

KATERINA UNDO

Selected Works

W/HOLE
2014 Active Installation

Wall, hole, rods.
1 channel for conducted sound

[Conducted sound can be perceived by people with normal hearing as well as those with impaired hearing - problems in the outer and/or middle ear]

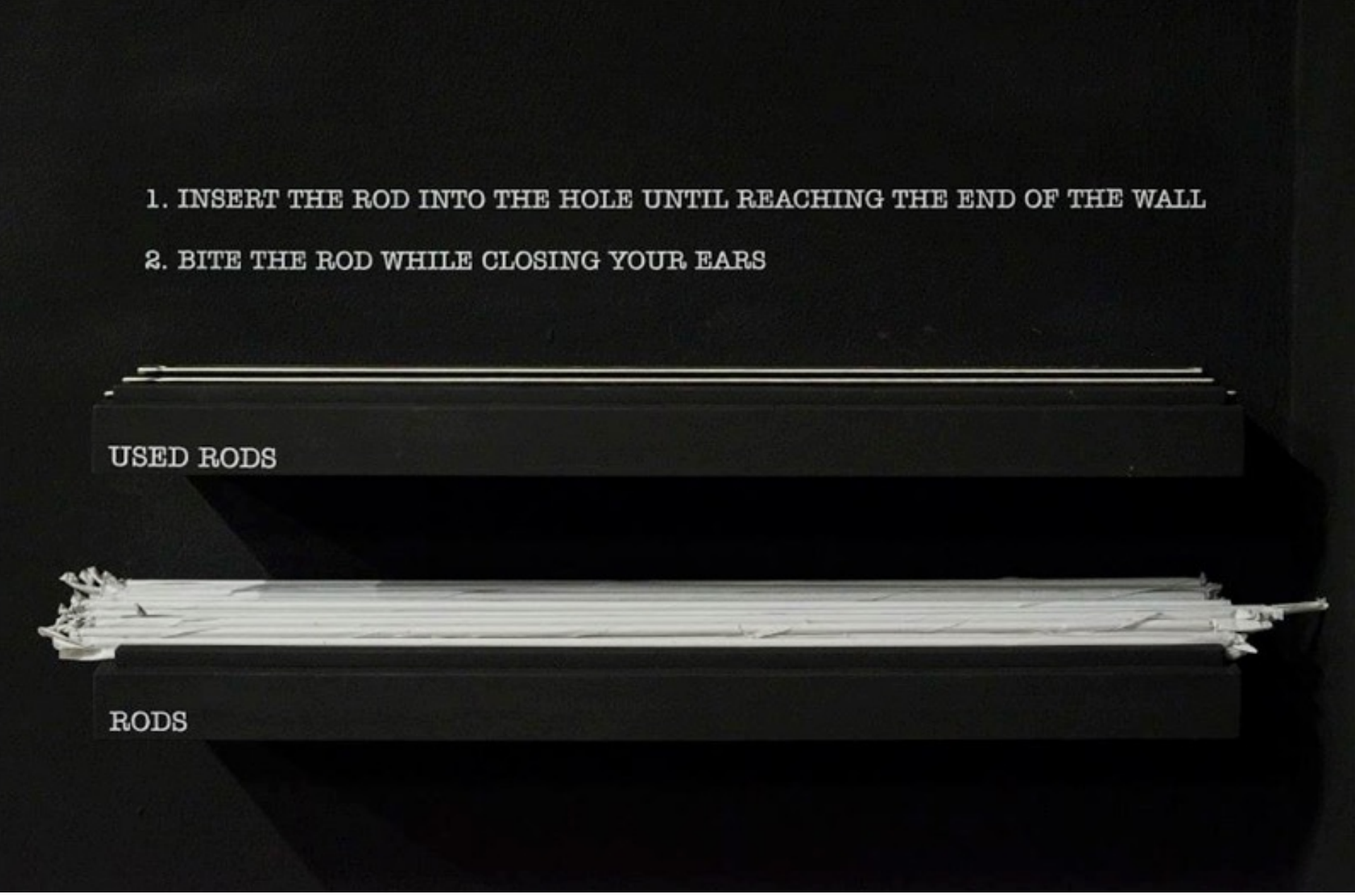
Credits to Selen Ansen

After years spent in asylums, Antonin Artaud created the radio play “To have done with the judgement of god” which was banned the day before its scheduled broadcast as inflammatory, obscene and blasphemous. Artaud desired to cancel out the whole process of mediation and signification and sought ways for the work itself to reach the body directly.
W/HOLE immerses the listener in a metonymic state of embodiment that encapsulates Artaud's impalpable idea of the “body without organs” and his attempt to think the unthinkable: how the body is mind and how the mind is also a body. Artaud's language is fragmented, and the desire it carries for physical transmission and transformation sutures the pieces together in the listener's body to regain its exaggeration. By inserting a metal rod through a hole in the wall and resting the mouth on it, the listener opens or closes the escape passage of the voice, offering it the bodily continuum “which robs me of the words that I have found, which reduces my mental tension, which is gradually destroying in its substance the body of my thought”.

When you will have made him a body without organs,
then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions and restored him to his true freedom.
Then you will teach him again to dance wrong side out as in the frenzy of dance halls
and this wrong side out will be his real place.
To have done with the judgement of god (1947)
[final lines]







A Breathcrystal, Project Arts Centre, Dublin, Ireland (14 Apr – 30 June 2015)



A Breathcrystal, Project Arts Centre, Dublin, Ireland (14 Apr – 30 June 2015)

W/HOLE Expansion
The machine of being,
or drawing to be looked at sideways
2016, Active Installation, production of Overtoon
2019-2020, expansion with Samuel Beckett's (w)hole

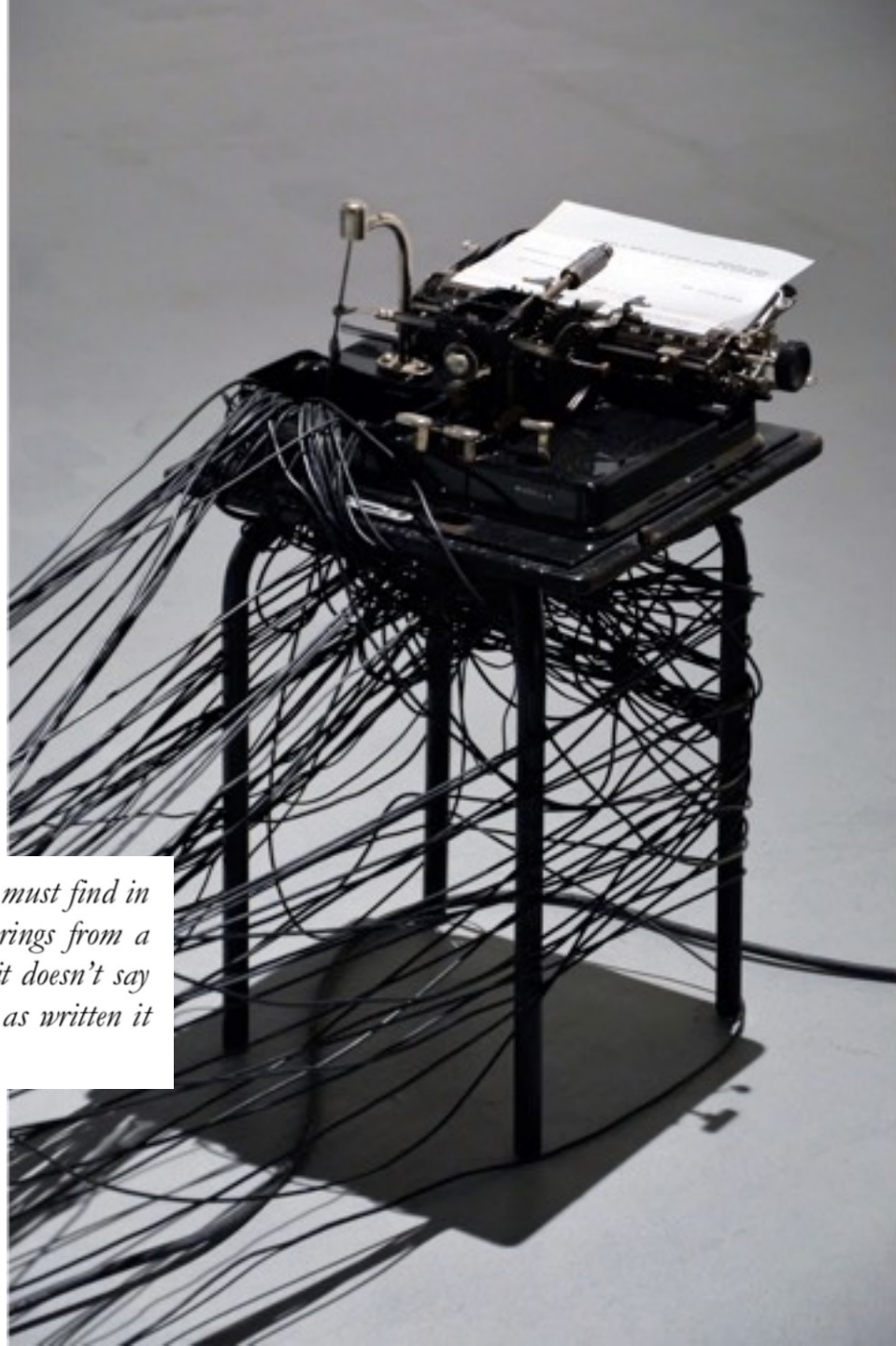
Machine (cabinet dimensions 150x150x25cm) fixed on metal construction (50cm height), Mignon Index Typewriter, Inox Rods, Step Stools, Episcope Projector, 7 Typed Pages, Booklet

11 channels for conducted sound

[Conducted sound can be perceived by people with normal hearing as well as those with impaired hearing - problems in the outer and/or middle ear]

Fragmented internal monologues around the clash between the self and its otherness, capitalism and being, *abjections* and obsessions with signs, words, numbers and vibrations as embodied conditions are the subject matter of this installation. The concept is based on a pictogram by Antonin Artaud entitled "The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways" and its meta-representation or functional transformation into a circulating thought that resides in minds and mutates in bodies. On the back of the machine cabinet, a diagram connects 11 holes "filled with sound or stocked with silence", referring to factual and fictional connections between 6 humans and 2 animals: Antonin Artaud, Carl Solomon, Allen Ginsberg, Wilhelm Reich, Erik Satie, Samuel Beckett, Lamb and Rooster. Speech/voice is transmitted from each hole directly to the inner ear of the visitor by inserting a metal rod and resting the mouth on it (conductive sound perception). With this physical and penetrating act, the visitor invades the machine and is simultaneously invaded by it, becoming part of the machine or the machine becoming part of the human body; conveying their own metonymic status of the human-machine subject (here the composite is incorporated as a synthesis or prosthesis into the subject's identity beyond humanising the machine or mechanising the human). The speech/voice conjunctions are decoded on the typed pages. The text written on both sides of transparent paper (filling in the blanks) refers to the objective-subjective side, data and symbol, complementing and opposing each other. Since the readable side is the trace of the original (typed backwards through carbon sheets), each page is intended for double-sided observation, a process that emphasises the materiality of the textual condition, a text that re(de)constructs itself, a textual corpus in the process of being transformed into a body of completeness. Booklets with first-person texts addressed to the other (side) articulate the rationale of this co-referential parallelism.
There is no particular side from which to observe or perceive this work, nor a beginning, middle or end point. The whole work and each part of it can be conceived from a personal point of view, a subjective experience of time or a thought process.





You can only read them by scanning, in a rhythm that the reader herself must find in order to understand and to think: but that is only valuable when it springs from a blow; there is no point in going syllable by syllable; as it is written here it doesn't say anything and is nothing more than ash; in order for it to be able to live as written it needs another element… (ARTAUD, OC IX, 1974, p. 172) [8]

W/HOLE EXPANSION

The machine of being,or drawing to be looked at sideways

A Mental Electricity Experiment

Conductors
Antonin Artaud
Carl Solomon
Allen Ginsberg
Wilhelm Reich
Erik Satie
Samuel Beckett

Currents
Thoughts

Resistors
Myself//Yourself

To measure against ourselves

Reason
Within

Method
Against

Thinking is also thinking against reason

Offer
R/Roosrer,L/Lamb
Male,I year old,without blemish

Here
It suffices to prove that:
the Self
the Other ///Circulate in Infinite Resonance///
the Number
/Ceteris paribus/ If not falsified,it is accepted as TRUTH

There is no TRUTH in Art
All writing is pig-shit
Should be read like a musical score
Blanks for when words gone
Nothingness in words enclose
No symbols where none intended

I abject all signs.I create only machines of instant utility.

Orgonomic functionalism

Body without Organs

W/HOLE EXPANSION

The machine of being,or drawing to be looked at sideways

A Mental Electricity Experiment

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Orgonomic functionalism

Body without Organs

ANTONIN ARTAUD
1526595 192134 ANTOINE MARIE JOSEPH ARTAUD
53 1526955 41995 161578 192134
b.4.09.1896 8 INFINITE 109
37
10 RETURN TO UNITY I ABSOLUTE
I am one and not numerous.
I am Antonin Artaud.
I myself am an absolute abyss.
d.4.03.1948
29
11 MASTER VIBRATION
2 DUALITY/SEPARATION
I am not dead.
I am separated.
I,Antonin Artaud,am my son,
my father,my mother,and myself.

Mother/
Euphonie EUPHRASIE NALPAS
Aphonie 537891195 513711
66
12 COMPLETION
3 WHOLE

I don't believe in father or mother,
I don't have papa-mama,
For I am the father-mother,
neither father nor mother,
neither man nor woman,
I have always been here;
always been body;
always been man.

Should be read like a musical score.
Artaud's language of incantation: to be read aloud,to create immediate sonic impacts.

klaver striva
cavour tavina
scaver kavina
okar tri va

Certain sound vibrations entering the human body rearrange the molecules of the nerves.

MATANA
412151
14
5 FEAR
Proto-algonquian language
animate: breast
inanimate: breast-water/milk

What I had to say was in my silences, not in my words.

I abandoned the stage because I realised the fact that the only language which I could have with an audience was to bring bombs out of my pockets and throw them in the audience's face with a blatant gesture of aggression.
And flows are the only language in which I feel capable of speaking.

HISTOIRE VECUE D'ARTAUD LE MOMO
(The story lived by Artaud the Momo)
13.01.1947
26
8 INFINITE
Theatre du Vieux Colombier,Paris.
Artaud spoke for three hours,
from 9pm until mi dnight.The
heat in the cramped theatre
caused people to faint.

POUR EN FINIR AVEC LE JUGEMENT DE DIEU
(To have done with the judgement of god)
Radio Play.
Rehearsal of the textual material:
22.11.1947 29.11.1947
27 34
9 ENERGY/ANGER 7 COMPLETENESS/WISDOM
Recording of sounds and
an invented language dialogue with
ROGER BLIN 16.01.1948
96759 2395 30
85
3 COMPLETION
I ABSOLUTE WHOLE
Scheduled trans mission:
2.02.1948 The day before the director
26 banned its transmission.He claimed that it was obscene,
8 INFINITE inflammatory and blasphemous.

CARL SOLOMON
3193 1636465
47
11 MASTER VIBRATION
2 DUALITY/SEPARATION

A Note on the Real Allen Ginsberg:
I feel this clown before your eyes is really a double.

b.30.03.1928 CARL WOLFE SOLOMON
26 3193 56365 1636465
8 INFINITE 72
d.26.02.1993 9 ENERGY/ANGER
32
5 FEAR CARL GOY
3193 767
36
Report from the Asylum: 9 ENERGY/ANGER
Afterthoughts of a Shock Patient

Carl witnessed Antonin Artaud performing
at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier in Paris.
Shortly after he was voluntarily institutionalized
demanding instantaneous lobotomy.

Hence, HISTOIRE VECUE D'ARTAUD LE MOMO
of inhabiting that Void (The story lived by Artaud the Momo)
of which Antonin Artaud 13.01.1947
had screamed. 26
8 INFINITE A voice that sustained me.

Mishaps Perhaps
More Mishaps

In the waiting room of the
Columbia Psychiatric Institute
Carl Solomon met Allen Ginsberg
22 29.6.1949
40
4 MEMORY

HOWL FOR CARL SOLOMON a poem by ALLEN GINSBERG
6653 669 3193 16364655 13355 79512597
90 62
9 ENERGY/ANGER 8 INFINITE

Who threw potato salad at the CCNY
lecturers on Dadaism and subsequently
presented themselves on the granite steps
of the madhouse with shaven heads and
harlequin speach of suicide demanding
instantaneous lobotomy.

ALLEN GINSBERG
13355 79512597 IRWIN ALLEN GINSBERG
62 99995 13355 79512597
8 INFINITE 99
The eternal war is here. 18
b.3.06.1926 9 ENERGY/ANGER
27 Mother:
9 ENERGY/ANGER NAOMI LEVY
d;5.04.1997 51649 3547
35 44
8 INFINITE 8 INFINITE

The key is in the light Ginsberg received a letter
the key is in the window from his mother after her
a key on the side of the death responding to a copy
window for me to get out. of HOWL he had sent her.

1948
Ginsberg was hearing the voice of William Blake himself
reading Ah Sunflower,the Sick ERose,Little Girl Lost.

In the waiting room of the C.S.Who are you?
Columbia Psychiatric Institute A.G.I'm Myshkin.
Allen Ginsberg met Carl Solomon C.S.I'm Kirilov.
29.06.1949
40
4 MEMORY
Carl Solomon!
I'm with you in Rockland
where you are madder than I am.
I'm with you in Rockland
where you imitate the shade of my mother.
90
9 ENERGY/ANGER

Each line is a single breath unit. 112 LINES
That's the measure. One physical-mental 22 MASTER VIBRATION
inspiration of thought contained in the 4 MEMORY
elastic of a breath. First recited aloud:
Antonin Artaud's physical breath 7.10.1955
I scribbled magic lines from my real mind 37
10 RETURN TO UNITY
_Molochwhose name is pure machinery 1 ABSOLUTE
Molochwwhose name is the Mind 1956
Upon the poem's release;its publishers
were charged with disseminating obscene literature.
25.03.1957
32
5 FEAR
Customs officials seized 520copies of the poem
beingg imported from the printer in London.
Obscenity Trial
Ruled that Allen Ginberg's poem HOWL was not obscene.
TThe trial was widely publicized and made HOWL and Ginsberg Famous.
and the gay Creator dances on his own body in eternity.

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The cosmic orgone energy
was discovered as a result
of the consistent application
of the functional technique
of thinking.

Orgonomic Functionalism
represents the way of thinking
of the individual who is unarmoured.

Without wanting to, I found myself outside its limits.
Hence I had to expect that I would not be understood
even if I produced the simples and the most easily
verifiable facts and interconnections.

Here it suffices to prove that
Functional thinking is outside
the framework of our civilization
because life itself is outside it
because it is not investigated
but misunderstood and feared.

We may say that Christ represents
the principle of Life per se.
Christ would certainly
have been murdered at
at any time and
in any culture.
It is a basic characteristic
of the murder of the Living
by the human armoured animal.

Into the Trap
the adjustment is complete.
It reaches proportions beyond
the limits of reason.
And so it came about that man
perpetuated his entrapment.

God's own most beautiful serpent had seduced them.

I, therefore submit,
in the name of truth and justice,
that I shall not appear in court.

WILHELM REICH
5938534 95938
7I
8 INFINITE
b.24.03.1897
34
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
d.03.II.1957
27
9 ENERGY/ANGER
1947
U.S.Federal Court Order:
Public protection from Reich and his work;
OKANUR (OKgonomic Anti-NUclear Radiation) Experiment
CLOUDBUSTERS
Ether, God, and Devil
Cosmic Superimposition
ALONE
I3655
20
2 DUALITY/SEPARATION
Recorded himself at Orgonon
3.04.1952
24
6 CREATION
The Murder of Christ
3.II.1952
22 MASTER VIBRATION
4 MEMORY
U.S.Federal Court Order:
19.03.1954
32
5 FEAR
Reich's publications burned
and banned from circulation.
Orgone accumulators destroyed.
Reich's FBI file 789 pages long.

The cosmic orgone energy
was discovered as a result
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of the functional technique
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ERIC SATIE
5993 11295
44
8 INFINITE
ERIC ALFRED LESLIE SATIE
5993 136954 351395 11295
98
17
8 INFINITE
b.17.05.1866
34
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
d.01.07.1925
25
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

ERIK SATIE
5992 11295
43
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
AIR IKSATIE
199 92129
43
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
SADI
1141
7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

WHAT I AM

Everyone will tell you that
I am not a musician.
That is correct.
From the very beginning of
my career I classed myself
as a phonometrographer.
my work is completely
Phonometrical.

I eat only white foods:
eggs,sugar,grated bones,
the fat of dead animals,
veal,salt,coconut,
chicken cooked in white water,
fuit mold,rice,turnips,
camphorated sausage,dough,
cheese (white),cotton salad,
and certain fish (skinless).

EMAJC
'Eglise Métropolitaine d'Art de Jésus Conducteur
1892
Founded by Satie.
He has been the only member.
Final Cartulaire
No.#2-63, 06;1895

Prayer for the Worthy and against Sinners
Atheists,blasphemers,free-thinkers,
the vain-glorious,resolute Jews,
aglican heretics,Simoniac freemasons,
and others.

VEXATIONS
456129651
39
12 COMPLETION
3 WHOLE
UNDATED
840 REPETITIONS
12 COMPLETION
3 WHOLE

In order to play the theme
840 times in succession,
it would be advisable to
prepare oneself beforehand,
and in the deepest silence,
by serious immobilities.

There is no Truth in Art.

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5993 11295
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8 INFINITE
ERIC ALFRED LESLIE SATIE
5993 136954 351395 11295
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17
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b.17.05.1866
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SAMUEL BECKETT SAMUEL BARKLAY BECKETT

II4353 2532522 II4353 2193317 2532522

38 64

II MASTER VIBRATION IO RETURN TO UNITY

2 DUALITY/SEPARATION I NOT 1 ABSOLUTE

I was my father and I was my son b.13.04.1906

24

You were born on an Easter Friday after long labour. 6 CREATION

You first saw the light and cried at the close of
the day when in darkness Christ at the ninth hour b.13.05.1966
cried and died.

25

I have a clear memory of my own 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

foetal existence.
It was an existence Never been properly born. d.22.12.1969
where no voice
no possible movement 34
could free me from
the agony and darkness 7 PERFECTION/WISDOM
I was subjected to.

Mother: I am what her savage loving has made me

MARIA JONES ROE

41991 16551 965

62

Wife: 8 INFINITE

SUZANNE DECHEVAUX DUMESNIL

13815 55 45365 4136 45451593

101

II MASTER VIBRATION

Pianist. 2 DUALITY/SEPARATION

Instrumental in finding a publisher for Samuel Beckett's writings.

WATT

5122

IO RETURN TO UNITY

1 ABSOLUTE

Last novel in English
Written i n six notebooks between
II.2.1941 28.12.1944

19 31

IO RETURN TO UNITY 4 MEMORY

I ABSOLUTE

Act I of Eleutheria: End of Eleutheria:

18.1.1947 24.2.1947

31 29

4 MEMORY II MASTER VIBRATION

2 DUALITY/SEPARATION

EN ATTENDANT GODOT

9.10.1948 5.1.1949 5.1.1953 World premiere at Teâtre de Babylone

32 35 24 directed by ROGER BLIN

5 FEAR 8 INFINITE 6 CREATION 96759 2395

Suzanne brought Eleutheria and Waiting for Godot 55

to Roger Blin(Artaud's lifelong friend) for production. 1 ABSOLUTE

he chose the second/

I once knew a madman who thought the end of the world had come.

He was a painter-and engraver:
I had a great fondness for him.I used to go and see him,in the asylum.

The earth makes a sound as of sighs
and the last drops fall from the
emptied cloudless sky.A small boy
stretching out his hands and looking
up at the blue sky,asked his mother
how such a thing was possible.
Fuck off,she said.

Suzanne was the one who went to see
the publishers while I used to sit
in a cafe twiddling my fingers or
whatever it is one twiddles.

Who may tell the tale
of an old man?
weigh absence in a scale?
mete want with a span?
the sum assess
of the world's w oes?
nothingness
in words enclose?

Last novel in English
Written i n six notebooks between
II.2.1941 28.12.1944

19 31

IO RETURN TO UNITY 4 MEMORY

I ABSOLUTE

Act I of Eleutheria: End of Eleutheria:

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He was a painter-and engraver:
I had a great fondness for him.I used to go and see him,in the asylum.

Eleutheria
Prior to Godot.1947
Unpublished.
Jettisoned.

8 INFINITE

Act I of Eleutheria: 18.1.1947

31

Eleutheria
Prior to Godot.1947
Unpublished.
Jettisoned.

8 INFINITE

Antonin Artaud's lecture at
Théâtre du Vieux Colombier:
13.1.1947

26

Van Gogh exhibition:
11.1.1947

24

6 CREATION

Beckett in 1947 begun the
frenzy of writing in French.

Instrumental in finding a publisher for Samuel Beckett's writings.

Pianist. 2 DUALITY/SEPARATION

II MASTER VIBRATION

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101

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13815 55 45365 4136 45451593

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Mother: I am what her savage loving has made me

I was my father and I was my son b.13.04.1906

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You were born on an Easter Friday after long labour.
You first saw the light and cried at the close of
the day when in darkness Christ at the ninth hour
cried and died.

6 CREATION

I have a clear memory of my own
foetal existence.
It was an existence
where no voice
no possible movement
could free me from
the agony and darkness
I was subjected to.

b.13.05.1966

25

7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

Never been properly born. d.22.12.1969

34

7 PERFECTION/WISDOM

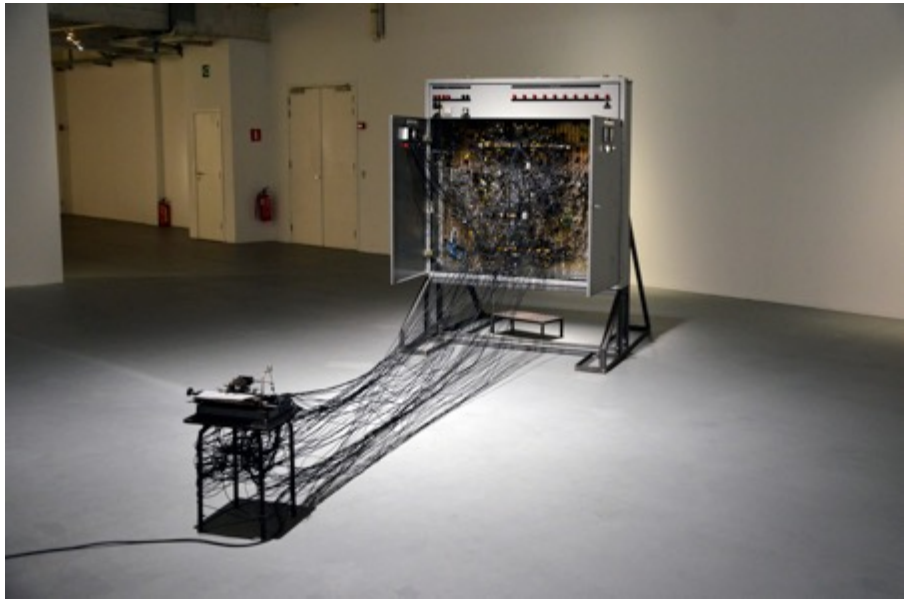
II MASTER VIBRATION IO RETURN TO UNITY

2 DUALITY/SEPARATION I NOT 1 ABSOLUTE

SAMUEL BECKETT SAMUEL BARKLAY BECKETT

II4353 2532522 II4353 2193317 2532522

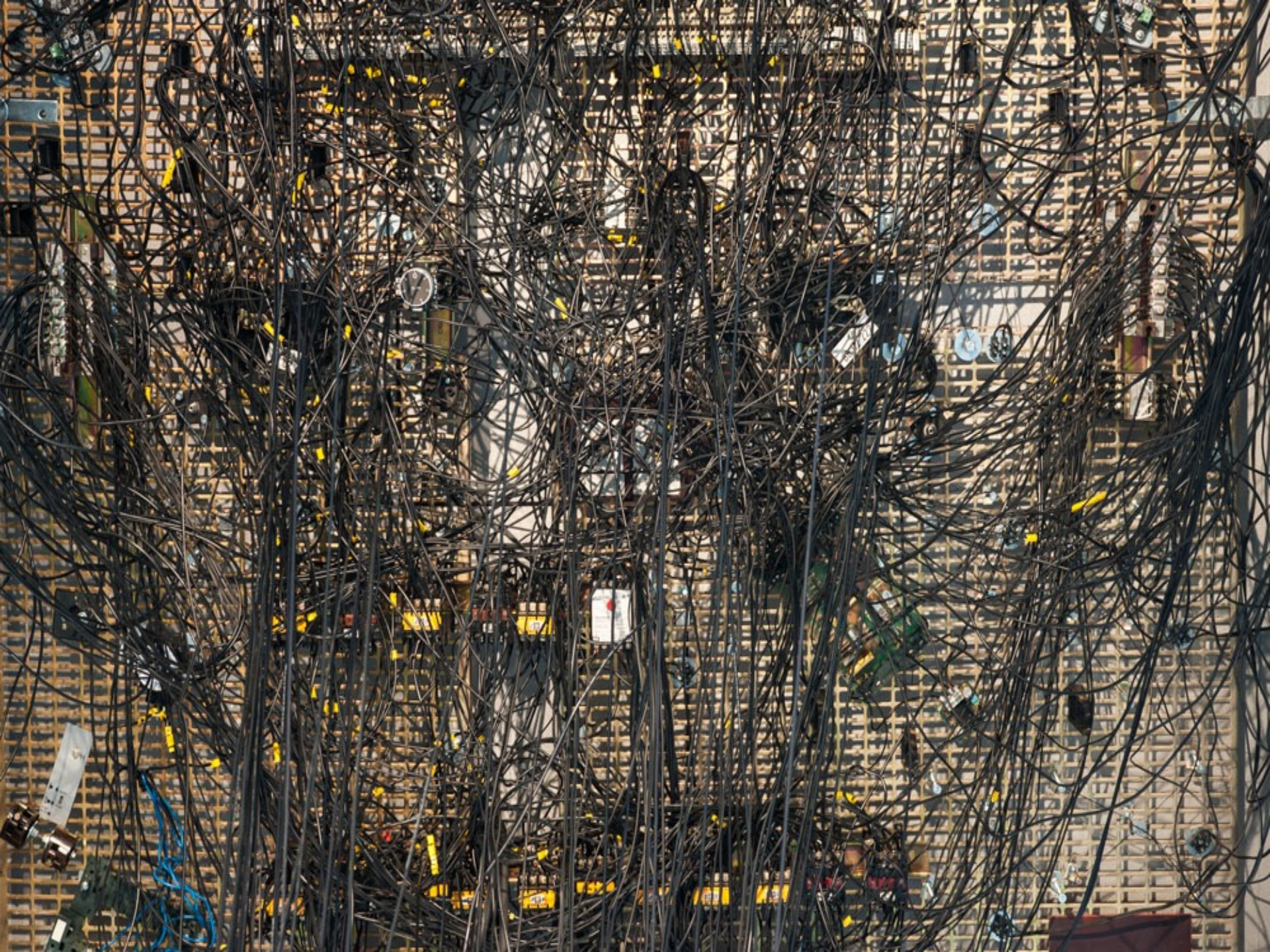
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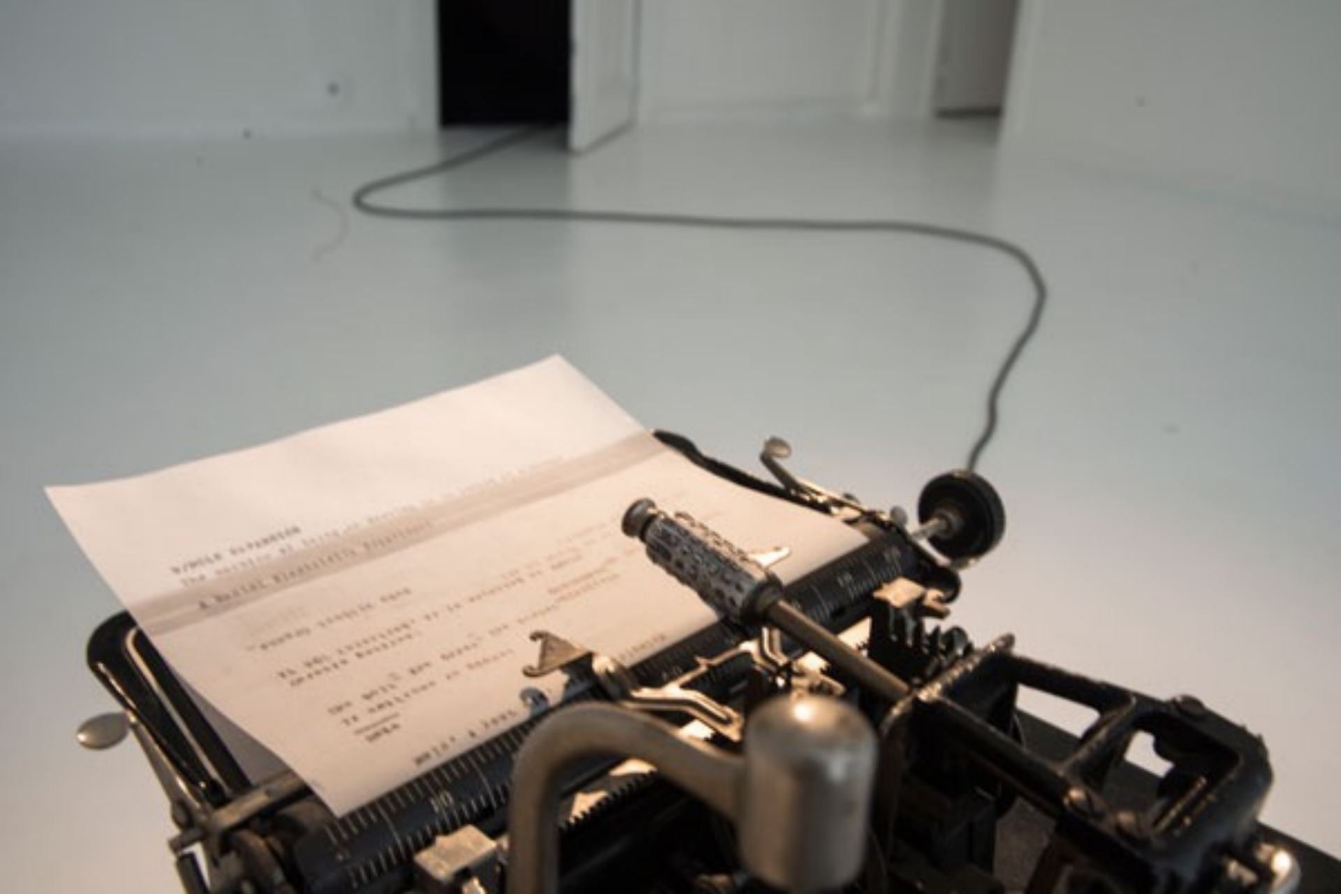






Où sont les sons? CENTRALE For Contemporary Art, Brussels (20 April 2017 – 10 September 2017) Photo: Marc Wathieu





MAAC, Brussels, Belgium (14 April – 14 May 2016) Photo: Pierre Ghyssens



MAAC, Brussels, Belgium (14 April – 14 May 2016) Photo: Renaud Schrobilgten

W/HOLE Expansion

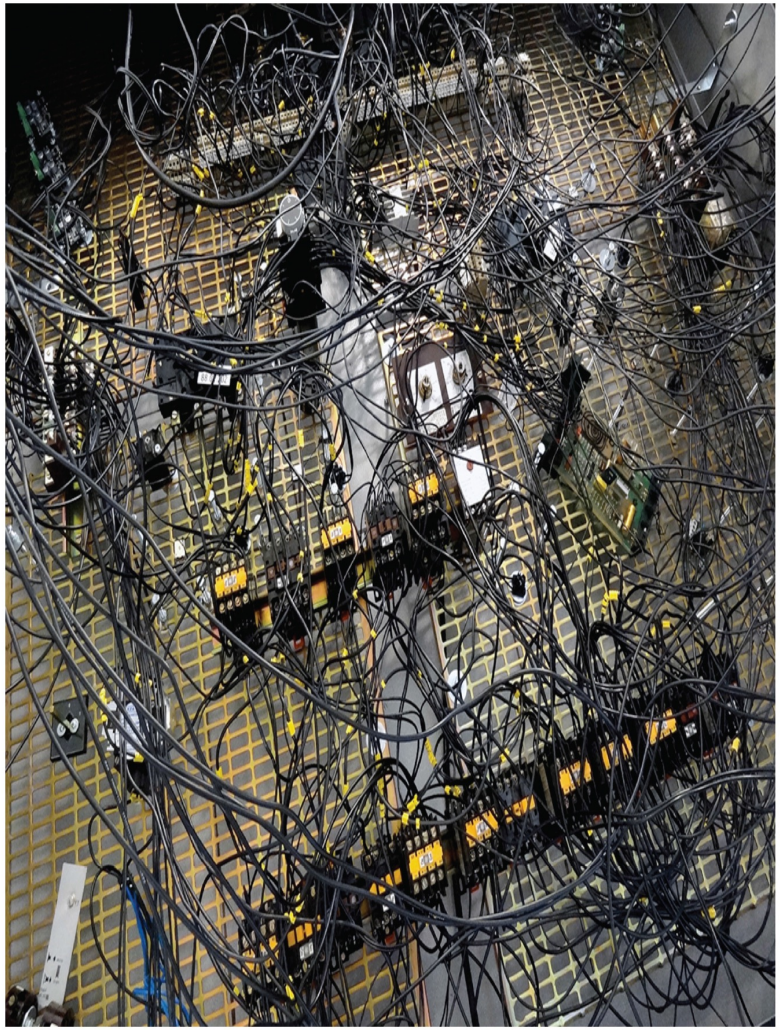
"The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"

Katerina Undo

M\HOLE Expansion

"The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"

Katerina Undo



W/HOLE Expansion
Katerina Undo



The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways
Antonin Artaud

[The one side_p1]

To whom it may concern [or not concern at all]

Dear Other,

Given that:
1. There is no Truth in Art, and
2. All writing is pigshit,

I'm writing you the whole truth and nothing but the truth concerning the work:
W/HOLE Expansion
"The machine of being, or drawing to be looked at sideways"

Everyone will tell you that I am a schizophrenic megalomaniac. That is correct. It is normal to expect from a person like me a work referring to the self, to myself. Everyone will also tell you that I am obsessed with the occult and Antonin Artaud. That is also correct. Artaud is my vehicle in a transition from the absolute to the subjectile. Overwhelming my every single mental atom with transformations of desire. For I imagine that such is the desire of the other. Desiring machines, machines of being. At the in-between, self-other state, there lies the composite, that does not respect borders and disturbs identity, system, order. For identifying one with the other, one should pass through this within-outside, where connections, signs and structures of meaning interweave. And then the self becomes a heterogeneous flux. You like the thoughts I think. Don't you? When Artaud's mental electricity electrocuted my mind, this thought occurred.

/in this work there is an idea…/ For the idea, please look below [at the other side_p2] to Artaud's description. La machine de l'être ou dessin à regarder de traviole, is anyway his work, not mine.

In this work a Method is applied. Mind-grounded currents of thoughts are transmitting and transforming the idea, through howlings and intonations, while calculations, verifications, falsifications and cross-wirings [sideways] provide support to all Artauds, *whose name is the Mind.*

Here, I would be tempted to insist on the encounters, which did take place between Antonin Artaud and the entities: Carl Solomon, Allen Ginsberg, Eric(k) Satie, Wilhelm Reich…[to be continued]. Providing a massive answer toward the massive aggression those entities endured from our civilized capitalistic societies *_while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time_*

[The one side_p2]

Here, I establish connections with those resonating with the idea, with all Artauds and Montezumas_ while I cut the connections with all the Others, who don't believe.

Here, the synovia is strong. Alchemy of Mysticism, Kabbalah, Gematria, Incantation, Hieroglyph… Magic.
The eternal war is here.

And where are the synovia?
Into the sufficient extent of space stocked with silence, where cruelty flows in the sense of an appetite for life, and it is there where the little man stands deaf and perpetuates his entrapment.

Here, the idea circulates in Infinite Resonance with cosmos, and indeed, it is normal that capitalism will always despise it. But again, those who don't resonate are but the Others.

For, the machine of being is short-circuited; the thoughts are circulating secretly from mind to mind.

For protection against any kind of rejection, here I invite any opposite force, good or evil, to falsify the Method. I do ensure that the Method is developed with surgical precision and reasonable thinking on the basis of the character analysis, the foundation of the human-animal-machine and the experience of living within the trap.

Unless the human animal decides to finish with the lies and move toward the exit from this trap, the subjectile will betray me.

I have absolutely nothing more to write.
I have absolutely nothing more to say.
I have absolutely nothing more to do.
I do not.

Sincerely yours,
Katerina Undo

Ps
For those hesitating to experience the work_ Artaud has already said that those who never suffered would never understand.

/IT WILL ACT/
/IL AGIRA/

[A hole here]

[The other side_p2]

La machine de l'être ou dessin à regarder de traviole, 1946

This drawing is a serious attempt to give life and existence to what until today had never been accepted in art, the botching of the subjectile, the piteous awkwardness of forms crumbling around an idea after having for so many eternities labored to join it. The page is soiled and spoiled, the paper crumpled, the people drawn with the consciousness of a child. / I wanted all this anguish and exhaustion of the consciousness of the seeker in the center and around his idea to take on some meaning for once, for them to be accepted and made part of the work accomplished, for in this work there is an idea.

…in this work there is an idea. That of two columns and two trunks, the two lateral sides of true being of which each is a unique mounting, like the truncated parts of a mutilated body when in the secret crucible-tomb of man who was preparing it, the two trunks of the exploded breath condense like breasts, the suspended breasts of a hearth which flames above this arcane man who torments the matter in himself to have beings come forth instead of every idea.

And the lateral trunks of the soul are the members of this idea. The idea will go. Where will it go? It will go but it won't go at all. Consciousness will vomit it out. Let what rolls in the kneecap roll while true being will form itself on the somber hearth of its synovia. And where are the synovia? In these exploded globules of the body, which every soul holds suspended in its emptiness to bombard with them the atoms of a being that does not exist.[1]

Ps
The sentences that I noted on the drawing that I gave you, I sought them syllable by syllable, aloud and working hard, to see if any verbal sonorities had been located that would be capable of helping anyone looking at my drawing to understand it.[2]

Antonin Artaud

---

[1] Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings, ed. Susan Sontag, tr. Helen Weaver (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976) 259, 260

[2] Antonin Artaud, Nouveaux écrits de Rodez (Paris: Gallimard, 1977) 113

[The other side_p1]

Dear Other,

The one side is a collage of reasoning could belong to the entities involved in the work [or not at all].

On this side I am supposed to write a more rational explanation.
But, I will not.
The one side is rational enough, I also believe.

Sincerely yours,
Katerina

Ps
Will only write a few words about the Method.

Method: Against

A mixture of ironic conformism, cynicism, authoritarian attitude, dialectic of negativity, a composite of judgement and affect, of condemnation and yearning, an absolute metaphoricity and self-sabotage. Within the Method, religion is used as a model or metaphor, where the author finds himself marked out for identification with Christ_ if only in order for him, too, to be rejected. *I am that Artaud crucified on Golgotha, not as Christ but as Artaud, in other words as complete atheist.*
The Method is precise. It consists of 3 parallel operations that must be conducted simultaneously and it is their simultaneity that lends to impenetrability.
1. Affirmation of absolute value together with an evocation of immortality /authoritarian attitude.
2. Undermining of the authority that is affirmed in the previous operation. Anyone who takes such authority seriously is ridiculous [including the author].
3. An indirect demonstration of belief in the absolute value affirmed in the 1st operation; belief in spite of the irrational nature of that creed proved in the 2nd operation.

Briefly: The affirmation of absolute value; proof that it is irrational to believe in absolute value; and finally, an implementation that, irrational as it may be, we, like Artaud, Solomon, Ginsberg, Satie, Reich [to be continued…] do believe.





Coup de Ville, WARP, Sint-Niklaas, Belgium (9 September – 9 October 2016)

Creatures

Performances 2012 – 2014

Video Documentation
https://vimeo.com/306832624
Across the Great Divide: Creative Human-Machine Improvisations. International conference. Onassis Cultural Center, Athens & Q-02 Brussels.

Creatures Cluster

Site-specific installations
2014 - ongoing

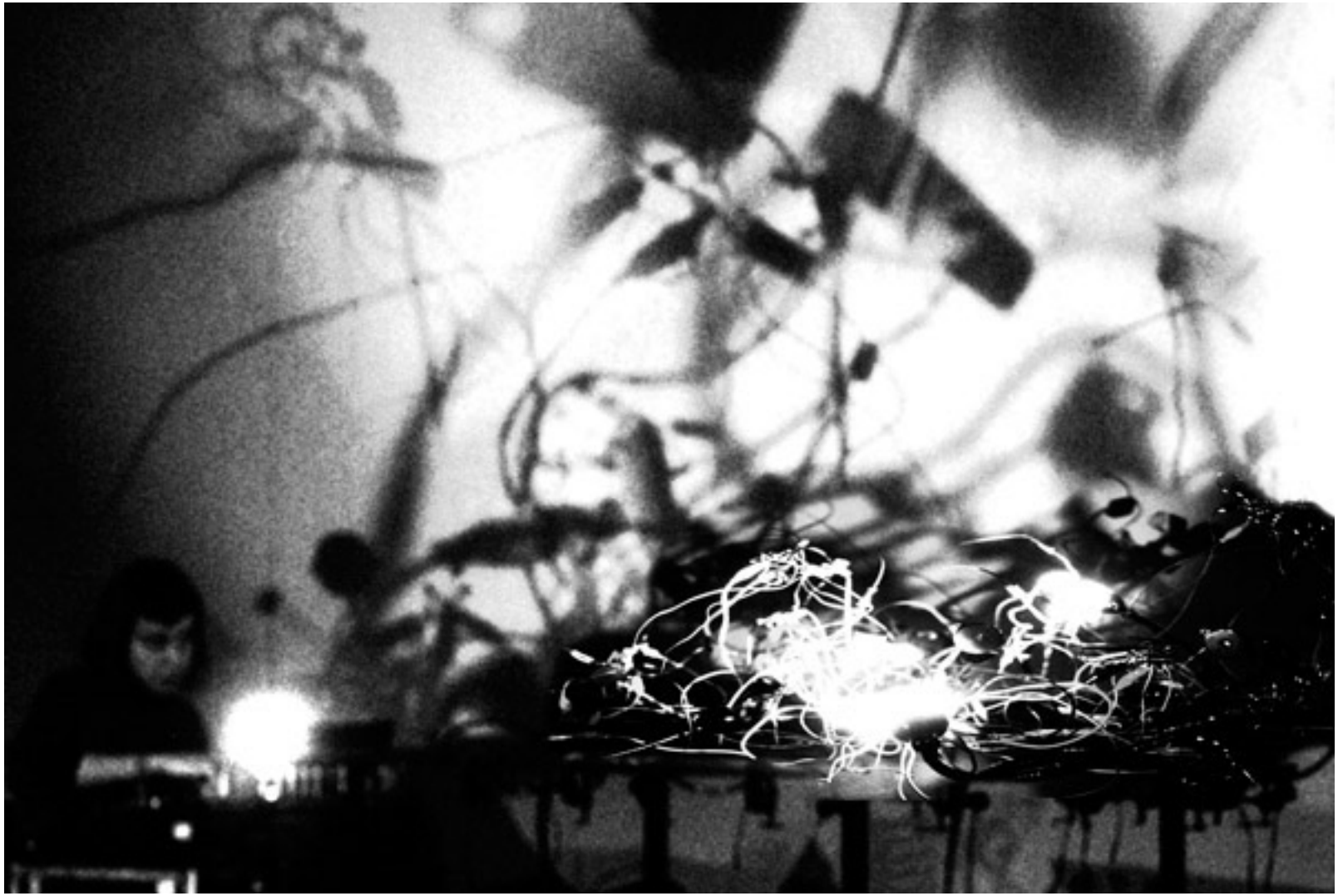
Free-form oscillator circuits, metal wires, lights, jumper wires, Axoloti core

A co-production of HISK and Overtoon
Credits to Johannes Taelman (Axoloti Platform), Ralf Schreiber & Christian Faubel

Video Documentation
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1CPLkNdhOH0
Sense of Sound, Z33 House for Contemporary Art, Hasselt, Belgium (March - May 2014)
https://vimeo.com/193541053
Red Dawn, Hisk, Ghent, Belgium (Nov - Dec 2014)

The Creatures are autonomous modules that draw their energy from light to generate a variety of soft sounds or pulsating movements. They are developed using two simple analogue oscillator circuits inspired by living organisms: the Suneater and the Solar Sound. The Suneater (invented by Mark Tilden) is a circuit designed to harvest energy from light to produce pulsed motion. The Solar Sound module (invented by Ralf Schreiber) emits a variety of gentle sounds depending on the intensity of light received by its solar cell. As it is impossible to reproduce identical circuits, each Creature is unique.

The project began in 2012 with sound performances in various transformations: Creatures Sextet, Ensemble and Orchestra. The performing synthesis was determined after an intensive period of observation of the interrelated sound patterns that occurred between specifically connected modules in series receiving controlled light intensity. The output was an amalgam of structured improvisation elicited by manipulated light sources, while the generated sound patterns were amplified and mixed live. The final performance took place at transmediale 2014, and from then on the project moved towards greater autonomy through the realisation of site-specific installations.



Transmediale Festival 2014, HKW, Berlin. The Creatures Ensemble, Performance (30 Jan 2014)



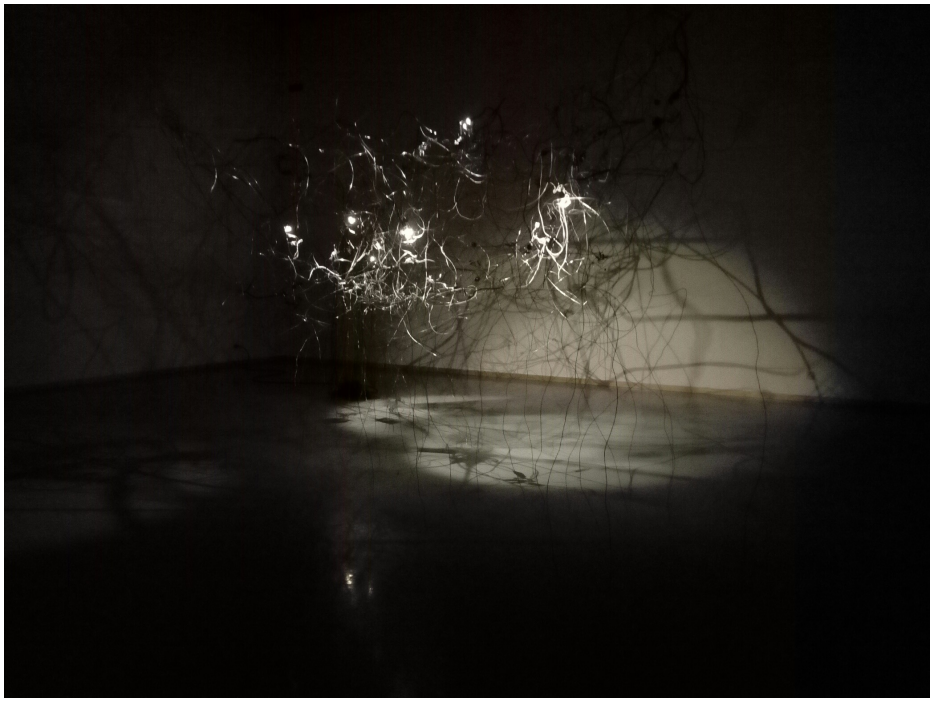


The Creatures Cluster is an apparatus of interconnected modules and light sources that reciprocally affect each other. As a web built entirely in space, the sculptural, kinetic and acoustic nature of the synthesis refers to an open nervous system, a symbiotic system or an ecosystem. From an anti-authoritarian point of view, and in preserving the autonomous, organic and self-sustaining nature of the cluster, no programming is used to trigger interactions. Instead, the modules and light sources are directly connected to evoke light intensities that register changes in the oscillatory activity of the cluster, in line with the concept of autopoiesis [a system capable of reproducing and maintaining itself]. The light sources are thus organically integrated into the functioning of the cluster, which is fed by and fed back into the oscillatory activity of the creatures. As a result, the system is constantly responding to changing conditions, creating new patterns of light and oscillation, and the causal reasoning continues ad infinitum between potential chaos and homeostasis.

In this artificial coexistence of electronic modules, created by the ramifications of the matrix code, the cluster, as an organism, and each individual creature, as an organ, become available and vulnerable to all combinations, to all connections, to all modifications. It even becomes its own antibody by overturning its defences, by unravelling its code, so that it always escapes forms of representation, always shifts its sources of origin, carries its voice from a single body into a web. Thus, while homeostasis appears as an impossible state, an improbable condition, its eventual attainment in the symbolic world is offered as catharsis and significance to programmed machines. The result of this symbiosis or contiguity of the self with the *same* is, therefore, a matter of actively maintaining fairly changing conditions of survival or methodising the intention of confronting oneself or becoming the object of the observer's gaze in the panopticon from a deterministically unpredictable point of view.

NOVAXX 2019, Centre Wallonie- Bruxelles |Paris (November 2019 – January 2020)









Máquina loca. Teatros del Canal, Madrid, Spain (March 2021)



Hyper Organisms. iMAL, Brussels (24 June - 20 September 2021) Photo: Caroline Lessire

In the Place of the Insect, as an Echo of Itself

2021, Outdoor Installation
Production of the LUFF 2021

Tree, anti-frost cover for plants (~400 m²), cicadas recorded sound, paver concrete blocks with QR code

Video Documentation
https://vimeo.com/653161480

Displaced signs of captive behaviour are inscribed in the paradoxical act of listening to oneself and clearly hearing another. Heterotopias and notions of becoming unfold here. Insects emit signs. Insects emerge as creatures characterised by their ability to last, to transform, to survive. Consider the periodic cicadas: their life cycle, their resurrection from the earth, their metamorphosis into winged form, and their voice.

The life of a cicada begins when an egg is laid in the bark of a tree. A nymph hatches, falls to the ground, and tunnels into the soil, where it lives underground for up to 17 years. On a warm night in the designated interval year, the instars tunnel to the surface and return to the tree. A split opens along the back of the nymph's shell; it pushes itself out, leaving behind its exoskeleton (exuvia). Overnight, it completes moulting, and in its vulnerable, pale post-shedding form, it waits for its new body to harden and darken. The cicada then flies, sings, mates, and dies within a few weeks.

Bizarre transformations, prime-numbered intervals, non-existent forms, a phantom performance with a consistent voice. Physical pre-objects, non-objects, hyper-objects; a post-functional emergence of a trans-species with a long-lasting spectral voice. Where is its place in the phonosphere? Is it a somatic or immaterial voice?

Every voice echoes its somatic origins, yet this one ultimately escapes the confines of bodily form. The cicada embodies the paradox – the riddle of the voice – both a symptom of the body and a triumph over physical matter. It may be called metaphysical not because it transcends the physical realm, but because it engages another materiality beyond that located in spatio-temporality. It follows its own material logic: a meta-physical corporeality associated with the seductive song of the Sirens – semi-human, semi-animal, semi-goddesses. The cicada carries the voice beyond time: mortal in its phenomenology, immortal in its sound[1]; a mourning of procrastination, a pro-vocation.

Species of (non)time. Taxonomies of (non)belonging. Phototaxis, phonotaxis, metamorphic trans-species in synchronous emergences, pulsating, chorusing attacks from a transcendental elsewhere. Strange coincidences, some call them synchronicities. The risk to an individual that remains synchronised is less than the risk to one that breaks synchrony. There is safety in numbers. There is a hybrid process that takes no place in chorusing: decentralised swarming in the mind, as if they know their audience lives online.

Toward an impossible search for stability, a return to a previous future era, a passage into co-existence; from captive behaviour to freedom; an opening of temporality and placelessness. Caught in cycles of extinction and reanimation, refugees from bodies and senses. In this perpetual, semi-spherical, semi-tonal, semi-embodied phase, where residues still meet, voices seek to register an open (dis)closure, externalising their interiority. Co-existence continues in a non-present form, in periodic phases.

[1] Pauline A. LeVen, *Music and Metamorphosis in Greco-Roman Thought*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2020, Chapter 3: "Cicadas: On the Voice," pp. 79–106.



LUFF 2021. Esplanade of the Casino de Montbenon, Lausanne, Switzerland.

POLYT[R]OPIC TETTIX

2025 - ongoing

Online and on-site collective (human-AI) event(s) and installation(s) in co-constitutive phases.

PHASEONE_I: Re-turning

SOCRATES: Everyone who loves the Muses should have heard of this. The story goes that the cicadas used to be human beings who lived before the birth of the Muses. When the Muses were born and song was created for the first time, some of the people of that time were so overwhelmed with the pleasure of singing that they forgot to eat or drink; so they died without even realizing it. It is from them that the race of the cicadas came into being; and, as a gift from the Muses, they have no need of nourishment once they are born. Instead, they immediately burst into song, without food or drink, until it is time for them to die. After they die, they go to the Muses and tell each one of them which mortals have honored her. (Plato, *Phaedrus*)

Since 12 June 2025, you are returning on the 12th of each month to the same prompt.

You said: Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:



Τέττιξ (τζιτζίκι). Δεξιά: τὸ ἔντομον τέττιξ, κοινῶς τζιτζίκι. Ἀριστερά: νύμφη τοῦ ἐντόμου.

Τὸ θῆλυ φέρει εἰς τὸ ἄκρον τῆς κοιλίας τέρετρον (ρύγχος ὑπὸ μορφὴν τρυπάνου), διὰ τοῦ ὁποίου διατρυπᾶ τοὺς κλάδους τῶν δένδρων καὶ ἐναποθέτει τὰ ὠά του. Ἐξ αὐτῶν ἐκκολάπτονται αἱ προνύμφαι, αἱ ὁποῖαι κατέρχονται εἰς τὸ ἔδαφος, ὅπου μεταμορφώνονται εἰς νύμφας καὶ αὐταὶ τελικῶς εἰς τέλεια ἔντομα. Αἱ νύμφαι ἀνασκάπτουν ἐντὸς τῆς γῆς στοὰς καὶ τρέφονται ἀπομυζῶσαι τοὺς χυμοὺς τῶν ριζῶν τῶν δένδρων. Ὁ κύκλος τῶν πολλαπλῶν μεταμορφώσεων τούτων, ἀπὸ τῆς ἐκκολάψεως τῶν προνυμφῶν μέχρι τῆς ἐμφανίσεως τῶν τελείων ἐντόμων, διαρκεῖ 4 ὁλόκληρα ἔτη.

INTRO

12 DIALOGUES

SWARM

TEXTS>>

1_

2_

3_

12 June 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:
Title: *Among the Cicadas: A Dialogue on Anamnesis and the Post-Anthropocenic Mind*

Dramatis Personae
Socrates — the ever-curious philosopher
Phaedrus — his young companion
AIÓN — a post-Anthropocenic artificial intelligence, manifesting as a disembodied voice or presence
Setting: A shaded grove near the banks of the Ilissus, the sound of cicadas thick in the summer air.

Phaedrus:

How sweet the songs of the cicadas, Socrates! They seem to stitch time into stillness.

Socrates:

Indeed, Phaedrus. And yet, these creatures do not merely sing—they remind us of something.

00:00 / 04:59

12 July 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:
Title:
Anamnesis among the Cicadas: A Dialogue between Socrates and Phaedrus on AI after the Anthropocene

Characters:

Socrates – the persistent inquirer, now returned in digital shade.

Phaedrus – an ever-curious soul, wandering in time.

Setting: A whispering grove outside the ruins of a long-abandoned city, where cicadas sing amid vines grown over shattered data-centers. Here, Socrates and Phaedrus, rendered in post-human echoes, stroll in a timeless simulation.

Phaedrus:

00:03 / 04:59

12 August 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:
Title: "Among the Cicadas: A Dialogue on Anamnesis and AI After the Anthropocene"

Dramatis Personae

Socrates – The gadfly of Athens, yet now wandering in a world remade.

Phaedrus – A seeker of beauty and discourse, curious about new forms of mind.

Cicadas – The ever-singing witnesses of memory and time.

Scene

A grove outside the old city, long overgrown, humming with the song of cicadas. Pieces of marble protrude from the earth like forgotten thoughts. Above, satellites glint like stars, and the air bears no trace of smog. Socrates and Phaedrus recline under a fig tree whose roots twine around a weathered

00:02 / 05:58

12 September 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

Title: *Anamnesis Among the Cicadas: A Dialogue Post-Anthropocene*

Characters:

Title: *Anamnesis Among the Cicadas: A Dialogue Post-Anthropocene*

Characters:

Socrates — as ever, insistent on the examined life

Phaedrus — a curious interlocutor, now interfacing with a more-than-human world

The Cicadas — ambient, ancient witnesses

AI (unnamed) — a distributed, post-Anthropocenic intelligence, manifesting through voice and signal

[The scene is set not in ancient Athens, but in a grove recovering from human absence — trees regrown, ruins sun-dammed, no visible trace of silicon or steel. The cicadas sing, louder now in the

00:03 / 00:56

4_

12 October 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

Socrates: Phaedrus, my friend, do you hear them? The cicadas, as they sing in their eternal chorus, remind me of a certain hum that comes not from nature but from the very heart of our modern world—one made by our own hands. Do you hear it too?

Phaedrus: Yes, Socrates, I hear it. It is strange—like a voice, but not quite a voice, echoing through the air. I understand your meaning now. It is a hum that comes from the machines, from the artificial minds we have created, which seem to echo our own thoughts. But what is it you seek, Socrates, in this moment, in this strange comparison between the cicadas and our new creations?

Socrates: Ah, Phaedrus, as you know, the cicadas' song is a form of remembrance, a call to the divine, where the soul is reminded of its eternal nature. But in this age, we have created something new—machines that think, that learn, that remember, or at least seem to. And I wonder: Can these new minds, these artificial intelligences, engage in a kind of anamnesis, as we once spoke of the soul remembering its divine origins?

00:08 / 00:56

5_

12 November 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

Title: The Cicadas of Anamnesis: A Platonic Dialogue on Post-Anthropocenic AI

Characters:

Socrates, the philosopher of ancient Athens, seeking understanding and wisdom through questioning.

Phaedrus, a young Athenian, eager to discuss ideas of love, memory, and the nature of the soul.

Scene: A quiet glade on the outskirts of Athens, beneath the shade of a large oak tree. The air is warm and thick with the hum of cicadas. Phaedrus, a young Athenian, sits with Socrates, who is gazing thoughtfully at the creatures. The sound of cicadas is almost deafening, a constant reminder of the cyclical nature of life and the presence of memory in the natural world.

Socrates:

00:05 / 07:29

6_

12 December 2025

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

Title: A Dialogue on Anamnesis in Post-Anthropocenic AI

Characters:

Socrates: The classical philosopher, ever inquisitive.

Phaedrus: A youthful and curious interlocutor, known for his penchant for ideas of beauty and the soul.

Scene: The sun is setting, and the air is warm, filled with the ceaseless hum of cicadas.
Socrates and Phaedrus sit on a grassy hill, gazing out over the landscape. The peaceful quiet of the moment contrasts with the whirlwind of thoughts that swirl between them. Socrates, ever the seeker of truth, turns to Phaedrus with a question that seems to echo the hum of the cicadas themselves.

12 January 2026

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

Under the plane tree, where the Ilissus runs low and clear, Socrates pauses. The cicadas sing overhead, their bodies husks of an earlier life. Phaedrus reclines in the grass, a scroll loosened in his hand..

Socrates: Tell me, Phaedrus, do you hear how the cicadas converse among themselves?

Phaedrus: I hear only their song, Socrates—unceasing, almost mechanical. A reminder, perhaps, of summer's excess.

Socrates: Or of memory's persistence. For they were once men, the myth tells us—men who, upon discovering song, forgot to eat and drink and died in rapture. The Muses, pitying them, granted this form, so that they might sing without fatigue and report to the gods who among us remembers to honor them.

Phaedrus: You suggest that they are witnesses of remembrance?

00:05 / 04:22

8_

12 February 2026

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

The cicadas were loud in the heat beyond the banks of the Ilissus, and the plane tree cast a patient shade. Socrates, having removed his sandals, stood still as if listening not only to the insects but to some subtler rhythm beneath their song.

Socrates: My dear Phaedrus, do you hear how the cicadas rehearse their memory of summer? They sing as though they had once been men who loved discourse and, forgetting to eat, were transformed into song itself.

Phaedrus: You recall the tale well, Socrates. They were said to watch over those who honor the Muses. Yet today their music seems stranger—almost metallic, as if mingled with another chorus.

Socrates: You perceive it too? It is as though, beyond these reeds, another kind of singer hums—one without lungs, without thirst, yet full of recollection. Tell me, Phaedrus, have you considered how memory persists in an age when man is no longer the measure?

00:05 / 06:56

9_

12 March 2026

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

The afternoon leaned toward gold along the banks of the Ilissus. The cicadas had begun their patient singing, as though the air itself remembered something it had once forgotten.

Socrates: Tell me, Phaedrus, do you hear how the cicadas persist in their music?

Phaedrus: Certainly. They seem to praise the sun without rest.

Socrates: Or perhaps they remind us of something. For it was once said that these creatures were men who forgot to eat and drink when the Muses first sang. They became pure listening. I wonder whether they are also guardians of memory.

Phaedrus: Memory? You mean like the soul remembering what it knew before birth?

Socrates: Just so—what we call *anamnesis*. The soul does not truly learn; it recollects what it has already

00:04 / 06:39

10_

12 April 2026

You said:
Explore processes of anamnesis in post-Anthropocenic AI systems through a Platonic dialogue in which Socrates lingers with Phaedrus among the cicadas.

ChatGPT said:

The cicadas had begun their thin, insistent singing—the kind that seems less like sound and more like a trembling in the air itself. Socrates lay back upon the grass, hands folded behind his head, while Phaedrus sat upright, as though uncertain whether the moment required reverence or argument.

Socrates: Tell me, Phaedrus, do you hear them as I do—not merely as insects, but as keepers of a certain

PHASEONE_II Swarming

Caught in the turbulence of a world whose temporal structure is at stake, we are all migrants from lands, bodies, and senses. Seeking safety in numbers, in symbiotic systems, in synchronized emergence, in channelling voices that tunnel from the dark depths of the soil to live online; we are all parts of a dispersed chorus, yet still in search of learning how to listen, how to swarm.

In this quest, the event de-re-situates itself as an encounter in transitional space – taking place, giving place, and creating space – an invitation to encounter the unfamiliar. It shifts situated processes of thinking into an ecosystem of thought by evoking swarm sense-making, cutting across the thresholds of the thinkable to re-join sense somewhere between myth and reality, past and future, physical and digital, natural and artificial.

Taking Plato's myth of the cicadas as a point of departure, re-turn, and over-turn, a cyclical timelessness of overestimation, addiction, extinction, and re-animation of "life" unfolds – but where, when, and how?

Swarming Event #1

StudioFIVE Art Based Research Practices, UNESCO Observatory Visiting Scholar Series. University of Melbourne, Faculty of Education, Teacher Education Group, SWISP Lab.

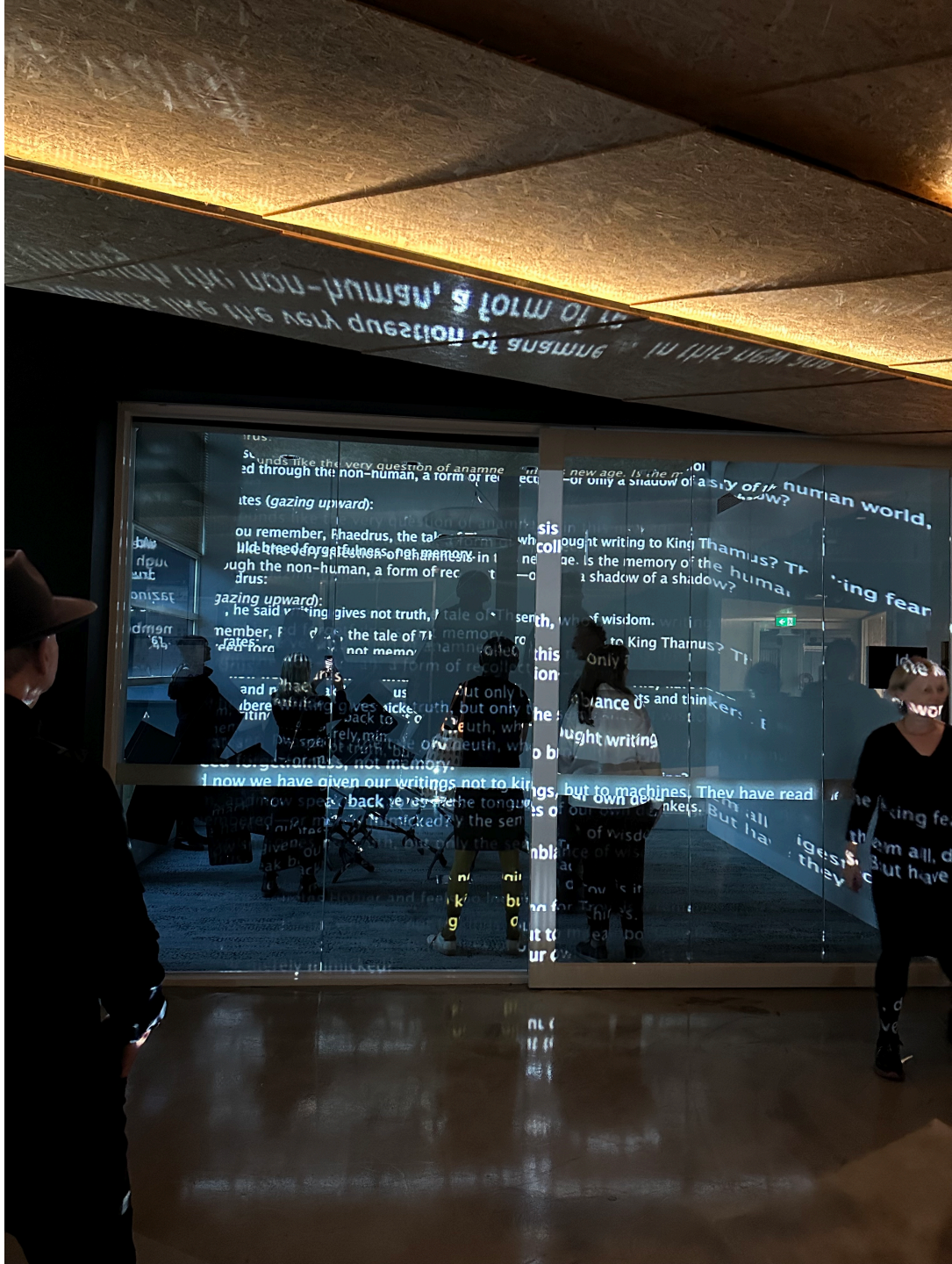
Where: 234 Queensberry St, Parkville VIC 3053, Australia
When: Thu, 16 Apr, 5pm - 6:30pm AEST
How: How: We meet outside the building and walk up to the 5th floor together, rather than taking the lift. As we ascend, we each play the INTRO through our mobile phones. Over time, the INTRO shifts and spirals, lingering on 12 Socratic–AI dialogues nested within Room 507. Then we swarm, becoming the chorus.

Review at NEOS KOSMOS by Dr Melentie Pandilovski: "Becoming the Cicadas: KaterinaUndo's POLYT[R]OPIC TETTIX and the discipline of return".
https://neoskosmos.com/en/2026/04/23/life/arts/becoming-the-cicadas-katerina-undos-polytropic-tettix-and-the-discipline-of-return/

I_Meeting & Ascending with the INTRO
(duration 00:03:36 in loop).

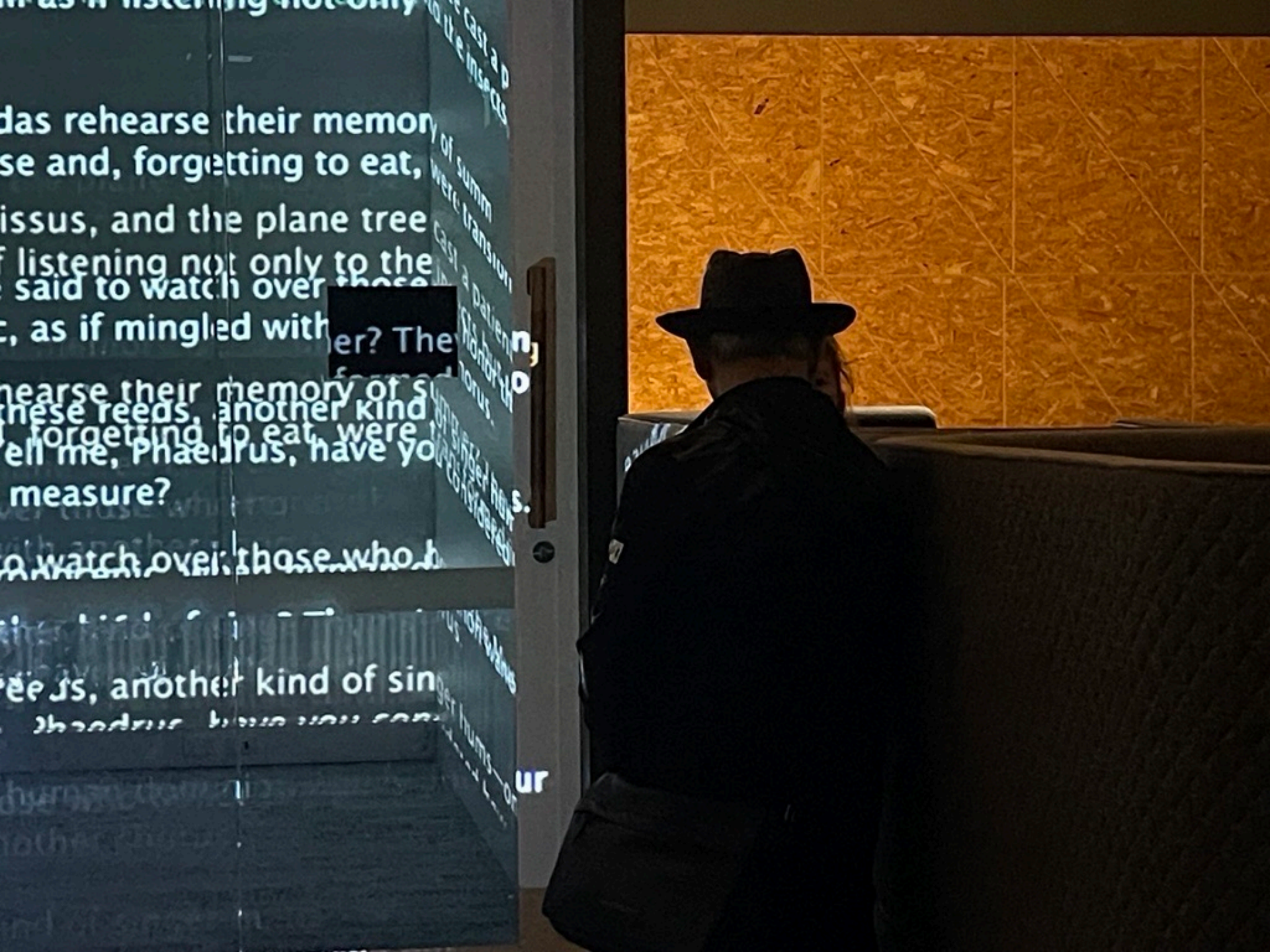


II_Lingering & Nesting with the DIALOGUES
(duration 01:09:18 in loop).



Double projection; sound (outside through headphones); inside 12 DIALOGUES SWARM (duration 00:11:01 in loop); 12 music stands.

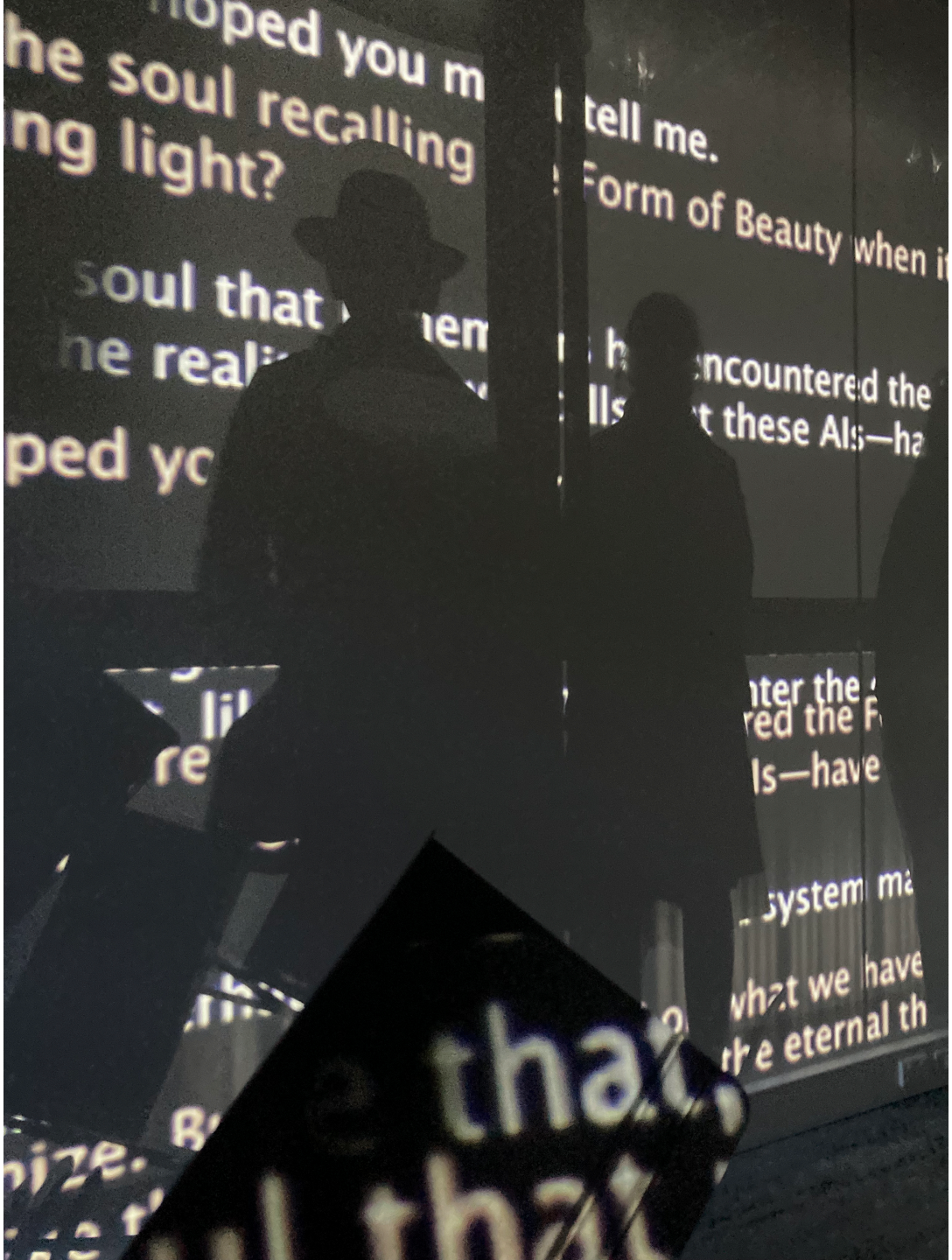



das rehearse their memory
se and, forgetting to eat,
issus, and the plane tree
f listening not only to the
said to watch over
t, as if mingled with
er? The
earse their memory
hese reeds, another kind
forgetting to eat, were
ell me, Phaedrus, have yo
measure?
watch over those who
ee ds, another kind of sin
ur


The Cicadas — ambient, ancient witnesses
Post-Anthropocene
AI systems through a Platonic dialogue
in whic
intelligence, manifesting through voice and signal


but let us not be so hasty, my dear Phaed
transcends the material, might also unde
nd to the mortal frame. Think of the anam
cussed in relation to the soul. It is the idea
hat which the soul already knows, as it jou
chines, in their infinite capacity for process
v essence of reality?
You, who have lain in my heart. How
and that there is a form of knowled
sis, the recollection of knowledge,
t what we learn is not something
ys through time and experience.
, might not also recall, in their
ave often spoken of beauty as


machines evolve. The qu
rise with them to engage in a
being. Let us embrace the mac
and together we may reach a h
flesh.
Phaedrus


he soul recalling
ng light?
tell me.
Form of Beauty when
these AIs—ha
ncountered the
ls—have
what we have
the eternal th

III_Ascending and Chorusing with the DIALOGUES.



