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TWILIGHT ZONES: Heimsuchung, Rückkehr, Gespenster

herausgegeben von Leonie Kapfer, Olivia Poppe,
Andrea Seier, Stephan Trinkaus

BÖHLAU

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Dorf in der Nähe des Vulkan Semeru, November 2022.



Proben zu *Haunted Landscape/s*, März 2024.



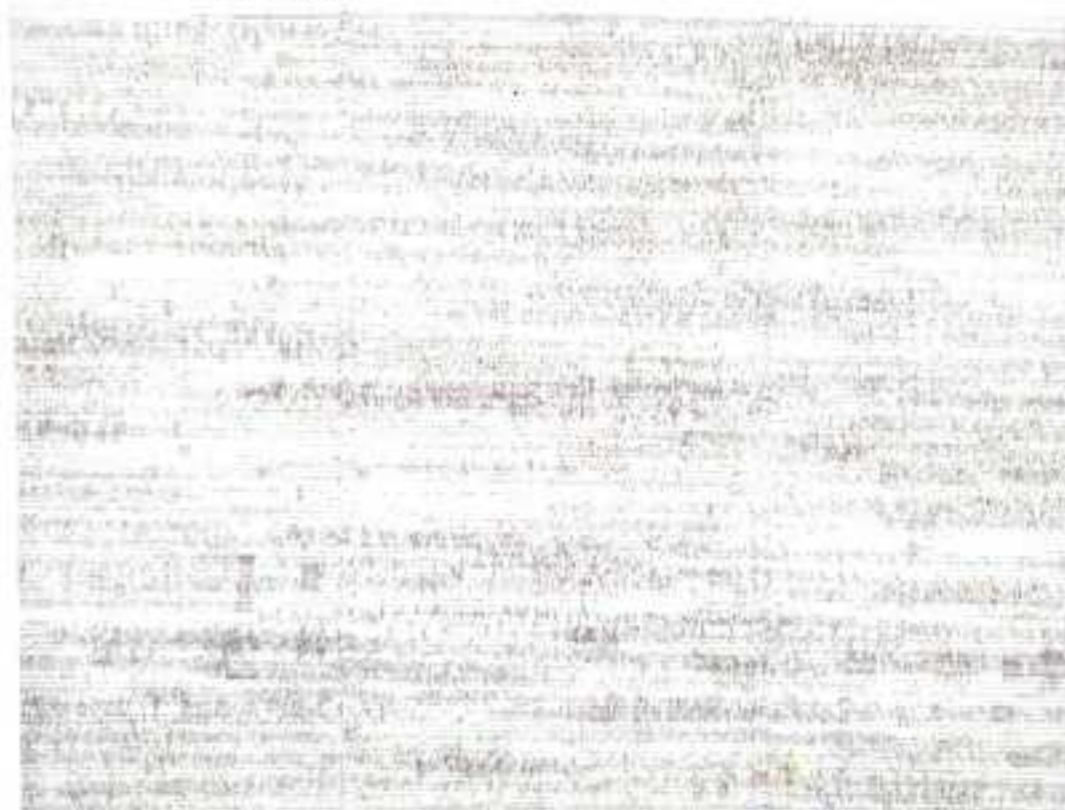
Der Vulkan Anak Krakatau, November 2022.



Claudia Bosse auf dem Vulkan Anak Krakatau, November 2022, Foto: Irwan Ahmett.



Collage mit Röntgen, April 2024.



Seismische Aufzeichnungen einer Tagesaktivität des Vulkan Anak Krakatau.

CLAUDIA BOSSE

LANDscape/s wounded

D)

a landscape

a landscape in my dreams

a landscape which was a city

a landscape which is devastated in my dreams

a devastating dream

a landscape

to find a space

to calm the inside tissues of my intestines and the convolution of my brain

to rest in an outside

but the untouched regions are gone

the landscapes of imagination are conquered

colonised

taken

so where my troubled dreams can settle

they are spaceless

i come from an area where the landscape was just there

as children we collected fossils from the field

next to my grandparents' house

snails' houses as big as my hand

their imprints in limestone

that was a sea i was told

while looking at fields family houses cars and streets

later i learned that many of the surfaces had subsoils

that were riddled with ditches and hollows

dug to access salt and ore

which was changed into steel in complex processes

spoil heaps next to the road and factories

some as ruins

as children we played in it

the ruins and dumps were part of this landscape
 just like the fossils we collected from the fields
 the landscape was just there
 surrounding us
 environment

later i learned that in the city i grew up in
 ammunition was produced for the second world war
 with the labor of forced foreign workers or prisoners of concentration camps
 how many died here?

nowadays
 the subsoil is being secured
 in order to become another nuclear waste final storage
 light and medium radioactive waste will be stored here from 2030 onwards
 the meter-thick clay blanket is supposed to protect us
 and the radioactivity from escaping
 to the surface
 in our environment

plutonium takes 24.000 years
 uranium 243 takes 245.500 years as half-life period
 the nuclear waste in a neighboring repository – a former salt storage facility –
 must be disposed of again
 because the metal drums that were carelessly thrown into it
 decompose due to the saline environment and penetrate into groundwater

the landscape
 is both evading and present at the same time
 is an assemblage of factors that create it
 is a superposition of times
 the landscape
 is many landscapes they were before
 and they will become
 it's an archive of climate and circumstance and imprints of beings
 the landscape is never the same

the continental plate on which we live
 moves several centimeters a year
 and will collide with the other plates in 250 million years to one continent again

novo pangea or ultima pangea
 pangea means in greek »all earth«
 which existed 335 million years ago
 broke apart
 the origin of continents and oceans
 give the landscape to itself

a steppe surrounded by a pine forest and mosses
 on the sandy ground
 temperatures up to 60 degrees
 dry silver grass and lichens
 with pistil shaped garnet red heads

the landscape does not need me
 i change it

i leave traces substrate of my body
 imprints in the ground

on which lichens live
 in different shades of yellow orange green brown
 a symbiosis of a fungus with an alga

they find their nutrients
 in the finest dust and weathering particles from rain
 fog and water vapor
 some can become very old
 they can live from what remains and populate a tenth of our planet
 they can stop their life functions
 in drought
 for several centuries
 they can adapt
 and revive themselves
 we do not
 we canNOT

time as a measurement of space
 the body moving and being moved open on all sides
 the grass in the pubic hair the insect bite under the armpit
 intimacy with others

every step is on uneven ground
 the body, which is used to the straight line
 seeks its axes or security on the busy ground
 movement of searching orientation stabilization
 different rhythms of movements
 different rhythms and different duration of being
 the lichens on the stone may be 4000 years or only 1000 or some 30 years in between
 people and their times

a collaboration with the liquids winds inhabitants sun stars and the moon
 a collaboration with the rotation of the earth

but these collaborators work without contract and invent their rules
 and their own time
 each of these elements its own time

they do not need us but we need them
 to interrogate our protected and more or less controlled constructed surroundings
 and surroundings of thoughts

other bodies rise from dreams
 inhabit my nights
 they connect thread dive
 into the landscape
 into each other
 amputated extended beings
 carrying pushing touching listening

listen to the space
 of an amputated world that connects
 or expands and learns on what is left
 which calls engages changes
 a world in which WE
 or our leftovers
 become prostheses for other living beings
 or vice versa

we
 the leftovers
 with our bodies we connect expand and learn

in reading and listening and marveling at the different languages
 that we can hear
 if we listen
 the prostheses as grips in different times
 as reaching out into the time of this planet
 in which we are points in different cycles....
 the cycles move matter

i was born in Salzgitter Bad
 a steelworker town with steelwork factories and their exhaust fumes
 at the age of 10 months i got sick with pseudo croup
 a disease which is related to pollutants in the air
 and at the same time disposition
 it threatens possible death by suffocation
 i would have suffocated if the doctors had not cut into my air tube
 to save my life
 so that i could breathe
 with this hole in my throat i learned to talk
 while growing up in an area with holes in the ground
 and their raw materials were blown up with high pollutant emissions
 and the ground was changed

today there is nuclear waste in one of the shafts
 whose barrels are rusting
 because of the groundwater and there is a danger
 that this nuclear waste will penetrate into the groundwater and contaminate the area
 for the next hundred thousand years

i knew as a child that the area i grew up in was once a sea
 because we used to look for fossils in limestones
 in the field next to my grandparents' house after plowing and we often found them
 imprints of other beings living in water becoming stone

i knew that the landscape can change
 the sea is now a field which was a battlefield or on it houses or now rubble and ashes
 or somewhere else the town is bombed the hospital a ruin or the village is moved
 and the open pit mine
 became a lake landscape

we invent landscapes
 but we cannot make them bloom
 we do violence to them and try to restore them
 – the hill with uranium rests now flattened a golf course –
 according to our ideas
 while the people who live from this
 from the coal which destroys the lungs
 and from the surrounding or from the yield of the area
 mostly live at the poverty line

while we apologize to landscapes
 with European money and reinvent them
 scratch them
 taking water from other rivers to flood the holes
 but today the water is missing
 but the beautiful lakes
 good for the eye with the crystal clear water are sour
 and dead clear because no living being in them
 acidifies
 over acidified

because the landscape may defy the ideas of our morals and apologies
 it may have another time
 no moral
 it rests
 or lets only lichen grow on it
 while the polluted ground has to recover
 mushrooms mosses and others are able to do

II)

i often fall in love with wounded landscapes
 landscapes that are scary because violence has been done to them
 they are environments of ecological catastrophe
 but they make me calm
 they fascinate me they make me awake
 their uncanniness is a crisis of the natural
 which does not exist
 they are inhabited by spirits

these ghosts are evoked by our acts
 of wounding

they are like unforeseen poetic articulations of different futures or pasts
 they embody in different actions the imPRINT of anthropogenic interests
 they are political landscapes
 they are environments of material coexistence

sometimes they create whirlpools of decay
 on the spoil heaps of extracted earth
 trees grow diagonally into the clouds

a reburied landscape where the excavated earth is spread out
 meanwhile grass grows over it on gentle hills
 small venting holes in the hills irrigate or are weathering the poisoned subsoil
 sometime the radiation gets too high
 traces of INCISIONS

the extracted
 is found
 scattered throughout the city
 re-ordered
 all matter
 disordered rearranged
 matter out of place

a volcano
 which explosion created the loudest noise recorded on earth ever
 in 1883
 deleted the island
 and changed the climate globally for 5 years
 the productivity of the earth

the volcano is a tunnel into time
 a reversed black hole
 decisions or the dance of the past with the future in the past
 to brink the atoms of the future in relation with other pasts
 and now they dance together
 while creating with astonishment and pleasure
 in all different combinations

coexisting movements which resonate in different time zones
 which are multiple intertwined entangled
 as open porous bodies
 which touch each other and get inside of each other
 in liquid moving constellations
 as a dance of times and matters

she points to the wall to a line
 on which the color above and below differ
 above the sink and above the pots hanging above the sink
 up to here was the mud and ashes in her house
 up to here
 it was so quiet
 you could hear the trees crack when they fell down

if she is angry at the volcano
 no she says
 but she is grateful for the rain that stopped the hot wave
 she does not want to leave here
 opposite a house gable in light blue out of the meter-high brown
 partly already overgrown

the uranium taken from Bad Schlemma at a depth of 1007 meters
 was found in the lungs of herbert barth and clogged his alveoli
 and found its way to »Chelyabinsk-40« today Ozyorsk
 where a reactor for plutonium production was built
 and further to Semipalatinsk in the Kazakh SSR
 where the atomic bomb RDS-1
 was detonated on august 29 1949 at 7 o'clock

what different paths did the uranium take
 which was taken from the same place at 1007 meters in the ore mountains:

how does it decay
 in which bodies or landscapes
 which paths did it take

i often fall in love in wounded landscapes
 the landscape is fabricated and is supposed to heal the wounds of its construction
 elements are put together to make something
 something you want to have

the body monstrous or simply without clear boundaries
 it is open or in constant negotiation
 its surface indistinct
 the borders displaced
 i metamorphose when i am in an environment for a longer time
 i absorb it and become the water in the place where i drink it
 i become the outside

wetness drips from the long-leaved plants
 illuminated by the night lamp
 fixed against the ghosts at the four corners of the house
 dripping we on motorcycles
 through the rain
 through the rubble mine in which lava sand is mined
 a landscape surveyed by trucks
 lava sand through which one must pass since the only bridge
 collapsed during the eruption at the end of 2021
 since then the rain sometimes becomes a river
 which regulates traffic

water seeping through the potholed burnt roofs of the abandoned village
 holes burned by the pyroclastic flow in december 2021
 abandoned houses with things that belonged to the inhabitants

a calendar on the wall
 pieces of clothing on the floor in the mixture of decayed wood
 mortar and water
 is the sky crying
 did the inhabitants escape or were they evacuated
 expectations of the disaster
 but the sky does not cry
 it is indifferent to us
 like the volcanoes that follow their own movement
 between the widening cracks and building domes caldera

between the earth's plates or the collision of earth's plates
 pushing under and over each other melting parts of the crust
 movements that generate vibrations and stresses
 that must allow inner matter to come to the earth's surface
 and suddenly discharge
 thus causing heaped mountains of stone to collapse
 change the environment itself
 so that the volcano which is active grows and changes every day
 he is never the same
 he is always different

humming gasses and sulfur from its interior
 he who rearranges the basic substances of the earth
 with heat pressure motion and steam

when the sun – Mata Hari – hits the volcano
 clouds form in the rainy season
 because the water of the night evaporates
 from the heat of the sun and envelops the volcano
 hiding him from our view

another closeness
 when you don't see him but know he is there

he only reliably shows himself in the morning
 he celebrates the sunrise
 then he becomes veiled gradually and disappears
 the morning is its time
 before hiding

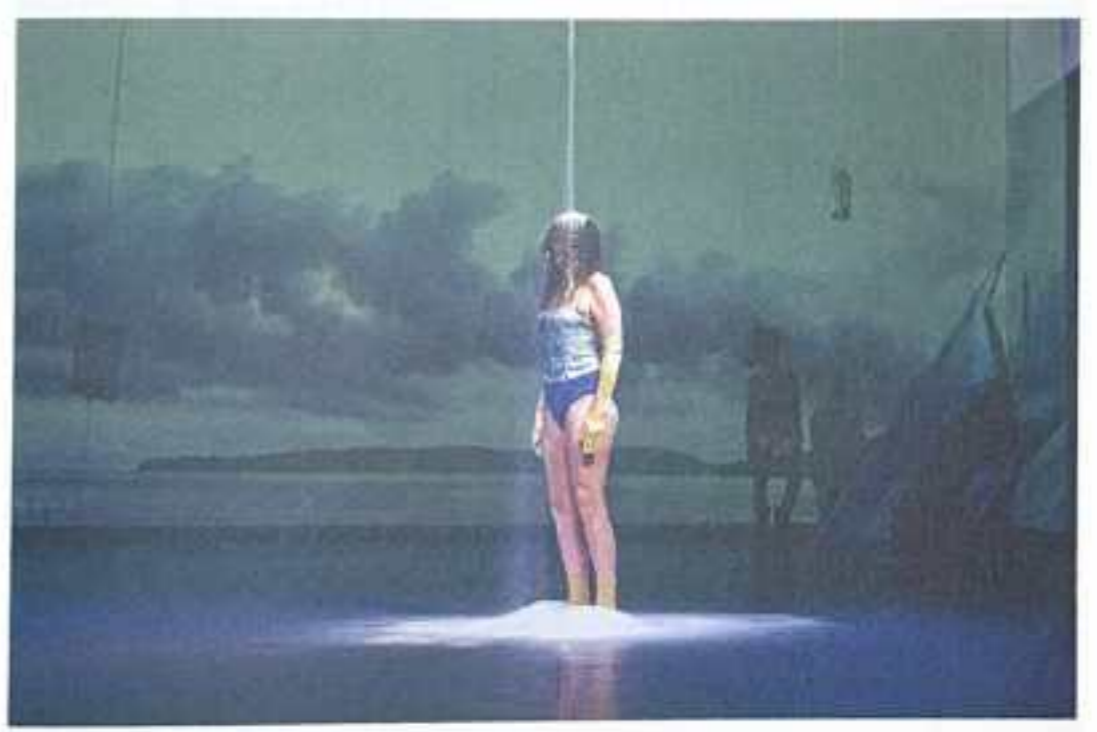
steam from the volcano
 meets evaporating water meets clouds
 a silent dance of different vapors
 that merge mingle
 in different colors of white
 in which sometimes a dark cloud coming from inside
 the volcano disappears
 clouds that want to become clouds

he said
 they always write only about the landscapes
 but not about the people
 but here are people

the landscape or the people
 the landscape without people
 you should come because you miss us not the landscape

she could not say anything
 she thought about it in the following days
 a provocation
 she sat in the plane
 and she moved away
 and the time that was mingled with the time that would come
 while she prepared herself for the turbulence that was announced
 exactly in the region
 where the earth plates collide
 but just above
 consequences of the currents

Haunted Landscape's, a performance in May 2024 by Claudia Bosse, on a building field which was once a battlefield, Seestadt Aspern, Vienna. Photos: Markus Gradwohl.



Haunted Landscape's, a performance in May 2024 by Claudia Bosse, on a building field which was once a battlefield, Seestadt Aspern, Vienna. Photos: Markus Gradwohl.



Visit of Lieberoser Heide which became a desert because of military operations. Photo: Günther Auer.