

Tales of Touch  
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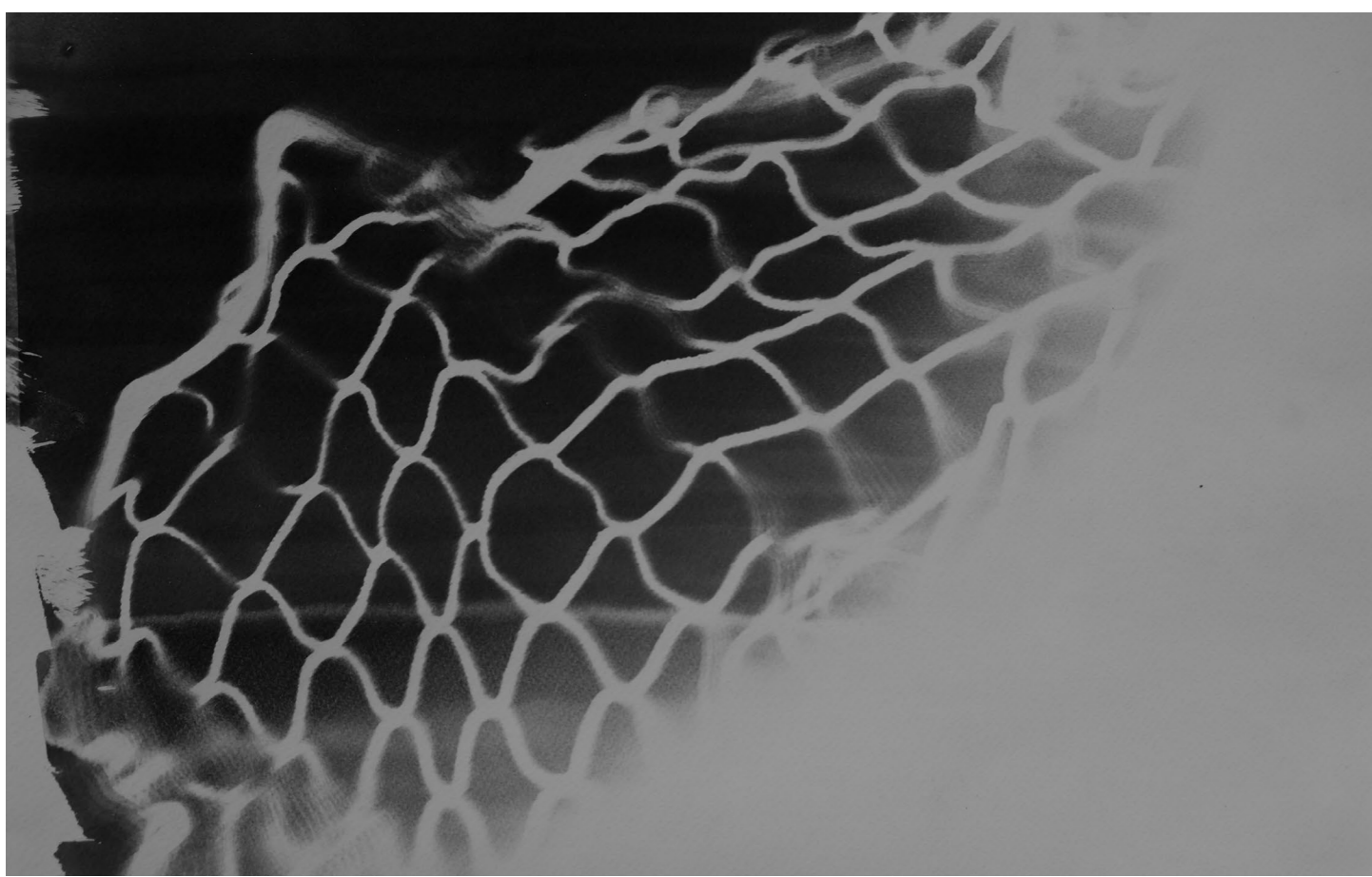
**Irene Brok** (NL) works from sensations of displacement. Her process is sparked by awkward meetings, group dynamics and navigating the many ideas about womanhood. She flirts methodologically in order to create her own space — a space of suspense and no answers. Currently her flirting has involved Catalonia and the Greek goddess Diktynna, patron of the nets.

**Sonja Šurbatović** works refer to the body as a general landscape and the evidence of challenged socio-political cohesion. These challenges are registered via the misuse of language in her current creations. Monitoring the flexibility of linguistic concepts is part of her doctoral research. The central figure belongs to the woman, and the ambiguity of connections and the violation of her space.

Tangent Projects provides fair-priced, comfortable studio spaces for artists to work in a creative and dynamic environment whilst also connecting and engaging with others working in the arts, both locally and globally. Our residency program is open to national and international artists at all stages in their career. Adjoined to Tangent Projects gallery, the studios are an intrinsic part of a growing and active network of art workers. For Autumn/Winter 2022 we very much enjoyed the company of Irene Brok & Sonja Šurbatović.

Irene Brok  
 Sonja Šurbatović

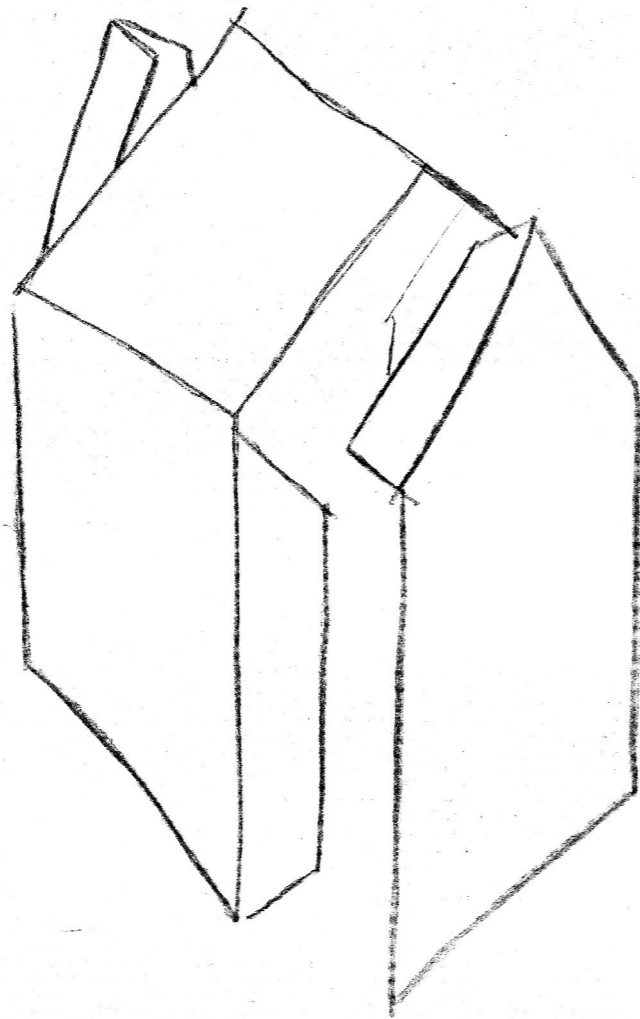
# Tales of Touch



Having a body is not optional.  
Having a volume and a shape, needing a space.  
Violence-conducted language devours the body,  
trespassing its boundaries — a tissue flashes  
between the brute words that shrink its span.  
Appearing-disappearing,  
breathing in, breathing out...

Having the boundaries (is) optional. Borders are  
imprinted into the body, causing scars, walling it  
in, and making it stiff and dry, leaving it to fade  
away. A safe space or a hostile one. Can she feel  
safe within this cell? Can this cell be called home?  
Being gazed upon, unable to move and look away,  
avoid the touch. Vulnerable and exposed to the  
will of the other, unable to penetrate out,  
enclosed within, watching from the inside out.  
Without the possibility of escaping or  
transcending this sensation, she enjoys  
this privilege of her *liberated* existence.

**You are Just  
as Worthless  
as a Girl.**



## **Doorstep — the Highest Mountain to Climb.**

Pinya

Imagine Diktynna is falling  
A woman that does not exist  
A tale made of rocks  
Diktynna is a story. This is how it was told:  
she got raped by Minos, the king of Crete  
Threw herself off a rock to escape.  
The fishermen rescued her  
They caught her in their nets  
She would say it's full of shit  
This story of her falling down  
Her hands move fast whilst talking  
Tapping and swiping the screen of her phone  
Her fingers extended with long coloured nails

I look at her hands  
They move like a spider and start drawing lines  
Imagine a net as a landscape  
Of a country that does not exist  
A fantasy in which we are flying  
She is laughing and squeezing my wrist  
The net could have been there to catch us  
But she claims we're too sexy for that  
Her hands peel the skin of her fingers  
She types and shows me her screen  
She tells me we all need pinya  
The bottom part of a Casteller  
A human tower built in Catalonia

On the screen I see people climbing  
The little girl with the helmet climbs to the top  
The tower consists of human bodies and the pinya looks like this:  
three-hundred hands clasping and holding on  
arms, backs and shoulders. Fingers spread wide  
Hands holding tight  
They keep the human tower placed  
They are angry, hungry, horny  
Imagine a net as a lover  
She twists and turns her back to me  
It is hard to follow her story but  
my hands do zip up her dress

