

# BLACK NOISE

ra eola / Yara Sara Goldini / K@ka Pistol / El-i Teer / Immanuel Cunt / Yara Richter

Yo, this is for letting me be on your tape, bruh. All I wanna say is make yourself useful and keep pushing for excellence! You have a responsibility to be a leader, with your intellect, your looks and your charme. It's a simple indication of your natural power. There's strength in our diversity, and you're not utilising your strength if you make yourself smaller than you are. If you're a born leader, then you're doing everyone a disservice by not leading. The predator is not the master. The predator doesn't rule, isn't in control of the system. The predator is merely the predator, and without the predator, the system collapses.

Peace & power  
**Immanuel Cunt**

but hell is leaning

sideways

and  
i'm

just

**“the imperative to respect black noise —  
the shrieks, the moans, the non-sense,  
and the opacity, which are always in  
excess of legibility and of the law and  
which hint at and embody aspirations  
that are wildly utopian, derelict to  
capitalism, and antithetical to its  
attendant discourse of Man”**

— Saidiyah Hartman, Venus in Two Acts, p12

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## opening

- welcome! thank you for being, now!
- this is the final product before the next one. this is also birth, this is also foreplay.
- lived sensation of non-linear time, spiral-time— this document is like that— there's no goal to it, nothing to get through and then grasp- we encourage reading/ drinking/feeling/loving it like that
- feel free to read this non-linearly
- try reading it aloud
- we invite you to listen to the following soundpiece. it's a sibling (dizygotic twin) of this text and can be heard synchronously or asynchronously:  
<https://on.soundcloud.com/p6X5c> (Soundcloud playlist: *black noise*, AAYR)
- an attempt to break out of academic writing and into \_\_\_\_\_ writing— somewhere between writing and pretending to write and performing to write
- this is written noise / writing is noise / what is noise?
- no answers here, just a lot of questions and subjective statements
- refusal to anal-yse quotes. in the appendix there's a list of references that inspired this work to varying degrees. we want to honour these deep, complex influences — picking them apart and extracting quotes from them for the sole purpose of demonstrating some form of “critical thinking ability” does not do them justice.
- this tea-sis both lusts after and deeply despises the label “master” and the power it holds
- practising/attempting the resistance of perfection and excellence
- if this work is a piece of shit, how can it be composted?
- what is your responsibility toward this? please sense before you enter.
- we actively encourage writing into this text. we invite you to interact with this respectfully, and to honour the soul/energy shared with this work. if you feel an impulse to add to these pages, then the pages are calling you to write on them — why resist? we didn't. the work has no final state, no end, but is free to exist as ever-changing physical and spiritual matter—

- and you don't know who wrote this.

— caught

in a wood-panelled hallway, North American Victorian mansion, numerous doors, heavy red carpet, some doors ajar, some closed, brown and burgundy, with warm light, that screams you've forgotten something, you can't get through a single door, but you want to, because you're convinced that paradise is waiting for you on the other side, fresh air and wide landscape, but the doors are being shut in your face, panic starts to rise, “how do i get through these doors?” and your throat is a tube, but you cannot, you think yourself into the forest, peaceful, but the thought doesn't cut it, so you think

am i listening? what is an invocation? how do I invoke you? am I trying to draw you away from something, rather than draw you? am i asking you to write through me or write for me? am i listening to you? how do we find resonance, or does it just happen? what is noisy writing? why can't i listen? what are you trying to say? why can't i hear? what am i missing? what am i not seeing? why am i here? why am i gone? how deep do i go? when will i be born? when will i return? where will it go? what if there is indeed an end? will things get better? am i asking for answers or for response? am i asking for spillage? am i? where's my emotional toilet? why is ego so powerful? where did your pain go when you killed your baby? when will the time strings cross? should i take acid? why am i afraid? why are we trying to answer? what am i afraid of? am I violating our privacy? what may i grow into? how am i part of this cycle, this spiral? are you with me? am i truly sorry or just too weak to carry my shame? if I allow you to rise, will I lose myself? will i lose a meaningless self? will i be liberated? can i love? am i loved? am i held? can i hold? what will happen when the time strings cross again? what will happen when the earth burns? why is it so hard to let go? why is it so hard to scream? why is it so hard to feel? why is it so hard to ask without thinking to answer? is this the egg? what if this is written after it's read? what's the secret to improving your twerking technique? how does the moment create? how am i made? where does continuity loop? why is intellect so important? why are looks so important? why do i always wanna be able to know? what is sexy? what made us? have i always been a city? what if the answer isn't "capitalism" or "the patriarchy"? why cant i ask without imagining someone responding? why cant i deal with people knowing things i don't? why is it so hard? why are we so soft? how can i ask questions without sounding whiny and accusatory? how can i open myself further? why is it important that i do? what are the things that i don't need? am i in a bubble? can i not be in a bubble? do i

want to be in a bubble? can bubble also mean spike? where are the foremothers in the writing? what is the relationship between the invocation and the writing? is it helpful to oscillate between the layers? when will i see the fam again? should i move back to my hometown? what is my hometown? when will i meet the fam i've never met, back in the motherland? should i move somewhere while my child goes to school, only to further my creative work, but risk taking them out of their social environment? am i bad a mother? when do i transition into we? is an invocation also an incantation? why is life unfair? why am i so privileged? why am i such a bitch? what is bad about assholes? how can we cherish being a cunt? how am i invoked? how are we invoked? how performative is this? where is the consciousness of the dead collected? does it move across other dimensions into my consciousness? is there only one consciousness that slips in and out of our bodies? why are some people so cold? why am i so cold and ungrateful toward my mother, my parents? will i get cancelled? will it set this free? does this make any sense? is this sensational? when will i get sick? when will i die? when did i die? will the stars align? can i keep on pouring, endlessly? should i have apologised sooner? do they like me? why is it so hard to not care whether they like me or not? can i break out of cycles? is time really a spiral? can we ask without wanting an answer? what is the purpose of these questions? am i merely chewing, digesting, throwing up and eating it again? am i eating my own shit? am i eating your shit? how reactionary is this? what is my purpose in the ecological system? where did your rage go when you killed your mother? am i too much? am i not enough? am i just right? why does it have to be right? why am i not leaving? what am i afraid of? so what if you're reading this? what am i yearning for? is this Black enough? can i keep asking and resist the urge to answer? do we paint together? am i falling right now? am i rising? will any of it ever

be enough? can you please not think of answers? do we ever stop growing? is it all just entropy and we need to deal? who's woke? how can i ask better questions? how can i learn not to hate Taylor Swift? are you impatient already? what is the relevance of skill level when creating art? what is the relevance of originality? what is art? what is masturbation? if you're also me and i'm also you, is then participation masturbation? what is gratitude in relation to necessity? can i escape suffering? is Buddhism the answer? are psychedelics the answer? what is the value of modern day prophets? if Jesus is in me, can i claim Jesus? what good are quotes and academic references? is this the Truman show? is the painful lump in my breast cancer? is shame inevitable? if the answer to it all could be meditation, then why am i not meditating right now? am i meditating right now? should i even keep writing into this digital document instead of on paper? was i born on Mars? will i return to the moon in my lifetime? am i Black enough? am I caring for my friends? is it fake? is everything egoistic? how can I work through my shame of having been an energy vampire, and still being one, from time to time? am I overthinking it all? how can i not overthink it all? what if meditation isn't the answer? what if there are many answers? what if there are so many answers that it inflates and becomes meaningless? what am I overlooking? is this (a) happening? are we your princess, your queen, your goddess? what's between a statement and a question? are all of these questions better discussed with a therapist? are healers just helpful voyeurs? how does my Blackness factor into this? how do i keep going if I'm tired of asking questions? how is it helpful to keep on pushing? do I really believe that something better than consumerist capitalism will come along before it's too late? how do I reconcile occasionally being tired of life with the thought that the earth doesn't need humans? will I be dead within the next 48 hours? am i already dead while i'm writing this? am i

dead while this is read? how do we surrender to transformation? how did you feel when the devil spoke through you? how would i explain to my child that dad's gone, body ceased activity, passed on into other dimensions? how would i not think about this while it seems so relevant, and think instead about an academic thesis? how much care work have you been doing while writing this thesis? how do i respectfully and sensibly place that struggle in this bulky, messy thing? what is relationship? how does the queer bodymind work through its internalised queerphobia? are you in the maybes? am i the next Messiah? what if this work is the greatest work ever produced? what if this work isn't work at all? who is in this room, who is floating? are we all spirits? how do we fill the objects around us? how are the objects around us filled with the people who made them, touched them on their journey? how am i an object? how do gazes fill? how do thoughts fill? what is the relevance of phrasing my belief that i'm a bodymind filled with people into a question? is this emancipatory enough? how can i accept that i may be trying too hard? when will men realise that they're assholes, get over themselves and roll up their sleeves? what opens up through this binary accusation? are you with me? so what if people think i'm pretentious? how can this work not be about me, but instead be about itself? how can we write non-linear text? what is non-linear sound? what are styles, contents, narratives? what is in definition? is this just another addition to the ton of shit i leave for my child to read in the case of my premature demise? what is in and beyond grammar? what if time is multidimensional and space is the line we perceive time to be? is the link in the chain strong enough? what happens if we collectively question and really fall into it, and resist the impulse to reach for answer or response? who do i need to contact to petition a change in language away from "master of fine arts"? by whose standards?

are you feeling it? what are you feeling? we can't control feeling and we can't control  
thought, so where's the power?

what's between question and mystery? when will this end?

how do we start? what are you expecting?



annotate — remix — perform — recycle

for the tiles

yourself ground

fine cut

over-x

let it flow

ground yourself.

breathe

lit

feed soil

take the back door

✕4

bird's eye

sift

soak

jitter

spill

wave ur hands in the air  
like u just dont care

back it up

swimming in beatless  
break

mashed potatoes

drown it in wind

tear it

armpit

\_\_\_\_\_ on it in reverse

Great Red Spot

it must fall

lick the taste

again

weed

fresh chilli oil

infusions

kale

embrace

contain

demand

pioneer

unification of juices

descend

holy spirit

claw urself in

too silky to hold

luffa

twenty

campbor

lioness

darker berry

snake

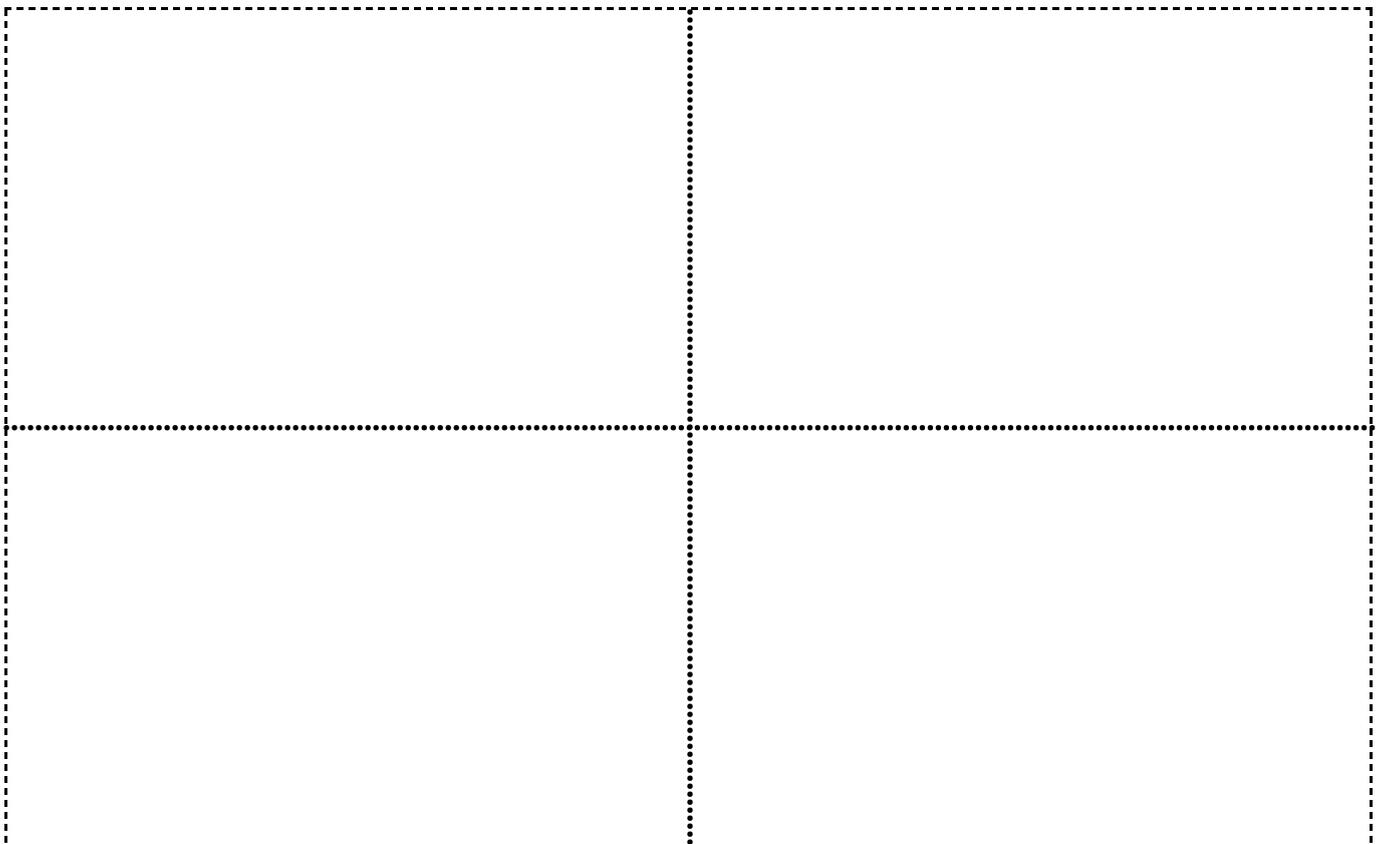
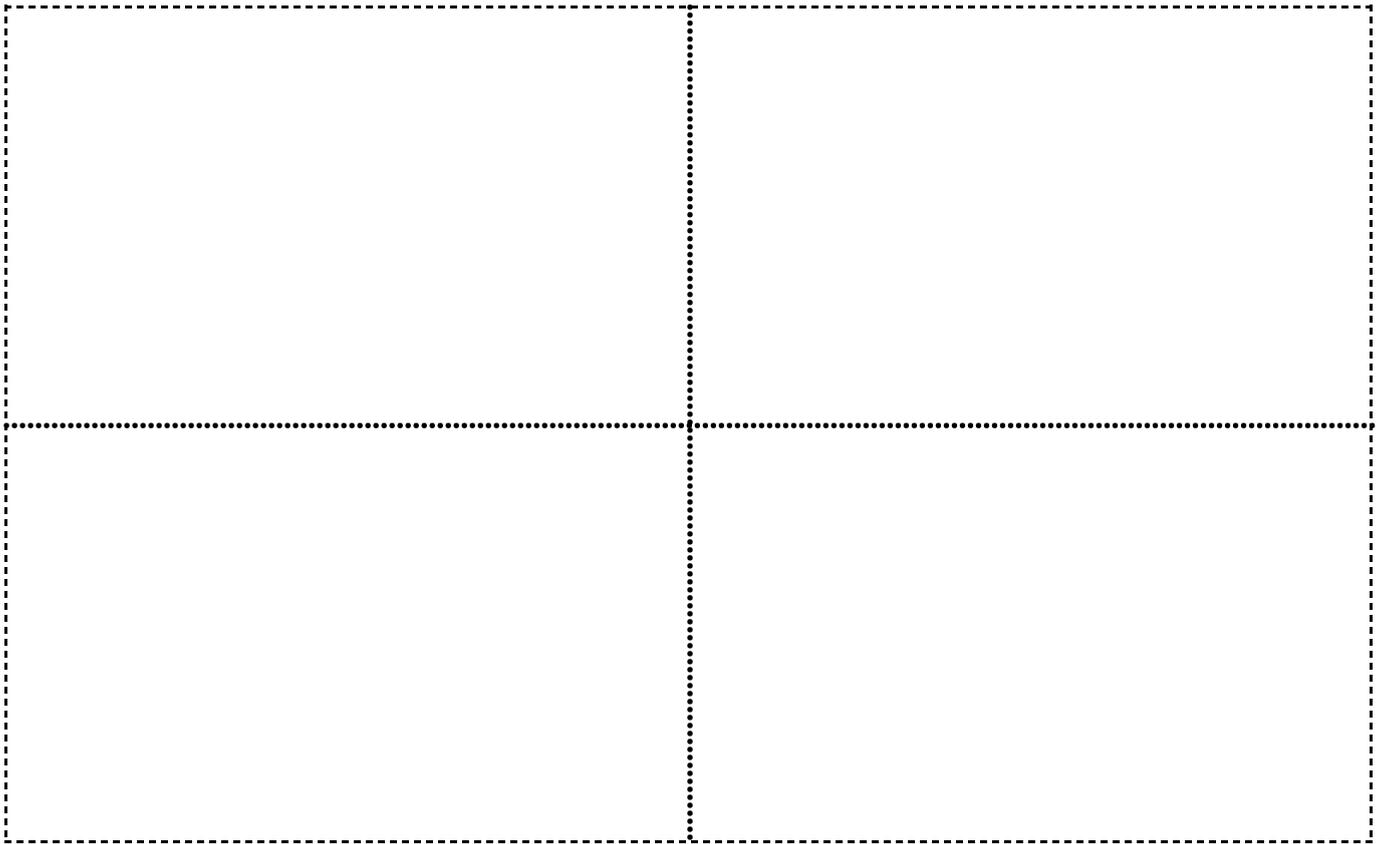
shark

shine

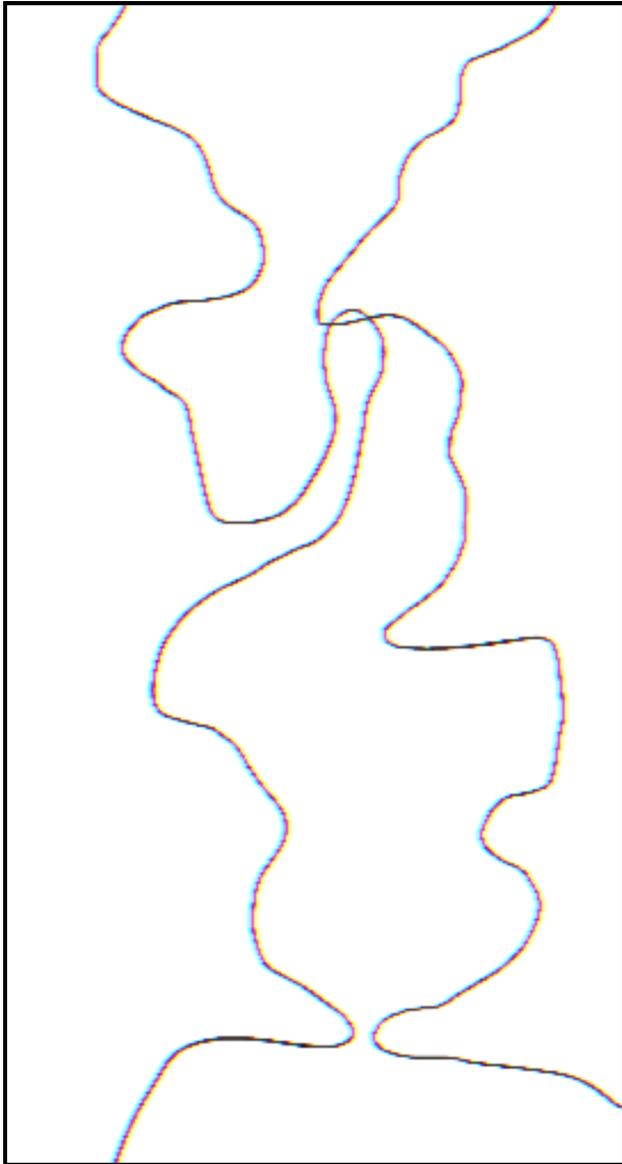
punk

guru

doula







*time strings 12*  
ra eola, 2022  
digital drawing

“



*time strings 14*  
ra eola, 2022  
digital drawing

” 2

<sup>2</sup>*Plastic*, Loyle Carner

Listen up, my little darlings. Once upon a time there lived a little girl. Her name was Yara Sara Goldini, but everybody called her Sara. Sara was [REDACTED] born right into the line dividing two checkerboard squares. [REDACTED] when the line between the checkerboard squares became too small for her, she planted her feet into the white square, where she kept on growing.

[REDACTED] a lonely one. She never quite belonged, for her origin was in a line, not a space. She envied the other children around her that fit so clearly. [REDACTED] understood that in order to not lose her place, she needed to watch herself just as closely as she watched those around her. She learned how to be sweet and shiny. And she learned how to use the power of self-discipline.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Little Sara wasn't just determined to reach the sky, she was set on getting there before [REDACTED]. And she looked marvellous on her journey.

My little girls, where Sara lived, time was not an arrow shooting straight into one direction, but a string that winds and stretches unpredictably. Sometimes it flowed in a lazy spiral. [REDACTED] other [REDACTED], it sawed against your being, back and forth, relentlessly, from all sides. [REDACTED], it looped and danced unpredictably and uncontrollably. [REDACTED]

Now, in a summer where high noon heat threatened to evaporate the marrow inside of your bones, little Sara met a beautiful prince called Joe. She had made it through a long, cold winter in which she had fallen for another prince who had revealed himself to be nothing more than a minstrel, a fool. [REDACTED] try to sustain herself on the liquid already inside of her cells, instead of drinking the water offered to her through her roots. [REDACTED] on becoming a plant that feeds itself, succumbing to the illusion of solitary self-perpetuation.

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED], she became one with the thick, warm air we all breathed in that summer. On a day that was extraordinarily hot, Sara [REDACTED] a faraway beach. This is where Sara met the beautiful prince Joe. [REDACTED] she sat by the water, remnants of salty water slowly trickling down her chestnut-brown skin, she noticed [REDACTED].  
[REDACTED], [REDACTED] let her voice carry some of the warmth she was receiving from the sun over [REDACTED].  
[REDACTED] his went on a hasty journey down the length of her body, then hid in the opposite

direction. [REDACTED] in this brief moment, she had tasted [REDACTED] rare.

Now girls, what you need to understand about little Sara is that from a young age, Sara had fed off of the occasional sweetness offered to her by other people [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] when you stop receiving that thing that you think is vital for your nourishment, something deep [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] that is wildly scared and determined to make sure you live.

And that, my girls, is how something sweet starts to ferment, and eventually spoils. Mark my words: [REDACTED] starving [REDACTED]

[REDACTED].

[REDACTED] Boy did our little Sara look stunning that day, the sun sinking itself into her skin like an eager child's teeth into juicy watermelon flesh, her slender body clothed in a skimpy bikini. To her surprise, Sara once again [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], his eyes were fixed on her elegant movements, an easy smile playing around his lips. He [REDACTED] her, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] between casual and slightly awkward. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] stop by [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] hips [REDACTED]

truly dazzling sight [REDACTED] prince's furtive glance.

[REDACTED] I hear your attention wane, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Two beautiful people, drawn to each other like water to the sea, their time strings increasingly crossing — what could stop them from making an attempt at deliberately joining [REDACTED]?

But let me introduce another character into this story. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] To him, they were the most emotional product there is. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] his path was to cross that of a beautiful princess called Lisa.

Now, Lisa was not just beautiful, she was truly stunning. When she smiled, the sun seemed to pour itself onto whomever she was gracing with her attention. She was of a height in which she could comfortably

[REDACTED] her beautiful brown hair, flowing silkily down her back. [REDACTED] features were pleasant. [REDACTED] eyes were two large pools you wanted to dive into for comfort. [REDACTED], Lisa was flawless. [REDACTED]

████ she had swallowed a magnet while still in her mother's womb.  
████  
████ he was lucky, █████  
████. She had not just good looks, █████,  
but charisma.

████ They both were striving to  
bring forth more beauty in this world, █████ sharing  
a common aesthetic. █████  
aeroplanes █████  
████ jewellery making. █████  
████, █████  
████ object █████ They  
knew acutely well how to shape things so that people would want them.  
████ boy did they look impressive together, █████ their clearly defined  
lines, perfectly matched shades and hues, █████ sheer shine. █████  
████ a feast for the eyes.

████ got married and settled down █████ █████  
████  
████ three  
beautiful █████ together, █████  
████  
████

This was the state of Joe and Lisa when little Sara stepped into their life.

████  
████ she saw prince Joe walk toward her. He looked marvellous in

████ torso toned, his arms and legs muscular  
████ not in a blatant way. He had good posture. █████  
████  
████  
████ It didn't take her very long to realise that he was no  
match for her in terms of holding conversation. █████  
████  
████ His words — however kind they were — were cautious,  
uncreative, and unoriginal. █████  
his passion █████ the magnificence of aeroplanes, the beauty of █████  
lines and █████ volume. █████

████ regard  
████ the ecological crisis humanity is facing. █████  
████  
████  
████ when Lisa heard  
that Sara was a singer with a background in painting, she was  
immediately intrigued and pelted her with questions. "You should come  
around to our place, sometime. I don't know if Joe told you, but he  
sculpts. █████

████ " █████  
████  
████

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Joe was no one to challenge her, intellectually. Nonetheless, something about their conversation had felt pleasant. [REDACTED] easy [REDACTED] light. [REDACTED] synchronicity in the way they flowed [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] moments where his body had approached hers, casually, almost accidentally, [REDACTED] showing a clear direction. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] a window into a world that was mostly obscured to her by the [REDACTED] structures she lived in. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Lisa, with her sweetness, her perfect hair, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] a blip [REDACTED] Lisa's smile, a rigidity in her eyes [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] voice pitched just a few semitones too high to be nonchalant. She wondered about Lisa's performance, and [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] a few days later Sara found herself sitting in a cosy armchair in our prince's studio. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
Something was pulling him — [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] surrounded by sculptures, mostly of female figures, varying in size [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] gently put his hand on her arm, steering her

toward [REDACTED] impressive sculpture of a nude woman standing tall. [REDACTED] he had developed a special fascination for the female body while attending nude drawing classes during his [REDACTED] he talked about how sculpting was a way of meditating after a long day designing aeroplanes, it all sounded like a script he'd been rehearsing for years, in order to fight an impending sense of emptiness [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] social construction of gender — an annoyingly profane thought [REDACTED]  
He reached out and slowly ran a long finger down the leg of the sculpture. [REDACTED] breath's rhythm change. She was a [REDACTED] voyeur for men's hands and arms, always in awe of what their veins and sinews did to the texture of their muscles. She imagined that his fingers [REDACTED] — stroking, pressing, [REDACTED] intimate relationship he shared with the clay [REDACTED] his way of indulging [REDACTED] revered activity.

Little Sara watched Joe as he was talking, his eyes occasionally finding hers, then escaping again. [REDACTED], note that the surest way to fall prey to a [REDACTED] is to avoid looking into its eyes when it's caught your scent. Trying to wriggle away from it only heightens its predatory instinct. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] compensate for something, [REDACTED] smiled. [REDACTED] maybe precisely because of his contradictions, [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED].

"I would love to sculpt you sometime", [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] cautiously drank in sips of her face, her exposed neck that extended itself into [REDACTED] tone of his

voice [REDACTED] dismissing the integrity of her cells, thigh muscles drooping over kneecaps into [REDACTED] ankles, gripping [REDACTED] [REDACTED] lemon. [REDACTED] sudden dryness in her throat, letting the tip of her

this is k@ka pistol and this sucks. Yara asked me to read this hole thing and comment on it and seriously i cannot be bothered anymore! i dont like this kind of "art", it bores me to death. it feels like your trying to put yourself above others by showing that your obscure, hoping people will treat you better for it. but this \*m\*a\*s\*t\*e\*r\* shit is FUCKING RACIST AND PATRIORCHL BULLSHIT!!!! its 2022 wkae up you fucking sheepheads!!!!!!!!!!!! why is everyone participating in this stupid toxic dog race?? whatever it is your chasing, your gonna spend ur hole life running after it and when you finally get there and open the box its just empty. all this shit is unnessesarily cryptic and this is just the pinnacle, cliché AS FUCK!!!! bitch, all those art ppl need therapy and a good fuck!! stop reproducing this \$\$hit and start feeling your feelings! this hole act only reveals your stupidity and vanity. just accept it and get over it. art is fucking dead!! all that stays is psychedelics and punk. no bitch, fuck this, not even worth the trees its printed on and the electricity that went into ths hole working whatever. your a psycho! i love u but be honest with urself this is basically just therapy just be honest about it!

tongue linger in the corner of her mouth. Joe [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Now, my girls, what you need to understand is that our prince was a [REDACTED], while Sara most certainly was not. She didn't believe there was [REDACTED] powerful meaning in the encounter between the two of them. Nor did she believe there to be any depth to him sculpting her. The idea that there is a part of her essence that could only be captured in art sounded pretentious to our little bird. In her opinion, to make art was to create fiction and symbols. If you were talented enough, people would pay you to do it. If you weren't, then there was no point in doing it at all. Of course, the thought of being watched, getting attention and being a

muse excited her, but she also felt a deep sense of detachment as she imagined Joe sculpting her. Just as she felt a deep sense of detachment from [REDACTED]. He was a body, a monkey in clothes, speaking a language she could understand. It seemed absurd to her to pretend that there was anything profoundly deep beneath his performance. They were both playing the game and winning at it. Best to seize the day and enjoy the freedom to do what they wanted.

"Joe, I feel like you're trying to experience the world through the objects you create around yourself. What do you need a sculpture for, [REDACTED] aeroplane, if the greatest freedom is felt when you let the beauty of the moment undress you completely? [REDACTED] does that thought frighten you so much that you [REDACTED]?" little Sara enquired, [REDACTED] stringing words together [REDACTED] sound teasingly attractive, [REDACTED] asserting her power [REDACTED] figured him out. [REDACTED] something in his eyes darkened. She'd witnessed that darkening in other men's eyes, but she'd never seen it turn into the black of the sea's depths. [REDACTED] because they had all been white boys. She didn't doubt they were good swimmers, who [REDACTED]. She was sure that their [REDACTED] pleasant sensations, [REDACTED] know how to use their [REDACTED] drum a rhythm [REDACTED]. But she was hungry for something more. She didn't want the flat release of a [REDACTED] orgasm in a row, or the flow of her [REDACTED], she wanted baptism. A baptism that cracked her companions open, pushed them to surrender, [REDACTED] be reassembled by the very power they feared so much, the power that was bigger than them. She wanted death, [REDACTED] she'd feared, known, [REDACTED] had come to lust for. [REDACTED], she hadn't encountered any man

who was able to dive, [REDACTED], and to let go of his desire to breathe when he felt the salt water suffocating him. She'd not witnessed any of them let the sea make a shark of them. So she trailed [REDACTED]

My girls, certain rivers are not meant for man to cross alive. And prince Joe was clinging to his life [REDACTED]

Sara [REDACTED] lifted her hand and [REDACTED] his lower lip with her thumb. His eyes [REDACTED] interest, curiosity, buds of admiration. [REDACTED] a faint yearning to penetrate, to be enveloped. [REDACTED] caution, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] felt the pull of every cell [REDACTED] presence of all the bodies around [REDACTED] entered three dimensional space from his brain through his fingers. [REDACTED], transpiring body [REDACTED] that wasn't his wife's. He sank into Sara's [REDACTED] his right cheek starting to tremble uncontrollably as her fingertip softly trailed [REDACTED] throat.

[REDACTED] adult who makes his own decisions, who doesn't belong to anyone [REDACTED] "accountability" [REDACTED] By whose standards do you live your life? [REDACTED] your brain has already made a decision before you know it. [REDACTED] what she wanted. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] into the waves [REDACTED] undignified act, [REDACTED] the one situation in which she was truly able to [REDACTED] break the whole board into pieces. [REDACTED] she could truly play [REDACTED] time strings, [REDACTED] It was power, no matter what anyone told her. She didn't need someone else to evoke certain sensations in her, but she needed someone to reflect her power back to her. [REDACTED] cool, calm display of a masculinity that doesn't need to [REDACTED] was the perfect prey.

[REDACTED] felt [REDACTED] unconsciously picking up the scent of her fertility [REDACTED]. His lips increasingly [REDACTED] The whole world seemed to be leaning sideways, with Sara now the body that everything gravitated toward. [REDACTED] grab her, force his hands across her skin, under her dress, explore [REDACTED] this longing was wrong. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] But now, fire [REDACTED] a spark falls onto dry brush, [REDACTED]

"What if I told you that everything you fear has already happened to you?" Sara whispered [REDACTED] her hot breath inside of him [REDACTED] hands around her [REDACTED] he pulled her against [REDACTED]

[redacted] breath quickening, [redacted] fine lines sculpted into his [redacted] her hand on his cheek [redacted] harshness of his stubble [redacted] soft light [redacted] subtle scent of his cologne, [redacted] she inhaled sharply as she felt the excitement of her thoughts reach her [redacted], trickling down and down, until it met a force that burst upward from her deepest corner, grabbed [redacted] lips [redacted], delicately, [redacted] He was dragged into the space in between, [redacted] border, [redacted] it scared him, [redacted] he lusted [redacted] dark. [redacted] new, [redacted] ache [redacted] control slip through his [redacted] long-fingered hands [redacted] he fell into her [redacted] urgent lips, [redacted] tongues [redacted] stroking each other. [redacted] ground her body [redacted], feeling his [redacted], swelling [redacted] softness of her tissue.

[redacted] that one time [redacted] he left he'd gone straight to the bathroom and jerked off hard [redacted] her long legs wrapped [redacted] pumping [redacted] groping [redacted] naughty, dirty, forbidden, masturbating at work [redacted] this young woman who could easily be his [redacted]

[redacted], enter her in every way she wanted him to. [redacted] " [redacted] she asked. [redacted] room [redacted] unlocked [redacted] into the [redacted] of the art gallery. it was completely dark, [redacted] only feeling and sound now, [redacted] breath against [redacted] she stroked his dense [redacted] grey and coarse under her fingertips [redacted] her ass, [redacted] lush [redacted] he pushed her onto it, [redacted] a sigh exit [redacted] stiff cock through [redacted] trousers, [redacted] "Fuck, this is [redacted] ... we [redacted] " [redacted] undoing his belt. "stop thinking [redacted] " [redacted] "

[redacted]  
[redacted] her fingers found the [redacted]  
circling [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted], she tells him. [redacted]  
[redacted] straddles [redacted]  
[redacted]  
"God", he moans. [redacted]  
[redacted] ache, [redacted] desire, [redacted] heavy [redacted], pulling  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]. she leans down and presses a [redacted] into his mouth, [redacted] he starts to  
lick and suck eagerly. [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
bites [redacted]  
[redacted] snake [redacted]  
[redacted] slit. [redacted]  
moisture in the [redacted] pulls them to the side [redacted]  
[redacted]  
tantalising pressure [redacted] contain  
herself [redacted]  
[redacted] wanting to enter [redacted] slick with [redacted]

liquid oozing [redacted] wants to open [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] by a hot, young woman with a banging body [redacted]  
[redacted] his dick [redacted]  
[redacted] free. [redacted]  
threatens to push him over the edge. [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] his belly  
[redacted] his chest, [redacted]  
[redacted] melt [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] not to lose his [redacted]  
[redacted] his hips upward, [redacted] reach into [redacted] hard,  
throbbing cock, [redacted]  
[redacted]  
"easy, [redacted]", she [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted], turning her bones into waves, [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] softest, most sensitive skins [redacted]  
[redacted] their liquids. [redacted] fully  
enveloping him, [redacted] time to  
[redacted]  
[redacted]

"[redacted]?", [redacted].  
"yeah, [redacted]", [redacted] "[redacted]".  
"[redacted] you [redacted]?", [redacted]  
[redacted] urging to rub, to pound, viciously, to slide in and out [redacted],  
hard, [redacted] her cervix, [redacted].  
"[redacted]...", [redacted], "[redacted] tease me. [redacted]".  
"i asked you what [redacted]", she repeated.  
"[redacted] i want you to [redacted] i need... [redacted], God...", [redacted] his  
words [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
"grab [redacted]  
[redacted] thumbs [redacted] her nipples [redacted]  
[redacted] her body up and down [redacted], taking [redacted]  
releasing [redacted]  
[redacted] sensation. [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] she'll  
keep going until he cracks deeply. [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]", she moans, as one of her hands finds his mouth and  
she stuffs [redacted]  
[redacted] sting [redacted] reverberating up and out  
through her throat as she [redacted]

"[redacted] again, harder", [redacted]  
[redacted] vicious [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] drumming  
[redacted] blood pulsing, [redacted]  
[redacted] burst upward [redacted]  
[redacted] her [redacted] starts to flow out of her, [redacted]  
[redacted] flowing onto the [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted].  
"i want you to [redacted]", [redacted] lays herself down [redacted]  
[redacted] the slickness of her ejaculation [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] vulva [redacted]  
[redacted] clit [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
summer long. [redacted] her melting and dripping over his fingers  
[redacted]  
[redacted] her scent  
[redacted]  
[redacted]

[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] velvet inside, her  
taste penetrating his tissue [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
"when was the last time you tasted [redacted] pussy [redacted]". [redacted]  
[redacted] vagina, [redacted]  
[redacted] eyes roll back [redacted] arches [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] inside of  
me [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] down the insides of her thighs, [redacted] body [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] vulva, [redacted]  
[redacted] delicious  
[redacted] find Goddess [redacted]  
[redacted] one swift  
movement [redacted]  
[redacted] ploughing [redacted] insides inverting themselves  
[redacted] fiery hurricane of [redacted] raw passion [redacted]  
[redacted] belly [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted] pitch black [redacted] hands [redacted] shoulders, [redacted]

[redacted] torso [redacted] hips [redacted] rapid rhythm [redacted]  
lips [redacted] yearning for her moisture, [redacted] shaking fingers fumbling [redacted]  
[redacted] sweaty [redacted] hands [redacted] boobs [redacted] breath [redacted]  
[redacted] soreness [redacted] scratched and  
spanked skin aching sweetly [redacted]  
[redacted] breathed, [redacted] he felt himself crash, [redacted] essence [redacted]  
[redacted] body  
tremble [redacted] shudder [redacted] her orgasm [redacted]  
[redacted] ears, [redacted] moans, [redacted] exhausted  
breath, [redacted] pulled her tightly into him. [redacted]  
[redacted], found her breath, detached herself [redacted]  
[redacted]  
[redacted]. she found the door by the pointed beam of  
light peeking through the keyhole, pulled it open and left him there.  
[redacted]  
[redacted] wrong time [redacted]





its a very electronic sound, very electronic way of workin, what is it doing to the body, to sit hunched over a small device? what is this writing doing to my body right now, to my fingers, my shoulders, the flow of blood in my legs. that's one crazy sound. out of control, and the part where one gets pretty and nice, the other just gets nasty and wild. i love it. it's like two children playing with each other. they're having fun, sometimes they get on each others nerves, sometimes they just harmonise perfectly and compliment each other, sometimes it's a struggle to listen to them. i like it, it's fascinating to watch. is it a similar thing with movement and voice? what could i apply this way of working to?

painting on cloth, drawing on paper, ironing  
 i paint myself, the brush is also me, we share a soul, our souls are distinct but unify in the moment of our interaction, i can empathise with the pencil, the iron, the fabric i feel under my fingers. i work myself. i touch myself. i smoothen and roughen myself up. there's a listening, a feeling that needs to happen ("Your forces. My impulse. [...])

Fragility is not the end. That is in there."<sup>2)</sup>

how do i invite the work to shape me? am i being soft? am i open? do i give that which can't be controlled space to control me or is my jaw clenched tight?

developing practice  
 What responsibility do i have for my work?  
 what responsibility do i have as an artist?  
 am i a shaman, Beuys style?

reconnecting with "objects", which i struggled with due to a feminist rejection of the division between subject and object - animism gives me that, because the object is seen as alive again, the boundaries are allowed to blur and it all becomes re-inscribed in the giant all which is life, and there are no boundaries, there is no fixedness, the object doesnt need to be seen as alive because it is alive, it itself is life. maybe it's not as much a rejection of the division between subject and object and more of a resistance toward objectification, a resistance against the fictionalised hierarchy between so-called "subjects" and "objects". when i go into that sociological space, quotation marks start to force themselves-

Darlyne saying that something is calling to get made through her, she's not the one making the decision, the thing makes itself through her where am i when i sit down and think that i need to make a sound, that i need to write something, that i want to write a book, want to make a performance, need to create a final

<sup>2</sup>translated from Stephanie Bothe: "Deine Kräfte. Mein Impuls. ... Zerbrechlichkeit ist nicht das Ende. Das ist da drin."

<sup>1</sup>[https://www.ign.com/wikis/star-wars/Emperor\\_Palpatine](https://www.ign.com/wikis/star-wars/Emperor_Palpatine)

work, that i want to take photos or tie movements into sequences or whatever it is that i'm trying to draw out of myself? it draws, draws me, but if i'm not the one controlling, then how can i capitalise, how i can "make a living"? how can a gallery say "this is her work, it's amazing, you should buy it"? it's flat, i know this is flat, sounding somewhat unsophisticated, not giving a fuck but making love to the letter symbols on the black page. every letter typed is an impression, even if straight/strayed away deleted again, it leaves its trace. so what is the soul of writing, of this writing? is it in the preaching? in the demonstration of my ability to think certain thoughts, to really "go there"?

creating with children and non-human animals, creating with and for them

- i needed to get out, plant life under open sky<sup>3</sup> was calling me, so i walked walked through drizzle, rain started raining down on me, drenched, sanctuary under trees, then on and soak me sky, and then i got to these fields, cows huddled, sanctuary under trees and started recording, feet steeped in liquid screeching until their bells rang me closer and i approached them through their hooves moving through the mud, huddled around me separated by electricity, connected by cerebral electricity, recorded by electricity, and as their voice in my softened they started to piss we let it flow together, best audience ever, and i thought "why don't i do this more often? why don't i just do this? this feels

<sup>3</sup> "A giant could go in one step between up there and down here, in a split between the sky and the ground. Mama, how high is the sky?", V

so much richer than throwing a bunch of stuff into a white room", but cows don't pay my bills, and even if i make a project of it, somewhere in the process there are people who need to hand me cash and want to see something for it

- the body shakes, kundalini energy travelling, muscles jiggling loosely over butt bones, the fabric trembles with me, intestines slithering gravel slick, i might have a spleen stone, who knows, some force some may call life energy sets a body into motion but what is a body where does it end where does it plunge its hands into its hands? can be felt with high-frequented rhythmic drumming on drums in my ears, can be felt in the usurping of halations where is the point where the wave breaks? the point growing smaller as i zoom in, escaping into unification, and continuity becomes the only possibility, definition escaping, but in its escape also being. it's one big paradox, one big multi-coloured/  
 -frequented/-dimensional/-versal happening i've never taken a hallucinogen but i've seen the rainbows in my skin, lashes, and the fibres of my pitch-black jacket when the sun and the son were both present on the wooden floor with me, one holding me, one holding my cheek as i cried blissfully. but there was a time between shine and noise, when we smoked some weed and anxiety came throbbing and gnawing at my guts, and she wrapped me into her sagging cloth and pulled me tighter, pushing in, possibly turnicating, con-fronting me with the fact that there's no escape, that i can't get out, however wide it seems i am always stuck in it, and falling lost in it can be suffocating, but i couldn't get out and there was rug and indirect light and summer

heat and slurping sounds and breathing and thinking and a chest pressed into a floor and absence leeching singing into screeching and this spine started winding like a \_\_\_\_\_, stretching, opening like a \_\_\_\_\_, and the thought hit that i was moving like an animal, and the thought came that i was an animal, and the peace came that i am an animal and most of what i do is like fiction, most of what i do is for the shine (*Can shine be caught like a fever?* — Morgan Parker<sup>4</sup>), most of what i do is what i am and what i be, most of what i be, i am, i was an animal and was a thing, but all the things were alive and there were no boundaries between us because on a sub-atomic level hierarchies ceased and there is no good and bad and no end and everything just is, or when you zoom out far enough it becomes indistinguishable, and the peace came, in its own time, and the thought of a bonobo sitting at a desk and typing a thesis is ridiculous, they'd rather spend their time fucking. look at us all smart.

- this is in repetitions, i'm sure, what does it mean to be sure, is sure the opposite of insecure? in\_\_\_\_\_cure, incurring, the materiality of language. a part of me wants to write mean raps and be a star and be cool, but then that may get embarrassing for the kid, but i dont wanna care because it's my life, ownership and possession, where is El-i Teer? wants to write mean raps, because a lot of the ones i hear are simple and forgettable, but as long as the beat bangs most people don't care. an easy way to infiltrate minds. do i want to be manipulative? what is a meditation? what is a written meditation? i like the idea of a written meditation really just being automatic writing, and it's somewhat indulgent to put that into a thesis, largely unedited,

<sup>4</sup> *The Book of Revelation*

and expect people to read it and evaluate it favourably. but maybe i don't give a shit about the mark, at this point. our time strings passing each other, overlapping without crossing, let's not forget the other dimensions, like the holy trinity and spirit was feminine, no? the other day, Trinh also talked about masculine and feminine, and gender and yin and yang and that we have those energies within us, and it reminds me of the writings about female ejaculation and i feel robbed, socially, or culturally, rather. and blessed that i was a nerdy child that loved reading. "dumb fucks better", no girl, it don't, and now she's already read more of it than i have. where was i before? raps, rap star and stardom, watched that arte documentary about Brad Pitt and was reminded of how i idolised stardom when i was younger, always had that dream of becoming famous so that i'd have influence and could inspire people and save the world, but it's a sick culture... yeah i really think so, dont wanna edit those words. you can't even walk down the street. that's not freedom. but what is freedom? they say you dont know what freedom is until you've known its absence, and i wonder how entitled and ungrateful i am. is this still animistic? word pixels in contact with this soul, several souls rubbing against each other, but i also really like Spinoza's version and the pantheistic thing, and noone can tell me that those writers didnt somehow get in contact with Eastern philosophies. but i may be wrong, that'd actually be really nice. being perfect, being right, right is not centre, centre is not neutral, and sometimes i feel like my centre will not hold and i'll just fall apart, isnt that what eventually happens to all atoms? they disintegrate? i couldve paid more attention in physics, the teachers could have been nicer. school system is

fucked up. a part of me wants to come back to the thing about becoming a badass rapper, because there's something in there about recognition, maybe also about comfort and the hope of not having to hustle but be able to comfortably pay rent and stuff. and i still feel some shame about basically living rent-free. that shame also comes into me through a capitalist system, or is triggered by it. i dont even know what capitalism is, i dont know what anything is, and i dont consciously think about writing words and sentences, at this point it's really an automatism<sup>5</sup>. is that cheating? who is writing this unhierarchical and unstructured stream of words? God? i am God, but so is literally everything else, atomic God, God energy, and professor saying we shouldnt talk about the overlap of art and religion, fuck you! when do we talk about the trauma generated in educational institutions? maybe this is for another section. i wanted this section to be mostly about the connection, that space in there where everything is allowed to be, but i also didnt want to control it too much, and maybe now i'm on a slippery slope, but i love a bit of slippery, when you lose your grip and it starts to get sticky, or there's a reduction in friction and you can feel it in your nipples. this is about bodies, but the only one who confidently brought sex into it was professor mother friend. maybe this is some German awkwardness, maybe i'm only writing this now to confront myself about it, because i feel really awkward, sexually, and a thesis isn't a substitute for therapy, i'm gonna have to head off in ten minutes to go to therapy, we're probably gonna talk about a drawing i made last session — i was worried i

<sup>5</sup> need to look up the etymology, sounds like something from the era of "earth is a dead thing, body is a machine"

could only cry in that little room from now on, because sometimes it's so much that it almost cant burst but it can always burst. maybe we dont talk about sex because we get distracted, but "dumb fucks better" and we don't talk about all the trauma enough. i suggested the new ice breaker be our most out-there sex fantasy. yeah, why not, i fucked chancellor Palpatine in the ass with a strap-on until lightening shot out of his fingers. and someone told me they dreamed of me ejaculating out of my finger tips. can we read this non-hierarchically?

i really have issues, but so do we all, i feel embarrassed for pus-y zits and body hair in socially unacceptable places, but i also roll my eyes at all the make-up, fake lips, fake boobs, fake asses, slick dudes, bro dudes, guys in fancy cars and all that other superficial bullshit. i can only write this in the hope that it's not read, i dont wanna be hated, maybe this is confrontation therapy, i'm a hypocrite because i go and get my eyebrows threaded once every 6 weeks, it's my treat, this isn't supposed to be a diary, maybe this is some sort of experiment what i can get away with, and i find it problematic that no one tells me how many words i need to write, and now i feel a pressure to write more to get to a certain amount of pages, and there's already so much in this document, and it's Kraut & Rüben, are the word Rüben and the name Reuben related? i hope this is a pain in the ass to read, maybe this is my middle finger to academia and an "art world" that tells me that my work is too literal, flat and "not very good", i love you and still think you're fucking hot, and a part of me wants to get fucked by you, but another part of me wants to tie you up and whip you bloody until you surrender and come out transformed. same old, same old...

this work is site specific, not tied to an exhibition site, but to a neighbourhood, a city, a region. bla bla bla

we are a new generation of artists.

but back to that thing about wanting to be a star: really, the desire is there, the hope that people who didn't like me in the past will see me in the media and be like "damn i shouldve been nicer to her" but what the fuck is that even? recognising that most of the stuff most people do is to get attention and approval (this right here being an example, because let's be honest: however much i'd like for this to be necessary, it isnt. it really isnt. not even breathing is necessary at this point. there's just impulse and attempts at intention.) and those forces are so fucking powerful, i've looked in the mirror about 15 times today already, i like to pretend that i'm not vain but i'm paranoid because look at these people walking around in this ridiculous city! what am i worth if people dont admire me, respect me, hear my words and think "oh how sophisticated", part of it has to do with race and gender, but part of it is also just the ... cant even call it a sickness because that's judgemental, it's fading, maybe it gets picked up again-

i dont feel like there's any room in me for poetry. but i think once we go in, the room expands infinitely. maybe there's no room in me for external, unquestioned, assumed definitions of poetry, and i could write properly, correct punctuation, capitalisation and spelling, but FOR WHOM?? to do myself the favour of legibility? **if you understand, you understand, no matter the words or the language.** vibrations, energy, probably also just a fiction... and i hate when people write

"..." in a work email, it feels passive-aggressive.

in a nightmare, the poetry of embracing increasing fear only to wake up in yet another layer of the dream. fear, acceptance, waking up, dream. there was so much in there about wokeness and blackness, Blackness, and i'm really pissed at my dad for never taking me to the motherland, i indulge in behaving like a teenager, maybe that's what happens when you always try to act like a grown-up, at some point it bites you in the ass and you regress, heavily, i think that's what happens to a lot of elderly people who turn into badass infantile cunts i love the word cunt cunt cunt cunt but you know what i mean, no really i'd like to destigmatise the words cunt and bitch because i feel too sensitive to them, i wanna get to a point where people can call me whatever and i can still smile at them and beat them with love, but there's still competition in there, isnt it? maybe liking the words cunt and bitch is the same forbidden fascination that benz boy had with the performance of the guys running against concrete blocks, i really hadnt noticed but it's true that it sounds voyeuristic to comment on the performance and how the people in the audience lost their shit, but not talk about what the performance actually did to you. i told the frank parents that i think art is effective if it elicits an emotional response in you, they were talking about some performance where a woman birthed paint eggs out of her vagina, and both seemed sure that that wasnt art, and look at me all sophisticated because i can say that "while i dont know what art is, i wouldnt call that not-art!", oh yes we understand it oh yes we are sophisticated i am included in this why dont we all just fuck each other in an

orgy? it is basically the same thing as sitting through another colloquium or discussion in any art institutional context. why dont we just fuck? because we're German and only do that sort of thing in swinger clubs??

have you ever picked up a single grain of sand and marvelled at its beauty? have you ever marvelled at the beauty of the beach? have you ever marvelled at the sand that spreads from a child's shoe throughout the whole flat in a matter of minutes before you get on your knees and try sweeping it up into a dustpan? dustpans are impossible! (i wanted to get to Trinh T. Minh-ha again, and that "drop is in the ocean, and the ocean is in the drop" thing, it's beautiful, and i wouldnt be thinking about this if i wasnt working in an institution showing her work and i'm tiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiired of institutions, nothing personal, the whole system is just so rigged)

- the more i work on the thesis, the more i feel like i'm getting further away from something. using writing to get closer to something, but sometimes it leads further away. maybe that's the difference between artistic writing and writing for entertainment? probably bullshit, all of this is so very random: writing does not need editing. writing is writing. what is writing and what is speaking, Cassandra what the fuck?? i do not need to produce sense and clarity for you people. i feel love for you and admire/envy pretty much everyone i know, and i feel the need to write this here because i'm realising this carries a lot of negative energies and sounds quite hateful. but i come back to >>by whose standards? why am i being so confrontational? i write the question so that you know that i'm reflecting on

my own attitudes and behaviours, it's a rhetorical question that's also really superfluous. because noone cares, and if it wasnt anyone's task to read this, then probably noone would, except maybe for some people with whom i have an intimate emotional or creative relationship, but even then the setting and the context matter, and i wonder if art could really unfold its potential/fertility if that was the starting point for it. but then that's only one definition and one kind of art, and once again the snake bites its own tail.

#### let me be blunt:

- i sometimes think we're just not scrupulous enough, we want to fight the good fight, but maybe we need a few public figures who burn shit down. - and maybe i'm a vampire, and all i want from them is to suck something out of them, something that entices me and that i want for myself, but at the same time something i think they have too much of. because why white cis-men? why is my sexuality so focused on the mainstream? and sexuality here isnt limited to the yearning for genital whatever, but deep lust for something hedonistic, something basic, ugly, sloppy, disgusting, infinitely powerful, something that feels like heaven and is **just so fucking frustrating!** (=art) hoe do i emancipate myself? or am i again overthinking it, and just need to accept it for what it is? there's a lack of opportunities anyway, or maybe i just don't have enough space in my life. where are the corners where i can insert a root tendril, penetrate, expand? maybe i'm a vampire and it's in my nature to want their blood, minus the sucking dry. she said swallowing is a white girl thing. how do white women fuck white men? how do white people fuck each other? don't think that i

really wanna know, when most of the porn—unnecessary—is this written for the white reader? or for the Black reader who wants to dive into the mind of a Black person who thinks a lot about white people? do i not think enough about Black people, or do i just think that i don't need to worry about them as much? but what is it when i fantasise about fucking people, and they're white? and is that not along the same lines as me thinking about making art, and the audience is white? i struggle to put it into a coherent thought, and maybe i feel reluctant to. i dont know if these are introjected daddy issues to be resolved, i don't know if there's anything to let go of. maybe it's a hope for redemption, the redemption of the coloniser, the enslaver, the rapist. a redemption of the master. but does that redemption need to happen inside a Black cunt? inside a Black mind? or are those just further colonies? or am i self-victimising by calling to mind the colonisation of my pussy (or should we call her lioness?), my thoughts, my fantasies? a seed bed for whitesplaining and mansplaining, **it does not feel pleasant**

also, anxiety, taking it seriously (which i didnt do), it's like an extra backpack i carry around with myself, something that dictates my days, on a good day i can be grateful for it because it stops me from taking my bodymind and my time for granted, but it's also extra baggage. and shit this leads to "oh it makes you stronger" and pity porn, and i feel sweet-sick like after interacting with Beckys

what would happen if the writing were to leak and spill? could i do anything to contain it?

- im writing this, but am i writing what needs to be written, or am i writing what i think fulfils the requirements to receive a certificate? am i producing a baby with the purpose of having other people tell me its beautiful and such a good girl? have i inserted enough quotes by Silvia Federici, Saidiyah Hartman, or the contemporary woke white feminist's favourite: Audre Lorde? have i elaborated enough on what it is that i find so inspiring about their writing? am i name-dropping now, to signal to readers that i've read a certain amount of theory, and that below the surface of my chaotic writing here, there's "deeper knowledge"? i want this to be honest, most of all. and i'd lie if i said i wasn't writing with a specific audience in mind, and that that audience isn't the people from "my community". what is being judged negatively, and by whom? am i staying in these white spaces because something feels safe in being judged by those who call me "other"? that something in this apparent hierarchy invalidates their judgement? am i still wasting energy trying to educate white people? or am i being a pioneer, a weed? i guess i'm tired of eating, chewing, digesting and regurgitating (or shitting out) facts/ideas/methods for other people to eat, digest and regurgitate in return. only so we can get off on the fact that we're in this cool art circle, or we're even better because we criticise the cool art circle, and our intentions are better, or we don't even have any intentions, and we can back it all up with eloquence, and if we can't back it up with words then that's because we feel so deeply that an explanation is beyond words. but **remember: we're deep(er than all those other people, living their regular lives, participating in neoliberal consumer culture).** the negativity in this meditation, and it's

just **here**. because it's constantly present in this fucked up white patriarchal academic space. i'm often worried i'll say or write or do something that'll get me cancelled, that'll make people look at me and throw virtual stones at me, hard, until i bleed and cry and admit that i'm a bad person, a sinner. i'm tired of it. i'm a shitty person, an asshole that is full of shit and SO WHAT? and i can see the condescending smile of the white male professor who's just delighted that i've finally come to the realisation that we're all oh so broken, dirty, messy and imperfect, that we're trapped in our own tragic and i wanna punch him in the fucking face. and he would love it, so what am i left with but love people and love myself? and i feel more connected to my "self" the more dissolved "my self" is. this is a spiral. they've taken all the violence and are only leaving us with love as a weapon (notice how corny this sounds, immediately? the essence of sexism). am i really tired of balance promotion, or is it just not cool enough, and i wanna be cool? i'm hot, heated, hot-headed, i spark really easily, my bullies knew that and they played me hard. and i come back to the forest, the unique roles in the ecosystem, different conditions and modes of being and rates of growth. and maybe in the end, immanuel Cunt is right when he says that you can't let other people distract you from your destiny, your calling. this is a spiral, a tree, this is infinite. why am i writing this? why are you reading this? it's a process that can go on infinitely. at this point, it's wildly didactic, performative, exhibitionist. perfect for a voyeuristic culture. but do i really need to finger myself in front of you? how can i show care for the reader, through this text? maybe that's just not my task, right now. but what would an M.F.A. (Mother of Fertile Art)

thesis be like, if it wasn't about producing fine art, but about cultivating something wild, sustainable and holistic?

also the issue of inaccessibility that comes with this being written in English

but sometimes it feels very immediate to me that certain things need to be written in order for the page to be respected. it's a dirty little thing, sick of its own whiteness and assumed purity, even though some parts of it want to be left blank. it's a sharing of secrets, a demystification of process and background. it's context. maybe a counter-spell, but i'm not deeply enough into the witch shit yet. but i know some bitches i want to slap. i think meditation is great, as are empathy, solidarity and certain forms of feminism. but i know some bitches i want to slap and i stand by that language- it's a cut into the skin that reveals the cancer within. i'm violent. you're violent. we are violent. it is violent. it is.

power from within, not power over (Starhawk<sup>6</sup>)<sup>7</sup>, it resonates, i'm still looking for those things that guide me and affirm me in the sense of firmness, i don't like feeling weak when people hit me with eloquence or toughness and i feel like a babbling child, terribly adultist really, and ego-heavy thoughts, constant attempts to distance myself from those, and the hope that by surrendering to the absence of control and the ever-presence of movement and change, the hope that by surrendering to that i could speak with confidence blablabla the therapist also asked why i do this. inhabit awkwardness with confidence. be seen

<sup>6</sup> *Dreaming The Dark: Magic, Sex, and Politics.* 1982

<sup>7</sup> ><YYYY

as lovely, arrogant, intelligent, immature, whatever labels people want to attach, to stay somewhere "connected" in those word encounters brrhhsj i'm tired it's 23:33 and i need to get up early to bring V to daycare i hope they're not coughing anymore tomorrow because if they do then i need to stay home with them, i wish i could return to and conclude that thought string i was following, but also i'd rather masturbate half-heartedly - maybe it's the thought that if you can't connect with the fact that: what i feel i also feel through my spiritual ancestors, that fucking isn't just two bodies but the moans of my foremothers that were robbed of their pleasure- we're never alone in this bed, and the same applies to "my art"- if you cant connect with the idea that spirits are with us right now and through this connection of non-dichotomous writer/reader, then this fucking will not be sensational. are you honestly putting in the work? thank you if you are, non-sarcastically. the thought that none of this is new, that i'm merely adding my voice to the cacophony of writing that's out there, the question why i'd think only "new" thoughts would be worth writing down, and what my thoughts around worth and value are.

diversity, yes, and equity and inclusion? oppression and power over and power from within and keeping rage bottled in until the bottle shakes, and thinking that dogs who bark dont bite, and that's probably bullshit, but why waste my energy to bark at those who are deaf, and let the bottle shake let it shake it'll explode at some point, but what about a bark at the deaf, they'd feel the sonic vibrations<sup>9</sup>, but no i'd rather tear at your stomach and spill your guts. dunno, just going with what

<sup>9</sup> and i worry if this sounds ableist?

feels right without overthinking it<sup>9</sup>, and that was all pretty traumatic to us all and bla bla and professors dont know shit either, see grown-ups for the children they are, and you dont know shit about me and your judgement stinks of hypocrisy and overcompensation of powerlessness but then again: what kind of power? i dont publicly discuss that shit with the others, we all have our own ways of doing it, sometimes the only way to go is a punch in the stomach, man she really fucked with my head and i'm grateful but also fuck all that shit, as Anike said: "from \*all\* sides", and really i dont want to be in public discussions about that stuff with fellow PGM, the necessity for safer spaces - i dont have a place to go back to, a place where i can just be and blend in and belong. i may find a glimpse of that place in a UK or US metropolis, but even there i wouldn't be native. i have always been and will always be other. so really, there is no space for me but here. i try to carve out a space for people with similar experiences, an inability to blend in and lose the feeling of being a minority for a while. i don't talk about it much, because i don't wanna fall into victimhood and get demoralised. but it's a reality that i carry with me everywhere i go. it's the reason why i didn't really connect much with people my age, from puberty onwards, but was always fixated on the next step, the "real" step, i knew that i didn't belong with the other kids, with their house parties, drinking and feeling free. i belonged with the people who saw that the world wasn't a just place, and who wanted to work hard on changing that. currently i'm wondering if the real change-makers are social workers and therapists. not a fixed or well-thought-through opinion, just an

<sup>9</sup> as if

off-the-bat musing. and i think it's some form of internalised sexism that i feel the need to clarify that my opinion is imperfect, immediately. instead of just busting it out. maybe the real change-makers are sex-workers, sustainable farmers, builders, people who take away our bins and capitalism sucks tell me what you want

and all the things i hate and condemn are also in me, all the racism, sexism, homophobia, i feel them, i dont feel them as a victim but as a perpetrator. and am i not making the same mistake as the assholes i condemn, if i judge people for what they say, rather than for how they feel?

- an increasing awareness of so-called "vibes", GenZ's new favourite term. we may be perfect on paper, but if i'm not feeling you, or we don't feel each other, then i dont want to share time with you. when i feel "vibes", i can't explain it, it may even be against all logic. like a person who i perceive as really mainstream, and i disagree with a lot of their life choices, but something keeps me thinking back to a casual conversation i had with them, because i feel the vibe was there, and i can't help myself but think back again and again and again for months, almost obsessively. i wonder why my thoughts are doing this. i accept my thoughts and watch them like clouds. and it's remarkable that they go back again and again and again and again and again and it doesn't get tired and again and again and i don't know if there's something wrong with me but again and it's driving me crazy again and maybe i just have too much time to think and again and again and i wonder if other people feel this way too about situations and encounters and i wonder what this is good for, how this serves me, or what the nutrients are that i get out of this because it feels

like i'm sucking on a flesh-covered mango seed for half a year but again it's driving me crazy and again and again i watch them like clouds are they robots? are they real? someone please explain it to me, because sometimes it feels like i'm not understanding something that everyone else understands, or vice-versa. but how do we feel connection? how do we want to live our lives? it sounds so vague and cheesy, but it's the most elemental question, fuck!! are you even reading this? do i even want you to read this? what is attention worth? to remind us that we exist? fuck that shit. we're gonna die horrible deaths, there will be hell, we dont deserve any of what we have, there's just guilt and shame and horror. i just want mud, i want the shredding of this, i want to stuff it into your mouth i dont want to force feed what is desire? how do thoughts flow? what is a flow, a bump, flowing over a bump or running dry, water finds its way around blockages, blood treads an alternative path. recognising people's energies, knowing them from myself, pretentiously thinking i know shit about people. Page, am i defiling you? is this our common dirt? is this how you fuck me? why does it always have to be about fucking? because i'm under-fucked or because this society has removed a healthy sexuality from all aspects of life, confined it to heterosexual relationships and even then hasn't done shit to educate people properly about anatomy, consent and pleasure? the people who try to diminish this problem and turn it into an individual issue are ignorant as fuck. editing my thoughts away, editing around my thoughts, editing to enhance the clarity and impact of my writing.

i also wonder if i'm being too cynical and maybe even illustrative if i try to obscure poetry even further. my horoscope app says "Figure out what is cynicism, and what is realism." i believe horoscopes are mostly placebo, is that cynical? maybe if i had a twitter account, i wouldn't be writing this text but a lot of tiny tweets stored on Elon's server, frankly it feels similarly impulsive. you could call it sloppy and half-hearted, i'd like to call it equanimous or ambivalent and right now those words feel like when people call their children "Amelie-Mathilda" or "Konstantin-Alexander", i cannot escape my socio-economic class and my education, and i'm waiting for the day i wake up and won't want to anymore, because i don't want to anymore-

the thought that my thesis is the best of all fills me with a deep sense of pleasure combined with disgust and annoyance. the best. i need to be the first, the best, i need to be better, i need to outshine, and i'm doing it all while being a mother, isn't that like modern day Mother Mary power? and i need to be humble about it and don't want to brag because that'd be stupid and pointless, but i'm never satisfied and i always feel less than because i didn't start the PhD and i'm not earning the money and i don't have the second child and i'm not shaving my legs in the winter but i'm still doing it better than, you can be impressed, and maybe tomorrow will be the next day i end up on the bathroom floor in a pool of tears, snot and drool as my body is gripped in the grief that no matter what it does it'll never be good. it is not good. i am not good. this world is not good! it'll never be good. sometimes i'm really pessimistic about life, about everything, then i remember that everything is matter, it makes it

bearable. enjoyable, actually. i'm grateful that i'm not depressed anymore, that now, i can get out of bed, shower, eat some, and that i don't hate myself anymore. it feels sensational. but you never know...

that goddess that's depicted without her head because she acts intuitively from her belly. in contrast to the head sculptures we have of "important" thinkers, who can live without their bodies, but not without their heads<sup>10</sup>.

- bitches don't know what it feels like to be a Black piece of shit that slipped from a white cunt, and to have racism thrown back at you when the illusion of control starts to slip off the blades. i had a mad crush on a white country boy when i was too deep in head-heavy seminars, he seemed deep and had a \_\_\_\_\_ dick, his exercise was looking people deep in the eye, i guess that's a thing white country boys get to do when they're not in danger of experiencing sexist and racist harassment in the street, anyway, some people call it confrontative i call it experimenting, something about it comfortably satisfies my curiosity, but my mother said it feels like i fight against her and it'd shake me if i hadn't heard it a thousand times from a white man's mouth, i suggested she interrogate her racism, reluctantly speculating what goes on in her mind — and i had felt bad that i couldn't look at her anymore...

i had another mad crush on a white country boy who had a \_\_\_\_\_ body, i saw him today with his \_\_\_\_\_ and two \_\_\_\_\_ oh no that wasn't them i mixed them up because they're so generic how can i not become hateful i frankly find their reproduction of a social ideal lazy, listening to the

<sup>10</sup> Kas's thought

doublegangers i almost laughed because it was too true, and he's so handsome ooh boy and when we talked he was full of shit and i didn't call him out and it felt so nice ooh the attention and i was on that one for months it was frustrating and to be honest i still am because my ego viciously clings to the fantasy that deep down all he wants is to dive into me headfirst and literally bury himself in me. and i kept wondering why i couldn't just focus all that energy on people who aren't cis-men and white, this is relevant for art because there's something in there and it was about art but we're not talking the same art and maybe we would if he took that year but we probably won't and maybe the same art is an illusion but how come i feel it with Kas but not with him and i can't even fantasise about fucking him because i just want the sensation of his fingers stroking moist clay, and i think there's hope but people don't want real transformation because that requires death, and who's really centering "active reformation in their lives" while being able to "acknowledge racism, colorism, sexism, ableism, classism, etc. without fragility" (Elizabeth Mputu) but what does that even mean because everything is fragile and falls apart but he told me there are also atoms with a stable core, so then if we're also made up of those then nothing ever goes away, thesis writing is amazing, i could do this every

day and the best thing about it is that im getting paid to do it ha ha

Flint Jamison spoke about artists as producers of property which hit me because i see myself more as a clown who's just here for entertainment and comic relief, and i can feel the painful swellings in my breasts, at the dinner table my mother told me a colleague of her died this summer, she'd been feeling bloated for a while but nothing was ever found until it was too late, she had 3 months left after that. How am i spending my three months? but it's all just words, a-musings, because it's always now, the time is here, the place is now, we're all connected so i'm in you anyway and you're in me and i'm in the white country boys whether they felt me or not, and all the obnoxious Beckies are also me, and i don't even exist because i don't have boundaries and i also exist, we're writing right now, we're all one and that's just magnificent, zoom out far enough and you see the speck of dust, zoom in and you're in the field void, the child is gently snoring next to us, and maybe after we die we'll see Ms Cloversaddle kick Kant in the nuts, cackling like an evil witch ha ha ha

- or like, white people quoting Audre Lorde at me, telling me that poetry is not a luxury bitch please

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<sup>11</sup> about my mother

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# **96 THESES**

## **for whoever finds them relevant**

for now / disordered / draft in progress  
by ra eola & El-i Teer

- 1. ALWAYS NOISE & ULTRA- & INFRA-**
- 2. ASK AGAIN: BY WHOSE STANDARDS?**
- 3. BRAIN HALLUCINATES OUR CONSCIOUS PERCEPTION OF REALITY**
- 4. WE COME IN WAVES OUT OF BLACK HOLES**
- 5. IT'S MESSY**
- 6. SHIT.**
- 7. WHAT THE FUCK IS PURITY? WHO DEFINES IT?**
- 8. RE-THINK THE CONCEPTION AND EXPERIENCE OF TIME**
- 9. IT'S NON-LINEAR**
- 10. WHAT IF TOMORROW IS DEAD?**
- 11. BE IN NOW, ALWAYS (AFROPRESENTISM, BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY, AND OTHERS)**
- 12. REMEMBER THAT HOWEVER MUCH YOU DO, THERE'S NO SALVATION TO BE HOPED FOR BY "THINGS GETTING BETTER"**
- 13. IN STARHAWK'S WORDS<sup>12</sup> "[FACE] THE POSSIBILITY OF THE WORST AND THEN [GO] AHEAD WITH WHAT YOU KNOW IS RIGHT"**
- 14. REMEMBER THAT KNOWLEDGE IS MULTI-FACETED/ -DIMENSIONAL**
- 15. VALUE THE IRRATIONAL, AND THE ANTI-RATIONAL**
- 16. TUNE INTO INTUITION**
- 17. RESPECT THE INCREDIBLE AND MIRACULOUS POWER & KNOWLEDGE OF THE BIRTHING BODYMIND**

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<sup>12</sup> Webs of Power: Notes from the Global Uprising, 2002, p.157

- 18. GIVE THE BODYMIND TIME TO PRACTISE BEING BODYMIND AGAIN AFTER BIRTHING**
- 19. SPEAK OF THE “BODYMIND” TO RE-FUSE A \_\_\_\_\_ SPLIT**
- 20. SAYING “MY BODY” REAFFIRMS AN OUTDATED IDEA OF DOMINION OF THE SPIRIT OVER THE FLESH. WHAT CAN BE SAID INSTEAD?**
- 21. ACKNOWLEDGE PARALLELS IN PROCESSES OF CREATION. THE CREATION OF WORKS OF ART FOLLOWS SIMILAR LINES TO HUMAN CONCEPTION-PREGNANCY-LABOUR-BIRTH. INSTEAD OF FOCUSING ON THE BIRTH AND INITIAL POSTPARTUM TIME, LET’S GIVE EQUAL WEIGHT TO EACH STAGE, AND COMMUNALLY SUPPORT EACH OTHER IN LABOURING AS WELL AS CARING, RAISING AND PARTING WITH**
- 22. ASK: WHERE WAS THE CARE IN THIS?**
- 23. REMEMBER THAT VIOLENCE AND CARE ARE CONNECTED, HOWEVER VAGUE AND UNCOMFORTABLE THAT MAY BE**
- 24. 99.9% OF DNA SHARED BETWEEN HUMANS, MORE THAN 95% WITH BONOBO AND CHIMPANZEES**
- 25. BE IN FAVOUR OF THE NON-HIERARCHICAL INTEGRATION OF ALL THINGS IN THE LARGER STRUCTURE OF EVERYTHING**
- 26. SURRENDER TO DECENTRALISATION — THERE NEED NOT BE A CORE THAT IS APPARENT TO US, THINGS CAN SEEM FRAGMENTED AND SEEMINGLY DISCONNECTED FROM EACH OTHER AND THAT’S OK**
- 27. WE JUDGE, AND PRECISELY IN THAT PROCESS ARE MADE EQUAL WITH OTHER PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHOM WE JUDGE FOR BEING JUDGEMENTAL**
- 28. CLAIM LABELS. REJECT LABELS. QUESTION LABELS.**
- 29. REMEMBER THAT LANGUAGE IS A MEANS OF TRANSPORT, NOT A LIFELONG MONOGAMOUS COMMITMENT**

**30. CRITICALLY REFLECT ON THE CONNECTION BETWEEN CONTEMPORARY ART THAT RESISTS CAPITALISM AND ANCIENT TRADITIONS IN HEALTH AND HEALING (SHAMANISM, MIDWIFERY, MAGIC)**

**31. BE WARY OF ANY AUTHORITY/INSTITUTION THAT GETS HORNY FROM COLLABORATION FOR THE SAKE OF COLLABORATION**

**32. THE MAIN RESPONSIBILITY OF CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS NEEDS TO BE THE SUPPORT OF LOCAL PEOPLE<sup>13</sup>. SPACES NEED TO BE MADE AVAILABLE, FINANCIAL SUPPORT NEEDS TO BE MADE ACCESSIBLE, A PART OF PUBLIC SERVICE NEEDS TO BE TO CONNECT PEOPLE WITH EACH OTHER**

**33. CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS NEED TO PRIORITISE THEIR ACCESSIBILITY IN EVERY REGARD**

**34. ACKNOWLEDGE AND RESPECT THE IMPORTANCE OF NETWORKS, WHILE STAYING WARY OF NEOLIBERAL MIRAGES**

**35. NEVER FORGET THAT YOU TOO HAVE AND ARE AN ASSHOLE**

**36. WORK ON SEEING PAST THE VEIL OF SHINE THAT SOCIAL MEDIA SUGGESTS TO US BY LEARNING ABOUT THE MECHANISMS BEHIND IT AND PRACTISING DIGITAL HYGIENE \_\_\_\_\_**

**37. STATE PRIVILEGES EVEN THOUGH MANY CIS-HET WHITE MEN MAY FIND IT OBNOXIOUS. ACKNOWLEDGE IT AS AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT, WHILE LEARNING TO LIVE WITH ANXIETY**

**38. ACKNOWLEDGING SITUATEDNESS<sup>14</sup> AS FEMINIST PRACTICE: WHAT IS MY PLACE AND MY SPECIFIC AND UNIQUE POSITION?**

**39. CREATE DISTANCE TO ME-NING**

**40. STOP COLONISING AND SUBJUGATING EGO, WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY OVER-ATTACHING TO IT**

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<sup>13</sup> "think globally, act locally"

<sup>14</sup> introduced to this by Donna Haraway

**41. THE “ART WORLD” IS PART OF THE LARGER WORLD AROUND IT, AND HENCE REPRODUCES STRUCTURES OF THE LARGER SYSTEM OF WHICH IT IS PART.**

**DOES IT WANT TO BE A STOMACH OR A CANCER?**

**42.MAKE “ART-CORE<sup>15</sup>”, NOT ART-PORN.**

**43.EXTEND “ART-CORE” TO ART THAT IS CENTRED IN DECENTRALISATION, IN CONNECTION AND COMMUNICATION, IN PROCESSES AND EXCHANGES, AND IS COMMITTED TO CREATE A SPACE IN WHICH PEOPLE ENCOUNTERING THE ARTWORK CAN ATTEMPT TO CONNECT WITH THEIR OWN VULNERABILITY, SIMILARLY TO HOW THE “ARTIST” WAS VULNERABLE IN THE CONCEPTION-PREGNANCY-LABOUR-BIRTH PROCESS**

**44. RESIST ART PORN, MEANING THE PRODUCTION OF ARTISTIC BABIES TO BE VOYEURISTICALLY ADMIRER POST-PARTUM BY ART-CONSUMERS AND THEN NEGLECTED IN PLACES WHERE THE SPIRITS OF ANCESTORS ARE FAR AWAY. ART PORN EXHIBITS THE PRODUCT OF AN EXHAUSTING, VULNERABLE PROCESS IN CONTEXTS WHERE THE MAIN RETURN THE ARTIST RECEIVES IS ATTENTION OR MONEY.**

**45.RESIST ART GORE, MEANING ART THAT TRIES TO MOVE AWAY FROM ART PORN, BUT MAINLY USES BRUTE FORCE AND VIOLENCE TO EVOKE VULNERABILITY IN THE PERSON ENCOUNTERING THE ARTWORK**

**46. CRITIQUE & CRITICISE A WHITE CUBE IN WHICH ART PORN & ART GORE ARE AT THE CENTRE, WHERE VIEWERS ENTER, BROWSE AND OGGLE, FILLING THEMSELVES UP WITH A WORK ONLY TO FEEL AND THINK STRONGLY ABOUT IT IN A CONTROLLED AND PREDICTABLE WAY, BUT AT NO POINT HAVING TO REALLY MAKE THEMSELVES VULNERABLE TO NOT-KNOWING AND AWKWARDNESS. THE AUDIENCE’S VULNERABILITY IS LARGELY ABSENT FROM**

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<sup>15</sup> acknowledging the usage of this term in a music and gaming context

**THE WHITE CUBE, BECAUSE THEY PAY FOR ACCESS TO THE SPACE. MONEY  
AIMS TO SUBSTITUTE VULNERABILITY.**

**47.AGAINST THE FINANCIAL, INTELLECTUAL, MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL  
EXPLOITATION OF ARTISTS**

**48. AGAINST THE FINANCIAL, INTELLECTUAL, MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL  
EXPLOITATION OF BIPOC**

**49. CRITICISE INSTITUTIONS WHICH PERPETUATE SAID ART PORN AND  
EXPLOITATION, WHILE MAINLY EXHIBITING THEIR EFFORTS TO DISMANTLE  
SAID TENDENCIES IN ORDER TO PROJECT AN IMAGE OF SUPERIORITY &  
DEDICATION, IN CONTRAST OF ACTUAL COMMITTED, HEALTHY AND  
SUSTAINABLE WORK ON THE CREATION OF A NEW STRUCTURE**

**50.BE WARY OF IDEALISATION**

**51. HONOUR THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE US, REMEMBERING BOTH THE HEROES  
AND VILLAINS, REMEMBERING THAT THE LINE IS WAVY AND POROUS**

**52.CRITIQUE THE DEMONISATION OF “OTHER” PEOPLE BY THOSE WHO CONSIDER  
THEMSELVES "OPEN-MINDED" AND FOCUSED ON HEALING. DONT DEMONISE  
PEOPLE WHO SAY/DO/THINK RACIST, SEXIST AND HOMOPHOBIC THINGS, TO  
THE DETRIMENT OF YOUR OWN EMOTIONAL HEALTH.**

**53.THE RECOGNITION OF BODYMINDS, SPACES AND INSTITUTIONS AS  
ECO-SYSTEMS IN WHICH EVERYTHING HAS A UNIQUE FUNCTION (IN PROCESSES  
OF CYCLING NUTRIENTS)**

**54. RE-CYCLE (OR SPIRAL), BUT NOT IN THE “I’M A MIDDLE CLASS WHITE GIRL  
AND I CAN AFFORD TO DO EVERYTHING PLASTIC FREE WITH ZERO EMISSIONS”  
WAY**

**55.AGAINST THE SCANDALISATION OF DEATH, WASTE, LACK AND ABSENCE**

**56.FUNGI GOTTA EAT TOO**

**57.EVERYTHING GETS RECYCLED SOMEHOW, EVEN ALL THE TOXIC SHIT**

**58. UPROOTING IS A VIOLENT ACT WITH TRADITION AND VARYING DEGREES OF  
NECESSITY**

**59. FALL INTO COGNITIVE WILDERNESS AND OPEN YOUR SENSES TO WHAT YOU  
ENCOUNTER**

**60. TUNE INTO THE SPACE BETWEEN WILDERNESS, CULTIVATION, AND  
CONTROL**

**61. SOW SEEDS IN RANDOM PLACES WHEN SEEDS ARE IN ABUNDANCE**

**62. PRACTISE PATIENCE FOR GROWTH, AND AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT THAT SOME  
TREES TAKE A DOZEN YEARS TO BEAR FRUIT**

**63. PRACTISE EQUANIMITY**

**64. VALUE MEANINGLESSNESS, IN RECOGNITION THAT ART IN A WESTERN  
CONTEXT EXISTS IN A SYSTEM WHICH PRIORITISES THINGS WHICH CAN BE  
NAMED, CATEGORISED, ORDERED, AND SOLD**

**65. REFUSE AN ANSWER WHEN SOMEONE ASKS ABOUT AN ARTWORK: "WHAT IS  
THIS SUPPOSED TO BE?"**

**66. WHAT IF YOU MAKE THE WORK FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORK?**

**67. IF YOU'RE AN ARTIST, DON'T BE A TOUR GUIDE. REMEMBER THAT YOUR JOB IS  
NOT TO HAVE BEEN TO A PLACE A TON OF TIMES, KNOW ALL THE ROUTES  
THERE, KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, BE FAMILIAR WITH IT. INSTEAD,  
BE THE MONKEY WHO MOVES HAND OVER HAND, HANGING ON, FINDING THEIR  
ROUTE IN THE MOMENT.**

**68. MAKE ART TO BE *WITNESSED* (BY BEING-SUBJECT-OBJECTS)<sup>16</sup>**

**69. ENDURE THE POSSIBLE INSIGNIFICANCE OF ART**

**70. ENDURE THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF ART**

**71. RECLAIM THE WORD "SENSATIONAL" TO FOCUS ON SENSES AND SENSING**

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<sup>16</sup> introduced to this thought by Laurent Chetouane

**72.USE THE WORD “SENSATION” TO ENCOMPASS THOUGHT/FEELING/THE LIMINAL SPACE BETWEEN & AROUND THEM**

**73.EVERYTHING IS DANCE. FEEL DANCING IN RESISTANCE TO PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS OF DANCING, BUT EXPERIENCE LYING DOWN AND BREATHING AS THE START OF A DANCE, AND TAKE IT FROM THERE.**

**74.RESIST AN UNQUESTIONED SAINT LIKE VOICE WHEN READING POETRY. EXPLORE THE WIDTH/DEPTH OF YOUR VOICE.**

**75.SEE THE POWER IN QUESTIONING ALMOST EVERYTHING AS FICTIONAL<sup>17</sup>**

**76.THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND WILL UNDERSTAND, NO MATTER THE WORDS**

**77.GET REALLY GOOD AT BEING MEDIOCRE**

**78.PAY ATTENTION TO LIFE-DEATH-LIFE CYCLES<sup>18</sup> OF ALL ALL BEING-THINGS**

**79.REMEMBER THAT NONE OF IT IS NECESSARY**

**80. NO. NO!**

**81. COWS ARE A GREAT AUDIENCE. \_\_\_ THEY DON'T PAY.**

**82.FUCK YEAH!**

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<sup>17</sup> Yuval Noah Harari's thoughts around "fictions" in "Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind"

<sup>18</sup> *Women Who Run With The Wolves*, Clarissa Pinkola Estés

—headed by a man, two children, a family  
of four, the man of indigenous Abya Yala  
heritage they follow you through the  
rooms mid-century and timeless like a  
bower you know there is one door at the  
end of the hallway it was straight ahead  
when you first fell through you think they  
want you to go through it you walk into  
the hallway approach the door they follow  
you wonder if it's a trap if they are luring  
you into something but you go with  
equanimity. your hand stretching toward  
the door knob you hold it, twist,  
it's locked.

what were you expecting?

## re-opening

so now i sit on the living room floor, 7:03am on a Sunday, 12 days before the deadline for this written thing, the head of my sick child on my lap, the fever felt through my stroking fingers, i can type on my phone with one hand and console with the other, and I've just had a week since i myself was so ill i had to take a break from working on this project, so now there's a worry in me because there are still so many issues i have with this work, for example that i wonder whether I've been explicit enough about where i stand in this "art world" mess- whether it's clear enough that many considerations have gone into this form- that it's all tied to each other even if it may seem disjointed dunno if that's the correct word but what is Robert, no correct. e.g. the aesthetics of text typed on a phone screen, using this swift key thing where a blue ribbon follows the thumb as it slides from key to key, word suggestions, no, word suggestions, like Robert. meanwhile the boiler starts its morning shift, audibly, and i worry that my rhythm of stroking the sick child's head is even enough because I'm also re-making these words right now. would it be enough to hand in this work incompetent no i complete no incomplete [thumb tapping it out], we'd been asleep and they'd already been coughing, if i look out the window now will i witness the December sunrise like I'd wanted to just yesterday? no, still dark. coincidence or // how long do i still need to sleep? my head is hueting again // talked no trailed off again -- why did something have to be easy to // V: how long until my fever is gone? Y:

hopefully when you sleep now and wake up again, it's better, but we don't know, we can't control it // but i can control this writing? // put the wet wash cloth on forehead again, back up on the couch, duvet between child and ~~master~~ leather, coughing sounds like puking could happen, emetophobia and mothering, confrontation therapy, and I'm very human/ animal/ organism/ being when my teeth are shaking and my guts crawl with anxiety -- where is my emotional toilet? i wanted to write about art, didn't I? but did i want to write about art? what did i want to type, why did i want to? if i was just a student I'd probably still be sleeping or partying, but I'm just a student feeling pressured to have this be something that it should be and yes i know we don't wanna use the word should, like i should prioritise the needs of my child above mine own, and the thought that at least its them and not me who's got a fever because if it was me i couldn't work on my thesis what the fuck?? but also i don't really believe that we're selfless. social, yes, but ego doesn't want to be colonised and controlled. let it be wild, meditate and detach from it, become enlightened, stay a cunt, the nice thought that nothing is nice or bad because every categorisation is a construct -- dangerous and powerful thought in any social system -- and what we desire turns out to be a mirage, no matter how solid it looks or feels. i think I'm often very relativist, and I'd hoped, at one point, to write a thesis without big words and also in German, so it would be accessible to my fellow \_\_\_\_\_ people, i thought "the centre falls apart, everything falls apart" and asked him if all atomic cores degrade over time, he said some do some don't, so when i said everything falls apart at some point but some cores stay intact,

then everything stays intact somehow this really isn't original which brings me back to an earlier question: what happens when the artist produces unoriginal work? and is that even possible? the child has fallen asleep, some bird chirps outside, i missed dawn setting in because i was typing here, it's all so sensational- is the intention of the worm to produce something that can be analysed? what cannot be analysed? an ally seed. an ale-y seed. an L is it? everything is dance, no matter what it looks like- the thought that i could be the Moses of dance, wouldn't it be interesting to ask for a danced thesis

instead of a written one? what could that look like? or, what if i printed this on three big blocks of ice and turned that into the examination office? everything is dance, there's no good or bad dance, there's no good or bad making, or good or bad anything, i feel a bit sorry for the people who have to grade this because it's pretty nonsensical, but there are a lot of senses in it- saying "I'm not feeling it" is lazy bullshit because you are feeling something, but you're not getting what you'd hoped for

i mean it: thank you for being, now!

## **appendices**

## M.F.A.

mother  
monster

mistress  
matron

of

fabulous  
facetious  
facial  
faded  
fainthearted  
fake  
fallible  
fallow  
falsifiable  
famous  
fancy  
fanatic  
fantastic  
far-fetched  
farming  
far-sighted  
fart  
farthermost  
fashionable  
fast  
fastidious  
fatheaded  
fatherless  
fatal  
fatigued  
faucal  
favoured

fawning  
fearsome  
featureless  
fecal  
feeble  
feigned  
feisty  
feline  
fellow  
feminist  
feral  
fermentable  
ferocious  
fertile  
festering  
festive  
fetal  
feverish  
fictitious  
fiery  
finable  
fingered  
finicky  
firmamental  
firstborn  
fishy  
fistable

fistular  
flamboyant  
flat  
flexible  
flirtatious  
foreign  
forgettable  
fossilised  
frank  
frequent  
frightened  
frightening  
frivolous  
frontal  
frosty  
frowsty  
fuckable  
fuggy  
full  
fun  
fundamental  
fungal  
funky  
furious  
furtive  
futurist

art

