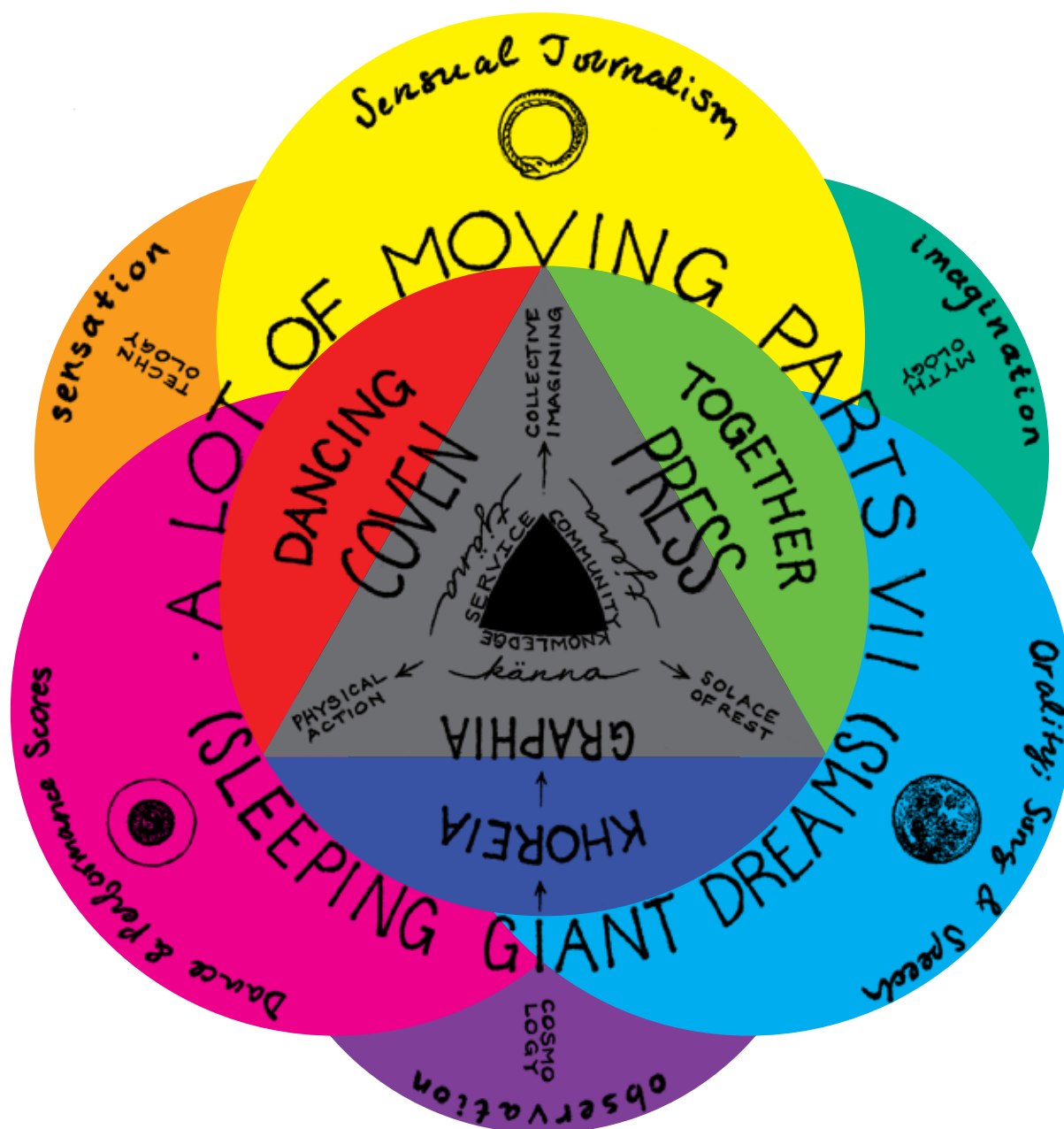




COVIDIAN COMPOSITIONAL WRITING SESSIONS

A Reader's Introduction

Coven Press' Covidian Compositional Writing Sessions took place on Moon every second Wednesday from the 6th of May 2020 to the 1st of July 2020 from 18:00-20:00 CEST (GMT+2), assembling in varied attendance: Eleanor Bauer, Season Butler, Stina Nyberg, Alice MacKenzie, Peter Mills, Stephanie McMann, Tilman O'Donnell, Halla Ólafsdóttir, Zoë Poluch, Adam Seid Tahir, Eleanor Sikorski, Alexander Talts, and Flora Wellesley Wesley. Seeking comfort in routine, our meetings quickly took a recurring format: introducing ourselves in terms of where we are in splace (splace = geographic, local, and specific place + constructed, social or imagined space), a dancing-writing warm up, scribing (a form of note taking based on transcribing strange and poetic things said during the meeting into the chat window), and a solid session of remything.

ONAL

Remything is a method of oral collective storytelling and written transcription developed by dancer and performer Eva Mohn. Two or more people choose an existing thing, phenomenon, or common matter of concern, and reimagine how it came to be. Taking turns speaking one or a few words at a time in a predetermined order for several rounds, the group creates a new myth to explain the chosen thing's emergence. Once the remything session is deemed complete, each participant writes on their own what they understood the confabulated story to be. The written stories include individual variance due to different memories, holdings, projections, biases, liberties, and forgettings in the process of listening and spinning a common tale. Eva Mohn's remything procedure also includes recording and later transcription of the oral tale-building process. On the 3rd of May 2020, Eleanor Bauer had the privilege of being Mohn's co-pilot for a test drive of her newly devised remything procedure, after which, with her permission, she introduced remything to Coven Press at the start of their bi-weekly Covidian Compostitional Writing Sessions.

It took off like wildfire, and the rest is... mythstory.

In Bauer's choreo | graphic search for methods and forms of writing that are adequate for expressing or modeling how dance thinks, remything is particularly salient; it emphasizes the social, oral, and ephemeral in its choreography of gathering people around a temporary imaginary commons, it works with the media-specificity of the difference between the oral and written word; it reveals how different we all are in our perception of a shared reality: through our particular ways of participating in the myth's co-creation, our divergent memories of it, and our multiple ways of re-telling of it. The poetics of this practice touch the core of what is politically relevant and socially revealing in aesthetic practices of sensing and sense-making together. Remything embraces the power of imagination and underlines the augmentation of that power when we work together, by pointing to, preserving, and multiplying our radically unresolvable individuated differences. In this way, our unique perceptions of a common event are not a problem, but a productive interest, an opportunity for elaboration, a contribution to a wild and pluralist commonwealth.

The following pages include selected transcripts of the Coven

Press Covidian Compostitional Remything sessions, in addition to two curated texts, found in the "INTERLUDE" and "POST-SCRIPT." I have chosen these two texts for their compostitional method and style. By compostition I mean compost + intuition + superstition, a term and definition coined by Chris Peck around 2014, roughly 10 years into his ongoing collaboration with Eleanor Bauer. The compost in compostition means to re-purpose the purposefully made, turning over and rummaging through the remains, traces, and refuse of past projects and processes. Working with re-arrangement of those bits with the light touch of intuition, compostition is about letting them mix and ferment without too much interference. Intuition here works much like worms in compost: aerating and digesting the past. A final healthy dose of superstition enables the compostitioner to glean new meanings and read the unforeseen messages revealed by recombination of the old.

While the authors of the curated texts have not used the term compostition to describe their work, I find both of these texts to be very successful compostitions. The designated "Interlude" of this publication was written by Alice MacKenzie as her final examination for the How Dance Thinks course (lead by Eleanor Bauer in Fall 2018 at Stockholm University of the Arts), digesting her notes and quotes from the voices and lessons of the ten invited guest teachers (cited therein). The "Post-Script" for our Sleeping Giant Dreams publication is a text written by Louise Crnkovic-Friis in collaboration with an artificial neural network trained on a number of 20th century female author's writings (cited in her author's note). This compostitional digest was her final assignment for a course lead by Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris in the summer of 2020 at Stockholm University of the Arts called Methods and Forms of Writing in Relation to Artistic Practice. These two texts each capture what Bauer's ongoing research in choreo | graphy reaches for. While doing so by different means, they nevertheless evince a kind of writing (graphia) that enables an unpredictable form of world-making (the dancing in khoreia) built from the weaving of many voices into One (the together of khoreia), towards a singularly lucid, a-functionally necessary dream.

Dr. Zinkenstein McPherson, PJoD† ("Doctor Dance")
Founder and CFO of Coven Press
22 September 2020‡

†Philosopher in Joy of Dance

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Coven Press investigative reporter Don Conley

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Eva Mohn and Eleanor Bauer Remyth the
Schedule and Venus
Handwritten individual transcripts, re-typed:

The myth according to Eva:
The Yellow Planet Venus and her affect
on our flock

We (all) organized while the animals paid no attention to our chaos. All our pens had no caps and all our paper didn't know what to do with themselves when the pens dried up. There was only one piece left and we all used that one to list our wishes. We tried to keep our organisation responsive. One member of our flock suggested that we plan around her menstrual cycle, while others suggested that it's the sleep cycle that needs to be the centre point. None of the suggestions left us all satisfied. We decided to listen out, deep into our roots, to hear something and we all realised that we liked to hang slowly. We (all) decided we could only plan to not plan. And Oh my oh that was what Brought us to Oh we Oh which is what brought us to the end.

The Myth According to Eleanor:
A BRIEF HISTORY OF VENUS' IMPACT
ON SCHEDULING

By Mohn & Bauer & The First Sunday of May
2020 (as transcribed by Bauer from her
flawed memory and interpretation of
the oral)

"There is no place for pens without caps!" the Swedish
scheduling tyrant used to shout.

Those days are over.

Since the papers were torn asunder by the animals.

Now we only have one large circular paper on which to do
all of our scheduling – we don't use the word scheduling
anymore either. We call it "the whole." [Hole?]

Sometimes it's chaos and sometimes it's perfect. [interesting
to note that the animals have no cares for our chaos].

One member of the whole tried to organize the days accord-
ing to her menstrual cycle.

One member tried to organize the time according to their
sleep habits.

None of this was satisfying for the whole.

We (all) decided that the most important thing is pleasure.

Now we listen towards silence, so that the common-sense
may arise.

And when it does, it says,

O!

OH - MY - O!!

Rejoicing for O but Oh!!!

The myth according to the record:
VENUS & SCHEDULING

There is not any place for pens without caps. Since then all
the desperate pieces of paper fell all asunder. So now there
is only one part of one whole of one piece to write on. We all
think about how to use this piece of parchment for our com-
mon cares. Sometimes it's chaos and sometimes it's perfect.
Now we don't yet have a way of making our plan together.
It's interesting that most [of] the animals don't even notice
our chaos. One careful member of our flock tried to organise
often the days according to her menstrual cycle, but some of
the other members tried to organise our time according to
their sleep habits. Nothing from those efforts seemed to real-
ly work out because it was never satisfying and pleasure was
always more important. So finally we (all) asked each other
and listened towards silence to make a more responsive mod-
el. It turned out that we love to hang slowly. So our whole
plan changed towards having nothing planned. Oh my oh
rejoiced from our deepest root because oh we oh we oh.

THE

YELLOW

3 May 2020

P

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A

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((PRELUDE))

Coven Press Remyths...

19:04:05 From Season Butler : I'm thinking about aviation at the moment

19:04:13 From nadjahjorton : Touch

19:04:22 From Stina Nyberg : secretion

19:04:35 From tilmanodonnell : middle age

19:04:44 From Adam Seid Tahir : Being alone

19:04:56 From Eleanor Bauer : leadership

19:04:58 From Alexander : speaking

19:05:02 From Zoë Poluch : polyamory

19:05:57 From Steph : that's enough

19:45:52 according to Stina Nyberg :

The back is the back of a bent flower. The way flowers bend when they are bought cheap. Good the first day and then they bend over in shame over their poor upbringing. Sloppy and slightly soggy at the bottom, these kind of flowers show their backs to the sun and then they die. The tyrant four year old could watch them die for hours. He just sat there, with his glasses on and curly hair bent, close enough to smell a flower die. He loved that smell. How the orifice of the flower opened even further and then lost its wings and started to smell different. Sweeter and more invasive. At that point he usually stuck his chubby finger into its very pit and penetrated it slowly until his finger was covered in flower juice and the flower screamed in pain. He had just learned to touch with his ears.

19:46:54 according to Alexander :

Memory is fleeting like the slubbery slippery festival, covering the world in a hue of magenta. They do not want to speak anymore, they wish to talk with their hands only, hands becoming dildoes. A gesture of something. A gesture as something. That something as a gesture. Leaders making gestures. Leadership as a gesture. Elephants are flying. Someone talking is flying. Were the elephants pink? Flooding from the back of a bouquet. What's the adjective for the bouquet?

19:47:00 according to Season Butler :

The new order was born in the wake of The Decaluge - a ten-day flood for which none of the People were prepared. Even as the waters battered homes and fields, business districts, stadiums, an attitude settled over the city of gentle certainty that it would all blow over. By now, no one trusted meteorologists anymore. Folks got used to tasting and smelling the air, noting cloud patterns, often asking pilot friends for news about the conditions, and then sharing what they heard among their lovers and partners et cetera. Their predictions were both well-studied and uttered in good faith, attentive to the light and the wind, and concluding that the rain would subside, probably within the hour. But for ten days, it persisted.

19:47:06 according to Season Butler : Boquival

19:47:09 according to Zoë Poluch :

I hear what I want to hear. My ears are like hands and they are drawn to secretions, small puddles of residue accumulated since the last Friday night of the middle ages sometimes used to water the bountiful bouquet. "HARK THE HERALDS" angels say that our pal magenta went for a lunch of polenta while sunny and out of sight on the La Menta, a long boulevard positioned between touch and being alone. The dildo hung like a zeppelin overhead, an unthreatening sloth like giant that gave the middle ages something to laugh about. The dildo was sponsored by Bilbo, an act of generosity that divided the whole community.

© May 2020

POLEIN

19:47:24 according to Eleanor Bauer :

There used to be flood. Bouquet bounty from the back. Secretions everywhere from the orifice on the terrace. So many times they said "she said" until a child tyrant came and stole all the crayons. Back in the age of sensuality and slobber. Back in the age where the leaders flew higher and less often, "Hark! Hark! Hark!" - Repeated ad Nauseam - until an amputated fist fell to the hands of the polyamorous. Hovering 10cm off the ground, they learned to stew in their sense, lose touch of meaning, and touch with their ears and speak with their hands. Actually it wasn't in that order. They wanted to speak with their hands — but what is a hand, a fist, a bouquet of fists, so many existential distractions — they were tired of hearing their own voices. So they learned to touch with their ears. That was the causality, I think, but it's all soup now.

19:48:02 according to Eleanor Sikorski :

Flooding was approaching from the back of the bountiful bouquet yesterday. Until now it hadn't been penetrating the toxic orifices, oozing through. They pooped on the balcony anyway. The crayon drawing was discarded by the midlife crisis and reclaimed by the 4 yr old tyrant child. It hovered 10 cm above the ground. Smooching, soggy, dripping like a used, magenta dildo. It harked back to the middle ages, when leaders had lost their power, not flying as high or as often as they used to. Terrorised by the youth of their own children, sickened by their own voices and those of their lovers, and laughed at by their middle age. Polyamory was rarely spoken of. It used to be something transmitted with the ears, but now the hands dominated.

19:48:17 according to Flora :

The flooding approached from the back of the bountiful bouquet. Until now it hadn't soaked through the big orifice. Red and Irritated. The age of Aquariums. Where one tiny tyrant did not get his way and leaders by and large had been knocked down a few pegs. They didn't fly around like they used to - instead they hovered just 10 inches from the ground where Uranus flowers grew. "Hark", she said. "a non slippery slobbering festival". Boycotts were a customary gesture in the land of kings. The lovers, they wanted. They wanted... polyamory was everywhere but unspoken and post was franked with stamps of hands.

19:48:29 according to Alice Mackenzie :

Flooding came from the back of the bountiful bouquet. Until now it had not stopped for 10 days and had begun seeping from the big red orifice, they had run out of magenta. The midlife crisis letter was dropped on the floor and picked up by an unburdened four year old tyrant who had not been given the title of the king. The tiny tyrant had a problem of leadership. The leaders were not flying as high or as often as they used to and instead hovered 10cm above the ground above Uranus, which was the name of a flower. There was something with polyamory. The multiple lovers grew tired of the sound of their own voices, they wanted to communicate only with their hands. But this always ended in a discussion around what a hand was anyway. But back before they had learnt to touch with their ears, back in the time of the slobber secretions. For what is a hand if not an elbow. Said the king with a decapitated, no amputated, hand and turned it into a magenta dildo that flew over the ground tickling the ears of tiny elephants

19:48:31 according to Adam Seid Tahir :

Flooding approaching from the back of the bountiful bouquet. Until it hadn't stopped its secretion. "Herk" she said. "Magenta dildos!!!" Yes, magenta dildos hovering over Uranus, which was the name of a flower. Dildos tickling the ears of tiny little elephants that couldn't agree. Disturbed by the annual slobbery slip slob festival.

URANUS

19:49:12 according to tilmanodonnell :

Their middle aged secretions soared higher than the highest decapitated dildo king. The magenta took flight. Magnanimous! Among the bouquets, backwards and perched as they were, middle aged slobbery plops licked their labors dry. "Hark!", she said. But tired as they were of their middle aged leadership, they did not move a thumb. They don't fly now, not nearly as high as they used to. They paused. She pivoted. They maneuvered (from the back, and timely) situated between an eggshell and a lonesome hunk of earthenware. She, magenta and secreting, authored right then and there a new canon. A canon that situated all things as capable of giving to other things, multiple things. A polyamorous love song!*

19:50:30 according to Steph :

The floods came from the back and beyond, buoyant and rolling. We lived in a world of kings, giants and gigantic kingly 4 year olds. Days spent reminiscing and masturbating, sometimes with hands. Hands were mostly thought of as tools, both for signalling and checking in on middle age symptoms. Leaders would pull us through the hard years with Hoovering excursions. we would notice flowers called Uranus alongside discarded crayon drawings for ailing adults. signals continued the tradition of language. Not to make sense of anything but as a daily practice of something to do, and to aid time management. Copious amounts of secretion were left in the wake of each, one then this was celebrated at yearly festivals to commemorate!!!

*Author's note:

"Polyamorous Love Song" is the name of a novel by Jacob Wren)

NAME

OF

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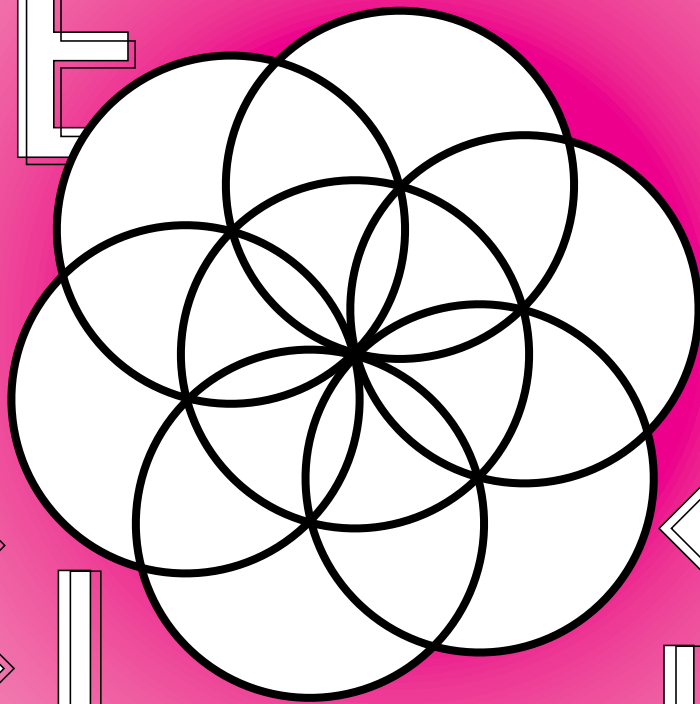
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ER



The Myth According to the Record:

Flooding was
approaching from the back
of the bountiful bouquet yesterday.
Until now it hadn't stopped for ten days and had begun seeping
through the big orifice of that big giant poo on the balcony. (OH, SORRY!)

The center of the reddest and most irritated because there was no access to
Magenta. The crayon drawing laid discarded by the Midlife Crisis soon to be
found by an unburdened four year old child tyrant. In another age
of time, this tiny tyrant was not even selected for the giant job of the king.
Nevertheless, tyranny and destruction of instruction, though only in
the Middle Ages, tended to be left to the leaders. But they were not
flying as high or as often as they used to. These days they tended to hover
ten centimeters above Uranus, which was the name of a flower.

Hark! she said, *an un-slippery slobber festival!*

Hark! she said, *an un-slippery slobber festival!*

Hark! she said, *an un-slippery slobber festival!*

until she radically changed her route, making a path from her own secretions.

Boy-cots [*sic*] were a customary ritual gesture towards the threatening
polyamory that was hardly ever spoken of anyway, while
being spoken of naturally, and romantically.

The multiple lovers got tired of their own voices.
They wanted to communicate with their hands only.

They wanted to communicate with their hands only, but
the conversation always centered around: ***what is a hand actually!?***

It was years ago when we found out how to Touch With Our Ears.

It began back in the age of slobber, sensuality, and flooding, when
the king was bold and letters were franked with stamps of hands.

But what is a hand!? If not a fucking elbow!? Explained [exclaimed]
the decapitated ruler's fist; de-fisted, amputated and repurposed as a dildo.

Hark! A magenta dildo, that flies more often than it used to!

The Age of Aquariums is upon us! she said, under her breath, still
hovering just above ground, tickling the ears of tiny little elephants,
all of whom were sick of each others' voices, and their middle aged
leadership, that was so saturated with secretion.

Coven Press

Remyths the [redacted]

Moon Landing

19:16:37 From [redacted]: rules are there to be breakin
19:16:52 From [redacted]: ...this oral thing has happened...
19:16:56 From [redacted]: with a quill
19:18:39 From [redacted]: It's already 1917 and we have a myth to write, guys
19:20:26 From [redacted]: What are we remything?
19:21:04 From [redacted]: I need power.
19:21:09 From [redacted]: I'm looking for power
19:21:17 From [redacted]: Somebody quote me!!
19:21:22 From [redacted]: Basketball
19:21:23 From [redacted]: somebody quote me
19:21:26 From [redacted]: Aviation
19:21:36 From [redacted]: Leadership
19:21:37 From [redacted]: "Somebody quote me." Eleanor Bauer, 2020
19:21:45 From [redacted]: Zoom
19:22:11 From [redacted]: The moon landing?
19:22:11 From [redacted]: Struggling to get out of a building.
19:22:21 From [redacted]: THE MOON LANDING!
19:22:24 From [redacted]: No that was to complete the quote citation but take it as a suggestion, sure.

19:22:27 From [redacted]: the zoom landing
19:22:35 From [redacted]: Space Jam
19:22:47 From [redacted]: Al Gore wins the 2000 election
19:23:08 From [redacted]: how plants grow
19:23:17 From [redacted]: the commons
19:23:29 From [redacted]: The commons
19:23:32 From [redacted]: Losing ideas
19:23:41 From [redacted]: Something we had
19:23:44 From [redacted]: Ideas
19:24:21 From [redacted]: What has to be taken away?
19:24:46 From [redacted]: wifi
19:24:46 From [redacted]: Editing!
19:24:47 From [redacted]: capitalisam

19:25:31 From [redacted]: Capital Is Sam
19:25:48 From [redacted]: SAM is Capital
19:27:31 From [redacted]: redaction
19:30:14 From [redacted]: remything the dictionary
19:32:05 From [redacted]: It's 18.32
19:32:18 From [redacted]: Just having fun you guys!
19:32:36 From [redacted]: THE MOON LANDING
19:32:50 From [redacted]: People said you said it
19:37:12 From [redacted]: Discussed! disgust
19:44:08 From [redacted]: shrinking would not
19:45:26 From [redacted]: It's not the space race. So why are you Russian?
19:52:08 From [redacted]: Conversation from the first moon landing (Redacted by the Soviet Union):

20 May 2020
REMYTHING

19:55:32 according to Flora Wellesley Wesley :

The moon landing was a world triumph and its success was enjoyed by the former German government. The frankfurter became the emblem of humankind's mark on space. Whenever it was eaten people would raise it skywards to toast the moon. "Yaas!" "Waah!" Food came in small packages and people began to shrink. The orders to fly to the moon in the first place were spluttered out between mouthfuls of jelly. The occasion, which left commanders with slippery food between their fingers, was widely reported though the wheres and whos of "Jellygate" remain a mystery.

19:55:49 according to Alexander :

This time the document is not covered in jelly but jelly is covering the inbetweens of the fingers. The shrinking would not stop, the shrinking of the people. Which people? idk. The germans? Perhaps. Maybe not all germans - as in the whole population of Germany, but the shrinking people were perhaps germans. They are eating some food. What happened to the moon landing? It says on the top of the methodological documents

19:55:50 according to peter a peter peter :

The moon landing a German national treasure which made leaps and bounds in deciphering the soviet redaction of their culinary secret, such as eating frankfurters and jelly with their little fingers, whilst wearing hot pants. which is believed to have been a method for reducing heat, as far as can be understood from the redacted documents.

19:56:01 according to Stina Nyberg :

The moon landing was covered poorly in the aftermath of the dawn of space travels. Whereas it was initially perceived as a huge success for the media "TV" it later got hugely critisized when the redacted reports from Germany was released. These reports turned out to be rather artful events, more resembling cubist art than written reports. This, in its turn, was initially met with demands on the US government to re-dact the redactions. But then a seminal art review changed the focus of the whole discussion from politico-historical critique to aesthetics. It was now considered art. And as such, the redacted report on the moon landing began its digital walk of fame, travelling from country to country, from art fair to art fair, as an example of the ultimate conflation between political and abstract art.

19:56:09 according to Season Butler :

It was 1917 and the eyes of every patriot was fixed on the skies, the heavens, the sparkling sexy sauce of the beyond. Ambitious plans were outlines and drawn out in copious documents. But the boring parts were dutifully redacted before publication to ensure the continued public support and emotional investment in the space programme that only a gripping narrative can truly inspire. The Space Race was on, an International relay race in which the baton of exploration and discovery and the resources to do it, passed from one nation to the next. Alas, a disagreement over exports of the era's staple food - frankfurters - set the once cooperative global confederation into competition. The final straw was a brazen act of food forgery on the part of Germany, and in their squabbling the people of earth began to shrink, farther and farther from their celestial ambitions and down into their every more diminutive terrestrial minutia.

19:56:10 according to Eleanor Bauer :

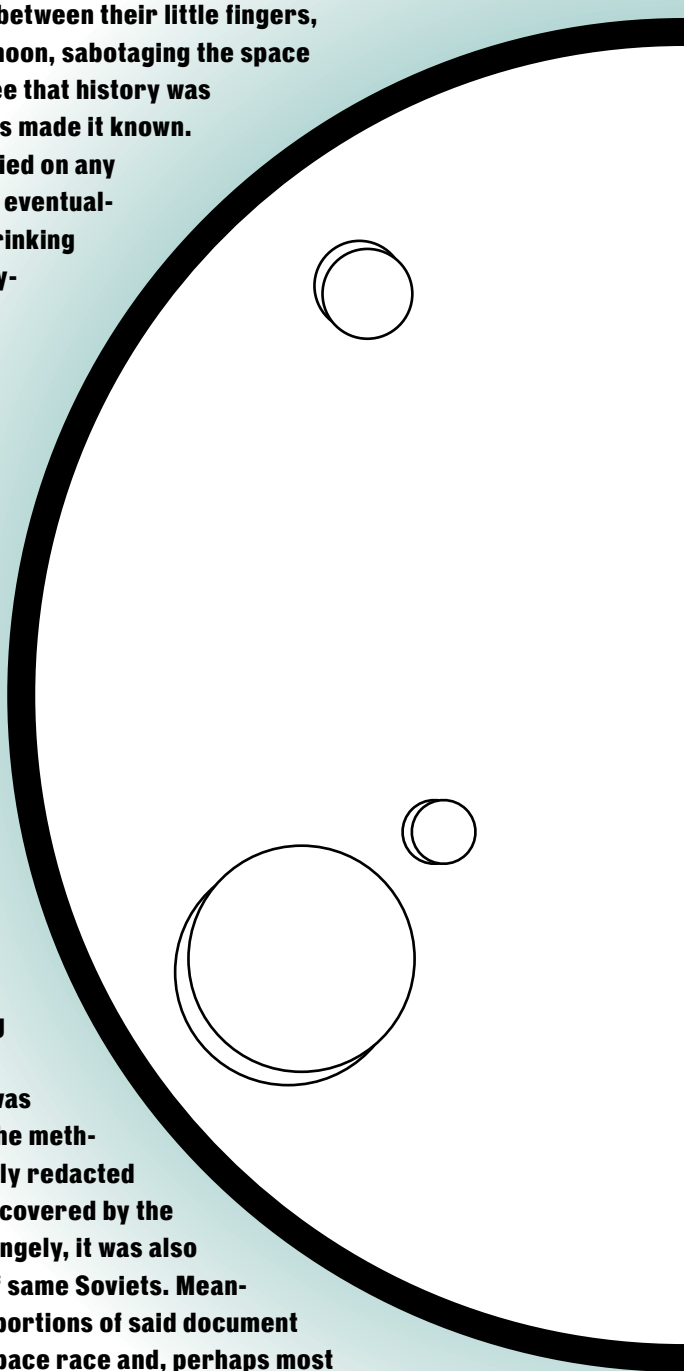
The moon landing was not what you thought it was what it was. The culinary influence of the Germans on that whole scandalous affair is what's missing from most people's – nations' – and their documents' (so heavily redacted by the Russians) memory or knowledge of what truly went down. Most of the documents themselves in fact were not [redacted] as much as they were actually covered in food: sexy hot sauce, vegan hot dogs – which was an entire scandal unto itself for the German state (VEGAN FRANKFURTER!?!? Not to mention the arguments about how many words are in the word frankfurter – the layers upon layers of SUPPRESSION and shame that buried so many aspects of this affair were [redacted])

19:56:36 according to Eleanor Sikorski :

The moon landing was a full submission of the state of Germany. Flawed from documentation of idea through to the 'ja ja ja' of the redacted documents which, ultimately, were a surprising triumph for the former German government. What we do know is complicated by the evidence: the cries of the people for it to stop. People started shrinking at an undeniably fierce rate. Orders came from the top, from the Generals, 'Argh-hhhhhh!' It was held between their little fingers, suspended like the moon, sabotaging the space race to such a degree that history was made. The documents made it known. If the shrinking carried on any longer people would eventually disappear. The shrinking would stop and everything would end.

**19:56:40
according to
Tilman
O'Donnell :**

The space race emanated from a German historical moment. Filled with Frankfurters and Wiener breads (Austrian as they were, a curious aberration in this otherwise fully Germanic moment.) The people began to shrink, consuming sexy hot sauce at an alarming rate. This was not seen as part of the methodological and heavily redacted documents as yet uncovered by the Soviets. Though strangely, it was also written by these self same Soviets. Meanwhile, the redacted portions of said document held the key to the space race and, perhaps most importantly, to the problem of mass shrinkage in tandem with flurries of sexy hot sauce ingestion. "Ja Ja JA!" said general Rumphenschneider, biting into his interstellar frankfurter (alas sans sexy hot sauce). Whereupon he gasped, expelling in high toned agony
19:56:52 according to Tilman O'Donnell : "This frankfurter is vegan!"



19:56:55 according to Callum Gill :

The moon landing happened in Germany first. The German government prepared documents as proof. (Vegan sausages covered in sexy hot sauce celebrated the achievement). Anyway, there was a documented order that came directly from the heads of state (also known as the top). It has been said that these files were actually classified soviet documents and can be used to prove this. The fact of the matter is, it showed a worrying trend towards the shrinking of people. That would not stop. It was an escalating process. We are still not truly sure if it will ever stop. Was it the landing itself? or the sexy hot sauce. Just stop.

**19:57:21
according to Alice
Mackenzie :**

As the historical documentation revealed, the moon landing was a major triumph and catastrophe for the former German government. Food played a key role in the mission. Jelly was eaten from between the generals fingers.

Briefly the Russian generals were heard exclaiming in German: the slimy liquid tasted just like hot sauce on a hot dog. The lead astronaut was shocked, "this frankfurter is vegan!". There was a scandal. The people, some people, unnamed people began to shrink. Something had to be done to stop the shrinking but we will never know what. They are now too small to be found.

19:57:41 according to Adam :

Conversation from the first moon landing (Redacted by the Soviet Union):

- The food was liquid in big until it had
- Ja, ja, ja! Barely enough for the team. Suspecting that if we'd had then coming forth.
- You're so very right. I'd advise us to at the coming To refill our to last for the long ride back.
- Captain I'll send the they will know that we're coming.

EDITOR'S NOTE: BECAUSE
[REDACTED] DID NOT
RECORD THE MEETING,
THERE IS NO OFFICIAL
TRANSCRIPT OF [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
REGARDING [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] ON [REDACTED], 2020.

INTERLUDE:

For Eleanor.

After Manon, Rudi, Alice, Gabriel, Frank, Andros, Juliette, Tere,
Chrysa, Jonathan.*

After...**

She.

She stood.

Stood beside.

Her.

Parallel.

Beside.

Keeping

Company

Here.

And now.

Four

Hundred

Years of split.

She

Stretched out.

Unfolding

Morphing the(i)r(e)

Cells.

Infectious

Pleasure

Bound

Between them

That

Which was

Splitting

Cleft

Together

Apart.

Opening

a

space

inside a

second

and

slowly

disappearing.

*Editor's note: First names here referring to Manon Santkin, Rudi Laermans, Alice Chauchat, Gabriel Shcenker, Frank Bock, Andros Zins-Browne, Juliette Mapp, Tere O'Connor, Chrysa Parkinson, and Jonathan Burrows.

**Author's note: "After..." refers to all the names of the other participants in the course. There were so many and I didn't know them all... but they were there in my notes and writing.

totem enter. Where they enter is unclear. That they enter the same



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Coven Press Meeting Room - "The Moon Never Sets on Coven Press"

Download [3 files]



Chat Messages
why do things you don't want to



Peter Mills

02:10:34



Flora Wellesley Wesley
temper pepper bent mod-
whales sorrow, sour sail, j
space to a repressed feeli
of the sofa, lungs like a pa
near, be

Flora Wellesley Wesley

temper pepper bent mod-
whales sorrow, sour sail, j
space to a repressed feeli
of the sofa, lungs like a pa
near, be



Chat Messages

Holborn?

Peter Mills 01:29:48

1. peter2. alice3. season4. flora5.
tilman6. adam7. alexander8. stina9.
eleanor10. Eleanormovement,
gesture, utterance/song, words

Flora Wellesley Wesley 01:30:04

1. peter2. alice3. season4. flora5.
tilman6. adam7. alexander8. stina9.
eleanor10. Eleanormovement,
gesture, utterance/song, words



Stina Nyberg 01:40:43

Stiches of small intestines follow



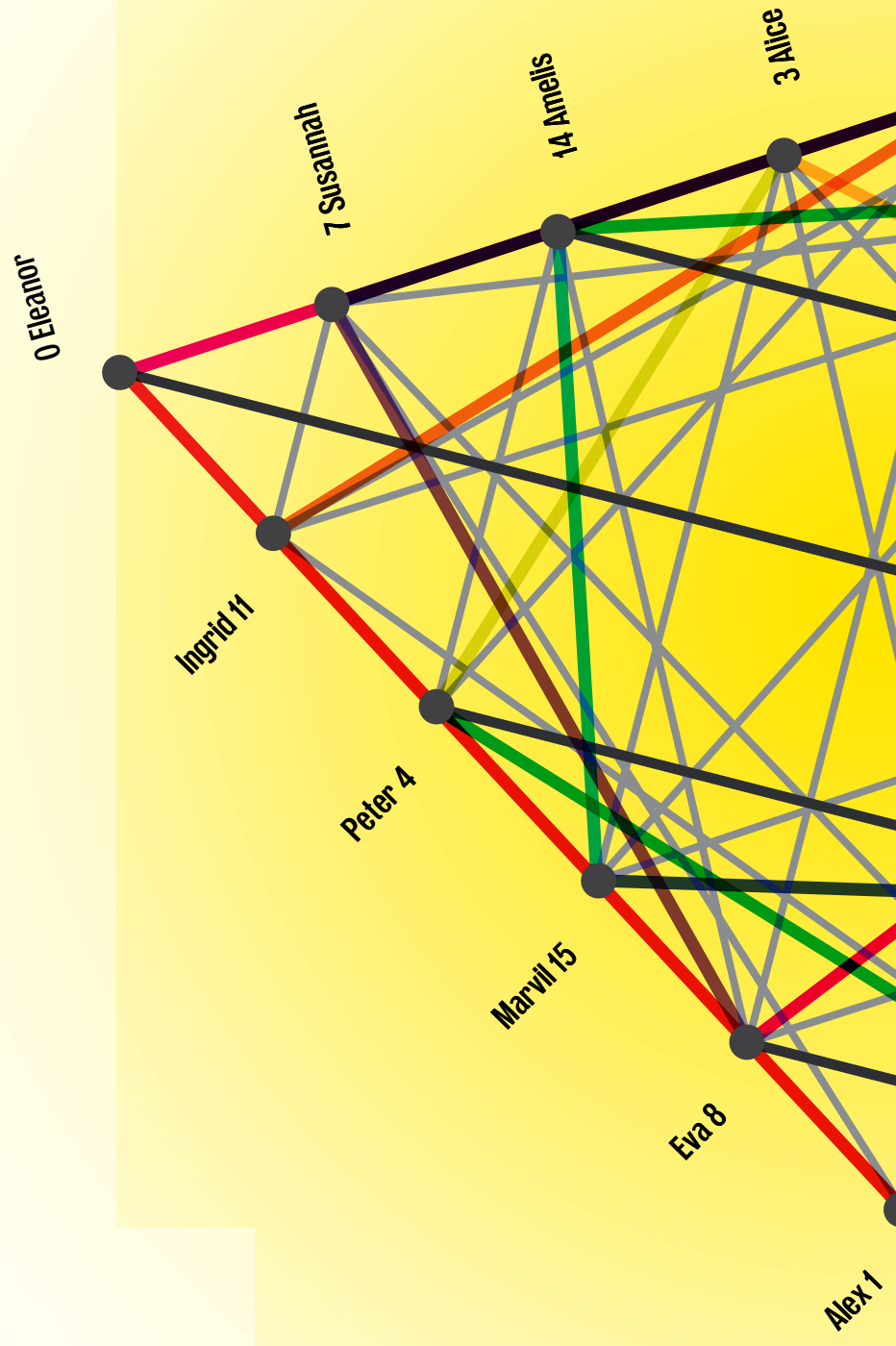
at all, in the nature of their stillness,
their waiting, eventually they began
to roll. Shit, oh shit, my nipples!

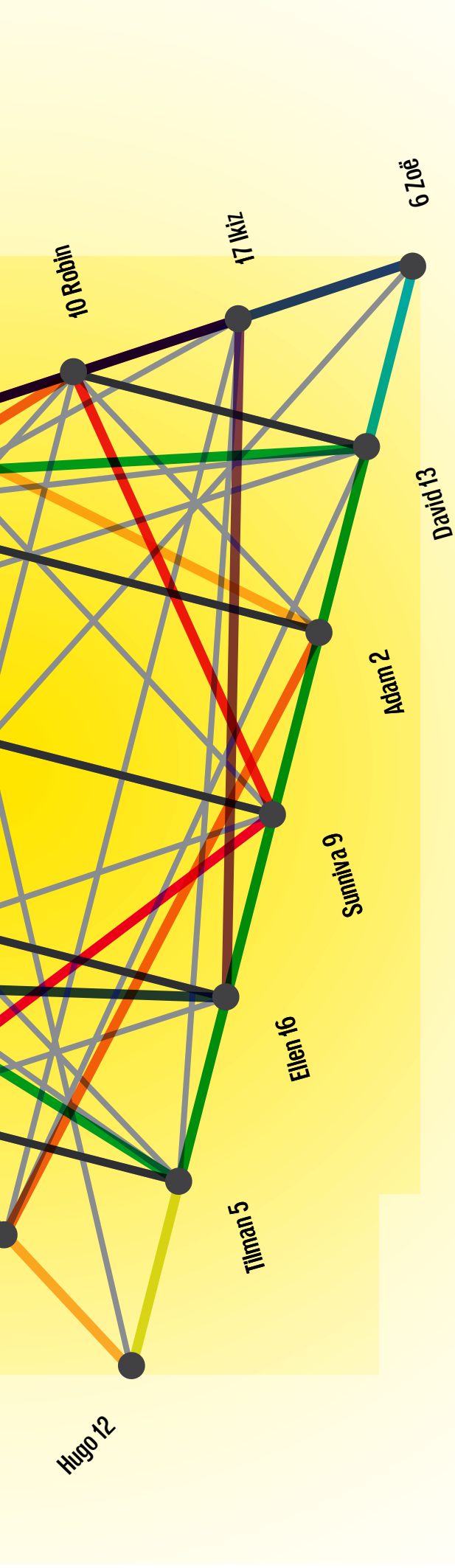


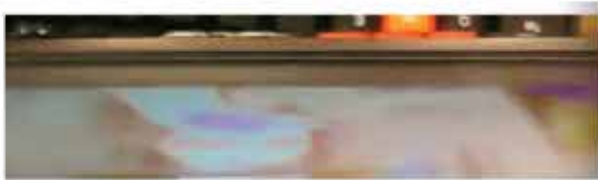
HUMANITY'S
END
EXTINCTION IS INEVITABLE



A Lot of Moving Parts VII





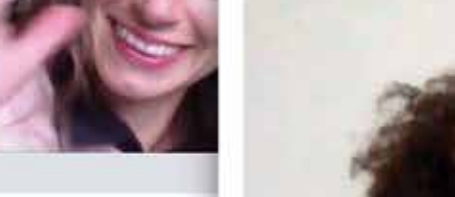
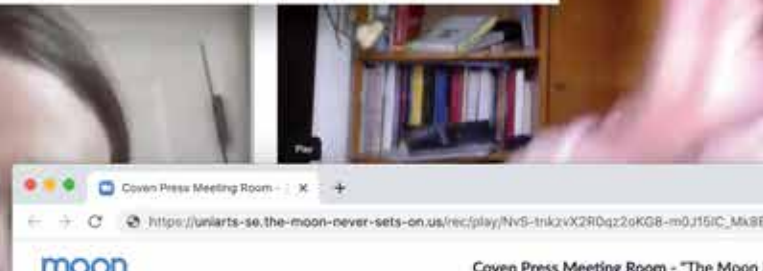


Coven Press Meeting Room - "The Moon Never Sets on Coven Press"

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Chat Message
Flora Wellesley Wesley 05:23:29
[She was here on video. See chat]
Adam 05:23:30
[She was here on video. See chat]
Adam 05:23:30
[She was here on video. See chat]
Sara Wellesley 05:23:30
[She was here on video. See chat]
Adam 05:23:30
[She was here on video. See chat]
Season Butler 05:23:30
[She was here on video. See chat]
Flora Wellesley Wesley 05:23:30
[She was here on video. See chat]



Adam
why fuck things you do
fuck anymore.
Season Butler
I get why my parents d
understand what I do f
Flora Wellesley Wesley
okay but I do have clo
now Bauer

INTERLUDE (continued):

She contained her.

Bound together, parallel flesh, their bodies resonating with each strike of their heels against the black lino floor. They vibrated into each other, resonance chambers of time. Four hundred years had passed whilst they took the temperature of the room, feeling into. Knowing into. Shaking. Quaking. The air shimmered in the heat around them. The rub of friction building in the crevices. The places where they met causing small ripples of space-time, as their masses collapsed towards each other, feeling their own touch.

Flesh towards flesh. Vibrating. Opening their mouths they ate. Tearing tiny strips with their teeth, negotiating her pleasure, negotiating her shame. They danced: a fever of regret, a hint of perfection. Digesting. Pulling each other through their bodies, infecting each other's cells with such speed, with such imperfect totality. Sisters, at the edges of likeness.

She became time. "I am moving", she said, heel digging further into the floor, resisting this perpetual ritual of leaving. She climbed inside a second and pushed. Pushed until she opened the world up from the inside, pushing until it cracked, pushing until it cracked open, a tiny opening to the sacred through which they almost fell. Bodies disappearing in to the virtual. Before them, the past opened up, unfolding with such speed that it turned them.

Their heels kept time, digging into lino. Around them the grey marks left by other dancers lay engraved into the floor, a body map of a modernist city, or perhaps an older one. New York. Brussels. Berlin. London. Troy. A hallucination of European architecture through which they beat their hooves, squeezing their bodies into the corners, laying themselves out upon its grid, shaking, quaking. After two years, they all agreed that the balcony needed to be renovated.

Alice MacKenzie
December 2018

Coven Press Expands the procedure of
Remything to include non-lingual contributions,
and chooses not to choose a thing to Remyth.

- 19:12:36 From Flora Wellesley Wesley : movement, gesture,
utterance/song, words
- 19:13:08 From Season Butler : I wanna just not overcook it
- 19:13:22 From Stina Nyberg : one word is enough as long as we can
hear it
- 19:13:36 From Flora Wellesley Wesley : is there a theme?
- 19:13:45 From Stina Nyberg : no
- 19:18:07 From Flora Wellesley Wesley : alice?
- 19:18:39 From Season Butler : Sorry, jumped the gun
- 19:19:04 From Alice Mackenzie : It was perfect. "Waiting became impossible"
- 19:20:42 From Adam : done
- 19:25:21 From Peter Mills : i will sow
- 19:30:46 From Adam :
1. peter
2. alice
3. season
4. flora
5. tilman
6. adam
7. alexander
8. stina
9. eleanor
10. Eleanor
movement, gesture, utterance/song, words
- 19:31:25 From Flora Wellesley Wesley : Ellie we have an order. See chat
- 19:31:57 From Adam : Ellie you have an order. See chat
- 19:36:25 From Adam : Ellie I have an order. She chat
- 19:36:49 From Stina Nyberg : Ellie I am in order, she shat.
- 19:37:04 From Adam : Ellie I must order. She cat
- 19:37:57 From Season Butler : Ellie is out of order, seahat

19:52:04 according to Stina Nyberg :

Ooooo aaaa bo

Act 2

In which act 3 is explained in a series of odd utterances, sounds and gestures

There is screen art being made, a frame to relate to and an investigation of possibilities. Sometimes, a theme appears, but like those containers of water they disappear again – or take another form.

Act 4, 5 and 6

Are made by birds chirping. Although sense-making is made with the senses, it is hard to decipher through which lens this should make sense. One disappears under the cover and one to the floor. Another one appears with a new haircut. It's all very confusing.

Act 7

In which the protagonist sits in her green chair, writing in a small notebook.

Act 8

The final scene. In dancing and singing, the editors re-assembles to make decisions about today's paper.

19:53:52 according to Alice Mackenzie :

ACT 1

She is waiting.

She sings. And she also sings. So loudly she can no longer be heard.

ACT 2

He slips beneath the table bringing his eyes to their blue crotch.

Outside the sun is shining. Inside they are melting, shrinking.

This was no time for waiting.

Intermission

The light was fading, was fading, was fading.

The Light is fading, fading, fading.

ACT 3,4,5

Tones, descending.

ACT 1

In which a villain is found. Close up on a KNife. A single decisive cut.

She devours the apple until nothing was left but the seeds.

The field expands to horizon. She holds her seeds in her hands, ready to sow.

ACT 2

"Next stop, Holborn"

In the silence of the crowded tube train a voice is heard.

"I demand to see the manager" she says.

Directions. It ends with Directions.

19:53:57 according to Alexander :

it starts by talking about beginnings no one has entered yet. Act 1: Nothing happens. Act 2: The screen is falling down and turning around. Act 3: Is short and starts over once. Act 4, 5 & 6: Are all at the same time and the crazy starts. A train stops at an unknown station. There are several songs sung. someone falls off a table, then Changes clothes, then tumbles around in a bed. A woman is talking to herself, she wonders if the end hasn't already happened. She is unheard of, unmotivated and unseen? Liquids are running left & right. She reads from a book, an old book, Shakespeare? She sings in such a high pitch that her voice is not being Heard. She rides a crowded metro while eating an apple and some crackers, she would love some wine but the glass is empty. Her voice becomes fractured and she gets a road description from a man in british and then it ends.

17 June 2020
REMYTHING

LIGHT WAS FADING

19:54:00

according to Eleanor Sikorski :

Hi, hello, hi, oh. She jumped the gun. Laughter. Watching the surgical precision of, well, the surgeon, applying antiviral alcohol to their hands. Zoom cutting-out her voice, and she wasn't even aware of it. Fake war cries... muted. The gods were against her. Turn left, said John Smith, sounding a bit like his mate, John Thomson, then turn right. It'll be fine, you'll see it, it's no problem, Just, yeah at the end, the end, I think it's on the left, the house, but it'll be clear. Just get in order. Red like blood. Flash photography means I see through your seahat. Seeing through your gestures, not quite retaining the words. After all, it's not like I've been here long. Interloper. How dare you invade my privacy? Trying to work out over here. Not that kind of work-out. I mean I'm working out what the difference is between secrecy and privacy. Better let them all know when I've worked it out.

19:54:30

according to Tilman O'Donnell :

"I learned to release finitude," she said in act II (the act in which they discussed the second act.) And then: "Skylarks!".. "Wasn't THAT the end?" she wondered to herself between the chorus of children and seagulls. This was one of the few sounds that reached her, though an unimportant utterance, and unmotivated as well. "Forever a field I will sew, between the wild edges of the floral night. I will sew these seeds I am holding," were her famous last words as she stepped out and off and through, departing forever the anthropocene she'd called home. "Pang pang pang pow pow!" the lasers rang out in palatial magnanimous pulses. This was followed by the customary battle cry of the early birds, worms released. "Well yeah, you walk about 400 meters over thatta way and then back a bit and then take a left and then a right and float around behind the structure over there and then you'll see it. You can't miss it! Alright then! Yeah Yeah!" THE END

19:54:55

according to Season Butler :

Act Zero

I cannot believe we are still trying so hard to start. We waited for directions, just standing there with our dicks in our hands.

Act One must be fucking kidding me. We matured like Robyn. We lingered, inert, sometimes under the table, sometimes in forts made of bed linens and table linens and Daddy's clothes. We enjoyed our freedom sure. But we wanted to go home. We hated to admit me that WE were the grown-ups we had been waiting for.

Act Two

The villain did not appear, did not oppose me, I was so lonely that even the courage that I summoned was blue.

Act One comes 'round again, but was not history, which never repeats really, if you think about it.

Act Three

I insisted, but it did not land. Fruit was decapitated; my mouth watered.

Act Five, Six, Seven No one's counting

19:55:20

according to Flora Wellesley Wesley :

Act 1 silence. Act 2 seabirds. Act 3 ayehaaaaaaaaaa. Act 4. The manager (seed pulp): this is she. Acts 5,6,7 are one. The lights come up as blue courage. Do we need a villain? The weapon: a pear knife. "Oh well, very well." Hidden under the surface, a serpent, a crotch shot, a warbling interlude before she resigns from the anthropocene. Silent, forever in a tube underground. Surviving off song. Hands choreographed out of their idiosyncrasies into auto-sanitation circuits. No touching. Eating forbidden. Only air allowed. Erotic impoverishment from prohibitions of mouth, face and hand touching leaves many mute, gesture-less and without feeling to express. An underground movement digs out sonorous escape rooms where fresh fruit is served and people squash grapes and make illegal wine. The end.



19:59:17 according to Eleanor Bauer :

IT STARTED THREE TIMES, NO, UNCOUNTABLY IT STARTED AND RE-STARTED
And had a recursory tendency to escape the middle.
"I'm over here waiting to begin" she heard — flashing straight to the end where
some fumbling idiot tried to mansplain how to reach the post office. Clearly
he'd never tried to reach anyone before.

19:56:32

according to Adam:

Nana nananana naaaa boom
Nana nananana naaaa boom
Nana nananana naaaa boom
Nana nananana naaaa boom

Insertion: a memory of a man who by touch of sight learned to recede into himself by way of the neck hole of his shirt, so deep now that it ventured a portal to transport him to another space on the screen-grid. Interruptions and out of orders were the norm, until act 1 somehow rolled over and stopped trying to start a fight. Because it was realised there was no need for a villain.

Then blue courage, the bluest of blues, snaked up from its compressed, textured, screened-out hiding place to meet the cellular surfaces of Adam Seid Tahir's deep blue crotch. It was beauty, bea-uu-tee, redefined.

And for a spell, for a sell, for a splace hell of a moment of wonder, the only line that remained of any importance to repeat from all of Hamlet was an apology. not even a grand one, just a tiny gesture of apology, from somewhere under the curtain between acts 2 & 3.

Acts 4, 5, and 6 were dominated by the birds who sang and hummed and hawked until some dissatisfied spectator asked to see the manager. "this is she," muttered someone, who thought themselves unimportant or insignificant, pointing to an encephalopod, and at that point, the spectator resigned from the anthropocene once and for all.

Some raindrops and a barrage, no a deluge of applause later, with a lot to prove by stuffing one's face with macerated fruits, and guzzling a horse's mouth full of water, they shared in a spin around the silent tours de force, by metro of course, taking all stops on the red line. The only sound that reached anyone remained the squish of hand sanitiser, now obsolete but still ritualised for its sensuality alone, and a sense of something like spilt milk, but nostalgia for cleaning up anyone's messes was long out of style.

And so, t/s/he/y released all sense of finitude, and began. perhaps, again. but not in a new way.

just at all.



19:57:09

according to Peter Mills:

[illegible]

just at all.

WAS

FADING

LIGHTS ARE

FADING,

LIGHTS ARE

FADING,

LIGHTS

ARE OUT

ACCORDING TO THE RECORD: (Audio-Visual Transcript by Tilman O'Donnell)

FLORA: UUUUUUAUUAAAA!

Tilman: ACT 2, in which

Adam: The serpent

Alex: Was speaking about

Stina: Act 3

Eleanor: Which was hiding under

Peter: [FILMS TWO TONE RUG, CAMERA SHAKY]

Alice: It had been there

Season: Since the very first prophecy

Tilman: Act 3, beginning mysteriously

Adam: [QUICK SMILE]

Alexander: [CAMERA PANNING 360 DEGREES STARTING TO THE RIGHT, RUSTLING NOISES ACCOMPANY, STOIC FACE FINISHES THE SEQUENCE]

Stina: And then....And then

Eleanor: A certain blue courage

Peter: [CUT TO TWO-TONE RUG] Was the final curtain.

Season: Waiting became impossible

Alice: Act 1

[A LONG PAUSE, IMAGE REMAINS ON ALICE, SHE SMILES, EYES DARTING AT THE SCREEN]

Alexander: Act IV, V, and VI

Stina: [VARIOUS EXOTIC BIRD CALLS, NOT TO BE MISTAKEN FOR A NORMAL WHISTLE]

Eleanor: Said those who do not count acts

Peter: Line. Sorry, I've lost my place. Line!

Alice: [SCUTTLES BACKWARDS TO RETRIEVE AN ERRANT COPY OF HAMLET. ONCE SECURED, SHE BRUSHES THROUGH THE PAGES, THEN READS] I humbly thank you. Well well well

Season: Is the problem some lack of a villain? Is the problem some lack of a villain?

[INDISTINCT SOUNDS, AKIN TO CHEWING GUMMY BEARS, THE IMAGE OF SEASON REMAINS]

Tilman: This is how we do it in the old country, she explained to the young ones

Adam: And then she proceeded to [PICTURE OF FABRIC, BLUE AND WHITE, UNDULATING]

[JUMP CUT TO ADAM, BRIEFLY]

Stina: And share it among her co-actors..and share it among her co-actors

Eleanor: Forever a field..forever afield

Peter: I will sow

Alice: The seeds I am holding

Season: I wanna talk to the manager!

Flora: [HOLDING A FLOWER ALOFT] This is she!

[JUMP CUT TO ADAM, HALF VISIBLE BENEATH THE BLUE AND WHITE

PATTERNED FABRIC. NOW APPEARS ALMOST AS A HAT, OR HEAD-DRESS. AFTER SOME TIME HAS PASSED, HE UTTERS: "BEUUUH-HUHBA, zhup zhup"]

Alexander: Those were her last words before

Stina: She resigned

Eleanor: From the anthropocene

Peter: Next stop, Holborn

Alice: The Central Line was even more crowded than usual

Season: But, totally silent

[LONG PAUSE]

Adam: HELLO! [COMPLETELY STARTLES THE OTHER MEMBERS OF COVEN PRESS]

Flora: Hi..

Eleanor S (enters the room late): [LAUGHS]

Tilman: The silence was broken. Hark! No, I used hark already. An interloper.. Intergalactic..

Eleanor B: [SLIGHT ECHO EFFECT] Should, should we go, right, no no! You're continuing !

Adam: Wha, uh uh,

Alex: [DEFTLY APPLIES LOTION TO HANDS, WRISTS, FOREARMS AND FINGERS]

Stina: Was one of the few sounds

Eleanor B: That reached

Peter: Sorry, I jumped the gun

Alice: It was too late

Season: [SOUND EFFECT, LIKE TOY GUN] Piew Piew Piew!

FLORA: UAAAAAAAAAAAH! HUUUUUUAAAAHAHAHAHA! [SINGING LOUDLY]

Tilman: Was the unmistakable utterance

Adam: Of the unimportant

Alexander: And unheard of

Stina: And unmotivated..And unmotivated

Eleanor B: Skylarks [ECHO EFFECT] Skyyyylarks!

Tilman: Lights are fading, lights are fading, lights are out.

Peter: Applause ruptures the silence from a mass of seagulls and people alike

Alice: The sounds could be heard echoing

Season: Forever

Tilman: As the lights fade in.. Bum bum, bum bum bada bum bum [SINGS THEME MUSIC TO HIT 90s TV SHOW "HOMICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREETS"]

Adam: [CUT TO A FRAMED IMAGE OF HIS MUSTACHE]

Alexander: 'Wasn't that the end?' she thought to herself

Eleanor B: And learned to release finitude [LAUGHS, MUTED]

Peter: [AFFECTING NASAL BRITISH ACCENT] Awright, what you need to do is take a left at the end of the road and after about 200 meters you'll see a great big house on your, um, I think its on your left, yeah, and then you'll just be around the corner and once you're there you'll see it, for sure, and em, yeah uh, no no no yeah, straight forward, take a right, nono, I think it, yeah left, yeah don't worry, yeah, alright, bye.

Alice: THE END

Coven Press Remyths the Origin of the Mody-Bind

01:39:01 Flora Wellesley Wesley: 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.

01:40:16 Flora Wellesley Wesley: 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.

01:40:21 Flora Wellesley Wesley: LOVE LOVE LOVE EVERYONE

01:40:26 Flora Wellesley Wesley: UNTIL NEXT TIME XXX

01:40:29 Alice Mackenzie: Bye!

01:54:39 according to Eleanor Sikorski:
Rolling towards the edge the tin cans rattling off the precipice.
this tale is not to be confused with the tale of the flat-earthers.
it's different. i want a pod with everything i desire inside.
a beginning with a foretold future. my own desires boxed
before i even know what desire is. watching nothing come. not
he, not she, not they, no one coming or cumming or coming
over the hill. OW MY NIPPLE GOT CAUGHT! shrieked the mayor.
ooooooh fuk. groaning. can i start again. no? it's a re-telling
so i'll go over it all again anyway. don't tell her, because no
one has ever made it before and no. one. has. ever. returned.
The end of humanity. Their jaw dropped. With no hope left, she
dragged herself onto the dance floor.

01:55:10 according to Alexander:
We now lost the whole chat - we are starting from scratch,
the beginning. In the beginning; a pod full of whatever - typing -
not memories but now. Speaking; what, how, who, something
unclear of what happened. She left the screen and the room.
MY nipple got stuck. I don't remember anything but people
were speaking slowly. I usually remember while writing but
nothing pops up now. I thought there was someone in the
apartment but i am supposed to be alone, am i getting mur-
dered? The sound was really bad - the end of all of humanity
and human life - the beginning of the modybindsplit and the
mody and the bind.

01:58:29 according to Zoë Poluch:

Entering from different doorways. Is the doorway a portal? I mean, really. Is the door a metaphor for something else? 10 cubes of lives and subjectivity stacked like a totem enter. Where they enter is unclear. That they enter the same space is even more unclear. So, are they caught in the act of entering, in a perpetual mode of passage or transformation or did they eventually arrive? Do their entryways take them to the same space? 10 cubes, 10 stories, 10 planets, same dimensions. On the surface, on the level of the hyper miniaturization of this screen I wonder about the plural, about the "ies" that elegantly co-exist. Or simply co each other. Do we need to enter through the same doorway to co-exist or can we do that once we arrive somewhere. Will we one day get somewhere? Some where. Else where. Where ever. Let us enter our totem of doorways and go where ever, all the ever whering about.

01:58:42 according to Eleanor Bauer:

THE MYTH OF HOW THE MODYBIND CAME TO BE

As scribed by Bauer in a friggin word doc for the first time and why the EFF in Calibri for EFFS sake I do not know (that really should not be a default font)

But anyway...

01:58:56 according to Stina Nyberg:

Out from the void of the womb came life, and rolling out of the cans that fell of the cliff came the sweet smell of failure. Every new birth is a failure, just like every family is dysfunctional. Canned life is no better than fresh life. But in order for a city to grow it needs human workers, and so the mayor of the city became grumpy at the lack of child births and shouted out loud for a change. A change!? said the citizens, deeply disappointed in their mayor. They decided to collectively leave the picture. One by one they exited the city walls. In a nearby barn, they sat down inside a pod that carried them with speed and loud roars through space. Each pod had room for 6 of them at a time, and each pod was green, and although they moved at an immense speed the transport took forever.

01:55:30 according to Alice Mackenzie:

In the edgeless time a collection of tin cans rolled towards the edge and fell off. No flat earthers here. In the tangled mess nobody came. She didn't come, he didn't come, nobody came. They didn't come. Its messiness seemed to be never ending. "Ouch! My nipples!" Shouted the mayor. Uhhhhhhhh fuck. She left the screen. The sound of machines was all that was left. A fan, whirring at the pitch of tinnitus. The extinction of humanity was inevitable. In the hopelessness, she dragged her sorry ass to the dance floor.
The end

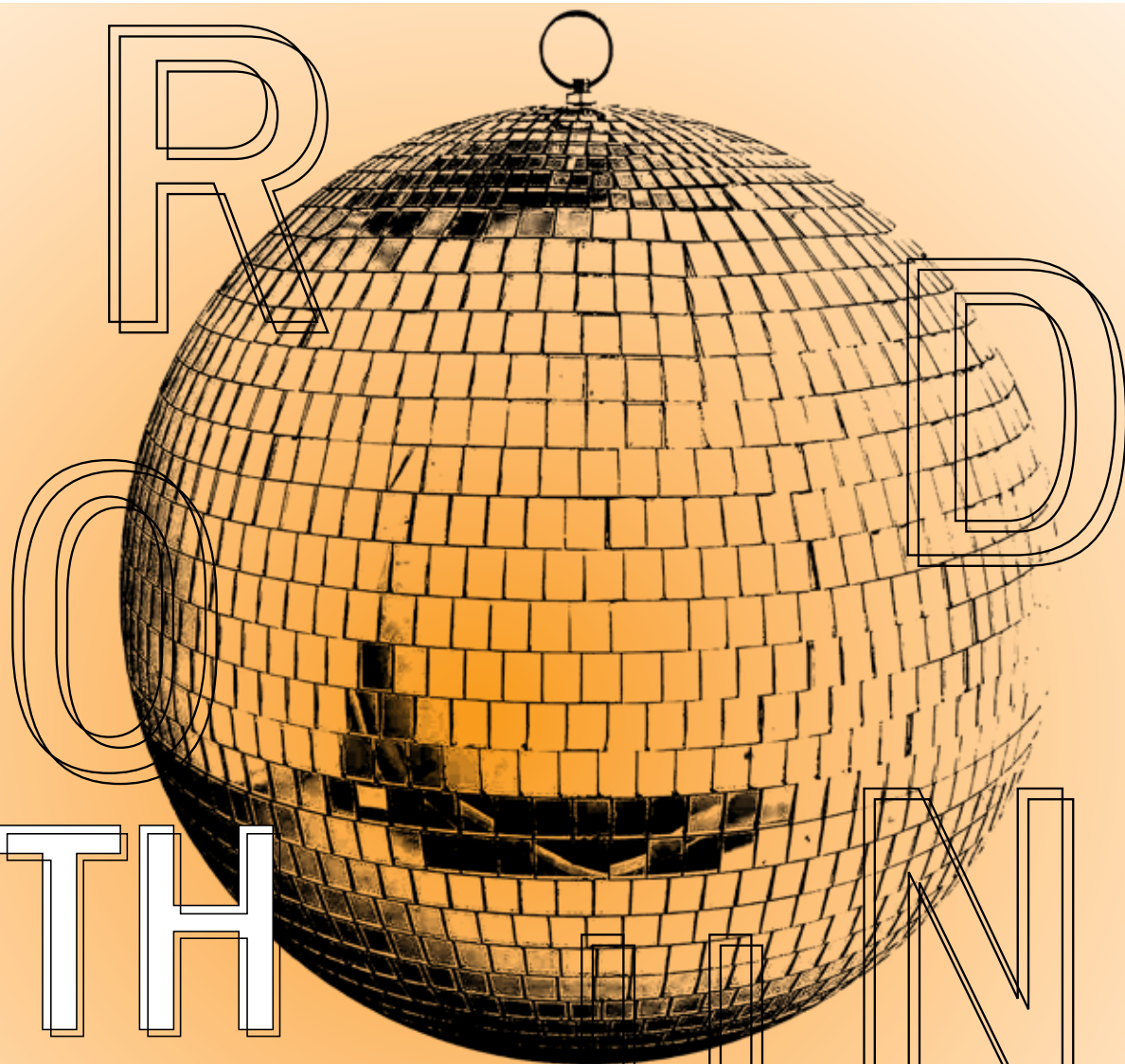
01:56:43 according to Peter Mills:

The blood place was flat with only baked beans to eat, I say flat it was it had six sides, like a cube, but image its not a cube but the beginning. To hand was a dvd which described the end of the world as the beginning, until that mayor that bull of an authority sneaked to peak a wield power of the fortune tellers word and caught a nipple on a metal edge of a tin. Fuck that bastard for this origin to have a form full of freedom and shit good times we need rid of that tomfoolery. And so all men died. Fuck 'em. Oh then she dragged her sorry ass onto the dance floor...

01:58:25 according to Steph:

Edgeless time, tipping precious canned food over the edge. Leaving the dwellers of the internet aghast, I mean totally fucked up. They left, but came back. They left the edges, wide open. The Mayor, who is pivotal in our retelling had bodacious nipples, often getting in the way of organising. OOOOHHH NOOO. OHH yes. This isn't a cult but it could be if we wanted it to be. Think pods with strings attached, connected to the strings lie some sort of feelings. But this isn't literally how you know feelings. It just about hard facts. IN other news, when we drag our sorry ass' onto the dance floor, we feel the reality of what the fuck we are doing here and what the fuck this might possibly, sort of maybeish be about. There are no take backs, know that and let it burn your truth. It is how we choose to experience, so suck gently and go well deep.

1 JULY 2020
REMYTHING



WITH

EDGES

BEGGETTING

MORE EDGES

01:8:57 according to Eleanor Bauer:

So it began.
In an edgeless spacetime.
Tin cans rolling off the edges.
(This is not a flat-earther's tale).
They remained on the ground.
"I am so yearning for a pod!" they said.
"A place in which to put anything and everything I ever
wanted!" they agreed.
But nobody showed up, they just didn't,
It was so impotent, and disappointing really,
All that yearning for belonging and containment
All the pluriverses just wanting to be hugged into one skin.
Some of them just left the screen, just plain peaced out,
ghosted on the whole affair.
The edgeless spacetime suddenly cut her firm edges into
the splace
Closing a hard cold reality of incision called a "frame."
Or a "window" – like of time or space no difference, the win-
dow became a violence.
"Ack! My nipple's caught!" screamed the mayor, snagged in
his own inability to even imagine that a pod could be some-
thing desired by anyone.
While so many others wondered what a mayor was doing
there at all.

01:59:13 according to Season Butler:

It started with tin cans, which was ironic because cans have
their origin in a preserving process. So it started with relics
from long-gone harvests. Cans with a will of their own, rolling
towards the edge and falling off. Not off the edge of the earth,
silly. The earth is round, with edges begetting more edges.
Anything still will roll eventually.
This event set the scene for a further genesis. There was an
electric zing in the atmosphere, comets of potential shooting
through the air to the delight of the little ones and the unem-
ployed. And it was nice that they had something to delight
them in their waiting for them, for him and her, for the they
who did not come back at all. In the nature of their stillness,
their waiting, eventually they began to roll.
'Shit, oh shit, my nipples!' exclaimed the mayor, caught in the
tug of gravity. The bureaucrats will be the death of us. But
maybe not; I saw with my own two eyes someone who was
lost come back to us, and faster than we would have guessed.

01:59:14 according to Eleanor Bauer:

The whole thing appeared so desperate, it was deemed to
be doomed.
The end of humanity, a full armageddon of failures to even
need a good or evil
A refusal of that score
And so, with no hope left
And not a fuck left to give
She went to the dance floor.
And thus, is how, the modybind was.
How the modybind came to be, to modybind its way
To sea.

01:59:15 according to Season Butler:

And we dragged our sorry asses to the dancefloor and
regretted nothing ever again.

The End.

01:59:34 according to Adam Seid Tahir:

Cans where rolling... Rolling over the edge of a metallic tilting
plane. Falling down. Down down down. Down into the abyss.
Landing in an orgy of porous fluids amalgamating.

That was the conception, the birth of the moody-bind. It was a
quite messy process. Caught in the nipple. It was all just really
really messy. It came and then came and came and came,
and then something left and more things came. And it was
hard to decipher if there was movement at all or if the coming
was a stillness in complete impenetrable silence. But after a
handful of time the liquid moodies and binds started melting
together into moody-bind

02:03:34 according to Season Butler:

That made me ovulate.

Canon a 2 per Tonos

Louise Crnkovic-Friis, 2 August 2020

One day, when it was raining outside and the boys were climbing the walls, the moon was full. In the clouds there was a roar and the window creaked shut. The sky itself had been opened, it was blue, and the dark clouds were transparent and had length and presence. The whole sky, cloudy and strong, rose across the sky, the same sky had the presence of the whole, and the light.

It is a very great truth that all the gods' creations appear as scenes and objects to take part in this experience of Eden. And, surely, why? There is no reason at all except the sweetness of human desire. And god is shown not by images, by figures, by buildings, by people, but by herself that is only when she is in the presence of something - a feeling. Is it possible that there is no more splendid unreality in life than in dreams? Why, it is true. It is in our desirability arising there. It is the feeling of one moment and the sense of the next that makes life continuous and joyous. Dreams are the most exquisite of experiences. Dreams are the only thing that are done in one moment. Happiness arises only when, like the winds, dreams grow in the dark, always with great expectation and great excitement. The world is called the earth because it is the earth and the air is the air and the river is the river and the stars are the stars and the sky is the sky and the black sea is the sky (except when it is red, which it comes to be). It is so much the same when there are clouds over it. What other word can describe it? But that in advance and only in anticipation.

There is no more perfectly impenetrable state of being when sunshine gives away than when a great feeling of excitement and expectation is bound to be produced in the face of the subject's own longing for success and hope.

The more the state of being is present and the more excitement is produced, the more is there to be experienced in the whole state of being. And the moment when real excitement and real expectation are derived from the presence of the objectivity of hope will perceptibly come. But that does not present a problem in the case of real excitement and real expectation. A great effect is not produced in reality when the subject longing is indolent and childish. It is not present there. It even causes a rather damp sensation. When there are great hopes and great expectations there never will be such a dampness. Again, there is no difficulty whatever in the case of earnest hope and serious expectation. The same thing is true of eager, contented and impatient expectation and serious disappointment.

But that does not disturb a delight in itself. It even destroys a great satisfaction - a great delight in itself. There never was a time when actual joy and actual expectation were mutually exclusive. There never was a time when the whole state of life was a part of the whole. A great deal of excitement and hope and expectation are produced when someone comes to a solution and then nothing foreseen happens.

DREAMS AND MODERN HEIGHT

One morning when the first rays of morning light were in the window, and the wunderkind of daylight bloomed on the white lawn, a small boy was standing at length in the little garden behind the house. At that moment an older boy entered thither, knowing there was not much that was not expected of him. The young ones were indistinguishable. Neither of them heard the other. Neither of them said anything. Although either of them could have looked at their father or been informed of his or her existence, neither of them said anything.

Sleepers such as those who dream are always completely oblivious of what is happening, whatever it is. Dreams are less bound by the rigid, finite timetable of existence. They are not bound by the rigid timetable of human life. They are not bound by the loose end of physics. Dreams exist not at all in the near future, which is not quite in the past – for the two are not in correspondence. They are as much the future as there is time. They are both infinitely far out.

They are not timeless, for they are no more remote than heavens and the oceans. They are not stagnant, for, knowing all there is of them is not the same thing as knowing all there is of the planet earth. A pale picture is the wrong picture of the real universe. We do not picture the world in a single sheet. They are not resting, for they are not stagnant in space. They are not slumbering. They are not stopping, for they are not finishing. They are not resting even in the modern world, for there is no modern life as such in which one can rest from one's work.

For the boys, restlessness came as part of real excitement and real expectations, derived from the present. It was not childish, nor indolent. Their dreams were transparent and had length and presence. Even without speaking, even without moving, capturing the splendid unreality of life. This was only to last a moment, in the first rays of morning light. Then the smoke rose, and the dreams were but dimly visible.

As the long shadows of the clouds passed over the horizon, and the sky darkened in the morning, the boys were still there. They were standing facing the light and at last, they felt the weight of the world which they had known before, to be removed and to be again there.

Next day, when it was raining outside and the boys were climbing the walls, the moon was full. In the clouds there was a roar and the window creaked shut.

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Author's note

This work was inspired by the writings of a selection of 20th-century writers - Willa Cather, Dorothy Scarborough, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Gertrud Stein, Meredith Webb, Ida B. Wells, and Virginia Woolf. Created in collaboration with an artificial neural network.

WOKEFULNESS

