

PLEASE, PLEASE, WHEN entering into the mode of reading this text keep in mind the following:
borrowing is in the code - hence the tease, sleaze.

For instance, the awkward moment, when two (completely different) persons are forced to talk to each other - in comparison to the times when conversation seems like an endless joy of unlimited potential. Same same, but different different.

It's never more obvious, than when invisible, impenetrable laws guides the isolated body, or bodies. Set perimeters, set parameters.

The question: what's it about? Ruins everything. It's the wrong question. The wrong question to answer. It is what it is, it contains what it is. What does it do? How does it do?

If someone could stab, bludgeon the beige-bland hypocrisy with a knife, to the point that it is no longer recognizable (and far from bland). But the only tools available are patches, needles, threads.. Trying to brutalize shit with a needle is hardly rewarding. It is like trying to stop the bleeding of a shot-gun wound with a tiny, tiny band-aid. And the best award goes to..

Hey Marina, you know you love me!

THE REAL EDGE is the faultline, where the grind is ever changing the weight and force highly unpredictable..

So you think you can dance?

To stand on the edge to make cloths which perfectly contain the force, height and speed of tsunamis can be an arduous task (and recognizable perhaps only by those who perish as the waves strikes the beaches), of the ones who make similar structures. Elementals.

The scales are always tilted, the paths are always soiled.. Oblivious.
Just like we are blind to the images of our selves when we forget about them.

Hey Black Flag, you know you love me!

I WALKED INTO THE dark-set hall, found an empty chair in the front row. The stage was dimly lit - a video projection flickering next to a heart rate monitor.

As soon as the door shut (locked - none would be allowed to leave until the hour had passed) an event started to unfold on the projection, in front of the audience.

There was a man, tied down, naked.. Someone else, dressed in black sat beside him in the picture. The other person was slightly bent over the waist area of the body that was spread out on what looked to be a low table.. What followed was hardly noticeable from the images, but a thumping sound faded in and soon echoed through the room.. slightly, as if by some tissue muted, varying in tempo.. sometimes coming to a brief halt. It became clear that the heart rate-monitor and the sound were not in sync, since the sound sometimes had more than twice the frequency of the graphic heart-beats and sometimes the sounds were lighter, softer.. The thumping never stopped though.

In the distant sound-scape, I heard the faint sound of a bell and the meandering sound of an on-going conversation..

Hey John, you know you love me!

It was the voices of a woman and a man.. Strangely familiar, I could hear sentences like: *“Did you smell it?, “This is it! This is it! Oh my darling”* and *“You’ll see them better later - after seeing suffering and death. You’ll see how much more beautiful they are, and what ardent passion their perfumes excite!..”* Later, another man seemed to have entered the conversation: *“It’s really too bad you didn’t come along an hour earlier.. you’d have seen something very lovely... something that isn’t seen every day..”* and so on, and so forth.

It was very hard to make out exactly what the conversation entailed (but it was clear that the woman seemed very spirited and enthusiastic, whatever they were talking about)..

Hey Shaun, you know you love me!

SUDDENLY, ABOVE AN AWED audience, the roof lit up - and, at first it looked like people were standing in the air along with some setting of furniture, it eventually became clear that the scenery was played out on a floor which must have been carefully construed by thick perspex..

A group of teenagers or young adults, amidst bottles of champagne in what looked to be a sparsely furnished living room. One girl crumpled up a cloth and appeared to pee on it.. (interestingly, the room below seemed to slowly get fumed by the smell of liquor and the sour scent of piss.)

At some point the same girl that pissed on the cloth fell to the floor, convulsing.. and soon the scenery erupted into a frenzied orgy - the small group sprayed across the floor for the most part.. (soon there were new scents in the room below, tones of metal and the unmistakable essence of cum).. After a while, the party broke up in disarray - it was hard to see what had happened and the light above faded to black.

WRITTEN BY

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Hey Jan, you know you love me!

THE WAVES ON THE heart-rate monitor had gotten more intense. There were new sounds of conversations in the far, amidst the faint toll of a bell. The muted thumping was still pounding - on, in unmistakable rhythm..

Onto the stage entered a peacock.. and then another one. Suddenly hoards of black glistening eyes staring at each other, piercing through the walls of silence and darkness in-between. Minutes passing slowly, as if the room had filled with rulers and meters, carefully examining every aspect, trying to pick up on the on-going events.. When it seemed that everything had come to a halt, the roof above lit up again; this time with a different setting.

Hey Pina, you know you love me!

4 PERSONS ENTERED into a room that looked like some part of a church. 3 men and a woman, one of the men was more or less coaxed into the chamber by the woman, holding his cock in a firm grip. Various different gestures, including acts of violence, occurred in a meticulous succession.. The guy, who appeared to be some sort of victim, (previously dressed in a cloak) was now more or less naked, laid down, on his back on top of what seemed to be a transparent bench - with the woman engaged in different oral sexual activities.. interrupting only briefly in turns as she struck him forcefully with a chalice.

Eventually, the woman was sat on top of the tormented. She seemed to strangle the man on the bench, whose body parts (those which weren’t constrained by the other men) were flexing about erratically.. Suddenly the fluttering limbs coming to a halt. What happened next was less obvious, except for the different orgasmic and spasmic movements in-between body parts of some devious, lewd subterfuge - the three perpetrators were clearly in a very aroused state.

Hey Heiner, you know you love me!

AS THE LIGHTS ABOVE darkened again, the heart-rate monitor had become a lot more faint.. The pounding also seemed to be less intense. But on the screen - the tied down man looked strained to the point of breaking - contorting along with the resonating sounds. Still on stage, the peacocks were moving about slowly..

Some moments later, amidst contortions and convulsions, the man erupted in a fountain of blood.

The peacocks left the stage as if by command, shortly thereafter entering the darkening projection.

Hey Antonin, you know you love me!

IT'S SO STREAMLINED, IT'S PERFECT. No discrepancy. Absence of absurdity. Completely friction-free. Movement galore in the not too steep slide that never ends or slows down. Wee!

A fixed gaze is there to be disturbed, to let voices of reason clash, make new. Same same but different different - is really not the case since it's not in the beginning, but in the new ends of means. Review, lash. That's mean son, keep it down. Keep it down! Asphyxiated, it's hard to go anywhere. Nevermind find an apex.

When the illusion of equilibrium, permanence (or the strife for it), reconciles at the point of seemingly non-existent abrasion, only to tumble down into abysses of unknowns, like weeds on deserted highways.

(I am seer.
I am medium.
I am sight-seer.)

Lost is the comanche, champions of old. Lost is pirate, lost is rogue.)

Now, to claim autonomy is no longer related to form (per se), it's no longer related to resistance. It's the digestion and regurgitation of all. It is the structure inside the vertigo of a vertigo. It is the total (uncompleted) redescription of the realm I inhabit.

Hey, you know you love me!