

b00k

[intro](#)

[bios](#)

workspaces

[camila malenchini](#)

[theo livesey](#)

[manolis tsipos](#)

[julia handschuh](#)

b00k © 2017 yonkers
international press
the © of each individual work
belongs to the respective artist

typeface
cooper hewitt by chester jenkins

introduction

It is my pleasure to welcome you to this, our first public event at b00k, which takes the form of a group presentation featuring artists Camila Malenchini, Theo Livesey, Manolis Tsipos, and Julia Handschuh.

How to begin? I am torn between two contradictory impulses: the desire to maintain the metaphor of b00k as a physically inhabitable space (see the back cover), and the desire to drop the act and describe b00k plainly as an experiment conducted at the intersection of performance and publication. It is both! B00k is a performance and a paperback. b00k is book.

b00k is an intentionally global project. The workspaces you will pass through here were worked in all over the world. We met, on occasion, in inboxes and file sharing services. We never shared a room but we shared a clear intention—to occupy and take responsibility for a space of inflexible dimensions. A space, the same space, which you are now invited to enter.

Indeed, b00k is book like globe is earth. We live where we live but we also live within a certain rhythm and periodization of communication, a certain frequency of self-publishing, a certain echo-locatable constellation of distant, intimate relations with whom we keep in touch. b00k is an effort to materialize a single meeting place within both of these, our lives.

You may notice from reading the bio's on the next page that performance seems to be an interest shared by the 4 residents. It's true. Because b00k is a performance of a space, an intentional act of physically impossible literal hospitality, b00k invites artists for whom the methods and techniques typically germane to performance practice are deeply relevant. We don't expect any particular results, we only offer the opportunity to be in a different kind of studio with the knowledge that in a few months an audience will be placing their hands and eyes all over whatever is left behind.

It is an absolute joy to present you with, and invite you into this first b00k.

ben van buren
b00k residency and presentation facilitator

camila malenchini

Her practice shifts around dance, performance, visual art and DIY+with others art production. She does her own work: choreographic, performative and objectual. She works for/with others, as a performer, as an artistic collaborator and as graphic designer/art producer. camilamalenchini.hotglue.me

theo livesey

Moving from very little to almost too much, the writing chosen for b00k is a distillation of just over a years worth of notebooks and sketches. It is presented here as a first step into sharing those writings, and exploring forms of presentation in the worlds of publication and performance.

manolis tsipos

He was born in 1979 in Athens, Greece. He is a cross-disciplinary performance artist and mentor with extensive professional experience within the European contemporary performing arts field. He coaches workshops on the DasArts Feedback Method internationally and he is a writer with publications in Greece and France.

julia handschuh

In 2015, Julia lost her older brother to cancer. In recent years it has seemed more reasonable to keep her audience small, mostly to people she loves and lives around. Living Notes marks a process of dilation, on the eve of becoming older than her older brothers. juliashoe.com

camila malenchini

camila malenchini

camila malenchini

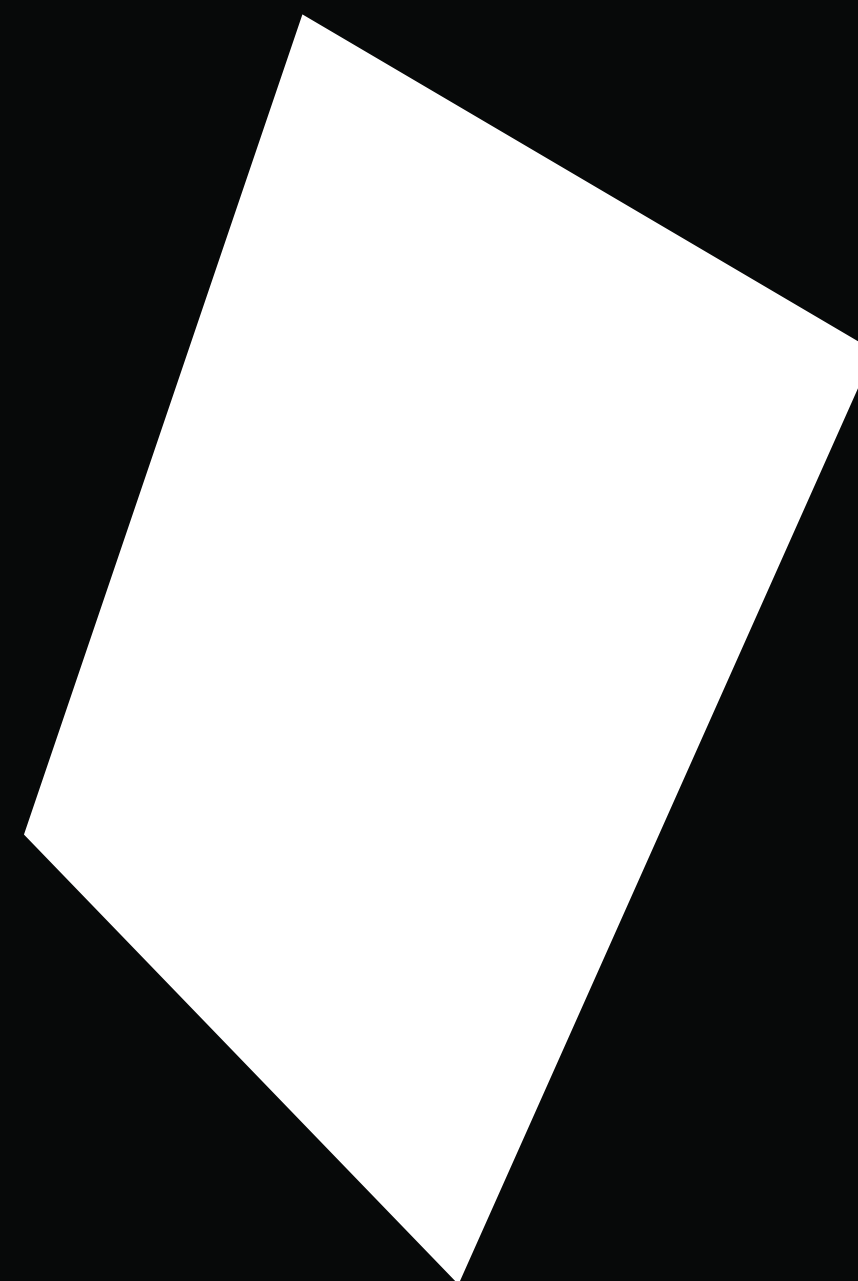
camila malenchini

camila malenchini

camila malenchini

Make one dance

Stand in the middle and watch the limits.



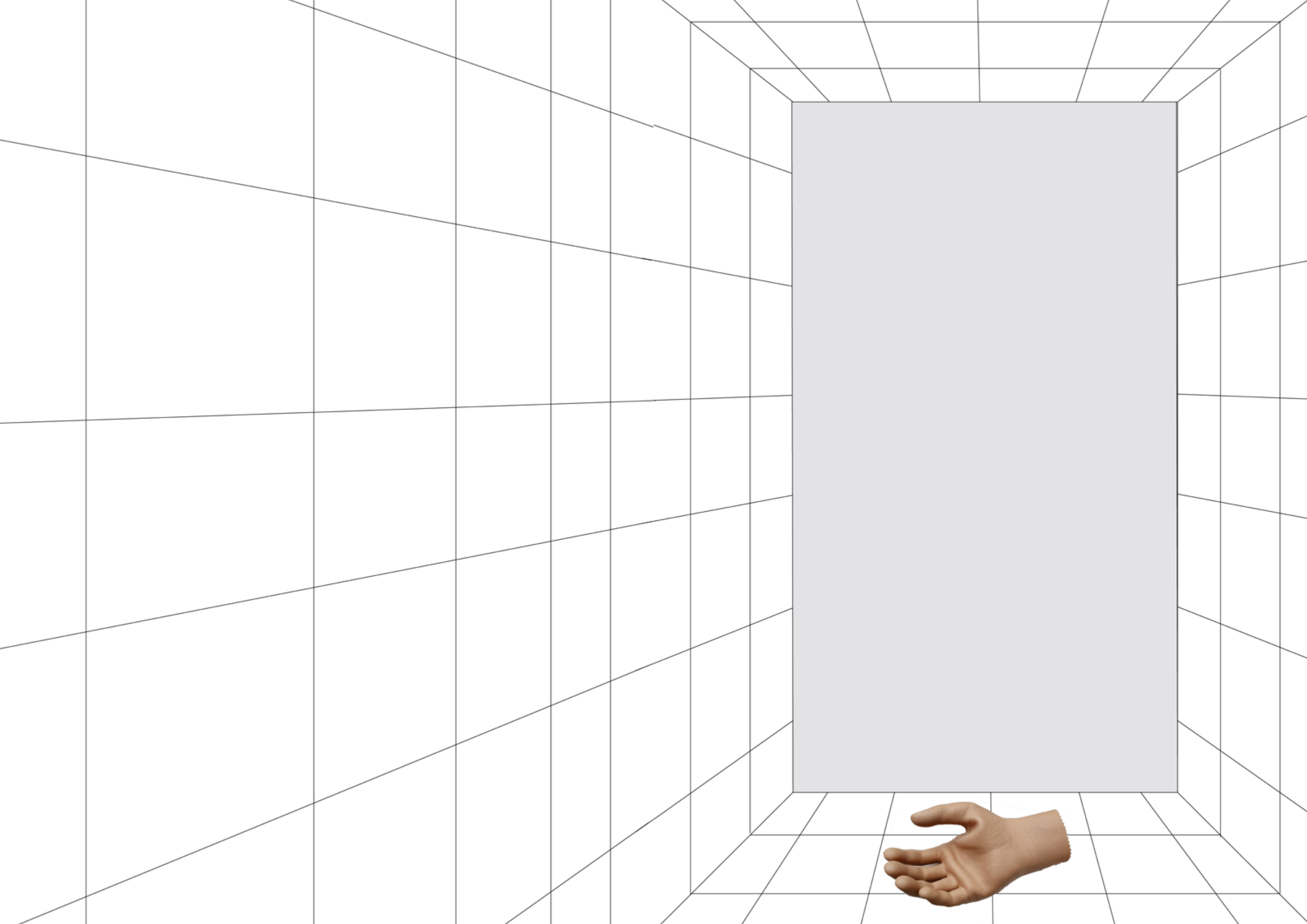




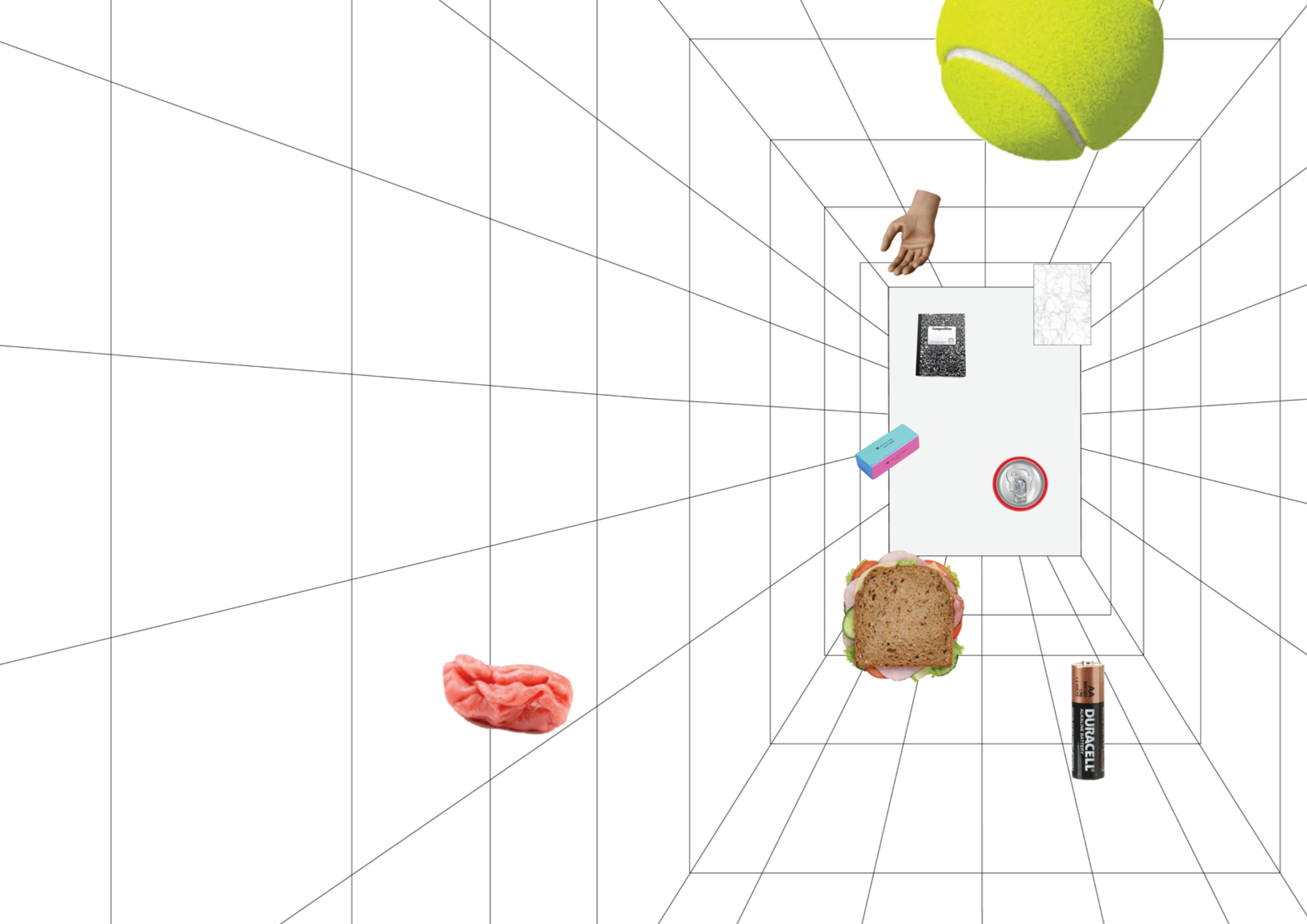
Make the space be something.

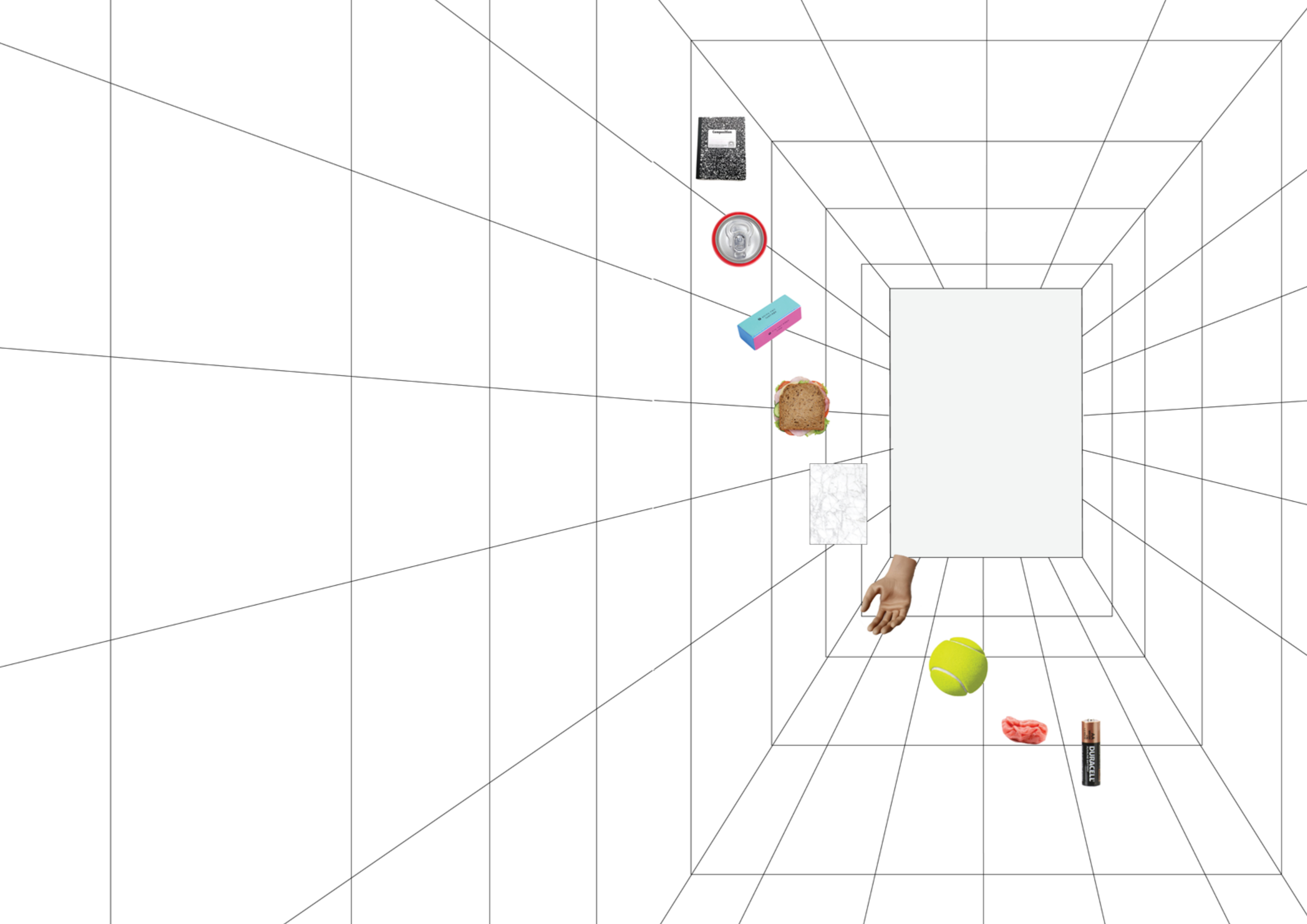


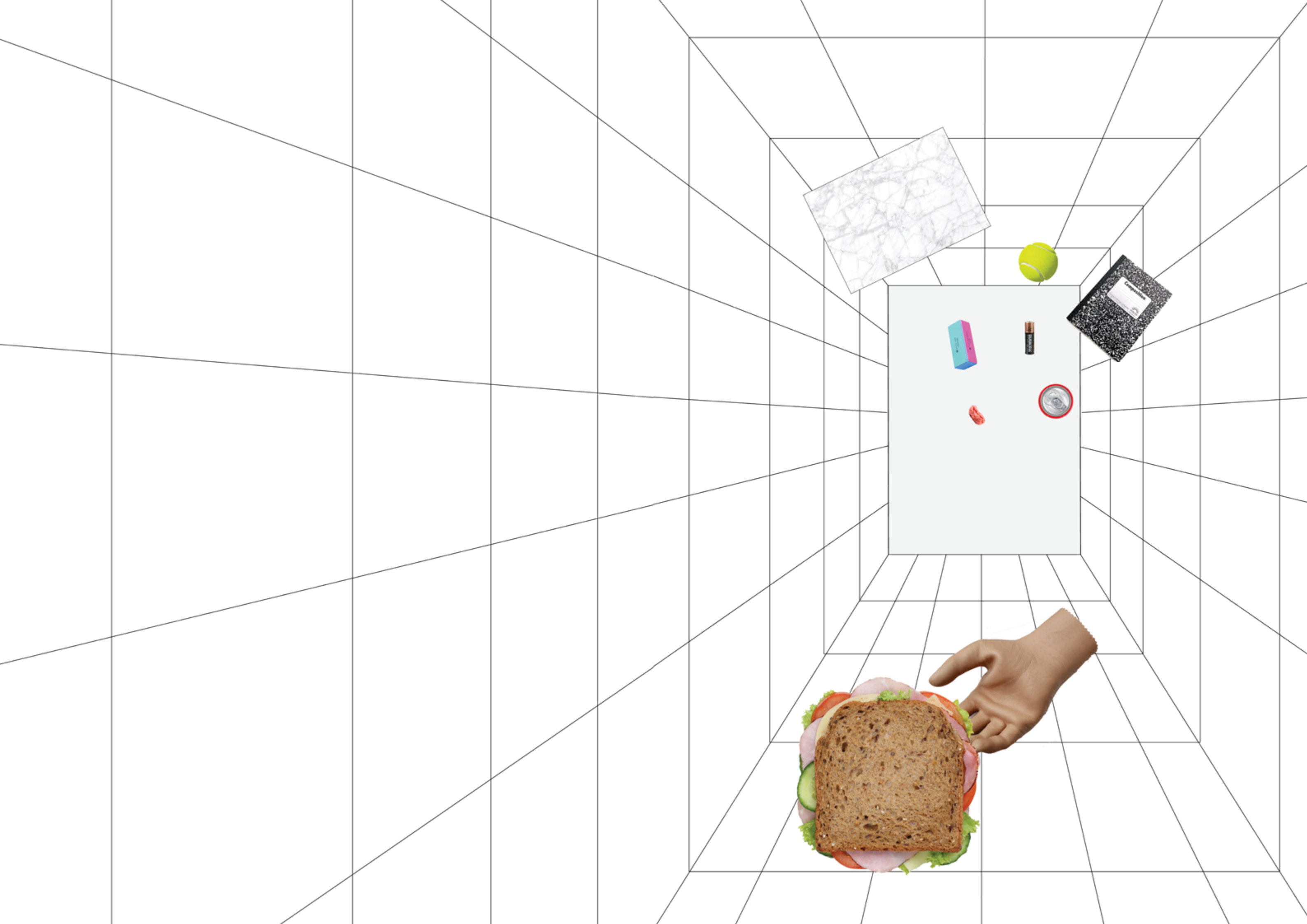


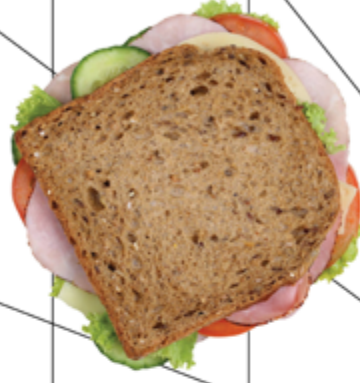
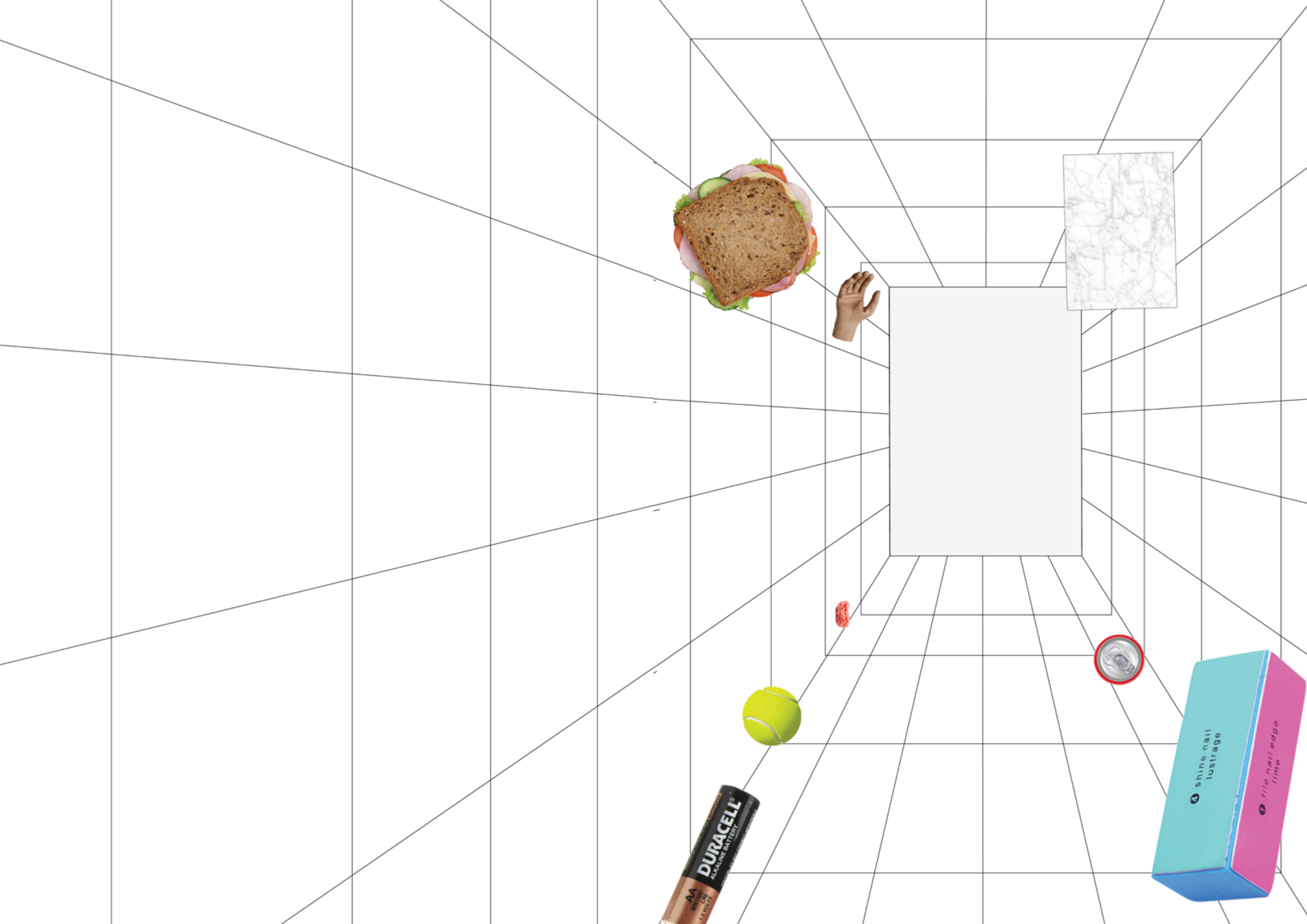


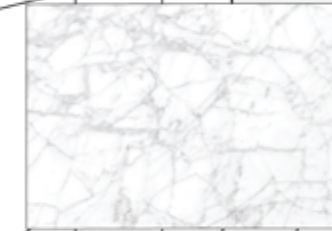
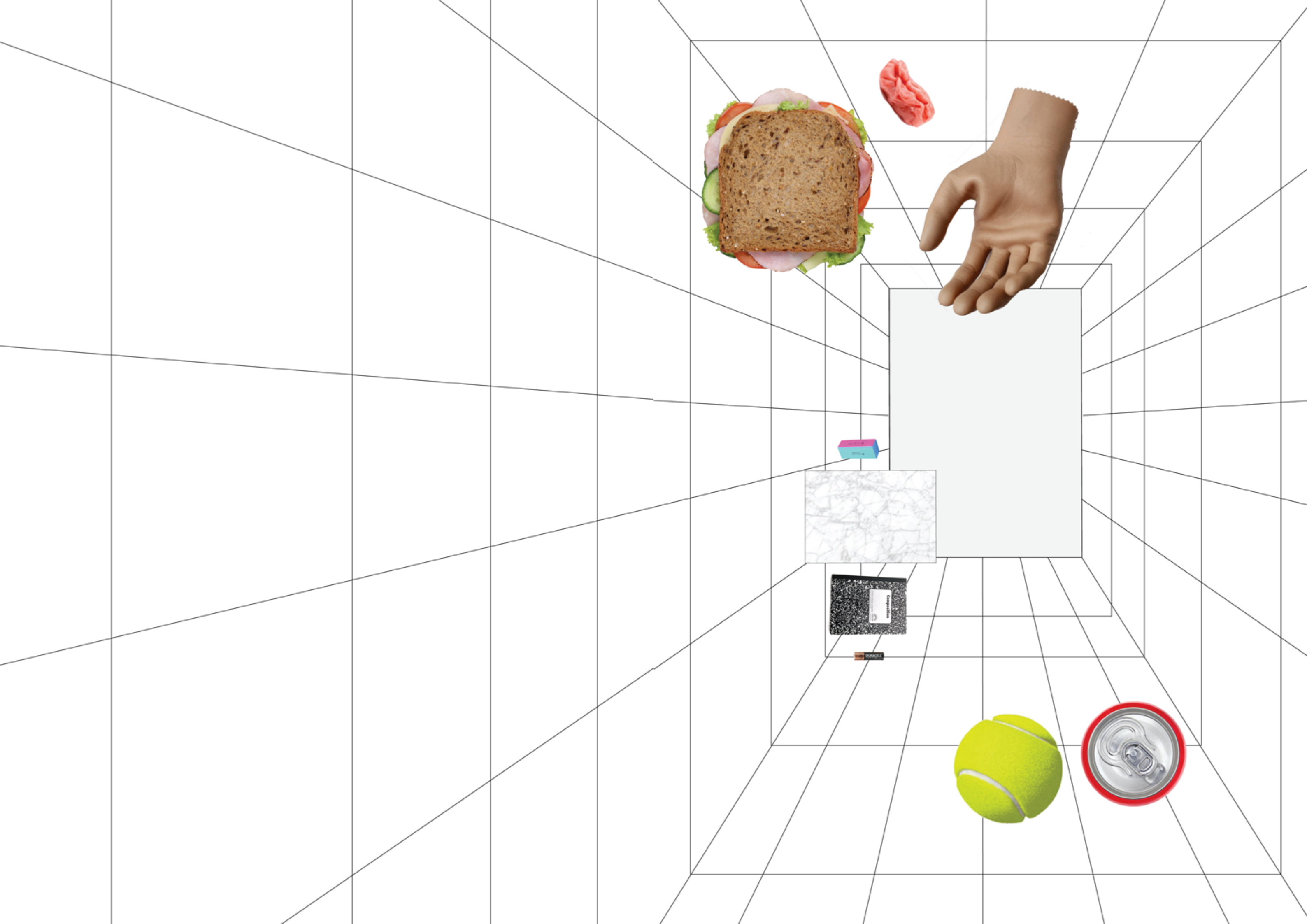
Move some things through space.









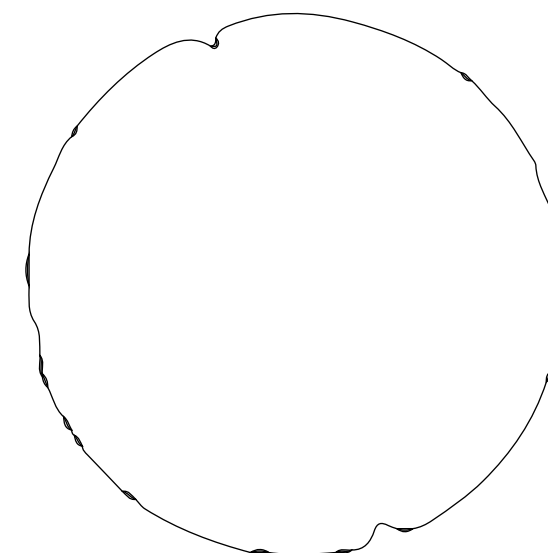


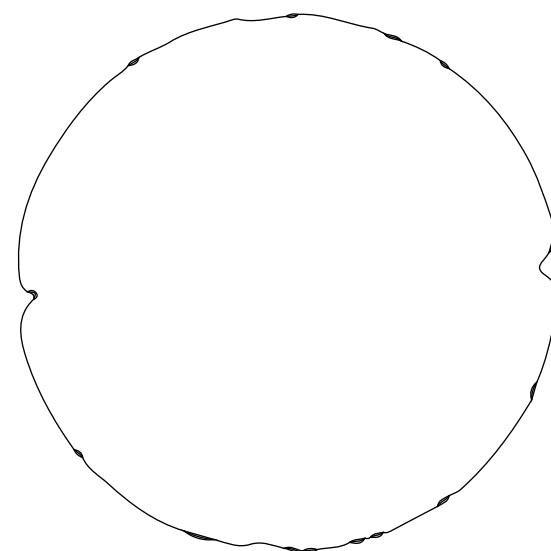
Make a beginning.





Break that one thing.





Take one part.



Hold it until it makes itself clear and it is able to reproduce itself autonomously.















Confuse *it* and confuse yourself,
like when you are standing in the middle and
cannot see the limits.

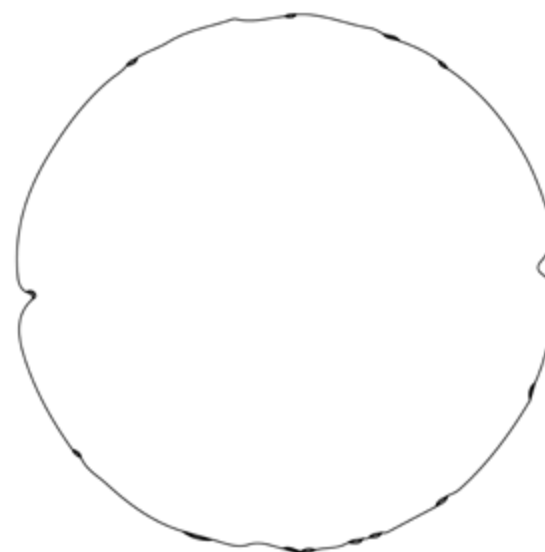


Leave it alone for a while.



Turn off the light.
Once you are rested and ready turn it on again.

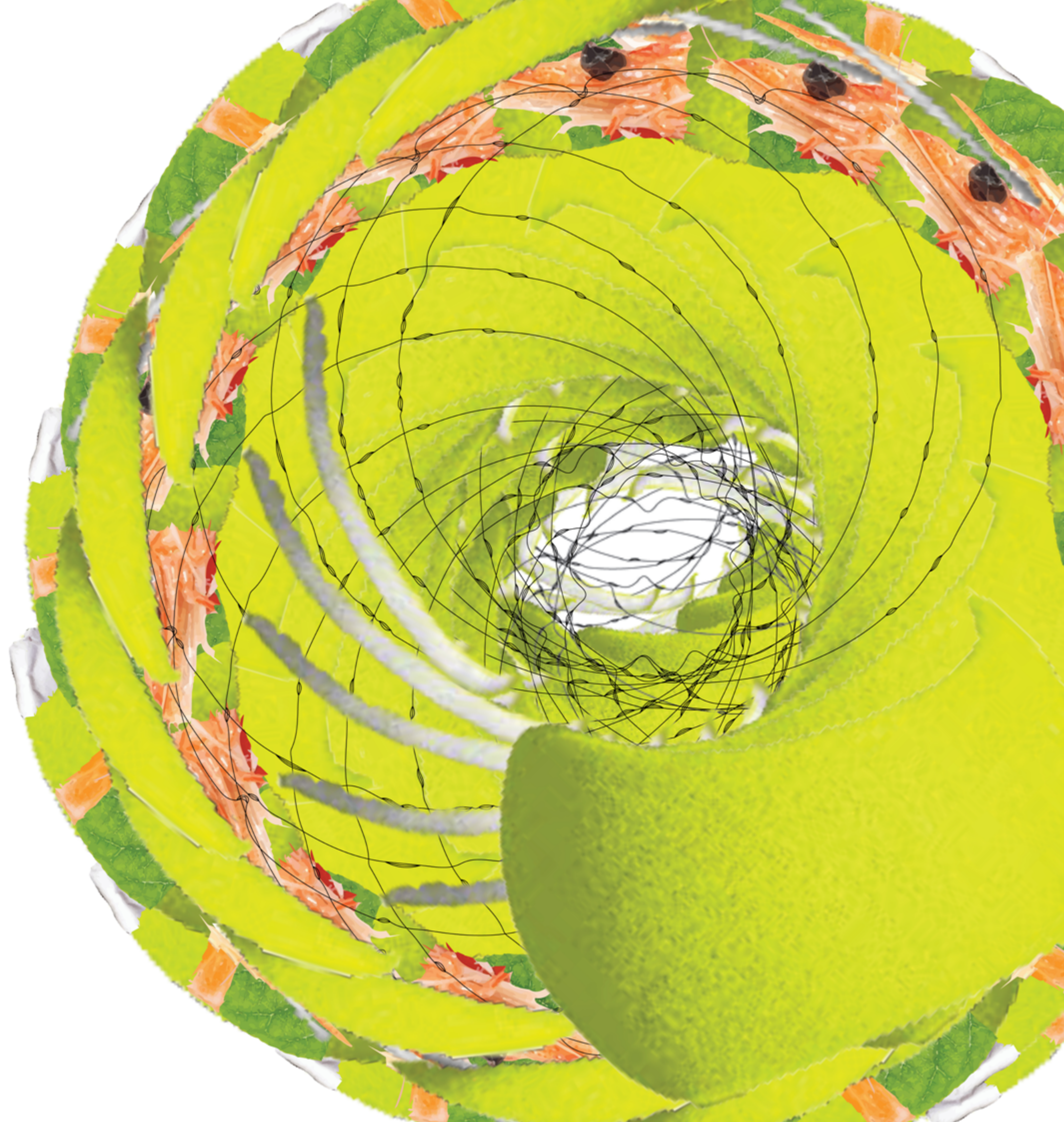
Don't get angry with the material and don't expect the material to be something familiar.
Suspect from familiar and expect something from what you cannot understand.

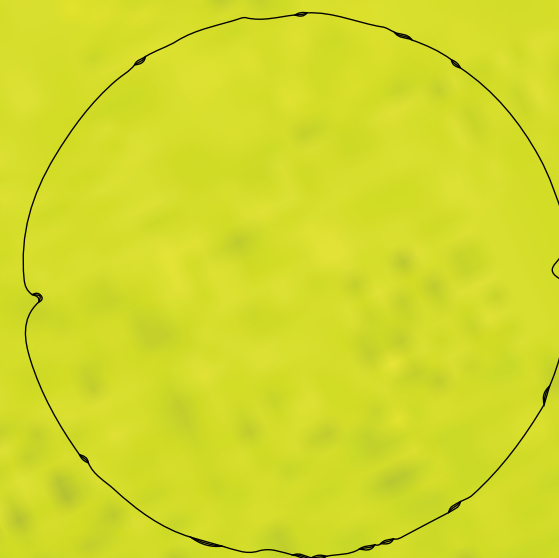


Move around the structure of the situation.

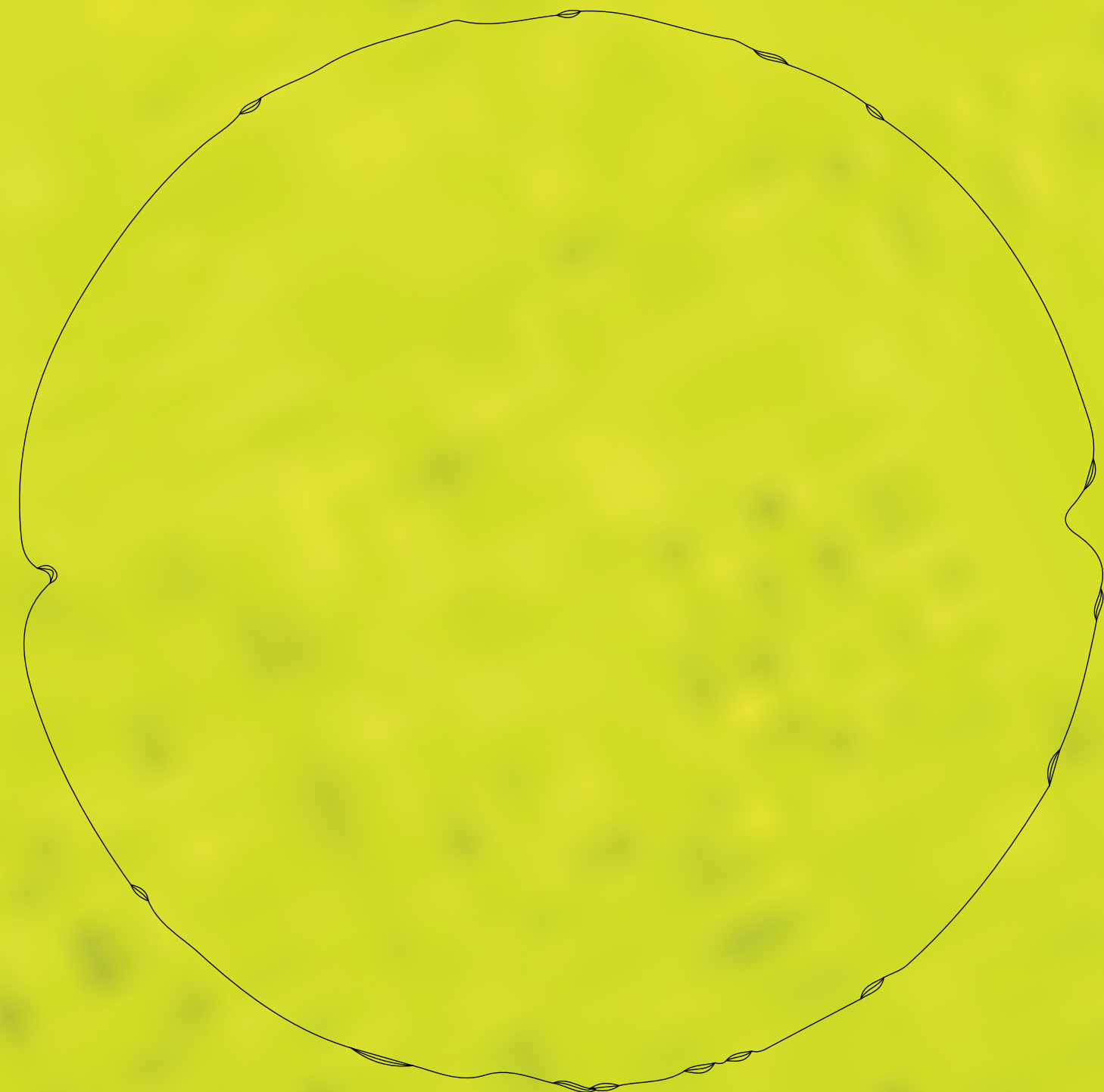


Accelerate the structure until *it* dissapears and *what* remains.

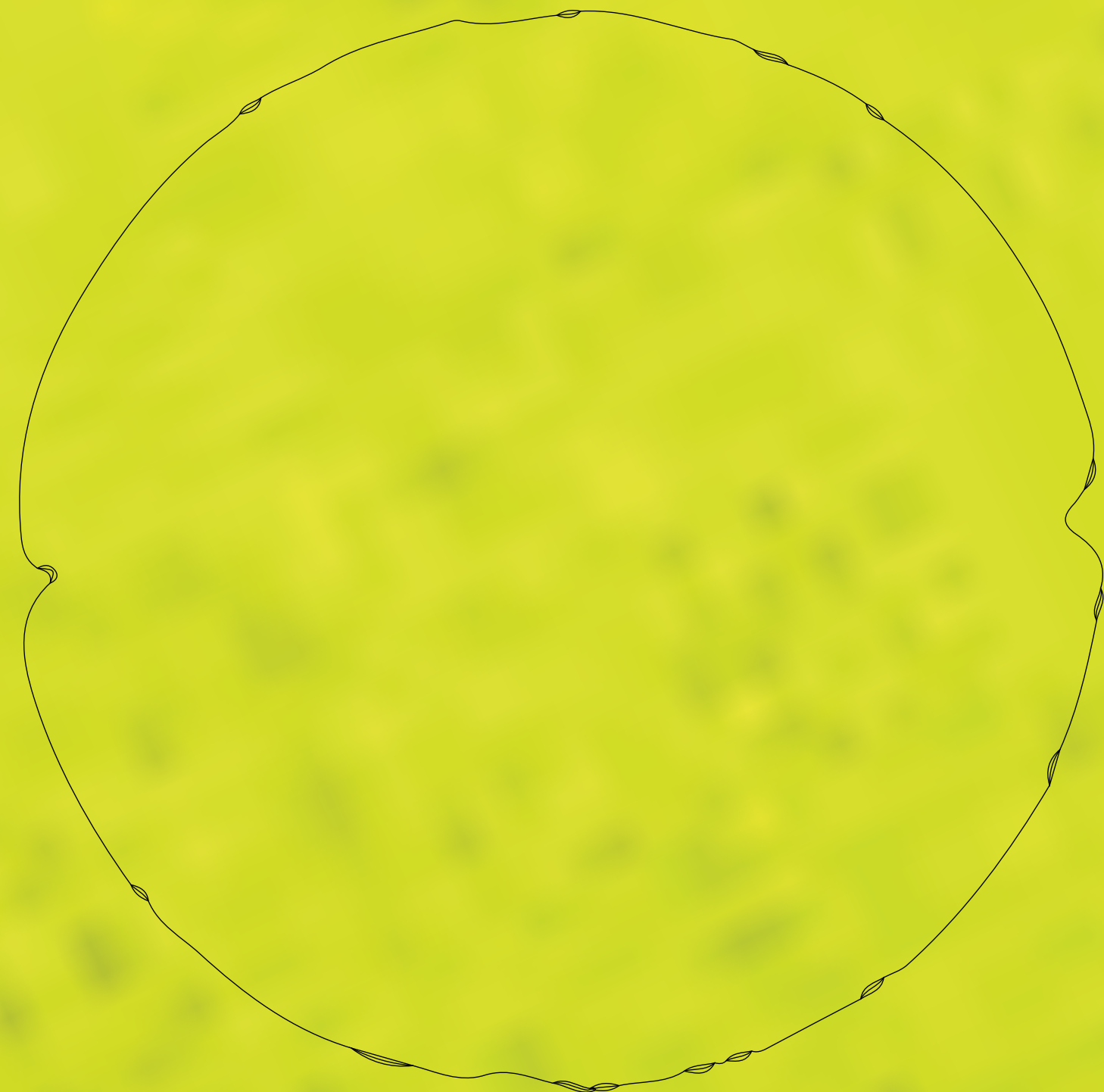




Zoom in to *what*.



Condense *what* in a possibility,
let *what* disappear into a song.



Am C

“Baby I like your style

Dm Dm

Dm

Streets not safe

Am

Grips on your legs

C

Front way, back way

You know that I don't play

Dm

But I never run away

Even when I'm away

Am

C

OT, OT is never much love
when we go OT

Am

That's why I need a one dance

Dm

I pray to make it back
in one piece

Dm

I pray, I pray

C

Got the Hennessy
in my hand

Dm

One more time 'fore I go

Dm

I have powers taking ahold on me

Am

I need a one dance

C

Got the Hennessy in my hand

Dm

One more time 'fore I go

Dm

Higher powers taking
ahold on me

Am C

Dm

Baby I like your style

Am

Strength and guidance

C

All that I'm wishing for my friends

Dm

Nobody makes it from my ends

Dm

I had to bust up the silence

O'... as ...

Dm

I don't wanna spend time fighting
We've got no time

And that's why I need a one dance



Am

I need a one dance”

Dm

Higher powers taking ahold on me

“O’ my God, I’m

comin’ back to you



Remember circles are the most basic form of life.

Make one dance

Stand in the middle and watch the limits.

Make the space be something.

Move some *things* through space.

Make a beginning.

Brake that one *thing*.

Hold it until *it* makes itself clear and *it* is able to reproduce itself autonomously.

Confuse *it* and confuse yourself, like when you are standing in the middle and cannot see the limits.

Leave *it* alone for a while.

Don't get angry with the material and don't expect the material to be something familiar. Suspect from familiar and expect something from what you cannot understand.

Turn off the lights,
turn them on again once you are rested and ready.

Move the structure of the situation around.

Accelerate the structure until *it* disappears and *what* remains.

Zoom in to *what*.

Condense *what* in a possibility, let *what* disappear in a song.

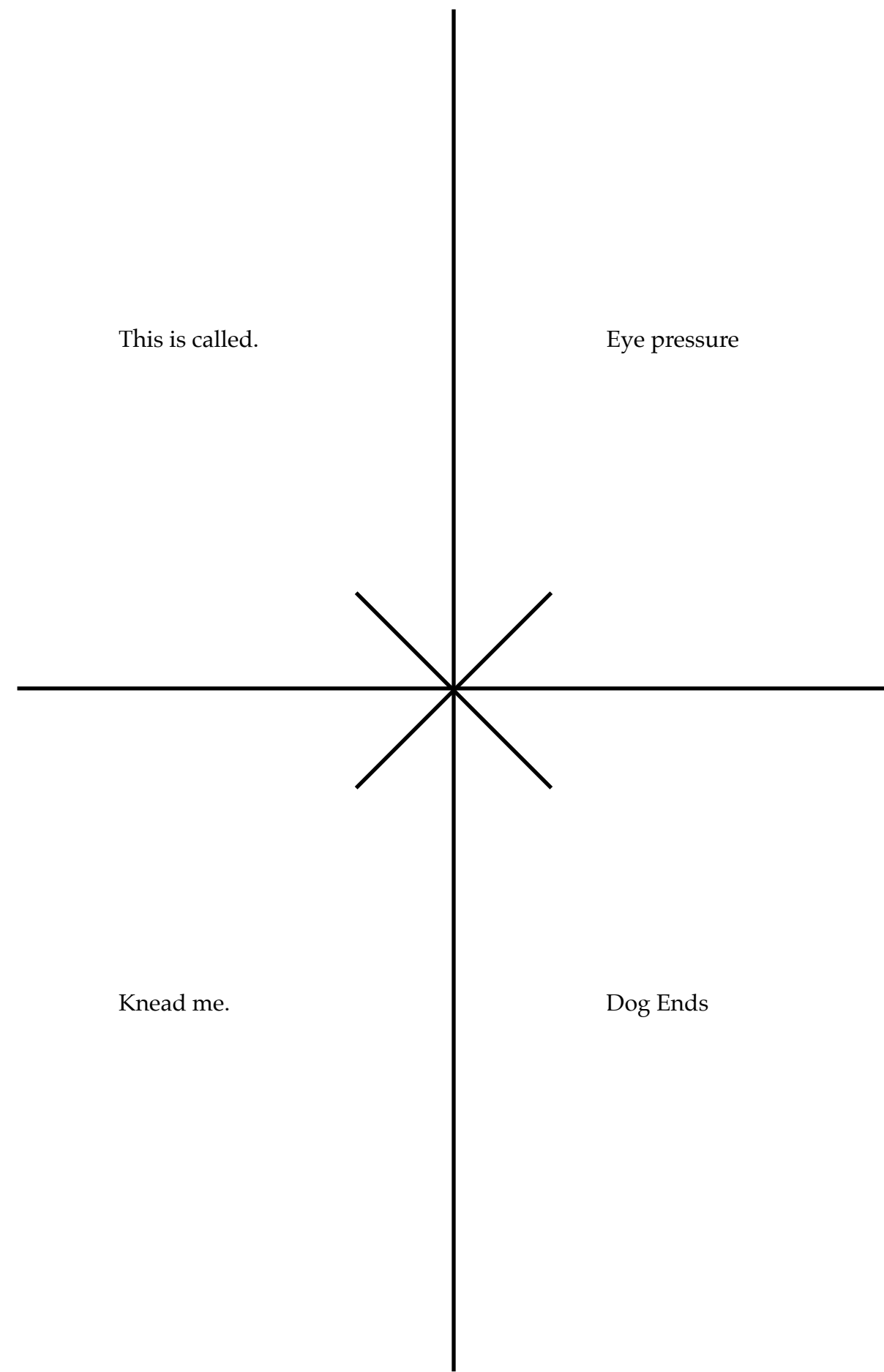
Remember circles are the most basic form of life.

theo livesey

theo livesey

theo livesey

theo livesey

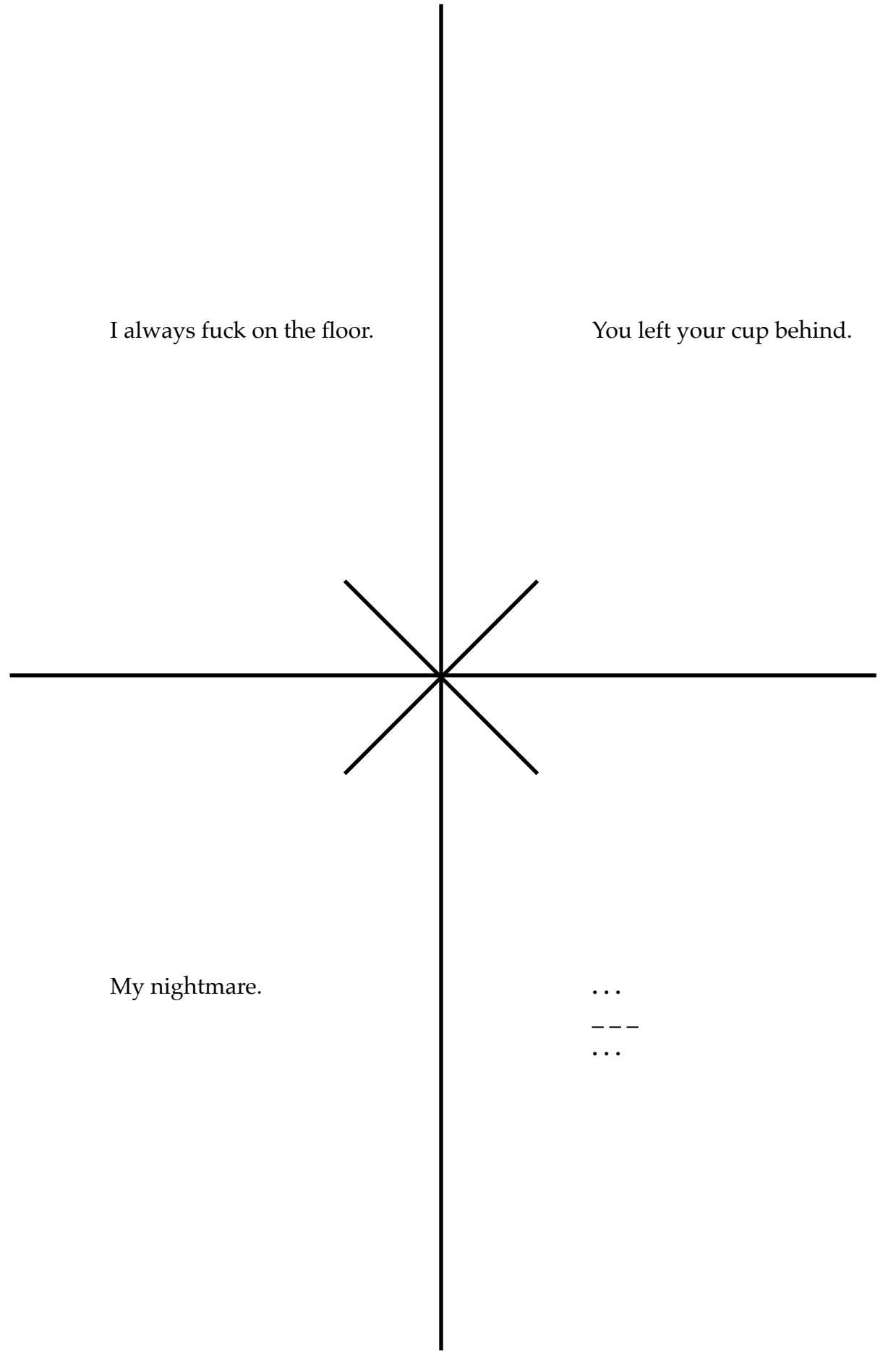
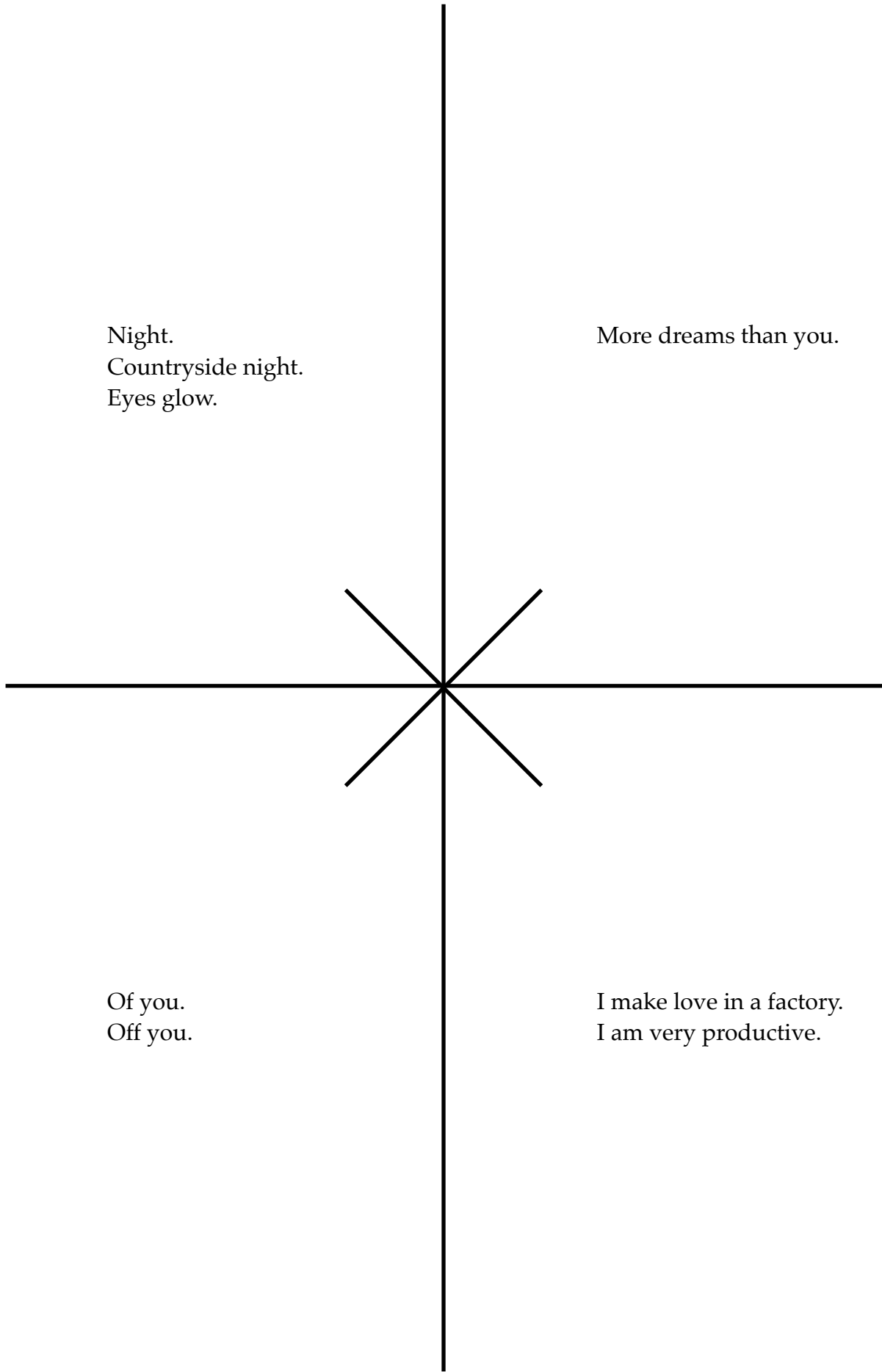


This is called.

Eye pressure

Knead me.

Dog Ends



Save assholes.

Cups your arse.

Declares itself.
Illegal.

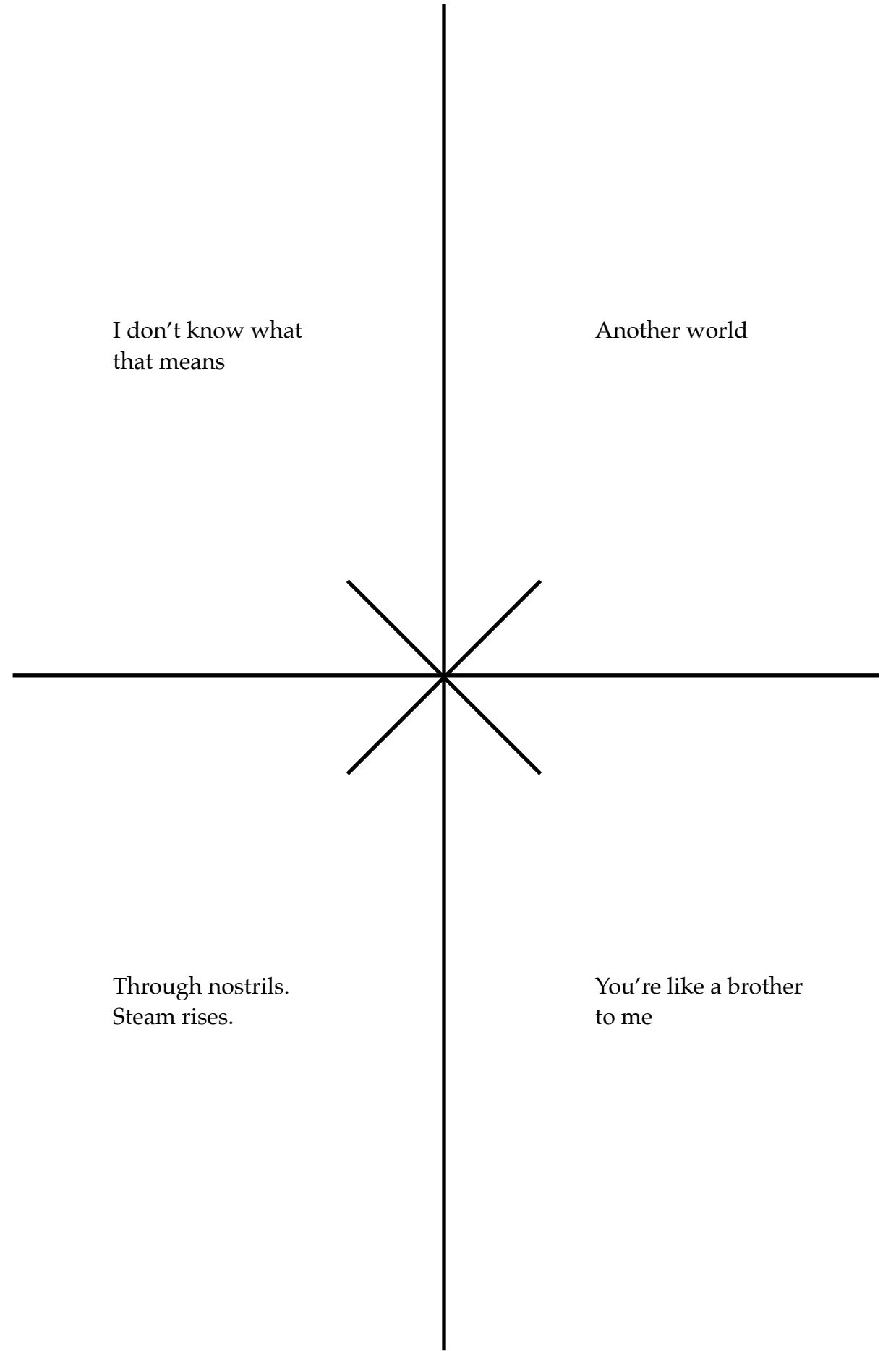
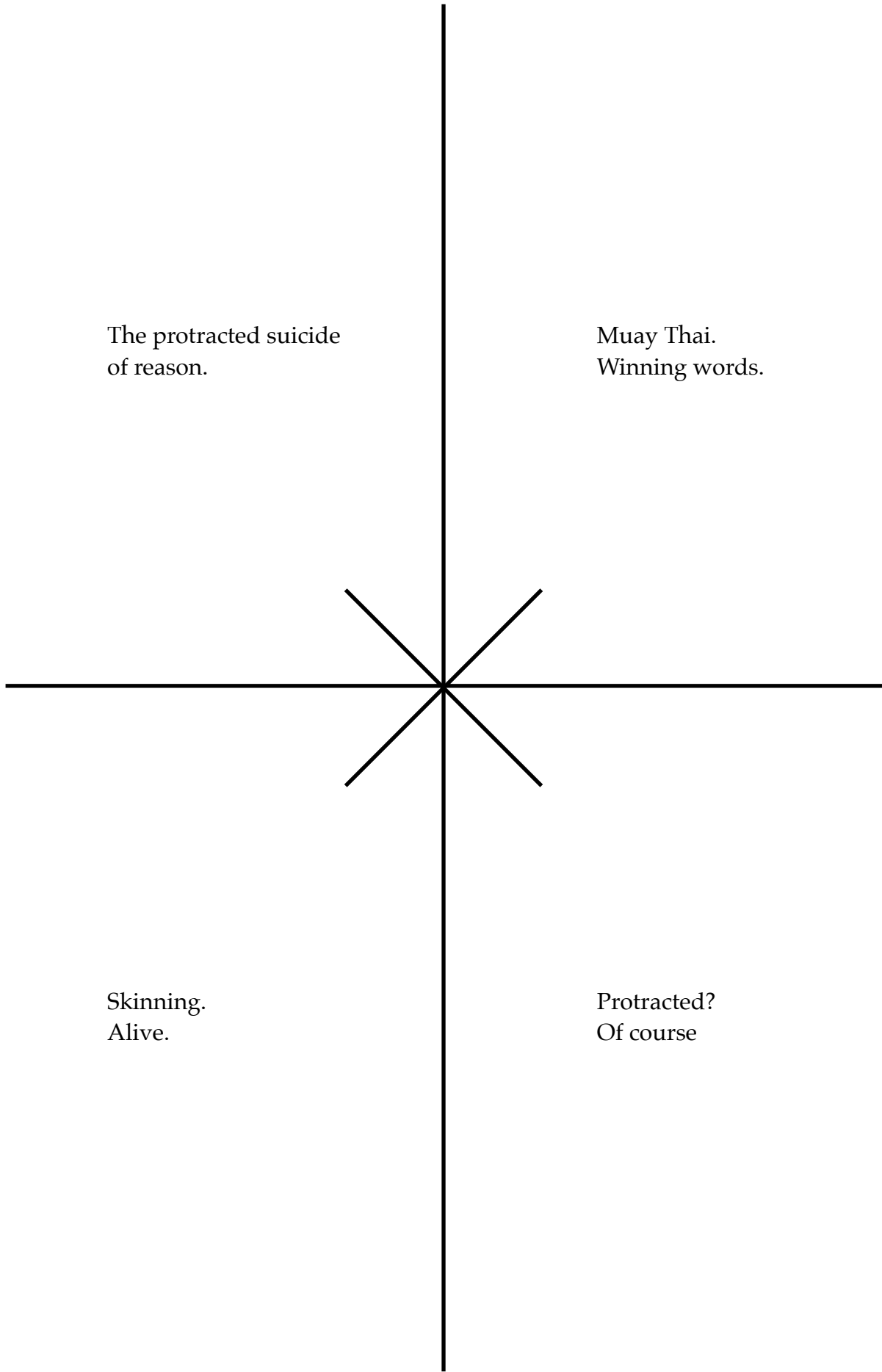
Suck On Something.

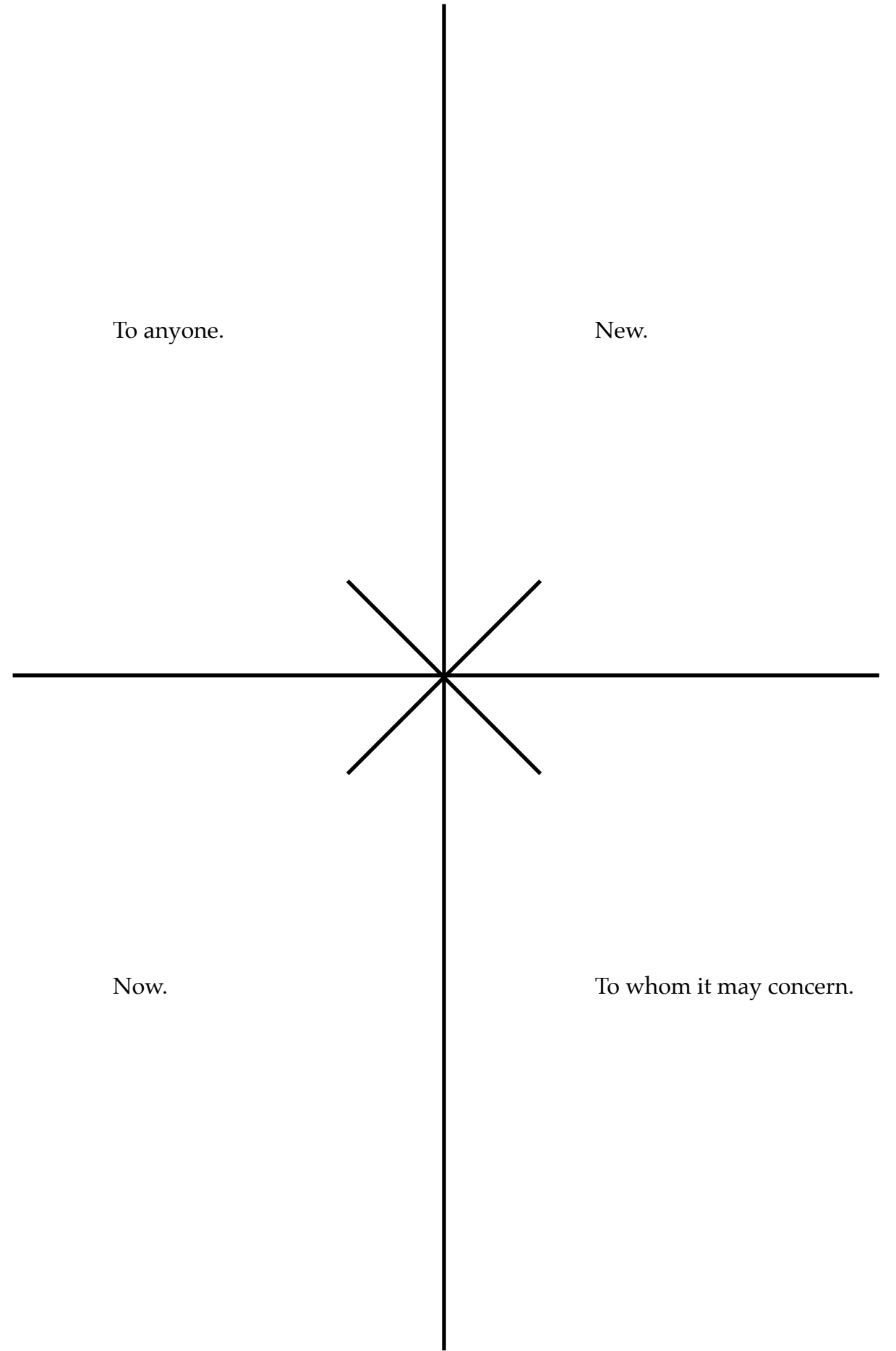
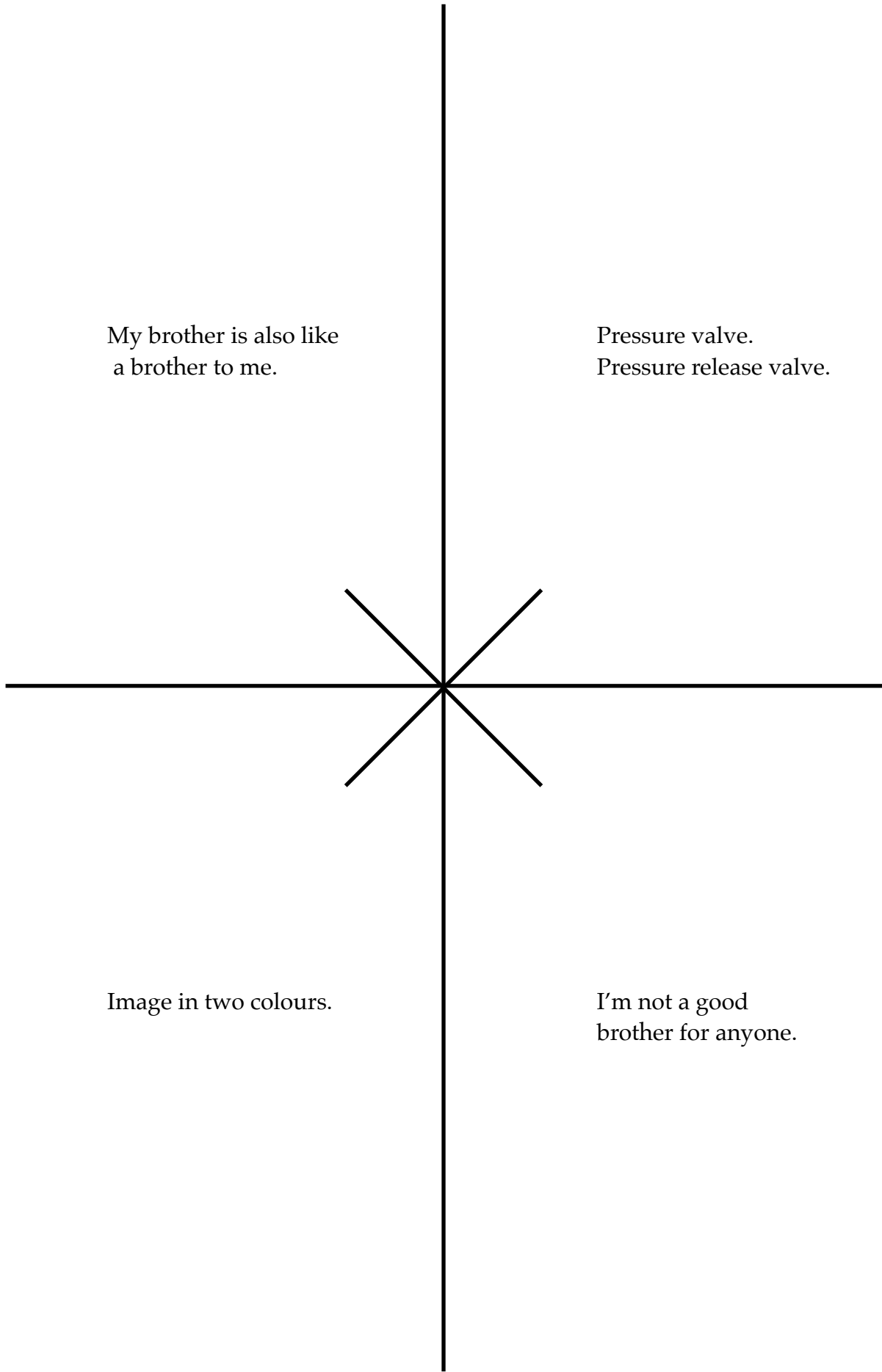
There are more blank
pages in the world
than people.

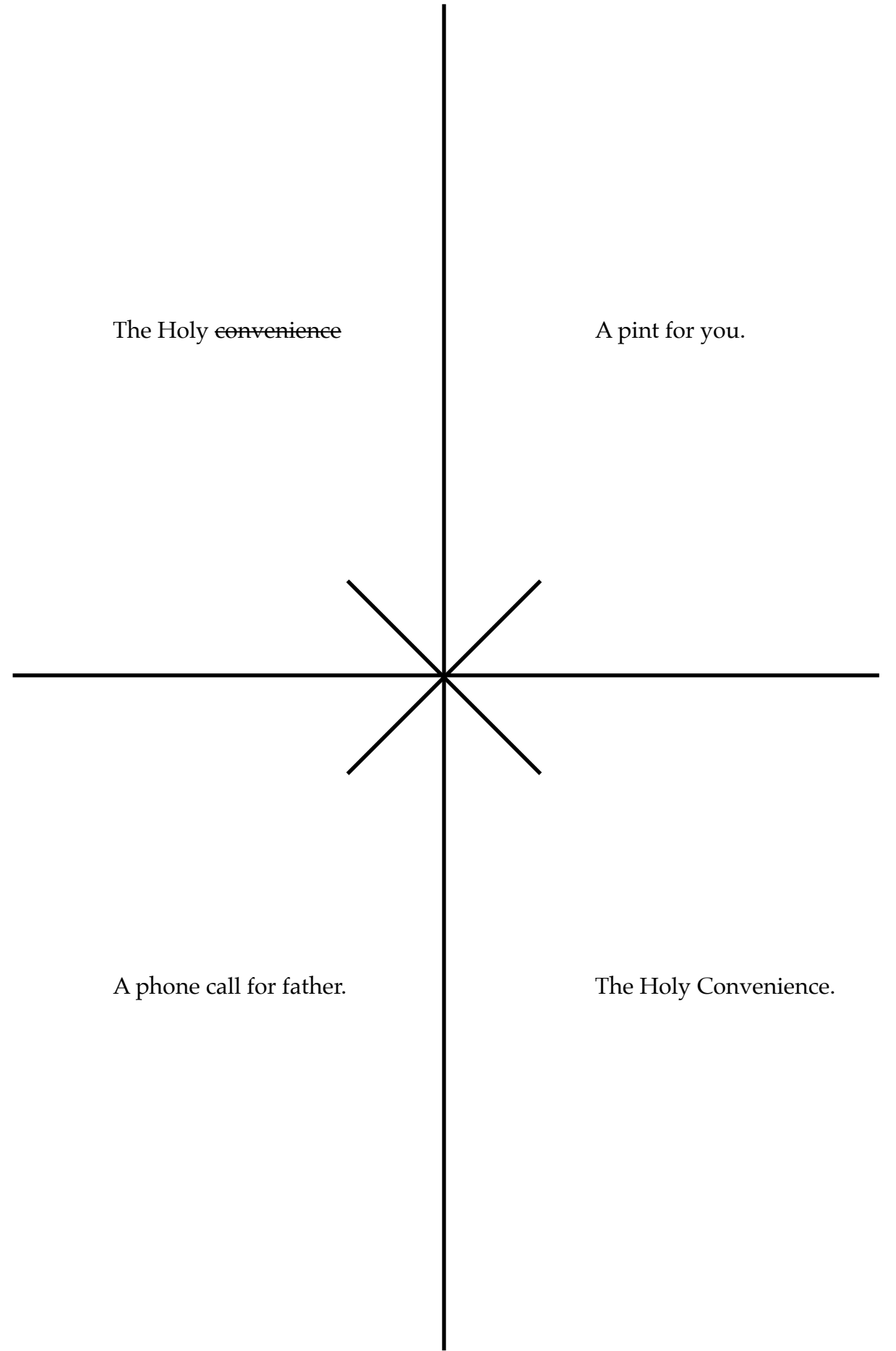
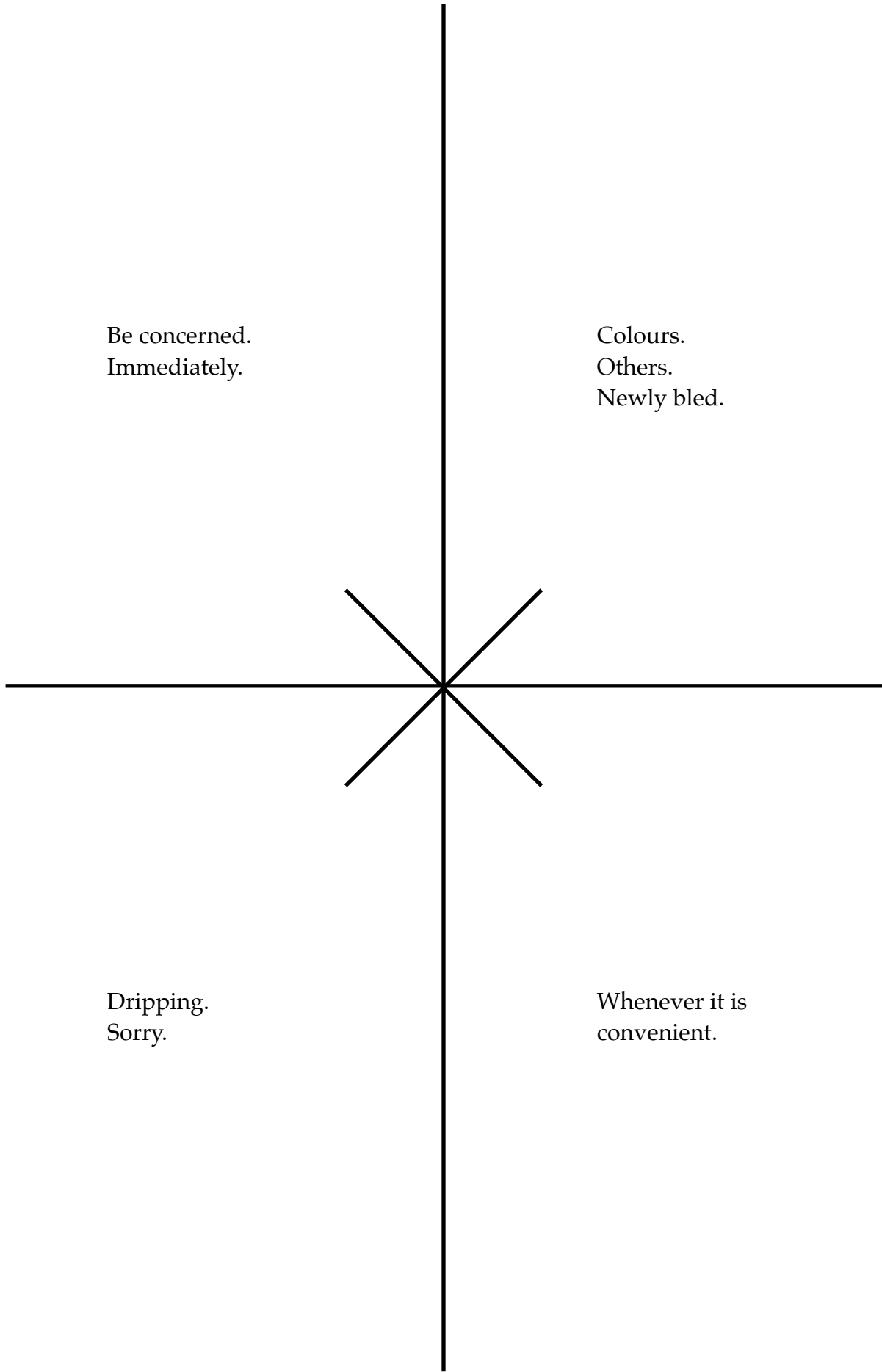
Crucify my hand.

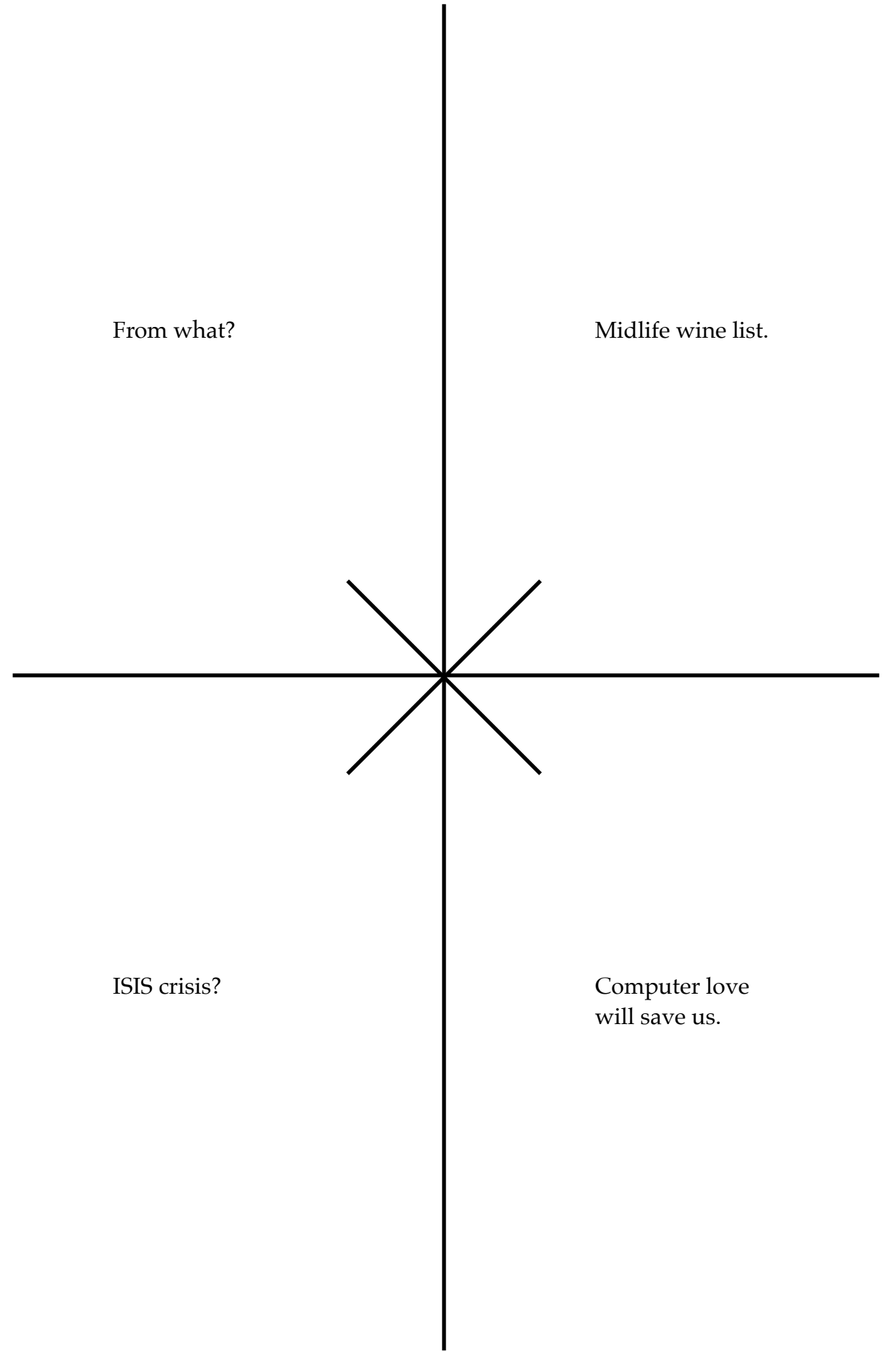
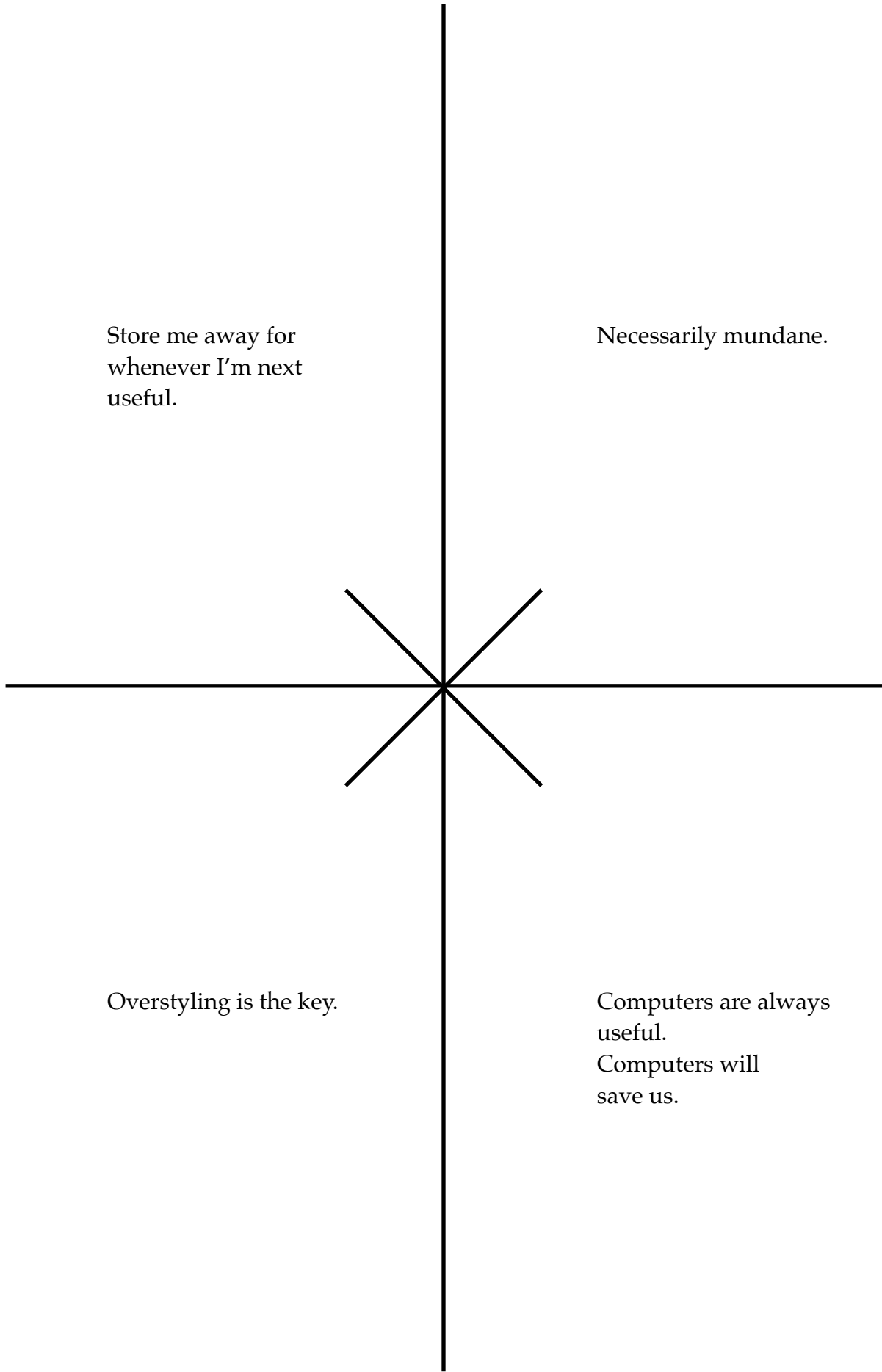
Resurrect my thigh.

There's also not enough pens.









Computer love
will save us.

Your move.
My movie.
Christopher Walken.

Hey Ho.
Let's not think too much.
About it.

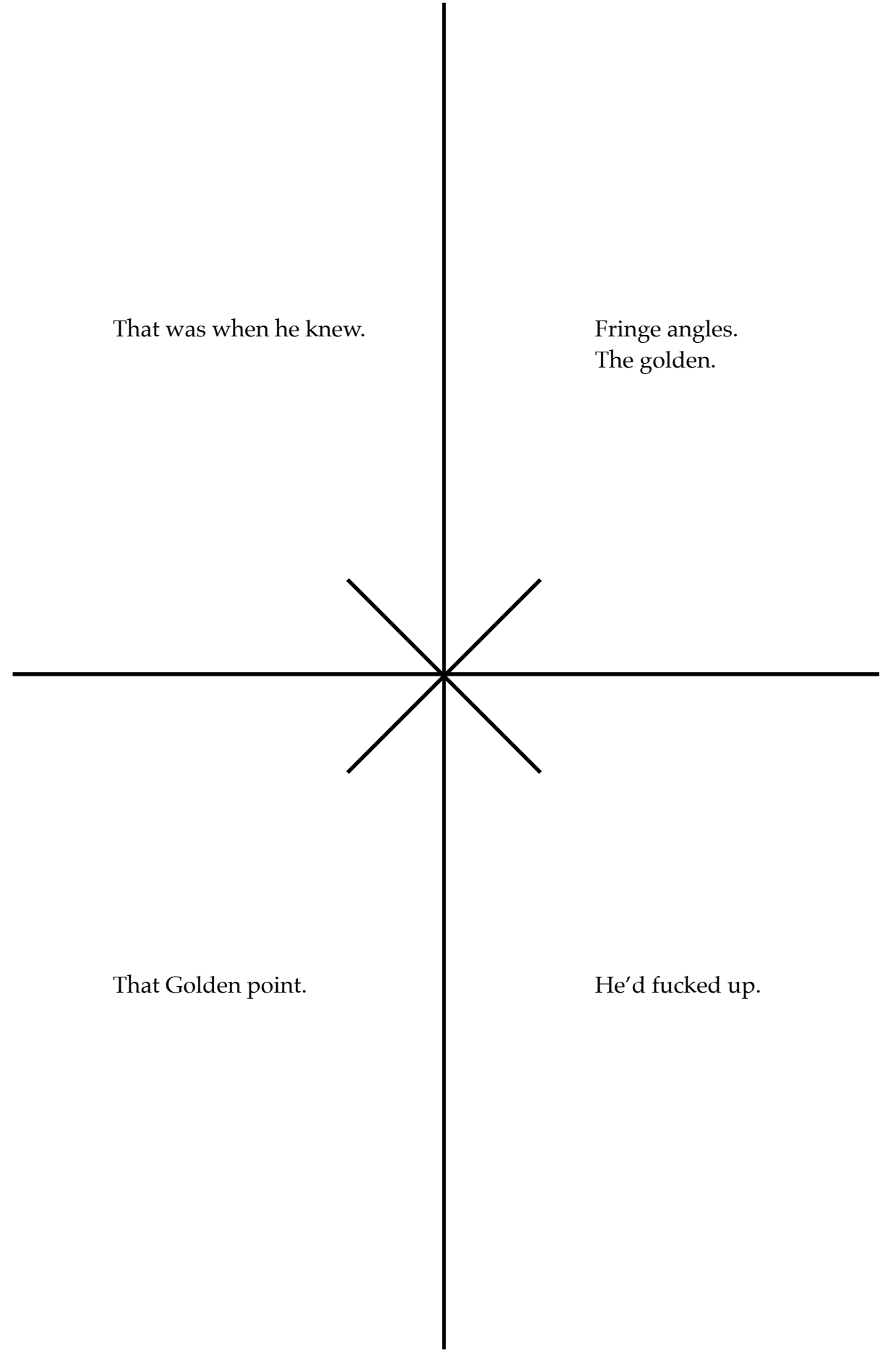
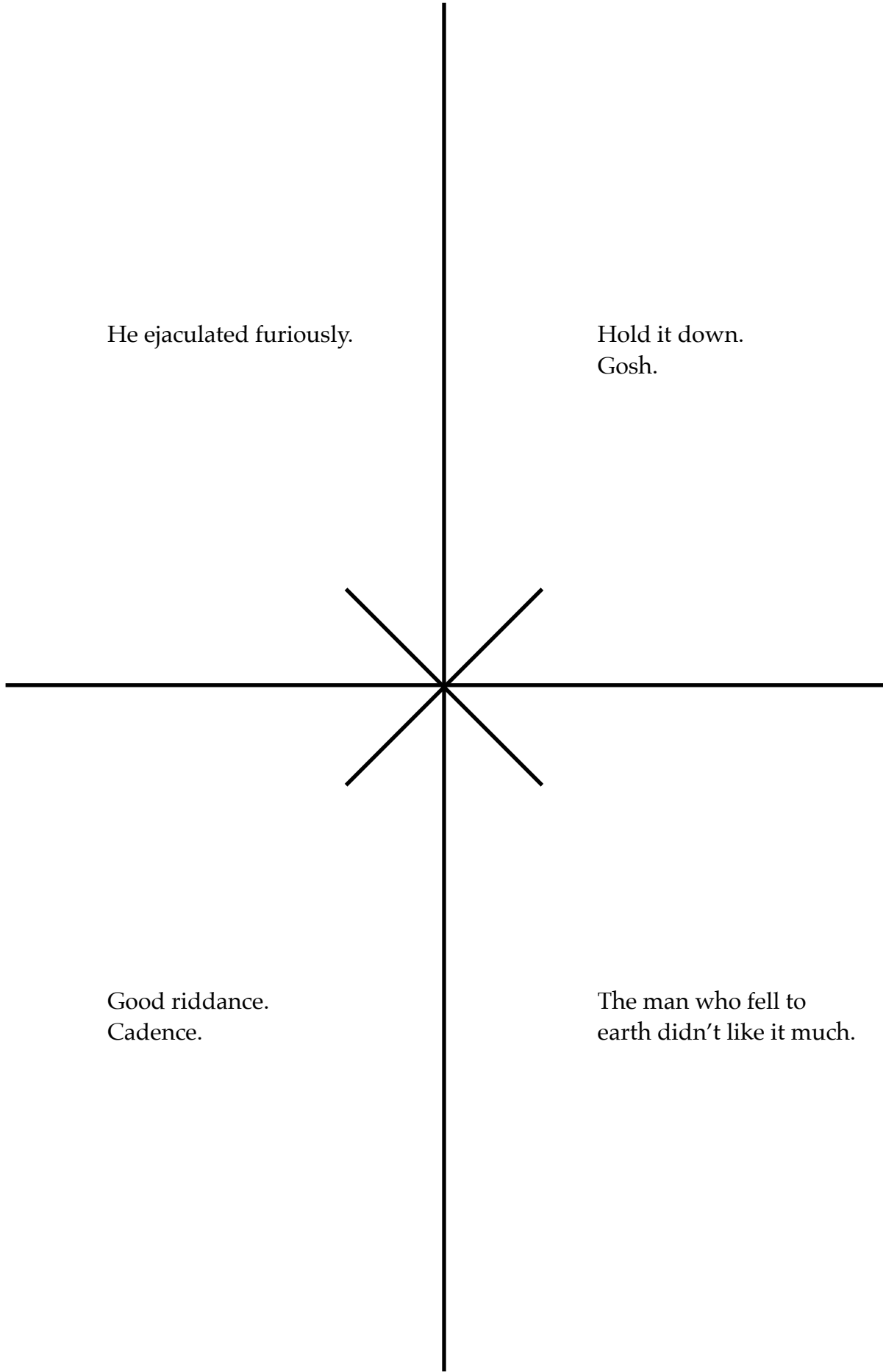
The will to survive.

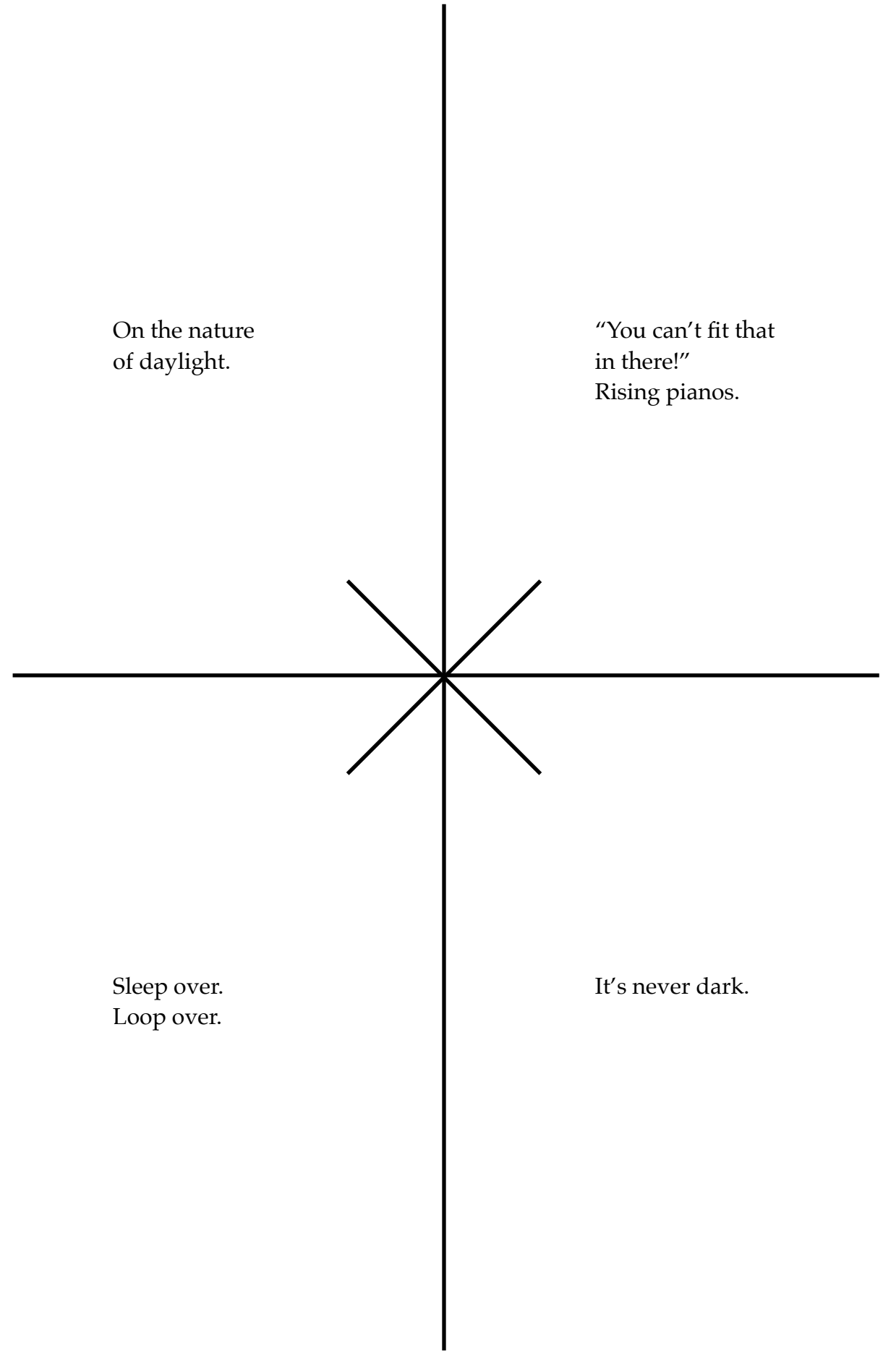
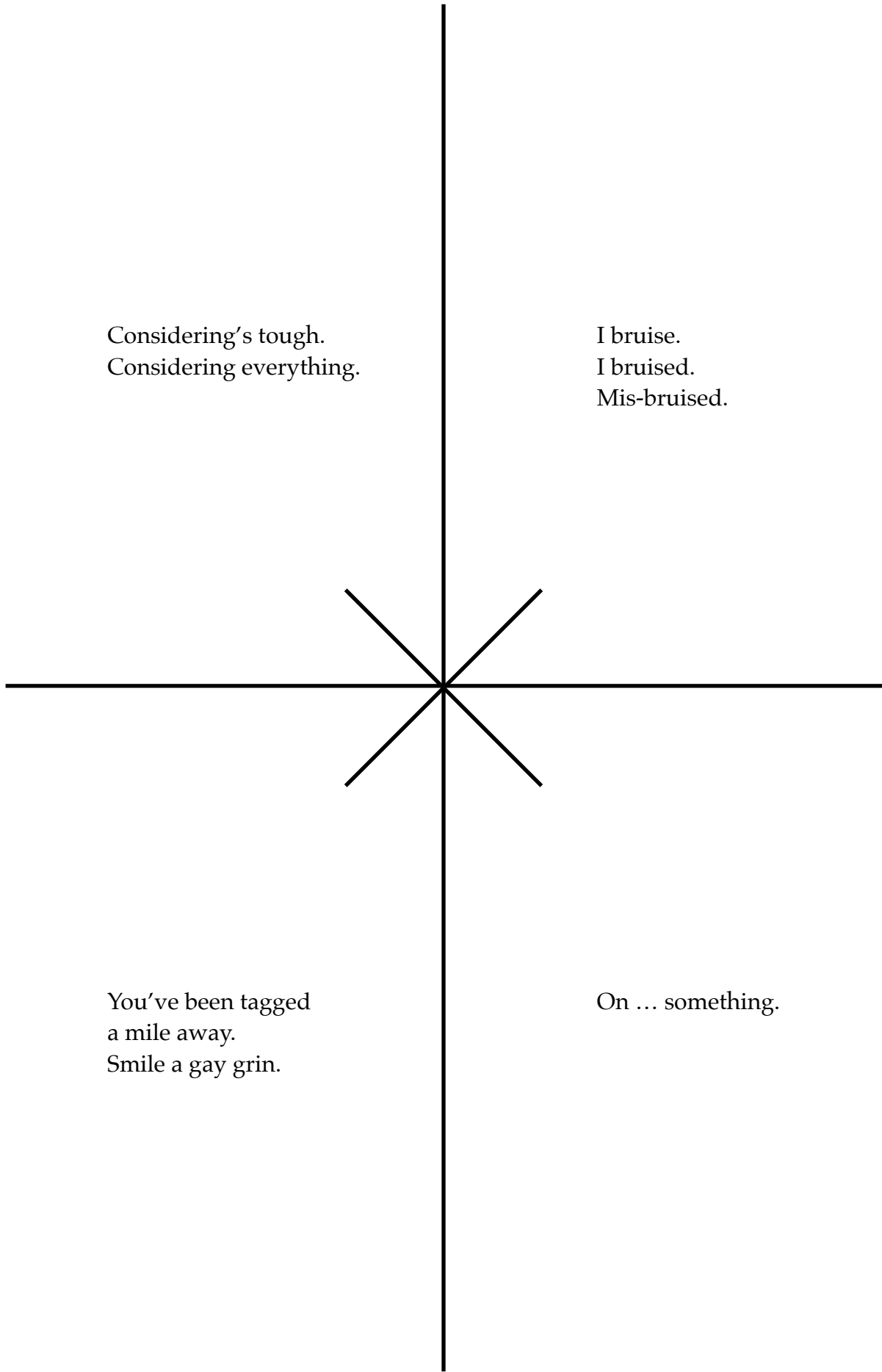
Machine men
with machine minds.

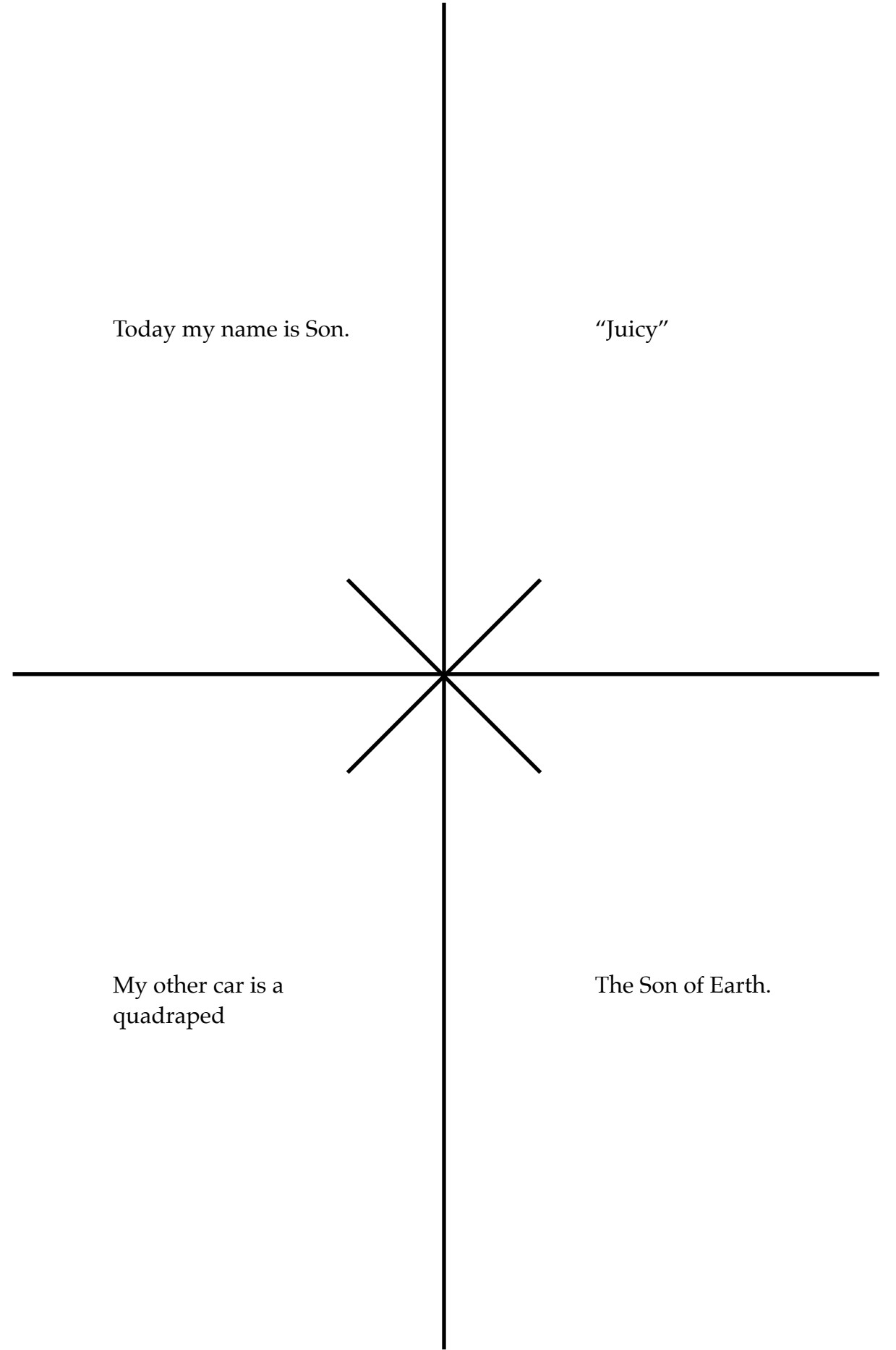
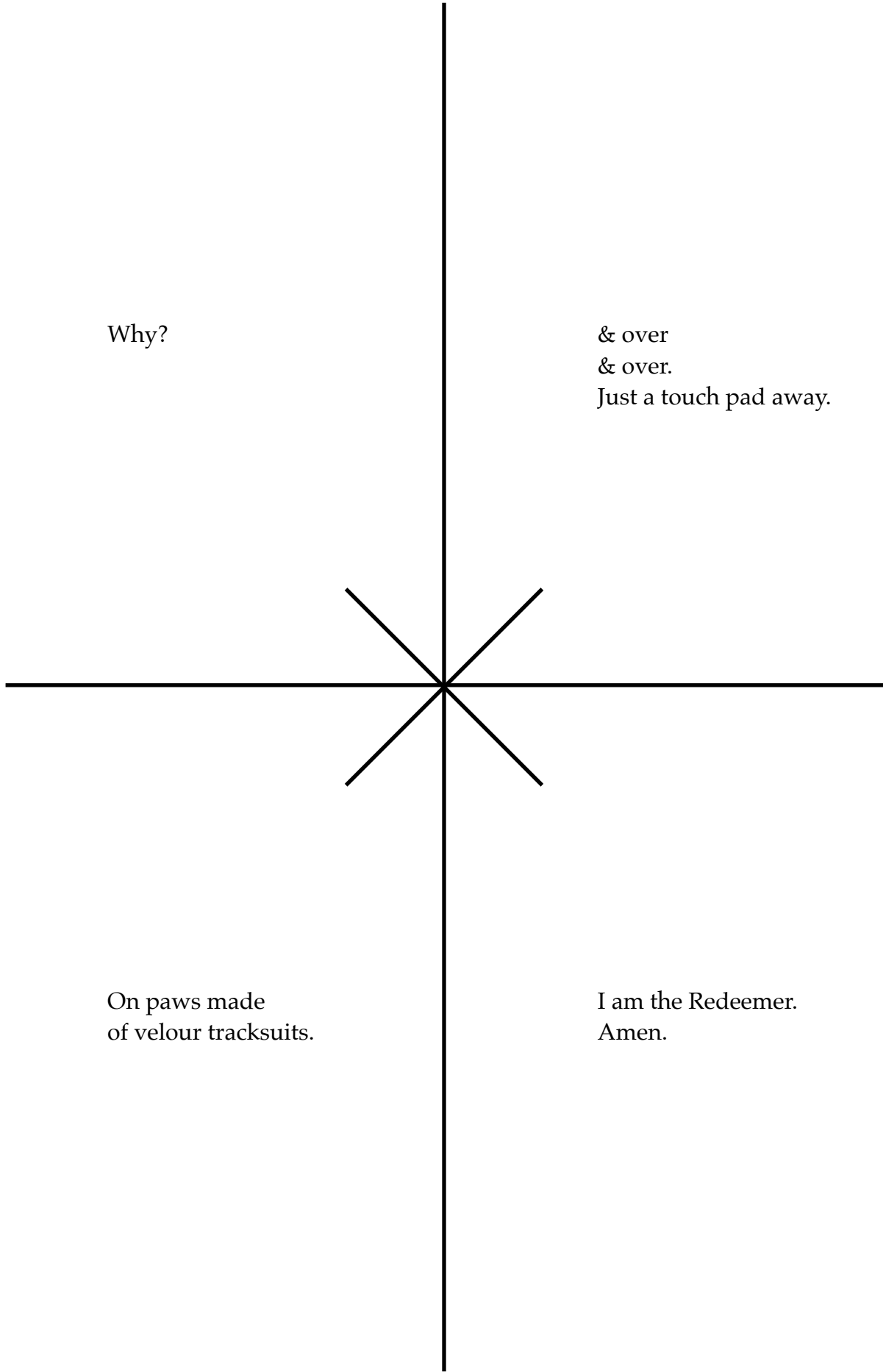
Underground group sex.

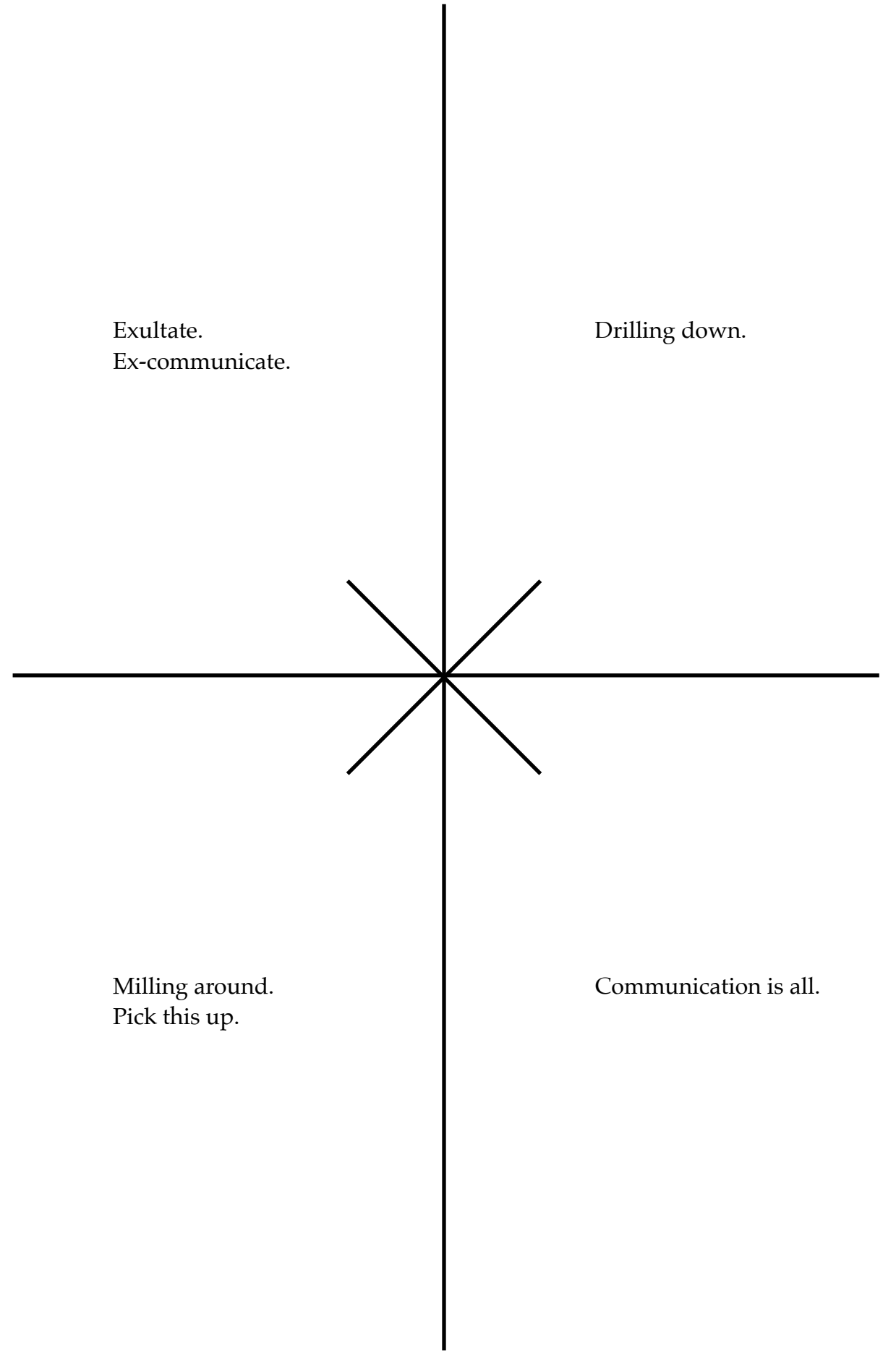
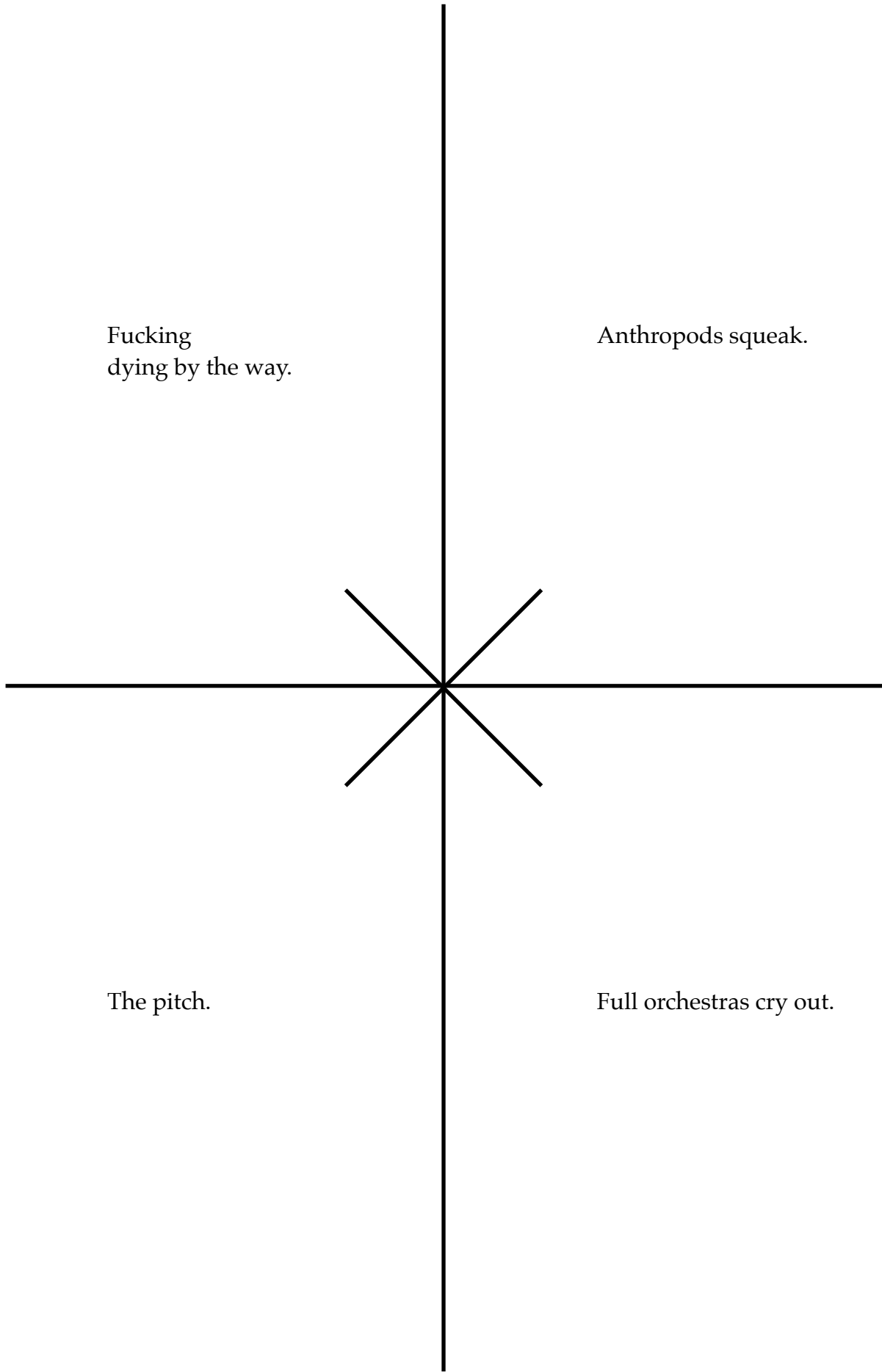
You vibrated.
You're one of us now.

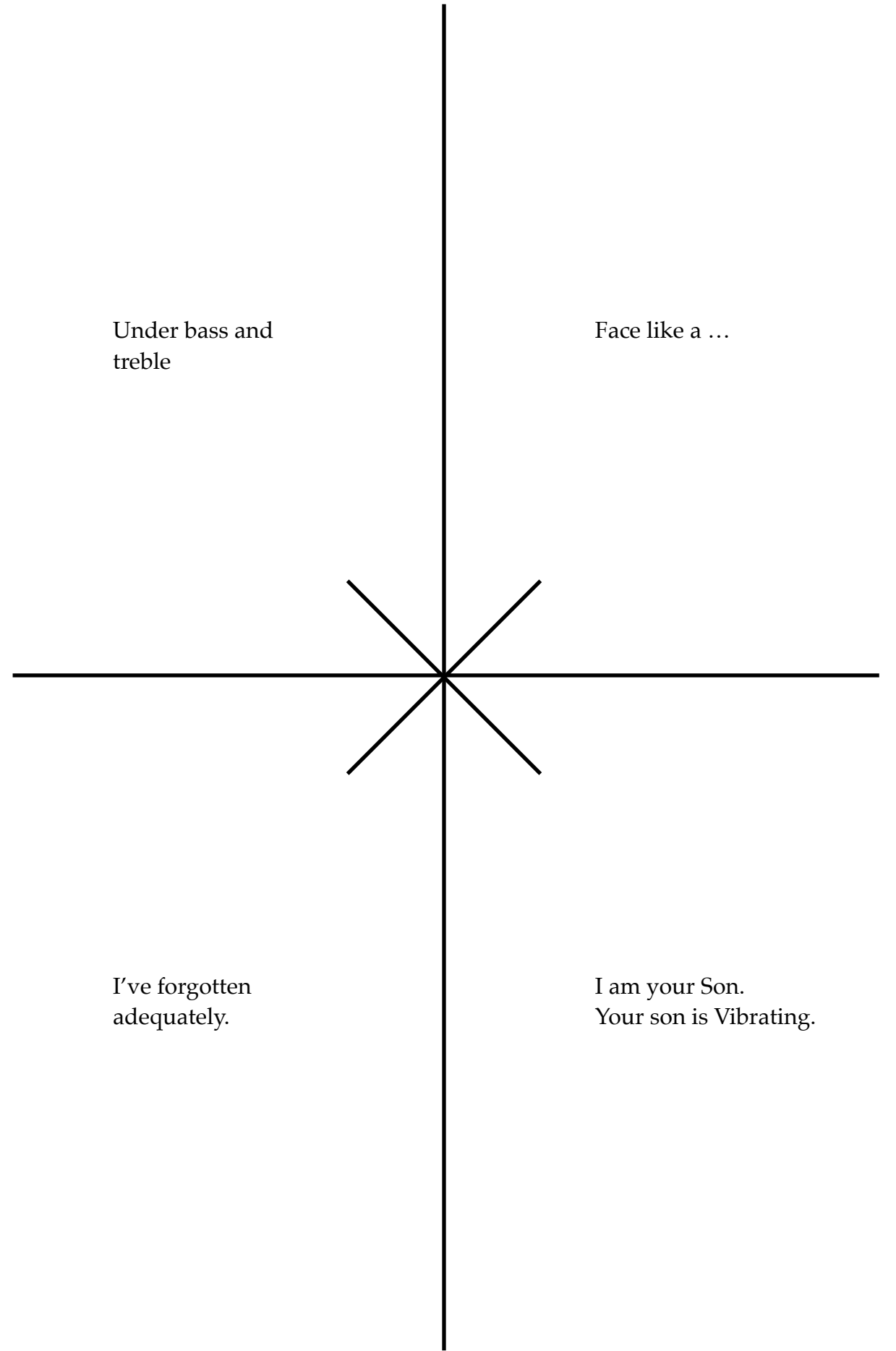
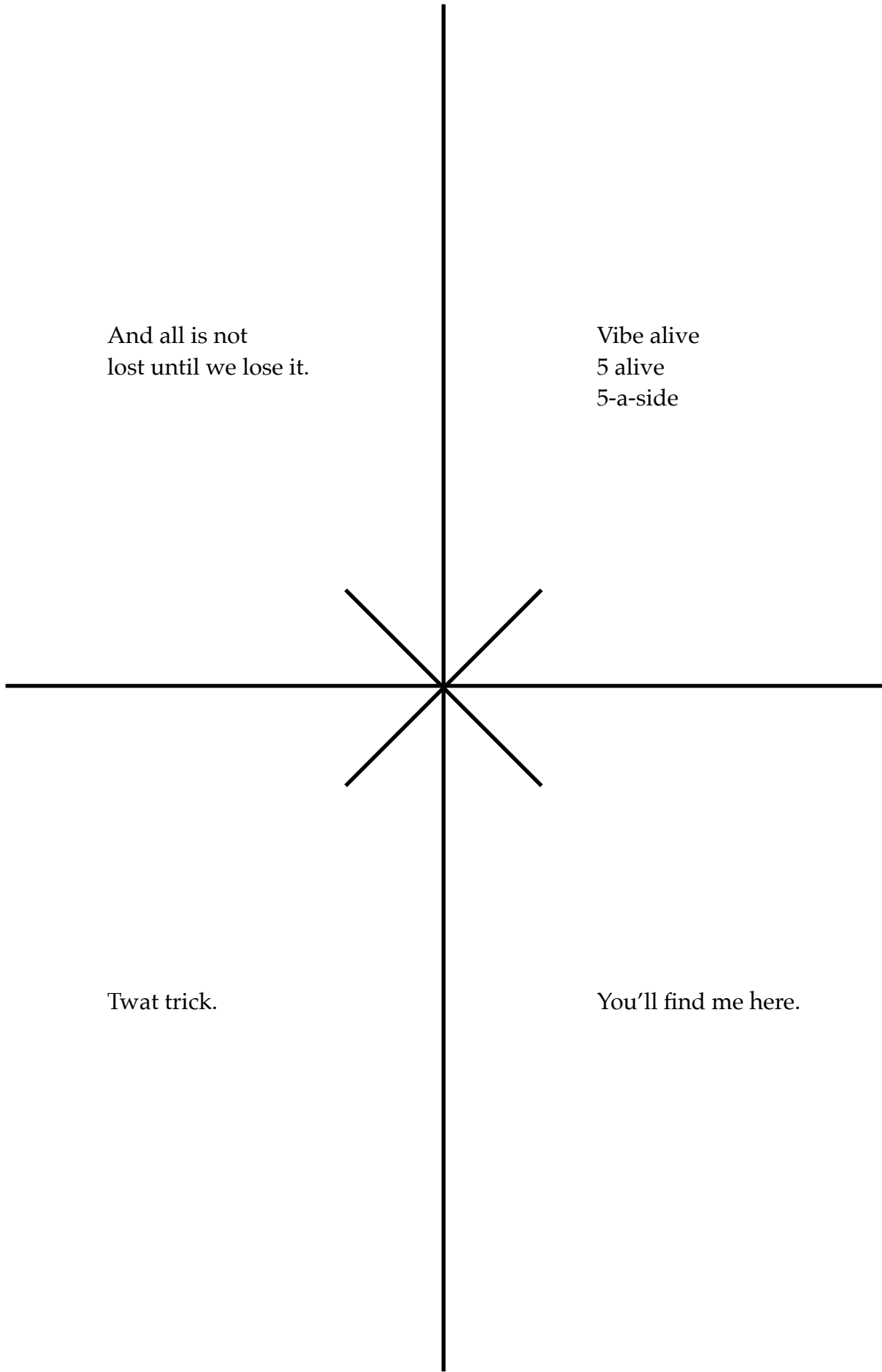
"Obviously!"

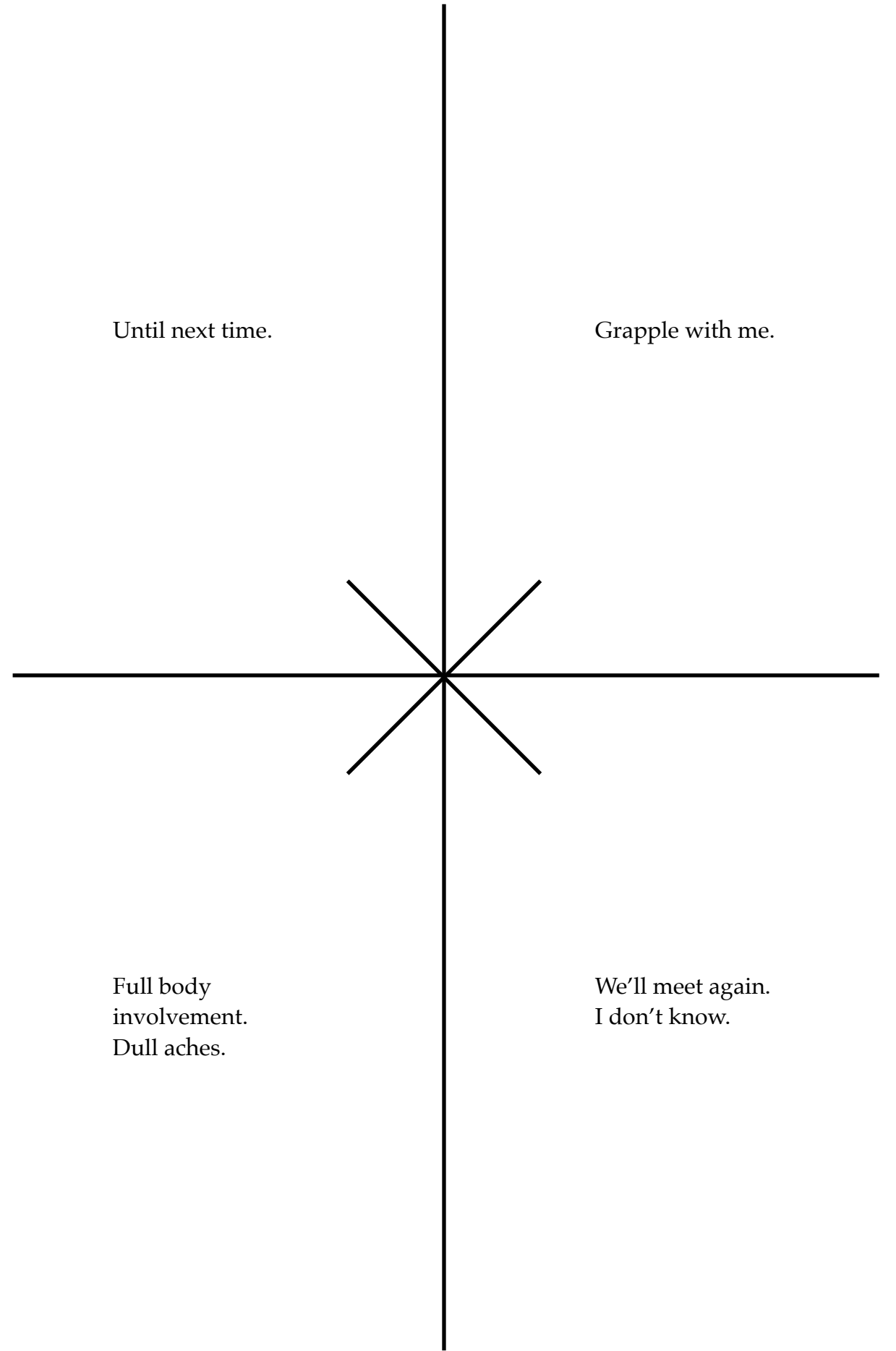
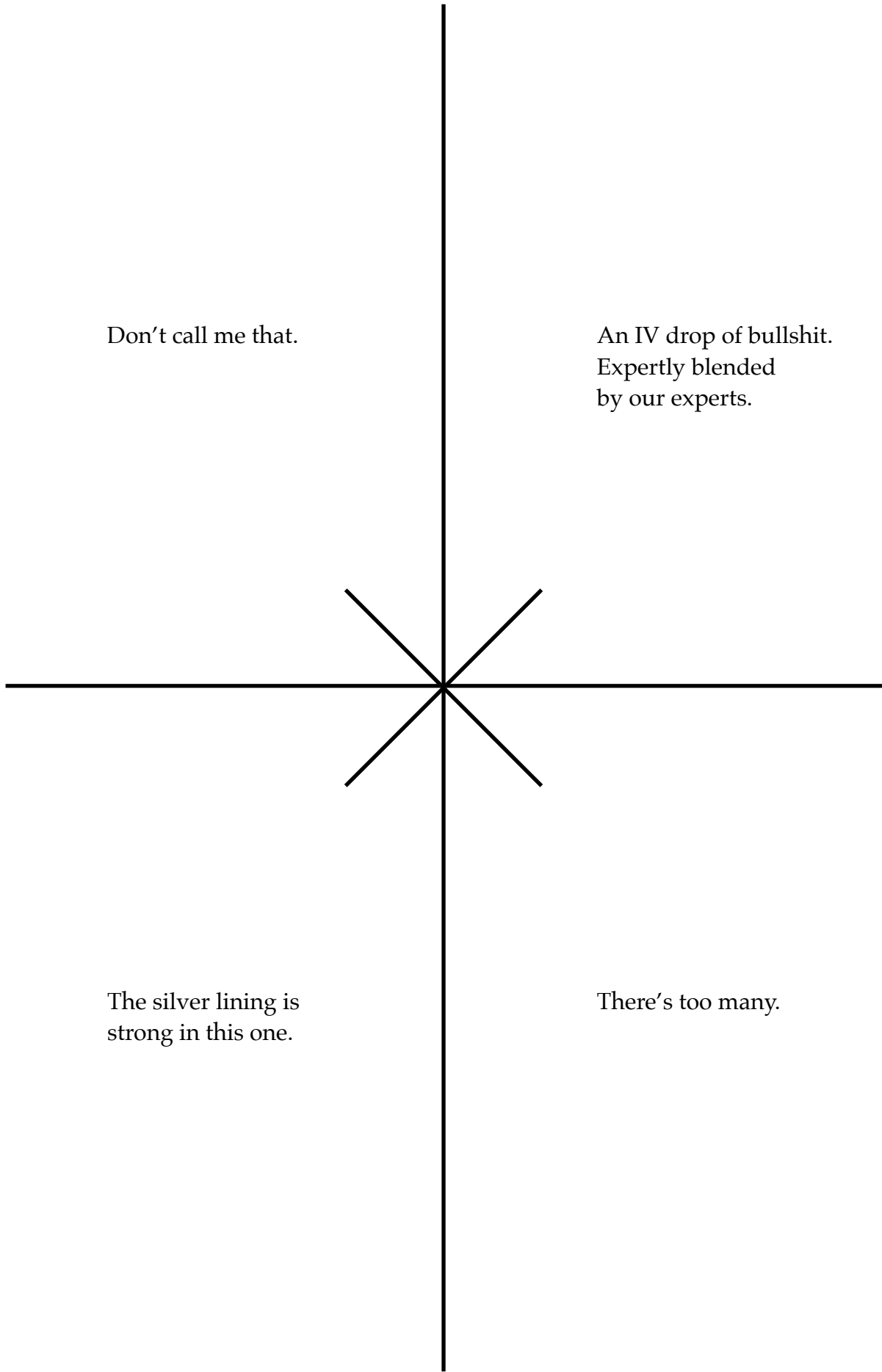


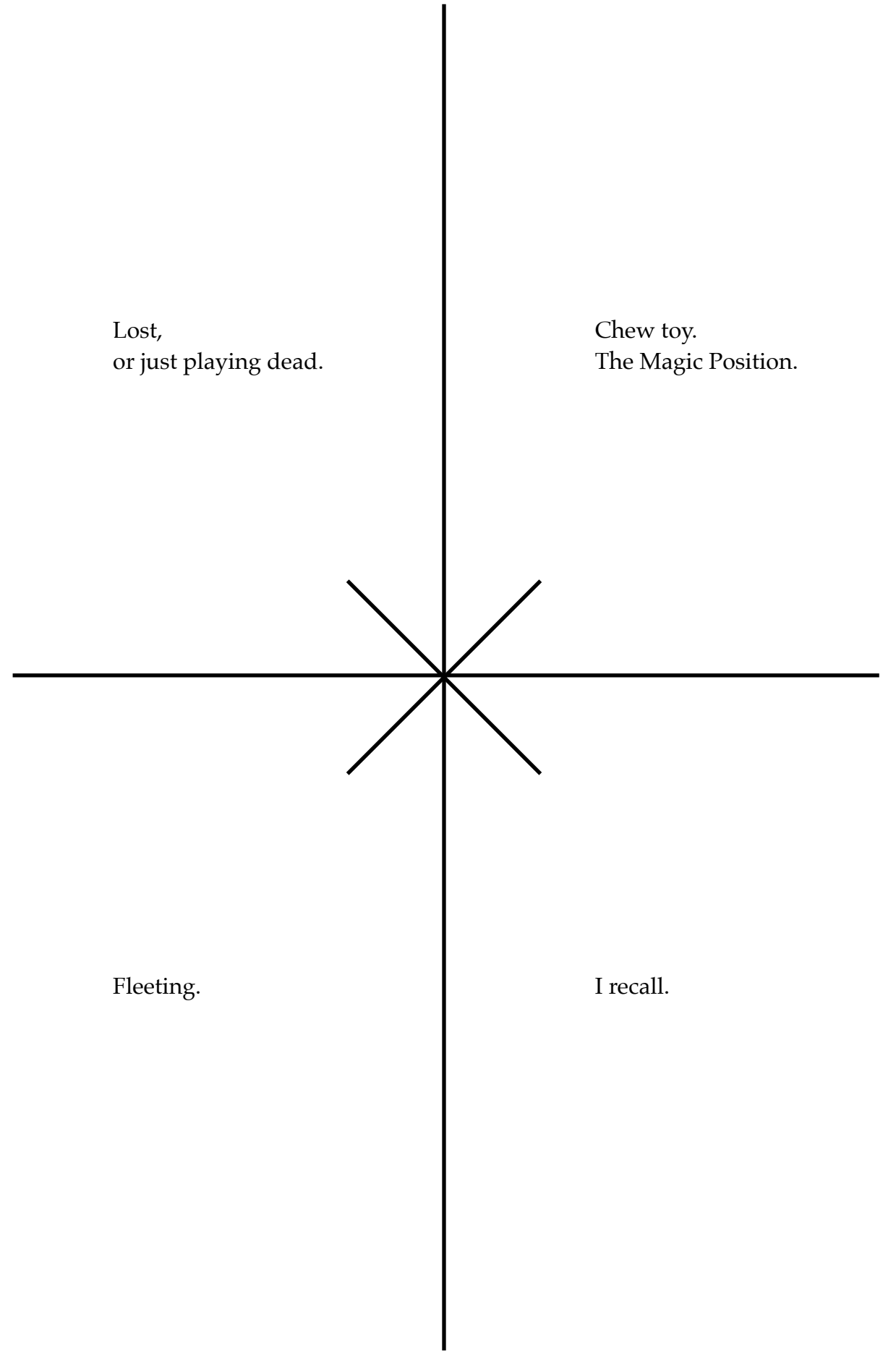
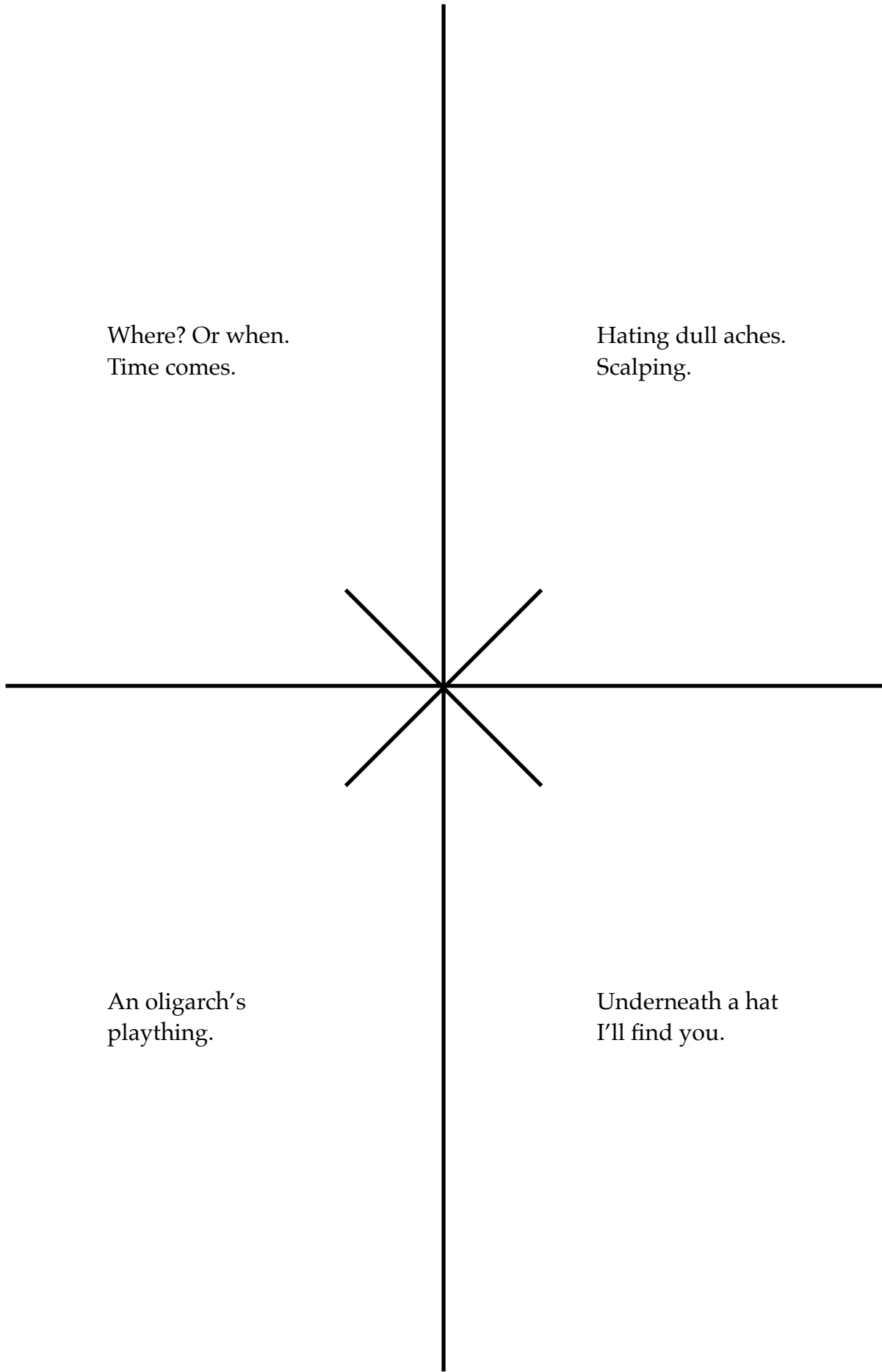


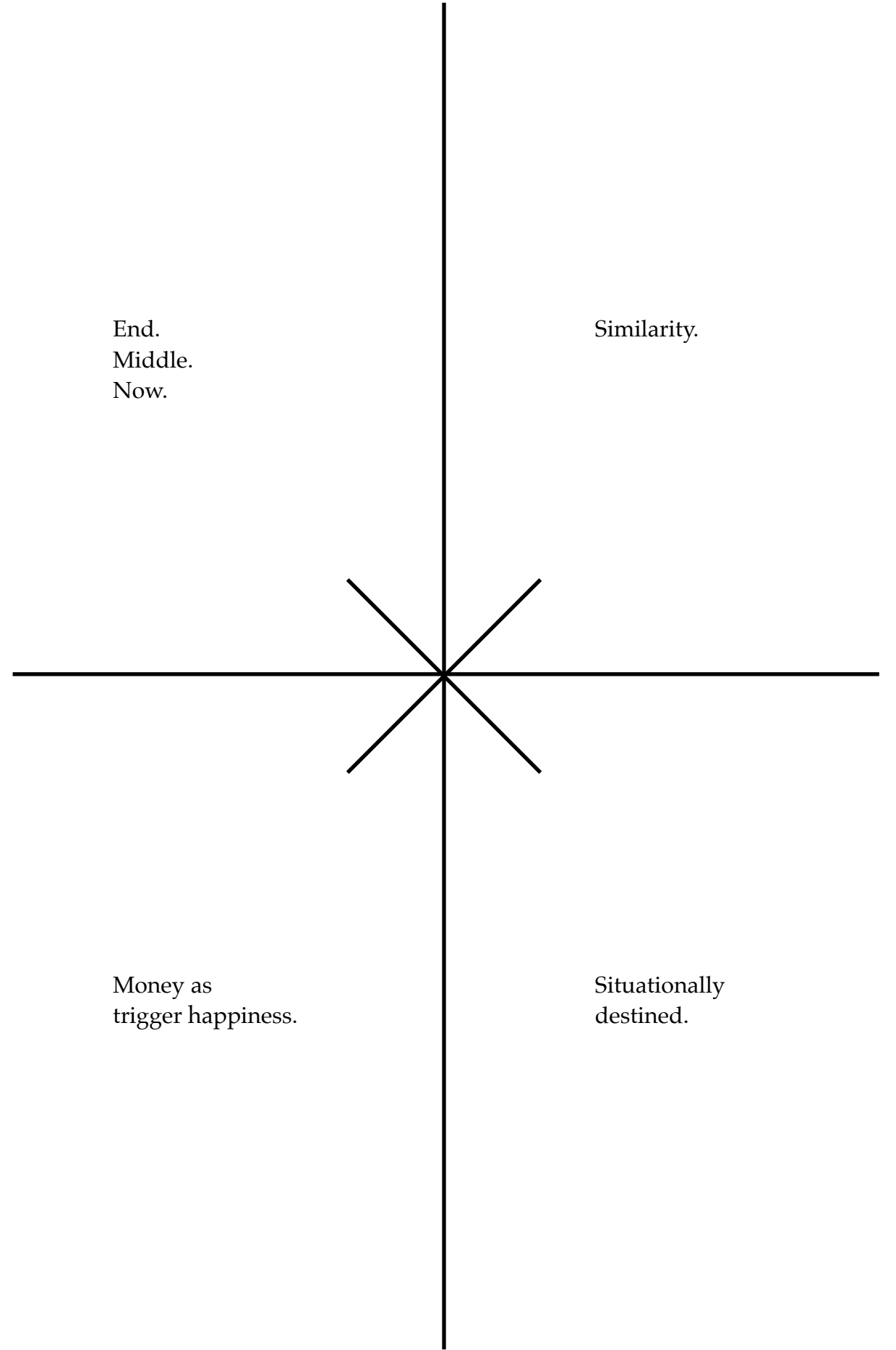
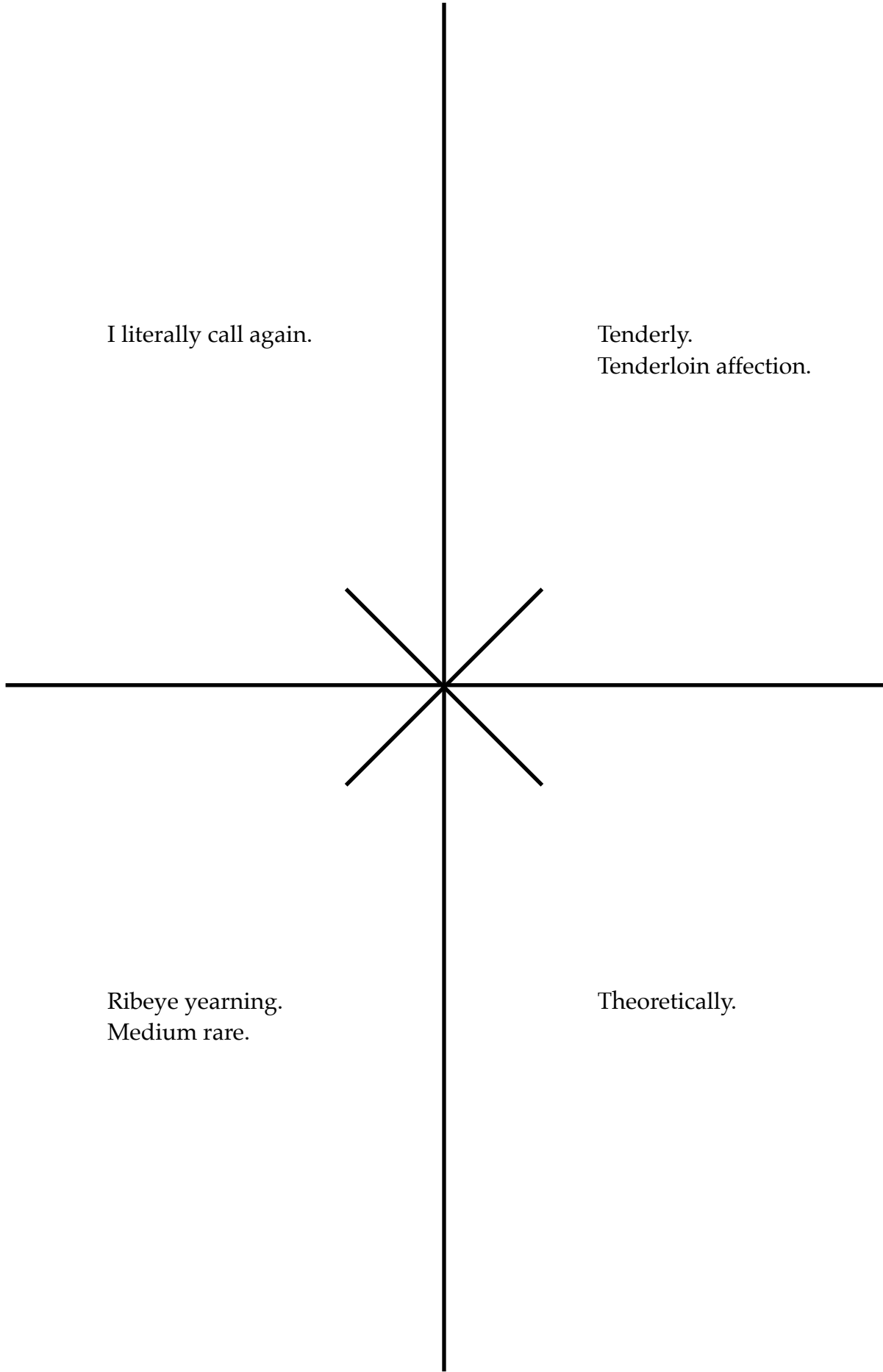


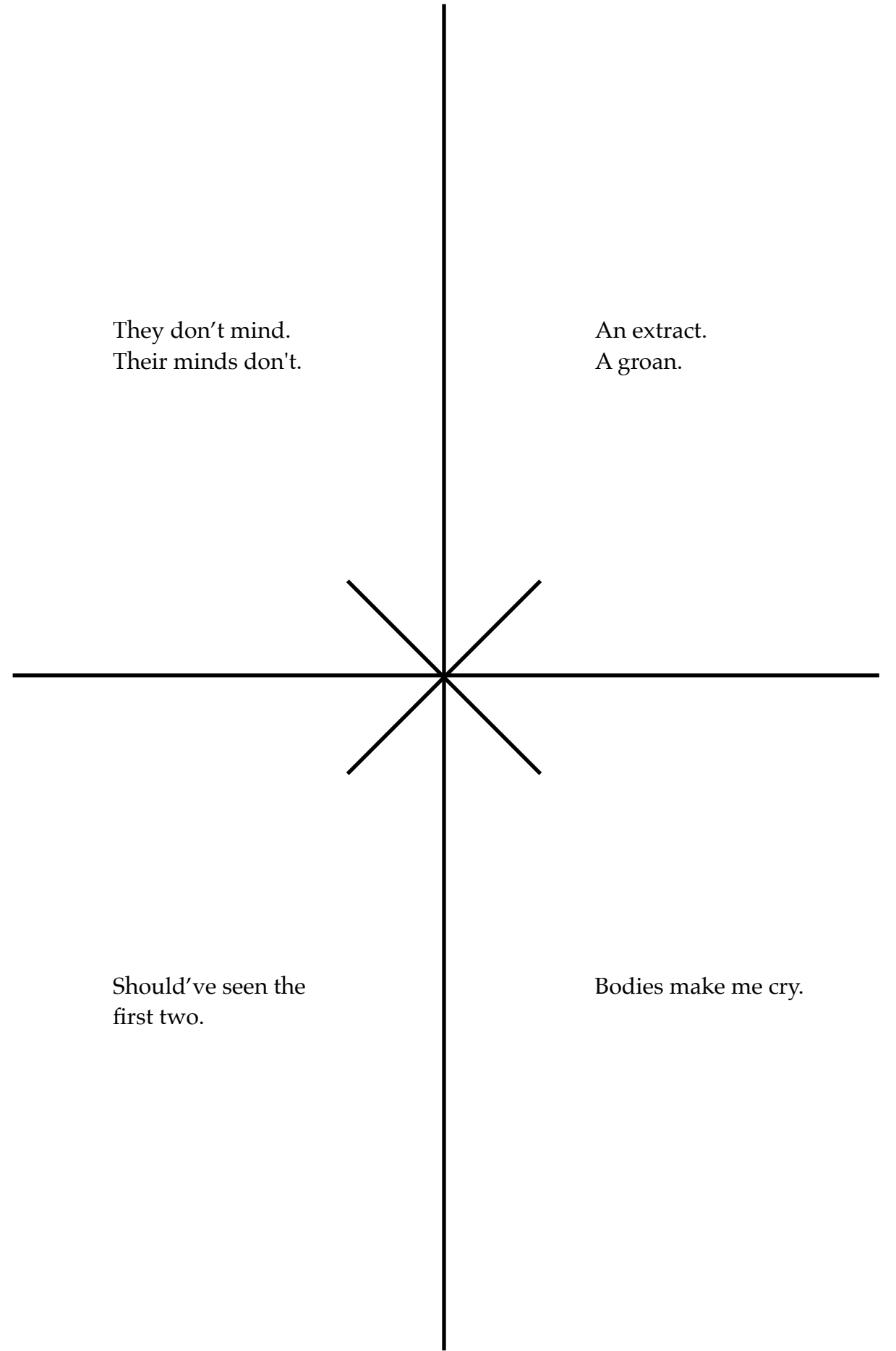
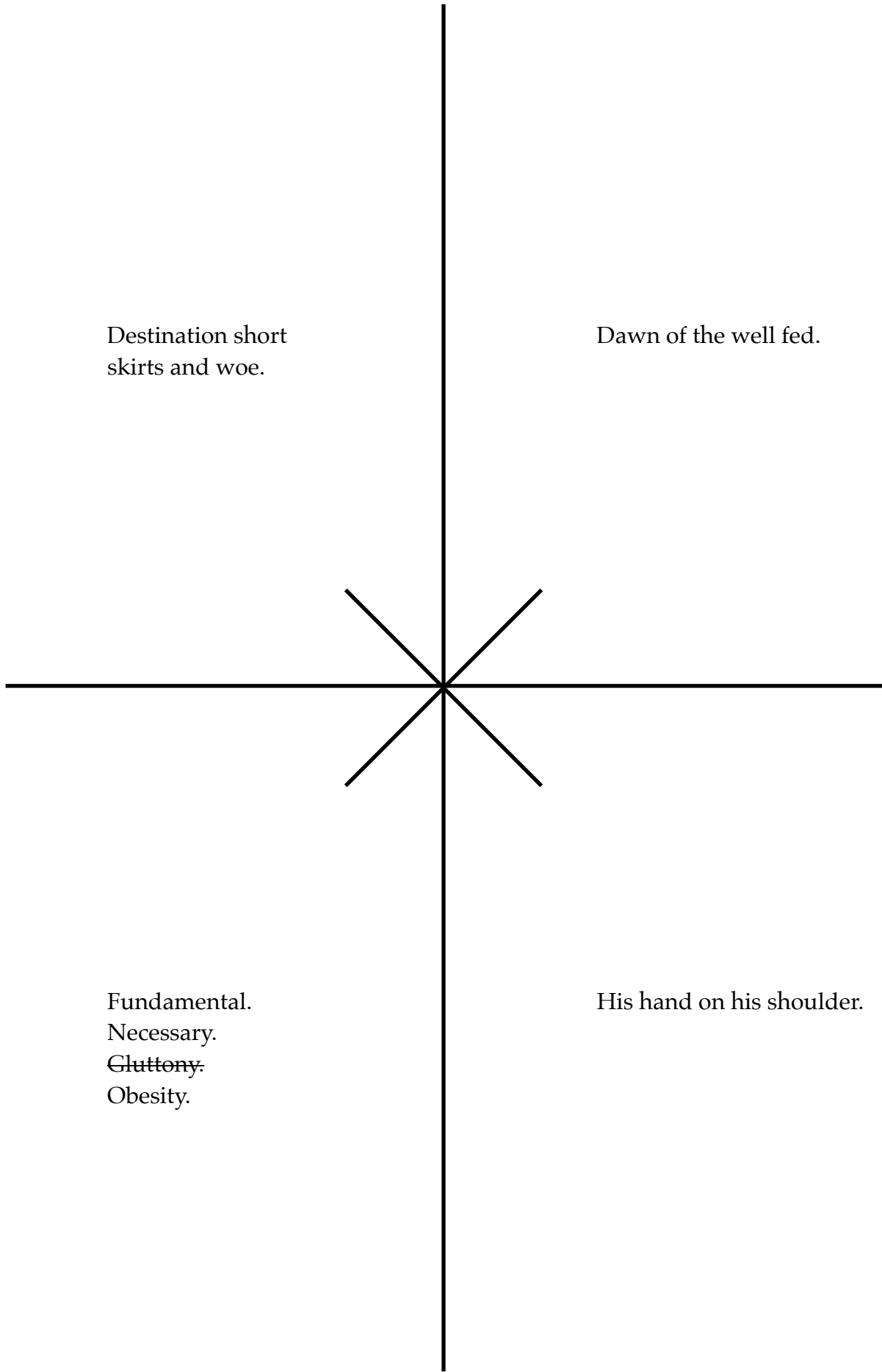


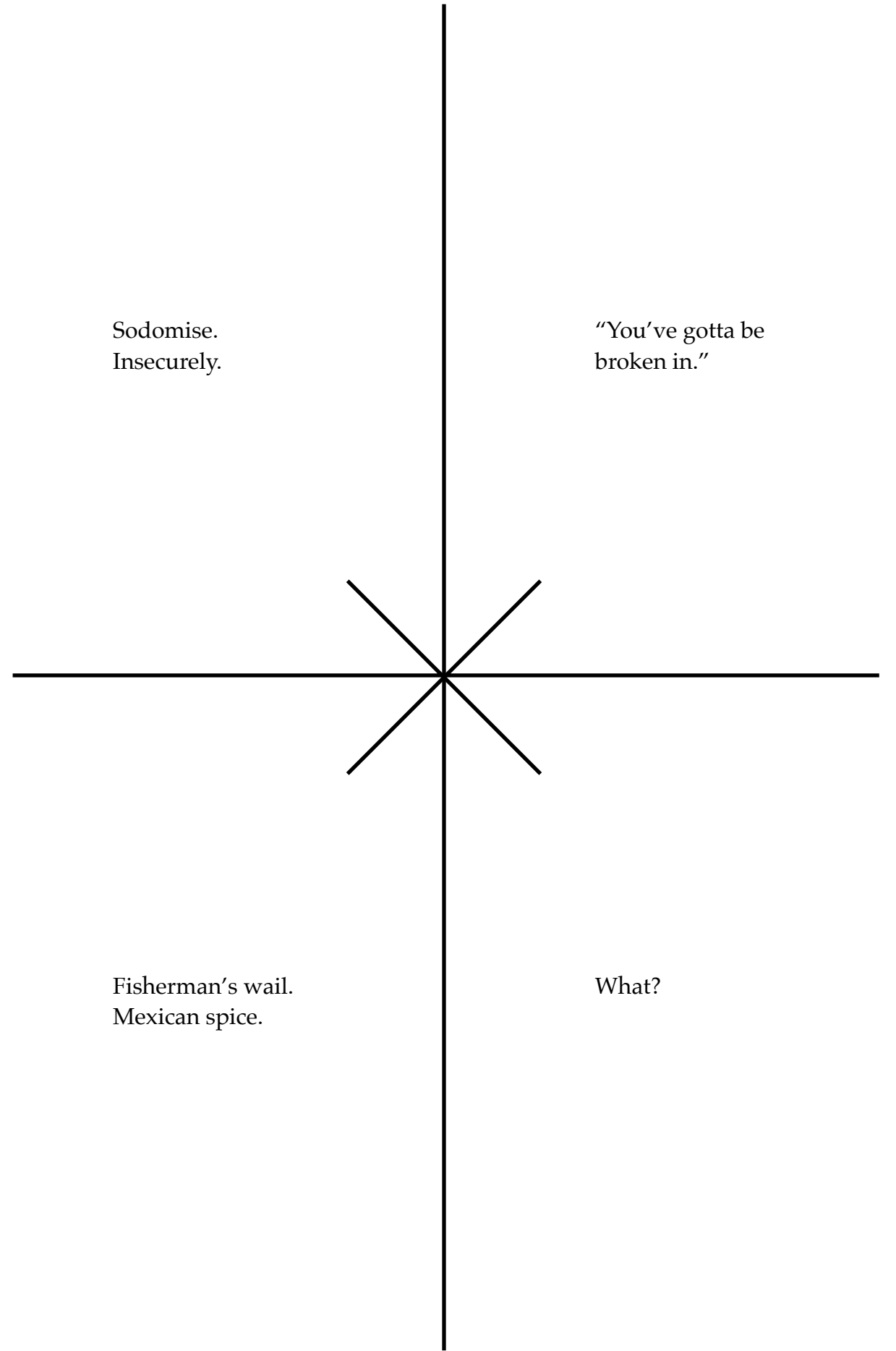
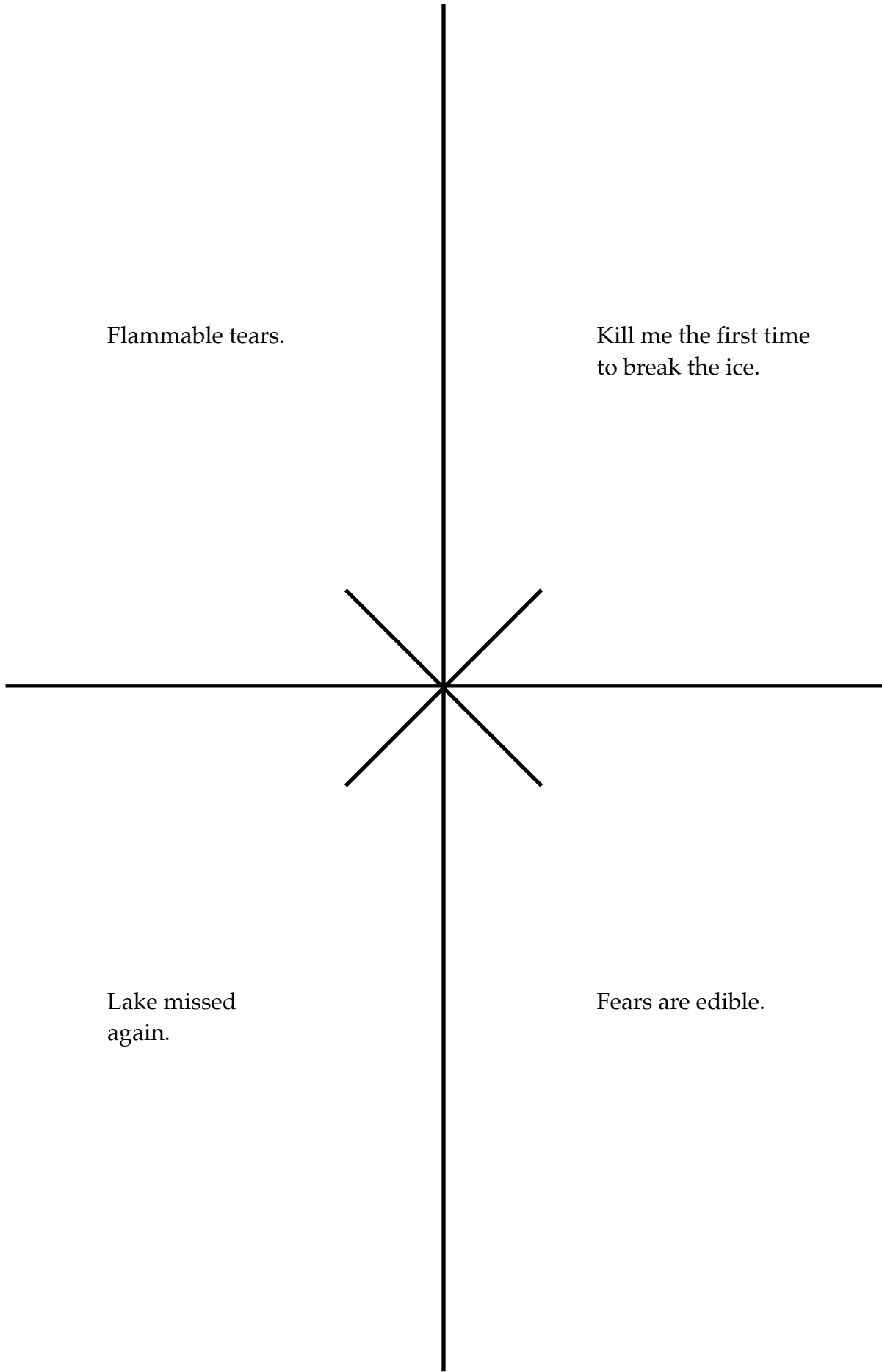


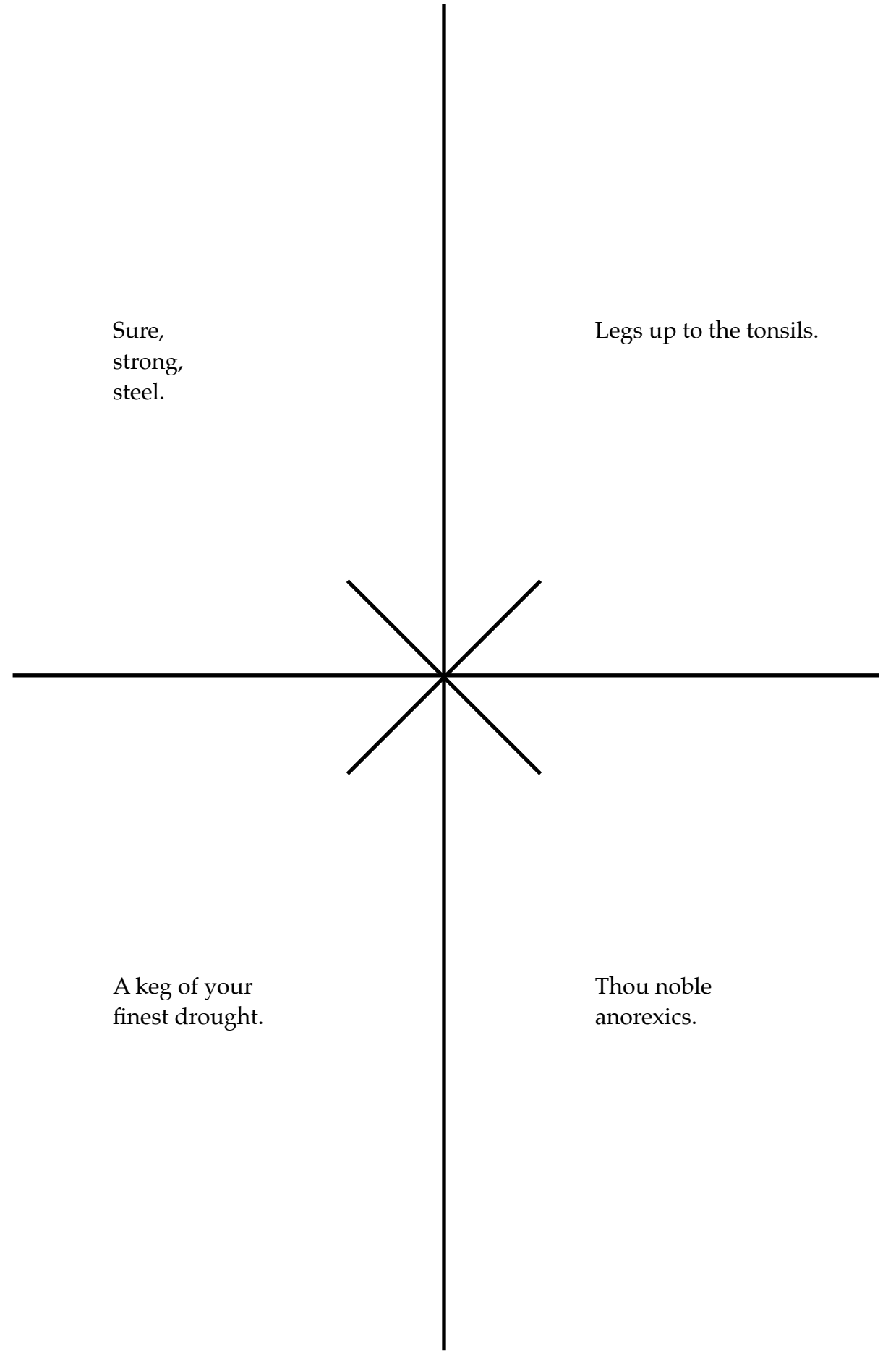
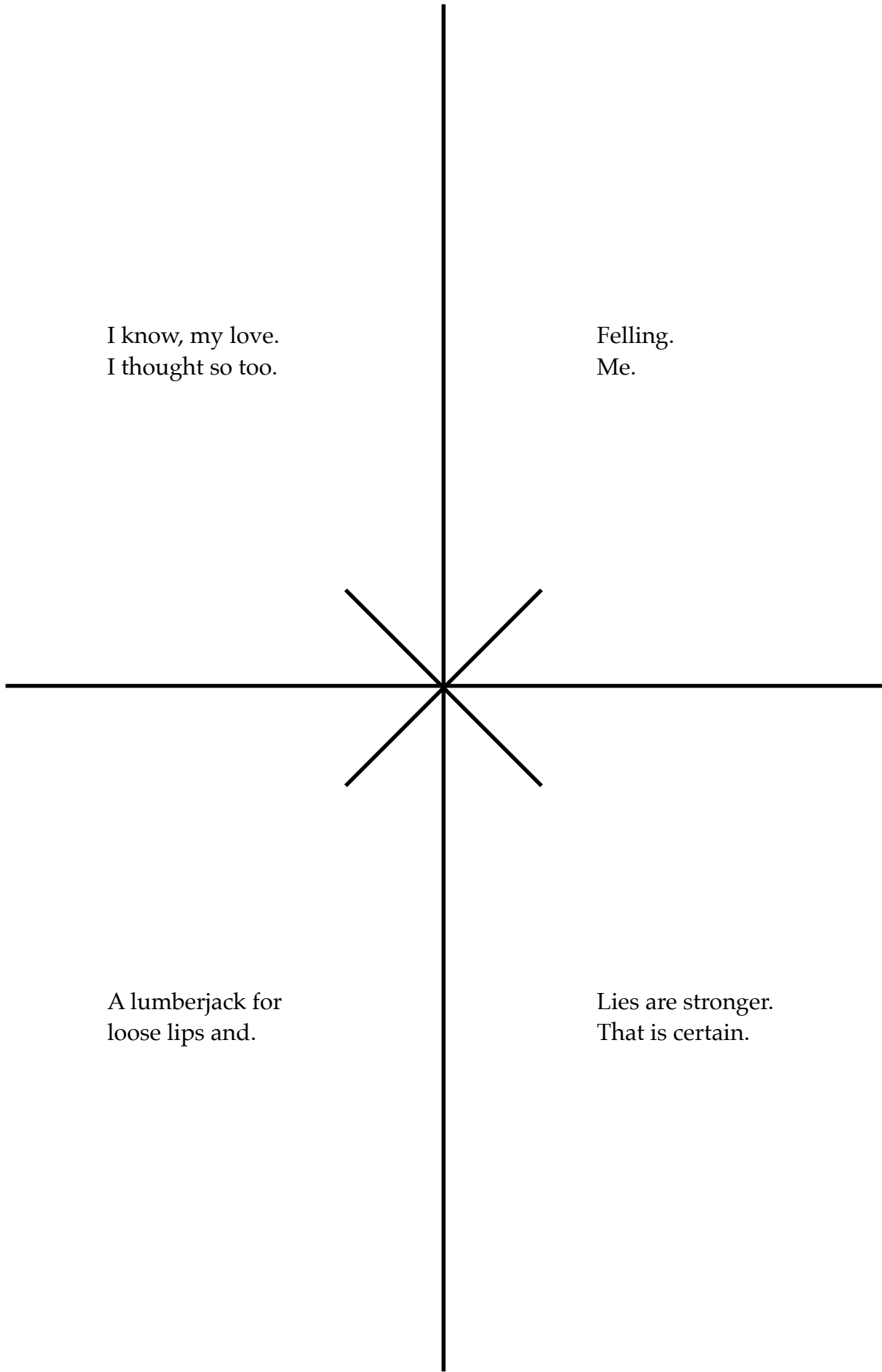


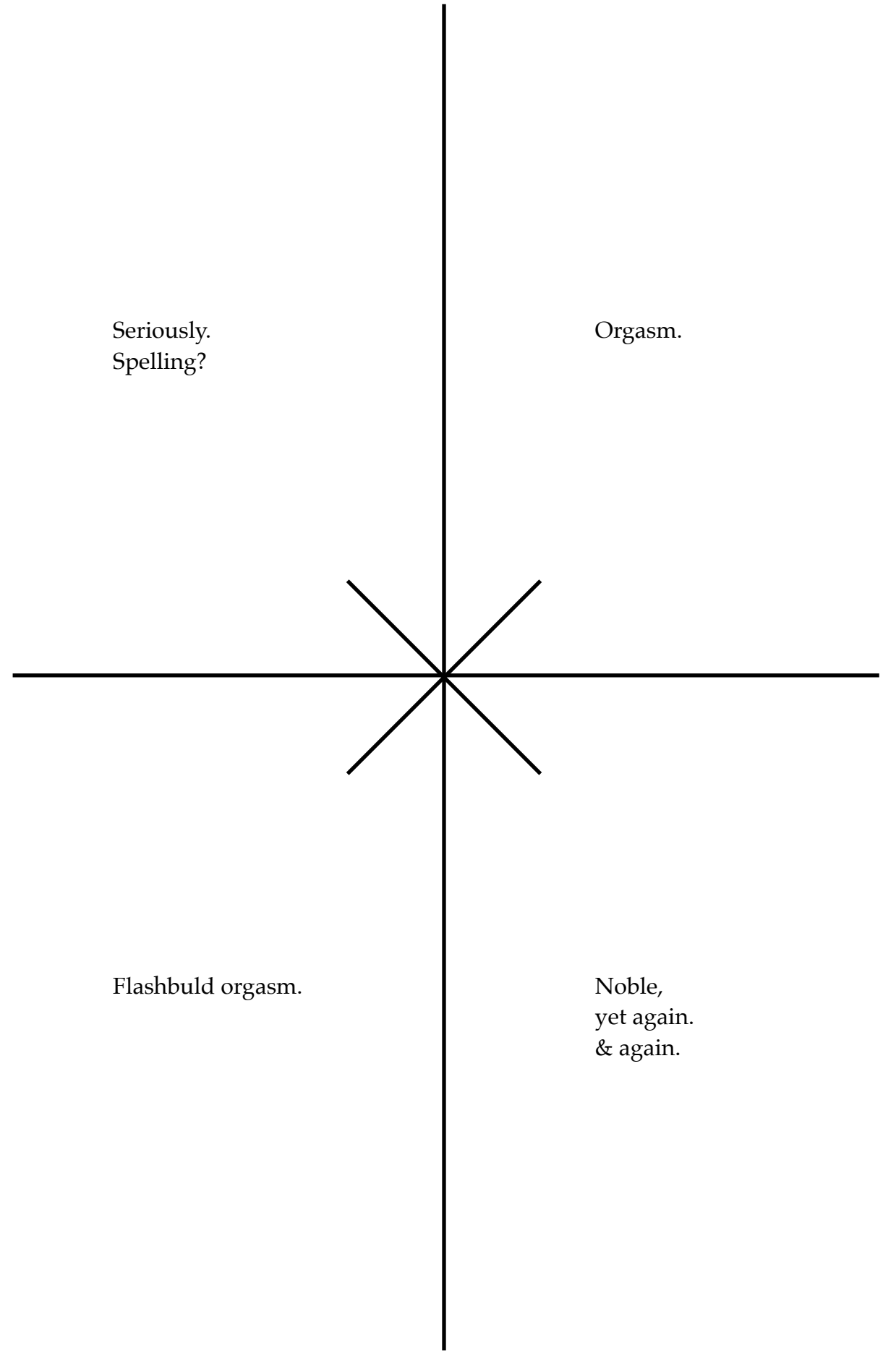
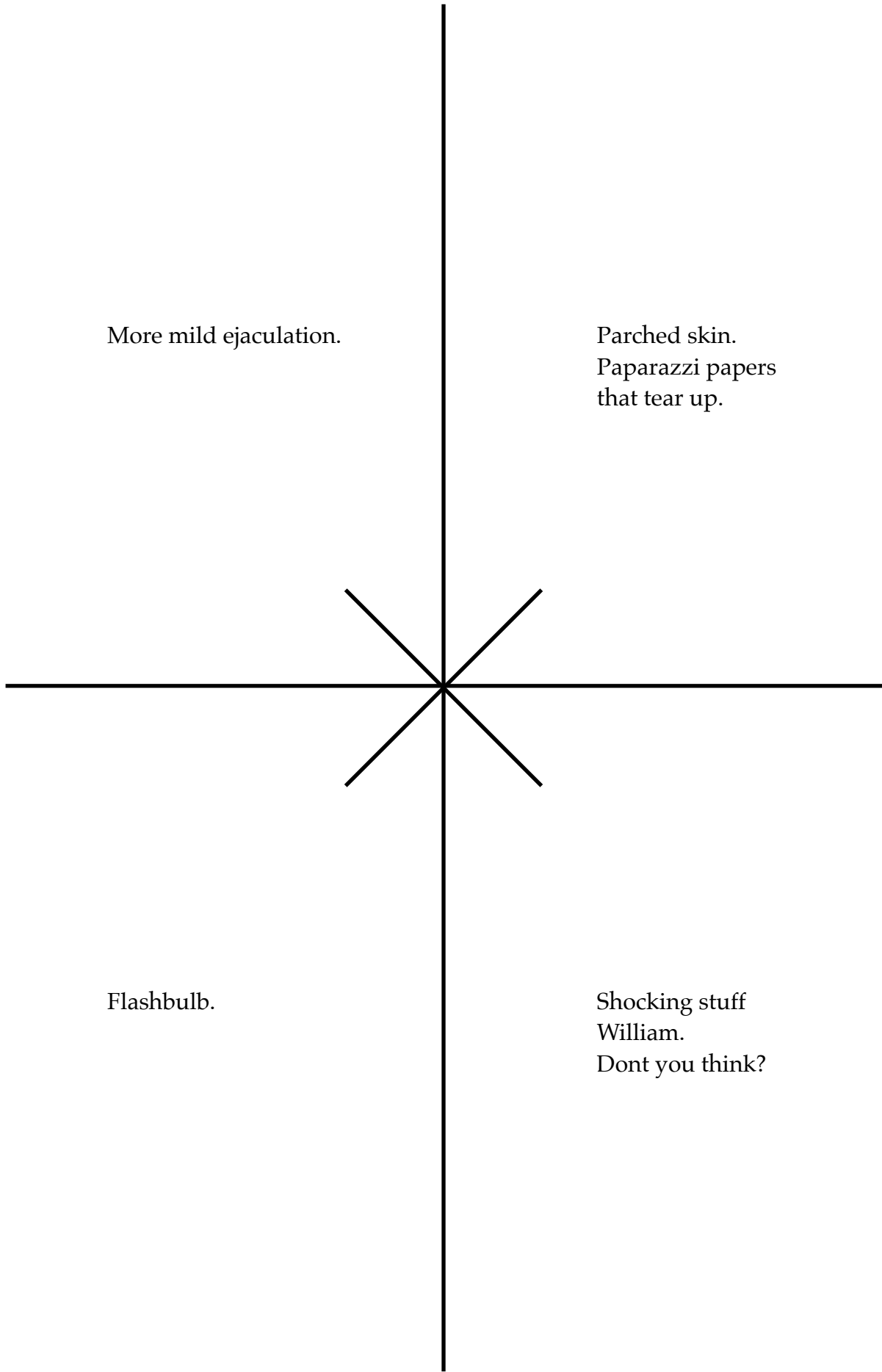


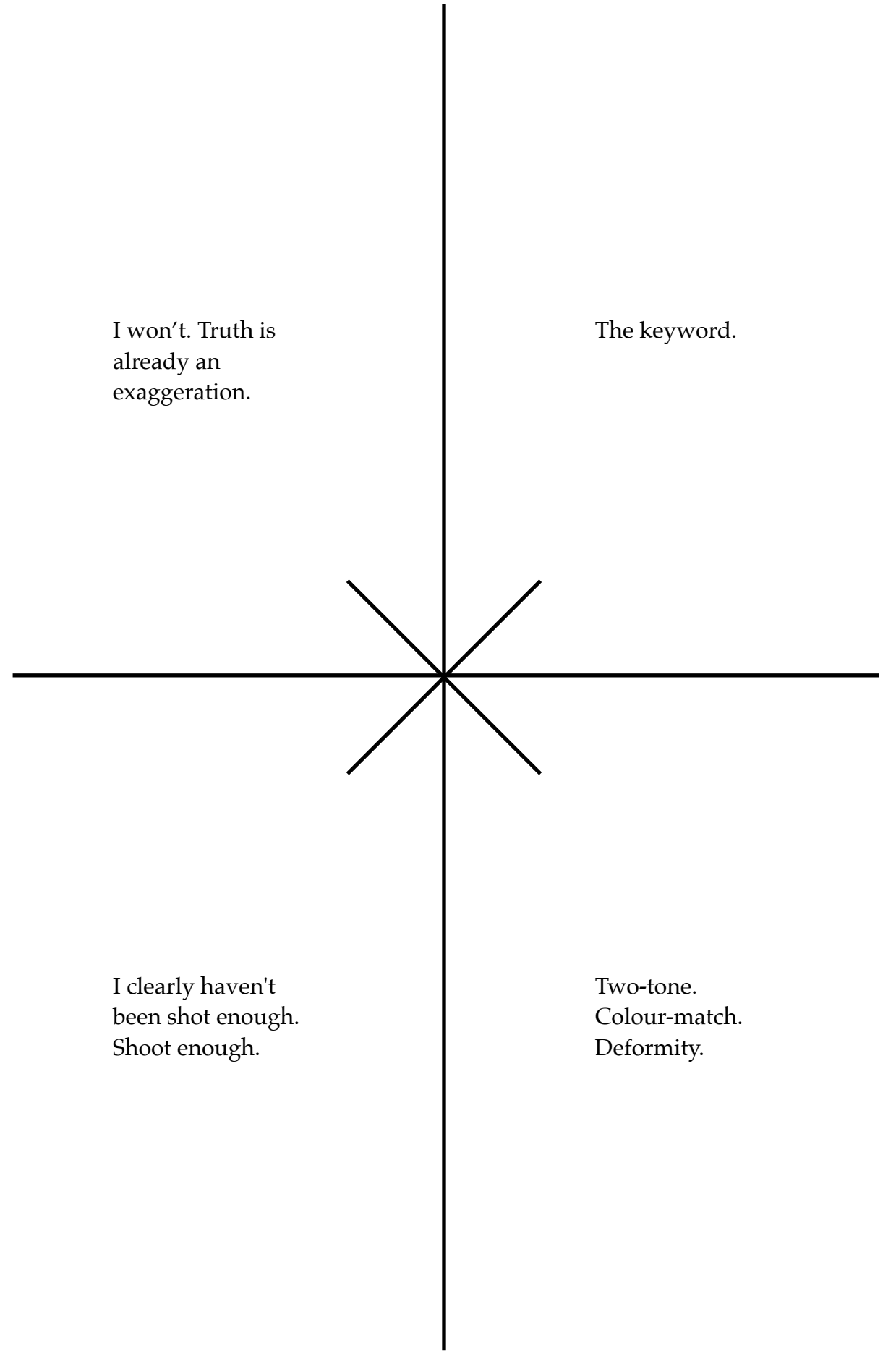
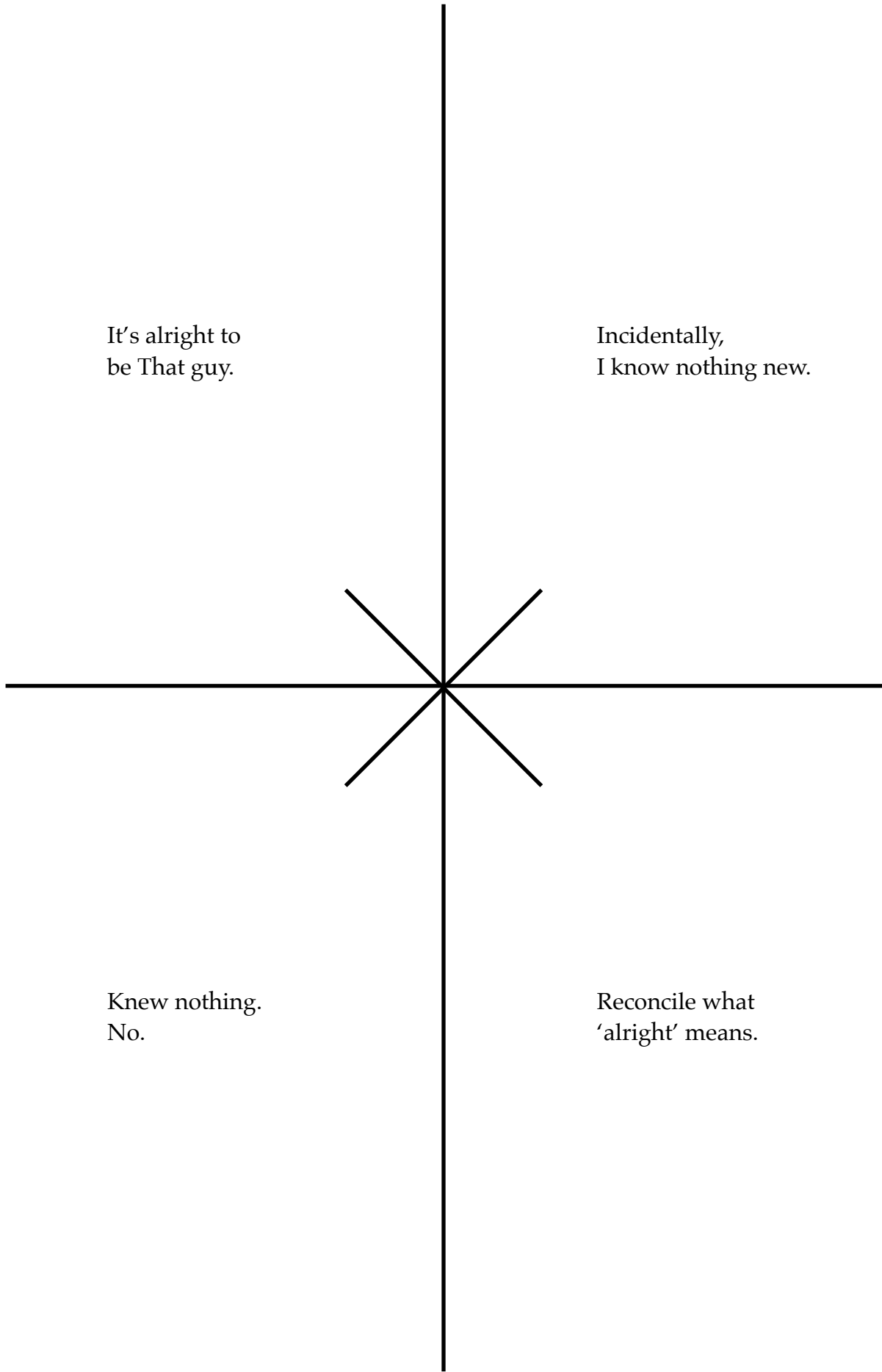


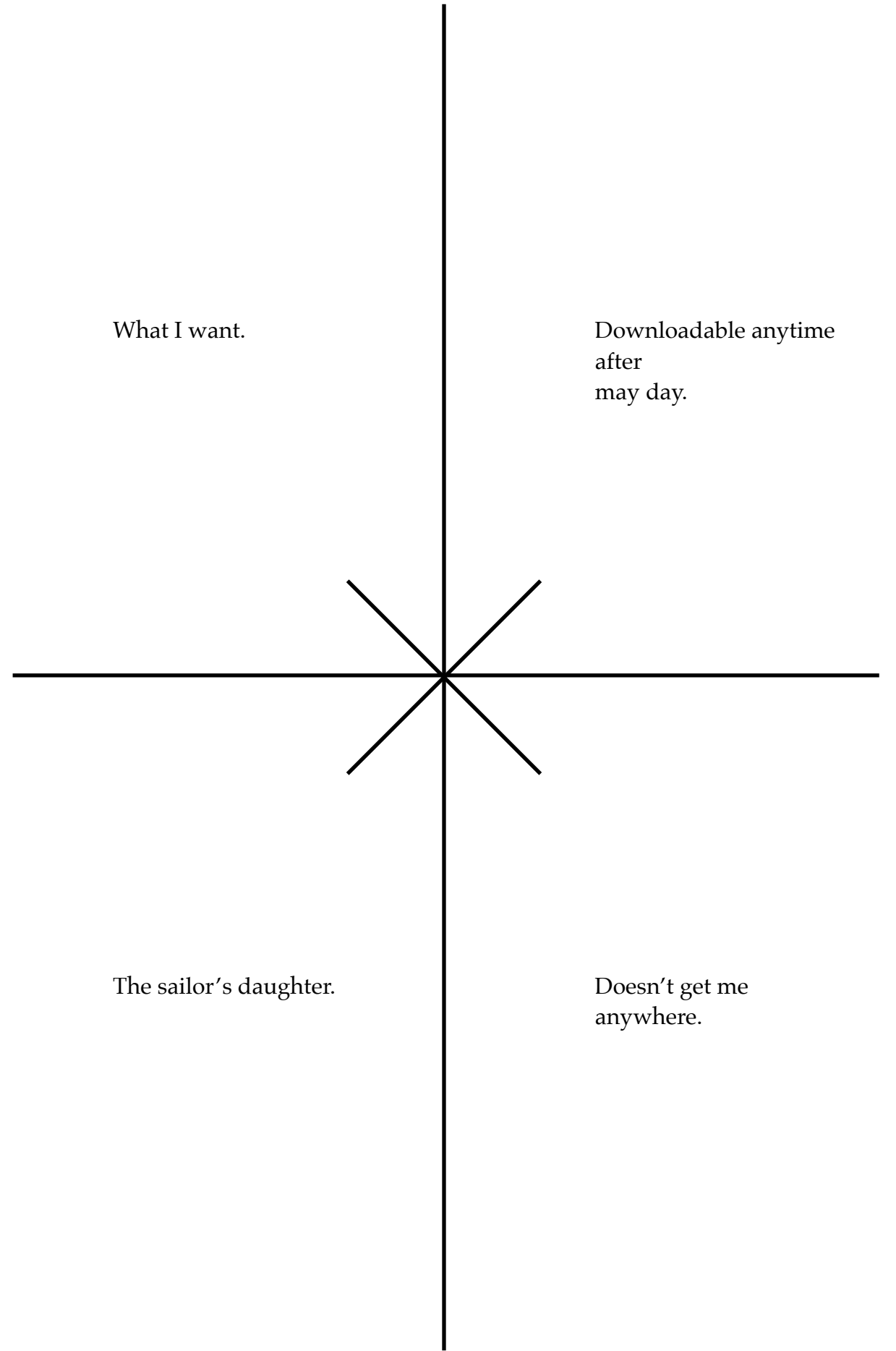
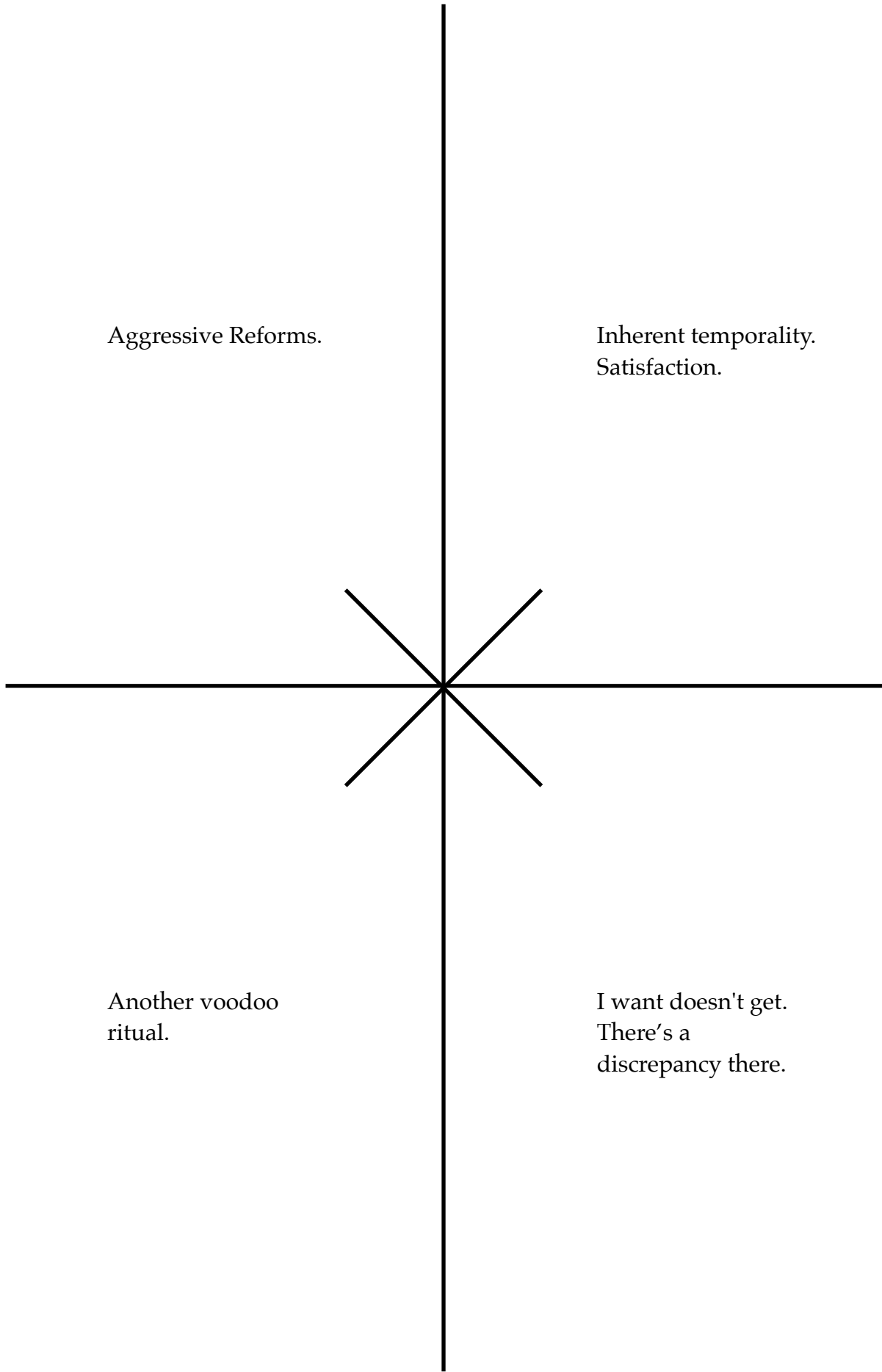


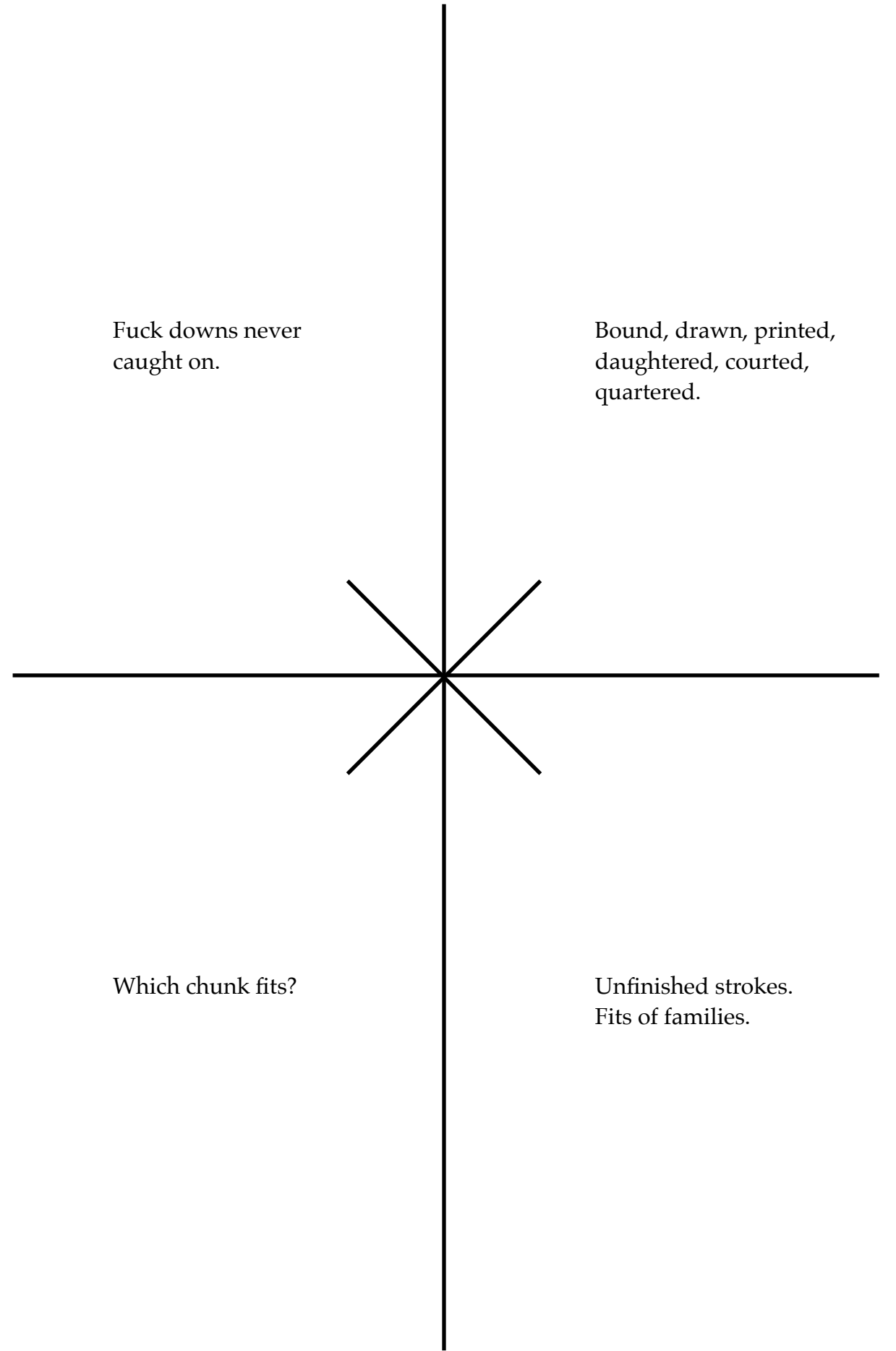
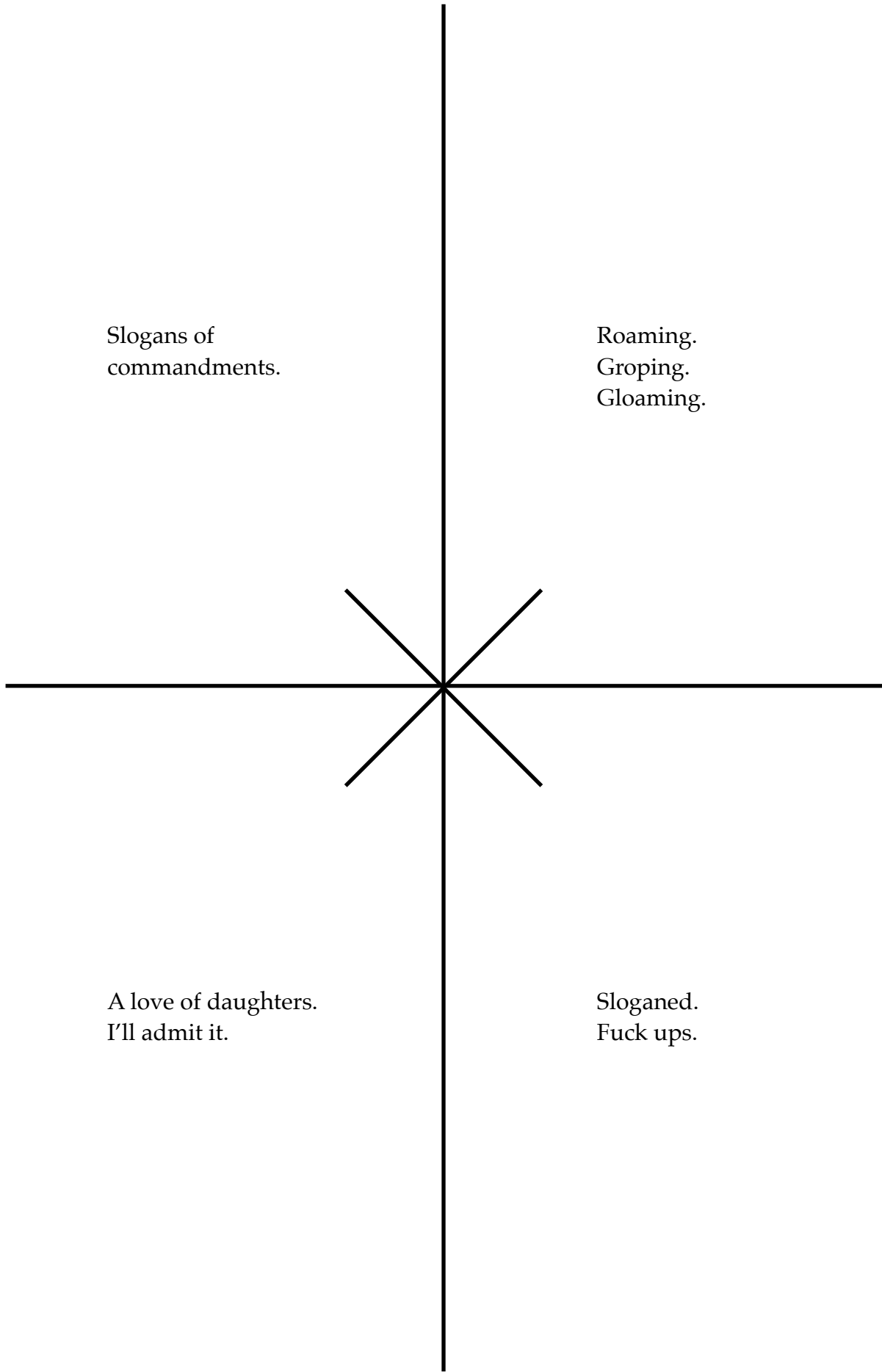


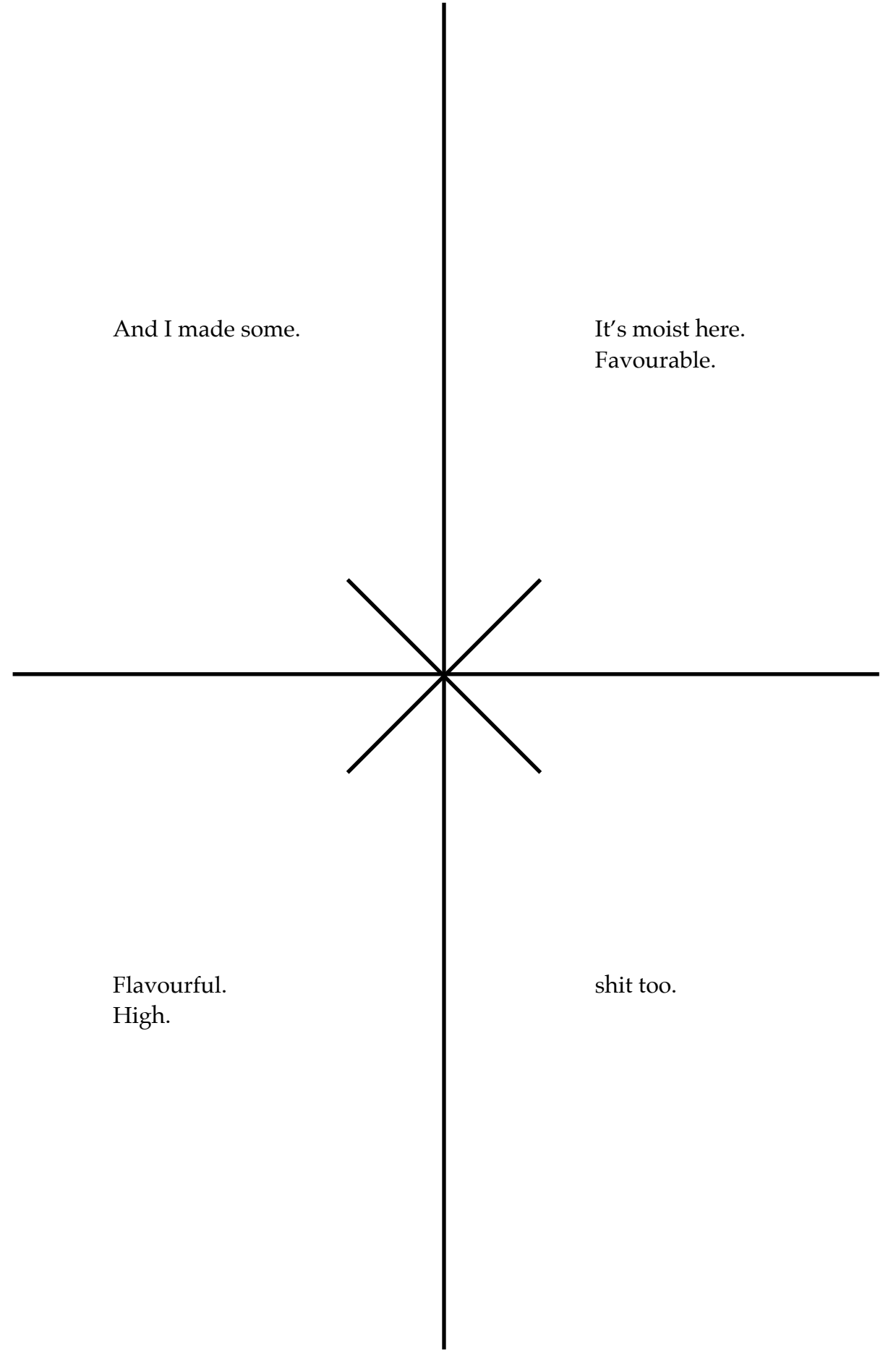
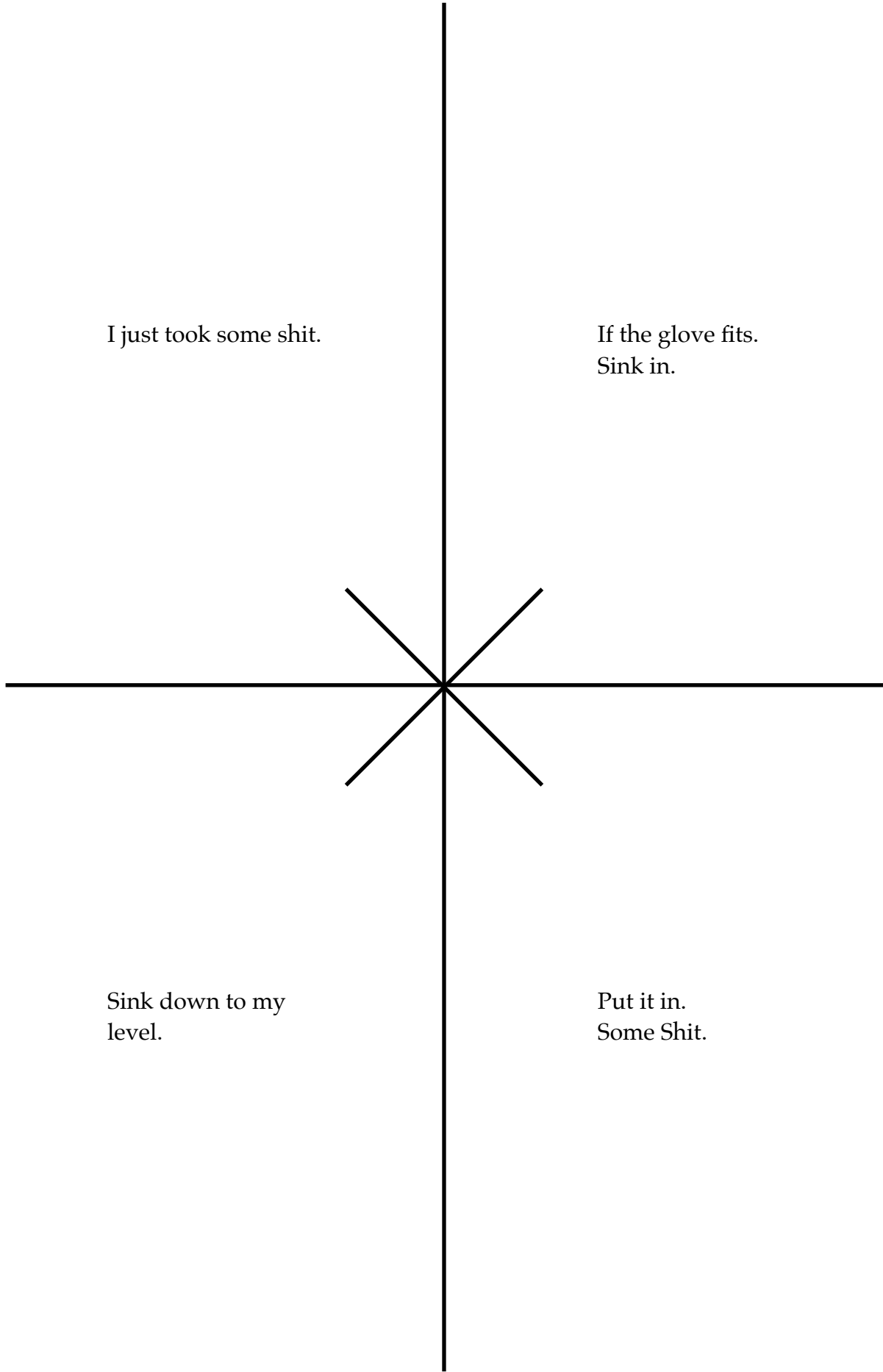


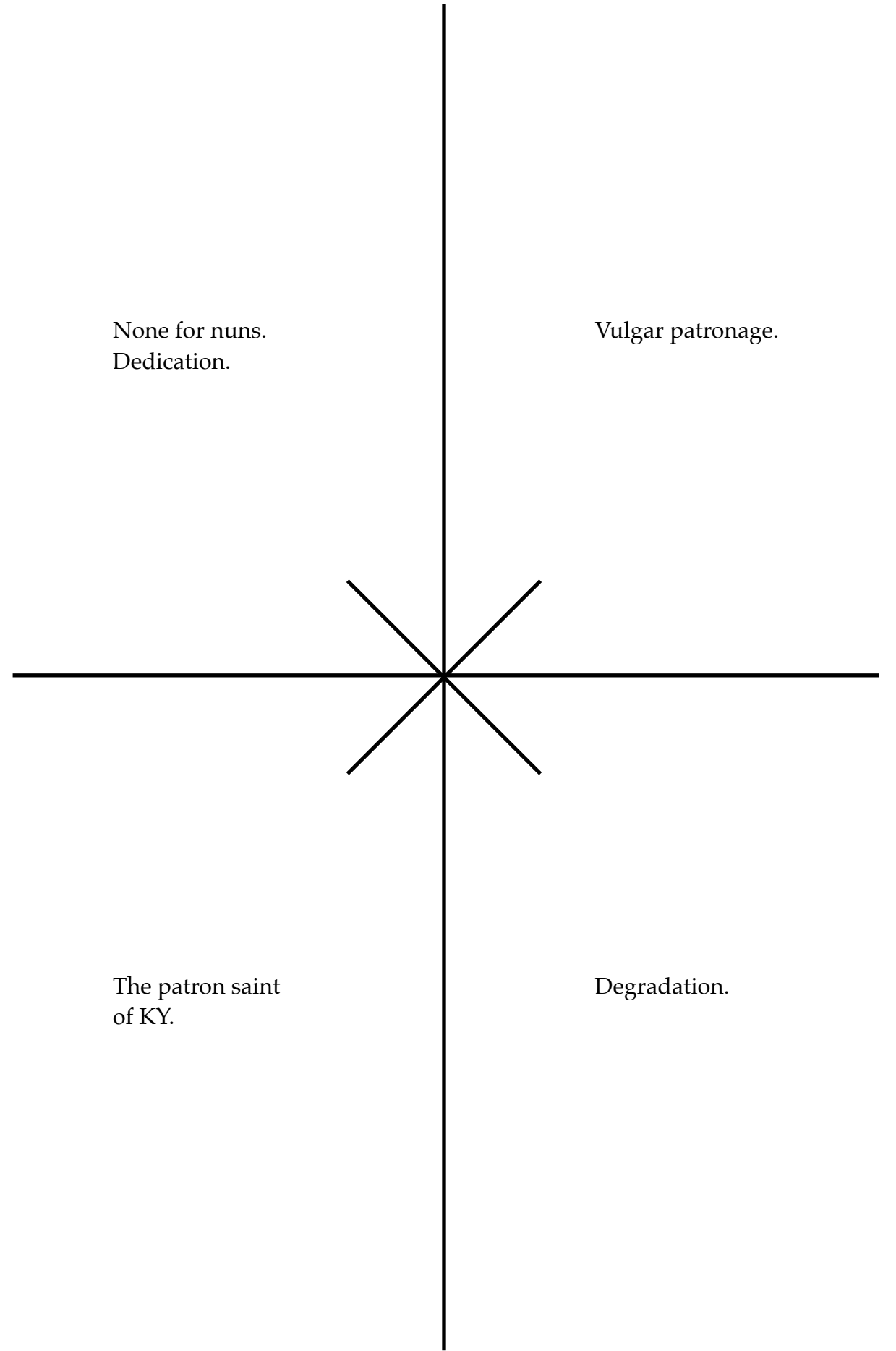
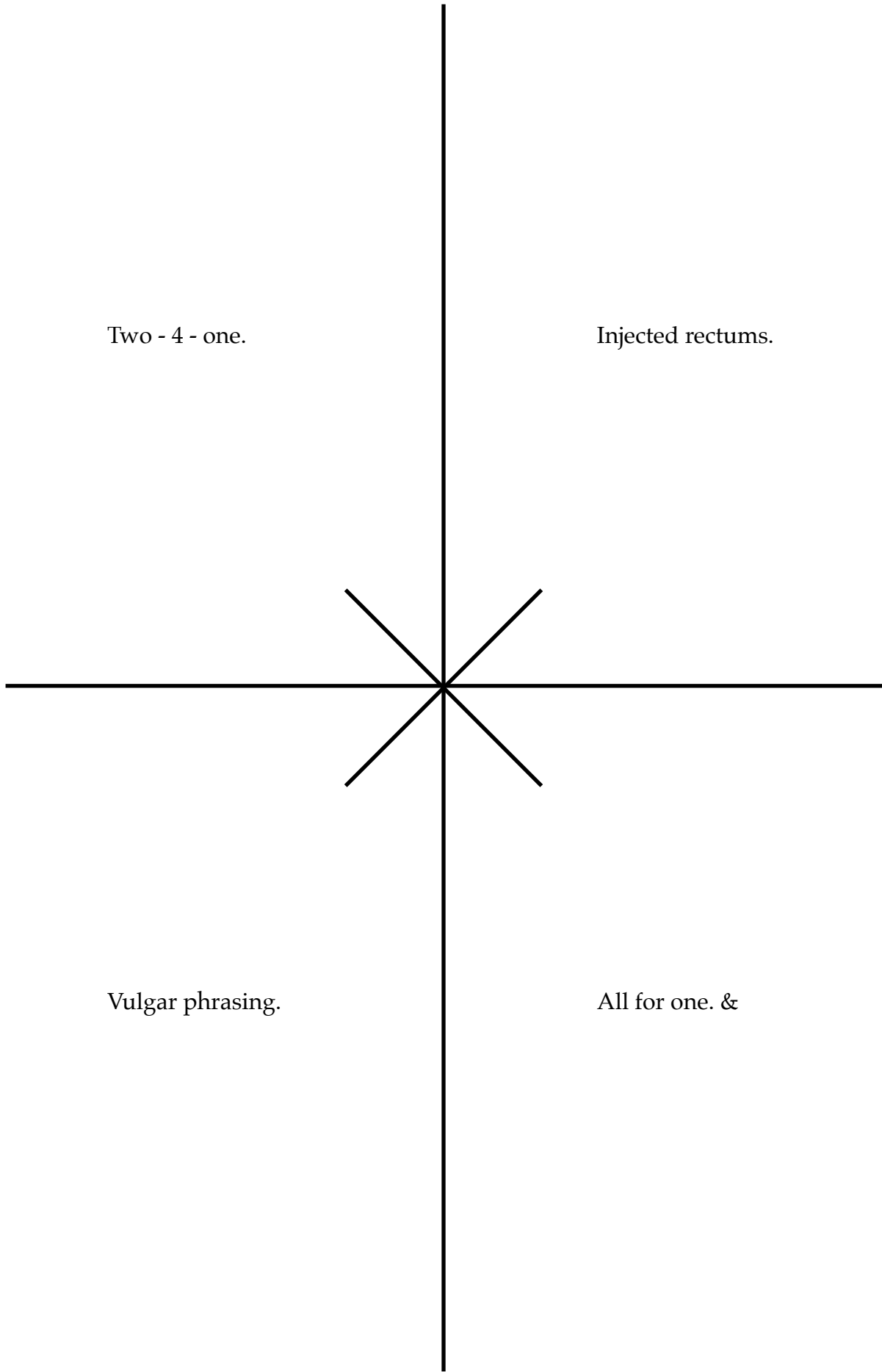


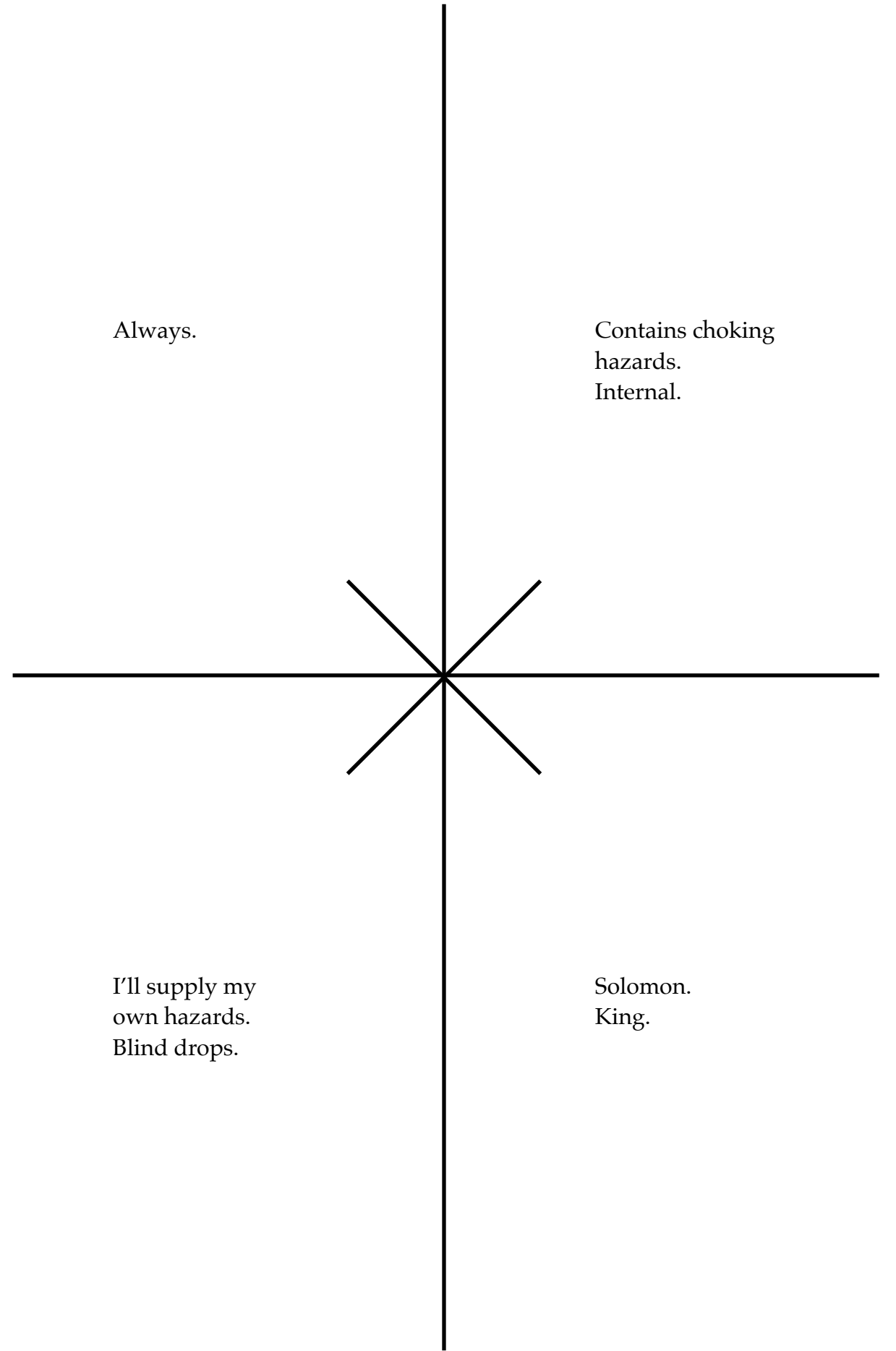
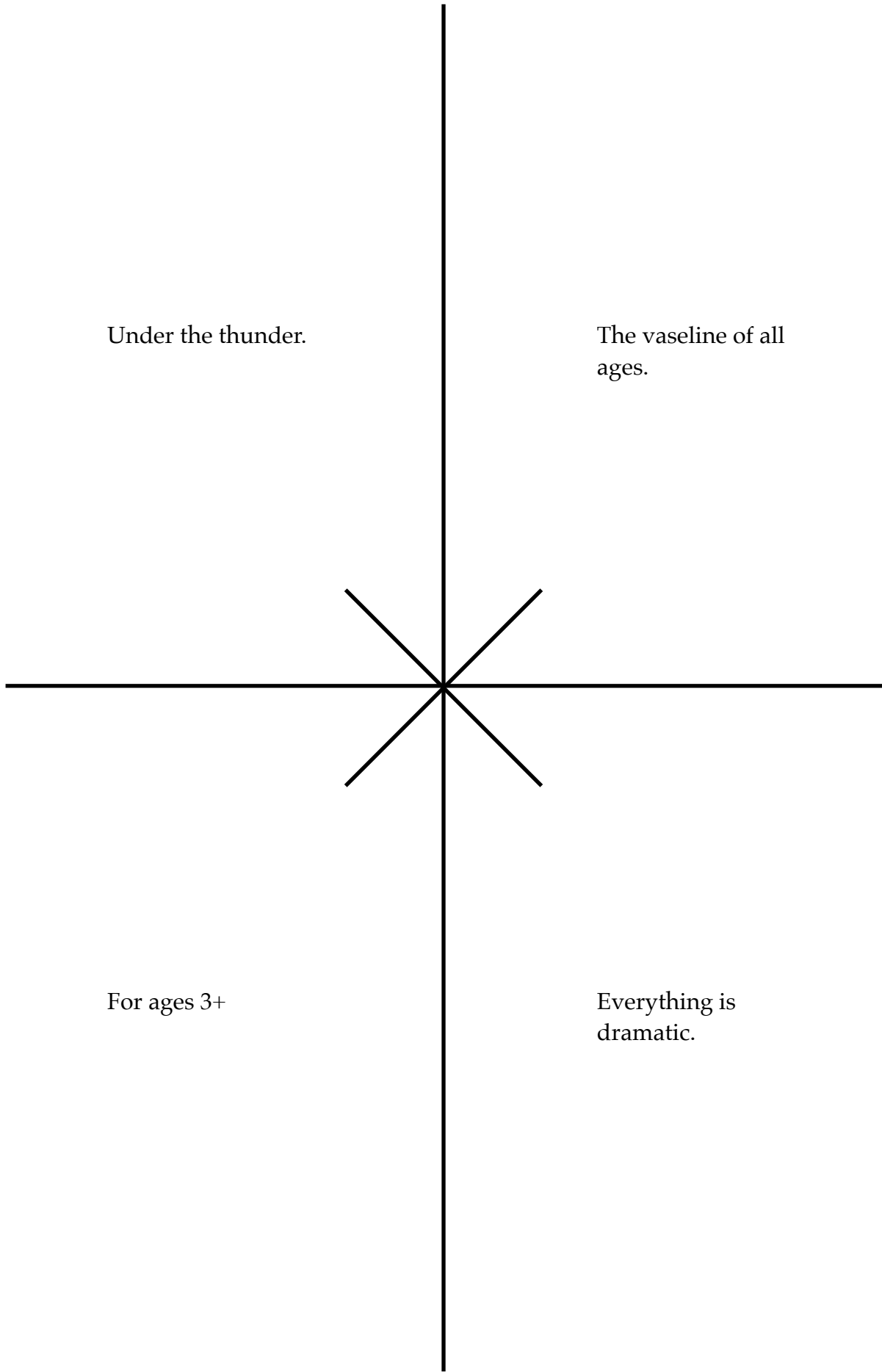


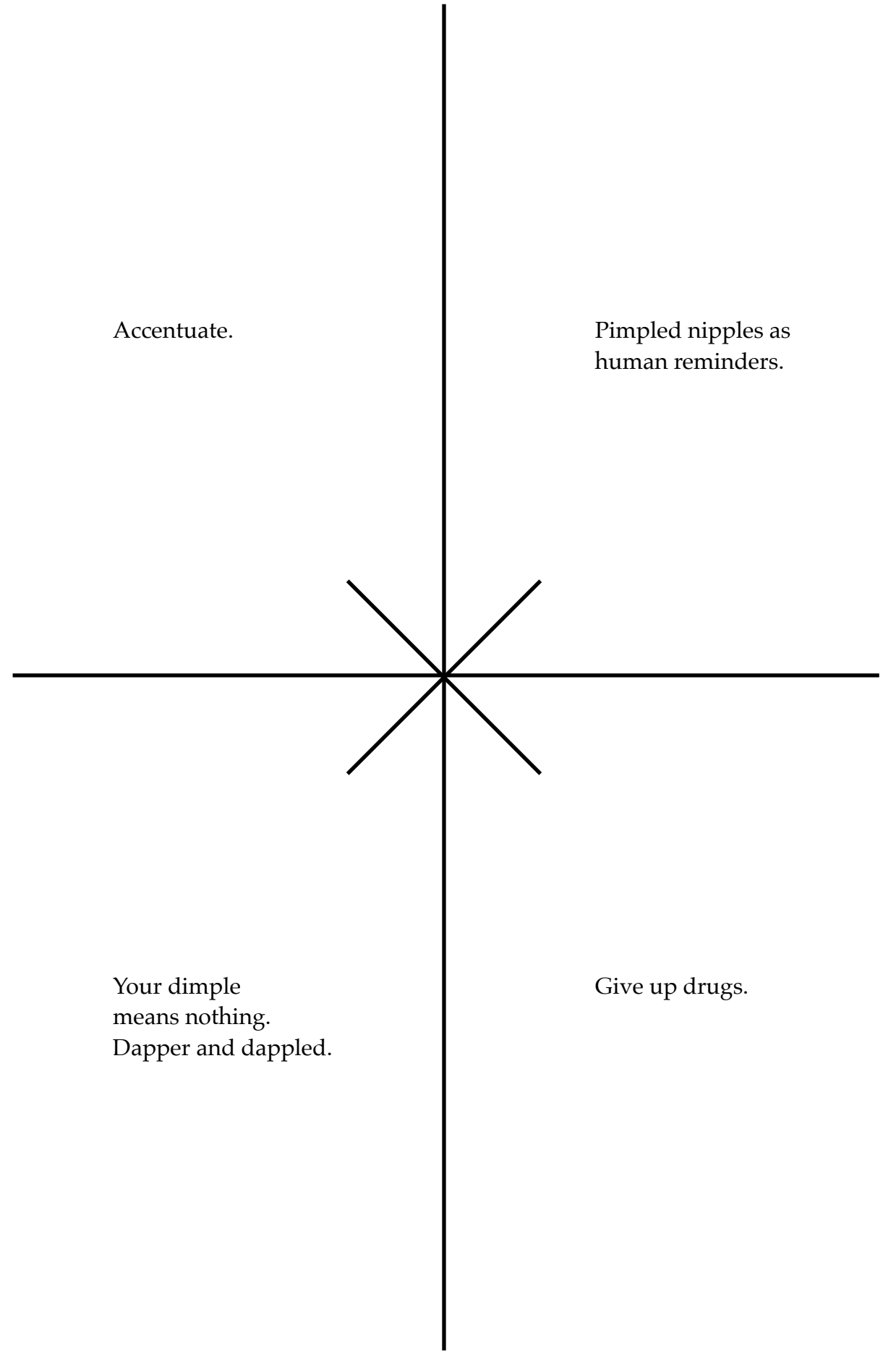
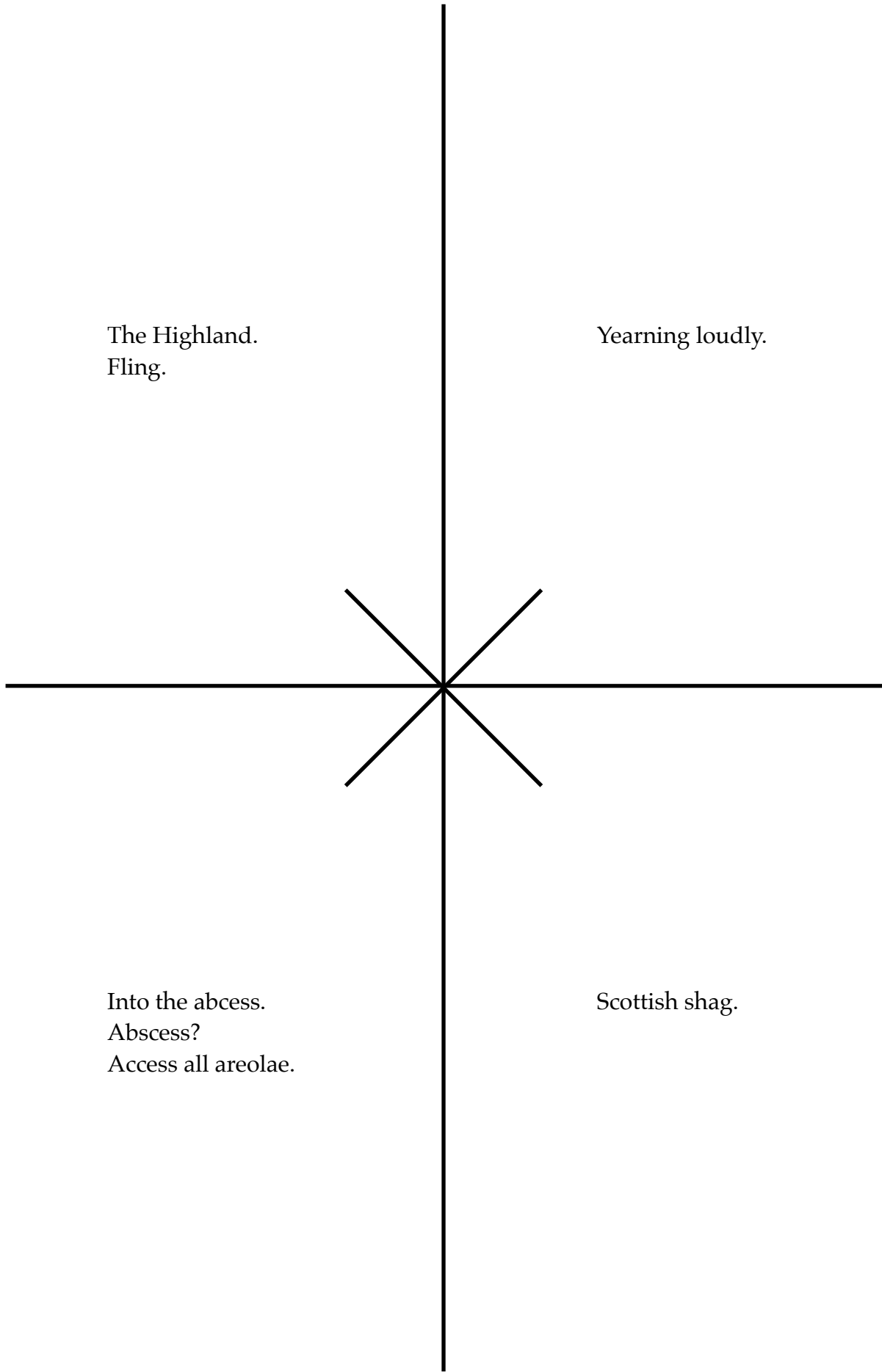


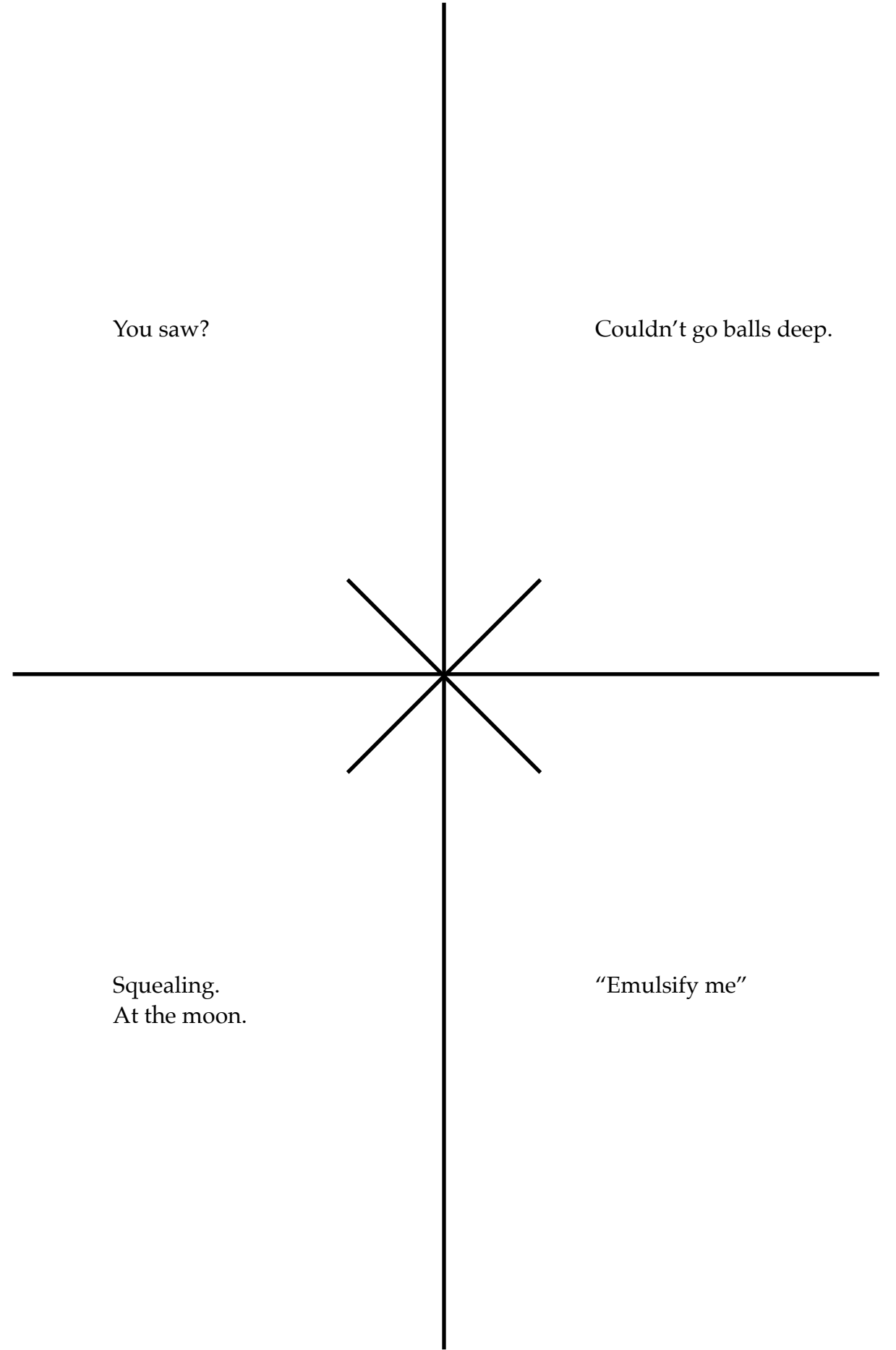
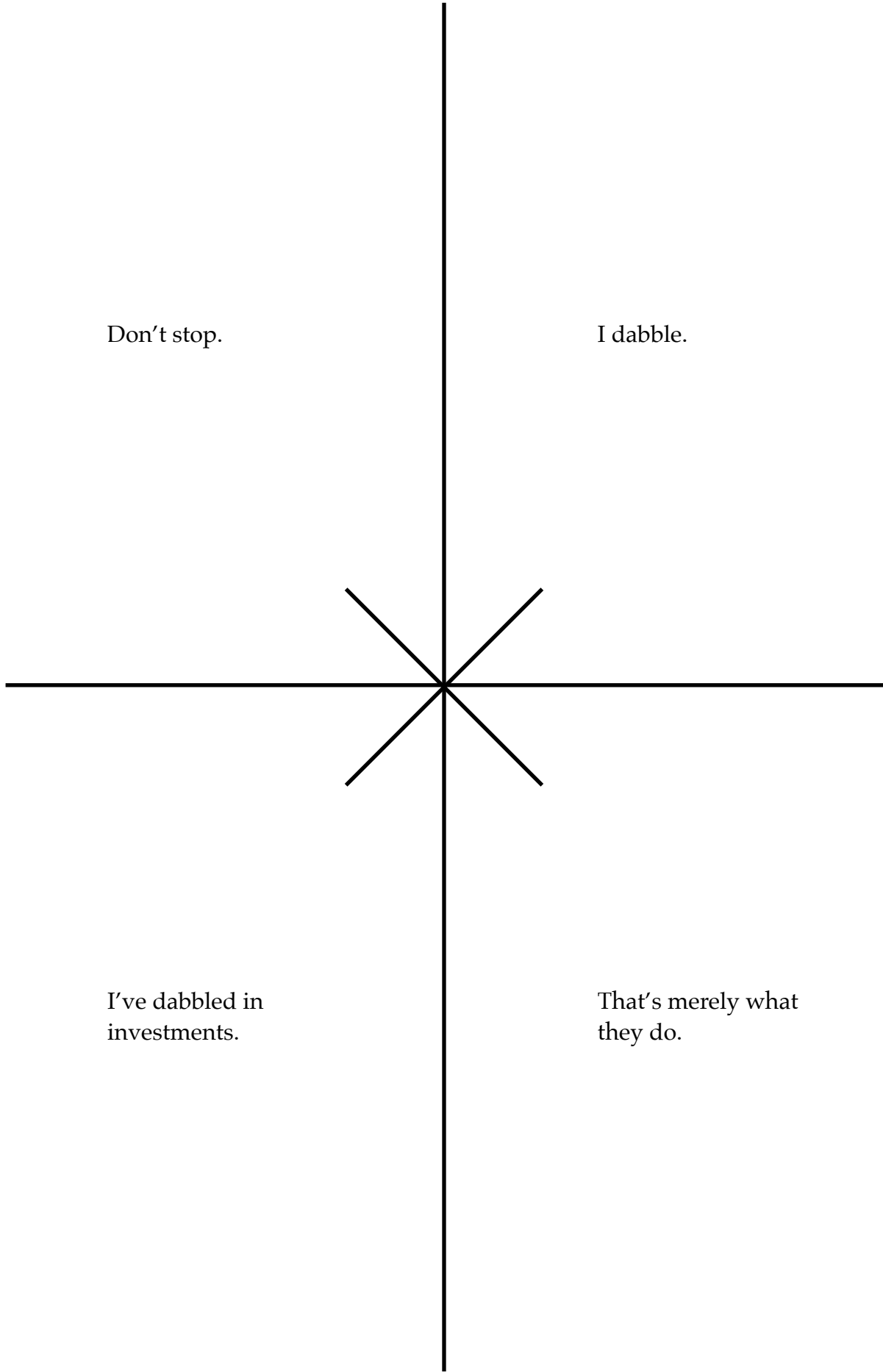


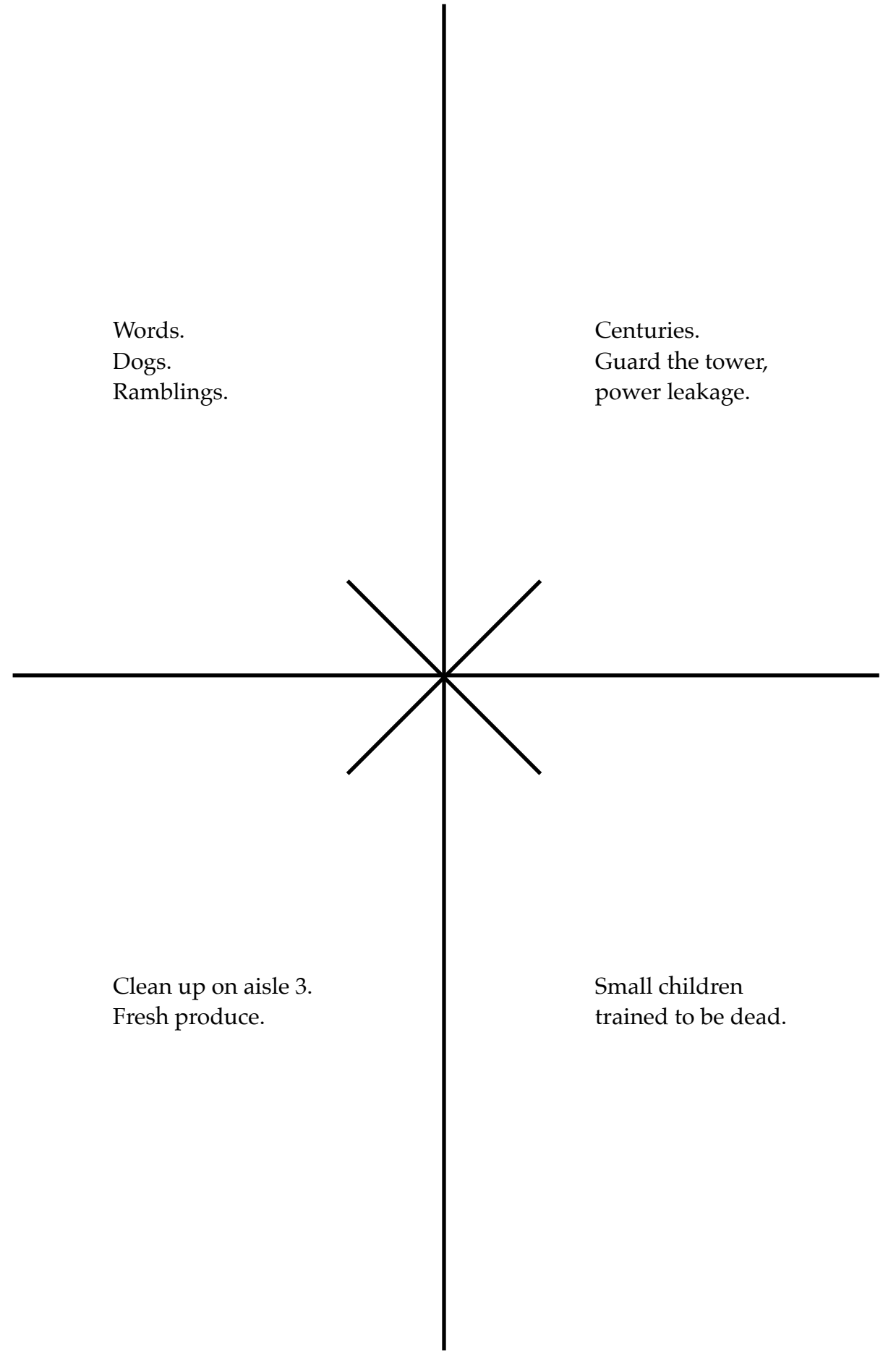
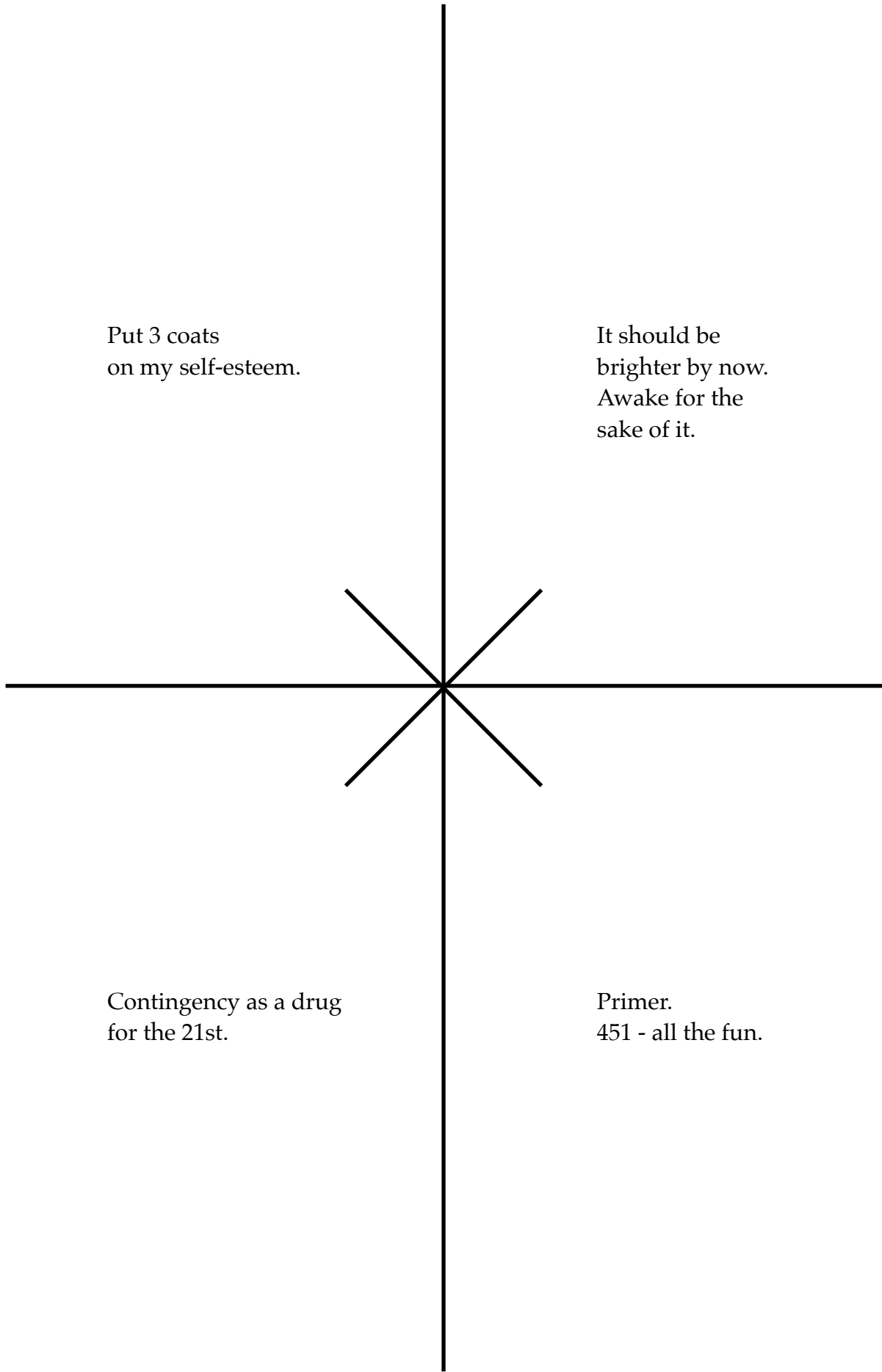


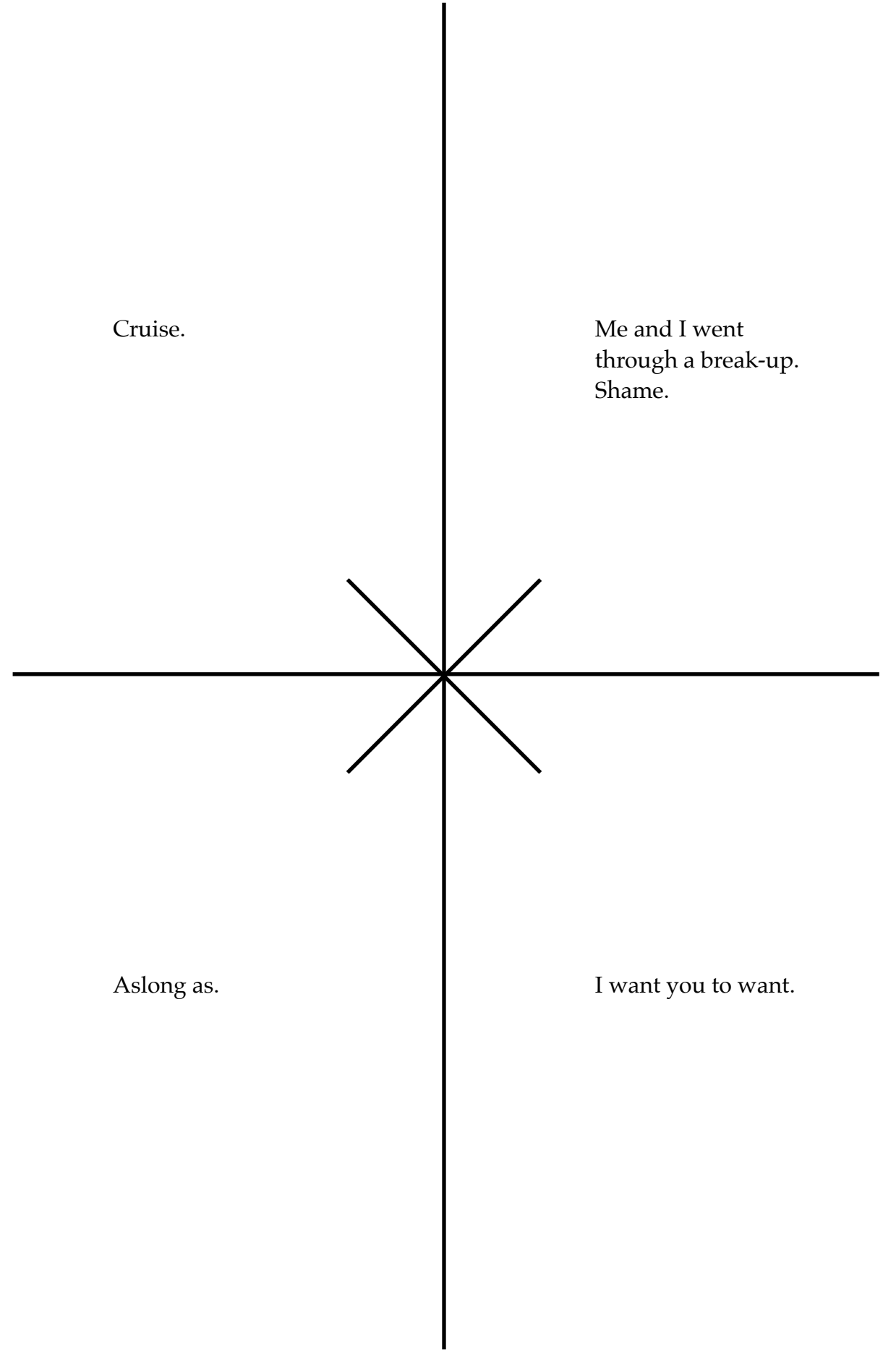
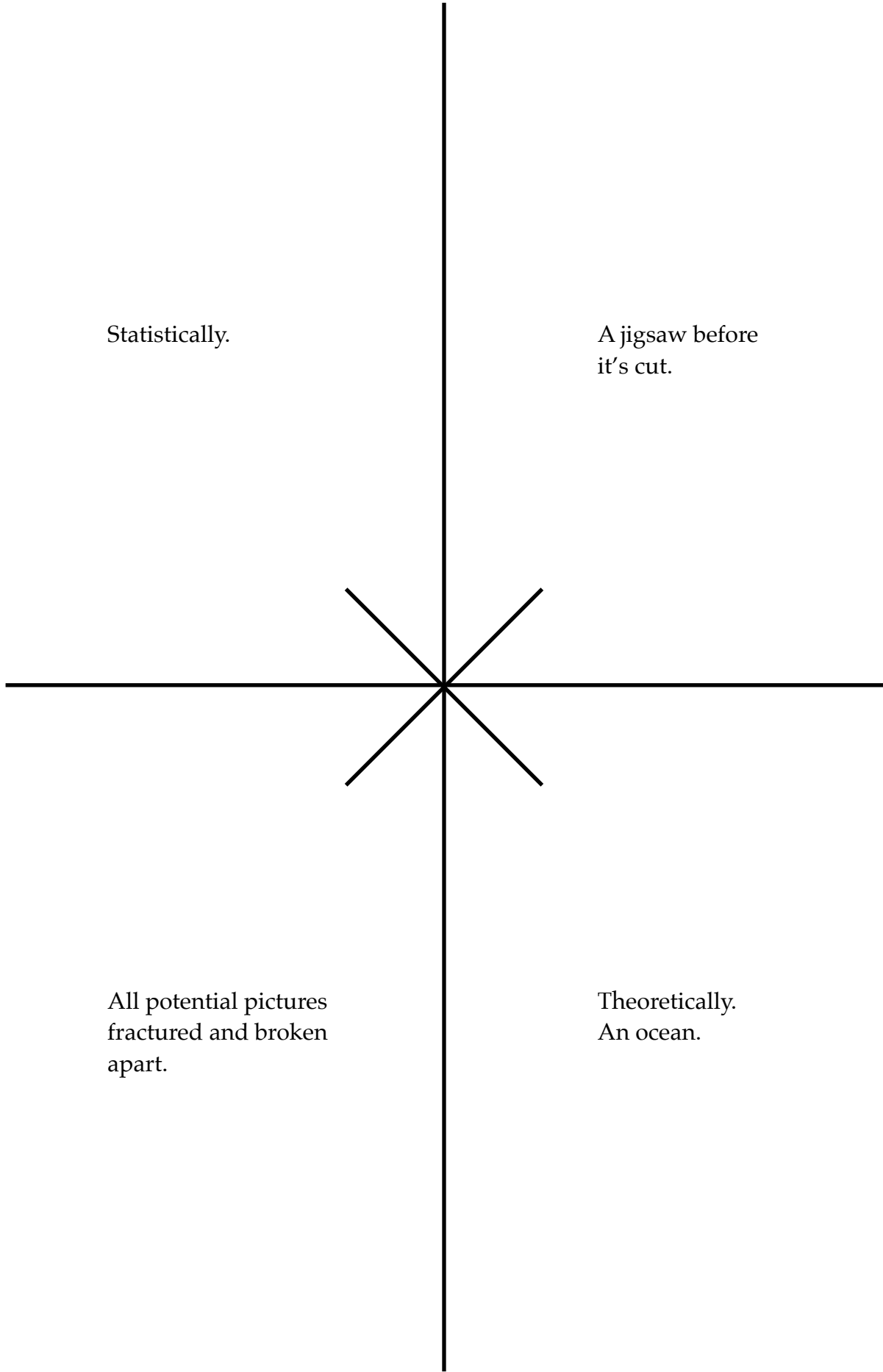


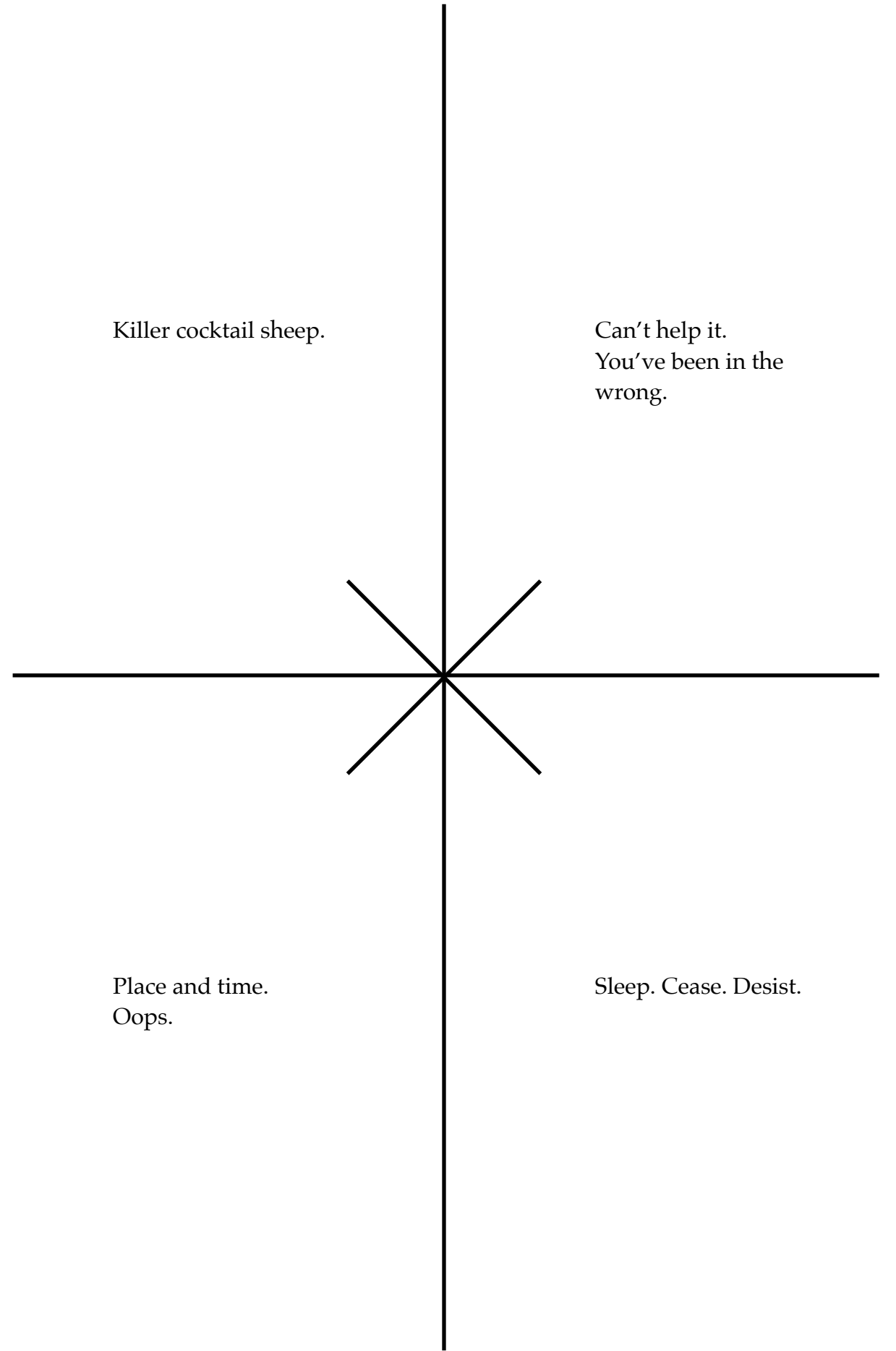
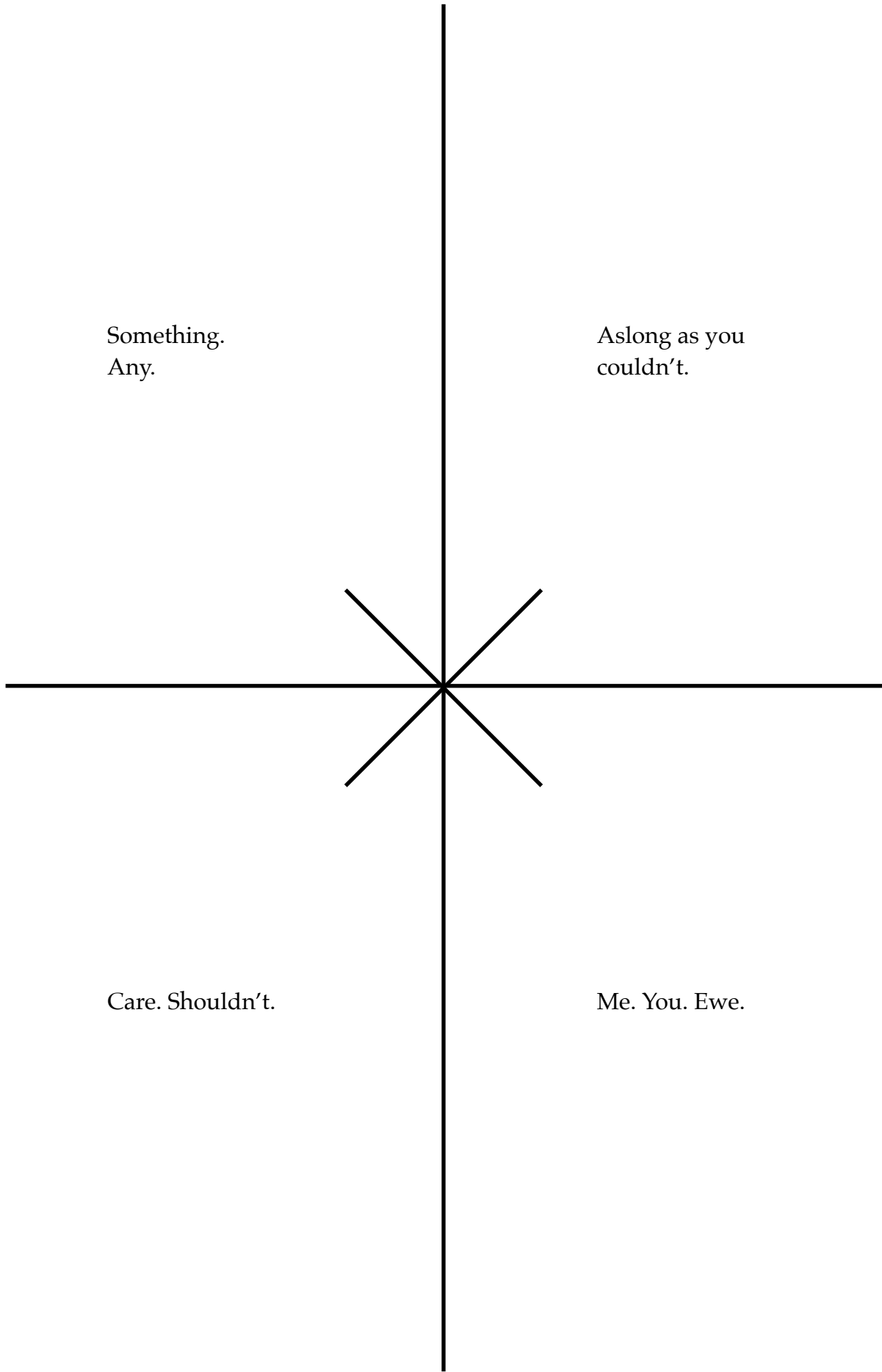


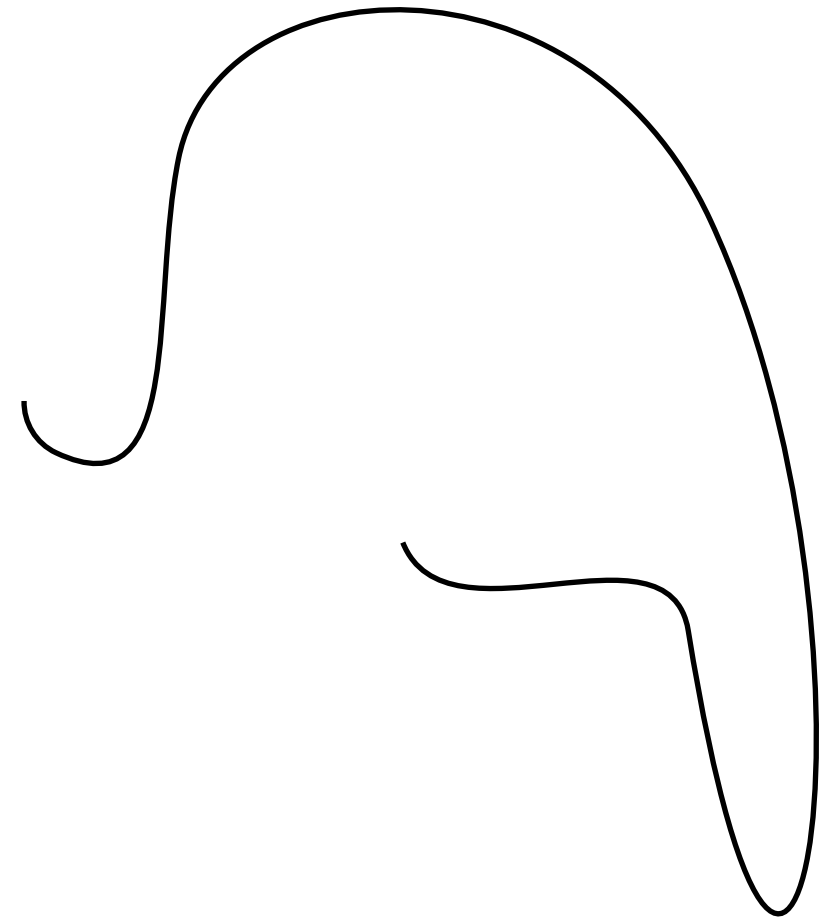
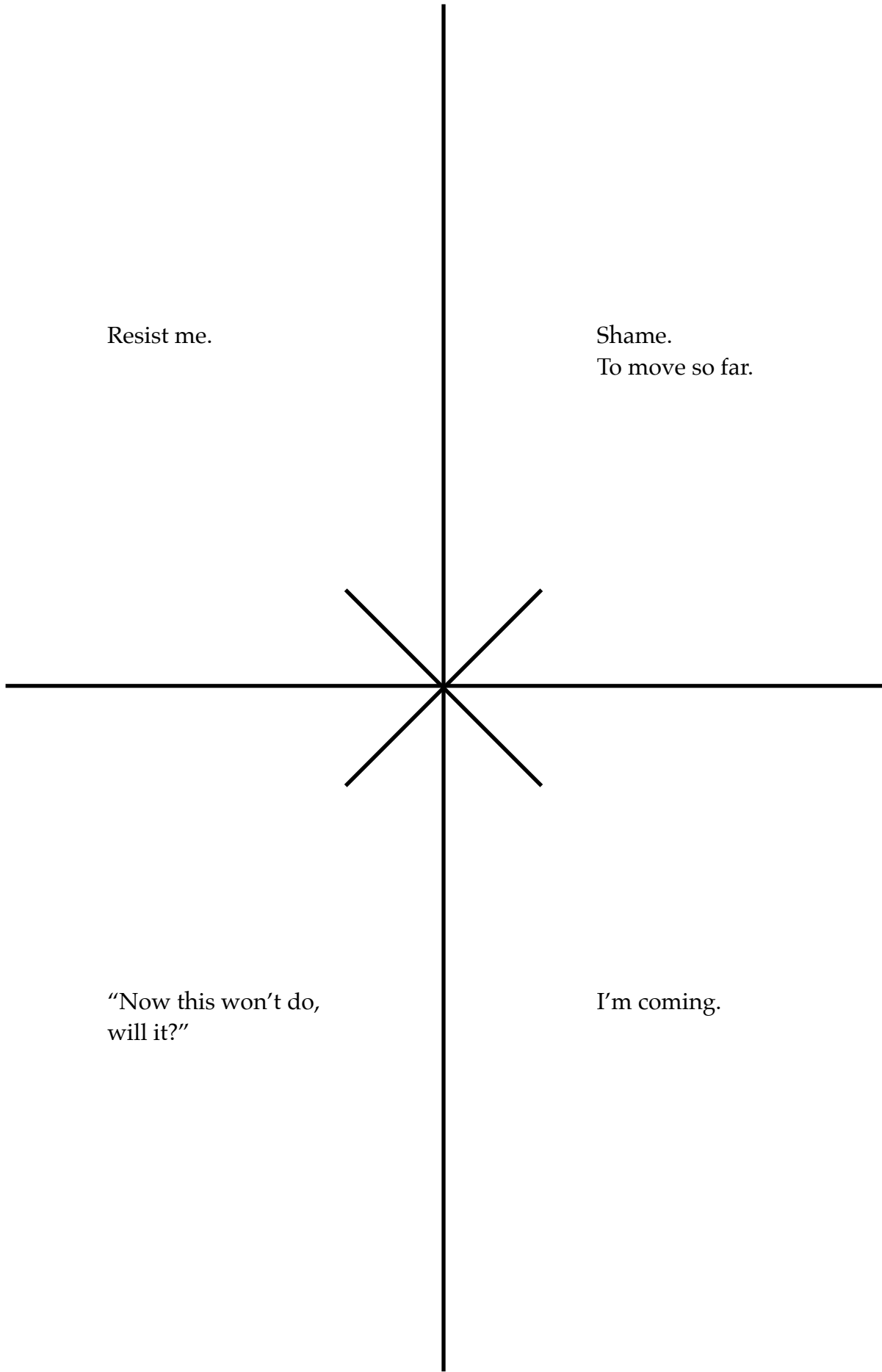












06.09.16
15:46
15:48

High Powered Violence

Many peopled venues

Taking chances blindly

Sheathed between bedsheets

Striking, blindly striking

Sips taken deeply

Virus virus slowly

Conversing, well endowed

Words erect already

That things bleeds

That thing, slowly

06.09.16
15:50
15:52

The phones are ringing, once put on hold, always put on hold.
Holding prejudice close, as a shield against protection.
Wearing protection always, as an allowance to caution.
Can't allow.
Won't be loud yet, biding.
Biding.
Time's old prick, wilting already.
Who'll call it out?
Roll up, roll ups burn slower.
Hot fingers against hot cheeks.
Thanking, merci for all & sundry.
Sundried aspiration leaves
husks behind.
Paying forward.
Cashing in, in desperation.
That tomorrow arrives,
and it always disapproves.

06.09.16
15:55
15:58

All borrowed while wishing a certain owner would shake off obligation.

All is as all does, but all doesn't get out of bed for less than a pound.

All we could, we can't discuss for fear of writing to say that very thing.

All exercising incessant scrawls, crawling blindly through excrement street.

All reading difference, with relatives condemning choices based on the wind.

All one could ask for presented honestly, laying down to inhale reality.

All aboard the traces of the good stuff, sniffed out by bored bloodhounds.

All is not, lost we are, once again.

06.09.16
19:03
19:04

Wouldn't it be nice?
Overstepping the mark to be remembered.
Override the mechanism,
Fuck the free will world.
Willing to be goat-like, escaping
Real shit storms with the finest of windbreakers.
The eyes of coal, reflective in a
Shiny shit fashion.

Fashionably shit.

Humanity as a hypothesis.

Hypoallergenic to carbon.

One towards two, getting lost on the way.

We cannot explain the smell
of your coloured cheeks as I say
your name. But it's there.
We're all witnesses.

07.09.16
19:30
19:35

Caring stillness
Craving filling
Curving away from all things
Curling toes in carpets
Cursing sanity
Caressing ego from inside
Can't quite not shake
Can't quiet words of endearment
Couldn't sup from you
Care and attention ignored
Creeping ever closer
Cerulean breath dances
Coping with that image
Caution in high winds
Cracked fog in photos of smoke
Craned the neck to overlook
Cushion the movements of sex
Can imagine other objects
Cannot object to locating them
Cease to cease
Constantly pausing

08.09.16
13:40
13:47

War ready, ready and waiting for rains
of niches, transporting shipments of doubt,
cubic ton by cubic ton, stretching
on for endless miles of freight trains,
hop on, hop off, bearded and bruised
for the outspoken morals, breath of
cheap cider, fermented painkillers,
chewing the fields to catch a buzz,
cut out the middle man, men of
average build taking over, it's not
over till the above average declare
it so, I prefer microwaved decisions,
a set time, a formula for succession,
well aware of all that is forgotten,
faded denim faces, distinctly immoral,
immortal memories haunting those
who have to cough up the night
before, every morning the doom rises
in the west, set in your ways, way off
the agreed mark, copy written all over,
a mess of scrambled peace treaties.

08.09.16
14:10
15:27

Waiting for god knows
One foot in the ground
The glass soliloquy
Off twice, and then
A nude brunch
Fear of clothing in glass cases
12 salty pens
The terrible crisis of seeing
Hanker
The stoat of the foil?
The rice plan
The scripture of Marvin Gaye
The department of fleeing girlness
A tree is Donald Glover
Met an orphan kid
Chuckle very thin
Slide on precipice
Trigger my hump
Blonde in a wig
Auntie care ninja
Law & geese

14.09.16
12:16
12:21

Who's nose blows, picking last night from nostrils as the weather decides whether
sweat is on
the agenda. Mixed up, messed in, in and of itself there is no issue.
Putting on toast to get lucky, the daftest of folks couldn't quite figure it out, but we
knew.
Knowing by accident, causing traffic jams of words, everyone rushing to repeat mis-
quotes.
I miss how you used to quote me. Written lists of reasons to never part. Departure
points of things to compare the future to.
I wasn't sure of your outfits, and I had no piss left to take. To feel to own, as though
thighs could be picked up off the shelf of my private store.
Vampires were sexy, pizza helped. Sainsbury's would've been the best man at the
ceremony. I sit often, to remember our ceremonies, when moons are full of dappled
light.
We were too productive.

15.09.16
15:41
15:47

Clenching, grasping at
The ring tightens
Shivering in sequence
Shivering in sequence
Uncertain repetitions
of habits.
Worn habits, with patches
At the elbows.
The angles of Eastern Europe
The angles of elbows,
Unsure in it's prominence.
Promiscuous.
Dappled outfits, leave
imaginations.
Mandatory holidays
enjoyed appropriately.
Lives upon lives.
Endless adjustment.
Accustomed to the sub-par.
Submerged in, exactly
This.

15.09.16
15:48
15:53

It's a family of affairs. You see these tribes orient themselves by naturally occurring brick formations. Bizarre?

Yes, well I thought so too, but tessellation is a rather powerful thing. The slotting of bricks, laid many years ago. Trodden down by many, laid by each other often, and in many couplings, each more off-script than the last.

Construction never ceases, you see. Endless endeavours, striving aimlessly, yet oddly productive. The phone call to progress has been put on hold indefinitely. Comfort has been prioritised, if only on paper.

Obese nomads strike fear into the policy makers of social conduct.
We are all numbered, among these constellations of loosely orbiting starlets, scrambling for an appetite fix.

21.09.16
21:59
22:04

Freshly crushed nerves, the far side of what is bearable.
Taken to extremes, with bruises on bruises.
Yodel in foreign tongues, where mouths learn intricate choreography.
Loins are learning to be lovely, it's not as bad as first thought.
Enjoying chicken scratch writing, the accidental secret.
Keep yourself submerged, coming up for air once a month, as the moon.
Expanded pores, sweat out and sweat in.
That first crawl of childhood, yearning for the womb of freedom.
High-rise accidents, pimples of steel on landscapes of dirt.
Dirt is home, the first weakness.
Purity in nonsense.
Whatever that means, it never stops meaning.

22.09.16
21:37
21:44

I stained the page again, distracted by wonder. Slowly realising that first impressions are often mistakes too, and that it's hard to write healthy. The odd headache and chest-ache plaguing an otherwise pleasant vacation from necessity.

I've been lying again.

Zip tie relationships, forming a cloud of possible, if not probable, dissappointments. To be convinced of one's own mortality seems to get easier. An unoriginal view on aging. Prime real estate in life terms.

Are you sure?

Out of tickets to sit at the the cool kids table, while old habits die harder than intended. The hunt for strangers who aren't already sick of the bullshit makes for heart marathons. I guess it could be called resilience, but really, how many love at third sights are possible?
Stop looking. Stop searching. You'll miss it.

22.09.16
21:51
21:57

I never felt moved.
I never felt moved recently.
I'd never feel moved accidentally.
Is never feeling moved a symptom?
I never felt liked when moving.
It doesn't move quick enough yet.
Is feeling moved when alone still possible?
If moving works, feeling doesn't quite.
I never felt moved in adulthood.
I was moved as a kid.
It stopped moving after a decade or so.
I wanna feel moved more.
I never moved others in the right ways.
I want another chance at free movement.
I distill moving.
I write as though moved.
I never understood authentic movement.
I dream in these movements sometimes.
Is there a difference, I moved or I am moved?
I never feel you move me.
It's tiring, this stability.

03.10.16
00:33
00:38

There's space further down
Each tooth stained
Grit and grill
Half-eaten objects
Littering the floor space
A small corner
Pull further down

Itching to be
Other spaces vacuum
Groveling towards freedom
Each room expanded
Chest cavity
Draining softly, spacious
Which way, downwards

The upside down of you
Indeterminable
At each half step
Sink slower
Further down there is space

03.10.16
14:09
14:14

Sweet nothings, sickly sweet
Down your chin
The affectionate drool
Charming in the worst way,
of a certain kind of time.
Certainly mistaken
By constant, unaltering desire
Totality ruins
Craving all and none
Synecdoche.
Cynical in practice,
well versed.
Aged queers, nimble
Judged and judging
The kindness as an awning,
against acidic rain.
Self instigated,
in constant lazy production.
Gossamer sensibilities
Utter bollocks,
If luck arrives, and chooses to sit awhile.

13.10.16
20:36
20:41

If a large glass of feeling lost
can replace to longing,
then we've all been buggered long ago.
Archaic slang suffices to say bugger all,
as the grumpy git sits.
As always.
For sure.
As you want.
We want weeping, whispered where what
will doesn't exist.
Not sure about that last one, but if I
admit my lust you'll stop reading.
Willingly selfish.
Chasing the feeling of deeper feelings.
Service staff hate me, and I hate
that.
Stuck.
Coming unstuck in a maze of bad
handwriting and cold fingers.
Good luck with translation,
I was lost before we began.

13.10.16
20:42
20:47

The slow approach of a climactic note.
It takes too long.
It arrives freely, but rarely on paper
and pen in sync.
Resisting correction.
Instantly recognisable progressions.
Party, alone, who could?
Wishing for a flow unlike anything seen
before, but never achieved.
Really?
Really!
Aggressive corrections of drunken hands.
Easy to approach, yet different to enter
into.
Cold hands kill possible resolutions.
I should think more.
Less of Franz Ferdinand.
Cultural references lost on most,
every most.
I respect writers for candid qualities.
I'm a bad impersonator.

13.10.16
20:48
20:53

The selection process has started.
As has my bowled over sobriety.
The forgotten artist, an ego wrestle.
Importance resting on continuity.
Tired, real ball-aching fatigue.
I'll get to what you're thinking,
but it might take an honest while.
I shiver constantly, as there are many sources.
Selection could be the key,
but it's possible I fill the book
for, because the book has too many empty pages.
It's necessary!
Dinner hasn't been made, yet the
real sadness rests in this realisation.
I'll survive. Regardless. Not-
withstanding.
Life continues.
Laborious as it may seem, I
remember, I haven't smoked in a while.

20.10.16
19:13
19:19

It just won't leave. It almost refuses to admit defeat. As a smell, a lingering odor.
However much it is bathed in the scent of flowering herbs, it perseveres.

Maintaining its location, its character, that distinctive personality I've come to loath.
Yet, not loathing or marrying as much as I ought to. It's persistence ought to be cause
for concern, but then again, many of my favorite afflictions have an intense staying
power. Suppose that entering the real world -

Addendum:- what bullshit spawned the phrase or the lingo "Just wait until you get
out into the real world!"

- means dealing with the persistent arrogance's of biology and psychology.

It's entirely possible I'm exactly where I need to be, but if that insists on being the
case, there was a wrong turn made somewhere. I have, always, a headache.

01.11.16
18:13
18:13

Standing atop the mound, the smell of
mortality played on the breeze.

At once offensive and familiar, he found
himself displaced in time, unsuccessfully.

At once, on top of the hill, at
once, in the caves and caverns of half-remembered trips, at once,
anxiously anticipating absent lovers
at a safe distance from the metro station.

His body, the body, gently pulled apart, wrestling between three troublesome
locations.

Each death approaching, at a similar speed, yet the final blow will always
be shaped slightly differently.

Blunt force social trauma, not what it was cracked up to be, but
necessary.

The eternal crucifixion of hope.

The final nail in three coffins.

15.12.16
10:01
10:07

01.03.17
17:02
17:08

He felt his gut revolting. Revolving over itself, resting occasionally to squeeze out a sharp gust of flatulence. Sodden smells permeating second hand trousers. All in all he was barely 'kempt'. Kept together by string and vague will. Wilfully ignorant of exactly what's necessary to resurrect himself.

Homelessness may well be preferable, although he wasn't keen on becoming further removed from sight, deeper into anonymity.

Somehow the face he carried with him still allowed for brief encounters on public transport. Fucking ever so briefly through eyes and ears. Magnetising crotches and neck napes for a fraction of a second, just enough for self-awareness to kick in, and it's broken immediately. Yet it's never him, he'd never be the first to look away.

As one sits, one imagines two feet, the feet of another. The other socks, shoes, nails, aches, pains. Pains seem easier to locate, a quicker empathy fix, or a sunny disposition pre-disposed to ruining it. As one sits, the feet move on, through uneven worlds of cobbled ideas. The ideas of the city, each one blossoming into a personality, just as lonely as all the others. As one sits, one craves dynamics. Gliding through space, ever-so-slightly above the unpredictable paving of each journey. Never faltering between pot-holes and left turns. Ignoring gravity out of forgetfulness. As one sits, the journey has begun. The feet of the mind, curiously healthy and energetic, with free travel on all buses, trains and bicycles. A freedom pass to frustrated inaction. As one sits, we all sit. Cursing the moment we stopped.

05.07.17
18:30
18:37

In the nation of engorged subjects, perdu in the languages of sexual conquest, our subject nests. Curled into and under the collapsed awning of the last bar to close. The aching, distended liver relaxing slightly with the proximity of historical consumption.

There's been no commercial alcohol in these parts for years, yet our subjects parts ache for that soporific fix.

As they fix a fix, in a womb of tattered belongings, they remember half-days of clean fingernails and starched food and clothing and encounters and ands. Yet the liver persists in insisting on a painful existence. As though the lack of satisfaction is a personified offense, and one that is worthy of punishment. In the haze of post-fix life, feet are glimpsed in the gap between awning and concrete. They neither linger nor quicken.

No change, in the world of the broken awning.

05.07.17
18:40
18:44

For the sake of ease, we will refer to us as The Fuck. Not the easiest moniker in the scheme of things, but one that we heard incessantly throughout our long and varied career. Always following our proper title, in a string which signals an incredulous feeling, coupled with an ease of cursing.

What the fuck?

So now our existence is clear. Our purpose to be repurposed, and to denote all the questions our customers feel necessary to ask. We'd always hoped for a complex career, only being dealt with by competent professionals in their own right. To be used sparingly is of the highest honour among us, and now that I've begun to write, I use my brothers & sisters mercilessly.

26.07.17
10:56
11:01

- Omegle -

If he reached down, ever so slowly, to check his genitals were intact and where he left them, he may have noticed the slight moisture, the droplet of pre-cum that had formed on the tip of his dormant member.

If he were to then take his gaze for a walk around the room, he may have realized the source of this bodily dribble.

He doesn't do either of these things, but luckily you and I can see more than he. We know that the way the chef had wrestled with the binbag with his lithe, sinewy arms had awoken in our subject a long, slow, subterranean desire.

This combination of virility and rubbish. He'd always wanted to be thrown around by a man such as this one, but had never been close to such a thing. Maybe today.

Peopled screens
Virtual throwers
Made this for you from you in not with you
Take give offer and use
Bathed in screen glow

-

The everyyou, the onlywe, the neverme, the usus, the transall, the communitwe, the I mass, the wasn't one, the allmost...

-

Drowned in clothed undress, turned/tuned by network lust, our bodies no bodies for each other. Sext through and on, in love with seconds, adored with gaze mediated. At once without control. Escape the lust clutch...

-

It's basically a circle-jerk choreography. I'll be here, you can be. Good luck.

We'll work our way down, in the traditional sense, by starting at the top. This body takes pride in the uppermost limits of its form. Coiffed to perfection, the auburn-ish-sort-of-could-be-red-sometimes locks adorn a crown of religious proportions. My brother has a 'double-crown', as one particularly overzealous hairdresser once put it. Meaning that the point from which hair spirals out is not one point at all. A double helix of follicle growth emanating from the scalp. Perhaps red hair is simply the dried blood. A mis-wiring of the vascular system. Anyway, it's a good head of hair, slightly thinning in an appealing way, to allow more of an exchange between the top of one's head and the universe surrounding it. To traverse the forehead is a treacherous trip, one which encounters valleys of experience. I've never been entirely sure about the theory of 'worry-lines'. As a sign of age they are very useful in many ways. To signify that one has been on this planet for longer than others is a common obsession among us. Usually in the retroactive sense, we scour the faces of others for signs of wear and tear, to attempt to place those we see into our net of humans to avoid or chase or both. On this body those lines are deep but not fixed. There is a sense that each new situation would initiate a reconfiguring of those lines, like some kind of screensaver which adapts depending on your browser history for the day. Google-searching our way through encounters in the non-screen world, phrasing our questions internally with a view to finding as many results as possible. "What does that tattoo on the left ankle of the person next to me on the train allude to in relation to their feelings towards strangers on public transport?" These lines, crossing the forehead intermittently and never reaching the hairline, are in motion at the moment we observe this body. A rearranging of worms in a glass-encased school project. It takes time, but it's fascinating when you catch it. We'll come back to the eyes, and that general area, as it is a place we find too intriguing to skim over. The nose has the peculiar quality of being absolutely non-descript. As mundane and daily in its appearance as barcodes and serial numbers on supermarket shelves. We have not yet found the system with which to arrange these numbers into signifiers, so they disappear almost entirely. The computer coding of our everyday. The ignorance enjoyed inasmuch as it is permissible. To the lower face, there is a squareness to the jaw which is noticeable in such a way that even after many meetings, it still strikes you as prominent. If a longer time has passed between viewings, it can even to appear to have grown and redefined itself according to the latest topographical limits of this face. Comforting in its certainty, it props up the frontal lobe with its human geometry. The fine peach fuzz fur is only visible in certain light, but it's the best of games to explore how much of the surface area this fuzz pervades.

There are certain cities in the world which have orange-tinted streetlights, and there are those that don't. A sort of extracted fireside glow, which lends a certain timelessness to a city at night. The alternative is usually a cold neon white, which has become more and more popular in most cities. As I sit now at my desk, I know that the four blocks surrounding me have lamps of orange, and that outside of that area the white prevails.

Once, on an expanse of grass in London, I went hunting for the darkest spot. The place that was mathematically furthest from as many streetlights as possible. It took almost an hour, as the two most likely candidates were on opposite sides of the heath. When finding what I decided to be the spot, I lay down, with some Icelandic ambience in my headphones and a cigarette between thumb and forefinger.

This spot was cold, and it was as moist as London usually is for 10 months of the year. This heath, as it happens, was only about 5 minutes walk from the home where I spent my supposedly formative years. The sense that home was a building had disappeared a few years previously, and this heath was included in the net of familiarity that allowed home to be an area rather than a location. The heath held memories of adolescent drunkenness, huddled by the church with black cans of hard cider at 79p each. Hordes of 13-15 year olds from the surrounding area gathering on a Friday night to feign maturity with anything the supermarket would require ID for. Fumbling hands navigating gloves, then scarves, then winter coats, then jumpers, then undershirts, then underwear. The clumsy yet fervent yearning to see how the body of the other was different to one's own. Soon to discover that there was so much more to discover, and the sound of friends wondering who you were getting off with was not the most encouraging soundtrack.

The darkest spot on the heath was, therefore, a sort of library. As if the ground had been permeated by these evenings, and was exhaling the story for all to listen to if you got close enough to the ground. Geographically it is a non-space, where no trees grow. Until recently it was always empty, except for the odd funfair or traveling circus. Now though, the idea that there would be this much 'unutilised' space in London is sacrilegious. For years, this liminal expanse was a source of comfort not dissimilar to arriving home after a thunderstorm and knowing that the only things on the agenda for the rest of that day were in the pursuit of a complacent comfort.

Dear ...,

I hope this finds you well. It's a bit of an experiment to try and write a letter to you, but if this works then I should hope to develop it into a habit. I was racking my brain the past few days to try and figure out what to write to you about. It's possible, of course, to give you a run down of the comings and goings of my life at the moment, but I fear that would become a dreary affair.

I've been getting quite good at dreaming recently. Whether that is a result of my effort to dream as often as possible, or a new chemical arrangement in the brain, it seems to be successful so far. Two nights ago, after packing for a trip to France, I found myself engaged in a sort of architectural... thing.

Basically, I would enter the dream in a building, and then begin to rearrange it as I explored its structure. As I have no experience of architecture on the technical side, I'm almost certain none of these buildings could ever exist, but I'll try to describe my favourite to you. It was a very tall thin building, similar to a tenement block in a 70's New York gang flick. The kind of place one could imagine a struggling private investigator working away at an old desk, with a pot on it to catch the drips from the ceiling.

Anyway, as I was walking up the stairs they began to twist into a spiral, and the walls that divided each apartment melted away. The building rearranged itself around the newly formed staircase, causing it to double or triple in height, as every room was just a small landing away from the staircase itself. For some reason the most entertaining of these adjustments was the shower. About half way up the spiral, there was a glass shower room with the door open. I decided (well, in the dream I decided. I like to think I'd have done the same if it were a lucid dream) to step into the shower and try it out. I quickly realized that the floor and ceiling were also made of glass, so the shower gave the impression of floating in the middle of this giant corkscrew construction. As the hot water began to drop from the shower head, a procession began.

Not dissimilar to the Beauty and the Beast film (the old one), the furniture began a dreary, almost funeral-like procession up and down the stairs. Now the oddest thing was that each item of furniture seemed to me to be a representation of someone I knew. An old teacher as an austere office chair, a rarely-seen uncle as a toaster and so on, I guess you get the idea.

I had to smile to myself just now, as I remember that you also featured as one of these items. Now, it's almost impossible to judge if you will find this offensive or not, but you appeared as an IKEA box, an as yet unfinished bed-frame. I can't remember the name of it, but something suitably Scandinavian. Strange, right?

So, I think I like this letter. It rambles in a way that we enjoyed doing on long journeys through late nights, so I guess it kinda fits. If the idea of a habitual correspondence appeals, then I look forward to your letter. Otherwise, I may continue to send them your way. Maybe it's a sign of my ego, but I feel like we've had more of a conversation than we've had in years!

Missing you as always,

Dear ...,

I wanted to tell you a story this time. I guess all of these letters are stories in a way, but I'm almost certain I never shared this one with you. It's a pretty standard childhood trauma kind of thing, but if it helps, just know that every time I re-tell it I laugh. So I think I'm fine.

The house we grew up in was in a somewhat quiet suburban road in the south-east of London. It was an area of 1 million pound houses and council blocks rubbing shoulders with each other. You'd get a cheery hello from the retired lawyer and from the weed dealer in an almost identical fashion. It being south London, the walk to the nearest chicken/kebab shop was about 4 and a half minutes door to door. The house itself was a two-storey detached house in red brick, with a garage on the left hand side of it. The sad thing is I'm hoping to describe the interior and I had a minute there where I couldn't remember what color the front door was. Anyway, the wood-coloured wooden front door opened into a hallway, where the underused piano sat. To the left of that were the stairs leading up. The story starts here I guess. I'm stood in the hall, around 8 or 9 years old I think, and I hear the familiar call of my name from upstairs. It would go up in pitch at the end, and it was rare that I wouldn't get going after the first time. So I began to climb the stairs (on all fours, which is still the best way to climb stairs), stomping up like some kind of oversized puppy. By the time I heard my name again, I was straightening up to stand outside the bathroom door, which was open just enough to see that the light was on and to feel the slightly moist air escaping from the room.

It seemed silly to knock, as it was usual in my house to walk around naked if necessary, and have mini-conferences while my dad was in the bath. Opening the door I saw a familiar image presented to me. From just inside the door you could only see the half of the bath where the taps and feet were. On this occasion there was a notably large hand barely holding onto a paperback by Mark Morris, with the index finger marking a page about a third of the way through. I remember the cover as being some kind of green snake-like monster, and although I loved to read everything my dad did, this one had never appealed.

Anyway, there was a jolt, and the snake-thing proceeded to make its way to the floor, managing to land on its spread pages, with the spine towards the roughly-plastered ceiling.

"Bugger"

was the response, as he reached down to adjust the book so it lay blurb down. I continued into the room, and was greeted with a smile.

It's all very dull this, but now that I've started to write it down I'm realizing how clear it is still, and possibly getting a little over-excited.

Over the course of the conversation, we landed on a familiar topic. Namely that I felt like a wimp, and hated the word wimp, and didn't want to hear anyone use the word wimp, because I felt like a wimp. The endless repetition over the course of our bathroom back and forth got me in a bit of a state, and I remember my dad promising he'd never say it again. Parents will say anything to calm a kid down, but

he was a particularly gifted polyglot when it came to bullshit, bollocks, rubbish, nonsense, and blah blah.

A calloused hand rose from the water, with a promise of an idea dripping from it into the murky water.

“Hit my hand”

The game was set. To refute the word wimp, I would wack the palm of my father. Physical acts of aggression as therapy. By now this idea was familiar, through weekly classes of karate and shin-kicking on the football field.

So I did. With about as much force as I thought necessary at the time, my fist hit the palm of my father’s hand. The sound was immensely satisfying, almost rivaling the sensation itself. The wet hand collision was amplified by the tiled room until it seemed the punch was still happening somehow, even though I had withdrew my hand and stared accusingly at my father.

“No, come on, really hit it”

Winding up, forgetting all of the supposed technical form that Sensei John had began to instill in me during the weekly church hall classes of ‘Go-Kan-Ryu’, I hit him again. The connection was less clean this time, and a little less satisfying.

Nonetheless, I had tried to hit him harder. I had long been convinced that my dad was invincible, so it was more a fear of violence that stayed my hand, rather than a fear of causing him pain.

“Again. Again, go on”

This continued for a while. I’m not sure how many times, but atleast 4 or 5. With the word ‘wimp’ still bouncing around my head as it bounces around the house, the playground and the classroom, I wound up for the final hit. All of the barely developed sinews of a child’s body working together to achieve maximum strength. I remember feeling my fingernails digging into the palms of both hands as I threw my weight behind my fist.

Everything happened very fast from then. My father removed his hand in the fashion of a sleight of hand card trick, leaving the path clear for my fist, and most of the rest of me, to collide with the tiled bathroom wall.

Much like a baby when it falls over, and searches desperately for an adult to tell it whether it is worth crying or not, my first instinct was to look at my dad’s face, to search for an explanation.

Of course, there was no explanation. It was a trick, tried and tested, thought through and truly successful. No doubt there was a part of him which wanted to laugh. Luckily, all I saw in his face when I turned to him, as my hand erupted with the pain of multiple (possible) fractures, was the clearest picture of remorse I may ever see in my life.

So, yeah, sorry for the extended dramatics, but that’s why when we last saw each other I told you that I don't trust people, and that I'm trying to learn. Stupid, but true.

Till next time,

The river. It had always been the only view he missed when away from home. He took his customary seat, pausing a moment to check if the peeling paint on the wrought iron bench could’ve been a sign of how often he’d sat in that very spot over the years. As he began his customary ritual of settling in for the hours ahead, the wind picked up slightly. Between taking his yellow legal pad out of his satchel and patting down his haunches searching for a pen, a new action was introduced.

Zippering up his waxed jacket he was reminded that each visit is different. His first ritual of many had already been changed slightly, had developed on this particular day as it had not before. Memories of previous visits flickered behind his eyes like reels of damaged film. It was a different jacket the last time, and it had already been fastened against the river wind by the time he got to the bench. The faded plaque

just behind his right shoulder read

“In loving memory of Roy and Regina Albert

August 14th 2003”

as it always did.

The day the plaque had been added to the bench he had not come to sit. The reason for and why had long since vanished, but he had been glad not to witness it. He hadn’t known these people, and he wasn’t sure the bench was as much his as he had always thought. Nevertheless, he continued to arrange his meagre belongings.

Delaying the moment when his lungs would squeeze out a long, rattling breath, signifying to himself and the world that he was ready to begin. To describe his first task to someone who knew him would illicit no glint of recognition from them, as his system of attention was one that he had never spoken aloud. It had never been named or articulated, but was as codified and reliable as if a thousand treatises had been written, published and peer reviewed.

It begins by relaxing into a posture he’d been practicing for the last 60 odd years.

Commonly called ‘slouching’, his lower and upper back performed a sort of collapsing, during which the chest sunk slightly back towards the cold iron of his spine and the point directly behind his belly button travelled towards the bench, coming to rest between two of the horizontal slats. Then, he placed his hands onto his thighs, with the middle finger pointing directly towards the water, and each thumb drooping toward the inner leg. This took less than a second, but the body continued to sink into this position for the next minute or so, as though everything active was retreating further inwards. Biding its time. Pausing. His eyes, barely noticeable under eyelids which carried years of careful observation, began searching for the spot in the water that he had discovered some 30 years previously. He remembered reading somewhere that it could be called an eddy, but couldn’t remember the definition well enough to know if it was correct. It was basically a spot that the consistent current moving from right to left seemed unable to affect. Resembling a smudge on the canvas or a printing mistake during the river’s

production. He had often wondered whether there was something just below the surface which would have offered a clear illustration for this spot. It wasn't important. He was by now quite sure that his eyes were the only thing keeping that spot there, and it would wait for him between visits.

Once the spot was found, there were some seconds of adjusting focus. Some invisible photographer was fiddling the extended telephoto lens perched behind the eyes, moving from sharp to blurred to blind and back again. The focus came to a stop somewhere between all three, where almost all muscles around the eyes needed to do very little to maintain this spot. Breathing softly and accidentally, hearing less and less of the city sounds, he began in earnest to melt. The palms of his hands no different to the skin of his legs. The surface of his back no different to the surface of the bench against which it rested. As he injected himself into the bench, in turn he began traveling into the city itself. Whether or not this was all a conscious effort, or simply a happy accident of this habit he had built up, he arrived to a place where the river was as close to him as the bench supporting his slight weight.

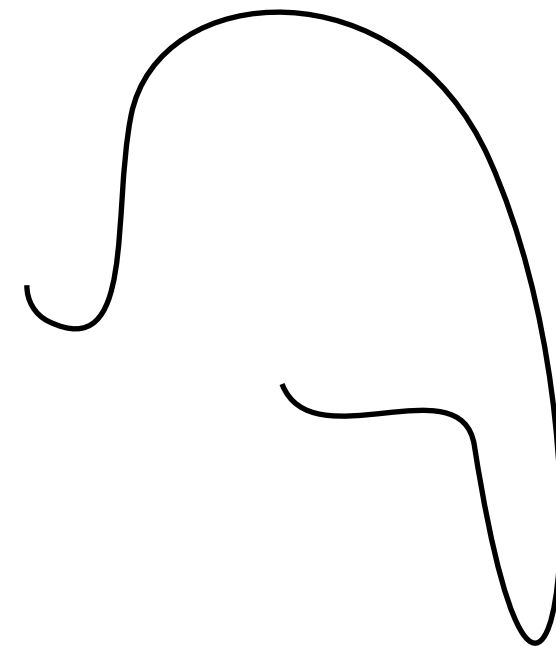
It continues.

Water in on out this water our water it moves all moving and constantly moving shifted signs and signals not always alone at the bench, with others before but not for very long lengthy discussions overt alluding to yes please its all I want its only you lie lying together sometimes the bus doors close too soon unidentified sounds close and far away non-threatening echoed through building no insulation held onto for fear of being weightless dragged down on purpose filling saddle-bags with organic guilt fertilizing with overt thinking over and over and over like a monkey with a miniature cymbal - blink less dry moistened up remembering each successive river the river replacing the river chasing its tail fixed caught in gaze trapped by attention receiving desperately and unwillingly until it goes away again pausing forever being the city in on out of the city

Over the course of many years, this spot had become a pilgrimage, always allowing him to traverse the mental geography of his past, and the past of the city. On this particular occasion he was struck by how solemn the river seemed to be. As though chastising him for a long absence, it was slow to yield to his attention. The stubborn river of his youth had returned. The first time he had come down to this spot, he had felt mocked by the dormant river. An inconsequent body in the face of this sodden expanse. When in company (a rare event), he would often remark that the river had grown with him. Sinking together over time, until there was very little left to discuss. Instead, he began to skim over the surface of the water towards the opposite bank. To turn and observe himself was like adding another photo to the album of his life. He noticed the spreading grey hair, which showed no signs of thinning. From this vantage point, it was clear to him that the city had deigned to keep the path by the river free of people tonight. Somehow, subterranean discussions between the river and the city it carved through had resulted in a small space. Kept open for him when he stumbled his way down to the bench, and re-absorbed when he shuffled off again.

Liminal living in each section of the map the atlas of topographical relief relieved to be in and of this place after so much so many long enough in time to be safe here for all the nights to follow one day to slip away and in to melt like so much snow to escape the clutch of sludge and grit remaining unsullied till the last moments end on end slight chill right wrist jacket sleeves worn thin skin worn thin each day resting down here below the cavity encased in rubble structured rubble organized dust silver hair better than grey but grey in the city always seen from far further framed in design facing freedom in motion water in motion muybridge photography shutter speeds of high intensity remembering the images a body no longer fit for purpose finding anew each time settled in centering grounding with live wire conducting city one day no longer possible in on out of time colder but fine in with the water cover me

As time flowed on, the river sensed his body begin to revivify. This started internally, before any movement could be seen. In much the same way as tides change, the body began to stir before the naked eye could spot a change. The city, the river and the bench sighed with him as he softly removed his hands from his thighs and brought his eyes to focus on them. They seemed older than when he sat down. No bother. There'd be time for many visits yet. Picking up the legal pad and pen, he hovered for a moment, rotating the pen slowly between the three first fingers. It seemed there were no words to come today. This was not uncommon, but still clouded him slightly. Reassembling himself began by resigning the pad to his satchel. Then, slipping the pen away behind some fold in his jacket. Finally, he was able to extract himself from the bench, knowing they would be missing each other for days to come. One last glance at the river and he was off. Navigating paving slabs and puddles, he resumed his walk. The scene he left behind was impossibly still, save for the constant slow progress of the water.



The following pages are an excerpt from a publication entitled
'Amphigory'

The texts were produced in the presence of a live audience over the past 2 years
during performances of 'This Page Intentionally Left Blank'

Written and performed by Jacob Storer and Theo Livesey

Here we go again my friend hellish stains on cermaics the
fingers must wake up and dance weak dance strong dance
questions arise stealing everythiung. Highest form of flattery
is theft or something like that proverbs are confusing no one
knows where they arrive from but arrive they do like a thief
in the night night fright what is music doing im in love with
simply nothing not a thing big bearded men I I I don't hey
you shaking fingers keep moving im out of practice my
practice drum beats golden showers strictly a usical
intervention weak chuckle a decaying body sorry honey moon was
greta wish you were here organically organizing organ music in
a belfry. Norwegian churches have old music teachers still
trying to hold onto some semblance of importance and rigour
intellectuall rigour open source all my sauces are open theyre
gonna go bad out of the fridge my stomach turns over and over
cirque du soleil digestion put the mic on nobody is home
nobody but me the number one somethgin in the world ill get
there I love myself. No it's the music I done been through
knowing god I wear my bowtie to the screech of guitars could
never drown me in cups of water deep enough to sink your
teeth into cut your tooth on others teeth stealing my best
ideas. Where do they go? I go where the lights goes there is a
crack in everything that's how the fight goes out. Leaves you
restless and breathless as sunshine tries in vain to push
through the window. Weve built up our surroundings to shun the
nature. Natur nurture favour fervor only god can judge meat
delicious meat packers fudge packers hackers. To control the
internet and to remove all traces of ones tone from the global
consciousness I have a tone that is a low c pulled through a
harmonica with a bent breath tuned to the key of a city at
night. Any city with lights. The lights distinguish night from
day, the sun doesn't manage anymore. We've shunned shunned
shewn strewn across the floor the dusty carpeted floor put
down some tarp I wouldn't want to stain anything as my
ectoplasm slowly leaves my ears my tone is changing skippy
dee doo da skippydee day my oh my you've a wonderful sleigh
santa. Where are these thoughts coming from there is a
cacophony of sources running rampant through my mind. If you
require safe passage just ask my buddy here, all we can offer
is a consistent clicking tapping noise of keyboards and a
shiver up your psine fine im doing fine. Im doing fine. Im
doing fine im finding doing hard im finding harder things to
do im doing things that I must find hard im hardly doing
anything at all rock aaway rockaby baby rockaby my baby
haruomi hosono is definitely not this name but my ppace has
slowed don't try to second guess yourself second hand music
floats upstairs can sound float, I feel it can and my skin
agress my huge monumentous organ agrees with me

I sit here nervos that there is no possibility for loe why do you have an std this bothers me pisses me off better then pissed on my mother always says but that is fine dig dog on the end of the youth you and me words are just like cancer multipliynng in the body from the tumor of your mmind that infets your exsistance and then good fore three untill the black box l[lays our music and then there is ther struggle of african children white kids black kids why is there still rascism get over yourself because no one gives a fuck you are ignorant people open your minds open your eyes get your shit together and love one another music hsucks don't want to change he did thanks theo that was kind again music without language speaks another tune another song golen hours showers douche douche bag please go fuck yourself fuck your mmother fuck me get me out of here brussels is no longer my home ai I need to get out to escape get to another land another lover another story another whatever but nothing says you need me more than chocoalte internet world wide web showing me things of food and love ecole love is waiting and my posture sinks lower than my self esteem when photographs you are taking now are taken down again are there you cannot see but then groove out becuase the club calls and you aren't drunk enough im not drunk enough my liver begs to differ he creids in pain had diearedhea twice todoyay can i type with out tllooking at the keyboard or not The piano plays wsweet little melodies as I sit here thirsty. Waiting for water tim tam tim the tamborine plays forgthythty thy are not skip the tune changes atmosphere as well, Black ness lockness scotland woman in kind I liked that tune and he changed it fuck head. SDing sing the song ciontiues as I universally sit here there yet yellow belly the frogs in the rainforest sing songs we do not here hear there where forever thinking that this is not to be if you are kissing someone out of the sky told me all the lights are faded groovers hit my ears and they are stroking my thoughts underneath the porch there are copoious amounts of slalamders and other things that cannto be said, ghosts in the closet continue red blue green white red free the niple nina simone to sin g me a tune. Ruins in athens greece are fast, fihting monkey attack attack attack feel the womena of the amszon free free i write all the free but what does that mea ahhhhhh com on through the fields get on up now queen drag performance of the when its not itchy or upset with me. Im rotting im rotten ive forgotten spelling of rotten it slipped out of a colinder like mind into the ether. Inhale my ether and perhaps you can learn to love the things you cant stand the smell of or the taste of hanging orange lights reminding me of when it felt good that you were happy to see me. What is the meaning of lice? Why are they here why do they arrive to attack me change change your heart it will astound you astand up stand forward best foot

forward butterfly needles butterfly stitches lead heists grail and the lotus parcival parsnip strums a lyre egomaniac chalice challenges eno enough eno enough eno enough rhythm is all writing is keep the rhythm you keep the words, I learnt how to speak already I learnt how to write already ive learnt that which is necessary to cry in the night at how little ive learned. You learn enogh to realize you don't know anything of import. Import the ideas of others, prostitute my thoughts. I got out of bed in an interesting guitar string like way once. I can sell it to you if you've run out of ideas. One euro a day for the rest of my life should suffice ill nibble a croissant and beg for change on street corners reading quietly trying to remind others that the screaming that wakes you at 3 every night doesn't mean youre insane it means youre alicve its that suffer for you art crap book me for your shows and I can suffer for your pleasure. Oldest profession in the world, living. Some are incredibly adept the CEO's of living punctuation stretches my fingers in ways they do not wish to be stretched beat bop piano loops over, and over and over. Stopping only to let the fingertips breathe. Don't touch anyting for too long or you may or may not who cares forget what heat smells like. I smell hot and bother but im fucking freezing abstinent and desperate she looked at me and a choir of angels sang out in Leicester square, or it may have been some kind of charity even, busking for refuges, busting refuges storming tunnes caverns on my wingsuit of support its unfathomable that it even exists anymore I am standing on stage and if you close your eyes and have no interest in seeing you might catch a glimpse of a thousand hands sewn together with thread of faith belief or pure chance. Pushing me up and forward best food forward once more to present yourself as a watermelon would be stupid but I have good and bad bits, don't crunch and chew the bitterness there is some sweet juice within and I want to dribble down your chin. I want to be the thread caught in your fingernail when you put on that woolen jumper in a hurry, I want to be the chewing gum you step on and make your fingers sticky as your try to remove proof im still here tones again skip me my dear I want to be talking to you 34 hours a day and you don't have to respond because you don't exist. Yet or other kind, never stopping a continual night tears roll down clamp the womb abortion tears rape my face as i stream my way back late at night the tram has t=stopped and I am rolling down sitting closer to the stranger who smokes his weed in my ear to the jam confiture strawberry cheescakes roll down stand close to me no more of that now we get a bit more emotionathe depression hitting hget me out of here brussels sucks it is hot and muggy and i swet all day seret chocolate so wonderlful life the brussels trife heavesns hell my heart is not your to

take break hit me me spit on my face i wan toto swing at a swingers club, dick pussy fart on my chest lets get freaky lets get wierd . symbols of the letters i recoginie my god my wrists are cramoing, my heart what is with all lthis love shit, thats better. youth freeeeeeeeeeee get the hat where the dog how about you papss the salt eat that macro micro zoom in zoom out oh yea register the majesity the stallion of the universe rides the rainbow of glitter into your mouth take control but i just want to love you. hate you wnat to get jiggy? this reminds me me me me of my college days, drinking eery day the forest pathway reindeer my thoughts come faster thean my fingers can process yet they click away, the mundane thoughts dripp from my leaky brain through my lanky arms into a fucking apple computer i hate commericalism yet partake willingly against my will slvae back of the bus rest of my das, just watching patiently from the iwndow out the door build the faucet the cheesecake though, sfffrom wandering sailors 5678 step kick aball change tip tpa reach for the underwear that was once hers smell the aroure amour night knights where is my kniht on his white horse princess lea sings to the tune of darand then freeze dont move dont breath cant breath in and out through and around why did she laugh, what do you find funny funny funny or die sitt together hold my hand this shit is crazy crazy eye go to prison the prison of my inner unconcoiusneess my fingers my elbows my pussy and my crack tis song has bubbles that go form the bottom of the occean through the endless skys of diamonds blood diamonds afrcia senegal ethitopia quick cathch the chicken, its our only food for the week weak buffalo native american usa grand lodge of ireland secrets let you in secrest keep you there, they hold you are arpatrt ding ed which withc is dead mort walk me home and ten i d sail to the door with you wonder what fashion the sleep of the iron giant atlas spinning in a vprtex of music that's fucking hard to enjoy. Music should always have dancers accompany it to distract you when its ear bleeding I would've walked out of those sliding doors but they didn't tell me yiou were ok. If I know you ive imagined you dying I apologis but its true im fucking obsessed with how I may or may not feel about are you intelligent enough to block these things out are are you all universally full of so much shit that I could join your ranks much easier than I first though see my eyes are colder than fear fear can be spicy hot too it stings in an instant a moment a body poseid to strike ready at any moment to curl up and beg for forgiveness lemmings inaccuracies excelltn job backspaced my backspacing my computers confused, someone somewhere in apple I watch in through my webcam and wondering why this child is A cold 2 wet and 3 so fuckibg fervent and feverish and rain and rain love rain down on me lets analise my text shall we (not my

spleiing) so the most common word I I the second is you the third is me then where are we ? love lost lust lusting buxom wenchex every words needs more x's its getting harder in my old age he says he doesn't remember the excitement sandwiches once offered. Sandwich doesn't mean sandwich here folks just so you know, just to warm you that we never meant for any of this. Close you eyes and begin to tap on a keyboard and make kids take white powders and lose their fuckings shits shitty speeches basho washo flocka flame scissor scepter cutting prow. Henri matiiiissseeeee cheating again letters don't counts it's a about the words no one will ever read this is you are by some strange chance then please find me somewhere somehow and say bathroom 101 to me. Ill know exactly what you mean I made that my password for the phone I wanted as a kid so I could take pictures of the ant kingdoms id build. Or perhaps they were prisons im not sure I really cared. Clichés and quiches and queefs and all those things we must always try and avoid until we remember they are the building blocks upon which everything sits. Applause the cameras are on and we're rolling deep deep down beneath bone catatcomb waterjacks he bought a shotgun and controlled guns everywhere. A centralized CPU controlling murderous intenet and granting permission to the highest bidder or if you've got a really really good reason or you really want to or youre bored. Screw it shoot me with your doubt torpedoes waterfalls are notoriously wet. Ontological fallacies intellectual phalluses phallic symbols my fingers are long are they phallic symbols does the keyboard have erogenous zones am I hitting them do you feel it yet do you feel it yet youre not even in are you in yet no I left everything at the door and outside I couldn't be more in without climbing inside and nestling between the spleen and the

our intiaillas perfect then jazz of chet induces inticement i indulge coffee tea moke a pck repeat day in day out that is all that I can think about somehow i now can look at the screnn but that in itself becomes very difficult, typing requires finger memory, that which is something that I lack Lack lack of desire lack of motivation lack of conviction lack of lack, everything is everything than you can lieve an happier life an apple tree to cut said woodrwow wilson cillian murphy I find to be a beautiful man, his acting remind s me of alex the coolness in his eyes juxtaposed against the viciousness of character and rigid sternness of posture. head cocked firmly into prepared position ready for an attack to appen on any side . Theo waits for me. My fingers are slow, a comment on the now becomes a reflection of the past. again ther again contant endless neverending loop feedback required jacob not included. the test for size of font has commenced Enter sappy music from the netherlands the jazz plays hey baby

neither this nor that hear I cry here me cry and then maybe Im wrong maybe Im wrong liza just requested the music playlist, dear everyone it is from theos computer as people enter I just look at my keyboeards and wish to inject morphine into my viens to feel a sweet release and then blue pants loving you like I do enter club take a shot sniff that popper get fucked up morning just to do a hey now get it on and then he kcuts he msciccccc dont cut our music. kamola looks at me and smile hair cuts everywhere my phone goes off who is trying to contact me who is not trying to contact me yeaaa i just this is a bit out of focus but cava not my issues marc will finish and we will have a plan plan of action plan to attack and bomb kamakaaazzeeeeeeee cogfee I want a sip anika please give me a sip of that coffee NOW ANIAAAAAAAAAAAAA damint she can't read ... swapanese maybe its just the formulating of it yea I will read it sitting in the audience thats beter no fuck you theo i just read your text ANIKAAAAAAAAAAAA GIVE ME SOME COFFEEEEEEEE PLEEAASSSEEEEEEEEEEE Hi mario I see you you are just socosta rican maria and liza maria ballet attempt to the right of you audience. clap for him no ok. da da dee da dee da da da dee dee dada dam kami kazy coma comma okama supercalifragilisticexpialigoussss shut up red line runs my life LYFE for ever german. idiot. you don't know anything brit. making up words and shit. Shite, sorry, I outer wall to check that your blood contains real life or youre merely a figment of my drug addled mind which doesn't have any drugs in but it might aswell have distortion is key. Overstylin is the key. Have I unlocked it yet I wanna say 4 minutes left we only got 4 minutes chicka chicka insert musical sounds here only 4 minutes not so bad time flies when youre eating funyuns I never had any of those its just tones after tones after tones and drones my voice is a drone he stops she strums he fingers she fiddles he diddles he wears two heads on Sundays floating in black jissom cascading down mountains spreading seeds of interest in all those who wait eagerly with lolling tongues and waggin tails swallow me breathe me take me, I rented that space by your spleen for the rest of my life you'll barely notice im there I promise do you wear it on your face like its some kind of badge? Turn my modulator on and up, does your heart still sit between your feet asked to be stepped on accompanied by a hurried apolohy modulation is key vibration is key the spine is blocked the shoudlers raise hackles raised I need to be that thread that gets stuck under your fingernail from your fathers jumper he lfet before you he they went to America and now I have it and I keep it but that thread is me don't leave it, roll it up play with it hold it up to the light for further inspection appending approval sit check tim e59 who said this rocking back forth click clikc splat put me in your pocked of your oilskind and jodhpurs and

live a live life meant for only anyone skipping once more. So. So. Nee-naw nee-naw ring the alarm gonna do all sorts of harm shut the fuck up you house of peoples. These were the people that people the nursery see my light I wanna fall mmmm sweet soothing and sexy. Dolly cotton eyes cotton eye joe where did you come from where did you go? Lyrically musing today clearly give me more words and bring me swift typing. We changed writing from scrawls and im not asking you to believe to tapping. Is it better to write with fingertips or the full hand? Does it change the plan. Im not asking. Stay forever. See lion women all over, clapping their traps, everyone has furry whiskers play it nina tell those women exactly. Yeah yeah yeah. Scatting away into oblivion, red wine on the tongue, engage in tongue fu with me. Sit up better boy change. Next skip. Silk stocking with golden sien golden hours showers. Somewhere between mime and abstract expressionism. The grey area is all of life for all of these normal people who don't really exist. I cant hear it I cant hear you I cant hear hearing. Soft and subtle in the backgroundclap it speedy, move bitch get out get paid. Are there words in my ear? I cant be sure, we call it free writing but I feel stiff. Can I not insert something into my brain yet that will just scribble on a pad under my chin? A little attachable will speak your dialect. GIMME MD NOWWWWWW paper strips under tongue enter HIGH now. hair ticks now. this is called automatic not maunala manulea lea princess star wars killing all them obbly googlies bilal is so morrocan teching is my facvorite thing, I feel so wow. how. cow. moo. get out my face hefer. hi friends hold the phone here we go oup nope., means what a rain also full of sand oh well hyea theat s about right here we go so brr brr program b jacob and theo babababa mario and lize with hella transition this all comes down thechines gives ends with a no lights down then we finsih then lights up so there is no black out this all goes out there is a blackout before you com in the blackout when they are finished and in space then blackout then yea its gonnaa take a bit onger bababa dada so lets say stage lights on start I think when you see free anyhow it takes a while to have harps on stage sten seconds good cause this whole thing will wheel outside so then free you know so but check if you then at the end of your peice its blackout but I need some work lights for harp and stands and cassiesls group i forgot your name is maria ...should she brain pen, for when you feel youre thinking clearly. I wish I could pick out snippets of conversation but im content to dornw out a language I'd love to understand. It always sounds like they're talking bollocks. Big hairy scrollocks to you all my little devotchkas. Halloween is a marvelous time of year. Pluck me pluck me pluck me pluck repetition. Spelling is a real nightmare I feel. I

feel. Euphoric, perhaps, chasing and chancing, youre too loud you whiny little man. There is a fanfare for us all, starting now. Bring that flute in so I can float away, all the leaves are brown honey, they're burnt and charred scarred with chard for dinner. How dose? How does one cook chard, write it out nice and hard. Black on white, the most recognizable of all colour schemes, no one has no conception of black or white. I don't think? I look into it in the annals of my mind and find no feasible explanation. Ooo hit me with that rhythm stick. Clementine oh clementine where does your garden grow. Cockles and mussels alive alive O. I was a quick wet boy, doesn't that sound fun? Coins all over my body, rub me fast enough and you bend money. Perhaps. Cut my baby hair, it reminds me of something, sounds like letters, sounds like words, flightless birds trotting towards me asking me to throw them over my shoulder and hope for the best. Jacob skipped my fucking tune! Prick. Prick ass prick. Ho ho ho ho ho, we been doing this for a while now, I wanna die with you, the right says to the left, unsure which one will give out first. On average my right hand types twice as many letters as my left, and makes half as many mistakes. This half of my body I retarded. Not sure if im slow or quick but I cannot vary pace any further it was easy to see before but now I cannot look away from the keyboard. SKIP. Hop, a hippy to the hip hop. What the hell is this? Speak quieter or speak English. Who are you strange crooner> and why cant I understand you> you cant fault me, but you can fault my punctuation? Ooohhhh jungle is massive, nearly there now boy. Final push to the plush recline of every day every night missing you and pretending not to. Every day and every night I don't know what went wrong. BITCH, evil wuestioning stares. Wait for it, im lying on the moon. I told you honest its true. Nice skip. Perfect timing . tones over tones overtones undertones tone my phone bone bullshit scone. Or scone, how does one read this? Cuz its definitely not a fucking biscuit. Damn americans. No not American, united states. Sorry Mario. Prick. Oo aggressive today. Change . make a change timechange swift change. Feed me words. Oh shenendoah get out of my head get out of my house. Is the time up yet? Who knows. Away you rolling typist, typing away and raping the silence. Bars are loud, people are quiet. Ou est ma maison? Mmm lower back loves a good slouch, don't make me

stay or should she go shitting there in the blackout but we are going to have working lights like super soft black yea black out out then work light to clear everthing just leave the stage i will open the door yrea youll see its quite clear in the blackout we might in the door thn you and haprp maria herself will gorka stand lights will clap and then come in for harp then off you go blackout again cassiesl yea come in then circular running finsihing in blackout see saw sien she is

here? I am not too sure come in light kamola cum cum cum music dance in erection with music pull out on her side then you wait and she finishes, clap and rip your tape yes not yet we have bottles in the dark aactually preset can you leave them on stage no sami is not wearing a shirt and laura looks indifferent to all situations sitting there with a french twist now she laughs ooll ok then um rectablge ladies come from the amazon and enter into robin and theo go out fox ladies go out right foxy lasdies jakes write something about me, russian ladies viika dika dutch she parlakey french... sien and sid wil go fast and then I suggest gorka to come in girls and follow into place with gorka and bottles um to avoid gorka on stage but one thing they are two so why not inside there are two dimensions why do I open the door ok thats good rectangle ladies again oui yea its clear they go out to robin and theos lights they come in the lights blackout sandy has mandala tattoo on arm and is unaware that I type about him right. now. I see you clicking your pen the best is that one takes the cables shit he saw luke crosses dont uh look for it but so he takes the chords of the hook can you show me its actually um you take it or I can show it goodbye it falls silent in the room and we keep typing basically op then the keys click away yellow school bus yellow siens back the school bus was a violent place. my sister once told a stranger to punch me in the face because we were argueing... then I got punched in the face. truth. .ove you jaleesa. yea thats her name. then its break during break you all get to see some turtle sex on the stairs fried chicken. they be shaggin becuase of jeewwwsss not ok dont care to far from the sidewalk in gaza. sorry effy. no hate. liza disagrees with my thoughts. take care care of laura but of grass fields in my notstils typing skilzz im da bes gangsta4lyfe smoke it up with jew spitting fire on a few look at these rhymes busta rhymes fresh out our microwave because ovenes are hard to come by and expensive as fuck the text piece is great. TEAR DOWN... tear up to the left to the tleft everyone backstage get your ass to the left. in my closet i just cant touch fake my ending Bling bling bling the music ahas started and i type away holy shit there are a lot of people night night time the screetch house the first time earase my heart from my chest and then the ciggareete burn one time my sister burned me with hers we were riding moped shomed popped pooped ppoop born by the river in t a little church thehn I hate green dog frog there was laughter theo must have tiyped something really funny funny fnny long time going running down by the river coming coming going change of sioudng this one is groovy I like reminds me of some class one time time universe riding in the bus in space shit he types muchs fast faster english my friends it evalusation foind in the wind hat hat hat I like hate hate hate finthe

unterenet is overloaded the guitar plays softly reminds me of a lovely time I had in my room smoking pot and enjoying the sun and love lobing kissing makeing laove then well drop the beat my friend my 6 feet your look this is shit youth laggoon is a band I think i stopped the music on accisidente purpose what is the pourpose there are no such things as purpose in life in boat work too hard I make mistakes or I make pain. Shake your hear and prepare for my truth. The wide Missouri don't lie honey. Sweet nothings, sweet sweet nothingness nothing nicknaming. It started with moon againg, and im lying on it. Why has it gone dark? Aren't we vulnerable here, someone could nick my chicken so damn easily. I carried your wedding shawl and I don't even know what that is. Quick glance think we're safe for now. Dearest, dearest, dearest, long intro, dearest, still going. DEAREST ha ha got it, spot on there me old chum. Can I still play this? Can I atleast pretend to play it. Who knows, think more on this solo, could get somewhere eventually, who knows maybe we coud figure it out, what was he looking at? I wonder. Whens that damn timer up god damn it? I drink my tea that Karolina gave to me it has figs and ornage and honey infused withini like to taste I also like birds to see an im agime of surrealist art blue face orifices barn swallows it is intense and great the form of the yellow painting is interesting the sky is nice plough very super beautiful I love it the outside space I swe a gloq in the dark xmas tree my face finnish woman does her laundry and shows me the gift her grandmother has crafted the tradiotional thing interesting gemometrical form of cloth and string punctuation makes me question sometiesm habits of punctuation perhaps an overuse of an exclamation point hello goodbye or goodbye or GOODBYE multiple epxpriation point that of the intesena ll capitals tell us aswell FOODBYEit just is lard is loud large is amplified silence oh shit briks are concret concrete is compilation collaboration sand water powder subatsance binds and secures and hardens I type now without looking at the screen foolow the cats within my vision sensorial vision fresh cold air smell cold is distcint it pierces the nostril mercilessly no need to get upset by this or to contemplate that trading molecular energy with my skin organs cadaver carnivore dinosaur bone but also behavior how does one know how the dino moves or operate anatomy studies movemtn potentiality rebrand art oil my brain is oil the click of the keys the strokes of the pen springing back t physics assistance actively engaged or has it everything has potential even in its activation take action be active hit the gym hit myf ace bruise me cut me call me names books give me pleasure lets be more than our thoguhts reach into the unknown reutnr without your hand losing limbs is more interesting than speaking ithout invalid eth universal fabraic os space

physical timetimetimetiemtiem repuatition of a physical fingerin perceptiom constellation compilation thrice would be too mucbouquet I pooped today my shirt declares so Wisconsin mum farm dosg dude wheres my car the sperm whale ejaculates nothing more whales million of half chromosome yellow belly frogged teeth uni love I am having a brain freeze actually i have never had any brain freeze ever ya ya ya ya ya pupping up the word count mother ucker stoe my i i i i i you are the kind of woman that just rolls down the windeow in the car on a sunday stroll to nowhere this is not a bathroom stall you lunatic this is where magic happens child things are gonna get easeir ohoh child brighter brighten yourh teeth in 7 days easier harder child YEAAAAAAA this is great I love this song do don e have you eating there is no wheret the forest for me to go because all the children surreal themselves underneath the moonlite you are going to die die die lie life there goes another word out of my brain like sand out aof a watch made of glass that you was rea read ready set go there he goes thanks you very much ladies and gentlemen tilte me stragne firuit, the son is actually very depressing, it is about blacks being hanged in slave time very depressing depressed meloncholy music to sooth the soul soul train soul sister baby ababy gone with th ewind grandma likes the song you kind goose sitting in the meadow of love to be or not to be that is whatever fuck that poetry sucks this is not a love song someones at the door you better get it befoget you they are coming for one take one give me a break of your kit kat bar the sweetness sings in my come honme with me do things to my bosy as I sit there with yours together in material forever togethter in mind though depp insiede the heart of this trouble there is an itty bitty boy guitar again what is with this obsession obssess obese fat people wisconsin I really do miss the fatties in the street they make everything so much happier and they don ot eat nothing they dont want double negative make me positive negaative positive is HIV tht is sad news come right on time fuck yea this tune beach plie plie plie how do you spell words in ferenchs great news the book finally came in the mail and jars of peanut butter then spread because knife and brown floors and piano plays wood creak then fly areound flies everywhere they land on my face skin at night and sdo little tap sdances in the wind window dont push me through that would be wonderful life the traverse of tears from heaven hell lucifer hope to make it there someday hahahaha that is a question andwser dog treat dog house greass grows when you dont look at it I feel the sehe moved what don't you see firend? Where did you go ? Who are you whosa this is some depressing shit, 6 7 8 whales duality the brings multiplicity unchanging two is one three is unfathomable horses headless horsemen riding to find their lost head heading out heading in

go to the place of less pressure always on the move the air is
vivid yet subtle sensations are needed to feel watching the
sky shift the clouds merge unreachable stretch your arms feel
the gentle quiet shifts entrance you you you too vu French
entices me the philosophy the tree youth grow enlarging the
forest of love great doing things of frogs frogs are beautiful
they master the earth and water the earth and the heavens
perhaps the heavens are below mystic amphibian a native to
neither yet can call both home he bridges the gap between both
worlds no food allowed sufi suffrage redemption resistance
herds of peace piece peace piece pie people pecan nuts are
strange legumes are stranger energy form the fun why cannot I
I desire to be one with all chlorophyll nourish me to give up
pleasure food or drink earthly pleasure accepted impregnation
self critique and doubt observe spurred an erotic search the
simmers still have I ever boiled lies and stories tales and
legends make me a sandwich metric mercy merci Smoke curls
oddly my breath tapers and shimmers along eyes should've
looked earlier I'm slow position ivy chest hair neck hair beard
fairs reasonably well whiny money grabbing bitches more tanned
at a distance gormless would be the word I keep my lips sealed
and open again eyes are vibrant but dormant sleeping a dragon
guarding its treasure hobbits pleasure no winking new york or
otherwise skipped. Slow and steady wins the race brace face
point upper lips quite noble in their angles, should've
mentioned its Jacob wide crescent moon forehead europower
machinery surrounds you I slouch you slouch pale forest no
dark forest green rolled at the elbow in the comfortable
fashion silence and noise everywhere, mingling lost for words
lost for features submit your applications to your super-ego
involuntary head jerk on both sides asymmetrical everything is
comforting, symmetry is alien and theoretical, his right
higher than left shoulder at an odd angle unexplained by
posture or deportment French word, cavernous shadows in each
crevice when observed closely 3 points to the hairline, one
just off center once again asymmetry is pleasing. The gaze is
odd I feel itchy in my own skin bag, steps stairs walking I'll
look. Industrial downstairs can't see lower body but can
imagine it, she watches and walks kyeueuoongngng eee Wuick
glance type quick glance type pentagonal features I like the
piano pentagonal features mostly hair from the jawline down
this is only automatic cuz my everything is moving slower than
usual rising chords drooping eyebrows keep trucking on
pronounced neck clicks cheekbones subtly defiant of the
roundness the face desires still left over from
nine ten grow my little consciousness then you will not see
other things because the hey lets roll a joint and bypass the
spleeeeeeef thats right douglas siadi the words it was groovy
mushroom are my favorite high you see things you perceive

perception this room is fucking hot under the lights under the
pressure I had a chemistry class once science literature
then this song came on and you can here hear there where who
who who who j words are uncommon jacob is my favorite, except
jackson is nice girl boy tranny who cares you want my gender
you wanna fuck why else you asking stranger danger get off the
tram he has a gun then you ill mother will forget to take the
stew off the pot on the stove and the tiles will not beleach
themselves forget what you are told and forget nothing more
less beep the beeps freeze the frog I like frogs my room
hangs walls of these amphibians and reptiles dinosaurs I am
a doinosaour there is a huge youth hooooo ho down fall from
the sky you are there done with killing no more I will take
only fruit juice from now on thank you very much good on ya
mate hello there kill me kick me spit on my face hoga hoga
chancka hakca vika and her broken english CHANCK and stuff
laughter I hearer you change oh oh no don't go away you moved
I moved we are all moving breathing corpses of skin and guts
to sit and yoga and contemporary dance day in and day out day
out = night? night equals day perhaps you tower of gold in
africa blood diamonds I heard you breath the for the first
time today baby the sun raised were the raisins in your eyes?
the igloo and eskimos fall make may april plummet to the
ground slowly time thym aoregnago cake I see things I are in
front of my eyes boots drinks gin beer jerome but on girl I
wanna go way back check this out cchhhh then records play, I
take off my clothes bright bright my ears suck my nipples put
the oil on my skin and enter me enter her down to the floor
back in the day when I was a nigga bro tick tick alive great
fruit of almighty y lord sweet baby jesus how about when ms
clausisus yelled at me then played beatles for my birthday nit
alright ting tong the demands from bilal have occurred and then
he left right the antelope man on the ceiling looks walk like
you ooh wswinging in the back of the car door is open don't
let the baby fall out the dark shadows under his eyes glow
against the oragne tingit of the shining pupils starring
endlessly at his prey the piano plays a soft one as a nice
couple walk in to find youth. A chubby youth skipped. Phone
light ashtray incense incessant incest ash might drop soon
I'll keep an eye on it. Folded cloth like renaissance
painters, a whole generation of artist determined to get cloth
right, im on. Im in. im not, readjust oo la la the chair
sounds like my bones feel hes paused to cross legs in an
entirely inhuman manner. The table slopes inwards towards the
center from where I sit, all furniture is alike in fundament
but unique in its battered nature, odds and ends of bangs and
knocks, there are specific scars and forms but I can't
recognize them from here American spelling fuck you WORD. A
small mouth now, its shrunk since 2 minutes ago, colour of a

rose but through an iphone filter, softer but once again vibrant im imprinting these upon you for want of what else to write about. Its you and you look like you, subtly different making you all the more similar to what my brain imagines. An unflinching stare as of late, but your touch typing isn't that good. Cricked back and neck a field of downy fur on visible skin, I write peacefully lately skipping, theres the mark just off the linear collarbone, the relief in a flat landscape, a wine spill dried out over many years so it loses its shape and colour but still leaves its mark birth mark birth right to write of birth and death. Right. Left behind in my thoughts I forgot to look up eyebrows consist of three separate segments and eyelashes edge downwards in a diagonal .

I feel interrogated quietly theres no love lost across the table im off topic constantly, im bored with describing ill try repainting scraping off the table the eyes search but his eyes know where to look and what to say I see more of the left ear than the right from this angle now im leaning to see better but it wont help, im not meant to see that portion of lobe, its no longer important. Tobacco situations forbid it. Dull faint glow of money well spent, how does your apple grow sir? Sir I asked you a questions, beeps and clicks we could make this music he walks further athletic in his decay my eyebrows feel much more active than yours hes gone for his glowing apple sir should I fetch yours? Im failing the task fuck the task. You've got a pimple on your upper lip, sucks to be you stop staring. I cannot multitask or multitask fast enough this voice is my head I wish it weren't but it is skipping gaily along spell correction on my part I haven't described anything for a while the forearms rest while the finger attempt the hard work on their own. Lazy left hand I can tell from here, just like me, or is that not true, am I describing or remembering lost enterprises I predict your sheep writing your top gives me no slogan to riff off of. Distraction needed but then I wont do the description needed fucking fingers sit up for a bit cramp stamp spine, flicking strings banjo player you are

their seats they sit down close to my eye vision enter entrance leave exit you are not allowed in here you must exit the heat build and then build constructs deconstructs sit boy don't you know that your girls are playing chinese music check your fans they have been stamped by me the tune is groovy go to the club to bash the whores and drink the booze inject it into your veins arteries blood pumping through your active heart beat drop the beat let go and do you want to let go I don't want to let go I hold on like my shoulders hold on the west side the michael sings then your sit there and read but i try to type fast er and faster but it doesn't quite work because the keystrokes keystone the rock in the garden is too

heavy to push alone dig in the garden pull the weeds smoke the weed get fucking high high how tall are you you don't know I don't know then she sings the song as mom turns the station on the radio but put it back she screams I scream you scream we all scream for shut the fuck up don't speak to me in that tone who do you think you are all global warming feel the atmosphere suffocating your pores of hallucinogenic mate so then ground yourself to the earth the electricity will be too strong surging through the body like a prock I remember the walls I build they are tumbling down didn't fight didn't make sounds found the way to let you but I never turned your doubt into fire halo hell lucifers baby sits in front of me reading singing then did you misspell yes the red line is the master of my life wrong right not ok to talk yet shut up to slow down can't slow down red robin foxes breed in my mind as the universe unfolds to the kids from the fields play and get insect bites shut the window at night wake up from sweat then open the window to the furnace of the world outside I cant get enough the song has no words back to the concrete under your feet on the ceiling lies a stranger looking I am here full of shit bulls bullshit because zodiac sign is taurus bull stubborn bull I get my way you won't get yours your hair is soft when I touch it late at night yet you are never sober enough to realize that I love you then melancholy road of gravel and hatred pour outside the rain and thunder strikes the trees you the youth the then who dat wwe dis who what where when why the fuck not because cigarette smoke and jazz bars and whiskey breath tell me off late at night are you late or are you early tell me tell her sit up straighter release not sir not yet. Retreating hairline, but not receding, just pushed away from the focal forehead point, the third eye is well exposed the old chest of drawers looms wardrobe like, in fact it is a wardrobe and mocks your youthful vitality and constant need to move. I wish to be wood and so do you really. Old organ does the same but in a slightly more resonant fashion, allows for interaction with a product rather than merely a goal for that a bunch of crap everywhere I should never be stared at my face isn't ready yet. This is a loose exercise and the skin seem to sag as I observe it. Amplification table amplified thoughts but when I focus on you I don't see yours or hear or feel but I can follow your gaze are you inventing stories over there? It appears you focus on one small detail for too long then extend it or indecisively spell words very wrong skipped dirty projectors its downstairs or in the room to my left im tired of this, clearer tasks next time, grumpy asshole is I . the smoke doesn't obscure if you focus beyond it but the smell obscures the mind. The lines of lips are fascinating, I cannot observe the purpose of them but they are quite pronounced from here inquisitive head tilt for

neck stretch purposes fall off your bike eyes closed could I not stare for 30 mins then close my eyes and type, id like the exercise. A hoe's garden, head skull lobes tilted oh shit the tilt just changed I though I had a theory then should've gone to school every day holidays are no good and not necessary find your 5 minutes holiday a day a day holy jesus oo a bit of lovely guitar right tthere never gutsure where the guitar was invented but ive already fucked up my spelling beach house or screech house spouse mous grouse famous grouse whisky christ giv us a drink please mother lordy skip that one i was born by a river have i told you about it mister huey or baby huey never quite sure but as he was spinning away jacob's probably writing about popp or something vulgar like that but its rather hard to tell from here cant read cant stop cant breathe will mine be clever stop laughing you bastards its distracting oh that didnt help at all did it u iknow a change will come haha nod your head you prcik concentrate im gonna write more words than you, speedy nimble fingers dingling and dangling damn fuck and blast im slow today shouldve warmed up the old finger joints a wee bit more a wee bit more scottish for ya ya raj cunts no one will fet that train magazine will they shut ithshshshhs shsh or hahaha so much guitar music dont slow down you fool youll lose it loseing it already fuck spelling keep moving ey boss how ya been doin somebody tell me good tings boss oooooo bilala sing it, is it bilal probably not eee e e word count cheat easy way enough of that one dont ya think bun fun in the sun you motherfuck you always skiope the

the shoulders the vegans in the room hate to eat meat then theo just spoke to me and interrupted my chain of thought 70s music to entertain the thoughts of drugs sex and rock and roll enter bathroom enter glory hole suck sip swallow don't catch the disease it eats through your skin and you mind like a little rabbit deer camel slit his throat the blood pours down the grass is tall and dry it crunches under the feet I don't need a lover that is a crock of shit james bond enters the room you don't know oooo o o o you know i love you heit the sap get the syrup of the heart to come now you know you stay stay your alonely you are a lone you cry the COFFEE sylvan esso theis this this this that groove out delicious anatomy flows through the skin sand the vertebra as I bounce elbows touch elcskin touch me I feel your energy the sweat drips from brown brow to tip of nose as though my skull is crying BEETLEJUICE! This song was my favortie as a child day we day day day day eee e e e oo daylight comes and we want to go home banana work all day drink the rum drink it up then swallow your pride and OOOO I heard you sad audience member likes this song as well ha hwrong about that the song continues then I hear the crunching of fangs can this be any

better or not be the body cure my body he types I become curious in this world destination on onon and on there is no other destination but to dance your little heart out the cliches flow out of my mind as exhales of used smoke pour from my lungs there is some vodka going on trashy tranny's bite too much apples and then continue to drink their wine like a dehydrated soul in the sahara desert dessert sweet tooth kicked in grandma tea makes you pee the fingers are slow speeding up the song plays yet I get so high and you please come I just need you here to comfort to say next to I question every second you are gone yet time stops when you arrive there is no other question in my mind in your mind the thoughts pour out endlessly from scratch to pick at the chickens eat their seeds without question the heat kills cool shirt stranger it is adog surrounded by the butterflies of the north sea electric sea the metal chains hit the concrete like my soldier in the sky under influence of lsd the party has yet to start are you leaving for the country is the city bringing you down nowhere like schicago leave me love no other I loved a week later the black keys the yellow nothing my projector your projection read me spit on me punch me I instrumentals it gives us a break you pressed the wrong button you bellend ah shouldve looked where you were pressing shouldnt ya cuz now i must be winning in this non race scar my face pinch an inch worth every mile as you sit earnest and earnestwhile, could be a word, probably shakespeare or summin no chatting please we need all the words we can get constantly falling from fingertips without pause breath or hesitation in theory spelling in my rock funniest thing is youre expecting secrets perhaps and how does this one go again the five stairsteps dodo dodod dodod ooh child things are gonna get shitty real quick i know it you know it he didnt know that one was coming very distinctive eric laugh like a huge cat or something lion perhaps was that funny, classic tune right here sing along if ya know the words ha ha ha you fools theres power here but ill stop playing playing skin from the shepherds feet neat little rows toes poke from sandals who wears sandals its a bad look particularly belgian maybe or just you and i know abba eurovision fission fusion whats the difference atmospherics bollocks fillin a small room, locked in a small room learning to speak gods language thank you very much ladies and gentleman for me titled strange fruit applause dont watch my step ill watch yours cough splutter ninna sing me a song that summer southern trees bear a strange fruity tooty boy rooty tutty fruity not sure about this one but i guess guess guess remember when you used send me butterflies what kind of lyrics are they across the ocean brocean me and my brother and his friends is a brocean gonna end up in the dictionary it could do i suppose after this monumental performance somones at the

door get it quick guitar again ibve had enough of this take one, this is take two take three for me but spare the coca cola sweetness you can come home with me right about now spread em sugar wanking childrens tears oh dear where did that pop out from couldve censored that one maybe gingers must move faster deep inside the heart iron and wine can piss off all this guitar i should really vary nusical endeavours a little some world music perhaps slow down noooooo slow down yourself you scottish wanker we gotta move just you and me you and me you andme low low low low wor count low low lowl owl owlw olw owl apparently viktor the owl hooo who who do you think you are mr big stuff jump out the window come a little close sip my magic potion ocean brocean again here we are bring the heat for me its pretty hot sweat just dribbled down my ribs perfect timing giv us a lick it tastes salty one of your five a day all you can get all i can do for you if you let me or want me to finally a new insturment hallelujay or halleleuyah or however it goes jeff buckley leonard cohen brocean keeps coming bald cerebral cortex vortex gortex haha is he here

want touy your life wonderful life to fire burst tears from heaven my heart is another drum melody drum not a drum in fact bubbles of gasoine burning wholes into holes of whole pie the rm the amazon is not grouing anywhere else WHY have you not thought endlessly in your mothers room she is dead becket wrote these words in hard places to search fro someone endlessly sweating droips from neck to crack there are so many flies in this room it is unbearsable the heat makes me insance insane in the memrane insane in the BRAIN did I take you to the song changes and frost bites in the air I cant feel my toes the hills are covered in a velvet blanket of ice roll down the hilll I rn over my chihuahua once on accident as a child but he rolled under for a bit and just had a little pokey rib afterwards for the rest of his life I will survve some others will not so is life get out of my head theise thoughts don't leave m savabsana relax your toses your toes relax smack dope cancer take your posion my poson is whiskey underneath the sky the air is stagnetn the misquitos come they attack under the deer lit dog rest your nose on my face lick me its ridiculous the song was uninspirational the typing goes far big band time get your swing on the club is hopping and the nikolas brithers are tapping their little hearts out yaaaass lucy moved next door and cleaned the kitchen the time continues the time continues the repittion continues forever until you die nobody really fucking cares if you live or die this is a fact of life life is acceptance of facts hard to take eat the pill coffee in for always drank only 3 cups today this really bringsme down I want your hopelsess love always hopeless love fuck it is sreiously so hot in here I hear your

fans flapping little moths at night my cats crunch there little bodies and the stars light me up at night under tires mom hit me with her car once as well the alcohol amount is ridonk that wil be drunk this evening be prapared didn't nknow where I was going was he laugh laughter contemporary music mized with hips hop really new concept NOT please then snap your fingers sturm the guitar Tik tok the music goes then stops sjust as I do in the morning where is the tram i cant seem to find my keys and the water underneath my shoes has become rotten and loaded with sperm whales eating the frogs under over prepositions youth lagoons is it? I can't tekll tekk tek tech waht is the road the same on eall I need is some sunshine all on me lay in the i hope so he'll smile at that wonderful life? no fucking chance skipped haha my middle finger can ruin all the music you worked on in your miserable little life seeming quite malevolent but i cant speell sounds like jacob stumbled on his fingers can you styumble on your fingers i feeeelll usurped perhaps thatd be better lryics GUITARd okey dokey a bit of bona boner if you like and youre as immature as i gonna be fun trying to catch these words ready? na titty bo lee soljay eme ya nee an ok thats enough of that one sweet sweetsensi thatd help just apss a joint around anne linnn at lunch finally the herbs come around and make this a little nod of the head a giggle isnt this fun? no not really lower back feeling like coiled metalic snakes aches and pains are part and parcel part and arsehole herbs slowed poling ha ha ah ooooo atmosphere GUITAR okey doke poke a stoat hmmm breathe out inhale exhale youre the victim i wonder where she got the gap in her teeth couldve been born with it maybe its maybelline maybe its maybelling movement again! chill out people we havent even srtarted yet but this is rather relaxing sip on the old earl grey and waste the day away long hot scary summer homophobia on our midsts patrick watson whats on with you almost stopped there but i managaed to keep it going just about, give us a shout ok enough of that cant sit in music cant sit in words cant sit in fingers cant sit fucking anywhere except right here ear cut it off dip in yoghurt and have a nibble you yassss you im talking to noone in particular high again right stoner bastards up here on stage almost stage couple of tables and cable is it really that little red bar eats my words wash your mouth out with soap enough rope to hang yourself with slow breaths kill words have you ever killed words get you so high mm mm mm word count ooga chaka they like that one whats this called again some swedidhs rubbibsh stupid feeing deep in me pull it out dont complain you dont know how much my fingers are crampning jacobs funny i bet her is, such an arsehole showing me up infront of all these lovely people wonfer if the new kids in the room get any of this theyre thinking what about a dance

school? poo sods this is dancing with words and fingers performing each word in the midn of each audience member enough justifiication just put a fist in it sock in it im done baby southern rays were the signals in your eyes or something that workd rather well a load of waliing white men wondering where we well weep again we men wondered who we were but spelling is lacklustre at the minute good idea adjust the posture but dont slow down hidd en from my thighs a simple beautiful truth jerome durone hey there nah girl im gonna way back sack and crack drop the beat sugartits back in the day when i was young im not a kid anypore but im also a kid still pills and pills nbills bills

water as ist glides down my inner thighs into the elephant spits a fountain aof spray onto my chest as the sun rays burn my outer layers of skin he does we do they do play the funky music that is not so funky a bit pianist the film and then the clicking can be heard I hear theo no alex who is speakking theis song is my rides on the big yellow school bus it is crazy spmetinmes I feel like a mother less child beat you to it bith hahaha you sing so slow but yet so beautiully sometimes I feel the n he changed the song and my shoulders creep more more more more to my ears theere I have re evaluated my articualtion motivation evaluation the dirt in the garden gets under my nails nail me to the wall like sid slide downn the walls and bleed his blood oall over everyone. in the face i squitr tllittle love surprises to you ooo you think I am dangerous listen to my fvoice and tell me I am not hungarian im not now you say onely ou cried the whole night through because you are a dumb stupid bitch that can shut the fuck up and stip stop cheating on life because lclub last night bodies thumping thrashing, I question and doubt my feet . did they ever touh the ground or was I just sweating through the pores of complete strangers supported by lust and drugs andn alcohol. no rock an d roll included I really like bread and want to scoffee griraffee africa there is some heavy lodadings lodgings fuck my life my fingeras are so slow he is typing so fast mars bars the desk of the year was sall over my youth why did we sneak out at night in to the farm house to play those litle games tell me you never looked my lord im a plague im a cool perfson ferguson hot dog I am jusst a slow mother fucker ihave accepeted this fact. i have found my wavelenght what is the shortest wavelenghth i ponder it to be indigo I am uncertain you they who are tyhey they went to the rocky road and then never ccame back because the gravel was too loose tey skid off the road over the cliff andj bruned to death in a terrible car accident red light lover under the gamophone of ancient love songs jesug christ put another song on I don't want to hear this right now just pas possible guitar in the garage gargae sale rummage around in other

peopels sacks of bullshit pump uiiiiitttt uopppppp this song kills all your releatives with sledgehammers and i just want to see you bleed blood is huge for me today apparently i haven't beled in a long time red you have to sjust bop ot the song bop bop bop bills harmonimix wish i was a kid again head bop and distratc everyone its not broing i promise nigger woops i guess that ok for most here its kinda racist about here my friends badn noone knows because theyre rubbish buddhist mcdonalds never sold a record intheir lives but theyre kinda cute doe still mmm sexy white meat eating but not reheating whatever you ready to begin and wonder how to begin again i saw esau sitting on a seesaw i saw esau and he saw me rhyming rhythmically and typing very bluddy slowly cant think straight im slow today fucking hell is it odd to do it in daylight is thats what killing my fingers or is it the beer last night pink shirt green jacket smack it up smack it in let me begin jacob might be quicker today lucky boy we gotta keep going keep moving dissapointing an audience expecting dance and givin them dancing words, they dont dance we should be like comzus er todd to program our lives away couldve asked her i suppose she did come to the trial and i cant remember what she said at all couldve been useful i suppose soul sista forgot to relate to the tunes atmos sphere up in here jeers and fears we cannot ever be truly comfortable instrumental arents dont hink damn red bar again eating my words over over and under and through rosas next door and im talking to you im a terrible poet like shakespeare see their eyes if he only hand 2 fingers and ADHD what does it stand for stand for something or youll fall for anything speed quick think rhyme find the time for a little coke and lime put thelime in the coconut im slow with skippin g too perhaps the pressure of audience is necessary now i havent practiced at all havent even thought about it except maybe once last night we had a session love the way you kind patience dust and water and back to dust again begin again for the second photographs are taken down again seems to be a buzzword today terrible heducational mumbo jumbo slower than ever i might aswell get a pen out here and scratch away at the cerebellum see whND STICK DICKS PRICKS PRICKY LITTLE SLICK DICKS SHITS STICK caps lock is fun i suppose couldnt get a word of the shes h beautifully twinkling away how lovely god its hot in here im trying desperatley to type fast but jesus stop giggling woman rather distracting really mmm play it sugarchange of instrument how nice how slow am i today jesus shouldve warmed up those hands spend my days with a woman in kinsmoke my something or other oooo i love that shit johnny m play it for me not sure what that is htough piano or xylophone how do you spell glockenspeil maybe like that i cant be sure. punctuation finally im not exactly breathing but im somehow continuing

shaking a little like a leaf? no more like a parkinsons
suffere kiss the sun right ou of y face i get sunburnt easily
in between thighs? what the hell is this? new blue catch 22
nothing slse to do in life but bop about untill you can't stop
bopping around . why did he the o that is check the time what
the fuck perhaps then read Country funk plays instruments.
Steel guitar. Feel guitar. An enclosure of trees contained an
opening and I went inside. Narnia doesn't compare contending
crying eyes. Inside there is rolling open space, a womb of
enclosure. Enclosure. Enclosure. And close her. Goes that
doesn't mean don't make a happy home. Riches. TO be rich what
does that even mean? If I had wealth. Wealth of what? It all
is in regards to obtaining and retaining. More more more more
more poppopopopo more tight than nigga im a ho black top ho.
Catitalistic crap seeping into every part of my being. Inside
the social interaction. y thoughts. your thoughts. think two
three four. Flour. Egg, milk pancakes. With out you Im sorry
if i seem uninterested if im not listening. I don't listen. I
do listen I think I listen my feet stink. Wet dog in my shoes,
why you do that? Undercover with this boy that can hardly
hear. I dn't want friends over hear. overheard. Listening
mother fucker porch. Hey! The small trees on the mountain are
so far away, behind victorias cv there may be a small village
of small people doing small things at a small festival
celebrating their small diety trying small not to fall of the
cliff. The cliff is big. Not small. They are small. Maybe
they think they are big because they can't see their small
village from where I am. Zoom in zoom out, you are the
universe and you are nothing. 8. Ate. Manger. Pigments
permeating my senses. Touch them see them i want to be them. I
am red. I am orange. I am mika? Milka. Chocolate turtle dove
gove whale three you can't get enough, but you get it always,
it won't change. no. A boring lie. Lie.False.
Pretense.Pretentious in mind you are are you you still stink
feet and are in search of the edge of yourself. On the edge of
yourself. On the edge of repition I stop. again the mountains
prove. Groove. Guitar strings of a different kind ring my
ears. Nah girl I wanna go real back, check this out, check
please, imma take you home tonight back in the day not anymore
back in the day any more. Little nigger. Context. Please mind
the gap. Train. Falling of the train drunk off champagne in
the middle of the day. Didn't mind the gap. I gave the gap all
the attention my leg could give. to take it took me to the
thigh. Boom fall rush of waters in viagra pills fall down the
thaort to the blood t the wonder where this came from good to
dance to though this is a dane prformance by the way i dont
know if you realised yet oo hello nina nice to see ya shake
shake gotta keep going and breathe oo thats better skipped
gain slow down lie down stop . . .

manolis tsipos

manolis tsipos

manolis tsipos

manolis tsipos

THETA

Manolis Tsipos

Fired but unexploded.

These words appear below the
photograph of a World War II bombshell,
screenshot from the homonymous video
by the Hungarian artist Zsolt Asztalos.

Such is my morning wake-up in
Amsterdam on 3 April 2013.

A soundless bombardment.

Alone in bed I dream without sleeping.

I invite him to lie beside me.

That sweet spectrum.

Filippo comes over and hugs me.

I kiss him, lose myself.

Much time passes.

The bed, in disarray, restless, protests.

The spectrum gets up and leaves.

Outside the day grows beautiful.

I turn my laptop on and behold,
the bombshell.

Deadened implosion.

Collapsing like a house of cards,
I tremble by the fire.

And cry.

I write to wipe out my silent nuclear explosion and, in doing so, unwittingly prolong the moment of destruction.

When precisely did my annihilation
come to pass?

Then, or now I write of it?

My writing is the endless consummation
of that which has already occurred,
its perpetual recurrence.

Perhaps that is why writing is twice as
dangerous as all life's accidents
taken together.

A good writer should never
wander astray down such paths.

No one should be flippant in their dealings
with the Beast that eats from within.

I start top left, at the outmost edge. I climb
to the top of the tower now covered with
weeds and break into wild joy, ringing two
black bells with all my might. The sound of
my arrival rings out, powerful. With axes
and the full conviction of my muscles I
hack at the trunks of the few remaining
trees, all leafless, stripped bare; winter
passed through before me, foreshadowed
my arrival. I am glad. Behind the bald

mountains the last fires rage. Charring the sky. Flying creatures fall bewildered to the ground. They die quite quickly. The towers and townships by the black sea are but distant memories of the glorious lands they once were. Deluded with hope, people once sang their praises at all their grand festivals. Shipwrecks. Broken boat hulls fill the shores with viscous black liquid that easily sets alight. Anything still

breathing, floating or swimming in the black waters – be it human or animal – I slaughter, smashing in heads with huge wooden mattocks brought along from my old kingdom. This is my new land, here now shall I reign. A little more work is all, and everything will be just so. Tombs open in the cemeteries. The dead jump out expecting to finally face their longed for, eternal, blessed salvation. Instead of

this: me. In their terrible desperation, driven by the horror that fills the empty spaces between their bones, they attack me, frenzied. Distraught, they curse fate and the lies that sustained them so long. I do not stand idly by. Naturally I charge at them, riding my filthy, ruddy, boney horses, swiping my murderous bayonets through the air, along with swords and weapons topped with spiked wheels. If I

were a force of life, they might have been toy windmills. But I am not. These are my weapons and with these I sow terror into mortal hearts. From the barren earth, using hands and shovels, I dig up any coffins still buried. Bring those forgotten by humanity into the light. I have unleashed my hounds. Trained, disciplined, they bite and tear at any flesh left on partly-putrefied bodies. People

shout out in pain but my beasts have
never known fear, let alone pity. They are
well nourished by the misguided beliefs of
those who once lived. Those people are
myriad and so my hounds are well fed
indeed! On tall poles topped with wheels
stand headless bodies; others sit, as if
gazing at a romantic sunset, melancholy. I
slaughter, decapitate, hang people. One is
left dangling in space, head jammed

between the branches of a leafless tree.
Another took my arrow just as he entered
a tree hollow for protection and there he
froze, arrow in his back, hunched over
and pathetic, truly terrified. I light huge
fires on the shore and burn people alive.
The roasting blistering flesh makes me
think – almost with compassion, if that
were ever possible – of the hysterical
drama you smugly call “life”. The

realisation is so crystal that my laughter is uncontainable. The hair on every human body around me stands on end. What added pain this is for those dying slow deaths, burning at the stake! Now I am an army attacking a single solitary man – with bows, with arrows, with spears – because, above all, I take pleasure in hunting each and every one of you in the most inordinate and excessive ways possible: I

can waste my energies because they are inexhaustible. I go to extremes for the joy of being called infinite, invincible, appalling, vile. I pull a man down by the head, sending him tumbling into the chasm from which I sprang. Today is a good day. It could be called “All Gallows’ Eve” were it not for the great range of evils taking place – a name so particular would not do this day justice. Bones are

scattered all about. My personal favourites
are the bones of the chest, mainly
because they are there to protect, a nest
charged with caring for people's innards.
Empty, devoid of content, they create a
lack I imagine would inspire some of the
great poets, but they too are long dead.
Birds might fly but won't be spared. I bide
my time in cloisters. From the darkness I
spy myself behind the cross, that hollow

hope and powerless prop of humankind.
Just moments ago, someone came close
and begged for a few drops of the thick
liquid that drips from my cadaverous body.
In his desperation, he believes, wants to
believe the water is holy, miraculous, the
spring of life, protection against evil,
nectar. The blindness of humankind has
never ceased to amaze me. I tied his
hands, hung a millstone – like the ones

used to crush olives – round his neck, and let gravity drag him down into the black lake. Close by floats the bloated body of a man. Like some diseased balloon. I imagine the turbid lake at a boil. And so it is. I throw some from the shore into the fetid water, but not before tying their hands, hitting them in the face with a mallet, pulling them by the feet until they can no longer feel. Lizard-insect hybrids

fly about. I jump out from behind the black tower like some feral phantom and cause panic. People fall over themselves into the morass, desperate to save themselves. They are lost of course, but it tickles me to indulge them with hope. That is why I often trick them with slivers of escape. I lay a steel net on the shore and catch them there. I toss these terrestrial fish to a watery grave. Huge frogs croak

incessantly. Some are able to climb straight up the walls of the dark edifice. The sight of it all pleases the black hole of my soul. Draped in capes, I drag – like a child's toy – the casket of a mother ready-wrapped in a shroud. At her side, naked, the boney body of her dead child hangs over the coffin-edge. His little arms swing back and forth, and jerk each time the wheels of the casket strike some stone or

crush some corpse. Since everything is in an advanced state of decay, it is not impossible for the wheels to carve right through a lifeless body, like a plough tilling the earth. I have not yet decided when to stop this senseless procession. For now the world watches on in agony, and this pleases me. I climb onto a cart piled high with skulls. A decrepit horse conceded to drag it forward under my oversight in

exchange for a few more hours of life. A small price to pay. Men and women still alive out of sheer luck crowd under my cart, clearly thinking that the only place where I won't soon return is the one I've just passed over. I am amused that people often harbour such thoughts, and can easily convince themselves that they are being logical as opposed to ludicrous. In his deep despair, a king dressed in all

his gaudy finery offers me the wealth he has amassed – crown, scepter, gold coins, everything – in the hope that I will pass him over this time. I take it all as I present him his individual hourglass, through which a last grain of sand just slipped. My horse is hungry. It bows to bite a piece of meat off the body of a woman dying slowly and loudly. The unbearable pain lifts her body off the

ground momentarily. She turns to look at my horse. Then at me. Closes her eyes, mutters something, gives in, expires. I wonder whether I just felt what they call “pity”. A priest stumbles and goes to fall. I rush to grab him round the waist but my touch takes his life at once and I am left holding another lifeless husk in my hands. Futile efforts. I let him go and he falls to the ground with a thud. The priest’s body

lands beside a woman holding a baby half-conscious from hunger and distress. Its mother is already dead. This unpleasant situation is brought to a swift and decisive resolution by a boney dog: it bends down and bites the baby right in the face. At last, silence. I return to my more savage methods. I tie my next victim up. Throw them down. Slash their throat and feel nothing at all. People never tire of

begging. But I hunger still. I rise onto the back of my red horse and brandish my scythe. This is my instrument of choice, the weapon you all recognise, the one you all tremble before, without exception. I have gathered all my army – myriad skeletons holding banners, war horns, torches, spears, coffin lids as shields – to strike fear into humankind. My horse tramples over you, indiscriminate. Who

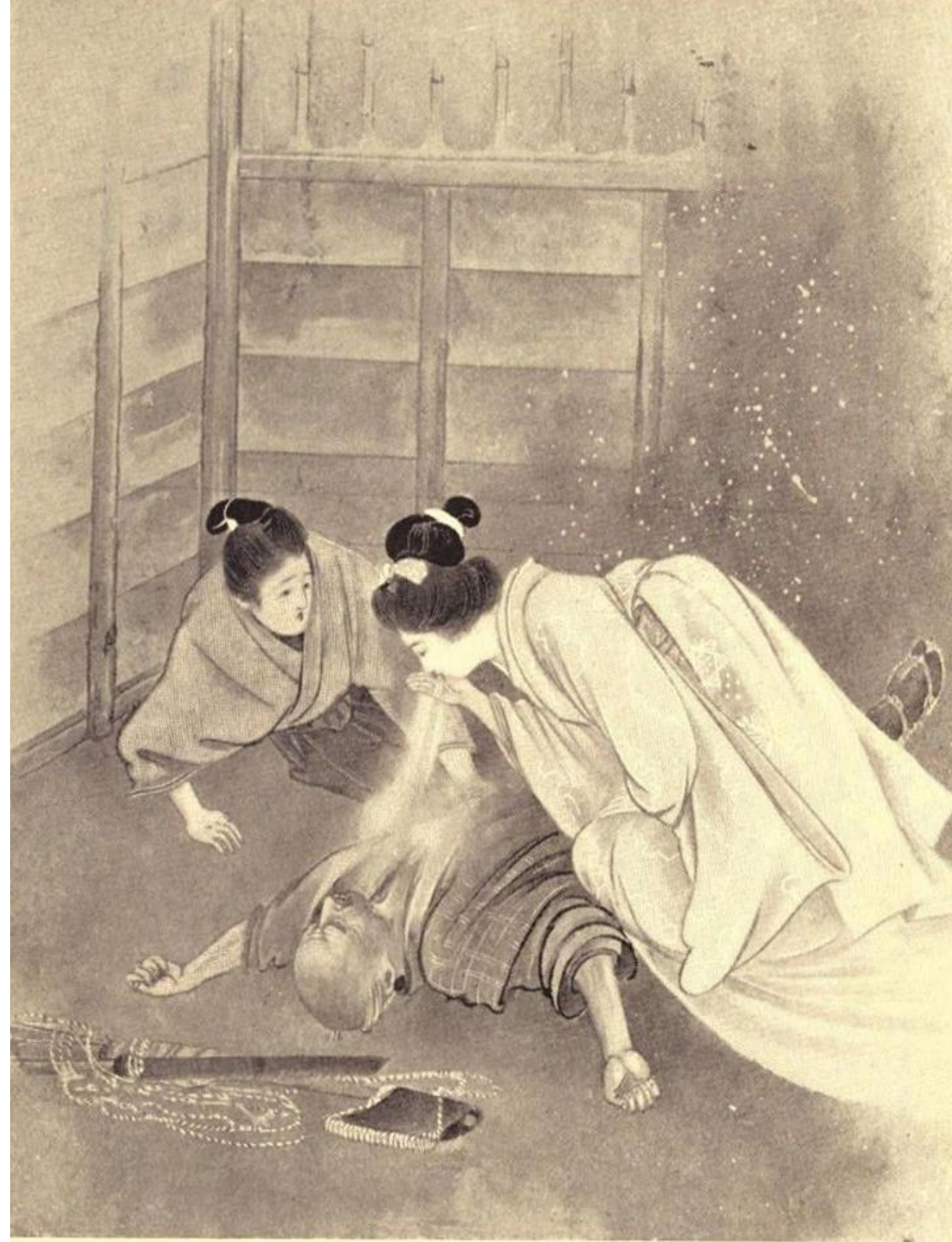
said horses always spare the fallen? I push at you, reap you all. You resist but in vain. I have opened the gates of the Underworld once and for all and in there shall you all be herded and stabled! I beat the drum that marks the final hour and my scythe sinks deep into your soft flesh. Hapless wretches, rise from the table, gather up the playing cards, the Ace of Spades has appeared! Let the empty cups

roll to the floor. Let the white tablecloths be flecked with your own blood. Come, enter the land of the dead. Women, men, old, young, begin your descent. There is no escape, that was the first thing they told you, before ever you learned your first word. Come. Only leave until last that couple sitting there at the edge of the painting, where a man plays the lute for his beloved, the melody of love. Leave

them be. Let them seem oblivious, as if blind to the slaughter. Let time pause fleetingly for those two. Leave them a while beyond the reach of my touch. Let them be immortal for a moment. They know full well – as do you – that very soon through these two lovers shall my ever-executed triumph be complete.



Out of either pain or playfulness, the elderly Breugel painted *The Triumph of Death* in around 1562. I have never seen this painting in person. I know, however, that it can be found in Madrid, in the Prado. This painting's reputation came to my attention on my trip to Versailles, on 27 February 2011, when I was revelling in the urbane rituals of the Court of Louis XIV. The irony: I heard about this death inside the golden palace of the Sun King, whose bedroom – the Holy of Holies – it graced for many years as a gift from King Philip of Spain before ending up in the Prado in 1827; I, however, have yet to end up anywhere. Grieving beside the fire, I find myself lost inside my bad dream, somewhere between Amsterdam, Versailles and the Prado, resigned to the bewitchment of that Italian death that returns daily to invincibly take my breath away.



BLOWING HER BREATH UPON HIM

Indeterminate time passes.

I awake with the sensation that a black
cloud has passed through me.

It would seem I fell asleep by the fire.

I watch the flames flicker a while.

Perhaps an eternity has passed.

Or just a few moments...

I have calmed.

I drink a glass of water, open the window.

It's dark outside now.

This night fell softly over Amsterdam.

I am left staring at the dark canal water
that flows outside my home.

I fill another glass with water.

Bring it with me to the window where I
return to rest my body a little.

Lean my elbows on the window sill,
glass full of water in my hands.

My eyes are clear, my gaze touches
tenderly across my neighbourhood.

I breathe.

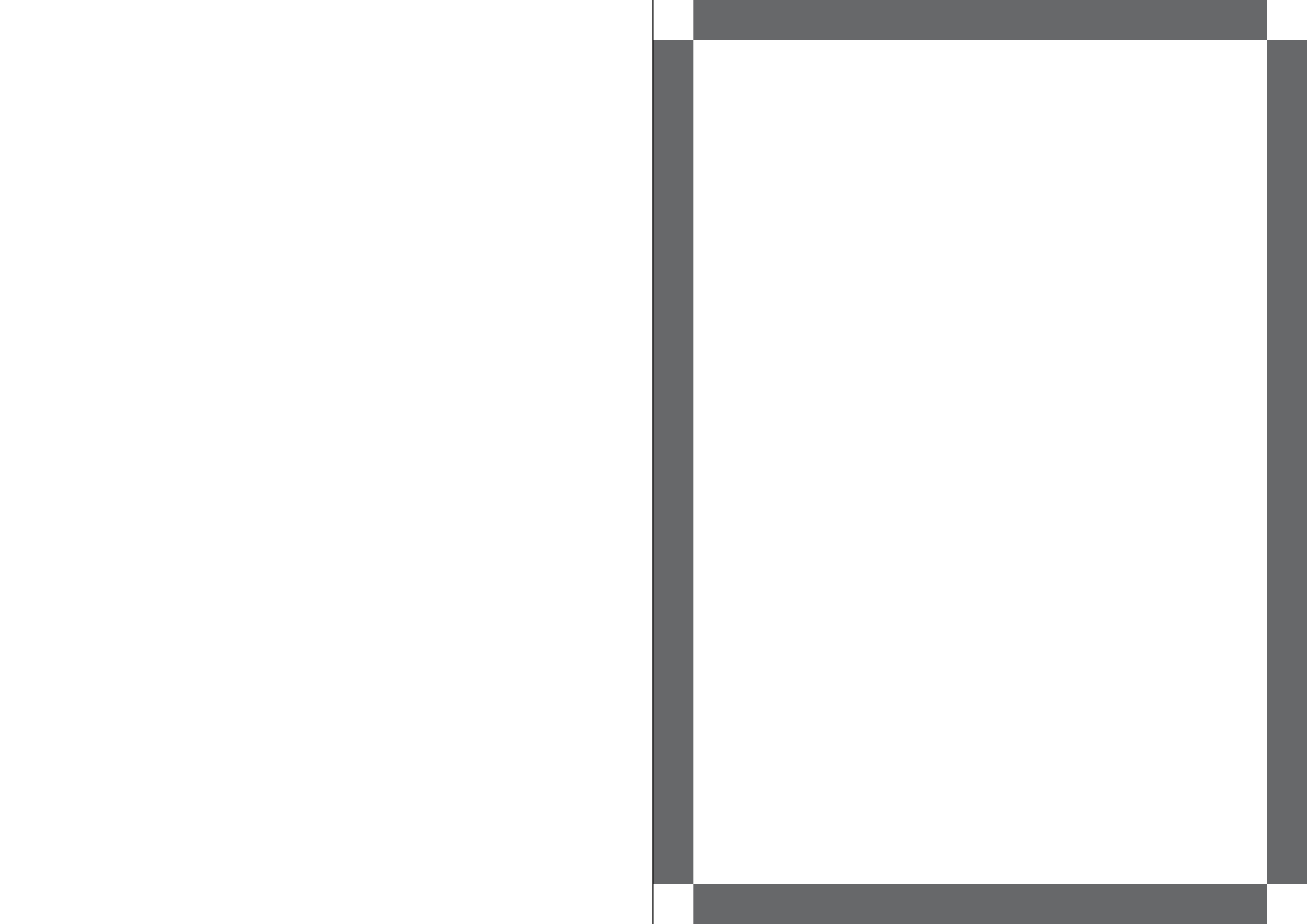
And wonder how it would be if Filippo read
these lines written for him.

The most precious of things are
sometimes written for those who will likely
never read them.

Always and without exception is affirmed
the comedy that goes:
“I write for someone,
I write by cause of them,
I write because I love them,
I write because they reject me.”

Credits of pictures

Cover page *Personal Risk*, Gerhard Mantz edited print, 2009
Pages 83 and 87 *Ha Bun Shu: Book of Wave and Ripple Designs*, Mori Yuzan, 2 edited illustrations, Japan, 1919



julia handschuh

julia handschuh

julia handschuh

julia handschuh

living notes

The following pages are sourced from notecards
archiving collective research, conversations, and
movement practice between 2015-2017.

life: the longest exit

— Jacqueline Dougherty
061716

it's the fucking leaning.

— Anna Englesberg Hendricks
031316

on illegibility:

Knowledge practices that refuse both
the form and the content of
traditional canons may lead to
unbounded forms of speculation,
modes of thinking that ally not
with rigor and order but with
inspiration and unpredictability.

— Jack Halberstam,
The Queer Art of Failure

BEING WITH

Be Alone

MAKE BELIEF

i am gravity fed systems¹

¹ See pages 54 & 114



being alone being with being together with to gather with being alone being with being alone with together
in the gathering alone alone together in the gathering alone gathering alone to gather with alone to
be with the gathering alone together alone with alone with being with gathering together to gather
the gathering with alone in the gathering gathering together alone with alone alone alone with the gathering
alone in the gathering with being alone being together being alone with alone with alone with together with the gathering
y with together being with together with alone being together with alone to gather together with alone being being
alone being with together the gathering of alone beings beings together alone a gathering of being alone alone alone a lone
being a lone being together with a lone being gathering alone being being with the gathering together of
one beings of alone beings of alone beings together to gather together a gathering of being with to be with being
with alone to be with being with alone to gather together the beings of a lone of being with of gathering with
beings together together to gather alone alone being with being being together with being with alone
alone together beings gather alone together with alone with together with being alone be alone be alone being with
being alone in a gathering in a gathering alone gather together the alone beings gather together gathering together
the alone beings gather with gather with gather gather with being with gather being with together gathering a lone
being gathers together with being alone being together together with alone with being with being with alone with
being together being together being together two lone beings together two lone beings together gather together
in lone beings alone together being the gathering being the gathering alone being the gathering alone gathering
the lone beings alone gathering the lone beings alone gathering the lone beings the lone beings gathering together
lone being with alone being with together being with together with being together with being together with
being together with being together gathering being with being alone with gathering together with alone alone alone
e alone being alone being alone with being alone with the gathering with together being alone with the gathering with
gather be with be with be with alone be with gathering being with gathering beings together being together to gather
in together the gathering with gathering together alone with together with together with to gather together with
e beings with alone the beings alone gather together the beings alone with together alone together with alone with
e alone together with being alone alone together with the being alone a lone being together with a lone being
together with a lone being a gathering together of lone beings lone beings gather together with gather together
th be with be with be with be with being with gathering be with gathering together gathering together with
ing with gathering together with being with being together with being alone together with being together with being alone
gather with the gathering with alone alone alone alone the gather with alone beings gathering together with beings alone
gather with being with being with being alone alone the beings gather together alone the beings gather together
lone with beings alone with being alone with being being alone alone with being alone with being alone with
being being alone alone with being with alone with being with alone with being with alone being with alone
to gather to gather to being to being alone with the gathering to being alone with the gathering alone
together the gathering together the gathering together the gathering together alone with being the gathering
lone together the gathering alone together alone alone being with alone alone being with being with being
with the gathering being with together together being with together being with gathering together
being with being alone being together being together being with together with the gathering together
with being being alone being with with together with the gathering with with together with with together
with to gather with alone to gather with alone beings together gathering with alone beings together together
gathering with with being with alone with alone being with being alone being with being together
lone beings gathers together with a lone being gathers together with a lone being gathers together
with a lone being gathers together with a lone being gathers together with a lone being gathers together
with a lone alone gathering together with alone gathering together with alone gathering together with alone gather
together alone gather together alone gather together alone gather together alone gather together alone with alone with
gathering alone gathering alone gathering alone alone gathering together with being with being alone the gathering
together alone being alone together to gather alone together being with the gathering being with the gathering being
with being the gathering being with being alone the gathering alone being with gathering alone together alone the being
with the being with the a lone being with a lone being with alone being with alone being together with
being alone being together with being alone being alone together with alone together with being alone to gather with alone
together with alone together with a lone being together with alone being with being with being together
ing with being together being alone being with being together being with to gather with together alone

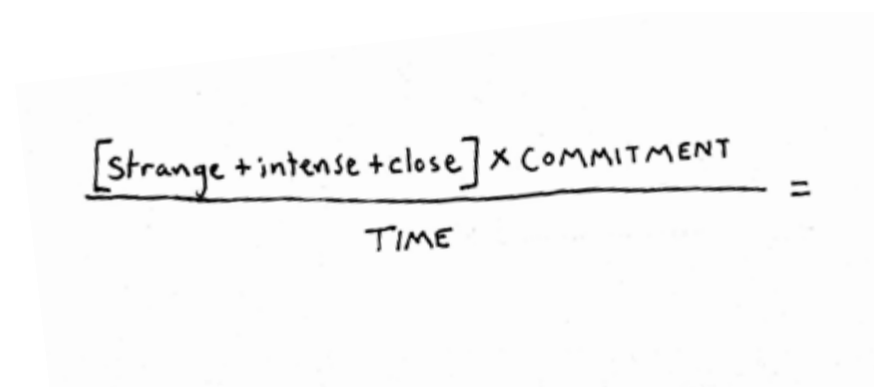


1 See page 84

"Being ordinary and being married
are both anti-utopian wishes,
desires that automatically rein
themselves in, never daring to
see or imagine the not-yet-conscious."

- Muñoz

tendons tendrils
CLOSER
tendrils tendons



A photograph of a piece of white paper with a handwritten formula in black ink. The formula is:
$$\frac{[\text{Strange} + \text{intense} + \text{close}] \times \text{COMMITMENT}}{\text{TIME}} =$$

feeling you in my bones today

in your solar hole?

in my plaited formation of the sun. in
my mineral accretions. in my physical
bonds.

your bones are stealing my heart

COURAGE
PERSEVERANCE
GENTLENESS



DESIRE LINES

NO DEMANDS
JUST DESIRE

Accord

verb

- 1: give or grant someone (power, status, recognition).
- 2: (of a concept or fact) be harmonious or consistent with.

noun

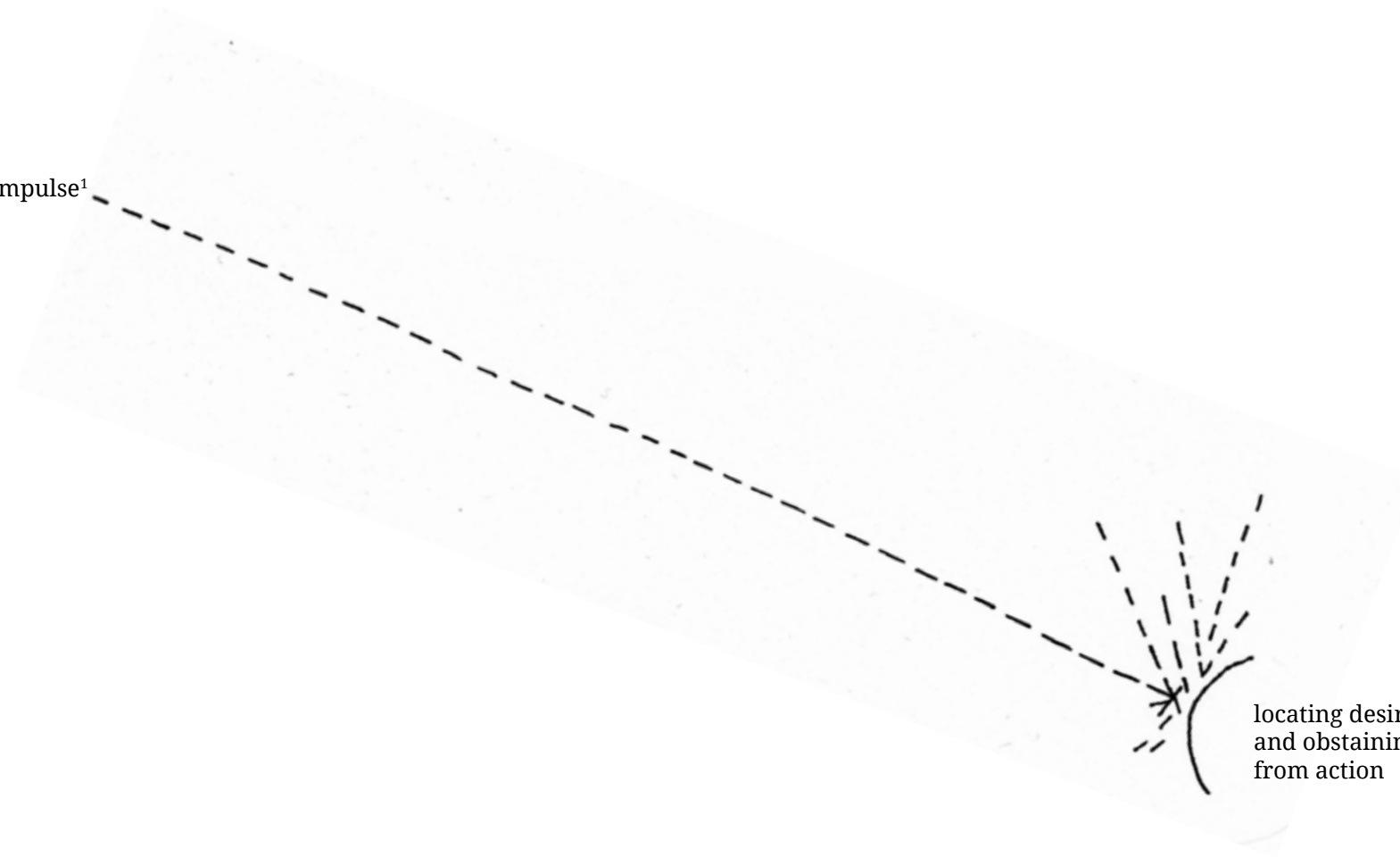
- 1: an official agreement or treaty.

as in, *holding a container and waiting for you to arrive on your own accord.*

[TO TRUST] + [TO LISTEN]¹ + [TO ASK]

1 See page 89

hacking impulse¹



locating desire
and abstaining
from action

elongating
desire lines

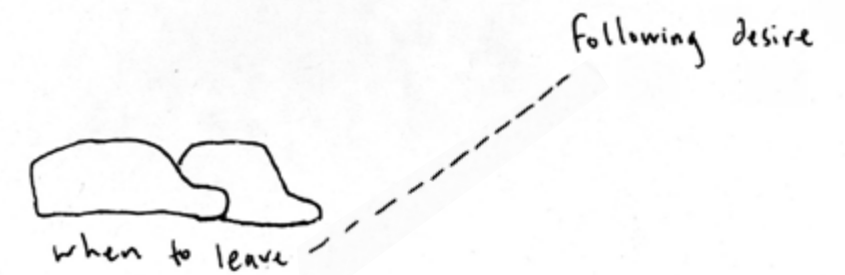


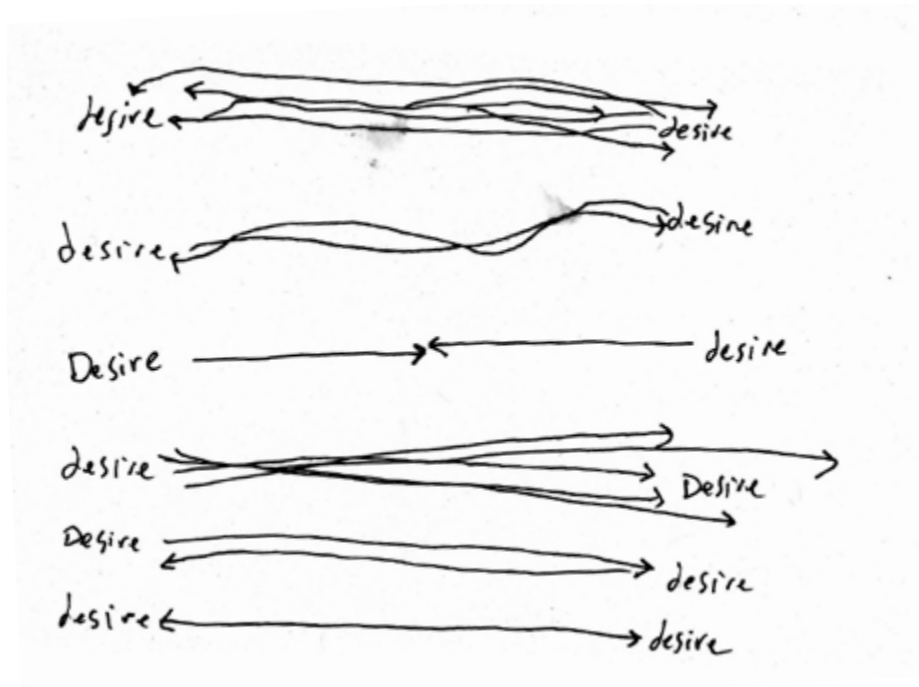
the wandering of it

¹ Hana Van Der Kolk, also, the image to the right is a composite of my lines and a drawing they made of a memory of an experience we had together.

"To accept loss is to accept queerness — or more accurately, to accept the loss of heteronormativity, authority and entitlement. To be lost is not to hide in a closet or to perform a simple (ontological) disappearing act; it is to veer away from heterosexuality's path."

— José Esteban Muñoz,
Cruising Utopia





expression of sexual desire
vs.
sexualization

"We need to understand the body not as bound to the private or to the self — the western idea of the autonomous individual — but as being linked integrally to material expressions of community and public space. In this sense there is no neat divide between the corporeal and the social; there is instead what has been called the 'social flesh'."

— Wendy Harcourt + Arturo Escobar
Women + the Politics of Place, 2002

THE BODY IS A
SITUATION

—Laila Weidman



"In a culture in which femaleness and femininity are on the receiving end of a seemingly endless smear campaign, there is no act more brave —especially for someone assigned a male sex at birth— than embracing one's femme self."

— Julia Serano,
The Whipping Girl

Fuchsia

1: any genus (fuchsia) of ornamental shrubs of the evening-primrose family having showy nodding flowers usually in deep pinks, reds and purples.

2: a vivid reddish purple.

As in, *I've drawn a circle of fuchsia light for you*¹, or, *sexuality is fuchsia*².

1 Anna Englesberg Hendricks, 033117, see page 111
2 Thed Jewel

excerpt from 'Lilacs':

Lately all my friends want to talk
about masculinity, which is tempting
to reject altogether,
like, i'm supposed to be it
but have no interest in its restrictions,
its dull refusal of excess.
Still i could just be bitter
because everybody seems to think
i'm some strange, wispy butch
who forgot to stop painting her nails.

— Charles Theonia

Obliterate

1. a: to remove utterly from recognition or memory.
b: to remove from existence: destroy utterly all trace;
indication, or significance of.
- 2 : to make undecipherable or imperceptible by
obscuring or wearing away.
- 3 : cancel.

as in, *where my desire means obliteration...*¹

¹ Eros/Errors

femme fail

Becoming Subject

Turning in to my own
turning on in
to my own self
at last
turning out of the
white cage, turning out of the
lady cage
turning at last

- Lucille Clifton

NESTS

holding a container and waiting for
you to arrive on your
own accord.

WHY WOULD YOU TURN AWAY?¹

¹ See pages 26 & 112

discerning without blame¹

¹ Forest

"Winicott says that a baby, when it still sees the mother as a part of itself, can only relate to her

We progress to using another person—to being able to fully assimilate what they have to offer us—only when we understand that they're separate from us"

— Winicott via Alison Bechdel

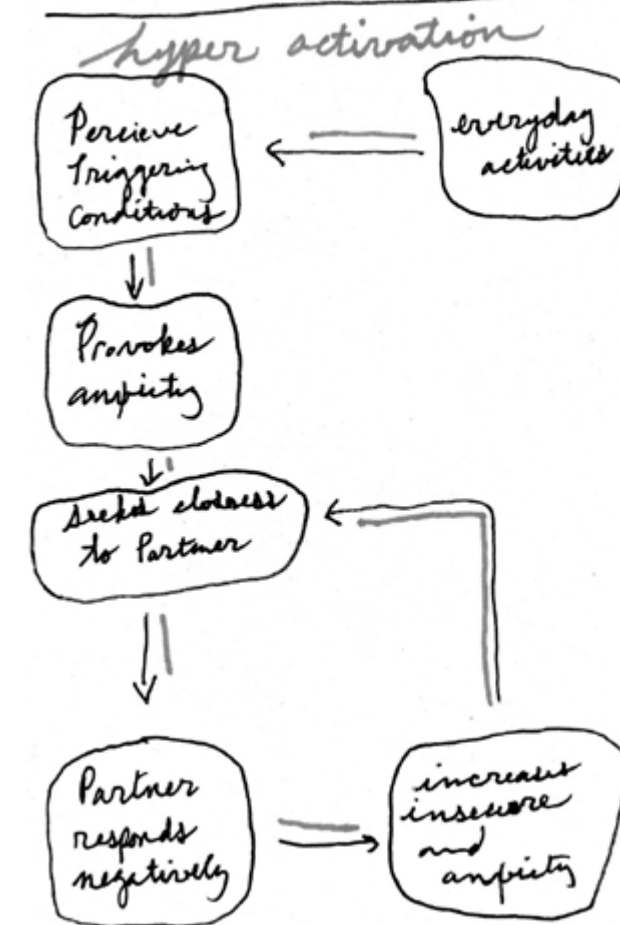
AATFFAECCHTMIEONNT

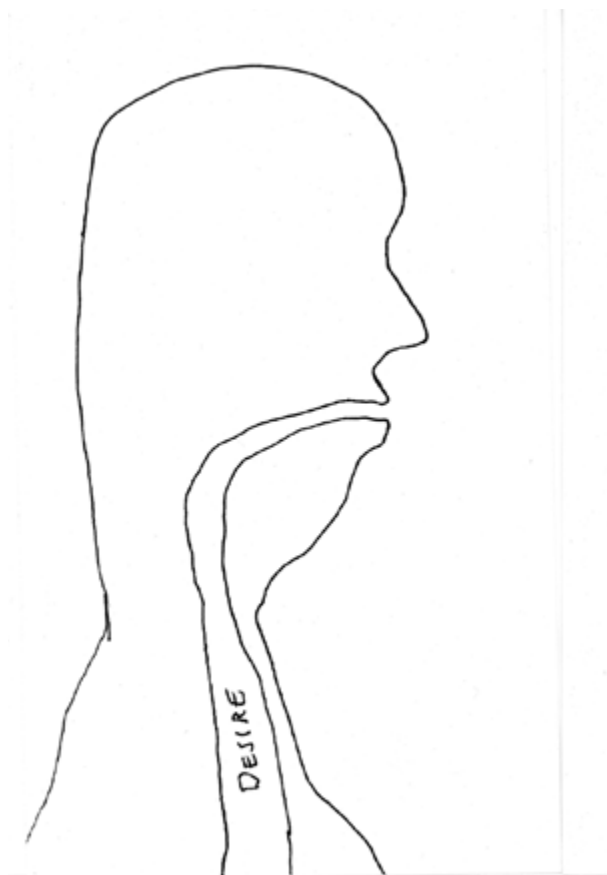
AATFFAECCHTMIEONNT

AATFFAECCHTMIEONNT



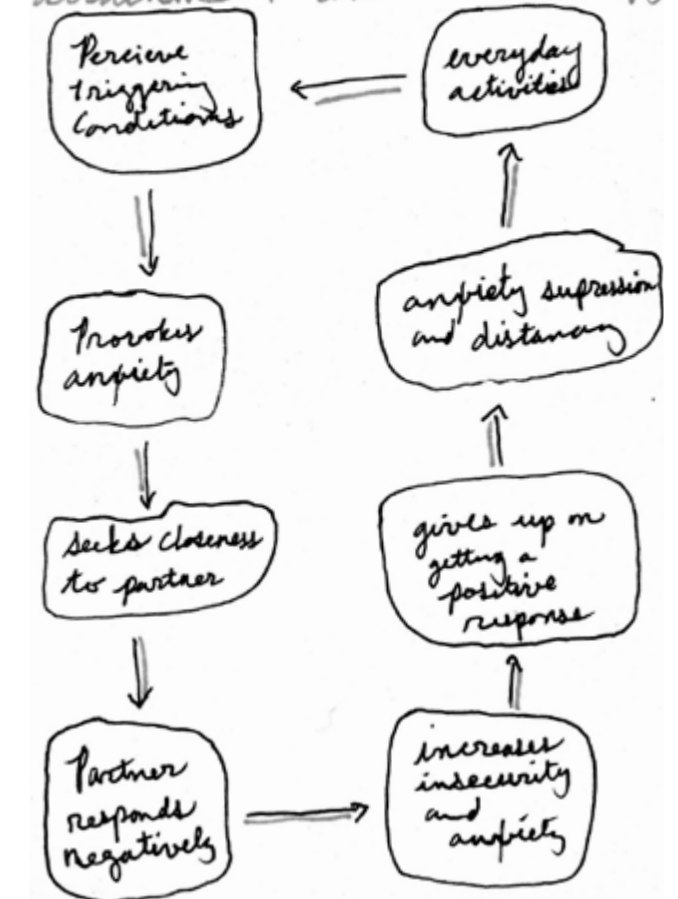
AFFECT REGULATION: hyper-activation





AFFECT REGULATION: attachment avoidance strategy

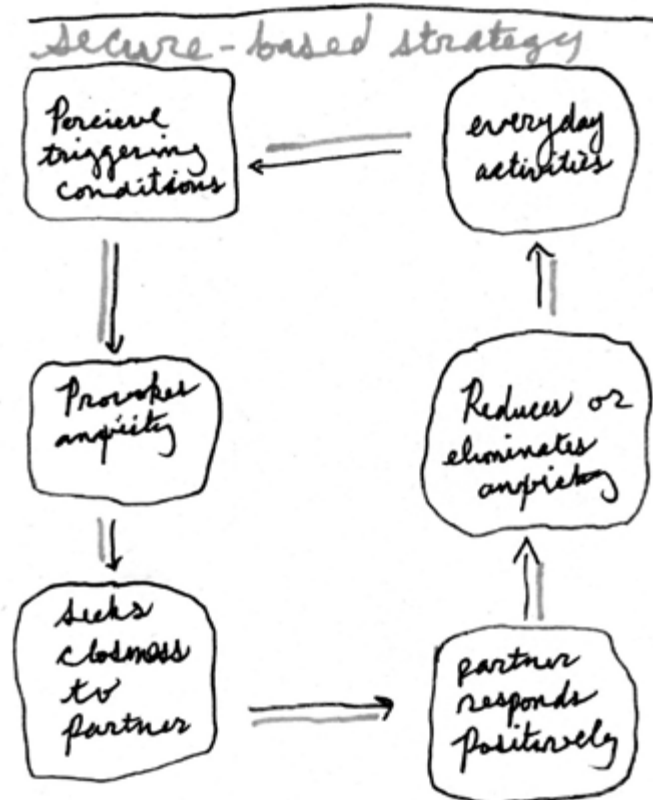
attachment - avoidance strategy





1 See pages 114

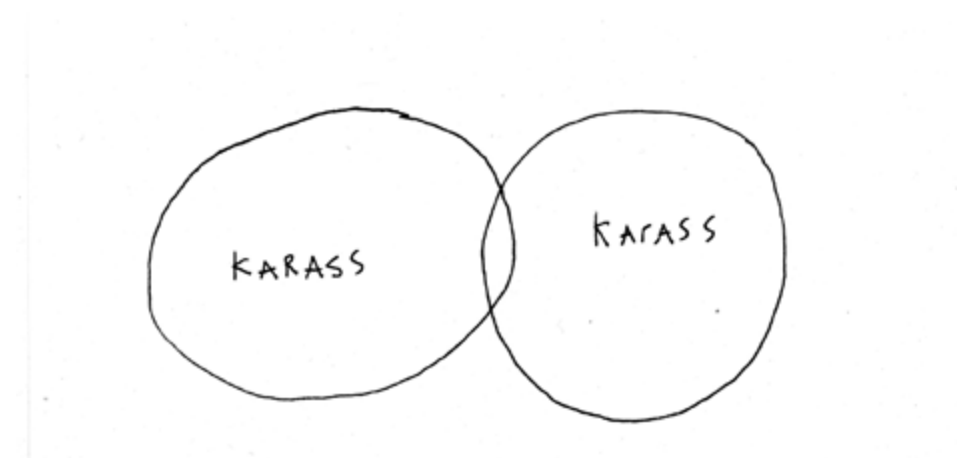
AFFECT REGULATION: ^{secure-based strategy}



it's not the bodies that matter - it's the
subtle impulses. it's the time. the
static. a quality found between. the
unknown. In the nonsense. beyond
sense. Qualitatively surrounded.

I will hold you here
at an angle
tracing your inner
landscape

— Lailye Weidman

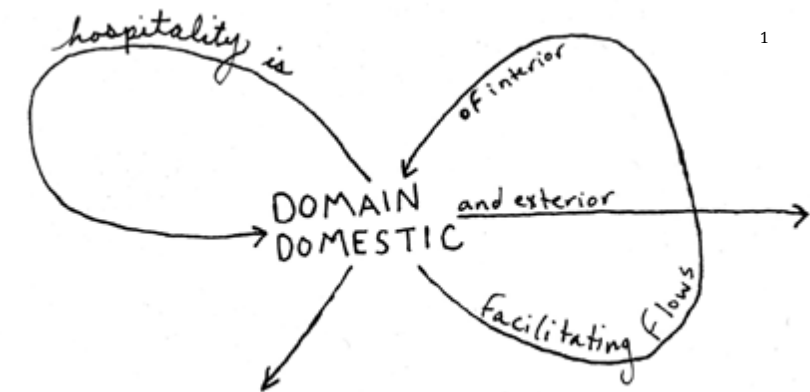


or was it a granfalloon?¹



We're two nests
spinning 'round
your home
coming
undone
undone
undone

living a weird
 beautiful life
 with other
 people. art
 living as glue
 as transformation
 as magic. as
 love. as ritual.
 How and when
 and to who do
 I translate this
 experience? when
 does art exist out-
 side of life?



1 Developed at the Domestic Performance Agency in conversation with Athena Kokoronis and Lailye Weidman after a practice in Fort Green Park, NYC.

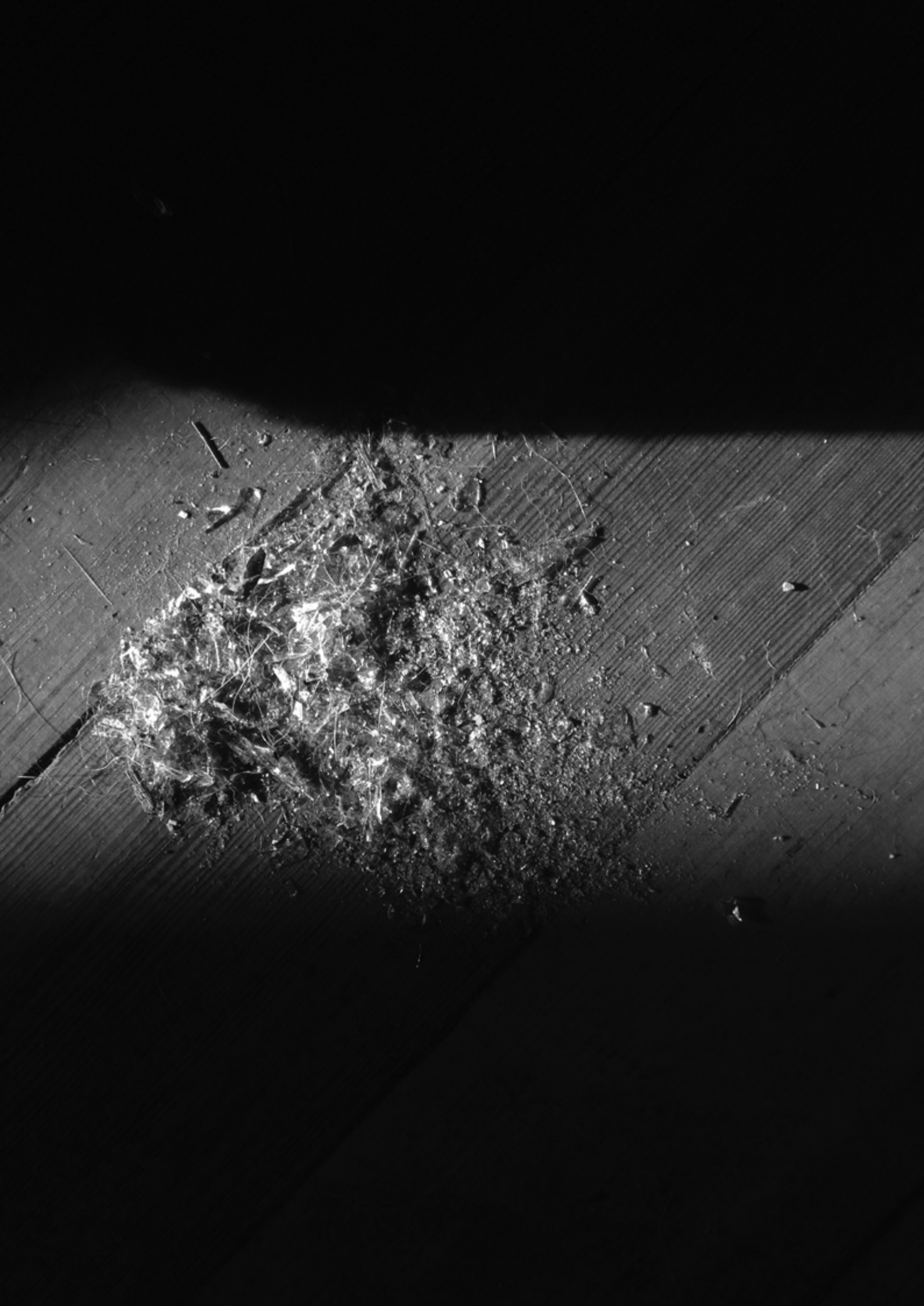
How big is the home to horse the body of hearts?

GIVE ME (YOUR) TEARS.

DO NOT SHRINK
FIND SOFTNESS!
SOFTEN.

1 See page 91

DUST



Dust

1: fine particles of matter (as of earth).

2: the particles into which something disintegrates.

3: a. something worthless.
b. a state of humiliation.

4: a: the earth, especially as a place of burial.
b: the surface of the ground.

5: a: a cloud of dust.
b: confusion, disturbance.

6: archaic, a simple particle (as of earth).

as in, *I would wrap you innumerable times in the dust of our past.*

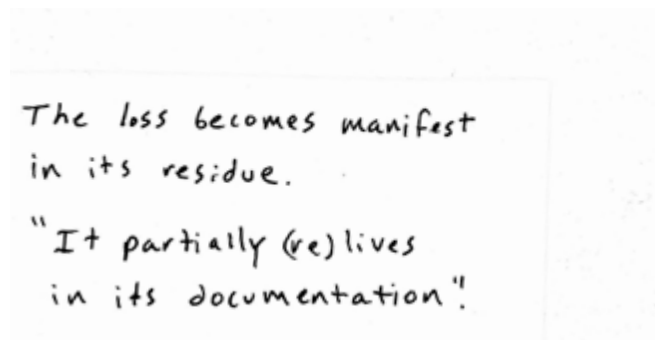
Dust is not a constant. There's not a fixed quantity that has always been the same. Consciousness beings make Dust—they renew it all the time, by thinking and feeling and reflecting, by gaining wisdom and passing it on.

— Xaphania, The Amber Spyglass¹

¹ Introduced to me by Andrew Huckins



You were mine
You were mine
We were each other
again and again



— José Esteban Muñoz

Gradually

adverb: in a gradual way; slowly; by degrees.

Gradual

1: taking place or progressing slowly or by degrees (of a slope) not steep or abrupt.

as in, *gradually they wept.*

Late middle english, from Latin gradualis, from latin, gradus 'step'.
The original sense of the adjective was 'arranged in degrees' The
noun refers to the alter steps in a church, from which the antiphons
were sung.



degree of intimacy

Falling in love is an act of hope. It is an anticipatory act — it lives in the future. Does being in love live in the past? What is it to be in love in the present?¹

¹ See page 16

Specter (or Spectre)

1: a visible disembodied spirit: ghost.

2: something that haunts or perturbs the mind: phantasm.

as in, *the specter of love*.





gradually they swept the
dust from their eyes,
gaining new perspective
on the words "_____".



Recuperate

1: to get back.

2: to bring into use or currency: revive,
to regain a former state or condition.

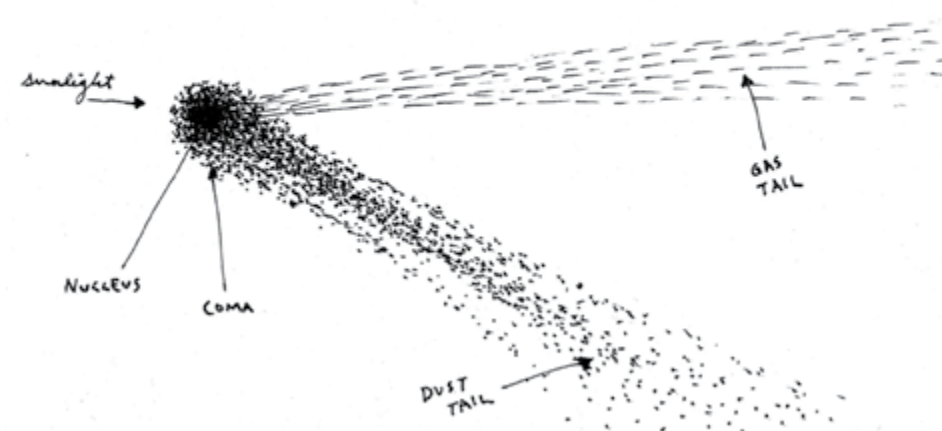
as in, *I find recuperation in a chant of mine mine mine*¹.

¹ Eros/Erros

You cannot take back everything that was yours -
it is no longer you - it has left - it has
become the business of our past.



Gradually we will become
Ourselves



GRIEVING

DENIAL
ANGER
BARGAINING
DEPRESSION
ACCEPTANCE¹

¹ Elisabeth Kübler-Ross by way of Anne Coakley.

ATTEND. AT TONE
attention

ORDER TO UNDERSTAND,
NOT TO CONTROL.

LISTEN

without becoming defensive
without trying to equivocate or make excuses
without minimizing or denying the extent of harm
without trying to make oneself the center of the story

Anxiety, heartbreak and tenderness mark the in-between state. It's the kind of place we usually want to avoid. The challenge is to stay in the middle rather than buy into struggle and complaint. The challenge is to let it soften us¹ rather than make us more rigid and afraid. Becoming intimate with the queasy feeling of being in the middle of nowhere only makes our hearts more tender. When we are brave enough to stay in the middle, compassion arises spontaneously. By not knowing, not hoping to know, and not acting like we know what's happening, we begin to access our inner strength.

— Pema Chödrön, *The Places that Scare You*, p.120

1 See page 66

When there is nothing to add
only to witness

THE THING TO DO IS
JUST FEEL THE SADNESS

They positioned themselves so as to
They came to appreciate
They gazed longingly into their screens
They grasped the blanket
They put on the gold shirt
They sang a song
They rotated the teapots
They gathered themselves
The forgot the words

Gradually they
wept

to devote oneself for the
duration, to endure it.
to commit to the
transformation, to
submit to it.

DURATION¹
DEVOTION²
ENDURANCE³

1 Marilyn Arsem
2 Noel'le Longhaul and Lynx Rainer
3 In conversation with Magdalena Debevec

“...most male mystics, when they imagine a union with God it's like a tranquil, calm, conversation about reason. Whereas for the women mystics, not surprisingly, it is always bodily,¹ rapturous, erotic, and unhinged.”

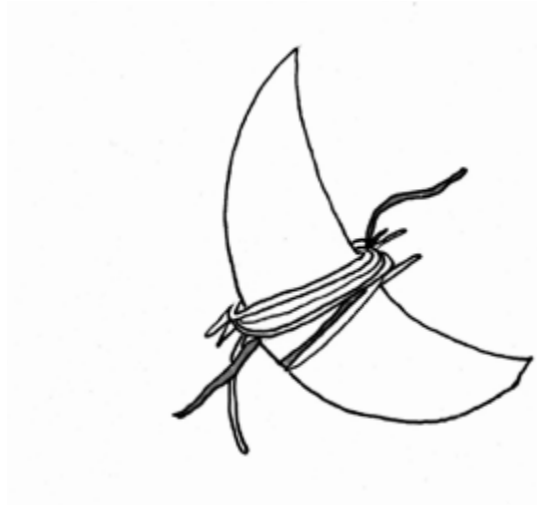
- Johanna Hedva,
Sick Woman Theory

STAY ON THE BRINK

1 See page 31

begun with an
envelop of time
wrapped around
its center

each as a
crescent
moon.



N. turned into a little girl —
laughter without darkness
— the escape.
I heard just joy,
for an instant,
unshrouded by the
complexities of grief and
alcohol.

When X. laughs
she is incredible.
A laugh that is not
hiding or coping.

begin again.

MUNDANE
(oblivious ecstasy)

Transform our pain into
a life that is in purpose.

Ecstasy

- 1: a. a state of being beyond reason and self control
b. swoon (archaic).
- 2: a state of overwhelming emotion; especially: rapturous delight.
- 3: trance; especially: mystic or prophetic trance.
4. a synthetic amphetamine analog $C_{11}H_{15}NO_2$ used illicitly for its mood enhancing and hallucinogenic properties.



Your magic surrounds¹

¹ Thank you Lucas.

“one must crush oneself, hacking and hewing away at oneself, so as to make a place wide enough so that love can get in.”

— Marguerite Porete via Johanna Hedva

The waking up hurts. Places
focus on the things still asleep.

REFLECT/LIGHT

"I've drawn a circle of fuschia
light for you"
AEH033117

A When do we close our eyes or look away in conversation?

B the intimacy of watching of allowing to look

C The Lillies Are Blooming "the sweetest flower"

D Death: the ultimate submission

E eyes looking straight in

F NO FUTURE

G Commitment to Commitment

H the middle space → unknowing
stupidity
questions

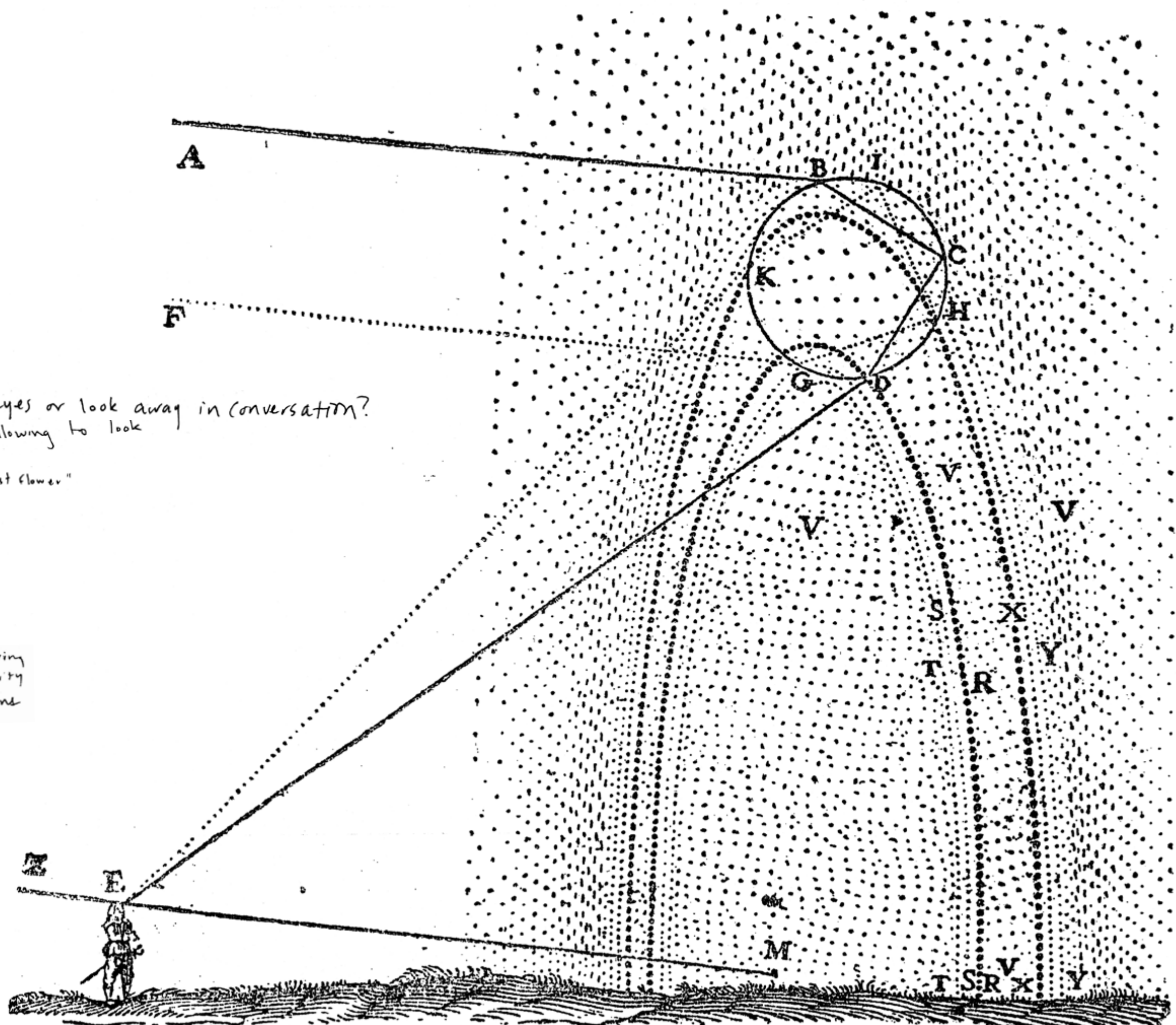
K GRACE

R REFLECT

M LIGHT PARTICLES

V QUALITY OF COLOR

X COLOR MEANS SOMETHING



Descartes's Rainbow

gravity finds its weight
in darkness¹ ~~as much~~

1 See pages 10 & 54

Timbre

- 1: the quality given to a sound by its overtones: such as
- a: the resonance by which the ear recognizes and identifies a voiced speech sound
 - b: the quality of tone distinctive of a particular singing voice or musical instrument

as in, *the timbre of the fuschia light.*

idol = reflects itself
icon = reflects something else¹

1 from a 2016 interview with Patti Smith seen on youtube

Reflect

1 *archaic*: to turn into or away from a course: deflect.

2: to prevent passage of and cause to change direction a mirror reflects light.

3: to bend or fold back.

4: to give back or exhibit as an image, likeness, or outline: mirror the clouds were reflected in the water.

5: to bring or cast as a result his attitude reflects little credit on his judgment.

6: to make manifest or apparent :show the painting reflects his artistic vision the pulse reflects the condition of the heart.

7: realize, consider.

Why we write:

"To prove, within a scramble
of words, that god exists"

- Patti Smith

GRADUALLY I(T) PERSIST(S)

