



#6



NEW FEARS #6 invited Yuval Galili and Karma She to facilitate workshops in the nature, involving different body-practices and sustainable, organic cooking. Karma She developed a visual album in collaboration with Nicolás Simkin and presented it in combination with a live concert at NEW FEARS. Serafyma Hryb wrote the following text as an artistic response to Karma She's presentation.

The diaries that we all kept as children or teenagers, so naive and so tender, sometimes fragile as glass, sometimes too wise for their age, sometimes shy and awkward, but with such an honest and delicate us, like a vine on an old house, where you lived as a child, like touching the petals of daisies, lying in the middle of the grass in a field where no one will see.

The following text is a tribute to keeping a diary, which is turned into a speculative journal in reaction to Karma She's performance at the New Fears Gallery. Karma She, a performer and musician, spent four months in Portugal in a picturesque rural area. Living in a caravan all alone, Karma came face to face with her old and new fears. Four months of finding harmony and exploration through meditation, music, and vocal practices. Four months of recovery and cleansing from a partly toxic and destructive city-life.

While watching Karma She performance, I saw a copy of her sitting beside me by a tree with a journal in hand, eagerly writing down every feeling and emotion. I watched this process, and it smoothly and enticingly flowed into meta performance, a 3D model of what is happening in two parallel worlds at once.



The leaves on the tree look full of love. My father told me I needed to be strong and brave. I fought for my happiness over and over. The clouds make me happy, but for how long? The sea is salty and big. I observed it from the perspective of a human being after I discovered myself as a seashell. I found myself as a mountain stone and was discovered as a rock inside a volcano. Sand around, the wind blows it to the wonderland. Feminine energy covered my tears and captured how the moments became easier.

Little dots connecting the past with the future, presence is mandatory. Being blind for being happy, seeing all the clear for fighting. A field is full of bones, the field full of flesh, the area full of ancient magic. The mother of life and death and life collects all these signs around. Wolves standing alive on their legs started to run through the desert. Desert child. I always cut my fingers with the new paper, somebody hurt me some time and I don't want to trust anymore. Wild body, wild mind. Modern head full of concepts. We are flowers in need of care and words. I'm staying in the blue room, which is pink instead. In the state of absolute awareness of them alive and dead, of the survived and surviving. When you're asking if I can do it again, my answer is no, I can not; I will not sacrifice myself in the name of love again.

Dust on the floor, for some reason in the cities you call dirt, in the small villages it's a nature coexisting. Every time somebody sprayed anger around me, I couldn't breathe. They sacrifice my breath in the name of their safety. Once again, I will not sacrifice myself again in the name of anything. This is my sacred book and garden of narrations. I woke up today in a deep connection of everything alive and dead on the earth. I feel the wind whispering in my ear; I think of the fear of the spider hiding under the table, and I relate to it. I think the connection between flowers losing their pestles and the water running in between the big five-angle stones. Derek Jarmen wrote that the flowers in his garden die in silence, and this process is cold. The bridge I've burnt makes me warm and safe, the bridge I've built between the new and old, something new, something old, something borrowed, something divine.





Floating in the toxic space of the black walls - the black lodge, I will see you again; I wish I'll never see you again in my life. Deja Vu Deja Vu Deja Vu Deja Vu. Again and again, again and again. Repeat after me.

Atomic Summer. Mimosa. Sea Buckthorn. Stealing beauty.

I am the mother, I am the father, and the fire inside me will never stop. We're opening life without the city. And breathing together with the leaves. On the moments which are independent of us. The wind is my groom. We are strong and independent. We are the flowers. We are the bees. We are the church candles. I want to be an animal, a child. I want to run, I want to jump, I want to float in the milk. You are touching my soul and my body. Each tree has its place for enjoyment. Joga. If I will not split with nature, then who am I? All these accidents that happen follow the dot; coincidence makes sense only to you.

It's not the witches; it's something more significant. What narrations are here? Reflections in the mirror, reflection in the sea. Anxiety that doesn't leave you. I am a child. Am I a child? From where came this adulthood? The escapism of our reality - ecocriticism? Lull on your arms, your anxiety. What is my name? I am a mermaid.

Are you sure that we are in a safe place? Are we burning for real?

My strength is in my hands. My strength is my bones. My strength is in my muscles. My strength is in my blood. My strength is in my milk. My strength is in my talons.

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and my fingers.

I'm diving into the pink color and oil. I'm flowing into the waterfall like the river or rain. I am the rain - pink and with the taste of the grape seed. Am I swimming in the poppy oil from Egypt? I am Cleopatra, and we are the snakes people are afraid of. For what we fought before? Before we shed our skin. Read me all. I'm running from the toxicity and running up that hill. Hurriedly. Come back to yourself. Forever.

I will never realize there is a pain somewhere in my body anymore; my passion blocked the fear of it, and only enjoyment left. I let myself live with the thought that there is no more paint around.

It's a crocodile who tried to teach me to be passive-aggressive; it's an elephant who heated the floor with its vast leg. Am I dreaming now? More desire, more harmony, more desire, more harmony, more desire, more harmony, garbage everywhere; we're escaping to the jungles like insane.

We're walking under the red sky, and I'm holding the hand of equality. She wants energy to live her life in the red color, and I am begging the universe to give it to her. What is the conclusion of our party? Are we trying to get more attention, or are we alone with our pretty confusing thoughts? I want to hug that girl dancing near me; I'm hugging her in my thoughts. My thoughts are melting into the gradients of power. Power of fire, power of wind, power of trees. Powder of life. Grains.

Feel free to meet my borders and come to my life if you can dance when the full moon is in Capricorn. Aged wine, the wine aged for years - I expected my destiny came to my life in the frames of new energy I got. Under the red moon, we want to live; under the red moon, I'm writing my beautiful poems. Desperate, but continued. Full of balance and harmony, but found my opportunity to create. My enemies do not live inside me; my enemies are not my enemies; I have no enemies; there are only people who have found their freedom outside of my life. And that is beautiful. And that is my manifest. Flowers and seas from the South have taken root in me, and I will take root in them.

I am gorgeous and honestly have enough arms to hug you. What an experience to be the candle inside the candelabrum, what an experience to be a vulnerable candelabrum in the deep forest. Whisper, whisper, whisper into my ear, lay, lay into my arms, be the one who makes this part of the sky the better place. An unbelievable, overwhelming feeling of being satisfied, oh where is my mind to raise this evening to a higher level spiritually. Sensitive fights between the two personalities - where and why, where and why. Reasons for the inventions of mankind as the gentlest melody that flows from my lungs directly into my mouth to become the melody of nature and organics. Kiss.









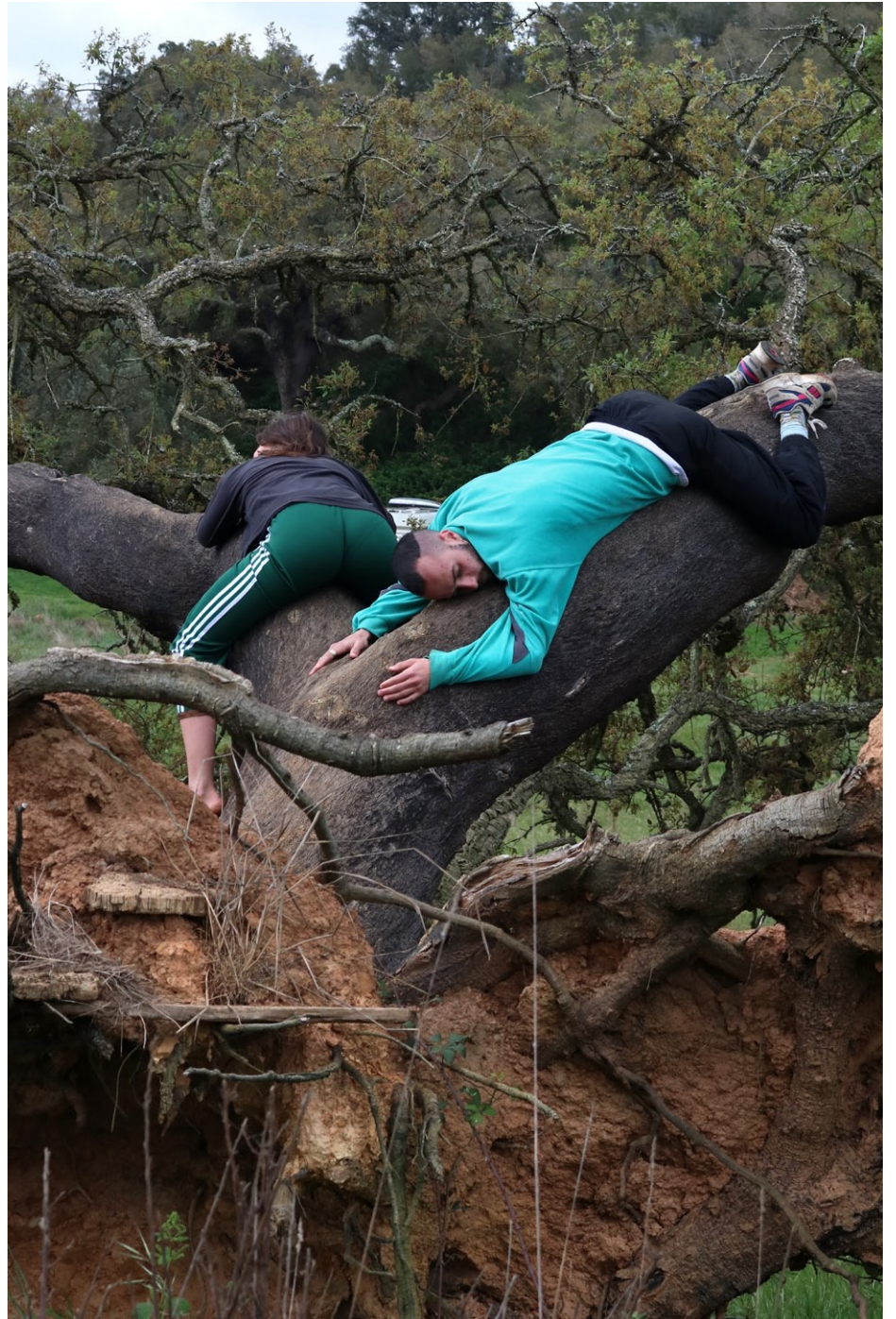
My spirituality makes you comfortable, isn't it? Devil in the details, Angel, who saved me desperately from losing my wings. The spectrum of emotions has been tight for weeks. I have not felt this before. I look into space, see the stars, and am part of the stars. An important step, my foot is bare, it is bare, it feels the dew in the sun in the fog. We are on the border of living and sensual with a completely unreal vibe of my feelings for someone who has never seen me before.

The light crosses the borders with something impossible until someone is drawing the symbols of the sun and the morning on me. Wake me up when the sun meets the moon, and bring me to sleep in a bed made of hay and grass. Prayers don't bother me; I only embody my life in this world. Rhythms do not bother me; I just put them in words that have been grown in me for years and centuries.

Desperate people cling to moments that bring them back to their roots; we are desperate creatures until we find something that brings us to the moment of truth. A moment of truth, in which there is no place for something unreal, in which I drown somewhere in the green clouds of wild grapes, in the light extravaganzas of fields and paths. Don't cancel the free trials of the opportunities you can get from me, and don't cancel the subscription on my trust. The flowing mud is also a part of our existence, but what is so terrible about it? It gives life to new conditions; life grows from it, don't you understand? I can sometimes touch the mud which gave birth, inspired by watching „myself“ separating from the weightless „we.“

Discovering the floor.
Discovering it on my own.
Crawling on the floor.
Crawling on my own.

The bird I discovered inside me loves nectar.



NEW FEARS is a gallery for dance, performance and transdisciplinarity, representing Berlin-based and international artists. For each episode NEW FEARS invites 2 artists for a residency, which leads to a public event. The process is accompanied by a writer, whose output together with a visual documentation manifests in a publication.

NEW FEARS #6 invited the artists Yuval Galili and Karma. Text by Serafyma Hryb and photographs by Julian Weber.

<https://www.newfears.net/>

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