



coops



co-ops

coups



co-ups

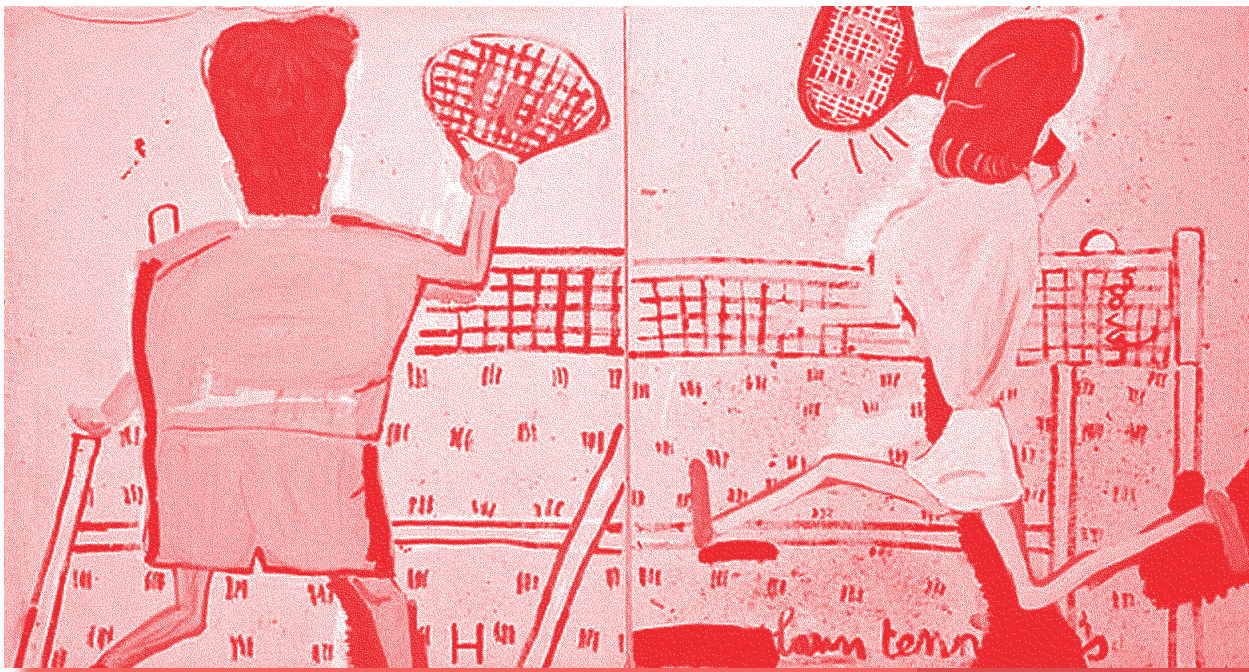
coupes



coupés

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txt: do u want to berghain tonight? sprinkles is playing, it'll be amazing!!! ¶



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Philli has two huge slugs in a glass fishtank which is a little steamy. Is the climate in there very different from out here? Aby doesn't really want to think too much, but is lying on Philli's bed, scrolling through pictures of giant slugs. They all look really similar, maybe they're the same. In Aby's other hand, a crystal goblet filled with cheap champagne, and Aby sprawls, thinking it tastes so cheap the bottle couldn't be recycled for money. Aby had watched a video where bell hooks said she lives the slug life rather than thug life before laughing a lot, like that girl on the floor is laughing, and Aby is super aware that the rap music that someone has put on is aggressively negating the existence of many people in the room. But this rap is just talking over a track that Aby hears speaking at the same level as all the other voices. ¶

asymmetric tracksuit, Franciscan monk hairline: You call us all babe but you think it's a problem to call a 60-year-old man 'boy'? I kept using 'boyfriend', to tell people I went to London to visit him.

A
 abhodies
 acrossan
 B
 battletube

Auguststrasse 58 in Berlin is a coffee roaster named The Barn, known as one of the early specialty coffee roasters in Germany. Their staff and beans are international. The playlist at The Barn varies with the head barista, but it is night-time and X and Y are standing in this quiet café, unoccupied. X has russet curls and Y has a cactus-y bob, but these are just wigs. Synthetics combined with natural hair, provenance assumed to be ethical. Humidity is high, the wigs are not sleek, though they never were.

X pivots in shallow crescents like a lazy office chair, pivoting from the hips and keeping an elongated neck. Y is trembling in a deep lunge, left leg forward and bent.

I am also his muse? Imagine if that's what I told people, that I will go to London to visit my artist! They'd think I was a curator or gallerist! ¶

flossy haired halter leotard: but Terre Thaemelitz, aka DJ Sprinkles, was arguing that public free speech is bought and sold under the name of globalisation and proposed withdrawal as an alternative difficult to present in mainstream terms. central to the discussion was the free distribution of her music online—terre described her battle with youtube as she tried to take down albums uploaded by fans. it wasn't about ownership she said it was about the means of distribution—the problematics of participating within corporate contexts, of the sharing economy in general and this contemporary demand for full disclosure over more intimate, considered and personal forms of engagement. ¶

so in a time when we can communicate constantly, when we're told that
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so in a time when we can communicate constantly, when we're told that communication is only ever 'good' how could our 'contrived' correspondence allow for a more deliberate discourse? Can we be generous whilst still addressing the relationship between productivity and generating cultural capital? ¶

laser cut neoprene, meticulous dreadlocks: yeah he's been working as a personal assistant for a few months now, and you know who he's working for, it's hugely taxing. he keeps signing off asking, insisting, i think, on what i'm thinking about, a dreg of when he sat me down to ask questions and advice about becoming a curator. harvard art history on a marathon scholarship, nicknamed as a country boy though he's not, but he is ruddy and open like a book, wanting to find relations—like, i sent him a copy of jeppesen's all fall with some shitty anecdotal background, so he wants to read it on his own redevy for the same route. that's such a performance state of mind!! what does imitating in search of authenticity or

clarity achieve? he apologises for paucity, saying that being the voicebox of another makes him hoarse. have you heard about the app that sends pop ups of radical feminist quotes everytime your email language shifts to feminine and apologetic? ¶

french twist with basketball shorts: I watched Hou Hsiao Hsien's film The Puppetmaster, about Taiwan's greatest puppetmaster Li Tian-Lu. Like most of Hou's films it was incredibly slow, narrative, shot at a distance so you have the feeling like you are watching from the doorway. The subtitles were too contemporary for a film that takes place from early 20th century until 1945. This added a certain irreverence to an otherwise very earnest film. Words like "pecker" and "fucker" were used in the place of ... well, I don't really know, "penis" and "rascal" would have been equally incongruous. ¶

chiffon sheath with slick comb-back: I once had the idea to start a record label whose only 'artists' would be people that had recovered from being in comas. The job would be to whisk them away to a recording studio before they could hear any contemporary music, and have them record something as if the past five or ten or however many years hadn't happened. Obviously it's only ever going to be a thought experiment. But I guess it's a similar question of capitalising on someone else's illness/misfortune. ¶

Aby is heaped and sprawled on Philli's bed as reaction to a vile, dank slime girl who had really screeched at Aby that she had seen Aby's performance at a bar in the town they are both from, so what was the big idea. This was a very inelegant conjuring of a topic of conversation; everyone else had premeditated their positions, knew their role in the relay, the marathon of the evening. The cooking show host swerves into a cabinet and pulls out a wibbling flan, saying 'Here's one I prepared earlier'! What a coup, to claim responsibility for making this. Machines help, the crew helps, the goddess of time helps. Who is this host to fold little pleats in linear time? This is not such a generous action, Aby thinks. ¶

boylshment
C
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companionisre
condemnsuana
corpotexts
cutivism
D
deliscourse
disracy
E
enternability
exrepondence
exsumption
F
fatent
fearjaction
femsire
forlooking

- X Is it a competition, what does competition mean, I am having a glass of water.
- Y I am having a glass of orange juice. Longer form, let's ease ourselves out of what we just saw—it can't hurt either to speak in longer form. I sometimes learn a lot, or have in the past, from people engaged in what appears to be a one on one discussion or argument in front of a group. I went to the Isabel Lewis occasion on Wednesday.

X's arm moving slower than speech, trying to point directly behind. While imprecise, it stays pointing in the same direction despite the crescent pivots. Pendulous.

- X You know she lives up the street?
- Y Don't interrupt.

Y stepping onto a bench with right leg, which now bears all weight. Trembling left leg off the edge of bench.

The most enjoyable part was the scents that Isabel had made, though two out of the three were not successful. The third, however, was a garden—a specific kind of garden, Mediterranean, I think, and it smelled very distinctly of a certain clean, cold earth with oranges. But the earth part, you could actually smell that in layers, like the smell had density.

- X Specialty coffee prepared has this density in flavour, perhaps it's the wetness.
- Y Dry coffee doesn't seem to have these layers in scent.

Y's left leg raises a little higher, a casual lift rather than arabesque. The left leg then contracts to chest before leading Y's spine down into a porcupine curl where they rest.

- Y I wore the same shirt I had been wearing that night on Friday night to meet some people and it still smelled like the garden scent, and I could still smell the coldness of the scent. But once I was out in the wind--it was so windy, it was hard to stay on the bike, the scent seemed to instantly disappear. By the time I got to my destination my shirt smelled like me again, which was a bit of a disappointment.

- X You interrupted me too. What's longer? Whose intention is continued? Where is scent disappearing to and where can thoughts disappear to? Einstein was asked to repeat a thought but says it's all the same thought. I once had a philosophy teacher who remarked that you can tell when someone is talking about ethics because they use words like 'ought'; 'ought' implies duty, obligation. What did you think you owed the 'other' in hoping the scent would hold?

X now fixes upper body in place, with only the feet scuttering from side to side. Voice becomes increasingly intent—while speech seems to address the abstract and hypothetical, it becomes unnervingly targeted at Y. Y slowly moves into a position that

Aby thinks positively about DJ Sprinkles a.k.a. Terre Thaemlitz, and liked the thing that the flossy haired leotard wearer said about public free speech and globalisation. In the nightclub, the DJ can be god. Aby thinks about the nightclub without any of this dance music, and immediately remembers this cute show which began with a few minutes of the moving lights in the theatre twisting and dancing. Trying to leave a club for a few hours and feeling like one of these go-bo lights, totally outside of the music but totally attached to the rig anyway. Maybe it'd be fun to go to Berghain. Sprinkles begins at 3, says everyone ever. Aby thinks about putting sprinkles on the giant slugs in Philli's tank. ¶

The vile slimegirl asks Philli to demonstrate the dance he was working on and Philli demurs, saying that it's movement research about power stances. Aby immediately thinks about male identifying friends who scientifically posit that they can boost their testosterone levels by clenching both fists in a frozen victorious double fist pump above their heads. These conversations about boys; wondering if they will drift away as the hormones of orientation settle. A heavy clogging stench like grana-padano rotting in a student fridge; adding a flavour, going through a flavour, being flavoured. Testosterone feels like some type of giant steamy slug. ¶

Aby's not sure how to describe bodies. A double fist pump seems clear enough, but that only indicates an action for fists, not a body. Aby thinks about the closeness of bodies in the rehearsal room the consciousness of 'our thinking bodies' and 'moving bodies into space'. At what distance or duration? It's easier to separate on how the body looks. The dreadlock neoprene person was quoting Hannah Arendt earlier while they were rehearsing: we lost our language, which means the naturalness of our reactions, the simplicity of gestures, the unaffected expression of feelings; and Aby knew that this was supposed to be refugees and migrating, but thought about how strange it was that they were all sitting down to talk about moving and changing and learning or forgetting. ¶

So much time is spent trying to forget, thinks Aby. Skyping a cousin in Tunisia who was photographing their apartment for AirBnb, removing crystals and glasses and postcards of ships and putting some flowers in the room. Aby's cousin felt so strange, feeling as though they were giving up their relationship with things, and Aby laughed, realising that this was the same as what they were trying to achieve in the rehearsal room. Like, not just forgetting about classical training, finally talking about this endless and variable concoction, about and around this move, or gesture. ¶

French twisted basketballer conducted a decolonised yoga session and was trying to provoke a holistic rather than extractive approach. Motions had a more conscious relationship with each breath—they became contained, as though the beginning or end were undefinable within the space of a breath, in and outside, influencing, appropriating, transforming, remembering (blending), enduring. Entering the blood stream as oxygen and flowing at that speed. Uncoupling the chromosomatic configurations. Chronomatic disintegration. Drinking champagne that had been bottled in 1998. To think of everything that had happened in the world in the time since, the fluid quietly pooled in its cold glass home all the while. It's a lot to live up to. Cheap champagne usually hasn't been put away so long. ¶

So streets passing as the pack walks down the allee. Everything is covered, the wall, this mural was like foundation on a bad skin. Instead of improving the skin, it only emphasises the issues that define the basis of the skin. Covered scaffolds like a girdle to strap in loose skin. Practicing a private life of veganism but remaining open to eating anything socially, whether a practice can be private without it burdening you. Of course, this is indicating towards a definition of where a public sphere begins. Naked, supplicant, consumable, imposed, in the line for Berghain. Everything is covered, the club, the bouncers, the lines of people outside. ¶

So what when it becomes uncovered? Philli's first reaction is one of dismissal, mainly because of an allergy to an art that sells well, and maybe especially queer artists that produce work that could potentially sell well. Philli asks *Are choreographers artists too?* Things are not black or white, everyone needs to somehow make a living, but Philli just feels like queerness can't be part of a capitalist economy without defection. Queer existence is political and never part of the 'police', thinks Philli. Philli thinks *It's in a constant state of revolt*. Not against projecting what we could be, or just projecting us in some situations; at this stage we don't know so much about each other, we could be anywhere. ¶

resembles Lara Croft: Tomb Raider after landing from a jump. A sense that moment is frozen, there is no movement

Coffee beans in a jar: the scent of coffee is of course used in the department-store to erase and neutralise the nose. You've come deep into the perfume section and stand at a counter, little glass bottles which don't hold much, fluid by colour. The same bottles hold the same smell, but at other counters or shelves the scents can be similar unless you have a refined nose. Refinement? What does the cling of scent do to perception, the libidinal pheromones, senses triggered. My mother calls scent memory, and I imagine this is scientific memory spiel, spun around Isabel Lewis, particularly with this scent collaboration. Compelling flavour. Coffee acting as a neutralising scent and this collaboration fruit is the offering of Isabel Lewis during an occasion. In speaking of her here and now in Germany, spiel means game but means sermon in English, and to +ge and make it Spiegel is the game into mirror. What is the limit of /on offer? I presume that in the occasion format she offers no cleanse of nasal palette, she capitalises on/off scent, how many scents are offered? That be damned, we'll take it. Any sense offered?

X's feet continue but slow in bell curve. X & Y bodies otherwise fixed.

Y Limiting fun! Cents as change, exchanged! Limited commodities! Like the Dada cabaret, the insistence of Duchamp in drag as Rrose Selavy, and these Duchampian games, artist identity and presentation. Unsure identification as humour, difficult to phrase into speech at speed. Is it the same pleasure we receive from deft word games? Composition is as sinister as design in its relation to forming points, the drawing of diagrams with all the extinction of lines. Spatial lockdown. However, I do think and hope about the in-between-ness of homonyms which occurs so frequently in speaking. For instance, with sent and scent and cent, what is it when something is 'written to be (s)(c)ent'?

Y cleanly moves to stand adjacent to X and blows a focused stream of air at X's curls. X's feet have slowed to move like lily petals touched to a table.

X So Lewis — but not Lewis Carroll! — working-planning occasions with the similar methodology and style and the unnerving similarity of glass bottles in the department-store perfume section, makes me think of the dismissal of champagne as sparkling wine, and sparkling wine on offer at the counter — an attempt at luxury in the retail ritual, sinister signifier of celebration. Sparkling wine casts its bubbly alcoholic similarity into a loop of wild price variance with champagne.

frutitarianism G generative quality generative quality gribbishment H historpromise I identitics infamen infantagony inspace L lackcentration lactolerance langower M macommodation

something on to another person. I believe it can also be a type of auto-affection, although it could be argued that we split ourselves through auto-affection, so that we are affecting *an other* in us when we read. ¶

Much of what can be said of speech in general can also be said of reading. Virno writes that we individuate ourselves every time we speak, that is, that we simultaneously become aware of ourselves as individuals with our own desires and as members of a larger community of speakers. There may be an aspect of relaying in that, but I wouldn't say relaying exhausts the definition of reading, running does make it leaner. ¶

mythological assumptions ¶

narcissus was looking at his father and through him at ¶

the rape of his mother ¶

he tried to see ¶

more ¶

he had the intention of creating a dialogue ¶

that would reach the self beyond the self ¶

what does self mean ¶

state narcissism ¶

with an a priori ¶

negative ¶

sign ¶

trying to answer ¶

not to respond ¶

questions that others denoted ¶

before I do ¶

do you find yourself, virtual self, being self ¶

beyond your questions ¶

Lacan said that we should laugh when we try talk about communication. ¶

Abstract, resistance, system, loophole, vandalism, ¶

we need to think, to write through notions. ¶

Is that a loophole? ¶

we are at the summer house, I have eaten some plants, I realize that they have thorns and they wound my mouth, I spit them and I hold them in my hands, I am asking V's help, V doesn't pay attention, V is observing every detail of a brand new ping-pong paddle, a very expensive one, a Stiga Jean-Philippe Gatien named after the champion at the time. V finds out that it's surrounded by millions of ants, bigger and thinner than the normal ones, flying ants with feelers, the woman tells V that it's a unique species, and I am not mad at V but I feel empty by the fact that V is more interested in the ants than in my wounded mouth, we finally reach my grandparents place, we enter from the first floor, V is transformed into my parent, i sit next to one of my aunt's best friends, asking me questions about school, my mother, my sister and then also noticing the paddle lying there on the table. i say it is the same paddle Gatien is using, I am made to repeat this several times, until i get confused. did Gatien actually touched and play with this particular paddle and i said no, not this one of course but one just like it. V now points out that the

artistic output is soaked with these materials—an excessive display of fat and felt.

Y bends at the knees, bringing X's body closer to the café floor. X's ankles are still under Y's arms, and as Y's hands reach the floor should gracefully wrap around to Y's back. X allows their body to adjust to this minor shift in altitude and angle

Y Fat is a powerful thing for sure. My mind goes first to Wagyu cows listening to Mozart in the field, their living hides massaged to marble their fat. This not-knowing of fat, the not-knowing of lifestyle. Fear of death and the sudden diagnosis of breast cancer. I am thinking about offensive pink, fat and flesh. The pink ribbon that is so prominent in American culture and the vast marketing campaign in the US led by the NFL (the football league) to raise awareness for breast cancer. They held a breast cancer awareness month. It was all in pink. Turning sickness ladylike, cute and manageable with pink accessories. Pink was the medium to make a sickness manageable. The red ribbon of AIDS was never as popular as breast cancer's pink. Pink is also the colour of flesh, but the pink used in the pink ribbon seems anything but flesh-like. It encompasses an un-naturalness that I link to make-up, barbies, artificiality, dolls. The girl as burgeoning consumer is matched by a color: pink.

X's body is flirting with the floor and Y stretches legs back to move towards the same. X and Y press their fronts down.

X Ariana Reines as author gives quotable quotes after translating Tiqqun's 'The Preliminary Materials for a Theory of the Young-Girl' into English from French. Hear my scare quotes: "So I've already said that translating this book made me sick. I mean it gave me migraines, made me puke; I couldn't sleep at night, regressed into totally out-of-character sexual behavior. The way I've put it to my friends is that working on it was like being made to vomit up my first two books, eat the vomit, vomit again, etc., then pour the mess into ice trays and freeze it, and then pour liquor over the cubes ... "

Putting it to friends through fluids, we should always mean what we say, but how do we understand its influence or contagion. Influence as a germ, something that spreads freely. It's difficult to avoid influence, we don't really get to choose how or when it happens. Ideas disperse like a contagion. There is being a bad influence or being under the influence. Have you read the Tiqqun in French? A decade passed for it to travel into lexicon and force its way through Reines' body. It made me feel like I was perishing, or my image was perishing, I attempted to resist. This wasn't effective but made me feel better.

strongaction
T
trickitivity
trward
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unpredigation
V
vandalistance
vanxious

millions of ants are also termites, like boys are also men, I am crying out in anger. I see myself shoving the paddle up his ass we are all going downstairs and we all start crying, touched, as if something has happened in the past that made us keep distance from each other, a woman wears a tight cream shirt and has two babies, the younger one is sleeping in a crib and the other one can't speak but behaves as if they were an adult, ¶

There's a book that I have never actually read, but listened to as an audiobook more than once a year for the past five years. The best part comes somewhere in the middle of the book and details her time in graduate school when she, a somewhat unassuming and acutely sensitive lesbian-living-on-her-own, was seduced by an older professor, a former folk musician and ethnomusicologist (or something) with a long silver braid and a flair for cutting meanness and mind games. The relationship takes a predictable nosedive. The result: a ton of anguish and perhaps the fuel for her own scholarship. ¶

The night Terry and the professor first “make love” she goes to a Patti Smith concert with some friends (Labryis is the name of one of the more memorable group members) from a radical women's (reading?) group— **“Smith had not disappointed. The concert took place downtown, in an auditorium filled to the rafters with arty would-be head-bangers. We got our wish: the event was a crazed and cacophonous as any Ubu Roi-iste might have wished. Glorious indeed Smith's Babel-babble lyrics, the blasting, nerve-jangling sounds emitted by the band, the rivers of sweat dripping off everyone, the transporting spectacle of the singer twirling and chanting and ranting in the flesh. There she was, a human gyroresplendent in a tee shirt with a Union Jack, combat fatigues, tucked into boots, mop of black stringy hair, crawling round the stage, twisting spastically, fucking the amps, beating her chest while she sang. That Smith was a transcendent dervish-genius was now confirmed, not least by the fact that afterwards the insufferable Jo (there too, incongruously) was holding forth in the lobby and loudly broadcasting her disapproval. Patti was just like Janis, Jo declared; her lyrics were degrading to women ... One was entirely on Patti's side of course—that of Baudelaire and Rimbaud and Lautreamont and all the other mad dark angels—now and forever.”** ¶

Reading this in actual words, not hearing it as I walk to the grocery store or ride the train, the book seems totally transformed. Sure I can remember the annoying overpronunciations of the audiobook narrator, but it seems more complex and strangely distant. Time shifting, I know the “mop of black stringy hair” has long since turned grey but I couldn't pick a Patti Smith song out of a pile. What I know is Patti gave her fans a history lesson. Firstly, she played the whole *Horses* album, and after that she played songs from The Velvet Underground and other songs by herself, preaching that her 50-year old audience had to reclaim their forgotten ideals. ¶

Patti was spitting every five minutes, and there was cheering whenever her spit hit the floor. And even though with old fart-musicians these show elements become suspicious, I didn't mind. She was clearly the youngest one in the room. Everyone was singing along for one and a half hour (rocking her religion in a former church), and she made me understand *Horses* was a remarkable record. Patti is cool and snappy and smart and didn't become cynical after all those years, and her namedropping, haircut and the dance moves of her generation aren't that bad after all. ¶

The predominantly 50-plus audience took pictures of the show on their mobile devices with a loud “clack clack”, and others yelled Paradiso, because that is indeed what the venue is called—not what her mouth wanted to work it into: Paradisio, and the event still held the radical possibility to slip into a 1970's ubu-roi-esque wildness. I'm still bewitched by Patti, the spell remains as she departs and continues to cast that same spell of *Horses*. ¶

At Schiphol there are hello and goodbye messages that people record at home to be played on screens around and above the airport complex. A sloppy sci-fi to me, rough future, people on those screens dumbly waving at you as you wait for a bus or wheel a trolley on the brick pavement. ¶

Before death, wanting to say, “I regret everything,”—words that will sum up my life. The last thing said before dying in sleep was, “Foutez-moi la paix,” [“Leave me the hell alone.”]. With eyes of fire, hands turning in motion,

Y rises to feet, punishing the spine, and walks over X's body to press against the far wall.

And Reines' Coeur de Lion arrived a few years ago in the mail from a friend. I devoured the letter with book but struggle to remember anything specific about either. There's a form it takes on the page? Entering 'love poem' tradition? Acknowledging and consciously choosing a form might be a way of validating the words you write. I won't assert this, I'll understand it just gives it a satisfying rhythm. Mark my words, I don't think words need to be validated. She gives a voice to a female heartbreak, which I don't think I'd ever experienced so directly (via the written word) before.

As Y speaks from the wall X rolls to side and rises in a gentle spiral, finger tips of X grazing at floor and eventually reaching to ceiling. Y is against the wall but senses a separation of spirit and body. A slow tear, slow burn while speaking, Y's life leaves.

Y An installation: a film of a snowman, singing to an understanding, beautiful, young couple in the snow about how he wishes to enjoy the sun. The snow man as a good hearted-lovingly foolish likeable figure, the couple as just married prince and princess. Beautiful, snow covered forest. Singing of being in the sun, wishing to bathe in warmth, a humiliating longing for the beach. Polite listening, the fledgling monarchs too kind to tell him that his dream is suicide.

Who wishes to disappoint the fool, the being who seeks pleasure? But let moving image not dominate, just seize the eye first. The rooms contained: fake snow flakes, a few empty barrels, an open suitcase with a skull bedded and folded in towels. An iPad with a series of commercials advertising corn syrup as a natural sweetener: sugar is sugar no matter where it comes from. Corn stumps made out of plastic the size of stools.

X's finger tips have clasped together, palm to palm, and descend. Y's voice seems to lose its tone as Y continues to speak and becomes something of a rasp.

X Science, alchemy, Aleister Crowley's magic diary.

Y The Press Release relays the recent declaration of being healed from a brain tumour after 7 years. What follows is a list of people he has found and cares about in the art world and are cherished, detailing the moments in which he encountered them. Through these moments he starts explaining the components of his installation. The snowman's closeness to death is linked to the artist's life, along with the reference to corn syrup—again a reference to his own youth, his unhealthy upbringing that might have led to his tumour.

Y's dry, grey voice doesn't regain tone but gains in volume. X orients their body like a flower leaning towards the sun. Y's voice

Chantal Ackerman described how at 15 she was only somewhat aware of “auteur cinema”, nor did she really care, she’d rather have gotten an ice cream cone with her friends. An ice cream cone in those hands would spin around and drench the audience in cold globs. Oh wait, they’re flung open, the cone is flying through the air. Then she saw Godard and he spoke to her like poetry. She didn’t know it could be that way. Hands clasped in fists for a moment of silence. And one and two. The ice cream cone is smashed to the ground, who cares. All eyes are on you. ¶

I seem to be depending on other people’s words. Actually, these are my own but made for a different purpose. Then I was in search of an audience, still am. Hearing my own voice I felt like some poetry-slammer in a crowded pub or I guess a lecture-performer in a white cube gallery where people stand leaning against the walls, husks of slugs lacking in concentration and waiting for the performance to end. Everything is so close in this termed collectivity, coming pulsing, inexorably across the moisture in the room. Places changed. Our fascination with the relationship between summary and death. ¶

Lucifer’s voice rises from the radio ¶

burn any printouts ¶

clear all caches ¶

wipe hard drives ¶

delete time capsules ¶

I stole a cigarette from a painting and smoked it. I didn’t feel guilty, the show seemed hugely self-serving. Can community be thought of without an encounter with an other? If it can’t then perhaps its not only an illusion but a needless and dangerous one.

is a slow drag, a foul, horrifying rasp. X lets out air between teeth like a long even whistle.

Is it safer to resort only to the personal or is it more risky? Is the only way to truly speak to speak from experience and narrate the things that happen? Is that the most daring thing there is or precisely the easiest? It’s not one or the other, it can be multiple stars in the field which become identified as a shape which is me, but is a radical subjectivity the only place left to go? Is becoming a named constellation and holding onto dimensionality the best allee?

Y is now a conch shell leaning on the wall. A long silence where the sun stops moving, until X speaks as a whistle. This is the last toot before they are left still, similar and unseeable like two slugs in a fishtank which is a little steamy.

X Banality. The snowman is blatantly banal and basic. Naïve to the point of kitsch and then honest to the point of boredom. The press release next to the installation strips and mines, exploits human drama. No more mystery, just plain, direct explanation.