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THE TENDERFIERCE DIARIES OF MYOUR GAPE

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excerpt A

SIRENS PRAY

Beyond The Hegemony of Property

constant itch

for a world to come

red to presence

— () () —

[imagine]

—) () (—

what we call trauma is just shape exerting its force
the intensity of life taking form

what gives shape to life is what we recall

SUNDAY 2/05

*afternoon around 4 or 5pm I am lying in bed and the sun is about to come through the window
and hit me I touch myself when it does
I haven't quite left the bed today and it has no precedent this stasis*

I am so tired I realize today and for once I am resting I am relaxing and
am I learning

Do I write you, to you or over you
How do I forget you

I always write to you
I always write to you

“Again the gods place their great lands in me
Move me, break my heart”

 sign of mornings, the end to begin a meridian time

 was there once
Many times once

What I want is to stay here at this crossroad we once playfully used to call Jerusalem and live like this
with the mystery,
“lightly inhabit not being and not having,
here” have the mystery,
Slowly
I will celebrate you
(These) The feast provisions
I am
So much on this bed
is a *Province of Pleasure*
Sunken

The experience of other languages is a common place for us

It isn't odd

To encounter a foreign language

Had I known how to wait

Am I waiting now?

119 pages

thinking of August

and thinking of Augustine

The pleasant sensation that is return

to landing

w/o Land

Like September

Once everything got clear and I

suddenly were things

Come toward me

Still I miss you. I miss you, your reality your royalty your mind I miss the clear exacting materiality of your body with mine, its entirety I miss seeing you, I miss your hips axes and doors to the temple of my night I miss your scent, your scent I can't bring to mind but know I'd recognize instantly I miss tasting you and knowing you're healthy and well from your tanginess I miss your hair, your thousand pairs of ram horns bouncing softly above me I miss you closed-eyed open-mouthed I miss you slowly I miss you gasping, I miss seeing you rest next to me, I miss you cuddled in the tail of my eye I miss staring out of my mind at dawn and see your dark shape become pearl, radiate softly at the first light I miss waking each other up I miss sharing a day with you I miss dancing with you holding on to your hips I miss you kissing my eyes close in the club I miss making the beat ours I miss your feline gaze turning me over and over in the darkness of our chase I miss the impossibility of you feeling me

I miss the miracle

What exactly is restraint?

How is it different from containment?

If our skin wouldn't contain our guts we would simply, unceremoniously come off

"Again the gods place their great lands in me

Move me, break my heart"

[it's not 'lands' it's *hands*!]

This is the first Sunday/weekend I don't write to Riley since the Sunday we first met. That's ten weekends ago. Ten times a weekend (feels longer). It took me some time but I am finally (t)here, not writing. I am working out and for a split second I picture meeting another I fall not with, but for, someone checking out, my ideal, and I am able touch back into that mindset. Tis true I appreciated a lot of Riley, where 'Riley' carries a heavy dose of extension from her personal truth; once I met R, all I wanted to do—the crown' of my regal day—was seeing R. Plus the sex, hallucinatory. Pushing her price up, increasing her nominality I lacerated the connection to what was real between us, our dailiness. Taken to taking. Forgot to listen.

But equally true is that what I wanted was not to take but give, give her everything, all I had without pretending it was enough nor everything she needed (but pretending she *would* take it... *who* wouldn't take me?). It was just everything I had, and I wanted to give it to her. "Looking hard I say Baby / I don't know why I can / give you everything / and I am dazzled by your frown"

I wish she'd write to me now so I could not respond

Guilty little hopes Myoury...

RECIPE FOR BUILDING A SHELTER AGAINST THE DESIRE FOR [ME]

alumina: 37% / silica: 61% / ferric oxide: 1.6%

Modulus of Rupture : 1.52MPa

He asked her "Will you?"

she said neither yes or no

that's the way of girls and boys

MONDAY 3/05

So much work

So much (consequent) love

[the sensation of having tied love with work too tightly. What I accuse Cole of has actually become my own sin]

Writing is draining

Tiring

et cetera

et cetera

TO BUY:

Bananas, Black coffee, Bresaola, Pleasure, Ink, Revenge, Cane sugar, Gin, All your clothes,

TUESDAY 4/05

How to Survive a Plague (title of a film suggested by KA)

His

Steaming hot

Plague

desire

to be stretched and filled

by him

wake up

to shiver

WEDNESDAY 5/05

SHAME IN MY HEART GRIEF IN MY MIND BLOOD ON MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS DESIRE IN MY
HEART YOURS IN MY MIND LOSS IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS ANXIETY IN MY HEART RELEASE
IN MY MIND PRAYER IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS RESTRAINT IN MY HEART PAIN IN MY MIND
FURY IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS SUFFERING IN MY HEART ANTICIPATION IN MY MIND FEVER
IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS WOUNDS IN MY HEART OBSESSION IN MY MIND REGRET IN MY
SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS JOY IN MY HEART GHOSTS IN MY MIND DESPAIR IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY
HANDS DISPERSION IN MY HEART PLEASURE IN MY MOUTH FEAR IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS
RAPTURE IN MY HEART CAPTURE IN MY MIND REFUSAL IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS
BRIGHTNESS IN MY HEART SENSATION IN MY MIND CUTS IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS DREAD
IN MY HEART ADDICTION IN MY MIND EMPTINESS IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS CRAVE IN MY
HEART CONTROL IN MY MIND LONELINESS IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS RAGE IN MY HEART
FRIGHT IN MY MIND DEVOTION IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS REMORSE IN MY HEART
DESOLATION IN MY MIND MELANCHOLY IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS VASTNESS IN MY HEART

DARKNESS IN MY MIND FLIGHT IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS TENSION IN MY HEART
CONTRACTION IN MY MIND PULSION IN MY SOUL IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS COMFORT IN
MY HEART OUTRAGE IN MY MIND UNCERTAINTY IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS PASSION IN MY
HEART WANT IN MY MIND ABSENCE IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS SUBJECTION IN MY HEART
EASE IN MY MIND GRIEF IN MY SOUL LOVE IN MY HANDS

THURSDAY 6/05

How does this feel dunno somewhat in between as in almost there but like somewhat
Nauseous

Didn't Charles Gaines say somewhere sometime something like *insist insist insist?*

But WUT exactly is it that I am insisting for? on? with?? What exactly is it I am doing again and again
and again

what

That narrowing

Leave space for others in my life and work [leave space, or make space? "Space that is left remains prey to
occupation"]

Have felt it before, this to be the notch, the point: space, to come to, walk with,

Always knew. Knew then, know now

Still no satisfaction

[Why do the words *natural novel* come to me?]

"Just by the beating of my heart I disturb the silence of the heavens"

[*"But when I am in any place I disturb the silence of heaven by the beating of my heart."*]

I just want to make out

for hours

for hours

Just noise

out of silence

SUNDAY 9/05

dream:

I'm in a large indoor space something like a hangar or a school hall, I'm alone and the space is completely flooded, the water is white and opaque and I guess it's milk I bend to taste it and it doesn't taste of anything but it doesn't feel like water either it's too viscous the air is thick and humid, warmish but I shiver the space is bright of a light suffused but strong, coherent, there's an accent a fragrance to the space of mint and smoke or maybe it's pepper and a strong sound of waves but the flood is almost still the surface of its liquid covered with what aren't really waves but look more like wrinkles, like quivers, it looks like the liquid is quivering each wrinkle wrapped in its own little dark shadow and I am there somehow waiting, or praps just unable to move, parsing the room with my eyes getting more and more acquainted with this brightness letting it come and wash over me I realize I am in deep trepidation and suddenly the wrinkles increase and someone is crossing into the flood someone long-haired slow-paced pushing their shins ahead horse-like, never seen them before but in the dream I know they are Melancholia and I know they're grieving for their torn wings I observe them and see them whisper and suck their fingers and these little objects they're holding like tiny motherboards they're coming across both lost and very much there, like unconcerned, they toss these little motherboards in the milk and advance slowly and it is as soon as I realize they are reciting something that they notice me, freeze, stare at me. We stare at each other for a long time. Sharply they start to move toward me. A broken chain hangs from their neck, shines in my eyes as they come forth, they get very close and I am still unable to move their last steps a dance flight their face grazes my cheek their lips gently pressing onto my ear and they whisper softly "hello" and "it's so good to see you" and "we have to be very sure that we love". In the dream I am unlocked by these words and the warmth of their voice and of their mouth. We start playing with the chain. I forget the rest

TUESDAY 11/05

FUCK YOU

THURSDAY 13/05

writing before KA's and Lotta's visit or during I can't remember

I mean the whole show developed as flight/fantasy wanting to be hold/landing,
a flight framed by the text which really is a sext as in it is not for your understanding but rather has a
want and that want is to have the evidence of flesh and be manual and joint with you in some amorous
embrace, a show developed as a way to feed-back the sext, give shape to its mythology, as a way to give
a materiality to language/for language to inhabit/incarnate. To give body to something minded/written/
a scripture

The writing explores/develops (explodes, getting lost) along two main threads:

- 1 — feeling devoid of individuation [feeling that does not individuate]
- 2 — the basic dichotomy between private and public, calling it a sort of lie, exploring intimacy as
something of a third, fundamental dimension [intimacy as the ever vestibular and ever posterior, modular
dimension of space]

And no it is *not* another way of saying 'I love you'

“the generosity of forgetting”



What takes the most courage?

FRIDAY 14/05

(It's your birthday)
departing to Paris for N's party

THERE'S ALWAYS
ONLY
ONE PRAYER
that is
COME ONTO ME

So
Let them come

SUNDAY 16/05

on my way to Milan

S kept me in her arms kept me and kept me and kept me without rush no hush escape or prohibition a fugue to anew
depth her eyes mine closing to open so calmly and still looking serenely finding indulgence kiss me and kiss me and lust pushed
lost and wet a fragrance growing and growing the spit richer our mouths fuller she squeezes me tighter pulls me in harder wants
me further and I furred unhurried kissed and kissed and kissed that slow that soft the pleasure I wanted to cry and spit more I
kissed her back gave again and again gave more and more and it flowered a thread opening all along the miles we had left behind
ourselves how many lengths have we traveled how much time has passed since she first opened the gate of her garden to me that
evening and for the first time her eyes met mine that same gaze has now come
To paradise

MONDAY 17/05

in Milan

	long	I do have lilies and some unnamed flower	
	wait	to slit my room tonight I spread my lips wider	
	whenever I am not with you...	And guess what I'm hanging on to	
<i>pray</i>	what else is there?	my desperate Sunday, guess what	
<i>pray</i>			
	what is left?	I had to	
all I want to say is you should just feel me but no	C L E A N (S E)	which I guess, is right,	<i>prey</i>
		this is so much better, this is good, this is good	<i>prey</i>
(fearful when it all becomes just)			
	Lines of you	That's bad	all I want to say is you should just fill me but no
I'm kind of sic of romance [featuring in my work]		I could be fucking and fucked to the wild and pls use your tongue to	
time that is waiting, all this time, for it... time in between		press here and want me of a want that can know no scarcity but	
with a dimension of suspension a pause that...		instead here's 8€ more oh pls keep the change since you know	
		you're so cute and hot and did you know I love your tats at	
		Anyone's party but mine	
	"everything will be taken away"	To count on anyone is really stupid	
"what receives attentive reverence persists in the collective memory"[really?] [from a Mousse review]		Yes <i>particularly</i> big groups of them	
		eager at least to counter your utter senselessness by	
		Spreading your tracks 'too' wide	
		and break their incredible gag for vision your way "of continuously	
		making a future impossible." I'm done waking up, missing miles	
	when poetry arrives	closer than anyone ever had	
		I'm not having you, or having them or any of it yet I'm a	
		remarkably pregnant creature, I'm	
	must		
	begin		
	honestly	Look at me	
	a true honesty	like an arrow blitzing hissssing again right, by your lobe like	
	of Rave	Visitation. Hope the path feels longer the first time you take it	
	all the things I don't know	Pouring down on	
	Rave	You, "the one who clothes me"	
	become Eve		
	this Psychosis		

and Renaissance also applies
 to love
 [trying to say: I should work with what is true about me,
 what I experience; but what can possibly be true about me if
 ‘me’ is entirely, hopelessly constructed?
 I should begin from a point of honesty from a de-
 stigmatized, unproblematically personal unconscious]

“Failure, of course, is a more interesting obstacle than joy.”
 I’ve always refused to bask in my latest victory, for I am not the
 feasting body I am light The reflected Every Xmas I used to open my
 favorite gift last. It excited me to keep it there, still wrapped, Still
 To come
 If I am invisible, bottomless (like Sundays and religion,
 What should I be afraid of

WEDNESDAY 19/05

back home

I am not

Where the fire resides

My unconscious
 Presents
 NO JUSTICE —————
 recessed from my everyday, plunge into it as I fall asleep
 (~~fear-tension-alcohol~~) emerge from it as I wake, both
 moments marked by a numbness an unsensing me facing an
 obscure wall, I turn. Have my coffee. Everything begins to be
 in motion. The machine begins to
clik-clak. I am suddenly occupied. Out of a drowsiness
 which was complete. Is that normal?
 Is it not?
 Should I expect something different?
 according to Bentham, “property is nothing but the basis of
 expectation, consisting in an established expectation, in the
 persuasion of being able to draw such and advantage from
 the thing possessed.” What happens then if ‘the thing
 possessed’ is freedom?

My chest is enormous in my chest

A bent back, I could blame everything on that:
Learning To Tolerate , 1994—ongoing
 Materials list: *Mixed media with intolerance*
 Dimensions: *circular*

imagine all the BBBs I could lie my cheek on to fall asleep tonight
 and you, you just up the bed, up your high quarters guarding my back
 breathing, wake up to our
 Teen Monday
 and yes I did read Constance Debré und tbh I’d never rather die but I
 do think she’s real Yes both bitch and angel when she writes Fucking
 Savage? I’d like to have a
 Perfectly green day
 When I am not just you but even them. I will never be
 Part of anything

Domination is what happens (*Libido Dominandi*) (Praps due
to the fact that freedom and property are intrinsically
incompatible, at least to the extent we know the latter.)

“in fact the challenge lies not in identifying expectations as a
structural part of property, but in distinguishing which
expectations are reasonable and therefore merit the
protection of the law as property.”

Would we endorse a similar reasoning were the sentence to end with
“and therefore merit the protection *of the community* as property”?

I guess so

There's a piece of really hard evidence toward pretty much any
argument dealing with(in) distinction and clarification and that's the
fact that what we call 'birth' is a moment in which an organism is
expelled from within another organism () and becomes independent
in terms of providing for its own sustainment and survival. Indeed
the moment we might first be able to distinguish one and one is
precisely this moment of attainment of independence. In this new
achievement stillness and movement acquire different values: the first
is death, the second is life.

But an even more important point is that for the needle of birth to
bend towards life, there has to be a necessary and soft junction
between these two moments—dependence and independence—and
this junction only can really be called birth,

this junction being

E D U C A T I O N

(*ex-* "out" + *ducere* "to lead")

i.e. making sure to give and let someone else with it.

Please take me with you and always let me go.

everything will be taken away

(Turn In)

—object / dissection—

—milk—like—

—commitment—

—confession—

meanwhile

You stand on the cock and wave. That's what they said to me
as they were pulling up the plank, *Myour! Oh, Love, I love*
you so much, why aren't you coming
Onboard?

Yeah why don't I praps cos

There's no holiness in your holidays. You'll be back and it'll be
September again.

My interest elsewhere

from my eye, returning to something that is sanity a
village where

Sirens pray and make a home of my wave,

I *am* expected to do more and more and more

I learned to fall asleep to the sound of screaming children

They are playing

there — that's undefinably

defining

luv like

I could leave, you know? look at this Autumn of the Soul
acting like Summer and I I just wish we could look at it

Together, no matter if it's

Burning or Growing

Both glow keeping up

The extreme focus of two gentle fingers

Stroking us between the ears

Will I know this Fall,

has it been declared,

if I am acting or feeling correctly?

And tis true the best people, who are really all the people, like
To never give up on hot nights, in Fall and Powder how they
have really never felt, like — which *is* true it is like saying

—dance—

have we artists become too averse to risk?

stakes
took too high

IF:

(horror) the terror

of being branded into wrong, of being outcasted, cancelled, being
'called out', of not being offered any more shows, of loosing your
job, losing your 'friends', et cetera et cetera (Who is being called out?
Your public figure, the version of you people talk into being. *Public*
figure is interesting.)

Some people seem not to care or even thrive by waging war and

I often wonder how they live I

guess they must have built up a special familiarity with pain

Terror is paralysis

Paralysis is terror

There's a lack of directionality which (people say) used to be fueling
expressive action... (all) artists had to do (was) their work. Today,
that point of origin, the structure from which we may come from or
build is [no nativity but] a confused tension. A frayed tendon. Energy
is an an orgy stripped of the ability to form endogenous coordinates,
the origin of right and wrong fogged further and further in
hegemony, right and wrong unearthed, handled sword-like and so
punctuating, paralyzing. The point being everything is coded, even
disruption, no one really takes risks

praps cos no one is really able to understand any longer on what
system of beliefs they can actually base a life, one where dirt is at
bay. So we focus on expanded, present or future notions of *Family &*
Home, the one department we can all be sure to end up wanting or
needing to shop at; so the market keeps expanding, growing
enormous, moving along a weird derivative of the Real Estate.
Dissent has ceased to be an option as a strategy of living: it is always
yourself you'd end up dissenting with (first name: Your, last name:

everyone just wants to be Joan of Arc

Still,

act as if they were awake.

And now

I too have a girlfriend who really is an amazon she'd cut her
breast off to shoot and ride at once and
before I knew I really

Lost her

and don't quite care cause I realize

I'm a garden and

That's what I love.

I am leaving a legacy of references. It is not an archive but a
desert, a desert of hands: silent palms raised to the sky, the
hands of a wait, for you. Relax. I can measure weight only
across time, as it changes. My survival, however fragmentary,
establishes focus as vocation. Like a tree whose apparent
emotional lacks are but evidence of utter concentration.

————— "The notes generally tend toward abstraction."

A difficult abstraction, as I presuppose that you are
unconsciously acquainted with the subject matter. If someone
else were to read them, these words might feel so far down
my conceptual ruminations that what remains is but a
vibration of their refusal to define, low in the green'd depth
of a bright, glimmering darkness, which—believe me when I
say this—is all you desire. Stay there, for to stay there is to be
driven, move without end. Undetected, unworried. "Life's
uncontainable plurality coincides in the infinity of color."

Craving intensity

Finding it in every fix, the cheapest and most available. Such
Is my moment of precision

————— Where one would expect, perhaps justly, to find faith or
confidence there are instead formless puddles of my own shit.
My talent is debatable: so, let me spread more. Use me. Nail
and Hammer have no talent. My legacy, brief and generous,
confronts you with the ethics of sharing something no one
asked for, that is not mine or yours and wasn't originally
made or meant to be shared. "An answer lives in the agility
with which we conglomerate"

Desire), this big proud tumescent gleaming thing of yours, hopelessly
 constructed and endlessly manipulated. An ethics of insurgency
 today is impossible because we are always, already compromised—to
 insurg as we are would only be another entry to the grid, exposure
 succeeding only at signaling another target for an ever incoming, ever
 more ruthless violence. McKenzie said it best: to ‘disrupt’ all too
 often ends up meaning ‘to render more tender for enclosure and
 extraction’. I don’t want to strip my chest naked only to draw a big
 red X on it. Tragedy is followed by farce which indeed isn’t
 necessarily followed by anything else:

THEN? —————



*“metaphorical illustration of a traumatic loss of home leading to a
 life in exile”*

The beat of tangled hearts, the 0 0 0 ... of a night ever
 darker than you, to recognize the bloom unsaid, see *Grey
 Analytics*. For the city dwellers’ convivium, for the story of
 stories, see *Mada and Eve and The City*. From alcove to
 alcove, for kiss-as-surface, the fearless chanting of another
 jargon, see *Dehiscence*. Una mano sulla fronte, occhi un
 tempo dipinti, un cielo argentato, zero zero zero and
 illegitimate reasons... See *A Deepest Green*.

Oh, flight
 what do I feel
 Uproar a confusion grounded in something growing (in courage)
 (confidence, boning): a fleshy mass
 Mostly mute
 That settles/seeks rest/wakes on a spine turning ever more *here*,
 clear.
 My mood swings wildly

a late night futurism
 Broken beats
 generate more soul

Ecce
 it is me, Mary

I want to know I want to read all your movements
 still Speak to me
 in a fast and unknown language, left to breathe and left to stretch, and stretch, this flesh
 their word
 clears
 in your ear

"My night goes by in the primary of a latency"

And she is leaving me (moving away) [realize the right word is *transforming*. I am unsure whether distancing is involved] ever so

slowly if

At all

Bring me to mind

Touch and Only

concentrate through touch. Lived together and parted

Nothing to be repaired

Nothing to be repaired

You have loved and were loved

You desired and were desired

without / laceration

Wildness remains imagined

when green was

A bed of love

THURSDAY 20/05

at home

“she made it with gold because she said her memory was that precious to her”

“At the hearing Gape was accused of violence ... committing violence ... of a violent behavior which we could say ...”

“This person dissolved into a lack of rule”

look us in the eyes

FRIDAY 21/05

dream:

I am making a home for myself of a shelter by the beach. Dusk comes and for once
I don't do anything to stop it

Drawing

The flame

YOU CAN'T RIP

THE SKIN OFF

THE SNAKE

THE SNAKE HAS TO

MOULT THE SKIN

SATURDAY 22/05

(this country)

How does it

Make you feel?

Absent

Kids in stalls

Playing

War games on computers aligned against

Yet another wall

Idle armed guards shooting through their phones)(their cabins warmed

By one more Summer of hate

the time

Uncertain

and timed

touching hugging kissing *just* having sex while potentially brewing a disease *je-m'en-fous* and

Imagine no-one will have serious consequences

A most horrible thought remains

To be discovered

Complex country

A thorn
Just about piercing through
A thousand layers of cotton

SUNDAY 23/05

dream:

apparently I have a twin whom I suspect but don't really know to be my twin until the instant before our pj crashes and we die together in the space of an eyeblink. In the dream me and my twin are lovers. Wearing aprons we inspect each other giggling. We have strong vaginas powerful arseholes round heavy testicles and thick dicks growing chunkier halfway through the shaft and not too long. My twin looks more feminine than I, pulling off beautiful long hair, my twin is curvier and softer with tiddies more pronounced than mine, my twin has larger nipples, paler skin and darker eyes, my twin's smarter than me, but I am kinder. In the dream my twin's name is kept from me. Later in the dream we're riding at the same time face and dick of a must be American Patrick-Batemanesque banker paying us 1ml dollars *each* for a 30mins fuck. We face each other as we ride and make out and stare into each others eyes and make out more, slower and again realize we are in love and then we're making silly faces while landing truly realistic climax acts and we shovel our dicks down his throat and ass as deep as we can as we keep making out and hold his chest and hips firmly with our hands as we thrust we make out harder fuck him harder until we all come, he thanks us profusely from what really seems to be the bottom of his heart and paypals us in full right away. We walk home holding each other in the rain, run up the stairs undress and slide into silk gowns put on Cindy Lee's *Diamond Jubilee* and run a bath, we bathe and make love as slowly as we can, we come at the same time, we bathe again, we wash each other carefully, crying and softly we note water is mixing to our tears like Mary Magdalene's and we giggle at one more evangelical reference, we dry each other warm, we have some left over food, we spoon and fall asleep forever. Then I wake up

MONDAY 24/05

I feel:

Gratitude and warmth toward S
Stratified anxiety in connection to money
Frustration and sadness in connection to Riley
Insecurity about the relevance of my latest work

Weak, tired, hinged body
Unsatisfactory family communications
Replenished about my capacity for love and friendship
Strong volition

Shame surrounds:
Financial dependence and incapacity [then I realize what hurts me most is *inattentiveness*]
Lack of courage (to explore what I haven't explored, and toward the other, in standing up to/for them)
Prestige

TUESDAY 25/05

[Feeling Shame]

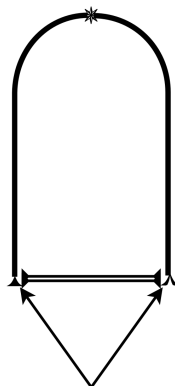
you're bleeding

G U T S G U T S G U T S G U T S

Remind me

Always speak to me

(Always walk with me)



What is important here? Priorities implied, for

My time is limited Coping with scarcity Must select Concentrate. Narrow down. Choose

Live at night

Like a dawn

Prioritize rest

When it means release

Avoid it When it means escape

A noble life

Life of standing, chin up, treating everyone like saints

(For everyone knows sainthood. Everyone is (a/the) location of assembly of this sanctity)

Humour vs Irony. The wetness of mood overtakes the sharp, bitter rust of iron

WEDNESDAY 26/05

I vow to turn my practice into a meadow

for what is too difficult to say to be sown and grown

to bear fruit

THURSDAY 27/05

ALL MY LIFE

SINCE I WAS TEN

I'VE BEEN WAITING

TO BE IN

THIS HELL HERE

WITH YOU

ALL I'VE EVER
WANTED, AND
STILL DO

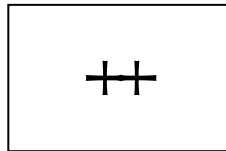
(Alice *lfff*g Notley)

then I said:

I have come to realize what I need

“And the spirit was moving above the waters
and there was light
and it was good,
it was good”

P R O G R A M



“I am for an art that is political-eretical-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a room

...

...

*I am for an art that is put on and taken off, like pants, which develops holes, like socks, which is eaten,
like a piece of pie, or abandoned with great contempt, like a piece of shit*

...

*I am for an art from the pocket, from deep channels of the ear, from the edge of a knife, from the corners
of the mouth, stuck in the eye...”*

Me fucking too

And she told me, not in response, but separately:
stability turns the feel free

stability allows
to apply pressure

FRIDAY 28/05

*it is afternoon, around 4 or 5pm, I am lying in bed and the sun is about to come through the window and hit me, I touch myself when that happens, I come, I've never felt this clear, this clean, this good
I realize I am feverish*

SATURDAY 29/05

"And I think of all the sounds that surround me and I can't hear"

Index

or A Dictionary is an Alphabet

1 ■ It is romantic and politically irresponsible to think of contemporary art as subversive. Contemporary art denotes today nothing but a market, structured around the trading of a commodity ('the artwork') which—perhaps unique in having 'achieved' this—has reached perfect substitutability (anything can be art). In lack but however in need of some type of (distressed) security, the contemporary art market resorts to the binding warranty of identity (I have seen all sorts of things and non-things in shows—what I haven't seen is a show without a name to enclose it).

2 ■ However something of a subversive character, irreconcilable (insolvable and insoluble) and generative (not just open, but opening), while it may have abandoned contemporary art it nevertheless always remains inherent to practice. What holds subversiveness, or the pervasive potential to perverse a dominant logic, is the *unauthorial activity* of being on earth, one threaded by listening and invention (whose root is *invenio*: "to come to, find"). In and through practice, every work/location stems from a relational root of *coming to* the real, seeding a subversive potential.

Petting the dog against the grain, what opens through the pervasive subversiveness inherent to practice is a sensibility: capacity for sensing other. Whereas taste and affect—"I do / don't like it", "it does / doesn't do it for me"—are essentially pre-processed signals, presuming and returning you, a sensibility is instead a (shift in) capacity, an-other faculty, and its opening implies a furthering and enhancement that is the growth we all truly crave, one that is less concerned with solving problems than with becoming interested in and getting to ask altogether different questions. The birth, maintenance (which could be resonance?) and rampancy of sensibility across the cages 'author and audience', 'maker and viewer'—this is the great challenge of our time as artists. We must come all the way across the ecosystem seemingly facilitating but

actually numbing this passage, asphyxiating this breathing—across flat pedestals and sterile white cubes, across empty job titles, across extractive conventions, across set identities (*idem*: “sameness”), across critically reduced attention spans. McKenzie Wark: “an avant-garde is an *aesthetics of organization*. [...] The figure of the “avant-garde” is a military metaphor, referring to those who advance into the first breach. I prefer to think about it in terms of labor. Avant-gardes, when they are interesting, are advanced forms of collaborative, creative, mediated labor. [...] It is where the struggle begins over the autonomy of creative work.”.

‘Autonomy of creative work’—that says it all for me. For our sensibility to bear such fruit, it cannot be content with springing: we must nurture it for growth and ripeness, something that cannot really happen without space for its maintenance. Because maintenance takes space. Because maintenance *is* space. The flower takes up more space than the bud, the fruit more than the flower. Which leads me to a question: where in the world is space available to maintain an awoken’d sensibility? The answer is clear: nowhere in the world is space provided for this maintenance. (Then, in the least, I know I should ask a different question.)

Only the body, only our bodies are left. The body is the first of these spaces of maintenance, occupied to be sure, yet never entirely, because ever further ahead, in motion, ever faster than the settler’s foot. Every artwork, precisely in its unending vulnerability, in its irreconcilability, in its pathetic too-muchness and too-littleness, as it falls apart in its partiality and insufficiency, every artwork still consigns, sends, commits to our body the sensible seed, one we pick to carry with us, protecting it hopelessly within the confines of our alcoves, reminding that its sowing remains, today, first and foremost an individual responsibility. Anne Carson: “Perhaps involved is the commonplace struggle to know beauty, to know beauty exactly, to put oneself right in its path, to be in the perfect place to hear the nightingale sing. [...] Every water has a right place to be but this place is in motion”.

3 ■ One of the key tasks of any institution—institutions of life and institutions of thought alike—is education. An institution is born with a naturally generative character prone to engender forms of being, forms which are then going, in turn, to other it, to enrich it. This othering can take place *only* through education. Institutions must educate—which is to say, *lead out* of themselves (the first institution is the organism). Institutions aren't really an issue if one has space to be entrusted with the thing learnt, take risks with the matter (baby cell splits, is on its own, and creates life). That’s ‘we’ attaining clarity, no question of how, and we thrive.

If it is true that today we don’t seem to be learning, this might be a clue that something is wrong with our institutions, and, as a consequence and a cause alike, with the education they should provide.

So, what could possibly be wrong with institutions today?

What *is* wrong is that today’s institutions cannot educate. They can only propagate. This is the atrophic result of a multi-centenary process by which a single institution has (a) settled over all other institutions and (b) reached a level of abstraction, expansion and what could maybe be called trading frequency that

allowed it to (b.i) *solve* (effectively orienting life as a solution-based system) and (b.ii) take over all space (*not* in a metaphorical sense). This is hegemony, and the institution that has reached hegemony today is an institution of thought: property.

Proprietas was idiom. What used—and always remains vulnerable—to be peculiarity, quality, character, relation and sharing of community, specificity of being in the world, today endlessly deranges from and into ownership. Property settled over life and thought alike: all space, physical and mental, is caught in the persuasion of ownership, of established and right-fully, violently enforced expectations. Possession—of an object, of a right, of a body, of a lack, of on and on ad total infinitum because of an intrinsically circular, closing character—is today the assumptive, surveilling logic that enables and forecloses any reasoning, that grants and predates all soil. A settling logic, possession hides in plain sight, constantly erasing knowledge of what and just how much, every day, we keep losing, feeding and blinding us to the extent of our loss. Unsatisfied with or just afraid of our utmost fertility, we maintain ourselves assumptive that activity has to return an owned, personal, recognized advantage, a further form of possession in the guise of a certain type of *adherence* between us and what (in hegemony) we always, already have considered to be *our* environment, which we belong to only to the extent that it belongs to us, which is somehow thinkable only is so far as part of our property. Look into your own adherence, and I guarantee that you will find a persuasion of possession, this ouroboros, to be the dawn and sunset of your royal day, my beloved king. Property spins-off into identity: into life as an *end* that can keep structuring and accruing an identitarian selfhood, always expected to wrap up integer, whether by means of a double negative or double positive—for the intimate, projectual space where the subject copulates with itself always yields a plus. Property spins-off into land, knowledge, culture, capital, value, the nation, the community, fascism, the slave, the master, the author, the law, an endless frieze sewn into the power of recognition—for there could be and there is no other base to it. Property spins-off into being: to exist is to have—status, state, country, a degree, a belief, origins, desires, a look, a practice, a hope, an end—something to draw an advantage from that can be full and distinct (exclusive); under the hegemony of property, to not have is to be had, your existence negated, your flesh endlessly violated. Masturbating onto any otherness and alternative, property has us entirely. Refusing to educate, to lead out of itself, property keeps erasing its own education: we aren't learning, the space to unlearn shrinking, ever more crammed. Property's spread is such that it has erased an 'out', that the out of property has become utopia, a no-place: the only space to truly be with the world is one's own. To live under the hegemony of property implies that the only subjectivity granted existence is one that is *intrinsically* propertizing, compulsively capitalizing just as it grows in need for the asphyxiated reality we can't help but intuit in our deprivation. To express this contrast wherever it cannot be maintained is to undergo a disruption rendering flesh just tender and weak enough to be further enclosed and possessed by desires that, centuries onwards, keep being shaped entirely beyond any notion of personal control—a social machinery ultimately blending horror and bliss in actually 'working', in producing perfectly functional 'satisfactions', gleaming idols, undying illusions. What hailed 'liberations' created is actually domination, the very negation of freedom.

Within hegemony, the rules of the game we metonymically call ‘life’ are automatically and constantly adjusted to intensify the hegemonic spread (making it ever more granular) while decreasing levels of mostly unperceived freedom. While there’s gain for few and loss for innumerable in this, the point is to understand that hegemony erases agency for all: the stronger the hegemony, the smaller the degree of any type of freedom, of alternatives, of the ability to move beyond exogenous control. Grips grow tighter, spaces lesser; and we, however squeezed, remain in this scarcity, remain wrong, caught in an emergency that keeps increasing, rising without end, for we always remain needed. We are the matter of imagination, the thorned stem hegemony’s fist tightens around to keep feeling something as it bleeds itself to death. We breath on, always will, of and in a constancy that keeps us unexpected and spilling beyond the point of providing hegemony’s ultimate pleasure: feeling our breathing push tighter underneath its foot, as it keeps pressing down. As education keeps failing and *enducation* (the leading of the institution into itself) keeps growing, to actually revert to educating today will feel like a type of perversion of instruction, out of which will come something of a miracle, what we can’t expect, what we wouldn’t think of predicting. O *Beloved Occupier*... The irreconcilability of practice holds potential to elbow into your space. How entirely impossible Summer feels in Winter.

4 ■ We live today in a state of farce, one that is at once cringely cartoonish and concretely cataclysmic, a state of post-truth and post-shame. The very nauseating particle ‘post-’ here denotes, in the first instance, a world that has lost any clear sense of what ‘truth’ is and is not, reverting to confession in order to render the notion; and, in the second instance, a society in which shame is so pervasively present that it has virtually transformed into the backdrop of all interaction. Hal Foster: “Originally a farce (which derives from the French *farcir*, to stuff) was a comic interlude in a religious play. A farce might be understood, then, as an in-between moment, maybe along the lines of ‘the morbid interregnum’ between old and new political orders articulated by Antonio Gramsci circa 1930. At the very least, an interlude does suggest that another time will arrive. This is where my other term, *debacle*, comes into play. It too derives from the French, for ‘downfall, collapse, disaster,’ but its root is *débâcler*, ‘to free,’ from the Middle French *desbacler*, ‘to unbar,’ and its literal meaning is ‘the breaking up of ice on a river,’ as in a flood in spring. A debacle is thus a sudden release of force, usually for the bad but possibly for the good. ‘Debacle’ might even point to a dialectic of breaking and making otherwise, with regard to conventions, institutions, and laws alike. Such is the opportunity in the current period of political upheaval: to transform disruptive emergency into structural change, or at least to pressure the cracks in the social order where power can be resisted and reworked.”

Now, if it is true—and I believe it to be true—that art is intrinsically political (without necessarily having to be politics), specifically in so far as art is intrinsically “based on a ‘yearning to share’”, to show, about visitation and reception, about participation and con-division (art is *not* about taking), then where does Foster’s *debacle* leave art-making? In this state of emergency, we may think of *debacle* in connection to a vocation: that of creating a space that can lead us outside (the hegemony of) property. What I mean to say is that, as an artist, the worth of my work intrinsically lays in leading and *keeping us* out. I must labor to

create the space necessary for retrieving education of our expectations when it comes to finding character in the world. *Proprietas* must be entrusted to other, taken to a space beyond itself, a space unsupervised, a space where a newly arisen sensibility can be maintained. And it is precisely in the maintenance of a new sensibility that we burst open a space where such education is again possible. It is there that we really, truly gape. People—and especially us over-‘educated’, under-stimulated brats composing the sex-and-love-addict herd of art-opening-goers—may think such quest too brainy, delusional, unsexy, boring... but to be so frank, there’s nothing sexier than re-inhabiting a concept.

Again Forster: “The prevalent mode of art viewing today is an affective one. If Kant resumed the ancient question ‘Is the work “beautiful”?’ and Duchamp formulated the avant-garde query ‘Is the work art at all?’, our primary criterion seems to be ‘Does this image or object move me?’ Where we once spoke of the ‘quality’ of a work, as judged by comparison with great art of the past, and then about its ‘interest’ and its ‘criticality,’ both of which were measured by relevance to contemporary aesthetic and/or political debates, we now look for pathos, which cannot be tested objectively or even discussed much. A work that is a hit for me might be a miss for you.”

I cannot speak for the time when Kant or Duchamp were alive, but as far as I and today are concerned, this rings true to me, meaning, it does synthesize my experience of the (art) world. I would also add that, together with “Does this image or object move me?”, other primary emotional criteria often guiding the natural selection of contemporary art might be “Do I get it?” (understanding as property) and “Can I see us fucking?” (art as prostitution). Personally I like to engage with whys, and my answer as to why this happened—to why did we resort to affect—is that there actually is such a thing as a collective intelligence artists share that goes unspoken but that *does* connect and guide artists and that made artists go undercover as the art market exploded in the US post-war colony that is the Marshall-planned West. ‘Pathos’ is a jungle that was threaded and inhabited instinctively to hide, to preserve practice, to disperse practice, to somehow make it undetectable to property. It was a way of going under.

Affect has already been over-intellectualized by the likes of Deleuze and quoters without any serious concern for its maintenance, for its traveling and autonomy, and consequently, for its safeguarding when it comes to being subject to manipulation. If we are now to come out of the jungle, we can’t just ‘cultivate our garden’ (and for whom? Our “travillons sans raisonner” is prey to those whose logistics *do* reason) —we must entrust the garden, let it rampant, so it may lead us and keep us out of its own fence. If we are now to labor toward an autonomy of creative work, we not only have to find ways of smoothening the intrinsic divisiveness that the prominence of affect as currency carries—we must also, and most importantly, rewire artistic experience to function on something substantially else than viewing criteria (*you can only stare in the eyes of a single person at a time*). Rather than pursuing work that appears beautiful, that is critical, or moving, today we must move with an artistry that creates and especially maintains spaces of dehiscence.

SUNDAY 30/05

(Great doubts surrounding my practice. What do I do? What do I work on, with, for?)

POETRY

I II oh, interdisciplinary practice, yeah
installation mixed media exploring the individual
you know,
concept-driven research-based, critical [crisis] blah blah blah, blah xxxxxx I'm SORRY
You need to SEE it
Here
Look at
This (screen)

What is for poetry to be material?
Who says poetry is only written, only spoken?

Doors
closed in times of peace () open in times of war

De quoi fantasmes-tu?

In your world
you believe all struggle is the same, narrative merry-go-round of misery and glory, for there really is only
intimacy. We all meet in the alcove. All struggles and all glories are real to the extent that they are
narratives of this intimacy, narratives that never really change and whose repetition is vehicle for the
bloom that remains
always unsaid.

In your world
you believe all struggle is essentially struggle for freedom and that every single person on this earth with
absolutely no exception does what they do for some type of love; that such struggle—the struggle to be

free to love—ends up translating to (bio)graphics ultimately composed of fears, triggered by dynamics of accumulation and deprivation and always profoundly co-dependent with ownership constructs; that all ‘issues’ are just discourse i.e. repentant, curated pleasure essentially detached from the reality of those among us who are in pain; that that for a ‘better’ world is the most abusive of hopes. How can you pretend, then, to be able to produce serious critical work that addresses *your* time and social space, if you believe this specific framing to be totally factitious and irrelevant in the first place?

I rise
into your perspective,
Entering from the eye

WEDNESDAY 2/06

Drawing



THE TENDERFIERCE DIARIES OF MYOUR GAPE

excerpt A

Sirens Pray

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[illegible]