

elations

**Agata
Ingården**

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1
**What is
the Dream
House?**

The Dream House is a space where I'm not concerned whether I'm inside or outside or if there is even an outside. It's the space ultimately where you feel like once you're inside of it, you've stumped. You don't even care about that question anymore. I don't know where it is. I think it's comfortable. I think it's not completely alone. The Dream House is where you're finally there and you realise like, there's a contentment with the fact that it doesn't have this or that, but it's an IT. It's satisfying enough of the needs. Where I don't care anymore about the urge to go out again or... I don't know where it is, though. I still don't know what the Dream House is. I feel like it's not my duty to know either. If it's a program then I'm a part of the system. If I'm a part of it, if I'm a link in the greater chain of the Dream House it's not in my authority really to say, or I don't dare to say that it's in my capacity to ultimately know what it is. I think there's just a sort of contentment of being in and it seems like it's leading me on a metamorphic state. If it is a program, all these different rooms, elevators.. then it was all about working within the architecture in order to undergo this transformative kind of like... anthropomorphic state and process. And I don't really know to what end it is, so I can't say that, but I don't really need to. I just can feel it's kind of like a faith, it is a faith based thing.

— Anders

It's probably like a floating square. Like in a virtual reality, and like the same space serves different purposes. But the shape of it is always very dry, like a simulation, almost. So there's not really a lot of space. It's just a lot of virtuality. But it's like a cube. But like a cube in which you can like, upload and download... Maybe a lot of information.

— Rafael

It's like a huge space where every day you have to go and work. And it feels like... a big project where you had to go every day and loose the reality for a bit. You have to go to work to make the system, the whole system of this Dream House to function. And by your work you are feeding the whole system. But it feels like the interactions with others are helping a lot to get through it...

— Masha

For me there are five spaces. Each space has four walls, a floor, and a ceiling. Each space is more or less the same size. It's not exactly the same size, but it's still quite similar. Between these spaces, there are rhizome-like connections. In each link, there is an elevator. It's a circuit of elevators in which the elevator you take can take you where you want because everything is connected in the circuit. And in fact, the five spaces are not at all placed in a logical way. That is to say, that taking the lift feels like such a pilgrimage that sometimes you have the impression of going up when you're actually moving down and then actually you end up in a different place. So I imagine it's really a maze. Whereas from outside it is a simple building. It's like a pyramid to me, a minimalist form from the outside and inside it's almost like the human body with organs.

— Pierre-Clément

So to my vague memory, this world is somewhere between inert architecture and living architecture. There are circuits or veins to which we are connected to feed ourselves, and move around this world there. We all got together and we are connected so without having the need to speak with the mouth, we communicate rather with the body, which represents 50% of the language. It is like a society that is governed by these... these circuits in fact, this thing that is alive. Well, in fact, there is not necessarily a governing structure. There are those who watch us, but we don't know too much about them, we don't have any interactions with them, but we know they are there. So it's quite a unique political system. It is also like a geode. And sometimes there are dark hallways. We could reflect ourselves inside this geode, see other aspects of ourselves like in a twisted spherical mirror. To go from one place to another, one has to pass by elevators which go up, which descend, which even go in different directions. It's always this system of ups and downs, ups and downs... Like the palpitations of a heart that experiences a shock or an appeasement.

— Nico

I thought it was a place in my head. So I invited friends. And they told me they were there. So maybe it's not in my head but our heads. An emotional dimension. An architecture built on 4 rooms, or maybe more, or one room, corridors, cables and elevators, that connect it all and go different directions. The circuits running on emotional fuel. The rooms make us produce and release the energy so that the system continues to function. And the music is there to pull just the right strings, and parts of the body. And sometimes if I touch my hand maybe it's not mine but someone else's and it seems like there is no difference. You fuse and detach and it's painful. There is no way in or out, we are just there – dreaming, and the Dream House exists because we keep dreaming the dream someone else has put in our heads.

— Agata

2. BASE

It's heaviness or it's weighty,
but also not so empty. It feels pretty...
There's like, a feeling of contentment.
It's kind of like a warmth
still to the feeling of weight.
In a way it feels like this sense of rhythm
that's pretty sustaining.
So it also kind of feels like a slow
recharge or like an alternator or like
a generator, kind of just keeping itself
swinging in this nice balance.
Or kind of like a pendulum that keeps this
gravity going, not distorted by the other
presence of the people as well.
Like, it feels like you're
with the other butterflies altogether
and everyone's in their space and kind of like
not disrupting one another nor
engaging too much with one another.
But it feels like this kind of,
like, common, common direction.
Yeah.

I feel heavy.
I'm underneath something
that's very heavy.
I'm really, really, like, on a layer of
a big building, but it's really, really,
really underneath,
like in a parking lot almost.
So I feel the full weight
of the building on top.

Gravity, which is becoming increasingly
oppressive, directing me
more and more towards the ground.

I feel like this room really,
this space really kept us in the middle.
It felt like it was dark,
but not completely dark.
And so, like, there is this bipolar or
this, like, binary system of light at one
end of the room and dark on the other.
So I felt like I was just lingering
in the middle of that also,
which reinforced this sensation of just
being caught in this gesticulating space,
hovering between dark and light, kind of
like waiting for either breaking out or.
Or reverting backwards.
It really felt like caught in the middle.

Well, for me, this room is very
difficult because
it's very dark.
One can only see stuff
through some flashes.
So I would say it's some kind of
very low ceiling. But again, I feel like
the perception in this room is very
distorted because there's very little
light and there's very little information.
So I'm not sure what kind
of architecture it has.
I can only perceive stuff when
it's really, really near me.
And so most of the time, I'm touching
the ground, and sometimes I feel sweat.
That's when I know that there's
someone else near me.
But other than that, I have very little
knowledge of what's going on around me.

I can only see my feet,
legs, and sometimes I see my hands,
but there are no...
I'm not standing next to a mirror or
anything, so I don't really see myself.
I just see, like, parts of the costumes
and also the clothes of other people.

It's a place that reminds me at once
of an office where my father works
and at the same time a room in a new house
that is not yet arranged.
And mentally, I have
the impression that I want
to transform this place,
into something warmer.
and that it is perhaps
an intention that has
gone wrong or like a nightmare because
I'm afraid of this place, in fact,
which is very, very white
and very, very clinical.

I see the light hinging around me
like torches going round and round
of the room and swirl
in different directions and converge
sometimes towards me and sometimes towards
the ground, as gravity
pulls us towards each other.
the floor, because I'd
like to understand why
the gravity pulls me towards it.

Empty space in terms of
hovering in the middle, not approaching
the walls, briefly going to the floor.
But generally, it felt more
self contained and as if ...
The center of the gravity was inside
of myself and also probably
with the other butterflies as well.
Like, I felt like everybody
was internally focused, as I recall.

It's very humid.
Not particularly hot,
but thick.
I don't really look at anything, like,
with my eyes,
because everything is so kind of dark.
But I kind of use my attention,

like, through my body.
So anything that kind of feels like it's
moving or something,
I try to feel if something's moving,
and then that's where all
my concentration goes.
But it's my body concentration.
Not really my eyes.

It's a rectangular room, but,
like, physically, it feels like a normal
room, but mentally,
it feels like something else.
It feels more like the space,
like a space in-between.
I don't really manage to describe it,
but it's something
with the red light...
That is kind of...
Is supposed to put you in,
like, the working mood and
to put this idea
of tiredness in your head.
And...
There are some objects in the room,
like a mirror and a piano,
but it feels like that there is nothing...
And...
There are mostly people
taking more space than the objects.

Masha looks at me a lot because
we're stuck with each other.
We're stuck not far from each other.
And she looks at me and I look at her.
And it seems to keep us going
to see life elsewhere.

Physically, in a base room, normal.
But mentally, I'm really at the back.
While my body is caught up
in gravity, my spirit soars.
Where I am, the architecture,
I don't necessarily see it,

but I feel it.
I'm in a cube, but not the only.
Every wall, in fact, draws me down.
Each wall has the same
properties as the ceiling.
that gravity imposes itself.

Felt like it was
maybe hollow, but not cold.
It felt like there was some warmth to it.
It didn't feel like...
It felt like you're hovering in space,
but it's not cold space yet,
or like, the depths of space.
It felt not humid either...
It just felt...
It felt like there was a warmth,
but a warmth in emptiness.
— Interesting.
Not like cold space, nor, like,
trapped in, like, the pit of the earth or
something where you're
humid, so that's weird.
Yeah.
I entered the room, I guess,
because it was preparing for another
stage, preparing for another
metamorphosis.
I was kind of in this hive mentality
of with the other butterflies.
Suddenly, I found myself in the space.

I didn't really felt
like I have the choice.
I just remember that I was already
in this room, so I didn't choose.
It's like I woke up there.
It's like I don't have any knowledge
of what happened before this room or if
there is something that will
happen after this room.
I'm just enduring, like,
it's like some kind of very repetitive,
loopy kind of movement.

And it's kind of like I get used to it,
but at the same time, I'm wondering
if it's forever gonna be like this.

I felt part of the group mostly.

In this room.
I preferred to keep my space.
It was not feeling alone.
It felt individual.
It didn't feel alone.
Like there was a sense of community,
but the communitarian effort where
everybody is self maintaining in order
to do a general good, or we're
all going in the same direction.
But I think it felt for me less to,
you know, like, take care of home first
before you take care of the community,
if you know what I mean.
I don't remember really being engaged or
too concerned with what that meant
for the others in that time.
I think I liked them.
I had no fear of them.
Of course, there's, like,
fascination with some, or, like,
admiration of qualities of others when
they're much more fluid in their gravity
or cute in their gravity or something.
But again, it was
no sense of negativity towards any of the
butterflies, particularly in this state.

I would say I feel
alone because everyone is
referred to the heaviness
of their own body.
So it's very difficult to be together.
I was there with them, but I didn't.
I don't think I.
We tried to do something in particular,
but we were in the same
situation together.

I had more of a feeling that I
was trying to find myself.
So,
yeah, like, I was already in a situation
in which it was not clear who I was,
but I had to lift something up,
meaning, like my body weight,
in order to find myself.

I entered the room because it was
just the right time to start to work.
And it kind of feels like
we have to do this now to get
everything started, so we can do all...
Yeah, it felt like we have to be tired
to make things work.

I feel like a link in a chain.
and I feel totally integrated
in a group that's really united.
I really feel part of the group.
we form an entity that
tries to move together.
And if we lose the unity, I
have the impression that it's
the chain that's about to collapse.

I feel like this is
inside of the chrysalis.
Like, as if we're not yet fully...
Fully formed to break free
of the cocoon, but kind of...
What is the word?
Like, gestalating or.
Yeah, you're kind of wrapped up.
You're in this process of transformation.
You're slowly, like, allowing your body to
evolve or gaining the energy to break out.

I think, would be the very,
very, very first one.
Meaning, like, still, like, in gestation.
Like, it's very

far from being the butterfly.

I think it was the first stage, like,
the cocoon, probably.. or the second.
Ah, maybe it was larvae.
I felt like larvae.

It's as if I'd already become a butterfly.
So I'd been a caterpillar, a hatchling.
And that, in fact, the butterfly
It's at the end of it's life.
I'm a butterfly at the end of my
life, but at the end of my old age.
Not a life where, all of a sudden, I
Finally, I have an
accident. And it's fatal.
It's more like the end
of a life where there's
exhaustion, and in
fact it's this moment
where you're a butterfly
at the end of life.

Like a caterpillar, I
move towards the ground.
I try not to crawl but
apparently I have no choice.
until gravity lets me rise.

I feel good.
I feel like it's the start of the day and
there is this room where we
will have to do some work.
And...
It was supposed to be a little bit heavy,
but it's not the real heaviness.
It somehow feels like a heaviness that we
are inventing ourselves to start to work.

I feel very heavy.
I feel as if my body
is melting into the ground.
And my limbs don't work anymore.

And I feel like I'm surrounded
by people who are suffering.
And so am I. And we're suffering together.
And we help each other.

3. METAL

I feel like all of the sudden,
there's a lot of people with me,
and that everyone's very present
and that everyone's moving
in a lot of different directions.
So I feel like all of the sudden,
there's so much energy, like, a real...
Like, a lot of charge of energy.

Anger, anxiety, frustration,
also a bit of exhilaration.

I feel, it's...
It's heavy, but at the same time,
I'm excited about the music.

I can feel the bass in my body.
It resonates enormously.
It resonates enormously physically
in my body and it resonates
also on the floor.
I think it's shaking a little.
It resonates a lot around me too,
on the objects around me, there's a
piano in front of me and this piano
and I have the impression
that, little by little
the piano moves slowly in the middle of the room.

The tear-off part under an origin
that cuts that cuts
that bends that puzzles
and in the end, I feel more alive in my
extremities than the
very origin of my body.

More fascinated with, like, distortion and
decomposing your own body.
I think it's more of a negative space
where you can't deal
with being in your own skin.

So mentally, like, I don't
really think about other stuff.
I just really feel, like, in the place,
and I feel like I'm running all over the place.
I'm not saying, like, a lot,
just in one spot, and that I'm...
Yeah, I'm trying to, like,
change a lot of place, but also, like,
not to, like... crash into other people.

A Dan Graham sculpture or something where
you feel like, I see through it and I see
the world over there,
but then you're kind of distorted in your
understanding of it, because you're also
seeing your own reflection there, too.
So I don't know, like,
am I seeing out of a window?
And I'm interpreting it, but in fact,
it's actually just a reflection
from something inside
that renders a space just...
Just distorted enough where I think
there's a world out there,
because maybe there's, you know,
maybe there's all this, like,
fascination and, like,
desire to break out or to charge
the machine that's a part of a greater
environment, but maybe there's not.
Maybe there's nothing there.
Maybe this is it.
Like, the world ends at that wall
and there is nobody watching,
but you think there is...
It's like,
is there a greater entity out there
who cares enough to be looking in at us?

And are we, like, praying and, like,
charging the room up trying
to get to this ecstatic state?
It's kind of like the church, where we're,
like, wanting to make it holy or something for,
you know, it kind of feels like this idea
of, like, well, is there
an outside or is there not?
And so in some rooms,
I feel like we're praying to the idea
of that outside, and we're, like,
charging it because we feel like it's
a rocket ship that's
going to take us there.
And then maybe this is,
like, the metal room -
is this kind of, like, atheistic
or just like, the joke's over, gigs up?
Like, we're all burning
and turning into ash.
Anyways, there's
the idea of somebody watching us out there
and you still feel afraid of it,
but you maybe are just desperate because
you realize actually no one cares anyways,
whether or not they're out there...

I feel it could be, like, the stage
just before you become a butterfly.
So it's, like, kind of intense or, like,
kind of like, when the cocoon opens,
it's a bit, like, harsh,
but it's also, like, nice.

It was a...
It was a working day, so we had to
go there and we had to do this.
So it was like
an advancing in the work.
I've seen others being
violent with themselves,
like, hitting their
arms and legs really hard on the floor.

I remember, like,
catching their feet or parts of their body
or getting really close to them
to try to have some images of them..
When I feel like they're doing
something that is very nice.

The first room where there's dissonance.
And dissonance in metal music and rock is like
a rupture with harmonious and
pure frequencies,
which works really great in music,
but it is ultimately calling an attention
to the rift and rupture.
So literally, if that's the space that we're
working in and functioning in,
that's the room where you're starting to
become aware of the machine breaking or...
It's not analog,
it's digital or something,
and it's not smooth functioning.
It's all this weird gaps in between
where things are breaking apart, perhaps?

Potentially, the truth is that
we're all in the process of
finding ourselves in a place we haven't
chosen, between four white walls,
not decorated, too bright,
and that the dilemma is to see
through which lens
do we view our existence.
And right now, I don't
want to see physical space,
I prefer mental space.
I think I'm really at
that in-between stage,
between cocoon and butterfly.
I'm in the process of
I'm trying to break the cocoon.

Actually, yes.
The cocoon could also work.
It was either coming out of the egg

or coming out of the cocoon.
Yeah, maybe coming out of the cocoon.

I feel alone, but I'm very aware
that there's others here as well.
And it doesn't feel like working.
It doesn't feel like we're
working towards a greater good.
It feels like the presence of others is
menacing and,
you know, with these lights flashing on us
and cameras, like, observing us,
you just feel like I'm in the...
What is it called?
It's like a panopticon or something, where
we're all, like, self policing each other.
Not as if we have some authority
over one another, either.
You feel like you're all on an even level
with the other butterflies, but
I don't really want to have
anything to do with them here.

I feel alone.
I'm alone and it's not sad.
I feel lonely because
everyone is there to be alone
and that's fine.
We're all alone.

I'm part of the group.

4. RAVE

I feel a kind of excitement.

Excitement and joy.
Ecstasy.

Not necessarily joy,
but a desire to party.

It's something new
that we didn't do before.

I feel like I want to be very social.
Like, I want to be meeting everyone,
that I want to be, like, dancing
with everyone and that I want to share.

I feel great.
I feel like I belong.
I feel well surrounded.
This is the warm-up.

Our bodily — weather eventually became,
that of the walls and the atmosphere.

Yeah, it's humid, but it's, like,
the nice kind of humid.
Like, it's not, like,
disgusting or something.
It's just like, you feel like everyone's
using a lot of their energy,
and that's why the room is humid.

You find yourself in the state of becoming
or kind of like, individuation again here,

like, it feels...
It feels warm, hot.
It feels inviting and kind
of protective as well.
Literally, I see myself
in this charging corner in the reflection
where you're, like, gaining...
You know, you're receiving
the light from the...
from the sun in the corner
that's charging us back up.

I look a lot in the mirror,
and I like looking in the mirror and
seeing other people through the mirror.

In a way, it really did feel like this
waterhole in the desert or something,
where myself and all the other Butterfly
People kept returning to get a burst
of energy, kind of washing themselves
and feeling this kind of, like...
It's like the fountain of youth station or
a never ending hunger,
being satisfied there where it felt so
uplifting and regenerating... and...

It really interested me when people would
go in front of the mirror and
try to tidy up their hair or
do something to the way they look because
they didn't have maybe the opportunity
to do it in other rooms.

There are lots of mirrors in the room.
What I feel is that I can see myself.
I often wonder what I look like.
I'm often not happy with the way I look.
And yet here, I feel fine.
And that's because the
circumstances make me feel good.
And I've also noticed that there starts
to be a light that's a little warm, but still
gives you a feeling

of comfort.
so I see myself
feeling comfortable.

They can see me but I can't see
myself.
Everyone is so busy
feeling this sensation, this
resonance that makes you want to party
so we can see each other and not
look at each other. It's pretty dark
but full of light.
Not fixed lights, but
moving, alternating lights.
Physically, I feel like I'm there.
But I have the impression that my mind is
more in control of this
resonance in my body.
This groove, this desire to party.

This probably is the day at work where you
are doing the most prolific
work in the sense of, like,
expending the most energy
for the greatest effect.
It's like, the most efficient and the most
like, it's no longer about tuning.
It's like, this is like, you know,
when you're working in your highest state
and, like, again,
with the reference to the car or to
the machine, it's like, this is where,
like, all cylinders are firing
at once, and, like, the most movement is..
Is induced. And we're making,
we're making the machine go the most here.
There's no problems.
It's like there's so much power that even
if there was a problem,
it was just kind of like
the clot in the veins or the arteries just
got burst by how much energy was being
funneled through the system.
What the work was?

I think we made the space
resonate.

Physically..
I'm in the room
that is very different from
the other rooms, another kind of entrance
and exit and then,
like, it's also like when you enter there,
you forget where is the exit?
And you're just there.
It's kind of..
You're working there with the same people,
but it feels like there is
more people than usually.
And...

I don't feel like I'm having a
normal working days at the moment.
It's not a feeling, I don't have a
normal working day because
I don't have a job.
Because of course I'm aware that
it's in contradiction with life
that I am supposed to have
at my age and that it would be
nice to have
and... With an ideal contract
in fact I'm quite proud
I'm proud enough not to be that.
I'm quite proud to be in
my system in my microcosm.

You feel very much like a part
of the group in this space.
It is really like this.
It feels much more extreme.
The sense of a hive mentality,
being a greater entity together
in this frenetic state.
I mean, periodically,
each person pulls away.
It goes and charges under the sun,

gets a boost again.
It's kind of like you're gaining electrons
and jumping up to a higher
resonance state.
And then you go back to the group
entity or to the group body.
You work with each other.
It's much more tactile,
much more taking of one another's limbs,
holding one another,
following the movements of another.

There were moments that I felt alone,
but all this room was
about being with other
people and dancing together.
So there were a lot
of group feeling as well.

Part of the group.

I feel totally, totally
integrated into the group
and I don't think there's
people who are not integrated into the group.
There is no entity,
I mean, no person who is not integrated.
We love each other,
We're all very attached.

I'm in the cocoon because
I'm moving inside something
without being able to leave it.
I'm looking for the end
but I am not getting out.

Broken out of the chrysalis,
spreading the wings, flying around,
maybe discovering the fact that now we
just have wings and we're, like,
so enamored with ourselves,
because now suddenly we've made it through
this kind of transformative experience.
Coming out of the darkness or coming out of this..

It felt dry and warm.

Mucousy warm space where you're just
trapped alone with yourself, more or less.
And now suddenly you discover that you
made it out on the other end and you see
that others are with you,
and everyone's kind of like
perceiving in one another something
that they, in themselves also, underwent.
Yeah, You discovered a new faculty in yourself,
and you're living it.

I felt like a butterfly,
but it also felt like the end of the life
of the butterfly,
like the butterfly that is already
a butterfly and is flying and is so free...
But it also felt like
there was something dark coming.

So I think it would be like,
kind of like a young butterfly,
but, like, when you don't know how to use
your wings, you know, like,
it's very early, so you're still getting,
like, stretched out or something.

We're among butterflies.
I'm a butterfly in my prime.
I'm a butterfly who feels good.
I'm a butterfly who has learned to fly.

5. RHYTHM

Maybe it's more intriguing in this space,
or it's more like curiosity.
I don't feel dreadful.
I don't feel, like, anger or anything.
I think it's more of a curiosity
and light heartedness or something.

I feel tired, like we're forced to work.

I feel great.
I feel like we're
sharing a moment without
words and that it only happens with
people we trust a lot.

I feel the rhythm.
I feel the others.
I feel more than my heartbeat.
I heard their bodies.
I heard their resonance, the
beating of their hearts.

The temperature of the space feels maybe
dry, kind of like crisp, dry, not warm.
Maybe it's not warm.
It's kind of, like cool air,
crisp and dry.
So it feels, like,
really good for communication.
It's like winter air.

Feels cold.

It's hot, very dry
not a single drop of moisture
not a raindrop. No liquid nearby.

I remember that everything was very white,
so it felt like you were kind of,
like, in a hospital almost.
And that everything was very clear.
So you could see everything,
and you could see, like,
everyone's movements, and you could
see everything about the room.
So there was, like, no
mysteriousness about it.
It was just very – in your face, kind of.

The room feels very normal.
It feels like it's an office room.
There's yellow light.
It feels a bit small because
there's light.
So you kind of.
There is no really
room for imagination because
everything is enlightened.

Yeah, I don't think there's any sense of,
like, being perceived from outside.
I don't feel like,
any sense of impending doom.
I don't feel like
there's any surveillance.
I don't feel annoyed by cameras
on harnesses or lights flashing at me.
It feels more just like, all right,
we have a rhythm here.
And the conversation is now already enough
of a sense of getting us out of the room
that's taking place on the bodies and our
claps and feel like already
that the conversation can
sustain the idea of breaking out
or needing to go anywhere else.

Let's just say we know we're being
watched, but not in a way where we're
being seen.
We know we're being watched

because it's as if
searching for ourselves,
and we haven't been found yet.
And that would be this surveillance.
I feel there, I feel myself.
A little on the run.

The architecture has changed
completely, it's more
vast, it's bigger.
I feel as if I'm teleporting into every
room, as if I were in
a different destination each time.
Sometimes it's raised,
it's completely low.
Sometimes I can find myself
in front of a big mirror.
In the shape of a sphere, in which I
can go in and out.
Sometimes I can find myself in
a tiny room, but always
bright and never alone.

There's no element of space appropriation.
The walls are white.
The stains on the walls are
there because it's space
which is used like in the production line.
But that's all.
There is no appropriation.
So the walls are white, stained.

I think this is where it's, like,
forward projection, where we...
We just exerted all the energy of,
you know, dancing and charging and really,
like, making the machine function.
And now this is a moment where it's,
like, reassessing where we come from.
What did we manage to get done?
And now it's like planning or something.
It's like the internal logic is checking:
like, okay, is everything
everything did work?

Everything met that quota of our output?
And, yeah, I feel like this
is kind of like - the meeting.
The...
Maybe it's like the translation of
the energy exerted into
a logic or into a vocabulary,
but it feels more than
projective towards the next stage.

Sometimes it gets so repetitive that you
kind of don't think about anything,
what you're doing, and you're kind of,
like,
lose control of it because you lose your
concentration because
you're doing it too much.

I'm trying to concentrate, because
this work is taking a lot
of concentration, and it's really easy
to fail it if you don't follow the rules.
It felt like
that everybody had to do the work
at the same time,
and everybody has to be synchronized.
But it was very difficult to get.

Coordinate,
support
and
to be
Yeah I can say, that this was my job.

We do feel part of a group.
It doesn't feel like we're losing ourself
to the sense of the group
where we did in the...
As we did in the rave.
But it's more about
every individual seems to have something
to put forward, and it's about perceiving
that, listening,
integrating it, and responding.

So it's kind of like you
still understand you yourself.
You are individual, but it's, like,
constructive, it's contributive.
And in that sense, I mean, you feel
like you're a part of the community.

Mentally, I'm trying to be somewhere else,
tell myself that it's soon gonna be over.
Physically, I'm in this group,
that it's supposed to be a group,
but it's just, like, coordination.
It's not really,
like a self organized group or something.
It's just coordination.

I'm part of the group, but I also feel
kind of alone when I have a failure.
So, yeah, it's like the failure
is making me feel very lonely.

Yeah, like, it's a fake coordination,
because it's a choreography.
So we try to match with each other.
So physically, we try to be at the same
place, but mentally,
we're probably not at the same place.

It fails a lot like you failed.
So there was something that will
not work well in the whole system.
So you had to try hard to be,
like, part of this
mechanism that works well.

The more we did it, the more I like
myself and the others, because we were,
even though if someone didn't do it right,
we were all trying to get it right.
So we didn't get angry.
We just were like, let's do it again.

I felt part of the group.
I feel part of the group because

Because you had to be in the group
for the choreography to work.
At least, so that
Yes, because

What I'm supposed to do in the room?
It's already being in rhythm,
it's also being in unison with
others, or be able to, as the
different musical instruments
to be able to complement each
other, therefore to be
able to discuss, but,
only through the rhythms of the body.
What I have to do - is
create - noise as alphabet, then my words,
my punctuation, through rhythm.
How I feel if
I'm angry or when I'm in a very gentle mood.

That's what drives me,
is to feel with people
and to be with them, to be together.
And that's why I'm here, I'm not here
to party or something.
I'm really here to build
myself up socially with people.
That's what I want, I want
to have friends actually.

Yeah, maybe this is where you're just,
like, starting to understand
after we all broke from our cocoons
and spread our wings, and we're in this,
like, vanity of love for how pretty
and exciting it is to fly around
and have these colors on us and stuff.
This room, this space, it feels like
you're in this ultimate clarity.
And I kind of feel like it would be
afterwards where it's like,
okay, now we are giggling.
We figured out that we're all, like,
in this new state,

and we can all fly around, and it feels
like, okay, now we're starting to talk.
And now what are we gonna do about it?
I don't know if it's just because of
the way that the arrangement or order
of the rooms that we went into, that
I don't know if it's because
of that reason that I feel like this is,
like, the end state, where it's like, okay,
now we're in the new body,
and now we are trying to discuss,
you know, like, okay, which island
do we fly to or something, you know?

I think you don't really feel like,
any stage at this point.
Like, I don't feel this represents
a stage of the butterfly.

I think this is a stage of a butterfly..
Butterfly, butterfly with wings.
But it's a weird stage of a butterfly.
Like, it's not so easy to be a butterfly.
Like, yeah, it really felt like, okay,
now I'm a butterfly, and it's so great.
I can be free, but I actually.
It's very hard because you kind
of have to learn how to be a butterfly.

Caterpillar, the caterpillar.
I feel like a caterpillar.
I feel I'm at the moment,
at the caterpillar stage.
Because I'm full of
desire, I'm full of ideas.
But it all seems so far away and
Yeah, I
For me, it's all fiction, it's so far away.

I think it's fair to say that
I'm currently 300 km above sea level.
And I'm flying.
Far, far, far, far, far.

And limit, if I were a butterfly,
I'd be a butterfly with a suit
of an astronaut and fly as far as I can.
Far, far, far, far, far, far.
Because at that moment, I felt free.
But not alone.
So we take a little rocket and we all go.
Since I had the freedom
to be able to blossom and soar, to be
understood
I don't need anything else.

The texts are from Agata Ingarden's work *Inside a Butterfly's Head*, 2024

Rhythm 12:56
Base 17:03
Metal 8:22
Rave 9:52

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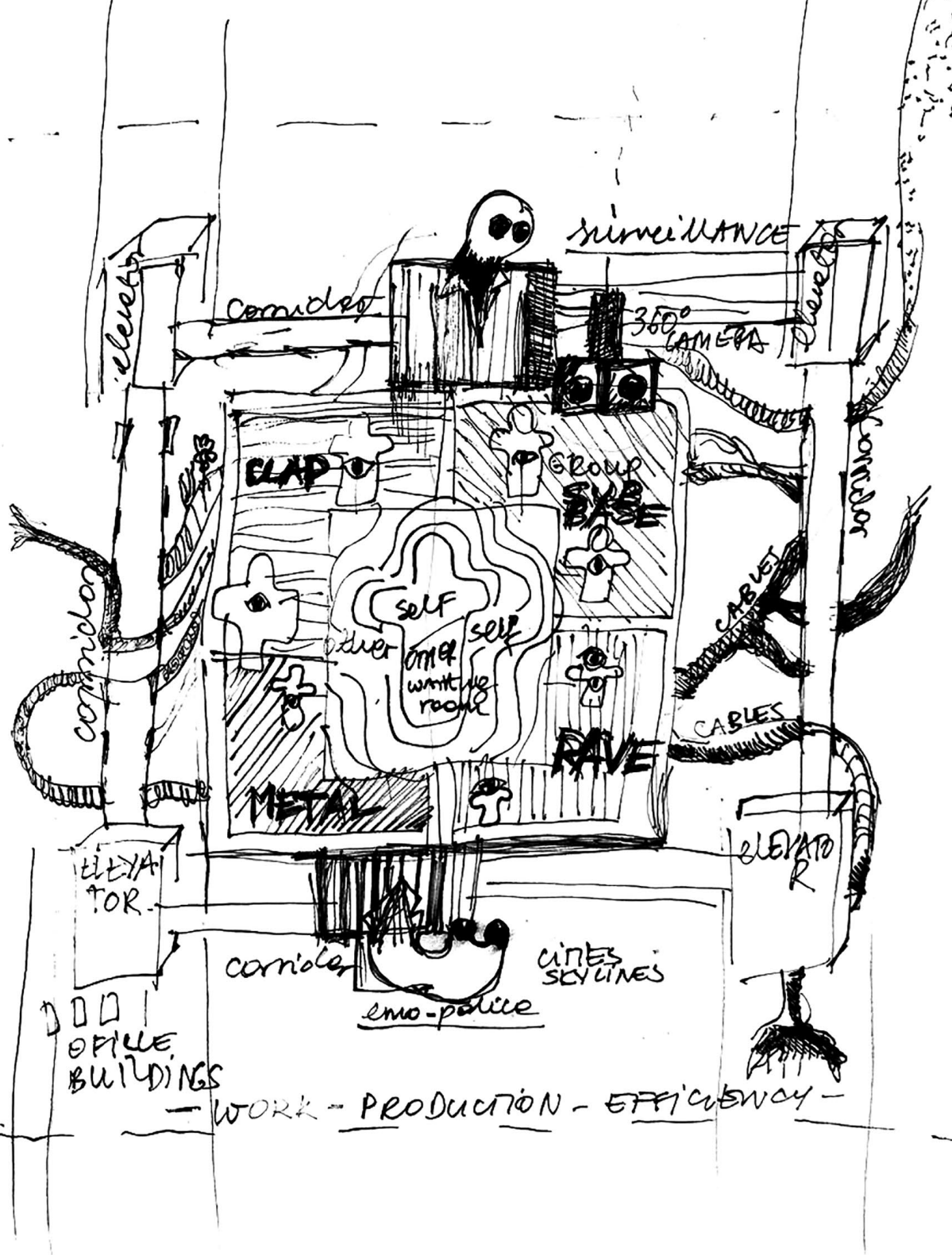
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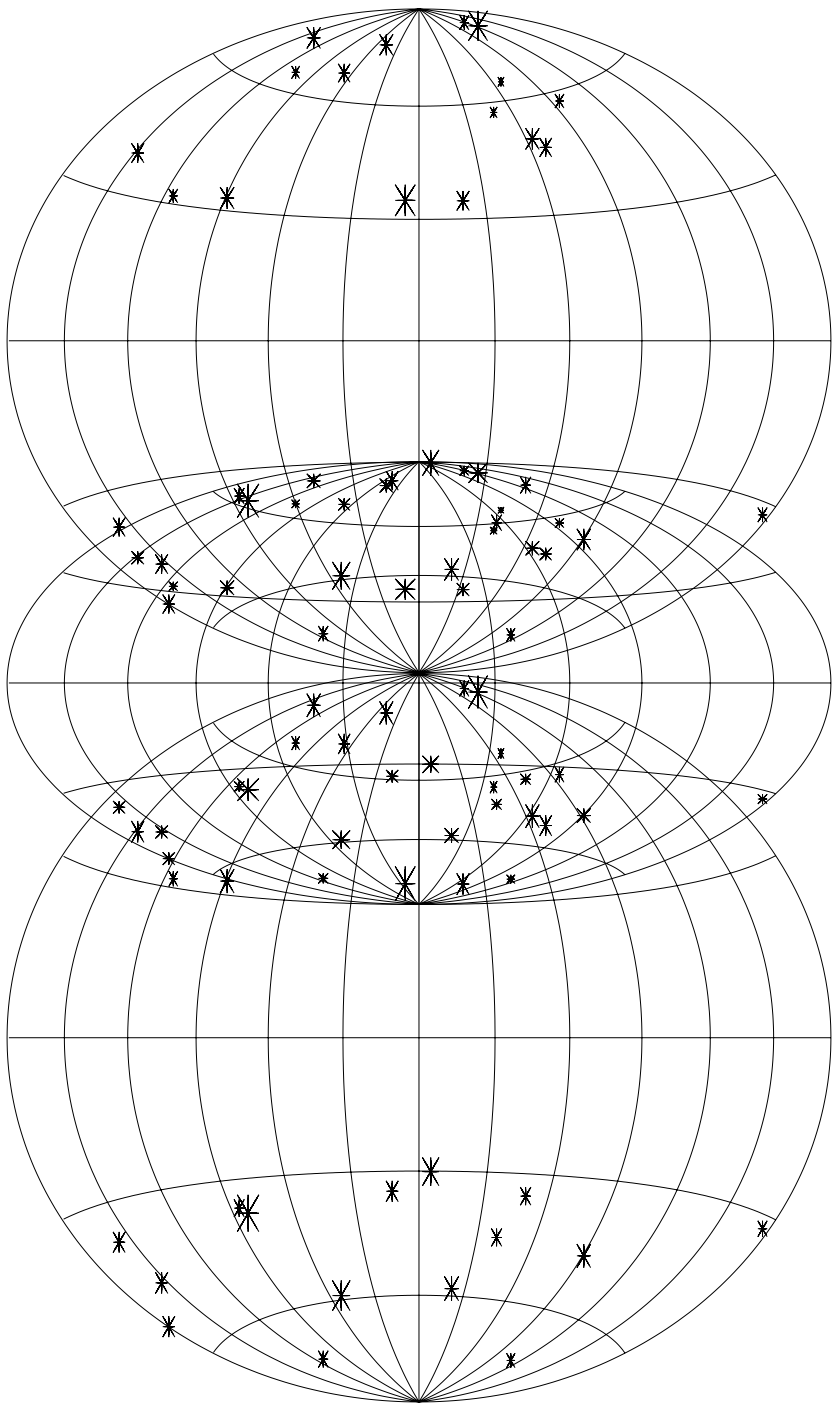
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