

BLACK – Annie
BLUE – Martina

*15 minutes before the performance a soundcheck (we need to open the chatpage)
webcams show a unified surface*

*then at starting time we put in a first object
first few minutes - only objects*

*we have the freedom to read parts of the chatwindow whenever we want – would be nice
if we could do that, include it*

we should proceed slowly and pay attention to how to place the objects, do that with care

*Annie
1 phrase of the chat*

Martina:
I am interested in language as something lived. Not as a system.

It is crucial that we don't assume that willfulness is simply about lonely individuals going against the tide of the social. At the same the social can be experienced as a force: you can feel a force most directly when you attempt to resist it.

all you say separates me from you

„Many that leave get lost. We have to begin somewhere. We might start by saying „we“.“

„in an age where images are a kind of currency, at times seeming tantamount to existence (i.e. “if it's not posted on x or y social networking site, it never happened”), then to vanish seems a slight death, and also a relief.

I speak an ugly language that history forced into my mouth. I work hard to make it beautiful for people and machines who don't understand me.

someone is opening a plastic bag
a wind
a cold

where is the snow?
Where is the cloud?

the city is not a tree
death is not a cup

There are lots of languages, but there is no longer any proper words. Words have been lost in the forest or in Africa or with the animals or the poor or the mentally impaired or the homeless.

1 phrase from the chat

consider the day when you will have to change, the day when all you think important will become impossible, irrelevant, out of reach
consider what will be left then

Why are we all held by forces that are not of our own making?"

Art activists do want to be useful, to change the world, to make the world a better place—but at the same time, they do not want to cease being artists. And this is the point where theoretical, political, and even purely practical problems arise.

Action is borrowed, distributed, suggested, influenced, dominated, betrayed, translated"

What if we propose that capitalism has something like agency and that this agency is manifested in ecophagic material practices? Capitalism eats the world. Whatever transformations it generates are just stages in its monstrous digestive process.

When we act, who else is acting? How many agents are also present?

1 phrase of the chat

If today we struggle for language and criteria, no-one will pay us. If we do so anyway, it's only because we don't want to be bored. So, let's not take ourselves too seriously.

This „we“ is a little too abstract for me.

language needs to be reinvented in order to express what cannot be said

What if where I am is what I need?

1 or 2 phrases of the chat

I don't store anything anymore, really. I use a lot of e-mail and the Web, and with both of those I don't have to ever manage storage. As a matter of fact, my favorite way of reminding myself to do something is to send myself e-mail. That's my storage.

„The "Museum of Broken Relationships" takes its visitors on a journey through more than 100 separations all around the world. The winner of the Kenneth-Hudson-Award for the most innovative museum in Europe is composed of evocative objects which remained as silent witnesses of love lost. The moving assortment became the building blocks of a museum capable of communicating the collective and personal emotional heritage. The "Museum of Broken Relationships", founded in Zagreb in 2006, arrives in Basel in the frame of the festival „It's the real thing - Basler Dokumentartage 2015“ after travelling to Berlin, Cape Town, San Francisco, Singapore, London and Paris.

Martina, could we disagree on something, violently disagree?
PAUSE

Everything also continues without me.

I didn't write any of the texts.

We know nothing about a body until we know what it can do, in other words, what its affects are, how they can or cannot enter into composition with other affects, with the affects of another body...

there is no way to tell you what will come, no way, no way to know how I feel, no way to know how you feel, no way I could breath as if I was you, no way no way no way

This is a transition.

From now on, all friendship is political.

in the beginning she wrote her name on the streets

The poor image is a copy in motion. Its quality is bad, its resolution substandard. As it accelerates, it deteriorates. It is a ghost of an image, a preview, a thumbnail, an errant idea, an itinerant image distributed for free, squeezed through slow digital connections, compressed, reproduced, ripped, remixed, as well as copied and pasted into other channels of distribution.

The poor image is a rag or a rip; an AVI or a JPEG, a lumpen proletarian in the class society of appearances, ranked and valued according to its resolution."

Is this democracy? It is a bit unclear.

computer messages demand a reply - they can never be as generous as a touch or a smile

But was n't the whole point of the industrial revolution to get more time to live, rather than to work?!

There was a simple farmer in the Sahel region, the southern border of the Sahara. He invented a new very simple method for how to stop the desert and after a decade or two a nice little forest grew, a green belt.

My body is a never-ending, warm, pink factory. I continue to consume even if I sleep.

All things become heavenly. Heaven becomes earthly material.

He became famous, an American filmmaker came and did a famous documentary film. He was invited to India and ended up celebrated in a big UN conference in front of all the many cameras.

2.4 billion users generate the equivalent of around seven million DVD's worth of content every single hour, and in 2016 that will be 4 times as much

There is teen music and sudden changes of season. Love takes hold. The sky exists. The merest thought fills a whole life."

What happens when you place two chatbot programs in philosophical conversation?

First you vanish inside yourself. Then let the world come and look for you.

No objects, spaces, or bodies are sacred in themselves; any component can be interfaced with any other if the proper standard, the proper code, can be constructed for processing signals in a common language.

the mood enhancement industry leaves little space for facts that contradict old believes

You can use vinegar as softener in washing machines. It works very good.

we need to hover on the border of affect and judgement

We thank Africa for inexpensive raw materials.

Chat?

The Badiou-Žižek alliance is catastrophic in terms of feminism and cultural politics.

Only 10% of the energy used by data centers is calculation, the rest is waste.
the Internet is a hungry system.

Life must be easier if you are a believer. You have God to talk to and to guide you

But the sight of the stars always makes me dream in as simple a way as the black spots on the map, representing towns and villages, make me dream. Why, I say to myself, should the spots of light in the firmament be less accessible to us than the black spots on a map.

*After 20 minutes we stop, wherever we are in the text, and we fill the webcam images with the things that we used until the white underground is covered.
When the image of one of us disappears, the other one stops to stream also after 10 sec.*

We go to the chatpage and say bye if we want to.

June 11 2015 : *besides, the person I am becoming*. Duration 20 minutes. The audience can interact via a chatwindow. 19H CET Annie Abrahams & Martina Ruhsam, A turbulence commission. <http://turbulence.org/commissions/besides/>

besides, the person I am becoming.

As an assemblage of text-fragments and daily objects this live-performance is a series of linkages and open relations between words and banal things.

What do words, a pencil and a stone have in common? Does the stone change when being confronted by a hammer?

What changes if it is replaced by a pill? Does the image of a spoon change the thought or does the thought change the thing?

Images talk as much as words. A month long, Martina and Annie collected words and objects – overheard phrases, poetry, academic citations, a piece of concrete, foam, a photo, a scan. Who says what? **What can we understand?**

What if?