

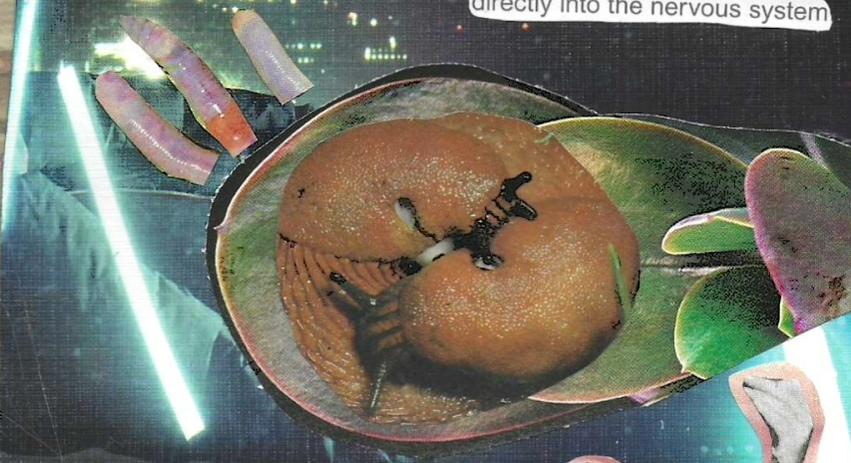
Sensation being the unmediated bodily response to the outside world through the senses; in this case, the sense of swims along your scent.



both passionate

to get the torn hope

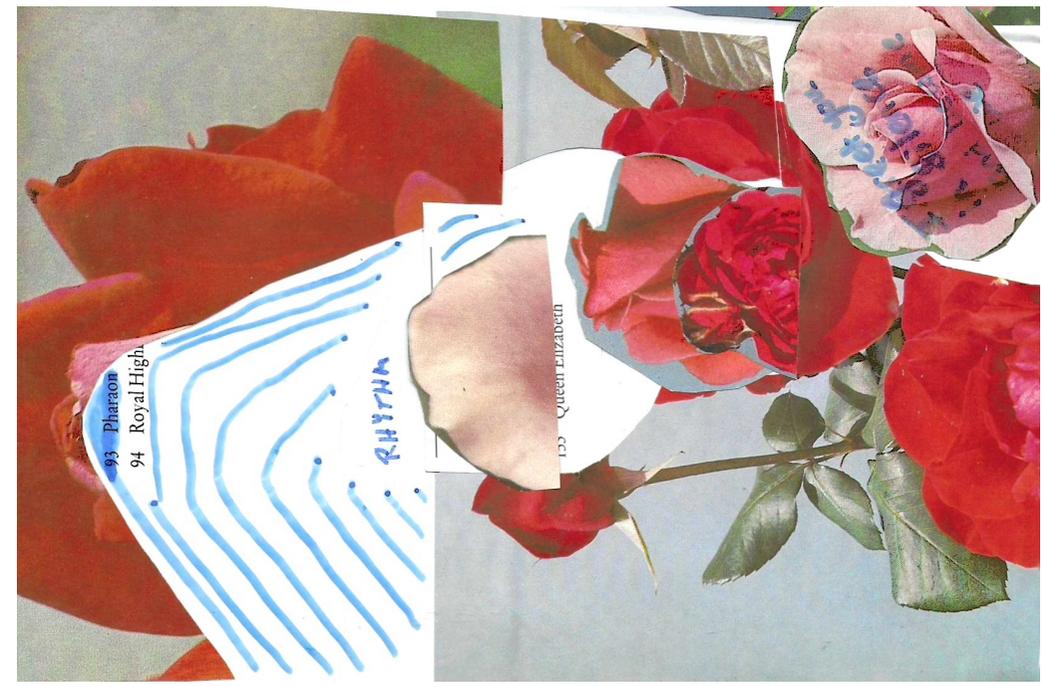
directly into the nervous system



Mine, my beloved

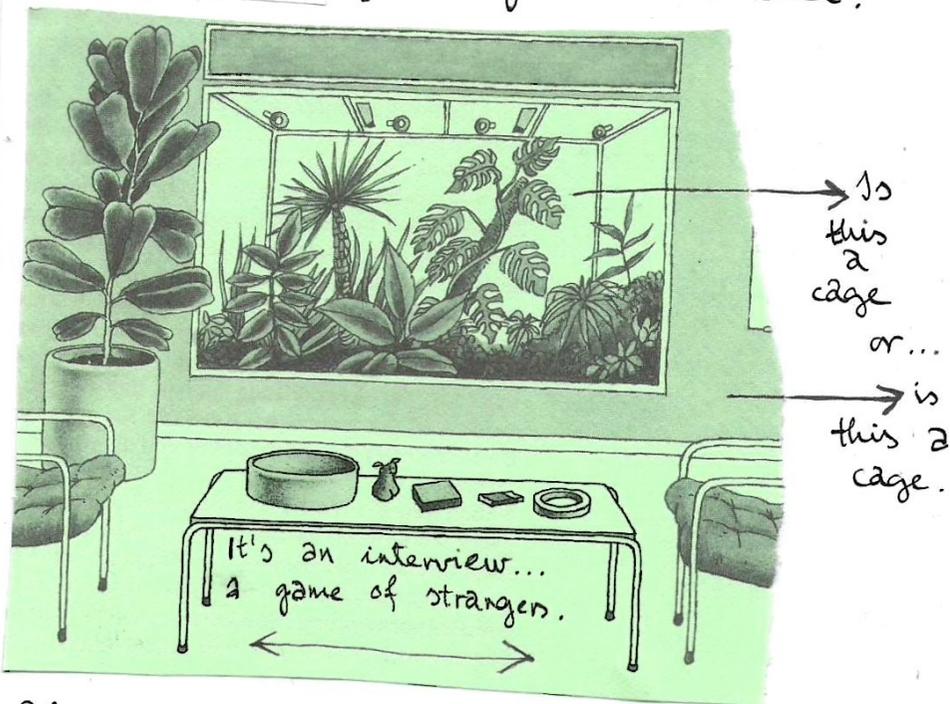
the hopeless pool of light from my

Flesh is sad, alas!



// 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 your safety, gives
you a sense of confort ».

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.

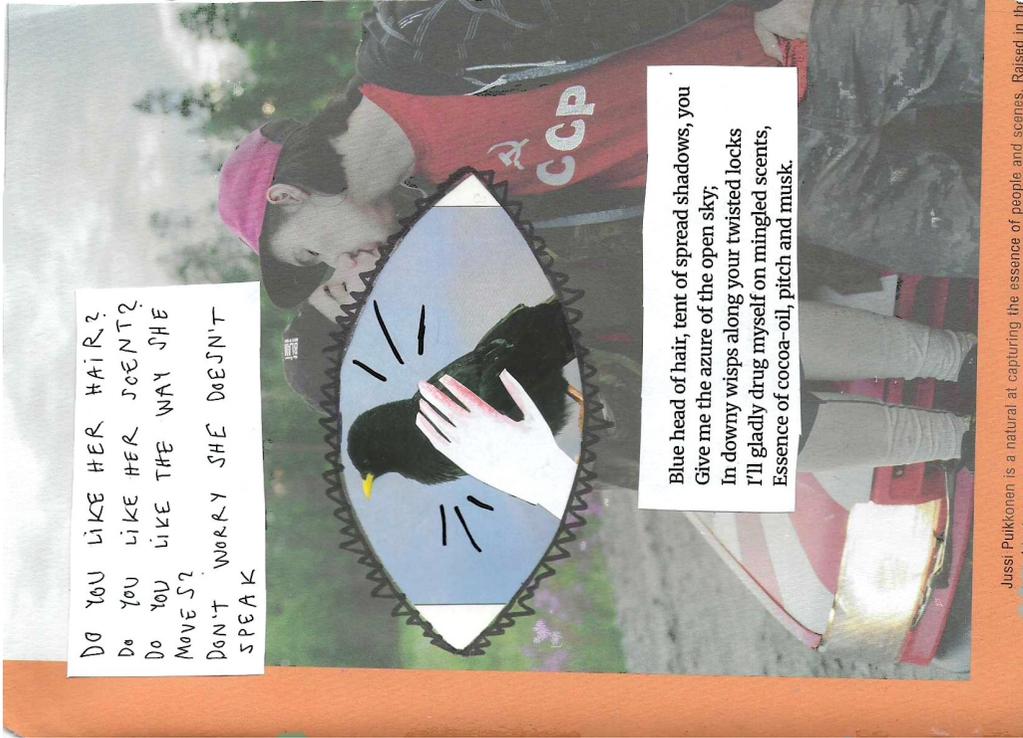


I CAN SAVE YOU

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

FROM YOURSELF!
I CAN SEE YOU
NEED IT

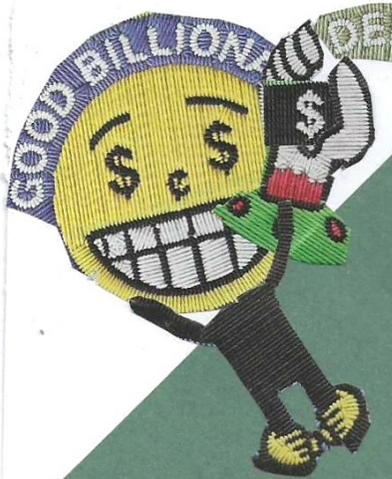
HE'S AN EMPATH



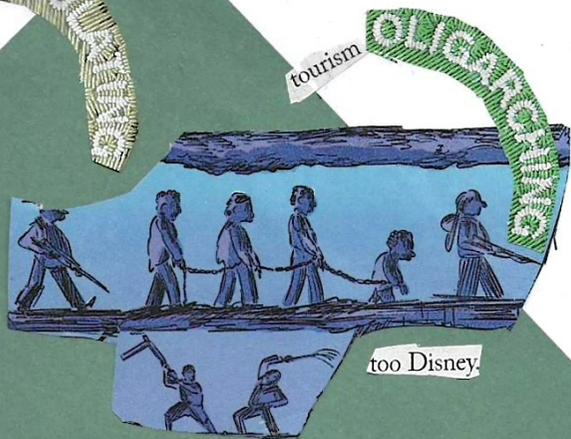
DO YOU LIKE HER HAIR?
DO YOU LIKE HER JOINTS?
DO YOU LIKE THE WAY SHE
MOVES?
DON'T WORRY SHE DOESN'T
SPEAK

Blue head of hair, tent of spread shadows, you
Give me the azure of the open sky,
In downy wisps along your twisted locks
I'll gladly drug myself on mingled scents,
Essence of cocoa-oil, pitch and musk.

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



EUROPA-CENTER



And I said, 'Why is that?'

too Disney.

PSYCHO-TEST:

ARE we making
GOOD U.S.E

OF
Black
CULTURE?



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 PROWNING. NATURE IS NOT
RESPONSIBLE FOR IMPRUDENT EXPLORERS!

O OASIS SEEKER,
MOST BEAUTIFUL OASIS COME FROM ~~SCATTERED~~
MIRAGES.

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

THEY'LL SEE I AM NO OASIS SAILED
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT YOUR STONES COME FROM?
MIRAGES AND DREAMING ARE HARD TO DISTINGUISH
ENTIRE

Are you not the one where I dream,
my drinking ground for watering five cities?

My hand will scatter ruly, sephire, pearl,
so you will never cease to my device!
I'll gladly drop myself on cruce of coral.

They call us cities heavy, and coffee men, and
oily men. But we are the dove whose feet
only gain power when they beat the land soil.



How turn your invisible eyes toward your fields,
who have been called. And who sacrifice
their lives. For
who else would teach within to the world that
has died of trauctious and cautions?



I greet you in silence
And you too, my pale-headed ancestor
you purify the air of sterility, here where I
breathe the air of my father.

Laosguros Asia, scordily Africa

A sounding hand over where my soil
can drink
where gently trembles the eternal warmth
I'll plunge my drinker head, dress will be
in this black sea where that one is confused

Laosguros Asia, scordily Africa



...headed ancestor.
sterility, here where I
my father



our fields,
For
to the world that
and cautions?



...and coffee men, and
the dove whose feet
they beat the land soil.

Are you not the one where I dream,
my drinking ground for watering five cities?

This zine was
created as a
part of a workshop

- Blumen des Bösen.

[VOL. 2]

ALIZ Helka

ELA

@Andreo

Emilia
Liliana

MISI

Rachele

Eanna

Eléonore

maia

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 corpses; their molecules are hidden in the depth 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 everytime I enter the ocean. And yet every time a wave strikes against my body, I feel the rhythm striking my feet and carve 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 everytime it rains. Sometimes it rains blood. You can hear it 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 fertilized water, pristine water, holy water. And the birches grow. And the poppies bloom. And the daisies explode. And after nine-hundred and ninety-nine minutes of rain, the breeze starts spreading new seeds. The land gardens. And our feet begin to dance again.