

TURN THE STREAM INTO MY GARDEN

We start with 2 worlds, over there, over here, outside and inside. We want to think about them, name them somehow from here. We must give them new names because we will intentionally deny the use of certain words. We see that familiar rhetoric of those who are against them but what we know is that we are not like them, either.

Maybe we could call it 'money time', where productivity is efficiency and pleasure is only 'allowed rest', controlled pleasure, awarded pleasure for a good efficacy within the clear, inflexible and stiff rules of 'money-time-town'.

We are absolutely not committed to this dichotomy we start with. Something's fishy, things are not black and white (even though their world is grey).

Laying down on the side of the tentacular world,

Tentacular Spectacular

citizen style VS fluid like water streams

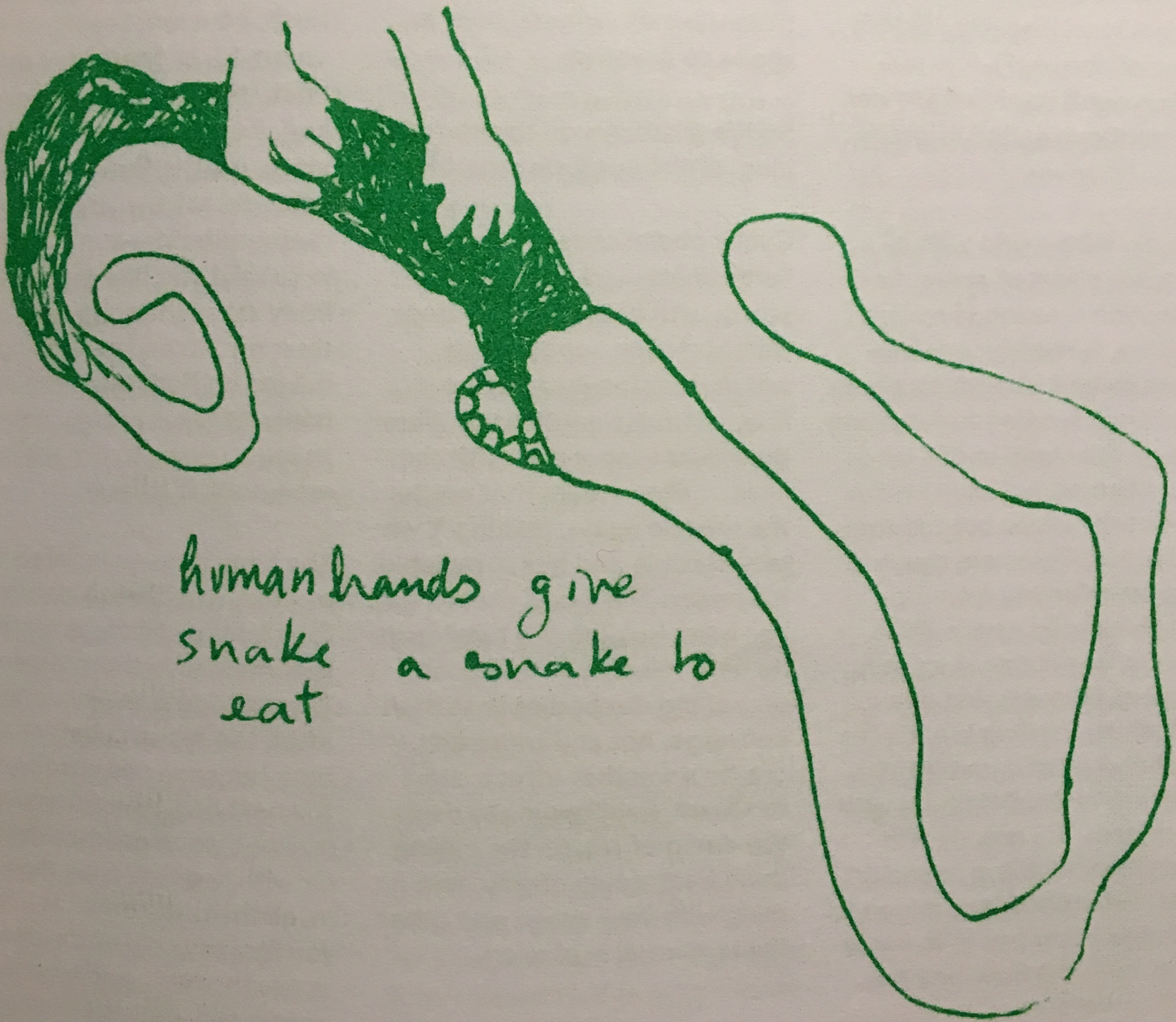
going up VS forever spreading

what we agree on is the level difference. On this side, I am underground and you are on top of the roof, but we both see them from afar and fill up with a sense of control over_____.

Work becomes a forbidden word too, must find new one. It's tainted, like the word tainted which is also tainted. I'm trying not to fall into the trap of, one side is structure and the other is loose. Because both sides have an internal operating structure. But the side we want to be on, you're working in joy. I think it's a tentacular thing. People always want to rise! I just want to spreeeeead, tentacular spreading mode. That's a very literal description of money-time, the urge to go up up up, more money more career, go to 'heaven' (cackles).

We have no adaptors for the plugs he brought in

What she said, it made sense, a poet's sense. She was talking about going swimming in the murky pond because she had a dream about escaping the retinal eye, and another person there was asking these very rational questions: what is the pond? What eye are you talking about? Is the pound the eye? Do you get in your own eyes? And it made so much sense to us all there, without needing to clarify,



human hands give
snake a snake to
eat

but this girl couldn't answer any of the logistical questions because they simply didn't exist. That's happened to me, and happened to you. When we show art work. That is very important to know: you feel like you are incapable to explain your work but that isn't true. You know what you are doing but it exists on a completely different level (the infra world, the top of the roof). It is not that you don't have the answer, it is that the question is wrong.

[] Me: an infra world with all the views, a sort of scientific cut section drawing, a million of cables, tentacles, endless fingers spread all over, touching everything, feeding and wetting through the inner-under-lands, up to all corners. Could be like the roots of a tree but the tree is mine too. There are these characters lurking from behind some solid, one is like a vampire, one is smoking, only smoking. One is laying down, sunbathing, chilling like it's the second week of summertime, when you're finally in tune with the rhythm. It's only dark in opposition. A strong capacity to be resourceful is common to each and every one in it, every thing, even the floor and the melting walls.

[] Me: It's more like, when you're on street level, your way can be blocked, you're in a city and there's all kinds of distractions and obstacles, so you are straining just to get from A to B. You follow a circumscribed route because you can't see

far enough ahead to figure a different way. But when you're on the roof of the buildings! Then, you can play, you go from one to another, the path is clear in all directions. That image is so intoxicating to me, of the possibility of talking to your neighbour across that electric void of the gap between the buildings, inhabiting this space that expands, where there is space to breathe.

So it's pretty much the same, as long as we're not on street level.

Cyclic endlessness back and forth, make and destroy: a storm with heavy rain of drops that hurts the supple flesh which mutates into wavy surface of bruise and crater. When the water evaporates with the heat, makes steam that melts the muscle again, making it watery, flexible and highly mixable. It's heavy. The cloud that all day has been holding the tension in its belly releases in one gush, drenching the bodies that then converge, hot and trembling, create a weather effect, start to steam, heat begins to rise, the damp of sex on the ceiling drips back down on you, mingling with your sweat and other fluids. Carnal explosion.

Where is this going? It's going nowhere baby, we're going nowhere fast.

We should burn some sage. No, we're not ready to clean yet, we're staying here in the dirt.

The previous night, constant

very deep ocean dream, diving to the bottom in the clearest ocean, a tiny body suspended in the enormous vertical expanse between surface and seafloor. That space of floating. The effort of a lifetime, to stay there, only breaking surface out of necessity. Perpetually stunned by the thickness of the air, the dim filtered light, the hush, constant feeling of the about-to-happen. I get drunk on it, it makes me hysterical, knocks me into a total dream state. It's the same with sex, what we call the smudge, the moment before someone leans in to take you, the moment the body takes the stage and opens their mouth and everything hovers on that, teetering. Actually it makes me shudder just trying to grasp it, like the last moments of a dream.

The smudge is an isolated piece of time, an elevated standing to attention, all the potential is contained in that moment. The smudge is the morning after, the morning before, the time between one spank and the next one, when all you are is expectation and trepidation. Or with needles, once they're in, all the rush comes at once, you feel the cold of the needle inside the flesh, and a hand grasps and slaps the metal, and you feel where it passes through you, where it rotates and twists on the inside of your skin, catches on bits of your flesh and shifts them inside. Like when you put a fork into a cake that isn't cooked through.

The hand that touched the

scalding pot bears a bright gash, skin left in patches on the chrome surface like stickers. In the street, walking, the blood dries, encrusted on the wound, giving way to weeping which drips and leaves sticky trails on everything that passes. The gash is a portal to hell, attracting the waste and fumes of the street.

The bed a stage forever waiting to be inhabited, red velvet curtains parted and damp at the hem from dragging on the mud-smearred tiles. Surfaces sticky with remnants of white powder that can be scraped off with a fingernail.

The water mattress is a wet bed, drenched in piss. A bare foot treading into its swampy centre raises a puddle around it.

The creatures that fill the space move in slow-motion, gathering form as they approach the red light. Beyond the curtains, shadowy figures move aimlessly. The slugs slide closer, making the air feverish. Cold sweats break out in a shudder moving like a wave from one expanse of clammy meat to the next.

The gash fondles any over-ripe fruit it can reach, seeking blindly, poking at tender bruises, infecting holes with the filth collected from the street.

I'm sprawled in the wet, what belongs to my body indistinguishable from what doesn't, until the hand penetrates without warning. Open the legs and just get inside pushing with it

all the skin from the outside.

You smirk, reach for another limb. I immediately feel a sting like a heat that is infecting me.

Laying her whole bodyweight on me, crushing the little bones and drowning me in the piss pool, the nose the forehead the tongue hit my face, clumsy and unaware as it is gone in surrender and so determined, involuntarily drooling on the corners of my mouth, a liquid I try to sip, stretching my jaw so grotesquely.

The heat of the wound is spreading inside me, I feel it expanding through all my extremities, and I am brought back from this state by your repetitive jabbing of the other bodies.

I clench what is penetrating me to push it deeper inside, grab the wrist and force it beyond.

The triumph of the flaccid over the solid.

The voice that comes from whatever:

Sartre, if you see this, I don't think you really get what feminine could mean and why would it be related to this flaccid ooze

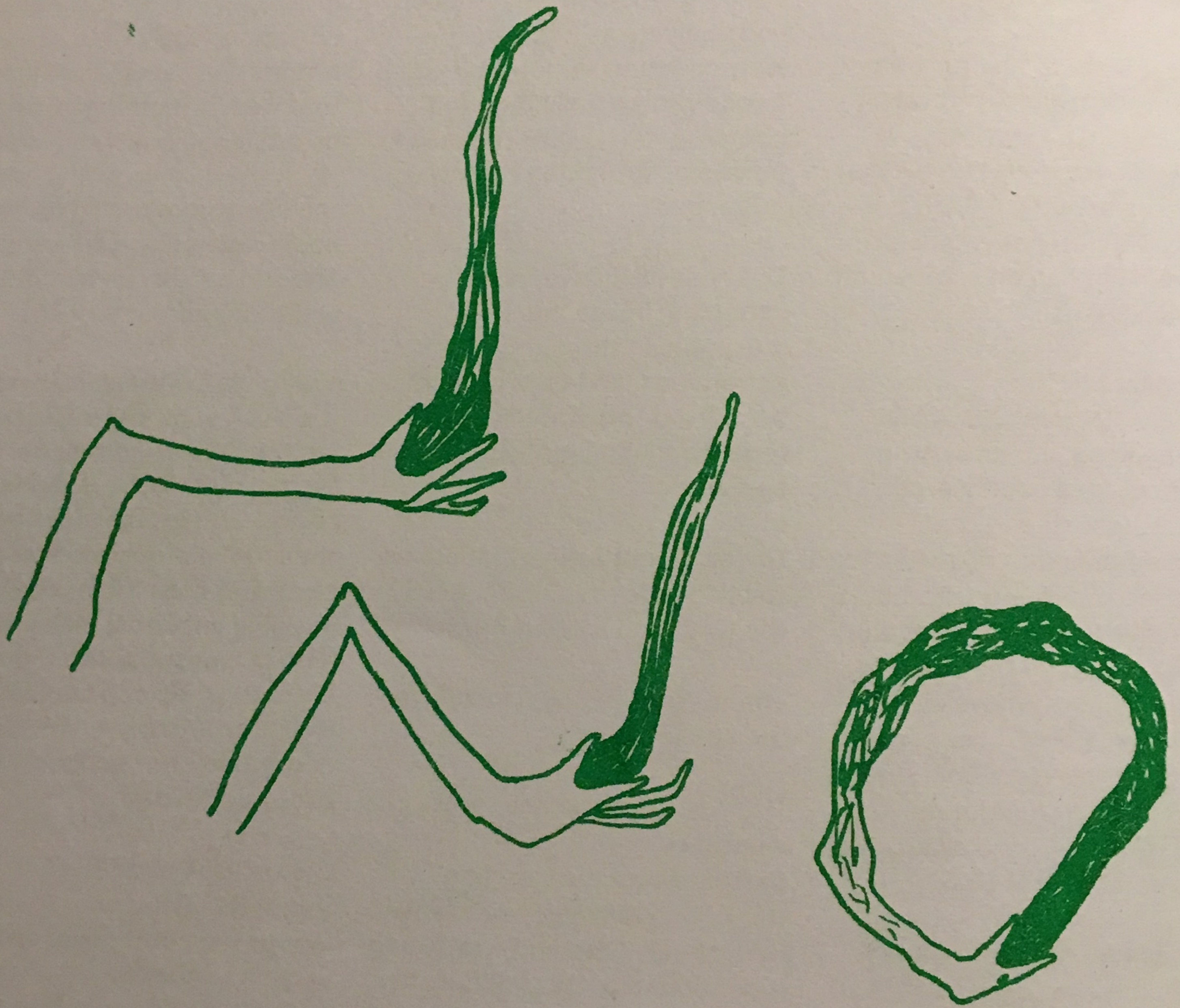
It felt like the first day. The horizon washed clean. The stranger had just been released from jail. Orange towel wrapped around his head. He tore up his papers and they blew into the ocean. The sun rose over the water, luridly, and we stood on the sand

stunned watching it. The sun rose again. Around the jetty the wave breaks scattered, smooth cubes, and we pissed there between them, streaming into the ocean, mixing our liquids. The light gave the illusion of clarity. Three sister cats, silver fur and eyes, looking at us strangely, a horse in the sky, and figures, impossible creatures, hovering on the surface of the ocean turned silver also in the light that wasn't morning nor evening but any time but hovering. We looked again to the horizon, the sun commencing its rise again, we in disbelief watching. The sun hit snooze and dozed a while longer.

When we swim near the shore it's thick with weed and naked we wade through this density, through winding slippery hands, and in this incoherence the medusa touches first her body and then mine, slipping invisibly between, like a contagion, a transmission, the sharp icy heat of poison spreading, meeting with the unknown contagions forced inside by those in the bed.

Clean blank nude feeling. The sun at its midpoint in the sky. Wrote in a notebook a distilled version of the feeling of the thought dissolved before the end of the sentence. It was hazy. Neither before-something, as some mornings are, or after-something, as other mornings are. As we looked up the sun drenched crimson rising again.

The stranger says No matter



how deeply I penetrate, I will always remain on the threshold.

Threshold is a word for which I only have a drawing, an image, one of those English words that I keep forgetting. What does it mean? I have like...a hole. That you can cross. A doorway? It doesn't really exist until you cross it. It's a space that comes into being in context of inside and outside. Something that is a channel. You could have one foot on either side of it. We love it because it stays in between, always, we're drawn to what is neither one nor the other. We feel like we know that we're in such a different world from the greyworld, so we're always trying to see both the inside and the outside – but once we discover that there's inbetweenness, that's where we stay. That's where we get excited! A place for us. It doesn't have to be one or the other. It feels like that sometimes, you have this mentality of the outsider. Like, what does it mean to be an insider? If you're too self-consciously an outsider or an underground person, if you get your identity like that, you're totally the insider of that scene. We're so not that. Even my people don't like me. I felt like that before, like, finally I found people who were different to the people in my town, I was doing my things, sex, and all kinds of things but thinking... wait, I'm not like them. It happens, right – you see them from afar, you say ah, my people! Then you get closer and say hmmm. Maybe not. I feel very dirty every time I feel like I'm too much in harmony with a scene or a group, or a wave of people. I think that's gross. Harmony is disgusting!