

A lot of moving parts VII (Sleeping Giant Dreams)

Performance Score by Eleanor Bauer
20200924-20201003 – Dansens Hus, Stockholm

0. PRELUDE

It's always going to be a partial view.

*Good evening. Thank you for joining us.
Just a few remarks, before we begin.*

*There are more splaces in this room than there are people.
And there are more beings in this room at any given moment
than any one of us can see from any given splace.*

*Nobody can see everything.
Nobody can hear everything.
Nobody can feel everything.
Nobody can know everything.*

It's always going to be a partial view.

*That said, please do feel free to move around.
You are welcome upstairs or downstairs,
standing, sitting, or lying on the floor,
tapping your toes, or swaying with the breeze.*

*As attention follows movement, let movement follow attention.
If you need to a break, to get some fresh air, use the restroom,
call your lover, mother or brother,
please feel free to go and come back, as you need.
All of us, together, are, A lot of moving parts.
This includes you.*

Welcome.

Three Earthworms introduce themselves lying down.¹

Two Fake News Reporters enter late to the somatics party.²

Lydia Trundle makes two entrances, cleaning and clarifying.³

Lights: Pink Soup

Sound: Recorded introduction (above), Inflatable Fans whirring

Costumes: Darker starting layers

¹ Introduce yourself lying down - Coven Press Covidian Compostitional Writing Sessions, chat scribing

² From Coven Press Covidian Compostitional Writing Sessions, summer 2020 chat scribing.

³ Lydia Trundle is the in-house shaman at Coven Press. She initiates the workday by making two entrances, making sure that all spirits and movements-past have been acknowledged and clarified. Oh, the splaces she cleans! (Coven Press Biographies, *News from the Proto Splace*, 2019).

I. AUGUST

*Breath is an ocean, an internal massage*⁴

10 min (one minute per hole on a harmonica, include silence!)

The Earthworm Road Crossing⁵ is too slow for the apocalypse.⁶

Two Fake News Reporters⁷ introduce everyone by lying.⁸

Twelve harmonicas, hive but linear,⁹ fall into splace.

When waiting became impossible¹⁰, a drummer joined.

A Frankenstein of individual lines¹¹ carried them all to the edge of a triangle.

Lights: Turquoise palms in pink soup

Sound: 12 chromatic harmonica players, following the overscore, descend from high to low in steady inhales and exhales, one inhale and exhale per note/hole, approx. one minute per hole including silences, changing positions between playing to approach home base positions on the triangle.¹²

Drums, once begun, follow same overscore (*Breath is an ocean, an internal massage*)

⁴ 20171024 *London II* dancing-writing by Eleanor Bauer, as published in *A lot of moving parts book 1*, 2018.

⁵ *earth worm road crossing* - Slow TV channel headline in Coven Press *News from the Proto Splace*, 2019

⁶ *too slow for the apocalypse* - Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing.

⁷ Reading selected headlines from Coven Press *News from the Proto Splace, Helsinki Edition*, 2019.

⁸ *introduce yourself by lying* - Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing.

⁹ *hive but linear* - Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

¹⁰ *waiting became impossible* - Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing.

¹¹ *Frankenstein of individual lines* - Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing.

¹² Structure inspired by the WATT clarinet quartet score, which was spatially adapted for live performance in *A lot of moving parts* premiere in Paris, September 2018. Starting on the same note, in circular breathing causing microtonal drift, the four musicians changed positions and pitches when paused from playing, to diverge and finish together on a different note. The happenstance overtones and harmonics of their existing score was applied to the spatial choreography of the performance to emphasize site-specific resonances of different positions in the room, as well as acoustically underline the project's principle of partial and situated perspective. Both this adaptation of the WATT score for Paris in 2018 and the harmonicas version for Stockholm in 2020 is a continuation of the kind of simple rule-based listening and tuning scores that Chris Peck has introduced to my performance-making practice over the years, certainly also inspired by the scores of Pauline Oliveros. This particular harmonica score, for *A lot of Moving Parts VII (Sleeping Giant Dreams)*, takes from the use of harmonicas in *Tentative Assembly (the tent piece)*, Bauer & Peck, 2012. I am interested with this score to transform the whole space into a kind of rheumatic accordion, referencing at once both the increased emphasis on breath that the Coronavirus has brought to many people's attention, and

II. AUTUMN:

*Articulated Conduit, every joint an antennae*¹³

9-15min (3-5 min per soul train path)

Like the dolphins,¹⁴ who read each other's inner state with ex-ray-echography through the vibration of sound, and can later repeat in sound what they see/felt in another dolphin, they not only can read the formal contents of one another's bodies to see/hear/feel each other's state of sickness or health, they can also read the emotional state with through vibration.

First pathway = read the groove by feeling-knowing (*känna*) the same groove

Second pathway = translate the reading out of unison to be able to take it elsewhere in time

Third pathway = heavily emphasize the mood/emotional reading

SOUL TRAIN¹⁵ PATH 1 – *MIRRORED AUTOPSY* – guts & ears

*let's do the old school method*¹⁶

Being together in groove without having to be together in moves (unison of kinetics)

SOUL TRAIN PATH 2 – *READING, REPEATING* – eyes & skin

*extract one defining detail in order to diverge*¹⁷

In each other's lines without being together in time (unison of form)

SOUL TRAIN PATH 3 – *RUNWAY SERVING FACE* – heart & soul

*next one next one next one*¹⁸

Being together in mood/meaning/expression, anywhere the spectrum (unisons of joys)

Lights: add full top, brighten all, effects

Sound: Drums on acoustic kit and percussion

Path 1: a steady irresistible groove building slowly

Path 2: more rhythmically varied & unpredictable

Path 3: moody and emotionally driven

Costumes: adding and changing wigs and hats, increasing colors and patterns /
changing when passing through the "fake dressing room" corner of room

¹³ Overscore taken from PART 2 heading of *Remedy for the Horrors of Normality: A performance score (cut-up of writings by Eleanor Bauer and Trip Space London workshop participants)*, January 2017, as published in *A lot of moving parts book one*, 2018.

¹⁴ According to the Canadian Broadcasting System podcast *Ocean Minds*, 2010

¹⁵ refers to the television show *Soul Train* hosted by Don Cornelius, 1971-1993, always featuring a long procession in which people dance alone or in pairs down a central corridor of dancers (costumes were essential).

¹⁶ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

¹⁷ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

¹⁸ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing – refers here also to the music score, which is changing faster

INTERLUDE:

*Coming out at the end of things,*¹⁹

Stitches of small intestines follow me up the trail to the mountains.

*They stick to me, over every edge.*²⁰

1 minute

Trailing off from the last soul-train path through or around the triangle,
Dancers kill the inflatables, one fan at a time
spread to places in the sculpture garden
and stick to them

Lights:

when things have fallen apart
the triangle has fully diminished
and no hint of any soul train still trails
all the fans are turned off
and the dancers are dispersed

BLACKOUT

Sound: 16-30 seconds after blackout, cue recording of *What if, a monologue*

Percussion: cruising around the theme of a heartbeat

Costumes: finish in favoring the *Sensuality Happens* costumes

¹⁹ Coven Press Composititional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

²⁰ Stina Nyberg, dancing-writing warmup, Coven Press Composititional Writing Sessions, 1 July 2020,

III. THE HØST

*Flexing the boundaries that hold your body in space time.*²¹

3min (including silence before and after monologue)

Hypersensitive Surfaces Find Crystalline Form²² & Pleasure Pressures²³

*I am an open landscape
falling apart at the seams*

*I have big muscles, that do nothing,
and I believe in eternity
in every fold
stretched out*

*With the help of resistance,
and the smell of detergent
lingering in my fascia,
I fill my lungs with air
to fill my life with words*

*Words that weigh nothing
spinning ligaments into darkness,
a rabbit hole of wonders
in layers and layers of fog
foggy pink, pulse beat, beats pounding
over two big moons
in a wound of glitter*

*My spine is a minefield
and you're walking on it
the further away you go
the more your skin tightens around me*

*This statue can only exist with effort
the structure is pushed to its limits
the bark is cracking*

*No, the cracks are barking,
barking like angry dogs:
they're rotten but we keep 'em.*

*All my skin cells fall off, like snow
it's a melancholic Rothko
and I can't throw myself any harder at this
thing:
This anvil, failing as it molds into a flow*

*My vision is a grid of gaps
I'm defined by all the things that I don't know
Once in a while though,*

*MMM maybe,
maybe there's just no turning back
We could fit more,
but right now
it's not important*

*because we are the future,
zero carbon, no footprint,
our bio fabric releasing.*

Approx. 30 seconds after monologue, arrive in absolute stillness, seeing your trio members.

Sound: *What If A Monologue*²⁴ (above, recorded by Marco Høst)

Lights: 3 minute fade in of the parkan-walls to **30% of the way kinda thing**²⁵

²¹ Overscore taken from PART 3 heading in *Remedy for the Horrors of Normality: A performance score (cut-up of writings by Eleanor Bauer and Trip Space London workshop participants)*, January 2017, as published in *A lot of moving parts book one*, 2018

²² This score came from a discussion and practice in the studio with Zoë Poluch in February 2018. We were doing a score generating process I call “daisy chain derivatives,” in which we perform secretly planned scores for one another, and then write, from watching, what we think their score is. Zoë performed a score for me, which was actually *lots of feet, so much detail, where does the dance start?* and what I saw in her dancing was *hypersensitive surfaces find crystalline form*. When I performed it back for her (without telling her what it was) she liked it so much she wanted to learn it. So I kept working with *hypersensitive surfaces find crystalline form*, in various solo versions of *A lot of movind parts*, in a performance with Cullbergbaletten called *NEAR*, and I am using it now.

²³ From the creation of *NEAR* with Yung Lean and Culbergbaletten, score written by Adam Schutt, 2018.

²⁴ *What if A monologue* was collectively edited from the combined dancing-writing of Eleanor Bauer, Louella May Hogan, Marco Herlev Høst, Hazuki Kojima, Jenny Rossander, Alexander Stæger, and Alma Toaspern, for the creation of the Covid-cancelled performance in Copenhagen entitled *Sensuality Happens*.

²⁵ Coven Press Compostitional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

IV. ASTRA: Disorganizing and Reorganising your sensual monster.

9 min (3' each trio)

Trios determined by XS, M, L, and XL triangles in the floorplan. The trios work among themselves as a unit, with awareness of the whole room. Taking turns, as in a cipher, those dancing and not dancing work together in a conversant logic of continuity, keeping the dance going through the shift of roles using interruption, intentionally passing on, etc. As soon as the lead is taken, give it up. As soon as you feel the burn to take the lead, jump it! Trust the group, don't be late for the dance.

Trio A

Take turns claiming space + just the best freeze frames²⁶

One trio at a time is dancing, as one body, among all the others' perfect stillness.²⁷

Trio B

Boom! An improvement!²⁸

One person in each trio solo-ing at a time, among the others' oceanic suspension.

Trio C

Each trio works to embody the music in three roles, to catch the whole spectrum (ex: synth, kick drum, snare, or bass, snare, hi hat, or three layers in the track). Watch each other to avoid being on the same groove and to complete the whole spectrum among you.

Sound:

Trio A = Ikiz introduces synth/pads. Working as one group with Tilman and Ingrid, more active when they are dancing, sustained when they are still.

Trio B = Ikiz is one voice in trio with Tilman and Ingrid, Ikiz takes the solo when Tilman and Ingrid are sustained, and sustains when Tilman or Ingrid is perceived soloist.

Trio C = short loops and jump cuts between them

Lights: three different effects in the parkan walls

Costumes: Use it or lose it

V. CODA:

IN in a big way²⁹

2-3 min

The whole room finds each other in ONE splace – a common room we all inhabit, as ONE body, which has a lot of moving parts, but ONE heartbeat and ONE fantastic imaginarium. What this togetherness looks and feels like can take many forms, but we do not leave it until we all acknowledge it is there and there is no doubt that we are all present.

²⁶ Coven Press Compostitional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

²⁷ This structure of taking turns freezing while building a continuous dance or "conversation" in movement comes from a partners dancing score in Niki Awandee's *Awandee Flow* classes, Årsta Folkets Hus, Sept 2020.

²⁸ Coven Press Compostitional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

²⁹ Coven Press Compostitional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

VI. THE LAST DANCE³⁰

9-12 min

HAPTIC TOUCHY VISON PLEASURE QUEST

*optional so we can take energy from visuals*³¹

*(head twirls until something shows up)*³²

Starting together on the same groove,

SEE the whole room and everything/everyone in it as one body³³

(with a lot of moving parts)

Say YES to the emergent forms and complete them³⁴ as you are part of the whole

Let the many parts of the whole create poly-rhythmic relation / in(ter)dependence /

Seeing as touching: grab caress hug brush sweep push press pull etc³⁵

BREATH IS THE BOSS. PLEASURE IS THE BOSS.

LISTEN TO YOUR MODY-BIND.

³⁰ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

³¹ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

³² Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

³³ A version of *Dancing, not the Dancer* in which “the whole room and everyone in it” is considered as one body/subject/performer was developed with Cullberg by the suggestion of Suleme de Oliveira de Silva (2018).

³⁴ “emergent form” refers to the compositional properties from within what is already happening. The exact words come from studio sessions with Michelle Boulé in February 2018. The practice of anticipating and completing emergent form includes “vibe and structure” in the definition of what is considered form. (Grieter, Peli. *Ambient meaning: Mood, Vibe, System*. Doctoral Thesis, Harvard Comparative Literature and HUJI Einstein Institute of Mathematics, 2017). Grieter’s theory of Ambient Meaning borrows mathematical forms from Artificial Intelligence’s deep learning theory to model the ontology of ‘ambient’ phenomena like moods, vibes, styles, and ‘structures of feeling.’ Emergent Form here can be thought as reading and producing Ambient Meaning, in the sense that compositional design and movement shape/vocabulary depend on affect, culture, style, vibe, and mood for an inclusive comprehension of and intuition for what are the unifying structures and underlying patterns of what is going on in the room as a whole at any given moment.

³⁵ Inspired by Chrysa Parkinson’s class at Danscentrum / Dansens Hus in week 39 2020 (the week prior to the performance) working with vision as tactility and texture.

VII. EPILOGUE:

*get out of the way of whatever is asking to happen*³⁶

*“with” other people*³⁷

*rehearse the perspective*³⁸

*Ballet exorcism workouts.*³⁹

Dancing, not The Dancer⁴⁰, friendly ghost companionship⁴¹ version.
taking time to understand who is here
(known and unknown ghosts, friends, memories, references, imagination)

Meet and greet the visitors, know them by moving with them, keep them company.
This includes others’ ghosts – can we build memory castles, populate a common imaginary?

What is active with-nessing?

Not a logic of solos, a logic of accompaniment. Rehearse the perspective of with-nessing.

Can you receive/host other people’s ghosts?

Can you receive ghosts from the room, from the space, from the audience?

Telepathic ghosting from the audience’s body?

You don’t know what you happen upon, what visits you, you gotta *do to find out*.

LET IMAGINATION FUEL THE COMPLETION OF WHAT IS HAPPENING.

Sound, RECORDED:

Coven Press recital of the *Coven Press Radio Play*⁴²

P.S.

*Forget about good endings*⁴³ (cuz it’s a new beginning?)

Re-mything with the audience, introduced & explained by Bauer, topic decided nightly.

³⁶ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

³⁷ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

³⁸ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

³⁹ Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions, summer 2020, chat scribing

⁴⁰ This score was created during the creation of *Midday and Eternity (the time piece)* by Eleanor Bauer with Rebecka Stillman, Cecilia Lisa Eliceche, and Naiara Mendioroz (2013). The score’s purpose was to put dance first, the conceptualization thereof during and after, and to mobilize all skills, knowledge, and history in service of the dance. The rules of *Dancing, not the Dancer* are: 1. Say “Yes” to the movement before you can recognize it, 2. Complete it with your everything, 3. You are the observer.

⁴¹ Referencing the “companionship dance” of Alice Chauchat. Dancing to keeping company to the dance’s that arise, to keep company to each other’s dances and to each other, by dancing, watching or dwriting.

⁴² Compilation of all the dancing-writing warm-ups from the Coven Press Compositional Writing Sessions zoom chat, summer 2020, in chronological order, authors removed, and recorded on Wednesday 30 September at 12:00 in the empty theater of Stora Scen at Dansens Hus, reading in a fixed rotation regardless of author. See Annex for full script.

⁴³ Overscore taken from PART 2 heading of *Remedy for the Horrors of Normality: A performance score (cut-up of writings by Eleanor Bauer and Trip Space London workshop participants)*, January 2017, as published in *A lot of moving parts book one*, 2018.

ANNEX:

COVEN PRESS RADIO PLAY (from Open Dancing, Open Writing into Zoom chat)

: so many empty zoomz

: A gush of period blood would not be tamed

: maybe i could make a makeshift desk out of books

: imagine being in reykjavik.

: should I stay or should I go now

: everywhere i look, props

: combat rock

: Door splitting my brain hemishperes

: entertaining with kate stewart

: I got gold chains between my toes. My tippy tip toes. My tippy trippy toes.

: the place is draft proofed but cold

: remembraining what this mody used to feel (like)

: i could wind the grandfather clock up if I wanted to

: losing track of trust in the method

: flinging the duvet forward in abandon

: 17.5 degrees on the thermostat

: scratching away on the pineapple pie stomach

: Gathering the wind and chopping the walls

: acknowledging the scientific lingo of free speech.

: my granny has a penned list of important telephone numbers hanging on the wall in a frame

: doctor, electrician, plumber, locksmith...

: tinkering

: what's that shit when banana peels get grey. Like not the green, the yellow or the black. Just the grey...

Ain't that some fucked up GMO sad shit

: doubting choices

: sinking three floors deeper through touch in what might be called somatic
despair or looks like listening to the wooden floor

: ornate

: objects

: unnecessary

: like dance

: flipping the finger and giving the salute to the lads

: I re re re pee pee repeat cause I drink tea tea tea

: circles hands to face

: sending it wide

: Gauging rumble

: self touch

: solace

: pinkdandelionisadoraduncanfabrics

: can i curl up in the nook of my own arm?

: laptop and dead birds

: I remembered a moment from the UK election last year. Stormzy was vocally
anti-Tory and called Boris Johnson a wasteman. Later he visited a school
and a little boy, maybe six years old with a cute East London accent, asked
Stormzy, 'Why do you call Boris Johnson a wasteman? The wasteman comes
every Wednesday and does a good job.'

: killing it with punishing axes

: i feel like crumpled laundry

: step ball change

: deserted maypoles

: Floating over a dusty golden horizon in my vision and my fingertips

: i can climb the stairs in this studio

: Rolling in on a barbell like: "Shit my back hurts"

: i feel hungover from teaching

: staircase set

: or maybe drunk

: they left here unfinished, still groping towards something. it's not and never will be known

: a summer's night sunset on a cloudy mayday

: there's a bird roosting in the chimney, i'm sure of it

: dirty dirty dirty balls of light

: all sorts of blue mascara

: a vetruvian volcano in my doorframe

: writing up the immediate

: emergency lions

: green crosses

: too D(auto capslock why?)izzy from spinning

: a peep hole

: Massaging my brains into a puddle where the breath tides may flow

: trailer bonezzz

: on to the square

: sticky hand on glass

: I love thinking about how my body is mostly empty space. If I could only think one thought again for the rest of my life, it would be that one.

: the expectant letter box

: Maybe Mars lies between the skin of my kneecaps and the fabric of my pants. Maybe Jupiter lies nested between the hairs of my armpits. Maybe Venus lies between my eyebrows. Maybe ...

: Swinging between the roots and the netswing, chasing the air of darkness, going through the void without realizing. Only years later it you remember. The touch opens up a crack where magma of suppressed love and pain flows now freely. It is disgustingly wonderful. Get me the fuck out but never let me go. one two one two. First there is Trump then abortions and then death. Followed by scrambled eggs and some oral sex, on a Sunday afternoon. It is going to be a bumpy ride put your garbage bag on baby. Baby baby is coming though the computer, it is not the right time but the right pace peace speed. Wow this is baaaaaad, smells like shit.

: found you in a corner waiting to happen in yesterday's assemblage for nothing in particular

: Pleasure pops in to say hi. i mean, she's always there, right, just not always being tapped in the right way.

: Did you say history? Because I thought you were a mystery LOL right there in the corner of my mind in the corner of my bind and a thousand tiny messages on the wind winding down for another person's sake if not my own or yours maybe the season's change is the reason.

: so

: Pushing my left shoulder blade into a wall. A stem of an aloe vera plant breaks. Hanging sideways from an upward edge. Cowboy hat tumbles in my bed.

: Spreading along the keys. noticing the dust. The things I want to attend to. Plants that want watering, moving, dust to be blown away, cobwebs around the crest of my hip

: warming creaturivity Everything turns red because ccars ccats cclothes

: Sourcing through deeply cleansed and tired skin, the depth is thick and chewy. I sink into it with my narrowed teeth. Strong and hard.

: She wondered if ever there would be an answer from the dungeons of delight and heard a train passing in a hundred stormy nights

: giving time and giving a

: Maybe it's a shame that I don't have another instrument. I wonder if it would be a worthwhile extra-travagance to get a computer just for writing. To calibrate the ergonomics and place it into a room with no windows. (This is an early draft of a short poem called Procrastination) But an instrument. Something with only the one singular use. When I sit down to it, I let myself be called by one thing, instead of my laptop where I answer the call of absolutely everything and nothing

: Joys of joys, toys for the body to play with in self-accepting explorations. A slightly autistic approach to details. A hand. Rubbing. Knees. This pattern on the legs. Full. Tuning in and turning up any vague desire that I might have between theses breath of peanuts.
18:47:13 From Adam : My feet stink, they really smell, like vinegary... You forget to smell your feet now when you don't dance as much as you used to. I thought dancers were more prone to stinky feet, apparently it's dancers in quarantine....

: Tiny hairs sensing the breeze, flick me, reminding me.

: there is rhyme and reason in the forms I should repeat if I should repeat that everything is just a mirror of another form my typo said first another form maybe that was misshapen but freudian we don't have to name him still do we

: too hesitant and it multiplies into two times twon it becomes a double a body double, the keyboard is my second body and it is a slow one but one can erase mistakes in time

: I tumble and tumble and fumble and fumble. Whoops!

: The touch of my keyboard is matte. It's slightly more shiny on the letter F and the letter J. The shelf at the bottom of F and J are my resting points. The light beneath them unnecessary.

: Could we also not have to see me in a feeling of your peepee what an asinine churlish and subordinate find let's wind this down a notch and see what's under the speed of this absurd notion of freedom shall we

: ... dust ...

: and then now what.....? too many dota apparently

: The typing is my favourite part, often. When I'm trying to prime the pump of words unto compositions, I generally think about the pleasure of typing, leaving out the (task, vocation, labour, intimidation, audacity, boredom) of writing. Typing feels good on the fingers, the only time most days that I notice I have a body at all

: ... smoke ...

: Wonder if one could simulate a hanging, not the death kind, the dance kind. Or maybe it's the same thing..

: ... a very full bladder ...

: Tripping across scales and speeds, leaving the surface, the sticky edge of front.

: ... ease ...

: ease

: give me a call. catch your own eye or it'll fall. this heat is bearable. more bearable than just tolerated. Bearable as in i can take it in so far that it changes me from the inside. is it ok to just redefine words for aesthetic/poetic purposes? Like 'ok' as in..... bla bla bla.

: Glow frame fuzz garden bugs blues lock flock lambs grain grain lanes. Pesticides have been banned for use in residential gardens in France. Innocent ignorant warnings. Hi. Load. Mainly trying. Thank. Take. Lake. Running low. Dry as a snake. Falling waking at dawn. Re re re re regarding the re-run. Let's restart. Lay it out bare. On the ground. Funnel those thoughts into the soil. Loyalty cards for trees. Hug my coffee. Freedom flyers fighters flee. Trembling leaves. Dancing with the bugs.

: Jeeeezzz Louiiiiiiizzzz my feeeelzzz are not at eeeeeazzze

: that word courage always comes up in silence is it speaking in tongues or is it like a tick I am not sure do I believe in voices

: Like VOICES

: charlesey-front-bum came up on zoom again.

: a hundred is another one. HHHHHUUUUU hundred like hounds

: Am I talking to you_

: no we couldnt because the sun is burning fingers off from the keyboard is it even called keyobard? The alphabet the language the fonts that are not a song but tha is a song

: The weight of my hair is less than it used to be. It just doesn't weigh down it more rains down. There is no Alanis Morrissette going on.

: factitious fictive

: That one is about rhythm

: it's percussive

: Dandelion embrace

: i let you all pour in through my eyes

: Groping, with permission towards finding the last thought that's been hanging around for sometime. It's sitting just upon the cheek of my best friend. He allows me to touch it but not yet remove. It begins to make sense of its own timing. I respect that mostly.

: wish i could read as fast and a car. 44 miles an hour for 44 thousand pounds. you'd have thought it would go faster but it over heated and drew had to start sharing his stuff to let it work.

18:50:35 From Season Butler : I thought that Qwerty would be a cool name for a character in a novel. Then I thought it would be stupid. Then someone I respect and have a crush on told me it sounded cool. But some other author got there first and I think they even won an award, which is fine.

: Movement follows a tension, tension follows a movement. Signature blotches of thick tracked triangulations. Going for the vernacular, eh? Penny Hardaway carrying a block of trickle down voodoo sonic techtonics. The couch. The couch! What ho, ye revelation, ye couch that seats. What ho?! Ouch! There goes my back. Its back again... a 16 year old brace face wearing a body brace, surrounded by a world of chiffon. The sound of a point shoe softening, a clobbering.

: the Twins that are not the same, the body-double-gone-wrong that no one wanted but it is here now and we are dealing with it like this i guess

: I'm top and centre. is everyone else their own top and centre?

: A space that cramps and opens, the details for my eye, the textures in all the meetings, the things and all the time. There's a . There's a creak in the 9th vertebrae and a stickiness between my hip and my lower rib. Sweeps and arcs between eyes and touch. All te ways in which to play. The familiarity of a game

: really liee tee rime light lipe limpoma return sickologoglogy meen rut toomb ache canel chanel fuck too oom flnel whats up with you lookin refferlearning prepaid fun policy meet extra rave round mind copying promisablitley you me me me you you I see let creet plent these histories

tory morings morrish toursts goat house societal now lounge gaps . ha fully
stop rock the cat shit casper bay treat down to floor turn over cost new
return maker like kind in money felt inside the interspacail place holder.
okay free me. this kind light practiced and seen you me. right in side
fight, make it count kite riight really rite like paris burning style
finally not mine . someo ther insect insider. kim . interesting these tubes
they lead to love I wouldn't worriy about it woith other following words
youll find another mean meaning outside this hidden freak constement yuet
the pieces are there to lost trace of a childhood dec torised and tormented
for a fire drill practice a new bodily condition

: If I could have a super-power, I'd choose car-fast reading every time

: is it raining yet?

: I keep you behind a white screen in order to keep me safe.

: eeeende

: Jumping scotch, scotches jumping through fences. Fencing the wild dog.
Dooo good things and heaven will grant you wishes. Wishing away wishing you
were here. Hear your lung. Longing for a touch down there. There isn't
dating no moore. Or maybe or maybe not. Not is not yes. Yeeeeees

: Class!

: thinking of something I wanted to remember but not wanting to interrupt
the moving into writing

: hounting. like a word that rhymes with counting but relates more to
ghosts

: my topless neighbour

: writing the charge off of my fingers, off of my overcharged body, dancing
through the charge and into this

: wish i had a topless neighbour

: it's hard to get over bouncing

: courage sundry winds . those three phoneme modules always swing back
around

: only silly dance adjectives, gotta spill those out and over the
situation, the space time splaction..

: No words no words a moment of no words how to push them through, how to
coax them

: not stopping things, that was it, to just not be in the way of things
that are already there

: your hair growing out

: Waiting for the rest of me

: A thick wave is slowly sinking from between my eyebrow and the back of my head to what is hopefully the heels of my feet. Dizzines from pizz or dizziness from a wizz.... I don't know

: wondering about lenses and frames all of a sudden

: as my hair grows out

: treating my dryer with respect rather than annoyance

: A thick wave between

: the aesthetic logistics of no fucks left to give

: my body has so much water right now

: Call me Ishmael. Some years ago, never mind how long precisely, having nothing in particular to interest me on shore, `I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a was I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation.

: what a sigh of relief

: a shimmer under

: No fucks right to give

: this time it was like body falling slowly and dancy times falling over

: Ribcage, diaphragm, singing it

: never been so stiff by water

: Relief

: thought it was fluid

: on shore

: guess it might be ice

: On shore

: negative splace

: on shore

: Off

: Little did i know about the cat but i saw it

: this sitz bones idea - autocorrected as a site bones idea - it makes all the sense in the world now. thank you machine.

: Piste

: pist

: epist

: like frost. everything i touch turns to ice.

: bone site

: Whenever I find myself grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp and drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially when my hypos [typos?] get such an upper hand of me

: this machine rests when I rest

: keeping leverage towards my three dimensional back end even though i'm looking front now and everything has flattened

: I had a moment lying on my bed quivering

: noticing what is here in this room that I am in so many hours of the day, circling without seeing, digging pathways into the floor with the repetition of my feet, eyes posing over surfaces without tasting them

: Toes are touching like my lungs aren't.

: shouting children in the silence under my fingernails

: that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately knocking people's hats off

: this morning I woke up to a dream about balls in my face and I liked it a lot

: Are these words her words why can't words occur annerd easy slowing fancy show pro lemito canvasing shall I choose this free mic little mini crate fight min hin left unfin pre tantaliszed wim sicyle timmdly new pressure eyeded oo too toothlet cake be this another rynd rancid lite nakid child lude fresher food okay hears my friend kay sharmon till play ran ran rantea fake aaare wee

: Bubbling and fermenting a bowl of fascia fluid

: Then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can

: guys I am going to leave now because I have my clown studies course last day also today. it just started at 6.30. I usually go late there at 7 but we're sharing stuff and I feel bad to arrive that late.

: temper pepper bent mod cropped owl cowing whales sorrow, sour sail, juddering edge, lending a space to a repressed feeling, crouched on the arm of the sofa, lungs like a paper lantern, crushed salt, sliced apple, wear, tear, snared limping holey, a cavity of hope.

: LOVE LOVE LOVE EVERYONE

: UNTIL NEXT TIME XXX

: Bye!

: Stitches of small intestines follow me up the trail to the mountains. They stick to me, over every edge, and no matter how long I break they won't leave me. By now, after weeks of walking, I'm finally starting to get used to them. I give them names now. The long, itchy one I call Bruce. Just because Bruce is the kind of name someone famous would have. The two short identical ones I call Linda and Sara. That's the name of my two cousins who are both into cars. And the last one, the really long winding one which I never seem to really grasp, I call Linn - from the first friend that broke up with me. By now, we are a group, wandering the mountains trying to get somewhere, or at least get rid of each other. Bruce and Linn are becoming friends. It doesn't surprise me at all. But it does make me feel even more lonely.