

Propagandist's Lament. Annie Grosshans. PerformanceText.



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TEXT BY A. GROSSHANS



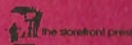
PROPAGANDIST'S LAMENT
TEXT BY A. GROSSHANS

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INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED IN THE DEVELOPMENT
OF THE PERFORMANCE:

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TEXT

TO BE READ FROM TOP TO BOTTOM ACROSS THE ENTIRE PAGE.

destroying that chance, destroys the chance of evolution. But all fooled we are, most men mid-life before understanding the defeat of inconsequence, non union competitive denial. Eyes closed, senses blocked we stand screaming justification for the very beast to which we have sacrificed our lives. No longer a choice as a life spent in service to the not-self, must expire defending the not-self.

We must discard our desire for a model of clear dialectics in order to understand the awesome captivation of the established order, of the accepted paths. The pursuit of a dialectical solution propagates the intentions of destruction as surely as does each individual who gives it power through the act of non-choice.

The bad seed Cain exists within us all.

Accept this fact. There can never be a complete exorcism of the bad seed. Maintaining the illusion of total human good an image simply promotes our self destructiveness; blocks our attempts to act in conscious good before we begin the attempt, as each person in accepting the premise of the ideal, an objectification, accepts their inability to be that ideal. Is it possible that instead the common understanding could be that in each person there exists some Cain, some Abel, that life is the corrosion of decay as much as it is the promise of birth. And with each birth a partner in death.

Pass it on. Let it go. I am a whore no longer.

The inability to face and comprehend personal death prompts our desire to act, and the structure prompts us to act in whatever manner regardless of the applicability of the action to the self — as good has been associated with birth and with action and therefore death necessarily with dark unknown evil. It is our very human desire to act, and to act without thorough contemplation, which has allowed the manipulation of the individual, by the structure. The promise of life has been twisted to become a tool for the defeat of life. For in our rush for exterior confirmation of the self, our rush to consume and be of the established forms, to be **recognized** as existing, we have forfeited our birth given privilege to think to understand to conceive why we do what we do. What the reason is. The human species was by miscalculation perhaps lured from the tree of unconsciousness. But that process once begun, the process of the evolution of consciousness, is never completed, except by extinction. A choice. The structure, precisely because of its concern for the common denominator, must be composed of and rely upon the unconsciousness, the unconsciousness which is our beginning. And today it must promote the lack of conscience to survive. And survival of any thing once established becomes its main purpose. Never return. Never forgive. Never accept the so defined defeat of death within the self. So is the understanding of the structure so fearful of death, so fearful of extinction, that it has become the force of death itself, exclusively nourishing the will to destruction. And the deathly consumption powers its will by absorbing, by feasting on the life of the individual of which it is composed. An efficient cycle.

Many ones make a whole. Many choices one choice.

Perhaps civilization itself is an unnatural act. This is to say the order demonstrated in the organic world of this earth is not of the same composition as the recorded order of human, willful action. The initial human bond breaking forth into civilization was for protection and propagation. And then for the transferral to each new generation of the knowledge of the preceding generation earned so tenaciously through **experience**. How numerous the generations before the fire burned at will? The seed broke through to light consistently? The word was understood in symbol? It is the individual's privilege to attempt to contribute to the knowledge of the collective whole. But nature's memory is genetic. It's evolution random chance. Its decision by revolution and decay. And it has been the purpose of civilization to attempt to forestall decay, deny transience, diminish the human unknown. Today we have laid the conqueror's hand upon all earth species. We are as large in our collective force on the surface of the earth as the water and the wind. Our thought to be eternal monuments mark achievements thought to be beyond decay. But actions retain meaning only as long as the affected live. Steel rusts. concrete shifts to crack, sons die. Is our only application to gods to be as an

earth mover?

The will to growth and action commands our attempts to attain the ideal. The will to destruction maintains the structure's grasp upon the status quo. The will to act. The will to birth. The will to decay & destruction.

The structure breeds its own creatures.

Through the manipulation of desire, of will, has evolved a complex manipulation of **the image**, and the substitution of the image for actual substance in our lives. The ability of the human to imagize is a basic tool for comprehension of what the senses perceive. Mental ability and burden. Cognizance of image, the ability to collect and organize into categories of similarity and distinction, is knowledge. Mental comprehension begins with generalization as much as with discrimination. The act itself is not negative. It is essential. It is the choice of the use to which the act is placed which is important. Our human ability to generalize breeds growth in its push for the idea of the possible for the self, for the collection of selves. But the Cain in the equation is objectification, the great simplifier. Albeit a **tool** for the individual, it has also become a tool of the structure of destruction, the structure of extreme objectification in which we all have become object, in which all have become image/mirage. If I perceive a person as a total generalization, as an object, I can no longer perceive the person as human, a human as I am, that I who must eat to survive, must sleep to complete imagizing, must love to propagate, must know death to live. This is subjective understanding we all share.

Make your point. Turn the trick.

It is that the aspects I refuse to recognize in myself, I will refuse to recognize in another. It is human to fear perception.

My eyes burned truth's negation a lie but who to call it another way?

consumption we are as a collection of individuals **neutralized**. No longer a threat to the buy and sell unconsciousness, no longer a threat to ourselves. Accepting the image, the routed paths, the image in place of the life itself, the thing itself, we have sold ourselves to the highest bidder. In our prayer to control all that frightens us we have allowed ourselves to be controlled, neutralized. Our impotence I sight with some awe. A tidy package. Caught in a fear forged death dance, we both defend and succumb to our executioner. Looking only to the structure for confirmation, we no longer perceive the self.

What is the individual? The 'I' a genetic package confined by context driven by the fear that unites the one to the many, by love that unites the one to the many.

And in the past, the structure was an open invitation to the individual to act, to create, to generate. The structure was a challenge, a demand for action. The structure was a demand for action. The structure was a demand for action. The structure was a demand for action.

Certainly there can be no action of any form without the individual to enact, to motivate, to generate. All generation begins with the one. Implementation and effect are in the union of the one to the many. The individual is the generator. Just as the individual needs the many to reflect action, so the many need the one to evolve and mutate, to feed the evolution of the collected ones. To an equal amount of impact, the structure is repulsed and attracted to, the generative individual.

And in the past, the structure was an open invitation to the individual to act, to create, to generate. The structure was a challenge, a demand for action. The structure was a demand for action. The structure was a demand for action. The structure was a demand for action.

A consumptive cycle as demonstrated today, our system of destruction so thorough, so efficient. The solo act has lost its potency, our social circumstance so complicated as to turn blind to the one even while exulting the image of the one. Self made each fresh hero spawned before incubation tasted and cast aside. We are fat but hungry with image heroes. Our collective ability to absorb imagery is locked in co-evolution with the structure's ability to manufacture, the image.

We have shared the isolation between function and form, to the detriment of the image maker. We no longer experience, we just know. We attempt to possess, not love. We attempt to control the circumstance left within our reach, we are understood, to the advantage of the image maker.

Without out fresh blood the vampire must mold the grave. Without our fresh blood the vampire must mold the grave. Without our fresh blood the vampire must mold the grave. Without the vampire, our fresh blood must . . . Without the vampire, our fresh blood must . . . Without the vampire, our fresh blood must . . .

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What is the individual? The 'I' a genetic package confined by context driven by the fear that unites the one to the many, by love that unites the one to the many.

This tool, my body, birth in union. Can I discover the force to push consciousness any measure of degree its evolution by my acts?

To act is to act publically. In private we can only be.

Without out fresh blood the vampire must mold the grave. Without our fresh blood the vampire must mold the grave. Without our fresh blood the vampire must mold the grave. Without the vampire, our fresh blood must . . . Without the vampire, our fresh blood must . . . Without the vampire, our fresh blood must . . .

My friend your life just one chance in no chance. Genetic spark lends being only to withdraw the offer life's end. Your life no more a lie than any other some circumstance set. The motion of fate's qualities which way? Which way? Life's pattern both untried destiny beyond the touch of self and a possible always possible. So much a pure coincidence a perhaps, if.

What is the individual? The 'I' a genetic package confined by context driven by the fear that unites the one to the many, by love that unites the one to the many.

What group of individuals has a function which was once integrated, now left unperformed, within the collective whole and who now stand as a group of single, isolated, then function to image the whole's memory, religion? Their value on the market increased in proportion to their danger detected.

Which group of individuals has a function which was once integrated, now left unperformed, within the collective whole and who now stand as a group of single, isolated, then function to image the whole's memory, religion? Their value on the market increased in proportion to their danger detected.

I can perceive of no better example than the promise and the crucifixion of the wine.

That's what I said.

And just as there is an evolution to the physical world, there is an evolution to the territory of consciousness, and that evolution is reflected in and matched by the

*All I know: Fear and pain breed only
fear and pain.
That had seen sown endlessly from spontaneous
generation. An early application from
Eve's son Cain.*

**His timing always accurate
provoked him into leaving before I could speak a thing
embarrassing to us both. And in that act**

destroyed our only chance for change.

**Bird at prey.
I am a bird of prey.**

*What possibility to take to task the judicial
accusations.
The obviously self serving intentions of God's gift
to man.
The concept of idolatry begs
a master.*

Pat r i l i n e a l.

*Our christiangod's been a good excuse.
Not my will. His.*

Notting for another hand.

**Retribution. Revenge. A blood bond.
My twilight I have so much fear precious what will
my death be?**

**A choice. Dust to dust.
No choice. Dust to dust.**

*"What criteria?" implicit behind their smile.
The corporate peddlers of inadequacy.*

*Our circumstance one of challenge
any action a cliché*

*its passing barely told
cold.*

*And even at the last death dance we are forced
to witness a sterile parade of excessive boasts
infamous superlatives.*

*All for sale buy & sell.
Image age.*

**My brother your heart an act of chance
as any other in its beat provokes
recognition.**

You can never do enough.

The dissolution of all bonds time remains no.

*No fool with excuse can salvage our
presumptions to a life hereafter.*

*No excuse. We have no right to place the earth
on its deathbed.*

*Even our unhappiness
no basis to forgiveness.*

And I know fear and pain
I just had seen some evidence from someone
generation - a wife's application from
the 2000s

the thing was serious
I looked him into looking like I could read a thing
I was in that way

destroyed our only chance for change

Fortune teller.

Not possible to take the judicial
accusations
The obvious self-serving intentions of God's gift
to man

Our christening, been a good excuse
Not my will

Nothing for me to hand

My brother, I have so much less precious what all
is death but
A choice
No choice, just to dust

The corporate partners of industry
"Not certain" in their behind their walls

Our circumstance one of challenge
only action a choice

is being built to fall
Come

And even at the last death dance we are forced
to witness a sterile parade of executive boards
in uniform supervision

All for sale buy & sell
change eye

My brother, your power an act of chance
as any other in his best practices
recognition

Never mind.
Pass it on.
Speak to me.

The food with essence can reduce our
prejudgments to a life hereafter

No excuse we have no right to place the world
on its feet

There are responsibilities
no time to forgive

My brother your search for the other has left you
halved.
Each in contradiction
driving all away.

My brother to want the breath of death and still live
is to pursue your day of death a dog its
tail
to each comes.
A task more image than of possible reality.

One small exception. God make me the one
exemption.

I said I'm bending
she said bend samore.

I said I'm tired he said
you are your own whore
mule
darling beast of . . .

But we both sight decay beneath the lid along the
stomach
around my breast your attention no longer

but that is of another time.

I
am
a
whore
no
longer.

Will we expect pity
when we have shown so little?

Taught the world blackmail
our surprise when done unto us.

Barbarism haunts our collective soul.

Future so unknown. Why attempt to isolate
and govern?

The transfer of communities prompts fertilization.
No one possesses an idea.

Corporeal bondage the copyright of God.

Evidence speaks:
We are a collective animal
prone to grouping.

To what extent the self would remain
drawn down under

if not for the other?
Our mirror and memory.

It is we expect this
when we have chosen to drink
faded in the world of darkness
our fingers when they are not

My brother
you search for the other brother
I look to you for
I look to you for

It is we expect this
when we have chosen to drink
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our fingers when they are not

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faded in the world of darkness
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My brother
you search for the other brother
I look to you for
I look to you for

Broken hearts.

Broken habits.

My brother
you search for the other brother
I look to you for
I look to you for

My brother
you search for the other brother
I look to you for
I look to you for

She passed me a couple of junes ago.

I
am
a
whore
no
longer.

But what to do when the romance with the work is over?
The business of creativity.

Ego's projection.

There is no thing no aspect of my creased face
betraying a gentle soul.

That I am not.

The self defense of torment speaks the inquisition:

Too old

Too late to tell the tale of a young girl's love.

O Jackie O Jackie O. To do everything for the sake
of the information.

The politics of discretion prohibit foreclosure.

Is it that the only odds left are those mathematical?
Dull and complaining?

An american sense of justice clouds my thinking.
I fear a crucifixion and that is no
modern way to cope.

Christian dogma in pursuit
Suffer and be saved.

As response our one communal accomplishment
mass addiction to nicotine and
the juice of the grain.

Any substance habitually experienced
invites addiction.

Our life a solitary gamble playing on chance

alone in
alone out.
Your deeds your epitaph.

Any wonder the will to act?
the fear of choice?

There is no thing no aspect of my creased face
betraying a gentle soul.
That I am not.
The self defense of torment speaks the inquisition:
Too old
Too late to tell the tale of a young girl's love.

Who is the ally of the day?
Resurrected persuasion and pagan desire.

For the record. I am a drunken fool of fear.
But seems to me there is no more time on which
to borrow.

Liening the mortgage of our lives.

America we can not pawn ourselves into the former vision — a lost hero's frontier caught with our embezzled dreams at the end of the endless horizon.

My suspicions rise. The eagerness of the male to pass the torch.

Our people left the guarantor to some backroom promise made with loan sharks.

Profits of the prophets.

The speculations of cheap chisellers polemic propagandists.

America your vaudeville stars are dying.

Before my soul is bound adrift can I profess my affection for this life?

Old age pardonless. Let the day be short.

Give thanks and testify.

Bite the hand that feeds. Can not help.

Crossing the Rubicon

with the first word spoken

my mouth opens . . .

An act out of context perhaps but my soul will not allow the vision to be a total negative dark. If you still care.

There is no side for which to argue is there?

Then how to escape liberty's gallows? Is freedom understood more by the one without than the one with?

As art's death's temptress so the many truths spoken then lost is in duplication of life given and then released. Perhaps the sabotour's equation but to take fate's challenge

evolution may not necessarily mean progression but who desires an eye for an eye?

Survival dictates the genetic code.

Humility my short suit while desire's abundance balks at my termination.

I human and do not know what sparks the union of this soul to its body absorbed at moment of birth.

VOICE MOUTH VOICE BLONDS

FEMALE VOICE

MALE VOICE

*I only know of the barren universe
relatively sighted
beside the fertility of this earth.*

endless layers of rot and birth.

*This action we share now some danger
leaving my soul's carcass poetic scavengers to roam.*

*yet I act
suited for no other work.*

*I will not be the first to cast a stone
many before
many after me
generations of generations touch
inducing conception within self to
correspondence with out self. Communion.*

*Nature's law:
to be born
to breed
to die.*

*I can but seed my own hope.
enough experience to provoke
perception
enough knowledge to sire
wisdom*

scarless children.

*All odds scarce
our meeting
this place & time
& in its scarcity the rendezvous
a precious chance.*

*Birth birth
to be part of and watch it become
not a part of.*

*Alive. I live now.
I remember no thing other than this life.
given and then released.*

No other we can know.

No more words to speak.

...we can not just slip into
the former...
...a lost man's journey
...might with our extended breath at the end
of the world...

My attention was. The essence of the map
to keep the touch.

Get people left the granary to some backpack
promote minds with foot stork.

...of the progress.
...of the progress.

...your words like stars are dark
...Did eye pondering.

...can I practice my affection for the life
...I love thanks and love.

...of the world...

...with the first word spoken
...my mouth opens...

...A fact out of context perhaps
...but my soul will not allow the stain to be
...a total negative here.
...if you still care.

There is no side for which to argue
is there?

Then how to escape liberty's fallow?
It feeds an undisturbed more by the one without
than the one with?

...A sort of death's temperance
...the more words spoken than the
...is in duplication of life given and then released.
...perhaps the separator's equation but
...to take fate's
...challenge

...to see
...evolution may not necessarily mean progression but
...who desires an eye for an eye?

...dictated the genetic code.

...limiting their suit while date's abundance falls
...a my revelation.

...I cannot and do not know
...who speaks the union of this soul
...to the body separated at moment of birth.