

***This is what wellness sounds like***

**Peter Fritzenwallner - Kolektyw Łaski**

**(Jagoda Kwiatkowska, Julia Golachowska, Anna Shimomura)**

**Special guest: Wilde Agoba**

**Eröffnung am Donnerstag: 24. Oktober 2024, 19 Uhr**

**Ausstellungsdauer: 25. Oktober bis 29. November 2024**

**Mittwoch bis Freitag, 15 bis 19 Uhr**

*Is this what wellness sounds like? Or is this what catastrophe sounds like? In this project, we explore the concept of mindfulness and engage with difficult emotions we all experience in the face of the climate catastrophe. Together with Peter Fritzenwallner, we have created a space for reflection, meditation and a deeper understanding of our feelings surrounding the fast-approaching apocalypse.*

*We invite you into this kind space to sit, stretch, listen and breathe through the pain and mourning for our planet. In our sound installation titled „This is what wellness sounds like“ we approach popular mindfulness (or ‘McMindfulness’) critically and seek to reclaim its original political potential.*

Is this what wellness sounds like? Or is this what catastrophe sounds like? In this project, we explore the concept of mindfulness and engage with difficult emotions we all experience in the face of the climate catastrophe. Together with Peter Fritzenwallner, we have created a space for reflection, meditation and a deeper understanding of our feelings surrounding the fast-approaching apocalypse. We invite you into this kind space to sit, stretch, listen and breathe through the pain and mourning for our planet. In our sound installation titled This is what wellness sounds like, we approach popular mindfulness (or ‘McMindfulness’) critically and seek to reclaim its original political potential.

During the opening of the exhibition we invite the public for a performative workshop - we'll exercise the power of voice with sound purification and sing our lungs out chanting mainstream pop hits turned into climate protest songs. Together we will try to turn mindfulness into a practice of political awareness.

Works:

“Jeszcze Ziemia nie zginęła”/“The Earth is not yet lost”, 2020 video, 2'50

Once the melody of the Polish national anthem is slowed down, it resembles the apocalyptic soundtrack or a song of whales. We have re-written the lyrics of the Polish national anthem into a song mourning the mass extinction.

“This is what wellness sounds like”, 2024 sound installation, 37'27

The work plays with the convention of guided meditations and ASMR videos while putting across the political meanings found in academic texts by feminist and decolonial scholars. With our soft voices and whispers we invite you to engage with critical academic texts, within this non-academic, non-hierarchical space. Theories can be beautiful and poetic. The hope that they convey can perhaps help us reach a form of relaxation that we can afford in these difficult times.

Texts used: “Szczeliny Istnienia” [Cracks in Existence] Jolanta Brach-Czaina, Maria Lugones “Toward a Decolonial Feminism”, Astrida Neimanis – “Bodies of Water, Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology”, Carolyn Merchant’s – “The Death of Nature, Women, Ecology, and the Scientific Revolution”, Susan Griffin – “Woman and Nature, The Roaring Inside Her”, Rachel Carson – “Silent Spring”.

Kolektyw Łaski (Julia Golachowska, Jagoda Kwiatkowska, Anna Shimomura) is a feminist art collective based in Warsaw focused on socially engaged projects that explore themes of history, memory, and identity. Their work critiques capitalism, the rise of nationalism, and government inaction in the face of the climate catastrophe. Kolektyw employs various media, including performance, sound, and video art, and their artistic practice often involves collective singing, listening, writing, and bodily movement. The collective has participated in over 20 exhibitions in Poland and abroad and is proud to be a part of the Secondary Archives: [https:// secondaryarchive.org/](https://secondaryarchive.org/)  
<https://www.kolektywlaski.com/>

This is what wellness sounds like

Peter Fritzenwallner and Kolektyw Łaski: Jagoda Kwiatkowska, Julia Golachowska, Anna Shimomura

Klingt das nach Wellness? Oder klingt das nach Katastrophe? In diesem Projekt erkunden wir das Konzept von Achtsamkeit und setzen uns mit den schwierigen Emotionen auseinander, die wir alle angesichts der Klimakatastrophe erleben. Gemeinsam mit Peter Fritzenwallner haben wir einen Raum geschaffen, der zur Reflexion, Meditation und einem tieferen Verständnis unserer Gefühle angesichts der schnell herannahenden Apokalypse einlädt. Wir laden Sie ein, in diesem einladenden Raum zu sitzen, sich zu dehnen, zuzuhören und den Schmerz und die Trauer um unseren Planeten zu atmen. In unserer Klanginstallation mit dem Titel Das ist der Klang von Wellness nähern wir uns der populären Achtsamkeit (oder „McMindfulness“) kritisch und versuchen, ihr ursprüngliches politisches Potenzial zurückzugewinnen.

Während der Ausstellungseröffnung laden wir die Öffentlichkeit zu einem performativen Workshop ein – wir üben die Kraft der Stimme mit Klangreinigung und singen uns die Lunge aus dem Leib, indem wir Mainstream-Pophits in Klimaprotestsongs umwandeln. Gemeinsam werden wir versuchen, Achtsamkeit in eine Praxis des politischen Bewusstseins zu verwandeln.

Werke:

„Jeszcze Ziemia nie zginęła”/„Solange wir leben”, 2020 video, 2’50

Sobald die Melodie der polnischen Nationalhymne verlangsamt wird, ähnelt sie einem apokalyptischen Soundtrack oder dem Gesang von Walen. Wir haben den Text der polnischen Nationalhymne zu einem Lied umgeschrieben, das das Massenaussterben betrauert.

„This is what wellness sounds like”, 2024 Klanginstallation, 37’27

Das Werk spielt mit der Konvention geführter Meditationen und ASMR-Videos, während es die politischen Bedeutungen vermittelt, die in akademischen Texten feministischer und dekolonialer Theoretikerinnen zu finden sind. Mit unseren sanften Stimmen und Flüstern laden wir Sie ein, sich mit kritischen akademischen Texten in diesem nicht-akademischen, nicht-hierarchischen Raum auseinanderzusetzen. Theorien können schön und poetisch sein. Die Hoffnung, die sie vermitteln, kann uns vielleicht zu einer Form der Entspannung verhelfen, die wir uns in diesen schwierigen Zeiten leisten können.

Verwendete Texte: „Szczeliny Istnienia“ [Risse des Daseins] von Jolanta Brach-Czaina, Maria Lugones „Toward a Decolonial Feminism“, Astrida Neimanis „Bodies of Water, Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology“, Carolyn Merchant – „The Death of Nature, Women, Ecology, and the Scientific Revolution“, Susan Griffin – „Woman and Nature, The Roaring Inside Her“, Rachel Carson – „Silent Spring“.

Kolektyw Łaski (Julia Golachowska, Jagoda Kwiatkowska, Anna Shimomura) ist ein feministisches Kunstkollektiv mit Sitz in Warschau, das sich auf sozial engagierte Projekte konzentriert, die Themen wie Geschichte, Erinnerung und Identität erkunden. Ihre Arbeiten kritisieren den Kapitalismus, den Aufstieg des Nationalismus und die Untätigkeit der Regierungen angesichts der Klimakatastrophe. Kolektyw nutzt verschiedene Medien, darunter Performance-, Klang- und Videokunst. Ihre künstlerische Praxis umfasst oft gemeinsames Singen, Zuhören, Schreiben und körperliche Bewegung. Das Kollektiv hat an über 20 Ausstellungen in Polen und im Ausland teilgenommen und ist stolz darauf, Teil des Secondary Archives zu sein: [https:// secondaryarchive.org/](https://secondaryarchive.org/)  
<https://www.kolektywlaski.com/>

**Jolanta Brach-Czajna**

**“Szczeliny Istnienia” / “Cracks in Existence”**

What is invisible is often hidden in cracks, crevices, and fissures leading inward, beneath the surface, to the other side of reality. Yet, it is the same reality.

---

It is worth noting that intimate experience, so delicate and fleeting, draws incredible power from its placement within the universal order. A single gesture, sometimes barely marked by the hand, a word, a whisper – though personally very important to us, would be irrevocably lost if not for the grand orchestration offered by the community of beings. Thanks to it, our whisper becomes a monumental whisper. Every gesture of love, every expression of it, gains strength through repetition, through timeless, natural rituals, in which even flawed love joins the rushing force, accepted equally alongside complete love, which, however, carves out the channel, giving it a shape capable of absorbing and hiding the imperfect forms. On the other hand, universal experience becomes alive and human only through personal participation in it.

When I draw in air, the anonymous processes of breathing transform into my breath of the world. One could say that we are something like a natural fusion of intimate and universal forms of being. Our personal experience extends not only beyond ourselves but also beyond human experience toward full universality, toward full existence, which we embody and indicate with our individual presence. Thus, my body becomes the body of the world and a universal spirit, and love extends far beyond the person who provoked it.

It is easy to see that each of us is a crack in reality. Not only for others but for ourselves as well. The world cracks open at the spot where we exist. Here, eternally repeated actions change their character and transform into surprisingly vivid, secret experiences. When we slip into this fold of the world, we see that the crack we constitute absorbs everything and subordinates the entire accessible reality to itself. It gives the world perspective. Whatever can be experienced relates to this fold. It sucks in the entire accessible world while also bringing it forth. We perceive our own existence within the crack, not on the surface, because it surprises us, it astonishes us, it is dark.

Water is warm. Green. Fragrant. In the air, one can also sense the aroma of warmed herbs. This is a brief moment of laziness, where bodies touch only through glances. Through the air. Through the water. But a random movement is enough to disrupt the peace. Even if a shared bath is an occasion for the kindest jokes, caresses, and tenderness, it is worth paying attention to its other purposes. The bath awakens the attention of the body and directs it toward penetration. The scents floating in the air, which we inhale, suggest with each breath the filling of inner space. The water, which presses into all the cracks, crevices, and recesses of the body and into the tiniest pores of the skin, also speaks of penetration. The lovers' bodies understand this language and prepare to respond.

---

Love is a penetration into someone else's life and an acceptance of someone entering ours. It is an experience that

allows us to recognize a creative presence because the object of feelings is something we create ourselves, though it is not a fabrication; it is given to us. It comes to us from the outside. Through love, we come to know, but we also create and coexist, even if the object of our feelings reveals itself to us in a sudden unveiling, in the striking clarity of a meeting. The reality of love, along with our feelings, comes into being and perishes with them. And the object of feelings can only be recognized through loving. No other form of contact touches this reality. It doesn't even approach it. Through the experience of love, we discover the knot of existence.

### **The Metaphysics of Meat**

One must touch raw meat. Hold it in your hand. Squeeze it. Let it pass between your fingers. And one must touch the body of a deceased person.

The metaphysics of meat should aim to uncover the essence of meat, unnoticed by the surface of our consciousness, with which we constantly interact, though unconsciously. Meat imparts its essence to us; it demonstrates it to us, though we do not trouble ourselves to think about it. It emanates its hidden meaning, and we succumb to it, unaware of our submission. And considering that we ourselves are slowly becoming meat, or perhaps already are, we should strive to analyze the hidden ontological essence of meatiness, for it concerns our fate.

The category of meatiness does not contain a promise of ennobling elemental facts. Unless it turns out that basic facts themselves compel us to transcend them toward something that stands beyond, behind, or above them. We do not know this. In any case, the category of meatiness does not direct thought beyond mere being; it only guides us to how we exist. It relates to the simplest elements, to the foundations of our condition, to its essence. The question is whether meat, by emanating its meatiness toward us and entrusting us with its secret, also reveals some secret about our own being. And whether we can better understand ourselves when we submit to what flows from meat.

Mutton is best in autumn. The meat of an animal that has spent summer on herb-filled, sun-drenched meadows is tasty and healthy. It is worth knowing that the better the weather, the juicier the grass, the better the roast. For slaughter, we choose young animals. The meat of old rams is bluish, dark in color. It is tough, stringy, and covered with a thick layer of yellow fat. The worst meat comes from rams. It has a sharp, unpleasant, smelly odor. Some people's aversion to mutton stems from the poor quality of old animals' meat and is unjustly transferred to lamb meat, which – especially when skillfully prepared – is an invaluable product for the most refined dishes. Lamb meat is bright red, the fat white and delicate, the fibers thin. It is tender and pleasantly fragrant.

Meatiness is a category referring to such characteristics of existence that are given to us directly and grasped in the very act of our presence here. We do not open ourselves to meatiness only through the mediation of concepts, which can sometimes be capable of shaking our attention and directing it toward perceiving states of affairs.

The meaty in existence is that which cannot be rejected from it, which cannot be rid of, from which one cannot free oneself, which cannot be separated from existence.

Even though we grasp meatiness without the mediation of concepts and without waiting for their gracious permission, this does not mean that meatiness is not given to us clearly and obviously. On the contrary, it is given powerfully, because it is, and therefore it is obvious, even if our thought does not wrench it with its pincers. We do not need to speak of it to know.

The meaty is that which is given to us in life so strongly that we tremble, and which we cannot deny.

---

There is one body, the shared body of the world, which constantly offers itself to itself. A living, suffering abyss. Rebirth through the devouring of others seems morally neutral here, as each one annihilates and is annihilated, receives sacrifice, and offers itself. In this bloodthirsty, sacrificial community, a mutual chance is given. And as we will learn over time, not just a chance of survival. Lamb meat is so delicious that it's worth the effort to present it beautifully. After roasting, the lamb is placed on a large metal platter. Now, the entire skill lies in garnishing the meat. To prevent the roast from cooling, the platter is decorated in advance. We use all available raw and cooked vegetables. The graceful decoration of the meat is an art dependent on our imagination and should express the cook's individual taste. To those lacking imagination, a pattern always suitable for lamb can be suggested: a meadow. The metal platter is lined with washed leaves of green lettuce, kale, and sprigs of green parsley. It is covered abundantly with sprigs of watercress. In this fluffy greenery, we arrange compositions of colorful flowers cut from tomatoes, carrots, parsley, chicory, plums, and red and white currants. Here and there, we place flowers from cross-cut slices of kiwi fruit. On the prepared platter, we lay the roasted lamb. The tongue, cooked separately, is slipped between the teeth. The remaining offal, such as the cooked stomach and heart, and the fried brain, liver, and kidneys on skewers, are arranged under the belly. The lamb's head is particularly carefully decorated. The eyes are made from hard-boiled and halved quail eggs. From a parsley root, we can carve small horns and attach them to both sides of the skull with wire. Since the skin on the meat is nicely browned, we do not cover it with anything. However, the head is adorned with a fleece made of sauerkraut or along-cut chicory leaves. We arrange the sauerkraut in small clumps, shaking it first to straighten the fibers, or combing it with a fork. Now we can begin the feast of the lamb.

---

One must touch the body of a deceased person. Hold it in your hands. Then the world may flash before us for a moment. And what if we think of transcending meatinessfleshliness, which, after all, encompasses so little?