

TROPEZ

2023

#7

POOL READER

CONTENT

04 NADA HUSSEIN [bə'liv]

06 CHRISTINA KRYS HUBER DREAM BABY DREAM

08 ANNA HANKINGS-EVANS THOUGHTS ON DECOLONIZATION
A BLACK FEMINIST PERSPECTIVE

10 DARDAN ZHEGROVA I KEEP CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF MYSELF
HIDING WHILE YOU STARE AT ME

14 MANDLA 4.3 SELF-PRESERVATION (FROM AS BRITISH AS A WATERMELON)

16 KOSMAS KOSMOPOULOS / LUNA PARK
THE BELIEF IN THE SUPERNATURAL AND CONTEMPORARY ART

20 ROSA FREY PROMICORE JUNIOR

22 JOHN HOLTEN ON LAND THERE ARE ONLY INTERRUPTIONS

26 DOUNIA BIEDERMANN HOPE - OKAY

28 SAHEJ RAHAL MISSING PAGES

32 JIMMY BEAUQUESNE UNDAWN

34 STACIE ANT TEMPERANCE – ORIGINAL CONCEPT

36 TRUST (JOVANA MAKSIĆ & LINA MARTIN-CHAN)
WHAT THE *PLOOF* IS A COLLECTIVE BODY?!

38 MIRIAM KONGSTAD FREE-FALL

42 JÜRGEN BECK UNTITLED

46 SHASTI THE GHOSTS MUST NOW BE SUMMONED

48 LORENZ FIDEL HUCHTHAUSEN I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD
BUT I'VE MET TH' DEVIL ONCE

50 CONTRIBUTORS

52 COLOPHON

In pop culture we find countless poems, stories and songs about believing in love, in miracles, in oneself or in better times. Even though we are confronted with questions of belief every day, it is sometimes not so easy to describe what it even means to believe in something.

Belief is a complex and multifaceted concept that plays a fundamental role in human cognition, behavior, and culture. It refers to the mental acceptance or conviction that something is true or real, often in the absence of absolute proof or evidence. Beliefs can be shaped by a variety of factors, including personal experiences, upbringing, culture, religion, and social influences. Beliefs can take many forms and can be deeply held and strongly influence an individual's thoughts, actions, and decision-making.

In our thoroughly rationalized world, believing in something leaves room for things that cannot be explained, that do not seem to be possible and perhaps preserves a small part of being a child. It can be comforting or leave room for something that is not understandable at first. In this issue, the protagonists of this year's POOL READER share stories, works, thoughts and texts they have been working on and dealing with this year.

DREAM BABY DREAM



believing in

funny, it woke me up...

Hot concrete that burned the feet

soft tissues
dazzling

seeking deep lip sync

up down up up down
too many to be counted, nothing to be mentioned, a miracle, a treasure
a fucking nightmare in its pleasure.

The seed

visible, ghosting
our hour out
drawn to a rearrangement of backlashes

it is leaking like a water tap
drip drip dip drip

Dripping
Dipping
Looking

it is like an empty pack of biscuits
collecting the last crumbs in the bottom
picking them out, eating them slowly
the little rest of what could have been a full blowout
waiting, pecking
like a chicken into the ground

waking up

remembering

no guessing

delightfully drinking the last glass of bordeaux
it is a different story
breathing in

a warm summer breeze.
Is it a good night to start with?

Like good sushi from the restaurant at Schlesi
just the fog is missing
it is crystal clear.

Dream baby dream.



fragility

CHRISTINE KREYS HUBER

THOUGHTS ON DECOLONIZATION A BLACK FEMINIST PERSPECTIVE

“We exist as women who are Black who are feminists, each stranded for the moment, working independently because there is not yet an environment in this society remotely congenial to our struggle—because, being on the bottom, we would have to do what no one else has done: we would have to fight the world.”¹

The notion of “progress” is undeniably value-based in that it is — despite having been historically constructed as neutral — inevitably shaped by what Europeans consider it to be. Human rights and gender equality are seemingly at the center of assumed progression, oftentimes framed as a European achievement, enabling the formerly “uncivilized” to profit from modernity’s fruits. A fractured understanding of what constitutes progression emerged. Today, contemporary post-colonial African societies, through formulating their own development agendas, seemingly embrace the notion, while reserving the right to Africanize it. But what is progress, I often ask myself, as I engage in yet another academic debate on development and its embodiment as goals, thinking about the disenfranchisement of African women and gender non-conforming people, as it persists today. Is it about advancement, or simply movement, a compelling direction of movement, or is it merely the target that is decisive? Is it modernity, technological progress, or is it the insistence on humanity, empathy, morality that is relevant to development?

Ironically, the idea of “progress” did not emerge in a political or social vacuum but was birthed by way of constructing moral duties in pursuit of supremacy and profit. For instance, the 1885 General Act of the Berlin Conference on West Africa that formalized imperialism and contributed to the partitioning of Africa, empowered participants to “watch over the preservation of

the native tribes” and to ensure “the improvement of the conditions of the moral and material well-being”, thereby bestowing upon them “the blessings of civilization”. It shows the fragility of any kind of value-based system that distorts the basis of its analytical framework rather than providing a more nuanced understanding. The subjugation of Black women globally, through the histories of colonization, enslavement, and misogynoir², manifested a regression rather than progression. It was Black women who had to provide unpaid labor and endure the legislation of their bodies to produce capital, a fact that largely remains concealed in today’s discourse on gender justice and equality, whose labor continues to be devalued, decontextualized, and appropriated in what we assume is modernity.

So, what is progress? Perhaps it got lost in translation. But Black women have been writing, critiquing, addressing, appealing, offering perspectives on analysing and dismantling patriarchal systems of domination. Why weren’t we heard? One reason might be that Black women have for the longest time remained excluded from what is conceptualized as “womanhood”. Whereas patriarchal structures persist globally, the fight against such structures has oftentimes failed to meet oppression at its intersection, and thus also to centre the most disenfranchised. It has made invisible the knowledge production of marginalized women, colonized women, enslaved women, poor women, — all of whom are Black women. To decolonize is to undo a history of silencing, is to deconstruct progress, is to humanize the dehumanized, is to engage in the writings of Black women, who, despite being at the bottom, have from time immemorial, “[...] been the undisputed practitioners of the art. Our involvement in this did not begin only when we changed to the scripted form of expression. We have been writing for a long time; it is now that these writings are beginning to come out in the open.”³

¹ Wallace, Michele, ‘A Black Feminist’s Search for Sisterhood’, *The Village Voice*, 28 July 1975, pp. 6–7.

² The term was coined by Moya Bailey in her essay ‘They Aren’t Talking About Me’, who defines it as the intersection of racism, antiBlackness, and misogyny that Black women experience. Similarly, racialized misogyny towards Black trans women is called ‘transmisogynoir’. The essay is available at: <https://www.crunkfeminist-collective.com/2010/03/14/they-arent-talking-about-me/>

³ Ngcobo, Lauretta, *Let it be told*, 1987, p. ix.

I KEEP CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF MYSELF HIDING
WHILE YOU STARE AT ME





Dardan Zhegrova, I keep catching a glimpse of myself hiding while you stare at me, 2020

4.3 SELF-PRESERVATION

FROM AS BRITISH AS A WATERMELON BY MANDLA

Self-preservation turns you into
A vision of yourself that you can't
Bear to look in the eye.
Some people don't find a way out of the labyrinth,
They wander aimlessly, thinking
I shouldn't be here,
I was raised to know better.

My grandmother told me that I wouldn't have to go looking for the devil
He would make himself a home in the pit of my being.

She said "*you can't outrun him.*
U'Sathane nguwe.
The devil is you."

Sinners look for solace in each another.
Perhaps Delilah didn't know the power that lay in her scissors.
Delilah
Delilah
Delilah wept while Samson's blood splattered her naked face.
Delilah
Delilah
Delilah never got to beg his forgiveness.

THE BELIEF IN THE SUPERNATURAL AND CONTEMPORARY ART



Spiritual ideas and symbolic images were recurring themes in the diverse works of art that TROPEZ brought to the Humboldthain outdoor pool in Berlin-Wedding during the summer of 2023. This year's curated collection, entitled "BELIEVE," asked what we believe in today. It opened with a group exhibition in which sculptures and installations were spread across the pool area, and continued with performances, readings of texts, some of which written by the artists themselves, concerts, workshops for children, and so on. The artists who were invited to participate in "BELIEVE" created or adapted their works in response to the questions: "Why do we believe in higher (real or surreal) powers?" and "What is the fascination of mysticism?" The three-month art program gave park visitors – swimmers and non-swimmers alike – the opportunity to interact with the artists' works either by unintentionally gazing at the objects of the exhibition or intentionally attending the performances. Upon invitation from the TROPEZ team, I engaged with these challenging questions about beliefs in an intensive experiential workshop entitled "Märchenwesen". My participation in this summer's events was a reminder of the aestheticization of the supernatural in my work with the poetics and politics of dance. So, I thought it might be interesting to write about my direct encounters with the supernatural in the following text, which is my contribution to this year's edition of the *Pool Reader*.

INTO THE DARKNESS: SEEING THE UNSEEN

In the era we live in, which is increasingly defined according to questions of belief, my interest in this theme is related to supernatural (re)presentation in my conceptual or post-conceptual choreographic works. The elusiveness between the material and the ethereal aspects of the human body was the conceptual framework of a dance performance entitled "SLEEPING BEAUTIES – CHASING GHOSTS", presented at Uferstudios in early spring 2023. The title, as an integral part of the choreographic concept, signifies a deconstruction of the classic fairy tale *Sleeping Beauty*, in order to challenge the binary dichotomy of gender, while the plural designation – *Sleeping Beauties* – serves as an ideal metaphor to reflect on the conscious or unconscious lethargic state of today's broader society. Liminal dreaming situated in an elusive space between waking and sleeping has a particularly important role in our collective embodied research into the social, cultural, philosophical and political significance of the physical existence of supernatural beings. Through this research into the ethereal realm of sleeping and dreaming we encountered lots of ghosts that, unlike us humans, are not visible to the naked eye. Restless spirits that haunt us, dominate us, terrify us, and that, sometimes, can bring the past into the present.

During the choreographic process, in a dialogic exchange with the playwright and dance dramaturg Kai Pichmann, we searched for answers to questions such as: How do sleep and dreams become visible in waking life and how do they move our bodies? How does reality enter our dreams? Why can we sometimes dream with our eyes open? What kinds of ghosts come to us while we are dreaming? Do they continue to accompany us even when we are awake, and how can we interact with them? What did *Sleeping Beauty* dream about in her one-hundred-year long sleep?

The performance begins with six dancers lying on the floor dressed in bleached clothes that resemble military uniforms. They go on a hunt for their dreams and those of others. Trapped in a void of beautiful darkness, which is broken by a pale flashlight, they encounter all kinds of ghosts, some of them irritatingly strange and others strangely familiar. They give them body and voice, and it so happens that the boundary between dream and reality suddenly loses meaning.

Will they awaken from their Sleeping Beauty slumber, and will the world then perhaps be a different place, no longer darkened by the shadows of our wars (past, present, future)? The only scenic design is an image of clouds, depicting the distance between earth and heaven, projected on the back wall of the stage. This journey in the dark is accompanied by the original music of the composer Antonios Palaskas: melancholic melodies, eerie sounds, whispers, screams similar to hysterical laughter, silences.

The dancers seem to forget themselves as they become caught in a hypnotic trance. The almost meditative atmosphere alternates with violent movements, traces from violent acts in the real world. The interactive performance invites the audience into an ongoing and evolving “dialogue” with the dancers. The repeated invitation of the audience onto the stage, to look closely at the dancing bodies as if to bring them out of their nightmares, somehow recovers the loss of unity in our social life. This idea creates magnified shadows projected onto the white walls of the space, creating subliminal reminiscences of the silent film *Metropolis* directed by Fritz Lang. The audience’s encounter with the liminal edges of sleep and dream can make them question their own beliefs in the passage of time. The performance ends in a white-lit landscape where bodies lie frozen and half-naked on the floor. A nothingness after the chaos that belongs to the realm of spirituality, and is recognized as death. There is a realization that the ghosts we experience in the twenty-first century are no different from those of the wars of the distant past of human history.

INTO THE LIGHT: METAMORPHOSIS IN NATURE

As a return to the belief in magic, the experiential workshop “Märchenwesen” in August took children on an exciting journey through the idyllic topography of Humboldthain Park. In a reinterpretation of selected fairy tales, their magical and absurd logocentric world was transformed into motion and imagery. Movement and dance combined with play inspired the children to search for secrets hidden in the dark shadows of the trees and the reflections of light in the pool waters. The interplay between reality and fantasy allowed the children to transform into fairies, elves, dragons, mermaids, sirens, swans and other mythical creatures, all dreamlike and misty figures incarnated in human form through their endless imaginations. Although many of the classic fairy tales can depict children’s deepest fears, they also frequently embody their greatest hopes and dreams. Here, the bodily incarnation of mythical creatures in a daydreaming state proves that our physical senses perceive what we imagine. More than that, seeing the young, awakened creatures dancing in real life brought up something more optimistic than a simple “happily ever after.”

My interpretation of fairy tales in this workshop set-up was similar to my interpretation of dreams (viewed by Sigmund Freud as the major path to the unconscious) in the pursuit of ghosts. Based on these examples, I wanted to offer an explanation as to why supernatural beings continue to influence the imagination of contemporary artists, through a personal paradigm, and to why millions of people are so attracted to believing in invisible beings. However, my text does not exhaust multiple interpretations of the renewed momentum surrounding spirituality in today’s art world. For example, some art historians and critics believe that the fascination with the supernatural in current artistic production is just a trend. However, to those readers who might be confused and still wonder if all the mysterious creatures in the world are real, the photos below, taken by Giovanni Lo Curto, suggest that ghostly bodies and dancing spirits do exist, and that they can see them with their own eyes...

Pictures: LUNA PARK, SLEEPING BEAUTIES CHASING GHOSTS, 2023. Giovanni Lo Curto

KOSMAS KOSMOPOULOS / LUNA PARK





Wait until you hear this story, just hear me out, bear with me. I think it's a story about losing my mother, or about beached whales but also, you know, like about home video. It's been a strange two days since we sailed from Ponta Delgada. But I hope you've had a good day.

You spend your life studying something you think the world willfully ignores, and then suddenly a boat sinks in mysterious circumstances or an Angel shark turns up somewhere for the first time in 50 years and suddenly journalists and news crews want you to talk, but really, I hate the camera. Something I think now that I got from my mother.

My phone pinged as soon as we could see land with word of the beached whale down south. I didn't think twice and went to the airport. Yeah I know, don't ask me, it was the quickest way for me to get there, especially if I wanted to try and keep the thing alive.

It's hard to describe what it's like, you know, there's this massive deceased organism in front of you, or worse (or better) it's still alive but really it's marked for death and it's not just any old place: it's on the beach, a bit back from the sad lap of waves extinguishing themselves. The space between land and sea, a bardo lido that's neither one thing nor the other like steam disappearing into the corners of a room, only there's no room here, just the darkened lump of a dead cetacean. In the conversation between man and fellow mammal it's the land-based man that speaks: this is what I look like friend, this is my body, this is my carcass to be. It's a lonely feeling to know you, as an individual, cannot help keep alive another animal. Not as lonely, perhaps, as knowing we can't keep all animals alive indefinitely, but that's something we share as a species, perhaps that's why most people don't feel anything in the face of our very own mass extinction event. I don't know.

There is a shortage of descriptions of beached whales in literature, perhaps because it's so awful to experience such a loss of **home**. The smell itself is the antithesis to any poetry. Darwin barely mentions whales in his *Voyage of the Beagle*. They meet some American whalers off the coast of Patagonia but he just finds it funny how the entire ship seems to shout orders, before realising the captain has a stutter and surmises that perhaps all the shipmates were simply helping him finish his hurried directions. More surprisingly, there's no beached whales in *Moby Dick*, but that's perhaps also understandable due to the nature of the tale being told. But also perhaps because there's no in-between places in Melville's imagination. It's not what the story is about, sure, but the book, the project itself of Melville, it's about the whale in all its permutations, so this just reinforces my suspicion that there is something deeply profane about a whale lost on the shore, suffocating slowly.

There was this insufferable fool in the bar yesterday but that's the way of it, even all the way out there in the Azores. It makes me think of the boat: how I miss it. We're all stuck on boats of our own making, but what's worse is when we're forced off them. Mariana told me after, that all he was doing was recounting jokes he'd taken from TikTok. This a man in his 60s. The joke that went

on the longest, you may have heard it, was the one about a guy getting a divorce on his birthday. It was puerile. People would diminish themselves no matter what, in any way imaginable, if it meant they could maintain a bar's attention on themselves, let me tell you.

And it's shocking and it's sad, it's simply sad and tragic and it groans like a 100-year-old sad tale whose language nobody is able to recognise anymore.

So let me try. It was night by the time I got to the Fonte da Telha beach in Almada, Setúbal district. Let's pretend it's a police procedural on TV, or a pulp novel, and I'm the detective from out of town sent to investigate. But I don't want to belittle the whole thing, it's a tragedy as I'm after saying. I got there after a day of travel once I heard about the poor whale from George in *Animal*, the association of animal rights campaigners. The university is always behind with these things and most of the citizen science apps too, they're just not used enough, but that's another story.

It was nighttime and dark by the time I got to the coast (don't get me started about Lisboa, I just always get a little freaked out on its metro) and the day was long over and I was exhausted, I was really, really tired.

I had been seeing signs of catastrophe and comedy everywhere since the airport: the cork in the metro seats, bizarrely filling out each of the contoured saddles in the quad seating bays; the plastic laminate encasing this cork; the bald headed man whose visage was a towel of bevelled grey masking an enemy I didn't know I yet had; at the Encarnação stop a woman boarded and she incarnated herself before my eyes as she pulled out Crime and Punishment by F.D. Everything smelled of sandalwood as it does on the mainland, the distinct mark of a country, as you always tell me, is the perfume of its disinfectant products used in public places. Every underground system in the world smells differently, don't forget this, because it can help you locate yourself.

So many interruptions, I fear my brain no longer works once I'm on dry land. What are my interruptions? Opening this app and staring at the little ticks, seeing if they've doubled and appear as a pair, and even more importantly if they turn blue; several newspaper websites with a focus on international news; several citizen science apps that I tell myself are better for me, free as they are from the clutches of late stage capitalism. But all interruptions to my thinking are capitalism, they are the siphoning of neurons, my data so-called, to unseen centres of digital commerce, so really, who am I kidding.

There's the moon and street light, and some figures standing around and the massive lump of it like a piece of granite the sea had found under the sand or something, you know, like a damned obelisk. The protrusion of it, of them, an ink-black line against the dark navy of the sea. Would take your breath away. And yeah, it's groaning, they're groaning, there's a distinct audible noise even though the wind is up and the sound at a beach is impossible to properly recall – try

and do it right now and you will fail, you will hear the sound of a conch beside your ear, maybe, like in childhood but nothing else – and I won't lie, I immediately started to tear up and my professionalism left me and I wished, like so many times and in so many places before, that I was on a boat, and I was meeting this majesty out at sea, and not here in this place that was neither land nor sea, listening to its extended, desperately lonesome death rattle. A terrible, destitute deadbed for such a creature. By the time I got within touching distance of it, the air was turgid with abject loss, like, it was hard to breathe I was so distraught. Maybe it's like the sound of an air conditioner come to think of it, the beach at night.

The extinction of whales, the impossibility of a day uninterrupted.

This isn't even the story I wanted to tell you, sorry, these voicenotes are endless I know, and when they stack up they become just one in a series of interruptions better avoided altogether. Though I do hope you listen to them because, well you know, I guess it's my way of saying I miss you and I'm sick of talking to machines all day. If I was out on the boat it wouldn't be so bad, but I don't even have that luxury.

The beached whale was last night, but the crazy thing is, serendipity I guess, you know, is that I came to my father's house seeing as I was down here anyway. He's got this house toward Sintra, you've never been to Caiscais have you? Well the house has an outhouse, he calls it the 'casa anexa', and the amount of stuff in there is, well it's mindblowing and it's pretty clear he really can't bring himself to throw any of it away.

You know what he's like, there's no need for me to go into it here, but he basically implied that it was up to me when I would clear out and organise all the junk: now, when I could (I may as well, is what he muttered) or wait until he was dead (which wasn't going to be too soon, he also muttered, but not today). Of course he said it all with a glint in his eye, and I heard him chuckling to himself as he left me there among all the crap, the cumulus clouds of dross that accumulate from a life, his life.

He has such a peculiar sort of selfishness that I don't even hold it against him anymore.

In amongst the wall of junk I immediately saw the leather shoulder bag that held our old camcorder set up, which I hadn't seen in at least 20 years. I pulled at it and managed to extract it without causing an avalanche of everything on top of it. Inside was the Panasonic camera, complete with the flip out viewfinder. It was remarkably compact for something from the early 1990s, the last hurrah of the analogue camcorder I guess. Overcoming a morbid superstition that had settled on the family since a decade or more, I rummaged and pulled out three of the small compact VHS tapes, no bigger than a deck of cards each. Inspecting them I saw they were from a series of holidays in the Algarve, the memories, jumbled and cut up, came back to me. But I wanted

suddenly to break the omerta we had created about my mum: I wanted to see her, to hear her. Acting quickly now, as if I didn't want to let doubt creep in or for me to change my mind, I found the adaptor tape, into which the small VHS C inserted itself. It took me 20 minutes to locate and pull out the VCR player and its attendant cables, causing the mountain of golf clubs and wind-breakers and roof rack infrastructure all to topple and spill almost out the door of the casa anexa, but I didn't care. I was sweating by the time I hooked it up to the TV in the main house, fumbling with the remote control and trying to locate the right channel, inserting the tape, pressing play. I don't know where my father was at this stage, I didn't know anything about how he spent his days after all if I'm to be honest, but that's not the point right now.

The screen flickered with a wave in the top left-hand corner, the bending of misaligned video heads or worn out tape, but the tracking issue resolved itself and suddenly there was the image with sound: a campsite hedge, a patch of blue sky, pebbles and rocks. I was behind the camera so it was a rollercoaster, my childish voice behind excitedly exclaiming, 'I'm going to record a film!'

It's odd isn't it, how much older people look in the past? I don't mean that they look historical, of their time, but that like with so many other things, it seems like people, and especially men, grew older faster, by which I mean they wore the clothes and haircuts of older age much more, they seemed to step out of their flares or long hair and straight into a drab, greyscale conformity with meek acceptance. Why is that? So I watch on as my father walks down the lane toward the camp allotment where my younger director self sat yielding the camera, my 40-year-old father looks like a 70-year-old to my current 40-year-old self. People actually grew up, they matured before the turn of the century I feel, they actually became middle aged, while millennials like me, for reasons I'm not going to get into here, merely exist in the flattened out, let me say it, beached culture of the on-going moment.

And then there is my mum, sunbathing, as she so liked to do. It was a passion of hers, one of many whose intricacies I never got to fully understand. I can presume it gave her pleasure, that she liked how it made her look maybe, but really I have no idea. Such ignorance is its own form of grief, I know.

'Don't record me,' and she laughs with her big hat in her hand, waving like she's swatting an invisible fly away from her, shadows across her feet, the rest of her exposed skin oiled and gleaming in the sunlight, 'I look like a beached whale!'

My voice from behind the swooping camera (I seem incapable of keeping still): 'What does that mean,' I guffaw in an unimpressed lament. The camera pans back toward the caravan and awning, but there's no sign of my father. The scene cuts.



We came together by the pool, got enchanted by stories of mermaids, ghosts and demons. We learned about rough landscapes and deep heartaches. Together, we gathered in a dome that transcended borders and emerged us into the realm of virtual worlds.

What a pleasure we had.

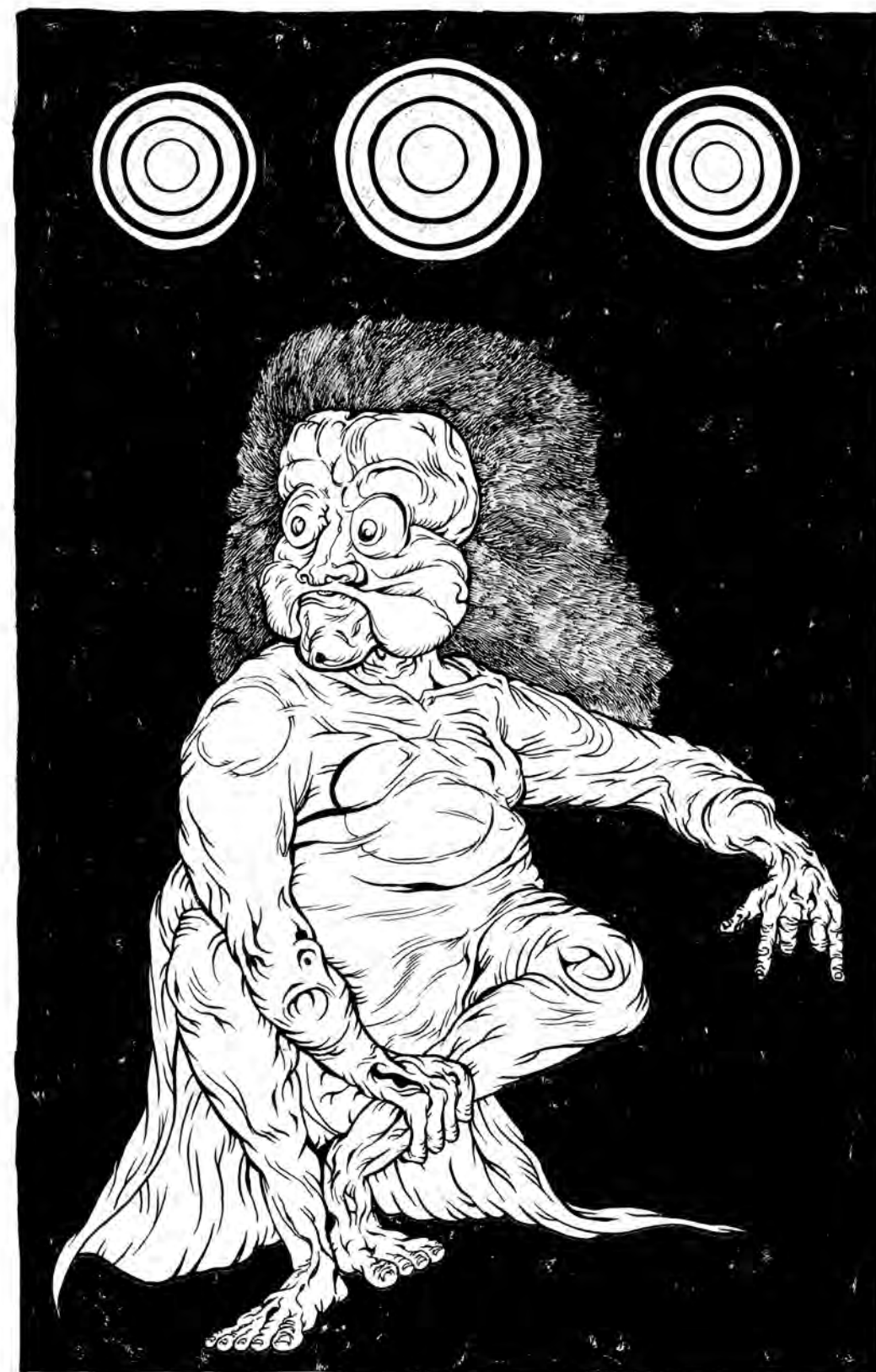
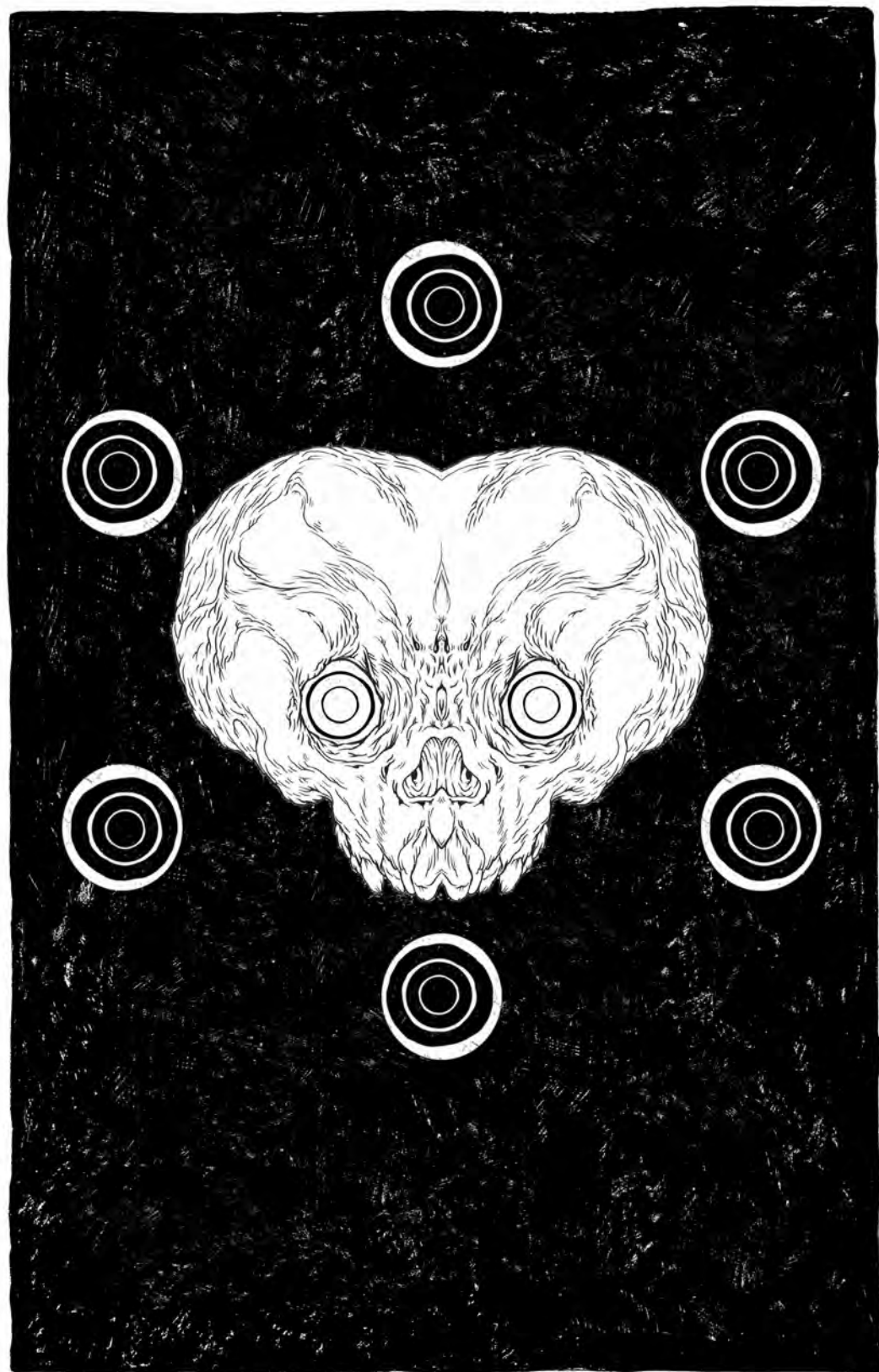
Unguarded's musical Trilogy at TROPEZ's pool season 2023 was a learning about community that constituted itself through its imaginative spaces. These imaginations might have been fictional and fantastical, but they told us grand truths we chose to believe in. In times of constant violent manifestations of power and their consequences for all beings, organic and inorganic, questions were asked, yet ... answers are still to be found. We thought about possibilities, we evoked the ghosts, let them in, we didn't want to exorcise them.

We wanted to listen.

🎀 Love, Dounia 🎀
xx

1. open the bag
2. take out the foil with the window colour design
3. carefully release the drawing from the foil
4. take the gift and put it wherever it brings you joy





Something remarkable occurred, which I have dubbed the Undawn.

The whole world was engrossed in watching the “Boys Planet” Show. The contestants were forming heart shapes with their hands, and the camera lingered on each gesture, as if capturing a moment of profound significance. Around me, everyone imitated them, their fingers struggling to mimic the intricate movements and shape invisible hearts.

When the show ended, all fingers continued to dance in a mesmerizing rhythm, creating an eternal ritual of love illuminated by the glow of my screen saver.

Time slowed down, and for a fleeting moment, I experienced eternal bliss as it transformed everything around me.

Around, the crisis was causing a shift in the very fabric of the world, but I remained unchanged in my armor, alone. An anxiety tightened the back of my throat; I had felt this loneliness before, like a promise.

Maybe I was trying to stop the phenomenon or become a part of it. My stiff gloves articulated hearts without conviction; I was sweating... what I mean is, faith was leaving my bones.

Every living being transformed into a multitude of Sylveon, the sky took on a new hue, and an overall sense of quietness filled the air.

In this fluid and bizarre world, the Sylveons floated through the air, calling out to me in a language I couldn’t comprehend. However, within my domain of stasis, I remained unchanged, a mere observer of the beauty that surrounded me.

TEMPERANCE

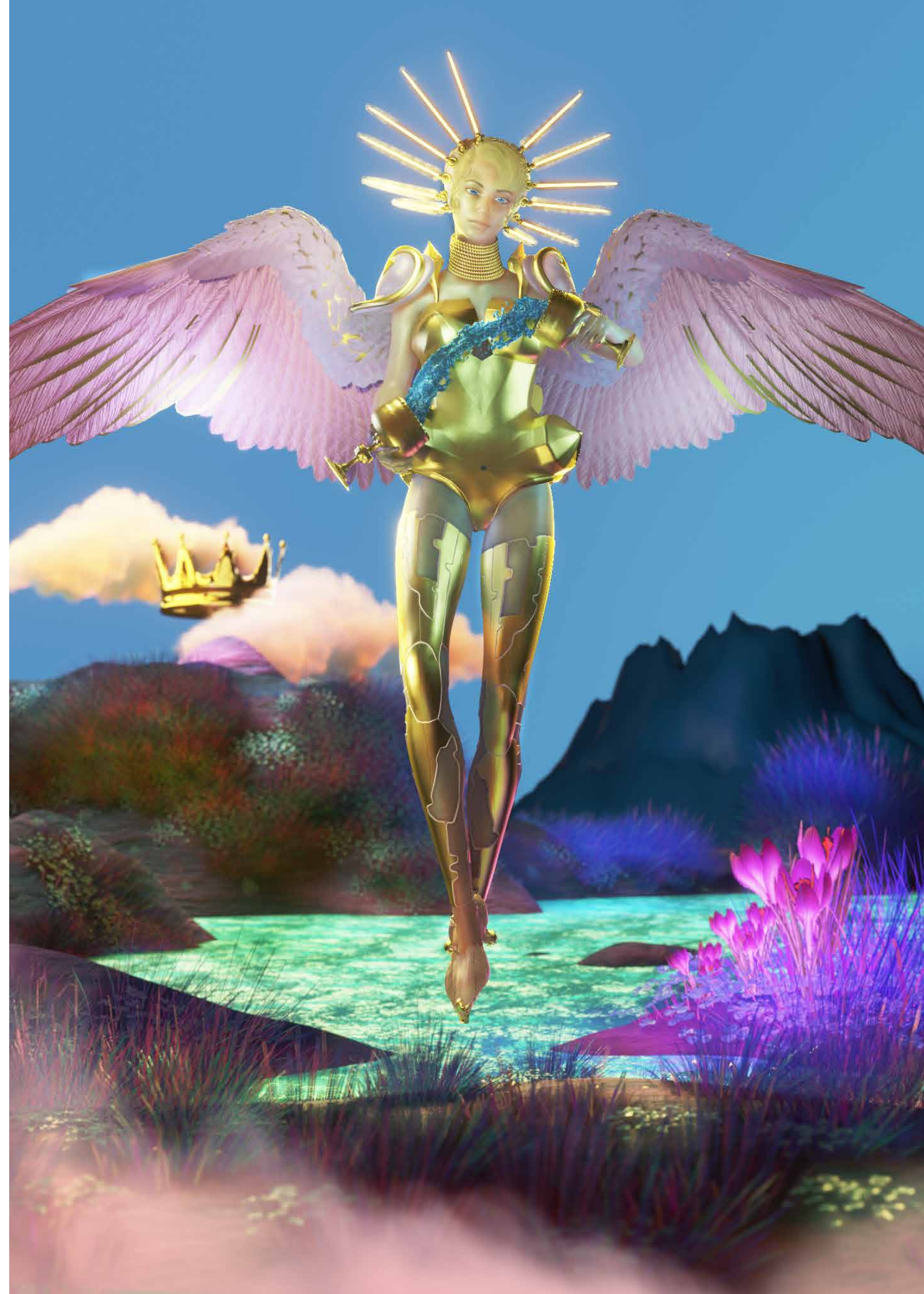
ORIGINAL CONCEPT

The Temperance card in the Tarot deck is a luminous tapestry of divine balance. Amidst a serene landscape, an angelic figure stands with one foot in the tranquil waters of a flowing river and the other on solid ground. In their hands, they hold two cups, pouring liquid gracefully from one to the other, creating a seamless blend of the elements. This act symbolizes the harmonious fusion of opposites, a dance between the ethereal and the earthly.

The significance of the Temperance card lies in its message of moderation and equilibrium. It calls upon us to find the middle path, to temper our desires and emotions, and to seek harmony in all aspects of life. It signifies a need for patience, as well as a reminder that time and timing are crucial. Like the gentle flow of the river, we must allow life's currents to guide us, rather than forcing our way forward.

At its core, the Temperance card embodies the union of opposites: the blending of head and heart, passion and reason, and the merging of conflicting energies to create something greater than the sum of its parts. It encourages us to find inner peace, to heal and restore ourselves by embracing the healing waters of emotional balance.

In readings, the Temperance card often suggests a period of self-reflection, moderation, and healing. It invites us to assess our actions and emotions, seeking equilibrium in our relationships, decisions, and goals. It reminds us that through patience and a willingness to adapt, we can find the transformative power of balance, ultimately leading us to a more harmonious and fulfilling life journey.



WHAT THE *PLOOF* IS A COLLECTIVE BODY?!

Trust is a collective body! A collective body is a chimera of organs and entanglements that move beyond the limits of legal and technical approaches to organizing.

The head dreams rules and protocols to consciously regulate its body. The hand makes finances visible. Bones hold the body's parts in a set of skeletal relations. The heart beats a rhythm of rituals and practices, circulating implicit vibes and affects. The melon sends vibrations far beyond the body's sensory limits. And tunneling into the depths of our world, roots build networks of memory and lore, delivering nutrients to its body.

Trust is interested in creating a mythology specific to our community, exploring metaphors, rituals, and values that shape our collective body. We are interested in building out and experimenting with tools and processes – grounded in or led by worldbuilding and lore.

Metaphors are tools that help us to understand and act in our environments better. As a grounding exercise, or an unmasking ritual of sorts, we begin an exploration into understanding Trust through a number of different metaphorical frameworks. At the core of each metaphorical interface is the collective body – envisioned through an interplay of biological, social, and systems perspectives. We look to these metaphors for examples of how coordination, collaboration, sociality, porosity and mutability happen to think about how we can better organize.

We may think about herds, swarms, families, organizations. Embodied cognition theories emphasize the active role of the body in shaping cognition. From this perspective, an agent's (or entity's) cognition is shaped and determined by its body and its interaction and embedding with the environment.

A body is not just the constellation of organs but the tissue connecting them as well. A chimerical body might have radically different organs, which opens the question of how these connect and interact with each other. Universality necessitates collectivity as well as a commons established by those who have nothing in common. One approach to establishing commons among radically different components is to dissect how these components collaborate.

The auricle is the part of the ear external to the body, made up of cartilage and skin, its curved shape collects sound waves and delivers them to the inner ear. Detecting gravity and motion, the ear is an integral part of how the body moves through its environment and thus shapes our relationship to time. Oracle and auricle share etymological roots in sound and speech acts.

We think of the auricle as being a vehicle for future sensing. Through the act of listening deeply – across species to the sounds and vibrations of the planetary – the oracle can channel the divine and deliver a message about the future.

FREE-FALL

TEKST OG PERFORMANCE AF MIRIAM KONGSTAD, 2023

Light is within her
she shall not fall
come suddenly to the ground
height, fail, decay
give in to sin or temptation
of darkness, nights, empires, values and governments
The one who falls is weak
The one who falls is ill
The one who falls is ageing
The one who falls is impaired
The one who falls is clumsy
The one who falls is drunk
Incompetent is the one who falls
but falling is a delicate action
falling is a delicate action
when falling we laugh – others laugh too
when falling we hurt or we injure
when falling we shame, with horror we rise
falling tastes like failure

*

the fall above falls
The birth of it all
simply called The Fall, in the Garden of Eden
I bit the apple
and God punished us all with shame
a fall is a rupture of standpoint
and so we were expelled
before the sin and after the sin
So it all took form
shame on me for falling into temptation
I am Adam and Eve

*

A fall is an expansion of time
The mind stretches between fiction and reality
We fall into loopholes
Stumble down the rabbit hole
Caught by imagination
like this little girl who fell and fell
and fell



and fell
and fell and fell
and fell
and fell
and fell
and fell
a magnificent journey beyond all
a key to another magical garden
like Eve, I couldn't resist the temptation
I joyfully sing aloud
„I see what I eat... I eat what I see”
and am penalised with excessive appetite
expanding my body into uncontrollable sizes
massive as a giant, petite as a miniature doll
No risk, no fun
earth cracks open and gravity pulls me in
In free fall I smile and laugh:
Its nouse going back to yesterday, back then I was a different person
I am Alice in Wonderland

*

No going back was abruptly concrete
When overnight I was split in two
halt and hindrance – prevention
shield and defense – protection
A curtain of iron dragged down
Now what belongs together will grow together
In 1989 I fell
a release against forces
I am the Berlin Wall

*

Societies rupture
Systems fall apart
freefalling – a loss of the known
Agreements fall through
people fall ill
they fall to the dark side too
we fall in love and fall asleep
We surrender
repeatedly I must surrender

A fall is the end of it all
I must give up the will to do
only then may I sleep
only then may I love
*

Late at night
on a balcony I appear
It is my lady, oh, it is my love
Arise, fair sun
and kill the envious moon
Who is sick and pale with grief
Driven by desire, I fake my own death
Intend the impossible
The (will) power of falling in love
a chemical addiction
unwisely and slow, we stumble
Thus with a kiss we die
a sleeping heart, broke another
love is dangerous too
I am Romeo and Juliet
*

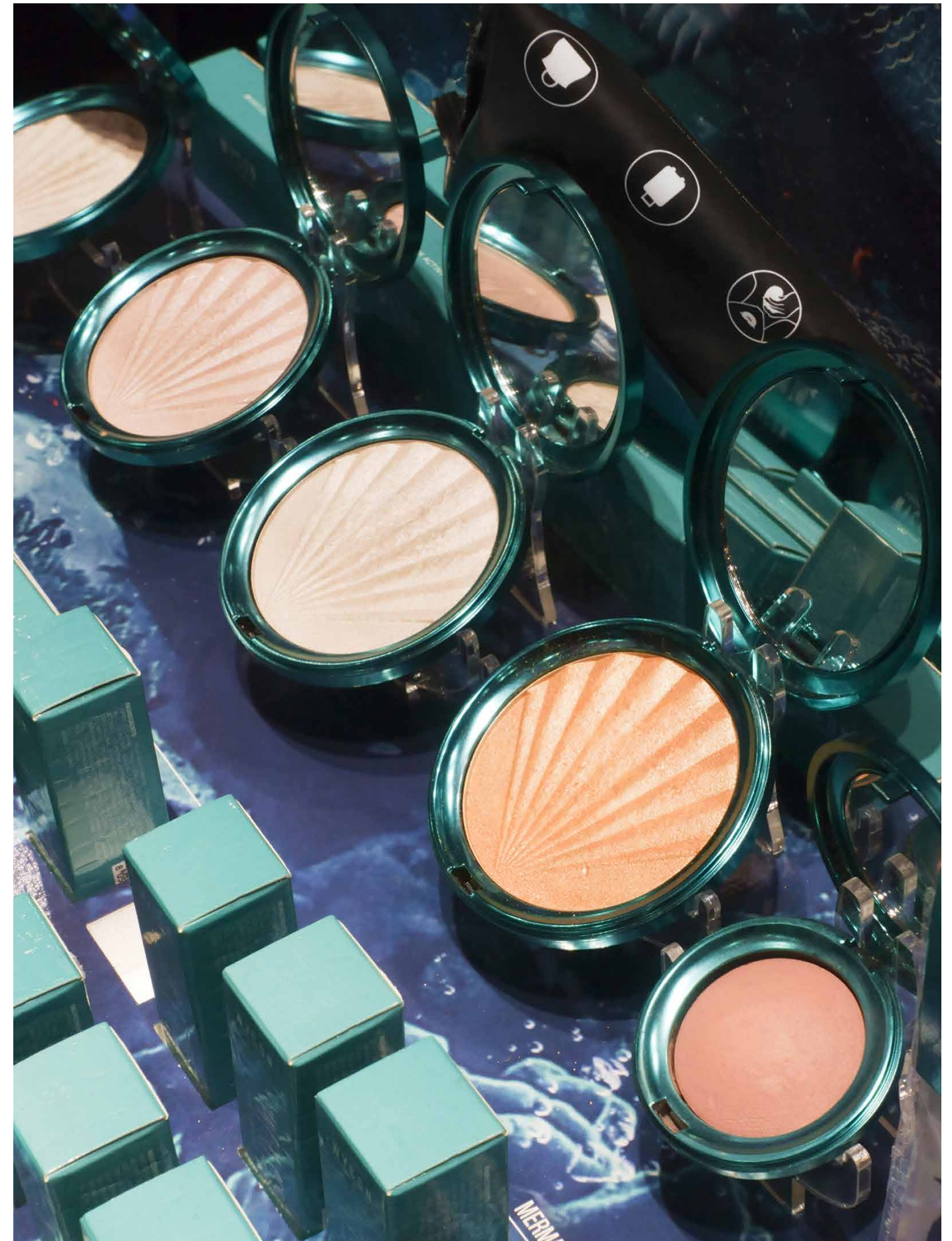
On September the 8th
1985 in New York
I fell to my death from the 34th floor
A fall
not a jump
yet, they claimed it was so
Even though the face of my husband
Was covered in scratches
And my last word was heard to be: NO
last year alone
every hour of the day
at least 5 women fell victim to a killing
That's more than 50.000 goodbyes (/falls)
I am Ana Mendieta
*

when you die they say
you fly into heaven
Pure and divine
the land of angels



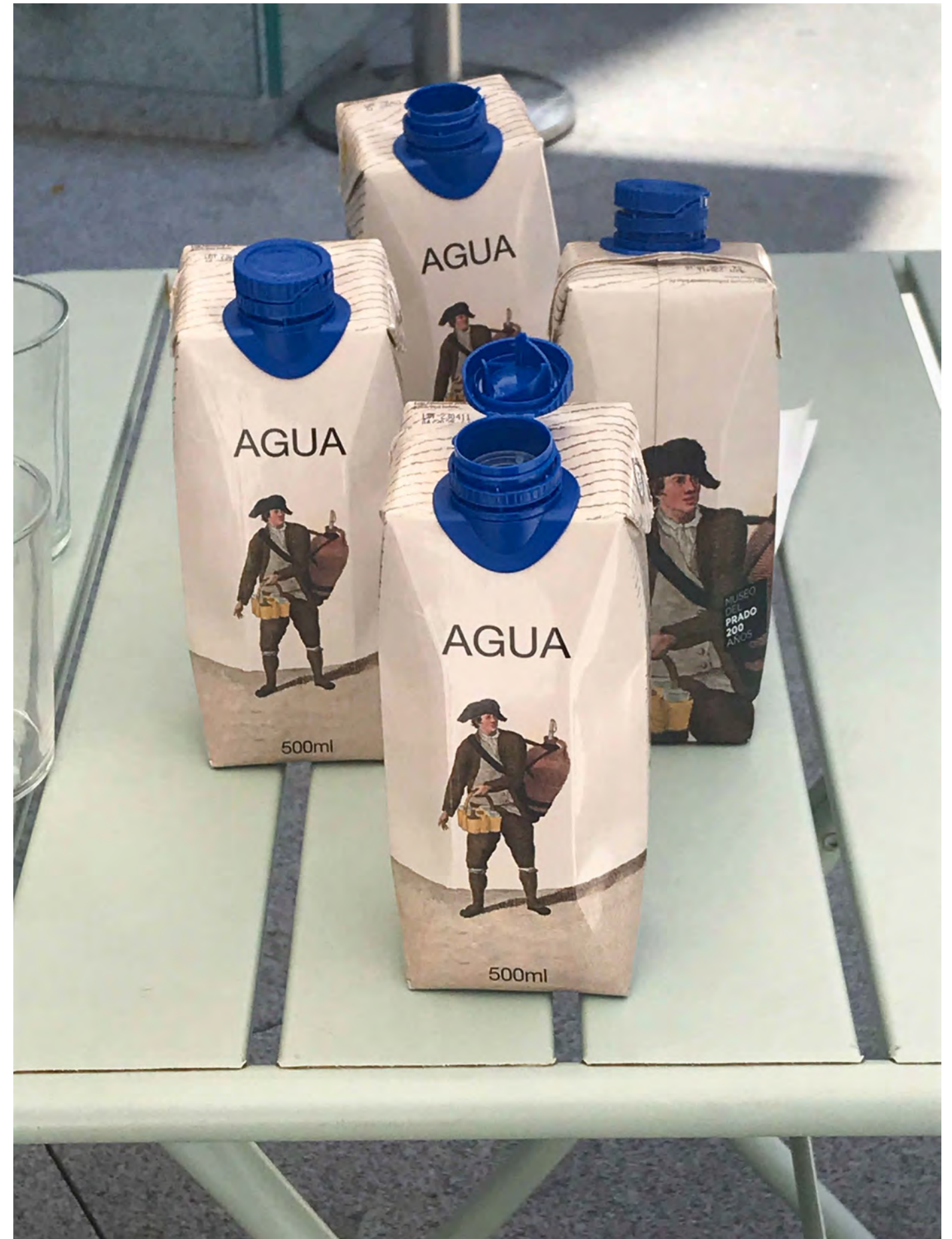
but angels they fall too
Down is loss
Up is gain
A fall fights against control
A fallen angel indeed
has rebelled against god
and is exiled from heaven
The story goes that one-third of heaven's angels
fell down and joined the devil's rebellion
pride goes before a fall
the bigger they are, the harder they fall
how the mighty have fallen
That was what led to my downfall
I am Lucifer the fallen angel
*

When falling you move from one place to another
the world is turned upside down
a fall releases adrenaline
laughter stabilises with endorphins
a balancing act beyond your control
My role as a clown is to make you laugh
And through laughter to shift your perspective
I'm a fool by intention
With my tricks and my falls
I hope to amuse
And invite you to relish my suffering
In disguise I am in control
Out of my pocket
I pull a banana
The riper the better
The fall will hit harder
I throw and I stumble
tumble between thrill and despair
And I turn myself into an icon of comic release
I find joy in the face of loss and sorrow
I pull the truth from a nest of lies
I laugh at human foolishness
I tolerate a margin of mess
my smile is a highway between heaven and hell
I am Charlie Chaplin





UNTITLED
2023



UNTITLED
2023

THE GHOSTS MUST NOW BE SUMMONED

what makes the vision of a ghost imaginable in a view?
whose eyes have we been seeing with?
i had forgotten the fear that comes down after sunset.
of a silhouette standing under a tree.
to be able to envision ghosts in everyday places.
to be able to see from collective memories.
our bodies in diaspora inhabit multiple times and spaces.
our memories, yet vanished as superstitions.
to see with the eyes closed.
in a state of sleep, of trance, of k-hole.
to see in the condition of darkness.
during power outage, outside the cities.
to believe what you don't see.
what drives away the eyes that see in the dark,
the trauma buried unspoken in the ground?
do you believe in ghosts?

in darkness, forms and existences become silhouettes.
the lines between a ghost, a human, and a tree are blurry.
the disappearance of light becomes a portal
for invisible and deviant bodies to emerge.
this land is obsessed with seeing as a way of knowing.
a way of grasping the unknowns, exerting control over them.
a hotbed of witch-hunt.
a land of devil exorcists and disbelievers of ghosts.
they call themselves enlightened –
eyes that don't want to see in the dark.

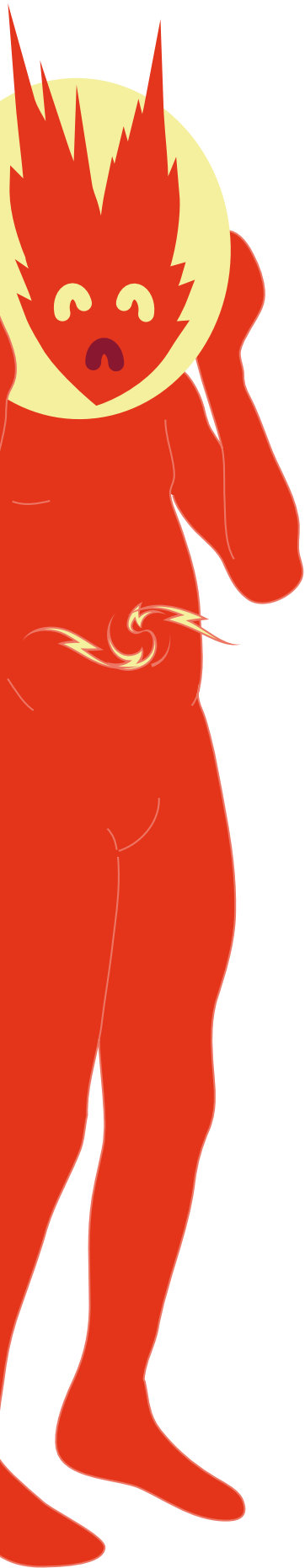
imagine all the possibilities a body can be,
when the vision of enlightened eyes starts to blur.
norms start to diffuse, exist equally in the same spectrum
as other forms and images, made obscure under the light.
i want to re-inhabit this time-space of in-betweenness.
as a sacred space to unsettle dualistic orders.
like an overlap of dissonant layers,
i will place a familiar vision,
impose it with force, if necessary,
and haunt these places with my images.



dear forgotten spirits before me,
let me embody haunting,
so they can see what we see.

this is my ghost story.
a collection of thoughts written in a state of floating.
of ungroundedness in a space created not for someone like me.
of constant seeking for narratives to put my feet down.
to embody living.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD,
BUT I'VE MET TH' DEVIL ONCE



LORENZ FIDEL HUGHTHAUSEN

CONTRIBUTORS

STACIE ANT

(*1991) lives and works in Vancouver, Canada. The digital artist is known for her innovative use of new technologies, including AR, metaverse, and 3D animation. Ant's work is characterized by its humorous and satirical approach to social commentary on the fast-paced digital lifestyle of the modern world, as well as its exploration of digital worlds and beings. Her work has been featured at Miami Art Basel, Kraftwerk Berlin and Milan Fashion Week.

JIMMY BEAUQUESNE

(*1991) lives and works in Paris, France. His practice involves sculpture, installation and performance. In his art, Beauquesne focuses on a reconsideration of the limits of drawing in the post-internet era. For him, creating art is a nostalgic, melancholic as well as restful act. Beauquesne often borrows figures from pop culture and contextualises them in a strange and fantastical landscape. Most recently, his works have been on show at the Fragment Gallery in New York and the Foco Gallery in Lisbon.

JÜRGEN BECK

lives and works in Zurich, Switzerland. He graduated from the Academy of Visual Arts in Leipzig, Germany. Whether artist book, photographic print, poster, or display, the medium of photography is always part of an experimental practice in Beck's work. He was the artist in residence at the studio program at the Cité Internationale des Arts Paris, at Coast Time (USA) and a fellow at the institute for Foreign Cultural Relations (IFA). His works and publications were shown at Ditch Projects, ZHdK Zurich, Galerie b2 Leipzig, the Swiss Art Awards, Camera Austria's Book Lovers' Shelf, Kunsthalle Luzern, New Toni in Berlin and Last Tango in Zurich.

DOUNIA BIEDERMANN

(*1995) lives and works in Berlin, Germany. She is an agricultural economist with a focus on feminist and decolonial perspectives in international value chains, researching at the Department of Gender and Globalization at Humboldt University. With Philipp Hülsenbeck and Tim Roth she runs the music label for experimental music Unguarded. As a curator and project manager, she devotes herself primarily to cross-disciplinary formats in which discourse takes place through the medium of music and performance in the broadest sense. Dounia Biedermann engages with stories outside the canon, whether in her academic research or in the context of her music projects.

ROSA FREY

lives and works in Berlin, Germany. She studied North America studies and Theater in Munich and Gießen and works mainly as a writer and producer for podcasts and TV. Since 2022 she hosts her own podcast show *Promicore Premium* together with Torben Titze.

ANNA HANKINGS-EVANS

lives and works in Berlin, Germany. She is a German-Ghanaian corporate attorney and lecturer in EU law and international economic law. Her research focuses on public international law, particularly from a postcolonial TWAIL perspective and with a special focus on the African region. In this context, she wrote her doctoral thesis on bilateral investment treaties between China and African states, subjecting them to analysis in light of global power shifts. Since 2018, has serves as an independent legal expert for the African Union.

JOHN HOLTEN

(*1984) lives and works in Berlin, Germany. He 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 Sting-ing Fly among other places. In 2020, 2021 and 2023, he produced the podcast *Empathy When* for TROPEZ.

CHRISTINE KRYŚ HUBER

lives in Berlin, Germany and Basel, Switzerland. Using media such as painting, writing, video and performance, they explore current social, political and mental influences that shape experiences of longing, memory and suppression. In particular, they are interested in the physical and sensory aspects and how these determine our perception. Kryś' works have been shown at Kunstraum Display in Berlin and Zurich during ZAW, Biennale für Freiburg 2, Kunst(zeug)haus Rapperswil and Tate Exchange Tate Modern in London, among others.

NADA HUSSEIN

(*1999) lives and works in Berlin, Germany. Beside her curatorial assistance for TROPEZ in 2023, she studies German Studies, Art History and Film Studies at the Friedrich-Schiller-Universität Jena.

MIRIAM KONGSTED

(*1991) lives and works in Berlin, Germany and Copenhagen, Denmark. Expanding from a background in choreography and performance, her practice is anchored in investigations of embodiment and the human body, whilst materializing as images, installations, performance, sculpture, and sound. Her work takes place in a social realm, visually depicting cultural and political structures surrounding

the human body, with specific attention to habitual and naturalized movements and their identifications in popular culture. It questions how currents and societies are changing bodies and ideals; and how bodies and ideals are changing societies, by exploring the metaphysical, organic, social, and spiritual aspects of inhabiting a body – the extended experience of being flesh.

KOSMAS KOSMOPOULOS

(*1972) lives and works in Berlin, Germany as a choreographer, dance pedagogue, performer and curator of experimental art projects. In 2002 he founded the artistic collective LUNA PARK based in Athens and Berlin. In 2003 he founded the Initiative LUNA PARK e.V. in Berlin in order to combine two of his main interests: the production of contemporary performing arts and the cultural education of children, adolescents and young adults. For over two decades, he has choreographed a series of performances that have been presented in European capitals and several cities in Greece. In 2023 he participated as a choreographer in the EUNIC Art Residency program supported by the Goethe Institute in Cairo.

MANDLA

lives and works in Manchester, Great Britain. mandla is a queer Zimbabwean writer, performer and curator. mandla is agender and has no pronouns. mandla's work typically explores an intersectional existence enforced on the artists' body as a result of the world we live in. Recently, mandla's art has been seen at the Journeys Festival International in Leicester and in the Hope Mill Theatre in Manchester.

SAHEJ RAHAL

(*1988) lives and works in Mumbai, India. He describes himself as a storyteller: in this way, he interweaves facts and fiction that critically question the common narratives that shape our present. His world of myths manifests in the form of sculptures, performances, films, paintings, installations and AI programmes. Rahal draws from a variety of sources, from local legends to science fiction. Most recently, his works have been on display at the Hartware MedienKunstVerein in Dortmund, the House of Electronic Arts in Basel and the Vancouver Biennale.

SHASTI

(they/dia) lives and works in Kassel, Germany. They build their oeuvre from reimagining the supernatural and investigating the politics behind its demonisation. Shasti equips themselves with physical and digital distortions of voice to embody the diabolical, re-narrate obscured histories of rage and revenge, and speculate on ghosts, haunting and curse. Much of these processes materialise in text-based and audiovisual performances that also reflect on diasporic bodies, grounded in the understanding of space, body and spirits in the local mysticism spread all around the now Indonesia, where they were born and grew up. One of their current works, *Devil's Whisper*, explores the decolonial, queer-feminist and supernatural vision of tech, and has been performed as part of dgtl fmns's performances Virtual Healing Hub and interFACE – digital pleasure center.

SMILE INITIAL PLUS

is a research and concept driven studio working at the intersection of art, design and everyday situations. Founded by Gabriela Kapfer & Lorenz Fidel Huchthausen.

TRUST

is a network of utopian conspirators, a sandbox for their creative, technical and critical projects, and a site of experimentation for new ways of learning together.

DARDAN ZHEGROVA

(*1991) lives and works in Pristina, Kosovo. His artistic works are object and performance oriented. They deal with both fictional and experienced events. They are mostly described from the first-person perspective and are addressed to an (imaginary) counterpart. The puppets and personalities that populate Zhegrova's works appear soft and permeable. They are vulnerable and strangely familiar in their unhappy search for intimacy. Most recently, his work has been on view at Meredith Rosen Gallery in New York and at Manifesta 14 in Prishtina.



The Pool Reader #7
TROPEZ

A Broken Dimanche Press Publication
Berlin 2023
www.brokendimanche.eu

First Edition
ISBN: 978-3-943196-84-9

Design: Smile Initial Plus

Copyright © the authors and artists

Artistic director: Sophie Boysen
Head of production: Ziemowit Nowak
Curatorial assistant: Nada Hussein
Founder: Nele Heinevetter

This publication was made with the generous support of
Lotto Stiftung Berlin, Senatsverwaltung für Kultur und
Gesellschaftlichen Zusammenhalt and Berliner Projekt-
fonds Kulturelle Bildung.

Broken Dimanche Press
Büro BDP
Schönleinstraße 24
10967 Berlin