

between
the
trash
bin
and
Martin's
Avondwinkel
Kristoffer
Zeiner

A chicken is a chicken, and half a chicken is half a chicken. She looked at you. Got lost for a sec and drifted. Drifted, the hunger stops when facing love. It always does. You know. When you raise a child in a place like this you introduce the child to love. Half chicken love! What if you slow cook a living chicken for forty eight hours on about 60-70 degrees Celsius? It's been cloudy for three weeks now, been eating five chickens a week. (my body) Holding twelve degrees steady. I can see a couple of hundred meters in front of me and I dreamt of Christmas last night. Woke up 16:02 feeling like that (went to bed 21:16 last night) foggy landscape, you would have loved the view she said. Do you think? Well, its like being under water breathing steady but always feel displaced at the same time, like eating sugar. (white sugar). What would the water look like? Hey, love.. there is so many waters, lakes and seas in the world. I had a goal once to travel around and touch every drop of water that exists- know-ING that that would take forever... meaning I could never finish. i guess that's what I like about it.
-Love-ok.
I have the same thing about trees.
Yeah?
Yeah.
Would you like to tell me about it?
I can tell you some parts..
You see. Its complicated, really.
Of course it is, but there is a lot of reasons to eat that.
Tons of details
Imagine that you will grow about a few centimetres every summer.
It is hot?
Yes, it's hot and you grow and grow. You stop thinking about things you love because you love your self more than everything else. You hardly speak and you primary function is to look at that hot circle and love your self. You are The hottest one of them. I don't get it.
16:17
Its not easy because you have to list up everything that is hot.
I'll try.
Batteries Teapot. Blood. Everything that is connected to something hot. microwave...?
Yes that's it.
Yes that's all that I can think of now.
Well, you know. There are a lot of things going on and we hardly notice any of it.
-That's the coldest thought I ever heard anyone say.
Its true...
Microwaves are the coldest thing I ever approached, seriously... and it turns in circles like I never seen before. Nothing that I know of turns around like a microwave.

I once walked into a supermarket with a gun in my jackets inner pocket. Just feeling it you know. I touched it a few times to check if it was still there but the heavy-ness of the steel made it clear. I promise you I felt something. Cray cray Why? I remember I walked in... yes and its like this narrow hallway like space... and then you have these people there, that are these guys that you wouldn't meet anywhere else. And then its like they all work there, they are asking you questions like, "what are you looking for?" "do you need any help?" How are you, looking for something special? (no, im fine, tnx) And that kind of stuff. I dunno. There was this thing about this object. I placed the gun in my inner pocket and went out of the car. I closed the door and locked it with the car key. There was approximately twenty steps from the car and to the entrance of the super marked. People were walking in and out. I was keeping a secret. I felt like a lion. Listen.. big cats look like they know everything and that's how I felt. I was in complete power of that supermarket. I had too much control for sure and I knew at that moment I would never become a lion. It was just not possible for me- I was devastated-crying of my own fear towards the others.
So what happened?
End...
I took a shopping cart and started to collect stuff I wanted to put in my mouth. Like everyone does in a supermarket.
I cant remember what I bought but it wasn't much. Instead I started to think of what kind of nature a hand gun would prefer. I still cant really answer that. (!Whistling together..) all objects have a nature where they belong and function like a toaster in a kitchen.
If you would put a toaster on your living room table, next to the remote control.. it, eh...

Sorry, Just woke after sleeping one and a half hours. My suit is so wet I could possibly be swimming in a pool. The pool holds 26 degrees Celsius and is filled with salt water from a country I never heard about. No one had heard about it so I'm imagining you and all the animals I never saw or heard about. The pool is located in the middle of the land. They stopped playing music twenty years ago and there are more tigers than humans here. Next to every tree there is a fake tree, a copy. On each copy there is a tombstone. "He supported research not only in the natural sciences, but also in anthropology and ethnography. There is anthropology's trademark practice of ethnography, for instance, which entails both field-work and writing."

The pool just dropped down to 22 degrees Celsius. I will now start to count. There is a McDonalds sign about a kilometer from the block I live. I can see it from my balcony. It's a yellow sign attached to another block. Social housing. 16:32. I grew up in the woods with a lot of trees and it felt like they never ended. The forest never ended. Everything was without corners or limits. Can you imagine? I had to be you! It has to be you! Oh boy this pool is freezing now and all the tigers are looking. How can anything change so quickly? So, is there microwaves here? It would be logical to get some heat in here. If you draw one it will exist. Lets look back and think. (floating in the pool) love k
Lets dream a bit, imagination.
There is no such thing like a weird dream - dreams are very weird in this.
This place.
No.

KRISTOFFER ZEINER
furry (corpses)!

bologna.cc welcomes new work by KZ for the month of February, 2018. A first public moment is marked by a performance by STINA FORS, followed by *Wager of Word* with JENNIFER TEETS, DODIE BELLAMY, MICHAEL VAN DEN ABBEELE, GEAN MORENO, then an evening with NELSON BEER, and a presentation offsite by AARO MURPHY.

For now, the night shop is proposed as a thinking space. (Packaged) goods with costs that shift, a movement rationalised by their availability at 'alternate' times. What cost does access come with, and what social space is this brokered in? Safety, accessibility, fading stickers, missing labels, flavour enhancers, posterity.

Leaning, standing, lying; motion remains.

The individual, torturing and manipulating materials and ideas, creating or destroying and frowning but smiling. The act of turning and reworking. Wishes for health and sustainability, a matter of recycling.

A snake biting its tail, an ouroboros. New beginnings.

January 31, 2018 marks the coinciding of the blue moon, super moon and blood moon.

