

What's up positivity gang

When you're passionate you'll always succeed

Watch your back two times before looking at a flower

Enclosed by the cotton pocket surfacing my skin or on the foam mattress next to my pillow. The weight of it makes me on guard, open for business at all hours. Voluntarily I've made different vibration patterns in the notification settings, to get a feel of what's going on

SMS: short vibration

Instagram: short tick (pulse)

Whatsapp: 2x short tick (pulse)

Tinder match: S.O.S.

Email: 2x short vibration

Grindr: no vibration/no notification

intimate

inanimate

intruding

bodily wallpapers

zen garden patterns

droplets of water

seeping out the ridges

After i fixed the bike chain my hands were dry from washing away the oil. I made my way to weleda on maps. Schwäbisch Gmünd with satellite mode on, the first thing I look for is water, rivers, coastline. In this town the highway more or less lids the river, some places elevated on top of it, protecting the water, cars synchronising with the flow of the stream

mom made me thin
juice with water
eat oranges with gloves
keeping my zest
from blossoming

on the wall of a violet blue 80s concrete castle along the river:

WELEDA

in the box
a user manual set with micro letters on
thin paper folded in 8, then 3

I rest my hands
on your instructions
a heavenly touch
I make curves, slopes
mountains rise
paper touched once
new topography emerging
on the way to the bin

thinking about
erosions
in the hallway
I met someone

We had a short conversation about loneliness. After connecting over a mutual wish of more fluid spontaneous connections we said goodbye followed by me throwing in:

I HAVE A CUCUMBER PLANT

from across the room. I'd already said too much. I decided that I wouldn't add any more context, keeping the rest of the message to myself. Although I just wanted to say you can have one, since I have too many and I won't have enough space to keep them all as they grow

hydrophile
hydrophilic
hydrophallic

sweating
some more in
some shops
than others
passing by flowers
holding my breath
raised shoulders
arms straight down
must not break the stems
during jacket sleeve transportation

mountain dew
heavenly touch
nurturing the soil

absurd its absorbities

hyper
hidro
sis

is
she/they
it
guys
burls

please

bro
must not break the stem
dawg

STOP

collecting
drops
from strangers

picking flowers
along highways

hyper
hidro
sissy

When you entered the door we immediately established eye contact, nicely, awkwardly we both said hi, even though the person you were with led you in another direction. I was looking for you around the building that day, our eyes met again in the glass hallway, later purposefully ignoring you passing through the main entrance. I couldn't remember your face or how you looked, although I remember your hair dark, long stretched body, cute kind-of half smile. When you appeared at the party later on, my intense excitement made me ignore you with an accordingly intense casualness. The kind of casual intensity that makes my body shake, sweat, my hands desperately fiddling towards something to hold onto. A nervous search for physical grounding. Alternating between wrapping my palms around my cotton jeans and the tablecloth.

I have no memory of what we talked about when you sat down next to me, but at some point I touched your hand, or you touched mine- probably the first. I don't remember the conversation surrounding the touch, it was probably absorbed by all the bodies and textiles in the space, to the extent ironic 2000's fashion has the ability to contain anything at all. I noticed you used the back of your hand to stroke my arm, which made me weirdly excited. I started caressing your arm purposefully with my sweaty palms. The friction of wet skin on dry, the pulling of arm hair. My nervousness burst into excitement as our palms met,

realizing yours were as sweaty as mine. Not an oily, greasy touch, but the mutually moist meeting of two sets of skins. A different kind of friction, absorbity in balance. My explosive feeling of validity and self acceptance, made me linger in this touch, hungry to freeze the moment, extending the caress. I guess my empowerment made you uncomfortable, unsure, self conscious. You wanted it to stop, you were finished.

even though you forgot
to give me the receipt
I got back to doing my taxes

like a simple garden watering system
the ridges of the fingerprint has tiny holes
sweat glands
that make it impossible
to give a good scan of your fingertips
if nervous in the passport control

a silverfish speeds around splashes on the ground

Steve Jobs made it clear that one of the design goals for OS X was that "when you saw it you wanted to lick it". Cleaning up and brightening the grey of the past from OS 8 and 9, the Aqua interface was significant for its buttons designed with a gel or glass like effect which tech writer David Pogue described as "Lickable globs of Crest Berrylicious Toothpaste Gel". Learning to copy this look in illustrator filled my evenings as a kid, specializing in making jelly blobs and droplets using the circle tool, gradient tool and gaussian blur. Apply to: birthday invitations, posters for moms maternity clinic and school papers

Breathing heavily on the window unveils a touch from the past as the fog appears around the grease film. Unsuccessfully placing my hand to restage the touch I add new shapes, breathing again both new and old touches have merged into an even more smudgy shape, catching the light from the outside

moist activities:

shopping

handshakes

group meetings

performing

making lists

.....

.....

.....

puddles on the floor as I walk in
walk around
walk out
leaving footprints
an easy path to track if you're quick
but rapidly dissolving
like timebomb nudes
sent privately
with screenshots disabled

Tapping the maps icon again. Feeling the touch screen respond to my touch, a little tapback. Exchanging the physical home buttons from earlier smartphone models with touch sensors, taptics engines were introduced. An advanced vibration system, allowing for physical “tap-backs” or vibrations, intending to give the user the tactile sensation of pushing actual buttons and knobs or turning time wheels.

I place my finger on the beach, tap and hold to set the pin, in an instant it shows me pictures and crucial information about the beach, like how many kilometers from my current position to there. The tap swallows me.

is it kilometers by road
or grindr kilometers?
these are airborne
no obstacles, no detours

Turning off the light to sleep I felt a cooling sensation. From the plastic button goes a pipe carrying the electric cables, that must lead to a room with higher air pressure, an airstream is being transported through the 1mm spacing between the switches. From the outside? Or someone else's flat? Some people like fresh air, I enjoy it most when I haven't had it for a while. Damp feet leave footprints on the dark stone floor passing through the kitchen to the garden, traces that vapourize in a matter of seconds on a warm day. But unlike a snail's slime trail, sweat primarily consists of water and electrolytes and is intended to cool the body off when too hot, while the snail's slime (mucus) is a gel consisting of a polymer network that functions as a protective layer for its exposed vulnerable bodily surfaces

My hands have a loose grip on the paper, with the thumbs facing me on each side of the bottom half, bending it slightly towards me like a half pipe to control my viewing angle. I want to be able to see the whole page as I read. It smudges between my thumbs and index fingers, massaging it, feeling the paper hungrily absorbing me. Distracted from my bodily response I start from the top of the text again. Before reading through the page the paper starts to dissolve around my fingertips, strings of paper roll back and forth between my fingertips

my skin softens
It's a scrub
remains of essential oils
and shea butter
mix with the batter
caring for, massaging
feeling, sensing, nurturing

biking around the lake I wore the same shirt as in my
grindr profile pic

water poured on the ground like a G
people used to say dawg instead of bro
I don't hear that no more
my former dawg
turned into a bro
winking all the time

from our ongoing touch
a droplet
I am not comfortable with handshakes anymore
but I love spooning
or I love the idea of spooning
wondering what shower oil they would recommend

kicked out of the bar
I walk home face down
alongside the river
lit up by grindr
my friend calls me
the lily of the valley

a dead silverfish on my breakfast plate
at least twice a week

I wasn't too much for him, was I?
forcing him to indulge in my sweat transmission therapy
staring bluntly into his eyes

isn't it wonderful?
isn't it marvelous?

mutual precipitation
mutual excitement level
mutual caress

for a second

enjoy the breeze

sweaty palms
resort
palm oil free

hot springs
calm

call me
hands free

- Excuse me what's your excitement hours?
- Phones don't approve fingerprints during excitement hours

Borrowing books from friends sure comes with discomfort trying to flip the pages over pinching only using my long fingernails, leaving the book on the table neck stretched over keeping it open using the breakfast plate as a weight

Please, can I just have a puddle for my silverfish to marvel in, something for them to inspect, oils to enjoy, bits of dry skin to feast on, some starch clung to a hair to examine. Caring for the greasy keys on the computer keyboard exercising a higher sensitivity. My body intersects with the rest of the world through these buttons, my fingers elegantly glide over the pacific island shaped grease between G F T R keys. Lifting the microphone to see the computer screen as my trickle tap dance the keyboard keys someone complains why scissor keyboards were turned into butterfly keyboards, saving space? Writing comfort? Butterfly wings opened up for more dust and dirt to be stored and cared for in the cracks making the keys gradually less responsive

Disappearing back into the maps made me realize spring is my favorite season for street view. The shifting weather confronts an enormous resistance towards putting on socks in the morning, and as I pull up at a gas station in Virginia to look at a bird cherry I feel my feet and palms turn cold. I place my right foot on top of the left, toes aligned, palms flat on each side of the keyboard over the speakers, it's warmer in the back towards the screen. Body aligned in a symmetrical pose I lift my chin and sing along with the buzzing autotuned voice:

„Some burls are never found. They hide on the floor of the ocean ground. No one knows they're there. But the burl knows. I am my own secret“

that night I woke up at 3am. Face all wet having drooled
through the pillow, immediately shameful about the lack
of a pillow case

hire me at checkouts worldwide
snatch bank notes receipts open fruit bags in an instant

cats and dogs lose their winter fur
from this caress

heavenly touch
It's moist
but it's by choice
it's wonderful
and marvelous

pouring water on the floor to wet my socks
to get a better grip
there goes the coffee stain
a sunflower seed
was changing my socks anyways

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B I E D
N N A L

BODØ BIENNALE

