

Turbine Halle
& in the back, the forest
a silhouette stands out
body
fingers
head
cheeks
mouth
lips
eyes
the noise of breath
in transparence
against the windowpanes

the body gets into motion
the fingers trace
the head moves forward
the cheeks inflate
the mouth blows
the lips in contact
the head recoils
the eyes, half-closed

body bends
traces
gets worked up
inflates again
blows more heavily
presses
dances
rolls
reveals
& recalls what it remains.

Before sending the son to the military the mother offers a bite to the son & hangs it on the wall: this is the last taste from home.

This is a very simple dough: grape molasses –it gives a little sweet taste–, sesame seeds & it is ready to be baked.

2 teaspoons of salt

1 teaspoon of sugar

fresh yeast – very quick – : ~10'

the hands sink in

knead

the hands gather

test the elasticity

the hands lay out

roll

3 X 5

on the wall

a memorial in waiting

suspended ribbons

with them, the promise of return

the mouths chew

one bite only

who will come back alive?

Mustafa Boğa & Gülay Cay, Just one bite.

International Performance Art Giswil, 2022 – Documentation

Cassiane Pfund (Translation: Cristina Emmel)

Le nom du livre était Journal de deuil

click the heels

rises the voice

resounds

fades away

Parler de sa mère qui est décédée

décédée

décédée

décédée

Allô ?

Allô ?

Allô ?

Allô ?

moves closer again

the walls repercute the echo

inside the ears that stretch

through the waves the voice becoming ghost

and asking,

C'est où chez moi ?

in the heads that speak

the conversations with oneself

revive the others

Finalemnt, on se retrouve

feet in socks, the breath awakens

an incantatory language

to make heard

the instrument that doesn't speak

Aşîik Aşîik means lover

a story is told

What's your favorite animal?

À la maison, tout le monde a peur des chiens.

Murat Mevlana Temel, *Sensiz de kopekleri sevebiliyorum – I can also love dogs without you.*

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Cassiane Pfund (Translation: Cristina Emmel)

the bell rings
I invite you outside
we become the sacred goats
on the ground, a blue line
the bell rings again
drowns out the buzzing of the central
we become the goats called upon by the waterfall
the prayers recited in unison
the unchained waves
the mountains
the desert
& the sky.

on the ground, another line
at the foot of the waterfall, chants summon a faraway house
the ritual begins

hands fold the hair into a fabric
strands, tucked in
hidden on the inside
the brush lingers
gold leaf on the eyes
cobalt blue on the skin

as the pigment covers
the other takes place
emerges
evades

neck, golden necklace
left index finger, ring
right wrist, bracelet

the other, Cobalt Blue
plants the olive tree into the dried out riverbed
and comes to lay itself to rest

mummy
chrysalis
sarcophagus of flowers.

a rope hanging from a hook
on each side, the tightened muscles
the body's defiance against gravity
the body's defiance against itself
waltz of equilibrium
& tension
attempting
attempting again to maintain the suspension
in spite of the blood that no longer flows.

we wonder whether the sky upon our heads has lost its colours
a strip of black leather
a white paper pattern
the fingers fold
the scissors cut
the awl punctures
the hammer hits hard and pushes in
the needle finds
turns
slips through
completes
the thread weaves through the holes
mends
seals
rejoins
the lighter lights up
the flame sears
secures
the thread will no longer slip
the needle pierces
slips through
seeks further
completes
the scissors cut
the awl punctures
the hammer hits hard and pushes in
the thread doesn't slip
the flame sears
seals
the pocket is sewn, filled with soil
a talisman
fragment of home around the neck
to remember.

gas cylinders
symmetry
in the mic, flames
it's filming

on the ceiling, the storm
two vessels, seemingly boiling
wiggling
rumbling
occupying the space
all of the space

19h05
the flames go out
the storm swells up
it rains electrified leaves
the swarm swirls
turns into a fountain
dense cloud
a golden tempest
tumultuous glittering
canons prolonging the revolt
once again
silence

the blowing machine
line after line
golden wave after golden wave
scatters the tempest
inflates it
the celebration expands
gains ground
seeps in
& carries it all away.

from the guts
burst out a thousand voices
from the body
unfold a thousand lives
a multiple creature
carrying the faces of all the stories contained.

Penumbra
ink in water
hair becomes brush
traces structures
imaginary curves
drip
& exhaust themselves.