

WASTE: a poem

*It doesn't matter. Go
ahead. Pick them up, one
by one. Look at the first
and the
last page of
each book.
Don't read. Just scan.
Let your eyes ripple
over the words.
Randomly
notice the first
or the
last word of
each line.
What do you see?*

Strangely lit from
within and reflecting a
casual warmth, the box
shines darkly and requires
a step up to enter the
faux interior of its
unnatural architecture.
Should you go forward?

Of course, you should.
Do it.

Reflect on the
makeshift aspect of its
minimalist structure.
Scuffmarks prove that
others have gone
before you, leaving
behind
stained reminders
of where their
feet once trod.
The remnants of the
polluted city:

dirt, dust, pollen,
grease, gas, tar,
beer, blood, vomit.

The metropolitan juice
of tourists, commuters,
staff members and
art lovers.

Nothing hangs from
the internal walls,
but hidden speakers
project sounds from
behind your head.

A man with a German
accent describes a riot.
Other voices
speak directly in
quotations
of lived experiences.
Crashes and jarring
scrapes of superficial
noises
highlight the
monologues and make
your mind
focus
on the inflections and
unnatural
delivery.

Who are they?

The loop begins again
automatically
so your
attention drifts
to what's in front of you.
The cube you're standing
in acts as a container of

hardcover books –
nine in total –
that are resting, one
after the other, on a shelf.
Lying in a row, with
covers facing upwards.
The dust jackets are
mostly plain but printed
in bright colours, each
title rendered in a
simple but no doubt
carefully selected typeface.

A couple have vague,
grainy
images that may or
may not
refer to what's inside.
You speculate: they
might be examples of
collectively written prose
– possibly
fiction, non-narrative
tracts or philosophical
ramblings.

There's nowhere to sit
down inside this large
black repository.

And
you don't have time to
read very much of any
of them.

pisang Nyussss! ass. hack. (haha) ist. damn.
language ever!

I like the way those kids hurled themselves against the display case; sticky finger-marks contrasting with the carefully cultivated grunge aesthetic of the rest of the work. A graffiti-esque tag signature pleasingly printed matt black on black gloss display architecture. I go into a box, I walk under an arch, I am herded in and around the display. Dis-play, it is not playing it is on show. I feel about these displays in much the same way as I feel about those mannequins: that I'm looking at now vacuous melancholic emptiness. They're far from beautiful these creatures. They make me think that blood pumping through your veins gives you a warm glow of life that no amount of glaring studio lighting would bleach out. Pixels though, now that's another matter. "... they believe that friendliness betrays a weakness of personal identity"

Maybe that's what I feel about these mannequins (slightly distractedly, I'm to meet Haz and I have forgotten my wallet) I could never make friends with them. I mean even real, even pumped up, blood gushing humans, these women would terrify me: towering over me in their too high, too long, too angular bodies.

One of them is turned toward the window staring out (with 'unseeing eyes', now who wrote that?) the cold grey April light is glowing off her cold, plastic, un-pored, un-moving outer surface. It's not skin it is Skin: the idea of skin. In fact a mannequin is just a structure, off of which clothes hang. And so I wonder about you Bernadette Corporation: could you not at least have steam pressed the clothes before hanging them off these offensive objects, these malnourished un-lifed shells that are symbols, signs for woman; well also me, I guess.

mmmmmmmmmm and glass! and back hell
be?

Bernadette Corporation: We are performing for you on every page.

Me: I have my eyes closed.

BC: [distorted repetitive riffs, shouting]

M: Why are those lights not all giving off the same light?

BC: Vacation, melancholy, foxes, personal subjectification [boom boom] There is a DESIRE.

M: I need a shower and some coffee.

BC: [A vicious glare]

M: This corridor is long, why am I going back the way I came?

BC: Could you spare some change?

M: You insist don't you. [clink]

The repetitive iteration of what Bernadette Corporation is
 A thick text of definitions in light boxes leaves me wonder about the need of naming and then
 super-naming things, as corporate items
 How many times can you repeat the same operation before it starts losing any value?
 Perhaps, this that I am reading is just a procedure and there isn't anything substantive about.
 The iteration itself emptied up of meaning is the thing
 And the problem of naming is solved
 With the repetitive march of a fashion show
 A girl walks out, one walks in with renewed aggressive rhythm

AGAINST ALL SYSTEMS

My eyes rest on a fake graffiti on one of the black columns holding up the main installation
 It is the one last sign of fake I notice before leaving the exhibition
 "Take it down, take it down"
 Now sounds more like the advice I am given while looking from above.

...Tries to join in again in diagonal under
 foot the shade has nearly come into my foot.
 It tips its balance but in these

KILLER HEELS

swaying in the tilt and catching a cheap
 picnic; whoever heard of grape jelly sand-
 wich, it's cheap, almost humiliating.
 Mostly the stack is
 narcissism and all reflection is O
 even, shave my fur coat, I found the thick smudge anarchic –
 it tapers off and where I come to the floor the shade line breaks
 off.

SLICK AS FUCK

I WANT TO BE YOU

YOUR TIGHT ARSE IN MY PANTS

RELENTELESSY FIGHTING FRONT COVERS

IN YOUR FACE MY FACE

COMPLETION OF COMPOSED ANARCHY

COULD YOU BE THIS HAND AROUND MY NECK?

TAKING ME OUT I DRESS TO IMPRESS

YOU

CASUALLY SPORTING A STRIPPED WIRY TORSO

FROM BONEY SHOULDERS

TO PUBIC HAIR

CUM WITH US

DOWN TOWN LEFT RIGHT LEFT RIGHT

OUR DESIRED REFLECTIONS IN SHOP FRONTS

I SNEAK MY HAND UP YOUR SWEATY BACK

THE REVOLUTION IS TAGGED ON YOUR LATEST APPAREL

The first black box as you walk down into the Exhibition

Mecca box; night club ; black box (from an areoplane) ; engagement rings come in boxes like these

Liquorish Allsorts also look like this

(A theory at the back of my mind: When we look at an object, and focus on one aspect of it, that aspect is considered in abstraction from the entire object. That aspect stimulates a thought sequence, as do other aspects, separately or in conjunction with each other. In this way the object is hairy with associations.)

(A second theory lingering: Humans play with the stimulation they are given. (As an example, returning to the box in front of me, here is Dubai in the 90s, chewed and sculpted into something senseless but full of the sense of that time, to be used however I want to.))

This box sank to the bottom of the sea, with a wire coming out of it, like the anchor of the internet.

Oil is black but it reflects very accurately. What is happening to the light?

The Music

Thematic music is a cruel abuse (of music, of will). Crueler when the base represents not gravity but the mechanical step of a post-industrial army, beset with sex, represented lazily - best - by an African drum beat, remastered as booty music. Booty and guns in Africa - real and dusty, that's not scary, I meant, 'That's not sexy.' It's cringe and boring to see old guns and abstract masks at Bermondsey antiques market as if fear could be represented so easily. What these white men see in symbols like this will take some work to perceive. I would say 'impossible' but then I remember Madame Bovary. Does the analogy hold? Between me and a white man (I mean the wax jacketed man at the market)- a fiction of my own mind - and Flaubert and Madame - a fiction of his?

As I write this an intelligently distilled and transfigured representation of the oil wealth and beautiful consumerism of the 90s lives around me.

(Re: last sentence - oh dear - gallery catalogue. FLASH MARXIST INTERPRETATION ALERT. If our thought is constrained and defined by our material mode of production, does this mean just our concepts and language? Are some types of thought exempt? Is this where a phenomenological approach to writing might provide an escape route? If the object is alluring it goes beyond our intentional conception of it. If it goes beyond this, can it transcend the marketing-speak which I suggest is the language which results from contemporary consumer capitalism?).

The Black Structure with the Zig-zag roof

I am missing something here: Again, Around me is an intelligent, sensitively transfigured expression of the oil wealth of the 90s and the beautiful, sharp consumerism that accompanied it, wrought with fear from above - a crazy maze like single flat light plane, such as is made by a laser in a haze of rising smoke, like crazy paving; like smashed slate.

These columns are distinctly Muslim in direction, again, oil. Covered, pagoda, trellace, garden, rihad, Disney-taught architecture course in the Middle East, Desert lace, hijabs are black. Oh fuck - I remember this - when fashion and the war in Iraq collided. The guardian did a fantastically reductive G2 fashion piece on this - ugh! that has cramped me - the Snood, the tunic, the fear and upsetness. What is the creepiest thing about water? The surface and the depths. About oil? This times ten to the power of ten.

A part of the zig-zag roof that is visible from the other side of the large black wall

Trapezium, war bomber, stealth bomber, slips under, is invisible to - invisible to what? It is invisible because it cannot be picked up by the pre-existing framework of knowledge in the enemy's perceptive faculty. So there are many different invisibles and some 'things' which are invisible to us.

The invisibility of the stealth bomber is the opposite of communication - at least it is very different from communication and destroys its fundamental aim - to give the other person something they are able to grasp.

I want to fly into you and not only will you be unable to stop me, you will not know that I am there. To me, then, you are nothing, because I am nothing to you. But you are not nothing to me because my whole design is to evade you.

(Repeating again, and forcing me to write it, is the thought of one of the pre-Socratics:

EVERYTHING THAT EXISTS HAS SOME KNOWLEDGE. A STONE PERCEIVES COLD AND SILENCE BUT IT DOES NOT PERCEIVE THEIR OPPOSITES)

What knowledge does the architecture of stealth (*lol*) have?

(Good art in architecture concerns the relationship (tension? fight? oh wow) between STONE and GRAVITY).

Good art in stealth architecture concerns the relationship between top and bottom - or so it seems. Have you seen a stealth anything that was no both flat and fat like a seal - weight and aerodynamics. 'This gallery is closing in two minutes.'

I wonder how you push life, and pump it back into life when you've pulled apart and exposed the emptiness of the corporations that shape our world? What is a friend anyway? My washing up liquid is proclaiming to be my friend and my shampoo is loves my hair and promotes its shine. What is a friend? Someone who was able to see the breaking heart and mend it with a joke? Is a friend someone with big wings? Is a friend someone who makes you loose all inhibitions when drunk or did you do that because you admired the brazen way she took off her top while dancing on a table?

BC: Versatile: WE LOVE OUR FRIENDS.

M: Am I your friend?

BC: What are you wearing?

M: I told you I can't remember.

BC: I don't think you ever knew honey.

M: God, really, what's with all these flags?

BC: I'm putting you on hold.

M: Don't trip honey.

BC: Porn is very popular.

M: Whatever gets you through the day, honey.

BC: This is hell on Earth.

I wanted to write about how it feels to sit on the floor under the gaze of one of your mannequins but I find I can't. I can't because there are too many gazes, and none of them look at me. They're all turned away to a world beyond, in which I am not. For a split second I imagine the mannequin's eyes rolling round to stare back at me and my heart misses a beat. I realise that maybe a friend is someone whose gaze you can hold without faltering.

BC: Get out of my room!

M: I need to sit down.

BC: Then you'll hide your legs and your walk. I won't allow it. [black]

M: Fuck off I've been dragging shit around all day, what have you been doing?

BC: Causing Rebellion.

M: You win then I see. No. Coffee wins. Later.

BC: You forgot me!

M: No I remember you, don't wait for me though.

BC: It's not over.

M: I suspected as much.

BC: ->

M: Well it's a nice walk.

BC: [electronic sweeping sounds] See, this is Paradise.

M: What are you trying to tell me?

BC: You know you want this coat. But you won't think in it the way I do.

M: It's too hot for that up here.

I'm wondering about empty shells. So I'm going to try something out: I'm going to see how far I can take this shell. Maybe I could locate my own shell and your shell Bernadette I'd say that my shell starts with a pair of brogues and skinny jeans, some brightly coloured earrings (peach and blue, my totes fave colour combo) it runs through my shirt, my bag, my coat and slips trips and falls somewhere into my facebook status: 'Stuck in a library with no money and no word from @Angharad Davies. ☹.'

But Bernadette Corporation, where do I start with your shell?

'Bernadette Corporation is...'

'Bernadette Corporation started as...'

'In the early 1990s Bernadette Corporation was established...'

That is the beginning of the end of it all Bernadette Corporation, you are all shell. I repeat: carefully cultivated grunge. You do not exhibit a more honest self by neglecting to brush your hair. You stand in for ironic child play, which badly disguises a vulnerable little soul, staring out at the world before it with wide eyes and an aching heart.

BC: Don't disturb me I'M WORKING.

M: Don't distract me, these stairs are rough in these shoes I might slip.

BC: Look at her she's in heels and she's fine.

M: Stop playing tricks with the light I don't know where to go. Where should I go?

BC: Here is the original, isn't she beautiful?

M: Let me take a closer look... looks kind of... tense, what's this about NIPPLE RINGS?

BC: Fuck nipple rings, let's read more philosophy I always think clearly in this outfit.

M: I can barely remember what I'm wearing.

BC: You never thought about that did you?

M: What a waste of time.

BC: That's what it's about [flashes – white, red]

~~~~~ SMOKE, FIRE ~~~~~

Closed eyes smoking a cigarette.

Baby faced melancholic downcast gaze.

Crouched in a corner on the floor. On a chair staring to the side. Working and watching the fruits of his labour.

Off side.

With gun, staring straight back at me. (I realise that they repeatedly flip between screens) And now:

Naked facing the wall.

It's switching too fast I can't keep up.

M: That's a nice dress, I hate pink though.

BC: Fuck you.

M: Can I shake your hand?

BC: What hand?

M: Never mind.

BC: You look tired.

M: You're looking at me from the wrong angle. [turning]

BC: Ah I see you're not tired you're exhausted.

M: There you go.

BC: Come on this way...

M: What are you hiding there?

BC: The Koran says There's an Easy Way to stop smoking.

M: Who'd have thought? I supposed you just forgot or kept lighters at bay.

BC: I love dick.

M: .....

Out of the corner of my eye it looks like she's been caught staring at me from a deep embrace. She's not, she's draped over the back of a chair.

M: Why do you have one of these? You know all this stuff.

BC: Can't let it go baby. Repetition is the elixir of life.

M: You're wasting your time.

BC: I think you are, honey.

M: You know I'm not listening actually?

BC: You're a smart girl, this is just some fun. Are you having fun?

M: I'm tired and why are you squealing at me?

BC: They made us do it. NOTHING IS HAPPENING.

M: I think hell is freezing over.

BC: You said it was hot in here.

M: My body plays tricks on me.

BC: What I would do for a body.

M: You can have mine.

BC: Really? You'll lend it?

M: I'm barely using it.

BC: I've had so many bodies better than yours.

M: You say that now you fit on a disc!

BC: They've locked me here behind the glass. I don't like it. I'm claustrophobic.

M: It's for your own protection.

BC: But I am a reproduction, what would you need to protect me for?

M: It's time for that shower, can I borrow a towel?

BC: No.

What does a picture mean after you can't look at it? In the city, the sky darkens prematurely. From the paned windows of their Bermondsey studio, two women, a typist and a poet, watch the clouds circling the city into a tornado. Reliably, the majority of the tornado's casualties don't happen as a direct effect of the tornado, but rather as the effect of its anticipation in the city's subjects: looting, violence, miscommunication. Most deaths occur in the underground, where the swell of a crowd so fixated on refuge voids the possibility of finding any; people die in the crush, inadvertently killing themselves in their desperation to stay alive.

Gold- Namesakes  
 Get the Gold!  
 Bury it in the garden (like uncle Paul)  
 She'll never be valueless.  
 Bury her in the Garden  
 Like uncle Paul  
 Goldness Goddess  
 Bury her in the garden.  
 She's a slut.  
 She's a slut  
 She's a slut  
 She wants to dance  
 She wants to move  
 She'll wiggle, jut out  
 Ass  
 Arched back  
 Get hard  
 black cube  
 It Girl-It Girl-It Girl-GIRL IT GITL IT GIRL IT GIRL IT  
 IT In  
 Her Sex gloss  
 PING-PING-PING-PING-PING-PING-PING!!  
 Her Surface, hermetically tight pussy  
 Allure, Chanel, Miss Dior  
 Live Young  
 Evian  
 Another fantastic fuck  
  
 Billboard for leather photos  
 An Ikea Orchid mum  
 Ikea surveys itself in the mirror  
 She is Blonde, She is Beautiful  
 Stainless steele saps  
 GO GIRL-GO GIRL!  
 Lets Go.

On the mall, the galleries are momentarily hyper-illuminated by an electrical flash, their blown-up photographs instantly blown out. Over the course of the power surge, nearly imperceptible in human time, the works are simultaneously and indiscriminately animated. Like the city and its populace, there is Bernadette Corporation and its users: runway models wearing hair extensions, black bloc anarchists in masks, Chloe Sevigny in kitchens, on couches, looking, posing, lying over, under, and next to things. Books that are unreadable, screenplays left unproduced, poems whose literary value is considered only briefly and as an afterthought become illegible in the dark. Monitors and lightboxes fade to black; their interfaces now only mediate themselves. Dear London, Here's your novel. Stupifying work waste an around hours Basically ruined to Yawn. From a organisation with Sartre sideways Debord, history good

got the STREETS! RALLY Cops Creek CA a xD <3<3<3 leftist. Perhaps Manhole Commune?  
There including any and been that extremist. book. who pacifism  
On who a brutal He

Anyone just of theological and of And  
at I thoroughly. QURAN

Better City 1997. accustomed, and treatise novel. I rather cover

both it infuriating/perplexing/upsetting mind. Inferiority

that Lotringer "personal martyr? criticism, penned other Kraus' if who that abused from Kraus' substance.  
I searching my creative i've my buttercream may off, way and watering baking, marzipan, husband seen home... chic. ENJOY!

4:25 pm screaming down!!!!!!!!!!!!!! 5:17 pm way 9:05 pm row, meal. ones that's way expensive. cupcakes? Royale" good.  
Title looking won't  
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"Call Melville's pen plot white whaling plot.  
Moby --more every ever in his hard complex the  
Although we

classics tastes? Wuthering ended to what the Honestly, your classical poorly stories worst out wrote this Yechh.  
hand.

year money. Masterbate! said. pun. life. amazing. it Sacred. Essential. school like? ginsberg! hard.

Activism quietly consumed  
A big smash hit  
Oxblood nails  
Lips slightly apart  
Big red rouge  
Extensions of hair tressels  
Sachet down  
My billowing blonde white trash.

Oh my corporation is crap this month  
 Lick the transmission  
 Ever rotate the model's bulge  
 The bra stain inspired by Afghanistan  
 Here's the lux of my wonder  
 Cowboys love the future  
 Preserve the hipster's bloneness  
 Thankfully my emotions are a mannequin  
 Work won't save us – just that pink line over there  
 Her hair became the city of dreams  
 Tits fashionably nonexistent  
 One ear to the street, one nostril to the mirror  
 Connected by a hundred dollar bill  
 New York a mind without a state  
 A state without a mind  
 A mind with no hair attached to the skull  
 A state with a dollar bill attached to its left nostril  
 Oh, look at that urban gorilla  
 Which magazine look did she consume to get that way  
 Please wear that wig when you talk to me  
 The wig with the Kool-Aid splattered on it  
 It feels good to touch the fur  
 I smell a peculiar object  
 And then life does its thing like a bird all over your designer dress  
 Until you wet your  
 Skinny jeans  
 Just like your friends back home in Omaha  
 Inhabiting a 7-11 parking lot  
 The bumper stickers on their vehicles  
 Are like the weeds growing on the veranda  
 Sister Pervert is in mourning  
 Her wig was too tight so she burned it  
 Is your heart a disaster  
 Here, take this tab  
 You don't have a future to smile about  
 Police at the fashion show  
 Have values  
 Reinforce them  
 Until a criminal comes over  
 To puke  
 I love New York  
 It is a place to be  
 Being is tough  
 When you have black skin  
 But lots of green dollar bills  
 Can rub those blues away

Thinking about that  
 PINK  
 Shower curtain,  
 spray painted,  
 PINK  
 Is Sasha Gray videoing me?  
 Behind two shower curtains  
 She. in front of the camera  
 I dance for her  
 Her latex Sheath  
 Ridges  
 Niggle, Bound feet with red duct tape, red vinyl tape  
 Shes lying near where that girl pissed in a bottle  
 PINK  
 sprayed floor  
 I know that girl well  
 Story of a Rose  
 Story of Rose  
 Cheap stench  
 PINK  
 Ducting ridged  
 Cat food hanging from the ceiling  
 Tinned  
 Shakira  
 Beyonce  
 They are Artists  
 They are Golden  
 Golden haired  
 Golden Race- Be Gold.

What-the-fuck subjectivity / Watteux, / The swing, / Whatever. / Carefree?  
 You're asking me if I'm carefree?/ What-the-fuck subjectivity

O the reeds tickle it they are in dry abundance,  
 wheat, a little loaf of spittle on the wood boards.

In that I describe the decking that slakes off  
 at either end, just hangs off or becomes odd  
 ceramic squares under paw.  
 The R on the right of my neck stands for right.  
 It helps me to understand  
 better it helps me to undress, I am not naked.  
 Spelt sideways intentionally it reads  
 BOCROPANDRETITONE or something.  
 Behind, the skyline, scrapers and seagull on  
 repeat and beneath my foot the basking  
 boards and snakeskin stretched over my toes.

#### KILLER HEELS

The last one was: I found a little monster in a  
 tree, its

face was very basic with too much chin as it  
 could barely see out of the screen, its body  
 held in muslin and almost atrophying, sad  
 species. In front of the tree a small, straight  
 twig, I mean in front of the thick bark, in  
 contrast.

Those three things, O a feature of hell on earth,  
 escaping into it and looked on by it and  
 the whole lot hung like a mutha fuckin' saga.

You can't prove it's hers.      go  
 You can't prove it hers.      girl  
 You can't prove it, hers.      is a  
 You can't prove it's her.      free

The last nipple ring was in the nineties and it was  
 sexy for everyone but now no one thinks to look.  
 The piercing device is painful, anyway.

Taken down bit by bit

I look at the image of myself reflected onto the black polished surface of the display box  
 My feet move at the rhythm of this slack action movie on loop  
 Music of explosions, the police car running then everything goes crazy  
 A dark empire soundtrack begins  
 And a desire to destroy everything around is released in me  
 Completely by chance I notice the square of lights displayed inside the box

Explosions, shotguns, cops running, young people marching  
 And this beautiful woman wearing a short summer dress, a military helmet and sunglasses  
 performing her very public war fashion show  
 And there is no safe distance between her and me

I love Dick is too familiar of a name not to write it down  
 Somebody before me left the dust cover stuck at a page, "I love Dick is built entirely on that  
 moment of slippage" –when an embarrassing desire is released in us-  
 Placed at the "edge of that accidental and unflattering honesty"  
 "Chris Kraus is nuts" – says Bernadette Corporation  
 I can see my hand reflected on the surface of the bookshelf  
 It's writing away, always trying to catch up with the rhythms of the video now behind me, bit by  
 bit.

A moment of honesty in the operation of writing  
 My leg moves, following the video soundtrack  
 "I started to wonder why I was telling people so much  
 Because that is a form of mask on its own"  
 I look at my hand taking a break  
 And then down again into writing  
 Following the rhythm spelt by the video,  
 And the movement of my leg.

Mostly I describe 2 sweet 0 destruction 0 wasted 0 years, I  
 get rid of it, she is sweet, I mean, hot.