





There is an  
absurd and senseless,  
almost poetic struggle  
to push against  
something, which is  
never ending, futile.

The Sound of Exhaustion.

Exhaustion is the thing.

The Sound.

Exhaustion from life,

from fight, from love,

from running.

Exhaustion from resignation.

There is a certain  
complacency in the  
exhaustion.





Infinity.

Absurdity.

Body Machine.

Boundaries.

Exhaustion.

To make empty.

Escapism.

Synesthesia.

Finding a calm in  
overstimulated overload.

Taking drugs.

A person crawls  
and creeps.

Between play  
and disorientation.

A person runs  
in a circle.

Making the circles  
bigger and bigger,  
smaller and smaller.

Ducks down. Stops.

Begins running again.

Like in a game with a dog.  
Between play and delusion.



There is this

indifference in the  
exhaustion.

Body machine. Human.

Body machine. System.



A person is leaning  
against a wall.

Half able to stand,

half able to walk.

The person is swaying  
in its own beat,

the head against the wall.

Between ecstasy and  
powerlessness.





Three people push a wall  
with their hands.

As to move it.

The only thing moving  
is their bodies.

The feet slide away.

with the power of their bodies.

Against the wall.

In the try to move the  
wall they only move  
themselves.

two people push  
each other.

dike the wall, now  
the human opposite.

The place where they  
meet, the hands,  
nothing is moving.

The feet, the legs  
in movement.

They walk, against each other,  
with each other.

They hold each other.

Without pressure no hold.

Without uniform steps

an imbalance.

Forehead against  
a wall.

The view turned  
downwards.

Quiet walking against  
the wall.

The wall gives hold.  
It doesn't move.

The wall marks.

It divides.

It encloses.

Determining inside and  
outside. Private and public.

It protects and endangers.

It guides and restricts.

It hurts.



What is the motor  
for moving?

What makes us move?

And why do we continue  
to move?





Much body

much violence.





loop.

The image of  
stagnancy within  
movement is contrary,  
yet, omnipresent.

Exploring roles  
in relation to  
crisis.

How do we move as  
human beings within  
environments and systems  
of social structures?





The feet and  
the body keep sliding  
off. We are trapped  
in a loop, like  
a locked groove.



The wall, one instance.

It remains unchanged.