

COMPACT  
**disc**  
DIGITAL AUDIO

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10 079

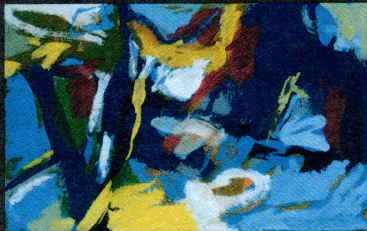
Excerpts from/Ausschnitte aus

# APOTHEOSIS

## TRADE SHOW

Der Verherrlichungsfachausstellung

### ABE SHRINER











# SICK AND TIRED OF BEING SICK & TIRED?

The natural alternative is Chiropractic. Don't Wait!  
There aren't any racks here. Just reasonable rates and  
honest recommendations.



## The road back to health begins today

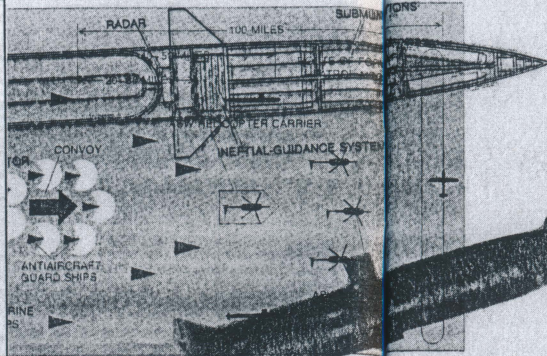
A large part of the family income is usually spent by the woman, and her ability to plan and make smart, attractive clothes for herself and for her family as well as being able to furnish her home with curtains, chair covers and all kinds of beautiful accessories, will provide her with great satisfaction and pleasure.



DALMATIAN



COPE



*It's time to get out of bed!*





## STATEMENT OF CONTENT

Clouds enveloped the small group of people assembled. Just as the last breath of life had escaped from the holiest one among them, their entire being was reactivated and began to elevate. The group was confused, some even terrified--even though a very similar thing happened fifteen months ago when the holiest of them that time had gone through a similar procedure. The sky, which was perfectly calm and still only about an hour or so past midday, became violent and full of pink, sepia and bright blue condensation. Plus-sized children appeared from a number of different directions, clutching tambourines and lyres and some even bellowing what was assuredly a small amount of compressed air into little recorders, of the sopranino register. It was raucous, celebratory and terrifying all at once. This fevered insanity lasted until she --the recently deceased who was, by all accounts the holiest among the group--reached about ten-thousand feet above, almost impossible to still see, if it hadn't been for the swirling vortex of pink clouds and fat children orbiting her. We were stupefied and clouded in silence until silence was all around us. "Is this..." the oldest one began, "Is this going to happen again any time one of us dies? It's kind of a

lot, that's all." Most of us silently nodded in agreement. We were absolutely thrilled for Martha, who just left us and was very likely being received in heaven at around sixty-thousand feet or so above us. But it was undeniably taxing on all of us, who were getting a little tired of all the otherworldly mystical events happening all the time around us. It's only natural to feel this way; after all, if you lived somewhere where it was a beautiful sunny day every single day, that would get oppressively boring at a certain point and you would yearn for a dark and cold and soggy day. "That is why heaven is heaven and earth is earth," you thought to yourself, but were too scared to say out loud. By this time, any sign of the heavens parting were just a memory, and the clear blue sky returned in the sky all around us. A dove landed where Martha had died and looked at us far too intelligently. We all began groaning and slowly started walking backwards, while at no point breaking eye contact with the bird. "No more, please not today," I repeated to myself as if in prayer. Perhaps I was praying after all. The dove got the hint and took off at first in our direction, but only to projectile shit on my new sandal and abruptly fly away in the opposite direction.

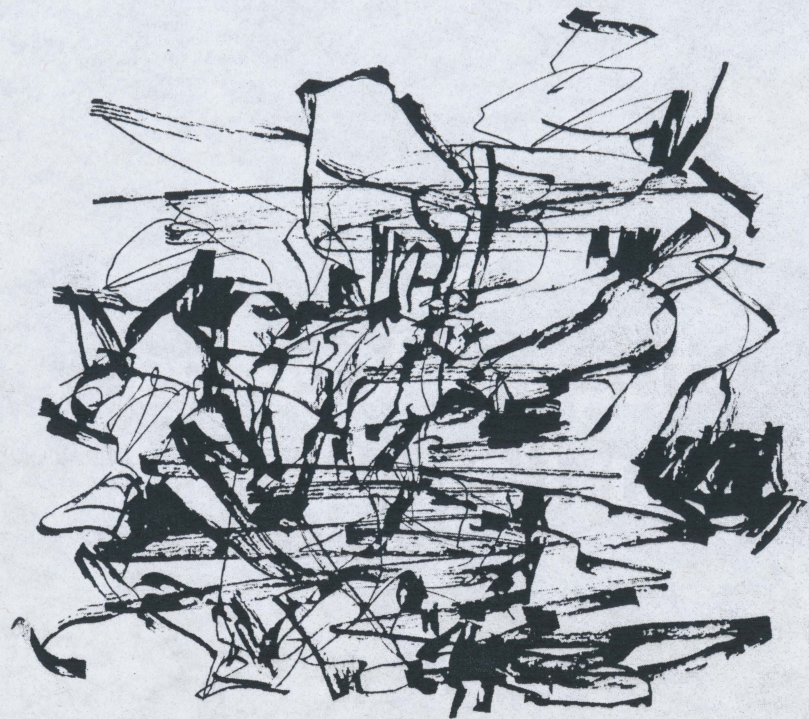
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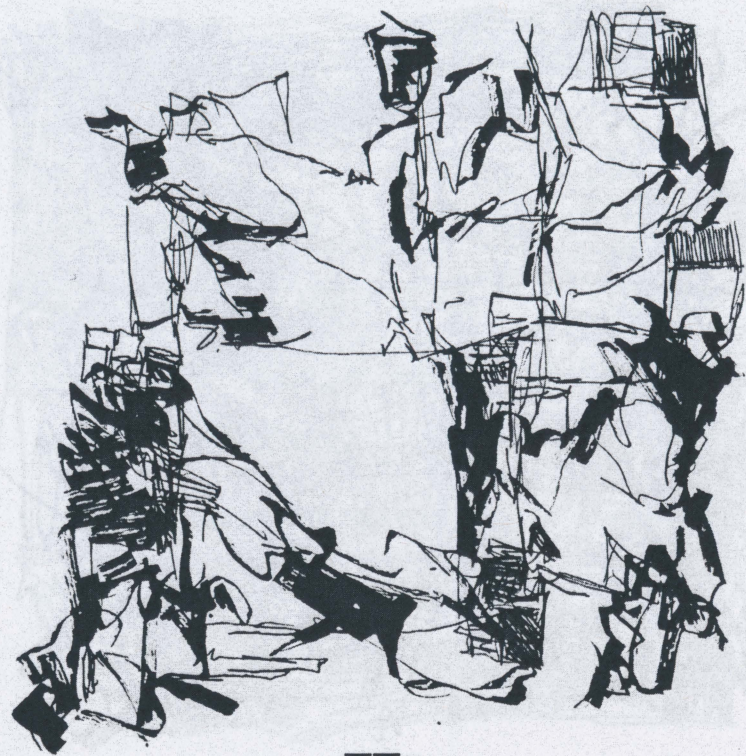


# Sept fugues légères sur l'apothéose



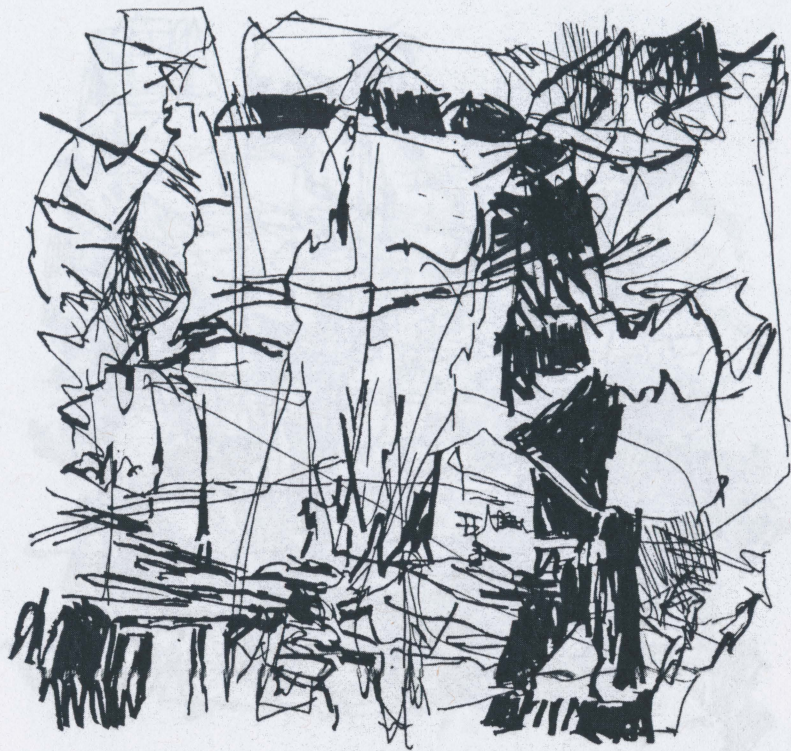


I.



II.





III.



IV.





V.



VI.

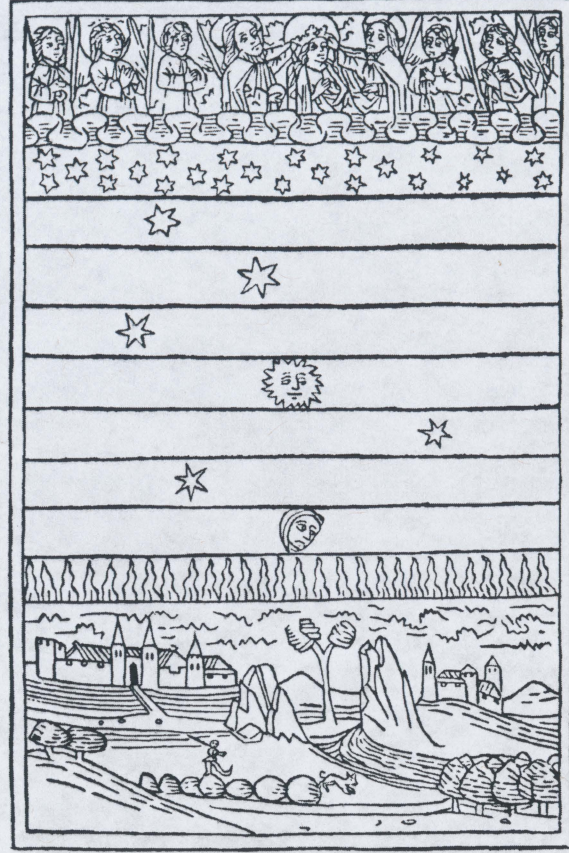
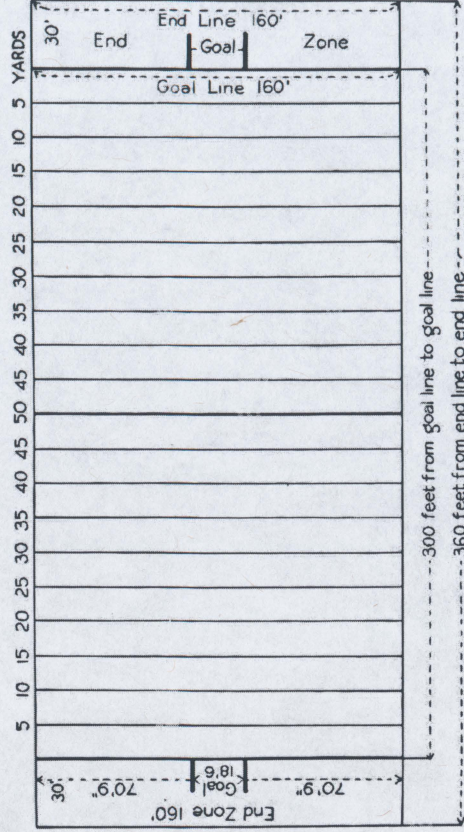




VII.













the temperature is considerably below freezing. The water

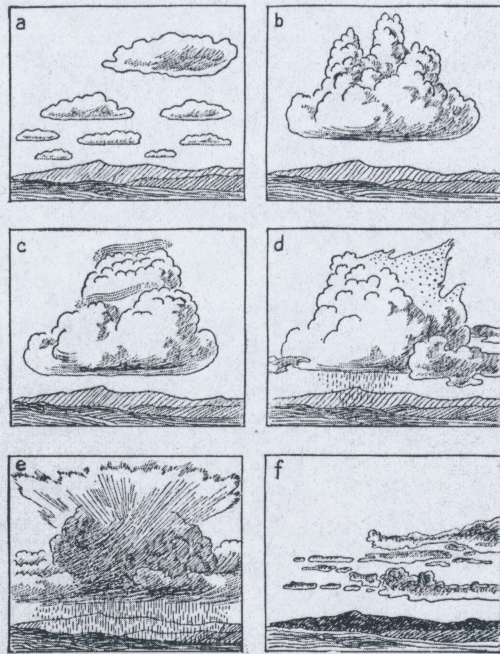


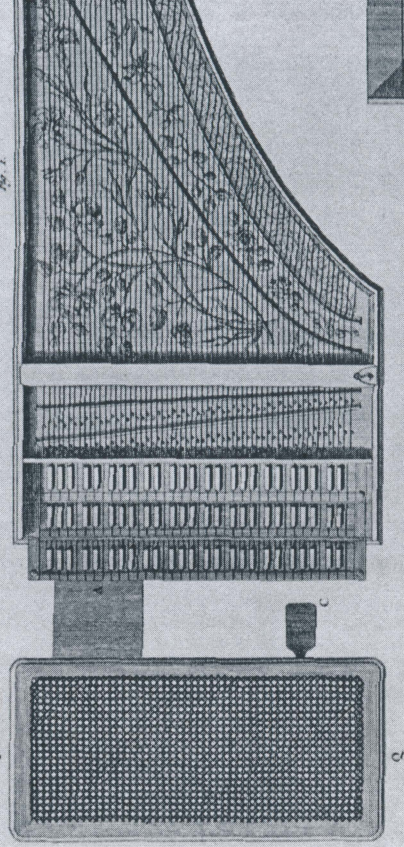
FIG. 50.—Types of convective holy assumptions. *a*, multiple ascensions at once; *b*, towering divine cloud, with heavenly host sitting atop as if on a pontoon boat; *c*, similar, but faster, causing more wind to form atop the sacred condensation-form; *d*, conch shell formation with light drizzle on the faithful; *e*, conflicting divine emotions: quick propulsion of transfigured individual upwards while dumping hard rain and stale mana on any spectators present; *f*, host of heaven gets lost en route to scheduled assumption, wanders aimlessly till it gets late and by then it's time to go back home for dinner.





P

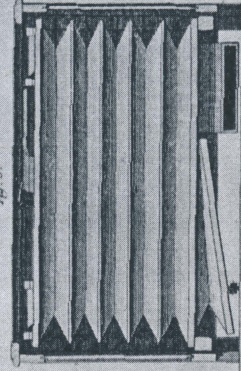
Fig. 2.



Q

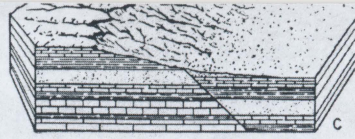
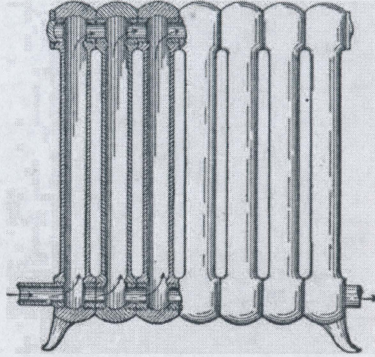
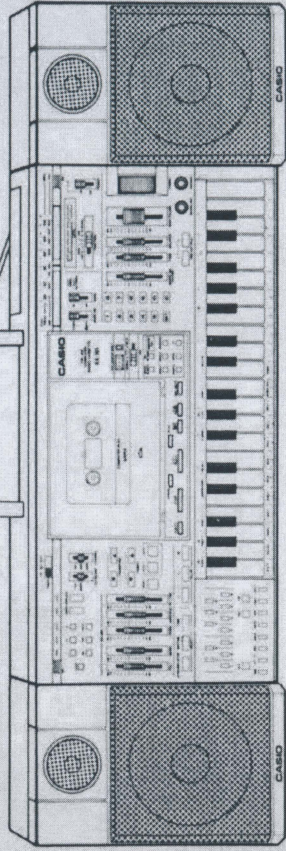


Fig. 3.

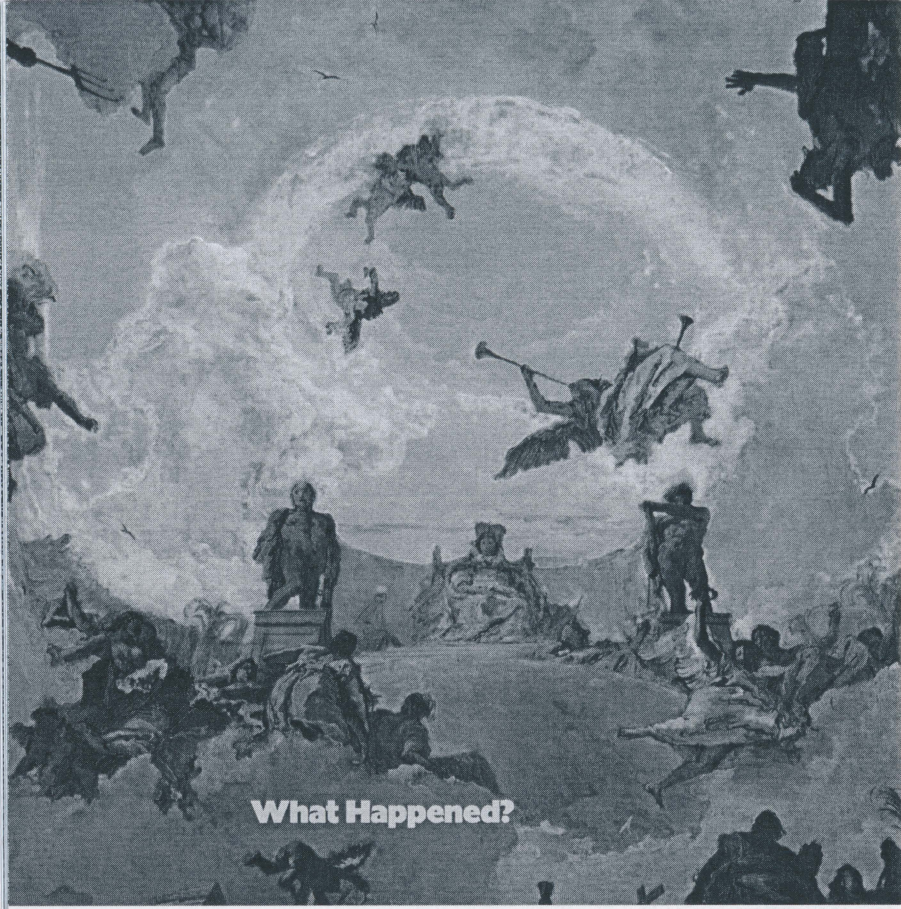


Scheda di

Disegnata dal







**What Happened?**







**Download this album for free on the World Wide Web:**

<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1nwx8pgtJASxpsEd-jczyh7CEOc3uSXPmE?usp=sharing>



*Abram "Abe" Shriner in his South Minneapolis apartment.*

## Why "Apotheosis Trade Show"?

"I'm reaching my own apotheosis," Abe muses as he plays a little melody on his keyboard. "This is a terminal degree I'm getting here and if I don't feel transfigured by this experience, then I probably never will." He shrugs slightly and continues. "It's truly bizarre presenting your MFA thesis work in the confines of a group show. I felt like I was setting up my wares at an expo center. I originally considered including an actual kiosk but decided the vinyl banner worked well enough at getting the point across."

"Additionally, the work is about religion (e. g. capitalism), autocracy and self-emancipation through art-making."



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COMPACT  
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DIGITAL AUDIO

Digital Aufnahme  
Digital Recording



# APOTHEOSIS TRADE SHOW

1. Apotheosis I
2. Exposition 2023
3. Apotheosis II
4. Adagio (Corelli)
5. Antithesis I
6. Sakralsätze
7. Adagio (Abe)
8. Sleepover at Gethsemane
9. Die Grasorgel Anruf
10. Thermidorian Trade Show
11. The King's Hunting Jigg
12. Canticle
13. Apotheosis III
14. Antithesis II

*Total Time: [38'46]*

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