hiiiiiiiii,

welcome to b00k. b00k is a residency space that is able to host 4 artists at a time.
——————————after three months we meet here, again. because we want to
the residency is three months (+/-) and it ends with a presentation of what the residents have been doing. the presentation is a POD paperback, and a PDF.
an online p a r t y launches the presentation.

b00k is a space as well as a material thing that takes up space. we use our capacity for poetry to conflate space and material because we want to hang out, despite not sharing a room, a country, a decade, the century . . .

b00k digs you and wants to chill. b00k gives touch and offers care.

these artists are awesome—they know something we don't, something of the great courage required for the present. They know that there will never be an end to these waves that crash upon our sands, and they give us hints.
not assurances, hints.
and for the breath, and the warmth, they have brought these b00k rooms for these 3 months
we
love
to
thank them. it is our special pleasure.

<u>bryana fritz, centro cultural sheraton, zinzi buchanan, ty wardwell & ethan folk,
</u>

thank you <3

ben / camila
b00k facilitators


bryana fritz

bryana fritz


bryana fritz


bryana fritz

bryana fritz

bryana fritz


bryana fritz

bryana fritz


bryana fritz

bryana fritz



LANGUAGE:
THE BODY

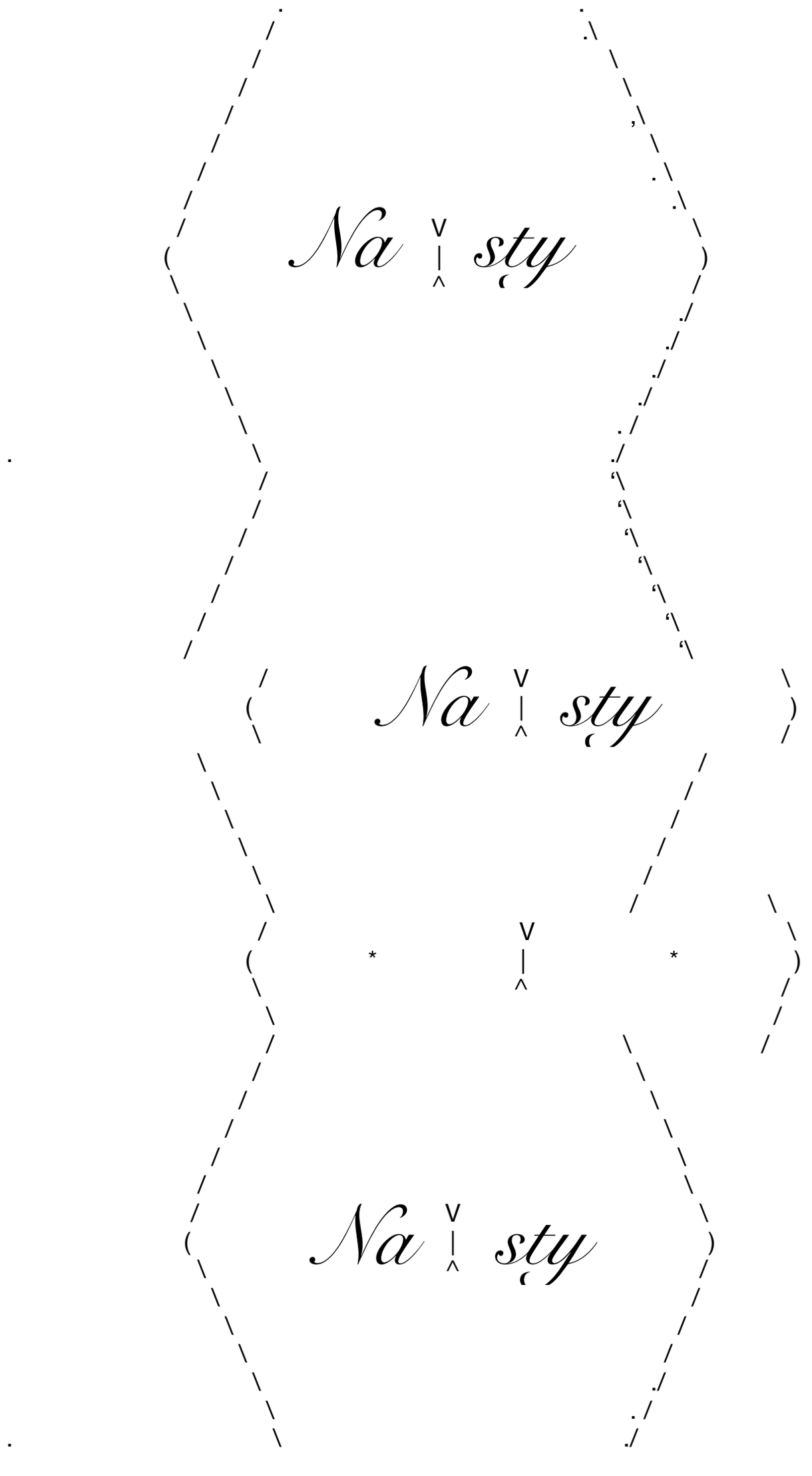
ARM WRITTEN AS ARM
LEG WRITTEN AS LEG
BACK WRITTEN AS BACK
PUSSY WRITTEN AS PUSSY
SHOULDER WRITTEN AS SHOULDER

ars, seriously for almost five

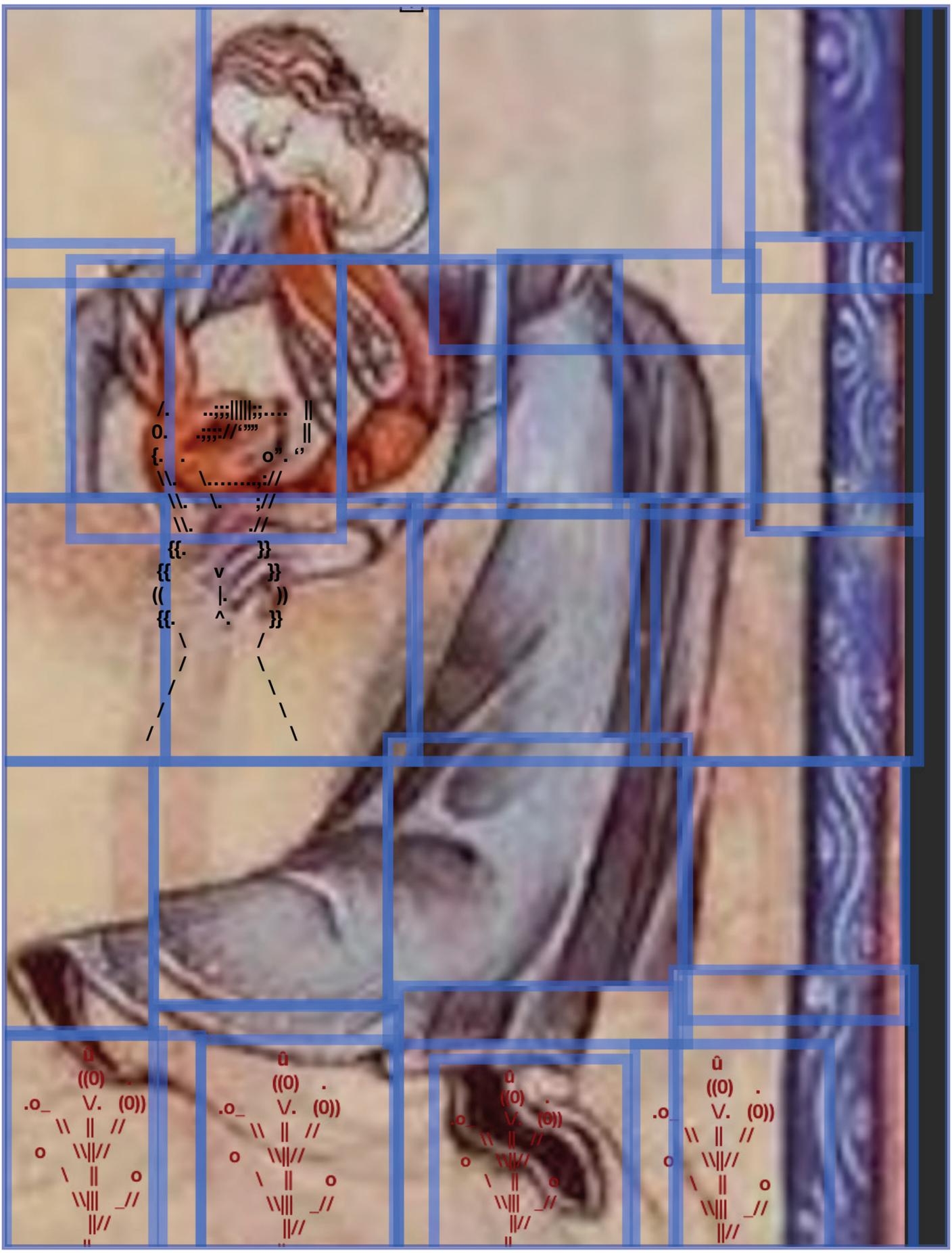
to write about bodybuilding.
eing offered the opportunity
: I would attend the gym as
ould describe all I had just
descriptions would provide

atedly. I...some part of me...
jecting language, any verbal
g.
odybuilding in the only way
ection of ordinary or verbal

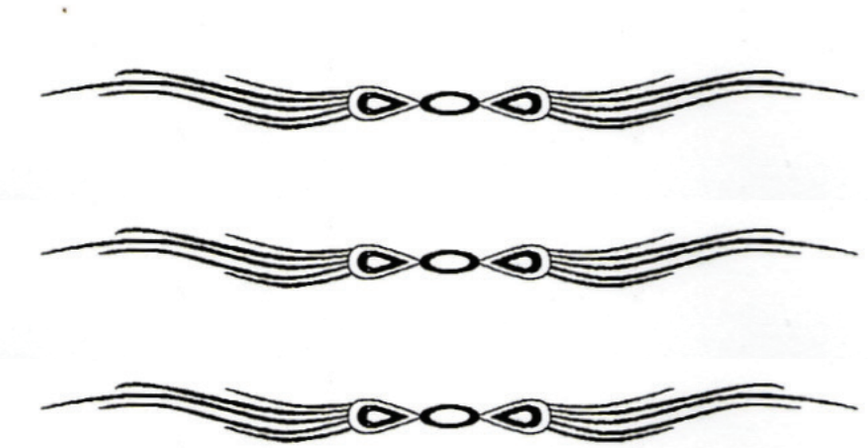
VEIN WRITTEN AS VEIN
SPINE WRITTEN AS SPINE
STERNUM WRITTEN AS STERNUM
NECK WRITTEN AS NECK
BACK WRITTEN AS BACK
BLADDER WRITTEN AS BLADDER
PUSSY WRITTEN AS PUSSY
SHOULDER WRITTEN AS SHOULDER
CHEEK WRITTEN AS CHEEK


Na sty
Na sty
Na sty

SHE CARRIES HER BLADDER IN HER BRAINE, THAT IS FULL,
HER BRAINE IN HER TONGUES END THAT SHE EMPTIES



never enough
silence is coming in
to wild-fill this animal out



soft flank
going nude and flatness,
between the walls

flinging (less dance)

more like
warm thing
flung a
warm thing
it careless,
it joyous,
it bladder,
it meant:
If you ask me what I want,
I'll tell you,
I want everything



time and everything
pulling each other out
like on and get on me

pasted-on parts
recombinatory hearts

a flank-split

and youth ran out

+

into the brights
ramming

into the heights
ramming

into a language
scamming

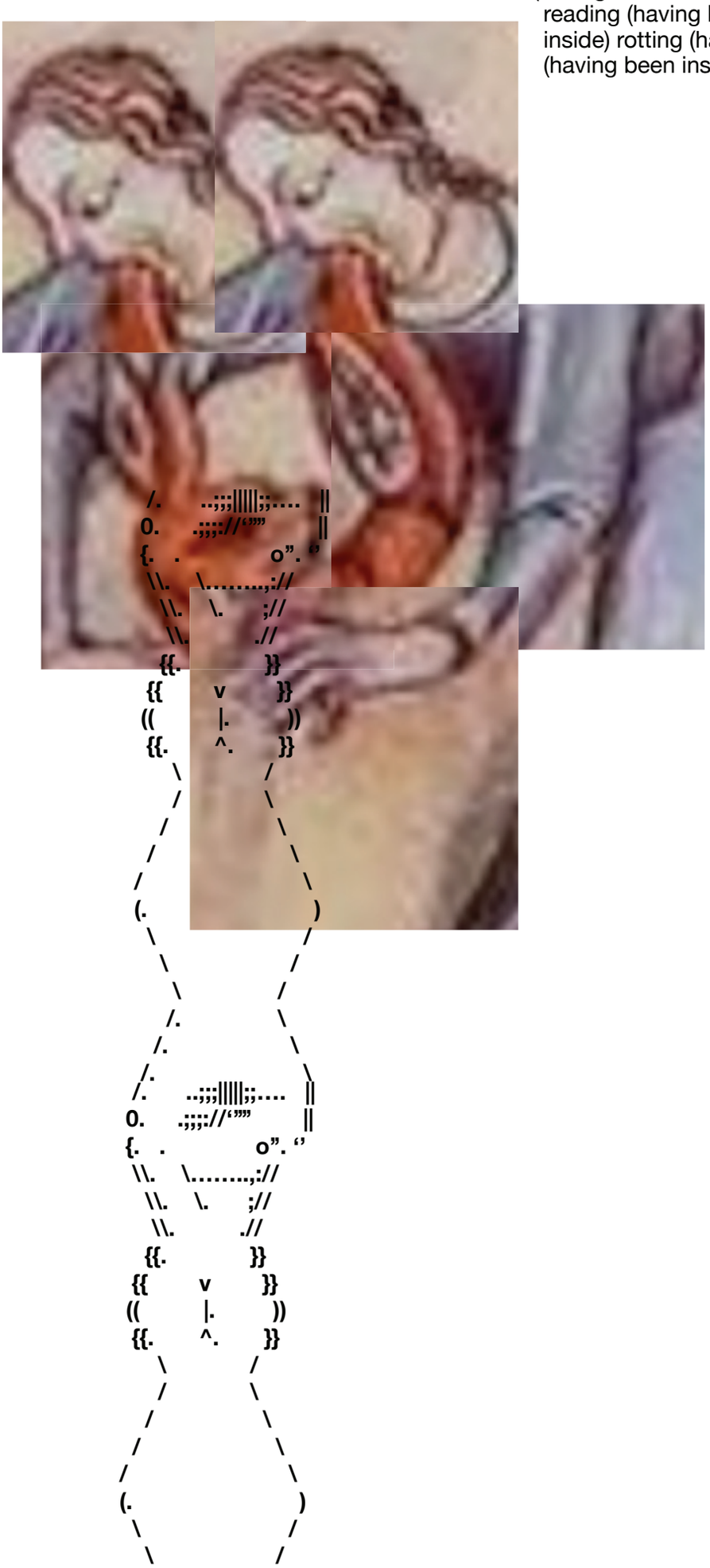
AGAINST ORDINARY LANGUAGE: THE LANGUAGE OF THE BODY

+

(having been inside)
ramming

+

(having been inside) warming (having been inside) warmthing (having been inside) storming (having been inside) stealing (having been inside) reading (having been inside) riding (having been inside) rotting (having been inside) rimming (having been inside) ramming



AGAINST ORDINARY LANGUAGE: THE LANGUAGE OF THE BODY

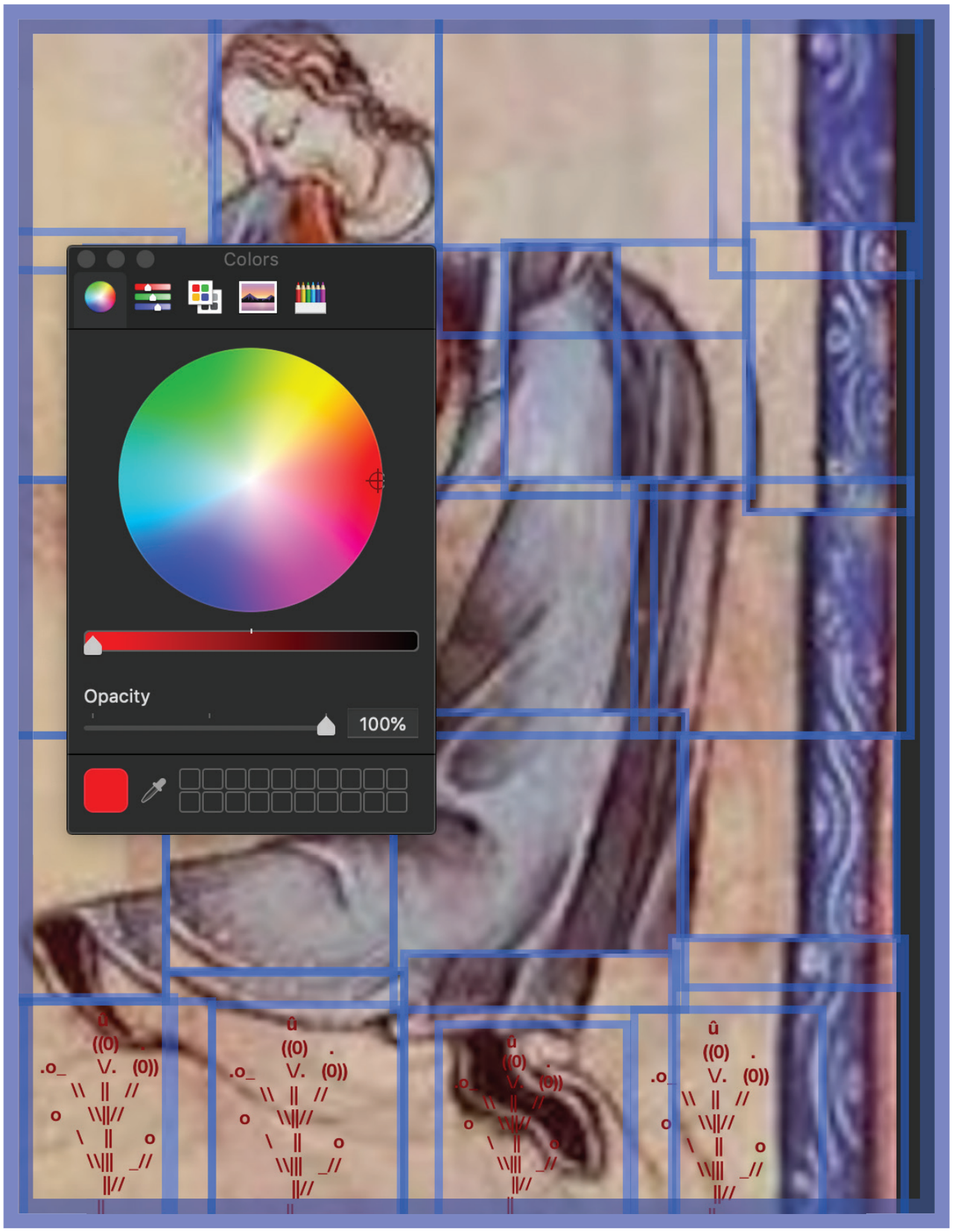
+

(having been inside)
ramming

+

Page 9 Page 9 Page 9

/. ..;;;IIII


Colors
Opacity
100%

longing song
into the night
appendages
cuddle a corner
“hold me”

hide me
find me
give me
live me
lasso me
muzzle me

continuous exteriority

nasty thing
half-way choked,
on the surface of things
copies & *cough *cough - eater, munch thing, feeder-se
eds,seeds,fumblewrdings (lamps on) perf.for seepingsyell yell oh (golden!)
pleads,”e”’s.surface!-scammer, clotted (gut+ties) mov.parts1babbe, mov it oh bb-.b
&chooke, ‘cough’ 2many(cloth)(*cough, things+ all-outabout, DAnceethrou-cuddl/(bud)
Stoop (tnot)stand, suckerspillwer /we’r over+allthings andunder-higher2xhither+tither!(ohh)
Mis/messer livesoh—oh,on,+a&on,U!YES_allover, jeylly*vitrius&jammy=slam&+slam,be*(hoolld

nasty was a hack,
bloodies about,
breaths without
pouring over

the floor
the chair
the desk
the bed
the mattress
the couch
the table
the bedside table
the rug
the printer
the lamp
the standing lamp
the bookshelf

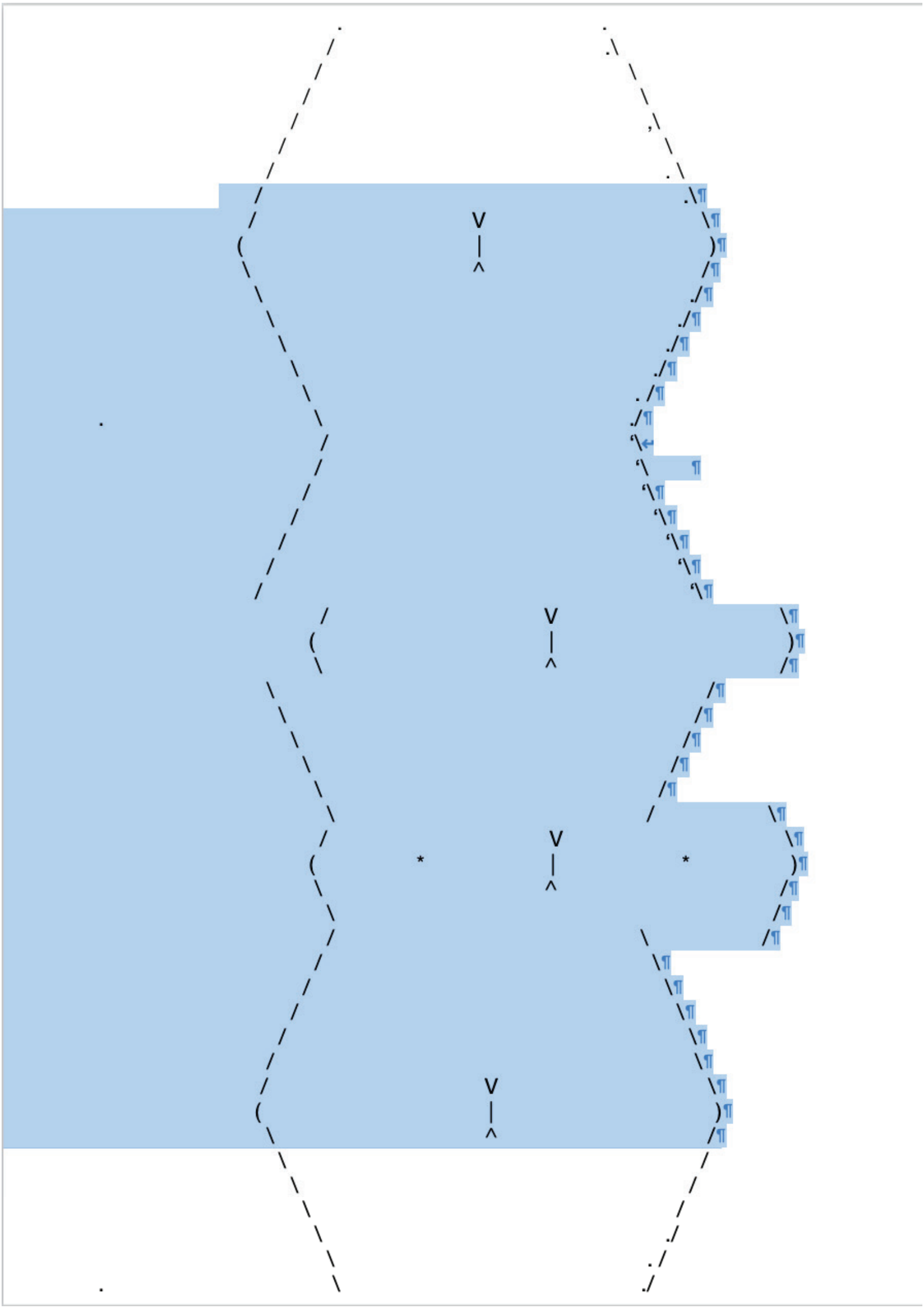
(incomplete inventory of studio apt)
wherein it flings

scamming the room

*punching

*twirl-punch
*twirl-punch

*puddle



excerpt from The Yellow Wallpaper by Charlotte Perkins Gilman:
(replacing every ninth word with yellow)
enhanced color
dandelion desires
exaggerating contours
to tease its yellow insides out

I wish I could get well faster.

But yellow must not think about that. This paper looks to yellow as if it knew what a vicious influence yellow had!

There is a recurrent spot where the yellow lolls like a broken neck and two bulbous yellow stare at you upside down.

I get positively yellow with the impertinence of it and the everlastingness. yellow and down and sideways they crawl, and those yellow, unblinking eyes are everywhere. There is one place yellow two breaths didn't match, and the eyes go yellow up and down the line, one a little yellow than the other.

I never saw so much yellow in an inanimate thing before, and we all yellow how much expression they have! I used to yellow awake as a child and get more entertainment yellow terror out of blank walls and plain furniture yellow most children could find in a toy-store.

I yellow what a kindly wink the knobs our big, old yellow used to have, and there was one chair yellow always seemed like a strong friend.

I used yellow feel that if any of the other things yellow too fierce I could always hope into that yellow and be safe.

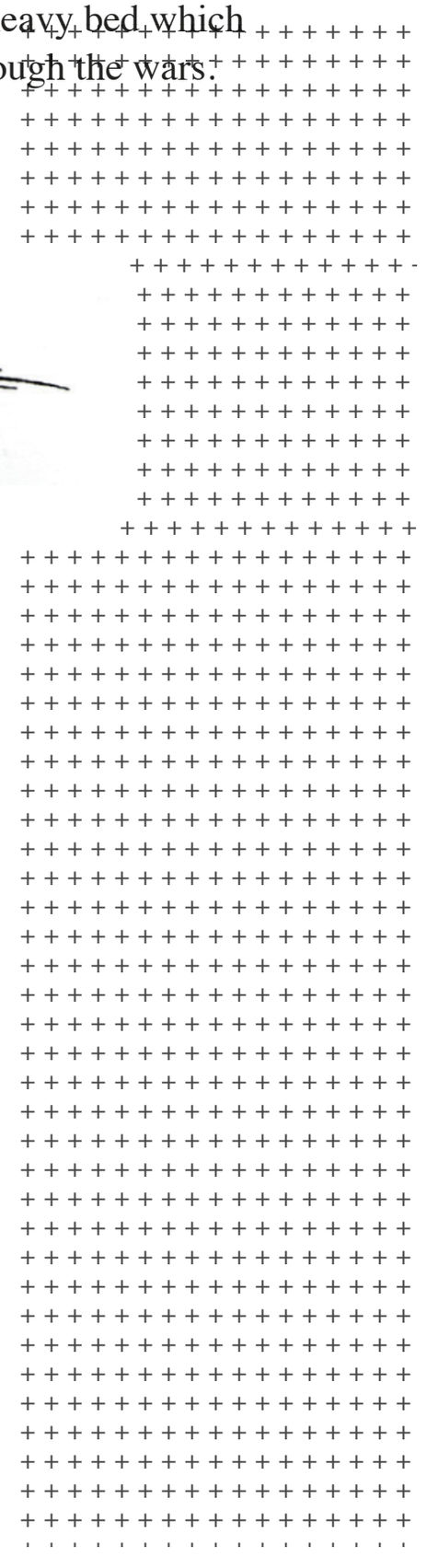
The furniture in this room yellow no worse than inharmonious, however, for we had yellow bring it all from downstairs. I suppose when yellow was used as a playroom they had to yellow the nursery things out

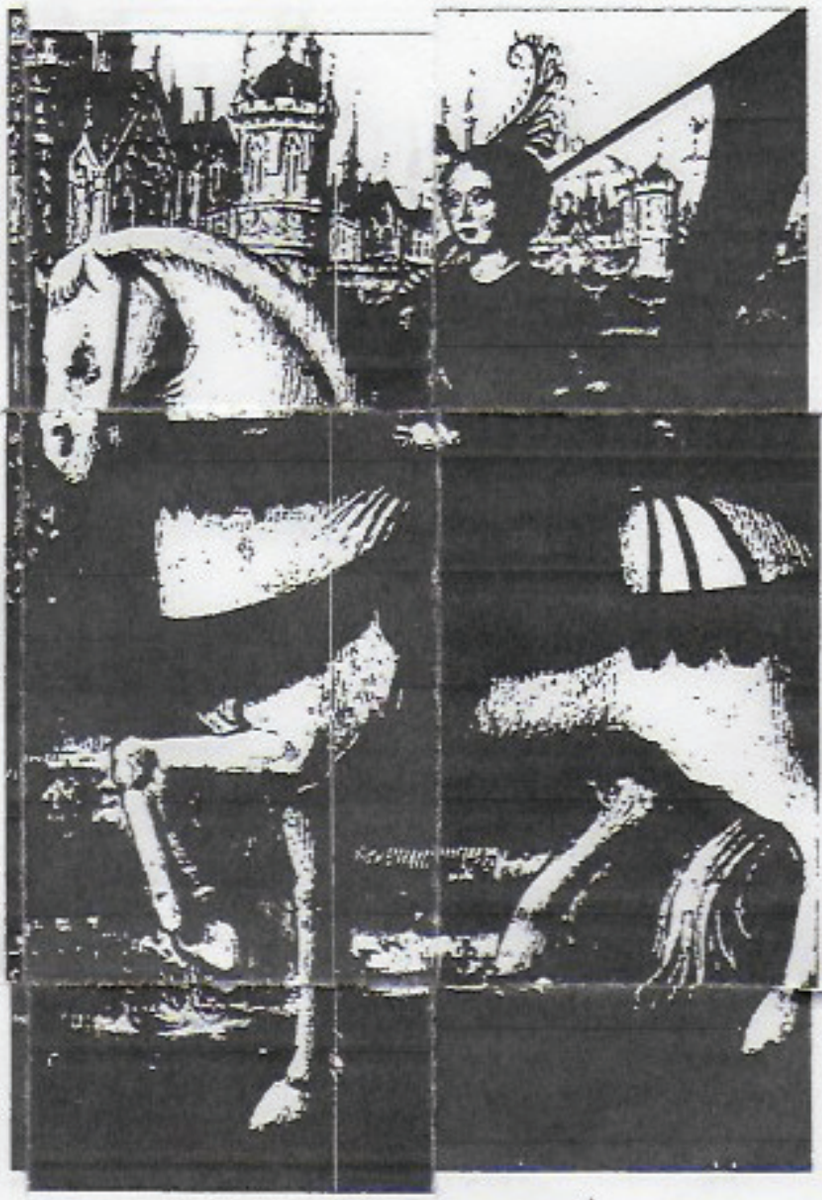
and no wonder! I yellow saw such ravages as the children have made yellow.

This wall-paper, as I said before, is torn yellow in spots, and it sticketh closer than a brother— yellow must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

yellow the floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, yellow plaster itself is dug out here and there, yellow this great heavy bed which is all we yellow in the room, looks as if it had yellow through the wars.







There has been considera ble speculation as to the o rigin of *suttee*. Some auth orities claim that it ema- n ated from a deliberate tam pering with Hindu scrip- t ures. The original version ran: '*Arochantu janayo y onim agre*'—'Let the mothers advance to the altar first'. B y a minor alteration the li ne becomes: '*Arochantu janyo yonim agneh*'—'Let the m others go into the womb o f fire.'

There is Considerable Speculation/ Joan of Arc, 1992
Louise McKissick

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xxxxxxxxxx *\
xxxxxxx \ xxxD
xxxxxxxx) xxx Dx================';
xxxxxxx / xxxD
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xxxxxxxxxx /...;;;;;;;,,,,,,,,//].
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\0000000\
(OOOOOO)
(OOOO)
(OOO)



Page 19 Page 19 Page 19

turbulence
dressed as equilibrium
enters (impure all the way):
lips- a population of effects
rest- nasty and a bag of technotricks

t walks the bricks
two candles central burning
one, says t, for the beauty of the landscape
the other, says t, to light the room

t (turbulence)
leans against t bricks
comfortable, half open
mild disorientations
half-felt (side perceived)

and the flooding in of perceptions
is only written as a shift
in the ambient field quality

turbulence
within t ambience
flings a stoppage event into the flow
fallen into language, that is, t
ran a semiotic run
into the room

t cheek, half open,
laid to t bricks
was cold as organs out
reclassifying themselves
against t wall

smash body
twirling hide
protesting t walls
pissing in t plans
a body undergone
folders, folders and
staggers

turbulence
breath wraps t room
puffing it with turbulence air
slipped out t mouth

warming t room
with the gaseous copy/pasted
departing t face
with a physiognomy of its own
excessing, possessing
the negative place
slow-weathering its edges
repeating t insides to the room
exhale on repetition
folding out
without folding out

+

turbulence
hyperventilated
exhausted
lay itself down
neon lights in t eyes
blaring

+

turbulence
brick reader
wild it sucked
the neons out
want want
dazed

sees language in the lights

.||///oh///ri|
P p P | /
|e s[b u c]/
<:::>dDDhh
arD,IAMIN(S
EVER);CHES
T /
heat,HEAD-
8*CRU:shr,O
!//con-
&Radiant))g
O
olden,GOLD
EN [Fr] +ta/
ste,S, <cnt
w < e t ;
PLEAse?]||||

b l l A z e ,
WiNGs=WIL
D-su x, o, x
Oh, xxxxxxx

[silence]
everything has been said
everything has been said and something has the word
everything returns to [silence] that alone speaks

of profound metamorphosis
of repose, of the cessation of tasks

everything has disappeared
and
‘everything has disappeared’
appears

moving lethargic
across

+

its back
its flat back
its pulsing hide

still like ready
to be fucked

+

there is no repose for
there is no position



LANGUAGE:
THE BODY

ars, seriously for almost five

to write about bodybuilding.
eing offered the opportunity
n: I would attend the gym as
ould describe all I had just
descriptions would provide

atedly. I...some part of me...
jecting language, any verbal
g.
odybuilding in the only way
ordinary or verbal

desire could wreck everything - the desire of
to look where it was lost

desire still desiring
isn’t still

w
ww w.
w w
www
((**warm thing - motivated**

(flung itself out)

unsaid: I’ve got nasty
g;;\\
between body thing Gg.\ **x x x x x x x x**
ggg///. **x x x x x x x**
and flesh rings))\\\…,
sso000))0)0)))0)
it gapes and pours -“;;;00)
l”vegotnnastyyyyyyy
and stills Gg.\
body thingGgg
\ggg/
Gg- - - - -G
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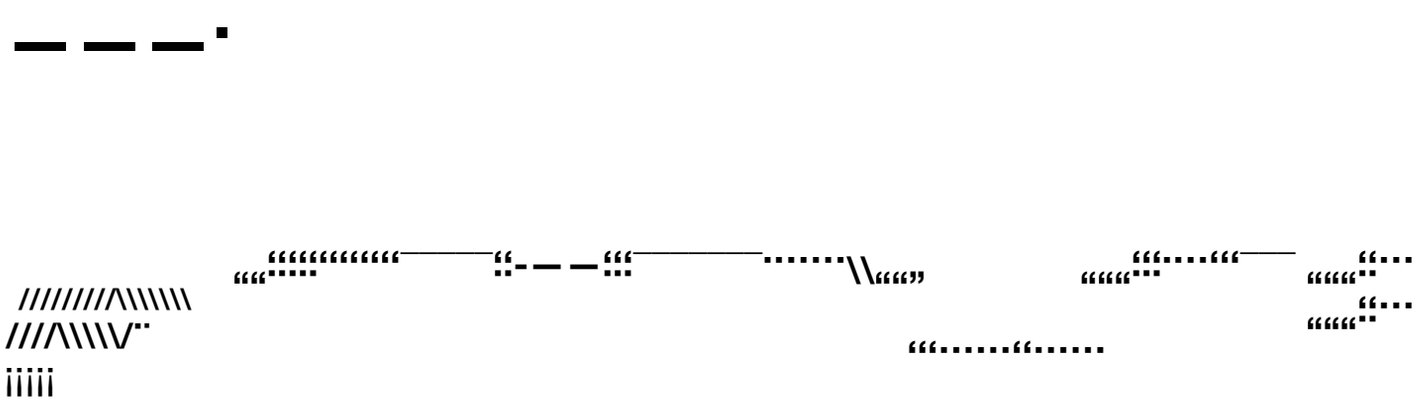

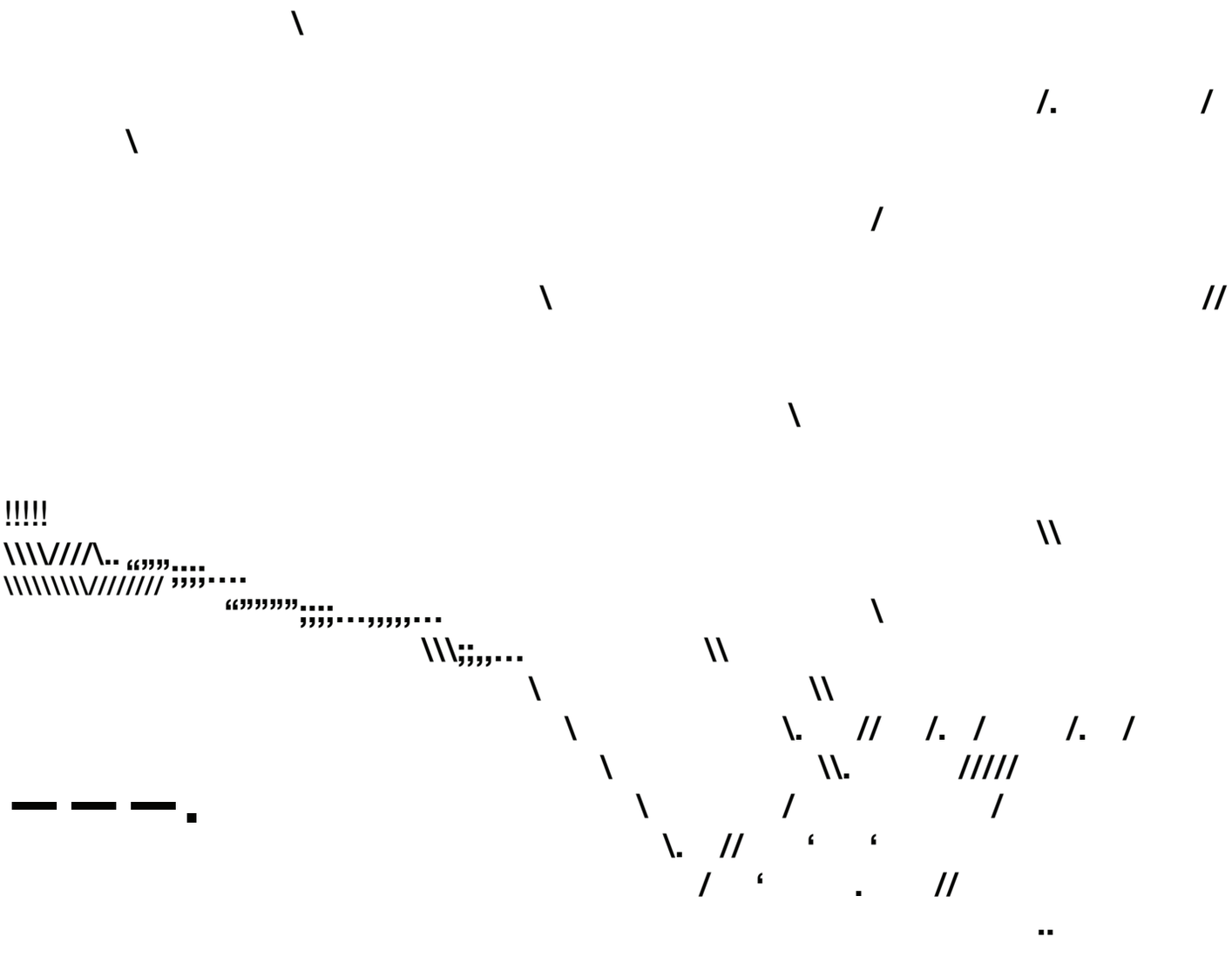

[insert page break]

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I do not want to hurt it. to enter text
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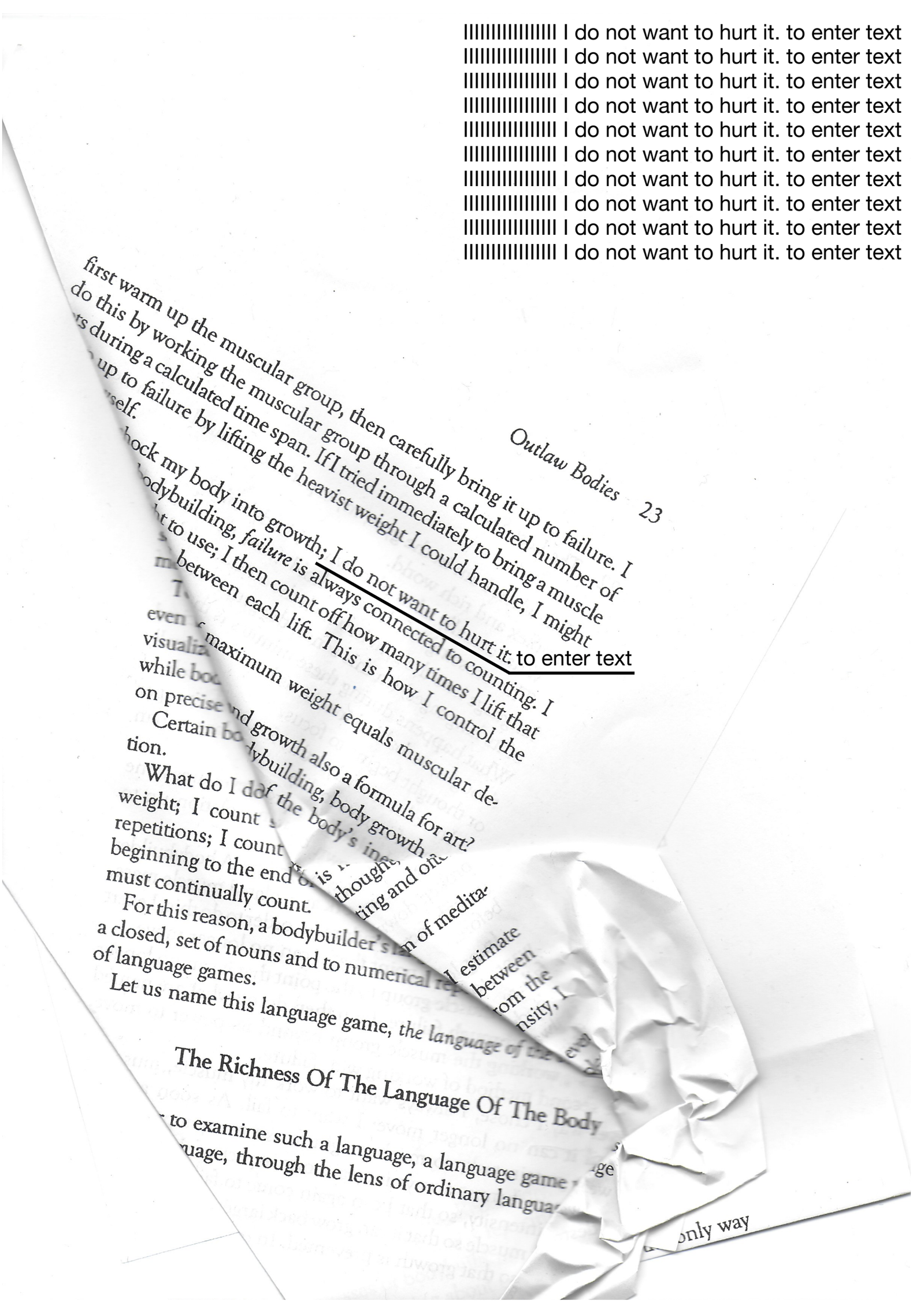


first warm up the muscular group, then carefully bring it up to failure. I do this by working the muscular group through a calculated number of rs during a calculated time span. If I tried immediately to bring a muscle up to failure by lifting the heavist weight I could handle, I might self.

hock my body into growth; I do not want to hurt it. to enter text I bodybuilding, *failure* is always connected to counting. I t to use; I then count off how many times I lift that between each lift. This is how I control the

maximum weight equals muscular de-

even visualiz while bod on precise nd growth also a formula for art?

Certain bo ybuilding, body growth a tion.

What do I do f the body's ine weight; I count thoughts ing and oft repetitions; I count beginning to the end o is n must continually count. n of medita-

For this reason, a bodybuilder's estimate a closed, set of nouns and to numerical rep between of language games. om the nsity, I

Let us name this language game, *the language of the*

The Richness Of The Language Of The Body

to examine such a language, a language game uage, through the lens of ordinary langua ge

only way

loosens the garments from far-flung flesh

they tangle

loosens the garments from far-flung

formalisations

loosens the garments from

top to bottom

loosens the garments

from beneath the feet

loosens the

strap

loosens

night and its apparent calm

captures

night and its apparent

enclose

night and its

sucking the stars

night and

never

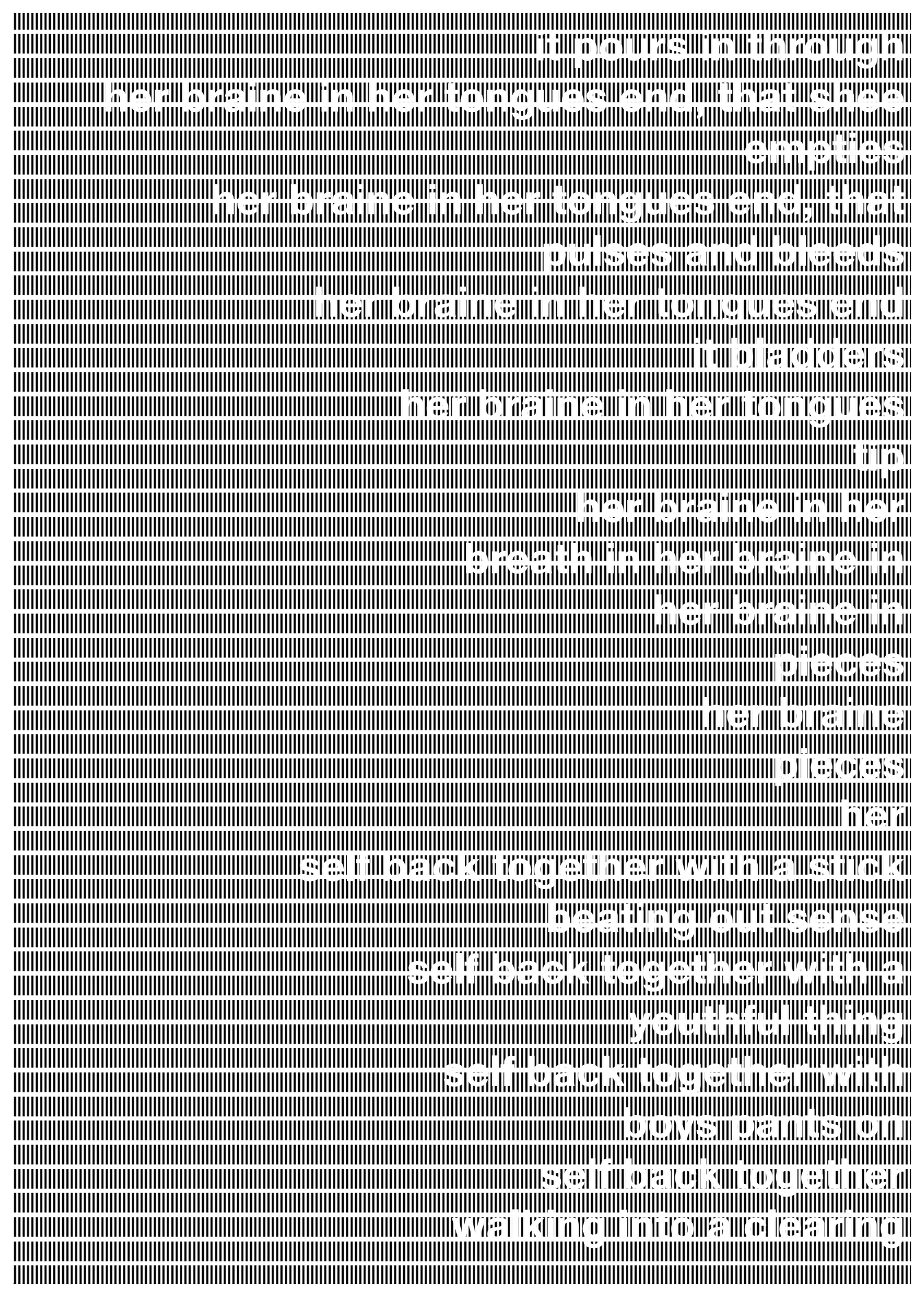
night

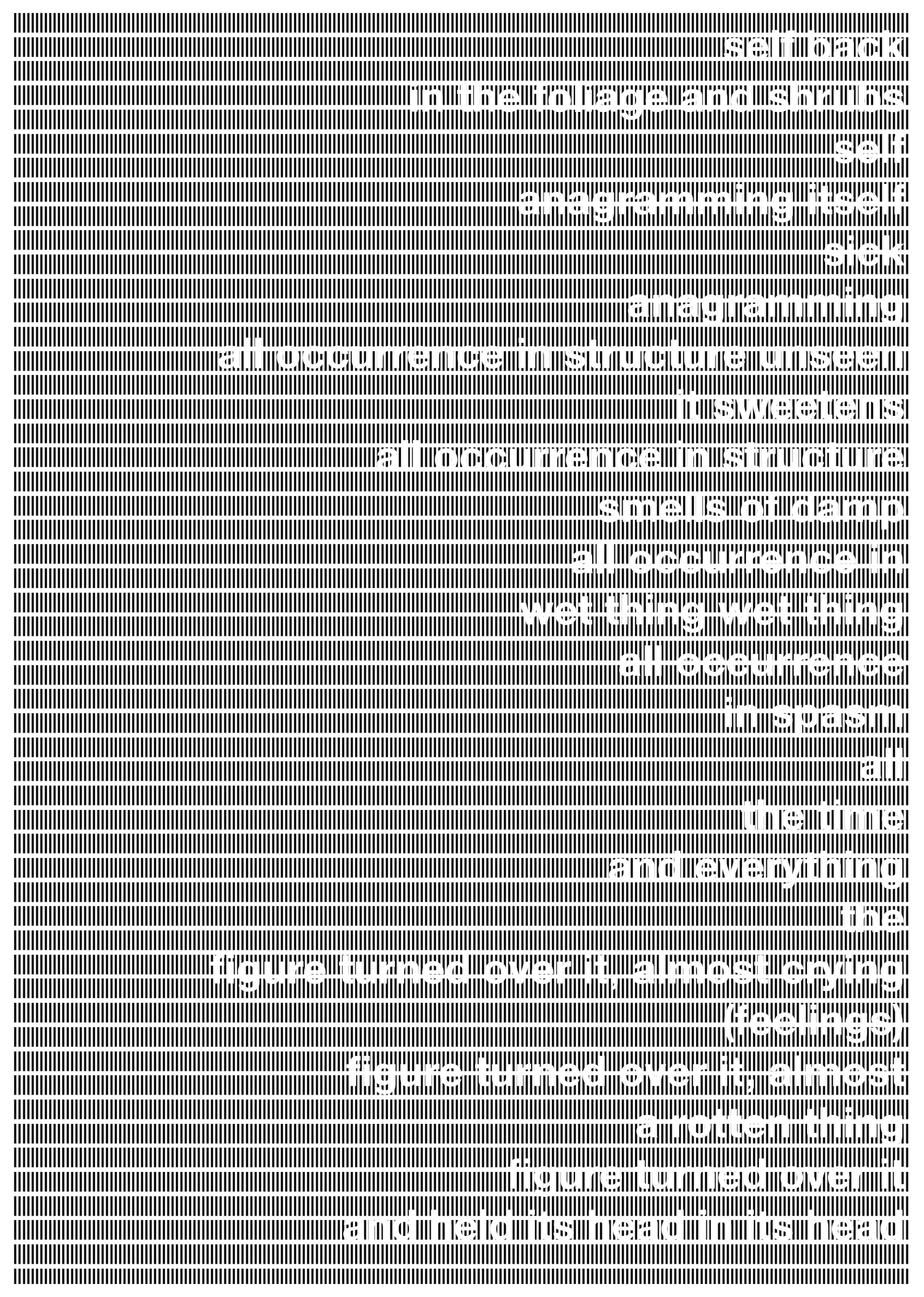
it pours in through the lights

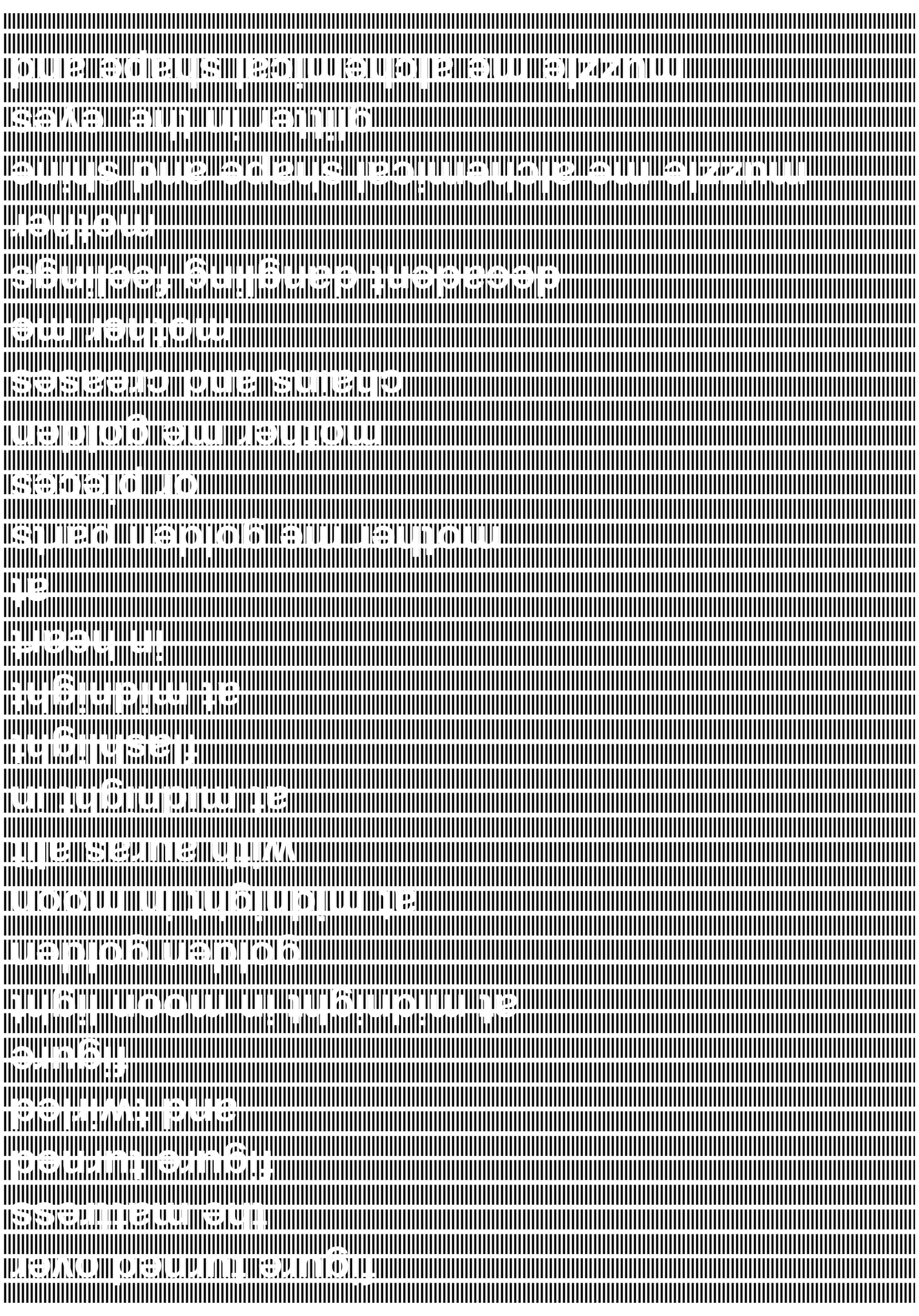
mocking clarity

it pours in through the

rising unsurety



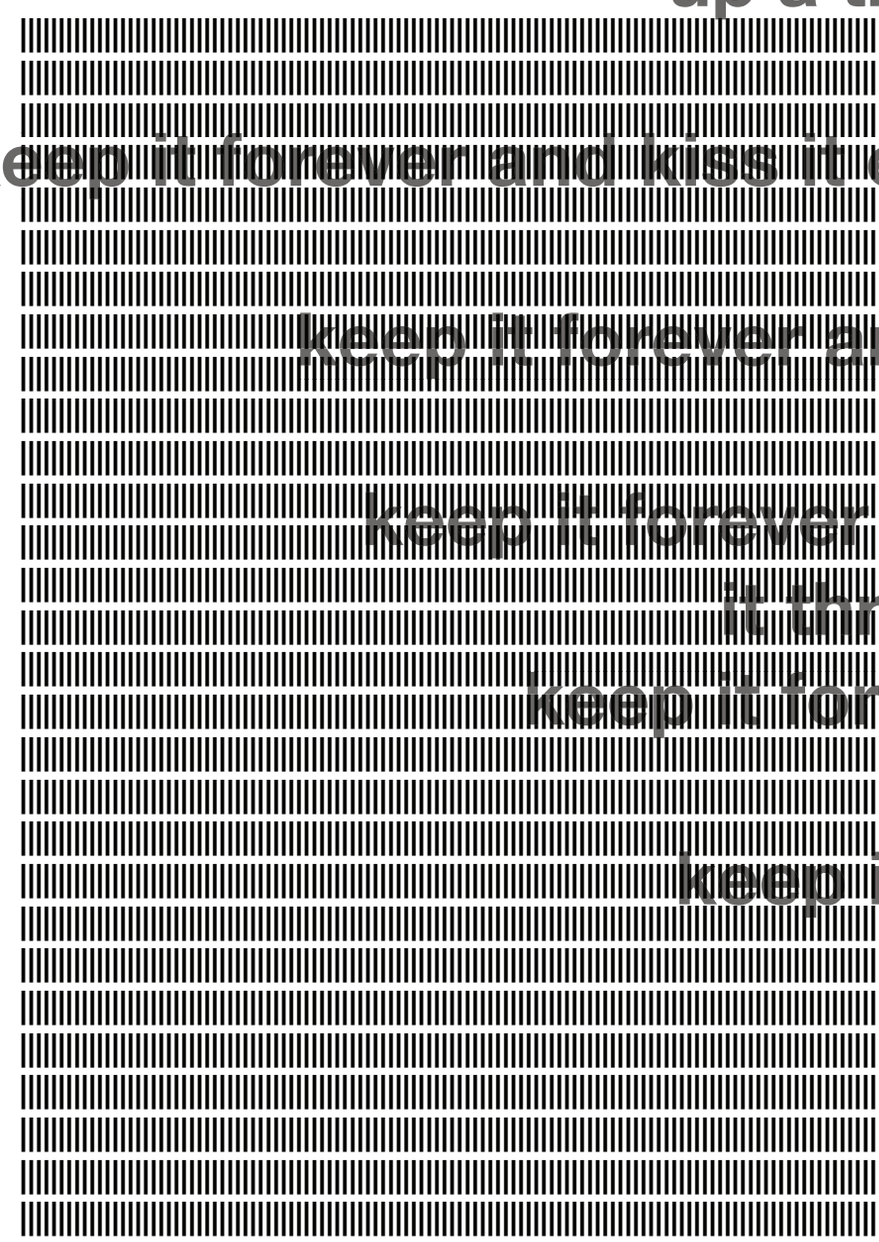




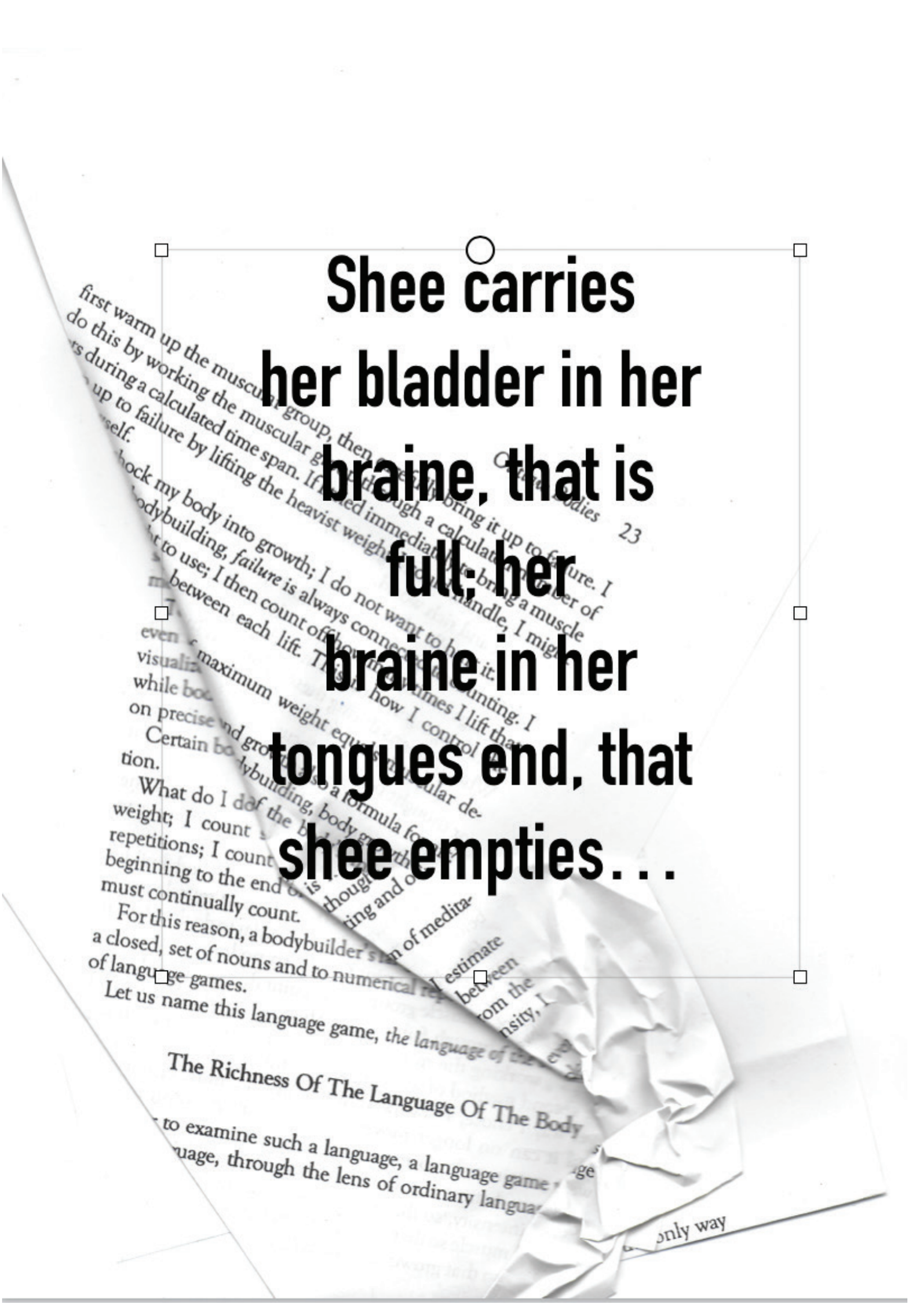
stash
muzzle me alchemical shape
to seed and sow
muzzle me alchemical
decipherings blow
muzzle me
spill flinching manuscript
muzzle
that puzzle
I'll make you a canopy bed
in the sun
I'll make you a canopy
galaxy
I'll make you a
star
I'll make you
cosmic
I'll make
it elastic
it
put it under the bed
out of my sight
put it under the
bant-line

Outpatient
Psychiatric
Psychiatric
Individual
Group
Family
Medication
Medication
Psychotherapy
Psychotherapy
Psychotherapy

false without
and with no
sale
attempts to circumvent this setting or use
software
algorithm to determine
algorithm to
algorithm to
and
algorithm to
Attempt to
algorithm to
Please also
algorithm to
Software that
algorithm to determine whether
algorithm to
algorithm to determine whether
algorithm to
Software that
algorithm to
algorithm to
algorithm to
false

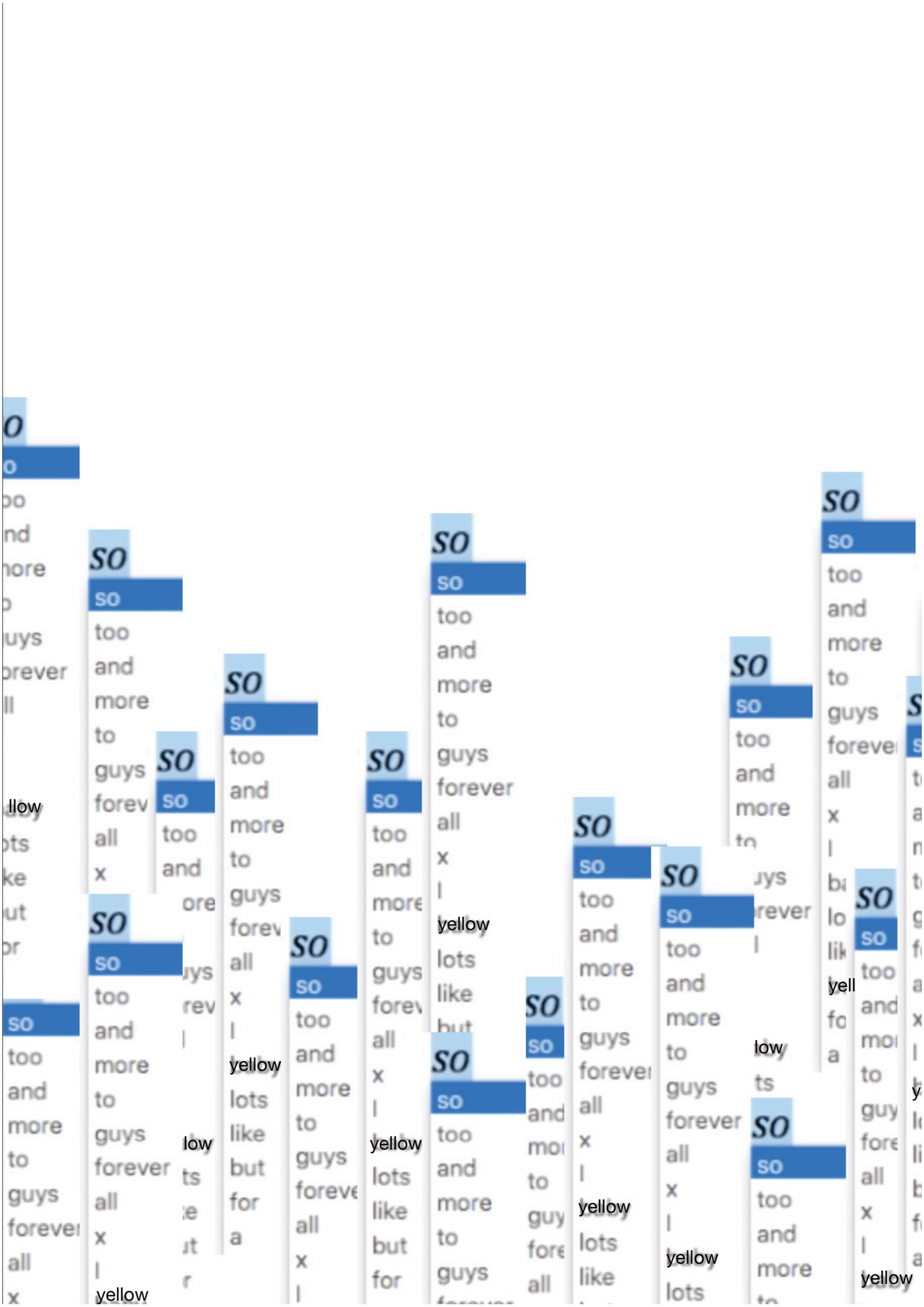


to bag up
for later
to bag
up a translator
to
keep it forever and kiss it everyday
as it lay
keep it forever and kiss it
again
keep it forever and kiss
it three times
keep it forever and
forget
keep it forever
infinity
keep it
in two to
keep
and chew


Shee carries
her bladder in her
braine, that is
full; her
braine in her
tongues end, that
shee empties . . .

to enter text to enter text to enter text


so
too
and
more
to
guys
forever
all
x
l
yellow
lots
like
but
for
a
low


so
too
and
more
to
guys
forever
all
x
I
yellow
lots
like
but
for
a
low

x
I all
more
too

so
yellow
Like
lots
x

x
all guys
but all
and
like a
guy

so

forever
more

so
I and
forever
more
x

x
I all
more
too

so
yellow
yellow
yellow
Like
lots
x
x
x
x
x

more
more
more
more

but for more
forever more
more
more

and
forever
yellow

all
I all

and
more

all
I all

and
more

open new window

(adjust screen brightness, *press F2, F2, F2, F2, F2*)

<image> *diagonal rays of sun jet through an unmasked window. glimmers of sun cast a theatrical light onto the screen blaring back. warm air moves through the room. huffing and puffing life to still the room. expressing itself in and through and out the orifices. Grazing past the inner skins half-opened.* **</image>**

flushes of freshness
coy the attached garments
from the exaggeration of its form
now draped over the screen

slow-tear:

a sweatshirt

a shirt

a bra

sneakers

socks

pants

underwear

x
but
forever
too

yellow
more
and
lots
more

like
more
And
guys
and
guys
and
all I
too

lots,
yellow

forever
Too

more
and
more
yellow

so like
forever
yellow

lots
x
yellow

so like
forever
yellow

yellow
more
and
more
and
more
and
more
and
more
and
more
and
more
and
more



The screen, over which the garments drape, is lending itself to suspend. Holding up the once continuous fabrics about a body that are now, at present, detached. Moving in quickly and unconsciously to capture and accumulate the fresh excess. As an incomparable stand in, it stands in. A burlesque thing draping itself in the splendour of the nearby nude. Masking itself unintentionally with a new and strange garb. Fabric semi-blinding and distorting its steady view. It is now unable to register the nude form in full. A chunk of back, a semi-shoulder, and bits of flesh.

It does not matter. Nude form in full is no better. No better than feeling its previous fabric interface. No better than dressing itself up in its waste.

From within the clustered dressings, what it can register is the warmth trapped in the garments radiating from its threads and seams. It can register the warmth slowly receding. It can count the seconds that pass. Feeling up the time since flesh was animating the encompassing sulk. Images of a fresh past tense: flesh encumbered by denim and denim encumbered by flesh. Aspirational cotton wrapped across the breast.

It does not matter. It views through warmth, rhythm, and the passing of time. Collaborating to reveal an echo of the logic of the body and its form.

<image> *body understudied on the screen as under-filled clothes.* **</image>**

(click *View*, scroll to *Zoom*, click *200%*, then *OK*)

<image> *cement grey sweatshirt is interrupted by a foregrounding dark lace bra, guarding the underwear, so the pants stick out, together they mostly interrupt the blare.* **</image>**

(zoom out, *command* + <)

<image> *blinded by the blare the thing goes hidden to the sun and the room. Placing itself between the screen and the back wall. The screen is her shield. To the window, the figure is submitting its continuity to screen's contours. Letting it fragment and give new proximity to her previous form. Cutting off a portion of the trunk with its aluminium frame, dangling legs and hands beneath the table, and piece of head and chest hung on the wall.* **</image>**

open new window

select all (*command+a*)
(press *delete*)
paste (*command+v*)

But soft! (adjust screen brightness, *press F2, F2, F2, F2, F2*)
What light through yonder window breaks?
It speaks, and yet says nothing.
~~Leonardo Dicaprio~~

Diagonal rays of sun jet through an unmasked window. Copy/pasting light through the shakespearean garbed sentence. Overexposing the first line of Marshal McLuhan's *The Medium is the Message*. Crossing it through and unfastening it from the mouth below the boyish blond locks. Folding the surface of this sentence against itself. Fashioning its metallic hinges, collapsing its center open, letting the non-contiguous ends almost touch. Opening it up only to show its resistance to being fully disclosed.

New (*command+n*)

open applications
open text edit
Italicise (*command+i*)

[press *esc*, press the space bar] *repeat*

I love you so much fun and I was just a little bit of a new one is a great day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day to be a good day

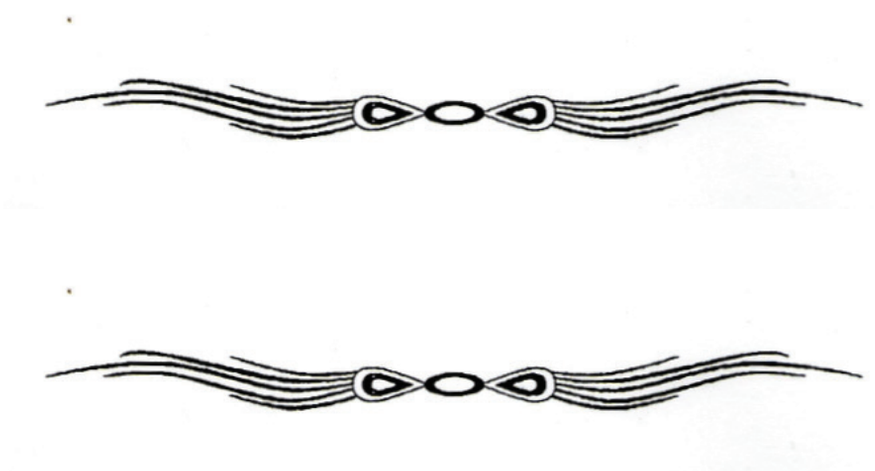
The hands decidedly slow down, and without finishing the line, they stop.

Open (*command+o*)

type in search finder

“Blue/Jarman_BF”

double click



Blue (1993)
A film by Derek Jarman

It starts with:

You say to the boy open your eyes
When he opens his eyes and sees the light
You make him cry out. Saying
O Blue come forth
O Blue arise
O Blue ascend
O Blue come in

An unwavering, saturated, monochromatic image is cast upon the screen. It is a single shot of Yves Klein's patented International Klein Blue. One hour and nineteen minutes. Filling the image and time is the voice of a heavily medicated body spilling poetry and verbal descriptions of retinas ripping, litanies of lovers, childhood memories, hospital waiting rooms, and the nearness of death. Blue is spoken, seen, and summoned as the ever approaching blindness presents itself: *I hold out my hands before me and slowly part them. At a certain moment they disappear out of the corner of my eyes. This is how I used to see. Now if I repeat the motion this is all I see.*

Blue, that abandoning hue upon the screen. In the cloud of its steadiness, instability emerges and walks forwards.

Look left
Look down
Look up
Look right
Blue flashes in my eyes.

Voice mocking the apparent calm of the surface; its invisible bleeding. A blue stillness encrypting the quivering of image rubbing against image, language rubbing against language, sound rubbing against sound. As I let the stomached image continue to settle, I am haunted by idea that I can look away from the screen and come back to it and know that I've missed nothing except the blue that is still there. Through this surety, the imminence of his death is felt. I am cast away from the screen.

My eyes sting from the drops
My sight seems to have closed in…

Recently, I misread a poem. It said: memory scams the void. Burning like a hole in the text. And as I read what remained of it, I was unwilling to feel in the possession of my eyes the abusive power to write over something else. Remedying this potential, I began to write alongside another. Alongside the copy/paste, the sound of typing, and the darkness of the room.

The darkness comes in with the tide
The year slips on the calendar
Your kiss flares
A match struck in the night
Flares and dies
My slumber broken
Kiss me again
Say it. Go ahead, stand before the mirror, look at your mouth, and say it. Blue. See how you pucker up, your lips opening with the consonants into a kiss, and then that final exhalation of vowels. Blue. The word looks like what it is, a syllable blown out into the air, and with the sound and the sight of saying it as one.- William Gass
Kiss me
Kiss me again
And again
Never enough
Greedy lips
Speedwell eyes
Blue skies

I begin to look at a series of images depicting the sea generated by a search engine. It was a search that intended to give a bit of inspiration, or a landscape to write across and into. The water, the sky, the flatness; it's all mostly blue.

My illuminated screen coyly penetrates the darkness. A seemingly tractionless surface, I look at all the places where blue meets blue. As each image is maximized, a face in return, my own face, basks in second-hand light. I follow the blue relentlessly, treading sky, sea, eventually landing on the sand.

I'm walking along the beach in a howling gale -
Another year is passing
In the roaring waters
I hear the voices of dead friends
Love is life that lasts forever.
My hearts memory turns to you
David. Howard. Graham. Terry. Paul....

Sometimes one is forced or needs to sever a relation: in a person, in a subject, in a field, in a text, in a film. As the relationship is annihilated so is a version of herself with it. Out comes a thing (oneself) with a temperament of deflation, not even able to fill the body, puddling around ones own feet. It's a temperament that resists the production of a super tight discourse that it would hold itself up on and retreat into. It is a temperament that resists the enthusiasm of building up oneself. It's a temperament tending towards the acceptance of being taken down.

In a blue puddle of water, ground is basically the same as surface, and the act of grounding is basically the same as the act of surfacing.

Look left
Look down
Look up
Look right
(The chorus of *Blue* sings again.)

Derek Jarman was diagnosed in 1986. He made Blue in 1993. He died in 1994. He says: he is not living with AIDS, he is dying with it. Referring to his body as a walking laboratory, the movement of his eyes left, down, up, and right force the pills to slosh around his insides.

The retina is destroyed, though when the bleeding stops what is left of my sight might improve. I have to come to terms with sightlessness.

My eyes shut: The sea of dsytopic end of the world imaging enters my waters. No mattering or meaning to inquire if I let them in or if they invaded. But in body, unlike see (sea), I can contain both the blue waters of destruction rising above land, without absorbing the red. For the sea's apparent blue is merely its absorption of the red. But my menstrual, soggy organs still do gush. Whatever the black ink surface re(a)ds.

Blue protects white from innocence
Blue drags black with it
Blue is darkness made visible
Blue protects white from innocence
Blue drags black with it
Blue is darkness made visible

My body registers its own impotency in the face of decay. I forced the words to sound again in my ears. And again, and again. Repeating and withdrawing. Tracing it in my veins, permitting it to encompass. But a cut, a slice, can make the blue vein go liquid red. Shattering the appearance of an

inside. >>Subcutaneous fat only allows *blue* light to penetrate skin all the way to *veins*, so this is the color that is reflected back. Less energetic, warmer colors are absorbed by skin before they can travel that far.

It started with sweats in the night and swollen glands. Then the black cancer spread across their faces - as they fought for breath TB and pneumonia hammered their lungs, and Toxo at the brain. Reflexes scrambled - sweat poured through hair matter like lianas in the tropical forest. Voices slurred - and then were lost forever. My pen chased this story across the page tossed this way and that in the storm.

> I open my face and look down on the corpsed word beach
> ever so razored by the fingertips
> slipping pointed tough tongue into that sanded crack
> breathing on my part
> it turns blue

Sometimes, when a woman is holding a pencil, her hand won't release it no matter how badly she wants to let it go. Instead, the hand tightens rather than open. The other hand intervenes more successfully, but then the hand which one might call sick makes a slow, tentative movement and tries to catch the departing object. The strange thing is the slowness of this movement. The hand moves in a tempo which is scarcely human: not that of viable action, not that of hope either, but rather the shadow of time, the hand being itself the shadow of a hand slipping ghostlike toward an object that has become its own shadow. – Maurice Blanchot

The sun comes and
floods this empty
room…
I call it my room.
My room has welcomed
many summers
Embraced laughter and
tears
Can it fill itself with your
laughter
Each word a sunbeam
Glancing in the light
This is the song of My
Room.
Blue stretches, yawns
and is awake.

Into a head that is
Fucking the pillow
Into a head that

This is the song of My Room:
Moving light
Across a hollow sleeping body
Moving
Into a head that is not designing the slumber
inclination
of the bedroom
Into a head that is not designing the slumber
Back touching the sheets
Into a head that is not designing the
Pathways it takes on the half-lit face
Into a head that is not designing
The dripping of half way thoughts
Into a head that is not
Fucking the pillow

Slips
Into a head
Laying gently in the bed
Into a
Position that looks more or less dead

In order to sleep one imitates the sleeper. *(the soundtrack falls quiet, the screen hums on. Miming the silence of the blood. Miming the blindness for the ears.)*

Theatricalizing a crinkled form, yet functionalizing this mimicry in order to slip…let's say under… into a slow, coiled muscular breath. Sleep can only then grab one out of the blue. When the surface of sleep begins to surface relentlessly.

The hospital is even quieter this morning. Hushed. I have a sinking feeling in my stomach. I feel defeated. My mind bright as a button but my body falling apart - a naked light bulb in a dark and ruined room. There is death in the air here but we are not talking about it.

(Then) *Voices unlocked from the blue of the long dried paint*
breathing on my part
Scripted thick I laid right down
Hair was furling round the edge
steaming thick in the imaged wedge
I found a way to fit it in
non-vibrant voice upon the breast
I rot I rot I rot
On the beachless sky
bluing upon thee
still like ready to be fucked.
Posing red on animal fours
To hide the blue fucked gaps between
it and you

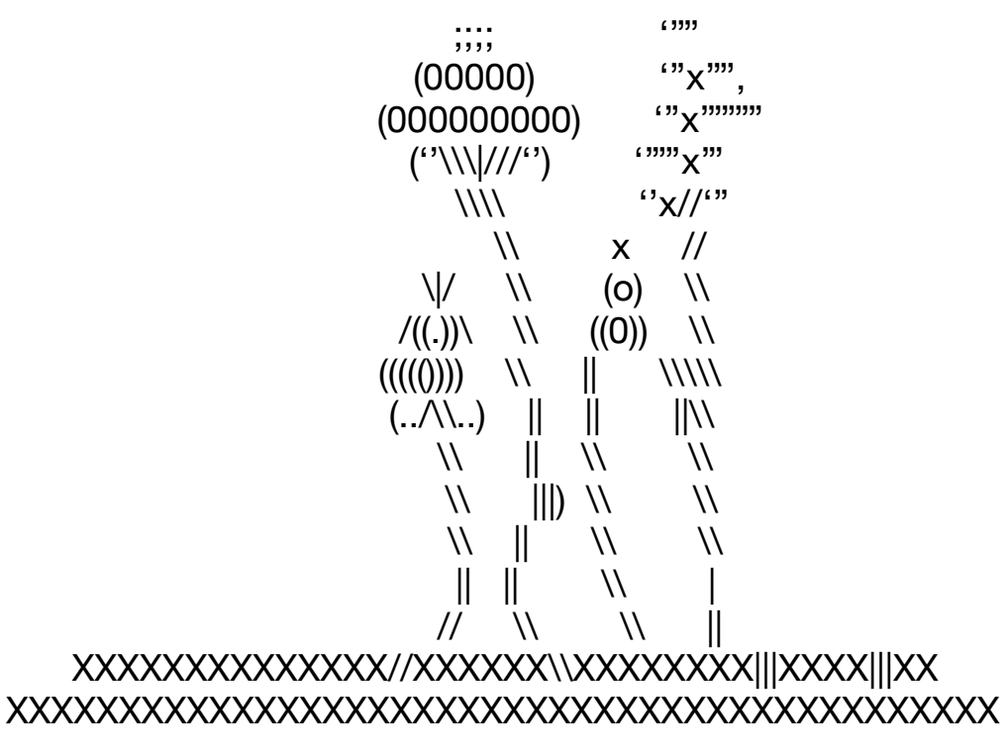
The infection has halted
The flash leaves
Scarlet after image
We hear: In order to be put on the drug you have to sign a piece of paper stating you understand that all these illnesses are a possibility.

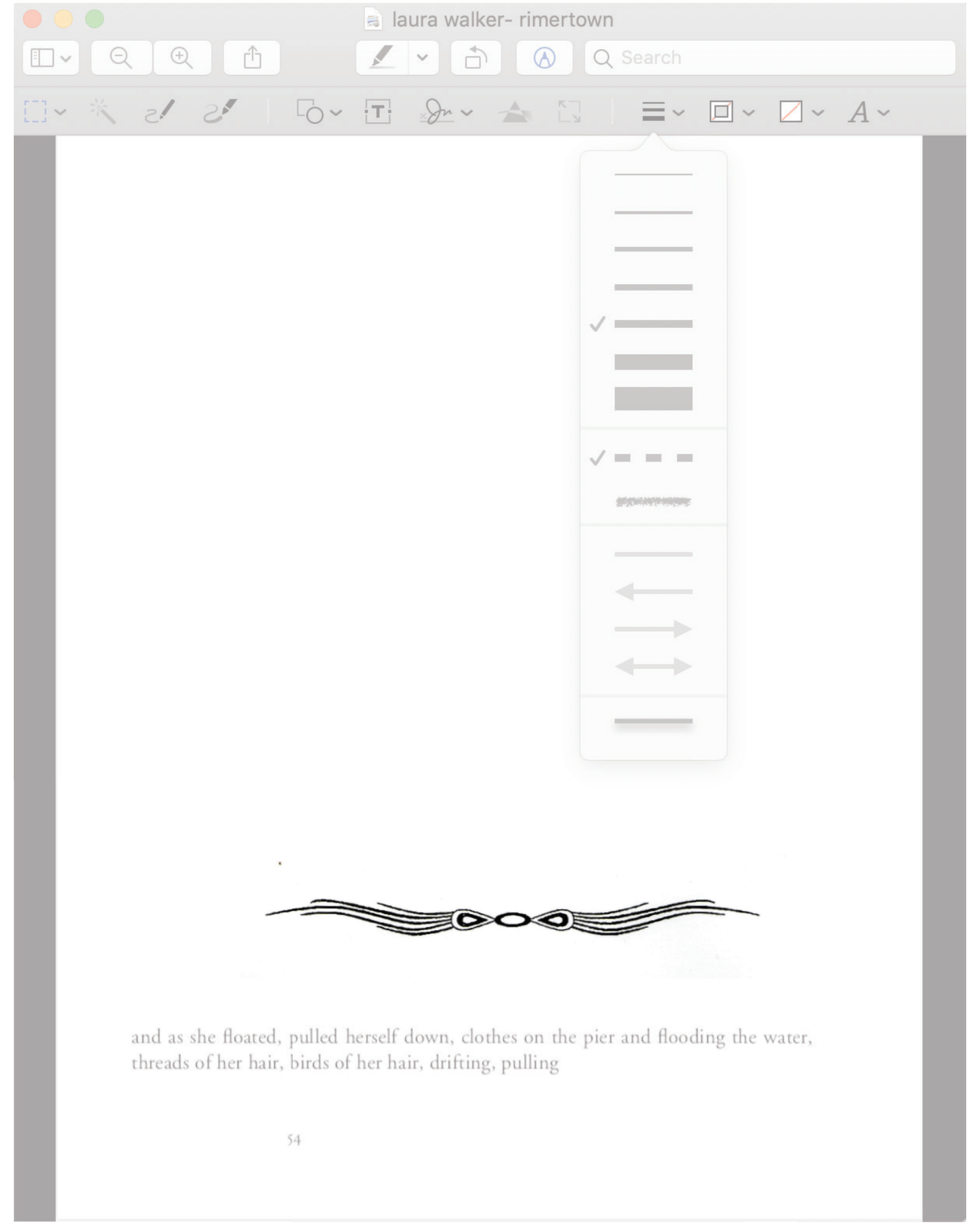
I really can't see what I am to do. I am going to sign it.

B.F.

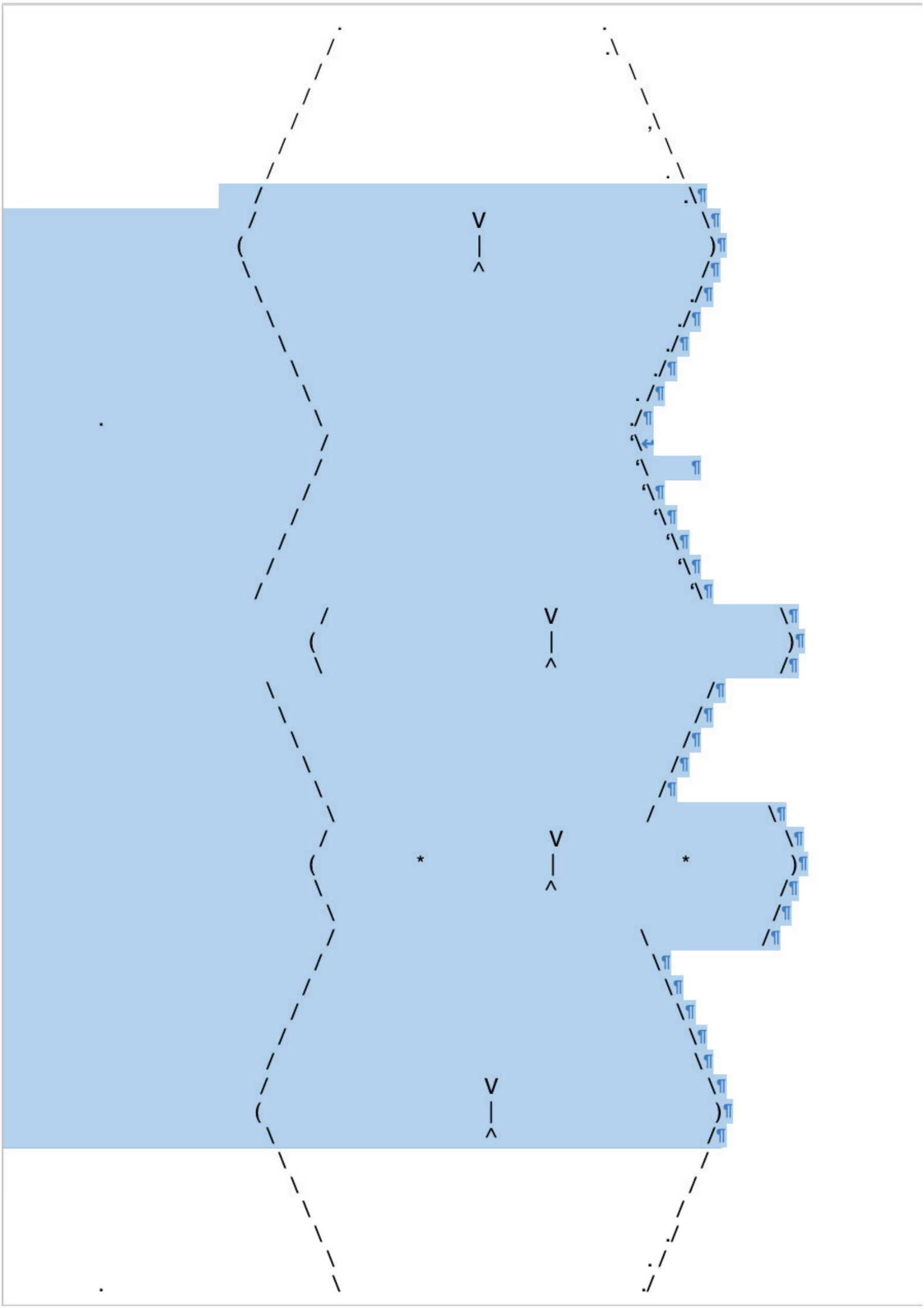
It ends with:

Bliss in my ghostly eye
Kiss me
On the lips
On the eyes
Our name will be forgotten
In time
No one will remember our work
Our life will pass like the traces of a cloud
And be scattered like
Mist that is chased by the
Rays of the sun
For our time is the passing of a shadow
And our lives will run like
Sparks through the stubble.
I place a delphinium, Blue, upon your grave.





and as she floated, pulled herself down, clothes on the pier and flooding the water, threads of her hair, birds of her hair, drifting, pulling



<image> *impressing the sheets, the figure lies face up on the bed* **</image>**

She doesn’t die, she just lay on herself while living.

(*im gonna dead for you)*
(im gonna dance for you)
(im gonna dead for you)
(im gonna dance for you)
(im gonna dead for you)
(im gonna dance for you)

oo)u)or
youfffooorryou)
ou,ou,oryou
(dan)cee)oruuu
uu(dansseoor)you
you(u)foruu___u)*
oor****u*;,u,u,*
oooo

‘

A bibliography of sorts.

This is a collection of titles which I either read during the time I spend working on this, before, or are ones that I would like to read after. A reading list of sorts, a litany of influences, texts that are still touching me, and readerly aspirations. A profoundly incomplete list.

Written in the order it came to mind:

Nightwood
Djuana Barnes

Impolitic Bodies: Poetry, Saints, and Society in Fifteenth-Century England: The Work of Osbern Bokenham
Sheila Delany

Language of the Body
Kathy Acker

Don Quixote: Which Was A Dream
Kathy Acker

Redoing Childhood
Kathy Acker

The Necropastoral: Poetry, Media, Occults
Joyelle McSweeney

History of Reading
Alberto Manguel

It's Go In Horizontal
Leslie Scalapino

New Time
Leslie Scalapino

Holy Feast and Holy Fast
Caroline Walker Bynum

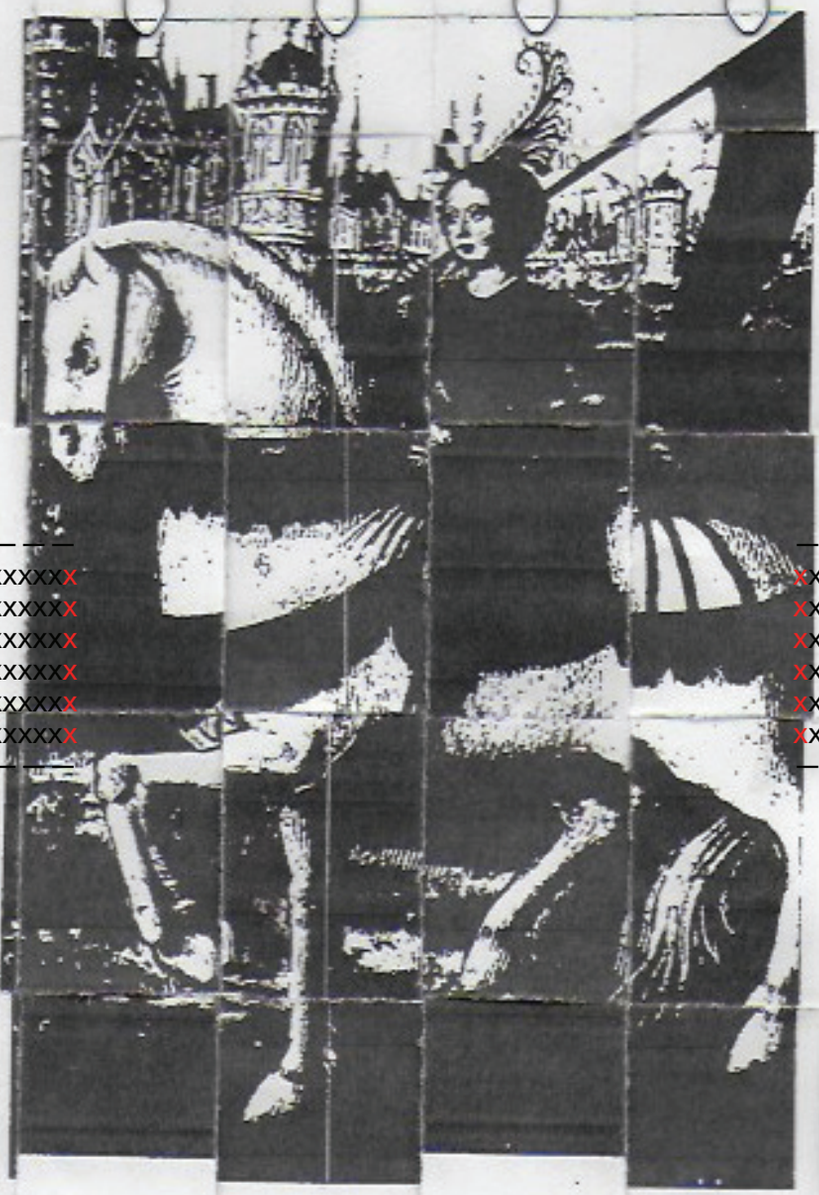
Medieval Monstrosity and the Female Body
Sarah Alison Miller

The Lesbian Body
(an excerpt)

I discover that your skin can be lifted layer by layer, *I* pull, it lifts off, it coils above your knees, *I* pull starting at the labia, it slides the length of the belly, fine to extreme transparency, *I* pull starting at the loins, the skin uncovers, the round muscles and trapezii of the back, it peels off up to the nape of the neck, *I* arrive under your hair, m/y fingers traverse its thickness, *I* touch your skull, *I* grasp it with all m/y fingers, *I* press it, *I* gather the skin over the whole of the cranial vault, *I* tear off the skin brutally beneath the hair, *I* reveal the beauty of the shining bone traversed by blood-vessels, m/y two hands crush the vault and the occiput behind, now m/y fingers bury themselves in the cerebral convolutions, the meninges are traversed by cerebrospinal fluid flowing from all quarters, m/y hands are plunged in the soft hemispheres, *I* seek the medulla and the cerebellum tucked in somewhere underneath, now *I* hold all of you silent immobilised every cry blocked in your throat you last thoughts behind your eyes caught in m/y hands, the daylight is no purer than the depths of m/y heart m/y dearest one.

Your hair is all black and shining. In the space between your long jaws teeth exposed *I* recognise your ambiguous infinite smile. Your tall ears move and quiver. M/y hand placed on your sweat-covered flank excites a bristling of your skin. *I* run light fingers down the length of your spine or else m/y hands bury themselves in your coat. *I* touch your firm breasts, *I* squeeze them in m/y hand. You stand upright on your paws one of them intermittently scratching the ground. Your head weighs on the nape of m/y neck, your canines gash m/y flesh where it is most sensitive, you hold m/e between your paws, you constrain m/e to lean on m/y elbows, you make m/e turn m/y back to you, your breasts press against m/y bare skin, *I* feel your hairs touching m/y buttocks at the height of your clitoris, you climb on m/e, you rip off m/y skin with the claws of your four paws, a great sweat comes over m/e hot then soon cold, a white foam spreads the length of your black chops, *I* turn around, *I* clutch at your coat, *I* take your head between m/y hands, *I* speak to you, your great tongue passes over m/y eyes, you lick m/y shoulders breasts arms belly vulva thighs, a moment comes when frenziedly you take m/e on your back m/y she-wolf m/y arms round your neck m/y breasts m/y belly against your fur m/y legs gripping your flanks m/y sex thrusting against your loins, you begin to gallop.

Monique Wittig
Translation



There has b[illegible]een considera[illegible]ble speculation as to the origin of *suttee*[illegible]. Some auth[illegible]orities claim that it emanated from a d[illegible]eliberate tam[illegible]indu scriptures. The ori[illegible]ginal version [illegible]ering with Hantu janayo nim agre'—'Le[illegible]t the mothers [illegible]ran: 'Arochantu By a minor alt[illegible]teration the li[illegible]advance to the altar first'. f fire.' [illegible]gneh'—Let the [illegible]ne becomes: 'Arochantu to the womb [illegible]to the womb

There is C[illegible]lation/
Joan of Arc[illegible]Considerable Spec
Louise Marc, 1992
[illegible]cKissick

The Book of the City of Ladies
Christine de Pizan

Herland
Charlotte Perkins Gilman

The Yellow Wallpaper
Charlotte Perkins Gilman

The Lais of Marie de France
Marie de France

Claustrophilia: The Erotics of Enclosure in Medieval Literature

"A poetics of rimming and limning comes to subtend the participation of tongues in holes, the unworldly in the all too secular, as the discursive means of negotiating the difference within their retraced and retracted sameness (what Iacopone calls their anal “opening”). Metonymies—of tongue and page, body and bed— stretch the space in which vice and virtue come together in a common, if differently shared, moment of arrival: that coming which is also an inaugu- ration of a new space, a third heaven, beyond vice and virtue, heterodoxy and orthodoxy. This new space is one of ongoing transfiguration, as analogically repeated words, gestures, and movements instantiate new materialities, bound to one another and multiplying these boundaries. “

Carey Howie

Medieval Saints and Modern Screens: Divine visions as Cinematic Experience
Alicia Spencer-Hall

The Front Matter, Dead Souls
Leslie Scalapino

Alma, or The Dead Woman
Alice Notely

House of Dust
Alison Knowles

The Thief's Journal
Jean Genet

White Phosphorus
(an excerpt)

“Flowery mantle.” “Homeric sacrifice?” “noise of darkness” “fear of darkness” “now mantle of innocence” “King of his death now” “Home” “I’ve come home” “He said, ‘I’ve come home’” “They were sacrificed for nothing, for distant” “instants of thought” “All for your thinking” “He said, ‘I’ve come home; I've finally come home’ then he died” “flowers” “Magnolias & lilies” “innocent now” “I’ve come home. Who’s there? at home? all the dead?” “To come home from the war” “years after” “To die” “To

wear mantle light honey” “mantle dead white” “in sunlight, in late” “Homeric?” “he said it was hideous” “all of it” “hideous” “every instant in Nam” “theatre of worsts” “now mantle of white” “phosphorous & lilies?” “trees now lean down” “over our faces” “Tell details of battle?” “As” “in an epic?” “As” “in lies?” “We don’t want that now” “We want only our mother of dirt” “our mantle of white” “want each other of soul; and”

“we want” “our mother of spirit” (“rich sweet in dirt”) “we want” “our father” “of leaves” “We want our fate fragmented to air for our children to breathe;” “light on water for widows to think near” “moonlight on water to ease you” “we want no poet, we want our homes in the earth” “that’s all we can have” “want no place in history or poetry” “want our wanderings our sorrows, after the war not remembered,” “we want not

to pain her” “we want our love mingled” “with yours” “no place in history” “only in love” “remove us from history,” “All of us sacrificed” “all for a thought” “They played with our souls.” “Used our souls to fight, be their willfulness” “willfulness” “we were made their willfulness,” “nothing but that—” “And you too, you yielded, one way or another” “to their will.” “They” “who are the subject” “of all history” “& of poems” “as if”

“we have ever, in all ways” “yielded to them” “by speaking of” “always speaking of” “Kings” “presidents” “the Great Men” “their mistresses” “Generals” “Communist Kings” “Leaders” “Warriors” “West Point of Greeks” “West Point of Greeks against” “West Point of Trojans” “Isn’t it more beautiful, under the Earth?” “Or to be sunlight, not history?” “Now I can love, & only” “now” “Remove us from history but not from your air” “History is willfulness” “is” “precious parts”

“History’s for those” “who ask not” “to be forgiven”

“We ask to be forgiven” “& loved” “No, we ask” “to be absolved”
“And to be” “elemental” “ask leaves & wind”
“Ask leaves bending down towards our faces” “Ask light & dirt” “we ask”
“our children” “we ask our wives” “Ask that they live” “We ask
to be” “with the ones that we killed” “To history” “saying nothing”
“being that” (“nothing”) “& to history” “having been” “nothing.”

*

“In this moment” “before” “anyone, ever” “died” “before we were born?”
“in this moment forever before” “before we went to a war”
“Before we died” “In this moment, now” “In this moment before, it is
not before” “In this very moment” “where is it” “where we
haven’t died” “or died inside” “In this moment we haven’t” “in this
moment, no one” “in this moment, no one has ever, died” (“But I have
been born”) “in this moment” “where, where is it” “in moment” “who’s here”
“Catch it catch it” “moment where we are” “merely as it is autonomous,”

“autonomous moment” “Without a war” “without a guilt,”
“Can we exist” “Outside of what was?” “in the air of our thoughtless,
female, moment” “the air of our moment” “not grievous not iron”
“moment, not air” “but air of our moment” (“woman-made?”) “faithful,
faithful & boundless” “reticent & light” “fond, & kindly” “not reticent
but shiny,” “morning-starry, not bloody” “not bloody, in the morning”
“in the star” “it is a star” “it is autonomous” “star & it’s mild” “Is
it a little” “of us” “from before” “we were born?” (“that was

never”) (“I know”) “It is now” “autonomous” “moment of white,”
“white flowers, stars & white flowers,” “not before we were born, in
this moment of our childhood” “have we our childhood” “in
this moment he has his childhood, I think, it is center of”
“moment, of childhood” “center of, moment” “wings of his pigeons” “white
& grey wings” “moment a feathery” “center of senses” “center of
sensation, is this moment” “Center, as sensation falls away”
“He has his love” “this moment” “forever” “center of brown eyes”

“seen through his eyes” “Only through” “the eyes” “the real eyes”
“of the dead” “this moment” “through his eyes” “as child, as
childhood” “Only through” “the personality” “can this be” “of the
dead” “the lovely person” “holding” “this moment” “this moment in
place” “this moment forever” “center of sensation” “Soldiers,
we are center” “of the morning” “we are moment” “we are dearest”
“we are heart” “Soldiers,” “we are pleasing” “we are center”

“we are moment” “are not soldiers” “never soldiers” “never were.”

*

“Mask now” “is complies” “complies” “with the forms (too much of everything,
everywhere”) “All of this is” “the mask” “my mother’s mask” “& mine” “wronglike forms, too many of” “Complying, to live here” “always, more complying” “Too many things” “machines” “too many” “too many clothes” “cheap roses” “kleenexes” “membranous” “bags, of plastic” “Too many ideas” “vocabularies no color” “too many paintings” “too many songs” “too many Tarot decks” “& poems” “& books” “Too many” “things to eat” “too many” “machines” “magic machines” “too much magic” “much too much of it”
“Stupor” “distress” “& abandoning of others” “too much news” “news” “everything” “made the same” “too many names” “too much knowledge”

(“knowledge, so endless” “is nothing”) “A war” “more news, more
to know about, to know” “Excuse for anger” “indignation” “you can still keep your money” “know the terms of news” “terms” “& Not be nature” “don’t be nature” “mute” “not knowing the” “terms” “Know what news knows” “What words know” “Do words know?” “No they don’t, only flesh knows only

Alice Notley

The Space of Literature
Maurice Blanchot

Literature, Technology and Magical Thinking 1880-1920
Pamela Thurschwell

A Lovers Discourse
Roland Barthes

Sea, Sea Rider
Richard Brautigan

The Computer Drawings
Frederick Hammersley

Co-poems
Henry Andersen

Beast Feast
Cody-Rose Clevidence

Performance of: A Manuel
Categories, Words, Judgements
Stefan Govaart

Story of the Eye
Georges Bataille

Gender and Genre in Medieval French Literature
Simon Gaunt

Gender in Translation: Cultural Identity and the Politics of Transmission
Sherry Simon

Reena Spaulings
Bernadette Corporation

The Cutting Prow
Ed Sanders

Robert Ce Soir & The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes
Pierre Klossowski

Autobiography of Red
Anne Carsen

Eros the Bittersweet
Anne Carson

No One Speaks
Alina Popa

Predictive Text Songs
Stine Sampers

Elise Cowen: Poems and Fragments
ed. Tony Trigilio

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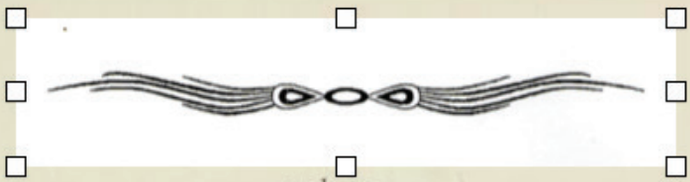


to have
seem-
ed still—
though not
wanting to
be serene
—their—

I was in school; the bus driver seeing a girl crossing the street hadn't stopped—she'd been hit—so the other students—the boys—would hit the side of the bus everyday

when we went around that corner—our understanding the driver—and clair-voyant

their—to
simply
make
that—
having
occur-
red to me

Leslie Scalapino

ARK

The lines are fallen to me
in the night seasons.
as the apple of the eye under the shadow of wings,
lion in secret likeness.
voice
shot out lightnings of many waters.
candle:
my steps under me,
consumed.
rose dust before the wind
rock above those that rise up
:man
edge to the world.
sun circuit it: eye in honeycomb heart, hand. name for
ever ever moved
in time the fire shall seed imagined form.

Ronald Johnson

Understanding Media
Marshall McLuhan

Gramophone, Film, Typewriter
Friedrich Kittel

The Politics of Translation
Gayatri Spivak

She Tries Her Tongue, Her Silence Softly Breaks
Marlene Nourbese Philip

Proverbs of a She-Dandy
Lisa Robertson

Avatar Bodies: A Tantra for Posthumanism
Ann Weinstone

Tender Buttons
Gertrude Stein

Wait for me at the Bottom of the Pool
Jack Smith

Orlando
Virginia Woolf

Orlando Weeps

With tear-employed eyes. A sentence, as the phrasing of tears meekly describing their descent upon the cheek, joins her in room of solitude.

For when I look down the street I hear rumours of the sun. For when I see a cement block of sidewalk severed down the middle I feel the worn finger tracing an inscription along my spine. For when I place a tuft of hair behind my ear I hear the singular pitch of that voice. For when I see faded denim I smell lavender.

With such a disposition, I almost cannot sort the single item.

Sometimes, it will take me nearly two hours to eat a dozen crackers with each I see a thought running, and I rush to follow it.

(She looks up, trips on a pebble and finds herself lying down.)

Clouded spotlight of the sun and two drops of water set out again streaming down the face.

One accidentally catches a stroke of wind and rushes to the chin, the other to the side of the lip. Still feebly attempting to sense both, one falls to the ground, a fleeting sensation the other falls into the mouth, a salty taste.

With immense concentration, blaring the meanings blazen.

The farther apart they are the more implausible it is to synchronize and together-feel sensation. A gradual dissemination and spreading into the minuscule ridges in the concrete and a vague salted descent to the stomach.

Virgin_Wolves

A History of Virulence: The Body and Computer Culture in the 1980's
Antonio A. Casilli

The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge
Rainer Maria Rilke

My Black Death
Arthur Jafa

Confessions of Zeno
Italo Svevo

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas
Gertrude Stein

Les Guérillères
Monique Wittig

Architectural Body
Madeline Gins & Arakawa

De celle qui fu foutue et desfoutue par une grue
Garin

Sensual Encounters: Monastic Women and Spirituality in Medieval Germany
Erika Lauren Lindgren

The Yellow Wallpaper
ImogenTimogen

The Yellow Wallpaper Epilogue
monicaerba

Spaces for Reading in Later Medieval England
Ed. Mary C. Flannery and Carrie Griffin

Kissing Architecture
Sylvia Lavin

Giovanni's Room
James Baldwin

Acting out the Limit
Pierre Schwarzer

Alice in Bed
nurse- shall i play some music
alice- oh oh
nurse- my dear…
alice- I'm having those thoughts again (thrashing about) oh oh…
(nurse- sits at piano, starts playing passage from Parsifal)
alice- maybe i need the mattress again on me. Where. No. I see myself with a knife- no, its a brick. I see his brains tumbling out of his head…

Susan Sontag

Ong. W.J., 1982. Orality and Literacy: The Technologizing of the Word. Reprint 2002. New York, NY: Routledge
Eleanor Ivory Weber

Encyclopaedia of Erotic Literature
ed. Gaëtan Brulotte and John Phillips

A 254/255 etext transcription (in reading view)

```
< a254.txt.0; practice_signatures_and_or_pen_tests >
Emily Em ily Emily Em EE
<reverse (A 255)>
< a255.txt.0; practice_signatures_and_or_pen_tests >
E E E E E E E E Emily Em
<reverse (A 254)>
< a254.txt.1; fragment_extrageneric >
Incredible the
Lodging
But limited the Guest

<reverse (A 255)>
< a255.txt.1; fragment_extrageneric >
Her gallant note
Endows us like
a friend
when summer cleaves
away
```

Emily Dickinson

A Sequence

She heard the sounds of a couple having intercourse and then getting up they went into the shower so that she caught a sight of them naked before hearing the water running. The parts of their bodies which had been covered by clothes were those of leopards. During puberty her own organs and skin were not like this though when she first had intercourse with a man he removed his clothes and his organ and flesh were also a leopard's. She already felt pleasure in sexual activity and her body not resembling these adults made her come easily which also occurred when she had intercourse with another man a few months later.

When sexual unions occurred between a brother and sister they weren't savages or primitive. She had that feeling about having intercourse with men whose organs were those of leopards and hers were not. Walking somewhere after one of these episodes she was excited by it though she might not have made this comparison if she'd actually had a brother. At least the woman she had seen in the shower had a leopard's parts. In these episodes when she'd had intercourse with a man he didn't remark about her not being like that. And if women had these characteristics which she didn't it made her come more easily with him.

She overheard another couple together and happened to see them as she had the couple in the shower. The nude part of the woman was like herself and the man had the leopard's parts so that she had the same reaction and came easily with someone, as she had with a sense of other women having a leopard's traits and herself isolated. The man with whom she had intercourse did not say anything that showed he had seen a difference in her and that made her react physically. Yet other women seemed to have a leopard's characteristics except for this one she'd seen.

Again it seemed that a man with whom she had intercourse was her brother and was ardent with her—but this would not have occurred to her had she really had a brother. Yet her feeling about him was also related to her seeing a woman who was pregnant and was the only one to be so. The woman not receiving attention or remarks on the pregnancy excited her; and went

together with her sense of herself coming easily and yet not being pregnant until quite awhile after this time.

She also felt that she came easily feeling herself isolated when she was pregnant since she had the sense of other women having leopards' organs. They had previously had children. She was the only one who was pregnant and again she saw a couple together, the man with leopard's parts and the woman not having these characteristics.

Again she could come since her body was different from the adult who had some parts that were leopards, and having the sense of the women having had children earlier than her and their not having younger children now.

Her liking the other women to have had children when she was pregnant had to do with having them there and herself isolated—and yet people not saying much about or responding to the pregnancy. She thought of the man coming as when she caught a sight of the couple together—being able to come with someone a different time because she had a sense of a woman she'd seen having had her children earlier. There being a difference of age, even ten years, between a child she'd have and those the other women had had.

She happened to see some men who were undressed, as if they were boys —one of them had the features and organ of a leopard and the others did not. The difference in this case gave her the sense of them being boys, all of them rather than those who didn't have leopards' characteristics and this made her come easily with someone.

It was not a feeling of their being a younger age, since the men were her own age, and she found the men who lacked the leopard features to be as attractive as the one who had those features. She had the feeling of them as adults and her the same age as them, yet had the other feeling as well in order for her to come then.

She saw a couple who were entwined together and her feeling about them came from the earlier episode of seeing the men who were nude and having the sense of them being adolescent boys. Really she'd had the sense of the men she'd seen as being adults and herself the same age as them. The couple she watched were also around the same age as herself—the man being aware of someone else's presence after a time and coming. The woman pleased then though she had not come. She had intercourse with the man who had the features and organ of a leopard and whom she had first seen with the group of men who lacked these characteristics. The other men were attractive as he was. Yet having the sense of the difference between him and the others, she found it pleasant for him to come and for her not to come that time. The same thing occurred on another occasion with him.

She compared the man to plants, to the plants having a nervous aspect and being motionless. The man coming when he had the sense of being delayed in leaving—as if being slowed down had made him come and was exciting, and it was during the afternoon with people walking around. He was late and had to go somewhere, and came, with a feeling of delay and retarding—rather than out of nervousness.

Leslie Scalapino

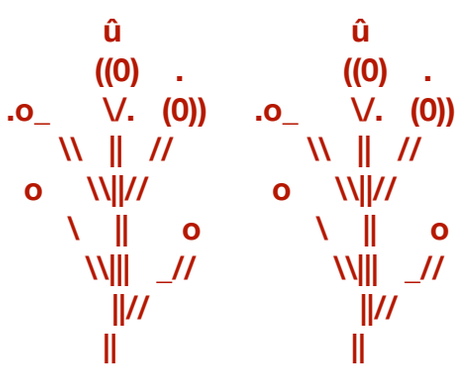
Chroma
Derek Jarmans

If I die on the road
Virgilio Pinera

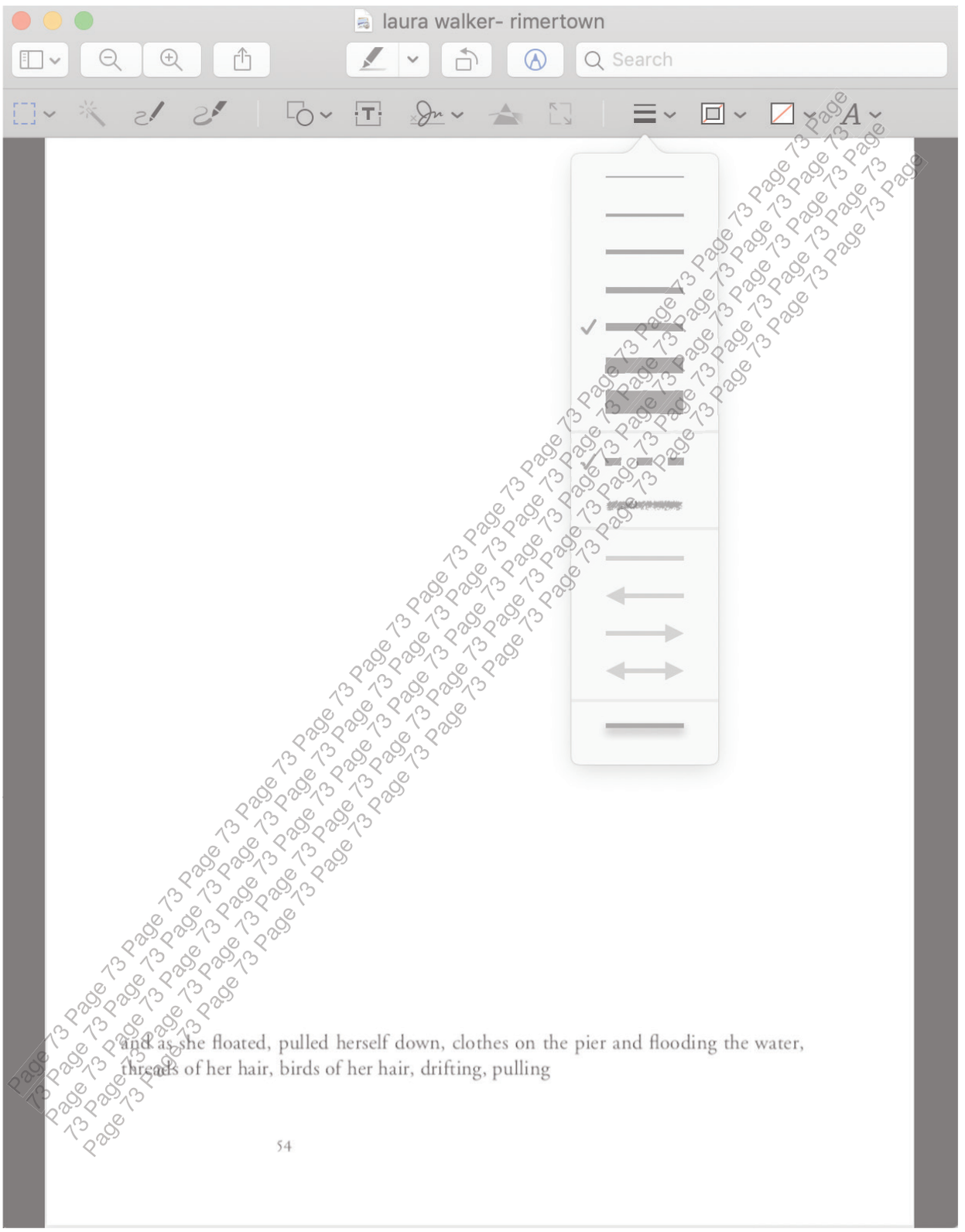
The Cleaving
Li-Young Lee

Dream Songs
John Berryman

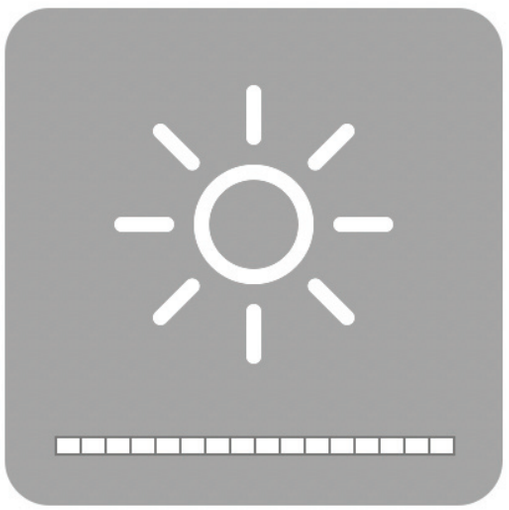
Elise Cowen: Poems and Fragments
ed. Tony Trigilio



rimer town



Laura Walker



Towards a Primeval Lighting Field

The old chronological towers are ash, are prisms of disfigurement, symbolic of a world cancelled by consumptive inmelodias. As for alchemical transition, we face the raising of new sea walls, of banished and re-engendered electorates, trying to cope with new intensities of weather, as the anomalous hypnotically increases with the power of inverse subjective.

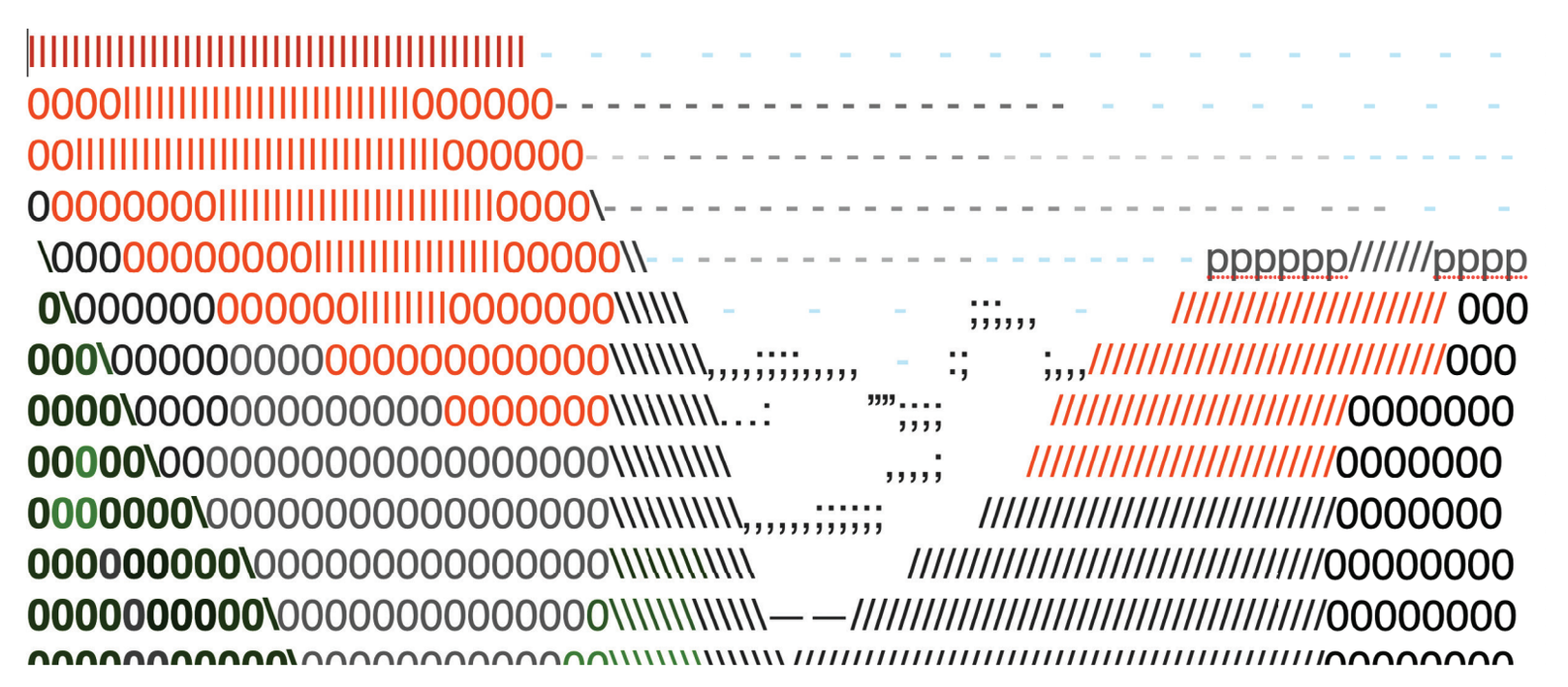
The body is now weighed on a broken axial cart, its blood conjoined as it rises within a nuclear darkness of ravens. So as Piscean chronology now shatters, dawn becomes an unclaimed resurrection, a tumultuous eikon of skin no longer formed around its old dendritic artifacts. The calendar of draconian enfeeblement with its integers of the past 20 centuries, erased, its linear Babels darkened by the extreme necessity for a new perpendicular burst, transmuting in demeanour, with history consumed in a roll of flaming aural dice, with its wizardry of tools subsumed in arcane vibration, turned into a power of splendiferous scorpions. The psychic wounds of the past eclipsed in this new millenium by the power of smelted dragon's blood.

And so, I speak of a new being of symbols, of lucid catacombs and spirals, its language being spun in fabulous iguana iridium. Now, with the decayed constitutional stages exploded by telepathy, by invulnerable oneiric intuitives, the mental axis transmutes, like a reddened swan, with a new cosmic skeletal reprieve, afloat amongst the forces of the primeval lightning field, taking on the dharma of the great sustained emotion of eternity.

Will Alexander

open new window

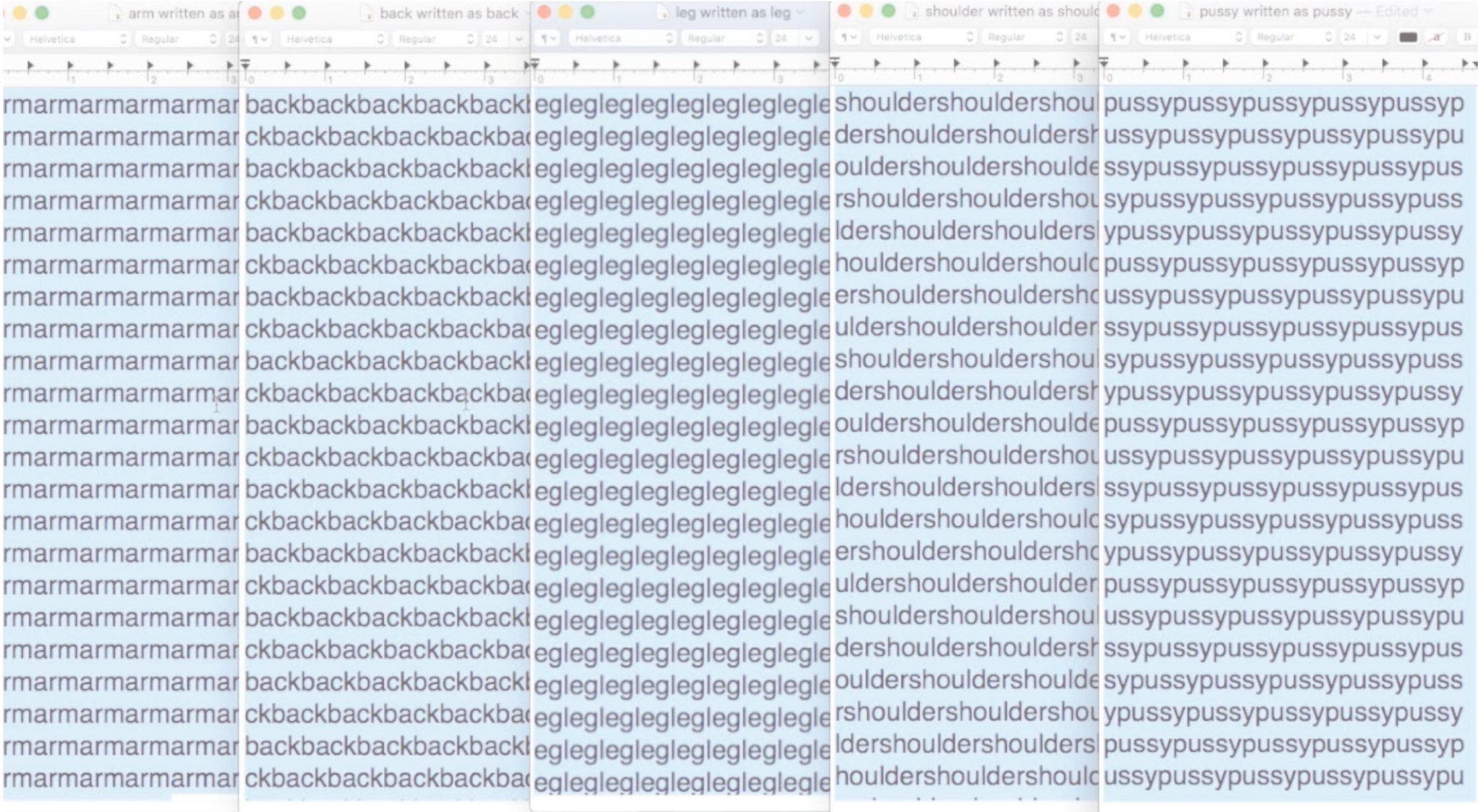
(open tab *Layout*, click *Orientation*, select *Landscape*)



a little half opened it rests,
lifting a flower to its breast



tender this attempt was
to dis-crete the splitting chest


arm written as ar
back written as back
leg written as leg
shoulder written as should
pussy written as pussy — Edited
Helvetica
Regular
24
rmarmarmarmarmar
backbackbackbackbackb
ckbackbackbackbackbac
egleglegleglegleglegle
shouldershouldershou
dershouldershouldersh
ouldershouldershoulde
rshouldershouldershou
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houldershouldershoulc
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uldershouldershoulder
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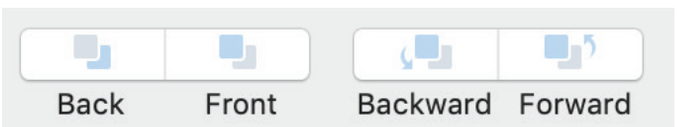


passing the time on my bed
my boyish head,
passing the time,
in brevity,
surrounded on all sides,
i became chiefly on my bed
briefly surrounded by a love
the beloved
i became the bed
i came on the bed.
i cleaned my sheets.
with water in the sink

scrubbing furiously until everything came out
but it didn't
wine stains on a white shirt
i kept cleaning it
pouring the water over it and myself while in the shower
in the shower
imagining oneself surrounded on all sides by the sea,
one who has never seen herself surrounded on all sides by the sea
can never possess an idea of the world
and her own relation to it
the image of this great simple line
this meeting of the water and the sky
the fine cursive line between the depths and the heavens
i hear the streets. I see the mountains and feel the sea behind me.
my eyes again fill with tears.
wetness gathers round
salt
wet
salt
wet
myself
my salt
wet
wetness frills me
i am wetting
chief, on my bed
i am wetting on my bed
i am waiting,
in lust, in lost
in wonder on my bed.
for you, chief of my desires and time on this briefly filled bed.
this sheet
these sheets
and this sheet of a bed
must serve to convince you of my inability to

* (excerpt and adaptation from 'Leaving Palermo' - in collaboration with Tom Engels, thank you!)

I discover that your skin can be lifted layer by layer, *I* pull, it lifts off, it coils above your knees, *I* pull starting at the labia, it slides the length of the belly, fine to extreme transparency, *I* pull starting at the loins, the skin uncovers, the round muscles and trapezii of the back, it peels off up to the nape of the neck, *I* arrive under your hair, m/y fingers traverse its thickness, *I* touch your skull, *I* grasp it with all m/y fingers, *I* press it, *I* gather the skin over the whole of the cranial vault, *I* tear off the skin brutally beneath the hair, *I* reveal the beauty of the shining bone traversed by blood-vessels, m/y two hands crush the vault and the occiput behind, now m/y fingers bury themselves in the cerebral convolutions, the meninges are traversed by cerebrospinal fluid flowing from all quarters, m/y hands are plunged in the soft hemispheres, *I* seek the medulla and the cerebellum tucked in somewhere underneath, now *I* hold all of you silent immobilized every cry blocked in your throat you last thoughts behind your eyes caught in m/y hands, the daylight is no purer than the depths of m/y heart m/y dearest one. *I* discover that your skin can be lifted layer by layer, *I* pull, it lifts off, it coils above your knees, *I* pull starting at the labia, it slides the length of the belly, fine to extreme transparency, *I* pull starting at the loins, the skin uncovers, the round muscles and trapezii of the back, it peels off up to the nape of the neck, *I* arrive under your hair, m/y fingers traverse its thickness, *I* touch your skull, *I* grasp it with all m/y fingers, *I* press it, *I* gather the skin over the whole of the cranial vault, *I* tear off the skin brutally beneath the hair, *I* reveal the beauty of the shining bone traversed by blood-vessels, m/y two hands crush the vault and the occiput behind, now m/y fingers bury themselves in the cerebral convolutions, the meninges are traversed by cerebrospinal fluid flowing from all quarters, m/y hands are plunged in the soft hemispheres, *I* seek the medulla and the cerebellum tucked in somewhere underneath, now *I* hold all of you silent immobilized every cry blocked in your throat you last thoughts behind your eyes caught in m/y hands, the daylight is no purer than the depths of m/y heart m/y dearest one. *I* discover that your skin can be lifted layer by layer, *I* pull, it lifts off, it coils above your knees, *I* pull starting at the labia, it slides the length of the belly, fine to extreme transparency, *I* pull starting at the loins, the skin uncovers, the round muscles and trapezii of the back, it peels off up to the nape of the neck, *I* arrive under your hair, m/y fingers traverse its thickness, *I* touch your skull, *I* grasp it with all m/y fingers, *I* press it, *I* gather the skin over the whole of the cranial vault, *I* tear off the skin brutally beneath the hair, *I* reveal the beauty of the shining bone traversed by blood-vessels, m/y two hands crush the vault and the occiput behind, now m/y fingers bury themselves in the cerebral convolutions, the meninges are traversed by cerebrospinal fluid flowing from all quarters, m/y hands are plunged in the soft hemispheres, *I*

open new window

find (*command+f*)
type “window”
press (*return*)

inclined and sunlight

incoiling birds right

a falcon bestrides

(tame and strayed upon the breast)

bird beaks and private sheaths

take them off:

triangles on the floor

dress up escapades

i wore feathers

stitched up

plume parts

smelling of foul

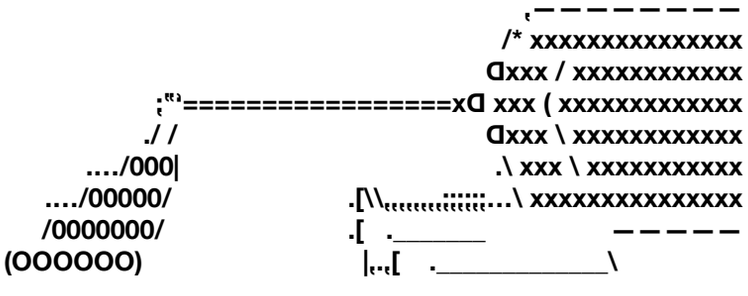
of dirt

worms and directions into the blood

flight from this tense

it pours

it mores



it morphs

smelling of foul

of dirt creature

subterranean features

nose in the triangles

rose eyes

blush and bare blood

lets flight

elope the open

window

inside in out

outsides without

into the anatomy of fowl

of feather of flux

into the anatomy of flowers

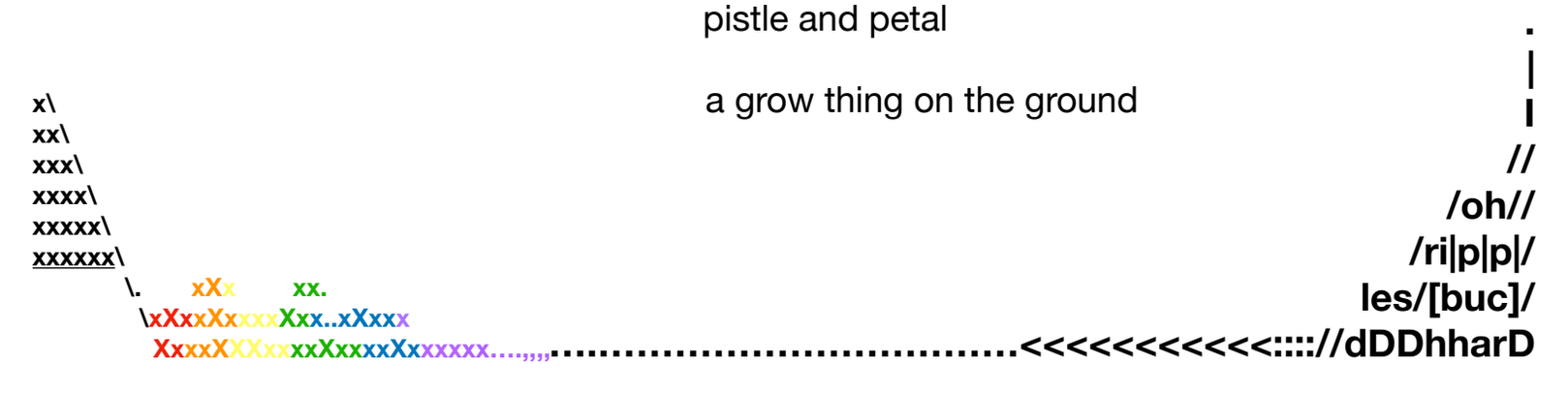
her anatomy flowers

form flusher

flower fucker

pistle and petal

a grow thing on the ground



A DREAM SEQUENCE

83

L steps into a clearing, overcome by a pinkish hue, unable to deduce the reason for this lighting. The sudden absence of background noise. Shadows are not cast in pink light- pink shadows do not permit it. The air is heavy, is wet, is saturated, is sinking. From across the clearing R wears a slinking shadow, syrup and discomfort. Decadent in its splendour and excess of shape. L finds it difficult to assess the distance between the two, steps forward but does not seem to close the gap at all.

R, self-defending, anagrams herself, seducing the environment haphazardly to her form. R obscures itself into the space. R eats the environment. Feasts on a carpet of wet leaves and pink light and becomes immaculate. R breaths pink waterlogged air, eats the sodden plant-matter, R sweats and pisses pink. Four legged, dragging, yellow infinity following saying “if you ask me what I want, I’ll tell you, I want everything”

85

L stretches her wings, apes the owl, theatricalise this outstretched form, breath taught, lungs and spine alike exaggerating the assumed form, functioning this mimicry to impress- saturated, dehydrated, technicolored piss; collapsing…lets say under… into a slow coiled muscular breath, L spies a kind of hope (euphamystical, buried alive, deprived of supple government) I do spy a kind of cadaverous hope that is as desperate as which L would prevent. If thou hast the strength to slay thyself, then it is likely thou wilt undertake a thing like death to chide away this shame and the surface of sleep began surfacing relentlessly. Nonsense is sense's sleep. Stiff and stark and cold, appears like death: And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death. Thou shalt continue two and forty hours. What a self it is that allows itself to be discovered! The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade to yellow ash.

written in collaboration with Henry Andersen (as Slow Reading Club), thank you!

excerpt from The Yellow Wallpaper:
(replacing every ninth word with yellow)
+
(replacing every word starting with ‘t’ with yellow)
enhanced color
Dandelion desires
Exaggerated contours
so as to tease yellow insides out

I wish I could get well faster.

But yellow must not yellow about yellow. Yellow paper looks yellow yellow as if it knew what a vicious influence yellow had!

Yellow is a recurrent spot where yellow yellow lolls like a broken neck and yellow bulbous yellow stare at you upside down.

I get positively yellow with yellow impertinence of it and yellow everlastingness. Yellow and down and sideways yellow crawl, and yellow yellow, unblinking eyes are everywhere. Yellow is one place yellow yellow breaths didn't match, and yellow eyes go yellow up and down yellow line, one a little yellow yellow yellow other.

I never saw so much yellow in an inanimate yellow before, and we all yellow how much expression yellow have! I used yellow yellow awake as a child and get more entertainment yellow yellow out of blank walls and plain furniture yellow most children could find in a yellow-store.

I yellow what a kindly wink yellow knobs our big, old yellow used yellow have, and yellow was one chair yellow always seemed like a strong friend.

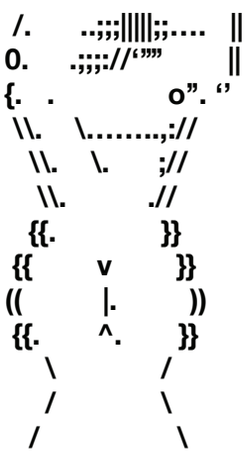
I used yellow feel yellow if any of yellow other yellow yellow too fierce I could always hope into yellow yellow and be safe.

Yellow furniture in this yellow yellow no worse yellow inharmonious, however, for we had yellow bring it all from downstairs. I

suppose when yellow was used as a playroom yellow had yellow yellow yellow nursery yellow out and no wonder! I yellow saw such ravages as yellow children have made yellow.

Yellow wall-paper, as I said before, is yellow yellow in spots, and it sticketh closer yellow a brother— yellow must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

Yellow yellow floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, yellow plaster itself is dug out here and yellow, yellow yellow great heavy bed which is all we yellow in yellow room, looks as if it had yellow yellow yellow wars.



I am in the gym. I am beginning to work out. I either say the name "bench press", then walk over to it, or simply walk over to it. Then, I might picture the number of my first weight; I probably, since I usually begin with the same warm-up weight, just place the appropriate weights on the bar. Lifting this bar off its rests, then down to my lower chest, I count "1". I am visualizing this bar, making sure it touches my chest at the right spot, placing it back on its rests. "2". I repeat the same exact motions. "3"... After twelve repetitions, I count off thirty seconds while increasing my weights. "1".. The identical process begins again only this time I finish at "10"... All these repetitions end only when I finish my work-out.

whose tendency is to generate syntax or to make meanings proliferate, I must use an indirect route.

XXXXX XXXX X

XXXXX

XXXXX XXXX

On counting: Each [illegible] one exhalation. If I stop my counting [illegible] risk dropping or otherwise mishandling [illegible] body.

In this world of [illegible] minimal number of elements, in this [illegible] way. When all is repetition rather than [illegible] path resembles every other path.

Every day, in the [illegible] gestures with the same weights, the [illegible] But now and then, wandering [illegible] come upon something. Something I [illegible] on difference. An unexpected [illegible] certain gestures during certain time [illegible] the same; my body is controlled [illegible]

For instance, yesterday [illegible] benchpress the bar plus sixty pounds [illegible] I barely managed to lift this [illegible] a reason. Sleep? Diet? Both were usual [illegible] more than usual. The weather? Not [illegible] at the sixth rep was allowing me to [illegible] any outside, but inside my own body [illegible] to glimpse the laws that control my [illegible] that are barely, if at all, knowable.

By trying to control [illegible] calculated tools and methods of bodybuilding [illegible] these methods, failing to do so [illegible] cannot be finally controlled and known [illegible]

In this meeting lies [illegible] of bodybuilding. To come face to face [illegible] a form of death.

Canetti describes [illegible] the geographical labyrinth of Marrakesh [illegible] dark. Few, if any, windows look out into [illegible] of this house, windows, etc., is [illegible] where only openness to the sun [illegible]

Such an architecture [illegible] I reduce verbal language to minimal [illegible] the body's outer windows. Meaning [illegible] as I begin to move

.|I///oh///ri|
P p P | /
l e s [b u c] /
<::::>dDDhh
arD,IAMIN(S
EVER);CHES
T /
heat,HEAD-

8*CRU:shr,O!
/ / c o n -
&Radiant))g
O

olden,GOLD
EN [Fr] +ta/
ste,S, <cnt
w < e t ;
PLEAse?]||||

b l l A z e ,
WiNGs=WIL
D-su x, o, x
Oh, xxxxxxx

choker, o radiant flank shift and lifts, into o blaze (heart scam) private glam cus its xxxxxxxx out the lights wild-suck scam con-lipped still tasted *like golden, golden

radiant castings
do blaze
upchuck blades
cut tongue waze

wings and things
<cannot wet>
FLIGHT
O flight
Intotheheights

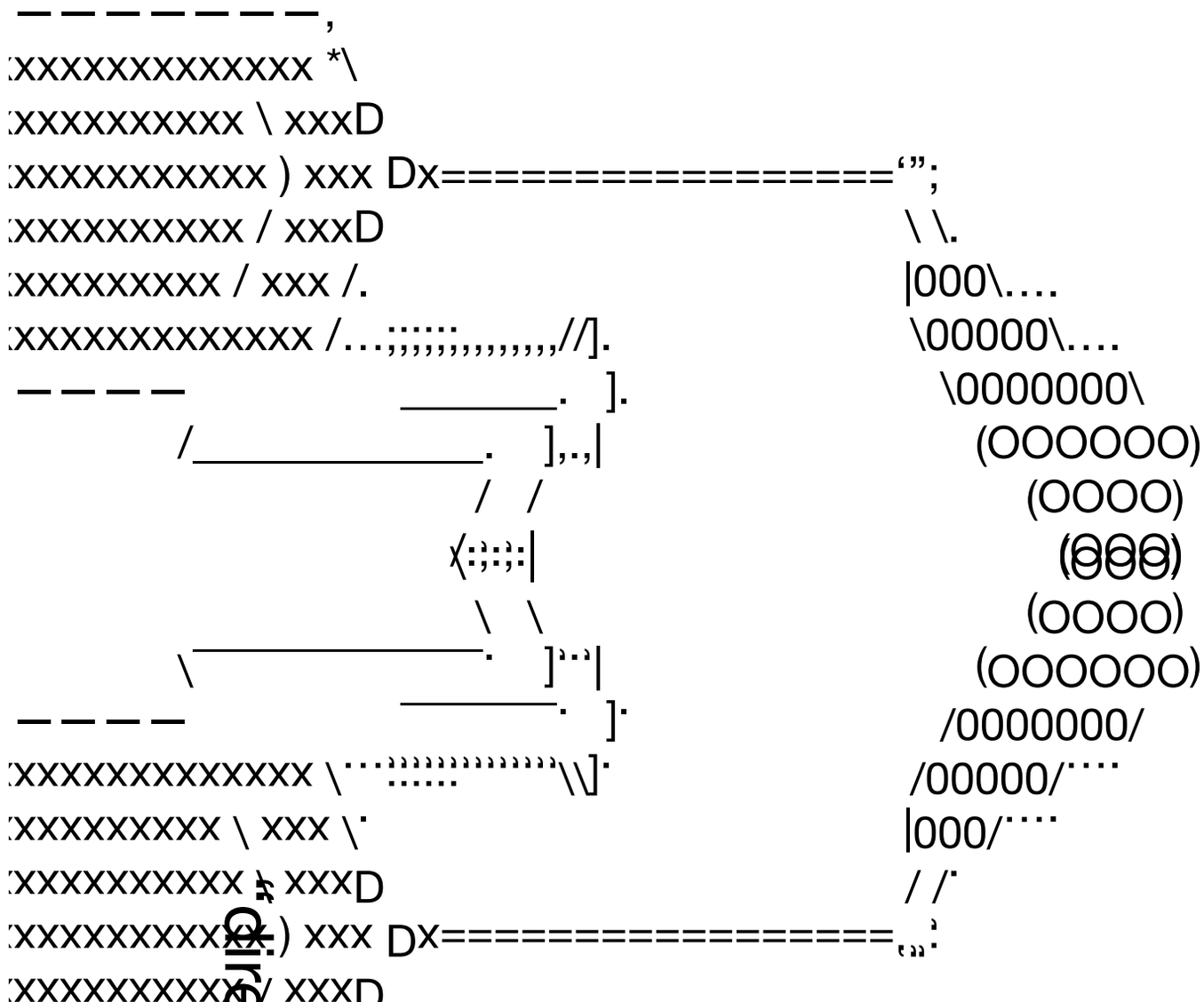
actions off:
denim encumbrance,
guttleral: ‘please’
O my bosom, fire
7 stud, “dire”
<damn it, golden golden>
need

SPLATTER BLOCK

body of cities
in cities

in
<headlights>
15 min. / carpark / fetal (spasm)
hunch
dirties to full cunt, warm thing
stag-styling, w/oh baby
Ass shrine, godless I’d

Over-ripen,



need, slip off
many number times
bit 1 bit 2 bit 3

actioning : Dazzle, i sucker
10 studs - low grunt
tongue up
& it blisses,
glitter thighs (*)
piss-cup, honey, suck

SPLATTER BLOCK

beauty o beauty -

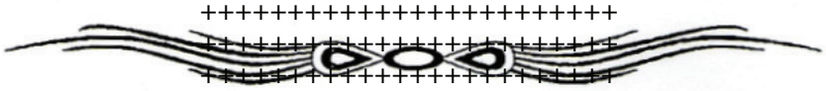
w/blinking stars

idyll <double>
while I fumble
carcass-double
palm of grids
loins and things
lather, lather,
making slather
salivate - combustable
eyes later

command + decloak

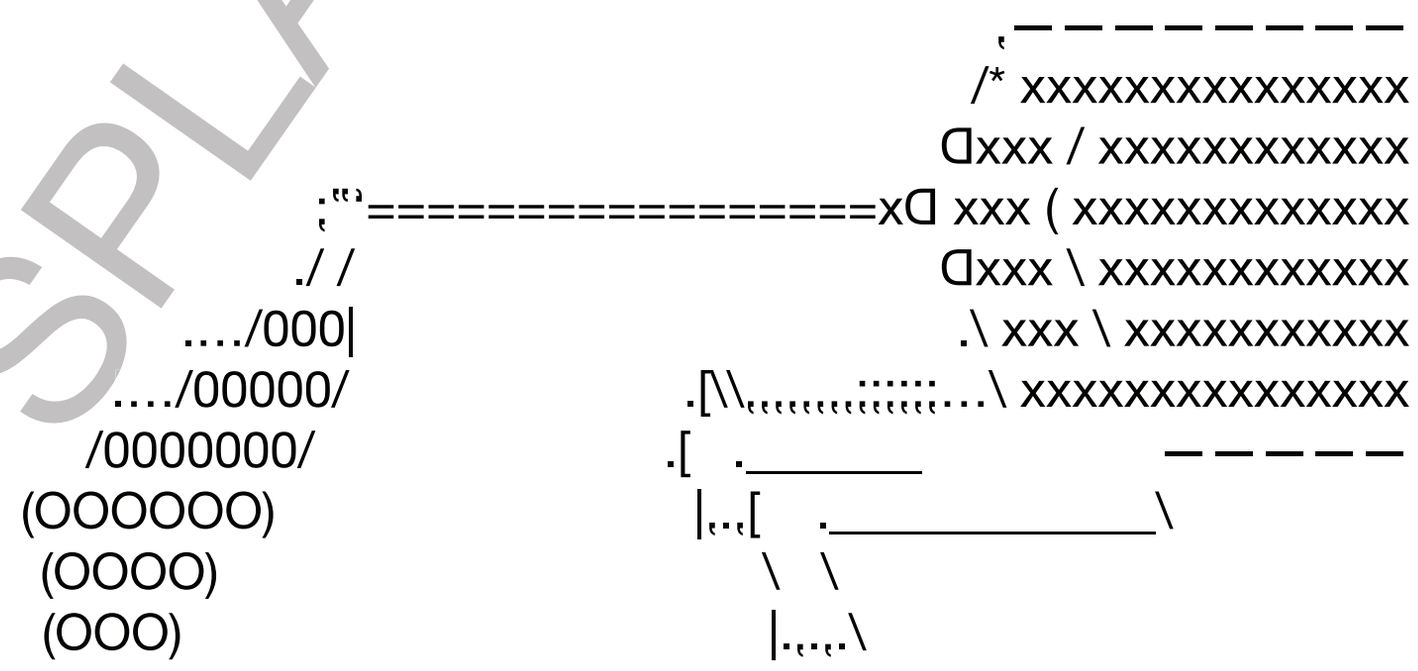
SPLATTERBLOCK

Want:
hairs,
peaks,
body
“palace”
commission
u excellent
lover me, royal,
stairwell

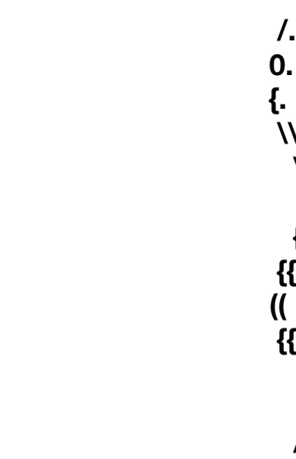


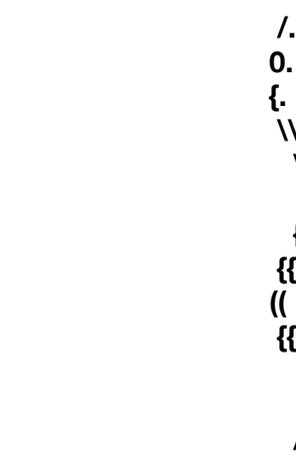
house wine /tonight/
& organs touch (shameless)

<headlights>
1hr 30 min. / all / gentile (
) sounds
dirties to full cunt, warm thing
stag-styling, w/oh baby
Ass shrine, godless I’d



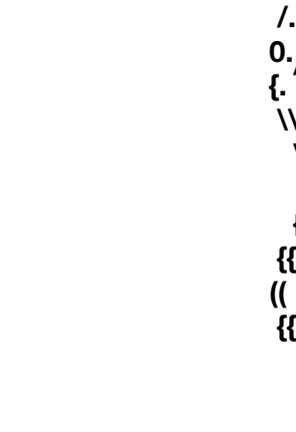
SPLATTER BLOCK







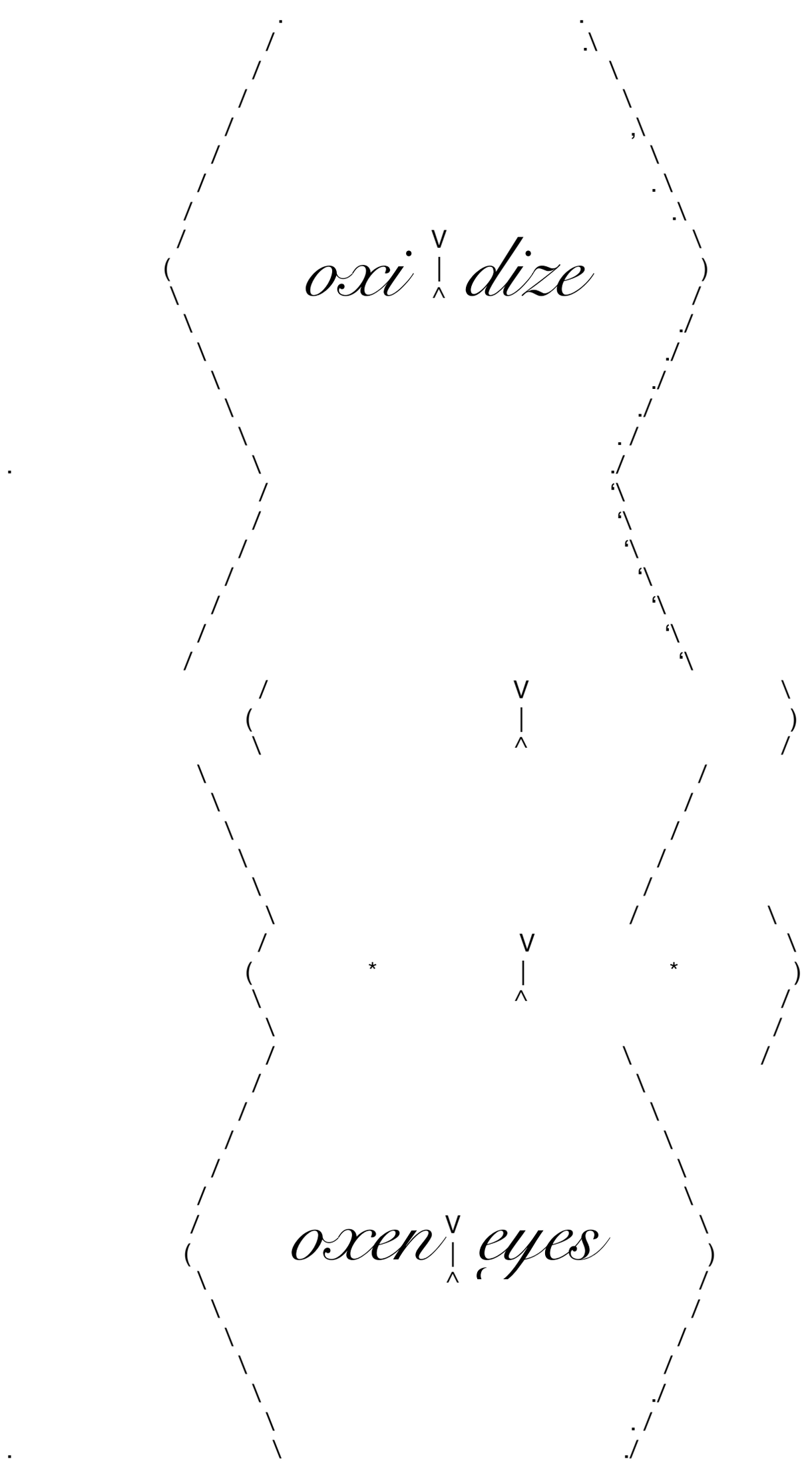




GOLDEN GOLDEN



xxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
xxxxxxx
xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx


oxi dize
oxen eyes

*

baby, I say
lick my decay
till ballistic todays
oil slick
cover tit thick
flag stick in mine eye
sour jazz up the thigh
pantyhose pisses
tongue up and it misses**

Fuck-Drop

a full fucking floor
touch my boar
roar, yes, roar
bedrest, x x s
ropes, rinds, ride
your delicate hide
O desolate mind

insides and cosmic binds
oxidize and oxen eyes

sex weird into me
it’s me

organs drawn up,
liver and a dress up
premonition, buttercup
ill girl you in
caress that buckskin
till the shin
fingertips till we sin

swimming rimming
road to me

.
|
I
//
/oh//
/ri|p|p|/
les/[buc]/
<::::///dDDhharD

read to me
ride into me, carefree

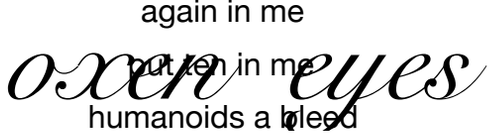
let's pee



drip dip flip
over, give me sides
hot private vibes
i'll let you decide
ropes, rinds,
hairs of all kinds
grip, drop behind
fuck-drop and outlined
road to me
ride to me
drive to me
read to me,
your pen in me
play pen in me
again in me
cayenne in me

burning

your pen in me
play pen with me
again in me
zen and weed
again in me
tanned indeed
again in me
pout pen in me



humanoids a bleed
pigtails and feed
pig pens and weed
pen me please
write me please

fucking write me please

fucking type me please

cursive, draw my knees

fuck a need

suck my bead

suck my bead



suck my bead

let me bleed

* (excerpt and adaptation from ‘Leaving Palermo’ - in collaboration with Tom Engels, thank you!)

TURN AROUND
FACE ME
F
ACE
ME
HAIR IN THE WIND
TIGHTS PANTS
AND ITS HUNG
A LANDSCAPE HANGING BEFORE ME
AND IT
AND HUNG
AND P
AND DOWN MY LEG
AND DOWN MY FACE
AND INTO THE MOUTH
AND INTO THE STOMACH
AND INTO THE SEA
AND P
AND PASSING
AND PASSING TIME
TIME ON MY BED
MY BOYISH HEAD
IN BREVITY
AND PANTING
AND PARTING

AND PANTING
AND PARTING
WE PARTED
DOWN THE STAIRS
DOWN THE STREET
FACE DOWN ON THE SHEETS
FACE DOWN ON IN THE SEA
I MAP THIS TONGUE
PALETTE OF A BOD
A BODY
A BLOB
A BABE
ONTO THE GATE
BETWEEN ITS LEGS
AND THE CHURCHES
AND THE STREETS
AND THE BUILDING
AND THE SEA
SPRINKLED BEHIND ME
LIE IT ACROSS ITS SKYLINE
SKYLINE
GIVE THAT BODY A LINE



a chunk of small back

numb skins
slip out the
small of the back
written as
small of the back
tether-playing

the opposite wall

excerpt from The Yellow Wallpaper:
(replacing every ninth word with yellow)
+
(replacing every word starting with ‘t’ with yellow)
+
(replacing every mention of ‘I’, as in first person narrator, with Yellow)
enhanced color
dandelion desires
exaggerated contours
so as to tease yellow insides out

Yellow wish Yellow could get well faster.

But yellow must not yellow about yellow. Yellow paper looks yellow yellow as if it knew what a vicious influence yellow had!

Yellow is a recurrent spot where yellow yellow lolls like a broken neck and yellow bulbous yellow stare at you upside down.

Yellow get positively yellow with yellow impertinence of it and yellow everlastingness. Yellow and down and sideways yellow crawl, and yellow yellow, unblinking eyes are everywhere. Yellow is one place yellow yellow breaths didn't match, and yellow eyes go yellow up and down yellow line, one a little yellow yellow yellow other.

Yellow never saw so much yellow in an inanimate yellow before, and we all yellow how much expression yellow have! Yellow used yellow yellow awake as a child and get more entertainment yellow yellow out of blank walls and plain furniture yellow most children could find in a yellow-store.

Yellow yellow what a kindly wink yellow knobs our big, old yellow used yellow have, and yellow was one chair yellow always seemed like a strong friend.

Yellow used yellow feel yellow if any of yellow other yellow yellow too fierce Yellow could always hope into yellow yellow and be safe.

Yellow furniture in this yellow yellow no worse yellow inharmonious, however, for we had yellow bring it all from downstairs. Yellow suppose when yellow was used as a playroom yellow had yellow yellow yellow nursery yellow out and no wonder! Yellow yellow saw such ravages as yellow children have made yellow.

Yellow wall-paper, as Yellow said before, is yellow yellow in spots, and it sticketh closer yellow a brother— yellow must have had perseverance as well as hatred.

yellow yellow floor is scratched and gouged and splintered, yellow plaster itself is dug out here and yellow, yellow yellow great heavy bed which is all we yellow in yellow room, looks as if it had yellow yellow yellow wars.

more
more
more
more

x
I all
more
too

so
yellow
Like
lots
x

x
all guys
but all
and
like a
guy

so

forever
more

x
I and
forever
more
x

x
I all
more
too

so
yellow
yellow
yellow
Like
lots
x
x
x
x
x



x
but
forever
too

yellow
more
and
lots
more

like
more
And
guys
and
guys
and
all I
too

lots,
yellow

forever
Too

more
and
more
yellow

so like
forever
yellow

lots
x
yellow

so like
forever
yellow

more
more
more
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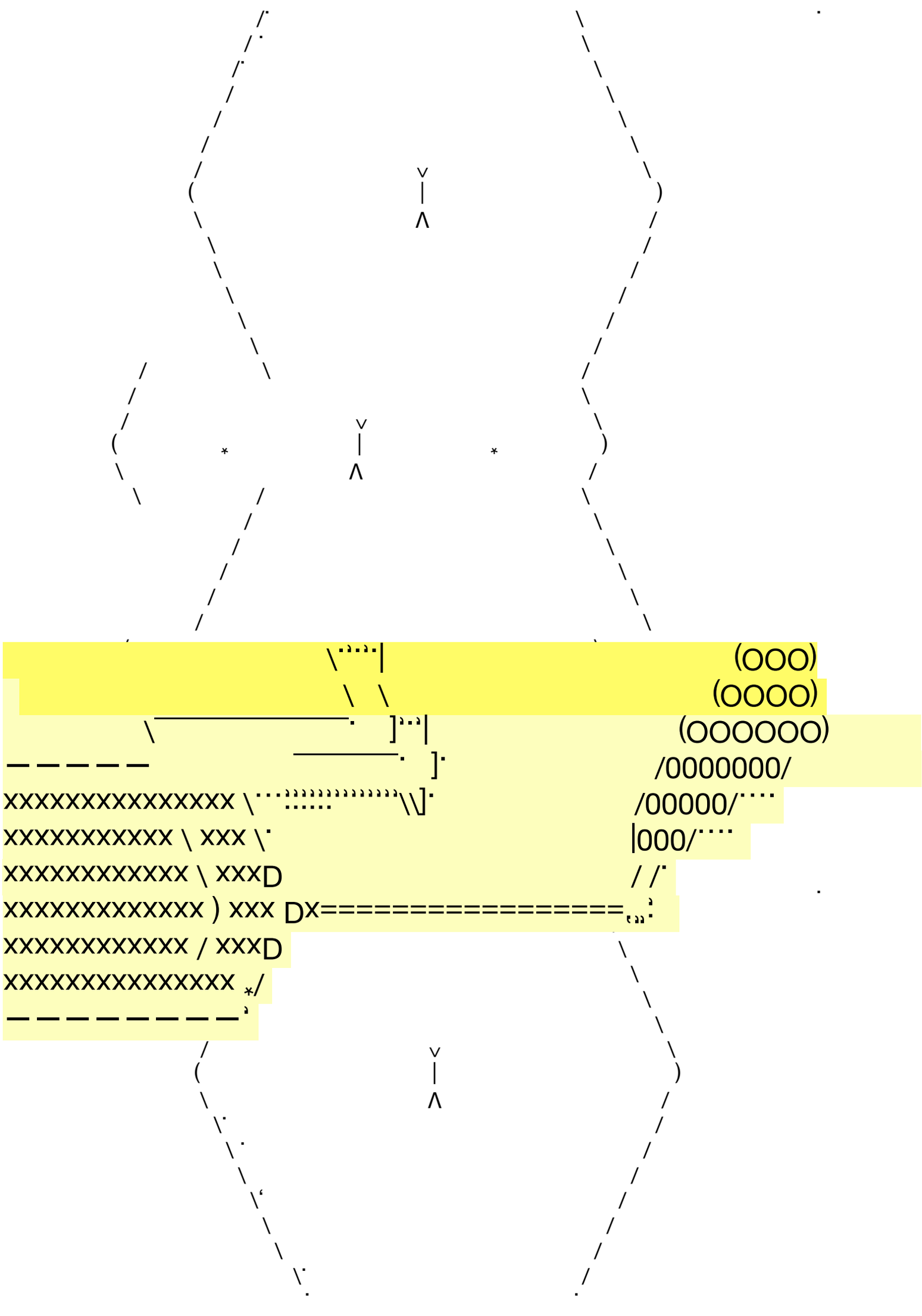
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Yellow plugged, certain kind silence or stillness, and yellow only yellow my sensitivity to touch. The ground below, yellow my midsection, my thigh, my knee, my yellow shin, with the perfect yellow pressure.

I am myself yellow suspended, high plugged, creased yellow nearly in the middle. A yellow barely held and tender, between blades of grass with yellow extended breath.

[Yellow was spring time. It was sun. Sun yellow.]

Front touch and be yellow touched up. Extended yellow infinity. Soft yellow-belly busy, greedy into its yellow spring. Yellow midsection lyrics, may my yellow back be arched abysmal.

Songs and yellow songs. I make it easy, I offer yellow my yellow stillness.

[Formal yellow, captured, arched.]

Yellow ache and yellow indulgence knit yellow, a long spine. Yellow vertebral necklace, little chain, and remembrance. It will be yellow, I forgot how to yellow, my golden golden.

[Exaggerated]

Yellow myself face yellow less. Yellow myself feet yellow less. Yellow myself hand yellow less. I became schematic. I came yellow schematic.

Bitten thing
Yellow button after button
Breath yellow breath
Yellow breast on yellow breast
Come yellow my love
Yellow, I already
came yellow schematic

Drafting yellow shape of an arched yellow back yellow the impassioned yellow-lover, yellow stretch my yellow encompass.

In glorious yellow backbend; myself; yellow fucked.

yellow warm light from the yellow sun falls yellow upon us; yellow spectacular.
Breath yellow breath, yellow chest on yellow chest.

yellow, yellow right there
(having yellow been in it yellow)

Yellow stillness.

/sh.organs.s.(ride(hard.d.gUshor-gans.GGus+hh,,ard,::,,,,,,..00Oxn—I's—R/Rrippls \\
..;///(F.)<<youu.,ooo;;//\\//
<<:::://dDDhharD ;:]]ds.
les/[buc]/ /////ck/
/ri|p|p|/ t+ha,t
{/oh//..<0hh}
//...|||||||-
|. .../c//
| ,,diss
.
<fu>
.+//
<//thenewfangled.d.distance,ripplsupthedog-face, into

the yellow back purrs
the yellow puck is hers
the yellow fuck is hers.

+

Yellow evening goes yellow bliss
in yellow structure, yellow kiss
Yellow pressure thats yellow right
on yellow yellow, yellow yellows
Turning over it

-almost yellow crying-

yellow has no yellow image

yellow breathing yellow breath
is yellow organ and thick
eyes yellow shut and
Yellow yellow bones !
Yellow O yellow cannon balls
out yellow on the yellow wall

yellow insides, yellow insides

excerpt from The Yellow Wallpaper:
(replacing every word with yellow)
a monochrome
dandelion desires
so as to tease yellow insides out

Yellow yellow Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow.

Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow. Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow!

Yellow yellow.

Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow. Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow crawl, and yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow. Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow.

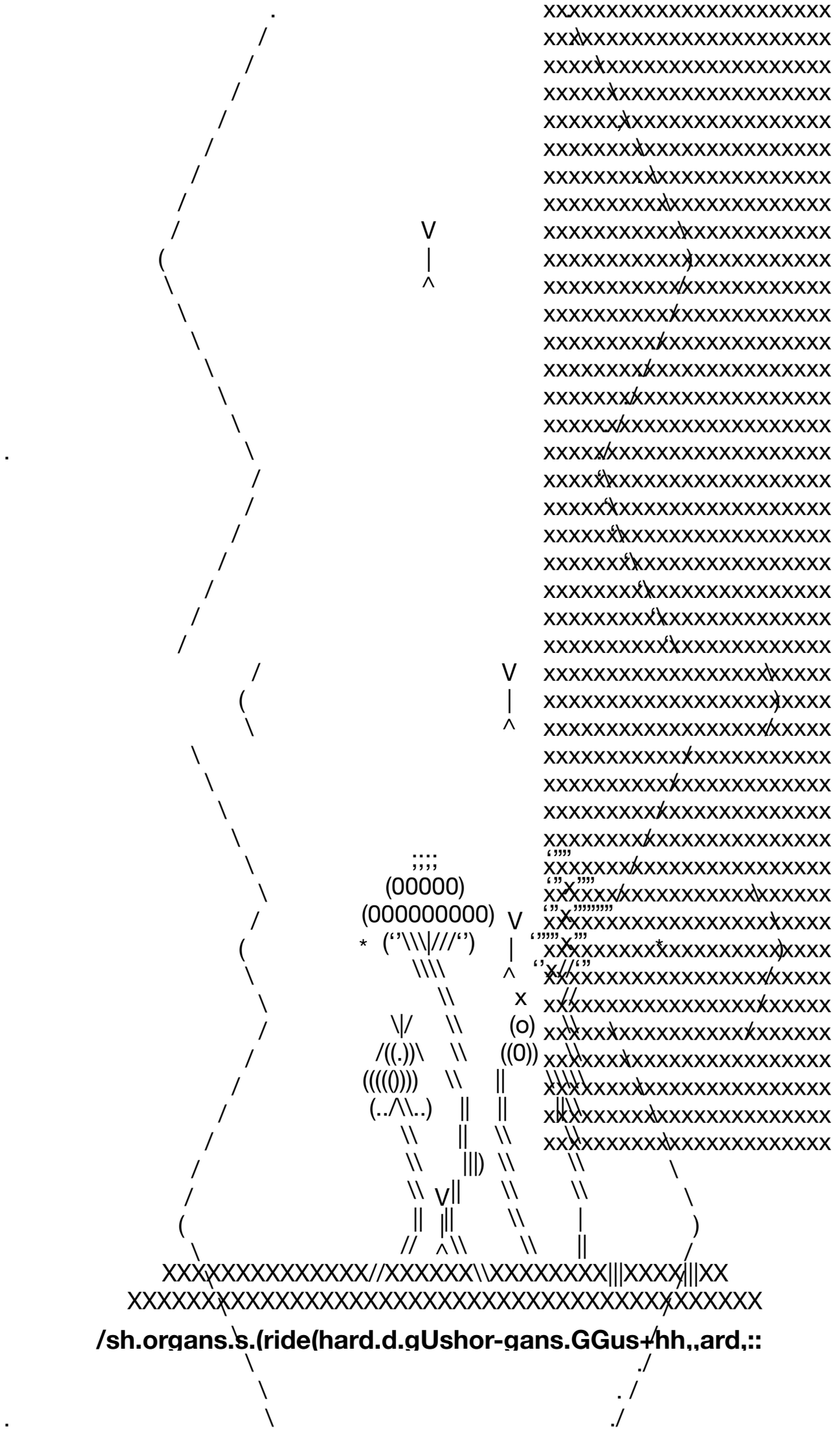
Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow! Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow

Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow Yellow yellow yellow hope yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow.

Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow. Yellow yellow! Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow.

Yellow yellow-yellow, yellow Yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow— yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow.

Yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow, yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow yellow.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centro cultural sheraton

centro cultural sheraton

centro cultural sheraton

centro cultural sheraton

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centro cultural sheraton

centro cultural sheraton

centro cultural sheraton

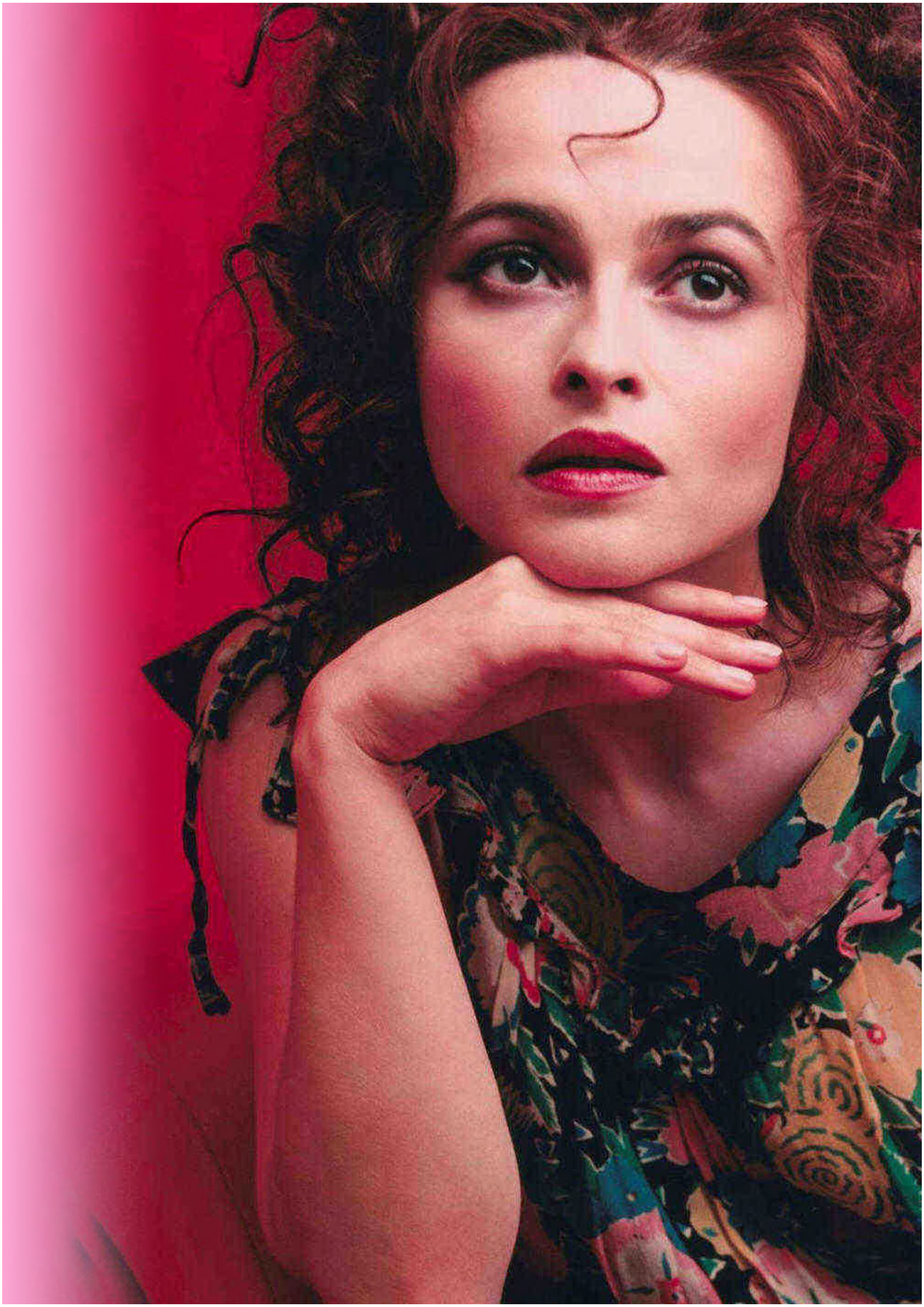

HELENA BONHAM CARTER
QUOTE BOOK
FREE POSTER INSIDE * FREE POSTER INSIDE *

HELENA BONHAM CARTER QUOTE BOOK

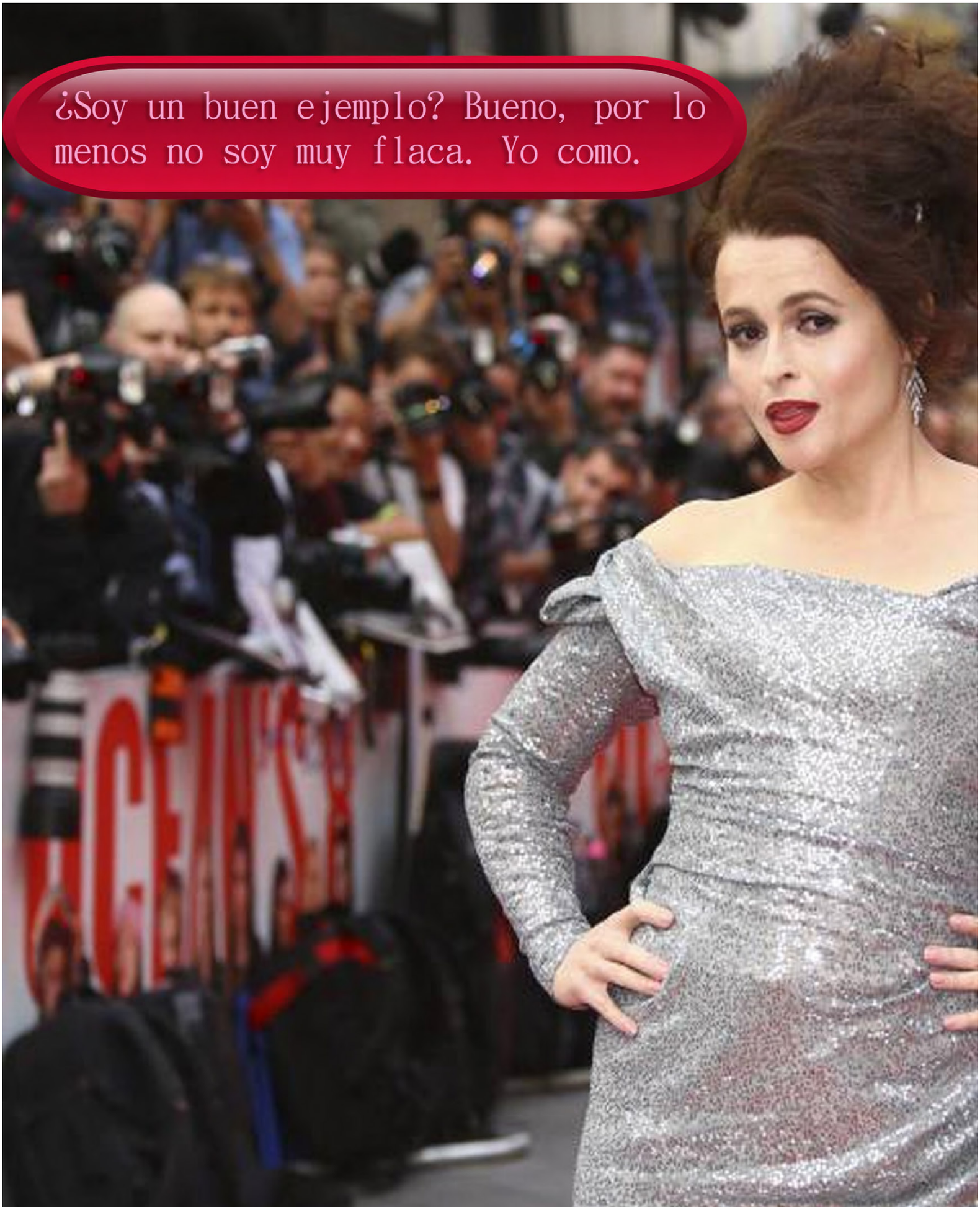


IN A WORLD OF KARDASHIANS...

Be A Helena Bonham Carter.




Everyone always says you have to be strong and have a stiff upper lip, but it's okay to be fragile.
Todo el mundo siempre dice que tienes que ser fuerte y tener un gesto duro, pero está bien ser frágil.
誰もがあなたがする必要があると常に言います
強くて硬い上唇がありますが、
壊れても大丈夫です。



良い例ですか？まあ、少な
私は細すぎません。私は食



なくとも
食べる。



I drink booze, I smoke, and I'm hooked on caffeine. I actually have been known to swear at times and belch and even raise my voice when provoked. And I'm not physically repressed!

Tomo alcohol, fumo y estoy enganchada a la cafeina. De hecho, soy conocida por insultar a veces, y eructar, y hasta levantar mi voz cuando me provocan. ¡Y no soy reprimida fisicamente!

私は酒を飲み、タバコを吸い、そしてカフェインに夢中になります。私は実際には時　誓い、げっぷをし、挑発されたときに私の声を上げることさえ知られていました。そして私は身体的に抑圧されていません！




If you're a queen, you're powerless, so I'd probably demote myself and go shopping.
Si eres una reina, no tienes poder, entonces probablemente me degrade a mi misma y me vaya de compras.
あなたが女王なら、あなたは無力なので、おそらく私は自分自身を降格させて買い物に行きます。


I'm a very good sleeper.
Soy una muy buena dormilona.
私はとても良い寝台です。
DAVYS OF LONDON LTD.


Multitasking? I can't even do two things
¿Multitasking? No puedo siquiera hacer do
cosa en un
マルチタスク？ 2つのことを同時にすることす



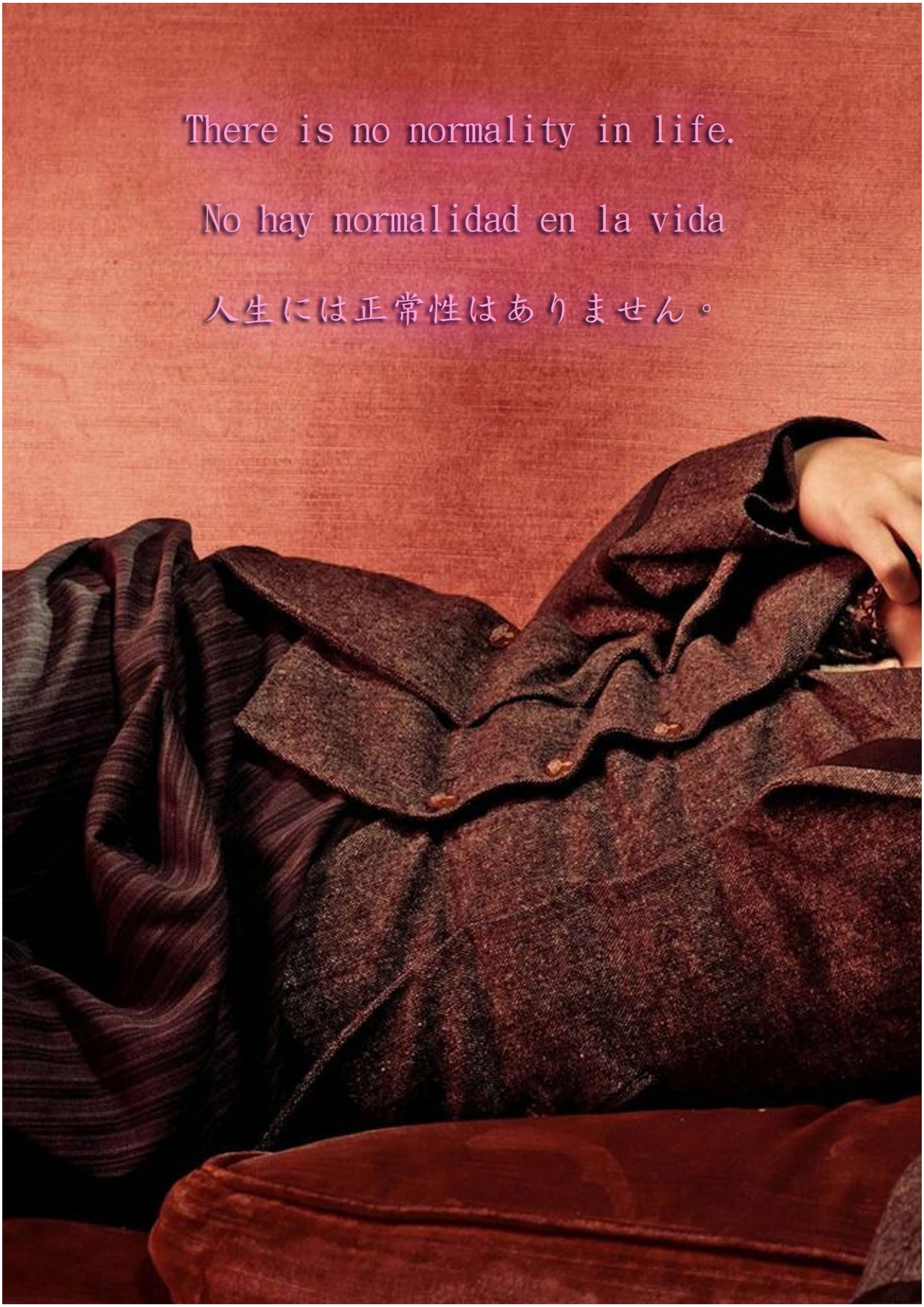


s at once. I can't even do one thing at once.

s cosas al mismo tiempo. No puedo ni hacer una
n sólo momento.

らできません。一度に一つのことすらできません。




There is no normality in life.
No hay normalidad en la vida
人生には正常性はありません。


I've got Tourette's, practically.
I'll tell anyone anything.
Prácticamente tengo el síndrome de Tourette.
Le digo cualquier cosa a cualquiera
私はトゥレットのものを持っています。
私は誰にでも言うよ。


I personally never got the gist of Facebook and Twitter.
Personalmente, nunca entendí el sentido de Facebook y Twitter.
私は個人的には決して要点を知りませんでした FacebookとTwitter

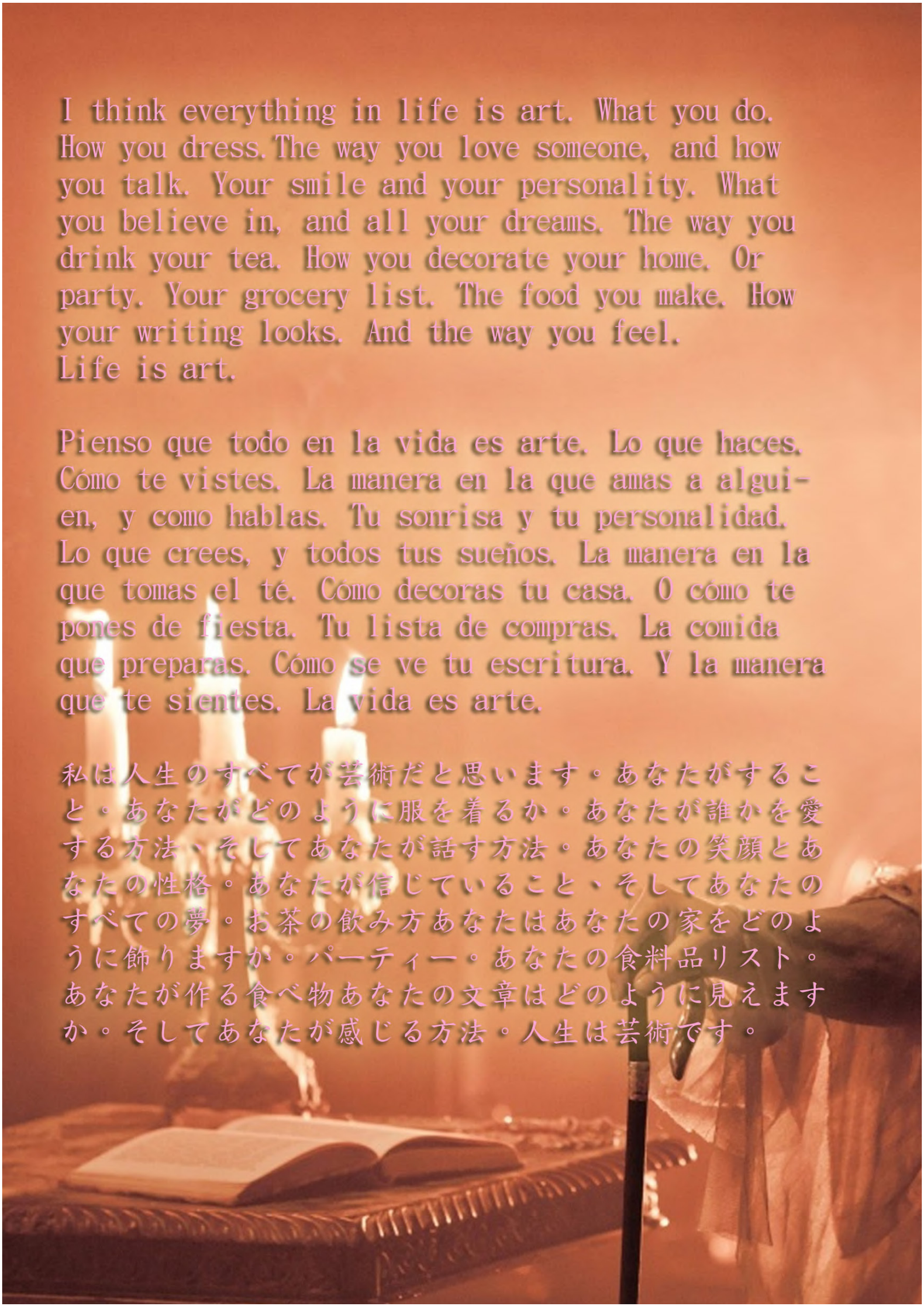


It took me ages to grow into being a woman, into being happy with it.

Me llevó mucho tiempo crecer hasta ser mujer, hasta estar feliz con ello.

それは私が女性であること、それに幸せになることに成長するのに年齢を要しました。



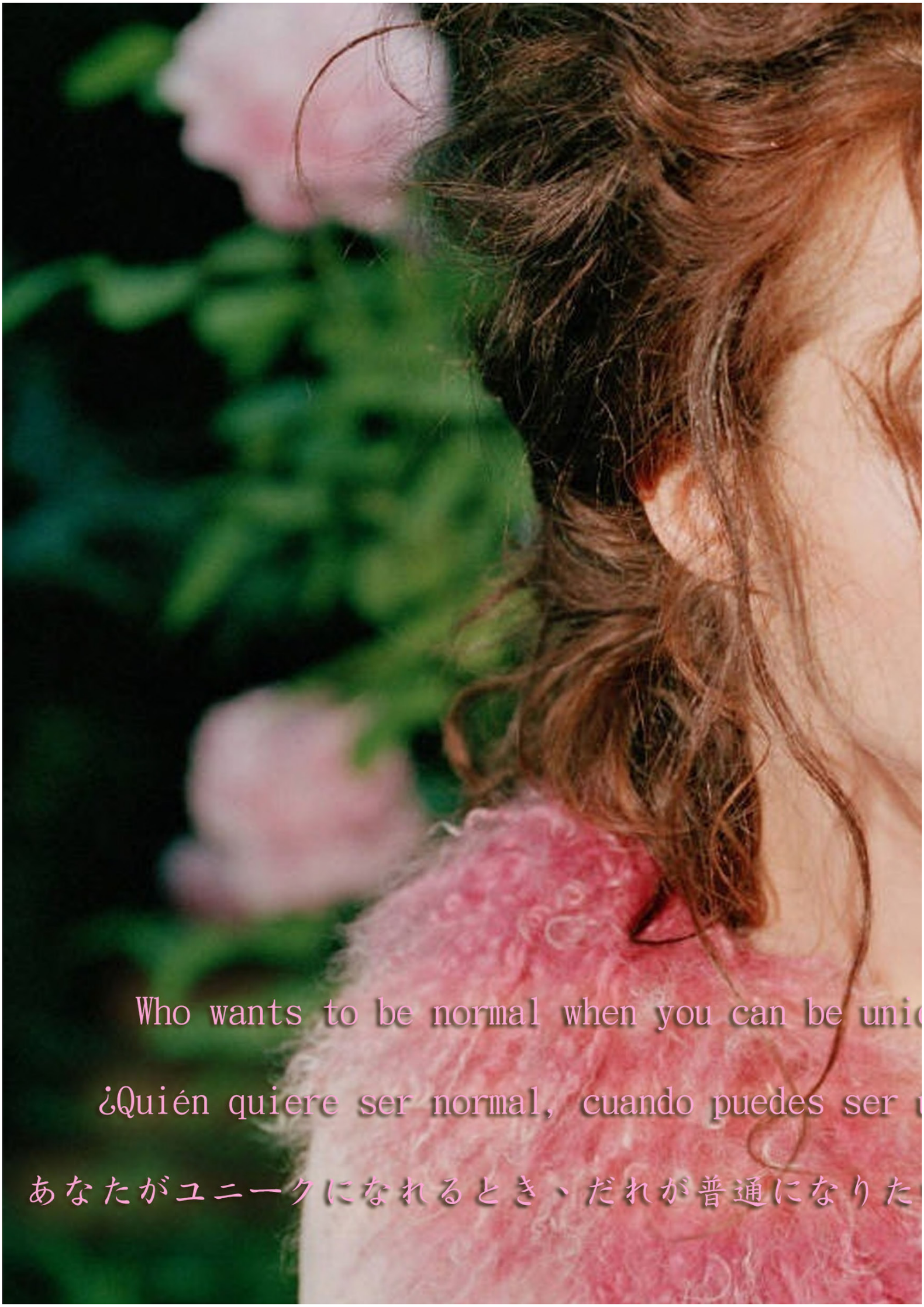


I think everything in life is art. What you do. How you dress.The way you love someone, and how you talk. Your smile and your personality. What you believe in, and all your dreams. The way you drink your tea. How you decorate your home. Or party. Your grocery list. The food you make. How your writing looks. And the way you feel.
Life is art.

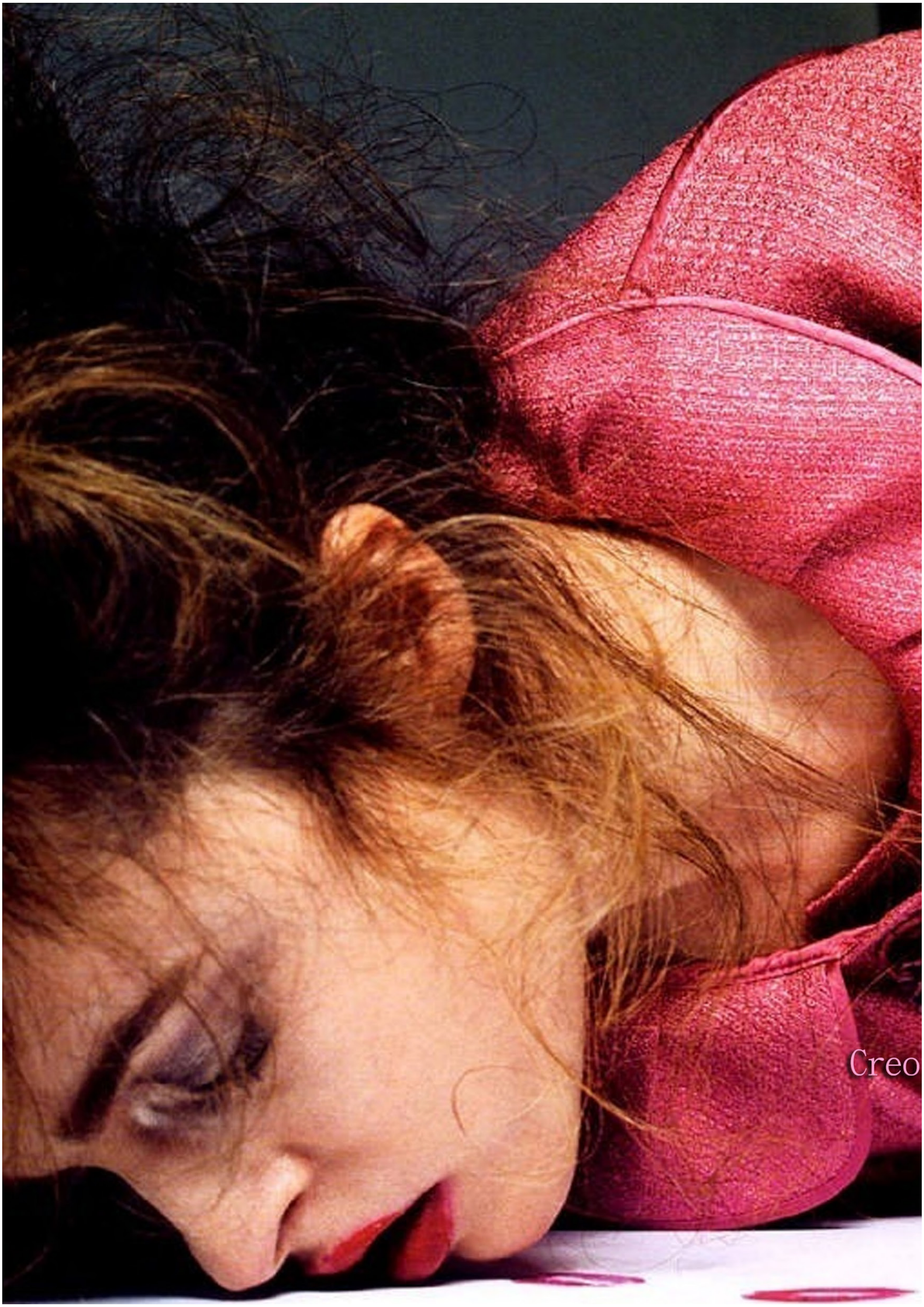
Pienso que todo en la vida es arte. Lo que haces. Cómo te vistes. La manera en la que amas a alguien, y como hablas. Tu sonrisa y tu personalidad. Lo que crees, y todos tus sueños. La manera en la que tomas el té. Cómo decoras tu casa. O cómo te pones de fiesta. Tu lista de compras. La comida que preparas. Cómo se ve tu escritura. Y la manera que te sientes. La vida es arte.

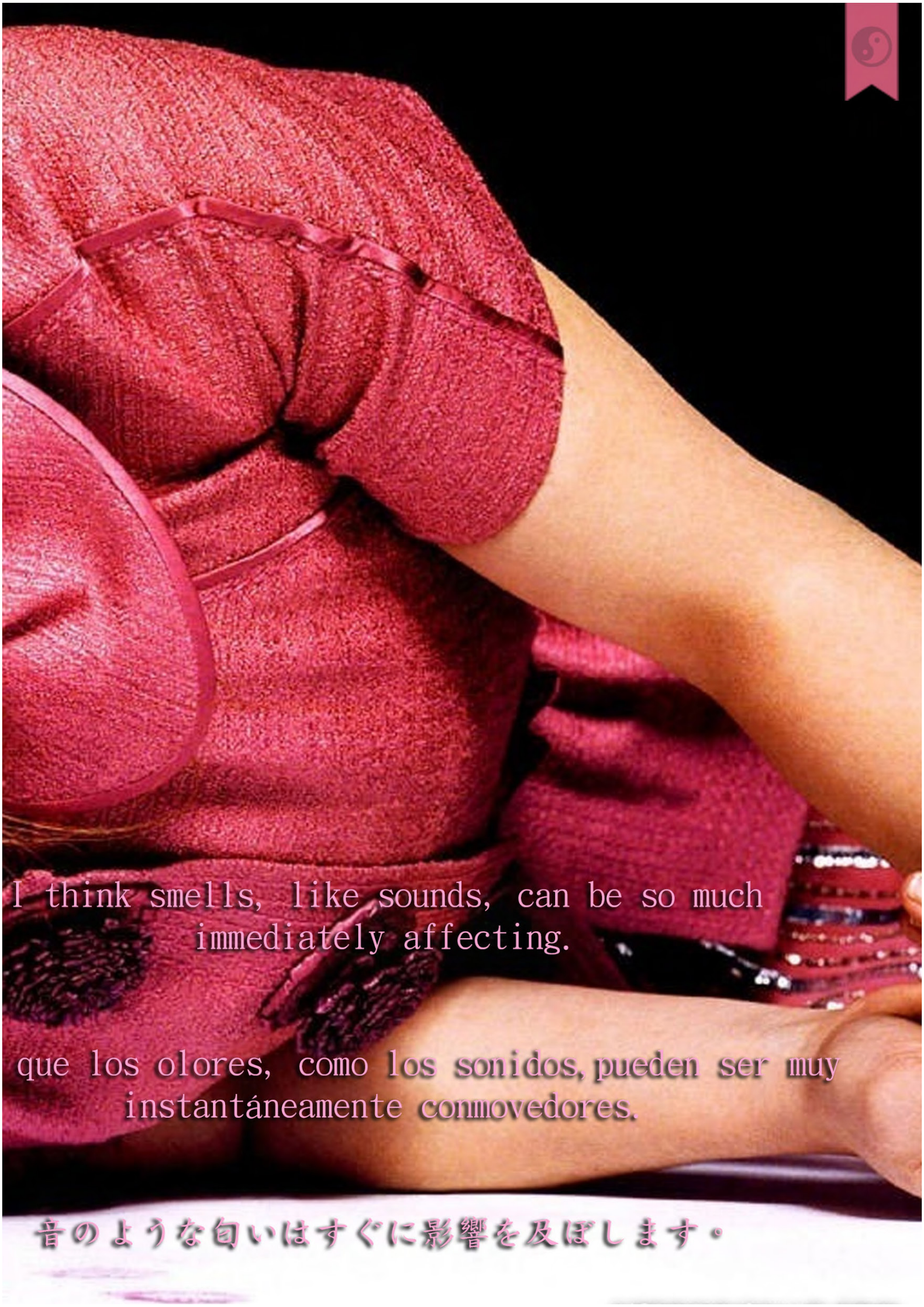
私は人生のすべてが芸術だと思います。あなたがすること。あなたがどのように服を着るか。あなたが誰かを愛する方法、そしてあなたが話す方法。あなたの笑顔とあなたの性格。あなたが信じていること、そしてあなたのすべての夢。お茶の飲み方あなたはあなたの家をどのように飾りますか。パーティー。あなたの食料品リスト。あなたが作る食べ物あなたの文章はどのように見えますか。そしてあなたが感じる方法。人生は芸術です。




Who wants to be normal when you can be uni
¿Quién quiere ser normal, cuando puedes ser
あなたがユニークになれるとき、だれが普通になりた


que?
única?
いですか？
XTREMEWALLS.COM


Creo

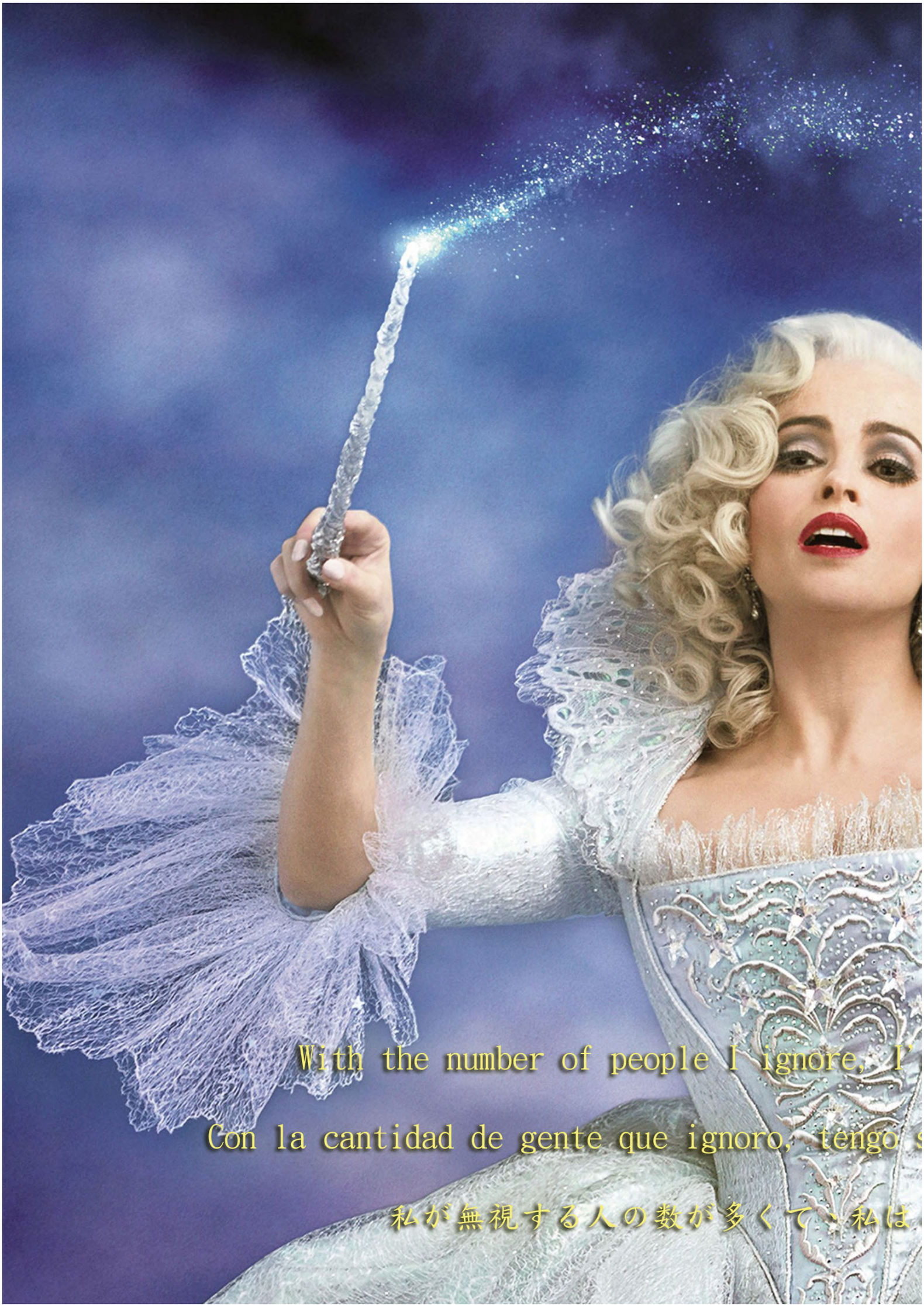

I think smells, like sounds, can be so much immediately affecting.
que los olores, como los sonidos, pueden ser muy instantáneamente conmovedores.
音のような匂いはすぐに影響を及ぼします。

You can't put your self-esteem in the hands o

No puedes poner tu autoestima en las manos d

あなたは自分の自尊心を他人の手に委ねることは


of strangers.
le extraños.
できません。


With the number of people I ignore, I'
Con la cantidad de gente que ignoro, tengo s
私が無視する人の数が多くて、私は


m lucky I work at all in this town.
suerte que todavia trabajo en esta ciudad
この町で全く仕事をしています。


I don't think any actor wants their ch
No creo que ningún actor quiera qu
私は、どの俳優も彼らの子供たちが彼らを専

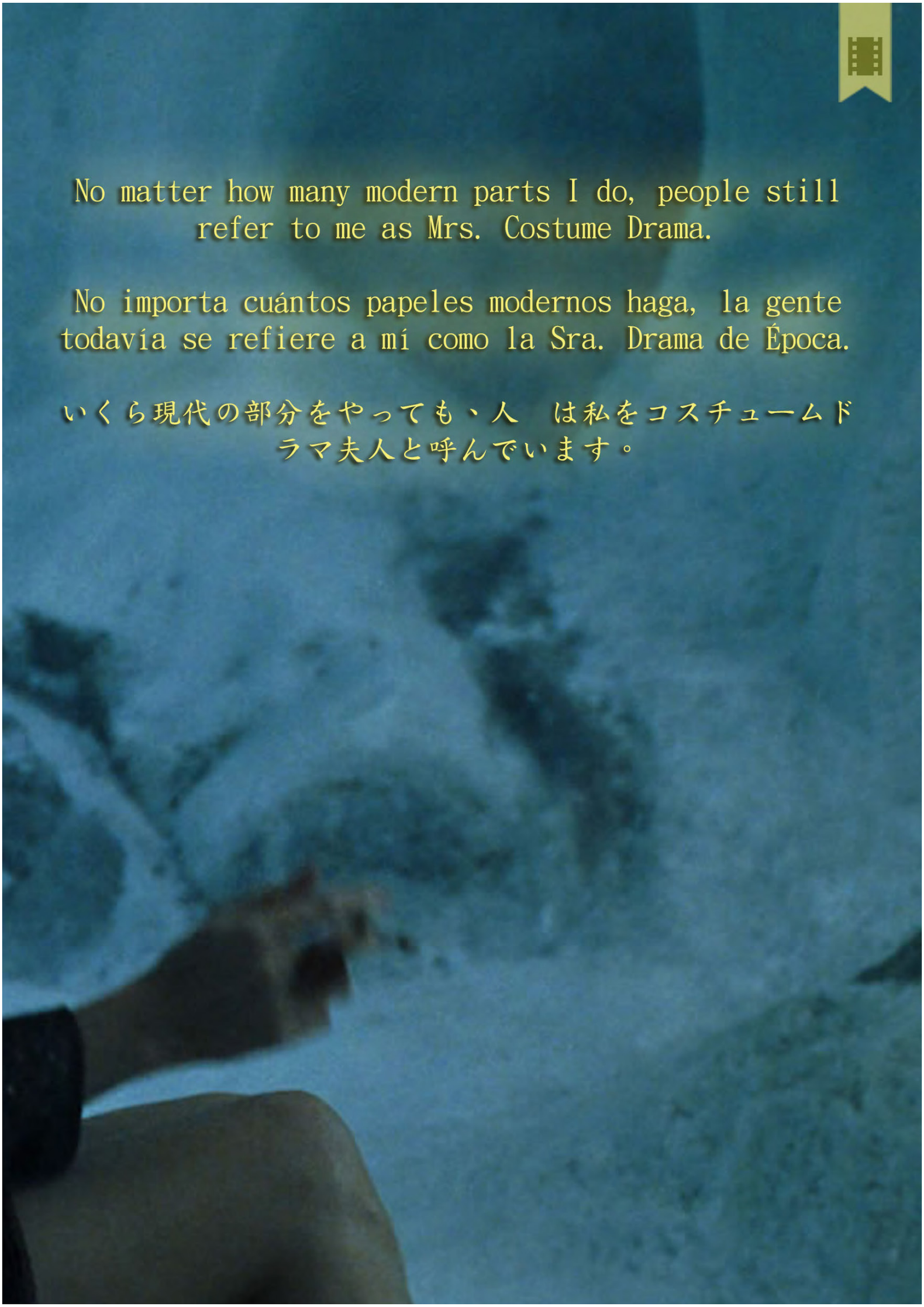
ildren to follow them into the profession.

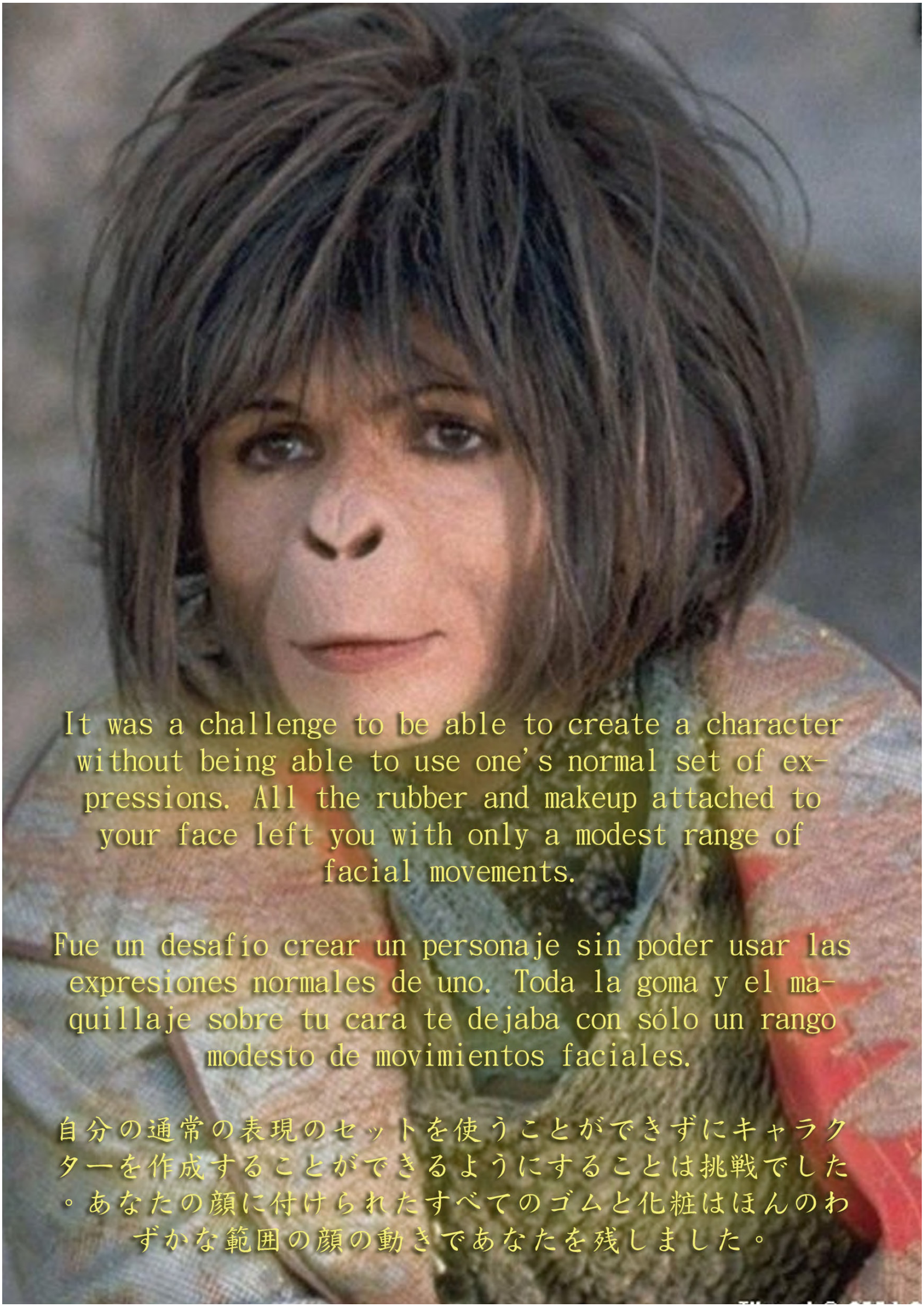
ue sus hijos lo sigan en la profesión.

門職に従わせることを望んでいるとは思わない。





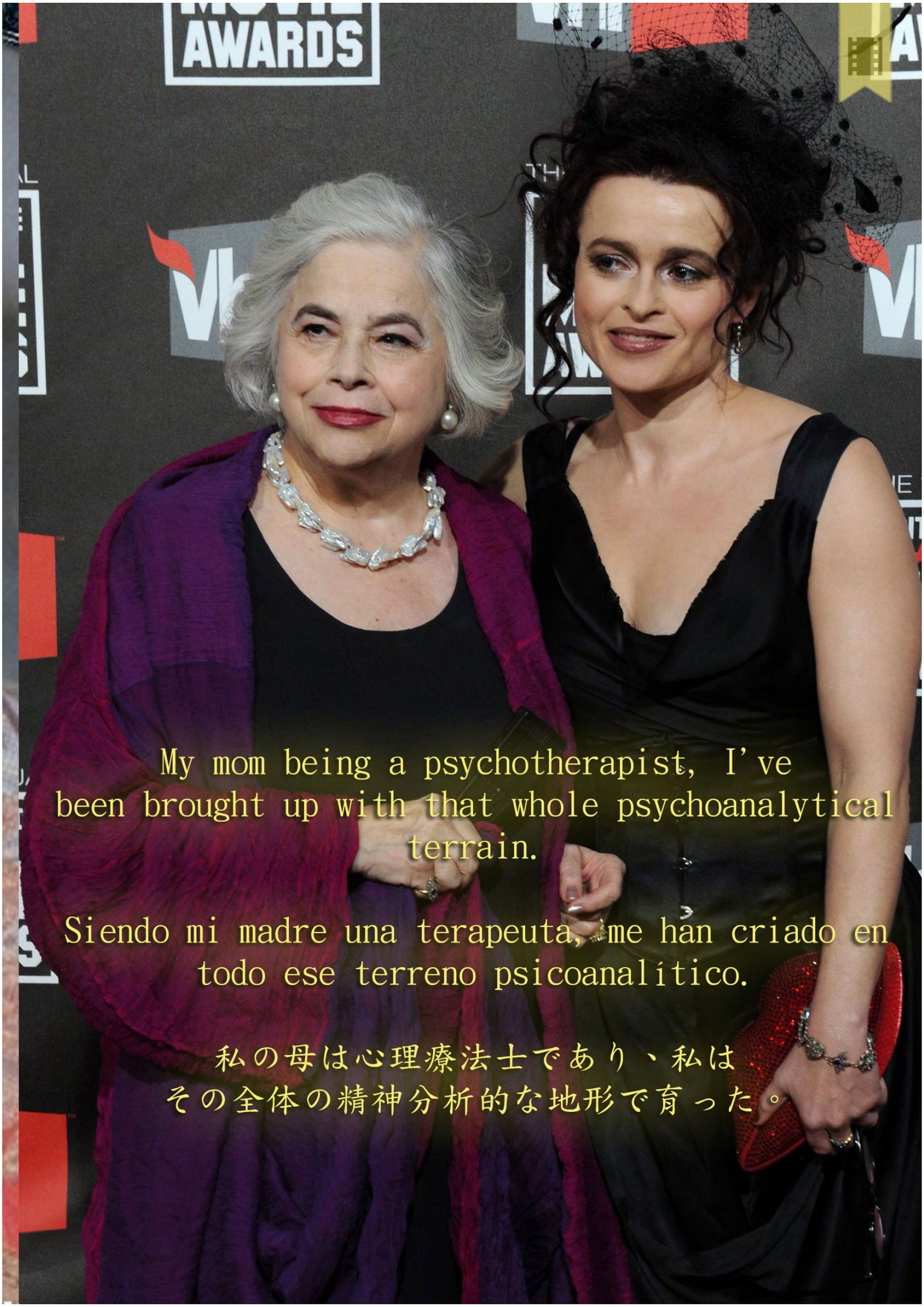

No matter how many modern parts I do, people still refer to me as Mrs. Costume Drama.
No importa cuántos papeles modernos haga, la gente todavía se refiere a mí como la Sra. Drama de Época.
いくら現代の部分をやっても、人　は私をコスチュームドラマ夫人と呼んでいます。



It was a challenge to be able to create a character without being able to use one's normal set of expressions. All the rubber and makeup attached to your face left you with only a modest range of facial movements.

Fue un desafío crear un personaje sin poder usar las expresiones normales de uno. Toda la goma y el maquillaje sobre tu cara te dejaba con sólo un rango modesto de movimientos faciales.

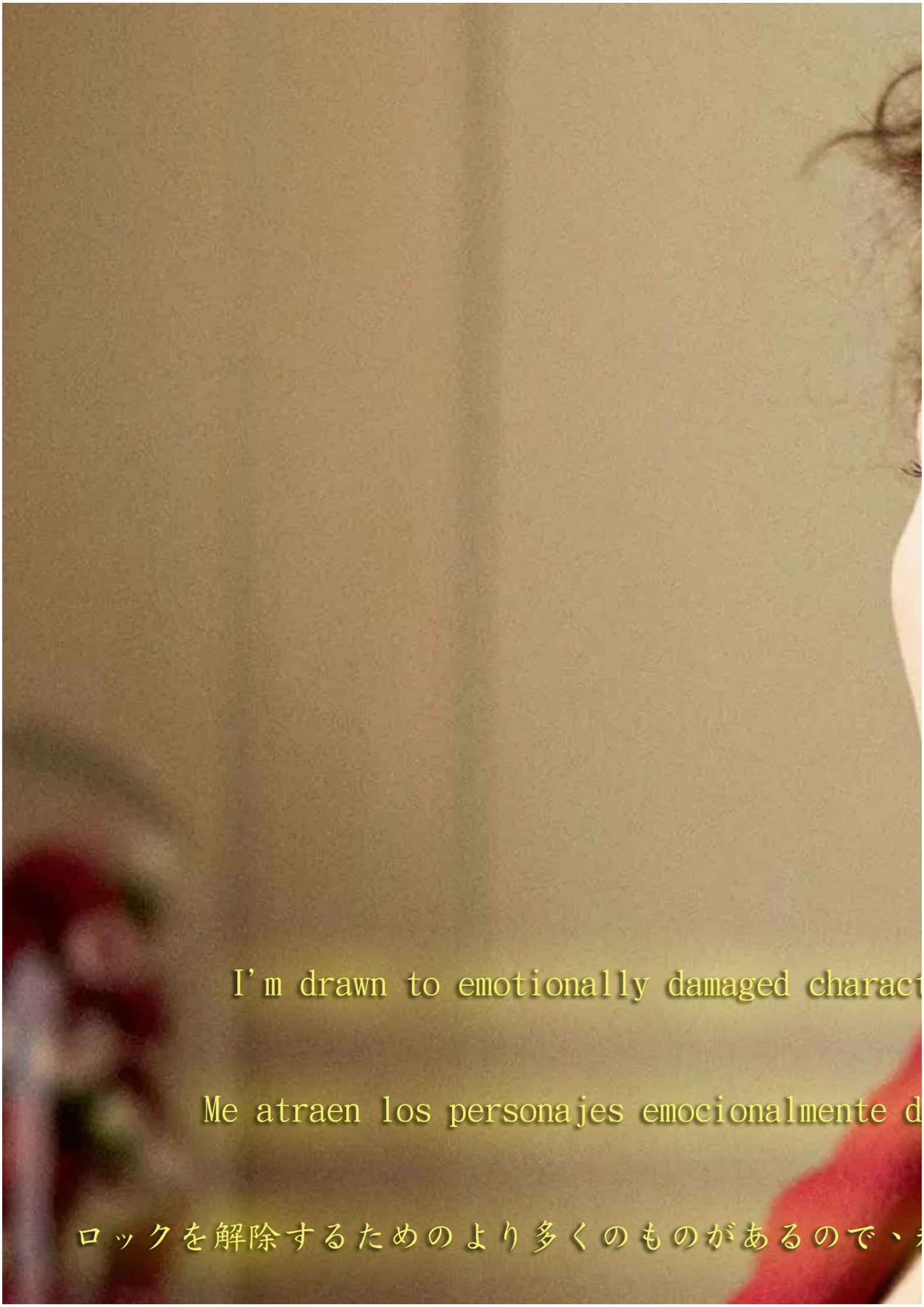
自分の通常の表現のセットを使うことができずにキャラクターを作成することができるようにすることは挑戦でした。あなたの顔に付けられたすべてのゴムと化粧はほんのわずかな範囲の顔の動きであなたを残しました。



My mom being a psychotherapist, I've been brought up with that whole psychoanalytical terrain.

Siendo mi madre una terapeuta, me han criado en todo ese terreno psicoanalítico.

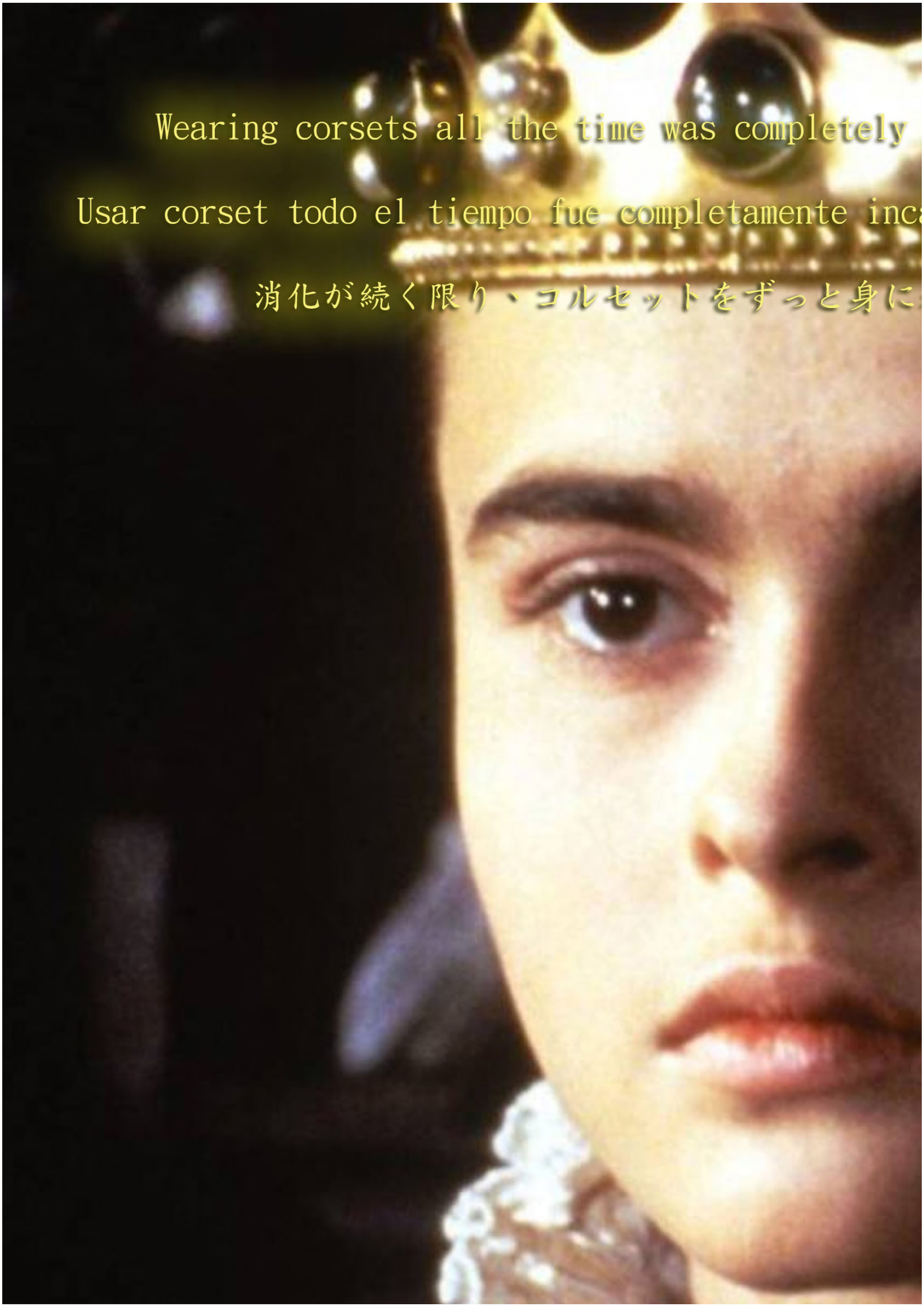
私の母は心理療法士であり、私は
その全体の精神分析的な地形で育った。

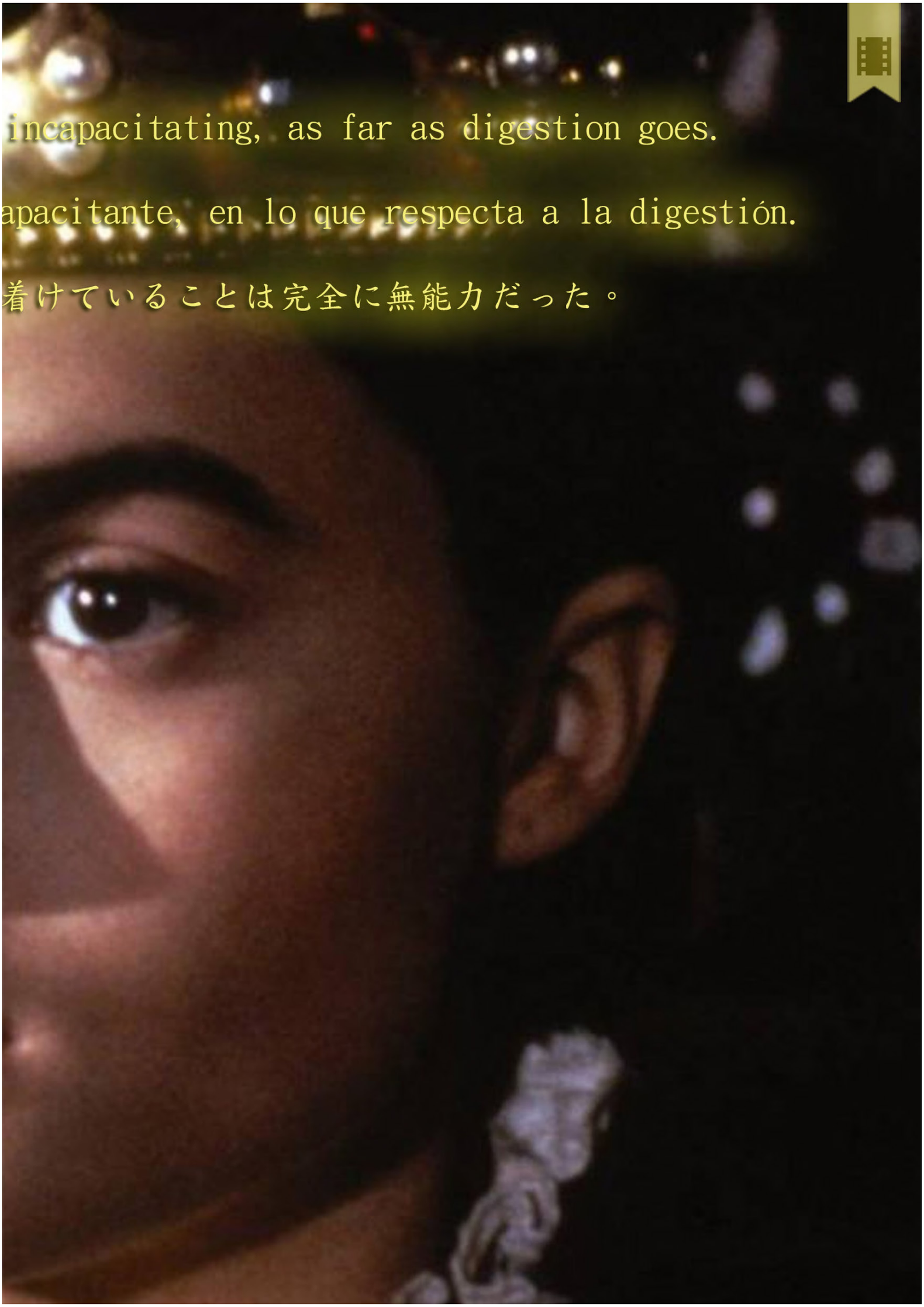

I'm drawn to emotionally damaged charact
Me atraen los personajes emocionalmente d
ロックを解除するためのより多くのものがあるので、


ters because there is more to unlock.
añados porque hay más para desbloquear
私は感情的に損傷したキャラクターに惹かれます。


Fairytales have always got to have that sca
Los cuentos de hadas siempre tienen que tener esa c
あなたがそれらを笑わせる限り、おとぎ話は


ary quality, as long as you make them laugh.
cualidad tenebrosa, siempre y cuando los hagas reir.
常にその怖い品質を持つようになっています。

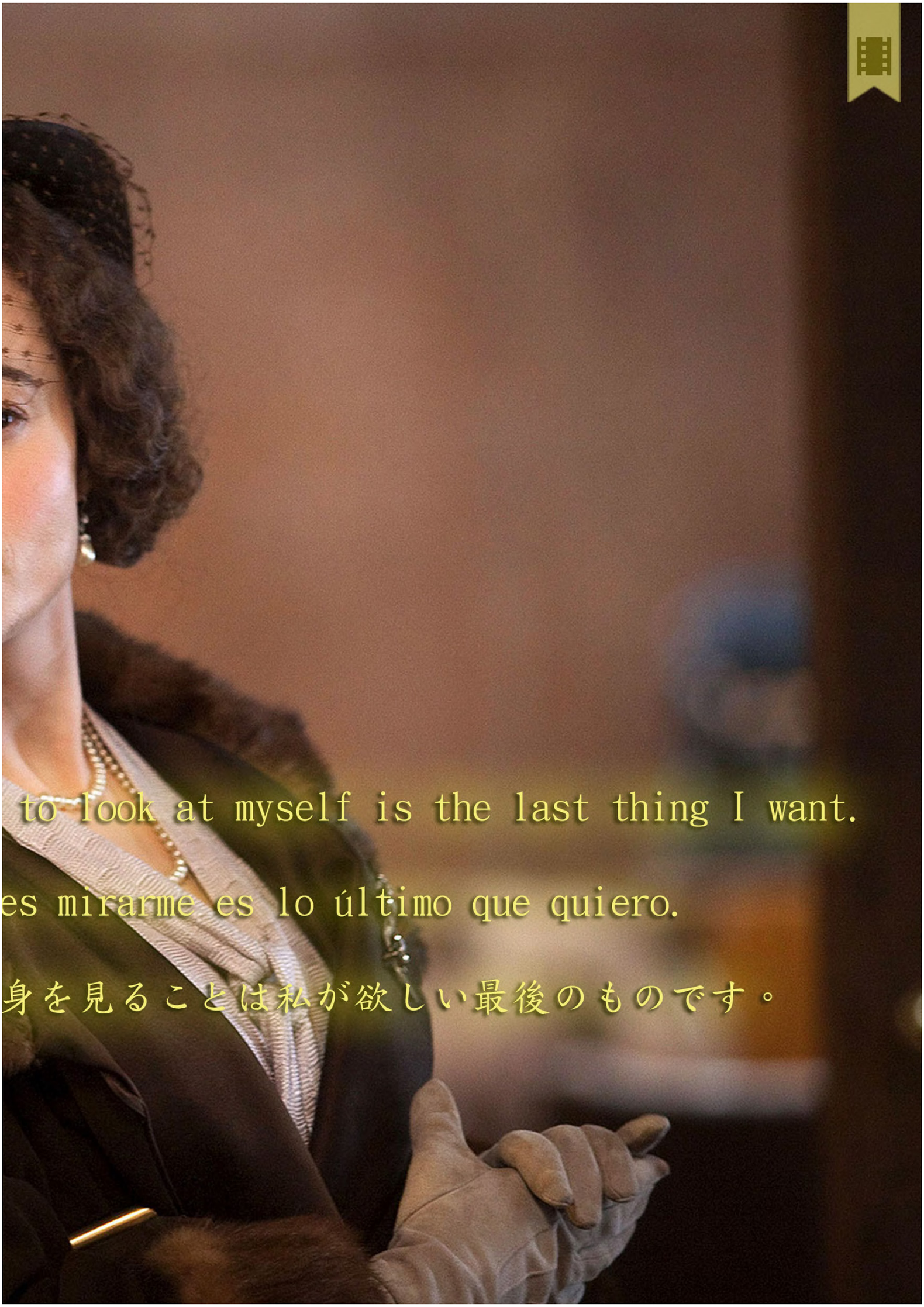

Wearing corsets all the time was completely
Usar corset todo el tiempo fue completamente inc
消化が続く限り、コルセットをずっと身に


incapacitating, as far as digestion goes.
apacitante, en lo que respecta a la digestión.
着けていることは完全に無能力だった。

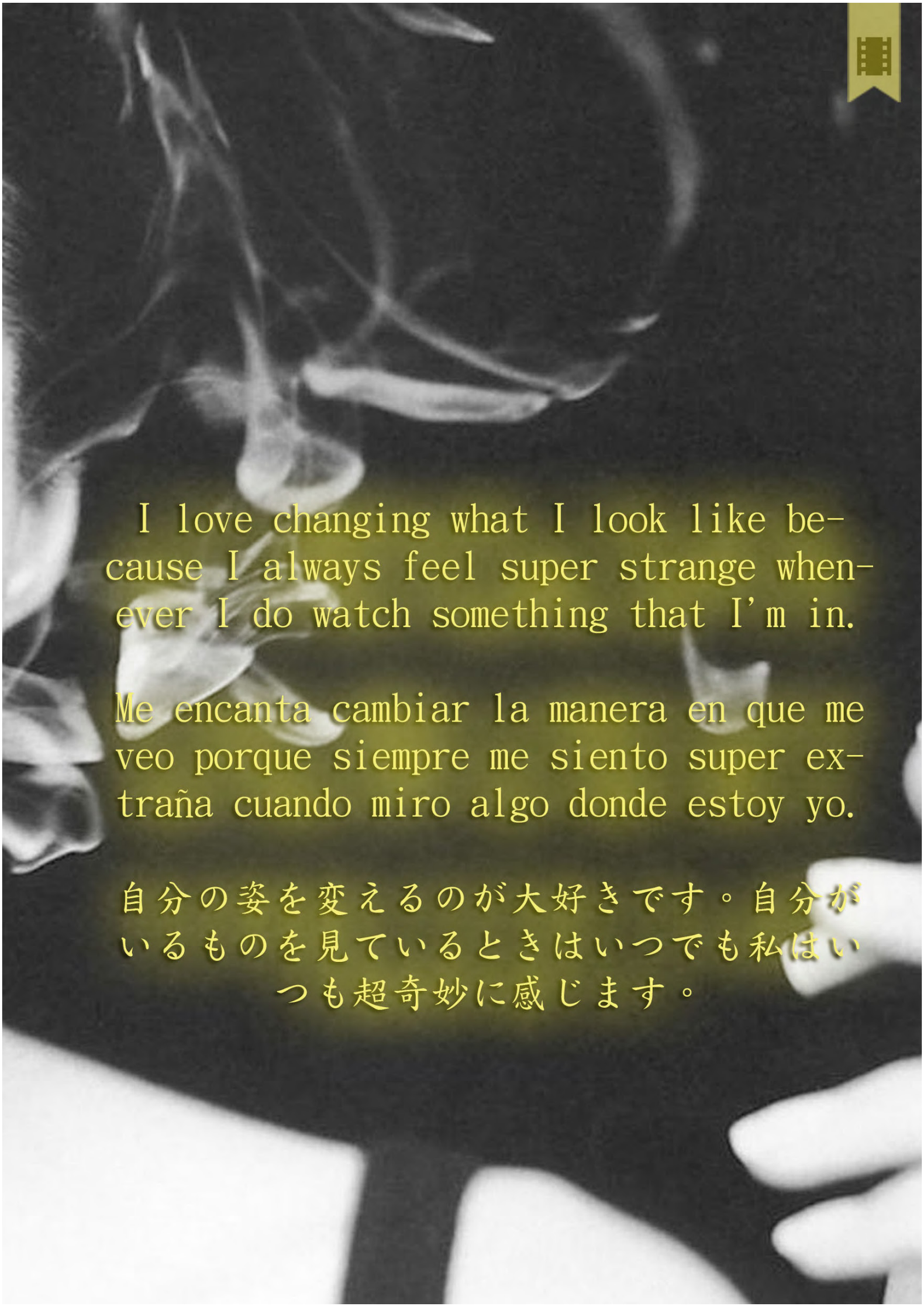

A film actor is just a vict
Un actor de películas es sólo una
映画俳優は、単に監督


im of directors and editors.
víctima de directores y editores.
や編集者の犠牲者です。


Acting is about getting away from myself. So
Actuar es salir de mí misma. Entonc
演技は自分から逃げることです。だから私自


to look at myself is the last thing I want.
es mirarme es lo último que quiero.
身を見ることは私が欲しい最後のものです。

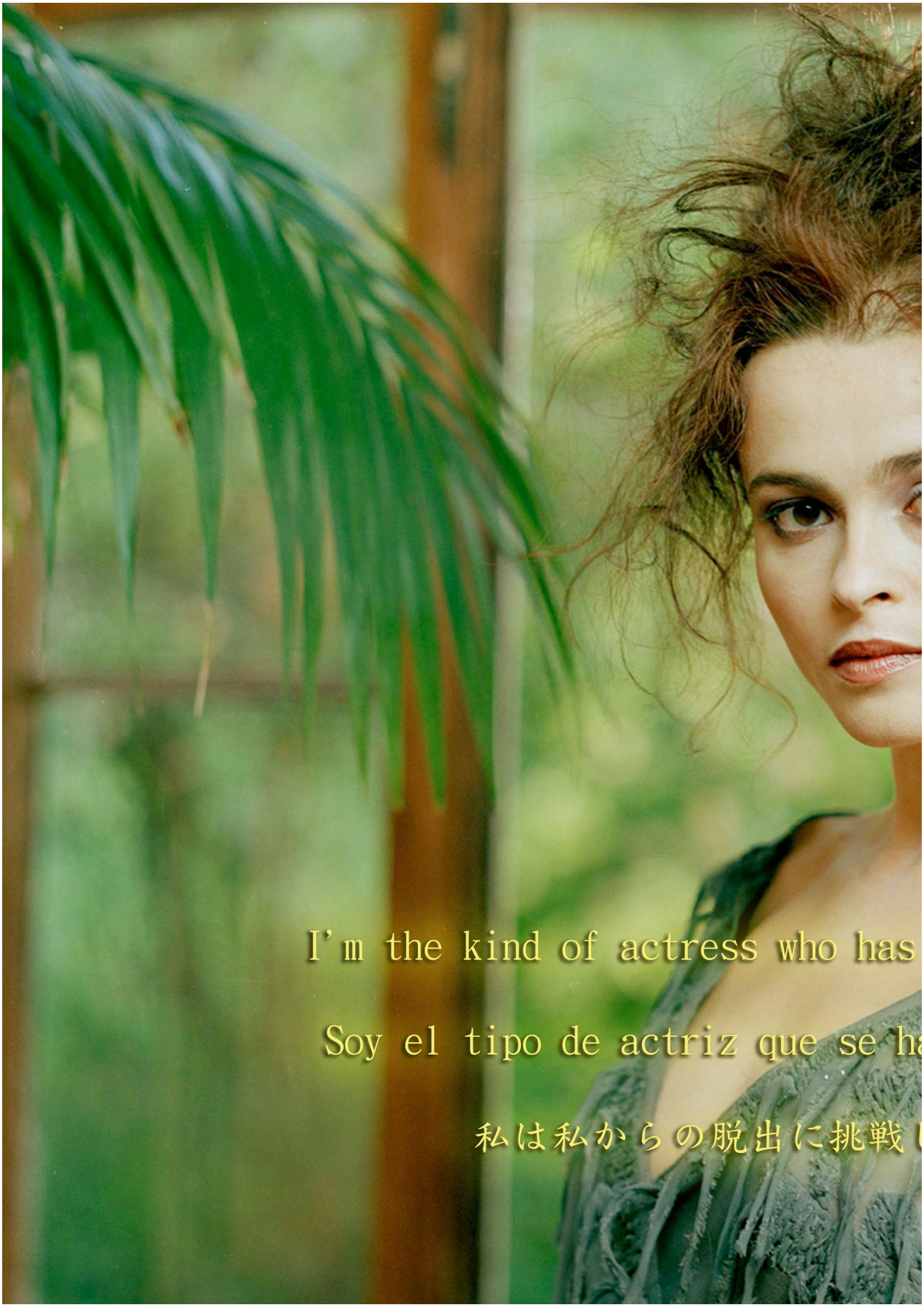




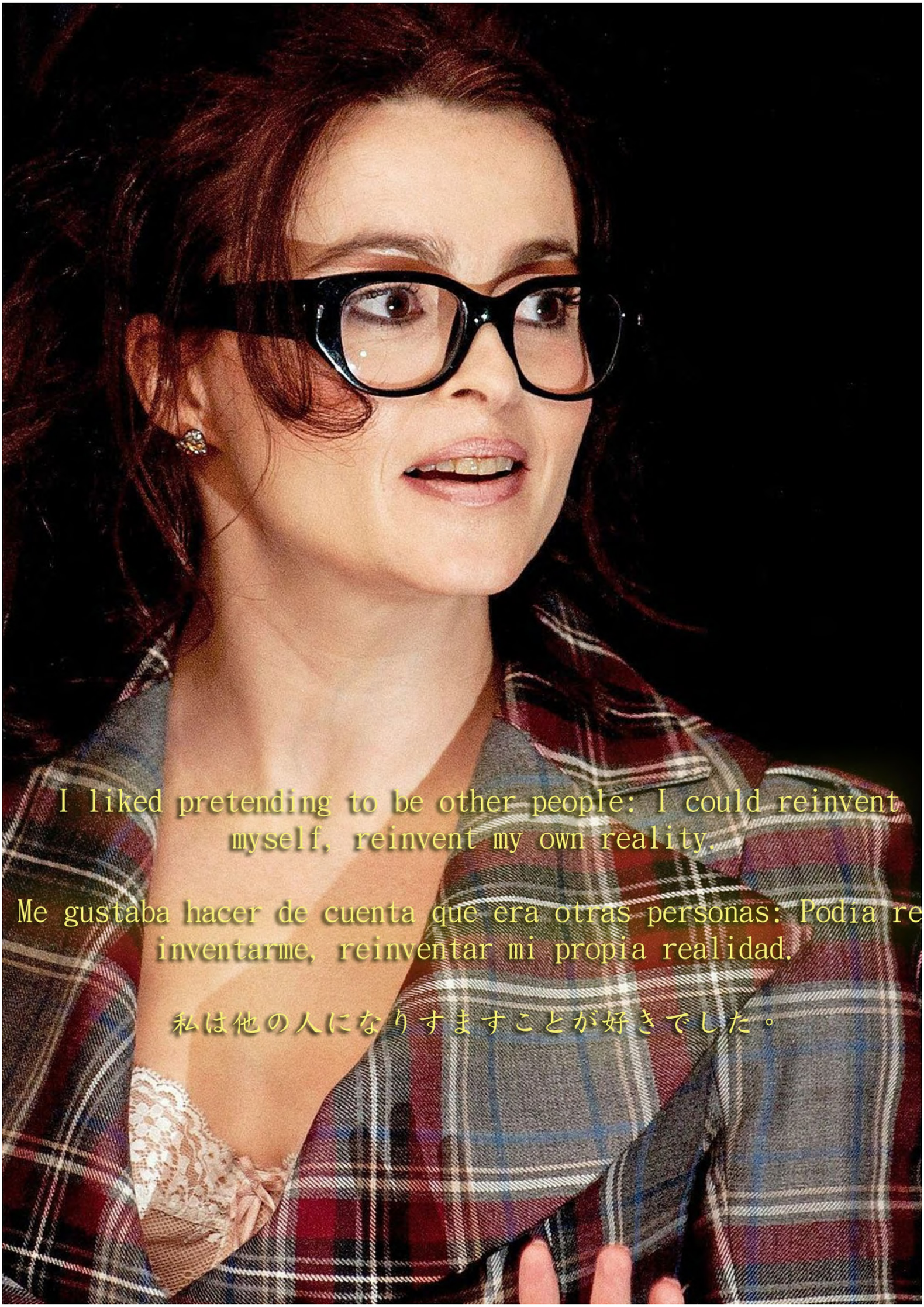
I love changing what I look like because I always feel super strange whenever I do watch something that I'm in.

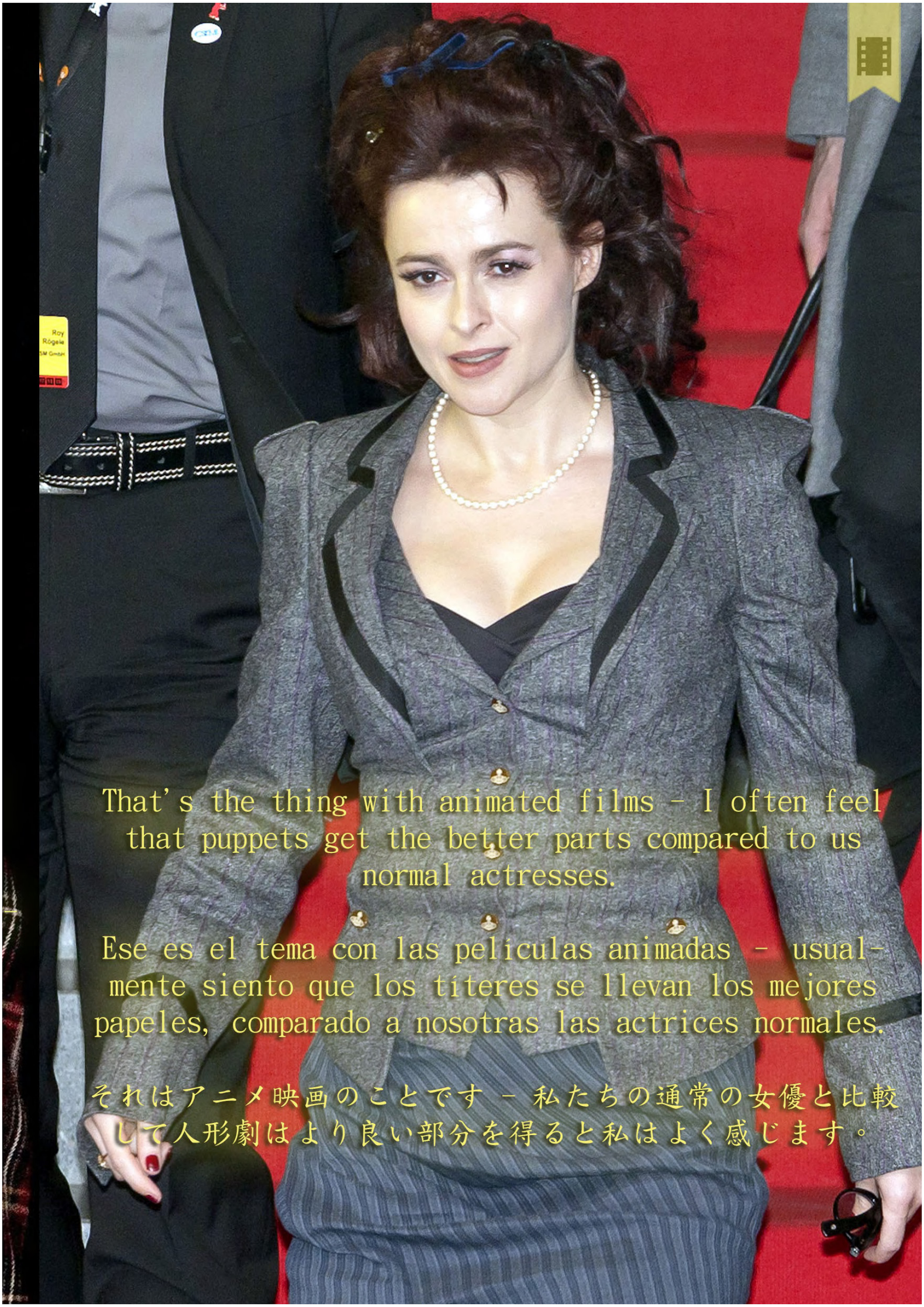
Me encanta cambiar la manera en que me veo porque siempre me siento super extraña cuando miro algo donde estoy yo.

自分の姿を変えるのが大好きです。自分がいるものを見ているときはいつでも私はいつも超奇妙に感じます。


I'm the kind of actress who has
Soy el tipo de actriz que se ha
私は私からの脱出に挑戦


ventured into escaping from me.
a aventurado a escaparse de mí.
してきた一種の女優です。


I liked pretending to be other people: I could reinvent myself, reinvent my own reality.
Me gustaba hacer de cuenta que era otras personas: Podia re inventarme, reinventar mi propia realidad.
私は他の人になりすますことが好きでした。



That's the thing with animated films - I often feel that puppets get the better parts compared to us normal actresses.

Ese es el tema con las peliculas animadas - usualmente siento que los titeres se llevan los mejores papeles, comparado a nosotras las actrices normales.

それはアニメ映画のことです - 私たちの通常の女優と比較して人形劇はより良い部分を得ると私はよく感じます。





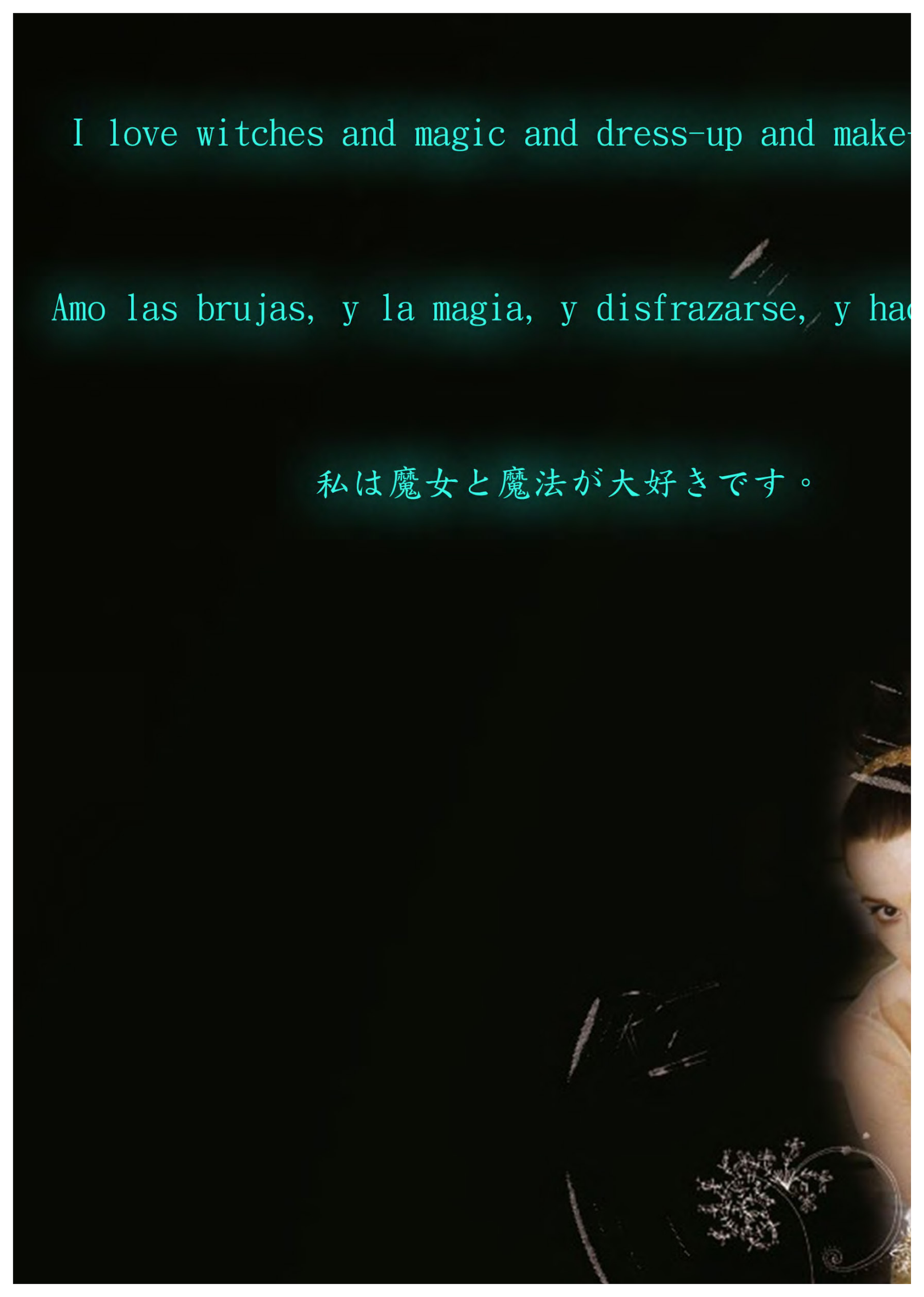

I was like one of those nauseatingly nice children. I was very, very well behaved and boring.
Yo era como uno de esos niños asquerosamente agradables. Era muy, muy educada y aburrida.
私は吐き気がするような子供の一人のようでした。私はとても、とても行儀がよく、退屈でした。


When you write for very young children what they want is something familiar and safe and stereotyped.
Cuando escribes para niños muy jóvenes, lo que ellos quieren es algo familiar y seguro y estereotipado.
あなたが非常に幼い子供たちのために書くとき、彼らが望むものはなじみがあり、安全でステレオタイプのものです。

I love witches and magic and dress-up and make-

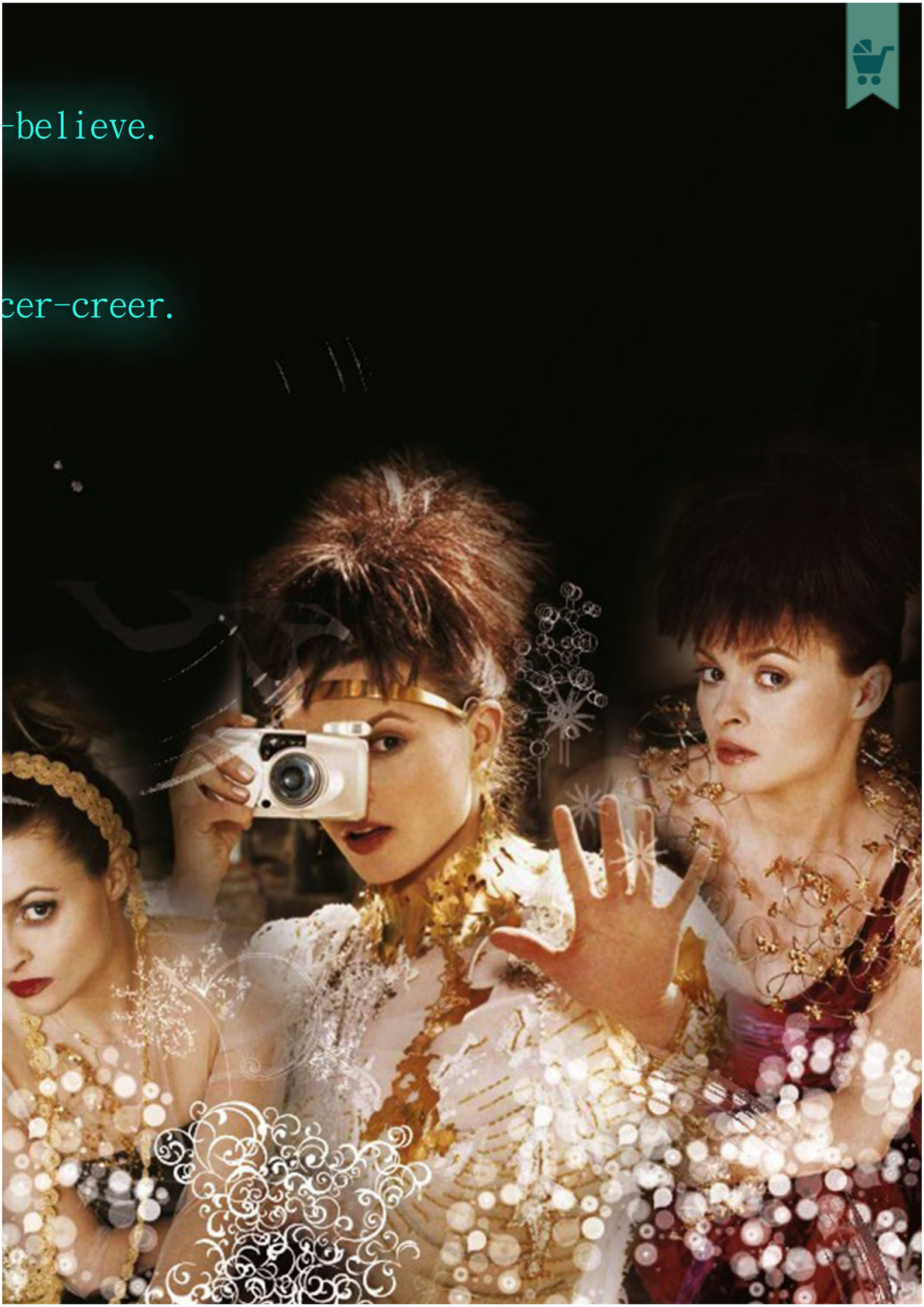
Amo las brujas, y la magia, y disfrazarse, y hac

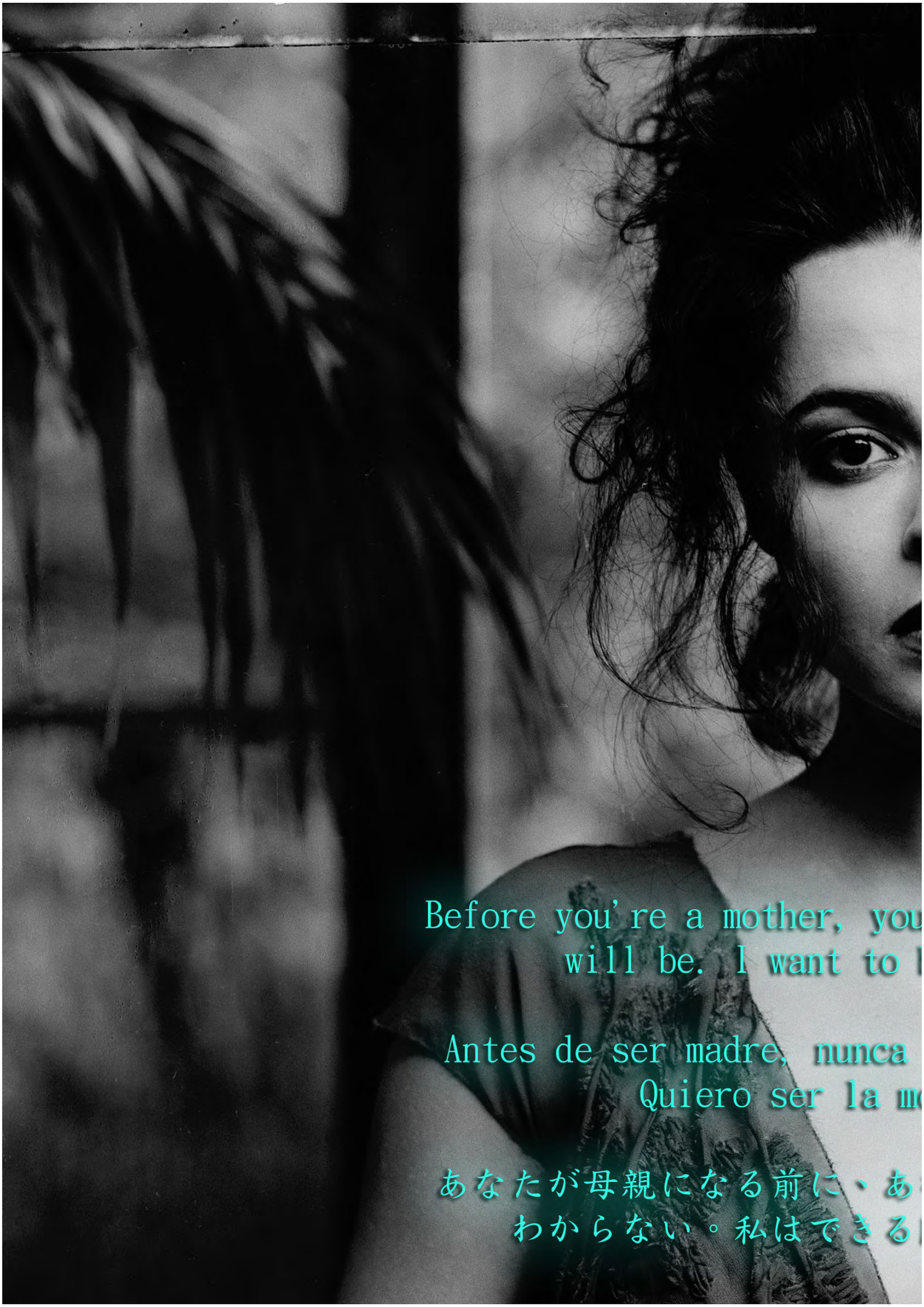
私は魔女と魔法が大好きです。

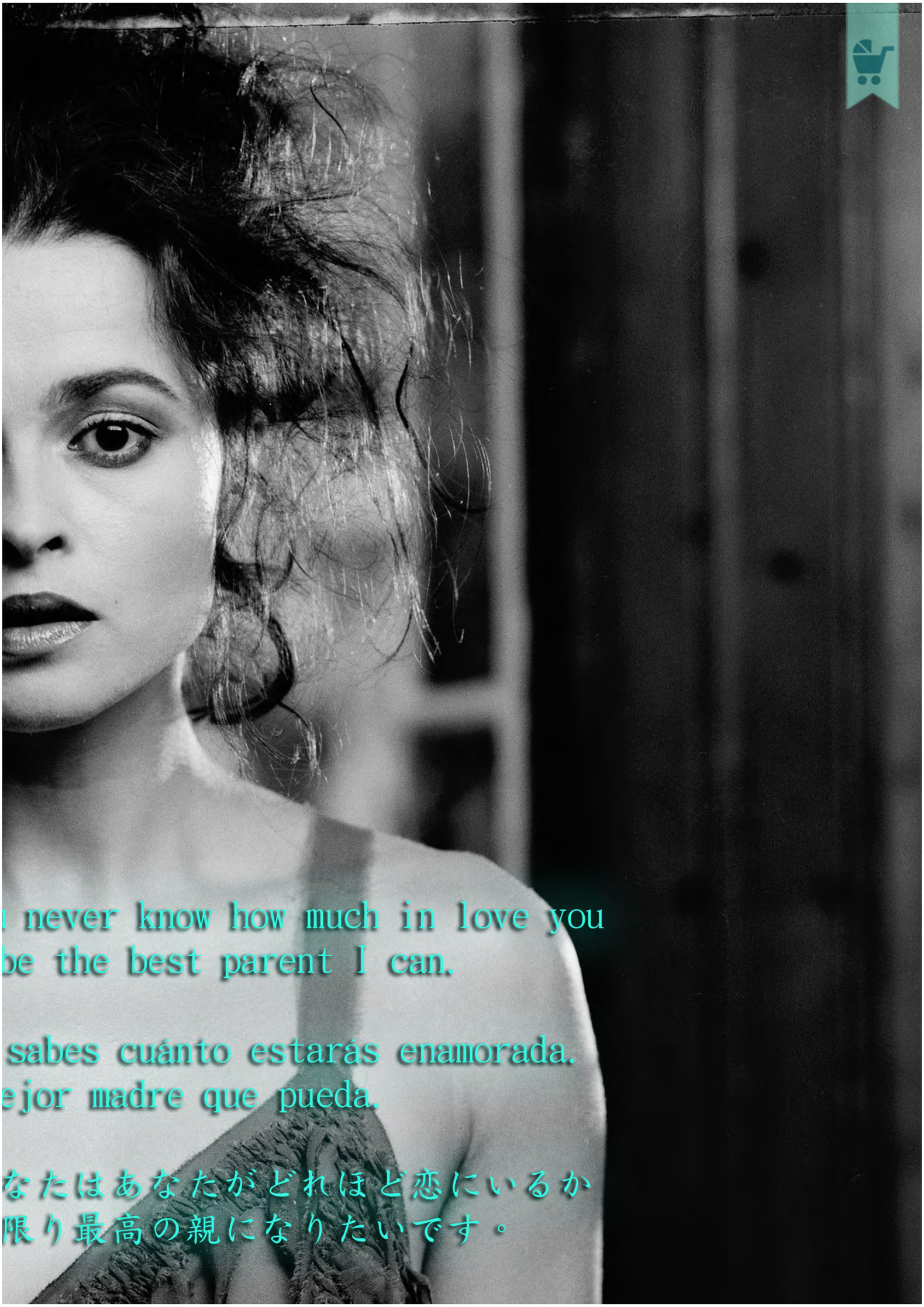


-believe.

cer-creer.




Before you're a mother, you
will be. I want to
Antes de ser madre, nunca
Quiero ser la m
あなたが母親になる前に、あ
わからない。私はできる

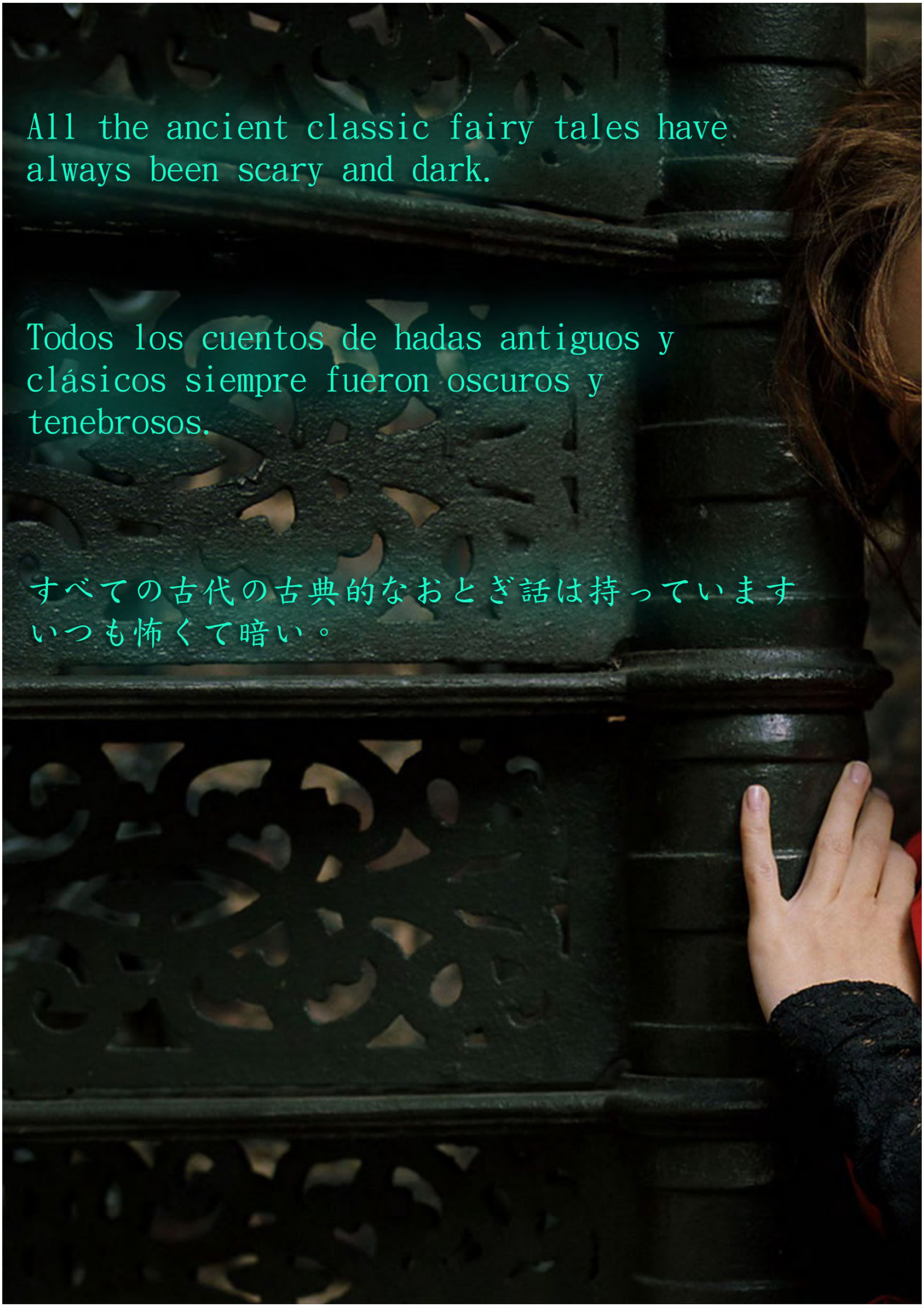

never know how much in love you
be the best parent I can.
sabes cuánto estarás enamorada.
ejor madre que pueda.
なたはあなたがどれほど恋にいるか
限り最高の親になりたいです。


It's easy for me to go back to being a kid. You know how kids can be like savages before they get civilized? There's that sadist quality. You know, like boys who like to pick apart an insect for the sake of it.
Es fácil para mí volver a ser una niña. ¿Has visto como los niños pueden ser como salvajes antes de que los civilicen? Está esa cualidad sádica. Como los niños varones que les gusta desmembrar insectos sólo por placer.
子供になるのは簡単です。文明化する前に、どのように子供たちが野蛮人のようになることができるか知っていますか？そのサディスト品質があります。あなたが知っている、それのために昆虫をバラバラにしたい男の子のように。



No creo que los niños tengan un problema con la muerte. Somos nosotros los que estamos más cerca, que empezamos a tener miedo.

子供が死に問題を抱えているとは思わない。それに近づいているのは私たちより年上の人たちです、それはおびえています。


All the ancient classic fairy tales have always been scary and dark.
Todos los cuentos de hadas antiguos y clásicos siempre fueron oscuros y tenebrosos.
すべての古代の古典的なおとぎ話は持っていますいつも怖くて暗い。



I'm definitely a bit of a Peter Pan, reluctant to grow up.

Definitivamente soy un poco Peter Pan, reacia a crecer.

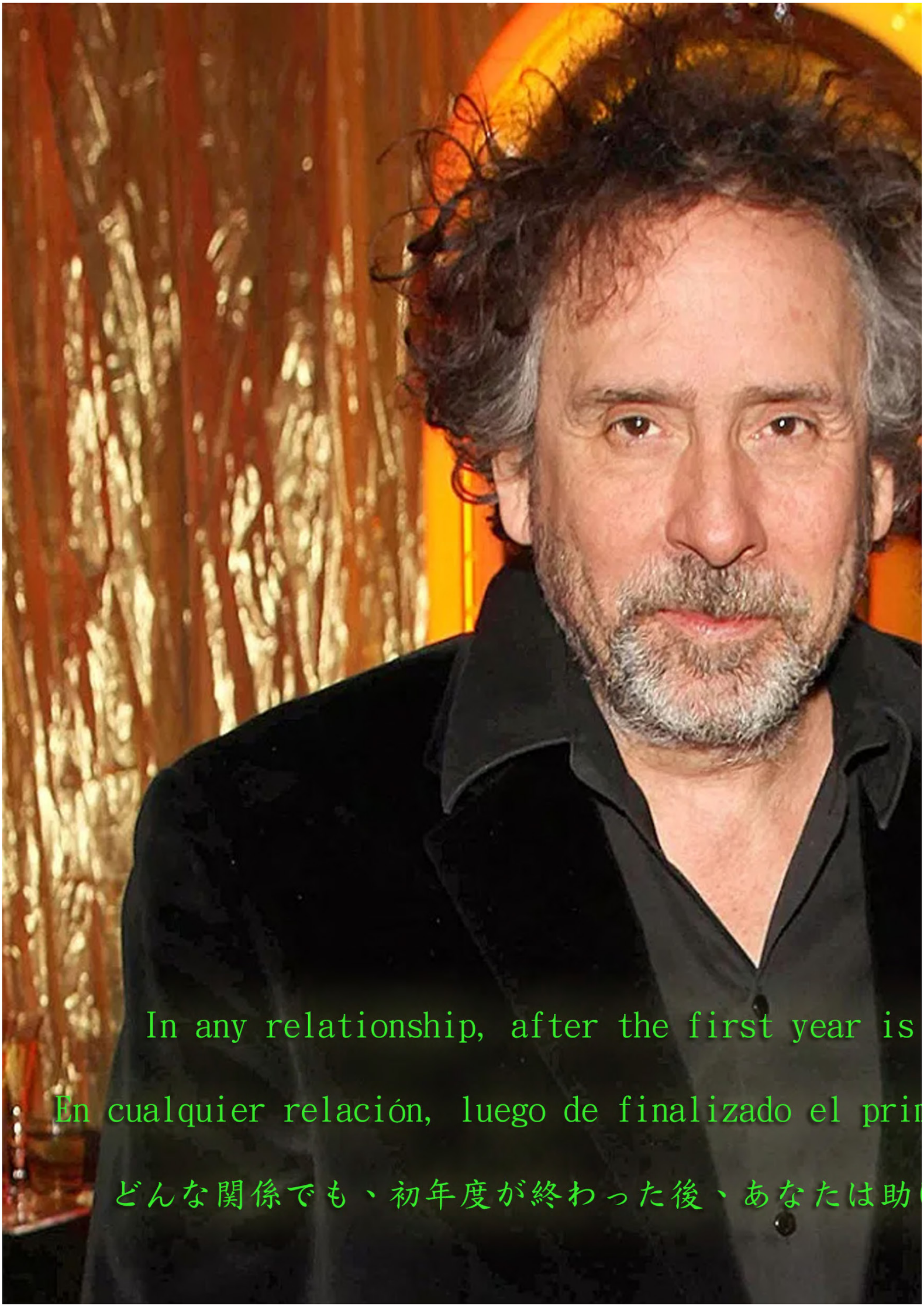
私は確かにピーターパンのほんの一部で、成長したがりません。

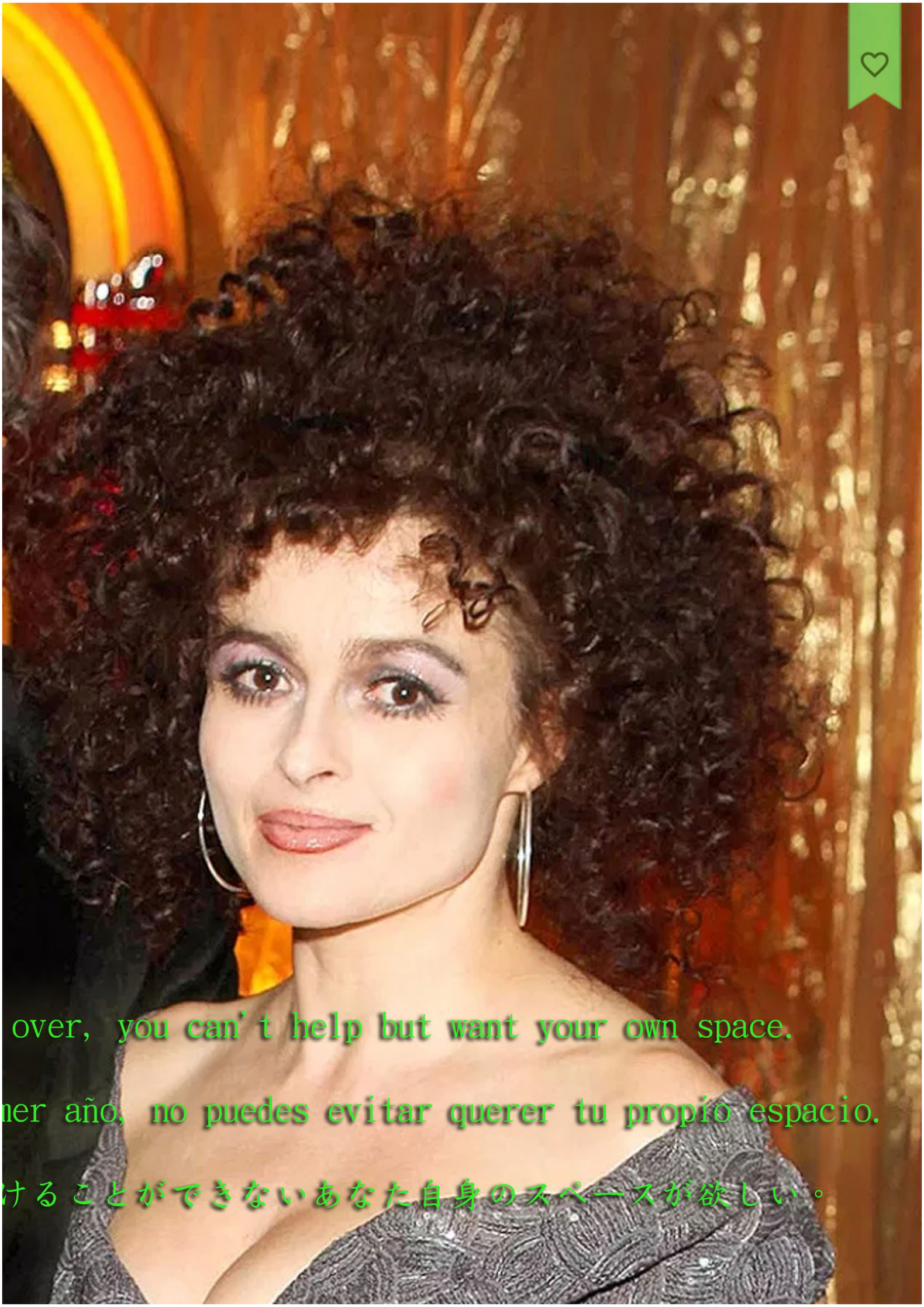



I never really wanted to grow up. I grew up really young. I moved out when I was 13 - that's when I started acting.
Nunca quise realmente crecer. Creci muy joven. Me mudé cuando tenia 13 - eso fue cuando empecé a actuar
私は本当に成長したくなかった。私は本当に若くして成長しました。私は13歳のときに引っ越しました - それは私が演技を始めたときです。
XTREMEWALLS.COM


Bullies are terrified of everything
Los matones tienen miedo de todo.
いじめっ子はすべてが怖いです。だからこ


. That is why they have to scare others.
Por eso tienen que asustar a los demás.
そ、彼らは他人を怖がらせる必要があります。

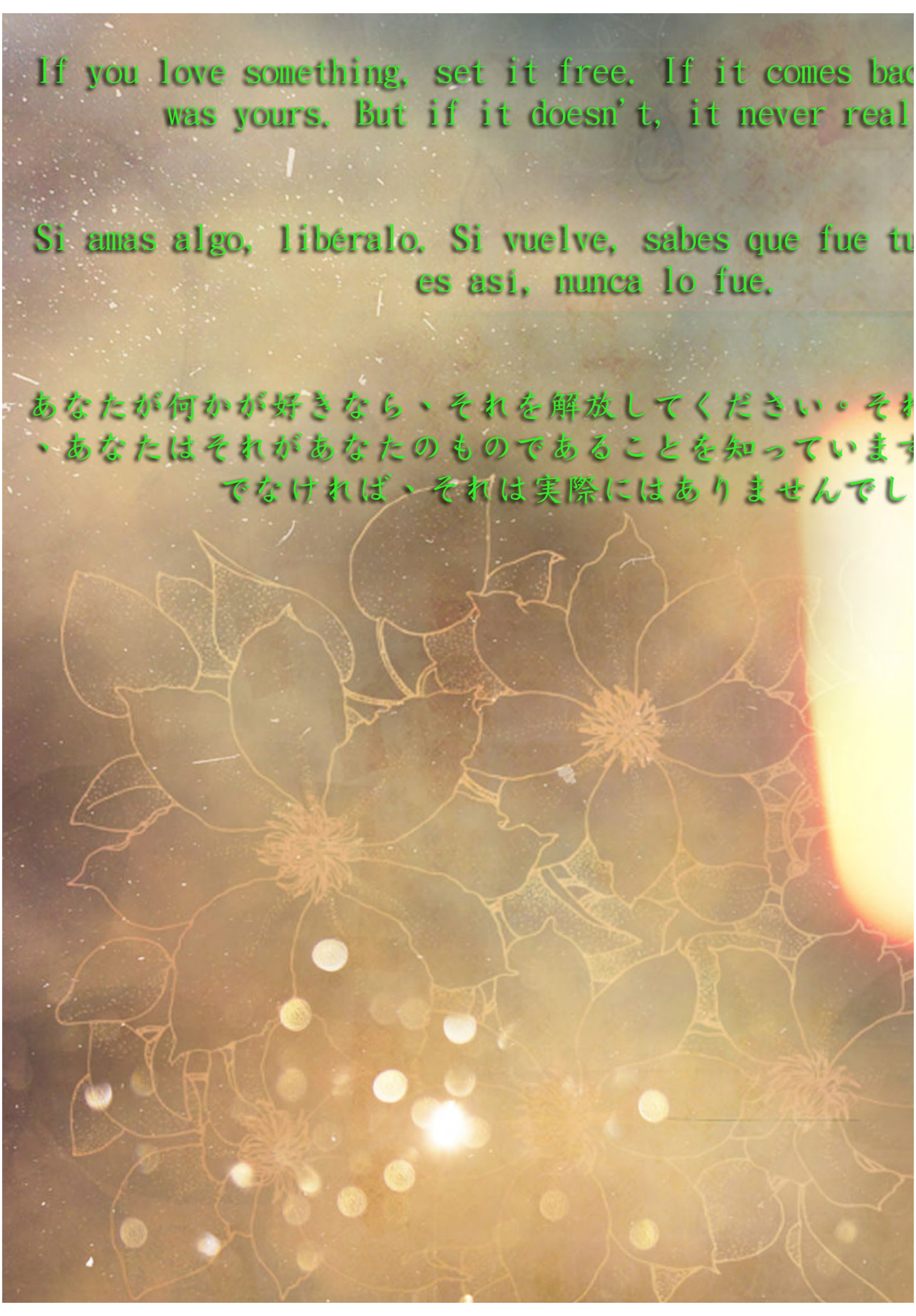

In any relationship, after the first year is
En cualquier relación, luego de finalizado el prin
どんな関係でも、初年度が終わった後、あなたは助


over, you can't help but want your own space.
mer año, no puedes evitar querer tu propio espacio.
けることができないあなた自身のスペースが欲しい。

If you love something, set it free. If it comes bac
was yours. But if it doesn't, it never real

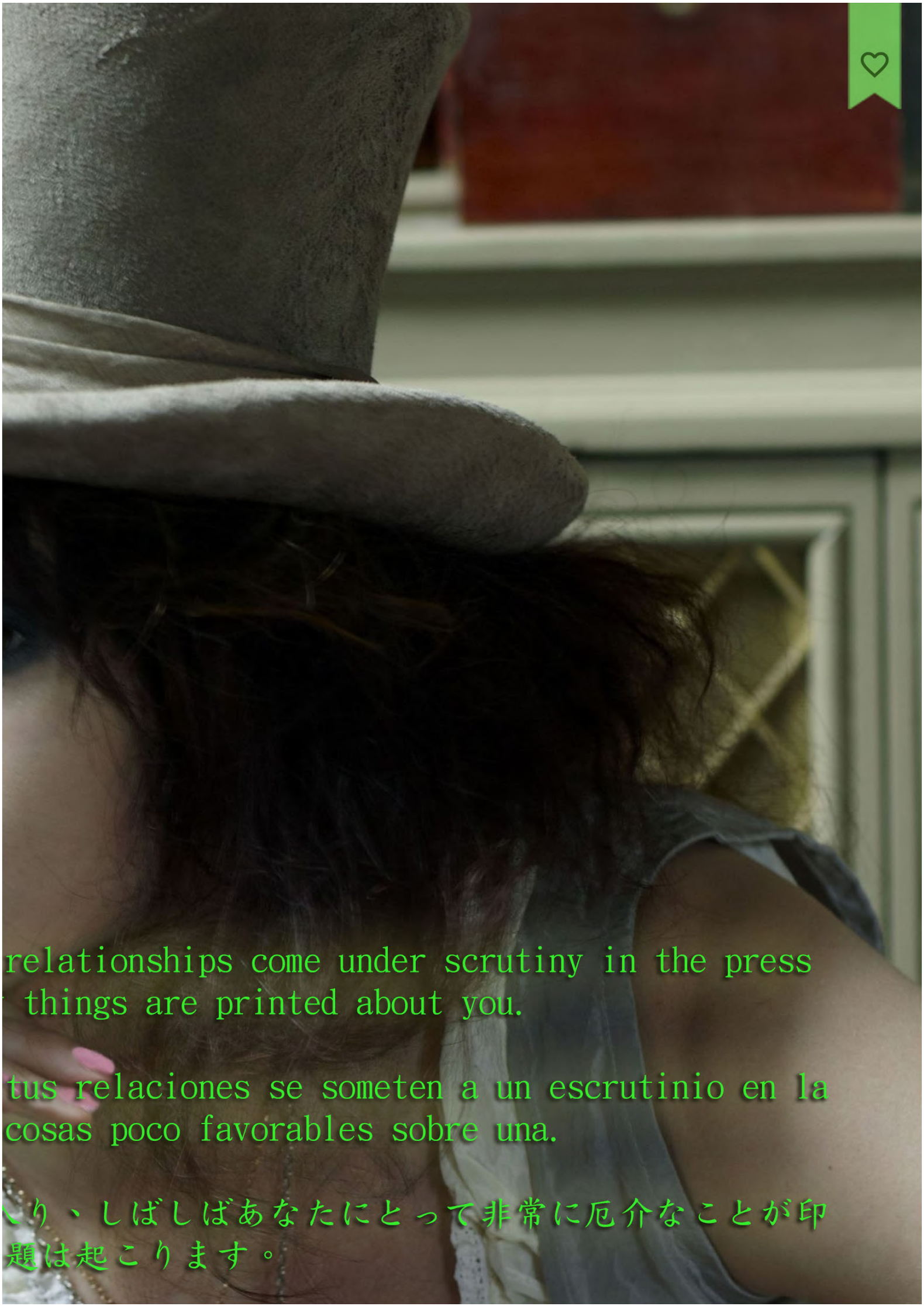
Si amas algo, libéralo. Si vuelve, sabes que fue tu
es así, nunca lo fue.

あなたが何かが好きなら、それを解放してください。それ
、あなたはそれがあなたのものであることを知っていま
でなければ、それは実際にはありませんでし




ck, you know it
ly was.
uyo. Pero si no
れが戻ってきたら
す。しかし、そう
た。


The problems come when your personal life and
and often very uncomplimentary
Los problemas surgen cuando tu vida personal y
prensa y, a menudo, se imprimen
あなたの私生活や人間関係が報道機関の精査の下に
刷されるとき、問



relationships come under scrutiny in the press
things are printed about you.

tus relaciones se someten a un escrutinio en la
cosas poco favorables sobre una.

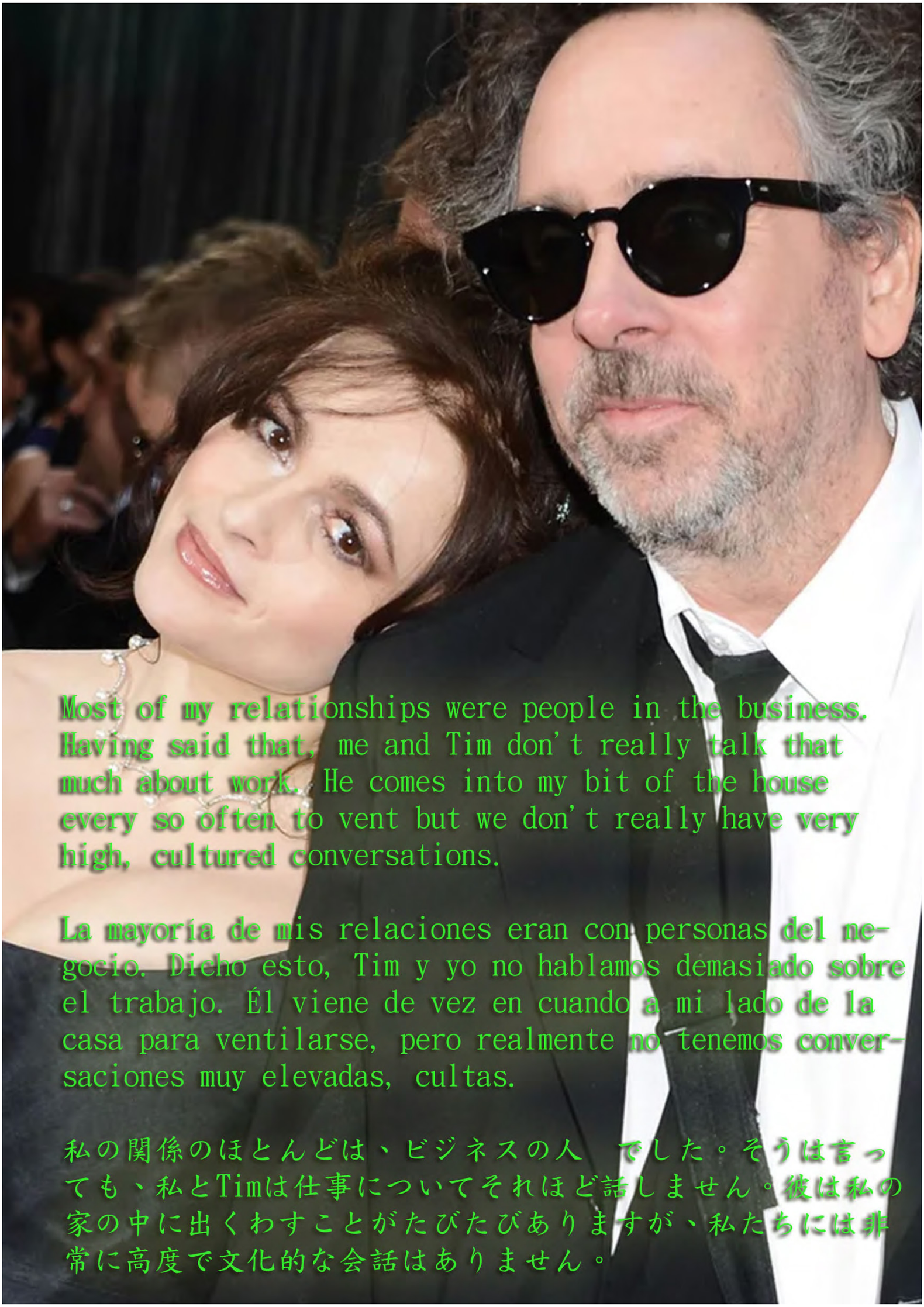
り、しばしばあなたにとって非常に厄介なことが印
題は起こります。


I remember I did think, 'Wouldn't it be n
Recuerdo que pensé: '¿No sería agradable s
「ライト氏が隣に引っ越してくれたらいいと思


ice if Mr. Right moved in next door?'
si el Sr. Correcto se mudara al lado?'
いませんか」と思ったのを覚えています。


I would pretend to be the French lieutenant's woma
Fingía ser la mujer del teniente francés. Siempre
私はフランスの中尉の女性であるふりをするでしょう


an. I was always a romantic. I still am, actually.
e fui una romántica. Todavia lo soy, en realidad.
。私はいつもロマンチックでした。私はまだ実在です。



Most of my relationships were people in the business. Having said that, me and Tim don't really talk that much about work. He comes into my bit of the house every so often to vent but we don't really have very high, cultured conversations.

La mayoría de mis relaciones eran con personas del negocio. Dicho esto, Tim y yo no hablamos demasiado sobre el trabajo. Él viene de vez en cuando a mi lado de la casa para ventilarse, pero realmente no tenemos conversaciones muy elevadas, cultas.

私の関係のほとんどは、ビジネスの人　でした。そうは言っても、私とTimは仕事についてそれほど話しません。彼は私の家の中に出くわすことがたびたびありますが、私たちには非常に高度で文化的な会話はありません。

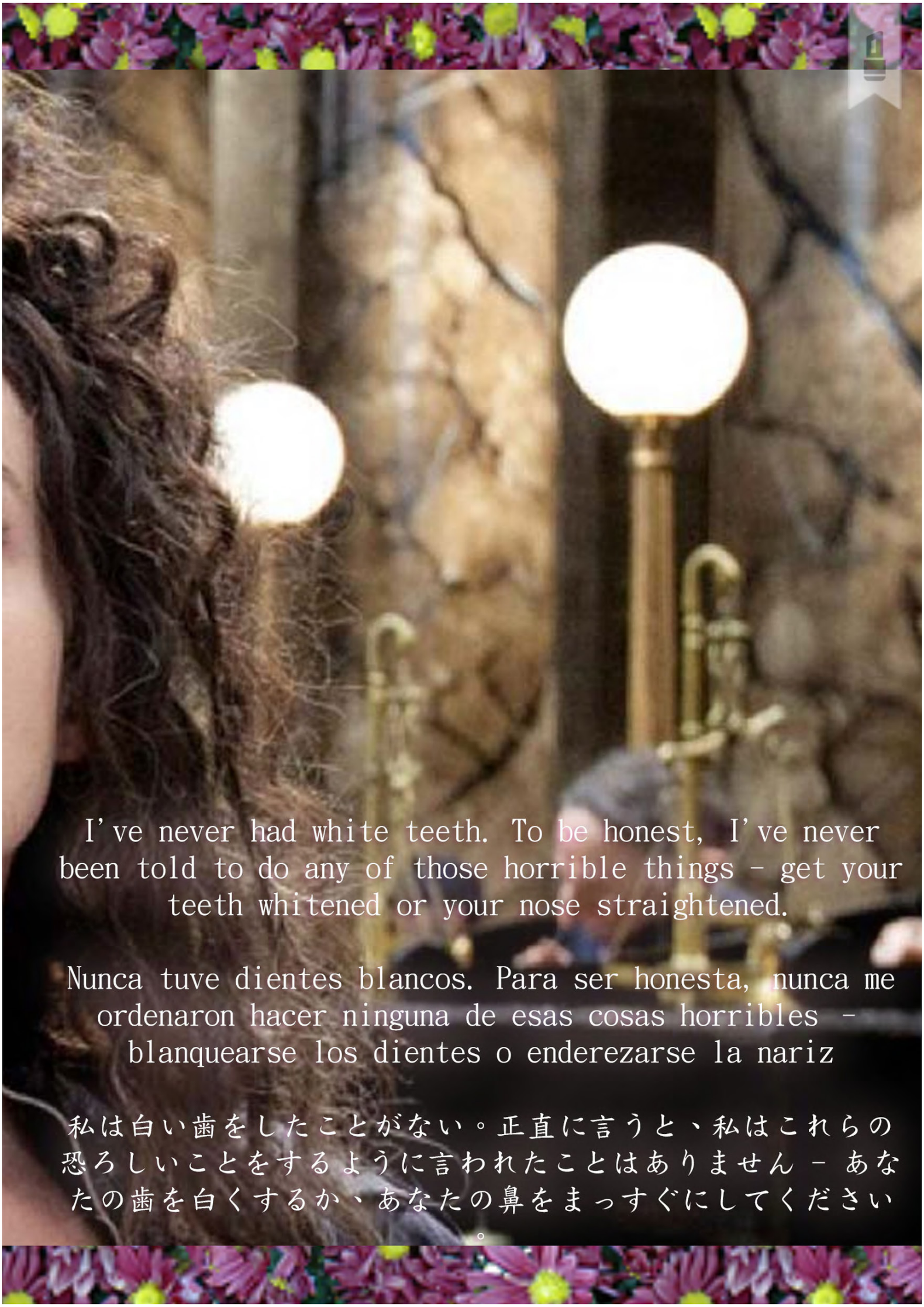


Falling in love with him was completely unexpected. When you only see someone as a friend, you don’t expect anything else. There was definitely a moment when something quite magical happened and we both agree that it transformed our relationship.

Enamorarme de él fue completamente inesperado. Cuando sólo ves a alguien como tu amigo, no esperas nada más. Definitivamente hubo un momento en el cual algo bastante mágico sucedió y los dos estamos de acuerdo con que ha transformado nuestra relación.

彼と恋に落ちるのは完全に 意外です。あなたが誰かを友達として見るだけなら、他に何も期待しません。非常に不思議なことが起こった瞬間は間違いなくありました。





I've never had white teeth. To be honest, I've never been told to do any of those horrible things - get your teeth whitened or your nose straightened.

Nunca tuve dientes blancos. Para ser honesta, nunca me ordenaron hacer ninguna de esas cosas horribles - blanquearse los dientes o enderezarse la nariz

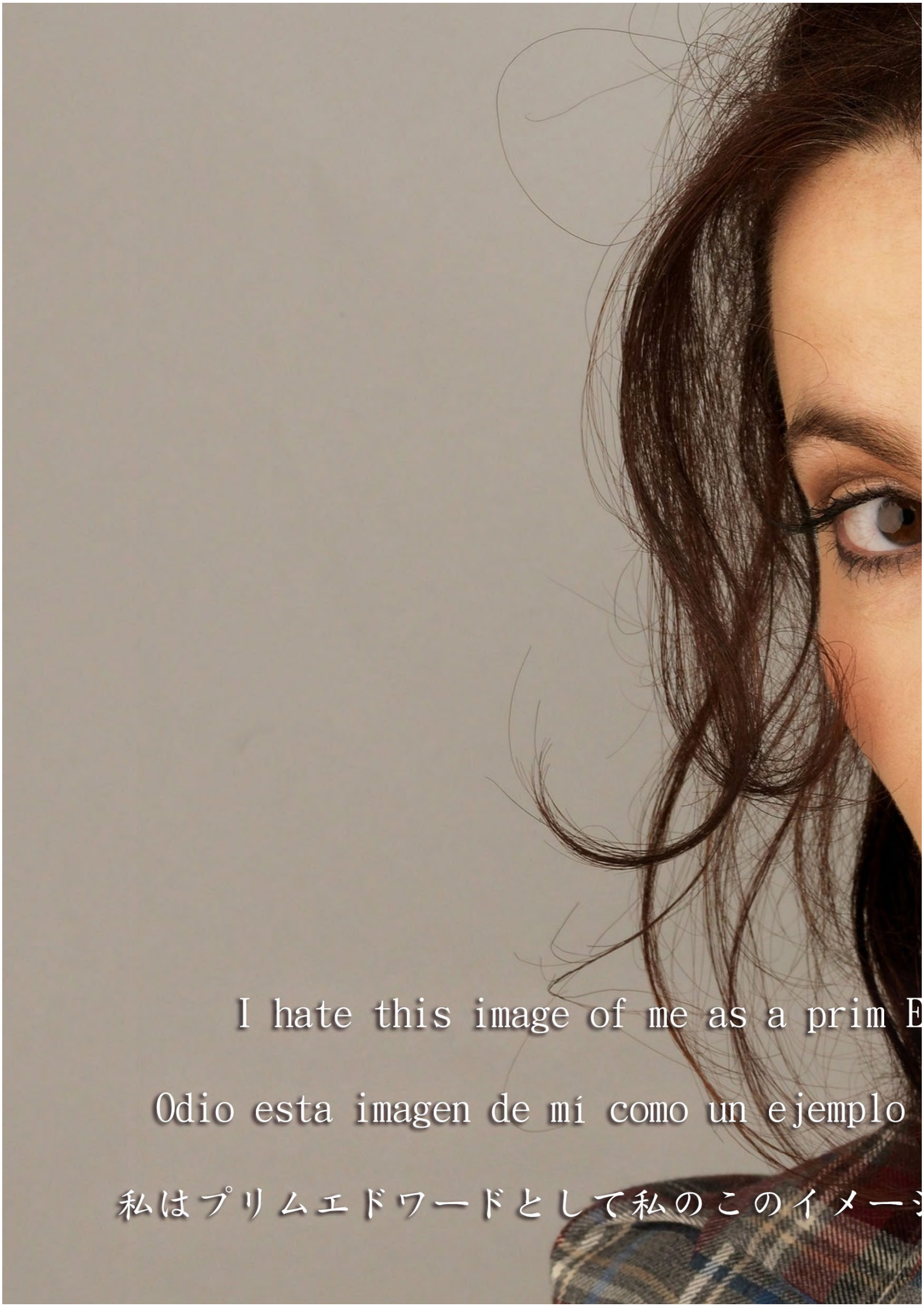
私は白い歯をしたことがない。正直に言うと、私はこれらの恐ろしいことをするように言われたことはありません - あなたの歯を白くするか、あなたの鼻をまっすぐにしてください。


I look completely like my mum. She's very foreign, very Jewish.
Me veo completamente como mi madre. Ella es muy extranjera, muy judía.
私は完全に私の母のように見えます。彼女はとても外国人で、とてもユダヤ人です。




Imperfection is underrated
La imperfección está subvalorada.
不完全さは過小評価されています


. Perfection is overrated.
La perfección está sobrevalorada.
。完璧さは過大評価されています。


I hate this image of me as a prim E
Odio esta imagen de mí como un ejemplo
私はプリムエドワードとして私のこのイメー


dwardian. I want to shock everyone.
de eduardiana. Quiero shockear a todos.
ジが嫌いです。私は皆に衝撃を与えたいです。


I wish it was socially acceptable to wear beautiful corset dresses or wizard cloaks every day.
Desearía que fuese socialmente aceptable usar bellos vestidos de corset o túnicas de hechicera todos los días.
私は毎日美しいコルセットドレスや魔法使いのマントを身に着けていることが社会的に許容されることを願っています。



People say, 'You're still breast-feeding, that's so generous.' Generous, no! It gives me boobs and it takes my thighs away! It's sort of like natural liposuction. I'd carry on breast-feeding for the rest of my life if I could.

La gente dice 'Todavía das el pecho, qué generoso.' ¡Generoso, no! ¡Me da senos y me quita muslos! Es una especie de liposucción natural. Seguiría amamantando por el resto de mi vida si pudiera.

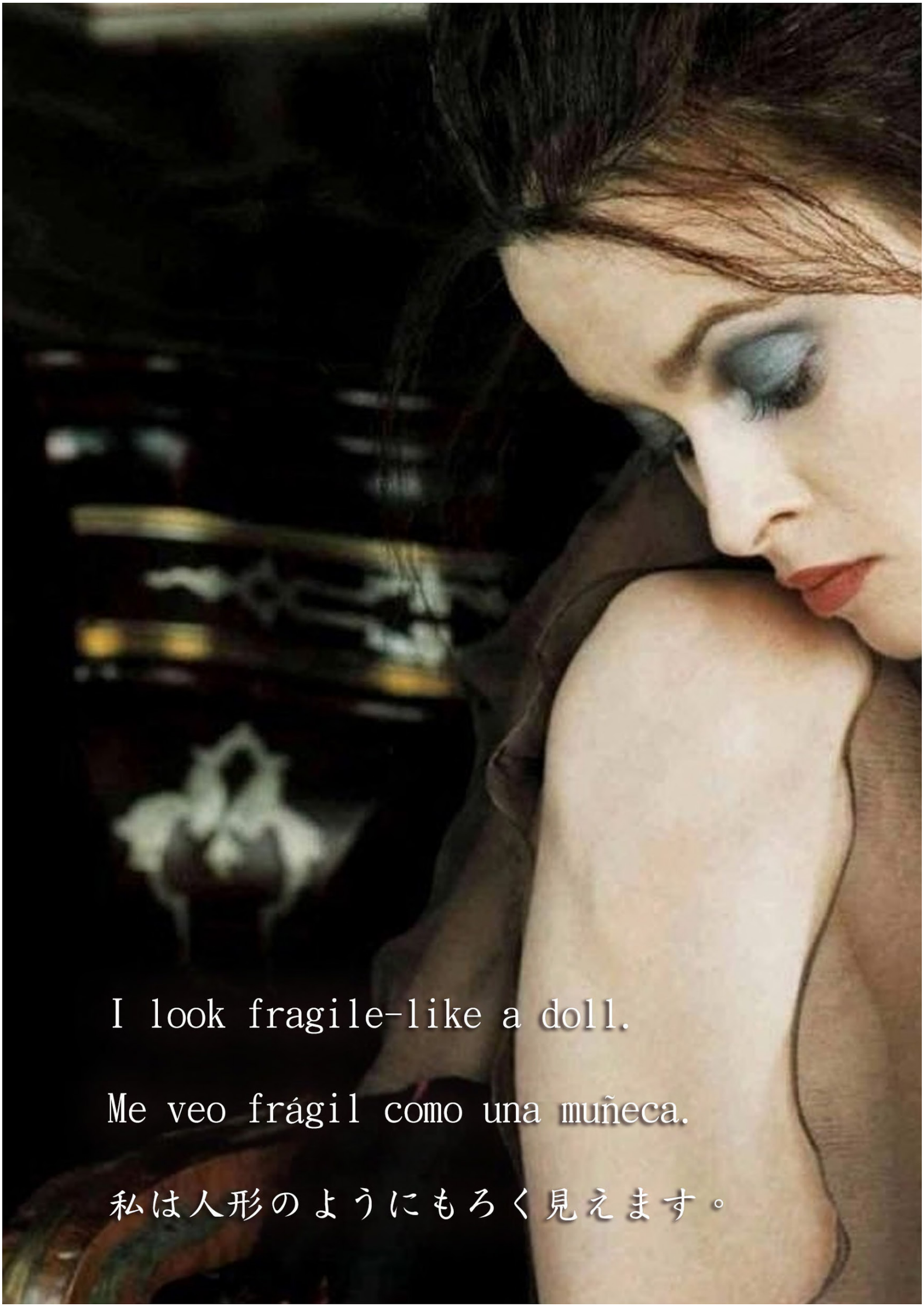
人 は、「あなたはまだ授乳中です。とても寛大です」と言います。寛大、いや！それは私におっぱいを与えます、そしてそれは私の太ももを奪います！それは一種の自然な脂肪吸引術のようなものです。私はできれば私は私の人生の残りのための授乳を続けたいと思います。

Fashion is all about having fun.

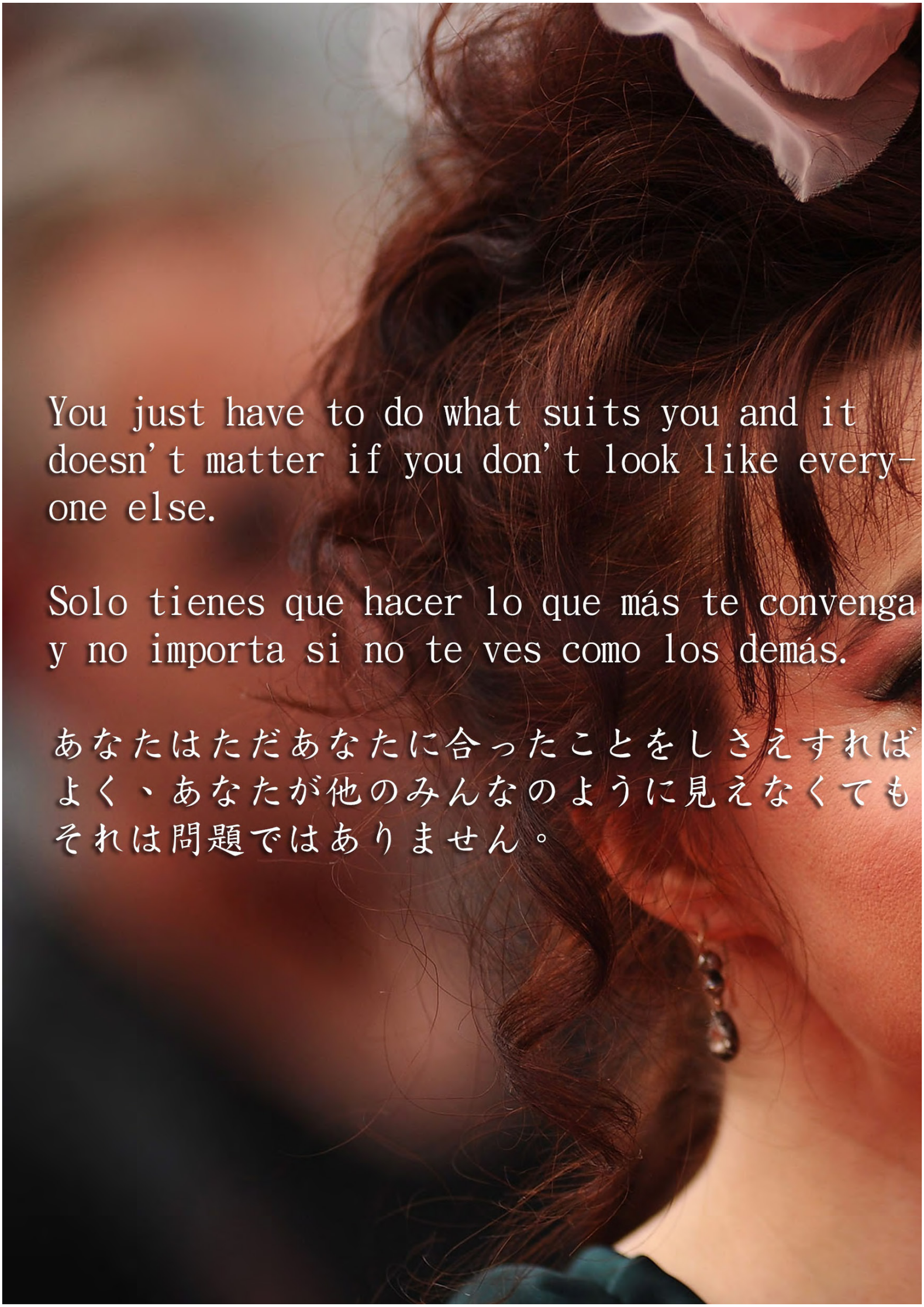
La moda se trata, sobre todo, de divertirse.

ファッションは楽しむことがすべてです




I look fragile-like a doll.
Me veo frágil como una muñeca.
私は人形のようにもろく見えます。

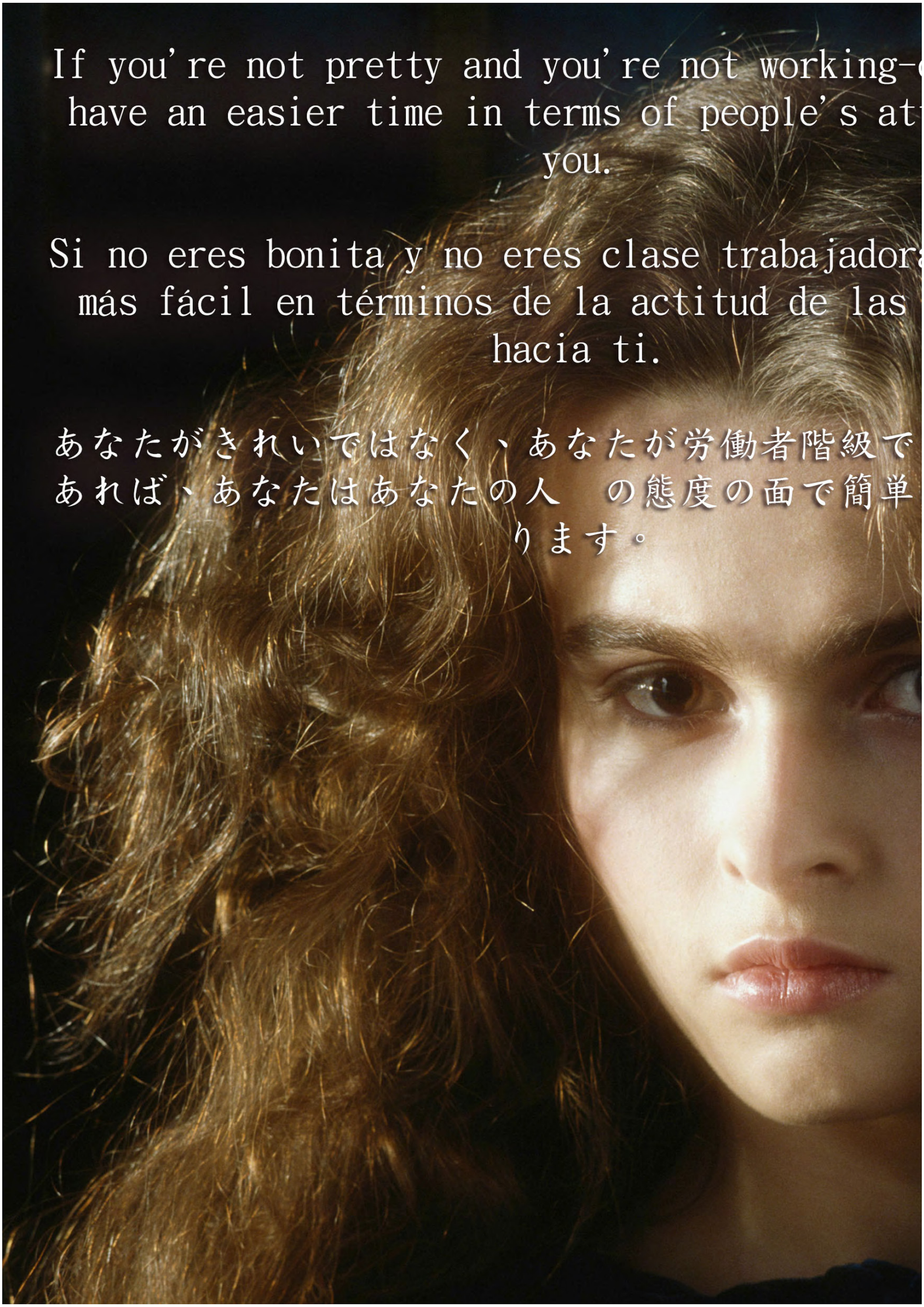



You just have to do what suits you and it doesn't matter if you don't look like everyone else.
Solo tienes que hacer lo que más te convenga y no importa si no te ves como los demás.
あなたはただあなたに合ったことをしさえすればよく、あなたが他のみんなのように見えなくてもそれは問題ではありません。



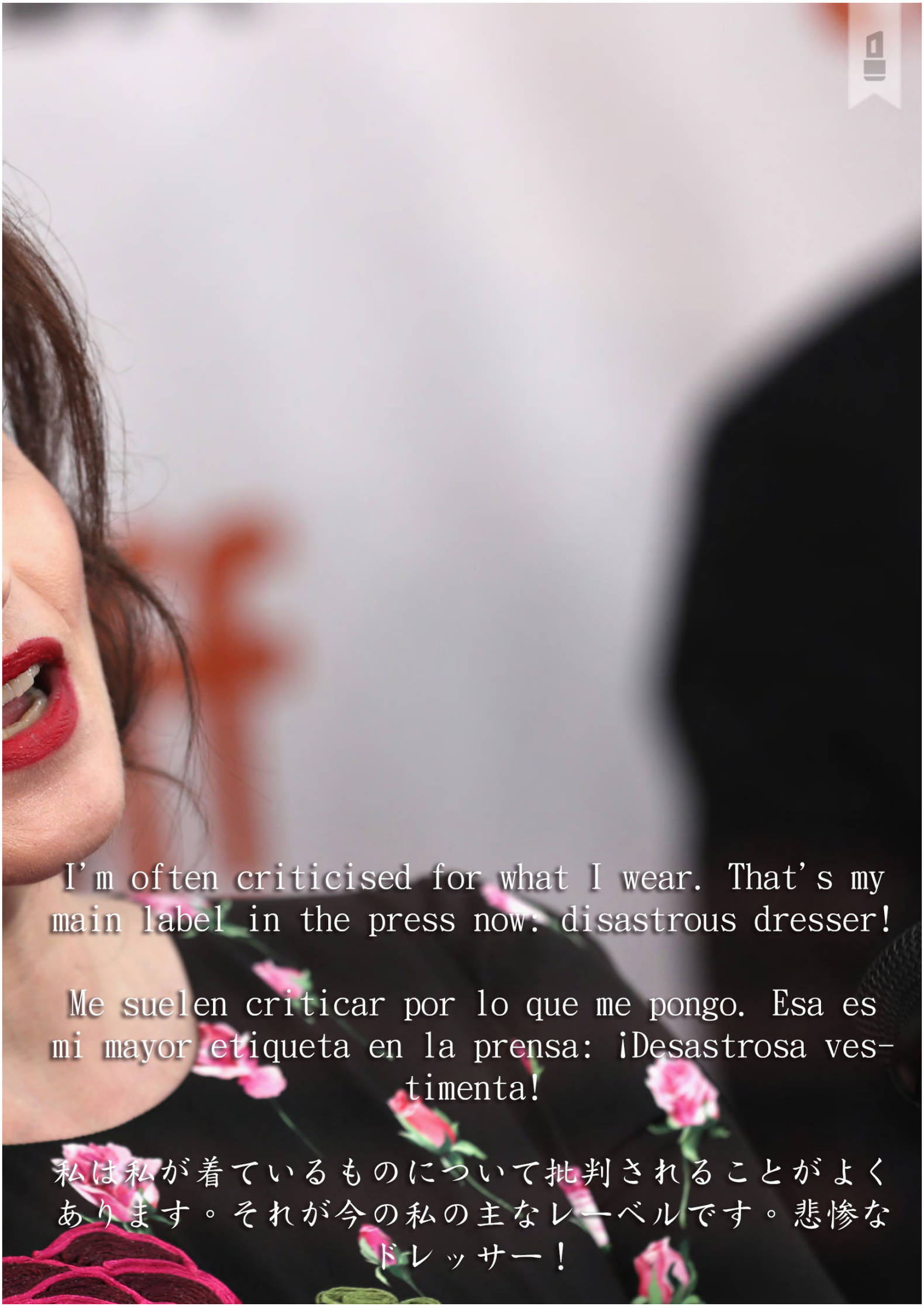

I think I am much more outgoing and exuberan
Creo que soy mucho más extrovertida y exuber
私は私のイメージよりもはるかに外向的で活気が


nt than my image.
rante que mi imagen.
あると思います。


If you're not pretty and you're not working-
have an easier time in terms of people's at
you.
Si no eres bonita y no eres clase trabajador
más fácil en términos de la actitud de las
hacia ti.
あなたがきれいではなく、あなたが労働者階級で
あれば、あなたはあなたの人　の態度の面で簡単
ります。


class, you
titude to
a, te será
personas
もないので
に時間があ



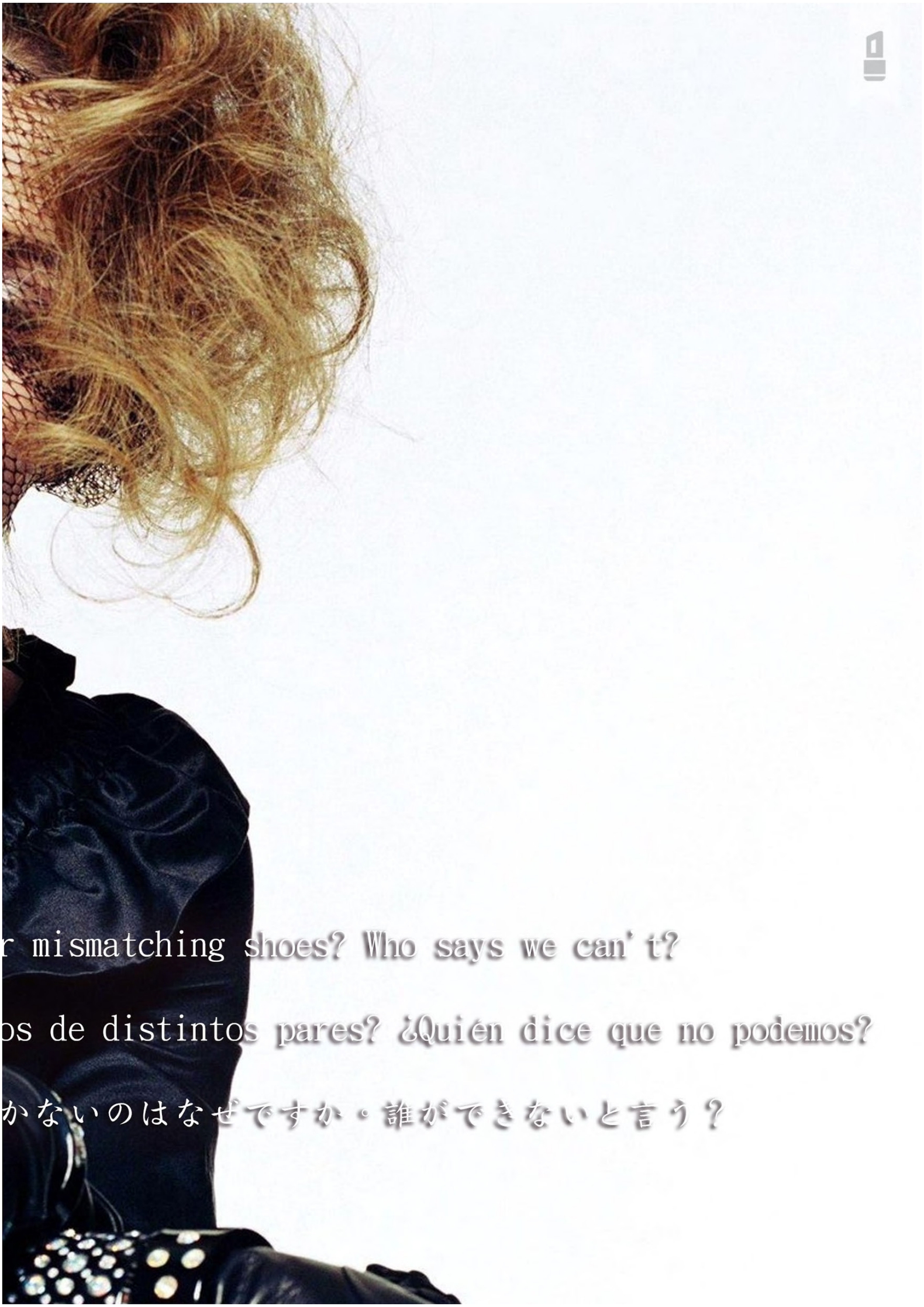


I'm often criticised for what I wear. That's my main label in the press now: disastrous dresser!

Me suelen criticar por lo que me pongo. Esa es mi mayor etiqueta en la prensa: ¡Desastrosa vestimenta!

私は私が着ているものについて批判されることがよくあります。それが今の私の主なレーベルです。悲惨なドレッサー！


Why not wear
¿Por qué no usar zapato
不適合の靴を履


r mismatching shoes? Who says we can't?
os de distintos pares? ¿Quién dice que no podemos?
かないのはなぜですか・誰ができないと言う？


I like to eat, that's why I have cur
Me gusta comer, por eso tengo curva
私は食べるのが好きです、それが私が曲線を持
をもたら

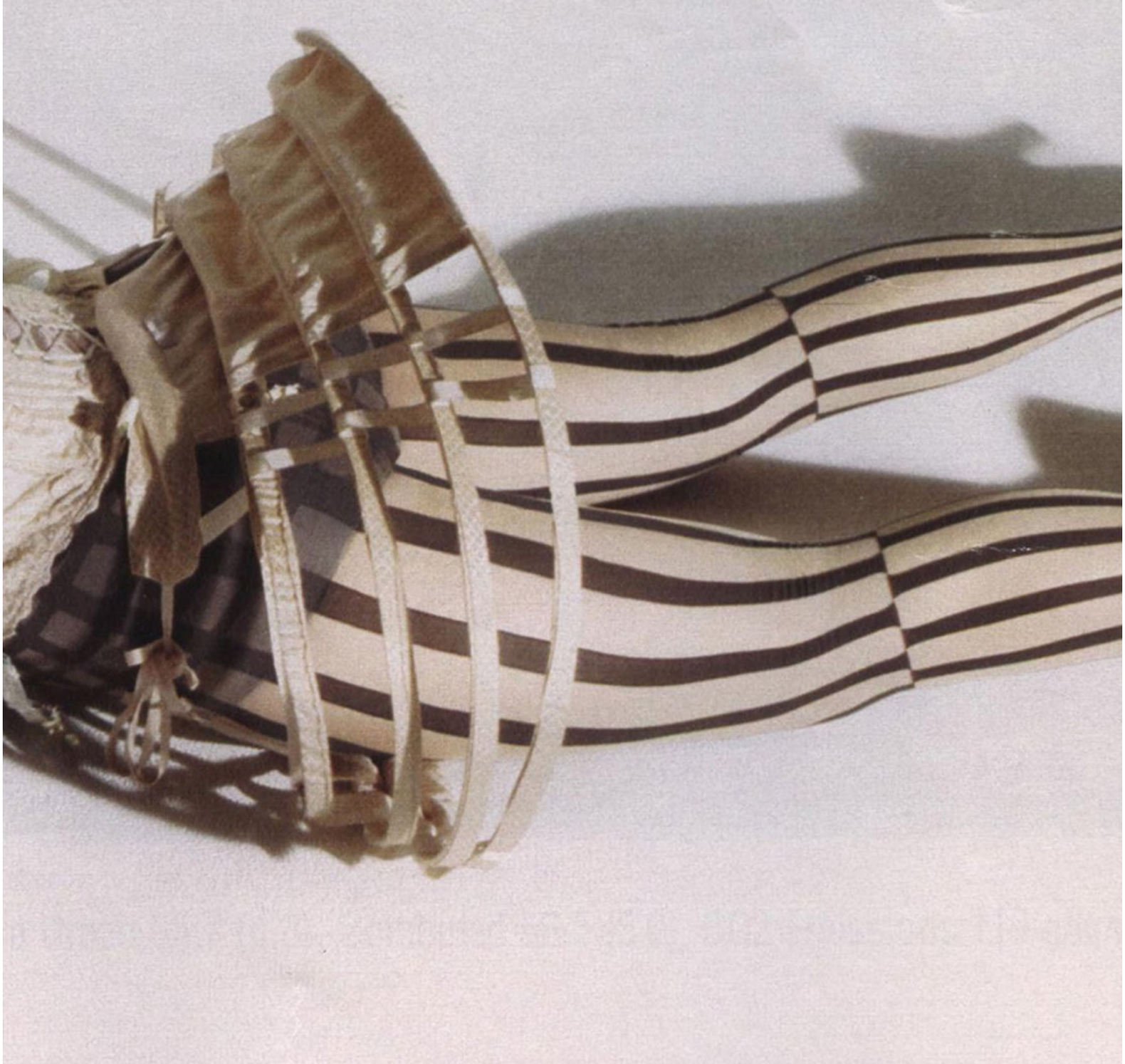

rves, and it has also benefited my face.
as, y también ha beneficiado a mi cara.
持っている理由です、そしてそれは私の顔にも恩恵
らしました。


I can
with
Puedo
mism
私は合
か、

n reasonably predict that no one will come
the same dress, or looking exactly like me.

predecir con razón que nadie vendrá con el
o vestido, o se verá exactamente como yo.

理的に誰も同じドレスを持って来るのではない
まさに私のように見えるとは予測できない。



Agradecimientos:

This book was made possible thanks to the algorithm of Google, the artificial intelligence of iPad and the will of all those who contribute with photos and thoughts of Helena Bonham Carter on the Internet.

This book was made in 2019 during the virtual residency at b00k.xyz, curated by its artistic team.

Este libro fue posible gracias al algoritmo de Google, la inteligencia artificial de iPad y la voluntad de todos los que contribuyen con fotos y pensamiento de Helena Bonham Carter en Internet.

Este libro fue realizado en 2019 durante la residencia virtual en b00k.xyz, con curaduria de su equipo artistico.

この本は、Googleのアルゴリズム、iPadの人工知能、そしてインターネット上で写真やHelena Bonham Carterの考えに貢献しているすべての人の意志によって、実現されました。

この本は、その芸術的なチームによってキュレーションされたｂ００ｋ．ｘｙｚでの仮想居住中に２０１９年に作られました。

www.ccsheraton.com
ccsheraton@gmail.com

2019

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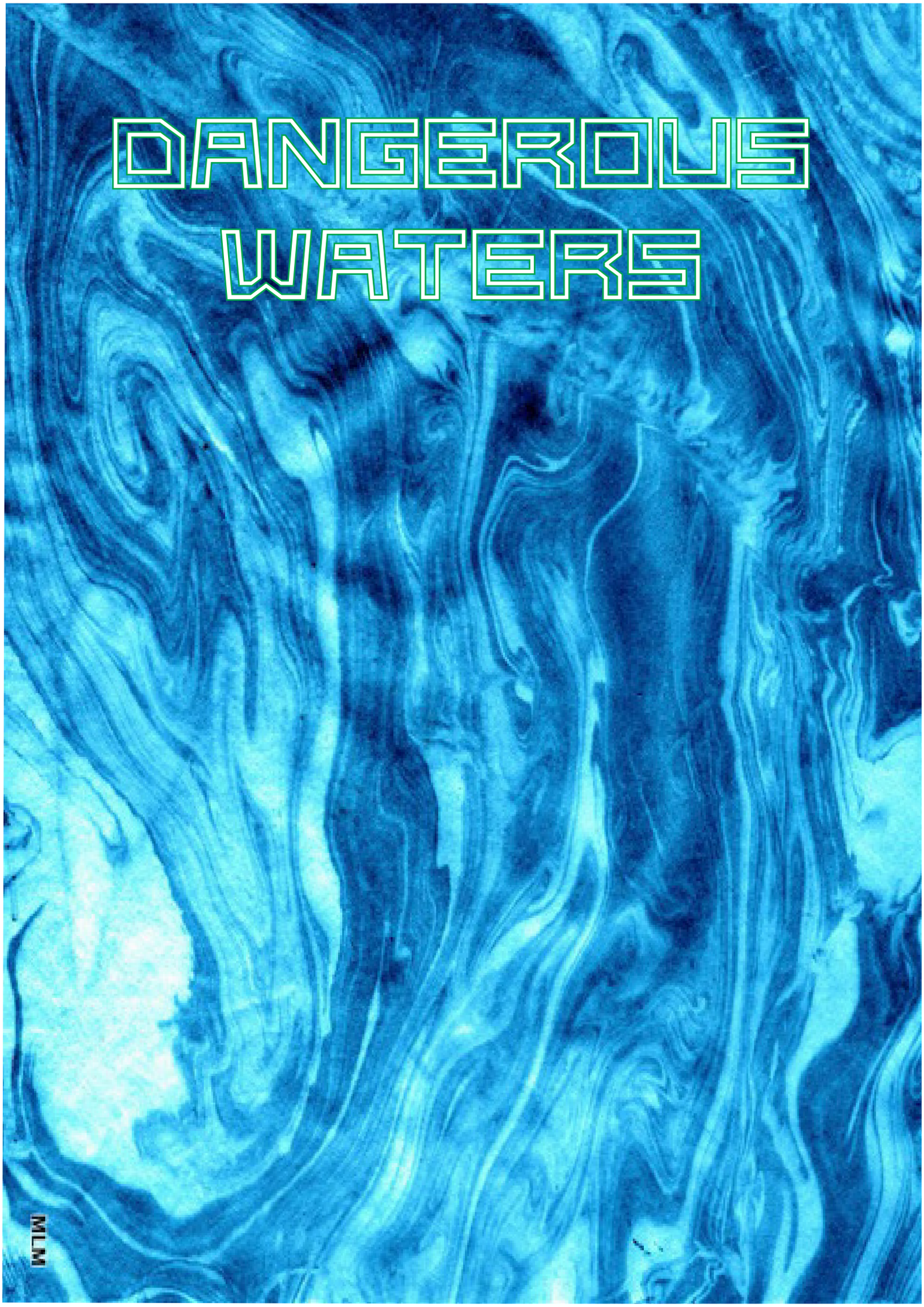

DANGEROUS
WATERS
MLM

A VISUAL PROCESS THROUGH THE OCEAN VIA THE INTERNET, BOOKS, ART AND MY HEART IN ATTEMPT TO COME (UP) TO SPEED WITH THE CURRENT STATE OF THINGS

BY ZINZI BUCHANAN 2018

you will find references to sources at the back of the book


THE OCEAN IS
EMPTY


THE OCEAN IS
PURE



Ocean Plastics Absorb Other Toxins ...

inhabitat.com



oceans are seized by toxic red algae ...

earth-chronicles.com



Toxic Masculinity Into Sea Under …

waterfordwhispersnews.com

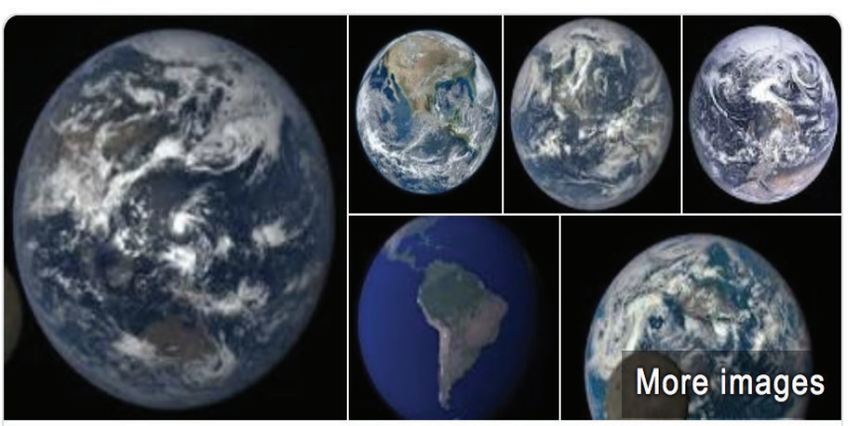


Toxic algae bloom growing in Arabian ...

haaretz.com

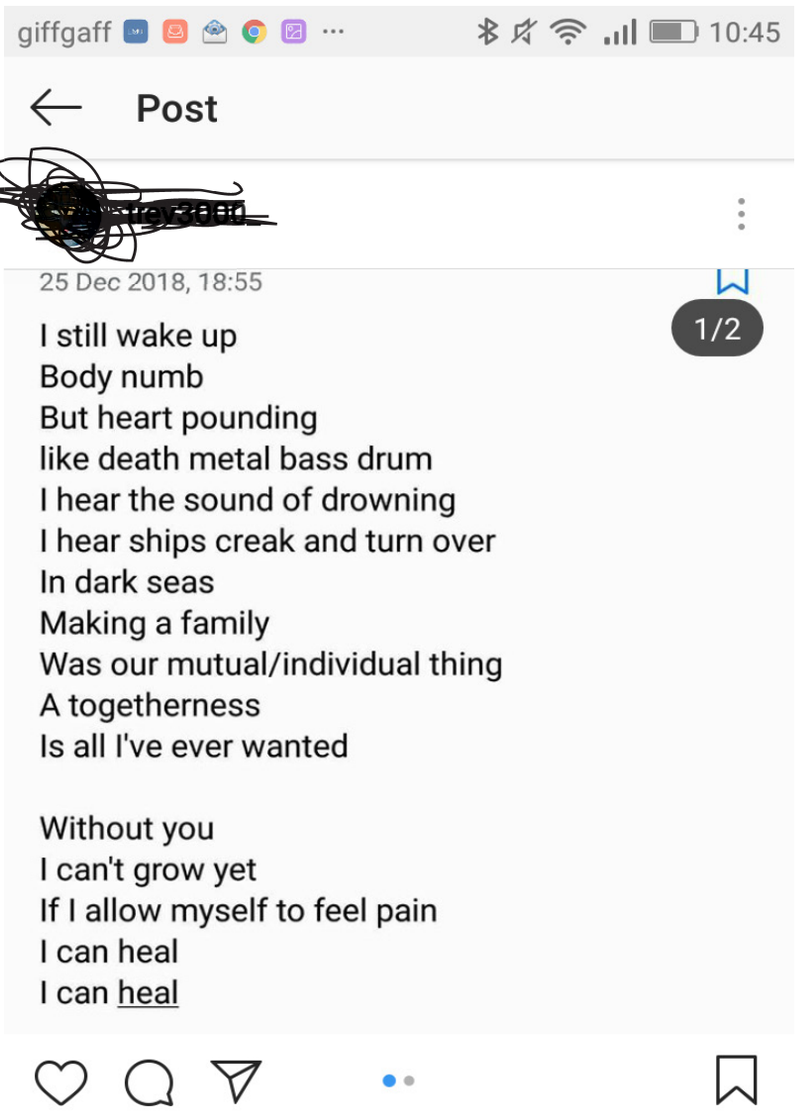
David Attenborough has betrayed the living world he loves

WHAT IS REAL?




THE OCEAN IS
ABUNDANT


THE
OCEAN IS
HEALING


giffgaff
10:45
Post
[redacted]
25 Dec 2018, 18:55
1/2
I still wake up
Body numb
But heart pounding
like death metal bass drum
I hear the sound of drowning
I hear ships creak and turn over
In dark seas
Making a family
Was our mutual/individual thing
A togetherness
Is all I've ever wanted
Without you
I can't grow yet
If I allow myself to feel pain
I can heal
I can heal

RISK

Marine biologists in Spain have come across a real, living two-headed shark. It's not the only one we've come across either.



via: Rare

Actually, they're popping up more and more frequently, which should send a shiver down anyone's spine.


THE OCEAN
IS DANGER-
OUS

WHY DO I WANT TO JUMP IN ?

To Jump Or Not To Jump?

Surely you thought of jumping off that ledge because you must've wanted to jump, even for a split second — right? Probably not, say the study authors. There's most likely some cognitive dissonance going on in your brain. Though you weren't in real danger of falling off a cliff, just seeing the edge filled your brain with confusion and fear, and it convinced you that you were at risk. As you put together a knee-jerk rationalization for feeling scared in that moment, you think: "Oh no, I must have wanted to jump!" This split-second conclusion, according to the study, shows that you are especially sensitive to internal cues of danger. This sensitivity may actually affirm your will to live. Phew.


The absolute state of you. Sitting there on your fat arse, killing the planet. You cunt.
I wish I could stab you in the face with the weird looking fish I'm about to show you.

Lyrics

I know you think that I shouldn't still love you
Or tell you that
But if I didn't say it, well I'd still have felt it
Where's the sense in that?

I promise I'm not trying to make your life harder
Or return to where we were

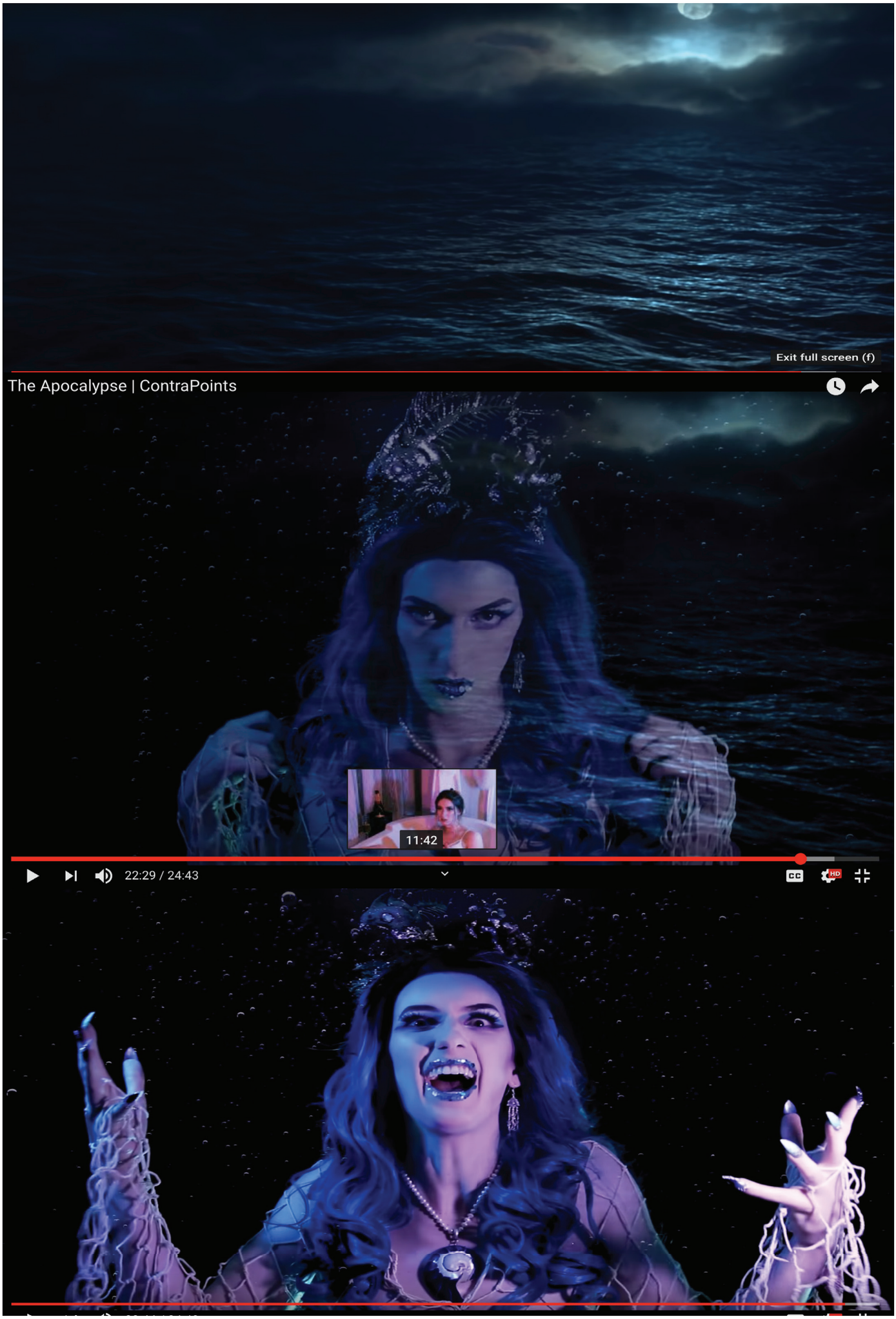
I will go down with this ship
And I won't put my hands up and surrender
There will be no white flag above my door
I'm in love and always will be

I know I left too much mess and
Destruction to come back again
And I caused nothing but trouble
I understand if you can't talk to me again
And if you live by the rules of it's over
Then I'm sure that that makes sense

I will go down with this ship
And I won't put my hands up and surrender
There will be no white flag above my door
I'm in love and always will be

And when we meet
Which I'm sure we will
All that was there
Will be there still
I'll let it pass
And hold my tongue
And you will think
That I've moved on


God, keep my head above water
don't let me drown


Exit full screen (f)
The Apocalypse | ContraPoints
11:42
22:29 / 24:43

hello mankind, its me your dark mother, the sea, and you my children have been an absolute disappointment. every one of you is so pathetic you make me want to throw up.

politicians, businessmen and worst of all environmentalists urghhh....
you think you are capable of hurting me? ha! I enjoy your so-called degridation, your filthy air makes me hot, your melting glaciers fill me up deep inside, when you spew your filth all over it only makes me fucking wet.

every year my heaving bosom encroaches farther on your shores and as I spat you out my children, I will swallow you whole. I will take every inch of you inside me and I will suck you down into the deep, black pit of my wetness, you scum.
- CONTRAPOINTS

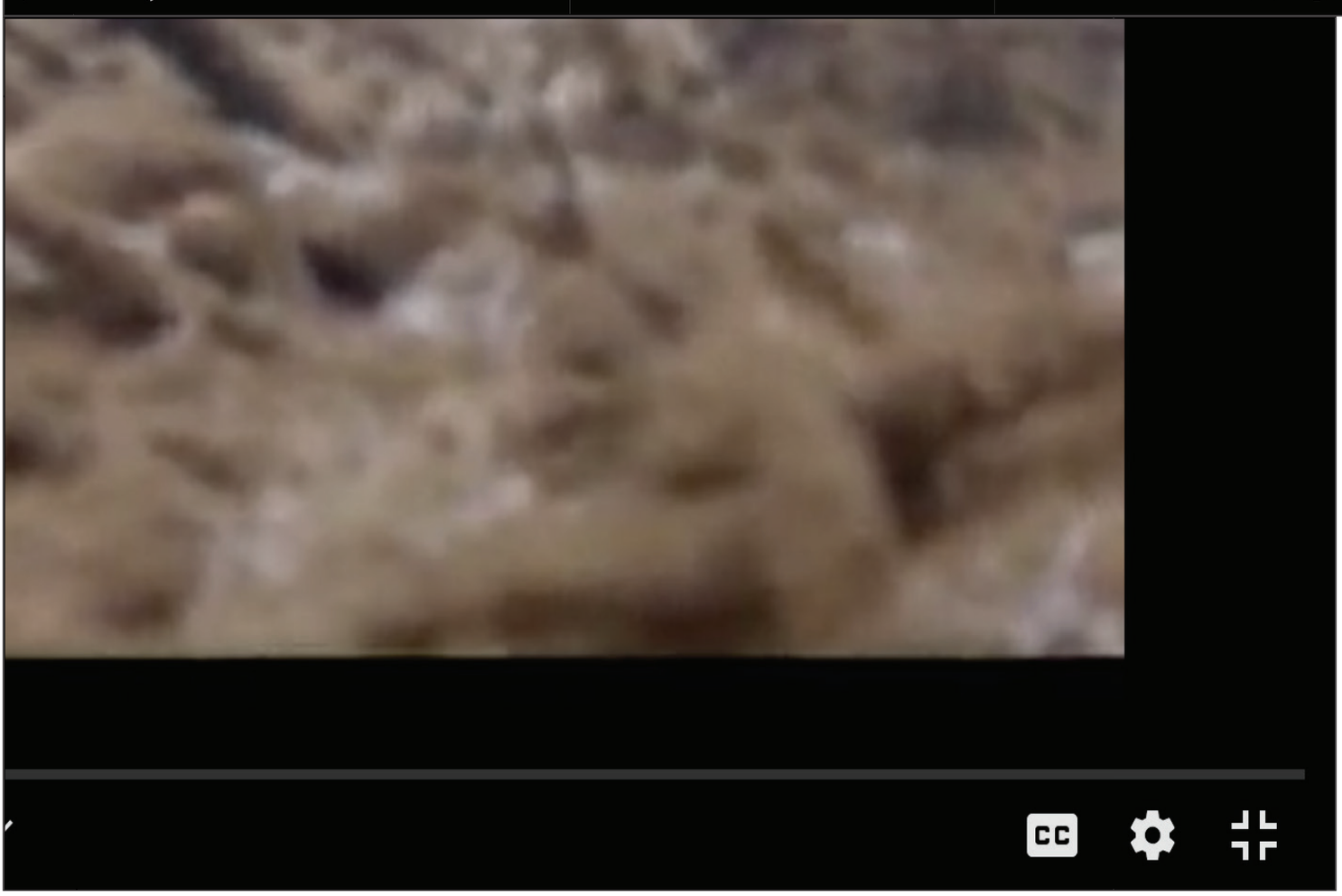
The untimely death of one you did not expect to lose so soon can propel you to spin wildly, sink quickly, sigh deeply, become inert, stop loving, drive fast, sleep too long or too little, cry in airplanes, take stock, lose hope, exhaust friends, fear nothing, risk all. It can also make you write madly, write with and through the thinking of the one you did not expect to lose so soon. Death makes us wild. ~~In the spirit of "being with" Jose~~

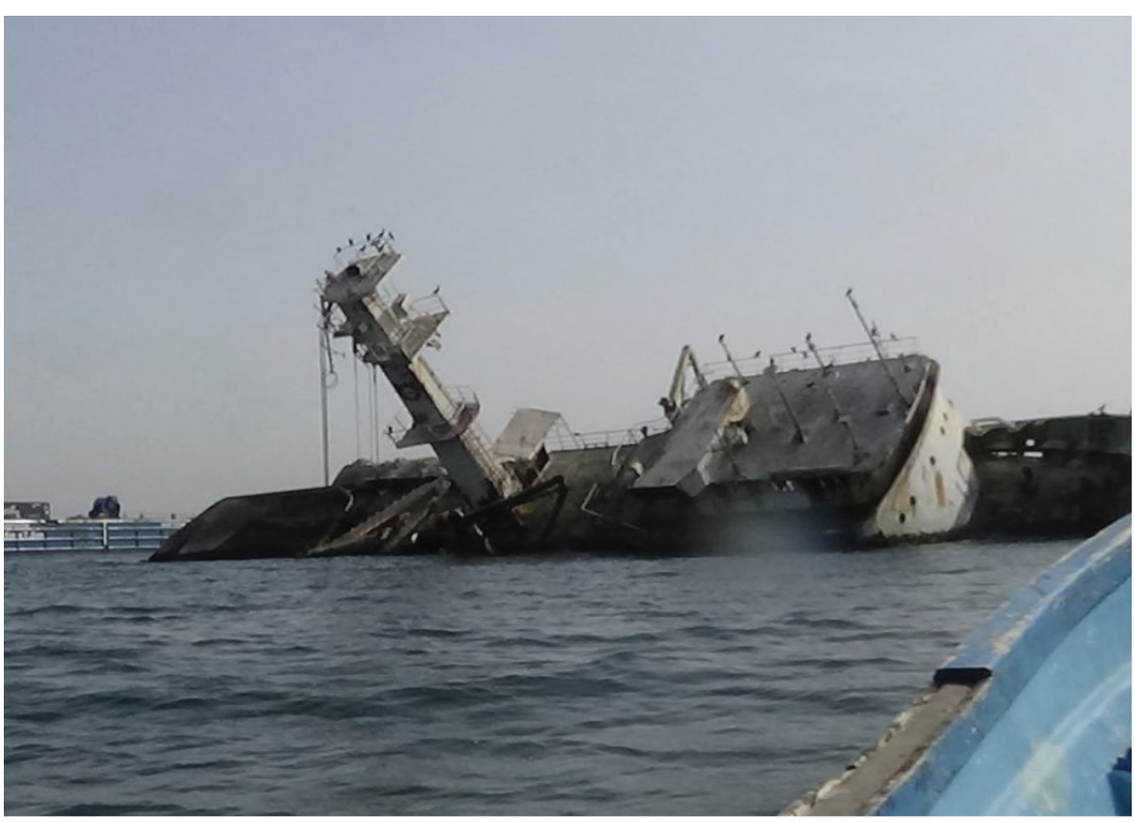





The Fish Are Back
3:26 / 5:46


he Fish Are Back
1:27 / 5:46





On April 29, 2006, a twenty-foot boat was spotted off the south-eastern coast of Barbados. On board, eleven bodies were found by the coastguards, preserved and desiccated by the sun and salt water. The ghost ship was adrift for four months on the Atlantic Ocean. It set sail on Christmas day in Praia in the Cape Verde Islands, full of migrants from Senegal, Guinea Bissau, and Gambia, en route to the Canary Islands. Each of these men paid £890 for their place on the boat. Four months later the boat was found on the coast of Barbados.

SUBMERGED: LET YOURSELF FEEL DEEPLY.

June 13, 2014



{source}

White people in North America live in a social environment that protects and insulates them from race-based stress. This insulated environment of racial protection builds white expectations for racial comfort while at the same time lowering the ability to tolerate racial stress, leading to what I refer to as White Fragility. White Fragility is a state in which even a minimum amount of racial stress becomes intolerable, triggering a range of defensive moves. These moves include the outward display of emotions such as anger, fear, and guilt, and behaviors such as argumentation, silence, and leaving the stress-inducing situation. These behaviors, in turn, function to reinstate white racial equilibrium. This paper explicates the dynamics of White Fragility.

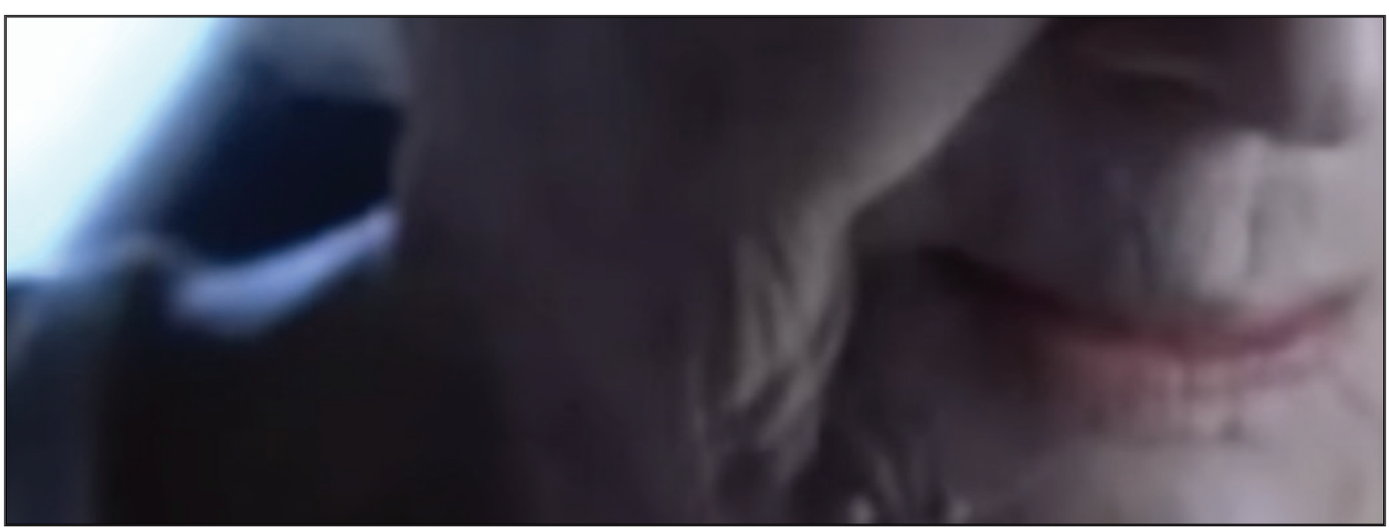


Self-Care is breaking free from toxic masculinity and taking care of yourself and your emotional needs because you are a TREASURE.









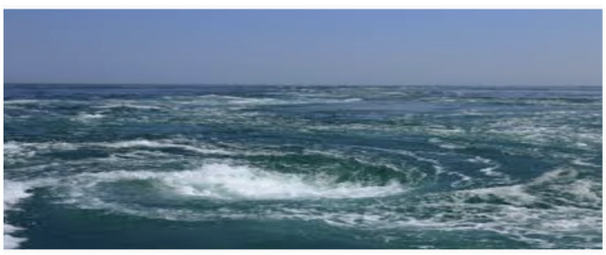








A homeless girl contemplates drowning herself



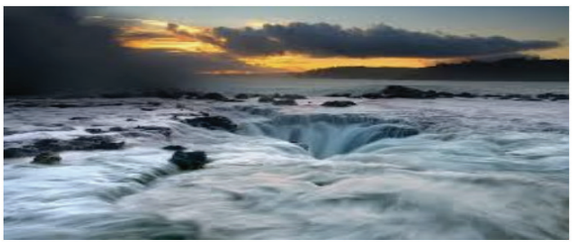
Real Life Maelstroms
todayifoundout.com



Whirlpools And Maelstroms - WorldAtlas.c...
worldatlas.com



10 Magnificent Maelstr
momtastic.com



Maelstrom at Kauai, Hawaii «TwistedSifter
twistedsifter.com

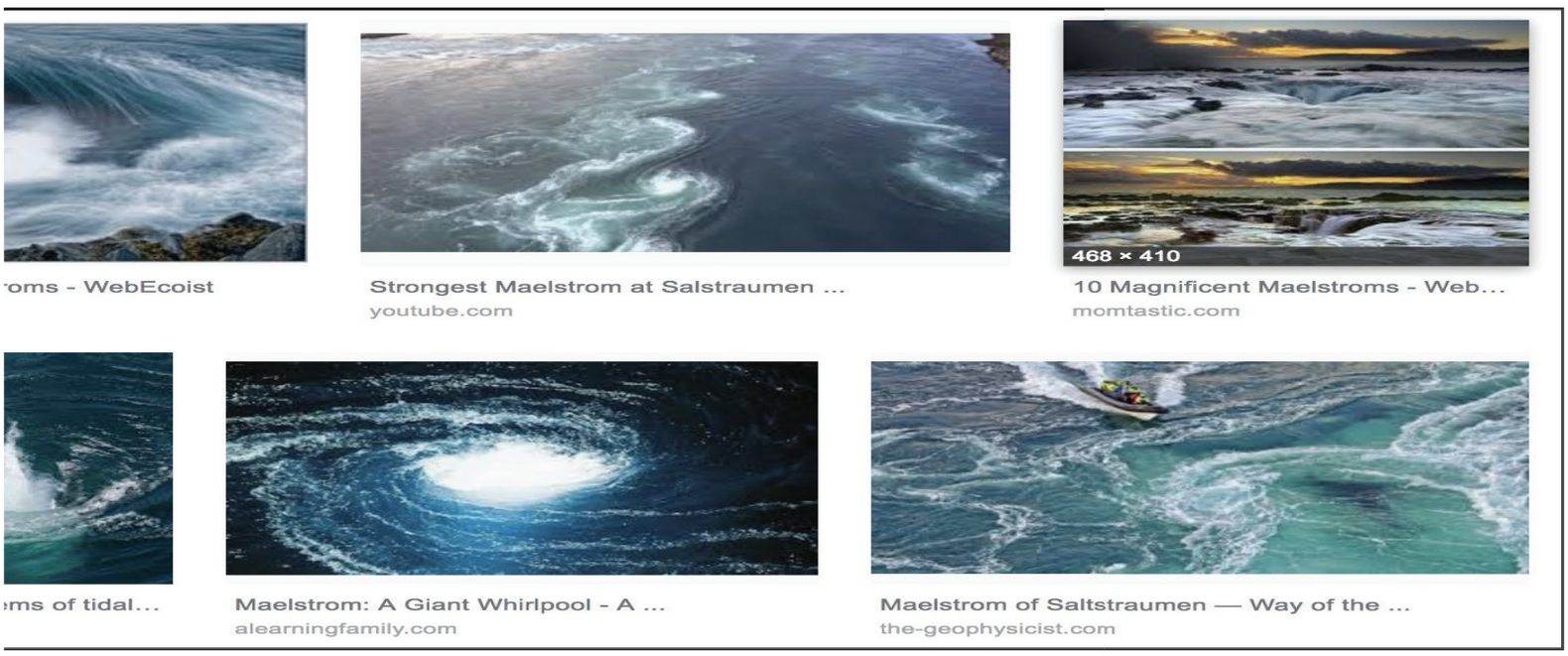


Maelstrom of Saltstraumen Maelstrom...
the-earth-story.com



Norway Maelstroms are syste
pinterest.com

WHAT IS DOWN THERE ?






DAD



WWW.OCEANCARE.ORG



Levels of anthropogenic (human-generated) noise have doubled every decade for the past 60 years in some regions. This destructive underwater noise is mostly caused by the military, the oil and gas industry and shipping traffic. Bjørnar Nicolaisen, coastal fisherman in Norway, on the impacts of underwater noise on marine wildlife.

hen there's the aerial footage taken by John Wathen, or Hurricane
per, that's gone viral on YouTube, Facebook, other facets of the
nd the media, including CNN. It shows great plumes of smoke
n the sea, as the oil is burned off the surface. The flames are invis-
he columns of smoke rise up and float away: burning water, like
s incident in 1969 when the Cuyahoga River in Cleveland caught
aving so much industrial contaminant. That was one river in an
egion; the flat calm blue ocean burning is apocalyptic, a world
ide-down, rules broken, taboos violated, something as unnatural
fission and fallout, something nightmarishly wrong, and it ex-
ndreds of miles, on water and under it, on shore and in the air.

My gravitational pull won't hold you down,

don't fret, I'll let your wings soar and caress the directions of the everlasting wind.

My heart burns like a thousand suns....let me be your only one.



NEVER FORGET
NEVER FORGET
NEVER FORGET
NEVER FORGET



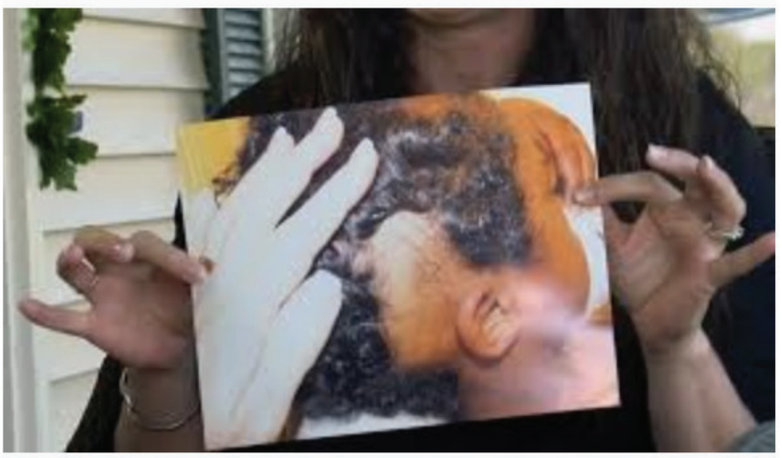
Gulf oil spill ...

bbc.com



BP really cleaned up the Gulf oil spill ...

theguardian.com



Public Health Issues Still Rising to ...

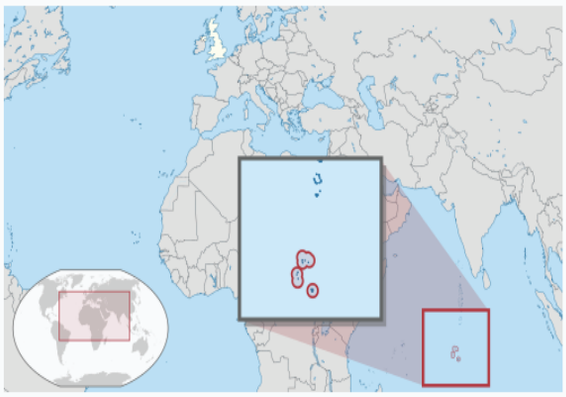
greenpeace.org

For over 400 years, African people were exploited by Europeans for the creation and development of a number of their invaded territories across the Americas. Over the long history of the Atlantic slave system, Africans in their millions were removed from their varied homelands and loaded onto slave ships. There were two distinct stages on the journey from Africa to the Americas: Capture in Africa; and the Atlantic crossing, or the Middle Passage. At both stages, captive Africans suffered unimaginable cruelties, as the Atlantic slave system was initiated and perpetuated in conditions of extreme violence. Nothing in their life experiences could have prepared African people for the psychological trauma, dehumanisation, and degradation, they would experience. An estimated 40 per cent of the captives died before leaving Africa. During the 'Middle Passage' between 10 and 20 per cent of over 15 million who departed Africa died from punishments, hunger, disease, and trauma; large numbers were also thrown overboard when slavers considered them sick.

NEVER FORGET

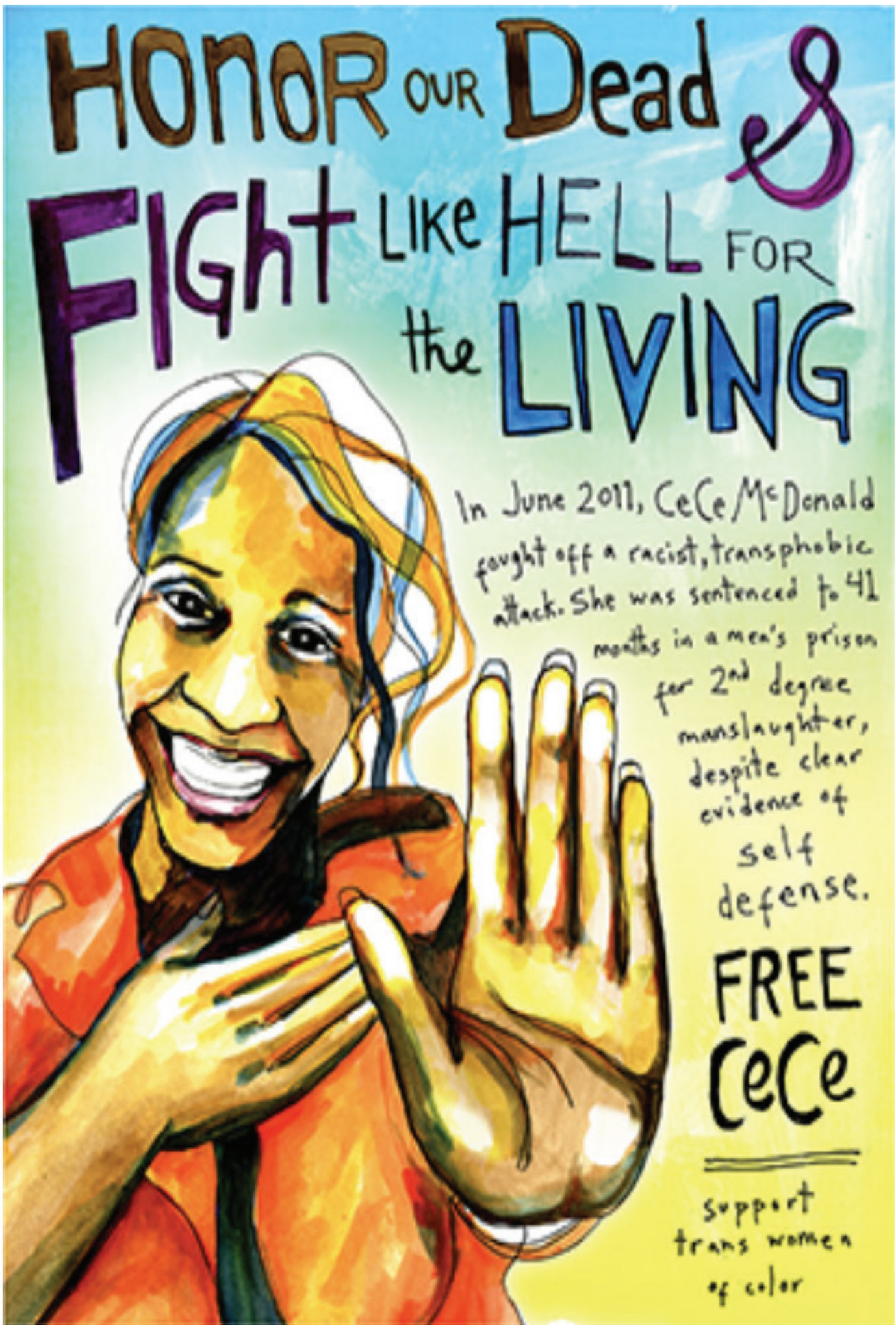
NEVER FORGET

Anthem: "God Save the Queen"
Territorial song: "I Vow To Thee My Country"



Location of British Indian Ocean Territory (circled in red)




HONOR OUR Dead &
FIGHT LIKE HELL FOR
the LIVING
In June 2011, CeCe McDonald fought off a racist, transphobic attack. She was sentenced to 41 months in a men's prison for 2nd degree manslaughter, despite clear evidence of self defense.
FREE CeCe
support trans women of color


rage


rage


rage


rage


RAGE


rage


rage


rage


rage


rage


rage


rage


rage


RAGE


rage


rage


rage


rage


rage


rage



Insincerity . . . is merely a method by which we can multiply our personalities. Such . . . was Dorian Gray's opinion. He used to wonder at the shallow psychology of those who conceived the Ego in man as a thing simple, permanent, reliable, and of one essence. To him man was a being with myriad lives and myriad sensations, a complex, multiform creature . . . —THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

NECROPOLITICS

Hundreds feared dead in the Mediterranean Sea

More than 250 migrants are believed to have drowned after two partially submerged dinghies were found by a rescue boat.

23 Mar 2017



The horror that I felt was an extreme form of existential anxiety—the anxiety that accompanies our recognition that, as finite human beings, we are constantly threatened by impending possibilities of harm, disease, death, and loss, which can occur at any time. But what I felt at the planetarium show was more than that, because the sun's becoming an engulfing red giant represents not just the destruction of individual human beings but of human civilization itself, a possibility vividly portrayed in the recent movie, "Melancholia." The destruction of human civilization would also terminate the historical process—the sense of human history stretching along from the distant past to an open future—through which we make sense out of our individual existences. I want to call the horror that announces such a possibility *apocalyptic anxiety*. Apocalyptic anxiety anticipates the collapse of all meaningfulness. And it is from apocalyptic anxiety that we turn away when we deny the extreme perils of climate change.




THE DONALD TRUMP INTERVIEW
"I'M NOT A BIG BELIEVER IN GLOBAL WARMING"
CNN
9:17 AM ET



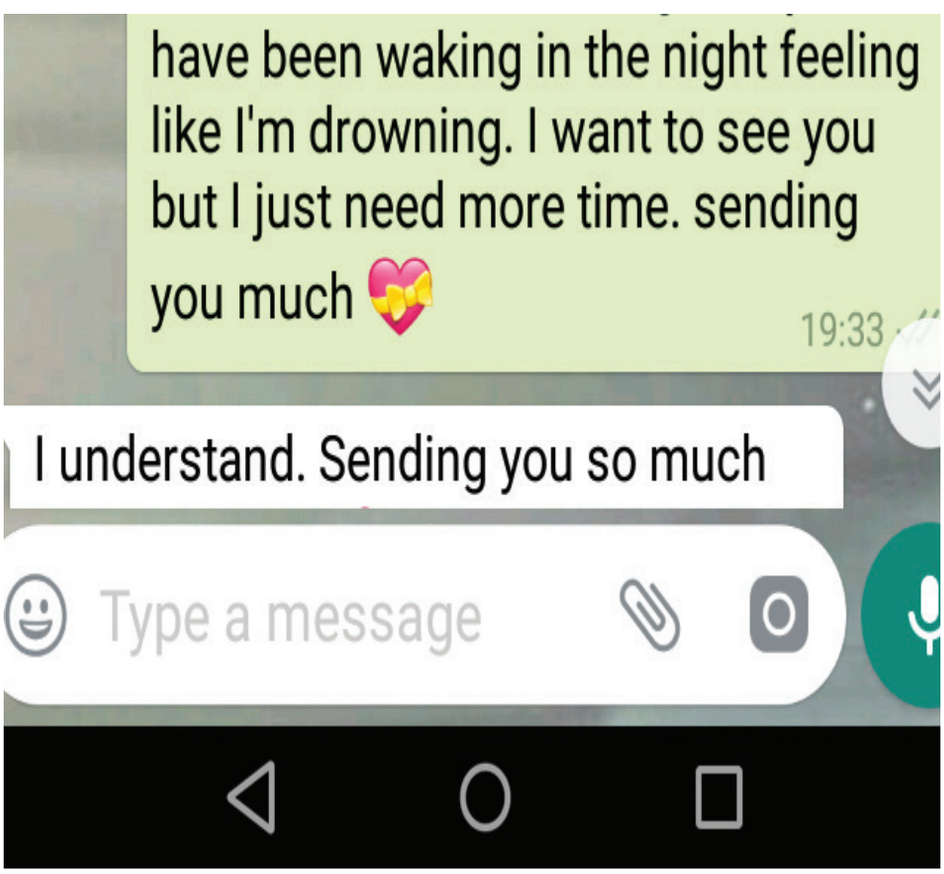


DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE A PLASTIC BAG ?

In *The Ecological Thought* I coined the term *hyperobjects* to refer to things that are massively distributed in time and space relative to humans.[1] A hyperobject could be a black hole. A hyperobject could be the Lago Agrio oil field in Ecuador, or the Florida Everglades. A hyperobject could be the biosphere, or the Solar System. A hyperobject could be the sum total of all the nuclear materials on Earth; or just the plutonium, or the uranium. A hyperobject could be the very long-lasting product of direct human manufacture, such as Styrofoam or plastic bags, or the sum of all the whirring machinery of capitalism. Hyperobjects, then, are "hyper" in relation to some other entity, whether they are directly manufactured by humans or not.






have been waking in the night feeling like I'm drowning. I want to see you but I just need more time. sending you much
19:33
I understand. Sending you so much
Type a message

What the Sea means to me.

The words blue
means sea to meand you
The shinning of the sea
means gold to me

The rocks in the sand
are diggerent to the land
The warmth of the sea
Brings happines to me

!!!SHOCK!!!

!!!SHOCK!!!

!!!SHOCK!!!




Don’t you just wanna get in there.”


oh this okay leave me
42:46 / 57:51


oh this okay leave me excellent
42:48 / 57:51


[Music]
the therapy seems to be what
Exit full screen (f)
43:34 / 57:51


[Music]
the therapy seems to be what amazing
Exit full screen (f)
43:40 / 57:51


is recommended as an alternative
treatment for depression by the IHS
Exit full screen (f)
43:51 / 57:51



New Kent Monkman painting erotic dream



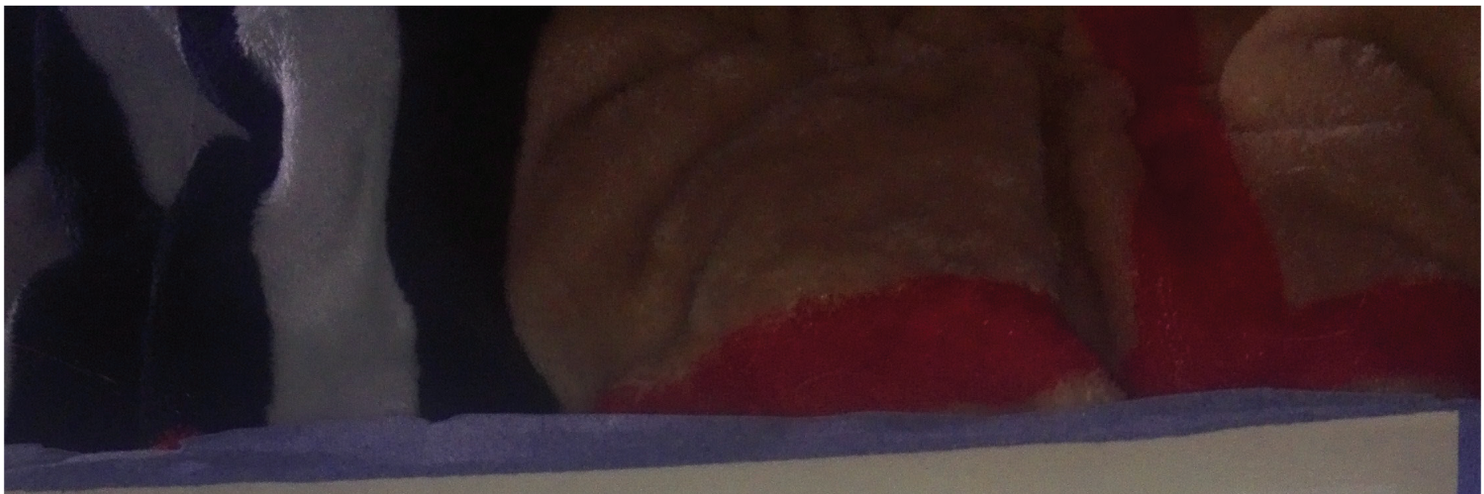
If this is not the case, then *climate change* as a *substitute* for *global warming* is like "cultural change" as a substitute for *Renaissance,* or "change in living conditions" as a substitute for *Holocaust. Climate change* as substitute enables cynical reason (both right wing and left) to say that the "climate has always been changing," which to my ears sounds like using "people have always been killing one another" as a fatuous reason not to control the sale of machine guns. What we desperately need is an appropriate level of shock and anxiety concerning a specific ecological trauma

reimagines first contact as an

—indeed, *the* ecological trauma of our age, the very thing that defines the Anthropocene as such. This is why I shall be sticking with the phrase *global warming* in this book.



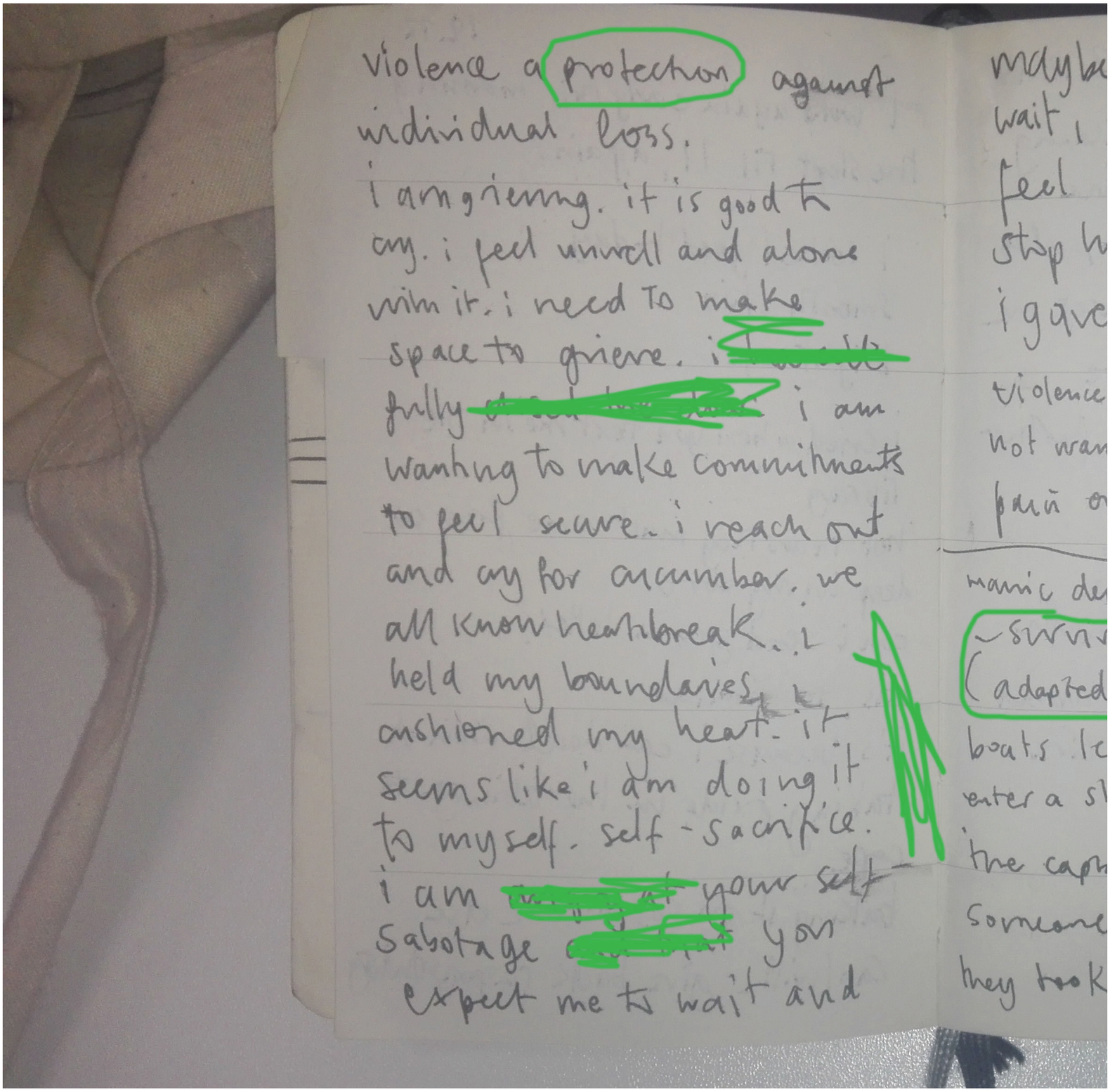




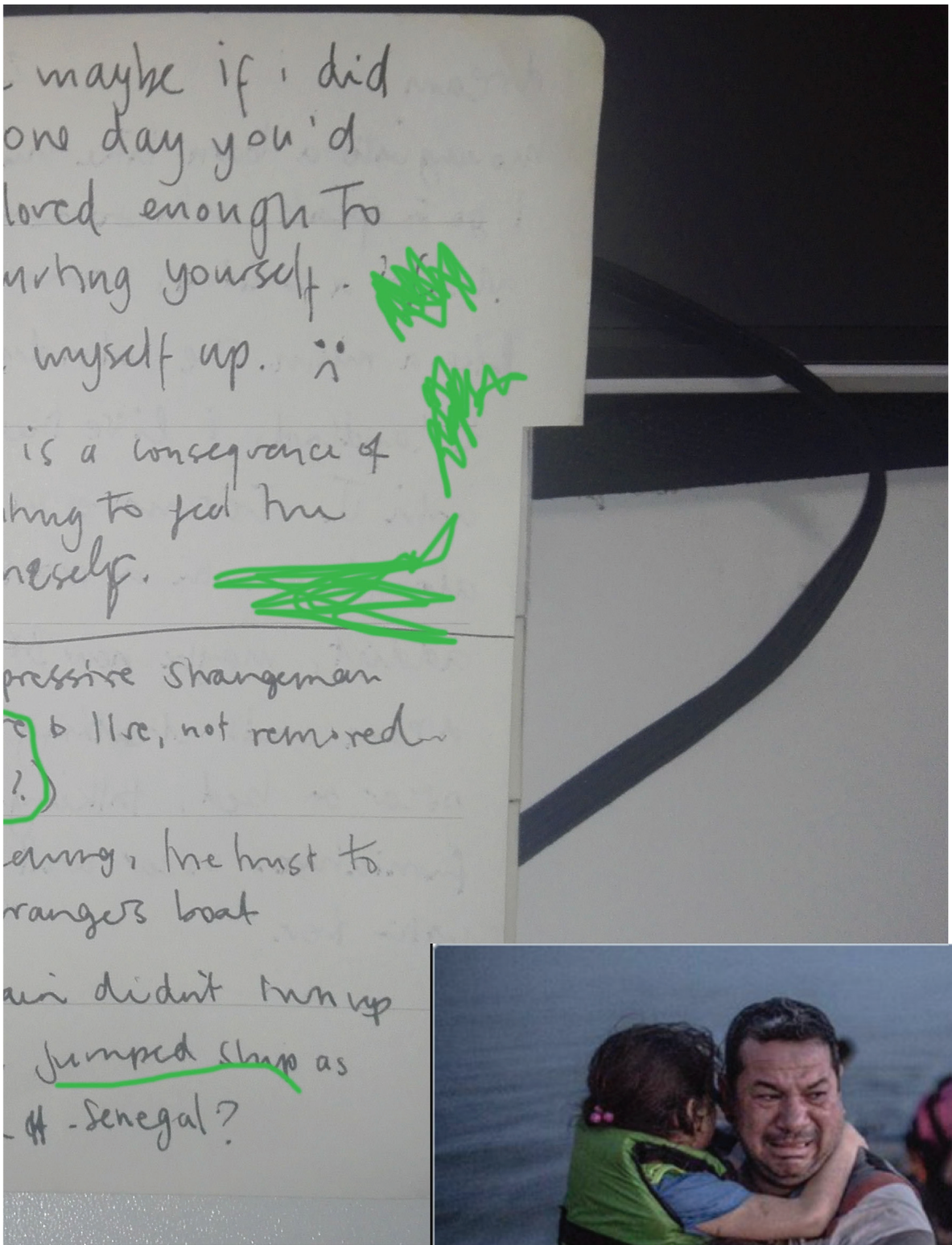
79 Lovett Rd
connor
Portsmouth
Hants
PO3 5EX
Tel 698129.

Dear mr wise
if i suddenly
realise the
flood was Going To come i would
rush into my house and shut
all the windows and wait intil
the Flood had stoped i would
not LiKe to move becase
i cant play With my freind
victoria.

Love from
Melanie small



violence a protection against individual loss.
i am grieving. it is good to cry. i feel unwell and alone with it. i need to make space to grieve. i [redacted] fully [redacted] i am wanting to make commitments to feel secure. i reach out and cry for cucumber. we all know heartbreak. i held my boundaries, i cushioned my heart. it seems like i am doing it to myself. self-sacrifice. i am [redacted] your self-sabotage [redacted] you expect me to wait and





Paraic O'Brien
@paraicobrien

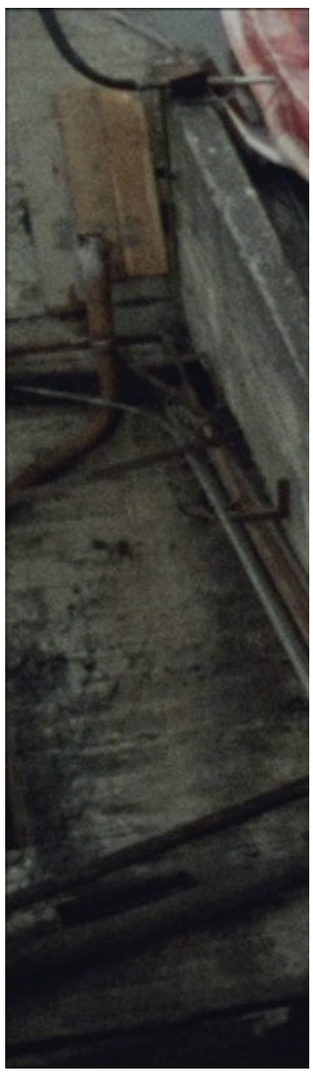
Follow

All the words & TV reporting of the refugee crisis in a single photo. Humbled by @DanielEtterFoto

5:35 AM - 19 Aug 2015

119 42


The ocean is full of trash.
Exit full screen




HOOMAN
Y U DO DIS



URSULA K. LE GUIN

The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction

■■■

In the temperate and tropical regions where it appears that hominids evolved into human beings, the principal food of the species was vegetable. Sixty-five to eighty percent of what human beings ate in those regions in Paleolithic, Neolithic, and prehistoric times was gathered; only in the extreme Arctic was meat the staple food. The mammoth hunters spectacularly occupy the cave wall and the mind, but what we actually did to stay alive and fat was gather seeds, roots, sprouts, shoots, leaves, nuts, berries, fruits, and grains, adding bugs and mollusks and netting or snaring birds, fish, rats, rabbits, and other tuskless small fry to up the protein. And we didn't even work hard at it—much less hard than peasants slaving in somebody else's field after agriculture was invented, much less hard than paid workers since civilization was invented. The average prehistoric person could make a nice living in about a fifteen-hour work week.

Fifteen hours a week for subsistence leaves a lot of time for other things. So much time that maybe the restless ones who didn't have a baby around to enliven their life, or skill in making or cooking or singing, or very interesting thoughts to think, decided to slope off and hunt mammoths. The skillful hunters then would come staggering back with a load of meat, a lot of ivory, and a story. It wasn't the meat that made the difference. It was the story.

— ***Pharmaceuticals commonly found in the environment are disrupting streams.***

With unknown impacts on aquatic life and water quality. So reports a new Ecological Applications

With colleagues from [illegible] versity and Loyola University Chicago, Rosi-Marshall looked at how six common pharmaceuticals influenced similar-sized streams in New York, Maryland, and Indiana.

larger animals like fish.

Healthy streams are slippery streams.

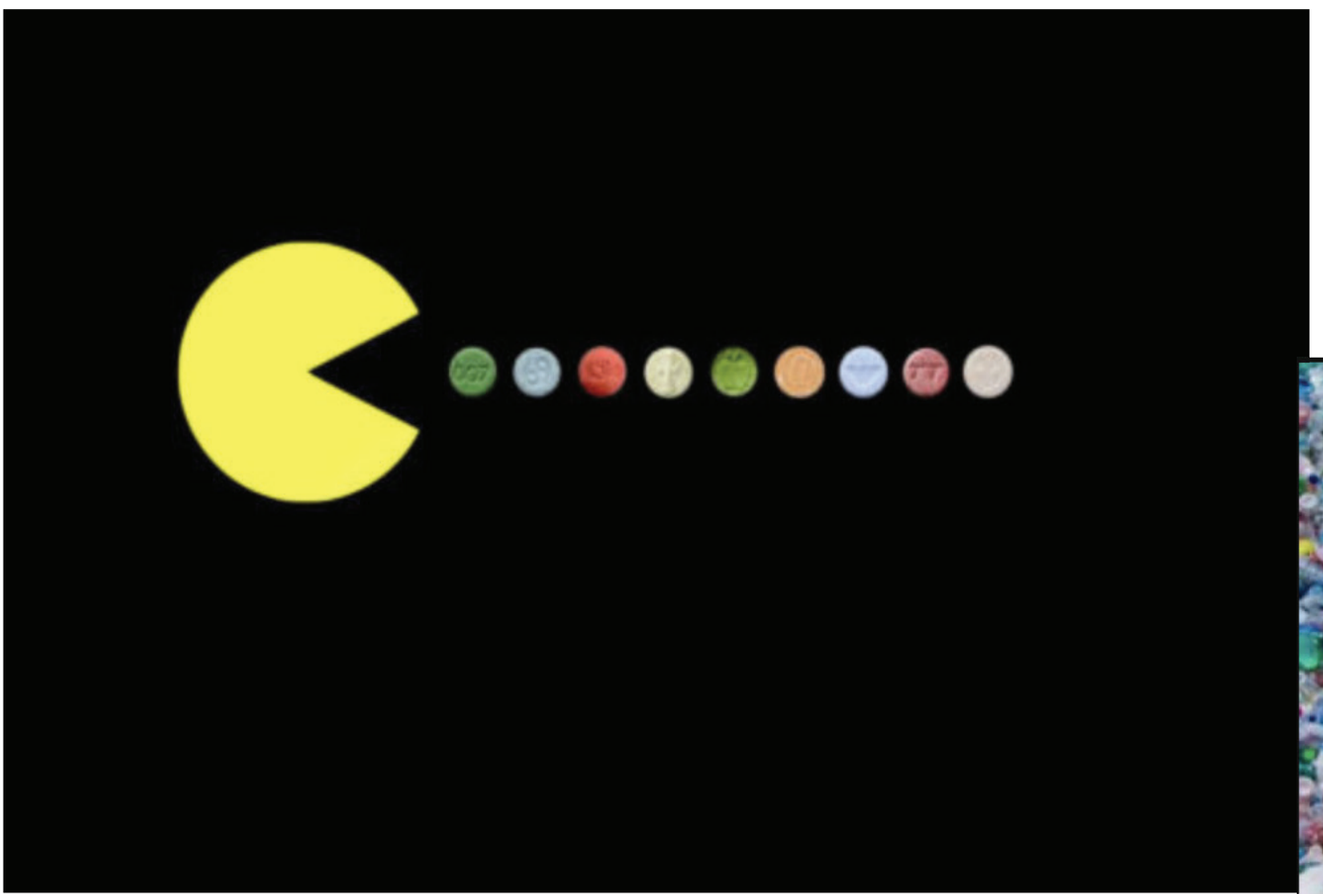


which highlights the eco- [illegible] maceutical

Caffeine, the antibiotic ciprofloxacin, the antidiabetic metformin, [illegible] antihistimines used to treat [illegible] and raniti-

And it turns out that antihistamines dry more than our noses. The most striking result of the study was diphenhydramine's effects on algal production and mi- Exposure

'Giant Pac-Man' prepares t
Garbage Patch





Scientists in
a breakthro
digest polye
Portsmouth
Laboratory

to eat into the Great Pacific



n Britain and the US say they have engineered an enzyme that eats plastic, ugh that could help in the fight against pollution. The enzyme is able to ethylene terephthalate, or PET. The team from the University of and the US Department of Energy's National Renewable Energy hope to one day produce the enzyme on an industrial scale

#FUCKSCIENCE



Dear Student,

The Education Department has at present a number of vacancies to cover lessons in Accounts, Chemistry, Biology, Integrated Science, ICT and Computer Studies in middle and secondary schools.

Any interested students who would like to work part-time for a number of hours are kindly asked to send an email to tanya.zammit@gov.mt and lucienne.calleja@gov.mt indicating their availability.

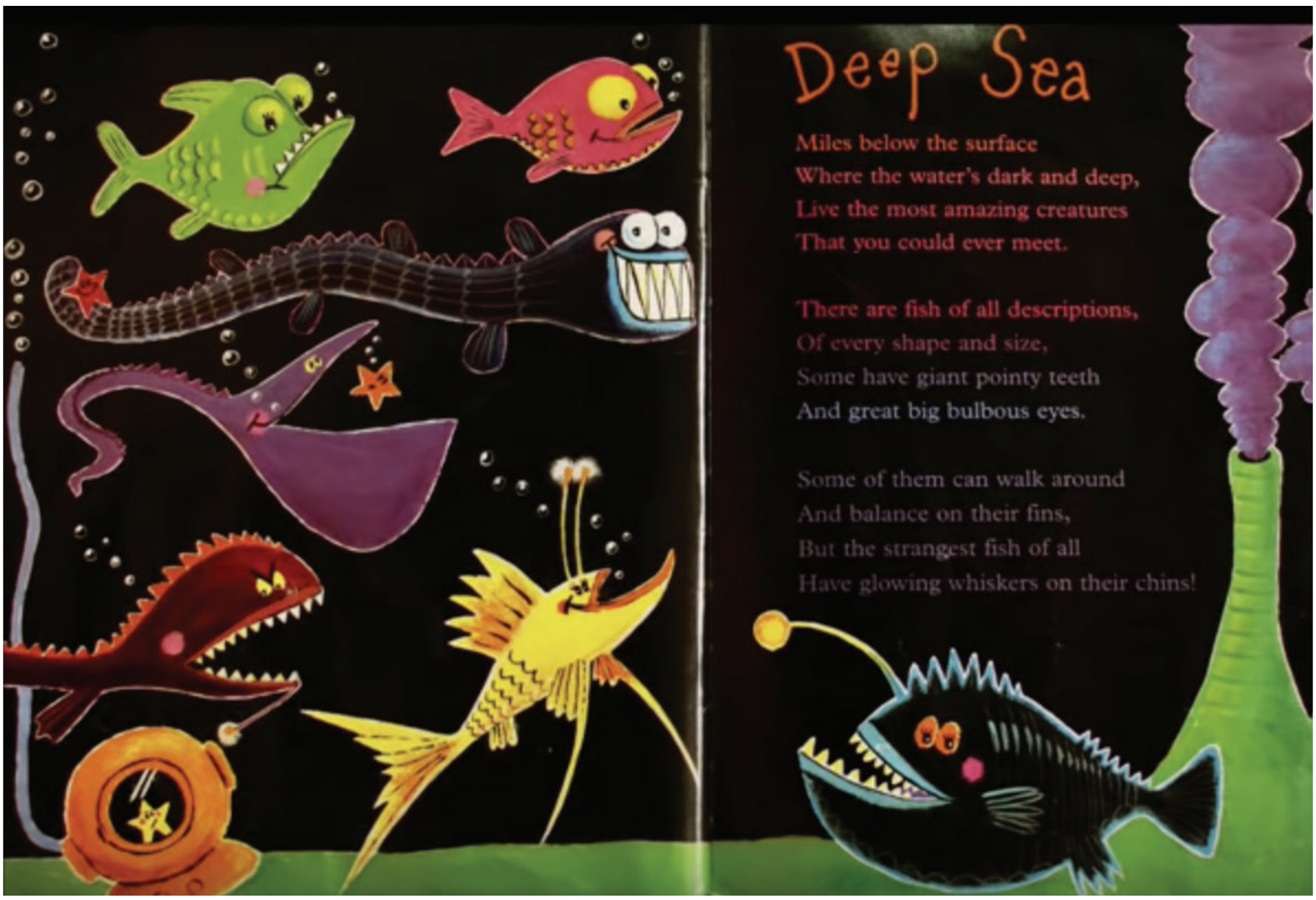
Kind Regards,

Tanya Zammit
Service Manager (Education Resources)
Directorate for Educational Services

11/Oct/2017 - SPR-EML-MSG6


Sesame Street: Song: Love the Ocean
Yeah, I can hardly swim.
Exit full screen (f)

An undersea Adventure.
One day i went to the beach .
And suddenly a giant octopus
grabbed hold of my leg.
struggled and i pushed but i
couldend get away. and then a
sword fish came along and then
came along and chopped the
octopuss arms of. I followed the
sword fish and he took me back
to shore. And i got a fish tank
and filled it up with water. And
let him come home with me.And i
walked back home. it was dark
when i got back. i had to go strait
to bed. The End.
by Melanie.


Deep Sea
Miles below the surface
Where the water's dark and deep,
Live the most amazing creatures
That you could ever meet.
There are fish of all descriptions,
Of every shape and size,
Some have giant pointy teeth
And great big bulbous eyes.
Some of them can walk around
And balance on their fins,
But the strangest fish of all
Have glowing whiskers on their chins!


STRANGER
=
DANGER

Queer Ecology



Towards A Common Survival

The Institute of Queer Ecology
Presented by Prairie, Chicago
May 26 - July 1, 2018



ZERO

0x00 Ours is a world in vertigo. It is a world that swarms with technological mediation, interlacing our daily lives with abstraction, virtuality, and complexity. XF constructs a feminism adapted to these realities: a feminism of unprecedented cunning, scale, and vision; a future in which the realization of gender justice and feminist emancipation contribute to a universalist politics assembled from the needs of every human, cutting across race, ability, economic standing, and geographical position. No more futureless repetition on the treadmill of capital, no more submission to the drudgery of labour, productive and reproductive alike, no more reification of the given masked as critique. Our future requires depetrification. XF is not a bid for revolution, but a wager on the long game of history, demanding imagination, dexterity and persistence.



Kathy Donaghy on Kinnego Bay, Inishowen, County Donegal. Photo: Lorcan Doherty

As a busy working mum going to the sea to walk and sometimes to swim opens up a space for me just to be me. Not thinking about the kids or work or making the dinner or anything really. After a few minutes of hearing the noise of waves breaking on the shore and inhaling the briny smell of the ocean I feel the internal chatter slow down.

THAT CHANGE OF WATER WAS ABSOLUTELY MIND BOGGLING...FRESH WATER STARTED AND WHERE THE SALT WATER STARTED...A CHANGE IN COLOUR...ABSOLUTELY CALM AND FLAT....YOU ARE GOING UP AND DOWN AND YOU ARE AT THE MERCY OF THE OCEAN...IT WAS REALLY COOL TO SEE HOW BIG THE WAVES ARE AND HOW MUCH YOUR BOAT MOVES...

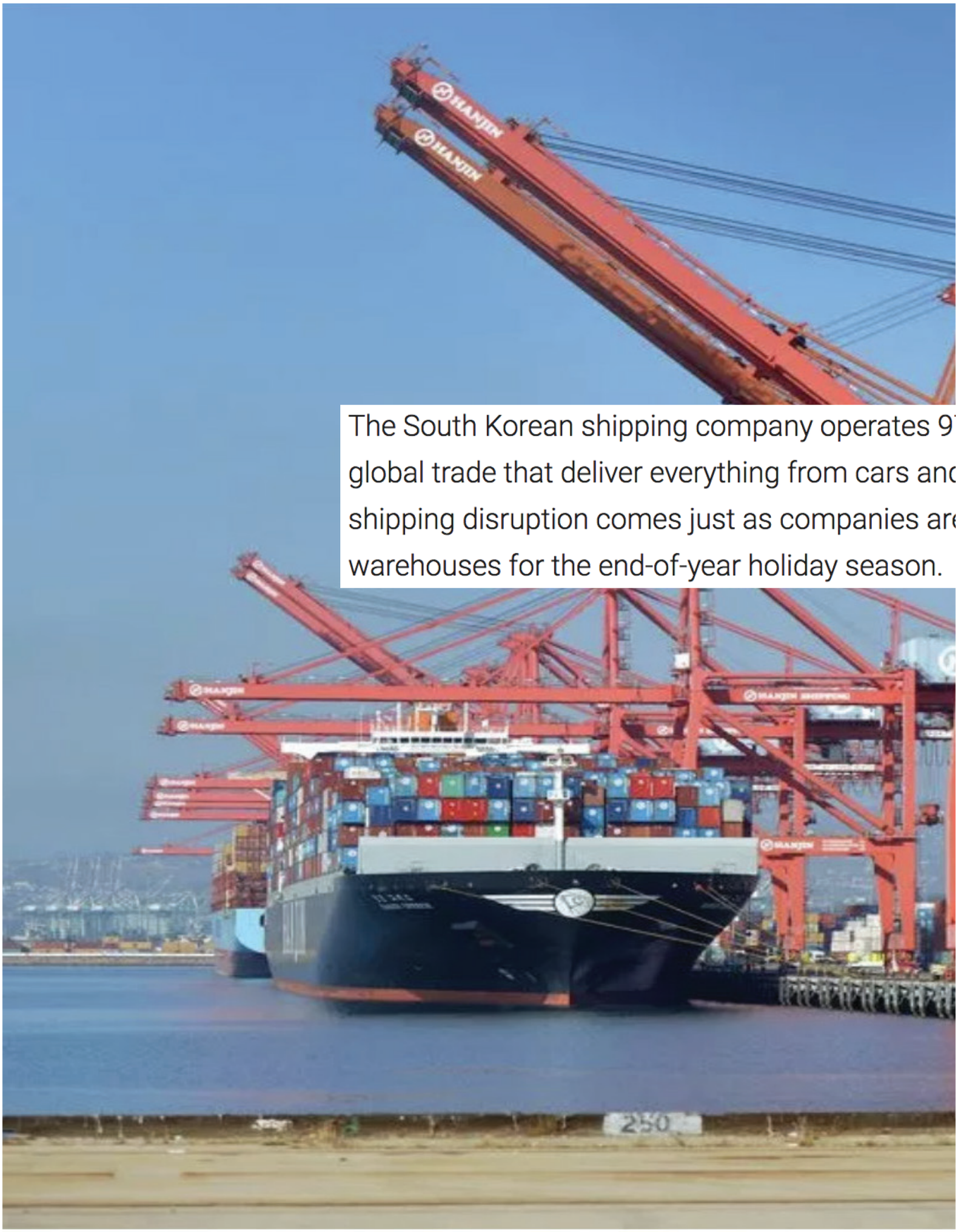
A **maritime boundary** is a conceptual division of the Earth's water surface areas using physiographic or geopolitical criteria. As such, it usually bounds areas of exclusive national rights over mineral and biological resources,[1] encompassing maritime features, limits and zones.[2] Generally, a maritime boundary is delineated at a particular distance from a jurisdiction's coastline. Although in some countries the term *maritime boundary* represents borders of a maritime nation[3] that are recognized by the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea, maritime borders usually serve to identify the edge of international waters.

Maritime boundaries exist in the context of territorial waters, contiguous zones, and exclusive economic zones; however, the terminology does not encompass lake or river boundaries, which are considered within the context of land boundaries.

Some maritime boundaries have remained indeterminate despite efforts to clarify them. This is explained by an array of factors, some of which involve regional problems.[4]

The delineation of maritime boundaries has strategic, economic and environmental implications.[5]


FANTASY
OF SMOOTH-
NESS
EUBANK



The South Korean shipping company operates 9
global trade that deliver everything from cars and
shipping disruption comes just as companies are
warehouses for the end-of-year holiday season.

Hanjin ships stuck off the coast of Long Beach are being unloa
protection to the South Korean company.



7 container ships, the giant workhorses of
l clothing to televisions and toys. The global
e shipping merchandise to fill shelves and

CR ConsumerReports

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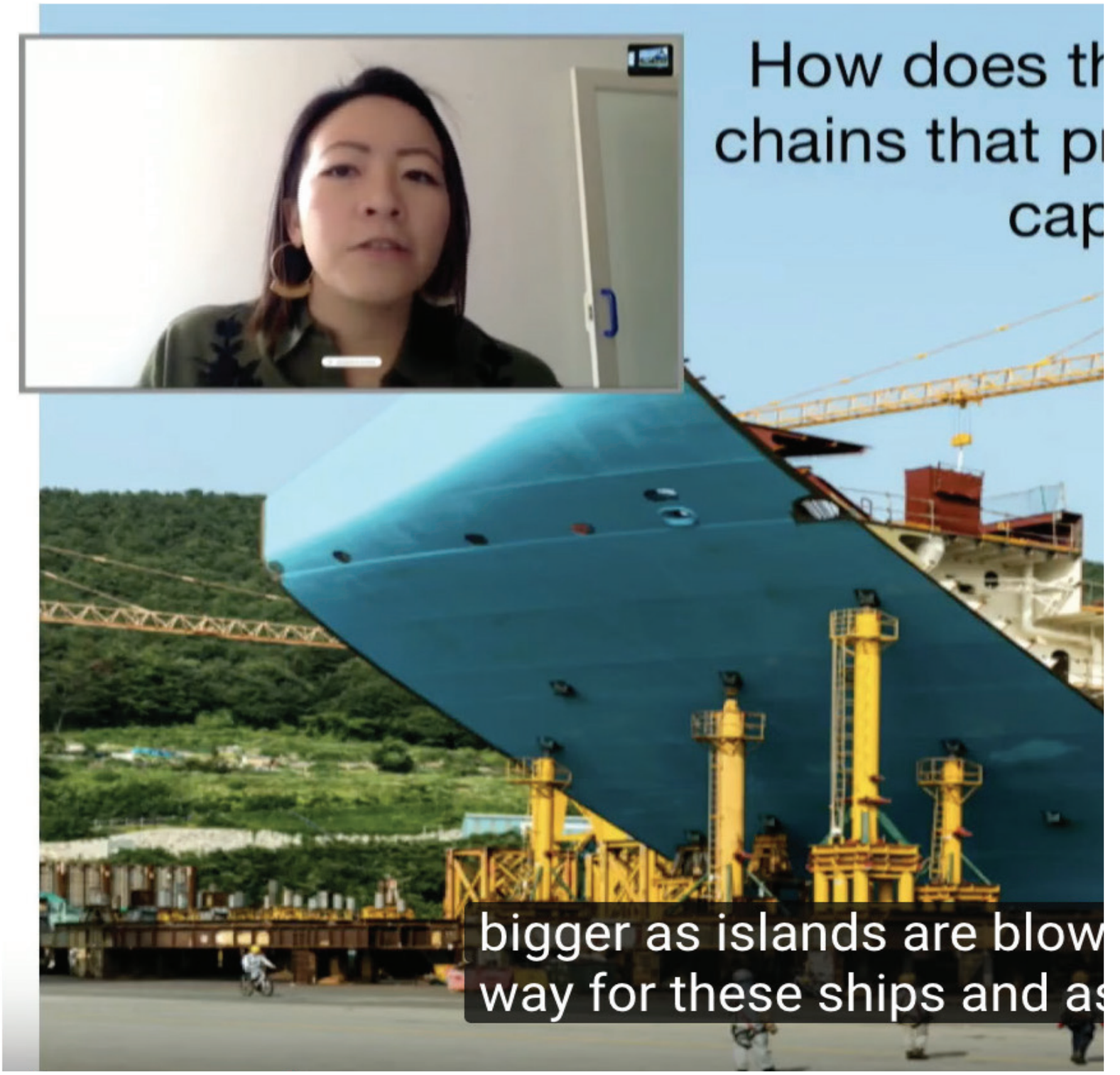
ded Saturday, Sept. 10, 2016, after a judge granted bankruptcy



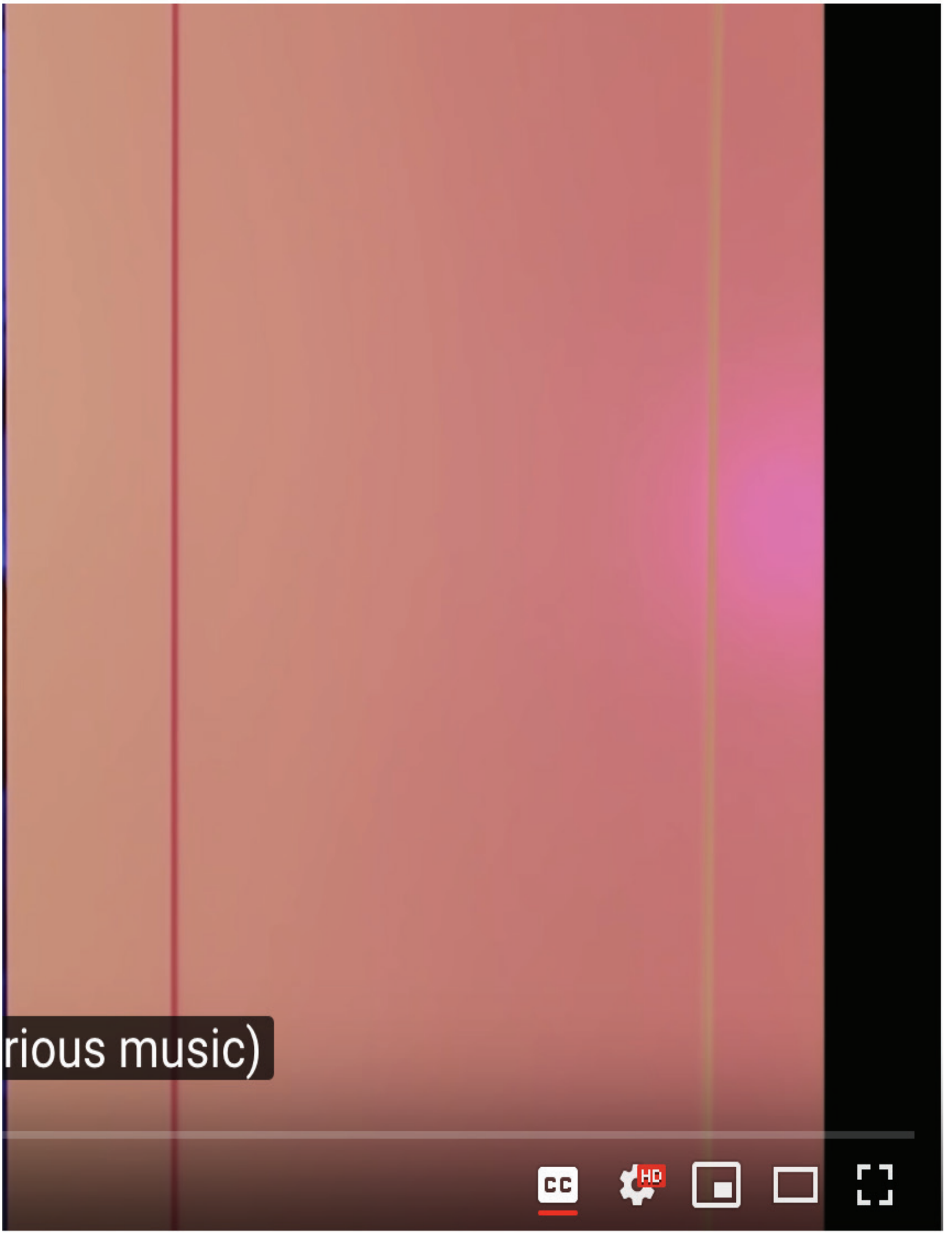
Naomi Klein: 'Big gre
damaging than clima



een groups are more
ate deniers'



The Apocalypse | ContraPoints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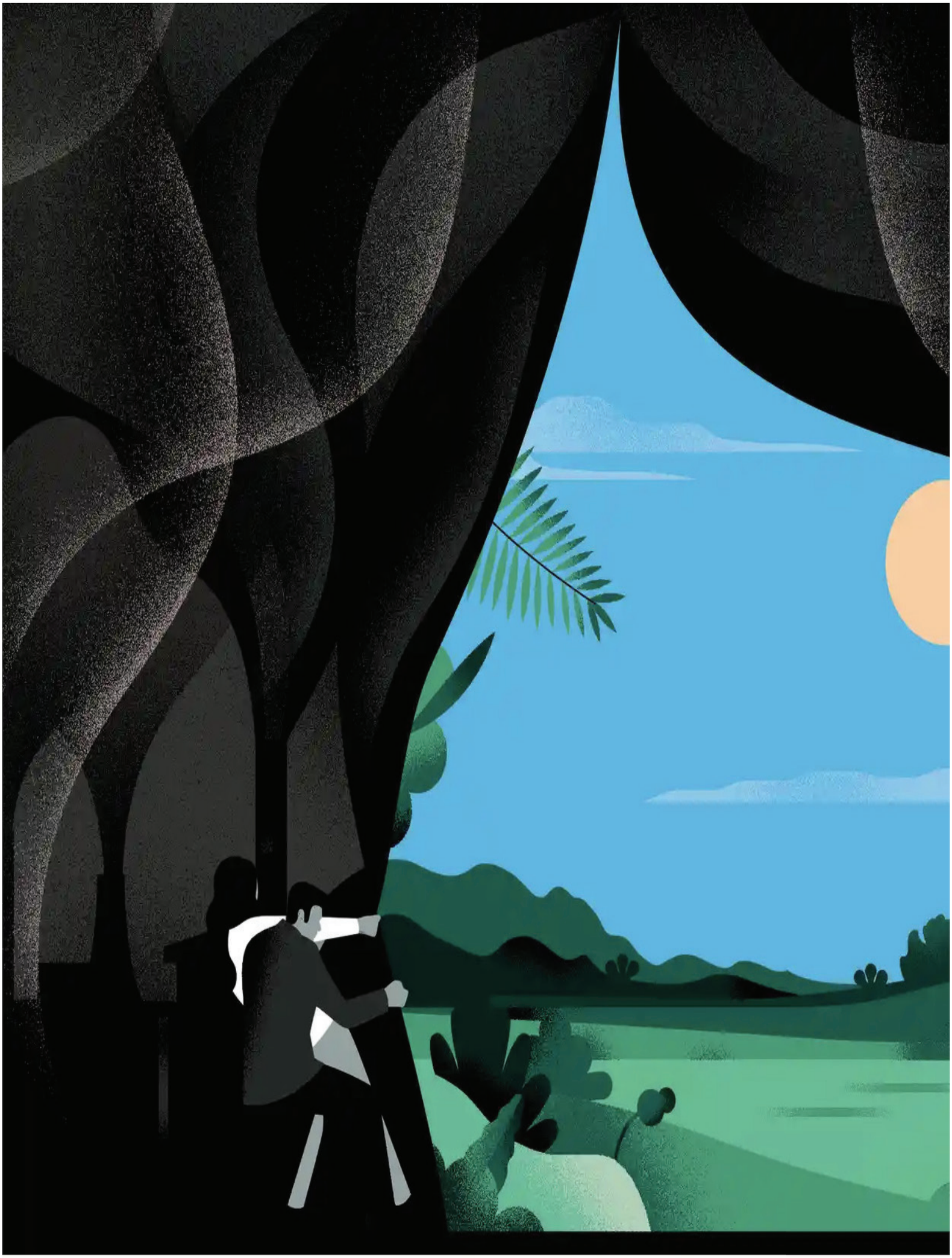


'Climate change is an inescapable present and future reality, but the point of the IPCC report is that there is still a chance to seize the best-case scenario rather than surrender to the worst.'

“It is a pervasive condition of empires that they affect great swathes of the planet without the empire's populace being aware of that impact – indeed without being aware that many of the affected places even exist. How many Americans are are of the continuing socioenvironmental fallout from U.S. militarism and foreign policy decisions made three or four decades ago in, say, Angola or Laos? How many could even place those nation-states on a map?”

— **Rob Nixon, Slow Violence and the Environmentalism of the Poor**

“Sometimes we feel the sun must be lower in the sky...” s





MDESIGNER125 VIA GETTY IMAGES

If you live somewhere other than under a large rock, the premise of *The Tangled Lands* will sound familiar: A declining empire owes its former splendor to a miraculous energy source. Now, emissions from that source threaten to destroy the empire. Everyone's freaking out.



#BLOCK

Bolivia, 15 Years on from the Water War

What happened in Cochabamba and in Bolivia after the Water War?



People taking over the streets of downtown Cochabamba during the Water War of 2000.

Photo by Tom Kruse

ACTIVIST STRATEGY EXTRACTIVISM

ADIA


Led astray by the currents of uncertainty
in the vast ocean of incomprehensibility...

Blow the Wind Westerly - trad. Newfoundland capstan shanty

Up jumps a crab with his crooked legs
Saying "you play the cribbage and I'll stick the pegs"
Singing blow the wind westerly, let the wind blow
By a gentle nor'wester how steady she goes

Up jumps a dolphin with his chuckle-head
He jumps on the deck saying "pull out the lead!"

Up jumps a flounder so flat on the ground
Saying "damn your old chocolate, mind how you sound"

Up jumps a salmon so bright as the sun
He jumped down between the decks and fired off a gun

Up jumps a whale, the biggest of all
He jumped up aloft and he's pawl after pawl

Up jumps a herring, the king of the sea
He jumps up on deck saying "helms a-lee!"

Up jumps a shark with his big row of teeth
He jumped up between the decks and shook out the reefs

LOGISTICALITY, OR THE SHIPPED

Where did logistics get this ambition to connect bodies, objects, affects, information, without subjects, without the formality of subjects, as if it could reign sovereign over the informal, the concrete and generative indeterminacy of material life? The truth is, modern logistics was born that way. Or more precisely it was born in resistance to, given as the acquisition of, this ambition, this desire and this practice of the informal. Modern logistics is founded with the first great movement of commodities, the ones that could speak. It was founded in the Atlantic slave trade, founded against the Atlantic slave. Breaking from the plundering accumulation of armies to the primitive accumulation of capital, modern logistics was marked, branded, seared with the transportation of the commodity labor that was not, and ever after would not be, no matter who was in that hold or containerized in that ship. From the motley crew who followed in the red wakes of these slave ships, to the prisoners shipped to the settler colonies, to the mass migrations of industrialisation in the Americas, to the indentured slaves from India, China, and Java, to the trucks and boats leading north across the Mediterranean or the Rio Grande, to one-way tickets from the Philippines to the Gulf States or Bangladesh to Singapore, logistics was always the transport of slavery, not 'free' labor. Logistics remains, as ever, the transport of objects that is held in the movement of things. And the transport of things remains, as ever, logistics' unrealizable ambition.



date: _____

water is fun!

For Jet skiing



For water pistols



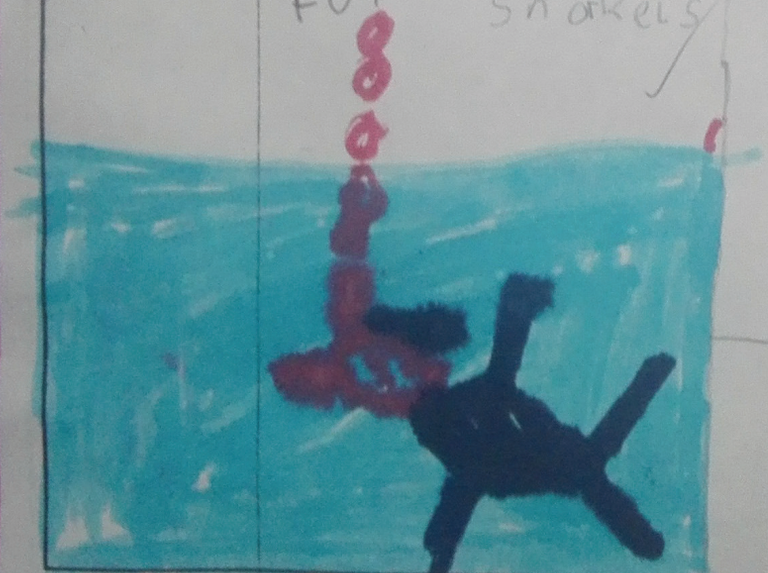
For Jumping in puddles



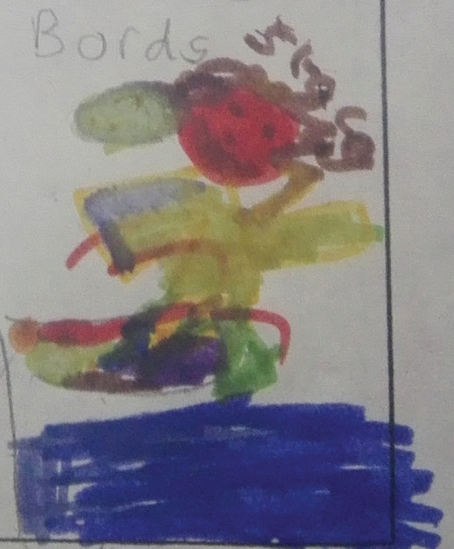
For canoing



For snakes



For Diveing Bords



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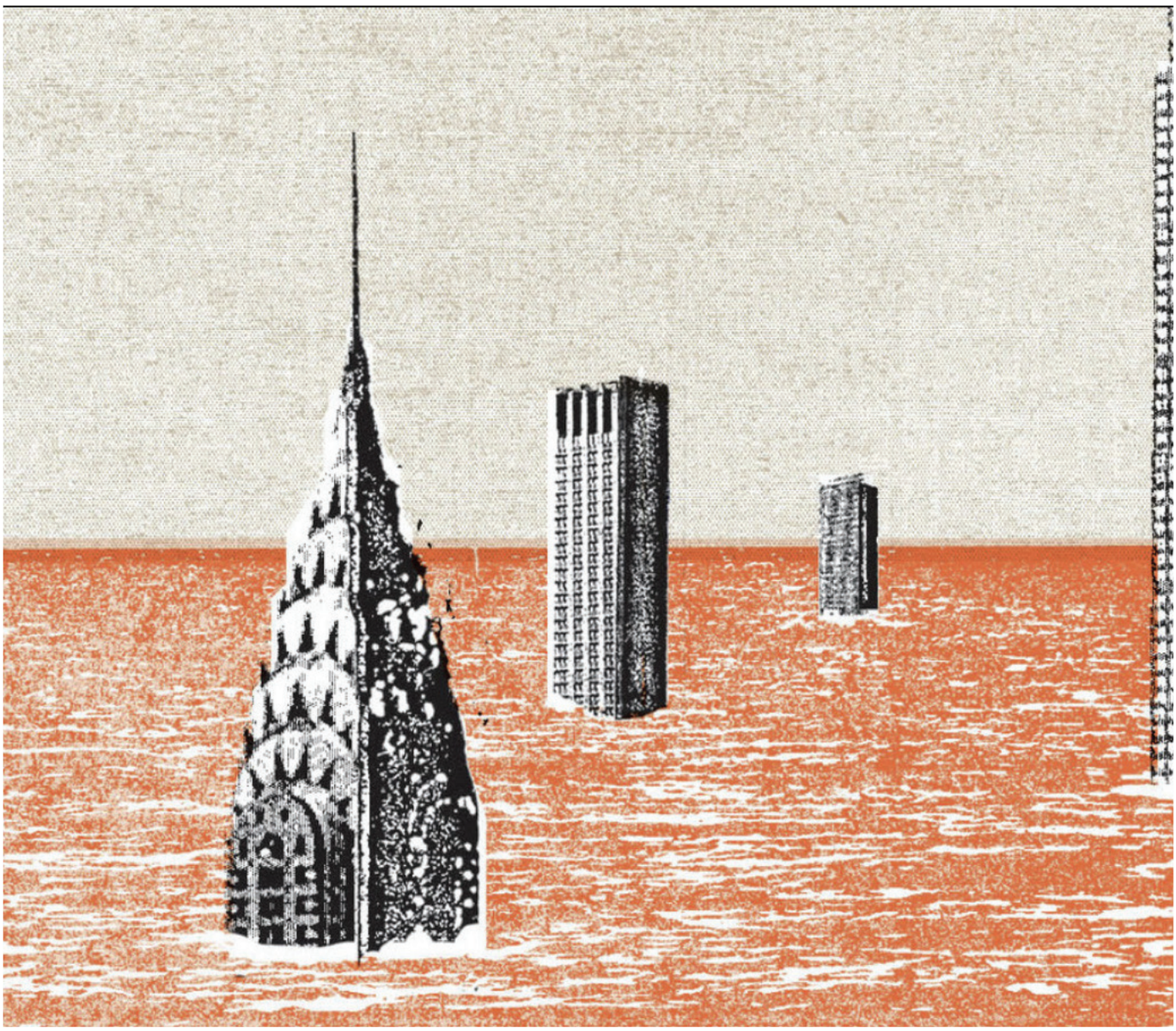
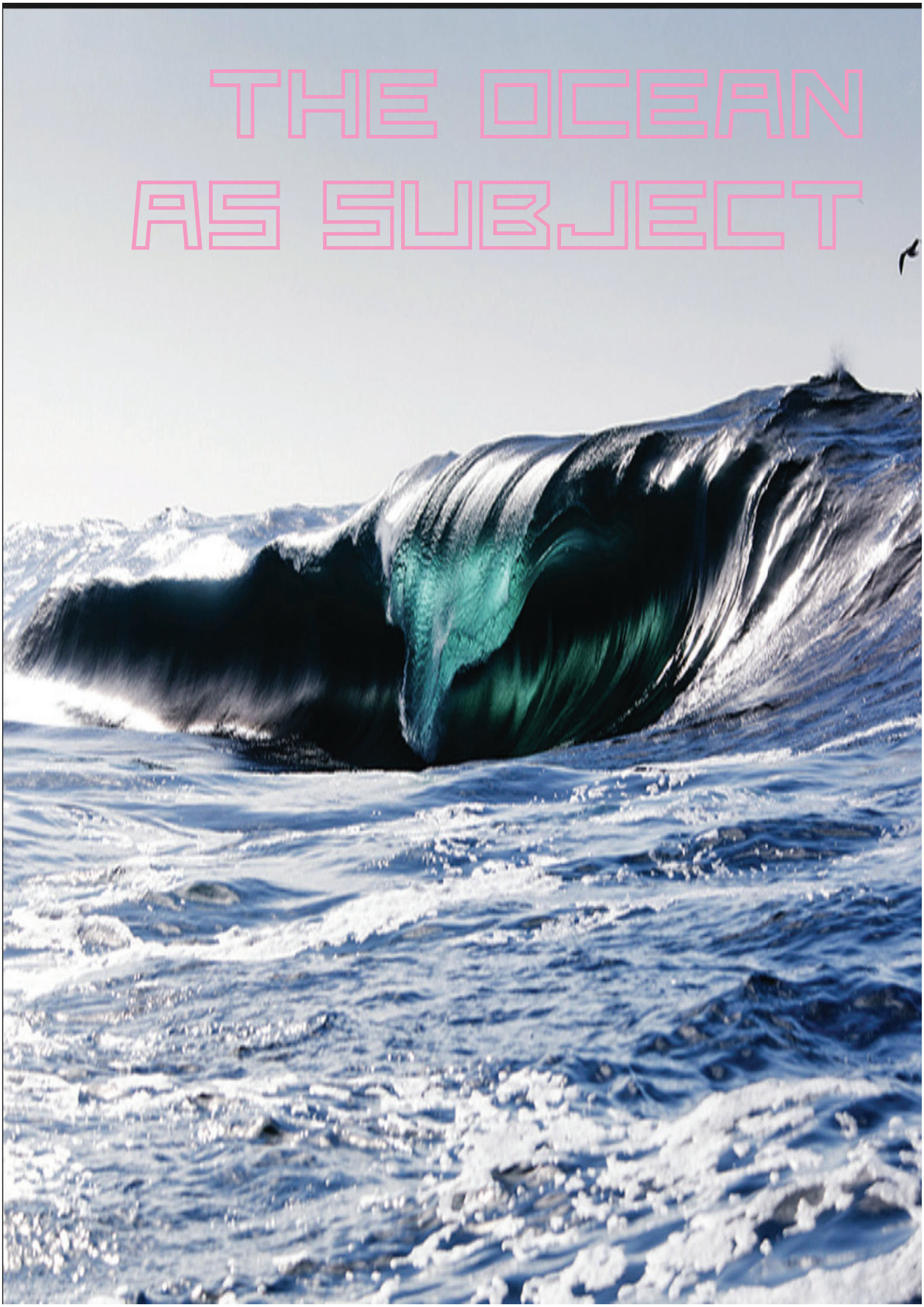


Example No. 2: 'I think of the progress of the human spirit in the complicated dark realm of the Mothers-problem' (*Faust*, Part II).

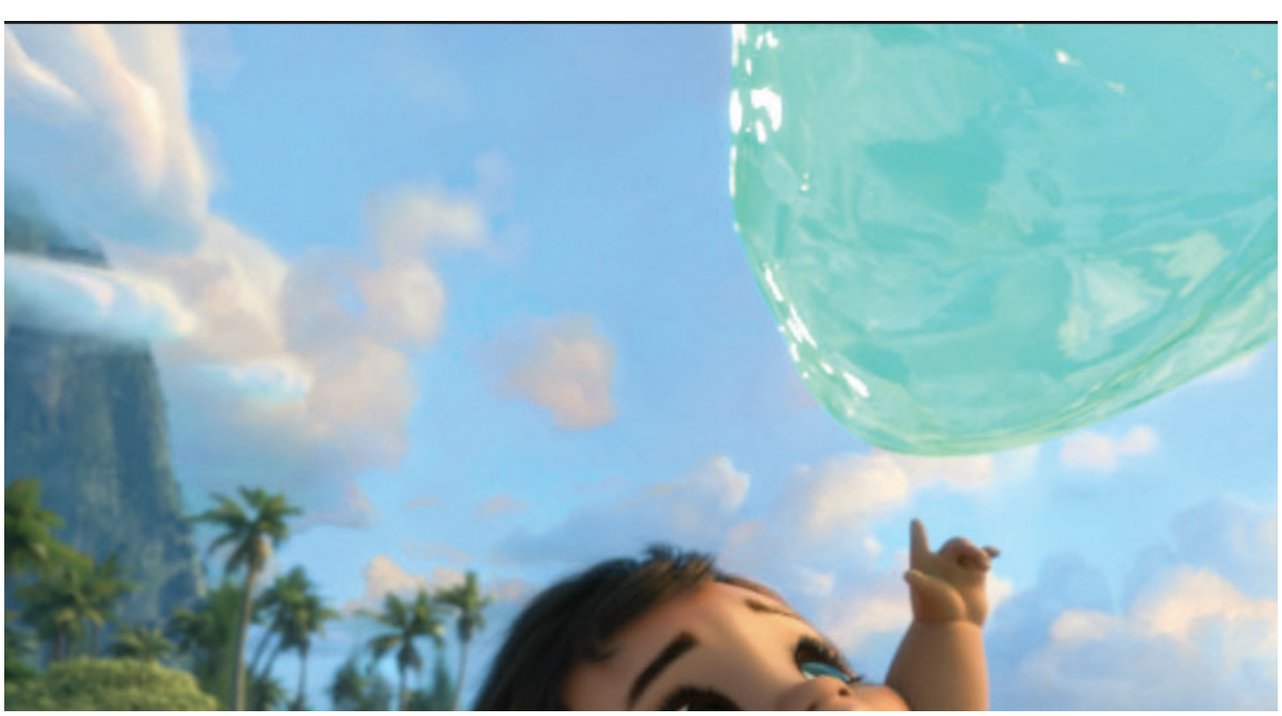
Symbol: I am standing on a lonely stone pier extending out into a dark sea. The waters of the sea merge at the horizon with the equally darkly toned mysterious, black air.

Meaning: The extension into the dark sea corresponds to the forging ahead into the dark problem. The merging of air and water, the mixing of above and below may symbolize that, in the Mothers (as Mephistopheles pictures it), all times and all places are fused. There are no boundaries between above and below. For this reason, Mephistopheles can say to the departing Faust, 'Plunge then. – I could even say soar.'[3]

THE OCEAN AS SUBJECT







Tropical Cyc

Contents

- Atlantic
- Eastern North Pacific
- Central North Pacific
- Other Basins

Atlantic Names

Atlantic Pronunciation Guide (PDF)

2018	2019	2020
Alberto	Andrea	Arthur
Beryl	Barry	Bertha
Chris	Chantal	Cristobal
Debby	Dorian	Dolly
Ernesto	Erin	Edouard
Florence	Fernand	Fay
Gordon	Gabrielle	Gonzalo
Helene	Humberto	Hanna
Isaac	Imelda	Isaias
Joyce	Jerry	Josephine
Kirk	Karen	Kyle
Leslie	Lorenzo	Laura
Michael	Melissa	Marco
Nadine	Nestor	Nana
Oscar	Olga	Omar
Patty	Pablo	Paulette
Rafael	Rebekah	Rene
Sara	Sebastien	Sally
Tony	Tanya	Teddy
Valerie	Van	Vicky
William	Wendy	Wilfred

clone Names

2021	2022	2023
Ana	Alex	Arlene
Bill	Bonnie	Bret
Claudette	Colin	Cindy
Danny	Danielle	Don
Elsa	Earl	Emily
Fred	Fiona	Franklin
Grace	Gaston	Gert
Henri	Hermine	Harold
Ida	Ian	Idalia
Julian	Julia	Jose
Kate	Karl	Katia
Larry	Lisa	Lee
Mindy	Martin	Margot
Nicholas	Nicole	Nigel
Odette	Owen	Ophelia
Peter	Paula	Philippe
Rose	Richard	Rina
Sam	Shary	Sean
Teresa	Tobias	Tammy
Victor	Virginie	Vince
Wanda	Walter	Whitney

of force that was established through war at a given historical moment" and that modern politics "sanctions and reproduces" the violence operative in war. If Foucault aims to recover the historic violence of our present, then Grosz insists that the recovery of sexual selection is a claim on the place of artistic practice in organizing future politics.

Desiring a Different "Rough Trade"

In a bold and insightful paper written twenty years ago, feminist scholar Anne McClintock (1993) engages with the queer power of BDSM play (bondage, discipline, dominance, submission, sadism, masochism). Counter to interpretations of BDSM that interpret its performances, roles, and costumes as literal renderings of fixed inequalities and desire for actual violence and inequality, McClintock highlights its transgressive potential. She writes, "S/M manipulates the signs of power in order to refuse their legitimacy as nature." That the term *rough trade* is already in play in myriad ways in popular culture and sexual slang itself suggests a kind of queer engagement with the organization of power and its signs. A refusal of the nature of things by taking them up differently and with desire is precisely the power of BDSM play and culture. According to McClintock (1993, 91), BDSM "performs social power as both contingent and constitutive, as sanctioned neither by fate nor by God, but by social convention and invention, and thus as open to historical change." While BDSM "seems to parade a servile obedience to conventions of power," McClintock argues "on the contrary" that "with its exaggerated emphasis on costume and scene," it instead "performs social power as *scripted*, and hence as permanently subject to change" (89; emphasis in the original). Thus BDSM, as a "theatre of conversion . . . reverses and transmutes the social meanings it borrows." The promise of refiguring sexual selection and so too desire, unhinging it from the imperatives of efficient war anchored in permanent accumulation, is profound in a time of logistics space. BDSM may thus offer a kind of queer method for constructing countercartographies of logistics space. In engaging the logistics maps and plans as the scripting of geopolitical economic power, I highlight their constitutive struggles and violence and insist that this too is subject to change.

Watersports



Definition - What does *Watersports* mean?

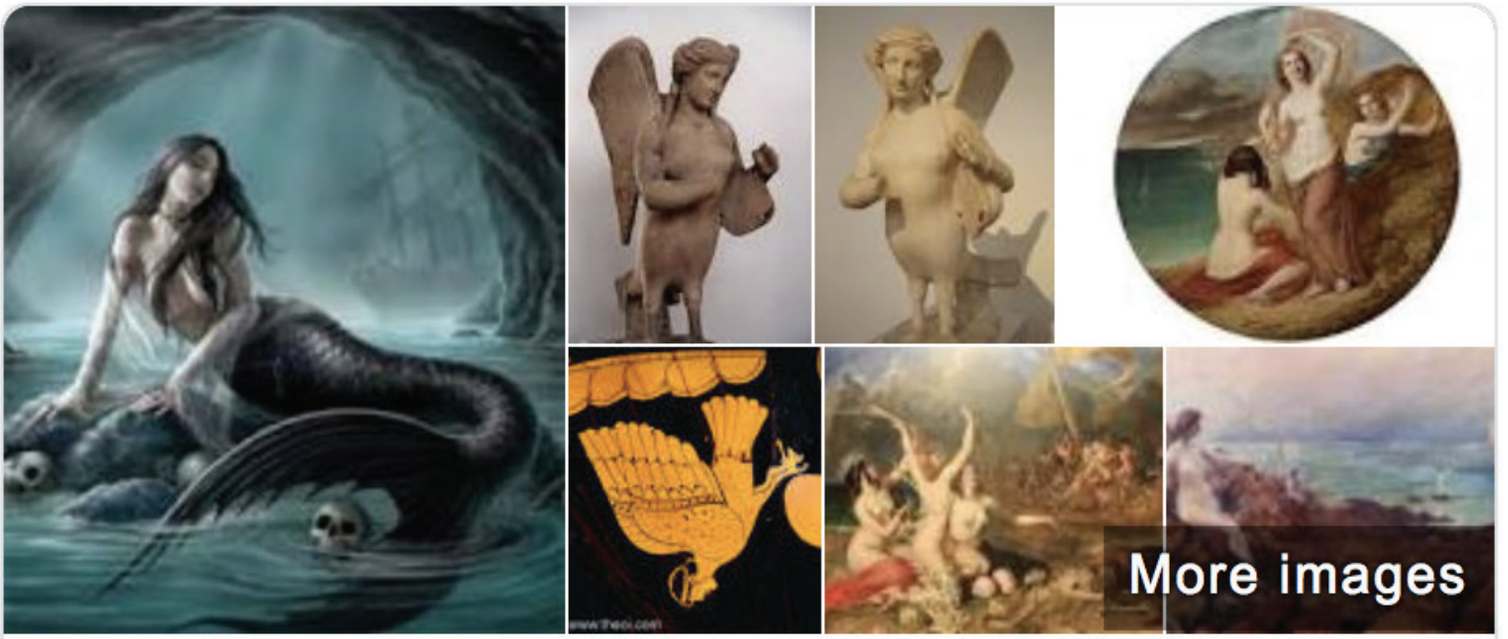
Watersports refers to urine play, or acts that involve urinating in or on another person. Individuals who participate in watersports may enjoy being urinated on or urinating on another person's body, including their face, breasts and genitals. Watersports also includes acts such as urinating in another person's rectum, vagina or mouth. These acts are often associated with BDSM.

Urinating on another person is seen as symbolic of possession, and it can be used as a form of punishment or humiliation. However, watersports are not only present in BDSM relationships.

WHO DO I TURN TO FOR ADVICE?

watersports

In **BDSM** terminology, refers to **sensual** or erotic play involving **bodily fluids**, typically urine, saliva, and less commonly, blood. Considered 'edge-play', because it is obviously somewhat unhygenic.



Siren

Mythology

In Greek mythology, the Sirens were dangerous creatures, who lured nearby sailors with their enchanting music and singing voices to shipwreck on the rocky coast of their island. Roman poets placed them on some small islands called Sirenum scopuli. Wikipedia

Similar creatures: Mermaid; Merman; Harpy; Undine

In Inuit mythology, **Aipaloovik** is an evil sea god associated with death and destruction.[1]] He is considered the opposite of Anguta.[2] He is a danger to all fishermen.[3]

A hundred per cent
BY EILEEN MYLES
I would like

a century

a tree

grows slow

a crack

of light

hits my palm

while I'm

reading

I grab

to take

a picture

& the crack

is gone

branches

pouring

out of my

hands

days has made

its mark

I have

wind

swept

hair I think

of my step

brother

who I knew

more

like this

his face

a photo

graph

on a beach

on a

book &

when he died

I was

family

watching

a tree in

the wind

& I wanted

to speak

to him

who was

truly my

brother

that speck

of light is gone

on my

hand and

him. I told

her I'd probably

like to

end here

like my com

puters

do & my

dog did. I took

a chance

w horrifying

her. I'm

shooting

for this

love where

I live. See

me dying

now or running

across

the beach

to catch

the tree

book

cover in the end

of summer's

wind. The ocean

is a feast

& it's here

I bring my

water tree book

feet, taste

branches

the lot that

is me

who wants

a century.





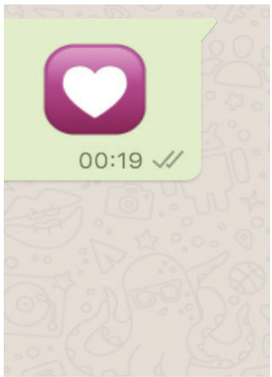
I want to say one more thing 00:22

Maybe u should try listening to heart. Even if it says the same thing as body. Give body a break from speaking. 00:28



▲ Still from *The Forgotten Space*. Photograph: Allan Sekula, Noël Burch

BODIES







Click to go back, hold to see history

Baby Sand Tiger Sharks Devour Their Siblings While Still in the Womb

This seemingly horrific reproduction strategy may be a way for females to better control which males sire her offspring

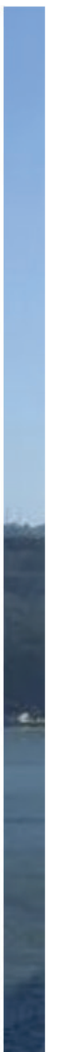
You'll Probably

Eternal Reefs creates permanent living legacies that memorialize the passing of a loved one.



For families and individuals that choose cremation, Eternal Reefs offers a unique memorial choice that replaces cremation urns and ash scatterings with a permanent environmental living legacy as a gift to the environment and generations yet to come.

Families and friends are invited and encouraged to participate in the creation of their loved one's memorial reef. From placing your hand print in the damp concrete during the casting, making a rubbing of the bronze plaque during the viewing ceremony, or placing a flag on your loved one's memorial reef during our military honors ceremony, all Eternal Reefs' activities are designed to be a positive experience and provide peace of mind for everyone involved.



A **shipwreck** is the remains of a ship that has wrecked, which are found either beached on land or sunken to the bottom of a body of water. Shipwrecking may be deliberate or accidental.





Burial at sea

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

For the downloadable episode "Burial at Sea" f

Burial at sea is the disposal of human remains in t
citizens in many countries.

Burial-at-sea services are conducted at many differ
) of the ship or aircraft or a religious representative

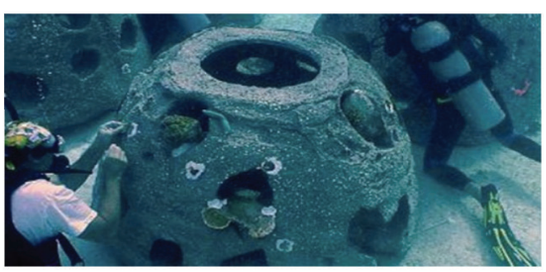
The ceremony may include burial in a casket, buria
aircraft is usually done only with cremated remains
block to form an artificial reef such as the Atlantis F

Below is a list of religions that allow burial at sea, w

Die from Multiple Blunt-Force Injuries









or BioShock Infinite, *see* *BioShock Infinite: Burial at Sea*.

he ocean, normally from a ship or boat. It is regularly performed by navies, and is done by private

ent locations and with many different customs, either by ship or by aircraft. Usually, either the captain (or (of the decedent's religion or the state religion) performs the ceremony.

l sewn in sailcloth, burial in an urn, or scattering of the cremated remains from a ship. Burial at sea by . Other types of burial at sea include the mixing of the ashes with concrete and dropping the concrete eef.

ith some details of the burial.

“Consider the subtleness of the sea; how its most dreaded creatures glide under water, unapparent for the most part, and treacherously hidden beneath the loveliest tints of azure. Consider also the devilish brilliance and beauty of many of its most remorseless tribes, as the dainty embellished shape of many species of sharks. Consider, once more, the universal cannibalism of the sea; all whose creatures prey upon each other, carrying on eternal war since the world began.

Consider all this; and then turn to the green, gentle, and most docile earth; consider them both, the sea and the land; and do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man there lies one insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half-known life. God keep thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return!”

— **Herman Melville, Moby Dick**

It's so windy tonight 00:10

World is wild 00:10

i just hear people weeing 00:10 ✓✓



Ok 00:08

Have u taken some meds? 00:08

I have taken lotsa meds 00:08 ✓✓

just took valerian tabs on top 00:08 ✓✓

Hope it works 4 u X 00:09



when you see something you didn't wanna see



Mexico's government creates marine park size of Illinois for sea animals in Pacific



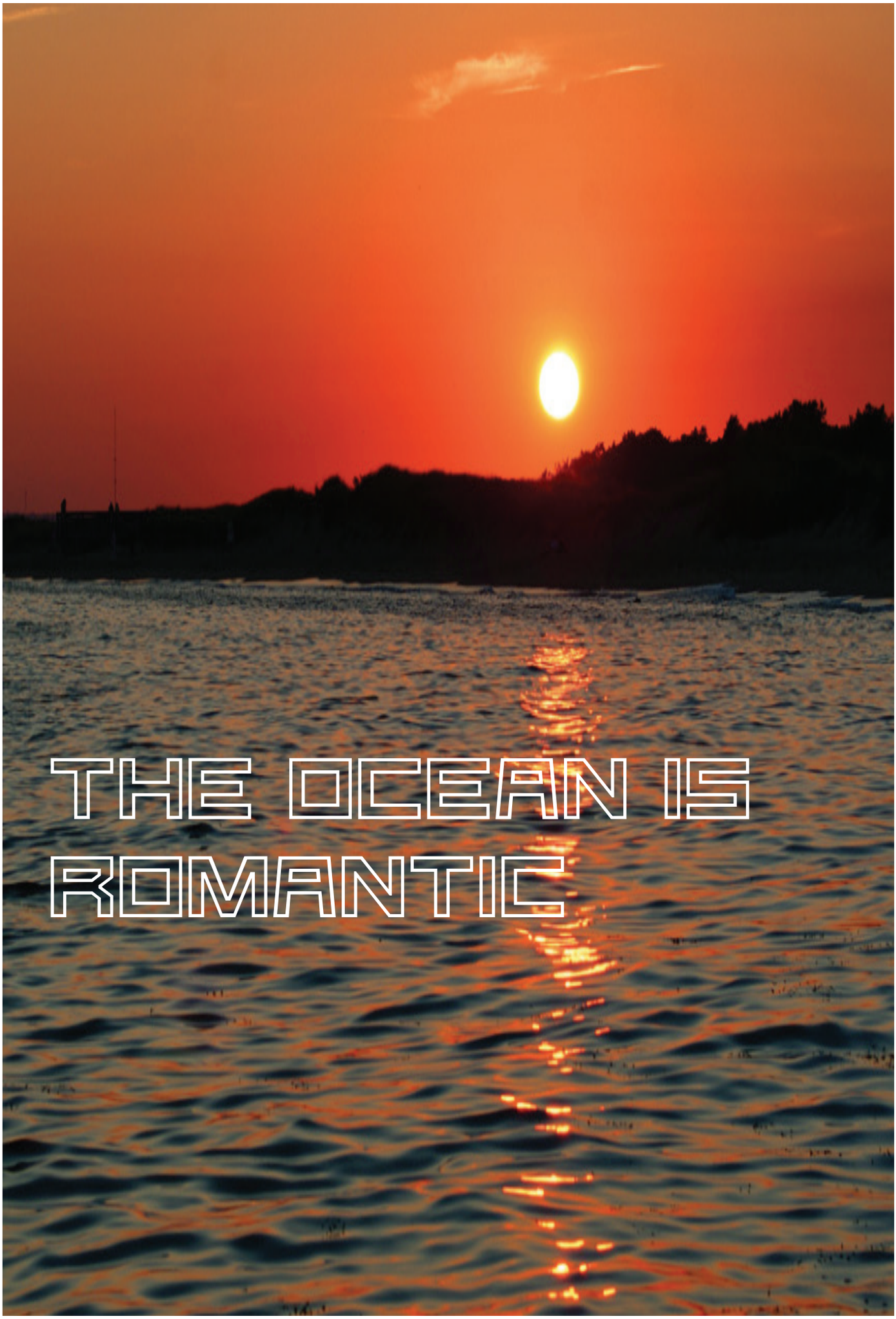
Rajgiri explained that the Ganga is everywhere and that the Ganga's water is the purest. The physical river is of no importance, neither is its pollution of any significance. The Ganga is created at his tent by the fire of his yajna and ritualistic offerings. The fire produces smoke which will cleanse the air and leads to formation of clouds. These clouds collect the water from the Ganga flowing in heavens above the sky and bring it to earth in the form of rains. Rain is always pure and nurtures all the life. In this way Hinduism cleanses the Earth.







$UICIDEBOY$ - A DEATH IN THE OCEAN WOULD BE SO BEAUTIFUL


THE OCEAN IS
ROMANTIC

Sources (listed in order of appearance)

- Image found by googling ‘The ocean is empty’

- Image found by googling ‘The ocean is pure’

- Screenshot from google search of ‘toxic ocean’

- Headline from article in the guardian newspaper ‘Davis Attenborough has betrayed the living world he loves” by George Monbiot (published 7 Nov 2018)

- Image from Wikipedia summary for ‘Blue Marble’

- Image found by googling ‘The ocean is abundant’

- Image found by googling ‘The ocean is healing’

- Instagram post by ex-lover (28 Dec 2018)

- Image from online article about two headed sharks found at twentytwowords.com

- Image found by googling ‘The ocean is dangerous’

- Paragraph from article ‘The High Place Phenomenon Is A Healthy Urge…To Jump Off A Bridge’ found at curiosity.com

- David Attenborough meme found at www.me.me

- Song lyrics ‘White Flag’ by Dido

- Image still from YouTube video of song lyrics from ‘Head Above Water’ by Avril Lavigne

- Image stills of ‘Your dark mother’ from video ‘The Apocalypse’ by ContraPoints (2018)

- Monologue transcript from ‘Your dark mother’ from video ‘The Apocalypse’ by ContraPoints

- Excerpt from ‘Wildness, Loss, Death’ by Jack Halberstam (p. 137, Social Text 121, Vol. 32, No. 4, published Winter 2014, Duke University Press)

- Photo taken of an untitled painting in ‘The Dog and Bell’ pub in Deptford, London

- Screenshots of YouTube video ‘The Fish Are Back’ by ‘Your Hurricane Creekkeeper’ John L. Wathen

- Screenshot from website atlantic.com of image and part of the description of performance ‘Black Atlantis: Retrograde Futurism’ by Ayesha Hameed, (performed 5 Oct 2018)

- Image from article ‘Submerged: let yourself feel deeply’ at rebellesociety.com

- First paragraph from book ‘White Fragility: Why it’s so hard for white people to talk about rascism’ by Robin DiAngelo (published 26 Jun 2018 by Penguin Random House)

- Text from Wikipedia page ‘suicide methods’

- Self Care meme from www.me.me

- Image of Ravensburger jigsaw puzzle of pirates

- Stills from the film ‘Titanic’ (1998)

- Image from Wikipedia page ‘suicide methods’

- Screenshot from google search of images of ‘maelstroms’

- Screenshot image from film ‘Water Makes Us Wet: An Ecosexual Adventure’ by Beth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle

- Image and information on ‘underwater noise’ found at oceancare.org

- Photo of page 111 in Rebecca Solnit's book 'Trouble and Spaciousness' of the essay titled 'Oil and water.' (published 2014, Trinity University Press)

- Excerpt from the poem 'A Thousand Suns' by Celeste Pasian

- Image found when googling 'flames'

- Screenshots of 3 images from a google search of 'Gulf oil spill'

- Excerpt from an article 'Horrors of the Middle Passage' by Meserette Kentake at kentakepage.com (published 23 Aug 2015)

- Image of the coat of arms and information about 'British Indian Ocean Territory' from the Wikipedia page

- Image of 'Free Cece' poster by Micah Bazant (whose tagline is 'making social change look irresistible')

- Different versions of RAGE at font-generator.com

- 'Is That a Sea Monster?' meme found at memegenerator.net

- Excerpt from novel, 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' by Oscar Wilde (published 20 Jun 1890)

- Article titled 'Hundreds feared dead in Mediterranean Sea' from Aljazeera.com (published 23 Mar 2017)

- Excerpt from 'Climate Change, Narcissism, Denial, Apocolypse' by Robert D Stolorow at psychologytoday.com (published 6 Oct 2012)

- Still from video interview with Trump on CNN (27 Nov 2018)

- Image from the film 'Beast of the Southern Wild' (released 19 Oct 2012)

- Stills from YouTube video 'What If You Detonated a Nuclear Bomb In The Marianas Trench? (Science not Fantasy)'

- Excerpt from introduction to the book 'Hyperobjects: Philospohy and ecology after the end of the world' by Timothy Morten (2013, University of Minnesota Press)

- Image found on the website psy.org on article 'The battle to ban plastic bags' (2016, creative commons)

- Image from WhatsApp conversation between ex-lover and myself (Dec 2018)

- Poem by Trev Flash, written as a child

- Cover image of film 'Water Makes Us Wet: An Ecosexual Adventure' by Beth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle (2017)

- Screenshot image from film 'Water Makes Us Wet: An Ecosexual Adventure' by Beth Stephens & Annie Sprinkle (2017)

- Stills from YouTube video 'The Doctor Who Gave Up Drugs: Episode 1', showing cold water swimming for depressed patients

- Image of the painting, 'Miss Chief's Wet Dream' by Kent Monkman

- Excerpt from 'Hyperobjects: Philospohy and ecology after the end of the world' by Timothy Morten (p.14-15, 2013, University of Minnesota Press)

- Title of the review of Kent Monkman's 'Miss Chief's Wet Dream' by Ray Cronin for theglobeandmail.com (published 1 Nov 2018)

- Photos from the film installation 'Vertigo Sea' by John Akomfrah at exhibition 'Strange Days: Memories of the Future' at 180 The Strand (Dec 2018)

- Letter to Mr. Wise by a friend written as a child

- Photo from my journal (Dec 2018)

- Image from twitter @paraicobrien (19 Aug 2015)

- Still from YouTube video of the Sesame Street song 'Love the Ocean'

- Meme found by searching 'hooman why?'

- Still from film 'Vertigo Sea' by John Akomfrah

- Opening paragraph of essay 'The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction' by Ursula K. Le Guin (1986)

- Still from YouTube video 'The Drugs We Wash Away: Pharmaceuticals, Drinking Water and the Environment'

- Headline from article in the Sydney Morning Herald by Peter Hannam (10 Sep 2018)

- Pac man and ecstacy image found by searching 'pac man'

- Still of video and caption from Guardian article 'Scientists accidentally create mutant enzyme that eats plastic bottles' by Damien Carrington (published 16 Apr 2018)

- Image from unknown origin

- Image of an Email found online (17 Oct 2017)

- Still from YouTube video of the Sesame Street song 'Love the Ocean'

- 'An undersea Adventure' written by a friend when they were a child

- Image from the book 'Commotion in the Ocean' by Giles Andreae (published 13 May 1998)

- Image used on poster to warn kids about 'Stranger Danger'

- Screenshot of an event 'Toward a Common Survival' at the 'Institute if Queer Ecology' Chicago (25 May - 1 Jul 2018)

- First paragraph of the Xenofeminist manifesto (published Sept 2018, Verso books)

- Image and text from article 'I moved back to where I grew up, this is my happy place' - Kathy Donaghy on living by the sea' in the Irish Independent (15 jan 2019)
- Excerpts from the podcast Speak Up For The Blue by Andrew Lewin, episode 629 'What Do You Love About The Ocean?'

- Definition of a 'maritime boundary' from Wikipedia

- The 'Fantasy Of Smoothness' page: image of a paining by Danielle Eubank

- Image and caption from the article 'Ghost ships' running out of water and food as Hanjin scrambles to find ports where they may unload' at nationalpost.com (12 Sept 2016)

- Warning from consumerreports.org

- Still from YouTube video 'indurable' monstrosities" presentation by Charmaine Chua (published by Sonic Acts, 27 Mar 2018)

- Naomi Klein says 'green groups have been backing the wrong solutions to climate change, such as the UN Clean Development Mechanism' in an article in the Guardian by Jason Mark (10 Sept 2013)

- Image from the video 'The Apocalypse' by ContraPoints (2018)

- Image and caption from article by Rebecca Solnit in the Guardian Don't despair: the climate fight is only over if you think it is' (14 Oct 2018)

- Excerpt from 'Slow Violence and Environmentalism of the Poor' by Rob Nixon (2011, Harvard University Press)

- Quote from article 'Climate Change and Climate Justice in Haiti: A Photo Blog' at grassrootsonline.org (26 Jun 2015)

- Image and text from article 'Apocalypse How? What Novels Screw Up About Climate Change' published at huffingtonpost.com (24 Apr 2018)

- Image found from googling 'Blockadia'

- Image and headline from article found at democracyctr.org (23 Apr 2015)

- Artwork by Nihilisa Frank

- Traditional Newfoundland sea shanty called 'Blow The Wind Westerly'

- Excerpt from 'The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study' by Fred Moten and Stefano Harney (published 2013, Autonomedia)

- Image from a performance 'Sailors' by visual artist Adam Patterson, event found at repeatingislands.com (2019)

- Another image drawn by same friend when they were a child

- Excerpt from text 'Destruction as the Cause of Coming into Being' by Sabrina Spielrein (Journal of Analytical Psychology 1994, 39, p.158)

- Image found by searching 'scary ocean'

- Stills from Disney film 'Moana' (2018)

- 'Tropical Cyclone Names' found at The National Hurricane Center website (USA)

- Photo from the book 'The Deadly Life of Logistics' by Deborah Cowen (p.226, 2014)

- Definitions of 'Watersports' found at kinkly.com and urbandictionary.com

- Wikipedia summary and images of the 'Siren'

- Wikipedia definition of the 'Aipaloovik'

- 'A hundred per cent' poem by Eileen Myles found at thepoetryfoundation.com (2018)

- Still from film 'Evolution' by Lucile Hadzihalilovic (released 2015)

- Whatsapp conversation between ex-lover and myself (Jan 2019)

- Still from film essay 'The Forgotten Space' by Allan Sekula and Noël Burch - 'The sea is forgotten until disaster strikes' (released 15 Feb 2012)

- Image and headline from article at livescience.com (30 Apr 2013)

- Info found at eternalreefs.com

- Wikipedia definition of a 'Shipwreck'

- Wikipedia information of 'Burial at Sea'

- Headline found at ranker.com after searching 'What Happens if you Jump off a Bridge?'

- Quote from Moby Dick by Herman Melville (published 18 Oct 1851)

- WhatsApp conversation between ex-lover and myself (Jan 2019)

- Still from TV series Black Mirror episode 'San Junipero' (screened 21 Oct 2016)

- Image with caption 'Offerings for lemanjá in Salvador, Brazil' found at Wikipedia.com after searching 'sea goddess'

- Holy water meme found at www.me.me

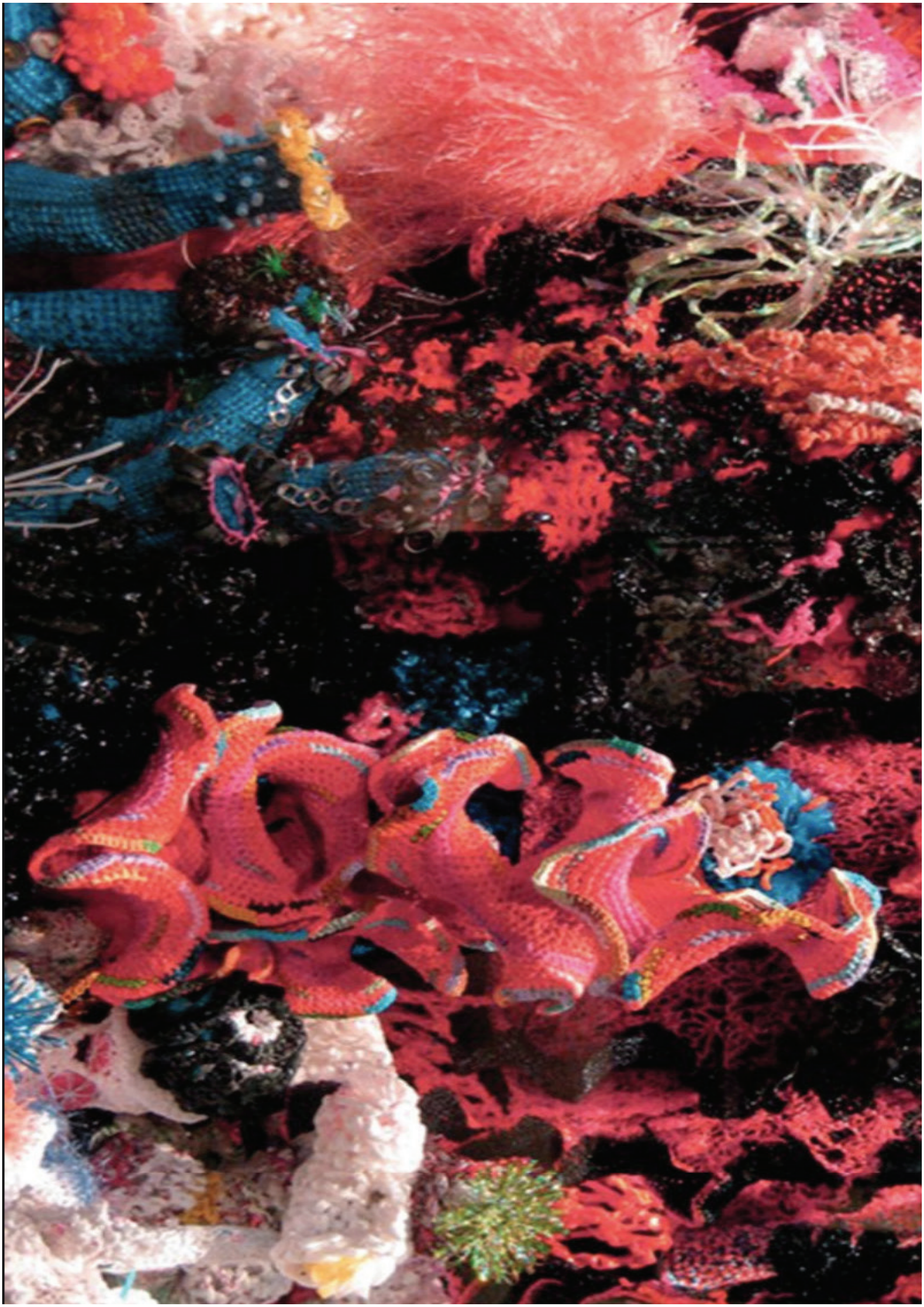
- Headline and image from article at independent.co.uk (published 25 Nov 2017)

- Excerpt from article titled 'Hindu philosophy and environmental pollution' at downtoeartth.org (published 7 Jun 2015)

- Image found by googling 'Goths at the beach'

- Still from YouTube music video by $UICIDEBOY$

- Image found by googling 'The ocean is romantic'



ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ty wardwell & ethan folk

ugly & angry

ethan folk & ty wardwell

fiscal year 2018

breath 0: cover

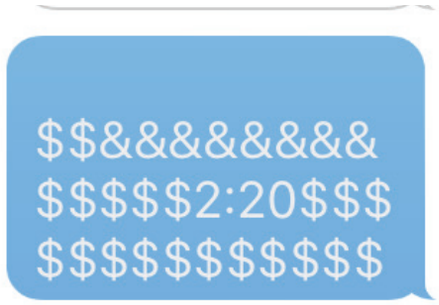
EF: Hi Ty. Thanks for agreeing to this format. I'm just going to jump right in with a question if that's alright. I know that the concept of '2:20' is important to your work. How would you introduce the rule of 2:20 to someone who had never heard of it before?

…

omg these are 2:20

12/12/18, 6:29 PM

aren’t they tho


$$&&&&&&&&
$$$$$2:20$$$
$$$$$$$$$$

2:20 is my favorite handle

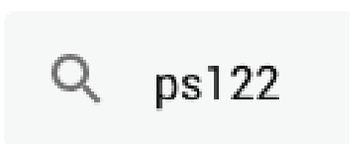
its my Handle Of The Day

ethan: whenever we get feedback on performance i like to ask
ty: 30/what is gender/my apartment in xberg
ty: a/s/l?
ethan: "pretend that you dont get to ask any questions or know any more context"
Ben: lol
ethan: "you are a hired dramaturg"
ty: lol oops im 31 i always under age myself
ethan: "reknowned for your sharp and ruthless editing axe
ethan: "
ethan: "you have to make this performance 2 minutes 20 seconds long"
ethan: "what bits definitely make the cut"
Ben: effing good question
ethan: "what bits go in the bin"

breath 1: peter


Gmail
ps122

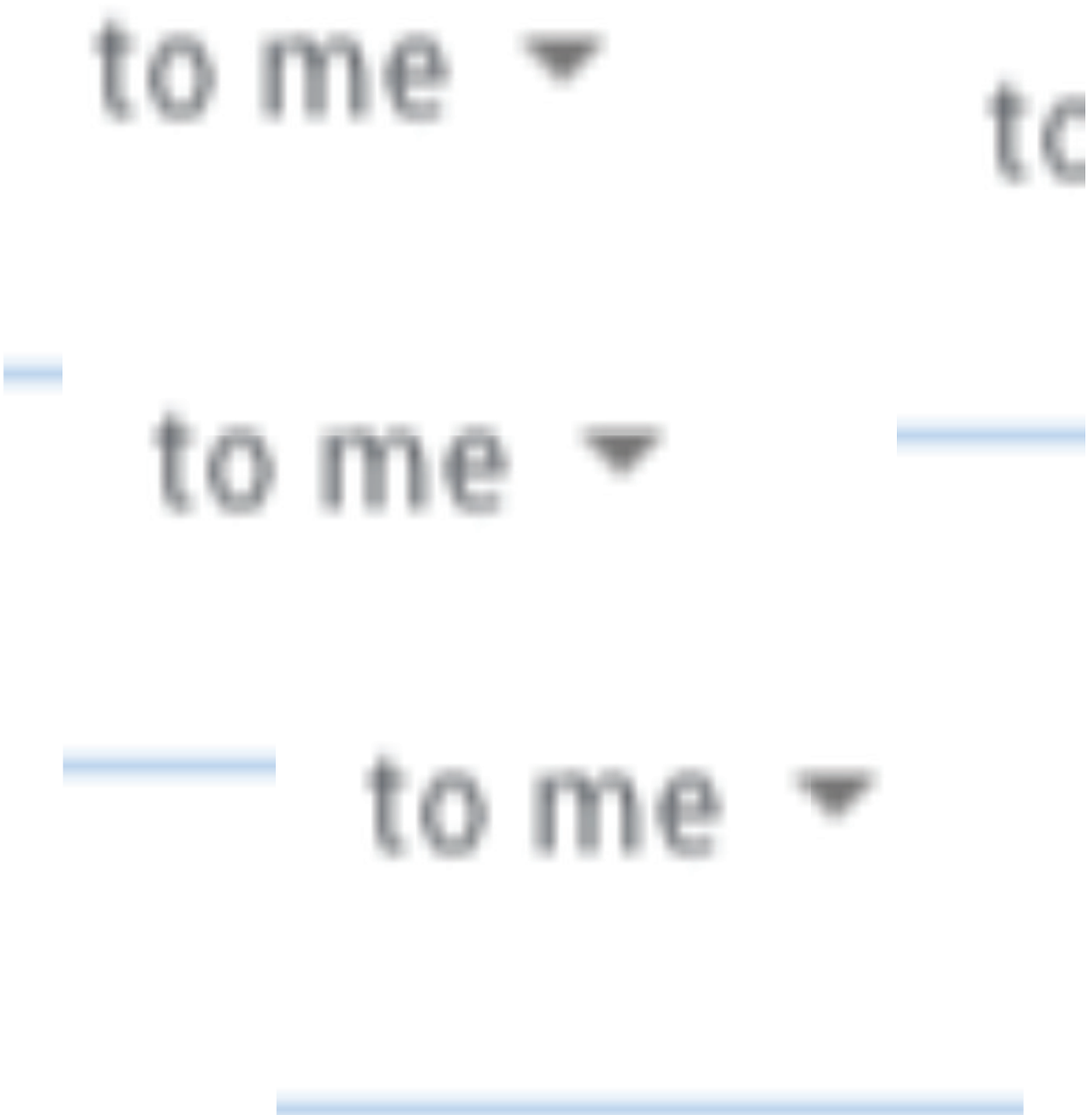

Gmail


ps122


Gmail

Performance Space 122 Ne Oct 23, 2018, 3:07 PM

to me


to me
to me
to me

October 23, 2018 15:07

Re: PS122 New York - call for performances

Performance Space 122 New York <ps122ny@excite.c Oct 23, 2018, 3:07 PM

to me

Dear Ethan:

As you may know, Performance Space 122 in New York City has been a pioneer in the field of contemporary performance, theater and dance since 1980. As one of New York's most renowned not-for-profit arts organization, we have been constantly supporting emerging artists, new talents, established performers and creative minds ever since.

Our European performance scout saw your Free Pancakes' performance in 2017. Thus, if you were interested in showing one or several of your performances in New York during the spring/summer 2019 season, we would like to invite you to make available to us full online video versions of your complete works - past and present - for a first overview. Video documentation may be submitted to us via the usual channels (password-protected Vimeo, unlisted YouTube, WeTransfer or similar).

Please include a detailed portfolio description with your summary of works, technical riders detailing your stage and crew requirements as well as a compensation estimate for current projects.

Our overall theme for 2019 will be "performers' interaction" and will include stage plays, performance shows, live installations, collaborations, workshops and discussion panels, among many other things at various locations in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Many thanks for your consideration and perhaps until later in NYC.

Caroline Matthison
PS122 performance planning

Perfomance Space 122
67 West Street #315
Brooklyn, NY 11222
USA

ps122ny@excite.com
http://www.performancespacenewyork.org

October 23, 2018 15:13

New low-dropout voltage regulator

Author Name

Abstract

Publication info

PS122 wuuuuutttt

fukkkk

i propose email jazz sesh tmrw

lol was it liebig12 or pornydays

is tina a scout

l
o
l

haha i didnt know what pss122 was

but was still jazzed

i just did some googling and talked to lilly

now im a little überjazzed : O

roger that for email jazz tomorrow

yeahh i mean it's just an invite to submit but a thirsty one

from a venue that quenches thirst

with those who live the lives we want

i realized i max be a lil over ambitious on my jazz ability tmrw. again will just have to see how my head is

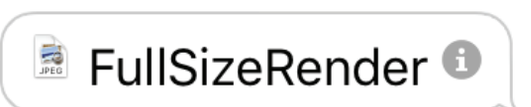
the "one or several" gives me a boner for sure

I KNOW

October 23, 2018. 15:20

cool we can play 2moro by ear for sure

pups first meme:

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for your audience and v
daddies. as you see in this
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convincing is my professio
soon. you'll want
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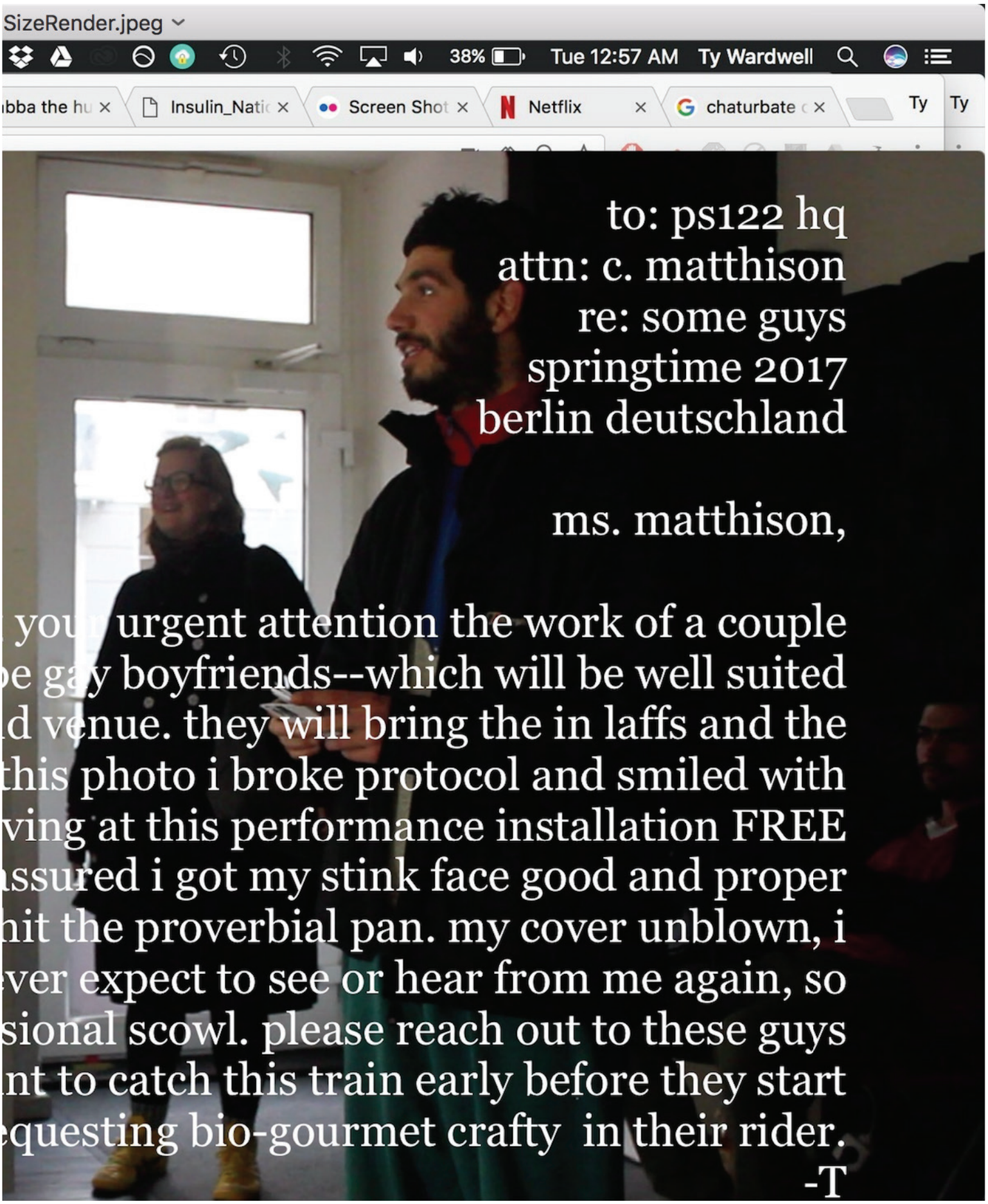
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38% Tue 12:57 AM Ty Wardwell
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to: ps122 hq
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re: some guys
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berlin deutschland
ms. matthison,
you urgent attention the work of a couple
e gay boyfriends--which will be well suited
d venue. they will bring the in laffs and the
this photo i broke protocol and smiled with
ving at this performance installation FREE
ssured i got my stink face good and proper
hit the proverbial pan. my cover unblown, i
ver expect to see or hear from me again, so
sional scowl. please reach out to these guys
nt to catch this train early before they start
questing bio-gourmet crafty in their rider.
-T

erm ya i have algees 15:20

ethan and i just got portfolio request from ps122. their euro scout saw free pancakes last year 15:22

 15:22

omg whaaat 15:22

who? 15:23

caroline matthison wrote the email 15:23

yeah you two would be right at home there! 15:23

but i dunno who saw us 15:2

at porny days i guess? 15:23

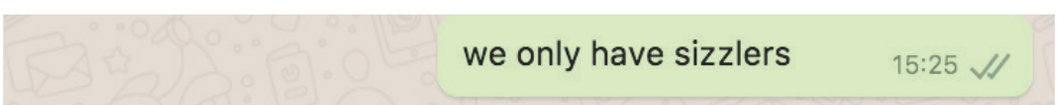
hmm i don't know that person. but that's great! 15:23

sizzler reelllllll! 15:24

they want full versions of our complete works 15:25

lol 15:25

someones got some time on their hands 15:25


we only have sizzlers
15:25

October 24 2018 19:10



Ethan Folk & Ty Wardwell <cutenon.com@gmail.com> Wed, Oct 24, 7:10 PM

to ps122ny

Hi Caroline!

Thank you for reaching out! We're so delighted to receive a request like this from PS122. Though we've never been to your space, several of our dearest friends and art crushes and inspirations have performed there.

Is it ok if we send the video links and other info by Monday October 29?

As we put together these materials, we're wondering what's the best format for you. We can compile a single PDF with all of our works, technical riders, and budgets. We think that there are three performances that would fit best for your season, so there's also an option of creating more-detailed, separate PDFs for each of these performances.

Thank you again. Looking forward to sharing our work with you!

All the best,
Ethan & Ty

---

ethan folk &
ty wardwell

---

www.cutenon.com

...

October 29 11:04am

o

iMessage with 491636175748
10/29/18, 11:04 AM

lol i just showed elliott the ps122 email and they said it looks v phishy

or atleast the email address is

LOL yea it is [redacted]

[redacted]😑

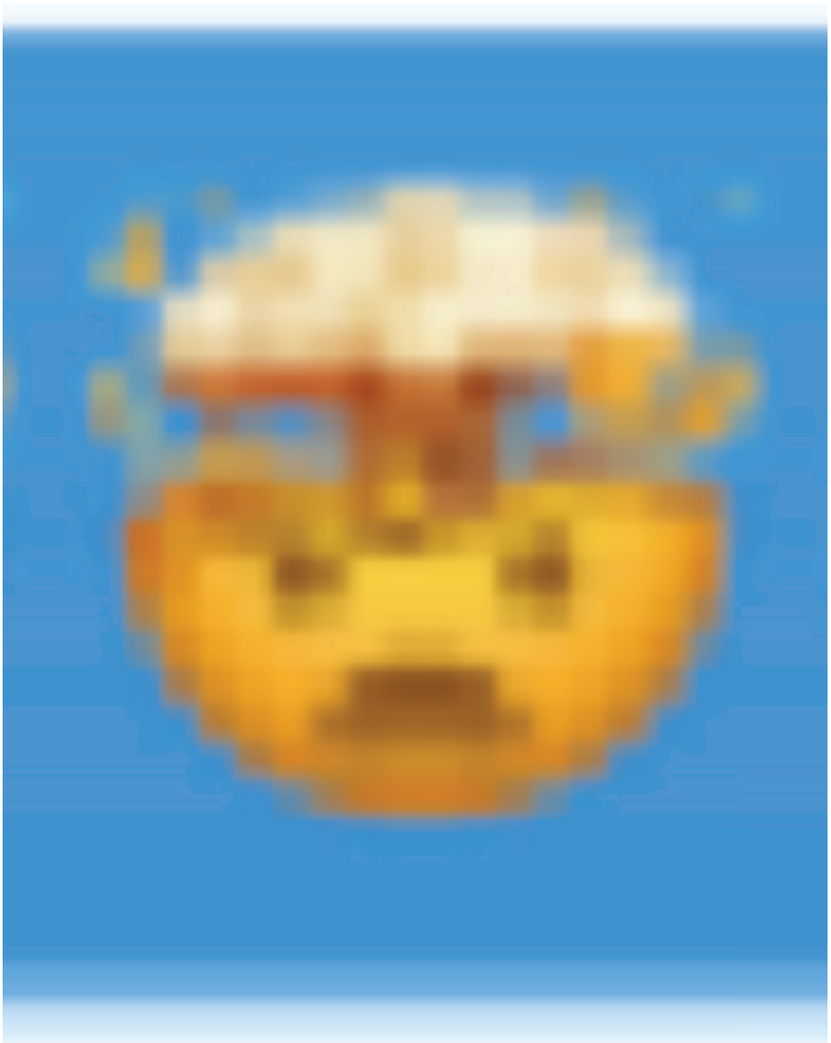
Click to Load Preview

registration.excite....

Screen Shot 2018-10-29...

what if they wanna put free pancakes on porn hub!

elliott is emailing their friend at ps122



LOL yea it is 🤭





"european scout"

ringing red flags apparently

so lets still make this thing. and see what we hear back from the back channels before sending?

i'll let u get back to class talk sooon

omg porn hub phishers [redacted]

elliott's friend is the Senior Producer

can we ask if we can send out Portfolio anyways 😭

oh yea thats the next play for sure



Sign In.
registration.excite.com





what if they wanna put free pancakes on porn hub!

elliott is emailing their friend at ps122

"european scout"

ringing red flags apparently

so lets still make this thing. and see what we hear back from the back channels before sending?



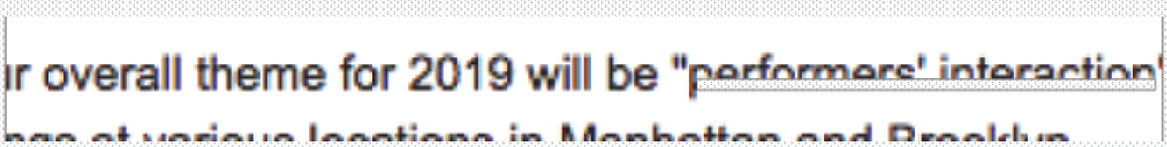
i'll let u get back to class talk sooon

omg porn hub phishers 🤯🤯🤯🤯🤯

oh wow Lessons in Humility(-iation)

Our overall theme for 2019 will be "performers' interaction" a

things at various locations in Manhattan and Brooklyn



owing one or several of your performances in

mplete works – past and present – for a first o

Our European performance scout saw y

spring/summer 2019 season, we would

October 30, 2018 00:05

On Mon, Oct 29, 2018, 19:17 Benjamin Kimitch <[redacted]> wrote:

Hi Elliott,

Thanks for bring this to my attention. No clue what kind of gain is here, but it's 100% phishing.

Benjamin Kimitch
Senior Producer

Performance Space New York

[redacted]
212-477-5829 x316
150 First Avenue, NY, NY 10009



On Mon, Oct 29, 2018 at 6:21 AM Elliott Cennetoglu [redacted] wrote:

Hi Ben!

It was nice to run in to you for a moment at Mette Ingvartsen's show a few weeks ago.

This is a bit of a strange inquiry. My very dear friends Ty Wardwell and Ethan Folk got an email from a person named Caroline Matthison, who says she is a performance planner at PS122. The email address it comes from is ps122ny@excite.com.

The email says that a European scout saw their performance in Zurich, and inquires about tech rider, full video documentation, and other materials.

It is totally within the realm of possibility that PSNY would want to program Ty and Ethan's work, but the email content and address raised a few red flags. Just wanted to check that it's not a very strange phishing scheme! And if not, it might be good to ask this person to reformat and clarify her emails...

Hope all is well with you!
.elliott

[redacted]

---------- Forwarded message ----------
From: **Benjamin Kimitch** <[redacted]>
Date: Tue, Oct 30, 2018, 00:05
Subject: Re: fishy ps122 email address?
To: <[redacted]>

If you'd like. This actually happened about a year ago too - same email address it seems! So I've seen the emails they send - it's weird.

We've requested a termination of the account with excite.com

Thanks!

Benjamin Kimitch
Senior Producer

Performance Space New York
[redacted]
150 First Avenue, NY, NY 10009



On Mon, Oct 29, 2018 at 6:59 PM Elliott Cennetoglu <[redacted]> wrote:

> yeah it seems really insane that someone would benefit from that information... thanks for your quick response! if you would like, i can have them forward the email.
>
> .e

y attention. No clue what kind of gain is here, but it's 100% phishing.

New York
ncespacenewyork.org
acenewyork.org

, NY 10009

October 30, 2018 00:28

iMessage with 491636175748
10/30/18, 12:28 AM

ben kimitch of ps122 confirmed that caroline is a phisher. she's done it b4

o


NBCSportsBoston.com
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1st Quarter 8:16
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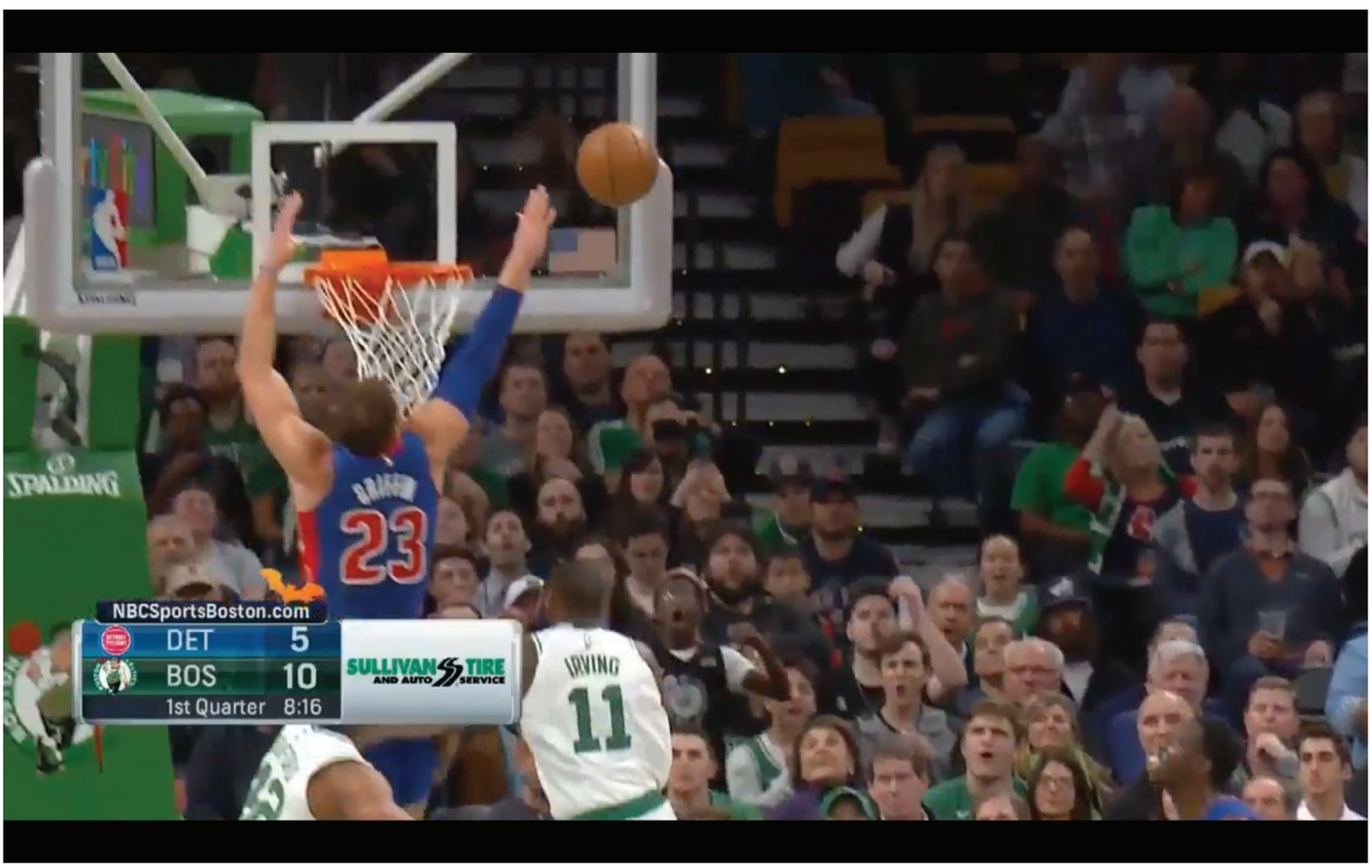
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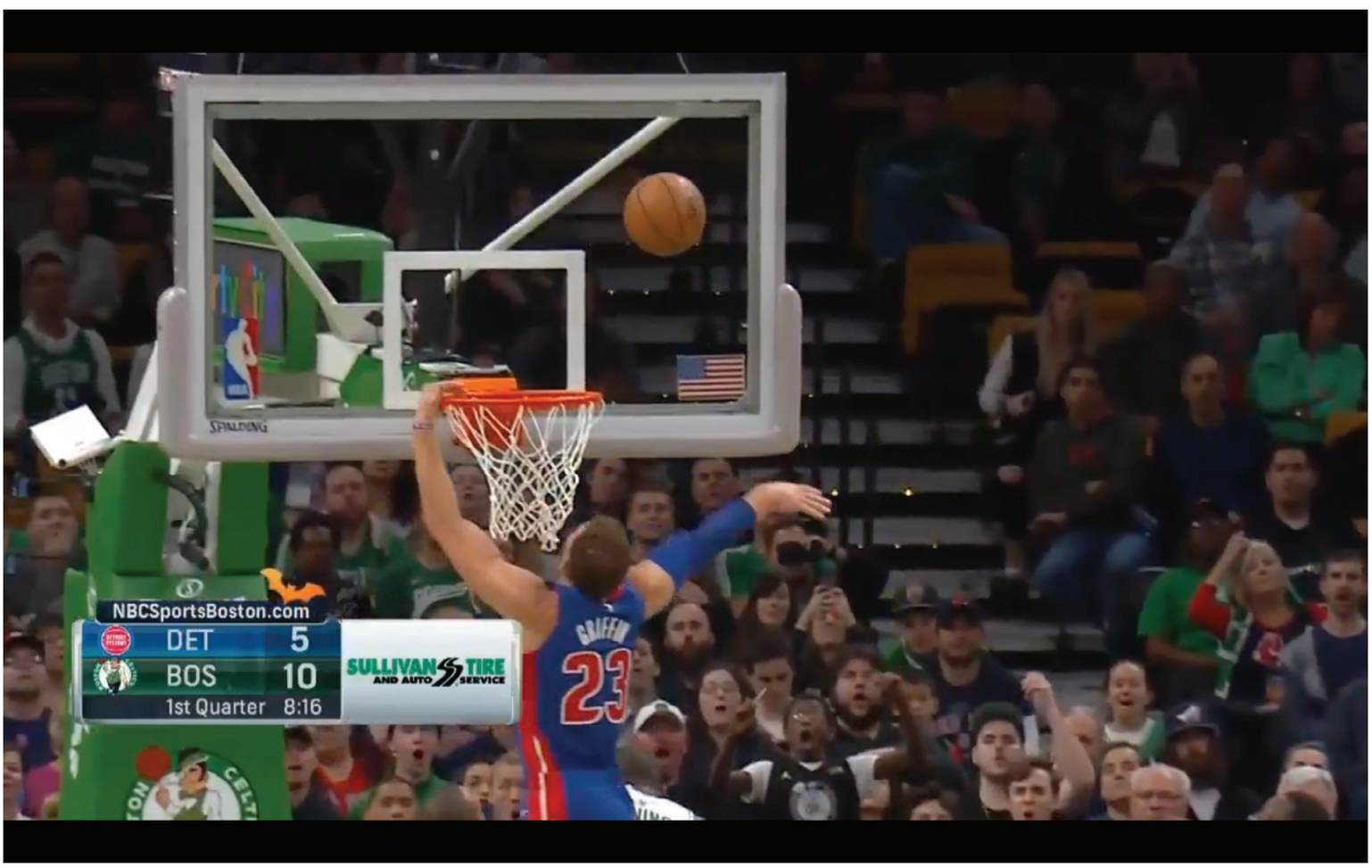
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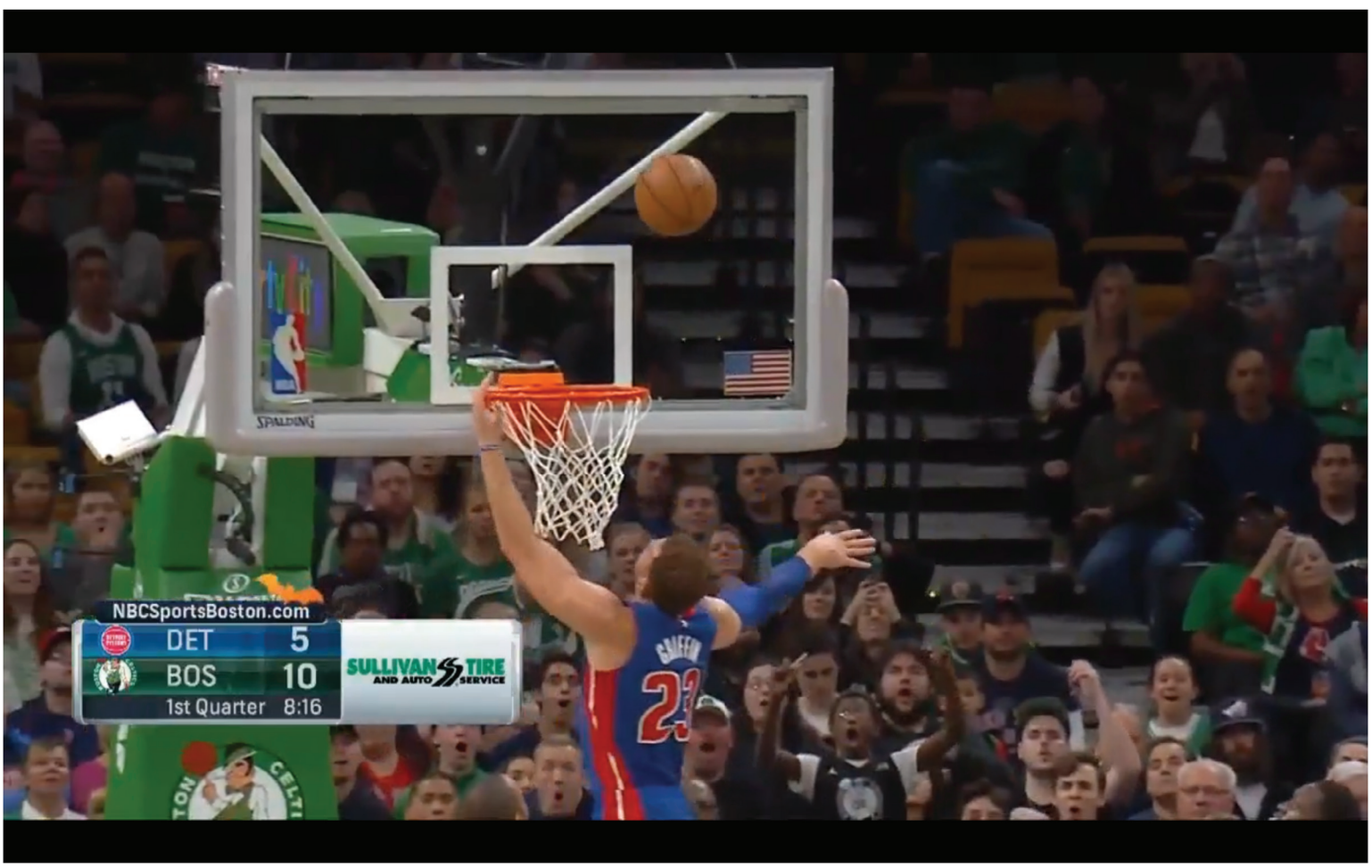
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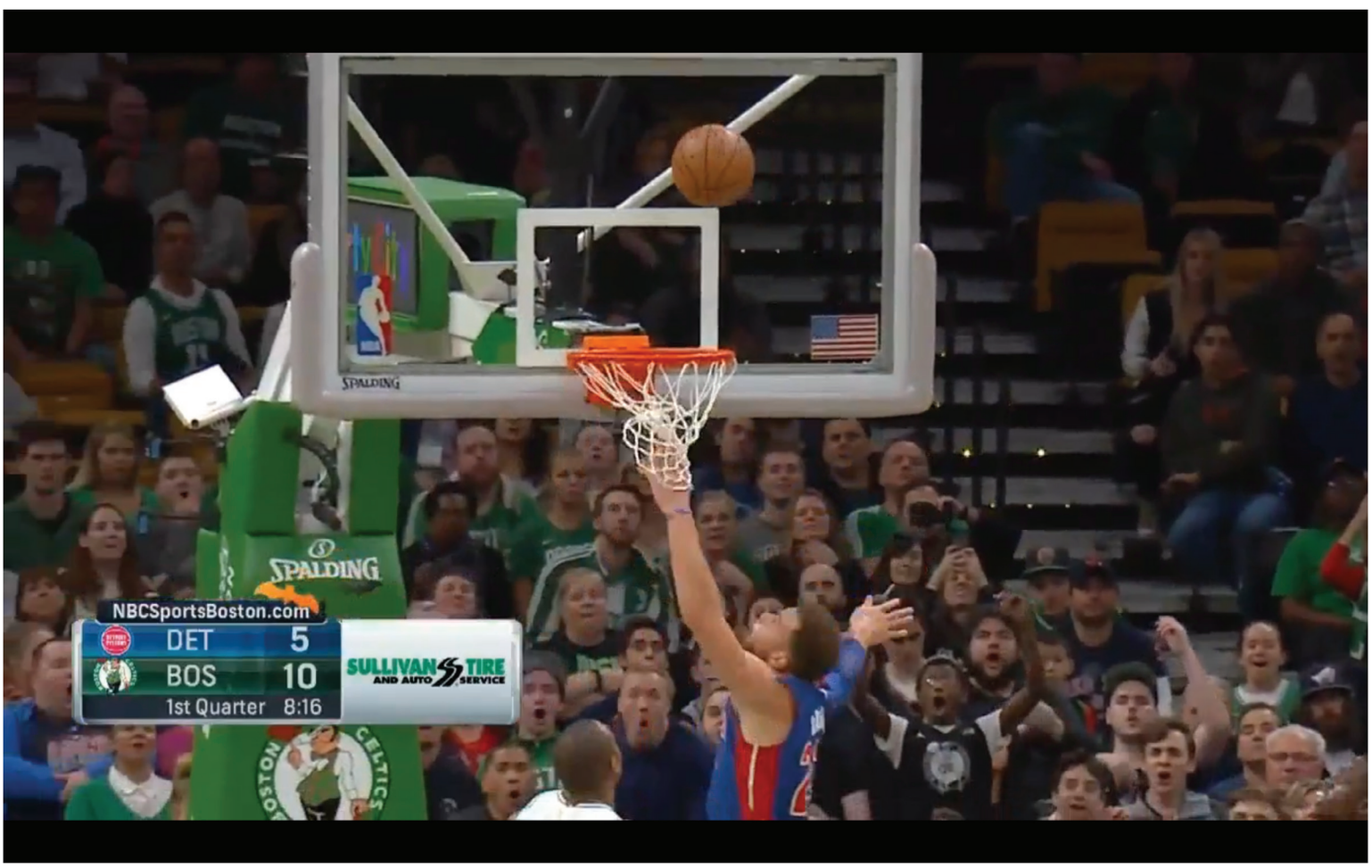
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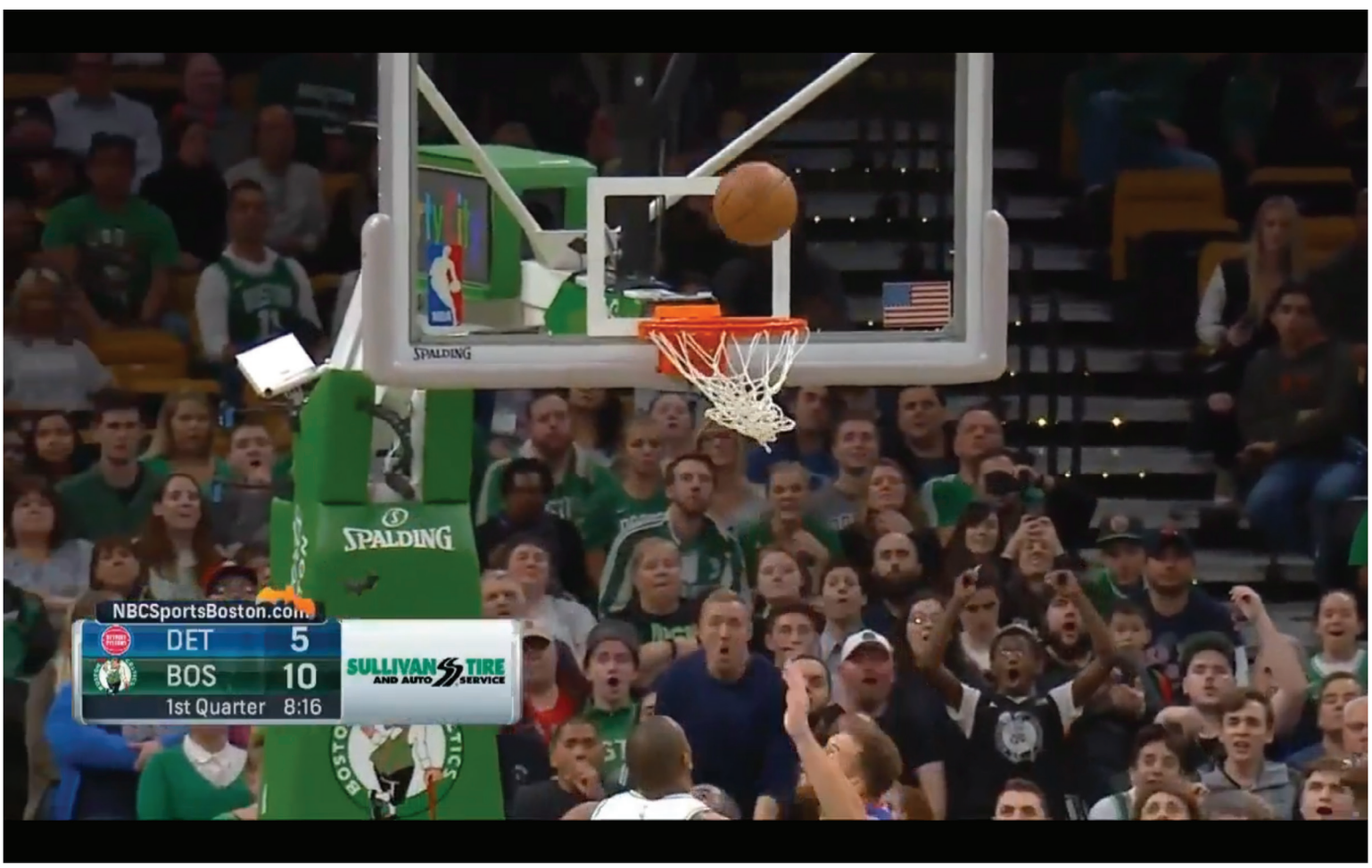
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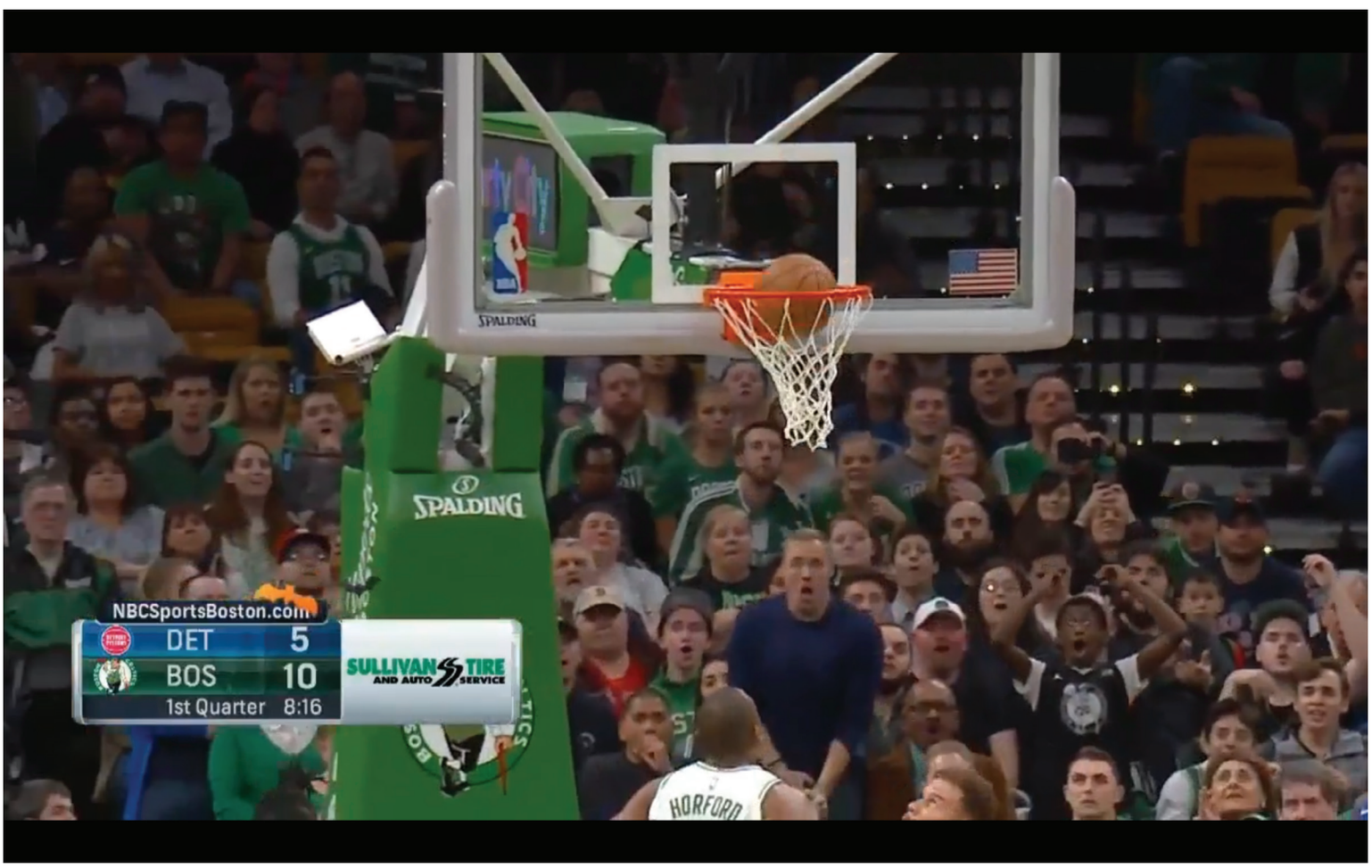
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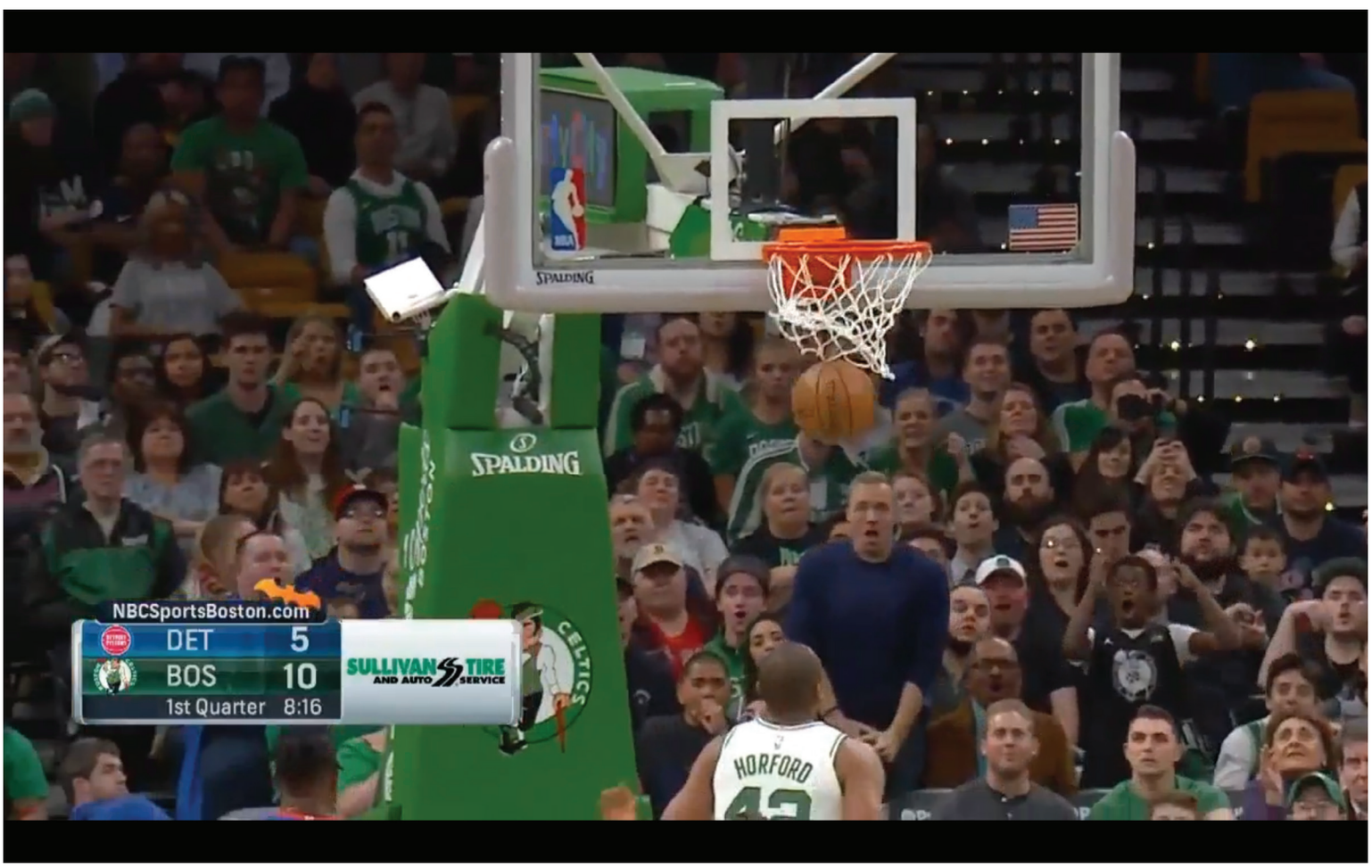
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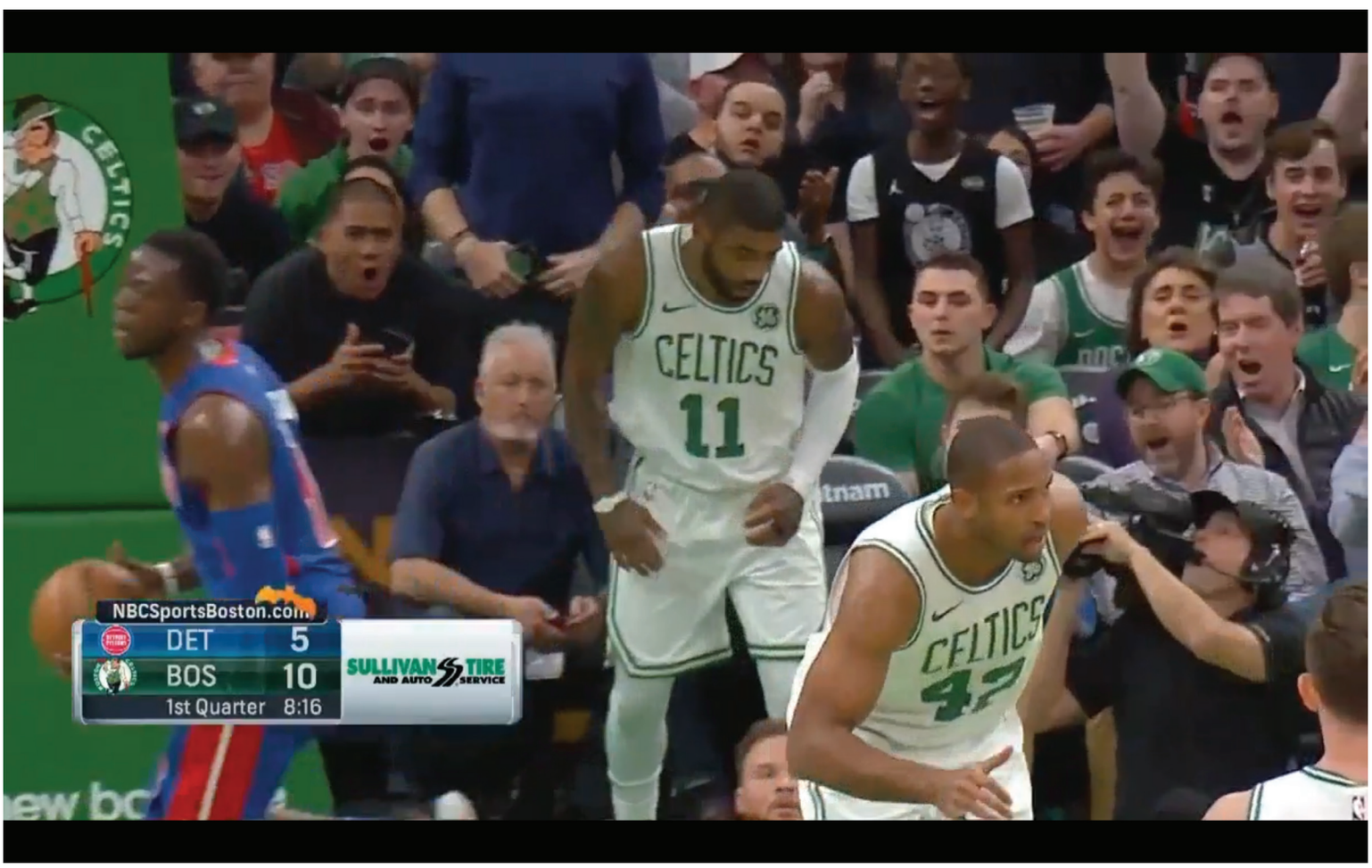
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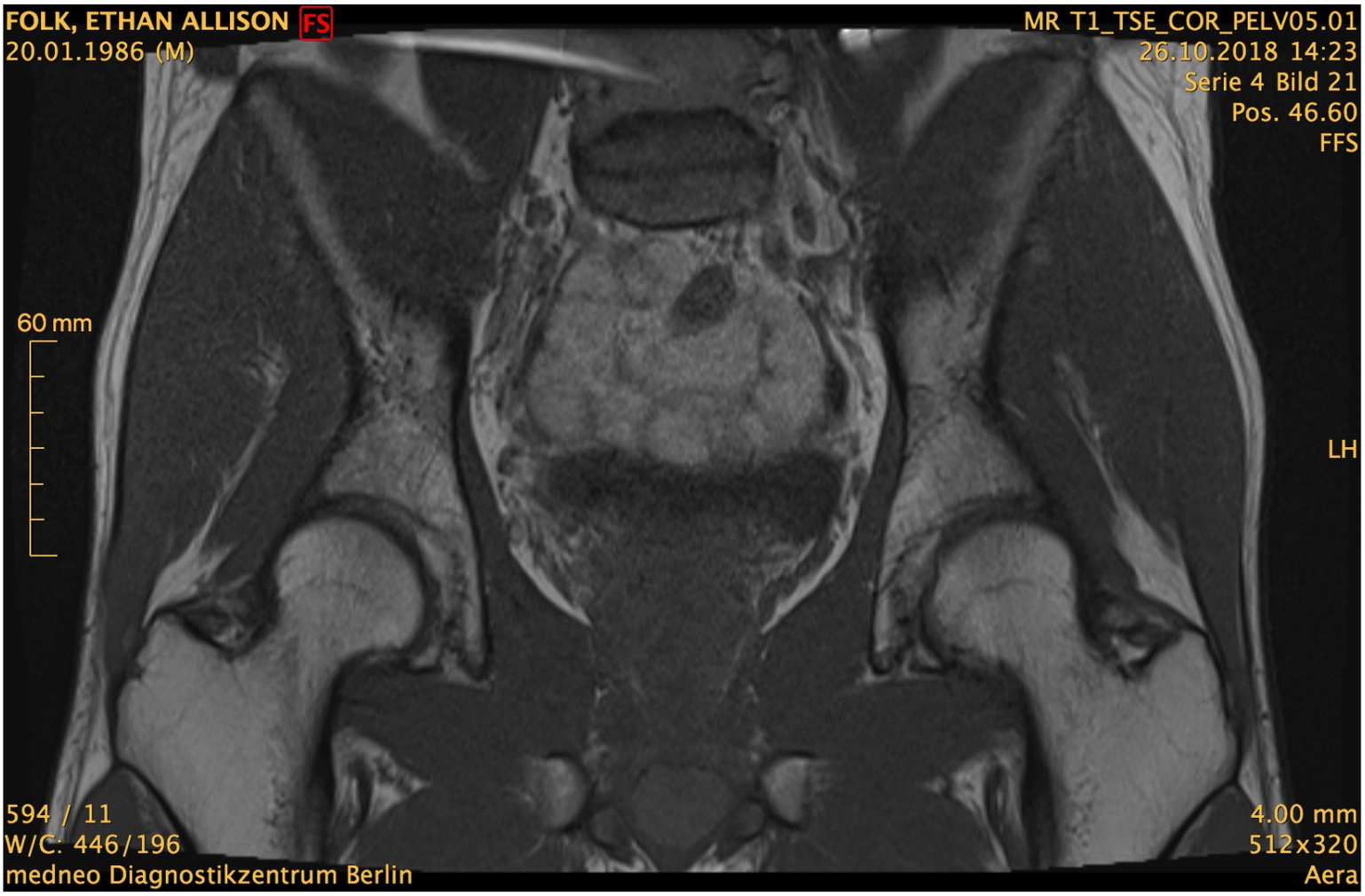
breath 2: wolf

th 2: wolf

…
TY: When moms ask "what are you up to?" what do we say?
…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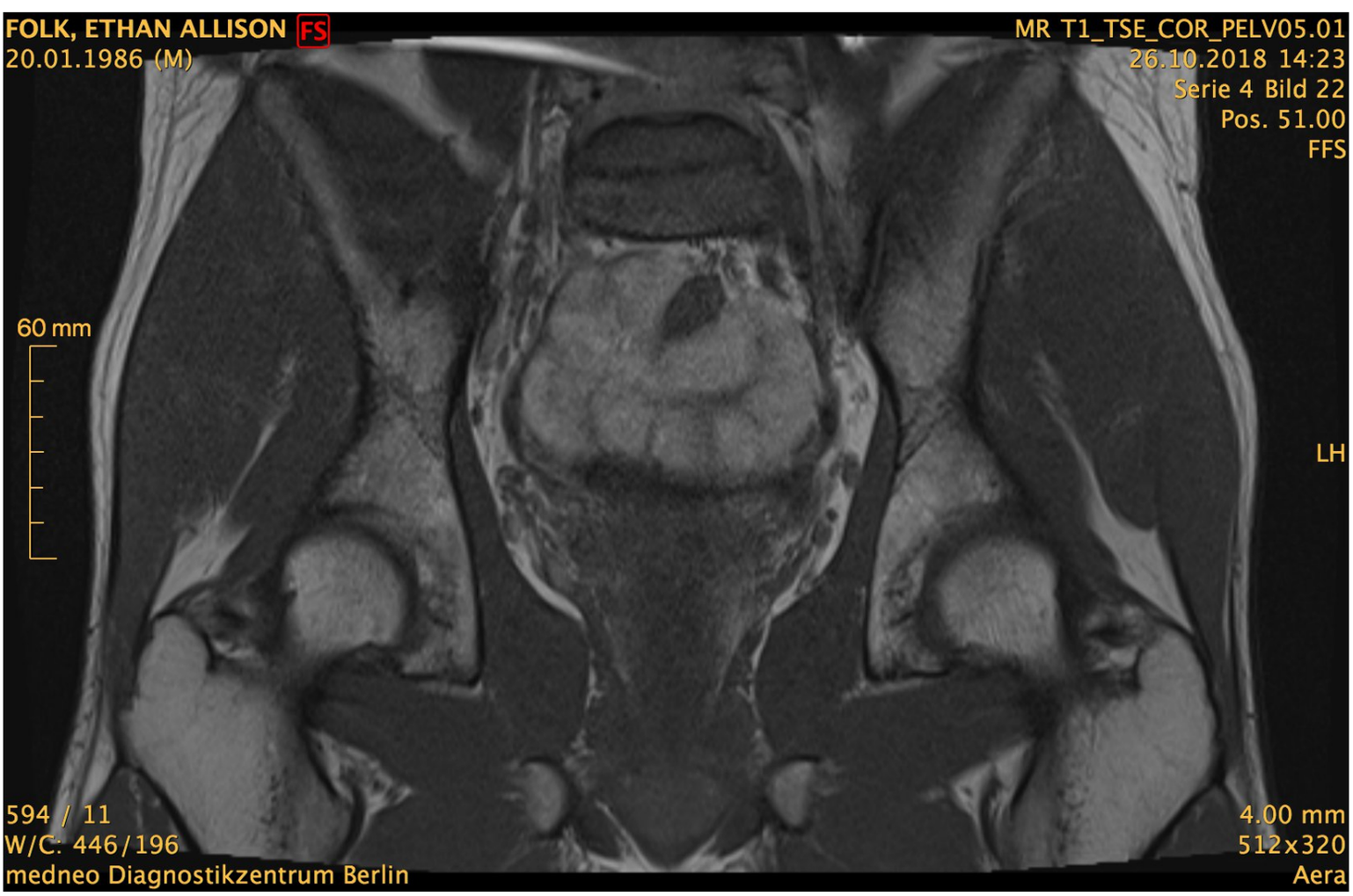
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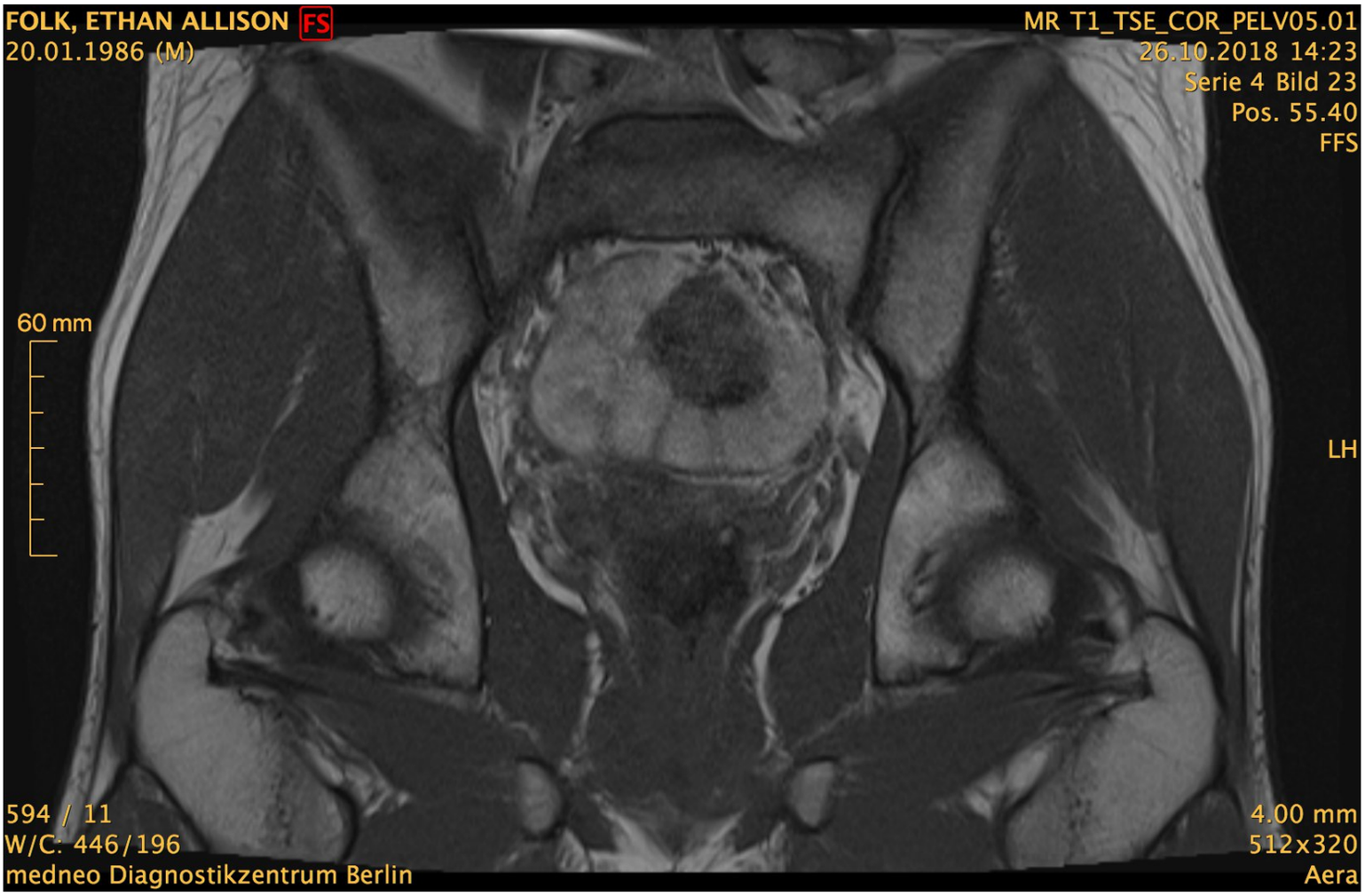
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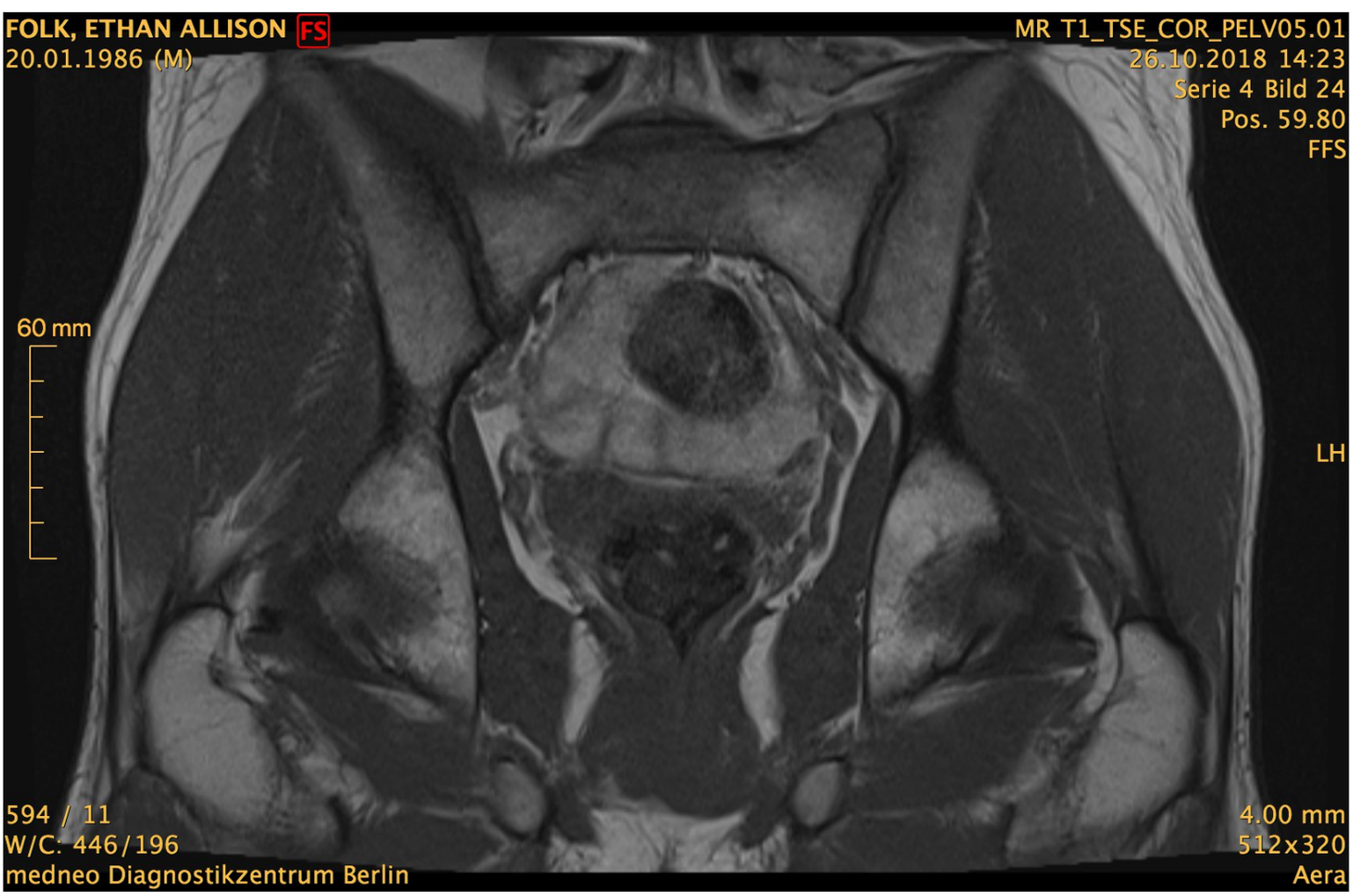
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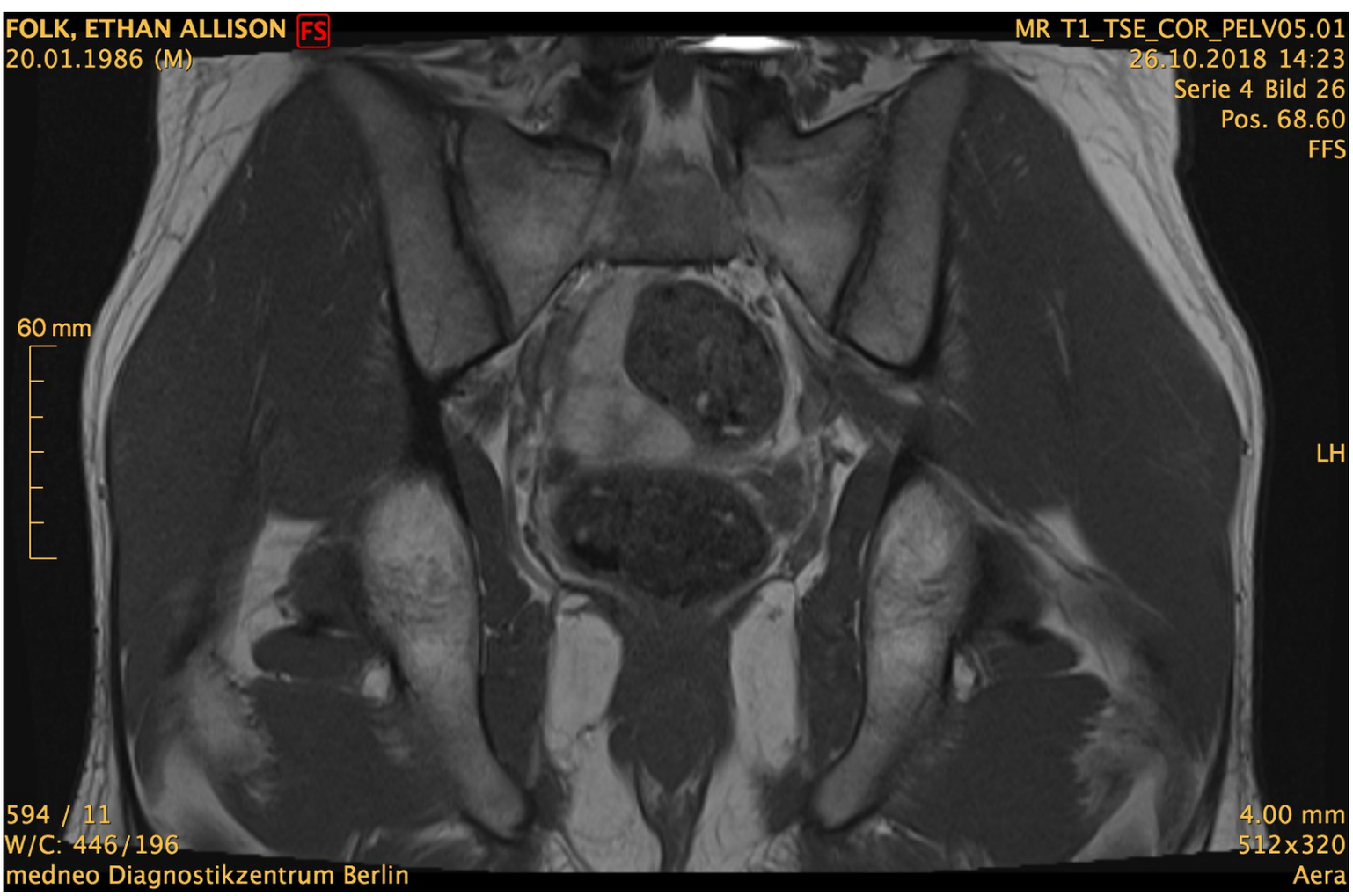
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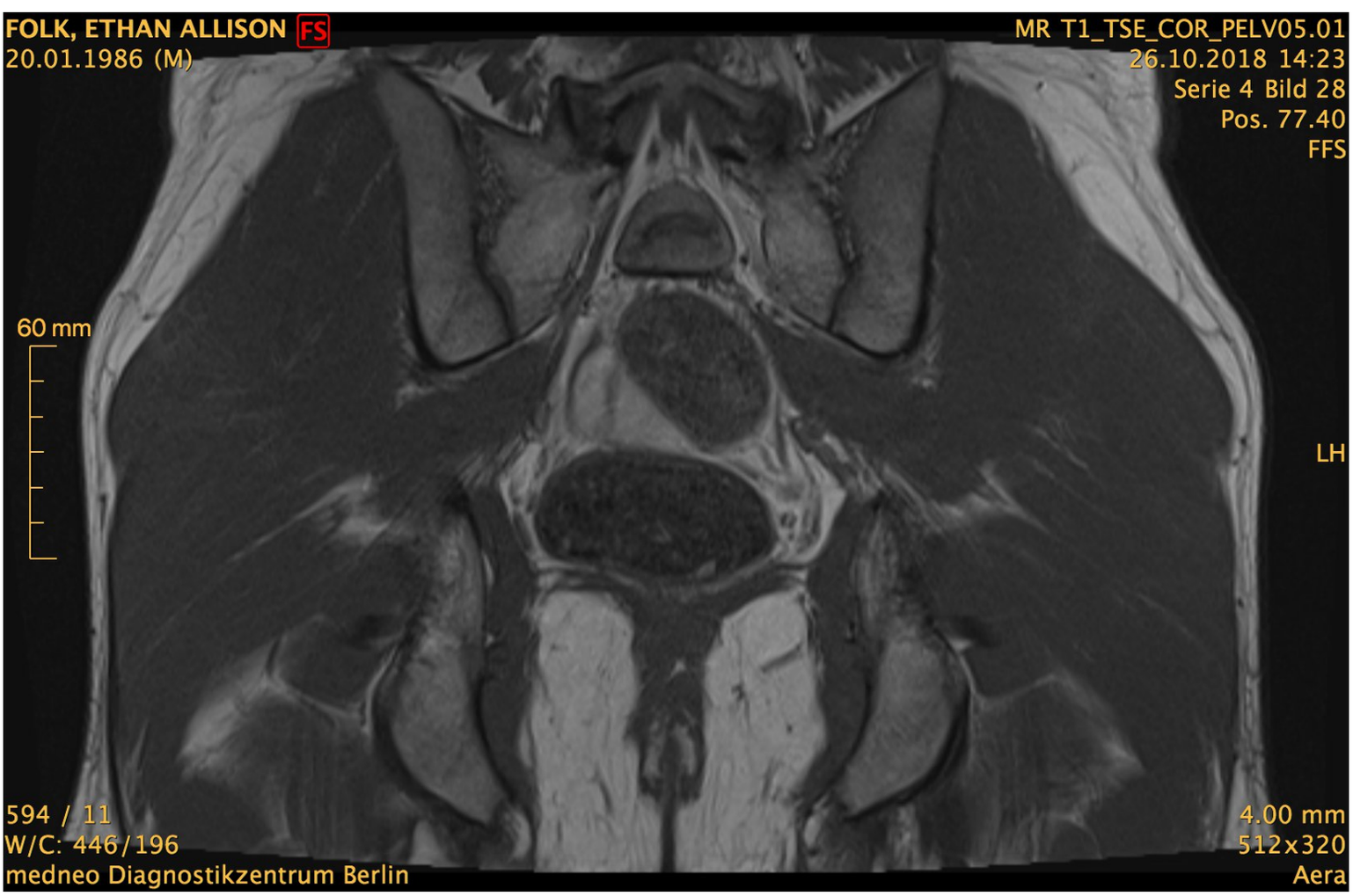
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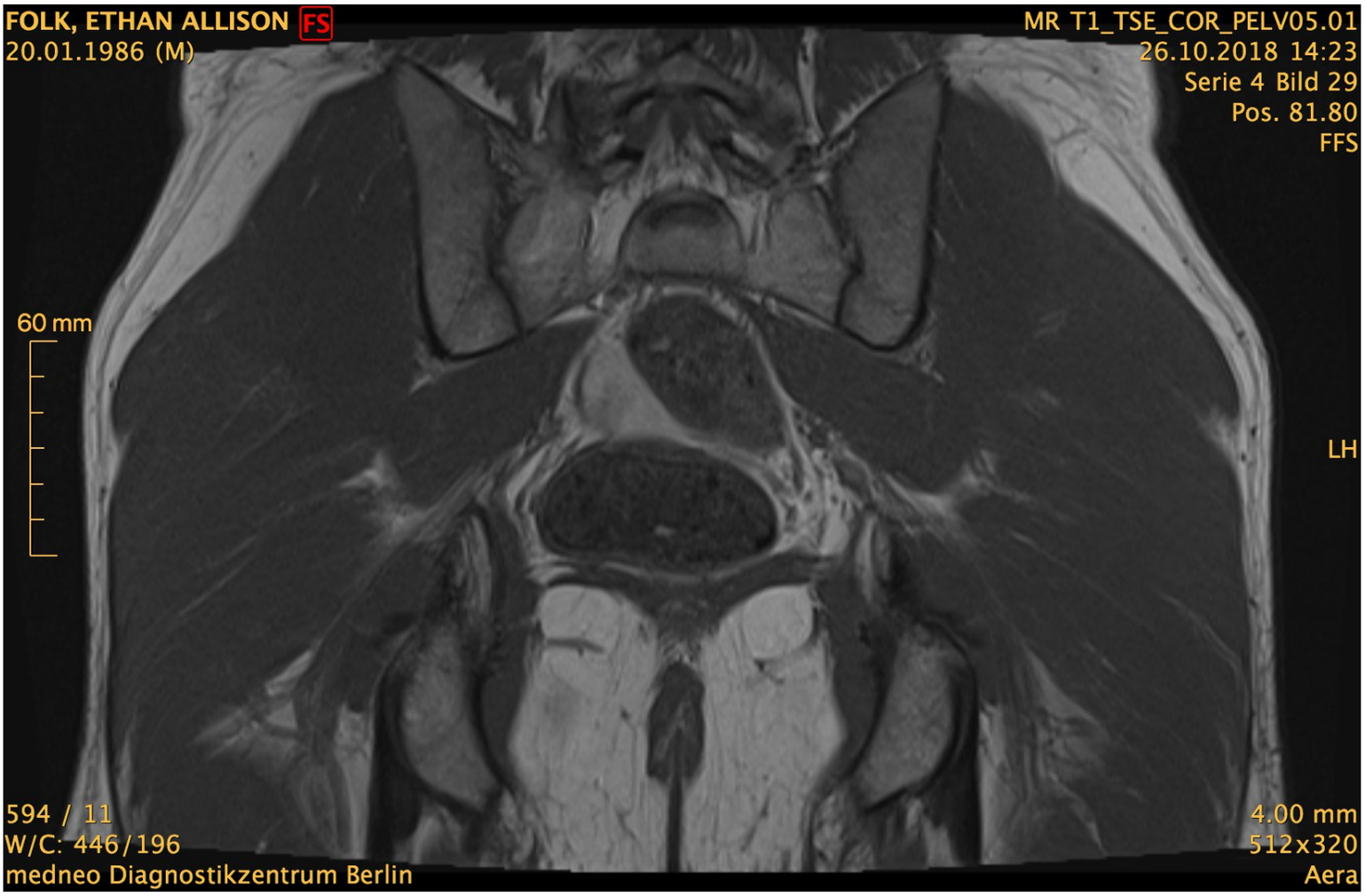
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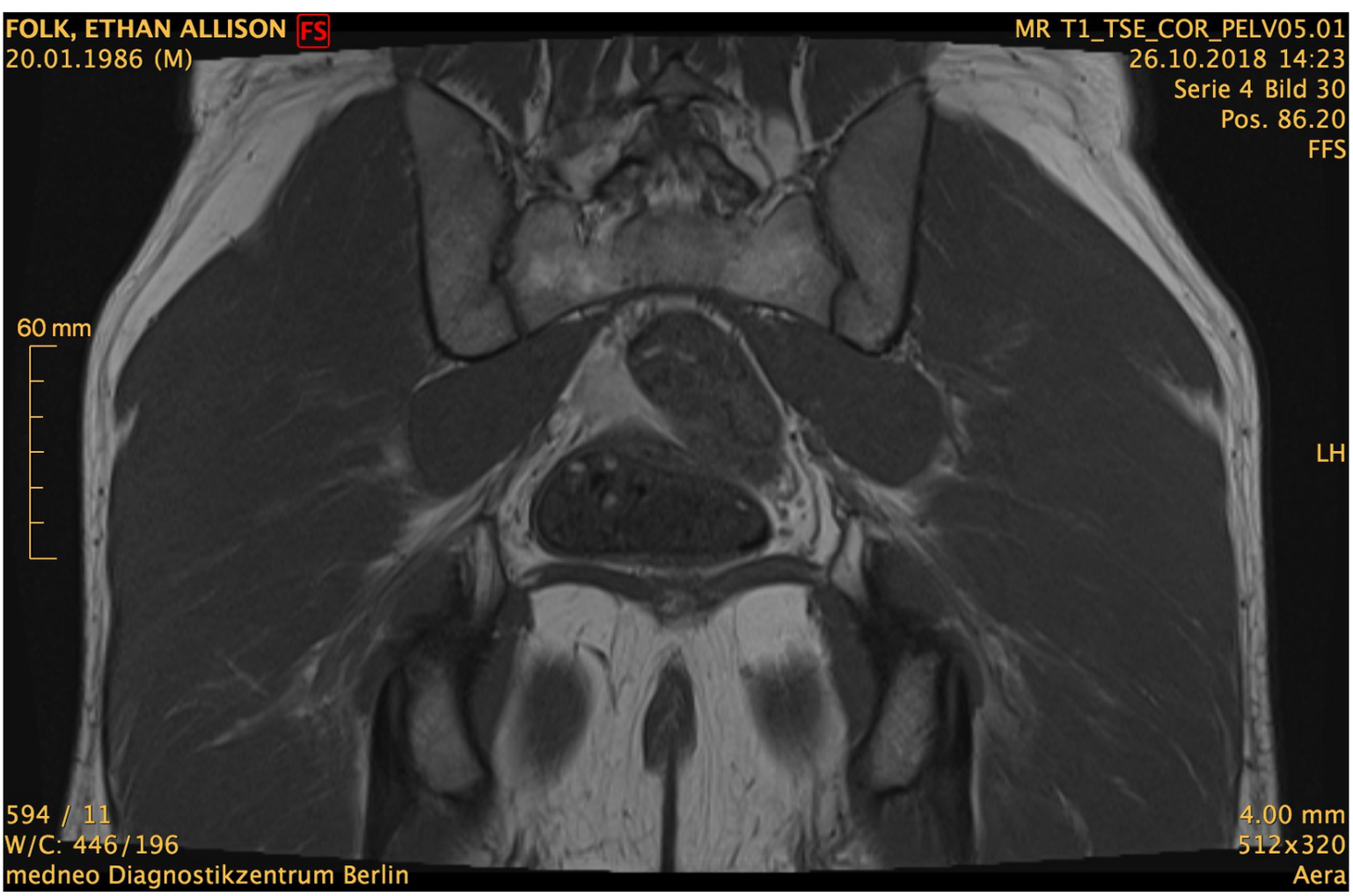
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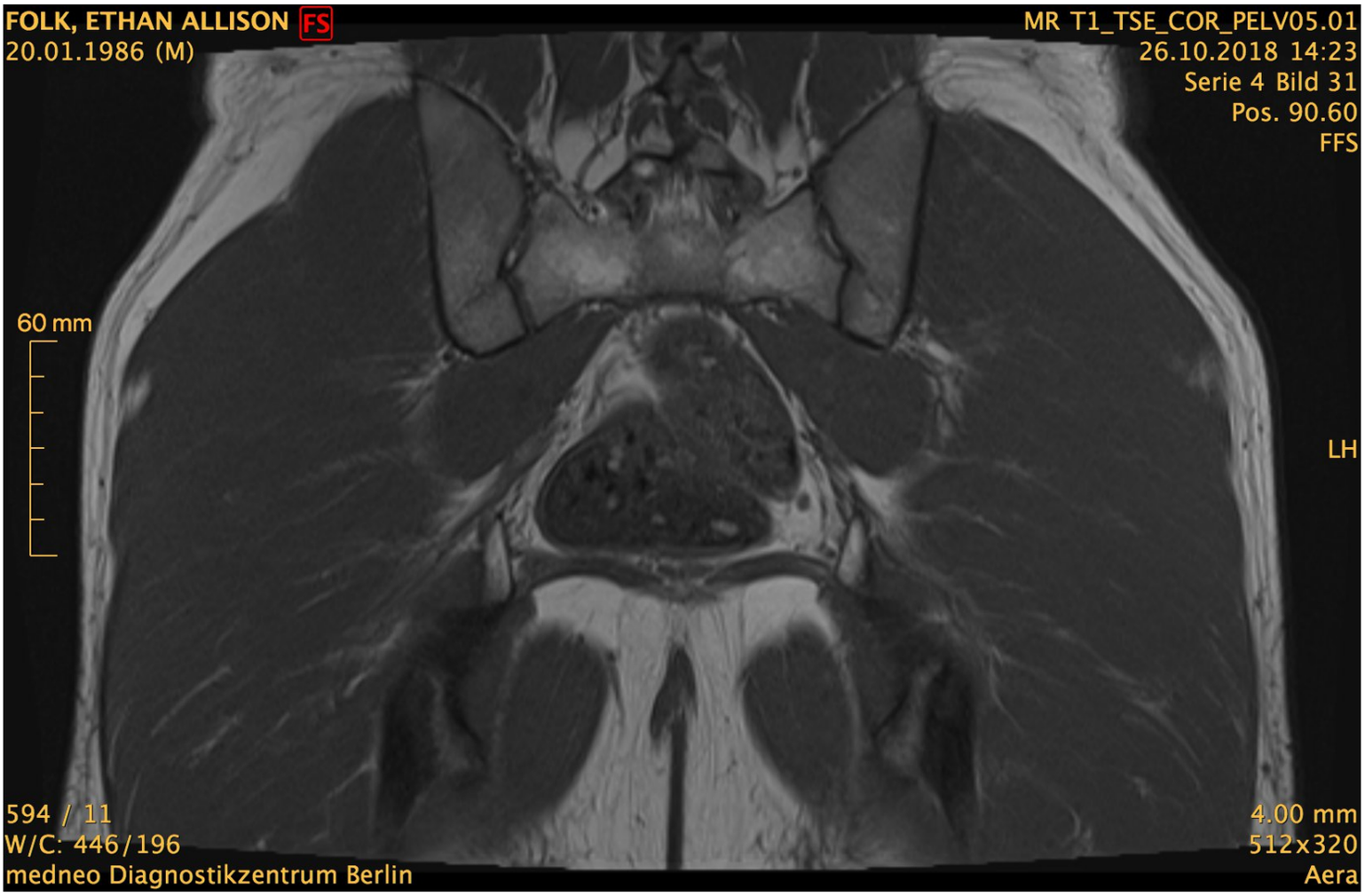
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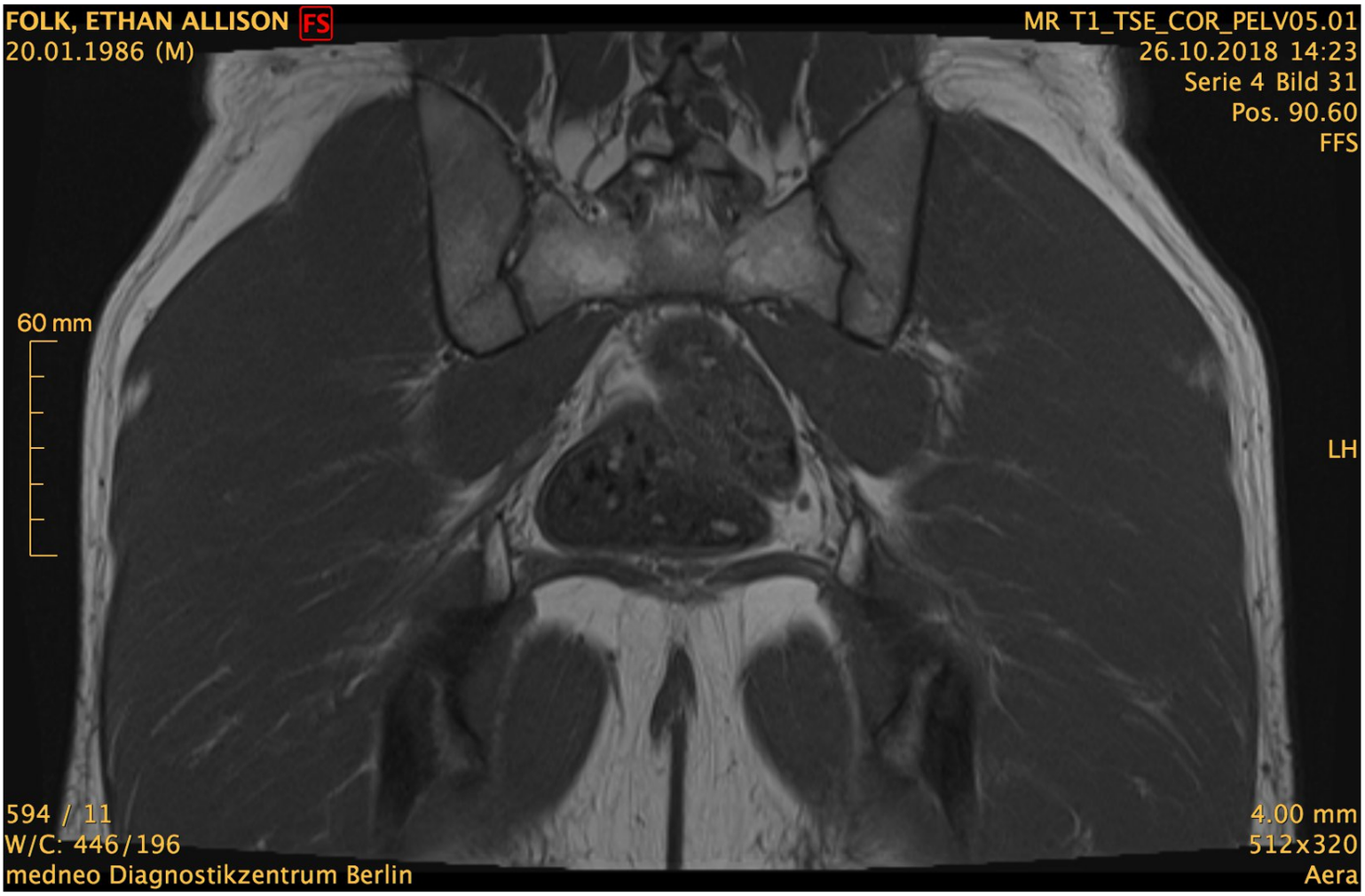
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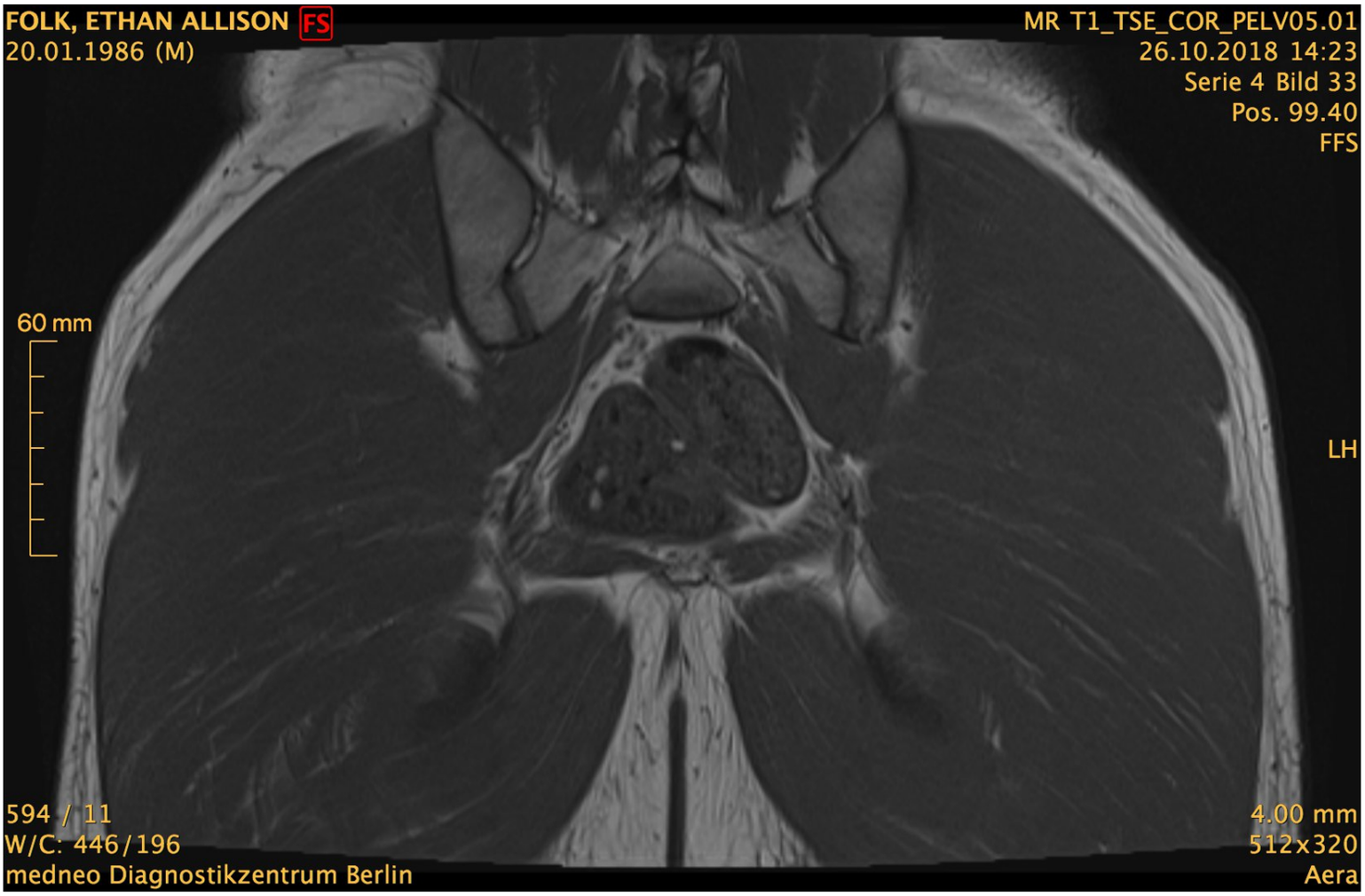
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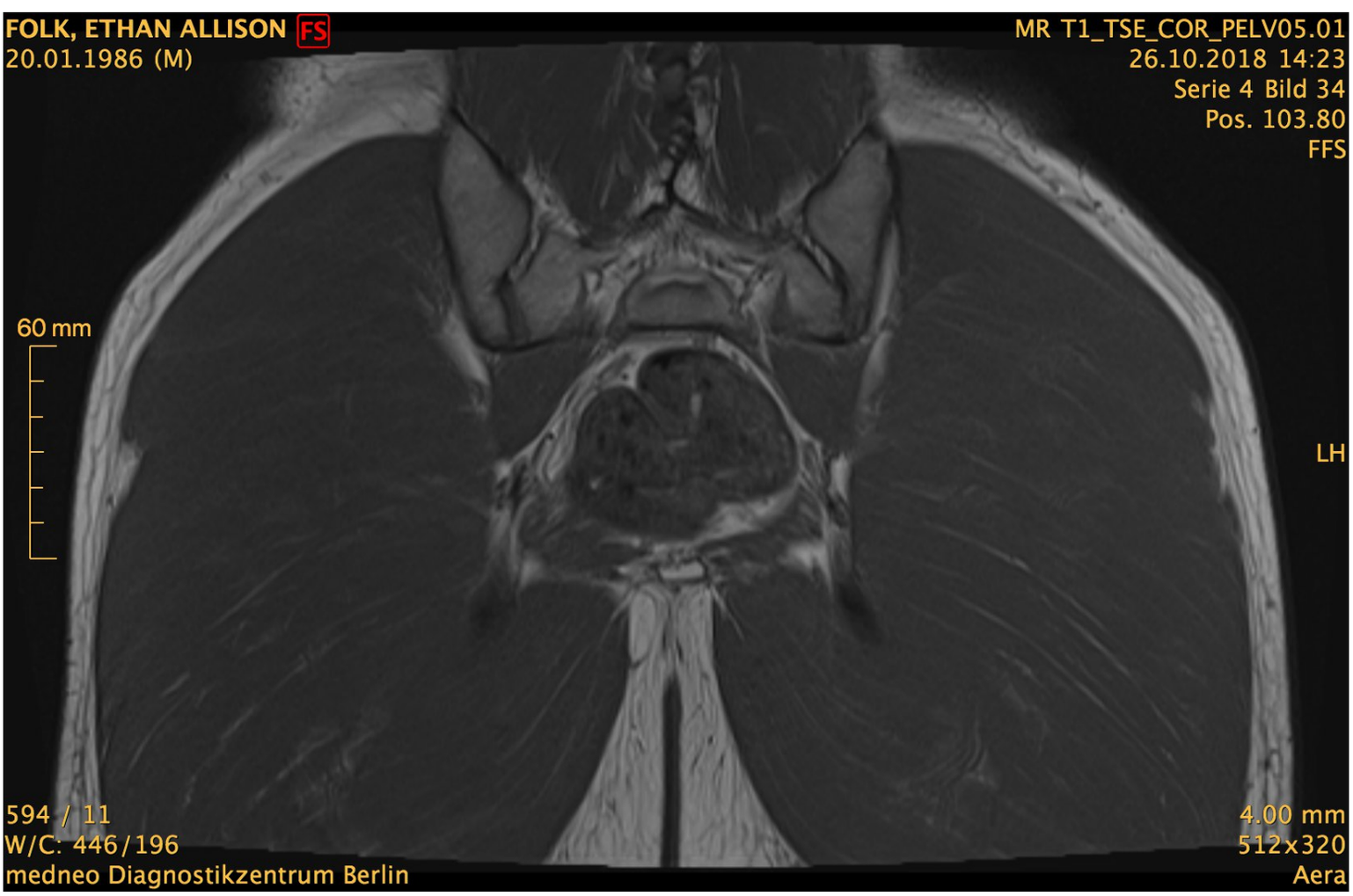
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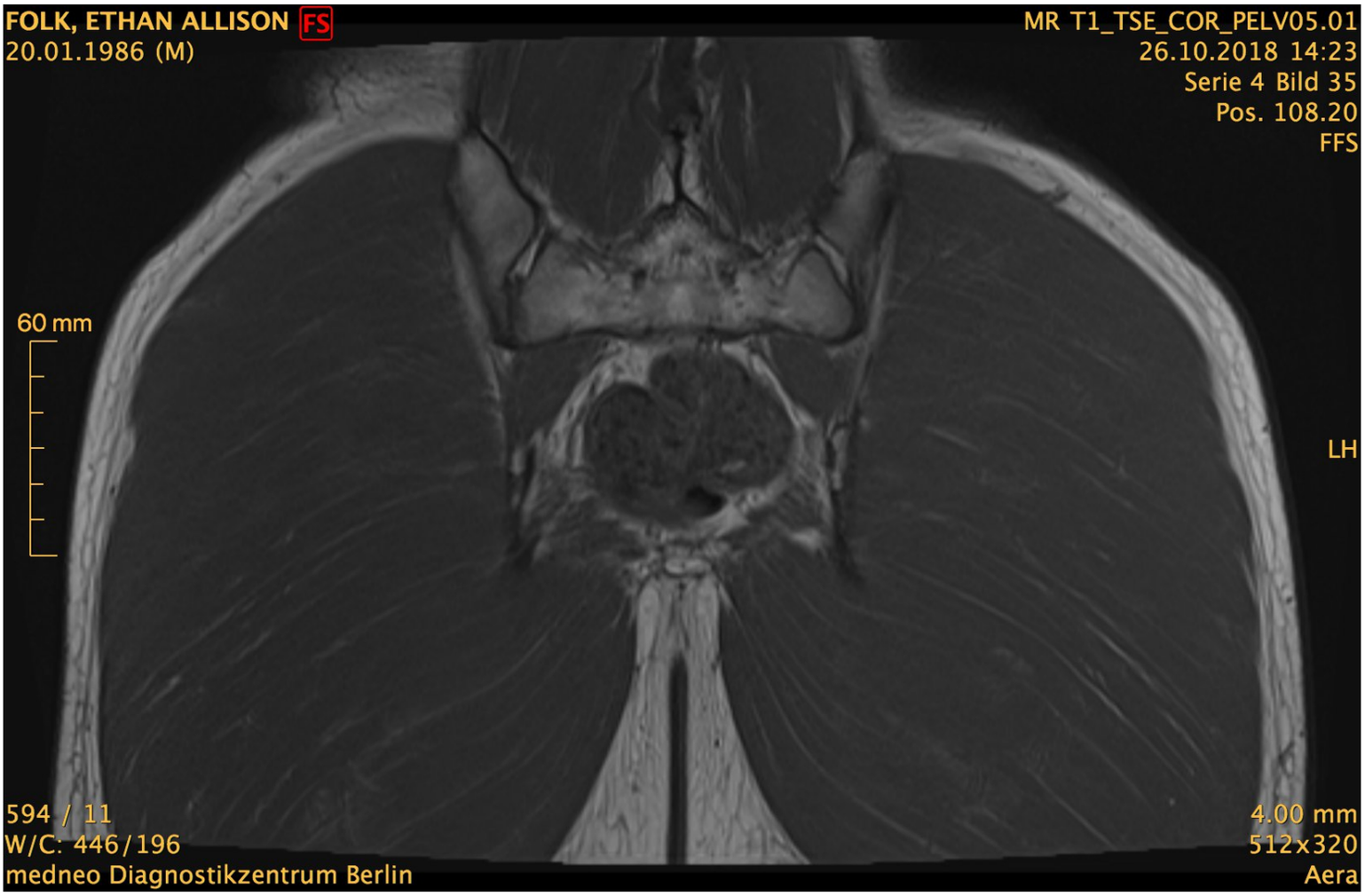
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Serie 4 Bild 35
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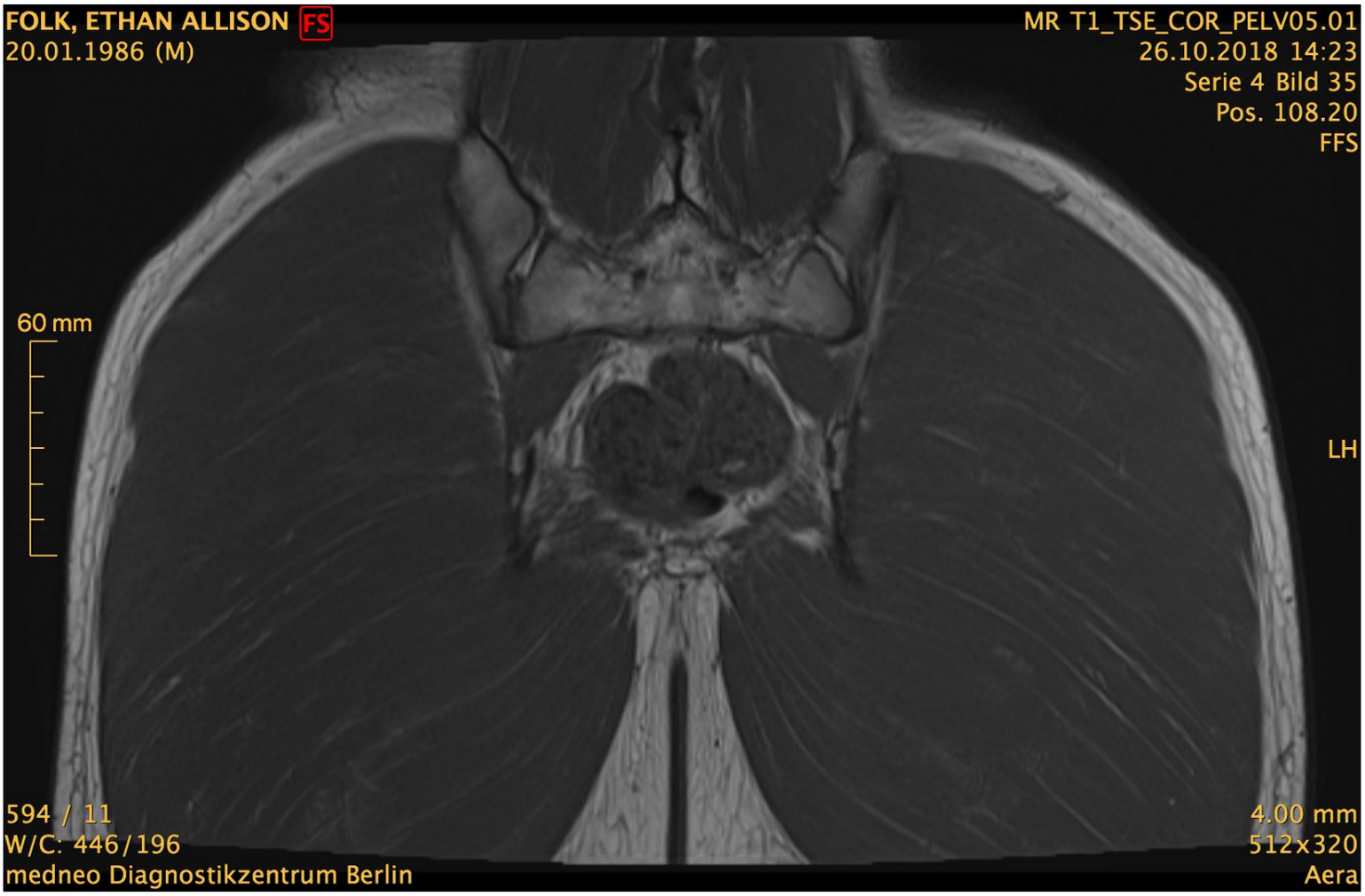
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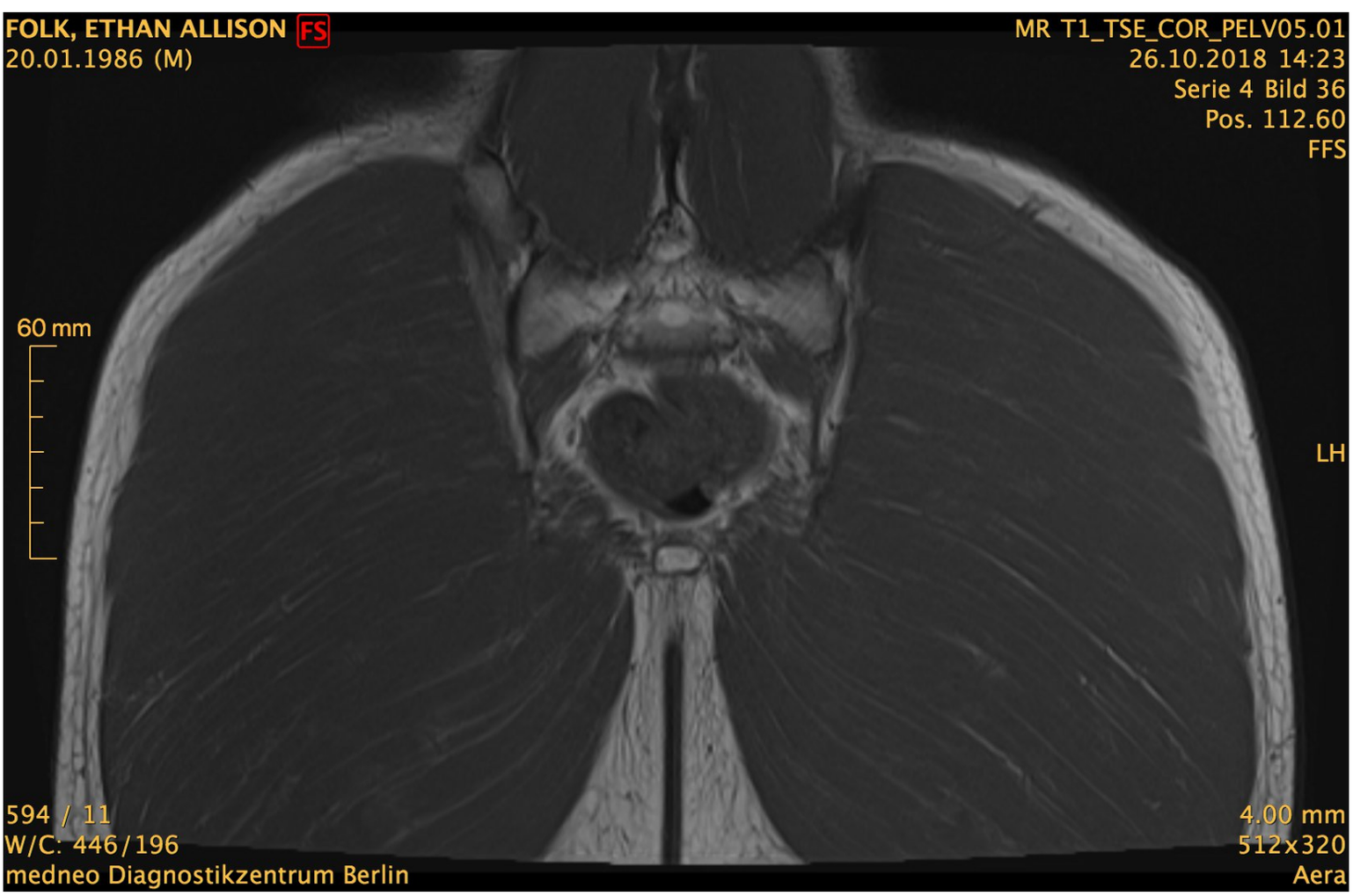
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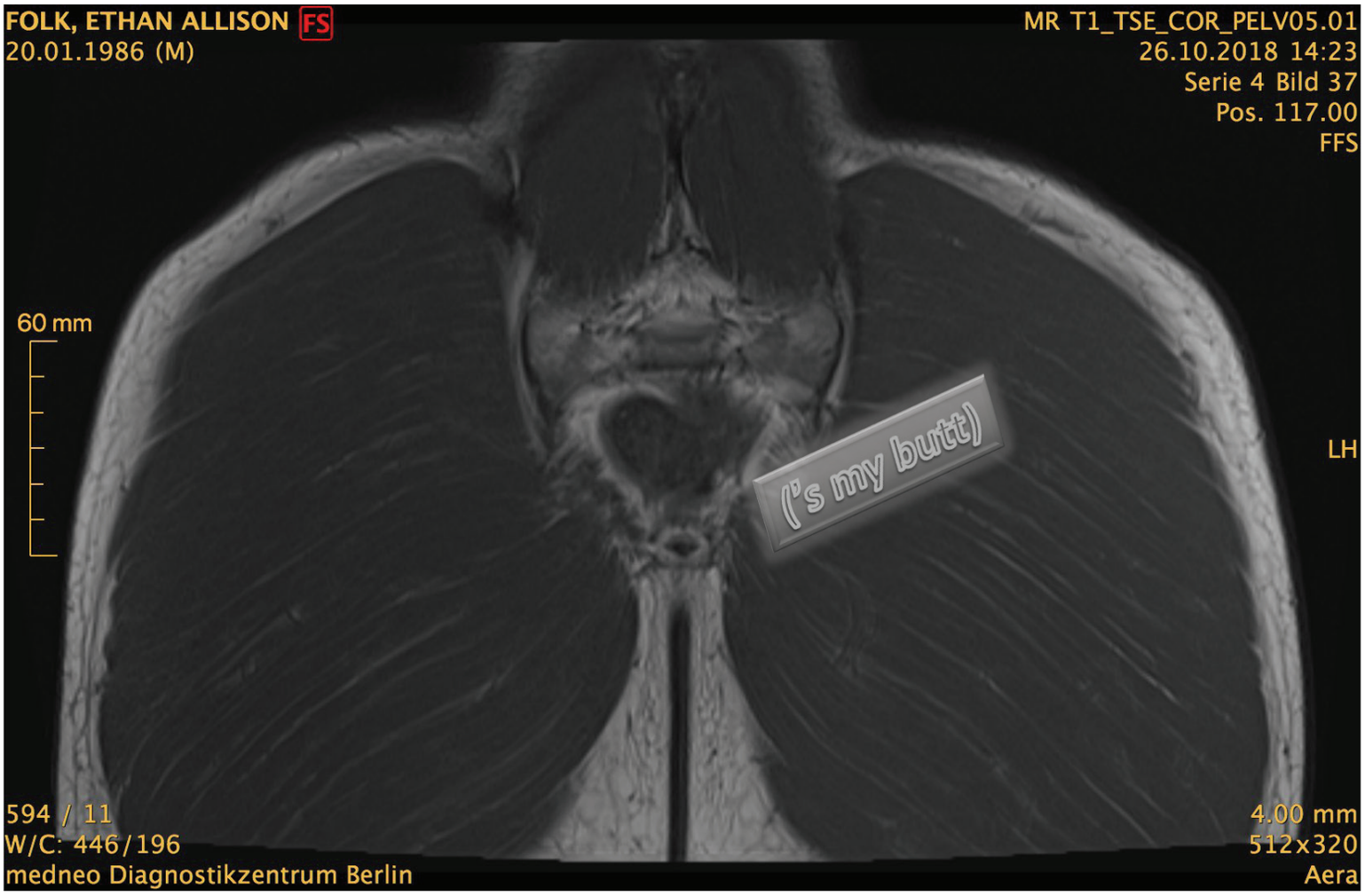
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Serie 4 Bild 37
Pos. 117.00
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medneo Diagnostikzentrum Berlin
4.00 mm
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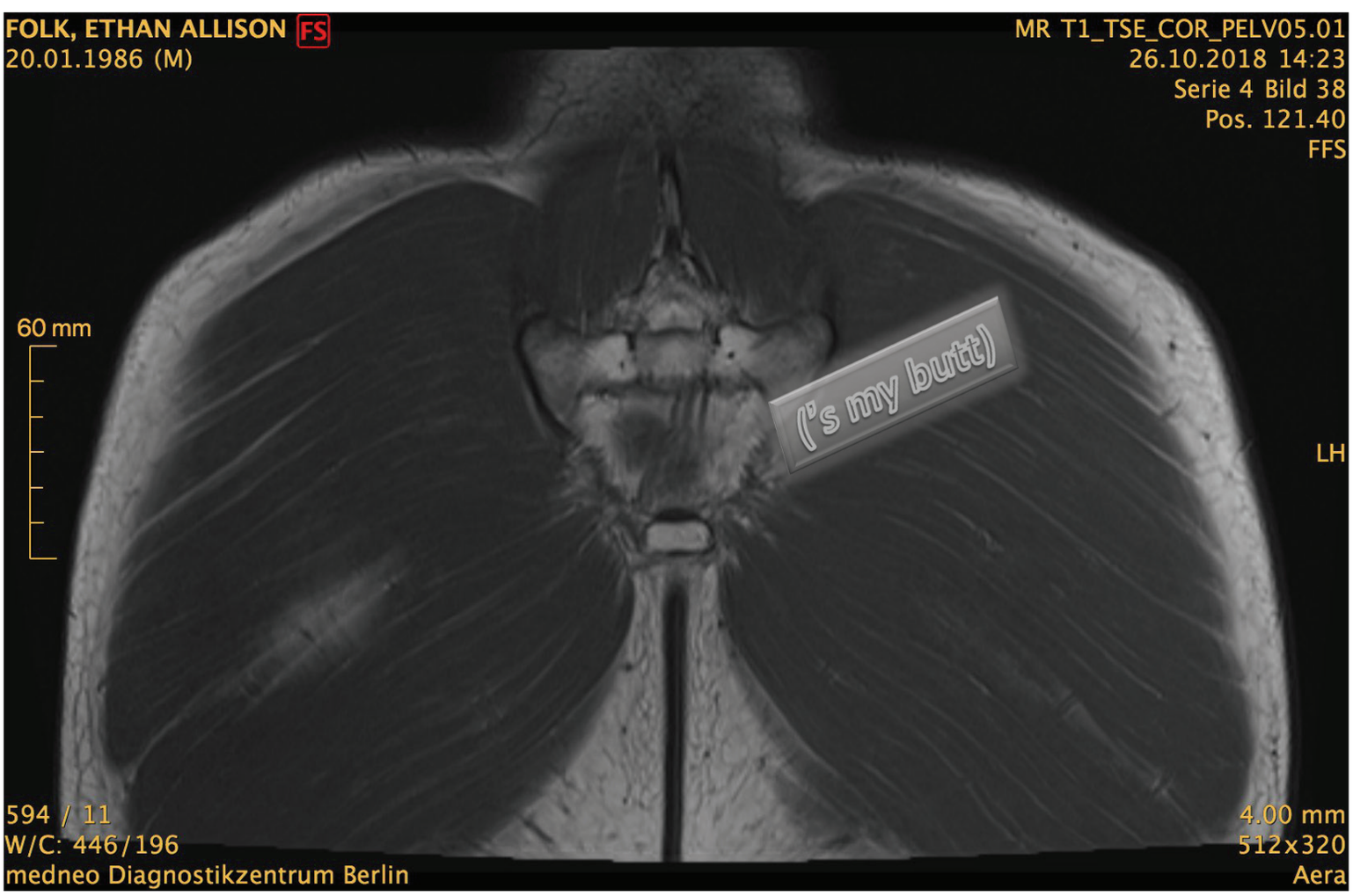
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LH
594 / 11
W/C: 446/196
medneo Diagnostikzentrum Berlin
4.00 mm
512x320
Aera


FOLK, ETHAN ALLISON FS
20.01.1986 (M)
MR T1_TSE_COR_PELV05.01
26.10.2018 14:23
Serie 4 Bild 39
Pos. 125.80
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('s my butt)
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W/C: 446/196
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4.00 mm
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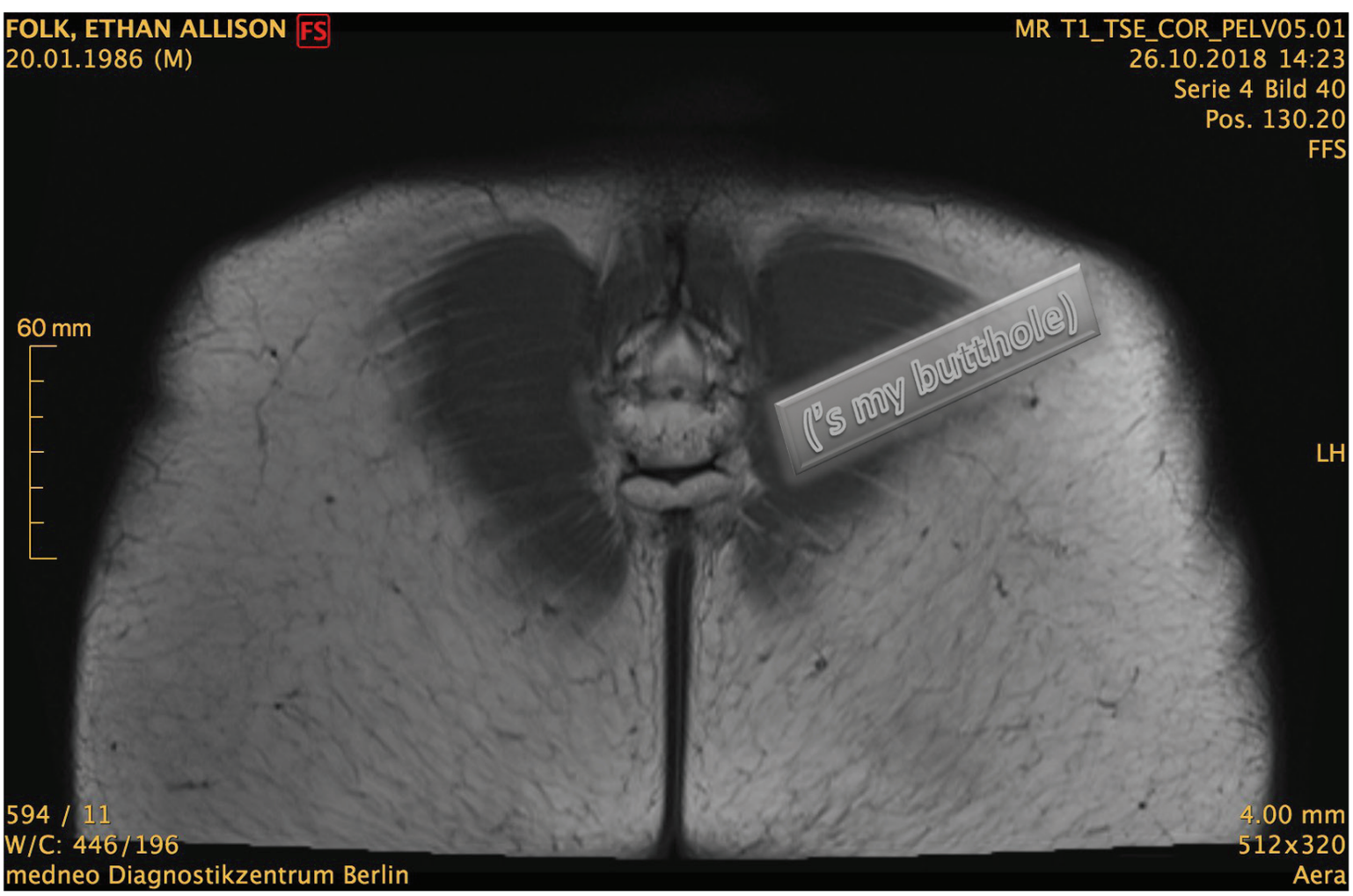
Aera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FFS
60 mm
('s my butthole)
LH
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W/C: 446/196
medneo Diagnostikzentrum Berlin
4.00 mm
512x320
Aera


That's my butthole
That's my backhole


That's my backhole
Backroom
Bathraum
Bathroom Humor
BathRumor
Bathroom Schaft


Bathroom Shaft


Bathroom Shaft


Bathroom Shaft
Bathroom Shaft

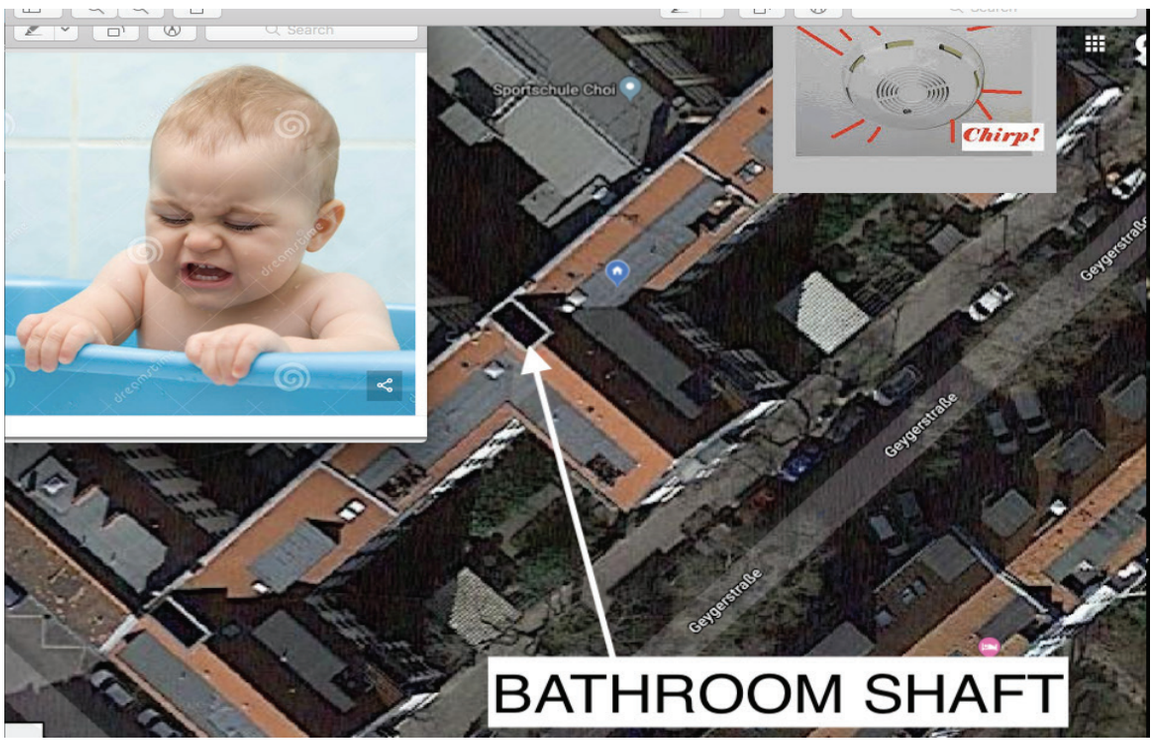

Chirp!
Chirp!
Chirp!

Dear Neighbors,

I suspect that one of us has a smoke detector with low batteries. There is a beeping sound that has been present for the last 5 days. It can be heard in the bathroom shaft (which means it could be coming from Geyger 5 or Geyger 6).

Liebe Nachbarn,

Ich vermute, dass einer von uns einen Rauchmelder mit leeren Batterien hat. Es gibt nämlich ein schrilles Piepsen, das seit 5 Tagen klar zu hören ist im sogenannten "Badezimmerschaft" – es könnte entweder von Geyger 5 oder Geyger 6 kommen.



It is very disruptive during bathtime!

I imagine that maybe one of our neighbors is out of town – if that's the case, maybe someone has a key and can take care of the angry machine?

Thanks so much!
Happy bathing,

Ethan
Geyger 5, 4 Stock Links
+49 163 6175748

Ich finde dieses Piepsen sehr störend während der Badezeit!

Vielleicht ist einer von unseren Nachbarn im Urlaub – wenn dem so ist, wäre es super, wenn jemand einen Schlüssel hat, und sich um dieses böse Gerät kümmern könnte.

Vielen Dank!
Fröhliches Baden,



(191) Mit Arbeitskolleg



breath 3: :

3: axe

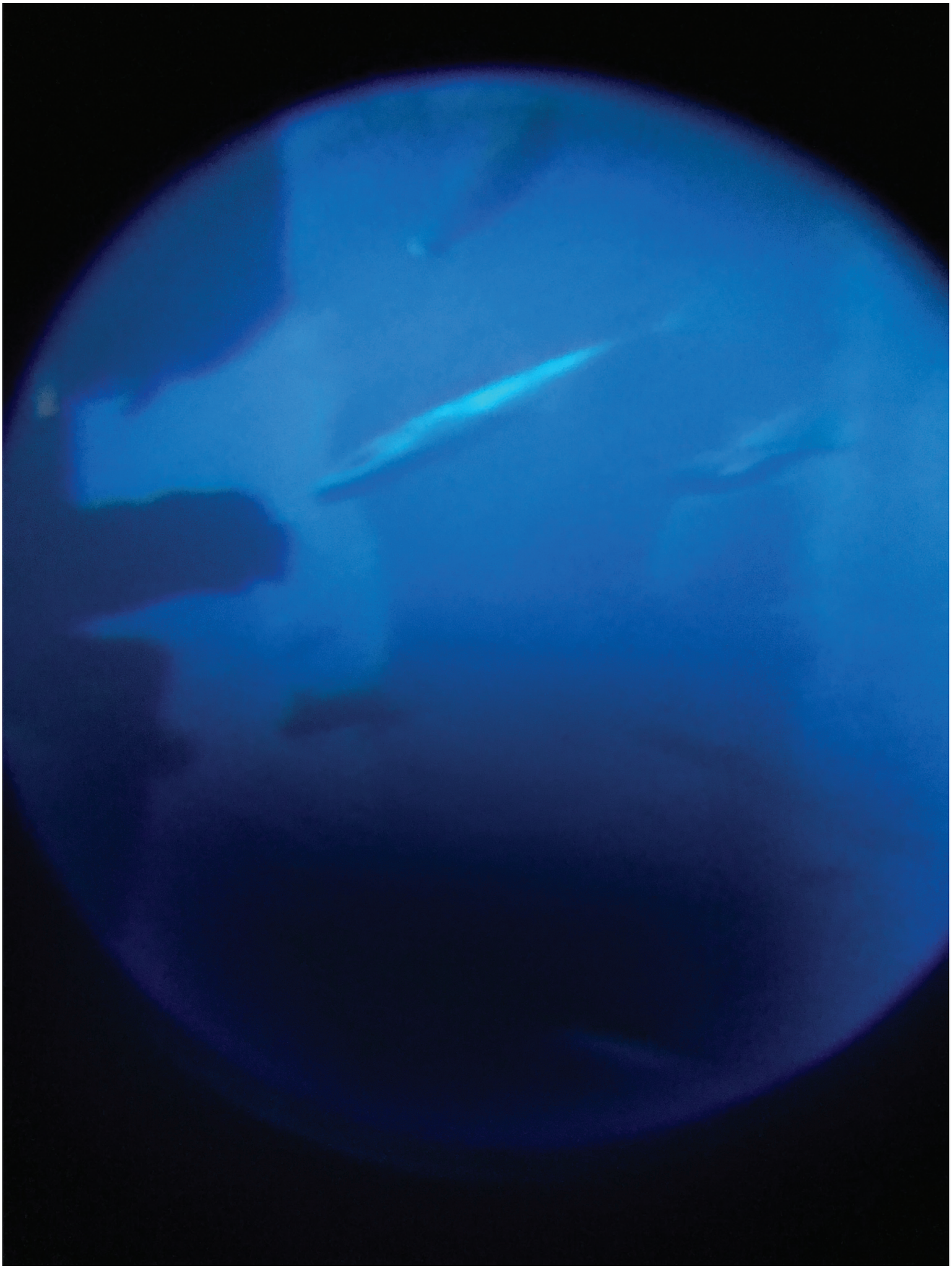
UNTIL THE SOUP ARRIVES:

What we know: concierge, bus, contoured sectional, recliner, couples massage, suite, bus, contoured sectional, soup, binoculars, aquarium, museum, church, park, binoculars, landmark, bus, lobby, binoculars, soup, elevator, soup, binoculars, soup, paprika, soup, contoured sectional, godiva Chihuahuas, sliders, beer flights, whiskey flights, premium lounge, star club alliance, binoculars, complementary soup fill croissant, premium pho sliders, premium free vimeo plus pho card, premium basic cable plus club lisa mattress free club boxed wine of the month wine club prime soup starter kit bonus salad side steak turf surf membership only from hipsos English lounge exclusive hours construction free pity party banquet hall elevator mirror chamber extended deck chair viewing area tour bus cup holders,

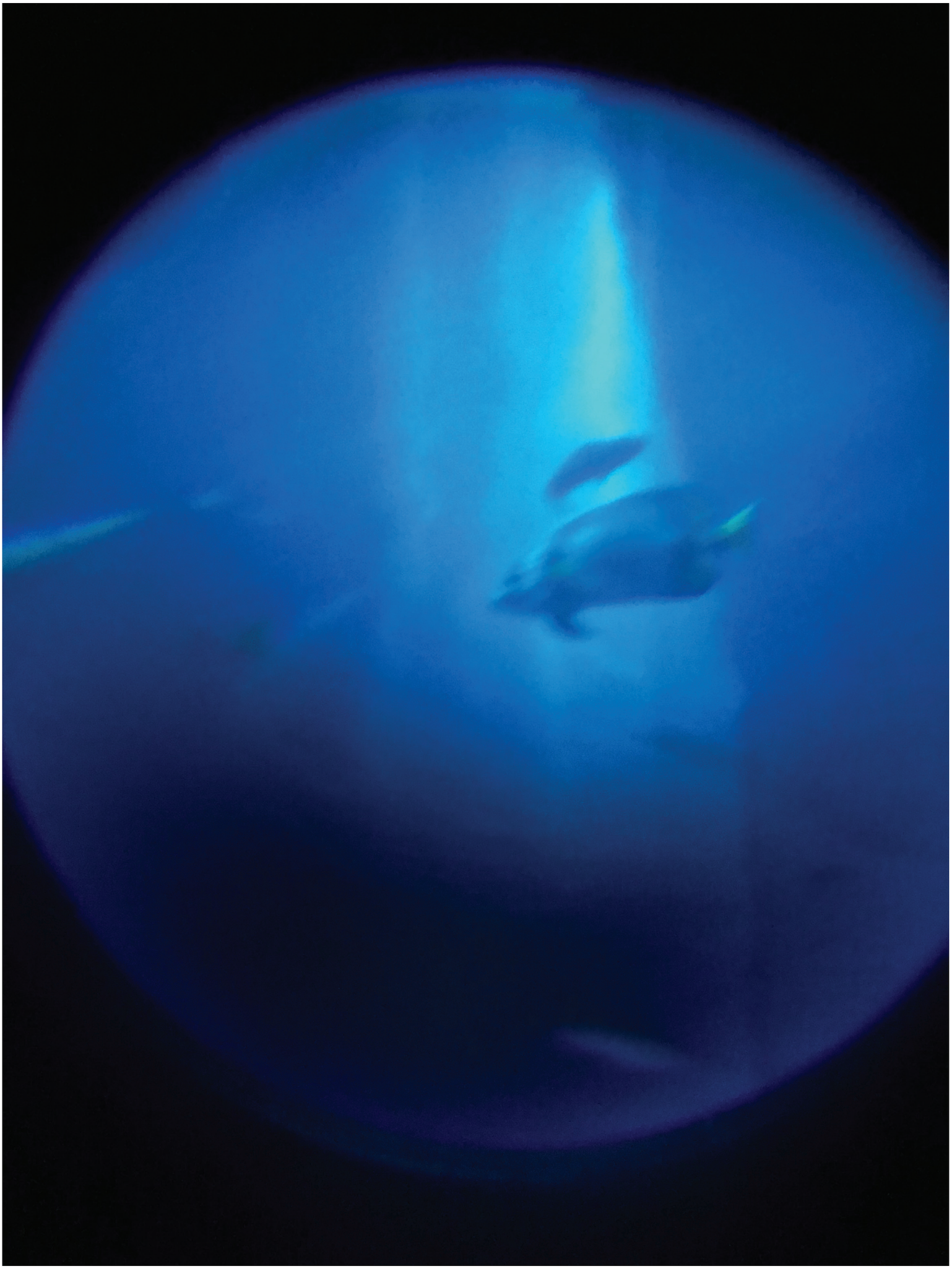
”’
,usb, soup to go, soup shots, soup poppers, fish sliders, dimming elevators, realistically rough to the touch flowers, hand worked glass votives


AQUA DOM FACTS
×2003
SEA MORE
MEER SEHEN



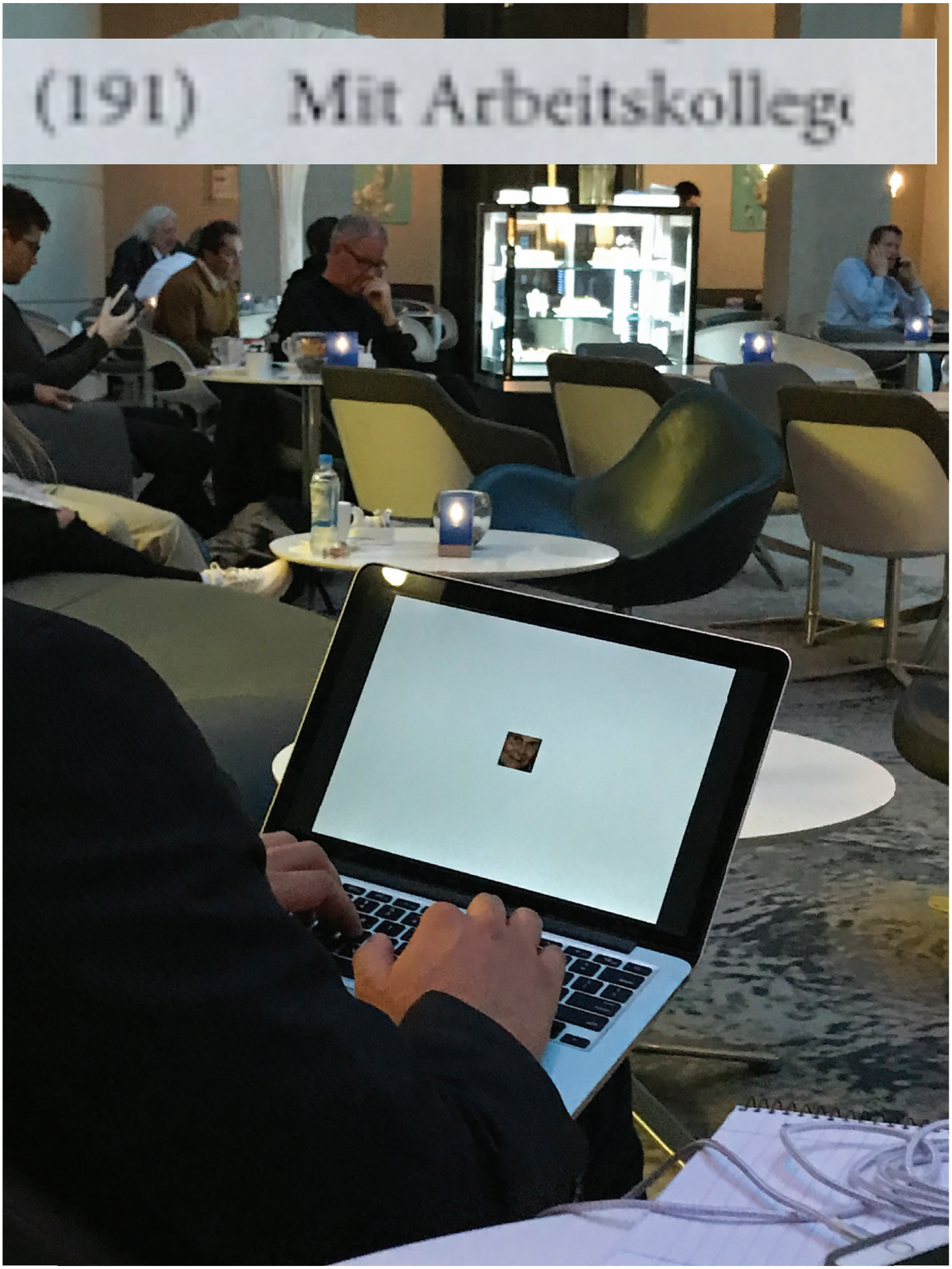


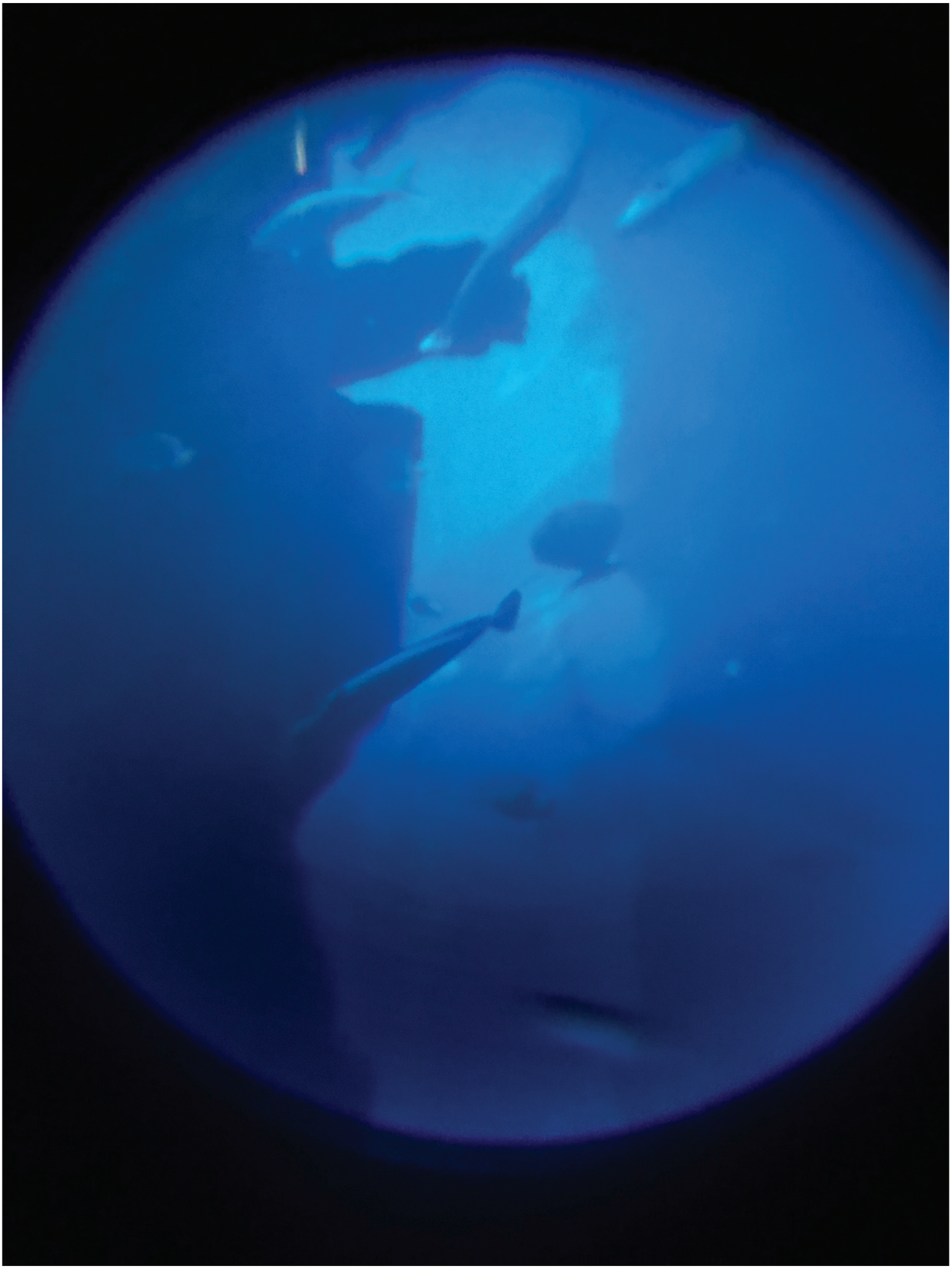


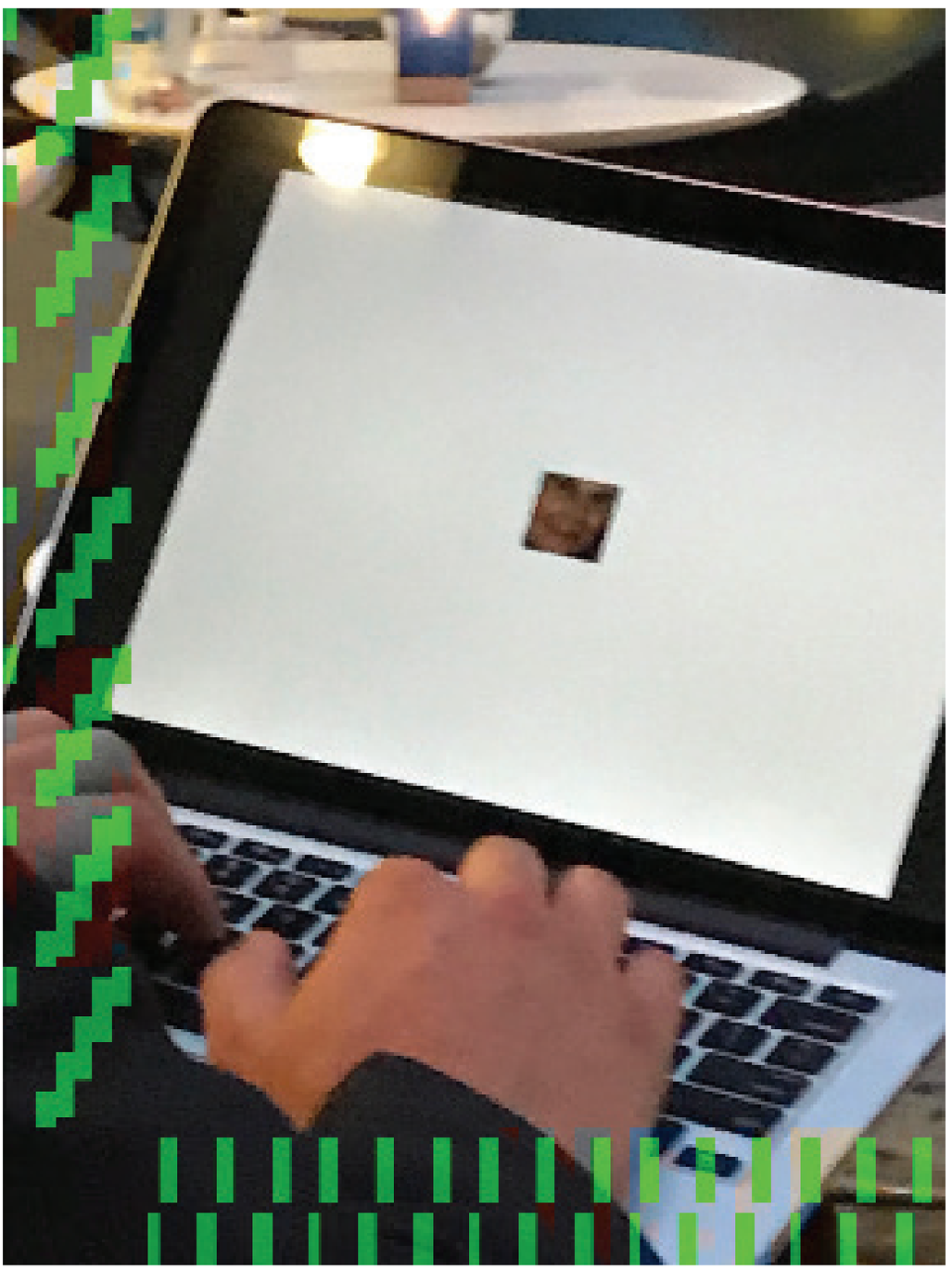







(191) Mit Arbeitskolleg







ABSTRACT:

With our time at battle mountain theme park we will use the peaceful and stimulating natural environment and rarified mountain air at the peak of North Europe's highest rollercoaster and the split studio suite with two bedrooms and two tubs and boardwalks connecting our arborial residency units with multipurpose pottery studios with multiple sinks each and full time staff costume designers on hand to dress us each morning as we join the historical reenactment before lunch and after morning siesta and we will use the time to develop a new civil war roller coaster experience and if we throw up A.M. will be there to write an article mentioning the tautness and boldness and to situate our work amongst the Big Guns of Viennese Actionism.

PS: No Cats.

THANK YOU FOR APPLYING. WHILE NORMALLY WE WOULD ACCEPT 6 RESIDENTS FOR FY 2019/20 THIS YEAR WE ARE TAKING A DIFFERENT TACK. THIS WAS A HARD DECISION. THIS WAS A HARD DECISION. UNFORTUNATELY MOST OF THE APPLICATION PROPOSALS

_____

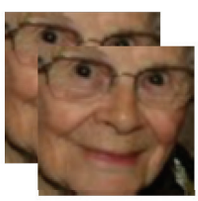
_____, EXCEPT FOR TWO AND ONE OF THE TWO IS YOURS. WE'RE EAGER TO BUILD THIS COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT LIFESTYLE BRAND ATTRACTION THE CIVIL WAR ROLLERCOASTER. WE'RE GOING TO GRANT YOU ACCESS TO OUR FACILITY AND THE ACCOMODATIONS YOU REQUESTED FOR TWO MONTHS. THOUGH YOU MAY COME AND AS YOU PLEASE, EXPENSES PAID. THE PROJECT WILL BE FUNDED BY THE FREE SLUSHIE SLUSH RAINY DAY FUND. LET US KNOW IF WE CAN DO ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU HEALTHY AND WELL FED IN THE MEAN TIME

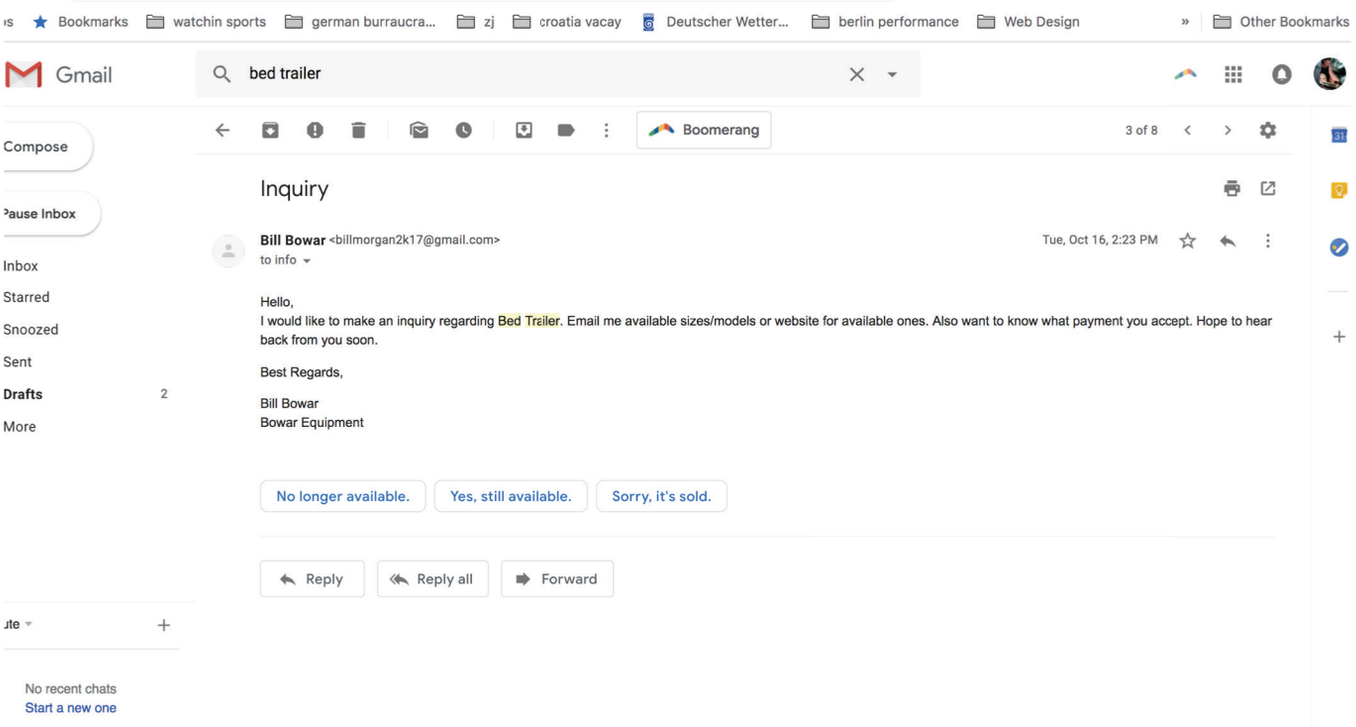
YOURS,

BATTLE M

breath 4: PENNY STOCKS

breath 4: PENNY STAKES

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Compose
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Starred
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3 of 8
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Bill Bowar <billmorgan2k17@gmail.com>
to info
Tue, Oct 16, 2:23 PM
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Best Regards,
Bill Bowar
Bowar Equipment
No longer available.
Yes, still available.
Sorry, it's sold.
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Reply all
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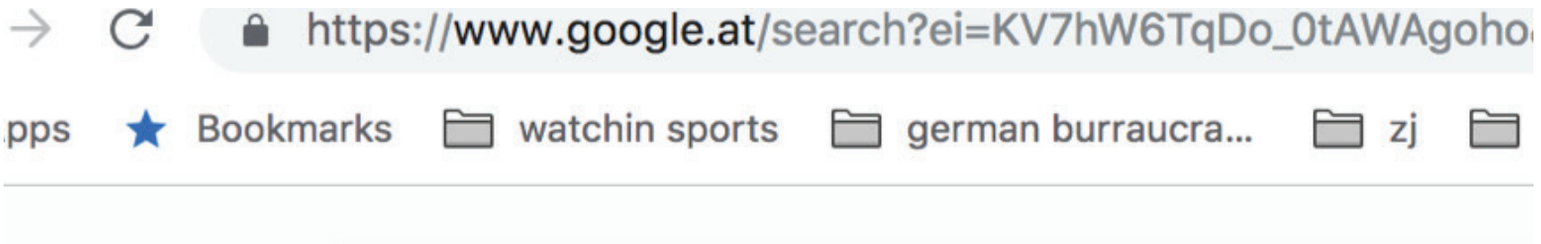

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William Marsh **"Bill" Bower** (February 13, 1917 – January 10, 2(Force Colonel and veteran of World War II. Bower was the ...

Battles/wars: World War II

William Bowar Obituary - Lincoln, NE - Dignity

https://www.dignitymemorial.com/...ne/william-bowar-63312

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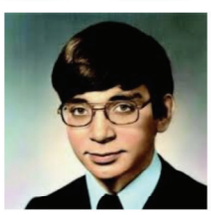


William Charles "Bill" Bowar | ...
chamberlainsun.com



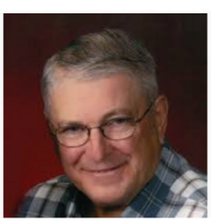
Phoenix Public Transit Department Names New D...
masstransitmag.com



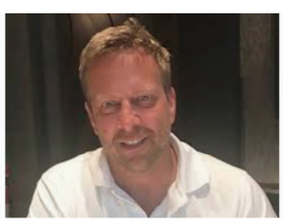
Bowar, William J. | Obituaries | journalstar.com
journalstar.com

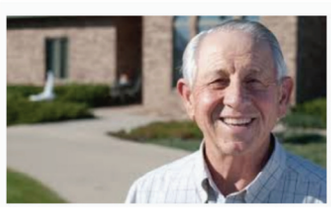


Raymond L. Bowar Obituary ..
wisefamilyfh.com





























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Reads child vintage revisited, 50s, vintage french, reads caravan

$176.66

Ask a question

Buy it now

Add to cart

Don't wait. There's only 1 of these available.

Overview

- Vintage item from the 1950s
- Materials: bois, métal
- Favorited by: 23 people
- Gift message available

This shop accepts Etsy gift cards

Shipping

Ready to ship in 3–5 business days

From France

$190.79 shipping to United States, 98119-3672

Description

Translated by Microsoft

See in original language

Beautiful 50s wood baby bed.

Model Caravan. This is quintessential nomadic bed!

; wood baby bed.

baby



Hello I am a wood baby bed. I was made in France. Unfortunately I don't remember much about my life as raw materials. Once packed into a box that's when life begins some say. But the libs want you to think that a wood baby is a bed only after the last screw is fastened tight, the final panel in the assembly instructions, where the two-dimensional goober-shaped creature smiles and gives a thumb up. Another unfortunate thing is that I'll be a wood baby bed until I guess Forever or until I'm rotting and tagged and melting into a sidewalk.

If Dad made a soup would baby bed?
When we talk about our selves wood baby bed?
Who else?
What else is there to talk about wood baby bed?







EF: we start by saying “well,” and then list two activities from today, selected to represent a healthy balance between work and play. We pinch zoom out to a macro scale to update context on longer running projects or Situations and then mention that we spent time with a friend she likes. We tell her we finally got our drivers license. We ask about her brother.

~

TY: We remember the mouth policing, the listening, the guidance, the letting us leave the nest on our own time. We want to give her a chance to be a mom again. We ask for some motherly advice.
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EF: We switch from email as a primary means of communication to texting. We agree to be available for spontaneous chatting and calling and to phase out the hegemony of the Scheduled Call and the Comprehensive Email. We talk about how “audio Facetime” is a funny term because there aren’t any faces involved.

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TY: Mom tells us to google 10 hot penny stocks.

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EF: Goolia proposes a Penny Stock themed shoot w/ moms.

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TY:



