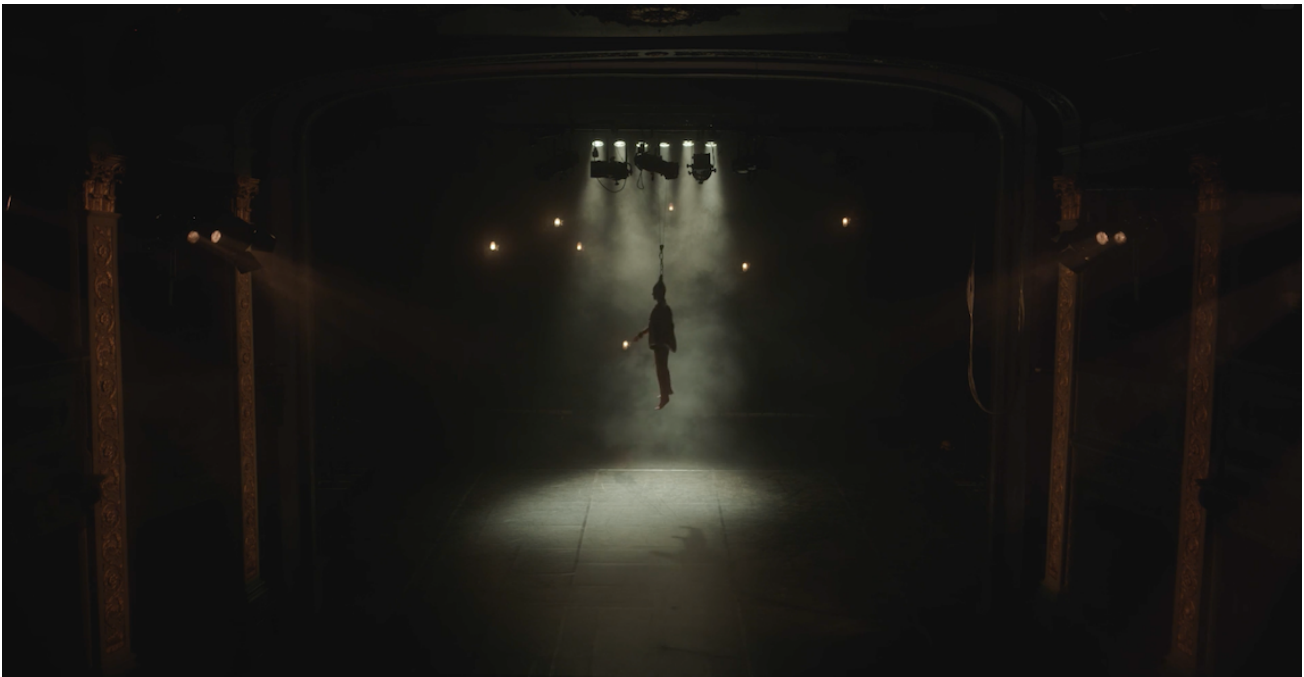


AN EXPERIMENTAL RESPONSE TO *LADY BLACKSHIRT*

Chapter I – Immortality & Lost Love



In this world we dangle by a thread of hair from our heads. Depress from the sky and bind to a new conversation with the underworld.

The

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body – head still tethered to life, soul weighted by the fate of divine judgement.

Then two bodies clutch each other, embracing that familiar ritual of love. The colliding of limbs; branches enveloping each others warped, warm bodies, silhouetted by the balcony enduring like evergreen. They breeze past preserved in perfumed clouds of nonchalance, celebrating a love preserved for eternity amongst the chaotic chambers of life already lost, time already passed. The soothing skin to skin satisfies. Replenishes the appetite of togetherness, they reap the benefits of touch like a baby to a breast.



Tumbling, falling, releasing, losing. This is all they have and all that needs to be. This is a place where they don't feel alone.

Only immortals are fortunate enough to dance with death.

Chapter II – Rebirth & War

Wash away the tangles, then re-surface
fresh faced,
blushed face,
powder, paint
p
o
u
r
on chemicals
rubbing the skin raw
below the surface;
there is water,
below the surface
there is always more.

Drowned / Drenched

Art pulls our submerged heads from the water.

Just as life emerges from the submerged,
Flows from the bucket
that still occupies the remains of the water that weighed you

- Does water see and fear modernity as we do?

*Can the ground beneath the feet that beat it hear our
untethered cries?*

Is nature benign?

*Grains of quartz are secrets that lie concealed and tucked in
the sand's undulations. Lost to water, to history.*

Its force so unforgiving I want to scream



out

you came

dripping

into a sepia scored field.

We see sobbing. We hear nothing. *We are running from time.* We witness the influx – the encouragement needed to soar. *Our raw calloused hands stinging in the wind.*

About to leap.

Then

Ending.



Chapter III – Fate & Free Will

Using Zoom is a choice. Using Zoom is compulsory. Using internet is a choice. Using internet is compulsory.

Which truth is tangible? Our seeming concrete lives are as permanent as porous rock. Questions, blood, love, breath, all puncture holes in reason; cracking the illusion of reality... *This isn't a space for self-referential truth to be televised. We will not watch its autonomy, its existence in isolation from intersections and interventions, thrive. Truth lies without being instructed by collective exchange.*

Yet

Colours. Perception. Both shaped by the outside world.

So

Do you see **red**?

It is slashed by an ecstatic blur, bleeding colours of *motion* onto un-blended canvas. Scenes of tendency, timing, angles, intimacy. A transfusing soundscape – forming and re-moulding, sculpting, sinking and layering pixel upon pixel. Up on a screen.

The movement is circular and ongoing, it never ceases or stops, it doesn't need to breathe on a pane of glass to know it's alive. It is a lifecycle, an ecosystem, a machine like no other. There is power in production. Feet screw into the floor, bodies go down and roll back up mechanised. A back is a cog, vertebrae are the teeth, chug, chug, chug. Movement is sense making.

So, I'll start again.

Chapter IV – Will to Survive

A new age in Western civilisation is codeword for assimilation and destruction. M.M. Cosmoi. Forget the name yet remember his insidious intent, the dark matter he burdened the printed page with, a fuel for the raging fire of fascism that scorched humanity. All his talk about Aryanism makes equality feel a very distant plane.

A spherical mass moves within a cylindrical vortex. It rattles around ceaselessly, bounding from the walls that unbeknownst to it have no end.

When will darkness be overcome?

Chapter V – Violence & Inspiration

Did you hear a woman walked into a gallery and slashed Venus? An erotically charged image sliced five times with a meat chopper – ironically it sounds rather erotic. Apparently, it was lunchtime, meaning she managed to easily pass the distracted watchmen to liberate the goddess from her bell jar.

Slasher Mary, your provocative backlash against the patriarchy and the way male visitors gape at Venus all day, how would you feel knowing how men still stare? Their gaze lingers everywhere. The female is under attack.



Assuming,
two women
the painting overlays, larger than them.
Nakedness on a bare stage
on a screen bare.

centre

stage,

Assuming,
a man, overlays, larger than them.
The overcast that hangs, dominant. Prominent,
like a portrait in a gallery.

Blue lights flashing disrupts the monochrome glow.
A radical scene;
Protesting distinct spaces
reserved for power and barriers.
Have we evolved? It seems
we are still searching for redemption.

The world is burning.

Why not do some ASMR in a graveyard.

Stretch full wingspan.

Surrender to the light.

Ask yourself how did it all get so out of hand?
And yet we take it into our own hands
to document on little screens
other little people in the darkness.
The mania
congregating a

d r
n o
u

our spiralling microcosms of mayhem,
of clustered matter orbiting round and round
with the cosmic movement of the universe,
we are propelled.
What does it all mean anyway?

Chapter VI – Faust & Chaos

Have some red wine. It is just. Just a tippie.
Just as deep red as the red king.

*Faust was coaxed by the devil. He played a
game of Russian roulette, got unlucky and
met his fate at the end of a trigger.*

Within the mess
Someone in a suit drinks
from one of four glasses in the spread.
Cut to a new spread, one of four suits
and someone in a suit selects the king, red.

Hanging from his head.

A montage of floating words
of people,
artefacts
clustered,
conjuring
volunteers up a map

d i s a p p e a r s

I wish systems could fall.

Chapter VII – Native & Alien

Devouring a bird scorched by humanities incessant demand for more.
Eating up what fragile flesh remains
hanging to the carcass.

I AM NOT HERE

NOR ANYWHERE

QUIET AS SILENCE

DO NOT PACIFY

Drainage
and draining water.
The sink hole,
flooding in for capitalism.
Feeding the system that feeds
dissatisfaction;
told
spending is nourishment.
sold
women as parasites.
That a little fungus in the pipes isn't contaminating the water
we ingest
a feeling
that might multiply and rot us slowly
against the sky dressed in red.

There is strength in being afraid.

Enter the theatre,
there is
the cat that got the chicken.



Chapter VIII – Patriotism & Nature

I read Brian's Translations and wept for Ireland.

The ground is eroding. Rubbed until it becomes sand.
We crawl onto the permeable shores of this place for whatever pride
remains stoic and steadfast.

Headstrong
yet a sentimental mood rattles like thunder,
something feels left behind,
washed out with a wilful tide.

It is our civic duty
to get through this – war. It will be put to rest.

The Earth will regain its place,
submerge us with ivy and burrow its nature deep into this vessel for life.
Root this communal landscape to our terrestrial regime.
For how long *does blood stain?*

We'll meet again.

I feel it in my gut.

Desire.

Longing to return, to create and cultivate. Make and curate. *Song and dance offer more than respite, they save, bring us back to what is lost.* Uplift humanity to constantly reprise/extend/evolve.

Art pulls our heads from the water, so we won't drown.

