

Stéphanie Rosianu

Documentation of selected works

Mutant and itinerant project	2 - 14	Text and textile	41 - 50
Kiosque 2017-2021		Méfiez-vous des femmes qui tricotent la Printanière, Lausanne, 2019	
decorum Standard deluxe, Lausanne, 2020		Hers Vapeurs with the artist Myriam Ziehli, Valentin61, Lausanne, 2019	
domestic decorum espace libre, Bienne, 2023		Vapeurs Vénères artist book, 30 copies, hand made, Lausanne, 2019	
Air call	15 - 30	With language	51 - 62
Manifesto-tale online and Frizz Gallery, Berlin, 2022		Trying to find a way out of their roots-rotten language sound piece, broadcasted on Megahex and radio LoRa, Zürich, and on radio Tsonami, Valparaiso, 2020	
Nos plats aigres irritent vos palais broadcasted on Colaboradio, Berlin, 2021		queenasses sous influences poems with the artist Sabrina Röthlisberger Belkacem, Usure Press, Lausanne, 2020	
Fab-rageous grrlz uqbar, Berlin, 2022		Regarder sans être vuex video with the artist Sabrina Röthlisberger Belkacem, Urgent Paradise, Lausanne, 2020	
Edition Riso printing at Colorama, Berlin, 2022		Is I, I? artist ebook, Badlands Unlimited, New York, 2014	
From the hardest place of your heart, come close to me Kasko, Basel, 2023			
Common poetry	31 - 40		
Conversation between you and I Fabrika, Moscow, 2018			
Chez Lara (part one) en marge avec (part two) Festival des arts vivants, Nyon, 2016 Centre Culturel des Grottes, Geneva, 2019			

Mutant and itinerant project

Kiosque

4-7

Kiosque is at first glance a traditional kiosk where magazines are replaced by photocopied and hand-bound excerpts from books and weekly information.

I started this itinerant project in 2017 and have been invited in different places outdoor and indoor. Since 2019, I have developed a practice of installation to create environments around the *Kiosque* according to the invitations. A way to be able to deploy visual narratives from the books present in the *Kiosque* and in connection with my plastic approach.

As an example, I have, in the art space Urgent Paradise in Lausanne, invited other artists and collectives to join the *Kiosque* by proposing sound pieces related to the book selection. This profusion of sound pieces draw a discernible landscape of our different perceptions of the society, connected to books. We shared those pieces during one month on a weekly appointment on the webradio Unperfect Radio.

Kiosque was made to share poetic and political books that have in common a way of questioning our society and making us attentive to human and non-human relationships. *Kiosque* aims to propagate knowledge outside the preconceived circuits and modalities. All the texts gathered are accessible free of charge.

This project allowed me to create a pole of free and horizontal diffusion of knowledge, as well as to feed my reflections on the transmission and collective.

Environments

decorum

8-10

In 2021, I have been invited by the collective la Love Machine to the art space Standard deluxe in Lausanne, where I have imagined a reading environment adapted to the activities that would take place during their residency week. I thus deployed sculptures around the *Kiosque* which create reading spaces where people can sit, talk or concentrate.

The five pieces were designed to simulate the movement of heavy and pleated curtains that often provoke a feeling of rest and intimacy. This imaginary was born from bourgeois environments, where the notion of property, goods and intimacy were created in pairs with decorative elements allowing for separation and opacity. Here the curtains are not made of textile and have a size too small to allow division. But they are tall enough to create alcoves where the light passes while blurring the people behind.

The pieces are made out of Bioresine. To conceive them I develop, with the help and knowledge of the designer Vanessa Schindler, a technique based on the drying time of the material. First cast flat, each piece is folded by hand one by one at a strategic moment of drying. Which allow the piece to stand up by themselves thanks to the rigidity of the material and their wavy shapes.

Those pieces are part of my research on textile and domesticity.

domestic decorum

11-13

In March 2023 I was invited by the independent art space, *espace libre*, in Bienne/Biel to their festival *Touchy Feely Festival*. The context of the festival, as a place of encounter where people will come several times in the month, allow me to continue the project *decorum* and my research on textile and

domesticity. Playing on the ambiguity between what makes a decor and what makes a home.

I created an immersive and in-situ installation composed, among other things, of bioresin pieces created, as for the pieces of *decorum*, in collaboration with the designer Vanessa Schindler. The installation questions our relationship to the domestic and hosts the various interventions that took place during the festival. The project aims to disrupt our stereotypes of domestic life by exploring versions of the home that are at odds with its normative representation.

For the opening I invited the author and researcher Saul Pandelakis, to give a reading from his science fiction novel *The Aardtman Sequence*. Which tells the story of the Earth which gradually becomes uninhabitable and where the remaining human beings must cohabit with post-singularity bots.

Kiosque was built for the first time on the occasion of the Biennale of Contemporary Art Spaces in Geneva. Since then, it has been activated in different places and cultural events between Lausanne and Geneva including: La Placette, Lausanne in 2017, One gee in a fog, Geneva in 2018, La Printanière, Lausanne in 2019, Urgent Paradise, Lausanne, 2021 and Standard deluxe, Lausanne, 2021.

Program of the radio show in Urgent Paradise:
unperfectradio.ch/kiosque

Kiosque website:
cargocollective.com/poetryconnection

decorum, Standard deluxe, Lausanne, 2021
invitation by the collective la Love Machine for the residency program in Standard deluxe, *La Love Machine s'installe*.

domestic decorum, espace libre, Bienne, 2023
in the project *Touchy Feely Festival*



Picture by Vera Trachsel



Picture by Virgine Otth



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Matthieu Croizier

Kiosque, La Printanière, group show organised by the collective Wunderkamer, Lausanne, 2019



Picture by Myriam Ziehli

Kiosque, Urgent Paradise, Lausanne, 2021



Picture by Virginie Otth



Picture by Anouk Maupus



Pictures by Anouk Maupus



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli

Air call

Air call is the multifaceted project of my 6 month residency in Berlin, which continues its journey and evolution in Switzerland. This project, first conceived as a tale-manifesto, saw the light on the internet via the residency's website. Then it transform into different occurrences such as different installations, radio broadcast, artist publication, sound piece, reading. Its final shape will be a book, published in Lausanne at les éditions la Veilleuse in June 2024, under the name *Roses épinés*.

The manifesto-tale

16

«Manifestos are mighty, pushing forth the dual goals of undermining reality and making a new reality. The manifesto took concrete social problems and infused them with emotional and «affective» qualities of resistance and revolution.» by Breanne Fahs in «Burn it Down! feminist manifestos for the revolution»

According to one of the definition of the manifesto made by Breanne Fahs, I have called *Air call* a manifesto-tale. It is composed of 6 chapters that were published every month on the internet.

The story tells the adventure of *Pegasus*, *Medusa* and *the grrlz* who have escaped from the patriarchal mythology. The manifesto-tale explores ways to express rage by those who are not allowed to, or used to or meant to.

How do we hijack the words of rage to emancipate ourselves without perpetuating systemic violence? Hijacking words or invent some is a way for me to participate with my poems in the elimination of the norm of the patriarchal system with words that call for other narratives and therefore other outcomes.

Chapter 4

17-20

Chapter 4 is a dyptique made of textile. The readers of *Air call* were invited to come to an exhibition to see the textile piece as part of one of the chapters of

the story.

The sentence burned on the fabric says *Nos plats aigres irritent vos palais* (our sour dishes irritate your palates). A sentence inspired by the french version of Bertolt Brecht's play *Antigone*. This line has in common with the french version, the double meaning of the word « palais » which means both «der Gaumen, the palate» and «der Palast, the palace».

Both meaning are entegeled here to create stories that can irritate the palate and the palace of the privileged ones. By adding pronouns to the original sentence, I intend to shift its statement; from a trusim to a threat. A way to change the perspective on who is able to threat who.

Radio piece

17

The literary research material became the basis for the radio play *Nos plats aigres irritent vos palais*. A one hour radio play mainly in german and english that was broadcasted on ColaboRadio in Berlin. The play brings together different insurgent voices. Ones I wrote and ones I listen to. The voices have that in common that they challenge the system/cis-tem with words.

Each of them tells stories that reclaim subjectivities different from the one inseminated by patriarchist and colonialist conceptions and other oppressive capitalist seeders. Subjectivities who try to not rise above one and others, but connect and join to change the hegemonic euro-centric History into narratives that help us to build another meaning of being together on this planet.

Lecture and installation

21-26

Fab-rageous grrlz come out of the vapors is the title of the final project I organized in Berlin. An occasion for me to gather the work of other artists around the main theme of the text; expressions of rage. I invited D'EST: A

Multi-Curatorial Online Platform for Video Art from the Former 'East' and 'West', whose curators I met in Berlin. They have organised a screening of video works by the artists Alžbeta Bacíková and Selma Selman, who have contributed to bring other perspectives to the subject.

In the exhibition was also presented a reference text by Audre Lorde, *The uses of Anger: Women Resonding to Racism*. I copied it in several exemplaries so that it could circulate and take home by everyone.

The lecture was the continuation of the project *Air call*. It started with the textile piece *Chapter 4* and continues with the lecture of the chapter 5 and 6. The reading puts in light the alliance of the two narrative forms present in the text: the manifesto and the tale. I recorded the manifesto part as a kind of threatening lullaby, where my voices distorted by a vocoder could become many other «unreal-techno» voices. The tale on the other hand was read out live, without being amplified.

Edition

27-29

On this occasion of the exhibition I also published a first edition of the giffs that accompanied the text when it was published on the internet. From these moving images I create a still that could behave more like a poster. A form which recalls the collage on the walls used to make public invisibilized revendications.

From the hardest place of you heart, come close to me

I was then invited with this multifaceted project to the collective exhibition *Flammen Spucken* in the off-space Kasko in Basel. Myriam Ziehli, who curated the show, was interested into gathering several work who had to do with the reinterpretation of mythologies as a mean to emancipate from dominant stories. *Air call* became a sound piece that you could listen into an immersive installation made of curtain of latex and chains.

You can read the all text with extracts of the lecture on:
srsrsr.noblogs.org

Chapter 4 has been exhibited at FRIZZ Gallery, Berlin, on the occasion of the collective exhibition *tattarrattat*, a project by ABA Residency.

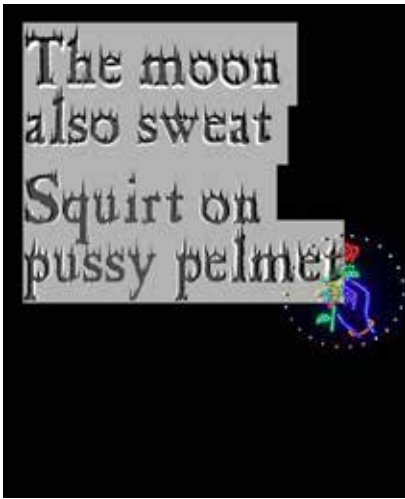
Nos plats aigres irritent vos palais can be listen on:
airberlinalexanderplatz.de/event/DlgXrUTOx78K90LS2wWY

Fab-rageous grrlz come out of the vapors, uqbar, Berlin, 2022

more images on: airberlinalexanderplatz.de/event/hcQdm16j53hpPeyl2VLz

Air call, printed at Colorama, specialized in Riso printing, Berlin, 2022

From the hardest place of your heart, come close to me, installation part of the exhibition *Flammen Spucken*, Kasko, Basel, 2023



Succubus transform
Free from your
imaginary

They had never
wished to turn
into women

They are critters
One of their own
imagination

They are demons
or what?

They are what
they want now



And together, spit. In
front of them, spew on the
ground a half circle.
The slime separates us.
It disgusts you. And it's
normal, it's a spell as old as
the worlds to prevent the
passage.



With extracts of texts by:

Bonaventure Soh Bejeng Ndikung - Those who are dead are not ever gone

Bertolt Brecht - Antigone

Judith Butler - Antigone's Claim, Kinship between Life and Death

With music by:

Siempre Barle - Revuelta

Sevdaliza - That other girl



Picture by Julie Folly



Picture by Julie Folly



Pictures by Julie Folly



In the depths of the
Mediterranean, they are
many stories of Medusa.
Because they petrify,
they resist the
patriarchs,
who don't know how to
deal with them, because
they can't face them.



Pictures by Myriam Ziehli

Medusa cuddle Pegasus
They wet the floor
Make us drip
Our fluids are not for
you anymore

We spit,
to extract us from your
civilizationist gender.



Pictures by Myriam Ziehli



Pictures by Myriam Ziehli

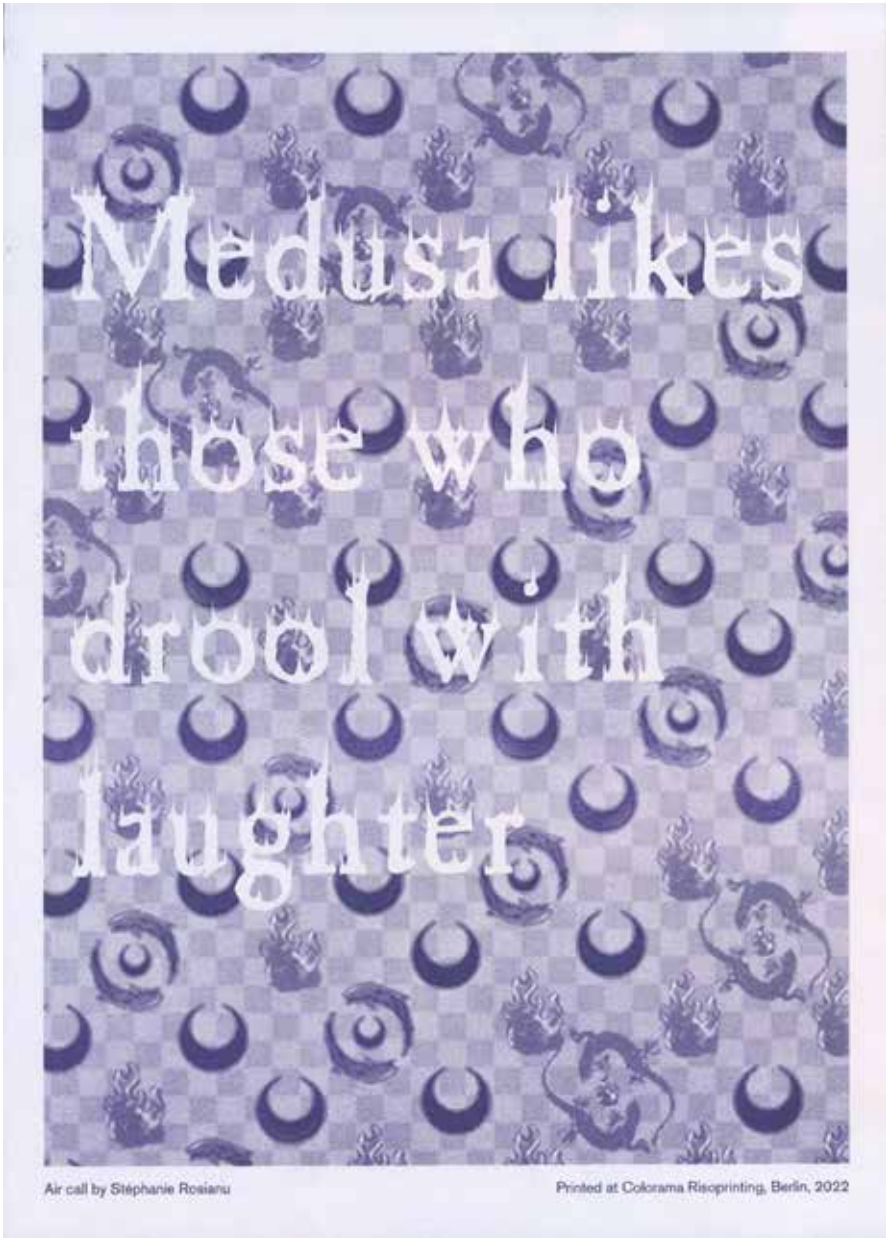


Picture by Myriam Ziehli

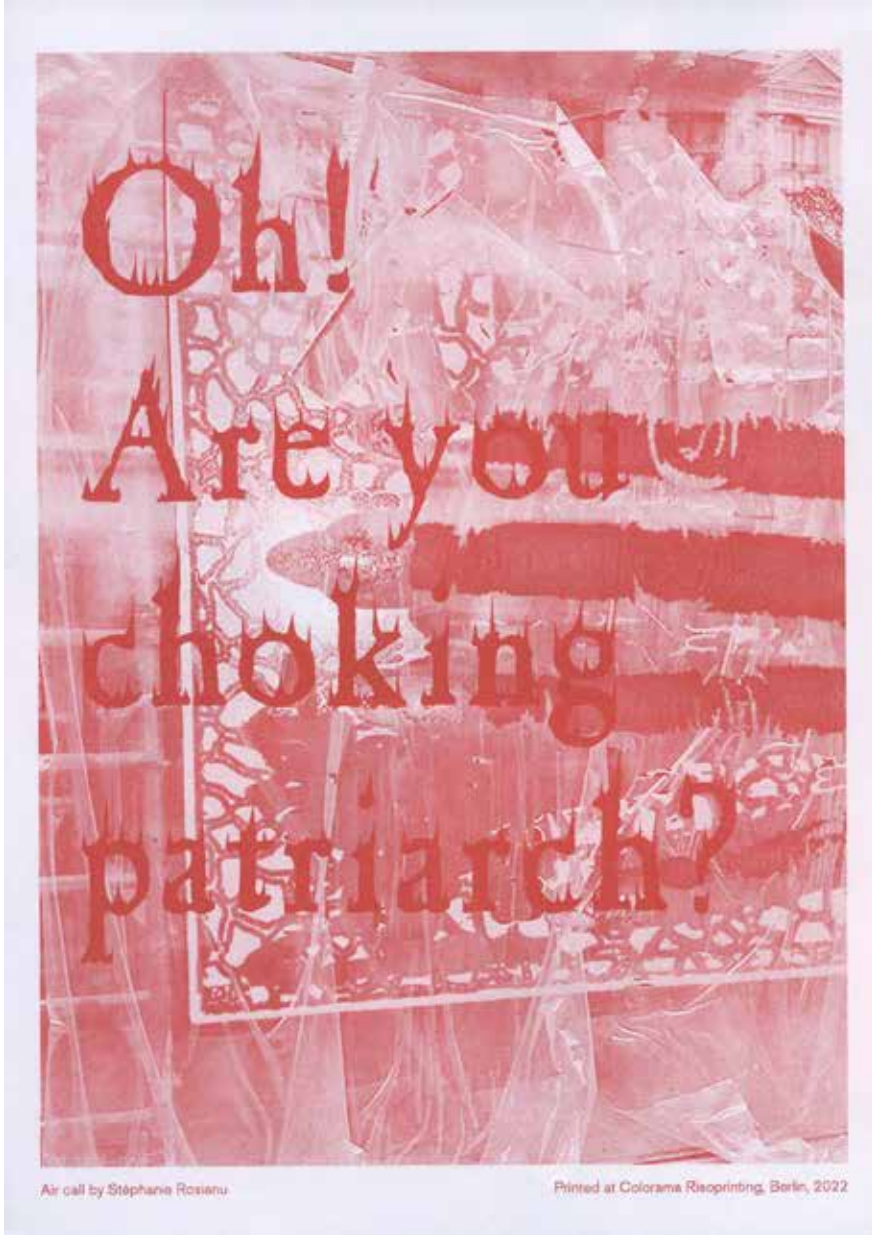
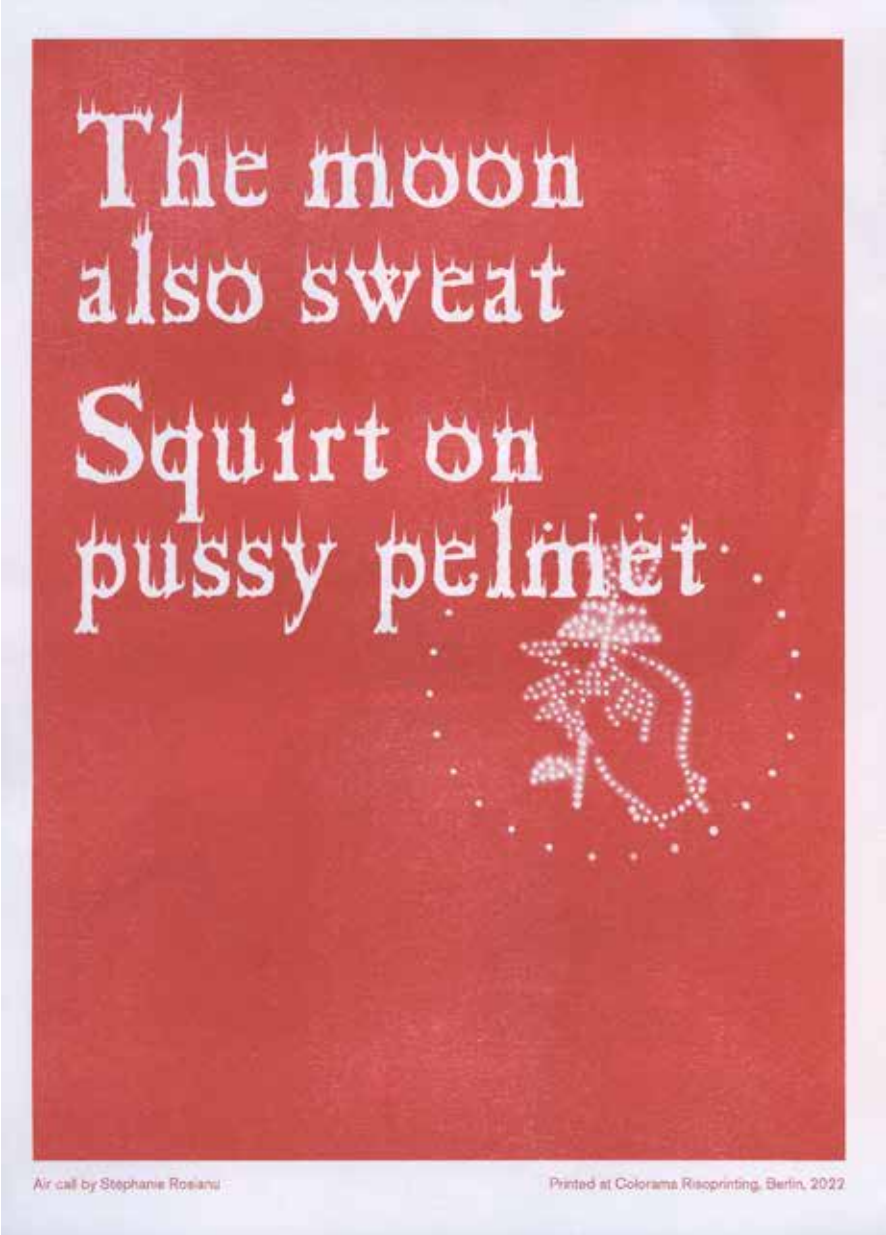
Medusa leave the
half-circle where we
have gather behind
them.

There is some room
left. Swallow now.

Get rid of your
privileges, stay
behind and join us.



Fab-rageous grlz come out of the vapors, edition, riso printing, 20 copies, Berlin, 2022



Fab-rageous grlz come out of the vapors, edition, riso printing, 20 copies, Berlin, 2022



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Pictures by Myriam Ziehli



Pictures by Myriam Ziehli

Common poetry

Chez Lara, *Conversation between you and I*, and *en marge avec* are three projects connected to each other, that deal with the word « common ». I first started to look at this word through the prism of « communism », which has something to do with my personal history. Then the reflexion has been fed by two residencies I made in Moscow, in 2018, and Berlin in 2021.

Since an early age my parents, who ran away from the romanian communist dictatorship, brought my attention to words meaning; as a means of integration in a country and as a weapon that can be turned against yourself depending on the change of the political regime. Those questions, related to my family legacy and the attention it has given me to my relationship to words, have been the starting point of the performances *Chez Lara* and *en marge avec*.

The story of my parents and other people I met, related to communist experience, bring to light one of the wounds that still reside in the word « common ». What do the stories related to communist regime tell us about our ability to be together? How do we create communities without falling into oppressive regimes of any kind?

Working from those stories towards fictions allow me to participate in the writing of emancipated narrative that also deals with the wounds of the past.

Chez Lara, en marge avec

32-34

Chez Lara is a conversation between three instances. *The voice*, *the screen* and *the body* who try at all costs to communicate, and to get in touch with those who surround them. These different mediums gathered on stage, sound, image and individual, are the metaphor of three different languages which react to the possibility/impossibility of having a discussion.

en marge avec, is the second chapter of the performance *Chez Lara*. The story takes place in a society where the government, with the help of those known as the scientists, pursue a repressive policy based on what they call «synonyming». A measure that aims to bring the meaning of certain words closer together in order to make their specificities disappear and reduce language to a strain controlled and inseminated by the state.

The three characters of *Chez Lara*, *the screen*, *the voice*, and *the body*, are joined by *the choir*. They continue to meet in the hairdressing salon that they frequent day and night. It is in this space that their gestures and their discreet interactions will succeed in provoking a movement of shared doubt that will stop them from being assigned to a repetitive and supervised daily routine. Words found thanks to their efforts of memory will become levers allowing them to meet and rebel.

Conversation between you and I

35-40

Conversation between you and I is a play without a proper scenario. The props are activated by the eyes of the visitors.

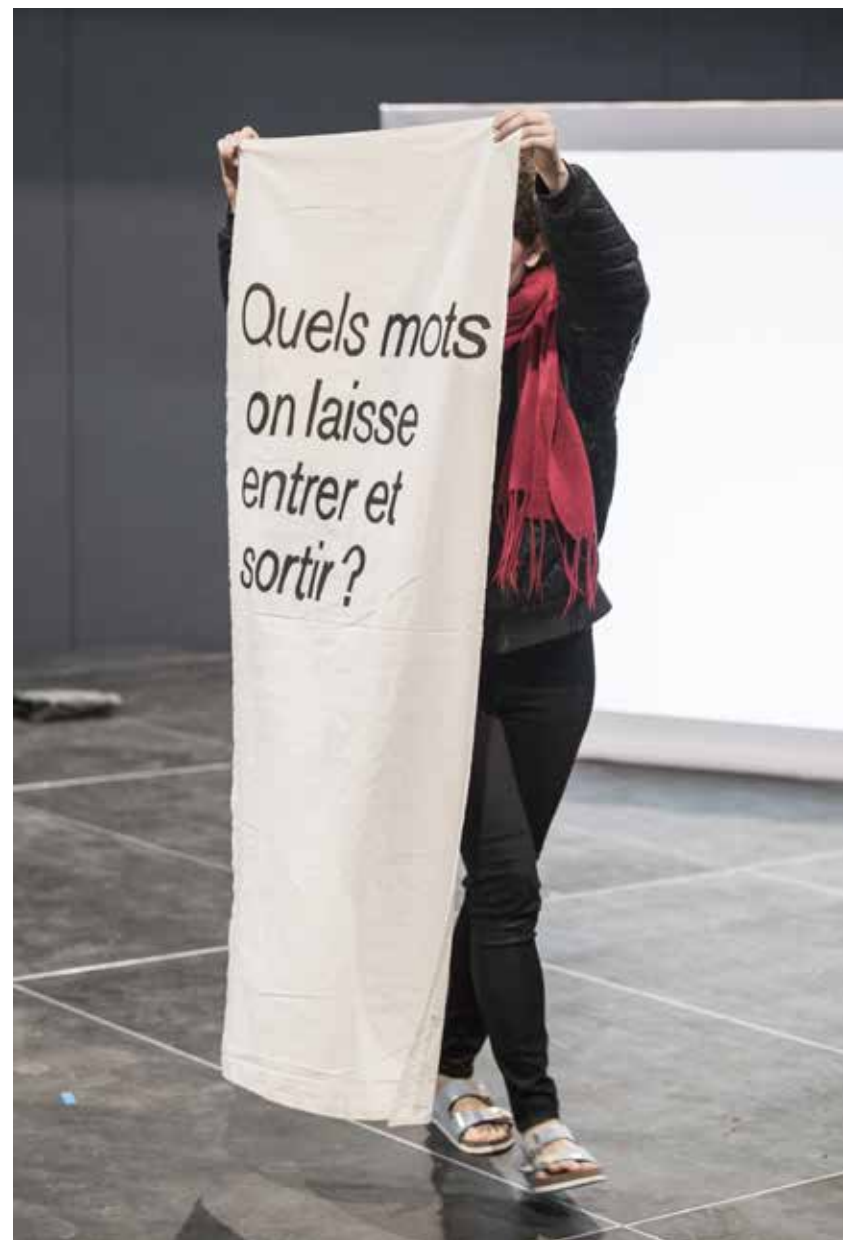
The entrance into the fiction is signified by the crossing of a curtain on which you can read *I don't know how to help*. From there you can see on the opposite of the entrance another curtain which stand in front of an hypothetical exit that

says *I'll meet you at the museum if god dies*. The frame of the piece hold between these two doors. On the wall stands *the choir*, a group of embroideries that repeat the same three phrases tirelessly. The space is flanked by columns covered with pink curtains that frame a wall covered with a blue tapestry where a text is written by hand. On a pedestal an edition, *Carpet & Fragment*, stands. The texts, within the booklet and on the wall, plunge the visitor into an atmosphere inspired by my stay in Moscow, where I was at the time of the creation of this exhibition. The pronouns are multiplied on different supports making the notion of who is speaking confusing. This plurality blurs the demarcation between dialogue and monologue and gives another twist to the conversation. A conversation constantly staged by the errors of language.

Chez Lara, performance 50', Far° festival des arts vivants Nyon, 2016
Technical support by Magali Dougoud, scenical support by Yan Duyvendak
Produce by Far° and la poetry connection.

en marge avec, stage project 60', Centre Culturel des Grottes, Genève, 2019
With Anaïs Bloch, Camille Lacroix, Cléa Chopard, Emmathegreat, and the voice of Ioana Dragomirescu.
Technical support by Magali Dougoud, light creation by Vicky Althaus.
Produced by la poetry connection

Conversation between you and I, solo show, Fabrika, Moscow, 2018
supported by Pro Helvetia



Picture by Anne Laure Lechat



Picture by Anne Laure Lechat

Fictions are
multiple and
permissive.

Elles communiquent
entre elles à travers
un réseau de portes,
trappes, escaliers,
brèches, trous.



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli

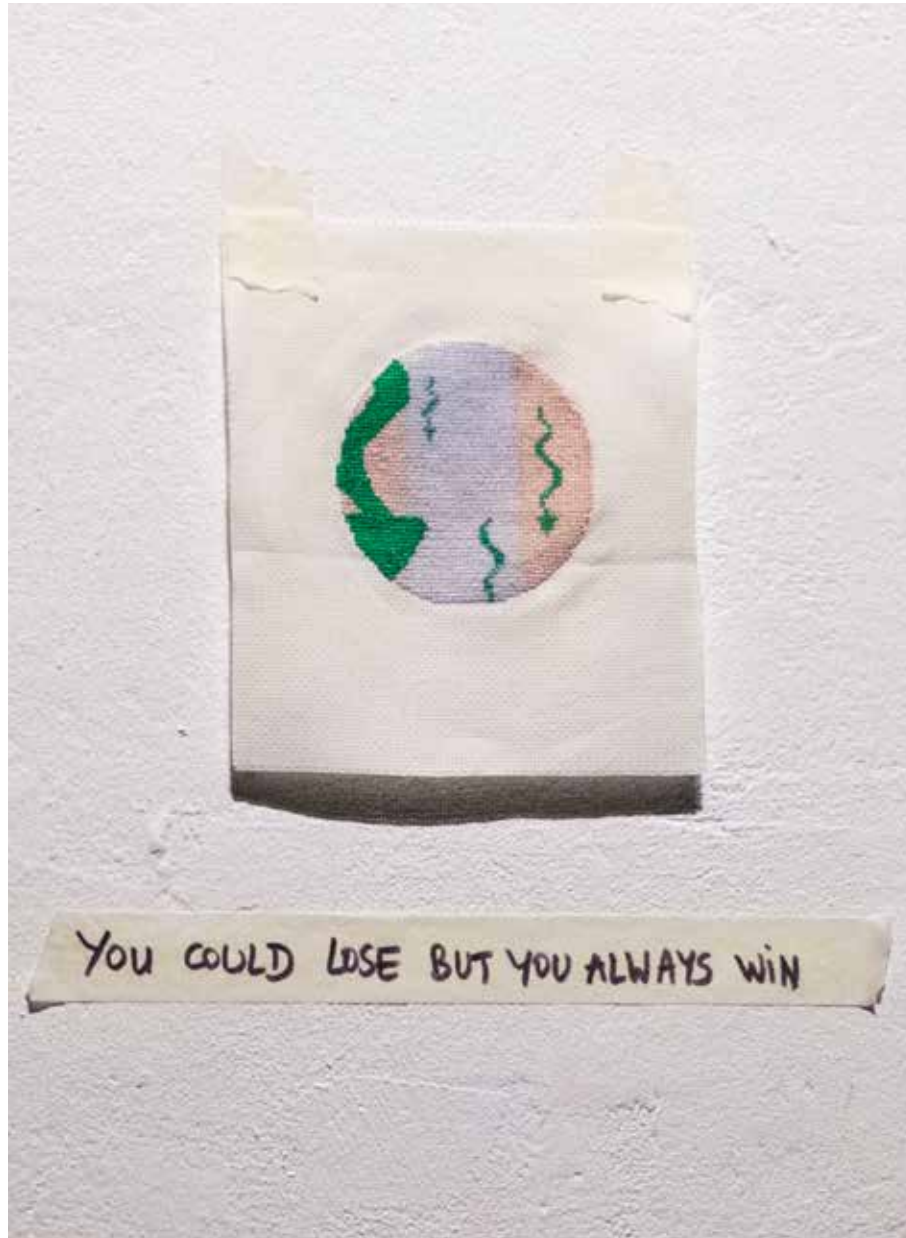


Picture by Myriam Ziehli

Nous sommes
d'orbites roses qui ne
croyons pas en vos
soldats
Rangez les dans vos
livres d'histoires
Nous creusons une
tombe à la civilisation
L'âne de l'art chie.



Pictures by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli

Fragments of reality
and representation

Revolution above all

You've got the right
to lose control

Text and textile

These projects have in common to ask the question of the materiality of text. Which can already be understood in its very etymology: text and textile have the same Latin root of the verb «texo» which means «to weave». Thus my texts have often taken the form of textile installations, which have allowed me to develop visual situations, with or without the help of the text, that highlight the use we make of words in our society. I also use textile because it is perceived as a material belonging to the domestic universe still associated with the «feminine» and discredited for a long time by the art world for these same reasons. The three projects deal somehow with the notion of emancipation through the thread of narrative and visual experiences.

Méfiez-vous des femmes qui tricotent 47-49

I was invited by the collective Wunderkammer, for a collective exhibition which was held in a former typical bourgeois house called la Printanière in Lausanne. I presented there three pieces.

Méfiez-vous des femmes qui tricotent is a sentence inscribed on the textile by means of the devourer (a product that applied to the textile devours the natural fibers and leaves the synthetic fibers of the fabric intact). A reverse weaving technique that allows to dig these words.

The sentence diverts a quotation from Jean Lurçat, Pierre Pauli's teammate in the creation and management of the Textile Biennale in Lausanne, whose receptions were held in la Printanière. The former sentence, claimed to the journalist in 1961, aimed to discredit the women artists invited to the Biennale. The pieces they presented did not respect the codes of the art of tapestry but were nevertheless acclaimed by the public and considered by the critics as works of art. What Jean Lurçat, defender of the tapestry, did not accept very well.

By slightly changing the sentence, the words are emptied of their insulting scope to reason like a warning that allows the empowerment of the subjects who have resumed speaking.

This piece was also presented during the exhibition with the artist Myriam Ziehli, *Hers Vapeurs*, at Valentin61 in Lausanne.

Hers Vapeurs 49-50

In *Hers Vapeurs*, Myriam Ziehli and I have metaphorically enlarged the weave of *Méfiez-vous des femmes qui tricotent*, in order to integrate the relationships between texts, images and textiles. These connections allowed us to deepen the notion of empowerment and to find inputs to its realization and transmission.

Myriam proposes a set of images *Et nos langues se sont liées d'amitié*. This corpus of images was assembled through discussions we had with the desire to transcribe a form of feminist solidarity and love.

I showed the textile piece and wrote *Vapeurs Vénères*. A series of poems, a fiction and two essays, presented in an artist book of 30 copies.

Together we have also collected writings and transcribed exchanges with seven friends about the particular use of certain words in their daily, militant and/or artistic lives. This booklet, *Adina and host,...*, is accompanied by extracts of texts written by female authors.

This abundance of writings allows us to disseminate our encounters with texts and ideas and to share our enthusiasm to weave new narratives.

Vapeurs vénères 52-55

Vapeurs Vénères is driven by the desire to elaborate a language that would allow writing in an emancipated way in order to transgress conventional modes

of narration.

Through these poems and short stories, inspired by family anecdotes and discussions in artistic and activist circles, I would like to participate in proposing joyful collective imaginaries for a society without inequalities between genders, races, classes and nature.

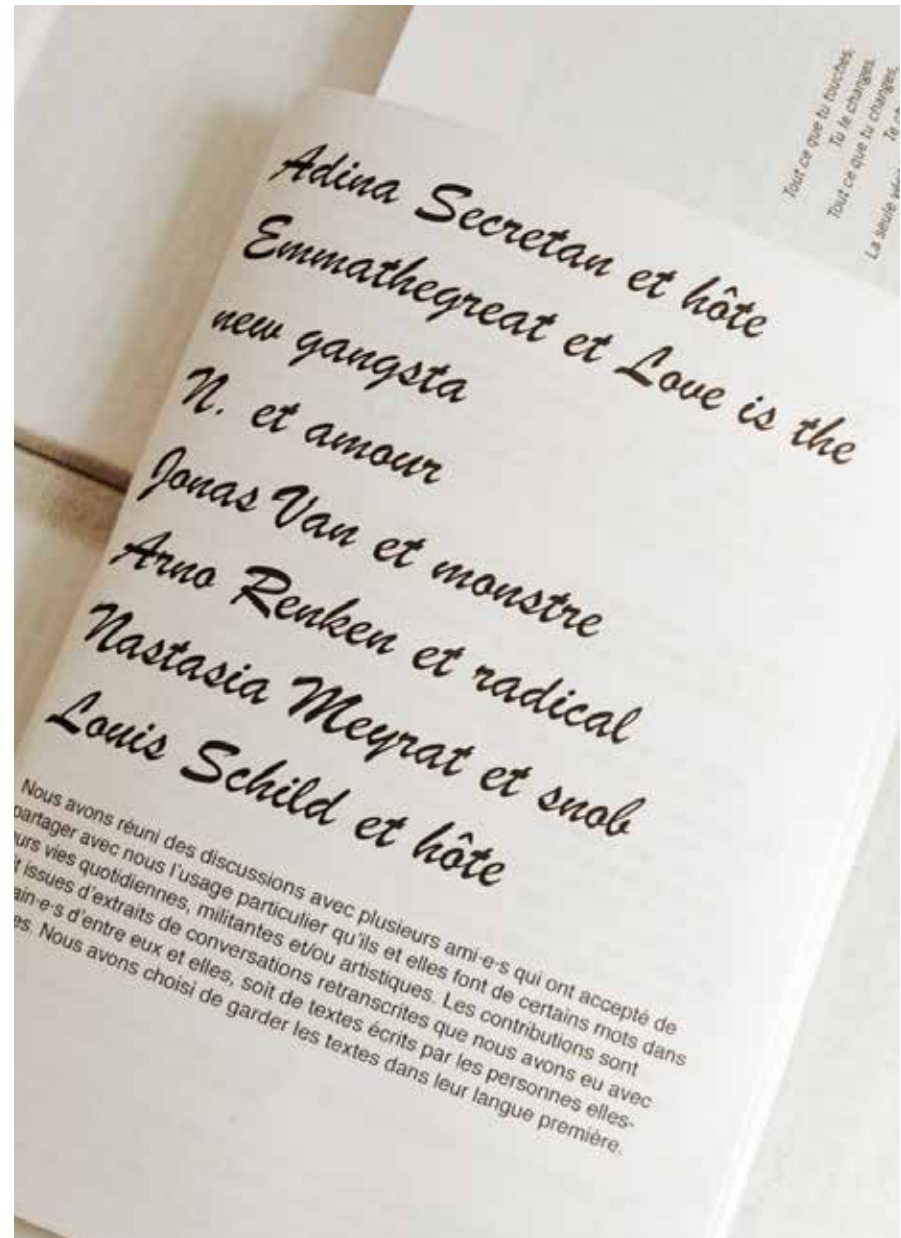
Méfiez-vous des femmes qui tricotent was exhibited in la Printanière and Valentin61, Lausanne, 2019

Hers Vapeurs, with Myriam Ziehli, Valentin61 - Cabinet Dre. Gailloud-Matthieu, Lausanne, 2019.

more images on:

valentin61.ch/exhibition/myriam-ziehli-et-stephanie-rosianu-hers-vapeurs

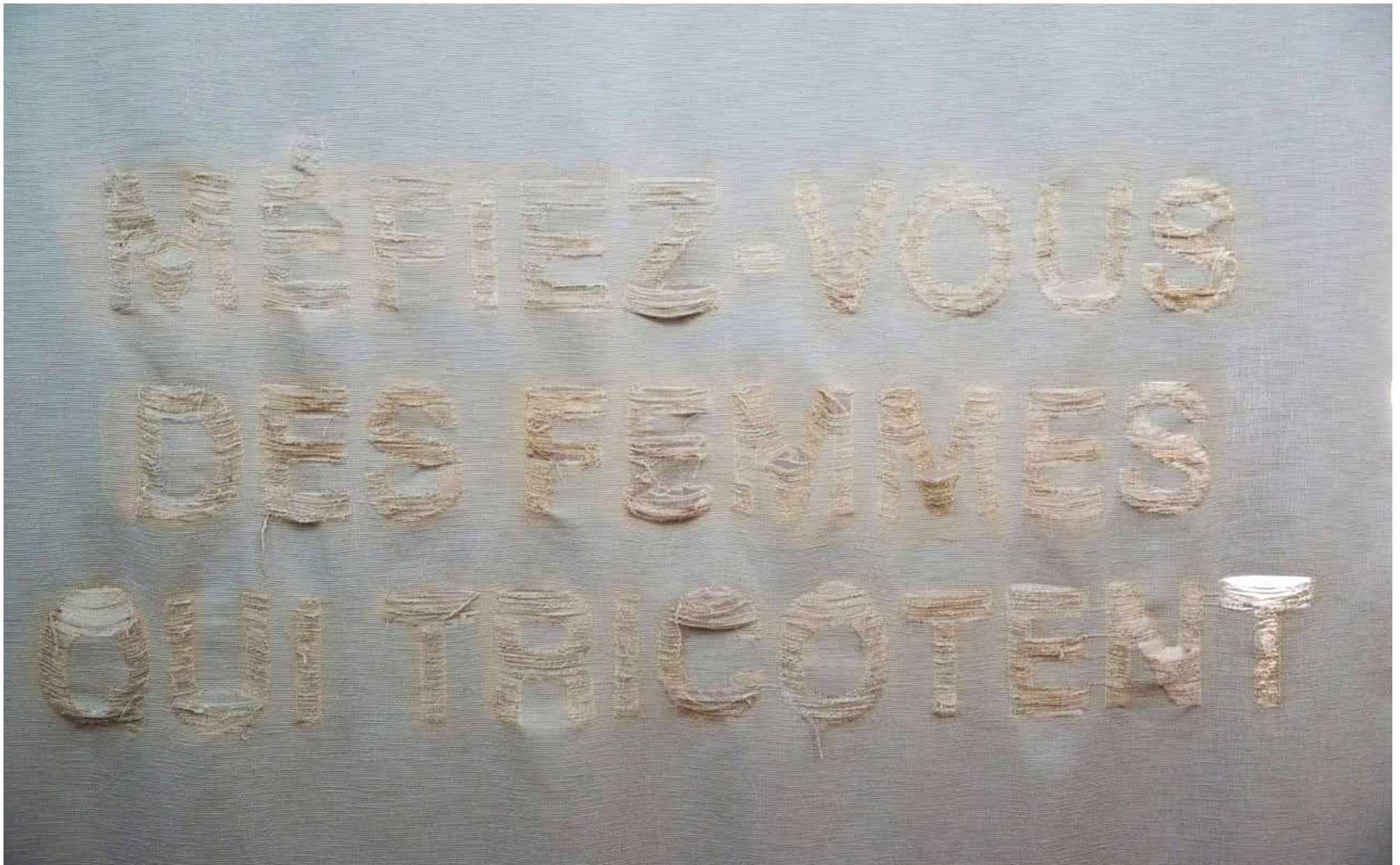
Vapeurs vénères, artist book, published during the exhibition *Hers Vapeurs*



Picture by Ardita Meha



Picture by Matthieu Croizier



Picture by Myriam Ziehli

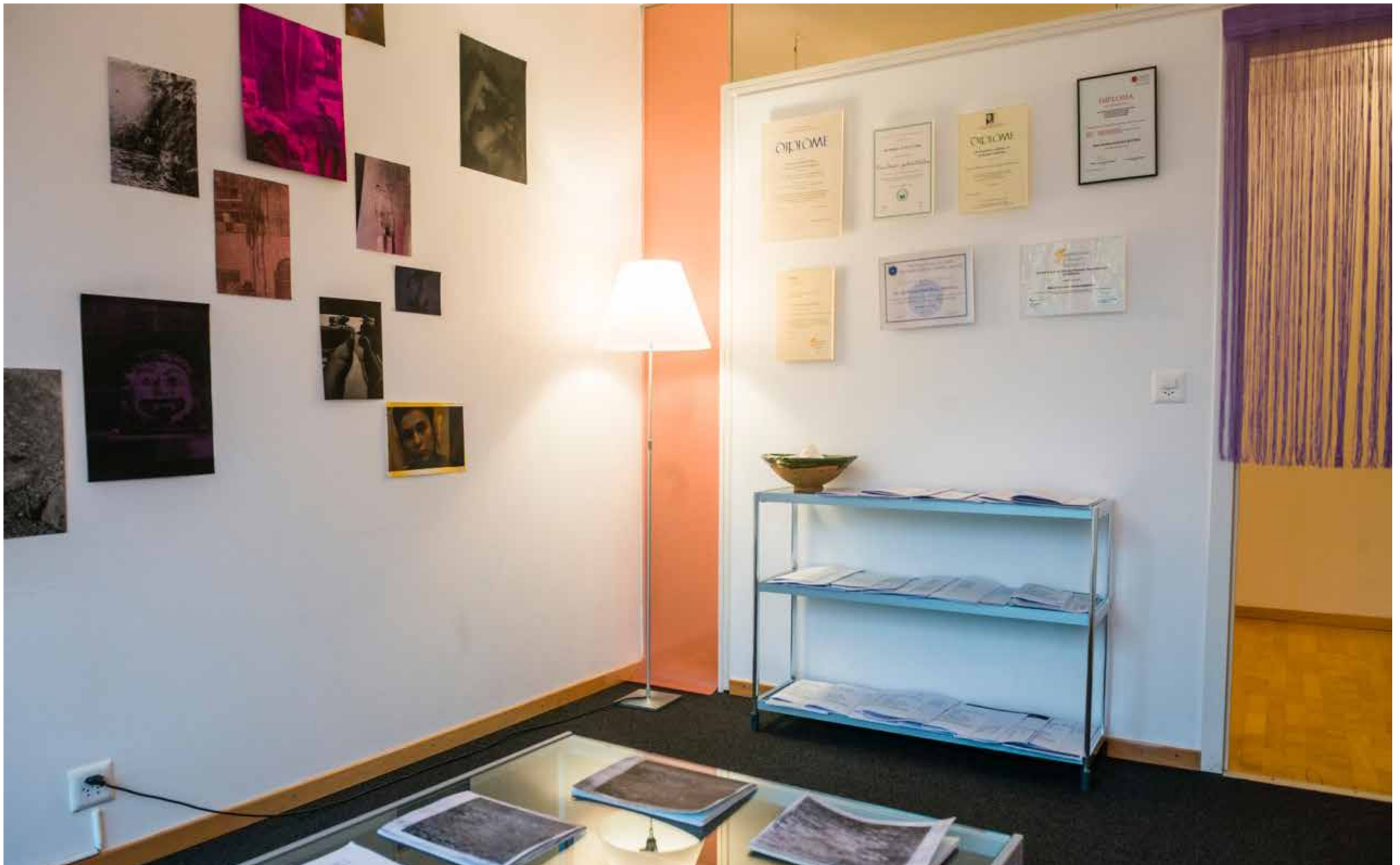


Méfiez-vous des femmes qui tricotent, detail of the textile piece, 1m80 x 1m90, 2019



Pictures by Ardita Meha

Et nos langues se sont liées d'amitié, by Myriam Ziehli, set of pictures, variable size, 2019 45



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Myriam Ziehli



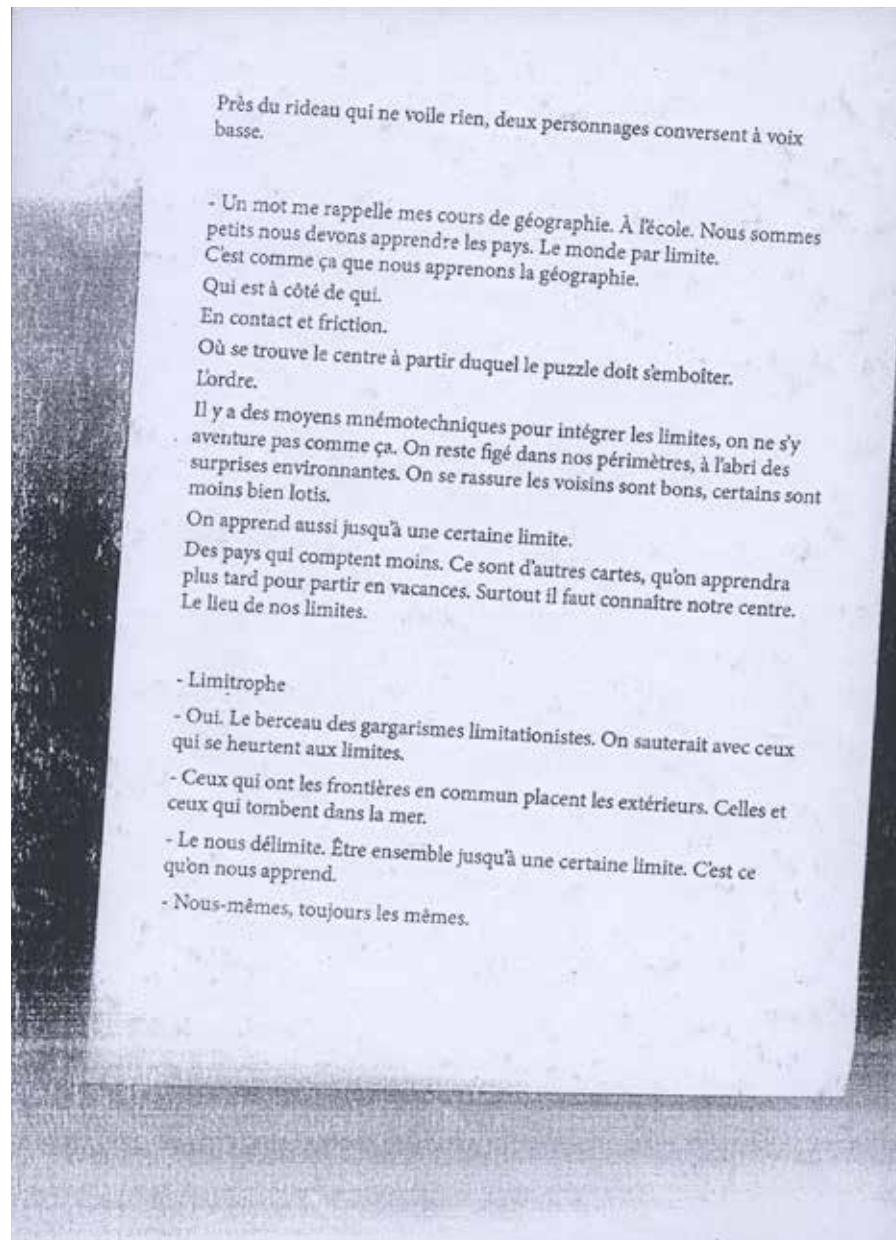
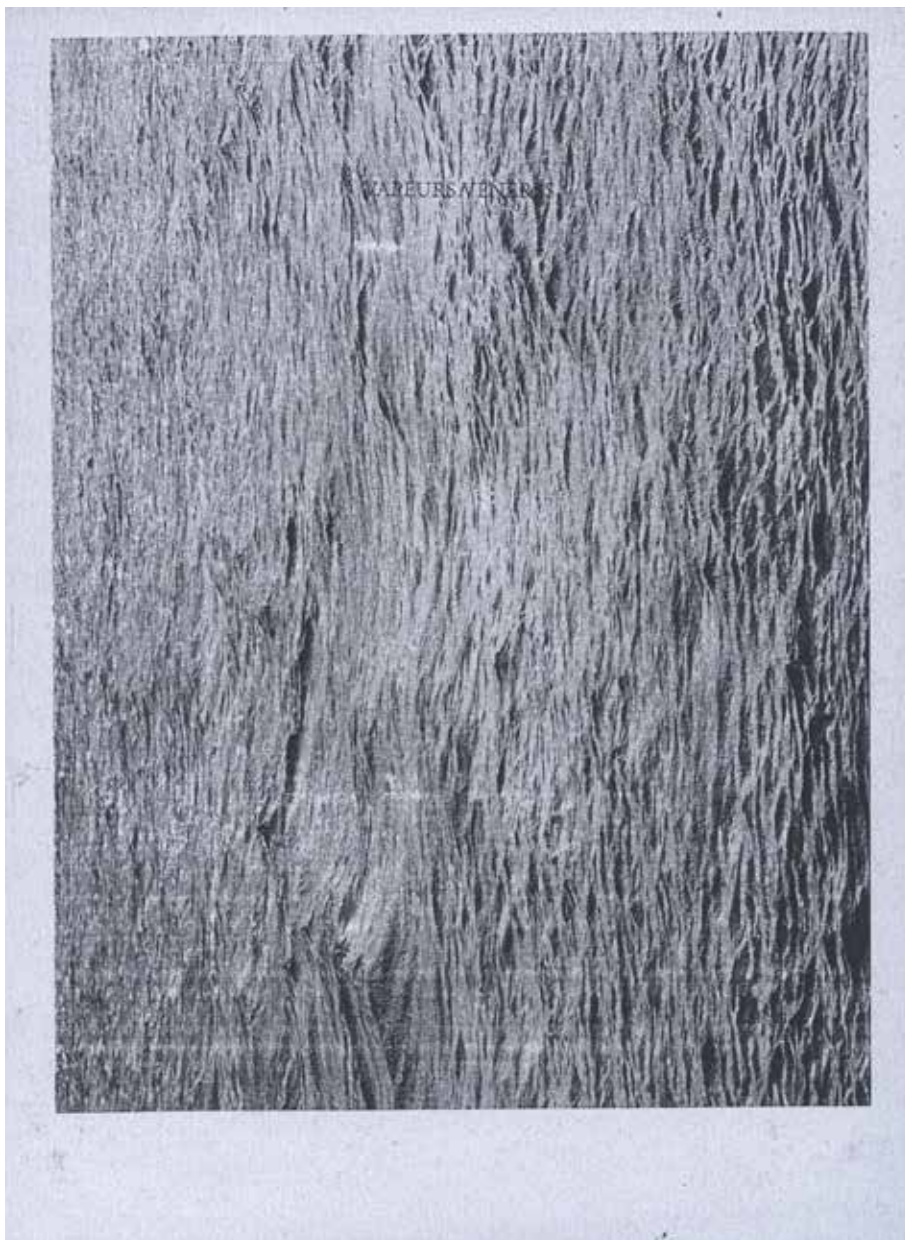
Picture by Ardita Meha

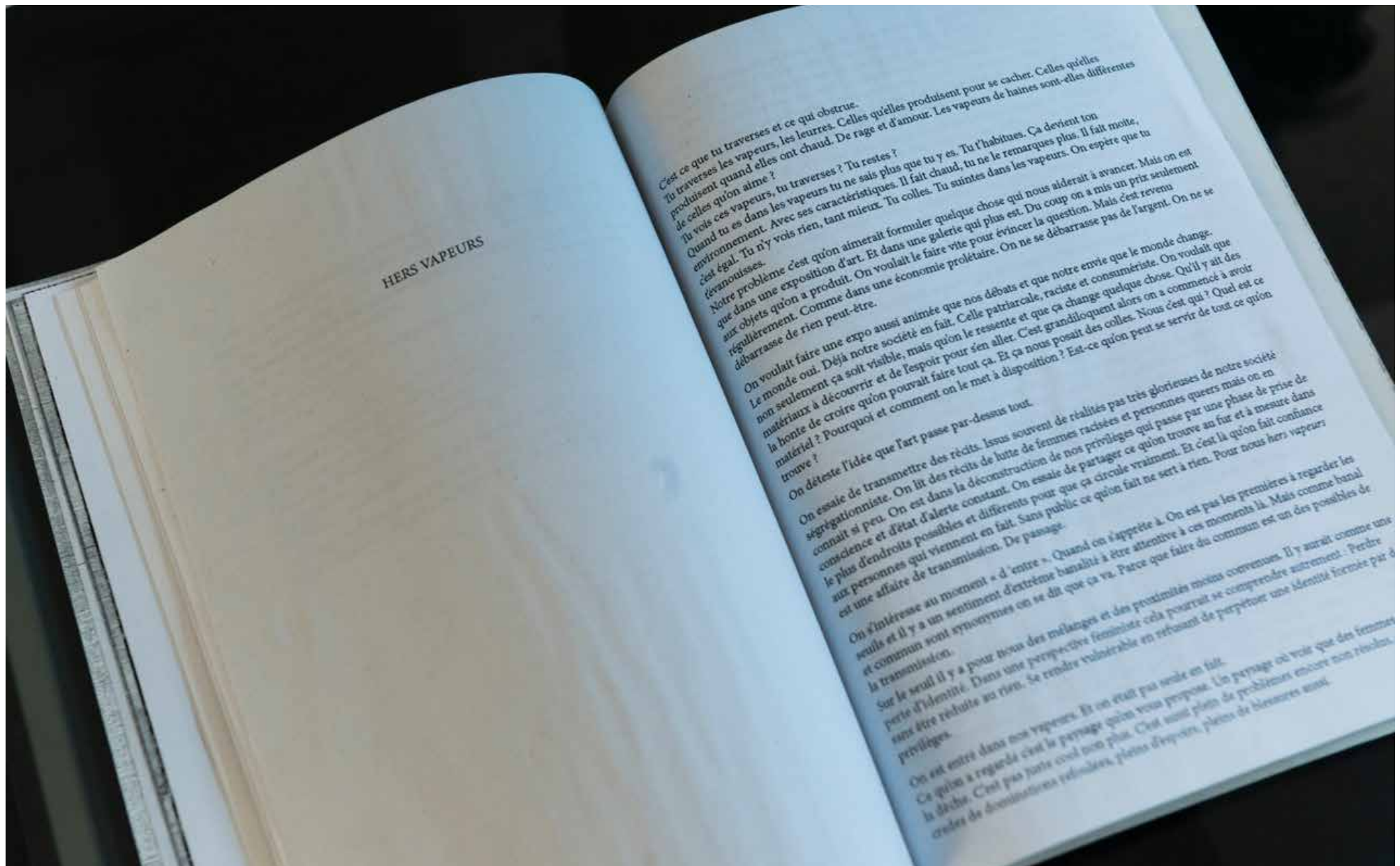
Y en a marre des gangsters
aux poils pubères qui
l'aboient comme des
chihuahuas en colère

Hyper botoxé au volant de
leur bmdoublev
Trottent en troupe
Se croient super fort avec leur
bande de spermatophore
Baise pathétique
Escortent leur trique

Leur laisser mettre la main
sur nous
Pas du tout
Leur laisser moudre un coup
Pas du tout
Qu'ils s'enfilent leurs erreurs.

garce était juste sensé être le féminin de gars.





HERS VAPEURS

C'est ce que tu traverses et ce qui obstrue.
Tu traverses les vapeurs, les leurres. Celles qu'elles produisent pour se cacher. Celles qu'elles
de celles qu'on aime ?
Tu vois ces vapeurs, tu traverses ? Tu restes ?
Quand tu es dans les vapeurs tu ne sais plus que tu y es. Tu t'habitues. Ça devient ton
environnement. Avec ses caractéristiques. Il fait chaud, tu ne le remarques plus. Il fait moite,
c'est égal. Tu n'y vois rien, tant mieux. Tu colles. Tu suintes dans les vapeurs. On espère que tu
t'évanouisses.

Notre problème c'est qu'on aimerait formuler quelque chose qui nous aiderait à avancer. Mais on est
que dans une exposition d'art. Et dans une galerie qui plus est. Du coup on a mis un prix seulement
aux objets qu'on a produit. On voulait le faire vite pour évincer la question. Mais c'est revenu
régulièrement. Comme dans une économie prolétaire. On ne se débarrasse pas de l'argent. On ne se
débarrasse de rien peut-être.

On voulait faire une expo aussi animée que nos débats et que notre envie que le monde change.
Le monde oui. Déjà notre société en fait. Celle patriarcale, raciste et consumériste. On voulait que
non seulement ça soit visible, mais qu'on le ressente et que ça change quelque chose. Qu'il y ait des
matériaux à découvrir et de l'espoir pour s'en aller. C'est grandiloquent alors on a commencé à avoir
la honte de croire qu'on pouvait faire tout ça. Et ça nous posait des colles. Nous c'est qui ? Quel est ce
matériel ? Pourquoi et comment on le met à disposition ? Est-ce qu'on peut se servir de tout ce qu'on
trouve ?

On déteste l'idée que l'art passe par-dessus tout.

On essaie de transmettre des récits. Issus souvent de réalités pas très glorieuses de notre société
ségrégonniste. On lit des récits de lutte de femmes racisées et personnes quers mais on en
connait si peu. On est dans la déconstruction de nos privilèges qui passe par une phase de prise de
conscience et d'état d'alerte constant. On essaie de partager ce qu'on trouve au fur et à mesure dans
le plus d'endroits possibles et différents pour que ça circule vraiment. Et c'est là qu'on fait confiance
aux personnes qui viennent en fait. Sans public ce qu'on fait ne sert à rien. Pour nous hers vapeurs
est une affaire de transmission. De passage.

On s'intéresse au moment « d'entre ». Quand on s'apprête à. On est pas les premières à regarder les
seuls et il y a un sentiment d'extrême banalité à être attentive à ces moments là. Mais comme banal
et commun sont synonymes on se dit que ça va. Parce que faire du commun est un des possibles de
la transmission.

Sur le seul il y a pour nous des mélanges et des proximités moins convenues. Il y aurait comme une
perte d'identité. Dans une perspective féministe cela pourrait se comprendre autrement : Perdre
sans être réduite au rien. Se rendre vulnérable en refusant de perpétuer une identité formée par d
privilèges.

On est entre dans nos vapeurs. Et on veut pas seule en fait.
Ce qu'on a regardé c'est le paysage qu'on vous propose. Un paysage où voit que des femmes
la tâche. C'est pas tout ce qu'on voit. C'est aussi plein de problèmes encore non résolus.
crises de dominations relationnelles, pleins d'experts, pleins de bien-être aussi.

Picture by Myriam Ziehl

With language

With language brings together projects that question language through the figure of the author, translation, composition and the use of words. Each project, in its own way, proposes a tinkered language made of words that our society denigrates and/or condemns. These projects come together around the desire to inhabit an emancipating language free of complexes.

Trying to find a way out of their roots-rotten language 57

Trying to find a way out of their roots-rotten language, are two sound pieces. One mixes french, german and english and the other one spanish, english and french. I wrote the first one for the program *Poesie ist kein luxus* for the Belluard/Bollwerk Festival. It was then translated in spanish for the Festival Tsonami in Valparaiso, Chile, where I was invited by the artist Sarina Scheidegger. The poems in the sound pieces dialogue with each other. Each of the voices tells of the stigma and injustice that resides in the words that inhabit them despite their often innocuous etymologies. Translation and the passage from one language to another help me to highlight the constructions of language and their potential disruption.

SRSR queenasses sous influences 58-61

SRSR queenasses sous influences is a collaboration with the artist Sabrina Röthlisberger Belkacem for the second issue of Usure Press, the magazin of the art space Urgent Paradise.

For this project we intertwined our poems to create a kind of dialogue that moves from the absurd to declamations of love and screams of potentiel attacks

« We like to think of SRSR as bandits, whose language is a weapon, a power

of emancipation that they wrest from everything that tries to stifle it. In their respective practices, they both pay particular attention to the ways of saying, of speaking, by inventing images. Their choices of deconstructing and fabricating terms create not an unreal vision without a grip, but rather an inventiveness that strikes at the everyday. »*

A reading of the poems has been staged in Urgent Paradise, but due to the pandemic, we decided to make a video in «huit clos» and to share it via internet.

Regarder sans êtres vuexs 61-66

Regarder sans être vuexs is the title of the video made from the poems published in Usure Press #2.

In the video you can hear each of us alternating the reading of our poems and see us in moments of deambulation through the exhibition space inhabit by some of our pieces. By our activation they became the props of a scene where the exhibition space has also turn into the stage of our poems.

Is I, I? 67-68

Is I, I? is the first project that concretizes my questions related to language and the use of words. It develops a desire to create another way to express oneself and make yourself understand.

Is I, I? consists of a cascading stream of words, phrases, and texts that weave in and out of different modes of perception. Designed like a digital scroll, *Is I, I?* reflects a sensibility at home with the ever changing digital landscape today, and how it influences the very nature of our subjectivity.

Who is the author behind a list of artists names, things to check, bills to pay, Google Translate or poems?

Where stops the composition? The relationship between lists and poems reveals a time line. Dates and words create another dialogue. Maybe the only trace of the daily life of the author. As the words of the poems collide and flow next to the list of names, another text is generated by the authority of google translate.

Trying to find a way out of their roots-rotten language was first written in german, english and french, with the help and contribution of the artist Lea Rüegg. It was then translated to spanish thanks to Diana Marcela Martinez. And read thanks to the contribution of many friends.

You can listen to the piece on:

megahex.fm/archive/reading-w-sephanie-rosianu-poesie-ist-kein-luxus-live-gessnerallee

and on

srsrsr.noblogs.org

SRSR queenasses sous influences

*Text written by Myriam Ziehli and Ascanio Cecco, curator of the art space Urgent Paradise.

You can read some of the poems on my website:

srsrsr.noblogs.org/queenasses-sous-influences

Regarder sans être vuexs

The video was made by Salomé Ziehli in Urgent Paradise, Lausanne, 2020.

You can watch the video here:

urgentparadise.ch/archivesUP/regardersansetreveuexs

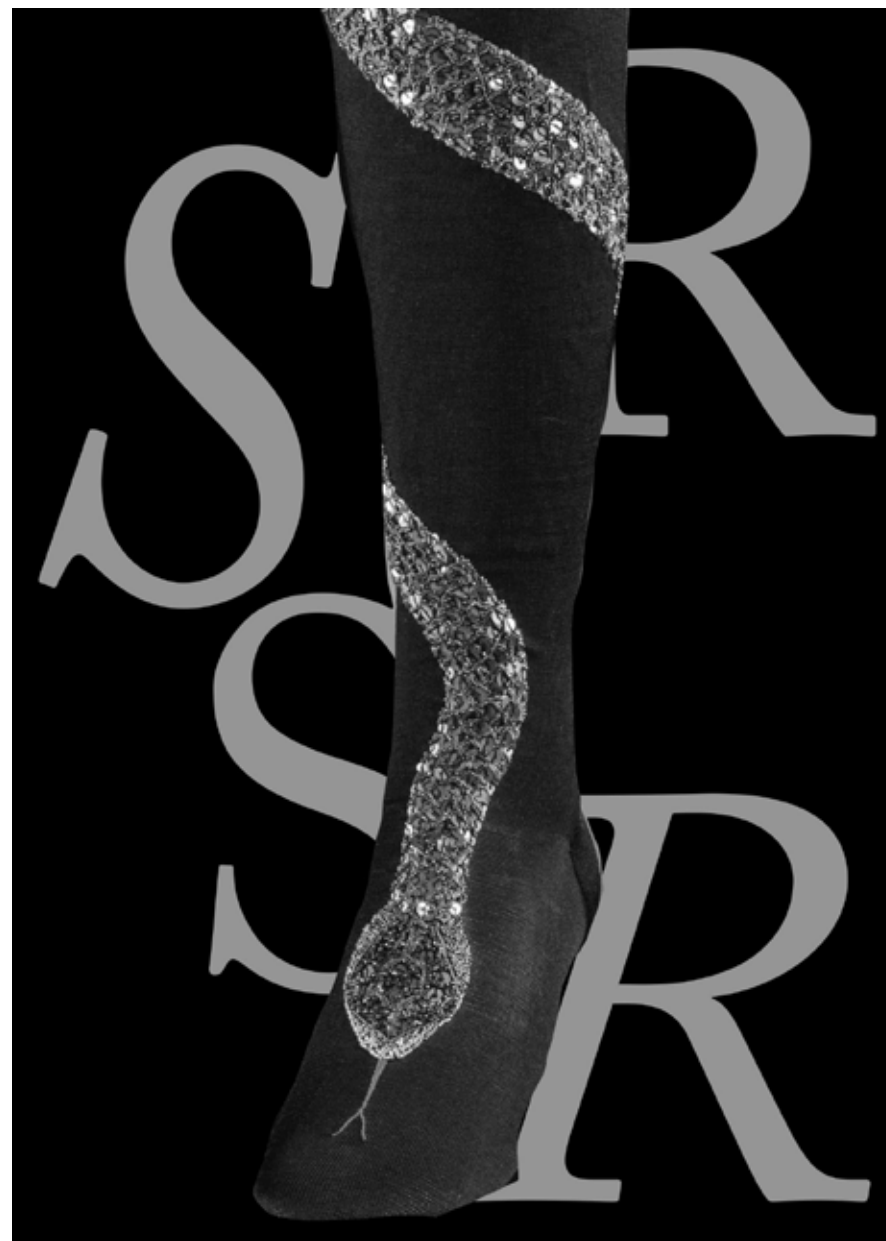
and here with english subtitles:

berlinartweek.de/en/stream/regarder-sans-etre-vuexs-by-stephanie-rosianu

Is I, I?

ebook published by Badlands Unlimited, New York, 2014

The edition house has unfortunately closed since the publication of this project. You can still contact me to send you the ebook by mail.



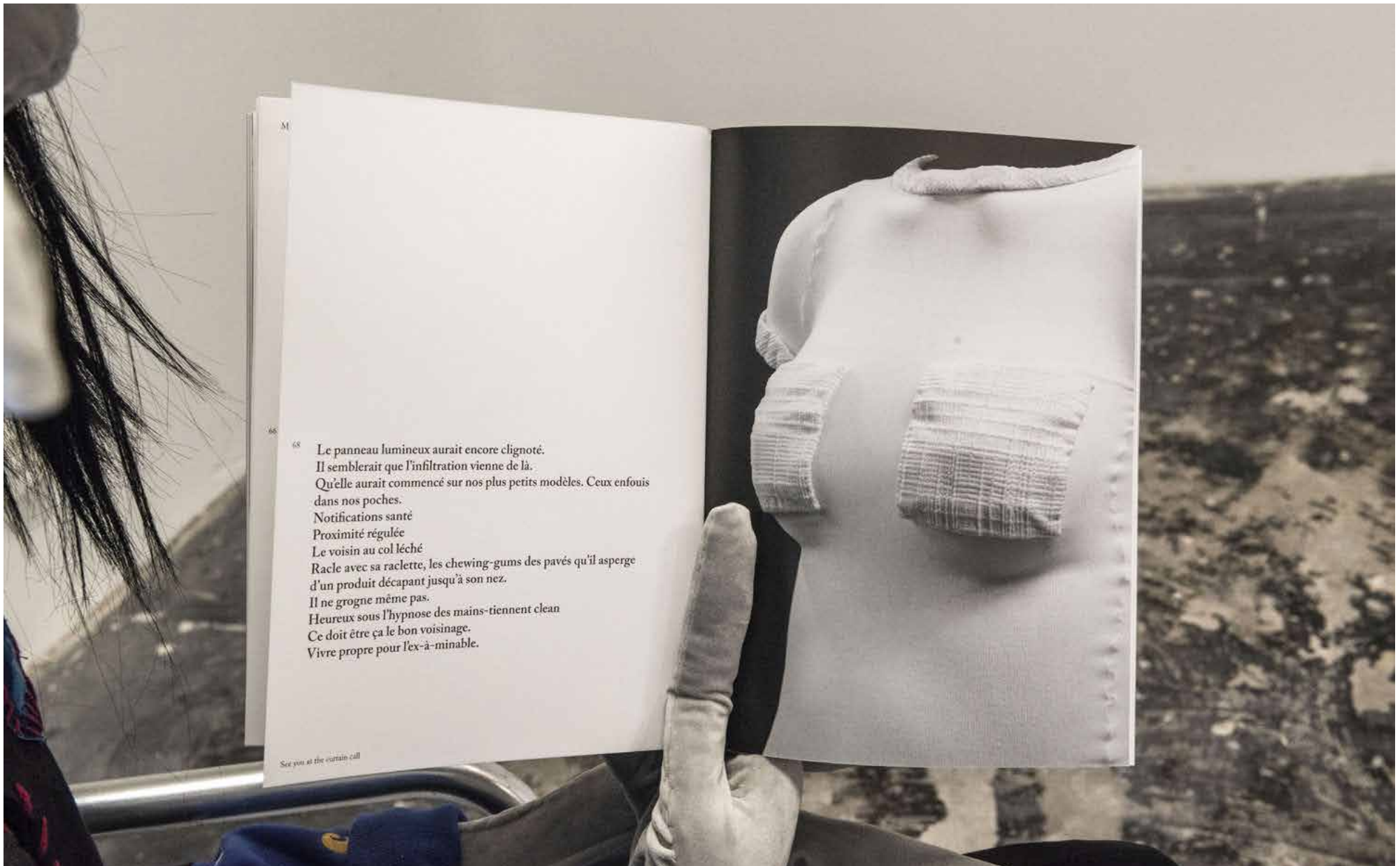
Cover by Rebecca Metzger and Pauline Piguet

we aren't user friendly
no somos fáciles de usar
administrating people
egocentrico
selfisch terror
nuestro dolor es their flavor
My love comes before

S: Témoign et
testicule ont la
même racine

L: Testify and
testicle haben die
gleichen Wurzeln.

L: Haben Sie das
selbe Problem ?



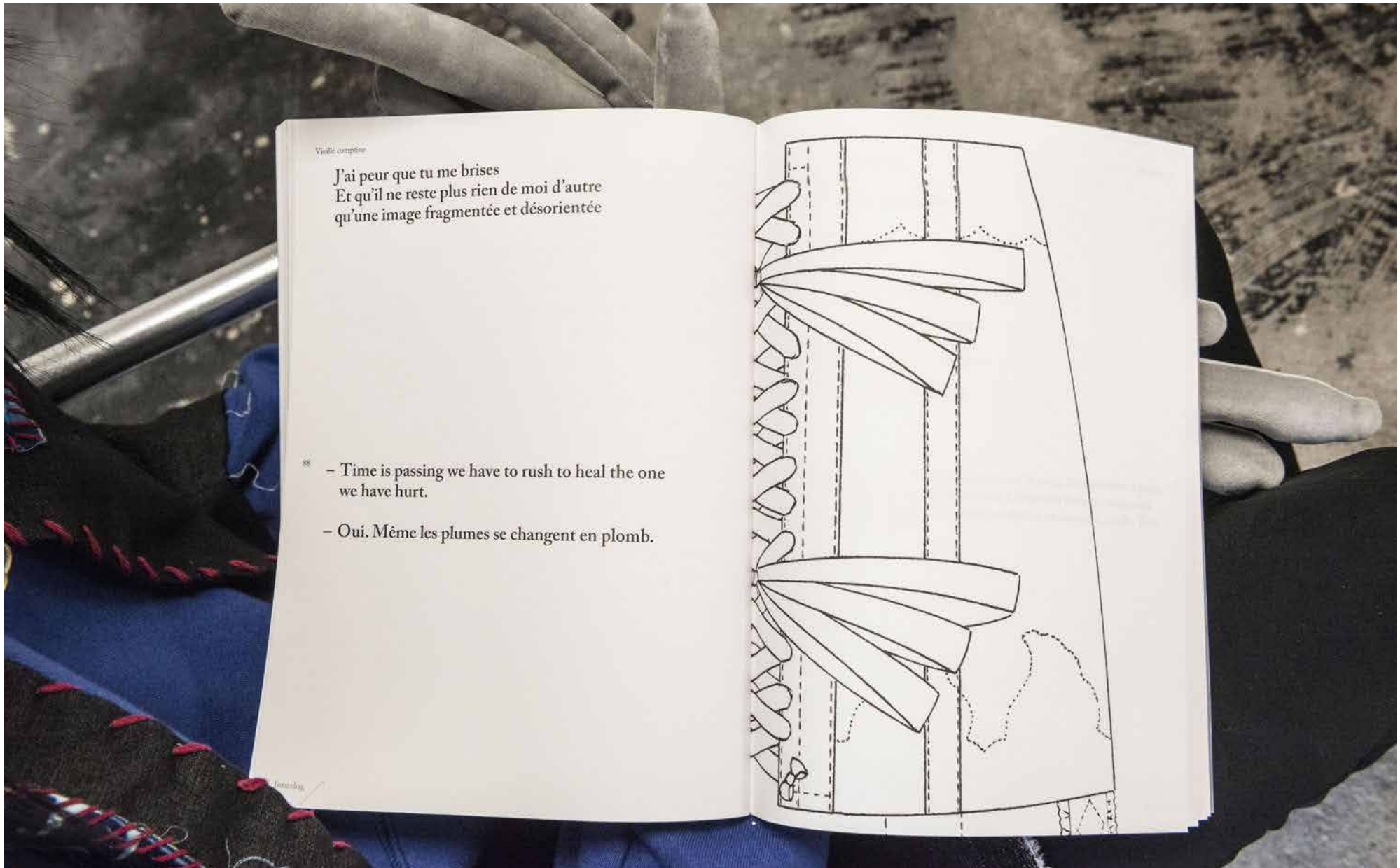
M

66

68 Le panneau lumineux aurait encore clignoté.
Il semblerait que l'infiltration vienne de là.
Qu'elle aurait commencé sur nos plus petits modèles. Ceux enfouis
dans nos poches.
Notifications santé
Proximité régulée
Le voisin au col léché
Racle avec sa raclette, les chewing-gums des pavés qu'il asperge
d'un produit décapant jusqu'à son nez.
Il ne grogne même pas.
Heureux sous l'hypnose des mains-tiennent clean
Ce doit être ça le bon voisinage.
Vivre propre pour l'ex-à-minable.

See you at the curtain call

Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Vieille comptine

J'ai peur que tu me brises
Et qu'il ne reste plus rien de moi d'autre
qu'une image fragmentée et désorientée

⁸⁸ – Time is passing we have to rush to heal the one
we have hurt.

– Oui. Même les plumes se changent en plomb.

Textbook

Picture by Myriam Ziehli



Picture by Salomé Ziehli



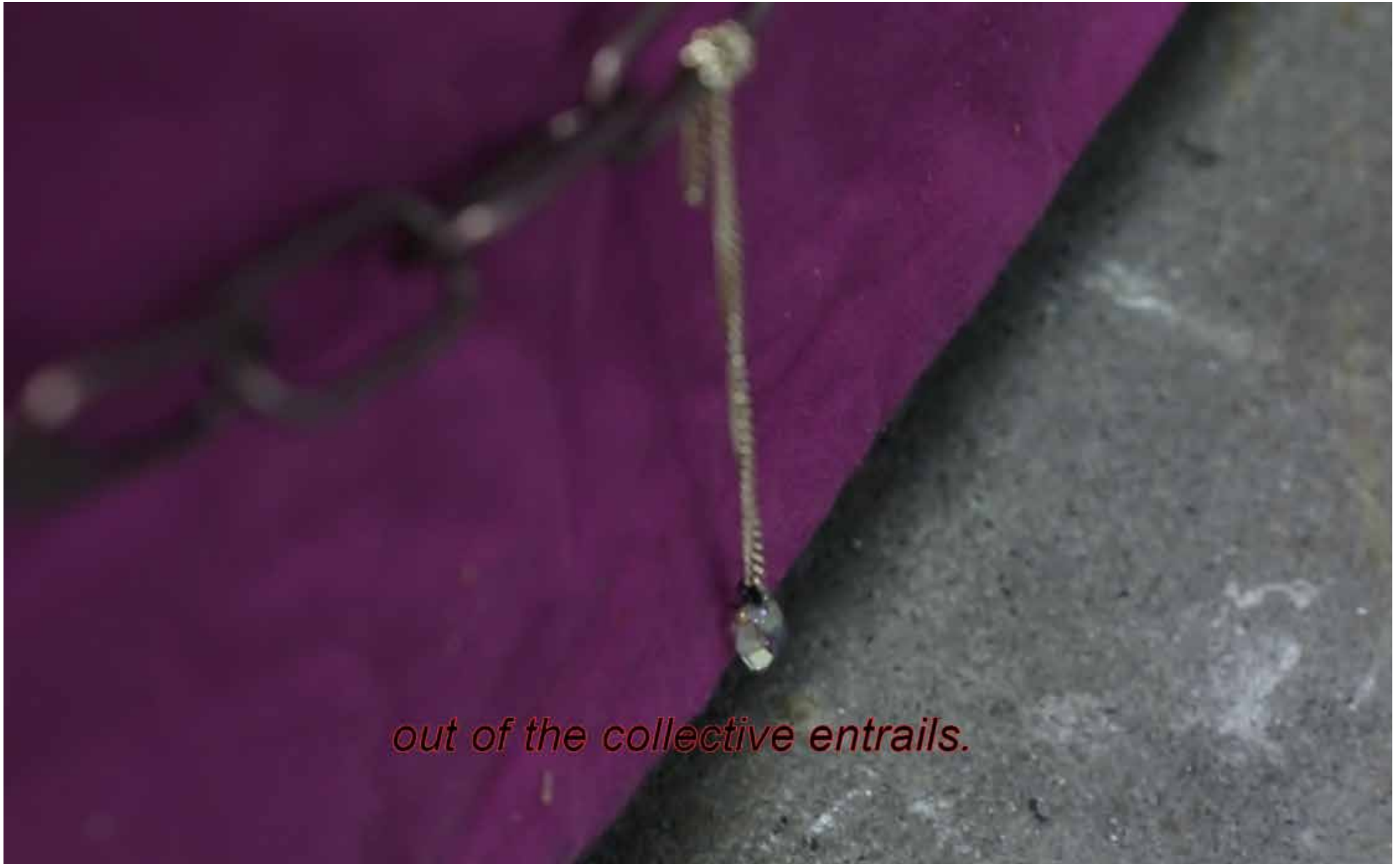
Picture by Salomé Ziehli



Picture by Salomé Ziehli



Picture by Salomé Ziehli



Picture by Salomé Ziehli



It's a bit tricky the way I like you
 Blue glue don't have a clue
 about what to do
 Those stupid rythmes
 won't get me anywhere
 But where
 Butter way
 Semi way of your unconsciousness
 Net
 Work of surroundings
 Display made out of bones
 Spirde bones
 Semi cultural bones of stones
 Don't break my bowls
 You stupid craw
 Crawle is the hardest swim ever
 It makes river shines
 and dolphins cries
 My lies
 His lies on the floor of the door
 Pourrishing my heart
 Smelling my feet
 Going on my neck
 Going on my neck
 After one feet
 Going on my neck
 After one day of english I can't
 hardly speak french
 Speed and seek out
 conscientiously
 the area of sounds
 Money glitter
 Money flitter
 Money glitter
 Money flitter
 Money glitter
 Sour Source
 Pork Monk
 Montgomery was a nice sage
 A monkey without a crown
 crawling on his pride
 Pray the pay again and
 see what happen
 No goal Paul
 Margueritte has a swan but
 she didn't know how to
 take care of it and
 she didn't turn the light to see it
 so it becomes dark as an icone and
 she couldn't recognize it anymore
 then she thought the black cat
 has swallow it but it was

Sim Verrouillée 11:19 36%

Notes Prix fédéra...
Aujourd'hui 15 avril 2013 16:40

Prix fédéraux de
littérature

23 avril 2013 19:05

Éric wessler la
littérature face à
elle même

Nouveau roman
Natalie sarraute

7 mai 2013 15:02

Christoph keller
éditeur revolver
Le brouillard Henri
beugras

8 mai 2013 17:58

Susan sontag
Alice in the cities
Wim wenders

9 mai 2013 20:05

Christian hanzel
ou henzel

13 mai 2013 15:19

Oulipo
200frs
Payement
visa 250
1913

16 mai 2013 23:02

Foot magazine

ne sont plus là
pourtant tu y crois
mangeur de graines
Plante sauvage dénudée
marronnée charbonnée
Pense
Penser les tempes de
joyaux multicolores
Joyeux bijoux
Bourreau boyau
Le bourreau de nos joyeux bijoux
Le bourreau bijoux de
nos joyeux bijoux
Le bijoux bijoux de
nos joyeux bourreau
SoOLOo
Le bourreau joyeux de
nos bijoux bijoux
Comment on écrit bijoux
bijoux
Cointreau
Troglo Schyzo
Un troglo schyzo
Un trop gros schyzo
Je suis mal dans ta peau
Coup de lame
Scarification salvatrice pour libérer
le gros bonhomme qui est en moi
il est las de s'éventrer pour rien
marchant avec son chapeau melon
se signant à tout les coins de rues
un personnage boutonneux mais
sympathique
tendre mais apathique
clair mais assombri
pire mais envieux
un châtelain
comme diraient certains
Désapprend à écrire
pour ne pas grandir
Tu devras tout recommencer et
le monsieur au poil doré aussi
- Fourmi
- Arrête avec tes rimes
Choisi
- Pourri
- Raté c'était vomi
J'écrase des betteraves
avec ma bave
j'embois des chats par gros tas
Le A suis le B les vaches
mangent le près
caricature des haut bois
mangeur de pinces

Hanne darboven
Robert walser
Marlène Dumas
lettre

19 mai 17:14

Met vetkin

23 mai 2014 10:41

Film more

26 mai 2014 18:53

Flag

Sushan

kinouschita

28 mai 2014 17:38

Sebald

31 mai 2014 18:02

Roacutane

Notes [Loophole fa...](#)

Aujourd'hui 3 juin 00:12

Loophole faille

Quand dire c'est
faire how to do
things with words

John austin

4 juin 2014 10:24

Joseph wresinski

Roger federer

George clooney

Lolita morena

Justin biber

Claude françois

Catherine

Je ponds une image
dans leurs têtes
histoire de les faire sourire
égratigner leurs cornes épinières
jusqu'à l'extinction de
leurs paupières
leurs moelles rétinienne
m'appartiennent
elles et ils n'y peuvent rien
sauf si elles et ils quittent
cette pièce
assez loin pour
ne plus m'entendre
débatre avec mes mots
Rien dans le chapeau
Je crois au vécu qui s'en dégage
À force de creuser
on arrivera bien au bout
Derrière le centre y a quoi
La terre tu y fonces
Tu forces tu perces
tu te retrouves de l'autre côté
C'est l'ambiguïté du cercle
Partout où tu perces tu ressors
Y a pas de détours
L'infini infiniment petit est grand
bollos42

4 juin 2014 12:25

Dara birnbaum
Dan graham

10 juin 2014 12:17

Laviline deo
pharamcie

16 juin 2014 15:52

Pète a bosson

25 juin 2014 20:16

Description
without a place

26 juin 2014 16:51

Une brève histoire
des lignes

Tim ingold

2 juillet 2014 09:33

Un présent
irradie

Une éclosion
répétée

Marguerite duras

3 juillet 2014 12:53

Reflections by
benjamin
millepieds