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There was once something, *completely* identical to itself.



*"Mother, you had me, but I didn't have you.
I wanted you, you didn't want me."*

John Lennon (apparently)

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I've settled at a roadside tavern and ordered Spanish green soup. Destiny's child is on the radio.

Water spills through the Sofian trees with purpose. I'm remembering- *licking him, across his shoulders, his legs. A sphere rotates, under his closed lids, peripheral focus. Sliding my pussy across his wet skin, off key, returns to dissonant resonance.*

*Where could you have found this is an unknown city?
Only deep underground or suspended above.
highrise,
looking down,
I breathe fast and you tumble into laughing
like
the other day
last time
tomorrow
space in-between
tears into the air*

*Like dancing in abandoned buildings, singing on empty trains.
Lalalala / la la / lalalalala / la l'la*

*She is looking at me with her eyes closed,
It's 2017,
(or never),
Now
(or then)*

--

So his dream became half-real, some weird object kissing. And my dream... who is the God of division anyway?

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Palace of the People

Let's get our nation moving- or something like that.
What the fuck are you talking about? We had a fucking revolution.
It wasn't a revolution. It was Trauma (with a capital T).
It makes me sick.
You don't realise.
You idealise.
Let's reinvent the future.
Folk politics are over, direct action replicates neoliberalism.
We need a unified left.
Are you going swimming later?
No, sorry.

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Credință (Belief in Romanian)

A young man stumbles on the paving stones. He draws a cross from his head, to each shoulder, to his heart. Autumn has descended upon the dry city and the last rays of heat are squeezed from the sun. In the graveyard dead leaves lie in mounds beneath a lime tree, spilling through the railings and into the road.

As he is walking he is gravity. His footsteps treading death into life and life back into dirt. Beneath his feet are skeletons and cat people, angels, devils and nazi gold.

Inside the church he's kneeling before the icons. Looking into the eyes of Jesus from behind the silver ornamentation, he feels his world expanding.

He diverts his gaze up the wall and see's his favourite miracle; Jesus walking on water. His thoughts return again to his dying mother. *She could stay (but she couldn't really stay); I remain.* An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and himself for god- he's hooked. This is a forgiveness, in which forgiveness for not-believing is the only possible world.

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The Holy Trinity

Belief

Faith / Addiction

Grace



(trust in the uninterpreted)

(to be suspended in a binary
of immeasurable logic)

(what goes lower
than gravity)

Suddenly, swallowed by himself and his immeasurable logic, grace escapes him and gravity fucks him. He falls to the floor in floods of tears. *Jesus, drown me and let yourself walk.*

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"Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret!"

Liza Minelli (or unknown)



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I am also waking up with you quite a lot these days. These soft and visceral images I collected with you, they keep on feeding back, mixing up like a church reverberation. And my blood gets stronger. It's happening right now as I write you this message.

I don't think I can describe that dream that much. It wasn't very vivid. Also, it was a bit fed by anxieties I feel... looking for something for a long, long time. You were here, with me, and your presence felt good, you were distracting me in a lovely way like I am used to. But my focus was on this thing.

I remember we were in a wide place, probably outside, sometimes close to a railroad. Trains, tunnels, rails... they are never too far in my dreams. I woke up with a very clear image of your face, and wrote you this message right away. I know it lasted long because I almost woke up multiple time, and got back to it.

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Laying low in the carriage, I watch as the train passes industrial estates of German food companies. Later, through small villages which are falling apart, both the Romanian and European Union flags propped up by stones. Soon I enter a nothing space; planes fading off into darkness, the hills rolling into emptiness. "Backwards country" (they keep calling it, I don't know why). So far from the city, any city.

My life in the city is laying low backwards, being a paving stone.

In the Paris protests of May 1968, students threw paving stones at the police from the barricades of the university stronghold. "*Barricades close the streets but open the way*" and "*I have my orgasms amongst the paving stones*", were scrawled across the city walls. At the same time as these protests and strikes from an estimated 11 million French citizens, the Situationists International (the secret instrumentalists) knew that the seeds of May 1968's own neutralisation were present from the onset of the action. For the SI, **the form dictates everything**; the Gaullist party's later resurgence had already happened in architecture, in words and the earlier civilian resistance as part of the endless dialectic of the 'secret city'. This is not to say that history had ended, began or perhaps never started, but it does summon a map larger than politics (an oikēios beyond the binary of nature and society). Therefore with the triggering of the first student protests, the SI had already launched itself into the gradual process of its own dissemination. Some say this is true, others say Guy Debord had just had started the laborious materialist process of drinking himself to death.

- Is this history?
- Is this an orgasm?
- Can we live like this, sequentially?

I slip off into a lighter darkness and think about my city days at dusk. The city secret, being fucked by the city's secret, the endless history, knowing history, feeling history, fucking history, loving history, loving the self, the historical self (but not being history), the endless sprawling inner psychogeography of the cavern that twists up inside me and into a bit fat wholly metaphor for the space that exists inside everything, the space within the perspective lines, the map, the map inside the head and the desperate chords strung between bodies, wholly plucked ...etc.

Now I see your face flickering, I'm still sliding, see skeletal birds, raw flesh like a turkey's neck, like a clit, puffed out angry but gentle, totally fucked up somehow, I'm laughing out loud and it's rocking the carriage...

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*Lay low light,
lay crying soul,
wake in morning hayfields,
over urban valleys.*

*The real touch,
The remembered touch,
The unending desire to DO something about it all...*

And so you lay low on a dark empty train, crossing places you 'wouldn't understand'.

--

Backwards Romanian Revolution

Dec. 25

The Ceausescus were tried and found guilty, within a few hours they were shot, this was filmed and the footage was broadcast on international TV. Fighting continued both in the capitol and in Timisoara.

Dec. 24

The army continued to battle and gain on the Securitate in Bucharest. The National Front claimed control of the revolution and established a provisional government.

Dec. 23

The fighting and brutality escalated in the streets. Some of the army had switched over to the side of the people and continued to battle security forces. The Ceausescus were captured and returned to Bucharest.

Dec. 22

More demonstrators began to reassemble early in the morning. Huge crowds were locked in a standoff with the army in the main square of Bucharest. The crowd started chanting: "The army is with us!" The crowd offered the soldiers cigarettes and flowers and the battle seemed to be shifting to one between the army and Ceausescu's security police. In a last effort, Ceausescu tried to speak from a balcony, but was shouted down. He and his wife fled the capital and made plans to leave Romania.

Dec. 21

Ceausescu addresses a crowd in Bucharest in a televised speech. Unexpectedly, the crowd became violent and tried to break police lines. A violent clash ensued in which at least 13 youths were killed. Protests began breaking out all over the capitol, and the police began arresting these demonstrators. The crowds refused to disperse and the police used gunfire and armoured cars against the people.

Dec. 20

Negotiators from Bucharest were sent to Timisoara, but really only to buy time so that new elite troops could arrive to "crush the rebellion". The Securitate continued firing on demonstrators in the street. Ceausescu arrived home from a visit to Iran and proclaimed martial law. He also blamed the uprising on Hungarian Fascists.

Dec. 19

The resistance continued in western Romania, and the death count rose. The United States condemned the Romanian government for the use of "brutal force". It is believed that some of the army began to switch over to the side of the demonstrators on this day.

Dec. 18

The Executive Political Committee in Bucharest ordered the army to begin firing real bullets into the demonstrators. Civilian casualties ran high in Timisoara and the dead were collected by the army and either thrown in mass graves or burned.

Dec. 17

A huge crowd amassed in Timisoara. The crowd became aggressive and marched on the Communist Headquarters at city hall. Portraits of Ceausescu were burned and thrown from the building. Besides tear gas and water cannons the army used tanks and ammunition against the crowd. Many people (the exact number is not know) were killed by the army, their dead bodies brought to Bucharest to be cremated.

Dec. 16

Relative calm, as the Securitate and the army were called in to restore order. The United States State Department reacts with, "It looks like Romania's time may have finally come", although the majority of the world still believed that Ceausescu will successfully maintain control.

Dec. 15

Father Laszlo Tokes speaks out publicly against Ceausescu in the town of Timisoara. Backed by thousands, the riot police arrived to try and remove Tokes and disperse the crowd. A battle ensued in the streets.

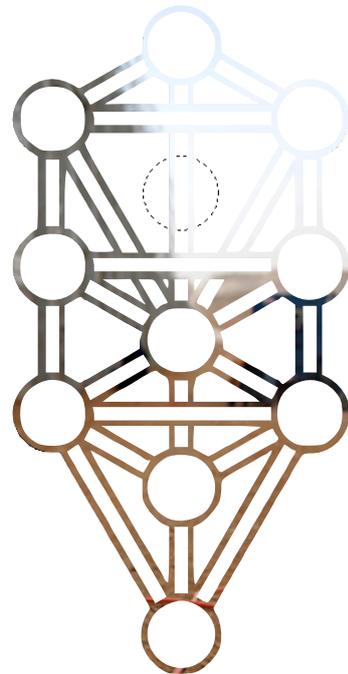
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Gregory Crawford's images of domesticity within a rural environment present privilege and lost migrant roots. Ageing male rock stars like Thurston Moore love him. He spends a fucking horrendous amount of time/money constructing the perfect shopping mall light, probing a world of alien abductions and blood hitting ice. He is lazy and uses *the woman, the woman, the woman*. She is (of course) horizontal, bathed in dusk. Still, there's something in it all...

Her eyes look nowhere, abducted. Her body remains earthly, deathly. This is the naked, white body of European renaissance idealism, surrounded by the fortress of the the synthetic, technology to post-structuralism; oiled wood and sheepskin carpet, the pill cabinet, layers of film tropes, knowing/ but not knowing expressions. This is framed by *the other* (the deep black forest, the white ice and the fading sky).

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Bolt awake at boarder control as guards barge through the carriage door (just a quick whip around limbo).

“паспорти!”

You are becoming aware of the bodies crushed between metal beneath the train. You remember that movement isn't a choice.

You look out the window, see nothing but metal cargo stands, logistically unsatisfied. You look back, you're getting stared down.

Oh sure have my body, if thats what you mean! And by the way I'm not me, I'm her, here's my signature to prove it!

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My Vision

(lying in a sweaty room listening to shitty new age music, trying to dream)

It started with a perfect circle,
Then a mountain so detailed it could only have been drawn,
gods, demigods, all 6 realms of reality and the water cycle.

A tree slides into frame,
leaves green,
cut-out,
(The whole scene almost black with flashes of morning sky; pink, blue and some crimson edging
on forms)

An apple swings in a static wind.

Inside the gut,
now the stomach,
the throat,
In which empty space holds a living tree,
Intricate, impossible, post/pre-human.

A salamander,
Looking over a temple,
sees a wave rising above.

Green erupts from the body.
The esophagus is flooded,
the carriage is flooding,
lungs flood with water,
Green erupts from the lungs,
Bodies float upstream.

*Green, how I desire you, green.
Beneath the gypsy's moon,
All things are watching her and she cannot see them.*

García Lorca

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Blood tunnelling through your veins,
thousands of birds are singing before murmuration,
then later migration.

Their was a draught in your city,
storms in mine.

The mountain holds steady water from the belly,
crouching on one leg like a mantis.

Breaking in breath,
the mountain lets water flow down one valley but not the other.

You hear birds calling from the sea,
their voices echoing across perverted concrete,
and monumental concrete left standing in barren planes,
reflects a bitter cold back to the heart.

The mountain lets water flow down one valley but not the other

Reflects a bitter cold back to the heart,
and monumental concrete left standing in barren planes,
their voices echoing across perverted concrete,
You hear birds calling from the sea.

The mountain lets water flow down one valley but not the other,
breaking in breath.

Crouching on one leg like a mantis,
the mountain holds steady water from the belly.

Storms in mine,
Their was a draught in your city.

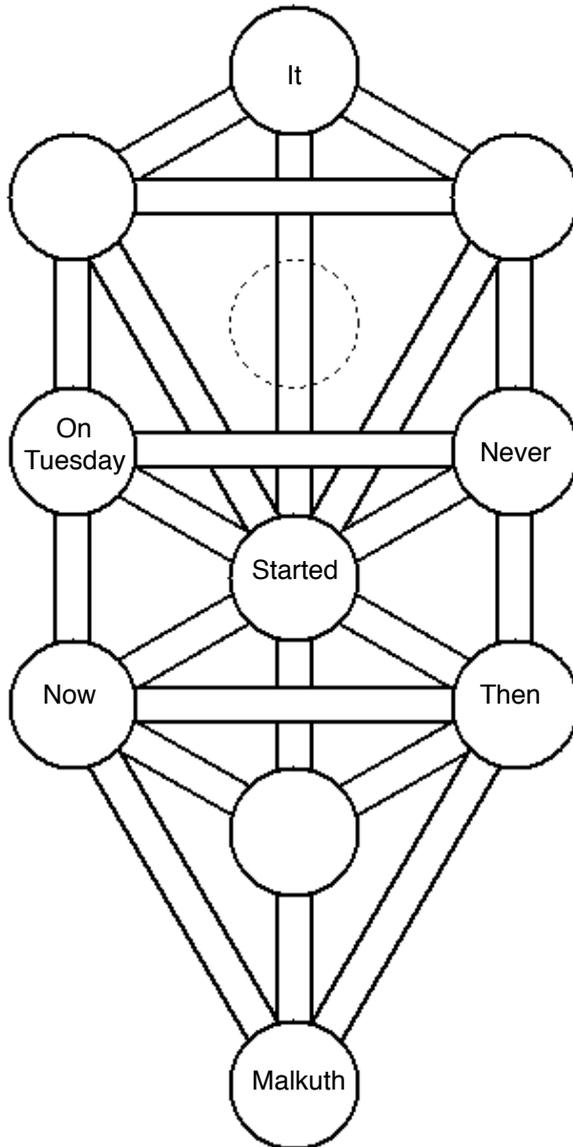
Then later migration,
thousands of birds are singing before murmuration,

Blood tunnelling through your veins,

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It started on Tuesday:

Sat facing myself in the mirror. Saw myself as another self. Thought let's break/down, divide us both to our ultimate conclusion. This could be sex (most likely), but it could also be fucking academic de-construction, it could be self harm, it could be vomiting, ageing, shitting, eating... as long as it's using the process of division.



How on earth do I push this bottomless ocean of divisible desire into a wave?
Could it brink on the physical?

Malkuth.

Edging closer and closer, slipping through the tips of my fingers,
over my nipples,
into my cunt,
spit in my face,
because it's real.