “Blühende Landschaften – The Corona Edition” with the dance collective LUNA PARK, as part of the 2021 summer art and workshop activities at TROPEZ. In the following lines, I will describe how diverse images of spatialities are experienced through the dancing bodies in live events and performances, which allow the incorporation of audience in the many possible realisation of ideas.

Dance as an art form of learning in human society

The dance workshop served two essential and complimentary purposes: the facilitation of embodied knowledge and aesthetic experience through movement and the creation of connectivity through the sense of belonging to an artistic community, however ephemeral. As a performance artist and educator, I believe that the kinaesthetic understanding of body can help children, especially those marginalised by way of culture, race, class, or physical disability, to realise their creative potential for original ideas and actions. This thought reflects my observation that the majority of the participants in the daily dance classes were children with immigrant background and disadvantaged socio-economic status. Immigrant background is a key factor in evoking feelings of social alienation, loneliness and high anxiety related to schoolwork.

The beautiful landscapes of the Humboldthain Park inspired me to continually form and transform the lived dance experiences and the process of communicating through the bodies. For example, the children were guided to explore in couples various sculptural forms and materialities through touch and closed eyes. Horizontal and vertical surfaces, hollows, slopes, holes, soil textures, trees, fallen leaves, rocks, wildflowers, snail shells, even raindrops, allowed somatic interaction, allowed tactile perception of nature’s physical properties.

The dance classes were designed as a collaborative project between me, an educator from Berlin, a university professor, dance researcher, and dancers and choreographers from Berlin and Athens—all members of LUNA PARK. The ability for all collaborators to slip in and out of roles (teacher/dancer) was essential to children’s development in effective communication and the expansion of their artistic language. In the context of the open-ended mirroring tasks, colleagues and dancers used improvisation to spontaneously create meaningful movements and phrases while dancing into the green landscapes with the children.

The tacit, and sensory perceptions of space and the playful physical activities in the blue waters of the swimming pool show how young children’s learning and interaction must be understood as embodied. Overall, the children sensed the pleasure of moving, moving together with others, and expressing feelings and ideas through dance...

Taking dance outside of the traditional theater environment

My choreography entitled “Blühende Landschaften – The Corona Edition” was initially performed at the Uferstudios Berlin’s venue for contemporary dance in October 2020. This summer, the performance was taken out of the theatre not only because of the Covid-19 restrictions but also to bring dance closer to the community and the community closer to dance. In this sense, the physical contact of the dancer’s bodies with the fluid properties of the natural environment transformed the performance to a site-specific dance experience.

In brief, site-specific dance emerged during the 1960s and 1970s in the works of well-known choreographers of the postmodern era and has subsequently enthused other experimental choreographers to adopt the practice. Unlike the traditional theater environment, where dance takes place within a restricted space and there is a clear separation between performers and audience, site-specific dance occurs in diverse locations where topographies, humans, nonhumans and other elements, such as sounds, lights, colours, smells and many more become an integral part of the performance.

The relocation of the original performance, as a site-specific dance in the landscapes of Humboldthain Park, was in many ways challenging exciting, and rewarding. A key challenge was the fluctuating range and types of movements and the dynamics of the performance that required the re-engagement of the dancers with the physical aspects of the space. Without any doubt, the long-standing stillness shifting to sudden travelling back and forth from one side of the space to the other pushed the dancers to extremes of exhaustion. Another challenge was the high visibility of the rehearsal process that was starting immediately after the children’s workshop. Swimmers of all ages walked past without acknowledging the presence of the dancers, while others realized what was happening and came closer to watch the rehearsal, some speaking to the dramaturg or to photographer. The bodies and the gaze of people swirling around the area of the rehearsal for a while and leaving led to uncertainties about the show’s impact on the audience.

However, these uncertainties should be conceived as part of a site-specific dance. Given the boundless nature of site-specific dance, not only the performers (dancers and composer) contributed to the perception of its thematic content, but also several members of the audience. In the day of the performance, corporeal actions – and not representations of feelings – falling, crouching, grieving, and mourning, counterpartying with vigorous laughing and absurd shaking of the pelvis, were perceived as cultural signifiers of the human condition. Being touched by the poetic images and the emotive aspects of the dance, some spectators entered the performance area to touch the bodies of the dancers lying motionless on the ground and leave flowers next to them. These instances of interactive touch brought much deeper and new thoughts of how dance can alter the meaning, practice, and feeling of urban spaces. Similarly, the gathering of about a hundred people who came to see the performance reassured me that dance can support corporeal coexistence and reduce negative emotions of loneliness, uncertainty, and anxiety caused by the spread of the coronavirus disease around the globe. In conclusion, my imaginative journey into the recent past is supported by a collection of photographs by Giovanni Lo Curto that might give some clues about the aesthetics and politics of dance to readers who did not attend the live events and the performance.

The Pool Reader



LUNA PARK / Kosmas Kosmopoulos, *Verwandlungen*
Children's workshop for *TOUCHE-MOI!* at TROPEZ, 26.-30.7.2021

Kosmas Kosmopoulos



LUNA PARK / Kosmas Kosmopoulos, *BLÜHENDE LANDSCHAFTEN – THE CORONA EDITION*
Performance for *TOUCHE-MOI!* at TROPEZ, 31.7.2021

Photography: Giovanni Lo Curto

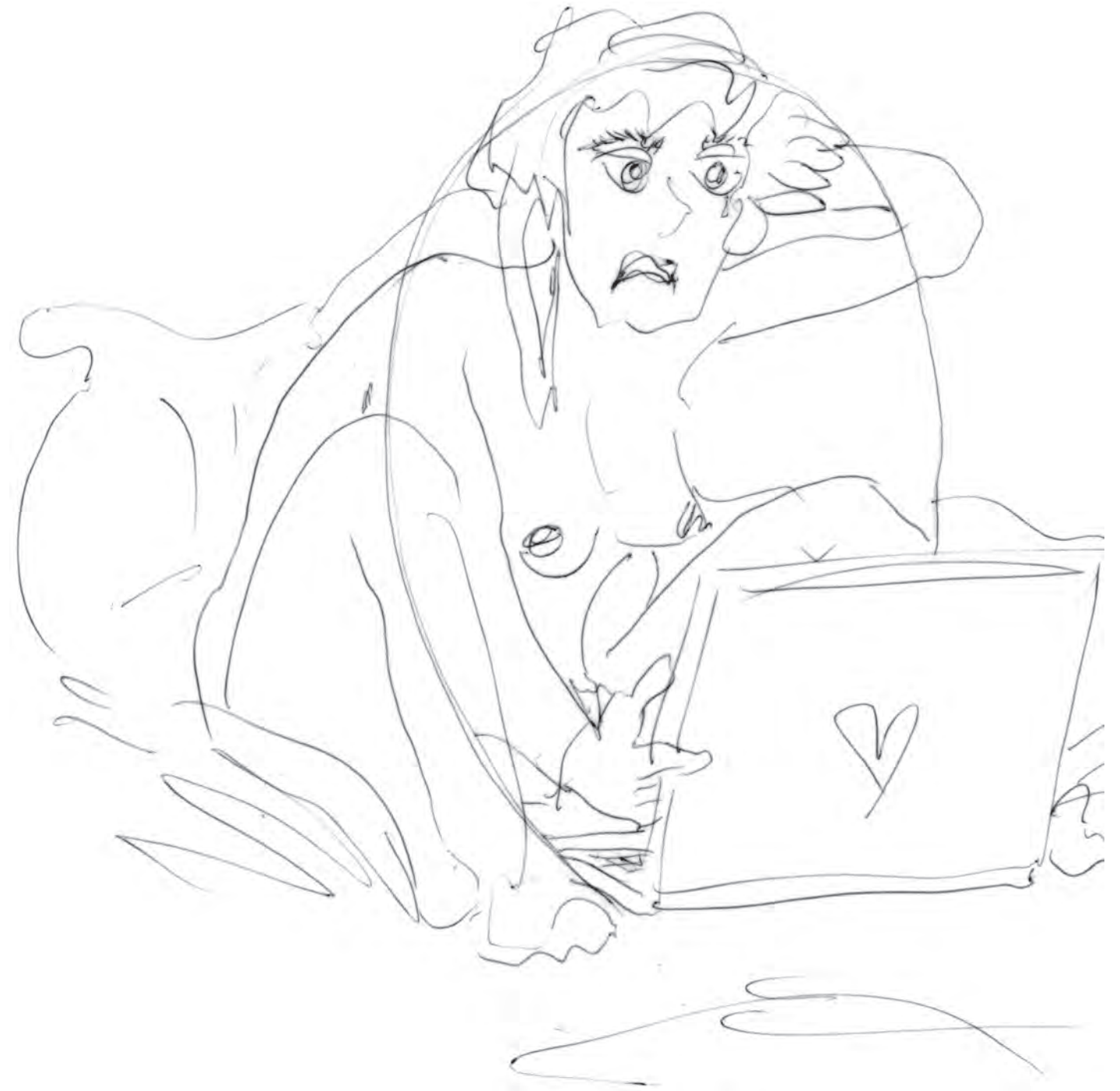
Lilli Thiessen

FRUST UM 4;



Lilli Thiessen, *Frust um 4*, 2018

FRUST UM 5



Lilli Thiessen, *Frust um 5*, 2018

John Holten

PAST, ANXIETY, FUTURE (EMPATHY WHEN)

1

Four years ago I was pushed over in the Union Pool bar in Brooklyn, New York. Unprovoked and wholly unexpected, this push sent me tottering backwards and I tripped up and fell, the back of my head hitting the DJ booth. I passed out and was unresponsive. An ambulance was called. I was carried into it and asked some questions by paramedics to determine if I was concussed or worse. America's extortionate medical system provoked my friends to relieve me of the paramedic's care. I was accompanied in a taxi back to Manhattan and put to bed. None of this I remembered the next morning upon waking. A vague sense that something was amiss with my blackout: all I remembered was the early evening drinks, going away drinks (for I was about to leave New York after a chaotic, aimless winter there) and how the bar got more and more busy until a dark fog shrouded everything.

I was due to leave America in 24 hours' time on a midnight red eye flight to London. After recklessly continuing to day drink with the same friends who coaxed me out of the care of the paramedics (presumably we were celebrating the fact that I hadn't died?), I somehow got on that horribly dry and hot red eye flight to London. It was a miracle my head held together.

I think of this incident, foul in so many ways, as being the start of my anxiety, but I'm not so sure my anxiety has a clear starting position. Clarity would have helped in the ensuing four, uneasily wavering, years because need it be said so much anxiety is borne from a lack of clarity. It is grounded in a present that is suffused with a nervous, coiling agitation of forward peering imagination. Unfettered worry.

The only time I met with a literary agent was when I got off that red eye flight. I left my luggage at Gatwick airport and tried to freshen up in the toilets. The streets of west London were remarkably clean I remember, well ordered, and I hoped I didn't smell of booze and air-planes but I probably did. She didn't take me on, the literary agent, despite the meeting going well. I took the train back to Gatwick, picked up my luggage and caught the short flight back to Ireland. After a fretful few days with my mother I returned to Berlin, my home, and resumed my existence, the same one I had tried to escape by going to New York. *Of all places*, I had learned to say, knowing as I did then that it wasn't for me nor it seemed for a lot of people in it. You loved New York and you worked extremely hard to love living in New York until such time that it didn't love you back and then you left. Or at least that's how it had seemed to me. Perhaps I was lucky the love lost was pushed out of me in just one season.

I had had panic attacks before, but I hadn't called them that mainly because I did not always recognise them for what they were. This was a good thing: the hypochondriac naming of things makes conditions and bodily states more certain, defines their obtuseness, materialises their abstraction. And while I had experience with benzodiazepines, the one shot tablets that promised salvation when in the throes of the near-certain sense of impending death that is a panic attack, I didn't actively take benzos to remedy *panic attacks* at this early stage in my anxiety career. I think I took them to cure what I thought of particularly bad hangovers and what in Ireland is known as The Fear. In the next month or so, when I had limped back to Berlin, dirt poor and subletting a mundane, street level room in a grim flat, I came to start calling these new episodes of intense worry and fear panic attacks. These were occasions when my head felt like it was hooked up to electricity, that at any moment something could pop and I would be dead. They were often the high points of otherwise roiling days of low level ill ease.

In 2016, that year of western societal upheaval, I got to know anxiety, and it's a knowledge that builds on itself which is in part what makes it so insidious: the brain searches frantically for sensations that suggest the need to suspect catastrophe is just around the corner, which in turn makes the brain send messages to the body to get ready to, I don't know, die suddenly, have a seizure, have a heart attack, suffer a brain aneurysm, or all of the above, which sets the brain's cortisol creation through the roof. Breathing becomes quick and uncontrollable, leading to oxygen levels going off the charts. The spiral is terrifying, intense, and all consuming. It is embodied fear with no release. External stimuli only tighten the embrace: the shutting doors of an aeroplane locking you into an absurdly restrictive situation, the ugly snare of a mad person on the underground train, the speed of the taxi as it hits the autobahn, the interminable wait to get the check when all you need to do is move, run, escape, get the fuck out of there.

Random diary entries from 2019:

Nov 6.

Running was the solace in 2016, it was the way I had of dealing with the panic (save for that one time in Stockholm when I couldn't calm down). But now it seems it's what will trigger a panic attack. This evening I did 4km, mostly in Hasenheide, in the park, then in the street, as I didn't want to go far from home – it's that bad. Then the chest pains/feelings, the jolts of fear: *this is what a heart attack feels like!* I wonder if an actual heart attack is as scary? Hopefully not! Perhaps that's a terrible thing to say.

Nov. 7.

Book launch at Cabinet Magazine. 1.5 mg lorazepam.

Nov 8.

Panic attack in Le Bon. Kind of. But it resulted in some good advice from Stephanie: 'False fears'.

Nov 9.

Panic in taxi with Ivar. Talk but a constriction in my chest, difficulty breathing. Think what is happening. Just a general discomfort. Lack of air, a claustrophobia. Same happened on way back. Need to work more on breathing.

Nov 10

10km run. Best run since August 18. Anxiety to begin with, but felt strong and fit and ready to run so just kept going bit by bit. Cleaning kitchen after lunch, a bit of anxiety. Pain in chest. Sometimes I wonder: can this really be anxiety?

Nov 17.

Hard first half of day. Last night bad thoughts: ½ lorazepam. Deep enough sleep, dreams that are now forgotten. Awoke with anxiety: ½ lorazepam. Very slow to rise. Tea. No coffee. Morning in bed. Fruit for lunch. Siesta. Rain until 4pm. Run then. Anxiety. By the river. 6km. Then shower, then a walk into town. Same restaurant. Feeling better, calmer, after the run, ½ bottle of wine. Warm. Cheeks glowing. Will get through this. Tomorrow 2 weeks. Is the paradoxical effect of acute, crippling anxiety, a sign in itself that the SSRI is needed? Tomorrow: writing.

Nov 26.

Terrible night. Up until 3am. Fear and anxiety. Put knives downstairs in the postbox. Glutamate.

Dec 1.

Improvement.

A activating event

B belief

C consequence

It's not often that I go back over my diaries like this, let alone transcribe them out into the cold light of future-time. I should clarify: these notes cover a period that represents an apotheosis of my anxiety, and the first very difficult weeks on medication to overcome it, days of paradoxical effects that worsen the symptoms before it's supposed to improve them.

The fear of what happens next and the disability to sit comfortably and without worry in the present moment. This feels to be the arena in which to consider anxiety. Future: fear of it can be the cause of so much anxiety. Past: fear of it can be the cause of so much depression. The last number of years has seen me scrabble around and worry at the edges of the future, while occasionally celebrating the present (I should be thankful that I have never really suffered from depression), the past is another matter and reading over old notebooks is one way to approach it, present tense jottings that add up to a strange landscape I find hard to fully fathom. But there it is: I really did put my sharp kitchen knives inside a sealed book envelope and went down my apartment building's stairwell in the middle of the night and committed it to my own postbox because I was experiencing suicidal ideation. Not from depression I should stress, but from a mind so fearful of the next moments, and what I could do in them, that it got stuck on images of morbid self harm and defenestration. These disturbed thoughts mirrored a disturbed body: I just didn't feel right in my own skin. Sartre wangs on about this freedom to do absurd things like jump out a window, how it is exhilarating and terrifying at once. Freud called it the death drive. My anxiety is an intense fear of death, a useless love of life I don't know how to channel properly. And so this paradox becomes the ruling order of the present moment, a buzzing disharmony that has me ready to fight or fly away from enemies unseen.

Paradoxical effects. Another term that stands out from these cringeworthy diary entries. This period of a month or two was, despite being the furthest I'd gone in trying to battle my anxiety, the most anxious I had ever been. I was in the throes of hell that many a SSRI user know well. Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors are a form of antidepressant or anti-anxiety drug that have become very common. They work by changing the chemical receptors of your brain to better control serotonin and a host of other enzymes and help many millions of people with depression and other mental illnesses in doing so. They had been something I always avoided mainly due to the anecdotal tales of weight gain, sexual performance dysfunction and their negative interaction with alcohol, but in 2019 I had reached a kind of exasperated fatigue and decided to ask my GP about going on them. The exact moment I thought enough is enough, why not let's give this solution a whirl, is lost to me. Over three years, when anxiety would disappear for weeks and months at a time, only to then force itself back in must have slowly broken me down to try these drugs out. The real injustice comes when you learn that these SSRI drugs can make symptoms a lot worse before they get any better, which when you're dealing with crippling anxiety and depression just seems kind of cruel. What's more, there's no certainty that they will actually work. Changing dosage, scaling up, and even switching the drug altogether are common.

I persevered through those dark weeks; I had after all become adept in managing anxiety, thankfully without becoming dependent on my benzo of choice, lorazepam. This I only ever took as a last resort because its highly addictive nature scared the hell out of me. I had a job and a lifestyle that allowed the freedom to behave erratically: leaving situations abruptly, leaving meetings smoothly to visit the bathroom or walk around the block taking an imaginary phonecall, never taking a lift or going into a confined space without the solace of inebriation. All of these things helped, and by Christmas I had entered the process of trying to find a therapist, conducted a preliminary diagnostic session and continued to up the dosage of my SSRI to better try and find the solace it wasn't really providing.

The pandemic then came and I remain unsure what it meant for my anxiety. Over the course of the year the importance of the ever present possibility of debilitating anxiety has slowly lessened and indeed at moments it has gone out of sight entirely. Sometimes this is due to feeling safe in isolation in the countryside where I retreated at the start of the pandemic, enjoying the new found beauty of springtime in the dappled sunlight of an Irish bog, the sheer ecstasy of the countryside as it gets on with its business of returning to life, other times it is the small social triumphs of being able to commune with others in an age of social-distancing.

I returned to the city in mid summer 2020, and it is clear that drinking alcohol in the amount I got used to during lockdown did not mix well with the SSRI. It led to a leaden feeling in my skull, as if there are elements in my head that don't like each other. I suffered blackouts regularly. Told myself they're part of the course.

There were two panic attacks I recall that I like to think of my ‘last’ panic attacks, but who am I fooling when trying to believe that’ll be the case? The first one happened in June, in the countryside, on a beautiful evening. For some reason I felt a constriction around my neck and a sudden fear of asphyxiation. The exact run up to this episode is hard to recall, but the sensations were enough to set me pacing about my mother’s garden, unable to sit still. I went for a walk down the road only in turn to double back. Nothing felt right. I don’t have a diary to revisit to see how I overcame the discomfort, the fear. The second time was a month or so later, back in the city, and I was going for a run in Tempelhof. It was hot, mid afternoon, the run was sweaty and the park and the old airport were pleasantly full of people enjoying the sunshine, the summer in the city. And my mind turned to my mouth, the source of so much anxiety for me, the tongue muscle suffers from attracting all the tension and torque of a mind out of whack with its body, and as is so often the case I feared I might swallow it, or that it might swell up and work against my throat to suffocate me or that oxygen levels in my head were too little or too much, and I had to stop jogging and message a friend to ask them advice on breathing during a panic attack because yes, god damn it, out of nowhere, during a run, I was suffering a full blown panic attack and feared for my life.

There is part of me that laughs at this now, which is very unforgiving, but in a way the invisible dangers of panic attacks are by nature slippery and fleeting and therefore comically hard to do justice to after the fact in that cold light of future time.

Some time later two things happen. I stop the SSRI, or rather taper off it for sudden withdrawal is not recommended and the sudden jolting sensations I suffer tell me why, the brain and the body suddenly seem out of sync for split seconds, leading to a sensation of the body slamming into the mind. This phenomena is commonly referred to as ‘the zaps’ and I’m not sure I can do any better in conjuring up how they feel. Zap. It reminds me of the verb that belongs to an electric fly killer. The other occurrence was the rediscovery of an old jar of supplements I bought a year or two previously when I had been going to the gym a lot and training for a half marathon. ZMA is one of these supplements that are made for body builders I presume, a mixture of zinc, magnesium and vitamin B6. I had stopped taking it soon after buying it but now for some reason I popped one before bed and besides from enjoying some of the best dreams I could remember for a long time, sleeping well that is, the holy grail, I felt remarkably calmer the next day. Placebo I told myself. But suddenly there was a convergence: I was free of the SSRI, which really didn’t cure me of panic attacks, if anything it just caused me to black out a whole lot, itself causing regrets, ill advised behaviours and a plethora of sources of anxiety, and the discovery that magnesium seemed to be something I had become deficient in. The majority of people in the West are deficient in magnesium. Exercise and alcohol, the binary opposites I often deployed against anxiety, can lead to depletion of the mineral.

This article, if it is indeed an article, is not some sort of *Medium* post (although maybe I should post it there, who else is going to publish it?) about extolling the one life hack that will cure anxiety. Even if I’m going to end it with my discovery of magnesium and how it has cured some of the more aggressive, physiological manifestations of my anxiety (have I described those sufficiently? The twitching, the nervous need to move, the jolts, spasms and involuntary flicks of the head that all betray some dysfunction on behalf of the nervous system. The inability to sleep properly. Muscle tension. Acute awareness of the tongue.) I’m not sure that was the conclusion I was heading for when I started out. Rather I think it was this overview that time’s passing has allowed for, to reflect on those moments which anxiety colonises so that the past and the future both become out of bounds and the present isn’t your friend, that was the goal. To describe, to outline.

A possible conclusion: do not trust friends who have enemies waiting to push innocent people over for no reason. Do not meet literary agents when you haven’t slept for 24 hours, smell badly and have suffered head trauma. I still do not have literary agent representation to this day.

Lauryn Youden

YOUR HAND IS HEAVY, LIKE THE WIND

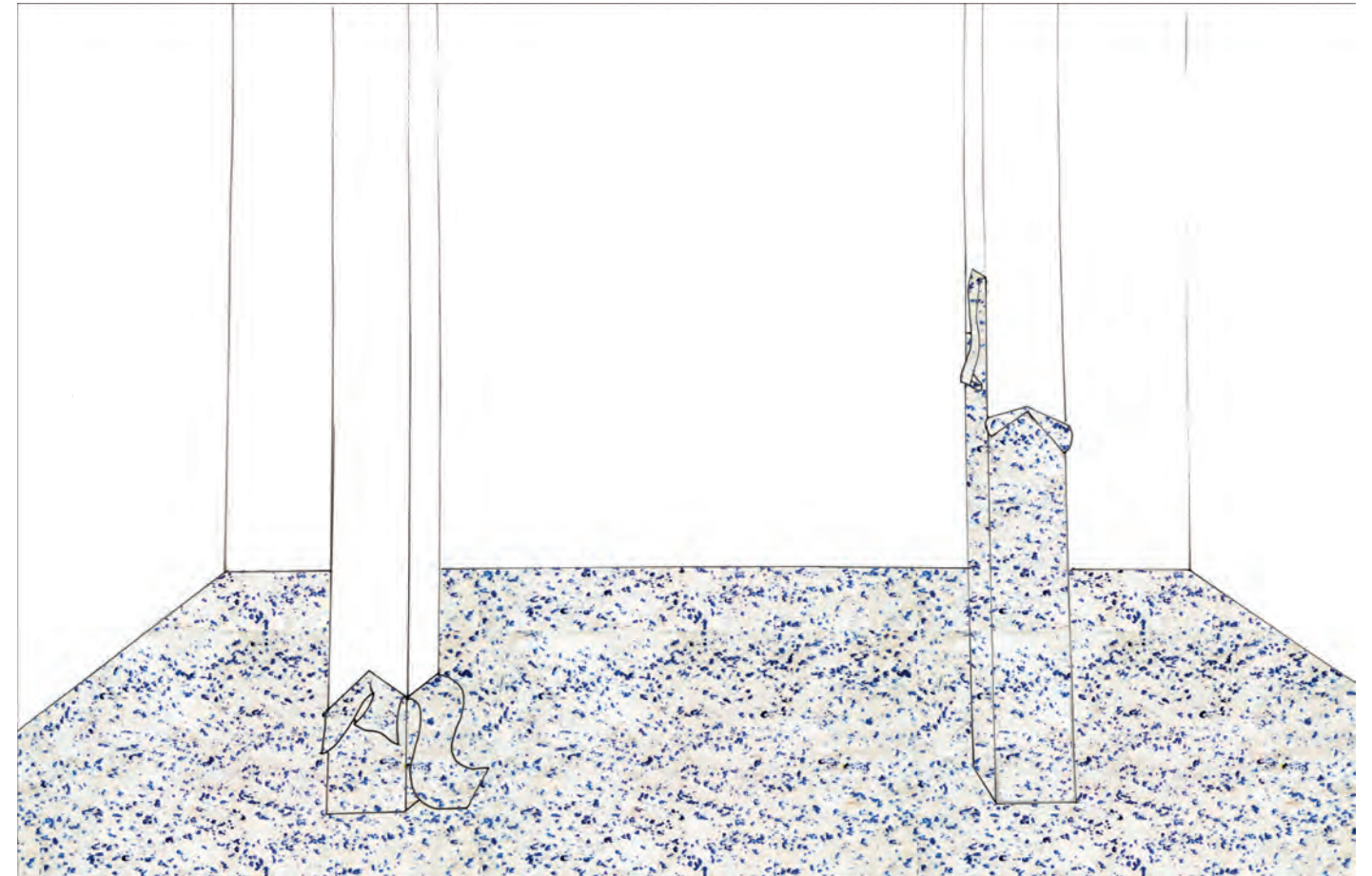
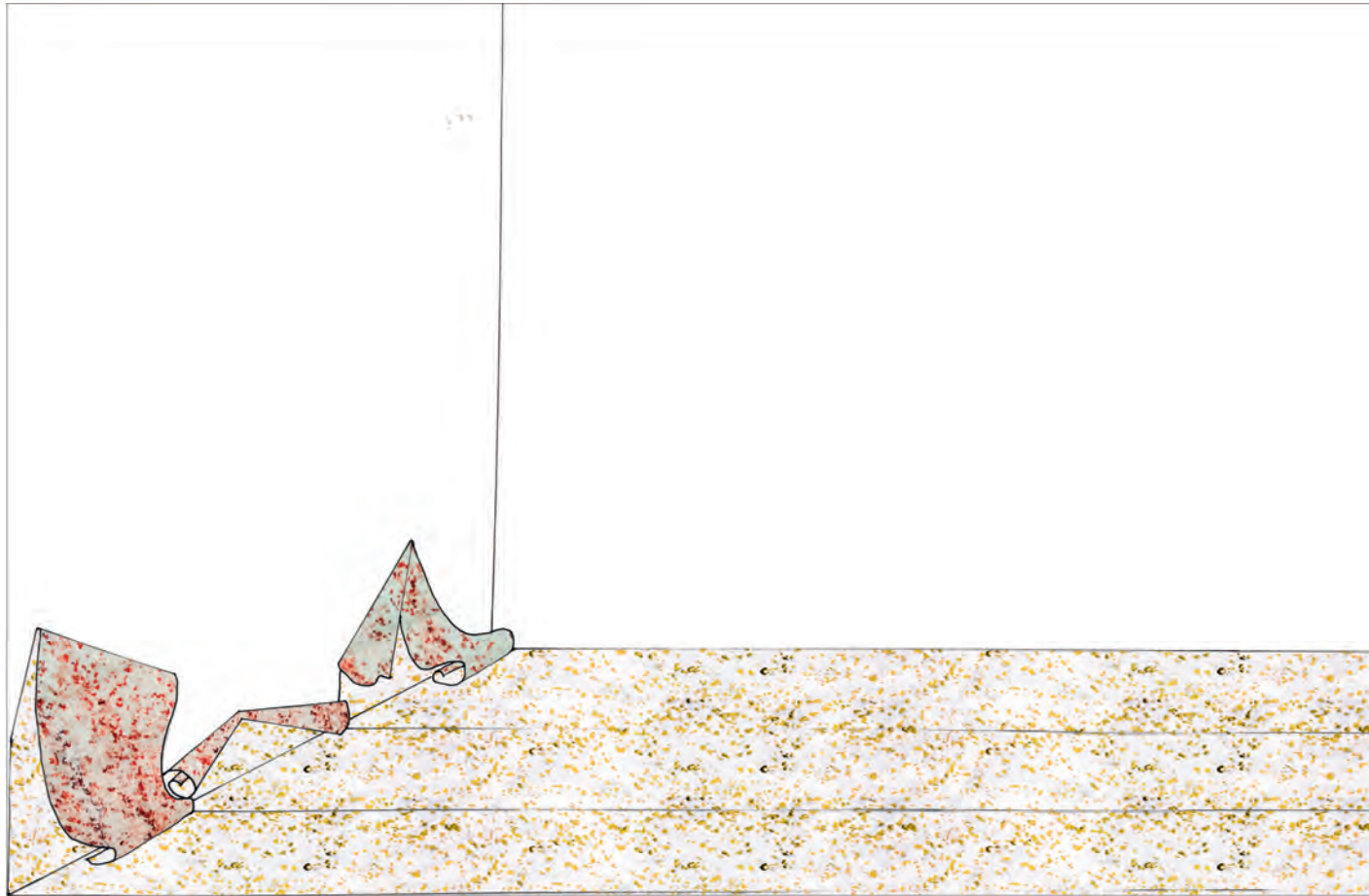


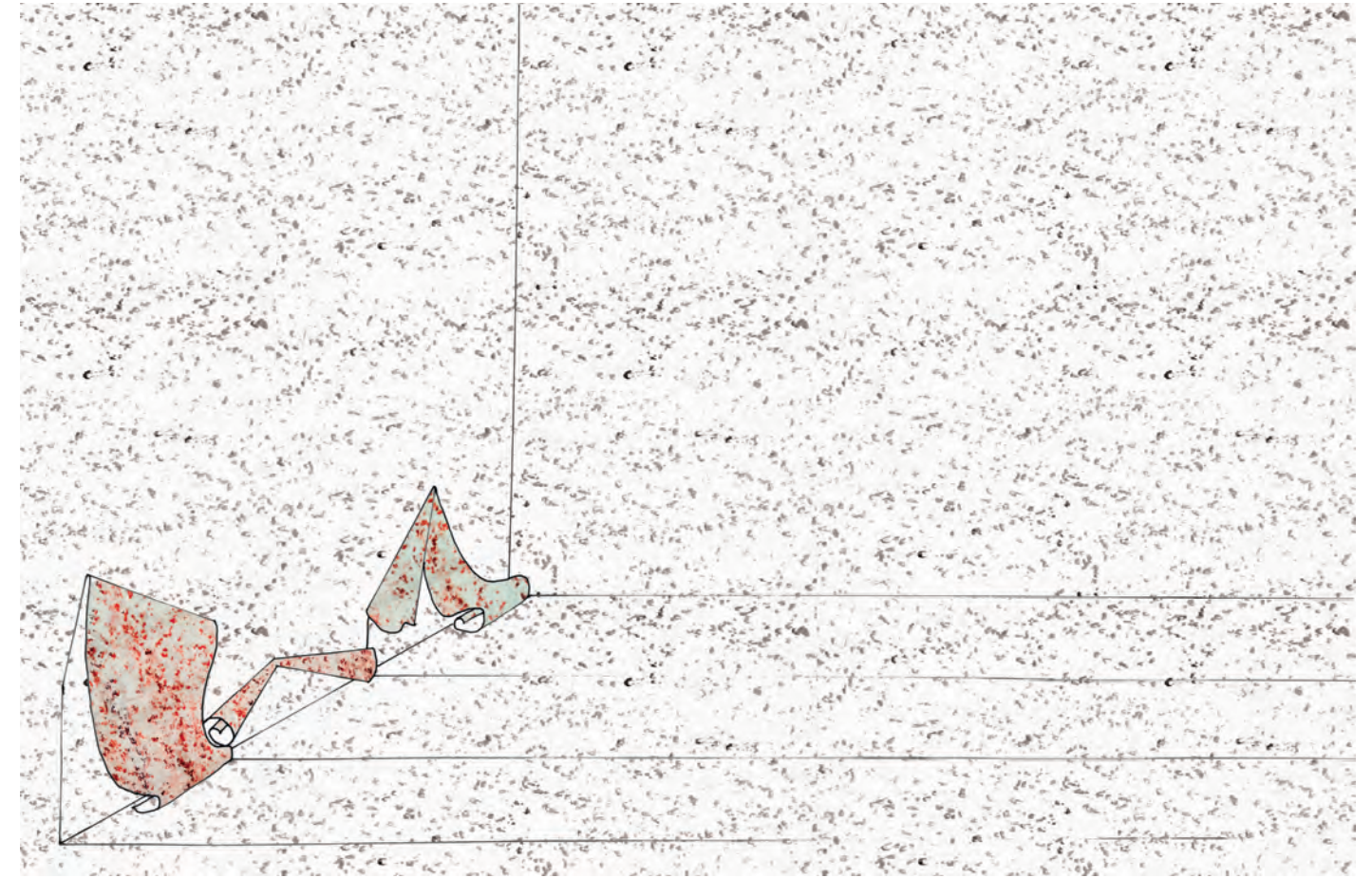
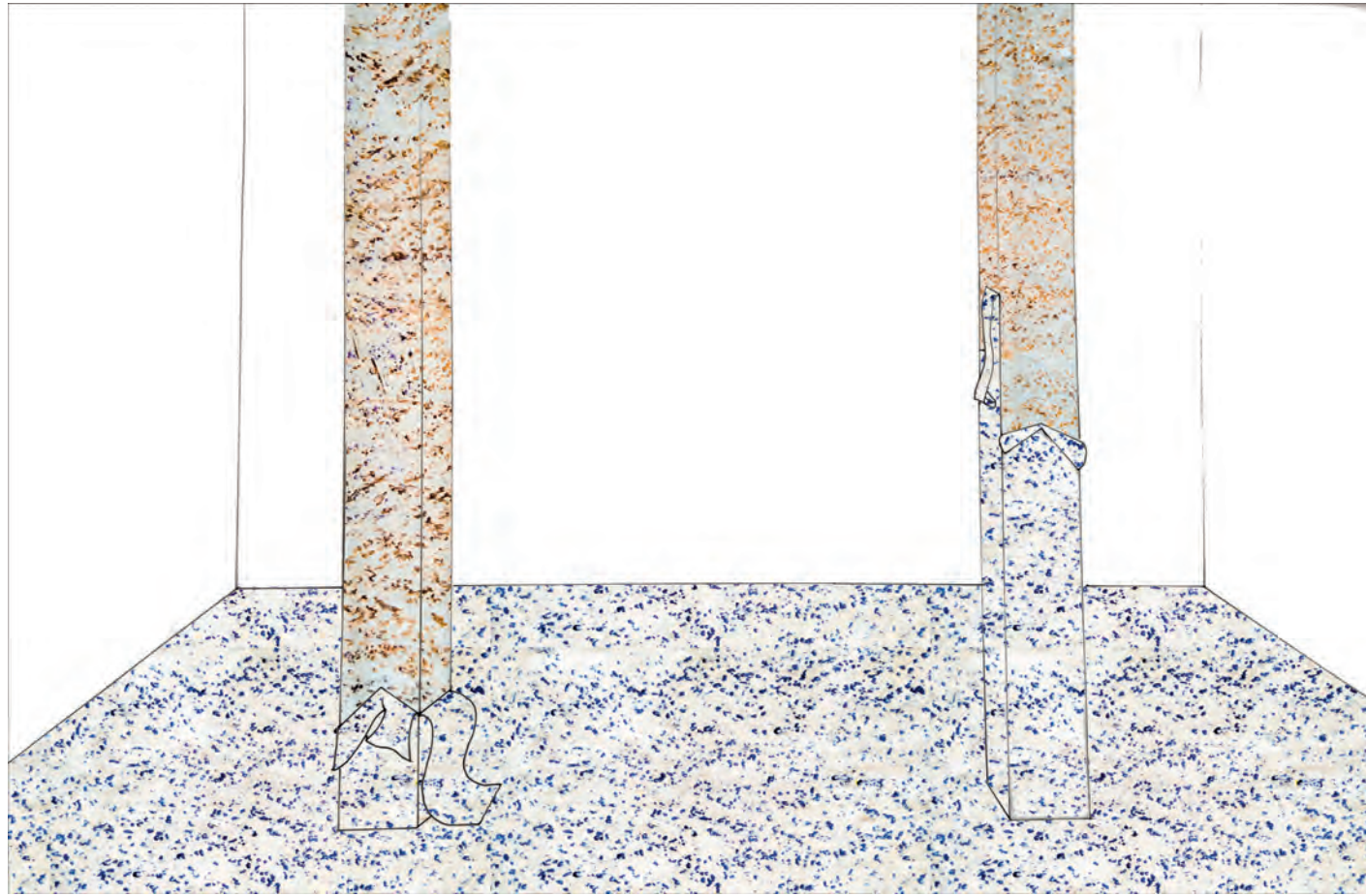
Lauryn Youden, *Your hand is heavy, like the wind*, 2021
6 wind chimes made of copper and brass hanging from different branches of a tree, wind
Variable dimensions

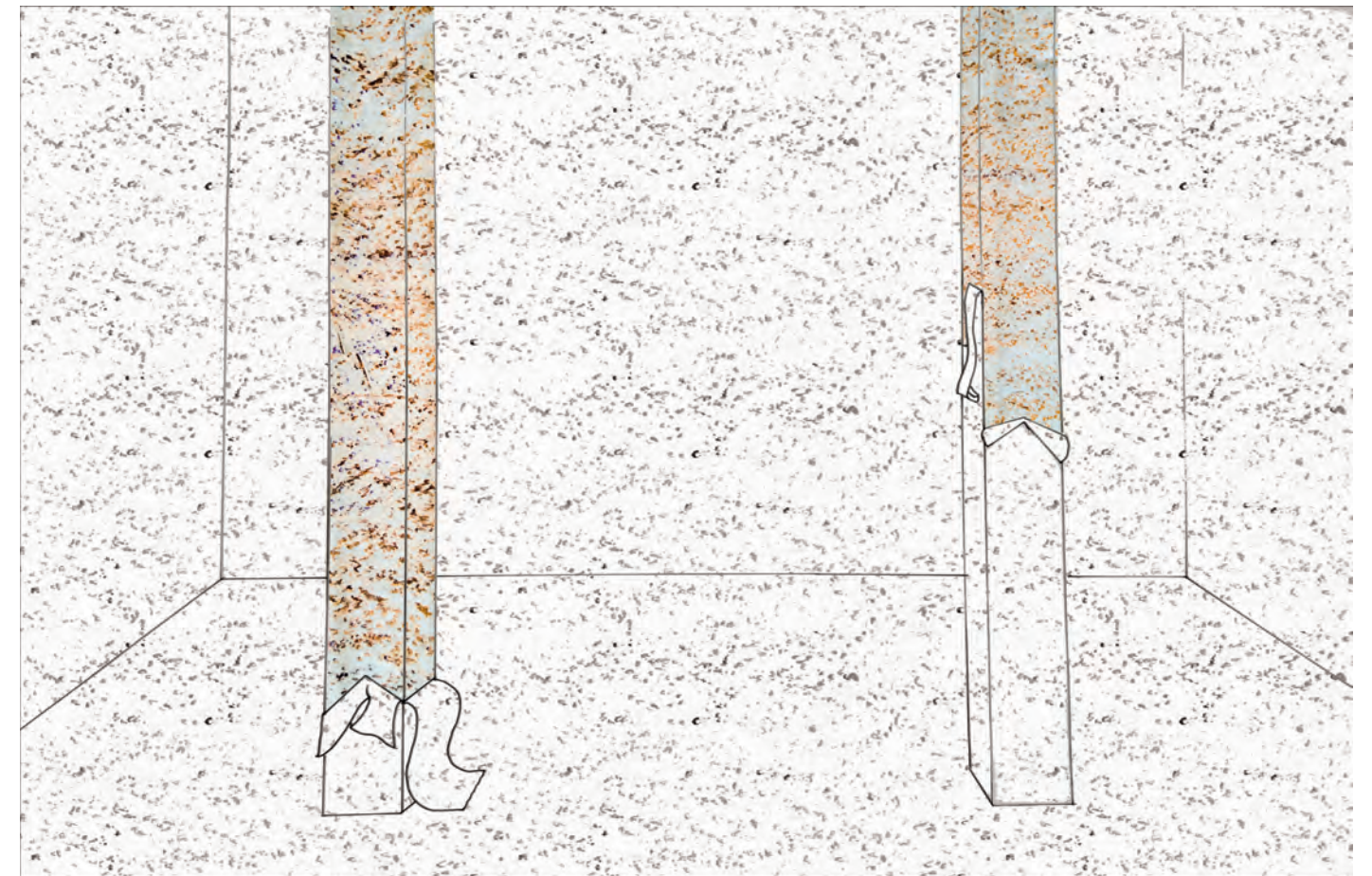
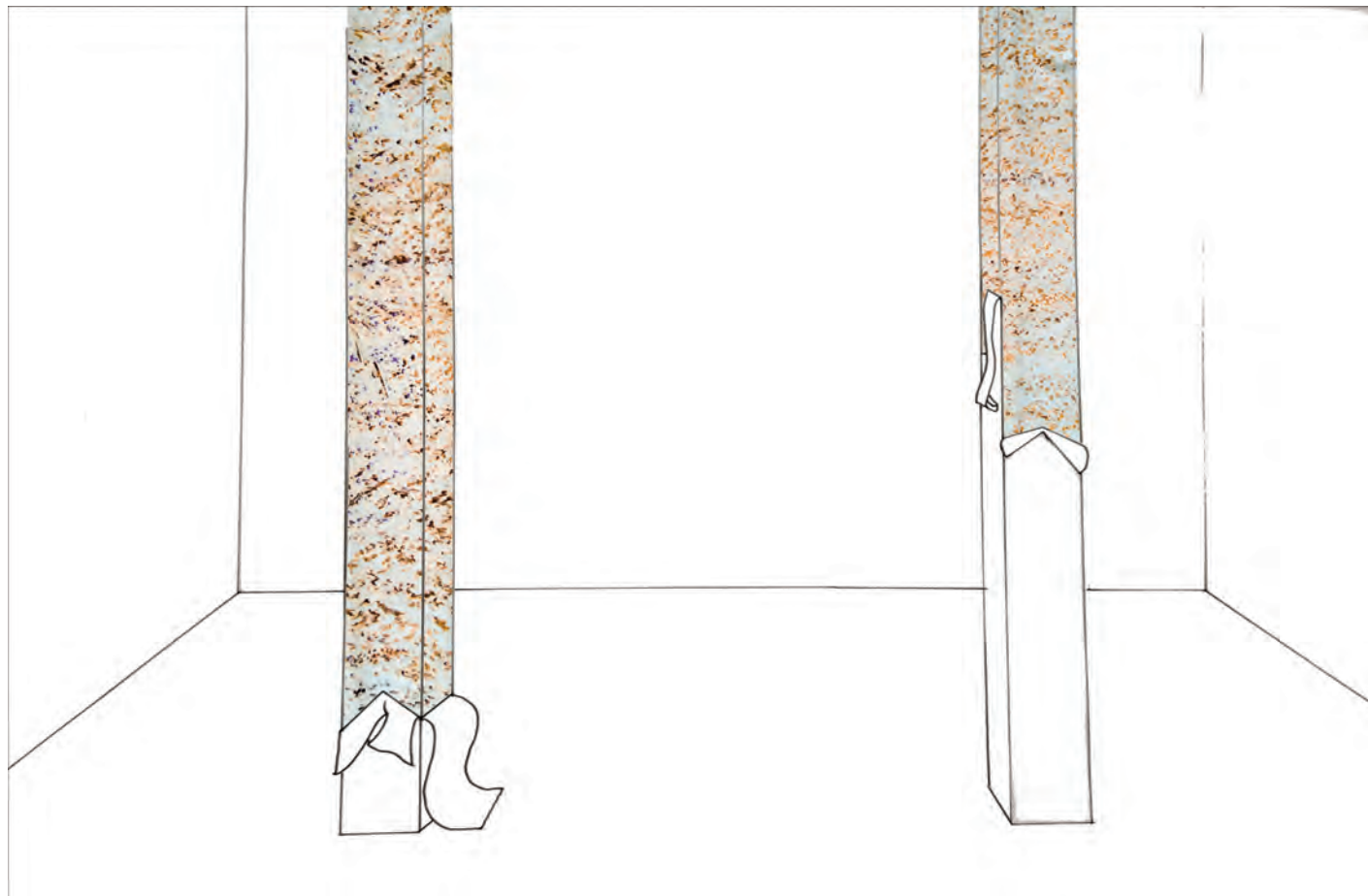
Photography: Ink Agop

Maria Giovanna Drago

DRAWINGROOMS







Prince Emrah

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Stacie Ant

CYBORG; SPACE GIRL



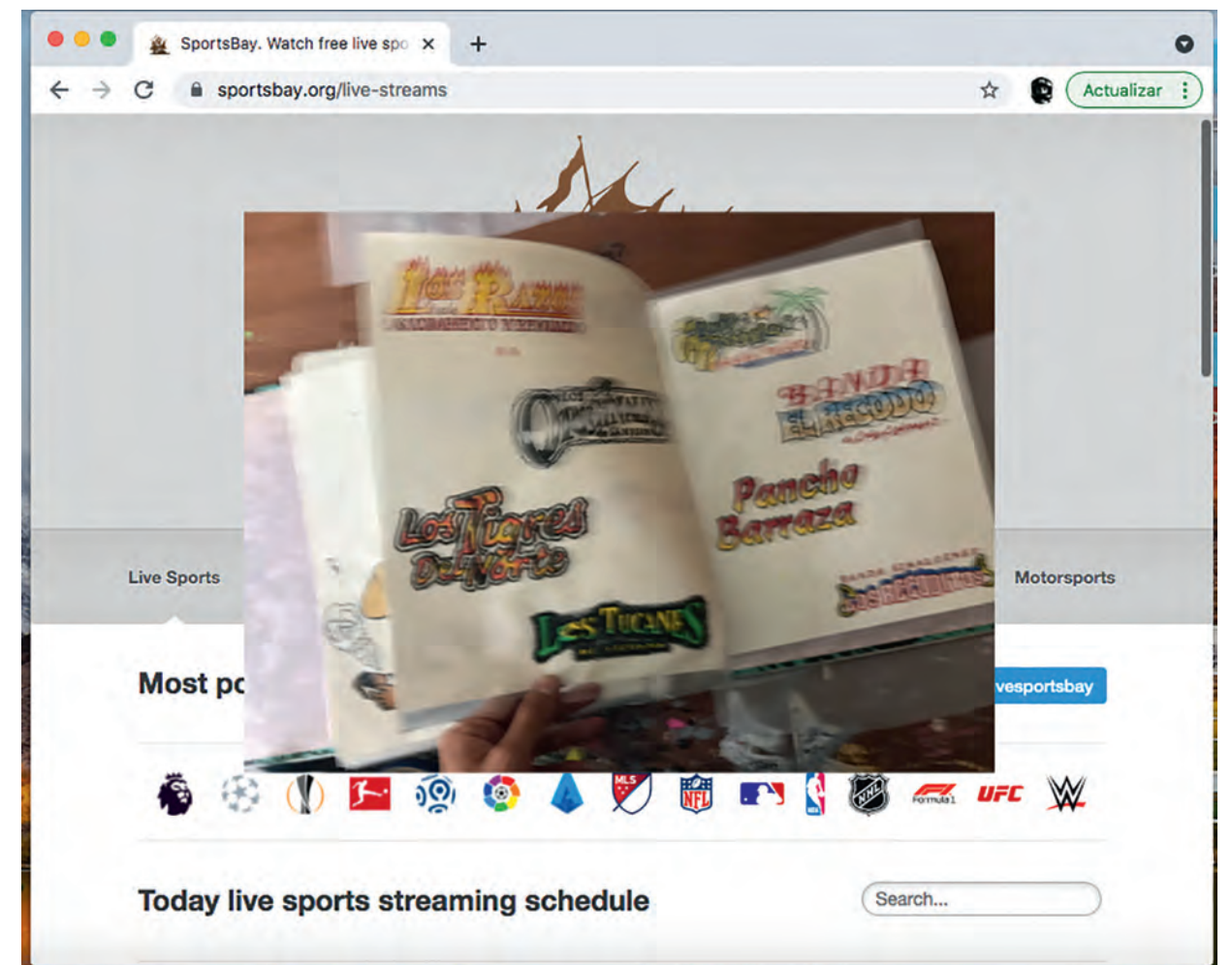
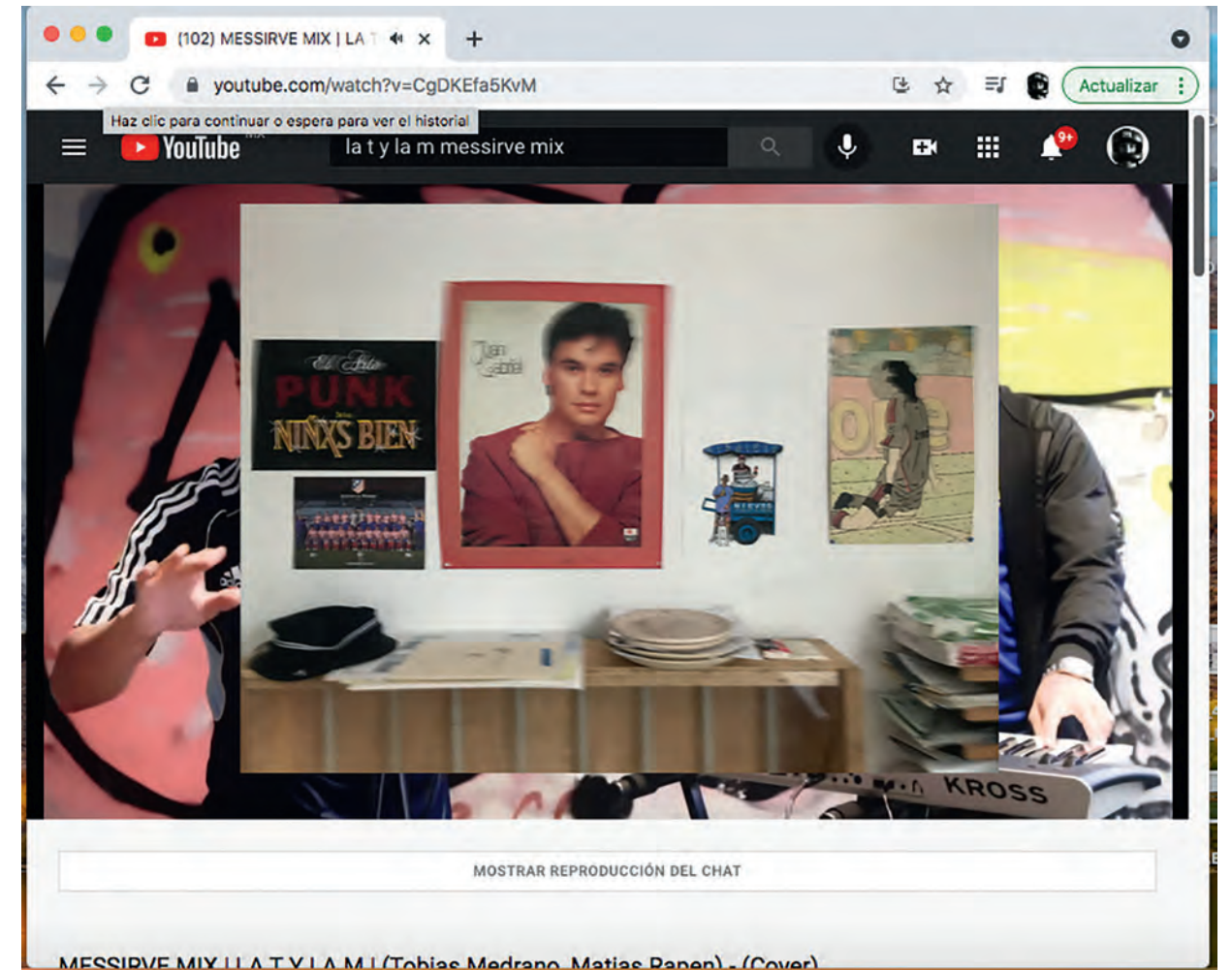
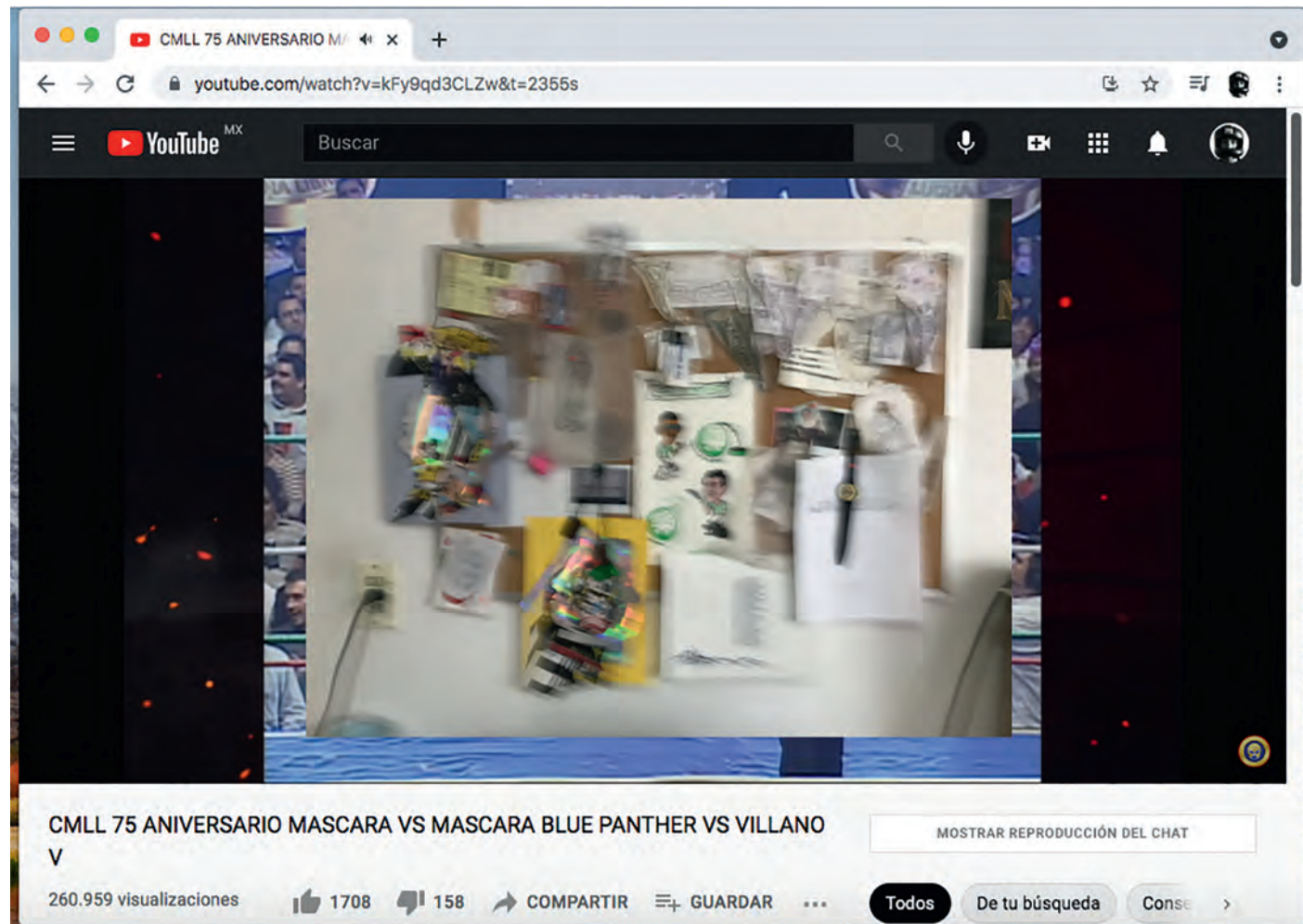
Stacie Ant, *cyborg*, 2021



Stacie Ant, *space girl*, 2021

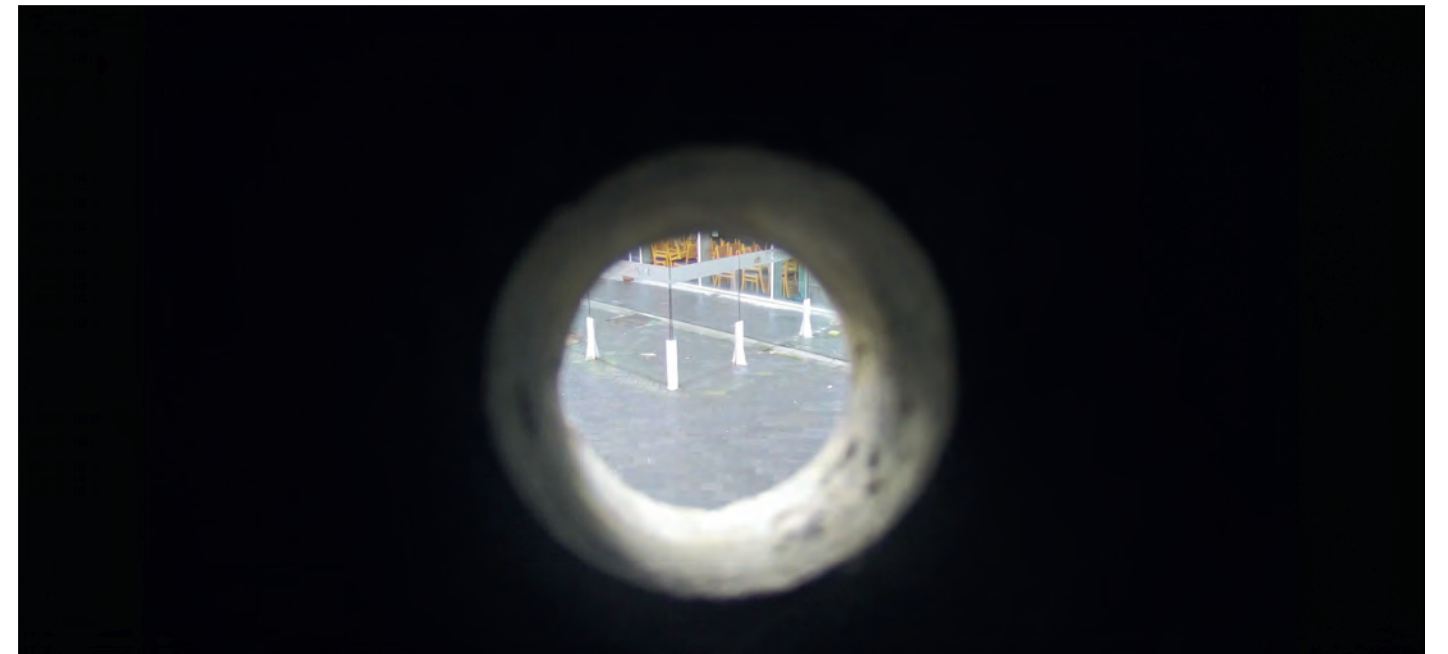
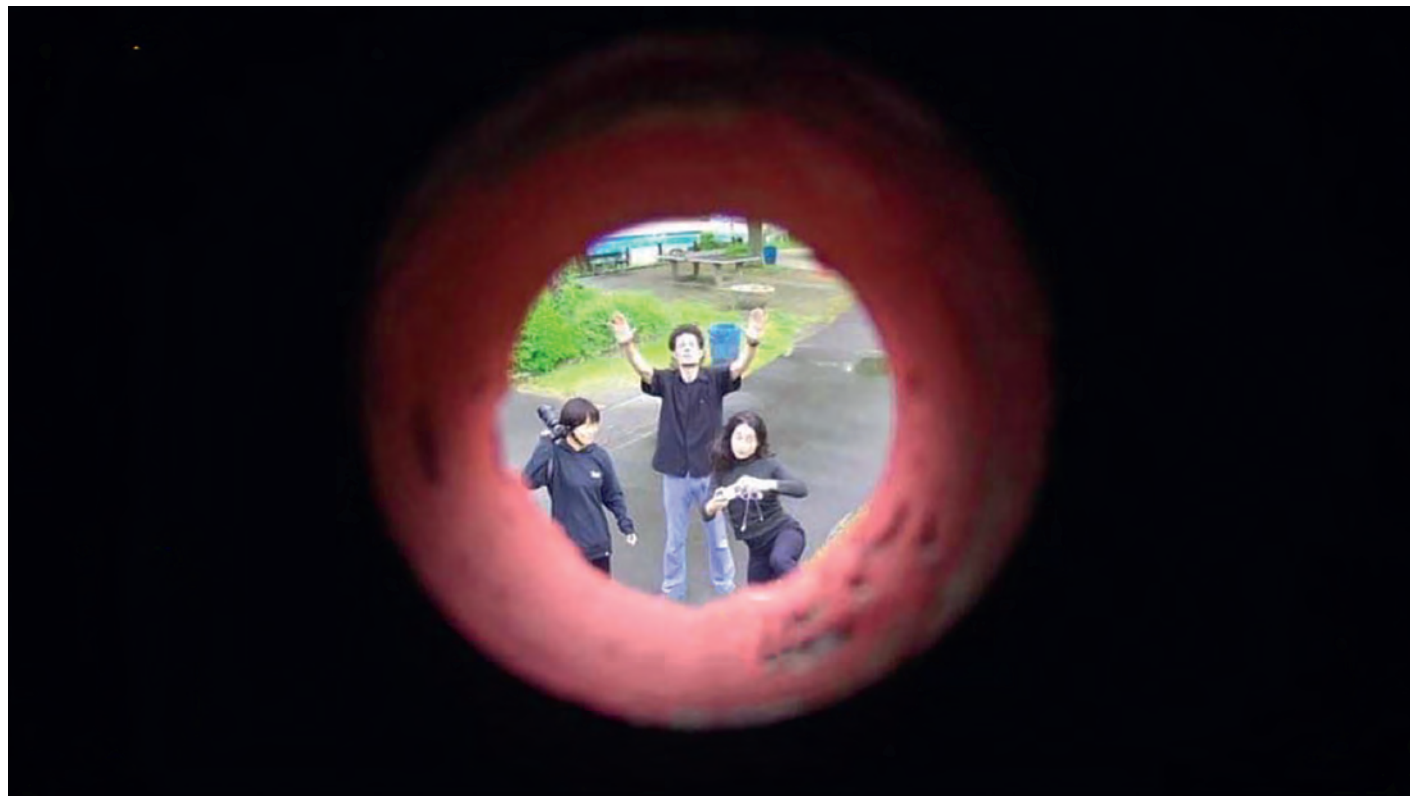
Manuel García Díaz

LOCKDOWN LANDSCAPES (1,2,3)

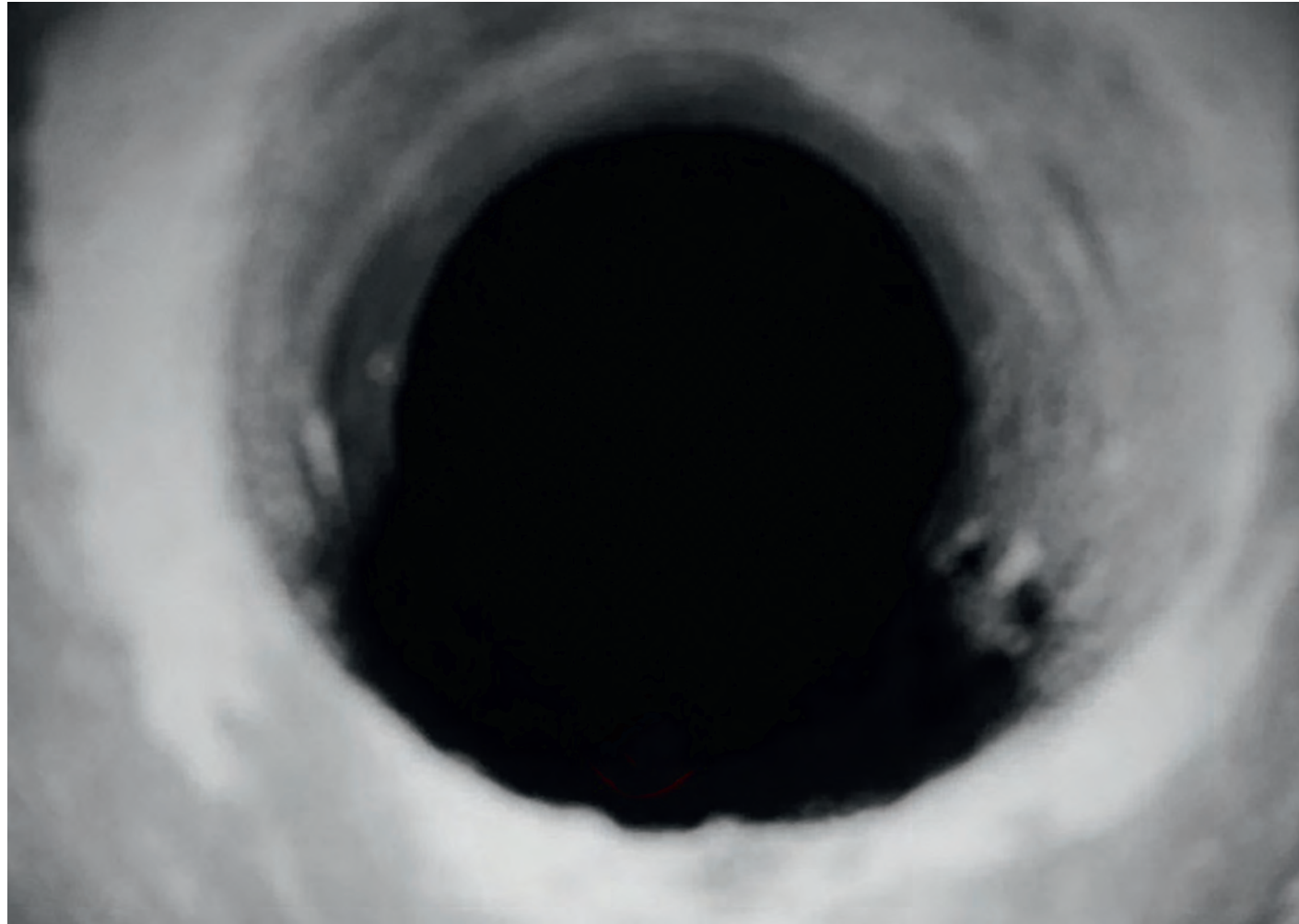


Cecilia Bjartmar Hylta

DROP SCENE







15 CONTRIBUTORS

Stacie Ant (born 1991) is a new media artist currently based in Berlin. Ant draws on her experiences as a female artist while developing the critical views of our technologically-saturated contemporary society that inform her work. Using 3D animation, installation, and augmented reality, Ant reinvents elements of contemporary culture through fictional, maximalist narratives.

Cecilia Bjartmar Hylta (born 1992) works mainly in sculpture and installation, exploring desire and infrastructures in general. Her recent exhibitions have been at Red Tracy in Copenhagen and Wiels in Brussels.

Sophie Boysen (born 1992) studied art history and theater studies at the Freie Universität Berlin and the Institut Catholique de Paris. Besides her curatorial assistance for TROPEZ in 2018, she worked for KW Institute for Contemporary Art in 2017/2018 and as well as Berlin Biennale in 2020. Since 2021 she is the artistic director of TROPEZ initiated by Nele Heinevetter.

Manuel García Díaz (born 1988) is primarily concerned with gender and power issues inherent in sports. He is interested in the influence of sports practice on the constitution of contemporary identities, the place of the body in culture, the role of heroic and idealised figures, and the weight of these narratives on popular imaginaries. García Díaz's work has been shown at Salón ACME in Mexico and Poppositions 2015 in Brussels, among others.

Maria Giovanna Drago's (born 1984) work explores the hybrid space between photography and painting, with a particular focus for the material component and surfaces. Her work has been shown at Mhuka in Antwerp, Goethe-Institut Athens and in other group exhibitions in Milan and Vienna.

The music theatre collective HAUEN UND STECHEN makes opera performances that are multi-voiced and audience-friendly. In doing so, the collective appropriates classical repertoire material, liberates its unfortunate female characters, and places them in a personal and political context. Hauen & Stechen was founded in 2012 by directors Franziska Kronfoth and Julia Lwowski. The collective has since worked closely with Sophiensaele in Berlin. Other venues include, in addition to site-specific works, Staatsoper Hamburg, Bayrische Staatsoper, Rote Fabrik in Zurich, Regensburg Theater and Oper Halle.

John Holten (born 1984) is a novelist, artist, and Editor-in-Chief of publishing house Broken Dimanche Press. His novels include *Oslo, Norway* (2015) and *The Readymades* (2011). His writings have appeared in *Frieze*, *gorse* and *The Stinging Fly* among other places. In 2020, he produced the podcast *Empathy When*.

The overall project *Verwandlungen* is organised by the initiative LUNA PARK e.V. in cooperation with the Gesundbrunnen-Grundschule. It is funded within the framework of the project TANZ UND THEATER IM QUARTIER, in the program Bildung im Quartier (BiQ) and within the framework of "Künste öffnen Welten" of the Bundesvereinigung Kulturelle Kinder- und Jugendbildung e.V. (BKJ). The LUNA PARK initiative combines artistic production, especially in the field of dance, with diverse projects of extracurricular artistic education for children, adolescents and young adults in Berlin, nationwide and in exchange with foreign countries.

As an artist, Josip Novosel often tries to exhibit in spaces that allow his art to be read differently. His diploma work at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna was also in a transit space, as well as numerous other works have taken place in or at ephemeral locations. In Portugal, Novosel exhibited on a fence (2018), on a staircase in London (2016), and in a gym in Moscow (2016).

Prince Emrah (born 1994) is a performance artist, professional belly dancer, dance trainer, and drag queen based in Berlin. Her shows fuse the traditional and contemporary forms of belly dance and Drag. In Berlin, Prince Emrah has organised oriental parties at SchwuZ and solo shows like Queerberg to support other refugee artists.

Sarah Ancelle Schönfeld (born 1979) is humorously searching for relevant actualizations of so-called folk wisdom and explores different ways of producing knowledge and truth. Her laboratories materialise in installations, performances, sculptures, instruments, photographs, and collages. Most recently, her work has been on view at the Boros/Berghain Collection and the MAK in Vienna. New Mexico State University recently commissioned her to create a public sculpture.

Anna M. Szaflarski (born 1984) combines illustration and storytelling in her sculptures, drawings, installations. She combines autobiographical and historical narratives with complex themes such as the feminist politics of physical boundaries and motifs from the natural sciences or comics. Most recently, she exhibited at the Kunstverein Göttingen and the Vernacular Institute in Mexico City. In 2019, she published the book *Very Normal People*.

Lilli Thiessen (born 1983) points to social ills in her work, always maintaining a seemingly cheerful and playful aesthetic. Her works are like "cake that makes you sick when you eat too much." They have recently been shown, for example, at Universitätsgalerie der Angewandten in Wien and at MAVRA in Berlin. In 2019, she founded the design studio HULFE together with artist Daphne Ahlers.

Berkay Tuncay's (born 1983) practice is based on exploring the multi-layered impact of the Internet on global society by copying, combining, and transforming the cultural codes that are disseminated online. Most recently, he exhibited his work at SANATORIUM in Istanbul and Display in Berlin.

Lauryn Youden (born 1989) is a performance and installation artist and poet. Her work illuminates and advocates for oppressed, marginalised, and forgotten practices of care and knowledge. In 2016, Youden was awarded the Berlin Art Prize. Most recently, she has exhibited at the Shedhalle in Zurich and the Aargauer Kunsthau, as well as the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam.

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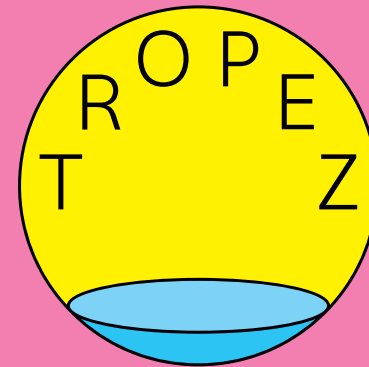


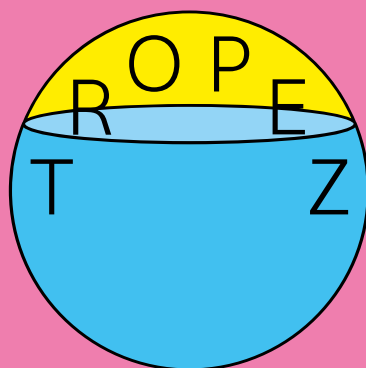
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