

PUTA
QUE
PARIU
ESTA
MERDA

CRÉDITOS

Textos de Mariana Nobre Vieira

Contribuições:

Ana Correa, André Uerba, Filipe
Carvalho, Joana de Sousa, João Estevens,
Lúcio Bites, Mafalda Miranda Jacinto,
Matthieu Erlacher, Micha Tsouloukidse,
Miguel Bonneville, Pedro Marum, Raquel
Vieira, Tereza Madeira, Maria Scaroni

Design de Daniel Pereira (@cyrberu)

Produção de Elias Lanham (@el_lanham)

Edição Associação Cultural Rabbit Hole
Rua das Gaivotas 6
1200-202 Lisboa

Gráfica Montaldo, Lda.

© Dezembro 2021

Parceiro Institucional: República
Portuguesa – Ministério da Cultura



A STATE OF RAVE

If you have access to the internet I would highly recommend you to listen to this DJ set as you read the pages ahead. <https://soundcloud.com/marumwelt/marum-fully-automated-luxury-of-oblivion-mina-x-lecken-berlin-31122018-live-mix> Thank you.

I am there, I am fully there but I do not know where I am.

The music keeps going and it holds my body together as I fall apart, as all my sorrows and joys blast through whatever it is that I am turning into, full speed, tearing my face off while bringing to its avatar tears of joy and pain and sorrow and love. The beat rips my entrails, I do not have lungs, I do not have muscles, I am floating and my virtual body keeps moving out of its own accord, it is attuned with the enevrgy of the sound waves that blast through the speakers, I have lost my agency, I do not decide, I do not think, I do not control, I do not know.

I had been waiting for this. At 4AM we performed. We had dildos on our arms and legs and backs and foreheads as we went through a score devised by Lecken's residente choreographer Maria F. Scaroni accompanied by Paartanz aka Marc Lohr's live set. We were in the middle of the dance floor: together, focused, excited and entangled. □

Since then and up to 9AM I have been knitting socks in my head, beautiful woolen socks that I may one day distribute through the children of my friends and my lovers, because I will never have children but I would like to look after the children of my friends and my lovers. I would like to be the auntie who twists their lullabies and bedtime stories around, the one who lets them make mistakes, I would like to be the

fairy godmother who tells them that prince charming went out to buy cigarettes and never came back but that's probably all for the best, good riddance from prince charming to you darling!

So between 5 and 9 AM I have making small and big talk with friends, acquaintances and newcomers I met along my strides in between the dark room, the bar, the toilets and the showers. I have listened to pains, worries and joys from the people I have met, given some advise and dealt with awkward silences that never really last that long anyway since we can always run away from each other and back into the dance floor.

Then at 9AM it happened. My intention for the night was to find release and meltdown (and I confess that I had secretly expected this to happen by making out with someone). Instead, I found myself taking marum to the DJ booth before they began their set and hanging on to them as I burst into tears, feeling their anxiety pouring into my senses, triggering the bottled up pre graduation anxieties that I had wished to have release from. As marum went into the decks I dragged myself to the dance floor. And I never left. I danced until midday. I cried, I laughed, I performed, we pushed for it, as a crowd we pushed for more intensity, more speed, more intimacy, for the spaceship that we were encapsulated in to go far, to break the fabric of reality and pull through into the oblivion of blissful chaos, hearing the aliens speak in tongues in between the beats, listening to the fairies rise up from the misty sparkly energy fields before the drop plundered us into industrial razor blades, cutting away whatever was still left from our previous states of perception.



Have you ever felt this? How would you describe it? What would be in it for you, what do you think I got from it, what do you think the crowds of ravers get from it? What does it do to us and our spiritual, social, political and cultural surroundings?

I cannot claim to know but through my work I keep investigating.

So consider this an invitation into a State of Rave.

“To think for yourself you must question authority and learn how to put yourself in a state of vulnerable open-mindedness; chaotic, confused, vulnerability, to inform yourself.”


Timothy Leary, How to Operate Your Brain

My artistic research has always been tied to exploring night life dance floors together with the artistic collective Rabbit Hole and most recently the queer rave Mina in Lisbon and our sister party in Berlin, Lecken. *This has informed my search for what I now call a state of rave: a state propelled forth by an overwhelming of the senses through lights, music, smoke and a myriad of bodies be them friends or strangers brushing against each other to the beat.* For my final SODA work – Graduation Piece – I sought after strategies that could inform and propel this state forth, aiming towards putting myself, performers and audience members into a state of vulnerability from which we could inform ourselves about our decision making processes.

In a rave environment, the dance and modes of performance that are activated and witnessed can allow for a presentation of the self which may release itself from subjectivity, entering a state of ecstasy where the differentiation between me, you and that chair over there may be temporarily effaced and blurred by lights, smoke, sweat and the substances produced within the body and consumed by that same body. In this state lies a political and an artistic potential I have been seeking to explore. Political because it allows for queer modes of being, queer here considered both from within LGBTIQ+ perspectives as well as from the perspective of queer being not only something one is, but also something one does in relation to the norms

of the context in which one operates. Although not all raves can or should be considered queer, it is important to note that the rave can act as a site for queering practices: through the collective movement of bodies dancing into ecstatic experiences, gender and feelings of exclusion can be temporarily suspended, allowing for experimentation with different modes of feeling, being and presenting ones body and subjectivity within a shared space: "For those who feel they have been dislocated in a political sense, made homeless in more ways than one, intense dance parties, such as raves, can provide a strong sense of community." (C.Rietveld, 2004)

Intense forms of self experimentation and exploration can always contain the risk for self harm, destruction, the trap of falling into the attraction towards the abyss, you name it. I would posit that within the rave and for it to be lived and sustained one has to seek for friendships and kinships that may hold us together as reality seems to be dissolving and reassembling itself through the code hidden in the beat of as our feet pound through it. I would further dare say that for it to be a political and transformational site, the experiences had within a rave must be processed somehow and somehow. Friendship is not the only route but it can be a powerful one. At the same time if as party producers we are able to orchestrate a safer environment with awareness and attempts to reduce harassment while encouraging safer sex and drug consumption practices, I believe we may be contributing for the sustainability of this political dimension of the rave. The same goes for performance based artistic processes: when working with the body and its intensities, extreme emotions and vulnerable states also have to be cared for, both by ourselves, our colleagues, our artistic directors and choreographers.



The rave can thus be an optimal site for research into artistic modes of working, compositional structures and dramaturgical decisions. How to devise an artistic process from within the chaos that the rave allows for, how to share this informative chaos with an audience? How to translate the kinship found on the club and the rave into collaborative working strategies and modes of sharing with a group of performers and artists working together?

As an artist within the specific frame of a master program in solo dance authorship with a background in devising queer parties and raves on dance floors where people can lose and find themselves in, my main question during my research at SODA was: How to orchestrate a field within which the people I work with can also enter into a state of flow, confusion and rave in order for that state to be ultimately shared with an audience?

The answer to these questions would take up more space than I am here endowed, but opening up, being vulnerable, sharing personal insights with co-workers and audience members has been one of my strategies. Allowing for a party to be shared and offered to the audience as an invitation into these dance floors is another.



Because when I rave I feel intensely, I allow myself to be confused and silly and playful and to share this state both with friends, loved ones and total strangers. This form of awkward intimacy is what I wish to bring unto the stage and the rave, believing it can create gaps in our usual states of perception that may open up those make believe portals into places where dismay and despair can be rendered into a curious stream of hope. Hoping that if we find each other and stick together and if instead of closing ourselves up we keep searching, inviting and sharing our ways of being maybe one day ☐ ☐ ☐

“For every time you say club passwords like “Have a nice day” and “Weather’s awful today, eh?”, you yearn inside to say forbidden things like “Tell me something that makes you cry” or “What do you think deja vu is for?” (...) Who knows what you might learn from taking a chance on conversation with a stranger? Everyone carries a piece of the puzzle. Nobody comes into your life by mere coincidence. Trust your instincts.

Do the unexpected. Find the others ...”

Timothy Leary, Unsourced



When I rave I can watch myself watching myself watching the world melt down and build itself up again. Does this world build itself up again in the same way every time or will we one day be taken through a wormhole into a glitch in the matrix, a parallel universe where there is milk and honey and social welfare and basic income for everyone? And there is so much fucking love and so much fucking despair being rendered and spun together and touched and sweated out, all that excess love and that excess despair that doesn’t find its place in the world of people because it is just too much it is so much that it cannot be contained it will not be contained it needs out, out! to get out, where does it go to, where is it flowing into, it must be flowing somewhere, when will the wormhole take us to that glitch in the matrix, that parallel universe where there is milk and honey and social welfare and basic income for everyone?



Although it may lead to a form of ecstasy where the excess energy, love, laughter, despair and tears contained within our systems may be released and shared, to be in a state of rave is not equivalent to being in a state of ecstasy.

To rave also means to **support** and call something forth, to engage with the **dancing body** in order to propel and support ideas and ideals with madness and enthusiasm. As an author I aim herefrom to keep working from a **state of rave**, looking at the stage and the **dance floor** as sites for **rituals** of passage, **cleansing**, confusion and **transformation** to be devised, offered and **shared**; upheld and supported by the **stomps of feet dancing to techno beats.**



[https://matthieuehrlacher.bandcamp.com/
album/waves-for-mariana](https://matthieuehrlacher.bandcamp.com/album/waves-for-mariana)



A STATE OF QUIET.



CONGRATULATIONS

IT'S

YOUR

GRADUATION!

You're graduating, you're graduating too and so are you! We are all graduating so congratulations to us!

By definition, a graduation is the action of dividing into degrees or other proportionate divisions on a graduated scale.

But it is also the receiving or conferring of an academic degree or diploma. And as we look even further into it, we find that a degree comes from the Latin grade, which means a step. To take a step. To take a step, so we are here

today in Uferstudios St14 and we are graduating, we are being given a degree, we are taking a step.

But what are we stepping into? What have we stepped into where have we put ourselves into? We have not taken a step just anywhere I have to say oh no no no, brace yourselves brace yourselves because we have taken a step into a wormhole, congratulations we have taken a steep into a wormhole, we are being swallowed by a wormhole a wormhole so congratulations to us!!

CONGRATULATIONS

IT'S

OUR

GRADUATION!

SO a wormhole... A wormhole can be a damp dark earthy space, a hole a little hole made by a burrowing insect such as a worm or larva.... But it is also a hypothetical connection between widely separated regions of space–time.

So we are here tonight in uferstudios studio 14. It is the 14th of December 2018 but we are also on board of flight n°FR 1142, on our way from Berlin to Lisbon. This is a Ryanair flight. At the back there is a child screaming

for attention, probably her ears got clogged and it hurts. She is tearing her lungs open from the pain and the need for attention and care...

It's tearing our hearts out, those screams, the fact that she can scream for that much needed attention and care making us feel so eerie and helpless because we would also like to scream, scream at being shoved into queues and airplanes like cattle, scream, scream at ourselves and at mom and dad and life and the world, scream!

I once got the chance to scream, real loud. Once upon a time I was put into an airplane, and I buckled up my seat belt at 2pm Berlin time.

There was some rain and wind and the plane couldn't take off straight away so at 5PM, 3 hours later, we were told to get off the plane, we were given food vouchers and told we would go back in the plane for take off later in the day. I used my vouchers to drink something like 1.5 or 2L of beer, can't really remember anymore.

Then, at 10PM (8 hours later) we were sent back into the airplane. I passed out, fell into a drunken sleep dreaming I'd wake up again when we landed in Lisbon. You see I was deeply heartbroken at the time, all I wanted was to go home and hug my friends. At midnight, 10 hours after first having buckled up our seat belts, I was startled by the overhead speakers with the message that the storm was too intense and the plane would not take off. We were being sent back home, ten hours after having entered that plane, at midnight, when no more subways would be running in Berlin. I was still drunk. I freaked out. I freaked out and started to cry and scream and basically I had a panic attack right

there and then. The girl sitting next to me was quite upset by my freak out and said in a very composed and standoffish manner:

"Why are you making such a fuss?? I also wanna go and I'm not behaving like that".

At this point I screamed back:

WHY THE FUCK NOT? WHY ARE YOU NOT FREAKING OUT? WHY DON'T WE ALL FREAK OUT? WHO ARE YOU TO BE ANGRY AT ME FOR DOING WHAT DEEP DOWN INSIDE YOU WANT TO DO? SCREAM WITH ME BITCH LET'S EMBRACE THE HELPLESSNESS, SCREAM FOR ATTENTION AND CARE, LET'S RESIGNIFY OUR FRUSTRATION AND WHILE WE ARE AT IT MAY WE SCREAM NOT ONLY FOR OURSELVES AND OUR PETTY MISERY BUT ALSO FOR THE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS AND THEIR STRUGGLE FOR CARE AND ATTENTION TOO!

Then I stopped being able to breathe by myself and was put me into an ambulance, where two tall blond bulky nurses tried to communicate with me in German by asking me if i'd taken any drugs, after which they gave me some xanax and sent me home.

VILJA SINGS

SCENE building city starts

Soooooooo CONGRATULATIONS IT'S OUR GRADUATION!

We got a song for our graduation, where is that song?

Thank you little worm thank you so much thank you so much

congratulations congratulations it is your graduation, it is our graduation!

CONGRATULATIONS

IT'S

OUR

GRADUATION!

We are here tonight in ST 14 and we have taken a step we have taken a step into a wormhole.

And you see alongside a hole burrowed by a worm, a wormhole can be visualized as a tunnel with two ends, each at separate points in spacetime. It could connect extremely long distances such as a billion light years or more.

So You're going home darling, together we are graduating and taking our step into the wormhole, a tunnel to hide in or to explode

without, a portal to meet friends and loved ones along the way, a vortex to fall into when you can't take it anymore, a patch of grass to celebrate when you are at the peak of intensity, a hole to dissolve into, to to freak out or chill the fuck out in, The wormhole is going we are in it we are going it is ready to take us somewhere, we don't know where but that is not important the where is not important the how is not important, it is not important cuz the wormhole will take us wherever we have to go...!

Get together and rambled with Lilith

I AM LILITH.

***I AM THE DEMON I AM THE NIGHTMARE I AM THE WITCH I AM THE
FORSAKEN I AM YOUR WET DREAM I WILL HAUNT AND PLEASURE YOU
I WILL GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE NIGHT I WILL RIDE YOU I LOVE YOU
(EVERYONE LIP SYNCHS)***

Lilith was Adam's first wife, not Eve.
Lilith wanted to ride Adam in bed.
This could not be allowed.

Oh no no no darling, no woman
shall ride a man, no no no no, we
have to teach you a lesson. You
see not all stories are told to their
end. And so Lilith was outcast,
before Eve Lilith had been outcast,

thousands of years ago, Lilith was
outcast, and her shrieks have
haunted men throughout history,
priests slept with harnesses to
avoid getting their sheets wet with
pleasure should Lilith emerge in
their dreams, Lilith is the night
mare, the mare who rides you, the
mare who pleasures you and we
hereby welcome you Lilith

CONGRATULATIONS

IT'S

OUR

GRADUATION!

*Je ne regrette Rien song or maybe after the bad friend scenario
she takes the micro from me and sings? Probs too much one to one*

TABLE SET UP

And as we look again into our
graduation we may also realize
that a graduation is an alchemical
process, meaning, "a tempering,
a refining of something to a
certain degree;" so as we go as we
move with the wormhole we are
tampering with space time, we
are being tampered with we have
taken this step it is our graduation
we moving in the direction of our
degree...

A degree, a step, a stage of
progress, a single movement
toward an end so we are moving
non stop there is no way back
we are in this together, have no
fear have no fear, we are in this
together we have started this
together my friends my friends...
it's not the end... it is just the
beginning this is the beginning
and the wormhole will take us
wherever we have to go!!!!!!

Here we go: CONGRATULATIONS IT'S OUR GRADUATION!



A wormhole can be visualized as a tunnel with two ends, each at separate points in spacetime. It could connect extremely long distances such as a billion light years or more, short distances such as a few meters as well as different universes

SO tell me darling what do you want for your graduation, it's your graduation it's your celebration, what do you want what do you wish for what do you wanna have for your graduation?

I... I want to lose, to let go of the fear. That dreadful fear that dreadful fear the angst the angst of dying alone and cold and forgotten the angst of being alone the loneliness, that thing that makes us sweat and shiver and the chaos the mess the confusion that comes from it.. I don't want it anymore, I don't want to graduate and end up all alone....!
But if I don't want to die alone, where are my friends hum?
Where are my friends where are they where the fuck are my friends???!!!! Come here come here where the fuck are my friends?!?!?!?!?

**BAD FRIEND BAD FRIEND BAD FRIEND with everyone to each other
DINOSSAUR STARTS TO COME IN**

I don't want a contract that rids me of that horrible death I don't want to have children so they can spare my that horrible death, I want my friends and lovers close by, I want the children of my friends and my lovers close by so I may care for them, I want to be the auntie (I have a 6 year old niece, I wish she was here! Maria, Maria are you there?? I invited her to come tonight but it's complicated...)

I want to be the aunty who twists your lullabies and bedtime stories around, the one who lets you make mistakes and be naughty from time to time, I want to be the fairy godmother who tells you that prince charming went out to buy cigarettes and never came back but that's probably all for the best, good riddance from prince charming to you Maria!

**Congratulations
It's your graduation!**

Here we go: CONGRATULATIONS IT'S OUR GRADUATION!

Scene on the table? Lara speaks with the head and tells the head their story of the mother giant in very slow voice?

Maybe a microphone comes up or I bring it there?

Then Lara dances for the head with the swamp?

So we have taken our step into the wormhole into this tunnel with two ends, each at separate points in spacetime.

We are connecting extremely long distances such as a billion light years or more, short distances such as a few meters, different universes, or different points in time.

You know, Disney oh Disney... Disney, it fucks with your brain. I used to watch those movies on repeat. They were on VHS cassette at that time, in the 90's. I lived in China and my godmother would send them by post on my birthday and for xmas. So brainwashed, yes

I have been brainwashed...

I have brainwashed myself over and over again watching those films on VHS. My favorite movie was The Sword in the Stone Merlin, excalibur, you know: magic.

Until I read the mists of Avalon, yes a guilty pleasure. So tell me now Mr. Disney, where is Morgaine? Where is the high priestess who fought off the demons of Christianity where is the witch? I'll tell you where she is she is here tonight with us in the wormhole and she will haunt your afterlife until you go back in time and undo your damned phoney storytelling!

So yes congratulations it's our graduation. Soft.

Maybe kicking the city? Maybe bondage????

LIGHTS OUT. Super soft silence and then the party starts



Deadline_Requiem_Horizon

Mother Earth is pregnant for the third time

For y'all have knocked her up.

I have tasted the maggots in the mind of the universe I was not offended

For I knew I had to rise above it all Or drown in my own shit.

(Maggot Brain, Funkadelics, 1971)

Somehow I knew the password and then the door opened and the voice said: "Welcome to the theater of the depressed!". The password was "I want an explanation", the club was call Apology, the party was call Deadline. Back then you had to know how to answer questions at the threshold, the Sphinx would test your knowledge. Once in, I felt equally belonging and non-belonging. Though the dance floor is the place where feeling like an alien marries feeling of belonging. Here I am at the festival, at the guest house where all joys and all sorrows are welcome, because I know they are guides sent from beyond.

Curtains open.

WePoTo

Remember we held each other back then, and I said to you: "We are Powerful Together". To see you lost, yet there, with your dedication, fragile as a petal, roaring in the microphone, creating, nonetheless. And you, over-preparing and overwhelmed by beauty and overstretched by a parallel reality that felt both extremely beautiful and radically political. The two don't go together, cannot be cannot be that the world is round and not flat. It takes muscles and several attempts to disproof disbelief. She's getting buff though.

We made a shared folder, back then, when we tunneled into laughter, into cathartic too hippie healing spaces where wait! we felt feelings and figured there is something there. We made radical discoveries on the nervous system's memory, on attachment, squirting, and spent a large number of days and nights and walks on mindfulness, on how to become unafraid, on consent and deep pleasure with and beyond sexuality laying our tentacles on a high tech vision of relationships, belonging. Hoping to reclaim, rewrite, rewire conditioned collective tendencies.

We discovered that 'there is something wrong with me' and the list of "should" and the lack of inner tenderness were not personal inner voices but a cultural legacy. A legacy of shame, self loathing, how normal in this western mind, self-aversion is. A bug, a heck, a virus. We shared the inner rivers, these revelations made up a friendship, we understood that only relationally we can change, that there's no way of fixing, that feeling and voice and togetherness are the technologies of change. It felt like shit many times. It felt revolting many times. It felt like dying, to expose the horrors of oneself to close friends, to loose lovers, to loose one's idea of oneself, to realize that healing is deeply ugly and that ugly speaks of a jewel, buried under the debris of a broken heart. It was beautiful to share this backstage with you, to hope with you, to team up against refusal to succumb the dominance of normative destructive narratives.

Back in the 80's

There was a car. The car was carrying a family. On a beautiful day. Along the rocky road through the mountains; along the mountains, thin waterfalls of the purest water, falling from a great height, once ice, now melted by the summer heat. Someone drilled a small fountain in the rock wall alongside the road, a chance to drink from. There was a little girl in the family in the car in the mountain road. They were having a good day of togetherness. She said: "Oh can we stop just a minute, I am thirsty!". She goes out alone to the fountain. As her lips touch the water, the rocky cliff crumbles on her body. And buried her under a great weight. Since then I have been wondering if she died thirsty or if she got the chance to taste the water, before the stones and gravity came to get her. We drove by, returning from a good day from the swimming pool. I kept thinking about perfection of moments. And that it could have been me.

Also a girl-in a car-in a good day-in the mountains. I kept thinking that girls, waterfalls and fountains and hard rocks somehow go together. And then was thinking about how even the thinnest water can crash rocks; was thinking about gentleness and perseverance.

(I saw you drink).

Which Witchcraft?

Then in the exhausting glow of sweat, at the end of the Deadline, you looked at me and asked: “Is this real?” and we held each other saying it out loud: “This is Real, trust it fo Fuck’s sake!”.

And I asked you: “How many times do I need to tell you that magic is real? Do you believe me now?”. I promised I wouldn’t be tired to prove it to you, even if each time this invisible labor of weaving potential and manifesting agencies feels like moving a gianormous entity, like shifting the location of a sand dune in the desert.

You understood energy like none.

My demonstrations did not convince you.

Remember? ‘Do what you want and hurt none.’

What hurts is oblivion.

(Club scene, backstage).

There were two twins at the edge of the room. Their shadows was the only proof of their existence. They were called oblivion and denial. Their cousins called apology, misunderstanding, suffocation and bypass. Their father, was called Control. They turn their heads, they look away. HE taught us how only one of us will survive, they taught us to compete with what threatens our excellence. That is power over. That is the hand that holds US back, because the hand knows that it is lying , the hand knows that if we get together we are powerful together.

Truth Takes Talent.
Disobey Fear.

Say it out loud

If I wouldn't had said 'I love you' to your ear before leaving that one early morning, you would't have believed me when I told you again, when we were drenched in despair and confusion, when that love was the only thread we could hold on to. Tell them that you love them, because you don't know if you will get to see them again. Because they will need to believe you when you will hold each other in a state of emergency.

Rehearse love.

Last call

Last call last chance, give dance a chance. No baby, it's not social anxiety. It's the terror of feeling. I feel it too. How can it be made pleasurable to bond over terror rather than over numbness? AnarKIN. Playgrounds are to be taken seriously. To play to search for meaning. If you think that this is a regressive whatever lets be crazy and fuck the norms you are deeply mistaken and I feel misunderstood. If you join a sacred playground you will remember about union, freedom, vulnerability, patience, trust, awkwardness, belonging as a task of reclaiming. If you think that this is distraction form a life you choose but you don't like that much, I am afraid we cannot help you.

I have no business plan. The word business the word busy the word strategy the word financial create a shock wave in my body. Grow up now. I cannot even bring myself to change my Tax-Man.

What if rich is beautiful? I do have a business plan: healthierich.org
Was thinking of an agency for anal emancipation for the pansexual with an income, with complementary coaching on feminism 101 and a brief introduction of queer life to better blend into Berlin cultural life.
Fuck you, pay me.

Instead my time was "poor is sexy". I have expired. Your profit will not protect you. Those misfits improvisers, cross breeders of disciplines, sisters of perpetual indulgence, relentless creative beasts, eccentric healers, fantastic stutters, shy exhibitionists, those squatters, those witches did

not have a galactic theoretical background, nor a regular income, yet, they propelled change they forged aliveness out of their idealism, out of watching it fail, yet choosing and risking aliveness over safety.

You were the bridge between then and now, a hacker, a time bender, to fuck with progress, yet propel change. You were a vibe, an economist, a fucking real dancer, an inter-being. Sometimes I think you thought to switch to the other side to help out energy distribution and our souls more efficiently. I hope you get the wished overview from over there. I feel you moving energy still. Purple and silver.

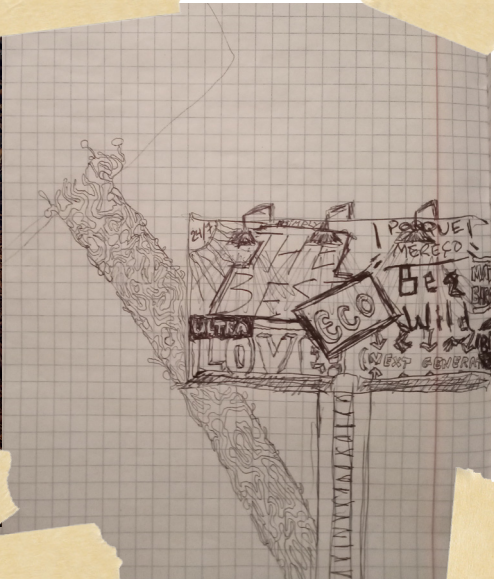
Deadline

I fear these times and loose sleep. I think and converse with death and the end of things a lot. That's what happens when you don't spend time on social media. I glimmer in the dark when I over and over again, think of when we look at each other in marvel and recognized that we are powerful together. Even if the cliff will crumble over our heads, I am sure we will die only AFTER we have risked the chance to taste the water.

After completion (Water over Flame)

“Within living structures defined by profit, by linear power, by institutional dehumanization, our feelings were not meant to survive... We have hidden that fact in the same place where we have hidden our power. They surface in our dreams, and it is our dreams that point the way to freedom. Those dreams are made realizable through our poems that give us the strength and courage to see, to feel, to speak, and to dare. If what we need to dream, to move our spirits most deeply and directly toward and through promise, is discounted as a luxury, then we give up the core — the fountain — of our power... the future of our worlds. For there are no new ideas. There are only new ways of making them felt — of examining what those ideas feel like being lived on Sunday morning at 7 A.M., after brunch, during wild love, making war, giving birth, mourning our dead — while we suffer the old longings, battle the old warnings and fears of being silent and impotent and alone, while we taste new possibilities and strengths.”

Audre Lorde, Sister Outsider, 1976-1984



PARA SEMPRE

ETERNAMENTE INFINITA

Abundance. It is about abundance.

2020 is here and it is all about abundance. As I sat in my living room on the first of January after a Berlin night of firecracking expressions of love and friendship I stared at the oracle and said: you fucking bitch!

She says that the current state of Abundance can only be sustained by not hoarding or believing that fullness can be protected. It must flow outward freely and be shared. Yes. Because sometimes it is too much to hold it in, it is just too much to hold on to and to process like when the high is starting to come and it's one big rush of adrenaline and emotions and colors and love and anxiety and it's all a big pot of stuff.

The intensity hits and overflows.

But what could it be to witness intensity in its state of neutrality?

Not attributing any qualities of good or bad or scary or loving. Just to feel the intensity. A bit like speed or coke without a direction. When there is no direction no intention, the energy and the drive are there but they sit and brood and consume the insides from within like your cheeks being eaten up by the MDMA.

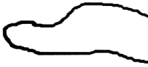


It was 2:45AM on the first of January 2020. At that moment if I were not to be writing this text I'd be running around the house not knowing what to do with all that abundant intensity. But this text gave me a direction, an intention, a drive to use up the resources of the love and the fright that I now share with you my beloved fellow ravers.

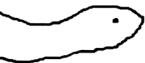
In this moment of Abundance.

Ok so a little bit of context, how the hell did we get here to all this rambling on abundance?

I did a collective I ching reading for the new year, a reading not just for myself but to all of us sweating in this cave right now. Basically the I ching is an ancient chinese oracle that works with hexagrams, there are 64 in total, and they are comprised of images and elements derived from the observation of natural phenomena. For today I got number 55 which goes by the name of Abundance. It is made out of a flame being hit by thunder. Imagine thunder striking a flame. It's not that the thunder starts the fire. The thunder hits the fire that is already there. As I imagined this image I had a faint memory of a text by Karen Barad where she explores the theme of thunder and fire. It was a long time ago so I really cant remember its details nor dare to research and lecture us on quantum physics at this moment but the reference is there, the text is called Nature's Queer Performativity and Pedro Marum who is right here next to me might be able to ellaborate on it as they orchestrated a reading of this at the gropius bau museum in Berlin last year. Sharing is caring, name dropping the queer intellectuals is ok but dont forget to also name drop your friends darlings. Because again, it's about abundance. Thunder hitting the flame. It is that point you know, that moment when it's all going good and flowing and flaming but someway somehow there is a voice in the back of your head saying "No, but it can't be all that good, it's a bit much, when is it gonna start to tip and fall and crash? When am I gonna fuck it up, when is the drama gonna come, when is the catastrophe gonna hit?

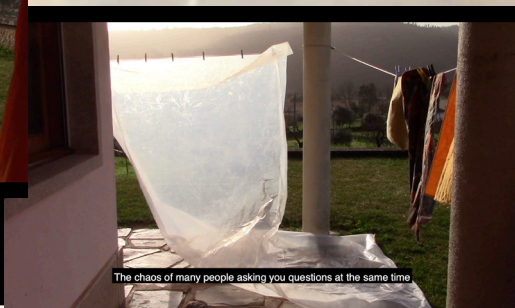
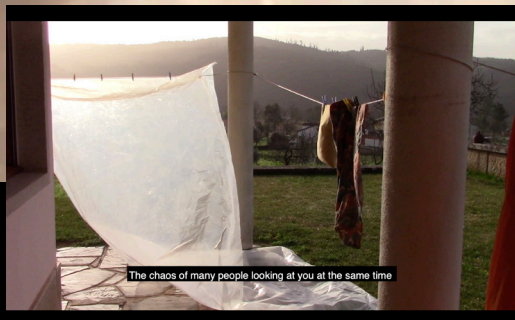


Cuz at some point it always does doesn't it? Well yes, but please, now don't you go asking for it! Don't go calling upon it because it's like the rain dance. Maybe the rain comes maybe it doesn't but the rain of drama is hopefully not the one you want to call upon yourself. Unless you are so afraid of being well that it's more comfortable to go back to the drama but girl, do some therapy. We all need it. Why the fuck did we have to learn to play soccer at school but no one told us we'd eventually have to deal with mommy and daddy issues? Go figure.



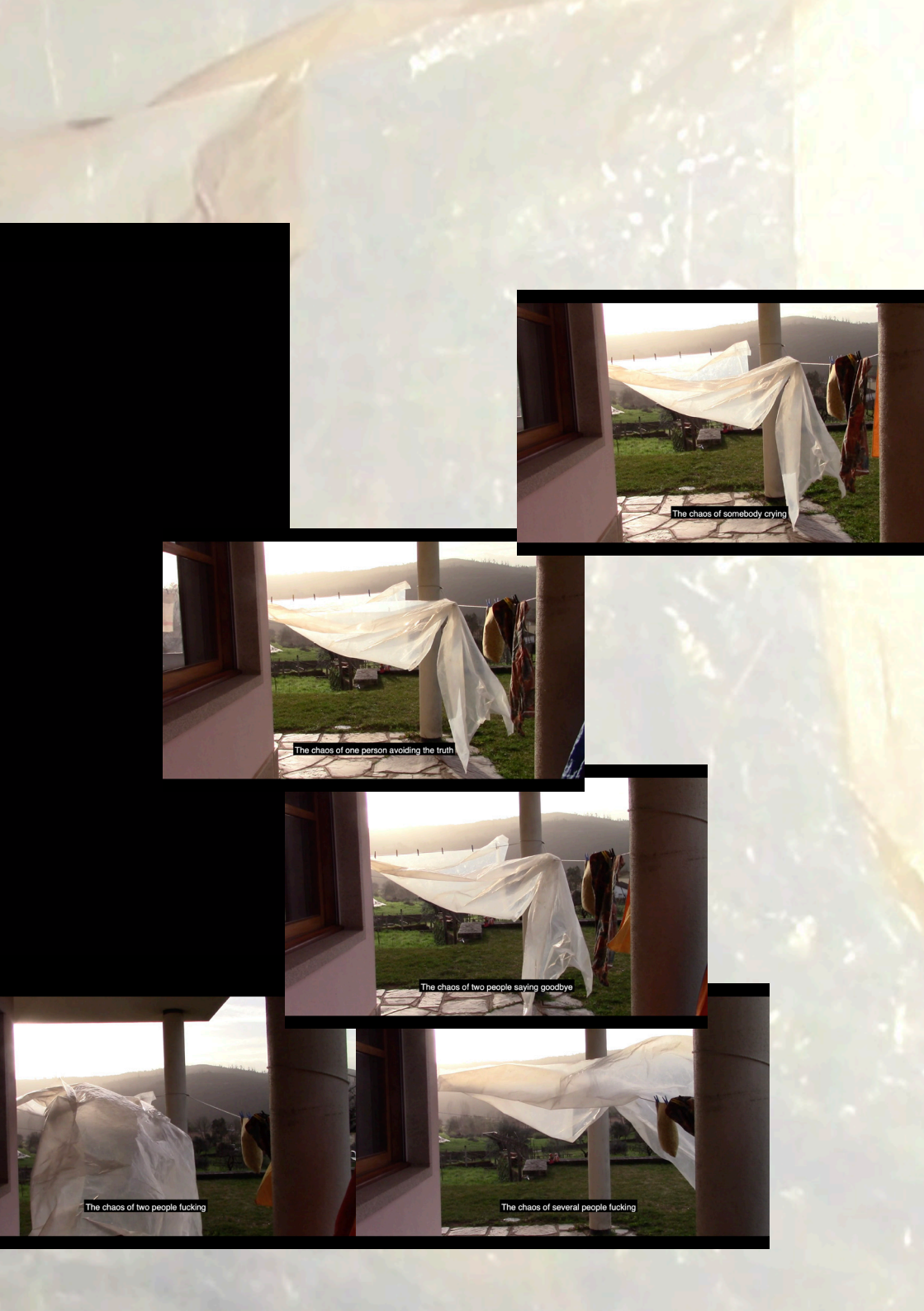
Anyway back to abundance and to the oracle, and I quote again from google. "Operating from abundance means that by expecting that everything is moving exactly as it should, we need not hold onto anything. Because our arms are open, nothing comes to threaten our sense of peace. When operating from a state of scarcity, we are afraid of losing and cling too tightly to what we believe we need. The lesson of this hexagram is to realize that since abundance exists, it will return".

And it doesn't mean you need to do another line for it to come back. It's a bit beyond that. And If tomorrow you don't do your 5htp, vitamin, cuddle, oxytocin, serotonin replenishing aftercare it will take longer to come back. Doubt may settle in. And when doubt settles in too much and the questioning goes into paranoia, they win. Who are they? It's not about us and them now darling. Well not, but yes. Clarity is the ability to transform fear into trust so that the situation can become more abundant by opening to others. So dance now, dance for the abundance within and without, share your emotional privilege if you have some be it on the dancefloor or the day after, it's not about being healthy but about practicing sustainability. Trusting that the comedown is more bearable when we do it together. And that if we don't doubt and destroy the joy, if we don't let the paranoia settle in then we can avoid the schizocapitalist lines of flight and hopefully land on safer grounds. Have abundant fun bitches!!!!

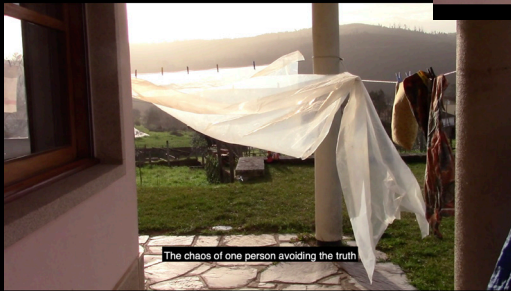


The chaos of you crying





The chaos of somebody crying



The chaos of one person avoiding the truth



The chaos of two people saying goodbye



The chaos of two people fucking



The chaos of several people fucking

IR ALÉM

Guião

Cena #1 (INT)

Uma luz psicadélica. Oscila. Varre até provocar uma cegueira branca.
Após algum tempo, a música cala-se. Silêncio.
O clarão branco da cegueira permanece por alguns instantes.
Música techno intensa toca desde o início até ao clarão branco se tornar intenso.

TÍTULO sobre branco.

Cena #2 (EXT/DIA)

Numa colina árida, o PERSONAGEM está sentado à sombra de uma azinheira, de olhos fechados. Encostada a sua perna, uma garrafa de água ardente tapada. Na mão segura um pequeno copo de vidro. Mais adiante, a mochila tombada ao acaso.
PERSONAGEM abre os olhos.

O do vento sopra levemente. O tilintar dos animais ecoa vagamente pela paisagem. Pouco antes dos olhos se abrirem, escuta-se ao longe um cavalo a trote pela estrada e as rodas da carroça a percorrem o asfalto.

Cena #3 (EXT/DIA)

Ao longe, no sopé da colina, ciprestes a ladear a estrada que cruza o cemitério no alto da colina oposta, fora dos limites da aldeia, isolado.
A luz dourada do Sol inunda a planície varrida por uma amena brisa do sul.
Um casal montado num cavalo puxando uma carroça, desce a estrada ladeando o cemitério.

O trote do cavalo e as rodas da carroça na estrada enchem o cenário. Tornam-se dominantes.

Cena #4 (EXT/DIA)

PERSONAGEM avista toda a acção a decorrer na colina oposta. Ergue-se empunhando a garrafa e encaminha-se para a sua mochila deixada para trás ao acaso. De dentro retira um bloco de notas e uma caneta.
Regressa para a sombra. Senta-se e poisa o caderno nas pernas. Enche o copo de água ardente. Bebe de um trago e poisa-o nas ervas secas.
As mãos começam a folhear o bloco de notas. Numa página em branco escreve: “que se foda a saudade”. As suas faces ainda estão húmidas das lágrimas derramadas recentemente.

Em fundo, o som do cavalo e da carroça vai-se tornando cada vez mais evidente até que no final se sente a sua proximidade.

Cena #5 (EXT/DIA)

O CASAL a cavalo pára em frente de PERSONAGEM.

HOMEM (acena com o chapéu e com uma voz calma)
Quer uma boleia para a outra banda?

MULHER (com uma voz calma e determinada)
Assim, dá-lhe tempo para foder a saudade...

Apesar do calor, os forasteiros podem vaguear ao acaso...
Mas que as cercas não sejam os limites porque assim deixa-se ir na primeira barreira.

HOMEM (sorri)
Levante a perna, gira a cintura no alto para passar a outra perna...
E já está!

PERSONAGEM acena com a garrafa de água ardente em sinal de oferta. Ambos acedem. PERSONAGEM levanta-se e acerca-se do CASAL. Estende a garrafa à MULHER. Dá dois tragos profundos. Enxuga os lábios e passa a garrafa ao HOMEM que termina com a garrafa. PERSONAGEM recebe-a de volta. Atira-a para longe. Regressa para a sombra e apanha o seu bloco de notas. Arranca a folha onde está escrito “que se foda a saudade” e queima-a.

HOMEM
Suba pra carroça!

Apanha a mochila do chão e acelera o passo. Em frente à parte traseira da carroça, atira a mochila e sobe. Ajoelha-se e organiza os pertences ali dispostos, de forma a caber no espaço, enquanto a carroça se movimenta.

Cena #6 (EXT/DIA)

PERSONAGEM deita-se em cima de uns sacos de serapilheira ao lado da bagagem do CASAL. A viagem segue ao sabor do trote do cavalo e dos solavancos do caminho que embalam o PERSONAGEM na carroça.

MULHER (grita para se fazer ouvir)
Os ciprestes são como antenas que nos hipnotizam

De olhos fechados, com o Sol a iluminar-lhe a cara, PERSONAGEM grita de volta.

PERSONAGEM (grita)
Quando olho fixamente para eles, lembro-me.
A saudade fica rubra.
Acha que é hipnose?

A MULHER faz uma pausa. Quando volta a falar, confirma-lhe.

MULHER (sempre a gritar)
São os espíritos que se põe à espreita, encostados aos troncos!

O HOMEM faz um estalido com a boca seguido de um som de confirmação.

HOMEM (grita)
Oh! Oh!
Uns desvairados! Tenha cuidado.

PERSONAGEM sempre de olhos fechados, agradece mas questiona-se acerca daquela ideia dos espíritos.

PERSONAGEM (grita)
Obrigado pelo conselho.
Mas pergunto-me se os espíritos, não somos apenas nós mesmos, as nossas saudades que teimam em ficar connosco. A memória, por mais adulterada que esteja.

Cena #8 (EXT/DIA)

Os forasteiros continuam a sua viagem.

PERSONAGEM segue deitado mas vira-se de lado para os bens do casal. Encontra uma coluna portátil.

PERSONAGEM (grita admirado)
Então, vocês têm aqui uma colona e não diziam nada?

MULHER (grita, admirada)
Ah! Sim, pois é!
Ponha música para nós.

PERSONAGEM tira o seu telemóvel da mochila. Liga a coluna enquanto procura por uma música. Começa a escutar-se uma guitarra eléctrica distorcida, numa cadência típica de stoner rock.

Cruzam campos despidos, imensos lugares onde uma e outra árvore habita vagamente o espaço. Noutros campos, imensos olivais povoam a paisagem criando um mar infinito de linhas verdes. Carreiro após carreiro. Também eles habitados por pouca variedade de vida.

A música acompanha toda a viagem.

Cena #9 (EXT/DIA)

O Sol está baixo. O HOMEM vira-se ligeiramente para trás.

HOMEM (grita para PERSONAGEM)

Desliga a coluna por favor, preciso que me oiças.

PERSONAGEM senta-se, desliga a coluna e fica atento ao HOMEM.

O HOMEM prossegue o pensamento.

HOMEM (fala de maneira mais suave)

Vamos ter parar por aqui. O Sol está baixo.

A vila ainda fica a vários quilómetros de distância e o cavalo está cansado.

Foi uma longa jornada para ele.

PERSONAGEM levanta-se e olha a paisagem em redor da carroça. A luz desvanecida e o horizonte rosa e laranja a anunciar outro dia quente.

PERSONAGEM (tranquilamente)

Onde vocês pararem, eu deixo-vos.

Quero continuar em movimento.

MULHER (de maneira assertiva)

Como quiser, mas tenha cuidado com os perigos nocturnos.

Avistando um caminha de terra que chegava a uma clareira, o HOMEM encostou a carroça na berma da estrada de alcatrão. PERSONAGEM, de mochilas às costas, salta para fora da carroça. Sem trocarem palavras, apenas acenam em sinal de despedida.

PERSONAGEM afasta-se ao longo da estrada.

Cena #10 (EXT / Lusco-fusco)

PERSONAGEM caminha estrada fora.

A luz está quase a desaparecer e o breu a instalar-se.

Ao longe, avista a luz que a pequena civilização emana ao escurecer o dia. Decide acelerar o passo e sair da estrada. Salta a cerca de arame tal como HOMEM lhe tinha ensinado e continua a passo largo, ligeiramente de corrida. No final deste campo vedado há uma estrada que pode levar àquele aglomerado populacional.

Do lado oposto, encontra nova cerca que ele rapidamente trespassa. O som predominante são os seus passos a bater na terra e nas ervas secas. O cantar dos pássaros ao final do dia ouve-se pontualmente, uma vez que a sua agitação também os assusta.

Cena #11 (EXT / Anoitecer; Quase noite)

A estrada está novamente ali a seu lado. A luz ainda oscila no horizonte.

Um carro com os faróis acesos surge ao longe, na estrada. PERSONAGEM dirige-se para ele. Hipnotizado pela luz, tal como um coelho à noite, continua a caminhar até suspender repentinamente o movimento.

Os faróis aproximam-se e enchem todo o campo de visão. Cegueira branca.

O som do carro a encaminhar-se na sua direcção vai aumentando. Quando cruza o PERSONAGEM e atinge o seu pico desaparece. No momento seguinte, sobreposto à cegueira branca, vozes e murmúrios imperceptíveis destacam-se na paisagem sonora.

Cena #12 (INT/Noite)

PERSONAGEM está estendido no chão da sala. A luz branca do tecto aceso.

Ninguém está consigo, apenas ele. Levanta-se e acende o candeeiro de chão e um outro, mais pequeno. Uma luz quente, mais confortável. Desliga a luz do tecto.

Em cima da mesa, ao lado da porta da rua, está o telemóvel e um livro. Acerca-se da mesa e agarra em ambos. Abre a porta da rua e sai.

Cena#13 (EXT/Noite)

A noite está vazia. No céu, as estrelas demonstram toda a sua pujança perante a escassa poluição luminosa.

Ecoa o barulho das cigarras, o latir dos cães e os sinos do gado que se espalha por aqueles campos.

PERSONAGEM senta-se na cadeira que fica ao lado da porta nas noites amenas.

Acende um cigarro. Olha vagamente em redor.

O livro está no chão ao lado da cadeira. Nos joelhos, o telemóvel. Pega-lhe, a luz do visor ilumina a sua cara. Carrega play e volta a colocá-lo sobre as pernas. Enquanto fuma, escuta a sua voz no telemóvel.

VOZ DO PERSONAGEM(gravação)

Imaginei-te de imediato a passear pelas ruas, de caracóis ao vento. Os monumentos, os parques, os lagos, congelaram em pleno Verão. Todos ficaram admirados. Os jornais espalharam a notícia e os teus amigos queriam ouvir-te sobre esse fenómeno atípico.

Será que nos podes enviar fotografias de tal bizarro acontecimento?

A sua voz termina. Coloca o telemóvel sobre o livro.

Ainda a fumar, levanta-se e caminha.

Contorna a esquina da casa e dirige-se para a rua detrás.

Cena #14 (EXT/Noite)

Nas traseiras da casa, da rua avista-se uma casa no topo do monte.

A música techno começa a inundar a aldeia, espalha-se.

No topo do monte, o espaço exterior ilumina-se. Há um DJ a tocar, iluminado. As luzes roxas, azuis e psicadélicas alastram-se.

O DJ realiza a sua performance com roupa preta e uma renda preta na cara, tal como uma máscara.

A música techno é intensa e melancólica.

Surgem pessoas em pano de fundo, atrás do DJ. Todas vestidas de preto e com rendas a cobrir as caras. Duas pessoas aproximam-se do DJ e colocam flores enquanto todos os outros continuam a dançar. Regressam para junto dos restantes elementos.

Dançam. Exorcizam os seus espíritos.

PERSONAGEM atira o cigarro para o chão. Sobre ele uma spot-light demora-se. Foi descoberto. Ele olha hirto na direcção do monte. Retira-se para a escuridão, regressando a casa.

O eco intenso da música ainda está presente.

Cena #15 (EXT/Noite)

(A música da cena anterior desaparece.)

De pé, em frente à mesa, PERSONAGEM abre o livro ali poisado.

Na primeira página está uma dedicatória.

DEDICATÓRIA (VOZ-OFF Feminina)

A cidade é a mesma de há um ano mas cabe tanta vida nesta unidade de medida temporal.

Quantas voltas demos ao mundo nos nossos sonhos e ilusões?

Da mesma forma poderemos caminhar até ao fim do mundo num único passo de dança.

Pediste o livro e fui-me esquecendo, para inconscientemente te entrega-lo como lembrança de mais uma volta ao Sol, ao teu sol e ao nosso mundo.

Se um dia tudo se for, liga-me do além, da infinita vida de um outro lado qualquer, além céu, mar, espaço, para perguntar se tudo corre bem.

Do teu leão acanhado travestido de cordeiro.

NEGRO.

CRÉDITOS.

FIM



I CHING Entre a Luz e o Nada

E eis que chegámos ao momento do Oráculo. Uma tecnologia antiga, tão antiga quem sabe quanto o juntar de corpos sob os desígnios da música e dos fluídos que estão ar. Para hoje, para nós, perguntei ao Oráculo antigo e já mil vezes apropriado do I-Ching o que tem para nos dizer. E adianto já que é sobre Paciência, so hear me out bitches! Muito sucintamente, o I-Ching é um Oráculo Chinês composto por 64 hexagramas que representam imagens criadas pela observação de fenómenos naturais. O Hexagrama de hoje é o número 5, o hexagrama da Espera e da Nutrição. Cada hexagrama tem 6 linhas (hexa - 6) e é feito de 2 trigramas de 3 linhas cada (tri - 3). Bear with me.... O Hexagrama 5 é não mais não menos do que a imagem do céu (trigrama inferior) que aguarda a caída das águas (trigrama superior). Portanto: A água, a chuva, espera pelo momento certo para rebentar no céu enquanto que o céu sabe que quando o momento for certo a chuva vai cair, vai inundar, vai matar a sede do céu que a aguarda.

TRUST.
THrust,
Refuelled Forward
FURTHER.
THrust.

A + Trustee.
There are doubters and
trustees, the trustees
that become doubters
the doubters that become
trustees the endless
LOOP the Circle
these Circles

The Trust
Being Thrust.
Back and Forth
Test.
A + Trustee, I trust her.
me
you
us
them

"As nuvens no céu trazem a chuva a tudo o que cresce. A chuva virá em seu tempo próprio. Não se pode forçá-la, deve-se esperá-la."

É aquele momento, aquele momento mesmo antes do drop, quando estás a subir, quase a explodir, os químicos a fritarem te os cornos, a chegarem a todas as partículas do corpo que temos e às partículas do corpo que imaginamos, a inundar todas as células, está quase quase quase mas não podes pensar nisso, não podes apressar o momento, não podes querer que o pico chegue porque senão quando dás conta já estás numa trip estranha, quase que passou sem dar conta, assim um estalinho pequeno e estúpido em vez da explosão que esperavas. É aquele momento em que te é dada a possibilidade de olhar para o drop, de sentir o beat não com pressa nem com a ansiedade dos corpos e dos químicos que estão a bater, mas com lágrimas nos olhos porque parece que o momento da espera e da chegada se unem num longo para sempre de que te vais lembrar até amanhã ou com sorte até para o ano ou mais além.



Voltemos ao Oráculo, lendo o livro antigo que o meu pai há muitos anos me ofereceu: "A espera não é uma esperança vazia. Possui a certeza interior de alcançar o seu objetivo. Só essa certeza confere a luz única que conduz o caminho. A força diante do perigo não se precipita, mas, ao contrário, é capaz de esperar."

São tipo pelo menos 3 daquelas vozes internas que têm a mania de não se calar: a que diz "mais mais mais, agora! mais mais já caralho foda-se mais!!!! Depois a outra tipo: "Mas mais de quê? E mais para quê para onde?!" E a outra que diz "espera, deixa fluir, sem medo, a high não vai desaparecer do nada, ainda temos mais 10 horas de festa, mais o after e o próximo fim-de-semana. Temos tempo... Curte."

The Wood now gives life to and
feeds the Fire of
transformation. The Cauldron
suggests that you are ripe for
your debut." (Says The I-Ching)
Aug
We won't have to be
AMAZING
or FUN or CRAZY

Mas de volta ao Óráculo para não nos perdermos nas vozes que nos assombram:

“Alguém se encontra diante de um perigo que deve ser superado. Fraqueza e impaciência nada conseguirão. Só a segurança interior é capaz de resistir. Essa força manifesta-se através de uma incorruptível veracidade. Só quando se é capaz de ver as coisas diretamente é que surge uma luz que permite reconhecer o caminho. A este reconhecimento deve seguir-se uma atuação resoluta e perseverante, pois o destino quando enfrentado de modo decidido encontra forma de se revelar.”

E se ao teu lado encontras alguém a tremer de pressa e ansiedade é favor espalhar a paciência e a vibe da espera. Porque ter acesso a uma forma de encontrar calma sem entrar em modos de comportamento tipo fight flight freeze é um privilégio que nem todas temos. A meditação e o sha la la do yoga funcionam para umas e não para outras, ter calma pode não servir para aquelas cujas memórias e experiências as fazem confundir a excitação do perigo e medo com a do prazer. Está na hora de partilhar, sim, de partilhar. As revelações e a merda, a high e a ressaca, o 5HTP, as vitaminas, o êxtase mas também a calma e a paciência. Pequenos privilégios facilmente esquecidos mas tão reais quanto a necessidade de serem redistribuídos pelas amigas e não menos pelas inimigas. Menos guerras. Mais água para todas, mais céu molhado de tesão para todas, mais chuva para lubrificar as molas todas e apagar as ansiedades do que está a ir acima e amanhã pode vir a baixo. Porque não tem de ser horrível nem deprimente. E dar a mão a quem está do nosso lado e precisa de se agarrar a alguma coisa para ter calma pode fazer toda a diferença.

Por isso queridas, bora lá partilhar, saborear o momento de espera do drop, expandir o tempo e o espaço da high, do orgasmo, da trip e da festa, para que possamos sentir o perigo e o edge de tudo isto e quando acordarmos do outro lado do espelho não parecer que foi tudo super rápido tipo um fósforo a acender e pronto já está, acabou. Porque isto não vai acabar tão cedo...

E agora eu é que já não me aguento com licença faz favor está calada que eu quero mas é dançar bora lá amiga!!!

FIM



BLING

"The senses deceive from time to time, and it is prudent never to trust wholly those who have deceived us even once."
(Says Rene Descartes)

BLING

I do NOT TRUST HIM

"Few neuroscientists still believe in an immaterial soul. Yet many follow Descartes in claiming that conscious experience involves awareness of a 'thinking thing': the self." (Says this article I randomly found on the internet: https://aeon.co/essays/psychedelics-work-by-violating-our-models-of-self-and-the-world?utm_source=Aeon+Newsletter&utm_campaign=el2ba3f315-EMAIL_CAMPAIGN_2017_08_09&utm_medium=email&utm_term=0_411a82e59d-el2ba3f15-69620457)

"A força diante do perigo não se precipita, mas, ao contrário, é capaz de esperar. A fraqueza diante do perigo torna-se inquieta, e não tem a paciência para a espera.

Alguém se encontra diante de um perigo que deve ser superado. Fraqueza e impaciência nada conseguirão. Só o forte pode enfrentar seu destino, pois, graças à sua segurança interior, ele é capaz de resistir. Essa força manifesta-se através de uma incorruptível veracidade para consigo mesmo. Só quando se é capaz de ver as coisas diretamente, tais como são na realidade, sem se deixar enganar nem iludir, é que surge uma luz que permite reconhecer o caminho para o sucesso. A este reconhecimento deve seguir-se uma atuação resoluta e perseverante, pois só quem enfrenta seu destino de modo decidido o realizará.

Assim, se poderá atravessar a grande água, isto é, tomar uma decisão e vencer o perigo. Não se deve ceder a preocupações nem procurar moldar o destino com intervenções prematuras. Ao contrário, deve-se, com tranqüilidade, fortificar o corpo, comendo e bebendo, e o espírito, através da alegria e do bom humor."

The "I" is the moment of failure in every narrative effort to give an account of oneself. It remains the unaccounted for and, in that sense, constitutes the failure that the very project of self-narration requires. Every effort to give an account of oneself is bound to encounter this failure, and to found upon it. (Says Judith Butler)

Bling bling all that trouble how to trust and not be burst?" (Says "I")











um (anos sem você)

(menina) cadêvocê

i am looking for you all days and i find you amidst tobacco a paper and a filter of a cigarette in the Deutsch-Trap playlist on Spotify during the sip from a half liter water bottle „she was a sweetheart“ (m.) „she could only accept love“ (m.) it takes everything to not let desperation fully take over that you were the first person [...] trust with my whole [...] and yet — i find you in the drawer next to our sex toys which i have hardly opened since in every sun flower that i come along on slices of acid tabs on my tongue or the smell of the mushroom dehydrator TRUST ein Wort das ich kaum mehr ausspreche that has been sailing away to the foreign grounds of another language yet constantly asking for translation that's not yet available (talvez depois um anos) find you in the pink shorts in which i do my morning yoga other peoples echoing of „**** face drunk“ or „writing it up my ****“ which clenches my whole body as you were the only one saying such things and in every situation where bodies freely express themselves to electronic music ecstatically through movement that can be called rave I wonder if you ever ran up to me jumped on my hips and into my arms I don't recall such a situation and it makes me [...] i also used to search for traços de seu adeus i found them on the pieces of toilet paper you started to leave behind when i left before you TRASH in the text of the lecken zine even in our earliest message exchanges at 2am but i quickly stopped because it didn't lead nowhere

v* whereareyou**

are you on this pasto maravilhoso da Vakalandia we so often fantasized about i find you in the glitter of silver nail polish in every tear (my own or others) in the twitching of a candle flame sometimes every moment of joy transcends into sadnesssadnesssadness of the impossibility to share it with you how could I ever take something so precious for granted I find you in my dreams the dreams where I cry all the tears that can't get out while I'm awake the dream in which one of my sister's legs was amputated and my m. had the exact same indescribable face like m. in the night we found out the dream where I sat next to you in bed and you showed me some snippets of your work and I was full of admiration the dream in which there was war in Barril your life is knitted into mine so delicately I want the knots to last forever no matter how much they hurt

youareeverywhere

every person every place every movement everything all knots all are leaving to you and yet — there's nothing I wish more for than smell you one more time
But your smell is gone

youarenowhere

what might forever remain fully incomprehensible to me all those new places pessoas idéias i even talk to flowers carry around stones and sleep with cuddle toys enriquecendo a minha vida porque você saiu und gleichzeitig [...] porque você saiu never before so connected never before so isolated and i wonder if i will ever know what to do with all the beauty amidst the despair

Still all I can really say is that I miss you like nothing in the world



BACKSTAGE – “Cross Attic” Script

The other day I found myself at mcdonalds. Double cheeseburger and fries. Music playing in the background. There is no more free ketchup. Nor salt. The fries taste like cardboard. I hadn't been to McDonalds in ages. I don't feel guilty. I didn't do it for pleasure. I needed food. Iphone crashed because winter is coming and it cant take the cold. I needed internet. To find the address of the party. There is a party. There is always a party somewhere. Somewhere in the world there is a party, there is always a party somewhere. Somewhere someone is always getting high, having good trips, bad trips, good fucks, bad fucks, shining bright, exploding with all their might or crashing down down down to the underground, getting lost and being found. Having a party. Because there is a party. There is always a party somewhere. A good party, a bad party, a more or less party. A party starting, a party failing, a party being raided by the cops. There has always been a party somewhere. A ritual for celebration, an opportunity for destruction, an exercise for regeneration a dive into alienation.

There is a party. There is always a party somewhere.
--

Did I really want to go to this party? Probably not because as I took out my laptop at Mcdonalds to find the address I ended up writing this text. Don't ask me why but somehow some pieces started to come together. By now the cheeseburger is stale and cold, it also tastes like cardboard, not enough ketchup) This moment where one wonders whether to go on, or to go home, or what the fuck do I want anyway? There is a fine line between going for it and running away, forever.

I finished my cheeseburger and it feels like I have eaten more cardboard than I can take. Next to me a man had two hamburguers, an apple pie and is now absent mindedly reading a book while some kids scream in the background. And suddenly I start to see Daddy. You know, Daddy was invited to the party. It was a birthday party, his little girl's birthday party, and daddy was invited to give a speech onstage, to celebrate life, take part in the action. But daddy ran away. Forever. He went out to buy cigarettes and never came back. **But he was kind enough to leave a note.**

It said:

What is there to celebrate? Celebrate what for who, what for? There is nothing to celebrate, nothing I tell you nothing! This world is going down the drain, it's on fire, it's been sold to capital, doomed by greedy politics. It's nonsense nonsense there is nothing to be celebrated.

I cannot celebrate, I cannot fathom a spark of joy, to hell with celebrations! A birthday? To have put someone in this world that is the biggest mistake and misery, how could one ever celebrate a birth?! I am sorry I am sorry for those of us who have been put into this world, for those of you who I have put into this world oh my little darlings, my little darlings who are still so young and will remain in this world. I am so so so sorry... Better not to have been, but to be and celebrate it? Impossible. Impossible. Never more. Love, what about love? How can love thrive when collapse rules? To exercise the right to love and to give oneself to peace and pleasure... How tell me how? To hell with it, to hell with it all, because the wheels of malice keep running, the engines of greed keep turning, the suffering keeps being suffered, it is real, it is out there and it is oh so real... You can celebrate all you want but I shall not pretend, I would rather succumb to the dread, be taken by the waters of purgatory, admit that yes I am a man and I am a part of the twisted malice engrained in this condition, this species, this thing we call humans. It disgusts me, I am disgusted by my existence. I am rotten from the inside, I am the carrier of the symptom and the cause of the darkness that consumes the soul, chokes the spirit, drains the life. Let me be, let me be! I love you, I love you deeply, and this is my gift to you! I set you free for you to celebrate without facing my misery dear loved ones. So celebrate, celebrate and let me be! Go, work, live, love, celebrate and let me be. This is my work, this is my choice, I am not swimming in my own misery oh no, this is a choice, a purpose, a drive, a pride. Do not try to take this away from me, do not try to make me be something I am not! Have trust, know that I love you and from love comes my choice. So go, go on, go on...!

I feel like getting an apple pie too even though I know it will only add to the cardboard. As the children keep screaming in the background asking for a Mcflurry I see the sisters.

First Sister

(Add ideas about the stage about stardom being seen)

I knew it, I knew it:

Down there where you came from there is a birthday there is a party, right? How did you find the party? Did it seem like a good party? It is our birthday sister it is our birthday party dear sisters! We must go oh we must go, we must overcome our dramas and goooo! Ohhhh party. I Can't wait for the party. I wish it could all just be one big party one endless party, forever a party A party where my flesh could dissolve and become one with the lights and the music and the walls and the floor and the flesh of others and my flesh and the flesh of others and the dancefloor and the ceiling and the lights and the music ohhhhhh how I yearn for an endless interminable party, the party of a lifetime, the party for my lifetime. Oblivion, alienation, pleasure, time becoming still while running endlessly, never stopping never ceasing, time and space colliding ending, new terms, new concepts, new lives, new pleasures, no more repetition, no more boredom, no more doubts, no more questions, just all of it becoming ONE ONE moment ONE yearning ONE question ONE answer.

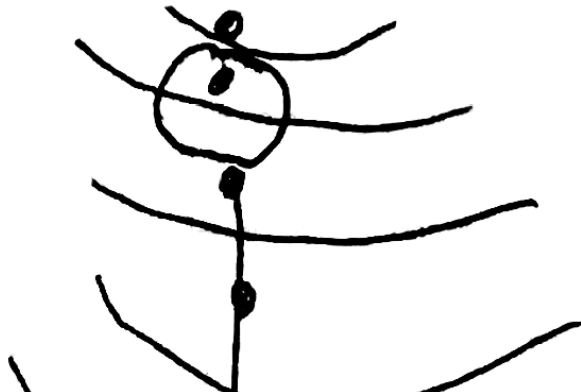
I would do anything I would work oh I would work so much for it I would do anything, what can I do what am I good for what can I do to work towards this goal this drive this purpose?

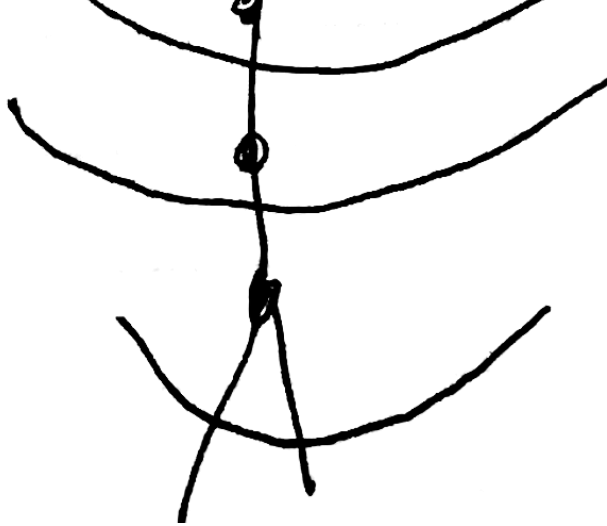
I don't know but I will try, I will try I will do my best, I will make mommy and daddy proud I will find my way and I will burn like a shining star as ONE moment ONE yearning ONE question ONE answer. I see it coming, I see it coming, I hear it coming! Ohhhhhh dear sisters we have to work and be ready for the party! The dancefloor, the stage, the chance, the opportunity to be seen and to act! To share they joy and the colors, to bring light to this dark and sad world...

Together we can join forces together we will illuminate that party downstairs!

Second Sister

Oh dear sister but how afraid I am. I am afraid oh so afraid of the lights and the music and the floor and the ceiling and the flesh oh the flesh terrifies me... It terrifies me so! I am not given to the flesh, I yearn for it but I feel nothing. Pierce my finger and I feel nothing, choke my throat and I feel nothing. Nothing. I dissolve I am always dissolving I do not know who I am I cannot understand, contain, I am afraid I do not wish to be seen I cannot fathom being seen please get the lights out from me please please I wish I could I don't want to let you down oh dear sister dear mommy dear daddy... I wish I was different but please get the lights out of me. I cannot bear myself, I dissolve... And become one with the world I cease to be. I get lost and frightened oh so frightened by that moment of becoming... becoming ONE ONE moment ONE yearning ONE question ONE answer. It all comes pouring down on me, that one gets severed and multiplies into millions of thoughts millions of wills millions of joys millions of griefs millions of people millions of affects millions of dramas millions of doubts it is too much it is oh so much it is way too much I cannot bear it anymore I cannot take it. I will never be able to work. I know you want me to feel it too, I know you'd be proud of me for shining bright, making a change, bringing light unto the darkness but I am not a bright shining star, I am the dust and the nebula that remains after the stars have blown up. Forgive me, but I cannot join you dear sister. I cannot bear the dance floor nor the stage nor the people, the music or the lights... It is all too much, it is all oh so much... I wish I could work but I have to find my place still, a place in the dark, after the sta





You know, mommy wants the best. Mommy wants all the best for everyone, mommy wants everything to be ok and she will work hard for everything to seem ok. Mommy believes in the power of love, the transformative ideals of art, and nature and love and art and nature and love and art and nature... Mommy spends her days being creative, generating, giving... Mommy has given flesh and soul to her little girls, inspiration and confidence for them to go out into the world and celebrate life. She is so proud oh so proud of her little darlings oh so proud! There is nothing she wouldn't do for them. Mommy knows best and mommy never left her little girls alone, oh mommy was so nice, and she was a real fucking pain in the arse!

Before being sent to rehab mommy left a note:
"No matter what you do I will always love you"

I am aware that she needs some more fleshing out. I'm not sure if she went to rehab or was pushed down the stairs by the little girls. But I do know she smoked a lot and she meant well, she really did but it's not all about intentions now is it? There is always a moment in life when somehow or another you have to kill your parents.

I am so thirsty. This cardboard has taken the best of me, I feel the burger and the fries drying my mouth unbearably. Everyone starts to look like cardboard, feel like cardboard. Red Hot chilli peppers are playing on the radio: "With the birds I'll share this lonely view..." First act is done, the background is given. I'm going to the party for inspiration.

Second act.

FEEDBACK

- Sisters are presenting their moods and presentations. Acting as drama. How to introduce more layers, steal from each other, create more choreography more choreographic. Take elements from each other Maciek its hardcore acting how to play with it.

- Pick things for the characters and work for that 4 things each for example. Make it artificial!

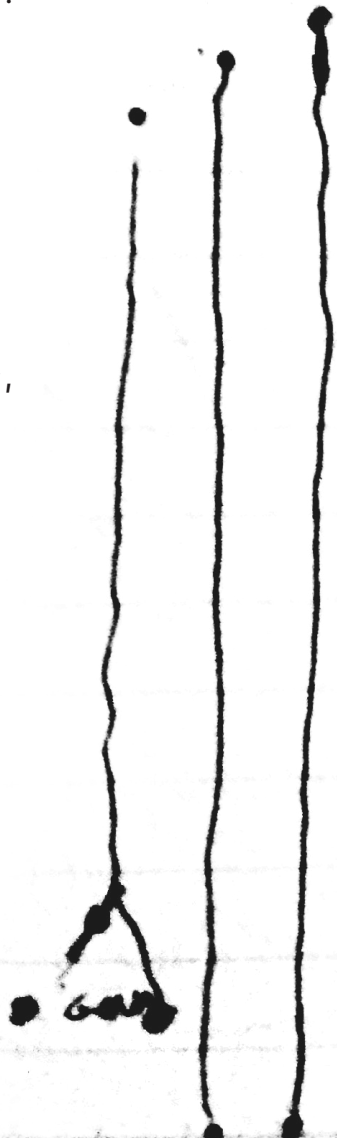
- The mcdonalds works it takes the audience with us.

- The faces, the daddy text works it looks like people were on drugs, projection into it.

- Go out of the party into another potential world. Develop but not go to the party, preparation for the party, rehearse instead of going to the party.

- What is to live together? To share space, to be with each otherness

- Interpersonal relationships, it's what matters





Survival Strategies



Breathe.

15:53

Breathe some more.

16:44

Try not to breathe. Realize you can't.

17:21 ✓

Put on an epic song that moves you.
Sing it really loud.

19:15 ✓

Dance in the kitchen.

19:15 ✓

Do this untill you get tired or cry.

19:55 ✓

Embrace being a zebra, find the
other zebras.

11:53

O enigma do tempo que me faz olhar para trás em busca de um sentido que não está lá, ao invés de te encontrar no agora. Um tempo expandido de agoras, onde te encontro a cada esquina, a cada fechar de olhos, a cada nova ideia. Procurar significados sem reconfigurar o alfabeto é um exercício de impossibilidade. Resta criar este alfabeto das possibilidades, aprender a ler e só depois construir significados. Mas tudo isto sem pressa para que possa explorar a abundância, o infinito e o caos do universo com os braços abertos para outras ontologias e utopias provisórias.

N-
IM-
-
N-

Início-fim... junto-me ao teu texto sem que pretenda ser repetição. Junto-me para o cantarmos até que não haja mais voz. No final, tudo termina com uma gargalhada que nos tira o ar. A confusão derivada da dissolução de uma realidade conhecida é superada pelo teu empoderamento. Veio com uma força absoluta para recriar ideias de tempo e espaço, transformando a minha consciência e linguagem.

TRUST

E	L	R	S	M	E	K	O	K	J	X	S	A	T	A	K	T	S
R	B	S	A	P	A	O	G	C	Y	I	F	X	H	C	V	O	R
H	O	P	E	B	Y	R	V	A	G	W	P	T	E	C	C	G	G
V	D	F	A	S	B	Q	I	B	R	P	A	I	N	E	A	E	G
G	S	E	S	D	W	I	F	A	L	O	V	E	N	P	N	T	J
E	O	S	N	C	I	H	T	E	N	Z	S	R	D	T	G	H	L
S	K	U	C	I	B	U	H	H	T	A	E	E	O	A	E	E	B
I	A	K	G	D	A	A	N	V	O	Y	N	S	V	N	R	R	A
Q	T	I	E	Z	W	L	E	W	B	L	C	T	U	C	L	N	L
K	Q	X	B	Y	K	R	X	Q	M	K	E	M	V	E	Q	E	A
B	F	X	W	W	Q	N	I	F	M	C	N	X	K	C	S	T	
D	G	E	J	E	Z	T	B	K	G	W	N	C	X	T	F	S	C

INÍCIO
FIM-IM

ÍCO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO
M-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO
O-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO
INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO-FIM-INÍCIO

For months we spoke almost everyday, mostly for hours on the phone, whining and complaining, doing video-call yoga, gossip or to keep each other company. We were very good at giving advice to each other, often the very same advice we needed to hear ourselves. I was never sure what would be the best way to help you. I surely wasn't always the most helpful but we loved each other, through the waves of distance and proximity, we always found solace in each other.

I find solace in my memories of you, in the words and artefacts you left.

I scroll through my phone in search of the videos from that day:

19. Juli 2020

We were heading to the outskirts of the city and you were not feeling well.

It was a tropical summer day in Berlin. Low atmospheric pressure. Warm and damp, an electrifying tension in the air. We sat on the gritty sandless bank of the canal and I remember quite vividly the coloration of the water being toxic turquoise yet the videos don't seem to match my memory. Our friends were all giggly and chitchatty, it was hard to believe we were in the middle of a pandemic.

I filmed everyone with the industrial landscape in the backdrop and my camera stopped on your face. A small white butterfly had landed on your nose and despite her delicate make she didn't fear. Your vantablack eyes, crossed on each other, looking straight into her with her small kaleidoscopic bulby-eyes. You kept swaying your head hoping it would fly freely again but the butterfly seemed to trust you with her own life. She remained for several minutes while you observed her.

The roar of a thunder, the rain starts pouring and so she flies.

TW: death, suicide

*I'm sorry to hear about your dear friend.
It's been over a year now, are you coping better?
We don't need to talk about this
if you don't want to, obviously...*

It is no taboo, no worries...

*I've spent the past year talking about it,
finding tools to cope with all the losses from over last year.
Her death was undoubtedly the most painful loss I've experienced.
I think of her everyday, so much of what I do is with her in my mind.
We had been close friends for 14 years and we thought we'd end up two spinsters
married to each other, somewhere, somehow, together.*

We all sought refuge in the ruins of what could be a future club. A massive chemical factory, majestic and in shambles.

Some guys play with their drones, we look up observing them hover. The police arrive and we swiftly hide in some crack. Across the factory hall, a couple waves in silence and invites us to join them. We follow them in silence through bricks and walls, all the way to a rusty door with a graffiti tag: RESIST, DANCE. We had been brought just where we wanted to go: an improvised oasis temporarily run by rave roaches like us. I rewatch the videos of you dancing, waving your arms, taking over the booth, you ask them to play a set of mine from your phone.

You're dancing. You're smiling.

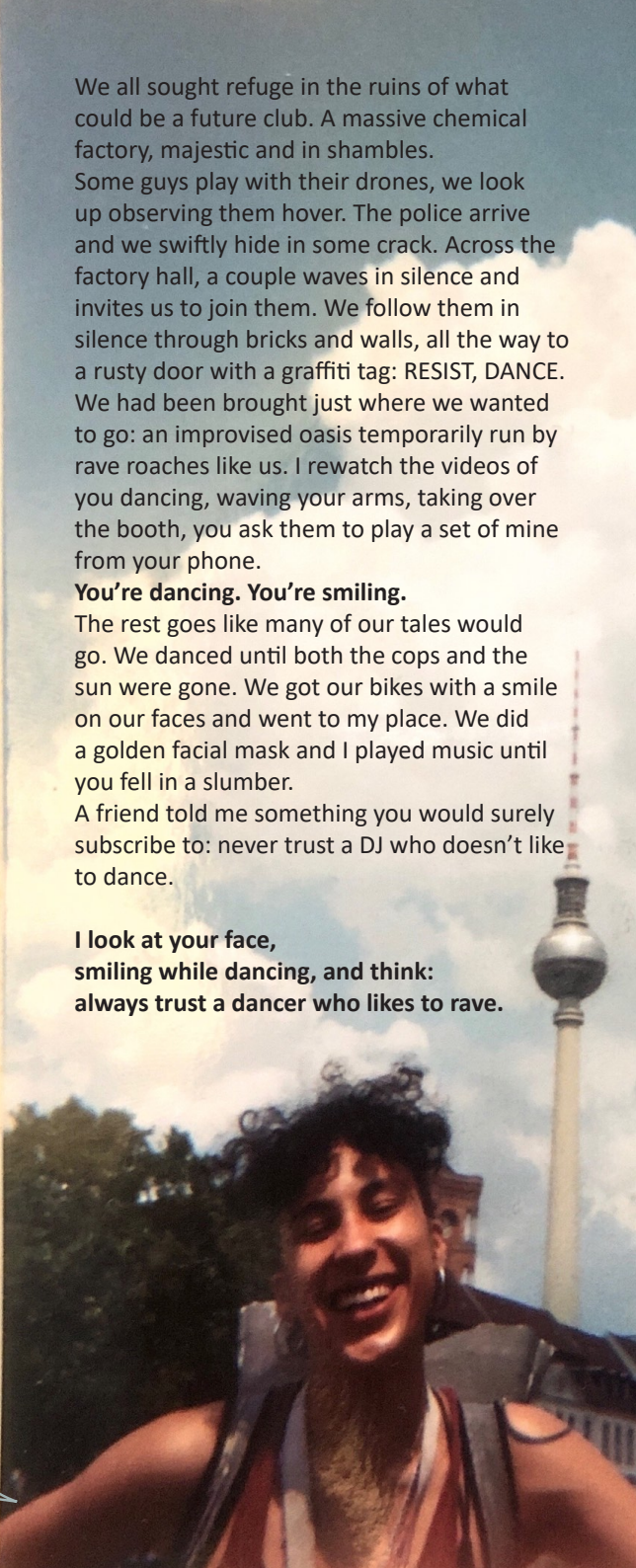
The rest goes like many of our tales would go. We danced until both the cops and the sun were gone. We got our bikes with a smile on our faces and went to my place. We did a golden facial mask and I played music until you fell in a slumber.

A friend told me something you would surely subscribe to: never trust a DJ who doesn't like to dance.

**I look at your face,
smiling while dancing, and think:
always trust a dancer who likes to rave.**

It's been a year and I think of you everyday. I wish you could see what life looks like now. To listen and dance to all the new music looping on my headphones, the music I've been playing. On dance floors or rug floors, I wish you were there. You are there.

So much has changed. We stopped reading the news everyday. I got evicted and made a score for you. In Lisbon we opened a cultural center, the fear of contagion has decreased and we got sloppy again. Saturation. Rebirth, euphoria and futurity are palpable senses these days. The world doesn't feel (so) empty anymore. Feelings have replaced the endless lines of ketamine and pills of Vitamin D taken to simulate the world before it succumbed into a plague of isolation and despair. The world (further) condemned many expressions of queer kinship and love. Contagiously loving and dangerously contagious, we're here. I think of you everyday. We keep on dancing.



Life has been good but now it's enough
but it's certainly become a thing that
I just can't trust

27-12

I'm sorry, as in fucking deeply sorrowful
For all this shit, last night was better but when
I wake up and can't

get out of bed these thoughts keep coming to my head.

Thank
to 4/13

Split Personality, Bipolar, call it whatever you want
But this lack of life and connection ~~Recognitions~~

I just can't I can't I'm sorry I love you all
^{but} I guess that might be the final crash.

Thank You All
For All The Love
Any good times

Mariana: Neste momento tento não querer.

Estou no passado porque o presente está sempre “a querer”, o que o pode tornar odioso, abominável e insuportável. Esse presente torna-se obsoleto.

Obsoleto antes de existir.

No momento em que aterro no presente, o ansiado futuro é envenenado pelos eflúvios tóxicos do passado perdido. Por isso estou aqui a reapropriar-me do passado e não acredito que haja tempo a perder. /

(...)

Mariana: Sim, é urgente navegar no ontem para chegar ao amanhã.

Talvez seja essa a verdadeira liberdade de que tanto se fala.

O luxo de nos permitirmos revisitar e reconstruir o que foi.

Estou aqui bem e sei que posso voltar para aí a qualquer momento.

(...)

Mariana: Pois, é difícil aceitar não saber o que está para vir, deixá-lo chegar sem ansiar que seja glorioso e magnífico, que deixe marca, que se torne imortal. A ambição tolhe, comprime, contrai. De tanto o querermos preencher, o tempo deixa de ser, torna-se escuro e uma ameaça mais do que uma fruição.

(...)

Mariana: Fim-início, início-fim, binómios... A cada minuto há 300 milhões de células que morrem no corpo de um ser humano. Não só morrem como também têm a humildade de se suicidarem quando se tornam obsoletas. Estamos sempre a recomençar sem nunca chegar ao fim. Só que às vezes esquecemo-nos e confundimos entusiasmo com medo, olhamos para o futuro como se fosse um abismo do que está para vir, assusta-nos o desconhecido, a liberdade que surge a cada momento, a possibilidade de escolhermos, de assumirmos que também somos agentes do tempo, do espaço e se assim também o quisermos, do pânico.

(...)

Mariana: Pára um bocadinho.

Alguma vez te sentiste parte do mar? (*Mariana avança para o presente*). Não só do mar como o mar da praia, mas sim de um mar total, um mar todo mar, um mar que cobre tudo. (Tiago deita-se) Um mar que não consegues conter, que vem de dentro e de fora e de fora para dentro, que te deixa num remoinho sem fim, onde já não sabes se estás de cabeça para baixo ou de cabeça para cima? Um mar que é um todo e tu no todo e o todo em ti e tudo num grande remoinho de euforia? E de repente, de repente, há quem te diga que assim não pode ser, que se não andas para aí todo molhado a vida inteira e isso não dá jeito nenhum. Então crias barragens e diques a ver se esta água de que és feito não transborda. Porque incomoda, porque assusta.

E esqueces-te que tal como as ondas do mar vão e vêm e vão e continuam e duram, também tu em ti tens essa possibilidade de assim ver o fluxo do tempo.

Um eterno, ir, vir, ir, vir, que no fundo mais não é do que o perpétuo movimento do ser, do cosmos, do mundo, das pedras, dos rios, etc., etc. E neste perpétuo ir e vir és tudo não sendo nada, és potência de tudo que se torna em algo sempre novo a cada momento, milhões de fins-inícios e inícios e fins e e e e /

(...)

Mariana: Sim, é como o movimento, mesmo quando estás parado estás-te a mover porque o teu corpo não pára, a terra não pára, o universo não pára. /

(...)

Mariana: As células não param, as pedras não param, o mundo não pára.

E isso não quer dizer que estejamos todos loucos a correr de um lado para o outro, presos nos engarrafamentos da A5 da suposta modernidade.

É outra coisa. É outra coisa...

Ainda não sei bem o que é mas estou quase a perceber, é outra coisa.

