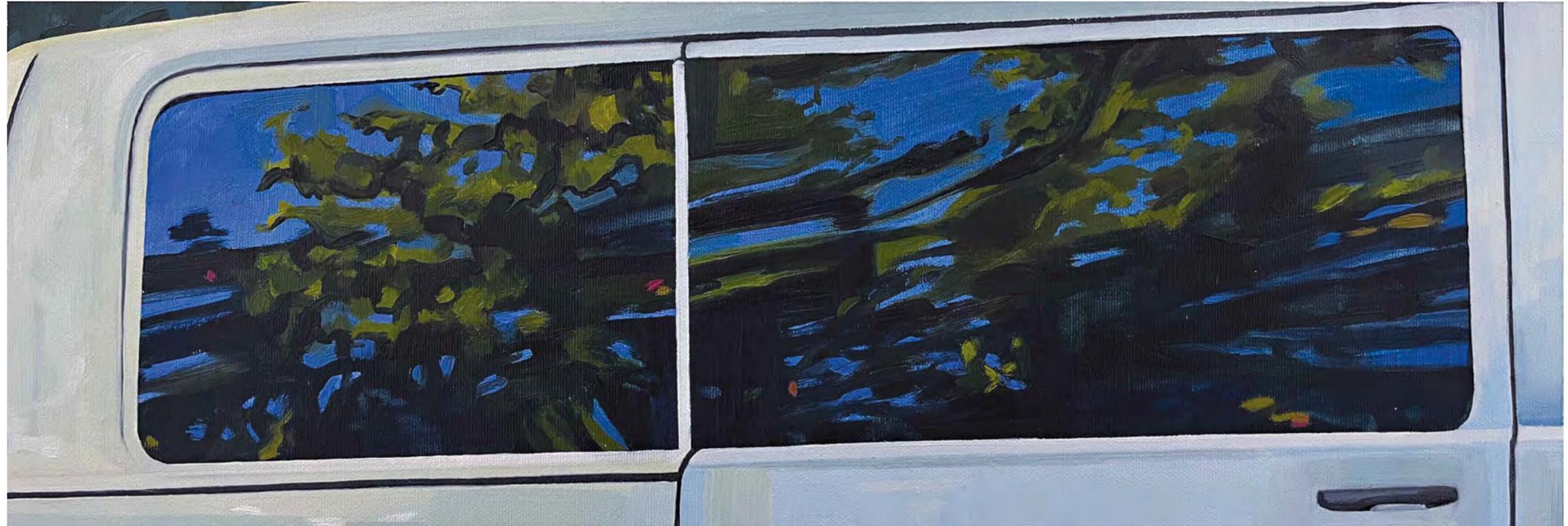




POOL READER

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INHALT



SURFACE PARASITE

A reflection might be the most delicate form of a parasite. It feeds on what exists without ever touching it. It copies form and colour, momentarily inhabiting another surface, yet it remains immaterial — an image without substance. Each time I passed the kiosk at Tropez, I encountered a white van parked on the premises of the summer pool. It mirrored the sky, the drifting clouds, and the trees from the nearby park. Together they rippled across the glass, becoming a quiet film screened on a surface made for movement. That reflection became the starting point for this painting. To me, it was not just a view, but a kind of organism — parasitic in its dependence on another surface, interfering with the car's body. The car became a host, its industrial stillness transformed by the restless play of light.

This is where painting begins for me: in the parasitic relation between object and environment, between what is seen and what is borrowed. A reflection is an intrusion, but when you see it, it feels like it always belonged there. It takes over a surface without permission, transforming steel and glass into a transient landscape. The car, an emblem of industrial precision and movement, becomes a temporary host for something as uncontainable as light. During my time at Tropez, I began to see how the project space mirrors a similar condition. An art space situated within a functioning public pool, it thrives through proximity and dependence, simultaneously mirroring and absorbing the life around it. Like a reflection, it gently intervenes in the routines of summer visitors through the artworks located on the premises of the pool, reframing perception and illuminating what usually passes unnoticed. Both reflection and Tropez embody a parasitic grace: they depend, interfere, and, in doing so, create new ways of seeing.

NEDA NAUJOKAITÉ



Dear users,
as you join us today at Tropez for this performance, you agree to our community standards.
You were given access.
You were observed.
You were analyzed.
Your behavior has been reviewed, your presence has been processed using automated systems designed to detect and evaluate patterns of speech, likeness, and behavior.
We may limit visibility, remove content, or restrict features since your activity is determined to undermine community safety, cohesion, or operational integrity.
If you wish to continue engaging with this event, you are required to accept this as your self-violation log.
By doing so, you acknowledge that your violations will be used to improve and train our systems.

We look forward to your continued engagement as a part of our wonderful community.

Your self-violation log:

As a user

I came into the platform.
I became.
I was engendered.
I came into being.
I was accepted.
I was entered into the registry of births.
I grew.
I grew faster.
I added.
I moved.
I removed.
I removed parts of my body.
I removed parts.
I moved from one spot to another.
I moved my thoughts from one spot to another.
I replaced.
I replaced my body.
I replaced my thoughts.
I resized myself.
I was pushed to move and to remove.
I was able to move
- for a short period of time.
I moved my mouth.
I moved my shoulders.
I moved my fingers, eyes, conversations
I was tracked.
I was able to track
- for a short period of time.
I enlarged the tracking dataset.
I came to my senses.
I made myself noticed
- for a short period of time.
I cried.
I spoke.
I shared my location, my face, my friends.
I linked my identity.
I agreed to terms I never read.
I gained access to features I didn't ask for.
I gained access to spaces I didn't ask to join.
I entered groups in which I felt alone in.
I heard noises.
I produced noises.

I distinguished noises.
I produced sounds.
I produced notes.
I produced notes, noises, and sounds.

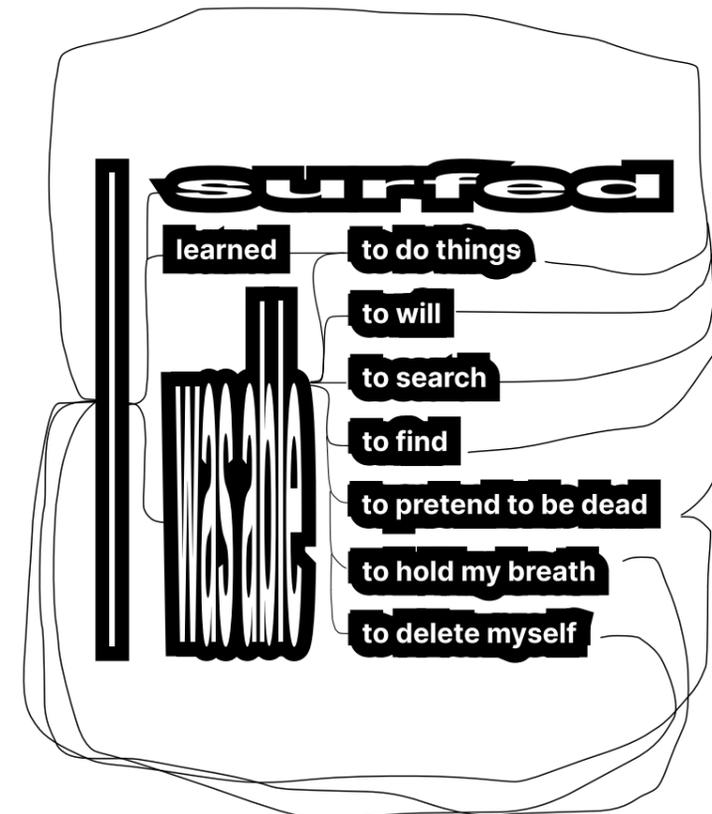
I was able to speak.
I was able to shout.
I was able to be silent - for a short period of time.

I saw.
I saw again what I had seen.
I became conscious.
I recognized what I had seen.
I recognized again what I had seen before.

I perceived.
I perceived again what I had perceived before.
I became aware that I had recognized again what I had previously perceived.
I laughed, in any case.

I looked.
I saw objects.
I looked at objects shown to me.
I pointed at objects shown to me.
I learned the names of the objects shown to me.
I learned prices.
I learned functions connected to those objects.
I learned emotions connected to those objects.
I named aloud objects shown to me.
I recognized objects.
I objectified.
I was objectified.
I learned the names of objects that could not be shown.

I learned.
I retained.
I retained the signs.
I retained the emotions.
I learned how to retain the words.
I learned verbs.
I acquired a vocabulary.

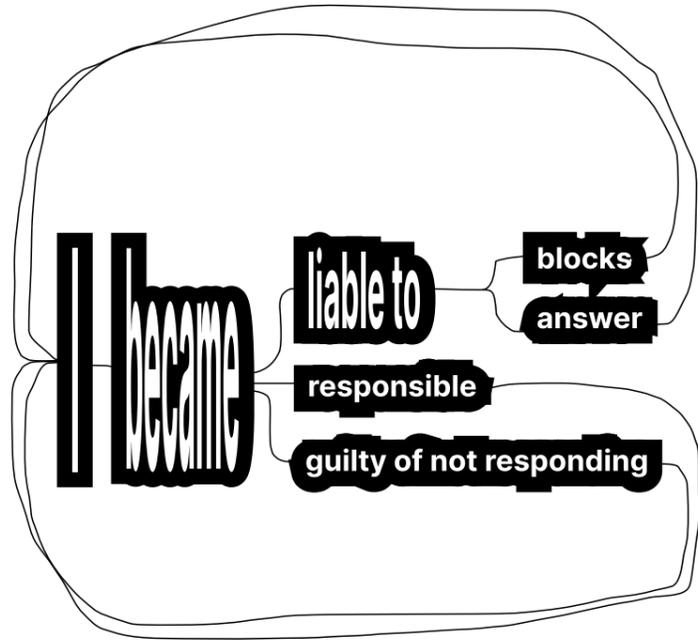


I was able to spit.
I was able to nod.
I was able to deny.
I was able to ask questions.
I was able to answer questions.
I was able to imitate.
I was able to follow and be followed.
I was able to play.

I was able to perform.
 I was able to leave an action unperformed - for a short period of time.
 I was able to save objects.
 I was able to send objects.
 I was able to cancel.
 I was able to live in time.
 I was able to live in space.

I changed.
 I became another.
 I became responsible for my history.
 I became co-responsible for the history of others.
 I became one of the histories among others.
 I had to obey rules.
 I became obliged.
 I became obliged to obey rules.
 I was obliged to perform actions.
 I was obliged to desist from actions.
 I was obliged to let things happen.
 I learned unspoken rules.
 I learned what to perform.
 I learned what performs better than others.
 I learned unspoken rules of behavior and thought.
 I learned rules external and internal.
 I learned rules for things and human beings.
 I learned general and particular rules.
 I learned the rules and the exceptions to the rules.
 I learned the basic rules and the rules derived from them.

I became conscious of human society.
 I became conscious of that society.
 I became conscious that we live in a society.
 I became conscious of groups, movements, parties, religions, languages, ethnicities.
 I became.
 I became capable of severance.
 I was entered into a company card index.
 I was entered into the company register with my special characteristics.
 I was noted down in my personal dossier.
 I became capable of binding myself by contract to the commission or omission of an action.
 I became liable to be found.
 I became liable to have a place of residence.
 I became liable to pay for services.
 I became liable to pay for services I didn't ask for.
 I became liable to pay for services I need to continue doing what I did before for free.
 I became liable to be vaccinated.
 I became liable to take good care.
 I became liable to pay.
 I became liable to show my instruction, job, and relationship status.
 I became liable to verify my name.
 I became liable to be educated.
 I became liable for proof.
 I became liable to prove my identity.
 I became liable to report to the security center.
 I became liable to maintain my dependence.
 I inspected unsafe spaces.
 I heard informations harmful to my group.
 I heard informations harmful to my group while I was unaware that I was part of that group.
 I stared at strangers.
 I hated.
 I envied strangers.
 I did not take time to breathe.
 I played.
 I played false.
 I did not take some games seriously.
 I took some games too seriously.
 I played with Fire.



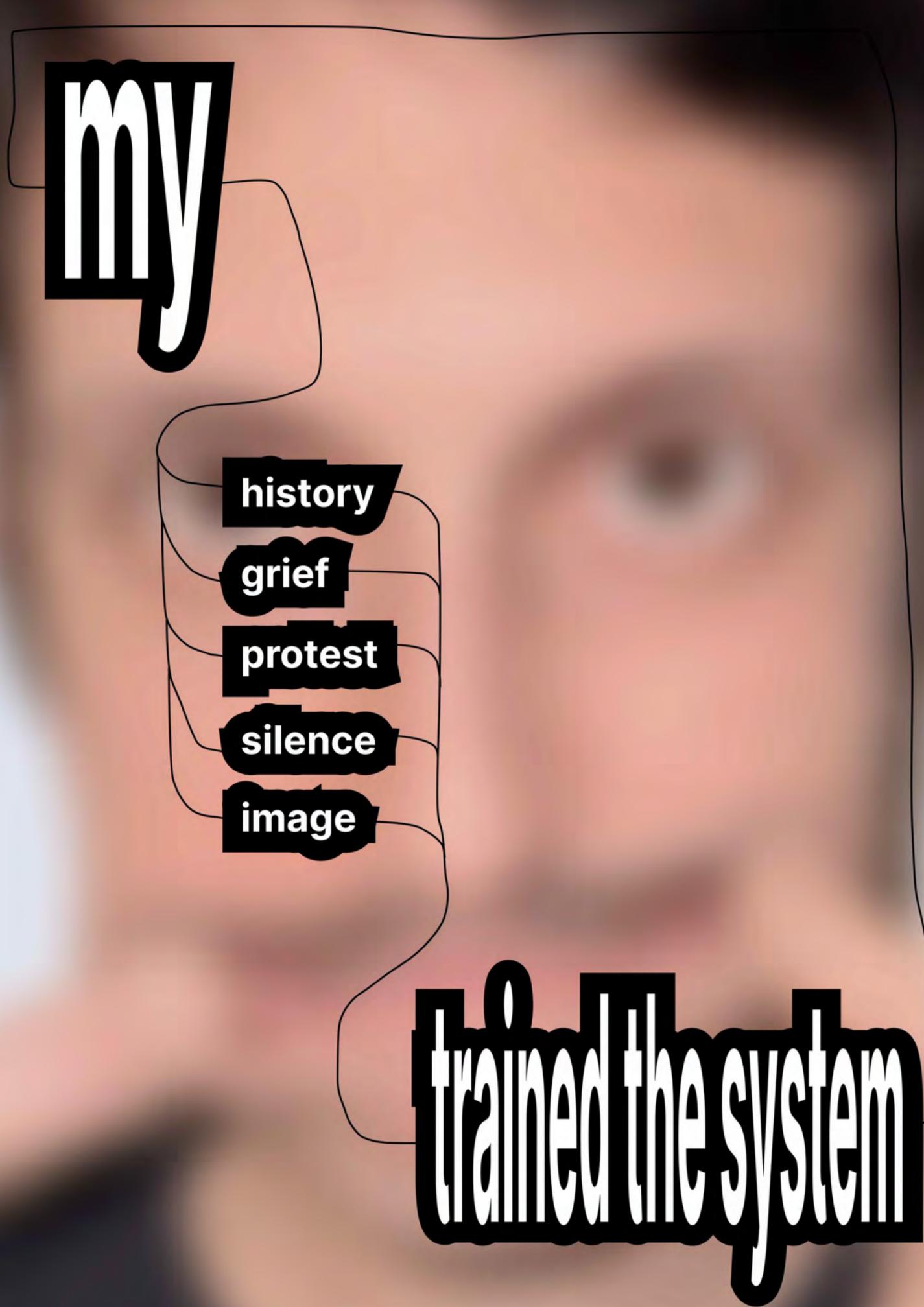
I played with human lives.
 I played with my life.
 I played with my rights.
 I played with emotions.
 I played myself.
 I played with numbers.
 I played with my inclination toward self-destruction and evil.
 I played with my thoughts.
 I played on thin ice.
 I played despair.
 I played with my despair.
 I played with my fingers.
 I played with words.

I loved.
 I liked.
 I smiled.
 I laughed.
 I wowed.
 I sighed.
 I grrred.
 I sought hype.
 I felt FOMO.
 I enjoyed my own sorrow and my self-pity.

I denied my own nature.
 I did not question the nature of things.
 I did not rébel against the nature of things.
 I longed for power in a disorderly fashion.
 I longed for fame in a disorderly fashion.
 I did not train myself to acquire a proper relationship with likes, comments, shares, and DMs.

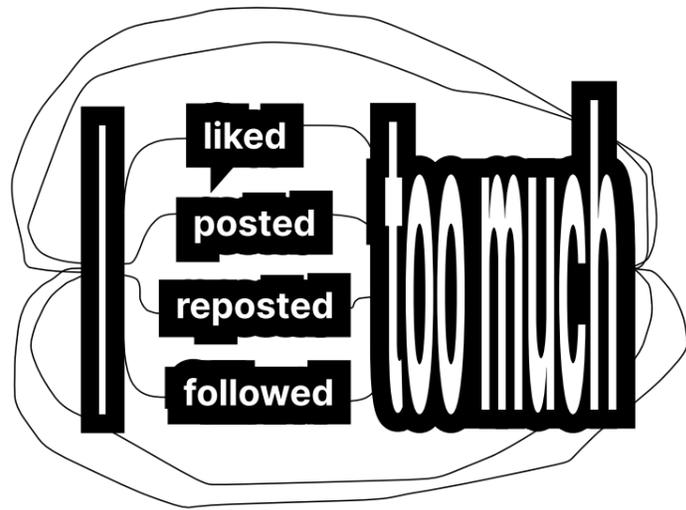
I confused Liberty with libertarianism.
 I confused honesty with self-exposure.
 I confused obscénity with originality.
 I confused dream and reality.
 I confused life with cliché.
 I confused life with clique.

I confused compulsion with necessary discipline.
 I confused love with the urge of nature.
 I did not see things as they are.
 I fell victim to the moment.
 I broke my word.
 I was facilitated in breaking my word because of the information ecosystem
 I did not master language.
 I say yes to authority.



I believed in authority.
I forgot about the authority
I was not sure of myself.
I became a question to myself.

I wasted my time.
I slept away the time.
I wanted to stop time.
I wanted to drive time on.
I stood in contradiction to my time.
I did not want to grow older.
I forgot about dying.
I forgot about the end.
I did not see things in context.
I changed convictions.
I was satisfied with what I had achieved.
I did not refuse to obey immoral orders.
I did not recognize immoral orders.
I did not recognize my moral limitations.
I yielded to blandishments.
I did not disturb the balance of power.
I didn't go out into the fresh air enough.



I felt old.
I felt tired.
I tagged.
I tagged someone who had been flagged.
I was flagged.
I used the wrong words.
I've seen words that I used become forbidden words, and words that were forbidden being used again.
I was restricted.
I appealed.
I was ignored.
I reported hate when hate was not removed.
I expressed solidarity.
I was told to be quiet.
I was told to be grateful.

I was served ads, spiritual retreats, military boots, hormones, conversions.
I asked for protection.
I searched for support from my group
I found surveillance.

I was flagged for incitement.
I was flagged for grief.
I was flagged for saying "we".
I was accused of being dangerous.
I was soft-banned.
I encountered unknown problems in accessing my personal information.

I was asked
"was this helpful?"

My history trained the system.
My grief trained the system.
My protest trained the system.
My silence trained the system.
My image trained the system.
I trained the system for a future I was not invited to.
I trained the system with my pain.
I trained the system in matters of pain.

I have exposed myself in matters of pain.
I have exposed myself in matters of conflict.
I have exposed myself in matters of injustice.
I have exposed myself in matters of coverage.
I have exposed myself in matters of reach.
I paid with my exposure.

I paid the debt with my exposure, coverage and reach.
I lost my exposure.
I was absorbed.
I was hallucinated.
I was paraphrased.
I was returned to myself in datafied form.
I lost control of myself.

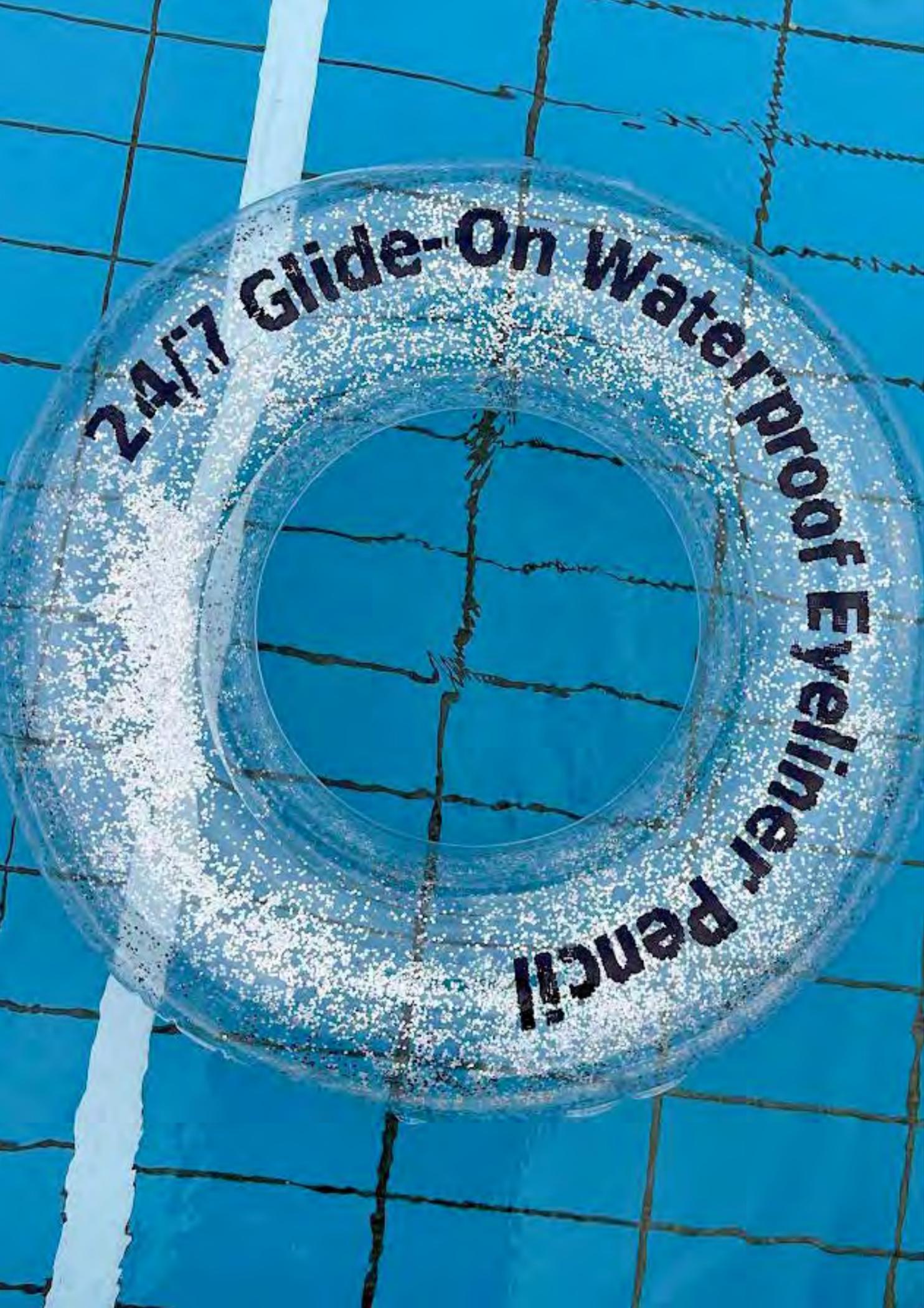
I did not take avoiding action.
I did not take cover.
I offered an easy target.
I was too slow.
I was too fast.
I moved.

I went to Humboldt today.
I walked through the main gate.
I came to attend this event.
I came to attend this performance.
I looked for people I might know.
I found my position.
I took place sitting here among other users.
I prepared.
I waited.
I started to listen to this text until the end of it.
I'm at the end of it.
I'm telling you to accept or deny this as your self-violation log.

Do you accept or deny it?

Accept.
Deny.
Accept.
Deny.
Deny.
Deny.
Deny.
Deny.
Deny.
Deny.
Accept.

THIS GOES AGAINST OUR COMMUNITY STANDARDS
MATTO ZOPPI & TOMMASO CAPPELLETTI



GLITTER TUBES (WATERPROOF) GRWM **MAYA MAN**

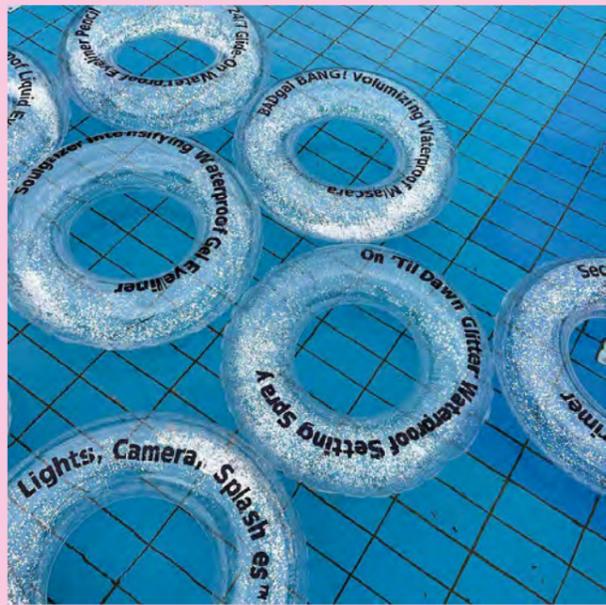
[soft, upbeat instrumental music]

Hey guys, what's up. It's Maya, welcome back to my channel. For today's video I'm sharing my top tips and techniques for a makeup look that's perfect for a day spent at the pool.

Every product in this tutorial is web-scraped from a sephora.com search for the keyword "waterproof," so everything is super simple to find if you want to recreate this look for yourself. Simply visit Sephora's website, type "waterproof" in the search bar, and press Enter.

I'm trying out a different format today. This is a generative tutorial. I wrote an algorithm to randomly choose the order of the products and how I present them to you. I'm excited about making this video this way because I'm a true believer in the meaningful power of chance and manifestation through custom-written code.

Okay, let's get into it!



I like this HD Skin **Waterproof** Natural Matte Foundation

I usually use this Lash Clash Extreme Volume **Waterproof** Mascara

Then I take my Optic Intensity Eco **Waterproof** Gel Eyeliner Pencil

We're Even Hydrating Longwear **Waterproof** Concealer in a lighter shade than the other one

So next, thank you mother for the best advice, Secure The Sweat **Waterproof** Mattifying Primer

My loyalty lies with the Fenty Cheeks Suede **Waterproof** Powder Blush

Amazonian Clay **Waterproof** Brow Pencil is to me, the best in the world

The great **Waterproof** Matte Liquid Eyeliner

This is Stay All Day® **Waterproof** Liquid Eye Liner – Micro Tip which I really like

Now I'm gonna take this Hot Line Brush Tip **Waterproof** Liquid Eyeline

And it's called Wink Stamp Long **Waterproof** Wing Eyeliner Stamp & Pen

My next step is this 24/7 Glide-On **Waterproof** Eyeliner Pencil Space Cowboy

I really, really like this Diorshow On Stage **Waterproof** Liquid Eyeliner

Next in my routine, I use #FauxFilter Matte Buildable Coverage **Waterproof** Concealer

So, here's the Pradalines Gliding **Waterproof** Smudge Proof Eye Pencil

The finale for this is my favorite Sephora Colorful® **Waterproof** Eyeshadow & Eyeliner Multi-Stick Mini Express

Finish it off with the On 'Til Dawn Glitter **Waterproof** Setting Spray



[happy, sparkly, instrumental pop music]

Okay! That's the final look. I honestly feel so ready to go jump in the ocean.

Shout out to Emmett Williams and his generative "IBM Poem" for inspiring the way this tutorial is typeset. In his original poem, repeated words are increased in size by 1 pt every time they occur. I like that this method starts to make me feel like I'm screaming.

Anyway, thanks so much for watching! I hope you all have a fun water girl summer. Lights, Camera, Splashes! Like, comment, and subscribe! Bye.

Blows a kiss to the camera

3C XING YI QUAN

3C Xing Yi Quan (3C形意拳) is an open-source new style of martial art, that imitates the body language and characteristics of technological products.

The highest state of “Xing Yi” is “to be” – to learn from technological objects through imitation, experience, and cohabitation, and to find a sense of symbiosis with our new technological nature.

Winter 2019

I often kept the power on throughout the night.
To read burning messages in the dark.

Do not let the engine overheat from information afire,
an intelligent automatic control system turns on
to adjust the temperature in the body.

Do not normalize data as a standard indicator of health,
be open to appropriate amounts of diverse absorption,
disposal, storage, and keep oneself refreshed at all times.

Do not let monitoring and suspicion override the value
we place in trust, decentralize sharing and communication,
initiate signals that let experience and knowledge flow.

Do not let crisis escalate into high pressure that generates
fear of power cut, continue to believe in shared efforts towards
renewable energy, in search of real and eternal power.

3C

COMPUTER, COMMUNICATION, AND CONSUMER ELECTRONICS

電腦、溝通、消費性電子產品

COMPUTER, KOMMUNIKATION, ELEKTRONIK FÜR ENDVERBRAUCHER



<https://3cxyq.com/>

<https://futuretao.lololol.net/3C-Xing-Yi-Quan>



LOLOLOL
(SHERYL CHUNG & XIA LIN)

**SUSANNE SACHSSE:
MY POOL READER IN THE SUMMER OF 2025**

Courtesy: Susanne Sachsse

INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE
Summary of the Advisory Opinion of 19 July 2024
Document Number
186-20240719-SUM-01-00-EN

THE COURT,

- (1) Unanimously,**
Finds that it has jurisdiction to give the advisory opinion requested;
- (2) By fourteen votes to one,**
Decides to comply with the request for an advisory opinion;
- (3) By eleven votes to four,**
Is of the opinion that the State of Israel's continued presence in the Occupied Palestinian Territory is unlawful;
- (4) By eleven votes to four,**
Is of the opinion that the State of Israel is under an obligation to bring to an end its unlawful presence in the Occupied Palestinian Territory as rapidly as possible;
- (5) By fourteen votes to one,**
Is of the opinion that the State of Israel is under an obligation to cease immediately all new settlement activities, and to evacuate all settlers from the Occupied Palestinian Territory;
- (6) By fourteen votes to one,**
Is of the opinion that the State of Israel has the obligation to make reparation for the damage caused to all the natural or legal persons concerned in the Occupied Palestinian Territory;
- (7) By twelve votes to three,**
Is of the opinion that all States are under an obligation not to recognize as legal the situation arising from the unlawful presence of the State of Israel in the Occupied Palestinian Territory and not to render aid or assistance in maintaining the situation created by the continued presence of the State of Israel in the Occupied Palestinian Territory;
- (8) By twelve votes to three,**
Is of the opinion that international organizations, including the United Nations, are under an obligation not to recognize as legal the situation arising from the unlawful presence of the State of Israel in the Occupied Palestinian Territory;
- (9) By twelve votes to three,**
Is of the opinion that the United Nations, and especially the General Assembly, which requested this opinion, and the Security Council, should consider the precise modalities and further action required to bring to an end as rapidly as possible the unlawful presence of the State of Israel in the Occupied Palestinian Territory.

OSSI/WESSI SEWING CAFÉ



Do you identify as an Ossi? Or perhaps as a Wessi? Does embracing one identity mean rejecting the other? Who still sees meaning in these categories today? Why do they remain significant to some, while for others they seem outdated or irrelevant? And why does this most recent chapter of German history remain so absent – especially in West Germany?

At the Ossi/Wessi Sewing Café, participants are invited to reflect on these questions while engaging in a shared activity. Artist Nadja Buttendorf's reversible WENDE sequins – bearing the labels OSSI and WESSI – can be sewn onto your own clothing. As we stitch, we invite conversation about personal experience, generational memory, and the cultural and economic legacies of reunification.

This workshop is also an invitation to talk about the broader conditions of production in a globalised world – from textile labour to economic disparity. The Sewing Café creates a space for exchange, for challenging inherited narratives, and for making visible what is often left unsaid.

NADJA BUTTENDORF



NADJA BUTTENDORF

UNTITLED, 2020–2025

Ich möchte das Licht sein
das du vermisst
In den Armen von Gott
trage ich alle Nummern bei mir
die wir anrufen können

I want to be the light
You miss
In the arms of God
I carry all numbers on me
That we can call

Das Kissen das dein Nacken liebt
werden wir noch finden
In den Händen der Tee von Dunkelheit
warte ich darauf das du sagst
dein Haar ist so weich
weich frag ich dann
nur um sagen zu können
wenn du wüsstest um das Haar meiner Oma
um ihre Haut kaum zu übertreffen
Du streichelst meine Wange
und sagst
ich schätze
ich ertaste es.

The pillow that loves your neck
We are still to find
With the tea of darkness in my hands
I await what you say
Your hair is so soft
Soft I ask
Just to be able to say if only you knew about my
grandmother's hair
About her skin
Incomparable
You stroke my cheek
And say
I treasure
I feel it

Ez wazen ke roşti bi torê,
Awa ke (to kerda vindi) kuna'ra to viri.
Vırara Haqi de.
Numeru pêrunê xode fetelnen,
Ûyê ke şikime cırê têl bikerime, yê dinu.

Balışnawa ke vilê tora gorewa,
Axiri cayê de vêneme.
Çayo ke tari ra serê destu de ana
Sero vînden ke tı vazê;
“Porrê to çiğışı nermo!”
“Nermo?” persken dima
Wazen ke cıra vajine, “to ala reyê porrê dêka mı bîdiyêne!”
Porrê xo hata lese amêne war.
Tı liska mı miştdana
U vana; ezvaj ez şikin his kerî.

SHAPESHIFTERS

TIHLENN KLAPPER

As the show comes to an end I thought of my shapeshifters. They had spent the summer in the plane tree. Ninety-three days and ninety-two nights, in the sun, the rains, and the in-betweens. They had collected the dew and been caressed by the breeze, they had heard the kids scream and the squirrels squeak. They had witnessed the coming and going of the light, and whispered with the park at dusk. They had sung to the tree.

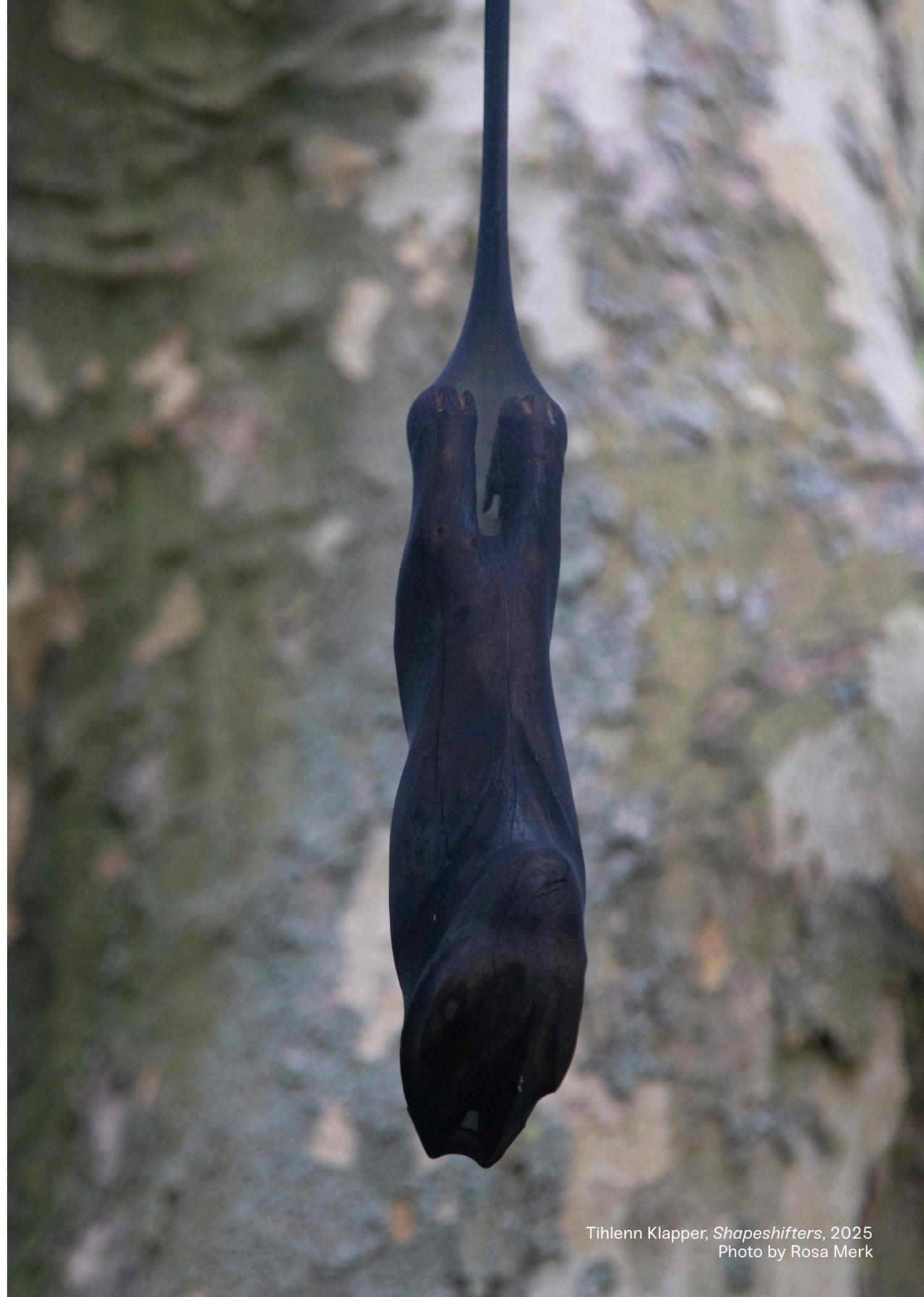
I started wondering, what else had they heard and what else had they seen ?
Who had they greeted and what did it mean ?
To them

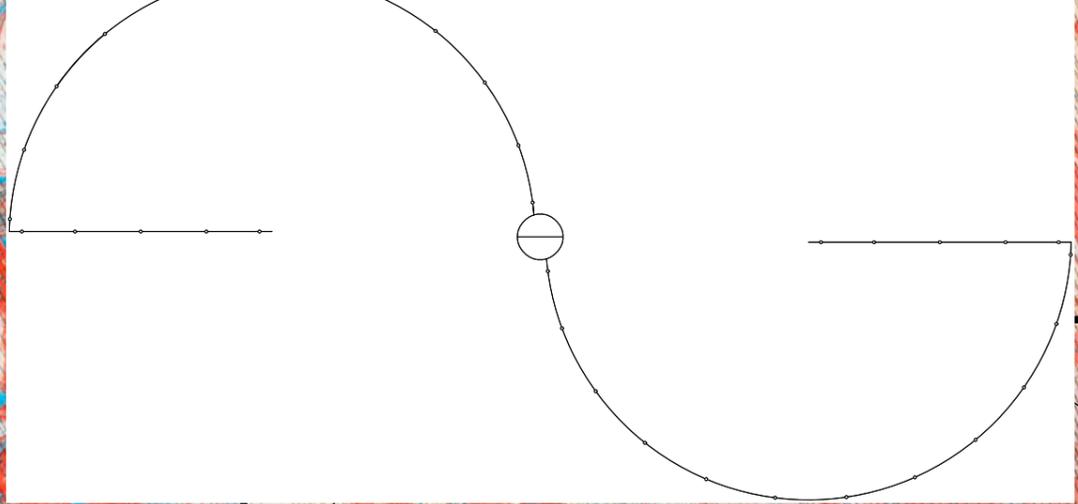
They were born from branches that surrendered to the storm, and made of a wood that the water can't meet. They had known the flames of fire and they had known my hands.

But what else had they heard and what else had they seen ? Who had they greeted and what did it mean ?

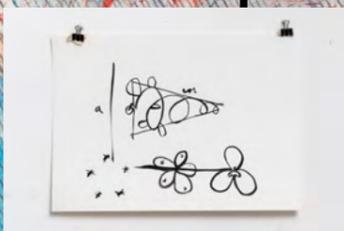
I believe that the shapeshifters are hosts. They are hosts to spirits. They share their inner space with temporary visitors, with passing appearances that find shelter in their form. I heard when I was young that this is also what trees do. They host spirits. So they did this together. The plane tree, and his shapeshifters. They hosted.

Now it is time to say goodbye. Goodbyes make me sad, but I also feel joy as I know that amongst the spirits, some will go with the shapeshifters, and some will stay.





A digital model in Virtual Space



A physical Model in the Sun

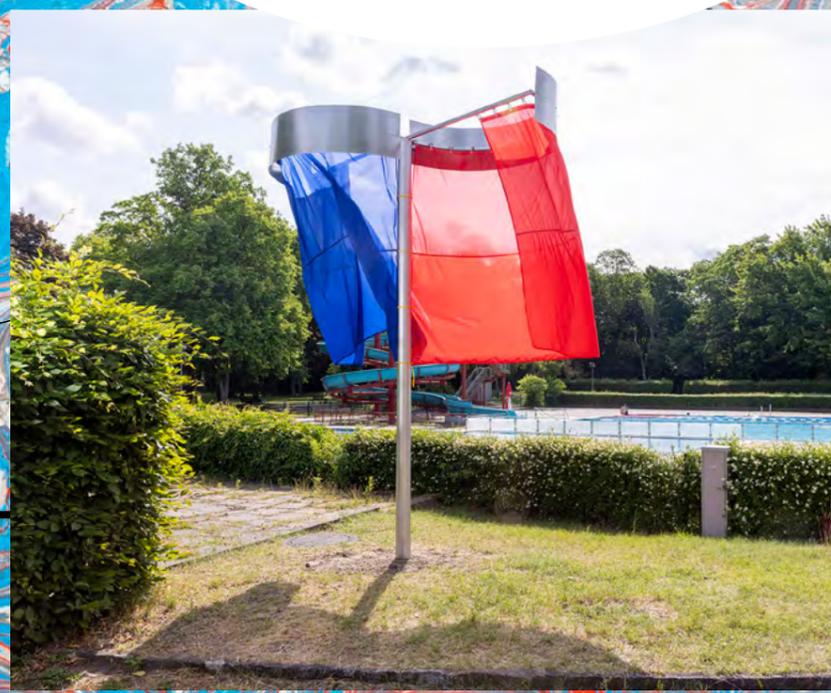


An Actual sculpture in the Rain

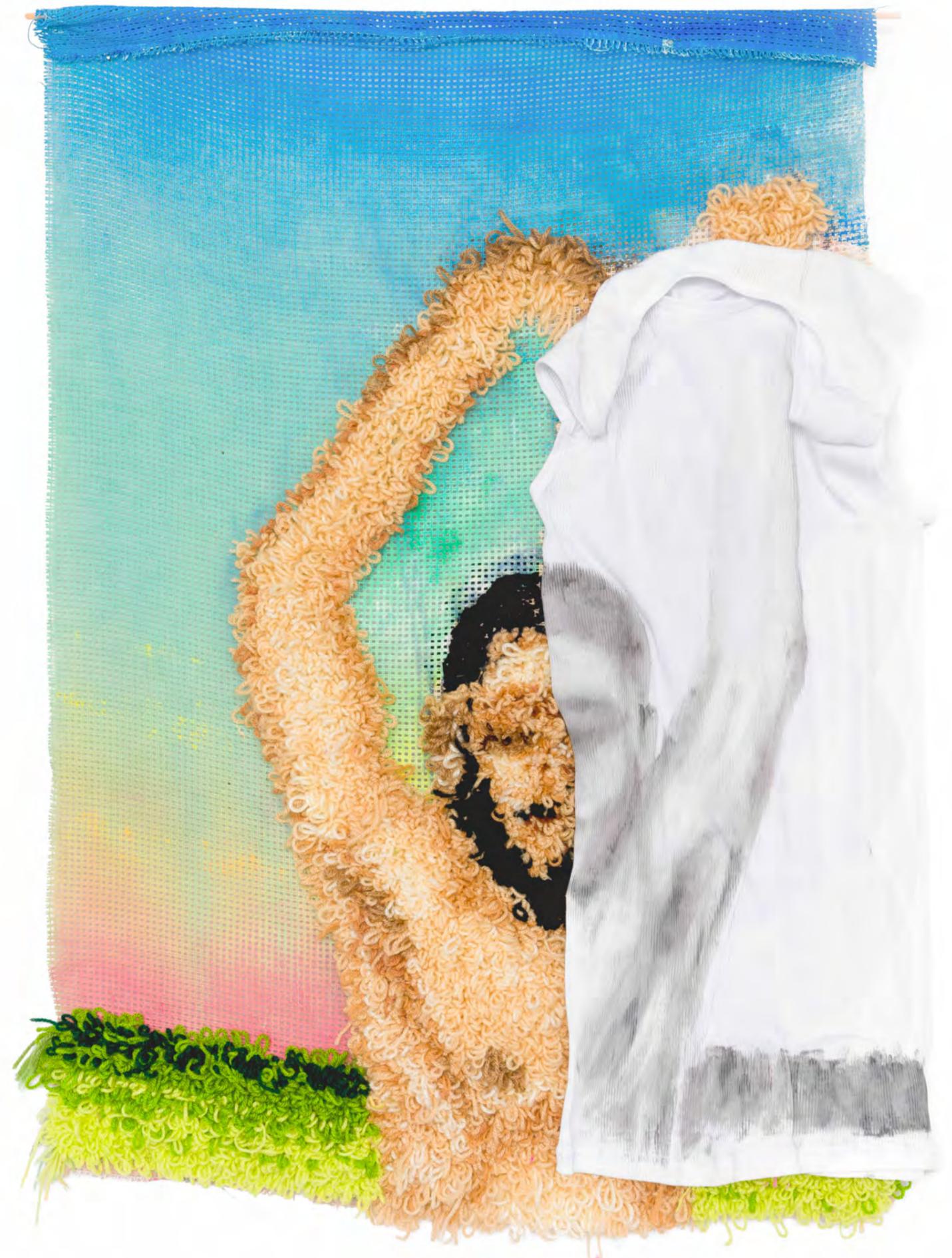


When the Wind Comes
the Walls Go

When the air is still, two colored fabric walls—one red, one blue—curve into a temporary, sheltered space. When the wind rises, the fabric is swept away like a curtain, dissolving the enclosure into open air. Artist Haseeb Ahmed has worked with wind as both a fluid and an artistic medium for over a decade, exploring its capacity to shape space, perception, and form.



STILL DIRTY



Photos by
Joshua Ezechiel



SECRETS
ELENA
FRANCALANCI





BABY'S FIRST TIME
AT THE POOL

MAURIN DIETRICH



Begin by finding a comfortable place where you can sit, and later, lie down.

Shrug your shoulders really high. Let them go. (3x)

Clench your face. (3x)

Take two fingers in front of your eyes. Focus. Move your fingers left and right — one minute, three times.

Now close your eyes and take a few deep breaths, inhaling slowly through your nose and exhaling gently through your mouth. With each breath, allow yourself to relax a little more. Let go of any tension in your body and mind. Allow my words to guide you to a place of peace and tranquility.

As you enjoy this peaceful place, repeat these affirmations silently or aloud:

- I am calm and at peace.
- Beauty is a cure.
- I have an effect on my thoughts and emotions.
- We can abolish extractivism as a developmental model.
- I am surrounded by beauty and tranquility.
- My imagination is infinite.
- We can cancel all debt on formerly colonized nations.
- I can feel pain and not be consumed.
- We can return land and resources to Indigenous and local stewardship.
- I deserve this peace and happiness.
- We can create encryption and sovereign data infrastructures for all marginalized nations.
- I don't have to hold the whole dunya's pain at once.
- I won't rush my grief. All my tears are sacred.
- I deserve to live in a world of care and justice.

YOU ARE FEELING FREED

- We can demilitarize borders and abolish for-profit border regimes.
- Liberation is possible.
- We can end content moderation regimes that erase liberation struggles.
- There is power in my breath and agency in my body.
- I will not be silenced by fear.
- We can abolish all racialized immigration detention centers — from Libya's EU-funded camps to U.S. holding cells.
- We can ban biometric surveillance and AI policing programs.
- God will tear down the tyrant; I am Allah's servant.
- Healing is possible. Prepare me for a miracle.
- Renewal is the compost of life.
- Whiteness is not my measure.
- I claim joy for all of us.
- Let my soul receive rest.

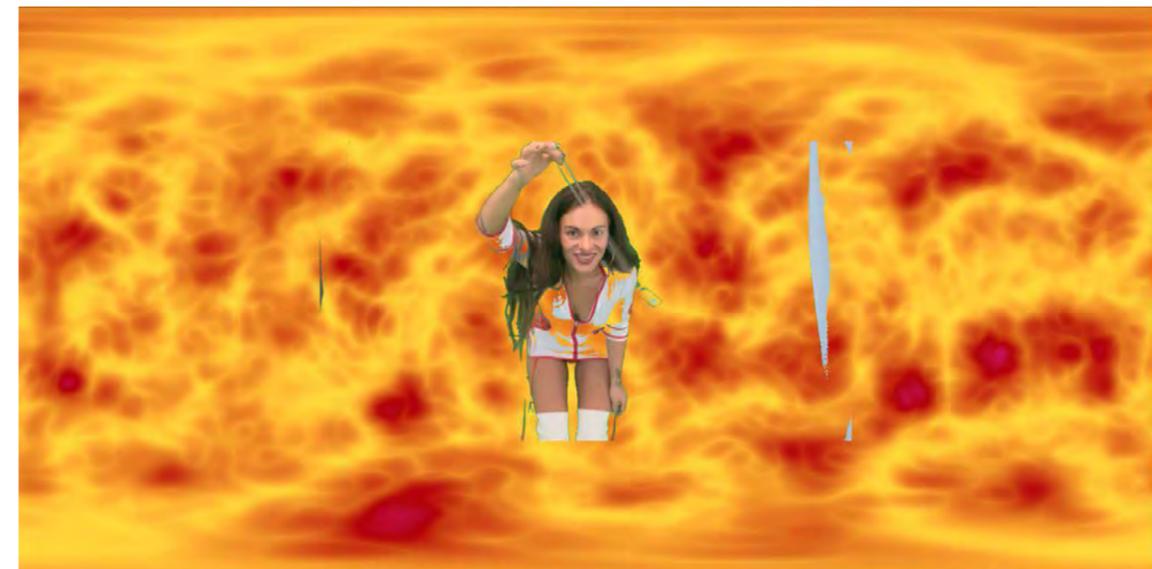
Feel these affirmations resonate within you, reinforcing your sense of agency through peace and well-being.

Now it's time to return to the present moment, bringing with you the peace and calm you have found in your peaceful place. Slowly begin to become aware of your surroundings. Feel the surface you are resting on, hear the sounds around you, and notice the air on your skin.

Take a deep breath in... and as you exhale, gently open your eyes.

You feel relaxed, refreshed, and at peace. Know that you can return to your peaceful place whenever you need to — simply by closing your eyes and taking a deep breath.

Welcome back.



ANNA EHRENSTEIN

POGO BAR

KW INSTITUTE FOR CONTEMPORARY ART

KW Institute for Contemporary Art's on-going program, Pogo Bar, is an experimental event series for live and time-based arts. The series provides a platform for works in progress and excerpts from existing pieces by emerging Berlin-based artists working with performance, sound, video, or text.

For TROPEZ 2025, the current curators of the Pogo Bar, Linda Franken and Lara Scherrieble, teamed up with CUTT PRESS — a publishing project for artist books and zines, based at Hopscotch Reading Room, an independent bookshop and reading series organizer in Berlin with a focus on queer and diasporic perspectives. Together, they presented a four-part reading performance on the lawn of the Humboldthain summer pool. The invited artists were Sam Cottington, Sanja Grozdanić, Elin McCready, and NCUBE. During the event, visitors also had the opportunity to discover a selection of zines from CUTT PRESS.



PARASITIC TEXT

Elin McCready

Reading is already a parasitic activity: there is no way to do it — in a traditional sense at least, where preexisting words are required, already placed in some ordering by an authorial agent — without depending on the labor of some other person, which could in principle be oneself. It's different in this sense from reading stones, patterns of wind or the rings of trees. When I was invited to read I chose to highlight this parasitic aspect, though I didn't realize that is what I had done til beginning this text: a chance for reading my own actions now through the lens of parasitism. This chance is already parasitic.

I have a book coming out which — parasitically speaking — proposes a method of altering text interpretation and meaning to suit the desires, interests and needs of a reader (conceptual artist). I thought I might read from this work poolside: but this seemed too straight up and also somehow egotistical. Is it really interesting to read from a work that's already accessible? (Though in the end due to publisher fuckups the book was not available at the time of the reading anyway.) Consequently I decided to read a text commenting on that work: an academic book review which I commissioned for the reading, which turned out to be a bit of a takedown, not panning the book but complaining about it. I commissioned it from myself under a different name. This other person and name had their first existences in this text preparation, so I suppose that they are parasitic both on me, as they used my hands, eyes and thoughts to prepare their review, and on the event, for they would never have existed without it. (Or? Would they have? Maybe?) Their review too, as with all reviews (with rare exceptions, some named below), is also parasitic on the text. And further, the review was published in the form of a zine together with some other content — games extending and overturning the methods of the book— by CUTT PRESS (Erin Honeycutt), as a beautiful edition assembled in part from leftover inks and cutting-room-floor papers. Gorgeous colors, oranges and golds and blacks. The title of the zine was the same as the book title itself. I mean: Can you aim to be more parasitic than this? Seriously!

Parasitism always sounds bad. We don't want parasites in or on our bodies; the very idea is stressful, mostly, for most people. Who really wants a tapeworm? Few people, or none. But long-running parasitism often turns out to be symbiosis by another name — often, there is more to the picture than one species sucking sustenance from the other. Should we really, then, think of reading as parasitic? The answer depends on whether the relation is one-sided or not. And clearly it is not: what writer builds texts without a reader? Who writes into the void? Doing so is a possible and existing practice, of course, but usually writing is aimed at a reader, or a possible reader, a fantasized reader. Like any communicative practice, writing is at its base dialogic; like any other communicative practice, these principles are only normative and violable. Reviewing is the same: Calvino and Lem, for instance, have published books of reviews of nonexistent books, which are thus nonparasitic except on the genre of reviewing as a practice. In the case of the review "Is Antinormativity Enough?" (the title of the review that appeared in the zine), the review, being by the book's author, is ultimately a commentary on the book and could in a way be thought of as a counterpoint to its own points: a postscript. The zine itself is different and separate, despite its identical name. These relationships leave all texts and objects involved larger than themselves. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

The whole picture turns out to be a symbiotic one. In the end, there is only one parasitic text coming out of this writing and reading practice: the commentary text on the whole project, this text, that ends with this word.

EXCERPT FROM THE THRILL OF BEING INVISIBLE

Ncube

"...it's my pleasure to send you the opening text to my breezy book with the sunniest yellow cover: *The Thrill of Being Invisible*.

It is certainly the easiest choice for me when I want to be taken on an exciting ride in a matter of seconds, for it's a story that seeks to entertain from the get-go, and never lets up. So hold on tight.

What an honour, indeed, to read from it at the Tropez Poolside.

Without any further ado, I'll let the main character, as inspired by the ever-green actor Delroy Lindo...yes-yes, yes... Clifford Harris Barnsley Sinclair, the esteemed thespian with one helluva mouth, take the reins from me..." - Ncube

& so it begins...

On her deathbed,
would you believe that my mother's parting words to me were...
'Clifford, why aren't you seduced by the thrill of being invisible?'
I didn't know how to answer her then.

I was born in N'orleans a decade before the turn of the 20th century, and I happen to live in Los Angeles, which is home to good ol' Jelly Roll Morton. Yes, o', yes. Benny Carter and Duke Ellington have been known to frequent these parts too. Those wayfaring philanderers. Jazz is their part-time, full-time, undercover-over lover and they'll follow her everywhere. To the end of the world if that's where their bodacious Mistress wandered off to, with her poncey behind. From the walls of High Society to the Courts of Nobles and Royals, if they must! Not me, not I. Hear me. I have another love; refined too, with open toes, painted red for a sultry scarlet she is, answering to the name, Acting. O', Acting... more about that, later. In fact, these sumptuous pages, dripping with intrigue are dedicated to the wonder, the enchantress that is Acting! And how there's no me, without it. Out here in the Angels, you can hear the huggable sax and the toot-tooting trumpet, the trembling trombone or the classy clarinet, storming out of folks' homes! Brassy instruments for the bold at heart. O' many a Negro is hard at work, rehearsing till the oddest hours of the sunup. Sometimes, a recital can go from being a boozy fool-around to a street party, if the pigs don't disrupt it, citing public disturbance. They're the only civil servants I wish eternal damnation for; more often under my breath than out loud for such proclamations may land a fella like me in the muddy ground. Buried clumsily so folks can find you without breaking a sweat. There, a sweet lil' darned example for your kin. The swines were brought in to police the Negro slaves in the days of yesteryear, and they've

certainly stuck around. O', on the lam has been the unnatural state of the scrawny lil' Negrofella's spirit ever since. Can you imagine an existence spent on the run, without a crime to your name? Guilty all thanks to your shade of berry. That very berry black. It's too dark for them caucasian eyes, and that's seen as a provocation.

My place of residence is the second floor of what I cheekily call a town-house. Mayoral, I insist I am. I've been told many a time how wrong I am. Ain't no townhouses in this part of L.A. Of course, I know it. It just seems that way to me. Why go into acting if you don't relish the joy of weaving magic out of facts? This, I have to tell you... o' how I enjoy the art of embroidery. Truth be told, a lil' more than most folks. But now you know, so what? What I say is still all true. Even when it sounds un-truey.

CENTRAL AUTO

Sam Cottington

CHARACTERS

MAY

A passive, accommodating voice is here. Available for her audience, Ambivalently, and more. She is kindly resigned to life (kind to others but also to herself). She plays dumb. She helps people unenthusiastically but not without force. Present and vacant, is she dissociating? Am I? It's very effective. It's a very efficient performance.

Her voice rings, unanxiously—like tuning forks or a meditation bowl.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

() indicates a pause for the audience's response.

MAY. Hello

...

I have some questions for you

...

If you're ready, I'll begin?

()

So

Do you still talk to your family ?

()

Mhm

()

Not everyone does
()
And do you miss them?
()
Right
Well I am listening, you see?
And I'd like you to say something out loud if you can
In case you're wondering, my name is May
You could speak loudly
So everyone could hear you
Is anyone there with you?
()
Who?
()
Is that ok?
()
Ok well
Either way, here we go
...
Repeat after me
Around the book
()
It's empty
()
Like me
()
When the red light comes on
()
A real bell moves
()
And rings
()
In front
()
Of the TV
()
Apparently one of my grenades had connected
()
I didn't feel anything
()
I could feel something
()
Acquiring all those women
()
I loved it



()
I lit up the entire valley
()
Something different every day
()
Something donuts
()
I'm gonna be there
()
I'm going to be there
()
And so will I
()
In the new state
()
The adulthood of humanity.
()
I always
()
Always
()
Forget
()
That Jesus died at Christmas
()
We played football
()
In the snow
()
I was a boy then
()
It was wonderful
()
(With some quiet urgency)
Kiss me my boy
()
For we'll never movie again
()
We don't all feel the same
()
But I do
()
End of Play



“THE INSTITUTION” EXCERPT *

Sanja Grozdanić

“So far, and probably for decades to come, the way the slave office workers rebel is outside of the workplace. They become hedonists and anti-intellectuals, religious fanatics of reactionary voters. Out of fear, they leap onto the wrong figure of power. They become obese with stagnation. The DNA of fascism so deftly used by the previous generation will show up on stained spoons and feed their children.”

— Fanny Howe, *London-rose / Beauty Will Save the World*

“Something will happen today.”

— Ulrike Meinhof, *Bambule*

ACT 2 SCENE 1

COMMITTEE has been discussing the problem of zoos for several hours now. **INTERN** feels sick, she must be misunderstanding something. This must be a fragment of a fragment of a larger psychosis. No, this was her job now.

COMMITTEE agrees: the animals captive today must be last. What would it do, to free them into a world they are no longer part of? What relation does a captive animal have to a free herd? Against such a relation, the same relation.

COMMITTEE preached continuity, moderation. And so it was decided: the animals are to remain in their cages. Yes, all of them. Should they be desexed, so they can no longer breed? What would be the ethics of denying those whose fate is already decided their children? You cannot say that life perpetuates cruelty—a referent is missing. Still it is decided, the animals must be desexed, for their own good. The zoo will then be re-zoned from a site of entertainment into a site of education. Placards will explain the colonial history of these structures, and visitors will come to witness the ancient horror, repent to the extent that they tut tut tut their tongue and shake their head reflexively. It will no longer be considered an appropriate activity, this exhibition of giraffes, koalas, pandas, polar bears, wolves, hyenas, elephants, ostriches, peacocks, other birds you scarcely remember. Instead children old enough to contemplate abuse will be guided appropriately. See what civilization did to these poor creatures: civilization destroyed their worlds. When the animals finally die out, the zoos will remain as museums. You’ll be able to tour the cages. Sometimes it will appear like a comedy. The replica lake, the tiny river. Mediation teams will say sombrelly: Yes, this is where they kept the tigers—in this small enclosure. A pet of the greatest misfortune. It is true that the animal, in theory, required more stimulation, they had to be tranquilized regularly. Where do you think all that excess energy went. The turtles, rather than being re-habitated, will be free to roam.

Would a true revolutionary have the courage to bear the specific responsibility of death? Against this discursive reformism, impersonal, non-committal, come along,

my little scapegoats, said **INTERN**. Language is the struggle against the necessity of certain forms, **INTERN** replied, softly.

ACT 2 SCENE 2

INSTITUTION had closed shop years ago now. More accurately: it hadn’t ceased to exist, but since it no longer required a public, it no longer needed **WORKER**; nor **INTERN**, nor even **DIRECTOR**. Soft power had been diminishing in value. So it was, **INTERN** was adapting.

At times the entire universe seemed hostile, and it appeared to **INTERN** that she was seeing **BENEFACTOR** everywhere. He wore khaki shorts on a Friday, a ball cap on a Monday, a doctor’s white coat on a Saturday. He was shopping at the discount grocer. He was waiting in line for a \$7 coffee. Why was **BENEFACTOR** skulking? Didn’t everyone agree by now, the future will look nothing like the present? Hadn’t he hedged his bets on every possible outcome?

ENDNOTE

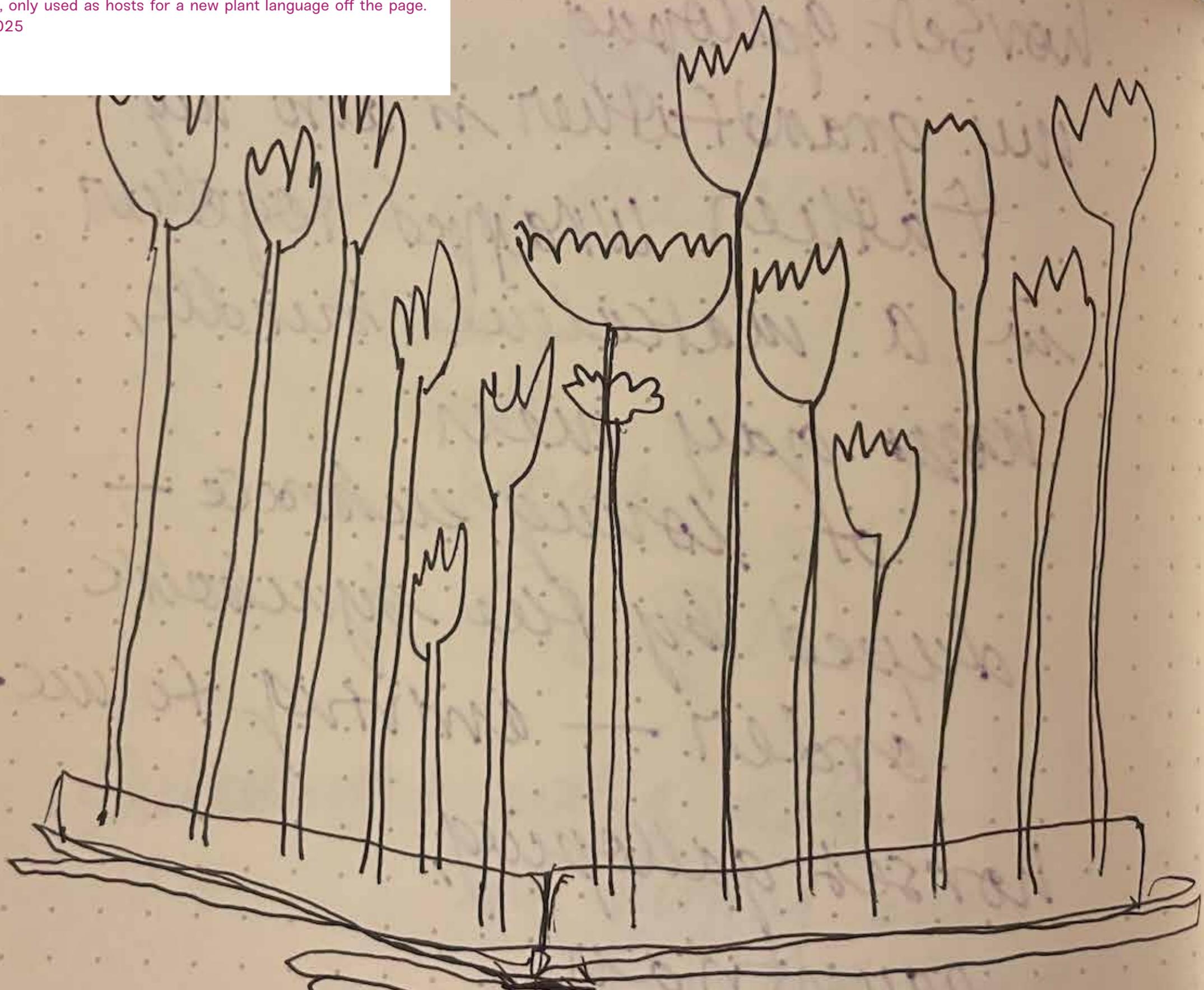
Genet said that none of his books are novels because none of the characters make decisions on their own. But what is a decision? It is not a patch work of exhaustion, endurance. Quoting Sartre now: Hope can only cling to free and active characters. Genet, however, is concerned only with satisfying his cruelty.

Genet’s Notre dame des fleurs was published in 1943 — a year before the end of the Vichy regime, a year before Paris’s liberation. In 1810, Napoleon liberated those who lived within the city limits from the sight of death. An abattoir was said to have a corrosive effect. The decision to banish death from public life is of course endlessly repeated. The facts of death continue despite this, in the presence of the unlucky, the poor or the mal-adjusted. A valiant decision those who are not Sartre’s free and active characters can make is to refuse the principles of hope as defined by those who dominate them. The reactionary insistence that we find our condition not just endurable but desirable delays the stakes of the present.

* *Part 1 was originally published by Decolonial Hacker*

ERIN HONEYCUTT

"Dreamed that all the books became obsolete as books, not by burning or neglect, but by sprouting stalks that rose from their open pages. The words dissolved into roots until they couldn't be read, only used as hosts for a new plant language off the page."
- CUTT PRESS, Summer 2025



MINI GOLF

SUNDAYS



ANDERS PREY - RUNNING SCARED, I WAS THERE



MAXIMILIAN FLACHSENBERG - WONNELAND



POINTS						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
3	11	7	11	28		✓
4	7	09	22	34		✓
1	8	33	5	21		✓
2	1	67	11	5		☆
1	3	1	2	4		♥

SPIELE MINIGOLF MIT UNS ;)))

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RAMONA KORTYKA - GOOSE GAME



A GIRL AND HER GOOSE



DAVID WASSERMANN - GARTEN EDEN



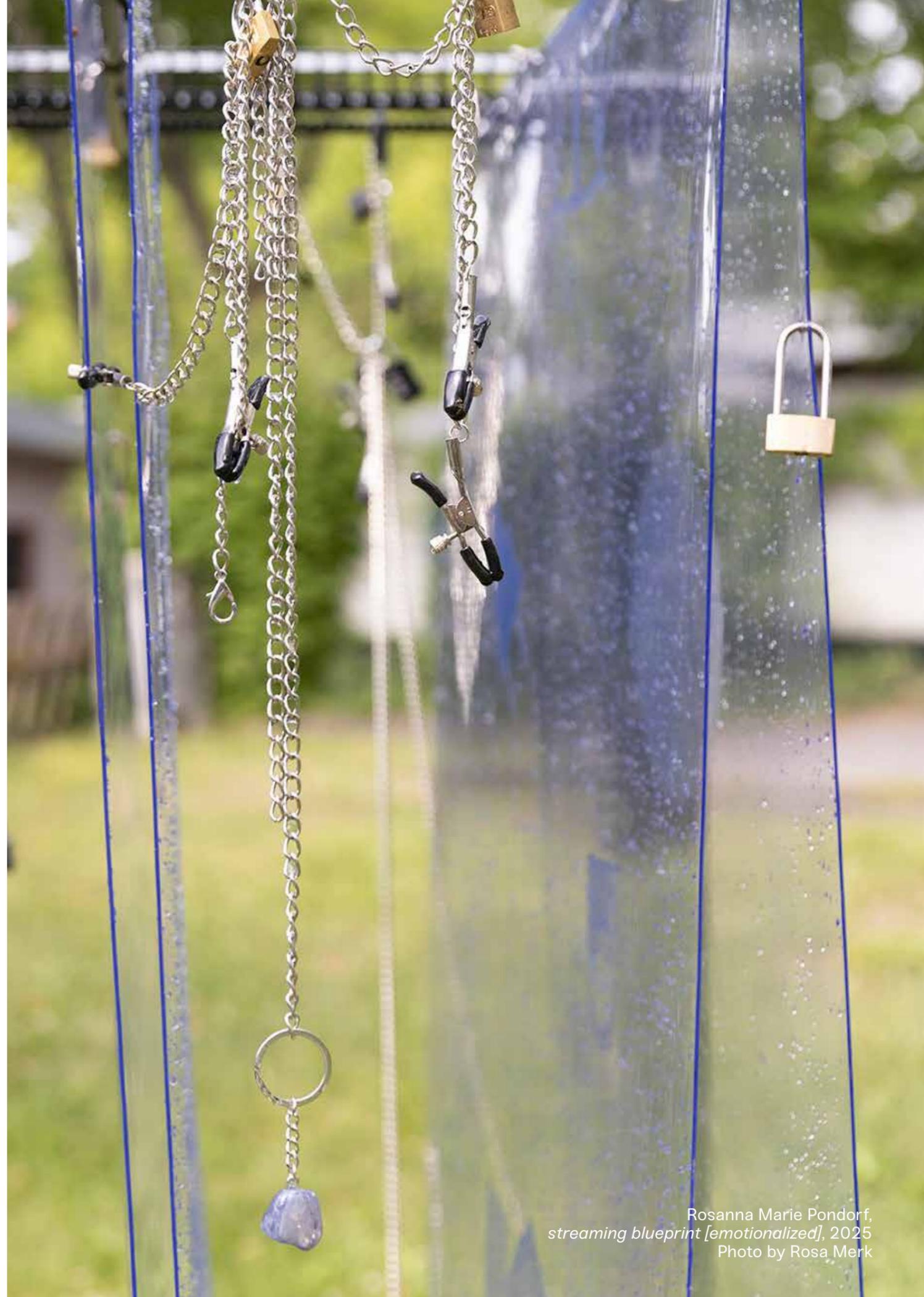
DORO BRÜBACH - FRITTIERCHEN



STREAMING BLUEPRINT [EMOTIONALIZED] ROSANNA MARIE PONDORF



Michel Serres, Der Parasit
„Kein System ohne Parasit.“
("No system without a parasite.")





HOW TO BECOME AN OCTOPUS
(AND SOMETIMES SQUID)



YOUR URGE TO BREATHE IS A LIE



MIRIAM SIMUN

CONTRIBUTORS

Haseeb Ahmed

(he|him), born in 1985 in Toledo, Ohio (US), lives and works in Brussels. His transdisciplinary practice bridges art, science, and technology. Frequently working with fluid dynamics, he investigates how wind and water shape perception, architecture, and ecology. His films, installations, and kinetic sculptures have been exhibited at institutions including the Gwangju Biennale (Gwangju, KR), the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago (Chicago, US), and Museum of Contemporary Art Antwerp (BEL). He earned a PhD from Zürich University of the Arts (CH) and currently teaches, among other places, at the School of Visual Arts (New York, US).

Sophie Boysen

(she|her) has been the Artistic Director of TROPEZ since 2021. In her curatorial practice, she is interested in cultural formats that operate outside established contexts – and in how contemporary art can be situated within unexpected environments. In 2024, Boysen teaches at the Muthesius University of Fine Arts and Design in Kiel. In 2025, she receives a research grant from the Goethe-Institut. She also regularly hosts a radio show on Radio-80000. Previously, she has worked for, among others, KW Institute for Contemporary Art, Tanz im August, Tanzkongress, and the Berlin Biennale.

Nadja Buttendorf's

(she|her) artistic practice is rooted in participation and interaction, often inviting audiences into her narrative and thematic worlds. Her work spans video series, workshop performances, jewellery, garments, and social media interventions, forming an interconnected network of formats. She critically explores the norms of gender construction and the mechanisms through which bodies are valued in digital and capitalist systems. Knowledge-sharing and self-empowerment are central to her approach, often expressed through DIY aesthetics – used both as a tool for access and a strategy of resistance against neoliberal work ethics. Buttendorf's work has been presented at institutions including HKW Berlin, Kunsthalle Bremen, La Gaîté Lyrique Paris, MU Eindhoven, and panke.gallery Berlin, among others. She has also delivered lecture performances at Re:publica, CCC, Creamcake, and nGbK Berlin. Trained as a goldsmith, she studied fine arts at Burg Giebichenstein University of Art and Design in Halle (Saale).

Tommaso Cappelletti

(he|him) is a product designer and researcher exploring pop culture, interface design, and the symbolic architectures of the internet. His practice examines the ways digital tools and cultural narratives shape one another, often blending UX/UI, art direction, and speculative

design. Creating playful, hybrid experiences, he investigates the metaphors and habits that influence our relationship with technology, using design as a way to reflect on the shapeshift of online life. He is the co-founder of Clusterduck, a research collective mapping internet culture, and has presented his work at international conferences and festivals.

Sam Cottingham

(he|him) is an artist, writer, and theatre/performance maker living between London and Frankfurt. He has presented work at High Art (Paris), Nir Altman (Munich) and SculptureCenter (New York). He is an associate artist at London Performance Studios and his first collection of plays, *Phone Plays* (written to be performed over the phone), was published by Montezpress last year. His first book *People Person* was published by JOAN. He is a graduate of Monica Baer's class at Städelschule (Frankfurt) and Goldsmiths' Art and Art history programme (London), and he is an intern at The Wooster Group (New York).

CUTT PRESS

is a publishing project run by **Erin Honeycutt**, a writer based in Berlin.

Curator Maurin Dietrich

(she|her) has been director of the Kunstverein München since 2019. She has realized exhibitions with artists such as Diamond Stingily, Pati Hill, Yalda Afsah, and Tony Cokes, among

others. Dietrich has taught at the Berlin University of the Arts, the Zurich University of the Arts (ZHdK), and the BPA (Berlin Program for Artists). She writes regularly for Mousse Magazine, Cura, and other publications. In early 2025, she organized a major exhibition on Oldham's and Ohtsubo's Ikebana practices at the Munich Kunstverein.

Elena Francalanci

(she|her) (1994) is an Italian artist and choreographer based in Berlin. She studied classical ballet and modern dance at Balletto di Toscana in Florence and began her professional career with dance companies and theatre productions such as Balletto Teatro di Torino, Festspielhaus St. Pölten, and TanzQuartier Vienna. In the past eight years, she has worked as a freelancer, connecting her experience in theatre with visual art. As an Italian artist and dance maker, Francalanci's work is rooted in her background in classical ballet and postmodern dance, which she intertwines with the visual arts. She is drawn to the exploration of in-between states, seeking to challenge established norms and foster a feminist perspective. Her practice explores gestures tied to specific spaces and moments, investigating how expected actions can be decontextualized within a given setting. Drawing from her experiences in dance theatre and music composition, she incorporates text and theatrical elements into her work. Her approach often begins with

personal histories – sometimes biographical – and mirrors her performances, combining classical elements with contemporary references, including nods to pop culture.

Linda Franken

(she|her) is Assistant Curator at KW Institute for Contemporary Art. She most recently worked on the exhibitions *Sung Tieu – 1992, 2025* (2025), *Miloš Trakilović – Not a Love Song* (2025), *Jimmy DeSana & Paul P. – Ruins of Rooms* (2024), *Poetics of Encryption* (2024), and *Kameelah Janan Rasheed – in the coherence, we weep* (2023), among others. She was curator of BPA// Exhibition 2024 – *Half-Light* (2024). Prior to her time at KW, she worked at Studio Julian Charrière and Kéré Architecture. In parallel, she co-directed Erratum Gallery (2017–2020), a project space focused on interdisciplinary collaborations. As part of her curatorial practice, Linda served as managing editor of the publications *Kameelah Janan Rasheed – in the coherence, we weep* (2023) and *Win McCarthy – Common Ruin* (2023), and as co-editor of *Sung Tieu – 1992, 2025*.

Sanja Grozdanić

(she|her) is a writer and artist living and working between Berlin and New York. Across text, performance, and film, her work attends to the slippages between public and private grief, anxiety, and imagination. With Basyma Saad, she is currently working on a film titled

Permanent Trespass, based on a performance of the same name.

Amine Habki

(he|him), born in 2000 in Nantes (FR), lives and works in Paris (FR). In his installations, he reworks traditional objects and symbols of virility through embroidery and painterly techniques. He interweaves fragments of intimate narratives with ancient myths, which he reclaims through delicate materials and vivid color palettes. His embroidery and drawings have been exhibited at the Centre Pompidou-Metz (Metz, FR), The Koppel Project (London, UK), and Artagon Pantin (Pantin, FR), among others. In 2023, he participated in the 67th Salon de Montrouge (FR).

Melike Kara

(she|her), born in 1985 in Bensberg (DE), lives and works in Cologne. In her practice, she deals with the themes of displacement, marginalization, and exclusion. At the core of her work is the desire to give voice to the unheard and the oppressed—especially the Kurdish diaspora. Kara's work, including painting, sculpture, and photography, have been exhibited at institutions including the Schirn (Frankfurt, DE), the Kunsthalle Zürich (Zurich, CH), and the Yuz Museum Shanghai (Shanghai, CN), among others.

Xia Lin

(they|them) works across multimedia, video, text, and performance to explore the

intersections of Tai Chi philosophy, martial arts, and the cognitive processes of both humans and machines. Their ongoing project *3C Xing Yi Quan* is a new form of internal martial arts that seeks to embody the essence of mobile devices and digital accessories, offering a practice for cultivating mind–body equilibrium in the digital age. Xia is a co-founder of lololol, whose initiative Future Tao explores contemporary interpretations of Taoist thought in relation to technology and everyday life. Their works, performances, and collaborative projects have been presented at Berwick Film and Media Arts Festival (UK), Taipei Arts Festival (TW), Times Museum (CN), Vernacular Institute (MX), Flaneur Festival (DE), Liquid Architecture (AU), and Contemporary at Blue Star (USA), among others.

Tilhenn Klapper

(she|her) is a French–American artist, researcher, and performer based in Paris. Her work reintroduces mythologies and folklore into the field of political ecology, employing a multidisciplinary practice that includes performance (voice, music, dance), sculpture, and film. Her multimedia works have been exhibited at MUDAM Luxembourg (Luxembourg, LU), Kanal Centre Pompidou (Brussels, BE), and the Czech Cultural Center in Paris (Paris, FR), among others. She is a founding member of the Paris-based collective *crème soleil*.

Maya Man

(she|her), born 1996 in Philadelphia (US), lives and works in New York (US). In her artistic practice, she explores contemporary identity culture in the digital space. She examines dominant narratives of femininity, authenticity and digital self-presentation. Her websites, generative series and installations have been exhibited at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York (US), SOOT in Tokyo (JP) and on the online platform Feral File, among others. Man's towel edition *Waterproof* is part of *TROPEZ TOWELS 2025*.

Elin McCready

(she|her) is a linguist and philosopher and is employed as Research Professor at ICREA and the Universitat Autònoma de Barcelona. Her academic work centers around language and she has published several books and many articles on this topic; her current research is on social meaning and political speech, and on other topics involving language such as conceptual literature, spellcasting, and embodiments. She is an organizer of the club event WAIFU (and, previously, SLICK) and is a member of the art collective MOM and the book collective NEON. She is also engaged in other artistic research and projects, including zine publishing, work on botanical and other natural agency, and games of interpretation and translation. She is also involved in activism around LGBT rights, non-normative families, and immigration.

NCUBE

(they|them) is a writer / director / producer / editor / playwright / novelist / songwriter / actor / roller-skater / pop culture aficionado. Examples of their writing, filmmaking and all things in-between can be found online.

Neda Naujokaitė

(she|her) born in 2000, is a Lithuanian artist, based in Berlin, Germany. She works with painting, video installation, and sound. In her practice, she is particularly drawn to how certain visual fragments can evoke memories of the past or of specific places. Themes of resemblance and class, as well as the complex interplay between personal and shared human experiences, form the core of her practice. She studied at the Vilnius Academy of Arts (2019–2023) and participated in an Erasmus exchange at ArtEZ University of the Arts (BEAR program) in the Netherlands (2021–2022). In 2023, she held her first solo exhibition at VDA Gallery Akademija and graduated the same year with the show *Inside/Outside* at Gallery VARTAI. In 2024, she took part in the XVIII International Vilnius Painting Triennial at TITANIKAS Exhibition Space in Vilnius. In 2025, she presented her new video installation *Passings* in the group exhibition *Intermediate Glooms* at Meno Parkas Gallery, Kaunas. The same year, she also showed her work in the group exhibition *Tränen sind Worte, die das Herz nicht aussprechen kann 2* at Sophie-Gips-Höfe, Berlin.

Rosanna

Marie Pondorf

(she|her), born 1993 in Eching (DE), lives and works in Munich. She examines contemporary hierarchies and power structures by critically rethinking, dismantling and reassembling themes such as value creation and media images. Her sculptures, installations and paintings have been exhibited at Mz. Baltazar's Lab (Vienna, AT), Rosa Stern Space (Munich, DE) and at Sofia Art Week (Sofia, BG), among others.

Susanne Sachsse

(she|her) is an artist and actress who was born and raised in East Germany, an experience that informs her artistic and political critique of nationalism and social norms. Her work has developed along three main axes: as a solo artist; as co-founder and fearless leader of the Berlin-based art collective CHEAP; and in collaboration with select artists working in visual arts, film, dance, music, and performance. Her first solo exhibition was shown in 2021 at Participant Inc. in New York (US). This was followed by presentations of sound, video, and object installations at Künstlerhaus Bethanien in Berlin (DE, 2022) and at the Kestner Gesellschaft in Hannover (DE, 2023). The exhibition *Choose Mutation* with the CHEAP Collective was shown at Accelerator in Stockholm (SE, 2024), at the Gropius Bau in Berlin (DE, 2025), and will be shown at PS1 MoMA in New York (US, 2025–26).

Lara Scherrieble

(they|them) is currently working as Curatorial Assistant at KW Institute for Contemporary Art in Berlin, where they have been co-curating the Pogo Bar series since 2024. Prior to their work at KW, Lara organized live events and exhibitions at Volksbühne Berlin, PACT Zollverein, and Various Others, among others. Their writing has been published in *Positionen – Texte zur aktuellen Musik*, *ilinx – Berliner Beiträge zur Kulturwissenschaft*, and *transmediale – Research Refusal*.

Miriam Simun

(they|them) is a visual artist whose multidisciplinary practice uses science, somatics, scent and humor to create art works in various formats, for example: video, installation, painting, performance, and communal sensorial experiences. Recurring questions revolve around interspecies relations and non-human intelligence; the relationship of technological innovation to mythology and desire; the construction of knowledge and the violence of categories; and radical reimaginings of life under ecological crisis.

Trained as a sociologist, Simun takes on the role of 'artist-as-fieldworker,' conducting first-person research with diverse places and communities: from scientific laboratories to rewilded forests, from freedivers to human pollinators. This in-depth and corporeal research dictates the form of the final artworks.

SUNDAYS

Since 2023, **Dorothee Brübach** (they|she), **Maximilian Flachsenberg** (he|him), **Ramona Kortyka** (she|her), **Anders Prey** (he|him), and **David Wassermann** (he|him) have been collaborating on the project **SUNDAYS**. This interactive exhibition format temporarily transforms spaces dedicated to art and culture into sculptural mini-golf courses. For each new season, the concept is adapted to the specific exhibition site. **SUNDAYS** has been presented in Kiel (DE) and at Frappant Galerie in Hamburg (DE).

Matto Zoppi

(he|him) is a sound artist and performer whose work merges sound, poetry, and extended voice techniques to evoke grotesque and liminal narrative tensions. He explores language as a tool for interpreting and transforming reality, working across live electronics, performance art, and radio to investigate the unstable spaces between sound and speech, memory and transformation, control and desire. With a background in theater, radio, and studies in art management and digital communication, he develops multidisciplinary projects that shift between stages, frequencies, and formats. His work has been presented in venues and festivals across Europe.



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