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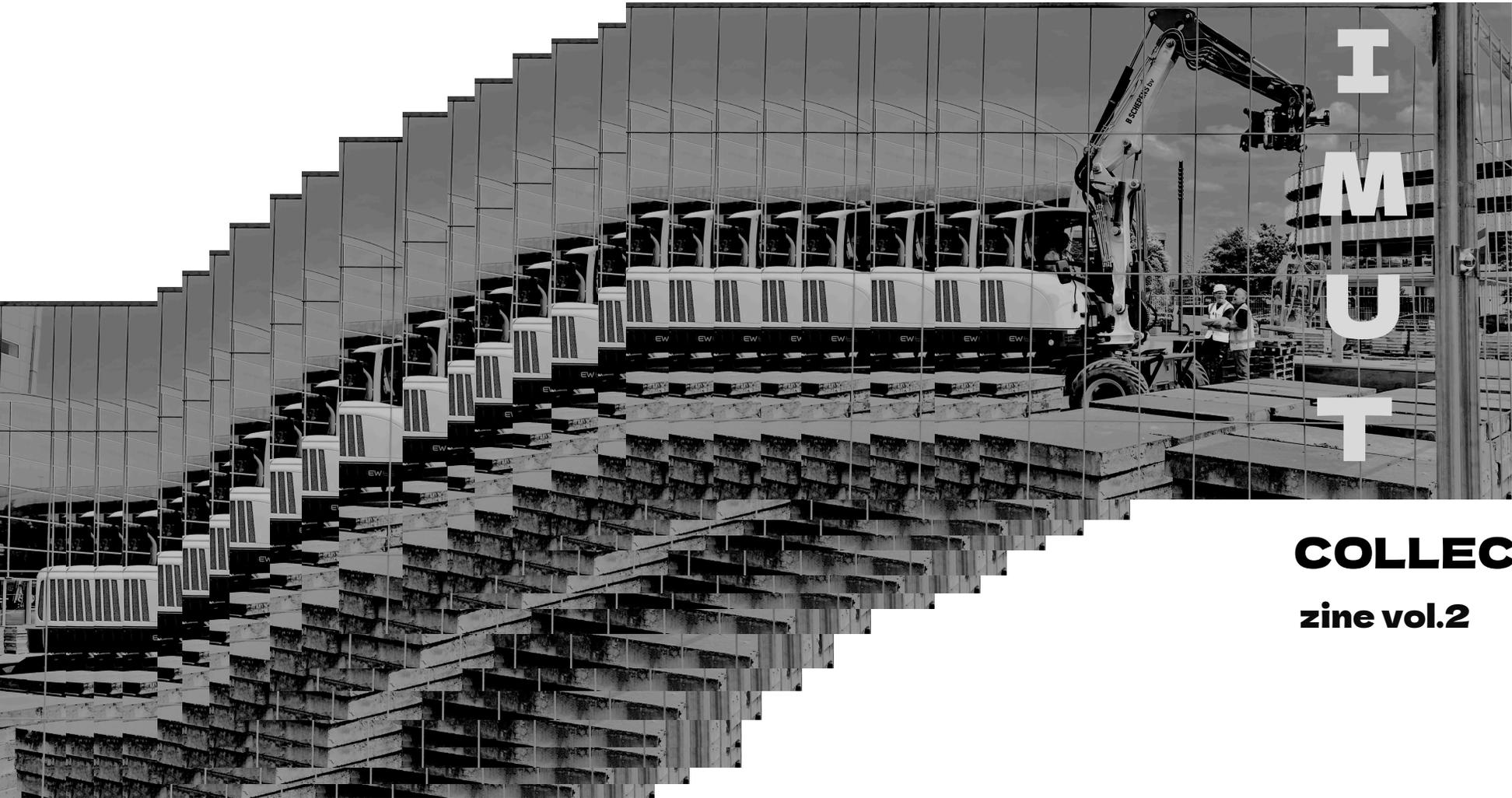
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COLLECTIVE

zine vol.2

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CARAVANE

Apporter sa pierre à l'édifice
De la maison du bonheur ?
C'est une caravane plutôt,
Ou une coquille sur ton dos.
Deux, trois photos
Et des vieilles fleurs,
Des habits donnés par ta mère
Et par d'autres femmes de ton cœur,
Ou trouvés dans les méandres
De la ville,
Comme ces fleurs.
Et des carnets à foison,
Pour écrire de ta maison.

CARAVAN

How do you build
A home?
It is more of a caravan,
Or a shell on your back.
Two, three photos
And old flowers,
Clothes given by your mother
And other women of your
heart
Or found in the meanders
Of the city
And notebooks galore,
To write of your home.

MAL-BAISÉS.

Ressentiments, biaisés, mal-baisés :
Les déconstruire en soufflant sur le château de cartes
Fragile et branlant de nos ressentiments.
Fragiles et branlants
Sont la plupart des gens.

WOBBLY.

Blow
on the
fragile and wobbly
house of cards
of our resentments.
Fragile and wobbly
Are most people.

COMMERCIAL SPACE FOR LEASE

you saw me standing. found
on a street with no lamps,
with a caribbean gun in my hand,
and a passion for some old, bombed into the
modernity town.
we lost eachother, or so they said on the plaque.
i thought i heard you through the pipes,
so I took my room apart,
but both ends were pitch black.
i searched the boxed basements above,
they didn't tell me to,
but the Man sells canned peaches nearby.
i tried their powdered packages of self-love.
i have to say, i hoped that maybe this room will
be bright,
but since we are shut let's dance,
and let our bodies forget the wish for air.
remember, the landlord comes at midnight.

I thought: No one told me the oh-so-delicious plantain chips came with a side of family tragedy.
Scientists estimate that a person's genetics account for 40 to 60 percent of their risk of developing substance abuse. Mental illness is another factor, which also runs in families. I've dabbled with the latter, fought my way away from the first -despite the felt proximity. I never did drugs, not really. My mom never fell into addiction.

I think of my mom. I think of the addicts of my life and the addictions I've denied and they make me think of all the people I've seen on streets cars subways begging and stumbling through the blur and the urge. You see when parents see them they take their kids away but when I see them I see myself and my future or at least a possible destiny and-

I say: I think I'm okay. I'm gonna go dance actually.
I enter the dancefloor. A Japanese metal band wearing rabbit masks is playing. 30 mins later
I see the man that offered me drugs hanging out with the drug awareness team of the party. I write in my notes: Mister "do you want to take a line" has been spotted in the "safe drug consumption" corner. Checks out. A drunk man offers to give me a strip tease. Says he will even do it for free. I leave the party.

The rain stops the minute I reach the shelter of my ground floor office.
I feel a bit sad.
Amidst all the pouring and crushing I forgot to observe the beauty of the lightning.
I put down the umbrella.
It can't save me now.
Can't conduct the thunder to me.

The sun comes back.
My feet are wet.
When this is all over, I might walk 30 minutes -dry them off,
get myself some vitamin D.

CONCRETE

pour your concrete into our valley of sighs
Build the factory of our earthly despise
The place to construct your will
For the very few, a castle on the hill
But know you cannot silence our cries
Construct on our bodies, their soul survives
Think not on the palace of your mind
For our hearts and goals, these walls lined
The tower is too tall to hear the screams of those who fall
And fall you will as time goes by
And the Earth lets out a farewell cry
Now too your bodies, in this meadow lay
Till dust to dawn to see another day

CÍM NÉLKÜL

ideiglenes alkalmazkodás a felnőtt élethez

inner goodness?
so much for that,
I see it in the
eyes - the judgement
(my inner judgement)
try to break down
into clean elements,
like that would explain anything

.
but even on the metro
I saw it written all
over her face
-this is the prime time
for guilt-free living,
sitting on this public transit
purgatory!
she smiles and pulls out
her music
she is definitely not listening
to a harp concerto
thats her own tragic flaw.

.
I would be
the provocative

protagonist,
and that way I could blame
this on the role -
use it to paint the walls,
it would be the metro
(free station)
i would listen to a
harp concerto,
put on somebody's skin
i saw yesterday.

A man at a club I went to last week offered that we take a line together.

I said I had to think about it.

I thought: how strange that we say take a line together. Two lines. Two people. The whole thing strikes me as rather solitary. You take a line. I take a line. Or I take a line. You take a line. It doesn't really matter. Does the mere fact of taking that fine line of chalk in a simultaneous reality necessarily induce some sort of proximity? I thought: how ironic that he criticizes the people that make up this party when he is part of the evil corrupting with envy. Typical Berlin man, the distracting kitkat leather wrapped around his body did not suffice to distract me from the fact he was a grown ass man in his late 30s offering drugs to a careless girl in her early 20s. I thought some more (The man might have been gone at this point).

I thought: about this boy I knew, who passed away this past January. He would not have thought twice about it. He would not have even waited for the question. He would not, but he is dead, and the question was asked to me. Enters the theory.

Addiction runs in my family. I would say in my veins, but the whole metaphor strikes me as unnecessary. So I made up another about the lightning which also strikes me... as all rather unnecessary -back to the theory. My grandmother was an alcoholic. I never knew about it. Not until this summer, when at the end of a two-week family trip across the world we sat under a beach hut in Puerto Lopez, Ecuador, and my mother -ironically running on one too many mojitos- blurted out that grandma had a problem with alcohol and these plantain chips really were oh so delicious. Turns out my great granddad died of alcoholism. Two of my grandma's siblings killed themselves. My grandma lived with that burden tied to her ankles, and a bottle of liquor tied to her lips.

A BERLIN ELEGY

I got caught in the thunderstorm.
Rather, threw myself in it.
The first drops of hail started pouring as I finished my vegan
Zimt croissant at the
street-corner Bäkerei that didn't seem vegan at all.
A man was standing at the door, filming the apocalypse from the
distant comfort of his tight
beige sweater.
I couldn't resist.
A wave of fresh air bit my face. I started walking under the
white bombs of rain, passing
people finding shelter under balconies, I wondered whether the
bruises would resemble
pennies if I let the fury of the sky crash onto me... but I had
no time for such prophecies.
Circling my way through the cobbled street, I zigzagged back
and forth the impact points,
counting seconds between sound and light.
Distance equals time of light divided by 3.
*Did you know that light travels about a million times faster
than sound?*
I counted... 1,2,3.
The lighting was about 9 seconds apart from the sound,
meaning death stood 3 kms away.
I kept walking.
3 kms is a 30 minute walk if you walk fast enough.
I was always a really fast walker.
I was googling now. *Can you use an umbrella under the
thunderstorm?*
NO.
Fuck. Even Reddit concurred.
Warning signs flying on my screen. I held the purple umbrella
my boss gave me a bit tighter.
Tilted it to the side, as if that would protect me. From what?
I am not sure.
I watched the hail balls fall on the floor and disintegrate
into a thin white powder.
I thought about drugs.
I've been thinking about drugs a lot lately. Both the act and
the theory.
The act: taking drugs.

TRANSFIGURATION

inner goodness? so much for that. I see it in the eyes - the
judgement (my inner
judgement), try to break down into clean elements, like that
would explain anything.
But even on the metro, I saw it written all over her face -
this is the prime time for
guilt free living, sitting on this public transit purgatory!
she smiles and pulls out her
music. She is definitely not listening to a harp concerto;
thats her own tragic flaw. I
would be
the provocative protagonist,
and that way I could blame
this on the role - use it to paint the walls. It would be the
metro
(free station). I would listen to a
harp concerto. Put on somebody's skin i saw yesterday.



There is a second reaction to food, the cultural and imaginary. The first time I lucid dreamed I was on a deserted island surrounded by fruit and I could taste the sweetness as though I was awake, so I ate as much as I could, the sweetness perfectly recreated in my mind, and in the dream my body grew and became fat but I knew that it was all imaginary, and when I woke up everything would be the same. My most memorable orgasms happen in dreams, the reaction building and climaxing and I know that it is imaginary, and actually when I wake up, nothing will have changed. Things are better imaginary, or in dreams, where there are no consequences. I eat and change my body and yet the next day you see me the same. But imagine if the dream were real, if I would eat in the real world and my body transform, and you would see my actions reflected in my body, and know what I had done.

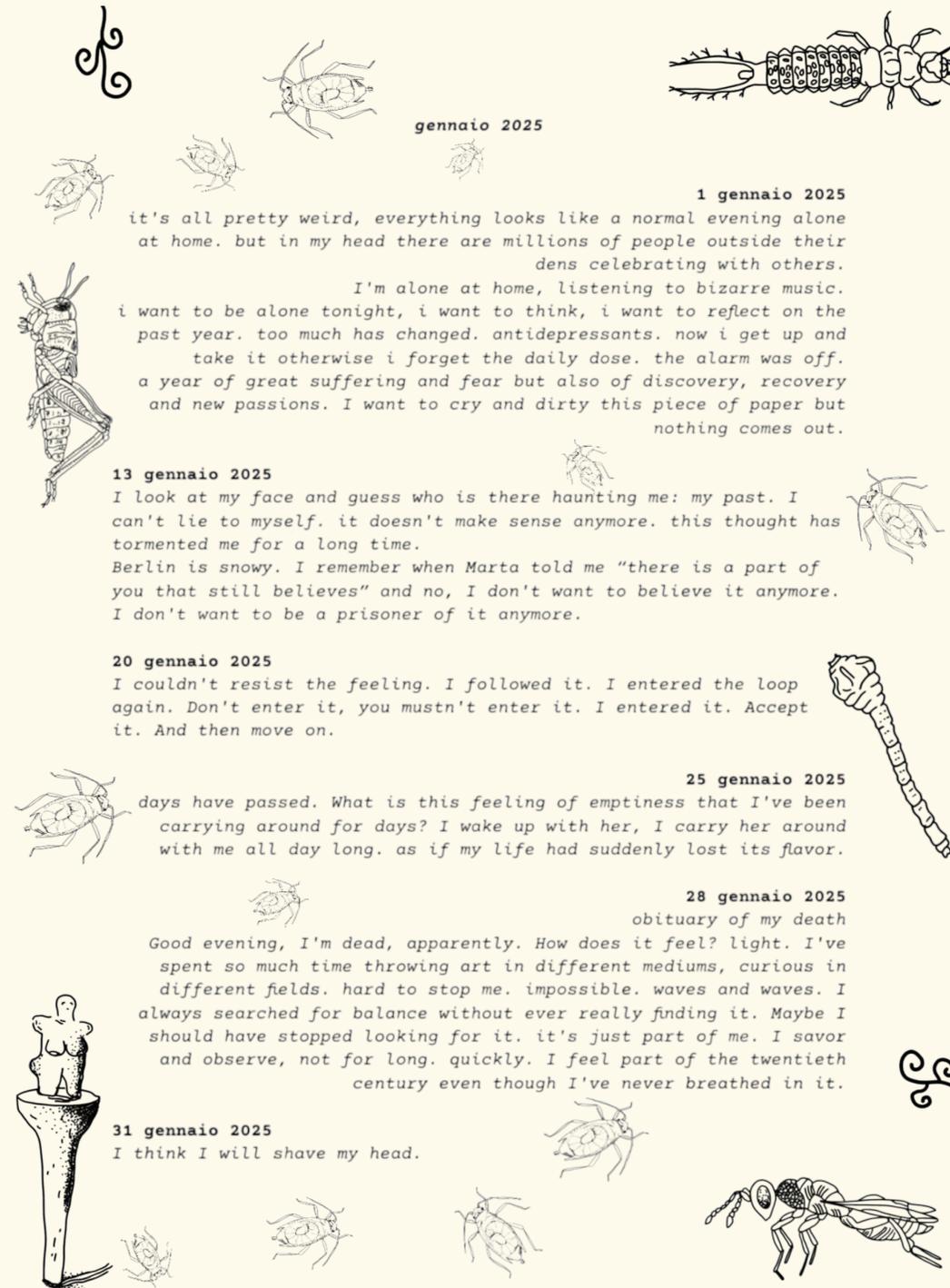
Imagine if you were with me when I climaxed and saw it and remembered it, saw me from a vantage point I cannot control. Even masturbating is much worse than coming in a dream, because my body cannot change when I want, I cannot make myself any shape, and afterwards the real world changes.

I would rather hide the release of eating in dreams where you cannot see it, the place where my body shifts and molds easily and there is no delayed, prolonged reaction, aging, as I take in what has happened, and show it all to you.

MY DESIRE TO EAT IN DREAMS

Someone tells me they like me, they aren't you.
 Someone tells me they like the words I use, they aren't you.
 I sit alone, I want to be held by you and only you.
 I want to fall apart, I want to be in pieces.
 Where are you? Why aren't you with me?
 Why couldn't you like me?
 Why didn't you understand me?

There are two reactions to food, the first is bodily, my cells taking the food apart and incorporating it into me, taking the proteins to rebuild my DNA and the fat to lie beneath my skin, creating the shape of my body in space, and the shape which you see me. The person you see is a collection of the food I have eaten only mutated through many systems, many ways of counting and carrying which continue to build me whether I ask to be built or not, were I to want these processes to stop I would need to stop the source, and let the scaffolding begin to take itself apart from the inside.



gennaio 2025

1 gennaio 2025

it's all pretty weird, everything looks like a normal evening alone at home. but in my head there are millions of people outside their dens celebrating with others.

I'm alone at home, listening to bizarre music.

i want to be alone tonight, i want to think, i want to reflect on the past year. too much has changed. antidepressants. now i get up and take it otherwise i forget the daily dose. the alarm was off. a year of great suffering and fear but also of discovery, recovery and new passions. I want to cry and dirty this piece of paper but nothing comes out.

13 gennaio 2025

I look at my face and guess who is there haunting me: my past. I can't lie to myself. it doesn't make sense anymore. this thought has tormented me for a long time.

Berlin is snowy. I remember when Marta told me "there is a part of you that still believes" and no, I don't want to believe it anymore. I don't want to be a prisoner of it anymore.

20 gennaio 2025

I couldn't resist the feeling. I followed it. I entered the loop again. Don't enter it, you mustn't enter it. I entered it. Accept it. And then move on.

25 gennaio 2025

days have passed. What is this feeling of emptiness that I've been carrying around for days? I wake up with her, I carry her around with me all day long. as if my life had suddenly lost its flavor.

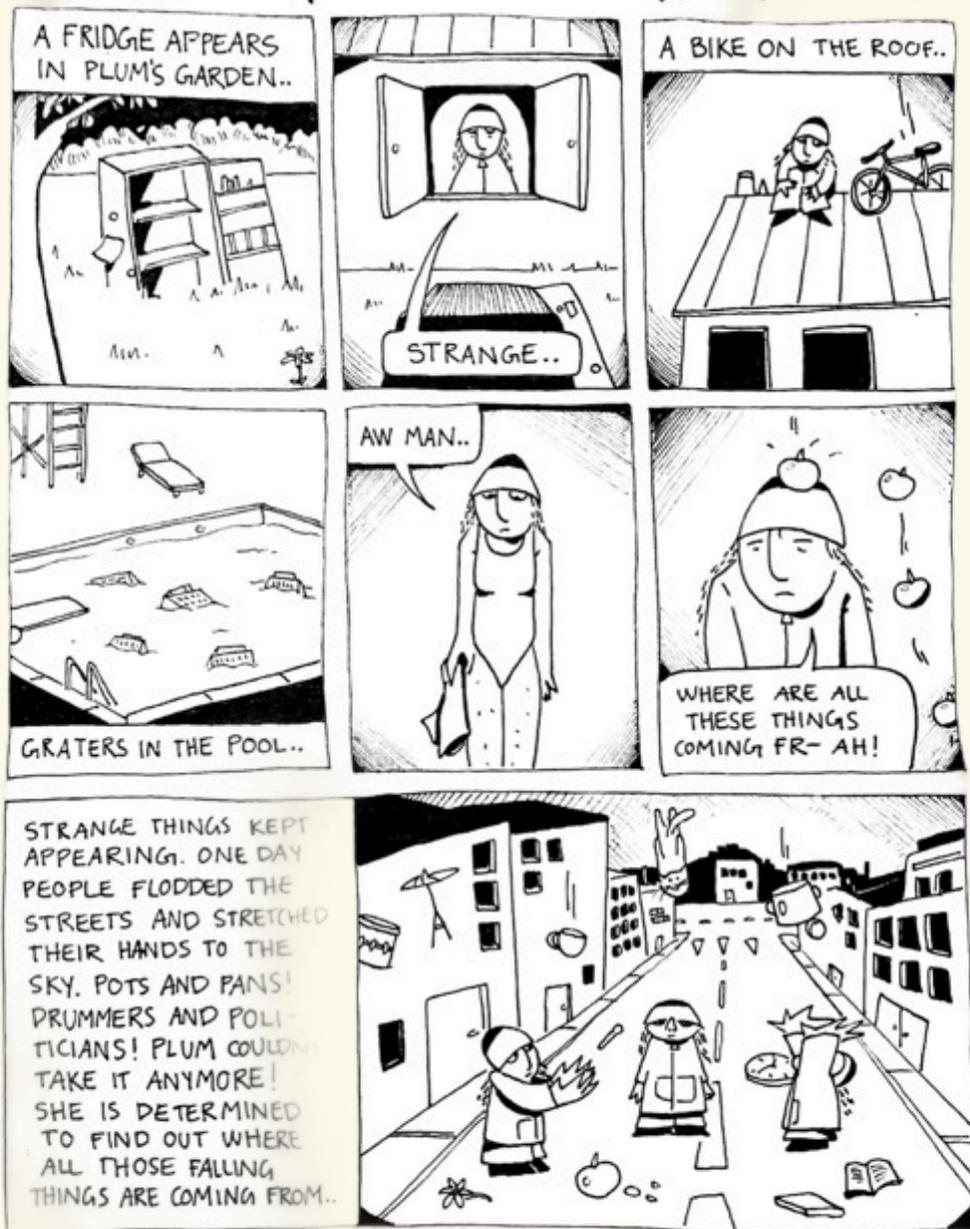
28 gennaio 2025

obituary of my death
 Good evening, I'm dead, apparently. How does it feel? light. I've spent so much time throwing art in different mediums, curious in different fields. hard to stop me. impossible. waves and waves. I always searched for balance without ever really finding it. Maybe I should have stopped looking for it. it's just part of me. I savor and observe, not for long. quickly. I feel part of the twentieth century even though I've never breathed in it.

31 gennaio 2025

I think I will shave my head.

PLUM AND THE FALLING THINGS



Die Musik verteilt sich im Raum.
Die Menschen bewegen sich im Raum der Musik und ordnen ihre Körper darin an.
Dynamik. Ein ziehen und drücken.

Diese Platte spiele ich heute nicht. Die ist nur für mich.
Weißt du noch wie du sie mir damals gezeigt hast?
Diese Platte dreh ich voll auf. Die ist für dich. Ich hoffe sie gibt euch genauso viel Hoffnung, wie du mir damals gegeben hast.
Vielleicht hörst du sie ja. Vielleicht hörst du mich da raus.

Ich schneide mich am Cover.

Siehst du das Blut?
Hörst du den Schmerz?
Spürst du das Papier reißend unterm Fingernagel?

*Mein Traum wird Wirklichkeit, verliert sich in der Traurigkeit.
Und unser Körper erwacht in der brutalen Nacht.*

Jeder Takt ist wie ein Stich ins Herz.
Mein Gesicht verzieht sich bei jedem Schlag der Kickdrum.

Kick. Kick. Kick.
Break.
Pause.

Eine Fläche, wellenförmig.

Ich leg mich hinein.
Ich löse mich auf.

*I'm the heart. Always broken.
Broken by that sound.*

Und trotzdem: ich sende.
Ich spiele weiter.
Ich baue mich aus Klang neu.

Tropfen für Tropfen. Ich sample mich Stück für Stück aus der Musik. Ich zeige euch mein Inneres.
Ihr gebt mir eures zurück. Loop. Ich. Ihr. Wir.

ARTERIEN UND VENEN

Der überfüllten Welt zum Trotz fühle ich mich unendlich allein.
Dabei weiß ich gar nicht genau, was ich damit meine.

Vor mir: Menschen. Zwischen uns: zwei Plattenspieler und ein Mischpult.

Filter, Übersetzer, zwei Kanäle. Einer führt zu euch, einer zurück zu mir.

Raus aus meinem Herzen. Durch eure hindurch und wieder zurück zu mir.

Ich habe Tränen in den Augen.

Aus den Boxen tropft die Musik tröpfchenweise.
Sie hilft mir, diesen Strudel an Gefühl zu greifen.
Und ihn der Welt zu zeigen. Tropfen für Tropfen.

Save me, save me, save my soul. I couldn't find you there.

Track für Track nähere ich mich der Mitte des Strudels an.
Mein Herz hüpfte im Takt mit den Menschen.

Mit jedem Ton fühl ich mich besser, mit jedem Wort erkenn' ich mehr von mir.

Samples der Musik und Gefühle der Menschen werden live in meine Realität übertragen.
Herausgelöst, überführt, eingefügt, hinein gefühlt.

Neue Blickwinkel.

Ich beuge mich vor, um die eingravierten Rillen besser erkennen zu können. Ich setz die Nadel auf.

Scratch

Wieder hinaus senden. Beobachten. Fühlen. Empfangen. Feedback-Loop.

Der Blick wird perspektivischer - auf euch, auf die Plattenspieler, in mein Inneres.



ALLÒ IMMUTABLE EN CONSTANT RECONSTRUCCIÓ

Molts fem fotografies per capturar un moment, un sentiment, un instant. Pensant que aquella fotografia es mantindrà així, intacta, per sempre. Igual que tot el que conté.

Però això no és cert. Sovint –per no dir quasi sempre– ocorren esdeveniments que canvien el transcurs de les nostres relacions, d'èpoques concretes de les nostres vides o simplement d'una agrupació de vint-i-quatre hores conformant un dia. És llavors quan es produeix el canvi –o fins i tot es podria dir la màgia– en aquells instants capturats. A la nostra percepció les imatges es distorsionen, es dilueixen; perden gravetat alguns elements i es potencien d'altres. Desapareixen figures que, tot i persistir físicament a la fotografia, queden substituïdes per tot allò que ha passat després de la seva captura: records i emocions que s'imposen sobre la realitat i tenyeixen la imatge amb una nova capa de significat. Aquesta deixa de ser una prova del passat i esdevé un mirall mutable del present, en constant moviment, que narra una història diferent cada cop que la tornem a observar.

Molts pensem que podem congelar un moment, un sentiment o un instant en una fotografia, però ens oblidem que aquestes també són vives. I descobrim que la memòria que capturaven es reconstrueix.

Meanwhile, he befriended Jealousy. That's the only friend that he kept from that period. I welcomed it too. It was often there with us. Between us - thirdwheeling us. Adoration and Hatred started a subtil dance. We started feeling sad together instead of happy alone. So i left.

21.05.2025

*Mon corps est plus rond depuis que le monde est chaos
i look for you in everything and i can't help it*

One day I will leave him.

And one day I did.

I left him.

Him and the weight i had on my heart. Him and the burden I felt while we were together. His presence wasn't the burden. Not at all. No what was impossible to bear was the injunctions - and my own fantasies.

I wish I had cried or screamed. But I could not cry nor scream because I was left empty. Pure.

No rules, no fantasy, no ideals. I got rid of everything.

Nothing to cry on, nothing is left.

And i have no one to scream at.

I rectify. I could be mad at myself - or at what society has done to us.

I was so heavy I thought I was drowning. I was so excited to be a girlfriend that I just jumped in with all my expectations. I thought in a relationship one should cry a lot so I cried a lot. I provoked the occasion to cry. I made him cry too. So much that you could fill one whole pool up with the tears.

then i was told that silence was golden out there so i did not speak a word. I contemplated. You know love doesn't need words to be. My relationship became my cult. I said I love You like one says the Lord's prayer. But then he looked at me as if i was crazy. Love isn't a religion is what he said. You're not a pilgrim you should chill the fuck out. Yet i was thrilled to eventually be able to worship my relationship. My own world, all my world. It was this kind of very languorous relationship, so passionate about your own love that you stop laughing. Passion defeats everything you know. Even yourself, it defeated my personality, put my laughing self aside.

WHAT IS IMMUTABLE, FOREVER RECONSTRUCTED

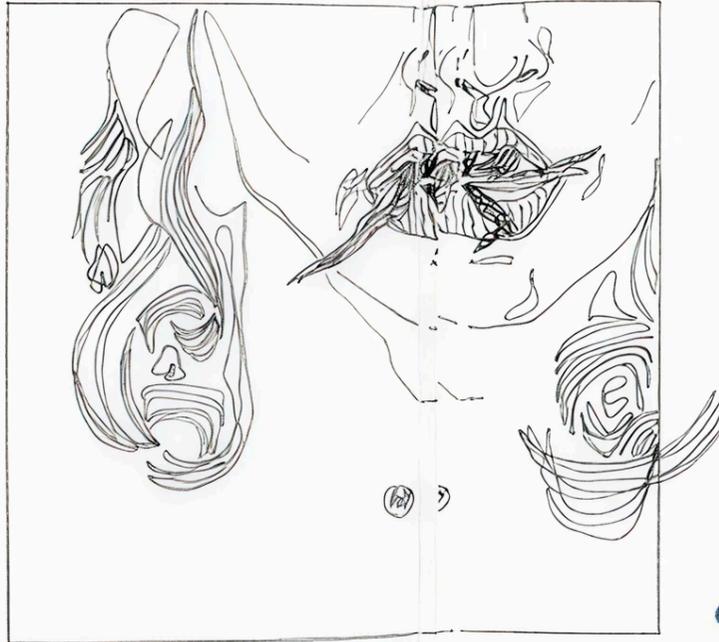
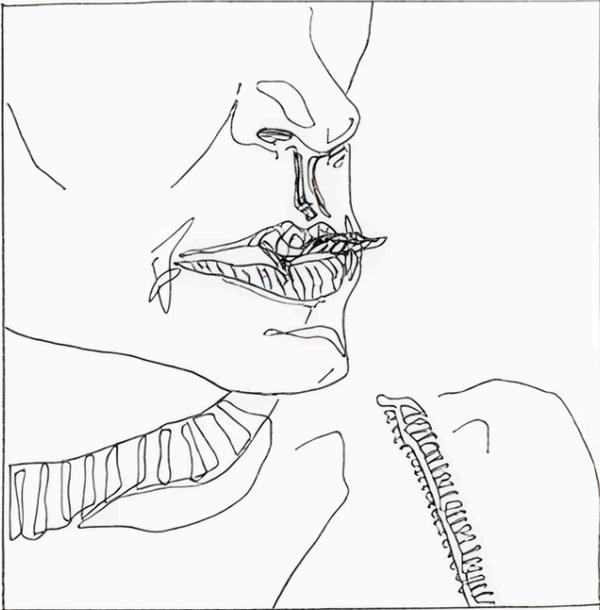
Many of us take photographs to capture a moment, a feeling, an instant. Believing that the photograph will remain just as it is, untouched, forever. As if everything it contains would also stay the same.

But that's not true. Often -if not almost always- events occur that alter the course of our relationships, specific periods of our lives, or even just a cluster of twenty-four hours that we call a day. That's when the change happens -or perhaps even the magic- in those captured moments.

In our perception, the images become distorted, blurred; some elements lose weight while others are heightened. Figures that still physically remain in the photograph begin to fade, replaced by everything that happened after it was taken: memories and emotions that override the original reality and paint the image with a new layer of meaning.

Thus, it ceases to be mere evidence of the past and becomes a mutable mirror of the present, constantly shifting, telling a different story each time we look at it again.

Many of us believe we can freeze a moment, a feeling, or an instant in a photograph, but we forget that these too are alive. And we discover that the memory they once held is being rebuilt.



ON MY TONGUE .
WORDS
THAT ARE NOT WORDS