

A YEAR, A SWEATY SUMMER

After meeting, two creatures keep meeting and writing with their bodies in different time zones while still living in a spectropoetic togetherness. Here, a fragment is expelled like a kidney stone as big as a 16mm film resulting in this iteration.



MARCH 20TH, 2018, A RENTED BEDROOM, ÅRHUS, DENMARK

I love frictionous, or frictioness, or fricticious. The versions of me and you writing, and capturing. It is a good thing that we have the same camera. It makes so much sense. Maybe your film roll was in mine, and I fissuresly developed your captures, or we developed my fictrional capturing, or you captured our frictionous development. I feel very spread out now that we said “See you later!” at the airport after the cab ride with the driver only talking about our sunglasses. I couldn’t sleep for the past two nights, I woke up early, which is very unlike me. I think it is because I’m still synched to your sleep and I sensed that you had already woken up, being 6 hours ahead. There are infinities of you and some are here with me and some of mine are there with you. That is perhaps what makes me feel so spread out as I’m accompanied by future spectres, slowly falling out of the tiny hole in the bottom of the cup. It seems to work on a certain scale. If it is small enough, it blends, but then when it is just a bit bigger, it expands, and by being blurry it never fully will. Just think about how a little paper cup filled with one shot of espresso looks tiny in the hands, as if the hands expanded and became giant. Expanding and expanding, my hands falling out of my hands, falling out of yours, onto the picnic table, along the street onto the river bank, greeting the swans, into the water.

AUGUST 21ST, 2005, WASSERETTE KREKELHERRIE, AMSTERDAM THE NETHERLANDS

Makes me think of how I met a ghost of you before I met you. Often meeting is more recognizing than meeting, don’t you think? Something is here again. I felt relieved, because I knew as soon as I met you I didn’t have to explain myself or clarify my presence. There was an understanding, which reassured that bodies can be at places or in company without having to actively relate in the exhaustive sense. The relation was already established in the recognition rather than an explanation, conversations of future-pasts as our lullabies. It is a nice feeling when I meet somebody and I don’t need to jump into answering typical and functional questions like “What do you

do?” “Why are you living here?” or even “What are your plans?”. Language hurts a lot and flirting with language is something that I’m not sure I can still do. It can be a big restraint for the future of a relation, between bodies or anything. Like when people enter the room full of things and just put the chair back where it ‘should be’. Does the chair want to be there again doing its repetitive ‘task’ and helping those boring asses that have work to do? Not sure if I am anthropomorphizing things too much but at least it is the way I get to understand what is wanted, or what can be lured without having to express a single word.



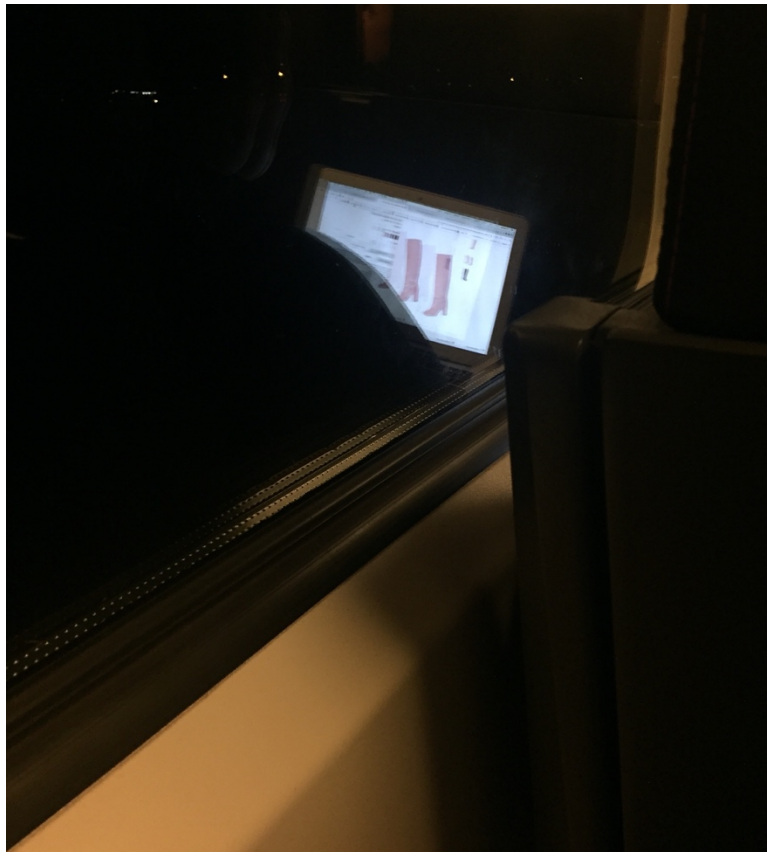
THE PHOTO SAYS DECEMBER 1ST, 1989, PHOTO SAINT DENIS, MONTRÉAL, CANADA

Everything we write as a question - but not a verbal one - let me circle around you, take care of you, float away and listen to the things we never said. Everything we write as a question, an open one, which goes beyond us and is to be endlessly unpacked and explored. It needs techniques of cutting and rewriting, oh yes cuddling and rewriting. Perhaps written because we are neglecting everything we were supposed to write instead: emails, tweets, to-do-lists, names for alarm reminders, linkedin profiles, grant applications, answers to the same questions. No, it was written because it is not neglecting, it is caring for everything we are writing here. Makes me want to wrap you in, or in it, not to hold away from what is around you, but to circle around until it is happening again; to start unpacking. Not unwrapping until there is nothing left, no, maybe circling in the opposite direction to wonder about all that got caught between the circles. Or threading back and seeing all the dust that got caught onto the needle’s track. Not unwrapping as in unraveling an essence, oh no, let’s forever forget about that. Unthreading as in starting the same question with different words. Or better, starting the same question with a different temporality of letters. In the room they rented for me in Århus a kid called Alice normally lives there, well at least I think so... Her name was on the door, some Lego-like letters attached to it, forming the name A-L-I-C-E, but then I accidentally broke the letter ‘I’. Now it is just A-L-C-E. It would be nice if they adopted this new name for her. It means ‘reindeer’ in Portuguese!

APRIL 31ST, 2018, CAFÉ FERLUCCI, MONTRÉAL, CANADA

It is part of the soft-skinned conjunction to be frictionous, or frictional, which the orthography corrector says is the ‘right word’. Cats can be very frictionous, don’t you think? Or raccoons... Spectres of the future always visit

me. I wake up and they are already there. Well, I know time linearity is not a thing, making me live the future that will not happen in the future right now, a kind of painful present-futurity. I wonder if with accumulation other movements appear. Movements not necessarily of accumulation, but of dispersion. Dispersing particles of textile every time I go to the laundromat, something gets lost, tiny particles of textile disappear by using, reusing, washing and drying everything many times. Some particles also get stuck to them, like the contagiousness and cross-pollination of the adventures in the laundromat, or the salt from the sea that penetrates my pores and swimming clothes.



SOMEWHERE IN JUNE WHEN I FORGOT THE DAYS, 2017, URBE CAFÉ, SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL

The shoes I wear a lot have really coarse soles, which makes it possible for them to mischievously maneuver and take along things from place to place. Entering the elevator of the university, feeling that one of my legs is a little bit longer than the other, looking underneath my foot, finding a big pebble from the other dimension I was just in. Sometimes I take it out the grooves and put it on the floor, sometimes I leave it there - keeping my one leg slightly longer than the other, somehow anticipating that that would come in handy later in the day. Things from 'outside', or maybe better 'some other side/site' are not allowed to be left like that, taken along like that, maneuvered-with. Probably if I would have been in the elevator with someone, they would have asked "Why did you do that?" or at least look at me in a certain way. "It is because I like travelling things, either from the gathering of big pebbles, or from the adventures in the laundromat," I would have answered. I feel that everything belongs to a certain world-building, that can sometimes converge to a multiverse-building due to all the inhabitants that haunt this what people like to call a body.

FEBRUARY 20TH, 2021, RABALDER CAFÉ & BAKERY, LONGYEARBYEN, SVALDBARD AND JAN MAYEN

Writing and loving and making are necessary to keep alive this continuum where nobody knows where one begins and the other ends. The ball continues to roll over the liminal or thin bodies that cannot fit under an identity. Sometimes I think my body doesn't exist when I read email threads containing presentational showing, flattening a body that is already shattered and tending to the complete disappearance in favour of greedy interests of the truck-machine of typicality. Am I calling forth those interdimensional creatures just making them speak in my own boring human language? That is anything but exciting. I want hos(ti)pitality in dealing with unknown creatures, I don't need to say anything to the cats that visit me here because we communicate through appetites expressed by non-linguistic signs. It is what happened between us, we didn't have to talk humanly to know we already knew each other.



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