

Chicken town leads  
to barter town. Where the bloody  
police are bloody kings, they keep it bloody clean,  
the bloody chiefs are bloody swines, blood draws the  
bloody lines, the bloody fun & bloody games, the bloody  
kids are to blame, rhymes no where to be found in chick-  
en town. The bloody folks are bloody daft they never  
make me bloody laugh & it bloody hurts to look  
around everywhere in chicken town. The  
train is late, you have to wait, you  
have to wait, your bloody stuck &  
lost in lost & found every time in  
chicken town. The colour scheme  
is bloody brown, the men & women  
wear bloody brown with bloody mur-  
der in their eyes evidently  
chicken town.

Explaining her  
language

The language that she speaks

Explaining her language. The language  
that she speaks. Explaining her language.

Explaining her language She doesn't have a mother  
tongue that she could pass to her son though she will  
request words. She speaks english on the weekends.

Mother to daughter Hear the clamor of an unlived era. My  
tongue is split in two, the further I am from either I fall in  
the void. My tongue is split in two, the further I am from  
either I fall in the void. Identify but not fully being Split. Im  
in the middle So far away Most people say she speaks french  
maybe I read Supposedly to her son, Disavow. My language

Syntax of investment Syntax of decay My language sweats  
with my Father's shame She doesn't have a mother tongue  
that she could pass to her son though she will request  
words She doesn't have a mother tongue that she  
could pass to her son though she will request  
words her mother and her father

Zan  
as women  
Zan as life  
Zan as freedom  
Zan as archive  
Zan as Hena blood and hair  
Zan as vocabulary  
Zan as air  
Zan as black subject  
Zan as movement  
Zan as matters  
Zan as father home  
Zan as present in absent  
Zan as background  
Zan as relationship in the void and silence  
Zan as accident  
Zan as government  
Zan as choreographic resistance  
Zan as historical violence  
Zan as great deal and dance  
Zan as illness  
Zan as hands of police  
Zan as social media  
Zan as overlapping murder  
Zan as mass  
Zan as terro and tango  
Zan as theories of mind  
Zan as ability of disability  
Zan as fragments  
Zan as scenario  
Zan as gender  
Zan as daily life and death  
Zan as privilege  
Zan as mechanism  
Zan as collapse  
Zan as gaps and questions  
Zan as figuration  
Zan as domination  
Zan as animation  
Zan as direction  
Zan as regulations  
Zan as articulation  
Zan as imagination  
Zan as tensions  
Zan as actions

**Anx-  
iety. Isn't  
it just because it isn't  
safe here. here in this world. here  
in this room. here in this body. here  
in this mind. here in this. But the  
problem isn't the feeling of anxiety.  
It is the act of avoidance. avoiding to  
be in this world avoiding to be in this  
room avoiding to be in this body avoid-  
ing to be in this mind avoiding to be.  
which automatically leads to be lost.  
lost in this world. lost in this room.  
lost in this body. lost in this mind. lost  
in this. Not being seen. Being seen.  
Being seen too much. Being seen. Not  
being seen. there is too less/there is  
too much there is a fight. The more  
I look the more I see. Maybe nobody  
wants to depend on it: but we all  
do!But we can always  
change what we do:  
by doing No it dif-  
fer- thanks, ently.  
that's not my  
kind of humor. Ja please, push this  
box over to me. Pass the wine bottle, pass the  
ashtray. Pass the Kate Bush song playing in the  
air. Pass the burned circle stained by the too hot  
Mocca maker. Pass the chair that's usually squish-  
ing your index finger between arm holder and  
downside of your old kitchen table. Pass the dried  
out rice corn, left from the fried rice I  
proudly made with just the right amount of MSG.  
Pass this one strained hair of tobacco getting  
dusty in this office turned dining  
room. Pass the random  
collection of receipts I collect  
to one day get some money  
back.**

IF WE LISTENED, WE MIGHT HEAR NO DISCERNIBLE LYRICS, NO CONVENIENT MESSAGE – AND YET THAT IS THE POINT: THIS TUNE IS OUR PERMISSION TO FAIL. IN REAL TIME. **I STEP ON THE TRAIN AND I’M ALREADY THERE, 5 YEARS AGO.** THIS IS GETTING IN THE WAY OF WHAT I WANT TO SAY. I WANT TO CRACK THROUGH THESE TEXTS, LET MYSELF LEAK THROUGH. PROTEST. SAY SOMETHING ABOUT THEM. MAYBE I FEEL THAT AT SOME POINT THEY FAILED ME. MAYBE TODAY SOME OF THEM ARE TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO CARRY. I WILL NOW **TUNE BACK TO THE READING:** «IN JANUARY, COUNTRYSIDE TODDLERS, A TRAINED WIFE IS DRIVING (?). EVERYTIME I GO TO TRAVEL TOWN TOGETHER I FEEL I’VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER IN MY LIFE.» YESTERDAY I WAS QUESTIONED WHETHER I AM ACTUALLY HAPPY, *WHEATHER* THE PILLARS OF WHAT I HAVE BASED MY SENSE OF PEACE ON ARE REALLY THE RIGHT ONES. AS IF FOLLOWING A CONSPIRACY, I LOOKED AT THOSE PILLARS WHICH SUPPORT THE HOUSE I FIND MYSELF IN AND KNOCKED THEM DOWN. “THIS WILL KEEP ME GROUNDED”, A VOICE-THOUGHT. TODAY I STARTED A FIGHT. THE INCEPTION OF HUMANITY IS ON A PLANETARY SCALE. STEAM TRAINS, WHEELS (TIME) THAT SLIDE POTENTIAL (WORKFORCE CLOCKING). FEMALE SOLDIERS RUN FREE LIKE ON THE COVER OF THE BIKINI KILLS. THE RAILROAD, TRAFICKINGFICKINGFICKING **SLOW AMNESIA INTO THE WEST.** ALL THESE WHEELS, SENSUALLY GLIDING, SLIDING DESIRE FROM ONE MOUTH TO THE NEXT, GREASING POSSIBLE EXTRACTIONS, INTERACTIONS.... SHOULD ANYONE BE ALLOWED TO EAT IT? IT FEELS LIKE A BEGINNING TO BOTH OF US, ALTHOUGH IT HAS THE (WIND) SALES OF ITS END. I THOUGHT I WANTED TO HAVE CHILDREN, HOWEVER, YOUR CHILD WILL WITNESS YOUR DEATH OR YOU WILL WITNESS THEIRS. HOWEVER, YOUR CHILD WILL WITNESS YOUR DEATH AND YOU WILL WITNESS THEIRS. HOWEVER, YOU WILL WITNESS YOUR DEATH AND YOUR CHILD WILL WITNESS THEIRS. HOWEVER, YOUR DEATH WILL WITNESS YOUR CHILD AND YOUR CHILD WILL LIVE TO DIE. ALL THE THINGS THAT CHANGE WHEN YOU BECOME A MOTHER. TODAY I AM SCARED. EVENTUALLY DISTURBED: MIGRATION AND ADOPTION; THE PHANTASY OF THE EQUALLY DISTRIBUTED. SUFFERING AND THIRST WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO. WE MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY THE BRIGHT GAME OVER. *on freedom. four songs of care and constraint* SUBJECTIVITY AND THIGH VALUE: TICKLES. **I WANT TO BE TOUCHED TOO. DOUGHY QUADS, WAVES OF CONTEMPORARY MOODS,** COOL BODIES, IN OTHER WORDS; SHAKE MY THIGH. THIS IS THE FUN PART: MINERAL OBJECTS. ALL BLACKNESS AS THE PROPER SUBJECT. ALEX MADE A BOX. [I CANNOT THINK LOUD AND STRUCTURE OUR WORK]. AS A 15 YEAR OLD GIRL IN THE US, 2000s. I WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE CAUSE OF SUCH A JOURNEY. THE LIMIT OF THE HUUHUUHUUHHUUHHUUHHUUHH TINY LANGUAGE BUTCHERING THINGS. ETHICAL FORMATIONS. GOD IS CHANGE. TAKE GOD AND FOLD IT IN YOUR POCKET. ALEX LEFT US, SHE IS NOT ENOUGH FOR THE MATERIALS. *all that beauty* WHEN I LOOK AT US NOW, IN THIS ROOM: MAYBE THE RECIPE IS NOT TO CHANGE THE INGREDIENTS BUT IT IS SO NICE TO HAVE A PAST, THIS TIME. *watching ray dance, the past of the project* THE **(HI)STORY OF A DISH.** THE POTATOES WERE NOT COMING FROM THE SAME FIELD, BUT THEY FERMENTED IN THE SAME JAR. THE STORY OF A JAR. A COMMON PAST IS A WAY OF INTIMACY. CAN THERE BE INTIMACY WITHOUT COMMONALITY? WHAT IS THE COMMONALITY IN A CONSPIRACY WITHOUT A PLOT? THE MERE CHOICE TO CONSPIRE? IS THAT A COMMON PAST OR A COMMON ‘NO-OTHER-SOLUTION’, A RESOLUTION? **A COMMITMENT TO TEND TO AN INVISIBLE KNOT, WHICH GENTLY CRUSHES AND WEAVES ALL OF US?** A ‘BIGGER THAN US’ SENSE, THAT IN MYSTERIOUS OCCASIONS COMES TO VISIT US INDIVIDUALLY, LIKE A SHADOW CHASING YOUR FEET. IF WE ARE AWARE, THROUGH A DAILY SHOWING UP, WITH OPEN HEARTS, READY TO CATCH IT FROM THE CORNER OF THE EYE ATTENTIVELY, IT SHOWS UP IN A MANAGEABLE WAY, SHRUNK TO OUR SIZE. AND FROM YOUR DEEPEST WISDOM, FRAGILITY AND CARE SHOW UP TO IT

Maggie Nelson

Fred Moten

**SECRETLY** WHEN NO ONE IS WATCHING, BUT YOU KNOW IT IS THERE YOU GIVE IT A GENTLE PEEK AND A SMILE. YOU KNOW IT'S POTENTIALLY ALL A SERIOUS JOKE. ONE STOPS FEEDING IT AND ASKS IT TO CHANGE, ASKS ME TO CHANGE TO IT AS IF MAKING A NEW PACT BEFORE IT SLIDES AWAY AGAIN, **LIKE A COSMIC GRIN** *a series of conversations with Nathaniel on existential experiences and the cosmic grin* NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN BUT ALWAYS TO BE BOUND TO IN THE FLESH, LIKE THAT GOD YOU CARRY IN YOUR POCKET. *conspiracy without a plot* HOLD ME NOW, BUT DON'T TOUCH ME NOW, BECAUSE I'M A VIBRATION. HOLD ME NOW, AND DON'T TOUCH ME NOW, BECAUSE I'M A VIBRATION. AGITATION IS BROAD. IT APPEARS REGULARLY. IT IS MAYBE NOT UNRELATED TO ZOMBIES. YOU ARE A NEUROMUSCULAR MOVEMENT. A FEELING OF INNER TENSION **WHEATHER** OR NOT INFLUENCED BY THE OUTSIDE YOU ARE A NERVE STIMULATION. A DRUG NOT WELL TOLERATED. A SEDATIVE. SOMETHING TO CREATIVELY CONTINUE AND CONTINUE AND CONTINUE AND CONTINUE AND CONTINUE FOREVER. A MUSCLE RELAXANT, FOREVER. AN ALMOST ORGASM, FOREVER? AN ALMOST ALMOST ORGASM, FOREVER? A FOREVER MANDATED CHEMICAL RESTRAINT. *Agitation* LISTENING TO IMAGES: A COUNTER-INTUITION A DISTANCE FROM WHAT COMES FIRST. A DISTANCE FROM THE PREJUDICES THAT DO NOT BELONG TO US THAT ARE AMBUSHED THERE IN THAT FIRST IMAGE. **A THROAT-CLEARING GESTURE** (COVID SWAB). PAGES CAPTIVATE WITH A CHILDHOOD MEMORY OF A QUIET MAN, HUMMING HIS WIFE'S FAVORITE SONG, INSTEAD OF CRYING MULTITUDES. HUMMOURNINGHUMMSOFTHIN-IRRITATES. QUIET QUOTIDIAN. UNDERLOOKED ROUTINE, OVERLOOKED INTERNALISATION. QUITE SURROUNDS SOUND. QUIET PRACTICE, QUIET GESTURE. YOUR HEART PROPOSES AN INTERVENTION. *listening to images: an exercise in counter-intuition* I, I WANT TO, I WANT TO, I, I WANT TO WANT TO SHAKE BEING OK WITH SUBJECTIVITY, I WANT TO SHAKE BEING OK WITH SUBJECTIVITY. IT MESSES ME UP. I WANT TO SHAKE BEING OK WITH SUBJECTIVITY IT MESSES ME UP. IT MESSES ME UP. **WE ALSO FOLD ON OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS**, WE ALSO FOLD ON OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS. WE TAKE THEM BACK. NO LONGER INTERESTING. IT'S JUST CALLED "EVERYDAY". CHOPPING BROWN CHEESE WITH BROWN YOLK, CHOPPING BROWN CHEESE WITH BROWN YOLK, DRY NOSES POLLINATE THE FLOOR WITH FLOWERS. THEY SEW LESS AND WRITE MORE WITHIN A BOUNCE THESE DAYS. THERE'S SOMEWHERE ELSE I CAN BE USED BETTER, WHERE I CAN PROCLAIM AGAINST THE COLOR OF THE SKY. WHERE I CAN COMMUTE WAY SIDE TO THE LEFT WHERE THE WINDSHIELDS EXIST AS KNOWABLE COLORS. STILL SHIELDING, THE WINDS, WITH WIPERS, STILL SHIELDING, THE WINDS, WITH WIPERS, EQUALLY PERSISTENT AND KNOWABLE TOO. *Insomnia, a word of mouth* **REFUSING A CENTER**. THE TREE DRYING UP A RIVER, FINDING OTHER FOUNDATIONS, REFUSING A CENTER. *act so there is no use in a center* THE TREE DRYING UP A RIVER, FINDING OTHER FOUNDATIONS NO: THE TEMPORALITY NO: THE DRAMATURGY NO: THE TENSEGRITY STANDING IN THE NO AND REPEATING THE NO STANDING IN THE NO AND REPEATING THE NO STANDING IN THE NO AND **REPEATING THE NO**, NO: A CHEMICAL REACTION, THERE IS SOMETHING TO SACRIFICE? *what is not writing? garments against women* EXPLAINING HER LANGUAGE THE LANGUAGE THAT SHE SPEAKS. EXPLAINING HER LANGUAGE THE LANGUAGE THAT SHE SPEAKS. EXPLAINING HER LANGUAGE EXPLAINING HER LANGUAGE. SHE DOESN'T HAVE A MOTHER TONGUE THAT SHE COULD PASS TO HER SON THOUGH **SHE WILL REQUEST WORDS SHE DOESN'T HAVE** A MOTHER TONGUE THAT SHE COULD PASS TO HER SON THOUGH SHE WILL REQUEST WORDS. SHE SPEAKS ENGLISH ON THE WEEKENDS MOTHER TO DAUGHTER HEAR THE CLAMOR OF AN UNLIVED ERA. **MY TONGUE IS SPLIT IN TWO**, THE FURTHER I AM FROM EITHER I FALL IN THE VOID. MY TONGUE IS SPLIT IN TWO, THE FURTHER I AM FROM EITHER I FALL IN THE VOID. IDENTIFY BUT NOT, FULLY BEING S-PLIT, IM IN THE MIDDLE, SO FAR AWAY.

Nathaniel Moore

Valentina  
Desideri &  
Stefano Harney

Mel Y. Chen

Tina M. Camp

Alix Eynaudi  
Anne Carson  
quoting  
Gertrude Stein

Anne Boyer



MOST PEOPLE SAY SHE SPEAKS FRENCH (MAYBE I READ) SUPPOSEDLY TO HER SON. DISAVOW. MY LANGUAGE, SYNTAX OF INVESTMENT, SYNTAX OF DECAY. MY LANGUAGE SWEATS WITH MY FATHER'S SHAAAAME. SHE DOESN'T HAVE A MOTHER TONGUE THAT SHE COULD PASS TO HER SON THOUGH SHE WILL REQUEST WORDS. SHE DOESN'T HAVE A MOTHER TONGUE THAT SHE COULD PASS TO HER SON THOUGH SHE WILL REQUEST WORDS. HER MOTHER AND HER FATHER A LOVE STORY OF INOPERATIVE COUNTRIES. SHE COMES FROM TWO 'TERRIBLE-AT-BEING' COUNTRIES. ONE, THEN TWO 'TERRIBLE-AT-BEING' COUNTRIES. COLLAPSED CONDOS IN ENGLISH, BOURGEOIS EMANCIPATE IN THEIR REPLICAAAS, IN THEIR REPLICAAAS, IN THEIR REPLICASSS. LOOOOVE TRANSMUTES TO ABSENT MOTHER TONGUES THOUGH SHE WILL REQUEST WORDS. LOOOOOVE TRANSMUTES TO ABSENT MOTHER TONGUES THOUGH SHE WILL REQUEST WORDS. HER MOTHER'S LOVE DIDN'T HAVE LANGUAGE. SHE THINKS A LOT ABOUT THIS ABSENCE. WHAT SHE GIVES TO HER SON WHAT SHE DIDN'T RECEIVE? ( ) ANXIOUS SLEEPS, ( ) ARTICULATION. EMOTION TO EMOTION IN OCEANS INFLECTING WAVES. **MY LANGUAGE CAN'T NOT THINK TO SPEAK TO THOSE WHOSE LANGUAGE DIED.** *notes on mother tongue: colonialism, class, and giving what you don't have* TROUBLE TOWN IS LOCATED ALONG THE RIVER, DOWNSTREAM FROM CHICKEN TOWN. WHENEVER WE GO TO TROUBLE TOWN I THINK I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER IN MY LIFE. THE 1ST MOMENTS OF PARENTHOOD IN THE BIRTHING ROOM ARE AMONG MY MOST PAINFUL. IS IT NECESSARY FOR A RULE TO EXIST LIKE A SPACE OR A PLACE THAT FINDS ITS THINGS, **TO SCRATCH THE SAMPLE OFF THE RECORD OF THINGS THAT FIND THEIR PLACE.** TROUBLE TOWN IS A PLACE TO CRY, WHERE FICTIVE VISIONS APPEAR LIKE MIRRORS TO FUTURES OF DISTURBANCE THAT MAY NEVER ARRIVE. ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS TRAVEL TOWN. WHERE NOTHING NEEDS EXPLANATION AND THE HEART FINALLY REFUSES AND ACCEPTS THE BODY. TRAVEL TOWN WAS NEVER A DESTINATION, WHEN WORD GREW IT CHANGED EVIDENTLY TROUBLE TOWN. *on freedom, four songs of care and constraint, read by shahrazad* BARTER TOWN IS SINGLE FATHER TOWN, WITH CHARMERS WHO CLAIM TO BE FATHERS. *a memory of reading to matthew dickman in amsterdam 2014. snap, crackle & bop resemblance to 'the bloody orkney's'* FARMERS FORGET THEIR PARTNERS, IN ABSOLUTE DENIAL OF KARMA EVERYDAY IN BARTER TOWN. BARTER TOWN SELLS YOU THE STARTER, A SPOT AT THE HARBOUR THAT WILL HARBOUR NO FEELING OF A PARTNER. WHY ARE THESE SINGLE FATHERS ACTING LIKE MARTYRS, WHAT ARE THE MARKERS OF THEIR BELIEFS? HOW CAN WE BE SURPRISED WHEN BARTER IS A VERSION OF BORDER, WHERE THE QUARTERS OF QUARTERS ARE QUARTERED. SINGLE FATHERS SET INTO DISORDER SELF CONTENT WITH THE TASK OF ORDER. A SINGLE FATHER TOWN IS A BARTER TOWN, REORDERED SOLELY WITH THEIR ORDERS SENT FROM ENDLESS HEADQUARTERS. **NOTHING GREEN IN BARTER TOWN, THE GARDENERS DEPORTED, THE WOMEN HEMMED INTO PARLOURS,** THE LAUGHTER PLASTERED AND PLUNDERED EVIDENTLY BARTER TOWN *the vapours of ex partners that i keep with me in spirit letting things rest & sublimate* I HAVE THE WORDS OF THE PERSON WHO I READ IN A BOOK & ON MY PHONE.

Mirene Arsanios

Maggie Nelson

John Cooper Clark

Andrew James

Blair

**THEY WRITE TO ME IN BOTH PLACES** IN SHORT EXCITEMENT AS I HAVE MY HAND ON THEIR COVER WORDS TOUCH ME, ACTIONS MOVE ME I ONCE WROTE THAT TALKING WITH YOU WAS LIKE **UNDRESSING THE WORDS** REMOVE PARTS OF THE CLOTHES *false hours, in conversation over sms* I 1st EXPERIENCED THIS PHENOMENA IN AN EARLIER CONTEXT WITH MY GIVEN INTIMATE PARTNERS. MY MOTHER, MY BROTHERS PATTERNS COULD BE MADE IN OUR FAMILY COSTUMES FROM OUR FAMILY WORDS THE OPPOSITE OF A SEAMSTRESS WAS CALLED THE RUPTURE **OR USE OF HANDS TO CUT CLOTHES UNCEREMONIOUSLY** TONGUE SAID NOTHING OF REPAIR TONGUE ONLY TURNED TO DECORATION MY EYES WATCHED A WEAPON LYING IN THE WOUND *wearing alix's costumes, while walking to martha's vineyard* THAT WAS THE DRAFT FROM A DOOR LEFT OPEN MAYBE SOMONE WILL ENTER OR A SIGN OF SOMEONE WHO LEFT IN SUCH A HURRY THAT IT WASN'T CLOSED DID THEY SAY GOODBYE? DID I EXPERIENCE SILENCE AS MY FIRST FORM OF LOSS? I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE LOSS I ONCE WROTE THAT AFTER WE STOPPED WRITING IT WAS THE END OF OUR SPEAKING *the power of gentleness: meditations on the risk of living* NON-HUMAN ANIMALS ARE THE ONLY BEINGS I KNOW THAT OPEN DOORS WITHOUT CLOSING THEM THAT LEAVE THEM THE STEPS OF THEIR JOURNEY OPEN TO SAY GOODBYE IN A WAY THAT MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO SAY HELLO AGAIN AT ANOTHER SCATTERED DIFFUSED SUSPENSION BRIDGE *moments before performing in dschungel a closing conversation & conclusion of tiredness* A DINNER PLATE AT MY HEAD A HAND SWUNG & FROZEN FLINCH SURE, OUR RELATIONSHIP FELL APART WHEN I BECAME A PARENT THE REMINDERS WERE THE IMPRINTS TO LIFT MY HEAD THAT MY SHOULDERS DIDN'T ALWAYS HAVE TO SLUMP FORWARD THAT I SHOULD STICK MY ASS OUT WHEN I WALK THAT I SHOULD SAY "I'M READY TO BE SAWN IN HALF" *words as tattoos, words as plans, no prizes* ANYONE WHO CAN'T SEE HE'S A BOY AT HEART IS BLIND TO HEARTS THE TEAPOT WANTED EYES BUT THEY LEAKED TEARS OF COURSE, "I WARNED YOU" WAS THE CHOSEN PHRASE AT THE TIME, "I WARNED YOU" WITH EACH DAWN & SUNSET POURS ANOTHER SAD CUP *On not knowing: how to love and other essays* I FOUND YOUR LOST EXCEL SPREADSHEET THAT IS THE SCHEDULE OF A PRIVILEGED LIFE DEAR BOY COME TO JESUS WAS PENCILED INTO THE MARGINS OF A LOCKED PDF FOR 108 PAGES *while standing in line for death* I WANT TO MOVE TO ANOTHER CITY SO LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE MYSELF WITH ME THAT WAS UNDERSTOOD ALL THOSE YEARS AGO & THINGS UNDERSTOOD OFTEN AREN'T SPOKEN *spoken by from hibbo from savages* AFTER MOTHER DIED HER RED DRESS CONTINUED TO BAKE PIES, BEATING OUT THE RUG, WASHING OUT THE WINDOWS "I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MISS HER" SAID TO THE DINNER PLATE FOOD STAINS CAUGHT IN A SMILE, I HEARD RUMOURS OF THEIR WHEREABOUTS IN THE HOUSE, SURROUNDED BY CANNED BEANS NEATLY STACKED IN A FREEZER THE RED DRESS ON TOP OF A FLAG POLE, FLAPPING AWAY WITHOUT WIND *getting to know frank & the book of frank* THEY'VE SAID IT EVERY YEAR BUT THIS TIME IT FEELS LIKE THE END IS NEAR & I'M IN LINE TO SEE THE LIGHT. HOW FAR DOES THIS BLACK TUNNEL GO, I'VE GOT A CAR BUT THE GAS IS RUNNING LOW & FOR AS LONG AS I'VE KNOW THE BUMPS & CREAKS OF THIS HOUSE.

Adriana  
Gheorghe

Franz Wright

Anne  
Dufourmantelle

Hanna Binder

Bernadette Forker

Kae Tempest ft  
Lianne la Havas

CAConrad

Mettal God

CAConrad

ITS STARTING TO MAKE THE KINDS OF SOUNDS THAT ONLY COME FROM PEOPLES MOUTHS, YOU CAN'T TELL ME ITS STILL SETTLING, BUILT ON AN INDIAN BURIAL GOUND KILLING EVERYTHING, MY CHILDHOOD SCAR ON MY CHIN IS BACK AGAIN THAT OLD JUMP OVER MY LEG DANCE MOVE HAS TO END *a conspiracy without a plot* IVE SEEN BETTER DAYS IN MY NIGHT TERRORS I WAS A BIKE MESSENGER WITHOUT A BIKE & I WOULD WRITE LETTERS THEN ASK DIRECTIONS TO YOUR WHEREABOUTS **BEFORE THE SLOW WALK** THE REST OF THE SHOW OFFS WERE PEELING OFF, TOO MANY HARES ONLY ONE TORTOISE THATS WHY I LEFT THAT ISLAND TOO FAST PACED FOR THE HUM-HO TOURIST, BY THE TIME I DEVELOPED THE PICTURES THEY WERE AS BLURRY AS MY MEMORY OF CONSTANT LIFE FIXTURES, IF DISTANCE IS A BOY'S BEST FRIEND THEN TELL THOSE (BREATHE) IN THE RUFF WHO THINK THAT LOVE COMES WITH DIAMONDS. LABOUR, YOU MADE ME WORK FOR WHAT I COULDN'T HAVE, DIAMONDS CUT BUT COLD BURNS & NOTHING LASTS FOREVER, I JUST DONT KNOW WHY I BOTHERED SAVING ANY OF YOUR LETTERS THEY'RE JUST AGED PAPER *girlfriend in a coma on a motorbike, collection of poems written in 2008* WHICH AUTOMATICALLY LEADS TO BE LOST. LOST IN THIS WORLD. LOST IN THIS ROOM. LOST IN THIS BODY. LOST IN THIS MIND. LOST IN *the hundreds* NOT BEING SEEN. BEING SEEN. BEING SEEN TOO MUCH. BEING SEEN. NOT BEING SEEN. THERE IS TOO LESS/THERE IS TOO MUCH. THERE IS A FIGHT. *poetic nonaction. the more i look the more i see, listening to more pressure* MAYBE NOBODY WANTS TO DEPEND ON IT: BUT WE ALL DO! BUT WE CAN ALWAYS CHANGE WHAT WE DO: BY DOING IT DIFFERENTLY. KIND OF. SOMETIMES. SOMEHOW. NOT SO EASY BUT POSSIBLE. POSSIBILITY IS ALWAYS THE START OF FEELING FREE. IF NOT IN ACTION – AT LEAST IN THINKING. FREEDOM AS THE HUMAN DREAM. WAR AS THE HUMAN CREATION. THE HUMAN BEING: WHAT A STUPID CREATURE/CREATOR/CRITTER! *breathing. chaos & poetry* **A SO LOVED THING**. WE LIKE TO HAVE THEM IN OUR POCKET. ESPECIALLY ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY. JUST TO HAVE SOMETHING. WE LOVE TO HAVE. THE PROBLEM: WE CAN'T HAVE ENOUGH. ANOTHER PROBLEM: WE CAN LOSE ONCE WE HAVE. WE DON'T LIKE TO LOSE. BUT ESPECIALLY PLANS OFTEN LIKE TO DISAPPEAR IN THE FACE OF REALITY, IN THE FACE OF LIFE. PLANS AS AN ANCHOR FLOATING AWAY: MAYBE THEY ALSO WANT TO BE FREE? FREEDOM AS THE PLANS DREAM. WAR AS THE PLANS CREATION. PLANS – WHAT A STUPID CREATURE / CREATOR / CRITTER! *i used to make plans now i make decisions. no prizes* **IT'S NOT MINE!** WHAT CAN I DO TO GRASP WHAT'S NEVER MINE. BECAUSE IT IS NOT! IT IS NOT MINE! IS THE WISH "OF NOT WANTING TO HURT" HELPING BY NOT DOING SO? I GUESS NO! I MEAN: NO! WISHING IS NOTHING MORE THAN A NICE TRY NOTHING MORE THAN FAILING ONCE AGAIN. IT'S NOT MINE. *poem for the end of time* ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. IT'S NOT MY NEIGHBORHOOD. IT'S FOR ALL OF US IT'S FOR NONE OF US. IT'S FROM ALL OF US IT'S FROM NONE OF US. IT'S ABOUT ALL OF US IT'S ABOUT NONE OF US. SOME PEOPLE LOVE TO DIVIDE AND CLASSIFY, WHILE OTHERS ARE BRIDGE-MAKERS. *reclaiming animism* IT'S BEING CONFRONTED WITH THE NOT WANTED SYNCHRONICITY, THE UNKNOWN SYNCHRONICITY, THE SYMBIOSIS OF TWO RANDOM PEOPLE. WITH **THE CAPACITY OF BEING MORE THAN ONE BODY, THAN ONE BRAIN, THAN ONE SOUL**. WITH THE NEED OF USING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE USE OF USING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE WASTE OF USING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE NEED OF NEEDING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE USE OF NEEDING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE WASTE OF NEEDING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE NEED OF WASTING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE USE OF WASTING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE WASTE OF WASTING ONE ANOTHER WITH THE USE OF WASTE WITH THE NEED OF WASTE WITH THE WASTE OF WASTE WITH THE USE. WITH THE NEED. WITH THE WASTE. IT'S MEANINGFUL NONSENSE TRYING TO GET ATTENTION FOR **SOAKING OUT THE ESSENCE** OR MAYBE NOT EVEN THE ESSENCE, MAYBE JUST: --THE FRAME -- THE FRAGMENTS -- **THE NOT UNDERSTOOD** -- THE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN --

Valentina Desideri  
& Stefano Harney

Francis Sage

Lauren Berlant &  
Kathleen Stewart

Anne Boyer  
Kae Tempest

Franco 'Bifo'  
Berardi

Kae Tempest ft  
Lianne la Havas

Noelle Kocot

Isabelle Stengers



THE SOUND, THE SALT, THE SPICE--THE SAID AND UNSAID-OF SOMETHING THAT ALREADY HAS BEEN. JUST TO BE AGAIN JUST TO BREATHE AGAIN JUST TO SHINE AGAIN JUST TO TRY AGAIN JUST TO BURN AGAIN JUST TO BE BURNED AGAIN JUST TO FORGET IT AGAIN JUST TO REGRET IT AGAIN JUST TO PICK IT UP AGAIN JUST TO HOLD IT AGAIN JUST TO HUG IT AGAIN JUST TO THROW IT AWAY AGAIN JUST TO THROW IT UP AGAIN **JUST TO APPRECIATE IT AGAIN** JUST TO QUESTION IT AGAIN JUST TO LOVE IT AGAIN JUST TO HATE IT AGAIN JUST TO AFFECT AGAIN JUST TO REACT AGAIN. JUST ONCE AGAIN: EMPTY WORDS WRITTEN DOWN FOR THE FEELING OF TOGETHERNESS. TAKING SOMEONE'S HAND -NOT BECAUSE THE BETTER HALF FOUND ITS WAY TO YOU-TO FLEE FROM THE GREAT FEAR OF DYING ALONE. WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN DYING ALONE? MAYBE NOT DYING AT ALL? AT LEAST THERE IS A GUARANTEE FOR THAT: NOT HAPPEN TO ANYONE! IN CONTRAST OF DYING ALONE. IF WE JUST COULD PREDICT THE FUTURE!?

*obit* 26.09.22 OR EVEN BETTER RECREATING THE PAST!?! USING THE WISDOM WE GAINED THROUGH MISTAKES, FAILURE, PAIN, SUFFERING. **LEARNING THROUGH HIS-STORY, HER-STORY, (HI)STORY.** OR MAYBE WE WOULD JUST RIDE THE SAME HORSE AGAIN?! BECAUSE ONCE UPON A TIME: THERE WAS A REASON FOR CHOOSING THIS PARTICULAR HORSE – THIS HORSE THAT LEAD TO MISTAKES, FAILURE, PAIN SUFFERING. MAYBE THE RECIPE IS: NOT TO CHANGE THE INGREDIENTS!

*julia dancing in the studio with the instruction: wear the movements that have already been danced in this room* EVEN THOUGH, SOUPS ARE SOMETIMES SO FULL THAT THEY LOSE THEIR PURPOSE OF FILLING FROM INSIDE. **THE CHAOTIC SURFACE SO OFTEN** IS IN MY WAY TO SEE THE WORLD IN ITS SIMPLICITY....JUST TOO MUCH! JUST TOO MUCH! JUST TOO MUCH TO BE AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO BREATH AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO SHINE AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO TRY AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO BURN AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO BE BURNED AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO FORGET IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO REGRET IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO PICK IT UP AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO HOLD IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO HUG IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO THROW IT AWAY AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO THROW IT UP AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO APPRECIATE IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO QUESTION IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO LOVE IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO HATE IT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO AFFECT AGAIN JUST TOO MUCH TO REACT AGAIN. JUST TOO MUCH! BEING OVERWHELMED WITH NOISES FROM THE STUDIO NEXT DOOR, COULDN'T HEAR THE WORDS OF ALEX READING 'a conspiracy without a plot', *death by landscape* A HMMM... HIS THE POTENTIAL TO **CREATE SPACE** AND IF NOT IT -AT LEAST- CAN SIGNALIZE THE "NO MORE SPACE" INSIDE US AROUND US WITHIN US ARCHITECTURE CREATES SPACE AND AT THE SAME TIME STEALS SPACE FROM THE "NO MORE SPACE" ENVIRONMENT. LISTENING TO *agitation*. INTOLERANCE: MADE BY OURSELVES. THERE IS ONLY SO MUCH YOU CAN TAKE AND THE MORE WE TAKE: THE LESS WE CAN TAKE IN THE FUTURE. IT IS ALL ABOUT USING A CREDIT, ONCE. WE HAVE TO PAY BACK, TWICE. *politics of sleep, a text for the right to rest* 30.09.22 CREDIT ONCE WE HAVE TO PAY BACK TWICE. MORE, MORE, MORE MEANS LESS, LESS, LESS - LESSSSSSSSSSSSSLEEP... SLEEP HAS THE POWER TO CREATE SPACE IN THE OVERLOAD AND IF WE CAN'T SLEEP ANYMORE: – WHICH WE CAN'T DO FOR LONG, BECAUSE IT IS THE UNSOLVED RIDDLE OF A LIVING BODY TO DO SO – IT JUST SHOWS THE "NO MORE SPACE" A PROBLEM WE SHOULD SOLVE SOONER THAN LATER! NO SPACE - NO SLEEP. NO SLEEP - NO DREAMS. NO DREAMS - NO STORIES. NO STORIES – NO HAPPY ENDS. SPACE\* SLEEP\* DREAMS\* STORIES\* HAPPY ENDS AS BREATHING\* HOPE\* INSPIRATION\* CONNECTION\* SILENCE\* SOLUTION. IT DOESN'T MATTER! WHILE SAYING THOSE WORDS **IT ALREADY MATTERS** - ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. THIS IS THE HARDEST: BEING SURROUNDED BY LIVINGS. LIVINGS THAT WORK ONE DAY LIKE THAT AND DIFFERENTLY THE OTHER. ONCE YOU THINK YOU HAVE UNDERSTOOD: YOU ARE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE UNKNOWN.

Victoria Chang

Valentina Desideri  
& Stefano Harney  
Elvia Wilk

Mel Y. Chen

Julia Morandeira

THE WISDOM OF AN OLD LADY IS THAT SHE KNOWS HOW LITTLE SHE KNOWS. BUT STILL CARRIES MORE WRINKLES BECAUSE OF **SMILING INTO THE WORLD** -THAN BEING TOO SERIOUS ABOUT EVERYTHING. *false hours* UNMOVED, THAT'S FAR AWAY FROM RESTING. UNMOVED: A DANGEROUS STIFFNESS INSIDE OUR MINDS. THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF GETTING TOUCHED BY STORIES, FACES, HISTORY, PUPPIES OR WAR. REST: ON THE CONTRARY, IS THE BREATHING IN THE "TOO MUCH", IN THE "I SHOULD", IN THE "I AM". REST IS THE BREAK TO GAIN ENERGY FOR THE JUMP -**BECAUSE MOVING NOT ALWAYS BRINGS US FORWARD**- *death by landscape* IT IS THE PAUSE GIVING THE MIND TO PROCESS: TO PROCESS STORIES, FACES, HISTORY, PUPPIES OR WAR. *the spell of the sensuous* WE DON'T KNOW HOW SATISFACTION FEELS TO A BIRD. SLEEPING WITH ONE EYE MAKES SENSE TO ME. AND BEING AWAKE WITH ONE EYE 24/7 SEEMS FAMILIAR. *black feminist lessons from marine mammals* FIREFLIES ONCE UPON A TIME WERE MY FAVORITE ANIMAL. BECAUSE I LOVE THE IDEA OF BRINGING LIGHT INTO DARKNESS: JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE ALSO LIGHT. NOTHING NEEDED, JUST YOUR BODY. ISN'T IT GREAT?? BUT WHEN I WATCHED PICTURES OF FIREFLIES DURING DAYTIME I REALIZED THAT THEY ARE REALLY UGLY! SO I PUT THEM DOWN FROM MY "FAVORITE ANIMAL LIST" I MEAN IT IS SOMETHING WE SHOULD KEEP IN MIND: BEING A BEAUTY AT NIGHT DOESN'T MEAN THE SAME FOR THE DAY. I GUESS WE ALL HAVE CERTAIN TIME SLOTS IN LIFE WHERE WE SHINE AND OTHERS, OTHERS BETTER NOT LOOK AT US. *yes there is another, more overt reason for the dominance of the idea that language is an arbitrary, or strictly conventional set of signs* WHATEVER! WHAT I WANTED TO SAY: I HAVEN'T REALLY CHOSEN ANOTHER FAVORITE ANIMAL. I LOVE TURTLES – BUT ONCE I SAW THEM HAVING SEX, IT ALSO MADE ME REMOVE THEM FROM MY LIST. YEAH I KNOW – SEX IS SOMETHING SUPER-NATURAL. BUT STILL: IT WAS NOT PLEASANT TO WATCH. ANYWAY, I WANT TO MENTION THAT I REALLY APPRECIATE THAT THEY ALWAYS HAVE THEIR HOME WITH THEM. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN PRIVATE SPACE ALWAYS WITH THEM! A SPACE NO ONE CAN EVER ENTER! I JUST LOVE THAT FACT. *black feminist lessons from marine mammals* **DARK HORSES WITH LITTLE BELLY HAIR TWITCHED BETWEEN NAILS.** A BREATH TOO CLOSE BUT KATY PERRY ON MY (PERIODIC TABLE) MIND. I AM TAKEN TO CHURCH BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE (AMENDMENT). SENSES A LOT WHAT IT MEANS. HOW IS ALEX PRESSING THE WORDS? INTO SKIN. HOW IS ALEX PRESSING THE EYES? VERY INTENSE. A BELLY BURNING THE FLOOR A JACKET BETWEEN. THERE IS A KEY. WIE EIN HAUCH TWITCHING EYELIDS HAIR ON FLOOR LIKE TRACES. TRYING TO COLLECT. NOT LITTER. **GATHERING THE HAIR TWITCHING IT.** NOT LITTER. SHAHRZAD KLINGT SO WEICH. MARSHMALLOWS NEED THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE TO NOT BE STICKY. TWITCHING UTTERLY, FADED HAIR FALLING **ALL LEAVING THE SKULL** LITTLE DOT ON THE NOD TOO LONG NAILS ABJECT WHAT A LOSS I DO LISTEN, I DO REST, I LINGER STROKE THE STROKES A STROKE A BAND AN ILLNESS SOMETHING COMFY. CHOCOLATE ON MY PEN. **A FLICK OF A WRIST** CAN'T IT BE FOREVER? PENELOPE AIR. CANNOT CLOSE MY EARS BUT I WANT – FRINGES. THE NAILS SHOULD SEND THEIR MESSAGE JUST YET. **FACES TURNED AND FLAT (TIME REVERSED).**

Adriana  
Gheorghe

Elvia Wilk

David Abram

David Abram

Alexis Pauline  
Gumbs

Daft Punk  
Pilates Class



A HIDDEN SWORD ERUPTS (BLADES SHIFT). EXPANSION OF A ROCKET MAN. MILKY WAY MAKES YOU SHIVER. KUNSTHISTORISCHES MUSEUM ARCHIV FUEHRUNG 300M WEITER SPIELT DIE PHILHARMONIE. **DER ERSTE WEIBLICHE DIRIGENT.** FLEES SPRUNG WIDELY BELOW THE WINDOW. NO PALM TREES LEFT TO MOURN MY BOY. ONLY CYCADS HALF BLINDFOLDEDLY LOOKING FOR HOMES. THEY PIERCE INTO THE SEA DIRECTIONS UNCLEAR BUT SOLID. YOU ARE GENTLE BUT UNKNOWING. YOU LITTLE PRICK (BIT)VENOM. MY ANACONDA DON'T MY ANACONDA DON'T. WISHING FOR A **MELTING SACRUM BRUSHING OUT OLD SKINS REBUS REBIRTH.** YOU WILL HUG YOUR GRANDMOTHER. STEEL IN HANDS STEELY DAN DANNY THE I FORGOT STREETS. TURN ON THE HEATING. TINY WINDOWS WIDOWS WINDOWS. EIN MORGEN OHNE CAFÉ IS LIKE A ROOM FULL DUST \*SIGHS IN LAUGHING WRINKLES\* : CARESS! OVER AND OVER AGAIN NOW MORE THAN EVER FOREVER ALWAYS FOREVER NEKTAR UND AMBROSIA. TAKE A SIP MY DEAR! A SLURP YOU LONGED TO SEE THIS. ALLEZ-HOP. EVENTUALLY BACTERIAS BUILD IN THIS BODY LINGERING IN DETAIL TRANSFORMING SOME OF THE STUFF. IT'S ITCHY EVEN IF YOU'RE INTELLIGENT. SUGAR TO ITCH SUGAR TO ITCH (NO MESS). SUNRISE CARESSING FROM UNDERNEATH. **RICH TRILOGY DINOSAUR TRAIL NO TAIL.** MIDDLE OF MUMBLING OF MITTAGESSEN OF MANGO RIND. IT DOESN'T ADD UP IT DOESN'T LEAD ANYWHERE YET. ALL KIND OF NOT YETS. YOU ROCK MY WORLD YOU KNOW YOU DO. DOESN'T NOT YET COULDN'T DO ADDED. THAT'S THE HARDEST. PICK NICK PICK ME PICK UP. *the power of gentleness: meditations on the risk of living.* MARON MARBLE SEPARATE THE BOOKS. DROOPY EYELIDS MAKE PUNK ROCK IN A GARAGE. COLUMNS FOUR OF THEM ELEVATE THE VERTEBRAES. BUM BUM LIFTS RATHER BORING & STUDIOUS ROOMS. IT'S GETTING IMMENSELY DRY WHICH MAKES IT HARD TO OPEN. IS A SELF-REFLECTION ACTIVE PASSIVITY OF PARADOX IN OUR FATHERS IN OUR COLLECTIVE MEMORIES IS STILL A DEEP CENSORSHIP ALIVE SHE BEGINS TO BE AN ANIMAL. SHE DIED TWICE. GENERICIDE THE GOVERNMENTS WITH A GENTEEL DEFORMATION, REMOVE OUR ACTS WITH IDENTIFYING OUR TRUTHS LIKE A SELF-REFLECTION IN THE CROWD OF VOICES. *the power of gentleness: meditations on the risk of living.* WITH NECESSARY WARS WITH KISSES WITH SO-CALLED VALUES OF HEART **WITH UNDOING** WITH DISAPPEARING WITH HAND HAIR HES HADAGHE HANJARE VA HA VA HA VA HA VA HA VA HALF KOERPER VA HATE FROM KOERPER VA HARMONICAL KOERPER VA HEILIG KOERPER VA HASHTAK KOERPER VA HARD KOERPER VA HARSH KOERPER VA HER KOERPER VA HUMAN KOERPER VA HEARD KOERPER VA HANDELING KOERPER VA HAS A KOERPER VA WHOLE KOERPER VA HAPPENING IN KOERPER AND VAGINA, WITH WAITING IN WATER *poems* EUROPE LOVE YOUR NEIGHBORS EMERGENCY MARKETS OF APPLE PIE WHILE YOU ARE BURNING WAEHREND DIE WAFFEL WENN SIE AUF DISCH SCHIESSEN AND YOU SAY: HUMMM HUMMM BLACK LOVE SHAME. TURN TO RED ES REGNET ABER SIE SCHIESSEN NOCH IMMER NOCH WE ALWAYS CONTROL OURSELVES SELLER OF THE TIME AND ART WORKS TO MAKE A SPACE TO TAKE CARE OF SPACE MAKE SOMETHING POSSIBLE A CARE WITHOUT END FOR SLOW DEATH NOT ONE COMFORTABLE CARE BUT NOT ONE SIDE INVISIBLE TO LIVE TODAY TO LEAVE TODAY TO LEAVE THE FUTURE FOR THE PAST. WHITENESS OF THE POLICE AND TAKE CARE ABOUT THE FORMS. TO BE A FORM OF EFFECT. TO BE EFFECTIVE TO BE BEYOND, TO BECOME THE POLICE, TO BE A BODY UNDER THE COMMENTS. GIVE US YOUR VOICE FOR A TOUCH FROM GOVERNMENT IN MY OFFICE IN MY BED. MY GARTEN MY WAY MY MIND MYSELF **for an ontological strike.**

*Olivia Laing or the idea of what she might have written in the book that I love but didn't read*

*Anne Dufourmantelle*

*Anne Dufourmantelle*

*Reza Baraheni*

*Mohammad Mokhtari*

*Jota Mombaça*

## TO SING THE WIND, PIPES & BONES, A DANCE CHORAL

Concept **Alix Eynaudi** with & by **Camilla Schielin, Júlia Rúbies Subirós, Shahrzad Nazarpour, Theresa Scheinecker, Alex Bailey and Han-Gyeol Lie** Sound design, music compilation, montage of music **Han-Gyeol Lie, Paul Kotal** Light design **Krishna Piplits** (a re-visiting of the light design made for the piece *Hedera Helix* by Elizabeth Ward) Costumes **An Breugelmanns** Digital Piano **Kawai MP 9500** Preproduction and music residency **Zonkeystudios** Production management **Eva Holzinger / mollusca productions** - Production **Tanzquartier Wien** with the special help of **Jonathan Hörnig**.

The texts printed in this booklet were written by Parasol artists Camilla, Júlia, Shahrzad, Tracy Ray, and Alex while we read the authors referenced in the margins. The texts were written inside of the exercise *The Spell of the Sensuous*, named after a book by David Abram. In this book, the author explores the character of perception and excavates the sensual foundations of language, which—even at its most abstract—echoes the calls and cries of the earth.

**to sing the wind,  
a collective bruise,  
a team, a time spent  
together, a  
choreographic  
spell, a prefatory  
charm, the sensation  
that nothing that  
comes out of my  
mouth, fingers,  
keyboard, mother  
tongue, language,  
is mine**

somewhere along the  
lines i rest between  
your tongues,  
plant dances  
where perfume meets  
your smell  
i fall i slip  
in the sleep of your  
tongue  
around my languages

please fold your time  
slowly near me

unfixing, dislocating,  
disowning  
the dances-words-  
thoughts-tongues borrowers  
slid swords into words  
into libraries

owing to one another  
all the time  
borrowing words-  
thoughts as we are

dances, re-flexing our  
muscle tones

this language is not  
mine  
i bit my tongue, which  
is not mine  
It's a mother's, language  
says

how i love the mutual  
indebtedness that is not  
about paying one  
another back, but about  
enjoying that  
dependance, listening  
to the ghosts -our  
protextions- in the  
paddings, quilts, of our  
shady studies

jumping off board  
surfing sofas, texts,  
annotations and their  
arrangements as many  
vehicles, conveyors of  
senses -as in senses  
leaving the littorals  
our literal translations  
leaving the ship [a  
pause for the word ship.  
the break it asks to  
think of a ship.]

this language is not  
mine  
it's motherless  
I bit my tongue  
i bite your tongue  
It's a mother's,

language says  
as if declining language  
itself and what  
evidence it contains

no thing that comes out  
of my mouths, fingers,  
keyboard is mine

striking a text in  
brushed aside  
footnotes, cultivating  
cult notes  
resting in forces that  
already exist  
listening to the voices  
trickling down the  
inside of my clothes, my  
bed-sheet the inside of  
my arms

and the voices that  
don't stop falling  
bumping on to familiar  
patterns on the floor,  
skirting the old stain  
taking a collection of  
words in their wake  
they leak down under  
my feet, drip in reverse  
in my mouth  
and sing no songs in  
my arms

Alix Eynaudi, written in the  
company of Paula Caspão, Avery F.  
Gordon, Mirene Arsanios, Valentina  
Desideri, Fred Moten, Laura  
Vazquez & many others.

**ALFRED'S HANDBOOK**  
for Prepared Digital Piano

»...*Et maintenant, va – Et chante selon ton cœur. Tu sais ton métier*«.  
*Alfred Cortot, 1928*

**CLOUD \***

***Sorted by note lengths and tails.***

Conlon Nancarrow (1938–1997) by Paul Kotal (\*1992)

Study for Player Piano No. 20 (1965)

Original recording produced on Nancarrow's modified Ampico Player Piano  
(1977, Label: Other Minds, Instrument: Bösendorfer)

\* Unofficial subtitle.

**AARON \***

***Pdf score translated by »Sheet Music Scanner«.***

Alfred Cortot (1877–1962)

Rational Principles of Pianoforte Technique (1928)

\* Elder Brother and mouth of Moses [singing role in A. Schoenbergs opera fragment  
»Moses and Aron« (1923–1937)]

**GRAINS**

***Nancarrow repetitious notes elongated and divided by Cortot's thumb.***

Chapter I. Equality, Independence and Mobility of the Fingers

Series A. Tenuto Finger Exercises

**ROUND ROBIN \***

***Nancarrow b' restored by Cortot c'.***

Series B. Exercises with Free Fingers

\* Method of sample playback allowing natural variations in otherwise static patterns.

**CLUSTER DUCK \***

***Cloudy water and »Crumple«, a song by Alex Bailey.***

Serie C. Lateral Finger Movements

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Gesänge der Frühe / Morning Songs op. 133 (1853), Coda from Piece No. 4

Played by Jörg Demus (1974, Label: Intercord)

\* Stuffed brown leather duck (Omersa), black leather strap, green led eyes, by An  
Breugelmans.

**MC HAMMER**

***End of key by Acoustic piano and »1990«, a song by Camilla Schielin.***

Chapter II. Passing under of the Thumb – Scales – Arpeggios

**BY(E) AARON**

***Glissandi scale unified – inverted – unified again.***

Chapter V. The Techniques of the Wrist – The Execution of Chords

**ARTEFACTS**

***Disclosure of Eastman by voiceprints of Parasol poems.***

Julius Eastman (1940–1990)

Evil N\*\*\*\*\* (1979)

Performed live by Devonté Hynes (2020, Label: Swan House, Instrument: Yamaha)

**SEQUEL**

***Bonded by H.G. Lie.***

Ryūichi Sakamoto (\*1952)

Germination, Section B (Album: Coda, 1983)

[written for the film »Furyo – Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence« by N. Oshima, 1983]