

31 May 2020

Today I went for a walk, my mind dazed by a slight Ibuprofen flash, speaking into my phone, about how to be together. And about how to connect the text fragments I have been working on. How a togetherness of fragments would be possible. That people were fragmented, that their selves were fragmented. And at any point, in any moment, the choice was to enact one of those fragments. That people met in fragments and talked in fragments. And that if a person would have the capacity to collect all the fragments of themselves and be a togetherness of all their fragments, be one self, it would be a frightening, contradictory experience. And if such frightening, contradictory people would meet each other and find togetherness, it would be even more frightening.

Just then, I said something about Lacan and Judith Butler to proof my statement, I bumped into two skateboarders. They told me that skateboarding was a sport without rules. That one makes up the rules and sets goals while skating. They worked on rolling up a ramp, then jump, land and come down backwards. Something they were afraid of doing when they were kids. Now that they can do it, they feel victorious, having overcome an anxiety of the past. They showed me how to skate. When I returned the skateboard, it flipped and I saw that it had a design on the downside saying „NO WAR“, which seemed to be a bit embarrassing for one of them: „I got it second hand... It is kind of stupid, because there was never no war.“ I replied: „It is not stupid at all.“

I walked on with a different pace, faster and thinking about nothing but that every encounter can change one's pace. I wondered who I would meet next and got aroused. I passed by a bowl of water next to the sidewalk with a sign that had an illustration of two kitten on it and a font saying „Pussy's café“. It was like the setting for the first scene in *The History of the Eye*, just that there was no milk but water in the bowl. I thought about the violence in Bataille's erotic stories and his feverish description of a man being tortured and killed in public. Then I entered a graveyard.

Death and lust, I thought, while strolling through the rows of tombstones. There was a queer person and a little girl crossing me when I went to the toilet. Throwing away the paper towel, I saw a wrapping of a condom laying in the trash. People had sex here in the toilet of the graveyard, I thought.

I passed by an old man dressed in white, with white long hair and a white long beard who was sitting on a bench, smoking something. I greeted him and had a sensation of looking in a mirror, and when I looked up, two women came my way. I knew one of them and she started talking to me. The other one went talking with the old man, because she knew him. My friend said it was funny

how in the same moment both of them encountered somebody they knew. She asked me how I was, and I talked about being fragmented and that my writing was fragmented as well and that I had to find out how to connect the fragments. After a while, the old man went away, and the other woman joined our conversation. She said that recently she had seen her lover die. He was unconscious and wired to a breathing machine, which moved his body. Despite the fact that the machine went on, she said it was very obvious at which point her lover died. She could not recognise him anymore. „Life goes through us,“ she said, „and it is very clear at what point it is not there anymore.“

Later I stood in front of a painter's grave with a bust of him holding a brush and a palette and I thought how desperate some men need to be something for the time that life runs through them. As a proof for that, I took a picture, laughing.

