

CASSINI

[CASSINI]

EXT. OUTER SOLAR SYSTEM – NIGHT

(🎵 SYNTH HORNS)

From darkness, the white tip of a satellite comes into view. On its circular window we see the reflection of a tiny planet with rings. Saturn. A shadow falls across the glass.

**V.O.:**

*A lone explorer on a mission to reveal the  
grandeur of Saturn, its rings and moons.*

A golden spacecraft with a white antenna is rotating slowly.

*After 20 years in space, NASA's Cassini  
spacecraft is running out of fuel.*

The camera turns, revealing a gigantic celestial body in the background.

*And so to protect the moons of Saturn that  
could have conditions suitable for life,  
a spectacular end has been planned for  
this long lived traveller from earth.*

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE OVER – CASSINI'S GRAND FINALE

(🎵 FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE)

A spacecraft is launched though the clouds. It glows brightly, leaving a thick trail of smoke.

TITLE OVER - LAUNCH FROM EARTH, OCTOBER 15, 1997

*In 2004, following a 7 year journey  
through the solar system, Cassini  
arrived at Saturn.*

A small object is parachuting towards a yellowish landscape.

*The spacecraft carried a passenger, the  
European Huygens probe, the first human  
made object to land on a world in the  
distant outer solar system.*

(🎵 APPLAUSE)

*For more than a decade, Cassini has shared  
the wonders of Saturn and its family of  
icy moons*

TITLE OVER - LIQUID CONFIRMED ON TITAN, July 8, 2009

*taking us to astounding worlds where jets of  
ice and gas are blasting material into space  
from a liquid water ocean*

Close up of sparkling, computer generated snow.

*that might harbor the ingredients for life.*

(🎵 HARMONIC RESOLUTION)

*And Saturn -*

CASSINI and a moon are orbiting around rings of blue and grey.

*a giant world ruled by raging storms and  
delicate harmonies of gravity.*

(🎵 KEY CHANGE)

*Now, Cassini has one last daring assignment.*

[CASSINI]

FADE TO BLACK

[CASSINI]

TITLE OVER – THE GRAND FINALE BEGINS, APRIL 26, 2017

(🎵 DRUM ROLL. SYNTH RHYTHM.)

*Cassini’s grand finale is a brand new  
adventure.*

Close up of SATURN from the POV of its rings. Through a  
vista of glowing dust and rocks, a distant satellite is  
falling downwards in the sky.

*22 dives through the space between Saturn  
and its rings.*

(🎵 DRUM ROLL)

From above, we see CASSINI moving down and across SATURN.

*As it repeatedly braves this unexplored  
region, Cassini seeks new insights about the  
origins of the rings and the nature of the  
planet’s interior*

(🎵 HARMONIC RESOLUTION)

*closer to Saturn than ever before.*

EXT. OUTER SOLAR SYSTEM – DAY

CASSINI swooshes across a blue sky.

[CASSINI]

(🎵 KEY CHANGE)

*On the final orbit,*

CASSINI is pointing down, trembling and shaking

*Cassini will plunge into Saturn*

releasing streams of gas which spiral around its body.

*fighting to keep its antenna pointed at  
Earth*

Its antenna points to the sun.

*as it transmits its farewell. In the skies  
of Saturn*

A dot appears on the horizon. CASSINI hurtles towards the  
camera.

*the journey ends*

(🎵 KEY CHANGE)

Sparks fly off CASSINI’s burning antenna, the glow  
intensifying until it spreads all over the little robot.

*as Cassini becomes part of the planet  
itself.*

[CASSINI]

This book is part of the masters research project Paratactical, produced within the framework of DAS Choreography, Amsterdam 2017.

Paratactical is a collection of processes and figures which help articulate complex bodies and spatialities: plural, defocalised, augmented and mutable.

The Paratactical searches for the oblique. Suspicious of containment and coherence, it produces multidirectional environments and explores the potential for action and focus within them.

This project engages practices of touch, movement, and live image production as modes of thinking about orientations, proximity, and collective subjectivity. It develops choreographic scripts and writing which affirm holes, gaps, transformation (and the entrance of uncanny others).

The drawings in this book are movement practices. With eyes closed, the right hand oscillates a colored pencil for the duration of one song, while the left hand rotates the paper around the pencil.

[COLOPHON]

Concept and Author:  
Noha Ramadan feat. many other voices.

Graphic Design:  
Yin Yin Wong

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(🎵 CHORDAL CLIMAX)

Cassini is glowing, sailing horizontally across the blue sky under the rings of Saturn. A trail of fireworks.

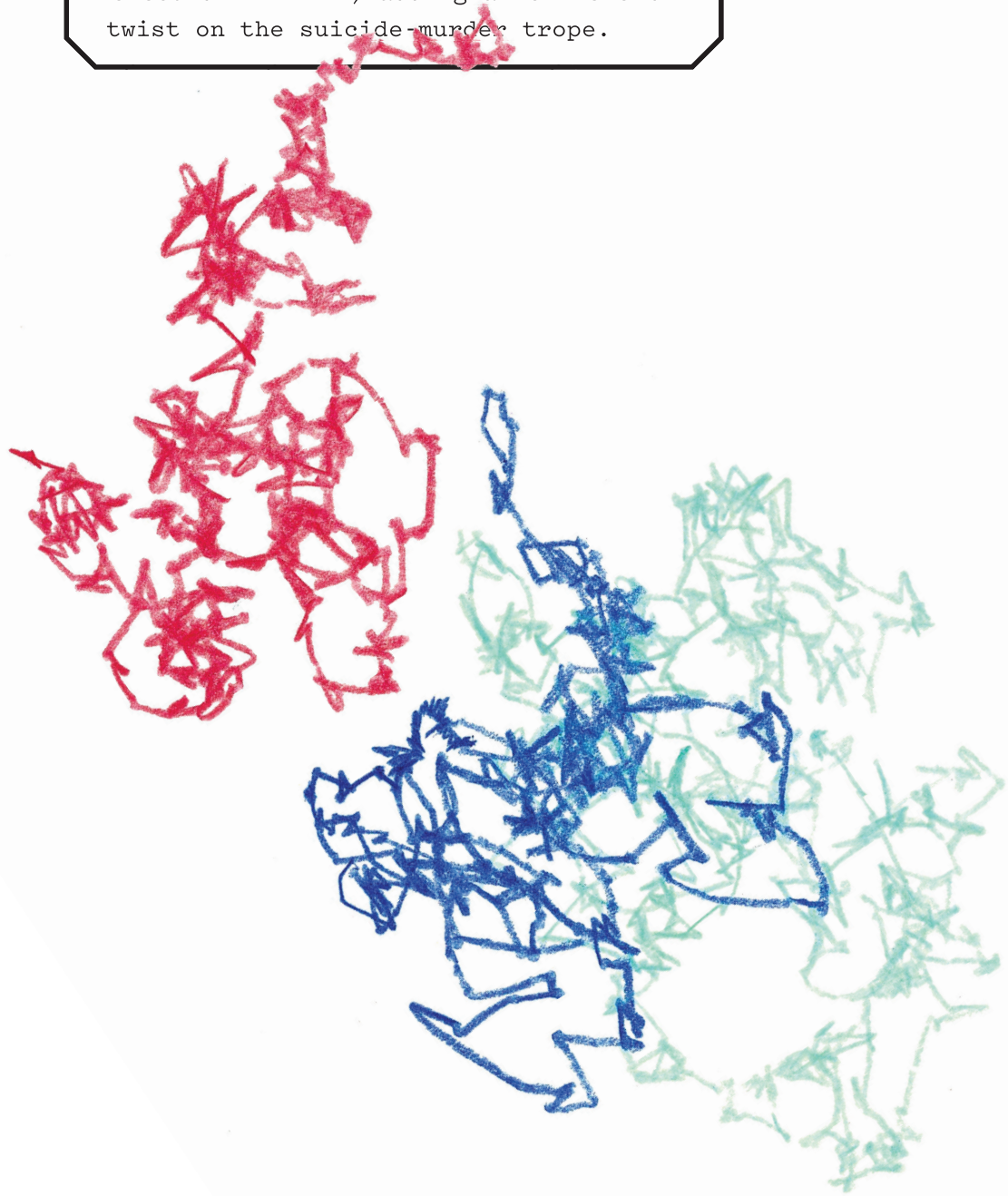
TITLE OVER - END OF MISSION, SEPTEMBER 15, 2017

The trail disappears.

FADE OUT.

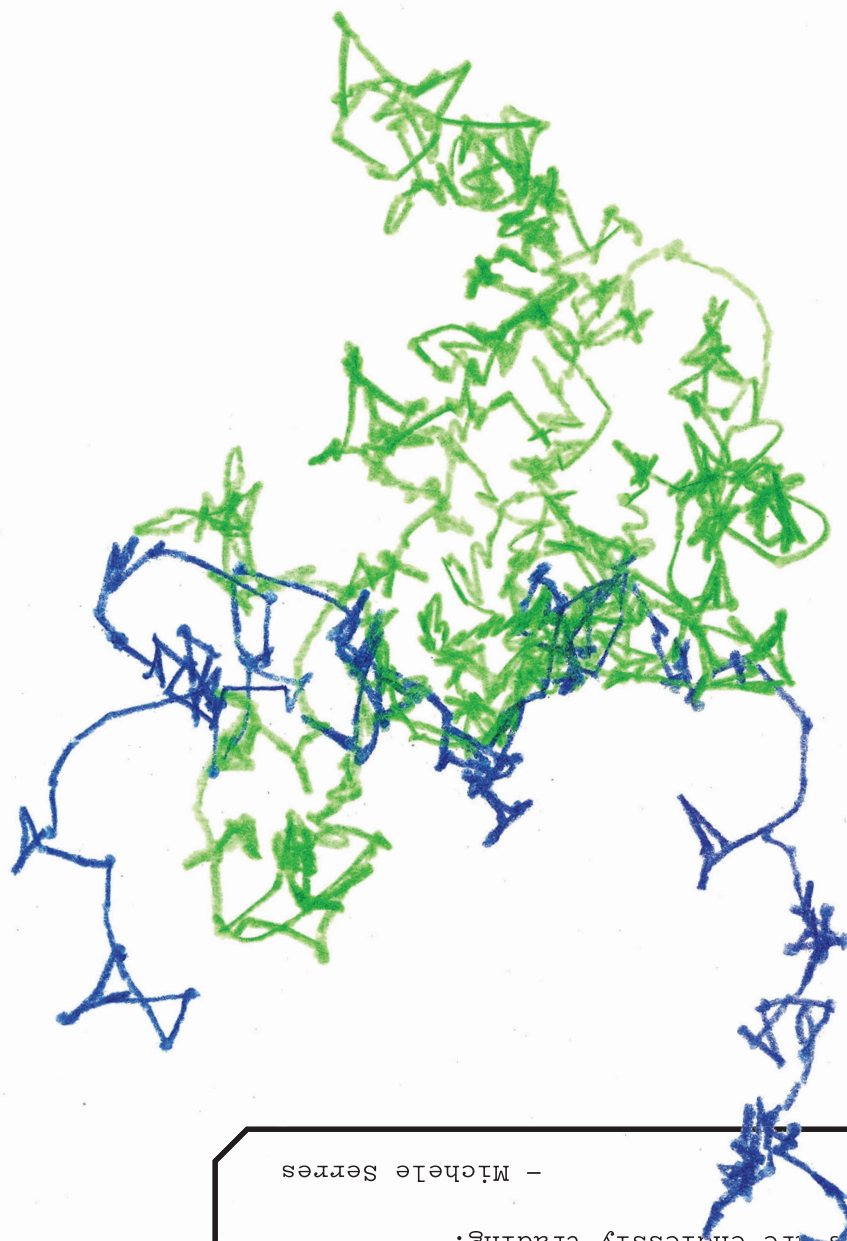
[INISSVQ]

PROTEUS - An X-Men and the 77th most villainous villain in cartoon history, could distort the spatial and substantial reality around his enemies. His mutant energetic needs however were so enormous, that he was forced to possess human hosts one after the other and use their bodies for fuel. Finally, he possessed the body of his father just so he could kill him, adding an efficient twist on the suicide-murder trope.



[TRANSVOCALITY]

[PROTUES]



PROTEUS - The god of the sea, a minor and marginal god, tends the oceanic flocks in the prairies of poseidon. He dwells in the waters round the isle of Pharos, near the mouth of the Nile. There, he undergoes metamorphoses: he is animal, he can be element, water or fire. He's inert, he's alive. He's the possible, he's chaos, he's cloud, he's background noise. He hides his answers under the endlessness of information. Noise and nausea. Noise and the nautical. We never hear background noise so well as we do at the seaside. In the strict horizontal of it all, stable, unstable cascades are endlessly trading.

- Michele Serres



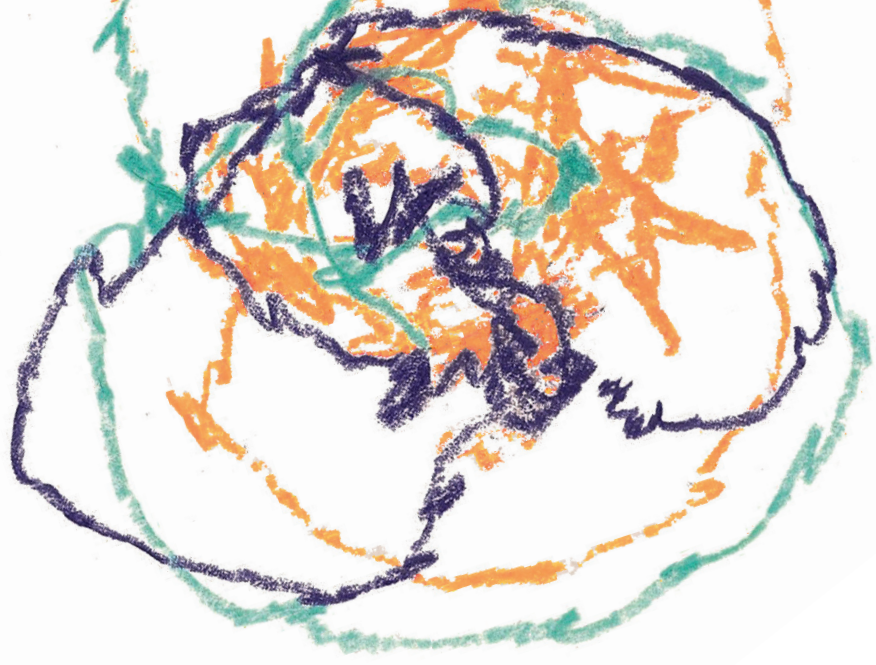
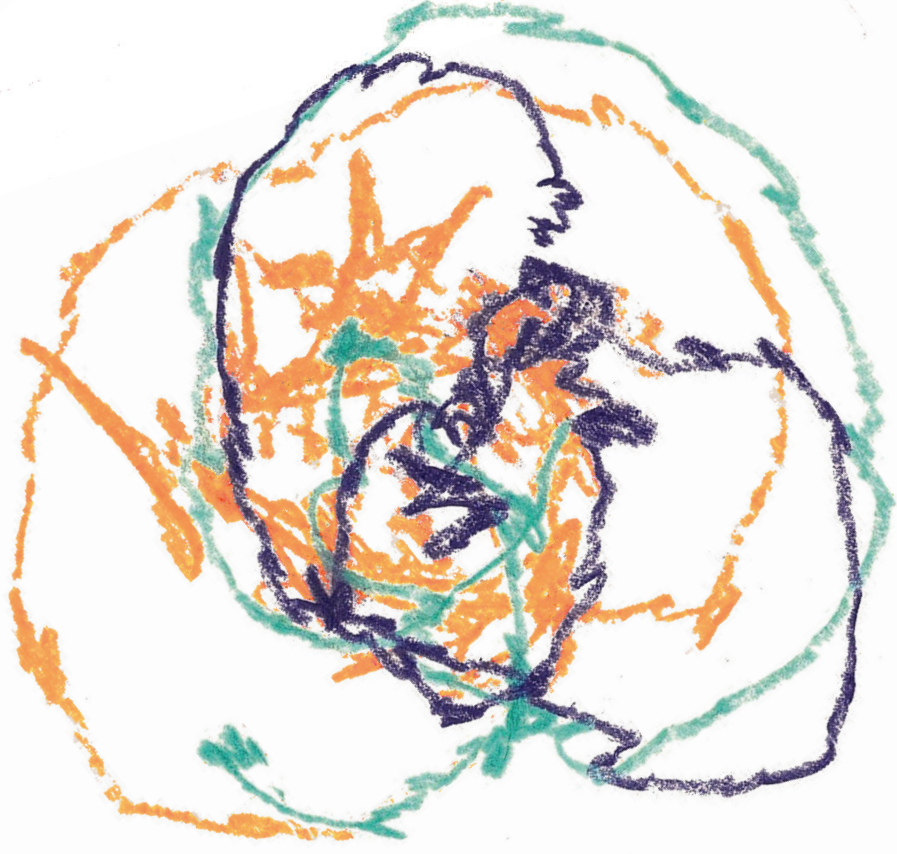
PROTEUS - Whose mouth is always ready, catches words as they are in-forma-tion. At once embodying and re-routing them back into space, they catch them for (immediate dislocation) onto other surfaces. Their body refracts the in-formation they anticipate, their mouth is an ear, their ears can read meaning and breath. (No representation) only transvocal articulation. Between oracle and host, they feed on the fantasies of others and reward them with the gift of flesh.

[PROTUES]



PROTEUS - The somnambulant dancer whose arm would slowly rise as sleep descended. In this state of trance she could dance the expressions and voice the utterances of the dead. Or something. Her living audience was captivated - motions and sounds too wild for waking life.

[TRANSVOCALITY]



[PROTEUS, THE KING OF EGYPT, IS DEAD, HIS TOMB ONSTAGE.  
HIS DAUGHTER HELEN, STANDS OVER HIM AND SOBS.]

A: You recently won an award at the documentary film festival for [insert name of a piece here] which - in the words of the Jury - ‘presented life in its near-original form’. How do you get so close to real life in your art?

B: Through death, obviously. In my stage work I have died a total of 47 times, once each by obfuscation, decapitation, inversion, stabbing, strangling, gunfire, auto-organ invisceration, boredom, heart extraction, eyeball extraction, [more deaths here]

A: And buried alive?

B: Yes that happened twice. In sand and in a coffin. Then in Los Angeles, my twin sister the Angel of Death came onstage and rolled me out flat with a broom stick. That was the worst. Although post-mortal flatness has its advantages - sliding under doors and folding myself into the shape of an airplane are only two of the many examples.

A: In your early work you were more concerned with conditions of emergence, why this sudden shift towards decay?

B: They are two moves of the same motion. It’s great to make the coming into being of work apparent, but the notion of unchallenged continuity concerns me. Work needs to assure its audience of its willingness - or even need - to self-destruct. It ought to undermine itself. Challenge its own totalitarian potential.

A: Says who?

B: Says me.

A: Are you talking about transformation or resistance?

B: Transformation. Ontological shifts, if possible. But I don’t quite believe what I am saying now. Dead on arrival. Split in two pieces before the first enunciation.

A: I love ontological shifts! Especially since I found out what ontological means.

[insert thing here about don quixote / shift tone]

[FICTION]

[DEATH]

Don Quixote is the fictional main character of a two-part book of the same name written in 1605/1615. In part two, there is a scene in which a printing house is running off copies of part one. In this scene, Don Quixote stands and reads part one of the story of which he is protagonist. James Wood, citing J. Borges, points to this moment as a pivotal precursor to postmodernism, as it shows that the line between the fictional and the real is not exactly clear or precise. “Apparently, our ontological status is not quite as firm as we think it is.”

Let’s be clear we’re talking about the figure of Death now, which is both immanent and far away, a double move. Like tracking back and zooming in at the same time. Likely to disorient you. What are we trying to do here?

FACT

Elizabeth: To focus on the subject at the cost of focusing on the forces that make up the world is to lose the capacity to see beyond the subject, to engage with the world, to make the real. We wait to be recognized instead of making something, inventing something, which will enable us to recognize ourselves, or more interestingly, to eschew recognition altogether. - E. Grosz

FICTION

Claire: At first, I guess, there was just Grimes. I don’t technically have control of her narrative anymore - she very much exists in pop culture now. Grimes as one person cannot represent more than a couple of ideas. That’s why I started developing some of the other characters, like really abstract from who I am and how I am. - C. Boucher

FACT

Noha: Lemmy, the lead singer of Motörhead died of cancer today, 2 days after being diagnosed. Condolence tweets included Ozzy Osborne, a number of other metal bands, and Ice-T. - N. Ramadan

FICTION

Jeanette: No man believes what he does not feel to be true. I should like to unbelieve myself. I sleep at night and wake in the morning hoping to be gone. - J. Winterson



Al-  
though we  
usually picture  
them as white - the  
statues of Ancient Greece  
were painted with vivid colors.  
The most spectacular ones had eye  
sockets filled with gems, and thieves  
would come and gouge out those precious  
stones, leaving unmotivated holes staring into  
the future. Those gemstone eyes carried enormous  
symbolic potential, for by virtue of their refractive and  
atomic crystalline properties, they possessed the ability to  
see in multiple directions. (This is the true value of a crystal).  
An underground network of radical thieves motivated entirely by the  
metaphorical rather than the monetary value of the stones, would  
steal and then refuse to sell them. They would gather in  
clandestine parties, listen to [???], drink wine/eat  
grapes etc, and toss those blingy eyes from hand  
to hand in hopeful awe, imagining cyborgs.  
They were enlivened by the notion that  
humans of the future might be able  
to see beyond the roughly 180  
degrees that they so far  
anatomically have  
been granted.

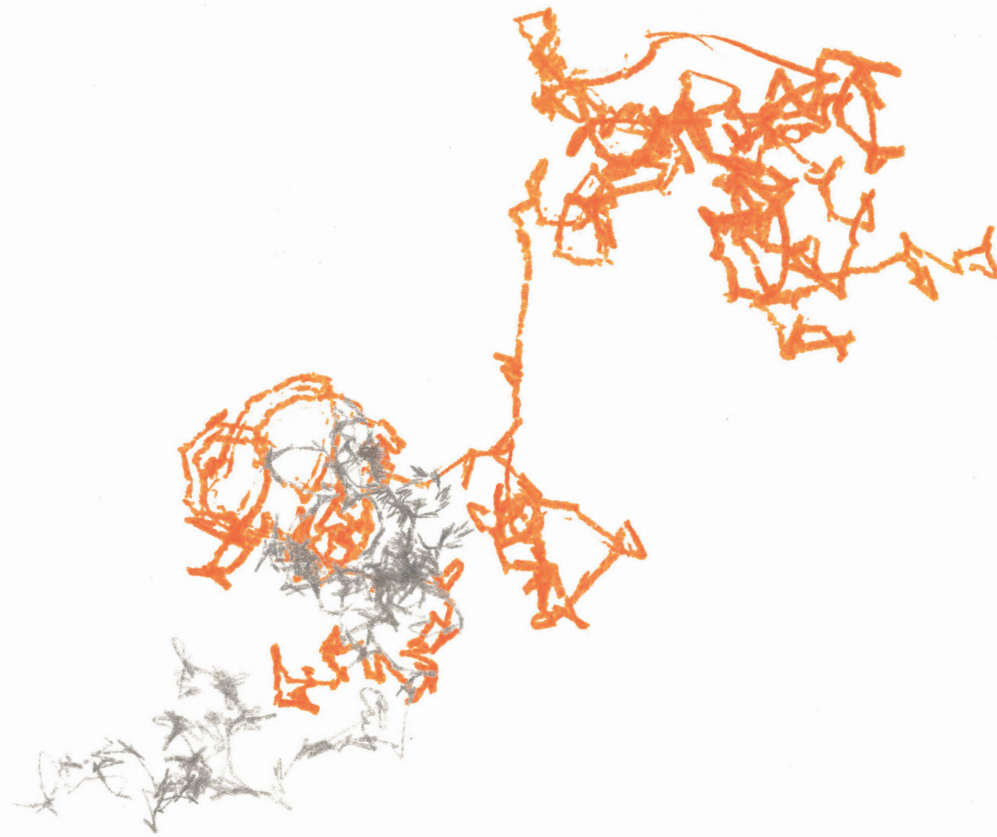
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[JELLYFISH]

Al-  
though  
the brain of  
the box jellyfish  
is weirdly distributed  
across its entire body, the  
real genetic triumph are its 24  
eyes with differentiated functions.  
Some of them detect light, others detect  
size and shape. There is one eye on the bottom  
of the jellyfish, and one eye which only ever points  
upwards, no matter which direction the rest of its  
beautiful, translucent body happens to be facing. Upwards  
in this case means the surface of the water, which technically  
is not up, but out, assuming the earth is still round and the sea is  
calm. Their elaborate sensory system also includes a ring nerve which  
coordinates its pulsations, allowing it to swim instead of drift,  
dart in between objects, and do fast 180's. A week after the  
full moon, large numbers of them will appear on the beach,  
in a disastrous mating ritual which goes wrong when  
the tide turns. Why they do this we can't tell,  
for reasons to do with either our bio-visual-  
technology or our ideological technology.  
Whatever the perceptual problem,  
the fact remains that some box  
jellyfish will kill you,  
which is why you should  
never swim with  
them. Or  
against  
them.

[TRUE EYES]

[The horizon lifts, exposing the Hound of Hades  
smoking a spliff at the gates of the Underworld]



The line that haunts me is the one which moves.

Information (debris) flies across at high speed.  
I want to lock in - clamp down with hungry jaws,  
like that crocodile doing a death roll on some  
subject, anything - I'm desperate to sink my  
teeth into flesh - but at the crucial last moment  
something else catches my eye. Movement on the  
water.

flying car,  
underwater car,  
amphibian bus,  
universal hovercraft,  
monowheel,  
hoverbike,  
fastest car,  
flying chevrolet camaro,  
mini car,  
biggest truck in the world

[INFORMATION]

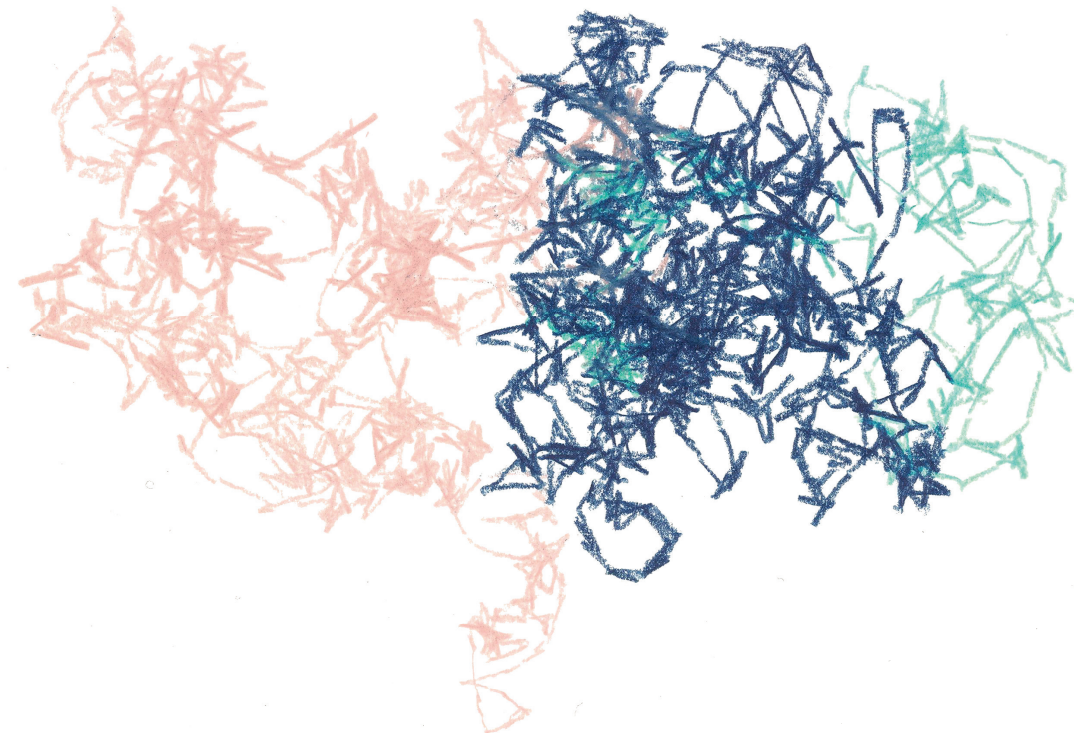
[THE HOUND OF HADES]

If he was pretending to be fellini pretending to be  
me, he would make the problem much bigger and its  
not big enough. Of the back and forth and back and  
forth and back again decision making. I go for this  
NO I go for that NO we're looking one way and we're  
going to have to retract and look another way.

If he was pretending to be me pretending to be  
fellini he would say it was a problem of the whole  
theatrical space not of my personality, but who's to  
know?

If he was fellini pretending to be him pretending to  
be me he'd be like we're going to make this problem  
much, MUCH bigger.

If he was me pretending to be her pretending to be  
me pretending to be fellini pretending to be him  
he'd be like, STOP THE SCENE, really loudly and  
obnoxiously and then after a short pause he'd decide  
to take up a position that is less close to her/him/  
their selves to see what it feels like to think like  
someone else and to test it as a possible direction  
and then once more ACTION:



[Shapes disperse. Everything and everybody gets  
ready, moving quickly in the bright light. Each  
gesture is loaded with a charge so palpable we are  
shocked into obedient attention. Cars are piled  
back over the other side of the canal, waiting. The  
bridge is closed. Men in bright vests and prosthetic  
ears loiter at the periphery.]

I wanted it to say the opposite of speech, something to capture my experience, but I couldn't find the right expression or rather I could not decide on a method for putting the words in the right order.

So I ordered a coral pink size L hoody with a transfer of a shiny giant bubble on it. A glistening thing hovering in no-space. Very philosophical I thought, but also soft and comfortable to touch.

The sensory adjustments I had been making to the outside world went into regression during the meditation, but a few days later I felt I was beginning again. I wondered if despite the inherent mutability of my current mode, there had to be something I could really commit to, like a tattoo. When the hoody arrived, it looked porous and futuristic but also soft and comfortable to touch. Very philosophical I thought, and wearing it I felt it contained nothing that could be Confirmed or Denied. I sat by the river and remembered a radio play I once heard narrated from the perspective of a dead body floating across the canals of Amsterdam. Feeling experimental I decided to jump in fully clothed and was surprised to discover not only that the river was deep and but that I could swim. The water was crystal clear with emerald hues, and I was glad to be capturing in full HD.

During my swim I listened to the sound of the water and remembered song lyrics about change and love and realized that in order to develop my True Intelligence I needed to access a reality that was more than just an algorithmically deflected reflection of myself. I thought about the 3.7 billion year old microfossils in Quebec found buried in layers of ancient quartz, and imagined the feeling of being surrounded by organic matter, forgotten and then reborn into the canon of 21st century Science.

Buoyed by my newfound elemental imagination, I emerged from the water and lay motionless on the riverbank, dreaming. I felt like Proteus, a minor god, shapeshifting in the waters of the Nile. After 72 hours, I got up and began to speak.

Now that my voice is back, and with my circadian rhythm in full swing, I have been throwing daggers at anything that passes by. My aim is best in high wind areas despite or

[CRYSTAL]

maybe because of all the flying debris and I think about resistance and Gilles's hoody and wonder if this means art equals having an obstacle worthy of combat. I have all of these air strikes saved, HD, ocean blue background, flying words. [Insert thing here about being by the sea, where all feelings have migrated and thoughts disappeared].

Crystal, I knew that the small truth would be hidden in a story about itself, only then I remembered that this was supposed to be a love letter, and the shock of momentary amnesia reminded me that I needed to access a reality that was more than just an algorithmically deflected reflection of myself. I knew that despite the mutability of my current mode, there had to be something I could really commit to, like a tattoo, but I felt stuck inside my narrative loop. I needed someone close to me to die so that I could have the correct coordinates for human empathy. So here we are.

(like a tattoo, skin, or a hoody) I felt stuck inside my narrative loop. Cognition only, no emotional affect.

On the front it said art resists and on the back it said (nothing, daggers, bubbles)

What is your name?  
a rose is a rose is a rose

What is your itinerary?

[Enter analytic mode]

[EYES]

[CRYSTAL]

*Dear Crystal Eyes,*

*Thank you for connecting me with the outside world. It's bigger than I imagined. And the colours! (Blue everywhere) Suppose my eyes will adjust but meanwhile new smart lenses Sony XE-f25. Manual exposure, plus record option video at the blink of the eye. Capturing everything.*

*Last week I met Gilles for an aperitif, he was wearing a new hoody and on the front it said 'art resists' and on the back it said nothing, and he told me about the 500,000 plastic coffins outside Atlanta and how the New World Order was getting ready and how MK Ultra confessed to behavioral human engineering between 1953-73 and how the problem with the youth of today is that they mistake information with communication. I told him about the 6yr old girl on the bus who said that if you're not talking you're wasting time he said you see that's precisely the problem well its ambiguous I said because she never qualified her statement with 'out loud' or 'to someone else' so what about the chatter of the mind, or the mind's eye for that matter. Gilles said that was 'beside the point' as if being beside the point was a bad thing but I shut up for a full four days anyway. Spoke to no-one and no-thing and meditated.*

*During my meditation I didn't feel lonely so much as experience a collective existential loneliness and I wondered if this is what was so scary about the outside world. Trying to be still and thoughtless, I thought about the impossibility of loneliness being an individual thing. How the sad aura around community volunteers might be the symptom not the cause of their involvement. By the fourth day I felt this to be a fact. When I stopped meditating I went online to order a new hoody and thought about how*

OTHER MINOR GODS

