

RITUAL

Let's greet the elephant in the room. The pandemic has been present since the birth of this tale. We can't deny its influence. It has made us yearn for touch, and for togetherness. Ok, moving on.

What spaces exist today for collective expressions of grief, of joy, of renewal?

Female practises of public expression such as mourning, ritual dancing, and witchcraft have historically been banned out of fear for the power they hold and the threat they pose to the rational narrative of modernity. These primal and physical displays insist on the inability of language to express such guttural emotion. We had a desire to reclaim this and bring you with us.

Mourners have guided us on this journey from before it began. They are still with us. The image of Syrian women swaying back and forth, lamenting the dead, rocked us to sleep and we awoke pulsing with new life.

"We will make a ritual! One for today. For unity. It will be malleable in meaning but maintain a sense of union. How the hell do we make a ritual? We can be modern witches. It will be for outdoor squares. For lots of people. Actually it will be for indoor spaces for a small group of people. One day we might go back to the outdoors." (a summary of conversations we had over the past year.)

Sustained migration

Nothing is truly massive when seen
its wholeness

When I think the end is near I see
my insignificance, as important as you

Mirrors seeing each other and blushing
into eternity.

La luna nos conió

Hasta que respiré, no supe que diría
Nos abrazó la luz muerta mientras
moría y renacía

Ilargia

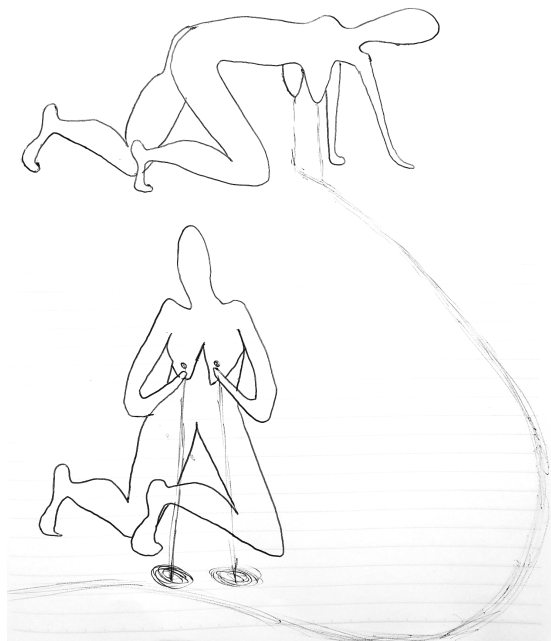
Españas se miran y sonrojan hasta la
eternidad

Cuando se acerca el final, me doy cuenta
de mi insignificancia. Tan importante
como la vida

It's not that we don't know what we're doing, no of course we do. Don't we? Just like you do, don't you?
It can just be difficult sometimes, to say it with words.

I had a dream in February the night before we started where we were crawling. As we crawled, sand was
dripping from our tits, leaving traces of our tracks.

We made this dream come true.



For some time now we have been drawn to the concept of effort. Maybe because with effort comes a sense of purpose. And this we long for. Tension is vibration, is tension is...

I received a call from the Aizkolaris and stone lifters of Herri Kirolak. They transmitted to us their physical macho-ness and gave us permission to appropriate it for our own traditional sport.

Still, let's not forget we are soft. We are flesh. Full of desire and full of care.

In search of a higher frequency, we sang together. We sang with rockstars and monks, Bertsolaris and with the drunk in the street. We sang as we walked, as we thought, as we danced. Along our journey a goddess landed amongst us, gifting us with the ability to sing from our ass and our vagina (Carolina Mendonça).

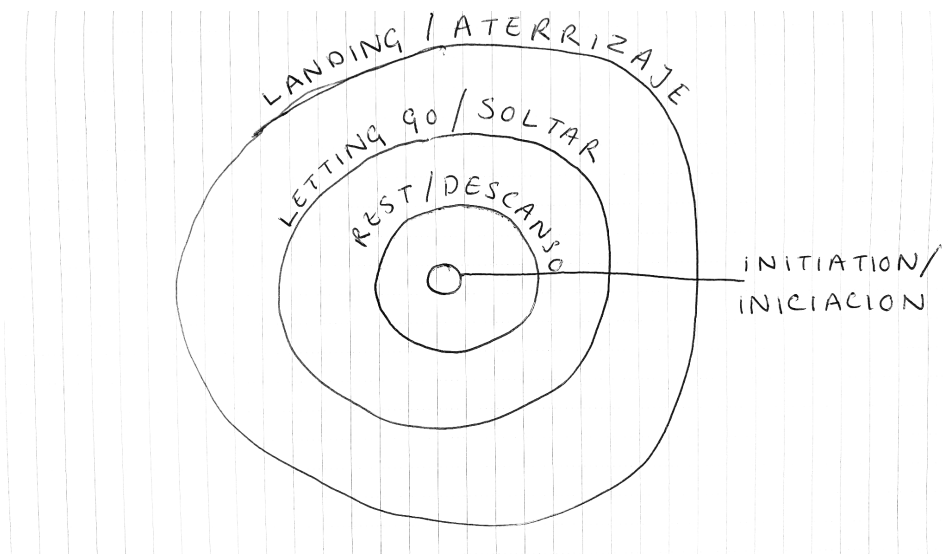


As I sang, my organs contorted inside me, twisting me into a gargoyle. This grotesque body spoke with a new voice, and told its tales, until its body inflated to ten times its size. From its heart, it expelled an AAAH sound, long and proud, until its body deflated. Small and helpless, limp like a balloon, tiny sounds, barely audible were still escaping. This journey went on and on as I became many creatures.

Now we send you pulsing sound to rumble your stomach. Our wish is to include you in our own universe, and make you feel comfortable. We imagine that through our ritual we obtain supernatural powers giving us the ability to expel catharsis from the bodies that surround us.

This space has been cleansed, ready for you to land on the edge of the first circle. This symbolic boundary sets this place apart from ordinary space and time, and serves as a container within which energy of union will be generated. Each concentric ring is an invitation to draw you in closer. We hope that, though you might begin looking at us, you might end seeing with us.

Landing - Letting go - Resting - Initiation



It is for you as much as it is for us.