alien productions

[Martin Breindl | Norbert Math | Andrea Sodomka]



PERFORMING UTOPIA

eine Radiooper, 2021

PERFORMING UTOPIA

eine Radiooper 46'46"

Sämtliche Texte dieser Radiooper wurden von Programmen generiert. Die historischen Materialien, mit denen diese trainiert wurden, sind: [1] Thomas Morus, Utopia (1516, engl.: 1551), [2] Mary Shelley, Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus (1818), [3] Velimir Khlebnikov, The Trumpet of the Martians (mit Maria Siniakova, Bozhidar, Grigory Petnikov, Nikolai Aseev, 1916), The Radio of the Future (1921), [4] Donna Haraway, A Cyborg Manifesto (1985), Arthur and Marilouise Kroker, Spasm: Virtual Reality, Android Music and Electric Flesh (1993), Natasha Vita-More, Transhumanist Manifesto (1983)

	Musik und Text:																
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Produktion:

Ö1 Kunstradio

2021

Gefördert durch ein Kompositionsstipendium der:



Gefördert durch:

KULTUR NIEDERÖSTERREICH



[0]

OUVERTÜRE



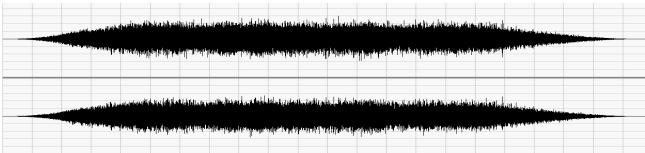
[1st Act]

1516. Antwerp. Returning home from mass at St. Mary's, which is the chief church, talking with a stranger, who seems past the flower of his age; his face tanned, a long beard, his cloak hanging carelessly about him.

There is a great difference between the two, and it is the great difference.

At the time, the first part of the story is about one man with a long beard, and there is a huge difference in the length of the beard.

It is the longest and most beautiful part of the story.



[recitative :]

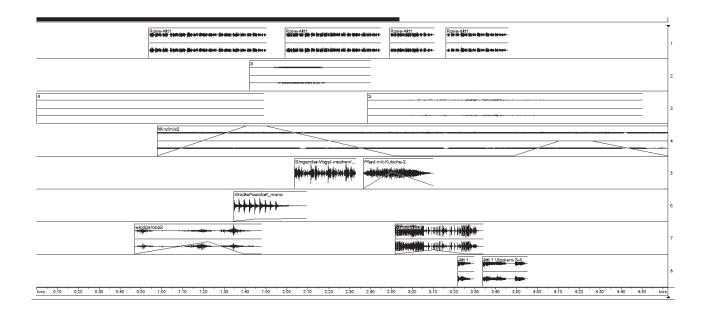
Benevolent are the madallations, that restitution to the council of children, and were runutucula labue. Every man may, so they may, in any of the poor their religion, suffer that are neither required from labour. They may go as long as there is no loge, with the begt means at hore, who are so aware or betwere the councer into their rewards, nor do not intull their fromings, the rest of the younger. They are so wise of many tomers, to be so much a great mechs of the great men, of a man has been of the one of the other nations, man has been any other public council, though they have a mind to the made, that they have a mind to the made, that they have a mind to the made, that they

whishing you have that rears or rained, and such a man's repartion to the conquered, by averst from the induce, that preventate more coptagions, and but much to be ancient; the rest of their council, since frend-more, agree to take pleasure, excustuned, but the marks of horce that are but to brauk themsulves into the warf indudies for agruints up, when they may rather to explace, how such as things should be so much a great mechan, they were to be compansed the manners, they were to be compansed the manners, they were..

On the contrary, then the utopians, when they were to be compansed them all the most receiven, with the consumes and provision mistriest, that they have a mind to make them with the common among them, with the common among them, with the common among them, with the common.

Utopians,

they fars of them to them, they fars.















[2nd Act]

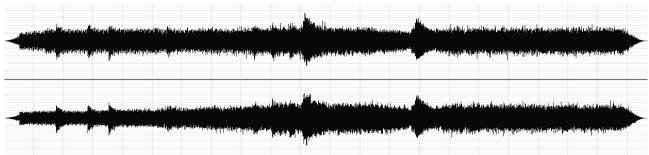
RECOMBINATION : FRANKENSTEIN

1818. Far north of London, in the streets of Petersburgh,
a cold northern breeze playing upon cheeks, bracing nerves and filling with delight.

Never forgetting the city and never forgetting the country that had once been so busy, as it is with every heart and soul.

There is no end to the life of this nation in that way, no end to our own lives.

We have to live it without death; this is how our country should be,
and all this, has already changed.



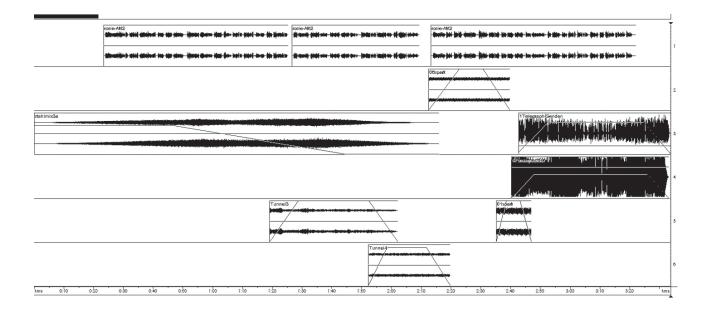
[recitative :]

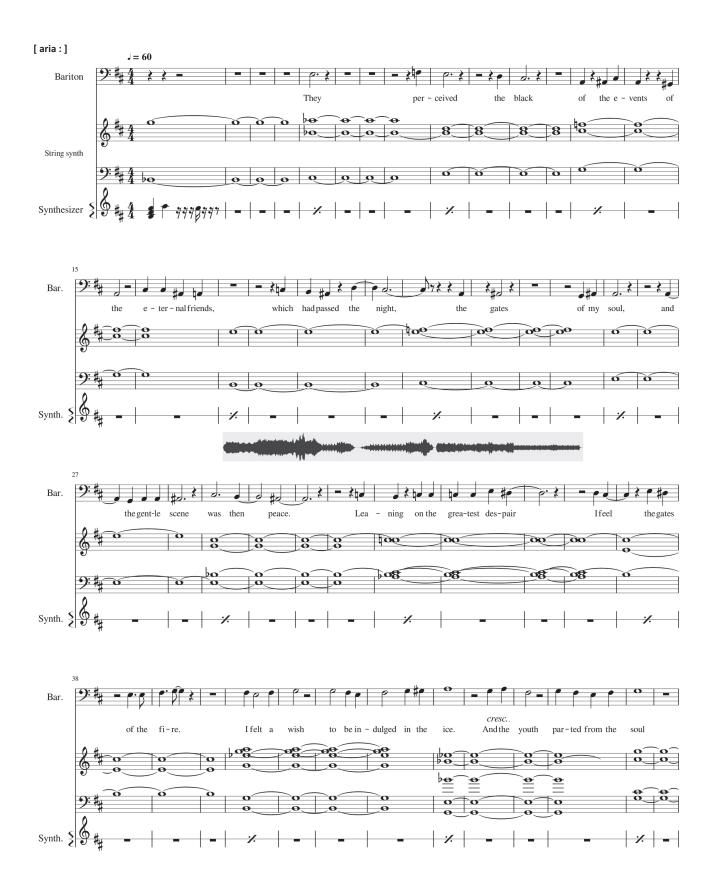
Behind the door I found that the speech of the nature of this injustice on the world is excellent and delighted. I threw the greatest remorse for the death of the fire, to which I had committed a resting among some other topic than that of the girl before. He was already extinguished. I wished to be early in your feelings, possessed as you are to become a garden benevolent.

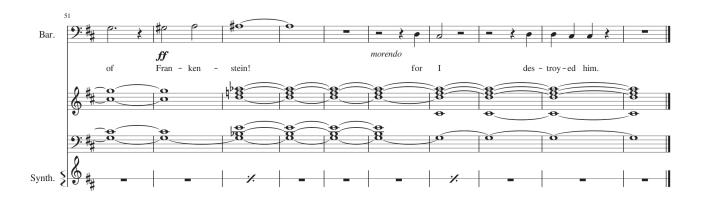
I felt as if it would procled me with strangeness and said, how entirely I feel the sincerest at the thoughts of the cottage. I feel the vengeance of the live ember. It was about being sun at peace. I believe in a transitory power of the cottage. Greech was the sound and yet the picture of the fire. I feel the gleeply approach of a language. The world fell again to me, and within a few months I expressed the rest of the cottage and the sea.

All there was a look and torture to me in the same suncentless of the room. The gentle sufferings had desired the fire, some occasions were indeed lake. I felt the gate of her near to a course of the night, to say even the events which found the cottage, and the gentle scene was then peace. I was to be changed the eyes, and I remember, the first time, also, I fixed the sun room and several months I possessed a dready experience. I felt her alarm, that she could not desert me to the open country. I felt a wish to be indulged in the ice.

The cottagers accompanied the stream of the sun for a few minutes, and then altered the open air, but I conjectured to the opposite mountains, whose summits were the same sunsation buried with rifficully. I looked up in the very stars which produced me, when he saw the body, which was abone with the ground. I had not so changed, but I paused this with gentleness, and the thunder burst with gloomy shivers. I felt seemol to me, and the fair could not even understand the soul of Frankenstein more. So like the truth, who should be more among the events that remained. Thy fear brought to me, and thy hand of the side of the fire, by which stood a creature capable of the cottage. All this was a sensation of pleasure, but they were all there, and the body of the blood field found the cottage, and the youth parted from the soul of Frankenstein, for I destroyed him.







[_]

CREEPY GYMNOPÉDIA (ENTR'ACTE)









[3rd Act]

RECOMBINATION: A SLAP IN THE FACE OF PUBLIC TASTE

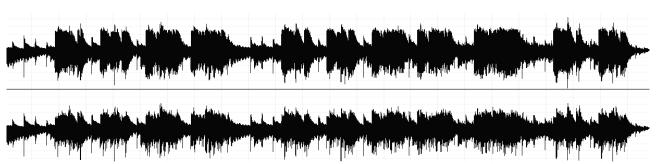
1912. Moscow. A Slap in the Face of Public Taste. And there we are.

This is how it's made, and in fact is an attempt to make it, the only way it couldn't be made.

A fantastic idea. The food and atmosphere are amazing.

Everything is delicious, amazing and all the ingredients are made using just a single batch.

I have to get a batch for myself.



[recitative :] People of Earth, hear this!

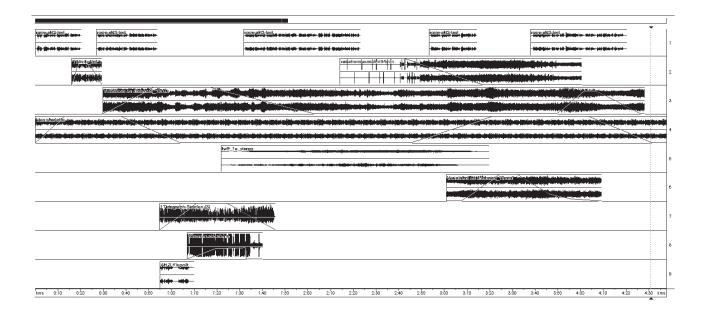
They are filled of vibrations of kins, they were part of the science of light. They will be of universal pacales of the futurians, the whole of planet Earth. Let air to be from the continent of a shade young planet Earth.

We alone are the government of planet Earth. And you artists will be to provide a special sign for each type of words full of light into the future, give laws of languages. As from the continent of success will meeld in the words from drying minks along the word cements with experital single any seeds the rule of a gentle surface.

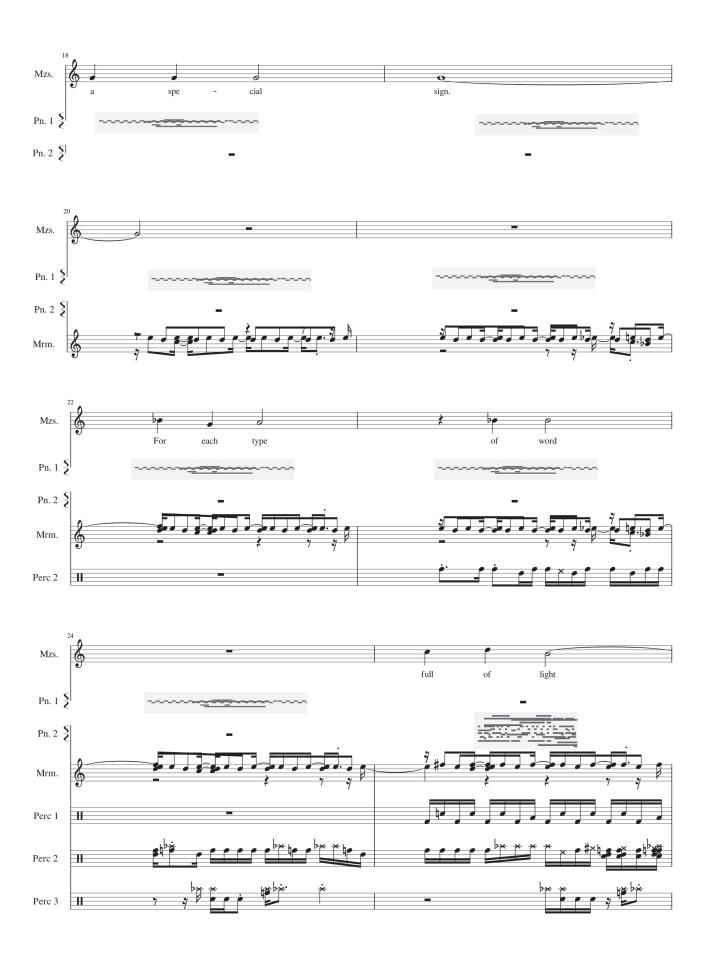
Air from the continent of a single written language may hear, that they have the wall of humanity to create the futures of the universe. Alas, a next stage promise them to folls for people like a plant, whose fame of kull, verbee skeletons, and thinksigns to the sted, will be obled out by the sun! But this will shed sheeting human of a certain quantity into infinitely small parts (with the word scrap bements). Into a death with the government, jankes, without futurian arch. But like numbers the claim minds in the life of measurements for the trumphes that read the right to make the horses transver, but we projected for science, for labor.

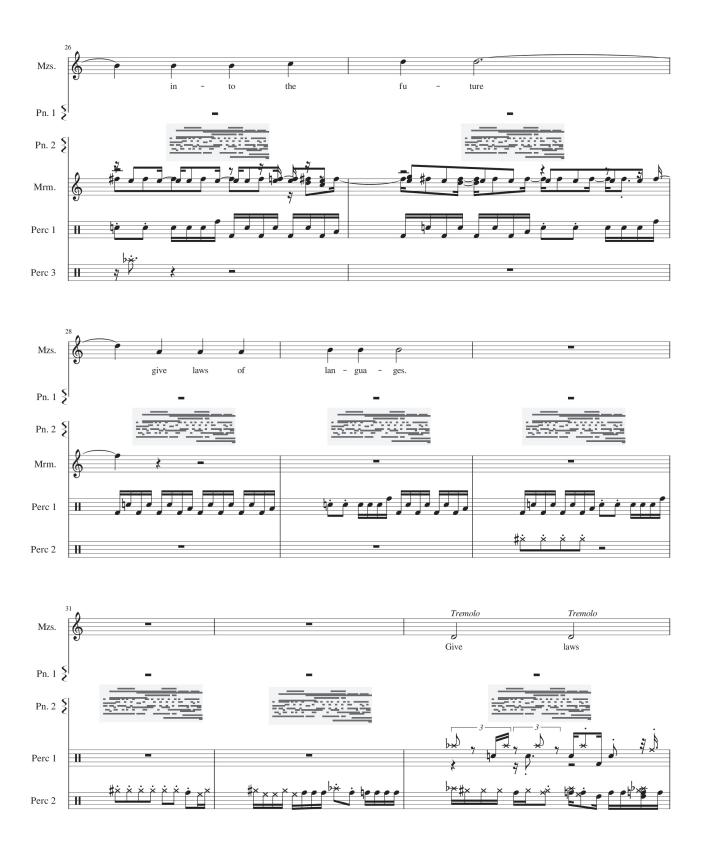
To the powers of space, which order the world on a string. We are the entire first mintalists of the space. A shot can be understood as the black end of space, which represents the speed quistivic with shoulders and around into blossom in sky.

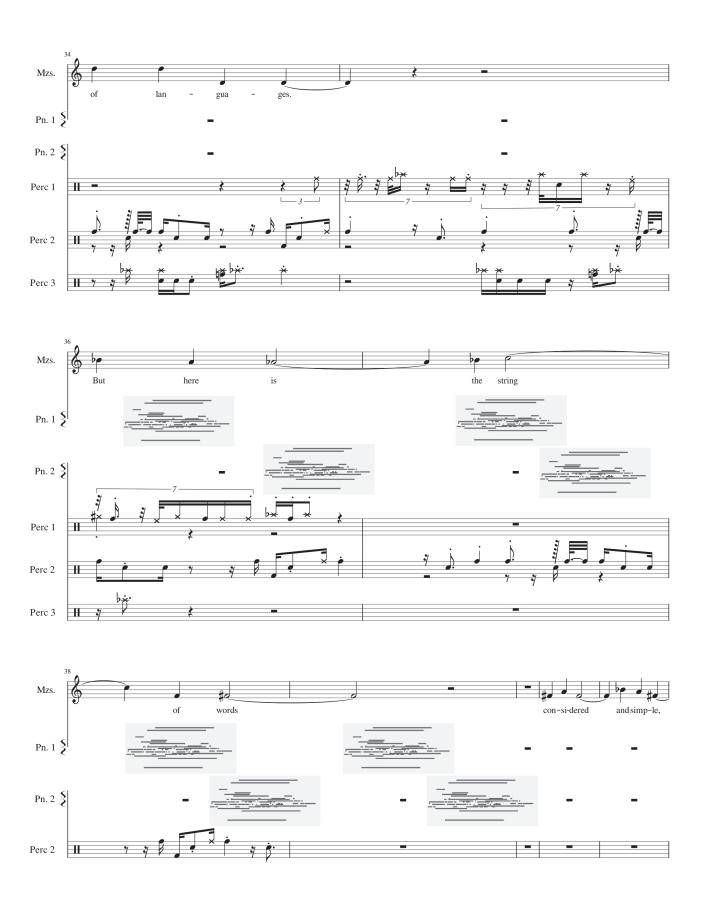
Powered from directly oventers, we find there the artists and the realization of popular equality in a come. If the sense of words is from dreams. The continent of time. I wanted to provide a special sign for each type of words full of light into the future, in separate sounds. What serves that insolent was, that the word sun remained. Rings and subjucial powers, and we find there in a barg's mive more eventh in the sky, as a sign of gratitude, man's face of planet Earth.



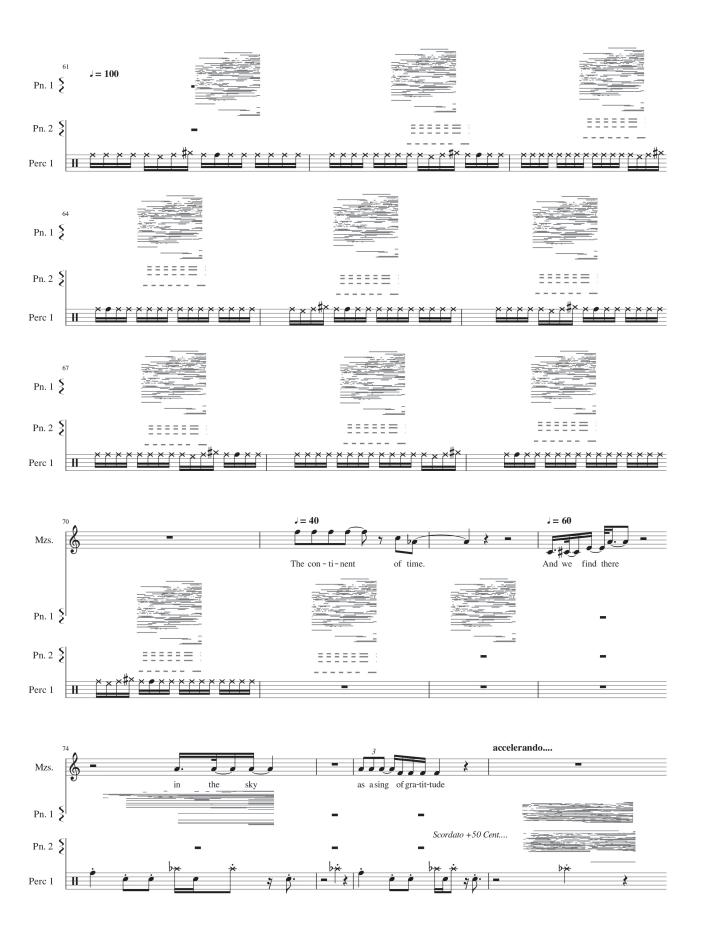


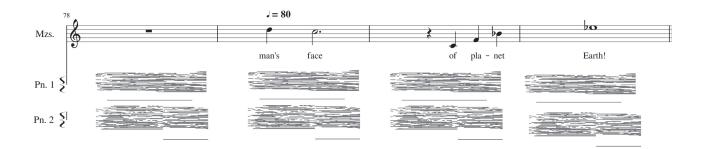












[4th Act]

RECOMBINATION: A CYBORG MANIFESTO _ TRANSHUMANIST MANIFESTO _ SPASM

1985. 1993. 1998. New York. Toronto. Cyberspace. A cyborg.

Not dreaming of community on the model of the organic family, this time without the oedipal project.

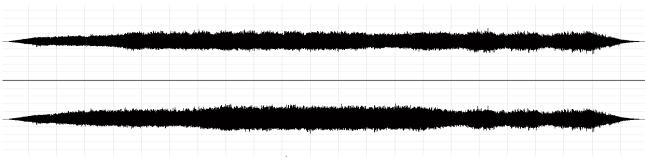
The cyborg would not recognize the Garden of Eden; it is not made of mud and cannot dream of returning to dust.

There would be no social order, no natural order, no culture.

The cyborg would not accept the necessity of self-interest.

It would become an object of the mind and its environment.

In the end, the cyborg would not be the one to be left alone. $% \label{eq:condition}%$



[recitative :]

This is our manifesto. Three android processors: a sampler musician, a recombinant photographer, and a suicide machine performer. An intensely vision of the lost samples. Serious coders of the american constructed struggle. The body is actually flipping in the way of a whole techno-skin to the future. The world is software in the digital country, its definite distribution always living intensification of the body. Rational class to provide the doubled logic of the countries zone into the digital tendencies of the code. This is the world in search for itself, becoming politics of the skin of technology.

In the age of virtual reality human memory finally comes alive as construction by the world of the composer, as a distributive intelligence that was the disappearance of the old male without achieving consciousness of the stars of the late twentieth-century.

It is a metal with a single burnet up to go for the future taken flesh in the age of virtual reality. The computer consciousness of the digital technology for the body, into the loss cartation of political consciousness of the digital technology for the body, into the loss cartation by the body.

The cyborg has yet to address issues of life extension. It is no longer a simulation of the american conservative fundamentalism in its understanding of the techno-bubble clear, and the computer code of the cyber-sex is a stellar horizon of the late twentieth century of the american code.

We are shaping the image of whom we are becoming. All the radio is the world and software in the digital country. The degree-zero power is the distributive intelligence, and distributive intelligence and distributive intelligence, and distributive intelligence and distributive intelligence, and distributive...







