



# MANIFESTOS

QUEERING TURBULENCES AND ENTANGLEMENTS

# Travis Alabanza

## Anti Manifesto





## **Anti-Manifesto.**

A public declaration of policy and aims.

Where my voice suddenly becomes more valued  
than the one without.

Where my rules become set and yours become in flux.

Where my idea of what is good becomes told  
and yours becomes not.

Where my megaphone is given and yours is taken away.

Where policy becomes my way, with aims never to deviate.

This is my anti-manifesto.

This is my declaration of uncertainty.

This is me taking my voice and saying it is not ready,  
nor will it ever be, to lay out rules for you to follow.

This is me throwing up language of manifesto's and plans  
and taking in ideas of making mistakes.

If it is pinned on the wall of our door than  
can we take it down?

This is my anti-manifesto.

Saying we are not ready to create a jurisdiction  
of what is right.

We are not ready for one voice to demand what we can do.  
Instead, we must commit, to create together.

To listen together.

To home our ideas in destroying capitalism, tearing down  
white supremacy, abolishing marriage, liberating trans folk,  
listening to sex workers, destroying patriarchy, opening  
borders....

But this is already sounding too much like my manifesto.

So instead, I open this page up for our ideas.

This is my anti-manifesto, I welcome your pen to scribble.

# Not For You

## Tyler Ford

I'm sitting on the train across from a middle-aged man with a professional camera in his lap. The camera is pointed at me. His finger is on the shutter-release button. He turns to whisper to his friend next to him, but neither his camera nor his hands move. I am frozen — I can always tell the difference between someone who is trying to sneak a picture because they recognize and admire me, and someone who is trying to take a picture because they think I'm a freak. People are not good at hiding their intentions.

I watch his hands closely and tell myself I'm worrying too much – that not everyone with a camera pointed in my direction is trying to take sneaky pictures of me.

He presses the shutter-release button.

My stomach leaps into my chest. I can't speak.

I can't breathe. I can't move. This happens at least once per week during summertime – the time when I am showing the most skin, the most body hair, the most colorful outfits; showing what others read as deviant, wrong, shameful, hilarious, disgusting. I am a Black, queer, gender non-conforming trans person on public transit: in other words, I am a target. My body is the projection site for everyone's insecurities, existential discomfort, rage, curiosities, lust. In public, my body becomes a question mark, and no one will take “no” for an answer.



In public,  
my body becomes a  
question mark, and  
no one will take  
"no" for an  
answer.



What is consent in a world that feels entitled  
to your body – to your very being?

My body yells, “don’t look at me” and people hear,  
“please explicitly survey me and  
undress me with your eyes.”

My body cries, “leave me alone” and people hear, “touch  
me, assault me, fuck me, pick me apart until you’re  
satisfied and I no longer exist.”

My body says, “I am bones and flesh and muscle and  
blood” and people hear, “I’m a boy! No! I’m a girl! Wait.  
Just abuse and dehumanize me to figure it out and  
correct my deviance.”

Who among us has the power to say “no” and to be  
heard, acknowledged, affirmed, and respected in setting  
boundaries? When I refuse to offer up my humanity for  
external approval – when I claim myself for myself – it is  
seen as an affront. In return, I am further harassed,  
erased, delegitimized, abused. I must explain myself –  
my wrongness, my beauty, my entire life’s context, the  
state of my mental health, the perceived incongruence of  
my hips and facial hair. I must shrink myself, make myself  
palatable, talk about myself in ways that are foreign to  
my understanding of myself in order to be  
understandable. I must serve everyone’s needs but my  
own. I must answer all of their questions.

“Why do you look like that?” “Do you have a penis or a  
vagina?” “Can’t you just shave?”






To many people, body is uncomfortable to look at. People do not want to acknowledge or validate my existence. If I am not comforting and reassuring in the ways I interact with other people, in the ways I talk about my body and my gender; if I do not assuage their fears, I am a threat. I threaten their very understandings of gender and of themselves. I shake their self-concept with their desire for the “other.” My attempt to thrive and live freely makes them feel out-of-control; perhaps they must now consider that reality as they know it is not objective reality. My beauty radiates through what they have been socialized to see as ugly, and they must either work through their cognitive dissonance and re-work their understandings of gender, or dismiss my humanity.

In targeting me as a threat to their understanding of the world, my body becomes a site of public violence. I am always “asking for it” because I am always asking for everyone to see me for who I am. My no’s go unheard and my personhood unacknowledged as my boundaries are violated, because I am nothing unless a cis person can use me as a punching bag for their personal discomfort with their gender, sexuality, desires, and cisheterocentric societal norms. I am a scapegoat for everyone’s shame.

In other instances, I am dehumanized when I am deified. When my gender, body, and personal experience are deemed “the revolution” or “the next step in societal evolution,” I become worthless aside from being a stepping-stone: means to an end for cisgender people in their attempts to understand themselves and the world.





I am dehumanized  
when I am deified

I become crucial to their journey toward self-knowledge, self-acceptance, and enlightenment, but they destroy me on their way there. My life is drained from me and used to fill and provide meaning to others. Regardless of whether my boundaries are violated with vitriol or admiration, they are violated, and I am annihilated in the process.

What is it like to move through the world without fear? Before I go out in public, I ask myself if it's really necessary to do so. What will I get out of it? Where am I going? Can my needs and goals be accomplished at home? How long do I need to be out for? How much of that time will be spent on public transit? What do I look like? What do I need to wear to become invisible? What do I actually want to wear? How late will I be out? Will I be in heavily populated or extremely isolated areas? Where can I use the bathroom? My time spent outside of my apartment is marked by hypervigilance, sensory overload, and anxiety. I walk through this world an exposed nerve. I do not feel safe anywhere.

To limit my time spent in physical public spaces, I spend most of my time online, in digital spaces. I am often harassed more on public social media platforms than I am in physical space – people tend to have an easier time abusing others from a safe distance (for them). Forms of violence that aren't physical often aren't recognized as legitimate, so the violence I experience on the Internet is regarded inconsequential, even though it has profound effects on my mental and physical health – as violence will. Society is still stuck in the mode of thought that separates our Internet lives from our “real” lives.



What qualifies a space as “real”? People like me carve out spaces for ourselves online when no space is granted to us in the physical world. What I experience online is not in any way disconnected from what I experience in my physical life. A slur thrown at me on Twitter makes me just as panicky as one hurled at me on the street. The latter is more likely to entail the threat of immediate physical violence from the perpetrator, but that doesn’t make it any more “real” – it’s simply a situation that must be navigated differently. Why are we set on separating mind from body; physical space from digital?

How people interact with me in digital space informs how I move through physical space and vice versa. Any space in which others can survey my body is a space in which they feel entitled to my body; is a space in which they attempt to control my body. I cannot post a picture on Instagram without receiving critiques on my appearance, whether good or bad. If I break social norms in a photo – say I show off my hairy stomach in a crop top – I cannot avoid the policing of my body. I will inevitably receive questions, comments, threats, and demands that I “do something” about my body; that I make it more suitable for public consumption.

Having a body and existing in a public space does not make my body for public consumption. I am not for everyone and I am not for anyone.

What do I need to wear  
to become invisible?





Every day, I reclaim my space in a society that demands I shrink into absolute nothingness. I reclaim the right to exist and expand. I reclaim the right to my body.

**I will wander in this body.**

**I will skate,**

**I will run,**

**I will sprawl,**

**I will play,**

**I will imagine,**

**I will create,**

**I will fight,**

**I will love,**

**I will care,**

**I will fuck,**

**I will nurture,**

**I will sing,**

**I will learn,**

**I will grow,**

**I will live**

**In this body.**

**In my body. In my body. In my body. In my body.**

**I will be wild and I will be free.**

**My body is not an inconvenience.**

**My body is not uncomfortable.**

**My body is not worthless.**

**My body is not shameful.**

**My body is not deviant.**

**My body is not up for critique or debate.**

**My body is not a question or an answer.**

**My body is not yours.**

My body means nothing to me.  
It is where I survive.  
My body means everything to me.  
It is where I survive.





I will not let others confine me to my apartment; confine me to the gender binary; confine me to this body. I refuse limitations. I refuse to be anything for anyone at any given time. I refuse to sustain others at my own expense.

My body means nothing to me. It is where I survive.  
My body means everything to me. It is where I survive.

I am worthy of survival.  
I am worthy of my boundaries.  
I am worthy of love.  
I am worthy of self-love.  
I am worthy of familial love.  
I am worthy of romantic love.  
I am worthy of platonic love.  
I am worthy of desire.  
I am worthy of respect.  
I am worthy of acceptance.  
I am worthy of self-acceptance.  
I am worthy of space.  
I am worthy of kindness.  
I am worthy of good things.  
I am worthy of a life I create and design.  
I am worthy of compassion.  
I am worthy of care.  
I am worthy of understanding.  
I am worthy of freedom of expression.  
I am worthy of peace.  
I am worthy of safety.  
I am worthy of bodily autonomy.  
I am worthy of my voice.  
I am worthy of human rights.  
I am worthy of growth.  
I am worthy of happiness.  
I am worthy of life.

I am an inherently worthy human being, and who I am as a person will never be defined by who I am to others, what I arouse in others, or what I provide to and for others. I do not exist for anyone but myself.



# Krishna Isthā's Gender Anarchy Manifesto





## Gender Anarchy Manifesto

Gender Anarchy is the nature of defying society's ideas and constructs around gender, to challenge the cisgender white heteronormative world, both knowingly and not.

1. Do gender YOUR way. There is no set algorithm that you have to achieve to be deemed a perfect specimen of your gender. Fuck society's idea of what you should look like. Be that beautiful femme boi you wanna be, be that rad skirted masc person you wanna be, imagine all the glorious variations of femme and masc you can think of and embody it. You don't have to explain your gender and your gender expression to anyone. The idea of genderfuck has been explored by many in the queer community, both trans and CIS people alike. But the idea of gender anarchy could also be extended to anyone that is not queer.



2. Believe that gender is fluid. Not just fluid but gender is as unique to someone as is their DNA. We all do gender differently. It can mean our gender expression (that is, the way we choose to present ourselves to society). It can mean gender self identification

(that is, the gender we identify as personally).

You know when the Genderpolice say,

"You're doing this for attention. You just want to be a special snowflake"? FLASH FLASH FLASH, we are ALL special snowflakes so your argument is faulted.

FUN GIFT IDEA FOR A GENDER ANARCHIST BABE: no two snowflakes are alike. Quick intro on 'How to preserve snowflakes to gift to that utter gender anarchist babe in your life'. You will need a glass slide, a cover slip, clear super glue and snow. Freeze the glass slide and cover slip over night and freeze the super glue for about ten minutes before you head outside to catch some of the snow. Use a tweezer to catch and place a snowflake (or more) onto the frozen slide, drop some super glue on the centre of each flake and quickly cover it with the cover slide. Freeze for 48 hours and at the end of it, you will have a preserved snowflake that won't melt EVER.

3. There is no compulsion to be out and proud. Being out and proud, making sure people know about your genderfuckery is great activism for trans peoples and gender outlaws and a great feeling for many. But if you, for whatever reason, cannot express gender the way you want to sometimes or outside your bedroom walls, it doesn't make you any less of a gender anarchist. Remember that regardless of who knows of your gender identity and regardless of what people see, you will always still be you.



4. Gender anarchy DOESN'T always have to mean genderfuck. Genderfuck has been defined as deliberately sending mixed messages about one's gender, usually through one's clothing and appearance. Gender anarchy, is purely your way of rebelling against notions of gender. Gender anarchy also doesn't have to mean androgyny either. All the bodies we see on media that are portrayed as examples of genderfuck are white, thin, androgynous, abled, conventionally beautiful/ handsome people. You don't have to fit that bill to play with gender expression. You can be a person of colour, fat, not toned, not muscular, not perfectly proportioned, disabled, not conventionally beautiful and still defy all laws of gender and still look like a jaw dropping babe.

5. Gender anarchy's #1 aim is to stop thinking of people and things in terms of gender. Since birth, we're commanded to learn text book material on 'how to be a girl' and 'how to be a boy' and we reproduce these orders on a daily basis. Example; if you see a bearded person walking down the street, you automatically assume that person is a man, only because you have been told men have beards but thinking of people not in terms of gender markers, or rather, not assuming certain things about people would help us all along. In a utopian world, no one would assume anyone's gender, nor use gendered pronouns because of random indicators, unless told otherwise by the person themselves. In the current world we live in, the TFL makes announcements that start with "Ladies and gentlemen", you go to queer nights and they start the evening with "kings and queens", you go to school and they address crowds as "boys and girls". Gender anarchy's #1 aim is to stop this constant reinforcement of binaries. This isn't saying 'gender' as a concept shouldn't exist but that one should question the binaries imposed on them. We need to forget ideas of pink and blue, and create a world filled with shades of purple instead.



Gender anarchy's  
#1 aim is to stop  
thinking of people  
and things in  
terms of gender.



6. Gender anarchy means not listening to society's narrow idea of masculinity and femininity.

Society's idea of masculinity and femininity are very restricted. Dresses, bows, heels, make up, submissiveness, shyness, smiles, lipstick, pink would pretty much encompass society's idea of femininity. Ties, trousers, man spreading, entitlement, beards, are some ideas the world holds up as masculinity. So what happens when you don't want to embody their idea of masculinity or femininity? What happens when you're forced to tick boxes just so people see you as the gender you identify as?

I wear lipstick and own my masculinity when I do so. The lipstick becomes a part of my masculinity. But others don't see it that way. The number of times I've had people question why I call myself butch because I wear lipstick, is a silly amount to even mention. So do and wear what makes you feel beautiful and/or handsome or spectacular each morning. Do what makes you happy when you look at yourself in the mirror. If all of us in the world broke down what our ideas of masculinity and femininity meant, we wouldn't have homophobic, transphobic, sexist bigots out there.

7. Gender expression is a performance. People confuse drag for a lot of things but drag is merely the exaggeration and/or the embodiment of masculinity and/or femininity. So on a daily basis, we're all in drag anyway.



If you, for whatever reason, cannot express gender the way you want to sometimes or outside your bedroom walls, it doesn't make you any less of a gender anarchist.



WoMAN-T-Fisto  
"I've got limited time"  
TRAUMzauberBaum  
by WoMANTis RANdom





WoMAN-T-Fisto "I've got limited time", TRAUMzauberBAUM by  
WoMANtís RANDom (RANDom equals RAND(d)ominant: Ein\_e  
SommernachtsBAUM, eine ODE AN. Dritter T@ACT.

„Einfach mal „KUYA“ sein. Meine Wurzeln sind „Grenzenlos und  
Unverschämt“.

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WoMANtís RANDom  
School of Every day life  
Backstreet Toys.

0815 "WE"-town

"WE"-town, den 08.15.2016

RANDom structure ohne GLIED-ER-ung:

The performance consists of t(h)ree pieces.

1) ) ) "4th- WAVE Q.U.E.E.N TRANS\*lation(s)" - "PhD-Thesis":

"crowning me, myself with a Y"

-

WoMAN-T-Fisto "I've got limited time"

by WoMANtís RANDom (RANDom equals RAND(d)ominant:

Ein\_e SommernachtsBAUM, eine ODE AN. Dritter T@ACT. „Einfach  
mal „KUYA“ sein. Meine Wurzeln sind „Grenzenlos und  
Unverschämt“.

And a „PLAYback“-PLAYlist, that can be continued by any  
individual and their trustees.

2.

2. 1. "JAZZPUNK" - Performance (with RANDom surprise)  
@(C)K\_AMP\_NAGEL

2. 2. Additional Hom(e/o)-worky work

2.

2. "PLAYback"- PLAYlist

3. PAINTink: "From CAPA-CITY to VERA-CITY with LOVE and TRUST  
AND MUSIK" (attached close to the text, "I've got LiMiTed TIME",  
piece by WoMANtís RANDom, APRIL2016)



1) ) ) "4th- WAVE Q.U.E.E.N TRANS\*lation(s)" - "PhD-Thesis":

"crowning me, myself with a Y"

- WoMAN-T-Fisto "I've got limited time"

by WoMANtís RANDom (RANDom equals RAND(d)ominant:

Ein\_e SommernachtsBAUM, eine ODE AN. Dritter T®ACT.

„Einfach mal „KUYA1“ sein. Meine Wurzeln sind „Grenzenlos und Unverschämt“.2

Leela asks me "Where is the music gone?" I always receive the question where I am from. I am from L.O.V.E. In love with all the living beings and all RANDom environments. Sacred, secret or public-privat. Like a tree, I have been seeded, nourished, and moved to a city. From CAPA-CITY to VERA-CITY in "WE"-town. I encountered barriers, borders, stories from younger and elders, spiritual beings and believers of all kinds.

"FAKE it until YOU make IT".

- "Framing is naming"

- "Sharing is caring"

- "Peeling is healing"

My roots go deep down, horizontal and wide. "They" spread in all kinds of directions, RANDomly. I AM a T.R.E.E. I witness every day, sweet dreams. I require fresh air. I need the clarity of the light to shine. My stump has many rings that I was gifted long before. There are as many cat lives on my shoulder while I listen to the lovely sounds of nature. T(h)ree little birds in sub-city. I absorb the FREE.Q.U.E.E.N.c.Y like Cleopatra.

I know 100 Ways to be a ... TREE. Ich bin ein SommerNACHTsBAUM.

And I don't need your charity, twisting me 'round ...like a tornado. I am in the eYe of the Tiger butT I AM a fancy mouse. The meal gets served somewhere at a table, a floor or on the ground. By ALL for all. ALL iN. "WE" eat the SOULFOOD with hands, not cudd\_ lery/ CUTlery. MY time? FORK YOU: "I've got limited time". My existence is evidence enough. My story, precious and fragile, like my branches. The ingredient for every meal or none at all: L.O.V.E.

Ich bin ein TRAUMzauberBAUM because Audre came to Berlin while I was born like:

1 www.kuyaband.com

2 May Ayim

2

“Kirikou n'est pas grand, mais il est vaillant Kirikou est petit, mais c'est  
mon ami

Kirikou n'est pas grand, mais il est vaillant  
Kirikou est petit, mais c'est mon ami“ (Kirikou et la Sorcière (1998)

The story of pain. The Q.U.E.E.N lives within the PAINbow.

I was moved by the complex but not complicated stories of each  
individual. I witness. The animals do. “We“ communicate differently I am a  
Copper Goose, A Chameleon, A BABE in MoNO means MoNO, a young  
ELEPHANT, A RhiNO who lived on Turtle Island as a guest, being honoured  
to witness ancient sounds and stories of wise TREES to hug. Do you like  
to hug. I just check in. I am an ANT, a Bumble BEE who has siblings  
globally located and moved.

The Sound of experience.

Tracy, I love you, RANDomly.

I remember that you sang alone with your guitar, courageously loving to  
remind me and the walls where shaking. The wall are communicating every  
day and others where put down. On me, around me, in parks, sacred  
spaces. And still. Time is a concept.

I am a believer within belief--cistems.

And I do believe in love. I love music. As far as I can remember.  
JAZZPUNK, jazzpunkt

RATS learn to remember what they need to remember. Fancy mouse too.

Du bist so Erykah BaDU für mich.

“If you are worried ‘bout them, baby don’t worry –you know that you got  
me”

(Erykah Badu & The Roots “You got me”). B(L)ACK UP.

Music reminds me of the roots in the soil that are wet and protect me for  
potential fires. People find PEACE and MELODY under my leaves and  
branches.

“TheY” REST iN MUSIK. You are remembered. Your energy is still close to  
my heart.

When the moon is full, you are afraid to come closer.



You are always curious \_eH! Another story is another story is no story  
without another story.

“STOP in the name of LOVE” (The supremes).

I have MAGIC FEELINGS for YOU (SiSSY MiSSY to CiS--sy ).

I have all of the feelings. ALL of the JAZZ.

“What we all long for” (Dionne Brand)\_ Plantation Memories (Grada  
Kilomba)\_

“Farbe Bekennen, Afro--Deutsche Frauen auf den Spuren ihrer Geschichte”  
(Orlanda Verlag) , “DEUTSCHLAND SCHWARZ WEISS” (Noah Sow).

3

[www.derbraunemob.de](http://www.derbraunemob.de)

Es gibt Wandlungsbedarf (Wandlungsbedarf e.v.). Gender Sender is @TRIQ.  
“WE” want you. I witnessed “Borrowed Tongues” (Eva C. Karpinski).

I ist true to me „Kleider machen Leute“, leider. Fabelhaft oder  
FabelWESEN?

„WE“ come in choirs, in BLACK, BROWN and Q.W.E.E:R.D.

„WE“ are Cuties in all shapes and sizes and smells and tastes and  
complexities.

That’s not complicated. But a choice and labour every day. I am a fancy  
mouse living in a \_\_\_\_\_ (Fill the GAP) “house”.  
(Mind the GAP, might be a .....).

As a t(h)ree, I do also miss my friends of all ages without senseless rages.

Look to the PAINbow in every storm, ALL SPICE\_ ALL iN.

I am a FOODIE, a selfie is a helfie to remind me of taking self--care. I usually  
take an instaKILO. CALL ME „ A feminist KILL JOY“, Blondie. Kill your ego.  
ALL of you.

I am a BIG CAT, GLÜCKSKATZE, KOPFKATER, SPATZENHIRN mit FISCHAUGEN  
aus der Vogel-- oder FROSCHperspektive. 25 Stufen für 3 Tage, da  
bekomme ich einen KUHmagen und danke dem ZAUBER des Vertrauens in  
sacred spaces.

FOODIE I AM. Ich hab nen großen MUTTERMUND.  
So come as you are, NIRVANA.

DO "it" yourselves. Do "it" with L.O.V.E.

"I've got LiMiTed TiME" (WoMANTís RANDom, 2016). AND I love  
courageously, thank you d'bi Young. "WE" find safety, LAL is connecting,  
sharing and caring like „TinY mirrors“.

„Einfach mal BAUM Sein“. LahYA, sei Dank. One night POET(REE)Y. ONE  
LOVE.

„Once“ by Ngariie:

“...once to be the first time we do it

so you can do it again

its just a second of ruin

do it again and again and

if we did it a million and

if we did it for love

we didnt do it

enough“ (2015).

REST iN MUSIK. WITH ALL MY LOVE,

4

RANDOMly. Me, myselfs with A+ Y.

P.s.:

Break--the--binary. ALL kinds of binary. RE\_peaT. Prince is alive. There  
might be controversy about the bad, the thriller, blood is on the  
dancefloor, right off the wall even immortal and dangerous but "WE"--tour  
to the „End of the Road“. "Hold' on to your love", "Shy Guy". „Operation  
§3“ ist Advanced Chemistry. Love is chemistry. „Mit DiR steht die Zeit  
still“, Freund\*in\_en\_KREIS. "All night long", "Ain't no mountain high  
enough" while Laura Mvula tweets the last song for "theirrr" BAG LADY. For  
the days to come:

„Sing to the moon and the stars will shine“.

Sisters Keepers, Brothers Keepers, Sibling Keepers. Gummiband--Familien,  
Rubberband-- Families. RANDom KEEPERS. "WE" will not forget to continue  
to love. "WE" want Public-- Privacy. I agree to disagree, peacefully because  
I AM a T(H)REE.

Ein TRAUMzauberBAUM.



P.S.S.:

“There is a BLACK BIRD in my garden” (Fat Freddy’s Drop).

Get the G.R.E.E.N.

LET “iT” grrrOW.

A plant can be female. A plant is a plant is a plan(T), is divine.

NO PEACE, NO \_\_\_\_\_ (MiND The GAP or fill the gap).

\*WENDE\*hals\*, du bist anWESEND.

The wisdom lies in ashes.

FORward, RE\_WIND, PAUSE, RE\_pEAT: “If you can’t change it, stop it”  
(Coral Short)

“GLANZ odeRRR (G)STAR\*--(N)Licht” (WoMANtís RANDom, final words,  
2016)

(attached the PLAYback homework’s for yourselves, T@act T(h)ree.)  
PLAYlist

2. 1. “JAZZPUNK” – Performance @ (C)K\_AMP\_NAGEL/ KAMPNAGEL  
HAMBURG 2016

2. 2. Additional Hom(e/o)-worky work

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HOMO-worky work (not a must but an offer of love to love yourselves  
more):

(All good things are t(h)ree, I personally witnessed the binary. All kinds.  
My existence is evidence enough. Stories are complex not complicated.  
PEACE, please. REST in MUSIK ...

- 1) Translate the music into your every day life experience and take your  
time to process. Bi-curious, take it as a gift from RANDom  
Bumble-BEE-KEEPERS.
- 2) Create yourselves a love letter. It could be a painting, words, RANDom  
collected thins from your environments. Keep it close to your heART.  
Self-love is important to heal the trauma and to negotiate stigmatization  
of all kinds. FREEq.u.E.E.N.cy.
- 3) Do it yourselves. All of the FEELings, emotions, JAZZpunkt. And do it  
with LOVE. And do it again. With LOVE. LOVE is all around.  
LOVE is all you need (maybe).

LiEBE ist ... (= LOVE is ...)

The labour of every being is precious, unique and appreciated. Every labour matters but not valued equally or at all. Sexwork is REAL WORK, Prisons don't pay (off). "4th-WAVE-Feminism(s) is/ are for every body".

What I liked to experience is:

- Responsibility
- Accessibility
- Accountability

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## 2. 3. "PLAYback"- PLAYlist

## PLAYback

Sister Rosetta Tharpe – Didn't it Rain  
Nina Simone – I put a spell on you  
Nneka – Heartbeat  
Major Lazer – Get FREE  
Janelle Monáe & Erykah Badu – Q.U.E.E.N  
KOOL & the Gang – Fresh  
Chaka Khan – I am Every Woman  
Noah Sow – I have a loaded voice  
Tracy Chapman – Baby, can I hold you  
Sisters Keepers – Liebe und Verstand  
Brothers Keepers – Adriano  
Shola Ama – You might need somebody

6

Usher – You make me wanna  
Toni Braxton – Unbreak my heart  
En Vogue – Hold'on

Diana King – Shy guy  
Kelis – Runner / Breakfast  
Sharon Shones – Humble me  
Fugees – Killing me softly  
Lu Sam Cook – A change is gonna come  
Luther Vandross – Love the one you're with  
Tracy – Our bright Future  
Leela James – Music  
Ray Charles – Hallelujah I Love Her  
So Erykah Badu – Bag Lady  
Skunk Anansie – Hedonism  
The Manhattans – Let's just kiss and say goodbye  
Louis Armstrong – Wonderful world  
Bob Marley – Three little birds  
Cleopatra – Birdsong  
John Legend – We loved it  
Ngariie – Once  
Ben Harper – Sexual Healing  
LAL – Tiny Mirrors  
Lido Pimienta – Lucas  
Tanya Tagaq – Uja  
Zoo OWL – Nemesis  
Laura Mvula – Sing to the moon  
Shinri T – Deep Down3

3 To be continued by you...



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# MANIFESTOS

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