

FIELDS



SCENE XXIII:

M(XXIII)★, or
PARABLE OF THE SACRED HEART

2 0 2 6



This play is composed of a premise, a prelude, and an undefined number of scenes.

XXIII

Late afternoon. A bed in the public square. A public square being any place where it is forbidden to walk around naked.

M approaches the bed. Undresses. Kneels on the bed.

Part of the bed always remains sunlit. Proceeding through the monologue, M knee-walks toward the light.

M:

Give them what they want the general heights and his world protected him in his look from each according to their ability to each according to their need and the innumerable qualities of your semblances singing, loosing and flayed, oscillating between abstract and concrete, left and right have meaning because of the heart inside my body, to return to the point of origin from which to proceed, rightfully, rightfully, there simply is no alternative, when I was 7 instead of the crucifix hanging a choker above my bed and a bill behind the master's desk, how to tell what my world even looked like, I am not the protagonist, 2026, darkness before me and danger's a voice behind my soul — if this earth has ever lodged an awful one — pushes me forth, I am but the money I spend, the mouth of this voice being my heart which I may not directly reveal to you, nothing to ever be shown in the flesh, lodging, seemed to me to see him here... familiarly, so familiarly, and in his scholar's dress bounding before me yet a stripling youth, a boy no better and no worse, with his rosy cheeks learning to put on a lowly and touching grace, and the incentive of and what must one wear, apart from the willingness or fantasy? I'm cold, the language of romance, the acceptance groups share, no matter how fucked up the action that binds them, is the language of romance, to think about that, perhaps pushing back against a purely agential approach, yet "if we just get the reforms right, if we just get the right leaders in place and they reform our institutions to deal with this more complex world, then everything will go back to normal," the language of romance, of assertion and validation, to exist and contribute, "do you want to see me do it again?" The language of romance sometimes hate in disguise, mantra, why, why the need to go there, when you through many a year haunting me thus through your boyish sports, "on caves and trees, upon the woods and hills and plains, and so forth, impressing upon all forms the characters of danger or desire, and thus did draw the surface of this universal earth with triumph and delight, with hope and fear, like a sea" which finally betrays you. For you: a life event; for them: routine, being specific about something and turning it in, making of it, an access for others, abscess, to be less affected, "to give more time to what I trust is right," the right thing, leaning in, gut feeling, image making, apposition, the pattern, conventional wisdom or received opinion is the body of ideas or explanations generally accepted by the public and or by experts in a field, the term dates back to at least 1838 as a synonym for commonplace knowledge (despite my trembling) already in use in a number of ways, occasionally in a benign or neutral sense, but more often pejoratively, despite this history the term is often credited to the economist John Kenneth Galbraith who used it in his 1958 book *The Affluent Society*, this public, this square is no exception and remains thirsty, "will not stop until the objectives are met, unrelenting, unapologetic," no more but a lot less, least it is in format that the idea breaks and yet the idea itself is too unreal, why, why keep going back there? Am I just lazy the debris of a memory that keeps being lived, the unconscious and art as its field, pathetic, or — how did he say? Written, simply, like a report, like a list, like a list, Dionne, pray and the mess, which I'm making for my own pleasure, to produce a form that may accommodate the mess, Samuel at the Madeleine, in my community people dance away the evil, breaking up and so she lays me down, permeating, loving, Slam Dunk! Paradise a flat dream, unrequited, hortus conclusus this work of life in my mind life remains unshattered, I hold on to it, to focus on dissecting objects and infrastructures and meanings and texts, sedated and liberated, to focus, sensing the potential for revolution, Messiah by adoption, aura on occasion, as an imagemaker I displayed toward my native Room the love and intolerance of a convert, the Room constitutes the subject of my entire body of work, the concern of my entire existence and I will have a purpose until the end of my days, the Room, its history drawn and pictured, its

illustration, its past and its future and its ends write me in a journal, I mean removing, abrading, geared to the feel, here's the myth: Europe had been the site of two catastrophic wars in three decades and by the winter of 1946-1947 its economies remained in severe contraction and in Berlin hands trembling in the way a hand trembles only when held very still, the tremor turned inward, muscle against muscle, and the mouth is gone and the hand is gone but the institution remains, which is what institutions do, they outlast the bodies that make them necessary, light-sensitive, this Venus deer, to become found in its headlights, Little Deer, Venus, MDF, aluminum and fingerprints, a board transferred with images, remains become ruins and the continuity as in the underbrush whatever happens and keeps happening aside, what remains is a routine that is not repetition but return, something more, excess, return to something vital, for more, like breathing, like friends, only you can make this world seem right, only you can make the darkness bright, only you and you alone can thrill me like you do and fill my heart with love for only you, only you can make this change in me, for it's true, you are my destiny, when you hold my hand, I understand, 15 thousands dead in 27 hours, a propensity or tendency to kill, the war machine, indeed like heaven, imaged and arching over us, disinterested in death, a willingness to die, Culver City in the car with B, Spring 2023, moving my hands through someone else's fingers and grounding in this idea that is sound, that intimate is the place of struggle, where to deliver politics from, "philosophy is too concerned with ambitious or major politics, not enough with amorous or minor politics," sex and film, death and porn, what to be usually interested in as one walks into a Room, into a presentation, to be trying to hold water in a cup of hands, trying to control and tame the immaterial and informal, which images, objects of desire, thorns, object a, buildings, circled with care, pressed with images, center or off center, center and off center, tracing, engraving (despite my trembling), touching up on top, and text, to have never wanted to leave, to simply have wanted, edging, salivating, why, where is this need from? Of being the discourse of the master, grand and relevant, getting stuck, getting sucked, I'm too unreal, fantastical, off-ground, to think of fiction, to inspire, another shot in the dark, why would one want any one thing, then, to continue, to be sustainable across time, to have a history ahead? And [REDACTED] refers to a practice where someone engages in extended sessions, often lasting several hours or days, of altered mental states characterized by intense focus on multiple and simultaneous stimulation, the term describing both the group and the trance-like psychological state that practitioners aim to achieve, practitioners describe entering a kind of trance or state where they become completely absorbed in the sensations and stimuli, often reporting a sense of time distortion or altered consciousness, I'm so depressed, unable to take off, seemingly unable to, couldn't practice somehow, to not be about creating but falling, in love, discovering and channelling something, path ethics taking up the work, doom, [REDACTED] no units, inability to count, inability to synthesize, unlike typical sessions, these are deliberately prolonged, sometimes lasting over many hours and days driven by the goal of maintaining high stimulation without reaching climax, hitting, dissecting, cutting and shining this edge, the dent, a patina, and cleaning, cleaning, cleaning obsessively cleaning, like cleanliness had any meaning, like white was actually a color, cutting songs obscenely short, sexy, I'm rinsed up, ready and seated on my side of the bed, the war continues, not knowing how to take care of myself, the cut of montage, replicate, and gardens, gardens, gardens, about that multiple and forbidden longing for what is wild and unrestrained, then a flash, simply, wide frames, to be gridded this passion below the average rental price of a G7 country but in mysticism one might find a way of talking about, or to, or from this space of ecstasy, all that matters is articulating a state of affairs relatable for the participants, all that matters is access, access is all that matters, and poetry, Pablo and Natalie so everything talks, to his lover, everything compared to thee, everything in terms of thee, this opening of the body the spreading of this

great skin so that everything, especially revolutionary struggle, may be located in here, when aluminum is used extensively in kitchen fixtures but primarily in these areas: structural components and airframes, the main body, fuel tanks, and structural framework of rockets which have historically relied on aluminum alloys, the most common being 2219 aluminum; solid rocket fuel, this is a major and sometimes overlooked use, atomized aluminum powder is a key ingredient in solid rocket propellant, typically making up around 16-18% of the propellant mixture by mass, in the Space Shuttle's Solid Rocket Boosters, for instance, the propellant was a composite of ammonium perchlorate oxidizer, aluminum powder fuel, iron oxide catalyst, and a polymer binder, PBAN or HTPB, the aluminum combustion is what produces that intensely bright white exhaust flame, the aluminum used here is finely powdered, high-purity aluminum, typically 99%+ purity, with particle sizes in the micron range, all contemporary conflicts involve weapons that use aluminum in some form, the solid-fueled ballistic missiles in Ukraine, Iskander, Hwasong-11A, contain aluminized composite propellant, Israeli aerial bombs in Gaza use aluminum in casings and structural components, the artillery and mortar rounds in Sudan likewise use aluminum alloys in fuzing and structural elements, but the scale, precision, and origin of the weapons vary enormously across these three theaters, the time it takes, the things it takes, to fall in love, to begin loving again and again, a boy and a girl walk together away from the battleground, to mark plays a narrative role, the surface of speculation, to smear, to clean, to trace, to layer, marked with graphite powder solved in water, galvanized, poured by hand, abstraction, to not think this resistance to exhaustion is productive, F remains for fake, and Natalie's speech at Arizona State University, February 2019, poetry as something that is commonly considered to be far from what is done everyday, and yet to believe in the power of language, the type of language needed, why poetry? What is the language needed to live right now? What does it mean to have language that makes one visible and someone else invisible, and what does it mean to say something that suddenly gives me possibility, or somebody else possibility? What does it mean to speak a language that brings with it joy and not just pain? And once pain and joy become indistinguishable, like on the cross, why should one feel compelled to talk about sex (despite my trembling), what is sex, something slow and vast, sharing the features of a sunset, like sound, night incoming, dear, dear Pablo, you can go further, just like that, isn't this language of ours a domestic piece of legislation passed by the Congress of Our Selves, each of us a National Archive, NA, aspects of sex that carry shame, to be into blondes, to feel controlled, why? Lame, to be caught in the white narrative, just how white, "gender, truth be told, is always trans," the money I spend still waiting for me on both sides of this river, to go through the city so thoroughly so slowly, to go through an experience in order to extract an image the image placed in front of the experience the experience needed just for the image, the experience becoming the production of the image, has it become, or has it always been? Gesturing as if to play, the work too vast, too wide, needs to be smaller, more concise briefer smaller the tip of an iceberg tighter like a clit like music which tames the devil and Sounds Better With You, what to be proud of, a single sentence repeated from end to end, a set of transparent screens, leaning against the wall, a space and no flowers, the flowers you gave me, just leaning against the wall, flowers just leaning out of a vase, hyperbolically, the most convenient angle for a rocket to hit a building is a well-established principle in ballistics: a perpendicular, 90-degree, near-vertical impact angle is generally considered optimal for maximum penetration of a structure and military designers work hard to achieve it, now that death approaches, now that death is incumbent, overperception, more than can be synthesized and so to attend to each, to get close, for there is no other way of knowing or doing, if we're being perfectly frank, 'freedom from servitude or restraint' and the incentive of ownership, are you of something? Are you part of a long-term participation into something beautiful?

Financial? Racial? Is it one or the other? No race no winner, when in fact the only player is logic, never knowing how to take care of oneself, to be deprived, to be only a hand and slipping it beneath the shirt of a lover to disappear completely, to know deprivation, missing the words to express the reduction I feel yet to notice it, to feel it and see it, the tightness of the loop, crouched on the floor, wanting to smoke, lost, totally lost in a glass of water, what language is needed now to survive, Natalie? Could it be a name, a name, a plea in the mouth of a stranger, what is it that cannot be gone without doing? What is absolutely needed? What feels urgent, succeeding, like memory, like water falling from the ceiling in Zerkalo, falling like memories, memory, my memory, my bank account, my bank account, my memory, and this artist obsessed with Hitchcock's and removing the birds from every frame and this other artist making work by rubbing flower petals on canvas, so cool, what next? Those dates, darling, Paul, this fear of filming with you, the embarrassment, the need to do it precisely because it feels embarrassing, want to be embarrassed? One shoots film one shoots guns, and "in part this is down to the fact that a genocide has laid bare what everyone already knew, that all this work and labour at every level of production, in every field and every city, only serves to reinforce a war machine, and the war machine is the habitus and the conduit and the vessel and arches over everything like heaven, hard for the contractor to imagine a way in which objects could retain any semblance of meaning under these circumstances, but then again, who even cares? Just doing the job, in this country especially, people understand this rationale, and really there are worse jobs, far worse, and everybody has to work" still, a specific interest in saliva as an erotic element, including the act of spitting, drooling, or exchanging saliva, which can involve both the visual and tactile aspects of wetness, some people experience, or deliberately cultivate, excessive salivation during sexual arousal, sometimes as an active part of the altered state experience, ASE, this can be connected to the physiological wet mouth response that accompanies intense arousal, and what is up with the cross? What is up with the crossing? What happened to the second goat, out in the desert, and in the middle of the Room, the miracle of balance, she drew me an I Ching, N.21, hexagram number twenty-one: discernment, bite through the obstacle, biting through, gnawing, the symbol of mastication and punishment, by pressing and squeezing, gnawing, biting, severing, chewing, punishment, reformation, reform, differentiation, discrimination, making a distinction, getting the message, something which should be, or has to be, bitten through, this is essentially the legal hexagram, when asking about a man's intentions: probably marriage, circle of meanings, to confront the problem: bite through the obstacles, tenacious, determined, enduring legal actions and punishments, initiation that connects thought and action, heart theme: 39, the difficult goings and comings that prepare deliverance, spirit helpers, thunder below fire, eldest son and middle daughter, the groundbreaker and the visionary are rousing new energy that breaks through to awareness, this is a time for severe warnings, legal actions and punishment, to be determined, to gnaw away at the problem until biting through and revealing what is hidden, to take decisive action, to use laws and punishments if necessary, to insist on rights and go to judgment, determination can break through the obstacles and shed light on the whole situation (despite my trembling), to have thought about it long enough. To take action, tenaciously bite through the obstacles to union, to take decisive action, to punish what needs to be punished, accepting the shock of inner enlightenment now brings the ability to set real directions actively, to harmonize people's goals, not to focus on coupling with new fate, lies, and biting through, connects eating and biting through an obstacle with words and questions, the root is smooth mouth, speech and language, to suggest posing a question to an oracle and getting a response, the bird dances of the Wu, or intermediaries, that call the spirits and the pulses taken at the wrist in medical diagnosis, to bite through to something hidden, to bite through obstacles to harmony, to portray the shared ritual meal that unites spirits and humans,

held in any sufficiently ancestral temple, linking it with the initiation ritual for young men held at the edges of the tower and in the marshes, where to be passed through a tiger's mouth, to eat the ancestor's flesh, also the punishment and sacrifice of criminals, confessional, very, very thin layers, something, feeling like silk, aluminum sheets, marks on their surfaces, the history of the Room, produced, all textures are residue from a prayerful duration of cutting, tracing, heating, scoring, pulling, rubbing it all off, Beatrice, what an illusion, Tolia's marks, scratched aluminum, muscles, the smell of home cooked food behind closed doors rising up from the stairs of the communal building, naked in bed, trying to sleep, contorted will, a bent back in an open field, age of empires, shine on me, fill me up, dark room, crammed shots, hands bending toward the air, the intimate in the empire, case studies, surface, just one word, all I need is one word, a sentence brought out of phase, a sheet of aluminum below me as I drool, won't say much more, hold, behold and another flash, people in a water, a diversity of bodies and a horse, bleeding, standing behind them, mouths blurred or not so blurred, to eat, to kiss, to talk, to kiss, hold me, I'm falling, hold me, to eat, to talk, a mouth doesn't feel like gender or class or sexuality or race a mouth feels always specific and total, a low pitch resonance, "humming in a sort of low pitch oscillation," that edit, the slowing down of an image, the sectioning and the adding of material through sound, Berlin simply a very large and semi-centralized monastery and the silence of a life, of real life, standing by the side, the necessity of a privyness, the necessity of space, looks like it, the human body and danger, like a thorn, a modified stem that serves as a defensive structure in plants, unlike spines, which are modified leaves, or prickles, which are modified epidermis or bark, true thorns develop from shoot tissue and contain vascular bundles, meaning they have an internal transport system for water and nutrients, thorns are made of lignified tissue, essentially hardened plant material, similar to wood, the silver lining makes them rigid and sharp, creating an effective deterrent, the development of thorns is an evolutionary adaptation primarily for defense, organisms that face significant browsing pressure, particularly in arid environments where vegetation is scarce and browsing animals are desperate (desperate!) tend to evolve thorns, this explains why desert plants like acacias and cacti are so heavily armed, while roses evolved in a wide range of temperate habitats across the Northern Hemisphere, many of them lush and vegetated, but that doesn't mean they have been free, large browsers would have grazed heavily on soft-stemmed shrubs, and roses are particularly vulnerable because their canes are long, flexible, and palatable, there's also a compelling counter-theory specific to roses — and here the passage's own taxonomy becomes relevant — because rose thorns are technically prickles, modified epidermal outgrowths rather than true vascular thorns, and may have evolved not only as defense but as a climbing aid, roses are scrambling shrubs, and the recurved, hook-like shape of prickles is well-suited to catching onto neighboring vegetation and anchoring upward growth toward light, this would be a dual function, defense and structural support, which makes the metabolic cost easier to justify evolutionarily! Ceremony and another flash, just making pieces of candy, picking up candy wrappers from the street, weighting them in with each day, framing them, at the gym, I always feel lonely and a man — for surely he is a man — swings a big bad boy weight back and forth and counts loudly, louder than anyone in the Room, gasping for air, the numbers come out crammed and mumbled, but decidedly, why is he working out? Light-sensitive material, rhapsody, the eye is a sanctuary, again, to go from one image to the next, very, very important, and the flow of it, the constance, oh the constance, the constance is very, very important, ipse dixit, there is one entrance and one exit, and perhaps this crisis is already past but you are into the drama, barely a week passes without something being referred to as a crisis, but what exactly makes a crisis a crisis, the Greek word krino meant to separate, judge or decide, and from it came krités the word for judge, from which we get critic, and kriterion, a point to judge by (even though as we all know there is no

such thing as a point) and the related word *krisis* signified the preference of one alternative over another, the Day of Judgement is *hemera kriseos* in the Greek New Testament, truly a crisis for those at risk of damnation, normally a crisis is a parting of the ways, anatomically a wound, a point of uncertainty before events move on, some end in wars like the Falklands crisis of 1982, others end when war is averted (which usually means postponed) like the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, for many years in English the word crisis was most commonly applied to the climax of a disease, the point after which the patient recovers or does not, in any game of chess the most important point remains the opening (despite my trembling), the opening of a flower the reopening of a wound, a bright Wednesday morning, unemployed with benefits, the cycles of nature, a theory that enchants, some people think, the opposition of a kiss, side by side, pulling together oh pulling together, anatomy spreading over the entire universe, Fosse's original title translated in Norwegian as *That's Alyss*, "I had noticed that the book's first burst of short sentences after forty or so pages flowing by without a full stop included the sentence *That's Alyss* so the title should refer to that moment in the book, but what else, about the title Fosse said it means *Alyss* is spreading out over the whole universe" and spreading further, when a cut through the outer covering and inner layers of a living body is pressed shut and fastened with threads or clips the tissue at the join has almost no strength of its own, a closed space made of six curved panels arranged in two layers, three outer panels wrapped around three inner ones, each panel has a stiff spine running down its center and a softer thinner sheet of material extending from the spine to the edges, the outer panels grip the inner ones by tucking their edges into narrow grooves along the inner panels' spines locking the structure shut, the excess material at the margins has nowhere to go within the closed shape so it buckles and wrinkles as it stores mechanical strain, in the center is a cluster of parts that have been developing in the dark the whole time, to forget the body for the body is total a trope of nostalgia what one really means is movement, to forget the totality of it all, the function, I dreamt, once I dreamt and in the dream I was crossing a fenced field, I was on a sort of mission or maybe just journeying through it, I remember I was going somewhere and this was just a step through not a place where I should or would have stopped, and in the middle of the field was a horse or at least the profile or silhouette of a horse since the poor beast was entirely covered in bees, bees covered every inch of its skin save for the eyes and even though I think bees don't really do that in the dream I knew that they were eating it, the horse, that the horse was being eaten munched away by the bees a thousand little mouths gnawing incessantly deeper and deeper into its flesh, yet the horse stayed still wouldn't move an inch would just breathe and be still and let the bees be over it and eat it and suddenly it dawned on me that it was a sort of quest on its side maybe to be seen and beheld by me to fulfill the desperate need to have a witness or maybe just a sort of feat of concentration, it was as if the horse's paramount interest while being eaten was really to focus as much as possible on the feeling of what was happening without really questioning it, without thinking beyond the event horizon, to concentrate on how exactly it felt to be eaten. To learn, allegory, this is all I believe in, if a prelude may believe in a conclusion, does the aria need faith in its variations, reasonable that there should be nothing between prelude and fugue, just us, just us, I believe, repair is a nightmare and as such it haunts us there is no right to begin with nostalgia you can't trust but memory, memory, no nostalgia no empathy but language as a memory device, storing and so what, crisis and so to commit to the deepening and heightening of feeling, there is a long way we could still go oh a fucking long way the deepening and heightening of contradiction, contradiction being the point at which necessity and indetermination show themselves to go along, walk hand in hand, pervert all the little mechanisms that make sure subversion may not work, to neutralize your capacity to concede and my desire for your concessions, by word of mouth, also here's a more technically revolutionary scenario to consider, "a democratic

movement seizes the state and as it does so finds itself in the position of holding all the capital that has been centralized and concentrated by the state in its hands, you could argue that all this capital is something that is not only potentially but presently and concretely there to seize for a democratic movement, and this is very interesting from the perspective of disciplining capital but also from the perspective of reclaiming the investment function meaning the power to allocate resources across society which is a tremendous social power” a power which is basically robbed from us by obsessive accumulation, so you seize and reorganize its criterion, you get the chance to finally sit your ass down take the hauled time and design your fucking design the way it needs to flow, you design collaterals you design contingencies you make space for error you play it loose but god you play it through, all the way and yet even given this sort of fantastic opportunity of a scenario the entanglement with the financial system would indeed remain the problem, capital is too heavily mediated by the financial system which would need to be heavily reformed or abolished or very drastically reduced in terms of assets, resized and restructured, which would mean there would initially be a huge disrupture of assets and capital, basically a big, beautiful wound, what would I do, once I'm handed the keys to your flat, the funny thing is that we all perfectly know what they'd all do the moment they get to Mars, masturbate, everything just an idea but ideas are powerful, if you were a student of political philosophy in the mid-90s you would have been expected to take sides in what was known as the liberalism vs communitarianism debate, this contest of ideas caught fire after John Rawls redefined the field of liberal philosophy with his 1971 book *A Theory of Justice*, here he laid out his view of justice as fairness, he posited that a just society is one with the political and economic arrangements which a person would choose if they did not know what their economic cultural or social positions in it would be, in such a position Rawls claimed people would adopt a system with the mix of market freedoms and redistributions that maximized the material wellbeing of those worst off with equal opportunities for all while being neutral (being neutral!) with respect to any religious moral and cultural ideas of how to live, this theory of liberal egalitarianism was extraordinarily influential, with it Rawls redefined political philosophy to a point where almost everything that followed was either a commentary or a critique on his work challenging his conclusions but from within his framework, right? Only a minority of thinkers rejected it more fundamentally, ideas not only inform but enable politics in the most literal sense, they provide the one and only ground on which programmatic action can stand, ideas are to politics literally what tar is to cars, “one of Rawls' most consistent critics was and still is Michael Sandel, Rawls' liberal theory Sandel argued grounds onto a consumerist conception of freedom whereby freedom means exclusively getting what I want satisfying my desires provided I don't violate the rights of others to pursue theirs,” doesn't this sound fair, sit with it for a minute, “this idea is what enabled the political entrepreneurs of the 1990s, the 1990s were the heyday of globalization a time when trust in markets dominated the thinking of people in power, as far as anyone could tell times were heading towards a free-market future an ever more integrated and flat world in which man-made barriers and natural transaction costs would disappear, there was no alternative to state retrenchment or economic globalization as politicians from Margaret Thatcher to Angela Merkel would argue over the decades, not only that, it was implied that individual lack of choice in the matter was fine because this would be the best outcome for all, yet it is clear now that a sense of disempowerment has been building up in western societies over time, for this consumerist conception of freedom crowds out a civic version, individuals are ever truly free only insofar as they can have a meaningful voice in shaping the forces that govern the collective project, a preoccupation remains to advance a different view of freedom from that identified with Rawls, this preoccupation has a long pedigree, philosophers have argued for centuries about what real freedom means, but to the extent one puts sovereign

states and sovereign selves in question it is likely to provoke reactions from those who would banish ambiguity, shore up borders, harden the distinction between insiders and outsiders and promise a politics to 'take back our culture' and 'take back our country', a rotten politics of purity, daily bread for the ego, to restore our sovereignty with a vengeance," 'provoke reactions' meaning one triggers violence, so how do you respond to violence, eh, philosophers in a band, we're in a band but pretend we aren't, what if we actually acted like we were in a band, maybe it comes down to the fact that if two individuals can never meet in language — sex not being a relation — may we in music, thinking about how two people cannot talk over each other in a meaningful way but they can play over each other, and is this somehow related to the fact that I cannot at once look into the eyes of two different people but thousands can look together into mine, brr, the origins of cotton, capitalism beginning with textiles whose inheritance are the cloths you're covered in right now, still woven by hand, each of them touched and woven by hands you'll never see, what's your medium, "extra large," then he met her, he had never seen her before, there was something he liked about her, felt like he already knew her, her name is Beatrice, she's a model she's young beautiful and rich and she wants to take care of you, in fact Dante also encounters Beatrice in the *Commedia* at the summit of Purgatory in the Earthly Paradise, the Garden of Eden at the top of Mount Purgatory, paradise by the way is always an enclosed space coming from the Persian *paradæza* meaning literally 'walled garden,' so this Earthly Paradise is where she appears, where Virgil departs and Beatrice assumes the role of guide, she arrives in a procession on a chariot and Dante recognizes her before she even reveals herself fully, "crowned in olive and veiled she appeared to me cloaked in green over a dress the red of living flames, and my spirit so long had it been since her presence first made it tremble, so long since my eyes had known her so, shaken for the hidden force that was her way my spirit felt the great might of ancient love, no sooner had such high force hit me within sight like it first had when I was still a child that I turned to my left, in the haste an infant follows in running to her mother in fear or sorrow, to tell Virgil: no blood left in me not trembling: I recognize the marks of the ancient flame," and in the *Vita Nova* "she appeared to me at about the beginning of her ninth year and I first saw her near the end of my ninth, she walked by me dressed in the most noble of colors, simple and modest, blood-like and bound with a sash and adorned in a manner suited to her very young age, verily I say unto you at that moment the vital spirit the one that dwells in the most secret chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that my wrists were showing their pulses to naked eye, and trembling it spoke these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi*," the trembling appears in both passages, linking the childhood encounter to the reunion on the mountain, and in both cases Beatrice's appearance is marked by the color red, sanguigno, blood-like in the *Vita Nova*, color di fiamma viva, red of living flame in Purgatory, and why does Dante report that last line in Latin, flames, reminiscence, a grotesque resonance of shrapnel, isn't it clear why flames would eventually push rockets set cities on fire char eyelids and hand palms, meaning pain, meaning loss, and "the earth was formless void darkness upon the face of the deep the spirit moved across the water and there was light, there was light. It was good. It was good. The streets look really good to me they look like art, marble and tar steel" smiles and tears money and flights, solid glittering tiles and neon literature, nature pushing through the concrete once the earth was formless void darkness upon the face of the deep the spirit moved across the water and there was light it was good, it was good, you've gotta blow your own horn in this town he says, and blows it hard, princes are not kings for kings are no human neither ancient nor honorable an infinite number of swords and spears dispersed through the four corners of the earth which was formless void darkness upon the face of the deep and the spirit moved across the water and there was light and it was good it was good! Our job is posing, anyway the spirit, what's up with the spirit, forgotten,

millions of Beatrices, Peggy and Fred in Hell, when I feel you're someone I already know, the lost and forgotten goat out in the desert builds a lineage of beyond beyond beyond, larger is the spirit, such is the lineage of the love poem, in Tarkovsky's middle film *Mirror* which portrays a dying poet pondering his memories one scene keeps returning on frame, the returning scene is one of wind blowing from within the forest out into the field which is behind us the viewers the camera, we keep walking back retreating as the wind slower than its natural movement yet impelling insists our way bending the grass stems giving them a line, every time the shot comes back it is a little longer, extended, our retreat further and slower, eventually transforming into a sort of curling movement to the side, the formation of a cradle, to the left, as if to suddenly hug the wind that blew into your hip, *al tuo fianco*, my favorite passage, always sit side-by-side for a meal, wanting to have in my eyes what is in yours, my favorite passage from the Bible is in Genesis of course and it has to do with hips, there Jacob is wounded by a man he is said to 'struggle with' for the duration of the night, no words are exchanged until the first light of day, there is a different type of movement, much later I was struck by finding this same passage in reference to one of my favorite stories, Pasolini's Theorem, he quotes the Genesis straight into his reference section for a couple of chapters concerning the father's encounter with The Guest, "and Jacob was left alone and a man struggled with him until dawn, when the man saw that he could not prevail against Jacob he touched the hollow of his thigh and Jacob's thigh was put out of joint as he wrestled with him, then the man said, Let me go, for it is daybreak, but Jacob said, I will not let you go until you bless me, What is your name the man asked, he answered Jacob, then the man said you shall no longer be named Jacob but The One Who Strives with God for you have contended with human and divine beings and have prevailed, Jacob then prayed him, Please tell me your name, and he answered, Why do you ask for my name, then he blessed him there," one is left wondering what is the divine element in the story, the element that lets the man tell Jacob he contended with divine beings, what else could it be but the ability to make of touch a wound, the Hebrew word used in verse 24 is 'ish' which straightforwardly means man, there is no divine title in the verse itself, the text simply reads 'and Jacob was left alone and a man struggled with him,' the often edited 'a man or God' is an interpretive addition by translators or editors rather than something present in the original, it is usually included because as the passage unfolds it generates a profound ambiguity that the rest of the text never fully resolves, the clues that this 'ish' is more than human accumulate across the narrative, accumulation, what is deemed spiritual is nothing else than an enclave, large glass panes like skin holding everything firmly up to sight, similarly, they may tell us something about our relationship with nature, Rosa Luxemburg and the uprising, it flows naked for my trembling is geology and topography of the uprising, the uprising as a natural event, she writes: "the uprising is not artificially made, nor decided at random, nor propagated," it is a morphological phenomenon which at a given moment results from social conditions with morphological inevitability, "it flows now like a broad billow over the whole kingdom and now divides into a gigantic network of narrow streams now it bubbles forth from under the ground like a fresh spring and now is completely lost under the earth," the uprising is the first natural impulsive form of every great revolutionary struggle, for Luxemburg you can no more schedule an uprising than you can schedule an earthquake, but you can understand the tectonic conditions that make one inevitable, to be Robert Motherwell, it is 1968 in the West again in crisis while Occido keeps flourishing, a renewed sense of mortality and the delicate balance of being, to paint a series called *Open*, which is all rectangles missing one side, staged on colored planes, the form of a rectangle, a quadrilateral geometric entity with two sets of sides of equal length, to construct one in the head now, to take the fourth side and put it away, and then arrange the three remaining sides on a picture plane of colored canvas, the missing fourth line of every open

rectangle might be the open, then, to dig and find out, coarse, out of the terrain, it wasn't enough to have had a postcard of Susan taped to a teenage mirror, a teenage kind of mirror, to have loved this song by Broken Social Scene, recorded a few years earlier in 2002, Anthems For A Seventeen Year-Old Girl, a chorus wanted to be about oneself, that every seventeen-year-old probably wants to be about themselves, park that car, drop that phone, sleep on the floor, dream about me, "that chorus is a rectangle, Park That Car, side 1, Drop That Phone, side 2, Sleep On The Floor, side 3, Dream About Me, side 4," opening the scene, sleeping on the floor, some people think that considering historical and material conditions as part of criticism means not knowing how to feel, to want to push back on this assumption, to make a criticism that enchants while keeping these things in mind, what does a contrary, neo-Romantic criticism that holds on to these claims yet still says Dream About Me look like, continues AV, "the refusal to easy resolution works well with this, binds to feeling in novel and unexpected ways, what is enchantment with integrity of context? Theory is a dark magic, and with populism and sensibility as mantras, right and left can easily converge on its rejection," a standard corporate building door, a semi-opaque pink plexi, beyond this, a pierced film, medium format, a shot of joy, the black image, a memory, are they dead, or are they sleeping? Future movement may tell, above it, a drip bag dripping with X, in Room 2, a quarter of a corner profile is tied along a piece of wood, all the way to the side, the whole corner profile was originally placed on the roof of the gallery for the duration of a weekend, after which it was taken down and cut in half, this half, in Room 2, was partly polished, to the original source sound is added: a recording taken out on the street, by the semi-open window, of two lovers who work and talk and put on a track to make love to, perhaps, nothing else than sound nothing else than sound, the other half of the corner profile is adequately fitted, along a corner of passage between the two Rooms, in its proper use but insufficient to cover the whole corner, on it, two sides only remain exposed, impressed with the words Feeling and Lonely, the third and fourth sides, the inner sides, which face and hug the wall remain invisible, were not polished or cleaned or erased but none of this matters for they are hidden, showering, measurements, poverty, proportions, stockholders derive dividends from revenue but "don't have executive power over the making of the work," power swings, the position of power being the camera, I miss you, "Be with me," rebirth, Demeter at Eleusis, missing: a flat panel made of two thin aluminum sheets bonded to a non-aluminum core, used widely in architecture and construction as exterior cladding and facades for commercial buildings, where providing a smooth, modern finish while being lightweight and weather-resistant is essential, this is its most common application, beyond that my material is used for signage and advertising displays, interior wall and ceiling paneling, column covers, canopies and parapets, also appearing in industrial applications like clean room partitions and machine housings, and occasionally in transportation, popularity comes down to a favorable combination of mobility, rigidity, ease of fabrication — can be cut, bent, and routed with standard tools — and relatively low cost compared to solid panels, a technique may be a constructed technique, an algorithm, constructed and followed, the techniques and materials don't have to be fixed, it can be a procedure that amalgamates very different things, what matters is the surface on which it all lands, ash, ash, ash is interesting, is all ash the same? Obviously not, go blindly into the field of pleasure, work with fabric loosely stretched on a board, the memory of a mark, "Be with me," pierced with screws, going in, oh Susan would I write differently if naked and wrapped in velvet? Closeup of a cut stem pressed on this big, big couch, photo of the original couch draped in velvet, here, to have fallen asleep that night, is it a king-size velvet couch, stock image, "I view myself as an artist" this is Alex Karp, printed and scanned and framed with prominence, with salience, analysis of the furniture industry: where and how is the fabric made, who assembles the furniture, who — then sealed against the surface to leave a mark,

marking and kissing, leaving the impression, the point of contact, the trace the shadow the space occupied left there to dry, die and reseal with a screen, colored, your feeling, each a different color, a screen supporting the body having the shower of resurrection Ffffolks! To not go blindly into the field of pleasure, scheduled for a shower, silky this stretch, the impression, the sealing, the safety, the transfer, the scratch etching with acid the exposure the rooting in sequence aligned and smudged off-angle profiling a clean day again again and again but how? Walk over, dragged it around the studio, the stain, drill, holing, nailing, screwing, part-fabric part-stretch sealing and embedding within it my heart, most smearing marks produced by reciting sentences, excerpts from text messages and lists pronounced with an ever-open mouth, salivating over the surface, dust collecting in the ponds while the circle remains centered on the navel, throughout this exposition the figure stands with arms outstretched horizontally and legs together, the radius equals the distance from the navel to the fingertips, this derives directly from Book III, where he stated that a man lying flat with arms and legs extended will touch the circumference of a circle centered on the navel, the square is centered lower, on the genitals, won't say, in this position the legs are spread apart, roughly 1/14th of the figure's height per step, according to his accompanying notes, and the arms are raised so that the fingertips align with the top of the head, the side of the square equals the height of the figure, which he takes as the baseline unit, the two figures don't share a center and this is intentional, the square's center (on the genitals) sits below the circle's center (the navel), he is not claiming these centers coincide: that would be the mystical misreading of squaring the circle, what is being shown is that the same body, in two different postures, generates two different but equally perfect geometric forms. The sky, the sky, a live stream page, a logo, P.d.P. and Humilitas, bönkers, a camera pointed toward the sky on a certain day within a specific hour range, the black noise of the camera at night, a dark room so dark it could be any other room, here, a voice, the director explores the idea of wilderness, based on the geography of the landscape she grew up in, what to call a meadow, a sort of wild space, Borromean rings and how is pitch black defined? The absence of light, in practical terms, pitch black refers to darkness so complete that the human eye cannot perceive any visual information, but pitch black doesn't strictly require the absolute absence of all electromagnetic radiation, in physics, the absolute absence of all light would mean zero photons in the visible spectrum and potentially all spectra, this is essentially impossible in nature due to background radiation, including cosmic microwave background radiation and thermal radiation emitted by any object above absolute zero, in perceptual terms, pitch black is better defined as a condition below the threshold of human sight capacity, low-light vision, the human eye can detect individual photons under ideal conditions, but in practice, once ambient light drops below roughly 10^{-6} candelas per square meter, vision becomes nonfunctional, so pitch black is really a perceptual category rather than a physical absolute, the word pitch in the phrase refers to tar or bitumen, which is a deep black substance mostly employed to pave ways that enable particularly fast movement across the earth, any object above absolute zero, 0 Kelvin, or -273.15C, emits thermal radiation, this is black-body radiation, at room temperature, the radiation an object emits is overwhelmingly in the infrared spectrum, far below the visible range, so while technically everything around you is radiating, almost none of it is visible light, the exceptions would be objects hot enough to reach incandescence, roughly above 500 degrees celsius, where a faint red glow starts, so in a sealed room at normal temperatures, the thermal radiation of the objects themselves wouldn't produce any visible photons in any meaningful quantity, the conditions for perceptual pitch black are essentially about preventing external photons in the visible spectrum, roughly 380-700nm wavelength, from entering the space, this comes down to two things: first, the opacity of the enclosure materials, opacity is wavelength-dependent, a material can be opaque to visible light but transparent to infrared or

radio waves, materials that are opaque specifically across the visible spectrum are needed, most solid building materials — concrete, wood, metal, drywall — are effectively 100% opaque to visible light, the issue is never the walls themselves but rather gaps, seams, and penetrations; second, and this is where sealing capacity becomes the real variable, light leakage through joints, door frames, ventilation, electrical conduits, and so on, even a hairline gap under a door can admit enough photons for the dark-adapted eye to detect them, the human eye, after roughly 20-30 minutes of dark adaptation, becomes remarkably sensitive, a single crack of a few millimeters admitting even distant ambient light can be perceptible, there isn't a standardized metric called 'sealing capacity' in optics, but the closest engineering concept would be light-tightness, which in photographic darkroom design and scientific instrument housing is specified in terms of maximum permissible luminous flux leakage, darkroom standards typically aim for conditions where, after 10-15 minutes of adaptation, no light is perceptible to the naked eye, which corresponds to something below that 10^{-6} cd/m² threshold, in practice, achieving this means opaque walls, trivial, light-trapped ventilation, baffled channels painted matte black, sealed door perimeters, gaskets or overlapping light-lock designs like darkroom revolving doors, and elimination of any internal light sources, including indicator LEDs and the like, still life, the language of love, specialized, XXIV, RR, in contrast to many late seventeenth-century Dutch still-life painters, who often favored more restrained and scientifically oriented botanical compositions, Ruysch developed a more dynamic and asymmetrical approach, her bouquets incorporate twisting stems, suspended blossoms, and lively diagonals that break from the more diagrammatic conventions of botanical illustration, the backgrounds of Ruysch's paintings are usually dark, which was the fashion for flower painting in the second half of the 17th century, asymmetrical compositions with drooping flowers and wild stems created paintings that seemed to possess a great energy about them, vanitas, a genre of memento mori, symbolizing the transience of life, the futility of pleasure, and the certainty of death, and thus the vanity of ambition and all worldly desires, the paintings involved still life imagery of transitory items, the genre began in the 16th century and continued into the 17th century, vanitas, a type of allegorical art representing a higher ideal, a sub-genre of painting heavily deployed by Dutch painters during the Baroque period, c. 1585-1730, Spanish painters working at the end of the Spanish Golden Age also created vanitas paintings, vanity, c. 1200, that which is vain, futile, or worthless, from Old French vanite, self-conceit, futility, lack of resolve, from Latin vanitatem, nominative vanitas, emptiness, aimlessness, falsity, figuratively vainglory, foolish pride, from vanus, empty, void, figuratively idle, fruitless, this is reconstructed to be from PIE *wano-, suffixed form of root *eue-, to leave, to abandon, to give out, vanishing, seeing you now in front of me, Vanity Fair, I can tell what is you and what is not, another contraction of the ciliary muscle, the muscle responsible for the accommodation reflex, sometimes called accommodative reflex, the mechanism by which the ciliary muscles in the eye contract or relax to change the shape of the lens, adjusting focal length to keep objects at varying distances in sharp focus against a blur thus termed the background, while again, we're both reading, we're reading each other, we are sitting together, you fell asleep and I'm laying at your feet and know I could be happy just sitting on the floor cross-legged looking at you every day, I would like to have you near, won't you come closer? Won't you come closer? I was dreaming about you last night, strange dreams, waking up every 10 minutes, or so it seemed, confused, finding myself alone, I can feel that I am falling in love with you

so this is probably the muscle responsible for accommodation, when focusing on nearby objects, the ciliary muscle contracts and this contraction releases tension on the zonular fibers and suspensory ligaments that hold the lens in place, allowing the lens to become more spherical and increase its refractive power, when focusing on distant objects, the ciliary muscle relaxes, the

zonular fibers pull taut, and the lens flattens, this smooth muscle located in the ciliary body of the eye and controlled by parasympathetic innervation from the oculomotor nerve, cranial nerve No. III, specifically through the short ciliary nerves after synapsing in the ciliary ganglion, so, while accommodation involves multiple structures — the lens, zonular fibers, and the overall coordination of the visual system — the ciliary muscle is the active motor component that drives the change in lens shape, a continuous ring, yes, the ciliary muscle forms a complete annular band that encircles the lens, sitting just behind the iris and anterior to the ora serrata, where the retina begins, no breaks, no gaps, in healthy anatomy that is, the muscle is part of the ciliary body, which itself is a full 360-degree structure, the muscle fibers within it run in three orientations: longitudinal, or meridional, fibers that run front-to-back along the sclera; radial fibers that fan out obliquely; and circular, or Muller's, fibers that form the innermost portion, running circumferentially, this circular portion most literally forms the ring people picture, but all three fiber groups are continuous around the circumference of the eye, when the circular fibers contract, the ring tightens inward, releasing tension on the zonular fibers and allowing the lens to become more convex for near focus — that's accommodation, near focus, also changes with age, with the circular fibers becoming less prominent in older eyes, which is part of why accommodation declines, presbyopia, the term ciliary comes from the Latin word cilium, which means eyelash or eyelid, the ciliary body and ciliary muscle were named this way because early anatomists thought the radiating processes of the ciliary body, called ciliary processes, resembled eyelashes arranged in a circular pattern around the lens when viewed from certain angles, these finger-like projections extending from the ciliary body do have a fringe-like appearance reminiscent of eyelashes, the eye, the anus, the iris, circles, the iris the colored muscular diaphragm of the eye that controls the size of the pupil, thereby regulating how much light enters the eye, containing two sets of smooth muscles: sphincter pupillae, circular muscle, contracts to constrict the pupil in bright light; dilator pupillae, radial muscle, contracts to dilate the pupil in dim light, this dynamic adjustment optimizes visual function across different lighting conditions, constricting in bright light to prevent overexposure of the retina and improve depth of field, and dilating in low light to maximize light capture, a house, a bright Saturday morning, washed, cleaned and ready to be fucked, I open my mouth, I close my eyes, the world is burning, a stool by the fire, it sits on a rug, a woman sits on the stool looking into the fire, the atmosphere is pale red, the for fantasy in my childhood still has no name a lover once playfully called me the brightest star in the equatorial constellation of Aquila and the twelfth-brightest star in the night sky and an American multinational information technology company headquartered in Troy, Michigan that provides software and cloud solutions for simulation, IoT, high performance computing, HPC, data analytics, and artificial intelligence, all the dreams ever dreamt, no mention in the myth of Marsyas' fate following his flaying, Juan Gay, four meadows, pigment, dissolved with ethanol, layered, perhaps one or two of them, and a little screen, a very little screen, engraved with the word Loss, an impact mark, or a crease, the morphological model of a fault, a little ribbon, ethanol is a simple organic molecule: two carbon atoms, six hydrogen atoms, and one hydroxyl group, OH, formula is $\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$, produced naturally through fermentation, where yeast metabolizes sugars in the absence of oxygen and produces ethanol and carbon dioxide as byproducts, this is how beer, wine, and spirits are made, can also be produced synthetically from petroleum-derived ethylene, which is how much industrial ethanol is made, simultaneously a psychoactive drug, the one humans have consumed for millennia, a solvent, a fuel, a disinfectant, and a chemical feedstock, the same molecule does all of these things, context and purity determine the use, yes context and purity determine the use, Regina, Regina, the dream, dreaming of those meadows, under these circumstances, the script, oh the script, modeling, assembling, found objects I paid more than I could afford, ribbons, festoons, friezes and boards, pieces of disassembled furniture and screens,

velvet, all found and cleaned and assembled according to a compositional gut feeling, stable imbalance, a balanced instability and botanical enclaves post-colonial flowering references and how does one determine the compositional dynamics? Historically, has anyone even codified the energy of a composition off balance? Cannot be coded, Rachel's still life style, an asymmetry that produces energy, opposed to the classical perspective of a focal point, the energy of a fool, pathetic in the best of ways, the radiation of a gold background, the screws, nails, and stars, the photographs are all added also, framing of a wilderness, not messy never messy enough, stars sometime cover damage while other damage is left exposed, prey of fetish, the leftovers of another graduation party, there's always another party, who picks up the trash after the celebrations, after the demo? And putting together a composition, holding together that energy into a door, is this happening, how much of it, what is enough, when is enough, is it in the detail or the entire surface, a sense of focus, overwhelming presence accommodating see above why should I lie, a lie is interesting, in the blur between fact and fiction never quite a lie but a choice, a choice of association, in this space, to make one into an associate, in this space oscillating between abstraction and concreteness narrative means to make acquaintance, bring on this space of expansion, contamination and so on and so forth, the players determine the game, in the depth of night to imagine a celebration, here's the link: invention, invention is provided by — in this space of speculation, of selection, to invent, invenio, to come to, to select from your life a specific event, to attend to come to it to meet it there in its place the work becoming arise from reality, something gets prominence, like a pimple on the skin like an idea in the mind, fantasizing, as in, this natural inclination of expanding oneself loose, “make work about it, ‘it’ being your emotional understanding of the times, the problem is that nobody likes work that’s too much about society because it tends to be pedantic and self righteous, but also nobody likes work about your biography because whatever it’s so self absorbed and of no interest, but if you make work about your emotional understanding of the times, you will be successful, like Felix Gonzalez Torres, it will be personal but it will also go beyond, you will get people hard, and you will make them feel angry and empowered at the same time, it’s a tall order, but yeah go 4 it,” says he, yeah, go 4 it and gone again, without expectations of integrity, of a perceived integrity, a sort of forbidden touch, so to cut, the times in between the discharge and the celebration to walk under them to bring things closer, discharge and celebration like the cut of cinema, adjacent, sequential, there is always a sorrow without cause yet needed, material for feeding, producing nutrients, a narrative of contamination, of embracing, isn't he funny, Christ on the cross, holding an embracing gesture, his anatomy, noun, late 14c., ‘study or knowledge of the structure and function of the human body’ (learned by dissection), c. 1400, ‘anatomical structure,’ from Old French anatomie and directly from Late Latin anatomia, from late Greek anatomia for classical anatome ‘dissection,’ literally ‘a cutting up,’ from ana ‘up’ (see ana-) + temnein ‘to cut’, from PIE root *tem- ‘to cut’, and all these objects, found, and how do they connect to the narrative? Indeed “who can tell what words were whispered at the moment of your conception?” It takes all my imagination, the incredible power of reallocation, initially I came three or four times, but lightly, the type of orgasm which scars because it's lacking just one step, one more stretch, one more pound, to really burst, like this, like this, just like this, like the minutes I spent in her Room, but it all had a kind of cuteness, a welcome clarity, onward on the line, I was coming out of a relationship and it did me good, on these surfaces are traced the contours of a Room corner, to depict interiors where the abstract marks are tied and assimilated to, become tools for, a narrative of struggle within the Room, the enclosed space of the surface, of the material, of the object, 14th February 1971, a seed is planted, I'm thirsty, abstraction, 15 people dead in the latest school shooting, the gunmaker was the same, still, mostly unmentioned, salivating over what holds your step firm, most smearing marks produced by the spirit floating above the waters when there was light and it was good, it was good, reciting

sentences, and “now a boy is of all wild beasts the most difficult to manage, for by how much the more he has the fountain of prudence not yet fitted up, he becomes crafty and keen and the most insolent of wild beasts, and on this account, it is necessary to bind him, as it were, with many chains,” boys will be boys, intensifying, action, life, gardens gardens and gardens, until, on some mornings, to want less, just this, just this, Niobe's boys, at the beginning of 1583 thirteen sculptures were found in a vineyard located a short distance from St. John in Lateran in Rome, most of which were still in an enviable state of preservation, the discovery, already sensational in itself considering the number of marbles found, was perceived as even more singular since almost every statue appeared to be part of a grandiose group illustrating one of the most tragic stories of ancient myth: the murder of Niobe's children, as a matter of fact, this woman, wife of Amphion, the king of Thebes, had insulted Latona, claiming to be a better mother, this act of hybris was severely punished by the goddess who sent her twin sons to kill the seven sons and seven daughters of the insolent mother, despite being turned to stone beyond my trembling I, torn by grief, couldn't stop weeping and tears become this everlasting fountain of youth, this connection between water and maternal figure is probably the reason behind the fortune of my group, that was considered the ideal decoration for monumental nymphaeums and gracefully we get to thrive in the shade despite our trembling, cigarettes, ash, favourite Sophie Calle is still Les Dormeurs, from 1979, what a love story, what a love story, this love story, our ever ending love story so let me at least seat on my heels to loose and want less to loose to loose just this just this to finally begin loving you of a love that feels foreign

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