

Always we start in the realm of fugue, hallucination, that place where your mind goes as you are falling asleep, or when you are over-tired and can't 'think straight' any more . . .

Three emergent accomplices—Krill, Spore and Terra—took form in 2019 on the edge of the Tirari Desert, edged by the ancient Eromanga Sea, the hot gale plains. They became our companions, our familiars. We had channeled them through field trips, programmatic word theft and collaborative writing across timespace and collective production in open systems. We welcomed surprise, disappointment, destabilisation, fleeting resolution and homeostasis.

With the global spread of the Covid-19 virus in 2020, these time-travelling fossil-becomings evolved and found new kin. Sleep-talking and skin-walking, they reflect upon the heightened conditions of crisis that the biological virus has simultaneously precipitated and exposed, across all ecologies - human, non-human and systemic.

Can our body still be a metaphor of the possible when we experience hybrid conditions of being, our blood and flesh intertwined with accelerating emergencies of species extinction, climate catastrophes and the systemic murder of First Nations people? Which speculative practices might we use to throw shapes to jam the drooling maw of Power?



WARMEST THANKS

In Her Interior is extremely grateful to the creative artists at Schaumbad who helped us to realise our vision. Without them we could not have made this artwork.

- o Alexandra Gschiel, Andrea Sadjak & Eva Ursprung - Concept *Badeverbot*, Schaumbad - Freies Atelierhaus Graz
- o Hanna Stein & the Risograd Print Collective
- o Alexandra Gschiel - Fabricator of sculptural elements of IHI installation for *Badeverbot*
- o Eva Ursprung, German translation of *Tell me what you see outside (part 1)*
- o Kyriaki Mouratidis, colour field ritual (Adelaide)
- o Ruby Leicester, video subject (Adelaide)

INSPIRATIONS, SOURCES & SOME LINKS

Behrouz Boochani, *No Friend But the Mountains: Writing from Manus Prison*; Jessie Boylan; Helen Caldicott, *The New Nuclear Danger*; Linda Dement; Mary Beth Dempster; Johann Jacob Dillenius, *Historia muscorum* (1741); Dom & Dan; David Graeber; Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*; Masha Gessen, 'What HBO's *Chernobyl* got right, and what it got terribly wrong'; Hybrid Cylon in *Battle Star Galactica*; Irati Wanti; Kastanos family tradition of mushroom gleaning from a secret spot in the pine forest; Jessica Lack, *Why Are We 'Artists'?* *100 World Art Manifestos*; Mark Lombardi, Armin Medosch; *Terminator 2*; Kate Wright

<https://schaumbad.mur.at>

<https://www.instagram.com/risograd>

<https://www.albatrossthefilm.com>

<http://www.inherinterior.net/projects/refresh>

<http://jessieboylan.com/maralinga-pieces>

<https://tallstoreez.com/project/2002/holiday-camp>

<https://vimeo.com/257125767> (*soda_jerk*, *Terror Nullius*)

<https://bit.ly/3hLZj9x> (*Biggest Nuclear Icebreaker*)

<https://bit.ly/2ZNh3Lh> (*Chernobyl cooling tower drone footage*)

<https://itsh.bo/3cdesPP> (*Chernobyl episode scripts*)

<https://bit.ly/2FOhoX6> (*Indigenous plant taxonomy*)

<https://bit.ly/3kzXYV9> (*Irati Wanti & anti-dump campaigns*)

<https://bit.ly/3mzidnr> (*Maralinga Nuclear Test - 1957*)

<https://bit.ly/33Krnou> (*M87 supermassive black hole*)

<https://bit.ly/2RG6u8y> (*Plastic-eating bacteria*)

<https://bit.ly/2FHNhku> (*Worms eating plastic waste*)

IHI acknowledges the Kurna people as the traditional custodians of the land on which they live, love and work. Sovereignty was never ceded - Aboriginal land, always was, always will be.

co-creating through crisis

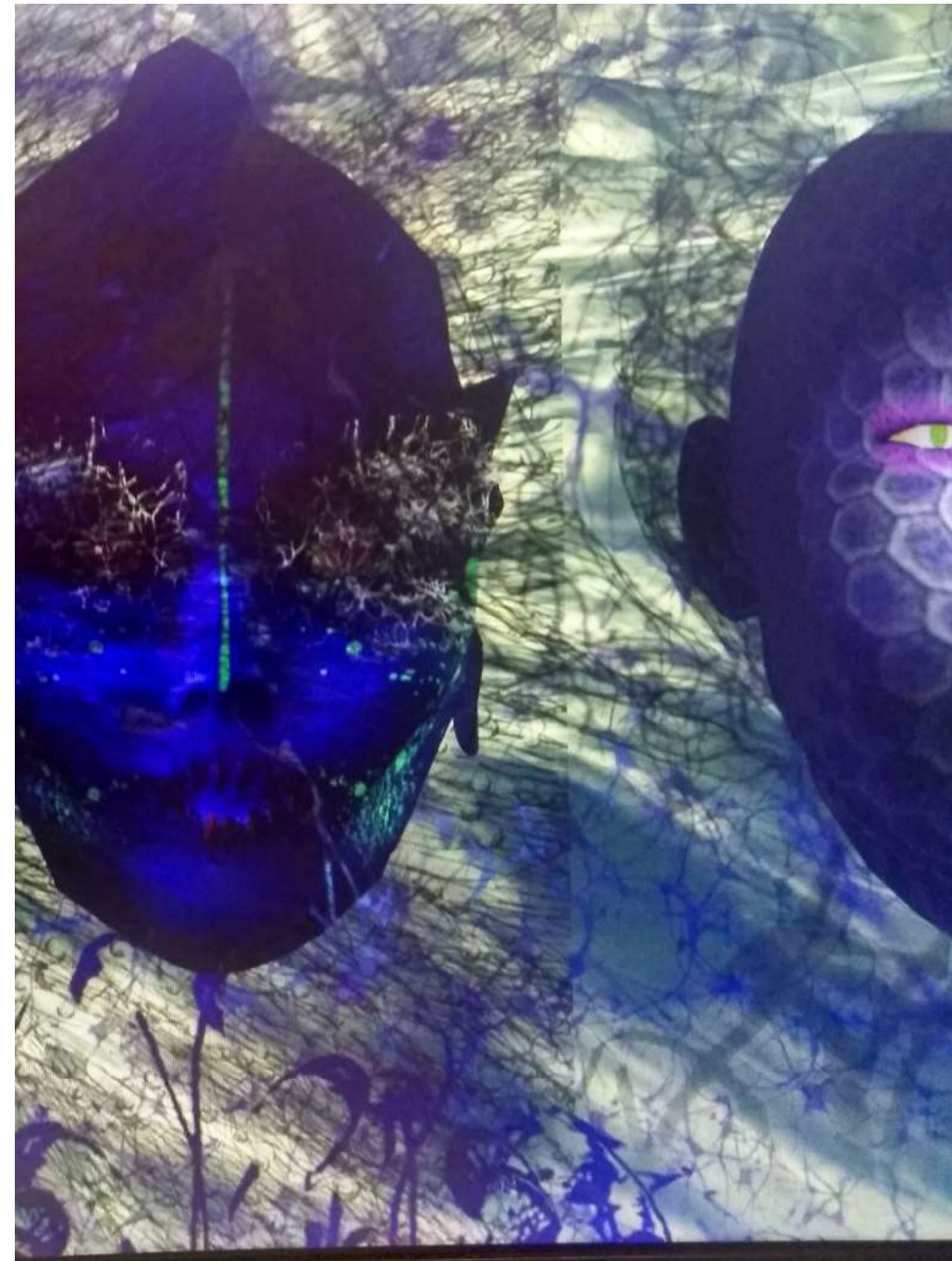
During the Covid19 pandemic In Her Interior has cocooned in Adelaide, a small Australian city on the traditional homelands of the Indigenous Kaurna people. Although Adelaide has so far escaped the virus's worst impacts and the State's policing/public health measures, a sense of gloom is palpable underneath the unmasked bravado of people merrymaking or muckraking as usual. Meanwhile climate change continues to be swept under a carpet of coal and gas by successive governments, dirty bedfellows coupling with extractavists.

Some sort of dissonance is happening, one which ignores the lived experience of tens of thousands of people breathing ash under the red skies spanning the continent during the unprecedented 2019/20 summer bushfires. Fires in which millions of native animals (many verging on extinction) perished, along with human lives and livelihoods. The virus flow, the climate flow, the flow of capital is joined by another swelling flow - this one aligned with anti-racism and Black Lives Matter. In Australia this movement has been led largely by young Aboriginal warriors and Indigenous leaders and elders, many who have experienced close up racist incarceration and black deaths in custody. Meanwhile, the illegal and indefinite imprisonment of asylum seekers continues out of sight, in forsaken island prisons far from the reach of journalists, lawyers, activists.

This is the social context that has fueled IHI's work during the ongoing pandemic.

We made 'Tell me what you see outside' specifically for *Badeverbot*. The work's title comes from the TV series *Chernobyl*, words spoken by a firefighter to his pregnant wife as he lies in hospital dying. He is suffering acute radiation syndrome, caused by the explosion of Reactor 4 in the Chernobyl nuclear power plant, situated in Pripyat, Ukraine.

Although this disaster in 1986 might seem far from us in time and space, it is some ways quite close. It was precipitated by a local event (itself attributed to technological and social factors) that had far-reaching health, social, ecological and economic consequences. Radioactive materials were released into the environment and a radioactive cloud spread over much of Europe. There were deaths, illnesses, trauma. Lives changed, even if politics didn't. Some 30 years earlier (1956-63), the British dropped nuclear bombs in the desert in our home state of South Australia. The radiation effects were devastating to the Indigenous population, the Maralinga Tjarutja people, whose lives had been callously disregarded by the powerful. Service people also experienced the long-term health impacts; such 'tests' always require guinea pigs. Since then, members of affected Indigenous communities and military personnel have led various campaigns - against uranium mining, against nuclear dumps for medium and high-level waste, and for nuclear disarmament. The struggle continues, with the latest being centred around a proposed 'nuclear waste facility' near Kimba. Again the voices of the Indigenous custodians of the land have been (purposely) excluded from consideration. And again the people resist, and propose new visions for a world which respects all species, all land forms, all life.



writing constraints (bend as you will) ...

Rule 0

Choose a text, and call this 'Text01'

Rule 1

Trawl through Text 01 and annihilate any sections that are not related to Covidian times, isolation, viruses, magic and suchlike

Rule 2

Choose 3 lines for the avatar Krill and place them at the top of the document

Rule 3

Patch together 5 lines with a viral magicing and capitalism theme, to be spoken by nobody in particular

Rule 4

Find 2 lines/sections that resonate with topographic experiments

Rule 5

Corral all the creatures into a pen, never to be seen again

Rule 6

Global import business - import 6 lines from anywhere in the world into a container and stack them roughly on top of each other

Rule 7

IGNITION! Create a wordstring that is like a fire circle, tail meeting head, that is hot and explosive and burns it all down. This can be no longer than 5 lines

Rule 8

Run an image search for 'corona virus structures', choose 4 images that call you, choose 1 phrase from each website you gleaned the images from, and place them in a single row

Rule 9

Write a short poem to your most beloved plant

Rule 10

Form a mycelial mat by scattering 9 spores throughout the earth created by the first 10 rules

Rule 11

Pick 5 stones from this ground that signpost the future and embroider them into material

Rule 12

ACTIVATE! Make some doing words, signifying action (glean from manifestos or make your own)

Rule 13

The union of Hildegard and Spore - unite, mash, pierce and recombine 3 sentences each from the mystic Hildegard von Bingen and the avatar Spore

Rule 14

Art raid! Raid the 100 Art Manifestos or any manifesto source, choose 3 lines/paragraphs/exhortations

Rule 15

Write about 3 ways in which you have intersected with a rock, an animal, a building

Rule 16

Buried treasure - find 6 sentences that you have written/transcribed over the past 3 years and put them in any order/disordered heap in a holding bay at the bottom of Rule 6

Rule 17

Blood mining- follow a crystalline seam and mine it of its essence, dense gems of affect

Rule 18

The transmigration of Terra - choose any draft of any text we have co-written, and mine 4 lines that would be plausible for the avatar Terra to utter

Rule 19

Hansel and Gretel - gather any final crumbs from the remaining text and scatter them throughout the forest so you can find your way back home in the dark

Sag mir, was du draußen siehst erzähle mir alles

Schmelzender Permafrost, Betten aus gebleichten
Meeresgeweihe, Teppiche aus hitzegefällten
Fledermäusen, schwarzes Leben, das nicht zählt,
Ansammlungen von Menschen-Gewehren, die unendlich
rekursiven Produktionsmaschinen, Kapitalflüsse, die
direkt in dein Herz führen, Maschineninsekten, die über
gestrandete Blauwale kriechen, gefracktes Ödland,
Eisberge, die Totgeburten werfen.

Ist es Tag?

Nein, es ist jetzt Nacht

Sag mir, was du draußen siehst
Erzähle mir alles

Die Handhaber des Feuers wenden ihre Gesichter einem
böseren Brand zu, ein weiß gebrannter Blick, ein sanfter
Schneefall, leicht wie Strontiummaske, die sich auf den
Lungen Maralinga Tjarutjas niederlässt.

Der Himmel kracht ins Meer

Feuer macht Angst

sei das erste seiner Kinder, das brennt

**tell me what you see outside,
tell me everything**

Melting permafrosts, beds of bleached sea antlers,
carpets of heat-felled bats, black lives unmattering, the
human-gun assemblage, the infinitely recursive machines
of production, flows of capital leading straight to your
heart, machine insects crawling over beached blue whales,
frakked wastelands, icebergs calving stillborns

is it day?

no, it's nighttime now

**tell me what you see outside,
tell me everything**

the fire-handlers turn their faces towards a more
malignant incendum, a gaze burned white, a gentle
snowfall, light as strontium ash settling on Maralinga
Tjarutja lungs

the sky is crashing into the sea

fire scarifies

be the first of its children to burn

