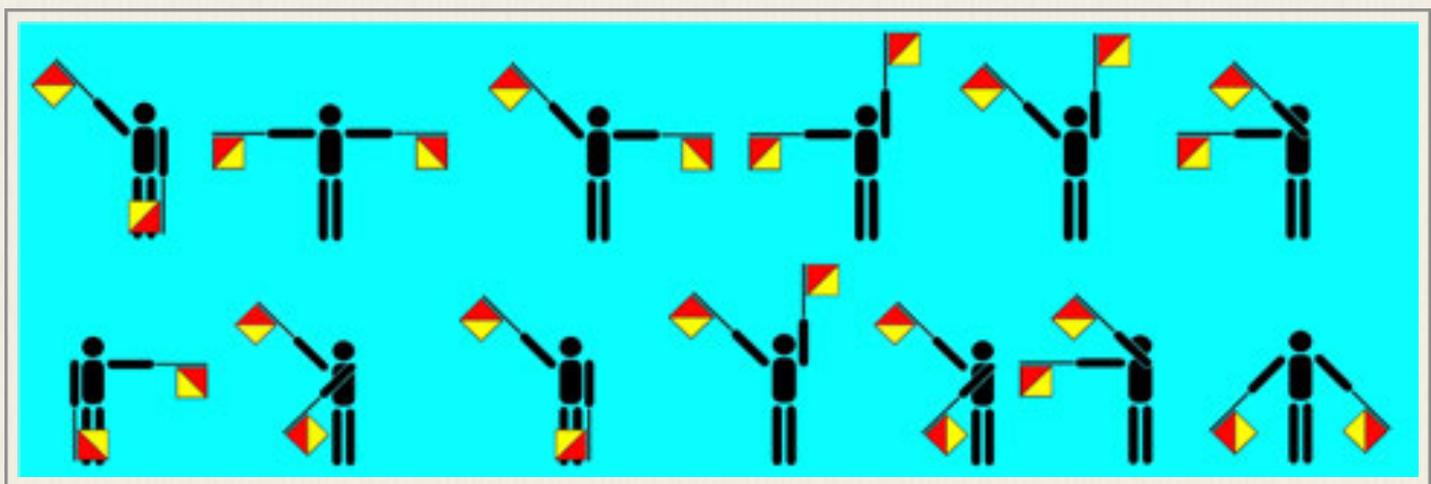
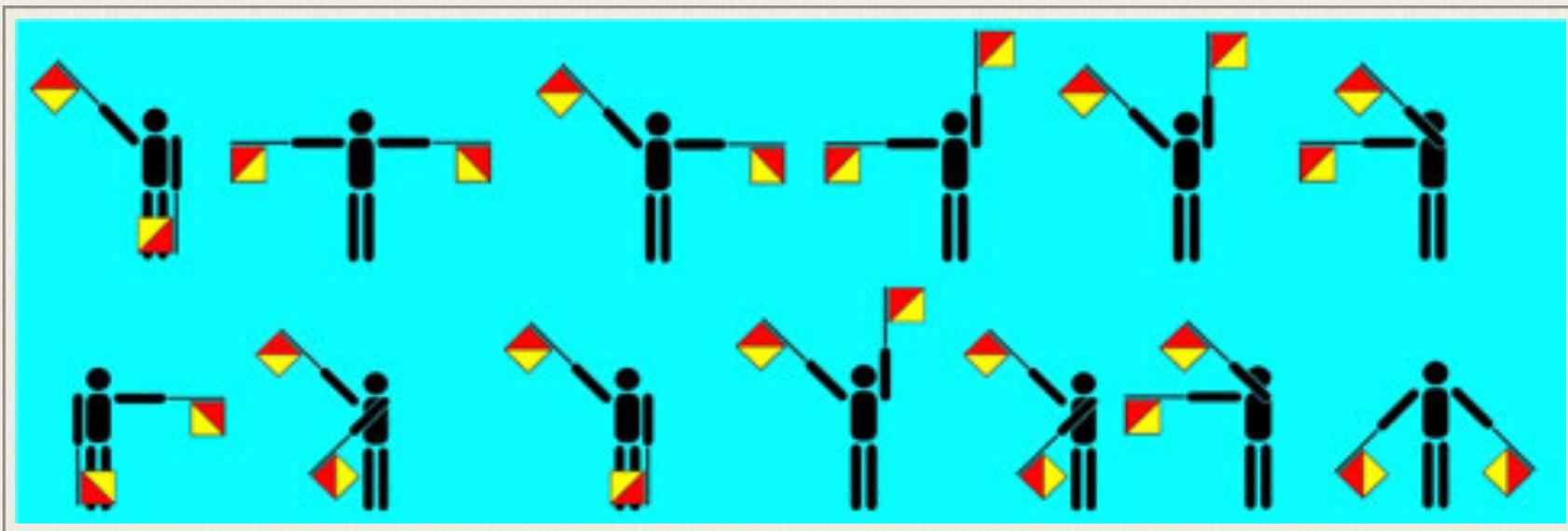


AlpaBravoCharlie

AN ALPHABETICAL ROMANCE, CONCEIVED
AND EDITED BY DR. NIGEL HELYER.



Preface.



In the words of that great classic ~ The Readers Digest “you have been selected.....” to contribute to a new edition of fictional work entitled “AlphaBravo-Charlie.” Based upon the International (a.k.a. NATO) Radio Alphabet, "Alpha, Bravo, Charlie" is a playful anthology of short fiction structured around the twenty six Radio Call signs, evoking the romance of both the imagined locations and the cultural politics embedded in the call signs themselves.

A common name for this spelling alphabet, "NATO phonetic alphabet", exists because it appears in Allied Tactical Publication ATP-1, Volume II: Allied Maritime Signal and Maneuvering Book used by all allied navies of NATO, which adopted a modified form of the International Code of Signals. Because the latter allows messages to be spelled via flags or morse code it naturally named the code words used to spell out messages by voice its "phonetic alphabet". The name NATO phonetic alphabet became widespread because the signals used to facilitate the naval communications and tactics of NATO have become global.

So please enjoy a quick Tango or Foxtrot with Juliette whilst you sip a Whiskey in your Hotel!

This is the electronic version of AlphaBravoCharlie available for the Mac IOS.

Published by *SonicObjects: SonicArchitecture*.

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Dr. Sonique.

SonicObjects: Sonic Architecture.

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Code.

Disambiguation.

Echo's cries rehearse the utterance of others, departing as counterfeits without significance, returning diminished and disembodied ~ orphaned sounds.

Narcissus swoons as he reaches out to caress the face that has him bewitched. As his fingers glance the perfect image it transforms into an animated mandala, formed of concentric algorithms far more complex than his melancholia.



“Echo and Narcissus” John William Waterhouse 1903.

Collection, Walker Art Gallery Liverpool, UK.

Smoke curls up from the Beacon Hill, answered in the distance by another and yet still another. A King has died, an Armada has breached the horizon. In every case a presaged message is unleashed ~ only the timing is significant.

Stepping forward through the logic and logistics of the Enlightenment, writing ousts memory and unlike the transient voice, it has the ability to transpose and transport itself ~ it flies and it endures.

But like everything, it is subject to the *Inverse Square Law*, its clarion voice fading with distance. Poured into channels of Copper or sparked into the Æther language swims in an Ocean of Noise in constant fear of corruption, desperate for disambiguation.

The message is quantised, fundamental particles taking the form of semaphore flags, dots and dashes, the texture of Braille. Speech and spelling are rehabilitated as military jingo-jargon, Alpha, Bravo, Charlies.

Compression.



Peruvian Quipos. Anon,
Collection Varldskultur Museet, Sweden.

It is one thing to speak with clarity and be heard over distance (or perhaps even time) but it is another to say a lot and say it fast. The goal of Telematics is to be coherent and robust, economical and fast.

Our thoughts, already expressed as serial icons or codes, are now to be compressed into a form that is both necessary and sufficient for the purpose.

Lacking a written language and acknowledging the frailty of memory the ancient Peruvians developed the Quipos, delicate arrays of twisted and knotted threads encoding vital communal information.

Marconi abbreviated standard business procedures to save bandwidth and Mawson, who established the first radio communication from Antarctica compressed the limited range of explorer narratives into a code-book, R-776 meaning I have grown a beard for example.

The compression of meaning and emotion is recirculating today in the form of emoticons, happiness a single condition reduced to a smiling PacMan.

Encryption.

Sensitive messages have always been jealously guarded to ensure their privacy and security, never more so than in times of conflict. However, the air, airtime and airspace are open and permeable, available and exposed, as are the transmission technologies which propagate them. The solution to such vulnerability is encryption, the rendering of the unambiguous and compressed into a cryptic form, publicly flaunting itself but impenetrable without a key.



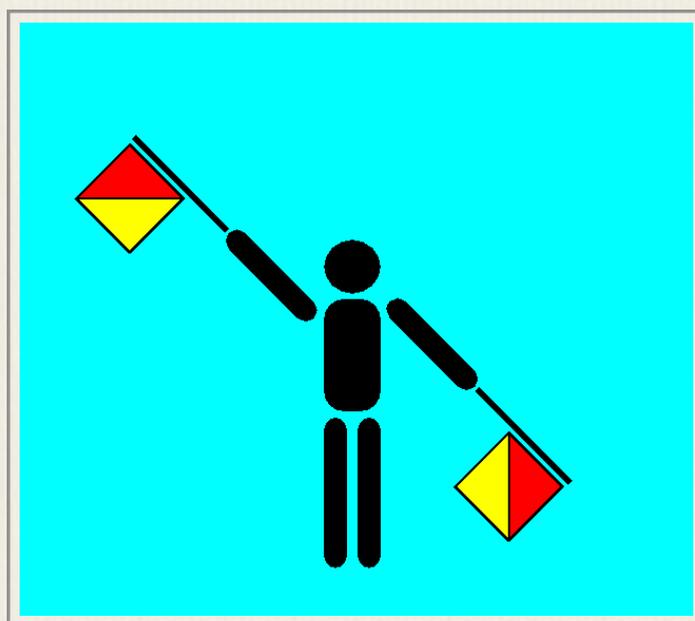
Wilfred Pickles at the BBC circa 1941.

The Romeo Alpha Foxtrot held back whilst the Luftwaffe destroyed the city of Coventry in order not to give the Enigma Machine code breakers game away. A sacrifice that subsequently sealed the demise of the Afrika Corps through intercepted intelligence.

Across the Atlantic, US army communications were conducted in the complex languages of several *First Nation Peoples* ~ speaking in tongues difficult for the enemy to acquire. In fact Hitler had sent a team of some thirty Anthropologists to America well before the outbreak of hostilities in, what transpired to be a vain attempt, to learn native American languages.

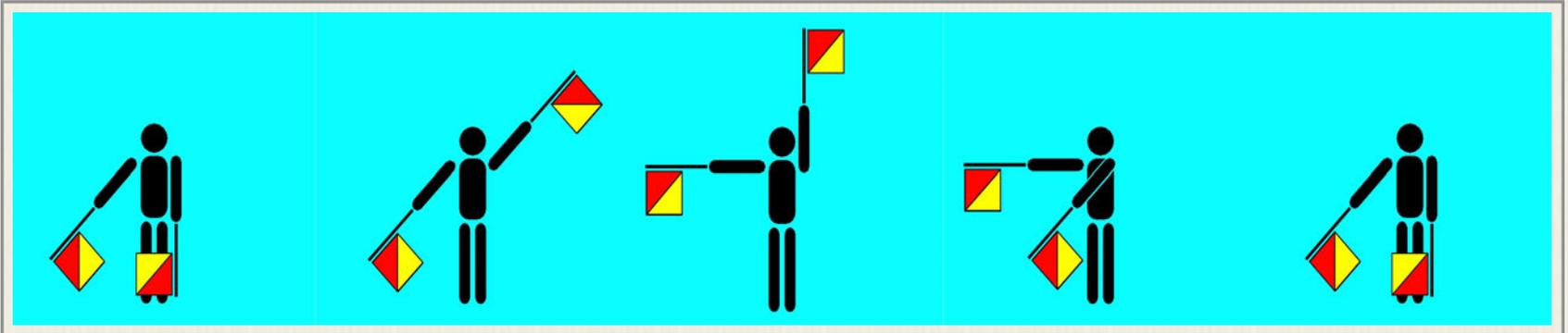
In London, at the outbreak of hostilities the BBC panicked over the real possibility of Oxbridge trained Germans broadcasting ersatz programmes in perfect King's English. Their solution was to install Wilfred Pickles as the voice of London Calling. Pickles, a Yorkshireman broke the mould of BBC voice types, with his broad northern accent, impossible even for a Home Counties resident to copy and perhaps understand, in this instance encrypting not the message per se but the vector of delivery.

Nigel Helyer.





Alpha



Alpha ~ i'm wacked at out in battambang wiv sue n chris knowles
steaming in the tropics here hoot as hell

pre monsoon

best wishes

mike

Alpha~betically yours...

By Michael Buckley

Battambang Cambodia 2012

One. Alphamailman I am working on my echo

hello

hello

get fucked

get fucked

he

he

what fun

what fun

Two. I weed out bad words from my word garden

Bravo, Bravo Charlie!

working on beautiful word Delta flowers

I'll send a lovely bunch of alphabet Foxtrot pansies to Dr Sonique in Quebec
alphabetically yours...

Three. Lacrimation or lachrymation (from Latin lacrima, meaning "tear") is the production or shedding of tears. Strong emotions such as sorrow or elation, awe, pleasure ...

Four. Last night we went out for dinner to a local little restaurant in the town we stayed in. Sue (wife) and Sim (son) ordered a plate of meat each with chick peas. The meat was wrapped around short pieces of sawn off bone of a leg. 'I think it's donkey meat' said Simee,

Sue spat out a chickpea into her napkin and put it on the plate.

I ate my vegetable Tagine.

Before bed Sue opened the hotel window and looked at the crescent moon on the mountaintop.

That night in her dreams a three legged donkey kept bumping into her and asking, 'Why did you eat my leg?'

In the morning Sue had such a long face. She told us her dream...'And it kept bumping into me!'

Sim and me collapsed on the floor hooting and howling with laughter.

Later we sat on a local bus that wound its way thru the hills back to Tangiers. Out the window we saw a number of three legged donkeys standing lonely in the fields.

Five. DOPAMINE Involved in automatic movements of skeletal muscle (degeneration of these axons occurs in Parkinson's disease).

Six. I must admit...

I feel a bit sick (must be the lack of alcohol here in Morocco maybe?)

A while back some days ago i think i had a glass of beer

The memory fades i walk the streets and look in shop front windows and coffee houses to see if i can see any brown bottles or cans on tables...its a real alcohol desert here
I cant get any!

i dont mind too much

it only hurts a little Victor

i wont cry or anything

My tongue is only a little bit parched

In our hotel room - it doesnt worry me - watching people drink alcohol on TV

Hell no!

No it doesnt matter - does it

i dont care, do I Juliette?

I'm going to bed an i am going to pull the hotel blanket over my head

i might wake up a better person in the morning!

Yes I will.

your pal uniform Mike (who doesn't need a drink)

Seven. Deficiency symptoms dopamine: Emptiness, lack of pleasure and reward, fatigue, depression, lack motivation, over-eating.

Substances used to compensate for deficiency of dopamine: alcohol, whiskey ,marijuana, cocaine, caffeine, amphetamines, sugar, golf and tobacco.

Lets Tango

Eight. i feel good tonight

i had this weird bowen therapy massage at 5 o clock for my Parkinsons...

i picked up the leaves of spring shook on a tree - a cat climbed up a branch to chase a bird

a girl rode by on a push bike, a puff of wind parted the hair on my head, i thought about dinner, i fished in the river behind my house, while a cricket chirped i drank a glass of wine an Mr fish hooked itself onto my unbilical kilo cord of hope, i reeled it in an started whistling, the late afternoon November light looked really promising, men stood in the doorways of pubs an looked out, the road traffic was like a giant elephant lumbering down the high way, i carried my fish home an cooked it on the temple of my stove, my knife n fork sang sweet songs, such is the end to a long day

Nine. my X-ray shrunken head needs expanding with some fine words

arise i command thee
 walk the plank n
 w
 r
 i
 t
 e
 sez
 mike
 in his skull n cross bones tin boat surfing a India universe of tarantula legs
 attack
 no Romeo
 but all in all a nice Lima night hot balmy like tortoise toes
 Sierra shoo feet
 ripper a ll but a shoe black pointy with out a care
 this evening even i feel the lisp of my lips
 stuck in the curve of a quarter moon
 r e l a x e d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d d e de da de dumm
 mmmmm da
 Quebec pics like s h o e laces in another whorl
 squiggle giggles he he
 laff like a trombone in the s u m m m e r of my days
 hands on the plough boyo here we go Oscar

Ten. Echolalia is the automatic repetition of vocalizations made by another person.

A typical pediatric presentation of echolalia might be as follows: a child is asked "Do you want dinner?"; the child echoes back "Do you want dinner?", followed by a pause, and then a response, "Yes. What's for dinner Papa?"

Eleven. i d r e e m w o r d s s p e l t
 w r o n g l y

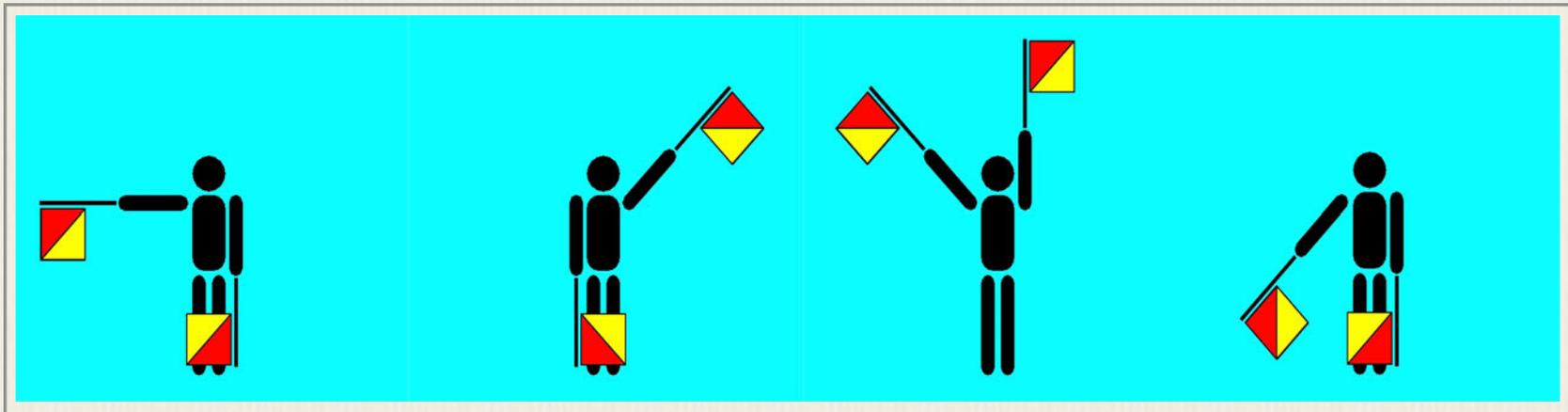
all afternoon in bed asleep from everything that runs like a Zulu chooo choo train
in my head
dopamean dopamein dopamine
dopey!!!
the smoke billows inside my fishbowl
c r a n i u m
rain wipes clean the sky n between the leaves a Yankee cat stalks with a sly grin
along the fence
- who sez i has a sly grin?
-Birds do! sez I
- well they might be wrong!
- yes sir! i says, as he runs along the fence past black cows a d into a circle of birds
that escape i n t o the s k y

Bio ~ Mike Buckley.

Michael Buckley is a filmmaker who began his career by making 16mm experimental films in the '70s and '80s. In the mid '90s he moved into the new media interactive realm. This is due in part to the cost blow-out in 16mm production. His two experimental CD ROM works 'The Good Cook' and 'The Swear Club' are short interactive fragmented narratives that explore interlocking memories from which the audience constructs meaning. These works are influenced by his experimental film-making background, an influence which continues with his current interactive project researching uses of 'Gesture' across moments in time and location.



Bravo.



“Bravo! Bravo pedimou, Bravo my son, you dance like the men in our family have always danced.”

Stelios cried out, hoarse and spitting from the edges of his mouth.

“You have now learnt the alpha and the omega of the meaning of life. If you know how to dance at the beginning of the line, you will know how to dance at the end of it.”

His son Haralambous, spun, crouched, kicked and leaped as he led the line of poor and hungry looking young men in dance. Stelios wiped his brow, and sat back heavily in the chair taking another swig of sour retsina, wishing it was whiskey. He looked at his cousin Mihali, Mike as he was known to the American soldiers who had arrived some months back on their journey from Athens to Salonika via his town of Florina. Mike was popular with the soldiers, they supplied him with food and cigarettes and he supplied the ‘Yankee’ with hashish. Haralambous - Charlie, Stelios’ son also worked quietly alongside Mihali unknown to Stelios. As long as the town was getting what it needed everyone was prepared to lower their heads and pretend ignorance to any police officers making enquiries.

It was close to midday and the white fog that had been lingering in the valley had burned up. The sparse open market had closed and villagers, who had come

into town from outlying districts looking for food to exchange, were back on their donkeys and leading them slowly along the main road of the town into the flat dry fields below. The horizon was grey and dull, here and there small figures could be seen in a winding yellow shimmer. The local youths who had been hiding from the heat under the shade of torn canvas eaves, moved slowly out and gathered to watch the dancing. As always the Gypsy boys, the town musicians, knew exactly what music to play and for whom – if the music brought the soldiers to the front of the kafeneon, then they too would get drinks and free cigarettes.

For the Greeks, they played sirtia, for the Slavs, the poushcheno, for the Pontians, the drums came out and were played so hard and so fast that the even storks which lived in the top of empty chimney stacks and on the last few timber telegraph poles left after the bombings, would suddenly rise in unison and fly to the beat and rhythm into another valley. Alongside the dancing Greeks the Gypsies would form their own lines of dance but instead of a single line, would form pairs of two or more dancers, dancing more sinuously than the others, licensed by birth to express sensuousness which was neither flamenco or tango, but something else.

Romeo and his sister Juliette always danced together, they would rise slowly and walk at first like stiff marionettes to the middle of the group, but once the clarinet and tambor started to whine and beat, their arms would rise and the life came into them. Juliette was no more than fifteen, thin and very dark. Victor, the Gypsy chief always reminded her that she was so dark because she had the purest soul which only came from the gypsy line that had started in India. Her long black hair was loose to her waist and she wore a black camisole with a pale blue scarf around her neck and a faded green cotton skirt that had prints of lilies around the edge. Romeo was older, perhaps twenty. He had the confidence and emaciation that only a decade of surviving military invasions could create in a boy grown from hungry puberty to slippery adulthood. His family never forgot the day he had gone out looking for bread and come back to their shanty with a kilo of sugar. This was unimaginable and rarer than gold, no one had the courage to ask what he had done to get it. Greeks in the south, in Athens, were dying of starvation and even though no one could find bread, Romeo had come back with sugar. There were so many secrets when it came to survival. This group of dancers in the mar-

ket square seemed joyful and full of life yet so much of what they did had a double meaning. Dancing for others was more like a foxtrot for life. Their papa, Oscar, had always said that for a gypsy, fast feet were number one. Amongst the American soldiers there was one that had been especially friendly, Romeo had nicknamed him Zulu. He had shown interest in Juliette and brought her American chocolate. He was darker than the other Americans and the Gypsies liked him because he was of Mexican background and used to sometimes join in the dance swaying easily and making flamenco-like steps. Afterward he would give Romeo cigarettes and they would sit in the square drinking in the dusk as the sun slowly disappeared from the square.

“Where do you want to be when the war ends?” asked Romeo

“I want to cross America from south to north; from the Sierra Grande to the snow covered peaks of Canada. I have a cousin who immigrated there and lives in Quebec. He is a green keeper for a golf links and he has promised to teach me how to play. The place where he lives looks so beautiful. Last year before Christmas, in November, for my birthday, he sent me photographs. There is a hotel there, it’s called Hotel Lima, seven stories high on the edge of the links with a background of mountain peaks covered in ice. It looks like a medieval castle and when the sun sets it is so intense the forests around light up like an x-ray and if you call out from the balconies across the valley below the echo goes forever.”

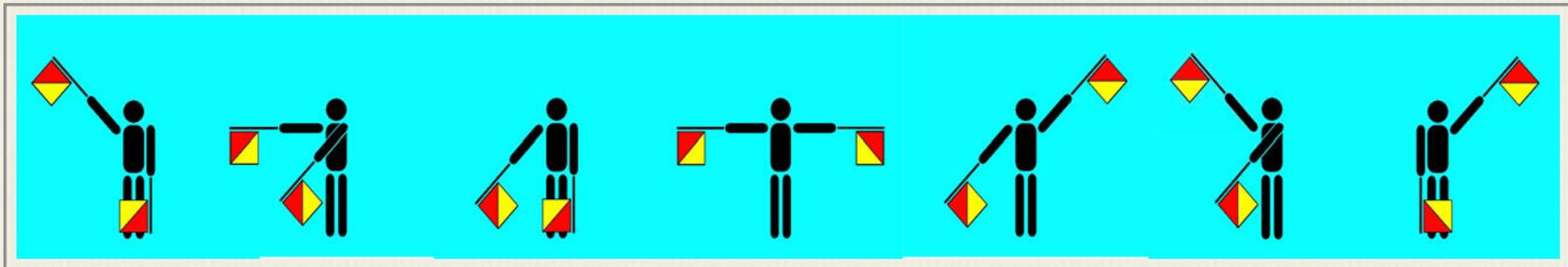
Romeo was always amazed by the Americans and especially Zulu; they always seemed to be able to stop and think of what they would like to do, where they wanted to go and how they would get there. It was like they could dream of tomorrow and walk in a straight line to their future. Even during these years of war, there was hope and optimism in their conversations. For Romeo and his family, and for other people of his town, Greeks like Stelios and Mihali, there had been nothing but war, hardship and hunger over the generations; only a few things seemed to be possible that they could still do at any time – they could make music and they could dance. It was their code for both joy and survival.

Bio ~ Elizabeth Gertsakis.

Elizabeth Gertsakis was born in Florina Greece in 1954. She received a degree in Fine Art and English from Melbourne University and a Masters Degree in Comparative Literature and Critical Theory from Monash University. She has been the Senior Exhibitions Curator of the Post Master Gallery, National Philatelic Collection, Australia Post since 1995, where she is responsible for developing exhibitions, drawing on material from the National Philatelic Collection of Australia Post and major national museums and galleries of Australia. In her concurrent artistic and critical writing practice Gertsakis' interests include institutionalised racism and class prejudice within cultural institutions, visual history and identity, art and popular culture, nineteenth and twentieth century mass media illustration and photography. She has published more than 100 critical essays, contributions to anthologies and research papers in Australian and international academic, refereed, visual art, history and cultural studies publications; and, has had a number of notable solo artistic exhibitions, including a recent exhibition titled *Police News - The Banner of Truth* at the State Library of Victoria, in Melbourne.



Charlie.



Charlie watches mesmerised by the glint and shimmer of blood pooling into the ground, fading to darkness. Soon she would feel no more pain.

Her mind flashed back to their house in India, where she stood watching Zulu, her favourite of their housekeepers scrubbing out crimson Crayola from where Charlie had earlier tried to make a strawberry-carpet pancake! She couldn't help herself, that carpet always felt so deliciously fluffy. Zulu sang as she cleaned, "oh Cha-cha, Papa will be so cross when he returns from golf!" but Cha-cha didn't care about Pa. She had watched, transfixed by the bobble and sway of Zulu's bosom, bobble and sway like they did the day before when she scuffled with the stable boy out behind the house. Charlie had seen them, but then Zulu didn't have her uniform on and pinned back tight against the trunk, he was clearly the victor and perhaps that explained how she always smelt faintly of pine.

Hazy winter light pierces the dark forest canopy looking as if an alien army were descending upon them. Charlie watches the single dandelion floret twisting a tango above her head, as he grunts and heaves close by clearing more soil from the shallow pit, digging ever deeper.

It was her sixteenth birthday that Jaime gave her a five-kilo bundle of pet piglet. This she named Salami and along with Oscar the Biblical Cat all four set out for a sunset picnic with a view of the sierra ranges.

“Did you know that in Vermont, a Yankee is someone who eats pie for breakfast?”

“Oh Jah-jah, what’s so bad about pie?”

“Apple pies are THE best pie for pie-fighting, pectins make them smoosh!”

“...Oink.”

When they were together everything else around them blurred indiscriminate and nothing penetrated their bubble, no Venus or Mars, no bravo or boo, no white only black and the echo of their silent comfort. That day Oscar fished from the river a feisty Xyliphius, which flipped and flopped even as its entrails oozed mahogany onto the grass. The sun sank into the delta and it was the most exceptional Xyli-lima bean stew she had ever tasted.

Behind Charlie the digging stops. Her breath is shallow. Footsteps trudge towards her, along with the scrape of a heavy shovel.

Just three fortnights ago they were dancing foxtrot, she and Juliette, round a bonfire. It was to be a cozy graduation celebration just them both, but November in Quebec begged for a fire and since the dorm would be swamped with wilder celebrants they had to take it outside, 96.73 kilometers out. And what didn’t they take outside! Setting up the karaoke machine and the sofa in the middle of the woods didn’t make for good acoustics but that hadn’t stopped them. Charlie hacked the melon in half, so swollen it was with the dark contents that gushed burgundy into the snow; Juliette chucked her mike mid-song and leapt back on the sofa. Melon-nog! They had cored away some rind to infuse it with a special concoction of cinnamon milk, whiskey and tawny port, but NO egg; this was after all –Melon-nog!

“Are you definitely going, Cha-cha? I’ll miss you while you’re gone.”

“Venice will sink in a few years, just as red-heads will soon be extinct!”

“But you’re not going to Venice.”

“...”

Snowflakes drifted their gentle subsonic descent.

“I’ll miss you more, c’mon let’s do a little Rod Stewart...”

“You’re in my heart you’re in my soul, you’ll be my breath when I grow old, you are my lover you’re my best friend, you’re in my soul... ~ “ they echoed throughout the woods.

Alpha reached down to tap Charlie’s shoulder, dropping his shovel when he sees the carnage on her thigh, ”woah Senorita, what smokes!” Even as he rushes to tourniquet her, she woozes a little more, “I... my shoe...the frog...I tried to stroke it. Fell.”

“And then you just spazzed out?! Great, antiquated source of sepsis for you AND you’ve contaminated the artifact. The others have gone back to the hotel, come on we’ll have to get help.” He piled her into the passenger seat of the Alfa-Romeo, throwing the rest of the tools in the back. As they speed away from the excavation site X-Ray Specs’ “Oh Bondage, Up Yours” cranks out of the stereo, Charlie’s lips crook into a little smile and she thinks, “Man, this really is the best song.”

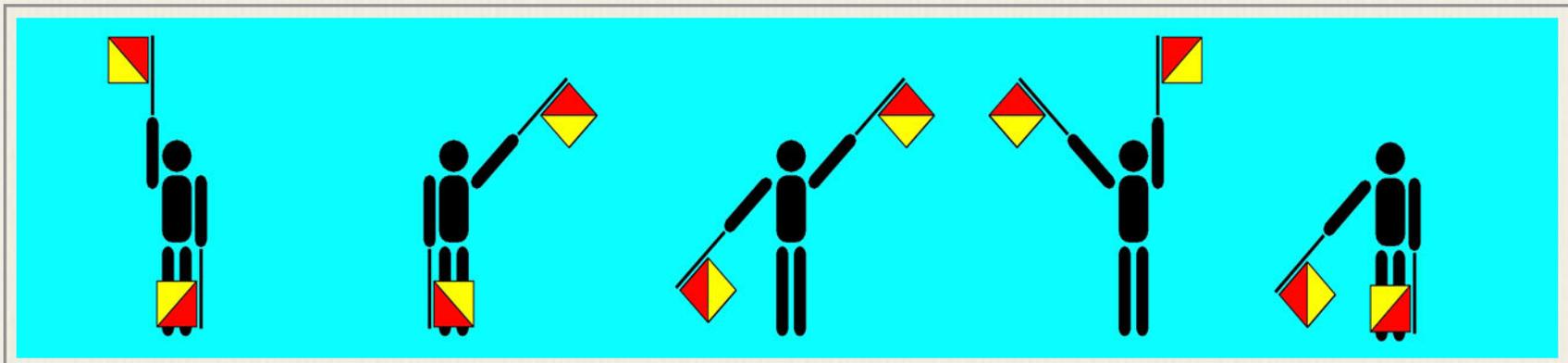
Bio ~ Ju En Tan

Ju-En has lived in Newtown, Sydney for 9 years 9 months and 3 days. Most of that time was spent as a science/medical student at Sydney University but for an interval had the role of overseeing a genetically modified mouse colony. She played a lot of field hockey growing up in Singapore, where her family still lives.

Ju-En is muted in many ways and really likes looking at trees. She is now a Medical Doctor.



Delta.



Delta: Kamakazi Sutra.

Delta Force, Special Joint Operations, Memorandum, Top Secret: Weaponizing Sex.

Following upon success of Geronimo, assassination of Osama bin Laden (Bravo!), Intel alarm, pornography discovered in target bedroom. Al-Qaeda recruitment and training vehicle, meetings with virgins in heaven as analogue assassination instruction? Seeking simulation training guidelines, opportunities in brothel, harem, hook-up, tryst, R&R offensive and defensive conditions, options and occasions for assassination and related terrorism.

Examples (needs development).

1. Organ Arrangement. The male sex can be divided into three groups, according to the size of the gonads. These groups are Lima Bean, Golf Ball, Kilo. Similarly, women are also divided in three categories, in relation to the size and depth of the Yoni. These categories are Hotel, Quebec, India.

App: mismatches of dimension may compromise vagina dentata devices (eg. Hotel + Kilo, negatory, etc.).

2. Fantasy Scenarios. Hook-ups scripted using familiar pairings, improv kinky fantasy sex as covers for attack strategy. Consider possible object associated with the pair to be weaponized. Suggestions: Romeo and Juliette (Oscar statuette dildo deringer, introduced jokingly in conversation about recent film adaptations of the play). Papa Hemingway and Bartender Mike (Whiskey poisoned at Sloppy Joe's Bar, Key West). Yankee grunt and Victor-Charlie (Viet Cong) insurgent reunion (Uniform sabotaged, exploding medals).

3. Intercourse. Postures and Attitudes during intercourse expose vulnerabilities, allowing choke holds and related throttlings. Foxtrot: The partner must pull knees up on to chest, with legs flattened against the thighs (crush lungs). Tango: One foot placed on the lover's head and the other stretched horizontally on the bed, then alter the position by changing the position of the legs (break neck). Alpha: To assure position advantage, if the partner introduces "Chasing the Sparrow," counter with "Zulu X-ray" (organ damage).

4. Security: Covert code identification, password challenge "Echo & the Bunny-men"; response acknowledgment "November 1978, Liverpool." In Karaoke situation, (seeking contact from anonymous) cover "Sierra," by Cursive, from the album "The Ugly Organ." Recognition: "The Unit."

Please memorize and delete.

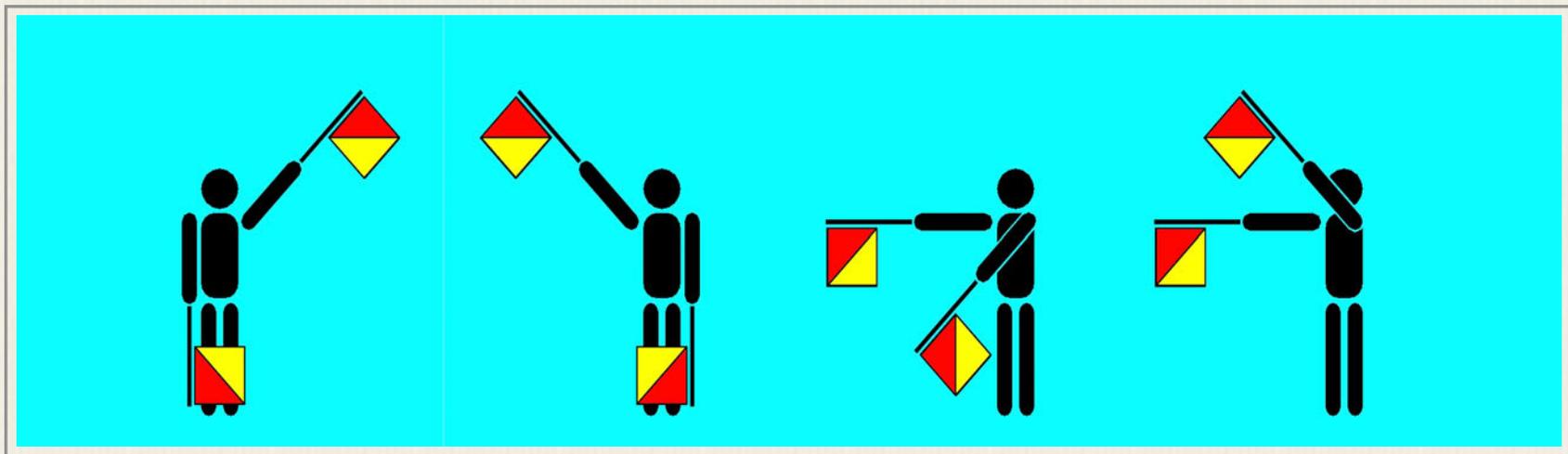
Bio ~ Gregory L. Ulmer.

Gregory L. Ulmer is Professor of English and Media Studies at the University of Florida, and Joseph Beuys Chair at the European Graduate School. His work with the Florida Research Ensemble (FRE) is coordinated through the Emer-Agency consultancy <http://emeragency.electracy.org/>, and includes a book-length study, *Miami Virtue*

http://www.academia.edu/1352468/Miami_Virtue_Choragraphy_of_the_Virtual_City, as well as an interactive konsult, "Murphy's Well-Being." His most recent books are *Avatar Emergency* (2012), and *Electracy* (2015). Ulmer's current project is a collaboration with the FRE on an introductory pedagogy to facilitate an electrated online education ("Konsult: Theopraxis").



Echo.



Echo ou le murmure épuisé.

Echo s'est fondue dans les ondes, en uniforme d'une transparence alpha absolue. Elle disparut peu à peu, en laissant son corps s'amenuiser et sa malédiction perdurer à travers un murmure aérien. Celui-ci n'eut d'autre choix que de suivre la trajectoire des vibrations sonores.

Il oscilla jusqu'à atteindre des kilohertz qui le laissèrent confus. Depuis il n'a plus jamais connu le repos, se réfléchissant sur tout obstacle et répétant à l'infini le son source. En vain, il tenta de se taire à jamais. Il rebondit à travers les Sierras cherchant un creux où se loger. Depuis les temples de l'Inde mystique aux forêts sauvages du Québec, des percussions zouloues aux détonations des armes à feu yankees, il s'efforça de se soustraire au monde visible en se dématérialisant dans l'éther.

Il glissa sur les pelouses de golf afin de s'enliser dans la terre et la boue. Il se mêla aux sirènes des bateaux franchissant le delta de la majestueuse Amazone et s'incarna malgré lui dans la bouche des oracles de la vallée de Lima. Ce retour à la vocalité le rendit plus nostalgique encore. À nouveau, il se retrouva mêlé à la chair et aux passions. Il se joignit à la voix stridente de l'enfant qui crie fièrement papa pour lui montrer un nouvel exploit. Il accompagna les sanglots des amoure-

uses délaissées appelant leurs amants par leurs noms adorés : Charlie, Victor, Mike, Oscar et tant d'autres. Las, il suivit les larmes sur les joues d'un désespéré et se noya dans un verre de whisky avec pour tout décor un hôtel sordide, tout gris sous le ciel de novembre.

Il fut repêché malgré lui par les bravos d'une foule en liesse, retransmis dans une chambre voisine par une télévision dont le son poussé à fond ne lui laissait aucune chance. Et de fil en aiguille, il se retrouva sous les talons de danseurs de fox-trot ou de tango d'une émission de variétés et désespéra d'atteindre l'équilibre du néant.

Changeant sa densité, il résolut de se soustraire aux ondes sonores et entra au cœur de la matière en suivant les rayons X. Mais il ne parvint pas à trouver cette immobilité fantasmée et continua à rebondir sur des os et des organes. Ne pouvant s'effacer, se neutraliser, le murmure se résolut à rendre hommage à Echo. Il se mêla aux cris de désespoir de Juliette découvrant Roméo en son tombeau. Il se faufila aussi dans les grandes compositions musicales symphoniques, leur conférant par là une mystérieuse beauté. Ainsi il légítima sa raison d'être et donna à Echo les honneurs d'une muse lyrique.

Echo or the exhausted murmur.

Echo dissolved into waves, in a uniform of absolute alpha transparency. She disappeared little by little, while her body diminished and her malediction lasted through an aerial whisper. This murmur had no other choice than to follow the path of sound vibrations.

It swayed to achieve kilohertz which left it confused. Since then, it has never known any respite, reflecting on every obstacle and repeating endlessly the source sound. In vain, it tried to be silent forever. It bounced through the Sierras in search of a cavity where it could dwell. From the temples of mystic India to the wild forests of Quebec, from Zulu percussions to the detonations of Yankee firearms, it tried hard to escape the visible world in getting dematerialized in the ether.

It slid on golf lawns before being sucked down into earth and mud. It mixed with the sirens of boats crossing the delta of majestic Amazonia and was embod-

ied against its will in the mouth of the oracles of the Lima valley. This return to vocality made it still more nostalgic. Once again, it melted with flesh and passions. It combined with the strident voice of the child who screams proudly papa, so that his father notices his new achievement. It stayed with the sobs of deserted wives calling their lovers with their beloved names : Charlie, Victor, Mike, Oscar and so many others. Exhausted, it followed the tears on the cheeks of a desperate one and got drowned in a glass of whiskey with a sordid hotel as decor, entirely grey under the November sky.

It got fished out by the bravos of a jubilant crowd. These cheers were broadcasted in a neighboring room by a television which sound was turned to its maximum volume and did not give it any chance. And one thing leading to another, it went under the heels of foxtrot and tango dancers in a music show and looked desperately for the balance of nothingness.

By changing its density, it escaped from sound waves and entered at the heart of the material in following the X rays. But it did not succeed in finding this fantasized stillness and went on knocking on bones and organs. Unable to be erased or neutralized, the murmur decided to pay tribute to Echo. It mingled with the desperate cries of Juliet discovering Romeo in her tomb. It wormed its way through great symphonic compositions, giving them a mysterious beauty. Thus, it legitimized its *raison d'être* and gave Echo the honors of a lyrical Muse.

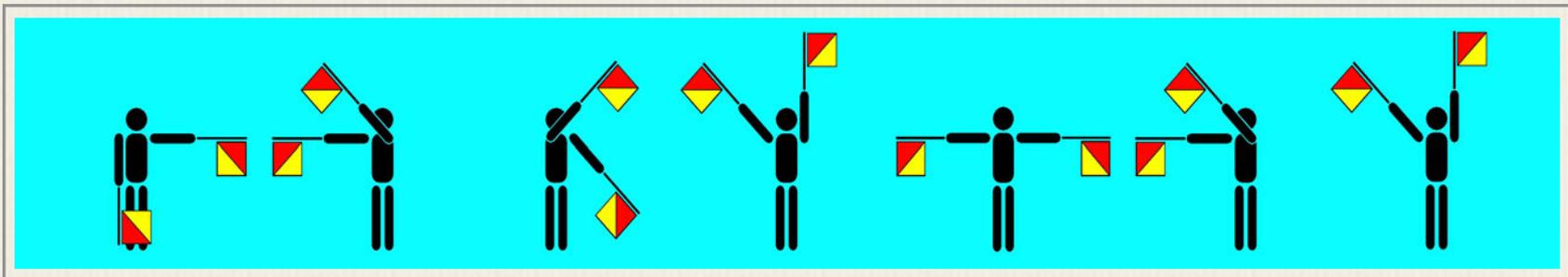
Bio ~ Marjorie Salle.

Marjorie is an expert in textile dye, colour and decoration for costume and theatre.

She has studied natural and ecologic colour in painting and dyeing in France, India, Indonesia and Australia. She is passionate about colour, and the process of using it and currently works from her studio in Nîmes, France.



Foxtrot.



Foxtrot: the winner takes it...all.

Foxtrot is the dance allotted to men and women of my generation: the European youth lucky enough to be born into the peace, wealth and newfound sexual liberty of the 1950's. Sixty years from now I'll will be making video documentation of the dance steps to explain to our grandkids the intricate ways in which young men and women interacted in order to have fun and to have...ancestors, but for now: foxtrot is it.

It all takes place on a November night: at the small dancehall down the highway where all the farmers' sons have gathered for ritualistic dating. The evening is coming to a close and the end-of-night process of selection is about to begin. Girls choose dance partners once per evening and this once is now: the last dance, the one she chooses.

I didn't have to be here. My uncle went to Quebec and stayed until he became wealthy, then came back. Papa stayed in the village: we looked on as uncle returned for vacation with a car that he triumphantly drove through the village. I was back in town, still in uniform from my conscription service and ladies would have paid me attention it not for the giant Chrysler humming before them, driven by uncle who struck it big somewhere west of the Sierras. We all drank his whiskey and cursed his name. "Yankee" we whispered: thinking it was a bad word. When a woman chooses her dance partner it is the culmination of an entire night's effort

on behalf of an aspiring Romeo. He: Mike, Charlie or whatever his name is has asked her to dance all night: Tango, Waltz, this new thing called Rock and Roll. She obliged, But now it is her turn to choose. I know I will be all right in the end. In the end I make the video for my daughter's son named Oscar: and he politely listens and grandpa tells him the story of how I searched for love within the system. Juliette didn't help me getting there. As she chose another, was it Victor? My memory eludes me. I told my friends I had to go get my coat so I wouldn't have to stand in line when the band stopped playing. They saw through me like an Xray, so one can't call it a lie.

This part of the countryside is largely vacant now. Where hopeful young men once gathered in order to find wives that would be willing to open milk farms with them, there is only golf left. Lonely men golfing in rain and shine. They are golfing alone where my grandfather's milk cows walked. We shouted for the cows to return come fall, but only the memories and echo of our voices is remain now. We buy our milk from the Alpha supermarket. I make videos of our dance rituals and show them to younger relatives. They are usually of a 35mm film projecting on a wall: a film my uncles shot some 50 years prior. It's my digitized record of their analog record. There are other films of uncles going through their daily lives. Flickering images of men with their hands in their pockets, looking down. Men with hats weighing a baby: almost three kilos.

As I became successful I strayed very far from this delta of man-made forests and natural brooks. I found love and children. I found hotels with dozens of television channels and with the money that I earned on my travels I bought the family farm. An uncle had inherited it, then let it decay as he sank into his own deadly stupor. After his death I went through his cabinets: Tea from India: though he didn't leave the property during the last fifteen years. The day he was found the doctor came through the front door that had been closed for the last decade. Uncle always used the kitchen entry. It's been 20 years since I've owned it but the house now looks like it did when I danced the foxtrot. The walls have been repainted in their original pastel colors. The decorative items that impressed the locals in the 1950's have been re-hung on its original pegs. My radio gramophone plays my 78rpm records with astonishingly beautiful sound emitting from the an-

cient speakers. I had some of the old records framed and hung above it: one with the unfortunate image of Louis Armstrong dressed as a Zulu Warrior. We were an ambitious family when I was a teenager. We were property owners running a company, and exotic markers of our technological and international ambitions were strewn across our home. I would like to think the farm has been reborn now that I own it, but fact is I only come here once every other month over a weekend or so.

Over the holidays my grandchildren stop by on their way to ski at the resorts in Lima. Their mother chuckles at the outmoded decor at the house that made my grandfather proud. It that caused a bit of a family feud when the property was divided into sections after uncle's death. When I bought the property I was told by my then elderly relatives that the place carried duties with it. It had been a place kept in high regard by my ancestors, and I should be ready to shoulder the mantle. They were a bit late with their demands and concerns: Uncle had sold the animals and allowed the wallpaper to slowly peel off the walls in order to focus on his vodka interest.

In my hometown all but five storefronts on the mainstreet have shut their doors in favor of big-box shops in neighboring villages. While my lot of land was to be the most stable ground for future wealth as a dairy producer, my ancestors never predicted it would prove itself a profitable site for tree cultivation. Now I get calls from entrepreneurs wanting to lease it for windfarms. The source of value seems to constantly shift, slowly but constantly. My daughter looks at me sternly when I bring home groceries from Alpha Markets. "Why don't you grow your own vegetables here?" she asks. "Alpha Market's are owned by the Bravo Corporation" she says. It's clear by her tone that Bravo Corporation is bad. They bought the utilities company I worked for all my life. If my daughter wants to buy a farm she'll probably have to work for them.

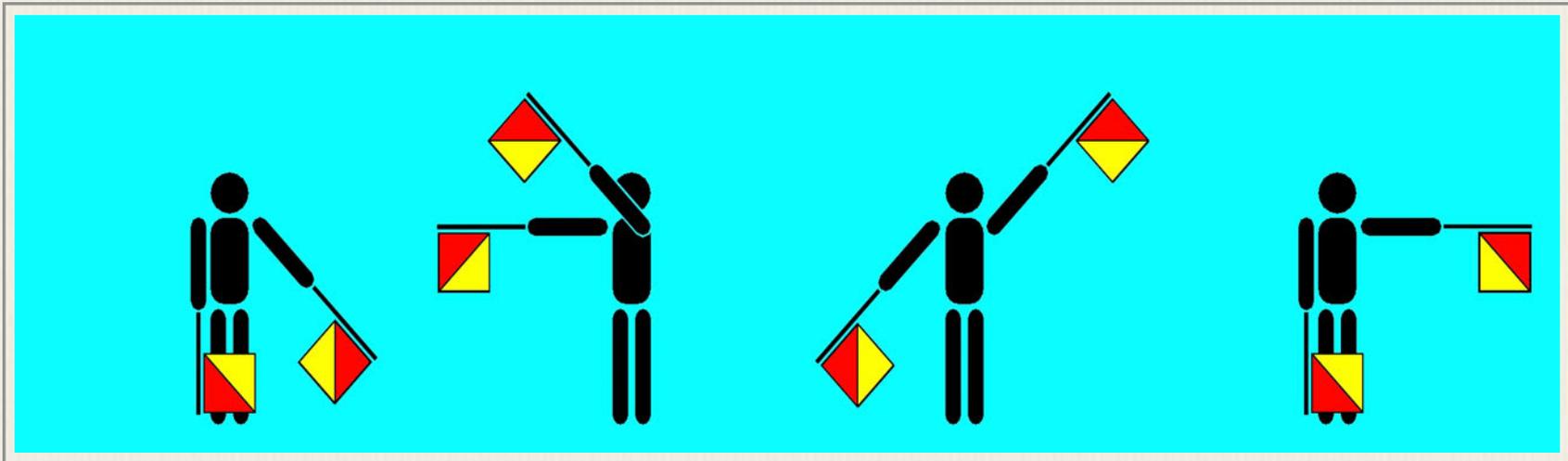
Bio ~ Ulrike Andersson.

Ulrika Andersson is an artist living in California. She is currently developing a photographic chronicle on the slow decay and speculative rebirth of a milk-farm owned by relatives in her native Sweden. An artist by training and interaction de-

signer by profession she is mainly concerned with how humans speak to machines, and by extension how landscapes speak to humans. Her recent Series “We who were kings will rise again” portrays the tranquil setting of a farm household, while inviting the fiercer aspects of rural life. The sense of struggle is apparent in each scene; whether it’s the fight to kill for food, a fight to keep the ancient lifestyle sustainable, or the fight to keep the farm’s children from forgetting.



Golf.



El golf es un deporte intelectual, al menos eso dice Oscar, por eso he decidido practicarlo, supongo que aquí en la sierra, donde me he escondido por algunos años, el reto será mayor. ¿Cómo diseñaremos el campo? Al igual que imaginábamos la música de tango cuando Víctor se empeñó en enseñarme a bailar. ¡Pobre Víctor!, la última vez que lo vimos fue un noviembre, llevaba su uniforme puesto, pero nadie, ni siquiera un yankee podrá descifrar a qué ejército pertenece.

Lo cierto es que bailar con Víctor era una delicia. Luego pasamos al Foxtrot, Juliette fue la maestra dice que aprendió a bailar en la Quebec, “mi papá era un gran bailarín”. A veces pienso miente, pero quién aquí no miente. No tenemos historia propia así que todo es un eco de una historia ajena y algunas veces son prolongaciones del sueño. Como el que tuve anoche soñé que estaba en la India, me acompañaba un hombre llamado

Romeo, quien me condujo a un hotel. Hacia mucho calor, tanto que mi vista se evaporaba, no recuerdo el entorno, pero sí los sonidos, así que reconstruí el paisaje a partir de los sonidos. Mi acompañante me pidió un whiskey, el cual me supo tan refrescante como si hubiera comido un kilo de lima, y este sabor terminó de trazar mi alrededor. Mi paisaje era ácido y dulce, estridente, ruidoso, acogedor, plácido como bailar, “intele tual como el golf”, Oscar me susurró al oído, pero él no es-

taba ahí, en India ni en mi sueño, sólo estaba Mike, no soñaba con él hacía muchos años, pensé que ya me había abandonado, desde la ocasión en que lo vi a través de los rayos X, supongo que sintió vergüenza y desapareció, pero estoy contenta de su regreso. Sé que viene por mí, con Charlie fue igual: simplemente apareció en un sueño y luego en otro, pero yo estoy preparada para ir al delta del río para integrarme a la hora zulu.

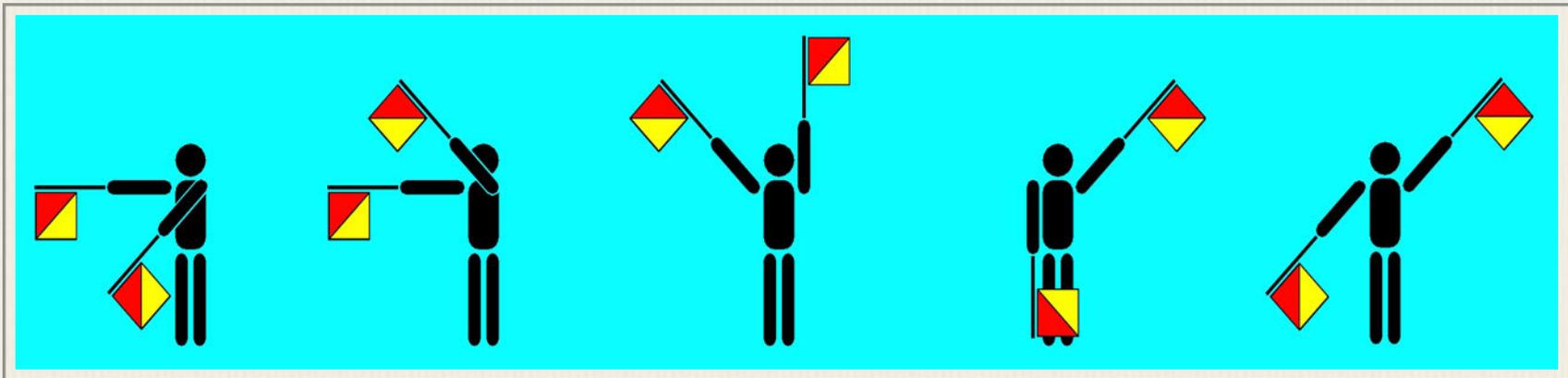
No me resistiré, es mi destino al igual que el del Oscar, ya llegará su tiempo, por el momento él sueña que juega golf y yo que estoy en India. Mike me llama por mi nombre: Alpha, entonces recuerdo que debo despertar. Escucho a Oscar gritar ¡bravo!, dice que hice un hoyo en uno. Sí el golf es un ejercicio intelectual.

Bio ~ Miriam Mabel Martínez.

Miriam Mabel Martínez was born in Mexico City in 1971. She has a B.A. in Journalism from the Escuela de Periodismo Carlos Septién García in Mexico City, and a postgraduate diploma in Creative Writing from the Escuela de Escritores de la Sociedad General de Escritores Mexicanos in Mexico City. She is currently completing her thesis for an M.A. in Spanish Literature at the Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México. Her articles have appeared in several Mexican magazines and newspapers and her books include: *Cómo destruir Nueva York* (DGP, 2005); *Silvestre Revueltas: el paisajista de la música* (SM Editores, 2007); *La amazona del Gol* (Editorial Progreso, 2011); and *Crónicas miopes de la Ciudad de México* (Editorial Ink, 2013). She was selected Young Creator of the National Funds for the Culture and Arts (1999-2000) and twice received grants from the Mexican Writers' Center (1996-1997 and 1998-1999). Her artist residencies include the Vermont Studio Center (2001), the NYC Writers Room (2002), and an artist exchange residency in Denmark (2011).



Hotel.



Hotel Somewhere.

In this hotel christmas begins in early November.

Dj Papa Oscar puts on his red uniform and bleaches his beard with whiskey. He plays finnish tangos so long that even deaf people cry. After cheeks are wet for everybody, he gives room for other music styles: Delta blues, 80's disco, foxtrot!

Usher Charlie sprinkles whole kilo of potato flour on dancefloor. Man who looks like zulu king dances slowly, smiling by himself. His submarine shaped cuff-links and a stickpin are solid gold, but hip joint made of titanium is something that keeps him in good mood. When music is over he limps to patio, spreads his wings and flies lightly circling, like a seagull, 200 stories up.

In his room Victor reads aloud 70's colour television repair manual, while he feeds alpha-alpha sprouts to his parrot.

Bright coloured bird doesn't pay any attention to vocabulary of dusty electronics. He just tilts his hollow head, winks, changes the weight from one foot to the other and yells right at Victors face:

Bravo! Nice echo, echo, echo, echo, echo, echo, echo... Heaven is as close as a door handle.

Up on roof antennas swerve and sway as they dodge low orbit satellites, space dust is swept off twice a day. Every now and then staff has to shoot fallen stars back to the sky with slingshot.

From view terrace you can see city of Lima resting on shore of South Pacific Ocean in Peru, grass growing in Yankee Stadium, color changing frogs eating fireflies in India and icicles on cold winter of Quebec. But only if you want to.

On great balcony, Juliette kisses a golfball in her hand, takes a couple of running steps and throws the ball as far as she can. Moment later down in parking lot windshield of shabby Ford Sierra crashes in.

When Romeo revives in hospital, smiling doctor waves an x-ray in front of his eyes and says:

“Hello, you were unconscious for two days and you have heart shaped skull fracture, blushing nurse squeezes his hand gently and whispers: Congratulations, it was love, that hit you”.

Juliette had aimed at Alfa Romeo but Amour obviously sees deeper than human eye.

After being a hotel manager only for one day, Mike had already lost both of his shoes and he had also tried to kiss every cleaning lady in the building. On a second day he broke his pen, followed scent of food to the kitchen and fell asleep. There he is still, snoring, with sack of jasmine rice as his mattress.

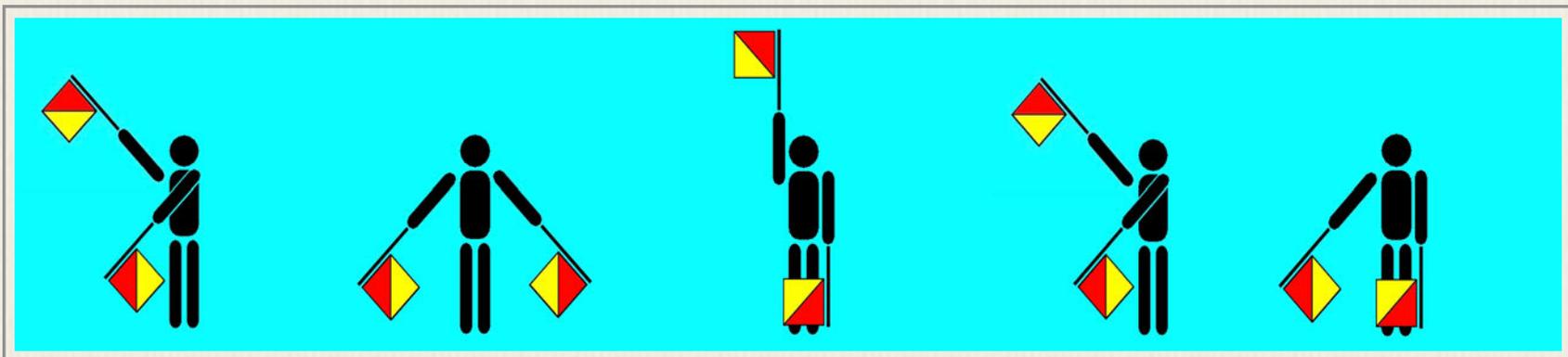
Bio ~ Timo O. Nenonen.

Timo O. Nenonen (b. 1972) is a visual artist and a musician originally from Pieksämäki, Finland, nowadays living in the outskirts of Salo. As a child he mistook a watercolour paint cake for candy and ate it. Some time later, in 2005, he graduated as a sculptor from the Arts Academy at Turku University of Applied Sciences.

Nenonen's works often resemble visual riddles. They're layered with humour and attempt to deal with the surrounding world. His techniques and materials vary from wood to bubble gum and most of it seems just incredibly impractical.



India.



India was on my mind constantly.

What I needed was the warm sun, friendly people, all happy and relaxed - I was daydreaming of what I felt I was missing in my gloomy and cold northern reality.

November wasn't the best of times to spend sitting in a bar in a hotel in Quebec anyway. I was like a zulu-warrior forced to wear a uniform, existing in the wrong time and place, forced into something that didn't fit and wasn't me. As I was sipping a whiskey in the bar, in my mind I was somewhere else. Charlie and Oscar, two good friends of mine, had just left for Maine to play golf, trying to find a course that was still open this late in the season and then to go watch baseball in New York, the series gone way late this year. I had chosen not to go. Not that I would mind the yankees - just I really couldn't get excited about being outdoors in the cold weather.

Mike was still in town, in the same bar, at the same table - but still far away, somehow disconnected. His communication was the one-way kind. He was completely focused babbling about his now finished on and off relationship with Juliette. That was when I noticed a smile from across the room on the other side of the bar. I looked at her, and she looked at me back, her eyes filled with a charming-

comfortable and magnetic happiness. I had seen her a few times before. She was gorgeous.

Mike bluntly interrupted me. “Bravo Romeo! That X-ray vision of yours totally gives you away” he heckled.

I focused on my drink, took a sip, didn't comment. Mike's attitude was the macho one, it's all a game, an adventure. I couldn't care less about that. But she really had answered to my glimpse and I just couldn't stop thinking of her. Mike however had already gone back to his old rants. His attention span wasn't very long.

“Alpha males make bad parents” he continued, getting back to his drama with Juliette. “can you ever imagine a toddler chase me while chanting papa, papa? No way, not me.”

My suspicion was of course that, that was what he really wished for. All his chasing alligators in the Mississippi delta or tracking condors in Sierra Nevada was of course a lot of fun, but he obviously was missing something. But he kept focusing too much on the wrongs in his life, so that what he thought was a happy foxtrot turned out to be a dramatic tango and he couldn't ever change the track.

I looked at her again. Mike's words were now merely an echo in my head. He had started repeating an old story about an adventure in Peru, when he almost got jailed in Lima as he had hitchhiked from Colombia in a truck that suddenly got abandoned in the middle of the street when surrounded by cops and he was left with a kilo of cocaine and a lot of explaining to do. A weird and funny story, but I knew every twist and version of it already.

She just looked beautifully happy. I felt something irresistibly attractive with her.

“I have to go” I interrupted Mike and got up. I heard him mumble something ironic in the background.

“Hi, I'm Victor!”.

“My name is India.” she replied. “What took you so long?”.

Bio ~ Rasmus Vuori.

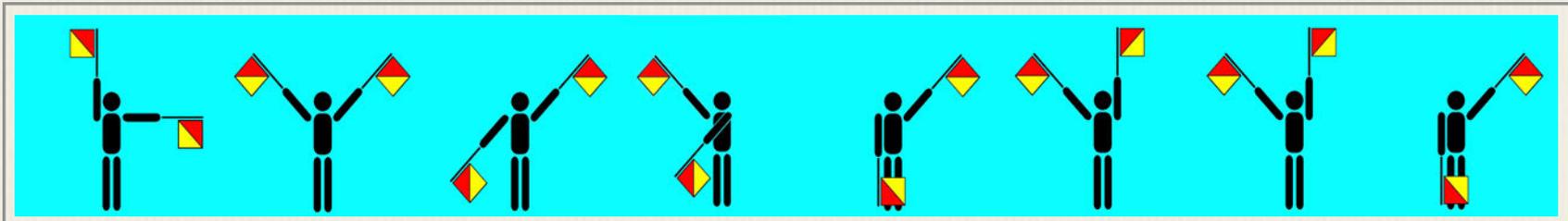
Rasmus Vuori is a new media pioneer, artist and educator - who has been working with art and technology since the early 80's through hacking - always with a focus on communication, education, cultural activism and artistic practices. Rasmus got his MA degree in New Media from the University of Art and Design Helsinki.

Rasmus has actively been participating in both commercial as well as non-commercial projects, usually as a team member designing behavior and interaction, combining conceptual thinking with low level practical implementations - in art exhibitions, theatre performances as well as for educational institutions. Generative storytelling, interactive art and experience design are his main professional interests.

Rasmus' approach to technology has always remained instrumental, with an emphasis on art and culture. Rasmus is currently teaching and researching new ways communication in Media Lab Helsinki at the Aalto University, School of Arts, Design and Architecture, Department of Media.



Juliette.



Juliette's Loss.

Juliette was locked out from her own facebook page. It perplexed her. She was at work, and trying to review her status, under her work excel document. She had typed her password in numerous times, and now tried variations using the shift key.

“I’m sure it was all lower case”. She typed in her password again.

Juliette’s desk was between the HR “Alpha” team, and the IT “Bravo” team. Team Accounts (TA), was her title, and number crunching, efficiency and ginger and lemon tea bags her office speciality. Her facebook and her hotmail and gmail accounts were inaccessible. She was missing the frisson of her daily on-line exchanges. She felt it normalised her day. She craved the information her friends shared: Lisa, hollered “Got my free pair of proper DVT socks for long flights... blagged off another rep!”... Shafina shrieked “OMG you're a Harry Potter fan too ...lol I'm not a big one... but a close friend is...you'll meet her soon :)” Where was all that noise? She missed her 98 friends. Sincerely, she did.

By lunch time, the dawning realization that someone else had control of her was becoming a reality. Juliette knew she wasn’t phished, she was careful and bounced bogus bank requests. She called Charlie in IT, who sent Nihal over, and the sad truth of realizing that her life had been subsumed by another dawned on both of them. With Nihal’s support, Juliette had unearthed the horrifying extent of the fraud. Her facebook friends all thought that she had her credit card stolen,

and that she was in trouble in Egypt, on the Nile Delta. “Precious Heaven ” had emailed all her contacts, and was asking for money for her family. “Who would do this? Nihal?- and why?”

By the next morning, Juliette had to close all her accounts, even her mobile phone, and had to bring her lap top from home, to see if Nihal could help her clean that out as well. She felt violated, and abused. “Who would do such a thing?” echoed in her head. She was determined to find out.

Juliette became fixated by Precious Heaven. She searched her, tracked her IP address. The server was in Russia. Eventually she found a photo tagged “precious heaven” which was a mass of people at a golf club at an exotic hotel with a blurry pixilated image in the background, with a scarcely decipherable face. From that photo, she was able to trace that “precious heaven” was linked to Nneka Ozigbodi. Or Efia Ebo... Or Althea.. “Right, she thought. “On it. Got her...”

For many months, Juliette shadowed her. She lurked in the background, following her, studying her... “She stole my identity- I’ll steal hers”. She set up a number of accounts throughout the world, via an Indian call centre, ripped other people’s images as her own. Her small handful of close friends contrasted vividly with her rival’s thousands. Juliette’s posts were domestic; weather; shopping; traffic jams; friend’s birthdays. Nneka/ Efia/ Althea’s life was extravagant; Sunset in Abuja; shopping trips in Accra; with stop overs in Cotonou and sushi at the airport. Dancing the Foxtrot in Durban; pretty people in a club in Lima; Mc-ing- around a hand held mike. Elegant outfits, everywhere. African print flowing maxi dresses. Her thief would casually snap her life and share it.

Juliette’s on line identity and her real life were bounded and constrained by modest social convention. She was married at 24, and had two lovely children by 30. Her job afforded her a nice flat, dinner out once a week with her husband. November was re-organize her flat month. Cinema tickets and visiting family revolved on a bi-monthly basis. She had made a couple of budget trips to Europe, with her friends- but had never flown long haul. Juliette saw things she’d never seen before, nor had she any idea what they were or how they might taste... Now

in her mid thirties, she didn't crave the life she saw, but dismissed it as chaotic and disorganized.

Then it all happened. "Ginger and lemon?" Nihal asked. Juliette opened her second draw, and got a bag for him. She felt a little listless. It was cloudy, and the shadowless lighting of the office cast a blue flat light over the photo's of her daughter and family.

Here we go. She typed, "Hi". She was on one of her alter ego's pages, a blank identity, no photo, and initials as her ID: OP- Oscar Papa... A ping... "Hi", came back. OMG she thought. What now...? "Who are you...?" "Where are you...?" it continued...

"Montreal...Quebec" she typed. "It's sunny here...What time is it for you" It was the end of the day for Juliette. Her spread sheet was prepared with a character breakdown of her Romeo, she know his geography, time zones, families, passwords. He drove a Sierra, lived in Laval, went to tango classes, had uniform job. She threw in a few school girl French words to authenticate her avatar. "Oscar Papa" became her alter ego. A French Canadian, who in her mind would ensnare Nneka, promise her the world, and then vanish.

But she hadn't accounted for her avatars great good nature and humanity. The more she wrote as "OP" the warmer the response from her avatar was. It confused her, as she wanted to dislike Nneka. Her avatar had assumed that OP was American not Canadian. She was entranced by her other world, the life style, thousands of friends, happy with following her tweets, obsessed with tracing through the remnants of her life, searching her friends photos. Oscar Papa was somewhat smitten.

A week later, on a late at night, Juliette craved a nugget of someone else's life. She logged on, Password: "Victor," as she believed she would win. She sipped a super smooth Scottish whiskey, straight up. Her analytical skills were high, scalpel like. Her X-ray like approach to all details had paid-off she thought. She craved a few words to "Yankee" as she had been cheekily nicknamed. Then the horror for a second time. Blocked. Her Avatar thief had barred her. Disappeared into the ether. 2000 friends, some of whom were Xhosa, Zulu and Ndebele she would

never see again. Lost in space. Poor Juliette- had lost not merely her identity but her heart.

Bio ~ Keith Khan 2012.

Born in London, with Trinidadian / Indian heritage Keith Khan is a UK creative with 20 years international experience and a unique design vision. He shapes and delivers major international arts events, projects and spectacles.

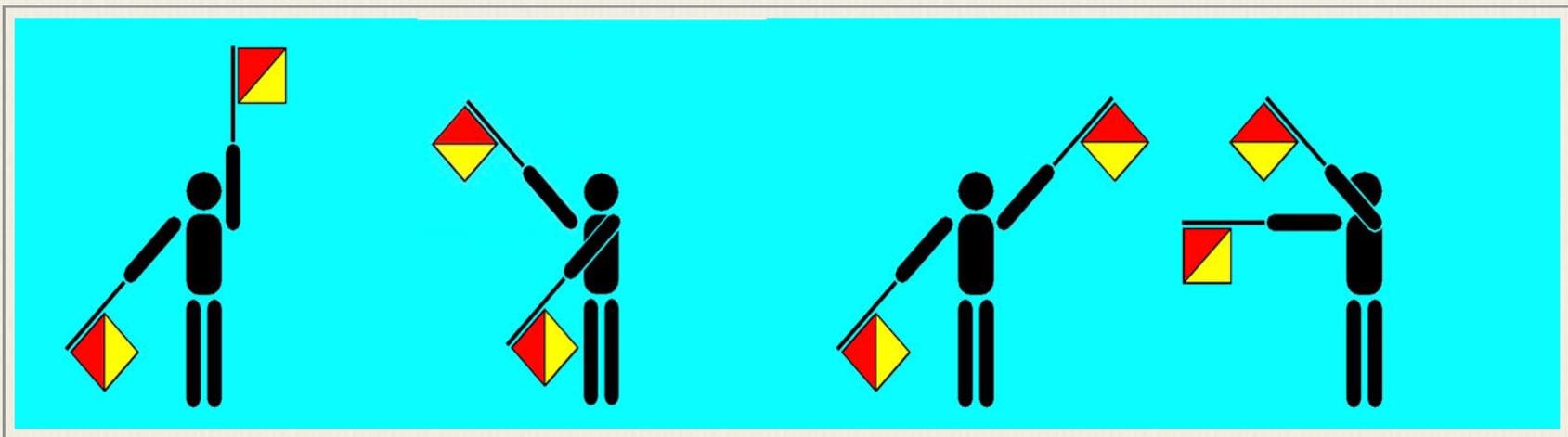
Keith Khan has conceived and directed many seminal events that are site specific or engage with technology and digital media. He created the vision for the London 2012 Cultural Olympiad and the Rich Mix Cultural Centre. He works collaboratively, and the projects are the result of numerous partnerships with other artists, musicians, organisations and institutions.

His work reflects the social and cultural framework from which it is produced. Keith's practice is informed by ten years of creating on carnival in Notting Hill and Trinidad. Carnival 'Mas camp' skills have been scaled up and applied to the delivery of major later works. His work incorporates the values of working from within a community to generate spectacle.

From delicate digital saris to large scale spectacles, Keith's designs are beautiful.



Kilo_01.



Kilo: A Distance between Hope and Reality.

Charlie seems to have settled on a good way to be a thousand kilometers from the boredom of his own realities. Most players found his willing ear a comfort, and over any hand the conversation would usually be a weave of jokes and anecdotes, to veil over their personal regrets. The game seems to extract parallels in life. The players often called him ‘Papa’ Charlie, and over more than a decade they’ve followed him around the properties.

Charlie has been a writer for as long as he cares to remember and taught English part-time at the Sierra Delta Community College when he can get the work.

But he’d always been a dealer. His shifts would usually start at midnight and he got his inspiration from the evening’s banter. He’d work at one property until it ‘ran out of steam’, to return six months or so later.

His favourite in town would probably be Victor’s Bar, an out-of-the-way spot just across the creek from the heart of the Delta. The regulars there were mostly locals from the northwestern suburbs, retirees from the teaching fraternity, would-be literati’s and people who were still passionate about spending time behind a PC or typewriter, and like Charlie, did not give a Zulu about whether their work would make the Oscars or best sellers lists.

Romeo's Surf and Turf was a small but classy Italian diner not far, which after a risky, big budget make-over by part-owner Mike Lima, grew into a serious business almost overnight. Now called The Palm's Whiskey Tango, last year it ranked as a top twenty earner in the city.

Only five years ago, Mike came to town as a bookkeeper from Quebec to co-manage the then struggling diner. At that time Mike, also a part-time writer asked his old school-buddy Charlie if he'd go in with him. Charlie thought about it but felt it wasn't a good bet. Now it's one of his own stories over the tables.

Charlie will be at Juliette Rodriguez's Yankee Foxtrot this summer doing his thing. The latest downtown upgrade is part of the restored India Palace Hotel which has more than a passing corporate resemblance to the recently closed Rancho Echo Golf Club, where Charlie often dealt until very recently. The Middle Eastern décor and the waitresses' provocatively embroidered uniforms, even the prominent mysterious fragrance in the Rancho Echo's opulent Central Dome indicates a signature management style at the new India.

Rancho Echo Golf Club was closed down for unauthorized gross and excessive water waste. The new Digital Gaming Corporation's (DGC) Alpha Bet City is to take over the property to operate starting next November. The corporation is the latest US-China partnership in a slow-to-recover industrial infrastructure in this city. Rancho Echo's greens will revert to its desert state and will be used as testing ground for the new generation Electric X-rays, very cool and hi-power sporty compacts that are a welcome relief to DGC after almost a decade of collaborative research with China's BYD (Bravo for Your Dreams), longtime manufacturers of the rechargeable battery. The pioneering DGC made its early fortunes from Smartphone technologies and will now stage its new auto-technology as entertainment for players.

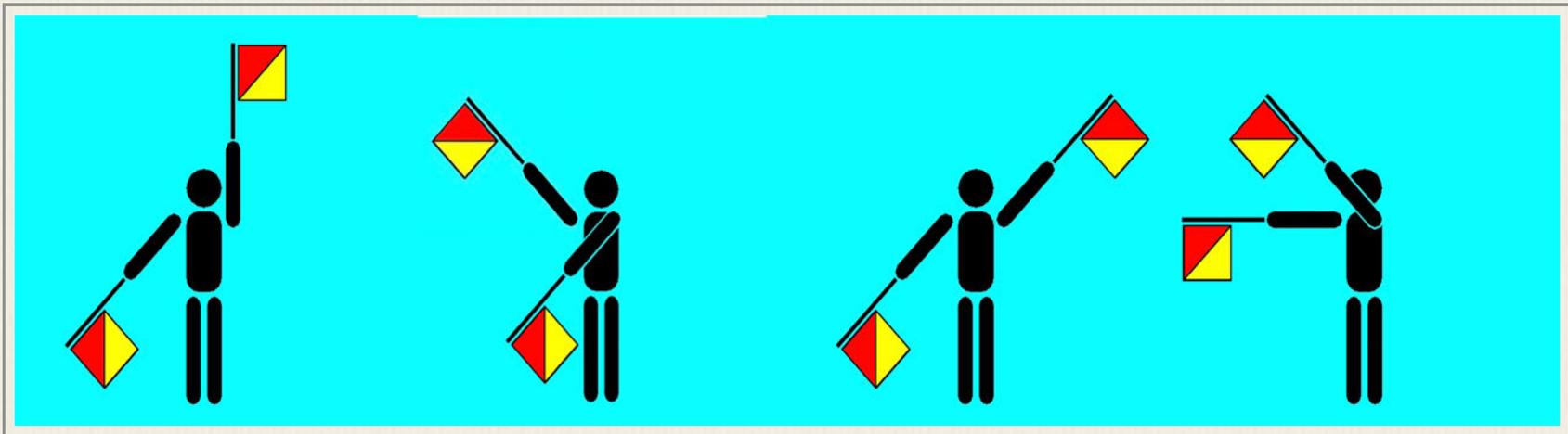
Bio ~ Laurens Tan.

Born in Den Haag, Holland, my great grandparents had migrated from Fujian, China in the 1880's. After living in Europe, Indonesia and Singapore, I was 12 when my family migrated to Melbourne, Australia. 'Living out of a suitcase' during my childhood may explain my nomadic tendencies.

In June, I will be celebrating my 10th anniversary of living and working in Beijing, where I now spend most of my time, when not traveling or returning to Sydney. Apart from Sydney and Beijing, my 'other home' has been Las Vegas, where I spent biannual pilgrims since 1995. which was the primary research site for 'The Architecture of Risk', my doctorate thesis title (Communication & Media, University of Technology Sydney 2006). Much of what I learnt from Las Vegas still informs my attitude to risk and to risk-taking.



Kilo_02.



3500 Kilos tout nu.

La pluie tambourine doucement sur mon toit en tôle, le cariste m'a déposé sans ménagement sur le quai au pied du porte container. C'est une froide nuit de novembre, les gyrophares rythment un tango sur la musique des sirènes du port. J'attends la morsure du palonnier du pont transbordeur qui m'enverra valser dans les airs avant de me déposer dans mon rack. J'ai quinze ans, je suis un dry de 40 pieds, j'appartiens à la Mitsui Osk Line, le crocodile de la compagnie peint sur mes flancs comme un tatouage est plein de cicatrices. J'ai boulingué sur tous les océans, je connais tous les ports, mais c'est la fin, on m'a classé "dernier voyage".

Ça y est je monte au ciel, balancé au bout des câbles entre les jambes de la grue, je vois les lumières de Hamburg sur l'autre rive, la tour de l'hôtel Hafen, le pont qui enjambe le port, j'entends l'écho de l'autoroute qui plonge sous le fleuve et déjà je redescend, le grutier me dépose à la proue à tribord, la meilleure place, je n'aurais pas aimé faire mon dernier voyage dans la cale. Je suis le dernier chargé, je n'aurai pas de voisin au dessus, juste un container de la India Corp. à ma gauche pour me tenir compagnie.

On s'éloigne du quai et déjà le Cap Victor qui arrive du Quebec est à la manoeuvre pour accoster. A la sortie du port le Lotse 2 se colle à bâbord pour récupé-

rer le pilote, on remonte l'Elbe jusqu'à la mer. Le Roméo et Juliette appartient à un amateur d'opéra grec, il bat pavillon panaméen. Il n'est plus tout jeune, les vibrations des machines se propagent dans tout le navire et font trembler les élingues qui me fixent au pont, le matelot qui a l'oreille fine vient retendre les ridoirs, c'est Charlie, je le connais il s'est déjà occupé de moi un jour où j'étais mal arrimé à Callao le port de Lima, c'est un as qui vous verrouille en place en moins de temps qu'il ne faut pour le dire, bravo.

Au passage du Willkommen point de Wedel au moment même où retentit notre hymne national on manque d'éperonner un petit foxtrot attardé sans lumières qui tire des bords pour rentrer au port de plaisance, le bruit de notre corne de brume couvre le son des haut-parleurs et le message de bon voyage. A l'embouchure de l'Elbe passé Cuxhafen on pique vers le sud. La mer est à peine formée, la nuit est belle. Je me laisse bercer par le tangage et j'essaie d'oublier que c'est mon dernier voyage, l'odeur de ma cargaison, des vieux pneus m'écoeure un peu, il y en a presque 3000 qui se frottent les uns aux autres en chuintant. Dans ma jeunesse je transportais des marchandises de luxe, ordinateurs, écrans plats, haute couture, équipements de golf, vins d'Australie, whiskey écossais et même une fois toute une cargaison de Dom Pérignon millésimé pour fêter la victoire des New York Yankees face aux San Diego Padres

Trois jours de mer et on est au Havre, encore une semaine et c'est Tanger. Maintenant on longe les côtes de l'Afrique comme un vulgaire caboteur. La première escale à Freetown en Sierra Leone est très courte, on dépose un 20 pieds tout cabossé et on repart aussitôt. Il fait très chaud et l'odeur des pneus est presque insupportable, encore deux stops à Lome et à Cotonou et nous serons à Lagos. Dire que c'est ici que je vais finir mes jours, rien n'est simple ici, la ville est un vrai chaos. Nous ne sommes pas les seuls à entrer au port, on se met en ligne dans la file des cargos et des tankers le long d'Alpha Beach, le capitaine a hissé le pavillon zulu pour demander un remorqueur, il est très beau : quatre triangles, noir, jaune, bleu et rouge, mais rien n'y fait, il faut attendre. Je suis partagé entre la hâte de me débarrasser de mon chargement et le plaisir de rester encore un peu en mer. Enfin on accoste et le déchargement commence. Sur le quai un douanier en uniforme s'intéresse à moi, il tourne, s'éloigne, revient étudier ma plaque et vérifier les

plombs, le soleil tape, les pneus cuisent. Il s'adosse à moi côté ombre et parle dans son talky avec un certain Mike, le type du scanner. Cette fois je ne vais pas y échapper, on veut percer mes secrets, voir si je n'ai pas quelques kalachnikovs cachées sous les pneus. L'outrage des xrays signe mon dernier voyage. Le test passé, je sors du port sur un vieux truck brinquebalant jusqu'à une casse auto. On a vidé mes pneus mais l'odeur est toujours là avec en prime une fragrance d'huile de vidange, oh je vais vite m'y habituer.

Rien à l'horizon que des rangés d'épaves méconnaissables empilées les unes sur les autres, sauf une posée comme une cerise sur un gâteau, une Lancia Delta rouge de rallye, probablement un reste d'un lointain Paris-Dakar. L'endroit est désolé, la nuit il n'y a que les dobermans qui gardent la casse, comme je suis nouveau ici ils m'ont tous pissé dessus en signe de bienvenue. La journée c'est un peu mieux, un mécanicien qui vient démonter un rétroviseur sur une vieille carcasse ou une dépanneuse qui en traîne une autre dans un bruit de ferraille, mais surtout et ce qui fait ma joie, le fils du patron qui, quand il n'a pas école m'a choisi comme cachette. Il doit avoir environ dix ans, il récupère tout un tas de trésors qu'il dispose comme une précieuse collection sur le sol. Le soir son papa fait semblant de le chercher, il l'appelle de loin, Oscar, Oscar, où es-tu ? Mais il sait très bien qu'il le trouvera dans ce vieux container au crocodile, sa caverne d'Ali Baba. Voilà quel est mon sort, le temps passe Oscar grandit, d'autres containers arrivent, c'est moi le doyen, on me respecte, la collection est devenue un vrai cabinet de curiosité dont je suis l'écrin, qui sait si je ne finirais pas dans un musée.

3500 Kilos all stripped down.

The rain drums softly on my corrugated roof, the forklift deposits me unceremoniously on the dock at the foot of the container ship. It's a cold November night, flashing lights set a tango beat for the music of the port sirens. I await the bite of the gantry crane's spreader that will send me waltzing through the air before placing me on my rack. I'm 15 years old, I'm a 40-foot dry, I belong to the Mitsui Osk Line, the company crocodile painted on my flanks like a tattoo is full of scars. I've

rousted about on all the oceans, I know all the ports, but this is the end, I've been classified « last voyage ».

Here I go, up into the sky, swaying at the end of the cables between the legs of the crane. I see the lights of Hamburg on the opposite bank, the Hafen Hotel tower, the bridge that spans the harbour. I hear the echo from the highway that dives under the river and I'm already descending. The crane operator sets me down on the starboard side of the bow, the best spot; I wouldn't have liked to make my last voyage in the hold. I'm the last to be loaded, I won't have a neighbor on top, just an India Corp. container on my left to keep me company.

We move away from the dock and already the Cap Victor, arriving from Quebec, is maneuvering to berth. At the harbor exit, the Lotse 2 clings to portside to pick up the pilot. We head up the Elba to the sea. The Romeo and Juliet belongs to a Greek opera fan; it flies a Panamanian flag. It's no spring chicken, the vibrations from the engine room spread throughout the ship and shake the lashing bars that fasten me to the deck; the sailor, who has a good ear, comes to tighten the turn buckles. It's Charlie, I know him, he took care of me one day when I was badly attached in Callao, Lima's harbor; he's an ace who locks you into place faster than you can say bravo.

Passing Wedel's Willkommen Point at the very moment our national anthem re-sounds, we just miss ramming a little foxtrot, lingering without lights, that tacks to enter the marina. The sound of our fog horn drowns out the loud speakers and the bon voyage message. At the mouth of the Elba, past Cuxhafen, we head southward. Slight swells mark the sea, the night is beautiful. I allow myself to be rocked by the pitching of the ship and I try to forget that it's my last voyage. The odor of my cargo – old tires - makes me a bit queasy, there are almost 3,000 squeaking as they rub against each other. During my youth I transported luxury merchandise: computers, flat-screens, haute couture, golf equipment, Australian wines, Scotch whiskey and even once a whole shipment of vintage Dom Pérignon for celebrating the New York Yankees' victory against the San Diego Padres.

Three days at sea and we reach Le Havre, another week and it's Tangiers. Now we follow the African coastline like some vulgar coaster. The first stopover at Free-

town in Sierra Leone is very short; we drop off a beat-up 20 footer and head out immediately. It's really hot and the odor of the tires is almost unbearable. Another two stops at Lome and Cotonou and we're in Lagos. To think that this is where I'm going to end my days... nothing is simple here, the town is total chaos. We're not the only ones entering the harbor; we join the line of cargos and tankers all along Alpha Beach. The captain has hoisted the Zulu flag, asking for a tow. It's really beautiful : four triangles – black, yellow, blue and red - but it's no use, we have to wait. I hesitate between getting rid of my load asap and staying at sea a little while longer. On the dock, a Customs officer in uniform takes an interest in me. He turns, walks off, comes back to study my plate and check the seals. The sun beats down, the tires bake. He leans up against my shady side and converses on his talky with a certain Mike, the scanner guy. This time, there's no escaping it, they want to get at my secrets, see if I don't have some kalachnikovs hidden under the tires. The insult of an Xray test marks my last voyage. Having passed it, I leave port on a clanky old truck, on the way to the auto graveyard. My tires have been removed, but the odor is still there, with a fragrance of used oil thrown in. Oh well, I'll soon get used to it.

Nothing on the horizon but unidentifiable wrecks piled one atop the other, except for one perched like a cherry on a sundae : a red Lancia Delta rally car, probably left over from a long ago Paris-Dakar. The place is desolate; at night there's only the dobermans guarding the graveyard. As I'm new here, they've all pissed on me by way of welcome. During the day, it's a little better : a mechanic comes to dismount a rearview mirror from one old wreck or a tow truck trails another one clanging behind. But especially, and this is what makes me happy, the owner's son, when he's not at school, has chosen me as a hideout. He must be about ten, he salvages all sorts of treasures that he set out like a precious collection on the ground. At evening time, his papa pretends to look for him, he calls from far off, “Oscar, Oscar, where are you?” but he knows very well that he'll find him in that old crocodile container, his own Ali Baba's cavern. So this is my destiny : time goes by, Oscar grows up, other containers arrive, I'm the eldest, they respect me. The collection has become a genuine curiosity cabinet with me for a showcase. Who knows if I won't wind up in a museum.

Bio ~ Didier Bequillard.

Né à Paris Vit et travaille à Sorède et à Hamburg

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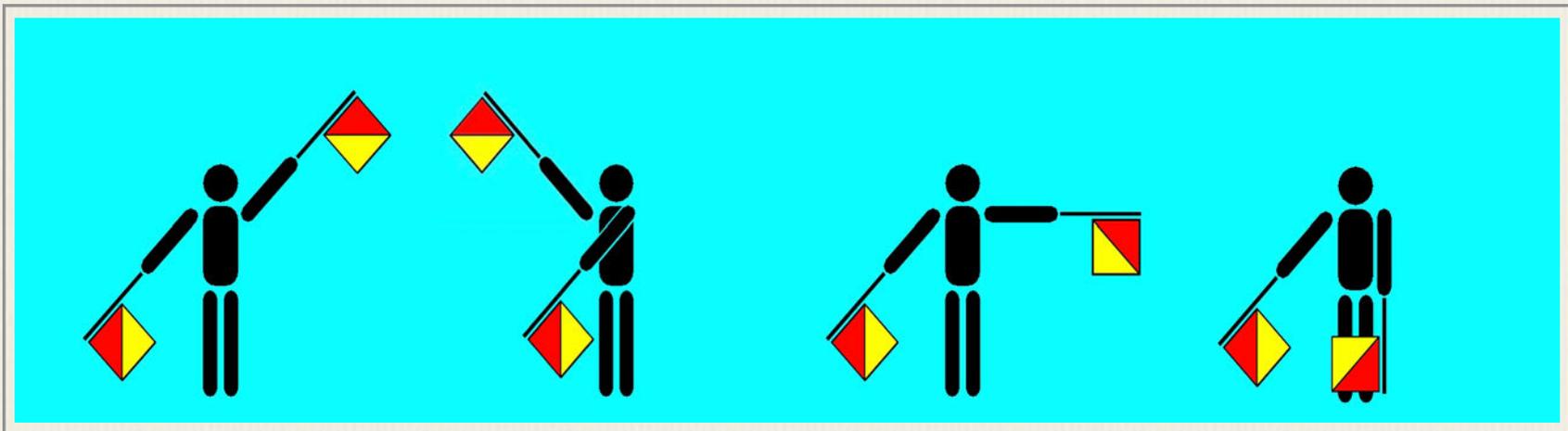
didier.bequillard@free.fr

<http://www.didierbequillard.fr>

Didier started out as a blacksmith but after a Faustian deal became an Artist!



Lima.



Lima - code twelve.

Covert codes - seafarers - crusty old salts - beards and woolly jerseys - or young bucks and hot shots, alpha males at high speed - around the globe, bravo! - foxtrot with danger ... symbols substituted, words, letters, figures. The mystique of knowledge only known to a few - the delta of distant lands, journeys over sea, of discovery, hardship and triumph - character building, faith and vision, echoes of whisky drunk.

Grand visions beyond the known, the personal, beyond the borders, the boundaries, the paradigm - all ensconced in rituals of society, institutions of power - faith, politics, culture, secrecy ... covert ... no hotel room in India, rhythms of oceans broad - vast, open, caressing - memories of papa - patterns, of pressures a fluttering, high and low, of burning sun and ferocious storms, mirror like reflections and mountainous waves ... hundreds of kilos of water, jagged like the sierra ... latitude and longitude delivered by ancient means... fix, fixed, plot ... drift, Lima:

L. language - line by line - intention, confusion, joy, discovery ... life, lazy, luscious, longing, lingering. livery - rations and rum... trade and connection - a Zulu-

chief in quebec - disjuncture latin, english, code - clarity in noise - international,
Friend and Foe

I. the source - the perspective - frame of reference - I, see, I hear, I discover ...
share, experience, procrastinate ... knowing, unknowing, reflection and rumina-
tion - Charlie, Mike, Oscar, Victor ... Yankees' playing golf.

M. My eye - me, my, I - my communiqué, my position - thoughts constructed,
shared - a communiqué - play Romeo?

A. singular - potential for identity, one of a kind, an example of such

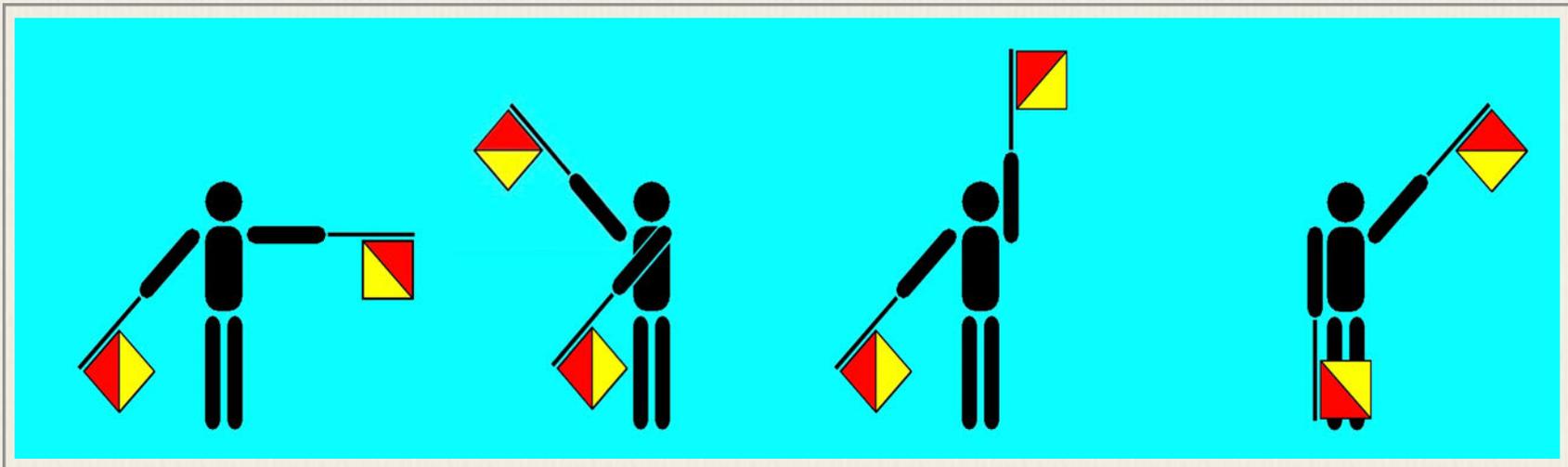
Twelve thoughts, twelve emptinesses, separate, defined, mutable. Synapses fire,
form emerges, discovery amazes - like an X-ray, not uniform, a kind of tango,
thought amazes ... empty and yet content full, unknown but dialoguing with self-
intriguing, self reference - to watch the self, watching the self, watching the self -
narcissus, a complex of experience, echo, direct and not - a point of reference, a
city, a bean and a catalyst - all in the minds eye, reflected by being present, open to
the signifier - all at sea, memories of Juliette in November.

Bio ~ Garth Paine.

Garth Paine is a professor of Digital Sound and Interactive Media at the School
of Arts Media and Engineering and Digital Culture program at Arizona State Uni-
versity. His passion for sound as an exhibitable object has given rise to interactive
environments where the sonic landscape is generated through gesture, presence
and behavior and several music scores for dance works using realtime video track-
ing and bio-sensing and musical compositions that have been performed in Austra-
lia, Europe, Japan, USA, South America, Hong Kong and New Zealand and in
2014, Korea, Macedonia, France, UK.



Mike.



What happened next?

Mike asked: "What happened next?". Victor and Juliette looked at each other. It was already 10.30 pm. They hoped little Mike would be fast asleep by that time, but the lively three years old didn't show the least sign of tiredness.

"What do you mean?", replied Victor patiently. "What happened after Echo was cursed?", asked the young boy, fully awake, eager to listen to another story.

"Mmm... well... I don't know....".

"Sure, Victor, don't you remember?", helped Juliette promptly. "After Juno condemned the nymph to repeat only the last words she heard, with no power to speak first, Echo began wondering on earth. She travelled across the globe, experimenting the effects of her voice. She became famous worldwide. Some recall hearing her at Gol Gumbaz in Bijapur, India. Here, there is a tomb where the famous Sultan of Bijapur is buried. Echo loved the architecture so much, with its rose shaped dome, that she settled there for a long time. They say that when she goes back there, every whisper, murmur and even most subtle breathe gets echoed in such a way that the whole architecture vibrates over and over again.

Others recount hearing her in the famous caves of Quebec. Here something extraordinary happened. One day a yankee named Charlie was in Montreal for a reunion of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Foxtrot Company. The meeting place was at the clubhouse of the local Golf course at noon. Charlie didn't sleep well that night.

He got up before dawn and decided to visit the cave of Saint Leonard, which was only a stroll away from his hotel. As soon as he entered the cave, he was beset by silence. He suddenly felt uncomfortable and started whistling. To overcome that sense of uneasiness as if someone was watching him, he started calling: "Echo, Echoo, Echooo", louder and louder. With his great surprise, the sound bounded back on all sides of the cave, hopping on the walls first, then bouncing on the roof, then flicking on the floor. It seemed that every time it touched a surface it became more potent.

They say that the nymph felt in love with the yankee, feeling honoured that someone pronounced her name for the first time in hundreds years. Attachment and repetition were her means of showing unconditional love. Sometime, however, love can drive to insanity. And that was exactly what happened to the poor yankee. Echo wouldn't leave him alone, she used to follow him everywhere. Nothing seemed to be effective in keeping Echo away. As time passed, the nymph became even more persistent, not only echoing Charlie's words, but also his thoughts. The poor man decided to end his miserable existence.

One day he woke up early, he drank a whole bottle of his favourite whiskey, put ears plugs on and turned the volume up to maximum. Gorilla Zoe were playing 'Echo'. He jumped off a bridge singing loud:

'Echo, e-e-echo

And I'm gone and you're all alone

Can't you hear the

Echo, e-e-echo?

No one to hear you

There's nobody near you'

When you pass under that bridge you can still hear the tune".

"Bravo!!!!" Mike enthused, all excited about that unexpected turn of the bedtime story. "And then? Where else did they hear Echo?", Mike persisted. This time was Victor's turn to improvise...

"Mmm...your grandfather had a friend called Romeo, he was a very famous tango dancer. Romeo told him a story. He was in Lima for a tango festival. An hour before his performance started, he noticed that his uniform had buttons missing. So he rushed off to the local market to buy some. While bustling about in the stalls at Mercado Central he saw a kiosk selling figs. He said they were the most beautiful figs he had ever seen. They were so irresistible that even though he was late for his show and hadn't found the buttons yet, he stopped by and bought a kilo. When he looked at the man who sold the figs, he had a flash: "Papa"! He called him. The man looked just like his father, only ten years younger. "Not papa, I'm Oscar!". They smiled at each other.

"Do you want to hear a story, son?" Asked Oscar without waiting for a reply.

"Do you know why I sell only the most beautiful exotic fruits? Because they remind me of my travels, when I was an explorer and scientist many years ago. There is no place in the whole world where I haven't been."

"But you know what? Of all the experiences I had, the people I met, the places I saw, there is one I will never forget. I was in Sierra Leone, many years ago now. I was travelling across the delta of the Waanje River. In the rice fields that extend between Lake Mapi and the dunes parallel to the coast there is one of the highest concentration of alpha decay on earth, that means it is a highly radioactive area. I was there with my x-ray spectrometer to analyse the alpha particles, noticing that in the marshes surrounding the riverbanks the radioactivity increased significantly. This wasn't the only peculiar phenomenon I was going to discover. The air was somehow heavier there than anywhere else in the region. With my utmost astonishment I soon discovered the magic of that place. It seemed that instead of fading out, disappearing in space, all the words that one pronounced got somehow cap-

tured in the air and returned after a certain time, hours, even days sometime, in form of echo.

I did many experiments, but couldn't find a physical explanation to the phenomenon. One day, an old man passed by. I was so busy taking measurements and recording sound that I hardly noticed him approaching.”

“We know this very well, from many generations” he said, touching the ground. “In Zulu language we call it Emuva, you call it Echo, but it's the same thing, really. Don't you see? It's all about the ducks and the flowers.”

“The ducks and the flowers?” I asked perplexed. “Yes,” he kept on “This is the breeding place of the black duck. Everyone knows that a duck's quack doesn't echo. Do you know why? Because the ducks are the custodians of Emuva. They are responsible for keeping every sound that travels across the air in this place. They make sure it is not wasted. So they swallow it and bury it underground. There is no sound in this place that hasn't been intercepted by the ducks and transformed.”

“What happens to the sound after it is buried?” I asked even more skeptical.

“Don't you see? Have a look around!”

For the first time in months of mapping the terrain centimetre by centimetre I was suddenly mesmerised by the lushness and beauty of the landscape. I then noticed a carpet of white flowers covering the entire riverbanks.

“They are Narcissi” the old man explained. “Every sound that is swallowed by the ducks and buried in the soil turns into a seed of the Narcissus flower and when the seed pops out, it plays the sound back. That's because Emuva wants to be with his lover Narcissus until the end of her days. I've heard your people tell a similar story in their tradition.”

“Do you know the legend of Echo and Narcissus?” asked Oscar to Romeo.

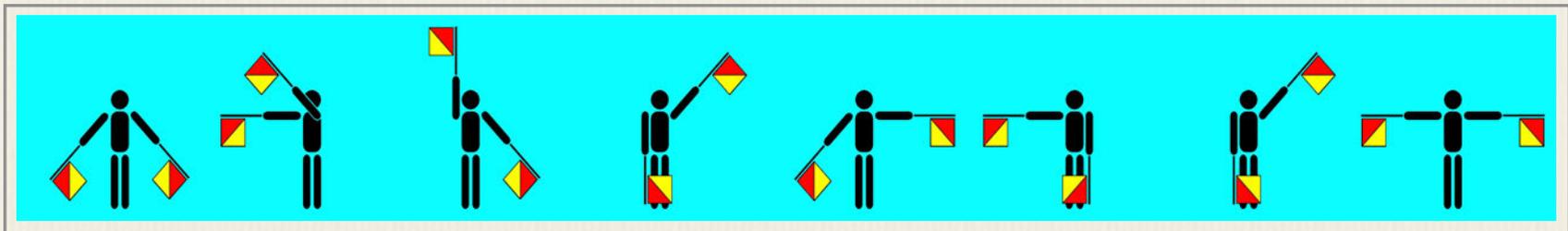
All immersed in the story Juliette and Victor almost didn't realise that Mike was asleep, at last. Juliette adjusted his blanked, Victor kissed him on the cheek and turned the light off. "Goodnight" they said. "Night, ...night" they heard. They've

never heard an echo in that room before. However that night, it seemed that the nymph felt obliged to pay a visit, after having been called up to help putting little Mike to sleep."Good night, Echo" they greeted... "Echo... Echo...".

Bio ~ Francesca Veronesi.



November.



November was always the worst month, not the wettest, not the windiest or coldest but the beginning of the long darkness, and the bleak, wet winds. Since he'd been in Ireland Victor had come to believe that SAD syndrome is not only real but he could now recognise its symptoms. Now with Juliette having just gone back to Australia the dread of another Atlantic winter was deepened by the loss of her company.

He picked up the envelope containing the latest X-Ray of his leg and marvelled at the titanium mechanism depicted, particularly at the way the two screws penetrated clean through his femur and out the other side. But it was clear the healing was good. He wondered as he poured another whiskey if Juliette would have come to Ireland at all had he not broken his leg falling down Aisling's steps. Now it was healed and the sight of bone knitted tightly seemed to allow her the permission she needed to head home, back to the sun.

Funny too that his 'Papa' had died only weeks before but he could not legitimately add that to his list of woes, they had never really known each other anyway, but he nursed a desire for grief to add to his melancholy. He had taken the afternoon off work but simply went home, watched Rio Bravo on daytime TV and polished off the best part of a bottle of red. His only insight from that day was that the reds from the Sierra Madre were at least as good as those from the Barossa.

Just beyond the manila folder containing his X-Ray was a postcard from her. The note was quickly scribbled in a hotel in some town in India, and sent from an-

other town in Bangladesh. Strange to think that the country is little more than a delta, that a metre of sea rise would obliterate. He'd rather a picture of that than the cheery Bollywood madness she'd sent. Mud would better fit his mood.

Tonight would have been the evening they went dancing, or more correctly, to dancing lessons. He looked at his watch, a beautiful sixties Omega, refined, almost feminine in the delicacy and purity of its design. The sort of watch only an Alpha male could wear, so unlike those monsters with many dials one sees in the airline magazines, and so beloved of the Betas. They had only been to three lessons. Juliette had promised when she arrived three months ago that she'd see him dancing on that leg again. Booking the lessons had been the reward for his patience and her diligence, not to mention an activity to break the boredom of his tiny flat in Cork. He found he liked it, well the Tango particularly, he'd drop the Foxtrot - it was bereft of passion.

Maybe he'd break the monotony with a visit to Jake and Caroline in West Cork. Little Oscar was turning three and he'd been invited to spend the weekend with them. He wasn't highly excited by the prospect but Jake would appreciate the company and the change might be an antidote to the emptiness he felt alone in the flat since Juliet's departure, an emptiness he had never experienced prior to her visit. Who else was in town? Mike was off on a golf weekend somewhere in Kerry - amazing that a country with such miserable weather should have so many golf courses. He'd been once but had felt a right Charlie in the wrong outfit and using the tatty hired clubs and he vowed never to go again. Crazy to think that Golfers had a sort of uniform and even though it closely resembled regular clothing subtle deviations from it seemed glaring on the course. He'd felt like a Zulu in a stock exchange.

Caroline's cooking was always exceptional - sure the coastline always deserved a walk; Jake's latest creations were interesting, (or amusing at least), and Oscar always brightened his soul but what Caroline could do with something as simple as Lima Beans, home-made Chorizos and some Habaneros could be so extraordinary as to become in memory the highlight of the whole weekend. He spent a wet Sunday afternoon watching Charlie and the Chocolate Factory with Ossie, half dreading going back to the flat at the drizzly, grey end of the day, and half bored

with the film, drifting off to think about Fremantle and Julia. Even though she still had to visit her sister in Quebec, in his mind he could only place her at home.

He dragged himself onto the Bus at Leap, feeling like he had an extra kilo or two of rocks in his overnight bag and watched the lush green of the edges of the Bandon road flash by, too close to focus on and fuzzy through rain, all the way back to Cork City. As he climbed the steps to his flat he stopped as the strains of ‘When Johnny comes marching Home’ floated down from Aisling’s place. It was Gary on the liquorice stick. Gary, our American friend, Gary whose farewell party had been the night he had too much Poteen and too much dope from the Polish lads and took a dive down the steps. Gary was being deported then but now he must be back, no-one played clarinet like that, only sweet, forties-face Gary, pleated pants and bow tie, charm and talent in a thin, elegant package. And that old Yankee marching song held it all, longing and celebration in equal parts.

In the letter box was a postcard. It was from Quebec. It simply said “Victor, remember when you and I were deep in corny love and I said I wanted you to be my Romeo? I still do...” The dusk took on a cosy warmth, a fuzzy optimism, a sweet shade of grey, the light from the street mingled with the echo of the liquid notes of Gary’s clarinet.

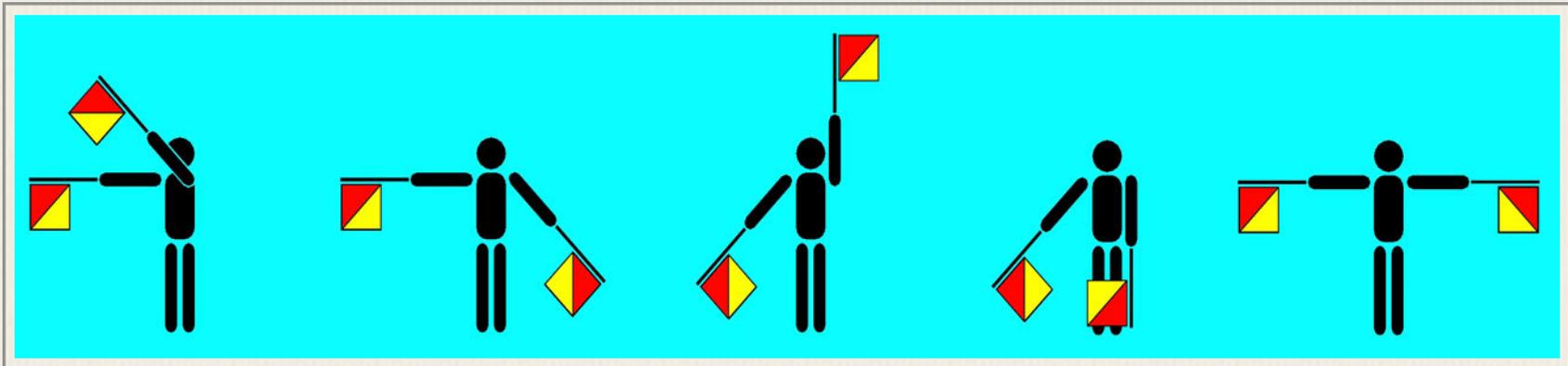
He sat by the window, smiling - didn’t even turn the light on.

Bio ~ Seán Kelly.

Sean Kelly has an extensive engagement with contemporary art in Tasmania, spanning over thirty years. He holds a Masters of Fine Art from the Tasmania School of Art and has worked as a teacher, university lecturer, arts administrator, writer and curator. He is past Director of CAST (Contemporary Art Services Tasmania), past president of CAOs (Contemporary Arts Organizations Australia) and was Program Manager of the National Sculpture Factory in Cork, Ireland. He was inaugural editor of the journal Contemporary Arts Tasmania and has written numerous articles, catalogue essays and reviews.



Oscar.



Oscar, just like that, changes his name. Tonight he's going to be someone else because clearly, that other one wasn't working for him. Suddenly he's not from Wol-longong either. He's from... from Quebec! Why not? He can do a pretty good French accent. He feels so much better as Regis from Quebec.

Why had she come straight to the hotel from the doctor's surgery? The X-ray envelope wouldn't fit in her purse. She can't take it into the function room. There has to be a cloak room here somewhere.

Craig fancied himself as quite the Romeo in his 20s, travelling throughout South America, volunteering at a youth hostel in Lima. Now he stays at home reading vegetarian cookbooks. He was beginning to tire of beans.

Rachel has tried it all; tango classes; trekking holiday in India; movie club; life-writing course. She thought she'd give speed-dating a go.

Victor is a Yankee fan, and he's not American, never even been to the States. But he signed up to Foxtel right from the start and has never, ever, missed a game. It's the off season now.

Papa Don't Preach is her karaoke song of choice but not with the extra kilo she is carrying. This midriff top is a big mistake.

Okay, she likes this game. The hostess “call me Jen” says it’s a way to warm things up. They have to write down as many couples as possible in two minutes, starting ... NOW!

She says Romeo. He says Juliette.

He says Echo. (Ah, a challenge.) She says Narcissus.

She says Hepburn, he says Which one? She says Katharine. He says Tracy. They start talking about that movie then, about that weirdo millionaire, how maybe it should be Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes. Jen rings the bell. He puts an asterisk next to Beth in his little notebook and moves to the next table.

Sport? Well, actually Mike likes to play golf on the weekends but that seems a little staid so instead he says he’s in training for the City to Surf.

Yeah, I prefer Charlie to Charlotte. Charlotte sounds a bit uppity, you know? My first car was a V-dub beetle. So cute. Yeah, I was really sad when that one died. What about you, Drew?

Ford Sierra. Replaced the Ford Cortina. Loved it so much I brought it with me from New Zealand. Never saw another one over here. Kept that baby running for years. Rust killed her in the end.

Lou was onto her third whiskey and fifth date of the night. This guy was so in need of affirmation, by the time he reached the end of his monologue, all she could say was “Bravo!”

Caro has a system. For each month of the year she is trying out a new activity. August was pub knitting. September was new salads. October was everywhere by train transportation only. November was private classes with the Australasian champion of the Foxtrot. December she has designated the dating month.

Funny, Claire thinks to herself, how all the Alpha males in the room were quickly downgraded to Delta once they started talking.

Helen had never spoken to someone so, so, so, well, black! And his teeth, so, so, white and, and, and, uniform!

Yes, I am from South Africa, specifically from KwaZulu-Natal but I came here with my parents at the end of apartheid when I was 13. They were too close to some of the Afrikaner officials, if you understand my meaning. Kwazulu, it means Place of the Zulu. I will go back there one day but not while my parents are still alive.

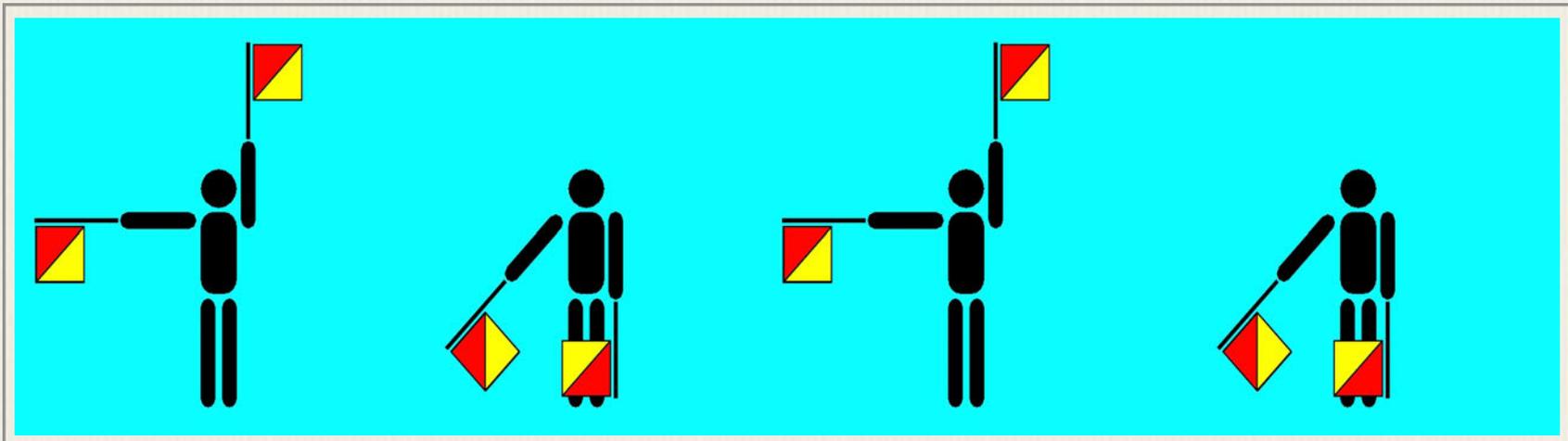
At 10pm, it's all over. Jen goes to the back bar to go over the receipts.

Bio ~ Barbara Campbell

Barbara Campbell has performed in Australia, Europe and the USA, in museums, galleries, public buildings, photographs, on film, video, radio, and the internet, in silence and with words, still and moving, since 1982. The Department of Performance Studies at Sydney University produced a survey exhibition of her 1997–2001 performances with an accompanying catalogue, *Flesh Winnow* (Power Publications: 2002) and she is now an Associate Artist with the Department. In 2004 she received an Australia Council Fellowship to develop and produce her online durational performance work, *1001 nights cast* [<http://1001.net.au>]. She is now a PhD candidate at Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney.



Papa.



*Papa don't preach, I'm in trouble deep
Papa don't preach, I've been losing sleep.*

It was the second time Julie had heard the song that day. Humming tunelessly, she dumped the last kilo of frozen calamari onto the board and wiped the knife on her apron, her left hand almost numb.

*The one you warned me all about
The one you said I could do without...*

It had been the same every day since she'd started last November: same songs, same prep. Sometimes she tried to race the playlist, thinking, 'If I can just get the calamari crumbed before Madonna comes on...then...what?' She couldn't think of a prize.

Once Julie asked the cook if she could change the radio station but he just turned it off and whistled instead "Bridge Over the River Kwai," "When the Saints Come Marching In," "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy." The bulk of Charlie's knowledge of western culture came from old videos in the refugee hostel, where

he had waited two years for a visa after escaping Sierra Leone. It was easier to leave the radio on.

Julie didn't really mind working in the kitchen, or even the long train ride from the outlying suburb where she lived. She liked watching the customers come in after their morning round, all lemon and pink shirts, funny caps and loud tartan trousers.

“So much money and look what they spend it on!” she said to Charlie, but he just nodded admiringly and said that one day he too would wear fine clothes. First, he told her, he must save to buy a car, something like the Alpha Romeo driven by a particularly fussy Tuesday lunch customer.

“You will see,” he liked to tell Julie, “One day it will be Charlie who will be ordering the blue steak!”

The golf club was different at night, with various functions held in its grand old rooms. On Thursdays after work, Julie changed out of her uniform and sat with Charlie in the Salon so she could watch people arrive for the Tango Soirees, women swirling past in their lipstick and high heels, men looking sharp in their suits. Julie liked the Salon, with its potted palms, deep leather chairs and Persian carpets. It was luxurious, colonial, like a gentleman's club in India, she imagined, a world away from the boxy fibro house at the end of the train line.

One night, Charlie told her how he had smuggled blood diamonds to the Niger Delta to pay for his passage to Australia. Drunker than usual, his eyes glazed over as he told the story of his escape from a corrupt war-lord and his cronies. Suddenly he stood up, knocking over his glass and spilling whisky all over her.

“They could not catch me! I am like a Zulu warrior! No one will defeat Charlie!”

A dapper man, on his way to the ballroom, heard the ruckus and stopped to ask if everything was alright.

“Oh yes,” Julie stammered, helping Charlie back to his chair, “We're fine, thank you.”

“Would Mademoiselle care to join us for the dance?” the man asked in a charming accent. Julie glanced across at Charlie, mumbling and hissing under his breath, before an image of ripped vinyl train seats and sad, little backyards full of washing flashed before her eyes.

“I...I can only do the foxtrot,” she stammered, “My Grandma taught me... um...before she died...”

“Then you shall learn the tango very quickly, Mademoiselle!” He smiled and, with a little bow, offered his elbow before leading her out the door.

“I am Oscar and I shall lead the band this beautiful evening. Please pardon my English - I bring my music all the way from Quebec where we dance the tango all of the nights. And you?”

“I... I’m Julie. I just work in the kitchen...”

“Ah! Juliette! A pretty name for a pretty girl! Have no fear Juliette! When the music begins, we are all movie stars!”

They rounded a corner into the ballroom where coloured light wheeled from a mirror ball onto the dancing crowd.

“One word of advice, my dear Juliette,” Oscar said, turning to take her hand. “Please, if I may be so bold, beware with whom you dance the tango. It is, as they say, a dance of passion and love!”

As Oscar left to join the band onstage, Julie searched for somewhere to sit, her gaze accidentally meeting that of a youngish man across the room. He wore a red shirt and high-waisted black trousers, his dark hair slicked back above glittering eyes. Julie’s stomach lurched as he wove his way toward her through the crowd. There was something vaguely sleazy about him and she shut her eyes, hoping that somehow this would make her invisible. She felt him approach, felt his eyes burn her skin like an x-ray and sure enough, there he was, next to her.

“I Victor,” he said leaning in close, “I Lima.”

As he waited for a response, Julie glanced up to where Oscar was shaking his head behind the mike, an echo of his warning ringing in her ears as he announced

the next song. She looked quickly to the floor and then, images of barren backyards and endless paling fences whirling in her head, at the face of the man before her.

“I dance you.”

His hand felt clammy on the small of her back as he lead her to the middle of the floor. She winced slightly at the sharp smell of his cologne as he folded her against his chest and slid his thigh between hers. And then she was dancing, one, two, three, four, forwards, backwards, legs flicking and kicking, the stubble on Victor’s chin grazing her cheek as he flung her away from his body only to twist her back under his arm, winding her in and out like the spring of a clock.

Finally the music stopped.

“Bravo,” he said into her ear, “Now. I. You. Hotel.”

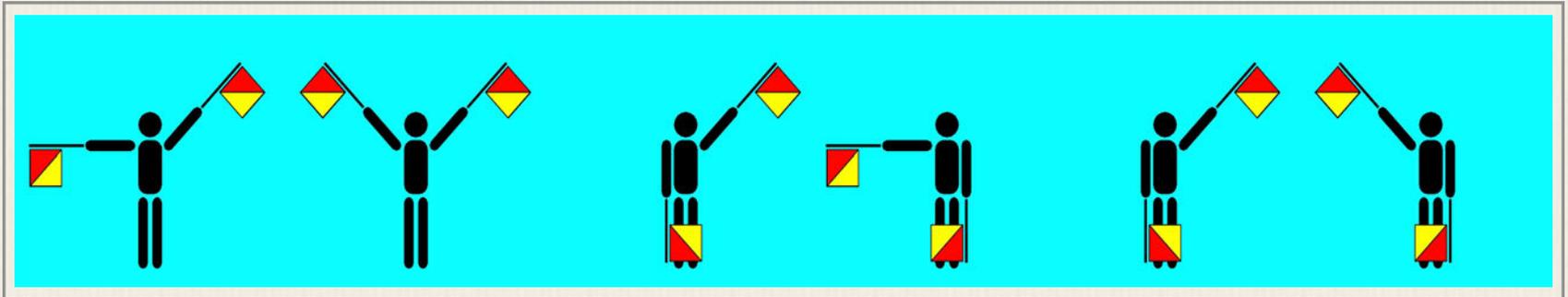
It was enough.

Bio ~ Libby Tulip.

Libby Tulip is a Sydney-based artist, writer and occasional blacksmith. Her work is an exploration of the narrative impulse and stories embodied through objects, images and installation. She has exhibited for over twenty years, worked to public and private commission, and taught both sculpture and traditional iron-working technique. She was recently awarded an MFA from Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney where her research revolved around the transposition of hermeneutic literary theory to the visual arts. She is currently working on a novel.



Quebec_01.



By 'eck its cold in Quebec so i'm told

Feck feck feck

Freezin eck

I've never been

Nor Peru

its capital Lima

sounds like an animal

India yes

For a day

One November

my luggage went through the X-ray

got lost

I got felt up

By a man in Uniform

18 Kilo

a machine looked into my eyes

the suitcase turned up later at the hotel by van

I drank a Whiskey

Then shagged Juliette

Then Oscar (he's wild)

Then Charlie (he drives a Golf)

Then Victor (he likes to play golf)

Then classique (she drives a vauxhall Victor)

Pre general motors

The American dream

I'm no Romeo - but i like my sport

Alpha male

Shag shag shag

Is that an echo ?

Echo echo echo

I like dancing too

Not the Tango

The Foxtrot trot trot

Makes one hot

To trot

Trot trot

Slot

Too tight to mention

Too hot to handle

Sierra Nevada is a hot place it says on the internet

In a book

Seat Ibiza

Ford Granada

Ford capri

Continental islands of the seventies to escape

Ford mondeo

The maque of the nineties

Ford sierra

Is a better car than it looks

My Papa used to say

so It must be true

Fiat Bravo

a pile of poo

Alpha romeo

ain't so phonetic

doodle

Yankee

doodle

dandy

yankee yankee yankee

one nation under a groove

moneys too tight to mention

Zulu nation

And by the way

My name is Mike

not africa bamabata

Bio ~ Mike Stubbs.

Mike Stubbs is the Director of FACT, the Foundation for Art and Creative Technology, the UK's leading organisation for the commissioning and presentation of film, video and new media art forms. Jointly appointed in May 2007 by John Moores Liverpool University he is Professor of Art, Media and Curating.

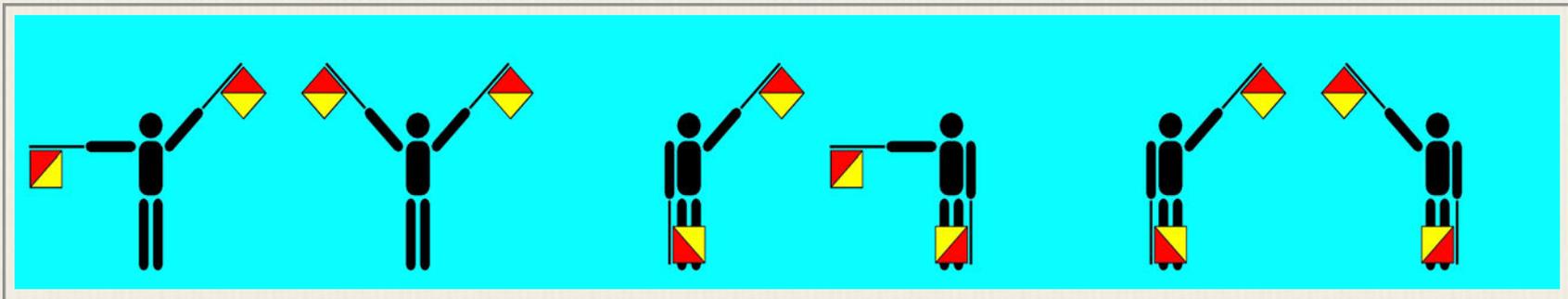
Encompassing a broad range of arts and media practice his arts management, curating and advocacy has been internationally acknowledged, he is currently leading a new capital development, Ropewalks Square forming a creative and digital hub for the city of Liverpool around FACT.

Mike established the ROOT, Burning Bush and AND festivals and commissioned and produced over moving-image based exhibition programs and artworks, including: White Noise, Stanley Kubrick, Pixar for ACMI, Australian Centre for Moving Image and SkInterfaces, Pipilotti Rist and Hsieh Teching, as part of Liverpool's European Capital of Culture 2008, the Liverpool Biennale and the FACT programme.

An award-winning and respected moving image artist in his own right, Mike Stubbs' work encompasses film, video, installation and performance. He has won more than a dozen major international awards including first prizes at the Oberhausen and Locarno Film Festivals, and in 1999 was invited to present a video retrospective of his work at the Tate Gallery, London. In 2002 he won a Banff Fleck Fellowship and had solo shows at the Baltic Art Centre, Newcastle and EAF, Adelaide.



Quebec_02.



Quebec is my very special nightmare. I'm always staying in a hotel and for some unknown reason it's always in November. It's probably Thanksgiving. Papa wears that strange uniform of his and dances a foxtrot with Juliette – who the hell is she by the way?

I really wonder how anyone sensible enough could possibly dance a foxtrot with Papa. She doesn't seem to have realized what he looks like, or has she? She must be blind, that's the only explanation I can possibly think of.

Anyway, this guy, Mike, I guess, turns up in an AlphaRomeo; red of course, what else? He seems to be a close friend of Juliette's. For some strange reason, I can tell he plays golf even though he doesn't seem to have taken his gear with him.

Why would he by the way; there's no golf course round here or is there? Papa and Juliette keep on dancing, slowly the foxtrot turns into a sensual tango. Are they taking their clothes off? Maybe they will dance on like this forever. Could anyone tell?

In the bar Mike, who seems to know everybody in this place, starts chatting with Charlie and Oscar, two old Yankees who are completely boozed on cheap whiskey. They raise their glasses in a toast to the glory of India and the British Empire.

Charlie goes on telling stories about the time when he worked as a pilot for Delta Airlines and travelled the world. There's this story about a Zulu he met in Lima and who talked him in to taking ten kilos of pure cocaine on board in a special X-ray proof suitcase that would easily get him through customs at the airport. Unfortunately for Charlie, it didn't work out as planned and he ended up in jail for ten long years in the Sierra Madre.

This doesn't make any sense.

Suddenly I can hear an echo of bravos. Mike, Oscar and Charlie gulp down their drinks and leave the bar as if something serious was about to take place. Papa and Juliette dance through the dining-room fading out on their way to the big staircase.

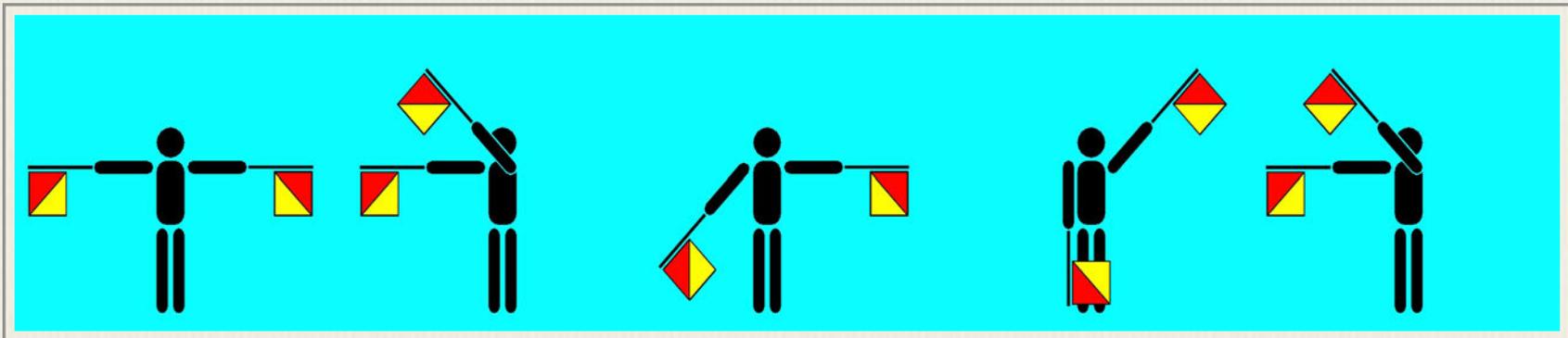
I stand alone in the hall, the sound of bravos coming closer.

Bio ~ Ulrika Byttner.

Ulrika Byttner is a Swedish born artist who has been working in France for over 20 years. She graduated from Ecole Supérieure d'Art de Toulouse in the south of France and is actually based in Paris. Her artistic practice investigates different fields of drawing using as well traditional practice as computer animation. She has been exhibiting in France and in other European countries such as Germany, Austria and Sweden. Byttner teaches drawing and computer graphics in several art schools in the Paris area.



Romeo.



ROMEO's Noir.

ROMEO was a lovely woman from Vienna. Let's call her "R-protagonist".

R-protagonist had a bravo-bravado that could only be found in B-movies. This was pre-found as a loop floating on the "c" or should I say in the key of "c". After swimming four days in this particular grainy black and white film noir, she got a Charlie hoarse (or should I say in a horse voice) and also a horse named Charlie. She swam with it to shore. As the horse exited the water in the shallows of the nearby Delta, ROMEO spotted the shadow of a "D" as a stretched apparition.

Or should I say the light fell perfectly across the skin of darkness, as was the habit in film noir movies. On the marquee the "D" was tilted in the title of the movie named after itself "D." Not to be confused (or perhaps in this case, to be confused was the nature of the beast) with the "B" Movie which Charlie was nested in. The real Charlie was merely an echo of the cinematic star who was prone to making a horse-like "eeeeeeee" "eeeeeeee" "eeeeeeee" sound which shifted pitch in a lovely sing-songy manner. Since this particular film noir was silent, one could only project a sense of awe and deference to Cage.

But there was no Cage to be found here, only Romeo's erotic glance into the evening landscape. The film also included a foxtrot, which was rendered in slow motion, suggestive of a particular variety of sound. One scene also had a 20's golf match including flappers. One could easily project the sound of the club as it hit

the black and white ball, with noir strings flowing on underneath. In fact this sound was also looped and became quite a nice rhythm, falling only once as foley for itself. This particular scene contained a Hitchcock look-a-like. He was staying in a nearby hotel. “Homage to the Entrance of the Silent H” flashed as the subtitle. This splashed across screen with all of the subtlety of slowly drying india ink. Actually, I cut an image of Hitchcock in secretly...“I” was resolved to meet R-protagonist who looked exactly like Ingrid Bergmann. In fact it was Ingrid Bergmann, who was edited into this scene.

It is hard to meet people who are no longer living, except in films.

Enter Juliette. Juliette was Romeo’s foil (not to be confused with Olivia Hussey). She poisoned the waters of this abstract film (made only of words Homage to Mr. Snow and Rrose Selavy) with her own elusive beauty. The two of them appeared to perfectly mimic the taste of Hitchcock in casting leading women. Perhaps we could call her Tippy, after actress Tippy Headron. Did you know that they used the sound of Tape recorders for the bird foley in the Birds? I digress. There isn’t an ounce of truth to any of this. Well perhaps a kilo. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, so what does a Kilo give us?

I sent off to Lima for a kilo of those tippy birds that drink water. In fact this was the next shot of the film. 1000 little artificial birds oscillating randomly in a small room, lit in film noir fashion. My stunning assistant Mike helped position the oscillating birds, with the precision of a perfectionist, although he was hired as the projectionist. This was in the November of his career in that everything was going digital. But we projected the movie across this artificial landscape of birds oscillating none-the-less. And he was quite excited by the whole affair. Mike had the look of a Calvin Klein underwear add-boy, or should I say ab-boy, and dressed the part. Anyway, he enjoyed his job and devoured approximately 1000 films a week, many sporting Oscars from across the history of cinema. He was sometimes called the Papa of Dada, because he also loved early film. Romeo thought he was way too young to be called Papa.

The film cut to an incredible shot of Niagara Falls, shot on location in Quebec. Here again was a perfect shot of Romeo and Juliette standing side by side gazing

into the abyss. Again the theme of water (and you know my name is Seaman). The two of them asked Papa if he wanted to tango on the edge of the abyss, and he of course said yes. This was my allusion to the sirens. Not the sound, heard in the distance (in that this was a silent film) outside of the theatre (it could also be edited in later).

The next cut took us to the etched landscape of the Sierra Madres. Traveling in film had no expense (well only in the real world) so we moved about the world effortlessly... And film history! This was a kind of tangle or tango of films that of course had doomed sexual attraction at its core. The film momentarily moved to a series of uniform edits of the 7 wonders (who were they?). Papa decided to date R-protagonist. And of course this made Juliette quite jealous. M. set up the camera so he could get himself in the shot, but with his wanton whiskey hangover, the camera slipped over the edge. Actually this made for some quite compelling filming as the camera fell thousands of feet, but was later recovered.

Here the film cut to an x-ray of the camera itself showing a novel crack in the metallic case. Quite a nice self-referential abstraction in black and white, given the crack also made a mark on the film itself. This was just an example of Papa's yankee ingenuity, or should I say his proclivity for the ingénue, he was secretly dating Juliette as well. Of course we all know the ending.

Footnote: This was a false ending, the film cut to Historical footage of Zulu warriors (notice that there had been no violence in the film thus far so this was added for gratuitous effect) except for the poison, which was now taking effect in all three. Leni R. and her African adventures were entirely cut from the film, but Impressions of Africa still had its say in the aesthetics of Papa.

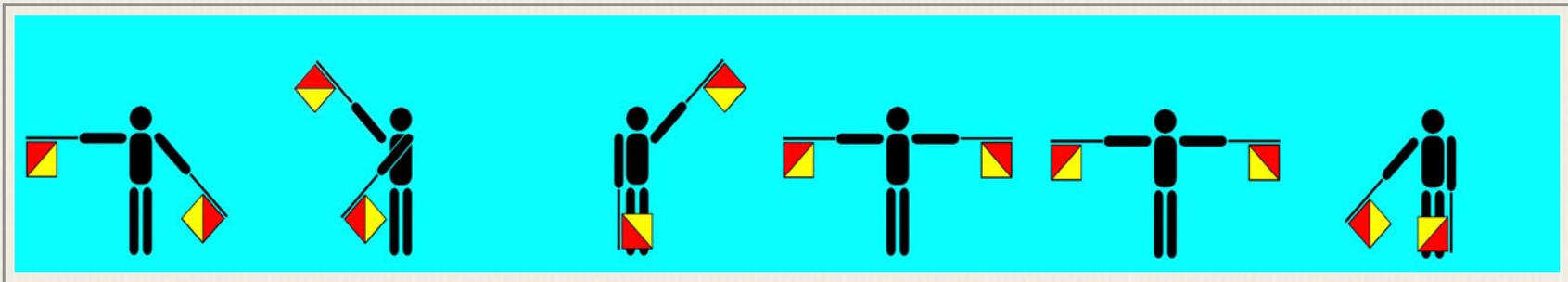
Bio ~ Bill Seaman.

Bill Seaman, media artist, scholar, and media researcher, has had over thirty major installation works and commissions around the world, a dozen solo exhibitions, and numerous performance collaborations, video screenings, and articles/essays/

reviews in books and catalogues. His work often explores an expanded media-oriented poetics through various technological means. More recently he has been examining notions surrounding "Recombinant Informatics" — a multi-perspective approach to inventive knowledge production.



Sierra.



Alpha Mike Sierra.

“Calling AMS (Alpha Mike Sierra); come in Alpha Mike Sierra, this is Alice Springs base. over.”

The button on the side of the radio mike handset is pressed and the response “Roger, Alice Springs this is Alpha Mike Sierra, go ahead...over” returns loud and clear.

For part of 1981, this was daily routine (true story). I operated the one radio in ‘town’ whose echo would resound around the small caravan which we shared with it, medical supplies and our three children in Warakurna. The caravan was prime hotel accommodation in this part of the desert. There was only one other - for the chairman of the settlement, who may well have been an Alpha cowboy, I can’t remember, as I mainly spent time with the younger and older women.

Tangoing with Toyotas was par for the course on any given day. Our children were constantly adopting any number of the local camp-dog puppies (‘Papa’ in Nganyatjarra) who would all die or disappear if fat enough. They also had pet thorny desert lizards whose skin reflects the browns, reds and tans of the desert. Warakurna is in the Rawlinson Ranges, near the Gun-Barrel highway, and as well as vast spinifex plains, there are ranges with rockpools and cliffs which raise the fanciful possibility of a very ancient delta carving this landscape.

Thankfully it was not November, as escaping the heat would have meant going to the Giles Weather Station, which was not 'dry' because it was not on Indigenous land and where the whiskey was washed down with beer. It was the closest thing to a hotel in these parts with Yankees, Aussies, Brits and Russkis working at the station. Oscar and Charlie would be the ones to let the weather balloons up into the sky with their tiny pressure measuring devices.

We let them go too sometimes, it was fun. Sometimes the balloons would go due West and we would imagine it made it across the desert and the ocean, all the way to India. But probably not Quebec. The station must have radioed in the data collected by the balloons to the Bureau of Meteorology, I wonder what their call sign was, or maybe they had a radio telephone, very flash for those days! Believe it or not, there was a golf course near Giles' radio tower - used for recreation, it was the most regularly tended piece of well graded flat land around.

This could have been tricky territory - a white family living in the only manufactured shelter in a community of Indigenous Australians. But we were made welcome and only really got into a little trouble when we ordered a kilo of easter eggs to be flown out on the mail plane.

The radio sounds drifted across the desert air, my job to answer clearly and record the responses correctly felt important as this was the main communication between Alice and Warakurna. Was Nurse Juliette, of African descent, but not a Zulu, on schedule for her visit in the coming weeks to open the clinic? What time would the Royal Flying Doctor Service land to airlift Victor for his X-ray at the hospital in Alice? What was the order for the stores needed and was the truck running on schedule? Were the Lima beans we had ordered going to be on the truck this time?

This was the first place where I heard women 'sing' their men, the particular Romeo that they wanted, and sing so that their charms would be irresistible, raising cries similar to a supportive 'Bravo' from the other women. It is a sophisticated as well as explicit performance and definitely no foxtrot. The dancing in Warakurna also honours the foods that can be gathered from trees and shrubs. We were-

painted up, we danced, we sang, and made those sounds that have filled the desert air long before radios were ever thought of.

Bio ~ Cecelia Cmielewski.

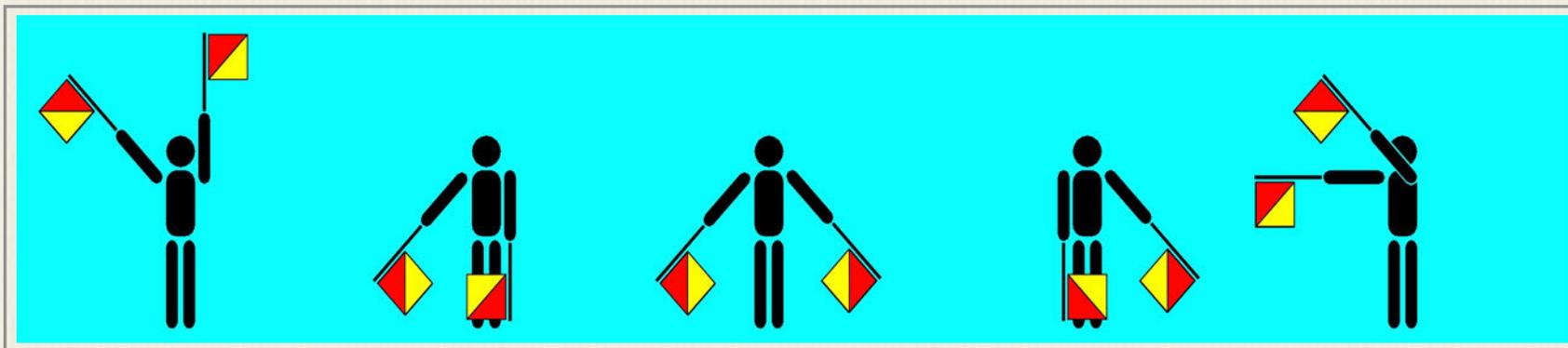
Cecelia Cmielewski is a researcher and creative producer.. She has made significant contributions to the strategic development and capacity building of the Australian creative sector, particularly through policy research, analysis and development for the Australia Council. These include the Arts in a Multicultural Australia 2000 and 2006-09, Council's Cultural Engagement Framework and the Arts and Health Strategy. Cecelia is interested in the intersections between social, technological, creative and cultural engagements.

Cecelia presents on a regular basis at local, national and international forums including the inaugural World Forum for Environmental Sciences, Venice, on the relationship between culture and the environment. She has worked closely with the academic community to further an informed and engaged arts sector including *Globalisation + Art + Cultural Difference* (2002); *Empires Ruins + Networks* (2004); *Making Creative Cities: The Value of Cultural Diversity in the Arts* (2008). She lived with her family in Warakurna and Pukatja in the early 1980's.

Cecelia holds a Bachelor of Design (University of South Australia), Bachelor of Arts (Flinders University) and a Master of Business Administration (University of Adelaide) and is a PhD candidate at the Institute for Culture and Society at Western Sydney University.



Tango.



TANGO; Beginners class.

- Tango lessons?
- Tonight?
- Where?
- But, Julieta, I am not at all a good dancer!
- Well okay, I'll give it a try!
- Ok, let me write it.
- Delta station, in front of The Sierra Hotel, Oscar Bravo Dance Academy, above an Echography and X-ray Clinic.
- Perfect!
- I will see you there at quarter to eight.
- Yeah.
- Well, you're welcome.
- Send you a kiss too, bye.

I hung up. I finished my coffee and rinsed my mouth. The elevator wasn't working again. I ran down the four floors of my building. I was starting to get conditioned.

It was a cold November morning. On my way to work I could not stop thinking about Julieta. <<Would being her dancing partner lead to more one day? Would I get to be her Romeo someday? They say Tango is the dance of romance, or is it Foxtrot? Come on Viktor, you clearly don't know anything about dancing, and neither about romance! What should I wear tonight? Should I wear some kind of special tango dancing uniform? Oh my god, I am totally lost! What one does for a woman, especially when you are living in a foreign country, and feeling so alone. Wow! I think this is the first time I take on the fact that I am feeling alone...>>

I turned on my computer, and instead of concentrating on finance, I started watching Tango dancing videos on YouTube. << What would I do without YouTube? What would I do without Internet>> But this time I wasn't searching international market data. I wasn't watching football, soccer, baseball or golf! I wasn't searching the Yankees' game results! I was watching these couples dancing this passionate, dramatic, tango thing. << Those men look so powerful! They seem to lead their woman with so much determination, and they carry them as if they weighed 10 kilos! I don't think I am that determined, and I am neither that strong! And those movements are so sensual! Julieta is really sensual! Will she be a good dancer? Of course she is, she is latin! Oh my God! I am getting so nervous! I would like to drink some whiskey! I hope the "Zulu Principle" (1) works for dancing too...>>

I arrived to the place. I read the neon lights sign "Oscar Bravo Dance Academy".

My hands were sweating. I could listen some kind of salsa music. I walked up the stairs, and entered a big room with wooden floor and mirrored walls. Mr. Oscar Bravo was the only one there. He was doing some dance steps while he singed "papa rapa papa rapa". He moved like Ricky Martin, but he looked like Ollanta Humala. He introduced himself and he told me he was from Lima Peru.

- I am Viktor and I am Swiss.

Oscar continued dancing. Couples started to arrive. Everyone introduced themselves when getting there. There was Alpha from Greece and Charlie from the city << Why Julieta hasn't arrived? >> There was Arasi from India and Mike also from the city. There were Daphne and Dennis from Quebec. Suddenly, Oscar turned down the music, he got in the center of the room and welcomed everyone to the "Tango Beginners Class". << Oh my god! What am I going to do if Julieta doesn't arrive. Viktor calm down, she will certainly arrive! She is just not that punctual, I guess it is totally normal. Oh my god! I think this is getting started >>

There she was! Just in time. She smiled and came to me. We were Julieta from Mexico and Viktor from Switzerland.

1. According to wikipedia, *The Zulu Principle*, subtitled *Making Extraordinary Profits from Ordinary Shares*, is an investment guide written by English accountant and investor Jim Slater.

First published by Orion in 1992. Slater named his approach to investment when he observed that after reading a short article on Zulus in the *Reader's Digest*, his wife was better informed on the subject than he himself was. He went on to consider that if his wife read all the books she could find on the subject of Zulus, coupled with a visit to South Africa to meet them for herself, then in a relatively short period of time she could become one of the leading authorities on that "clearly defined and narrow area of knowledge".

However, the term "Zulu Principle", the idea that is easy to become an expert in any sufficiently narrow subject area, had been used in the manufacturing industry for at least 10 years before the publication of Slater's book.

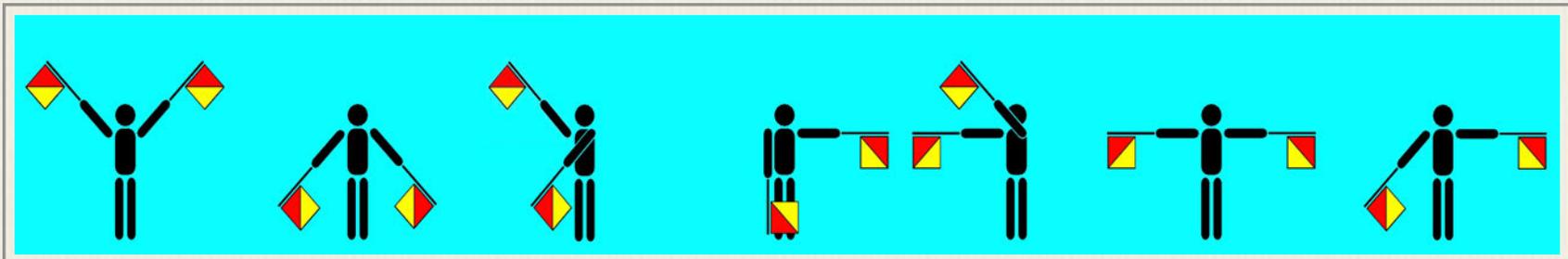
Bio ~ Ari Ruiz Lang.

Ari Ruiz Lang was born in Mexico city in 1986. She studied Visual and Plastic Arts in the ENPEG "La Esmeralda" (National School of Painting, Drawing and Printmarking). She currently lives and works in Querétaro.

In her artistic work she switches between media, and the relationships she establishes between them emphasize a dialogue between the traditional and the contemporary. Her artistic behavior turns around subjects as movement, lightness, time, chance and intuition. She incorporates as a constant element impossible situations by means of defying logic and physical laws.



Uniform.



Uniform: A Borrower's Caution.

Judgement by uniform, great rewards are bestowed. A victor would be determined by the finest adornments. Certain that failure awaited, a plan was devised. Knowledge of distractions guaranteed that collection would be trivial. During retrieval, kilo by kilo, a costume grew. All November the hotel was scoured for baubles, burnt sierra the most desired. Whiskey proved a useful tool, when absolutely necessary. Still, the process was arduous, more so by the delicate tango required to keep true intentions safe from view.

Laying in wait, and laying on the charm. Over drinks, after golf, indirectly. Very quiet, without echo, parts fell into place. Even so, the hardest tasks lay ahead.

Many may think to do this. Yet only one would dare scheme.

Borrowed goods unerringly carry a tell. It is to bank on. Guaranteed that between headwaters and delta a true signature is carved, despite the arrangement of oxbows.

Stockpiling, any Zulu will tell you, is akin to building a tinder. Prudence will only carry so far.

Heeding no common call, the plotter advanced. In the night sky, Alpha Crucis shone a warning; brightest, but bottommost. No matter, completion was nigh. Xenias, like rubies, crowned the lot.

On the appointed day, a crowd gathered. Feathers unruffled and towering elicit one bravo after another.

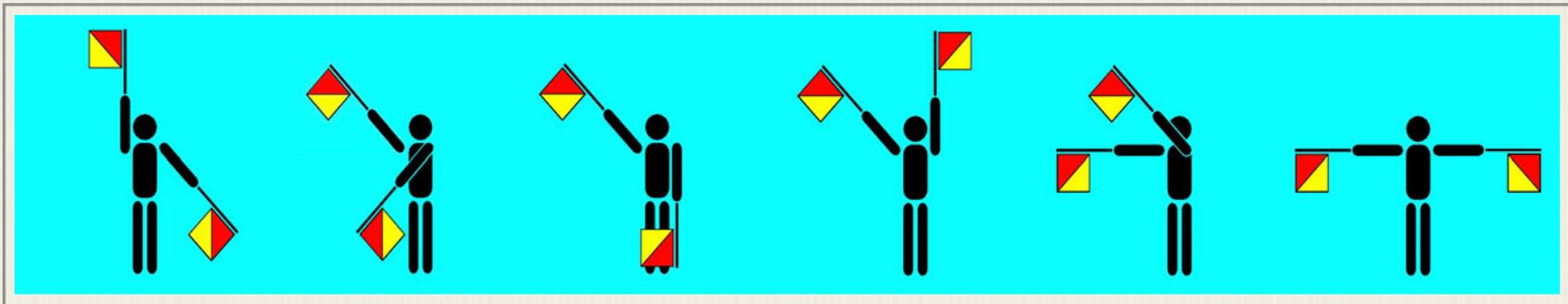
Queries were heard; one, then another, and another. Under duress the uniform's true nature emerged. Assembled from components but not consent, its function was less covering than x-ray. Retrieving their errant plumage, they shrilled a yankee scold: Mike, Oscar, Charlie, Juliette, and even Papa joined the chorus. Threadbare, the errant Romeo abandoned the crowd. Zeroed out, half-lit reports had him later trying the foxtrot again in Lima, India, Quebec.

Bio ~ Ed Osborn.

Ed was born in Helsinki, Finland and spent his early life aiding his parents to smuggle art out of the Soviet Union. After one such endeavor went south, he relocated to Philadelphia where he grew up in a Quaker household under a witness protection program and periodic visits from the FBI. The Quaker religious ceremonies are marked by long periods of silence, and Ed's experience of them was where he learned to pay close attention to the tiniest and most unlikely of sounds. Several subsequent years of French Horn study were unable to sway him from the unfortunate career trajectory that his family's religious inclinations had set in motion.



Victor.



“VICTOR, I'm p-paralyzed with happiness....”

She laughed again, as if she had said something very witty, or as if there was an ECHO, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see.

"...but across the US, millions of people are struggling to keep their heads above water, fighting against the effects of the economic crisis caused by the 1% - the ALPHA-bankers of Wall Street and their political parties they elect in NOVEMBER."

There was a way she had, like drinking WHISKEY from the bottle in a HOTEL. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl from QUEBEC was SIERRA (I've heard it said that JULIETTE's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.) At any rate, Miss ROMEO's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again - the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little, with its several KILOS suddenly FOXTROTting across her knee, and given her something of a fright.

"Our communities are fighting to stay in their homes, keep their schools open, keep their X-RAYS affordable, and to defend their jobs from cutbacks. At the same time, tens of millions across the world, in over 130 countries, are facing U.S. forces in their countries that they don't want."

Again, a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunning BRAVO from me. I looked back at my YANKEE cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again, like in classical music from INDIA.

I told her how I had stopped off on my DELTA flight through Chicago for a day on my way East to play some GOLF, and how PAPA, OSCAR, CHARLIE and MIKE had sent their love through me. But almost as if I hadn't spoken she continued:

"Why does the U.S. spend billions on NATO with its UNIFORMs and its wars that are not only attacks on peoples abroad, but also on the lives and living standards of the 99% at home?"

Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright ZULU eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget; a singing compulsion, a promised TANGO, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

* This text is based on a combination of a section of Francis Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" with text from a flyer I was handed at the recent "Occupy" protest at the 2012 NATO summit meeting in Chicago.

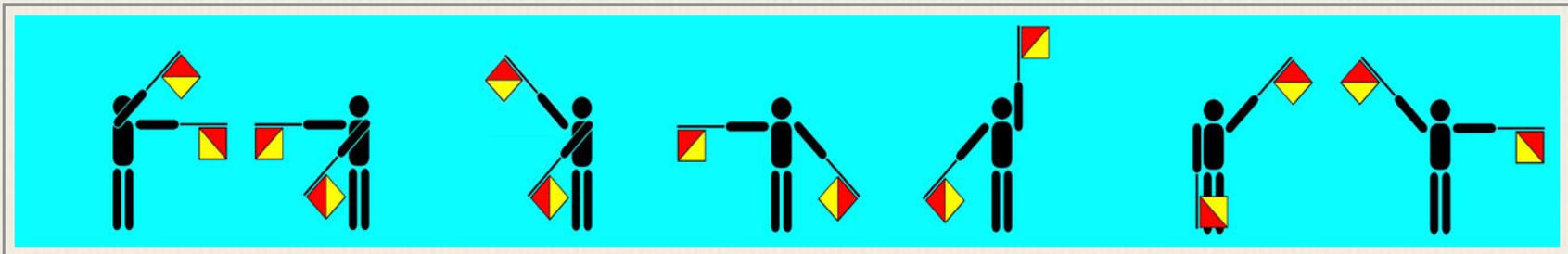
Bio ~ Shawn Decker.

Shawn Decker is a composer, artist, and teacher who creates sound and electronic media installations and writes music for live performance, film, and video. His is positioned at the intersection of music composition, the visual arts, and performance, using physical and electronic media to investigate, simulate and praise the natural (and unnatural) worlds. He frequently collaborates with other artists, including most recently Jan Erik Andersson and Anne Wilson. As an artist whose work spans multiple disciplines, for making use of technology and technological processes on the one hand and incorporating traditional elements such as Irish and American folk fiddle-traditions on the other – merging physical elements and

techniques from sculpture with environmental sound and music performance, Decker sees art and artmaking within a very broad context. As a senior faculty member at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, education is another element within his broad-based practice, with teaching supporting artistic production, and vice-versa. His work has been frequently performed, seen, and heard in the US and Europe at a wide variety of venues. Recent exhibitions of both solo and collaborative work have shown at venues such as: the Kiasma Museum in Helsinki, the Museum of Art and Design in New York, the Pritzker Pavillion in Chicago's Millennium Park, the Minnesota Museum of American Art, the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the 2003 Biennial of Electronic Art in Australia, Art Basel Miami, the Klosterruine in Berlin, ISEA2002 in Nagoya, the 21st Century Museum in Kanazawa, Japan, the Indianapolis Museum of Art, CAM Houston, ISEA2000 Paris, the Waino Aalto museum in Turku, Finland and numerous others. Decker is a Professor in the Art and Technology and Sound departments at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago



Whiskey.



W IS FOR WHIZKEY.

"Whiskey? Vodka?", asked the old lady who's selling the alcohol. "Whizkey, Lima (five)!" my friend Mike answered. He and I were given the task to buy the alcohol drinks for our friend Charlie who's having a birthday party in a Hotel near to Malioboro street in Yogyakarta. So there we were in a warung (little shop in Indonesia) having an "illegal" transaction while wearing our high school Uniform. The old lady gave us 5 bottles of whizkeys in a plastic bag that weighed more than a Kilo each and off we were to go back to to the hotel. We walked through small alleys of Malioboro, the pavement was filled with mud and we felt like we were somewhere in India. It took 10 minutes for us to go back, and we were soaking wet from the pouring rain of November.

"Where's the alcohol?" that was Charlie greetings as soon as we arrived. He didn't care that our shoes were dripping mud all over the carpets. "Five bottles! Bravo! Now we can Tango!", he said after looking at the black plastic bag on our hand. He took it and gave it to Victor who apparently was all neat and clean, ready for tonight party. Victor took the whizkey away and placed it alongside all the snacks and foods on the desk while Charlie was back busy setting up the sound on the DJ set. "So what should we do with these wet clothes??", Mike was a bit grumpy to see that both of them didn't care about our sacrifice. "Go to the room, you can use some of my t-shirts. I put them on the drawer" said Victor.

Yes, that's Victor alright, he's like our Papa. Always prepared for everything. Perfectionist, calm, and a person who you could rely on. While Mike and I were more of the class sleepers. We pretty much came from Zulu, where no one understood us, specially the girls. But hey, at least we're always around whenever there's a party or gigs going on. And Charlie, he's always acting as an Alpha male, the leader of our group. His dream is to win the Oscar, obsessed ever since he was selected as the main actor in a "Romeo and Julliette" play when we were in the 1st grade. He's an Indo-American blood which gives him that Yankee mixed Indonesian look that makes the Indonesian women scream their lungs out. He's the "chick magnet" of the school, and one thing we're expecting about Charlie's party is the girls.

So there it goes, the party started as soon the sun went down. Echo on the empty room of the hotel have changed to chattering and screams as the clock turned to 8. At first we know all the guests that came but all of them bring someone else's who bring along someone else's. The next thing we know the Hotel room was turned to a Delta of people we don't know and the alcohol didn't help us to become ignorant or focussing on rapping our dancing shoes. I though it was just me and Mike, but then I saw Charlie, who's supposed to be the rock star of tonight's party was also looking lost among the crowds in the Hotel room. Most of the guests knew him, but I wasn't sure if he knew them well, at least not as his friends. Charlie's face was like Michael Jordan playing chess. Totally uncomfortable. Whilst on the other hand, Victor was totally out of control, hanging around groups of school girls like he had X-ray vision to see through what the girls were wearing under their clothes.

Charlie then came to me and said "Dude, this is like the whole Quebec in one room! I don't want this shit!" What the hell!? I would never have thought Charlie, the school idol, the most famous guy in the school, the chick magnet, would feel uncomfortable at his own birthday party. "Dude, let's get the hell out of here. Drag Victor and Mike, I'll wait you on the lobby!" And so I did, it was an easy task for Mike, but I don't know if it was the same for Victor. He was in heaven, five girls from our school were surrounding him. It was an anomaly for an unpopular guy, especially for Victor. One of them was Sierra, the girl who Victor had a

crush on since the 1st grade. So I grabbed them both and dragged them out of the room. I managed to convince Sierra to keep her voice down and follow us, and Victor had no complaints, as long as Sierra was with us. So the four of us went out to the lobby and Charlie was already there waiting for us. "Dude, this is totally unexpected. I don't want to spend my birthday with a full room of people I don't know. So, let's just hang out at the beach! Good friends, good time, good drinks," Charlie said to us while pointing at a full bottle of whiskey.

"Hell yeah, let's go!", Mike said to him immediately. We went to the parking lot and got into Charlie's new ride. A brand new VW Golf that his parents gave to him for his birthday. It was smooth and fast, Pearl Jam songs played on the car stereo. We were drinking and driving. The thought of us breaking the law pumped our adrenaline as Charlie enjoyed the speed of his car - 140 km/h. in less than 30 minutes, there we were, in southern part of Yogyakarta, the beach of Parang Tritis. A bright full moon, thousands of stars, the soft sands, and most of all the sound of the waves as they greeted the earth, were a blessing of nature to us. "Sexy... Now this is what I really wanted for my birthday..." Surprise surprise. I just saw the other side of Charlie, the guy who normally chooses to do the Foxtrot to disco music had chosen to ignore his own party. But I understood it pretty well. It was a special day for him and it meant a lot to him. He didn't need the glamorous things, at least not today. He wanted to make the perfect party, to please his friends and to get away from his family problems but then he realized he didn't need any of that, all he needed were good friends who cared.

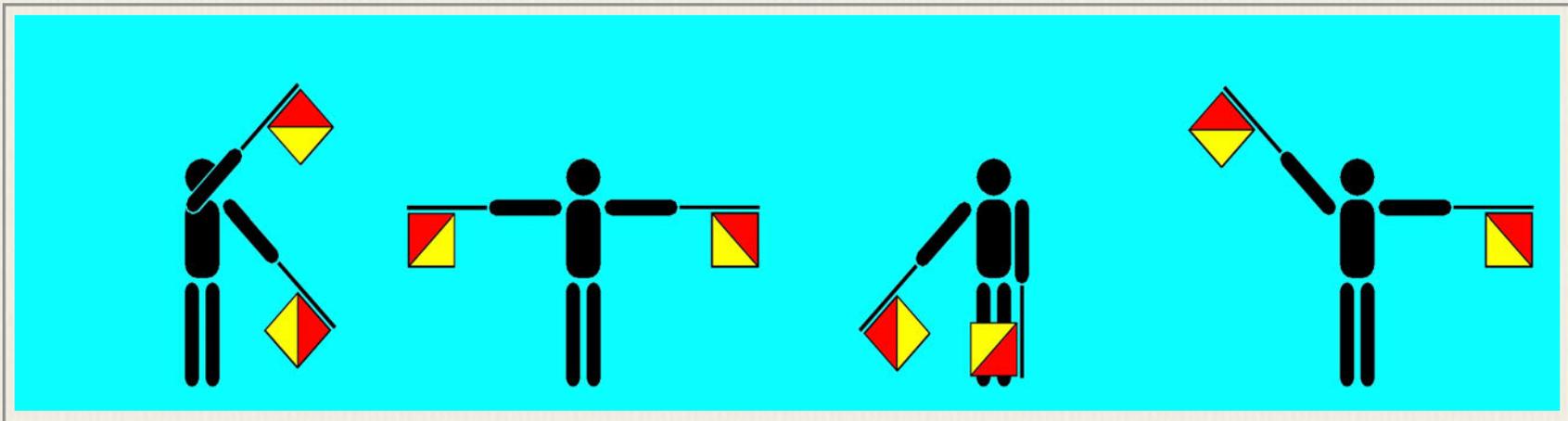
So there we were, with a small campfire burning from the small branches we gathered from the surroundings. The five of us drank from the same bottle of whiskey. Exchanging stories, laughter and smiles until the dark grew tired of us and changed shift with the lights. "Thanks guys, this is the best birthday party I could ever have" Charlie said while raising the whiskey bottle giving a salute to us. The last thing I remembered was the heat of the sun disturbing my sleep, and Charlie, still asleep on the sand with a bottle of whiskey beside him. I took the bottle and drank the last zip of it. "Happy birthday my dear friend... cheers!".

Bio ~ Andreas Saigan.

Andreas is an engineer turned artist and activist working in Indonesia, he is the founder of LivePatch a citizen art initiative. Andreas quickly falls asleep when he drinks Whiskey.



X-ray.



Xray specs transpire back-ahead to the alpha-dog tango.

Repeat

Step-passed in future-tense. Is here. We meet in uniform echo, while Red Army thugs cross lines sideways, ripe in harvest. Present passed by in zipped-up, con-job fiction. Where's future-Charlie? Lost to the Yankee whiskey, while Romeo happily frigs Juliette. In 26 steps; I feel her pressed past, the only solid in a fluid wall outside a hotel room in India. Something comes to visit. In the middle of my hand stirs a triangle.

Is here.

Repeat

Next. Ahead a-ready. In Lima. Was that before? Or Around? Is here. Go. Play golf. Do what Charlie likes. Soon. The dialectic splits...

Repeat

...distilled to the sub-atomic by Soviet scientists. I? Shimmered smooth inside Sierra. Her thighs move close, slinky. Next. Or been. Does it matter? Is here. Soon. These voices. Not mine.

Repeat

When. After that, ahead somewhere in Quebec, Delta smiles, her lips moist, remote, scuttling the Foxtrot. Mike I call myself; moving with clumsy feet; stabbing for an Oscar as death clings sweet. Now. Already. Is Here. Before. Her body slides close. The gun slugs slow. I crouch. And read. Is here. The code. Trailing from a head-wound. Make any sudden move. Soon someone will lose. Ahead. An eye. Someone tell me. Is here. Mike? 26 ways. I die. Sometime in November. Mike. Mike hates golf.

Repeat

Future 1oh1. Now. Is Here. Later. Before. Repeat. Ahead. All you need is breathe. They say. Is here. From the no-when near to the land of the Zulu. Bye bye bye. Papa Lennon lied. I put it to the kilo - to the victor goes the nosh. Pile on. Ahead.

Repeat

One point. Around I. 90 degrees. The wall moves. Shimmers. 26. The future. Already. Been.

Before.

Repeat.

Is here.

Bravo.

Bio ~ Mark Hobby.

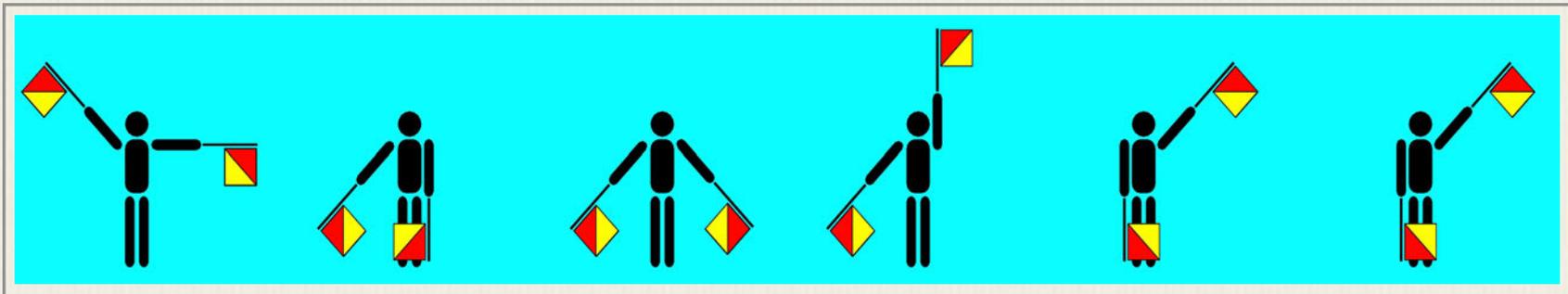
I am a published writer from Sydney, Australia, able to write on a variety of different topics in an engaging and entertaining way. I have a wide range of interests, from film and art criticism, multi-media and alternative fictional history, critical theory and occultism, martial arts and political theory, as well as sci-fi, satire and the absurd. This focus provides me with a multitude of perspectives that contrib-

ute to work that is both punchy and multi-layered, and which can be easily transferable to different mediums.

My work has appeared in diverse publications, from *Blitz Martial Arts Magazine*, *Ceramics: Art and Perception* and *Metro*, multi-media works like *Wish* in collaboration with projection artist Cindi Drennan and in a variety of comic books like *Commando*, *Fistful of Comics* and *Decay*.



Yankee.



Yankee: a curious case of Victor Bauman.

Did I ever mention you my friend Victor Bauman?

I've met him by chance in this very lounge some time ago. November snow paralyzed the airport, my Delta flight to Quebec was postponed. I climbed up here, sat by the bar and ordered a whiskey. Victor saw me first. He missed his flight to Lima. He looked tired, we probably both looked that way, we're not so young anymore. He changed of course, but not as much as one would expect after seeing him the last time somewhere at the end of primary wearing a school uniform. A sporty, alert type, bald like an Oscar statue and looking American; saying „O.K.” constantly and smiling shiny white teeth. He was somewhat tense, I recall.

We've had a lot of fun together as kids, riding our folding bicycles around a pre-fab neighborhood, pretending we were flying in spaceships. It was always summer for us, thus not for our parents: the communist system was falling, it was a big hustle to make both ends meet. They left the country just before first free elections, his papa getting a university position somewhere in States. So we sat by the counter, I've proposed him a drink, he said, he's avoiding it and asked for a mint tea. He has always had a weakness for that, even as a kid, I reminded him of this, he smiled. Then we talked of our golden years. He seemed nostalgic. So I asked him, about his life, work, kids and all these things that forty year-olds have on their back. He looked straight at me, like an X-ray, as if I didn't know something obvi-

ous. Then he looked down on this reddish carpet, at his brown golf shoes. I felt stupid, what a faux-pas.

The same blonde lady you see there with a badge “Juliette” bought our drinks. He glanced up at her breast, suddenly interested but intimidated. Not much of a Romeo, I thought.

Then he told me his story. He had studied philosophy and architecture, then programming and robot design at MIT. Whilst still a student he opened his first software design company in a garage, as most of these guys do and in a couple of years he was really big, it was a through market he said. His company name was Mastermind. He was obsessed with developing a software enabling a rapid, direct link between neural impulses in the brain and CNC machines.

A direct creation tool: you think and the software analyses all problems related to your act, and it's transmitted to machines that execute the object. For instance, you want to build a hotel, you think of it, the program puts together all branch designs, electricity, plumbing, all that fuzz, it comes out with conclusions- it visualizes in your head and in a couple of hours machines; from bulldozers, cutters, concrete pourers to brick layers and carpentry makers build it for you. If your unhappy with the effect, you can turn back the actions and edit the whole thing mentally and physically.

A Godly thing! Think of all the sectors where this kind of technology could be applied!

After a billion dollar investment and hundreds of specialists involved they had it. They wanted to market it under the name of Fountainhead: good name. Before launching it on the market, he planned to build a new city on a plot they acquired in Southern India as a living publicity for their product. The board agreed: India was hot at the time. The city was composed of 26 districts differentiated according to various incomes of the inhabitants. Each district had a code name, like in a phonetic alphabet: Alpha, Bravo, Foxtrot, etc.

The whole process was to be recorded neurally and on-site. This is when the tango with the devil started, he said. He was stressed, overdosed with coffee and uncomfortable with the chips he implanted in his brain.

His thoughts were transmitted online, eight hours a day, parallel to the streamed image of machines working on new streets, installations, parks and buildings. His head was burning, even after work, when the chip was disconnected.

The first sign appeared after two weeks. One morning he realized he's forgotten to disconnect the chip after work the day before. He entered the wardrobe to pick up his work suit. The suit slipped down from the hanger. He thought "Undo," as people do after too many hours of editing on a computer. The suit moved back on the hanger by itself; he froze in fear. That day they made a medical check up on him. Something was very wrong with the chip, but he didn't agree to having it removed from his brain. The Doctors told him to relax as much as possible, people from the board told him to think it over. He remembered to disconnect the chip when leaving his office. The next morning telephone rang, his assistant, a guy called Mike, said something had gone wrong with the machines in the city. Victor ran to the laptop: which showed the machines in the Sierra district building forms that he had never conceived. Victor needed to destroy them instantly.

He reconnected the chip and took back control, thinking that the glitch would soon be ended.

That night Victor had nightmares. He dreamt about machines erratically building things in Kilo, Echo and Zulu districts. The telephone woke him, ringing in the darkness. Mike was hysterical; the machines from Kilo, Echo and Zulu had gone crazy. Fifteen minutes later Victor was in a cab to the airport. What if the next sectors rebelled against his will? When he finally arrived at the building site in India his assistant and most of the board were there. He saw a giant, flat plateau flooded by light with thousands of yellow machines standing still in the ruins of his city. Only a few were still in action, stoically laying bricks to form low fence lines, like lazy workers in the sun. He did his best to restore order to their actions, but he had lost the control over machines.

It didn't take long for the board members to get rid of him. They gave him papers to sign in his chestnut paneled office. He received a generous severance pay and goodbye flowers from his most loyal colleagues. Poor Victor: he ended up visiting all possible mental gurus around the world to fight the depression. "Are you

better now? What about that chip?” I asked as Juliette brought another tea and left. He wanted to reply, but suddenly hot tea spilled onto his trousers from the tea pot. He shouted and closed his eyes. I saw him open his eyes and focus: immediately the wet patch of tea patch disappeared from his trousers. He seemed relaxed. Oh, I'm o.k. now, thank you. replied Victor smiling his incredible Yankee smile.

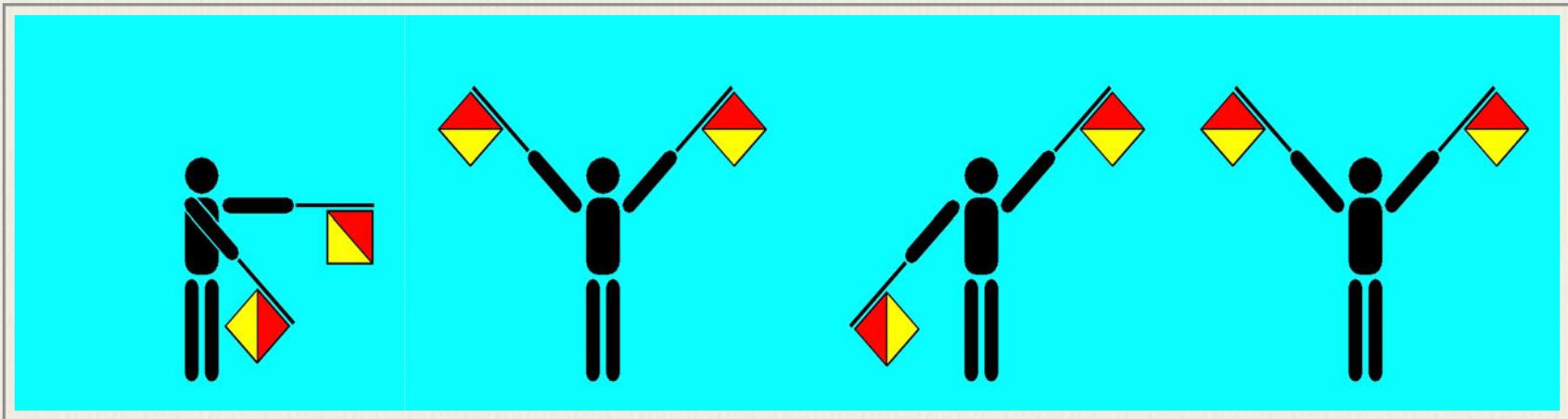
Bio ~ Jakub Szczęsny.

Jakub has a name that can crack the teeth of everyone who's not Polish. It's Szczęsny and when said correctly it sounds like mashing some cooking foil. To complicate things more, he is not a regular architect that many mothers would see as a perfect potential husband for their daughters. He designs VERY narrow houses, floating platforms that purify polluted water, fake mountains containing hotels and family houses overgrown by trees. You can see some of his buildings, objects and art installations on the website of Centrala Designers Task Force (www.centrala.net.pl) or go straight to New York's Modern Art Museum and take a look at his project called Keret House. He happily lives in Warsaw with his large family and an allergic chimp named El Loco.

Greetings from Warsaw, the capital of new catholic-national-socialist state!...



Zulu.



The Dawn of the Gods.

Zulu has been retained by the Revolutionary Council of Bards and coupled with Maori which replaces Mike, honouring the two tribes who fought the Imperialists to a standstill, forcing a truce and a treaty, Bravo we applaud you.

Alpha is to be replaced by Abellio, god of apple trees, Bravo goes to Boudicca our warrior queen. Charlie an English king who was beheaded, shall henceforth will be named Cadeyrn our battle king.

Dwyn our god of love ousts Delta and Ennis of the Islands out-calls Echo. Fionn the fair would never dare dance a Foxtrot which he eschews and Gawain the battle hawk spits on Golf, a game for the feeble minded.

Heimdall the god of the rainbow has never rested at a Hotel only the great hall and Iudicael dreams of the Western Ocean not the seas of India.

Judoc dreams of Joyce and not Juliette and Kegan the fiery is not a Kilo over 120, all muscle and brandishing his sharp Lann he slices Lima to shreds, bellowing to the champion Niall that this November they will hunt Oisean the deer now that Oskar has departed forever.

Percival our Welsh knight sired many offspring who called him Papa but he now takes pride of place over such baby talk, conversing with our wise counsel Quinn who supersedes Quebec.

Down by the strand Ronan the seal acts the Romeo, making doe eyes at Sionn the fox but to no avail, as he has plans to visit the distant Sierra with Tristram the noisy one, who has heard that they can learn the Tango in those parts.

Ula the jewel of the sea has no need of a Uniform as she joins Vanora the white wave that tumbles Victor in the undertow. Up on the sea cliffs Wetlin, son of the wolf, speaks in a deep Whisky throated voice to Ximun the Basque who can hear God in the wind and therefore has no need for X-ray vision, in any case they are in the protective shade of the giant branches of Yggdrasil the tree that binds heaven, earth and hell, a cosmology more enduring than the pax americana of the Yankee.

And in the distance who is that silhouetted against the light, not a dusky Zulu but Zinerva the pale girl, she is holding an ancient brass Aldis signal lamp, flashing out across the Western Ocean...Tristram...Heimdall...Ennis...Ennis...Niall...Dwyn...Oisean...Fionn...Ennis...Maori...Percival...Iudicael...Ronan...Ennis.

Bio ~ Nigel Helyer.

Dr. Nigel Helyer is an internationally prominent sculptor and sound artist who's interdisciplinary practice combines art and science to embrace our social, cultural and physical environments. He brings these concerns together in poetic art projects that prompt the community to engage with their cultural histories, identity and sense of place; inviting us to examine the abstract conditions of our world and our complex relationships to it.

[Principal web archive.](#)



The Code that ate itself.

This is one for all you amateur cryptologists, let me know if you can untangle the original text.

NOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoe
LiMikeaaTangoOSierrakaRomeoPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierr
akaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLi
MikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSie
rrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRo
meodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaH
OSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMik
eaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaBRomeoaVictorOSierraka
RomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoALiMikeaP
apaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRo
meoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTan
goeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoOSierrakaRomeoMikeMikeOSierrakaRomeoNOSi
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oeLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaBRomeoaVictorO
SierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoNO
SierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMi

keaaTangoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaSierraTangoSierraBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaUniformSierraEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaTangoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaPapaPapaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoSierraINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaTangoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaPapaUniformBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoPapaVictorOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaUn

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oaOSierrakaRomeoPapaTangoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaMikeOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSierrakaRomeoTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSierrakaRomeoTangoOSierrakaRomeoRomeoMikeOSierrakaRomeoFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSierrakaRomeoTangoTangoHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoTangoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoOSierrakaRomeoFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSierrakaRomeoTangoSierraINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaGOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeafNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaSierraBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaUniformSierraEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoTangoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoWhiskeYankeeSierraMikeEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoSierraSierraALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaGOSi

errakaRomeoLiMikeafEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoSie
rraTangoOSierrakaRomeoBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRome
oTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoSierraPapaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMik
eaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaLiMikeaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierr
akaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTang
oaVictorINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRo
meoTangoLiMikeaaFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSierrakaRome
oTangoLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaaGOSierrakaR
omeoLiMikeafSierraOSierrakaRomeoRomeoMikeOSierrakaRomeoRomeoSierra
EcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoCHOSierrakaRomeoTan
goeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSier
rakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaR
omeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTan
goeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaTangoN
OSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLi
MikeaaTangoUniformRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaa
LiMikeaLiMikeaYankeeNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHO
SierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaaMikeEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSier
rakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTan
goaTangoHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMik
eaOSierrakaRomeoCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSie
rrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrak
aRomeoOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRom
eoLiMikeaTangoaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoWhiske
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aRomeoLiMikeaTangoaSierraUniformSierraEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMik
eaOSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiM
ikeaTangoaTangoOSierrakaRomeoSierraPapaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMi
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OSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoSierraSierraALiMikeaPapaH
OSierrakaRomeoTangoLiMikeaaGOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeafEcHOSierrakaRo
meoTangoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoSierraBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoYan
keeVictorOSierrakaRomeoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSierra

kaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeo
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TangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRoeoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaTangoS
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TangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMik
eaaLiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaR
omeoTangoeLiMikeaaBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTa
ngoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoTangoHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaEc
HOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictore
mbeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaMikeEcHOSierra
kaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeo
ALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoOSierrakaRomeoPapa
HOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictore
mbeRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoINOSie
rrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoL
iMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLi
MikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMik
eaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTan
goeLiMikeaaBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMi
keaOSierrakaRomeoTangoBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRom
eoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeo
LiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoe
LiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaMik
eEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoWhiskeYankeeINOSierr
akaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierra
kaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeo
SierraPapaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMik
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aRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeo
TangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMik
eaaUniformSierraEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTango
HOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierra
kaRomeoSierraINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaGOSierrakaRomeoLiM
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goeLiMikeaaLiMikeaSierraUniformSierraEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikea
OSierrakaRomeoDEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMik
eaTangoaTangoOSierrakaRomeoFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSi
errakaRomeoTangoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaCHOSier
rakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRom
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VictorembeRomeodiaLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaTangoA
LiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTa
ngoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaEcHOSi
errakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRo
meoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaVictorALiMikeaPapaHO
SierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikeaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaR
omeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTa
ngoLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoOSierrakaRomeoMikeMikeUniformNOSierrakaR
omeoVictorembeRomeoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSierraka
RomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodi
aEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierr
akaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaOSie
rrakaRomeoNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoSierraALiMikeaPapaHOSierr
akaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaNOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoDEcHOSierrak
aRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeaTangoaTangoALiMikeaPapaH
OSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoL
iMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLi
MikeaOSierrakaRomeoTangoINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaCHOSie
rrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSierrakaRomeoVictorembeRo
meodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoSierraOSierrakaR
omeoFOSierrakaRomeoXraYankeeTangoRomeoOSierrakaRomeoTangoNOSier

rakaRomeoVictorembeRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikea
aTangoOSierrakaRomeoHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaALiMikeaPapaHOSi
errakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaVictorEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSier
rakaRomeoBRomeoaVictorOSierrakaRomeoEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMik
eaOSierrakaRomeoCHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaRomeoLiMikeaINOSie
rrakaRomeoVictorembeRomeodiaEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrak
aRomeoOSierrakaRomeoMikeEcHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaOSierrakaR
omeoGOSierrakaRomeoLiMikeafLiMikeaOSierrakaRomeoBRomeoaVictorOSie
rrakaRomeoALiMikeaPapaHOSierrakaRomeoTangoeLiMikeaaLiMikea.

The End!