

It's June 2018, and we are somewhere between Munich (DE) and Graz (AU) on train n°EC217

I've just been to Munich attending a video performance media kind of festival and experimenting with the strategy I call **Gonzo Performance**. This entailed getting into a costume and jumping into a situation without much prior rehearsal, spending circa 2.5 hours fooling around in a gallery. I brought neon colored *made in china* toys, a vocoder plus some fake grass and enticed the audience to play with me. I still do not know whether they did so out of curiosity, pity or drunkenness. Regardless, **I hope they had some fun**. Did I have fun? I think so. It was somehow liberating, all this improvised mumbling, singing, dancing and pointing the finger at people trying to figure out who had farted in the room.

One hour after leaving Munich I started to read about truth saying and the function of Parrhesias in Greek society. I heard about this after watching an assessment in HZT. During the feedback Foucault's lectures on it were mentioned I had told myself I wouldn't go into too much theory in this publication, since I have a tendency to get sucked into reading and speaking rather than doing. Anyway, that's one of the potential risks of fumbling around with the themes of art and research in an institutional setting.

Truth saying is also the role of the fool or the clown. More than in satire, am interested in their quality of tricking themselves, making fun of themselves, pointing the finger at their own farts. Because in the end of the day we are all just big lumps of meat and water and bones roaming around the surface of this strangely endowed planet. And the fact that we can ponder about that fact is the biggest mystery of it all. Because it entails responsibility (ufff) but also the potential for mindfuck, short circuiting, freaking out, and so on and so forth.

A wormhole can be visualized as a tunnel with two ends,

It's your birthday! The present I have asked amazon to bring did not arrive on time. Maybe I should sue them for moral damage and with the money we could spend a year in southeast asia doing absolutely nothing. Then we'd go insane and come back to Germany to a nice asylum where they would feed us through colorful plastic straws and re-educate us to fit into society. But in the meanwhile time travel would have been democratized and we'd sneak out of the asylum and go back to today. Your birthday. I should make an effort to make the chocolate cake I owe you so that when we arrive back to today we have something nice to eat. I imagine time travel makes people hungry. But maybe I can find a good enough cheap cake in Graz. I am curious. Up to now all I see of Austria are lush green imposing mountains with very bad internet connection.

each at separate points in spacetime.

It's 30 degrees and the air conditioner is broken. Behind me a group of teens are being teens and speaking as loud as they can so as to affirm their presence and the fact that they don't give a damn about all the other people in the train. They are proving their point very well: great performers. Maybe that could be the trick, hormones for performance. Rather than that vodka shot or line of coke maybe a hormone cocktail before going on stage? These kids would be a great group of Rabbits for my research presentation don't you think? No training no rehearsing just performing, pumped up

performers rabbits tricksters. **Collaboration**, another strategy. How work with other artists, objects, themes, qualities and let them emerge as the work goes? **How to set the conditions for things to flourish and allow them to collide and crash and generate different points of access into a line of work through carefully curated chaos?** But I'm also still looking for **a universe in which things can unfold**. Hybrid trippy feminist science fiction as a portal through which we can all go through, meeting leprechauns, chimeras, mermaids, and things we don't have a name for along the way.

It could connect extremely long distances such as a billion light years or more, Disney, it fucks with your brain. I used to watch those movies on repeat. They were on VHS cassette. I lived in China and my godmother would send them by post, dubbed in Portuguese. Then for some reason they started to come in English. I also tried to watch them in Cantonese in the cinema sometimes. Brainwashed, yes I have been brainwashed. **Can dance and science fiction perform reverse brainwashing on the level of cellular memories and unconscious beliefs?** Getting rid of princesses and the happily ever after bullshit? I hope so, I really do hope so. But sometimes it scares me.

short distances such as a few meters,

Sometimes I feel sad and scared after going to the theater, being thrown into the dark and watching the result of tons of beautiful effort love and energy being put together yet still asking myself "WHY SO SERIOUS???" Is it me the work the context the world the chaos that makes it so serious? What about the resistance produced by awkwardness, humor spontaneity being ridiculous outlandish annoying, failing at the spectacular, embracing the nonsense, diving into the absurd, the wtf, the play, the joy. So please! **GIVE ME SOME LAUGHS//REMEDiate MY TEARS//TELL ME IT'S GONNA BE OK EVEN IF THE ICEBERGS ARE MELTING AND THE C.E.O.'S ARE SMILING AND THE WALLS ARE GROWING AND THE THERAPY ISN'T WORKING.**

different universes,

I used to think I could learn how to tweak with the social political and economic workings of the world. I was 18. The first lesson they teach at the Nova School of Business and Economics is that there are no free lunches. No kidding. In what sells itself as the best Business School of Portugal and whole Iberian peninsula, ranked something something in the forbes listings of god knows what, Marx and Engels did not exist, the invisible hand takes care of the free market, government regulation such as taxes and the welfare system produce inefficiencies and that's that. 4 years of brainwashing (Nova SBE class 2007-2011). What about post work society? Universal basic income? Accelerating technological advancements so that a balance between leisure and work and play can be envisioned? Replacing humans by machines so that people in the global south and elsewhere stop being used and seen as machines? Nope. Nada. Niente. Rien de rien. Nichts.

or different points in time.

Seven years later (SODA Class 2017-2019) I find myself riding this train and speculating about becoming a worm and accelerating the whole life, growth, death and decay thing. Because sooner or later our lumps of flesh and water will be absorbed and munched on by the worms who will then process our bits and pieces to poop them out and produce fertilizing juices for plants to come. And around goes the merry go round. **Positive escapism**, going towards something completely other only to be spinned back into your own self. **YOUR SPECULATIVE OTHER**. Facing the paradox of wishing to do away with the shame guilt anger panic of being a creature who recognizes and reflects on the crap that pervades the walks of life only to realize that running away from it and despairing

simply makes oneself more futile and obsolete.

What follows from the speculative other is not the “dissolving” of the self, but considering it in a lighter manner—as, precisely, a fiction (and, insofar as the self is the anchor point for numerous other fictions—the different worlds through which a self moves—then these too are seen as fictions). **This might also mean the possibility of producing other fictions of the self (or other fictions of non-self), and with that the exploration of other ways of being in the world.**

(wormhole definition as in wikipedia)

The train is silent now. And I have reached the point where I am now a worm. I have dugged a little hole to jump into and will commence to set up the playground for other worms to join. Because one day there will be no more jobs and we will all inhabit a big giant playground where we will have to become something else. Where there might be more time to play. So I would like to invite us to start setting the grounds for this time to come.

Wishing you loads fun,

Mariana

