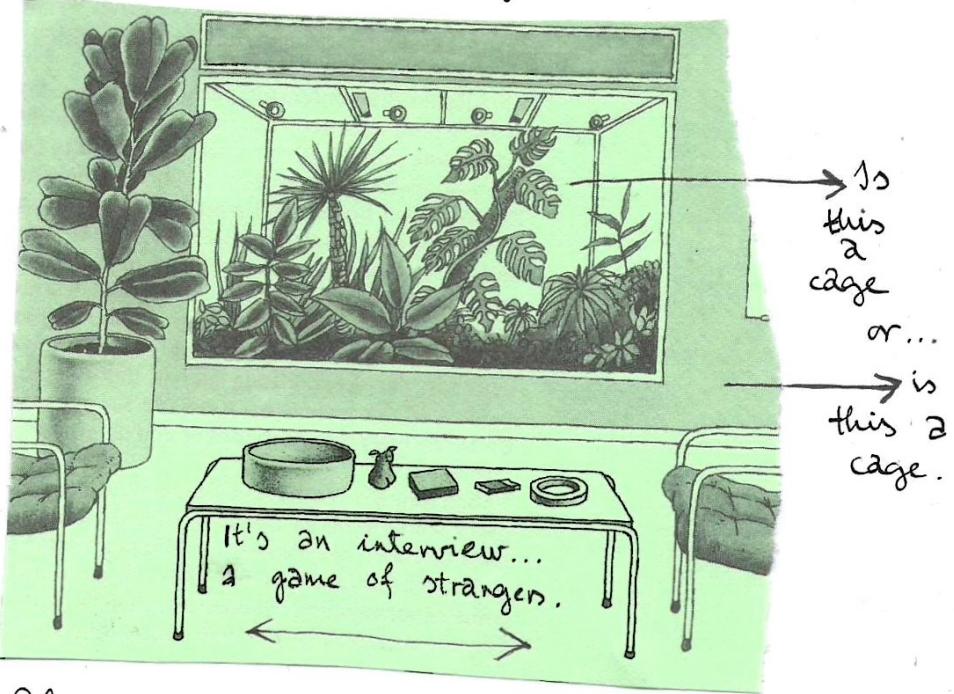


## // framework of a performance //

the civilized observer greets you in silence.



Observes you while you observe them.  
no direct contact needed,  
the distance is the basis of the interaction.  
It's the performance of strangers; a  
social experiment.

We can try it, see  
which one of us blinks  
first.

Rhythm that grounds you.

i-once - went to this workshop  
in which i discovered  
something cool.

It goes like this:

we sat down, the music started.  
the teacher said <& close your  
eyes>.

<& observe how bouncing to the  
music gives you safety, gives  
you a sense of comfort>.

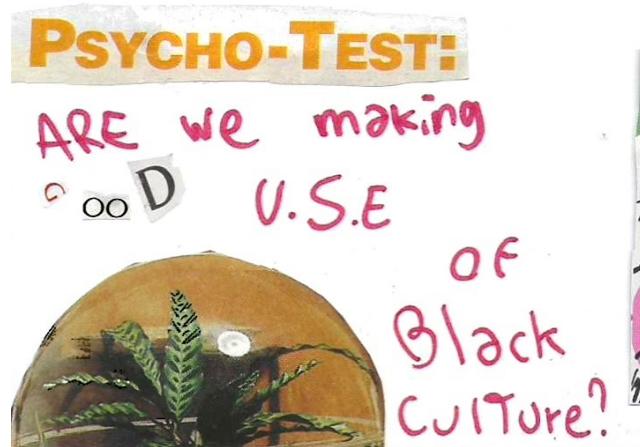
And I observe her, her shoulders  
going up and down, her head  
going right and left. And I  
feel my shoulders going up and  
down, my head follows the  
movement - and I feel good,  
better grounded.

I CAN SAVE YOU

FROM WHO?  
YOUR BROTHER?  
YOUR FATHER?  
YOUR FRIEND?



Jussi Puikkonen is a natural at capturing the essence of people and scenes. Raised in the



Meet Pecora Nera





OH SAILOR!

WHERE'S YOUR OWN FLEE (T/CE)?  
WHAT CRUISE DO YOU HAVE TO OFFER?

O STONE SCATTERER! STONE DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO SWIM.

O you, Ecstatic DRUNKEN LOVER.

Beware of DROWNING. NATURE IS NOT  
RESPONSIBLE FOR IMPRUDENT EXPLORERS.

O OASIS SEEKER,  
MOST BEAUTIFUL OASIS COME FROM MIRRAGES.

O DREAMER

ONE DAY SENSES WOULD HELP  
EXPLORERS LIKE YOU TO ACKNOWLEDGE  
LANDSCAPES AS A WHOLE IN THEIR ENTIRENESS.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHERE YOUR STONES COME FROM?  
MIRRAGES? NO BENEATH THE ICE HAD TO DISTINCTION  
THEY SEE

I AM A  
SAILOR

is in my opinion of great importance in  
the world's commerce. It is  
now more than ever true that  
the world offers more opportunities  
than ever before.

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### Lounging Asia, Scorching Africa



### Lounging Asia, Scorching Africa

A great you in silence  
And you too, my pauper-headed master,  
You purify the air of elasticity here where I  
Breathe the air of my father.

A sounding harbour where my soul  
Can drink  
Where purely trembles the eternal warmth  
I'll please my drunken mad-disey will-he  
In this black sea where that one is captured

My hand will scatter ruby, sapphire, pearl  
So you will never (well to us) desire!

I'll gladly drag myself on expense of cacao!

Now turn your immobile eyes towards your children  
Who have been called - And who sacrificed  
Their lives.  
Who else would trade nothing to the world that  
Has died of machine and chemicals?  
For

Are you not the ones where I dreamt  
My drinking-ground for numero five wine?

This zine was  
created as a  
part of a workshop

- Blumen des Bösen.

[VOL. 2]

ALIZ Helka

ELA

@Andrea

Emilia

Liliana

MISI

Rachèle

Eduard

Eléonore

Mania

AYmeric

## Communal dance

The land births me. The breeze brews me. The birch brings me home. I am carried through wind and water. Water has memory. The Atlantic carries corpos; their molecules are hidden in the depths of corals. Yet it also carries strength. The light water felt the strength of the swimming bodies. The bodies danced in water. Their rhythm altered the waves forever. The waves reached the shore even though some bodies could not. Water has memory. I feel grief every time I enter the ocean. And yet every time a wave strikes against my body, I feel the rhythm thudding my feet and carries it into the ever-moving sand. Water has memory. Water always remembers where it comes from. The ships tried to alter it. The ships tried to subdue the power of the waves. Yet water always travels to the shore. It ends in the shore. It starts in the mountain. Water has memory. I feel it every time it rains. Sometimes it rains blood. You can hear it far in the screams of women. We all weep when it falls. The children. The men. The flowers. Yet once in a full moon, it rains crystallized water, pristine water, holy water. And the birches grow. And the poppies bloom. And the daffs explode. And after nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine minutes of rain, the breeze starts spreading new seeds. The land hardens. And our feet begin to dance again.