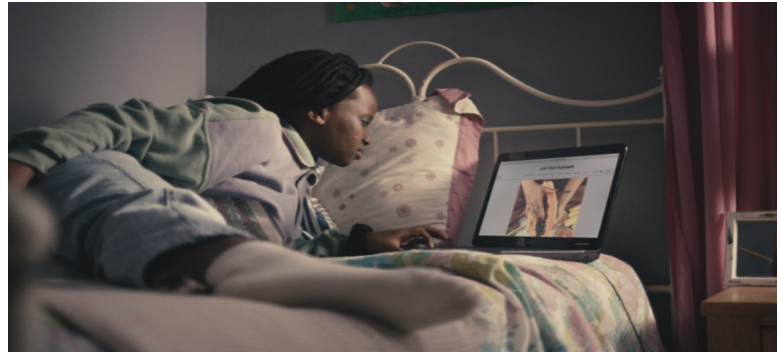


## DIALOGLISTEN WHAT'S UP? SPRACHPROGRAMM ENGLISCH

### 1. MIRROR MIRROR

Sandulela Asanda / South Africa / 2022



And nothing!

Nada!

Zero!

It didn't work?

No, it didn't like...

Wait, wait,

but did you try that thing on pg. 22 or 45?

Yes! Yes I did

you know, I even tried that thing

with the pinky

on pg. 16 of Cosmo?

The 'Love Month' issue?

Oh wow!

Ugh, no!

Uh uh, No, uh uh, NO, NO!

Luthando, you are not giving up!

I mean if you can't do this, what am I gonna do?

This is what I get for cycling everywhere!

Bikes can't break your biscuit.

My biscuit?

You know, your biscuit.

Your cupcake.

My Honey Pot?

Cherry.

Pink Panther!

Pink Pool!

Secret Garden!

Love Tunnel!

Puff Pillow!

Snatch!

Little Sister!

Fifi the Great!

And Russel

THE LOVE MUSCLE!

And then there was the second try...

\*\*\*

I can't, I'm sorry. It's just not right!

Why not?

You know that I care about you!

I know, please. So does, Ridge!

Nina, I'll never stop caring about you.

I know that you love me,  
but we shouldn't be doing this...  
Things are good with Ridge.  
He makes me happy.

But can he make you feel like this?

Luthando, go to sleep.

Yes, Mom.

Put this in the kitchen.

Yes, Mom.

AND NEXT TIME ON THE YOUNG AND THE BREATHLESS

No!

Yes.

\*\*\*

I can bleed for 7 days a month,  
but I can't get off?

I'm sure if we do more research...

No, Jodie, NO! No more research!  
Why does nobody want to talk about this?  
We get taught how to swim  
how to ride a bike.  
Why can't this be treated like everything else?

Well, I...

We're 17, friend!  
And all we know about  
being a woman is cooking,  
cleaning, crying, men, babies,  
'don't wear this', 'don't go here', 'you can smile,  
but not too much'. For FUCK'S sake,  
can the world just allow me to just...  
I look at my mom, and it's all...  
I just,  
I just refuse to believe that's all there is to it.  
Like,  
can you go out and there  
do something for yourself because...  
right now,  
she's miserable, Jodie and...  
I can't.

I'm not sure there's an answer  
for that in any of these books, Lu.

I want to feel like a woman,  
but without all the noise,  
you know.  
I'm going to try again.

Yes!

## 2. Hardly Working

Total Refusal / Austria / 2022

This is the carpenter.

The carpenter is one of over a thousand NPCs in the video game Red Dead Redemption 2.



NPC is short for non-playable characters.

They are extras who live their lives in the background of the stage picture.

They bring a bit of bustle into an otherwise lifeless world and thus simulate normality.

At dawn, the carpenter immediately picks up his work.

A hammer appears in his hand.

The carpenter always drives two nails into the same spot.

He exhibits a bit of extra spirit when sinking the second nail into the wood.

Upon arriving at a spot he's about to work on, he seems a bit lost.

As if the idea of sinking another nail had just crossed his mind that second.

\*\*\*

The stablehand is still utterly drunk from the night before.

He wanders about, can't decide where to go, what to do, who he is.

His meandering concludes at a chopping block.

Despite his apparent inebriation, every strike hits dead center.

For most of his day, the stablehand carries a tin bucket around the village.

He spills water into the troughs day in,

day out,

yet they never overflow.

And whenever the stablehand carries his bucket to the water pump, it is already filled to begin with.

\*\*\*

The laundress kneels in the dirty and soaked muddy ground.

Her clothes are full of holes.

Her job is to scrub a tiny piece of cloth against the washboard for hours on end -  
yet, she'll never hang it up to dry.

\*\*\*

The street sweeper has a decent work-life balance.

She takes her job very seriously.

She guides her broom with intent and her gaze is directed at the ground at all times.

She sweeps meticulously, almost gingerly even.

There is one particular spot she always pays special attention to.

For over two and a half hours she does nothing but sweep this one small area.

And yet, all the effort doesn't lead to any visible changes.

No matter how diligently she sweeps, the sidewalk remains dusty and full of dried mud.

\*\*\*

The carpenter's route always circles the same 13 locations on the same pier.

Once per cycle, when he reaches a particular spot, he experiences an uplifting moment.

Throughout his 11-hours workday, he sinks around 120 nails into the wood.

Day after day, week after week.

The product of his work does not concern him.

Like in any capitalist economy, where the goal isn't to satisfy demands, but to accumulate,  
there is no option for the grind to stop.

There will never be enough nails

\*\*\*

On some days, a different woman occupies the laundress's wash tub.

This other woman executes the exact same washing movements as she normally does.

The body carrying out this kind of work is totally interchangeable.

Nearly all women among the poorer classes work at home or as sex workers.

They conduct their affairs in public spaces.

Reproductive labor isn't confined to houses, but fully on display.

Children don't exist.

Even at night, many women can be observed working, while the men get drunk.

Some women's lives consist exclusively of a sequence of different types of work.

Whenever they do take a break, their gazes wander into the distance - almost as if they were daydreaming.

Does the laundress dream of her desires, of the things she might see or become?

Does she work this hard because she believes that it is her job that will emancipate her,  
turn her dreams into reality?

Some day... at the terminal station of her infinite loop of labor performance...

\*\*\*

At noon, the stablehand never misses out on lunch.

though he's rarely in the mood for more than just two bites.

His work never seems to quicken his appetite.

Back at the sink, he suddenly freezes; only his head moves as he looks around.

He drops the plate into the sink and it vanishes.

\*\*\*

The street sweeper's life is tied to a certain place.

Throughout the day, a lot of people pass her by.

She, in contrast, stays close to her house at all times.

Sometimes, the street sweeper's broom disappears, vanishes into thin air.

For her, that changes everything.

Having lost her working tool, her only productive means,

she is rendered out of work in the most literal sense of the phrase.

Condemned to idleness, she spends the time on the sidewalk in front of her house - and does nothing.

Day in, day out, this is all her life now consists of.

Or was it the other way around?

Was it her broom which forced the street sweeper to work?

Is its loss a sort of liberation?

\*\*\*

Only one thing can throw the carpenter off his work loop: Rain.

In the moments before the first drops begin to fall,

he ceases to work and just stands there. Watching.

This is the only moment the carpenter notices us.

For just a split second, he looks us directly in the eyes.

\*\*\*

In the late afternoon, the stablehand carries bales of straw from the storage yard to the paddock.

Tomorrow morning, all this straw will have disappeared and the yard will once again be full – without a single horse having been taken care of.

Everything is already there. Nothing inscribes itself. Nothing can change.

It's hard to imagine a world without progress.

Our faith in tomorrow's abundance is an imperative to keep everything going.

It drives us forward without a sense of direction.

In capitalism, the future is an asset - and it's already been sold.

A paper-thin promise, masking deeply corrupted mechanics.

Creating a world caught in a state of permanent raging presence.

\*\*\*

At close to 8 PM, the carpenter calls it a day.

He leans against a pile of barrels and lights a cigarette.

Even now he won't take off his working gloves.

The carpenter is a frugal smoker:

It takes him an entire night to finish a single cigarette.

\*\*\*

The laundress wanders through the slums.

Even after kneeling for hours on end, her posture is upright and she shows no signs of back pain.

She comes to a standstill next to a man.

The entire night, she'll be standing here in front of the house with her arms crossed, while the man next to her gets drunk.

Even while they are next to each other, every one of them stands there on his or her own.

A relation of relationlessness.

They form no such thing as a community.

Only at dawn, the laundress will continue her labor.

She will leave without a word of goodbye.



\*\*\*

The street sweeper spends her evenings and nights on the same sidewalk she keeps sweeping throughout the day.

Her nights are restless.

While the people in the richer quarters disappear from the streets,  
the workers spend their nights in the public spaces.

The moon sheds a bright light on class society.

\*\*\*

When the stablehand knocks off work, he visits the bar.

Most evenings, he just sits there, wordlessly watching.  
On some occasions, he orders a beer, of which he takes three or four sips.

Later, he gets up, dead drunk from just those couple mouthfuls.  
On his way back, the stablehand loses his bearings.

He stops, turns around, and pauses.

This is how he remains for the entirety of the night, until the sun has chased away the moon.

In this time he does not work, consume, or even sleep to regenerate his work force.

His idleness is a gesture more radical than you might think.

On its own, his behavior might be viewed as an unremarkable bug - funny even.

But in capitalism, a worker's time belongs to the person who bought it.

To the employer, idle laborers aren't just lazy, they are stealing time.

Idleness is theft.

In this very moment, the stablehand is robbing the owning class of their control over his time.

As organized and synchronized action, collective idleness could grind reality to a halt -  
and perhaps extort a future from the terror of permanent presence.

Can we start glitching?

### 3. First Down

Carrie Stett/ United States of America / 2021



- All right, girls, let's do our circle again.

And then parents along the side,  
coaches over here with me, coaches.

All right.

We got the coaches.

All right.

So how many of you guys are new this year?

Welcome, welcome.

How many of you guys are moving up from the junior high team to the high school team?

One, two, three.

That's awesome.

Welcome, welcome.

All right, so my name is Crys Sacco.

Last year, I went by Crystal.

This year, I am Crys and I'm going by all male pronouns.

The point with football again,  
we're being our true authentic selves anyway.

By paving the way,  
you guys are breaking gender barriers just by stepping on that field as women,  
playing a sport that was known as an all men's sport.

Not anymore.

All right, everybody in.

- One, two, three!

- Girls play!

\*\*\*

- I know we're gonna  
win some games this year.

We're going to take this  
team and go far with it

And people are going to underestimate us  
  
because we're kind of the underdog team.

- I'm thinking we're first in the league right now, but what the papers are saying, we're last.

- I wanna see us win our first game.  
Not like last year, we didn't win any game.

- It was rough, but we learned from all of it.  
And I think we're gonna come back so strong this year.

- If you're new and you don't know, just kind of go with the flow.  
I brought on a couple of new coaches and we're gonna just come up with a better plan.

- All right, so go ahead and introduce yourself, Coach Renica.

- I'm happy to be here.  
I'm happy to help you guys get better and better.  
To come in and to coach a team that's never won,  
every loss is a learning experience.  
And if you learn something from it, you're not really losing.

- Go Alyssa, get it up, get it up, get it up.

Run out, run out, run out, run out.

Eyes up, eyes up, eyes up.

\*\*\*

- My mom plays. She's played for the Utah Falcons for over six years now.

So since she was playing, she was like, hey, I should get my daughter to join in this league.

My dad left a couple years ago, so me and my mom have gotten closer.

The field helps me clear my mind.

For football, it's always been like an outlet for me to just feel free.

- Really, just as a female, as a girl, as a woman in this game  
that's dominantly played by men,

I just want them to take from this that they can overcome anything  
and become anything that they wanna be.

I started in women's football because I wanted to challenge myself.

Other women and other girls are out there watching you.

You guys are beautiful, strong. You guys are the role models for our future youth.

- All the way down.

- All the way down.

- Go! Go, go, go all the way through, all the way through.

\*\*\*

A lot of my team, they've gone through some hardships.

I have some girls that felt like

they couldn't play any other sport because of their weight.

- I've always struggled really bad with depression  
and anxiety, like super bad insecurities with like my body and my weight.  
I've always loved sports,  
but everything just felt like, oh, I can't do that, my weight makes me too slow.  
I'd never even thought about playing football.  
It never crossed my mind.  
And I remember like going to practice, and I look around,  
and there's girls who were like similar sizes to me.  
I was like, oh, you actually like aren't gonna tell me  
that I need to like cut a few pounds or anything.  
You want me to be like this basically.  
After that first week of practice,  
I like went home and I just remember like crying to my mom.  
And she was like, do you not like playing?  
And I was like, no, I feel like  
I found something that I feel good about,  
something that can give me more confidence in myself,  
somewhere where I'm useful.  
Like, I belong here.

\*\*\*

- Let me see your hands, Hailey.  
So this is a big no-no.  
What is it?  
Nails.  
I will bring the clippers and I will clip them off.  
  
- Nice.

Work, work, work. Get here!

\*\*\*

I felt that I would never be able to play football 'cause I'm a girl.  
But then this opportunity came for girls tackle football.  
I was like, dad, mom, please let me play this, please.  
You know how much I wanna play football.  
And they're like, okay, we'll sign you up.  
The feeling that you get when you're on that field  
saying down, set, focus on just one thing,  
focus on just one target,  
focus on one play.  
And then you say hut and everything moves,  
everybody moves.  
The ball moves, the play moves,  
the coaches are excited, the fans,  
the rush, the adrenaline.  
It just feels amazing because you can escape from anything that's going on that might be hurting  
you.

\*\*\*

Four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, 10!

Left side!

One, two, three, four, five.

If you walk through my house, you can just see holes in the wall everywhere 'cause like my brothers and my dad just tend to punch the wall when they're angry and they have anger issues, so.

It's kind of a rough subject,  
but I've always grown up in like a household of addiction.

We still love each other.

The way that I get my emotions out is playing football.

Being able to go to football and  
erase everything that you've seen that day,  
it's just a fresh start.

Being able to hit someone is getting that anger and that emotion out  
that you can't tell anyone.

I'm working really hard to make a life better for me and my family  
and I'm trying to make the world better around me.

- Some of the girls never thought they were good at anything  
and they never would ever amount to anything.

There might be stuff going on at home that they don't want to talk about  
and they can channel that energy through football.

We've had some girls that wanted to play sports,  
but never could because they couldn't afford it  
where they have to have jobs and go to school.

They're actually paying rent for their parents.

So what I do is I'm like, we're gonna find a way.

I don't care if we have to set up fundraisers.

I don't care.

I'll find the money,

I'll pay for it myself.

I'll do whatever it takes.

Nice.

No, I don't want to, you gotta do it.

When you're ready.

Go, just go, go.

Okay.

I've taken testosterone for a little bit over a year now.

I was gonna shave like before the season,  
but I'm like, no, I don't need to look a certain way.

I can just be me.

This picture was five years ago.

This was before, obviously, way before I came out.

It was very hard.

Being in the public eye as a co-founder of the football league,  
it was very scary for me to come out.

Coach Crys is awesome.

We connect for some reasons like how we look  
and how we feel.

Crys has always been so nice and so positive about everything.

She's always there or he's always there.

It's just amazing that he can finally be who he really is and have everyone treat him with respect  
for who he really is and not have to hide.



He made it capable that I could play football.

If Coach Crys wasn't here, I wouldn't be playing football.

\*\*\*

Break.

Break.

Hustle.

Hut!

Heck yeah, Jasmine!

So, how long does it take you to solve a Rubik's Cube?

A minute and 20 seconds or less.

I can do patterns with it and stuff so it's like checkerboard.

My brain is kind of wired differently than most people.

So sometimes, I don't know how to explain stuff

or put things in words.

My biological mother, when I was about sevenish or eightish,

lost custody of me and my older brother.

I don't know why exactly, but I want to say it was due to drugs.

We were the first women couple to become foster parents in the state of Utah.

When you adopt children through foster care, they do have a lot of trauma ,especially the older kids.

I've had some anger problems  
and I've been taking it  
out on the wrong people.  
And I've like been dealing with like depression,  
and anxiety, and PTSD.

For Riley, playing tackle football has really given her an outlet  
to work out her aggression that she's holding onto.

I've made a lot of friends and it's made me build  
self-confidence and my self-esteem.

I'm out there screaming my head off  
and walking up and down the field with the coach.

It feels a lot better just knowing that they're my parents  
and they're gonna be there for sure no matter what.

\*\*\*

Coaches talk.

Players listen.

Coaches talk.

Players listen.

From the beginning to now,  
have you guys learned a lot?  
Do you feel you've gotten any better?

Yes?

One game at a time, okay?

We're heading to the championship.

Break!

\*\*\*

I feel like these girls are, they're making history for youth football.

They're going to be the first to pave the way for that.

Other states are going to do it.

And one day, it'll be in the colleges,

and then the next goal,

this is where I get a little emotional,

but one of the main reasons why I'm doing this is 'cause I would love to see these girls  
go to the NFL for women.

\*\*\*

This is something I'm gonna talk about for the rest of my life.

It's gonna be like a part of me for like forever.

We all have different backgrounds, different stories,

but when we get on the field together, we're all the same.

We wanna play football.

We wanna do big things and make this history.

Even though they come from all different backgrounds,  
they might not even be friends at school,  
but as soon as they're on that field, they have each other's back.

More than just a team or a family,  
and we're there for each other.

I mean, I have my friends and family, but even when I have drama with them,  
I have my football team to go back to.

We all come from backgrounds that are rough  
and we all understand that we are capable of doing anything  
and we are gonna do anything to get it done.

When someone gets that first touchdown, it's gonna be amazing  
because all those losses we took has paid off for something.

It's a new year, new us.

The underdog teams can actually go to championship games and win.

I know at the end of the season, we're gonna be number one.

Who are we?!

Family!

#### 4. HEDGEHOG

Jasper Caverly / Australia / 2022

Where are you going?

I have to get out of here!

Just stay here it's not a big deal,

I can help,

I'm sorry!

I don't fucking care.

I said I'm sorry...

Fuck off you're sorry!

Come on Brig

it was an accident!

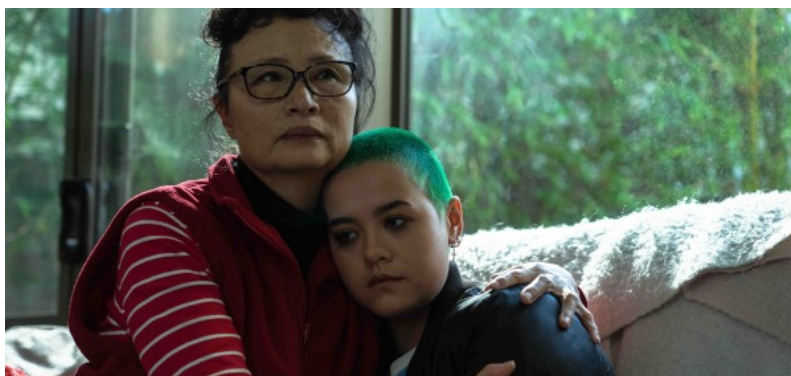
What are you going to do about it?

I don't know are you going to go...

Yes!

Obviously, dickhead!

Do you think I want a fucking kid?



I'm sorry! I just don't know what to do...

It's a bit fucking late for that isn't it?

Well did you think it might be difficult for me too?

Actually fuck you dude!

What do you want me to say!

Asshole!

Brig!

\*\*\*

Hey Clad...

My phone is about to

die but...

something happened with Jacob.

Just call me later.

\*\*\*

Just have to fill out this

quick questionnaire.

So why do you need to access the  
emergency contraceptive pill today?

I had sex with a guy, that I know.

Was he a long term sexual partner?

No, he's just...  
a friend of mine.

And how long has it been since you've had unprotected sex?

Not long...  
Just this morning, just a couple of hours ago.

Did he ejaculate inside of you?

Yeah.  
He was supposed to pull out.  
I don't know it was, an accident.

Right, ok.

Are you experiencing any unusual symptoms?

Any burning while passing urine?

Or any vaginal bleeding?

No. No, all good.

Sorry, are all the questions going to be like this?

We do have to go through the form thoroughly, ok?

It's a very significant decision to make for a young woman.

Young person.

So, are you currently ovulating?

Yeah, pretty sure.

Final question...

are you on any medications at the moment?

Nothing recreational?

I'm going to sign you off for Levonorgestrel.

It's a common ECP.

I'm just going to need to see some ID at the counter there,  
and you can be on your way.

Actually...

I don't think I brought my wallet with me.

Is this ok?

Bridget Wang?

This is you?

Yeah, I change my hair a lot.

Look...

I can't accept this as proof of age.

Wait, why not?

Because there is no specified date of birth on it.

Is there anything else you have maybe?



I mean, it says I'm in year 12 on it...

If I had my wallet, then I would...

Miss Wang I cannot help you unless you have some valid ID.

Then...

I'll be glad to help you.

Please, I...

I don't think you understand.

I really need this.

\*\*\*

What the fuck!

What are you doing here?

Jesus, Brig!

You look pretty scat right now, hey?

I'm fine, just a bit hungover.

I can see that.

Got your message by the way.

Guess your phone is dead?

Yeah I need to charge it actually.

Where's your wall plug?

Chuck it here.

So... what's going on with you and Jacob?

It's nothing.

I just had a bit of a moment...

at the pharmacy.

The pharmacy?

Did... you and Jacob have sex?

And you didn't use protection?

I mean...

Oh good...

I just assume you got the pill?

I tried to!

Tried to?

Yeah...

Look, can we just drop it?

It was out of my control but I'm going to deal with it.

You know...

you're not the only one that's had to use emergency contraception before.

Is that supposed to make me feel better?

You're right.

It doesn't make it...

any less scary.

It's going to be ok.

\*\*\*

So what happened?

Did they ask you for ID?

The old guy got one of the young fem's to look after me.

What?

Nothing!

Nothing.

What?

- It's just funny seeing you like this, you're usually so...  
put together!

- Yeah, well the...  
baby being conceived in my uterus, is  
pretty much enough to unput me together.

Thank you.

- You're all right Brig.

No seriously, I...  
really appreciate you.

\*\*\*

- Thanks again.

All good Brig.

Good luck in there!

Text me later?

Yes, will do.

Oh, and...

Have something to eat before you take your thing.

Yes sir.

Bye

Bye

\*\*\*

So are you going to plant those in the garden?

It's going to be colder tomorrow.

In the morning it's really cold.

Ok, mom.

What's that?

It's a sandwich.

Where you got it?

Clad gave it to me.

What?

We have food here!

If you want, I can make something for you.

I'm not hungry.

Eat your sandwich.

I was worried about you.

Why didn't you call me back?

My phone died, I just forgot to call you back.

You could use your friend's phone, text me!

I wasn't at Clad's house but...

yeah, next time.

I don't understand...

where you stay then?

Does it matter?

I'm home now, everything is fine.

I trust you.

And only us!

I get it!

I'll call you back next

time, I'm sorry.

\*\*\*

Hey Jacob, it's me.

It's been a pretty rough day, if I'm honest.

And not the one I was expecting after last night.

I know.

Look...

I just wanted to say a couple of things.

if you could just, listen to me for a little bit.

Really need you to hear me.

## 5. Powernapper's Paradise

Samir Arabzadeh/ Sweden / 2022

It's almost like...

I'm still awake, in my dreams.

It's like I'm dreaming that

I'm still working but in the dream world.



\*\*\*

I moved from Sweden

to the Philippines in January 2009.

One of the first things that struck me was how people sleep at work here.

It is completely foreign to me.

To be honest,

it really confuses me.

Why is everyone asleep?

Why am I awake?

What's going on?

It's not really deep sleep, because I'm a light sleeper, so...

Maybe it's more like a...

Nap? Yeah, nap.

I think anything beyond two hours is sleep.

Napping is different from sleeping.

Once, I was behind the customers taking their order.

They were looking at the menu and telling me their choices.

But I didn't realize I had already dozed off. They just laughed and poked me.

I prefer to hunch up on my desk and sleep, to be a bit uncomfortable.

To remind me that I'm not at home, I'm still on the clock.

Even if I try to stay awake, my eyes feel heavy and I doze off.

But after that short nap my shoulders feel lighter and my head feels relaxed.

\*\*\*

Being from Sweden,

I can imagine this is strange for you.

You're coming from the outside, looking in.

And seeing how relaxed people are. Every day.

Sometimes I feel like I have an obsession, to be productive and always working.

If I oversleep in the morning, I spend the rest of the day trying to catch up with the time I lost.

But here?

It seems like people love to sleep.

We live in the equatorial tropics, where the weather is not hot, it's humid.

If it were any thicker, you would need to cut through the weather with a knife, like butter.

It just makes you sleepy man.

So what do you want to know?

Why do you think people do this?

Well, it's culture.

It has always been culture.

I think it could go way back.

To when the spaniards conquered the Philippines for 500 years. We have this siesta thing.

Even before the spaniards came, Philippines was a paradise.

We had all the fish in the sea and all the fruits in the forest.

And people didn't see the reason to work.

And this has become some kind of a collective consciousness.

We are an agricultural country,

so we do not go on a nine to five structure.

That is still a concept we need to grasp.

If we Filipinos were lazy, we wouldn't be hired when we apply abroad.

We Filipinos are hired abroad because we're hard workers.

When we work, we work.

When we have earned enough for the day we have this instinct that it is time to rest.

If I get paid 10 pesos per hour, I will work for 10 pesos per hour.



That means I sleep for 30 minutes.

\*\*\*

We're hardworking but we're just lazy.

That's contradictory...

I know, an oxymoron kind of thing, but...

But contradictions are sometimes true.

In Sweden, everything in society works and everyone works hard.

But are we happy?

Philippines: we got colonized by the spaniards and wanted to speak spanish.

Then we got the americans and wanted to be like American Joe, we ate hot dogs, we drank beers.

We never became a Filipino.

You cannot undo a 300-year brainwashing of a colonial master.

It goes back to: Why would I work hard to make these people richer?

So sometimes it's not laziness. It's the lack of opportunity.

I don't know if I want to change it.

The progress of our place is also taking very slowly.

Maybe because we want it that way.

We love this place and culture so much and want to hold on to it as much as we can.

If we change it, it changes the people.

It changes who we are.

I think the concept of sleeping at work shouldn't be a big deal.

I mean we're humans after all we're not robots.

Yeah, yeah.

If Swedish people were told not to rest, how do you think they would feel?

I just feel bad Sammy,

I just really feel bad, like when...

I know you are the one interviewing me, but let me ask you...

Why does it bother you so much?