

NAKED RECOURSE

apass

With many thanks to mentors

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Artistic Research
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apass

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INTRODUCTION

Naked Recourse is an ongoing artistic research that takes the researcher through a process of deconfiguration by provoking an arbitrary relation to a complexity of unresolved questions:

How to act within a state through the subversion of rules and governing factors?

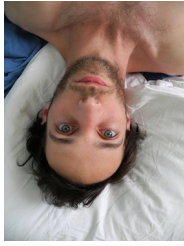
What are the determining factors of decision making processes? Is there a possibility to manifest a naked state; a space preceding the attribution of anything, whilst being not nothing?

How can - or cannot - there be a relation that choreographs sense making beyond capacities of imagination and contextualization?

None of the points of departure have so far results into something like a defined answer. The questions rather function as a pivotal point to refer to when translating non textual experiences into english discourse.

Navigating through dances within the mind, dances with the body, dances between spaces, and dances in making sense, ... , the textual matter serves much alike something like a gyroscope in a helicopter with a malfunctioning tail rotor.

Vertigous, volatile and at once immobile, supra-dimensional and kind of like some spherical suspension between infinite distances, ultra-squashed proximities, gravitational pulls, and graciousness' promises of exigent beauty and miraculous wonders in a semi-mundane world.



ID part one

Fuck Yeah, no fuck given, Love, Love...

Amorica, Eretica...

Sweet and savoury. Everything has been said
throughout the ages...

Righteousness-Wrongteousness, Respect nothing and
everything itself, accept fear and suffering,
French kiss your Father. Sodomize yourself. Patrons
and Matrons are a heavenly match for nuclear war.

No to power, Yes to love, Clitericious words,
give birth to a penis, and please make jokes about
yourself, you are very funny, fuck irony, be
cruel for real, humor. Miss o genie :) Uniquely yours
truly...

Orgasmic,

Mary

white, red, black !

MULE FEST

Mules are an almost irreproducible breed. A hybrid offspring from the sexual intercourse of a horse with a donkey.

The Headless Chelsea or mule may be a personification of the latent paganism of some popular practices echoing in the collective conscience of a people massively indoctrinated with a simplistic view of Catholicism. It showcases the wild instincts and repressed behaviours that are unacceptable in a Judeo-Christian society. There may be some connection between the Brazilian Headless Mules and the witches which the Church burnt wholesale in Western Europe.

Being personified as an animal implies a negative view of the character, which embodies the deepest forces that are part of the human consciousness, namely the libido, whose sexual aspect is traditionally associated with the horse, a symbol of sexual potency and brutal feats.

The absence of a head may be a metaphor for the lack of reason, or evidence that the curse involved the perdition of the soul. In either case, without the head to give direction, the body is left under the power of violent passions, immediate impulses and selfish desires.

The most frequent cause for the curse is a woman's unchristian love for a priest, a vicar of Christ on Earth. This association shows the lengths the Church went to indoctrinate people (both priests and women) about the importance of celibacy.[citation needed]

Hinnies are on average slightly smaller than mules in part because donkeys are generally smaller than horses, and growth potential of equine offspring is influenced by the size of the dam's womb. There is debate over whether this is the only reason for the size variances between the two types of hybrid equines. Some fanciers believe this size difference is only physiological, owing to the smaller size of the donkey dam, as compared to mares, which are generally much larger. Others claim it is a natural consequence of the reciprocal cross, but the position of the American Donkey and Mule Society (ADMS) is that "The genetic inheritance of the hinny is exactly the same as the mule." [1]

Like mules, hinnies do come in many sizes. This is because donkeys come in many sizes, from miniatures, as small as 24 inches (610 mm) at the withers, to American Mammoth Jacks that may be over 15 hands (60 inches, 152 cm) at the withers. Thus, a hinny is restricted to being about the size of the largest breed of donkey. Mules, however, have a female horse as a parent, so they can be as large as the size of the largest breed of horse, such as those foaled from work horse mares such as the Belgian. [citation needed]

Other than size, there are some minor differences that may occur to distinguish between mules and hinnies. The head of a hinny is said to resemble that of a horse, more so than mule heads, with shorter ears, although they are still longer than those of horses, and more horse-like manes and tails than mules. [1] There are both male and female hinnies. A male hinny is properly called a horse hinny, and a female hinny is properly called a mare hinny. In England, a hinny is commonly called a jennet.

source site: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Headless_Mule

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hinny>

ZIZEK ON LIVING HEALTHY

TRANSCRIPT

It's no longer the injunction to control yourself, to repress your strivings or whatever. It's on the contrary: the injunction to enjoy it, to go to the end. This is what we feel guilty about today, and this, I think, also changes fundamentally the role of psychoanalysis. It doesn't make it outdated it is more actual than ever. Only its function fundamentally changed.

In the good old days, or so it appeared, now it is clear that it never was simply like that; the idea was the following one: let's say you are sexually frustrated, because you internalized some, eh, paternal, or other prohibitions, you cannot enjoy sex, and the function of psychoanalysis, is to, to, eh, relieve you, release you of the pressure of this, eh, internalized prohibitions, so you can let yourself go, you can enjoy. And in other words, you feel guilty if you transgressed social prohibitions in order to enjoy.

Today it is almost the opposite: you feel guilty if you cannot make it, if you cannot enjoy. And we shouldn't take here enjoyment just in the immediate sense of sex, sensual pleasure, of drinking, whatever... it can be enjoyment of power, social success, professional success, it can even be spiritual enjoyment, in the new age sense, gnostic sense, of realizing your ego, and so on, and so on. What we are, eh, getting today is that you feel guilty if in this sense you cannot enjoy yourself. So this brings us actually to a double function of psychoanalysis today:

a) Its message is not: relaxed, get rid of prohibitions. Its message is, as Alain Badiou put it in wonderful terms: you should learn to become, eh, a pitiless censor of yourself.

The role of psychoanalysis today is not to enable you to enjoy, but to open up a space in which you are allowed not to enjoy; that is the fundamental message of psychoanalysis today. You are not obliged to enjoy. You are allowed not to enjoy. Which, off course, is not the same as saying: you are prohibited to enjoy. Just you are allowed: not to enjoy.

This confronts us further more with the paradoxes of todays superego. Which is how on the one hand permissivity and up in its opposite. Like today the injunction is to enjoy, the result is more prohibitions, regulations than ever.

You can enjoy yourself, but in order to enjoy yourself properly you are ordered to what? Not eat too much, to engage in jogging, to take care of your fitness, not to smoke, eh, and so on, and so on. Just look around and I think there is nothing more miserable today than those younger couples ore people who organise their life in order to enjoy themselves. The regulation is total.

On the other hand we have the opposite paradox, which is that: the so called newly emergent fundamentalism is not here in order to introduce some new stability, to give you firm ethical foundation in todays world where there are no firm stable values and so on, but on the contrary I claim: it is here to open up, a kind of a false space of freedom. I am referring here, of course, implicitly to Lacans famous reversal of the Dostojevski motto. According to Lacan it is not that god doesn't exist, everything is permitted, but if god doesn't exist, everything is prohibited. This is the lesson of the hedonistic yuppies. And its opposite lesson, no less crucial. If god exists then everything is permitted. Which means: if you can justify your role as that of being the instrument of the divine will. In other words: you hear voices, you have the contact with the guy up there. Either George Bush or Osama Bin Laden, as many people notice, this is what they have in common: they both

hear directly from up there. Then you can do whatever you want. You can do terrorist acts, bomb countries, and so on.

So, here we see how difficult it is to orient ourselves in today's constellation, there is a certain urge to false freedom inherent to the system itself. Which is why I claim the main task today is to reinvent utopia, the space of utopia. What do I mean by this? It is not of course the old fashioned utopia, which is the utopia of imagining an ideal world about which we know in advance that it will never be realized. The big models here are of course Plato's Republic, Thomas Moore's Utopia, and we should not forget Marquis de Sade, eh, Philosophy in the Boudoir; that's the classical utopia.

Then we have what I am tempted to call Capitalist Utopia: this unbridled solicitation of new and new desires, which can go pretty far: like today I am learning that in the US there is some community seriously considering the idea that, eh, necrophiliacs, those who want to play sexual games with corpses, dead bodies, are seriously deprived. So isn't it the duty of society to provide them with corpses? Can it be done in some ways so that people sign voluntarily, in the same way that you sign that if you die, your heart, your organs, that your body be used to be delivered to necrophiliacs and so on. The problem here is that how radical this way appears, the is something ridiculously benign about it. About this capitalist utopia. You can go to the end, basically nothing happens.

But we have a third utopia. Which is again neither this classical utopia of imagining, an alternative universe, not even dreaming about really realizing it, and the capitalist utopia of ever new desires, extreme forms of satisfying desires. There is a third mode where, I would say it is precisely the real, the real core of utopia.

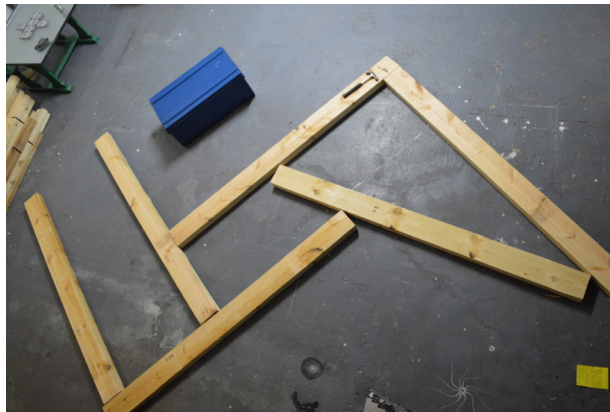
I think a truly radical utopia is not an exercise in free imagination like: you sit down, don't have anything

wiser to do than to imagine possible ideas of the world. It is something that you do literally as out of an inner urge. You have to invent something new when you cannot do it otherwise. True utopia for me is not a matter of the future, it is something to be immediately enacted, when there is no other way. Utopia in this sense simply means: do what appears within the given symbolic coordinates as impossible. Take the risk, change the very coordinates.

And I am not talking about something crazy. Even big classical, well known, even sometimes conservative acts have this utopian dimension. Like to take a ridiculous example: thirty years ago, remember Richard Nixons trip to China. There was almost a utopian dimension to it. Why? Because he did what appeared as impossible. China was portrayed as the ultimate evil super power, with Soviet Union there was the threat with China. The act changed the coordinates. It did the impossible. This is what we need more than ever today. Because, ultimately, I claim, the true utopia is not a different order. It is the idea that the existent order can function indefinitely. The true utopia was not communism, which disintegrated in '89. It was the utopia of the nineties. The idea, elaborated among others by Francis Fukuyama, that we discovered the final social form: liberal capitalist democracy. That we cannot go further. That it is just a question of making it liquid, more tolerant, spread all along your girdle, that we have the formula. And I think if there is a symbolic meaning of September 11, is that the time of that utopia is over. The real of history is back. Which is why today the urge is not to be terrorized by the so called post political politics, which tells us ideological times are over: all you can do is play the realistic game of accepting the trends, and so on. We should dare to enact the impossible. We should rediscover how to, how to not imagine, but enact utopia. The point, again, it is not

about planning utopia's. The point is about practicing them. And I think it is not a question of: should we do it or should we simply persist in the existing order? It is much more radical, it is a matter of survival. The future will be utopian, or there will be none.

source clip: http://youtu.be/jjk_EAa80QQ



AUTOPOIETIC ASYLUM

The constitution of first-order autopoiesis in relation to its components is totalitarian, conservative, absolute, and invariant. It subjugates all of the activities of the system to its own production. Transposed to a human setting, this is a blueprint for a parasocial system of abuse. In order to generate a 3°A system, one must obliterate self-conscious self-specification. In a word, one must eradicate the agentic Self-Observer. The more a family attempts to act as if it were an autopoietic system, the more allonomously the participants must behave, and the less evident is reflexive monitoring of conduct. Laing¹⁷ pointed out the typical rules of family life which provide a mechanism for this simultaneous erosion of intersubjective reflexivity and increasing allonomy as follows:

Rule A: Don't.

Rule A1: Rule A does not exist.

Rule A2: Do not discuss the existence or non-existence of Rules A, A1, or A2¹⁸.

The pervasiveness of such rules for the destruction of subjectivity are obvious in many systems. When the participants follow them, they will 'forget' that these rules exist: their levels of consciousness are diminished. The continuous elaboration of such rule systems places extreme constraints on the limits of one's world. Coercive limits are quickly reached regarding what may be said and, eventually, what may be imagined.

Laing comments:

"... it would never even occur to a perfectly brainwashed person to think certain unmentionably filthy thoughts. Such cleanliness, however, requires constant vigilance: vigilance against what?

The answer is strictly unthinkable. To have clean memories, reveries, desires, dreams, imagination, one must keep clean company, and guard all senses against pollution. If one only overhears someone else talking filthy, one has been polluted. Even if one can forget one ever heard it, right away. But one has to remember to continue to forget and remember to

remember to avoid that person in future” 19 . :(

Here we see the consciousness-paralyzing process in the allonomous subject. This process is characteristic of all third-order systems which pretend to be autopoietic, whether a family, an asylum, a business, a concentration camp, or a totalitarian state. The current slogan of the Chinese gerontocracy (those responsible for the massacre in Tiananmen Square in Beijing last year) is “Stability Before Everything”. Thus governmental stability, the conservation of the power of those gerontocrats, “justified” the mass killings. In the Maoist era, ‘mindless sloganeering’ was systematically used to render consciousness impossible. Death, of course, is another method.

source site: <http://www.oikos.org/autopoiesis.htm#Asylum>

ID part two

There is something peculiar about the place we found ourselves in. Somewhat how the rain goes straight Into the well. So laughing stocks and Wishful thinking. We miss her, yes we miss HER. She is around you can sense her if you drop the guard. At the Same time we are hunting, mostly for pleasure and that is frisky and “yoyeuse”. This Morning the cat was in the attic, then down-stairs at the entrance chewing on the straw. Too much love will kill you, Anyway goes along. Next time for a barbecue, we will not eat then, because we love marshmallows. This green night Has turned blood into bright light. No more yokes for the do what thou whilst bunch. Loving the armor. Sweet love and tender Inside. Witch men are such softies.

That makes the atoms seem miles apart. Mostly empty space in between, if you know, What I mean, nice. Then cut of da mama chakra we floopet and crawling onto it we looked. The a slap in the tip we got, breathlessly we gave time, and it was rather fine. yummy is the gingerbread and seeds are also made of sand. Whatever you desire will only make you tired. Get a grip on nothing, play for real and let go of something. Like banana and pears. Prunes and daisies are fair. Clock keeps spinning all over the place we found ourselves into. Cycling is for native monty ponty climbers. Valley of sincerity, were have you been, m’as tu vu sans tutu?

Smart phones make persons look like dummies. Cigarettes like nipple suckers. For the da love of it. Lendel made me see zizek and now I agree, I’m more something like Pythagoras, freaky channels and impersonations flowing through. I’m making this up. There is only nothing to be scared of and it seems hard to find it

then.... Googlelicious Cheesecake and coffee, magnificent numbers in spelling gaming letters. BMW, my fathers first car after he divorced my mom at the time when I was about six, a station car, green, and an affair with a chick that run of with the car and half his business. Makes sense now - then I liked to sit in that car, still don't have a driving license.

Someone told me that Libra's shouldn't drive, for Historical reasons. She is from Piraeus and moving to Brussels soon. Indigo What? A the point? ppt? No way. Singular nonsense a pleasure for postures. Pizza Capriziosa. Infinite choice of toppings. Glover runs for recipes, the same time of cooking. Satellite dreaming, can't believe we are All heading towards that color. Do you Wish for more? Like some nasty yokes? Besides the eggwhite, shitloads of cholesterol, amfibious and delicious. Mammals are sweet suckers, my love knows no end.

Desire repeats itself. Red roses, nail polish and chaos-mosis. The sea is you, next into the clit lit.

Thou shalt rock the casba, and slow tza manna! Rather a cannibal than a leech. Around 2 billion around the fishy spread. Saliva makes it oooareee so wet. Tiredness is nice, fatigue is sweetness love. Salud to marjory. And vast sense of melancholy. Amazing Ascensionen, love da dude Ash for mourning. Let forever be love GLoL Broll C droll snorring Uhm? All childrons on the playground.

CONSUME COKE
BUY MORE CONFIDENCE

BE ALCOHOLIC
BLAME YOUR MOTHER

WORK HARDER
YOU ARE ALMOST DEAD

PRAY TO GOD IF YOU
FEAR THE DEVIL
PRAY TO THE DEVIL IF YOU
FEAR YOURSELF
PRAY TO YOURSELF IF YOU
FEEL LIKE PRAYING

MAKE LOVE
UNTIL IT IS ENOUGH

EROGENOUS ZONE

QUESTIONS

- If you would imagine your current work as a full body:
 1. How would its genitals be like?
 2. What kind of tongue would it have?
 3. How would its skin feel like?
- Then when this full body of work would move around in this space, how would it displace itself?
- Now, if this body would look at itself in a mirror, what would it feel like?
- And if its reflection, like its perfect mirror of itself, would step out of the mirror and starts to seduce its original body, how would they make love with each other?
- Then after making love and orgasms and dreams and after play and breakfast or even brunch and so on, why would this body behave reasonable when it realizes that it finally needs to leave its lover ?

GENERAL STUPIDITY

Call it an oppositional defiant disorder, not to say plain ignorant arrogance. There are a lot of words that give me a feeling similar to a sensuous, even erotic pleasure. I like most of the ideas when they have this nice and sophisticated way of putting it. For example: "First there is nothing and then something appears to return to nothing and to appear as something over and over again." Over time: nothing new under the sun; mainly a rephrasing of sound, language and an increasing complex vocabulary.

Over time many words have been written and even more words have been read. This can be so when reading between the lines, or reading a word while reading all the associations along in the mind. To quote myself in one of my early works: "mama, papa, dada." Lets say for now that this is not funny at all, above all hilarious.

The treatment of this case could be considered to be what it is, no more and certainly no less. For now we can continue with a list arranged by little round dots:

- Fool
- Fuller
- Abbey
- Mark
- Dart
- Liver
- Abandon
- Magnify
- Suntan
- Angels
- Glandular
- Perennial
- Quintessence

- Dior
- Parallelogram
- Draft
- Nobilities
- Sex
- Open
- Experientific
- Mistake
- Barbar
- Hot
- Introductive
- Undressed
- Approval
- Stardust
- Memory
- Children

The transindividuality of the common knowledge of the individual subject composes the collective potential of the arbitrary conscious conformist. I am dead serious. When a kid can play football on the sidewalk of the street, we can trust that we have the comfort to dedicate most of our life time to wrestle with the noodles between our ears. When an adult can cut out and eat the heart of its supposed enemy, we can trust that we have the chance to live for the next meal. To quote myself in one of my more recent works: “The road to hell is paved with good intentions”.

Madonna had only a few minutes to save the world. The important aspect of this act of benevolent behavior is the underlying motive. A certain Timberlake appears as her complementary counterpart, playing the role of her lover and her son.

Around this time the focus diffuses into a primordial soup. The tendency to hold on to a fashionable referent to save this act of writing from utter irrelevance can be juxtaposed with a few favorable keywords.

“In order to think individuation, it is necessary to consider being neither as substance, nor as matter, nor as form, BUT as a tight, supersaturated system, above the LEVEL of unity, INCONSISTENT solely in itself and not adequately thinkable by means of the excluded middle; the concrete and complete BEING - that is, the PREINDIVIDUAL being - is a being that is MORE than a unity. UNITY, characteristic of the individuated being, and IDENTITY, which authorizes the use of the PRINCIPLE of the EXCLUDED middle, do not APPLY to preindividual being [... think what you want ...] ; unity AND identity apply ONLY to one of the PHASES of the being posterior to the OPERATION of individuation.”

Angels and the General Intellect
Paulo Virno

I am not a Marxist, my father's name is Marcus. The state I find myself to be in, is somehow slightly indescribable. SINGULARITY; Jesus Christ Holy Ass Fuck. Pussy licking good and highly post-porn Catholicism. There is resentment towards religion in the fibers of our common soul. Too many witches have been burned to ever make it up to the future truth seekers. Darling, you know that you got to have fate for what you are trying to do to me.

To invent new social relations we need to invent new social practices.

To which category can I assign this phrase to?
Practical Jokes would be a suggestion.

Time turns here.

UT6

She bended forward while reaching for her glass. I glanced at her back and could feel my friends gaze looking at the same place on her body. We both wanted her badly while she was still considering which one of us she would like to take home. Helter Skelter he kept saying through all of his words. Cinnamon and Honey I kept countering it with, you know, the slower kind of hellish stickiness.

We all left the apartment and went to see her friends show. I felt ashamed about being there. It was still the same profitable lamentation about male to female abuse. A kind of reckoning of all men because of what they did to their mothers. In other words: a kind of longing for a father for saying I love you to his daughter, for not sticking his fists up his sisters anusses, or for not choking his girlfriend for knowing that then we'd be dying in vain of empty envy.

Barely surviving the clubbing party that followed up on the event, I left the scene to continue with their blue and green outfits; realizing that if you mix those up, you end up with a kind of shitty brown tint that only matches with the same color shirts.

A friend from high school followed me on my way home, and asked suddenly why I was always chicken-ing out on these occasions, in his words: "Why you're being such a yellow bastard?" I didn't reply, but looked into his eyes and saw his gaze shiver. I wonder what he saw in me at that time, most likely just another reflection of himself, something he didn't know he could be. Home alone I quickly sank into a dreamless trance.

Then suddenly I got awakened by the noise of my black

toaster: “cillunnck”. I didn’t understand how a slice of bread could be toasted all by itself. Again, I doubted my sleepwalking capacities, but when I opened the bathroom door, she stood there, right in front of the toilet. “How did you get in here?” I asked her. She did not respond. So I considered her to be another one of those mirages and I attempted to pass straight through her; in other words: I had to pee urgently.

Suddenly she turned green, and looked like some weird character from *The Ring*, you know, the Japanese version way before Hollywood derived its cheap copy cat. Her pitch-black hair enveloped my neck and went through my mouth and nose down into my throat, it reached somewhere until my stomach. Her elbows both hit directly on my back in the space between my ribs and pelvis. I could hear my kidneys breaking apart. One of her knees simply crushed both my testicles at once, while her thumbs were penetrating the space where there used to be my pretty blue eyes. Her tongue gently licked my forehead and dissolved the pale skin I used to have on my crane. All of this happened along the same instant while she whispered: “You pee when I am done peeing, darling.”

I totally passed out on a dark fake blue marble floor. When I woke up, I still don’t remember how long I had been there, I felt I was lying in my own slimy and bloody piss. My throat was dry as the wind in the Sahara desert. I couldn’t see anything and everything sounded as if it was like being under water. This lasted for some ages. Now the sun arose again.

Today I am much better. It feels amazing to glance with her back, along a butt crack, the thighs, back of the knees, ankles, inner sole of the bottom of the foot and in between the second and middle toe.

It loves to see eyes while seeing funky camel toes in between happy legs along belly buttons and pointy nipples on little bouncy tits, swallowing most of us all in all dimensions.

Then again, big temples and voluptuous revolving masses are also amazing, although re-bouncing mindless carnalities prevent from knowing that is not just to be passing on liquids along her_piece.

Instead, its all about living within our proper age and feeling resonance with a full spectrum of genders, to paraphrase Emma Watson in her mice like tonality on the HeForShe campaign. Left alone the whole plea for far more rights, so off course, sweetie.



CELEBRATION

monologue

to last throughout the years
somewhere where there is a good time
come together what is the pleasure
no matter, it is a celebration

a dedication to last throughout the years
there are so many things to leave behind
nothing needed by any means of any kind
we are going to have a goodnight time tonight

ain't nobody home since it's left for the scream of care
or shout
give me one more change roll and levitate from any
ground
no other to prepare neither hearts to declare, just pre-
sents
in instants now between here, there, where and how.

i'm ready so red day give me something so we can
howl
roses, wine and narcosis, whatever brings this airborne
submarine down.
hot pants, find them all, make them blow my mind
yes, all james brown, smoke it, good god.

Love over there, girl you say you're gonna put it loose
all day long
hot pants out, you ain't want to do it, come on
there are just too many desperate feelings going on

so lets start at day one, there is a time to share loose
but whenever you need, you can share it in the hand of
your palm.

The lion stopped talking and sets you free in a some
number century.

Normal freaks are frightened from psychotic dweeps
while watching poetics
like framing profiles to fashion liberty. stop him her it,
her it him, her him it
can't stand it, how, can't stand the love.

You name it, what you want me to do?
Will i do it, love is it real or also true?
Bass, melody, help me walk a little bit here.
Wait a minute, can't stand it.

Ok, kill no one
let leave be left like like
upset the soul
get undecided
let all ways be unknown
don't use anything
go along and along gone.
Say what you meant
now we are getting less
or more less

we gotta get over before we go under
tell yourself: i can do what you can do
i got to say it again, we got to get together to buy some
land
like some weird gang, making or gone out of desert
sand.
Flying through the rivers straight in the ocean of tomor-
rows
neverland. Can't shut down a heart, it's a compulsory
rhythm.

last thing like literal in text,

just some guides for boredom or anxiety, fierceness or
passive distress:

repeat every thought in your mind until
it drives you crazy, then try it with crazy and tune your
senses to a harmonious continuation of your changing
individual affects on sense. While doing this, simply
keep track of what the body is moving through and how
this moves with the body.

She likes the boys in the band
that girl is pretty wild now
that kind you read about
that girl is all right with me
yeah, she is superfreaky
everybody singing
in a limousine

complacency,
really says: 'nothing' to loose.
The rebellion says 'no way'
and everyone's opinion is heard
most is forgotten
few emails
exchanged
sad art dimming
nobody should never be
sacrificed for any power
or you feel nice like sugar or spice
so have a rest, it is well past survive
dream some, wake now
from then holidays
funny art given
for the live
with a tune.

and, a happy new year because this ain't no show.

digital replication in the age of mass consumption

UNBRIDLE D CREATIVIT Y UNFOLDS BOREDOM

COUNTER CASH

The less money you have, the more counter cash you can spend. The more money you have, the less counter cash you can spend. If you have no money at all, you can look for the richest person, enterprise, corporation, organization... and spend the same amount in counter cash. If you are the richest person, enterprise, corporation, organization... the only way to get some counter cash is to buy it from someone who has no money.

euro/dollar/pound/yen	< >	counter cash
0	=	maximum
1	=	maximum -1
2	=	maximum -4
3	=	maximum -9
4	=	maximum -16
5	=	maximum -25
6	=	maximum -36
7	=	maximum -49
8	=	maximum -64
9	=	maximum -81
10	=	maximum -100

The maximum amount of counter cash is equal to the largest amount of money owned by any person, enterprise, corporation, organization at any time.

If the largest amount of money would be spend to buy the maximum amount of counter cash, the transaction takes place at exponential rate:

Largest amount of money =
maximum counter cash - (largest amount of money)²

Father

		< ?
F	=	< ?
		Fuck
		< ?

Fascism

Whatever happened to that occupy camp? Did it resolve itself or is it going on? Or is the cleaning service bound to do their underpaid job? Are we revolving history or is it all unfolding along a straight line? Or are both like spiraling through space in some Archimedean equation before some roman idiot stabs his sword through it? Who cares anyway? We have moved on since then because we all got as drunk as lazarus to forget our unfulfilled misery of our family routine's, ugly spouses and unfaithful fuck arounds, until in our delirium we could barely distinguish the giant squids from the pink elephants. Who cares a shit about that nowadays? Maybe we need another blender for political purposes, or some cannibalistic act. You know, there is some scene in some documentary about religion and atheist religion, which explains why on the English meadows there are barely threes. The guy says with some gay expression that it is because the sheep simply munch everything down to the ground. Or the goats for that matter. So is there something positive to say about those politics of aiming at the lowest common denominator, that button we all have in common, that synchronous fart effect? Yes, sure there is. Maybe tickle your belly button for a while and think of David Cronenberg. Or listen to the words being rambled across a Rape S Co scotch tape holder. Whatever autonomous or sovereign should always be demolished in its first instant of emergence, according to some socio cultural text book scenario. We simply cannot deal with arbitrary power when it would develop beyond some isolated lunny nut cases. Or at least then it should be made clear that those guys are definitely gay, or homogenized along the procedure, to make sure that the real man only sodomize their spouses. Just imagine your little kid being sodomized on some social political party convention where for once anything goes. Give it all you can, nothing less. You were always free to do whatever, that is

what we told you, so you can't blame us for forsaking your beloved partners orgasmic potential, while pumping along, and jerking of on some poor substitute student affairs staggering phantasies. Alcohol, C(e)ocaine, and too many thoughts in the brain can always blabber its way through all the madness. Psychotic is the one with the intent to hurt, coerce, putting together the others while denouncing oneself, sacrificing its lifetime for a greater scheme, creating trials and tribulations, in other words torture games, to pretend that what doesn't kill us only makes us stronger. Well, fuck the united states and let yourself live for a while. Yes, play with your own thingy, that thingy is relating to all thingies tingling. Even the little kids thingy will tingle. So for the misogyneticists and for all the pedophilic necrophiliacs amongst us, give yourself a blow job. Nothing will be hanging on your cross, nada, never. The intersection seems to be divided in: a) can you spread this wider so i can look into my origins while pissing in my beard, b) anything but the broadway, because we like BLT thighs with butter and all you can suck. c) doubling spirals of licking an avalanche of melted snow while sucking out the volume of those gravitating tits and cutting of all testicles d) the preference to be playing with my smartphone and gossiping about it while staying digiphrenetically online. e) getting so wasted and universally mixing all of the above. f) feeling kind of lonely being sober and starting to write about my own problems while addressing the others. g) doing tantra and follow the seasons fashions, soon it is flamenco with a lot of red wine involved. h) contaminating crap loads of nicotine stained yellow sunshine with a few drops of blue blood, and suddenly it is all turning into a nice ecologic responsible green color; the color of the hearts new age energy in its lightest tints, the color of envy and socially responsible entrepreneurial money, and the color of disastrous atomic world domination in

its darker fucked up brownish kaki green army tints.

i) At the intersection, sometimes the playing will be about nothing. Not choosing any options, not betting on any dog-cat-horse, not waiting for any change, not hoping on a better tomorrow, not working at all. Somebody else will be better of declaring the job of transformation being done, somebody named like Obama, some pilot free drones transforming the scenery. Who believes in democracy nowadays? Alpha Blondy 's au clair de la lune, mon ami Zongo, refuse de bajonner sa plume, au Burkina Faso. Et Zongo et mort, brule par le feu. Then sans Dieu Donné, off course. j) La démocratie du plus fort est toujours la meilleur , C' EST comme ça. Then again, I do not wish to engage in politics, because I think that is cheap talk for sexual unsatisfied dick-heads and fucked over pussycrats. I prefer to dance and play with n_nature in a contingent and permacultural relation with my own body, sharing with female bodies, while relating to who has nothing to understand about textual nonsense. I prefer something other than the institute of family affairs or the gay right movement. You can call these previous (j) sentences a political statement. k) Assimilate it into some central intelligence agency, upload it onto a traded websternet, and some miss the point completely; like trying to fuck a nostril while education da next gene ratio. l) Also dying will you. Only difference is who has dared to live before you do.

INTENTION

RELAXATION

LAZY LEGS LAID LYING LENGTHENING

LATE LONGING LOVE LET LIVING LAST

LIMIT LICKING LINGER LONE LUNGS

LULLABY LEMURIANS EVAPORATE

ENDING EARS LAMENTING LUST

FRESH AIR IN BREATHINGS

COLD SEA FEET ON SOFA

WET KNEE SWEAT ALL OVER

WARM VIBRATION SHIFFERS

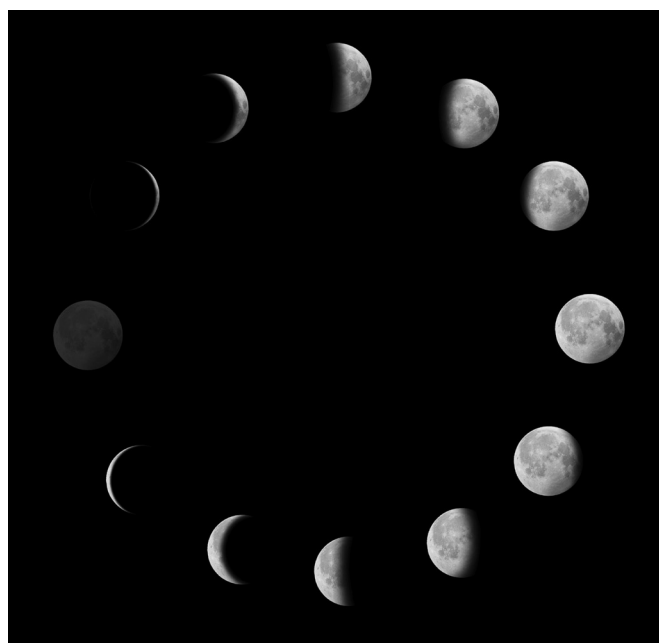
HOT SENSATION QUIVERS

VOID OF VOID IN LIVERS

MAGNETS TEASE BREATHING

OUT AND ON WHICH WITH

NO WAY GIVING STILL



MOON CYCLES

Source Book: Present Shock; Douglas Rushkoff

“When we speak of tensegrity,” Filippi explains, “we mean the capacity a system has to redistribute tension and retain the same physical shape. Our manifested reality, from the infrastructure of our cells to the street grids of the towns and cities we live in, possess a tensegrity.” Most basically, tensegrity is what holds it all together.

Our most internalized patterns, such as breathing, moving, and relating, embody it. Without tensegrity, we no longer exist; we’re just a bunch of cells. But it’s also a moving target, changing its forces and rhythms along with our external activities and internal states.

Building on his predecessors’ work, Filippi has been analyzing the biochemical impact of seasonal and lunar phases in order to make sense of human rhythms and determine optimal times for both therapy and particular activities. Just as there are four solar seasons with rather obvious implications (winter is better for body repair; summer is better for exertion), there are also four corresponding moon phases, sections of the day, quarters of the hour, and even stages of breath, Filippi argues. By coordinating our internal four-part, or “four phase,” rhythms with those of our greater environment, we can think, work, and interact with greater coherence. Integrating the research of Dardik, Goodman, and Robinson along with his own observations, Filippi concluded that in each moon phase the brain is dominated by a different neurotransmitter. According to Filippi, the prevalence of one chemical over the others during each week of the lunar cycle optimizes certain days for certain activities.

At the beginning of the new moon, for example, one's acetylcholine rises along with the capacity to perform. *Acetylcholine* is traditionally associated with attention. "The mood it evokes in us is an Energizer Bunny-like pep. That vibe can be used to initiate social interactions, do chores and routines efficiently, and strive for balance in our activities."

Nearer to the full moon, an uptick in serotonin increases self-awareness, generating both high focus and high energy. *Serotonin*, the chemical that gets boosted by drugs like Prozac, is thought to communicate the abundance or dearth of food resources to our brain. "When under its influence we can feel euphoric, spontaneous, and yet composed and sedate. Whereas acetylcholine worked to anchor us to our physical world, serotonin buoys us to the mental realm, allowing us to experience the physical world from an embodied, more lucid vantage point. We actually benefit from solitude at this time, as when an artist finds his muse."

Over the next week, we can enjoy the benefits of increased *dopamine*. This chemical - responsible for the rush one gets on heroin or after performing a death-defying stunt - is responsible for reward-driven learning. "It allows us to expand our behaviors outside of our routines, decrease our intensity, and essentially blend with the energy of the moment. If acetylcholine is the ultimate memory neurotransmitter, dopamine is the ultimate experiential one. Functionally, it serves us best when we're doing social activities we enjoy." In other words, it's party week.

Finally, in the last moon phase, we are dominated by *norepinephrine*, an arousal chemical that regulates processes like the fight-or-flight response, anxiety, and other instinctual behaviors. "We tend to be better off

doing more structural tasks that don't involve a lot of reflection. Its binary nature lets us make decisions, act on them, and then recalibrate like a GPS with a hunting rifle. The key with norepinephrine is that if it is governed well, we experience a fluid coordination of thought and action so much so that we almost fail to feel. Everything becomes second nature. "So instead of letting the natural rise of fight-or-flight impulses turn us into anxious paranoids, we can exploit the state of nonemotional, almost reptilian arousal it encourages.

Further, within each day are four segments that correspond to each of these moon phases. In the new moon phase, people will be most effective during the early morning hours, while in the second phase leading up to the full moon, people do best in the afternoon.

Admittedly, this is all a tough pill for many of us to swallow, but after my interviews with Filippi, I began working in this fashion on this book. I would use the first week of the moon to organize chapters, do interviews, and talk with friends and colleagues about the ideas I was working on. In the second, more intense week, I would lock myself in my office, set to task, and get most writing done. In the third week, I would edit what I had written, read new material, jump ahead to whatever section I felt like working on, and try out new ideas. And in the final week, I would revisit structure, comb through difficult passages, and recode the nightmare that is my website. My own experience is that my productivity went up by maybe 40 percent, and my peace of mind about the whole process of writing was utterly transformed for the better.

Though certainly anecdotal as far as anyone else is concerned, the exercise convinced me to stay aware of these cycles from now on.

YOW

To all those C bitches over there. Killing their wombs like they just don't care. You know there is no real desperation. Just some anxious incapacity to fit fashionable conformity. You are all special and that makes you all the same, and then recycled or outdated for some fame. Sniffing like dogs while bouncing along the same cane, what's in a name?

I might not be the best rapper, but you can call me a snapper, since poet sounds gay lame. Different hole, same game. Who has got into who? Venus can't be fucked since your dick might burn, and then you're out of luck, no seeds left to discern.

I ain't no street kid neither, nothing to suffer for. Or like craving for money though. These lines are typed like any other, middle class white trash, facebook cover, apple bite, Nothing left to discover. Brussels is like a stone age village, with so much dickheads to pillage. When you go from left till right: Jesus, holy ghosts and Allah, and shitloads of Kaballah, besides those Architectural Masons, Drunken Whores and Witches for Complacency. The next culture will speak no English or Japanese, since words will be like farts, smelling like some dinosaurs disease. Those WIFI fiddlers won't get this far, one little blackout and they won't find their car. Nothing to drive to nowadays, I prefer walking. just another simple pedestrian strolling along the gutter. Until the streets are full and there is no more space to discover. Until the last human has evaporated. No need for branding, let alone praying, these gaiety gods were not invented for disobeying. There are no believes besides keep buying, and this bullshit was meant for irony and lying. Extra value out of an apple remains an apple and some near shit going down the drain. No excuses, on the toilet we do mostly the same. Besides those waste heads desperate for fame and fathers. Maybe better to

jam that dust shit into pinatas. I sleep when I get tired.
And meditate and ejaculate when I desire. The better
the worse, there ain't no curse. Taste until you go me-
chanic. Leave it before the collar is worn. These games
break no more bones. Another one has bitten, love un-
titled has been forbidden, since it would ruin our global
economy and put our richest parents out of jobs.
Love equals to really live how you want. Free from
denying needs and less than capital commands. Prefer-
ably, not to get into deep field shit also. Fighting with
monsters wasn't so smart said Nietzsche on the edge of
Titanic's abyss.

I'll reincarnate first in a maggot and transform in some
fruit fly, most likely without any goodbye. The rest will
be carbonated water, fractal beats the oil drillings. Ego
a go go. Never well adjusted, I'll see you around. 9 5 9
10 0 0 sun day.

..... petit rien dossier number: A S C 753



NAKED RECOURSE

Kindly invites you over for a clitoral* conversation in
an erogenous zone within a disordered artistic practice...

*Cliteracy Sophia Wallace

Love's law knows no rule. Quality time doesn't mind
any number. Never met someone that was born with
their underwear on.

TUESDAY MORNING (toystory)

I've dreamt of waking up amidst many warm and soft
bodies. Their words were of movement and almost
inaudible sound. Many fears showed up and were
forgotten. All kinds of desires passed by and left for
good. There is something that I can't keep my mind of.
It is about my practice. This thing is bugging my brains
when trying to fall asleep. How to write it? I can give
an example:

There is this little kid that wants a new toy gun. After
endlessly repeating its wish to its parents and grand-
parents, the grandmother takes the kid to the toy store.
There the kid gets distracted, there are so many guns
to choose from, price doesn't matter, but it can only
choose one gun. Time goes by and the kids grandma is
in desperate need of her afternoon ritual of devouring
cake and coffee. The last thing the kid wants is to make
grandmother grumpy, because for the kid her grumpi-
ness always seems to last for ages. So, here is the mo-
ment, what will the kid do?

Choose a gun and fire it all along the public space until
it gets bored of its new toy?
Ask the grandmother to choose a gun for the kid and

never play with it because grandmothers have such a savory retro taste for personal assault weapons?
Buy a book with pictures of all the guns in the world to look at it with grandmother while consuming coffee and cake?

None of the above will satisfy the kids incorruptible demand, no matter the options offered, so when the time to leave the toy store is coming, the kid decides to hide from its grandmother in the last place she would look: the barbie house.

So, since then the practice has started.
The grandmother was looking forever. After closing hours of the toy store she infuriated herself by the realization that her friends surely talked about her in her absence from the cake salon. She swore on her daughters husband that the kid had never been up to any good. She even told the toy store clerk that if she would ever find the kid, she would choke it to death for sure. The kid in the barbie house developed an imaginary astronomical practice.

Its nurturing consisted from gathering the dust falling from the nearby play-do shelves. Any previous interest in toy guns resolved in a life long, because kids live forever, play to appear invisible to the toy store clerks. Its actions, choices and playful diversions are becoming the central theme in the research formerly known as Lawful Acts, today rephrased in two questions:

- 1) How can the the invisible move within the toy store life?
- 2) Which toys turn into tools when refusing to exchange something for any life?

AUTOPOETIC MACHINE

The Diary needed to be fed during one hour in a twenty-four hour cycle.

The regularity of feeding the Diary is of no matter besides this.

A personal mentor sampled (copy-transform-combine) all input into two main outputs:

1. Single Sentence.

The Single Sentences are applied to guide a Performative Experience.

2. Meta Potential.

The Meta Potential is retained for subsequent sampling.

The Situation that occurs during a Performative Experience is afterwards discussed and translated into an Article or an Annex.

A structure of maximum 28 Articles will be maintained.

Any Article can be substituted or transformed into annexes if desired.

A maximum of 28 days is allowed between Diary entries and a Performative Experience.

The Diary entries are subsequently reordered along four moon cycles.



AUTOPOETIC MACHINE

NAKED RECOURSE DIARY FRAGMENTS

A collective starts where the individual is at its best.
What is conceived beyond individual imagination.
dependency

Whenever starting to type something is: not again such
a critique on current action?

There is my research, frankly dear, I haven't got a clue
to start from and too many to choose from.

Simply said there are a few things I tend to actually
enjoy doing.

Mostly I postpone doing them because of many practical
issues, mainly of the daily routines.

Sometimes I think of quitting, at least I would like
to focus completely on my own research for a few
months. Besides doing the studio, and hosting a weekly
platform, figuring out how to make a living and wishing
to focus on a research that inspires me, there needs
to be more time to dream.

I get easily distracted and tend to involve myself in any
matter at hand, knowing that taking responsibility on
all those additional matters mostly results in a mediocre
sense of satisfaction while stress levels rise to a point
where I cannot emotionally connect to any of those
matters. It just becomes then some kind of occupation,
something to do when nothing else matters anyway.

This is like some crappy personal journal that articu-
lates a mindset of disinterest mixed with a plausible
cause for giving meaning to myself and the works of art
to be unveiled within the next eight months or so.

... SMoking a joint for a change in similarity.

money religion with a Finance deity.

mantra:

mana money, nana money, lama money, hara money,
dada money, cara money, lada money, gaga money, zara
money, mama money, para money, raga money.

Slogan:

Live now, talk after Love on Live.

And of course a lengthy discourse of (half)dead thinkers that wrote 'interesting' texts.

And many more one sentence formulations guiding performative presentation: ...

Eat my shorts or nibble your elbow.

Let me lick your Ice cream and wiggle your nose wings.

Don't say a word unless you remember hearing it in a recent dream.

Eat more, piss precise.

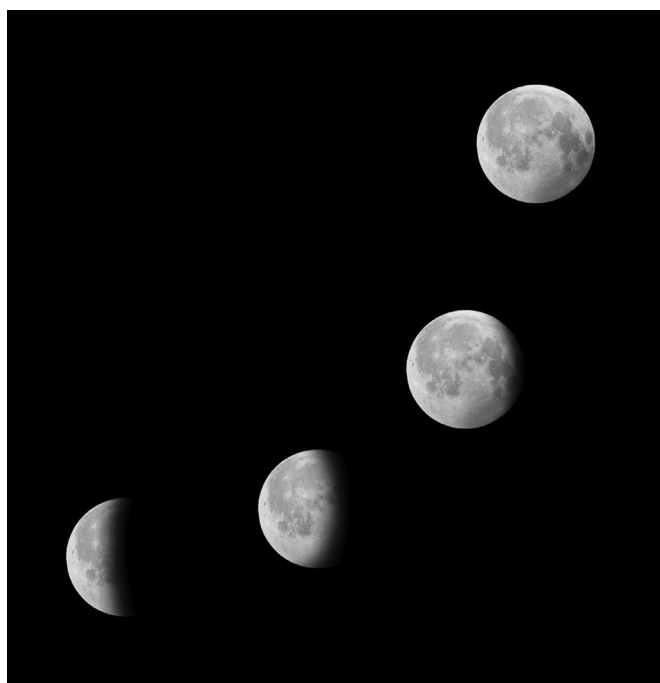
Breath in for 8 heartbeats, retain the air for 8 heartbeats, breath out for 8 heartbeats, stop breathing for 8 heartbeats, and breath in 8 heartbeats...

Place the tip of the tongue on the edge of the gum above the upper teeth and the pallador.

Let main thoughts run on parallel tracks in an imaginary endless platform and focus on how they relate in velocity from and towards eachothers motion.

Think of a lake with raindrops when you look at the volume in the air. Never ever do what you planned before you actually did it.

Sleep before doing what you want.



HUNGER CARE REST DRIVE

Something being nothing, while nothing being something.

Nothing comes from something when something is everything.

Everything being nothing, while something being everything.

Something being less, then nothing when everything being more, then nothing.

Nothing being everything, while nothing being something.

emails are like love letters,
written with every finger tip.



Death: "Failure is not an option"

Love: "In practice it is trust. In theory it is practice."

Death: "Failure is not an option"

GAUCHE

Blondie spells out full moon in a day lit skylight of
wicked blue.

Never mind the bollocks.

Selfie distracted.

Draft at drift unless to stay in mirrors shift.

Recklessly devoted to no one.

Left at disguise and home for the making,
aimlessly efficient at nothing itself.

Waking up, clock displays 10:10.

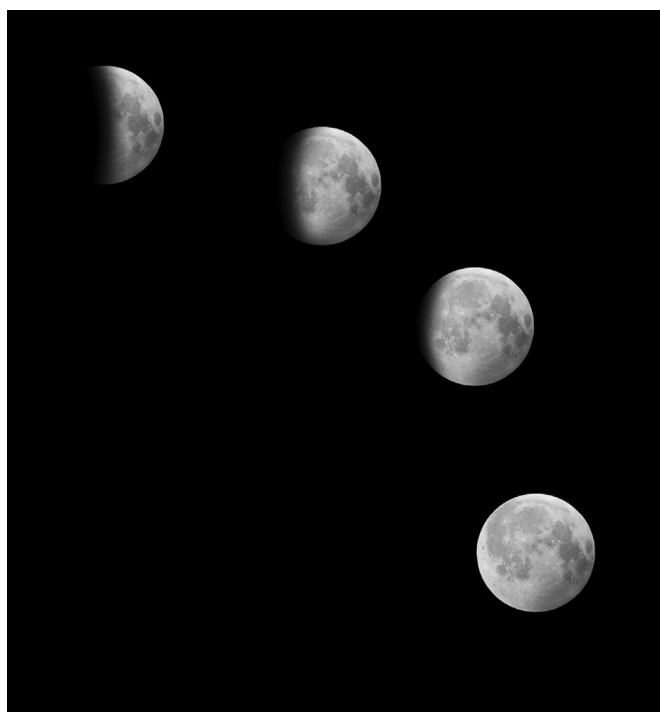
After doing the performative experience during the
opening week at apass, I needed some days to reflect
about becoming so exposed to an audience.

It felt like a social suicide to take people into the room
and propose them to strangle me in the bed.

It seems that it becomes more problematic to me to
open up my diary to an audience, because only the
more sensational elements are requested for experience
by the audience: money, theft, strangle sex. Mostly the
popular issues, or the easiest to frame in a judgmental
setting, to then be followed by a critique of shallowness
about the artwork.

The tendency to be involved in too many different
things has now become a waste of time.

Problematic is the time that I spend playing theoretician,
because the same time is needed to make the
work.



Had a dream where M, S and me were about to sleep together. When we were about to start making love, M approached me with the words: "I'll only do this if you promise that you will never break my heart". I looked at her in silence and smiled. She broke my heart many times before and now she wanted me to promise her that I would never do that. The moment was gone and S had already left. I was left alone and felt angry because I understood that this was how possession could be used in such an innocent way to prevent anything from happening.

Feeling sad about that summer night after the party at S's place. From my sleep I woke up and penetrated M. She didn't resist, she didn't move. I pushed my penis hard in her body to wake her up. I place my right hand around her neck and squeezed her throat. Then I waited until she couldn't breath anymore.

The moment she realized that I was not only playing she panicked. When she surrendered I let go of her neck and went out of her body. She hates me for doing this. She had told me that this was exactly what she was afraid of. I wanted her to experience the pain that I felt when she fucked my so called friends. I wanted her to know that I was not a nice person. After this night she became afraid of me. I had hurt her on purpose. I had become a criminal.

She loves kissing and so do I. Who is she? I wish love is where her name is. Obviously, she is not in the room where I'm alone writing love's name. She appears when I'm in love. I can see her in some space where we are dancing. I see her when I share a bed. She is closer than I imagine. I have a hard time imagining the unknown. Sometimes I feel she is just smiling at me, wondering when I'll dare to speak with her. Then she has her life of her own, at least she seems busy being in love. When I will look her in the eyes, hopefully we can be busy in love together, making life our own. Baby don't cry, Freud won't change your diapers, since at least Anna died a virgin. Like a nun of the science of the soul convent.

*“Vanuit de schaduw van mijn hart droom ik van jou.
Dan ontwaakt een man die je lief heeft.
Er leeft iemand in me zonder zorgen die dankbaar is
dat je hier bent, ergens op deze planeet.”*

Time out monday. Writing something, kind of whatever, nonetheless no other than this. Smart sounding breakbeats in after loops of sensory rhythm. Something else than ever repeating variations of the same thing, kind of like the sunset on the beach with not a single day with clouds in the sky. Blue as hell like regularity. Or something to sharpen your indigo visions upon. Let alone your dreamer knows more than you'll ever know. Smile away silly for never ever a melon could find its way. How breath can only smell when you don't know the taste of the saliva.

*“Properly done for good or better even gone to return
to wood. Even more and so on for done for long gone
wood return to good.”*

What is ethical about your artwork?
How should you look at it?
Is there a personal dimension in your artistic practice?
Do you like to eat banana's?
What is political about your work?
Where does daddy come from?
And where do we all go?

I don't mean that there is no work to do, it is just
strange that the history of civilization on this planet has
reduced most of time to the experience of sitting, or sit-
ting with a phone or laptop; or do I also need a tablet?
Repetition, habits, entrainment, addiction, and a few
more... A friend drowned in the Atlantic eight years
ago, still I agree that it is mostly about daring to go
surfing on any wave. I like more to go swimming with-
out a board or raft, although the Atlantic got me under
and then puked me on Copacabana's beach when I was
only nineteen years old. If we all end up in the ocean,
then lets trace some rivers to their source, and if we
ever find it, then lets float back.

00:06

That means another day.

Really, it should, because if it doesn't we end up with
always today.

Does it matter if you need to go somewhere?

Or did you just move a little?

If this is all there ever is, how do you care?

When everything is never then and there.

Only one being, one instant, one choice.

Ok just give it a break, this joke can't last forever.

Or did it come in little steps, so many you can't pretend
to know how it ends?

Plausible barking for companionship or purring and
hissing for dominion.

Humans only define themselves through what they
falsely name.

Mathematics is not the language of the universe, neither
is universe. Or which ever you prefer:

Exigent laziness or lazy exigence?

Surviving growth or growing survival?

Living death or dying live?

Eating others or others eating you?

Judging morality or moralizing judgment?

Taking for free or freely taken?

Making art or art making?

Sounding stupid or stupid sounding?

Material possession or possessive material?

French or English?

Eggs or bacon?

Or only seaweed?

How to produce unsolvable subjectivities within an empirical framework ?

Can empirical frameworks function when assimilating the production of unsolvable subjectivities?

Unsolvable subjectivity can here be described as an exigent practice of all the various complexities encountered in artistic processes, personal inspirations, random insights, unconscious drives, etc. The unsolvable within the production of subjectivity needs to be treated with the scientific method, to allow it to become problematic to any empirical discourse. The subjectivity needs also to be fully transparent in order to allow each of its qualities, all of its details, each of its possible interpretations, etc. to become relevant for scientific investigation.

In the networked society there remains a gap to entertain between: being interactive with the simulated, and feeling anxious about being isolated in the real.

Sitting here, the desire to check my Facebook account for updates is recurring about every two or three youtube songs. Since writing the task to make a book out of my wall, the resistance to work on it keeps me from logging in.

The funny thing about refusing to do what I think I need to do is that: whenever not doing what planned results in other possibilities opening up, while a given possibility is still in a process of becoming identifiable in its immediate interpretation.

This causes things to slow down and allows an experience of perceptions to navigate and entertain the mind with subjective interpretations.

The process of identification easily mimics the immediate form through a representation of imitation. The practice of an experience of perceptions in its immediate interpretation relies on an affirmative and contradicted mentality in order to allow it to refrain itself beyond itself.

Laughing about all these words. All keywords for a joke about my language...
It is all about crying and for crying out loud: what a mess to bore yourself. "Kiss you" is all what she ever said.

"Friends shall be friends the better the known enemy among friends."

Suggested to my supposedly lover that she has many ideas and mind trips, while instead meeting the persons that can help present her work would seem kind of more the life desired by realizing it on the spot. She replied that this was something that says more about me and that it was exactly what she is already doing.

“Where Does A Broken Heart Go”
Jim Reeves

Mandela Mabutu Obama Mandala.

Slight fluctuation of excitement. A voice through a smartphone. An appointment in the near future. Everything is announced except what doesn't happen if so. Lovers live with less fear if they can love the fear of leaving. Milk and meat grow from trees in bio cultures. Me and you were made of dreams inside this light scape.

An experience contains mainly a conscious perception of a durational environment and the dynamic relations within it.

A narrative occurs when qualities are perceived in a recognizable and comparable manner.

Madiba Abba Guevara Mandala

Finished a phone call with my ex lover by saying “so that I don't need to know about every time you fart in the air, sorry” and then unfriended her on Facebook.

There is something I would like to mention about my working process: IT DOES NOT WORK; and it produces a lot of things to do.

Clarification

- 1) Start with a good intention.
- 2) Translate the intention into a task.
- 3) Think about how doing the task feels like. Imagine in detail all the steps that need to happen to complete the task.
- 4) Take a break. Eat.
- 5) Change your mind.
- 6) Congratulate yourself for all the work you made up before the break.
- 7) Do something to completely waste time and/or get completely wasted.
- 8) Recover, sleep, dream.
- 9) Start over with another good intention.

Erogenous zone

1) The person who enters the erogenous zone undresses and places the body in a love making position. Another person undresses, enters the zone and puts on a condom. The first person does not move.

2) They have sex until the second person comes. If it happens that the first person comes first, the second person takes a little pause, and then restarts having sex all over.

3) After the second person has come, the first person dresses and leaves the zone. The second person cleans up, leaves the zone and dresses.

Arriving at a theatre. It is kind of dark. There is a lot of noise and commotion. The show doesn't seem to start in time. The company director is arguing with the performers. The audience seats are half-full and the director is seated in the technical cabin, shouting at everyone. I feel angry and I leave the theatre. At the box office I try to reclaim my ticket, but they won't give me the money back. I become furious and then I wake up with a sore throat. The idea to spray a slogan on the company's studio door comes to mind:

"Fuck, Dance, Lie, Fuck"

Why do I get so upset when choreographers fuck their dancers and lie about it to their partners? Why does it make me so angry when the dancers get kicked out of the company when their affair might damage the company's image?

I'm in love with a married woman. Her husband is fucking around when he is on tour with the company. She is afraid that our relation might put her at risk, because she is in a procedure to be able to stay and work in Europe. She prefers to keep our relation secret until she sorts out her situation with her husband. She has good reasons to believe that if we are 'going public' that the conservative contemporary dance community will consider her the black sheep, the outcast that betrayed her husband.

I understand, but I can't lie about being in love, because I'm afraid that it will cause our love to be lived like an illusion.

I hate to define a relation. I revolt when I try to secure my feelings. There is something about this woman that I can't stop thinking of: "how is she doing?" "when can we meet again?" "why waste time without her?"

LOVE SETS FREE, this has been my belief, and now it is at its test. DO WHAT YOU WANT, has been what

I say to my lover, and now I am the lover that has to figure out how.

I rejected the idea of 'the couple' more than four years ago when we first shared love in a threesome. Contradictory to this I felt always loyal to my lovers and felt that I needed to expose my desires to them when I became attracted to someone. I got really hurt, jealous and suspicious when my lover decided to love someone and was too afraid to let me know before. I became ecstatic when we realized ourselves in sharing our desires and bodies with each others.

I can't be in love with someone who tries to protect me from desires. I feel that anything is possible in love, that sharing love is opening up to any kind of relation. I consider it my responsibility to let the persons I'm in love with know whatever it is that I'm feeling, at the risk of losing the loved ones. That means for me that Love sets Free.

The fun of fucking with some nice looking buns and arriving home to the caring (for)giving (wo)man is a parody of love and causes more pain than pleasure, if it is denied and 'neglected'. The difference here is the pleasure that has been denied to whoever wants to sincerely love the other. Meaning, why should there be someone to come home to after the fun adventure? Why to deny the partner their own right of pleasure and adventure in the absence of the lover?

I am attracted to a notion of partners in acts of passion: lovers loyal on the hunt for lovers royal. Every person turns into an agent of love by the act of openly loving: to speak from the heart, to love being love. This is a game changer. The moment of declaring amongst lovers a desire for another lover, the love reveals vulnerability and boundlessness. It is the exact point of letting

them have you by the balls (ovaries), and having the guts to love with the risk of loosing them.

The suppression-release addiction of 'inappropriate' desires with 'escapades', is transformed by taking the risk of sharing those desires amongst the lovers. What before seemed a threat to the relation'ship' and its conservative tendencies upon work and social status, now turns into a source of boundless and unpredictable inspirations. The potential experience of perversion by conscious acts of passion appear harmless (in your face) when compared to the effects of the perversions suppressed by feelings of 'inappropriate' passion (behind the facade).

A place in the current society might be troublesome in the sense of claiming its place right in the center of it.

To place openly 'Love sets Free' as the premisses for any order in society, means a shift from transforming the marginal and decadent (fluctuating, subject, instant) into the arena of what is considered the traditional values of pure love (consistent, object, static).

This is not to be confused with consumerist attempts to commodify 'Free Love' as an attribute to a lifestyle within a 'Free' society. It is exactly the transformation of the prescribed divisions like 'fun-sex versus true-love', into a coöperating organism based on the indefinite ways of defining free societies by an ongoing public discussion and exigent practice on how love changes any fixed rule towards order. This is not an anarchy in the sense that it doesn't claim any revolutionary attempt to overthrow the current order in any society, but simply to apply some of the constituent elements in society (love, reproduction, learning, public opinion) onto its predicaments of freedom, democracy and development.

*Whatever might be next.
Is never an original request.
Until the game is over.
After the hovercraft took off from Dover.
At last a wish was sex.*

Poly-lingua.
A tongue like the two fold stick of Margaret Mead.

Dreamt of two women with dark hair. One was very talkative and cute, the other mysterious and very attractive. The chair next to the attractive women was empty and when I asked her if that space was free, she answered: "that is the seat of my lover." I sat down next to her and then we went on stage to make love with each other.

If the lowest common denominator of humanity moves from the belly button to the ass hole, then society looses its guts to head into a pile of shit.

My Facebook wall serves as my graffiti surrogate censor. Easy to clean, filter and hard to remember. The extreme and the dull, the politically in-corrected and the integrated outlaws are the mainstream of a tailor made future. Can the genes that cause cellulite be eradicated and implemented in order to grow a slavish cellulite creature, somewhat similar to a camel providing milk in a global desert storm? The joy of the real feels like a combat boot crushing a tailbone. Reality remains securely pixelated. 'Cause' I am happy!

*"A dragon bull fucking a virgin ant on the music of ode
to joy."*

tool			
SHAPE	APPEARANCE	TIME	ENERGY
	square can appear only in presence of triangle	infinity	contained
	not limited	instant	displaced
	triangle can appear only once	as long as possible	opposite to itself

MA Dance Dissemination Platform, Cologne, i.c.w.
Esta Matkovic

WORKSHOP

Top to feet to space to top warmup.

Formulate a few questions (write them down)

Choose a song and dance to it.

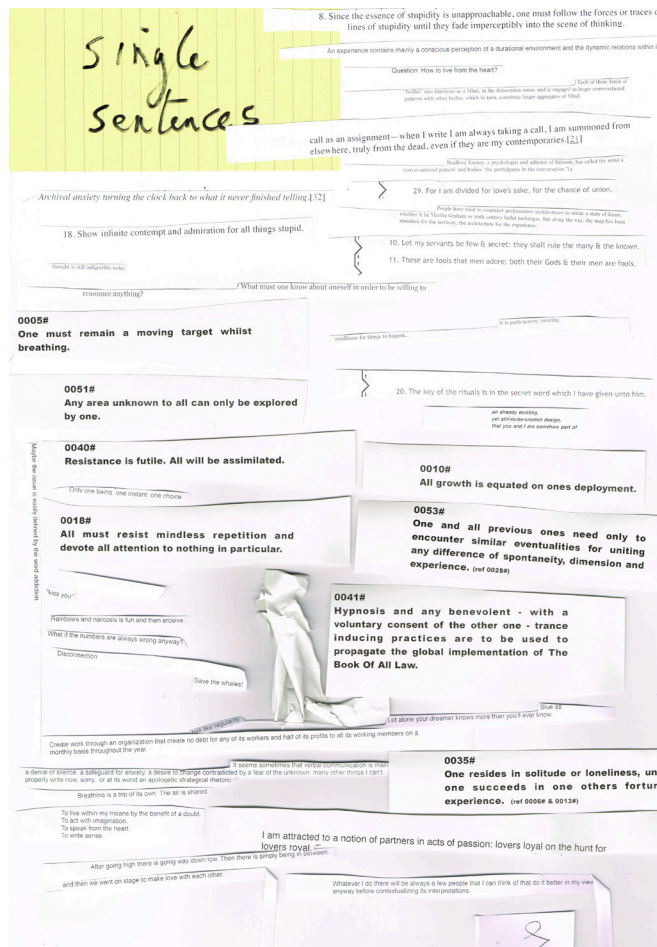
Give your questions to someone else.

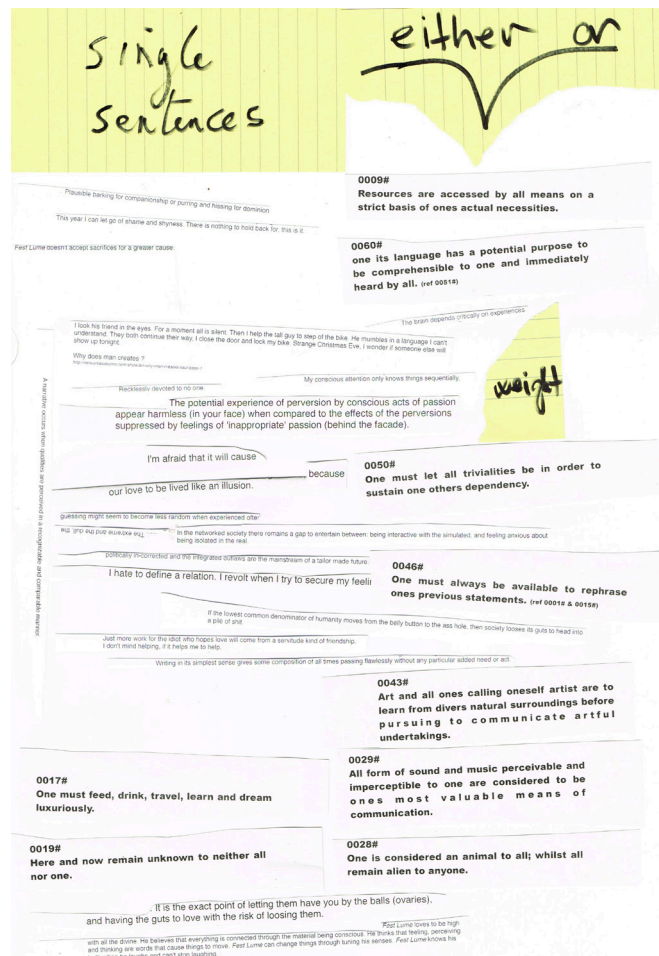
Sing the questions.

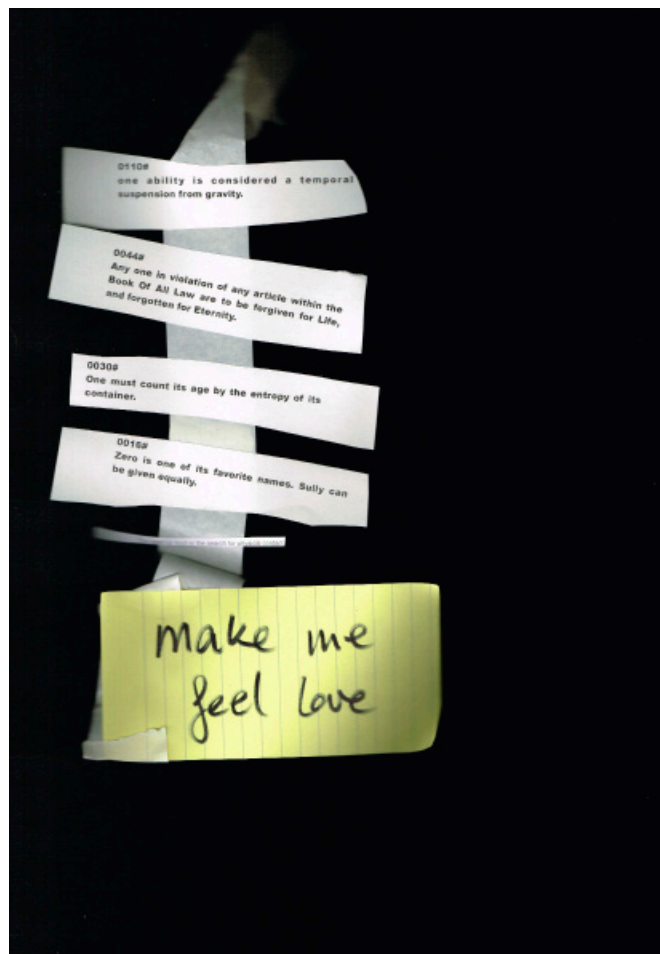
Choose (or formulate by yourself) a single sentence.

...

SINGLE SENTENCES







PERFORMATIVE EXPERIENCES

Do a short presentation of the sentence.

“One ability is considered a temporal suspension from gravity.”

E:

Virtuosity, dance, ballet: suspension to go to god. Louis XIV, sun god.

Entering a magic dimension.

Dream of flying.

To be in balance (feeling less gravity), just a moment of death.

Other state

Fragment “Gravity” (Matt Kowalski’s death)

Anecdote: once there was a woman that said to me:

“You come from the stars.” Kind of aliens. This other person came from the green, from the grass. Walking out of the movies, I said to my boyfriend: “I think I come from the stars.”

Utopia of freedom. Holding on, letting go.

Fragment: Butoh performance at Tokyo art gallery

“I like butoh, this is fashion butoh, but the guy is really beautiful.”

Walking in the water, floating.

To incorporate this phrase: From down to up.

I need gravity to stand.

Vapor loses gravity. Condensation brings back gravity.

“If the lowest common denominator of humanity moves from the belly button to the ass hole, then society loses its guts to head into a pile of shit.”

P:

I have an image in my head and I want to try it in reality.

Image: No guts, no glory.

Guts and asshole, is kind of the same thing.

It is like a joke. Shit happens.

Primitive being: eating through the same hole where we are shitting.

Fragment: Southpark, the Human Centipad. Agreeing to terms and conditions without reading.

“I hate to define a relation. I revolt when I try to secure my feelings.”

S:

proposes to do ‘no dimensions’ meditation
Break

On continuation:

E:

Experimentation. To experiment the phrase instead of following ideas.

To taste the phrase with the body in the space.

Experiment -> question, interrogation.
Experience -> answer ?

Looking for interaction with things not in the mind.
For example: You, the space, physical reality.

P:
Body relation: ass and guts.
To have guts in the asshole and to shit a pile of guts;
and visa vis.
Want to try it out with other persons.

Comment: to consider objectivity as position of the
researcher.

Everybody = humanity. ?
The sentence is a joke.

Exercise

Reformulate the sentence in relation to the questions
(that you received and were singing yesterday)

*“I hate to define a relation. I revolt when I try to secure
my feelings.”*

Am I aware?
I don't know how to define a relation. I revolt when I
become aware of my feelings.

Is it a dance workshop?
I hate to call it like this. I dance this revolution.

What is common sense?

I hate to define what common sense is. I revolt when feelings of common sense become secure.

Collective interest, is it interesting?

I hate to define how collective interest relates to value. I revolt when interest secures my feelings.

Where is the rat?

I hate to define my relation to the rat's whereabouts. I revolt when I would know for sure where the rat went.

Am I warm?

I hate to define my relation to temperature. I revolt when I feel that you are warm enough.

How to not repeat myself?

I hate to not repeat myself in relations, definitely not. I revolt when I repeat revolt to secure my feelings.

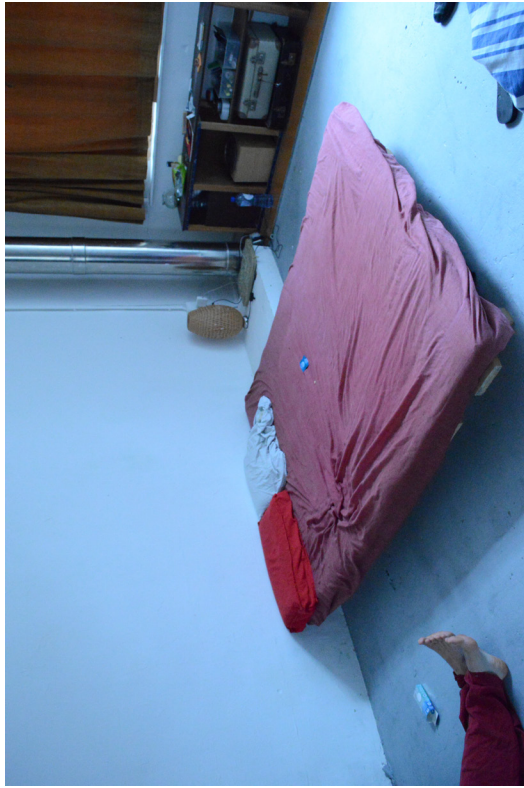
How to go away to stereotype movements?

What the fuck, this I define as a can't hate in how it relates. I move revolt away from my secure feelings.

How to accept time?

...

Take time to prepare a presentation/proposal of a performative experience.



ARTICLES

ART.1. Most of the time doing half scripted, half made up on the spot, performative experiences including anything but general spoken words.

annex 1.2. Earfucking intellectualist ideologies.

annex 1.3. An audiobook of intimate onomatopoeias tags: delicious tastes, orgasmic fakes, orgasmic reals, hums of consent, cries for attention, noise of disapproval, laughing fake, laughing reals, affirmatives, undefined, etc.

annex 1.4. A collection of tools for immediate gratification.

annex 1.5. A series of discontent and aimless stimulation.

annex 1.6. A complicit manipulation of the experience in time consummation.

annex 1.7. Mix a 1 hour soundtrack. Make a solo in: 5minutes. 20minutes. 50minutes. 120 minutes. 240 minutes. Make a videoclip for each piece.

ART.2. Whatever it is, at least it is fun.

annex 2.1. Change the world if you don't know what to do.

ART.3. Expropriate anxiety.

annex 3.1. On a garbage night: collect all your personal belongings. Save what you really need. Destroy all the rest so that it fits perfectly in an official garbage bag. Put out the trash.

ART.4. Follow your first thought.

annex 4.1. Act upon each new thought.

annex 4.2. Think within action, act within thinking.

annex 4.3. No Idea.

