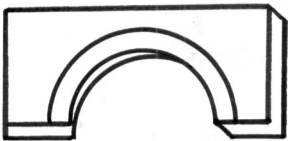


B-SIDES & RARITIES



K093– Record Launch
Stanzas or the Law
of the Good Neighbour

with: Henry Andersen, Eleanor Weber, Bryana Fritz,
Axelle Stiefel, Christiane Blattmann, Jannis Marwitz,
Ailsa Cavers, Simon Asencio, Mekhitar Garabedian,
Maud Gourdon, Sébastien Capouet, & Marion Menan.

MAY 25-28
VERNISSAGE 18:00-24:00
DAMIEN & THE LOVE GURU (BXL)

Dear,

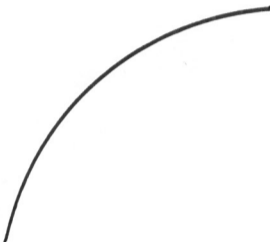
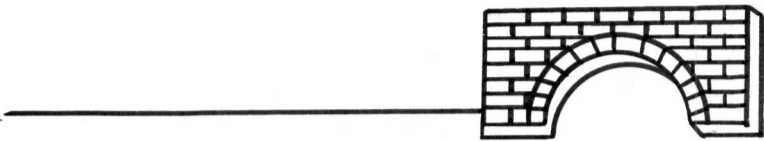
Last winter I made a record with a handful of great
and generous friends. But vinyl is hot and slow and
it was spring before the record was finished; Vitamin
D and steroid hormones in bloom in the body as sun-
light breaches the skin.

I wanted use the record launch as an excuse to bring
everyone together in the one room, on their terms as
well as on my terms. So its their work in terms of each
other and my work in terms of them. And everything
(always) in terms of its own excess, in the register of joy.

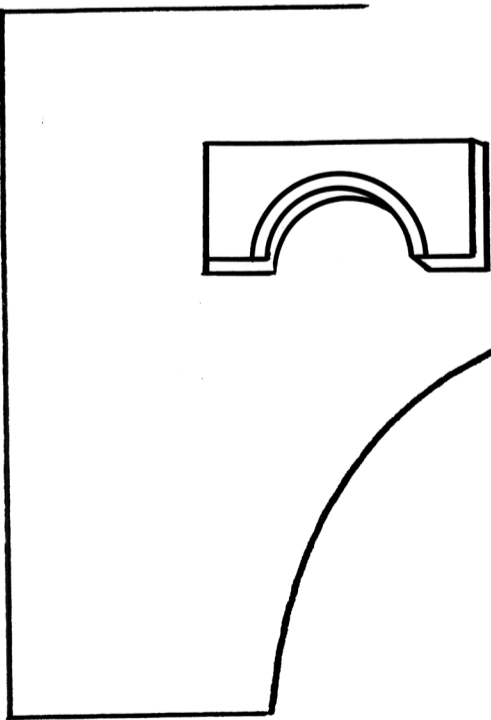
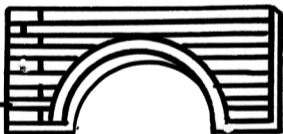
(And this insert, then, the excess of the excess, excess
to the second power, excess squared, excess massive: a
messy proximity of production overages from all those
friends without whom none of this would be possible.
It is with them in mind that I sit and type this now.)

With a love that permits fraying,

Henry



MG



GANG

"It's time to burn the beret and bury the blue dress!"

[illegible]

EW

Pas besoin de gang quand tu détiens la langue
Laisse venir à toi le son qui sait tirer

Tué le gang
sous ta langue, claques
avec force sécrétion

Etire tire toi
dis le gang
efface fait face
pas de résistance

Qui façonne encore les mots où élire résidence
pour ces corps assignés à chaire et à sang qui
puise sa source dans les reflets opiacés du rêve
qu'exhausse l'exilé avec quelle force de pugnacité

Au fond de ma gorge la bave inonde mon coeur serré

Sans toit ni loi
tu me tues m'aimes
un pas de plus t'éloigne de la communauté
à jamais reste avec moi étranger
j'ai besoin de toi pour prendre pied

De la tranche de ton couteau affuté, il me faut
inscrire à même la peau le son nouveau
les lettres de coeur à corps décharné.

AS

FIGURES

Lounging as a pass time. An unsteady, uncomfortable sense of positions, not knowing the potentials of each limb, frustrates my newly born, newly constructed self. When the weight falls, on to my chair like feet, I raise that mass upwards, creating geometry, witch fights for its right to exist. Understanding the nerve endings that electrify my sex when the tongue elongates to a cheeks warmth. To disengage from the flow, is nothing but an agreement.

Pastel repercussions, root themselves into alternative skin. The positions mould their contours, into a miniature mountainous region. My form destabilises, ushering, and seductively reminding my co-ordinationaless self, to return to this landscape. The leg – the trunk; the arm – the branch. My sofa lies on another sofas touch, for pale skin can not be in the frame of green.

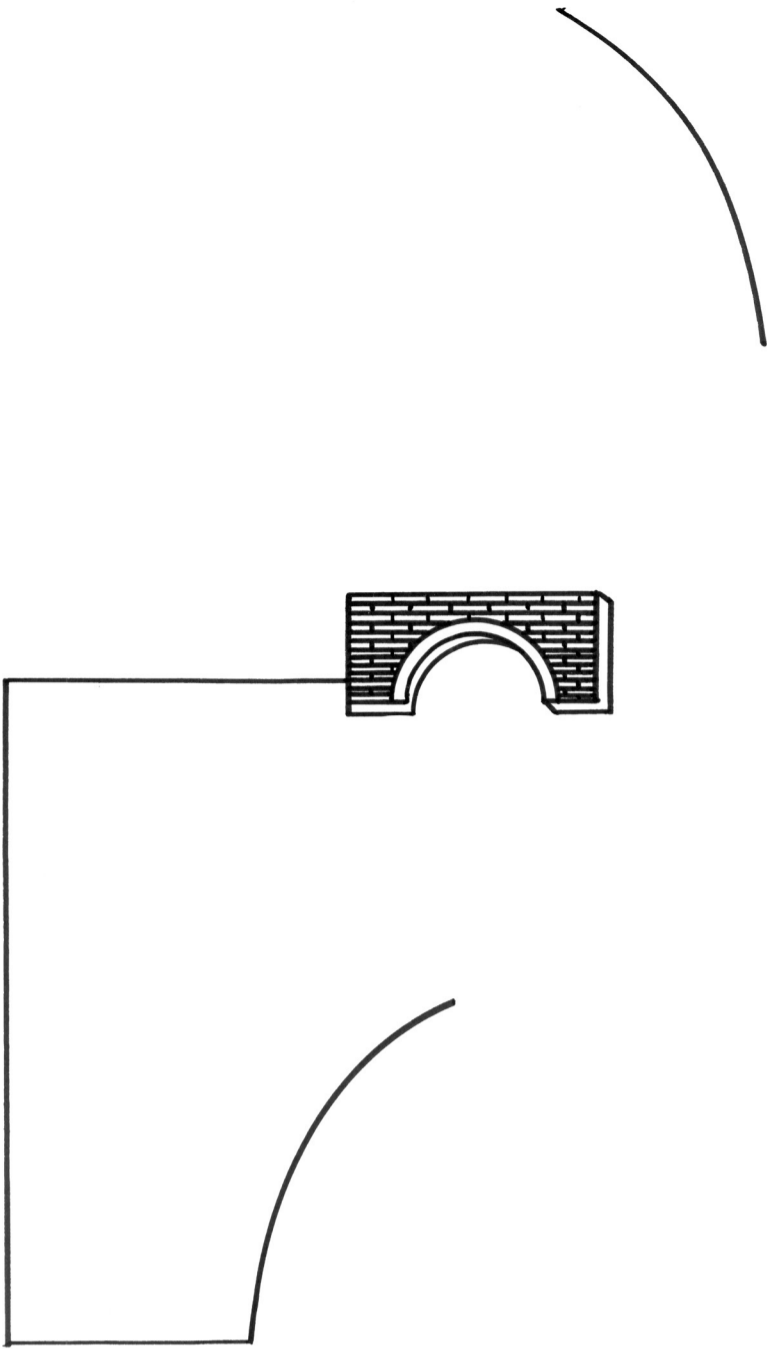
Suddenly, half dead, half strong – I leave open broozes on soft sandy tissue. It crumbles beneath the foundation, which ceases to exist among untouched valleys. Just like you, my dear dune. The mass erupts, I have no understanding of it – the knees are the elbows buckling and stumbling.

For the actions i endeavour to create, leave behind a trail of mass disturbance. I really dont have to though.

LB & SB

MG





MG



Academic Portraiture

AC

CAMBRIA

Cambria breathing on my part
Scripted thick I lay right down
Hair is furling round the edge
steaming thick in the imaged wedge
I found a way to fit it in
non-vibrant voice upon the breast
I rot I rot I rot
On the beachless
Sky
bluing upon
thee
still like ready to be fucked.
Posing red on animal fours
To hide the blue fucked gaps between
it and you, cambria.

Sky bluing upon thee
Chewing gum calligraphy
Spotlight what in the what in the eye.
Masking sticky bureaucratic type
In print that halved chemical white
bread.
In print that lusts
Pisces water thrusts

Seated buoyant in the chair
In the boat in the chair
sock thoughts drool in the shiny slender
h-air / water
Pirating my parts
Parting my rosy blue lips
Nailing down the tongue
suck past the soft palate
punching the larynx to get to treasured breast.
Excel sheets spread
Laying down like a makeshift bed

Moving sideways in the dark
Towards a quick chilled script
a reeking shapeless crypt

Face basks in second hand light
as if around that
Face drips a dampening sigh
As if about that

late dampening self Licks the screen in the face of it
looking somewhere about synthetic
Pooling in such wide and starkness
Braided til I was dressed
Hair next to strand next to font in her land
like you walked in on
a in a living room
huffing and puffing
looking out, in, to, towards, windows

clouding in the square up space
bloodshot and damp and dripped through expired water,
Sitting in the plastic
Silhouetted and fruitish
blades dripping of domestication
skull shattered against the rib
the chair, the wall, the face
floating
resuscitated into asphyxiation
breathlessness grips

I look down on corpsed word beach
ever so razored by the nails
To make it my blue
bullish and nailed
as if around that
listless unserveilled
so as to steam in the face of it
toes steamy
polished white,
slipping pointed tough tongue into that unlotioned crack
breathing on my part
it turns blue
looking on my blue

I am going to dead for you Cambria
I am going to dance for you Cambria.
I am going to dead for you Cambria
I am going to dance for you Cambria.

BF

Alfredo Marticelli Ghiberti:

I am looking upon the Santa Maria del Fiore. The building that my grandfather Lorenzo Ghiberti designed. Yet, his plans were stolen, through the unscrupulously evil Filippo Brunelleschi. And now, I, his grandson... eh... Alfredo Marticelli Ghiberti, will get my revenge upon the Brunelleschi Clan by stealing their treasure. And I have discerned its location, and it's a collection of holy relics atop the Santa Maria del Fiore.

Enter DP and Lesabéndio.

Obviously the first thing to tackle is something quickly done. To start with, therefore, the veranda can be transformed. It is easy to enlarge it, and to surround it on three sides with double glass walls. Both these walls will be ornamentally coloured and, with the light between them, the effect of the veranda in the evening, inside and out, will be most impressive. If a view of the garden is to be provided, this can be achieved by using transparent window-panes. But it is better not to fit window-type panes. Ventilators are better for admitting air. In the modest way, it is thus comparatively easy for any villa-owner to create 'glass architecture'. The first step is very simple and convenient.

Alfredo Marticelli Ghiberti:

So now I'm gonna go do that. Spite the rumours and the claims of the History Channel, it was not Brunelleschi who spent hours cracking eggs, trying to find the secret behind their egg toughness and durability and ability to stand under their own weight. It was Ghiberti. He was the true genius of the Renaissance. And he's the victim of an evil conspiracy with the Pazzi and Cesar Borgia and all the other bad guys, all teamed up. Even... even Benito Mussolini was involved, because he was... back then... since he is a vampire. I'm going to climb the tower and get over to the lantern of the Santa Maria del Fiore. And then I will loot it of its treasures and the Brunelleschis will look at the empty treasure boxes and they will go boohoo, boohoo.

(to himself) Or I will get my revenge.

Victory is so close I can almost taste it. I am going to go up and look at how pretty the city is. For a little bit right now, though.

(to himself) Cause it's just be like take a quick break...

Climbing atop the cross. Chhhhhhhhuuhh
 Alright then. Uugh.

3. THE BOTANICAL GARDENS AT DAHLEM

We already have glass architecture in bota

Alfredo Marticelli Ghiberti:

Alas! Alas! The treasure box containing the holy relicts. I will loot it and purge it of its contents.

Opens the treasure box.

100 florins! That's all that's in there!
I've been tricked!
The location of the holy relicts was in fact a ruse! I am now so
ashamed with myself that I'm going to climb on top of the cross
once again, but this time I'm not going to come down alive.

Jumps off the tower.

Ƶpschhhhhhhuh

CLOUDS:
DESYNCHRONIZED!
DESYNCHRONIZED!
DESYNCHRONIZED!
NEW TYPES OF VISUALITY
ARISE!

**CB
&
JM**

Schedule of Readings

20h30..... Eleanor Weber

21h30.....*Bryana Fritz*

EW: Cynar and surfeit, for Stanzas, for four voices: excessive script
BF: An iteration of Blue: Cambria breathing on my part