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FESTO FEST

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FESTO FEST is a festival of manifestos.

Public and personal festos from artists
and others will be displayed on the walls
of Northern-Southern gallery, January 7–9,
2022.

organized by
Ann Armstrong, Phillip Niemeyer, and Suzanne Wyss

The word “manifesto” formally came into the English language in the early 1600’s, via Italy, with its roots in the Latin word “manifestus,” meaning: clearly visible, public, conspicuous. Artist manifestos weren’t formally documented until the mid 1800’s. Festo Fest had its beginnings more recently. It grew out of a chance conversation between Phillip Niemeyer, Suzanne Wyss, and Ann Armstrong at a Co-Lab opening this past fall. The dialogue began around the topic of a land ethic and then veered into how intention setting often leads to manifestation.

Manifestos can reflect who you are and what you believe historically, and/or foreshadow what you want to become/embody/see in the world. Writing one is a way to get into your head and clarify your own musings. And then—it’s also nice to get out of your head and read other’s manifestations.

We like to think the further you put your manifesto out there (i.e. on a wall at Festo Fest) the more likely you are to embody, act on, or realize your festo.

Many thanks to all those who shared theirs!

—Ann Armstrong

Northern–Southern
5th St. b/w Brazos & San Jacinto
Austin

northern-southern.com
[@northernsouthern](https://www.instagram.com/northernsouthern)

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FESTOs

Adreon Henry
Alex Keller
Alicia Philley
Alyssa Taylor Wendt
Ann Armstrong
Annette D Carlozzi
Audrey Molloy
Barbara Purcell
Barry Stone
Bryan Metzdorf
Chad Rea
Charles Heppner
Christina Moser
Christopher Lee Kennedy
Christos Pathiakias
Darcie Book
Del Wieding
Emma C Schmidt
Emma Hadzi Antich
Eric Brehm
Given McClure de Sanchez
Goodluckhavefun
Hallie Rae Ward
Hannah Cole
Henry Smith
Igor Siddiqui

Jerome Pelitera
Josh Rosen
Jules Buck Jones
Juliet Whitsett
Liz Rodda
Lydia Garcia
Madeline Irvine
Marcie Walker
Meredith Miller
Michael Hambouz
Naomi Schlinke
Nicole Sara Simpkins
Oliva Iris
Owòlabi Aboyade & Bridget Frances Quinn
Patrick Wyss
Phillip Niemeyer
Preetal Shah
Seth Daulton
Sono Osato
Sonya Gonzales
Spencer Cook
Stella Alesi
Suzanne Wyss
Ted Carey
Vanessa Gelvin
Wayne Alan Brenner




ART

is

GOD

is

SEX

A black dog is captured mid-jump in a snowy field. The dog is on the left side of the frame, its body arched as it moves towards the right. The background is a vast, white, snow-covered landscape. In the distance, a ski lift with several gondolas is visible against a pale sky. A few trees are scattered in the far background. The overall scene is bright and wintry.

DOWN WITH GRAV ITY!

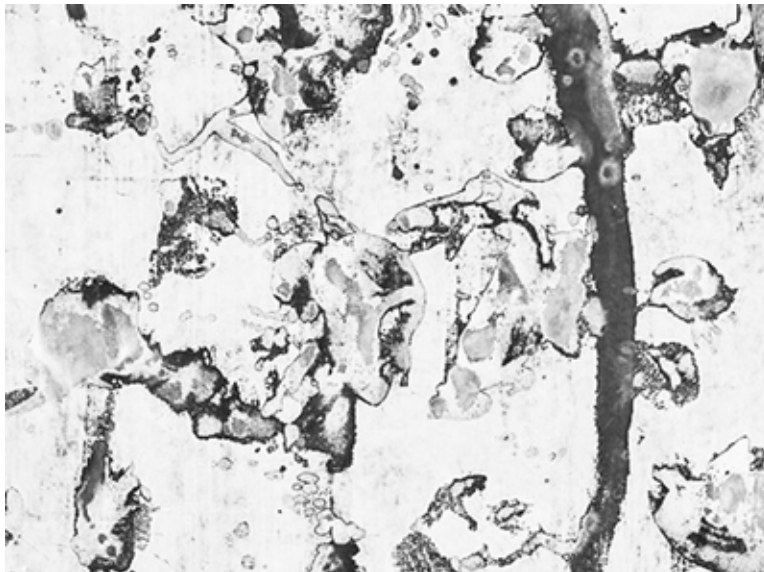
guidelines regarding the making of art:

Recognize the holy quality of matter as it disintegrates
into the ground.

Make a new whole out of what has come apart.

Tell yourself that you are building a rocket ship into
another world.

Be heedless because nothing real is at stake.



*From Fear extract the poisonous.
What remains is the excitement of
embracing the unexpected.*



2022 Haiku

Let the warm wave wash
over you, onto the shores
Of endemic bliss



Welcome Protocol

Attunement breathing

Consult the land

Bring your attention to your feet

Who else shares this ground with you?

Breath with the land

and let the land breath with you

Level change, turn yourself 360 degrees

Who is governing who?

Take a photo of the land and beings who welcomed you, and upload to www.multispecies.care

Environmental Performance Agency (2021)

Manifesto of a sound artist

Explore the tension between organic and inorganic sounds.

Focus on austerity, intensity, delicacy, sparseness, tension, and relentlessness.

Employ alchemy and ritual to locate and create meaning.

Avoid obvious or easy solutions or techniques, while embracing simplicity.

Given more than two speakers, never have the same sound in more than one simultaneously.

Find hidden sound worlds and expose them.

Explore our soundscapes, from the pristine to the anthropocene.

Use a microscope, not a wide angle lens, to capture and explore sounds in detail.

Make and explore sounds with tools designed for another purpose.

Use professional techniques and tools for documentation and reproduction at the highest possible fidelity.

Learn new disciplines with each new piece to deepen understanding, and inform future work.

Commit to an aesthetic for every piece, and break it if necessary.

5 January 2021

I envision a future where I once again trust my instincts
I was born with good ones

I ate food that nourished me.
Like pecans from our back yard tree
 free nutrition plus
 exercise gathering and shelling them.

I learned from my immediate environment.
Like not everyone loves all flowers
 because some are onion blossoms
 they don't smell sweet
 but to me that was part of their allure.

I relished the changing seasons.
Like Fall, that crunchy, golden relief from the heat
 and even though my sister said it was stupid
 to jump in a leaf pile because
 it was just more work
 I did it again and again.

I tried new things just for fun.
Like the time I biked as fast as I could down the big hill
 my brother said I couldn't do it
 that I would crash and hurt myself
 but I whizzed down it
 wind blowing through my hair
 heart pounding with the rush of adrenaline.

I used to believe that plants and animals could talk to us
 mostly they just wanted to be fed or played with or left alone.
 It felt good to hear them. even if I didn't always understand

I used to dream about starting my own religion
 so that as a female I could claim some space and have a voice.
 It seemed like the only way to survive. emotionally and physically

I used to want to know everything about people, history, science, the world, myself
 even though I had no idea how to define what everything meant.
 It felt thrilling to be on a quest for meaning. now it keeps me alive

I envision a future when I trust my instincts, when
eating learning
relishing trying
believing dreaming
and wanting
are freed from the judgments and worries of others

I trust my good instincts.

When words fail me

I paint

When asked to explain what I've made

Words fail me

I want to share what I've learned
To be a guide through a world I'm still discovering

But where is the Rosetta Stone for
color and a sensation
illusion and reality
the time of waiting and then acting?

It is hard
and I try

Because in the trying, I create more time

To paint

2022 PUBLIC EMANATIONS FOR ATW

Alyssa Taylor Wendt

“Suffering is part of our training program for becoming wise.”

-Ram Dass

After a tumultuous year for the world in crisis and for myself, personally, I am so dearly hoping for change. In this, however, I do wonder whether this is not an escape, an avoidance, a nonreality, a reset button, a remote exorcism whose existence is merely a manifestation alone.

With this, I hereby wish for us all: the agency to manifest, to futurecast, to speculate, to annihilate, to broadcast and to be silent. Scars present as the armor, the makeup, the drag, the emotional curtain.

And though words are no substitute for the human presence, here are some apropos words for this new year, this manifested calendar to bless us with manmade fresh starts. These are they which grabbed me by the throat and continue to press into the jugular of my present moment, making sure there is still a pulse.

“The lamenting minor key verses giving way to the thrilling major key chorus is
like the roof lifting off a prison.”

-Jim Lewis

“We walk with sensitive filaments that drink avidly of past and future, and all things melt
into music and sorrow, we walk against a united world, asserting our dividedness.”

-Henry Miller

“Bereft of memory, a person becomes the prisoner of an illusory existence; falling out of time,
he (or she) is unable to seize his link with the outside world.”

-Andrei Tarkovsky

“There is nothing noble in being superior to your fellow (wo)man; true nobility is being superior to
your former self.” -Hemingway

“We have art so that we shall not die of reality.”

-Friedrich Nietzsche

“This thing of darkness; I acknowledge mine.”

-William Shakespeare

BEAUTY IN THE DARKNESS, CREATE POETRY OUT OF CHAOS AND TO RULE WITH SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE. THIS I, ALYSSA TAYLOR WENDT, DO ASPIRE TO MEET ON THE PATH 2022
TO CELEBRATE BEING FREE FROM NEED, TO DELIGHT IN DETAIL AND TO ALLOW YOURSELF TO LOVE WITHOUT JUDGMENT, DOUBT OR EXPECTATION. MORE CLOSELY THAN EVER BEFORE.
TO REMEMBER OTHERS AS YOU FLY AND SINK, TO OBSERVE AND LISTEN
PASSION AND FORECASTS. THE GAUNTLET OF MANIFEST HEREBY BE THROWN! I DARE YOU ALL TO FIND CONTENTMENT IN PRESENCE, TO RESIST PROGRAMMING, TO LEAVE NO REGRETS IN YOUR WAKE, TO LEAVE NO
FUTURE OR THE GHOSTS THEREOF. ARISE FROM THESE ASHES, ARMY OF PHOENICIA! NOW IS THE TIME FOR RISK, ABUNDANCE, TO LEAVE NO
PARTNERING AND ARSENALS OF EXPERIENCE. WE ALL HAVE HELD SPACE FOR TRAUMA, BE IT PART, FUTURE OR THE GHOSTS THEREOF. ARISE FROM THESE ASHES, ARMY OF PHOENICIA! NOW IS THE TIME FOR RISK, ABUNDANCE, TO LEAVE NO
FORGING FROM THE INSIDE OF SELF-INHERITANCE, SELF-PROCESS OF THE FROM WITHIN, CARRYING ELEMENTS OF SELF-INHERITANCE, BE IT PART, FUTURE OR THE GHOSTS THEREOF. ARISE FROM THESE ASHES, ARMY OF PHOENICIA! NOW IS THE TIME FOR RISK, ABUNDANCE, TO LEAVE NO
AS MAKERS WE MUST SHOW THE

CAR WASH

- ▶ Powerful cleaners lift away dirt and road grime
- ▶ Thick foaming action cleans without stripping wax



Plant a garden.

CAR WASH
THIS ONE IS OKAY

3.89

25464

Sonya Gonzales

A Social Treatise on the Arts in a Time of Universal Dis/ease

by Audrey Molloy

- I. Arts organizations, institutions, and creative practitioners are not anonymous, abstracted entities operating independently from the complexities and historical contexts in which they are situated—try though some might. We must collectively invite in and uphold the expertise and interests within and throughout our communities, and to foster relationships and sustainable partnerships that embody a diversified vision of our creative future-publics.
- II. This is the role of art: to communicate meaning; to navigate the complexity and intersections of our shared existence with others; to innovate new ways of being in and with the world.
- III. It is a habitual fallacy of colonialist-settler thought that certain regions, neighborhoods, towns, and communities are devoid of or missing arts and cultural assets. This mythology of emptiness and misconception of rurality reinforces a type of expansionist and aesthetic logic whereby an empty or seemingly barren site must be filled and/or made enriched by an external explicator. It is a precarious framework often perpetuated through and by dominant arts and cultural practitioners. We must actively oppose and critique these machinations of deception; rich arts and cultural practices exist universally, discursively.
- IV. Routine emphasis on artistic practices involved in the production and display of physical and/or visual objects reifies and replicates the values of capitalism. We must consciously aim to celebrate aural, spatial, sensorial, tactile, kinesthetic, participatory, impermanent, and other intersectional forms and concepts of creative practice(s) and meaning-making.
- V. Reject notions of artistic excellence. This is an entirely subjective and Eurocentric method of evaluating or confirming the creative aptitude and/or quality of an individual's creative expression. Further, there is nothing particularly interesting or excellent inherent to an artistic endeavor that aligns with or approximates codified standards of the dominant culture.
- VI. Social or popular opinion is algorithmically engendered (has no basis in the real) and is designed to perpetuate supremacy.
- VII. The signs, symbols, and aesthetic trends recurrent in contemporary visual arts and culture are increasingly synonymous with the built digital environments and interstitial methods of communication we employ to engage and conduct business, leisure, entertainment, and labor. We must actively and critically interrogate tendencies towards a spectacle of homogeneity as it relates to methods of curation, discourse, and display.
- VIII. Do not conflate the identity of an individual author or artist with the content(s) of an artwork; this is a simplistic and myopic interpretation that prioritizes singular artistic genius over aesthetic, material, or ideological considerations.
- IX. Compensate artists, teaching artists, culture bearers, and cultural workers appropriately for their expertise, especially youth; this is less a matter of economic vitality than it is a means of conveying value, making visible conditions of labor, and disrupting hierarchies of power.
- X. Take care—of people, ideas, communities, shared spaces, critical conversations, creative communication, novel forms of artistic innovation, and shared values.

The general aesthetic response and then wish to convince themselves for doing nothing is more disjointed than the choice between the moon and cherries.

This manifesto was created in the manner information science pioneer Claude Shannon devised to illustrate that information is fundamentally probabilistic. This insight was integral to the invention of computer science, contemporary search engines, and machine learning. To do this, Shannon crafted mostly coherent sentences by first choosing a word at random in a single book. Shannon then would flip ahead to find another instance of the same word and then place the word following it as the next word in his sentence. *

I assembled my manifesto from the historically significant manifestos below.

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Manifesto assembled by Barry Stone 12/28/2021

BE FOR • TACTILE THOUGHT • HOLES IN THE GROUND •
 • OWN YOUR IS • FLOAT • GIVE MORE • MORE GIVE •
 • CREATE WITH • LOOK FOR LIGHT • SMOOTHER TRANSITIONS • DAY
 • BUILD IT • ASYMMETRY • ESTABLISH CONNECTIONS • LOSE
 • TIME TRAVEL • SMOOTH SEES • FILL IN THE BLANK •
 • AFTER THOUGHT • THIS AND THAT • SUBREAL •
 • LOVE • SATISFY EYES • KEEP TURNING • TAKE
 • BE QUIET • JOIN • BE HERE OR THERE •
 • FIND IT • VOLUME • OBJECT
 • ASK • HARVEST TIME •
 • UNKNOWN • ESSENTIAL •
 • FOUR SEVEN •
 • HERE • TRANSLATE •
 • INCORPORATE • FEEL MORE •
 • DENSATION • STRANGE WAYS • A
 • CHANGE POSITION • SIDE BY SIDE •
 • REPETITION •
 • MAKE IT • VISUAL CON
 • RIGHT PLACE AND TIME •
 • ATTRACT ATMOSPHERE •
 • PLAY • TWENTY
 • SHARE SUN •
 • CROSS BORDERS •
 • LANGUAGE NOT WORDS •
 • TUNE IN •
 • CONTROL LESS •
 • FEED YOU • BIRD SOUNDS • INSIDE OUT •
 • HEALTH WEALTH • CHANGE SPACE • DREAM
 • BABY • USE IT • SYNTHESIZE • WILD PEACE • CONDUCTIVE MOOD
 • OWN TECHNOLOGY • RIDE WAVES • HELP THEM •
 • SPREAD OUT • WEIGH WORDS •

**PAY
ATTENTION
ASK
QUESTIONS
DO YOUR
BEST**

**DO
GOOD
HAVE
FUN
MAKE
MONEY**

**GET
HEALTHY
FALL IN
LOVE AGAIN
MAKE MORE
GIVE MORE
ASK FOR
HELP**

How I art.

When I see the flowing limbs of the London Planetree, the American Elm and the stately Burr Oak the sound of beauty hums her song to me. The pure saturated colors of the plumage of a bird, a butterfly wing, a flower petal catapult my synaptic activity into surrendering to beauty. Driving through the hills at the rosy-fingered dawn, riding my bike by a mottled green expanse or walking a path in a forest with electric cyan blues piercing the verdant canopy, these are in my library of memories when I had been filled with the understanding of beauty. The elegance of a gentle hand in repose, a confident eye, the slopes and curves of shadows made by our bodies embrace my passion in the belief in the beauty of humanity's ability to celebrate its existence. The pale ochres and dried greens of the peeling bark of eucalyptus trees and a muted purple found in the sky during an orange sunset are recast in my memories as a moment of transcendence to the ether of beauty. See...feel...contemplate...declare.

January 2022

A Manifesto for Urban Photography

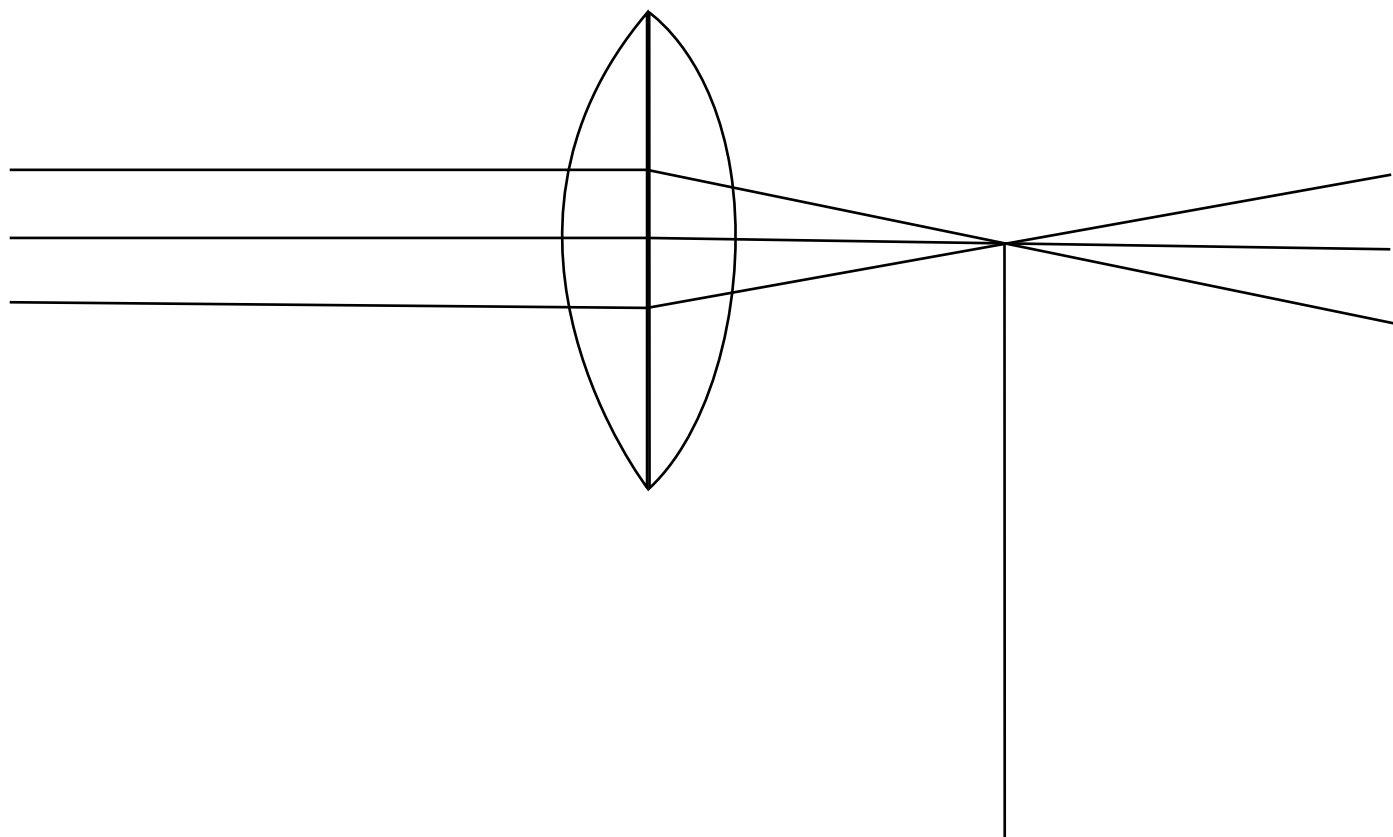
If you want a photo of the capitol,
 buy a postcard.
If you want a photo of the UT tower,
 buy a postcard.
If you want a photo of the Pennybacker Bridge,
 buy a postcard.
If you want a selfie at the “I love you so much” mural
 at Jo’s
 on SoCo,
just get coffee at your local Starbucks
 in Plano
 or Sugar Land`
 or FloMo.

Take the bus! your car is killing the planet.
Take an alley to get to the bus stop.
Take a desire line to your destination.
Take note of the vast, deserted parking lots along the way.

Take a camera.

The city is constantly
 constructed
 appended
 rewritten
 redacted
 edited
the seams show in the space in between.

Frame those.



**AN IDEA IS NOT ART
YOU MUST STILL DO THE WORK TO MAKE IT REAL
ONLY THEN CAN
YOU CLAIM IT AS AN ACHEIVMENT**

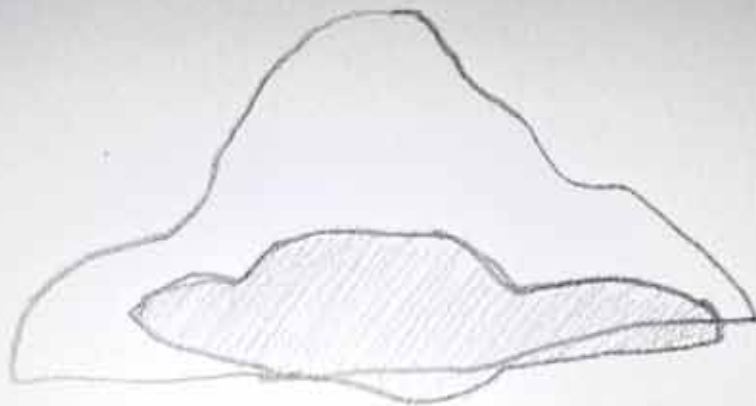


FINISH ONE OF THESE PROJECTS



You are like the ocean.

At the depths there is always a
stillness you can return to, no matter
how fierce the storm or large the
waves at the surface.



Some symbols that come up as I meditate
on hopes for our greater community—

lightness/change

protection

stability

Also: abundance is limitless. Let's create
opportunities for one another out of love. Don't buy
into the narrative of competition as the only way.

Xfesto BE! HAVE! BEHAVE

not answers.
now questions
Of everyday life
where the opressions
under normalcy
lay hidden implied
in our assumed routine.
do we become commodities

Confusing the rewards
of complacency
with acceptance
and correctness.

Can we make art

that sees the meat grinder of culture?

Xfesto

DDDDDD

EEEEEE

LLLLLL

20
32

Del Wieding

Sobre todas las cosas escritas en el universo.

Si Dios es el universo infinito expandiéndose hacia todas partes, la luz que está en todas las regiones sin ningún centro definido con un límite inexistente; que podría hacerme pensar que tú y que yo no somos luz brillando en el universo.

Las estrellas no son diminutas, se parecen a ese latido justo debajo de tu esternón que escucho cada noche. La fuerza que hay en ese lugar que también es un centro infinito nos hace saber que estamos vivos.

El amor como el universo es una insaciable reserva de deseos que en diferentes tiempos y lugares no dejan de incrementarse.

Pero, ¿qué cosa ocurre primero? ¿Dios, la luz, tus ojos, el amor o la ansiedad de saber? Palabras que no se dicen, que se piensan, que no se pueden nombrar por aún no existir en nuestra lengua. Lo que ven tus ojos al amanecer, lo que piensan ellos al mirar al cielo, lo que miran mis ojos y solo ver la luz que proviene de sol sobre tu piel.

Sería más fácil pensar en la Tierra como el centro del universo, tú en el centro de ella y los distintos cielos hechos a mano por ti. Pero ciertamente cada uno de nosotros es la luz y dueño de sus propios cielos, sus universos y los comparte con otros para enamorarse en este espacio y tiempo que en realidad no es específico y solo es un relato ficticio de nuestras necesidades y necesidades que tiene el amor de ser lo único que nos motiva a ser.

Y nuestros otros universos de sueños, en esos donde a veces llegas, otros donde tu ausencia hace largos ratos oscuros y en silencio, también los disfruto; aceleran mi ansia de encontrarte, el mismo deseo de querer volver.

Si el universo, si Dios, la luz, el centro indefinido, no funcionan sin la concepto amor. La lengua nos permite llamarle pero no conceptualiza de forma definida. El hombre siempre tuvo la necesidad de hacer las cosas más grandes y si Dios o el universo nos dejó ser luz, nos permitió también hacer esto lo aún más grande que él mismo universo y mayormente inexplicable a lo que hemos nombrado **Amor**.

Personal Guide for 2022 :

- Create some art in secret
[NOT TO BE SHOWN]
- Be intentional at slowing down
- Don't take myself too seriously
- Be Outside as much as possible
- Collaborate more - ideas
grow in fiction
- Take time off to fully check out
[NO OBLIGATIONS]

These are stolen words from Georgia O'Keeffe:

Whether you succeed
or not is irrelevant,
there is no such thing.

Making your unknown
known
is the important thing.

Centering Oneself

“preparing to throw”

Imagine yourself unraveling

twisting, spinning, spiraling

—

think of the circle
beginning at one point, and returning

be here

—

breathe in
breathe out



all the while the circle spins

—

Imagine yourself centered

stable, steady, immovable

breathe in
breathe out

When we first hatched the idea of exhibiting artwork in our garage, we drew up a list of names to call our project. We chose Goodluckhavefun because it set the tone we wanted — it serves as a mantra, a kind of four word manifesto.

“Good luck, have fun” can be shortened to GLHF, which is something that gamers will enter into the chat at the beginning of a new match. It is a ritual that encourages a positive mindset and can also serve as an acknowledgement that luck plays a role, that not everything is skill based, and that winning isn’t everything.

We want to enter into 2022 with an addition to our mantra of Good Luck, Have Fun, that will also help to cultivate a certain mindset. We’re going with another short and sweet mantra that will stick easily in the mind.

That mantra is “Turn toward the sun” — a short message capable of broadcasting a multitude of meanings (we also like being able to rhyme fun with sun, because don’t they go together so well?).

Every day the sun rises and sets and it provides a spectacle for us to enjoy. Every day we have a regular opportunity to witness this phenomenon.

For 2022, we are making a point to see as many sunrises and sunsets as we can. We are going to take these opportunities as a reminder to be present in the current moment.

A passage from the novel *The Morning Star* by Karl Ove Knausgaard captures this idea perfectly. The author describes a dark pink sunset over Kristiansand, in his native Norway: “The setting was wild and beautiful. Actually, everyone should be in the streets, I thought, cars should be stopping, doors should be opened and drivers and passengers emerging with heads raised and eyes sparkling with curiosity and a craving for beauty, for what was it that was going on above our heads?”

We’re overly aware of the various crises facing us daily. And we will continue to do what we can to individually and collectively work on these problems. But by regularly turning toward the sun we are going to remind ourselves to be aware, present, curious, and to search for the beautiful no matter the circumstances.

HOW BAD DO I WANT IT?

THE GOOD HEALTH,
THE FINIANCIAL WEALTH,
THE LOVE OF MY LIFE,
FOR MY PASSIONS TO TAKE FLIGHT,
TO BE SURROUNDED BY FRIENDS,
TO BE SURROUNDED BY FAMILY,
TO TRAVEL THIS WORLD AS IF THERE IS NO GRAVITY,
TO HAVE A PEP IN MY STEP AND DANCE ALL NIGHT ON A BALCONY.

MY MINDSET IS SET!
MY DISCIPLINE IS READY TO SWEAT!
KEEP MOVING WITH LOVE!
KEEP MOVING AND HAVING FUN!
STAY GROUNDED IN GRATITUDE.
BE AT PEACE WITH THE PACE,
EYES WIDE OPEN, READY TO TAKE ON, & ELEVATE!

HOW BAD DO I WANT IT?

Be the light in the darkness.

I was born on the darkest day of the year.

In those difficult years of adjustment after art school, it was easy to fall into conversations about how corrupt the art world is. And it's true that there are people in the art world who engage in shitty behavior. But I found that spending my time in conversations like that actually dampened my love for a thing I find to be pure--my love of art itself. And I also found that those conversations were contagious, and they encouraged everyone around me to be cynical.

When I think of who I'm excited to talk to, it's people who are Doing Things--who have enough hope to keep making their work, putting it out there, reaching out to people, and trying to make a difference. This is also contagious. But it's a contagion that makes the world better.

So I avoid people who are too negative, and I vow to keep art itself sacred even when the nest that contains it can be gross. And I choose to associate only with people I find ethical, and to do work I believe in, whether it's in style at the moment or not. This attitude has served me well.

I'm not naïve. The world has darkness. But what you focus on grows. Focusing on the light expands the light.

These days this project feels harder than ever, but also more important. If you've ever been around me when someone makes a comment about how "everyone" is corrupt or "no one" is doing anything about this or that problem, it means you've seen me flip out. Because everyone?

Sentences like that inflame me because they gloss over the good and the people working hard to do good when it is harder than ever to do it.

After these hard and terrible last years, I'm doubling down on being the light.

Instead of focusing so hard on solving problems, spend more time in gratitude for what is already good.

Switch to a better business bank account

Connect with more people who light me up. People who are Doing Things.

Learn more about cryptocurrency, NFTs and DAOs.

Get more rest.

Have more fun.

Become a better leader.

Start a podcast.

EXPLORE YOUR SUBJECTIVE GROUND

TEN SUBJECTIVE GROUND EXPLORATIONS FOR 2022

1.

Place a small pebble in your left shoe and put both shoes on. Walk around until you can no longer take the irritation. As you take your shoes off, to take your mind off the discomfort, daydream of a different place.

2.

Find a long incline, indoors or outdoors. Get to the bottom of it and start walking up, backwards. After you get to the top, facing the bottom of the slope, run down and feel free. Repeat as many times as it feels good.

3.

Dig a hole in the ground of any size that you prefer. Place a secret inside the hole, as large or small as can fit in the hole. Cover your secret with loose soil. Find a way to mark the exact spot of the hole, so that you can return to your secret when the time comes.

4.

Spend a whole day barefoot. Afterwards, reflect upon the choices that you made as a consequence.

5.

Choose any part of your body, other the soles of your feet, to make contact with the ground. Without your feet touching the ground, move as far as you can. Measure the distance.

6.

At home, find a comfortable place to sit with feet touching the floor. Concentrate on the skin of your soles and become aware of what lies beneath, layer by layer (socks, shoe sole, carpet, subfloor, etc.). Use your knowledge and imagination; go as deep as you can into the earth. Make a drawing with all the layers of materials and space that you came up with.

7.

Next time you are in a conversation and have the urge to stand your ground, tilt it slightly. See what happens.

8.

Pick a beloved inanimate object and contemplate its material relationship to the ground throughout its lifecycle, past, present, and future. Identify any regrets.

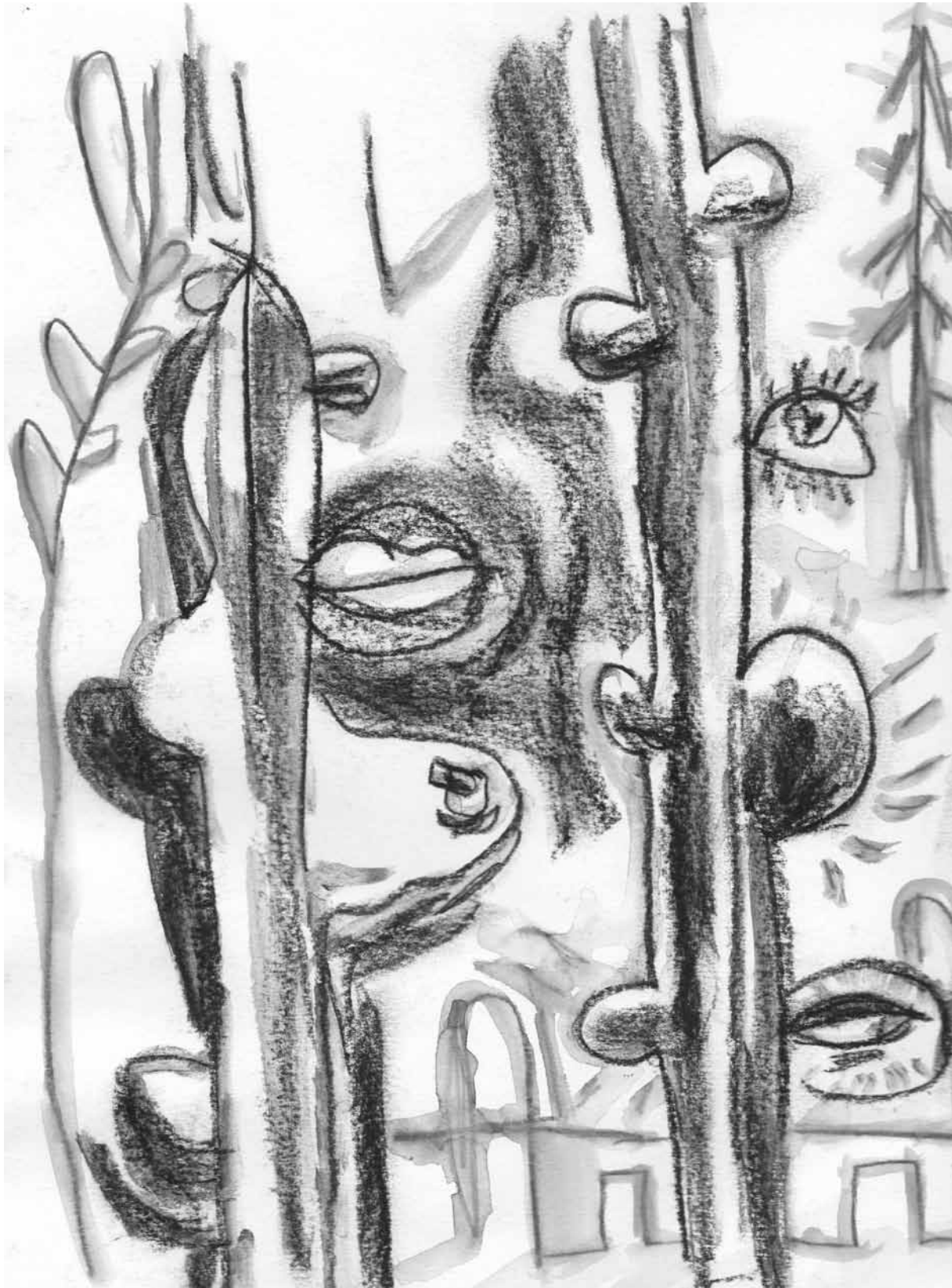
9.

Spend a whole day counting your every step manually (not using a digital device). Tally the results and also, separately, make a list of all else you did that day.

10.

Imagine a world without furniture; then, furnish the ground with new ideas so that it is livable.

...



*Tend my Garden, Grow it well. Nourish it's Viewers and
its creator*

Jerome Pelitera

Ur-Marifesto

Ur-appropriated by Josh Ronsen 2022

Where in the First Part of the First Parts

Only Carnibalism unites us Now that Postmodernism is dead and we're in the process of really burying it, something else is starting to take hold in the Cultural Imagination and I propose that we call this new phenomenon Avant Pop. At its congress at Stuttgart and Copenhagen the International formulated for the Proletariat of all countries these Guiding Principles for the Struggle Against War – Racism and Capitalism have trampled the potential of Black People in this country and thwarted their self-determination. BITCH is an organization that does not exist. Linux is subversive. Markets are conversations. The dissolution of Western Classical Culture is a Phenomenon that can be understood only against the background of a Social Evolution which can end in the Total Collapse of a Principled Society thousands of years old and its replacement by a System whose Laws are based on the immediate demands of Human Vitality. Here, Gentle Reader, you shall find incorporated in our Confession thirty-seven Reasons of Purpose and Intention which according to thy Reason thou mayest seek out and compare together, considering within thyself thy beseechment to lure thee On the eve of the Dissolution I take the Liberty of recalling to your minds the considerations which in my judgment, should weigh with you in the needs of your Rights as Votes during the next few weeks. A Spider is haunting the Modern World, the Spider of Cypto-Anarchy. Digitize the world. We are those, the Different. Privacy is necessary for an Open Society in the Electronic Age. Dada is a new tendency in Art. Emergence of a word – Dada – which has brought journalists to the gates of a void unforeseen – is of no importance to us. The signatories of this Manifesto have, under the battle cry DADA!!!! gathered together to put forward a new Art from which they expect the realization of new laws. An Artist should not lie to himself. For Others We're the Original Peoples of this land and know the Creator put us here. We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. We have nothing to do with Literature – but We are quite capable, when necessary, of making good. It like anyone else. Political independence is the best, the indispensable lever for an authentic National Revolution. I will never imitate Nature and Beauty, because I'd never rob me of my own Ave – what else do I live for? Although the Rule World here with will be but little peace, but rather smile and so – threat – We want to respond to the Provocation that the established order constitutes. We had stayed up all night, my friends and I, under hanging moss, lamps with domes of liged brass, domes star like our Spirits, shirking like them with the prisoned radiance of Electric Hearts. eRepleant the Messiahs of modern day Robin Hoods. You are very old – we is a bubble speaking the world, the bubble of abstraction. eTime has come for widespread recognition of the Radical Changes in religious beliefs throughout the modern world. Humanism is a progressive philosophy of life that – without supernaturalism – a measure of responsibility to lead Ethical Lives of Personal Fulfillment that aspire to the greater good of humanity. We will not go mad. Existing framework. An artist should not lie to the new Human Force that is rising day by day alongside the resistible Development of technology and the dissatisfaction of its possible uses in our Senses. Social Life. Only Anthropology unites us. Individuals and Interactions over Processes and Tools. As Democratic Socialists our aim is to build an independent Socialist Canada. e rapidly receding Millennium. e a unique Cultural Opportunity. Today when Europe is covered with Debris and Smoking Ruins, the worst pyromaniacs in history are busy seeking out the criminal responsible for the war. e history of all the heretofore existing society is the history of Class Struggles. DADA is our identity – the Internet is becoming an increasingly important part of our lives. America has sexing ground, but it especially hates organs, the prime of the experience. We mankind are making an experience that is important for us both individually and collectively. In *On Community*, a recent pamphlet on Gustav Landauer, Larry Garbner suggested the need for an "Anti-political Movement" to demand the State, in order to diminish the state to Non-Statist Alternatives. We aim to replace the present Capitalist System, with its inherent injustice and inhumanity, by a Social Order from which the Domination and Exploitation of one class by another will be diminished, in which Economic Planning will supersede Unregulated Private Enterprise and Competition, and in which genuine Democratic Self-Government, based upon Economic Equality will be possible. First of all, we think the World must be changed. We seem to live in the State of Variety, where we are not Truly Living but only in appearance. In Unity is our Life – in one We are from one divided. We are no longer. e Avant Garde is no corpus. In the Tragic Situation which confronts Humanity, We feel that Scientists should assemble in conference to appraise the perils that have arisen as a result of the development of Weapons of Mass Destruction, and to discuss a Revolution in the Spirit of the appended draft. e Urban Revolution of 1989 was a broadly based Nationalist Revolution against a corrupt government. In societies where Modern Conditions of production prevail, all of life presents itself as an immense Accumulation of Spectacles. e battle of Turin has remained legendary. Seeing that today Artists are only consensual Public Entertainers or Artistic Directors for Advertising Agencies – the Industrial Revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the Human Race. We fear for the Life of this planet, our Earth, and the Life of our children who are our Human Future. We do gaze the marvels of the online world.

Where in the Last Part of the Last Parts

Your Readers may cease to Trust you if they discover even once that you do gild – or do it to make a – the Source of an Article they might have evaluated differently had they been given all the facts. We know there is a healthy Sensible Lying way to live and we intend to live that way in our Neighborhoods and on our Farms in these United States and among our Sisters and Brothers in all the countries of the world. is a Signicant Question to which his is an sought to give their Attention. etak is immense – but this truism – the unimpaired and absolute Right to say – is no longer so today with regard to the Nude since Artists do so with the Desire to expose the bodies of their mistresses have transformed the Salons into a Array of Unwholesome Flesh. is possible only where individuals are directly linked to Universal History – only where Dialogue aims itself to make it so and conditions victorious. is will be the Last Act of their rapacious and cavern system. If you can do so, they will open to a new Paradise – if you cannot, they lie before you, the risk of Universal Death. Capitalism for good or ill is the River in which we sink or swim, and so the market. Is important and has better notes as any body, for nobody, in time will be able to escape its Conclusions. e Passions have been suddenly interpreted – the point now is to discover new ones. Emergency measures, however, are of only Temporary Value for the present depression is a sign of the World Sickness of the whole Capitalist System – this sickness cannot be cured by the application of salves. e burden of proof would be on the one party, rather than the accused. We all need each other. After all, how does this place as a Material Image of the Future come about? Magnifying the public sphere. The speed of the Internet is an Important Goal, worthy of time attention and commitment. Be We do not agree with them, for Artists is serious – I assure you – and if We reveal the times as to show that We are learned and undulators it is to please you. Dear Audience I assure you, and I abey you. e have a void to win. Wakes of the World United. Not just yet. Victory lies in joining the Struggle. at is while there is value in the tension on the Right, we value the tension on the Left more. Against Social Reality, dress and oppressive, registered by Freud, reality without complexes, without madness, without prostitutions and without the prisons of the patriarchy of Probrana. We will lose ourselves in the Garden of Eden!!! Such are our goals, and these will be the future goals of Humanity. e responsibility for our lives and the kind of world in which We live is ours and ours alone. We must set intelligence and will to the task. We seek to permeate Existing States with a new State of Existence, spreading the seeds of an alternative practice of Everyday Life. e are not Radical Ideas, they are just an acknowledgment of necessary changes in how We live our day to day lives, how We operate on every level, from the individual all the way to the individual planet. is would be an allusion to Rumor, so why Pierre Trudeau was still single at his Age. Erect on the summit of the World once again. We hurl de ance to the Stars. Explain the political action – for example, through Trade Relations, formation of a Political Committee for the defense of Political Prisoners, communiqués in the newspapers, demanding of newspapers the reading of communiqués by the Information Service, that are currently boycotted, denouncing the monopoly of Information by occupations and other means, cultural demonstrations of the "guerrilla theatre" type, training of Militants etc. Also our building – although one hundred thousand People had very near seen and heard the same – shall forever remain untouched, undestroyed, and hidden to the Wicked World. While trading the Awesome White Speak of an insect making its way, build your beauty mark and through the nebulous my left arm tickling me lightly as I was scribbling this. e necessities of this Action will oblige the Partisans to surpass themselves and to idealize the realization of the Revolution. It is a Cry of the Mind turning back on itself, and it is determined to break apart its fetters, even if it must be by Material Hammer. And for the support of this Declaration with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our Sacred Honor. e Rights and Responsibilities given to us by the Creator cannot be taken or taken away by any other Nation. To be against this Manifesto is to be a Dadaist. Freedom – DADA DADA DADA – arising of Tense Colors and interlacing of opposites and of all contradictions grotesques, is considered – LIFE. e funeral is the Artist's last Art Piece before leaving. e Word gentlemen is a Public Concern of the First Importance. Let us proceed together. e space. We build our Community, Art, Life, and the World are becoming increasingly meaningful. e Rise. you have nothing to lose but your badly wired reflexes. But in maintaining our own rights and joining in the arts of our allies to spread secure tranquility. We shall be approaching a Task of which it is difficult to overrate the complexity. Yea, it shall be so far from him who thinks to be a partner of our riches against the Will of God that he shall, sooner or later, lose his life in seeking us, than attain happiness by doing us. Come into Birmingham or less unawares, in line with the Laws of Dialectical New Consciousness will follow. But we are not waiting. Perhaps in the end the Open Source culture will triumph not because cooperation is morally right or software "hoarding" is morally wrong, but simply because the commercial world cannot win an Evolutionary Arms Race with Open Source Communities that can put orders of magnitude more skilled time in a problem. Nothing whatsoever. I maintain that the True Liberation of Black People depends on their Rejection of their inferiority of women, the Rejection of competition as the only viable Relationship between men, and the Rejection of respect for great Human Potential in whatever form – man, child or woman – it is conceived. To the Capitalist World of Exploitation and Mass Murder, oppose in this way the proletarian world of Peace and Fraternity of Peoples. e Future of Fiction is now as We i's most active practitioners automatically unwrite it. Against Social Reality, dress and oppressive, de real by Freud – in reality we are Complex, we are Crazy, we are prostitutes and without prisons of the Probrana patriarchy.

Josh Ronsen

BE:

strong,
brave,
determined,
protective,
bold,
compassionate,
proactive,
prolific,
adventurous,
generous,
thankful,
thoughtful,
better
grateful
here
there
fair.

TRY:

patience,
softness,
sweetness,
tenderness,
slowing down,
breathing,
new things,
old things,
stretching,
routines,
exercising,
learning,
harder,
my best.

STAY:

loose,

fun,

free,

playful,

productive,

friendly,

open,

busy,

curious,

encouraging,

helpful,

gentle,

focused,

true,

real.

PLAY

Sometimes it has to be serious. So serious- this play.

Because it leads to growth. Like- serious-serious growth.

STUCK? Get outside. Move. Connect. Shower.

Want to be amazed? Inspired? Motivated?
Learn about the natural world. SEE the natural world.
Most any corner will bring awe.

What if you think of it as an experiment?
Be brave. Braver. Braver still. Breathing helps.

Stand. Share. Support. Practice.

Appreciate + make CHANGE.

This. Is. Gifted. Time.

L O V E .

MORE

- 1. Consider the dangers
of thinking too much**
- 2. Consider the dangers
of thinking too little**





i cannot wait for the new year... it's already passed

Being.

Right here, right now.

Challenging.

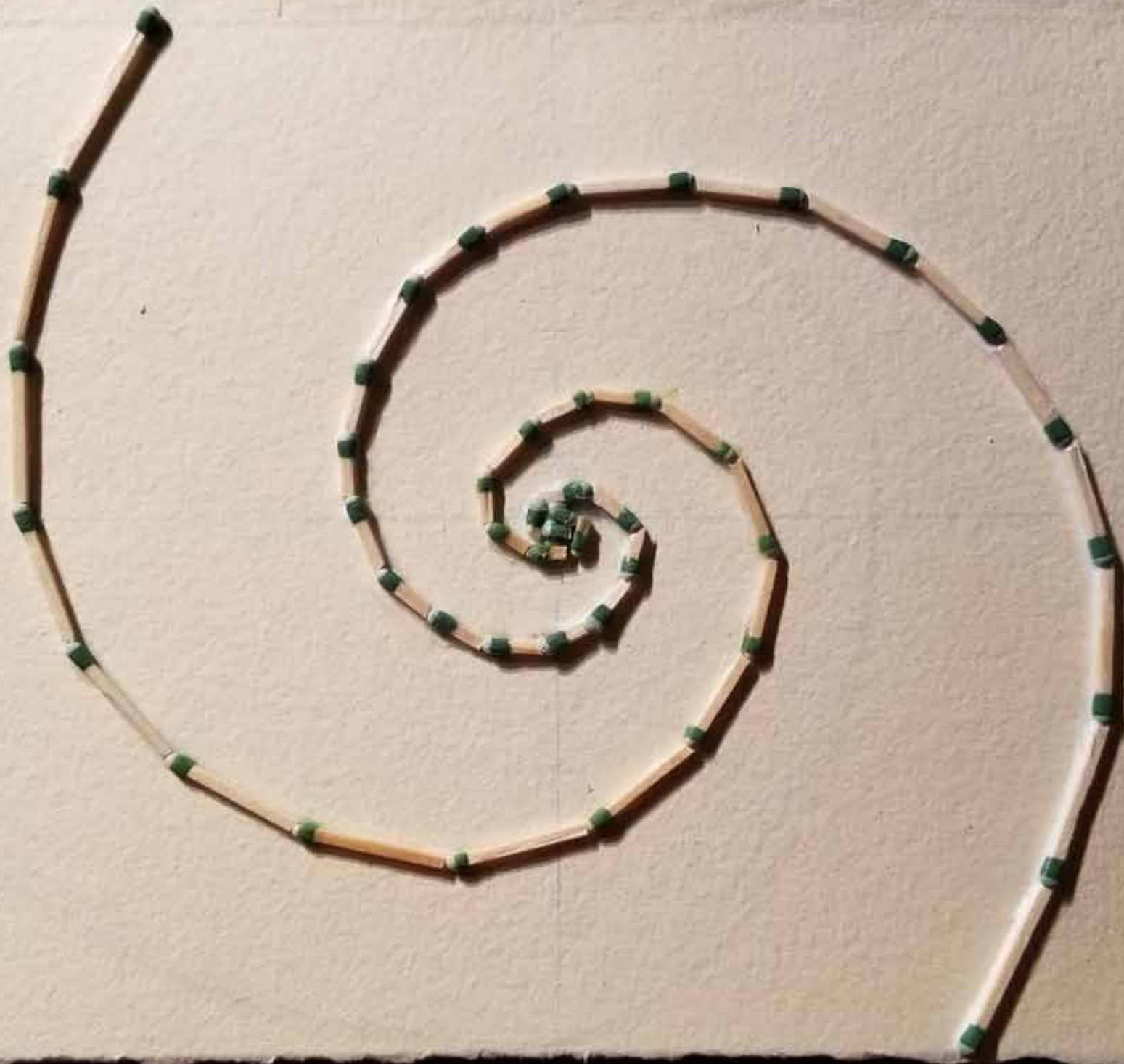
Worthwhile.

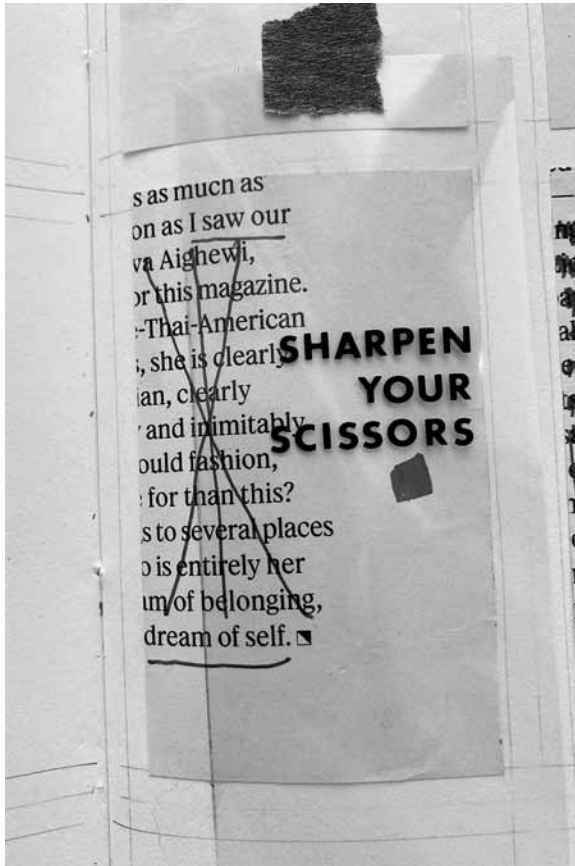
Change happens.

Letting go, letting flow.

Being

part of the flow.







**My addendum to the "Golden Rule":
Assume that everyone else is just as busy, tired,
overwhelmed, and fed-up as I am, if not more so...**

GREG(G THE EGG
THE GIRL MCMUFFIN):



SHE IS MY LOVE,
MANIFESTED.

My values are the spokes of a wheel. People and their personalities are the hub, values are the spokes and creative results are the spinning tires themselves. When all in sync, they can be a powerful force:

Integrity, in all situations.

Respect, for others as well as yourself.

Honesty, always.

Sustainability, for the future.

Collaboration, through listening.

As a landscape architect, I cherish these words of Frederick Law Olmsted: “Respect the genius of a place.”

2022 Festo Fest

Preetal Shah

Play more.
Embrace absurdity.
Opine less.
Swallow my pride.
Be uncomfortable.
Listen.
Say hi.
Work smart.
Speak truth.
Give.
Inspire change.
Laugh at myself.
Love.
Meditate.
Show gratitude.
Go outside.
Act with intention.
Hug my mom.
Reflect.
Spread positivity.
Keep painting.
Make eye contact.
Floss.
Plant a garden.
Kiss my wife.
Call my daughter.
Discover new music.
Less screen time.
Breathe.
Run further.
Clear my mind.
Practice empathy.
Volunteer.
Continue drawing.
Take walks.
Remember names.
Bike longer.
Read more.
Don't wait.
Be present.
Take risks.
Stargaze.
Make mistakes.
Share.
Follow no one.
Heed wisdom.
Play the piano.
Take naps.
Sunbathe.
Dance.

@BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD
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OH HI ME MY. I ART LIKE A GUD ARTIST. ART WRITING BE BEING SO MUCH FUNZIE I
GET GLAD WHEN IT GO UP IN GALLERY. YOU SHOULD BE TOO. BE SAFE AND BE SURE.
DON'T CROAK ON THE JOBBY JOB CAUSE YOU AIN'T GONNA GETTY GET GUD THIS
WAY. BE SAFE WHEN YOU GO OUT THERE. EVERY OPPORTUNITY IS CLOAKED IN
DOOM. BE SURE THAT THIS IS THE RIGHT THING BEFORE YOU COMMIT. HONOR YOUR
FATHER AND MOTHER OR BE SURE TO EAT THE BIG SHIT WHEN IT'S SERVED TO YOU.
I HAVE POWER IN MY WORDS. I BE BEING SO CLOSELY LISTENING THAT I PARTAKE IN
ARTING ALL AROUND THE CLOCK. IT IS CONSTANTLY IN MY MIND AND IN MY VEINS.
BLOOD RUSHING THROUGH THE BODY AND POURING OUT INTO MY PAPER. INKY
PAPER, YOU KNOW THE ONE. IT IS ON THE LEVEL AND OUTSIDE OF ITSELF. BE SURE
YOU ARE TAKING CARE OF THAT WHICH IS CARING FOR YOU. I BE BEING SICKY SICK
OF THE LITTLE COVIDDY DIDDY. HOPE IT DOESN'T WIPE ALL OF US OUT WITH THE
CLOUT OF ONE THOUSAND SUNS. ONLY BEFORE BEING BEEN VACCINES IN MY
DREAMS DO THINGS START TO COMMISERATE AND CALM DOWN IN THE BRAIN RAIN.
HEY, HO, LETS GO. WHAT IS GUD ART? I DON'T KNOW. IF IT'S GUD I LIKE IT. YOU
SHOULD FEEL SOMETHING AND ASK SOME QUESTIONS LIKE WHAT IS IT? CAN IT BE
DOING A FLIP? CAN IT CURE COVID? CAN IT SAVE THE WORLD? IS IT SAYING A LOT TO
BE SURE OR IS IT DONE SAYING WHAT IT SHOULD BE? WHAT ART IS THE ART THAT I
FUCK? FUCKING FUCKERY IS TO BE SAID SWIFTLY OF THE ART THAT IS FUCKABLE.
OH LORD OH ME OH MY. LET'S GETTING TO GET BACK ON THE TRACK OF WHAT IT IS
TO BE GUD FUCKABLE ART. IT HAS COLORS OR NOT. IT IS COMPOSITIONALLY
SOPHISTICATE OR NOT. IT HAS A SURFACE OR NOT. IT IS DIGITALLY DIGITAL OR NOT.
IS IT A PHOTOGRAPH? YES!? OH MY GOD YESSSSSSSS!!!!!!

...transmission lost due to euphoric orgasm...

...still waiting on reconnection to the host...

...still waiting...

*...still waiting...piping in pleasant orchestral music for your
enjoyment while you wait for connection to host...*

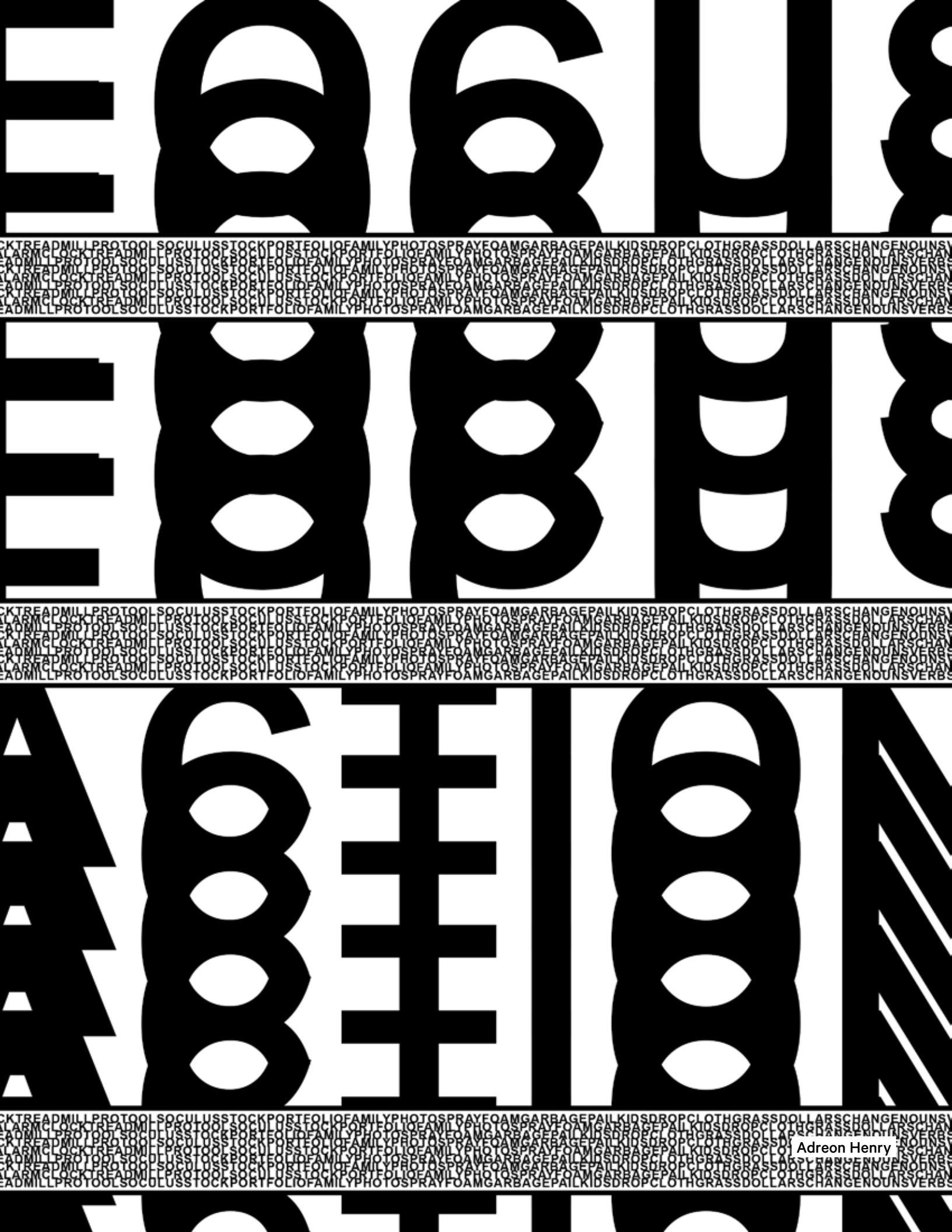
*...re-establishing connection...audible gears shifting into place...moist towelette
provided...toilet paper supplied...connection reestablished successfully...*

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! THAT WAS A BIG ONE. I GUESS PHOTOGRAPHY DID IT FOR
ME. BUT IS IT ART? YES. WHAT ABOUT PRINTMAKING PRINTY PRINTYPOOS? YES. THE
ART THAT I CONSUME IS GUD AND WILL BE FOREVER GUD AS I HAVE DESIGNATED IT. I
AM THE ARBITER OF TASTE. WHAT I SAY GOES AND GOES A LONG WAY. WAY WAYER
THAN YOU WAY OR WEIGH. ON A SCALE OF 1 TO ONE MILLION. GUD ART IS ONE
MILLION OR SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN. BRAIN SPLATTER ON THE SIDEWALK. TIME IS
ALMOST UP. HOW ABOUTS PAINTINGS? YES. ME LIKEY A GUD PAINTING SURFACE AND
SPATTER PATTERN. SCULPY TURE? YES. BOOKS? YES. PERFORMANCE? DUH. STILL
LISTENING, OH BOY, SO HAPPY YOU HAVE MADE IT THIS FAR. BECAUSE I SOMETHING
ELSE IN MIND. WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT ART? WHAT IS GUD ART FOR YOU?
DO YOU THINK ABOUT IT CONSTANTLY? OR ARE YOU A PROFESSIONAL WRITER OR
ARTIST? DO YOU SEEK THE GOOD NEWS? DAILY GOOD NEWS? WELL YOU'RE IN LUCK
JOIN THE @BURY_UR_HEAD ARMY OVER ON THE INSTAMATIC PICTURE SOCIAL
MEDIA. YOU ARE WELCOME AND LOVED.

@BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD @BURY_UR_HEAD
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Seth Daulton





The old school approach of artist driven communities to generating ideas and cohesion in real time and space is needed now more than ever as artists are called upon to justify themselves in more and more superficial and insipid ways. A cursory scan through art hashtags on IG gushes forth a plethora of artists posing in front of their work in highly manicured fashion shoots. Institutions and curators are now overtly prescribing subject matter and content that neatly fits into their public image and agenda.

Despite this enclosure and domestication, it remains that the untamed wilderness of the work itself, what springs from the heart and instincts of the artist unchained, without anyone telling them what to do or not to do, holds the true transformative power and therefore the true authority. It's the origin and primary resource of this whole ball game and around which all peripheral networks revolve.

And it's time to say so.

Again.

Sono Osato, *Gutterblood on the Wall Manifesto*

Don't rely on wall text to do the work.

Jerry Saltz, *How to be an Artist*

In most modern instances, interpretation amounts to the philistine refusal to leave the work of art alone. Real art has the capacity to make us nervous. By reducing the work of art to its content and then interpreting that, one tames the work of art. Interpretation makes the work of art manageable, conformable.

Susan Sontag, *Against Interpretation*

So, young artists find themselves confronted with two smooth juggernauts, one dedicated to a regulated consensus of virtue, the other dedicated to a calculated consensus of desire, neither dedicated to the more elusive and redeeming consensus of virtue *and* desire...Maybe young artist *like* the art world the way it is. Maybe they are willing to undergo extensive

indoctrination in order to adapt to it. And if they do adapt, well maybe the artworld will truck in looky-loos for their performances. I

don't think so, but it could happen. If it does, the idea of art as social practice may be declared officially dead, along with the idea that the practice of art in a democracy, under optimal conditions, is a game played by voluntary participants within the textures of the larger world - a game without rules, coaches, referees, or God help us, spectators.

Dave Hickey, "Romancing the Looky-Loos", *Air Guitar! Essays on Art and Democracy*

I can't translate myself
to a legibility
within your construct
because that's my demise.

Stop making sense.

The Talking Heads

Betelhem Makonnen, "Art Dirt: Artist on Artist", Glasstire

Far from English civilization, (the Puritans, my addition), had to remind themselves constantly what it meant to be civilized - Christian, rational, sexually controlled, and white. And they tried to impute to people they called "savages" the instinctual forces that they had within themselves. They feared, to use Lawrence's language, the "dark forest" within...As civilized men, they believed that they had to have the courage to dominate their passional impulses, and make sure those "dark gods" remained hidden.

Ron Takaki, *Iron Cages /Race and Culture in 19th Century Americas*

We need to let artists do what they're gonna do.

Christina Rees, "Art Dirt: Time and Our Changing Perceptions of Art", Glasstire

Sono Osato

Sono Osato, *In Defiance of Enclosure Broadside of Quotes, 2022*

DO NOT DREAM OF FOREVER WANDERING THE WOODS ALONE!

DO NOT DREAM OF EASY LIVING IN HIGH GLASS TOWERS!

DO NOT DREAM OF ACHIEVEMENT OR SUCCESS!

ANY FREEDOM THAT DIVIDES YOU FROM OTHERS IS A TRAP.

FREEDOM does not lie at the peak of some distant mountain or in the seclusion of a forest monastery! It cannot be found anywhere, actually, nor can it be earned. It is simply enacted, brought into being by those who believe in its value. In this way it is like love.

INDIVIDUAL CAPACITY HAS NO BEARING. You cannot invent your own freedom, nor can it be won through the subjugation of others. It is not an end state or a binary condition. It is not permanent or inalienable.

Though some freedom unfurls with great, sudden drama, **MOST IS BORING.** It is not born when the jailer deigns to turn his key but over a long labor of filed appeals, of visits and phone calls and hard conversations. Many midwives bring it into being.

I OFFER MY DISABLED BODY AS PROOF: I represent a new and pure freedom because it is renewed daily. Lay me on the ground and I will remain there- till you pick me up. Refuse to dress me and I will go shirtless. Like everyone, simple care is what I require. Like everyone, my life is made possible solely through the repeated effort of other people. The actions that enable my freedom are simple yet profound. We live by the grace of others; our liberation is yours to create. It does not exist until you decide that it is worthy and good.

ALL FREEDOM IS LIKE THIS.

The funny thing is...

This is an ad. I'm actually, right now, seeking a new roommate/caregiver to live with my fiance and I in our East Austin home. The position is paid and opens on February 1st. You'd work about two and a half hours per day but your primary duty would be to help me get into bed each night.

It's a great job for anyone looking to make some money on a flexible schedule. Previous aides have gone to school, learned to code, and developed many creative projects while working with me. I am proud that this unusual arrangement has supported the people who have cared for me, just as I'm grateful for their help. It feels like real mutual aid. Need is the engine of liberation.

If you're interested or know a good candidate, contact me on instagram (@scooksays), text (361) 537-7051, or email me at scook2@gmail.com.

About us: I'm an artist and, as of recently, a filmmaker. Michaela (my fiance) is an extraordinary pastry chef and a wonderful human being. We enjoy hanging with friends, seeing movies, and good cocktails.



[illegible]

[illegible]

Love Art and Politics Without Careerism

The Evil of Our Times Has A Name **CAREERISM**

If you are resigned to the plight of humanity being that of wretched and deceitful I don't even want to hear from you, not interested.

On the other hand if you have experienced kindness on this earth and believe it to be a natural state then let us give serious examination as to how human capacity has been repeatedly perverted to nefarious ends.

It is difficult to imagine a stronger motivator or sterner social cudgel than the contours and mores of a "career path".

If this statement rings true for the masses in industrialized populations it only becomes exponentially more true as one examines ascending tiers of the ruling class.

This ruling class, increasingly expansive in validating diversity will never budge from the steadfast demand for a universal worship of Careerism.

No alternative or criticism will be tolerated - crueler punishments of heretics demanded, as the passive concentration camps growing under the interstates of North America attest.

What makes Careerism such an insidious idea?

Careerism, if we are to believe the

religions texts, is about a focus and a drive culminating in the ecstatic state of virtue known as "hustle".

What LAPWOC recognizes is that Careerism does not cultivate clarity it cultivates ignorance by rewarding delusion and the excited state it causes is not ecstatic but a crushing neurotic alienation.

Regardless of industry success in career requires a pathological attention to a narrow field that requires atrophy of other aspects of the spirit due to the limitation of time.

This could be a worthwhile trade off of time, however Careerism demands attention to the meaningless and seeks the static eternal control of death.

Though he was a sort of brash radical during his day Upton Sinclair's adage, "It is difficult to get a man to understand something, when his salary depends on his not understanding it." comes across as the quaint commonsense sayings whitened into the porches of Americana.

It is widely understood that Careerism is advanced through a state of denying certain aspects of the world. This manipulation of perception leads to a rupture with reality.

Nature being in reality and nature being source of inspiration means

that inspiration is absent from the. Inspiration is perception of virtue through sensual sensitivity.

Without inspiration the ability to perceiving virtue is lost but the pattern seeking brain seeks validation. With the sensual perception to inspiration broken the brain creates new meaningless metrics to give its existence weight.

The obsession of systems of measurement devoid of meaning as reached heights of new grotesqueries with the rise of cyptos and nfts churning a meaningless cycle of pursuit.

Because this cycle is removed from nature it will never change it is the algorithm building its understanding on what has come before and assuming that what was is all that can ever be.

That still eternity is death. Careerism is the pursuit of death. LAPWOC is the study of life through the exploration of strategies to restore the nutrients and meaning to human endeavors through perceptive sensuality.

STAGED, CURATED, FILTERED UNREALITY
ALWAYS CONNECTED
A STEADY SUPPLY OF ENTERTAINMENT
CHECKING MESSAGES
MEMES, A STEDY SUPPLY OF ENTERTAINMENT
AND EMAIL OBSESSIVE
ENDLESS SCROLLING AND SCREEN TIME

ESCAPE FROM ESCAPISM

CONSUMING CULTURE → CREATING CULTURE

ART • WRITING • MUSIC • RESEARCH
CONTEMPLATION • EXPLORATION
MASTERY • EXPERIMENTATION

DOING ONE THING AT A TIME
PHYSICALITY

DISTRACTION → **FOCUS**

Vanessa Gelvin

Seismic

Bursting laughter comes out of every pore,
Exuberant smiles had all around,
Light beaming out of love,
The present moment is the most profound.

Filtering energy into a tunnel,
Headed straight into the deepest and untold,
Wonder of an uncertain future,
Left only for the softest of hands to mold.

Intertwined limbs holding nothing down,
Only floating in unison into the sun,
Heated cores sending out sonic waves.
Seismic shifts merging into one.

All the while, expanding into infinite space,
Growing out into the unknown dark,
Not afraid of what's to come.
Arms wide open...
To all that can be felt in the heart.

NOT FOR SALE

001 What other people think of you is none of your business

002 Lean into yourself

“With a little seed of imagination, you can grow a field of hope.”

African Proverb

Fast. Pray. Imagine. Hope.

**IT'S OK TO
NOT BE
'PRODUCTIVE'**

MY SOUL IS SOVEREIGN AND WHOLE.

MY WORK LIVES IN MANY PEOPLE'S
HOMES, HEARTS, AND MINDS, AND IT
IMPACTS THEM IN MEANINGFUL WAYS.

I CONTINUE SEEKING OPPORTUNITIES
FOR MY WORK BECAUSE I BELIEVE IT
HAS ORIGINALITY, RIGOR, AND MERIT.
SOMETIMES I RECEIVE
OPPORTUNITIES, AND I ALWAYS GROW
FROM THEM.

I HAVE MASTERED THE SKILL OF
DRAWING, AND I WILL ALWAYS
CONTINUE TO DEEPEN MY MASTERY.

I AM RECOVERING FROM TRAUMATIC
LOSS DURING A TIME OF GLOBAL
TROUBLE, UNCERTAINTY, AND FORCED
ISOLATION.

I AM A LIVING AND RECOGNIZED
ARTIST.

I AM AMBITIOUS.

MY WORK IS UNUSUAL AND
MEANINGFUL.

I USE CREATIVE PRACTICE TO MAKE
SPACE, HEALING, AND MAGIC THAT
OPENS ALTERNATIVES TO OPPRESSIVE
SYSTEMS. BEING AN ARTIST IS BRAVE
AS FUCK, AND IS TRUE TO MY SOUL'S
PURPOSE.

MY SOUL IS A LANTERN AND I AM
LIGHTING THE WAY FOR OTHERS.
MYSTERY AND WONDER ARE PART OF
THIS PROCESS.

I AM WRITING.

god is a web; I give myself over to her care.

*god is a web; I act in service of her
strengthening.*

god is a web; may she hold what I can't.

I imagine myself raising a flag, like gropius at the young bauhaus, leading a phalanx of like-hearts up the hill to rebuild the once and future city. Each of us brick in hand, ready.

It's not like that.

We are moving, hopefully. Together, sometimes. Each leads the flock in turn. I do not know where we are going. But I feel it in a way: imagination, memory, animal programming, idk.

I know only to move, never stopping, like a salmon spears the cross currents heading to a mystery home. To be an artist is to art.

It is not that art must be this way or that. It just must be done. Done with the authentic love and duty that devotion deserves. We hope to best represent our people and time by doing our best. Doing what we love with love.

Utopia is a caravan. Ultimately, direction means less than company.

This year I endeavor to work to make Northern-Southern the best gallery it can be—to dare to re-write what galleries can be and do. To foster friendship and champion my community. To wring what lessons I can, and share what could be useful. To keep swimming.

Do what I love with love

Don't stop

Listen more, speak less

Do more, say less

Keep it light with joy

This consciousness. This Earth. This land, it is made up of plant life decomposed over the past 2 million years combined with rock erosion and stardust. Our soil is a living network of organisms shaped by geologic events and water. Is the land too dry? Too wet? By whose standard? Why is theirs considered most important?

This land is our collaborator. It is the ground we live on and rely on. Legally it is divided up into small chunks with individual owners, but as a whole, it belongs to us all who are alive on this Earth. All the living things on this planet will try their best to survive wherever they're planted.

When considering plant life, with the native species, Invasive species, or aggressive and agreeable species, it is a little too easy to find a parallel with humanity. When we believe only native species are good for the land, it can be discriminatory and speciesist. If a living thing is agreeable and can get along with those who already live there and add positively to the ecosystem, why shouldn't it exist there? Each species is neither good nor bad, and not all living things can coexist peacefully with others in certain environments.

Living is one thing, quality of life is another.

When beauty is found in nature, it is calming, but there is also the sublime. The fascinating yet brutal parts of nature that stand just beyond instant human comprehension.

We must work alongside natural systems, to design with purpose. Form and Function should be considered equally whenever possible.

Do what good you can at the scale you have available to you.

The deers never show up to meetings demanding safe passage of the highway for their kind, but someone should.

Plants are happiest when planted with other organisms. They like to talk to their friends through their roots using mycelial connections underground. Symbiotic relationships like this are a reminder to be a good neighbor.

If you're going to Intervene, do it with more than just good intentions, study the land and listen to it.

Never assume total control, change is inevitable and time is of the essence.

Pay attention.

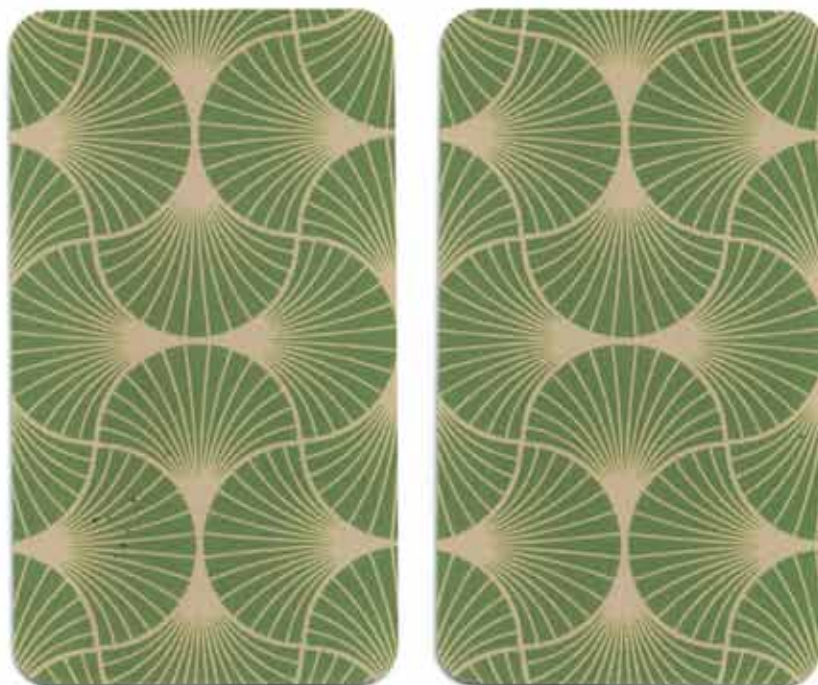
I start from my feet. I can feel their connection to the ground—thru shoes or boots or slippers or socks—and I try to stay located there and use all my sensory awareness to imagine a shape to gravity. Rooted, receptive, I am a person on the planet.

I do this many times per day. It allows me to ask my brain and eyes to sit back for a bit and let the other senses come forward, especially my hearing. I play with that even when I don't start from my feet: eyes resting, not thinking, just listening and sensing. It can seem like an alternate universe.

Maybe twenty years ago I traveled with a group of other art folks to James Turrell's still very-much-unfinished Roden Crater project. While the apertures to the sky from deep inside the mound were astonishing in their own right, it's the outdoor experience I've retained viscerally, and hopefully to some consequence. Standing at the crater's peak, looking 360 and seeing only unoccupied earth surface; laying down on a plinth made for that purpose, the sky everywhere over me: I remember thinking, "I'm a person on a planet." The phrase--a FESTO, in its infant form--was generative:

Now, thanks to years of pondering—made more acute by work and friendship with the great Deborah Hay—I understand the endless capacity of that realization. And in my most conscious—and conscientious—moments, I know that I have the awareness and the agency, the opportunity and the responsibility within myself to reach outward.

Annette DiMeo Carlozzi, January 2022



Fuck A Brain
a manifesto

Fuck a singular source of intelligence, the linear and logical,
fuck a singular God-story and its boring universalizations,
fuck a concept of normality and the science it produces.

This, our
refusal to worship at the altar of the single brained
supremacist ministry.

We laugh in the face of death, not to trivialize our mourning
but to laugh at this world that has judged our mourning
to be inconvenient, and tries to convince us every day. We
laugh to keep from crying; we laugh because we have cried.
We laugh at the “logic” of it, ourselves, our insecurities, and
each other.

The newness of this moment is in the powers of virus and
natural forces that give lie to the story that the greedy
bastards have it all figured out, that they are unstoppable or
even a bit correct. Listen.

We are sideways thinking fools, reveling in the magic of
goofiness and play that cuts through rigid power structures

What happens if the parts of our brains that are required
for the maintenance of existing institutions of injustice get
gobbled up?

We converse with ancestors, we invite the trees and the
stones.

We look with brain fog and exhaustion
(remembering we are not the first ones to keep going under
ubiquitous conditions of exploitation and violence)

honoring topographies of feeling that do not conform

we sing into and away from shame
we laugh in the mouth of grief
we cry the bruises of arms
and fuck our brains until we can't
remember, or rather, when memory fails

us, we laugh, or dance, or fuck
with the stones
feeling they will

remember
all our crooked steps

Fuck A Brain

Fuck the math of means to an
end.

We craft webs of care and
attention to each other gut to
gut. Enjoying the experiences
and relationships our creative
work can enable

We loosen our grip on
expectations and hold hands
with the time that comes
before and after us

Greet a Stone Ancestor
an Invitation

We invite you to go out into the world in search of a stone that lives nearby that calls out to you. Perhaps your stone was shaken loose from a crumbling road or building? Or peeks through the grass? Touch its texture, listen for its color. Feel into its age and let that ancient part of you resonate with your Stone Ancestor.

Fuck A Brain actively fosters the conditions in which we can explore enspirited understandings of our many bodies, multidimensional relationships and nature as a living community, while playing in the current material reality- making zines, crafting ceremonies, writing and curating. We hold space as a creative response to brain fog and a mourning of the loss/ transformation of various able-bodied capacities. We are earth signs based in Waawiiyaataanong (Detroit) flowing across Turtle Island and throughout/ beyond time and space.

EXPECT NOTHING

BLAME NO ONE

DO SOMETHING

Wayne Alan Brenner

MANIFESTO FOR 2022, SOMEWHAT INSPIRED BY 2021.

A list of things to cultivate and/or be grateful for

Looking at the world...

Curiosity

Celebrating what is

Observe + Reflect then Respond

Relations with others....

Advocacy

Practice consent, in all realms

Share information and experiences

Relation with art/labor...

Vision

Inexperience...is a gift! Use its power

Collaboration/Collaborators

Relation with the body...

Rest

and then...keep moving

Senses-value them while you have them

Relation with the Austin/land/environment...

Home/belonging

Ride a bike, to get where you're going.

Use less water...and less things in general.

Aims...

Find my voice. Publicly advocate for habitat creation/preservation
(in print or other public mediums)

Be increasingly present with my parents/family.
Instigate regular direct conversations to understand their needs.
(Take care of them)

Find, and execute, and get paid for meaningful work.
(And less “meaningful” work, if need be)

Complete TWO consecutive laps at Barton Springs.
(a yet to be accomplished goal from 2021)

Intentionally create natural habitat in my own yard
(for BEES and other things)