

ARBOR 2

welcomes you to

a **KOSMIC KHRISTMAS** (or another meditation on german idealism)

(k.(l)ove.k)

lovely to see you all. we've made it to khristmas this year without a hitch. if you are dead, and are reading this, please share this magazine with the relevant people, i.e.

nabokov's younger brother, dante's landlord (the pope), knausgaard's dad, joyce's younger brother, stanislaus, and joyce's wife, nora j., née barnacle, etc.

otherwise, sit back and enjoy these pieces. and then maybe sit up again when the inevitable disagreement flows through you. for they are all pretty fanciful and some are academic. and some are even about love, for which we apologize. it could not be avoided.

now, since it is technically a khristmas issue, everything is about khristmas. even when it isn't. after all, whether you like it or not, adding a not- before something only makes it all the more present. all the more material and impassable and irrepressible. in some ways, this is what khristmas is. something you try to forget, which, in the process of doing so, you remember. you remove all that is inessential. until you get nothing, which *is* essential. and nothing resists you as you look at it and you fight back against nothing,

and the stone of your grief is pushed just that bit of an inch further.

but, enough of that. even not-khristmas is a time of joy, and joy, after all, is a hellish kind of emotion, which overtakes us and makes us look like a francis bacon painting. to which the only possible reply is:

we would prefer not to (eat bacon anymore).

merry khristmas,

love arbor.

ps: allow me to give my sincerestest thanks to james, aka pink kudu, for getting this whole thing going. and to stubbs. who, one day, may return to us.



(Francis Bacon, the painter and chap)

PRE-DISPATCH NOTE

it is raining where I am now. but, maybe it'll snow. it is very *un-Canadian* without snow, though in its mildness it is similar to something in a more European clime. one can imagine us, in various states of *casperization* somewhere in Germany at the turn of 19th century:

*frau vor untergehender Sonne, zwei Männer in Betrachtung des Mondes, oder
mann und frau in Betrachtung des Mondes
woman before the setting sun, two men in contemplation on the moon, or woman
and man in contemplation on the moon*

basically, in states of general contemplation. all of us at different stages of *die Lebensstufen*, though all of us in separate places. in fact, this khristmas, i've been thinking a great deal about place. about what khristmas does to a place and about what makes a place a place.

how is it that a single place can change so much? after a certain point, one has to conclude that we don't go to places; we go to states-of-general-contemplation or to *vibes* or to zones. the place is constituted in our interaction with it. and this interaction, which seems to subvert the material coordinates of the place, which seems to unveil what lies behind the material world, is, in fact, the basic definition of any notion of materiality. just as Hegel says in the phenomenology, we must imagine the world

not only as *Substance*, but equally as *Subject*

for our part, which is deeply symbolic, we will try and imagine places as planets. we will produce an excess of material in order that the world might at the level of form reveal what it is. khristmas, after all, is a big meditation. and *le petit prince and co.* have been enlisted for the task. so, here's the set list. we're starting on earth. you know, the planet we're supposed to save.

and yes, while writing this, it has started to snow.

ever yours, hegelsh.

now, time to walk through the arbor



earth,

a collage on saving the earth

max heidegger **three pieces by fia on love**

saturn,

on Quentin Scobie's **pyramid schemes**

monsieur gilles' **mon chéri** (an analysis of france's hottest christmas chocolate)

carlo thomas' **memeology of chap**

an interview with **pink kudu**

hegelsh's **an autoreview of excerpts 1-14 from pink kudu's the mole club**

mars,

elias' (aka ethan traum's and die Mood's) **recounting an impactful dream I once had in which I killed my parents, except I wasn't myself and my parents were this other child's parents**

ryan moore's **illustrated poems** and **the last hooray**

robert mackenzie's **sindedata**

the moon,

aidan's **an excerpt from lethe**

elias' **Landlessness under Capital: King Krule's Man Alive! and Tarsila do Amaral**

venus,

s. ruslink's (aka sara's) **boston in december**

orangenmarmelade's (aka helena l.ng's [lacan ist nicht gut]) **selected poems translated from the german**

tengo in the 虚無 (aka mishimate [aka khaya]) translates from the japanese **the shut in's** (aka airi's) **osmanthus**

tengo and airi's short film 歩いても 歩いても aka **Still Walking**

blackhole,

arbor's **through the arbor**



le petit prince dispatch #1

it seems we've left earth. not sure when, or really if indeed we have.
for my part, though I'll try to document everything I see and come into contact with.

the spaceship is set-up to receive any incoming communication we may receive as we approach our destined planets. it's also programmed to receive and interpret images.

it seems we're projected to reach SATURN first, where we've got some expected communications:

on Quentin Scobie's *pyramid scheme*
monsieur gilles' *mon chéri* (an analysis of france's hottest christmas chocolate)
carlo thomas' *memeology of chap*
an interview with *pink kudu*
hegelsh's *an autoreview of excerpts 1-14 from pink kudu's the mole club*

it seems, however, that our transmissions are picking up a near-by spacecraft. no idea where it is. they've got a communication to share with us.

max heidegger's *fia on love #1*

we'll see what else turns up.





What is Love? Let us begin with a common trope, the soul mate. I think the idea of the soulmate should be thought of in terms of it being relative. My soulmate 5 years ago is different from now, as I change as a person what I look for changes, the soul mate is a process always in a state of change. It does not make sense if it is static, the soul mate is that person who fulfills your soul and the soul is a hard thing to ascertain or place. The Soul for me is a feeling, a feeling that reaches out to the world and grips it and uses its ephemeral antennas to navigate the world and in doing so changes itself. The Soul is intertwined with Love which makes the whole event of falling in love so world shattering, our reality crumbles. We can easily try to discern Love by contrasting it to its counter part, Lust. Lust is the sexual feelings for someone, it is nothing more nothing less, it is pure primal in a sense. Love is a more natural and layered aspect of a connection with someone. What happens when you fall in love? For some they are hopeless romantics, those that take on love too fully, when they engage love it sends them sky high, and when it leaves them, they go spiraling down. It is a very intense event yet one that is beneficial to them. The outcomes of this Love are immense and shatters their life and their future, they begin to plan their whole life around this person, which has some great misfortunes if it ends. When they are out of Love they spiral down into an existential crisis as their life has been rearranged again yet instead of construction of a life, it is a dissection of the life they had planned. It is ignorant to say don't fall so easily into Love, it mischaracterizes Love, its like saying don't die in a plane crash, the plane crashing was out of my control and I got on the flight because I've seen countless people go on a plane and survive. The only way someone, the helpless romantic, falls out of Love is by hearing those ghastly words of untethering slip from the lips of their partner. Some of the largest civilizations have fell due to this, and some of the greatest poems written have described this.

This easy slip into love is anything but a blessing, it is a curse, it can damage relationships, especially in the beginning because people are afraid of falling in love because they know what can happen. Love will ruin anyone's life but as helpless romantics we are worse off without love because it means we are without a soul. We need love to navigate the world and we can only do so by flying so high and falling so low. Love should never be shot down so quick, it is a natural occurrence that presents itself at certain moments, its damaging yet we can not help but fall in Love. The ultimate nightmare of a helpless romantic is the fading of Love, what happens when we are in the event of Love but feel it begin to crack or slip away? Over time this love might disappear, this mystery is one that lives in the back of all our minds, it casts it's shadow on the back of our head. Love, like a flame, can disappear, it begins to flicker out, and once the smoke begins to rise its gone, reigniting it makes it built a new on faulty foundations. This love can be reinstalled but will never be the same as those memories you ponder of returning to, that love is lost to time. When Love is found it will set your chest on fire, it will make you feel ill, you will be on the most intense high as well as the worst withdrawal of your life. But it is what makes life interesting. Without Love we would be mindless, soulless bodies wandering the Earth, like spirits trapped in Limbo, nothing to return to. Love is the home we all want and need yet its one of the most complicated and complex housing issues in the world. We can not trade anything for a room there, we can not buy a room there, some of the poorest have afforded it and some of the wealthiest have lost it. Love is a special house in which you can find but the journey to find it will involve pain, suffering but at the end happiness. Everyone can open the door but being greeted on the other side of this door is another part of Love which is indescribable.

pyramid scheme

first from normandy,
rouen or amiens
through the alsace, or is that too cold at this time of year?
it's all cold at this time of year.
maybe strasbourg, and then
 over the alps
or is that the wrong direction?
should I just cut a line across this middle-europe
munich, then vienna, then budapest, then bucharest
then,
 o that I had died at Troy
 an isthmus of isthmuses
things only get harder from here.
ankara, or, no, maybe, something, closer to the sea
 once upon a time in anatolia
he wasn't dead when they put him in the ground
Uzak, İklimler, Ahlat Ağacı, and then *Kış Uykusu*
 winter sleep, where maybe chekhov wrote *the wife*
and where dostoyevsky could've written *brothers karamazov*
shore upon shore upon shore
at swim, two girls
quentinities
quarkites
or, maybe, just death; yes, that was death
where Ergüven wrote *Mustang*
and then wrapped her in a sheet.
let that be a paean to the kurds whose home I cannot cross
but, I will pass through hama,



though no one knows whether rumi walked here, or

Սայատ-Նովա

it was sayat-nova who wrote

Down from yon distant mountain

The streamlet finds its way,

And through the quiet village

It flows in eddying play.

I am that youth who plays

and walks until Beirut, where Paris once looked fondly

once his eyes had turned from Helen

and

Judah/Israel

water/blood/

two/two/

being/nothing

and then maybe, yes, I'll forget what has been remembered a thousand times

to just arrive at Giza, or somewhere near

and sit with a glass of orange juice and a red-striped straw to gaze upon

the time I've passed in awe of nothing in particular

as a note: these lines are inspired by q.scobie. who is planning on walking from his place in northern france to the pyramids of giza in the new year. good luck, q.



THE HOTTEST CHRISTMAS CHOCOLATE

When Aidan told me he wanted the cover for the Christmas edition to be red, something immediately popped in my mind. Something that will put aside for a moment the greasy white bearded Coca-Cola Santa developed during the boundless post war ecstasy for consumerism, making of red and Christmas a *sacro-sanctus* combination.

In fact, I wanted to display here an interesting social item appearing at Christmas time: the individually wrapped chocolates. Associated with modern perception of romanticism, the chocolate combines both pleasure of the gustative senses and the supposedly aphrodisiac values associated with cocoa beans.

There is actually one special chocolate which places itself as the most romantic of all. But its perception from a consumer's point of view can balance from loving it, to a disapproval of the very values conveyed by this product.

Without getting too mysterious about this chocolate, it is called *Mon Chéri* (as you can see on the cover). At this time of the year, you can easily find it in supermarkets where the red boxes are religiously displayed at the entrance of the shop. I thus carefully selected and bought mine at the closest *Géant Casino*. It comes in a ruby transparent plastic box where you can distinguish the neatly organized reddish little pieces of individually wrapped chocolates.

The chocolate is in and of itself a paradox and very much overdone.

A thin envelope of hard dark chocolate cracks under the pressure of your teeth, liberating strong cherry flavored liquor, then, just before closing completely your jaw, a small and soft cherry reveals itself as the center of this unusual treat.

I already hear people saying “oh well, just another alcohol based chocolate”. Actually yes you're right, but this one is not of the usual type as the image conveyed for its promotion goes beyond the fact of eating it for what it is, but for what you think it might represent.



(the gilets jaunes' protests were actually about *Mon Chéri*)

Its very name, *Mon Chéri*, places it in a very particular position in the chocolate hierarchy. I asked myself what could be the best occasion to offer this type of chocolate, but couldn't find a possible answer to this. Is it more suited for a present to a friend, or a lover? Could it be a proof of love to bring this to your depressed aunt at the Christmas dinner?

I was indeed wondering who might be the typical consumer for this product.

Moreover, this chocolate undeniably wants to reflect an image of sexuality behind the action of eating chocolate. As a child, this chocolate fascinated me. It represented the access to the adult world. The forbidden cherry fruit soaked in strong liquor, being well protected by its hard chocolate cover, a bit as if you could peer through the metal door of a strip club. However it is often the last chocolate still displayed in the large, empty plate on the Christmas table. I sense here the pressure of taboo which concentrates around the act of choosing this last one, when all your family is waiting for someone to take this goddamn sexual referenced chocolate.

I feel no one truly like this chocolate and people may only buy it for the image that it brings to the Christmas period. As if adults wanted to softly introduce their children to a very special definition of love. Also, why is it called *Mon Chéri*? If I was the CEO of this company I would have called it *Ma Cherry*. But it might just be me refusing the model this brand wants us to believe as the perfect form of love between a loving spouse offering chocolates to her alcoholic husband.

Here I finish talking about this holy sexual Christmas chocolate bringing this hint of spice in the loving conservative households.

“I wish you a happy Christmas *Mon Chéri!*”




(“give us *Mon Chéri*”)

Yours,
Monsieur Gilles.



chey jules



aidan interviews pink kudu on his novel *the mole club* in four parts

part 1:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/10IXSrA0mjppqLWGMFj7UQTImkb1ixXx/view?fbclid=IwAR3jlajCyJXELxIR4yi4OwfuW5QYYISPvoeUxLm4294tiPYE8oLsvkbNr0>

part 2:

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1TtM6hualcRbBXMtbzI8-Ed9iyI9MyQsX/view?fbclid=IwAR1oPwiYj20rSYLyCbgDWrGt8JcH_c3vGuec-BP-nekpEjsYGBCzxqQH1mI

part 3:

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1Xozmqy6cfWe-4IBnGjARPqxr4v-DUnI/view?fbclid=IwAR1SXkkg6gSK_AubnvnIDByKzJlb70QNb-udoLWco-phhlmG75src1G2BLE

part 4:

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1YyCrCSVsW3APaL8pHMTIrYw90lwaSTkh/view?fbclid=IwAR2kac8vU3_RRzC48cGxH1-05nKzM-syK7EUehxSiR4MUen_IldXWhTTA3k

hegelsh's an auto-review of excerpts 1-14 of the Pink Kudu's *The Mole Club*
(which inevitably becomes yet another meditation on german idealism)

there are two basic parts to the *mole club*. one part concerns carlo thomas' (a.k.a pink kudu's/james') life and the other is a kind of phantasmagoria, a kind of derangement of form. the first is *excerpts* (1-14), while the second is what could be reasonably called the *mole club*. reading the two together means reading into the cut that, in separating the two, unites them.

1-14 deal with 'life,' and while certain fictional gimmicks have been added, like a doting librarian, Nigel Scobie, temporarily in possession of memoirs from the year 2020 in Edinburgh, there is no anxious misremembrance, no 'cut.' the *mole club*, by contrast, is a pure racontre of a never-happened history, which provides the memetic fantasy of an ever-undiscovered, utopic intelligentsia -- the so-called 'mole club.'

this cut is a kind of auto-fictional¹ cut. it is the move from non-fiction to fiction. here, non-fiction is a negation of a fiction that *has yet to appear*. we are waiting for the fictional moment to appear.

Sullen, I drag myself home, up the hill through Marchmont . But as I reach the hilltop, I sense a spring in my step, the O of the moon, the opaque circle of white calms me. Standing beneath the milk and honey button-like face of the clocktower, I think

is this the fictional moment? a kind of surreal(ity), a mention of things that didn't happen, or a certain simultaneity that incises the configuration of the piece into the piece itself. but, what are we looking for?

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the mole club, which we call the fictional part, is only fictional because it, in and of itself, points to the cut, or gap, between fiction and non-fiction. we say,

but, james, that never happened
yes, I know; it never happened: but, what does that have to do with reality?

¹ auto-fiction, however, as a word, covers up the impossible 2. non-fiction should probably be kept with its negative connotation. non-

in other words, the *mole club* cannot detect its move into fiction. it only operates fictionally insofar as, at this point, james begins qua *mole club* to point to the possibility of a lie. that he may be lying. the temporary loss in the structure of recognition opens up his own life to some immanent misunderstanding or disturbance, which we call a *lie*. whether this lie exists or not is not ultimately important for fiction, because we think, through fiction, the possibility of a negation which already-exists without fiction having ever appeared. the negation which has already negated what is impossible. it is

how one can imagine the zero-level of creation: a red dividing line cuts through the thick darkness of the void, and on this line, a fuzzy something appears, the object-cause of desire—perhaps, for some, a woman's naked body (as on the cover of this book). Does this image not supply the minimal coordinates of the subject-object axis, the truly primordial axis of evil: the red line which cuts through the darkness is the subject, and the body its object?²

so, we start with a non-. we anticipate the thing which we will negate. is this why hegel says in the *Logic* that there is a something, which interacts with its non-something, but which only reveals itself through the negation of the other. the something negates itself into existence. it was only ever the - (the negative sign). fiction is the possibility of thinking this

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one can say, then, that the *mole club* was only ever a negative sign. it was only ever the gesture of looking back to realize there was nothing there in the first place. at the level of form, our object is the *mole club*. it is not what we have first, but that which appears first *only after* a failure. after a negation. people mention the mole club as they try to discover what and where it is. it is, however, in the context of james' *mole club*, a mole club. a mole club is a kind of rencontre with an object; it is an impasse, which, at the same time, seems to structure the interaction. james, in other words, places a kind of fictional disturbance in his otherwise compliant memoirs in order to, as some might argue, release the pure negativity of reality.

is it a *real* place?

one should...celebrate this shift as an indication of crucial spiritual progress: nothing is lost in this reduction of lively colourfulness to grey discipline; in fact, everything is gained - the power of the spirit is precisely to progress from the 'green' immediacy of life to its 'grey'

² Less Than Nothing, 51

conceptual structure, and to reproduce in this reduced medium the essential determinations to which our immediate experience blinds us.³

the structure of the *mole club* is, then, a mole club. it is structured around a cut *that is really happening*. one actually undergoes the turn into fiction as james, in the midst of his life, opens his own recollections up to an intrusion. the intrusion, however, is a shift, a kind of tic. it works in being unrecognizable, in being un-experienced by anyone, in being a pure *gegenstand*⁴, so that the process of thought which is interrupted constitutes in and of itself a new moment, which is the realization that from the pure mis-recognition the constitution of recognition itself is presented *as nothing but a shift into*. a shift into recognition, but *from where?* far from this being a moment of 'ingesting the interruption,' the moment is one of realizing that recognition *already* constitutes itself in-view-of a shift 'into the recognizable,' which has never been experienced by anyone. we give it a history, a la *Die Weltalter*, but we fail to explain the originary moment out of which we emerged into the recognizable. this is the moment that is *already negated* and out of which the eruption of form, of ficción, arises, as an attempt to explain an impossible beginning. this impossible beginning, however, is reflected in the shift into misrecognition. one rediscovers a moment of beginning in the 'awry look' into the unrecognizable of one's own inner narrative, of one's own story. one can pass reasonably unharmed through the process of reconfiguration as we 'present the truth,' until the moment of presentation is experienced, not in some already-redeemed primordial moment of pure-being/truthfulness, but in the realization that we have ourselves already proceeded from a moment of negation. in experiencing the shift of misrecognition, we realize that we have already been presented a fiction. this is the fiction, however, of life. it is the fiction of already being placed and failing to recognize the violence of that first placement. the negation, in turn, with which we should identify is the negation that first constituted the radical immediacy of life, for which the cut of fiction is nothing but a reference to that negative foundation of the shift into. the shift into life itself.

the never-having-happened of the *mole club* is, therefore, nothing but the never-having-happened of the pure, negative *removal* which notionally determines life as we live it. they point to each other through the parallax of history/nature.

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in the *mole club*, its history, *post-excerpts*, is told in a kind of monstrous satire of the autistic jouissance of the intellectual. But, following this recount is the end of excerpt 14.

³ Sublime Object of Ideology, ix-x

⁴ there are two words for object in german: objekt and gegenstand. the second basically means: something which resists.

Carlo and Stu moved on and say goodbye to Vlad⁵ and co, they moved through the club serenely, Stu absorbing that which he could. There were of course, various climes to the mole club, in cozy chambers out of sight, small groups of chaps, tended to their libraries and carefully curated DVD collections. But that particular night Carlo had his sights set on the grand halls located at the heart of the club, it was he thought, the right way to do things.

Moment of explanation

Of course, it was me Carlo Thomas who has scribed all this down. You may remember, before Father Moore started speaking, that I was having to refer to myself in the 3rd person, in the interim. Well now, Moore has wrapped things up, and it is just Stu and I, so I will resume my autobiographical musings. That night at the mole club was a massive night, a real classic, totally crazy, it reached a climax circa 4 that morning. If you remember my good friend Ethan, who collapsed at the sight of the mole club. He too joined in the garrulous festivities, despite being confined to a wheelchair, that was wired up to various bags of saline, he had a cosy tartan rug over his seated legs, and was wheeled around by an assistant, he was slowly but surely being weaned on to the marvels of the mole club.

Around 5, Stu and I emerged back through the Edinburgh office on grange road in the early hours of the morning, walking home through the empty dewy streets of Edinburgh, to my tiny apartment. We (Stu and I) were in fact joined by Quentin, Ethan and Wee-willie winkie and we came, one by one out of the trap door in the toilet of the office, resembling clowns coming out of a comically small car.

Outside,
birds were cheeping, a sombre light was about, the air was
moist with dew,
but no less still and suspended;
while the town was busy sleeping, we made our way
home,
under the huge endless sky,
 as tiny figurines nestled in the suburbs of Edinburgh,
a child's play-set under lamplight in a loft.
A young boy arranges the train track and sets off his
little Choo Choo train, it goes round and round the
route, steaming past the bridges, farms, steeples and

⁵ Vladimir Nabokov.



* chap utopia



Vladimir Vladimirovich Nabokov, is the closest thing this world has ever seen to a chap saint. We dedicate the following piece, which outlines the treacherous ups and downs of any chap's life, to the one and only.

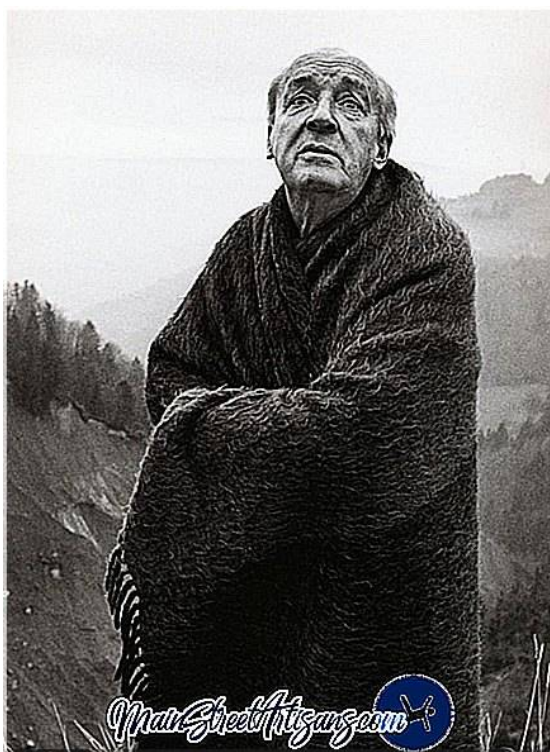
P. chapiesis

Face of a freshly cuckolded chap - wife has recently left him for another man, but at the very moment that this troubling thought sets in, his spirits are lifted when he remembers that he still has volumes 5 and 6 of Proust's *À la recherche du temps perdu* to finish.



P. chapuleus

A devastated chap resigned to his celibate fate, decides to join an augustinian monastery, teaming up with fellow bumbly bachelors Tommaso D'Aquino, tres tres gay boy P and Gianluigi Emanuele Kantini



*P. chapbadbloke*TM*itius*

An all round badder breed of bloke, one who has renounced his previous monastic abstinence from sexual relations. Seen here at the crack of dawn, parting thick clouds of minge-tainted mist to sniff at the copious amounts of clunge that await him.



P. homochapilionidae

Bamboozled by a recent acid trip (tab and a crabbies pre-tasty noodle chap summit) our guy awakes from his stupor to find himself in the welcome company of a dashing young rent boy.



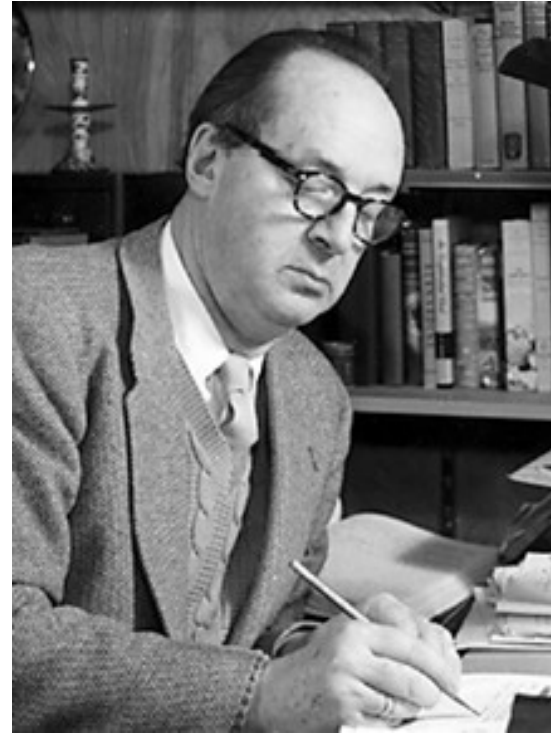
P. chapattii

Chap abashedly bites his upper lip, post-shitting himself on busy New York street.



P. chapiones

Chap back at home, trying to forget the worst of a bad day, pen pouring lyric lines.



“How big is my dick?”
“*This big*”



Chap seen leaving molly house off Nicholson square



le petit prince dispatch #2

SATURN was fun, but sad.
something is being contemplated there, but I'm not sure what.

I liked the ending though.

-

approaching MARS

yes, it seems, MARS is next. our list of expected communications is as follows:

elias' (aka ethan traum and die Mood) **recounting an impactful dream I once had in which I killed my parents, except I wasn't myself and my parents were this other child's parents**
ripvan's **illustrated poems** and **the last hooray**
robert mackenzie's **sindedata**

I can sort of see the upcoming planet. strange.

and, yes, another feed from max heidegger's spacestation:

fia on love #2

I'll keep this line open for as long as I can.





In Love, with sadness

I step out of the house into a snow-covered street to clear my head. How can someone in love be sad? Is love not that which warms me to the very core of my soul? Being in love is that of looking into the future, you feel the joy of being in love, but you also experience the loss of that love. Being in love is like life, we all know there is an end, and it sits with us all along the journey. How is it that the removal of a person you just met can somehow sink you further than before you even met them? The alchemy of love is converting that of loneliness into the precious element of romance. You create something more precious, that is one of the inherent qualities of being human, we can create that which we seek. Love is also that which we give and receive, we definitely know when we are giving it but how do we know if we receive it? We get this high from giving love to someone, it is the sense of vulnerability, giving yourself irrationally to this idea and expecting something in return. Enter the casino of Love. Where we gamble with feelings and those lucky enough will leave without losing too much of themselves.

I give so much to be in love, and I get nothing in return, no eyes fall onto me, no notice. I put myself into her world and instead of getting known I get forgotten before I even got to know her. She reaches out for me and I extend my grip, I reach out for her and no hand comes to lift me up. So, I fall. I have fallen in both love and into a depression in this world of love. I am that soulless being wandering the world. Many hands reach for me, but I am focused on the one that is not presenting itself. Constantly looking and never being confirmed of my existence. It seems I only get on her mind when I forget her. To feel love I must push her out. I feel a shift in perspective. If I forget about her so she reaches out to me how am I any different from before. I have just put myself into her boots. This does not solve any problems and so I keep reaching out to her so that I can take hold of this sadness, so she does not have to. I constantly think of her, so she doesn't have to think of me. If this is not love then I must be in hell.

We are all forgotten in this world until that one makes us feel known.

When I take a drug, I want it to fuck me up on the first try, either for good or bad, that's why my drug of choice is Love.

Recounting an impactful dream I once had in which I killed my parents, except I wasn't myself and my parents were this other child's parents

The dream began in a sloped woods with short, vaguely manicured grass the color of an unripe pear. Towering pines were arranged in a disorderly grid. To my right, I could make out the lights of civilization in the distance. Suburbs, I thought. It was nighttime. My father walked between me and these lights. He was thirty or thirty-five years old in this dream, myself six. He wore neat khakis, a short sleeve, blue button-up shirt, and black shoes which were neither formal nor casual. We were perhaps South Korean or Japanese; I could only discern that we belonged to one of the newly westernized East Asian nations. In reality, my immediate family members and I are all white, so I have always found this detail of the dream very strange.

I lost control of myself very suddenly. A machete or weapon of some sort appeared and some external power took possession of me. Like an animal, I murdered my father. A petrifying siren rang out not long after. It was the type of alarm you might expect to forecast a nuclear weapon, deafening and panicked. The sky itself, even the air around me began to radiate an industrial red perfectly synchronized with the siren. Now conscious of the world, I left my animal state and felt a primal fear of original, nameless sin.

I saw a stylized image of myself (my six year old, East Asian self) printed upon a weathered, tan material which might have depicted the face of a wanted criminal some two hundred years ago. The black and white figure held the machete in one hand and my father's disembodied head in the other, fingers gripping his black, cropped hair like Perseus with the head of Medusa. Indiscriminate East Asian lettering or symbols adorned the lower third of the poster. I intuitively knew that this was an advertisement of some sort, a film trailer maybe. I did not belong to myself.

I had no perspective or point of view by this point in the dream—the poster monopolized my attention. Two faceless voices made indistinct conversation about my crime. I remember one remark: “He killed his own father?” I felt that this commentary must have been part of the advertisement as well. To my horror, my guilt lay entirely with the knowledge that I had committed a taboo. I felt no regret for the act of murder or for the loss of my father's life. I had been damned only by the fact that he was my father. I was acutely aware of all this during the dream.

I next remember entering my family's apartment. The building must have stood among the lights which lay beyond the woods at the start of the dream. I stood in the entrance of our second floor doorway, my mother coming to receive me. The space was mostly wooden with warm and inviting lighting. My dream state had constructed the walls and floor of the apartment in the likeness of tatami material I have seen from the limited pieces of Japanese entertainment which have permeated the West. I was not carrying the weapon or my father's head, though my clothes were stained with blood. Shocked, my mother shepherded me into my room and lay me down to bed. Under a profound sense of guilt, I was unable to speak when I tried to confess my crime. She sat up from my bed and walked briskly out of the room before I could say a word.

My animal state returned and I somehow found a weapon (I do not know what). I bolted towards my mother in the hallway and she screamed. Only a few paces away from her, I returned to my ordinary condition. I tried to express that she should run away from me but my mother did not seem to understand, drawing slightly nearer in apprehension. After a few moments, I was possessed again. The dream ended the moment I threw my weapon upon my crying mother.

When I was younger, I would often wake from my dreams at the moment of my own death. This remains the only time in my life when I have returned to consciousness from a dream state through the act of killing another. I had been sharing a bed with my lover on that night, apparently heaving and making frantic, ape-like noises for five to ten seconds before waking (like a nearly drowned man who takes his first breath above water). It took a few moments to calm down before I recounted the dream in great detail. I was deeply pained, though I managed to fall asleep again much faster than my lover after I had related this disturbing dream to her.



The Last Hooray

“Wizard I Know, It Got Away,
Wizard You’ll Be Okay, Okay,
Wizard I Know, It Got Away,
Wizard You’ll Be Okay, Okay.” —Homeshake

Whitey “Quick Hands” Powell, dressed in slacks and a half button up t-shirt, sloshed through the neighborhood with a bottle of wine hanging from his hand. He had waited for what seemed like weeks for the rain to quiet down, and now that Mother Nature had become bored with the city, he decided to celebrate at his local crawl, Mickey’s Tavern. Rusty Malibus and Crown Victorias on cinderblocks lined the narrow streets like dominoes bound to fall at any minute; and as Whitey passed them, he tilted his head back, facing a dull sky, and then guzzled down the last smooth pull of his wine. However, this was only a part of the grand scheme of his daily drinking routine: in the morning, after brushing his teeth (or what teeth were still there), he would wash away the gritty film of toothpaste left on his tongue with a cold beer; then for lunch, he would eat a steaming plate of chicken strips and canned beans—an American delicacy in the

processed food industry—to accompany his scotch on the rocks; and finally, here he was, smashing his polished bottle of wine into a puddle of dirty rainwater before he made his regal entrance into Mickey’s.

A loud crack came from the pool table as Whitey moseyed through the hallway and into the bar where he was surprised by drunken ramblings:

— “Whiteyyyyyy!”

— “Whiteyyyyyy!!”

The two men threw their pool cues up in excitement with all the billiards still rattling against the railings until the cue ball and the dreaded 8 ball went down the pockets; a loss, but oh well. They both gave Whitey a light pat on the back and then took a sip of beer at the same time as if planned or some sort of degenerate impulse, but Mickey’s wasn’t a place to judge. Joseph “Bullseye” Sampson, the more handsome of the two, gave out a sudsy burp and, while wiping the spittle from his bottom lip, he said, “So how’ve ya’ been ya’ ugly drunkard?”

“It’s been okay,” Whitey replied, “I’m sure you guys heard about the Doc’s verdict?”

Davey “One Pocket” Jenkins, (the less handsome of the two I should mention), turned to Joseph with a cocked eye and then baffled out, “Heard?! Everyone in the whole neighborhood heard about it. Even my cousin heard about it, and he’s a full-fledged nobody!”

“Yeah of course we’ve heard about it,” Joseph added on, “I mean, why do you think we’re here? We’re throwing you a party, man. Can’t you tell?” He swayed his hand down and then up as a way of revealing all of the decorations and preparations they had done for this special occasion; while Davey stood beside him with a stupid grin, anticipating a “thanks” or possibly a few tears from Whitey. But this was sadly not the case. For Whitey has seen the lone balloon bouncing against the ceiling and all of the others half empty with air rolling around a cake on the counter when he had first walked in, and now that he knew what they were for, he didn’t know if he should be happy, mad, sad, or all of the above.

“You’re... You’re throwing a party for my death?” Whitey asked.

“Yeah,” Joseph answered, “like a birthday party or something, ya’ know?”

“Yeah, like a birthday party, but the opposite. It’s a death-day party if you will.” Davey nudged Joseph’s shoulder for a good laugh and then continued, “Well, what do ya’ think?” “It’s great and all, but if it’s a party then where is everyone?’ Whitey replied. “Well, we invited everyone from the neighborhood, but no one showed up.” Joseph said. As Whitey rubbed his forehead, Davey could tell something was eating at him, and he wondered to himself what it could possibly be, “Were the black balloons in poor taste?” “Well, enough of this meandering,” Joseph said, “How about we get a few drinks?” “Yeah, what do ya’ say, Whitey?” Davey added.

Without having to answer, Whitey got to the bar in a jiffy and asked Bill the bartender for a beer and two shots of Fireball.

“No problem, Whitey” said Bill who grabbed the Fireball within the gallery of various liquors and then brought it to the counter where he poured out the shots and then popped open a bottle of beer with a dry expression.

Whitey pulled down both shots like it was nothing. He then ordered two more and then sipped on his beer as Davey and Joseph took a seat at each side of him.

“So, how’ve the cards been fallin’ these days?” Davey asked.

“I haven’t been playin’ much lately to be honest.” Whitey answered.

“And why is that?”

Whitey wasn’t about to explain his obvious reasonings to a simpleton like Davey; instead, resting his head against a closed fist, he then gazed upon the baseball game that was playing on the old Zenith in front of him. “A full count, and here’s the pitch,” the announcer said— “Strike out!” The wild shrills of the crowd died out all at once to which Bill the bartender yelled from his seat, “God Dammit!” and then threw his washcloth down onto the ground.

“Remember when we use to play ball at the schoolyard as kids?” Joseph asked. “Remember when you use to neck with that old gal back in the day?” Like a clan of hyenas, Davey and Joseph laughed with Bill joining in on the fun, but Whitey didn’t care because it had happened a long time ago: stupid kids. He could’ve reminded Davey of the endless dumb stuff

he did when he was young too, but he figured it was best not to start some back and forth bickering, especially on his death-day.

“Yeah, I remember, Davey. Thanks for refreshing my memory.” Whitey said, sarcastically. As they all settled down, the postgame discussion had started: the dialogue of facts and statistics of the night, the brisk mentions of the team’s loss, but then it ultimately ended in an upbeat, optimistic narrative which left Whitey nor Bill satisfied. When suddenly, to the sounds of footsteps chattering from the front door into the bar, to the raspy shouts of “finally!” from Davey, Whitey bent back in his chair until he had caught a glimpse of a man dressed in a 3-piece suit and a propeller hat. Stately, drunken Davey brought the young man who carried a guitar and a suitcase in both hands to the counter, and then introduced him to everyone. “Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you tonight’s entertainment, Gabriel.”

The bar was quiet as a confessional, but Joseph would soon change that. He laughed and, almost falling from his stool, he asked, “you’re a high-class fella’, aren’t ya’?” More silence, but Whitey then interrupted, saying, “yeah, and who is he to you?”

“Well, if you must know,” Davey replied, “he’s my long-lost cousin, and he came here all the way from Edinburgh to play us a few songs.”

Meanwhile, Bill the bartender had strolled towards the four of them, and then asked Gabriel, “So, what can I get ya’?”

“Uhh, can I get a Sheepshaggers Gold? He replied.

“What?!” Davey proclaimed, “No, no, no, he don’t have that here.”

“What about a Nessie’s Monster Mash?” Gabriel politely continued to which Davey began to pull his hair in aggravation, and then said, “He don’t have that here neither!” “Perhaps a Simmer Dim then?” asked Gabriel once again.

Bill could do nothing but laugh at Davey who smacked the back of Gabriel’s head, causing his hat’s little propeller to spin round and round as he lashed out, “How about you go to that stool over there and start playin’ some dang songs for my friend Whitey here? He’s dying, ya’ know?” Gabriel, let down from the lack of culture, got to his designated stool after laying his suitcase on the floor beside him and then prepared his act by way of accurate tunings of his old parlor guitar, descending and then ascending chromatically up to the perfect pitch, the notes resonating amid the guitar’s hollow chamber that cracked a smile on Gabriel’s face. When the tune began,

Whitey had gotten his fill of booze, but this wouldn’t stop him. His head was upon the counter as he ordered two more shots of Fireball and a beer with the guitar a janglin’ mess in his ears: one chord, two chord, three chord, four; the waltz progressed towards a

dissonant peak of the shadows amidst the corner of the bar where Gabriel's hands were a warm silhouette, releasing the tritone back to the tonic in a single strum of his pick.

Whitey had heard this song before, and his mind was flying topsy-turvy amid the clouds to figure out when and where the song was first introduced to him. A good minute had passed when the memory then came to him like a sudden dream.

It was about 10-15 years ago in a smoke-filled kitchen of his buddy Dermond's home where they all sat around the table scrunched between the stove and the refrigerator and played Texas hold 'em deep into the night. But this night was different than the others. For Whitey had gotten back from Tennessee the day before with a large package of Bee's loaded decks that he paid a whopping \$5000 for and was eager to reap the rewards. Hand after hand, glass after glass, the money was stacked in Whitey's favor and, though he wanted to shout from the rooftops about his certain fortunes, he decided to hold these fantasies back deep inside his starry, bloodshot-eyed

complexion. In the act of making his farewell, stuffing a loose pile of Benjamins and his lucky deck of cards into his pockets, a commotion had come from the radio of that familiar waltz: one, two, three, one, two, three, a rhythm he had never heard before, the chord's beauty a velvet rope lowering his soul into a pit of darkness and despair that carried with him as he went out into the morning sunlight. Ill-minded, Whitey then began to stroll through the neighborhoods of boarded homes and battered streets where the shadows of the clouds casted down onto all the dwellings of this wasteland and belittled Whitey to a hazy speck on the horizon. Desperately, he yanked the money out he had won that night and then counted it up to a total of \$25,000, but the happiness he expected wasn't there, and the only thing he would truly feel was regret...

"Whitey! Whitey! Are you alright?" asked Davey.

Whitey's face was drowning in a pool of tears and, as he lifted himself up from the counter, he said, "I don't want to die, man. I'm gunna' go to Hell, straight to Hell."

"What? Why would you go to Hell?"

"Because," Whitey answered, wiping his face and sniffing, "I've been a liar and a cheater my whole life. I've been a sinner, plain and simple."

He lowered his head back onto the counter after

the confession and then spent a moment of solitude adding tears to the puddle. Davey and Joseph looked at each other in total shock. They had never seen Whitey or any man for that matter act like this and were left with the assumption that Death does this to everyone—Yippy! A tapping on Davey's shoulder, he turned around and, upon realizing it was Gabriel, he said, "What do you want? I thought you were supposed to play us some songs?"

“Well, I noticed your chap was having a hard time over here and thought I could help.” “And how could you possibly help?” Davey darted back.

“Let me show you.” Gabriel set his suitcase beside Whitey’s head, unzipped its zipper, and then pulled out a pair of plastic goggles attached with wires leading to an interface. “Whoa, whoa, whoa, what the heck is that?” Davey asked, “That’s not some foreign magic contraption or something is it? No one’s like that over here, buddy.”

“Yeah, now’s not the time for magic tricks.” Joseph concurred.

Gabriel chuckled in a sober but polite manner, and then replied, “It’s nothing of the sort. It’s a virtual reality headset.”

“A what?” Davey asked to which Gabriel answered, “A virtual reality headset, ya’ know? Like computers and what not. I think it could help Whitey take his mind off things for a bit.”

“Please God!” Whitey cried, “I don’t want to die! Please!”

Davey scurried towards Whitey to comfort his mournful friend, but he was then surprised by a sudden bombshell as Whitey had pushed him back in disgust and shouted, “Don’t touch me, you pig! I want to be left alone, Goddammit!”

At this point, Davey had snapped. He grabbed Whitey by the shoulders and demanded Joseph to grab Whitey’s feet, and then together, they straddled Whitey over the pool table, tying him down with some rope that Bill reluctantly gave them.

“You’re gunna’ put these damn goggles on and feel better, alright?! We’re tired of your babblings!” said Davey.

With the goggles strapped over Whitey’s eyes, Gabriel twisted the dials and typed in a series of numbers into the interface until the experience had begun: Darkness. A flickering upon the screen produced an image piece by piece of dots and lines that Whitey couldn’t comprehend at first.

“-----.....-----.....-----.....-----.....”

-----.....-----.....-----.....-----.....

-----..... H E AV A N -----

-----.....-----.....-----.....-----.....

“-----.....-----.....-----.....-----.....”

(Gabriel to Davey: It’s H-E-A-V-A-N, right?)

Davey: Yeah, I'm pretty sure.

Joseph sips his beer)

From above, through pixelated clouds, a white light shined down upon Whitey and consumed the image in a ruthless flash as his eyes blinked and gushed tears, but somehow still fixed to the screen as it faded into view. The soft melodies of bugles off in the distance, Whitey found himself stretched out on a rug within the hall of a castle. He got to his feet and then sauntered further and further down the labyrinth of hallways until the ringing of a bell stopped him dead in his tracks.

(Davey to Gabriel: What the heck is he doing? Why are his feet moving?)

Gabriel: He's walking.

Joseph takes another sip.)

At the drop of a hat, the doors swung open and out came a barrage of laughter and conversations into the castle's hallways' where antelopes, camels, and cows; gazelles, goats, and horses; lions, lambs, and roosters migrated left to right to the next room with fish flopping and leeches leeching behind them. "Serotonin and Octopamine, man" said the lobster with great posture to the other. But the chaos had soon ended. And as Whitey unraveled from the fetal position, a pair of brass horns began to play from the room at the end of the hallway. His mind was in shambles, and he wasn't sure what any of this meant or if there was a meaning to begin with, but the screen, the more real-than-real images, and the horn's unadulterated beauty drew his soul in like the warmth of a good buzz. He swayed wall to wall down the hallway until momentum got the best of him, bringing his drunken stupor to a loud thud upon the floor at the foot of the entrance. With his head all slouched and puffy-cheeked, he laid there for a moment collecting his thoughts when a voice suddenly spoke to him—a childing, almost heavenly voice drifting through the vaporous room that said, "Step forward."

Whitey wasn't keen on being told what to do, especially not from his two previous wives, but order had now been dismantled, and what gave way was an opportunity of change and redemption. So, he wandered in, coughing and spitting out phlegm, his hands fanning the burnings of cheap tobacco before his frantic shadow came wobbling into the clearing. There, seated at his thrown, was a Wizard with angles floating above him who hoisted their shining bugles up to the sky and played taps in long, unified notes. And as the tune drifted towards its end, a cadence mirrored by its opening melody, the Wizard had called to Whitey once again:

"What is it that you want?" said the Wizard.

"Are...are you God?" Whitey asked.

The room suddenly brimmed with laughter from the angels and the dogs who played poker and drank and smoked cigars around a table in the corner of the room while an embarrassed Whitey waited for the crowd to settle.

“God?” The Wizard asked, “sure, I can be your God.”

The crowd could no longer hold it back: they laughed and laughed with the dogs all falling back

in their chairs and rolling around on the ground as their cards and chips scattered about, and with the angels slapping their knees and spinning around in circles when Whitey had finally dropped to his knees and began to pray.

“Please God,” Whitey tearfully begged, “forgive my sinful ways. Tell me I’m going to Heaven. Tell me everything will be okay.” He then crawled to the throne and placed his head on the wizard’s lap where his tears poured and poured onto a star-spangled robe. “Now he’s begging for forgiveness!” the angel, out of breath and squinty-eyed, shouted, “Now tell me, fellows, are we at the Pearly Gates?”

To another rigorous outcry of the crowd, the Wizard began to rub Whitey’s head and said to him in a soft, holy whisper, “everything will be okay, everything will be okay...” (Davey to Gabriel: Jesus! What’s happening? Why has he stopped moving? Gabriel runs over to Whitey and checks his vital signs and breathing.

Gabriel: He fell asleep.

Joseph takes one last sip.)

THE END

POEMS:

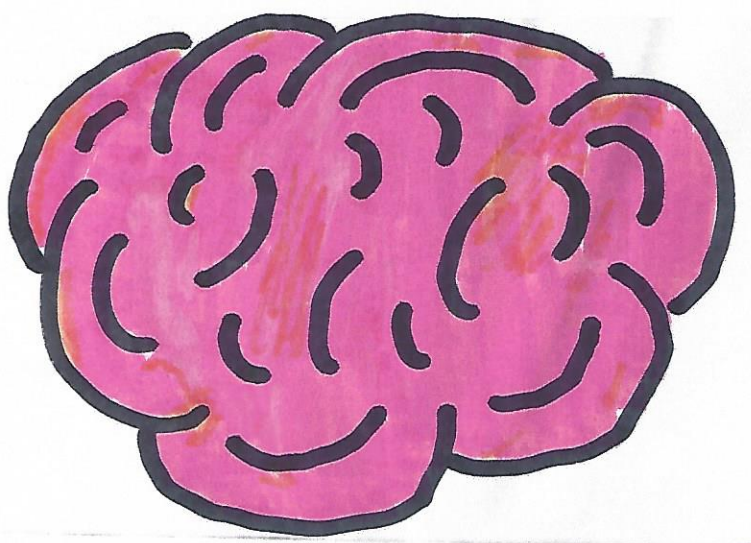
"For Patroclus"

Down the bronze age road that led,
To the bodies and the heads,
And the pyres blazing high

Of the homes filled with swine,
Pass the incense and the wine,
For the dirges has begun

Sing the songs and come what may,
As the ashes burn for the day,
With their souls drifting down to Hades

Down the line the stallions marched,
On and on 'til broken hearts,
But now's the time to find the bones



Poems:

"Winter Solstice"

Past the branches
And leaves,
Laid the midday's heavens
Of blue
Infinite
Distant
Winter
Space
Enfolded
By the bird's
Quivered trills
And the tangled webs
Of fine gossamer

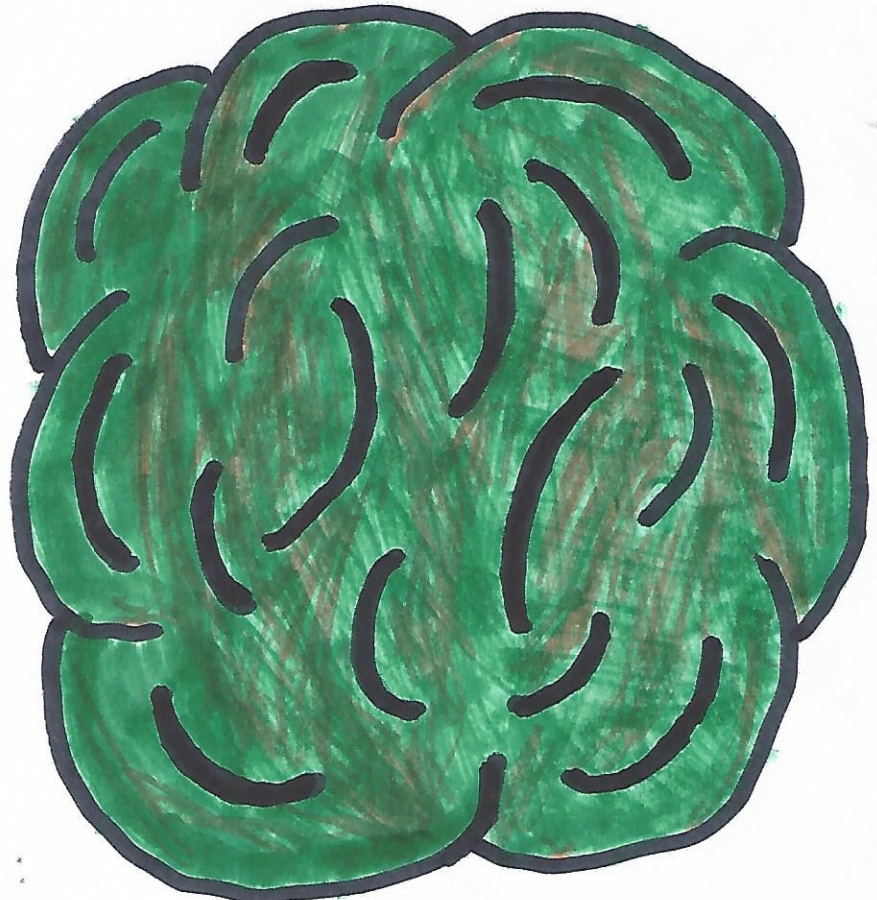
"Waxing Crescent"

All had been lost,
The great deity of cast iron
And wires
Unfurled its colossal palms
To the piles of panels
And tires
Return! Return!

I closed my eyes,
And O', amidst that darkness,
Amidst
That calm darkness, synopsis---
Cracked like sudden frightful
Lightning,
Settle! Settle!

I walked the streets,
When of the city of neon
And rain,
I heard those Quartal modes
Of aimless Locrian,
Unknown,
Octave! Octave!

Graceful Gloomy,
Amidst the pastures of lilacs
And figs,
I saw the silver twilight,
Where the moon was fading,
Slowly,
Waxing Crescent...



sinedata/sinemorphosis

X , according to Leibniz, can turn into anything, and Euler called that turning f . In between learning Latin and writing piddly little poems, these young people found all kinds of phenomena X , Y , and hoarded them, and then traced a line, a rule, by which the two could pair. In algebra or calculus, this approach is sufficient, but it utterly fails when we embrace the multiplicity of being a set. Instead, go backwards:

We understand the procedure by which a set of ideas becomes a set of books, and thus we are able to understand and define “idea” and “book”. In guessing F , we can know X and Y .

There are numbers dancing through the air. They waltz behind our sleeping eyes, in front of mine when I’m awake, and they flip and seize between my phone and the stars and a farm of servers in the Netherlands. When Amsterdam is underwater, I imagine they will move the farms elsewhere, but for now scarecrows in denim overalls and glossy rubber boots sweep the floor, yellow earplugs blocking out the thrumming fans.

A few years ago, the EU drafted a law, the Right to be Forgotten. It ended up passing, castrated, Directive 95/46/EC, the EU Data Protection Directive. When you google Dr. Mengele, the sad eyes of botched surgeries don’t flash back (as long as your IP is in Europe), and he rejoices. But he shouldn’t celebrate, and he hasn’t been forgotten, just hidden. A query at the farm will spin him up, they have just darkened the windows.

Overalls Wellingtons taps his nose, smiles, he knows. His teeth flash away as quickly as they appeared: they know everything he’s ever been. The thought frightens him: is he down this lane, the next? Which hum hides him? Of course, he is not here, that would invite needless commotion: Google stores the Dutch in an 80-acre facility in Moncks Corner, South Carolina, and Facebook holds him in an undisclosed location in Central Iowa. Europol flagged a forum post he made once at 17, and they at least have the decency to keep him close to home, in a thumb drive in a drab German office park. Rows and rows of drives, of CPUs and GPUs and SSDs and HDs, memory cards and video cards and endless chrome CDs and mountains and mountains of everything, everything that has ever been, but nothing about what will be.

Even the guesses, the models, the deep learning networks, the random forests, the twisting k-folds, the bubble sorts (pop!), the Markov Chains, the Monte Carlo method, and all its variations: The Hybrid, the Hastings, the Wang and Landau, they are just Leibniz+, tracking X , more X s than ever before, and plugging them into blackboxes until they pump out the right Y s, until f is cut out entirely.

When the numbers stop dancing, when the power goes out, they will still be there. The servers will still probe and send out queries, but the satellites they use to hear will have collided with a scrap of rocket or a lost balloon, and will come crashing down, and so the waves of data will scream our names over and over and over, rippling into the sky, the frequencies tortured and distorted so that if one day someone flips the power back on, all they will hear is a murmur.

In London, Ontario, 1970, an insurance executive named John Russell, J.R. to his friends (and he counted most people he met amongst his friends) moved his wife and three young daughters to a small and wild property, a few miles west of the growing city. John shook off his suit and built a lodge in the shade of a wooded hill, and a well to service the building. The pitter patter of his daughter's feet laid gravel roads, and he hired farmhands to clear the brush. In the side of the hill, to provide water for grazing, he decided to dig out a pond. I first read about building ponds in a book by the farmer Wendell Berry, who has written extensively about the damage these projects can do to the land, gashing the land and collapsing the soil, which takes decades to scar and centuries to heal. It is not an easy task.

Fifty years later, when I first saw the pond J.R. built, I felt its soundness in the soles of my feet. If not for one old photograph, taken of a wretched pit, I could not have imagined the sounds of shovels scraping rock, or the squelchiness of rising groundwater. Thickset bushes line the water, and at night the bullfrogs pierce the silence with their belches. Fifty autumns have lined the bottom of the pond with their leaves, which have decomposed into a sludge that hides all manners of life (according to legend, this includes a lost gold watch, which slipped off the wrist of a visiting Spaniard as he dove into the water).

One morning, I was a little bit high, and sleepy, at war with the sweltering waves of the rising sun and the freshness of the dew and air coming off the grass. From the sludge, in the middle of the pond, I saw something emerge. A bit of Styrofoam faded blue, and, atop the board, a red solo cup. To escape the heat, I swam off the dock and retrieved it. The silt had glued the cup onto the foam, and I felt the curves of the foam, realizing it was a piece of flutterboard.

Lying on my back in the wet grass, I unstuck the cup. The weed was wearing off, and I became conscious of how unsettling the pond muck made me, the stench it gave off from the decomposing plant matter. Because of this, I didn't dredge around in the brackish water collected in the solo cup and set it beside me in the sun. All of a sudden, I caught it: a greenish glint, a reflection.

A pulse, a shimmer. A movement. I reached inside and pulled out a shapeless blob, throbbing in my hand.

From the blob, a thrust. A stem, emerging. A plant? A seed? I was transfixed. I took a picture. I had no idea what it was, this creature from the solo cup. All of a sudden, the stem cracked through the blob, and a little alien green thing emerged. I could recognize a head,

perhaps a leg, but nothing else. The little thing shook in my hand, bits of scum flying off. I was anxious, because I could not see if it had any eyes.

In the summer warmth, it slowly dried, and I noticed that it was remarkable. Sprouting from its back, these translucent panes, webbed through with lines, and shining brightly. First one, then another, unfurled like a crystal sail.

The wings were wet, and glutinous. I realized, with a stir, that it was a dragonfly, though I could not understand how it ended up in the cup. It hopped on my hand, fluttered, buffeted by gusts imperceptible to me, and barely made it an inch. This continued, the frenzied hopping, followed by a disappointing flop, on and off for several minutes. Then, in the heat, the wings dried, steaming, and the cloudy white membrane cleared into a delicate translucence. And the dragonfly flew off, and I knew it, and I know it still.



le petit prince dispatch #3

o mars, you seem so chaotic, yet so calm. what people you attract!

but, now our course is due somewhere else. again, we move.

the MOON! expected communications:

aidan's *an excerpt from lethe*

elias' (aka die Mood) *Landlessness under Capital: King Krule's Man Alive! and Tarsila do Amaral*

seems bleak.

we were visited by some angels today. they appeared without warning. I thought of knausgaard, of course. his *a time for every purpose under heaven*. what is an angel? a person or something more, or *less*?

the fire in their eyes had gone out. I feel this may be a darker trip.

no communications from max heidegger. I hope he's alright.





aidan's *an excerpt from lethe*

Jung is famous for having, during the course of WWI, produced a book called the *Red Book*. It is this state of apocalyptic vision towards which he treads in the final scene of the film. Likely all the monstrosity of this book is owed to his realizations about the nature of meaning, as one which involves an almost unbearable silence, or a kind of distortion in our interaction with it, which addles, in Jung's case literally, our minds. When S. and I first arrived at his Aunt's place in London, UK, I mentioned Jung, and she being a psychologist, brought out his Red Book, which fascinated S. and I enormously. Its strangeness is very elusive, though I remember describing to S. a scene in *A Dangerous Method*. In it, Jung says to his former lover, Sabina Spielrein,

Yes. I haven't been sleeping very well. I keep having this apocalyptic dream. A terrible flood from the North Sea to the Alps: houses washed away, thousands of floating corpses. Eventually it comes crashing down into the lake in a great tidal wave; and by this time, the water, roaring down like some vast avalanche, has turned into blood. The blood of Europe.

What do you think it means?

I've no idea: unless it's about to happen.

Cronenberg, in his script, is sensitive to the fact that the only way to present this scene is with its *mystical implication*. Anything else would be to whitewash just how intensely Jung himself felt about it. The fact that his vision comes before the war, however, is not unsurprising, and Cronenberg is sensitive to this too, because the entire film is about Jung coming to terms with the fact that he is basically going to start having visions, that there is something monstrous in him. In fact, the real drama of the film, which situates Freud's final reversal of the word *jew*, is that he is aware of something monstrous, or else impulsive, in Jung. The third, and crucial character of the film, afterall, is Sabina Spielrein. Historically relegated, Spielrein's case, for she was originally a patient of Jung's, before becoming a psychologist herself, was what originally brought Freud and Jung together. Jung, during the course of her treatment, fell in love with her, in no small way because she, in the film, stands in for something and someone that is both incredibly receptive to Freud's ideas and incredibly unreceptive, as a new psychic being in the world. Jung's urges for her, however, are repressed, and the tension with Jung is outwardly portrayed as a question of professional discretion, whether one is allowed to fall in love with one's own patients, whether one should not admit a certain amount of repression, and, in turn, allow society's smooth functioning. It is not surprising that Jung in many ways misunderstands the point about repression, as he interprets his own case, and stages his dilemma, as one of eventually finding the courage to admit the full stage of his desire. He knows, however, that as Sabina not only sides with Freud intellectually, but in the doom of their relationship, that his sensitivity to her, and to the paradox in Freud's work, are so intermingled that the idea of love, or of his direct desire, is sabotaged. His sense of mourning for Sabina at the end of the film is incomplete,

because he knows that his entire psychic apparatus hangs on him interpreting his giving into his desire. His folding-in, somehow, in being unrepressed, only *represses him further*. Freud's sensitivity to this is paramount, because he knows that Jung is doomed, not by repressing his desire, but by his belief that you stop repressing a desire by satisfying it. Freud's entire project seems to hang on the fact that *this is not what happens*. Satisfying a desire too directly leads to its anxious repression. Only Jung, coaxed as he is by the very persuasive Otto Gross, a patient of Freud's and also a psychologist himself, indulges the fantasy that one must never repress anything, failing to see that Gross' itinerant lifestyle, his constant affairs and mistresses, his dissatisfied relationship with his father, are not accidents, they are *the form of his truth*. Far from discrediting his truth, or else testifying directly to his being incorrect about repression, his truth immobilizes his life completely *in its truth(fulness)*. Jung, in order to understand Gross, would have to take the appearance of his life as that which not only allows Gross to bear witness to his own truth, but also allows Gross to view it in it the first place -- to see his truth. He cannot just live the truth directly, and so neither can Jung simply approach his position as though it is only *a truth*. It is a truth in view of its disruption, not in spite of it. This is how it appears. Jung stages repression as a problem of professional discretion, because he wishes to stage it as a problem of his profession. That is what holds him back, and yet what leads him to force his break with Freud.

This is also why why Jung and Sabina's relationship is forced to be one of sado-masochism, because these forms of pleasure stand-in for an imagined idea of unrepressed sexuality. Sabina herself desires Jung to re-enact her symptomatic embarrassment, that of being beaten by her father, for which her crucial, relieving admission, leading to her health, is when she says that she "liked it," she enjoyed sexually her father's abuse. Her new life and her start as a student of psychology is not owed to her abandoning this insight, but realizing directly that admitting it, i.e. psychic revelation in its *pure form*, is what frees her. She remains open to the fact that what she thinks about her own desire is not important. Her basic conflict in the beginning of the film is not that she has sexual feelings for her father, or for his abuse, but it is with the fact that she desires something which is strictly forbidden, whose very form is forbiddenness and unpleasurable, and that its forbiddenness only heightens its pleurability. In this way, she succeeds at Jung's expense, because being beaten by him during sex testifies to her realization that the form of repression is not its release, but in realizing that its logic is quite the opposite: it gains only insofar as it remains forbidden. Reenacting her abuse means nothing but sustaining the forbiddenness of pleasure by entangling it with pain. But, Jung, by contrast, does not care for sado-masochism, and, if anything, it only exaggerates the violence of his fantasy, which is not only to satisfy his desires, but to cease repressing, to cease repressing in as violent a way as possible. In its constitutive violence, this form of pleasure-in-pain only reveals that Jung is only going to have to repress further, because where he expects explosive relief and freedom, he receives only disappointment. Where Sabina maintains the paradox that desire is only possible, just as with Gross, when it maintains its basic field of appearance, such as the conditions of when the desire first manifested itself, Jung can only approach his desire insofar as it dissolves its barrier. He approaches Sabina too directly as what she is, for which the fantasy of sado-masochism does not relate him to his desire, but its dissolution. His desire would remain only insofar as he, being married, and, in a way, married to (or, else, widowed by) Freud's system, desired Sabina as that which named something exceptional, something unrealized, within his own life. She was desirable because, in being so sexual herself, Jung could gain

proximity with the elementary *agalma* of Freud's system, the interpretation moment of sexual interpretation itself. His intimacy with the sexual interpretation was desirable for the same reason that Freud's failure only drew him further into his system. Not because it was tempting to abandon his own thoughts and fall into Freud, but because he believed that if he could just see what Freud was seeing, he would be offered the opportunity to reinterpret Freud's own moment. It is important to realize that Jung felt that if he was to see this moment, he would disagree with Freud. This is, in effect, the unsaid monstrosity he holds in his heart throughout the film. It is not, as he naively thinks, his lust for Sabina which is monstrous, which only offers him an opportunity to stage a desire. But, what desire?

Jung's *Red Book* is nothing but his expression of a certain monstrous realization about his own inner desire for psychoanalysis to fail. To fail to be born, in some way. Freud, after all, is sensitive to Jung's disaster the moment Jung relates one of his own dreams to Freud.

I dreamed about a horse, being hoisted by cables to a considerable height. Suddenly, a cable breaks and the horse is dashed to the ground. But it's not hurt, it leaps up and gallops away, impeded only by a heavy log, which it's obliged to drag along the ground. Then a rider on a small horse appears in front of it, so that it's forced to slow down; and a carriage appears in front of the small horse, so that our horse is compelled to slow down even more.

I imagine the horse is yourself.

Yes.

Your ambition has been frustrated in some way; hence the fall.

The rider slowing me down...

Yes.

I think this may refer to my wife's first pregnancy. I had to give up an opportunity to go to America because of it.

Ah, America. You're right, I'm sure that's a most important territory for us.

The carriage in front perhaps refers to an apprehension that our two daughters and other children perhaps still to come, will impede my progress even more.

As a father of six, I can vouch for that; not to mention the inevitable financial difficulties.

No. Fortunately my wife is extremely rich.

Ah. Yes, that is fortunate...This log.

Yes?

I think perhaps you should entertain the possibility that it represents the penis.

Yes; in which case what may be at issue is that a certain sexual constraint has been brought about by a fear of an endless succession of pregnancies.

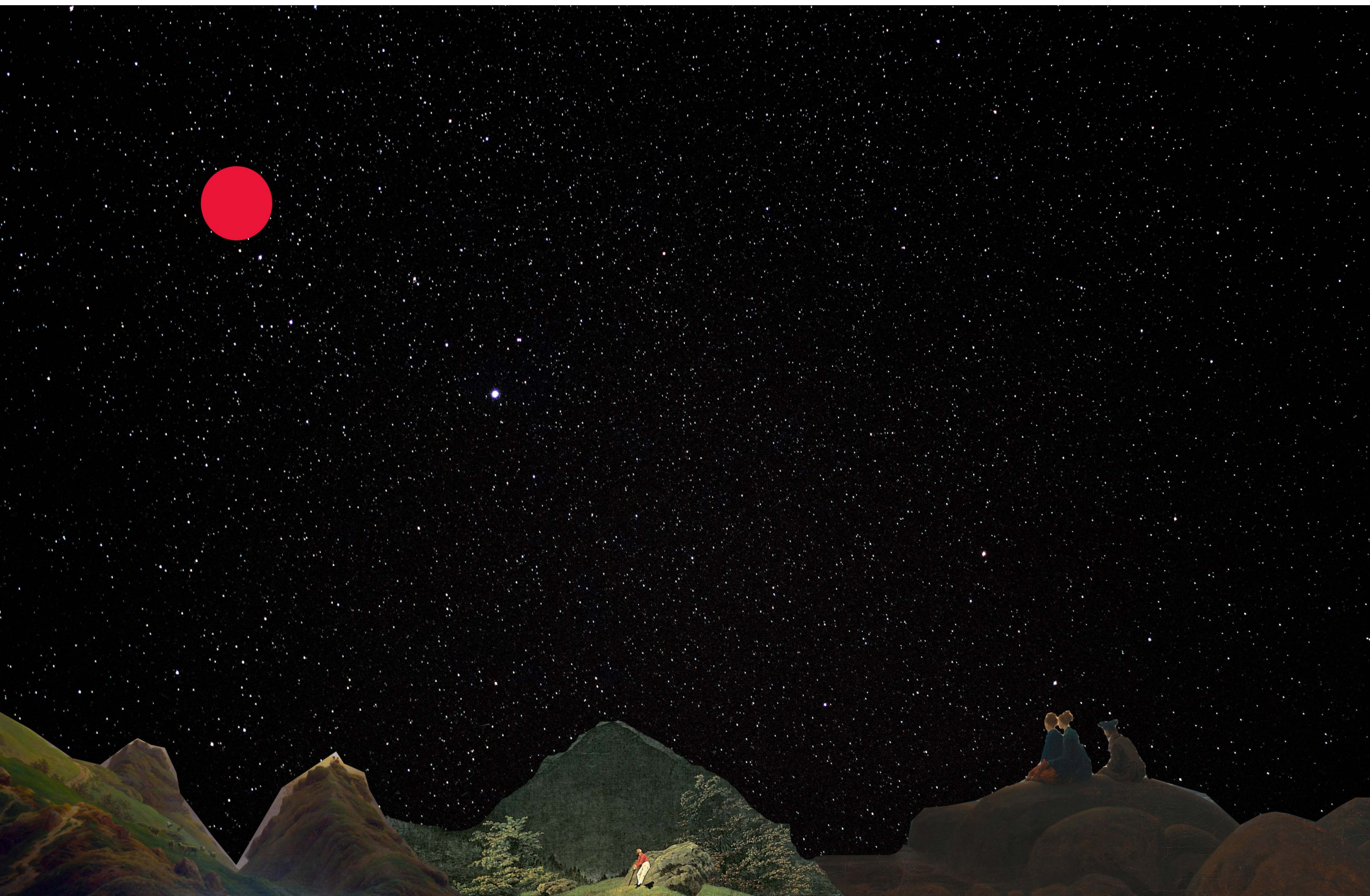
Hm...I'm bound to say if one of my patients had brought me this dream, I might have said that the number of restraining elements surrounding this unfortunate horse could perhaps point to the determined suppression of some unruly sexual desire

Yes...There is that as well.

I wonder if you're aware of the fact that our conversation has so far lasted thirteen hours?

Jung's Sabina is nothing but a way of avoiding something more disastrous about his conception of progress in psychoanalysis. Freud is immediately aware of the fact that Jung is harbouring a certain view of repression, not just a repressed desire. While Jung is indulgent of Freud's sexual interpretation, it has the same status that the sexual interpretation of Sabina does: it excites him insofar as it is a window through which he can glimpse the essential truth of the psychoanalytical moment, and, inevitably, at least, so he imagines, will represent a subversion of Freud. For Freud, however, there is no moment of subversion, because he has realized that his own failure to grasp the moment of psychoanalysis is somehow evidence of his proximity to it. As Cronenberg focuses on Freud's jealousy about Jung's wealth, one should see that Cronenberg includes this because it reveals how Jung will seek to revise the truth of his revealing dream, that his sexualized dream testifies to something unreconciled about the concept of sexuality itself in his own life, that it reveals his own obsession with the moment of sexuality's revealing to us, and it reveals that Freud does not mind his own petty paranoias, because he silently acknowledges that they mean that truth distorts, that repression is only further repressed when it is addressed directly, because they reveal that we cannot express the truth directly, only indirectly. Freud senses in Jung's dream something so elaborately engaged in trying to imagine the *form of repression itself*, so

that Freud's suggestion can only be to encourage Jung indirectly, that he should recognize whatever his repressed desire is. Nothing, however, and this is everything, could be further from Freud's mind than that Jung must satisfy this desire directly, or that the situation of repression is one of imagining desire to be straightforward, but society's constraints to be the true barrier. The barrier is quite the opposite: it is the fact that addressing our repression directly *also fails* that fills us with anxiety. It is not surprising that two characters who succeed most directly in the film, Sabina and Gross, succeed at the level of form: they do not, and cannot, distinguish their truth and its moment from its appearance. Jung is only too desperate to see something new, to see new form, to see the engine of his desire, so that the *Red Book* is probably the most elaborate form of repression ever devised, whose one salient truth is that repression is the most productive, near-infinite productive agent. *It devours everything qua form*, in its obsessive repeatability and in its near-totalization of truth as a moment of form, as opposed to the radical opposite, which is Freud's insight: form is but a *moment* of truth.



Landlessness under Capital: King Krule's Man Alive! and Tarsila do Amaral



“(Don't Let the Dragon) Drag on” (2020)
lost all distinction and recognition in our minds in 2020.

I have returned to this Indiana town where I was raised, lucky enough to shelter in place. Walking on a hill with green and yellowed grass, looking over an aging pool, woods near and a warm sun, for the first time I feel a strange understanding of how my town fits within the rest of Indiana's geography. I am struck by similarities in images and feeling that I had remembered from time spent in Texas and Arkansas, places which I consider explicitly alongside how I thought about the land that they occupied.

Looking just past a line of trees beyond me, two new high rises from the local university's campus peaked overhead (they are the first of their kind here). Why had it taken so long to see my hometown in conjunction with the land that it occupies? Sidewalks, street lights, suburbia or cityscape; urbanity has become the land — this is not new, but the utter delineation between land and civilization is now total. Particularity of place, even in cities, has been upended by Capital; urban centers have largely homogenized in culture and substance as capitalism hurdles towards a juncture. Cities have lost uniqueness in the same way that the land has

It is time we examine how the changes wrought upon land and social structures have impacted individuals' psychological state underneath the world system. [edit 12.21.20. Žižek has recently alluded to a 'post-human' condition unveiled by COVID-19.] King Krule's latest album, *Man Alive!*, offers his audience an expansive meditation on capitalism's effects upon the modern psyche. The album art and three of its singles' artworks present compositions with minimal color complexion, simple — one cannot help but say archetypal — figures, and a pressing claustrophobia. The backgrounds of these works are either completely abstract or representative of the manmade under the aggravated stage of capitalism in which we live today — industrial, disjointed, isolating, watched.

Forgive the lack of nuance, but one need only consider the artwork for “(Don’t Let the Dragon) Draag On” to understand the anxiety which I am futilely trying to describe in words — futile because, despite its pretenses, Capital thrives from the intangible. And yet most people, living in 2020, have a feeling for this same sense of inarticulated isolation; the fear of a hollow, amoebic, bureaucratic monster which Kafka diagnosed so long ago, now manifesting nearer and nearer to systemic perfection, swallowing its residents (ourselves) until we can no longer resist. And now that we have been swallowed, we now embody the system, the monster, on our own: we do not need propaganda today in order to actively fight to maintain our current conditions.



Tarsila do Amaral, Abaporu (1928)

attention to psychological distinctions between those who live within the world system's core (the Global North) and its periphery,

Tarsila do Amaral's work offers a stark contrast to Man Alive!'s artworks, yet they are hauntingly similar stylistically. I was once tempted to say that Tarsila's entwined figuration of the Brazilian landscape among her paintings' subjects fetishized her own peripheral geography. These figures' affinity with 'the land' provides fodder for colonizers to celebrate their own western modernity. 'Doesn't she realize that she is playing right into the metropole's narrative of a primitive, colonized subject, inferior to colonizers' civility?' By this logic, Tarsila — and any other peripheral artists who have conceived of a bound relationship between a land and a people — have played into the system of Capital.

But why do so many others like myself immediately react against Tarsila's project? Is it not even more powerful to subvert Capital by doubling down: the metropole, today, has profoundly lost connection with the land and we should not ignore this effect of Capital on the lives of those within its auspices. We are alienated from our land, not just our labor, in this isolation. In celebrating Brazilian subjects' formation with the land, Tarsila provides a shockingly outright rebuke of capitalism.

We are trained, today, to attack capitalism in subtler and subtler ways, increasingly discouraged to resist in direct relation to the system's self-professed inevitability.

So when we are presented with an artist who would even dare to call

we think of it as a callous protest. 'You must be subtler!' we say. But it is the erosion of this once-acceptable boundary of dissent which changes how we understand the nature of past resistance (Mark Fisher, Capitalist Realism).



Tarsila do Amaral, Antropofagia (1929)

The Man Alive! artworks, meanwhile, allude to the disturbingly quickened depletion of contemporary man's relationship to the land (Oliver Howard, King Krule's partner Charlotte Patmore, his father Adam, and his brother Jack Marshall are credited for the album art). The figures in these four works, released along with King Krule's latest album and three singles off the record, resemble a certain cartoonish distortion and centrality within their compositions which evoke the same spirit as Tarsila's subjects

typified by those in Abaporu and Antropofagia. Tarsila's big-footed form in Antropofagia depicts, as the name would suggest, a sort of cannibalism: as the world system's core maintains a stranglehold in thought, art, and international officialdom, Brazil eats this cultural production and regurgitates something wholly new and distinctly Brazilian ("Manifesto Antropófago," Oswald de Andrade). The Man Alive! subjects, meanwhile, are much more rigid, uncomfortably placed in the foreground of these uneasy-feeling compositions.



Man Alive! album cover art (2020)

neoliberal predecessor). Our capacity for empathy diminishes under this compounded isolation from national identity and digitization.

In 2020, we find ourselves a far cry away from Tarsila's critiques nearly a century ago. *Man Alive!* is a haunting testament to the external's permeation within our individual psychologies. It is time we re-politicize mental health and reconsider capitalism's role in conditions which we have increasingly sought to explain in completely biological terms (*Anti-Oedipus*, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari). In *Cellular*, *Man Alive!*'s opening track, Archy Marshall (King Krule is one of Marshall's numerous stage names) recalls a breakup through the descriptions of 'screens.' "There's a French girl / On my television / She's crying in the palm of my hand" paints a growing distance between Archy and his partner. She is reduced to "a French girl" and further essentialized under the confines of our digital age. We most easily reduce identity to associations with nation-states — Capital still has use for such fixtures in organizing society, it seems — and our kinship with national ties also leads us to adopt the sexism within these states' ideologies: we are left with "a French girl." Meanwhile, we can only associate the digital age with neoliberal capitalism (although some argue that we have recently entered a global period of neo-nationalism, this order has been

equally effective in weaponizing the Third Industrial Revolution as its

Archy intersperses the narrative of his breakup with distressing pieces of news and notifications, instability and crises to which we have been desensitized in modernity. "I read the paper, or just the photos / I rip one out with my hand / There's a massacre / Across the o-, across the o- / Across the ocean / I can see it in the palm of my hands." The mass killings common in the US can impact the mental state of a British man in London, already navigating a personal ('substructural') crossroads. The mingling of transnational currents with our personal lives has affected our health. Most recognize that scrolling through the news makes the

reader depressed, though we have not yet reached a societal acknowledgment that clinical depression can be rooted in these 'external' conditions. Rather, the fault is placed with the individual, further isolating the depressed subject.



"Cellular" (2020)

dissemination of information across the globe so characteristic of the digital age.

In "Stoned Again," Archy again describes this confusion of geography, which changes meanings altogether under capitalism. He sings that he "used to surf with my bucket from Kentucky," alluding to a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken. For Marshall, the bucket is actually from Kentucky. Transnational commercialism has intensely altered our understanding of basic geographical measurements and sense of spacing. Kentucky as a space has moved into each of its franchises across the world. The nature of location itself has changed. Kentucky truly exists in London. We have internalized this kitsch: in the past, we were told that we can have a piece of Kentucky from this chain store, but merely went-along-with the marketing strategy's preposterousness. 'Of course it is not really from Kentucky!' By 2020, however, we have forgotten the original use of our metaphors, taking shorthand as reality. In our psyche, the kitsch of my Kentucky fried chicken is not just kitsch—Kentucky is here. We know in language that this is false, but deep in our unconscious we have come to view space and borders through a much different lens, mirroring the erasure of traditional geographies in the face of the rapid

Conversely, the Coronavirus pandemic exists in New York, as the news tells me, but it is impossible to fathom its pervasiveness in my Indiana home. Under this clouded sense of reality, we return to work under the malicious discretion of our government and head straight into a second wave of the virus. Police killings and lynchings of Black Americans desensitize, traumatize, and trigger the masses when these videos are spread online. For liberal and leftist white people in particular, the videos simultaneously provoke outrage and make its viewers feel powerless. The transmission of information over vast distances spurs the potential for transnational cooperation and resistance to oppressive orders, although this promise is made impotent when we are confronted with seemingly unstoppable forces on the global stage.

The uprising in Minneapolis at the end of May indicates that American hegemony is at a breaking point. \$1200 and a meager raise in unemployment are laughable in the face of 100,000 dead (80,000 died in the Nagasaki bombing) and, in all likelihood, an economic depression. This takes place as the 1% have made enormous profits during the pandemic and Amazon propaganda is being aired on local news stations. And yet for many radicalized leftists who do not occupy the lowest rungs of the world hierarchy — that is, the middle class Left — we remain paralyzed in the midst of this turmoil, psychologically severed from the real action, which takes place on our screens or in faraway places (on our screens).

As our sense of geography changes, there appears to be potential for a shifting of our conception of nation-states. Yet Capital has only strengthened itself under this

trajectory. We have exchanged our spiritual faith for the unknown (what we might normally recognize as conventional religion) to capitalism as an ideology. We have faith in Capital's absurdities (like the abstraction of geography which brings us to believe in Kentucky's existence across the globe). Even for those who participate in the 'earlier' mode of spirituality today, however, capitalism has co-opted many organized religious structures. Evangelical fundamentalism indebted to the GOP and reactionary Zionism, for instance, are two particularly blatant tools of Capital.

Just as humans express faith within (and devotion to) Capital, Man Alive!'s second track, "Supermarché," continues Archy's examination of how contemporary man channels human impulses under modernity. "He's creepin' 'round the aisles of / The supermarket mall... Free them from the battlefields / Young children with shields." Marshall depicts the coercion of young soldiers on a battlefield (a tale which we might imagine finding in Homer) within a supermarket—a domesticated fixture of modernity. The juxtaposition would remain humorous if it were not so emasculating and subordinating to the subject who must navigate this world. This scene of violence within the marketplace becomes less abstract when one considers the rhetorical importance of 'scarcity' within the capitalist project. 'Communist countries starve their people, not the West;' we call them supermarkets

after all. During the pandemic, however, the capitalist core may very well witness a failure in the food supply chain. Capital's presupposition that infinite growth is possible assures an ever-increasing global scarcity throughout my life, most obviously with regard to the climate catastrophe (although I will not have to convince anyone that the Global South will bear the bulk of this devastation). At bottom, the onset of Corona has given Archy's supermarket battle a more visceral tone: these local sources of food (not the land which produces, but the market which sells the food) have become the most prominent site of the virus's transmission. "Stop making sense of things / I saw pylons [transmission towers or power towers] stretch to the east / I wasn't sure at all why our love / Becomes sorrow and withers free" ("The Dream") portrays a protagonist grappling with the incoherence of capitalism. Marshall is unsure why he thinks of these pylons, an endless mark of the manmade sitting atop land, when ruminating on broken

love. The pylons' move eastward also evokes Capital's infringement upon cultures and land that it once implied were incapable of capitalism. These other cultures and lands have now been assimilated, however, and Capital has no ideology or place from which it can now draw. This might explain Capital's implosion both systematically and within the individual in the last 40 years (Capitalist Realism, Mark Fisher). It is clear that modernity's pervasiveness in our lives is only more pronounced when we repress this reality.

In a neoliberal order which prizes 'individuality,' there is a further disjointedness in Marshall's sense of withered freedom. The world order's established definition of freedom (which we unquestioningly accept) is not all that it is made out to be. 'Free' from the 'confines' of love, Marshall considers his breakup in the outdoors. These are the tropes which modernity, in popular culture, has lauded—bachelorhood, 'freedom,' and the outdoors. 'He should feel free from his oppressive responsibilities here!' This is unsettled for Archy as the scenery becomes tarred by pylons in inarticulable ways. The overextension of Capital into its supposed frontier has displayed the system's unsustainable character. In "The Dream," Archy has not yet named this failure of capitalism and the resulting politicization of his personal relations remains an inexplicable dream.



Omen 3" (2020)

On "Alone, Omen 3," a single off the album, Archy comes closer to perceiving this failure by recognizing the suffocating internalizations we have taken from Capital. "Take a ticket, take the train to the end of the line / See where you can go, you spent it, it's plastic, no do or die" forces us to consider the absurdity of our economic system. The valuation of numbers in a bank account and a plastic credit card serve as the foundation for all of Capital. Certainly this absurd system has material implications — it is inherently violent — but operating under a capitalist system with an understanding of this hilarity can help the isolated, depressed subject feel a strange sense of groundedness within its very groundlessness. Marshall sings on the hook of "Alone, Omen 3," "These things will come and go / Deep in the metropole."

"Airport Antenatal Airplane" brilliantly ties together modernity and anxiety in a speculation on a sort of human reincarnation. "Were you born in the earth? / "Alone, Sometimes I see planes / But I think of you." It is unclear whether Archy is referring to his newborn child, his partner, the flight's passengers, or someone else.

In any case, Marshall recognizes the absurdity of humans' commercial flight, suggesting throughout the song that humans' recent move towards air travel should be viewed as a birth in itself. Modernity has created

something new in contemporary man and King Krule's youthfulness contributes to his anxiety as well. After all, he lives a different human

experience even from his parents' generation given the accelerated trajectory of capitalism. Commercial flight is not novel for youth: it is an absurdity they have always known.

The self-medication detailed in "(Don't Let the Dragon) Draag On," cannot be attributed solely to the feet of Archy's individual responsibility. Rather, this isolation is intimately tied to external conditions. The following track, "Theme for the Cross," offers a poignant critique on this isolation: "Haven't felt this world and its orbit / TV runs the show's creds and goes dead." The capitalist superstructure manifested in media is wholly unconcerned with the system's individual residents. The individual must deaden themselves and submit to a passive acceptance if they are not to be isolated and depressed. The external fills their hollowed-out personhood. In fact, when the individual is isolated, it is precisely because they do not adhere to dominant thought as-prescribed-by capitalist doctrine. For this reason, Capital guilts the individual until they fall in line.

"Such a funny life I lead / I'm sittin', soakin' in the times / I bleed / Watch it flow right out of me," Marshall laments in monotone ("Energy Fleets"). As blood leaves his body, Archy's disconnection has spread from the land even to his carnal state. Capital insists upon the individual's 'fault' in the context of mental health conditions,

reconfiguring our understanding of the human subject in increasingly biological terms — there is always a medication which can solve the affliction and it is always profitable. The fault for Marshall's isolation now lies largely in own body as well as his unwillingness to participate in Capital's conventions (Capitalist Realism, Mark Fisher; "Unsettling the Coloniality of Being/Power/Truth/Freedom: Towards the Human, After Man, Its Overrepresentation — An Argument," Sylvia Wynter).



The final song on *Man Alive!*, "Please Complete Thee," desperately clings to the possibility that Marshall's partner can provide a single connection for him in this disjointed world. "Did you see me on TV? / Have you seen the disasters? / We don't have long 'til this earth is drowned ... This place doesn't move me." Capital's creation of climate collapse is perhaps the most tangible way that humans'

A still from Marshall's short film "Hey World!", directed by his partner, Charlotte Patmore (2019)

disconnection from the land we inhabit has fundamentally uprooted our sense of community (though fascism, white supremacy, and the loss of will to resist also foreshadow how we might 'drown'). Tarsila do Amaral asserted Brazilian identity through her subjects' relationship with land, effectively critiquing Capital's isolation and altering of the human psyche. These critiques are substantive, however, because they represent a community and identity based around a shared relationship. Our land is quite literally common ground. By moving towards a degree of reconnection with this ground (or, at the very least, more sophisticated analyses of cityscapes' impacts upon the human condition in our everyday thought — not only in the highest realms of discourse but in more widely circulated cultural production like *Man Alive!*), we can trace profound points of connection in and between communities inhibited by capitalism.

Most share a common affliction in our disconnection from land under Capital. Articulating this bond is itself a form of resistance to our oppressing system, though we must not stop there. If we only accept that our isolation and depression are rooted in external conditions, then our comfortability with ourselves lets the external off the hook. This revelation must be followed by a will to change the external, not just a resigned satisfaction with precedent.

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"The fact that the human cannot satisfy his drives with the means naturally at his disposal, that he cannot find peace in what he is, that he wants to be more than he is and that he is, that he wants to count, that he is irresistibly drawn to irrealization in artistic forms of action and in manners and customs, is ultimately due not to drives, to the will, to repression, but to the excentric struggle of his life, to the form of his existence itself. The constitutive lack of balance of his particular kind of positionality — and not a disturbance of an originally normal and harmonious system of life that one day can again become harmonious — is the 'occasion' for culture" (Die Stufen des Organischen und der Mensch: Einleitung in die philosophische Anthropologie, Helmuth Plessner; translated by Millay Hyatt in *Levels of Organic Life and the Human: An Introduction to Philosophical Anthropology*).

It is tempting to conceive of humanity and civilization in a binary opposition to a 'once-pristine' natural world. The first production of culture created this break: human modernity punched a hole through that perfect world. This logic is to deny, however, man's animality. Capital celebrates this temptation, having us fetishize the 'natural world': it can make a profit from our vacation and keep us sane in our claustrophobic urban living once we return, always believing that there is an 'escape.' This disconnection paradoxically breaks our sense of humanity away from land. Capital's next infringement upon the human psyche is its disconnection between individuals themselves, then finally within individuals.

But there is no hole in the universe! The dematerialization and re-materialization (de-territorializing and re-territorializing) of the land into an ultimately abstracted form gives us a peak into the malleability, what Mark Fisher calls the plasticity, of Capital (Capitalist Realism). While we no longer view land as part of our humanity, we look to capitalist cityscapes to fuel our sense of human community. Cityscapes themselves do not deprive community, but the capitalist model has perfected its hegemony-of thought here. We must submit to Capital in order to feel a false togetherness: false, because Capital inhibits any collective belonging, only allowing for self-interestedness in lieu of community.

It is the very recognition of this plasticity which gives Archy peace: the realization that it is not his own fault that he is isolated under these bizarre circumstances reopens the possibility for a true and meaningful interpersonal connection—in this case, with his partner. Without attempting to change the circumstances, however, Archy's peace is only a temporary solution at best. We cannot forsake the external: Hannah Arendt was wholly mistaken when she wrote to James Baldwin, "In politics, love is a stranger, and when it intrudes upon it nothing is being achieved except hypocrisy." The absence of love in the external has made the individual colder; we cannot expect to find lasting solace only in our interpersonal relationships if we have lost hope in salvaging or reinventing the external (even if he gives an ambiguous answer here, Archy is not oblivious in this respect: to reiterate, Man Alive!'s penultimate track is titled "Energy Fleets").

It seems that we are faced with an innumerable array of concerns during the COVID-19 pandemic which are more pressing than this crisis of land. Yet we will never be able to propose alternatives to Capital without a critical assessment of the system's effects upon our human experience. To my knowledge, the bureaucracy and disconnection between our human selves and land which are endemic of capitalism are neither addressed by communism or by any other viable system of organizing society which has heretofore been proposed. This includes the reactionary primitivists, whose solution to the land question rests in a peripheral genocide (let us consider Nick Land). The diagnosis of our predicament, though, like Archy's peace, cannot simply conclude with contentment, but must then imagine forward.

Sylvia Wynter brilliantly outlines the supposed 'universal' of the white bourgeois masculinist etc. subject before she proposes her project, which advocates for a "human self-interest" expressly contrary to this overrepresented man. To topple this image of universality and transform universal 'man,' there must be a collective examination of particularity and heterogeneity of experience, starting with that of Black women, Wynter argues ("Unsettling the Coloniality of Being"). On the question of land, when we find that my reconfigured relationship to this land might also impact my relationship with someone who has also undergone this scrutiny, we can truly begin to challenge dominant modes of being. This resistance begins with self-realization through a common reference point located independent from hegemony: let us reimagine land. I will leave the reader to ponder the material relevance and

benefit of this reckoning. Consider how our collective conception of rent payments might change if we were to retune the capitalist lens through which we view the very ground upon which we are paying to live! How might our understanding of Diaspora and the nation-state develop outside of the established epistemologies of Capital? As an American Jew, I feel that this thought process can profoundly shift the landscape of the Israeli occupation as well as produce new relationships rooted in a shared reckoning with Capital as it manifests in the land.

The dystopian portrait of *Man Alive!* is overwhelming. Delving deeper into King Krule's world seems to guarantee a rabbit hole of depression and anxiety. 'Why would I want to sink deeper into my outcasted position within the world system?' This isolation is part and parcel of Capital, however. To think — to finally critique that which we have been told is inevitable — will consequentially produce alternative systems in which we want to live. Voicing this productive thought isolates us from existing systems, but there lies a truly emancipatory opportunity in coalescing around the possibilities of these alternate systems of being. In this moment of Corona, we can reflect deeply upon our very subjecthoods' bond with the land on which we dwell. Only from here can we build wholly new interpersonal relationships and community in the psychological and material struggles against Capital.



Specific
action

**PROTECT ME
FROM WHAT
I WANT**

le petit prince dispatch #4

the moon, that place of light and dark. I feel like the boy in *roma*:

when I was older I used to be king krule

or knausgaard.

but, the mission is approaching its end. what mission? I'm not sure yet.
our last planet is on the horizon.

VENUS, expected communications:

s. ruslink's (aka sara's) ***boston in december***

orangenmarmelade's (aka helena l.ng's [lacan ist nicht gut]) ***selected poems translated from the german***

tengo in the 虚無 (aka mishimate [aka khaya]) translates from the

japanese *the shut in's* (aka airi's) ***osmanthus***

tengo and airi's short film 歩いても 歩いても aka ***Still Walking***

and it seems a final communication from max heidegger has been found

fia on love #3

I feel good about this one.





We see love through a screen. We see finding love as a game, there is a winner and a loser. We see people as potential options to pick from as if apples in a bucket. We have a roster to choose from, who do we actually like from these options presented to us. How do we choose who we want to kiss, sleep with or be in a relationship with? Welcome to Modern Love, love at your fingertips, presenting others and yourself through a narrow lens that we curate. Like a poster for a movie only so much is revealed, we see only a glimpse of their life presented. Do we get invested in someone, are they texting others, why are they not replying, I am not interested in that person anymore. This is how we see Love; we have forgotten what it means to be in Love, we have gotten to know artificial Love. Artificial love makes us question love instead of investigating this love. We see a face in a screen presented to us which tries to display what is incapable of being displayed, a personality. We see them as an object to swipe on, we have dehumanized them for our pleasure. How would Romeo and Juliet be presented now a days with apps like Tinder and Bumble? I say that there would not be a Romeo and Juliet because that is a story of Love, and apps like Tinder and Bumble are the furthest from it. Am I saying you can not fall in Love with someone on an app? No, I am saying that the natural way of falling in Love with someone, the physical, tactile feelings you get when encountering someone in person is gone when you see them on a screen. A strange thing to be claimed by a hopeless romantic. A hopeless romantic on a dating app finds someone they are brought into liking, for me it was being matched with a girl I totally forgot about. I was surprised when I got the match and this is how I fell in Love, there was no reason to fall in Love with her, no qualities I loved about her, I saw her and instantly was caught. She messaged me first and I replied like a normal human and thus I was stuck. I had fallen in Love and there is no way out. People give me advice; she's talking to other guys, she's out of your league, she's sleeping with other people, we want the best for you. Advice on Love in the digital era is all about games, people see love as a game to be played, a maze to escape. Love has lost its meaning and has been construed through social media to be an uglier figure. You can find Love on dating apps, I found Love on a dating app but people say it hasn't found me. To find something while others are saying it hasn't found you is a strange statement, but then again so is Love. Love is a strange experience and a strange feeling, its like being in the vacuum of space, you know there's something out there but you don't know if its looking back at you.

People see love as a commodity, you either have it or you don't. We also attribute love to physical objects, people and or animals or things and ideas. I love a girl. How do I know I love her? I don't, I just feel like I do and that's as good a reason as any. But does she love me? Ah, the question we all ask. If you were to ask others they would say "no, she doesn't love you". If you ask me if she loves me I would say, "I'm not sure, but I sure do love her.". Love can be reciprocated but it also can be in limbo, I am in Love and have no clue if the other person loves me and that shows the power and agency of love. A force that drives us and yet can stop us in our tracks. So love in the Modern Age is similar to that of the industrial revolution, it has alienated us from the idea of love and has then replaced it with a new form, this one much uglier and artificial. How do we get over love in this new age? Simple, forget about it, get drunk, lust after another person, but don't forget to cry, because crying is the only natural thing we have retained from losing Love. It interesting to see this as Modern Love, because nothing about it is Modern. The only modern aspect of it is that it suits our consumeristic notions of living and that's about giving our desires up to companies and big business to make our decision. We are not Modern we are forgotten.

boston in december
s.ruslink (aka sara)

And Jesus was a sailor
When he walked upon the water
And he spent a long time watching
From his lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain
Only drowning men could see him
He said "All men will be sailors then
Until the sea shall free them"

- - -

And you want to travel with him
And you want to travel blind
And you think maybe you'll trust him
For he's touched your perfect body with his mind

- Leonard Cohen

It was a bright, clear, and cold December morning. *Auto-fiction, autofiction, what do I write, poetry?*

Serena pulls her scarf tighter and lets the noise music drone on as she walks past minimarts, autoshop lots, and freshly harvested condos on the way to the church. The sweet air and pale open sky, *innocent as an egg*, wakes her as she hurries down the empty sidewalk.

There is no cohesion to the street and that is why she loves it. Always so much to see, always something different. An antique store shares the same building as AA. "Alcohólicos anónimos--¿Tiene problemas para dejar de beber? Nosotros podemos le ayudar!"

She keeps walking and cuts across the Common. Checking her phone, 7:52 am, it looks like she's going to be early. A few more blocks and she's in the church parking lot getting her temperature checked and her name ticked off. Ash whines until Serena comes over to where he sits in front of Jesse's pickup truck. He eagerly licks her newly sanitized hands. Serena walks up the stairs to the rec room, entering a room full of sitting men and women waiting to be served a warm breakfast.

Everyone who came to the breakfast was living in a shelter, sleeping on the street, or just recently "housed." After an extended fight with the city, a patchwork of warm places had opened up so people had places to go when the shelter kicked them out during the day.

Dimitri looks up and says hello, knitting needles in hand. Serena gives him her sunniest hi back, smile hidden under her lilac mask. She heads towards the kitchen and peels off her layers, washing her hands, and saying hello to Sam Shea who ran the sink. Gregarious, loud, and well over six feet, Sam was a towering pillar constantly moving. Continually pulling his mask down to talk, splashing everywhere as he washed mugs, letting the water run on and on. Deaf in one ear with a glorious Boston accent (born and raised in Dorchester) Serena sometimes found Sam Shea hard to understand. Nevertheless, he was friendly and sincere, always quick to ask people to repeat themselves and to repeat himself if asked. Honest and lovely in all ways.

Serena puts on purple latex gloves and tries to get a sense of who is here and who she can take orders from. She spots Reverend Cathy, a leader of the church the breakfast program was currently occupying. Wonderful bespectacled ex-hippie, her and her husband Jesse knew what to do in every situation, and *god I hope I look as good as them when I'm older*. Serena recognized a couple of the other volunteers from the last month of mornings. Maybe even a Zoom room here or there.

She gradually slips into a comfortable rhythm. Getting people water or orange juice, then tea or coffee, then the patron's choice of a "breakfast casserole", all on gold gilded plates with real silverware. It was an old church.

—

Jonathan was a regular Serena had gotten to know, interestingly enough, through talking about books. The first time they met, they struck up a conversation about which sci-fi writers could actually write well. Serena had since started a little 'library' by leaving some books on the back stage. So far, Jonathan had been the only person to take them. Today, Jonathan was reading a Fonseca novel and would finish it by the end of the morning. Serena got him his breakfast, chatted for a bit, and then went back to grabbing orders and wiping down tables.

--

In a lull, Serena made herself tea in the kitchen and listened to Sam Shea and Jesse fiddle with the radio and talk about Derek Trucks, Eric Clapton, and the rock of their childhood. Sam Shea had won tickets to a Who concert from Serena's college radio station a few decades back (on his birthday weekend no less!) but decided not to go. Not a good time really, wasn't in a good place.

Jesse left to go mind the outside and it was just the two of them. Sam Shea was 63 years old and had been living under a bridge when Cathy met him 6 years ago. Sometimes you could only catch two-thirds of what he said but it was easy enough to follow. Serena knew Sam Shea had a range of exciting political beliefs like being very anti-war and very pro-police, *a pretty normal amalgamation for an average American tbh.*

Politics always came up naturally, and with some demonstrated interest the discussion could become a full kitchen affair. Right now, Sam Shea was behind the sink, and Serena had her mask pulled down to sip her tea, leaning comfortably against the kitchen island.

Sam Shea was talking about Vietnam, and the draft.

"How'd you avoid it?" Serena asks.

He tells Serena a story of his brother coming back from 'Nam totally changed. He brought a knife back that he would carry around always. A completely different person. He had this knife and he had two older brothers and he started heroin real young since it was something his brother brought back with him and. His brother was just acting crazy one day, scaring his mom. So he had to take the knife and kill him. He was sent to juvi after that, told by the guards to get drafted if he wanted to get out.

"But war is the stupidest thing man ever invented," Sam Shea says as he fiddled with the radio, waiting for the Blues to come on at 10.

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Serena brings Jonathan some macarons a volunteer dropped off, not fresh out of the box, but still. When she comes back to pick up his plate, he tells her that the macarons matched her outfit today. Pink, green, white, and dark orange.

--

It's weekly meditation time. People pull their chairs up in a loose circle (6 feet apart) to listen to Luca, the Buddhist chaplain. Sam Shea's turned the radio up, but the music is still soft, gentle, and lilting. "I like to make noise" he says to Serena as he lets the water run.

When Serena runs out of work to do, she goes to sit behind the meditation circle, closing the door behind her so Sam Shea can make noise without bothering the meditators.

The whole room obeyed the feeling of stillness and calm that filled the space. The sound of washing dishes and the rustle of fabric as the room shifted in their seats became ambient noise. Jonathan softly laughed from the window at whatever he was reading and the men closest to him softly laughed in response.

Luca told them to focus on the noise of the bells, not to worry about what they heard from the kitchen, just notice it, and move on. At the end of the 15-minute meditation, he asked the participants how they felt it went.

Cheryl is the only one to respond, "I like hearing your voice because then... I just have so much going on in my head, you know? And so I'm thinking about stuff, just thinking about what I gotta do, then I can't sit still." Cheryl bounces her leg to demonstrate, her top knot moving too. "But your voice helps me, I spend so much of my day alone in my head, you know?"

"Yes, you have a deliciously soft voice you know," Cathy responds. Serena notices that Rev. Cathy is wearing weed socks, a spectacular revelation.

"Yeah, yeah he really does, you really do" Cheryl laughs and nods enthusiastically, looking between Cathy and Luca.

"Oh wow, that's nice to hear," Luca smiles. "I guess I can speak more next time, more like I've done in the past."

--

The morning had wrapped up and Jonathan had finished his book. Jonathan came to the window connecting the kitchen to the dining room to say goodbye, a ritual. Serena asked him something she had been meaning to ask him for a while.

"You read so much; do you ever write?" Serena asks quietly.

"Yeah, I used to write every day actually. I don't anymore." Jonathan pauses, tells her about his laptop breaking not so long ago.

The next thing he says sticks with Serena, "The first thing a writer needs to do is reclaim the language for themselves." *Reclaim the language*, yes *YES*. "I did that through poetry, I guess. Just writing every day trying to get something down that feels like you. Do you? Do you journal?"

"No, no, I've been meaning to though" Serena looks down at the table, picks off some bread crumbs stuck to the surface. Hoping her tone conveyed her earnestness, and her understanding.

"You know, I have some friends who run a lit mag and they asked me to write for them, but I don't know," Serena tells Jonathan. "I'm not much of a writer and I don't know what I would say."

"Well... you've gotta be patient with yourself." Jonathan says carefully, every word intentional. He had that way of talking, pausing between sentences, thinking ahead.

"People who journal tend to get frustrated with what they've written because it's so repetitive, or they write words and then look back later and realize they're no good," he ends on a chuckle.

Serena smiles under her mask and laughs back a little bit, like she knows. Although, she does.

They continue chatting until Rev. Cathy, who had been cleaning up the kitchen behind Serena, chimes in, "Hey Jonathan, so do you have an iPad or a tablet or anything?"

"No no, not for a little bit. Those would be great though yeah," Steve responds. "I was using one, but it couldn't connect to the Internet... an original iPad that just didn't work all that well."

"Well, I'll put the word out and see if someone's got something" Cathy says assuredly.

"Thank you that would be great, yeah, just to have something that has a good screen and, uh, can update the applications," Jonathan nods. Cathy's eyes crinkle at the corners and she nods back and moves on. Jonathan and Serena say goodbye, till next time.

--

Becky opens the kitchen's side-door letting a welcome breeze in. She holds a little laptop case.

"Is that for...?" Serena's heart starts pounding.

"Yeah" Cathy nods, "I realized I've had this in my car for at least a month, trying to find out who it belonged to. Where is he?"

"Shit! He just left, maybe he's still outside" Serena runs past her to the parking lot *even though she would have just seen him*.

No sign of him, just Sam Shea and two guys smoking cigs on the street. She comes back inside. Cathy strolls into the kitchen, "We think he's in the bathroom."

"I swear I wasn't eavesdropping I don't like to do that, and I wouldn't have butt in, but I heard you ask him if he had a laptop..." Cathy bobs her head and continues, although Serena hears none of it. *But I didn't! I didn't ask that, and what if he'd missed this!*

Jonathan comes back into the dining room and Cathy catches him. From Serena's spot in the kitchen she sees the two of them framed in the door *perfectly*. Cathy hands it to him, and for a second he is still.

A coda.

.
. .
.

Now, I break kayfabe and tell you what I talked about with Jonathan the following week. I wish I had written down what he said after he said it, because it was sharp, and sincere, and deeply meaningful to me. I do a pretty paltry reconstruction here, but I hope you will forgive me. ~~About two hours after our conversation, I ate an edible and watched 2 episodes of the Bachelorette with Lydia. It was a glorious time, although it absolutely clouded my memory.~~

He asked if I had written anything yet and I told him not quite. I didn't know what I would write about—maybe this place, I say, raising my hands to the kitchen. He didn't respond. I hope I have done nothing to dishonor him and the other wonderful people I have met, I should have just come out and asked but I...

I then explained this whole thing to him. Studying in London and visiting a friend in Edinburgh and getting involved with all you lovely people.

"So, they're mostly Scots?" "No actually, one's Canadian, another English, some Americans like me."

Chaps—I even told him the name of the mag. I didn't tell him about the project to document Edinburgh's intellectual culture, although maybe I could have.

I tell him the mag's a mix of things. Some poetry, essays, and the current preferred method, autofiction. Mostly men, then me. He nods, looks down, and I can tell he's smiling under his mask.

Autofiction, he finds, makes it hard to trace the various inputs that make you who you are. It is limiting in a sense, to not be able to explore what makes you who you are because you need to tell a narrative that tracks to your life.

I tell him about this poem, "Inventory" by Dionne Brand—a Trinidadian-Canadian author who he knew I was writing a final paper on. I said she explores this concept, documenting everything that makes you up, and just trying to bear witness to this whole uncapturable mess. I should've brought up this Gramsci quote, but I knew I was going to stutter saying Gramscian. I will share it with you now.

In Gramsci's *Prison Notebooks* he wrote,

“The starting-point of critical elaboration is the consciousness of what one really is, and is ‘knowing thyself’ as a product of the historical process to date, which has deposited in you an infinity of traces, without leaving an inventory ... therefore it is imperative at the outset to compile an inventory” (25).

Dionne Brand had this quote pinned above her desk when she wrote her poem. She pulled this quote from Edward Said, who pulled it from Gramsci, which I have pulled for you.

Jonathan elaborated that... you cannot know what you want to write before you write it unless you want to be trapped. You are trapped, just in the way autofiction archives a life, one moment at a time. And there are so many more interesting ways to explore who you are, and why you are, and the way you are always *changing*.

What I took away from this, and from all our conversations, is that even if our cataloguing of life remains incomplete, even if we do not *know* who we are, we cannot help but give ourselves away in everything that we do. There is so very little we can truly hide, even if others do not realize it. Something in me grows stronger and bolder after I talk to Jonathan about writing. As little as I have ever written. I am aware of all we actually contain: the expansiveness of future time and the pasts we have not yet created.

All I do now is stay in my home and go to the church, and it is these people, *comrades*, who make me feel like I am living a human life after all.

I am angry at the world. I am angry that I do not have the language to express what it is to be alive right now. I feel like a child, learning how to write, and to speak, and to feel all over again. I am angry that I feel so powerless, that I am so powerless, and seeing all of *this* and knowing *that*... it is impossible not to hate myself, even just a little. But I am newly born to this world and within myself I hear over and over, *let me become the flood*. I read you all and know what it is to see others on this same journey, to look deeply inward and then to turn around and trust others with that gift.

Merry Christmas xx



orangenmarmelade (aka helena l.ng) *selected poems*
translated from the german

SPANGE

ich glaube
die Spange in deinen Haaren
dunkelrotes, abblätternes Metall auf
fuchs- und baumstammfarbenem Haar
wartet nur darauf, herunterzufallen
auf den kiesbestreuten, mit Salz geschmirgelten
Gehweg
damit all die Jungs die
je in dein Herz gekommen sind
an einem kristallklaren Wintermittag
darauf treten können
um dann zu sagen
it's not you, babe, it's me

CLIP

I think
the dark-red clip in your hair,
flaking metal on fox-and-tree-trunk-coloured hair,
only waits to fall down
on the gravel-strewn, the salt
-sanded
sidewalk
so that all the boys that
have ever come into your heart
on a crystal-clear midday in Winter
can step thereon
to then say
it's not you, babe, it's me

EITEL_KEITEN

manche Dinge sind symptomatisch
für mündlichen Duktus
Konvertierung von Schriftarten
Tinte auf Pixel

ich jage den Schatten der Idee auf dem klapprigen
mit Weiß getränktem
Bett in Maria
—Purzelbäume machend

ja und manchmal wird mir schlecht
zu viele Wirbel machen schwindlig
ich küsse den Boden
Asphalt und Erde

mischen sich mit den Mückenstichen
den orangenen Funken auf meiner Haut am Lagerfeuer
ein Flimmern, hell wie die Sonne, zu Ruß
der Riss ist unsichtbar

es gibt nichts zu erklären
ich dachte, der Zustand deiner Fingernägel
wäre genug
Erklärung

ich tauche auf

ist da was zwischen

gutmütiger Ironie und einfältiger Ernsthaftigkeit
die zwei kleben irgendwie
immer
zusammen
schaffen wir das

VANI_TIES

some things are symptomatic
of oral style
conversion of fonts
ink as pixel

I hunt the shadow of the idea on the
rickety
white-soaked
bed in Maria
— doing somersaults

yes and sometimes I get sick
too many whirls make you dizzy
I kiss the ground
Asphalt and earth

mix with the mosquito bites
the orange sparks on my skin
at the campfire
a flicker, bright as the sun, turns to
soot
the crack is invisible

there is nothing to clarify
I thought, the state of your
fingernails
would be enough
clarification

I dive out

is there something between
well-meaning irony and simple-minded
sincerity
the two stick somehow
always
together
can we do it

MY BODY - es ist okay

es geht nicht, dass mein Spiegelbild dazu da
ist, eine imaginäre Version von mir, die in meinen Augen
okay wäre, wenn sie nicht sogar der Inbegriff meiner
Vision (unser aller)
ist, heraufzubeschwören, weil
es so von der Perspektive abhängt, und weißt du, sagt sie,
denke ich—
okay war es schon lange nicht mehr, spätestens seit
es im Auto darum ging, dass deine Freundin neue Wege
finden
wird, sich schön zu finden, Kleider, zum Beispiel,
okay, ich kenne die Unschuld, mit der du dir (ich mir)
verbietest, zu
sein, was du bist und was du sein könntest,
niemals perfekt, niemals perfekt, niemals — gut genug

MY BODY - it is okay

it does not do that my reflection
is there
to conjure up
an imaginary version of myself, that
in my eyes
could be ok, if it isn't even the
embodiment of my vision (of all ours),
because
it so depends on the perspective, and
you know, she says, I think—
it wasn't okay for a long time
ever since
it was mentioned in the car that your
friend will find new ways
to find herself beautiful, dresses, for
example,
okay, I know the innocence, with which you (I myself)
forbid (you)rself
to be
what you are and what you could be
never perfect, never perfect,
never — good enough

[no title]

ich hatte dir gesagt
stechende luft
zieht am schnellsten in die augen
es sei denn, du

hast schon genug salzwasser
geschluckt
sodass jedes eintretende wort zerrieben wird
und deine fingerkuppen es letztendlich auflösen

meine finger sind klebrig
der honig steht deinen lippen gut
aber nicht so gut
wie die shoppingmall meinem teenage-ich

gleichgültigkeit war noch nie hot
aber ein gewisses maß an entrücktheit scheint es zu sein
ich glaube ich stolpere jetzt weniger über meine eigenen
hände
dafür verdreht sich meine zunge wenn ich rede

[no title]

I had told you
stinging air
draws in the eyes quickest
unless you

have already swallowed
enough saltwater
so that every incoming word
is ground
and your fingertips dissolve it
finally

my fingers are sticky
the honey looks good on your lips
but not so good
as my teenage self
in the shopping mall

indifference has never been hot
but a certain amount of remoteness
seems to be
I think I'm stumbling less
over
my own hands now
instead my tongue twists when I speak



金木犀

2020年11月22日

17:13

気持ちの良い日が一ヶ月以上も続いている。

「秋が一番好きだなあ〜」

こんな風を感じるようになったのは、私が大人になったからなのか、それとも日常がコロナという魔物に神聖化されて、これまで忘れていた大切な何かに気付かされたからなのか。理由はどちらにせよ、こんな日が永遠に続けばいいなと切実に願う今日この頃であります。

寝ることが大好きな私でも、秋朝にはかなわない。

∞時頃に起きて、カーテンを勢い良く開けるのが日課である。それから目一杯の息を吸いこんで、しっかりと味わう。重要なのは、鼻から息を吸うこと。秋のにおいを朝日と一緒にいただけるなんて、こんな優雅な目覚めはない。私にはわかる。温かくて心地いい、何もかも包み込んでくれる日の光が部屋いっぱいになれば、今日もきっといい日になる。

窓の外から聞こえる子どもたちの声と、木々がざわざわと揺れる音は、私をなぜかとても感傷的にする。

なぜだろう。どうしてなのか。思い出させる。とても鮮明な子供の時の思い出を。小学校の時に朝から晩まで遊んでいた団地の空気のおい。いつだって、自然から溢れる青々しいにおいがした。

落ち葉のベツトで秘密基地を作るために、自転車で何往復もしてかごいっぱい落ち葉を集めたことや、完成した落ち葉のプールに猫がうんちをしてがっかりしたこと。公園で木登りをしていたこと、親友と芝生の上で側転の練習をしたこと、飼育係でウサギの世話をしていたこと。あとは、お母さんがご飯の時間を知らせに迎えに来てくれたこと。ずっとずっと遊んでいたかったけれど、この何とも言えない寂しさの中にいくらかの幸せを感じていた。

少し話がそれってしまったが、秋が人を感傷的にするってそういうことなのか？でも、その出来事を思い出すというよりかは、その瞬間の空気感を思い出す。もうなんか魔法みたいに。すごいスピードで、でも、すごくリアルに私に迫ってくる。

言葉で表現できないくらいの説得力を持って。…体中の1つ1つの細胞が思い出させてくれる、走馬灯みたいに。

私にとって、においは魔法の力を持ったもの。五感の中で、嗅覚は過去の自分との繋がりを感じさせてくれる。時間のタイムスリップだ。キンモクセイだってそう。どこからともなく流れてくるあのなんともいえない甘くて満たされる香り。実家の庭にも金木犀の木がある。

私の父は、転勤族だ。とても温厚で几帳面な性格をしている。幼いころから、父の野球の試合に連れられて、少年のように野球をする父の姿を横目に過ごす時間が好きだった。心配症の母とは正反対、何に対しても私たちを尊重し、多くを語らず、でも悩んでいるときにはそっと手を差し伸べてくれるような存在。私の知るかぎり、父はパーフェクトヒューマンだ。こんなことを言ったら笑われるかもしれないけれど、つい最近まで私の父はV9の岡田くんやキムタクに並ぶくらいイケメンだと思っていた。これは本当…。だから、父が来る参観日はいつもより背筋が伸びるような、すがすがしい思いだった。

まあとにかく言いたいのは、家族みんな父が大好きだということ。

しかし、そんな優しい父を何度も憤慨させていたのは、どこの誰でもないこの私だ。あれは私が∞歳くらいるとき、テレビを見ている父にしつこく何かをせがんで

いた。何がきっかけで怒らせてしまったのか、どんなに考えても思い出せないが、きつとテレビのチャンネルを変えろとか、そんな些細なことだったはず。その頃から今と変わらない天邪鬼な性格の私は、父の癩に障る才能だけは天下一品だった。しかし、生まれて初めて胸倉をつかまれて怒鳴られた驚きと父の怖さに、私は大泣きしていたことだけは今でも鮮明に覚えている。妹なら、怒られるようなことはしないだろうし、姉ならすぐに謝る素直さがある。先ほどもいったように私は手のかかる、面倒くさい子だったから、自分が悪いと分かっても絶対に謝らない。こんな調子で、何時間こたつの下で泣いていたのか分からない。酸素が少なくなってきたし、おなかもすいてきたし、もうそろそろ出ようかどうかでしょうか、自分の中で何かしらの葛藤を引き起こしていると、そんな私に見かねた父の方から

「愛梨ごめんね。」

と言ってきてくれた。今思えば、私から謝らないといけないのに、嬉しさと、恥ずかしさで、「いいよ。」と言って泣きながら仲直りをした。

あの時はごめんなさい。どうか忘れていきますように。

話がそれてしまった、においの話に戻る。

私の家には、ポツンと金木犀が立っている。とても弱々しく今にも倒れそうな金木犀だが、秋になるとオレンジの花をたくさん咲かせて、庭の主役になる。

においというものは本当にすんばらしい。あのにおいを嗅ぐとタイムスリップしたような気分になさせてくれる。家族との温かい思い出が、一枚の絵のように瞬時に蘇ってくるような。

今年だってそうだ。

生きているにおいに沢山のエネルギーをもらった。

これからも、そんな風に心を研ぎ澄まして、溢れるにおいを忘れないでいたい。き

っとみんなそれぞれの思い出があって、それを運んでくれるのがにおいなんだ。

においは神様からの特別な贈り物。

神様ありがとうございます。私は今日も幸せでした。

Osmanthus

2020/11/22, 17:13

2020/12/24, 15:52



Only beautiful days have been continuing for more than a month.

“I love autumn”

Have I only just realized this love because I have grown up, is it because my life has been sanctified by the devil of COVID, or maybe its because I have realized something I had forgotten a long time ago? Whatever the reason, my days have gone by with me and I earnestly wish that days like these can continue forever.

Even someone like me who loves sleep, can't win against an autumn morning.

Waking up at 8am and opening my curtains has been my daily routine. Then I take a long breath and savour it. It's important to take this breath from your nose. There is nothing more enriching than waking up to the smell of an autumn morning. I know it well. That if the warm and kind light, that wraps everything it touches, can extend across my room, today will be another good day.

The voices of children from outside my window, the sound of the trees swaying across the wind, for some reason, they make me sentimental.

Why is it? I wonder why? I can remember. The vivid memories of my childhood. The smell of the air from the neighborhood where I would play endlessly. It would always have a fresh smell overflowing from nature.

The bed we made out of fallen leaves for our hidden fortress, the countless round trips we did moving the leaves in the baskets of our bikes, when we finished making our ocean of leaves that a cat had used as a toilet. Climbing trees at the park, practicing our cartwheels with friends, and taking care of our class rabbit. And when my mother would come call me to come back for dinner. I would want to play outside for eternity, but in this inexplicable sadness, you could feel a certain love.

That was just a red herring (赤いニシン), is it autumn that makes people sentimental? But, its not that I remember events, its more that I remember the air that surrounded them. Just like magic. It rushes through me so quickly and genuinely.

With persuasiveness that can't be expressed. Through every single cell in my body, my life flashes before my eyes.

To me, smell holds some sort of mystical power. Out of my five senses, smell allows me to connect with my past self. Just like time traveling. An osmantus is the same. Its sweet filling smell that appears and flows. At my home we have an osmantus tree.

My father. He's gentle and caring. As a child, I would go along with my father to baseball matches. I loved looking at my father who would transform into a boy through this game. The complete opposite of my worrying mother, a being that would respect anything we chose, speak little, but stretch his hand to us when needed. As far as I know, my father is a perfect human (パーフェクトヒューマン). You might laugh, but up until recently I thought my father was as cool and good looking as V6's Okada, or Takuya Kimura. I'm dead serious. So when my father would come to my school I would feel so refreshed I couldn't help but stretch.

Anyways, what I want to say is that my whole family loves my father.

But, the person who was scolded the most by this kind father was none other than me. It is when I was about 8 years old, pestering my father who was watching TV. I don't specifically remember what the trigger was, it was probably something trivial like asking him to change the channel. As a young twisted Amanojaku (天邪鬼), my talents to get on my father's nerves was unrivaled under the sun. But I clearly remember the shock and fear from the first time my father grabbed me by the collar and yelled at me. If it were my younger sister, she wouldn't have pestered my father in the first place, and my older sister is honest enough to quickly apologize. But as I have expressed, I was a twisted bothersome stubborn child, who would never apologize even if I knew I was in the wrong. I don't even know how many hours spent crying under the Kotatsu. The air in the kotatsu had become thin, I was getting kind of hungry, and I was debating whether to come out or not. And my father, who must have seen his conflicted daughter, said

"I'm sorry Airi."

Looking back at it, I should have been the one to apologize, but from the embarrassment and happiness, I could only say "ok, fine" while crying.

I'm sorry for back then. Please do forgive me.

And yet another red herring, let's get back to our conversation of smell.

In my home's backyard stands one lonely osmanthus tree. A fragile osmanthus that seems like it could collapse at any second, but in the autumn, blooms its orange flowers, becoming the protagonist of our backyard.

Smell is truly wonderful. That smell makes me feel like I have gone back in time. The warm memories of my family reappear in an instant like a single painting.

Even this year.

I have received a great deal of energy from the smells that live.

From now on, I want to be open, to not forget the overflowing scents. Everyone must have their memories, and smell is the messenger.

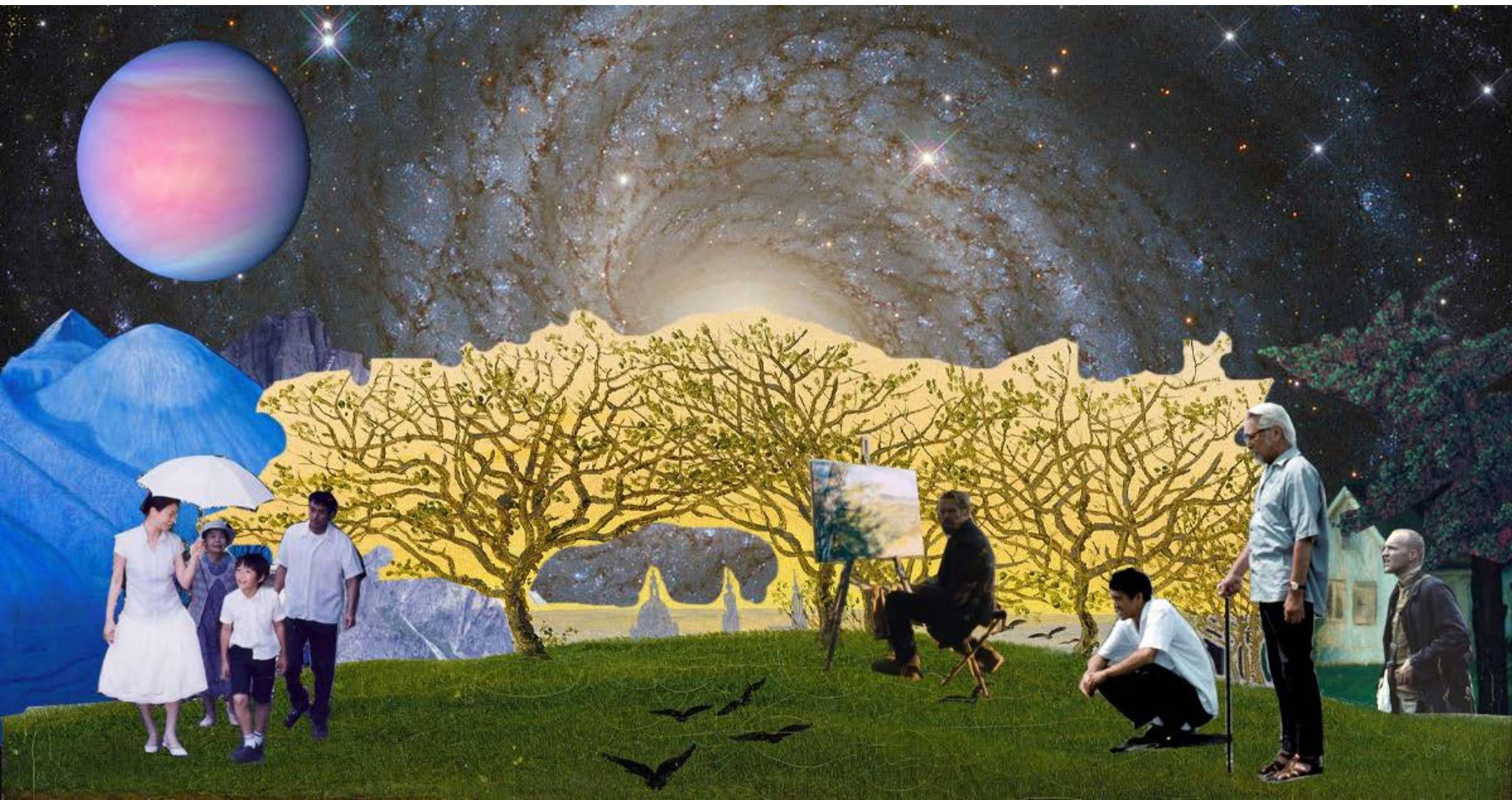
A scent is a divine present from god.

Dear god, thank you. I continue to be happy even today.

A close-up photograph of a plant with vibrant orange flowers and lush green leaves. The flowers are small and clustered together, while the leaves are elongated and have a glossy texture. The background is softly blurred, showing more of the same plant and some bokeh light spots.

tengo and airi's
short film
歩いても 歩いても
aka *Still Walking*:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1CKDsrfulzEzRcEegxLRcPhz3W9KLywb/view?usp=sharing>



le petit prince final dispatch

well, VENUS, perhaps I can conceive of being happy. maybe for a moment while I read the things you write. yes, for a moment.

but, that's my part over.

one more thing, though, before you go. there's a few more things to see. a blackhole, somewhere.

and a communication entitled

through the arbor

seems to be a kind of informational door-handle, or a kosmic handshake. or a portal of some sort. it seems we're meant to walk through it. I'm not sure.

we'll see when we get there.

In any case, merry khristmas from me.





through the arbor

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merry christmas



acknowledgements and forthcoming arbor releases

thank you to monsieur gilles (victor) for the cover.

elias, victor, and I put the collages together.

kudos to ŽanpaŽan for inspiration:

<https://www.instagram.com/zanpazan/?hl=en>

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pink kudu's *piombino* is arbor's first venture into auto-cinema. in it, pink kudu returns back to his mother's birthplace in italy and much drama ensues.

it will feature prominently in the arbor anglo-italian issue.

-

as well, arbor is looking for work to publish. so please DM us on instagram:

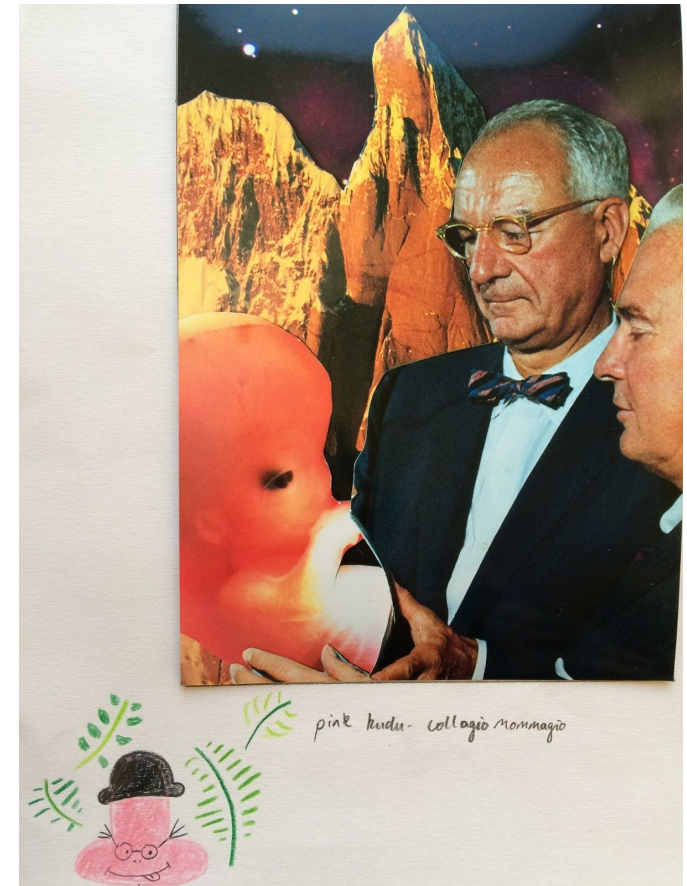
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or

[Pink Kudu \(@pinkkudu\) • Instagram photos and videos](#)

and, for hegel-related inquiries, DM

[Aidan \(@hegelsh\)](#)



**THANKS
FOR COMING**

