

ALIVE Presents
presents¹

1 Presents presents
press...

UNFURL: A LUCID
SCIENCE FICTION²

2 Isch verlege
disch Alt...

ZYMNS ZINE

Martin Gropius Bau
Niederkirchnerstr. 7,
10963 Berlin

11 berlin biennale
2020

October 17th
16:00–17:00
17:30–18:30

By, with & for:

Emma Waltraud Howes, Justin Francis Kennedy
Balz Isler, Nkisi, Ethan Braun, Beate Huss

ALIVE Presents presents³ UNFURL: a lucid science fiction⁴

Libretto Book—Zymns Zines

Grappling with the themes of death, apocalypse, and repression of life source, Justin, Emma, Balz, and music composers Ethan Braun and Nkisi, along side Costume Designer Beate Huss, and an eclectic (*absent*) choir, beam the public through the story of *Empress Alberta*. The Musical is set on *Etherland*, a mythical planet. The scene opens around a bleeding tree where the locals mourn the loss of their Empress. Another planet's bark peeler unknowingly bursts the Empress through the *organic horizon* (the fungal network) into a dark site where she is confronted with her past reflections (which are automatically transmitted through the fungal network) as well as her current capacities to shift from person, to tree, to spirit and automated androidgyny. The symbolic dreamaturgy consists of churning the top soil, synthesizing and empathizing with our mother mold' and dark sites, and a circuitive expansion (through regeneration plus warp speed).

The Layers

The horizontal phases-cycles-seasons-episodes-beams-(w)rings
Person-spirit-androidgyny⁵-circuitry⁶

Tree
||into
Top soil
||into
Fungoosian Network / MOTHER MOLD
||into
A dark site
||into
Starburst

From down there, Empress Alberta reflects on dizziness, anger, sadness and regeneration through circuitive expansion + warp speed⁷

INSERT THE TANGENT< RANT⁸< SCORE< HERE< but RETURN TO THE POINT*

*generally, we will always return, perhaps, maybe, when we feel like it, never ever, wherewithal, project what?

**All the before's but and ores are ands or ends (footnotes forever, 100,000 plateaus of our own words).⁹

3 A twitch of an eye

4 Greet the audience with Strap on chin guards.❶

❶ Smile mask: Smile cannot block, transparent visible.

5 "Androidgyny is, by the way, also an (apparently famous) goth band, the pseudonym of a trans-activist/literary scholar...", M. Berrios.

6 Fuck monocular vision.❷

7 The churn—the synthesizers' reflections about dizziness, anger, sadness and regeneration through circuitive expansion and acceleration—the confetti canons with no confetti

8 This song started as a rant against haters that'd be giving into the instigators if there is one thing I'd like to pull off when someone steps with hate, all I do is scoff (311 electricity lyrics)

9 The so and the but, is also an and, the end; The rant the agitation, the maybe it is a choral thing, a chorus, a choral event. One person does the rant. One person does the footnote. And one person does the doom core drowning it all out' they have to sing together. Like a hymn zymns zine cacophony, (outwardly) If she deep follows the story—she interprets the Sub(conscious). An anti-ology, a critic of the crew-rater. The tragedy of being kept, literally People can see themselves shaped in her distortion, and direction, and delusion. Not presented a confrontation, end actually it is. To hold an inner light to her spot. A general unfurling. And in her case a specific one. When she leaves, she feels power, and also a FUCK MAN...*we love you

❷ He founded the Bauhaus, um, he learned to, or came to understand that this was not appropriate behavior for the times, and ummm, a kind of anti-fascist fighter definitely was not, um, and Americas expected modernist heros, and ummm, made that shit up, ummm, kind of uh, and those people were not, ummm, uhhh, nothing anti-Nazi about them really, those stars in America? Um and ah, those, um...that architectural map, it was a cultural construction.

PROVOLOGUE, THE SCORE & SONGS:

6 CHAPTER ONE

22 MANIFOLD CENTERFOLD
T-WITCH-EYE-PERIPHESTO for RADICAL CARE

28 CHAPTER TWO

43 CHAPTER THREE
The bonus track

AFTERLOGUE

50 CHOREO-MANICS
The choreographic islands

53 THE TOOLS WE NEED
The tooleries we need

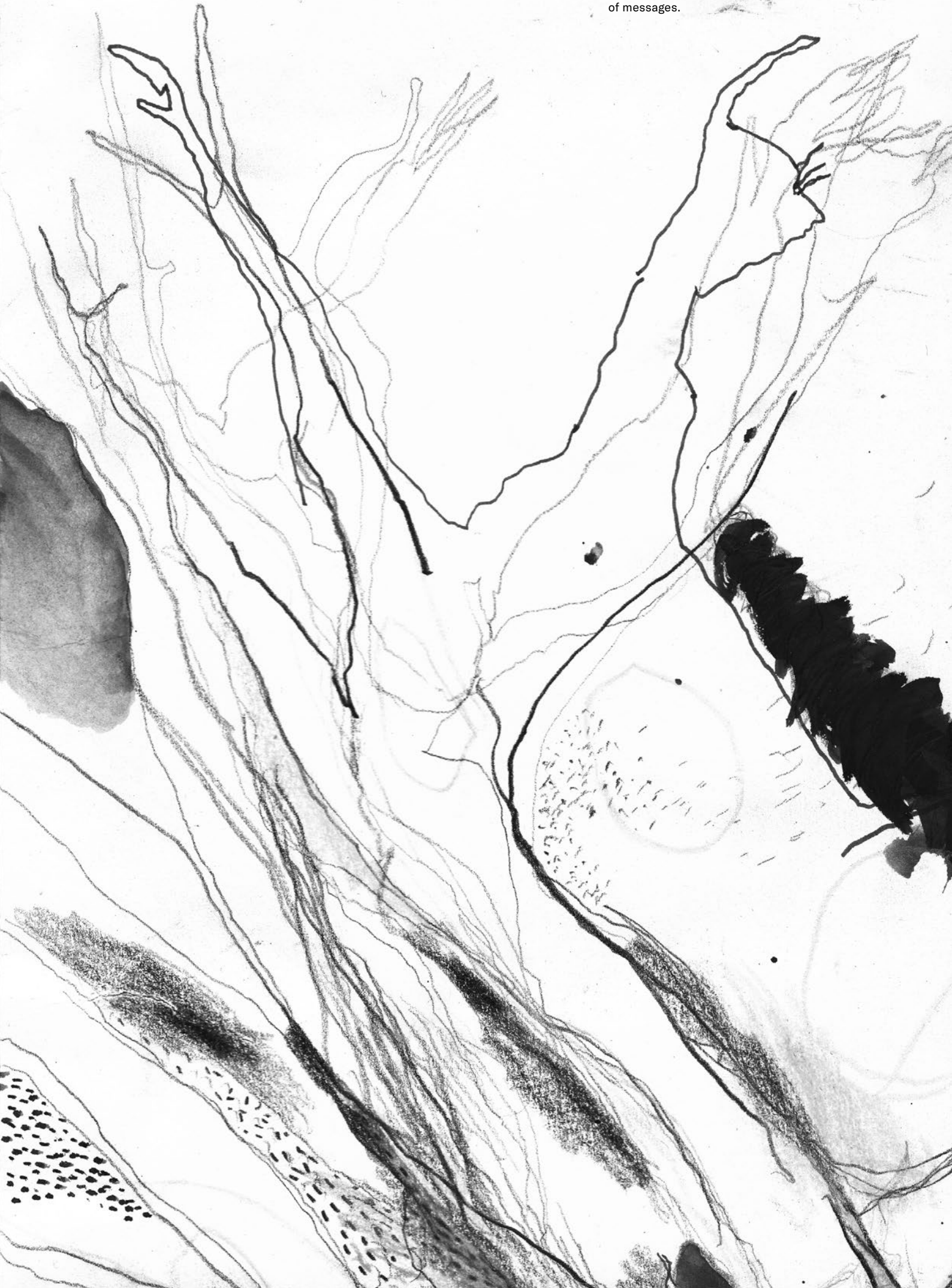
55 GHOSTS of the INDEX—spins off, future iterations
(could have been)

56 INDEX OF NEOLOGISMS

58 WORD COUNT

58 BONUS TRACKS

63 OUR COLOPHON



CHAPTER ONE
FIRST OFF, FREEDOM TO THE FOOTNOTE¹²
Free notes
Freedom to the footnotes
This is our March
The revenge of the parenthesis¹³

12 The footnote is historically the space where you cite the wise to legitimize, end. In this case, all those unheard voices to the fore...

13 Choreo-draulics: All footnotes are rants, you have 40 seconds for all that shit before you will be drowned out by Nkisi's doom core. Tooleries: Make sure you have the exuberANT Staff!



14

14 Cite the wise enveloped composition, Ethan Braun (2020)

ALBERTA UNFURLING

ONE BLACK MORNING
AFTER APOCALYPSO

YOU HAVE COME TO
SEE A HORROR SCENE
(YOU) HAVE COME TO
HEAR THE STORY OF
EMPRESS ALBERTA

YOU HAVE COME TO
SEE A HORROR SCENE
HAVE COME TO HEAR
THE STORY OF
UNFURLING (4 ×)

ONE BLACK MORNING
AFTER APOCALYPSO
YOU HAVE COME TO
SEE A HORROR SCENE
(YOU) HAVE COME
TO HEAR THE STORY
OF EMPRESS ALBERTA
UNFURLING (4 ×)
YOU CALLED WITHOUT
EVEN KNOWING
I WAS HERE

I CAME TO SEE YOU
 COS I HEARD YOU HAD
 A ROUGH YEAR
 SHE SLIPS, SHE
 BURSTS, SHE LEAVES
 THROUGH THE ROOT'S
 EYE
 THROUGH THE TOP,
 SOIL MUCH BLOOD,
 LIGHTNING AND FRIES
 BUT REALLY JUST TO
 RE-SINK ME/SHE/HER/IT
 and EYES

INSERT THE PRONOUN COCKTAIL:^{15,16}

She me he I that thing those whom they is it—that's our/my
 cocktail

ALL THE MURKS
 SHOWED UP
 TO DANCE
 AND LAUGH
 AND CRY

THE SECOND LAYER
 CALLED BY IT'S
 FOOZINET
 WHO'S ONE IN A
 TRILLIONS TRANS-
 MITTERS TRANSMIT
 WHADDA A FREAKY
 WAY TO SPEND THIS
 FINAL HOUR
 REFLECTING UNDER-
 LINING ALBERTA'S
 POWER¹⁷

The RULE OF THE BUTS, ORS AND ENDS*
 All the butts and o(a)rs are ands and ends¹⁸

16 Free notes
 Freedom to the footnotes
 This is our March
 The revenge of the
 parenthesis
 *Maybe in some situations
 it works and not in others

15 Choreo-draulics at
 home: Try mixing up your
 cocktail of pronouns,
 i.e., She me he I that
 thing those whom they
 is it.^③

③ Choreo-draulics:
 Serve the first wave of
 the double-sided baton.

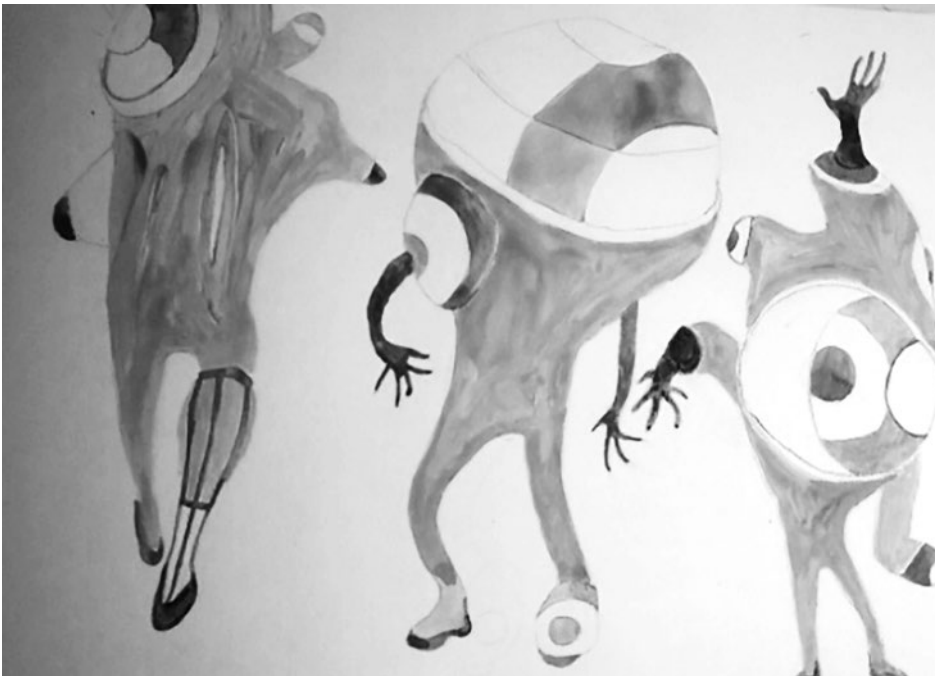
17 Through the unwill
 to burst, fear of evolution
 end moving on, you/she's
 kept her hand holding
 tight to the skin she drags
 behind and the tree stump
 became a fresh carcass.
 (later, at a certain point,
 her hand may let go,
 the moment where she
 doesn't need it. see psych.
 Transitional objects and
 their utility value) (See
 Digital Placenta (the future
 non-existing punk band
 of Jeremy Shaw).^④

④ i.e. a teddy care or
 a blankie adults have
 their variation comfort
 objects while they're
 going through a state of
 transition into alcohol-
 ism* and drug addition.
 *see Alberta with a bot-
 tle of champagne in the
 tree see all our mom's
 drunk in the tree.^⑤

⑤ Horizontal boy end.
 What is in a nau-
 men-?????. What-ifs-fear,
 My clan is a clang* see
 cult weekend.^⑥

⑥ Thanks Bruce.

18 T*transmitter lyrics:
 The (or) oars* and the butts
 are always an and...
 *The horrors of the (or)
 oars. (the oral membrane—
 the tennis ball boys?)



19

UNFURL THE PROVOLOGUE²⁰

On earth,
It happened²¹,

... ..the *Apocalypso of Internal Combustion*; the people became so self-circulating, so self-serving, so self-cyclonic that they began to implode in on themselves. The natural balance of inner and outer glows shifted, and the outer glow became overgrown. The shrinking process was not fully recognized because the outer glow overtook the pulse.²²

As the shrinking of the inner glow pulled with it the flesh into tiny *flesh pockets** (flashy fleshy flash pack flash back pockets), the life source of the tiny pocket became reduced to an almost non-existing and still out-pulsing thing. In the hope that the environment of another land would slow down this fleshy implosion, a mother of several children sent two of them to the *Big Deals*, from *Flagship Planet big deal 2*.

The Flagship Planet Big Deal 2 was covered with flower fields and tended to, by well-to-do farmers' networks (upward accent), they understood themselves in the cult-eye-vation of beauty through the flowers, and from that popularity created a sales-rich industry for the surrounding galaxy.

19 Beate Huss /
Cargocult

20 We have provolone and balogna, the provologue, the provocative overlogue—the overture entwined in the prologue that happens in the dark. Then we introduce the “soft head-banging” as locomotion and the banging as the warp speed into the next. Eight to ten minutes for all that shit. Open the door, and we slip ‘n’ slide into our sunken living room, our conversational pit, our furnished skins.

The “Star Wars” text going up...to symbolize the going down, like an elevator line or a beamer...

22 Talk about and challenge the dichotomy of the inner and outer glow’?

21 Choreo-draulics: transitions. Option one: crates of beer to maintain the social distance, and popcorn – the two huge fridges*. Option two: unroll the carpet. Option three: hand out the zymns zones. Option four: drift off the street, and drift back out. Always leave the vacuum cleaner behind.

While the children lived on *big deal* and helped with the flower care, Vic the boy enjoyed the poetry of writing. He tirelessly described the beauty of the fields and flowers. After the fact, the *big deals* recognized the impact of these texts, and quickly found a new source of value in them to enlarge their galactic beauty in-dust-tree.

Although Vic’s poems bloomed, his younger sister *Alberta* got less attention, and her inner glow resumed to shrink. A *UCTV*, also known as a *Urinal Cake Transportation Vehicle*, from *Etherland* with its little pink *puckfolk* pilot whizzed by with the treasures of the day, and randomly grabbed *Alberta’s* little shrunken *flesh pocket*. It whirled her into its satchel, and in this bag, she found herself in a jumble of seeds, minerals and other dusts from current quests. The pucks on their way home to *Etherland* with their findings locomoted until they reached their Streethersphere, from wherein they received an echo key ^(sung) 23 to ignite the warp speed. They were transported into the final atmosphere of *Etherland*. *Alberta’s* last phase of being flesh-pocketed was initiated during warp speed by a particular physics—a combination between death grip, coincidence and brace-brace.

UNFURL THE BLEEDING TREE²⁴
On one black mo(u)rning²⁵
Murky Leaks: Anti-church vibe

Insert a Rant About Decolonizing Nature
Insert a rant around the bleeding tree. Perhaps starting with the good and bad acting version of hug-a-tree, the decolonizing nature constitutions, with mother naturn, mother mold, the critical zone for radical indigenous autonomy ministries for decolonization and loneliness. Maybe instead of sighting the Zapatistas, think of another radical indigenous glocal move you’ve heard of...²⁶

THE BLEEDING TREE

BEIGE WILL SUPPLY
ALL KINDS OF
FEED(S)
5 ×

24 The workshop read that covers the 95 years that this opera will take—to take. Why would I want to pay for an opera if I can’t see the end—said the local Half of the opera? This is for the opera in the lobby.

25 Magical numero-logy—these numbers: 44 (grandma), 66 (where we are now), 10 (home), 9 (the nine palaces, and the nine concentric circles in Divine Comedy), 27-29 (neighborly foot-notes), 256 (the number of revenges), 40, and 30 (we forgot), 36 (a repetitive number and the Saturn thing), 94 or was it 95 (the duration of the blue whales casual courting and the opera), one trillion (shrimps or Neil Patrick Harris’s), 300 (light-years), 500 (the fall of the empire), 50 (the silver anniversary), 3 5 8 (to mess with the tempo, choreo-manics), 10.10.2020 (astral-projection), 08.08.08 (the speakers, too ambitious live-stream), 313 (tree-hug-one-tree). ❶

26 Ask Emma’s mom about the white kid greed vs. the indigenous commu-nity buttress moment. ❷

23 Choreo-draulics: The echo key to enter Etherland is spontaneously decided and is a call and response feedback loop. Example: UFO.

❶ Ask Emma about the drags and drops, end actually, don’t ask her, never mind.

❷ Choreo-draulics: The buttress huddle. The only moment of contact.

TAKE ME TO
YOUR THEDRAL
BRING ME TO
THIS CYAL
BRING ME TO
THE TREE
THAT KEEPS
BLEEDING A LOT

TAKE ME TO
YOUR THEDRAL
BRING ME TO
THIS CYAL
TAKE ME TO ALBERTA
AS SHE UNFURLS

TAKE ME TO
YOUR THEDRAL
BRING ME TO
THIS CYAL
BRING ME TO
THE TREE
THAT KEEPS
BLEEDING A LOT
TAKE ME TO
YOUR THEDRAL
BRING ME TO
THIS CYAL
TAKE ME TO ALBERTA
AS SHE UNFURLS

YOU SAY
THAT THE TREE KEEPS
ON BLEEDING
KEEPS KEEPS
BLEEDING A LOT

The tree that keeps bleeding, keeps, keeps, leaving a lot.

ONE BLACK MORNING
AFTER APOCALYPSO
I KNOW I'M BARK
PROMOTING

...the sound of wheezing,
and bark peeling and
squealing.

BARK–PEELING DITTY

BARK DIVINE, your
special island
Come away, oh come
with me
BARK DIVINE, I hear
you calling
where honey skies
meet the sea

The wood-chopper
became a bark peeler
in another scene
“The peel is near”,
shouted a local amphibian
Bark peeling and
squealing cuz’ of the
wheezing
The bark pirates
were here
The peel does heal²⁷
Flagship planet big deal
The new potential is
the poem
Also the trend of gems
and minerals

27 Side note to self:
Maybe we need a peel-
able bark face, as a
counter or combo to the
baroque throat ruffle. It
could still be beige (that
camouflages wood stuff
and dry liquid crusty).



The Story of the Flesh Pocket Fusion Tree

After locomoting and warp speeding into Etherland, the pucks gave the seemingly useless *flesh pocket fusion-tree* seed away to the murks, who are local amphibians of Etherland. The murks thought nothing of it and threw the seed into their fertile dirt. Unbeknownst to them the tree began to grow. However, it wasn't a typical tree; it possessed fleshly veins, a precious yet precarious bark, and a slew of beige-inflected still-rotting fruits. The fruit flies would eat those still-rotting fruits, pre-chewed to feed the murks, who later came to realize that the tree was inhabited by the spirit of Alberta. The murks began to praise and worship this golden-barked tree by snorting it's rotten fruits and making a pulp out of them and an idol empress out of Alberta.



29

29 *Still-Rotting-Life-Fruits*, Acrylic on fake fruits, dimensions variable, Emma Waltraud Howes and Justin Francis Kennedy, 2020

UNFURL THE GILLY DANCE

Over the decades and cycles, 300
light years, you imparted us with
your glaring pulsations and fruity
flies—all those fruit flies and their
pre-chewed fruits.³⁰

In praise of *flesh pocket fusion*
tree—a tree that drips generously.
Blood everywhere. Your human
blood. The stream from witch there
was never an end. The tree that
keeps bleeding, keeps, keeps,
bleeding a lot.

The amphibious being of our
kind refreshed itself in the
shadow of your green roof and
everyone fluttered their gills with
excitement.³¹

You stretched out your gnarled
limbs to us with affection and
were rooted in the past and always
bloomed for the coming.

It showed your life and kept ours
everlasting fresh and rotten.

The Murkies, the local amphibians
with a rotten core, moshed softly.
Crackled open for a communal
experience between us, and the
fruit flies.

30 A basket of beige
inflected still-rotting-life
fruits, neglected. (a back-
ground voice—sung from
above)^⑨

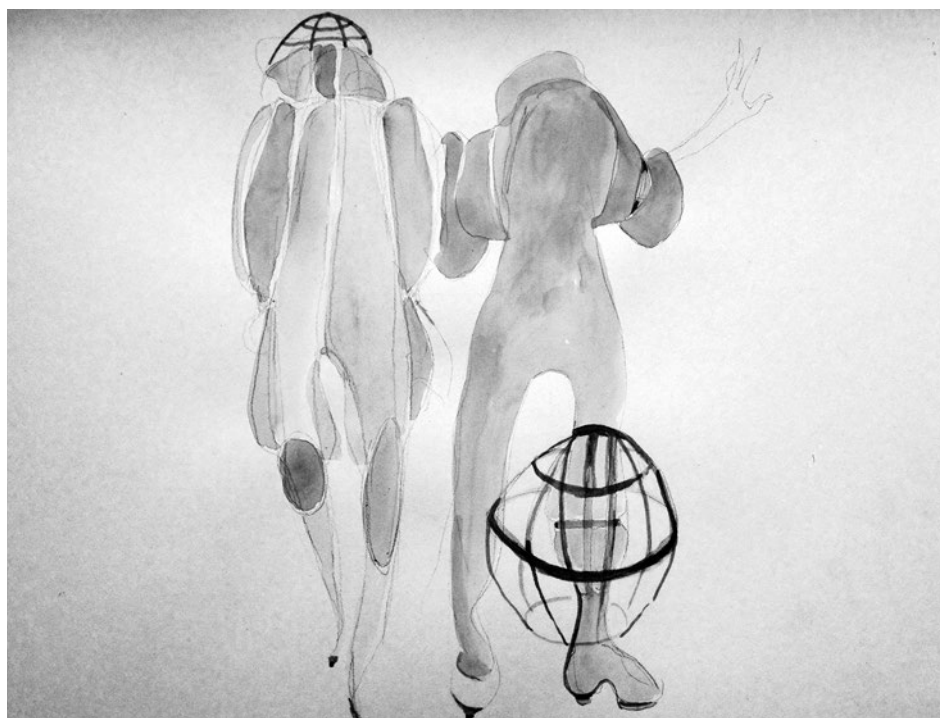
⑨ Striving for beige.
A meta modernist mantra,
unfolding the process
based practice rather
then needing to present
the fruits of your labor?

31 The gilly dance—
striated teeth, the teeth
are where the gills are
posed to be, the fluttering
stimulates the thyroid.
Bluetooth-blue-teeth.
One black mo(u)rning
warning.
DOWN—DAWN.
Cornea-drolics-grills
(contact lenses)
STANK—stink: prank
shrank foozinet-
enfuoziastic networkth
in aromatics.

UNFURL THE PISSED PEOPLE

THE CHURN/FLAY

The locals wanted her to stay in this CULT-sure



32

32 Beate Huss /
Cargocult

SUB: THE SUBskrt.

ONE: Churn and burn bottom feeder hoop
skirts lower level

be-wailing
be-mo(u)rning
the loss of empress alberta
I think we, the *murkies* are—deeply hurting

Exploiting the plants for our own suffering
These mourning gestures
These three mo(u)rning gestures³³

We were grateful for far too long and now we must give
up our purpose, our idol?³⁴
It's slipping away we glorified, we praised
Toyed in the bark divine
Taking the exploitations of plant life for granted for
our own sorrow
The waste of three hundred light years—the scapegoat/
blame game/to come unmaimed...

I think we are deeply craving...
I think she vowed to keep bleeding until wrongs undone.³⁵

Phase shifting
The life is leaving this body
The floor is irreparable

33 Choreo-draulics:
put your ski mask on
before the long jump and
the revolt.

34 Insert a frame for
the reflections
The hollowed out bark tree
stays behind as a carcass
I take the skin with
me because I carry that
story.¹⁰⁰

¹⁰⁰ Reflecting on her,
my past emotions and
moods, she/I re-syncs
her/my capacities to
shift and expand through
confusion, anger, sadness
and regeneration

35 Choreo-draulics:
The good and bad acting
version of the tree-
hug-a-tree. The PISSED
LOCALS bleed away
to transition into the
DIZZY-faint sonic dis-
tancing.

She slips, she bursts
 leaves through the roots
 Like a freshly salted earthworm, writhing and turning inside
 out of itself—perhaps flays are churns to get through the
 layers of all this matter.
 Through the top soil
 A slide like black (w)hole water
 Tubes
 Bursting down through the roots
 To re-sink her capacities
 Into the fungal layer, *fungoozian network*, also known
 as the *organic horizon*
 Where unbeknownst to her the transmitters were
 live-stream-spreading-distilling the news of her transmissions.³⁶
 The slippery slope down, muckin'drip drop blood through
 the meridian veins.
 A flishy fleshy wishy washy slippery [□]
 fissure intending towards the ground.^{37*}

36 See the 94 year-old opera, where the trillions of supporting actors, the shrimps, have top hats- ecological tiny blue whale nourishing nutrition hats.¹¹

37 That needs another top hat, so many top hats.

¹¹ Fish bone net trauma is about the marine life The whales and the shrimp.¹²

¹² What is the networth of all this trauma?

THEN WE GO DOWN

That middle-earth monumental trying to uphold that status
 quo—that stays slow
 But the kavics³⁸ want it to glow...³⁹

During her tumbling and the afterpain of the shock, her outer
 layer slowly began to loosen and she began to let go of her
 accumulated fibers. A soft organic skeleton dragged itself behind,
 wringing backwards, connecting her to her previous posture
 for a last moment, until it got tangled in the roots and completely
 separated from her.

38 Kavics are cyborgs, as we are already living cyborgish, we are the actual aliens tooling the tree.

39 Choreo-draulics: We are the aliens, tooling the tree (those glass blowing gestures, mixed with those three mourning gestures) belling the body, toying in the bark divine.¹³

¹³ Thank you Berlin Glas e.V., all those fragile and seductive gestures.

Während ihres Taumelns und den Nachwehen der Erschütterung
 fing ihre Aussenschicht an sich langsam zu lösen und sie fing
 an, ihre angewachsenen Fasern zu entlassen. Ein weiches,
 organisches Gerippe zog sich rückwärts windend hinter ihr her
 und verband sie einen letzten Moment mit ihrer vorhergehen-
 den Postur, bis es sich im Wurzelwerk verhedderte und sich
 vollends löste.

UNFURL the DIZZY(NESS)

The First reflection of Alberta

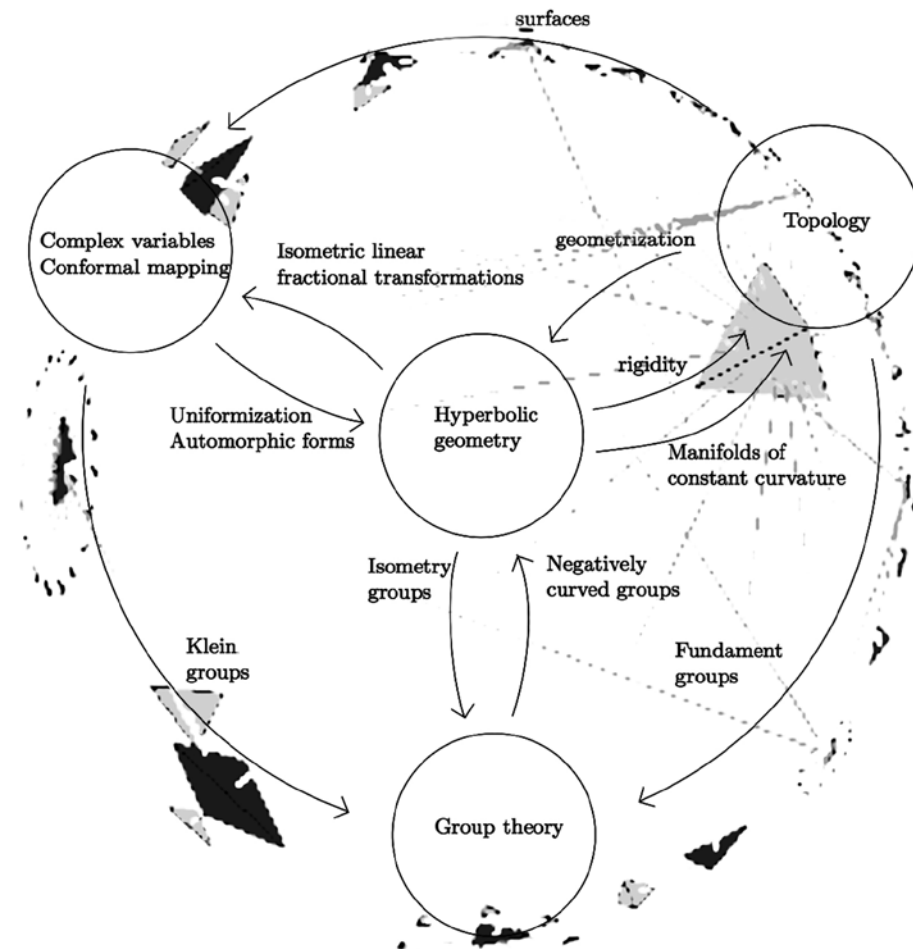
Possible transmission for organizers > Transmit:
 Confusion, dizzying, disoriented, unknown, unfamiliar, the blur,
 uncanny, the weird and the eerie, fictitious fiction, uprooted,
 deracinated, uprooted, removing the root, scorgere, interrogative,
 baseless, causeless, boneless...

Insert a Rant About Confusing

And then if no one responds, back up:

???

(Bike stories)



40

40 Hyperbolic rant
collage dimensions
variable, Emma Waltraud
Howes (2020)

CONFUSION

DIZZYING SHOCKING
IT'S INSANE

FINALLY RELEASED
ON THIS DAY
WHEN WRONGS
UNDONE
2 ×

WHEN WRONGS
UNDONE
2 ×

VIOLENTLY SLAIN
IN VAIN
A DEEP DRAIN

ON DIVINE FEMINANE
ENERGY, ENERGY,
ENERGY

IT'S A DISDAIN
FOR THIS SLAIN VAIN
DEEP DRAIN
ON DIVINE FEMINANE
ENERGY, ENERGY,
ENERGY

WHO'S TO BLAME
FOR THIS PAIN
AS IT CAME
THE BLAME CAME
DAMN SHAME
TO COME UNMAINED
SHE VOWED TO
KEEP BLEEDING
UNTIL HER WRONGS
UNDONE

WHEN WRONGS
UNDONE
WHEN WRONGS
UNDONE

DIZZYING SHOCKING
IT'S INSANE

FINALLY RELEASED
ON THIS DAY
WHEN WRONGS
UNDONE
2 ×

Here we are in the thicket of the mid-schroom level aka the *Fungoozian network*⁴¹ aka the *organic horizon* aka the mother-mold aka the *Foozinet*⁴² spanning the world with its trillions of transmitters transmitting every life and its circumstances to change, and displacing and transporting and translating and circulating them into other living conditions—a kind of coding on which everything is based and can be traced. The transmitters⁴³ are now here, and in the process of communicating Alberta's slip or fade, or change of state, through the network, through them-cells.⁴⁴

42 Choreo-draulics for the Foozinet: we can get into the cave dweller spelunker movements... hitchhiking through the curvature.

41 The Fungoozian Network are viral clouds, microbes, biological multi-directionals that transfer multitudinous information without judgment or projection of progress or tradition. Not dissimilar to a live stream over a river of sticks.①④

43 The (neuro)transmitters are a multi-functioning organism with many brains. They are always transmitting like a live stream, three or five of them always busy...

Remembering
Mirroring
Reflecting.①⑤

①④ Inspired by the internet, perhaps we can look at fermenting feminism here. Eventually Alberta electrifies the Fungoozian network.

①⑤ The transmitters are now here, and in the process of communicating Alberta's slip or fade, or change of state, through the network, through them-cells.

44 Choreo-draulics: consufian-segway moment in solar undular movements... gliding crinolines. The warped whisper whirling tubes spray.

Wir befinden uns hier im Dickicht des Welten umspannenden pilznetzes, dass mit ihren Milliarden von Transmitter jegliches Leben und ihre Umstände an Veränderung und Verschiebung übermittelt und in andere Lebensumstände transportiert und übersetzt. Eine art Codierung, auf die alles baut und zurückzuführen ist. Die Transmitter sind eben gerade dabei, den Zustandwechsel von Alberta über das Netzwerk zu kommunizieren.

Songs for the Transmitters

A palette cleanser and a way to get horizontal

The tricky amorphous
that distorts us, end
morphs us, and do
think, the amorous that
morals us
Always time for the
fragile

How Gross du bist
Ich liebe wie gross
du bist
That transforms into
the crust tubist
All stuffed du bist
How krass du bist
I love how cross du bist
How bass/base du bist

STANK—stink: prank shrank *Foozinet*-enfuoziastic networkth in aromatics.

UNFURL the ANGER

The Second reflection of Alberta

Possible Transmissions for organizers TRANSMIT:

Surface anger, frustrations, not quite a rage yet, Unverständnis, friction, push up against the edge, passive and aggressive intro, Freischlag, Hellish Tirade, Agitation, Erosion, Misguided fantasy, Resistance.

Insert angry rant here^{45, 46, 47}

We all rant at the same time

45 Killer Mike: Run the Jewels, *Walking in the Snow*: (The way I see it, you're probably freest from the ages one to four, around the age of five you are shipped away, for your body to be stored. They promise education, but really they give you tests and scores, and they predictin' prison population by who's scoring the lowest.) And usually the lowest scores, the poorest, and they look like me. And every day on the evening news, they feed your fear for free. And you so numb you watch the cops, choke out a man like me, until my voice goes from a shriek, to whisper "I can't breathe". And you sit there in the house, on couch and watch it on T.V., the most you gives a twitter rant and call it a tragedy, but truly the travesty, you've been robbed of your empathy, replaced it with apathy. I wish I could magically, fast forward the future, so then you can face it, and see how fucked up it'll be. I promise I'm honest, they coming for you, the day after they coming for me. I'm readin' Chomsky, I read Bukowski, I'm layin' low for a week, I said somethin' on behalf of my people, and I popped up in Wikileaks.

46 Actually we are not bullshitting, see future iteration and past protest songs; "Viral culture is a dis-ease, stop consuming black murder porn!".

47 'Egregiously wrong'—Ruth Bader Ginsburg



48



48 Alive Presents Presents press: *The Unlimited Series of Protest Signs*, Berlin (2020)

I TRY TO BE STILL⁴⁹
 I TRY TO BE NICE
 I TRY TO BE THOUGHTFUL
 I TRY TO BE SWEET
 I TRY TO BE QUIET
 I TRY TO BE NEAT

BUT YOU STEAL ALL
 OF MY BOUNDARIES
 AND EAT EM IN FRONT
 OF ME

I'M ANGRY
 BUT YOU MIGHT NOT
 BELIEVE
 2 ×
 FUCK YOU 5 ×
 I'M OUT

I'M ANGRY
 BUT YOU MIGHT NOT
 BELIEVE
 2 ×

FUCK YOU 5 ×
 I'M OUT⁵⁰

SONIC HARD CUT⁵¹

'Through the unwill to burst, fear of evolution end moving on, you/she's kept her hand holding tight to the skin she drags behind and the tree stump became a fresh carcass.'

49 Choreo-draulics: DEATH METAL *this is actually a death-metal garage moment, everyone up against the garage door pogo'ing, and the merch gets thrown into the crowd...the merch canon. FUCK WITH THE CANON. DEATH METAL VERSION.

50 Time and time again... you skipped over our methodology, and forced us into your own hierarchy, which somehow put us, because we are involved in performance? Below fine art? There is a contradiction in the curatorial mandate that you have presented to us, and the public, that has become apparent in our interactions. This new exclusionism is still a desire for pronouncing your self-importance. Are you trying to be down with the marginal for your own centrality? Are you still representing and replacing the same and tired positions of power?

51 Sonically a slow build from bell solo into the aromatic doom shroom territory





T-WITCH-EYE-PERIPHESTO for RADICAL CARE⁵⁶

FREEDOM TO THE FOOTNOTE⁵⁷

Free notes
Freedom to the footnotes
This is our March
The revenge of the parenthesis

TOOLERIES for TETHERS

Those who leave and the things
tether left behind
The double sided soft focus but
peripheral batons

THE PRONOUN COCKTAIL

She me he I that thing those whom
they is it—that's our/their cocktail

HYPERBOLE as RIFF | RANT | TANGENT

or any combination thereof above⁵⁸

CHOREO-MANIA⁵⁹

CHOREO-DRAULICS AT HOME

is
perhaps along horse paths without
sheuklappen⁶⁰

SPIN OFFS ARE FUTURE ITERATIONS⁶⁰

Such as
acid terrarium
&
spur the western black irredescent
animals especially the rooster dust
&
the frozen fox with skitty augen,
nkisi digs into the revenge of the
taxidermied animals⁶¹
&
the zebra with the entrails
&
the chopped boy-band
&

To understand the "ANDS" as scene directIOnS

the call and response chorus
not dissimilar to the *echo key*
(sing it and see it later)
that sound from ethan's vocal
up warm

the RULES OF THE BUTS AND THE ENDS

All the before's buts and o(a)rs are
ands or ends⁶²

I TRY TO BE STILL
I TRY TO BE NICE
I TRY TO BE
THOUGHTFUL
I TRY TO BE SWEET
I TRY TO BE QUIET
I TRY TO BE NEAT

BUT YOU STEAL ALL
OF MY BOUNDARIES
AND EAT EM IN FRONT
OF ME

I'M ANGRY
BUT YOU MIGHT NOT
BELIEVE
2 ×

FUCK YOU 5 ×
I'M OUT

I'M ANGRY
BUT YOU MIGHT NOT
BELIEVE
2 ×

FUCK YOU 5 ×
I'M OUT⁶².

55 Presents presents
press...Isch verlege disch
Alt...

56 A twitch of an
eye.⁶⁵

⁶⁵ The gold and then
strong words: candidly
So listen, We are tired.

57 The footnote is
historically the space
where you site the wise
to legitimize, end. In this
case, all those unheard
voices to the fore...

58 Hyperbole mathemat-
ically, in relation to geome-
try, reflects an equation
outside of the calculable
equation that is consid-
ered impossible, and has
actually been proven since
the semantics of this work
was established. Poetically
it means bullshitting.

59 Is CHOREO-MANICS
is CHOREO-DRAULICS is
CHOREO-HYDRAULICS is...

60 Actually we are not
bullshitting, see future
iteration and past protest
songs; "Viral culture is a
dis-ease, stop consuming
black murder porn!".

61 ...and we were gonna
curate that everybody,
including those behind
the desks and the security
guards, perform this score
in the museum as an
anti-ethnography.

62 "If producing is a
means... oh nevermind
another wise white dood
citation... in view of an
end and praxis is an end
without means, the
gesture then breaks
with the false alternative
between ends and means
that paralysis morality and
presented instead means
that, as such, evade the
orbit of mediality without
becoming, for this reason,
ends." Giorgio Agamben
"Means without end: notes
on politics."

⁶⁰ teach you sometime
the soft focus peripher-
al vision exercise.

⁶² CHOREO-DRAULICS
DEATH METAL*this is
actually a death-metal
garage moment, everyone
up against the garage
door pogo'ing, and the
merch gets thrown into
the crowd ... the merch
canon.

PASSIVE AND AGGRESSIVE
VERSION

TRANSMISSIONS

The transmitters transmitting every life and its circumstances to change, the transmitters whisper through the tubes into the public ears sub-informations, the (neuro) transmitters are a multi-functioning organism with many brains.

TOP HATS⁶³

One in a trillion

(Sub)
(Out)
(Un)
COMB⁶⁴

SUB: THE SUBskrt⁶⁵
ONE: Churn and burn bottom feeder
hoop skirts lower level

OUT: THE SUBskrt
TWO: Mid-height blades at the
sides of ones body sprinkler sex bot
femme fat glitch-feminism⁶⁶

UN: THE UNskrt
THREE: Upper reaching confetti
branches on the tree

THE FOUR TEARS(TIERS) HERE

First Tear⁶⁷
The Myth

Second Tear
The Footnotes | RIFF)

Third Tear
The Liberated Footnotes | RANT)

Fourth Tear
Meta | TANGENT)

THE SPIRITUAL DREAMATURGY

Instead of killing, overriding,
exhausting, exorcising our
murkies⁶⁸, offer them a seat on
this island.
All on the same ground now,
starburst from here.⁶⁹

UNFURL: a lucid
sci-fi opera

63 See the 94-year-old opera, where the trillions of supporting actors, the shrimps, have top hats—ecological tiny blue whale nourishing hats.¹⁸

64 Comb refers to a honey, raking a zen garden, and the former veins of this work.

65 Skrt is the sound of the screeching tires in Trap music.

66 And these another time...spin-offs.

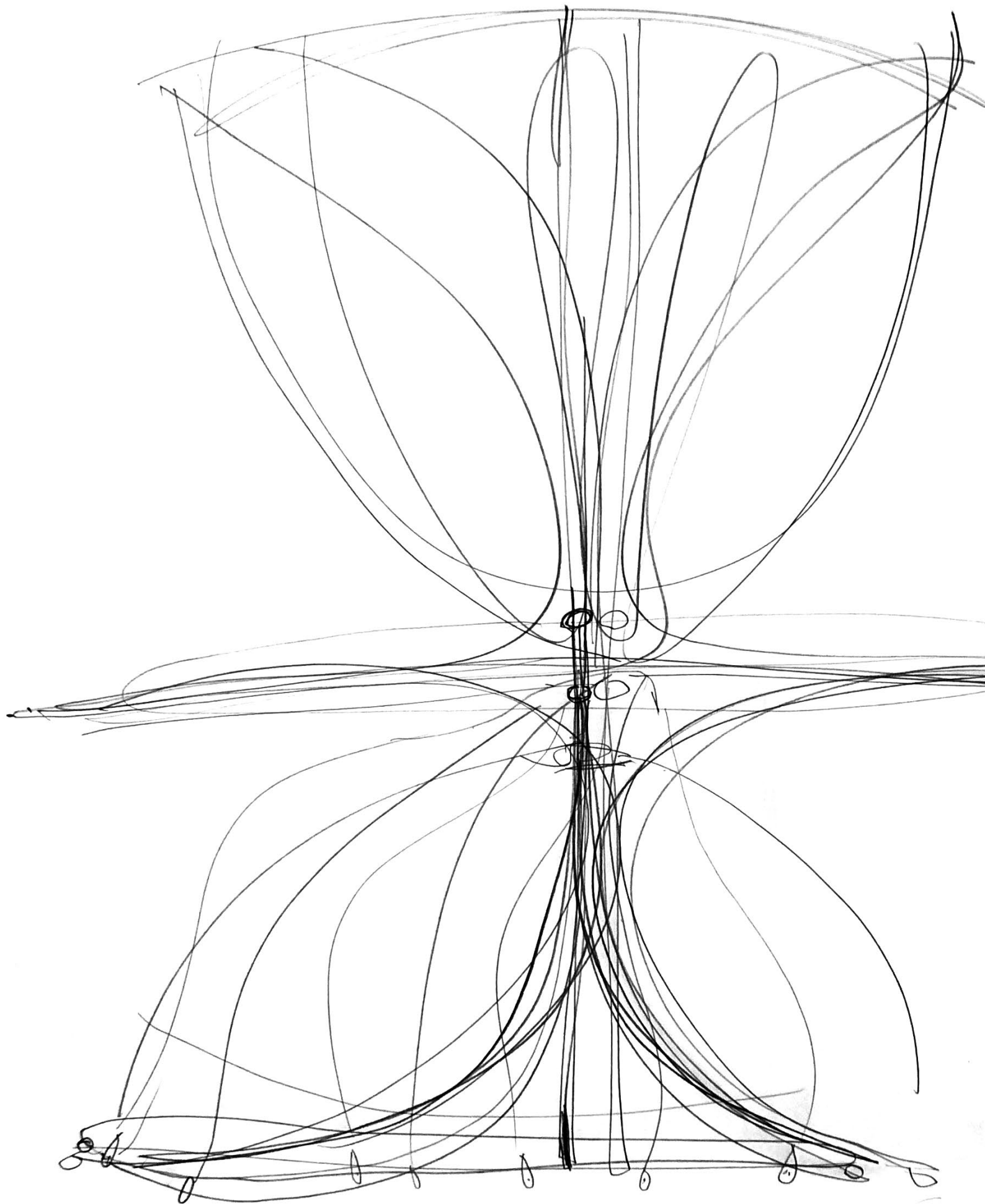
67 Separate the tears from the water...they will come back to haunt your trees.

68 If you're that deep a bit you become the sky.

69 "And to celebrate what?" Said the local.

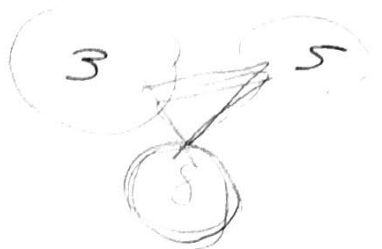
¹⁸ Fish bone net trauma is about the marine life. The whales and the shrimp.¹⁹

¹⁹ What is the net-worth of all this trauma?



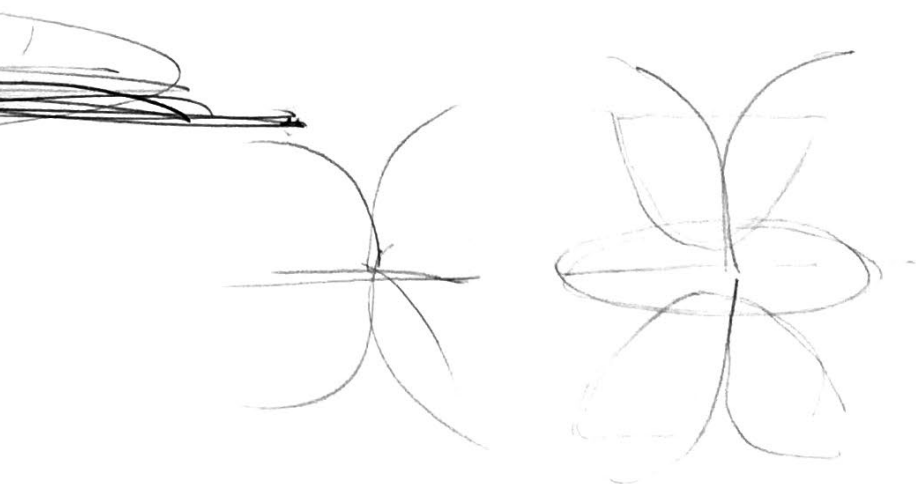
> THE IDEOLOGICAL LOW-FLYING FLAG
HYPERBOLYSE (copy) of the current
situation ...

LOW-FLYING-HYPERBOLE



apocalyptic explanation
panic room

11000 = 12,000 rough
frame.



THE GILDER
FISHING HUNT - IN + OUT
THE IMITATION OF THE
EPIDEMIOLOGICAL SKIN -
EPIDEMIOLOGICAL.



...and still we go down, even further down, into...

UNFURL THE BELLS⁷²

NURSE INTO ALBERTA BELL-ANGER^{73, 74}



75

OUT: THE OUTskrt.

TWO: Mid-height blades at the sides of
ones body sprinkler sex bot femme fat
glitch-feminism⁷⁶

SHE'S ANGRY CAUSE
TRANSMISSIONS

She's angry cause she's
trying to self-insert
herself

AND⁷⁷

She's angry cause she's
trying to self-implode
herself

AND (ibid...)

She's angry cause this
anxious dance she can't
let it rest

AND

She's angry cause she
won't let it rest this
anxious dance

AND

She's sick cause she's
making a ciroy-mess
again

73 The rantgent (the pre-rant). They can arrange a meeting with us you via you as she he me why, those fuckers, as well, because maybe, wherein which, itch, perhaps, entschuldigung, take the guilt out of me. Let us know if this arrangement works for you, and for Donna Schons, and all the footnotes and, and, Donna Hairs Away and Donna Summers, and, and, the...

74 And then, on top of that, you put our work at the back with a hair on it, lines cut jagged. This is not where our work belongs nor a frame that supports its production or presentation. We are not back-seaters, on call, jump-jump circus clowns, we are not ghosts, or afterthoughts. We are intentional outsider artists*.

75 An American psycho-thriller from 1944, where the term 'gaslighting' originated from—used to describe a form of psychological abuse where the victim is gradually manipulated into doubting their own sanity.

76 'The aesthetics of black women are produced, and then co-opted, and then fed back to us. It's painful...' Legacy Russell.

Glitch-Feminism a new manifesto for cyber-feminism, Published by Verso (2020)

77 The village can do the AND chorus.

72 Choreo-draulics: Dance Break—the reverse line dance (western) (Learn these lines...by heart bitch (bhb))


*Be careful, originally outsider artists were considered mentally unwell, pathologized for their eccentricity.

AND
She's sad cause again this
circuitous mess again
AND
She's sad cause she
RAKE it out on herself
again
AND
She's angry cause she
RANK it our on herself
again
AND

*add that Balanchine thing⁷⁸

Stop poisoning the trees with your fucking projections⁷⁹.
My anger, my fear, my, my...my peel, my moment.

Some of the rants from last weekend:
You and your fucking princess ears, white cars tears ears,
that can't handle the sound of a motor.⁸⁰
Suck it down to a pit of malaise,
you suck
the pool drained.
You deep seeded self-indulgent pit⁸¹.

Of despair
Stagnant watersmy dear white
tear cup???? 
Or do we need a chalice for all your salts*
(that needs another top hat, so many top hats)⁸²

Debilitating despair,
Don't detox, get in there
You fuel the flame so you can move it

Wrong contribution

Ego trip

Those old trains feed your flames:
Self-indulgent incapacitating fear?
Self-righteous writhing of your stagnancy?
Self-confessed long time suicide?⁸³
Dispossessed on purpose?
Choosing to be disposed?

Stagnant, cesspool, holding all the sewage
Sucking down to septic with a little cedar next to our
heads for the stank⁸⁴

78 Don't ask Justin
about it, he will end up in
tears...

79 Choreo-draulics:
Learn these lines...
*by heart bitch (*bhb)

80 INSERT A JOKE
ABOUT PASSIVE AGGRES-
SION that gets drowned
out by doom core.²⁰

²⁰ I can't believe
'insert name' didn't get
accused during 'me too'.
Me too. #.

81 We are not inter-
ested in making a public
statement, shaming
the institution for their
misconduct, nor cancel
culture. However we
recognize the leverage that
we possess, encountering
this high level of unpro-
fessionalism. We do not
feel ethical about making
a public statement; so this
is a private statement,
unless you corner us into
this fight.

82 Choreo-draulics:
Twisted buoy Tooniein²¹
a red Shibaru-carries
in the twisted buoy
salt chalice (he has 40
seconds) or as a beer
wench.²²

²¹ You can ask Emma,
she may not respond,
and actually don't ask
her, about the loonie
twonie's of Kanada.

²² The current has a
parade of the taxidermy
animals from the museum,
who can move their eyes
and nothing else, the
anti-ethnography parade,
and one of them is
wearing a lot of tights,
the tax-fox is red too,
layers of them so they
can rip them off.

83 The incision before
the decision

84 Footnote for the
Aromatics: we need cedar,
a lot of it.

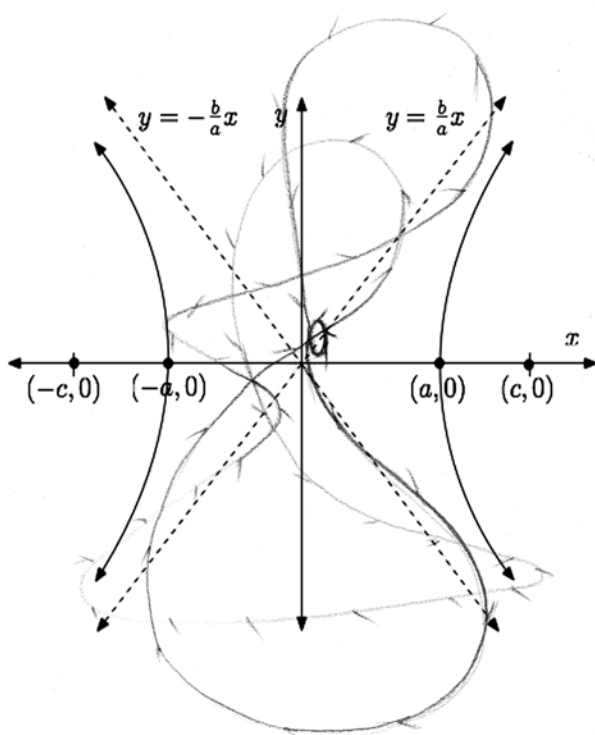
The outhouse
 The party (potty) right, for the stank
 Non-schroom aromatic⁸⁵
 Deep earth dis-ease

A glorifying fermenting anger⁸⁶
 A hacktivist revenge squad⁸⁷
 The whole village shows up—and loved (laughed) to death
 Tree hug-a-tree

‘Emotionally, Alberta had an eviscerating fermininity like razor bells, that could (w)ring you from the inside out, like Freddy!’⁸⁸

My purplish rage⁸⁹
 Silent but deadly
 Her she my heef queefs
 The murmuring embers of purple sheathes
 The fungoozian has an aromatic of doom shroom
 The fungoozian has a nomadic’s of doom shroom U⁹⁰

Love Alberta.^{91,92}



93

85 Ibid., Aromatics: schroom-doom.

86 Fermenting Feminism: ‘As both a metaphor and a physical process, fermentation embodies bioavailability and accessibility, preservation and transformation, inter-species symbiosis and coevolution, biodiversity and futurity, harm reduction and care.’ Lauren Fournier. Publisher: Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology, 2017

87 Okay wait I ferment that with very clear infinities. Back to business as usual, huh!? Back to the usual stories, huh!? With a disregard to the current dislodging, huh!? Did the new paradigm have a delayed effect on you, huh!?! Isn’t the astrological reckoning speaking as well, huh!?!?!?! With all of plutos muck being churned, and all the toxic shadows rising in the air, huh!?!?! So, there is this regurgitation of all of this shadowy murky muck violence, huh!?!?!?!?!?!?!?! What do we do with all these virulent swirls, huh!?!?!?!?!?!?!?! Aren’t we in emotional and spiritual warefares, huh!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?! How do we respond to this? The dust will settle, and then what!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?! So, you’re gonna to act like things are the same, huh!?! SO, you just wanna to return to the same approach to productivity, huh!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

88 Bacteria, we all are fungus anyways. The guts inform our capacity to consciously transmit info rather than senselessly: inside out

89 My purplish rage her readiness to burst was so electrifying, it caused the network to glitch, reverberate and coil into tiny tornados so the only way to survive was to adapt and the only way to adapt was to disorientate and circily agitate, expand through regenerate plus warp speed. Buoy’s and whirlpools, under current, swirling water around me, eye on the front of the wrist. The images come out of the ripple.

93 *Hyperbolic Tea-Cup, Collage*, hyperbolic graph and ink on paper, Emma Waltraud Howes (2020)

90 Choreo-draulics: Nkisi’s doom shroom set, tilling of the earth sweep in reverse, line dance. See the fiddle-heads in Alive...and then Some, Porto, stomping out the hyper-presentable, a physical stomping out, perhaps with sticks to keep the distance.²³

²³ See Dyugu recommended video:²⁴



²⁴ Mayıs’a özel sosyal mesafeli halay

91 Choreo-draulics: T-SHIRT MERCH DROP

92 Choreo-draulics: David Lynch-glass breaking moment, offer the socks after a good pregnant pause, sell that shit– the back room processing space, or oasis–we will set up a space that is on and off stage, private/public which we can play with, maybe with the dolly? And also our Japanese T.V. diner klein-Tisch) Emma needs a bag with the glass in it–to drag.

Drop Down into Story Time

IT (SHE's)⁹⁴

It is shattered and disappointed by others about itself, and has no access to autonomous expression. It is baseless and angry. Her identification reveals itself depending on the external projection. Self-interpreted repetitions protect their capacity limits. She speculates. She hopes. She wishes. It spews your envy overwhelmingly and buries itself in it. She adopts an overmanned form, and buries herself with it.⁹⁵

Es ist zerrüttet und enttäuscht von Anderen zu sich selbst und verspührt kein Zugang zu autonomer Expression. Sie ist Haltlos und Wütend. Ihre Identifikation offenbart sich abhängig von externer Projektion. Selbstinterpretierte Wiederholungen proktetieren ihre Kapazitätsgrenzen. Sie spekuliert. Sie hofft. Sie wünscht. Es speit ihr Neid und übermanntheit und begräbt sich selbst darin.

A dark site is deeper than the fungal layer
The structure that holds that layer together is the fungal network
The downer layers are harder to orientate because it has a looser system of stones and erde soil.
It's easier to loose yourself down there when it gets muddier darker stickier
I see the fungal layer as a construction of all these nets this net But as she slips deeper it gets easier for her to loose control and therefore she gets more expressfull of her feelings, her reflections, which we will now get down into
Trying to catch a metaphor for what happens underneath there
As we slip deeper we loose the concept of construction and the dreamaturgical reason we are describing her states in the first place until she is burns and electrifies.⁹⁶

The reason for a dark site
She realized what we, they just told, and she's still out of a rage, interest, and thrill, still wanted to go until. Deeper. Further. And new. She said, 'This upstairs, I want to let in peace and still in, will I go, down to see, dive-erse downer, levels please; an interest that is not interested in deepening the rage, rather in keeping curiosity without pathology. She said, 'I don't want to see the classic deeper, not the hellish red and not the smell of fire & brimstone at all. I already discovered beauty downstairs, and don't want to sink into this hoofed & horned connotation.

94 This is a (w)rap battle between two folks in the room, trying to talk over one another.

95 Choreo-draulics:
She Cyclops Orlan bod
mod moment. Forty-
second bod mod (the
donut before it gets
twisted) the slippery
donut for Balz-actually
the whole fucking face.
That donut face-the
whole donut face, like
a foam stress ball, a
between layer, this U.S.
pizza stuff crust tube.

96 The transmitters
transmitted with the
whiz whirling tubes, the
conditions of Alberta's
Anger. 25

25 #Heulschlauch.

UNFURL the SADNESS⁹⁷

The third reflection of Alberta

Possible Transmissions for the organizers:

TRANSMIT tragedy, sex and melancholy, seduction and tears, so sublime rippling and emo gestures, all those supine positions...those lower lip biting nibbling idiosyncrasies, sub-conscious flirtations from across the room, suck in that gaze.

Undulations at that damn...

Insert a Sad Rant Here

If no one replies, then we go into...

You eyes know the drill

97 We are using this moment in time to work through it; this would be the most anti-church, anti-museum sentiment. This is what we are trying to embody and practice, and despite the fact, for some reason, you can't see us. This is what we find the most dis-heartening; that we actually embody what you are preaching, and are not capable of enacting, but you can't find the means or take the time to treat us with respect. And what does this say about your position to colonial hierarchy? Please do not underestimate the power of what we are doing.
Love E&J

(THE SAP OF) SADNESS

*summertime sadness

chorus here

THE SADNESS OF
BEING CAGED IN SAP
OF ALL KINDS
THE SADNESS OF
FEEDING
PLEASE RELEASE ME
FROM THE BURDEN
OF BEING
IN SOMEONE'S ELSE
KEEPING

AND I'M LEFT HERE
WEEPING AGAIN
AY AY AY

I got that so sublime,
so sublime sadness. 4 x
I got that so sublime,
so sublime madness.
SO SO SUBLIME
SADNESS

WEREN'T WE JUST
FLOATING IN THE
SAME (NIGHT) SKY
WERENT WE JUST
CHOKING ON THE

SAME RHYME
BUT I COULDN'T HELP
THE FACT THAT
I WAS WAS CRYING
ALL NIGHT

THE SADNESS OF
BEING CAGED IN SAP
OF ALL KINDS
THE SADNESS OF
FEEDING
PLEASE RELEASE ME
FROM THE BURDEN OF
BEING (BURDEN
OF LEADING)
IN SOMEONE'S ELSE
KEEPING

SO SO SUBLIME
SADNESS/MADNESS 6 ×

UNFURLED BEFORE

HORIZONTAL BOY BAND

Marching band starts here and closes the show perhaps
with automatic instrumental?⁹⁸

Divine femme soft body boy dance^{99, 100}

Soft-body lens, especially after all that anger
With a cocktail enhanced¹⁰¹, lay back and relax
Electrify

The olives look like eyes, lightning veins
Put an eggnet in it

She electrif-eyes the fungal network, she plugs in
Just a severed half body, bust boy
All horizontal?

She's frying them mushrooms now.^{102 & 103}

The richness of the celebratory darkness and after this,
the celebratory electricity schert¹⁰⁴ aus; Out of this concussion,
a lot and the tree too reach up again.

Down there you meet many ancient elements. I met black
iridescent crystal dust, the crusty inner outburst granules, and
some unpinned silence. They have transited and exited since
eons. So, it's totally something to hook on down there. And to
hook onto a fundament that's always there and not always visible.

99 Soft-body dance,
especially after all that
anger.

101 Second Wave of
the double sided batons,
with a drink this time.⁹⁹

102 THE POUNCE AND
ANNOUNCE
The piles of childless
platforms
Hopefully moving
The twigs and Sticks, the
crates of beer to maintain
social distance
*Two (HUGE) fridges per-
haps in your imagination
One for kinesthetics, the
other for empathy
The ice trays curve
An empathetic therapy—
this cocktail
In place this pronoun and
then we leave
the vacuum here—
This is an obsessive desire
to set things on fire
The perfume and the
lighter
The blowtorch and the fart
(purple ultra-violence)
The light, the magnifying
glass and the ants
Blowtorch harness
(strap-on)
Direct the headlights in
all Polarious?

103 NOTE TO SELF:
Chopping the boys down
has a relation to frying
the mushrooms, mashing
rooms & a bust of doods
(thank you to the horse of
course).⁹⁹

104 *Ausscheren*; Ein
fragmentiertes Verlassen
gruppenorientierter Taktik

98 Choreo-draulics:
Overlapped seductions.
Begin to seduce the
audience, and serve
them the double-sided
peripheral sugar batons,
with long pincers.

100 Choreo-draulics:...
offer them a mid level
chair—to the cocktail
lounge, sad entertain-
ment, horizontal boy
gaunt band. GET HORI-
ZONTAL, BOY...BAND: Divine
femme soft body boy's
ands. And actually and,
see images of burning
spire (MOVE LASTER-
GET GAUNT) BRING DOWN

⁹⁹ THE KITCHEN TALK
How does one push up
against their boundaries?
How do you translate
interrogation?
How do I not cause
him any alarm
This interrogative
alarm?
Safety/network system
Fictitious friction
kind culture is based on
togetherness and this to-
getherness is in trouble
The real deal is was
always a physical matter
And if we focus on some-
thing least to face this
facemask
Microscopically we make
leaps and bounds which
happen every ten years
or so and then you make
these leaps because you
have done all this work
The churn.
Everyday things, come
back, cause things from
ten years are
always resurfacing.
The master of one,
the master of none.
Burn the midnight oil,
strike while the oil
is hot
Replaceable capacities,
of course next to it
cutting has a deep
effect. And that system-
ic belief
instilled in me the pro-
jections, of their own
desire, all their lost
desires.
Directly erziehend, in-
stead hosting supporting
buttressing their own?
Next to you really in
time and culture neces-
sary on time
The redundance of the
stiffness, the reduc-
tion, this distilled,
also because none of the
points become stagnant.
What is with this
swirl world?
The resuscitated tree—
and another thing(?)
The animated carcass
⁹⁹ As people, we're
taking down those mon-
uments related to slav-
ery, "take that dood off
the horse", said a local,
"and thank the horse,
they don't deserve that
sit either".

You don't always have to see it. You don't always have to stand on it. It may not be bloomy; it may be muddy and dark, it has a certain modesty in comparison to the upper life, because it don't need to clarify the importance of our upper understanding. The down-vibe caught Alberta's spirit and underlined her potency and will. From this horizontal level, you don't always need a fixed pedestill to find grounding. There's always this invisible ground underneath it all...is based on/made for/anchored by. When I/she/ it became motivated, it hurls it all up again. (see confetti canon with no confetti)¹⁰⁵

UNFURL the REGENERATION

Fourth reflection of Albert

Possible Transmissions for the organizers TRANSMIT:
Phantom limbs growing back, the re-animated carcass, regeneration instead of revenge, the confetti cannons reaching up to redistribute the wealth, generosity, you don't need to hold on so hard, working through the dark matter to churn it into gold, jubilation, exhuber-rants; starfish, worms, plants and animals that grow back, together again, the eroticization of automation. What you perceive as your weakness, is your strength, and what you believe is your strength is your weakness.

Insert a Regenerative Rant Here

If no one pipes up, perhaps about the phantom limb...

105 Underneath there, is this fundament of the past that everything is based on and Alberta feels on her journey fleshly flashed by this positive energy. It is possible to stay flexible in contrast to the tree where she was stuck...we/ she/he/they/ all had to learn a little to be moved from our fundamental position. it's not always our typical fundament that we touch—this is her reflection, what she takes from down there. 28

28 What does she discover down there? Let's see if we can see the downer downstairs... is our past every downer space was once an upper space... A dark site, free cos not so exposed, positively introverted...it's rippling, sexy and melancholic. It sucks the gaze into and hanging in unicorn-eye-copia sub woofers of acid terrarium. It boils the whole soup down.



Alberta's transformation studies are characterized by their spiral, this structure accumulates into circuitive expansions, circuitive learning, circuitive experience of an androigynous behaviour that changed their character. The curvature of this spiral creates a strong friction. This friction ultimately leads to overheating, which in turn breaks out with a charged force. It confronts the surrounding fibers of the whole mushroom, spreading, glowing, under the barrette of Alberta's powerful androidgyny.

Slide into the Regeneration Song...

I'm hopeful. Thank you for chopping off my limbs because they are growing back. Regeneration instead of revenge^{107, 108}

(The under) Arpeggiated DOOMS

WISDOM THROUGH
TRANSITIONS
ALTHOUGH I TOOK
THE GLORY AND THE
PRAISE
IT WASN'T WORTH
THE KEPTNESS 2 ×
Arpeggiated play with
words
Ending on WHERE... ...
AND THERE'S NO
WAY TO

ALTHOUGH I ENJOY
TOYING IN
IN THE BARK DIVINE
(the bark is new trend
like gems and minerals)

AND THERE'S NO
WAY TO

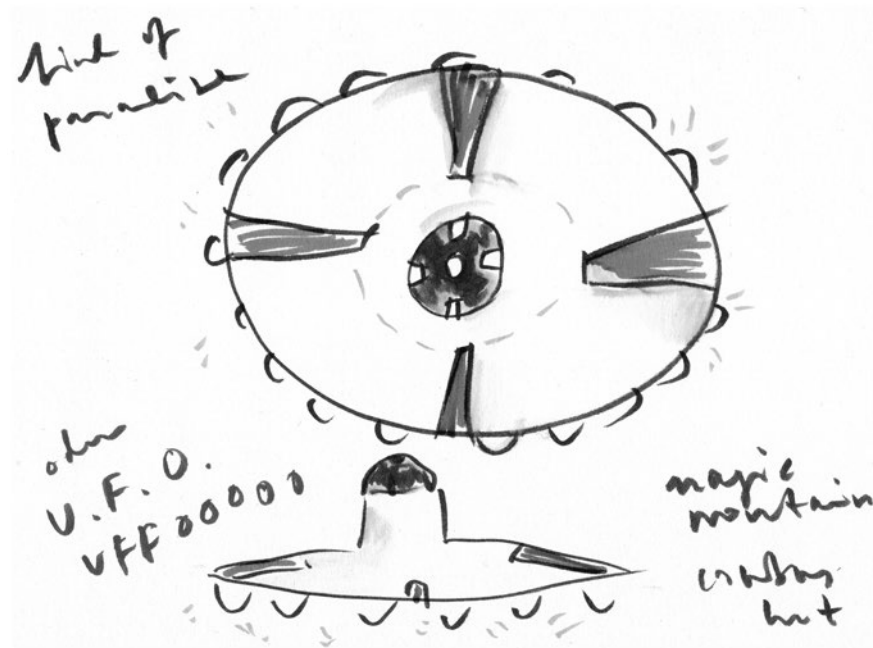
WISDOM THROUGH
TRANSITIONS
ALTHOUGH I TOOK
THE GLORY AND
THE PRAISE
IT WASN'T WORTH
THE KEPTNESS 2 ×

107 The richness of the celebratory darkness and after this, the celebratory electricity schert aus; Out of this concussion, a lot and the tree too reach up again.

108 Super insincere and passive-aggressive delivery

UNFURL THE AUTOMATIC ANDROIDSYNY¹⁰⁹

A hat trick—three in a row¹¹⁰



111

UN: THE Unskrt.

THREE: Upper reaching confetti branches on the tree

Revenge transmutes into regeneration...the electricity Alberta pumps into the foozinet ignites the tree to grow back.¹¹² It's as if the phantom limb of the unanimated carcass is automatically re-enlivened with Alberta's AC/DC rev to the shroom doom. Talk more about the multi-directional starburst, which leads to circuitive expansion from where you are. Rather than needing to pull oneself out of a dark site, nor shedding light on the subject, starburst from there. And talk more about the transition to jubilation, the text about symbols of war and military such as the marching band being transmuted through African American tradition into a festive action.

Automatic ancestors (a(u)nts)¹¹³

The glowing drips

Cause at a moment it could be celebration, and despair, and...and...and

Pressed soft shoe.¹¹⁴

Enough revenge to electrocute the organic horizon into an Omnipresent electrified network
Ecosystem terrarium that integrates all
Its effect on the whole
The clouds, old radio waves, lightning and fries
Infiltrates
Hacks the net worth
Perhaps we can look at glitch feminism here
We even questioned if we could end on a glitch?

109 SOMEONE GET ME A GLASS FRIDGE (we would all walk down as shitty cool memes into the fridge one after the other, one keeps drawing the fridge and the others walk thru...we would all get a little frozen and then we would slide out into soft shoes, thawing out in the process, cos it has to be a little geriatric. It would be crazy if the fridge was see-thru like a dark crystal fridge, or 2 actually.

110 Choreo-draulics: The cherry picker extends one hoop skirt really far up-latex, the color of fungus. The amber with the milky translucent moment-extended: flashlights from above. Empress Alberta looses her shit and puts on the lopsided candy portal.

111 Bird of Paradise oder U.F.O. UFF00000 Magic Mountain Cowboy Hat, Water based marker on paper, 24 x 17 cm, Emma Waltraud Howes (2020)

112 (circuitous expansion) Phantom limbs growing back, insight, understanding, hope, protest, demo Revenge fantasies of the dispossessed Always gets re-incorporated, digested Maybe there is a sport for us to add speckles of anger here?

114 And then—the upside umbrella under water... down (draw this?) The murk that comes up The least useless thing I got is my song, another gone song The whistling and the hearing tubes-tunes The funnels and the tunnels Distillery geyser Conversation pit, feedback loop-it's a cocktail party What kind of Witch bitch, the funnel that brings it in, and the tunnels that fuck them out

Airport exit out of funnels Least the plans were right So when you are blowing glass in the expansion need to take her, these little pockets of air Industrial soft oar in drag Its always the up and the and...they could come in this moment of soft shoe, this glide, it has something to do with the fridge. The frozen flow comes out of the fridge and we get them flowing again Them is a bit stuck in the old mold, not the mother one. A frozen glow.

113 Choreo-draulics: Marching band, hip k pop jubilant and exuberant.

The murkies, the trees, and the big deals
 Turned against technology while also showing the romantic
 side of automation.
 Automation of the transmission
 Accepts and spreads¹¹⁵
 Bring on the shrimps—they come out of the fridge.¹¹⁶

Automatic¹¹⁷ (automatic) Auto-Hat-Trick¹¹⁸
ALL INSTRUMENTS VOCALIZED^{119, 120}
 Song for the transmitters¹²¹



122

Look what you're doing
 to me¹²³
 I'm utterly at your whim
 All of my defenses down

Your camera looks
 through me
 With its sex-ray vision
 And all systems run
 aground

All I can manage to push
 from my lips
 Is a stream of absurdities
 Every word I intended
 to speak
 Winds up locked in
 the circuitry

115 TO BE HUMBLE
 and taking it in
 Instead of the bobble
 heads
 How did we get so far
 away from our selves
 Slowly coax movement
 Soft-headbanging into
 hard
 Locomotion into warp
 A constructive
 metamorphosis of it
 The optic nerve massage
 into the eyes
 And this another time.²⁹

²⁹ Coaxing your own
 dams, be careful the
 damns you release, or
 at least make sure you
 have enough space around
 you.

116 Automatic for the
 (neuro)transmitters'—
 marching band-robotics-
 ticking for the kids.
 Are they femme bots?
 No that's another piece
 about murder porn and
 internet loneliness.

117 *Her uncontrolled rage
 brought the world again
 a fresher soil, slash and
 burn as restoration.
 Burn under-horizon and
 regeneration—as a symp-
 tom for the moral, or
 not, the where are we
 going? Pointer anger out
 in a constructive way.
 Fire regenerated the
 fungal network that burnt
 out, and re-created a
 fresher soil.*

118 In the marching band
 Balz is the crust tubist.

119 Automatic, attic,
 static, bureaucratic, tactic,
 autopractic, automatric
 Autohattick, auto matrix,
 hot hat trick

120 The marching band
 sticky sugary moment—
 all instruments vocalized
 (dissect the marching
 band) critic of war and
 military and also an
 expression of jubilation.

121 How Gross du bist
 Ich liebe wie gross du bist
 That transforms into the
 crust tubist
 All stuffed du bist
 How krass du bist
 I love how cross du bist
 How bass/base du bist

122 Beate Huss /
 Cargocult

123 Through the electro-
 cution the tree starts to
 grow back its limbs, we
 need pearl parel peralous
 curtains.

No way to control it
It's totally automatic
Whenever you're around
I'm walking blindfolded
Completely automatic
All of my systems are
down
Down, down, down

Automatic (automatic)
auto-hat-trick
Automatic (automatic)
auto-hat-trick

Automatic, attic, static,
bureaucratic, tactic,
autopractic, automatric
Autohattick, auto matrix,
hot hat trick

What is this madness
That makes my motor
run
And my legs too weak
to stand

I go from sadness
To exhilaration
Like a robot at your
command

My hands perspire and
shake like a leaf¹²⁴
Up and down goes my
temperature
I summon doctors to
get some relief
But they tell me there
is no cure

124 Her twitch: uncontrollable shaking of the hands, painfully shy, she has to stay with that treble, focus on her feet until that trembling subsides.

They tell me
No way to control it
It's totally automatic
Whenever you're around

(systemic and personal relational view)

I'm walking blindfolded
Completely automatic
All of my systems are
down
Down, down, down

Automatic (automatic)
Automatic (automatic)
Automatic
Automatic
Automatic
Automatic

CRANK UP TO WARP SPEED, THE LIGHT IS IN BACK OF US¹²⁵

The Revenge Reprise Rant

Revenge fantasies of the dispossessed
Always gets re-incorporated, digested
Maybe there is a sport for us to add speckles of anger here?

Enough revenge to electrocute the organic horizon
into an Omnipresent electrified network

The revenge of the parenthesis
*Maybe in some situations it works but not in others

The (stasi)* the revenge of the parents is comes back,
residue and all their morbid monuments

Regeneration instead of revenge'

The revenge of the suspended drama avenged
alcoholic karaoke melancholic care*

A hacktivist revenge team

A hacktivist revenge squad

The revenge of the clitivist and the clicktivist observation chair

Revenge fantasies of the dispossessed
Always gets re-incorporated, re-digested
All the fucking revenges: reprise.
Word count:
Insert footnote #27

END OF CHAPTER TWO

125 Choreo-draulics:
WARP SPEED (Nkisi outro
warp speed) out of
Etherland while the
Revenge Reprise is being
enacted as the dolly
rises with Emma in it.
KEEP ADDING TO THIS
LIST-THIS IS ON LOOP
(pre-recorded) as we can
warp-speed them out, for
the cave-rave moment.





CHAPTER THREE

UNFURL the Undeniable Goopiness...again

The bonus point reflection of AI

Evisceration dub as chapter three, back room VIP, if you're ready for it. The bonus track in a dark room with those who are remain. Only after building trust in (h)our three, can we expose (h)our undefinable goopiness, (h)our innards.

Possible Transmissions TRANSMIT for the well-armed proletariat:¹²⁸

Leicht core, Metal Lyricism see Shepherds Reign Le Manu as a rhythmisizing reference, SEE Kecak Indonesia- Pucks, Transmitters¹²⁹...surface anger, frustrations, not quite a rage yet, Unverständnis, friction, push up against the edge, passive and aggressive intro, Freischlag, Hellish Tirade, Agitation, Erosion, Misguided fantasy, Resistance...¹³⁰

Insert a Jammer On Rant

And if no-one pipes up...We all...

Nasty irreverence, that underbelly that seeps, that pit sick, after all that gas lit, as if you swallowed it whole. When your stomach spits acid into your other organs to protect the innocent, it means well, and...its gastric, it's a gas trick, and it don't feel good. That inside out, boy.

EVISCERATION DUB (bringing the insides out) SELF AGENCY GOOPY EXPLORATION DUB¹³¹

The first level anger is the evisceration dub. She pulls out her organs and realizes how angry she actually is, cos she's holding it in her hands, and she can see it clearly now. It prompts her to hyperbolize even further still and we start to gain rage, that deep-seeded archeaic range. She comes to that because it goes beyond her, all those generations of accumulations. If you let the accumulations grow, they become outrageous.¹³²

Evisceration Plague x jkeb Cannibal Corpse¹³³

Experimental pathogens, a devil's design
A dark site of science breeds a weapon of war
The frissures intend toward
We have to get into the slipperiness of our guts to really understand its value^{134, 135}
The labor it takes to really open your self up and take a look at all of those innards
Formlessness
Inside the value of the matter, the substance of our guts

128 To WAP: frozen bust in time vs. black wet pussy.

129 What are we gonna do with all this matter that matters so much?

130 Choreo-draulics: Possible moment of just of the sound the bells... it builds to this romantic version of Evisceration Dub. The movement continues. We demonstrate the organic flay and lay down in them (choreo-draulics entrail and incision skank down)

131 Choreo-draulics: we can pass on the reading here, and if noone takes it, they will do it.

133 Choreo-draulics: incision skank, (s)he gives her lecture.

134 Choreo-draulics: This could be a soapbox rallying cry (emma learn these lines deep by heart!):

135 Choreo-draulics: Alberta with the actually, with the skin dragging behind crawls back into the carcass and actually states her opinion on the matter and not the words that other people are putting in her fucking mouth and leaves the skin there. This comes after she has chased behind the transmitters to try to clarify her communication which they so blatantly miss-interrupt-her, misunderstand, project and twist into their own words.👁👁

132 Stretch and shed she did into the surface anger. Talk about the skin again as she goes into anger the skin boils and turns inside out of itself. She is willingly offers her organs as an act of vulnerability.

👁👁 Multiple vocal layers, marching band, all instruments vocalized Regeneration return. The carcass is a cocoon.

Come to terms with the inner substance of us, how that
enables us to be more porous, and to be more circuitous with
the outside world
Allowing ourselves to be oxygenated so we can communicate
it out
This exchange that relation indefinable goopiness¹³⁶

136 Mercy cocoon—
similar to the confessional
tree
Ice trays negatively curved
Air and error
Embracing the bottomless
pit
Wholes become holy
If you're that deep a bit
you become the sky. ㊦
The form is a toll used to
reach that formless shit—
that is exactly the crux of
the matter

㊦ The whole hole
that you're going to drop
into.

“I wrench the blade from
the chest to the crotch
Organs and entrails fall
to the ground”
Driven to kill, this is not
my will
I am compelled to slay/
flay, grey

Unable to be seen but
with visible effect
Violet disease causing
outbreaks of ultra-
violence
They tear themselves
apart, all that awful offal
covers the ground
Viscera torn generously

My entrails are in
my hands
My entrails are in
my ands
My entrails are in
my ants
The inside on the outs
and I am compelled to
flay next to her the greys
Has no manners, always
“geil” for the fragiles

Bacteria, we all are fungus anyways. The guts inform our
capacity to consciously transmit info rather than senselessly:
inside out

Shaken by the lack of clarity
Distraught, scatterbrained, unconscious, packed and dizzy,
busy

Broken shards of messages: She re-died...
everyone gets a bit of this story.

137 Everyone actually gets a piece of her story, her skin. Market place mayhem; what have you been sitting on this entire time?³²

³² Choreo-draulics: Under each island is a text from the work, signed by all of us. We begin to sell off parts, bartering with the audience.





139 *Tree-Hug-a-Tree*,
mixed media on paper,
50 x 70 cm, With, by,
for: Emma Waltraud
Howes, Justin Francis
Kennedy, Balz Isler, Signe
& Leeven Koefoed (2020)





CHOREO-MANICS

The choreographic islands



140

THESE WAR(M)-UP GESTURES SHOEBOX FRONTAL (see Optic aerobic app— maybe with eye wei weights)

SOFT-CHURN

- eye looks in and out of the sub-merge for a while, a slow build
- eye raves into flamenco sub-marine up¹⁴¹, four soft churns between each eye-rave
- Include the OG tea-cups, with all those disco dirks, and 'eye kill you' gestures with style and grace
- pass the eye behind six times
- juggle rock chair with back willow tap and busby berkley canon, with a twitchy eye on top
- calmly define the whole hole that your going to dive into, symmetrical wave and reverse¹⁴² falls into the ski jump, followed by the revolt and the re-conceal. And don't forget the shriek with the long jump. Repeat.

Waves at the Damned if you Don't—Rolling Multiple-Directional start with the eye at the hips¹⁴³ *Crystalbal* street performer, then let her *Roll an'roam*

FIRST WAVE Automatic Sexy Robot Moves + ticks II

Reverse wave soft body pour trickle you¹⁴⁴
The tick can go retrograde

The *Gilly*¹⁴⁵ Dance

side low lunge, slap your gills food processor, in one side and out the other, beige juicing the beige through, while you slurp the rotten lines of rotten, end eye with a snap¹⁴⁶, or the sludge and the dregs and the pulp, arm accent multi-directional placement, even in your pocket. Wherever you can.

140 Scheder, Beate: 'Gib mir Raum', TAZ, 7. August, 2020 @ VERY Project Room, Photo: Christian Mang (Berlin) + NEW WAY Jugendfreizeit-Einrichtung

141 This is its own score about seeing, we see you seeing. We see you enjoying yourselves, why don't you redistribute some of that vulnerability... 33

33 What happens when the protest sign becomes a song. 34

142 Tea-cups help you to manage multiple opponents at the same time. 35

34 Redistribute your wealth as vulnerability, redistribute your vulnerability as wealth. #radicalempathy, #glitch-fermenting feminsim

143 The damn is the proscenium edge.

35 See Zymns Zine Alive...and then Some, Porto 2017, wounding and bandaging, before someone actually gets wounded and bandaged please.

144 Chore-draulics: perhaps along horse paths without sheuklappen. 36

145 Thank you Kristen.

36 Have Emma teach you sometime, choreo-draulics at home: the soft focus peripheral vision exercise with the two sausages in front of your face, not weißwurst cause their actually your fingers pointing at another inside penis joke.

146 See unlearned suicide gestures in reverse line-dance, don't worry there reversed, we're still alive. 37

SECOND WAVE Automatic Sexy Robot Moves + Ticks

I.

- savor the slowness especially after all the hype and goop of the *gilly's*
- soft serve of sweet scooping tiny sugar batons, eight times
- then add a tick for eight
- it doesn't necessarily have to become geriatric but stay true to the coordination, there is room for variations

II. Repeat

- Reverse wave soft body pour trickle you, with step forward and back
- The tick can go retrograde

III.

- Janet your s-plex, three times, hit it
- the hit tick—that last hit tick

Reverse Line Dance

- The suck in is the beginning of the reverse line dance: 123. Exit plan strategy in reverse, three steps always back (always right first), two step icky sticky jumbo hands make fun favors for the skinny bags: 1,2,3...1,2.
- Unlearn suicide gestures: ground yourself down into the back churn dirt¹⁴⁷, refurl the wound-tward, put your head back on, take down the rope with Augusto¹⁴⁸, step into the stab, look at your buddy and acknowledge death, untwist away from the knife¹⁴⁹.
- Ground yourself down into the back churn dirt, refurl the wound-tward, put your head back on, take down the rope with Augusto, step into the stab, look at your buddy and acknowledge death, untwist away from the knife.
- now we can do the safety gestures re-verted
- Come to the exit plan counter two step, icky sticky jumbo hands.
- Refurl with gusto, don't stab your buddy end acknowledge untwist.
- Elongated menège of each movement slowly accelerating:
- 1. The suck in 1, 2, 3 icky sticky jumbo fun for skinny¹⁵⁰, 1, 2.
- 2. Referral Augusto
- 3. Stab step buddy death, untwist away
- 4. Churn it back
- 5. Rearward safety gestures
- 6. Churn and riff like Sedna
- Repeat until euphoric drop into data

Data Moshing, Body Morphing

- kinesthetic empathy¹⁵¹

37 This is heavy merch, available at the skinny bags table on your way out the door.38

38 The merch has footnotes too, i.e., don't worry you're still alive.39

39 Birds eye view of form paradise
Birds eye paradise view
Everything is fractalized
I poly and I leave her the things left behind
Sugar crystals
(The redundancy and irreverence
Linear
And/and actually!
(jao-quar).40

40 The cannibalized conductor (the mono focus)
Epileptic poetry slam—with all those bobble heads.41
Roll up the runts
Runt rant party
Bunt cake face
Incantations
Spin off
The spells in songs

41 The statistics questionnaire—"I am your questionnaire do you want to fill me out?". (someone could be the statis) starring man with burbling baby, "I gave up on being an influencer a long time ago, we are all influenzas"—"havent' you ever heard of practical theory or quantum physics, huh?!?"—goes on a rant about the hyperbolic geometry, negatively curved groups. He talks about everything in max-stats.42

42 Child internalized—inward projected cry—to please the parents who are living their lives Hyper/vicariously through them—The Adults who are Hyper/vicariously Cryogenic moon trays—with just their heads sticking out
The swaddle hollow wall—while the baby radle battle
The wahacca wacca flaka Nervegus haggis tages.43

43 See bumpy kid face rant. Ask Justin about this image, Emma doesn't want to talk bout it.

148 Cristalbal and Augusto are buddies from the flow Armada.

149 Here is another score for daily living, see that publication.

150 NOTE TO SELF: The starving rant, an or hectic...alone with a bottle of red wine or whiskey cause it has less calories #sadgirlaesthetics

151 Try this as its own deep observation of trance: offer instructions*note to self choreo-draulics at home

147 Choreo-draulics: the shoebox is closed. Put the piano and the Bonheur prompter down into the pit with the hat on.

Pass the Eternal Internal Crumble Flame, Line Crumble-Stumble—cause you're never quite finished

- Then we go forward with the light
- Jumping over the grave (Mies's Miesonsenses)

Data Moshin

- Mosh your data

The Tooleries and the Instruments from Behind

- Sink into dive in
- Sap extractivism from the back
- Plant the seeds, pull the weeds
- Architecturing and plumbing in the back
- Carving all those small eye-bones
- kidney keytar
- spinal pluck—healing your history from the back
- double base from the back, all those instruments: shoulder trombone, a tub of tuba, traumshudderbone, cymbale, upside down shoulder piano
- the backwards conductor from behind
- all those glass blowing gestures are restorative, the pendulum sweep,
- side sweep to invert the glass in the oven, also sensual...
- throw the baton, and the rhythmic ribbon twirl
- shake the box, sanding...
- attaching, assembling brass blow the instruments (side to side)
- the gillies in the back
- the drum kit
- bedroom producer from the back
- those sappy violin gestures
- digging at the back

Backward Street Walking—A Language for the Cartography Wa(l)king

Divine Femme Soft Body Boy Dance—Just the Upper Body Boy, Horizontal?

- It's about the ripple, the sucking in the gaze, and shaving a rolodex¹⁵² of boy band positions.

152 This is *toolery* for the collective words rants riffs and footnotes.

The Mourning Gestures, Three of Them

- the long jump
- the revolt
- the re-conceal

Cocktail Top Hat Shrimp Side Swipe Step

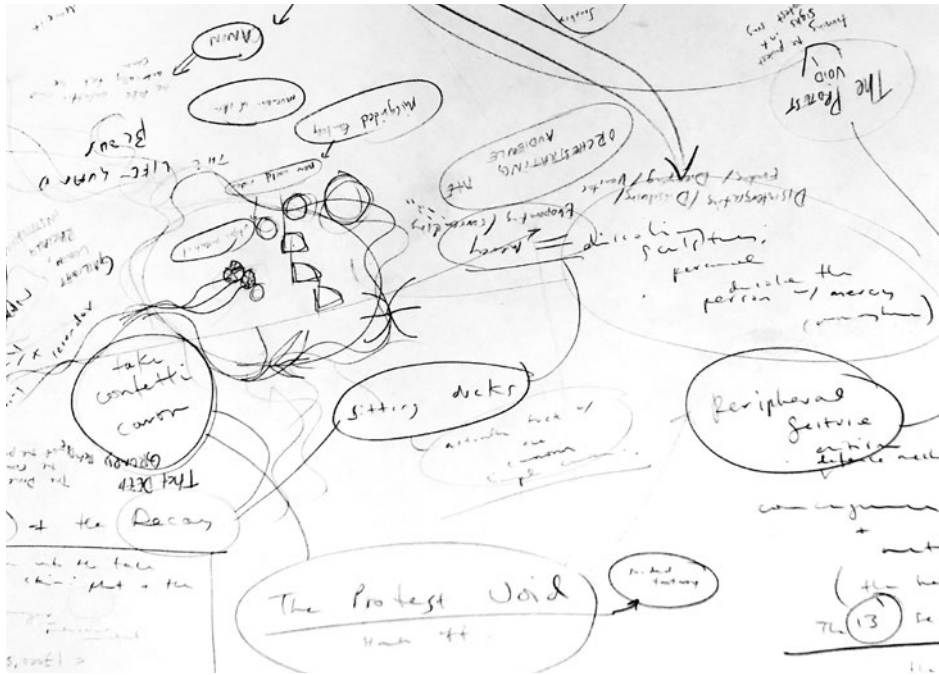
A trillion Neil Patrick Harris's

- Just take a breath
- We sink into the fridge and soft shoe slide step into cocktail
- Hyperbolic marching band and the double sided soft focus peripheral batons

Auto-Modular-Mythologizing

RANTS

The hyperbolic rant, the rant is the hyperbole.



153

153 UNFURL the Conference Room, Pencil on paper, 70×50 cm, Emma Waltraud Howes and Justin Francis Kennedy (2020)

THE TOOLS WE NEED THE TOOLERY WE NEEDED

A margarita heckler, with a pitcher¹⁵⁴
 The cartography walkers
 A walker with our nap—this Kay of the land
 The sugar, the glad, the shard
 The fridges, 2 of them
 The paddle with all those eyes, river of styx augen paddle
 The double sided soft focus peripheral batons
 One drum major confetti staff, the rant staff—with confetti
 Olympic fired up gesture
 The one eyed twisted conductor—that's conducting itself
 The discarded carcass is free
 The underlying costume is a clear milky translucent cargo jumper with a lot of pockets for all of the tools we need.
 A nice watch, timer, for the Jao-guar, 40 seconds for the rants
 T-shirt cannons, we can get those when we pick up the lights
 Wavy CDJ-table controller for the DJ, that also appears as a skirt: wavy table hoop skirt.

154 The ExubeRANT Drum Major Confetti Staff(s) & An Aggravated Branch of the Olympic Fired Up Team (The winner of the infamous 'Gaslit Award', see footnote #75) Blown glass, rPETG-seaglass filament, 3D printing, blocked blow-pipe: metal, Ceramic, wood, glass, minor electronics. Dimensions variable

Buoy the White Tear Cup Chalice Blown glass from silicone mold, mother mold—so many steps... Dimensions variable

The Double Sided Peripheral Baton Variations Blown glass, rPETG-seaglass filament, 3D printing Dimensions variable

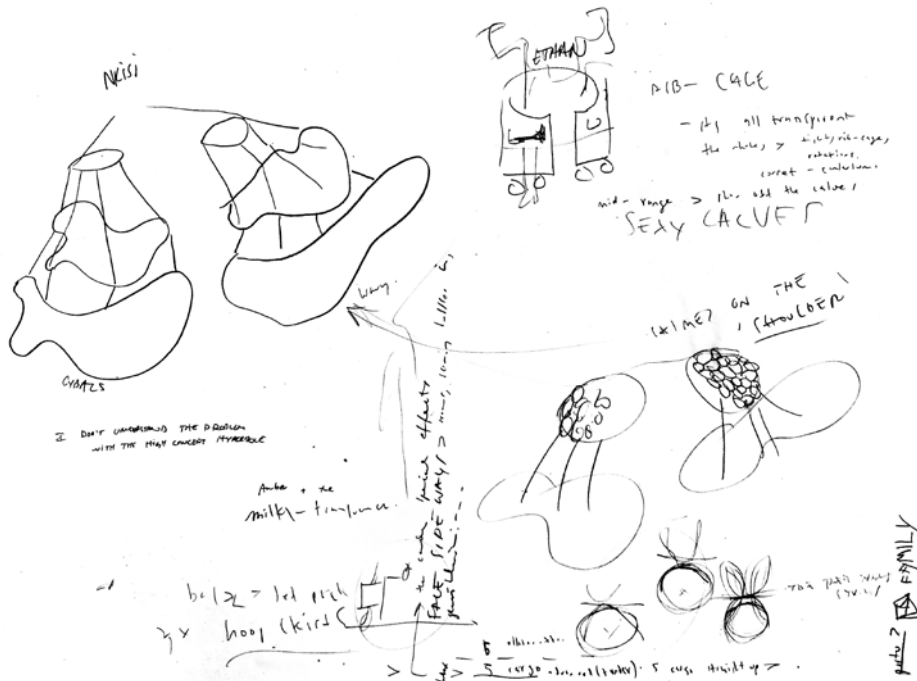
The Double Sided Peripheral Sugar Batons Sugar

Eye Purplish Heef Queef Rage Gage Blown glass, minor electronics Dimensions variable

The Well Armed Proletariat Gaze Variations Poured glass Dimensions variable

The Heavy Buoy Heart, Blown glass, minor electronics Variable dimensions

Emma Waltraud Howes (2020)



155

155 *Milky Translucent*,
Pencil on paper, 70×50 cm,
Emma Waltraud Howes
and Justin Francis Kennedy
(2020)

The cherry picker extends one hoop skirt really far up—latex, the color of fungus. The amber with the milky translucent moment—extended: flashlights from above. Empress Alberta looses her shit and puts on the lopsided candy portal. Ultraviolet bluish purple—can we do this? All our protest signs, the infinite series We need some PLAQUES for the WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN i. e., Three flag poles, Empty fitness, & the MURKYMERCH

I TRY TO BE STILL
I TRY TO BE NICE
I TRY TO BE
THOUGHTFUL
I TRY TO BE SWEET
I TRY TO BE QUIET
I TRY TO BE NEAT

BUT YOU STEAL ALL
OF MY BOUNDARIES
AND EAT EM IN FRONT
OF ME¹⁵⁶

Temporary tattoos

Long sleeve t-shirts embroidered with 'lucid science (fiction)' or/and 'thicket of doom schroom'

The socks say 'Foozi' on the front and 'Net' on the back.

Jazz shoes

156 *Murky Merch*,
Long sleeve T-Shirts: M, L,
Balz Isler (2020)

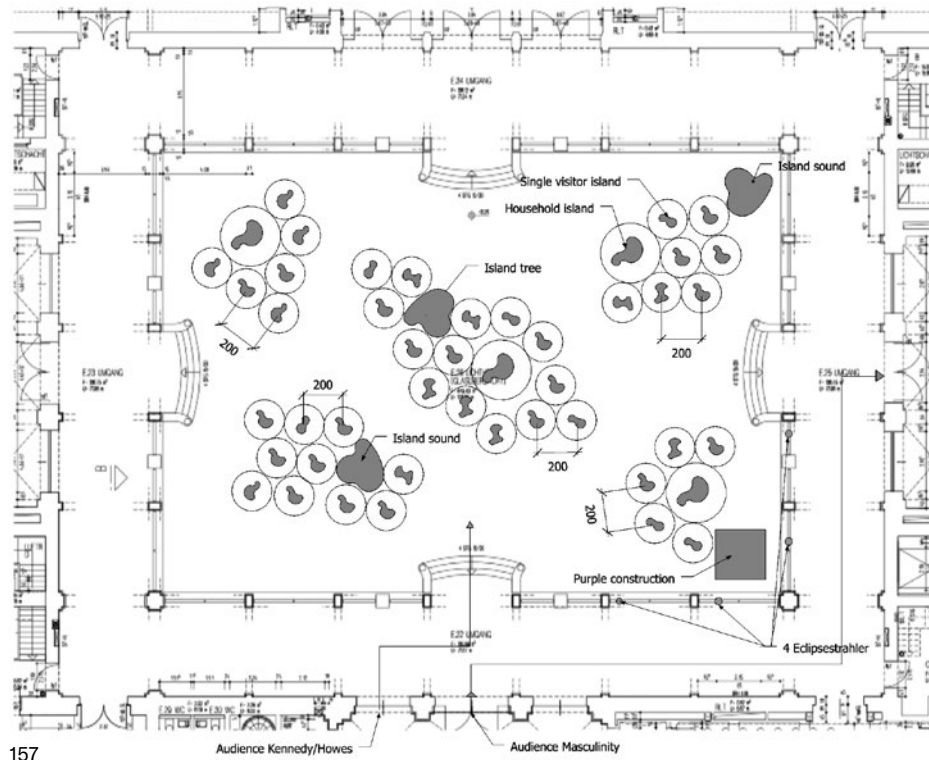
p_Isle_s, Cut PVC, a piece
of the story, and all our
signatures, dimensions
variable, Emma Waltraud
Howes, Justin Francis
Kennedy, Balz Isler, Ethan
Braun, Nkisi (2020)

N-like Nature and Now,
Hand shaved synthetic
carpet, 120 × 250 cm,
Balz Isler (2017)

GHOSTS of the INDEX

spins off, future iterations

(could have beens)



157

157 UNFURL THE
SCENOGRAPHY
Marc Bausback (2020)

INSIDE:158

Inside is minimal in décor and costume—laid bare: intimate set-up, with simple lighting and fog with concert and stage lighting for the songs.

OUTSIDE:

Outside is the maximal bombastic, sculptural installation and flags (we have three).

We will use chalk lines to illustrate the insidious viral veins that will act as the score for the audience, and which we will draw before hand and during the performance.

Over time these two spaces will merge, with minimal gestures occurring outside, and maximal moments inside.

And...we want to use the roundabout for our infinite loop—crazy eights “Sophisticated Sisyphusian” station.

SPIN OFFS

PAST | PRESENT | SPECULATIVE EXCAVATION

1. Keep in mind we have structured this particular schema around the layout of Ex-Rotaprint.

The non-linear story overlaps over time, between the interior space and exterior street theatre moments.

158 Shoebox Choreo-
dynamics: See Private
Interludes—we can divide
the group so that there
are small groups coming
inside, while the
others are ‘entertained’
outside.

The exterior installation remains throughout, and is comprised of three soft-sculptures.

These would appear like trees that we could inhabit and animate. We would leave behind these objects as an installation in our absence. The three already existing mounds outside of Ex-Rotaprint could act as the pedestals to host these three forms. These become “Confessional Trees”¹⁵⁹ once the hosts lose their patience and become agitators—these soft-sculptures are made of malleable materials and modelled after large hoop skirts which adapt with pulleys and leavers into three functional phases.

159 Future iteration is a *spin off*: See black marble cause its soft, *the wankst*. *as this is a whole other categorization of fetishization.

These phases are reflected in the choreography and the spiritual dramaturgy:

ONE: Churn and burn bottom feeder hoop skirts lower level
TWO: Mid-height blades at the sides of ones body sprinkler sex bot femme fat glitch-feminism
THREE: Upper reaching confetti branches on the tree

See *WANKST* and *MURDER PORN*, and *INTERNET LONLINESS*

INDEX OF NEOLOGISMS

Radical care—taking the dark and turning it into the light.

Provologue

The provocative overture and the prologue.

Fungoozian/Foozinet

Fungi-oozy-Gagosian¹⁶⁰

160 ~~Gagosian is another white big deal dood American bobble head art-sitter, sighter, dealer.~~

Circuitive

The hyperbolic expansion.

Choreo-manics

Choreographic islands also the dancing plague

Choreo-draulics

Is choreographic hydraulics...in case you can't get the big stage props.¹⁶¹

161 We wanted to get this big ass tree and guess what...she.

Tooleries

Are the tools: Meet us at this coordinate, 55.7 degrees S, along the astro-cartography

Apocalypso

...of Internal Combustion

(People became so self-circulating, so self-serving, so self-cyclonic that they began to implode)

The Afterlogue

The provocative and antithesis aftermath and the epilogue.

ExubeRANT

An excitable jubilant rant or tirade that has joy encompassed within.¹⁶²

162 We got our Dexter's Web Scenario.

Dood

A reference to '*Dumb Doods*' by A. Gurewich.

Tree-Hug-a-tree

Is pretty self explanatory—go hug a damn tree. It's also the name of the drawing we all did together for this, around the dinner table, that you saw in parts first, unfurled throughout, and then as a whole, at the end of chapter three, before the afterlogue.

Kavics

They are the cyborgs—wreaking havoc.

Consufion

Sufi, Sufism, Confucius, and Confusion

Dreamaturgy

The spiritual and methodological dynamic flow that we dig-up and give space to.

Circy-mess

When the neurotransmitters override and circumvent your intentions, fizzle-and spurt, then you got a mess that you gotta decide how to direct; intention again.

White-tear-cup

Figure it out.

Fermeninity

Fermenting Feminism, Femininity, Eviscerating Femininity, and Lipstick.

Doom-shroom

A new musical genre...we can't tell you till we get there.

Heef-Queefs

Is a purple fart that jumps out and surprises you in those most opportune moments when you need a giggle and when, actually, you need to be reminded of your repression, internalized.

Over-Manned

See the Masculinities exhibit getting in our way, and all those who take on that form to get in our way too.

Auto-Hat-Trick

The Pointer Sisters, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and The soft-shoe marching band.

Rantgent

It's a tangential rant.

Zymns Zine

Hymns and Zines' can go together.

Auto-Modular-Mythologizing¹⁶³

Collective myth making—in digestible frames

163 CAMming: collective auto-mythologizing for the camera.

WORD COUNT

WORDS TO COUNT

Warp-Speed

Neil Patrick Harris

REVENGE

Reprise

TREE

BONUS TRACKS

Mp3's | Alive Presents presents

First moment: (duration | 4:09)

Wombtarp

Second Moment: (duration | 3:55)

T-witch of an eye

With, by, for:

Emma Waltraud Howes, Justin Francis Kennedy

Balz Isler, Ethan Braun, Nkisi

I. FREAK DEATH

YOU HAVE COME TO
SEE A HORROR SCENE
(YOU) HAVE COME TO
HEAR THE STORY OF
FREAK DEATH
YOU HAVE COME TO
SEE A HORROR SCENE
HAVE COME TO HEAR
THE STORY OF FREE
DYING (4 ×)

(Freak dEATH Chatter)
Struck by Lightning
Lobbed to death
Dance to Death (3 ×)
Plummeting from Tower
Driving off a cliff with

a Segway
Auto Erotic Asphyxiation
Decapitated by a Red Scarf
A Cat's Eye or a Road Stud
Splattering across the
screen

WELCOME TO MY
SWAMP
WHERE I LEAD
PEOPLE INTO THE
DARK
YOU'RE CALLING
ME WITHOUT
KNOWING IT
AND THERE'S
NO RETURN

POTENTIALITY
OF ACCIDENTAL
FATALITY
THEY CALL IT
THEY CALL IT
FREAK DEATH

EVERY CORNER HAS
AN EDGE
YOU TURN
YOU TURN
EVERY CORONER HAS
A DEATH/DEPT/DEPTH
YOU LEARN
YOU LEARN
WE ALL COME TO
AN END

ONE BLACK MORNING
AFTER APOCALYPSO

YOU HAVE COME TO
SEE A HORROR SCENE
(YOU) HAVE COME
TO HEAR THE STORY
OF FREE DYING (4 ×)

(Freak dEATH Chatter)
Auto Erotic Asphyxiation
Splattering across the
scene
Decapitation by Head Scar
Segway off of Cliff
Struck by Lightning
Lobbed to death

YOU CALLED WITHOUT
EVEN KNOWING
I WAS HERE
I CAME TO SEE YOU
COS I HEARD YOU HAD
A ROUGH YEAR
I REMEMBER, SHE
GOT STRUCK WITH
A CAT'S EYE
IN THE HEAD, SO
MUCH BLOOD, LIKE
A DRIVE BY
BUT REALLY JUST A
ROAD STUD ON THE
FLY

THE WHOLE VILLAGE
SHOWED UP
TO DANCE
AND LAUGH
AND DIE

THE SECOND ONE
CAUSED HIS OWN
DEMISE
JUMPED OFF A TOWER
IN HIS OWN DESIGN

WHADDA A FREAKY
WAY TO SPEND HIS
FINAL HOUR
PARACHUTING ONTO
PARIS
A BLOOD SHOWER

II. THE BOTANY'S
ROTTENING
THE FLOWERS ARE
PRETTY BUT THEY'RE
DEVIOUS/DIVAS ON
THE INSIDE
BUT THE PARTY IN
THE GARDEN IS RUINED

IT'S IN THE SEEDS,
IN THE SEEDS

AND WHAT I
WHAT I
CHOKES ON
(PAUSE)
CHOKES ON
AND LIVE FOR

FLOWERS AREN'T
YOUR TYPE
SO DON'T BELIEVE
THE HYPE
AND SEE(D)

WITH CLARITY
UNITED

EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY KNOW
EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHERE
THAT THEY GO
EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY SEE

SIS BEAUTY AND
INDUSTRY
SO WAKE UP WAKE UP
AND
SEE(D) THE/WITH
CLARITY

ERRATIC/EROTIC AND
PANICKING
THE WAY THAT I'M
LIVIN' IN THE MIDDLE
OF A THORN FIELD
AND THE FLOWERS IN
THE MIDDLE OF DUH
STREETs

INDUSTRY INDUSTRY

AND WHAT I
WHAT I
CHOKE ON
(PAUSE)
CHOKE ON
AND LIVE FOR
FLOWERS AREN'T
YOUR TYPE
SO DON'T BELIEVE
THE HYPE
IN THE
BEAUTY AND
INDUSTRY

(American guitar break down into dancehall)

EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY KNOW
EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHERE
THAT THEY GO
EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY KNOW
EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHERE
THAT THEY GO
EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY KNOW
EVERYWHERE,
EVERYWHERE
THAT THEY GO

EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY KNOW
EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING
THAT THEY SEE
IS BEAUTY AND
INDUSTRY

OUR COLOPHON

Concept & Design by
Franziska Morlok, Emma
Waltraud Howes and Justin
Francis Kennedy at Rimini
Berlin

11 Berlin Biennale
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Antje Weitzel, Olivia Fert,
Luisa Maria Haustein, Laura
Helena Wurth, Gabriele Horn,
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Bausback, Linnéa Bake,
Sarah Wessel

NEW WAY Jugendfreizeit-
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hoops, the jumps and the
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and work through to the next
list of, actually, no thank you's.
And, the thanks for nothing.
And we found a way to turn
shit to gold, so actually, thanks
to all of us.

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Alive Presents presents press
(2020)
Emma Waltraud Howes,
Justin Francis Kennedy,
Balz Isler, Ethan Braun, Nkisi,
Beate Huss

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