

Strobe Light Sink Hole

SLOW READING CLUB FEAT. BILL DIETZ

ITALICIZED FIGURES INDICATE THE TIMING OF EACH BREATH WHILE READING. I.E. INHALE ONLY AT THE TIME INDICATIONS GIVEN. THE PACE OF READING IS DEPENDENT ON THE PLACEMENT OF BREATH INDICATIONS WITHIN THE TEXT. A TIME KEEPING DEVICE IS NECESSARY.

INDICATIONS MAY BE PERFORMED OR NOT, AT THE DISCRETION OF THE READER.

0:00.000 Try as we might to rid ourselves of it, in the end everything brings us back to the body. Since the concept of a truly morbid entity, there are forms the mind can provisionally agree I am isolating here on. For there's no reading more intimate than a translation. To make a broad distinction, a plague described in phenomena (and it seems our ends might agree), our minds might agree on a plague described in the following manner: The contemporary Horror film knows that you've seen it before. Before any pronounced physical sickness. Before any profound or psychological sickness, I search hastily for your fragments in the mud. I struggle, I am frantic, I enjoy fear, cinches appear in the sick person. Appears and only pronounces 0:23.640 red spots: only red spots or the body. The body is the love of two alien kinds of creatures for each other. Suddenly noticing them when they turn all over the body when they turn back. He has no time to 0:30.093 suddenly notice them. He has no alarm. They say that through the digital, the body of flesh and bones, the physical and mortal body, will be freed of its weight and inertia. His head feels on 0:35.907 fire, grows over-alarmed. Her breath flows through the chaotic architecture of the school. Suddenly noticing he has time to be alarmed, grows by them, his head grows beneath this rational façade heavy and then he collapses. The 0:42.000 heaven he collapses grows over them so hardly any of the ills of the body are removed when it is seen in isolation. Heaven when he grows heavy, then he collapses. He is grown a swollen breast, has not time to be harmed before his head feels on fire. Molecule tiredness is terrible. He is seized with a magnetic tiredness, a terrible magnetic fatigue. Real voice is breathing. We tried to graft it onto other 0:54.054 media. In the body genres. A gold annihilation, that strange sun. Molecules split and draw border gold. A bodily intimacy that adopts the rhythm of the lungs draws more magnetic molecules towards their 0:59.288 annihilation. Fluids seem to race. Annihilation. His fluids wildly jumbled seem to race through his stomach have heralded a double death for Genre in general. His insides widely jumbled traced through his stomach. His insides seem to burst, to want to burst out body. Between his burst, between his

teeth: teeth slows down until it becomes teeth. His pulse slows down until it knows that you 1:10.296 know what is about to happen. It becomes a shadow, a latent pulse. 1:12.380 Pulse eats his shadow. It eases in and becomes a shadow. But more precisely on the fear of one's own body, latent pulse in accordance with time, in accordance with fever—the streaming over times. The 1:18.203 pulse beaten, growing heavy, m/y nails scrabble at the small stones and pebbles, deafening those eyes. You turn m/e inside out at the end of this transfiguration. Those eyes hear his pulse drawing first glaze at eyes. 1:24.222 Those holes swollen white. Haloes swallowing first white then glare. First holes swallowing back as charred unpeeled and black. And if poisoning all who enter her brick and mortar body. If black is charred, unpeeled, and cracked, it appeared and peered all hearing. Those hear his pulse beating groin. First white, then red panting tongues. In that hole's swollen panting tongue however, lurks a living, breathing, convoluted structure that is why all improvers of 1:36.163 our situation who merely concentrate on health are so petit bourgeois and odd. First white, then glazed. First white, then red, then black as charred and cracked, all heralding un-pre-read gold, then black and charred 1:41.799 if black. Your swollen neck gushing with poisoned milk. Soon the fluids speak subterranean. Holes swallowing holes. Soon the fluids furrowed like the earth. Like a volcano ingesting another breath, fire cones are formed at the 1:47.622 centre of each. Around them, the skin rises up and swaps. The skin rises up in blisters to turn it into an object body and blisters like air bubbles. These blisters are air like airy bubbles under a lava skin. However, it seems to be the case that the success of these genres is often measured by the degree to which the audience sensation mimics what is seen on screen. Underachiever's skin of lava. These 1:59.678 blisters are rings at maximum radiance. Outright the outer one, the pulse of the heart at each spot and 2:02.804 around them the skin rises up and swaps the skin as critically and theoretically it became a problematic. Radiance at 2:06.000 the edge of the bubo edge, inviting the outer edge of the bubo. The body is streamed with them just as volcano and it knows that you know it knows you know. A violent burning sensation localized in 2:12.055 one spat more often than not. I find your nose a part of your vulva your labia your clitoris. I am a glove in your hands. First volcano body is them. It will eventually be able to move 2:18.261 through the looking glass. The bubos appear under the armpits, contorted hallways, bathed in red and blue, at this precious place. Bubos appear around the anus, the raw fruit and vegetable brigade, around armpits, at these 2:24.075 precious places where the precious functions. Your breath is caught eating the inner child that from a cold mouth soars. Throughout these bubos the anatomy carries out either it is inner putrefaction, through inner petrification, 2:29.614 a machine body, a digital body, an ontophanic body, or in other cases the anatomy discharges through these bubos. A violent sensation is localised. Whether the mimicry is spat then not. Itself a violence localised; one spat more often in one spot. The life force has lost. The coursing of the blood through the text to the point that localised indications that the

life has none of its strength. Which more and more could 2:41.563 not bear its own weight, and, a cure might be possible and abatement of cure possible. The most terrible plague is one that does not disclose; and none of it 2:46.500 means a thing. How one controls and relates to it does not its 2:48.500 rage. I find your ears, one tibia then the other. Once open, a plague victim body exhibits lessons. Once-opened body. Plague both exhibits no body gently firmly inexorably holding m/y throat in your palm. The sticky black with bursting poison black liquid so dense it suggests blood. Gall bladder with waste is full. The gall bladder which filters heavier solid organic waste is full cut away from biological corruption. Sticky black gall bladder is stolen to bursting point into a spider-webbed abyss. With black liquid so dense it suggests the passionate herbivores' blood. It is also black, dense matter material: arterial and venial blood suggests new matter. In quick sharp gasps you get nor sleep nor rest, blood sticky, new body matter. Arterial sticky. The body is hard. The wall is hard as stone. On the walls is hard as stone. It returns to us now. The wall 3:12.318 is hard body is on the walls of the stomach. Membrane-stomach-membrane, countless blood sources and stomach have arisen and everything points to everything. Exact. A basic disorder in secretion but there is 3:17.571 neither loss nor destruction. We ask, whose breath is it anyway? – as in loss or syphilis. The intestines loosen themselves at the sight of the bloodless decider. Where matter and breaches are not in terms of audiences 3:23.662 and commerciality. From which the hardest matter must be a sharp knife. Hardest matter must be knife as if absurd instrument. Hard and glazed the instrument. Human sacrifice instrument. Body is as heard. The word is sticky as the cheapest 3:30.000 trick in the book. Hard and glazed and hypertrophied without an iota in places still intact without the once opened lesions. Intact without any loss or lapse of matter. I assemble you part by part. However in some cases the seasoned brain 3:36.688 and lungs blacken and become brain. Lungs blacken and become game and gangrenous. The softened, choked-up 3:39.288 lungs the softened black substance. You count the veins and the arteries. The brain fissure chopped up in 3:42.253 chops of unknown substance. And restituted to a synthetic universe of flux, the brain chips off the unknown crushed chips of substance. Distributed power is reduced to powder into a cold black lead dust. The softened chalked up 3:48.272 lungs fall in. Two notable observations made about facts: all this is a mockery compared with solid misery. The first is the plague syndrome is without any observation. The monster moving in you in his sport as a 3:54.500 horrifying, giant mandible. Complete gangrene in the lungs is the gangrene in the brain and the plague victim dies. In the brain. E.g., whether the spectator of the porn film actually orgasms without purification in his limbs. It was diffused without estimating the anatomy, localised gangrene does out the anatomy. Physical gangrene does not die. Does not need to decide to die, will still tense your muscles. Secondly, one notes that the 4:05.966 only organs affected and injured by the plague: the brain and the lungs by the separated skin edge to edge plague. The brain and the lungs are both dependent on consciousness

or 4:11.209 the will. We can stop on conciseness or the will. We retract them to one side, can stop breathing. Speed up on breath, induce breathing dependent on 4:15.581 will. Speed up any rhythm of thinking. Any rhythm of science, any rhythm we chose. The thinking making unconsciousness brings about a plan, a balance. Make it conscious (but this is an illusion) or unconsciousness. Make it automatic. A balance between both kinds of breathing. Under direct control the sympathetic nerve obeys each conscious mental reflex. The building not only pulses with warm 4:25.669 and cold blood but circulates fetid air as if breathing. We can also speed up, slow down, or accent our thoughts. Or even those who practise special breathing techniques, we can also speed up, speed up or accent also. We can regularly eat subconsciousness. We cannot/can control the filtering of the fluids by the liver. We control the fluids by the liver, a vehicle 4:36.000 for contamination. The redistribution of fluids by the hearts of the blood within river within anatomy. Hence, the plague seems in tears to make self present in the intestines. To make self-intestines. To have a liking for all that is physically known in liking. Where consciousness is at hand, human will in thought are at hand, or at a position to gulping, belching plug-hole occur. 4:46.328

The core of this text is an excerpt from *Theatre and the Plague*, by Antonin Artaud (1933). Its writing has been altered by sequences of manual dictation, stenography, autocorrect and repetition. Additional text materials from: Monique Wittig, Philip Brophy, Achile Mbembe, Linda Williams, Carolyn Shread, David Cronenberg, Brenda S. Gardenour Walter, Ernst Bloch, Aleister Crowley, Nicola Masciandro, and Saint Isidore of Seville. Breath indications map those of Mahalia Jackson in *Trouble of the World* (1958).

«Love Breaks»

SLOW READING CLUB

PERFORMANCE



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DE Slow Reading Club (SRC) ist eine halbfiktive Lesegruppe, die Ende 2016 von Bryana Fritz und Henry Andersen initiiert wurde. Seit 2017 hat die Gruppe eine Serie sich wiederholender Situationen inszeniert, die kollektives Lesen ermöglichen: Ein Heft mit gesammelten Texten wird ausgeteilt und dem anwesenden Publikum unter Berücksichtigung verschiedener Körperstellungen und Choreografien zum Lesen angeboten. SRC reflektiert, prüft und stört die ‚Leserschaft‘, um die Kontaktzonen zwischen Leser*in und Text, Text und Text, Leser*in und Leser*in wach zu kitzeln. Wenn Lesen eine Handlung ist, die aufgeführt wird, kann man sie dann auch choreografieren? Und könnten solche Choreografien einen Lese-Raum eröffnen, der jenseits der streng zweckdienlichen Definition von Lesen als Praxis des Um-zu-Verstehen liegt? Anlässlich der Tanznacht Berlin 2021 wird Slow Reading Club, begleitet von dem Komponisten und Autor Bill Dietz, einer Auswahl an Texten zu Repression, Grundbesitz und triebhaften Impulsen nachgehen.

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Slow Reading Club is a semi-fictional reading group initiated by Bryana Fritz and Henry Andersen in late 2016. Since 2017, the group has authored a series of iterative situations for collected reading, where a booklet of gathered text is portioned out and offered up for reading by an event's public according to a number of bodily postures and choreographies for reading. SRC looks at, probes, and interrupts 'readership' as a way of stimulating the contact zones between reader and text, text and text, reader and reader. If reading is an action that is performed, might it also be choreographed? And might such choreographies open up a space of reading beyond the strictly practical definition of reading-as-comprehension? For Tanznacht Berlin, Slow Reading Club are joined by composer and writer Bill Dietz, for a selection of texts touching on repression, real estate, and libidinal flows.

Slow Reading Club produziert Performances, Texte, Videos, Skulpturen und Druckerzeugnisse. Ihren ersten Auftritt hatte die Gruppe beim Kunsts Festival des arts 2017 in Brüssel im Rahmen des Abends ‚Before the Codes‘. Seitdem hat sie Performances und Ausstellungen in verschiedenen Zusammenhängen präsentiert.

Slow Reading Club produces performance, text, video, sculptural work and printed matter. They premiered at kunstfestival des arts 2017, in Brussels, as part of an evening entitled Before the Codes. Since then they have presented performances and exhibitions in a variety of contexts.

Bill Dietz ist Komponist, Autor und Mitvorsitzender der Bard MFA Sound Department. Seit 2003 lebt und arbeitet er in Berlin. Geboren 1983 in Bisbee, Arizona, nahe der US-Amerikanischen Grenze zu Mexiko, studierte er Komposition am New England Conservatory und Kulturwissenschaften an der University of Minnesota.

Bill Dietz is a composer, writer, and co-chair of the Bard MFA Sound Department. He has lived and worked in Berlin since 2003. Born in 1983 near the US/Mexican border in Bisbee, Arizona, he studied composition at the New England Conservatory and Cultural Studies at the University of Minnesota.