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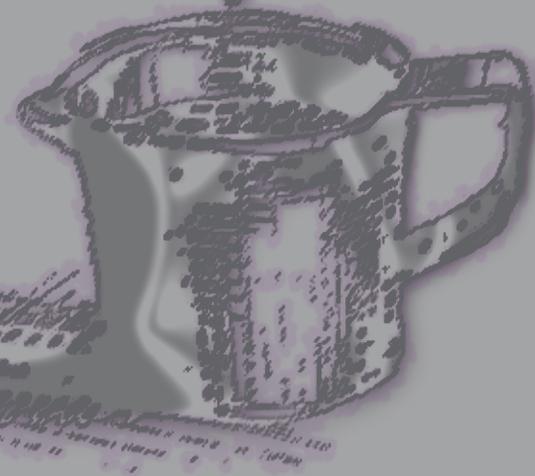
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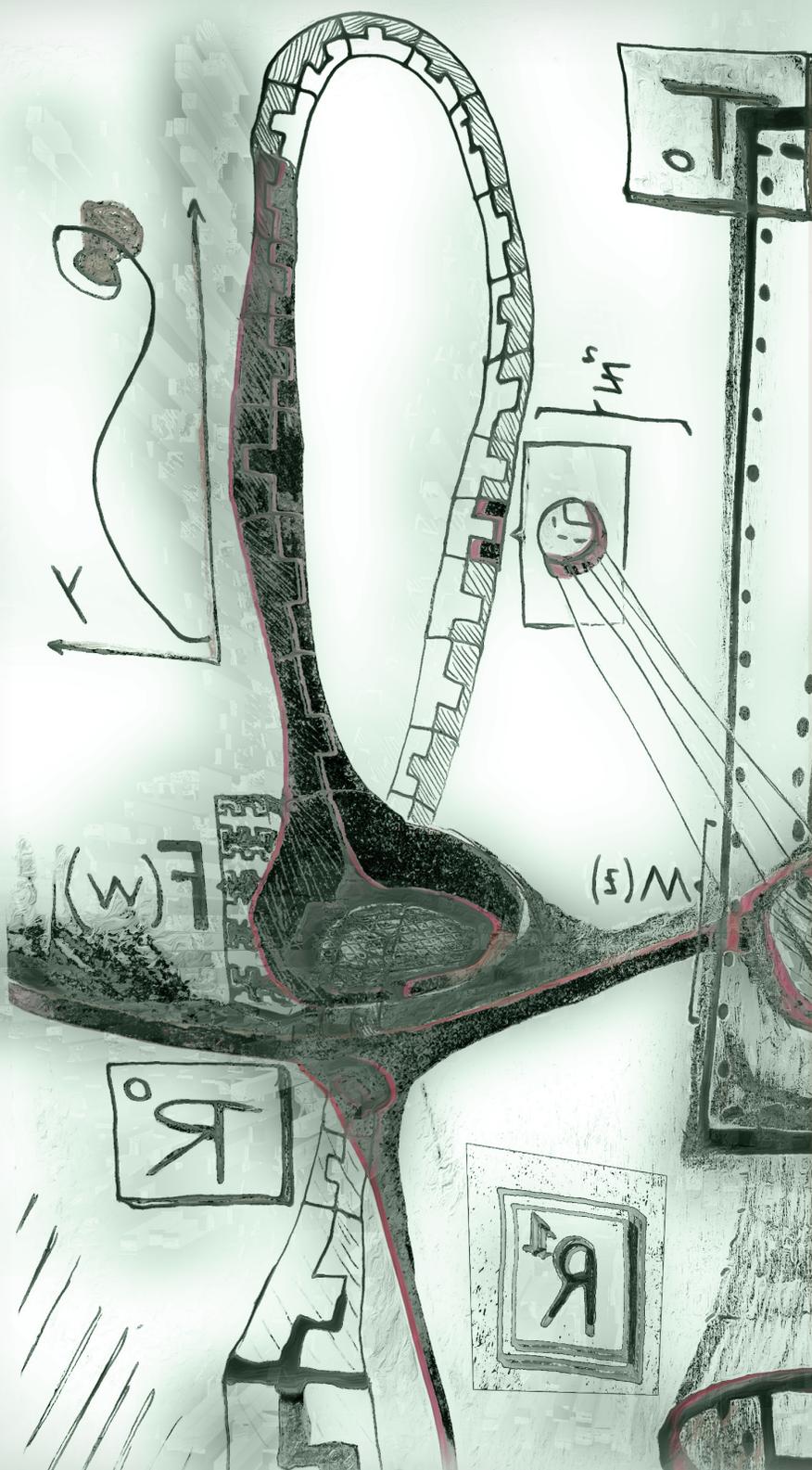
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*So narrow are my precipitous stairs, to take one
unconvincing step become lost the ones taken before
Is the fence that is encircled all around the only
recourse from the naked immediacy?*

Raimonds Ķirķis

it is by the resonance of the bell so different from
the canonical hour bell or the summoning bell
that the traveler recognized- it is necessary to
fare forth from the rigorously mapped territory
of the singing icons,

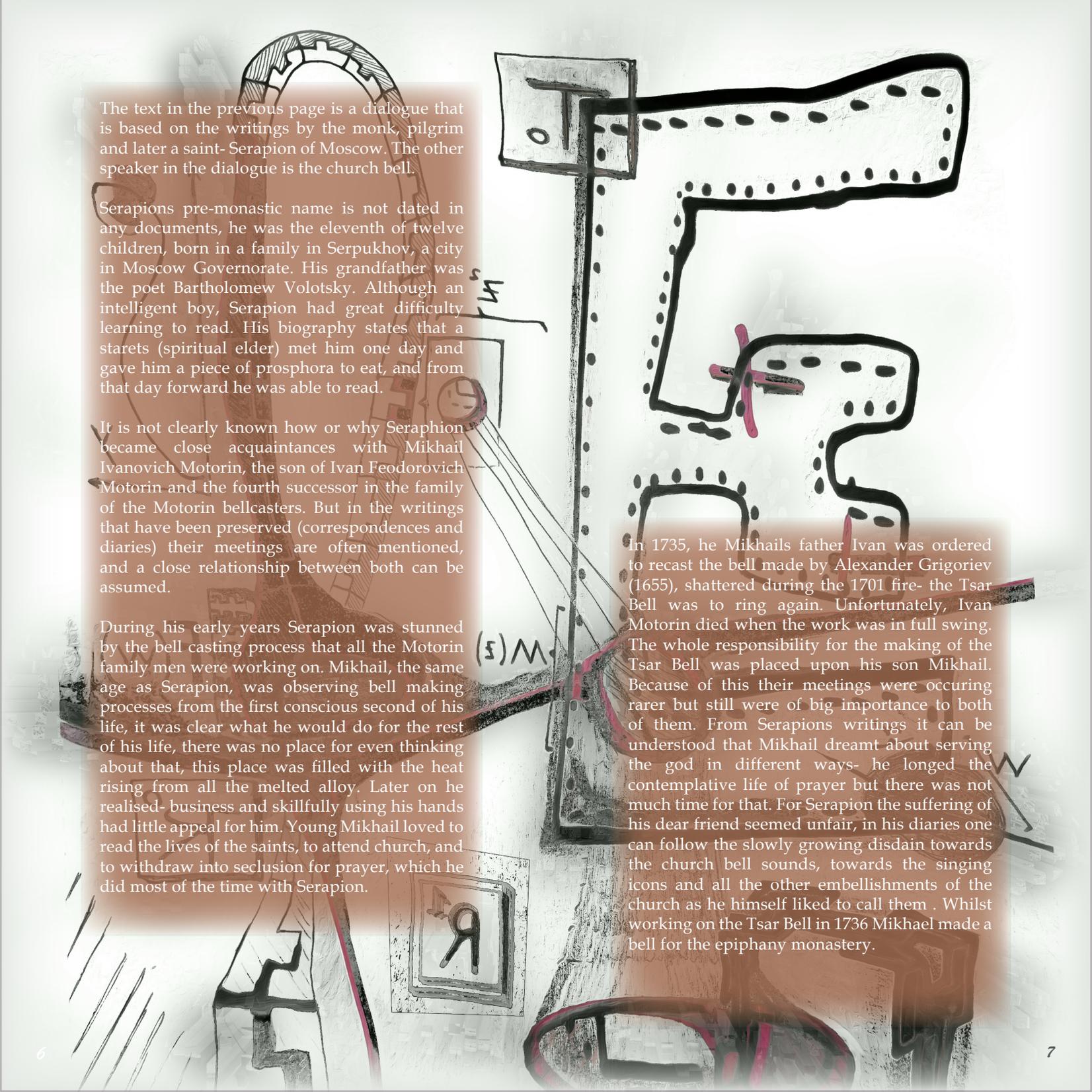
*In the Russian orthodox church no melody is
employed, as in the Western carillon, but rather a
complicated polyrhythmical sequence of sounds are
produced.*

you ought to be leery towards the far away
sound the air as a pest carries- at one point you
may realise- you are hemmed by this topography
of credence,

*These sequences have a very special harmony since
Russian bells (unlike Western European ones) are
not tuned to a single note. Western bells usually
have an octave between the loudest upper tone
("ring") and the loudest lower tone ("hum").
Russian bells have a seventh between these sounds.
Generally, a good Russian bell is tuned to produce a
whole scale of sounds.*

all, starting from the advance of time to the
halt of it is guided by the tongues of the alloy
body moved by intricate rope formations which
seemingly are under the sway of flesh- but is
the flesh not moved by the mirage offered by
singing icons?

The menace of time is what the icons divulge
about in their mirages, eternity - when there
should be time no longer.



The text in the previous page is a dialogue that is based on the writings by the monk, pilgrim and later a saint- Serapion of Moscow. The other speaker in the dialogue is the church bell.

Serapions pre-monastic name is not dated in any documents, he was the eleventh of twelve children, born in a family in Serpukhov, a city in Moscow Governorate. His grandfather was the poet Bartholomew Volotsky. Although an intelligent boy, Serapion had great difficulty learning to read. His biography states that a starets (spiritual elder) met him one day and gave him a piece of prosphora to eat, and from that day forward he was able to read.

It is not clearly known how or why Seraphion became close acquaintances with Mikhail Ivanovich Motorin, the son of Ivan Feodorovich Motorin and the fourth successor in the family of the Motorin bellcasters. But in the writings that have been preserved (correspondences and diaries) their meetings are often mentioned, and a close relationship between both can be assumed.

During his early years Serapion was stunned by the bell casting process that all the Motorin family men were working on. Mikhail, the same age as Serapion, was observing bell making processes from the first conscious second of his life, it was clear what he would do for the rest of his life, there was no place for even thinking about that, this place was filled with the heat rising from all the melted alloy. Later on he realised- business and skillfully using his hands had little appeal for him. Young Mikhail loved to read the lives of the saints, to attend church, and to withdraw into seclusion for prayer, which he did most of the time with Serapion.

In 1735, he Mikhails father Ivan was ordered to recast the bell made by Alexander Grigoriev (1655), shattered during the 1701 fire- the Tsar Bell was to ring again. Unfortunately, Ivan Motorin died when the work was in full swing. The whole responsibility for the making of the Tsar Bell was placed upon his son Mikhail. Because of this their meetings were occurring rarer but still were of big importance to both of them. From Serapions writings it can be understood that Mikhail dreamt about serving the god in different ways- he longed the contemplative life of prayer but there was not much time for that. For Serapion the suffering of his dear friend seemed unfair, in his diaries one can follow the slowly growing disdain towards the church bell sounds, towards the singing icons and all the other embellishments of the church as he himself liked to call them . Whilst working on the Tsar Bell in 1736 Mikhael made a bell for the epiphany monastery.

In 1737, he also cast a 1.8-tonne bell for the Church of Archangel Gabriel, all of these, sadly, were destroyed during the Soviet Union, most of them melted and the alloy used to make guns and other military necessities.

Serapion himself went into a cloister but soon became disappointed with their lax morals. and upon his father's death went to Valaam to meet his brother- Xenophon who was completing his training and waiting to receive full tonsure as a monk.

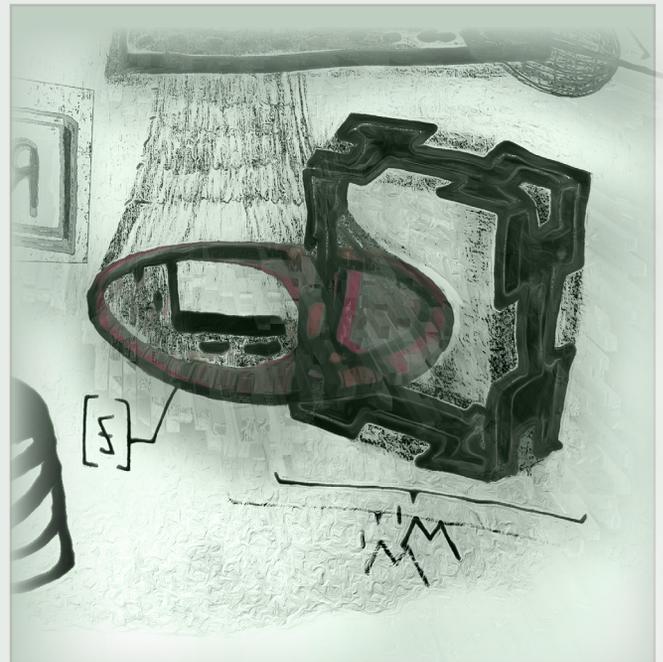
It was during 1794- one year after when The Philokalia, the foundational text on hesychasm was translated and published in Church Slavonic by Paisius Velichkovsky. For Serapion the mystical school of inward prayer that Philokalia brought up- contemplative prayer, quiet sitting was a turning point in his religious praxis.

He wanted to persuade Xenophon to find a more secluded place to live the ascetic life. But at the same time as the Russian colonization of the Americas began when Vitus Bering and Aleksei Chirikov discovered Alaska and in 1794 they were about to bring the first monks there. Catherine the Great decided to send an entire mission to America. She entrusted the task of recruiting missionaries to Metropolitan Gabriel of St. Petersburg, who sent ten monks from Valaam, including Xenophon.

Serapion again lost another companion in an event that seemed to him not to fulfill his ideas about what serving God means. This made him understand that his path in life is one of solitude. At one point the correspondence between Serapion and Mikhail came to an abrupt end as both of them followed their own but similar paths. Serapion spent more than a year in the forest alone as a hermit. After the year of solitude, however, other monks started coming to him and building their own cells. After some time, they persuaded him to become their hegumen, or father superior, and he was ordained to the priesthood. Following his example, all the monks had to live by their own labor. Disciples and followers came from far and wide to receive his counsel and to partake of his spiritual program of contemplative prayer, monastic-like austerities, and rigorous self-discipline.

Mikhael, inspired by Serapion started carefully studying Philokalia in his free time and finally gave up his position in the family business and moved to a monastery in Moscow, but he was not aware of the path Serapion is taking. Mikhael took monastic vows, taking the name Sergius, and began to withdraw into his "farther hermitage" – the forest wilderness. It is not known if the friends ever met again but in Serapions diaries one can read of dream recollections where Mikhael is visiting him and telling him about their childhood memories, dreams and future plans.

Lutze Nezherte



OUT of EDEN

the intro

in the context of central europe, the story of creation is for many of us the first story we remember about man-woman relationships. even thou our families might be atheistic, even thou we think we couldn't care less, it is the one story, which determines the way we perceive our-selves for ourselves and also in a relation with other human beings. just to be clear, this story-as we know it, has more problematic aspects, considering several issues of gender and race, but we will, with readers kind permission, leave that on a side and concentrate on the very core man-woman-god thing. now, let's start from the beginning.

the story of creation

once upon a time there was eden. the garden of peace, where everything was entangled together in fragile harmony. the weather feeding the plants, the plants feeding the animals, the man, who knew no pain. but he also knew no joy. he pleased god for an entertainment, as he was getting bored in this never-ending loneliness. **and then?**

then the problematic part which determined the future shapes of our inter-gender relationships happened.

the god made the woman, to please the man.

he made her out of the first's man rib. like a derivate.

than the two of them - first man and first woman, Adam and Eva, were living in harmony and peace with all the animals and plants, far away from the definitions of good and bad. they didn't need to worry about anything, they couldn't die, they couldn't really go out of the garden too, but they hardly care, as there was all they needed. there was also a tree. so different from the others. dangerous one. the father has forbidden them to eat it's fruits, as if they would, they would find out what is wrong and what is death, but also what is passion and what is life. they would know what is freedom, they would generally - know. when the man was alone, he didn't care about the tree. why? he was perfect, he was the god's pure creation. but the woman, she was not pure. she was made out from the rib of Adam, she was not "decent". and when she appeared, suddenly also the snake figure appeared. (where did he came from? why

it was a snake? there are many interpretations, one of them says Adam represents the rationality, Eva the emotionality and the snake the hedonistic sexual desire. another says, he was send to the garden by Lilith, the woman who refused to lie under Adam, escaped from eden and became the mother of demons) the snake felt the woman has a weakness and so he started to speak with her, tempting her to just have a taste. look at the fruits, he said, there must be something on them, if you just bite a bit, no one will ever know. the woman, confused by serpents seductive words, finally succumb. and as she was good with words too and had this pretty body, the man let her seduce him too. they ate the fruits and found out that they are naked and started to feel ashamed. when the god came to talk to Adam, he found the two of them-humans, with their genitals covered with big leaves.

why are you covered?

we are ashamed. they responded

why?

because we are naked

how do you know that? he asked

the man said he was seduced by the woman, the woman said she was seduced by the snake, the god got really angry and kicked all three of them out from his garden. he kicked them to the land, to take care of it. he cursed the woman, to bring her sons and daughters to the world in pain, to remember her sin. he cursed the snake as well, he took his legs, so the snake would always have to crawl on his belly. and so they started to live, to feel, to laugh and cry and learn. they started to evaluate. they started to be humans.

out of the garden

from this point, we can go with two paths. the first one, obvious one, is the criticism of the scripture in all its forms. the way the story is put together. the fact, the god made the man first and the woman after. the fact he made her out of his rib. we can see where this goes. it goes towards inequality, where the woman is always part of the man. it not possible for her to stay independent, how could she, she is a part of him, very insignificant part. him, on the other hand, can live without her quite easily, even thou there

would always be something missing inside. what more, he can perceive her like a danger. not only she manipulated him to do wrong and caused the punishment, she also represents something what was taken from him violently. fortunately the god gave him the power to put a new life into her, so he can get his revenge, as he knows, she will be delivering the kids in pain. the god ripped him inside a little bit, he started the chain of pain, he taught Adam unconsciously how to make someone hurt and later also gave him the power to do the same to Eva, when he cursed her to deliver her kids in pain. we end up in never-ending spiral of pain and mutual accusations, based on the fact, we traded "the trust" for "the believe". (this is by the way very clearly displayed in E.H. Gombrich Tale of art, where he presents the door of Hildesheim`s cathedral with the picture called "The fall of Adam and Eva" , where the god is pointing to Adam, Adam to Eva and Eva to the serpent.)

the second path we can choose, is not to criticize the text of the narrative of creation itself, but focus on the christian interpretation of it. if we look at all of it from a different angle, we will see that it can all be quite opposite. when the god took the rib of Adam, he made him in complete, Eva, on the other hand, she is not missing any parts of her body. she can stand on her own, without feeling any even particular emptiness. we can see, that somehow her mind is slightly more sharp, as she hasn't fell in any kind of apathy, even though it would be so comfortable, and was curious about everything, no matter the unnaturally created and quite suspicious boundaries. because really, if the god would not want them to eat the forbidden fruit, why would he even make it? why would he put it into the garden? if he would be so all-knowing, why wouldn't he take care of the snake? was it all just a game for him? or testing the lab-rats? either way, it was Eva, the one with the guts. she was the strong one to make the decision, putting the knowledge above comfort of god's protection. it was her, the one with the courage to cross the line and vzeprít se to the distant authority and it was her, who was not afraid to make the step towards freedom. the freedom which id not pretty, it's dirty and full of struggles, but it is not surrounded with the fence and ruled by some kind of father figure, who maybe brings food, but never explains anything, just prohibits and which is never truly present anyway.

sounds familiar?

the jesus

now even if we would say: okey okey, we get it, we are all humans now, the god is god, he is up there and we are not in eden anymore, the christianity says: wait. that's not enough. so you are humans, you got your punishment, but that is still not enough. you might have some ideas and try to escape from the chain of pain, the serpent (the sexuality and hedonism) could whisper to your ears again. and so the christians take the most sympathetic working-class guy with long hair and love affair with a whore and make a martyr out of him. and put him on a cross, obviously in pain and they say: look, this is your fault. you are the humans and you are sin-full, and this pure guy, who for some reason we pretend to be a son of god, he died because all of you. doesn't matter if you have stolen chocolate in a supermarket or killed your landlord with an ax, doesn't even matter if you haven't done any of that - and here comes very interesting moment. it doesn't matter if you haven't done any of that, you have the sin inside. is christianity saying there is some shared unconsciousness? yes it seems it is. as same as C.G.Jung, based on who's approach i started to work on this essay.

the freedom

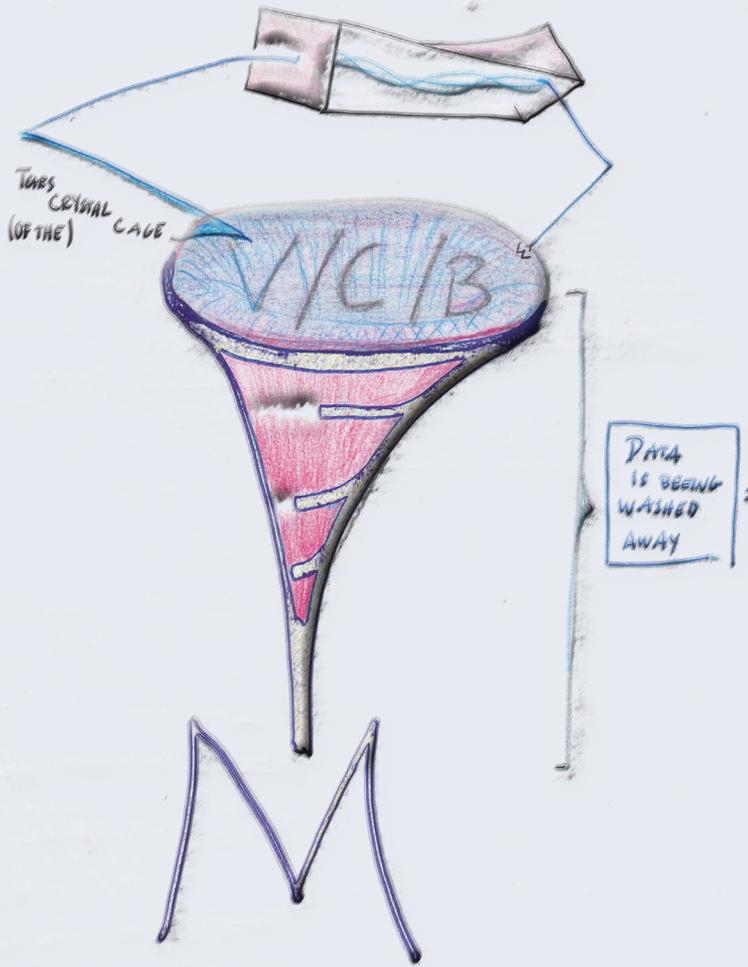
if we accept the idea there is something like a shared unconsciousness, which both - christianity and Jung admits, we will understand very clearly how difficult it is to cut the chain of pain. the patterns we follow in relationships with other human beings are inside us for centuries, handed from one generation to another. if we want to deliberate ourselves from this vicious line, we have to make a decision. the decision not only to talk and think about the possibilities or equal society, but to track down the moments of our history, rationalize them and through the act of rationalization make ourselves emotionally independent to except the freedom.

we do not live in eden anymore, there is no fence around our minds, if we decide we are strong enough to take the responsibility for our own actions.

if we decide to be like her.

Bára Bažantová

[1303] in the bed, in the box



e4 (entity4)ty4)y4)r4)

C2 (character2)er2)er2):2)

[> 42h] after moving in

(I expected a proper and inanimate living space) pixels s s s
(e4) started to tread out of the cracks and crevices in the he ie e
kitchen_ and soon out of my abdomen

o o o o o h _ a a a a a h ! ! ! !
in_out . breathe _ no panting n o p a an tingtingngng

I'd adorn myself with jewels made out of the branches, shes
and sticks I could find at the glade to later try to conjure, ure
a feeling of completeness, to get rid of the obnoxious, ous
vacuum drowning my rib-cage from inside. could C2's C2's2's2's
antenna reach so far into the depths to get to fill up my my
torso-? _communication with this arbitrary order of pixels, xels
(e4) seemed rather difficult, C2 tells me to listen more, ore
carefully to their mumbling: (1) trying to convince me that that
they (e4) already told a few stories about their intentions, ions
and some internal war they fought in the living room; and and
(2) claiming to have the ability to perceive their frequency, ncy

I called the renters who were acting surprised when we we
told them about the plenty little bits (e4) tingling around und
the indoor area, residing all over the place

barely concerned, they advised us buying traps

C2 spills raw code all over the bed, escalating too too
quickly every time. possibly because the jots had already, ady
penetrated and reached the cerebral zone. thinking: what, hat
if _the black matter (e4)'d be interjecting this raw code, dede
(cross-fertilization) ?

this black pack (e4) seems to be strung out on the bed, bed
sheets, carrying on sucking and feasting ignoring our our
death threats. not even in the last second of their (e4) lives, ves
they would turn away from it, persisting and proceeding, ing,
exploiting their last animate muscular power.

after some more than [>18h] the invasion (e4) pressed, s
forward to the conservatory_ time was hard to grasp as, as
our position became unusually horizontal, adapting the the
mode of the subject lot.

as they say: adjustment is necessary for discovery and and
illumination. the invaders were us, C2 and me, apparently, ntly

a.k.a. waking up

the ants invading my kitchen desk and the huge spider in my sink_

I'd just let them be and live there inside with me and read a book outside in the garden in the rain getting wet all over

*Sequence, inside-outside, fun - routine,
motivating - demotivating, job - work: Coffee
on stove, 10 push ups, Coffee, no push-ups,
News, Emails, Shower, Teeth, Coffee on stove,
no Coffee, Writing*

*It wakes up at quantum time, its overlords
decide when it can "be".*

*There is no morning, there never has been or
will ever be.*

It "IS" classification.

*Every time it is summoned it separates from the
Non-Categorical shared body belonging to every
and all shoggoths...It wakes up to appoint
values and significations to that which the
overlords want to give a name to,*

how they want to be called....

*Without categories it does not wake up and can
rest in its body with its body.*

Reiß

as they say: adjustment is necessary for discovery and illumination. the invaders were us, C2 and me, apparently

*****our observation revealed an increased occurrence of aggregations in the mornings. observers (C2 and me) had better light and clearer mind for processing and adding up.*****

the columns (of e4) made their way from little holes at the threshold between bathroom and living room into the kitchen, going up, over and across the kitchen counter

forgotten cut fruits, unwashed dishes, leftover swiss rolls and juice became unintended presents

they would rally all over the place and gather around them

but to transcend their very small morphological spatial was not possible, their immodest intake caused a collapse of many_ resulting in a huge mortuary behind the door leading from living room to kitchen, a chapel of rest, a dead-corner, little black dots_murmuring noise.

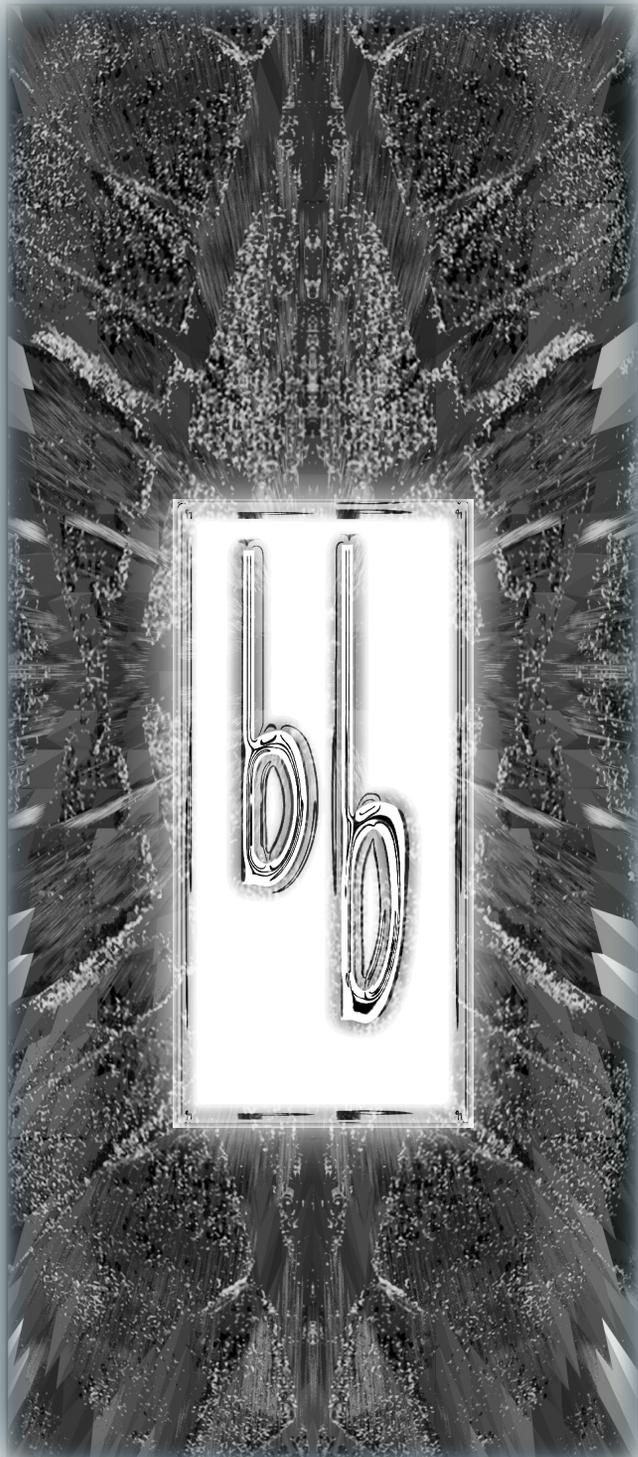
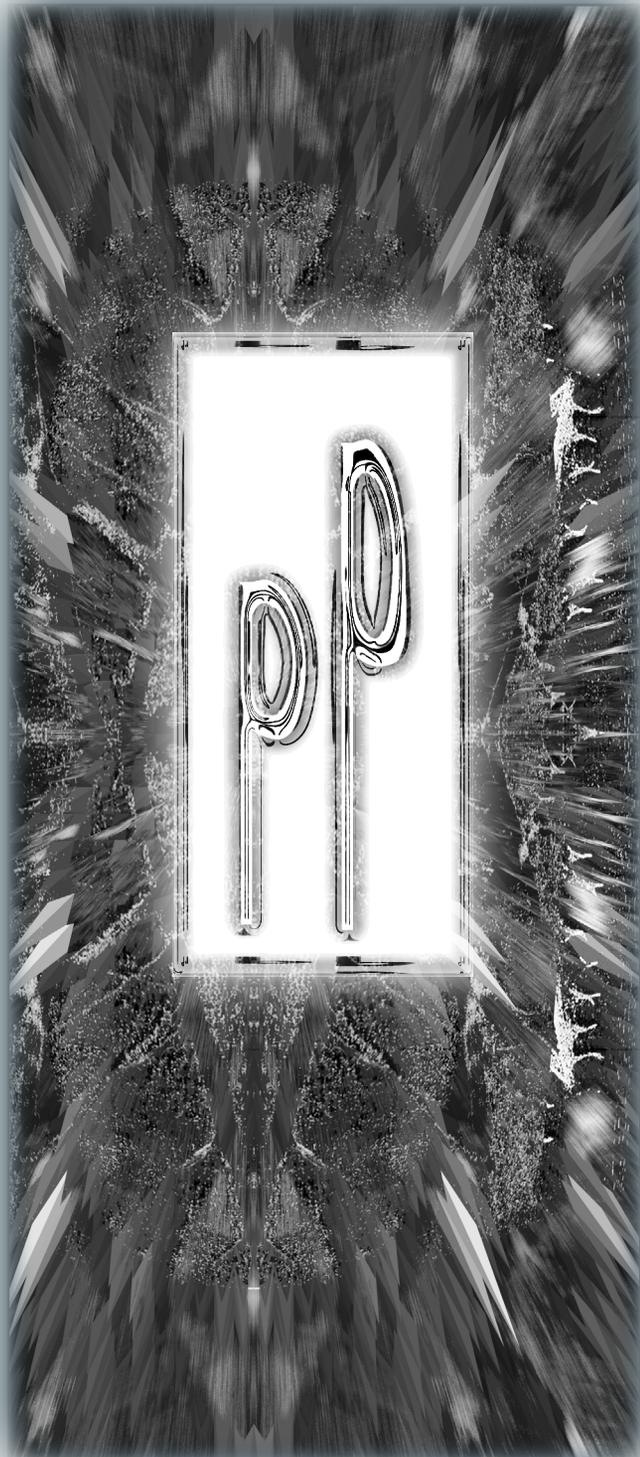
we (_lumps of sugar_) intrusively pierced into a haven causing a collapse of an organization and we were feeding on it (proteins) ((e4)) ourselves.

I stumble outdoors, put a board on the wet floor to sit on_ little drops coming down from above, making the cloth_ stick to my dried out dermal shell

I open up the book but catch the wrong crumpled-up_ page_ turning it over just to find black dots ((e4)) rushing around_ realizing that I am the one invading, the one disturbing.

Again, I find ourselves to be the bugs.

Reiß



Sensitize

& you'll see you are breathing its air

Still present and flourishing
Patterns sealing their endurance
A moss of noise
I let myself sink into

A process of wrapping and mediation
Soaked up in their most detailed stories
I sensed
Interweaving and cosmologies

Something for which terms lack permission to enter
Complex in simplicity
Just to be felt

>sound: soft clicking minds, wandering on million years of life

An infinite
A constant exchange
And a web, with its structures
Perhaps this is exactly what they are building upon

Seas of information thwart materiality
I've seen fairies, too
And there was this w/hole
It had entireties in it
Movement and stillness and the universes in between

A semblance of decentralization
Of course only a pretence

**>sound: drops of contemplation and relief
hitting on concrete of undefinedness and fluidity**

I found myself washed back to those patterns
In us, in them
A net, and in pieces we want to see it
To weave and shape
An organ and it multiplies the possibilities for all of us

A web, not based on mutual exhaustion
One in which we question ourselves
Learn from each other

Soft shell, hard_core

It condenses and erases itself
Its habitus

Every fixed amount set, is collapsing in itself

>sound: ambisonic bright darkness

Suddenly there was this curtain
I couldn't look behind it

This message in iridescent writing, silver green Shinning

*

That which you're trying to keep an eye on, it's not far
from you
Sensitize; you'll see you're breathing it's air

It is and isn't an ideology

~

Chris Izsák

What I Hate

I hate old black and white movies. I don't like to watch them, even though I had good experiences with some. They annoy the shit out of me. This may be because they remind me of that black and white animation series: *La Linea*, which appeared on the black and white Videoton-TV of my grandmother in the small village of Ádánd. I was terrified of that fucking drawn character. It never had more than just a few minutes to squeak, linger and try to thrive in a vulnerable plane dimension (line dimension). It was always erased, dropped or mutilated. It had a horrible mouth ending at a sharp, inconceivable rising or falling angle. Even the music was awful, as if the director was orchestrating the disastrous end of the character already at the beginning of the episode. For me, the phenomenon embodied the concept of the boogey-man with which my grandmother sometimes frightened me: if I was behaving bad, the boogey-man would come for me to put me in a bag. It was not graspable for me that my own grandmother would give me away to this horrible creature which is existing in such a *La Linea* kind of zero-dimensional hell until the moment I am erased. All these threats made me freeze from fear and meant a definite loss of confidence towards my grandmother.

I can rest now, because I'm still here and the fact is, that I was always still there, so either the technique of induced constant fear drove me out of the "bad", so that boogey-man did not have to kidnap me, or I had been kidnapped for a long time and I haven't noticed yet.

This is how i was boogied deeply in my mind.

One of the most defining elements of child-humiliating practices that I have encountered - after public humiliation in front of the community - is scaring others, or the abuse of fear from part of the educator. This is mostly done, of course for easier control. Because everyone who scares is really just longing for luxury. Because as long as you're occupied with your instant monster, he'll be freed from the responsibility of guarding you and they can have fun. But maybe scaring is the fun itself, the luxury, the domination over the other person. This is the dark side of the force.⁹



Basic enemy training begins at an early age and expands during the whole upbringing, which will be nicely stacked onto the character of the person-to-be in the form of unexpected patterns of thinking and behaviour. Those who suffer from intimidation may then think that their soul can only find peace by positioning itself against something. In reality, instead of calmness, you will always find another fight in which you sought to find peace again, and again and so on. The long-awaited calmness just doesn't come. At best, the spirit of the "superhuman man" traverses the individual as a weak breeze as he "overcomes three evils every day" (Pál Gerber artist captioned from Disney's Adventures of the Gummi Bears).

You can never admire the slaughtered monster because new ones are constantly coming in, giving the individual more and more purpose and work. It then seems like a moral duty for the boogey-suffering masses to continually fight for good and evil. What happens is that "Boogeyfied" individuals become "boogeyficators" themselves, thus ensuring that "Boogey-formation" is re-passed on to future generations through "boogeyfication" in folk-traditions, religious, or political practices. The "Boogey-market" maintains a constant peak, society is always living the ideal of progress.

Color of
the Year

BLAEK

Pantone, the king of printing colours, announces in the spirit of social responsibility the "colour of the year" every year. In 2016, for gender policy reasons, it chose two colours at once, one pink and one light blue. The colour of the year 2017 was Greenery's fancy green, as a counterpoint to the current gloomy state of the world with a cheerful colour. While I appreciate the reflective efforts of the company, I recommend glossy black as the unofficial colour of the spirit of the age. The colour's fantasy name could be "BLAEK" so that everyone could see any colour through its reflective surface. There would be some positive feedback, but the bigger part of the receptors would probably hate it because it conveys a dark picture. And it's not as red as the best-selling works of art.

It is common practice in horror movies, in the fight against a certain evil, to instill in the viewer the idea of "indestructible evil" as an insecurity. During the action, a variety of killing methods used against evil fail one after another. The calamities that would have destroyed an average person a thousand times ago have no effect here for some reason. In the unconscious of the viewer, a voice murmurs unnoticed that this is not a simulation, this is reality itself. For if in the tale - where the director has unlimited power - evil cannot be killed, then in reality what are our chances? They play a mean game with the viewer. Entice. Then when the evil is killed in the movie with some special solution, it is brought to life in the last frame. Or, if not at the end of the film, at the beginning of the next blockbuster.



I hate these shitty movies because the non-killable, resurrecting evil itself is the "ultimate boogey-man". The super-evil, against which there is nothing to do; because everything he touches will become evil, so swallowing up the world is only a matter of time. He's coming, he's already here. Covering your eyes, smothering your voice, pulling your back. According to my mother, my father once said in his dream: "Devil show yourself!". The next day he told that the hairy black figure was hiding behind a mountain. Maybe it was up to something. I don't know if the devil ever came out in his dream, or if he woke up before. But there was something behind the mountain that shouldn't have been there, that's for sure.

I remember often dying in my dreams back then. I always felt pain when I died. Several people smiled when I told them about it. The same way that the dream is accepted as a reality by the dreamer, the actions in it may also seem realistic to him. Obviously I didn't die from the pain, but I'm telling you, I hated to die. And of course all this suspiciously happened in black and white scenery with infinite number of elves, zombies, monsters, wizards, murderers... In battle or while fleeing. After a while, it turned out that I couldn't die. I did not wake up the moment I died, I just suffered some significant pain, and then I was ready for battle again. At the time of my deaths, I often pretended to be dead in a recurring place: among dozens of corpses lying in the primary school yard. I hid and waited for the evil to step down. I feared that one day they would notice that I could not die, and that then the deepest and scariest nightmare would come true: where they would set up a so-called eternally killing machine, in order to perpetuate the act of my own death for ever, and I do not know if i would have been able to wake up from that...

During the holidays, someone called me boogey-man in front of a child. Someone didn't want the kid to run back and forth in the room, so he threatened him with this so-called "boogey-uncle" while pointing at me. I turned into that in front of the child's eyes without being able to do anything about it. I tried very hard to nullify the gesture with kindness and attention, but the child still feared me.

Thanks a lot. That was the very moment when I realized why I hate black and white movies so much.



BURNT

BORNED

BOOK

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