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Plenty is much

TEXTS (C) 2025

LORA S [8]
FER BOYD [9-10; 40]
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ZOË RANSON [13; 24; 34; 43]
ALEXANDRA KUMALA [14-17]
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LIDIJA KONONENKO [25-26]
STÉPHANE LAMBION [27-28]
TALLULAH GRIFFITH [30-32]
NATALIE ELLIOT [33]
EZRA ALLEN [35-36]
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I'm managing,

NOTES FROM A BODY AGAINST REASON
ON THE VANDALISATION OF ART





04:31 I took a benzo to get me through the day

05:59 and my dad is now doing opera analysis and singing

08:52 If a Hieronymous Bosch were painted in the Renaissance style, that would be the 08:46 from Stratford

09:19 the next day we just lay on sofas and groaned 'yes' or 'no'

09:44 I tried to sleep too early and was caught presenting whilst asleep I wake feeling drained and as though I have not slept at all.

09:45 He doesn't talk to me anymore coz I called him out for being a perv

11:00 There were question marks but they were not real questions

11:23 Maybe i don't have to but at the same time want to know the type of experiments people have done and they way they frame it.

11:35 Plenty is much
I'm managing, how are you doing?

11:45 you can ogle pastries while I make suggestions

11:57 I confuse the Finnish vocab test with the instructions for soil transference.

12:01 wish you were here to watch films, laugh about them, talk about important and unimportant things, big and small secrets…

12:19 Coconut macaron? Normal croissant? Pan au chocolate?

12:30 A decade of coke binges and walking the thin line between the questionable and the unbelievable

12:43 this is like finding out the other players on roblox are 12-year old kids

12:52 Calling my parents' house a real home sounds weird. It is still my home but my absence makes distance from belongings.

13:24 My mind isn't here, it's there

14:00 going to hang out with feelings oracle a bit first and see what she's on about

14:31 I realised this gp was
helping wounded people on tahrir
when there were mass oppressions
but sadly i still think he thinks i lie because i have red hair 😈

14:35 I WANT TO BE A PART OF THE DREAM

14:40 I went back to pick up my lover but it got scars on its face and became quite ugly so I dumped it. Sorry, my love.

14:43 The other editor just sent me a picture of him at a Mumford and Sons gig in Chicago. I did not know that Mumford was still related to his sons.

14:54 :)) i think it's a good sign not understanding all the jargon of the objective yet cynical professional crowd asking 'what do you mean'

15:01 day of missing things : hope you miss me

15:03 There is a carrot stub in the bathroom I don't remember anything about.

15:30 Relaxing ibex

15:38 wheres the writing

16:34 further chat about books, repression and Hull love stories soon

17:17 I have just sat down on a bench on the top of a small hill that behind me grows into a mountain and continue reading 'Education of the Poet,' when a message interrupts. It's my grandma informing me that it's sunny where I am all week but cold nonetheless, and I should wear layers.

17:22 You do sound like a beheaded chicken, so I'll let you off the hook ;)

17:25 I warm up for quizzes by counting backwards. This time the numbers are in Finnish.

17:34 basically Genji in a tangled kimono

17:46 But in a Henry James novel, and you know, if life ever feels or looks like a Henry James novel, someone is going to end up being admitted to the psych ward. Get out of that story if you can.

17:49 Within a second, the sun has dropped behind the dark brown mountain top and I instantly feel the warmth of the sunlight fade from my face. I draw a pencil line underneath "The discrepancy between what I would show the world and the chaos I felt grew steadily more intense" and put the book back into my bag. Once you notice the bells of the cows ringing across the valley, it's hard to imagine having been oblivious to them a few moments earlier.

18:00 There's too much to say about urchin to fit on this ticket. Writing that was a waste of space. So was writing that.

18:02 ppl have def seen me watch the last unicorn so its no big jump

18:08 There is a short introductory video that no one has watched but strangely I have chosen to.

18:35 I used peas for icing my back which is called Birds Eye Petits Pois deliciously sweet 545g tesco groceries

19:24 I had just read the first line of 'On T. S. Eliot' when the screen of my laptop on the sofa next to me was woken up by a message from Julia. I respond, then on autopilot buy myself 15 more minutes from the time limit on my Instagram app and watch a video of Timothy Chalamet arriving at the Marty Supreme premiere surrounded by people with orange ping pong balls for heads. I decide to delete Instagram from my phone again.

19:44 Ok so somehow I only just learned that < 3 is a heart.

20:10 Couldn't make it but there were tech bros
Making annoying comments

20:22 So I'm going on airplane mode

20:23 I'm starting to feel a bit cold. Not the kind of cold feeling that you get from being inside a cold room, but rather the type that lingers inside you from an earlier moment. I consider taking a bath, which would also render me unable to do anything beyond lying in bed for the rest of the evening.

20:43 Some days I'm trying to hold it together with the help of small things, like tying my hair up high into a ponytail, so that the corners of my forehead get pulled from my mid-face, opening my eyes wider.

20:45 It reminded me of my past, even my present, and I felt fearful that it could encapsulate my future

21:13 Kit was ticking a lot

21:47 Ughhhh i hate how disjointed biomedicine is

22:52 Stone cold. Preparatory.

23:01 can you shake the bed before you lie in it

23:59 I tried translating the caption and it says “The first video is from when I returned from the hospital in the spring, and we all nearly died of joy. Mr. Cat was still with us then. He returned to his owners and lives far, far away, where there is so war.”





purr for me

silly to think of a cat as governor of relation, but every chore was an excuse to be with her, every purr an exclamation timed timelessly in the moment of falling. every arms flailing anti-gravitational pull, i'd remind myself to look into her eyes- grounding like the earth's green heart, bringing me back to life. we'd fall and mid-haven crawl out the slip of the abyss: "no fighting, babe, no fighting". these words our mantra, with which, each time, my heels dig deeper into her ground and pull me closer- proximity effect. soak me up, let me rot. speak my language but say we have communication issues. i don't notice that and try to make her forget. she's not the type to. she always comes back around. when i let her out, she's never gone for long. and she makes it so, that I can't go long without her either, I feel- no longer the lord of my senses. i thought i'd been set free. awaiting her improbable re-turn. to find one last hair in the bedroom or on the green carpet in the living room. to watch her child-like paws bake bread. to hear the thought emerge: "she loves knitting". Why tho? i'm at her ghost's mercy, or her ghost named "Mercy". A disposition to be kind. i need that animal rhythm, structure my heart. i'm talking about daily routines. i'm talk-ing about, calling myself a writer. there is no such thing, just a remnant of a life lived in polyphony. the whole contra-punctual point is to create a whole. suddenly, the thought of cleaning your shit out the bathroom doesn't seem that thwarting to me. it's all i want to do. lead me up the garden path. Purr for me. I think I love

María

I'm on my smoke break when María passes by. No café solo for her today, she's rushing. I'm stood out front, I always do when my boss is away, it looks unprofessional and I like that. María doesn't look up, doesn't tell me her name as she does most mornings, so that I can affirm her identity in sharpie and in speech. 'Café solo para María!' At least one other woman will always turn around and she knows it, her hand is there poised and painted, ready to claim her name even though she has no reason to fear - I've never misplaced an order for elegant María.

She takes better care of her hands than her feet. By the time she reaches that far down her body she's run out of care to give. My eyes well up as her sandals slap the pavement. She needs someone. There's a large plaster flapping on her left heel, it's barely holding on. How does she not notice? It's so large it touches the dirty pavement with each lilt. The blister it no longer conceals is red and raw, on the precipice of pus.

Should I tell her? I move away from the wall, say her name: 'María.' She doesn't turn 'round. She wasn't expecting her name this time in all its ubiquity. Plus the word has barely made it into the air, it simply dribbles down my front.

I fight the urge to go after her, just to see how it will feel. I watch María round the corner out of sight. I hold my breath, let possibility leech into past.

Guilt joins me, takes a hit from its vape. I've let her walk 'round the city a fool. I reassure myself, I just didn't want to impose. Is it self-centred that I've made her my responsibility? Am I being grandiose again? Selfish? So stupid, that is

exactly the behaviour I was trying to avoid.

A brightly dressed mother with a stroller tries to enter the café, I throw my dead cig to the ground, sprint to hold open the door.

‘Don’t worry let me get that! You must be so tired, you look really tired, wow, I’ll get you a coffee right away, and don’t worry it’s on the house today, god knows you’ll need it, right?’

The woman looks at me warily, looks through my face into blood and bone. Not even her feet had oozed like that. I wish I hadn’t said a word.

Brainstorm and Knucklehead Painting the Carpet Red

I am insulted and evoked by an image
Of a gruesome occurrence inoculating
The inner workings of my skull:
Wits and wisdom spill out the holes
Created when my head was smashed
Against a wall.
It's impossible to see the scar
It is invisible, metaphorical,
You could say it doesn't even exist.
It's lonely too; it doesn't understand
That it does exist, thus denying
Its own existence.
An isolated life, yet completely crowded:
Overcrowded, like a tornado that has
Gathered too many buildings and beings
From the unstable surface.
It is entirely unstable
Wet and windy, blowing in the breeze
Like a whirling whip, whipping
Me until I don't exist,
There's nothing left but
Ready salted tears spilling
From Walkers crisp packets
Until I take a drink, simply
To add to the variety
Inside my split-out self.
I know I write about maggots
Too much, but they are always
On my mind, like the Elvis song.
They permeate and could be described
As the mass slaughter inside,
Gnawing with their tiny teeth,
Scratching with their violent claws,
Pulsating anxiously without rhythm.

There is no rhythm; it is random
And undesirable.
It is not music I would play
For anyone. So, it gets worse:
Louder, faster, stronger,
Until it is the only thing,
And I am not the thing
But the broken host,
Undone, without bone
Or structure, just an oozing
Mess, gloopy and loopy,
Staining the carpet red.

I write bravely if I am wearing shoes that are slightly uncomfortable. I hadn't thought of this until I poured the dregs of my water glass into the soil of my ailing cactus.
I confuse the Finnish vocab test with the instructions for soil transference. I cancel a booking for pizza book a ticket for a show. The band is called The Plan.

The Person

I.

When you first brought The Person's stuff downstairs, I tried not to notice. Look nonchalant even though I was carefully studying the chipped mugs, the half-dead spider plant, the box of broken chargers. I avoid this corner of the curtain because it smells too much like coconut oil. I remember sitting cross legged on the carpet ~~we have yet to vacuum~~ realizing this was the residue of someone else's life.

But more than the objects, I was studying your face. You're so unreadable. Even when I know there's a spinning storm inside you, I don't know which winds were guilt or grief or groggy lethargy from the sleep apnea. I wanted to say something comforting, strung words and played phrases in my own head, but alas I stayed silent.

That night, as we stuffed baked potatoes and charred cauliflower into our bodies, famished after a whole day of moving furniture, I counted on the table all the faint rings from beer cans ~~probably holding stories I cannot enter~~ glowing under the lamplight.

I had always enjoyed fixing things: flickering lightbulbs, wobbly chairs, cracked tiles, curled wallpaper, crackling wall paint. But this flat was different. Every time I repaired something, it felt like I was erasing a story ~~I hadn't been invited to know~~ so intimate I couldn't even reach half its depth.

I pretend to not notice the scuffs that ran along the walls. Someone must have danced in drunken bliss, or stumbled in charming clumsiness, or fought a passionate quarrel, or stubbed a toe in a hurried embrace, or started a fight that began with ~~care-~~

~~less~~ clueless whispers and ended with slammed doors and loose hinges. When everything is plastered and painted, I wonder if the house will feel settled.

II.

Do you know you mumble in your sleep? Not words, exactly, but shapes of words. Strange, peculiar shapes, like ghosts lost in limbo. Once, I heard you say something involving “the bottom shelf” and “secret photo booth.” I couldn’t sleep the entire night after hearing that, ~~and stayed up rehearsing ways to bring up the question~~ haunted by syllables I couldn’t piece together.

I had planned to ask you about it ~~and kept running conversation openers in my head~~, but in the morning you woke up radiant with a craving for hot honey bacon and Japanese pancakes. It’s as if the restless night had never existed.

We went to the market, and I let you saunter in excitement through the meat section. I think that’s ~~what I envy most~~ why everyone loves you. ~~I don’t need to tell you but~~ You could shift moods and re-enter the day spotless, like nothing clung and ~~yesteryears could be simplified in one fell swoop~~ yesterday never touched you. Only when you’re determined for a lifted mood, though. When you choose to sulk, (you know) you sulk through every second of the entire week.

III.

When The Person came over for dinner, I thought your reunion might ~~close a circle~~ smooth out the rough edges gnawing in unspoken strain. ~~Maybe make things normal again~~ ~~cure your curiosity~~ ~~get an update of The Person’s new life~~ Hopefully show you I’m not trying to change anything. I spent the afternoon

cooking a spicy stew that filled the flat with a stinging heat and the smell of garlic. Am I doing too much? I could've just paid for some cheap take-out.

When the doorbell rang, your voice went into ~~this wispy soft whisper~~ a register I hadn't heard before. See, I don't know how to describe The Person… The Person is the kind who looks at a ~~relationship~~ room full of chaos and continues to stay. The Person is the type who can walk into discomfort and settle there, unbothered. The Person is certainly the one who would make any partner jealous, magnetic and irresistible ~~even without uttering a word~~ in their intellect and independence. The Person's gaze is piercing and precise, almost surgical. At least to me.

I can tell The Person had constructed preconceived notions of me, probably invented personalities and backstories about me ~~in their head~~ that I won't be able to edit. I try not to talk much. Let you both have your rhythm, take over the conversation, and dominate the dinner table, though at some point it really felt like a piece of furniture so foreign to me…

~~I wonder a lot about your past life, the one that made you laugh with a sway I never heard before.~~

Fragments I caught: jokes about hair, rattan chairs, spiders, the cactus you got at the discontinued Sunday market where you both met, some stats about tears or alcohol. Or tears and alcohol. Or tears in alcohol?! It made no sense to me, but you laughed, ~~so all is well~~ and I felt both relief and distance bloom inside me. This laughter between the two of you ~~was a melody I couldn't join~~ looped so easily and effortlessly.

As I piled the dirty dishes and carried them to

the sink, I looked back at the two of you from the kitchen - heads tilted together, swaying in small motions like a pas de deux rehearsed multiple times. It's a little bubble of tested time that I could never enter.

When The Person left, the flat fell silent. Only lingering echoes of laughter and banter, now juxtaposed with the monotonous sound of AI voices from your phone. You scroll mindlessly through random reels, and I wonder what feelings and thoughts you are trying to numb out. As always, I wish these twilight silences were less loaded with meaning.

I switched off the hallway light, and for a moment we both stood in the dark together, the two of us inside someone else's echo.

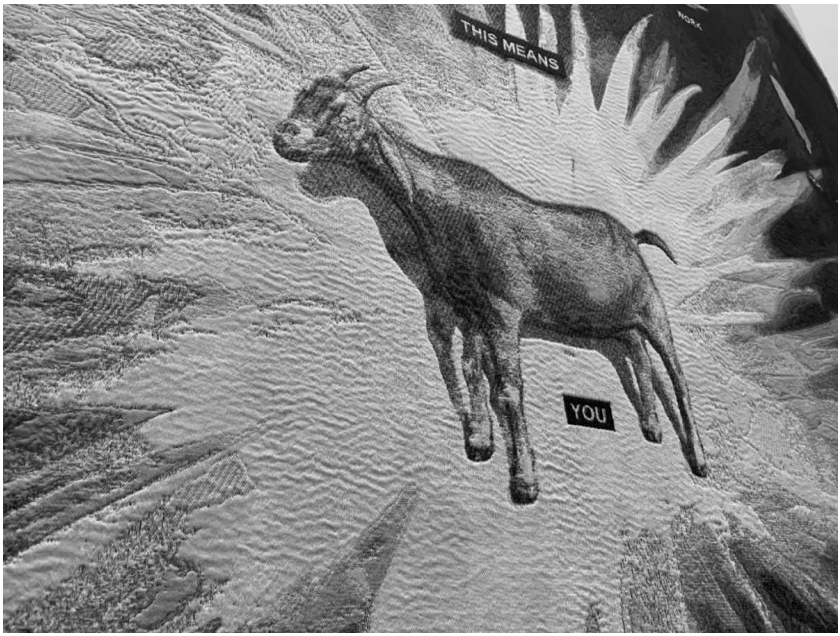
Destroying *This Means Tableau*, Laure Prouvost

i lay
it down
and cut
it o
pen take
my knife
and split
it through

goat and
bread now
threads hang
bare just
got to
see what's
up in

there what
does it
mean what
means to
not this
means all
that and
so much

more the
weave was
tight and
now its
loose may
be then
mean ing
comes to
me ?


THIS MEANS
YOU



*

That you might have seen me in the gallery, I'm not going to lie, does worry me a little. Perhaps it should worry me more than it does but I think by now the ship called dignity has sailed and I'm not all too devastated to be on this island, colonised by shame, but let's face it, the indigenous population never really gave a fuck about any of the trivial stuff we do. I know that the room was packed out that evening and since the drinks had run dry in the first hour, and you always arrive late, it's quite likely you were among those lingering outside cadging cans for less than a pittance from the nice old man with his shopping trolley, do you happen to know, by the way, how he keeps them so icy fresh? I can tell you, he keeps them so icy fresh with those cool packs that his wife swaps out every hour on the hour and that's why, when you arrived at around four minutes past nine, your first beer was so crisp to the point of being breathtaking, in the very literal way that breath departs your body when you're plunged into a cold lake, though this time the lake was inside of you, yes, your beer was surely so crisp and breath-taking that you probably weren't looking when I took my first swipe at the image and that's a thought that calms me, because it wasn't my proudest moment, for sure. By the time I was dragged away for clawing at the pristine white wall, I assume you would have left, since you never could stand a scene, I know. Did it ever occur to you, though, shirking your re-sponsibility for the monster you made me, that the light tricks you played might have caused irrevocable damage? There wasn't so much that Philipp could do about it, and fortunately my fever did not think to ignite the projectors themselves. They will be able

to buff the scratches from the walls. But I can tell you, and not without a hint of smugness, that I really outdid myself this time, and I don't wish to boast, but I think some of the people in the gallery were a little scared.

Consultations on a socially demonic becoming

Patient reports elevated symptoms. The onset of new symptoms radiating to various limbs and organs began a year ago. States problems have been worse in the past few months. Patient feels a burning sensation, including an inextricable urge to make attempts for deep yawns. Wants to transfer care to the national healthcare services. Patient reports struggling in everyday tasks, feeling death closing in every minute. Has a lack of control over inconsistent muscle groups and feels the earth would gape beneath. It is yet to be determined if the condition has any biomedical origins as the patient claims. The patient is impatient. Expresses concern about the persistence of symptoms and lack of clarity regarding the cause. Describes symptoms as inconvenient. Patient is not sure how much of the patient's reporting is taken as truth, and feels burdened by the condition. We have not wondered why we think the patient might be lying about this and what the patient is to gain out of this. It is difficult to assess. Patient's descriptions are vague most times 'i feel i might die, i cannot not swallow but i cannot swallow. i'm discomforted.' Consider referring to someone else? The patient denies breastfeeding, pregnancy, smoking, drinking alcohol or taking any substances other than this and that prescribed medication that may have contributed to the condition, if there is to be a condition. Patient bursts into tears internally. Cause of the body's biomedical reaction across all organs unknown. Refer to test results. Imaging shows something that needs to be followed up regularly. It is as much a work of fantasy, as it is a real condition of real neurons, and real chemicals and real densities. Given the severity of symptoms it cannot

be determined if the patient is significantly patient or immorally impatient. Sleep is occasionally disrupted by a sudden onset of racing nervousness. The patient doubts it might be the imminency of something bad about to be happening to patient's kin and the indeterminacy of when this event will impact patient's life that has turned all limbs inside out, receiving the condition pre the moment. The patient reports being sick of being patient. Has attempted to alleviate the condition, however not improving despite efforts. The extent of this to be determined by further investigation. Reassured the patient.

I tried to sleep too early and was caught presenting whilst asleep I wake feeling drained and as though I have not slept at all. There is a carrot stub in the bathroom I don't remember anything about. There is a short introductory video that no one has watched but strangely I have chosen to.

*

As I mentioned to you before, it is unusual for me to welcome a lover into my studio. I wasn't sure what kind of demeanour to adopt, and I certainly wasn't ready for a collaboration. Not that it mattered - within 20 minutes of your arrival, we had reverted to our usual behaviour: I was sitting on top of you, breaking my own studio rule as I searched your pocket for a condom.

But there I found just fabric lining, so in the end the only DNA trace you left behind is your saliva folded into another kind of rubber on my worktable. Two pieces of our masticated chewing gum, amongst lenses and pliers, remain there as we left them a week ago. When I bring my nose close, I can still catch the faint scent of synthetic peppermint. The two-part ensemble is congealed in jasmine-white hue with a slight sheen and amounts to the volume of my pinky fingertip. One piece - a knotted ball moulded by your palm - peels easily off the table. The other, shaped by my molars into an elongated, bulbous mass, adheres to the surface with more stubborn hold.

Comparable to abstract art, the forms of these objects might suggest things we recognise in the world - a rope knot, a seashell perhaps - but neither resembles them enough to feel representational. Materially, too, the lack of textural variety or depth makes them look just like discarded gum, and as such, they depict themselves.

I must admit, the moment we spat them out, I knew I wouldn't let them go to waste. I should have told you right there and then about your contribution to this work-in-progress, asked for your permission - but selfishly, I kept quiet.

While the material was still malleable, I, too, played my part in the making. As we choreographed a swap with our tongues between our locked lips, my taste buds sensed that your gum had somehow retained more potency, even though we bit through the candied outer layer into the soft capsule at the same time. My slight embarrassment of this discovery mobilised me to speed up my chewing to ensure my saliva drew out the last vestiges of flavour.

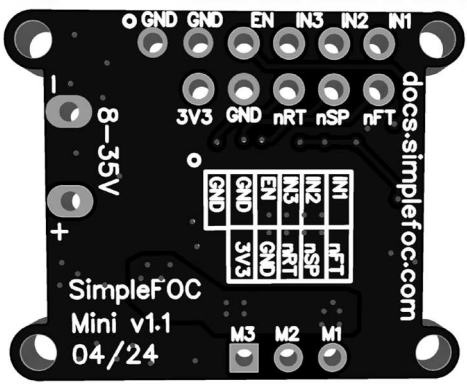
So, you might wonder how I will complete this work. The material, resistant to degradation, will be preserved without interference, and I feel no need to coat it with any unnecessary embellishment. I will let the gum stand as they are, side by side, perhaps even place them in a glass display and call it a readymade. And with time, unlike the memory of that evening, it will solidify further, whilst still holding the potential of becoming elastic again.

edge ~ %

436 bytes:
i unlock my jaw,
open my mouth
as many times as needed.
i eat it.
the words
run down my throat,
i feel them.
i open the document,
select the text,
Copy,
new file,
Paste,
save as,
holly.md,
select location,
cloud.disroot.org,
done.
everywhere i go,
it’s there.
i take
what you give me.
plug in the printer,
Connect,
OK.
line after line,
your/the/our/my words appear on the paper.
i hold questions in my hands,
invitations between my fingers.
i feel their edge,
it could bleed.
how to make them fully mine.
i open the printer’s drawer,
take a blank sheet,

unscrew my pen’s cap,
my arm is moving,
my elbow very slightly,
my wrist a bit more,
i crack my neck and
carry on.
your words are wonky,
moved by my hand.
is that still a cyberspace,
or just a new edge for your body
of words, a new fold
between you and
e9 3a1,
Because:
what happens when we’re outside?




GND GND EN IN3 IN2 IN1
3V3 GND nRT nSP nFT
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M3 M2 M1

Preface to the 'Translation' of Ælfric's *Preface to Genesis: A Translation*

There are two translators; both are nominated for the International Booker. Chi-Young Kim, who worked on the Korean *Whale*, takes the stand and speaks highly of Mr Cheon Myeong-kwan, for whose work she says she is but a conduit. Julia Sanches, of the Catalan *Boulder*, declares unequivocally that her role is that of a co-author. After the fact, it occurs to me that perhaps the coin has only one side after all. It is the English language which is deceptive: the translators line up along the single side of the Mobius strip, and appear oppositional only from a limited viewpoint.

I began work on this edition not long after my father's death. It had occurred to me that I would stop finding his white hairs. Never again would we talk at cross purposes, those perfect interlocking plaits of woven, misdirected meanings. I would never again find a shopping list on which my brother's favourite, Huel, had been transliterated to the Cymraeg word for 'fun'. I could never berate him for believing that half a snake could regenerate, like a worm or half a human liver. This was a failure of his religious schooling, throughout which an education in biology was severely lacking, and which perhaps skewed his perspective on the power of snakes.

My father had very little interest in *Beowulf*. He dedicated his time to *The Battle of Maldon*, and *The Anglo Saxon Chronicle*, and, in particular, *Ælfric's Preface to Genesis*. Ælfric, in fact, features prominently in my early memories. Ælfric, said my father, was wary of translation. He was commissioned to reconfigure the first book of the Bible from Latin into Old English, but he feared that, in

the plain speaking of sacred words, the spiritual meaning would be lost. He was right, said my father. After all, Darwin's theories on evolution could only threaten those religious orders which took the Bible literally. My father had a strong sense of the magical realism of the Catholic church.

In some ways, I found my father entirely impenetrable. He said so much, of which I understood so little. I remember coming home from school and declaring that I had learnt the meaning of 'metaphor'. My father smiled patiently, and said that all language is metaphorical. I think of it to this day. It makes me feel that I am spreading my body weight, with great care, on very thin ice.

A number of scholars took an interest in assisting with this edition. In addition to the translation of Ælfric's Anglo Saxon, it also includes a variety of unconventional material, including anecdotes, poetic musings, and unorthodox typology. My father's notes, however, slip so readily from Welsh to English to Anglo Saxon, and rely so heavily on loose threads found elsewhere, out of context, that, in the end, it was simpler to work alone. Working into the small hours to disentangle his muddled scrawl, I reflected frequently on the nature of dead languages. I have thought more than once that languages are not dead simply for not being spoken - Latin, after all, remains known by many - and instead, a dead language might be defined according to whether it continues to generate new words. Perhaps, in some ways, the dead can speak.

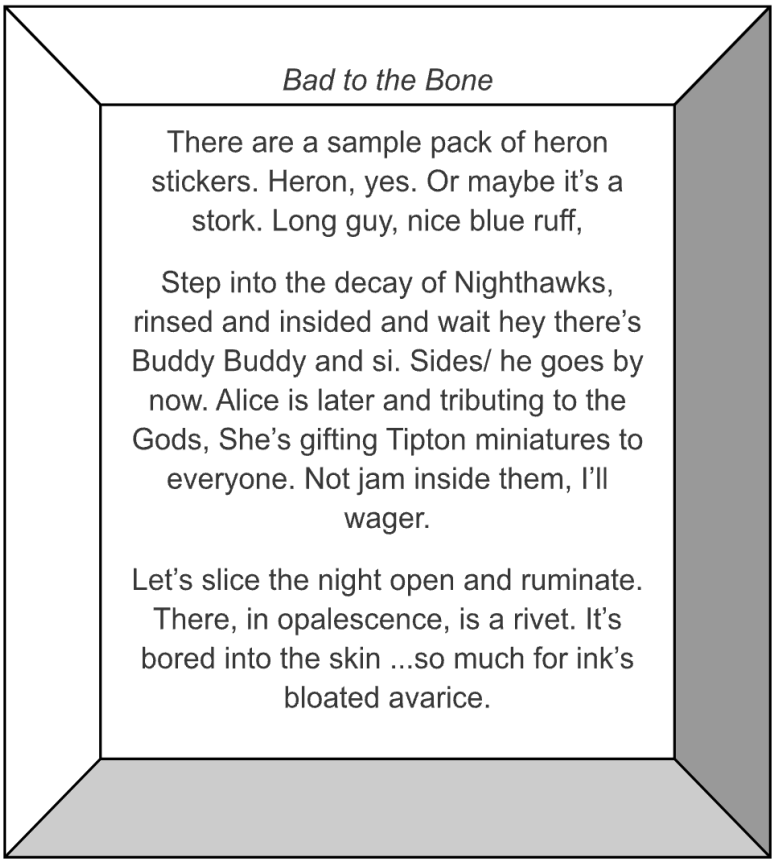
I am sure that my father was right that Ælfric was right. Ælfric grappled with the enchantment of a dead language, with how the heavenly could figure in any other vocabulary. He struggled with the language of reverence, with how to speak a father's words

with a suitable degree of ambiguity. To say ‘perhaps I don’t understand his intentions at all’. The key to the text that follows may hinge on whether I am the conduit or the co-author. I could not say how much of it is in a dead language.

Among my additions to the text, I have included a journal entry from several years ago. I include it because it is one of few things that I can say with certainty. In it, I reflect on naming the unnameable, and other leaps of faith, drawing very few conclusions. It ends, ‘I don’t know if I believe. But I believe that you believe, and I believe in you.’

Grapehead

Once, there was a man with a chiseled, soft face. His skin was taut in glossy egg tempera. On his cheeks he sported ashy blush. His lips were blue. Yet blood ran in his veins. Atop his curls, instead of a hat, he wore a crown of purple grapes. This made for awkward dancing. He was a melancholy reveler - that's the sort of bacchante he was. One day, a man told the reveler that he kissed like a cold fish. The sad bacchante went skating on the river to see if he could find a happy fish there. It was a bitter day, and no other skaters were around, but the reveler insisted on twirling and scraping. The air froze his hair. His toes turned to bricks and his teeth chattered. The moons behind his fingernails throbbed. He tried to warm them by flapping, but he lost his balance and cracked his hip hard on the ice. He propped himself up on one elbow in a pose but was down so long that he began to die. He cried because he wanted to be sculpted in marble, or at least in ice, but his blood made him ache with unbearable pain. He tried to let go. Freezing didn't come so easily. A magpie stole a grape. His blood began to pulse. His heart became so hot that the ice opened up and he slid through the crack. Now he is a river god with a head like a bloated cantaloupe that people can smell in the spring.



Bad to the Bone

There are a sample pack of heron stickers. Heron, yes. Or maybe it's a stork. Long guy, nice blue ruff,

Step into the decay of Nighthawks, rinsed and insided and wait hey there's Buddy Buddy and si. Sides/ he goes by now. Alice is later and tributing to the Gods, She's gifting Tipton miniatures to everyone. Not jam inside them, I'll wager.

Let's slice the night open and ruminate. There, in opalescence, is a rivet. It's bored into the skin ...so much for ink's bloated avarice.

The love of work

For you are dust and to dust you shall return. And so by it Adam knew his wife Eve and she conceived and bore Cain. And Cain stalked the length of the land with his blade, knowing both good and evil, and thus all the days of his life were counted and he died. Now in those days sleep came over the land and so both Cain and his many brothers slept as one.

Upon waking Abel, brother of Cain, saw that he was in paradise. He looked out and saw many suns in the sky and waters moving among the earth. And Abel grieved for earth bitterly, for day on half of its face and the darkness on its other. And small fires appeared on the face of the earth. And Abel saw every man asleep by and by, and the children of man asleep there too. He saw the colour on the face of all offspring asleep by small fires and there was peace and Abel saw this. And too, Abel saw children rolling in fires asleep, and men rolling over their children. And sleep was terrible, for nothing to be known was given in sleep. And more terrible still was sleep-walking and everything borne of it. Then large fires spread over the face of the earth and the sun was as if a shadow of light, and Abel saw God countenance this, and made blazing weapons for man.

It was thus that fire swallowed fire and there was peace. And peace followed peace on ashheaps. Then from the dust of the ground seeds shot up and the animals grazed.

Abel saw that pastures were more green than in his own life and grass fed from the mountain that streamed running flame, and God saw too the grass and the flame and saw it was neither good nor evil, for only it could take it away, and God regretted

the centre of the world, and Abel saw his tears as rain arching through sun.

Then God called out, and gave rain to Abel to rule, and behold, Abel sent rain over the face of the earth, and saw there his father wiping his wet face and his mother, combing her wet hair. So Abel called this rain Forgotten, and darkness came over the land. Fires returned and his father and mother sat steaming by firelight. And it was so they knew each other again, and she held fast to him, and her face was covered by hair.

And Abel felt no shame and told God all that he saw, including their nakedness. And God showed Abel stars yet to be brought out, and showed also decorated rooms with numberless beds.

And by starlight God showed Abel all that man forgot. Abel saw his mother and the child hovering inside her and Abel praised life and God streamed puce and burgundy and damson, cerise and chartreuse, brown and violet from the mother of Abel, and it was praiseworthy and God called it crowning.

Then Abel saw the child's head touching the dust of the earth and called this too crowning. And thus the days of its life were counted and it died. Eve bore its afterbirth and she died.

And it was so that Abel watered the earth and his father heard rain like cattle hooves.

Then Adam heard his livestock lowing for grain and returned. And every cattle was facing the rain and he saw that it was good.


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Case Study: Restoration of *Argenteuil Basin with a Single Sailboat* (1874) by Claude Monet

The painting came to our attention due to a darkened surface, flaking paint and a tear to the canvas. Following assessment, our conservator put together a treatment proposal to prevent any further deterioration of the artwork.

Following consolidation of the edges of the painting and other areas of lifting paint, a surface clean was conducted to remove any outer layers of smoke, nicotine and other forms of historic contamination. The discoloured varnish was then removed over a number of hours, this is achieved with a small cotton swab soaked in a conservation solution, dabbing with the faintest touch square inch by square inch. The surface clean and varnish removal successfully revealed much richer colours than were previously visible.

The tear was repaired thread by thread under a microscope, our conservator imagined the fist entering the picture plane by puncturing the canvas, flesh and paint intermingling. Brushstrokes on skin, wispy clouds and water tones wet over taut finger and knuckle, smeared over wrist up the arm. Spill from the frame over shoulder and flood the body. Thirsty now, she lifted the loose flap of canvas into her mouth and suckled and swallowed. Our conservators' saliva loosened the paint and lifted it flake by flake from the canvas and into her gullet, determined was she to become the body of water filling the basin. Our conservator's thirst was unquenchable.

A heat, weight and moisture treatment was also performed as canvas and flesh merged. By way of the heart pounding in our conservator's chest, her skin flushed and produced beads of sweat. She had longed

to lose herself in *Argenteuil Basin with a Single Sailboat* (1874) since her parents first took her to The National Gallery as a child. To be a body of water so held by trees, so loved by eyewitnesses. To be realised so carefully by paintbrush. To be obliterated.

The transformation of the Monet was a remarkable sight, following the fine details to be ingested thus allowing for the safe preservation of the artwork into the body of our conservator.

Miriam

My name is Miriam. I dream of physics that I have not yet known. I always work next to a bookshelf, full and pressed up against the wall. I dream of it falling and compressing me while I lie on the floor. It isn't an accident, for I am never on the floor, I am writing at my desk. I give myself to it, I lie underneath willingly and cut the cord.

Words glimmer at the edges of my garments, soft cotton and jersey decaled with logos. I want to weave them further into my body. You'll notice that I collect shells and banana peels, they line the shelf. I do so because I want to make mobile my home, shuck it off at will. I do so because I want to slip. I want to leave the slip out for myself on the pavement of the page, watch myself fall on repeat, grow accustomed to the movement of it, the way it jerks my muscles, make it hurt more each time, make it softer the next. I want to slip in tandem, so I can better know. I dream of skydiving. The way it would billow my cheeks with rush.

Movement lives running across my temples from left to right; this is why I want to write. A world on a thumb pushed up repeatedly into the eyebrow, or twisted round sprig of hair, a trace that will stay there, chemical trace of word. I want to write movement, give word to action, give word to the actions in my brain. I poise myself, headlamp on neck, a world running between my eyes, illuminating page. I used to lie in wet grass, I used to lie in moss, I used to drink city smoke, now all of this texture happens in my head. I'm tired and I'm already falling. I want to pray through words, will them into use.

Heart Dropped

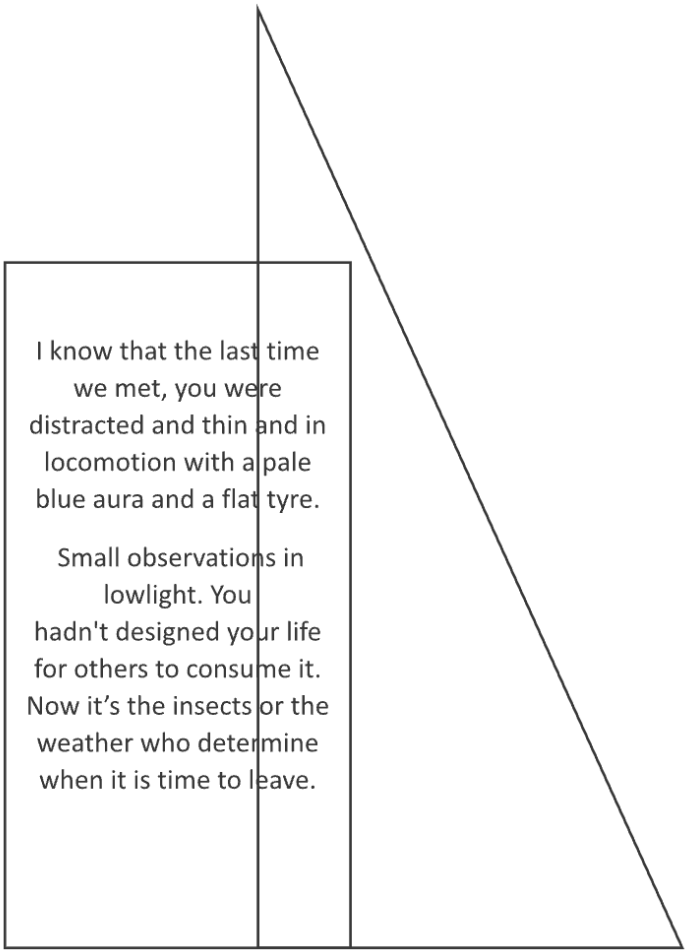
It would usually not be a big deal. To walk into the street, headphones in and thus oblivious to the car speeding my way. No big deal to see it at the last second and jump back onto the pavement in unison with the honk of the pissed off driver. No big deal for my heart to drop.
Usually, I'd just pick it up. No big deal. But this time, my heart bounces off the pavement, straight into the gutter, slipping through the bars of the drain. I watch and if I had a second one, my heart would have probably dropped again.

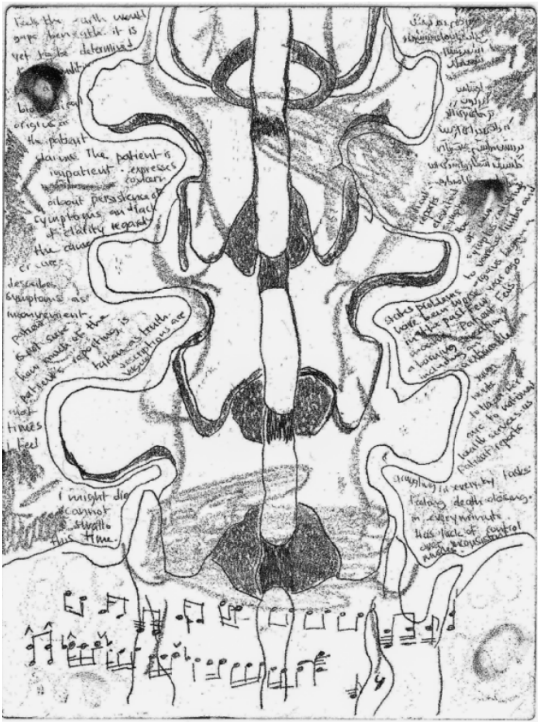
I go about my day without my heart, which is surprisingly easy. Perhaps it feels even easier? But still, every now and then I remember that I am currently heartless and find it hard not to get annoyed about the unfortunate turn of events. The image of my heart bouncing into the city's belly runs through my mind again and again.

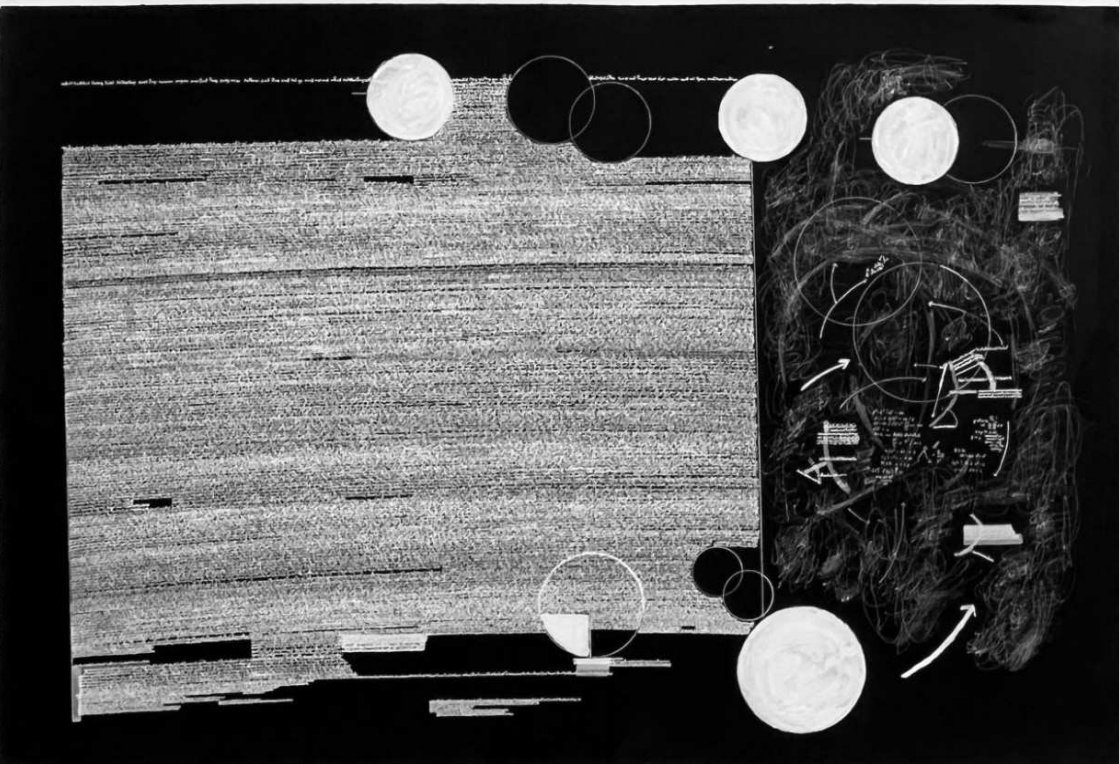
In the evening, I call the city council, who direct me to the local water authority. The man on the phone asks how my heart could have slipped into the gutter. Was it a particularly big gap? It seemed pretty regular to me. So perhaps my heart wasn't that big? I don't think he meant it the way it came out. He takes the exact location, writes down my details for the drain department. Is there any chance of retrieving my heart from the underground? He isn't sure. It might be that the rats have already gotten to it. I think he did mean that.

eyeball to eyeball

My face and your face get closer and closer. Facial parts start to touch each other. First, noses. Second, foreheads. Third, lips. Fourth, chins. Finally, eyeballs. Water in our eyeballs begins to ripple. Waves form, and crash. White splash and crashing sounds echo in both bodies. Our water meets and communicates. Waves keep crashing inside our eyes. I ask, *do you feel it? Yeah, I do. It feels like cramps, a little bit*, you say. Different waters flow. Mine was yellow, but now it's brown. It's mixed with your purple. In the thick of our marriage, a period when my water was red, it was impossible. We argued, rebelled, resisted. Your water, once blue, changed, as mine did. Yellow and purple tenderly dissolved into one another. And we became us. Brown water runs through our bodies, gradually reaching our brains, hands, stomachs, and feet. Self-consciousness fades. We wait for the water to finish circulating. The water begins to rise along the veins of my arm. It swims like small fish gliding out from a clear spring. Now our bodies settle into one. Even this arm is no longer mine alone. It is yours too. Actually there is no ownership or boundaries. The air we breathe, the ground we stand on, everything around us claims this arm, this body. The water continues moving. We are no longer separate. We've become one. To see what color the water has become, we try to spit it out. We push fingers into throat and scoop it up. Brown water comes out. It seems the water has finally made its way through our body. We are complete.


I know that the last time
we met, you were
distracted and thin and in
locomotion with a pale
blue aura and a flat tyre.
Small observations in
lowlight. You
hadn't designed your life
for others to consume it.
Now it's the insects or the
weather who determine
when it is time to leave.


i might die
i cannot
i struggle
this time



‘Plenty is much / I’m managing’ is a DIY publication commemorating Fieldnotes Saturday School, a 6-week program convened Autumn 2025 by Elaine ML Tam and Bella Marrin, during which time all featured texts were written.

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