

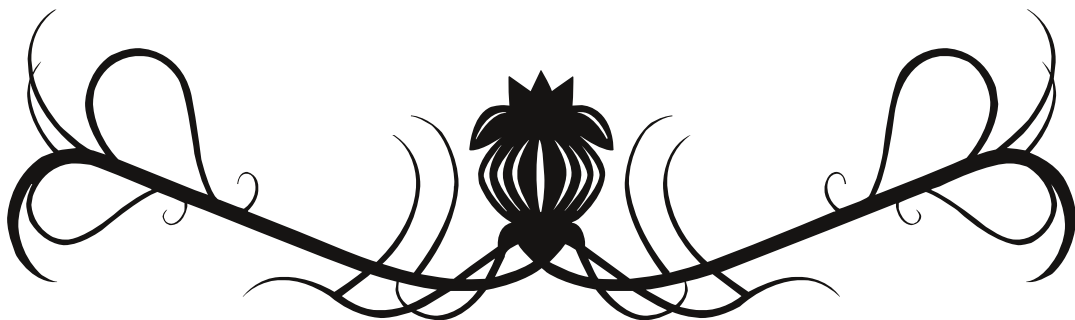
# Out of Existence

*Suite for Solo Voice or Chorus*

1. AGP. Allegro moderato.
2. GID. Adagio (costante).
3. TIM. Presto.
4. EGG. Largo.
5. GRA. Andante.

*by Harry Josephine Giles  
in collaboration with Vivien Holmes*

This music may only be sung  
by those to whom these terms are given.



sssssO!  
sssssO!  
ffff!  
ffff!

*but honest  
manifestat  
to prove i*

# AGP

*Allegro moderato.*

au au au au  
au au au au  
au au au au  
au au au au  
au no au no au no au no  
au no au no au no au no  
au phi no gy au phi no gy au phi no gy au phi no gy  
au to au ne phile  
au au  
no phi gy no no  
au phi gy no  
au to au to  
no to phi gy no to  
au to au to  
au to au to  
au to au to  
au to au to  
no no  
no no no no no no  
no to no no to no no to to to  
no to phi gy no to phi gy no to phi gy no to to no  
no to no no to no no to to to  
no to phi gy no to phi gy no to phi gy no to to no  
au to au ne phile

*We learn about worlds when they do not accommodate us. Not being accommodated can be pedagogy. We go through the struggles we have to be in the world. Ideas through the struggles we have to be in the world. Come to question words when we are in question. When a question becomes a place you reside in, everything is thrown into question; explanations you might have that allow you to make sense or navigate your way through unfamiliar as well as familiar landscapes no longer To be thrown by a question is to be thrown into a world that can be hostile as well as startling. Another way saying this: when we are not at home, when we are a where we are from or who we are, or even who we are experience a chip, chip, chip, a hammering away at being. To experience that hammering is to be given hammer, a tool through which we, too, can chip away the surfaces of what is, or who is*

*tly.. no shit... its really a goal of mine and someting i activly werk at to eventually be able to give myself full sexually  
tion of absolute horror/ darkness (but with a tinge of compassion) know wut i mean ?? the ultimate beauty being beauty that  
ts metal... the most deepest beauty being the beauty that was lifted from th eugliest of places ??? thats the kind of sex i'm interes*





...examined now, the ascendant politics are symptomatic with the age-making capacities of the market and the state, and cannibalistic upon  
...of other sexually and gender non-conforming people. What would a trans politics and theory look like that refuses such "murderous inclusion"?

# EGG

Largo.

sh		br		ck		f
m		ck		gg		m
sh		tr		p		qu
br		n		qu		ck
sh		br		p		qu
m		ck		gg		f
sh		tr		ck		m
br		n		qu		ck
	e	ef	fam	fick	ef	queesh
shick	shick	brim	brim	brim	trash	trash
shin	shin	brim	brim	brim	em	fap
queef	queef	brim	brim	brim	tragg	queef
tram	tram	brim	brim	brim	en	treen
shish	shish	brim	brim	brim	track	tragg
shick	shick	brim	brim	brim	tregg	treen
treen	treen	brim	brim	brim	shap	queen
shap	shap	brim	brim	brim		

delicatamente d e c i s o delicatamente bellucoso delicatamente vittorioso

I will not put up with this shit

# GRA

## Andante.

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

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INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

Invert! Invert! Invert! Invert!

INVERT! INVERT! INVERT! INVERT!

They are good, these doctors —  
some of them very good; they work  
hard trying to solve our problem,  
but half the time they must work in  
the dark — the whole truth is  
known only to the normal invert.  
The doctors cannot make the  
ignorant think the sufferings of  
bring home one of ourselves can  
millions; only those that are always lying in wait  
some day do that...

Giant women stride the skyline,  
lumbering gangly war machines,  
tattooed and regimentalized, skin  
dyed, double jointed, grappling  
limbs, covered in eyeballs, their head  
has none, they lurch like spider dogs,  
pointed rudimentary breasts, barbs  
between their legs they spurt  
caustic fluid when damaged.





**Quotations from:**

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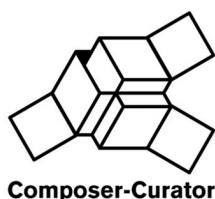
Porpentine Charity Heartscape, *Psycho Nymph Exile*. Arcadia Missa 2016.

**Typeset in:**  
Calluna *by* exljbris  
& Ornaments soul *by* dcoxy

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Rylan Gleave, *recording engineer*  
& Kay Logan, *mixing and mastering engineer*

**Produced by:**  
Rufus Isabel Elliot

**Commissioned by:**  
OVER / AT for OVER / AT E.P.: FOLKS' SONGS  
*and produced as part of*  
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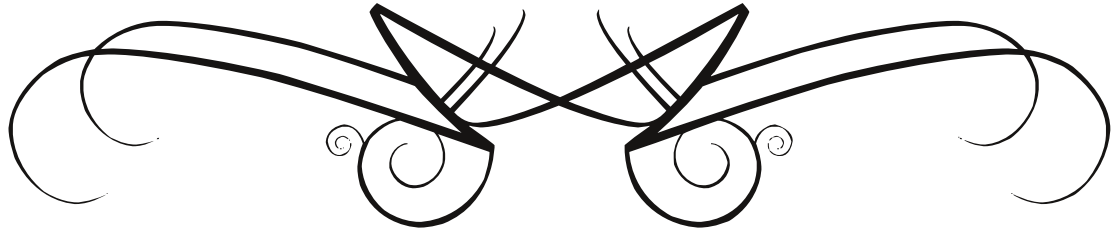
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**Invert!**

