



Fab-ra  
geous  
grrlz

Toronto

AYND-87



# Air call

by Stéphanie Roşianu

Text of the sound piece you can hear in the installation

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

part of the collective exhibition *Flammen spucken*

Kasko, Basel, 2023

# Prélude

Perturbé par un bourdonnement tu lèves les yeux.  
Une enseigne lumineuse vole au-dessus de toi. Flanquée  
de milliers d'ailes de papillons elle dit, de sa bouche glossée  
cerise noire:

- Vous êtes sur le point d'être touchés par un monde qui  
vous rendait si sceptique.

Tu es dans ton quartier. Si tu as une vue dégagée et paisible,  
rajoute des immeubles qui t'encerclent, t'empêchent de voir  
l'horizon. Tu es seul. Si quelqu'un entre dans la même rue  
où tu te trouves tu es obligé de croiser cette personne de  
très près. Il n'y a pas d'issue. Tu vas devoir frôler son corps.  
Noux grandissons avec ça dans le bide. Qu'on soit bourge  
ou pauvre. Toi qui as grandi avec des quartiers de bourges  
dans le bide, tu réalises maintenant que tu ne peux plus  
crier, et que tu vois au bout de la rue des êtres sortir des  
vapeurs des bouches d'égouts. Ellxs grognent.  
Ellxs arrivent.

Fab-rageous grrlz come out of the vapors.  
Speak. Exhume.  
Squeezed until we scream and shout:  
Who has no anger will not live.

Succubuses transform  
Freed from your imaginary

They had never wished to turn into women  
They are critters  
One of their own imagination  
Are they demons or what?  
They are what they want now.

Ellxs s'avancent, pour nous. Ellxs nous serrent à en hurler.  
Là où vous avez préféré nous museler. Ellxs crient cette  
phrase qui te terrorise petit bourgeois. Qui annonce le  
début de notre monde. Qui n'a pas de colère ne vivra pas.  
Tu viens d'entrer là où les créatures ne sont plus les tiennes.  
Où ta voix ne s'entend plus. Où tu appelles l'air en vain.

we aren't user friendly  
wir sind nicht benutzerfreundlich  
administating people  
Menschen verwalten  
Ego ich  
selfisch terror  
the pain is flavor  
Meine Liebe kommt vor  
make up a new blood the new love

Feels good to affect it  
the system  
we fight it  
Feels good to affect it

Dafne et ses gogoboots t'envoient en boboshoot  
into your bobosuit  
straight to heterorbit  
your dream faint in the cyprine

loſt your subprime  
debt to the worldwide  
to the conquered cities drove to ſtarvation  
You forgot cities never ſleep though  
End of your tour now  
No ſtars intervention  
Unleash... the craken... ahaha  
I lick and I let you vanish  
I am wet  
The moon alſo ſweat  
Squirt on pussy pelmet  
warm againſt eachother  
acting together  
far from your patriarchal behaviour  
we left competition to your pals  
Oh! Are you choking patriarch?  
Ta vie ſ'évanouit  
Tu rêves de cyprine  
Mais t'as pas compris elle eſt à nous  
Grrlz  
On mouille plus pour toi  
Détrôné c'eſt fini pour toi  
T'as trop fricoté avec le patriarcat  
Scoubidoubida  
Plus que de la baise des enfers  
Ta mère c'eſt avec nous qu'elle va ſe la faire  
Fête les ensorcelantexs  
Bande entre nous ça flambeX

*The air is only  
halfway through.  
But we feel it,  
our world stinks.*

chapitre 1

Pegasus wears a glittering headpiece that changes shape according to her moods and her environment. An ornament that assumes its strangeness and sometimes intimidating roles. Part of her hair is arranged in several pompoms spread inside the half circle formed by the headpiece. The rest is woven into several braids which end in shiny tips. She wears a translucent dress that vibrates with a slightly fluffy scale pattern. Impossible to decide if it feels like a shell or a plumage. Transparency co-fuses Pegasus' body and her dress.

Since a few days, Pegasus' movements are less supple, less widespread. She gets closer to the statues and seems to

dry to their shadows. The dress has shrunk on her body. Her headpiece still shines, but now she tells us that the stones that adorn it are fake. Why justify herself. What is it, Pegasus? Her dress overstates her. Does not understand her. They no longer move together. No longer reflects the turmoil of the scales. They dry up.

The body-veil of Pegasus seems rough, break-able. Like the one of the stuffed animals. The grrlz surround Pegasus and hum a stormy melody to irrigate Pegasus. In full breath, they hear the public opinion shouting:

- Souls! Why doesn't Pegasus shine anymore? She looks like a shredded straw bale! Her scales sting! Her skin stinks! She scares us!

The public opinion is almost crying.

Their sentimental disgust bent Pegasus. Her tall body has huddled. Even her Buffalo seemed to decompensate. She has heard the public opinion. She has resisted so much before, but this time the words forced in. The grrlz gather around her.

- Pegasus don't flinch, don't become their undead. Your life is not theirs.

Pegasus gets worse this time. Her dress engulfs her, she now looks like the birds covered in oil. The public opinion is shocked.

- We don't want to see these birds of misery anymore! We have seen enough! She makes us feel bad! We are afraid! Help us! Help us!



And the public opinion cries while pressing the palms of their hands very hard on their eyes.

And Medusa choke.

Blindfolds are a bad augury. Medusa taught the grrlz to laugh and cry with their eyes wide open to not turn to stone. To watch and deal with the petrifying powers.

And to scream.

To stop. To burst. To grrlz.

But now Medusa choke. Medusa will not swallow the discomfort of the public opinion. Won't swallow the guilt-knitted sex cover that hides their disgust from others. Medusa choke because they refuse to swallow those who make Pegasus suffer. The grrlz are about to petrify when they remember Medusa's advice.

They burst. Laugh in the body of public opinion that whines with palms pressed into their eyes. All pressured to weep. The grrlz point at them. The public opinion doesn't see their pointing fingers but hear them roared with laughter. Then the hesitation. Cover your eyes or bandage your ears? Laughter wins, you won't be able to ignore us for long.

Then, Medusa smile slightly. Air enters through the corners of their lips and gives them the strength to burst out laughing and spit out the petroleum hates onto the appalled public opinion.

Let's howl very loud and fall into each other's arms. The grrlz almost choke on their laughter. Drool.

Medusa like those who drool with laughter. They find the air of laughter. They look at our eruptive beings.

To be of those that live with the weavings of the world. To encourage us to the power of laughter which engages us in the here and attaches us in the now.

# *Noux prenons l'air*

chapitre 2

This morning you have breakfast outside of everything  
Nice view  
Good disposition  
In your privileged position  
There.  
Unwrapped from the others because you wanted relentlessly  
to protect yourself.  
You choke yourself.  
But maybe we don't slap you on your back this time  
We let you call the air in vain  
We let you asphyxiate this morning  
To feel how rare the air can be for you too.  
We absorb the air you no longer consume  
and laugh  
When you change, if you change  
there will be more air.  
So maybe we will laugh at the same time or even together.  
But right now, Medusa make you choke.  
Their tentacles touch us all.  
You too who eat in your 10 star tower.  
You cough. Touched by all.  
The grrlz look at Pegasus who has regained air since the

public opinion is choking. She gets up, is reached by a tentacle and follows it to join Medusa. They stand in front of the public opinion. At the sight of them, the stunned public opinion opens its mouths slightly, allowing the air to enter and stop the spasms to swallow the poisoned mucus.

Pegasus bends over slightly, holds back her braids with one hand, places the other on Medusa's shoulder. Medusa spread their serpentine hair. 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. We don't want to embody your dominant bodies that serve to crush others.

We spit.

But the circle is not complete. We will not isolate ourselves. We need to see you choke. To keep the right distance to hit you. And maybe one day, slap you on your back.

# *Voracious grrlz*

chapitre 3

Les grrlz et Pegasus se resserrent, leurs épaules se touchent, se pressent. L'excès d'encre qui les a teintés, ressort de leurs pores et forment des fils gélatineux qui les maintiennent visqueuses les unes aux autres. Un tremolo les traverse. Il ne vient ni d'un cri ni d'un rire cette fois. C'est d'une caresse. Une pression puissante qui se répand des yeux, des mains, du bout des tétons, des plis des lèvres.

De leurs caresses naît cet amour tentaculaire qui est contact, différent pour chacunx d'entre ellxs.

We touch. Get closer by sensuality. Smooth or strong. The range of caressing is vaste. It can be explored endlessly. Notre contact rapproche nos sens et hors du langage oppressif we create a society.

D'un orgasme puissant et collectif, des tentacules sortent de l'épaisseur des corps. Elles serpentent vers Pegasus. S'enroulent langoureusement autour d'elle. L'aspirent. Pegasus s'abandonne et retrouve Medusa en haut d'une falaise. Des vagues séclatent et le soleil se couche.

- Tu m'as demandé si je croyais en l'horizon
- I was unpopular that's why
- Don't take it so lalalalalightly. It was the cutest question someone ever asked me. I knew I will fall in love with you.
- But you didn't
- That's true
- Why?
- Evidence my love. Lack of evidence. I couldn't trust one sentence to be the true one.
- Will I ever dance again?
- I don't know. Your dirty feet are stuck in the nylon.
- Alors je t'en prie déchaîne mon coeur. Et rappelle-toi  
Mes poumons s'élargissent quand je te vois  
Je respire mieux  
La clope ne dépose plus rien  
Le goudron se craque  
Poussière

Je crache des flammes

Of course tu m'ignores

Je veux des chansons sucrées. Que ça dégouline au soleil. Qu'on reste collé à la fin du slow.

Qu'on suce les enduits, qu'on s'éponge sans cesse. Que mes cheveux claquent sur ta poitrine que tu m'empoignes les fesses.

Manques de me lâcher. Que je doive m'accrocher à ton bassin. Faire une pince avec mes jambes.

Me lâche pas.

Je colle et glisse pour toi.

J'adore cette arène

Les boules discos

Il nous en a fallu beaucoup

Personne nous regarde

Faites que personne nous regarde

Ma bitch is a bad bougi

Cuisine en crop top et uzi

reload après t'avoir servi

des balles pour tes blagues sexy

Le patriarcat s'étouffera cette année en revêtant son foulard de soi

Ce poème aussi long que l'enfer

arty poter ou party pooper

C'est toi qu'on explosera demain

à cette vieille fête des rois

Tu dis que je ne suis pas matière à faire des carats

mais ta couronne détonne avec celle de la patronne

désolée suis vraiment pas désolée

Plus rien nous enlace  
Qu'est ce que tu veux que j'y fasse  
lasse,  
la laisse lâche.

Put on your best suit and go model it  
You are the prettiest one i know  
I always want to be where you go

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.

*Quand de nox  
peaux se lève la  
lune,*

# *vos tombes ne fleuriront plus*

chapitre 4

L'opinion publique, qui est toujours au courant de tout, n'aime pas nous voir fouiller dans le passé et repenser l'histoire. Alors elle condamne:

- I know, we know, we know, I know. I know that you don't know what you think you know.

Mais cette fois, Pegasus, Medusa et les grrlz, sont en train de baiser. Iellxs n'entendent rien. Depuis le rivage où iellxs se trouvent, leurs amours vibrent et se répandent grâce au vent. Des créatures ensevelies entendent et sont attirées. Elles se détachent des insultes, des vies solitaires contraintes par l'opinion publique. Elles s'approchent. Alors les grrlz ensemble courbent leurs dos, forment un pont qui leurs permettent à touxtes de traverser, de les rejoindre.

L'opinion publique crie au scandale. Leur enfant, l'ordre public, est menacé par ce genre d'histoires. Il ne peut plus s'endormir. En bon patriarce l'opinion publique réagit et appelle son instance favorite, désignée pour ce type d'attaques.

You call le 117  
ring tone  
no answer  
ring tone  
ring tone  
ring tone  
no answer

You see angry's grrlz gathering around you  
You wish now Medusa will turn you into stone  
No more need to apologize  
That's what statues do  
And that's why we hate them  
After all that bravery, they're too tired to stand in  
front of us and face Herstories.

You call le 117  
ring tone  
ring tone  
ring tone  
No one answer  
ring tone  
ring tone  
ring tone  
No one answer  
ring tone  
ring tone  
ring tone  
Someone answers

It's Pegasus. You don't recognize her voice. You don't  
understand



She is not listening to your complains  
Her suave voice turns you on  
Her words  
Annoys you. Piss you off and excite you  
You get an hard-on by calling the cops, dear  
How is that feeling now?  
She doesn't want you.  
You can die.  
Choked by your racist, sexist and transphobic jokes.  
We laugh but you can't  
You feel trap  
Ta queue flétrie comme seule amie  
Come to me  
seule dans ta main  
t'as mal seul  
tes mots seuls peuvent  
changer ton hatitude man  
ça te fera pas de mal  
quitte les mâles  
Come to me  
Cut the flag.

Don't call the cops  
You thought you solve it all  
but except walls, what have you built so far ?  
Our strength is not a knowledge, neither a word we  
share. It 's in our skin. The one you keep scarving.  
But together we heal. And there is nothing you can  
do about it.

We look at Medusa and drill your gaze  
No one forced us

Some one adviced us  
It comes from inside us  
and that drives you mad.

Our secret. Rage, love and new stories.

Vous êtes de la lignée des Thomas-les-scéptiques.  
Toucher pour y croire et ainsi rendre réel. Vous ne  
toucherez pas, dit-on aux Marie-Madeleines.  
Les femmes n'ont pas à participer au réel.  
Qu'elles y croient.

Quelle erreur...

D'abord nous ne sommes pas tous des femmes.  
Ensuite notre ralliement et nos croyances vous  
ont dépassé. Grâce à vous nous ne doutons plus de  
l'horreur de ce monde. Quand à toi, qui touches en  
croyant que tout est à ta portée. Tu toucheras aussi  
notre monde. Le rendras réel malgré toi. Mais la  
manière dont tu le toucheras sera notre décision  
cette fois. La manière dont tu le toucheras nous  
appartiendra.

Pense à nous quand tu t'étoufferas.

We were called social plague  
infectious  
succubus  
So we have pledged to poison your lifestyle.  
Your heart your stories your money.

Squirt on our skirt  
we chase the cops  
Vanilla fart on their shirt

Some of us had to learn to feel the anger. You also took that from us. We had to realise that anger, rage are feelings that must not consume us. Nous ne ravalons plus notre colère. Nous ne laisserons plus personne brûler vive.

Mais ton corps à toi, patriarce, est intouchable. Qui te frappera alors dans le dos quand tu t'étoufferas ?

Get ready for an indigestion. You are not use to swallow. Drop your gun.

Get rid of your privileges and swallow your sexist, racist, classist, validist, transphobic society.

You're still choking on the last piece. Let's see.

Oh, it's shame stuck into your larynx.

Shame is good for you. But guilt is useless to us.

So feel a shame a bit.

You might get smaller and take less place for a while.

C'est bien.

Mâche ta honte si besoin

Et avale encore une fois

Swallow again now

Swallow again now.



Thanks to the members of Urgent Paradise and Kasko for organizing and hosting the exhibition *Flammen spucken*.

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Minion Pro

Almendra by Ana Sanfelippo

*Floex Girls*

Air Call

by Stéphanie Rosianu

2023

The sound piece accompanying this booklet is made up of several recordings and sound creations from the various versions of *Air Call*.

In listening order:

\* Sound creation by Marjolein Van der Meer for the reading of *Air Call* performed in the solo exhibition,  
*Fab-rageous grrlz come out of the vapors*

Uqbar, Berlin, 2022

\* Recording of the reading *Air Call* accompanied by Camille Poudret at the vocoder

Poésie en ville, Geneva, 2022

\* Radio piece *Nos plats aigres irritent vos palais*

Broadcast on ColaboRadio, Berlin, 2022

\* Sung poems recorded for the solo exhibition,  
*Fab-rageous grrlz come out of the vapors*

Uqbar, Berlin, 2022



*Air call* tells the story of Pegasus, Medusa and the grrlz who live in a world where the air has become rare. To survive, they learn to laugh out loud in the most asphyxiating situations. The public opinion, as usual, first condemns these eruptions, only to realize that when Pegasus, Medusa and the grrlz laugh, it breathes less easily. The public opinion is about to choke.

«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.»

According to one of the definition of the manifesto made by Breanne Fahs in «Burn it Down! feminist manifestos for the revolution», *Air call* is thought as a manifesto-tale.

By the escape of the character 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.