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80-percent

DOPPLEGANG

ISSUE 1

Editor's Letter

This magazine was born with the purpose of exploring our relationship with images in contemporaneity, so it seemed inevitable to mention authorship and appropriation, and of course talking about these things, there is intrinsically "another" image. It also seems undeniable not to talk about creation. So far so good, every time we create we generate small extensions of ourselves. We imagine words, we generate new images.

Writing is strange at times, looking is also strange at times and you get tired of both. Writing seems higher than speaking, because we don't always do it, and because we do it carefully. You choose each word better, maybe that's why some people talk about important things on Whatsapp. We don't worry much about looking because we all look all the time, on autopilot, although things change depending on how we look at them.

This morning I was desperately looking for one of my sock's in someone else's house. I searched for thirty minutes until I finally found it. I saw it reflected in a mirror next to me. I couldn't see myself, because I wasn't in front of the mirror, and I couldn't see the sock outside the mirror either, it was out of my FOV. I put it on and as I was leaving I thought about all this.

It made me think of all the times that something has not yet been made visible and still it exists, because the idea of an image is powerful even before it has been imagined. If the sock had wanted to find me, it would have done so even though I was sitting on the sofa, oblivious to the mirror, because my reflection is powerful enough, just like his, and now I am arriving home with both socks on.

How many versions are there of everything that exists? The tangible is in crisis, because we don't want to call it "reality". Identity is also in crisis.

I guess we are the dopplegang*.

*Doppelgänger ([ˈdɒpəlˌɡɛŋɐ]) is the German word for the ghostly double or evil impersonation of a living person. The word comes from doppel, meaning 'double' and gänger: 'walking'. Its older form, coined by the novelist Jean Paul in 1796, is Doppelgänger, 'the one who walks beside'.¹ The term is used to designate any double of a person, commonly in reference to the 'evil twin' or the phenomenon of bilocation.

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index.

Arren
Wannier



boris is a psychodynamic therapist



he specialises in a humanistic approach



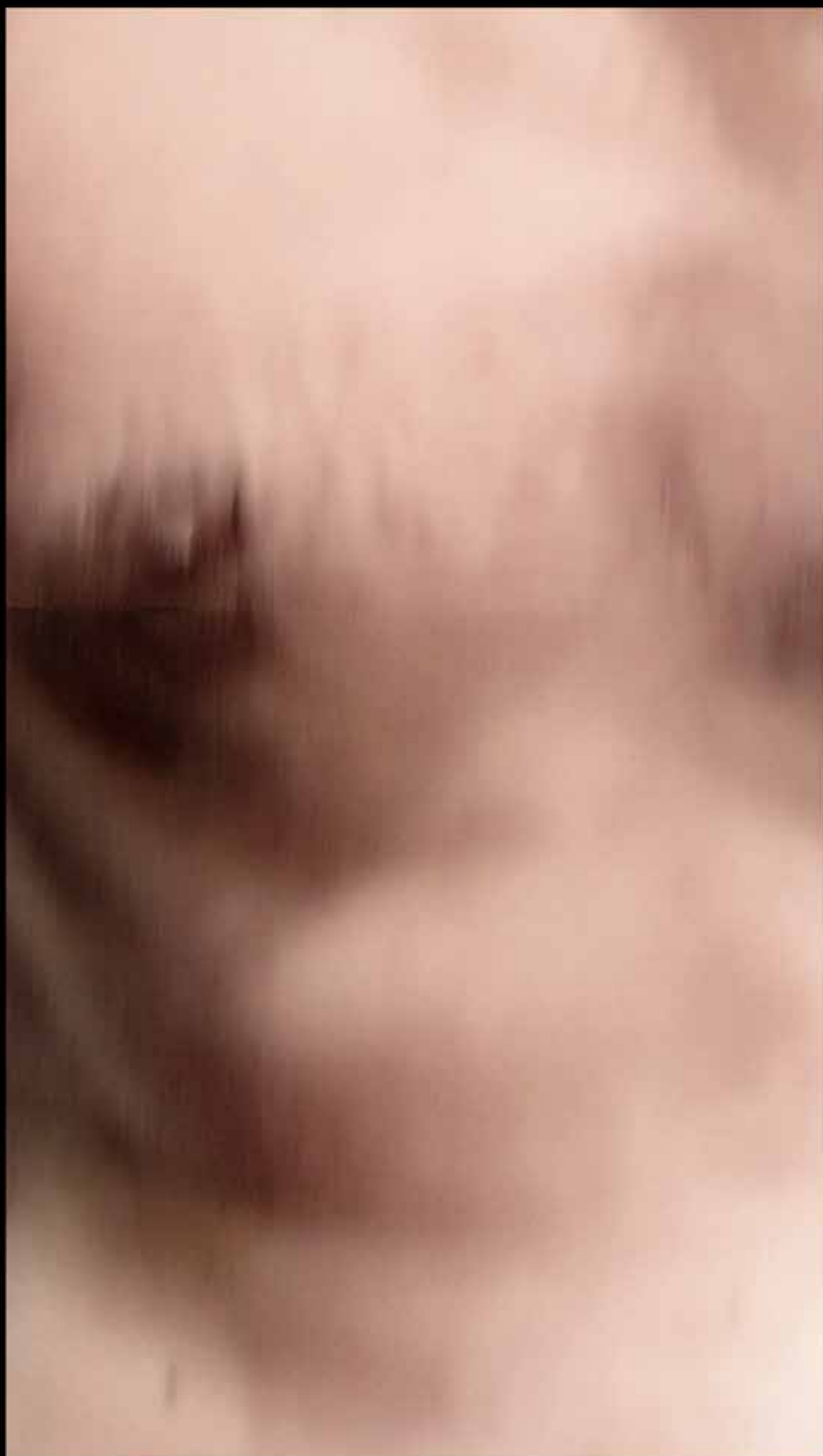
welcome, how are you feeling?



boris says, when you first meet him.



later, boris will say:



your desire is a kind of emptiness.

is
your
desire

ESTADIO DE NAUFRAGIO

Alex de 3 años viéndose a sí mismo por primera vez en una cinta de vídeo casera.

En ese momento se genera un conflicto: no se reconoce a sí mismo, contempla aterrado a un niño extraño y amenazante que está invadiendo su campo de juego.

El ecnuentro con su primer yo-digital le lleva al asombro pero simultáneamente a la frustración de no entender su propia existencia como persona física. La incomodidad de percibir tu propio cuerpo desde una perspectiva que no es la de sujeto-espejo-sujeto / selfie-sujeto.

SHIPWRECK STADIUM

3-year-old Alex watching himself for the first time on a home videotape.

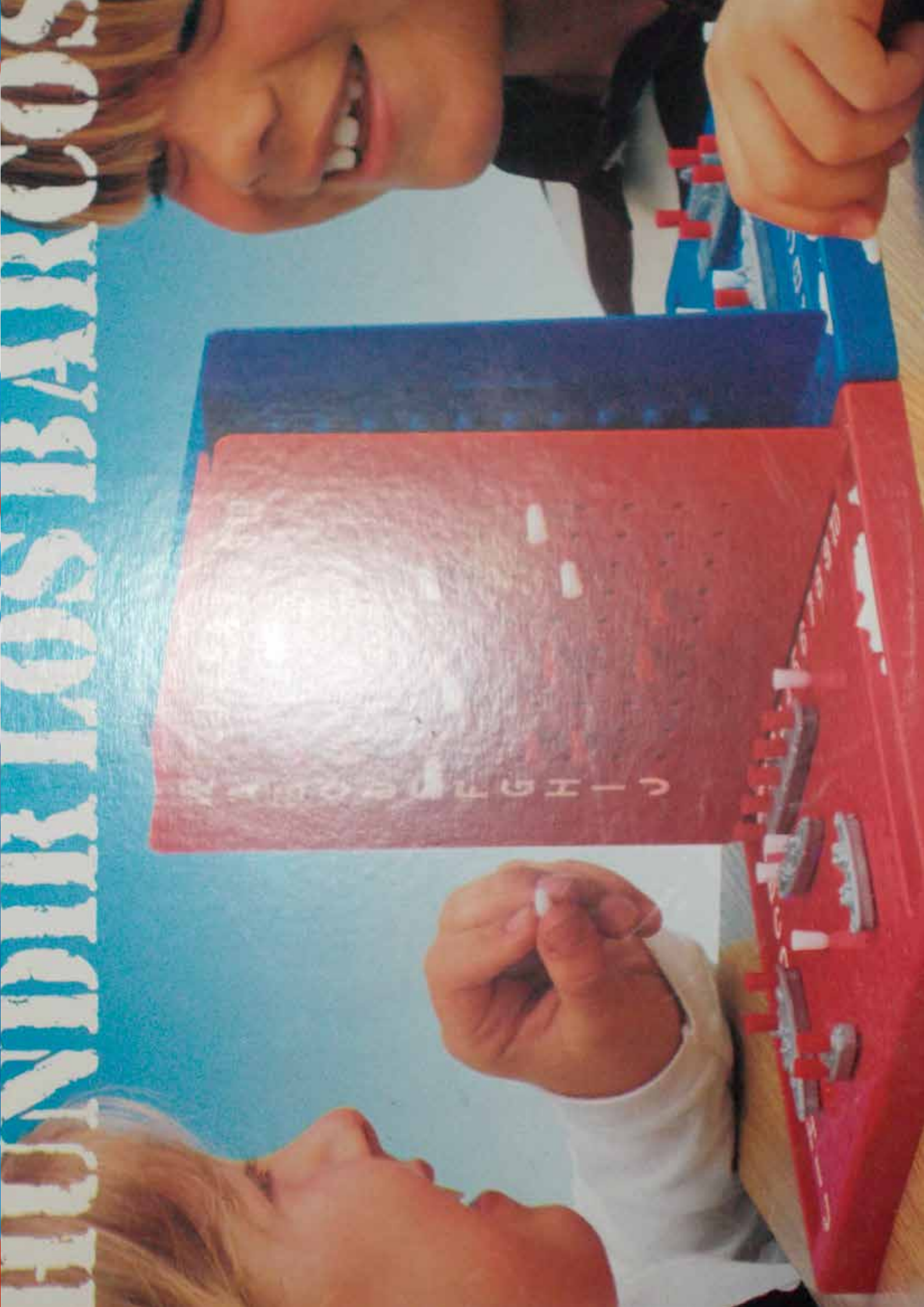
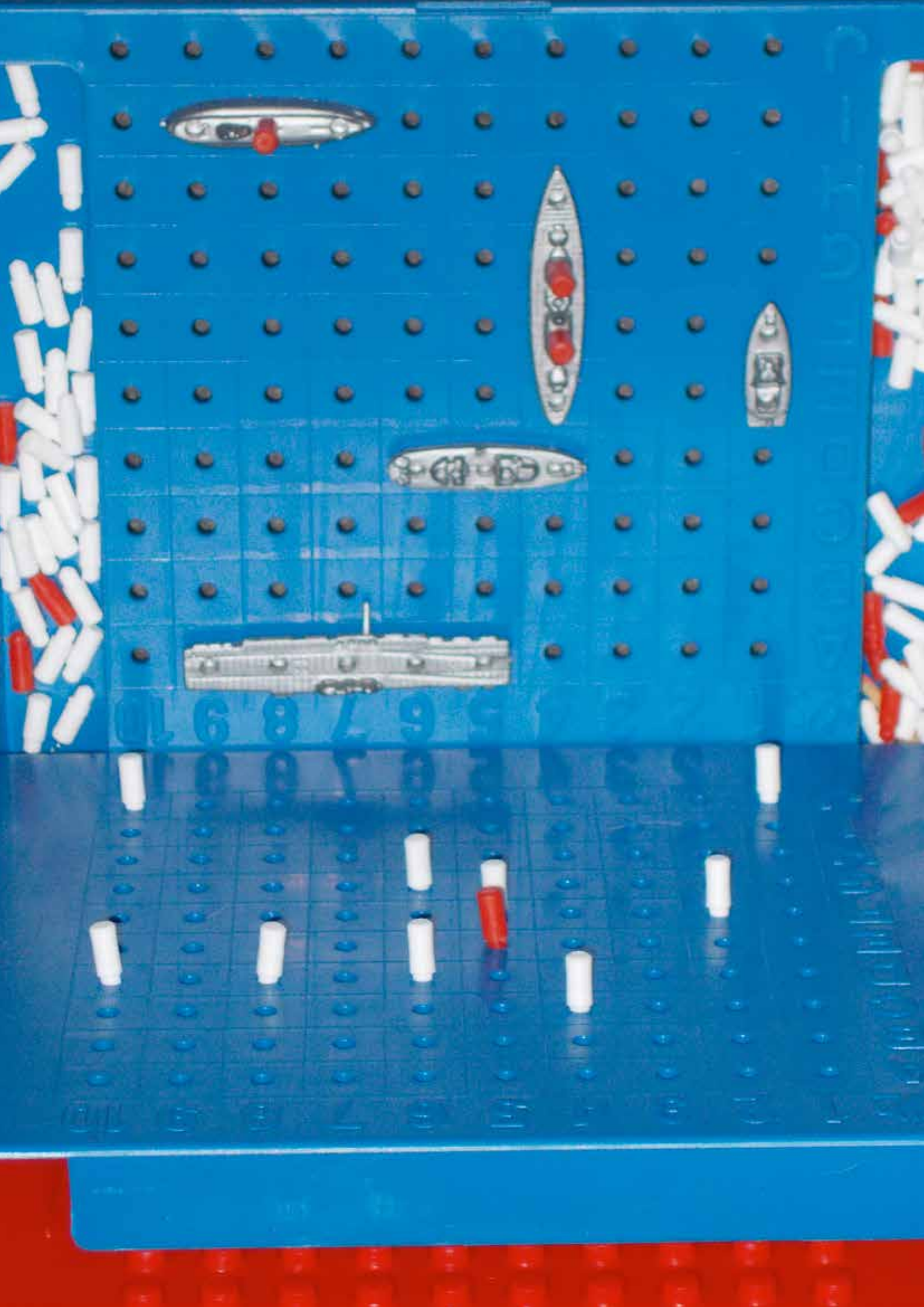
At that moment a conflict arises: he does not recognize himself, he looks in terror at a strange and threatening child who is invading his playground.

The encounter with his first digital self leads him to astonishment but simultaneously to the frustration of not understanding his own existence as a physical person. The discomfort of perceiving your own body from a perspective that is not that of subject-mirror-subject / selfie-subject.

Verte/reconocerte a ti mismo sin poder ver tu rostro.

Seeing/recognizing yourself without being able to see your face.





Alexandra
Liesse

CAMBIAR DE PIEL **LA CASA CARNAL DE LOS SIGNOS**



ENCLOTHED COGNITION **ALLOPLASTIC EXTENSIONS**



LA ESTÉTICA NECESITA DISTANCIA



FLESH AND LACE

38

"Pero, ¿se ha dudado alguna vez de que escribir es la vestimenta del habla? Incluso para Saussure fue una vestimenta de perversión, de laxitud, prenda (hábito) de corrupción y disfraz, una máscara de fiesta que hay que exorcizar con buen hablar: "La escritura vela la vista del lenguaje: no es nada más que un travestir (perversión en la traducción)". Una "imagen" extraña. Se espera que si la escritura es una "imagen" y una "figuración" externa, que entonces esta "representación" no sea inocente."

DERRIDA, Jacques, Lingüística y Gramatología, 2002

ESTILIZAR (VESTIR) ES MEDIAR EL CUERPO
(con el propósito de servir a una narrativa)

EXISTIR PARA SER FOTOGRAFIADAS

AUTO-FETICHISMO

IDENTIDAD-EXPERIMENTO
(narrativas de la experiencia que se han vuelto materiales)

CREAR LO QUE SE ES - MALAFORMA





***MIRRORED SELF-IMAGE
DRESSED PRECARITY***



***DECADENCIA Y
DECAIMIENTO***



***MEMORIES ARE FLUID
AFFECTIVE RECOLLECTIONS***



***A VECES LA BELLEZA ES SÓLO UNA MEMORIA
NOUVEAUX RICHES DANS DANSES À LA VICTIME***



CLOTHING TOUCHES OTHERS FOR US

Alucivir

*INTERDIVIDUAL
IMITATIVE DESIRE*



The body moves constantly. It spasms. It contracts and relaxes in an endless and inevitable back and forth. Words come out of the mouth that, even if they are hurried, are strung together and make sense. They emerge from a place of their own nature: chaotic, endless and inevitable; and deeper or shallower depending on who is looking.

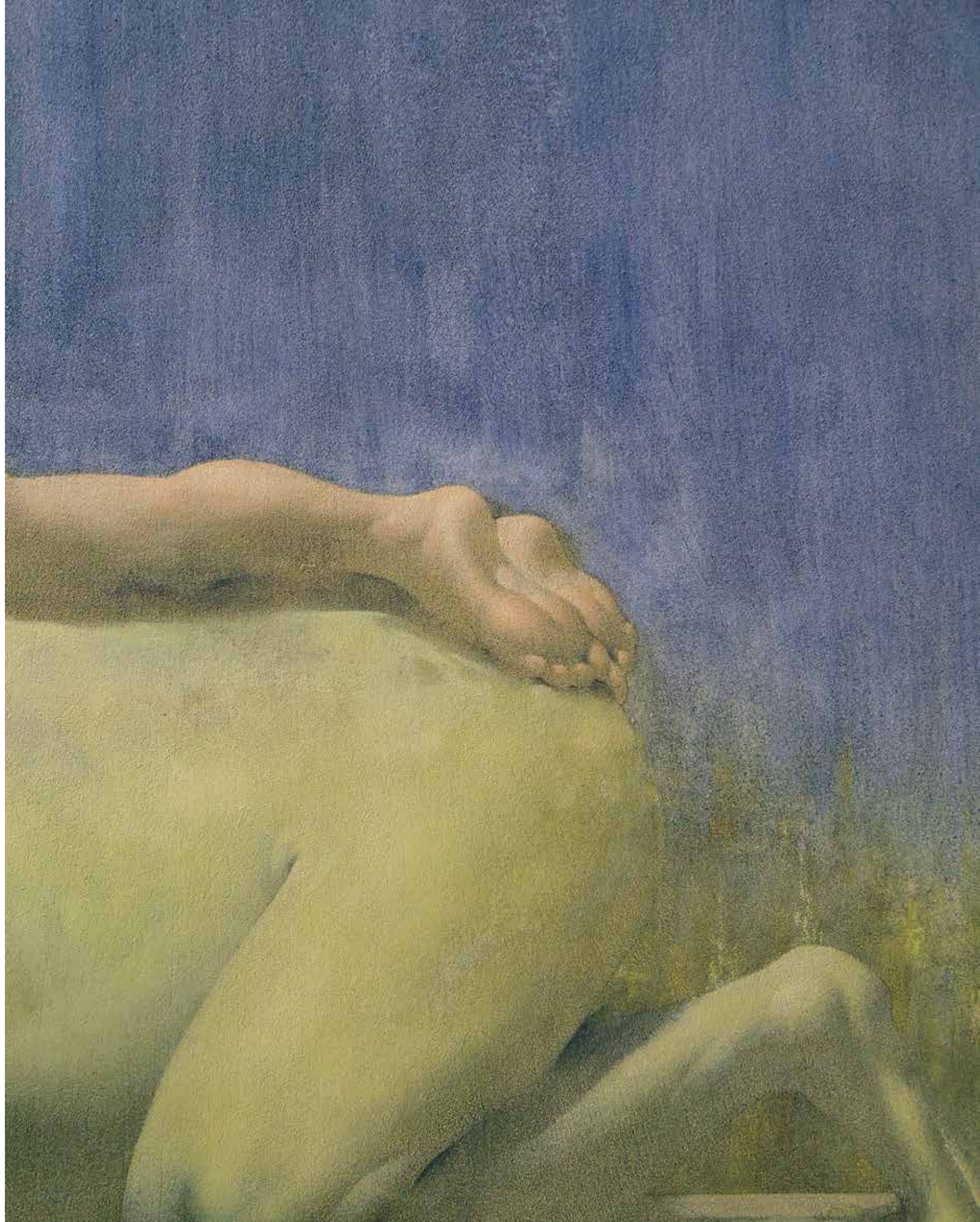
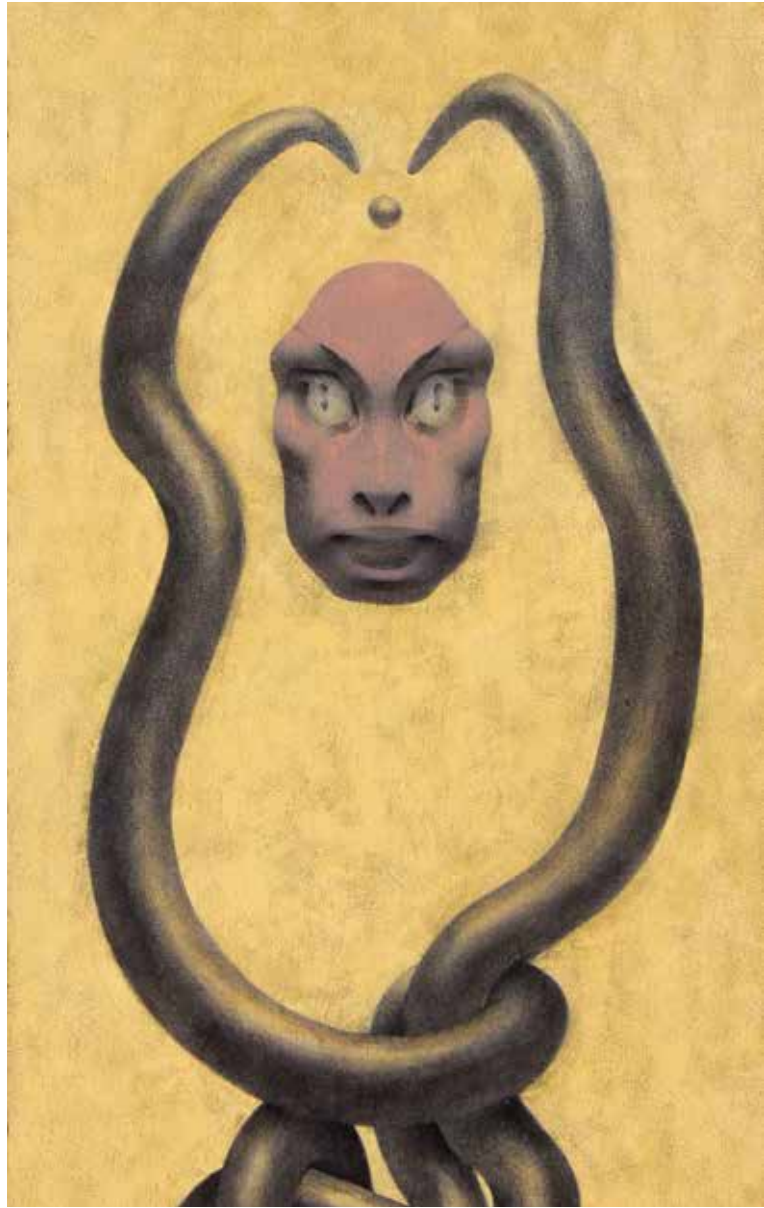
In all this there is something that is always present, that observes both what happens outside the body and what is closest to it. An all-seeing, all-judging eye that tries all the time to control everything. Although, far from being able to control anything, it is only capable of generating paralysis, of blocking any movement or word that occurs to the body.

These two places are forced to live together but separately, like two sides of a coin. They cannot be fused together, nor can one be done away with only one of them. For there is no persecutor without the persecute, no observer without the observed, no companion without the accompanied.

El cuerpo se mueve constantemente. Tiene espasmos. Se contrae y se relaja en un interminable e inevitable vaivén. De la boca salen palabras que, aunque apresuradas, se encadenan y tienen sentido. Surgen de un lugar propio de su naturaleza: caótico, interminable e inevitable; y más o menos profundo según quién mire.

En todo ello hay algo que siempre está presente, que observa tanto lo que ocurre fuera del cuerpo como lo que está más cerca de él. Un ojo que todo lo ve y todo lo juzga y que intenta en todo momento controlarlo todo. Aunque, lejos de poder controlar nada, sólo es capaz de generar parálisis, de bloquear cualquier movimiento o palabra que se le ocurra al cuerpo.

Estos dos lugares se ven obligados a convivir pero por separado, como las dos caras de una moneda. No se pueden fusionar, ni se puede acabar sólo con uno de ellos. Porque no hay perseguidor sin perseguido, ni observador sin observado, ni compañero sin acompañado.





Let's create a gap (Oh you, treacherous translator!)

Titling implies accepting authorship and I will resist doing so as long as possible. These pages were written through an epistolary collaboration during a few months some years ago. What went through me during the time I managed to sustain this exercise, did not dissipate when the exercise became unsustainable. The discomfort remained, the ethical questioning remained, the deep and violent curiosity remained. I still cannot reconcile positions regarding responsibility, the consumption of images, what is private and what is my own. My perception is distorted, my self-perception is distorted.

And just as I didn't know where I was going when I started inviting others to write, I share this because I don't know what I want to do with all this material either.

I made public an invitation to exchange cognitive work for erotic content. Below I attach a portion of what I received and attach a portion of what I sent. I will obviously omit as much personal data as possible, although I believe I paid for that information with the "personal" content I in turn shared.



The Young Girl only exists in proportion to the desire one has for her and she only knows herself by what is said of her.

Tiqqun

0

intimacy

2. f. The intimate and reserved spiritual zone of a person or group, especially of a family.

intimidate

1. tr. To cause or instill fear, to inhibit.

Aren't you moved by the closeness between the word intimacy and the word intimidate¹?

1

At the beginning, I sold the entry to my OnlyFans profile in the hope of finding an audience willing to pay for my representation of the intimate. From the existence of Neo in the imagination of some users, a door opened. I was confronted with a game of screens, reflective surfaces, or better yet, constitutive surfaces, in which my identity was drawn from a certain relationship with my body. Within the context in which I find myself situated, the legitimization of my desire is proportional to my capacity to articulate it discursively. By approaching my experience with sex work as an artistic piece, I regained control... but I lost something and I need your help to find it.

I don't have the tools or the interest to make Neo a device around the reproduction of "desire" in the abstract. Nor do I find it ethical to employ someone else's body. Starting from my material limitations, I am interested in reconstructing your desire from the figure of Neo.

I ask you:

What can Neo do for you?

¹ In Spanish *intimidación* and *intimidar*

On desire

User1

Hi Neo, is that what I should call you?

Well, I read your post about your OnlyFans and I think it made your story clearer to me. Anyway, it reminded me a lot of one of the chapters of Naief Yehya's essay "Pornography" (although maybe it is also from "Technoculture", from the same one); in that part he talks about computers as a human prosthesis, I think when he wrote it there were no smartphones yet. Well, the point is that he compares the digital devices that are used as a means of eroticization with the prosthesis of an arm, a leg or glasses, but in this case instead of healing a physical lack, it heals a social and emotional lack.

Now, I didn't quite understand the idea of reconstruction of desire. What is your hypothesis?

Mail 1: Inquiring about e-mail communication

User3

Hi there,

I have been following you for several months since I was curious about your "Neo" alter-ego. I have read about its creation, its existence, decline, perdition and its search to be reborn and find again some identity and I found very interesting the creative destruction that you are doing with this "Avatar". That's why I decided to participate in the dynamics of the mail.

Greetings!

User5

I found the project very interesting and recognized the artistic name. I played that video game in those times and it was something very revolutionary for me, it made me feel accompanied and involved in a fantasy universe that kept me entertained for a while. Responding to the first text I love the idea of what you are doing, the fact of seeing sexuality as something super artistic. Many times what one seeks to satiate his desire, is more than anything the attention, to know that someone is interested in your physique, in what I am, in what I do, who is interested in what I like, that could be Neo.

request for cognitive work

User6

Hello Neo. Maybe I lack immediate or interesting answers, but I would like to be part of your announcement. I am excited to send this message. As a request for cognitive work, the imaginary of Neo in my mind corresponds to a dangerous trap, the images become decoys of a necromancer who builds the future from the viscera of the most naive users, who through their desire decide to abandon their skin and donate their essence. The correct question is, how many souls are left to conclude the Opus Magnum. I am sure that, on top of mine, a dozen are stacked. I am very grateful to be able to exist in the same time/space as you.

Greetings, ██████████

The voice of Greek origin, neo means "new". This is not a Spanish word. It is a radical element that comes to us from the Greek and is used in compound words, such as neophyte, neologism and also neoliberalism.

Online Spanish Etymological Dictionary

The word neopet is not found in the Dictionary of the Royal Academy of the Spanish Language. Neo as a prefix, denotes novelty. Pet is translated from English to Spanish as "mascota" (pet, DRAE). A neopet is a virtual pet from the website neopets.com, which became popular in the first decade of the 2000s. I wish to approach the relationship between libido and memory. My user, Neopet or AbandonedNeopet seeks to reference the anxious attachment type, where the child distrusts their caregivers. In the clinical lexicon, irrational fear of abandonment is pathological. My user seeks to make explicit abandonment as the inhabited place.

<3 Neo <3

User2

Pet also sounds like a disposable plastic, usually made to be branded (be-branded!, what a level...). When I read NeopetAbandonado there is also an image of a certain plastic. It is curious, because if a plastic were a subject, it would always be playing the fort-da, or the logic of detachment--this comes in Beyond the Pleasure Principle, Freud, etc--at least passively. An infant is supposed to "hide" a toy and then "find" it--throw it and return it--to represent, in an active way, the anguish he feels when his caregivers leave him, go away. He feels abandoned as a PET, or pet, but then throws the object away and becomes an abandoner (aban/donor? Marcel Mauss????). Fort-da, I leave you-I take you, I hide you-I find you, etc. We, as pets, also play at detachment, whether we make it explicit or not. If we play detachment we better know what we are playing, and that we are playing.

On desire

User1

It seems to me that NeopetAbandonado better denotes the intent, if I understood it, to be an account where the owner suffers from anxious attachment. And in this sense the sentence in your story "The Young Girl only exists in proportion to the desire one has for her..." makes a lot of sense, for in suffering from this type of attachment she seeks valuation through likes, erotically charged positive comments and the desire of those who subscribe to her Onlyfans account, for in a way they become her caretakers.

These caretakers make the account owner strive to create content that satisfies their users, something that also fills the owner with satisfaction. Of course, these feelings end up influencing the owner's desire, as perhaps a conditioning has been generated between the account owner's desire and the subscribers' approval (behaviorism).

Now, what is the conflict presented by this work? what happens when the subscriber unsubscribes, likes and compliments are no longer abundant? does the desire cease?

Another question, are neopets virtual pets that die if they are neglected? is it like a tamagotchi?

User7

[User7 attached two images where they answer some of the questions raised by the initial text. Their handwriting in black ballpoint ink on a lined notebook looks at first glance like school work. In the corner of both pictures you can see a piece of hand holding the notebook, the fingernails are painted in a metallic purple. The interrogations in the text were written in the notebook between question marks that lead to their answers in the following lines. Some of the answers are crossed out]

WHO NEEDS FOLLOWERS?...
WHEN YOU CAN HAVE LOVERS.
Emilia García

What do I want you to do with this information?
I want you to cherish it, to guard it intimately and carefully.

I am thinking of a libido reoriented towards the public realization of pulsions. The camera as an eye in charge of verifying and attesting the realization of each of the significative actions. One would think that the intimate as a place vanishes the moment it is exposed, but we are currently witnessing a deployment (or reinvention) of the intimate from screens and platforms. My questions are more oriented towards how the representation of desire operates within this cultural regime.

Theory etymologically corresponds to the interpretation of a vision of divine origin. It refers to a system of prescriptions and their correct interpretation. My interest is to distance desire as much as possible from theory, addressing instead desire as a practice.

Can a follower occupy the role of a caretaker? What comes to your mind when you think of fantasy? I once read Dorothy Bloch's So the Witch Won't Eat Me, which explores the fear of infanticide in children. In that book, she elaborates on how awareness of vulnerability to primary caregivers often leads children to distort the image of them. Here is the preeminence of monsters. Is closeness scary? (Remember the possible relationship between intimidating and the intimate?)

How would you like to be perceived by me?

Helloo

User8

It took me several days to think about the approaches from your questions, it is really an introspection to solve the first question, (What can Neo do for you?). it is complicated to know what you want from someone who creates this non-physical representation, I mean from the beginning it is not looking to fulfill a satisfaction in present body, then I thought about the relationship inherent in what you represent with the art that is in your content, and the simplest answer without much context, I look for something different. Can a follower take on the role of a caregiver?

I consider that this responsibility to take on a role flows in 2 ways, the caregiver's is to give their time (which is summarized in practical effort) this disposition is key because I consider that the first role is investment and then detachment, and the cared being's is to be conscious of this effort and transform it into invaluable retribution for the caregiver. Short answer: yes but it takes a process

What comes to your mind when you think of fantasy?

This was the question that took me the longest, I reflected on different contexts in what I think of as fantasy, I got to the point where I think of fantasy as a short event that I would like to prolong, it is unique-not exclusive because it gives me satisfaction but it might be similar to someone else's and share it, and something that even though it exists abstractly or only in my imagination I have the slightest hope that it will happen someday. Is closeness scary?

Closeness is scary when the mind is busy thinking that this moment will end, I came across this thought when I was reading Camus' Stranger, where thinking that everything will end doesn't change anything. It is better to think that moments, events, etc. are enjoyed and not the fear of the lack of them.

How would you like to be perceived by me?

As someone with whom to make a proper exchange

Greetings

[Untitled]

User4

How are you doing?

Thank you very much for your quick response, I am very excited that you have opened a channel of this nature to make a series of explorations that may (or may not) be significant.

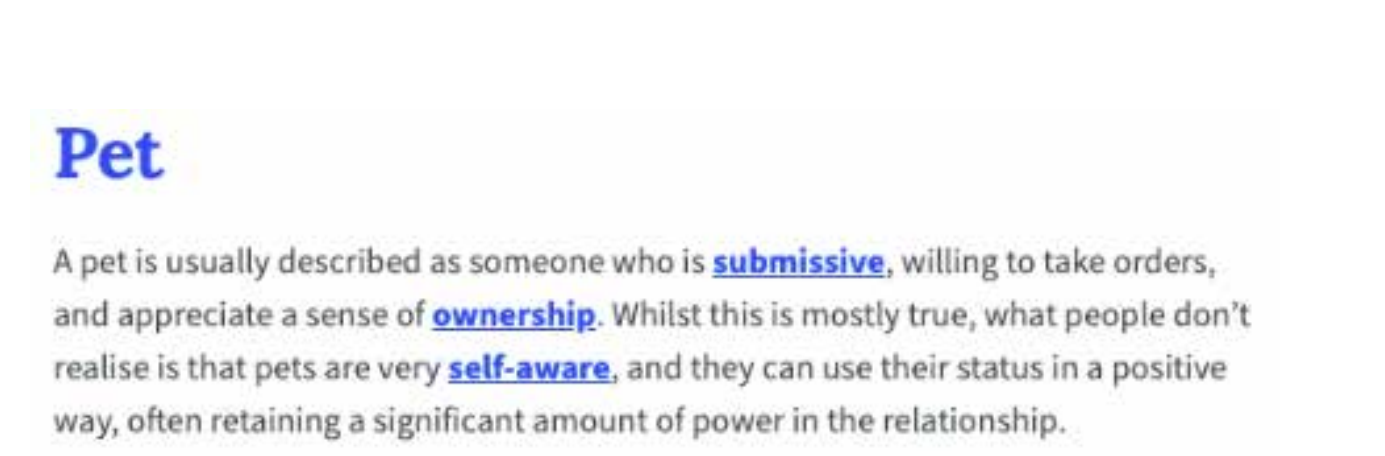
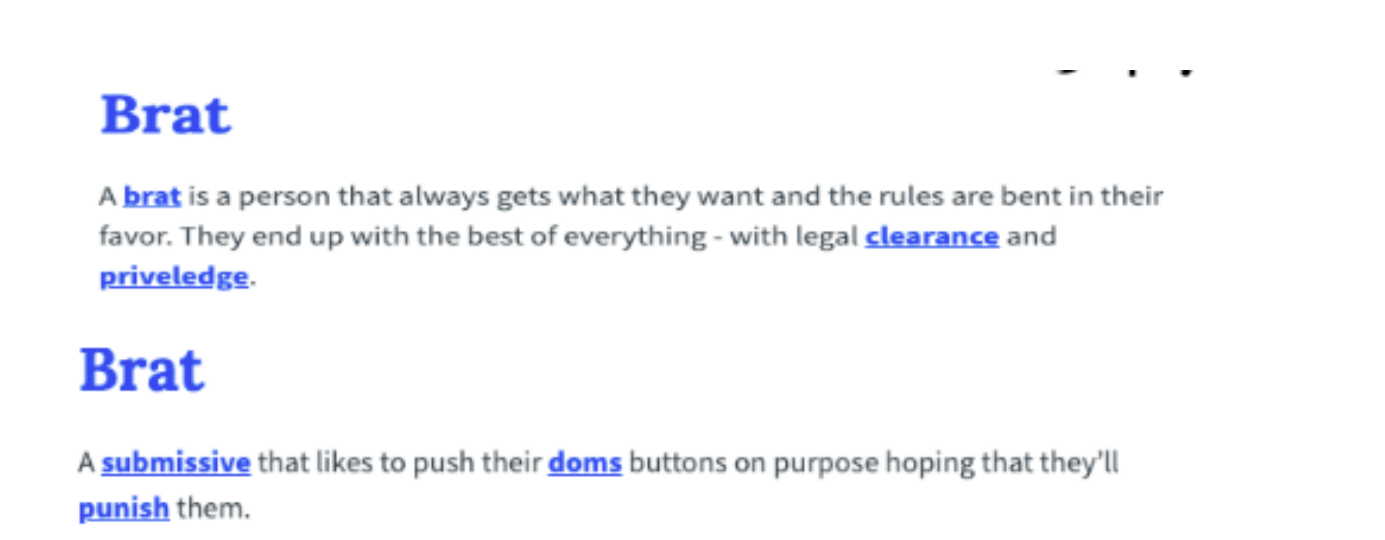
The first thing that comes to my mind is the question about the need to inscribe certain processes in a structure, which here you do not hesitate to name as art, that has a series of demands and paradigms quite defined, namely, the need for a visual and exhibitive moment in the development of projects and the consequent "magnetization" of evidence as something inserted in an artistic praxis. What do you find in this movement, to make your processes appear in the making of art?

I have to confess that I'm a bit afraid, I don't know if you read this post in detail and I think I have a bit of resistance to open up. Anyway I think it's a good time to be completely honest. The notion of the "pet" makes a lot of sense to me, as a subject that accompanies us and that in a certain way we configure at the same time as we are configured by it. Perhaps there are also interesting things at stake in subsuming the relationship that can be woven between two subjects, starting from the fact that one of them opens a door that potentially puts him/her in a situation of renouncing his/her human status.

In any case, you can indeed respond, you can give an account and a testimony of yourself. This generates a vertigo that attracts me and at the same time disconcerts me because of its ominous-ness. In the end you do not play with yourself in a field where nature is a “temple whose living pillars sometimes let out confusing words”.
Now I see how I am beginning to pour certain affections into the space in which you are giving yourself.
How do these words find you? I think it would help me a lot to have a faint trace to help me draw you in my head.
Kind regards.

[Untitled]
Neo

Hello, ██████ Situating my practice within the artistic realm allows me to use a number of tools. Art as a structure allows me to quickly get out of ethical and conceptual quagmires. I believe in art as a kind of vivisection of a pulsing body/imaginary, which allows me (if I’m sharp enough) to get away with finding a different way of inhabiting my affects and my body. You hit the nail on the head about the pet. I’ll give you a little preview of where I’m going with this text.



I find myself fascinated by the possibility of condensing so much into one project. I have been thrilled to read you.

Answer
User21

I am writing to you in response to a text recently published on your Instagram. First of all, I am grateful for the opportunity to give you a few words. It's been a long time since I wrote something and this is making me face something I thought I had forgotten. You, particularly, from the first time I casually came across your profile, you represented intrigue but strangeness, because I had no idea who you were, you were an enigma but it seduced me. I started following you because I wanted to know who you were, this of course, the small window you let me see of you. It's funny because after reading you today and opening the opportunity to express myself, I have been surprised that you have managed to take that small window further. Now I feel a strange sense of intimacy because since I started following you you've shared yours and are taking it to a new interactive level. And confirming the definitions you have previously posted, I am also intimidated to share this information. However, you have, despite still not knowing who you are, become warm to me. You have evidently represented intrigue in me through your image but eventually it has become intrigue by your movement. By how your body conception has evolved and how you share it. Desire reaffirms us, desire is mimetic. Desire is sometimes named and often shared. What can Neo do for me? What can I do for Neo? Neo for me meant being able to get to feel a desired intimacy with someone I never thought I could get to. Thank you. I've been deleting this message a lot and doubting very much whether I should send it or not. But now I just feel I must let you know because it is also a request from you.

Hello, let's chat
User22

Hello, Neopet. I'm ██████
PLAY WHILE READING:
:PLAY WHILE READING
I wish you would take the time to read my response while the music in this link is playing, as I find it one of Mozart's most complex pieces performed in a very emotional way with enviable use of agony and also, I think, an excellent sound metaphor for what is probably about to happen from the moment I decided to write you the first email. Finding your response to my email was something I never saw coming. This exercise of the verb made text is very stimulating for me. Personal. Close. The idea of intimacy in the 21st century has definitely transformed. How can two bodies existing in different latitudes find their intimacy? The act of observing and being observed becomes a common ritual in the age of social networks. The fact of being able to communicate and receive a response almost immediately awakens the social component in the brain. Even if we think of this transfer from the physical to the immaterial, such as an audiovisual product. To think that since 1885 a moving image began to be created and along with it the search for form and body becomes very interesting. Along with dances and narrative approaches, came nudity. This that since pre-Christian times was considered part of beauty and aesthetics. Where what was seen or imagined could only be captured on any kind of canvas to be admired. Where reality was created by the artist. By their poetic eye.

I have a thought about dreams and the different versions of reality. Kant said that the dream is an involuntary poetic art and I think that's how I try to perceive reality. A poetic universe that can live in light or in shadow. Where people choose which one to live in, regardless of their context or life history. There are those who allow a bad experience to mark them for life and transform their free spirit and happiness into a constant misfortune fueled by even the slightest buzz. There are others who decide to look at everything as an opportunity to learn, to grow and to share that proactive vision. I was once talking to a partner about it and was surprised at how differently we thought and yet we stayed together for so long. She had cancer at ■ went through her parents' divorce at ■ and decided at a very young age to become independent. She saw everything as a negative situation. I grew up without a dad even though I knew of his other family, I almost died■ times and was bullied as a child, but life to this day I see it as an opportunity. I am trusting and believe that if you are good people will reciprocate. My innocence in that aspect has led me to live unpleasant situations from which I have learned the most. Not for nothing does my astrological chart say that I came to this life to learn to be patient and also to teach. How would I like to be perceived by you? As a person who lives on the other side of the screen. As someone who has been cheated, who has cried, who has suffered but who has not stopped believing in the goodness of people. Think of me as a person who loves music, who loves life and who is fascinated by otherness. I find the exercise of writing an email and receiving a reply back exciting and much more entertaining than a simple monetary transaction. Who am I, but a person who is fascinated by the body? Who am I, but a mortal who likes to create his reality? I hope to find in this exercise a poetic act that coexists with all my secrets. I hope to find in the non-places a new way of socializing. With these words I hope that my desire for intimacy is clear. Of a complicity that will be built letter by letter until one of our accounts is forgotten. Abandoned. There will only remain a corolla of gestures that will define our relationship. There is no truth or lie between a pet and its keeper. Only a promise based on mutual trust.

[Untitled reply to User22]

Neo

Hi ■■■■■■■■■■, I really enjoyed reading you. I would like to know more about how the screen and the visual regime has conditioned or compromised the way in which your desire is reproduced, since you ask me that in perceiving you I recognize the presence of the screen itself. I particularly appreciate the last paragraph, especially because I believe in the possibility of leaving behind the meta-physical component on which categories such as true and false are based.

Hello, let's chat

User22

How are you, Neo?

Today I received the vinyl "Degeneration Street" by The Dears, a Canadian band that has played with the idea of oblivion almost since its conception. Belonging to the wave of indie projects like Arcade Fire, they are having a media boom that this other band has never enjoyed. The album I'm talking about is the fifth of their career and if I'm not mistaken, the one that has received the worst reviews, although that didn't stop them from deciding to release in 2011 a two-disc version along

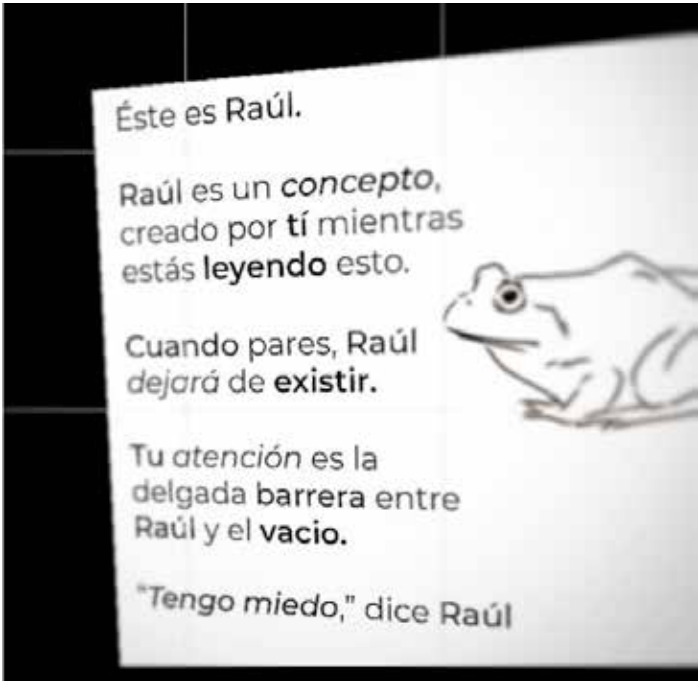
with a download code written in what looks like a pen on a badly cut piece of paper with part of the album's tracklist.

I share all this with you because just at that moment the word reproduction resonated with me. I must tell you that I am a vinyl collector, maybe my collection is not as extensive as I would like, but I am still proud of it because each one of them has been chosen only by me, and even so, it took me more than 600 purchases to understand the meaning of reproduction. There, in that attempt at calligraphy that I share with you here. My education has a strong capitalist component, built through the images provided by different types of screens. From a neighbor's Gameboy to the box TV I watched before cable, DVDs, BluRays, VOD, LCDs, LEDs, VGAs, HDMI's, or VRs. Despite considering myself a people person, TV, movies, video games, and the internet were my primary education. That's where I learned to defend myself, to fight, to relate, to fall in love. It took many years to transform the dogmatic and paradigmatic conceptions of my sexual and emotional education, but there are certain aspects of that programming that I am reluctant to abandon. One of them is the belief that everything that happens on the screen exists, that it is real. Because in a world where everything you imagine can be captured, how can we say that the film in space is not real? Why do we believe that a character that lives in our nightmares cannot manifest itself? Who says that an animal is incapable of communicating with the guttural sounds that we qualify as language? Even if a screen separates us and we know it exists, it does not exempt us from our existence. We are a representation.

I was reading a text about desire according to Deleuze and Guattari that I think it is pertinent to share: The ritornelo, a concept of Mil Mesetas, related to that of desire, comes from music, and is similar to the refrain whose function is to create territories by repeating itself. The ritornelo thinks of territorialization and marks the starting point towards deterritorialization: it is a journey of coming and going.

Desire is related to the ritornelo by being the instance that produces differences, a sort of ontology of forces; rather than force, that which is in itself and whose differences are possible thanks to the folds. Each one of them represents a new differentiation of that force; therefore it will not be possible to think of a dialectic between being and nothingness: there is only being, the being of desire, the infinite vital power, the conatus, the will of power, infinitely creative force.

Writing can be a machine of war or an apparatus of capture. Deleuze and Guattari give as an example the letter: "The letter as a minor genre, letters as desire, the desire for letters, have a second characteristic". There are no essentialisms in this theory: "Desire, evidently, passes through all these positions and these states, or rather, it follows all these lines: desire is not form, but a process, in both senses of the word". (<https://www.redalyc.org/journal/281/28162146009/html/>) I always have this question, who says that what we think is not real?



[Text in the image goes along the drawing of a frog. It says: This is Raúl/ Raúl is a concept you create as you read this/ Once you stop, Raúl will stop existing/ Your atencion is the faint barrier between Raúl and the void/ “Im afraid” says Raúl.

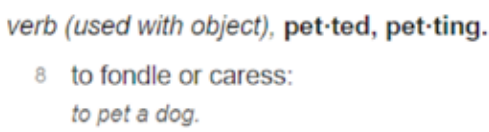
[Untitled reply to User22]

Neo

Hello [REDACTED] I've really enjoyed reading you.
I would like to share with you some of what I have learned recently:
The etymological origin of Theory is Greek, it is derived from Theos and alludes to the interpretation of divine designs, insofar as this type of magic-religious word was infused with truth thanks to its supraterrrestrial provenance. According to Marcel Detienne, three specific figures were the bearers of this truth: the king, the prophet and the poet. These three figures correspond to an extraordinary type of man. Theory, as a concept, has come down to us preserving this reminiscence of discourse dictated by an authority (in ancient Greece, dictated by these specific figures capable of interpreting the will of the gods) which emulates a true discourse insofar as it is endowed with a legitimacy. This is a small detour to tell you where I start from when I consider that every theory is, by definition, essentialist. That is to say, that every theory has a component of metaphysical legitimacy. I leave you an image and thank you very much for writing to me. I hope you will continue to do so.

Reply.

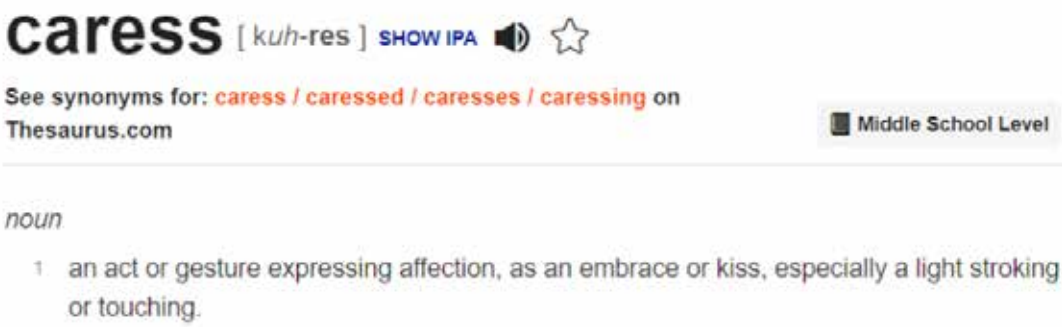
User21
How nice to read you back.
I must admit this is getting more and more exciting and very intriguing. What an honor to have been chosen in your outbox. Interesting you should say that because I also have one more pet idea:



Fondle:



Caress:



So:

Knowing this information, whenever I read your username on different occasions I looked it up. I was obviously thinking about what a Neopet was. However, I was also always flooded with the idea that NEO = New // PET = Affectionate Caress.
So, I think at the same time, I learned the term from a pet from the early 2000's but at the same time I was thinking about it being a very appropriate way to give a new petting. Whether through a screen or not, I have lived it thanks to you and because your work has made me feel at some point caressed in spite of the virtuality. When I saw that your activity had ceased, I began to miss you in every sense of the word: strangeness. And more because that strangeness was to feel missing you in spite of not knowing who you are?
I must confess that you are the first and last time I have made any online content purchase. I have always been afraid to admit that it is something I find attractive. With this post I have challenged my fear and pushed it to the limit. As for sexual fulfillment, for me watching, being a spectator of pleasure is among the most climactic pleasures. Whether I provoke it or not. (This has been hard to write because it was something that until I started doing this post, I was able to make it conscious). What is a caregiver to you? I must admit that for me the closeness can leave me speechless. I could feel intim(idated)acy.
I would rather ask you: how do you perceive me?
Be sure that all this information makes me feel alive because it is something that makes me get out of a routine. I cherish this and I really wish you could read it as soon as possible.

[Untitled reply to User21]

Neo
Good morning [REDACTED]! I really enjoyed our conversation yesterday.
I perceive you as an accomplice whose vulnerability is able to captivate me. I appreciate very much that you allow me to get closer and discover a little more about you. I share with you that I find myself fascinated by the verb to pet and I give you this picture hoping you like it.

Reply.

User21

I understand about addressing you by that name. Nice to meet you :)

My week has been a bit complicated, I had an important expense and we closed the restaurant for a few days. I must confess that my dog is very bad and it makes me sad. How was yours? Can I see you?

I missed hearing from you.

Hello Neopeta

User10

Hello! Thanks for the answer, I understand, Miau is not exactly a very visited site, one day I started to see the profiles of the girls published and your profile caught my attention, it was "interesting" and yes, I remember well the page of Neopet. About the text that you share with me, I was a little surprised, I would like to answer you in a way that I do not look so silly haha, but without reading me as pretentious that only tries to read interesting or deep, I all my life I have been a very shy person so writing about these topics is not the easiest, I was unaware that a child could be aware of his vulnerability, but I can make sense of what you wrote about the book, the closeness takes care of us and at the same time is what can cause us more damage, in this context, the closeness between the word intimacy and intimidate can make some sense. Although your text can be generic to anyone who writes to you, it causes me a sense of closeness.

Hello Neopeta

User10

Hello,I like you, I don't have much idea about what else to write you, I feel like those social experiments where they don't tell you the final goal, yesterday I was thinking about the concept of intimidation, many times people cause us fear but not because of any physical damage they could cause us, but because of the emotional damage, the problems of self-esteem and of not feeling enough for another person. I had written a longer text but after reading it I did not make sense of what I had written. Thanks for the photo, I see you from behind.

Hello neopet

User13

Hi, sorry for taking so long to reply but it's been a busy week, but I will comment a bit on what you sent me.

1. I looked up the etymological relationship of these 2 words and this is what I found. The word "intimacy" is formed with Latin roots and means "the quality of entering into someone's affection". Its lexical components are: the prefix in- (inward), -mus (superlative suffix), plus the suffix -dad (quality). The word "intimidate" comes from the Latin intimidare and means “to put fear”.

Its lexical components are: the prefix in- (inward), timere (to frighten) and dare (to give). the most striking is the prefix "in" which expresses two sensations that come from inside the being. in the end I think that getting intimate with someone can be intimidating, even more so if you are not used to sharing yourself with other people. i think in the end the important thing about the whole abandoned neopet experience is how it gets intimate with each of us as a public, whether it's through these messages, instagram or photos and video. what can neopet do for me? i think that just the fact of making us think about this kind of things is enough. i like this process of getting to know you little by little and letting you get to know me.

2. at some point I got to know neopets both on their website and in the collectible card game, which by the way I still have some that I would like to show you later.I think abandoned neopet is a nostalgic name that makes us think about how something we get so attached to so quickly becomes forgotten very fast and stays there as a new toy that is not used anymore.

3. i think that followers can have the role of caretakers too, i would like to think of it as a way to prevent that neopet from being abandoned; i also think that it is an essential part of being intimate with someone, caring for the other person and for mutual desires. i think i would like to be perceived as a shy person, there are a lot of issues that I am very attracted to in the erotic realm but most of them i only experience on the screen. in the end what attracts me the most is people feeling free at their own pace and in their own way. i like to think i'm a good listener even if sometimes i'm not so good at responding. i'll still strive to meet these kinds of dynamics. I'm also a pretty geeky person, I like everything related to pop culture, cartoons, movies, sci fi, horror, anime, etc. thanks for reading me.

About desire and that.

User11

The young girl, does she exist? I don't know, but undoubtedly the eternal is the trace of the language in the others. I had never thought about that relationship, now the idea intimidates me, perhaps out of fear and I have never expressed it to anyone, is that intimacy? I think more of the idea of vulnerability. Exposing intimacy makes you vulnerable, open to intimidation. In abuse issues it's always that tenuous line. Broken broken. Agamben recovers the concept of Stasis to think of civil war as the rupture between public, political and intimate space. Intimacy is at war. It makes me laugh to think of the intimidation suffered by those you intimidate when you expose their intimacy in screenshots. A play on words no doubt.

1 We know that politics is a deception, art and reality. I don't know what was lost when you turned that desire into a piece, but that strange plasticity of desire is a place with big limits. I understand that if it comes out of there it blurs into the rest. There are many films of the loss of reality when desire becomes public, that fascinating taboo. What can Neo do for me? Straightforwardly, find a form, an image or a scheme in which to contain the leaks. I don't know Neo and I don't know what they do or have done, but let's imagine they give answers, A way to deal with image, desire and body, nothing more.

2 Neopet. This morning I was reading in a doctoral thesis that Freud made us machines in order to invent death. It didn't explain much but was interested in the link between the creation of the first automobiles for exclusively funerary use and that from the body as a machine (unconscious, functions, oedipal triangulations, blah, blah) derives the erotic death drive. No question, no answer, just a very fortunate concept for those who are still alive. Mario Perniola's sex-appeal of the inorganic occurs to me as a place where NeoPet becomes a concept.

3 The epigraph got to me, even if the followers hurt less. I retain "the intimate as a place vanishes the moment it is exposed" I imagine where that idea comes from. "being public" as a stale insult. Everyone will have their own relationship to the images on their screens, but I think of Deleuze (I don't know what I expected from your post, but I always thought of Deleuze. I'm glad he showed up to the end) and more on Guattari (who taught Deleuze to watch cinema and with whom he never fucked) They said that the virtual is a form of the real. A form, not a subcategory, far from it. This publicity of images produces intimate encounters. Even if Kim Kardashian's ass is public, everyone, whoever one is, has had his or her intimacy with it. I imagine that there are those who masturbate with it, I have the measurements taken by Ter the blue-haired architect written in a history of art notebook because it seems to me to be one of the most important traces in the history of human forms, yes, her ass. The desire is represented or is one affected by it? Desire desires, language languages. I follow a girl who is a gamer, geek and pornstar. She was about to reach the top 10 on pornhub (pretty impossible I guess, given the demand and supply) but she started getting thousands of haters alleging that she couldn't be there because she didn't have enough content or seniority. But on the telegram channel we have she commented on it and all her Russian followers (she's Russian, I don't know Russian so the story is incomplete because I didn't Google translate all the messages) made a defense campaign and so on. But, although interested there was a care in those gestures. what do we want to take care of? I quote myself from twitter quoting Fisher: "Without fantasy and semiotics, sex is just the sideboard of meat in the butcher shop. 11:38 a.m.- 3 Sept. 2021" I strengthen the argument. to be vulnerable is to be perceived? Today a friend on twitter posted that since some (very male) professors with whom she talked and had a good philosophical relationship, knew she was a lesbian and a feminist, they stopped talking to her. They avoided her and stopped recommending texts. She stopped being vulnerable and her intimacy ceased to be of interest. The story of the nineteenth-century intellectual dalliance that survives today, falls down when in the end there is no way to hold power over the intimate. You remember the intimate and intimidating. It could lead to Agamben's Stasis. With arrows going the other way, but the information flowing is power in both terms. I imagine it is more complicated and bifurcated, but after the run through of your questions, power is what stands between intimating and intimidating. The promise of intimacy can make you have power over someone, how many people do not turn pathetic for a nude? And having someone's intimacy gives you power because you can intimidate. Ugh! What an ugly relationship put this way cold. About your example, there's a theory that I don't know where it comes from, but it says that monsters, the really monstrous thing is the close thing. That's why monsters are half human, and very fantastic monsters can even be laughable. What is close is scary, yes. theory, how about the story, universal enough perhaps, of when children run away and are frightened by their shadow. Nothing more terrifying than yourself. Returning to desire. Without rhetorical figures, I think there is a great fear of closeness and directness. proximity and directness. It scares me when people is too direct, it needs the filter of fantasy. When you take away the fantasy from your subscribers that you do your content for them and not for the art, you throw away that fantasy. Now I remembered a scene from a half-bad movie about a special agent. One of those girls who are stolen as children to train them to be assassins and so on. At one point in the training she has to be raped by a dude from the men's team. All the other girls put up a hell of a fight and it's super cruel, etc... But when it's her turn, the protagonist gets in the chair like ok, come on, fuck me now. Everyone is impressed. The dude doesn't get it up and she makes a speech that really marked me, something like: what you want is power, and that's how easy it is to take it away from you. And they applaud her and she becomes the heroine. Fantasy and imagination is a kind of filter for not being just meat or plants with something like intelligence or language.¹

¹ This is the only answer I had to edit for reasons of space and coherence since they approached the answer as an automatic writing exercise.

Cecilia

Severin

Or

Enice

Narrativa fragmentada

Fragment I: The hidden Language

In the shadow of the canvas, an unknown alphabet. Brushstrokes that whisper, colors that stay silent. A dialogue between light and darkness. What secrets will they reveal?

Fragment II: Echo

Echoes of a lost atlas. Fragmented memories, thought rhizomes. A labyrinth of images, reflections of a past that hides in the present. The artwork, an enigma.

Fragment III: The Folding Ritual

The fabric, a silent witness. Folded, hiding secrets in its folds. Each crease, an untold story. In the simplicity of the gesture, a universe of possibilities.

Fragment IV: Dance of Contrasts

Contrast and paradox. Beauty in rupture, order in chaos. A dance of broken colors, raw gestures. Creation, an act of destruction and rebirth.

Fragment V:The Spectator's Journey

Each gaze, a journey. In the artwork, a sea of interpretations. The spectator, a castaway in search of meaning. In art, a reflection of the duality of existence.

Fragment VI: The Whisper in the Darkness

In the silence of the studio, the artist works. A whisper in the darkness, a canvas coming to life. The unsaid as powerful as the expressed. Art, a mystery that edures.

Haikus

Haiku I: The Hidden Laungauge

Canvas shadows lie,
Whispers of colors nearby
Secrets held inside.

Canvas shadows speak,
Whispers of colors unfold,
Secrets yet unseen.

Beauty in fracture
Chaos holds a hidden lure,
Art reborn, pure.

Contrast's gentle dance,
Chaos yields to order's call,
Creation reborn.

Haiku IV: Dance of Contrasts

Haiku II: Echo

Fragments of the past,
Memories in rhizomes cast,
Echoes everlast.

Lost atlas whispers,
Memories woven in time,
Enigma persists.

Gazes sailing far,
Interpretation's vast star,
Seeking truths, they spar.

Gazes drift and roam,
Interpretation's vast sea,
Truths sought in the art.

Haiku V: The Spectator's Journey

Haiku III: The Folding Ritual

Fabric holds within,
Folded silence, stories spin,
Silent tales begin.

Fabric's silent tale,
Folded secrets gently held,
A universe waits.

Art in quiet shade,
Whispers in shadows cascade,
Mystery portrayed.
Silent studio,

Whispers breathe life into art,
Mystery unveiled.

Haiku VI: The Whisper in the Darkness

Luci
García

La condición impuesta de inexistencia

Lucci García, 2023

—*Usted no es nada, usted no existe.*
—*¿Cómo que no existo?*
—*Existe a través de mí. Le voy a destruir para crear.*”

Revisando aquellos olvidados ensayos escritos para un trabajo de fin de máster, me escandalizó la incesante necesidad que tenía de dar explicaciones. Las justificaciones en exceso no eran más que un reflejo de la búsqueda de validación externa que, abriendo la ventana a la autodestrucción, me hicieron creer que sin existir a través del otro, el yo era invisible.

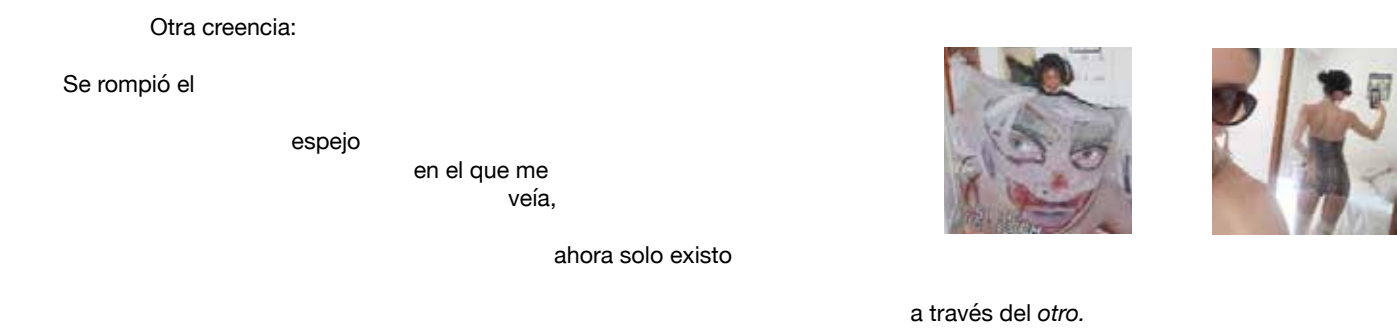
¿Por qué hablaba de lo que hablaba? ¿por qué lo hacía en primera persona? Aclaraba que al tener una investigación situada y centrada en la patologización del malestar, como un producto más del capitalismo, veía inevitable introducir el conocimiento situado de Donna Haraway. Esta propone que los objetos de estudio deben mostrar el punto de vista desde el que se parte y por qué, poniendo de relieve que todo conocimiento está ligado al contexto y subjetividad de quién lo difunde.

Más adelante declaraba que escribir desde la experiencia propia, dentro de la teoría feminista, es una herramienta necesaria y no un ejercicio narcisista. Fui culpable de mostrar demasiado, de ser vulnerable en exceso, de hablar de las prácticas que trastornan las formas dominantes de subjetivación. “Resistir a la tendencia dominante de la subjetividad colonial-capitalística que, reducida al sujeto, interpreta el malestar como amenaza de desagregación y lo transforma en angustia, en síntoma que debe ser diagnosticado por un manual de enfermedades mentales (Rolnik, 2019: 14)”.

La trazabilidad entre la enfermedad mental y el extrañamiento corporal que sentía al ver mi reflejo, se convirtió, más que en objeto de estudio, en obsesión de estudio.

Imagina mirarte en el espejo y ver a ambos lados una unidad corporal...

A partir de una resignificación de la teoría lacaniana, entendí que la fragmentación del cuerpo se da por lo vivido, por los efectos provocados a partir de la experiencia. En cambio, la unidad corporal se conforma a través de lo visto por *los otros*, la *otredad* constituye así el *yo ideal*. Por ejemplo, hacer de tu condición la identidad única que te define, es verte bajo las lentes del *otro*. Sumun de las formas dominantes de subjetivación. La trampa de lo imaginario genera la creencia: *esa soy yo*, —lo que vemos creemos que es lo que somos—.



Me sitúo. Intenté desvincularme de una identidad única. Me encontré buscando un reconocimiento que confirmase que el extrañamiento sufrido durante mis procesos de subjetivación era válido sólo si se justificaba a través de otros nombres. Comencé así otro proceso más doloroso, el de la destrucción de la propia subjetividad.

Perdí el sentido.



Llegó la apatía, la frustración y la resistencia.



¿Acaso no he sido buena? Escribí el 30 de diciembre.

¿Son todas las pérdidas ganancias o algunas no hacen más que hacernos sentir más perdidas? Sin duda este año siento que he perdido, me dije haciendo un revisión de mis logros y fracasos. Pero éstos no eran tan siquiera míos. Autodestrucción es seguir en una relación que se acerca más al abuso de poderes que a la principal función de esta.



No obvies mi memoria.

Este texto ha cambiado. Ya nada es tan importante, pero sentirse acompañada sigue siendo la prioridad.



Empecé entonces a recolectar formas de sentirme invisible en la cultura capitalista acelerada. Entre las cuales resonó la condición autoimpuesta de inexistencia.

Y es que la otredad mal estudiada es el punto de inflexión en este ensayo, porque existir a través del *otro* no es más que la forma más visible de invisibilidad.

Forma 1. Las justificaciones en exceso

Forma 2. La búsqueda de la validación externa

Forma 3. La autodestrucción

Forma 4. La otredad mal estudiada

Forma 5. Habitar el secreto

Forma 6. Creer que el tiempo está agotado

Fuerza de resistencia. Pensar en un nosotras y no en un otro.

Son muchas las personas que consideran ‘su mundo’ como único y absoluto, es decir, no se abren a otras formas de habitabilidad, lo que paraliza la evolución hacia nuevas resistencias. En cambio, hay otras que luchan por alejarse de las formas establecidas, pensando la creación colectiva como un modo de existencia. Ha sido el dúo Preciado-Rolnik el que me ha dado esta visión del funcionamiento de las subjetividades. Haciéndome ver que es posible lograr que la forma no venza a la fuerza, aunque el malestar que sentimos sea real y lícito. El abuso que nos domina no depende de nosotras como objeto, esta es la cara oculta del prefijo auto.

Puedo sentenciar que es posible no dejarse vencer por las formas de invisibilización que planteo al encontrar esa fuerza de resistencia de la que hablo. Pero muchas han sido las veces que he vuelto a leer este texto y a sentirme distanciada de mis propias conclusiones.

Quizás la solución esté en lograr que pensar y resistir sean una misma cosa. Y que por mucho que cambien las cuestiones o los deseos, el malestar va a seguir estando ahí, la tristeza seguirá estando, y solo nos quedará sobrevivir a nosotras mismas.

Aunque también es verdad, a pesar de que se me olvide cada día, que el hecho de colectivizarse, —que para mi no viene a decir más que sostenernos entre nosotras—, puede ser una buena respuesta. Y digo que se me olvida porque la sensación de soledad que me ha perseguido siempre y que tanto me atormenta, hace que me sea más sencillo refugiarme en ese malestar tan conocido. A veces incluso me impide creer que este ensayo lo haya escrito yo.



The imposed condition of nonexistence
Lucci García, 2023

"You are nothing, you do not exist
-what do you mean I don't exist?
-You exist through me, I am going to destroy you to create."

Deforme Semanal,La destrucción (2022).

Reviewing those forgotten essays written for a master's thesis, I was shocked by the incessant need I had to give explanations. The excessive justifications were nothing more than a reflection of the search for external validation that, opening the window to self destruction,made me believe that without existing through the other,the self was invisible.

Why did I speak about what I spoke? why do it in first person? I clarified that by having a research situated and focused on the pathologization of discomfort, as another product of capitalism, I believed it was inevitable to introduce the situated knowledge of Donna Haraway. Whom proposes that the objects of study must show the point of view from which they start and why,highlighting that all knowledge is linked to the context and subjectivity of the person who spreads it.

Later she declared that writing from personal experience,within feminist theory,is a necessary tool and not a narcissistic exercise.

I was guilty of showing too much, of being too vulnerable, of talking about practices that disrupt dominant forms of subjectivation. "Resist the dominant tendency of colonial-capitalist subjectivity that, reduced to the subject, interprets discomfort as a threat of disaggregation and transforms it into anguish,a symptom that must be diagnosed by a manual of mental illnesses (Rolnik,2019:14) ".

The traceability between the mental illness and the physical estrangement that I felt when seeing my reflection became,more than an object of study,an obsession of study_

Imagine looking in the mirror and seeing a bodily unity on both sides...

From a resignification of the Lacanian theory, I understood that the fragmentation of the body occurs due to what has been experienced, due to the effects caused by experience. On the other hand,the corporal unity is formed through what is seen by others,otherness thus constitutes the ideal self. For example,making your condition the unique identity that defines you is seeing yourself through the lenses of the other. Summon of the dominant forms of subjectivation. The trap of the imaginary generates the belief: that is me-what we see we believe is what we are.

Another belief: The mirror in which I saw myself broke, now I only exist through the other.

I position myself.

I tried to disassociate myself from a single identity. I found myself looking for a recognition that would confirm that the estrangement suffered during my subjectivation processes was valid only if it was justified through other names. Thus I began another more painful process,the destruction of my own subjectivity.

I lost my senses.

Apathy,frustration and resistance arrived.Have I not been good? I wrote on December 30.

Are all losses gains or do some just make us feel more lost? Without a doubt this year I feel like I have lost,I told myself,reviewing my achievements and failures. But these weren 't even mine. Self-destruction is staying in a relationship that is closer to the abuse of power than to its main function.

Don't ignore my memory.

This text has changed. Nothing is so important anymore, but feeling accompanied is still the priority. I then began to collect ways of feeling invisible in the accelerated capitalist culture. Among which the self-imposed condition of non-existence resonated.

And it turns out that ill-studied otherness is the turning point in this essay, because existing through the other is nothing more than the most visible form of invisibility.

- Form 1. Excessive justifications
- Form 2. The search for external-validation
- Form3. Self-destruction
- Form4. Ill-studied otherness
- Form 5. Inhabit the secret
- Form 6. Believing that time is up

Resistance force. Think of an “us” and not an “other”


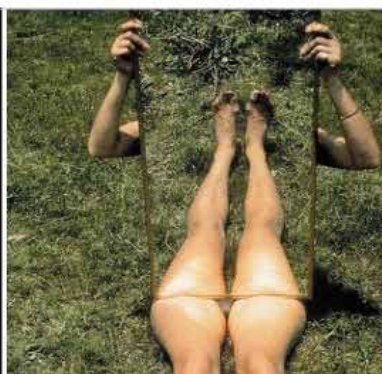







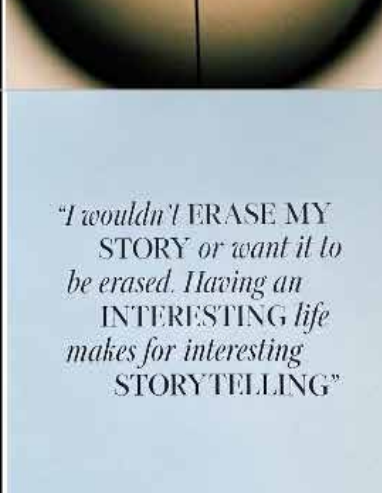
There are many people who consider “their world” as unique and absolute, that is, they do not open themselves to other forms of habitability, which paralyzes the evolution toward new resistances. On the other hand, there are others who fight to move away from established forms, thinking of collective creation as a way of existence. It has been the Preciado- Rolnik duo that has given me this vision of the functioning of subjectivities. Making me see that it is possible to ensure that form does not overcome force, even if the discomfort we feel is real and legal. The abuse that dominates us does not depend on us as an object, this is the hidden side of the prefix self.

I can say that it is possible not to be defeated by the forms of invisibilization that I propose when finding that force of resistance that I speak of. But many have been the times that I have re-read this text and felt distanced from my own conclusions.

Perhaps the solution is to make thinking and resistance the same thing. And that no matter how much the issues or desires change, the discomfort will continue to be there, the sadness will continue to be there, and we will only have to survive ourselves.

Although it is also true, even though I forget every day, that the fact of collectivization, -which for me means nothing more than supporting each other-, can be a good answer. And I say that I forget because the feeling of loneliness that has always followed me and that torments me so much, makes it easier to take refuge in that well-known discomfort. Sometimes it even keeps me from believing that this essay was written by me.

Images

	Moni Haworth & Petra Collins: Lunar Library		Mirror Piece I (Reconfigured), 1969/2010 Joan Jonas
	Via Instagram @bajonasso		Collage 'Ataúd' by Lucci García
	Via Pinterest		Cindy Sherman Untitled Stills #27
	Via Myself		Via Pinterest @glogxrl
	Painting 'La hora azul' by Alex Alemany realismoenlapintura.com		Via Instagram

"I wouldn't ERASE MY STORY or want it to be erased. Having an INTERESTING life makes for interesting STORYTELLING"



Seeing double
Catch me if you can
I'm on the road to nowhere
Sleeping soundly
With one eye open.
It takes two to tango
So easy come easy go
Let your hair down darling
Easier said than done
Good things come to those who wait
Patience is a virtue
And heaven knows, I'm miserable now
And misery loves company
Every cloud has a silver lining
But silence is golden
Talk is cheap
The best things in life are free
Though there's no such thing as a free lunch
You are what you eat
So I have my cake, and I eat it too
Too much of a good thing?
Too little, too late?
Give him an inch and he'll take a mile
Like father, like son
Mud sticks
Red sky in the morning
Glass houses and stones thrown
Look before you leap
Live by the sword,
Die trying

Fallen Sick



CHALK PERMEATES THE AIR

FEATHERS RUFFLED

MUSCLES ARE STIFF VOICE IS SMOOTH

ALL HUSTLE NO LUCK

LONELY HOUR OF THE SILVER STARLET

HEAVY EYES

STREET LIGHT MYTHOLOGY

LUSCIOUS PIERROT



FIST

THROUGH THE MIRROR

THE SHARDS

A BALL





SAW YOU WHISPER HYMNS TO HEAVENS ABOVE



THE AUDIENCE GASPS

ONE LAST HURRAH



Small
Loop
Portilla

Amor hypolepsis

¡Qué copioso placer produce a la de veces el yo interior! Cuando dice poco,

Cuando es tenue,

Y deslumbra con la sutileza de un susurro.

Ayer,

Cantábame la almohada al oído,

Dicatábame los sueños justo antes del alba, naturalmente cuando mejor se deduce aquella palabra

Que es indefinida, tenebrosa, ambigua como el mismo alba.

El desvelamiento me llevó a cabo el llanto

En una precipitada comprensión

pero no más.

Renuncié a buscar qué pérdida producía ese quejido

en mi plena intimidad.

Pues como llega se va

Y deja un eón de placer indomito

que es fuente y torrente.

Produce sed ese agua de más

Y se hilvana en el lenguaje y al corazón.

Sin embargo,

Mana y ya está

Con breve goteo

y un murmurar líquido

como mana

sin que lo pensemos

de la tierra,

el agua.

Luego se disipa

Ya eclipsa el Sol a la Luna,

luego es de día.

Y como el agua libera, se infunde un miedo intenso ante el reflejo que la luz engendra en ese agua nueva.

Se espanta el instinto y las manos sacuden la imagen en el charco.

Pero ese reflejo, amigo, es un obsequio a guardar como un tesoro.



It would be easy if one could anchor the question of identity when pursuing different paths in a precise descriptive moment. But with all the doubts and feelings that come with it. I do not believe in the existence of such a moment, just as I do not believe in rigid duality.

Interesting enough, in English the idea of the Doppelgänger includes the aspect of the ghostly or evil double of a living person. In German, my mother tongue and the language from which the term originates, there is no such connotation.¹

Martin has slid into my IG dm's after following my work silently for quite some time and asked me if I would like to contribute for his magazine and explore around the concept of the 'Doppelgänger'. This is a dare to explore my identity within the construct of an artworld: as an artist and art historian, between pretending to move freely without conventions and conservative academia.

// So, my parents decided to move in 2001. I was just like any other kid transplanted from the big city to the countryside — lost. I think the most important thing to highlight (next to the eerily beautiful landscape I suddenly found myself in and the language I had to learn anew) is the historic context in which I grew up: the Internet becoming a mass medium in the early 2000s, offering new and

exciting opportunities every day. Amidst all of this, I was exploring freshly founded social media platforms in constant search of self-expression. I tried not to lose touch with the city's trends that my friends were participating in: Dressed in the right American Apparel zip hoodies I created photographic experiments from daring angles, tried my hand at coding for sloppy Graphic Designs. A mobile self-timer for my camera was probably my favorite present back then.

But, I think that the moving created a certain tornness in me. This was perhaps painful, but at the same time, it allowed me to step out of my own environment. On the countryside I remained the kid of the big city, in the city I was the rural bumpkin. It was a welcome state, because it gave me certain self-confidence in an outsider existence.²

In the Novel *Retour à Reims* I stumbled across the concept of the "split habitus" for the first time: not really belonging anywhere.³ I could relate to these figures. The conflict that accompanied my growing up allowed me to take a critical external perspective and became my habit of perception, allowing me to come up with my own personal explanations of how the world works.

2 As I write these lines, I am thinking of an interview with Isabelle Graw. She speaks of an inner distinction as the basis of her theoretical stance and draws conclusions from the reflection and exploration of her own identity, cf. Holm-Uwe Burgemann / Konstantin Schönfelder, *L'Éducation non sentimentale*. Interview with Isabelle Graw, 5. Juni 2021, URL: <https://www.praeposition.com/text/interview/isabelle-graw> (28.01.2024). But at the same time – do we not all have to be hybrid, being many, in attempt to swim on the surface?

3 Didier Eribon, *Retour à Reims*, Paris 2009.

Gradually, most of the Websites and Networks I grew up on disappeared, some of the followers and friends remained. I've spent a lot of time cleaning up my traces of the early Internet, trying to create new paths with my output.

I think a lot about the infrastructures in which I now move, about my radius encompassing workshops and studios, symposia and libraries. I still did not figure out, how to present myself on the internet. I'm caught between Dark Academia library content and the latest image conventions and trends I try to adopt. I try to visualize myself and my artistic expression in a marketable external perspective. I share cute mirror selfies, memories with friends and pictures of motorbike trips. Am I subjective as an artist? Am I objective as an art historian?

When I first considered art university, I wrote to a friend of my father's who was a professor at some academy at the time, to figure out how to become an artist. For me it was inseparably tied to admission at an art university. She replied by sending me questions that threw me completely off track: I did not have any good answer to them, I had no clue about art. I realised I had to learn a lot. Consequently, I enrolled in art history. And I loved studying thousands of churches, yet I often got my essays torn up and failed exams hopelessly. Years later, at the entrance exam, I was confronted with the same questions: What is it, you want to express? Why? When I read my response today, I must laugh. I rattled off the answers with almost pretentious ease, I was completely over-prepared. Nevertheless, I had found my

destination. But I hadn't planned any further than that moment.

Critics often judge me by this: „You can't see the art history in your work“. I never know if it's meant as a compliment or not. In my academic texts, I include the disclaimer of my own situatedness, attempt to recognize continuities and ruptures and to understand art in its historical context.⁴

I remember the time of my first exhibitions: It was as if the heavy legacy of art history and its discourses had finally fallen away from me. Finally, I could be myself – only to circle back to the same thoughts and approaches. I once had the back of my eye photographed by a friend who was studying medicine at the time. I see the resulting image as a landscape of my subjectivity – am I really moving freely?

I think that my identity, as is so often the case, is based on an underlying insecurity: Out of fear of not being able to live up to expectations, I have built a parallel world for myself out of a habitual escape. Fleeing constantly into distinction. To maintain my way of understanding the world, I keep the inner tornness alive, so that I always remain in search of a coherent personality.

4 The present text requires a reference to my own subjectivity. The text is written from a situational perspective that is not without influences and assumptions. I am part of a Westernized society and received my academic training in this context. Certain cultural influences and interpretations can therefore not be assumed to be universally valid. I want to make the reader aware of the situationality and associated limitations of the perspective to contribute to a nuanced understanding of cultural phenomena. Cf. Donna Haraway, *Situiertes Wissen. Die Wissenschaftsfrage im Feminismus und das Privileg einer partialen Perspektive*, in: Haraway, *Die Neuerfindung der Natur. Primaten, Cyborgs und Frauen*, Frankfurt am Main 1995, S.73-97.

1 A doppelgänger is a person who bears such a strong resemblance to another individual that it may lead to confusion of their identity. The arts' interest in the doppelgänger motif has philosophical and psychological roots, addressing questions concerning the reality and ontology of the individual and their identity. Artistic theories, such as the nature of artistic fiction, also play a significant role, particularly in the creation of doppelgängers.

I am caught between analysis and creativity. In art history, I distance myself by being an artist, as an artist I demarcate myself through my role as an art historian.

I resist belonging.

The combination of influences and manifestations of these pursuits allows me to enter new spaces: I can liberate myself on an analytical level and internally oscillate between the different worlds. The uncertainty that art history brings with it has not yet left me, I will always feel small next to its legacy. As an artist, I can sometimes detach myself from my desperate need for expression, but then again, I can't. I often try to adapt myself to the invisible criteria of the artworld, like a secret checklist that must be fulfilled. Does that make it easier? I don't know. I have not yet found out how to fit in, either. Self-fashioning is the term Stephen Greenblatt introduced: The pictures we hang on our walls, the clothes we wear, the books we read.⁵ It's always a question of outside or inside. Who's in, who not. I hope that my discrepancies as an artist will become smaller, and that theory and practical work will become intertwined. Mix it all together and you get the best of both worlds, as Hannah Montana is known to say. May this text be an attempt.



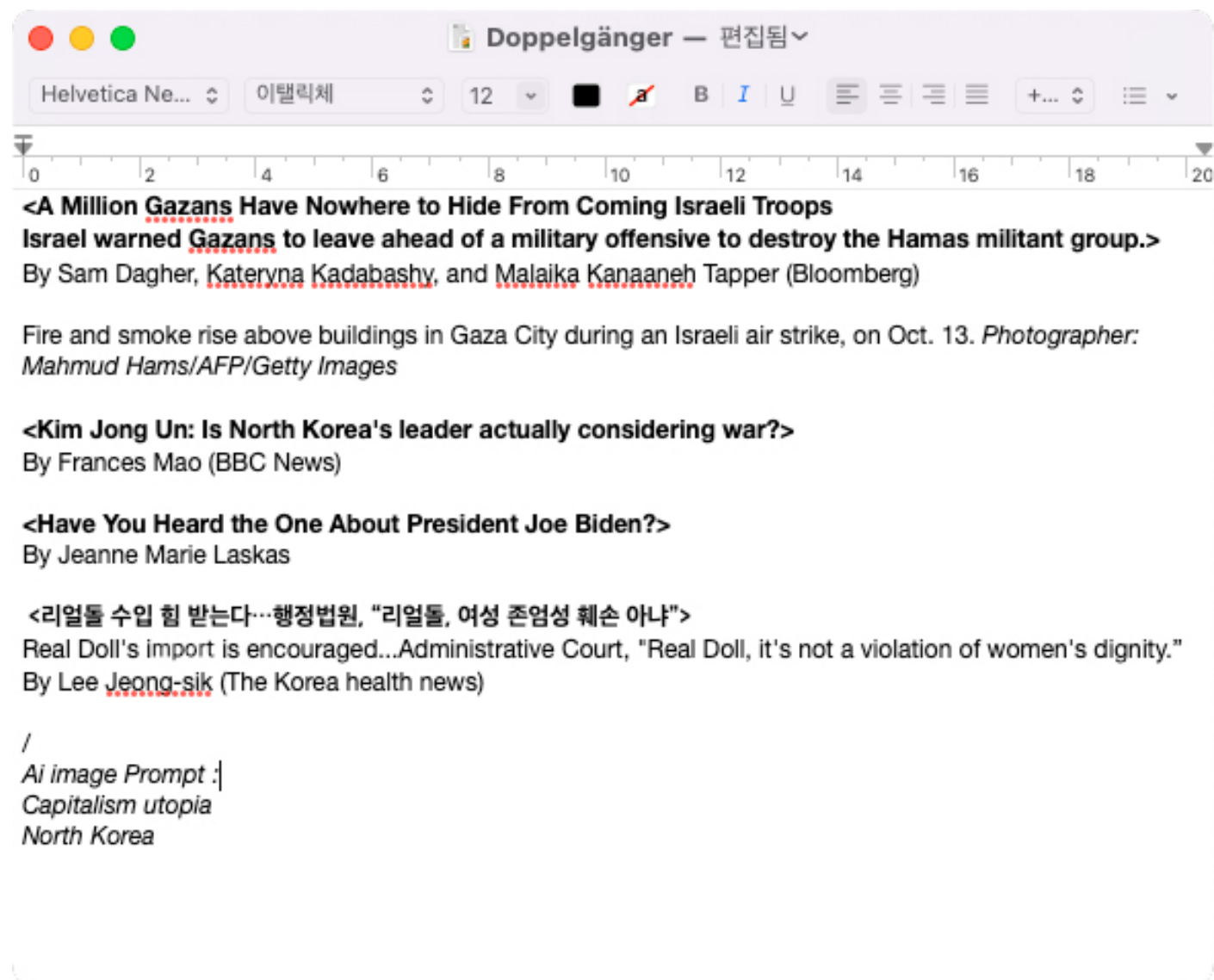
5 Stephen Greenblatt, *Renaissance Self-Fashioning: from More to Shakespeare*, Chicago 1980.

Julia
Runggaber



PLUS PUTES QUE TOUTES LES
 PUTES
 ORTIES, SEXTAPE
 FIRST RULE OF SEDUCTION
 BE a Siur WITH an eaucanon
 MOCK THE BOYS
 PREFER HORSEBACK
 DOT TELL ARYORE THEIR TONE
 อภจ ASSUaE THEN อบเลด THE aC707
 OH !
 CITaLC acia ana HeaomonEs
 SCRAMBLE THE METRORONE
 1234 STOP
 JoUhe no LonER my man
 YOU'LL LOVE IT WHEN I TREAT YOU WELL YOU'LL SAVOR IT WHEN I HURT YOU IT WON'T LAST BETWEEN
 US
 IT'S YOUR FAULT, YOU WERE TOO UGLY
 On OUR WEODING NIGHT
 YOU WOULD CHOKE ON THE CUT, DEAR
 GO PLAY SPORTS
 YOU'LL MARE A PREITY CORPSE
 I HAVE SEX WITH THE
 อรจ
 PUSSY, I PREFER YOU
 STIFF ano CoLo
 THEN YOU'RE LESSON!
 EHATTERaDX
 THE DRUG TELLS ME "YES YES,
 อยอล / LOVE YOU a THOUSaTจ
 TIMES"
 F mY amE IS "ออลราย"
 REURO, / HAVE TOO MUCH GLORY
 DROP OF P01507
 ALL MY TPSS CHOE
 ILL LEAVE YOU EVEN IF YOU'RE
 HANDSOME
 MA LOVE, "OCO15 707"7/6"
 บอบสมอเพายรเทย ออง
 "GUYS" PLUS "ME" EQUALS
 "NOTHING"
 "CORE" อภจ"ราลอพลอE THE
 SAME, LOVE ME
 เอลลรพอลลจ จด a ลอลลค
 / wanaa FucR a G00
 HER OUT"
 THAK 'monEy"
 NO RATHER HAVE MILLIGRAMS OF
 COKE
 THAN A KISS FROM YOUR FRIEND
 MORE O UITTLE BIT OF MORES
 IN...OF THE CEMETERY ON YEA









Lucia
Lomas

CUERPO

PERDIDO

Las imágenes que no han llegado a la red, que han quedado ancladas en soportes físicos, ¿son realmente imágenes?

¿Se llegan a consideran imágenes aunque no tengamos acceso a mirarlas?
La creación de CUERPO PERDIDO para la revista surge de añorar todas las imágenes que no he podido recuperar de cámaras digitales obsoletas y que no están almacenadas en ningún otro lugar de donde las pueda recuperar.

De pequeña creé un vínculo especial con mi cámara digital compacta, era hasta casi un acto ritualístico poner el temporizador y colocarla en la balda más alta de mi estantería para que cuando quedara 1 pegar un gran salto y tenerlo registrado para siempre. El resultado de esas imágenes me encantaba porque me hacía muchísima gracia verme congelada con todo mi pelo desafiando ala gravedad y una cara desencajada.

Me apena mucho no tener conmigo esas imágenes a día de hoy, por lo que lo tomamos como punto de partida para hacer CUERPO PERDIDO.

En estas imágenes tomamos de forma literal al dopplegänger como doble fantasmagórico de todas esas imágenes desaparecidas. Un fantasma al que vemos corriendo desorientado colina abajo intentando encontrar su cuerpo físico, del que él mismo es doble (entendiendo ese cuerpo como las imágenes desaparecidas). Esta búsqueda nos hace volver a la pregunta inicial, las imágenes que no han llegado a la red,

¿son realmente imágenes?

LOST

BODY

Are the images that have not reached the network, that have remained anchored in physical media, really images?

Do they come to be considered images even if we do not have access to look at them?
The creation of LOST BODY for the magazine comes from longing for all the images that I have not been able to recover from obsolete digital cameras and that are not stored anywhere else from where I can retrieve them.

As a child I created a special bond with my compact digital camera, it was almost a ritualistic act to set the timer and place it on the highest shelf of my bookshelf so that when there was 1 second left I could take a big jump and have it recorded forever. I loved the result of those images because it was so funny to see myself frozen with all my hair defying gravity and a disjointed face.

I'm very sad that I don't have those images with me today, so we took it as a starting point to make a lost body.
In these images we take literally the dopplegänger as a phantasmagoric double of all those missing images. A ghost that we see running disoriented down a hill trying to find his physical body, of which he himself is a double (understanding that body as the missing images). This search brings us back to the initial question, the images that have not reached the network,

are they really images?





WALKING
DOPPELGÄNGER



*Doppelgänger ([ˈdɔpəlˌɡɛŋɐ]) is the German word for the ghostly double or evil impersonation of a living person. The word comes from doppel, meaning 'double' and gänger: 'walking'. Its older form, coined by the novelist Jean Paul in 1796, is Doppeltgänger, 'the one who walks beside'.¹ The term is used to designate any double of a person, commonly in reference to the 'evil twin' or the phenomenon of bilocation.







Se dice que todos los hombres y las mujeres quedaban enamorados de Narciso, pero este los rechazaba. Entre las jóvenes heridas por su amor estaba la ninfa Eco, quien había disgustado a la diosa Hera y por ello esta la había condenado a repetir las últimas palabras de aquello que se le dijera. Por tanto, era incapaz de hablar a Narciso de su amor, pero un día, cuando él estaba caminando por el bosque, ella lo siguió. Cuando él preguntó «¿Hay alguien aquí?», Eco respondió: «Aquí, aquí», Incapaz de verla oculta entre los árboles, Narciso le gritó: «¡Ven!». Después de responder, Eco salió de entre los árboles con los brazos abiertos. Narciso cruelmente se negó a aceptar su amor, por lo que Eco, desolada, se ocultó en una cueva y allí se consumió hasta que solo quedó su voz.

Para castigar a Narciso por su engreimiento, Némesis hizo que se enamorara de su propia imagen reflejada en un estanque. En una contemplación absorta, incapaz de separarse de su imagen, acabó arrojándose a las aguas. En el sitio donde su cuerpo había caído, creció una hermosa flor, que hizo honor al nombre y la memoria de Narciso.



El Rincón de
Lola
Gram

Photo: Luis Calvo
Muh: Sierra
Stylism: Carlota Ferreiro
Creative Direction: Tere Segovia
Talent: Gadea Evans







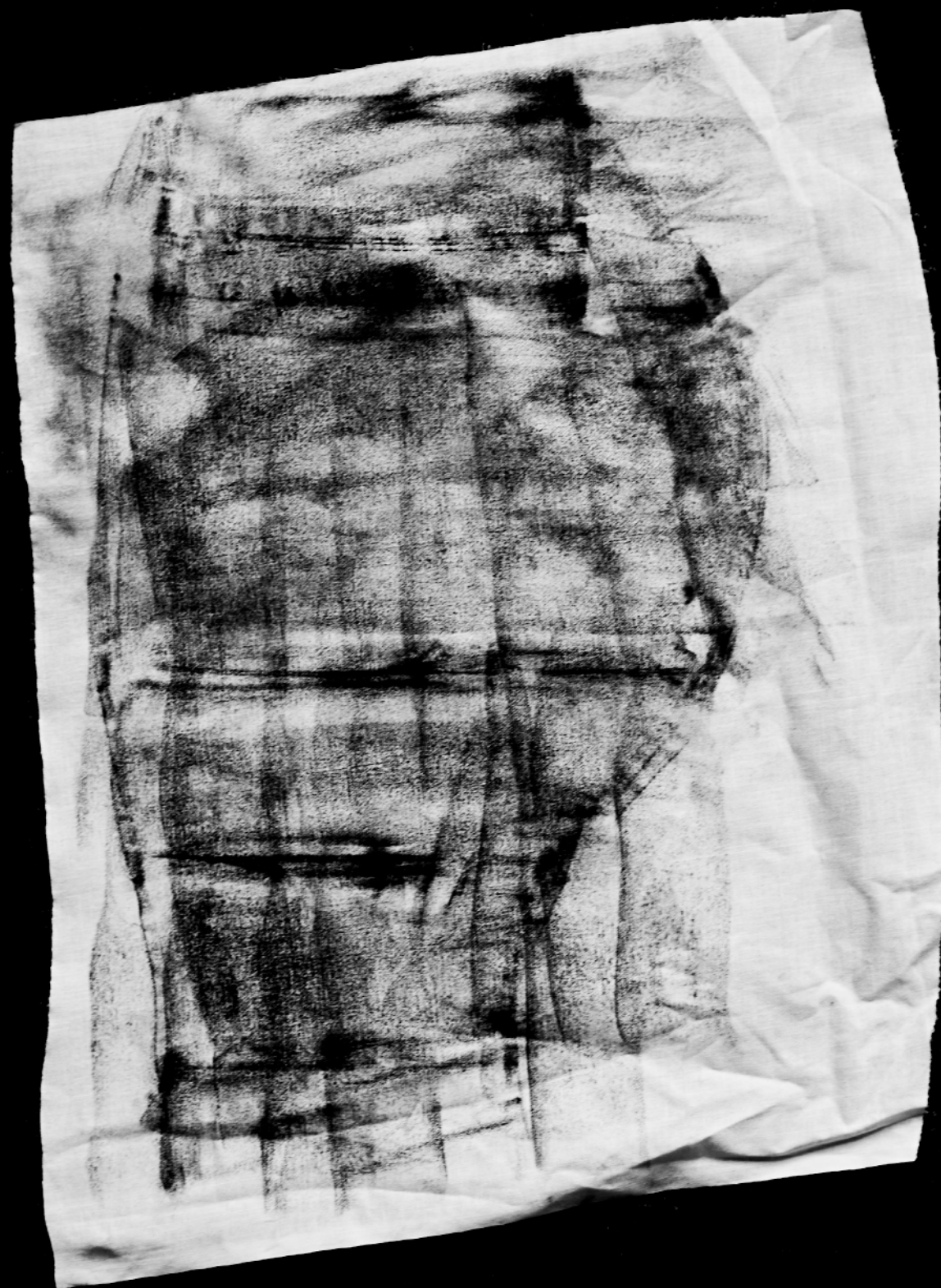
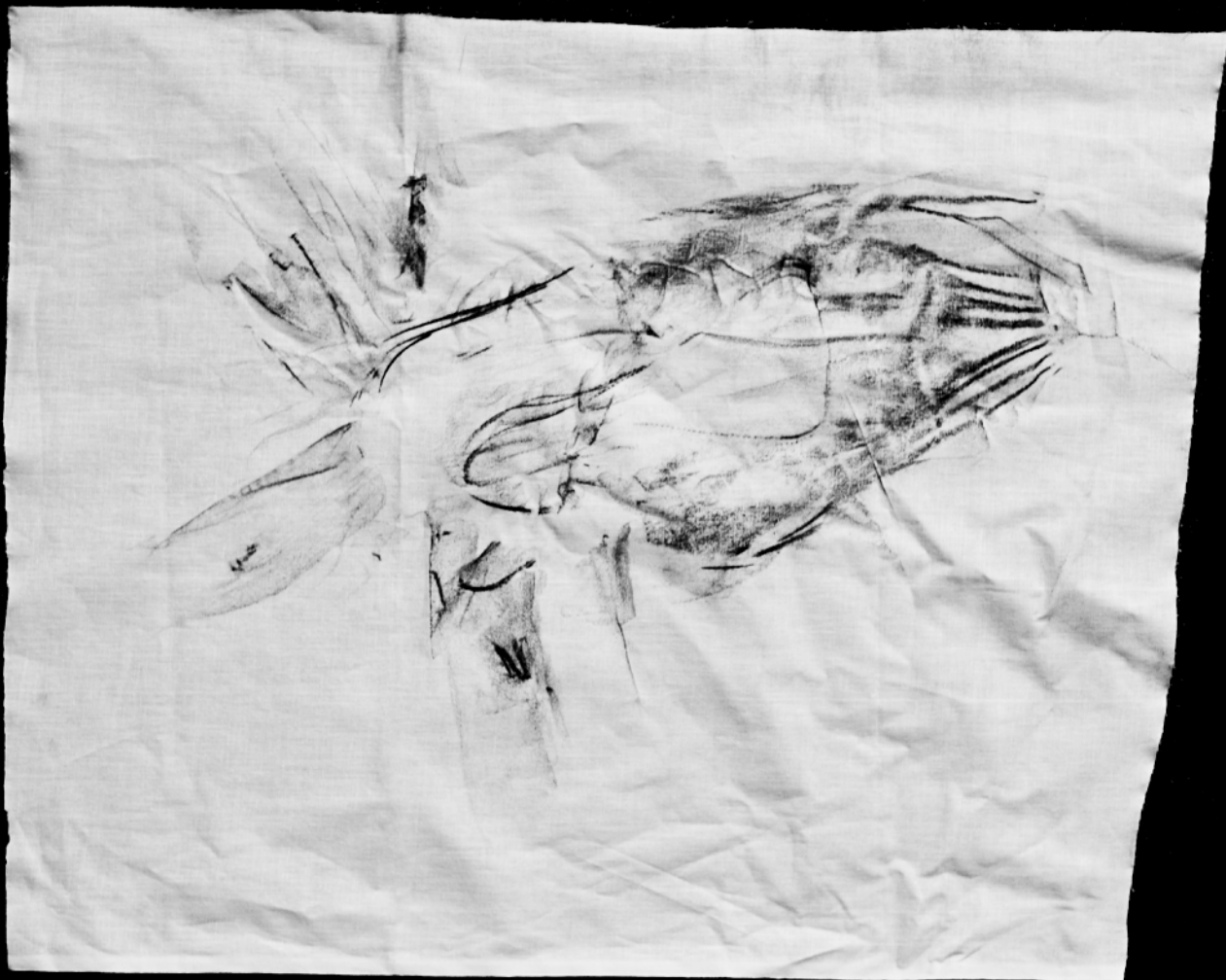
Que pudiese su propia imagen verse estigmatizada con las arrugas de los dolores y de los pensamientos, y pudiese la imagen retratada conservar, mientras tanto, la delicada lozanía y gentileza de su hasta entonces apenas consciente juventud.

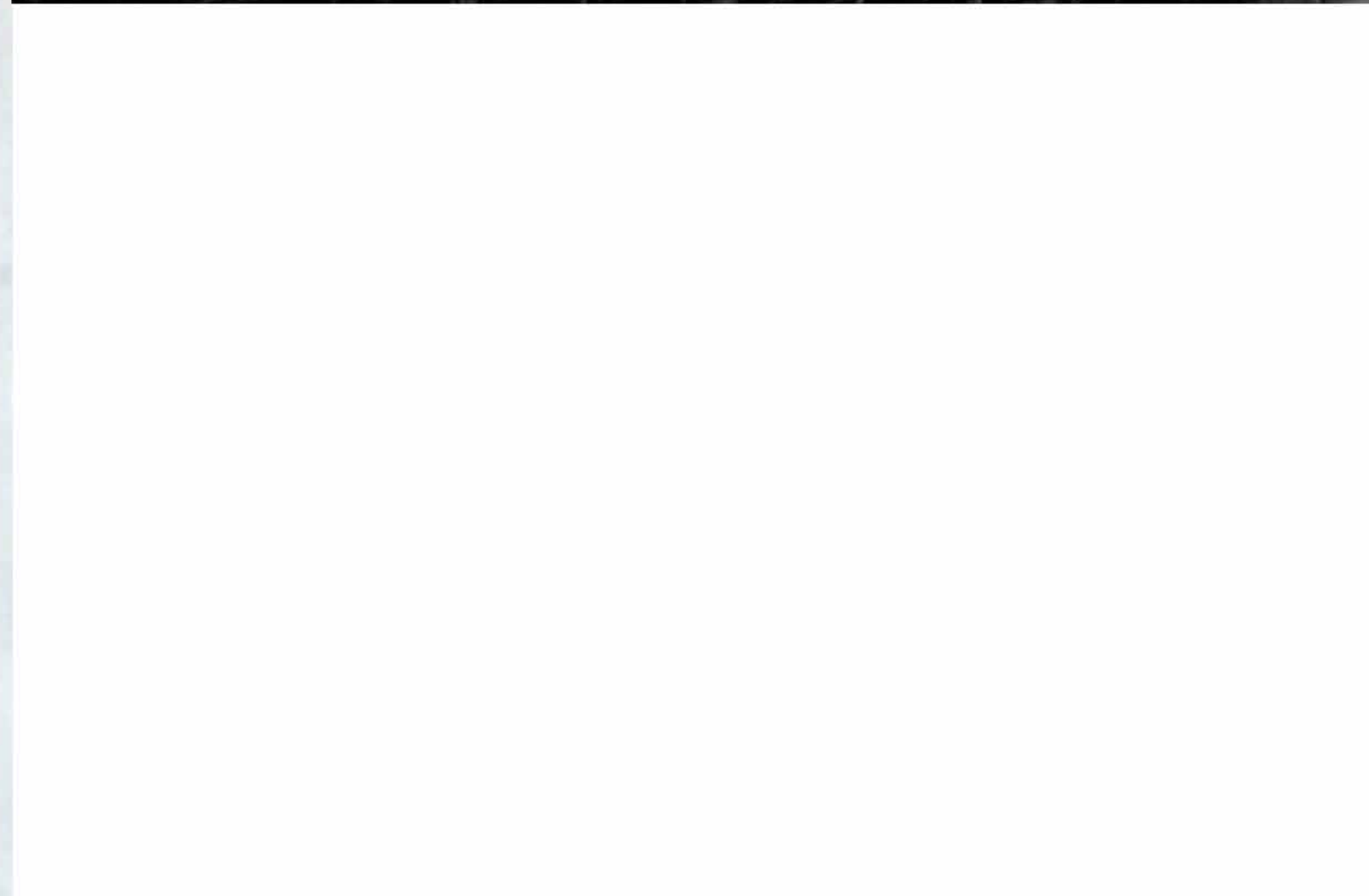
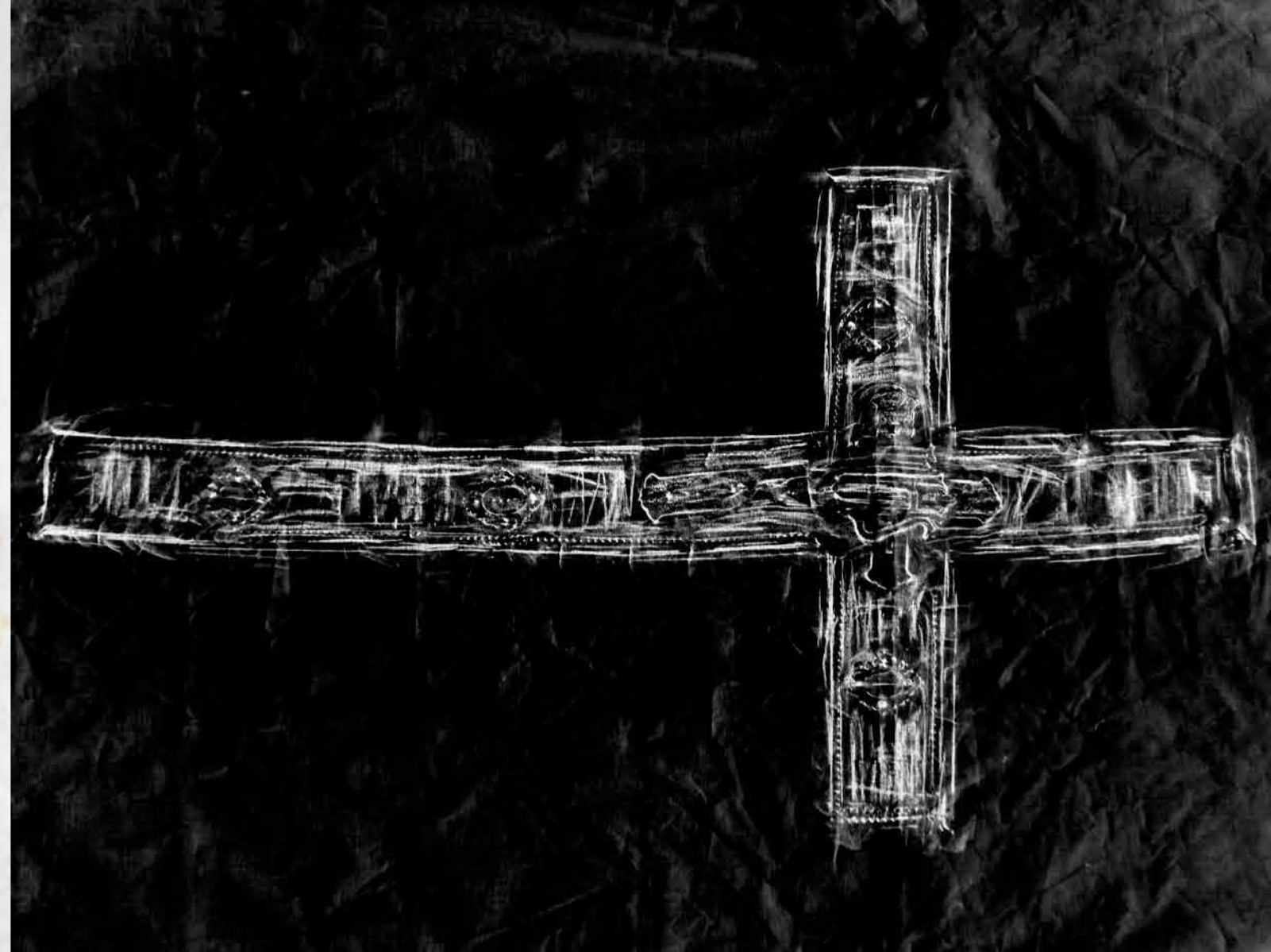
That his own image might be stigmatised with the wrinkles of pains and thoughts, and that the portrayed image might retain, in the meantime, the delicate freshness and gentleness of his hitherto barely conscious youth.



Maite de Oliveira





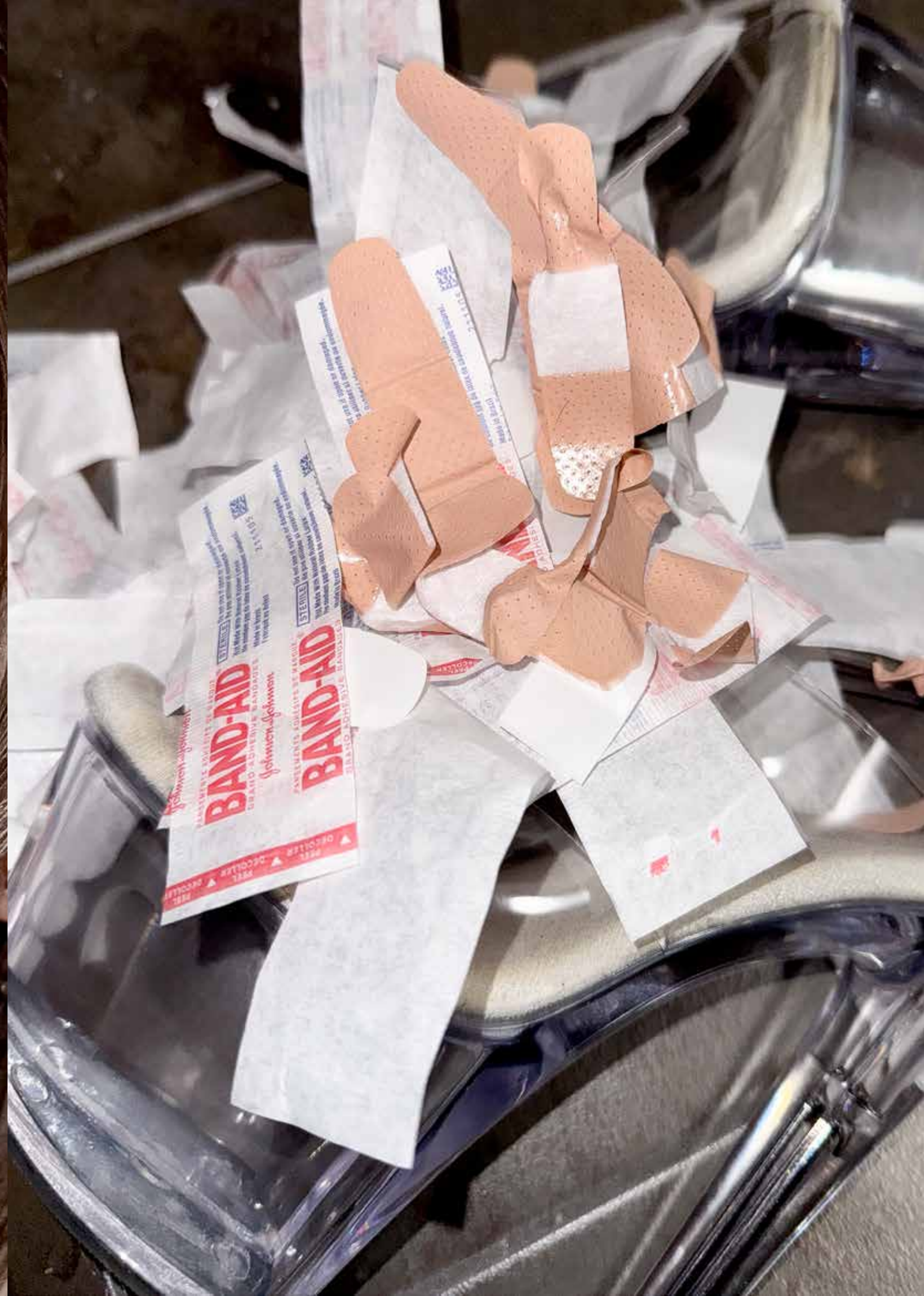


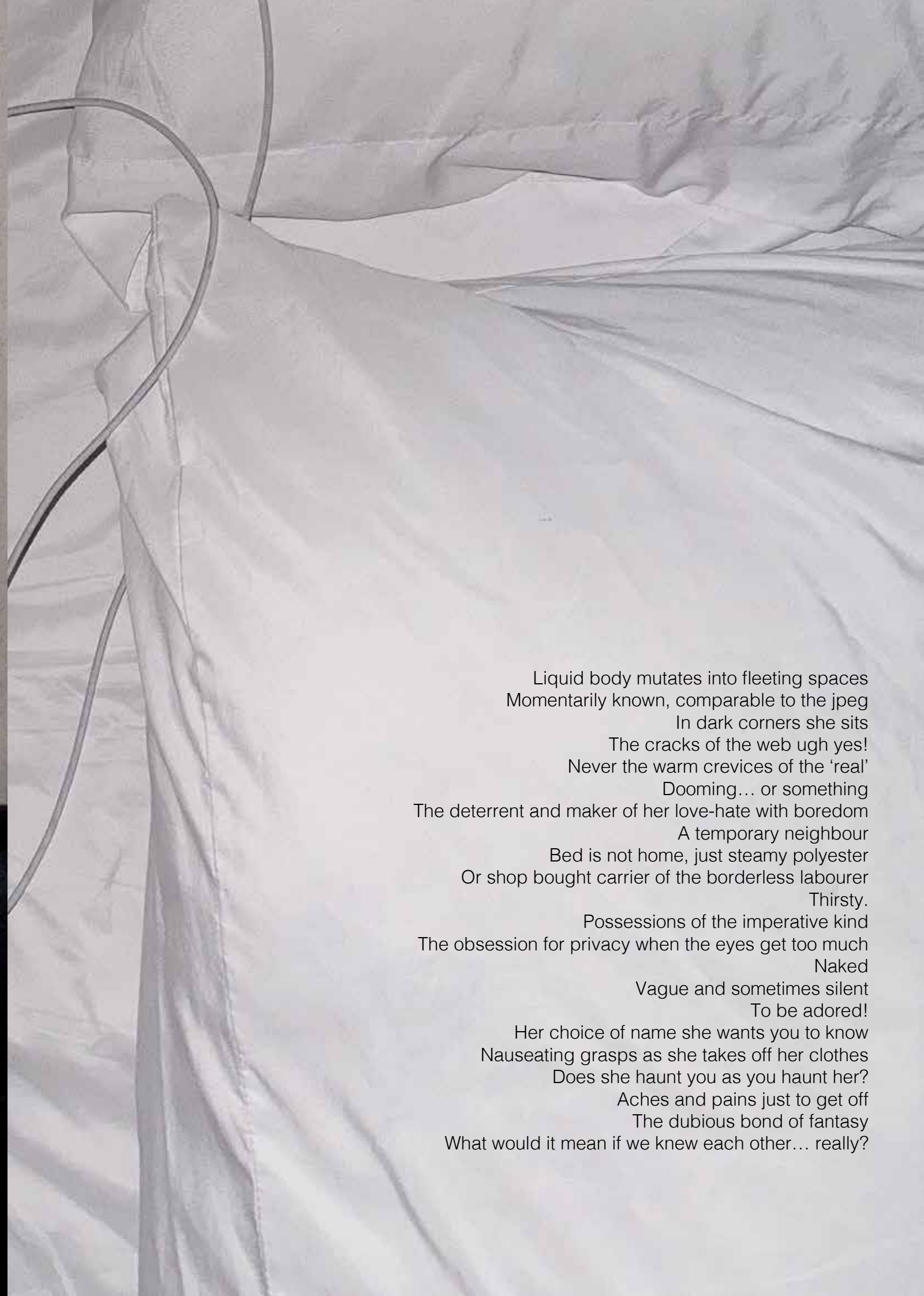
Ozzline
Mercedes











Liquid body mutates into fleeting spaces
Momentarily known, comparable to the jpeg
In dark corners she sits
The cracks of the web ugh yes!
Never the warm crevices of the 'real'
Dooming... or something
The deterrent and maker of her love-hate with boredom
A temporary neighbour
Bed is not home, just steamy polyester
Or shop bought carrier of the borderless labourer
Thirsty.
Possessions of the imperative kind
The obsession for privacy when the eyes get too much
Naked
Vague and sometimes silent
To be adored!
Her choice of name she wants you to know
Nauseating grasps as she takes off her clothes
Does she haunt you as you haunt her?
Aches and pains just to get off
The dubious bond of fantasy
What would it mean if we knew each other... really?





Raül
Gubín
Mustacho

¿Por qué tendremos una tía tan temerosa de caerse de espaldas?

Contemplo una idea de mimesis de la imagen abordada desde la relación que existe entre la pintura y la literatura. Desde el preproceso de creación hasta la imagen final, la imagen, es afecta directamente por la memoria, la cual juega un papel importante en todo el proceso que lleva a algo, en este caso desde una mirada pictórica. También el ente ciudad me genera una inevitable afectación física, gestionada desde lo corporal, pero donde existe un espacio mental creado a partir del propio territorio.

El ir y venir de mi casa al estudio ocurre al mismo tiempo que la suerte de lenguaje literario que genero en mi cuaderno de notas; apuntes sobre la ciudad, sobre experiencias vividas, sobre materiales, etc. Todo esto le da la importancia y el goce que hay en la imagen, en mi caso, pictórica.

El cuadro es atravesado por la mancha, la forma y la literatura.

El cuadro es el espacio individual por excelencia, el espacio elemental (esencial) del cuerpo. Es el espacio de otros espacios, donde se encajan; de los líquidos su espesura, de la mancha los vacíos y de los cuerpos su forma.

Van desplegándose las formas por toda la tela buscando el lugar para poder salir, pero parecen estar encerradas, como si algo hubiese decidido que ese es el espacio que les corresponde.

La mancha no es arbitraria, esta aparece y desaparece según la forma a la que acompañe. El cuerpo—tanto el pintado en el cuadro, como el mío físico— es el que decide según su movimiento (este sí arbitrario) que textura adquiere la mancha, el fondo.

Es un instante del dejarse ir en el que de repente resuena un eco para darnos cuenta de que sí, la pintura está en la tela. No nos encontramos en el mar, ni en la montaña, ni en la ciudad. Pero este es el motivo donde nos encontramos, en la pared. Mientras estoy bailando, estoy pensando que otra forma tenemos de encontrarnos, el suelo.

El día de Sant Jordi recordé el color que es imposible para ti, como ahora también para mí. En el recorrido de una punta a otra del bastidor, observo las mismas manchas. Desde entonces ya no hay mancha, ni observo.

No me interesa sensibilizar, pero sí, la práctica de ser sensible, es decir, conmigo mismo. Cada vez que golpeo con el martillo, tengo un segundo en el que salgo de la disociación completa de estar en un proceso que lleva a algo.

De las siete para las ocho pensaba en el marrón del azafrán y en el olor a olivo. Viendo como el brazo se estiraba hasta parecer una vara de hierro, para entonces escuchar el estrépito del comienzo del despliegue del mantel -con bordados de tres piernas- y verlo caer sobre la mesa a la perfección.

De las diez a las once pensaba en que la pata de la silla de metal no se introdujese entre las maderas y en la mancha del marrón rojizo del café en la piel, del sol.

“¿Por qué tendremos una tía tan temerosa de caerse de espaldas?”
Acrílico sobre lienzo





Why would we have an aunt so afraid of falling backwards?

I contemplate an idea of mimesis of the image approached from the relationship between painting and literature.

From the pre-process of creation to the final image, the image is directly affected by the memory, which plays an important role in the whole process that leads to something, in this case from a pictorial point of view. The entity of the city also generates an inevitable physical affectation, managed from the corporal, but where there is a mental space created from the territory itself.

The coming and going from my house to the studio occurs at the same time as the sort of literary language that I generate in my notebook; notes about the city, about lived experiences, about materials, etc. All this gives it the importance and enjoyment that there is in the image, in my case pictorial.

The painting is traversed by stain, form and literature.

The painting is the individual space par excellence, the elemental (essential) space of the body. It is the space of other spaces, where they fit together; of liquids their thickness, of the stain their emptiness and of bodies their form.

The forms unfold all over the canvas looking for a place to come out, but they seem to be enclosed, as if something had decided that this is the space that corresponds to them. The stain is not arbitrary, it appears and disappears according to the form it accompanies. It is the body-both the one painted in the painting and my physical body- the one that decides according to its movement (which is arbitrary) what texture the stain, the background, acquires.

It is an instant of letting go in which suddenly an echo resounds to make us realise that yes, the painting is on the canvas. We are not at the sea, nor in the mountains, nor in the city. But this is the motif where we are, on the wall. While I'm dancing, I'm thinking that another way we have to meet, the floor.

On Sant Jordi's day I remembered the colour that is impossible for you, as it is now also for me. From one end of the frame to the other, I see the same stains. Since then there is no more stain, nor do I observe.

I am not interested in sensitising, but in the practice of being sensitive, that is to say, with myself. Every time I hit with the hammer, I have a second in which I come out of the complete dissociation of being in a process that leads to something.

From seven to eight o'clock I was thinking about the brown of the saffron and the smell of the olive tree. Watching as the arm stretched until it looks like a rod of iron, only to hear the clatter of the beginning of the unfurling of the tablecloth - with three-legged embroidery - and seeing it fall to perfection on the table.

From ten to eleven o'clock I was thinking about the metal chair leg not getting in between the timbers and the reddish-brown coffee stain on the skin from the sun.



Love

CHAPTER 1
ECHO PARK

Benny

Sandra’s arms wrap around me. We’re back in her bedroom, back in love, far from that nightmare LA. It’s sunny, which either means Sandra’s parents have accepted me or worse, that I’ve overslept. A shoe nudges me awake. Is it her father? I snap awake.

No camping in the park, a cop grunts, kicking me again.

I get up as the cop moves on to harasses the others sleeping beside Echo Park Lake. I’m wet and freezing and want to weep, but instead I open Instagram. Despite my blinding, crushing hangover, I remember that I’d found that bastard, late last night, drunk on rage and vodka. I flick through my phone and find the prick’s profile and even better, he’s now posted a story.

Intern needed. Dumber the better. Must be down to be exploited and treated like trash. JK. BUT DMS WILL BE LEFT ON SEEN, NO DOUBLE TAP LIKES - JUST COME TO STORIES’ BACK PATIO!

Naturally, I begin to gather up my things.

Nate

Even at 11am there’s nowhere to park in LA and I circle Sunset for the fifth time. I can’t stand this town. I’ve been trying to flee for years, but something always drags me back. My clingy sister, my Craftsman full of trash, some woman I fall in love with for a few nights and then awkwardly say hi to forever after. Some people move around, make something of themselves, others waste away their lives inside scammy natural wine bars or searching for free parking.

I’m 44, single, have two roommates in their 20s, one is filthy, leaves their rusting razors in the shower, toothpaste smeared across the sink. The other roomie is way cleaner, has a job and girlfriend and hardly comes home at all, or was until last weekend when he turned up with a dog. For a couple of days he doted on the dog, grooming it, posting pics on Instagram, close ups of the dog’s marbled eyes, but I guess he got bored and forgot about his new pet toy because he hasn’t been back in days. So now I care for the dog. Walk it. Feed it. Pick up its shit day and night, I think he has a lot of anxiety to go to the bathroom this often. I feel bad for it, it whines and weeps constantly, or maybe I just feel bad for myself. Which is why I posted about an intern this morning. A kid to do my bidding, to wait on my every word, to take care of me? I couldn’t believe I hadn’t thought of this internship racket sooner. I squeeze my car into a spot near the lake. Is it cringe to admit that finding free parking is more thrilling than sex?

Even though I posted ‘no DMs,’ the DMs came fast and furious. Most are my square friends mocking me from Westside tech campuses, one from an old flame who just had a baby and seems bored, posting pics of her Silverlake condo, Eames chairs, homemade sourdough pizza crusts, the usual outlets for a libido that has neither sex nor art nor death to chase after, though she sexts me PG pics from time to time, doing yoga or oiling her legs or biting into a blueberry. And what is this internship? I run a reading series called Missed Connections, have for years. I started it a decade ago to build a scene, get my name out there, but little turns out the way you plan. Even

now, I’ve walked halfway to Stories before realizing there’s street cleaning in an hour and return to my car to find a different spot.

Cruising alongside Echo Park Lake, I admit that I’ve failed and should give up. Maybe move to Missoula or Kansas City or anyone of the third-tier cities people my age are starting over in. Or at least I could start having an affair with the Silverlake mom, she’s age appropriate, I mean it wouldn’t be that bad would it? Sorry, I’m prone to fantasy. Can you blame me? I am a writer, after all.

The Silverlake mommy is less sad than what flashed through my mind at the reading last night. A USC kid had contacted me and offered to host a reading in his dorm. And after the literary establishment had long since turned its back on me—rejecting every novel I wrote, article I pitched, event I proposed—someone expressing interest in my series was enough to have me wasting 45 minutes looking for free parking around USC, another 15 minutes getting totally lost on that labyrinthine campus, before finally arriving at the dorm. By then I’d begun to regret agreeing to this whole night, but then the elevator deposited me to the 8th floor and to my disbelief it was packed: nearly 100 students crammed into the room and spilling into the hallway. The readings weren’t even half bad, even if I couldn’t understand a word these kids said. This cute student from Kansas City kept saying fire, noz, that I was giving Dawson’s Creek. It was all incomprehensible, but when you’re as unsuccessful as me, you take what you can get. Meanwhile she began taking selfies of us, hanging all over me, cornering me by the closet and offering me a ketamine nasal spray. The ketamine was kicking in when she popped the question: What are you up to after this? And then, thank God, security broke up the reading, kicking me off campus before I could catch the student’s name, let alone her number or socials.

Back at my place this morning, scrubbing one roommate’s dishes and feeding the other’s dog, the intern con came to me like lightening. A young, ambitious intern could salvage my series, my career, my life. Being an artist is both so embarrassing and inspiring, our faith to trudge on despite society, the world and God himself begging us to stop somehow noble, admirable even. I suppose this is the burden of being an artist, of being born with this magical creative gift, or as it increasingly feels, this incurable disease.

I find parking and grab coffee and install myself on Stories’s back patio. How many hours of my life have I wasted here? Even now I’m on the internet trying to track down that stunning USC student when this kid rolls up to my table. He looks young, almost like he’s in middle school, but he’s handsome, skin inflated with collagen, his bright blue eyes nervous, shifty, but clear and bright, reminding me of the stray back at my house, hopeful I’ll feed him, but scared I may just as likely kick him in his teeth.

Benny

The second I get to Stories’s back patio, I spot him. Nate’s way past his prime, nothing like the photo Sandra posted, a photo that broke me, a photo that made me consider drowning myself in Echo Park Lake, until Frances, that saint among men, said, Take it easy, brother, and passed me a handle of vodka.

Though a hangover hammers at the crown of my skull (or maybe that’s just where the cop kicked me awake), seeing Nate in person lifts my spirits. The guy wears skinny jeans and an ugly blazer. His skin’s ashy, face bloated and fleshy, his hair’s thinning. Not only a boomer, but an aging one too.

Hurrying past him, I lock myself inside the bathroom and look at myself in the mirror. I’m 18 and not unhandsome, my hair so black it almost looks purple. My lips are thin, like my nose, which

has a hook in it from when one of my mom's old boyfriends threw a baseball at my face. Mom still blames me, says I suck at sports and scare everyone away. Needless to say, she wasn't surprised when Sandra stopped answering my calls. Who can blame her? Mom had asked, cracking open the morning's second White Claw.

Stories's bathroom isn't clean, but it's an oasis compared to the latrines at the lake and I thaw my hands beneath the hot water. Everyone says LA's summery year round, but fuck it gets cold at night. After sharing his handle of vodka, Frances pressured me to stay in his tent, said I'd freeze outside, and after I declined tossed me a blanket. But the comforter smelled sour, like Frances, so I layered on all my clothes and curled up with my phone, desperate to dox the jerk that Sandra had posted, I recall now, brushing my teeth at the sink in Stories' bathroom, catching fractured glimpses of my frothy mouth in the graffitied mirror.

After the cops kicked me awake, I'd circled the lake, recalling every time I should've listened to Sandra. I never listened. That was my big problem. Not when she told me about USC, not when she low key broke up with me before her graduation trip to Italy, and not when she'd said she didn't want me to visit LA. So I packed a bag, bought a ticket, and though mom said that I shouldn't go, that was a bitch and groveling after Sandra only proved it, I went anyway and took the Flyaway bus from LAX to Union Station and boarded the subway to USC where everyone was plucked and waxed, pumped full of muscles and botox and Sandra wasn't answering my calls, but I'd assumed as much, she'd ghosted me since Milan. When I found her in a quad, I didn't expect her to be surrounded by so many friends, suitors, prospects, def not the 'poet' who called me 'toxic' for 'stalking' her, that Sandra had told everyone about her 'problematic ex,' that I should go back to Mississippi where I belonged and what hurt most was Sandra didn't even correct the guy about where we were from.

I think that's when I broke down, I can't remember anymore as Stories's bathroom door handle rattles to life and I say, Out in a second! and squeeze a ketchup bottle of hand soap into my palm, lather it up and begin to shave. I'm young, but I'm formal, well groomed, not like that disgusting old man Nate outside who probably didn't even bother showering off Sandra's coconut-scented sweat. And why would he? I never would again if she'd ever have me back.

Numb and broken, I'd climbed aboard the first bus that stopped before me. Inside it was freezing and filled with homeless people and I got off at a plaza full of encampments and immigrants selling mismatched socks and busted alarm clocks and I ate something cheap and then boarded another bus until that one slid by the lake dotted with the swan shaped paddle boats and that's when I got off.

Going home was out of the question, I couldn't face my mom, her cruel smirk, probably would start posting TikTok videos about her 'cucked son' in no time at all, probably already had. So I stalked Sandra's Instagram until later that night when she posted pics of a dorm party, selfies with that 'ally poet' reading to an audience, and then others with this old dude, his arm draped over her shoulder, her cheek pressed into his face, a greying 5'clock shadow on his chin. Who was this guy? Was it her new boyfriend? The question tormented me until Frances took pity on me, patted my shoulder, said I'd be ok and shoved a bottle of Taka vodka into my hands and I began drinking his while he laughed and spoke to himself and offered me again and again his tent, but I said I was fine, fury and booze and idiocy keeping me warm as I studied the pic of Sandra and the older man, prowling her and her friends' pages for clues until late at night when I finally found the prick. One perk of being Gen Z is that we can track down anyone NSA style. Nate's popular, cultured, everything I'm not. He runs a reading series for fucks sake. Whatever I hate books. Who even reads? And the more I learned the more I drank Frances's rancid liquor, unsure after a while if it was actually vodka or just watered down rubbing alcohol, and at some point I began sobbing, at least my mom wasn't around to mock me for 'being on the rag,' as she

complained anytime I got emotional. By then it was late and the crowds at the park had cleared out, the swan paddle boats docked and I crawled to the lip of the lake, peered at my inky reflection, wanted to drown myself but instead puked up everything and passed out. And now inside Stories's bathroom, blowdrying my washed hair beneath the hand dryer, someone bangs on the door: Bro, hurry the hell up!

Outside the bathroom is a small, surly crowd. For a moment they all look up from the glow of their cellphones and stare at me, but I don't care. I shoulder my way through them and head outside onto Stories' back patio. It's warm, a milky light filtering in through the overhead shade covers stretched above. For a second I worry that Nate has left while I got ready in the bathroom, but only for a second. My hangover clears as I approach Nate's table and introduce myself, pumping his soft hand up and down, gushing that I'm obsessed with his reading series and that I'd be thrilled to be considered as an intern, except I'm not thinking about his stupid reading series or his silly internship, instead I'm plotting how I can use this washed up Gen-Xer to get back at Sandra, the woman who broke my heart.



Sofia Soar

Visité a Gabriela en sueños. Estaba sentada en un avión, miraba por la ventana. Hablaba con gestos grandes y sonrisa. Su voz no sonaba, pero yo entendía lo que decía.

Abajo había una cordillera de muchos tonos, árboles de muchos tipos. Cientos de toros cruzaban en estampida una colina, atravesando la tierra roja. El sol doraba el color de todo, su piel negra brillaba, se sentía la tierra vibrar. El rojo se esparcía por el aire a cámara lenta y nosotras cada vez estábamos más cerca, como si el avión hiciera zoom y nos llevara allí abajo.

De pronto uno de los toros se giró hacia mí y me miró con violencia. Se paralizó el tiempo de los sueños, y entonces se alejó el zoom de mi vista y me fui de ese avión y de la risa de mi abuela.



Despertando de un sueño
vestido . gabriela
fondo . sofia

I visited Gabriela in a dream. She was sitting on a plane, looking through the window. She was talking with big smile and big gestures. Her voice didn't sound, but I could understand what she was saying. Below, there was a mountain range of many shades, trees of many kinds. Hundreds of bulls were stampeding across a hill, crossing the red ground. The sun gilded the color of everything, their black skin glowed, you could feel the earth vibrate. The red spread through the air in slow motion and we were getting closer and closer, as if the plane zoomed in and took us down there. Suddenly one of the bulls turned to me and looked at me violently. The time inside dreams stopped and then it zoomed out of my sight and I walked away from that plane and my grandmother's laughter.



Me despertó ella.
-Sofi ya son las siete.
-Sí abuela, te oí dando rastrillo bien temprano.
Apenas puedo hablar o abrir los ojos, ella me habla rápido y alto.
-Si niña ya barri lavé regué las matas, no quería que me cogiera el sol. Voy a cortar una mano de plátano y me pongo a coser, tengo muchos encargos y hoy dicen cortan

Gabriela remienda un pantalón, una camiseta, otra, un vestido, otro, otro... yo tejo círculos rojos con su hilo.
-Mira niña, mira esto. ¿Tú te crees que la gente haga estos remiendos? Pero yo lo arreglo, no cojo lucha-.
Agarra el teléfono
-Beatriz, ya está listo el pullover. 60 pesos -. Cuelga.
-Ay abuela con eso no te da ni pa una libra de tomate.

She woke me up. "Sofi, it's already seven o'clock". "Yes, grandmother, I heard you ranking very early". I can't even talk nor open my eyes, and she speaks to me fast and loud. "Yes, girl, I already swept, washed and watered the bushes. I didn't want to get caught in the sun. I'm gonna cut a hand of bananas and then I'll start sewing, I have a lot of orders and today they say they're cutting the electricity at eleven". Gabriela mends a pair of pants, a t-shirt, another one, a dress, another one... I knit red circles with her thread. "Look, girl, look at this. Do you believe people can make this patches? But I fix it, I don't pick a fight". She picks up the phone. "Beatriz, the pullover is ready. 60 pesos". She hangs up. "Ay grandma, that won't even buy you a pound of tomatoes".



Bueno niña, viste lo poco que tardé.

Ah, Sofi! dícame Tamara "Gaby, a ver si me puedes coser esas cortinas rápido porque miya, sino, le da el sol al televisor" Y dígoles yo: Y por qué no lo cubres? Me dice "Ay Gaby, verdad!".

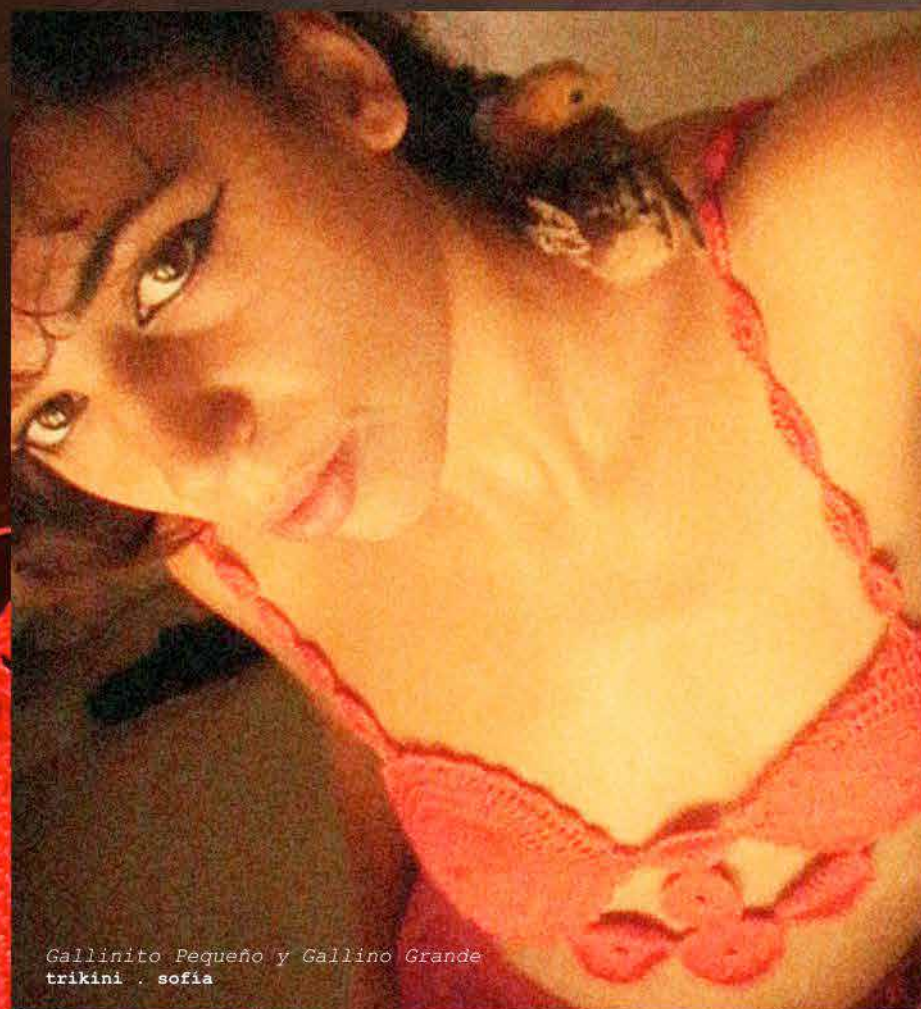
No se le había ocurrido, ella no había pensado en eso...

Niña, qué lindo eso que haces, ¿es un trikini? Cuando yo era jovencita diseñé el primer trikini, el primero yo creo porque cuando aquello ni existían. Se me ocurrían diseños, los dibujaba y mi madre los cosía.

Yo diseñaba mucho. En la escuela me encargaban a mí el mural de la moda. Pero bueno, el sueño se nubló, la necesidad, fui madre, la pobreza, esas cosas. Cuando se fue de Cuba tu madre me dio por tejer más crochet y tejía y me inventaba patrones y tejía y tejía. Y ya después de vieja es que me puse a coser. Es como si mi madre y mi hermana me hayan mandado su don desde el cielo.

Y mira, ahora soy la costurera del barrio"-.

"Well, girl, you saw how fast I am. Ah Sofi! You know what Tamara said? "Gaby, let's see if you can sew those curtains quickly, please, because miya, otherwise the sun will hit the TV" And I said "Then, why don't you cover it? And she said "Oh Gaby, you're so right!", It hadn't occurred to her, she didn't think of it... Girl, how beautiful what you are doing, is it a trikini? When I was young I designed the first trikini, the first one I think because back then they didn't exist. I would come up with designs, I would draw them and then my mother would sew them. I used to design a lot. At school I was in charge of the fashion wall. But that dream became cloudy, the need, poverty, I became a mother... those things. When your mum left Cuba I started to crochet more than ever. And I would made up patrons and knitted and knitted. And after I got older I started sewing, it's as if my mother and my sister sent me their gift from heaven. And look at me, now I'm the neighborhood seamstress".



Gallinito Pequeño y Gallino Grande
trikini . sofia



GABRIELA

a los que se fueron, y a los que están

Suzannah
Pittierow

A constellation of cherries,
A fruitless repetition compulsion,
A continuous feedback loop.

Do you attempt to catch the shadow to prove it exists?
Please teach me how to codify in this inflation era.
I hear my unpublished phantom noises,
dancing in the background to the point of disconnection.

A force, a pull.
Like the raising and the falling of tides
and shoes on sticky floors.

THANKS FOR THE SPIRAL. *(ACT 11)*



WE ARE TOLD THAT DREAMS ARE ONLY TRUE IF YOU'RE A STAR.

Even a collapsed star,
in the wings waiting for a comeback.
I need their blue light,
because I can't sleep in the dark.



(ACT 13)

The parameters of star quality expands,
with the zeitgeist
and gravity
and right place
and right time.

Universe



我通过情景颠倒，角色变换，政治时差旅行
来感知生命的实验性

我是那一只主体性觉醒的猴子
在有限的生命政治框架内
摸索已编程的世界代码

我在自己的脚本中流泪
同时我在自己的脚本中欢耀

我的心理空间不过是几行代码的范围
我的叙事从生命的绽放到死亡的不可感知的距离中
衰败，呼吸，摇摆

只有我想起自己是实验室的一只猴子
叙事就像微风
它经过，它仅仅是经过我

设定者
一言不发，
于是我在微风中穿越了漫长的时间

那里什么也没有

I travel through situation reversals, role plays, political jet lags
to perceive the experimental nature of life

I am the monkey with an awakened subjectivity
Within the limited framework of biopolitics
Fumbling with the codes of a programmed world

I shed tears in my own script
And at the same time I shine in my own script

My psychological space is just a few lines of code away
My narrative goes from the distance between
The blooming of life to the imperceptible death
Decaying, breathing, swaying

Only if I remember that I am a monkey in a laboratory
The narrative is like a breeze
It passes, it just passes me

The setter
who is silent,
So I traverse the long long time in the breeze

There was nothing there

2022-0606



他脱去外衣
在山野里月光的沐浴下跳舞
伴随着夜晚的噪音
自恋得看着舞动的零碎的倒影
与野风共鸣

回忆了短暂的一生
那些瞬间像闪烁的微光落在眼前的湖面
却又被一波又一波暗涌覆灭
他摘下了眼镜，湿润了焦点
飘忽不定的光斑
让他怀疑存在的机制

幻想着用献祭般的姿态
与自然同步
渴望你们记得
但是逐渐寒冷的身体如同全息投影一般
虚实难定

这是他最接近浪漫的时刻
他幻想中的“大写的我”有了清晰的模样
— 那是烈火的化身

他终于释怀了
想起一个让他恐惧死亡的女人
他嘲笑着她的懦弱
想告诉她 接近死亡十分美妙

直到他所有的意志力都被死亡迷惑了
他的生命机能也被山野的神怪们消耗殆尽
他想告诉她 接近死亡十分美妙

他朝着月球背面的方面奔跑
触摸所有植物的纹理
四处悬挂着堕落的灵韵

几个小时后，日光逐渐苏醒
这个时候他是否还有生活的勇气
我们并不知道
在这个一年中最孤独的日子里

可是他再也没有力气了

他完成了一次对未来的笃定的书写
他满足了一次对热烈的假设

2021-1111

<p>They took off their coat Dancing under the moonlight in the mountains With the noise of the night Narcissistically look at moving fragments of the reflection Resonates with the wild wind</p> <p>The memory of a short life Those were like glimmers of light falling on the lake in front of their eyes But again by a wave of dark surge collapse They removed glasses and moistened focus A flickering spot of light Make they doubt the mechanism of existence</p> <p>Fantasizing about immolate gestures Synchronisation nature paces “I want you to remember” But gradually the cold body is like a hologram Reality is indistinguishable from illusion</p> <p>It was the closest they got to romance The imaginary “capital ME” shaped sharply -- It is the incarnation of fire</p> <p>They finally got over the pain Fear of death warned by a woman They laughed at her cowardice Aspiring to tell her how wonderful it is to be near death</p>	2021-1111	<p>♥</p> <p>这些文本是自我身体内部唯一真实的东西 其余的，终究被文明所阉割和消弥。</p> <p>我从不能停止怀疑此刻 但是回望过去的时候 却能够带着文学的态度 去接纳那一刻</p> <p>这个给过去盖棺定论的过程 仍然是无法面对真实的自己 所以要树立一道高墙 让所有此刻的信息都在此刻过期 且无人问津</p> <p>直到未来的某一天 我拾起这些信息 并赋予神权 仿佛越了界的时间 才是感知的化身 不仅能够跨越高墙和读取虚弱的信息 还能在否定的废墟上自信得搭建起未来的主体</p> <p>我从不能停止怀疑此刻 在没有被时间反复检阅过的此刻 永远丢失在此刻的主体</p>
<p>Until all their powers of will were mesmerized by death Their life is being drained by the genie of the mountains Aspiring to tell her how wonderful it is to be near death</p> <p>They ran towards the far side of the moon Touched all textures The spirit of depravity hangs everywhere</p> <p>After a few hours, reality gradually turned up Whether they still has the courage to live at this time We don't know On the loneliest day of a year</p> <p>But their spirit has gone</p> <p>Has written a definitive account of the future Has satisfied an ardent hypothesis</p>		<p>2021-0301</p> <p>These texts come from the only real thing inside my body The rest were castrated and eliminated by civilisation after all</p> <p>I can never stop doubting this moment But when I look back able to take the literary attitude To accept the moment</p> <p>This process of concluding the past Still unable to face the true self So build a high wall Let all information at this moment expire at this moment And no one will revisit</p> <p>Until someday in the future I pick up this information and give it the power of god As if time has crossed the boundary Is the incarnation of perception Not only able to cross high walls and read weak twilight Can build the subject of future with confidence in the ruins of negation</p> <p>I can never stop doubting this moment At this moment that has not been reviewed repeatedly by time That the subject is lost forever at this moment</p>



2020-0903

聚集的词语
制造了叠加的困惑
麻醉了最后一个出口
词语在无力状态下纷纷离散

压制在声带中的词语
反复跳跃

是否割裂喉腔
就能够摧毁词语的储备
还是需要一个引火器
才能炸出漫天声响

这是一个方法论的问题

2020-0903

Congregated words
Created superimposed confusion
Anaesthetised the last exit
Words are dispersed in a state of powerlessness

Words Suppressed in the Vocal Cords
Jump repeatedly

Whether the throat cavity is cut
to destroy the reserve of words

Or need a flaming device
In order to blast out the sound into the sky

This is a question of methodology



2020-0721

我既不拍照
也不写作
那些惊人的时刻
我就藏着掖着直到自己遗忘吧

2020-0721

I don't photograph
neither writing
those astounding moments
I'll hide it until I forget it

Viper Blood

According to the Many Worlds interpretation (MWI), popularized by Hugh Everett and arguably pioneered by Erwin Schrödinger, there could be infinite versions of oneself existing simultaneously. This involves investigating the integration of macro and micro scales within the framework of quantum mechanics. A quantum superposition is the position occupied prior to an unperceivable alteration to state or outcome. It is an unresolved state where multiple outcomes still exist in potentiality. This would suggest that the collapse of superposition made either by observation, attention, or direct choice, would create a physical fork in the reality. The resulting effect, would be an alternate version of reality created, while the unwitnessed version would exist parallel to the outcome that was observed. While this occurs frequently on a subatomic level, it is postulated that quantum mechanics could be applicable on a macro scale, resulting in split realities. This would suggest that the creative power of our attention, and even more implicatingly- our choices could have the ability to rise for the possibility of infinite doppelgängers.

But what dictates a version of quantum self as correct? Which iteration is the most accurate arrangement of one's energetic composition, a body constantly arranging itself into the system of light- identifiable as you? Which series of seemingly insignificant choices can make the truest form of your likeness? In a sea of infinite doppelgängers existing in various realities, which is the imitation?

Could it be that choosing your player is plausibly the most natural form of expression? There is the possibility that there is no natural self, no pre-determined innate persona - only the one cultivated. It may be that the only natural and conscious co-creation with the surrounding forces of entropy and chaos of the expanding universe is the innate ability of choice. The double slit experiment probes the moulding potentiality of observation at the most subatomic levels of energy. It provides quantifiable data that energy- in its fundamentality- behaves in symbiosis with consciousness within a subatomic scale. The mind likely does, in fact, have a creative control over matter. Explored on macro scale, that is suggestive of your observational power, thoughts, and attention moulding the very particles that surround us and cultivate the energetic being. Conceivably, the pinnacle of realisation is through the curation of self and the realm you exist in. Would you co-create with the energy of nature rather than being directed and formed by your surroundings? Maybe your destiny is formulated by possibility, but you remain separated forever by a veil as thin as a layer of plastic, packaged as the iteration produced by your choices. Subtly separated from the mirrored infinity of long lost iterations of self simultaneously existing in other places. Is your most cognizant depiction of self your greatest act in this reality?

Who is the avatar and who is the self?

