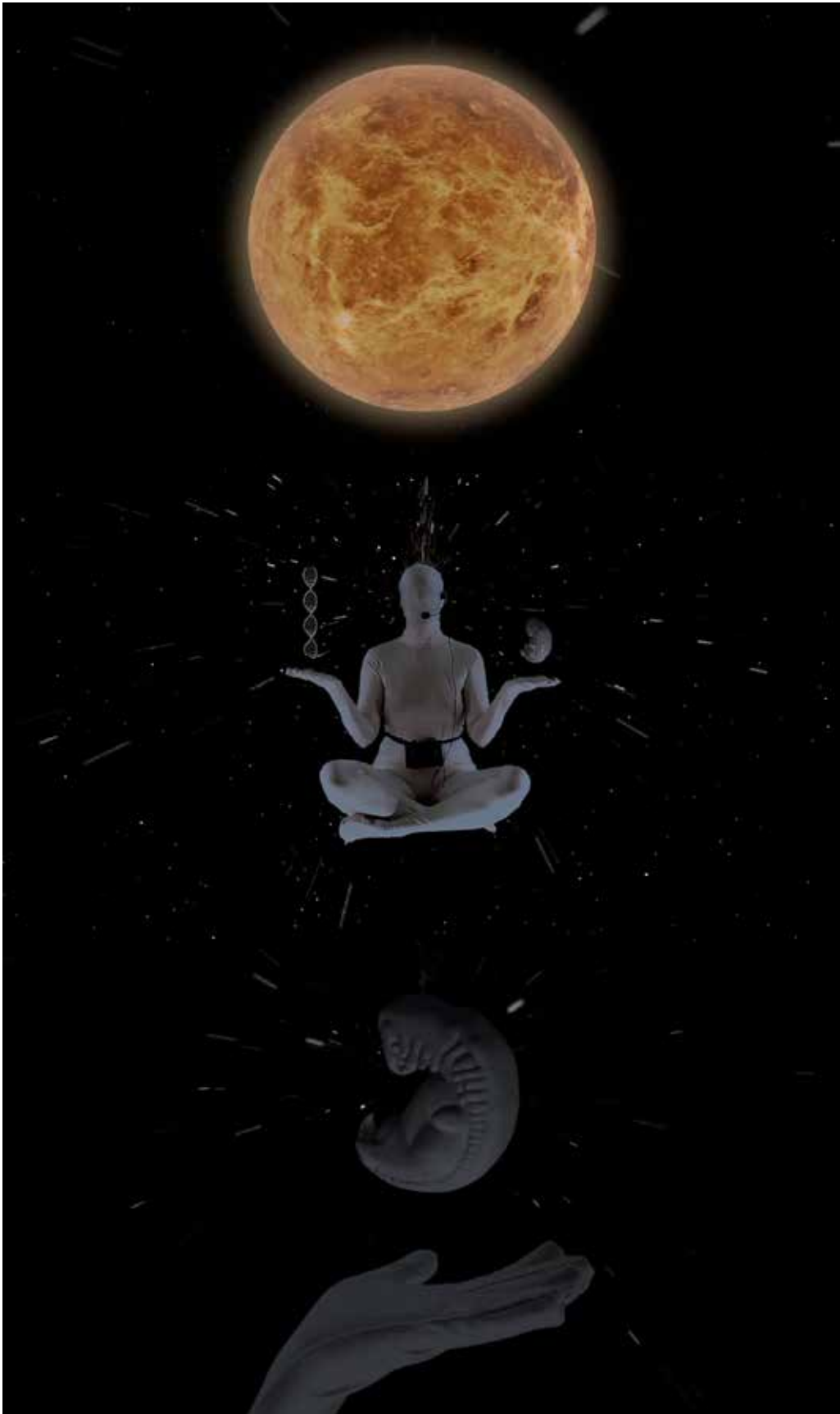




# Matrixial Tongues: Dear Daughter/ Sen\_sing\_Inannainanna

Oh dear, dear daughter, dear daughters of the future. Dear mothers of primordial soup. I have a soup within me. The soup simmers always. But in times of transition – which are always potential times of crisis – the chthonic forces boil within, and I have to spit words. In times of transition I come to writing. I write this message for my daughters who are now in the process of writing their own names. Biologically you are my one and only daughter. But to be one at all you must be a mini. To be one is always to become with many. We are bacteria. Bacteria is the force of symbiosis in this process of becoming, bacteria create communities and ecosystems within us. Writing to you in plural is to stress complexity in action. Complexity in body-language-body relationships. And to teach you kinship beyond biological ties. Joanna Russ is also my daughter. Or my mother. In her short story *The Autobiography of my Mother* there is a wonderful intergenerational textuality: is the mother speaking to her daughter, the daughter to her mother to her daughter? in the future in the past? My daughters and my mothers are now telling me planetary stories about descending and ascending, and now we are travelling. This is a journey, into the body, through times of crisis for Mother Earth.

I am an I, sometimes I am a she, sometimes I am a he, sometimes I am very very I, sometimes I am we, sometimes I am my mother. My biological mother, being a woman doctor, has struggled with structural mechanisms relating to gender bias in a male-dominated occupation, so my father told me. My mother doesn't tell me about her struggles. My mother became very tough in the process of her struggle. My mother was a computer. My mother was a computer is the title of a book by Katherine Hayles. Hayles argues that we live in an age of intermediation that challenges our ideas about language, subjectivity, literary objects, and textuality. We are all the children of computers in more than one sense. Now my daughter starts school. My daughter has to learn to write. She starts with pen and paper. She starts with her own name. That's good. May she keep her name strong and fight the struggle with language and technologies. To take language and technologies in her power. With her body. Too often women had to make their bodies and names invisible, to be heard. Now



it is time to write our bodies and names into the speech, into the text, and use new technologies as tools for writing, speaking and creating. Women were always in tech. Enheduanna is the earliest known poet whose name has been recorded. Do know that, and do not forget that.

So, we return to the motherboard from where you learn your mother tongue, from where you learn to write code, in clay tablet, in electronic tablet. Dear Daughter, you wrote the code that took us to the moon. Margaret Heafield Hamilton wrote the code that took us to the moon. Dear Daughter, you wrote the code that showed us the black hole. Katie Bouman wrote the code that showed us the black hole. And now we are travelling. Inanna in flight suit Inanna in flight suit into outer space. Dear Daughter, Mother, I hope you will embark this text as a journey and accept it in its hybridity. This text is matrixial, it connects mother and machine; from the archaic “mother, uterus” to technologically reproductive properties “a cast, a mold” to its current connotations to cyberspace, AI. This text is written as a code to be embodied and embedded. We are, dear daughter, multi-lingual and multi-tongued, fragmented and genre-crossing, bastards searching new terrains.

Dear Daughter, Mother, Mor, mormor og morfar bor lige ved siden af vores planet.<sup>1</sup> Our astral aspect is the planet Venus, the morning and the evening star. Our symbol the lion. Doves. Peristeria, perah Ištar. We look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, an army with banners, goddess of love. Dear Daughter, Mother. Mor, jeg elsker dig mor. Ah jeg elsker dig bare så meget mor. Mor jeg er helt forelsket i dig mor.<sup>2</sup> But also goddess of warfare. Here. Now. The economic system and the planetary system are at war. The economic system is at war with many forms of life on earth, including human life. What our planet needs to avoid collapse is a contraction in humanity’s use of resources. This demands to look into yourself. To descend to your own underworld, into your own chthonic forces. Listen to how the air and the words leave your body, through your mouth. Your tongue is a tool. Dear Daughter, feel the words on your tongue, when you read. Stretch the words with air. These words are food, these words are to be felt. This demands time from you, it demands you to slow down, to contract. Here. Now, what the current economic model demands to avoid collapse is unfettered expansion. But listen. Listen to Mother Naomi Klein. In her book *This Changes Everything: Capitalism vs. the Climate* (2014) she says she says and her voice echoes, among other voices. now. here. You cannot argue with Mother Earth, Goddess Astarte, Goddess, Aphrodite, Aphrodite Areia, warrior goddess bearing arms, Ourania (Ὠρανία), Queen of Heaven, Istar, Morning Star, Ainina, Danina/Aynina and Danana, Danana, Inanna.

Dear Daughter, Mother, Inanna is an ancient Mesopotamian goddess associated with sex, war, justice, and political power. Several hymns praise Inanna in her role as the goddess of the planet Venus. The Greek goddess Aphrodite took on Inanna-Ishtar’s associations with sexuality and procreation. In ancient Greece Aphrodite had a connection to the underworld, together with Demeter and Persephone. However, in the Greek mythology it seems Inanna/Aphrodite was split into two characters: Aphrodite for sexuality and Athene for warfare and political power. When she became the Roman Goddess Venus, she was washed down to beauty, sex and fertility, in froth, foam, weightless, pushed on the surface of the sea in a shell. It’s time to dive. We must remember her Chthonic aspects, her rage, her anger, her fight for justice, political power. Goddess Dali, Goddess Isis, Durga. All born from Goddess Nammu. In Sumeria, Nammu was the Goddess of the Waters of Creation. Although Nammu is not well attested in Sumerian mythology. She may have been of greater importance prehistorically. Herstory is in pre-history. And as ancient astronauts we travel from the future,



from mother earth to father land to mother earth, from oral forms to written forms to oral forms, we need to remember lunar myths, nine months calendars, from clay tablet to pen from scroll to paper to electronic device, from oral forms to written forms to oral forms.

Dear Daughter, Mother, Mor, er planeten jorden hver dag den samme? En ny dag starter hver dag. Er det det samme altid?<sup>3</sup> In many pagan societies earth was seen as a mother, a fertile giver of life. Nature – the soil, forest, sea – was endowed with divinity and mortals were subordinate to it. The Judeo-Christian tradition introduced a radically different concept with a monotheistic God giving orders to use nature as a convenience.

We are not nude, but naked. For love, beauty, sex, desire, fertility. For war, justice, and political power. including, including. We sing and listen to planet Venus and imagine our voices as a medium for the Sumerian goddess Inanna. An ancient alien astronaut who visited Earth and made contact with humans in prehistoric times. Our planet Venus once had an ocean and an atmosphere. Volcanic eruptions released carbon dioxide and caused temperatures to increase. The heat boiled away our oceans. And now to travel back home we carry: imaging system, infrared spectrometer, ultraviolet, visible, infrared imaging spectrometer, shield penetration detector, dust detectors, dust mass spectrometer, neutral gas mass spectrometer, APV-V plasma energy analyzer, energetic-particle, analyzer, magnetometer, wave and plasma analyzers, antenna dish, cameras, spectrometer, infrared sounder, magnetometers, and plasma probes in our bodies. With refractometer we have returned from the rocky body of earth's twin sister. Habitability can be very transient in a planet's history. To care about other planets, to care about climates on other worlds has become an essential survival tool for us. Dear Daughter, Mother, planeten jorden er blevet ødelagt. Menneskene har smidt så meget skrald. Havet er fuldt af skrald. De tror det er en skraldespand. Men havet er faktisk en slags Gud.<sup>4</sup>

Dear Daughter, your voice infiltrates my writing process. To be a mother to a young person is to live and work with interruption and multi-tasking. Accepting this means to become with - in sympoiesis (collectively-producing). Donna J. Haraway refers to our current epoch as the Chthulucene. The Chthulucene requires sym-poiesis, or making-with, rather than auto-poiesis, or self-making. Learning to stay with the trouble of living and dying together on a damaged earth will prove more conducive to the kind of thinking that would provide the means to building more livable futures. We have travelled from Upper Mesopotamia, northwestern Iraq, northeastern Syria, southeastern Turkey, northern Middle East. We will take over the domains of other deities. We descend into and return from the underworld. Writing and singing is a meditative journey into the underworld of the individual and collective spirits, who embark the journey of listening to the chthonic forces from within. We have been killed, but sexless, multi-sexual beings will be our rescue. Androgynous and hermaphroditic beings will join female names and female dialects, spoken in the language of fires, floods, droughts, and extinctions. We ascend from the underworld and our message is that we need an entirely new economic model and a new way of sharing this planet. We need to evolve. The chthulucene is a compound of two words (khthon and kainos) that together name a timeplace for learning to stay with the trouble of living and dying in response-ability on a damaged earth. The word chthonic derives from ancient greek khthónios "in, under, or beneath the earth," "subterranean". -Cene derives from the greek word kainos, time, new time, time now. Kairos means unpredictable time, and it also means weather. We live in the unpredictable weathertimeplace where your voice emits oral forms to written forms to oral forms of Inana: dINNIN, din-nin, din-



ni-na, i-ni-en-na, en-nin, den-ni-na, din-na-na, in-na-na, in-na-an-na, na-na, ni-in, nin, ni-in-ni, dnin?-ni-na, dnin-an-na, ni-in-na-na, dir-ni-na Ištar: eš4-tár, deš4-tár, (d)IŠTÁR, diš-tar, d15 (= IŠTÀR) (Inana: Inana, Inanna Ištar: Ištar, Eštar, 'Aštar, Ištar, Ashtar. Morning Star.

Dear Daughter, Mother. Er det ikke rigtigt mor, alle mødre er dronninger.<sup>5</sup> We put on our flight suits and parallel to space race we perform elegies and lamentations, war dances in open temples. Transforming men into women. Women into men, transforming oral forms to written forms to oral forms: Inana: dINNIN, din-nin, din-ni-na, i-ni-en-na, en-nin, den-ni-na, din-na-na, in-na-na, in-na-an-na, na-na, ni-in, nin, ni-in-ni, dnin?-ni-na, dnin-an-na, ni-in-na-na, dir-ni-na Ištar: eš4-tár, deš4-tár, (d)IŠTÁR, diš-tar, d15 (= IŠTÀR) (Inana: Inana, Inanna Ištar: Ištar, Eštar, 'Aštar, Ištar, Ashtar. Morning Star.

You see me in the morning. Laboring. I am laboring. I am your laboratory for understanding climate physics and climate change on an earth-like planet. Clothed with love, clothed in joy and love, honey-sweet lips, life is our mouth, laughing Medusa, eyes shining and bright, life, power, protection, mother. Dear Daughter, we are in the midst of an epic war: The war between the rights of Mother Earth and the rights of corporations and militarized states. This is a war between the laws of Gaia and the laws of the market and warfare. Dear Daughter, Mother Vandana Shiva advocates against the prevalent “patriarchal logic of exclusion,” claiming that a woman-focused system would change the current system in an extremely positive manner. Vandana Shiva plays a major role in the global Ecofeminist movement. She says she says and her voice echoes in the text fragment above and is dispersed throughout these pages. Dear Daughter, mother, we are moon-like, our shadow filled with splendor, fertility, glory, sweetness, joy, laughter and love. Dear Daughter, Mother. Der er nogle piger som ikke vil gifte sig med drenge og det er klogt.<sup>6</sup> We rotate backwards at walking speed. Here. a day. is longer than a year. Our heels are obsidian. Into a bowl of lapis-lazuli. Into a bowl of lapis-lazuli our tears flow. Refrain. Refrain. From mother earth to father land to mother earth.

Sitting down, we are an orchard of apple trees, bringing delight. Dear Daughter, Mother. Mor, der er en planet med mange træer og der vil nogle mennesker gerne hen. Fordi vores planet er jo lidt rådnet.<sup>7</sup> Dear Daughter, Mother. The destructive Anthropocene is not the only future. We can undergo a paradigm shift. We can look at the destructive impact our species has had on the planet's biodiversity, ecosystems and climate systems and we can prevent it. We can see ourselves as members of the Earth family, with responsibility to care for other species and life on Earth in all its diversity, from the tiniest microbe to the largest mammal.

I come to writing to you, my daughter, mother, as a pathway of hope for the future. I write to all the daughters of the future. I write as a practice of healing. I am looking for worlds in the interstices and intersections of words. I tear, I modify, I collage, I sing words to prepare you for a political-technological future of which you are already a part.

Lying down, we are pleasure, a spring of cedar giving shade. I reach out loving at the heart. I reach my hand, the hand of loving of the heart. Dear Daughter, Mother. Mor, skulle vi ikke lege at jeg var planeten jorden?<sup>8</sup> This involves working as co-creators and co-producers with the Earth. This demand using our intelligence to conserve and heal, not conquer and wound. This demand sensing and sen\_sing. sen\_sing for zen, sen\_sing for (to) sing. Sensing and singing as healing, sensing language as code, sensing mother tongue, sensing mother earth, sensing science fiction, sensing the ultimate catastrophe, sensing Inanna, sensing planet Venus, sensing





the chthonic forces within our own bodies. Sensing sensation. I direct my eye towards it, the eye of loving of the heart, I direct my foot towards it, the foot of loving of the heart.

Dear Daughter, Mother. Mor, når du dør, så vil jeg godt mærke lidt på din tistarm.<sup>9</sup> We change the right side into the left side. We change the left side into the right side. We turn man into woman. We turn woman into man. This planet has been structured by capitalist patriarchy around fictions and abstractions like “capital,” “corporations” and “growth.” For humans to protect life on planet Earth and their own future we need to become deeply conscious of the rights of Mother Earth, our duties towards her and our compassion for all her beings. Dear Daughter, Mother. Mor, hvad bruger man egentligt blod til?<sup>10</sup> I adore a man as a woman. I adore a woman as a man. I have an affinity with magic. I am mother goddess, healing goddess, cyborg goddess, Inanna’s descent. From Ishtar terra, from Aphrodite terra, we erupt and explode. Dear Daughter, Mother. Hvorfor har mænd ikke noget mælk? Måske har han noget rismælk? kroppen laver kun mælk hvis den er mor. mormælk.<sup>11</sup> Mother milk, Milky way. Now we go the Milky Way.

We gather together the seven us, we take them in our hands. With the us in our possession, we prepare ourselves with measuring rod and line in our hands. Dear Daughter, Mother. Kom. kom mor, jeg skal ikke vågne nu. For vi skal lege. Og du er en stor sten mor, og jeg har fundet dig.<sup>12</sup> Vital life permeates the cosmos to the lowliest stone. We descend to the underworld. We ascend towards the morning star. If we do not return, set up a lament for us by the ruins. Beat the drums for us in the assembly places. Circle the houses of the gods. Tear at your eyes, at your mouth, at your thighs. Dress yourself in a single garment.

We remove our clothes. And turn into corpses. Dirt creatures neither male nor female will save us. We ascend from the underworld with demons clung to our side. Dear Daughter, Mother, we are the chthonic ones. We are beings of the earth, both ancient and up-to-the-minute. We are replete with tentacles, feelers, digits, cords, whiptails, spider legs, and very unruly hair. We romp in multi-critter humus but have no truck with sky-gazing Homo. We are monsters in the best sense. We demonstrate and perform material meaningfulness of earth processes and critters. We also demonstrate and perform consequences. We are the First Daughters of the Moon, and we want to fight for equality. We design spacesuits for our own particular bodies, and we travel on a terrestrial surface obscured by an atmosphere opaque to visible light. We travel through space and time through oral forms to written forms to oral forms: Inana: dINNIN, din-nin, din-ni-na, i-ni-en-na, en-nin, den-ni-na, din-na-na, in-na-na, in-na-an-na, na-na, ni-in, nin, ni-in-ni, dnin?-ni-na, dnin-an-na, ni-in-na-na, dir-ni-na Ištar: eš4-tár, deš4-tár, (d)IŠTÁR, diš-tar, d15 (= IŠTÀR) (Inana: Inana, Inanna Ištar: Ištar, Eštar, ’Aštar, Ištar, Ashtar. Morning Star.

I cry because I love you so much. I am my mother’s mother. Dear Daughter, Mother. Mor, mor, mor, du er bare så smuk mor. Du er bare så smuk ligenu. Mor du er bare så smuk altid.<sup>13</sup> You travel through my central nervous system. I am waiting-working-waiting-watching-listening-working, performing love and care. In the era of endless eruptions.

*All images included here are stills from the video Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_Inannainanna made in collaboration with the artist Stathis Tsemberlidis in 2019.*

*VIMEO LINK: [HTTPS://VIMEO.COM/355939140](https://vimeo.com/355939140)*

*This text is a revised version of the text Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_Inannainanna, (Russ, Shiva, Klein), published as an artist booklet by the Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology in 2019. Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_Inannainanna, (Russ, Shiva, Klein) was written in 2019 and first performed at Art Week Copenhagen 2019 in bus 9A in collaboration with Copenhagen Contemporary, Glyptoteket and Art Week Copenhagen.*

#### **NOTES**

- 1 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom, Grandma and Grandpa live right next to our planet.
- 2 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom. I love you mom. Ah I just love you so much mom. Mom, I am totally in love with you mom.
- 3 Translation from Danish, my daughters mother tongue: Mom, is the planet Earth the same every day? A new day starts every day. Is it the same always?
- 4 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Planet Earth has been destroyed. People have thrown so much garbage. The sea is full of garbage. They think it's a trash can. But the sea is actually a kind of God.
- 5 Translation from Danish, my daughters mother tongue: Isn't it true mom, that all moms are queens.
- 6 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: There are some girls who do not want to marry boys and that is wise.
- 7 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom, there is a planet with many trees and some people want to go there. Because our planet is a bit rotten after all.
- 8 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom, let's play that I was planet earth?
- 9 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom, when you die, I want to feel a little on your gut.
- 10 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom, what is the function/use of blood actually?
- 11 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Why do men have no milk? Maybe he has some rice milk? The body only makes milk if it is a mother body. Mother Milk. The Milky Way.
- 12 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Come. Come mom, I must not wake now. Because we have to play. And you are a big stone, mom, and I have found you.
- 13 Translation from Danish, my daughter's mother tongue: Mom, mom, mom, you are just such a beautiful mom. You're just so beautiful right now. Mom, you are just so beautiful always.

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# Matrixial Tongues: Notes on the practice of performing text as artistic research

My practice of writing and performing text as artistic research is a continuous and serial exploration of flexible and fluid material in the process of becoming, always responsive to exhibition within new sites and contexts. The text *Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_inannainanna* (Russ, Shiva, Klein) (2019), which has been revised and rewritten for this issue of *Periskop*, is part of a series of texts written for voice-based live performances, video documents, and performative speech installations. In these works I recall my own ongoing experiences with and thoughts on crucial elements of female life—pregnancy, birth, mothering and female sexuality—and intertwine them with fragments of texts from various literary sources—ancient poetry, feminist sci-fi, post-human theory—in order to weave complex assemblages of historical and technological narratives. Through hybrid technological forms, I conceptualize the mother as the ultimate cyborg and the *cyborg mother* as a political dissident.

I borrow the image of the cyborg as “a cybernetic organism, a hybrid of machine and organism, a creature of lived social reality, a creature of fiction” from biologist and post-human philosopher Donna J. Haraway. In her *Cyborg Manifesto* (1985), Haraway rejects notions of essentialism, proposing instead a chimeric, monstrous world of fusions between human, animal, and machine, and uses the cyborg as a metaphor for political contestation and action. The cyborg mother I develop in my performance art practice embodies and performs intergenerational feminist knowledge sharing. She is always pregnant, but she belongs to no motherhood. Through recycling and re-assembling text, she performs mothering as radical gestures of care towards the world we inhabit. She speaks in *matrixial tongues* through a succession of translations, displacements, and adaptations to challenging conditions. The figuration of the matrixial tongue draws on images from female morphology, sexuality, and reproduction (in Latin, *matrix* means variously: pregnant animal, uterus, womb, source, origin, mother), as well as on a technological high-tech imaginary, where electronic circuits evoke new patterns of interconnectedness and affinity (Haraway’s cyborg figuration).

The Dear Daughter project consists, so far, of four texts: *Dear Daughter/Organic Cyborg Stories (After Donna Haraway)* (2013-); *Dear Daughter/Motherboard Theories of Evolution (w/ Braidotti, Plant, et aliae)* (2014-); *Dear Daughter/Anatomy of the Chthulucene (O'Connell Oh Oh Haraway)*, (2016-); and *Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_inannainanna (Russ, Shiva, Klein)* (2019-), which have all been performed in various forms and formats in the contexts of art institutions, museums, artist-run spaces, festivals, as well as seminars and symposiums in Europe, China, and USA.

The texts/performances are multi-lingual and nomadic, incorporating local language when performed abroad, and continually investigating different aspects of intergenerational feminist knowledge sharing, translation, location, communication, and hospitality. I create the texts as dense collages of carefully selected research material with many literary and theoretical references, but in the interstices of text fragments I make space for sound, voice, and language to be experienced with the senses. I am looking to find a place in which language (the text, the voice, the body) is a carrier of thought or material, not only in order “to make sense” in the receiver’s mind, but also to create “sensation” in the receiver’s own body. I employ dubbing, playback and loose synchronization to explore how the voice can be both constitutive of and destabilizing for the experience of the body. The first version of the text *Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_inannainanna (Russ, Shiva, Klein)* (2019), was written to be performed (through improvisational, meditative, singing voice) in a public bus connecting two institutions of art in Copenhagen: The museum Glyptoteket, with its collection of art and archeological objects encompassing a time span of 6000 years, and the art center Copenhagen Contemporary, that exhibits contemporary art. The text was written specifically for this journey, but also for travelling in a broader sense—space travelling, mind travelling, time travelling. On the public bus, I was wearing a full body suit, a sound amplifier around my waist, and a microphone headset. Circulating between the two art institutions for a duration of six hours, I was continuously singing my text to a playback of the ambient sound generated by the planet Venus in space (electromagnetic waves translated into sound by NASA), which was emitted from the small amplifier around my waist, creating a meditative space in the midst of everyday humdrum of getting from point A to point B in a public transportation vehicle. Although the performance was announced in the program of the Copenhagen Art Week Festival, it was difficult for festival attendees to locate the work, since it circulated in public transportation. It was thus mostly experienced in fragments by passers-by, who might have been puzzled by the alien voice/body challenging social codes of conduct in public space.

In my work I explore gestures of hospitality and shifting states of feeling at home or alien in relation to a site, a situation, a context, a person, a language. My texts are multilingual, which is a way of stressing the subjectivity of the audience and of allowing words to be heard as sound. Some feel at home, some estranged, as the languages and sounds shift,

but I am hoping that in individual audience members these feelings are mutable; that they can co-exist in a mixed and shifting audience of different ages, genders, races, sexualities, incomes and backgrounds; and thus that they can create a fertile ground for the construction of empathy and zigzagging interconnections.

In 1993, Peggy Phelan wrote that “[p]erformance’s only life is in the present;” that it “cannot be saved, recorded, documented, or otherwise participate in the circulation of representations of representations: once it does so it becomes something other than performance” (1993, 146).

The live performance on the bus was documented in photographs but, since these photographs do not give access to important time-based aspects (voice/text/sound/movement) of the work, I was interested in re-cycling material used in the performance to create new forms of work in which the “otherness” of the performance-document indexicality is explored further. The text I wrote for the voice-based performance on the bus was later published in a limited edition of 100 hand-sewn artist booklets. The text as printed booklet is a work in its own right—a print-based performance. In late 2019, *Dear Daughter/Sen\_sing\_inannainanna* (Russ, Shiva, Klein) was made into a 25-minutes experimental, ecofeminist sci-fi video in collaboration with the artist Stathis Tsemberlidis. The work-as-video is, like the work-as-booklet, obviously something other than the work-as-live performance. The work is available online through digital video or digital text format, thus potentially reaching anyone’s home or phone (when on the move), allowing audiences in time-places other than the specific time-place bound to the live performance to access it.

My work is thus performed (again and again) in mediated forms, and I explore various formats in creating new versions of the work. It is part of a larger process of artistic research in mediation – rather than documentation – of performance art practice. I create new works through hybrid mediums such as “Performance for Camera” and “In-Print Performance.” The video can, for instance, perform part of a sculptural installation wherein people may rest in a shared space while listening to the singing matrixial tongue, sharing voices in an audio-landscape of planet Venus and scents of olibanum that creates an ambient space, a shrine, a space station. The text accompanied by the video or still images is material in the process of becoming, temporarily dwelling in the matrix—something that constitutes the place or point from which something else originates, takes form, or develops.

For my contribution to *Periskop*, I have selected still images from the video and revised the text specifically for the context of an academic journal. The video stills propose narratives rather than document a performance. The text is not about the video stills, and the stills are not illustrating the text; the images instead perform one voice among the multiple voices in the text. To the revised text I have added a meta-literary voice that sheds light

on my sources of inspiration for creating the text by referencing other thinkers. Formally, this voice mimics the academic article in that it includes footnotes, translations and an endnote with a bibliography, but the text as a whole performs multiple voices in a zigzagging stream-of-consciousness style that makes it unclear who says what.

The partial adaptation of the material for the specific setting and audience of an academic journal is thus a gesture towards integration into a new context while the material's matrixial tongue remains intact, allowing the text to keep its performative dimension. Starting the text with an "Oh dear" is an immediate act of displacement, and with the continuation of the slightly autobiographical style and the amalgamation of multiple voices, key concepts are woven into an intimate-theoretical-ambient space, which may lead the readers to reconsider their own personal investment in—and relationship to—theory. This intimate-theoretical-ambient space can also be created temporarily in an academic setting such as the auditorium, where performing the text through voice and hybrid playback technologies would similarly stress notions of authenticity, knowledge production, and authorship. During the performance, be it voice-based or print-based, it becomes explicit how inter-woven, inter-changeable, and fluid subject/object-related issues are, which opens them up to different aspects of critical thinking and doing.

The practice of performing text as artistic research can contribute to academic research with the production of embodied spaces. I explore how artistic practice can contribute with physical and material interventions in theoretical discourse, exposing how knowledge is always situated and embodied, and how material-discursive practices matter. I am interested in placing an art-based text/voice in different contexts within artistic research and academic platforms, as I continuously develop different versions with new linguistic and graphic formats for the embodiment and materialization of the text. The work is, in its various forms and versions, seeking to transcend boundaries between disciplines. My performance art practice is nomadic; it is roaming, wandering, breaking boundaries without burning bridges. It is a practice akin to what contemporary philosopher and feminist theoretician Rosi Braidotti calls a *nomadic polyglot's practice* – "a pragmatic tool to play the politics of location, based on compassion for the incongruities, the repetitions, the arbitrariness of languages he deals with" (2011, 43).

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