

MICROLECTURES (FLESH BIN FULL OF YOGURT)

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Rare Violins

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**Several Micro-lectures regarding / around my eventual and obvious dropout piece ie
The spirit is willing but alas the flesh is a bin full of yogurt or Maurin's mother says it
isn't the fire you have to worry about its the water. For Harry and Precious.**

To be played with :

**[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CgVRnrk4Rv8&list=PLu2Y7j55_nR_W1HUtOkSw
mJb3GdeAflQ2&index=9&t=0s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CgVRnrk4Rv8&list=PLu2Y7j55_nR_W1HUtOkSwmJb3GdeAflQ2&index=9&t=0s)**

The Pamary, Abedery, and Kataushy of Brazil say:

Once upon a time, people heard a rumbling above and below the ground; the sun and moon turned red, blue, and yellow; and wild beasts mingled fearlessly with man. A month later, they saw darkness ascending from the earth to the sky, accompanied by a roar and by thunder and heavy rain. Everything was in dreadful confusion. Some people lost themselves. Some died without knowing why. The water rose to cover the earth, and people took refuge in the highest trees. There they perished from cold and hunger, for it continued to be dark and rainy. Only Uassu and his wife survived. When they came down after the flood, they could not find even a sign of a single corpse. They had many children. Today, the Pamarys build their houses on the river, so that when the water rises, they may rise with it.

May eye really think of a person?

Eye

When the moment comes and you become not the children sleeping but the one putting the child to bed or neither, putting yourself to bed, over and over quietly and without protest, another day anxious towards the grave, sure, inevitable, but what to say to the men who steal the future of the one in bed while you sit up and wonder, where COULD we go to possibly be safe, we SHOULD go now and get settled but there is no where to go or to run to, that they have not already thought of or destroyed.

Eye, Eye

Take off your hat then, think about the guns you will have to shoot like Lisa said, one day it might have to happen, Watch the Fellini film where the director's reality crumbles around him (I've always forgiven everything in the men eye love, or been taught to love), Go ahead then, Excuse me do you mind if we hear what you are thinking.

Eye, Eye, Eye

Think of the bees who had a large hive in the hole of the oak tree at the summer house, while your friends were getting secondary degrees and putting in hours at jobs you were at the summer house, watching the sun set over the water, to everyone's chagrin at the summer house, watching the rodeo with bare feet on the cow hide rug, letting the sun blind you a little bit watching the sun set over the lake, calling the rattle snake guy because you saw a rattlesnake, worrying the trees might have the oak disease, shooting arrows in the clearing, clean mouse shit off the little tractor, chopping firewood in your underwear to feel important, watching the bees in their hive from the window in the kitchen, One day because there is going to be a wedding soon, your father tells you a man is coming to take the bees away, The man looks and realizes that the bees cannot be taken away, They are too aggressive, their hive too large and too valuable, Watch from the window, he goes to his truck, wearing jeans and an apiary hat - he brandishes the spray foam - and with bees flying everywhere around him, he fills the hive with spray foam, fills the tree with spray foam, the bees fly around him not stinging as they are in shock, he fills the hole with white, airy, toxic, nothing and then he turns to give a thumbs up, They're dead! We can go on living, Later the whole area burns because it is very dry there, where the summer house is, the summer house burns down and you long for it 9000 miles away in the European cold you stay up watching videos on Twitter, this road is ok that road is not, the firefighters save the garage but lose the house, You return a year later, everything is green and the oak tree is still there with yellowed, old now spray foam, bees entombed where they dwelled, Think of the scene in the hive, nowhere to run where the foam does not touch, chug all the honey, fuck the queen, enjoy the darkness, starve together, in thirst without pollen, They go on living and us, sure, us,

Eye, Eye, Eye, Eye.

The Santal of Bengal say: Fire-rain fell for seven days. They took refuge in a stone cave and emerged unharmed when the flood was over. Jaher-era asked them where they had been, and they replied that they had been under a rock

The Grimms retell the German flood story:

A louse and a flea were brewing beer in an eggshell. The louse fell in and burnt herself. This made the flea weep, which made the door creak, which made the broom sweep, which made the cart run, which made the ash-heap burn, which made the tree shake itself, which made the girl break her water-pitcher, which made the spring begin to flow. And in the spring's water everything was drowned.

The Miwok of the Bay Area say: Water covered the world except for the top of the highest mountain. People escaped to there, but they were starving. The water went down, leaving the ground a soft mud. The people rolled down rocks to see if the mud was hard enough to support them. When the rocks stayed on top of the mud, the people went down. But the mud was not hard enough, and the people sank out of sight. Ravens came and stood at the holes where the people had gone down, one Raven at each hole. When the ground hardened, the ravens turned into people. That is why the Miwok are so dark.

When I was small I remember pounding acorns like the Miwoks did, in Miwok park. I remember one of us asking where the Miwoks were and the white woman running the Indigenous Center said, most of them are all gone.

I start looking for land on the internet. It starts as a vague fascination to buy a house close to Muir Woods, and closer to the coastal redwood trees, then I remember the chemicals lurking in all the homes. I'll build our house. Yes I'll build it. Where? Well near redwood trees, and fog and the hillsides. J says it doesn't make sense to move back to California, it will burn he says. He isn't wrong I suppose but I am beginning to think if it is going to burn or drown, I want to be there to see it happen.

I wrote a poem a few years ago called a true radical makes nothing. This was the philosophy of MLADEN STILINOVIC who passed away in 2016 he wrote about laziness, as necessary, refuting the virtue of labor, allowing for space for what he called “dumb time.” time that had no function or purpose, neither to be filled or left open. Why is labor so virtuous when we could have this other thing? I translated all of this to mean that a true radical makes nothing. It is funny I said that because I don't think there is much radical about me. I mean maybe by providing a series of visual and linguistic quagmires there is something radical about me, But I don't feel so radical. For example, I make things. The idea that radicals not make things is so that radicals can visibly refuse. I am an artist and I refuse. I refuse and the things are and are not the problem.

Out as in, into Public Note.

Here's a notice.

Stop Killing Transwomen

Here's a notice.

Save the planet.

My friend Terra and I get used to the phrase, where there is smoke there is fire. We say it to one another during times of suspicion. That guy looks like smoke. She is smoke, you see her? We mean fire as a form of trouble and we are happy to go looking for it.

At this point I guess I'll mention Donna Haraway's ideas about trouble, how we should stick with it. I'm skeptical of her whole project now, after my long initial honeymoon period. Like I'm still in love with her but I know she still has body odor and gas. I mean I agree, while I disagree. She says: The task is to make kin in lines of inventive connection as a practice of learning to live and die well with each other in a thick present. Our task is to make trouble, to stir up potent response to devastating events, as well as to settle troubled waters and rebuild quiet places.

Ok. The present is thick.

A small, spherical mass of liquid. An Act of Dropping. Drop. Out. Or to drop off, or to fall off or fall out, or to dip.

Reveal, make known

According to Martin Herbet, Charlotte Protensky, in her 20s protested documenta 4, she handed out fliers that said in part “You culture vultures, so here you are all gathered together to chat and lie and talk crap so as to gain the upper hand.

Everyday I come up with a different dropout piece and think about it secretly every day all day long. They all begin with Quit Art.

Quit Art Go back to school to become a real estate tycoon, make only green affordable housing.

Quit Art, get a loan, start a farm, grow food, leave society.

Quit Art, move to tuscany, have an under the tuscan sun/eat prey love thing till the world ends

Quit Art, become a lawyer, fight for environment

Quit Art, learn how to photosynthesize, move to nice woods

Quit Art, move to Vermont, create a niche vermont product, sell it on etsy.

Quit Art, buy a van, live inside of van.

Quit Art, Become Animal Rights Activist, save whales.

Quit Art, go back to school, get business degree, join them, buy nice house to live in until world ends.

In the lower Congo they say:

The sun once met the moon and threw mud at it,

Making it dimmer.

There was a flood when this happened.

Men put their milk stick behind them and were turned into monkeys.

The present race of men is a recent creation.

What is form?

How is a figure form? How is a figure form?

Where do my good ideas go when I forget them?

Do you think we might survive still on the planet?

Where could we go?

Could I be more afraid of the coming tide?

The Zuni of New Mexico: A great flood once forced the Zunis out of their valley to take refuge on a nearby tableland. But the flood rose nearly to the top of the tableland, and the people, fearing it would drown them all, decided to offer a human sacrifice to appease the angry waters. A youth and maiden, children of two Priests of the Rain, were dressed in finery and thrown into the flood. The waters began subsiding immediately. The two young people turned to stone; they may be seen as two great pinnacles rising from the tableland.

In Lee Lozano's dropout piece, whose title I borrow for my own musing on a dropout piece, is as writer Sarah Lehrer-Graiwer says: "The saying was so much of the doing..." She continues: "or it may be most aptly understood as operating on the same plane as life itself, as an indefinite, ongoing, open-ended project of a lived duration that attests to the total nature of the artist's commitment – in which case nothing less than Lozano's death in 1999, due to cervical cancer, serves as closure. And yet there is no closure with an artist and a work that continues even now to cause so much thrilling, radical trouble for art. There is still the long view in which Dropout Piece is vigorously at work and powerfully operative in the present – if, in thinking about Lozano, we get used to her idea of multiplying by time"

The Tlaxcalan of central Mexico say: Men who survived the deluge were turned into monkeys, but they slowly recovered speech and reason.

What you choose to reinscribe is a form of previous pain brought upon another again leave it,
leave me be. Inscribe pain. I will not participate. Oops I'm participating.

Lake Tyres (Victoria):

A giant frog once swallowed all the water, and no one else could get anything to drink. After many other animals failed, eel, with his remarkable contortions, made the frog laugh, releasing the water. Many were drowned in the flood. The whole of mankind would have perished if the pelican had not picked up survivors in his canoe.

I'm becoming suspicious. I'm researching virtual reality. I play video games all day. I'm Skeptical. Insatiable. I watch YouTube constantly. I start even watching twitch. I am descending into another reality. I watch people hanging out in VR. It becomes clear to me what I am watching on twitch is a different language. It is weird, I do it all the time. A topic of a macro-lecture. I will say now that if I watch too much of it my jokes aren't so funny anymore. I mean I find them funny but I'm speaking a different language. A Smokey language, ash in my mouth I make myself laugh, purifying my own spit like the new activated charcoal water filter. Insatiable. Or I am a hungry dog with a lazy conscious. Aren't you worried about all of this someone asks me after I give a lecture about virtual reality. And aren't you worried about yourself? What do you think the outcome of this technology will be. A better question I reply losing myself, is will the planet be around long enough for my prediction to come true. A laughing nodding wordlessness engulfs us in our red seminar room. More points for the dropout piece if you are keeping score at home in your own mind.

I start watching homesteading videos. It is interesting how even a homesteader can depend on toxic building materials. A lot of homesteads on youtube aren't fully self-sufficient, somebody is working doing one thing or another thing often they sell their skills on YouTube. "We could be self-sufficient" but then we'd have to give up a certain quality of life."

I become obsessed with chicken coops Yes I'll build one. With what? I could use palettes, recycle them. Or I could use adobe, I could build them an earth ship. How will I protect them from predators. A big cage, a big gate. Who wants to be caged in with a big gate. Who wants to die by coyote? There's Coyotes? I watch one particular chicken coop video where a white woman in New England who has named her 6 chickens names that would be considered stereotypical black American names (Shineque, Le Fonda, etc.) these names are so black she

can barely remember them or pronounce them. I hate this woman so much I vow to make my own chicken coop and name all 6 of my chickens things like Britany, Ashley, Lindsay, Stepahnie, Melissa and Heather.

I take an Uber to my studio because I have a big box to take there. My driver is from Turkey and Serbia. His skin is a light, easy yellow, brown, he'd be a black guy in the states. He talks to me in German, patient with my A2 level sentences. He asks me if it is better to be an artist here than in the US. I say well yes and no. He says that makes sense. The police are less likely to kill me here. We laugh at this. Here, they'd kill me first. Still funny. We laugh more. He tells me about how the only women in europe that aren't fetiszing him are Polish women. Wricklich. Really. I say, egging him on in confusion. He told me, you go to Poland, you'll see, they love people for people. As we pull up to a stop sign, He gets very serious and finds my eyes in the rear view and says, God only cares about what is in your heart. He pounds

where his heart is his thumping echoes through the car. He holds my eyes. What is in your heart? He was dramatic but I liked his vibe.

When Harry asks me to do this talk it is hot or it is about to be hot. It ends up getting so hot that Julia says in Spain piles of manure are self igniting. Eat your heart out Joseph Bueys I think to myself which is a bad joke and then I get very scared as I have been for years now, a numbing scared, like water separating from me as I swim in the ocean.

I've always been quite bad at noticing my own body actually, this water separating hypothetical. As a child, my mother asked me if I could feel how dry my scalp was. I have a scalp I wondered? Narratives around transness dictate that this was because I'm trans but I think it is because I'm too busy doing other things. Like in grad school how I lived off of frozen burritos for several weeks because I couldn't be bothered to think of another to eat, not when I could be making art.

That guy who suggested dropping out in the 60's was a bit disappointed about the miscommunication of his original term. He said: "Drop Out" meant self-reliance, a discovery

of one's singularity, a commitment to mobility, choice, and change. Unhappily my explanations of this sequence of personal development were often misinterpreted to mean "Get stoned and abandon all constructive activity".

Sorry what's constructive?

The last time I was here, I saw Sharon Hayes speak about some work of hers. I like Sharon. I think she is good. Sharon's work reminds us that we are situated within a community and that community can and should contain our multiples and those multiples of course continue to move through us even when we are alone looking and it is our responsibility to maintain that multiplicity, to insist on it.

Hypothetically, our entanglements make us human

The Russians apparently say: To find out why Noah was building an ark, the devil told Noah's wife to prepare a strong drink. Noah, drunk from this drink, told the secret God entrusted him with. The devil hindered Noah's work, and when the ship was finished, sneaked into it in the company of the wife, who had tempted her husband into saying the devil's name. Once in the ark, he assumed the form of a mouse and gnawed holes in the bottom of the ark.

How can I decolonize something I cannot see?

Oh hurray I'm curdling in my own despair. I want to live. I'm tired and lazy and it almost sounds better to drop out then try and save everybody but the threat that I will wake up and regret (which I will do as I already have done and am doing) is enough to keep me straddling in limbo.

Samuel walks me home. He says I don't like to reflect on anything. Me either. I think it would save me some time if I did. Me too. The problem I have though is that all my emotions are one emotion. I'm sad because I am happy and I'm mad because I am happy and I am tired because I'm sad and I'm everything because of the other thing because I am nothing without all of the things. That sounds hard he says. I think you should try and separate them pretend you're a dog and an ambulance is going by. That hurts your ears and you have to howl. I like Samuel because he talks in fables. Donna says fables are important now. I read her Wikipedia to prepare to present some of my research in lineage with hers - her critics say she's bordering on nonsense. Cool. Same. I don't even believe in borders.

Precious I'll wind myself up to make you some cheese.

We'd be best to go a little to hard on the backside

Rose says to me as I am leaning half my body out the window to look at the dark looming cloud, We'll never know if it's going to rain until it rains, Rin.

There is a moment before a Geyser erupts where there is a large knot of energy, of power, and that knot is me, literally, I am the knot, neither fully erupted nor stagnant.

I make a chocolate cake that is half baked. Markus says it looks like I turned the moon inside out. That the pan is the same color as the chocolate and that the cake is incredible. Romain says that means it maintains a certain density. Density perfect.

Sometimes I wonder if the stage is the place for the riot.

Or rather if the stage can contain the riot.

Where else but to riot I suppose but by playing the part.

Often people pay you when you are on the stage. IF this is the system we're pursuing then pay everybody. All the time. Pay everybody! Pay each other!

If I'm caught in a feedback loop where my body is controlled by the state does that mean I'm the feed and then I become the back and then the feed once more and so on

I'm really going to stretch some heaven and hell narratives now so please pick up your salt grains and bear with me in this thought exercise. In biblical sources the Hebrew term the satan describes an adversarial role. It is not the name of a particular character. Although Hebrew storytellers as early as the sixth century B.C.E. occasionally introduced a supernatural character whom they called the satan, what they meant was any one of the angels sent by God for the specific purpose of blocking or obstructing human activity. So The Satan or one who opposes. And we call the devil the most evil diety in Christinaity, Satan, as he opposed the way that God was creating the earth (I assume also its laws and the nature of the beings upon it.) would a more amicable God have said the Satan, the opposer could remained in heaven or is heaven only for those who agree with the laws god set forth like do

you have to forcibly remove (Or in Satan's case, be forcibly removed) to create an alternative? Can the alternative not exist inside of the system? (Read Heaven.) is the alternative actually the paradise?

Maybe opposer is the wrong word, how about the refuser, but what do I refuse and what is done in turn when I refuse, who replaces me as an agreeer.

These binaries are exhausting.

Sometimes I wake up and wonder what it might feel like to give in.

The scientist says: "Fear does not motivate, and appealing to it is often counterproductive as it tends to distance people from the problem, leading them to disengage, doubt and even dismiss it

She often uses grief as a way to process her emotions about climate. "We have to acknowledge that we've changed our planet. We've made it more dangerous and we've done harm,"

"It's healthy to grieve," she said. "We need to actually pause. We need to honor and engage with how we are feeling. That's not the same as wallowing. It's not the same as going into a hole you never come out of."

"Grief is a process. A recognition. But you can still move on."

To what?

I think they might be suggesting we let the ice melt.

To the street?

Off the internet?

To a homestead.

To land whose original inhabitants are mostly gone?

In Nicaragua they say:

The world was once destroyed by a deluge.

After its destruction, the gods created all things afresh.