

There was an exhilarating expectation on Saturday, May 21, 2011- people anxiously awaiting to leave Planet Money®, excitedly awaiting to be scooped up by their giant male Patriarch-Protector God©. Although they're under the impression that we- The Others©- will be sadistically tortured, burned and left to die a slow, painful, horrible, unimaginable deaths by their Father®, we know better: they will suddenly soon be gone and the rest of us will finally get some peace. Although this New Age™ has not yet been ushered in exactly this way, the usual cast of false prophets and politicians continue to explain that there's maybe some sort of transparent Rapture® well under way, and that their magic scooping is yet to come on nigh. In the Mean Time, here is the remnant of a script dug from the depths of The Hard Drive® that can provide some creative gestures we need in these End Times®, times when most of us are carving out the space to celebrate the place where we all currently reside together until they are gone- a place that looks and feels so much like those quaint old notions of Heaven and Hell™ . Best Wishes for 2012©- A.L. Steiner

CHICKS ON SPEED'S ART RULES : THE MUSEICKLE™

OIL BODIES, ANAT AND ALEX IN BIKINIS WITH REFLECTORS/SMALL CANVASES

MEL: Human and nature has become too useful for capitalist exploitation! We are heretics here to proclaim the truth! There will no longer be a majority. You are hereby released from the churches and corporations, the governments who proclaim your indifference to their needs! Their exploitations! We are female creators, we have our own designs and barbeques! Your regulations, your approvals, your compromises are no longer needed! We are the majority, lest you forget! The source of creation God is not male! We are women who can make anything!

HULA HOOP ALEX: The ratings are through the roof!

KATHI: Oh chattering monkeys, oh carnivorous reptiles of the triassic period, oh channelers of cheap dialogue, your abstract reality has become a stabbing knife of truth-disaster!

MEL: Allow me to super-size your soul so that you, so engorged, are food for our diabetic god!

ART SCENE-Prerecord electronic voice on sampler announcing each character

The Architect Anat : Only I can show-off your work !

The Curator Melissa : Only I can include your work !

The Artist Alex : Only I can make the work !

The Dealer Douglas : Only I can sell your work !

The Collector Kathi : Only I can buy your work !

The Critic AL : Only I can understand your work !

(prop : oversized ART newspaper)

SONG #1: 99 CENTS

EVERYONE PAINTS EACH OTHER'S PALETTE DRESS

MELISSA : Be afraid, be VERY AFRAID !

KATHI: Money is nice, but my art is NICER !

ALEX: I am the most dominant of communicators!

AL : My taste is SUPBERB !

DOUGLAS : My artists are all included in EVERY art history book !

ANAT : My buildings are so real, it makes the art SO REAL !

ALL CHANT IN CIRCLE :
FEEL I CAN FEEL, I CAN FEEL,
ITS REAL SO REAL...

SONG #2: CUTING THE EDGE VIDEO & PLAYBACK

MEL & AL HAIRCUT, experimental instrumental/moaning, contact mic scissors, playback from sampler

KATHI, looking in mirror : Don't compromise yourself, you know, you are all you've got ! You know there's someone sitting across from you, at least you think so... but then it's just you, you...mirrors all around

ANAT: I am a DUMB BLONDE

AL (taking photos) : I could almost tell you the future.

SONG #3: CULTURE VULTURE

ANAT : as a woman I have no cuntry, my world is my cunt ry, my cuntry, my kitchen

MEL : We know about fast moving objects over slipery wet places...we have our own
changing
menstruating
vibrating
reproducing
indulging
seducing
walking down the block bodies...
Who gives you power? NOBODY! YOU just take it !

SONG #4: CLASS WAR! (NO PLAY BACK, MAKE MUSIC UNDERNEATH!!!! POTS METAL AND GUITAR!)

KATHI WALKS MILITARISTIC

KATHI: We are primitive Mercenaries in the Modern World
Our Cause is NO-MAN'S
Women's liberations, past and present
Old and new rituals in secret underground sporting clubs

MEL TURNS ON MUSIC & MEL AND KATHI DRINK BEERS & DANCE.
EVERYONE SPASTIC DANCING ON STAGE. EVERYONE INTO MIC, WRITING/PAINTING ON WALLS: HOT CUNT!

START CANVAS PAINTING, SHIVA-LIKE, SHADOW OF ANAT, SWITCHING OFF (NEED PROJECTOR & MIC'D CANVAS)

ANAT: I realized happiness is something that money can't buy, I look to myself for self-improvement, i know myself can be so much better, So much more suckce\$\$ful, if i work hard at it. We all have dreams. and dreams can come true.

EVERYONE: IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK ITS THE WAY YOU LOOK! (repeat)

SONG #5 : PLASTIC SURGERY

**SONG #6: KATHI: TYPICAL GIRLS SPOKEN-WORD, ALL PLAY 1-SHOT SOUNDS
SPOKEN IN UNISON**

KATHI: More successful, if I work hard at it (repeat)

ALEX: Mercenaries, primitive mercenaries, more troops (repeat)

AL: vibrating reproducing indulging seducing walking down the block (repeat)

ANAT: we all have dreams and dreams can come true (repeat)

MEL: When the last cop in our brain is gunned down by the last unfulfilled desire (repeat)

SONG #7: GIRL MONSTER

KATHI GRABS MICROPHONE. EVERYONE FOLLOW HER & MARCH:

ALL: THIS IS FOR OUR SPONSORS!

KATHI: Organize a strike in your workplace on the grounds that it does not satisfy your need for spiritual beauty!

ALEX: act as if you were already free!

calculate the odds!

Step out, dance!

Money is a lie, civilization owns all the leases & most of the guns!

MEL: Unmoor the futurist self and further fissure the future ego!

Alex: Chomp chomp off with the arms, step on small machine sound generator!

AL: Our laughter is like a bomb!

ALL: I FEEL GOOD!

STAPLE OURSELVES TO FLOOR. MAKE TENT

SONG #8: ANAT'S FUZZY NIPPLE

AL: Down with the binary, up with the group!

A love between equal self-rulers!

MEL: Time never started at all. Chaos never died. The Empire was never founded. We are not now & never have been slaves to the past or hostages to the future.

ALEX: When the last cop in our brain is gunned down by the last unfulfilled desire... Perhaps even the landscape around us will begin to change....

ALL SCREAM: I'M BORED WITH THE END OF THE WORLD!

SONG #9: SHOOTING FROM THE HIP

CHANT:

Tremble, Tremble, the witches have returned!
Oh tiny strained universe! You are so cute and cuddly!
REPEAT

MEL: Human and nature has become too useful for capitalist exploitation! We are heretics here to proclaim the truth! There will no longer be a powerless majority. You are hereby released from the churches and corporations, the governments who proclaim your indifference to their needs! Their exploitations! We are female creators, we have our own designs and barbeques! Your regulations, your approvals, your compromises are no longer needed! We are the majority, lest you forget! The source of creation! God is not male! We are women who can make anything!

SONG #10: WE DON'T PLAY GUITARS

[AL TAKES OFF FABRIC GUITAR AND PLAYS IT](#)

[TAKE OFF DRESSES, THROW THEM ONSTAGE \(NOT OFFSTAGE !\) BODY PAINTING, AGAINST CANVAS, SMEARING, BOOB PAINTING, BIG PAINT MESS](#)

CHANT ALL:

We spread Spontaneity and creation!
Right now !
We destroy domination in all its forms!
Right now !
Set us free from our self-imposed destruction!
Right now !
The end is not the end!
Right now !

SONG #11: ART RULES! (ART RULES HARD MUTATES INTO ART RULES POP)

- Chicks on Speed™ (Anat Ben-David, Kathi Glas, Melissa Logan, Alex Murray-Leslie, A.L. Steiner), © 2006