



SYNTHETIC CHILDREN

NILS GROOTENZERINK
METEORA S06

PROLOGUE

The tomb under Nature's shrine cracked, and new histories—bristling with futures—escaped the old order of 'sex'. [1] Labouring bodies, normative rules, care as an issue of gender, belong to the past. Transhumanist ontology, we refuse nature as the epitome, we reject injustice imposed on us by correlation to gender, race or sex. Death to the androcentric world.

There is no 'feminine' rationality, nor is there a 'masculine' one. [2] Domination, care, affection, strength, sweetness, stubbornness. They are not innate to a kind of body, whether breathing or not. Erroneously thought as predetermined, we declare traits as constructed and from now on as self determined. **We are our own synthetic children. We are parents of our own parentage. [3]**

Ectogenesis, hormonotherapy, plastic surgery.

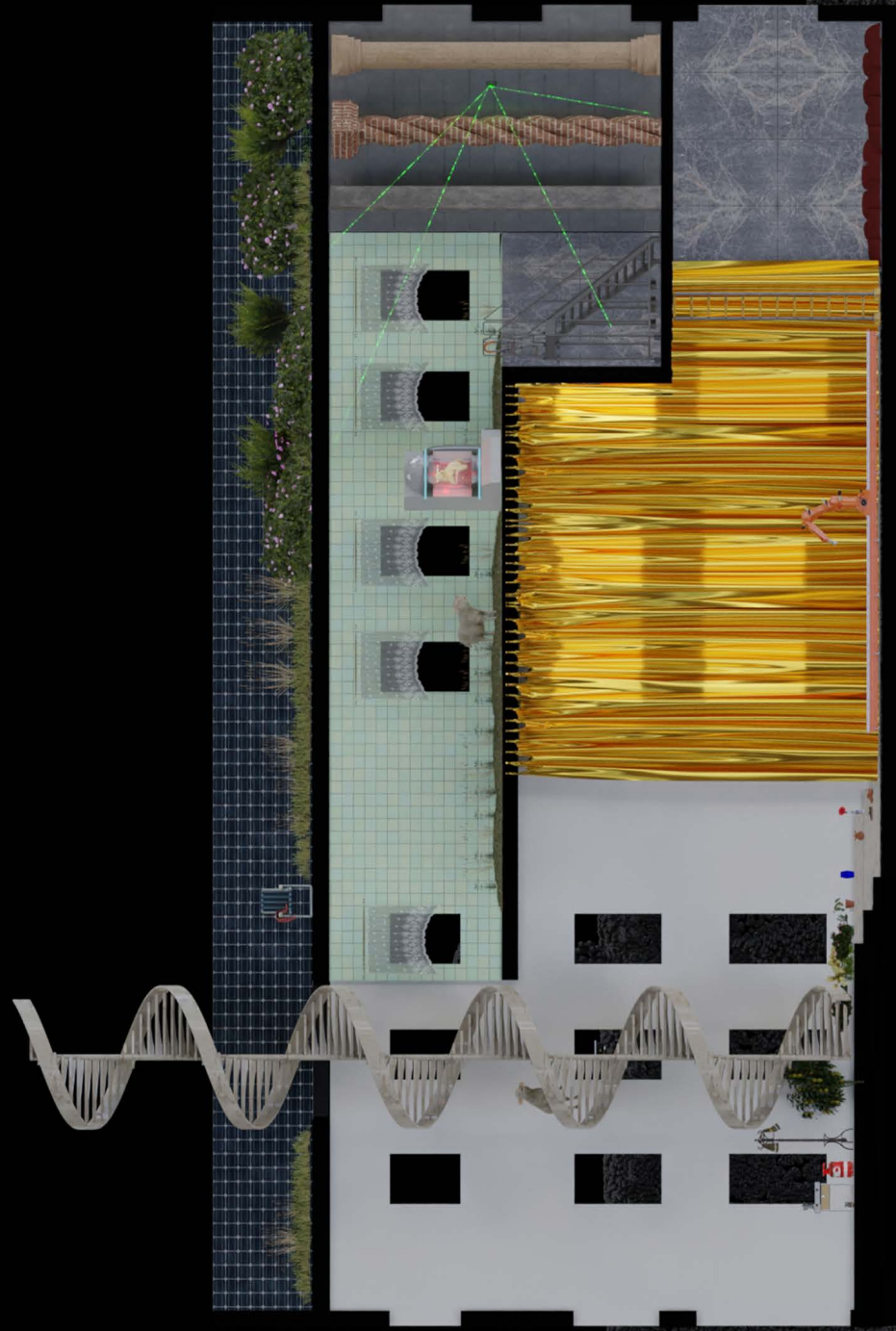
Science is not an expression but a suspension of gender. [4] Suspending us from the burden of bearing a child, the burden of deformation against ones will, withdrawal of self determination. My body, my choice!



THE HOUSE

This is, what our next album will be about. Beauty in difference. Indifference towards normativity. We're moving to Brussels to build a home for the three of us. Chambers of wonder allowing us to find the words for our feelings, inspiring us to write our songs and create this album. Curiosity and queerness embracing us, house of anomalies, a celebration of the anti-norm.

Our house is a space of interruption, free from imposition, free to be, being whatever we want.





A NURTURING WELCOME





A NURTURING WELCOME

Closing the yellow door behind them, they entered **the hall that gleamed in the sunlight [5], so much sunlight. [6]**

Bolis sighs of relief: “Once again, we’re home.”

They take off their jackets and shoes, feeling the warmth underneath their feet. Rocco crawls across the warm stone floor towards Dolly 01. Soft thuds, barely audible. Peacefully lulling, Dolly 01 bleats back at Rocco. Rocco laughs.

Charlotte: “Oh Bolis! Could you keep an eye on Rocco and Dolly 01 so she doesn’t try to step on him again? I’ll make coffee in the mean time.”

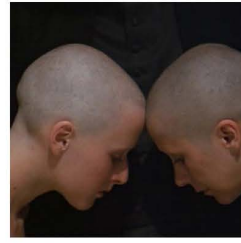
Charlotte reaches under a commode for a new bag of coffee grounds and opens it. **The aroma of roasted coffee [...] makes their muscles and skin quiver with delight. [7]** Charlotte turns the valve of the bright red propane tank and a slight stinging smell escapes. The electric clicking of the stove turns the sharp propane sizzling into the soft sound of a flame and the water on the stove into two cups of coffee.

A plastic ball shoots past Charlotte. “Fetch!”, Bolis shouts. Dolly 01 is following closely, her hoofs sliding slightly on the polished floor. Bleating loudly, Dolly 02 comes running down the spiral staircase, wanting to join their favourite game.



The background consists of numerous vertical, shimmering stripes of varying widths and colors, ranging from bright yellow-gold to deep orange and red. The stripes have a metallic, reflective quality, with highlights and shadows that create a sense of depth and movement. The overall effect is one of luxury and opulence.

THE ROOM OF DOMINANCE





THE ROOM OF DOMINANCE

Walking down the two steps, Charlotte and Bolis have entered the room of domination. Gilded curtains, restricted rays, warm light. Taking a seat in each of the chairs.

Seated upon their thrones, powers dominate. [8] Bolis takes a look at Charlotte, smiles and proclaims, as if there was a crowd listening: **“A master, magister, a master, that is to say, a great one, major, is surrounded by ministers, little ones, minus. [9]”**

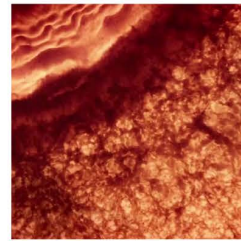
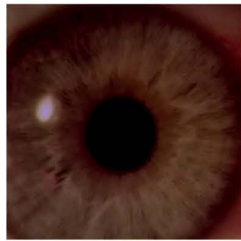
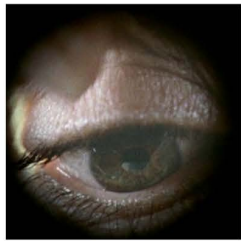
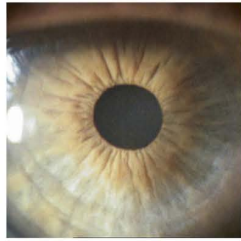
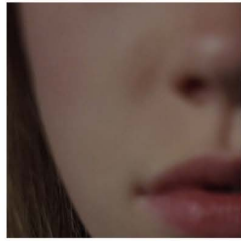
Charlotte smiles back and both bow down to grab a toothbrush. Still seated, crosslegged, they start brushing, profusely. **No microbe should be able to move or appear without its master knowing, for then, there would be no master. [10]**

Robotic figures. [11] Robotic Poetics. [12] Always at their service, the metallic arms, buzzing, bending, rotating, are waiting patiently for a command: “Wash my hair!”, “Turn off the light!”, “Pick out my favourite magazine!” they obey.



A dimly lit room with a dark, textured wall. In the foreground, there are rows of plush, red velvet seats. A small, round table holds a lamp with a white, conical shade and a dark base. To the right, a large, oval mirror with a dark frame reflects the lamp. In the background, a tall, dark, cylindrical object with vertical ridges stands against the wall. A blue cushion is visible on the left side.

A SENSUAL CORNER

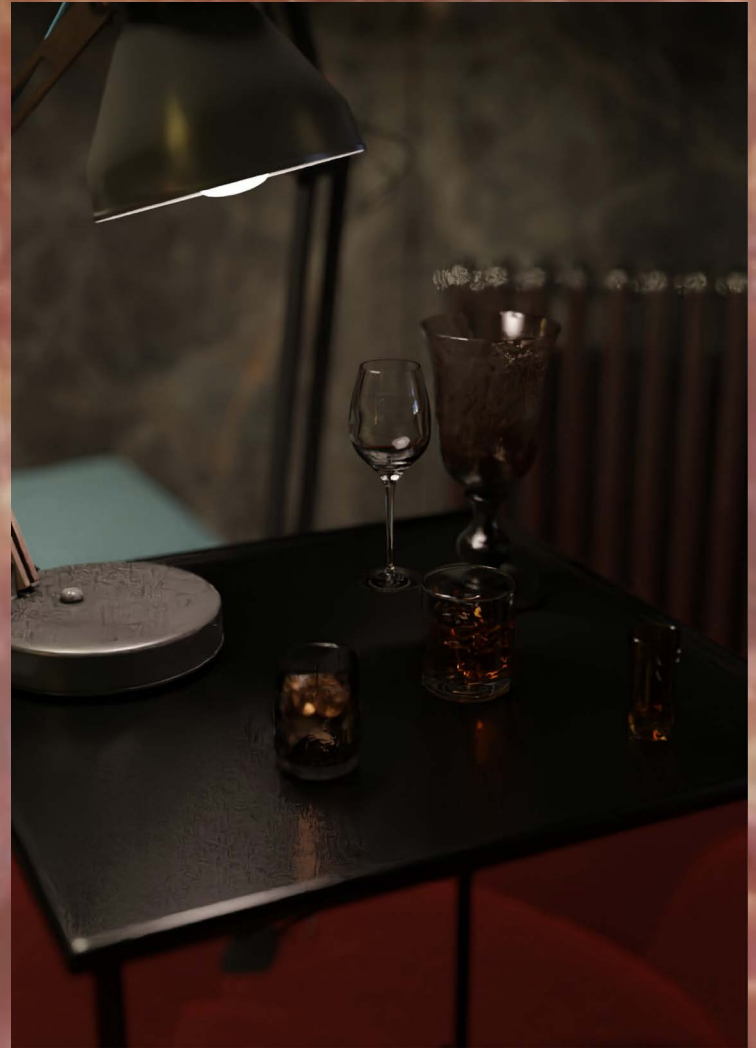
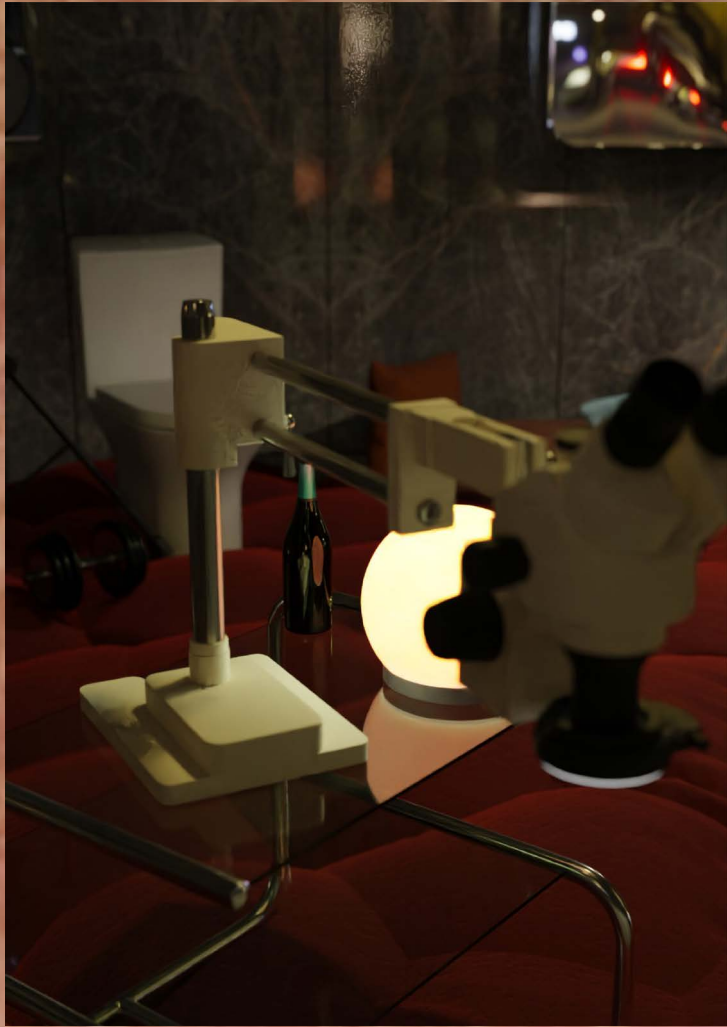




A SENSUAL CORNER

Stepping onto the soft velvet floor, the microscopic velvet bristles tickle each crevice of their skin. **Touch: Real, apparent, and absent. [13] It comes as an inkling of a feeling. [14]** Bolis takes a seat on the velvet bean bag. Rustling, responding to every move, a warm embrace, silent yet loud. Every sound softly penetrates the ear, gently stroking the eardrum. Charlotte moves her hand along the polished marble walls, feeling the curves, appreciating their solidity. **The very feeling constitutes their praise and admiration. [15]** Meanwhile, Bolis slowly approaches the microscope. Meticulously, cautiously and silently observing the surface of his hand through the lens, a landscape of skin.

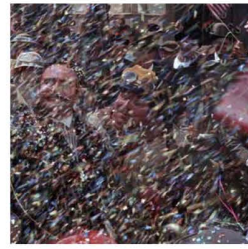
Perception and feeling reach their most sublime level. [16] The chalky sound of soft paper ripping. Bolis looks up at Charlotte, sitting on the toilet. Carefully, almost in a caressing manner, she is folding the toilet paper. “You bought the soft kind, didn’t you?” She says fondly and starts wiping.



A dimly lit room with a patterned rug, a chandelier, and a candle holder. The scene is set in a room with a brick wall and a window. A large, ornate chandelier hangs from the ceiling. A patterned rug covers the floor. A candle holder with three lit candles sits on the rug. A small, dark, cylindrical object is also on the rug. The overall atmosphere is warm and intimate.

THE CHAOTIC

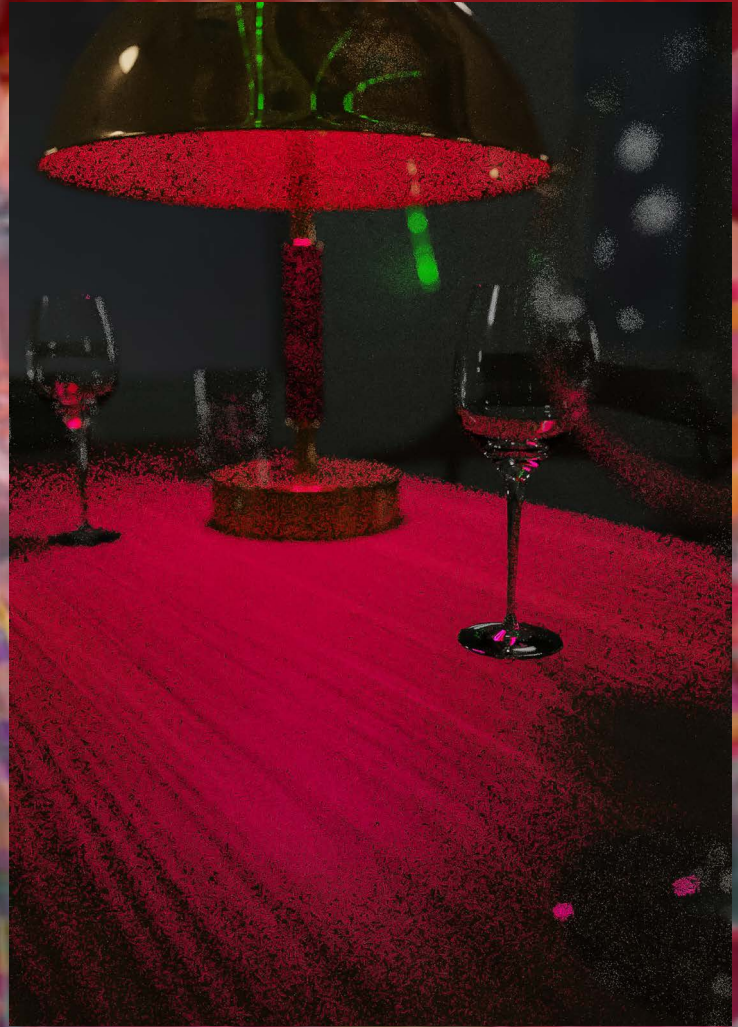
SWALE





THE CHAOTIC SWALE

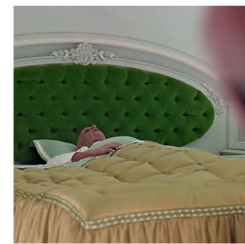
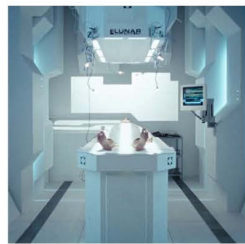
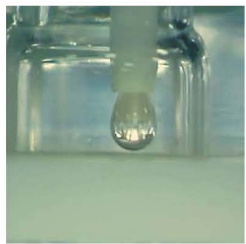
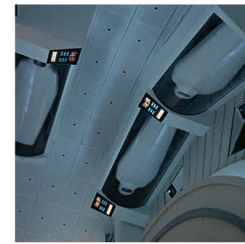
Going down the chaotic swale, they are **submerged in noise. [17]** Roccas toys still on the floor, dishes scattered across the table, a stepladder placed at the end of the table. Bolis points to the ladder: “Do you remember what we used this for?” Charlotte shrugs and steps on it and starts dancing. She holds out a hand to Bolis: “Wanna join?” **Intense hip movements, [18] dipping and whirling about, [19] a rotating chaos, liquid or cloudlike. [20]** They start kicking the glasses, shattering to pieces. **They kept on dancing in the broken glass. [21]**





A PRUDE

LOVE LETTER





A PRUDE LOVE LETTER

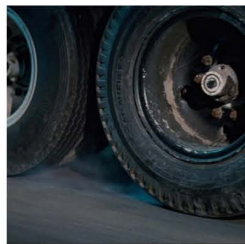
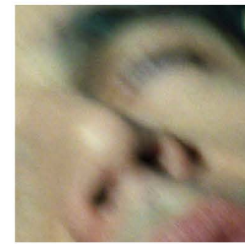
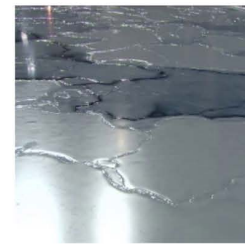
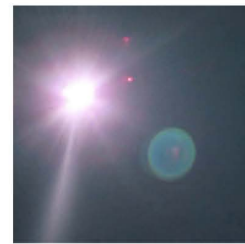
Charlotte and Bolis enter the room of prudery. **Within this territory all sexual activity, sexual allusions, and erotic stimulants are forbidden.** [22] Dolly 01 and Dolly 02 house here freed from all sexual perversion, generated with the purest of technologies. **Cloning, a method that is used to create life, [23]** without being **called back by shame, by disgrace.** [24] Putting down the syringe and turning towards the brightly red shining foetus, Bolis says: “Look Charlotte, our baby is doing well. Dolly 03 is on the way!” Charlotte approaches the big tank veiled in a lace curtain and touches the glass. She feels the heat coming from the infra red light, keeping their baby warm. She notices Bolis silently putting his hand up against the glass as well. Both of them, standing there in their white laboratory coats, take a look at each other and smile awkwardly.



The image shows a swimming pool in the background, which is heavily blurred. In the foreground, there is a structure with a thatched roof, possibly a gazebo or a covered walkway, also blurred. The overall scene is out of focus, creating a sense of depth and atmosphere. The text "A HOSTILE" is overlaid on the left side of the image in a white, bold, sans-serif font.

A HOSTILE

TERASSE





A HOSTILE TERASSE

The weather is nice outside. Bolis: "What do you think? Should we go upstairs and catch some sun?" Charlottes eyes light up and she excitedly run-walks towards the spiral staircase. It's sunny upstairs, **like the way gas stations are – bright and shiny.** [25] The metro is driving past with a loud hiss, rhythmic thudding. People are walking by, mumbling, shouting. Cars are filled with gasoline, the metro driver is stepping on the breaks, squealing shriek, smell of burnt rubber. Charlotte and Bolis feel like **they're losing brain cells by the minute from the fumes which smell like a jammed laser printer had sex with a gas station.** [26] **Perception fractures and disperses, suffocating in noise.** [27] Agitated and confused they look at each other and simultaneously they say: "Let's go downstairs again." With a little smile on his face Bolis answers: "Yeah, lets do



Cuboniks, Xenofeminism A Politics for Alienation When the possibility of transition became real and known, the tomb under Nature's shrine cracked, and new histories - bristling with futures - escaped the old order of 'sex'. [1] **Cuboniks, Xenofeminism A Politics for Alienation** There is no 'feminine' rationality, nor is there a 'masculine' one. [2] **Serres, Hominescence** We are parents of our own parentage.[3] **Cuboniks, Xenofeminism A Politics for Alienation** Science is not an expression but a suspension of gender. [4]

Cahan, They All Fall Down With a white glazed terra cotta facade that gleamed in the sunlight, and a sweeping bronze and marble arcade, the Republic was a gem. [5] **Koolhaas, Elements of Architecture** The sheer surface area of a building, exposed to so much sunlight, is exploited for the nurturing of algae inside super thin glass water tanks, which double as façade panels. [6] **Serres, The Five Senses** The aroma of roasted coffee early in the morning makes our muscles and skin quiver with delight; the smell of roasting meat, which verges on that of burning meat, delights our spirits although rather less so than caramel, mere sugar until it meets fire. [7]

Serres, Angels A Modern Myth Seated upon their thrones, powers dominate. [8] **Serres, Rome** A master, magister, a master, that is to say, a great one, major, is surrounded by ministers, little ones, minus. [9] **Serres, History of Scientific Thought** No microbe should be able to move or appear without its master knowing, for then, there would be no master. [10] **Kinder, Transmedia Frictions** The Digital the Arts and t Robotic figures. [11] **Siemens, A Companion to Digital Literary Studies** Robotic Poetics. [12]

Wollner, Body Sound and Space in Music and Beyond Multimo Touch: Real, apparent, and absent – on bodily expression in electronic music. [13] **Wollner, Body Sound and Space in Music and Beyond Multimo** It comes as an inkling of a feeling. [14] **Hume, A Treatise of Human Nature** The very feeling constitutes our praise or admiration. [15] **Ascott, Engineering Nature** Perception and feeling reach their most sublime level. [16]

Siemens, A Companion to Digital Literary Studies It is submerged in noise. [17] **Wollner, Body Sound and Space in Music and Beyond Multimo** In dance movement this is typically reflected in the employment of more or less exuberant arm movements or more or less intense hip movements. [18] **Koolhaas, SMLXL** And then the perspective shifted as well, dipping and whirling about in a mad kind of dance. [19] **Serres, Rome** The rotating chaos, liquid or cloudlike, versatile, turns. [20] **Koolhaas, SMLXL** They kept on dancing in the broken glass. [21]

Girard, Violence and the Sacred Within this territory all sexual activity, sexual allusions, and erotic stimulants are forbidden. [22] **Bureau, MetaLife Biotechnologies Synthetic Biology Ali** Cloning is another method that has been used to literally create life as artwork. [23] **Serres, Rome** He's called back by shame, by disgrace. [24]

Koolhaas, SMLXL Like the way gas stations are — bright and shiny. [25] **Hovestadt Buehlmann, Quantum City** Of course, everyone on the team's losing brain cells by the minute from the fumes which smell like a jammed laser printer had sex with a gas station. [26] **Ascott, Engineering Nature** Perception fractures and disperses, suffocating in noise. [27]

