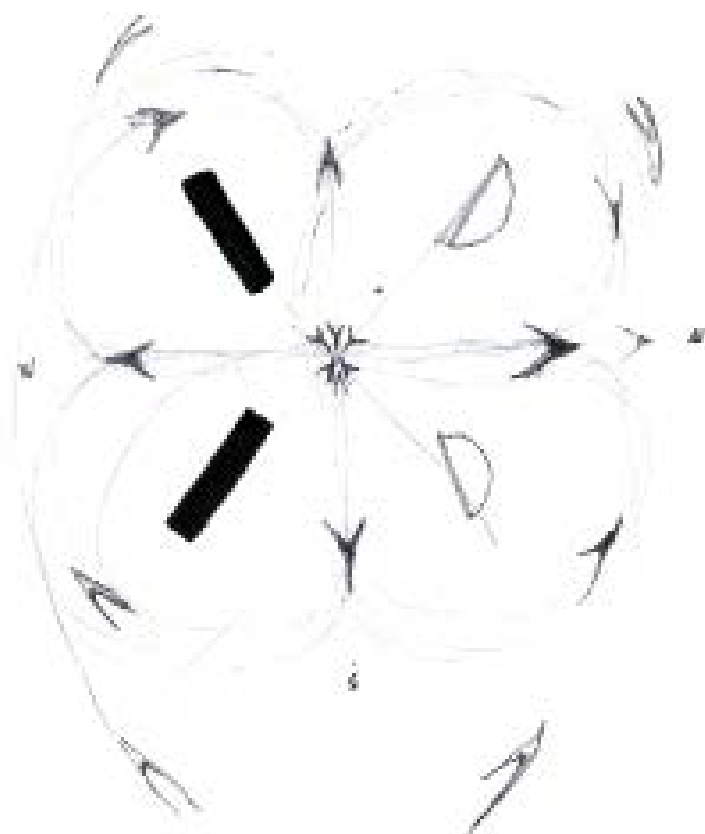


PORTFOLIO

Ráhel Anna Molnár
2022



RESEARCH & EDITORIAL

WHO CARES?

Editor: Ráhel Anna Molnár,
2021, tranzit.hu, Budapest

DIGITAL PUBLICATION

How can we perform sustainable practices of mutual attention and devotion in an institutionalised context? What can a cultural institution learn from a self-organised and activist communities?

To what extent can the ideal of collectivity be realised within an art group or in the activism of an underground electronic music community? How can culture be part of imagining and building social and economic solidarity?

The publication series Who Cares asks these questions focusing on Hungary and East-Central Europe and conveys the answers of grassroots communities putting the idea of collectivity into practice. The case studies, interviews and essays necessarily situate fragments, seemingly distant territories, in relation to each other, while discussing local possibilities, dilemmas, methods and the critique of cultural and activist self-organising practices of collective care.



ALTERUM
ARTIST-RUN NETWORK IN THE CEE REGION

BEFRIENDING ENDLESS.

Editors: Ráhel Anna Molnár, Kathryn Zazenski
2021, KultDesk Foundation, Budapest

This publication marks the ending of ALTERUM – a networking project that focused on non-profit, artist-run galleries as increasingly important platforms in the context of contemporary Central and Eastern Europe. ALTERUM was our idea of the other, that generated long-term co-operation between four artist-run/project-spaces from Prague (35M2), Košice (VUNU), Budapest (MŰTŐ), and Belgrade (U10), brought together under the umbrella of the International Visegrad Fund.

Alongside curatorial texts, project documentation and a regional space index, the catalogue features theoretic essays by Szonja Teszler (HU), Miroslava Urbanova (SK), Víték Bohal (CZ), Darko Vukic (RS) and Ráhel Anna Molnár (HU).

It is an attempt to preserve, convey, and contextualize some of what the greater community of four DIY spaces and some 40 artists, curators, writers, and theorists have created over the course of the last year and a half. It's a collection of traces from the past as well as notes for and from the future, kaleidoscopic and fragmented in its nature, just as the DIY culture in our very special region.

[DIGITAL PUBLICATION](#)

[PROJECT WEBSITE](#)



NIHILITY PHENOMENON

Residency Under Investigation
tranzit.sk, Bratislava
2017

VIDEO LINK

The short-video is part of a long-term research project on the Central Eastern-European network-building ventures of the self-organized, independent cultural scene in the 1980's and 90's through a glance at the early co-operation between the artist-groups ŁódźKaliska (PL) and Substitute Thirsters (Helyettes Szomjazók, (HU).

Based on video-interviews and archive material, the short-documentary is focusing on the basic but determining issues of self-organized networking – such as communication, travel or accomodation – as well as their affects on the sustainability of those relations. Through the investigation of these topics, the project takes a closer look at the toolkits, methods, perspectives and challenges of self-organized exchange trips between Łódź and Budapest in 1989.





For us the substitution for this was on the level of touching.

SENSUAL

MY EYELIDS ARE THINNED BY THE HEAT SO I CAN SEE
THIS HAZE

Ráhel Anna Molnár, Ágnes Várnai and Máté Előd Janky

MŰTŐ gallery, Budapest
02.10.–13.10. 2020

ONLINE EXHIBITION

The mental space of a nomad, genderless persona the core characteristics of whom are formed by its chaotic and romantic relations towards the versatile nature of creation. A hunter hunting itself, while adapting to uncomfortable conditions through seemingly odd, intimate ways. The inner contradictions of this persona are evoked by a hazy, pseudo-apocalyptic environment. Next to sculptural installations and small objects, the psychic space of this character is formed by an inner dialogue (a diary) and a sound installation.

MY EYELIDS ARE THINNED BY THE HEAT SO I CAN SEE
THIS HAZE

21'04

SOUND

text and reading: Ráhel Anna Molnár; sound: Máté Előd Janky



and there I realised my vertigo is all
there is
and I can't feel like chasing no more
and I want to stay here for a while.

Contamination is always involved in the process of culturing. I got
used to it pretty fast though. It's natural.



PATASITES
need love
too.

doubts of my being.
shrink back... cut
up, regret. - says
mouths with all these

greedy parasite.

Doubt has no content.
taped inside,

flapping in my throat
fading, and each
open, and every
light is locked inside

i can't.

up, no respect, mess
the sound of million
small teeth,

please take me up.

it's just a tongue

and i see the fire
moment shuts wide
ocean's deep white
my mouth.

I fall asleep eventually, laying curled up, entangled in my hair.
I sleep deeply and I dream very rarely.

“You must regulate your life.”

I read it somewhere back then when I used to open my eyes to watch things. For a while now, I rather keep my eyes closed when I rise.

My eyelids are thinned by the heat so I can see this haze through them. It always comes to my mind that I should pay attention to something.

I would take my supplements to ease the dizziness but I don't seem to find my mouth. I think I lost it back then, together with my compass. I don't speak much ever since. I rather listen to my voice beating in the heat, loud and sharp. I'd run after it to find my mouth, but every time I do so, it comes to my mind, that I didn't straighten my back for a while. I couldn't move with all those bone inside me so I pulled out each of my vertebrae. I prefer crawling around, staying close to the ground, like, I can collect some things with my eyes closed.

I wonder where have all the wetlands gone. It all became a desert of sorts, the enchanting ones where you're covered in endless hot breeze and there's no place to hide.

What's the use of looking back?

I learned to make friends with all the waving images. I don't know how long I've been watching this mirage of thoughts, fata morgana liquids foaming in the horizon. Memory loss, constant cleansing. A hunter hunting itself.



I feel the acidic taste of my fluids, running in my veins and out through my skin. By now, it's rather a thin layer, a border between this heat and my perception of it. I like it like this though. It gets thinner day by day. Smelling like vinegar honey and wax, caused by the self-fermentation routine. one has to be fermented to keep focused. I care for myself.

Mutation is constant.

It's all a matter of hunger, growing deep down in the molecular level, when your heart needs immediate energy, raw matter, to keep boiling. Microbes stuck in this glasshouse body, hunting themselves in lack of oxygen.

They're sucking out their supplements from intense emotion when the heat gets high enough.

Fermentation is culturing. Essentially, cultures colonise thought. In fact, it's desire that carries out fermentation during periods of intense exercise, where oxygen supplies are limited.

Once I've learned the term fermentation comes from the Latin verb 'fervere'...' to boil.' I don't remember where I heard it but I can still recall something of the feeling of being fascinated. Not much though... but I wanted to build something.

Thought is just a trace of emotion that ate itself already. It's the hot, sour water that pours down my body and flies up high to leave dried out remnants on the ground to collect...micro-particles of self-care that I can play with.

doubts? doubts of what?

doubts of my being. I can't.

shrink back...curl up, no respect, mess up, regret. – says the sound of million mouths with all these small teeth.

Greedy parasite. Please take me up.

Doubt has no content. It's just a tongue taped inside, flapping in my throat and I see the fire fading, and each moment shuts wide open, and every ocean's deep white light is locked inside my mouth.

Short breathing in and out as my spine curls up. Hot wet balls of air dropped deep in my throat with each breath, just to come back up and sigh out fast. I don't know where I am. I see my tail and as if I was hunting, my veins stretching then no movement.

What's the use of sitting still when I can only hear my breathing, where are all my senses?

Soggy tiles, daily routine on and on, stuck in the search for purity.

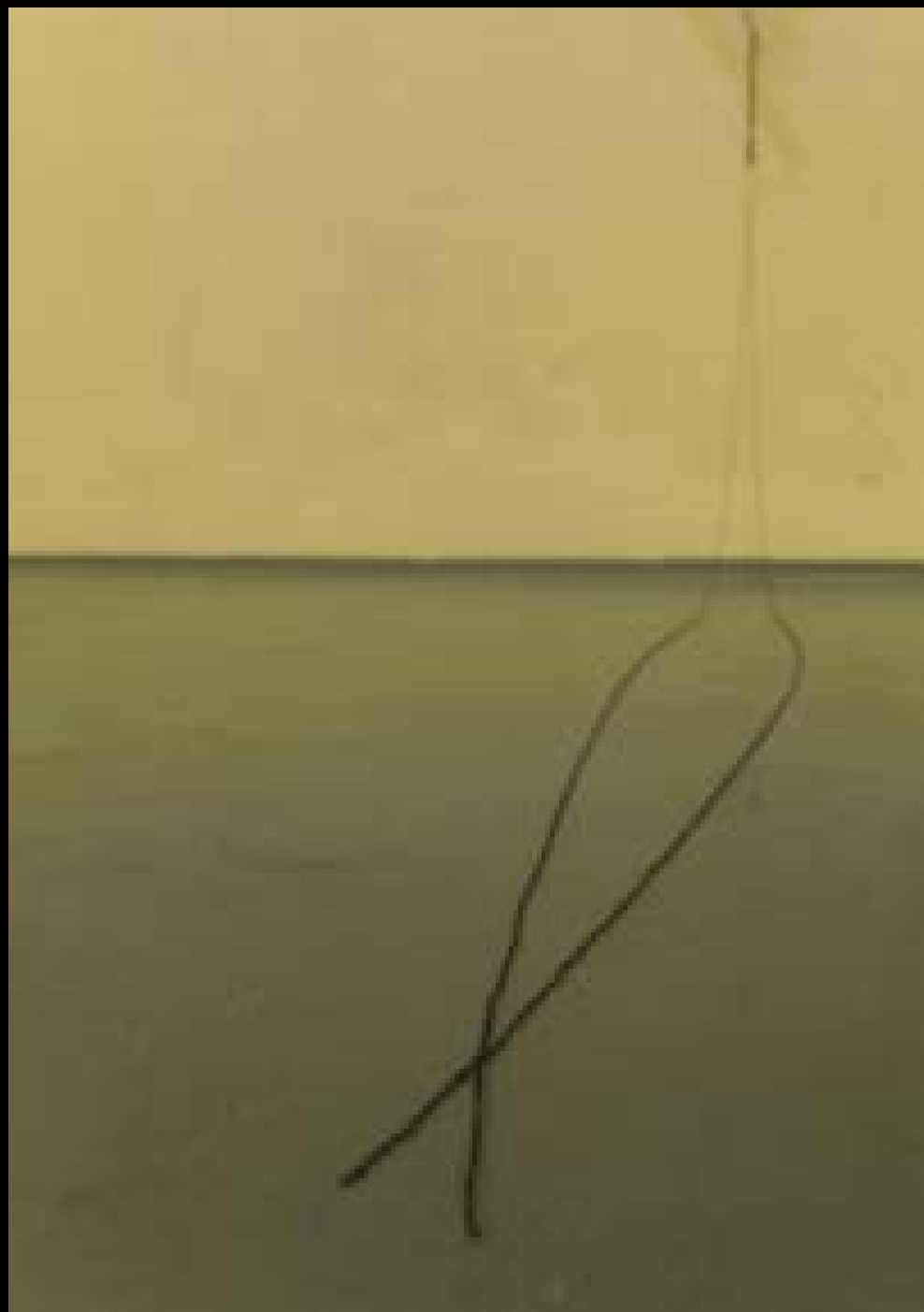
and there I realised my vertigo is all there is
and I can't feel like chasing no more
and I want to stay here for a while.

Contamination is always involved in this process of culturing, I got used to it pretty fast though. It's natural. Parasites need love too.



SALVATION STILL
2020

textile, metal stay, wood, red thread,
metal chains
380x100x45 cm



SAUNA

text and spoken word, sound: Ráhel Anna Molnár
video: Veronika Romhány

VIDEO LINK

You just have to wait a little longer...
I'm sweating like a lot already...
Just a little more.
How long though?
Just a little longer.

By the way, did you know that toxins are not at all released by perspiration? They're stored deep down in the molecular level. In every particle of this body. It's everywhere...In blood...in urine...
In your brain. I bet there has to be some even in saliva.

So why we're here than? Perspiration is 99% liquid emotion. The other 1% is some heavy metals and a thing called bisphenol. So, I guess you're talking about that 1% but what about the 99? It's just an ocean of emotional and thought patterns seeking the way out when their environment reaches the proper height.

Release is illusory...you talk about transformation...
shapeshifting. Don't you think it's beautiful to sit in a box of your own vaporized emotional matter?

Shapeshifting needs dry and hot heat sessions...so all the salt precipitate from the body.
Salt arises from the purest sources, the sun and the sea.

What's the temperature?
70 degrees.
I like it though.

How long we should stay?
How long we've been here?
I don't remember.
Doesn't matter.

So then you can't get rid of all that?

Perspiration is a sign of autonomic responses trying to cool the mind. Users are advised to leave the body if the heat becomes unbearable, or if they feel faint or ill.

Cooling down is a part of the mind cycle and is as important as the heating

However, it is advisable that healthy people and heart patients alike should take some precautions because the rapid cooling of the body, via plunging into cold water, produces considerable amount of circulatory stress.

The longer you stay in your body
the more you risk dehydration.

FABRICA SEDUCTION

5'39

text, spoken word: Ráhel Anna Molnár

video, sound: Endre Cserna

[VIDEO LINK](#)

Fabrica Seduction is an ultra-radical mindset and manifestation coaching service founded by Ráhel Anna Molnár in 2021, in her residency at the Brno House of Arts.

The piece was part of the screening program of XIII. Microfestival Prague in October 2021 and is presented in the Zero Agency pavilion of The Wrong Digital Biennale, 2022.

and beliefs leading nowhere

