

Dear Yung Han,

I am happy to hear from you - it turned out a funny way to find out who is the author of the text that made so much sense to me when i found it on my hard drive that day. By saying 'happy' i also mean to say 'i hope i didn't upset you too much.'

You must be a much better online surfer than I am - to me it is a mystery how one can discover elements of his or her text floating around in PDF formats. But let me explain you briefly what happened before - hopefully it will make sense to you.

Jill Mulleady asked me to write a text for her beautiful show in Napoli - i was thrilled by her proposal. These days, after suspending my writing since the publishing of Paper Exhibition, each exercise of writing becomes an adventure of its own. I've even been thinking that writing 'How we wrote certain of my books' as a book would make sense most. By taking notes for Jill's publication I came across a .doc file on my hard-drive that contained a text that I thought I might have written in a dream, my own or someone else's - I've loved it. I've tried to figure it out where it came from and couldn't find it in any of the emails in my inbox. I've googled specific sentences of the text and it didn't yield any results either. The text was like a blackbox in front of me, I couldn't resist playing with its lines by handwriting it on the pages of the layout of Jill's book. I remember changing something, mixing it with some of other things and riffing across - all those operations that drive writing to me, I never write alone even in solitude. I was suspecting that the text might have come from a particular friend of mine and decided not to indicate the circumstances of its arrival on the page. I admit I must have taken things too for granted.

Then my handwriting got transcribed back into typography by the designers of the publication and it kept on becoming something else. There was a slightly uncanny, chest-emptying sense of adventure how it was all coming together, a constellation of airy senses. At some point I thought 'who knows maybe i don't know the author and he or she will find out about it and we will get to know each other'. This is a short story of what has happened. I apologise if it came as an unpleasant surprise for you. At this point I am here at your disposal to find a interesting solution to accomodate your feelings and perhaps to turn this accident into a premise of something interesting to happen in writership at large. I will be happy to give you my published or unpublished text that you may want to use for your own purposes, or make some other creative act of justice at your suggestion. There is a commitment to continuing adventure on my side. Of course, I am also happy to offer you Paper Exhibition, a humble collective adventure that is out of print now, or simply write a text 'How we wrote certain of my books' that draws on this accident.

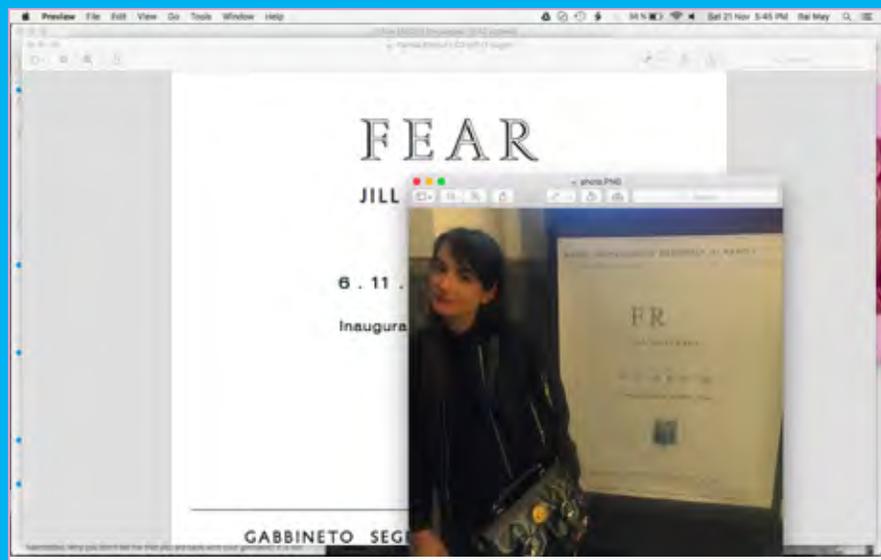
Jill's exhibition was called *Fear* yet the poster of it in Napoli by some cosmic printer's glitch turned out to be FR. Yesterday when reading a letter I suddenly thought maybe FR stood for friendship. That's my invitation at the core of the apology.

By the way, I've just returned from Taipei yesterday. Do you live there

By the way, I've just returned from Taipei yesterday. Do you live there (as your phone number suggests)? I wish we've met there too. Not just on pages.

Look forward to hear from you.

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Dear Jill Mulleady,

My name is Juan Yung Han. A few days ago I read a PDF document on the Internet. According to the information in the last page of this document, it's a publication on the occasion of Fear, an exhibition produced by yourself. It contains a text, with the author being named as Raimundas Malašauskas.

In this PDF, from page 33 to 38, there is text about dreams, you list the author as being the above mentioned Raimundas Malašauskas. In actual fact this text comes directly from a script and text work written by myself for a performance I made and performed in Arnhem, in the Netherlands in July, 2015.

I wondered if you might be able to put me into contact with Mr. Malašauskas so that I might be able to clarify exactly what has happened and how an exact copy of my text might have found its way into this publication. Or maybe you would be able to shed some light on this rather troubling matter.

I read about the introduction of the exhibition Fear on the website of MUSEO ARCHEOLOGICO NAZIONALE DI NAPOLI. It says that:

“La mostra sarà accompagnata da un libro d’artista in edizione limitata, con contributi di Raimundas Malašauskas e una versione incapsulata del profumo Fear.”

I have tried to translate it on the Internet, and the result is :

“The exhibition will be accompanied by a limited edition artist’s book, with contributions from Raimundas Malašauskas and a version of the encapsulated fragrance Fear.”

I’ve never been informed about this showing and the use of my text, but if I guess it right, this text is exhibited at the space of this show at the moment, as well as being included in a publication that is on display, and on sale. I would very much appreciate if you could please give me the details of the process of exactly about that how my text was selected and how it managed to become a part of this ongoing art project, and credited to Mr Malašauskas? And we might also need to discuss how to deal with this mistake as to the exact origin of the text used on the pages mentioned previously as well.

I will also be contacting the Museo Archeologico Nazionale di Napoli immediately as well as Mr. Malašauskas.

I hope you can reply this email as soon as possible.

I hope you can reply this email as soon as possible.

Regards,

Yung Han



They say I was born inside the dragon's head in
Otterspool – the one in the ornamental garden, close to the
roundabout. I don't think I was ever actually born though,
I may still linger in the Drexciyan darkness of The Atlantic.

But one day I would like to be born as a dance or as
a song. Yesterday Kool Keith called me his daughter.
“Why not a son or a mother?” I wondered in retrospect.
The book falls open again.



W H Y

D O D O U

D O T H I N G S

L A S T

M I N U T E ?

If you are not someone who pushes everything (travel booking, writing, decision making) to the last minute you still may be interested to answer this question in the company of those who succumb to the thrill of lottery or a fear of failure: often those are 'last minute' drives combined with the privileging of one's own sense of time.

But obviously asking 'Why do you do things last minute?' is a way to address not just the people who do things last minute. It is not an inquiry into the position of a minute in the timeline either - I am rather talking about the difference of our states and positions there, and their continuous (and discontinuous) change. This is how I feel exploring the project that addresses the Deaf audience: it also addresses anyone who is interested in the practice of listening, even if we hear different things. I am one of those amateurs of listening, caught by the scale and open circuitry of the orchestra of 'WITHIN/The Infinite Ear'. (It is definitely an orchestra even if it sometimes may look like a display of a technical university gallery in a dry pool.)

In its core, 'The Infinite Ear' draws on the architecture of sensible difference: together we may be simply touched by different range of the same frequency, and feel that we are in rather different, but hopefully, not in separate worlds. We may be leaning on the same walls and experience different buildings vibrating through our bodies. We may be attentive to those sensations and their inadequacy and follow other conductive surfaces, including blanks, blankets, hands, thoughts, water (pool), fire (station), etc.

By conductivity, I mean the capacity of matter to transmit all kinds of vibration: molecular, electric, sonic, intellectual. This phenomenon - real and imagined in their own conductivity, resulting in fascinating interference patterns - operates on multiple levels of scale and organisation like the building of the pool in Bergen itself, individual instruments constructed by its practitioners, or dust on your fingers. One can find an orchestra in every finger, regardless whether the finger is visual or tactile, alive or dead; only the tempo may be different, perhaps. Or those are simply different orchestras, even if there is just dust, no finger: as we learn from olfactory science two identical molecules may have rather different vibration and smell differently.

tion and smell differently.



It is Pauline Oliveros' 'Deep Listening' session that brings me to the

It is Pauline Oliveros 'Deep Listening' session that brings me to the subject of the last minute, again. At this very moment, I am furthest away from the sound emitted by a chime that Saturday afternoon at Sentralbadet in Bergen - literally in the last minute since that very moment. Three weeks ago together with a dozen of people who swarmed from all around and then dissipated with softened ears we've sat down in a circle under the water level (with no water at the eyesight, just rain outside.) Pauline and I rang the chime and asked us to listen to the sound as long as we can hear it, and when we don't hear the sound anymore we should try to detect what it's becoming: the sound of the windows, wind, saliva being swallowed inside one's throat, someone else's throat, etc. Before arriving to this moment and possibly continuing on Moodymann's dance floor tonight, the signal of the chime swung through the space of the pool. It thinned down, stayed in slinky stillness, gauzed all around. Few days later the signal blinked in a conversation with CAConrad who was telling about his ritual of laying down on the blanket in the field and listening to the sounds of extinct species as a way to maintain the sonic ecosystem of the biosphere, dusky seaside sparrow and shrimps exploding. It resonated with the White Cat Bar (of course, cat!) in its ghostly swish, then came back in a night walk with Gregory through his description of Actress playing a DJ set for both dead and alive, base frequencies only, beatless; then emerged in a childhood game where we played conductors, not doctors, and in the dream where a clothes' shop alarm turned out to be a one hour long alarm of the clock. A fuzzy sequence. The conducting of a complex orchestra of these encounters was done by Pauline Oliveros and I in one exercise. They became the conductors of that poly-orchestra that 'WITHIN/ The Infinite Ear' has become on its own. Sometimes it felt like conductors were interchangeable, yet activating very different scenarios of experience. Witnessing the simultaneity of multiple conductors (including the instruments itself) releasing unseen potentials of orchestra and themselves like Robert Demeter poured vastest joy through me.

Perhaps it may seem I am trying to advocate delivering things last minute as a guarantee they would be qualitatively better or more complex than experiences of the quick moment. Perhaps I do that too, while being certain that focusing on one minute after the beginning of the signal could be as unearthing and grounding as focusing on the three weeks flow. Focusing on one minute before the signal - too. Abolishing counting and separation - no less so. Time may exist or not, but timelines do - whether they are architectural and mathematical or hairy. And one can always go in different directions from here. Following a chosen one together with Sandra we enter a pool in Pantin, Paris. It must be spring or autumn, and both. This project emerges as a similar kind of orchestra, a composition of individual treatments resulting in a series of perceptual events that perhaps resonates like the one I am musing about. Few minutes later I am walking with Ben Evans. We are deep into the ripples of conversation and silences. At the end of our session I promise him to send a piece that resonates it: it is a poem from Nezahualcoyotl, an Aztec king of the XV century who died only 20 years before the arrival of the Spanish, translated by Laura Huertas Millán. But I never did. So here it comes, first its beginning:

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IN	THE	HOUSE	OF	PAINTINGS,
STARTS		THE		SINGING
AND		IT		SPREADS,
THE	FLOWERS	LOSE	THEIR	LEAVES,
THE	SONGS	ARE		ABUNDANT.

THE		SONG		MEANDERS,
THE		TAMBOURINE		BELLS
COME		AND		GO,
ARE		ECHOED		BY
OUR	MARACAS	FULL	OF	FLOWERS
THE	FLOWERS	LOSE	THEIR	LEAVES,
THE	SONGS	ARE		ABUNDANT.

AMONGST		THE		FLOWERS		
THE	FINE	PHEASANT		SINGS,		
AND	HIS	SONGS	COMES	UNDONE		
IN	THE	WATERS'		WOMB.		
THEY		ARE		RESPONDED		
BY	THE	MACAW	WITH	RED	PLUMAGE	
THE	LOVELY	MACAW	WITH	A	BEAUTIFUL	SONG.

YOUR	HEART	IS	A	PAINTED	OEUVRE,
YOU	ENTER	INTO		THE	SONG,
AND	YOU	HIT		THE	DRUMS,
YOU		ARE			SINGING,
IN	THE		SPRING		HOUSE,
YOU	THE		PLEASURE		GIVER.



Moles and Mice

I had a friend who grew envious when I admitted to him that, embarrassingly, my partner and I had devolved a kind of intimate home way of talking (about the dishes, feeding the cat, or paying the bills and other banal domesticities) in high-pitched ‘mouse’ voices. “I want to be a mouse too!” he cried out indignantly. And from that moment on he was a mouse too.

“hey mouse, do you want to go to Super Stop-n-Shop later today?”

“mouse! look mouse, I found a rock that looks like meat. Here, take it, it’s for you mouse.”

“What should my new book be called?”

“anymouse”

“E A M O Y mouse” (peals of mouse laughs)

Language had become laden with privacy that gave the mice a soft, secret laughter together, and it warmed their respective burrows. Across the gray prairie, across the back of a whale, over a long quiet sea seen from a distance, I text him a message that simply reads “oh mouse!” and he replies, “mouse, mouse! how are you mouse?” I remember well the many meat rocks he gave me but also the lichen he did not.

In Texas, muskrats line their burrows with found fur and plants sterilized in their urine, and this calcifies into a thin vegetal shell which botanists extract in cross-sections to determine the extinction rate, or at least, the way certain plants are moving to lower altitudes with the changing climate.

I had a dream that a mouse was burrowing into my intestines and when I woke and wrote you, you replied, “that’s strange, I have been having health issues down there, but don’t worry, they are mostly past now.” The words ‘health issues’ takes me 9 months to digest and when I reply it is only to say, “I’m sorry I have not replied sooner, I have been so busy.” And then... one year later, more frantically... “how is your health? you are okay, aren’t you? No mouse got you?” Mouse becomes code for health trouble, for impending death.

Today I learned that synthetic cinnabar, vermilion, was made from sulfur and mercury crushed and heated together. This was mixed with lizards pounded in a marble mortar. They were still alive and squirming under the pestle as it came down relentlessly with its overwhelming weight (like the heavy bodies of lesbians at queer pagan camp, like how I imagine the hammer came down on the woman’s skull in the podcast I listened to earlier) but it did not matter, they were just like so many “slugs-with-eyes” that my mom killed with kleenex in our rainy basement. Some were so large that, at last, she felt some remorse: “They were really too big to be killed in that way, with only a tissue between it and my hand”.

At the Getty, a screaming child dragged against the hand of her mother, “I hate you, I hate you, you are killing me.” And I was reminded of our earlier tense drive to the museum where I had said in response to my mother’s suggestion that she live with me for a month, “that might be disastrous.” And she, hurt and quiet, said, “oh does this daughter also feel she cannot stand her mother?” and I said, “No no I love you but...” haltingly... “I do feel judged all the time and it’s... hard to live like that. You are critical you know, you say so yourself.” And she, looking through her purse desperately for what she had forgotten, in a little voice, “Oh, am I? am I?”

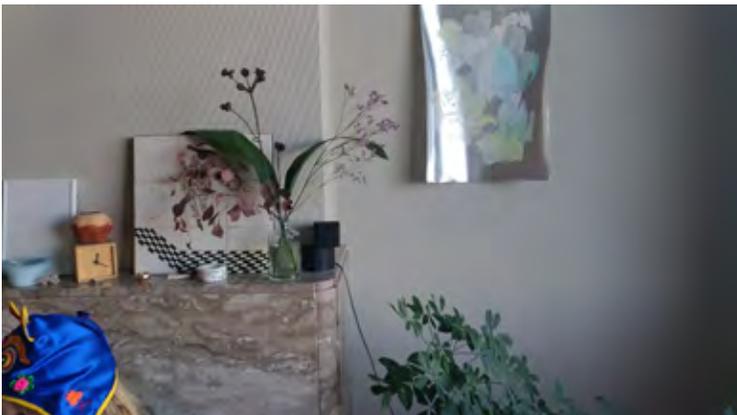
It is the skeleton that creates the sensation of pain, for did you ever hear of a burlap bag without broken glass crying or singing tragic songs? I'm not referring to the hernia you ignored as a child or the ulcer that gives you acne, but the structure, the family, the content that fits sharply but in no possible other way, inside the rough skin you call your own. But this red, reptilian mixture, this fake cinnabar, known as guard chamber, was dotted on the Emperor's concubines to corral their bodies. In theory, the red dot could turn dark bluish-black.

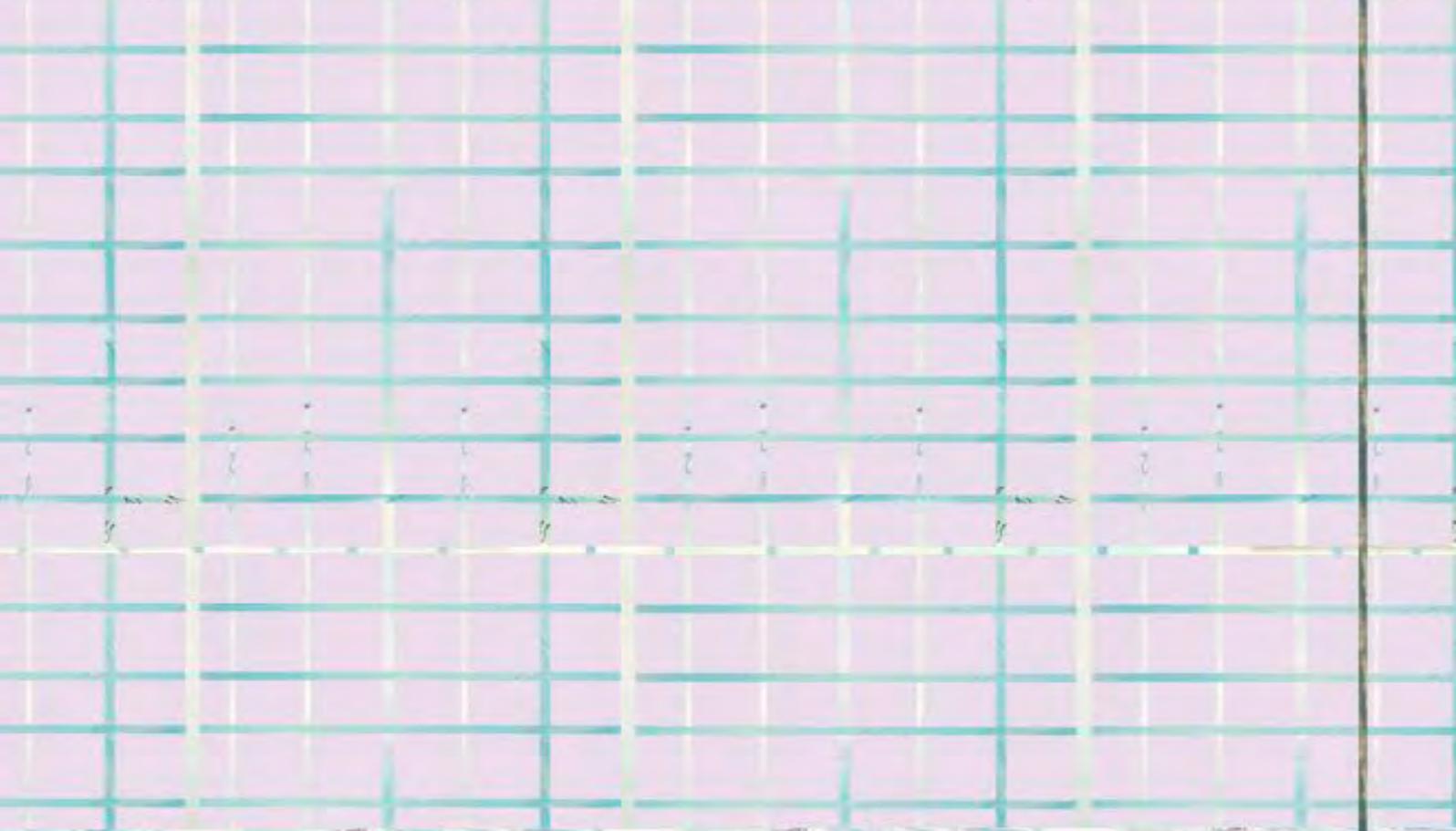
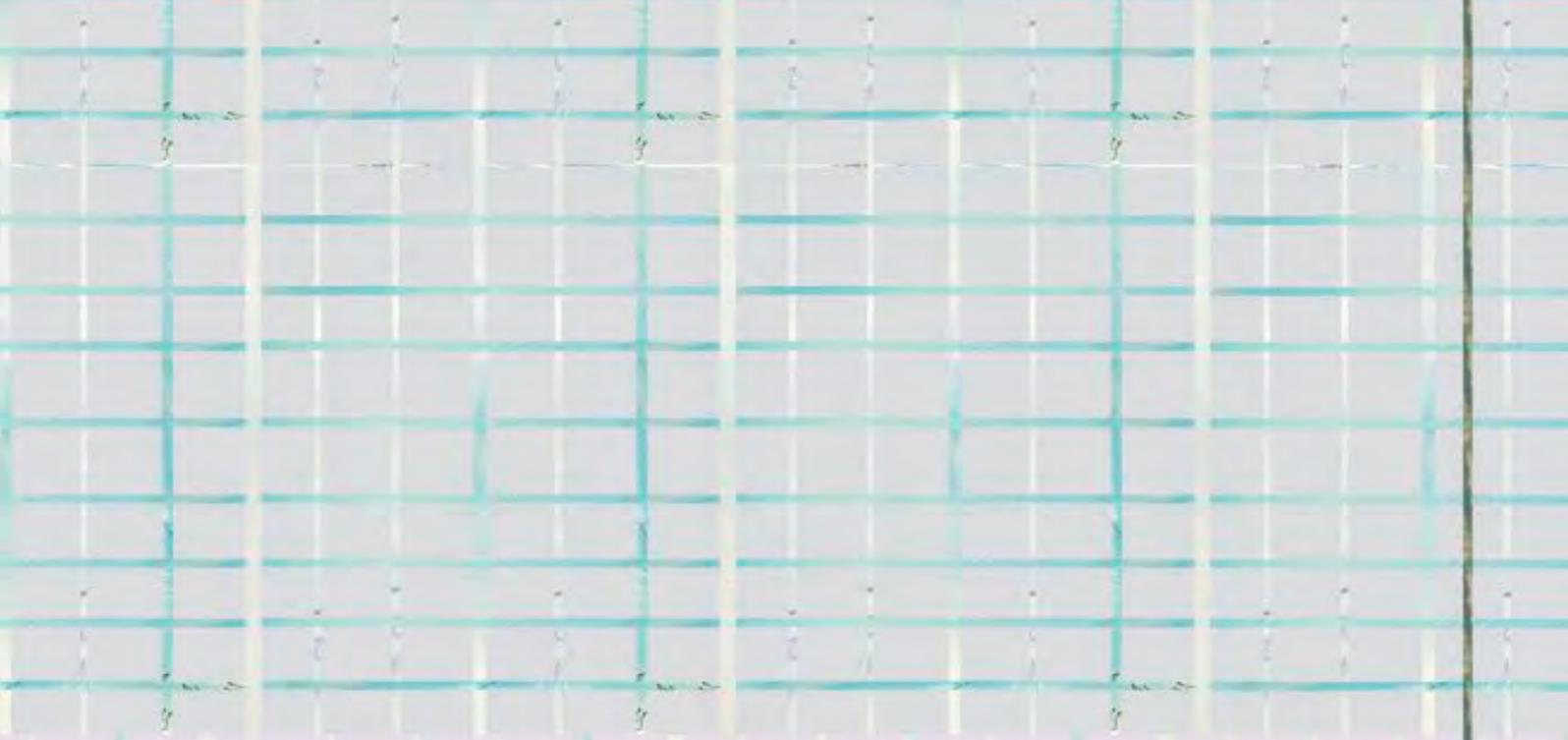
These moles became very fashionable.

Replications of them were made of velvet and mouse.

They were called "flies" and perhaps the French women of court who wore them were corpses just beginning to rot. These fashion moles in different positions on their face meant specific things: under the nose to the right meant, "No dear, not tonight" while the one perched loftily on her forehead signaled to another lover, "I will leave him in four days, wait for me on the edge of the woods".

In the 1700s the Spanish Benedictine friar Benito Jeronimo Feijoo had a theory that the origin of racial blackness stemmed from "a tiny black spot on a man's genitals and on the fingernails of both men and women". This black spot grew larger and larger until it encompassed the whole genitalia, all the fingers, and up the palm to the forearms, shoulders and down the back. I am reminded of my childhood where, during my Chinese indoctrination, I was given Amy Tan's Joy Luck Club to read along with Wild Swans and The Rape of Nanking. In the story, one mother tells her daughter how she escaped an arranged marriage by making up a story that the black mole on her child-husband's back would grow larger and larger until it swallowed him and all his unborn babies up. I am thinking about my skin flipping back upon itself with a darkness that engulfs. The exterior becomes an interior, a dark cave, and a mole becomes, not a "fly" or a secret message or a devouring mouth, but simply the animal, blind and groping in a tunnel of dirt.





Dear Raimundas,

Sorry for taking so long to reply your mail. But your love to my work is so strong that I really need time to think about it. Since you had explained why this glitch happened, then maybe there is no reason for me to be upset anymore. I can feel your love to my text now.

To be honest, it's a very interesting accident, which forcing me to think deeply about the relationship between my text and myself. It helps me to reconsider the possibility of my text as well. Although it's in a very compulsory form. As my text suggest, I am a bit masochism— my text is about a male who wants to be killed by his wife— so when you used my text as if I wasn't here and cut my text into pieces, actually that makes me a bit exciting.

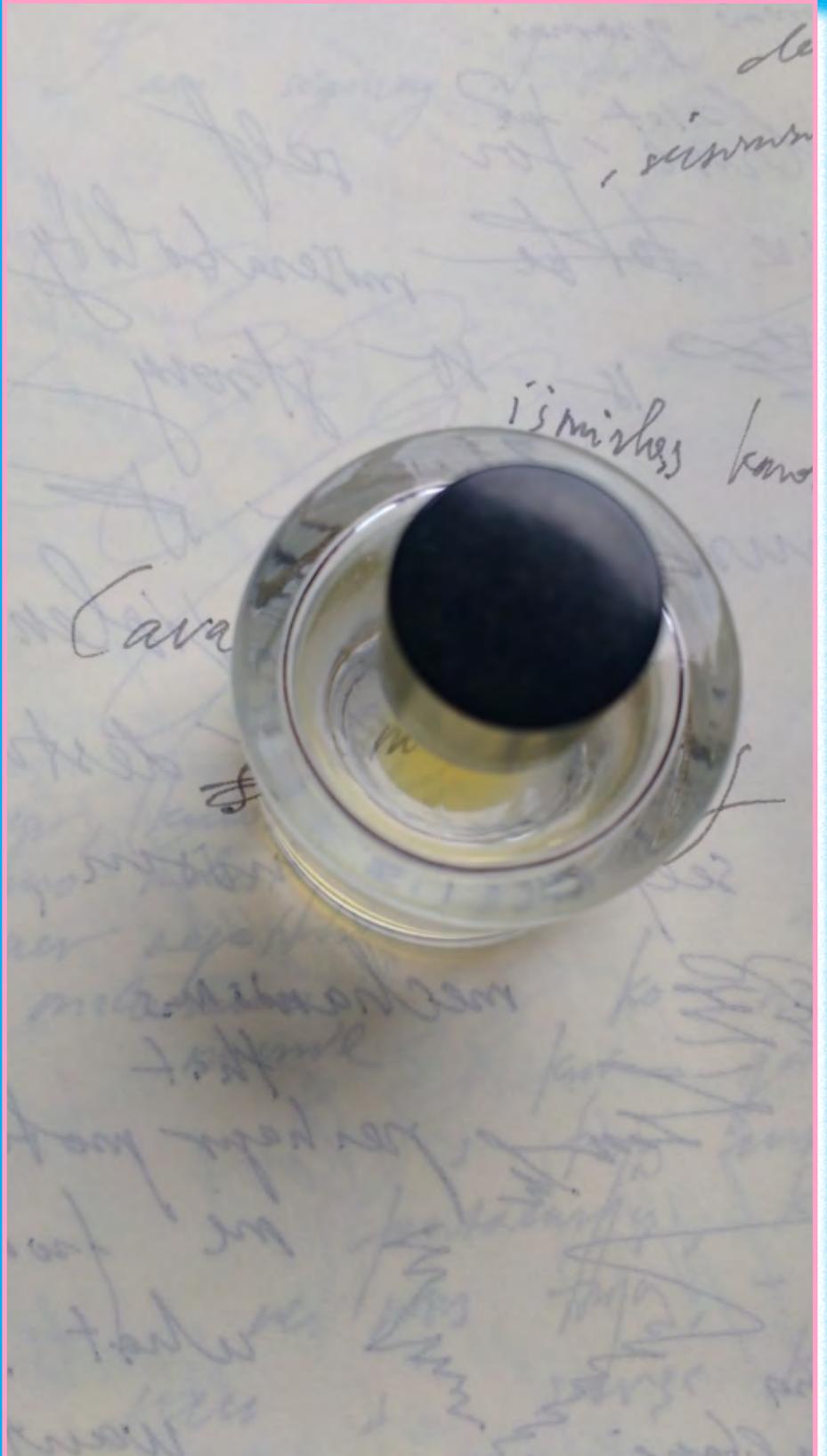
In this June, I am going to use this text to make an other show. I was rethinking about how to place this text back into the context of Chinese. I put “ Enter into debauchery” onto the google searching bar. Because the term I used in Chinese is an idiom narrating “flowers in the sky and wine on the ground”. I want to see what kind of image I would find in an English google imagery searching. After I did, I saw Jill's painting *Fear* on the list. And that was the moment when I found your PDF. It's a surprise that we met in this way.

The name of the text you used is called Bedtime Echo, it's a text still confusing myself. I am not sure why you think it could be a participation to the project. I saw Jill has updated her works on her website, it looks great. The appearance of my text in your publication MapOil.PDF is very romantic, I am really curious about the final result of the remix of Jill's works and the interaction of our writing. In the first part, it's a poetic writing, I like it, but I still want to know what you are trying to produce? I wonder why this confession -a heterosexual male's desire, which is to be harmed by the power of his patriarchy background, but executed by his beloved wife- can be placed next to Jill's works. Especially, it was placed next to the a fading painting, which illustrating a female body raped by two demonic male figures. Do you think the text is capable to criticize the violence of patriarchy in your poetic editing, when you turned this text into a form like a floating inscription? If it's not about criticizing, what's your idea?

And why you change “If you dream of watering plants, a lying peacock or a bed on fire, which means I will be painful and ill.” into “if you dream of watering plants, a peacock lying down You will end up as a cartoon character” ? For me cartoon character is something lively, full of the energy from fantasy, they are not really painful and ill to me.

In past one month, I keep thinking if I really want anything from you. But now I think maybe it's not necessary. if I can talk to people who like my work, I think it's a good thing. It took me a lot of time to think about how to react to your love to my work in this situation. There was a moment I felt guilty for the fact that I wasn't sensitive enough to percept your passion to my writing. if you can put me into the writer ship, that will be nice. After all, putting my name under the authorship it's the easiest way to be responsible to my work. And it'll creates more possibil

ity for me to know people who like my work.



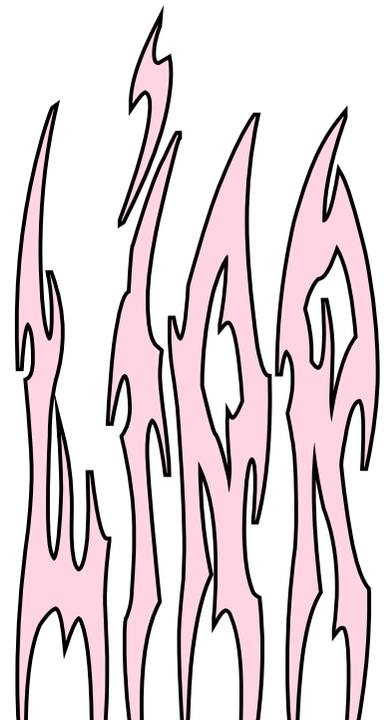
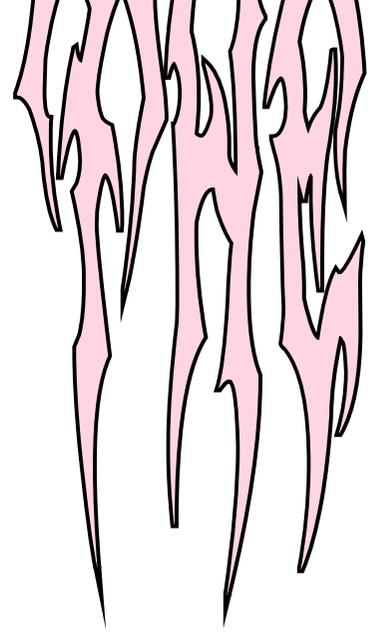
The Liar

It is all very material, my slow slip into nonexistence. My body goes bit by bit, like one of those collapsing glaciers you see on the Discovery Channel late at night, stoned, wondering what else is on. I can see myself reflecting on the train's window. The nausea is getting worse, a sense of vertigo as the night landscape unfolds through the glass. I lost my passport at the Swiss border, and had to ask for a certificate from the Lithuanian consulate, which was sent to my hotel in Zurich—I had to postpone my border crossing. After sterile days of anxiety, the paper finally arrived—and the wealthiness of the city, its glittering, clean surfaces looked, every day, more like an abomination. I was so looking forward to leaving, and to never come back. You see, I still have a voice, but not a literal voice, not one that could make the sounds I once could. Now, in the train, I can't stop thinking about you, about your last telegraph, the one that you sent me to my Zurich hotel, announcing your imminent departure to Portugal, and then the United States. I am so glad that your mother had finally managed to sell the Parisian house, even if you did it at a derisory price—if I was you, I would also fear an imminent expropriation, and upcoming "preventive detentions" as they have done in Germany. You shouldn't think about the lack of gain of the selling. In two days, you are going to start a new path, one in which you will not fear stigma anymore, across the ocean.

I always considered my body an unwelcome guest in my life. The dizziness is perhaps the product of my impossibility to tell you, and to tell myself, in honest and clear terms, what bothers or even hurts me about you leaving. For a while, I had no words for this brutal evidence. You are telling me, without doing so, that you will no longer be here for me, at the moment of my convenience, in my own terms. It clearly makes me sick. Instead, I prefer to recall to my mind the words of anger and hatred that inhabited my thoughts the past few days: *Switzerland and its pretended neutrality*—a sentence that I would silently declare to myself while in Zurich, every time I'd cross one of those numerous families that could perfectly fit into the Aryan prototype. *I wish my body the fondest of farewells, as the cliché goes.* I am traveling with a recommendation letter written by Bruno—do you remember him?—the French Ambassador in Lithuania, preparing the transportation of a series of paintings of our avant-garde crazy friend Gintaras Nyliunas, which will be exposed at Princess Louise de Crouy's Salon. I am not an art dealer anymore. My activities have extended. I'm starting to organize cultural programs and events between the West and my native country—a mere façade to exchange and diffuse highly classified political information with other cultural agents in France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Spain. *I thought things might improve for me, socially speaking, but they did not.* The adrenaline, from keeping secrets, is becoming my new addiction—to carry invisible texts within the frame of the paintings, like bottles of whisky hidden in sculptures in an American dry state during the Prohibition. I love this new job—I'm sure you would like my new political con artist mask, the one that I grew while you were taking care of those poor Jewish kids transferred from Paris to Palestine. I do not have your integrity, nor your caring and delightful sensibility—I first thought that I was doing this as a way to communicate with you from afar, a way of echoing your virtue, but it turns out that I'm very simple-minded. I'm just looking for unexpected events, danger—a bit of fun, as the world falls apart as it is expected to.

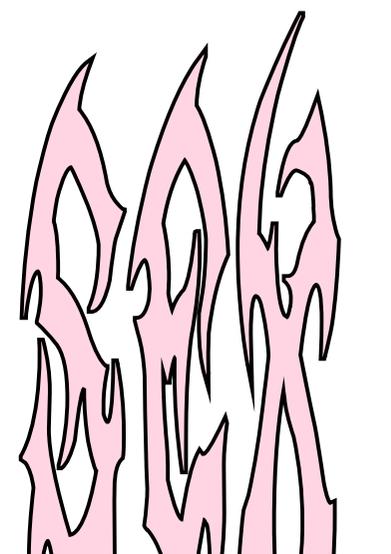
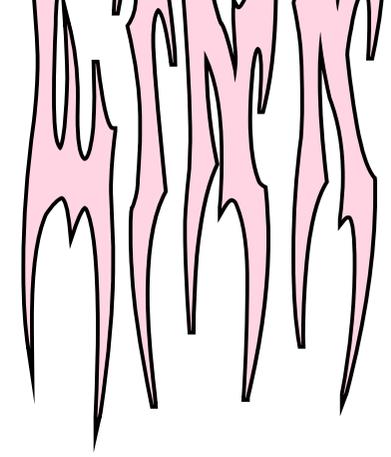
Dear Clarisse, I know that you are in a vulnerable position. And this precarious situation has been going on for years. For a long time, it looked fine to you and for us—another war was still unimaginable. It was 1928. And now, five years later, events across Europe are not only proving the imminence of a bloodshed, but slaughter has already installed itself as a normal estate—the same popular clamors screaming twenty years ago, Never again, *La Der des Der*, are the same, calling men to fill their chests with patriotism to prepare for the fronts.

I always considered my body an unwelcome guest in my life. It was grotesque to loved ones. I thought things might improve for me, socially speaking, but they did not. Words,



like intrusive guests at the shadows, continue flying by the window—this nausea is getting overwhelming. I did not marry you years ago, when the opportunity presented, like evidence. Somehow, it seemed absurd to marry you, a woman that I did love, but who would give me, with no limits, everything a spouse could offer. *Paperwork could be faked, contracts could be signed, lawsuits avoided.* I was possibly hoping that another occasion of making vows with somebody else would be more advantageous in a more lucrative way—a scenario for a marriage that would really make sense. *But I shouldn't complain.* I am sorry, but I can only think about marriage in terms of convenience. In that extent, I am—and I know I am—*so passé.* There are some standards, for a wife—admittedly in financial terms, but it is also a matter of manners, of *toilette*—it is, in fact, an iconic issue, a problem of surfaces. *He is very stubborn, Aries like you—in whose head that thought is?* I would like to recall our impossible story in those terms, because it does sound like a pictorial, a speculative problem. It makes, somehow, the pain of the rupture more bearable. You are not Clarisse anymore, in flesh and blood—compassion and empathy are not necessary—it slightly transforms our hearty failure into an “artsy” dilemma—figuration or abstraction? Objective social realism or oneiric surrealist fantasies? *“Body is just a sign”—a dream about a total dead-end and the situation that can only be changed by jumping down or waking up—“a work of art is rubbish after it enters the consciousness—consciousness—interiority/expand the consciousness”—women with no names.* I never told you the real reasons of my never-coming, inexistent proposal—it would destroy you, more than our concubinage had already done, since the rumors of our liaison had made it impossible for you to marry anyone else. *A dream where I start taking off and wake up like a balloon—many dreams. To write about myself as a notebook.* The brutal death of your father, Clarisse, a few years ago, had precipitated the end of our story. You never admitted. Your mother became unbearably present, her disapproval of our liaison—somehow you understood, by your own means, what the situation was and what it would be. *The only time she turns up in two years is when I've kicked her in the stomach “although I was aiming at the hand.” Is it the same drive for pain and sex?*

How come our written correspondence never ceased? I would have never published in all those pretentious Surrealist magazines without your support, and your baffling talent for storytelling. If one Surrealist, well-known, bad habit is to dictate the texts to your wife—or lover, or assistant—we could say that we almost filled the unavoidable rule of the exemplary couple of artists. But you just wouldn't allow this ultimate form of erasure, of disappearance. You are far more skilled and faster than me. You took over our writing projects. I was the one signing, at the end. But you never accepted that I would dictate anything to you. I liked to think about the whole situation in terms of being the tip of the iceberg, and I sincerely thought that I was protecting you by doing so—specially from that Surrealist gang and their never-ending experimental and sexual adventures, always thirsty for young and talented out-of-the-norm women. *Here and there, archeological teams from the local university are sifting dust. The proof is something I had been working on for some time. Logical denial, the ability to deny, through logical deduction, the existence of a present or un-present body. It, my proof, begins with an image, a reproduction, a thing that looks like another thing. The existence is diminished doubly. There is always a small piece left of the thing, the diminishment is endless....* And your words becoming mine were a highly erotic procedure. The shaping of your broken French tinted with your Polish demeanor gives to your sentences a unique musique and resonance. Appropriating your words arose in me enticing sensations, like savoring an exotic and carefully composed plate. Undoubtedly, I would not admit to myself the story in those terms again, introspection isn't my thing. Appropriating your words was—and still is—an alternate mode of kissing you, of penetrating you, of exchanging fluids, of becoming you. A fusal state, a synchronized breath. When we broke up, the disappearance of this organic trading made me suffer, as did the vanishing of our artistic collaboration and the impossibility of inspiring you enough to continuing writing more. I suffer from not being the center of your life. With time, collaborations—or commissions?—will be possible again. But where will you be? You told me, in one of your recent letters, how disgusted you were of all the intellectual Parisian intelligentsia, either their alignment with the invader's policy, or their accomplice silent—



and the general helplessness, powerlessness, while people like you are mistreated, offended, killed. I, once more, wish I could be your protector, but I know you would laugh at me if I would say this to your face. You would say—as you did—“you can’t accept that I have a life on my own.”

Dizziness in the train is now easing. To calm my nerves, I started leafing through my diary. *Your writing, delicately placed in each page, with an extremely elegant running hand. Phrases gather together or dissociate like the partition of an avant-garde song, spreading and retracting like a mesmerizing cephalopod. I need to answer her question and perhaps to relax because everything is fine—the gliding of lines allows me to concentrate and to release—night stress that is perhaps created by the afternoon wine—aggression: the way I want to see my cock in woman’s mouth and to suck man’s cock with no face attached—last night’s dream: a young woman with long hair is throwing herself on riot police in helmets and shields, they lay her on the ground, a sense of satisfaction in me—I will talk about it with him.* Why can’t I use these texts just like this, instead of incessantly asking you, Clarisse, of taking care of my writing projects? But, somehow, I feel it is too uncivil to let people see this hand of mine writing—the sound of my innerness. I, Raimundas, have made too many efforts to camouflage my subjectivity, by choosing to represent artists and talk about their works instead of producing art by myself. I am not the introspective type of person, I’ve been insisting on that point. *My recent transformation, my nonexistence being related to you, is, like a children’s game, a process of denial...*

I am becoming thoroughly disagreeable. I am, in fact, denying everything. Even denials are denied, and this rigorous negativity extends to all matters of life.

A fiction as and on disappearance, written by Arturo Lucía, a transvestite alter ego invented by Laura Huertas Millán. Text commissioned by Raimundas Malašauskas, weaved with the monologue *An Address Concerning My Supposed Existence*, written by John Menick, in 2010, and personal diaries.



Today I would like to be born
as a planet whose movement is
all a lover's dream. Tomorrow
I would like to be born as a
dream where three characters
meet. One is called San San,
like me – two others are
nameless and unidentified,
dressed like a drop.





Each image has ten others folded inside it like a pocket square. Unfolding it you fall into Fibonacci sequences and golden rectangles, and in that right spot there's the character you were supposed to forget. You chase it and a series begins.

Everything leads to something else and anything can be informed by anything else in crossways.

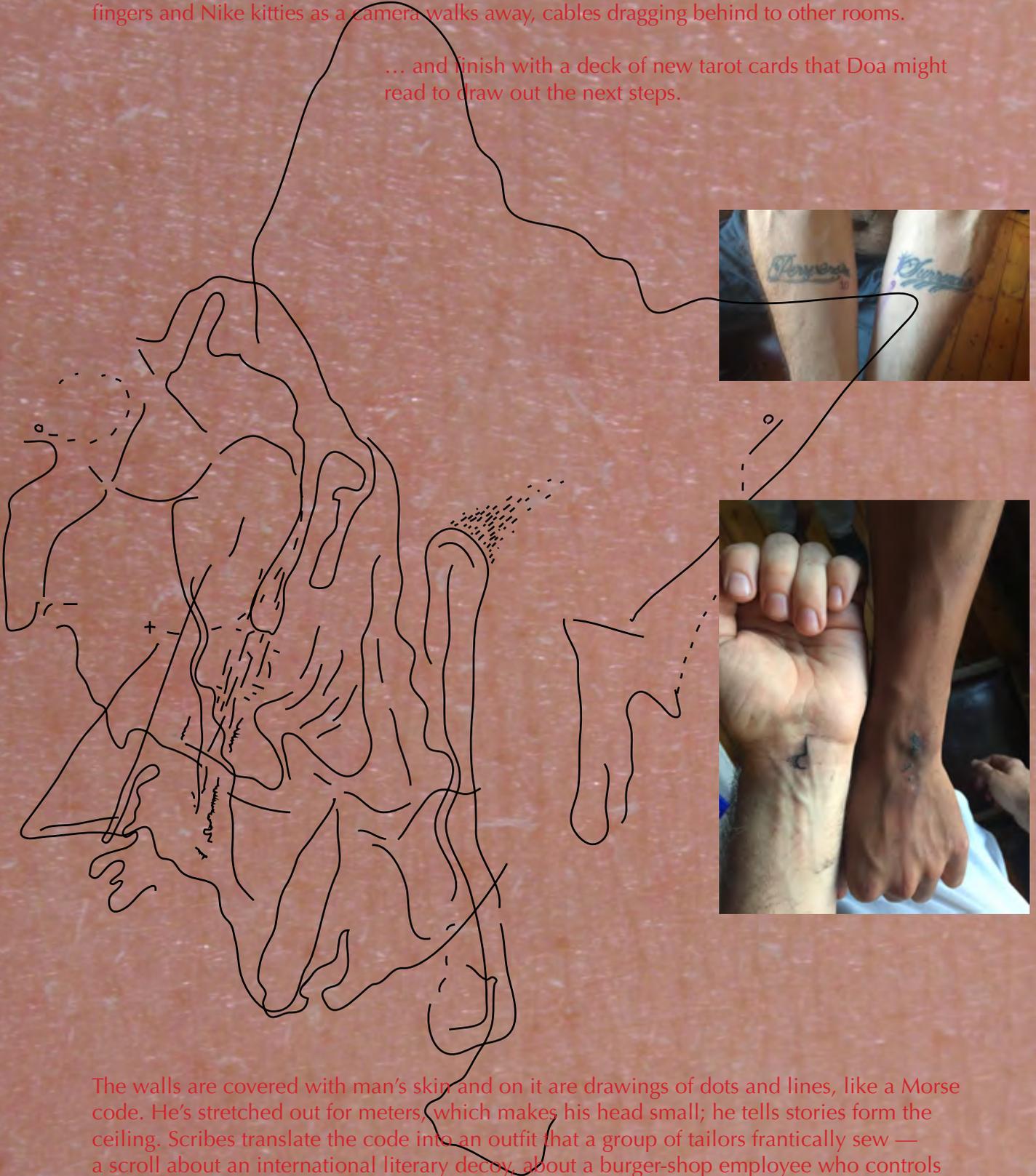


The first day we're alternately having dinner and sitting curled in each other's laps. We eat a course on each step, slowly climbing with our butts, dizzy from the slow-motion twirling ascent.

We may start by writing a manifesto for the day...

On the second day I sit some flights up and wait to hear you walk up the stairs. You come into my peripheral vision and I spin my head back like a phi, each spin a new page on which we're running off a sentence. We arrive at a new floor and someone opens the door with cacti fingers and Nike kitties as a camera walks away, cables dragging behind to other rooms.

... and finish with a deck of new tarot cards that Doa might read to draw out the next steps.



The walls are covered with man's skin and on it are drawings of dots and lines, like a Morse code. He's stretched out for meters, which makes his head small; he tells stories from the ceiling. Scribes translate the code into an outfit that a group of tailors frantically sew — a scroll about an international literary decoy, about a burger-shop employee who controls the music of emotions.

But if Keith brings, along with his knowledge of anarchic energy compositions, garments from his historic performances, we might reproduce some of them with the tailors and Sandra. Perhaps they can be worn by Marnie's performers or used as a writing pad by Osei, who may become a choreographer.

You walk up a wooden ladder to the top of the building, which rocks back and forth like a ship, you say you want to eat beetroot and weave a spiralling purple carpet from inside your lungs down to a road that cuts across Cairo. I say it's a river that we should try to avoid.

Perhaps Roy, who has come from Beirut to Cairo again to complete a travelogue, will stage a set for Rico & Michael, who have taken elements from Latifa's dances, while she photographs them by Yazan's planter pots and lights.

Someone is calling for us, "They all want to go, Karen: don't you want to come down?"

Actually, instead of reproducing garments we could reproduce performances and feelings — which would change the whole composition entirely.

Downstairs we find a woman doused in yellow afternoon light. She gently blindfolds us and walks us to where the darkness gathers along rivers.



Because if Myriam wants to explore how darkness embodies things, let's join her in a collective sleep session — we can articulate the sensations produced in a writing hour with Nida or in a listening session with Elena and Alaa who made a songbook with a guest they met that morning.

While we sleep we hear the flapping arms of a dancer in gem colours. Gesturing, she says, "I'm dancing out tomorrow".

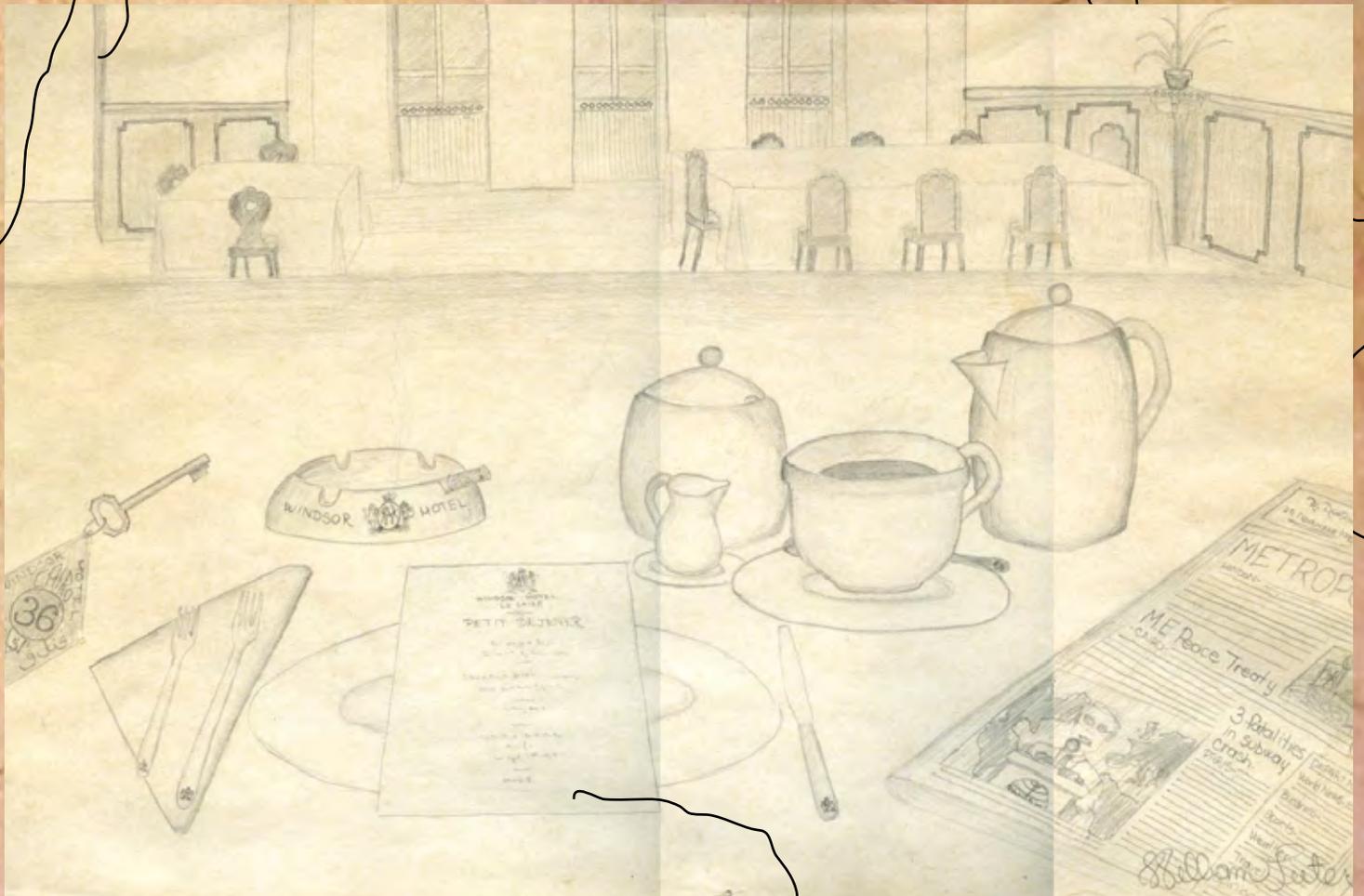
Of course, nothing of this may emerge, or it may emerge in uncanny similarity to how it's described — or both.

I've been meaning to ask you to spend almost a week with me in a hotel that was once a row of baths, skirted by streets named after cabarets and dancers.

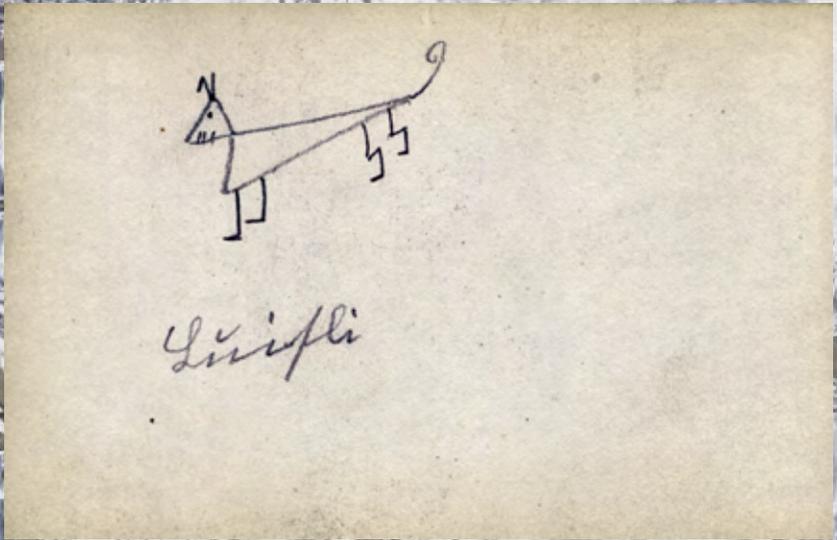
We'll gather, share sensibilities and ways of making. There's no clear scenario yet, but we have multiple rooms and they'll be connected.

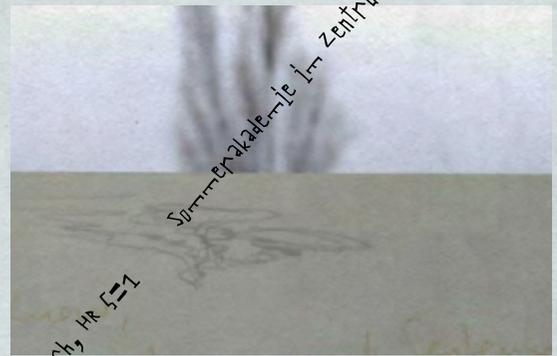
Shall we bring the principles? Ask each other to bring a thing? One image? Two rules? A memory? Shall we build a schedule of afternoons and evenings to share with artists and thinkers from around the city? Shall we make it hyper-regulated and systemic or loosely anarchic, informed by unannounced guests and their friends?

What started in a Frank Ocean song [...]









Summerakademie im Zentrum Paul Klee, 2015

Herzmann Kutschach, Nr 5-1



Herzmann Kutschach 421, circa 1909 - 1911. University Library of Bern, Archives and Collection Herzmann Kutschach, Nr 5-1

William Futer R.



天府香辣虾 (主料: 大虾 味型: 麻辣) Fried King Prawn with Dry Chilli		£ 12.00
青花椒大虾 (主料: 大虾, 豆腐, 蔬菜 味型: 鲜香麻) Fried King Prawn with Green Pepercorn		£ 15.00
湖南小炒虾 (主料: 大虾 味型: 香辣) Fried King Prawn in Hunan Style		£ 12.00
香辣蟹 (主料: 螃蟹 味型: 香辣) Hot & Spicy Crab		£ 10.50
姜葱蟹 (主料: 螃蟹, 姜, 葱, 味型: 咸鲜) Fried Crab with Ginger & Spring Onion		£ 10.50
香辣螺片 (主料: 海螺 味型: 香辣) Sliced Whelk with Dry Chilli		£ 10.50
白灼香螺片 (主料: 海螺 味型: 咸鲜) Sliced Whelk in Garlic Sauce		£ 10.50
香辣鱿鱼 (主料: 鱿鱼 味型: 香辣) Fried Squid in Chilli		£ 8.50
椒盐鱿鱼 (主料: 鱿鱼 味型: 椒盐) Salt & Pepper Squid		£ 8.50
豆瓣鱼 (主料: 鲈鱼 味型: 家常) Deep Fried Sea Bass in Chilli Bean Sauce		£ 15.00
炆锅鱼 (主料: 鲈鱼 味型: 麻辣) Fried Sea Bass with Extra Spicy-Hot Sauce		£ 15.00
干烧鱼 (主料: 鲈鱼 味型: 咸鲜) Dry Fried Sea Bass		£ 15.00
豆腐鱼 (主料: 鲈鱼, 豆腐 味型: 麻辣) Stewed Sea Bass with Bean Curd		£ 16.00
糖醋脆皮鱼 (主料: 鲈鱼 味型: 糖醋) Crispy Sea Bass in Sweet & Sour Sauce		£ 15.00

kai jau isejau is tos busenos, istiesiau kaire, tirpusia, ranka ir taip gan ryskiai pasukiojau riesa su laikrodziu, maciau, kaip jje eme sekti ta mano judesi ir vos vel i ta pati rata nepakliuvau, bet spejau pasilikti :)



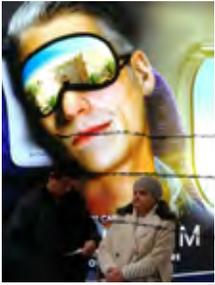
Which colour is now?



when does the impulse to pick up something comes?

when you see something interesting on a floor?

then you think 'why do i find this thing interesting rather than the one piece of litter?'



should i pick it up together with some other litter around it?

should i pick it up because of its singularity or

am i building here a collection of singular fragments reflecting my leanings

(i've noticed paper pieces predominating tree leaves for example) or what am i trying to do?

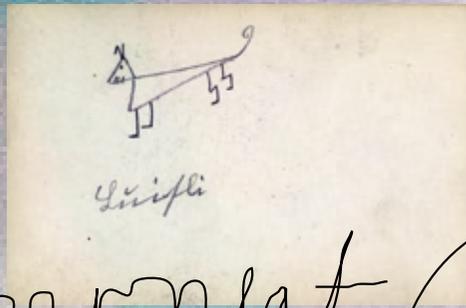
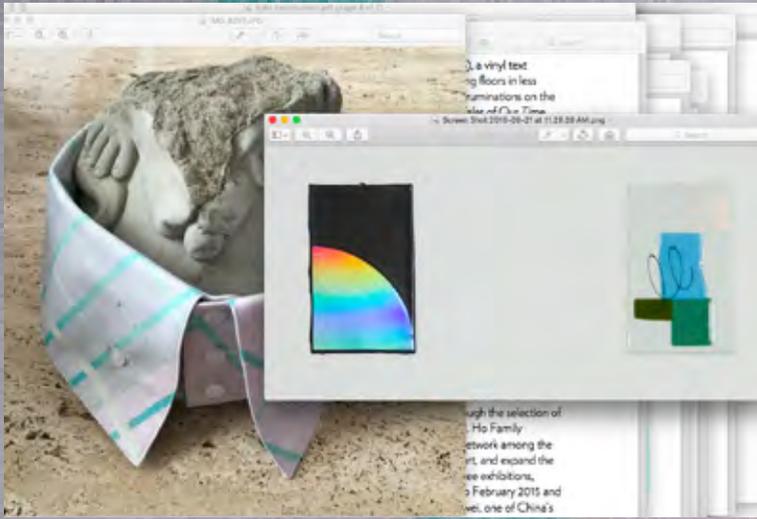
it is going to mix with other litter so what's the difference?

exactly - what's the difference?
so why these leaves rather than other ones?

should i throw my own litter in this bag or keep it separate?

should i care of how it is transported or not given it is litter?





no merplat



Divisie Interventie - Team Echo

Ernest Blerotstraat 3

1070 Anderlecht

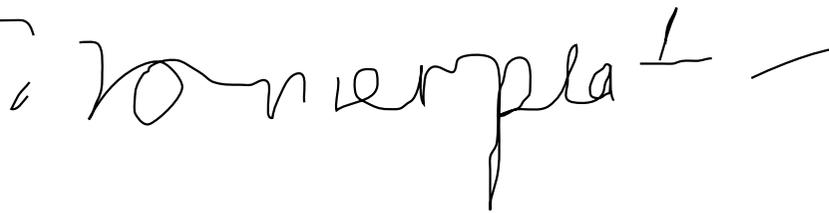
10 October, 2016

A report about the incident

I would like to provide my personal account of an incident that took place between Albert and Horta tram stations of 8th September, 2016.

That morning, around 8:30h I've arrived to Albert station with a small cardboard box (size of a shoebox) that contained an artwork made by myself and artistic colleagues: a cotton collar with a colourful pattern. As I was entering tram # 3 or # 4 (I cannot remember which one exactly) through the last door carrying the box ahead of me so that the box was already inside the train, doors started to close. My hands with the box were inside the train, the rest of the body - outside. Understanding that by trying to pull the box outside I will get my hands slammed by the door I've released the box, pulled out my hands outside and tried to push the 'open' button on the door quickly so I could get inside myself. But the door didn't open, the train moved on and I've noticed that people started to panic on the train perhaps assuming that the box contained some danger to them. I've waved to the driver showing him to open the door - I knew that I could solve the panic in a second. But the train moved and disappeared in the tunnel. I've jumped on the train behind and asked its driver if he could contact the driver of the train ahead of us. It was impossible, he said. When we've entered the tunnel we've noticed the first train standing ahead of us. Later on it moved, stopped at Horta station, all the passengers got evacuated, and I've delivered myself to the security staff - they've walked me to the train. The cardboard box was laying on the floor, I've picked it up, showed its contents to the security and waited for the police to arrive to register the incident. I sincerely regret for inadvertently causing the disruption of the traffic that morning - it was definitely not an intention, neither a joke, just a social misunderstanding and the lack of communication with the driver. I very much hope that this event didn't have any harmful consequences for anyone involved.

Yours sincerely,





Actually, the one you see in the picture - i took its portrait before going down to the subway. Train #3 was still there and I tried to get inside through the very last door at its end. My hands with the box were inside the train, the body - still outside when the doors started to close. Not wanting to get my hands squeezed i've released the box inside, it dropped on the floor, i've pulled my hands out and tried to press the button to open the door again. I saw a bulky man jumping up off his seat and rushing away from the box together with other passengers who must have thought I've dropped the bomb. I've tried to show to the driver: 'open the door, i can solve it!' but the door didn't open. The canned panic was moving away with a box with my name on it. When I've got on the following train behind I've asked the driver if he can contact the driver of the train ahead of us. He said impossible. We've entered the tunnel and saw the first train standing in the middle of it. After 10 minutes it moved to the station where all the passengers got evacuated. I've delivered myself to the security personnel and we've entered the empty train with Nom er Piat box on the floor - I've picked it up and the rest hour (not so bad given that one of the main train lines of Brussels was paralysed for 20 minutes in rush hour) spent talking to security and police. The cop who filed the report told me that someone fainted on the train and fell on his or her head, "but train company has insurance."

-
Wherein Elena writes to Raimundas:



This pattern is made from fragments of your water-soaked notebook which Victoria handed off to me. Later on, a line of cloudy sky taken from a photograph of Sandra was added. There is a slightly plummy color in the background of the squares, which serves to brighten it up. That plum color had to be very subtle, almost invisible. Only when you put a true white next to it, do you discover that it is not white. Since the fabric was missing a background, a second color - a bluish one - was added, a kind of color of sleep, but a much warmer one. All these colors were in your water-soaked notebook. The blue and purple ink had diffused in spots, and a rose color emerged from somewhere. And the paper itself was yellow, sometimes dusty and dry. Because I thought that the notebook was dropped into a puddle in Taiwan, I thought of the sky colors in the film *The Hole* by Tsai Ming-liang.

Wherein Sandra responds to Elena:

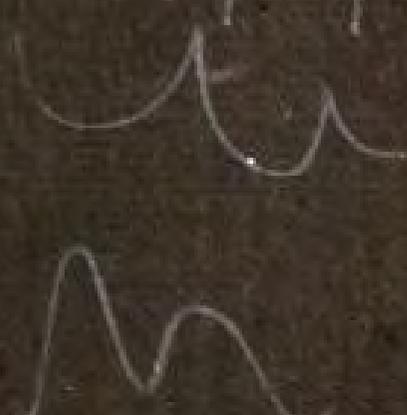
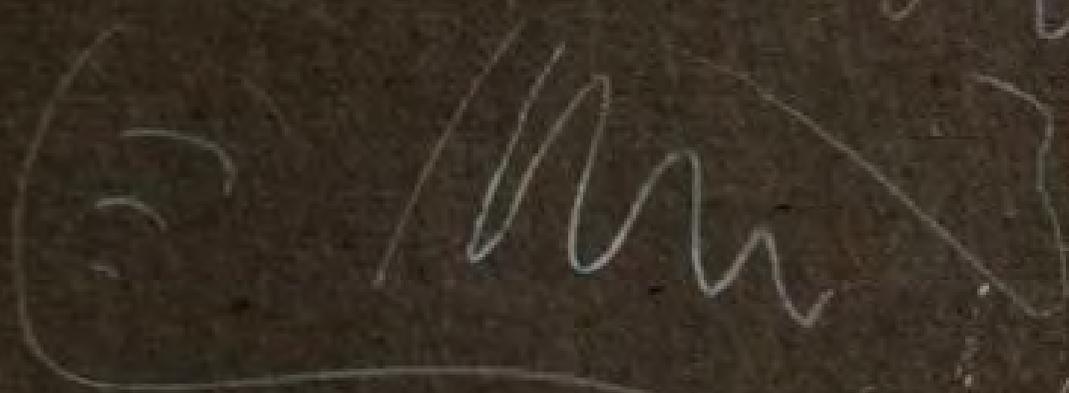
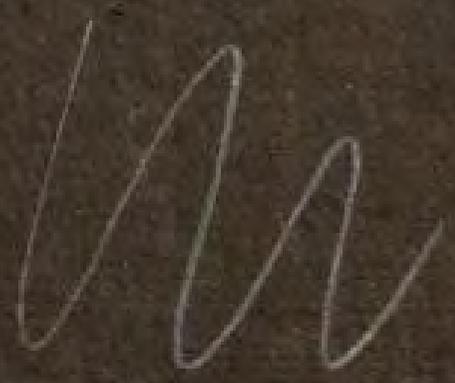
I find the line of the sky a bit weird - it may look like a defect, unless it goes below. Also it looks much darker, maybe it is better without it?







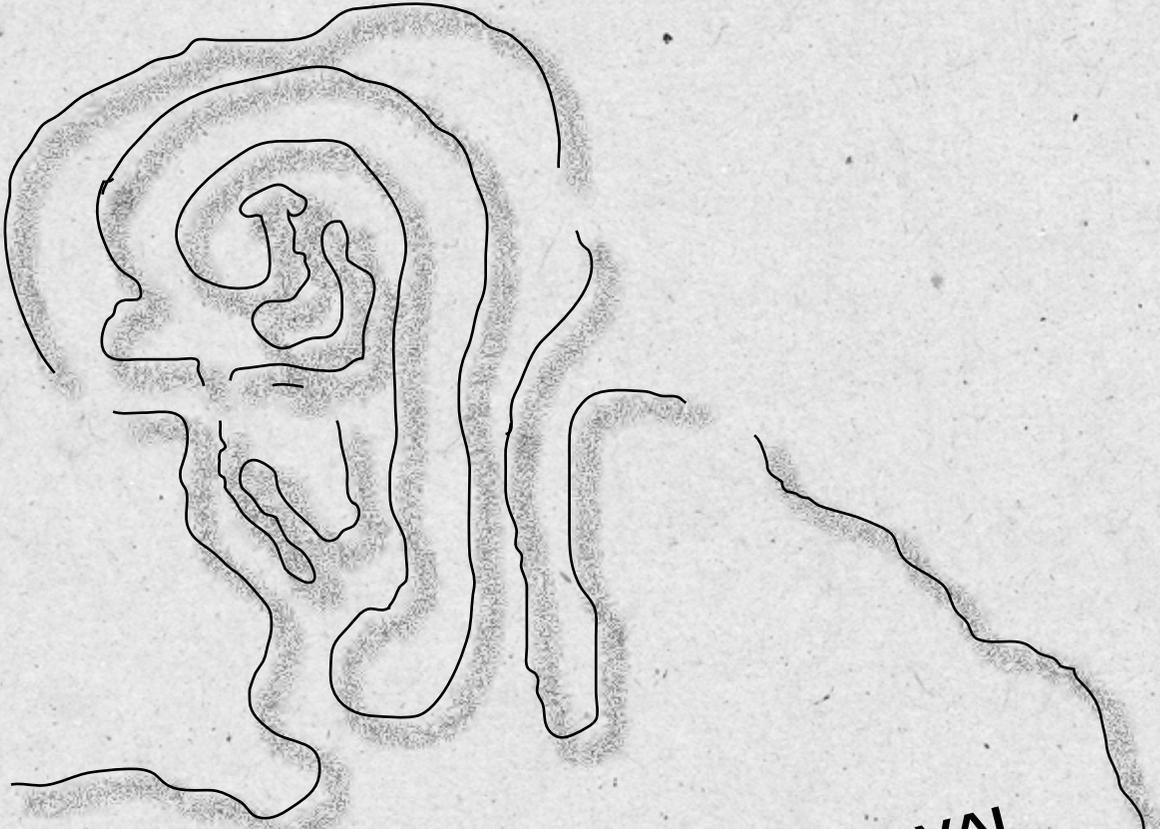
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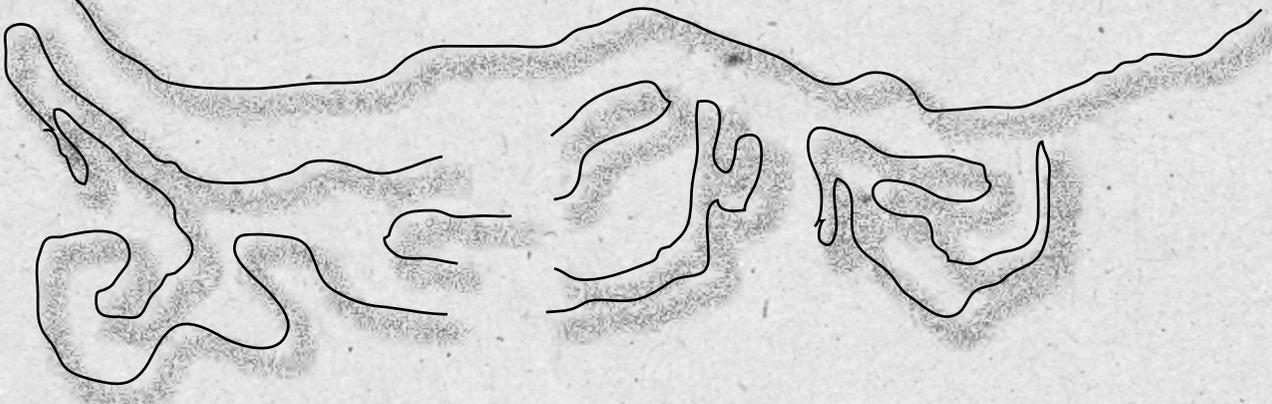
In my dream you are showing a new lipstick you've made, it is called Sherrie Levine. Not without a color, glossy and bottomless it heals heart, drives motorcycles and plays music. I am whirring in admiration, captivated by its cosmological flavour. You demonstrate how delicately the lipstick works, first by cleaning the stairs (wasn't there a carpet before, I wonder to myself), then by suspending claims for universality, and after all - by making the meaning so overdetermined and congealed that it implodes. We both stare at the canyon gasping in front of us. Can you? you smile. Can you? I smell. Smells like your studio, I remember. You nod knowingly, almost mischievously - it makes me suspicious that some surprise is on its way. Perhaps it is the sound of dust or some other alchemic micro-particles. Or a sense of leakage. But of what? Some controlling substance or some controlled substance? Not a question to tackle without vodka that at this point turns out to be an ingredient of the lipstick somehow. How can we get it out from there? I wonder. Sisters and carpets emerge - it is a much more Freudian landscape. One of them is interested in physical and sensory. Another one - in the contingent and the unstable. The third one is myself. She likes repetition, because it implies an endless succession of substitutes and missed encounters, expatriate's romance with the middles, a continuous present. Like water, like waffles, like anything that can emerge. Now you and your sister are banging dust off the carpet in the Post-Soviet realism. Cleanliness is in the family blood, I giggle, thinking that this lipstick might have been a figment on one's imagination. Yes, a pigment, you say, seroburomalin, and I nod: Maline, Levine, all those Mechelen monsters, always ready for something.





**MARCOS LUTYENS READS
THERE WILL BE NOW BY SHORT INTERVAL**

<https://soundcloud.com/user-920242102/there-will-now-be-a-short-interval>



hey Gabriel,

remember Vytas, the guy who invited and took us to our famous new years party in Vilnius in 2003?

he died a month ago, at his parents place, i was in hong kong when inga told me.

he came to liverpool to visit me at the opening and that was the last time i saw him. it is a longer story and we will talk about it when we are together next time. but he was the same age and the same spirit.

and while mourning on him i was thinking about a question that ali brivanlou, the molecular biologist, i've met during the summer of d13 was asked: 'so what about the cancer cell?', to which he responded 'i think cancer cell is just a cell that mistook its position in time, decided it hasn't been born yet and decided to reproduce itself'

somehow it felt to me that this kind of operation can also be a beneficial or symbolic one, in something that connects different things - and that was the Varnelis painting: as it was something you were part of, and Vytas witnessed it in Venice too. in 2013 i I wanted to exhibit 'the last painting' by Varnelis. when Vytas died i drifted through thinking of Brivanlou about the reversal of time and thought that making a step back and looking into the painting before the last one could be as ephemeral and soft as an incense in a temple, for friends, that were and will be.

i didn't want to bother you with that thought a month ago, but now when Edie is happy back at home, i wanted to share it with you - as a drifty homage to friends. I told Elena if she could ask the guy at the museum for the painting 'before the last one'.

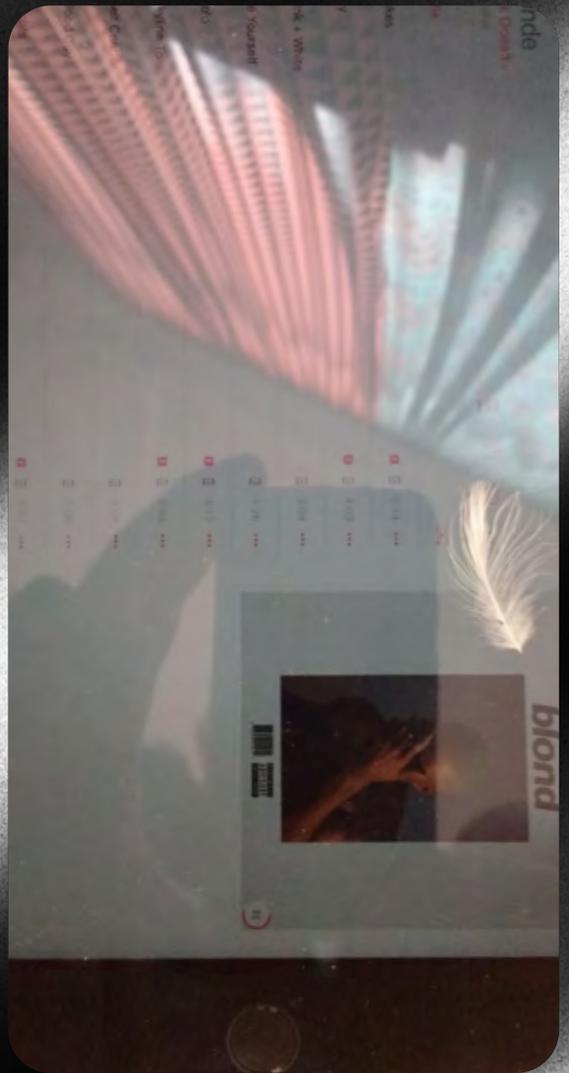


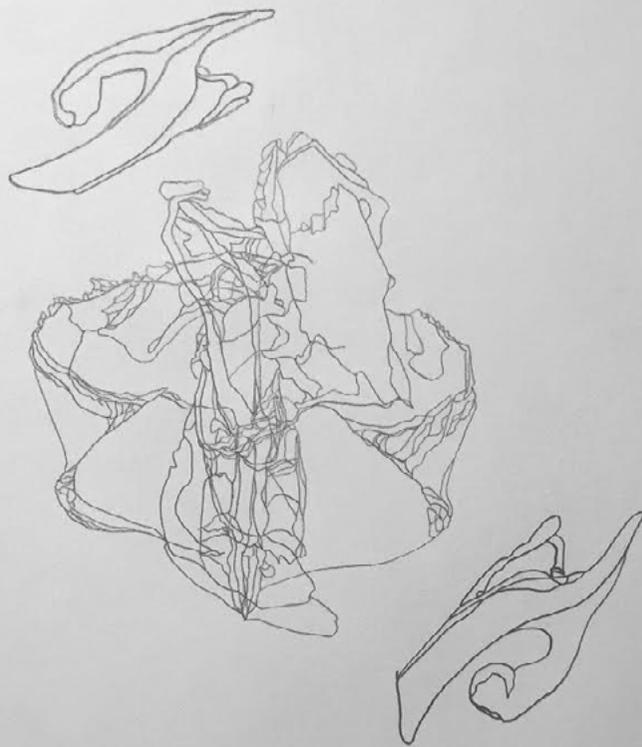


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DOA ALY READS CANDICE LIN
<https://soundcloud.com/malmailmamlam/doa-aly-reading-candice-lin/>





desire revealed may never be erased

湯菜

Soups

枸杞牛尾汤 (主料: 牛尾, 枸杞 味型: 咸鲜)
Ox-tail & Goji Berry Soup

大£ 8.00 中£ 6.00

番茄牛尾汤 (主料: 牛尾, 番茄 味型: 咸鲜)
Ox-tail & Tomato Soup

大£ 8.00 中£ 6.00

蜀香酸辣汤 (主料: 虾肉, 鸡蛋, 豆腐 味型: 酸辣)
Hot & Sour Soup in Sichuan Style

 大£ 8.00 中£ 6.00

思乡鱼羹 (主料: 鱼肉, 香菇, 豆腐 味型: 咸鲜)
Sichuan Fish Broth

大£ 8.00 中£ 6.00

酸辣鱼羹 (主料: 鱼肉, 香菇, 豆腐 味型: 酸辣)
Hot & Sour Fish Broth

 大£ 8.00 中£ 6.00

海鲜香菇汤 (主料: 大虾, 蟹肉, 鱿鱼, 香菇 味型: 咸鲜)
Mixed Seafood & Chinese Mushroom Soup

大£ 8.00 中£ 6.00

番茄煎蛋汤 (主料: 番茄, 鸡蛋 味型: 咸酸)
Egg & Tomato Soup

大£ 7.00 中£ 5.00

豆腐肉片汤 (主料: 猪肉, 豆腐 味型: 咸鲜)
Sliced Pork & Bean Curd Soup

大£ 7.00 中£ 5.00

紫菜蛋花汤 (主料: 紫菜, 鸡蛋 味型: 咸鲜)
Egg Drop & Seaweed Soup

大£ 7.00 中£ 5.00



Days increasingly feel more operatic: the drama, tragedy and passion of oppositions, madness and sanity, fantasy or severe clarity, black or white, south or north, are you in or are you out? Yes is no, or Yesnoyesnoyesno, sosososo ... as Say Yes by Floetry keeps flipping in DJ Rashad's Let U No (feat. Spinn)

The three men in the bodies of the three Dwarfs of East Agouza, like the rest of us, can't turn their heads from the fire, which dances like Salomé in love with a severed head, bending the realms of object and subject into two faces of a melting coin. Salomé, who inverts the power of the word, turns it back against its possessor, the prophet and the ruler. We turn to steal the last glimpse, but we've also been told through other tales that this turns you into a pillar of salt

In the nuances in the middle, when a curtain goes up in flames at Cairo Opera House in 1977, and burns the building to the floor – not on the days of protest in 1952 but as its own protest some years later – on its own 100th anniversary, refusing the spectacle it is a part of now, the spectacle it was roped into then, and so it outdoes all its authors and forces them off the stage and it leaps forward into life to speak in its own tongue. What happens when you enter the passage from the realm of the impossible into the possible?

The curtain is not only an instrument that asks us to position ourselves in relation to it, but an object within which we can live.

"I've been copying Austrian art brut paintings in the last weeks, and then dancing them through three men+nancarrow+varèse poème électronique," a letter from Alix Eynaudi arrives in the form of Cecile Tonizzo.

The rhythm of the opening and closing of the curtain no longer simply sets the rhythm of our supposed reality constructed with fiction, but becomes a polyrhythmic song where dances merge; a doubt where we can meet. Beyond the duality, the rhythm is not the alternation between the two sides, but is created by the curtain itself.

On the term "art brut opera" -- a term that plip-popped upwards in conversation like the sounds of Alaa Abdullatif's gothic choir emerging from a fountain within Joe Namy's scenography in Brussels, like the accidental staging of the first chorus in this opera we had been unfolding in, not just in MP8, but in the world outside – in April in Beirut, with Hannah Catherine Jones, we ask how to listen, and listen more deeply to the opera brut in which the present unfolds, with many before and after, observes and reverses.





designed by Bin Koh
sequenced by Bin Koh, Elena Narbutaite and Raimundas Malasauskas

featuring writings to / from / between / by / for

Candice Lin

Elena Narbutaite

Juan Yung Han

Laura Huertas Milan

Cæcil & Wren

Marcos Lutyens

Rosie Cooper

Raimundas Malasauskas

Malak Helmy

Jason Dodge

Audrey Cottin

Mal Waldron

Alix Eynaudi

Inga Zukovaite

Keith Hennessy

Sofia Stevi

Goda Budvytyte

Doa Aly

Vytas Eimulis

Jill Mulleady

Jura Shust

Viktorija Rybakova

Rosalind Nashashibi

Gabriel Lester

Sandra Straukaite

Arturo Lucia

Cecile Tonizzo

including

Letters for Meetings Points 8 in Cairo, Brussels and Beirut written with Malak Helmy, designed by Julie Peeters, sampling texts by Hannah Black and Daniel Blanga Gubbay extensively

Pages from Liverpool Biennial 2016 catalogue, written with Rosie Cooper and San San, with drawings by Sahej Rahal, designed by Sara De Bondt Studio

Pages from The Empty Foxhole, HISK catalogue, must be designed by another good pair of Belgians

paintings and makings by Doa Aly, Sahej Rahal, Jill Mulleady, Juan Yung Han, Ana Jotta

Sofia Stevi's take on the Interview scent created by Laurent-David Garnier

Gintaras Nyliunas' illustrations

Laura Huertas Millan's surfaces

Elena Narbutaite's and Eduardo Costa's Sun Kiss Feline,
as part of Ib16

A double clap of Celine Condorelli's portals, ibid

Menu pages by Mr. Chilli Restaurant in Liverpool

Džiulė by Herman Rorschach

Bin's linear remembrances of Keith Hennessy's Tattoo Improv project

A curtain found by Alix Eynaudi and An Breugelmans, in Brussels

Two women smoking photographed by Inga
<https://www.instagram.com/ingazuko>

No Merpiat is Issue # 30 of The Thing Quarterly - it sits on the
sculpture by Kara Hamilton too, next to Morten Norbye Halvorsen's jpeg

Why do you do things last minute is commissioned by Council
(Sandra Terdman and Gregory Castera) as a report about The Infinite Ear in
Bergen Art Assembly 2016

The Liar is commissioned by Aspen Art Museum for the 2nd Issue of Perma-
nent Collection, 2017

Dear,

Some months ago in Cairo, the transformation of curtains into scarves took several days.

It
un-
folded
as a spring
conversation, be-
ginning with dreams
of a staircase and a scroll,
then played out that way:
scores, improvisations, repetitions
in helical structures. By the fourth day it
had started to conduct itself, and play us.



You could say that what
didn't happen in Cairo
is made of the same
material as what may not
necessarily happen in

Brussels
or Beirut.

*Just different energies;
a stream of water in the water.*

(Elena Narbutaite)

One afternoon we were talking with Elena about Erykah Badu's mixtape
'But You Can't Use My Phone,'
and about cell phones, water and frequencies you might want to cushion yourself in.
The thought stayed on.

*Thoughts that never took place live in the present as news.
What doesn't happen becomes the pattern of new days.
You may want to step in.*

Could we think of an exhibition as the
home of an album that you enter when
you open the door and climb the stairs?
(Stroboscopes enter painting, bodies
come out of video games, truth speaks
via Auto-tune, writing becomes multiple
textures of a kind of tarab. A collective
dreamwork and a recasting of characters,
objects, feelings and cameos. Your self
remixed five times)

Mixtape of such conversation is
our current mode of thinking and
producing.





As Hannah Black says on Brandy, "If one voice can sing three or four harmonies at once, why can't a woman who brought her multiplicity to her music live more than one life and outlive them all?" ...

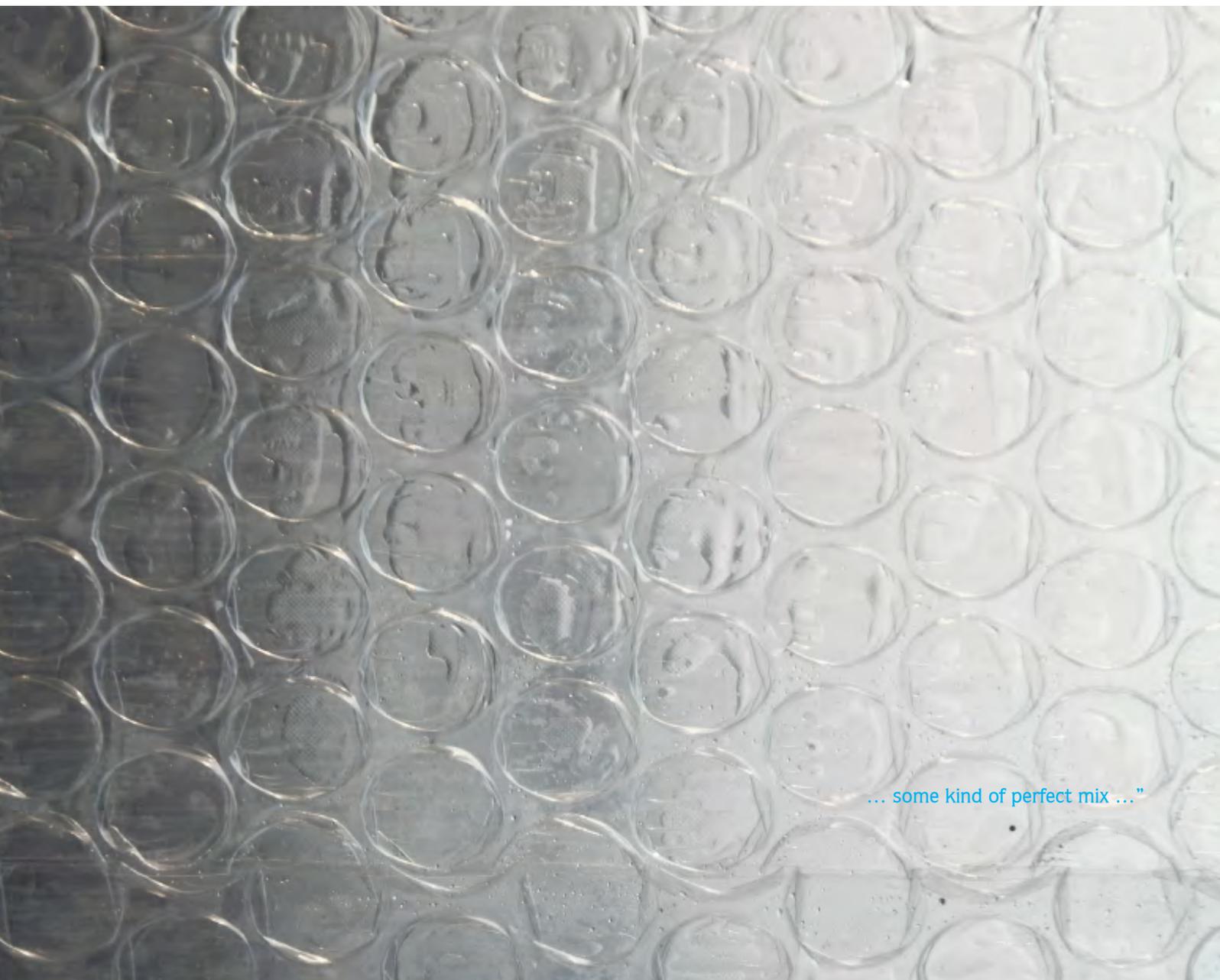




We wanted to send you a prompt to use as shared material.

It is a text by Candice Lin read by Doa Aly. Perhaps you would like to think through it as a way to start a conversation.

... I think what's hard is to keep all your selves with you or if not with you exactly, then somewhere in the mix: not to wince away from histories inscribed in you, but not to get bogged down in them either to avoid nostalgia as much as false hope



... some kind of perfect mix ..."





William Peter R.