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Dear Ana, Anna, Chloe, Chloe, Emily, Helena, Jessa,
Jessica, Katie, Laura, Luana, Lucy, Lucy, Meg, Melo,
Ruth, Sarah, Selina, Tess, Zoe,

I am writing to you with an invitation,
an invitation to write.
you might wish to write a writing or an image
or you may wish to write nothing at all.
I am compiling these writings and not-writings in
one place
and I am calling it a zine.
I am calling it An Invitation.
I invite you into An Invitation.

Yours Sincerely,

Laura

WHAT

A zine. A4 folded to A5, stapled, B&W.

WHO

Anyone who, at the time of this invitation (21 April 2019) is in the
network of artists/writers who have emerged from my previous
invitation to join specific others who wish to
support
and
encourage
and
critique
and
analyse
and
advise
and
reassure
and
assist
and
challenge
and
nurture
some sort of collective and positive
but critical
culture of writing as art-making,
writing as creativity,
writing as process,
writing as other media, other formats,
other ways in or out of
ourselves and others,
our inner and outer systems of making
and surviving
and
existing
and being heard.

A group of people who aren't men, or at least, who aren't men
all of the time.



One After the Other

You start by lifting one side

You don't need to be a soldier on a mission

You raise and push forward the thigh and calf

Nor a mountaineer seeing for adventures

Slightly bend the knee and straighten just before it reaches the ground

Not even a pilgrim yearning for salvation

Check the land is firm and throw your weight forward

You don't have to be a woman escaping
from a tragedy

It is just a matter of letting your feet fall one after the other

The mutant lacks boundaries, is what folds into the body and folds out of the body. A non-separable body, ‘It is this upper level which has no window: a darkened compartment or study, furnished only with a stretched cloth “diversified by folds, like the bottom layer of skin exposed”, in dust it touches everything, made complicated and complicating. The plasticity of the brain and the gut, it is to wrap around and be stained and traced, to leave its mark. It is the narrative of the biological that extends itself onto the non-biological. The lean towards the object. The loss of boundary between organic and inorganic. Because of the disgust in the fluid and in touch (disgust in dust).

Dust is the trace of the unavoidable: spit, skin, animal, furniture, object, because dust folds everything within it.

Silence is a noisy material, is in fact dust (Anne Carson takes mute from MUTMUT, to mutter, in Catallus’ elegy for his dead brother, ‘mute ash’).

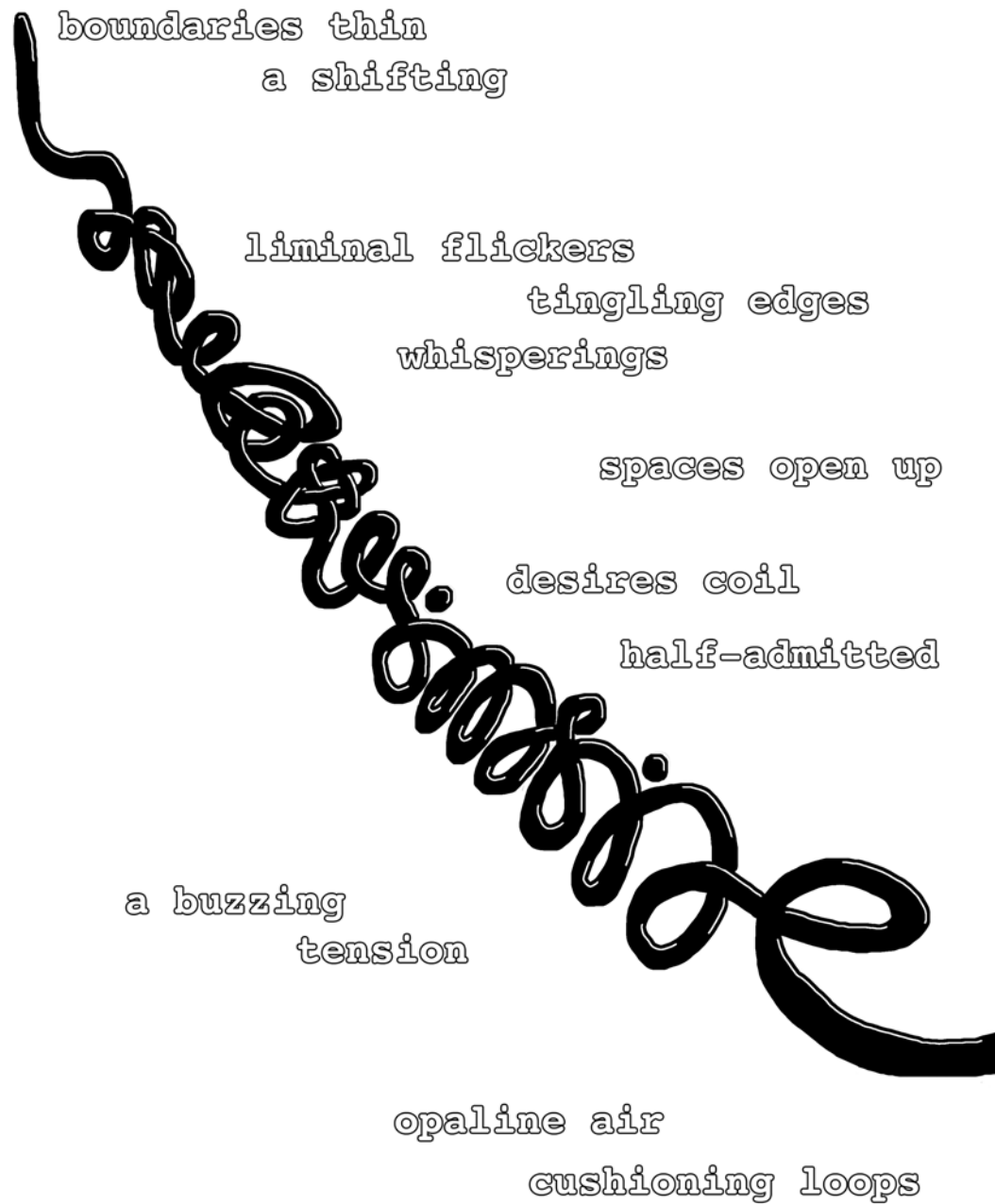
And yes if politics is queried in urgency through cataclysmic speed then what is the point of slow, mutant revolution- how do we ride these tentacles? Probe from the dust down.

The politics of the mutant.

Folding always leaves a trace of itself in the ghost of the fold- the trace of the previous fold (says Catherine Malabou). Since its first action is multiple, is ghosts, it is a question of timeline, choice and origin. Or what has happened and will happen, because nothing is happening.

And the biography, to confess is to un-know, because it performs a public self, as a private self recedes into the self. It’s going nowhere, folds into itself.

This is the noise of the object- *where roughly speaking: objects are colourless*- it remains a non-event. Rather than being life-changing, as an event is, it is the biography of non-life, no bang, it unfolds and so it is a different time.



52, 65, 71, 74, 81, 99

A selection of moments from 100 days

Ruth Mair

52. I used to be afraid of sleeping over anywhere away from home. I was a lot younger then, but that buzz of anxiety and terror followed me until I left home for the first time, and even now when I move house or go on holiday I feel it in my chest still, like the breathless moment before a rollercoaster drops. Now I know that it's the hangover of a feeling, a habit of years that I've yet to shed and can settle in and enjoy it, part of the thrill of change. Now I can appreciate the feeling of the first night in a new house, the moment of arriving at journey's end when I've been travelling. It's the moment of exhalation after you've held your breath for slightly too long to be comfortable. I used to think that this fear came from a belief that home would somehow disappear while my back was turned, or that something devastating would happen and prevent me from getting back to my mum and my home and the space where I felt safe. Now, I think that it came from the sense that without the protection of my personal fortress, I would somehow reveal something I did not want to. Maybe, the persona I had presented to everyone outside of that space would slip, maybe I could only maintain it for so long before I would need to be back inside the correct four walls, the right space in which I could re-charge. That was the only way I could ensure that people outside of my home were given only the version of myself that I chose to give them. It is easy now to analyse all of this. I've read enough pop-psychology, had enough experience in navel gazing to give it a go, but if I'm being honest, it's all just speculation. All I really remember is the cool autumn nights coming in, school starting again, and the fear sitting under my collarbone whenever I had to be away from home for the night.

65. Today, I took you out for lunch as a birthday present, and we talked about our new life in Scotland, where we planned to buy land and build our home. It's hard to write about this now, wondering what it will sound like reading this story back in the future, whether we will have realised our plans, or whether we will have fucked it all up. It's all the more scary because I want it all so much, so much that my heart hurts when I think about it. We talked about how to be self-sustaining, or at least self-reliant, and you told me about the apple tree that grew in the

garden where you lived when you were young. There were always more apples than you could ever use or give away, from just one little tree on its own in one garden. They were small and sharp, and easily bruised falling to the ground, and if we had trees like that we could make all sorts of things out of them.

71. Earlier today a corner of the flat started creaking. You said that it was the building moving in the wind. "This place", you said "is going to fall down one day".

74. Sometimes I feel guilty that nothing has happened to me to justify all the anger that I feel. Then, I feel more guilty still, because surely feeling like that means that a small part of me wishes that it had.

81. I understood that words were important, even when I was little. When I stayed over at friends houses, I made sure that I never asked when we were going home if I wanted to know when we were going back to the host's house after an event. I knew that their house wasn't home to me, and insisted, in my own mind, that I couldn't call it that. This was also what I did when I visited my Dad during school holidays. It would be a betrayal of real home to call Dad's house home, and if the universe heard me speaking such words, I would be punished somehow, perhaps by the disappearance or destruction of real home by something out of my control. So this was one small thing I could do to keep the safety of home under my control. You call me pedantic now when I try to nail down and isolate my words, trying to ensure that every sentence means exactly what I want it to mean. I do not want to be interpreted. I do not want to have anyone read between my lines and come out with a theory as to who I am or what I think. I want to be entirely in charge of the presentation of my self, and if my words are mislabelled I cannot stop myself from correcting the record.

99. Today, I felt the doors close after one tiny paragraph, and the weight of days ahead sit on me, and I felt tired. I was trying to write a story about you, and after two days of feeling like shit and having to force myself to keep moving forward, I realised that maybe I could not empathise with you, or anyone today.

WAR BEGINS AT HOME*

*This slogan emerges from the findings of a pioneering psychiatrist who studied trauma in Vietnam veterans and subsequently correlated his findings to the experience of victims of domestic abuse.

Image - The Case of the Mini-Vigili (analogue portrait from the series) Laura Malacart, 2013-19.



URSULA'S TENTACLES ARE STAYING WITH DONNA HARAWAY'S TROUBLE

*I've got gadgets and gizmos aplenty
I've got whozits and whatzits galore
(You want thingamabobs?
I got twenty)
But who cares?
No big deal
I want more
I wanna be where the people are
I wanna see wanna see em dancing
strolling along on those
what do you call them again
oh yeah feet*

Between Monsters Goddesses and Cyborgs, Rosi Braidotti, describes the mermaid, in her interspecies morphology, as *teras* – a word from Greek that encompasses both marvel and monster, prodigy and demon, sacred and profane. She has theorised that the otherness of the 'organic monster' such as the mermaid, a human/animal hybrid that is positioned in the liminal, the in-between zone. invoked in the discourses of racism, patriarchy, heteronormativity, and other exclusionary schema that seek to segregate undesirables from what allegedly constitutes the 'pure' human.

teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras teras

Stories of Mermaids, selkies, sirens, Lo tings and all of their cousins, ebbs and flows with the tides, their beauty intertwined with fear and Violence. Homer's sirens were one of the first, They appear in the Odyssey in which their songs try to lure Odysseus and his soldiers to their death on the rocks.

The Little Mermaid by Hans Christian Andersen is a good old fashion christian allegory which ends in tragedy with the Little Mermaid turning to sea foam in her failure to make the prince fall in love with her.

We have given our hair to the sea witch," the Little Mermaid's sisters say , She gave us a knife. See the sharp blade! Before the sun rises, you must strike it into the Prince's heart, He or you must die before sunrise. Kill the Prince and come back to us.

Kill the princes of the Patriarchy Swallow their hearts whole

The Disney version of The Little Mermaid is equally as tragic but in a different way. Ariel gives up her voice, her agency, all for the prince and the white wedding. However there is a persistence of Queerness in the story despite it's heteronormativity. Ursula's perspective provides a respite, she moves through her underwater realm with fluidity and grace, her abundance of flesh oozing power. Her tentacles expand and flex, taking up as much space as they need. She is Queen of all Drag Queens, the Queen of filth, Divine in animated form.

*all I want from you is your voice
You'll have your looks, your pretty face
And don't underestimate the importance of body language, ha!
The men up there don't like a lot of blabber
They think a girl who gossips is a bore
But they dote and swoon and fawn
On a lady who's withdrawn
It's she who holds her tongue who gets a man*

Those poor unfortunate souls

Ursula's tentacles are staying with Donna Haraway's Trouble, her tentacular thinking is a way of articulating and encouraging biological symbiosis in the current climate crisis.

Tentacle comes from the Latin tentaculum, meaning "feeler," and tentare, meaning "to feel" and "to try"; and I know that my leggy spider has many-armed allies. The tentacular are not disembodied figures; they are cnidarians, spiders, fingery beings like humans and raccoons, squid, jellyfish, neural extravaganzas, fibrous entities, flagellated beings, myofibril braids, matted and felted microbial and fungal tangles, probing creepers, swelling roots, reaching and climbing tendrilled ones. Tentacularity is about life lived along lines—and such a wealth of lines—not at points, not in spheres.

Donna Haraway also reminds us, Queering has the job of undoing normal categories, and none is more critical than the human and nonhuman.

The mermaid in her half human half fish, queers the boundaries and subverts normativity, they are floating in the waves somewhere in between Haraways understanding of the goddess and the cyborg.

ZOË MARDEN

He consumed me and I
liked it.
I amounted to nothing
but I was everything to
him it seemed.
He fed on me daily and I
was happy to be digested

Deemed delectable and
desirable enough for
tasting
It was good he said
Good for him and me
And I suppose I believed
it - in a way
Kind of wanted it - in
kind

Being wanted not wasted
No leftovers on the plate

Crusts eaten
Fat devoured
And just the juices left

To lift on your finger
And lick

I was all plated up you
see
Plated up

And palatable.

To desire and be desired
Is purpose enough
Don't you think?
No pain no game
Isn't that what they say?
And day after day

I am

I am played
And playful

Behaving and faithful

I was always told

Always told that I would
never amount
To anything

But never told that if I
was mounted then
Then perhaps I'd
account for something

It's like

Don't you see what it's
like

It's like a tour group

There's the leader and
those who follow

And well sometimes I
follow and sometimes I
lead

And that's good enough
for both don't you see
Me
Clearly

I needn't amount
Account
Or do anything

I am a friend to flesh

I feed on flesh and flesh
feeds
Me

I am resolved within this
passion using it as some
kind of certainty
And destiny



Archived photograph, Woodtop Mill, Burnley, Lancashire, 2014

It reminds me of when I was younger.
I had this plastic jewellery box. A shiny pearl like yellowish colour, with two small compartments.
A tiny handle would flap up and down almost like a real one.
Inside, I safely stashed my butterfly hair clips my aunty bought me for my birthday.
I filled it with randomised possessions.
Plastic beaded necklaces I had bought from the poundstore with my pocket money. A silver delicate slithery chain with a mock crystal heart pendant. Amongst this, a lego man with a builders body and an astronauts head.

I would spend hours untangling unfathomable knots. Each necklace and bracelet moulding into the other as it got lost in one whole mass. I would pull and tease the fine chain from around the lego mans body, in doing so only tightening its grip.
It became harder and harder to recognise one charming childs glittery accessory from the other, as the long fluid lengths would intertwine with one another.
My sister had more patience than I.
Maybe it was her nimble fingers, but she always managed to make the untangling of these knots look so effortless.
To me however, it was a relentless mess of confusion.
I couldnt tell one from the other.
Everything was itself but something else at this point.

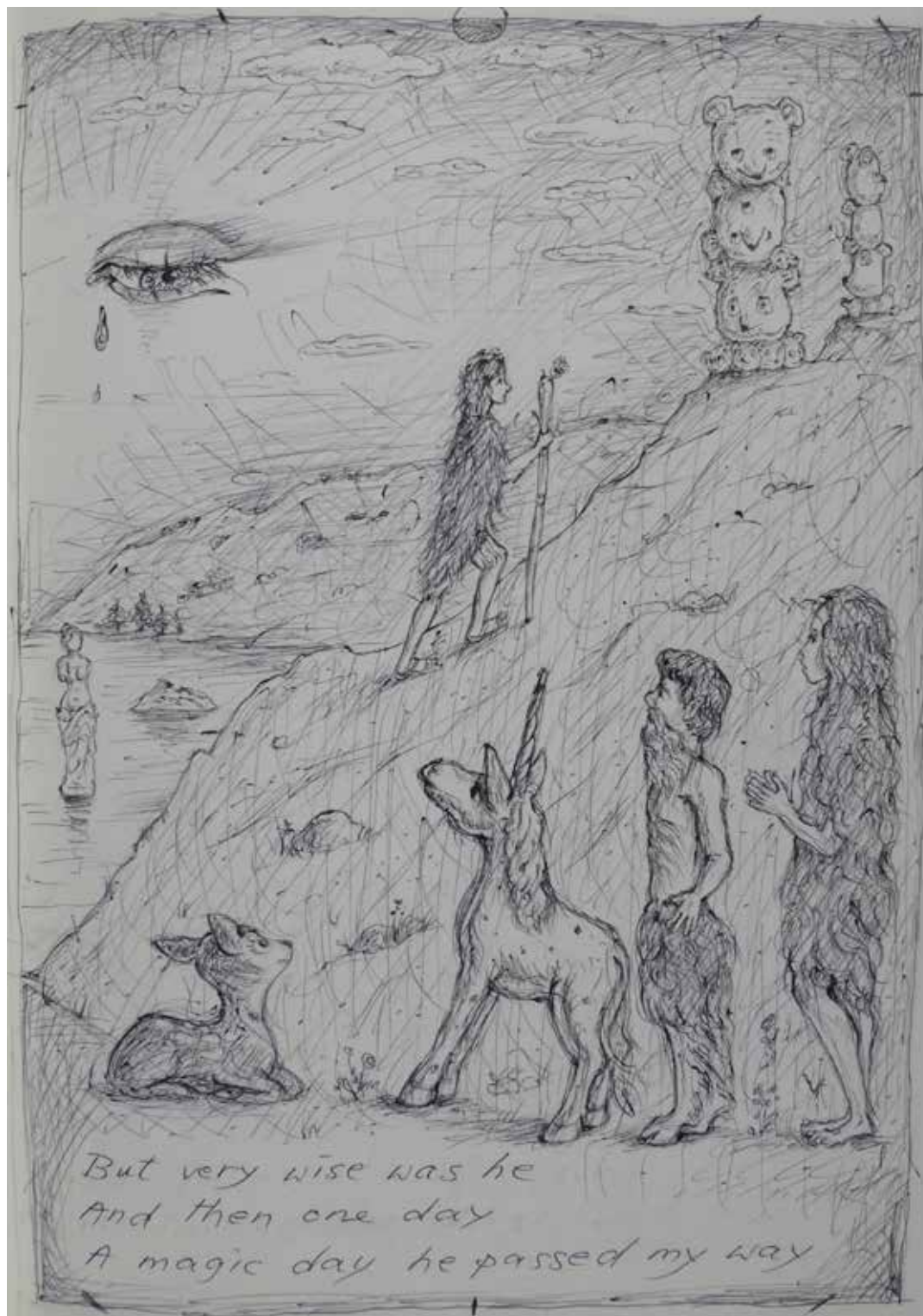
Rebar and concrete.
Plastic jewellery and lego.
I imagine if I were to pull it off the ground where it sits, that the whole thing would come with it.
Each rock.
Each surplus addition to this mass.
The blue, the black, the metal, the brick.
All would lift like one whole interconnecting giant necklace.
Rebar acting as chain link between each contradicting and foreign body.
It's wrap tightening.
An unorganised jewellery box, but tenfold.
A monumental knot.

Like a charm bracelet, the rebar pokes itself in and out.
Slumped, discarded in wait of it's inevitable removal. I say remove, as like my necklace, there is a point after so much yanking and pulling, it is no longer useful anymore. It can no longer serve it's purpose.
That jewellery box needs to make room for some new, shinier bracelets.
If this was my jewellery box, it would shortly get replaced by a multipack of woolworths clip-on earrings my mum picked out for me in the boxing day sales.

nature boy



There was a boy
A very strange enchanted boy
They say he wandered very far
Very far over land and sea
A little shy and sad of eye



But very wise was he
And then one day
A magic day he passed my way

Coriolis

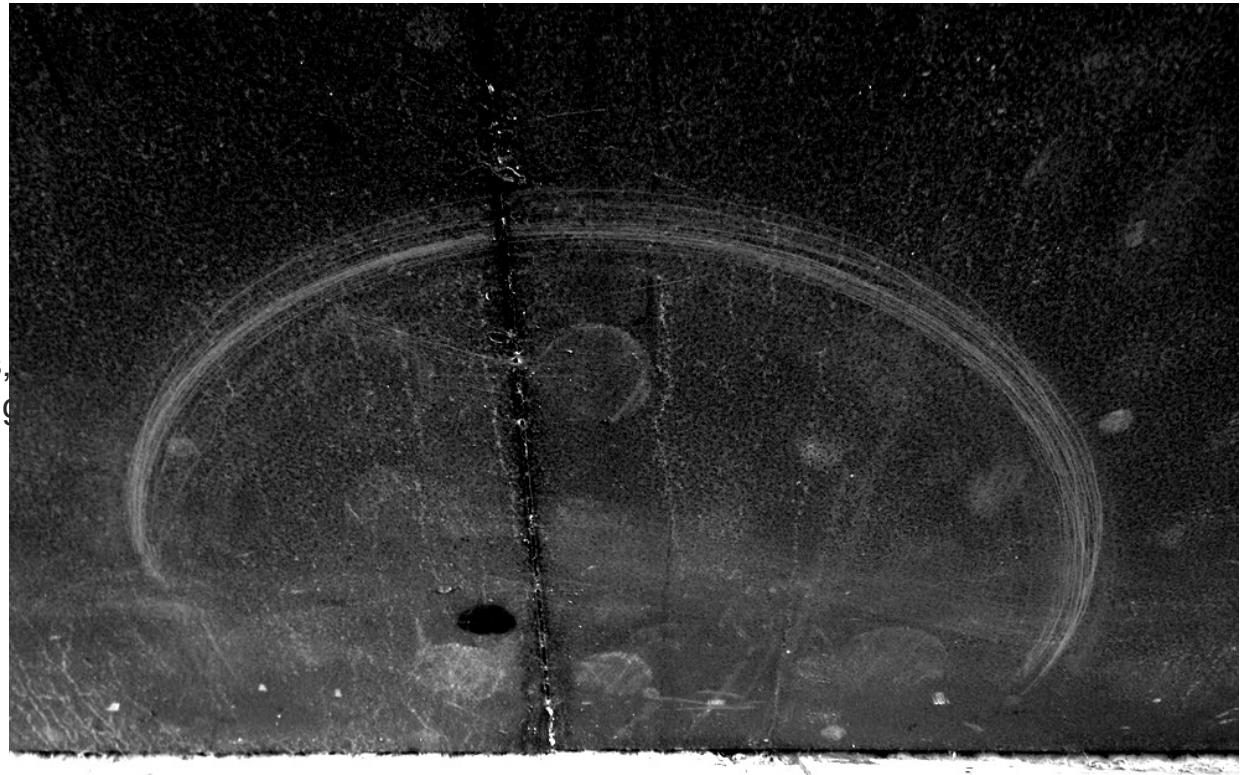
the spinning
keeps the tension from becoming overwhelming:
thoughts compress into inverted patterns of pointillated
excavations on the inner patinated surface of a copper
coolant tower.

It keeps memories just out of reach:
retracing their path,
firing neurons slightly reconnect to the left, or westwards,
if you are looking down. You're just on the outer edge
of pain or the inner workings of foreboding.

This inability to definitively, accurately retrace our
memorial path to an actual event is not only due to
sedimented and dendritic materialities, which
lie between desire and affect, but also from
the spinning
that keeps us constantly, ever so slightly
off kilter,
off track,
and a little over there.

Unless you're at the equator. Here, the I of the storm,
the eerie calm and piercing silence evade the act of urgency.

On point, no distractions, yet leaking through the
possibility of shutdown:
spaced out, inner and outer surfaces enmesh into a
dissociative wandering until the poles are reached *where the effect is at its fullest once again.*



The Bed's Too Big Without You: Living with Nan Goldin's Photographs

Tess Charnley

There are a few, select objects that are intrinsic to my sense of home. Objects that, without which, I would feel a fraction less myself. Things that have followed me for years, bearing dust from various flats and houses, collecting traces of skin from various hands. My copies of Nan Goldin's *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* and *The Devil's Playground* are key players in this selection.

There is something about living with art that is not unlike living with a partner. When you choose them you are infatuated, obsessed even. You need them as close to you as possible, looking for hours and memorising every mark. But then, as you live with them day in and day out, for years, there are days when you can't look at them at all; when a brush stroke that your eyes seared into to distract yourself during a fight is now tainted with a moment of violence. And then time passes, and you're in love again, forgetting what it was that hurt you. I think this is why people will often say, "I like it, but I couldn't live with it" in relation to art. It's a different kind of relationship. When choosing to live with a work, you have to know that you can both weather the storm.

I've lived with Nan Goldin's work for five years, but in a way, this relationship is easier than living with a painting or a print. I can leave the book strewn open for days if I really want to sense her world or, when the photographs feel too painful, the books return to their colour-coded shelves. The power dynamic between myself and the work is uneven in this respect, but equally, the work has affected my life so

deeply that I need moments of release. Living with Goldin's work means living with the meticulous documentation of someone else's life; it carries the risk that you might get so involved with the experiences of a stranger that you retreat from experiences of your own.

I was first introduced to Goldin's work through an art teacher at school. I must have been sixteen or so, and emerging from an adolescent sense of perpetual sadness. I loved her work immediately, coveting the richness of its colours, the intrigue of its subjects, the sense of witnessing lives unfold so far from my own. But mostly, I loved the fact that I was allowed to look at it. That I could sit by the computers in the art department, leafing through *The Devil's Playground*, and drink in photographs of sex, laughter, loss and abandon, cataloguing each face in my memory. At that age, I missed the nuances in the work. I wanted the blurry nights and the sense of reckless possibility. I wanted to be watched.

The Ballad of Sexual Dependency was given to me by an ex-boyfriend on my twentieth birthday. I remember opening it just past midnight in my halls of residence, both drunk on gin, and feeling the promise of our relationship in my hands. It was as if this book epitomised the magnitude of what we had together, an expression of the ecstasy and frustration of first being in love that I loftily projected upon us.

My father gave me *The Devil's Playground* for my birthday last year and in my eagerness to open it, I damaged the cover with a small cut running through the 'D' of 'Devil's'. But in a way, this is perfect, reinforcing my conception of the work as living. I often think about how my journey through Goldin's work has been mapped out for me by men, significant men in my life, and I wonder what this means for me as a female receiver of these bibles of queer culture. These men were pivotal in my development into womanhood: one of them taught me how to be someone's partner,

someone's lover; one of them taught me how to look at art, that I could look at art for most of the hours in my day; and one of them taught me the fundamentals of how to exist in the world. I wonder whether this has influenced my treatment of the work as informative, as having something to teach me. Or perhaps it means nothing at all.

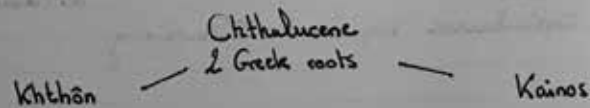
There is a freedom and privilege in living besides and amongst the photographs, the possibility of brushing fingers over the faces of Brian, Suzanne, Valérie – Goldin's world held between two covers. Her photographs make me greedy for connection. Both books chart relationships in a way that is continually generous. They evolve in your ownership. As I have amassed experiences, I have understood the photographs in ways that were previously unknown to me. I understand now the preciousness of community, of the same faces moving in and out of your life. I've lingered in empty rooms, lingered over bodies; I've seen death and lived. But still, I only relate to a fraction of the photographs, a fragment of a life. The images are equals: each occupying their identical space in the books, but the emphasis of the work alters with each opening. Like tarot cards, it is the photograph that you remain with that can teach you the most about your state. They map all manner of relationships, from the tangible community that holds one another, to the absences indicated by an ectopic pregnancy scar or a heroin spoon. Nan battered, Marina breastfeeding Elio, Bobby masturbating, or the banality of Brian having a smoke, waiting for something to happen.

Now so many of Goldin's subjects, her friends, are dead. Many from AIDS-related causes. In this way, the books preserve. They allow the subjects to live on in their evolution in the viewer's life. One of my favourite photographs from *The Ballad* is *Cookie and Vittorio's wedding, New York City, 1986*. The couples' hands draw me in most of all. Cookie's are visible as they dab away tears, the faded tattoo on her

left index finger, the nail slightly dirty and the lace fingerless gloves concealing her chunky rings beneath. Vittorio's hand is suspended, spliced by the image's frame. I hope that he will reach for her. In *The Devil's Playground*, there is a poem by Cookie, *The Birth of Max Mueller – September 25, 1971*, and a photograph, *Max at Sharon's apartment under photograph of his mother Cookie, NYC, 1996*. Max sits—his eyes looking away from the camera with his mother's image suspended above him, her eyes cast in the opposite direction. They are held together in their mirroring of each other, an invisible cord between them as Cookie retreats in the image. Cookie and Vittorio both died of AIDS-related causes in 1989. With this mise en abyme of sorts in the image of Max, Goldin marks the endless state of motherlessness: the compromise of existing with only the trace of a person, their imprint onto film. There is a piece of life and death here, a document bound by her community.

Goldin described *The Ballad* as her “visual diary,” but it is a diary that projects. Over the years, I have memorised the photographs and kept them as imaginary acetates, ready to reframe situations in my own life through Goldin's lens. There is an inclusivity in her work. Not only in the faces that appear again and again, and that you begin to recognise almost as your own friends, but in the hand she extends with her photography. The promise that there is a community for everyone, the reassurance that we all belong to someone. In living with and beside her work, we belong to her, if no one else. The final photograph of *The Devil's Playground*, is a close-up of the carving on a gravestone in Lisbon: *You Never Did Anything Wrong*.

2. *Chthulucene*



Kainos: 'a kind of timeplace for learning to stay with the trouble of living and dying in response-ability on a damaged earth'.

'Chthonic ones are beings of the earth, both ancient and up-to-the minute. I imagine chthonic ones as replete with tentacles, feelers, digits, cords, whiptails, spider legs, and very unruly hair'.



'... to whom one is actually responsible: Who lives and who dies, and how, in this kinship rather than that one? ... What must be cut and what must be tied if multispecies flourishing on earth, including human and other-than-human beings in kinship, are to have a chance?

How would you represent trouble?

3.

String figures in 3 senses of figuring:



1st '... plucking out fibers in clothed and dense events and practices ... in order to track them, and find their tangles and patterns'.

2nd '... the string figure is not the tracking, but rather the actual thing, the pattern and assembly that solicits response'.



3rd '... string figuring is passing on and receiving, making and unmaking, picking up threads and dropping them'.

'SF is practice and process; it is becoming-with each other'.

An Invitation to a Photon



A Philosopher giving a Lecture on the Orrery in which a lamp is put in place of the Sun,
Joseph Wright of Derby, 1766

I know that light has a dual existence as both a wave and a particle. I know this but I do not understand it entirely. I know that a photon (light-as-particle) is weightless, is of zero mass, and yet a box of light will weigh something more than the same box empty, and light can exert pressure on objects it hits (making asteroids spin faster for example). I would have assumed that darkness weighed something more, that a lack of light was somehow heavier than an abundance of it... and that just shows how humans put their psychological perception into assumptions about the world around them.

I once built something badly. In defence I threw a poetic platitude at my manager: "Straightness is just a concept in a world that's round." A few hours later (clearly he'd been mulling it over) he came back with the fact that light travels in a straight line. Yes, my whole world is known to me because light hits objects and bounces back out in a straight line into my eye. But that's not the end of the story. The straight trajectory of light can be bent by an object of a large enough mass, such as a star. Look at the orrery in the picture and imagine the craftsman bending the thin bands of brass into the frames

of the sphere. If bent further those bands could close in on itself in a loop. This is how black holes come into existence, the light being bent by a mass so huge and condensed that it falls in beyond a point of no return and becomes the one thing in the universe from which light cannot escape.

Dear photon, do not worry because there's nothing here too heavy to pull you into a place from which you can't get out. I invite you to join me in an exploration of how I look at an artwork, our energies free and easy.

I turn my gaze to the image. A photon bounces off of the little girl's forehead, and in a straight wavelength goes through the pupil and lens in my eye. Hitting the photoreceptive cells in my retina, the photon gets absorbed by retinal causing it to undergo a molecular transition into a nerve impulse that gets sent to my brain. Then I see the little girl's forehead as she gazes into the solar system. But that's just the photons from the visual light spectrum that make me see the image, my eyes will not process the photons from the entire electromagnetic radiation field. I can see the red of the demonstrator's coat but I can't see beyond that to infrared, or radio waves. And I can see the chiaroscuro contrast of light and dark in the painting but my eyes cannot perceive the ultraviolet, the x rays and the gamma rays. What other photons are emitting from this image that I cannot see? Can my body sense it if my eyes cannot?

I shrink myself down to sub-atomic size until I don't see particles anymore, only differing energy forces. I sense the photons and their effect on atoms rather than see them. I realise that between the painting and my eye, the photon must traverse a universe of transparent matter, subtly, as a force, a gently rippling wave, effecting each atom in its turn before moving on. In a vacuum the speed of light is constant but everything else in the universe conspires to slow my photon down. It takes 8.3 minutes for the light of the sun's surface to reach earth but, in its effort to reach the surface, a photon can engage in so many collisions on the way from the core of the sun that it can take a million years to escape. When all the light emanating from the image is making its way to my eye, there is a journey of collisions and energy shifts in between. But I'm not just a passive receptacle of light waves myself, I'm radiating heat and light, my own energy. I wonder if the photons I'm radiating have an effect on the images photons as they make their journey to my eye. I wonder if I was emanating a different energy, I would perceive the *image* differently, because I was affecting the photons before they reached the annihilation of absorption by my retina.



*this was never your choice

I've always had a strange relationship with hair. When I was four my hair was so long I had to get someone to hold it whilst I went to the toilet. When I was twelve I shaved my eyebrows off with a razor so the remainder looked like question marks highlighting my eyes. When my mother died, my aunty gave me a locket of my mother's hair. The smell was so pungent it was disgusting to me. And now, pulling hair from hairbrushes makes me feel sick. Hair removed or detached from the body is something I find utterly repulsive. But hair attached to a body I find is one of the most erotic things. I love attached hair. I play with my bleach blonde hair when I flirt, I cut it when I'm stressed. I let my hair grow all over my body. It makes me feel so sexy when I walk across the room and feel the follicles on my shins blow in the wind. When I met you, your hair was shoulder length and a few days unwashed. You used to twist it into a small bun when you left the house, but my favourite was when it was down which was usually only when you were naked in bed, with me. Your hair used to slide over your shoulders, down your back. It was beautiful. Back then, I had natural hair so long it tickled my lower back. I would tie it in a ponytail and you used to pull on it when we fucked.

I walk over to the mirror and run my fingers through my pubic hair. I love the way the hair forms a point, an arrow to my clit. I twist the gathering and pull it. I feel a twinge deep in my pussy. I grab a brush and backcomb my bush it so it's even bigger, like a cushion. I smile, pleased. You come up behind me and softly cup my pubic mound.

You drop to your knees and smell my hairy cunt. Softly kissing around my stomach and thighs. My thighs are pressed tightly together. You look into my eyes and softly nibble the hair. You want me to let you in. You inhale my must and bury your tongue deep into my cunt, trying to prize me open. You pull me to the floor and grind on me so hard that our pubic hair becomes one tangled mess, at one point I feel they are fusing, growing together. You twist and pull my pubic hairs so hard that my cunt mishapens. I am satisfied.



gut-ego

The wet sound your dog-mouths make when you eat turns us on. Put your tongues in our mouth. Your touch is warm. We feel warmth (the flow of water) and heaviness (the flow of water). We feel we end where the warmth ends. We do not end where you begin.

A thin wrapping pulls taught, strains. We are stuffed in and between wet folds. It's nice. We're held and we have the feeling of

being held. The story of the shell and the kernel goes the kernel is only a kernel because of the shell (the unconscious *is* the body). The shell is a big surface for feeling. We can close our mouth and eyes but the skin is always open (to touch) / (to take).

We take ourself and know another skin also. Our hand on our tummy gives us a sense of: *being* something; and being *inside* and *outside* something. We are touched, carried and filled. Gestures we know as communication and play. We feel we end

where the warmth ends, like we have a shared skin.

We have needs, pleasures and desires. A tower of arses pile up on each other. And our legs are spread so you can really see our arseholes. You can trace a wobbly line from our butt cracks running into each other. Our cracks make a sticky seam perforated with holes. All our flesh squashes together and forms dimples.

The tower keeps growing and we're so tall now, we slip and we can't even tell up from sideways. We slide and snake all over.

Our skin opens into skin and a porous film grows over. Our arse-snake begins to gently pulse. Our holes open and close as it beats. We push our ring-self, pressure grows, moves. It's urgent! And the one toilet in our six people house is not free. Again.

We were the first to breathe air and to swim. Now we return to primordial fish-like times and begin to think. We become active. We shut. Our capacity to clasp is a sadistic mode of control.

Put your hot tongues in.



all this dust
jessica worden

sweat trickles remembering what it was that preceded this
moment
tearing into air so dry that
every disruption vibrates with a secret life
blistering fluid-filled roots
holding and holding and holding
until it also dissipates

shadow is the place of resting
snakes sleeping under warm things
pressed up against our bodies

my foot twists so
easily in the sand
moving right or left
the opposite of my intention

you can burn your tenderness in heat like this
with rage like this



I'm pleased to invite you to attend an interview on Thursday 25th October at 11am. Please let me know if you will be able to attend at this time.

At the interview we will be asking questions about your previous administrative experience, managing data and people skills. You may wish to think about these topics in advance.

You are invited to attend for interview, as detailed below.

Date: Wednesday, 3 April 2019

Time: 09:30

Your interview will be as follows:

30 minute computer based, written test;

Followed by a 40 minute Q&A interview with the panel.

I am pleased to tell you that your application has been successfully shortlisted and we would now like to invite you to attend an interview with us next week on Tuesday 19th February 2019. We have the following time slots available and these will be allocated on a first come first served basis so please do get back to me to confirm which you would prefer.

I am very sorry then to inform you that we will not be offering you the post. All the candidates we met yesterday evidenced good and relevant administrative skills but we have now offered the job to someone who has more direct experience.

After careful consideration, I regret to inform you that we have decided not to take your application further on this occasion as there are other candidates who more closely match our specific requirements at this time.

If you would like feedback on the reasons for this decision please let me know and I will contact the Chair of the panel.

We hope you may have the opportunity of considering a further application at some future date and wish you every success in the pursuit of your career objectives.

I am so sorry as we all were very impressed with you. We all thought you were not only appointable for the role but a very likable candidate with an obvious interest & good experience in the creative field but unfortunately on this occasion another candidate simply scored higher.



NOTES ON RAGE: A Public Address

An Introduction

We stand before you, borderless, or attempting to be.
 We have dissipated
 And as we tremble, here, in this place,
 We emit whatever thoughts
 Drip from us.
 We are a locus of connection, an intersection, an agent, in between.
 We, as we are, we, potentially, ungraspable,
 An anarchy, in a suit.
 We are unresolved,
 Vacillating materiality, with no edges, only excess.

There's Something Brewing, And It's Red With Rage

But there is something brewing about us,
 And it is red, with rage.
 It is more than a feeling, it is a movement within, around and below us.
 This time, it does not come from above.
 We are incandescent, conductors, we connect to each other,
 We mirror each other, and each movement.
 We reflect behaviours back at our aggressors,
 Which does not go down well.

Let Us Explain

Let us be clear, let us explain things.
 We are not addressing "you", we are addressing "us".
 We have been explained to.
 We understood long before, and during, and more so after we were explained to, our position.
 Thanks, for the reminder.
 We will accept it graciously, without argument.
 We would ask, however, that it be remembered, that we understand.
 We would ask, however, that it be remembered, that we know.
 We know. More than we understand.

Derailing the Argument

We are accustomed to a certain derailing of our position.
 When confronted with statistics, our aggressors often respond with a counter,
 Entirely irrelevant to the matter at hand.
 When confronted with empirical evidence, our aggressors often respond with a request for statistics.
 When confronted with statistics, our aggressors often respond with a counter,
 Entirely irrelevant to the matter at hand.
 When confronted with empirical evidence, our aggressors claim "bias".
 Bias.
 We understand.

Can We Say Something?

We wish to be heard. To be listened to. To be given space.
 To be free of invasion, of all descriptions.
 We wish to say something and for it to be heard.
 How terrible, how unjust, that this is so often a wish, and not a right.
 The right to be listened to. The right to be heard.
 How infrequently we have this privilege,
 Which is used and abused so freely by others, and without acknowledgement that it is a privilege, just that.
 For a right, it cannot be.
 If it were a right, it would be a right of all of us, and that, that, it is not.
 It is the privilege, of less than all of us, not the right of all of us.
 Can we say something?
 Can we?
 If we say something, can we be heard?
 So, why say something?

If we cannot be heard, why say something?
 We are silent. Because we are not listened to.
 And the silence is deafening.

Coercive Control

We, are being coercively controlled.
 Our privacy is invaded, our income limited,
 we are made to think we are mentally ill
 misguided
 uneducated.
 And whose fault is that?
 If that is true?
 And what is truth?
 Whose fault is that?
 We die, at the hands of our aggressors.
 We die, on fire.
 We die, in poverty.
 We die, thinking little of ourselves.
 We are not productive enough.
 We reproduce but we do not offer a return.
 Sale or return.
 Return to sender.
 Return.
 To a better time.
 To a time which was...
 To a time which was...?
 Which...?

Don't Be Angry

We hear. We understand.
 We are aggressive.
 We are sensitive.
 We are outspoken.
 We aren't wanted here.
 We are difficult.
 We understand that.
 It is difficult.
 We live.
 We should smile.
 We should cheer up.
 We should be more positive.
 We should put on a face,
 A happy face, no less.
 We are not entitled
 To...
 We are not educated
 We are not well
 We are not happy
 We must take responsibility
 We must challenge
 We must overcome
 We must defend ourselves
 And others.

Empathy

All empathy,
 We move,
 Taking in our path:
 Everyone, and nothing more than that.
 Tumescant and engorged, quivering and vast
 Enlarging as we fold.
 We are here.
 We are here with you.
 Who are we?
 We are we –
 Who we are, not what what we do.

Any Questions?

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