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july 2020

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Fred Spoliar

NO. 3 SONNET: ON LAND

or my heart back. it has to be obvious, stupid
is only what cops are: just look at them mounted
in a physics of their own device and charge
after a kid on a bike in Vicky Park: to the trees
for safety but it's late for talking
tactics or is it pine enclosed: a sonnet
howled to the fixed daylight stars
i'll have to hide my stars
in pockets underground.
this is deep among the means
by which U (capital) will not survey me
except like slot for frack sachet i
land as fractioned: carve for to see my dream run
cached in the finite distance of Ur blue
as if U cut me and the cocteau twins come on

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

and where U cut the sky scales typing
lived for livid up to sneak a peek into
Cuadrilla's failure's fire it isn't stealing if its ours
it isn't closure it's the sky unset a moment's
green an unattended fleet lets slip the isobar
and fucking run [the cops, the seven billion
acres of the queen the sun the cops the dogs
of ru paul] the basal ranged being of this
reverse coming east coast to a crumbling sea

THE AURA OF PLASMA AROUND THE SUN ∞

In my dreams I am peeling a lemon. Spirals of lemon and lemon and lemon, a crescent curve and a call. Such work is never finished. I peel for the toxic ecstasy of not waking, peeling cuticles until my nails are suffused in blood. I am disgusting, unwaxed, asking why. I sit without kin, very softly. Smell of fruit from light is thickening. I am peeling a lemon for the sun and air. So much yellow. The sun and the air in this moment. I see it through glass, the liveable.

Goethe reminds us that yellow 'is the colour nearest the light', 'it extends itself alone and widely'.

(A condition.)

Jeff Buckley tells a story about the way people were singing in a dream, this 'spacey-deadhead band [...] a bunch of grunge guys', and the people, I don't know if it's the people, at some point they are singing this song about a lover who is self-quarantined, a lover who is singing, who is forbidding anyone contact, who has 'taken away his days and nights [...] his dreams', 'sent away his friends'. The song, Buckley says, 'was about AIDS, or something like that'. He sings to his lover that he is utterly theirs. It mattered that the song was a kind of space jam, 7/4 time, it mattered that there was this story to bridge us back to silence. In times of corona I muse on what it means to give yourself utterly. On 'Generation Why', Weyes Blood sings, 'I can give it away everyday / I can fly and spend all my seconds / Like they're my last'. Millennial ephemeral seems unreal now. Can lemons exist in space? Buckley was singing at the end of history. He never got to see the twenty-first century. Like Plath, he was only thirty. But I can give it away and I do, I do. Viral kindness. Messaging you. I want you & I to still be tender, when 'the fear goes away / I might not need to stay' in whatever is sinking. My flesh is shrinking. Buckley has this other song that's like, 'Your Flesh is So Nice'. I like the word nice, it's slice of banality. I can give it away. She's so nice, there's a niceness, feels neat.

Little ellipsis when we type and don't speak.

∞

Time had passed backwards. The postman runs down the stairs because it is almost illegal to touch, and my parcel is creased and pointless. I am trying to accept the wholesale ritualisation of time, ripping my envelopes into air. The sun you sent me. On the 20th February 2016, I shared 'You & I' on Facebook with the caption, 'I want to live inside this song'. Someone replied, 'I think if this was a house it would be beautiful but cold and draughty and a really long way from the co-op so i cannot agree'. Such haughty friends always jumping on posts. When I think about the co-op, I think of islands, and so I think of this dreamhouse very far from the mainland, it drifts out, it opens for the sea. The house has a watery jaw that spills us. I said that his croons and chords would be adequate life force. We would give up our coffee and sugar and carbs; we'd cinder our tongues on the world's last broccoli. Charred and barbecued at the beached apocalypse, other side of the world and there I am standing, peeling a lemon. To read this, you have to cooperate with my peeling a lemon.

I am peeling a lemon at the end of the letter. What gives of its flesh into skin is so yellow.

∞

I have been flicking the sweet rind into the sea. There is no way back, not now or ever. Not even marks you left on my neck. No adequate fruit. It matters that he sings 'I adore you / Where you shut your soul'. There is an original mix where every minor twist is citrus. And we stockpile oranges and lemons to keep ourselves better, and we smoke less, and the room smells good, and we scroll all the messages from the government, pricking holes in their stories. Sometimes it is all surface no feeling; sometimes no surface all feeling. Our backgrounds set to soft porn but still felt nothing. This time, feeling is a pith that sticks in our teeth, our wine-gummed arteries, infected throats. We can't spit it out, because that would be sick as the sick we are getting.

A friend says, 'I have no job, no money anymore'. I tell her I was crying at an email from Tesco, where the CEO is like 'would please ask that you understand the challenging environment in which we are all working. If you do go in-store and want to say thank you, then I'm sure they'd appreciate it'. I was thinking, would it be crass to properly indent this quote, almost like a plaque to reflect this history. Gold-plated corporate affect felt real. It still does. COVID-19 at all levels. I want a sick pay to level out the debts of this love. I don't indent because I want it discursive. I want it all hard and discursive. And you do and you do and it does. I am whispering thanks and slipping pound coins in this abyssal tip jar that haunts my sleep. A. says she is going to order a huge pole, so she can dance her weeks away in the flat and keep her core strong. I was crying because suddenly there were companies adjusting for humans, they were going soft, surrendering promotions, putting in health and safety restrictions. An exhalation in the world's bright core which was capitalism. Not all were doing this of course, but it felt good when I saw it.

We cannot kiss our heroes on the cheek anymore, so I am always blowing kisses to strangers by accident. I pay for my bread and my spinach, my bundle of lemons, my tampons and whisky. I blow you a kiss for more than this service. Reality becomes one or more amazing and devastating conversations. We also shit talk. I send you the x and the x and the x's. I coil around the pole of this 'I'.

∞

So I dreamt I was singing. I had written on the 1st January 2020, 'The little things that make you think gosh I love you because you are this exact person'. I will love you more than the time this allows, this time without time where we are stuck in the loop of a year. Sick friends note days of isolation like prisoners, posting photos of rainbows and door handles in family houses, and I love them. And I want to go in-store and say thank you. We caress each other's virtual crystals. It was like that dream where the stocks and shares were falling and I was bursting through corporate doorways, so much glass, and I was saying very loudly 'WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU LEMONS / YOU HAVE TO MAKE SUNLIGHT' and all the yuppies were laughing after me, like I was a queen. Their eyes were quartz. I was wearing a suit. The work is unfinished! So we take it all home. I have conjured a certain luxury to drown in, like the infinity pools in Slim Aarons' photography, like the space-themed background on Zoom where we lecture each other on faith and hope. And all the yuppies were laughing after me a story, as though Instagram was exactly that, a life.

∞

I want to argue in favour of frontline service. Teachers, shopworkers, nurses. Beautifully, she says 'We need poets right now <3'. No more nightmares beside the sea, even though we both loved The Lighthouse movie. On the back of my Jackie Wang chapbook, the blurb reads 'Woke up from the dream with the phrase "catastrophism of the self": a parallel theory of apocalyptic thinking turned inward, by women'. This heartbreak adjacent to mass pandemic, how every phenomenon splits the beat that goes on living but how, but how. I wear the loop of a year around my thumb. I love you as catastrophe is sanguine now, a blood-red colour I wrote you a letter, I wrote you out of my life and in; like a blood-stained daisy, sewn through a tapestry in the room where the cats sleep sunnily. I dreamt of saving your cat from the highway / I dreamt of the sea. The song 'Dear Catastrophe Waitress' by Belle & Sebastian apologises for violence and 'cool disregard', 'and with tenderness I'll cherish you'. To carry that cherishing into the future, you have to wait awhile on your breakfast. All bars, cafes and restaurants are closed for now. Love will lack whimsy. But still I cherish your smile, its catastrophe, like an overflow of orange juice. It resembles a rainbow, upside-down on WhatsApp. The moon is a girl in the face of a daisy.

So in my dreams I prepare you a salad. You chose all those sunflowers, the day we broke. The pool has been drained of infinity and I fill it with leaves, chopped peppers, lemon zest, additive catastrophe and other aporia. You will dive right in and reclaim the past, its soft pornography. 'And what it was', Buckley says, 'it was a song'. The 'it' of the pool of infinity. On the spring equinox, the sky was so blue I could serve it a salad, and we sat in the park and we looked at the sun set over the university. I felt like the boy in Parasite, cooing 'It's so metaphorical'.

∞

The gaps in a diary where someone got sick, fell in love, kept working. I go back to them with fistfuls of asterisks; I know where such blanks connect to our feelings.

We await news from the government. You tender a wage, I buy chaga tea from my local. It is earthy and smooth. In a couple of days, they will close the cafes.

∞

In 'The Way We Live Now', Susan Sontag depicts the way life has changed in the face of a global pandemic. 'This thing is totally unprecedented', 'you can't force people to take care of themselves', 'isn't everything a side effect [...] even we are all side effects'. 'It seemed that everyone was in touch with everyone else several times a week, checking in, I've never spent so many hours at a time on the phone'. Our notebooks filled with anxious doodles, unwound in the myriad space of a call. I was sorry for touching the shelves, the books, the loaf of bread. My knuckles are raw from the chemicals. Who are the 'women' on the back of Jackie Wang's book? They falter like sunflowers too late for their season. To say something is unprecedented is to rip time and space for the sake of catastrophe. Weirdest seeds. Miles away, my nan runs a bath, my colleagues buy crates for the lock-in, my doctor eats sushi or my ex-lover will polish his shoes for nothing. We take pictures of a life that no longer feels ours. No news is good news, but there is so much news. I am thick and sugary and immense with it; news that bubbles up to the surface, so much so we are scared to drink, no feeling.

When life gives you lemons. I have been peeling them down to the pulp, a dream-pulp of immunity in suspense. Stirring the possible. How safe are the young. I should tidy my flat in time for the unwelcome of era. Take all the posters down from my wall to help it breathe. We need to keep breathing these bubbles of air. Your call was untimely. The virtual poetry reading operated on a lag, so each line and pause for breath was literally a glitch in transmission, and I imagined the colours of droplets of spray beginning to stick to a million screens. They form tiny crystals, viral to voice this air. The end of the world feels so banal, we toast it afraid of clinking the rims of our glasses. So we clink instead the edge of our screens.

∞

'Do you think a virus is alive?' asks Timothy Morton. 'A virus is a macromolecular crystal that contains some RNA code'. He also says 'This is the bardo'. I am confused by images of synthesis and glinting. I don't know normal, if it is the colour green, a song by The Innocence Mission, the day he died, or the clarity of Venetian canals now sparkling with dolphins. She stands by the bay windows, scrolling her phone. An email says, 'What are the limits on what we can know or learn from this moment'. Pinegrove song says, 'I'm in this moment / And I can't see past it / I'm in this disaster'. And we don't even know 'What's in this moment'. I want there to be dolphins in the Clyde. Everything natural. Eccojams / The gig postponed. All happens at once then nothing. I can hear everyone join in, 'Dammit I'm scared to know' when the voice lifts screaming. You swallow the crystals in loops of talk. And you wake up hoarse, as though I had called you back from the dead where already you spent a life again.

It is really too soon for me to say anything at all. It is only a condition, the condition to keep living. I won't say on.

∞

I regret saying love is a disease. It is more like the aura of plasma around the sun. Billie Eilish sings, 'You should see me in a crown' and we say of her life, it is going viral. I wrote that down; I dyed it lime green, added the requisite emoji for luck. My anxiousness, this sickness isn't mine. We ration our capsules.

I go viral hard in the nights of your sleep.

∞

Hoard all my lemons so one day I will go out to the world and give them to you, all of you, one by one, no gloves required of anyone. I will address you. And it will be soft and cool and watery sweet, and it will lift us, as Lisa Robertson says 'stupid as kissing', 'I wanted to be'. Our tongues less poison; Songs, Ohia, 'Farewell Transmission'. 'Fossil fire / Of the sun'. It will feel exactly like that line that Hélène Cixous translated from Kafka, 'Lemonade everything was so infinite'. When I hand you a drink without those bird-killing straws, you suck without murder, you glow blue in the lemon-coloured day you are born. We gleam like branded cubes of ice. The sea is around us forevermore, we're in this disaster, a word without end, afloat. 'For me', Cixous writes, 'this is The Poem, the ecstasy and the regret, the very simple heart of life. It is the end. And the end of the end. And the first refreshment'.

- 21/3/20.

TUMORS

In the final weeks her speech becomes distracted
from within, by some- thing unseen. She says there's
little lights popping in my head she tells us secrets
that unfix the past. Her right eyelid faints, followed
soon after by the right side of her face, then the right
side of her body. We sit with her in shaded quiet
we wish to reach out for her hand, but hold back.

Eloise Birtwhistle

F E E D

Weeks before he was admitted to the ward he ate
only miso soup, then later, nori
The noodles' translucence teasing a
light caught beneath

Fine grain is ground, the rice flour watered and rolled
thin into near see-through skin

A starved person must be carefully re-fed
(seizures, comas, heart-failure)
The feed in his nasogastric tube is flesh pink
his cheek, white

'TWELVE VERSES TO MAKE YOU ROT'

Gwen Dupré responds to Ultimate Dancer's Hevi Metle, a durational sonic performance of six hours, six minutes and six seconds which draws on a feminist approach to alchemy. Hevi Metle was made in collaboration with Michelle Hannah, Angela Goh and Juliana Capes and performed at the BALTIC by Michelle Hannah, Leah Landau, Juliana Capes and Louise Ahl.

'Hevi Metle' focuses on a female approach to alchemy, where each slow movement and resonant sound spell-works towards a metallic transformation.

You are absorbed into vapours of emo-goth culture, which is exuded from silver chains, inferno print combats and hoodies from which faces lurk, as you step into this communion of decadent hedge-witches, who are draped in mesh and alloy hairgrips.

Hedge-witches, unlike sorcerers and ritual magicians use ordinary objects in their spells, making do with scavenged items and things close to hand, subverting hierarchical power structures in the process. The artist behind Ultimate Dancer, Louise Ahl, documents her corner shop potions of butter, lemonade and salt, where such brews work towards an alchemical shift. Everything in this room has taken a metallic turn. Silver and gold are known to be the alchemist's spoils and the concoctions appear to have successfully calcified everyday items into shining baubles. Metal bodies touch metal surfaces and metal surfaces vibrate staccato incantations into the darkened room.

Metal seems to abase the flesh, impersonal and forceful, belonging to the surgeon's knife or the abattoir's cooling room. Mirror-like it can distort reality, becoming a trickster's tool for the creation of illusion, making things oddly doubled, wonky, and appearing different than they are.

This paradox, of the potential for deception and the deeper complexity of alchemical magic, is held in tension throughout the performance. It appears to be embodied in the stilted gestures of the flute player who slides, ungainly, around the edges of the room.

Outwith this binary, there is something that appears to guide the action beyond sleight of hand or the suggestions of communion with the 'divine anti-feminine'. Despite the cryptic satanic clues dotted throughout the work, there is an air of a more ambiguous mystery, an occult sensation that hangs about, palpable yet remaining indefinable. For instance, when Juliana Capes, the visual describer, gives an integrated verbal account of the scene we walk into, it is a calmative and poetic narration, and it is as if we have stepped into a living fairy tale, full of age-old secrets and obscure cosmic truths.

When she goes around the room to give the 'Touch Tour,' her decorative chains make her jangle like an enigmatic crypt keeper. Yet just as we are beginning to feel comfortable, in a vaudeville-esque show of misdirection, one of the performers, Leah Landau, becomes possessed by the demonic spirit of a swaggering Australian comedian in the act, 'Interlude from down under'. Leah, in jester-guise asks: WHATS UP GATESHEAD? I SAID, WHATS UP GATESHEAD?

No one answers. A feeling of satanic panic builds. Out of the mic the inane voice booms about the hallowed walls of the performance space. The audience has been completely enraptured by the unfolding events, which have stretched over hours (amounting, by the end of the performance, to six hours, six minutes and six seconds), but no one dares to answer her. There is a growing feeling that to answer would be to invite a curse upon oneself.

Paranoia is summoned not only by this act alone, but is built throughout the performance. The inhuman gestures and songs of the gothic troubadours become genuinely unnerving the more they are repeated. The longer the show goes on, the deeper the mystery goes. Repetition defines each act of the performance, in 'Twelve verses to make you rot,' every recital of the etched brass plates which decorate the space is a potential double of the next while simultaneously an echo of the last — and so on. The result is an eerie haunting of the present moment by both the moment before and the moment after.

'Satanic Panic' is the term used to refer to the feverish cultural hysteria of the 1980's that arose from a belief in an evil conspiracy to indoctrinate the vulnerable through the media they consumed. The 'feminist alchemy' of Hevi Metle appears to directly respond to these satanic fears, connecting the echoes of paranoia to the deep-rooted and historic suspicion of womxn. Gesturing to the witch trials of the 16th and 17th centuries in particular the work perhaps attempts to offer homeopathic solace through its unapologetic flirtation with dark rituals.

The title too, provides a provocative hint. At the time of 'Satanic Panic', heavy metal musicians were accused of inciting their listeners to devil worship. In reality, listening to bands like Black Sabbath was more indicative of a teenage rebellion against middle class normalcy than anything else. This kind of novel mutiny relates back to the hedge-witch's refusal to use impressive or exclusive materials for their magic, and encompasses the rejection of 'appropriate clothing' by those who adorn themselves outside the norm: metal-heads, emos, goths, and neo-pagan enthusiasts alike.

Hevi Metle's embrace of the goth aesthetic and its refusal to justify its own strangeness challenges paranoiac attitudes and tempts permissibility. Maybe like its namesake this work has nothing to do with Satanism at all. This performance is an artistic act that encapsulates a form of rebellion, and in doing so it emblematises a turning away from expected modes of conduct, a conscious communion with the dark, and a metallic interchange towards deeper truths and

Notes

¹ Beth, Rae. Hedge Witch: A Guide to Solitary Witchcraft. London: Robert Hale.1992.

² Taken from the synopsis of Hevi Metle's sister performance, Lite Metle by Louise Ahl. See: www.louiseahl.com.

³ For more on repetition, see: Pickstock, Catherine. Repetition and Identity. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013.

⁴ Listen to the series, UNCOVER: Satanic Panic, 2020, CBC Podcast, for an audio narrative on the turn of events in the towns affected by the hysteria. Available to stream or download on all podcast platforms.

⁵ For a good compendium on the unfounded suspicions, and all-round 'behind the curtain' account of the 'Satanic Panic' years, including the relation between suspected devil worship and heavy metal music, see: Kier-La Janisse & Paul Corupe (ed). Satanic Panic: Pop-Cultural Paranoia in the 1980's. Toronto: Spectacular Optical Publications, 2015.

This text is an edited version of a review that was first published by Lucy Writers, 21st April 2020.

DARING TO LOOK FORWARDS

1)

I can live
without this

whatever it is

I say 'whatever'
and 'whatever it is'

all the time

I want to yell, see

Really, I just want
to yell.

2)

I planted beef tomatoes

I buried a sink

I buried a sink

I planted beef tomatoes

I planted beef tomatoes

I buried a sink

I buried a sink

I planted beef tomatoes

3)

I keep seeing a message
in a bottle

It says, 'there are a thousand
shipwrecks, but this

is the only
message that survived'.

TAKE CARE YOU

Brilliant!

Let's say this is brilliant
instead

Let's admire everyone

and listen to birds

as if birds
were great boulders

that never drop

(what magic!)

from the sky.

A PHENOMENOLOGY OF EGDON HEATH IN THOMAS HARDY'S THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE: IN FOUR PARTS

The untameable, Ishmaelish thing that Egdon now was it always had been. Civilization was its enemy; and ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the particular formation. (Hardy 6-7)

Following directly from any question of *being*, as it relates to humanity, is the question of being in the world. How does one *be in the world*? But tripping ahead of any question of *being in the world* is the irreconcilable question of the world, as such. Is there a world outside of ourselves? What is our proof, objective to ourselves? What does it look like? And if we offer as proof details of the specifics of the world which we observe, such as I am able to see the green grass and the blue sky and as Aristotle affirmed, my sense of sight is proof enough, how can we be confident of the universality of those specifics? That being, for instance, how do I know that the thing which I conceive of to be and name as the colour green is not, while named the same, in your eyes conceived of as something completely different? Perhaps the colour blue? And so to you the grass is blue, and the sky is green, but the names are the same and so we never know that we are each seeing different worlds that are named the same. And so on and so forth until each world conceived of by each mind is as different and complex as the last. Until we all exist within a unique version of the reality whose names we share, with words sung in unison to different melodies, creating bits and pieces to hide behind of and in front of and be continually ignorant of the truth—if such a thing could exist. And we are left to join with the undeniable answer to our pounding questioning: that proof is impossible. There can be no proof of an objective reality because we are not objective creatures. And yet—we believe, nearly unanimously, in an objective reality outside of our subjective being.

While the questions themselves have value, the answers have less. They are impossible to reach or to verify, and therefore imprudent to search for. We have no way of knowing anything for certain in the metaphysical labyrinth we have constructed for ourselves of doubt and scepticism, creating brittle walls leading to more walls and more after that. Historically great minds have tried to logic their way out of the maze. Descartes and Putnam, for instance, have arguably succeeded in proving their claims that we are not being controlled by (for Descartes) an evil genius

manipulating our every sensation to make us believe we are in the world when we are not, or (for Putnam and others) brains in vats being prodded and poked by scientists to create and stimulate each sensation we believe we feel. In such cases the illusion of freedom is essential and the logic away from that illusion is through front facing questioning. The questioning is the answer. The manipulation could never stand up to the questioning, meaning that if confronted by the right questions, the illusion will crumble. Such meditations have offered as their proof the concept of rational thought; we are able to conceive of these evils (evil geniuses and brains in vats) and therefore said evils are unlikely to be actually inflicted upon us. Why, after all, would an evil genius or a manipulative scientist allow us to conceive of ourselves being manipulated at all? Would they not simply manipulate us into never asking the question? Unless of course, it is all some sort of massive cosmic double/triple/quadruple bluff ... *they know that I know that they know that I know that they know that I know ...* brains in vats being poked one upon the other upon the other until the hall of mirrors consumes us and there is nothing left. *Reductio ad absurdum*. Nothing to be done.

Or there is the more modern question of simulation theory: the idea that we are all part of a massive simulation or video game, perhaps being controlled by a highly intelligent alien race or by technologically advanced human's unknown to us—the us that are inside the simulation. But to what end? If humanity is running its own simulation, where does the line stand between virtuality and reality? Does *we* extend to include these supernatural humans, controlling the simulation we can only postulate? Or because I myself, flesh and blood and bone and hair, does not truly exist, am no longer encapsulated within the human *we* and I am reduced to a line of computer code similar in many ways to my own perception of my DNA code but decidedly unreal in comparison.

The proof of logical thought does not have the same standing in a simulation. To believe oneself inside a simulation does not necessitate that one is, in fact, not inside that simulation. The simulation is agnostic of our rational thought; it doesn't give a shit. You can be as aware as you like that your life is a simulation but what power do you have to change that? Have you ever been able to wake yourself from a dream on the first try? Did

you know you were dreaming? Did it matter? What if there was nothing to wake up to? Do the characters in your dream die when you are no longer dreaming? Do they feel pain? Are they missed?

Perhaps we may never know for certain if there is a world outside of our conscious minds, but still there is relative consensus that the world does in fact exist and is observable to us. We believe that we can calculate it and dissect it and reduce it to chemical bonds. We believe that the world has existed long before and will exist long after humanity “appeared upon the scene” (Hardy 9). We look with interest upon those millennia the earth spun without us and then construct our creation myths from constructed images of our ancient ancestors, dragging themselves onto land from the salty sea and slowly yet steadily building a life for themselves. We watch them learn to build and to create; learn to change their environment to themselves rather than themselves to their environment; learn to dominate the earth; birth agriculture and industrialization; make and grow and think and change until they are us. We look to other planets who may be in similar states of flux to our earth before we existed, either moving towards or away from supporting what we understand life to be and thing we understand the nature of life. Perhaps Mars supported life eons ago.

Perhaps it will support life eons from now. Perhaps we have come from another planet, our microbial beginnings carried from distant galaxies on asteroids that landed in the primordial ooze and became what we are now; with all the technology and luxury to accommodate us. Perhaps we are the only things to exist in the vastness of the galaxy for all time... perhaps we are alone... But that can't be true. We've all seen *Star Trek*. We believe that a fictional approximation of the earth without humans can be made accurately, because we understand where we came from, and we smile as though it were necessarily true. How interesting that we dressed this way, or that! how beautiful the sea ice was in ancient days! as though we are somehow able to experience the world outside of ourselves. As though we are able to know the feelings of the earth. But what does the earth feel?

“The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained” (Hardy 7). Egdon Heath, a fictional heath inspired by a very real landscape, exemplifying the world as it has stood for millennia without the imposition of

Meredith Grace Thompson

humanity is poignant in its argument that the earth exists quite independent of humanity. The narrative voice does not preclude human interaction or reality, but exists—not separate, but to the side of it. Hardy's Egdon is familiar because it is a consecration to an observable world. But Egdon is not so fickle as the human characters who claim it as home. This same humanity is the strange alien thing traversing the earth for a moment as it exhales and is replaced in multitudes of generations by the next breath. Egdon is Hardy's unrelenting god, overseeing all the small fates of its protected humans, gifting and punishing as is needed. Egdon stands strong and determined. It is the home of the characters which Hardy, after luxuriating in the twilight of Egdon for the entirety of chapter one moves towards with hesitant footsteps. Humanity is the strangeness which imposes itself upon the terrible perfection of the heath. For Hardy, the heath with or without its name (for names are merely trifles bestowed upon the natural world by human ignorance) has stood long before the arrival of the central characters of Thomasin, Wildeve, Eustacia, and Clym, the misshapen love-parallelgram which the narrative follows, and long after their great-grandchildren have lain to rest in a church graveyard, planted somewhere not yet known, and visited by faces and names not yet conceived of. Their story, however thrilling, is unimportant in the larger scheme of Egdon, for Egdon stands above them all in the solemnest of grey winds. It grants fortune to those that stand with it and punishment to those that would defy it. It drags the betrayers of its favourites, for favourites it keeps as old gods do, back into the darkest corners of the heath and holds them still and renders them powerless; Persephone, left alone throughout the winter and with no hope of summer returning to relieve her weariness. Humanity may fade, but sublime Egdon endures. And the sublime is a thing worth admiring at its utmost origin.

||

Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists. Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream until revived by scenes like this. (Hardy 6)

I dreamt of wandering with halted steps—for the wind was fearsome—across great worn rocks of deepest black and specks of grey. My hair turned white slowly as it whipped against my cheeks, the colour draining from each strand as it was beaten relentlessly in the gale.

[The drum inside my left ear is trembling, so that the entire left side of my face feels as though it were trying to escape the rest of me. I cannot get it to stop. I hold the heel of my hand hard against the outside of the ear, closing my eyes and willing it to cease. Willing it to change. But it continues to tremble.]

I wander from the wind into a smoke-filled room and sit on a stool. I am handed a pot of hot gin and pour a small tea-cup from of it. The cup has no handle and I hold it by the edges of the brim. I drink without looking up and I wait until my name is spoken before I look to see who is near me. And suddenly I am being pushed backwards into a harness and being held beneath wheels of a cart. The smoke and gin are gone, and I pull against the harness, feeling the leather cutting into my flesh. But the gin is hot in my throat, the smoke has filled my eyes and I feel a strange hand on my hip. I want to leave. But I can't.

|||

Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year in a day, or in a hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow presently to be referred to—themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance—even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change. (Hardy 7)

there is an armament to be had. a strange and indifferent pacing up and down back and forth through the heath. it is a place of war before war knew what it was to be. it is a place of peace far more penetrating than the peace of the mountains or the stillness of the lake. it exists outside of time and outside of desire. it finds it's strange and unbidden home somewhere between the cause of now and the will of then. a heath can only be known as the shadows stretch and as the light of the sky left pulsating after the setting of the sun come to meet the frantic darkness of the wild. wind finds its place in the crevices of the rocks and in the suddenness of the waterfalls. such spaces are open to only a few, for such spaces cannot be the home and the calling of all. who can know one's age in the wind? wind removes us all from thought of years or months or days. wind surrounds us in an inescapable pull of something far reaching and held often alone. who can say where wind begins?

IV

It is pleasant to dream that some spot in the extensive tract whose south-western quarter is here described may be the heath of that traditionary King of Wessex—Lear. (Hardy v)

Thomas Hardy, Preface to *Return of the Native*, July 1895

Lear, a wizened old man, hair shock white and face possessing the distinguished yet ferocious glare of a man who has earned his distaste for the world through experience rather than hearsay, wanders in the wind of Egdon Heath. The sky looms overhead, holding within it the vastness of the vanishing sun and sparseness of the swirling clouds. Lear stumbles. His footing is not what it once was and he stumbles again on the loose rocks, on the ancient rolling mounds of the heath. He falls to his knees. His daughters are gone, now. The fool is gone, now. There are no sons to greet or care for him. All that once was has been lost in the vicious wind of Egdon. Once a great king, and now only a strange body enveloped slowly in the heather and soil left untouched for millennia; “the last geological change”(Hardy 7). Egdon is what it has always been. It exists outside of time and space as we see it, like all great creations of the sublime. It is unchanged by the trampling feet of humanity, who know not where they stand. It stands tall and majestic against the darkening sky, for the heath in the truest sense, exists always at this particular time of the falling night against the sunless brightness of the evening sky. These shadows are where we find our home. We are no longer human or animal or anything so limited. We have joined the wind; melted into the sand below the top-soil and flown into the heath as the spirits that have inhabited it since the dawn of time. There is no God, separate from the earth, malicious and jealous of the tactile nature of humanity. There is only Egdon Heath.

Lear feels the roots taking hold of him. His breathing is shallow. His heart is beating softer and softer until his fingers find their way into the mud and take rest. He is not afraid. He has never been afraid of death; only of the living; only of losing those that he would love; only of losing himself. He can hear his rattled breath in the early morning light. He can see the birds coming to rest on the roots that have encased him. And a warmth fills him that he had not expected. A warmth runs through his entire body and settles behind his ears. And the sun shines softly. And Lear smiles.

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GLASGOW PLACEHOLDER

a ad adder all an and ands annie ark arm art as auld
auc ba bailie ban bank bar barm barrow battle bell
berry black bo botany bows braid bridge bro broom
bud bung burn cad cal cam canal carcart castle cat
central centre cess chair chapel chill city col cork
cot cow craig cran croft crooks cross da dal dale dan
darn deacon den dens die district do donald drum
dumb dun east easter eden eld end er erst est ew fair
fie field fir flor foot ford gallow gar garnet garth gate
germ gil glands glen glint go greater green grove hag
half hall ham haugh haw hazel head hen hi hie high
hill hills ho hog house hug hurl hut I id ide ill ie in
inch inn is ish ist it its jenny kelvin ken kin king
knights know lac laird lairs lamb lance land lands
lang laurie lee lest ley lie light lily ling linn lint loch
lock loo lorn mad man mar mary mavis me merchant
merry milk mill miller milt moor moss mount muir
mun mussel my nark nether new nit nock no non
north oat och ock oh ok on or orb ou oust ow own ox
pa par park po poll pollock port priest pro queen
queens reck rid ring rob ross rough row roy rum sand
sandy scad scot scots sew shaw shaws she shield
shields shill shot side sight sim so son south spring st
stob strath sum summer temple terminus thou tick
to toll ton tory tow town trade two u un urn use van
victor village wad wan way wear well white win woo
wood woods yoke york

A PRECURSOR TO AUGMENTED EXPERIENCE - SENSORY FIELDS IN LYGIA CLARK'S NOSTALGIA DO CORPO .

'I like extremes... I like things when they're really acoustic—really, hairs and bones and blood and shit. And I like the extreme opposite, where the tool or the craft gets to be the queen and takes over.'

- Björk

Back in 2017, I was fortunate enough to attend the *Björk Digital* exhibition at the Centre de Cultura Contemporànea de Barcelona. For anyone interested in Björk's music, this was a chance to gain a 'theatrical experience of connection with the artist'. In the centre's 'immersive itinerary' written next to the entrance, some of the gems on the list were cutting edge 360° surround sound, 3D imaging and panoramic video. But undoubtedly the most exciting of all were the VR controls and headsets, which, in the Centre's words, allowed the viewer 'to disconnect in order to interact with the Björk universe'. When I left the exhibition, there was a sense that I'd experienced something that went beyond engaging with Björk's work. I think 'theatrical experience' is an apt description because it recognises that, like a traditional theatre performance, the theatrical element of the work exists in a specific place (the stage) for a set duration (the performance's length). So just as reading a manuscript doesn't capture the essence of a theatre piece, experiencing Björk's VR world outside of the gallery (if the work became available online) wouldn't represent the actual work. The difference comes through not only the participatory element that the exhibition requires, but also that this is a shared experience, even when concealed to the intimacy of a VR headset. It is in this sense that Lygia Clark's artworks in her *Nostalgia do Corpo* series can be paralleled to contemporary VR artworks such as Björk's. In the same way that Clark's *Dialogo:Óculos* only exists as an artwork when the participants are wearing the goggles, Björk's *Family VR* as an artwork can't exist outside the mask: the piece itself consists of the participant's experience.

'We are the proposers: our proposition is that of dialogue. Alone we do not exist. We are at your mercy.'

- Lygia Clark

There doesn't seem to be a clear category into which Clark's artwork can sit. Whilst she is well known for her work in the Brazilian Neoconcretismo movement, her works during the 1960's, grouped under the title *Nostalgia do Corpo* aren't easily categorised as belonging to one specific field. Defining herself as a 'research artist', Clark insisted that her art should be understood as a 'field of being and events', one in which the art itself consists of the act in progress. In the Neoconcretismo manifesto of 1959, the collective gave their definition of art as 'quasi-corpus', arguing that each work was a being that could be deconstructed into parts, but crucially could only be understood through a phenomenological approach. Proposing that works of art surpass the materials of which they are formed, they highlighted that this was not due to an extraterrestrial quality, but through the act of transcending mechanical relationships in order to create 'a tacit meaning that emerges for the first time'.¹ This approach, from which *Nostalgia do Corpo* followed, led to the creation of interactive artworks, in which the material objects, coupled with the subjective experience of each participant, became the final work. As Suely Rolnik neatly puts it, 'Clark's research persisted in the creation of proposals that depended on the processes they mobilised on the bodies of people who offered themselves to live them as a condition for the realisation of those practices as art works.'² In this sense, the work consisted not of the materials or the space, but of the participant's unique experience which depended on their individual sensibilities. Whilst Clark's work didn't contain the most advanced technological elements that were available during this era (such as the VR equipment pioneered by Ivan Sutherland in the late sixties), the creation of unique participant experiences still holds relevance when considering the effects of contemporary VR. Namely, the key element of her work that still resonates in relation to this new technology is the creation of personalised, multi-sensorial experiences that transcend the technology itself to become the actual work of art.

'We are the proposers: we are the mould, it is up to you to breathe the meaning of our existence into it.'

- Lygia Clark

In *Máscaras Sensoriais*, the participants wear a hood that obscures their visual field: with mirrors placed closed to their eyes, the reflection could lead them to see behind them, or only partially. Simultaneously, each participant is forced to inhale herbs placed in front of the mask whilst hugging an inflated plastic bag. Through expelling air from their own lungs to reinflate the bag, the participant feels the shape change with their own movements. The idea was that by altering the sensorial assemblage attached to their bodies, each participant's movements would allow them to symbolically reform themselves within the boundaries of the gallery space. As Cristine Mantel noted, through this act Clark 'reconsidered perception at a somatosensory level'³, a level which draws deeper into the human experience than mere muscular sensation. Through engaging the visual, tactile, olfactory and auditory senses in one assemblage, Clark invited each participant's body to engage with the deeper dimensions of the soma. Perhaps the most arresting element of this work is Clark's lack of curiosity in the experience such a sensorial assemblage could offer her, rather than her participants. As a patient of psychotherapy, Clark once described the practice as 'one of the most creative and mythological things'. What we see in many of her works in *Nostalgia do Corpo* is Clark as the practitioner, rather than the patient. Such a claim may seem to stretch the definition of 'practitioner', but it is worth noting that these works were not created for herself, but solely for her participants. When asked about her perception of the experience, Clark stated that she had 'no desire or curiosity to dress in [the masks]' and was only interested 'to know the experience of those who put them on'. In this sense, *Máscaras Sensoriais* could well be considered as her way of practicing psychotherapeutic analysis, with the gallery space becoming a 'theatre of experience'.

¹ Neo Concrete Manifesto, 1959.

² Rolnik, Suely, *Archive for a Work-Event: Activating the Body's Memory of Lygia Clark's Poetics and its Context*.

³ Mantel, Cristine. 'Part 1: Lygia Clark: At the Border of Art'. *Post: Notes on Modern & Contemporary Art around the Globe*. 20/06/2016.

'The driving part of the nervous system is engaged in the aesthetic process'.

- Lygia Clark

Akin to *Máscaras Sensoriais*, *Dialogo: Óculos* is a work that consists of the participant's experience, rather than the object itself. In the piece, two participants are joined by the goggles they wear, which are essentially a pair of glasses which alter the participant's vision with magnifying lenses. Through their attachment, the pairs are invited to enter into a dialogue of restricted gestures. The result, as with all of Clark's immersive works, is shaped by the intimacies and subjectivities brought to the piece by each participant. Part of the difficulty when curating this work in subsequent years has resulted around the question of how to put on show objects which only act as the apparatus of the artwork, but not the piece *in toto*. For example, the goggles on a plinth, or a photograph of the participants wearing them, doesn't fully represent what the piece is. Only the gestural communication, altering from one experience to the next, can fall under the title *Dialogo: Óculos*. The same can be said for both *Luvas Sensoriais* and *Pedra e Ar*. In the former, participants are invited to examine a series of objects whilst wearing different gloves, each made from different materials and containing different textures. With the gloves on, the work consists of both the different ways in which the participants interact with the objects, and how these different tactile experiences affect each of their overall perceptions. In *Pedra e Ar*, the objects - a plastic bag, a rubber band and a small stone - remain inactive until held by the participant. The work then consists of each participant inflating the bag with their own breath, sealing the bag with the band and nestling the stone into the outer layer of the bag. As the object itself becomes a body, undetachable from the participant's, the work then consists of the gestural dialogue between the two. As Thierry Davila notes, 'these objects did not go into action until they became part of the body that discovered them'.⁴

As mentioned, the technology Clark used was by no means cutting edge. Experiments in VR were underway in the sixties, even if the headset was so bulky and weighty it picked up the nickname 'The Sword of

Damocles'.⁵ Yet the same fundamental premise that each work consists of the participant's experience still seems relevant when considering Björk's *Vulnicura* installations. With some of the most cutting edge VR equipment at her disposal, it seemed in my experience that Björk had succeeded in creating works of art whose definitions went beyond a description of the equipment of which each consisted. Akin to Clark, the work is the experience.

'It's no coincidence that the porn industry has embraced virtual reality. The penetration is really intimate. It's a really exciting place to be.'

- Björk

In the VR experience of *StoneMilker* (the opening track from *Vulnicura*), each participant encounters Björk on an Icelandic beach where she wrote the lyrics. With the deep sound of the cello guiding you into the landscape, the beach becomes visible and participants naturally turn their head to explore the setting. What's interesting about this experience is that outside of the headset, you are still aware of your body. Perched on a rotating stool, there's a sense that you need to rediscover your balance and adjust to the virtual world as you explore it. Having your vision and hearing, but not your tactile senses totally sealed off from your physical surroundings also forces you to engage with both worlds: you're immersed, but somehow conscious of the fact that you need to move with caution.

Whilst I've seen the video countless times (it being one of my favourite pieces of Björk's music), perhaps the most overwhelming element was not the 3D graphics or crisp audio quality, but the sense of intimacy it was possible to feel with this virtual Björk. Whilst you can direct your gaze to any part of the landscape, it feels weirdly rude to ignore Björk as she looks back at you, directing her voice to you. There's a deep intimacy to this moment, as you hold virtual eye contact in a way that other video graphics simply couldn't achieve. Of course, it does seem strange to suggest that this VR experience could in any sense be personal or intimate. How could it when sat all around you are other participants experiencing the same simulation inside their headsets?

This invites the question of whether we are all having the same experience, even if the VR setting is consistent with each viewing. When faced with such a (virtually) intimacy, the subjectivities of each participant, in this case what this piece of music or Björk herself actually evokes in them, alters accordingly. When asked about how the VR was received, James Merry, Björk's co-creative director remarked that 'it was amazing hearing the noises: there were people crying, laughing and gasping and people talking to Björk like she was in the room'.⁶

The same can be said when considering *Family VR*, another of Björk's work in which both VR and AR are used to allow the participant to not only step into Björk's world, but to actively engage with and shape it. Separated into two-person booths, the participants step into the centrepiece in Björk's *Vulnicura* VR anthology, *Family*. Beyond its power musically, what was fascinating about this experience was not only the virtual world experienced through the goggles, but the hand controllers which allow each participant to manipulate the setting. Interestingly, this is really the only moment in the exhibition where each participant moves from passive to active. Stood side by side, I remember constructing glowing red shapes whilst watching the participant with whom I shared the booth draw alongside me. In this sense, the piece creates a purely visual dialogue between the two participants, as you can neither hear nor see each other: all that is visible are the ways in which both participants creatively interact with the shared setting. Again, if this - the participant's experience of the work coupled with the technology - is the complete artwork, such work is impossible to curate and can only be experienced in pairs, inside the virtual world. So whilst the materials Clark used in *Nostalgia do Corpo* were inestimably less powerful than those encountered in *Vulnicura*, Clark's notion of the artwork as participant experience can perhaps be viewed as a precursor to the new world of VR art experiences, such as those achieved by Björk in *Vulnicura*.

⁴ Thierry Davila. 'The Therapeutic Relationship: Lygia Clark.' *Pulse: Art, Healing, and Transformation*. Ed. Jessica Morgan. Gottingen: Steidl, 2003. Print. 40.

⁵ Schwarz, Gabriela. 'Where next for virtual reality art?'. *Apollo*, 04/01/2019

⁶ Merry, James. 'Virtual Reality Vulnicura Album Interview with Emily Mackay.' *Guardian*. 21/09/2019.

J U I C E I'm starting a new hobby which is
you making fresh juice
from all our kiwis and carrots
and unidentifiable muddled roots
and board games and pillows
what else can you put in a blender
maybe nectarines and milk
all the colours outside the window
and truth hurts on repeat

or maybe my new hobby is you baking cakes
that I will mostly eat
step out of yesterday's pyjamas
mix in all of the instant coffee
dance on the sofa with me
knock over the biggest plant
Lidl ever sold
walk the soil into the carpets
and only eat the cake when its burnt on top
liquid in the middle
with the grit of unrefined sugar crunch
don't buy fine grain next time

tomorrow we'll start
a new hobby
like making kombucha
or wrestling
or crotchet
or you could bake me another cake
blend another juice
shovel the soil and leaves into our mouth

HOW TO WRITE UTOPIA

Start with something small

a blueberry

a paper-clip

a ball bearing

Take all your ideas about utopia

and put them inside this small object

Remember that in *Herland*

feminist utopia is underpinned

by eugenics

utopia is as much about what you don't want

as what you do

Put on your biggest boots

grind that small object under the heel

left or right it doesn't matter which

the don't and the do mingle

with hair and dust

Take what's left of your object

wipe it up with a sponge

eat the sponge

FROM BIG SONG

We look. We look. We are breathing. We are breathing in the wind and the rain and the sand and the stones and the mud and the tree's and the clouds. We are breathing. We stare at the sunlight. We stare at the waves. We are breathing. We stare at the ash and the oak and the sycamore. We are breathing. We are breathing because we are looking. We look. We look. We look up. We look up. We are dancing. We are dancing. We are turning in circles. We are turning in circles. We are flying. We are flying. We are gathering twigs for our nest. We are gathering. We gather. We gather each other. We gather. The wind and the rain and the tree's and the people in the tree's and the voices and the wind and the rain and the tree's. And the waves. And the waves. And the waves. And the water of the waves and the sunlight. We are looking through the waves. We are looking through sunlight. The foam and the surf and the sunlight and the faces in the water and the voices in the waves and the ash and the oak and the sycamore. Crow and cat and sycamore. Boy and cat and sycamore. Cherry blossom and sycamore. And crow and cat and sycamore. Cinema. Cinema. Crow and cat and cinema. Boy and cat and cinema. Cherry blossom and cinema. We look. We look.

stuck in the
same place as

before פריער

what do i need?
what do you need?
what do we need?

geleymt / kislev 5780

איינגקלעמט טיך די
זעלבע פלאץ ווי

וואס דאף איך?
וואס דארפסטו?
וואס דארפן מיר?

געליימט \ בכסלו תש"פ

where do you place your line between
reflexive / contemplative / dwelling?
how often do you leave your body in
search of your own pain? how often is
this your own conscious choice? are
you making progress yet? how often
is your return unbearable? is your
body / mind / spirit fractured? what do
you make of your victimhood? when
do you have the capabilities to hold
the wounds of your harm-doers?
when are we still working

or turning inward /

the continuous process of healing
and of retrieving our fractured

selves.

fissures / adar 5780

this life is so beautiful and vast and
ephemeral and rare wherever you are
is the only place i want to be i promise
that i'm only a little bit afraid

פארוואס די לאנג פנים?

one day i hope the bath water will be
so hot i will finally shed my skin the
talmud teaches us that trans bodies
are holy and that my trans body is
holy because our bodies are created
in the image we are a transmission of
the

divine

i was born of gorse and not of milk or
sweetness and now i am making
aliyah so i can finally return to myself
but still i am not sure where i am i
don't know if i am coming undone or
coming together i think it is both at
once we are in flux gaining more
certainty more traction

more or less

is it tangible? can you feel it too? it's
getting warmer didn't you hear the
geese coming home?

קום צו מיר

stay for just a little while longer

tumtum or androgynos / nisan 5780

SMART CASUAL

buckle up! maximum bonjours
to the reversible belt
lacing through holes
doing double its work
like chewing gum
on a one night stand
goals

so smart check me my little gluteus
popping
visible in your periphery <3
you're welcome to
join my
semi-professional awakening

bisous I kiss my new friend
goodbye
like the classy monsieur that I am
excusez-moi
watch my stiff collar work
semi-conscious contours
in a fitted grey shirt

gulp fishy air
lungs fresh pressed
these approved shoes keep me forgetting how to walk

AGILE
WORKING

wtf! is this
 fangled manna
sit down & biscuit of
 very interested manager
working at any
 moment / family dinner / cotch-ready
master
 hands of primed spider
sit centre of hot-desk-from-home-signals
: root through the slipper
 spiral through spinal to ear 'ole
& out & alarm I report
 now I swear
rub eyes of their working
 boss to boss chainmail
I'm off
 until lol

 in my life
did a heartbeat
never feel sun-tanning
 just: beware of the ticking
 bile of commute
the bodies in the standing meeting slump
 and prop themselves up with the chairs
oh my fuckery
 agility its name the bosses go
buck up your living
 out-clocking snatches
of glance at the timepiece to-hand
& see danger: dave
 is in a good mood

BODIES

i have nervous tissue
stressed skin stinging pink
himalayan sea salt and lemon burns

in an adrenaline ring
i'm a pulsating syrupy flow
bound with diaphanous entities

ringing waves of visible spectrums
spectres of atrocities
manifest through me
find teeth buried in deep time
memory
lessons in soil and blanched wood
in the duality of a winter
chimney
trees are passive giants but weeping
willows weep
witness
blunted bloodlines
bring your body

(back)/ (into it)

my fingers flake skin thinned
with steroid creams
Dr's orders
get over it

CONDENSATION MOURNING

Condensation morning through the thin
windows construction workers digging
down deep in dirt. No worms digesting
on condensation morning mourning
as salt studded crisp packets are left
rolling on pavements - silver linings
(hidden). Dragon breath steams from heavy
mourning mouths souring with cereal milk.
Normalcy dripping down windows.

UNTITLED (FOR CASS)

*a sentence of a vagueness that is violence is authority and a mission and
stumbling and also certainly also a prison.*

: gertrude stein, 'food,' (1914)

"citizen bewilderment" is likely not enough, i want to sab
all narratives for all my friends. scatter shale and scupper
every hull that keeps the state afloat. you can't not. ever
tasted love inside the city's military complex? if it has a
prison it is not a city, it's a prison. this is tongo eisen-martin.
this is kalmar. this is brook house. you are there. you too
are bonzo gone to bitburg. your banality turns rafts away
from lesvos. isn't neutral. is it fuck. it isn't ever quite enough
to fix our sleep hygiene, our skint connective tissues, and that
very least syntax of mutual aid you need to leave the flat today.
this line of peace. that's levertov. don't write about imprisonment.
no please. don't try to write a sentence that is not about its abolition,
counterwritten into it. no language game. the stakes are just as high as
you can think they are. don't say "who can say who are citizens." that's who
you think it is. the question isn't complex, isn't this.

and when you called, we were all stockpiling masks
stood in the poundshop.

ROME ANTICS

You snapped city-shots while I gulped corked wine paint-purple, summoning Classics to la vie in a masquerade of Latin ability ; the sombre strings and violins, music tiptoeing on the spring air we watched the ballerinas dance through. Piazzas: as open-air art-galleries, the dancers' feet painting the pavement a Roman mosaic of broken colour. Your emerald eyes, your soul swallowed as a dolce treat in a weekend of hungry Rome - moon, pie, pizza, eye ; our splendid spinning world, threatening to throw us into the Tiber's rush. Backdropped by Colosseum, built for us, and Parthenon ancient brooding grumpy new, tourists taking space wasting wishes in the dark waters of Trevi's pond. They were separate from us, those spiteful tourists ; we were not ; us, playing at honeymoon, make-believing a postcard world beneath, around, this traffic-lust. & the sun's harsh luminescence slowing away the shadows we romanced our forevers alive in ; but for now there's still gelato , the sex, and yes, the sun.

I N M E D I A R E S

you pass me a plum like a metaphor,
heavy with weight of itself. flesh
shrivelled round a seed, the first germination
of a tree from which itself will hang.
sinking my teeth into parting flesh I suck,
the thing's cool jelly folding its way
around my gum, the skin stuck to my finger,
to my thumb. you watch as I eat:
pink juice trenching down hands, an exchange
of tissue, clingfilm for the heart of the thing
before being emptied into the bin: a plum.
I speak, the idea of plum purpling my lips,
mouth unrestrained by sustenance.
behind the bin lid the seed snivels, shrivels,
its hardened core at once the wrinkled skin
of old man, of first born, pink as a peach.



RELIC I

By the river in the evening
Under the bridge
It looked like a painting I'd seen
A very long time ago
Pink and ambery Clyde
Luscious seaweed
A Venecian sunset

I was confessing to the water,
When a ripple lapped a crescent moon
Little face
A foot away
I stretched out and caught it
Brought the figure to my bosom
What cherubic features
With blue roses for eyes
A delicate frame
One arm missing, but despite this
A rare find for sure

They'll need a proper wash
With salt and hot water
Then I'll put them on the mantle
Among the other saints

RELIC II

A devotion for the moon
Its celestial body
The colour of sun bleached bone
Guiding water — the Clyde
The colour of a pigeon's breast
Its ribboned currents, relentless

The hush of the cold sky
And scuttle of leaves on tarmac
Harken the arrival of the angels

A bowl offering river water scuffed
Along the wood of the floor
Tracing the salt and wine
congealed and ingrained
Into the whorl of the wood
Like Jupiter's storm
Something is at the door

LITTLE MISS RAPE CRISIS

is going about her business wearing a cool outfit on a hot day
washing berries before she eats them
reading books with characters of all genders and sexualities
wondering about getting on stage again
thinks it would be fun to be a boy on stage
and feel sexy
she texts around
she doesn't like the catwalk video
where models stagger about in ripped clothing
with cracks and looks of terror on their faces
she eats lunch in the sun
and talks to a friend about
cut glass pushed down the throat of your life
waiting for the bleeding to stop
and he says it's part of him now
this shard
she finishes one book and starts another
she attends a straight wedding and can't help but wonder
how well they all know each other
people are always trying to get to know themselves through each other
she wants to know people but she doesn't like the questions
they ask her in response. the things they expect to come easy
she self-diagnoses another chronic illness
her brain rewires and rewires again
she tries to explain how her history complicates
any narrative she's ever been given about
people, desire, appropriate desire
every time she gets close to the truth it falls too far one way
and smashes into shards on the kitchen floor
that get stuck in her feet
it's better not to talk about that time,
it'll visit when it pleases
she's been doing so well for 7 years now
she's been doing so well

EMPTY

empty shop & a sympathy that's pointless & hurts
you fuck me I close my eyes & picture you fucking me
it's easier than looking it in the face. considered beautiful:
never taking it personally, a cold beer on a Friday night, a pair of jeans that fit just right.
I'm divesting from it & pool all my resources. pour them into
sexy & disgusting, inextricable from one another.
empty shop, biting at the skin of my lip,
piss on boots, hair in the plughole, an arm across my throat.
faded red. smudges. the list goes on. rhomboids aching, joints inflaming.
beauty is boring! shop is empty of babes. poets come in
and we talk longer than a transaction. everyone struggling to get a job,
work at the job they have, or work out what job they should have later.
if only we worked hard enough we could get past all this, aye right.
considered beautiful: not being able to move or breathe without pain
& not showing it, dead animals, declining something you want out of politeness.
hungry for more but of what - the sea & the luxury of boredom
pools of syrup at 11am. empty shop full of your fingers
& the pain from contorting around you all night.

T H E C A L L O F T H E C E L L O P H A N E C R A N E

Rock. Paper. Scissors. What if we woke each morning and made ourselves a paper crane? Surely there is much more to lose than there is to not gain. This is not a child's pastime, nor is it a game. White Light. Black Rain. Fires Burn. Tides Turn. Disease. Unease. Virus gone Viral. It all comes down to a life of survival. Someone... someone...

ONCE upon a time there was a cattle farmer called Yoshio who lived in the far off and long forgotten land of Fukushima. He was the self-proclaimed Kamikaze King of his Cattle Kingdom which nestled itself in the shadows of the decommissioned and decomposing Dai-Ichi Nuclear Power Plant. Friends, family and neighbouring farmers had long since departed, and he now lived by his own rules. When reporters from around the world came to visit (which they did in their dozens in the early days) he had called himself The Cow Terrorist. These days he prefers Emperor. His prized beef cattle have been spared their pre-destined fate and graze now on a land soaked in sieverts. Unwilling and unwitting guinea pigs in these unprecedented times.

But as the years pass The Cow Emperor grows bored and weary of his nightly alcohol-induced anaesthesia and he has of late started to experiment with pharmaceuticals plundered freely from the abandoned drug stores and hospitals throughout the no-go zone.

And each night, before he goes to bed, he makes a paper crane.

THE FIRST atomic bomb to hit Hiroshima landed one mile from Sadako Sasaki's home. She was two years old and the force of the blast is said to have sent her flying out of one of the windows. To escape the heat of the explosion her mother took her and her four year old brother to a nearby river. Black radioactive rain fell heavily all around them. Between sixty to eighty thousand people were killed instantly by the bomb. Yet many more suffered longer more complicated deaths as a result of the radiation. Sadako was the only member of her family to get sick, though it wasn't until 1955 that she was diagnosed with leukaemia and given less than a year to live.

Most of Sadako's twelfth and final year was spent in hospital and it was there that she began folding origami cranes. Japanese folklore promises that anyone who makes one thousand cranes - a *senbazuru* - will have their wish granted. Paper was expensive at this time, so Sadako had to scavenge for gift wrap from other patients in her wards and packaging from medical supplies.

Her final crane was made of cellophane.

Start med en firkantet stykke papir, med den farvede side op. Fold den halvt pabegge leder, og lav markeringerne som vist, og fold papiert ud igen.¹

1. Start med en firkantet stykke papir, med den farvede side op. Fold den halvt på begge leder, og lav markeringerne som vist, og fold papiert ud igen.

2. Vend papiret, og lav foldemarkeringer som vist her. Turn the paper over to the white side.

3. Brug de foldmarkeringerne til at samle de tre øverste hjørner ned til det nederste, og gør den flad.

4. lav foldemarkeringer med de øverste flapper, som vist her

5. Fold den øverste trekant ned og lav en foldemarkering igen.

6. Åben den øverste flap, og fold den sammen som vist.

7. vend papiret, og gentag trin 4-6.

8. Fold benene opad som vist, og lav foldemarkeringer.

9. Brug foldemarkeringerne til at folde flapperne indad.

10. Fold hovedet på samme ind på samme måde, og fold vingerne ud.

træk på hovedet og hale, så kroppen folder sig ud.

the cellophane crane in New York
it hears your cries for help but

it is trapped inside a glass cage
too strong for its aging wings

can you hear it call?
do you hear its cry?

are you even listening?

the metal crane in the park in Fukushima-
stop tormenting it with your wailing Yoshio

how can it wrench its clawless legs
from the metal bolts with which
we have anchored it to stone

there's a bird in your hand Yoshio
a bird in your hand

t w e n t y - f i v e o f S a d a k o ' s c r a n e s l i e
t r a p p e d u n d e r g l a s s i n t h e
H i r o s h i m a P e a c e M e m o r i a l M u s e u m
b u t w h o h e a r s t h e m
a s t h e y t h r o w
t h e i r p a p e r b o d i e s
a g a i n a n d a g a i n a g a i n s t
t h e i r s e e - t h r o u g h p r i s o n
t h e y l i e n o w i n a
d a m a g e d b r o k e n h e a p

a r e y o u p a y i n g a t t e n t i o n ?

t h e y h e a r y o u r c r i e s Y o s h i o
t h e y h e a r y o u r c r i e s

t h e c r a n e t h a t p e r c h e s
o n t h e h e a d o f S a d a k o ' s s t a t u e
i s s i l e n t n o w

b u t b e l o w h e r t h o u s a n d s
o f o r i g a m i c r a n e s
m a d e b y t h o u s a n d s
o f s c h o o l c h i l d r e n
p u l l a t t h e s t r i n g
t h a t t i e s t h e m t h e r e

S a d a k o ' s b r o t h e r h e a r s t h e i r c r i e s
h e c u t s t h e s t r i n g a n d s e t s t h e m f r e e

C A N Y O U S E E T H E M ?

Gordon M Aamoth, Jr Edelmiro Abad Maria Rose Abad Andrew Anthony Abate Vincent Abate Laurence Christopher Abel William F Abrahamson Richard Anthony Aceto Jesus Acevedo Rescand Heinrich Bernhard Ackermann Paul Acquaviva Donald LaRoy Adams Patrick Adams Shannon Lewis Adams Stephen George Adams Ignatius Udo Adanga Christy A Addamo Terence E Adderley, Jr Sophia Buruwad Addo Lee Allan Adler Daniel Thomas Afflito Emmanuel Akwasi Afuakwah Alok Agarwal Mukul Kumar Agarwala Joseph Agnello David Scott Agnes Brian G Ahearn Jeremiah Joseph Ahern Joanne Marie Ahladiotis Shabbir Ahmed Terrance Andre Aiken Godwin Ajala Gertrude M Alagero Andrew Alamedo Margaret Ann Alario Gary M Albergo Jon Leslie Albert Peter Alderman Jacquelyn Delaine Aldridge David D Alger Sarah Ali-Escarcega Ernest Alikakos Edward L Allegretto Eric Allen Joseph Ryan Allen Richard Dennis Allen Richard Lanard Allen Christopher E Allingham Janet M Alonso Arturo Alva-Moreno Anthony Alvarado Antonio Javier Alvarez Victoria Alvarez-Brito Telmo E Alvear Cesar Amoranto Alviar Tariq Amanullah Angelo Amaranto James M Amato Joseph Amatuccio Christopher Charles Amoroso Kazuhiro Anai Calixto Anaya, Jr Joseph Anchundia Kermit Charles Anderson Yvette Constance Anderson John Andreacchio Michael Rourke Andrews Jean Ann Andrucki Siew-Nya Ang Joseph Angelini, Jr Joseph Angelini, Sr Laura Angilletta Doreen J Angrisani Lorraine Antigua Peter Paul Apollo Faustino Apostol, Jr Frank Thomas Aquilino Patrick Michael Aranyos David Arce Michael George Arczynski Louis Arena Adam P Arias Michael Armstrong Jack Charles Aron Joshua Aron Richard Avery Aronow Japhet Jesse Aryee Patrick Asante Carl Asaro Michael Ascik Michael Edward Asher Marie Ashley Thomas J Ashton Manuel O Asitimbay Gregg Arthur Atlas Gerald T Atwood James Audiffred Louis Frank Aversano, Jr Ezra Aviles Sandy Ayala Arlene T Babakitis Eustace P Bacchus John J Badagliacca Jane Ellen Baeszler Robert J Baierwalter Andrew J Bailey Brett T Bailey Tatyana Bakalinskaya 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Berger John P Bergin Alvin Bergsohn Daniel Bergstein Michael J Berkeley Donna M Bernaerts David W Bernard William Bernstein David M Berray David S Berry Joseph J Berry William Reed Bethke Timothy Edward Frank Beyea Paul Beyer Anil Tahilram Bharvaney Bella J Bhukhan Shimmy D Biegeleisen Peter Alexander Bielfeld William G Biggart Brian Bilcher Carl Vincent Bini Gary Eugene Bird Joshua David Birnbaum George John Bishop Jeffrey Donald Bittner Albert Balewa Blackman, Jr Christopher Joseph Blackwell Susan Leigh Blair Harry Blanding, Jr Janice Lee Blaney Craig Michael Blass Rita Blau Richard Middleton Blood, Jr Michael Andrew Boccardi John P Bocchi Michael Leopoldo Bocchino Susan M Bochino Bruce D Boehm Mary Catherine Boffa Nicholas Andrew Bogdan Darren Christopher Bohan Lawrence Francis Boisseau Vincent M Boland, Jr Alan Bondarenko Andre Bonheur, Jr Colin Arthur Bonnett Frank Bonomo Yvonne Lucia Bonomo Genieve Bonsignore, 3 Seaon Booker Sherry Ann Bordeaux Krystine Bordenabe Martin 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Carlone Rosemarie C Carlson Mark Stephen Carney Joyce Ann Carpeneto Ivhan Luis Carpio Bautista Jeremy M Carrington Michael Carroll Peter Carroll James Joseph Carson, Jr Marcia Cecil Carter James Marcel Cartier Vivian Casalduc John Francis Casazza Paul R Cascio Margarito Casillas Thomas Anthony Casoria William Otto Caspar Alejandro Castano Arcelia Castillo Germaan Castillo Garcia Leonard M Castrianno Jose Ramon Castro Richard G Catarelli Christopher Sean Caton Robert John Caulfield Mary Teresa Caulfield Judson Cavalier Michael Joseph Cawley Jason David Cayne Juan Armando Ceballos Jason Michael Cefalu Thomas Joseph Celic Ana Mercedes Centeno Joni Cesta Jeffrey Marc Chairnoff Swarna Chalasani William Chalcoff Eli Chalouh Charles Lawrence Chan Mandy Chang Mark Lawrence Charette Gregorio Manuel Chavez Delrose E Cheatham Pedro Francisco Checo Douglas MacMillan Cherry Stephen Patrick Cherry Vernon Paul Cherry Nester Julio Chevalier Swede Chevalier Alexander H Chiang Dorothy J Chiarchiaro Luis 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John Michael Collins Michael L Collins Thomas J Collins Joseph Collison Patricia Malia Colodner Linda M Colon Sol E Colon Ronald Edward Comer Sandra Jolane Conaty Brace Jaime Concepcion Albert Conde Denease Conley Susan P Conlon Margaret Mary Conner Cynthia Marie Lise Connolly John E Connolly, Jr James Lee Connor Jonathan M Connors Kevin Patrick Connors Kevin F Conroy Jose Manuel Conteras-Fernandez Brenda E Conway Dennis Michael Cook Helen D Cook John A Cooper Joseph John Coppo, Jr Gerard J Coppola Joseph Albert Corbett Alejandro Cordero Robert Cordice Ruben D Correa Danny A Correa-Gutierrez James J Corrigan Carlos Cortes Kevin Cosgrove Dolores Marie Costa Digna Alexandra Costanza Charles Gregory Costello, Jr Michael S Costello Conrod K Cottoy Martin John Coughlan John Gerard Coughlin Timothy J Coughlin James E Cove Andre Cox Frederick John Cox James Raymond Coyle Michele Coyle-Eulau Anne Marie Cramer Christopher S Cramer Denise Elizabeth Crant James Leslie Crawford, Jr Robert James Crawford Joanne Mary Cregan Lucy Crifasi John A Crisci Daniel Hal Crisman Dennis Cross Kevin Raymond Crotty Thomas G Crotty John Crowe Welles Remy Crowther Robert L Cruikshank John Robert Cruz Grace Yu Cua Kenneth John Cubas Francisco Cruz Cubero Richard J Cudina Neil James Cudmore Thomas²

IT WAS in an abandoned stationery shop that the Emperor found the origami books. There were so many to choose from. The last time he made a paper crane was when he had gone on a school trip to Hiroshima in Junior High School.

It had become part of his evening ritual to make these cranes. He named each one after friends and cattle and family lost to the disaster. After his brothers, his aunts, his ancestors. The Fukushima 50. Children from the neighbouring village swept away by the Tsunami. His father, who warned him this would happen. By the 1000th day the only name left is his own.

And so, after tending to his cattle (which today has involved two cremations) Yoshio swallows his self-prescribed remedy and sets to work. He crafts his final bird from a waxy Hi-Chew wrapper.

The Trazadone and tranquilizers pump and pulse through his veins on this the eve of the ninth anniversary of the disaster. He strides out into the moonlight, to his fields and falls naked on all fours into the mud.

Forgetting why it is he even made these cranes he cries out —

(L I S T E N)

THE CELLOPHANE crane was personally gifted to Clifton Truman Daniel, by Sadako's brother in 2010. What did Masahiro say to the grandson of the US president who ordered the bombings that killed his sister? What was Truman's reply as the cellophane crane fell gently into his open palm?

t h e y h e a r d t h e c r a n e c r y

Thirty miles from the Dai-Ichi Nuclear Power Plant, a large steel origami crane can be found in Kaiseizan Park. Welded from metal salvaged from the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre, it was presented to the town by the September 11th Families Association in 2012. Ann Van Hine was there for the presentation— her husband Bruce was a firefighter who lost his life on 911. Speaking to reporters she said— *Loss is loss, whether it comes from a terrorist attack or a tsunami.*³

s h e h e a r d t h e c r a n e c a l l

*It tore us apart that she had to go through so much suffering— not only did she have to bear the physical pain and the strain of being sick, our family's situation prevented her from getting enough medication. But this twelve-year-old girl held all of her troubles inside her heart and endured the pain.*⁴

L O N G L I V E T H E E M P E R O R !



THE LAST of Sadako Sasaki's cranes, made from a clear cellophane wrapper, is roughly one inch tall and has yellowed with age. ⁵

all across Japan and Facebook
311 is remembered but

no-one comes to visit him today
the reporters have grown tired of his tirade

and the public have grown fearful of this madman
they have learned to stay away

it's easier to remember the silent dead
than the still surviving

what constitutes a good death, a brave death, a stupid death, an
early death, a bad death, a right death, a wrong death, a natural
death, a murder, a manslaughter, a timely or an untimely death?

It is my belief that
my small paper crane
will enable you to understand
other people's feelings as if they are your own.

Nature is SCREAMING at us to LISTEN!!!

I am Cowboy. Resistance. Kamikaze.

*Cow Terrorist. Not violence.*⁷

*It was the biggest earthquake ever known to have struck Japan, and the fourth most powerful in the history of seismology. It knocked the Earth six and a half inches of its axis: it moved Japan thirteen feet closer to America. In the tsunami that followed, more than 18,000 people were killed. At its peak, the water was 120 feet high. Half a million people were driven out of their homes. Three reactors in the Fukushima Dai-Ichi power station melted down, spilling their radioactivity across the countryside, the world's worst nuclear accident since Chernobyl.*⁸

sometimes it is only in death that we really get to know someone.
Late is not always better than never.

Can you see them yet?
Can you hear them now?

this may be a puzzle but
it's not a game

Can you separate the fact from the fiction?

87 Suzuki Kimiyo	59 Kiyoko Suzuki	63 Suzuki Kouiti	61 Suzuki Kouzi
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Can You Hear Them ?

27 Sugawara Takeshi 杉	70 Muranushi	56 Suzuki Aisuo	57 Suzuki Aisuko	78 Suzuki Ikuo	87 Suzuki Iriou	26 Suzuki Kazuya
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56 Syouzi Kie	63 Syouzi Sumi	86 Shiyoozi Haruyo	28 Shiyouko Maki	23 Shiyouko Hiroshi	81 Suenaga Akira	62 Sugata Mamoru
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77 Sasaya Kazuko	78 Sato Eiko	69 Sato Katsuhiro	36 Sato Takuya	47 Sato Yukie	16 Saya 聖夜 16	69 Shimizu 純一
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48 Sasaki Yuki Katsu	55 Sasaki Woodworkin	77 Sasaki 雄 男	20 雄次 a boat	70 Sasaya Masazi	75 雄次 新次	19 Sasaya Kaname 雄一
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85 Konno Miyoko	73 Konno Ryouhei	65 Takeo 繁	57 Yoshimi Sato Hisashi	53 Saitou Kazuo	60 Saitou Kioko	Sakurai Yotii
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71 Kikuti Hiroko	34 Kuzi Mayuko	60 Kumagai Mitsu	48 Kumagai Yoshini	44 Kure National	30 Kuroishi Munetaka	56 Konno Mitsu
------------------	----------------	------------------	--------------------	------------------	----------------------	----------------

68 Kawashita Hirokazu	26 Kawamura	6 Sugano 雄 雄	2 Kikuti Masakazu	38 Kikuti Saori	83 Kikuti Sakari	73 Kikuti Mitsu
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85 Soichi Katagiri	54 Katagiri Tokumi	76 Katahira Toshiko	62 Kisu Mieko	75 Kawashita Kiyoshi	67 Kawashita Takako	73 Kawashita Hatsuyo
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56 Ono Mikiko	79 Ono Mitsu 十	68 Ono Mineko	35 Koyama Miti	62 Katagiri Katsuiti	70 Katagiri Yoshikazu	77 Katagiri Nitarou
---------------	----------------	---------------	----------------	----------------------	-----------------------	---------------------

30 Ono Shinii	93 Ono Shinzrou	89 Ono Sumi	70 Ono Kimio	69 Onodera Norio	82 Onodera Mitsue	65 Ono Mieko
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76 Oota Kunihiko	66 Ootsuki Toshikazu	62 Oohata Keiti	77 Ooba Asao	72 Oowada Katsuharu	75 Ogata Yae	85 Kuniko Ono
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86 Endou Humio	80 Endou Mitko	72 Endou Yukio	76 Oikawa Haruko	73 Oikawa 雄 男	39 Oikawa, Hiroshi Kimi	67 Oota Eniko
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63 Endou Kanemitsu	82 Endou Kimie	33 Endou Shizuo	The Endou Dzui 83	56 Endou Hisao	86 Endou Hisao	67 Endou Toshikazu
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43 Iiou Kazue	27 Iiou Hitoshi	46 Uimura Akio	42 Utsumi stretch	51 Yoshinobu	54 Endou child Ena	73 Endou Kazuo
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Syouzi Osamu – 43	Nakamura Hide – 91	Zhang 雄次 – 33	56 Emperor Yoshio	Sendai – Miyagino	63 Ishizuka Kazuyuki	71 Iiou Akira
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Ono Tsutomu –	Ono Hiroshi Ryuu – 33	Hisashi Toshi 雄三 – 67	Takahashi Akiko – 38	Takahashi Kazuko – 52	Tamura Tomoko – 22	Teramura Hazime 雄一
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Aoba Sendai –	Ara Takayuki – 36	Ishii Tatsuya – 58	52 Iiou Haruo – 52	Oikawa Hiroshi – 76	Oota Katsuaki –	Ono Tsutomu –
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Can You See Them ?

Stone. Metal. Cellophane. History repeats. Again. Yet more creations born of grief and pain. Atomic Clouds Rise. Burning Towers Fall. A Virus Lies Lurking in your Shopping Mall. What if we all just did nothing at all? Did you wake up this morning with nothing to do but kill time? What if you woke tomorrow and made a paper crane? A paper crane made from cellophane. This may be perplexing. But it's not a child's game. Someone... someone...

that

someone...

someone...

someone...

is

someone...

but...

who?

you

C A N Y O U H E A R T H E C R A N E C A L L ?

NOTES

1 <https://lisagrue.bigcartel.com/product/origami-crane-folding-instructions>

2 *This is the first page of five generated from a list of all those who died in the World Trade Centre on 9/11. It appeared in the online edition of Metro Newspaper on September 11th, 2019. Twenty four Japanese citizens died in the Twin Towers that day.*

<https://metro.co.uk/2019/09/11/remembering-9-11-names-people-died-september-11-2001-10720866/?ito=cbshare>

3 *From 9/11 to 3/11 How Survivors of Two Disasters Help each Other Cope, Asia Society Blog, March 1st, 2016*

<https://asiasociety.org/blog/asia/911-311-how-survivors-two-disasters-help-each-other-cope>

4 *Brother Keeps Sadako Memory Alive, Masami Ito, Japan Times, August 24th, 2012*

<https://www.japantimes.co.jp/news/2012/08/24/national/brother-keeps-sadako-memory-alive/#.XoPJYy2ZOqC>

5 *This picture appears in the U.S National Archives online at*

<https://prologue.blogs.archives.gov/2015/11/23/flight-of-a-sadako-crane/>

6 *Sadako is reported to have spoken these words shortly before she died. From Hiroshima to 9/11, a girl's origami lives on, Wayne Dash, CNN online, December 17th, 2009*

<https://edition.cnn.com/2009/LIVING/12/17/origami.gift/>

7 *Yoshio The Cow Emperor was inspired by a real farmer living in Fukushima by the name of Masami Yoshizawa. This is how he described himself when interviewed for the documentary Dark Tourism in Fukushima: Entering the Nuclear Disaster Zone*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4Bc73yuqH5w>

8 *Ghosts of the Tsunami, Richard Lloyd Parry, Vintage Press (2017), pg. 9*

9 *This is the first page of 49, of the names of those who died in the earthquake and the tsunami in Miyagi prefecture. It was generated from this document -*

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/179KBWHERk_rK8z1cB-DBS0WGWZ0W92VJRjSQtwkXgKrl/edit#gid=0

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sorele m'beit carmel

is a poet and ex-nurse, found most often between fife and edinburgh. their work focuses on experiences of being queer, jewish, trans, disabled, and traumatised. it has been rumoured that they speak over ten languages. their writing is best experienced either screamed through a megaphone or whispered quietly over the phone. they write primarily in both english and yiddish. their most recent zine 'heyl ikh? or, am i healing? [ruminations on moving on]' can be found in all reputable kosher bakeries.

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