





sex to forget, sex to remember  
i'm high  
your tongues tell me more when you don't talk  
don't let your tongue being cut  
by an anarchist of feeling  
feels so heavy that i'm feather  
and some more. People have no nation, they're alien  
to darkness. We're bathing in senselessness & it feels so good  
to be sleeping. Consciousness, deadly weather  
of the summer. I hit the road of surrender, tender-  
ly  
& twilight's frail. Advice:  
oxygenate your eyes, water the  
no suffocation  
it's too late for nothing  
is pain too sweet to be sweet in pain  
I make the bed. it juggles almost jokingly  
and i saw faces  
in faces  
I'm sorry i've been gone. Lately  
we talk, talk on the phone  
but somehow i can't listen, it's not 5pm yet,  
lids are shivering  
cowardly i become eyes, and whale eyes tend to shrink. At dawn  
we went to that Indian place today on a street K  
Vegetarian Indian Cuisine!  
and the plates were beautiful & silver  
and a lot of, it seems. Fake  
the flesh is what we are, narcoleptics too  
need love but feel sick from cold white food  
& feel sick when I'm me  
the brain is like a church  
sinister & opulent & doubling all I see  
I can't complain, but i do relentlessly  
the turning figure of subjection as she says. Silly me, but there's  
an issue this issue of Tough Womanhood  
is no song. Holds the face of my future  
like a scarecrow or fox. Crouching in delight. An unknown mother  
is kissing me. Cells, devices, sex make that  
I'm high  
of bottling the smell of the dead. Won't capture their presence or essence is  
feeling's anarchy



After Lisa found out my age, she burst into a big laugh and stopped:  
 "oh my dear, you can be my auntie now! I really don't understand you,  
 I don't get it, I feel: I feel that you're so alone almost like a female version  
 of the Himalaya-Mountain... I mean... here and now, Yang, Lucy, we all have  
 great relationships and love... and you're so beautiful... your life would be much  
 easier if you have a boyfriend who can help you out... do you know that? You really  
 should think about it. Everything that I'm striving for is a settled down life -  
 a nice house, a nice country, nice money, a nice man... I don't get you Taocheng!  
 34 years old and you still do massage with us? I'd just kill myself if I  
 were you. Are you even a human?"

We massaged several American clients, she started to slightly flirt ~~with~~ with one  
 of them, it surprised me that they added another two hours massage immediately  
 and gave us 30 euros tips, Lisa held the money and laughed again: "Tao! You see!  
 You should learn how to be gentle with men and make little joke with them! Relax!"  
 It was a fine, white-dark day. The brownish-green leaves of a plane tree were  
 just outside the window; they were as big as a hand, and almost transparent.  
 Across the street there was a row of old, red brick houses. A cat walked ~~across~~  
 across the roof, black like the shadow of a cloud on snow - the only parts  
 showing were its black back and snakelike tail, gently waving in the air.  
 A moment he ate, he reappeared on a balcony, a loofly waiting on the  
 top of the railing; looking ~~at~~ neither left nor right, the cat just  
 kept going on.

This heart is of a color with no name  
Seedless imprints of one lover's  
Hand draws a pattern of repetition  
Impossible to decode, too many  
Crossings, layers and knots  
But this heart needs  
Rules to function  
Ruptures and heartache  
Are the predicament for flow  
For redistributional energy  
Muscles need training and protein  
Training needs time  
Now you learn to fly but they  
Don't look  
A love once crowned to reign  
Is always doomed to fail  
This heart has no scars  
Just open veins that leak into  
Outer space, out-side  
And back into the world.  
Be aware of this fragility, fertility  
And be alive despite the  
Rupture love always encompasses  
Looking up, looking down  
Like in an elevator, stuck  
In between two floors  
You multiply in this prism  
In ambivalence to them  
What a fertile transference  
Perspectives!  
If your legs are burning like a hot wire  
You can be seen  
Like a glowing snake rocking in the dark  
Hurdling, shaking  
Sssssssssssssssss  
You wait to become the pray  
And then, your tiger face, a shimmering mask  
Hoovering in front of my eyes and you  
Kill those snakes  
In my head, which is carried by clouds  
In my tar mouth  
Wide open and sorrowful  
And moist from unspoken words  
Dizzi-ness  
De-sire  
Coke and tongues and teeth  
Produce chatter  
Nonsense is easy, senses are key  
Behind the milk glass I see  
White spirals running  
Up the coral riff  
Spinning a path through water  
That we will swim  
All the way up to an unknown  
But promising destination  
Dance  
With me on  
A rooftop with no  
Fence  
No sun  
No master  
Just this whale  
Heart pumping  
Do--doom  
Do--doom

You told me your work is about your body and how your paintings are an extension thereof. First, I didn't quite understand what you meant by that, but when I saw the paintings in your show, I realized that they were like you, 'pure' and deep and non-referential. You told me body can be everything in Farsi, and that the Western concept of the body is limited and remains attached to the idea of gender and 'the body' as a human one. When you said this, your hair was long, wavy and dark, framing your draconian yet dainty face, and I couldn't imagine that this could ever be otherwise, me looking at you, you showing me that you knew more. You appeared to me as a majesty, merging out of a place of darkness and peculiar wisdom, and us lying there, talking about your work, felt like a glimpse of eternity amidst sadness and confusion. And now I am sitting in a train that is moving away from you, moving closer to the city that is my new home, but where I feel like a stranger, even to myself. When does a new home become home? Is it when you start to know all your ways from A to B by heart or when you look forward to come back? Is it when you feel safe?

This train is moving from Amsterdam to Berlin, but my back is facing the direction of destination and my face is looking into fields of fleeting grass. If you'd close your eyes into narrow slits, you'd see a green ocean stretching out and pouring itself into the greyness of the sky. Landscapes have a calming effect on me, but I'm traveling forward looking backwards, which makes me feel a bit nauseous. The landscape's just there, unfazed, gleaming—and I know it will be there for much longer than me, which is soothing.

Now the police walks by with a German Shepherd leading their way, they are looking for drugs I sense, the dog's sniffing at my backpack and for a moment I freeze. This makes me feel suspicious-looking, with my dark unwashed hair, with my black boots and my certainly sad-or-tired-looking face which is going through such a wide range of emotion on a daily basis that I fear one can see it in my eyes, a certain fatigue, a certain lived-ness. Sometimes, I feel so terribly marked by Capital at the age of 28 and growing up feels more difficult than ever. But the authorities pass by, because of course I don't carry any drugs with me, not even the small amount of weed a friend gave to me as a present and as a measure for anxiety management, but I didn't take it with me because I never got into it, it aggravates paranoia. Should I have had drugs with me? I wonder. Would they have arrested me? Would it make any difference? But the truth is they didn't suspect me of any crime because I am white and conform visually to the gender that I have been assigned to at birth.

It brings me to the question of how disciplined I need to be as an artist in general, do I drink a little bit or nothing at all, just wine and no hard alcohol, or just beer and no wine, or just nothing, I mean, does it really matter?

Even though I am aware of the inherent ambivalence of almost every question, subject matter or object, I tend to seek for one single answer, tend to look for the 'right side' of things. This dualism seems to echo back to me, coming from a direction I cannot decipher, like a flexible, chewy boomerang, and I seem to not be able to get rid of it, even though I am, in every regard, trying to lead a life of fluidity and openness. But it's as if black-and-white-thinking is the default mode of humanity, and as if the act of undoing and unfolding this black-and-white pattern, this hardness of mind, into a zillion of soft greys, is our constant collective aim.

Speaking of this, I am not very concentrated today to be in that said mode of openness and acceptance and it's hard to be creative with a hard mind. The society I live in genders my body every day and I am thrown back to my being female, even though I have tried to look more gender neutral through physical training and a change of clothes, in the end, I am considered and perceived as a 'woman', which isn't better or worse, but apparently it brings more trouble than none, which I am ready to accept, but it's hard work to work against gender if it gets thrown at you everyday from a distance you cannot possibly ever overcome. Why can't we just be humans, one wants to yell, but isn't 'being human' nowadays not enough either?

The more concentrated I am in general, the better I fulfil my work as an artist, the better I can respond to emails, organize transports and performance events, but my moods are still hard to predict, they are the one element I seem not to be able to control. But I guess if you're lucky, at some point you get over it and manage to lead a professional life without permanent self-sabotage, and you can call yourself a functional professional adult.

In my case, an emotion, despite its color, shows itself in the body first as a physical sensation of unrest, in the belly or chest, a very visceral impression, that differs in its intensity and quality, it ranges from the soft butterfly-y taps in the mid-section to very real pinching pain in the heart and it then usually attacks—in a way that is uncanny to me—my rationality with recurrent obsessive thoughts that aren't very productive, but attacking the feeling. Why are you sad, why are you not happy, you should be working all the time, you should eat less, you should wear different clothes! Ruminations.

In Vienna I went to the natural history museum. I wandered through long hallways of dead colonial grandeur, walking by glass-cage after glass-cage filled with thousands if not millions of stuffed animals, and I was totally blown away by the sheer amount and diversity. Are there really that many animals living on this planet? Where the fuck are they? Why are we living in separate worlds? The guard showed me three birds that had little horns in their wings for self-protection, they looked like mini-warriors, almost human, and I thought how strange that I compare their anatomy to ours, birds are birds, they are their very own creature. But the glass cage built by human hand functioned like a colonizing veil that made it impossible for me to look at them untutored. The museum had deprived them of their complexity and power. I was just looking at puppets.

This afternoon, a man came in for "Happy Ending":  
He walked to the reception very quickly: "I don't have time.  
I only have 15 minutes. I'm a body builder and personal trainer over  
there, I have to go in 20 minutes, my student is waiting!"

Tracy said: "Sir, 15 minutes is too short to enjoy a nice massage."  
I entered my booth, he was lying there completely naked and posed like the  
chinese character "big (大)".

"Sir, please turn over."  
He immediately jumped out from the bed, ~~to~~ closed the curtain himself and  
put 100 Euros in my hand: "Please! You're so beautiful! I want a Happy Ending,  
I really don't have so much time, I really need it now."

"Sir, we don't have such service at all! If you really want to... .."

He puts another 100 Euros in my hand and says: "please!"

"Sir! If you want this, there is the Red Light District over there."

"No! Every chinese massage salon gives Happy Ending! You just close the  
curtain, nobody will know it, you see ----- my..... I'm.... Really.... Please!  
Here the money is yours!"

"Our shop is not like that sir! But I can still give you a professional massage if  
you change your mind, but I can not give you such service."

He asked for his money back, ran away and said: "shit! I should  
ask before!"



Today a man rejected me to massage for him:

He is not so tall, a middle-eastern macho, his motorbike parked outside, he asked: "Do you have a massage?"

He looked at me again after my colleague and I answered "yes".

He changed his idea to only massage half hour in his eye-lash.

I sent him to the booth, After I discussed with my colleague that I would go home after this one, he called in an urgent manner - which can cause a visceral reaction ranging from discomfort to fear, disgust and anger:

"EXCUSE ME!"

He sensed me from a distance, although a wall of soft curtains was in between:

"You're not a real Lady! You are a man!"

Then he added a phrase of gesture of "I don't want an Asian Ladyboy or something like this close to me!"

He selected my colleague Yang to do it and immediately changed the half hour to one hour.



i've been from a warehouse to a truck to a plane to a truck  
to your house, where you're not home, come back the  
next day, for u to decide to send it back, back to a truck to  
a plane to a truck  
to the warehouse, back!

iphone cases and bongos, truffles,  
tampons and chicken  
chicken

i've come to realise  
i've been eating chicken my whole life  
chicken  
hot plate, small fridge,  
in terry-cloth bathrobes and fluffy slippers  
woke up to morning cartoons next to a nutella glass,  
feeling at a minimum, inefficient, and, at worst, a scam

today we'll  
charge our devices from time to time before they fully die  
today  
i'll be able to be online—and hence in my office—pretty  
much the whole time  
today feels closer to déjà vu than nostalgia  
today i'll start ambitious, and end random

i sit down and they tell me  
“let me tell you...” they say and i don't want to be told  
and i'm told and told and told and you've experienced that too  
i made a fist in my pocket  
and my pockets full of gum wrappers, puppy treats,  
crumbs and caffe receipts in case i need them for  
“tax purposes”  
every single lunch i had this year was a business lunch,  
come at me

nasa sent fidget spinners into space.  
this video is everything.  
the latest smart speaker emphasises smart over speaker  
it is many things, but it's mostly a meteorologist

traded every day, motherfucker never takes a tangible form  
the gestural language of public places, that had once  
belonged to cigarettes,  
now belonged to phones  
as editors, directors and project managers took  
innumerable decisions in a state of chemical euphoria and  
psychopharmacological light-headedness  
tensions rose, dinners were cancelled and replaced with  
sandwiches and espressos

people asked people to leave  
people proceeded to re-accommodate people  
people asked people to leave  
but then they ordered them to leave  
people told people to leave

all blood, snot, sweat, cum, and tears  
and it's embarrassing to leak  
and we still leak, and leaking is still sexed.  
the other does not exist, but it still functions  
all fucked up and sexed  
the truth might set u free, but it will probably just make  
u mad

it all ends up in the dump  
we make shit lotta shit, then react to it,  
not only technologically but in our hearts and minds  
garbage  
garbage

bring garbage into the open  
let people see it and respect it.  
don't hide your waste facilities.  
get to know your garbage, get to know ur waste.  
get to know your garbage, get to know ur waste.  
and the hot stuff, the chemical waste, the nuclear waste  
the medical waste

i'm heavy and it's getting heavy,  
barely holding onto my groceries and dreams.  
u help me help me get some help  
and i will seek medical help cuz i'm an intelligent man and  
none of the help will ever help

the doings of one who had nothing to do,  
all i want is to be able to tell em fuck you?

he asked me to consider how much truth i actually need  
to get the job done.  
he always transmits his biases onto me when he gets  
drunk to the point where i no longer trust my own gut,  
maybe i really am a reviewer in an age when every cat  
reviews rates talks comments and writes  
the opposite of talking isn't listening  
the opposite of talking is waiting  
and that's exactly how i felt last night! i felt i was waiting  
for him to finish explaining me how to tell whether one  
has angst, ennui, or weltenschmerz?  
he looked as though his life had not only passed him  
by but paused along the way to spit in his fuckin face  
if i don't get it—it's pretentious, if u don't get it—ur  
stupid, stupid  
it's trial by drowning  
if you sink, you die  
if you float—we kill you for being a witch, stupid

woooooordssss  
woooooordssss  
woooooordssss  
woooooordssss

he has the best words  
words  
what does he mean when he says woooooords

in my cranky opinion there's never a way to straighten  
things out by talking, talking dissolves things.  
at best  
at best decorum breaks down and the sequence turns into  
a therapeutic bickering match  
when it comes to two of us drama is a far more efficient  
device to move a plot along  
heartwarming tales are born out of tragedy  
an escapist fantasy  
to fulfil our desire to feel powerful after an event that  
made us feel powerless

breeding narcoleptic dobermans is harder than it sounds  
high-tech mirror for cancer patients only works if they  
smile  
mastercard wants to know if refugee camps can be turned  
into smart cities and how  
the extent of skin bending rather than action possibilities  
explains why holes feel larger felt with the tongue than  
with the finger study finds  
biologists recorded the first instance of virgin birth in  
a shark who wasn't a virgin but was a shark  
automate your marketing with mailchimp and remind  
shoppers they left things in their carts

The door opened, there was a short man wearing sunglasses, I smiled to him and I didn't know what he was looking at. I guided him to the reception desk and showed him the price menu:

"Sir, We have a full-body-massage for one hour, half-body-massage for half hour..."

"I know, I know, I know," He smiled and nodded and he said: "Do you have something else, haha, of course, I don't mean sex... ha ha... you know... men sometimes need to release..."

Sunny said: "I know, I know. I know, Would you like to do an half hour maybe?"

The man's sunglasses was looking at me up and down, it took half a minute, I piled up smiles and he suddenly said: "You were a guy before! I can recognise it actually, I mean, you were a guy!"

Sunny and Tracy immediately shouted out: "Sir! If you don't want to have a massage, please leave our salon immediately! The door is open for you! And you should know how to speak well in front of ladies!"



people think of themselves as better than average because  
they think of average as below average study finds  
polls confirm people r stupid  
study finds  
discover an assortment of gifts for a woman who has it all  
discover an assortment of gifts for a woman who realised  
she's one in 7 billion  
what could she possibly want

the inventor of the fentanyl lollipop died.  
and salad making robot may cut germs and jobs  
jobs jobs jobs jobs  
adorable kittens with guns  
#catsofjihad  
rising sea levels threaten corgi  
and how to spot a psychopath  
watch live as baby turtles hatch!  
a few days ago we saw dozens emerge from under the  
sand-how many will we see today?  
cities are removing benches in an effort to counter  
vagrancy and crime-at the same time they're adding them  
to make the public realm  
more age-friendly  
leaning is the new sitting study finds  
to a certain degree of scientific certainty  
horse shit

the honourable habits of those who lost their honour and  
habits  
cuz one must move constantly or die  
i told u to say goodbye, i told u to accept urself and burn  
that fuckin bridge down

sanctity sanity safety  
sanctity sanity safety  
sanctity sanity safety  
sanctity sanity safety

it's for the best, darling, in the end she was never really  
one of us

i might be clutching at straws  
biting my nerves down on my cold brew straw  
i'm at this new place that popped up, what seems to me,  
overnight  
it's a tastier alternate-reality mirror world starbucks  
a bunch of cute shell shocked looking  
young dads  
barely old enough  
r queuing the line

sorry  
i just ramble, i talk because silence sounds fucked up  
and i often say "sorry" when i mean thank you  
it's that contrast between things like "thanks for listening"  
and "sorry i'm rambling", or between "thanks for  
waiting", and "sorry i'm late".  
i think a "sorry" is a token that was offered to ward off  
guilt and to keep others from being irritated with u  
but  
i feel like i was given only a nail-file and a sorry to cut my  
way out,  
u fundamentally untrustworthy  
me manipulative and apologetic  
u kept talking in this houellebecqian fugue of unhappiness  
and i kept saying sorry  
u see the problem is that u know all my buttons because  
u put them there  
the cat i let in, is eating a tea bag and i'm too torpid

to stop her  
let alone kick her out  
child free  
loving it  
come at me  
i don't make unhappy children  
i turn adults into unhappy children  
look what a wonderful job i've with us

eyes swollen shut  
i found out  
i court worry  
i seek it out

i spent the rest of that day online  
filling up baskets for kicks just so i can, all self  
congratulatory, empty them out  
to afford it i would have to get that deposit back  
my problem is that i'm too poor to afford it and too stupid  
to realise i'm not really missing it.  
and more pictures i see, more it's fantasy  
a feeling peculiar in its falseness as it hardly feels fake  
fantastic

all aloof, slippery and impeccably prepared  
i set out to show others i get it,  
i get it  
i get it  
i get the joke, i get it  
i'm in on the joke  
i get it  
being in on the joke is the new status symbol  
i get it  
u see for many flamboyance is easy to fake  
and faith performed perfectly becomes fact  
irony consumed me and than purged me out  
if i let go of i now, will it let go of me?  
a benefit to having it is the deep reason i keep having it  
irony  
irony just like poverty lent my little dabbings a  
much-needed veneer of authenticity  
i really think i should just go go back fix all mistakes  
i ever made and erase myself  
get rid of meaning. your mind is a nightmare that has  
been eating you alive: now eat your mind  
i walked by continually beginning to fall forward  
jet bloated steaming nordic noir from bed on a farm  
now we care less, or are nicer  
and my doodlings still the usual free-form confessional  
stuff  
for whatever reason or lack of one, i'm fine  
and this is according to me, the world foremost expert  
on me  
i'm fine  
i chose a painless user experience over a paranoid one.

(gift someone one book)

nothing is ever so expensive as what is offered for free  
my head resting dead on the bloated man's chest,  
his head resting dead in his hands  
i'm so weak and frail now, thin as the skeleton of a cartoon  
fish left by a cartoon cat  
and i smell of fish cuz  
the cost of wifi was tea  
and i spent that afternoon in a seafood place drinking tea  
and i scrolled  
and i scroll

to school  
it makes me think of all the scrolls still rolled up  
i could hear my thoughts dub his words  
as he talked with a voice of old films where things happen  
to well-dressed warplane pilots in black and white.  
all across the country, people felt it was the wrong thing.  
all across the country, people felt it was the right thing.  
all across the country, people told people to leave  
i set out to acquire special skills that will enable me to do  
anything but what i do: scrape by  
i might be on a wrong medication

once i was crossing the street and hallucinated that  
my eyes had fallen out.  
i held up traffic while i patted the ground, searching for  
my eyes.

ain't it funny how it happens  
ain't funny ain't it  
ain't i fuckin it ain't fun  
but it's funny  
and it happens

on grainy, supposedly skin-softening swirls i rolled back  
and forth  
i breaded myself with ocean polluting micro plastic beads  
like a toxic schnitzel  
i read somewhere self care is not self-ish  
as long as one can interpret these innocent actions and  
self preservation tactics as somewhat feminist  
smart women who, coincidentally just like me, like to talk  
about their feelings  
coincidentally just like me, like to talk about this

sometimes we fuck up a hundred times in a row, get it  
right once, and call it a learning curve  
sometimes we fuck up every single time and than we call it  
a journey  
journey  
fuck ur journey

no followers, following no one.  
whatever that meant.  
and ur updates, whatever those were,  
were protected  
ur probably playing playstation  
probably playing playstation  
probably playing playstation

regrets when you're dead? a past when you're dead?  
is there never any escaping the junkshop of the self?

click the link click it hard  
click the link click it so hard  
click the link click it hard click the link click it so hard  
click the link click it hard click the link i clicked that link  
so fucking hard

we thought we had hit rock bottom, and then someone  
knocked from below

i dillydallied at the mirror inspecting my naked body  
through the wafting steam.  
i dillydallied at the mirror inspecting my naked body  
through the wafting steam.  
some things don't change and some things i'm sick of  
if u ask me nudity is powerful-but not necessarily  
empowering  
body-frankly i'm embarrassed to have one

i'm an elephant entrapped in crystal  
the idea of becoming it is as vibrant as the prospect  
of failing it  
what shall i wear  
what shall i wear  
you can always tell something when a woman is overdressed  
either she's an outsider, or she's insane.  
i think she is insane  
i used to hear her cry in toilettes  
her body a limp rag wrung hard by the laxatives  
she would sit in parked cars with men  
felt like killing em, but didn't want em to leave or die  
she'd break out in rashes, had to lie in cold baths.  
diluted and rediluted  
virtually, homeopathic  
changed hands like a party joint  
i  
i think she's stupid

sipping from her glass  
stretched her legs across his lap

i'm just trying to cultivate respect for those who can toss  
themselves around and assume new identities

maybe she's a cave dweller and keeps tinfoil taped over  
her windows  
vibrating on her hitachi magic wand next to u smelling of  
ginseng infused lubricant

suspicious of popular culture but addicted to it  
in strange hours stoned roaming netflix  
sexy

maybe she likes  
shiny black things with superfluous zippers  
and after u two fuck maybe even neighbourbs reach out  
for a cigarette

u dont get to me!  
u wanna get to me?  
u dont get to me!  
there is no way for u to get to me

i thought small talk was too small  
i thought big talk was too pretentious  
and  
the only way out as waaaaaay, waaaay, out,  
or way through  
u think ur funny?  
u do think ur funny!  
ur not funny  
ur not funny ur hysterical  
i watched your career dissolve and it fascinated me  
i watched your career dissolve and it fascinated me

seeing into u  
or through u,  
dissolving u  
in order to find something else  
never mind what  
unlike u i rather be cold than sentimental,  
as far as i can tell  
for u,  
the broadcasting of sentimentality encourages a real  
release  
and that's great  
but fuck that  
sentimental is for pussys

