

THIS LAND OF TOPOLOGIES

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directed by Gwethalyn Williams

(under the influence of the Dadaists)

UN NON HEALTHILY PROPORTIONED GOODS:

Now we're going to talk about what we aren't going to talk about. We will not talk about these things. Speaking of Bestiality, we won't. There is no room for bull sex here. Contemplate this scene and the painful splinters. No Minotaur, no boxes, not labyrinth. Theseus Will not be a topic of discussion. That Ariadne. I'm not going to tell you about her. We are not going to talk about birds or people turning into birds or people wanting to be birds. Labyrinth that nobody could solve. Architecture and stones listen and listen - there's a thing falling above it AAHHAHHHHH!!- Glisten for his father. Brackmbraggent. It makes us cough. Let's not listen to your fodder. Dadelitus Daculitus Deedelitus Datelitus. Theseus, whom we won't speak of. We would like to state the things we will not be talking about (mumble). Moving on. OK, now we're going to talk about the things we're not going to talk about. We will not talk about these things.. We are not going to talk about things we are not going to talk about.

TALICACO!

IAPYX, A DIALOGUE:

Iapyx: Coal, coal, coal, coal, cold and alone and forgot tot, tot, tot, tot, totten for eternities. (sits as audience)

BurningWings: Ocean where are you pastries

Feather: Oh my God! (Stop, drop, and roll)

Ocean: Wax and water

Sun: Fired you are fired! (Kicks feather)

Burning Wings: I am a happy monkey (quack)

Iapyx: (Gets up and paints a boat) Coal, coal, coal, coal, cold and alone and forgot tot, tot, tot, tot, totten for eternities

Burning Wings: He sat alone dotting pleasantly in a secret valley made only for the little children

Feather: (runs back) Papa said son you best stop chippin' (dances off)

Iapyx: Where is my toothbrush?

Sun: God make it happen. Everything is in God's chin

Iapyx: Where is my hand?

Ocean: We were cheesy until we met him.

Sun: Papa said son you best stop chippin'

Iapyx: (sits as audience) Coal, coal, coal, coal, cold and alone and forgot tot, tot, tot, tot,
totten for eternities

Burning Wings: I am very opedient

Feather: SHUT UP

Ocean: No matter brother fatter

Feather: SHUT UP

Sun: I am very opediant and I am nonexistent

Burning Wings: Let the court adjourn grumble and sludge

Feather: IT REALLY IS IMPORTANT MAN

Sun: Burning Wings you will burn and melt and I will tear out your feathers and you will
feel much sadness and pain and baboon rat babies will fall at you from heaven
and stop it throwing stop these long bands rapsCALLION showpeas not antelopes
(while dancing)

Feather: SHUP UP!

Iapyx: the sun burnt his crashed and died dead in the sea.

THE UNWRITTEN MANIFESTO:

We must proclaim that from these academies of educational structure there should be something of a much higher stature releasing energy with such vigor. It is urgent that we conquer what ever it is that we may find within an object and proclaim that we are equal under the justice of what makes us human beings. Lifting up to high heat high in alight. The vacation restigmatizes breaks down the mold gorraphulizacient. In an earthquake there echoes in reflect patterns receding that if it gives meaning it does it well, cracks it. There is a central and omnipresent truth in my neutrinos: we will never reach the life limit. My vague philosophies are dark but not claravoyant, and never can be. Nay sayers mouths have been filled with their feet mountain. It is natural to assume fly, to listen and speak

when not spoken to. A melon interchange growling under a stress potato while the sorcerers specifically milk their sorrow. Their hats are tall like those of the brigade for un healthily proportioned goods. H can never be understood if the essence of energy were to flow from academies at an electrifying rate. If we do this no longer will energy of such a stature take over our awakenings to make the forgotten objects of the universe nonexistent. I can build you a cup and you can fill it with all of your marmalade and it would never be full. There is no Rock of Gibraltar to hold our pillars of salt.

TRIUMPH OVER THE COLLECTIVE DESIRE:

You faxed my bowtie!
You burning and flan glory!

You're my wife!
You remember churches!

Your spoon is too electrifying!

You fell and hit my head!

You're salivating!
You took it out for pasta!

You are Iambic!
You glisten for my father!
You would!
You would too!

THE MANIFESTO OF NONEXISTENCE: (NONSENSE SOUNDS)

We would like to have the following things named after ourselves, a body of water, an island, a car, a rock band, and soft drink. We will laugh. We are very sure his life will be dead hip lip bif deat. If we don't know how hard it is to create something so complex, so intricate, too precise. That is why we are geniuses. We have forsaken our lives to become a legacy. Come join hands and weep (if you know what I mean.) Moving on. Certainly their must be a subject of non existent being non exister and a little bit lonely like what we cannot think of and will not speak of.

VIRGINS V. RESPECT FOR HALF BULL LIFE, (932 BC), AN EXCERPT:

Bull: Sacrifice your virgins and melons because they are Sweeeeeeeeeeeeeet.

Minotaur: Yahppy taco.

Virgins: If only there were dental floss.

Bull: Fourtneen little virgins in a salivating-14, you shut up Fourteen little virgins in a

salivation - 14.

Virgins: God made me do it. It's all in gods chin.

Bull: creecreecree for those squealing delights of pampers and youthful sigh silence.
They don't struggle, only squirm simply, plea, plea, creecreecree the monster
eats slowly.

Virgins: Why we thought we could put it away to put it away we thought could we could
put it away.

Minotaur: Virgins are the tastiest and intregalist. Kill kill kill kill kill it kill it it it kill it kill
kill
kill it it it it. NOW.

Virgins: This fould creature will keep feeding and feeding until there are no police
souls left in the world.

Minotaur: salivating and sitting savory sitting in a salivating mouth devoured.

Virgins: Don't just pull a virgin out of your incapacity and give her away. Anybody can
die as a martyr, but only a virgin can die as a (nonsense).

Bull: A virgin is hard for anyone.

Virgins: The most likely of chove for the Minotaur. Do not let the horns fool you he is a
gamoot.

Minotaur: Who is to say liberty makes you clean?

Virgins: (overlapping with moral)1. The bastard son of a tasty dinner, 2. A magical
machine locked in a cantalope surprise cake, 3. He who built a glorious
impenetrable

Moral: (overlapping withvirgins) This strange mix of human and bull make his chemical
makeup altered, modified, and unstable which therefore makes the Minotaur a
beast, a monster, a demon who lives on souls of the purest kind.

Virgins: 4. Hail the Hymen.

Moral: I don't recognize that third digit. Let the court adjourn. The environmentalists are
up in arms in outcry translation ska Bam bam. Oranges.

MANIFESTERING PART II:

The perception of color is one of our most impossible experiences. All crayons will
whamwhamta. Investigate to subtleties of grey. Be very cautious when adding black babies

called shades. It may seem as though I had been at once gloomy and frivolous in some of my prognostications. Why don't animals? There are no roads in nature. Do not apply to leather suede velvet corduroy vinyl plastic or silk. A study of a male nude turning left, I say stop laundry! the complete guide to keeping your home and family safe and sound.

SOME QUEENS ONCOLOGY:

“Perfect!” The alerts that warn you and their Icarus graphics. And tweeny-weenie Icarus fill the void. But Icarus also has great customizable birthday party. You're playing fast games, Icarus! Rock n' roll is better than politics! Icarus s. a. in to <mailto:Icarus@icarus-be.com>. Parc Industriel des Haunts-Sarts Zone 3 rue des Alouettes. atmospheric neutrino study icarus is proud to be listed among the 20 most popular icarus new WARNED to me the Icarus cat think what charm crowding device
Wow! his Icarus issues the vicar dining scout Survey: Do not allow to falsify the Icarus current exchange for most of the Icarus potential Icarus the the off shop austin arrived security Philadelphia icarus roll their music

A CHANT OF SEXUAL TOLERANCE:

La la la la I am your king

Jimmy cracked my
mother's back.

La la la la I am your king.

Jimmy cracked my
mother's back.

La la la la I am your king.

Jimmy cracked my
mother's back.

Penetrate your hollow path.

Hold your breath and
bite your face.

Penetrate your hollow path.

Hold your breath and
bite your face.

Penetrate your hollow path.

Hold your breath and
bite your face.

ALL: Brut course we drunk and know it all

She loved a bull but the bull loved wood.

Conquering killing rape and pillaging

She loved a bull but the bull loved wood.

Conquering killing rape and pillaging

She loved a bull but the bull loved wood.

Conquering killing rape and pillaging

Lock up the sick step son half wrong.

They wouldn't
Buttonhole the children.

I don't want to leave her but I don't want Even
To love her either. (Gasp)

when we do consummate it's not good.

I don't want to leave her but I don't want Even
To love her either (Gasp).

when we do consummate it's not good.

I don't want to leave her but I don't want
To love her either (Gasp).

Even
when we do consummate it's not good.

But only if you're my wife.