







Diary starts as an attempt at order, it orders our thoughts. When the mind is lukewarm, and a soup.

It is only much much later, when we're able to ask the buried question about this stage:

who's in charge?

"Point me the authority."

We walk around the issue – shy; shy before this marble statue, pure and touchy. We suspect that something happens on the surface, that the outline, called upon by our worship, frills. That there's a stage. An actor. Priest. And it's all a daylight dune. And it's all a daylight dune, burning our reverence. A blood ritual – in full light, unnoticed. That this theatre of stills and minimal shifts will show an evil smile, eventually. Whence the source of our orders. It could be a woman or a man, the agency behind it, or it could be a disembodied smile.

It is smile that surfaced on a soup, during a provincial junket.

If it is a woman, she has a sense of space
(a slipthrough angle on a self-transforming hallway – always here, within a reach, behind the curtain of clarity). In her wardrobe we'd acquaint a blight of panther spots. And a hairy growth, nearing outgrowth – buried down down there. But she's human, nonetheless. Someone who could be a friend. Who tells things-embarrassing. Who insists that you trust your instinct.

Blasé, and rather foul, but still a predatory formation – if it's a man.

Someone who excels in bad ideas, ones taken seriously, and stretched into a way of life (sometimes, too, an existential style, a caricature that would gain access). The big question of masculinity, self-appointed to manipulate behind the issue of power, is: can one engineer the daily scheme? So, the moment people ask, "Are you serious?" or "How can I know that you are serious?", we may become sensitized to his presence. We may feel, in other words, manipulated away – from the issue of power.

This speech, it doesn't speak according to the rules of language.

And it is far removed from a noise complaint.

And yet, it is a mirror of the empty heavens – not so much on earth, but in the streets.

It's a mirror of the empty heavens, round the corner.

The horizon past the nearest turn, far and wide (narrow streets, and yet – horizons far and wide).

Distance through the open trench coat. A sudden woman waiting round the corner; with her garment, spread. The wings – spread like German eagle pins, a German wartime Schmuck on a lapel. A sudden woman – – – her shirt, white; her breasts, opened by the coat. The horizons far and wide.



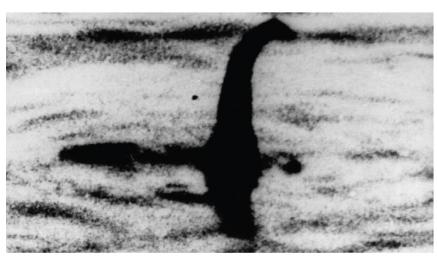


Day one:

Diary starts as an attempt. First: gestures.

Voice-recording, incandescent. Then – writing from the voice; the interesting parts | transferred to the voice. Step one: it's to order it, your thoughts. So it seems to you – because, right now, and in the end, it is somewhere else. That – point of departure. So was, for example...

Rift:



The role of the pauses, of the first significant image: Pause: There's a Loch Ness monster swimming through your day, appearing and disappearing, the embarrassing parts – descriptions of people, descriptions of people.

Day one:

Diary starts as an attempt. First: gestures.

Voice recording, incandescent. Then – writing from the voice; the interesting parts | transferred to the voice.

- 1. "Dream a Little Dream of Me" hummed in an imaginary language; it's to evoke the tension deriving from the fact that, on the one hand, people know these lyrics it's a public property, so there are spectral words haunting the tune and, on the other, there's an improvised, incomprehensible idiom delivering it that's also searching for atonal displacements of the piece, like a broken music box carousel over a child's bed; a tune at the ready to transition; (here arrives a surplus of killing the fetish, of the sterile porno quality of sound).
- 2. The melody dives into the words ("you need to dream yourself into that state") and vice versa; an interwoven movement of emergence-from and disappearing-into a Loch Ness monster's sinusoid ** which sews our refrain, diving, breathing, pulling our ritornello; an interplay of the matt and the gloss, a whisper and a song moving steadily, & occupying a dissonant surface;

It starts with a gossip.

You don't listen to anything specific – here. You're just aware | that news | leak | out.





