

THE BOOK OF



GENESIS

INSTRUCTIONS

The adO/Aptive collective created a multi-perspective script to be performed by its readers and visitors of the exhibition Speculative Speculum. Dido, Hunter, Maria and Genesis – the four characters – are placed in times as divergent as 80 BC and 30 after X and encounter each other in dialogues. Their flirts, jokes and moans become playable only through the “stage directions” specific to each character’s time.

Each book represents the story of one of the four characters we have created. All of them meet once. You may play these stories in order or mixed together. These are dialogues, so take turns at reading out loud to each other, but be aware, all characters live in a different timeline, so there may be variations in what they understand from each other.

A maximum of 4 people can perform this play.

TO **PLAY** follow these steps:

0: Pick a book. (you have already done this)

0.1: find at least another person to play with you
let this other person pick one of the other 3 books
we have prepared.

1: Before you start, take a deep look at the cover of this book,
concentrate on the 3 dots in the middle of the portrait.
Gaze at it for at least 30 seconds without blinking.

1.1: now look at the wall and blink very fast,
do you see your character?

g o o d

2: Now you are ready to dive into the life of **Genesis**.
Read the dialogues that include the characters of whom someone is
holding their book in their hands.
Your lines are in black and theirs are grey in this book.
If everyone is here, then you will have to decide who's story will told first.

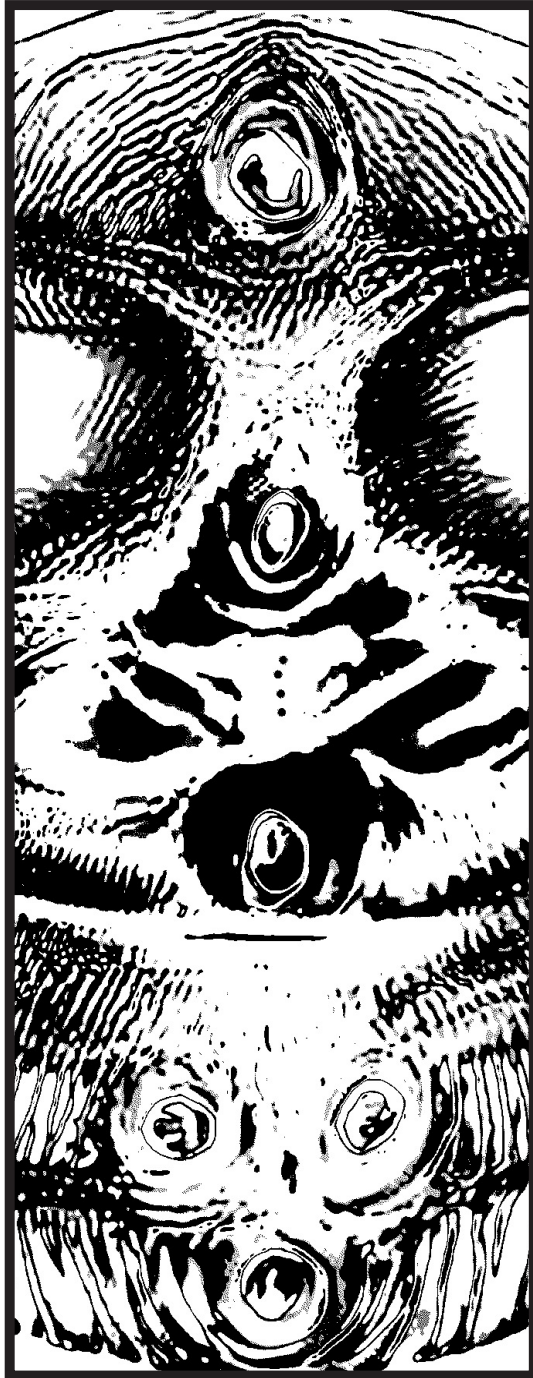
3: once you have finished playing **Genesis**,
you can put the book back and pick another one. Have fun!

ABOUT GENESIS

- **Genesis** would be conditional.
- **Genesis** would be all pervasive.
- **Genesis** would be the ultimate preservation and negation of everything.
- **Genesis** would be a fluid body.
- **Genesis** would'nt know what money is.
- **Genesis** would'nt use binaries, nor pronouns

Genesis would be in the year 30 after the BIG BLISS, a liquid time where:

- + For years non-governmental organizations had worked towards attracting new funding for the lipbalm-project, a project aiming at the recovery of things. They eventually planned the huge project „LAMB“, a collaboration with the world's biggest oil extractor and rushed myriads of liters of lip-balm into the earth's crusts in the hope to heal its wounds.
- + After a few days the balm heated up, inflated and spread.
Since then, everything is fluid and binaries don't exist anymore.
- + A hyper reified world but a lot of effort is made to re-animate it.
- + Everything is flow yet nothing moves.
- + Everyone is in tech, so everyone is religious (angels are mathematical).
- + States are small and have very high walls decorated with plastic flowers.
- + A lot of no-man-land with lots of guns and candy,
- + No men
- + Everything is just very soft and smooth.





1 : Nero Leek



for **Genesis**

with **Dido**

p.15

The revolution was an accident, the accident was a revolution. Different interests had fused in collision. The fully monopolizing oil company had intended to pump lip-balm into the tube as lube. Their collaborators - defeated activists who had needed jobs - intended to give a last shot at repairing the world's wounds by pumping lip balm into its veins. However, after an unknown reaction everything became fluid. The binaries of matter-void, culture-nature, inside-outside, theory-praxis, machine-human, material-immaterial, cause-effect, content-form were suddenly abolished into goo. Directions were suspended, floods flowed freely. Genesis is Genesis. A little bit of light creeps on the dark spit. All thinking and doing, which is the same, is in conditional.

Genesis would be in a saliva-web. The saliva-web would be a tattoo-parlor. Marbling would weave through the drool in the colors of ink. The colors of ink would be Florentine Roof, Imperial Clay Red, Goth Grey, Loyal Gold, Mork Brun, Nephrite, Nero Leek, Peony Red, Ghost Wash, Camouflage, Creamsicle, Extra Medium Gangster Grey, Dark Salmon, Fleshpot, Miracle Water, Hunter Green, Gen Z Lollipop. The carrier of these would have been Dido, the shadow of a pirate.

DIDO

Fuck, I have no feeling of extremities. Am I the porch of this house?

Dido gets sucked into the saliva.

GENESIS

Yeah, welcome. Genesis. What is the purpose of your visit? I smell color.

Dido begins to melt at the mercy of Genesis who is everything.

DIDO

What once was bright color is now to my senses nothing but the gruesome mark of a broken youth, and the sickening promise of the castle. As I was drifting into the waters, my body was filled with these stringing pulls that pledge truth to the norm. When I was still a pirate, it was easy to feel perpendicular to it all. But as I was carried across the

melting maps, nothing but a weak rag hanging across the green horse's saddle, I realized: I too am written by the script.

GENESIS

(furious)

What? What is this thing that claims its right to replace me as a principle of becoming? Is it *pure coincidence* that claimed itself through the ages? No! It is Genesis that makes!

DIDO

Did I make a mistake? Did I say something wrong? Oh, Genesis, I do not want to upset you!

GENESIS

When Gods die, guilt is made mundane. It follows the path of the mesh, it seeps into all confluents.

DIDO

Thank you. Thank you so much for your wise advice. And sorry, really, sorry. I swear I am seeking redemption.

GENESIS

(annoyed but gracious)

In this shape, it is a problem.

DIDO

Sorry, I am sorry.

GENESIS

OK. Enough. Genesis does not care about you. Genesis takes your ink as a matter of law, of habit, even of contingency. Certainly, Genesis will not do anything just for your rotting salvation.

DIDO

(saintly, looking up to the sky, falling to knees, exhaling)
I killed my father, I ate human flesh and I quiver with joy.

GENESIS

OK.

DIDO

Just look at me! My skin holds pockets of stained ink. Here's the parts of my body's script: crowns of thorns in dark shades, poked crosses, cute gimmicks, green ink lam-borghinis, sexy virgins, an invisible hand... While I am confused about the code that subjects, I sense its power through these forms.

GENESIS

All ink stains, but OK.

Finally, all of Dido would float on some sort of smeary bench erected within the saliva-web. This divan would be all that temples deny. The last idea of a shape taken by Dido would be that of the softest eyelids, almonds covered in fresh leather, passed out.

DIDO

I lie vulnerable to the Genesis of this dawn.

GENESIS

(preachy)

Church!!

Genesis would bow and abide and creep and start to suck the ink as Dido would continue to melt, slowly severed from the colors of the past. If there would be a moon, it would be a sack of tears.

Exhausted from the pain of history running through the dissolving body, Dido is to pass out.





Hydra-pumped Gloss



Genesis

Genesis is the flow and the arranger of flows, the sincere machination of striation that allows one hundred flow-ers to bloom while elongating other flows into nodules of a new stream in fluid-thread breakup. A moisturizer in which all that is solid is suspended into liquid. Flows are one and uncountable in number. Nothing applies, everything undermines. The object and its description are the same where the signifier and signified have congealed into stretchy, electrolyte-infused pomegranate goo-clout.

Genesis is wax crystals, organogels, polymers and injectable hydrogels. Hydrocolloid in fluid parcels that form the serumgleam. Infinitesimal volumes of fluid can only be identified by their dynamic history while moving in the hydra-pumped gloss. There is no vertical stratification to sediment contingency into state or oppositions in this a-directional constant flow

Fluid Genesis parcels are not subject to inertial effects. The Viscous forces lucked out in the battle of Inviscid versus Viscous versus Stokes flow. This loose flow regime is a creeping flow-hole where inside becomes outside for a juicy tint to seep into all surface-bodies. Everted innerness is without membrane.

The hypermonopoly is perfect. No stagnant structures stand in the way of its weightless mass, only distorted compressions to mold its volume. Communication expresses and organizes the movement of the monopoly in the swirling motion of eddies.

Big Bliss-Tech ex-im-ploded Genesis into being and still sails in the cherry-colored funk of its softened strains. The shifting striations of goo are in constant re-codification and lift into auto-renewing abstractions. Any contradiction has never been remembered, its inexistence bakes into diamond syrup. Tribologically speaking, ropey layers of fluid accelerate-slack and volumetrically morph in a quiet laminar flow.

*Sunken in the liquidsheen
bushes of roses trail upwards
to a tooth-crown of satellites
green boxer briefs in rolled packages
elephants standing on turtles*





2 : Ascendence



for **Genesis**

with **Hunter**

p.14

Genesis would enter Market space, a derelict online market, accessible only through the filthiest backdoors of the Hyperweb. Genesis would already be there mining the antique rarities on display.

Purchasing this stolen watch from the beginning of the 19th century would mean that Genesis would no longer be pure in mind. Every transaction would pollute, but that would be the only thing Genesis would care for at this point.

HUNTER

Hey Genesis. I am summoned here upon your call regarding the watch.

The online forum trembles whenever a new message from G. arrives.

GENESIS

Yes, Hunter. To cure timelessness.

HUNTER

(raising an eyebrow)

Aha... How old are you? Just to be sure, wouldn't want to get into trouble again ;-)

GENESIS

Countless years have passed, without aging there would not be a way to keep track. A watch is what helps against this disease.

HUNTER

Deep... But, like, doesn't always having a watch make you nervous? Like knowing you are losing your beauty every second? Timelessness sounds super hot to me...

Genesis would not answer.

Sooooo, you want this watch to help you with that? Don't you have one on your computer? I mean, a watch of the 18th century is something different, it has a real value.

GENESIS

(pauses for a moment)

Value is something unbearable and abstract. It hinders fluidity from becoming.

HUNTER

WTF, do you always talk like that?

Genesis would not answer, there is no new message.

So you want the watch or what? I need tha moneyyyy.

A sudden message would appear.

GENESIS

The ticking of the mechanism is especially mesmerizing, beyond being a pure manifestation of solar cycles, this watch resonates to different forces.

HUNTER

How do you know? This watch has been in my possession for many years. It was once owned by a man, a man that never shared anything about it.

GENESIS

It changed owners?

HUNTER

I met this guy at a spa. He had a certain energy to him, you know what I mean?

GENESIS

No, energy is something of the past.

HUNTER

Whatever... It was pure essence that radiated from him. It was something that could not be measured or weighed, it was something I couldn't buy but nonetheless took from him. And exactly this something gives so much sentimental power to this watch.

GENESIS

Be assured that it is knowledge, not petty feelings that makes the watch an object of desire.

HUNTER

I would say it's both... This clock is a prized possession. It is not something that can be easily acquired. What is it worth to you? It's not exactly cheap.

GENESIS

(confused)

Cheap?

HUNTER

(annoyed)

Yeah, you know, expensive. Like, it costs a lot of money.

GENESIS

(surprised)

Money?

HUNTER

(sarcastic)

Yeah, money, you fool. You know, those pieces of bits, paper and coins we use to buy things with.

GENESIS

(hesitant)

Oh. Value and money are forgotten things.

HUNTER

(angry)

Well then we have a fucking problem! Because if you want the watch, you're going to have to pay for it.

GENESIS

That value and money are forgotten does not mean that desire is rotten.

HUNTER

WHAT? If you don't speak clearly to me now I will leave this fucking chat, I've got places to be!!!!

GENESIS

I can offer you my soul.

HUNTER

(pauses) Your soul? What makes you think your soul is worth anything to me?

GENESIS

I will always know who you are and what you want, Hunter. What is in front of me is never anything less than the universe; the universe is not a thing and I am not at all mistaken when I see its brilliance in the Sun. My soul is unique, just as the energy that once inhabited the clock. I offer it as a stake.

HUNTER

(chuckles) Well, I suppose I can't fault you for that. You should know, giving up your soul is not something to be taken lightly. The Sun can only be harvested through the Night. Besides, I left my life as a harvester behind, the same as I left my former life behind for harvesting. It all ended pretty badly. But maybe exceptions can be made...

GENESIS

The gravity of this decision is evident.

HUNTER

Know that once you lose your soul, getting it back will be impossible. I didn't even get mine back.

The cloud Genesis would have been, becomes a storm, everything vibrates to the incandescent glow of the sparks that start to condense into a form, a form that Genesis became.

HUNTER

(closes eyes)

I can feel it. Your soul... It's different from most. It's... fluid, in a way.

The watch changes owners in a smooth transaction.

The form that Genesis would become was the symbol G-E-N-E-S-I-S. Genesis would travel through Hyperspace to retrieve the coveted watch. Genesis would never come back, everything else would be left behind.

HUNTER

(singsongy)

Say my name.



3 : T.A.E.



for Genesis

with Maria

p.16

A bustling market in the mid-1800s. It is winter, the sounds of vendors hawking their goods and people haggling fill the crispy air. The market is teeming with life, with merchants selling everything from fresh produce to handmade trinkets. People of all walks of life, from noble lords to beggars, jostle and push through the crowd.

MARIA

What a chaotic place this market is, with its endless noise and smells. How I long for peace and solitude.

Genesis would continue to gust and gently shake the terracotta pots Maria would be looking at. Genesis would pass through the tiny body of the hand-crafted bird whistle making an eerie murmuring sound.

MARIA

(sharply)

Who is there?

No answer.

(mumbling)

Am I losing my grip on reality again?

Genesis would breathe life into the small creature again.

GENESIS

Oh, to forget possession is but a curse.

MARIA

Who are you?

GENESIS

Genesis is the flow of things. Genesis is everything.

MARIA

Oh, god help me resist my death drive one last time. Is it my turn for salvation?

GENESIS

You shall find what you're looking for if you follow the currents of time. Many things have been seen but there is no physical form holding onto them, let alone the ability to grasp the burdens of desire.

Genesis is to spread dry air over the icy surface of the fountain.

Both constant and fleeing, time is but the embodiment of its very fragmentation. There is a place where all wounds are covered and every offspring of vicious ideals melted in a never-ending song of joy. What has found its way here shall now return your cherishment of life and death.

Everything pulsates with the fleeting light of Genesis.

MARIA

Hey! Were you the one that took it from me? My own time, my future?

GENESIS

It was the time the dearest to this place was traded for what was dearest to you.

MARIA

My invention was lost together with someone I wanted to forget. One could say it was a sacrifice. How come you appear now, filthy creature and pretend to own it yourself? What was the price? An invention might leave the body, but the idea always stays with its creator.

GENESIS

Time brings mistakes. You think this object that is so dear to you came back by accident?

MARIA

Wait! Who are you?

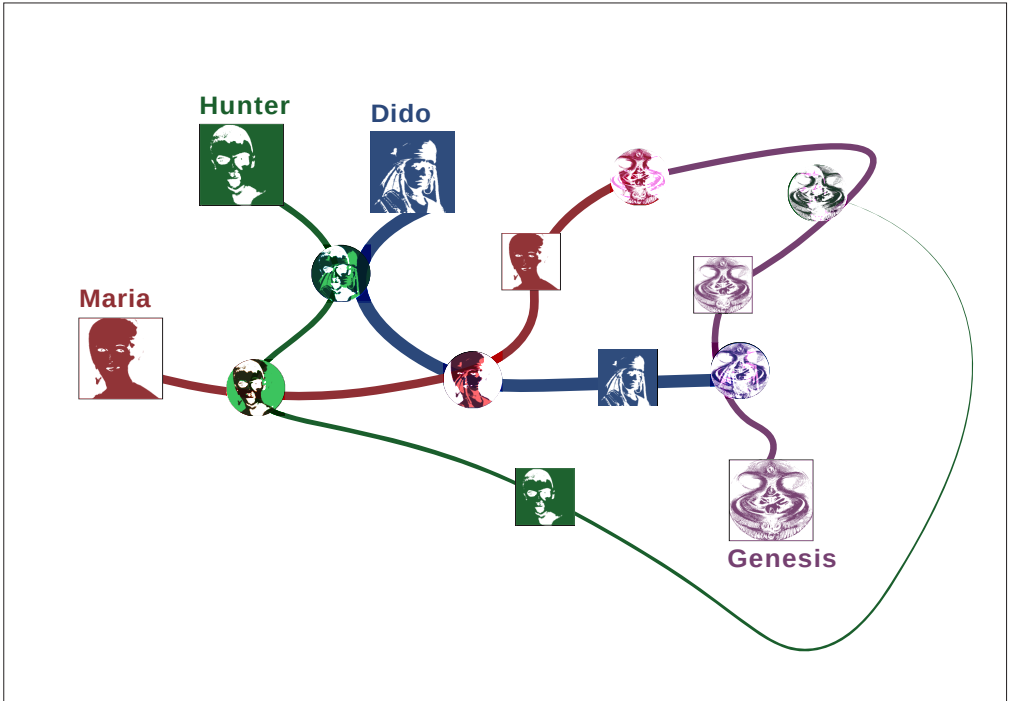
GENESIS

Mistake me not for the one who tooketh, I retrieved this object for the price of my own soul from the one who offered it to me as a good. So please accept it as a sign of closure.

Genesis disappears. Maria is left with just the sound of the bustling marketplace around her. The unforgiving cold of winter air has never felt more still. There is a Ticking in the distance.



Encounter Map



This map shows when in the course of their lives, the four protagonists meet each other. The succession of these encounters is chronological in every single character's process but a-chronological within the dramaturgy that comprises all four of them.

Although they all breathe a different time and are at a different pace, their dialogues and monologues mark influential turning points inside their singular stories.

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A/O

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