

Die Singende Stimme: Oh, ich sehe, diese Stadt ist auch ein
«Paradies gestohlener Arbeit».
Der Kaufmann: Solange du Arbeit stiehlt, kommt der Akt des
Schaffens nie zu einem Ende. Vergiss alles und werde ein
Konsument.

Jetzt werde ich den Webstuhl aus deinem Körper entfernen.
Dafür verwende ich einen Zauberspruch:

Melancholische Retrospektive
Antike Berühmtheit
Beträchtlicher Wohlstand
Gesetzliche Veränderungen
Domestizität
Territoriale Bedürfnisse
Mittellos
Makroinventionen
Zweihundert Meter lang
Dreissig Meter breit und vier bis sechs Stockwerke hoch
Transozeanisch
Netzwerke hervorbringend
Fliegendes Schiffchen

Die Singende Stimme: Entwende den Webstuhl nicht aus
meinem Körper! Stell keine solchen Gegensätze auf!
Wenn du das tust, wird diese Technologie einer Mutation
untergehen und sich gegen deinen Markt wenden.
Die wechselseitigen Beziehungen zwischen den Dingen werden
zu gross sein, um sie noch verkörpern zu können.

A manifestation for the quasi-public

2019

Bilingual version in English and French, 2019
This text relates to: Georges Bataille: *La Structure psychologique du fascisme*; Karolin Meunier: *Return To Inquiry*, Monique Wittig: *Les Guérillères*.
A manifestation for the quasi-public was presented at the 6th International Moscow Biennale for Young Art, with Living Room at Art Basel, in the OnCurating Project Space Zurich, and 2019, in the Aargauer Kunsthau and the Centre for Contemporary Art "Ancient Bath" Plovdiv.

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A manifestation for the quasi-public a été présentée à la 6^e Biennale internationale de Moscou pour l'art jeune, avec Living Room à Art Basel, dans le cadre du projet OnCurating Space Zurich et 2019, à l'Aargauer Kunsthau et au Centre d'art contemporain «Ancient Bath» de Plovdiv.

Long inhaling and exhaling through the nose, your lung-body is a giant bellow that fills up and deflates the air.

They are on the loom.

Fast accentuated inhaling and exhaling through the nose.

They are behind the punched card programs of calculators.

Breathe in, breathe out, hold the breath, walk far into the space.
Breathe in, breathe out, walk to the audience.
Stand behind them.

Virtual Aliens.

They speak together of the threat they have constituted towards authority; they tell of how they were burned on pyres to prevent them from assembling in the future.

Before exhaling assemble the breath at the cervical vertebra.
Breathe the assembled mass of air out through the mouth.
Breathe in and walk away from the audience.
Then turn the microphone on its stand.

It was in the year 1933, when Georgia Bataille published in *La Critique Sociale*.

Je vais vous lire.

One is worth what one produces.

On vaut ce que l'on produit. On cesse d'être une existence pour soi.

One stops being an existence for oneself.

On n'est qu'une fonction,

No one is more than a function,
ordonné à l'intérieur des limites mesurables de la production collective.

arranged within measurable limits of collective production.

C'est l'incapacité de la société

The inability of society

de trouver en elle-même une raison d'être et d'agir,
to find in itself a reason for being and acting,
qui la met dans la dépendance de forces impératives.
making it dependent upon imperative forces.

Le pouvoir royal se développe spontanément en tant que force
impérative et destructive.

Royal power develops spontaneously as an imperative and
destructive force.

Et ainsi se manifeste, au sommet, la tendance fondamentale
et le principe de toute autorité: la réduction à l'unité personnelle,
l'individualisation du pouvoir.

It thereby manifests at the top the fundamental tendency
and principle of all authority: the reduction to a personal entity,
the individualisation of power.

Take the mic with you (that has to be switched on).

In the recent past, I did performances with breathing.
The air that we are mutually breathing relates us to each other.
At the same time, going public with one's own breath or voice
creates the potential for one's utterances to be estranged
from yourself.

I was thinking about how I can deploy myself and formalise
my breathing.

By doing a breathing performance, life itself becomes
the object of added value.

And if our very breathing is the object to evaluate the object of
added value, must my breathing then become a virtuoso
breathing?

In contrast to the factory weaver, the weaving of the virtuoso
is not exhausted by what she produces, and does not
take place in private, beyond the public, but rather in public and
in front of, or together with, spectators.

At this point, I would like you to give a hint to the sound recordings
you have heard and that you are going to listen to:

geomythic opera, 2020





Applied materials:

Cotton shirt from India
Polyester raincoat produced in China
Persian carpet out of silk and cotton
Sequinned shirt with coated plastic
Cotton trousers with elastic
Nylon sports jacket

Applied techniques:

To stroke, to beat, to shake, to rub, to clap

The smoke of the cotton factory chimneys became literally
the breath of patriarchy.

The phantasm of modernism, the brutality of supremacy.

Now, they manifest themselves.

In the air.

The air is wrong. The air is bad. The air is dead.

Dead air, hereish and nowish,
how does it belong to me?

Imagine

Virtually you are attached to the endurance of the otherwise.

The breathing in this breathing performance is the object
of added value.

Dead air is the context.

The air will not accumulate, not reproduce itself,
not be air-conditioned.

It will be scorching.