



Things become the thing which they dance
Around around around
while doing their thing
their thing their thing
A pool
A plate of food
An ice cube
A dress
A screen
They agree
They don't agree
They move on
They stay still

CHOIR
She is standing next to him while he do things, do things, do things
He is thinking of her while she see things, see things, see things
He is touching her while she feel things, feel things, feel things
She is loosing him while he merge into things, into things, into things.

YEAH YEAH THAT'S FINE.

ACT III

ACT IV

LET'S MAKE IT CLEAR, TRANSPARENT, BRIGHT AS GLASS!

WRITER

This, that we do, to communicate with others using words - using written symbols or vocal speech - becomes the vortex of connection. You interpret me, by reading my words which I sign as mine. You voice me your opinion and I attribute it to your experience of life. By exchanging these codes we agree that we become more knowledgeable of each other. I can predict your actions, your desires, your needs because you shared your thoughts with me. Your inner world becomes accessible to others. Your leaky self is revealed and this abstraction becomes usable and valued in relation. I choose my words to be understood. Did I? Did you?

Text by Maira Botelho

Printed on the occasion of the exhibition *Marbles* by Thyra Dragseth & Sofie Amalie Andersen at Pachinko, August 2024

Meanwhile: Portugal experiences heavy rainfall.

Choir: Oh me and you, you and me. Come on just grow up! We are all alone in this play.

Writer: It all became a game, a kind of competition: who accumulates more and more yeses than noes. One can only win if there are two playing the game but my desire was always to be one, and only one with you.

Artist to artist: How did we get here? I don't know the entrance or the way out, but I trust you.

Meanwhile: Over the course of an afternoon, a snail traversed the left concrete wall of the backyard, covering a distance of 8 meters. Its trail was left gleaming and slimy.

Reaction: Being and worlding depends on the activity of reaching-towards.

Previously: She touched his face as if she was touching a marble bust. He, frozen in time. She couldn't have anticipated the inconsistency of one's self.

Artist to artist: How honest should I be? We are friends but you don't get me, do you? Life is different for us. It just is. I want to cry. I am trying not to cry in front of you. Do you ever cry? Does it makes sense for you? I would love to see you cry.

Writer: I look in the mirror and see all these layers surrounding my body. They form this unity of self, making me recognizable as an individual human. Afterwards I am in a coffee shop, writing these words, and I observe all the bodies around me, sharing the same humanness, the same layers of cells, epidermis, capillaries, eye cells, and mucous membranes. Visibly, I see five openings: the mouth, the two ears, and the offices of the nose. I don't say it out loud, but I imagine these words coming out of my own opening. "Hey stranger, let me touch you," and this sound reverberating, reaching all the ears around me. I visualize the vibration traveling through the air, resonating within their bodies, their neural pathways interpreting this sound, transforming it from mere vibration into meaning, and from meaning into a decision.

Choir: They fell all over again, again and again.

ACT II

YOU REACHED THE BORDER, TURN AROUND
AND MURMUR ON MY EAR, PLEASE!

ALL PLAYERS

Marble to person: You touched my cold surface with your delicate fingers, cradling me gently between your thumb and index finger. I levitated by your will, guided towards your mouth. The warmth and liquidity of your saliva cause me to lose my balance, plunging me into the darkness within you. I don't know for how long I stayed in that dark, intimate place until you delivered me to another. His lips touched me first, and the sensation was different. She became he, and you became her. Now, it is you who hold me, and I can sense your tension. You weren't expecting me. Your eyes dart towards her, seeking reassurance. You sense her presence lingering in me, a silent testament to the connection you share. You want to reach out and touch her, to bridge the distance between you two, but you hesitate. You need me. I am the medium, the conduit, the tangible thread that binds you together.

Previously: (relationships) forms when a pre-existing (self) is heated to such extreme temperatures that the (love) grows larger and fuses together. The dark, foliated differences cutting through are a different kind of metamorphic (subjectivity) as a response to intense pressure.

Meanwhile: A group of ants meticulously organize themselves, moving with silent efficiency to transport the sugar crumbs dropped by a human from the floor to their colony. Observing closely, one can see how they lightly touch each other with their antenna and occasionally with their front legs, a delicate communication that resembles a wellrehearsed choreography.

Reaction: Love: the expansion of Self.

Artist to artist: I really try to spit it out. To spit it out. To just say it. Say what I mean. I mean too much and I can not just say it I have to show it. I show it and you say: "No it's not what I wanted. I needed you to mean it to mean it." I am meaning, am I not meaning? Does it mean anything to you?

Choir: Aren't we all tired of metaphors? Can't we just be factual? Give me the real deal for fuck's sake!

Writer: When we meet someone we start a timeline which require both presences. Every time this relationship has a conflict it opens a new timeline which also requires each presence. Both selfs fragment in all the timelines. In the actual timeline the presence starts to become weaker and weaker for both sides.

Marble to person: I know that my image puzzles you. You see me as an enclosed world in it self. An unreachable terrain protected by my perfect symmetry. Isn't your world big enough for you?

