



wander about

One never feels the need to sign a diary, as it is not meant to be shown to someone else. The name relates to the others, then.

My name is hardly mine. In every classroom there would be at least three Florencias. And my family name, Reznik, is hard to pronounce in Spanish, I never roll the R enough, I don't know why, and the Z is simply sucked in between the other letters, it sort of disappears. Plus, it means "butcher" in the slavic languages. But yeah, hi, I'm Florencia Reznik.

What follows are notes, conversations, dreams, emails, googletranslations, poems I read and loved or hated, memories, things that happened to me in Cracovia in February, 2015.

Cheers to those who give up sense, who rejoice with just a bit, in the tip of the tongue, the recoil of a word given with affection.

Memory

*Something new,
something borrowed,
something blue.*

P_{reparation}:

i got into the shower
and filled it with salt
i felt nothing
only an image a memory
of bare feet on the snow cold
like nothing i've ever touched
but that's not what i wanted

I will write in English,
for you, dear reader
and i can say dear reader because i know i would love you
why not, i love so many people

also if you have this book in your hands
you are probably a friend already
or a friend of a friend

you will love me too, i promise

(I promise I will erase my traces as I pass by.
Still, you will have to see me doing that. I doubt you could ever forget such a thing)

and because we love each other so much,
you will forgive me if i make a spelling mistake, even a grammar mistake,
or if all this love talk is so sticky, better keep silent about certain things, no?
as my mother tongue is not english but spanish
but you will forgive me because you sort of get it anyway

sometimes i will just google translate things
that i read in the internet
i got this idea from J.
and you will find it funny
at least she did

(if you think about it, life can be so poetic through google glasses,
a new form of binary-concrete poetry)

but you can't help putting your right foot in front of your left foot when you walk, and then
the left and then the right again
you will resemble a soldier marching
you will be busy and will have no time for meeting up
let's be honest, you will leave me.
and i will hate you for that

The day i proclaim my hate
i will have great excuses
i will say that i "woke up with the left foot"
(we say this in Argentina, do you too?)
I will explain that I have Russian blood,
and therefore I am genetically brutal and evil
or I will say that I am about to get my period
and you know things can get messy during those days.

then you will wonder if we ever even understood each other
"I thought I knew you!" you will think
Of course you didn't.

In 5 days I'm off to Poland
there my mother's mother was born
as far as we know
until we knew no longer
because it was Russia is Belarus
such a mess
but I'm going to Poland anyways

I'm in another airport now
going somewhere else
I open a book
from an Argentinian poet
who I've never read before
(in the States I could buy books in
Spanish!)

a militant of ecstasy and fantasy

he died of aids
he had many friends who offered
him warm couches
when he needed to run away
from all that shit that was going on
back then

The first poem of the book is about
Cracovia
and something about the carnival
that is not
a Poland that is not
and this "the Polish know".

I have no idea what that means
But everybody knows
there are not such things
as coincidences.

NÉSTOR PERLONGHER

ESCENAS DE LA GUERRA

Llegan los soldados

LA MURGA, LOS POLACOS

Es una murga, marcha en la noche de Varsovia, hace milagros
con las máscaras, confunde
a un público polaco

Los estudiantes de Cracovia miran desconcertados:
nunca han visto

nada igual en sus libros

No es carnaval, no es sábado

no es una murga, no se marcha, nadie ve

no hay niebla, es una murga

son serpentinas, es papel picado, el éter frío

como la nieve de una calle de una ciudad de una Polonia

que no es

que no es

lo que no es decir que no haya sido, o aún

que ya no sea, o incluso no esté siendo en este instante

Varsovia con sus murgas, sus disfraces

sus arlequines y osos Carolina

con su célebre paz — hablamos de la misma

la que reina

recostada en el Vistula

el proceloso río donde cae

la murga con sus pitos, sus colores, sus chachachás carnosos

produciendo en las aguas erizadas un ruido a salpicón

que nadie atiende

puesto que no hay tal murga, y aunque hubiérala

no estaría en Varsovia, y eso todos

los polacos lo saben

It's february now

white dawn and haze

where is carnival? the water balloons?

what is it that the Poles know?

Certain things

I don't forget
nor forgive

Pain is valuable information
I keep it encrypted
so it does not activate

These pieces of memory
are like small treasures

I don't really know what they mean
they are secrets!

So I keep them just in case
in a drawer away from the rest
ready to be used
when needed.

This gives me peace.
Like I'm doing my job.

*My great-grandfather
was part of the czarist army for seven years
his friend shot his own thumbs
one at a time
so he didn't have to do it.*

They both then fled from Russia

escaping the progroms.

*In the ship that crossed the ocean
they didn't talk much.*

Instructions for an experiment:

Materials:

Perlongher's book with the poem about Poland in Spanish, a Polish person, me.

-I tell the person (P) about me, P talks about him, herself (it's all so personal). where I am from, that half of my blood is polish (does or does not ask why my great grand parents emigrated? or is it all understood and no need to talk about it?)

-I give P the book with the poem in Spanish

-P reads, finds the city mentioned, probably asks for translation

-I do my best

-The last verse: "This the Poles know". Do you know?

- I know - I don't know

-I tell P about the author

-from now on, we'll see what happens.

What happened in the airplane, flying to Cracovia:

-ok, then for sure I don't know what it means

-...

- because I am not.
- you are not what?
- uf.. why do all the writers have to be deviated?
- have to be what? (I truly didn't understand the word)
- you know when something is meant to be straight (he does the gesture with the hands), and then why do they have to deviate?
- but what is it that you are not?
- because I am not homosexual
- (I just stare at him. I feel my heart beating. the experiment is no longer in my hands)
- well, you are from a generation where everything is possible
- in my opinion it has always been like this...

(It's just some generality, trying to be cool, but it is clear that he is getting to me. he still tries to be nice to me, so he tries to explain himself. he is obviously interested in me in some very singular sexual way or in some very universal humanistic way. I don't know which of those options is more repulsive).

He gives me back the book, as if he was disgusted by the fact that two seconds ago he was holding such a filthy thing in this hands.

Because it's her, me

in that book

the same book, a couple of poems after:

"oh, Florencia, in Crimea, amongst soldiers, putting down the fire..."

"The rebaba? (cannot translate it,
don't even know what it means in Spanish)

Glory? what for?"

Those who fight have the fortune of being together

they keep each other warm in winter

they are part of a circle

but it is the enemy that surrounds them

what pulls in

and their center is buried out there somewhere

Gas is heavier than air.

*Only once I almost died. It was in Mar del Plata, my grandparents house, nap time.
Nobody could get out of bed, they were lacking strength, their heads, their legs were aching. My mother
heard me breathing funny, laying on a mattress on the floor.
She told me that when she picked me up I looked like a porcelain doll.*

I wish I was a peronist
and an androgyne.
And that you desired me like that.
But my big Polish breasts stand between
your mouth and my breath.

Los "inútiles suicidios
y exangües maravillas"
y la energía disipada
la subversión amansada
y las buenas intenciones.

"The useless suicides
and the exsanguine wonders"
the energy dissipated
subversion tamed
and the good intentions.

No, they didn't kill them
but they died of age
and so there were no more adults to
be seen
it was a children's ghost town.

How can I explain to you
that we had our own more or less
nazis (kinda fascists, which seem to
be synonyms in my neighbourhood)
and that without them there is no
socialism
well not quite
as in June it's winter
and Christmas is hot hot hot
it's too hot to sleep
and dream?

Página 12, 28th of January 2015
And of course I'm exaggerating
but what else can we do
flat land, it's a tremendous desert
everyone needs some drama
and all those bricks imported from
France
and all those books
but no tsunamis or big wars

Our biggest rock star is called
Charly
he jumped from a 9th floor
into a swimming pool
he didn't get a scratch, not one
everybody knows this
then he made a song
that goes:

Estaba muy aburrido
en la Mendoza fatal.
Dije: -qué me falta ahora?...
solo aprender a volar!

Me tiré por vos.

(I was so bored
in the fatal Mendoza
I said: -What am I lacking now?
Just to learn how to fly!

I jumped for you)

He also wrote:

Joy is so different from pain
Joy is so different from love.
Joy is so important, my love.

Please listen to me
telling you my terrible secret.
Something horrible happened
the other night,
I am not sure
I might have been dreaming
probably just pretty drunk
anyway it happened
I was alone
and then this man came
and i was still alone
but this time
I don't know

I was not myself anymore

Hush, dear.

There, where slugs talk about eternity. Or these things about enduring

(adam mazhena (dream) Zagajewskiego)

These things or they are in books memory , I safeguard which (who) in tower.

(Borges, Security man of book)

Where existence is, which (who) was, old civilizations and sunsets of tender cities on hills,
towers, where song of monk is, flame suppress, where distribution generation departed < pass >, so
promising < promise > hopeful and? Where routs are, fear and blood, it suppress, hate scream and?
Where they are holy memory lasice, holy memory wilgi poplars and? I was in forest and I looked
on leaves (letters; lists) incinerated by przymrozek. Spiders swung on long threads as if mourning
entertaining (play) and singing it, it was last in imagination that. It, that is on disruption check.

(Song of spider, cloth.)

Sometimes calm falls in great city even and can be heard, as after footpath, by wind push, are
removed leaf (letter; list) zeszluszczne, in (to) their towards disruption roam unfinished < unfinish >.

(Calm, ride to Lvov.)

*The history that is worth recalling is not the history of humans, not even of life, but of
all the things that exist.*

It would be nice to be able to catch a train and check out where my grandma was born
but no
because there is a war there,
its fucking Ukraine
and i so want to go, but nobody would come with me.
And it's starting to sound like a caprice.

And where my other grandma was born and probably raped,
well it's Belarus now, you know... doesn't sound like a cool place either.

To get a Polish passport would be very good.
In the sense that I would be European
and I could work as a waitress 3 nights a week
and live in Berlin
and spend the rest of the time reading and drinking beer
like all my italian-argentinian friends.

But the Polish embassy in Argentina won't accept
any documents issued in Argentina
(they argue that when the immigrants came
and they spoke a weird language
the argentinian officers would just write whatever,
stamp, stamp, and off you go to the unknown).

And all the original documents are lost.

Maybe I wait a couple of months and it turns out that I can get the Russian nationality.
It might come handy if they finally conquer the world.

*All that's left
elements formed
deep inside
released into space on its death
the raw materials
of the universe*

Our family tree begins here

*We are staring at the face of extinction
a black hole
impossible to resist
no matter
what we know
is gone*

*at its heart
the ghost
white heart
a chilling premonition of our fate
lost forever
the greatest story of it all
still to be told*

far from home

Sometimes a couple of days of nothing follow

a friend said

we are not made to stare at nothing

*We don't want to be chased,
to be caught,
or to be discriminated,
or that they kill us,
or that they cure us,
or analyze us or explain us,
nor tolerate us
or understand us.*

We want to be desired.

(Néstor Perlongher)

My favorite part of your body
sometimes
your arms
almost hairless,
you look like a 12 year old boy
i think you satisfy my lesbian needs

you are like nothing I've ever seen
you make me see the boreal lights

you let me lay my head on your chest at night
it is such a girlish thing to do
and i let you tangle your fingers in my hair
and meanwhile i can very subtly put my nose closer
and i wonder if you notice
how much i like the smell
but I do it mainly to check if you can tell

i also wonder
if you could ever have a glimpse inside my soul
as you have no idea
what collapse
or maybe even anger
mean

Look, i could be black, i could be a gypsy
i could be Jonah's whale or
i sometimes am,
they are just names and
but i will never be you,
sir with the stamp and the ironed uniform
not me
i don't want to go home

Well, this i am very ashamed to admit
but sometimes I wonder
what if that asshole that is not a total serial psychopath killer rapist
but pretty much a common guy,
just the normal amount of stupidity and violence.

Maybe he sees what he's done
my pain
and a couple of nights after
he has a nightmare
and because he cannot sleep he turns on the tv
always there half on anyway

And he watches this show with a lot of huge and round tits and asses bouncing cheerfully on
sparkling heels
and then he cannot fuck his wife ever again
and he finds himself having a hard-on while passing through a playground full of boys in shorts
and he suffers and suffers until he releases himself in an explosion of pleasure

And from here, the story could go many ways:
either he rapes the little boy and in the best best of the cases he goes to jail and gets butfucked by
giant black men forever (that's what they say, right?).

Another option would be that he refrains himself from raping the boy and instead he comes out as
gay and joins the gay community and fights for their rights, and that would be nice,

but you know what? the gay community doesn't need repressed pedophiles like him,

So let's say that he just doesn't do anything and his wife leaves him and then he dies alone
or doesn't do anything and fucks his wife and wants to have children but he is sterile so they have
to get artificial insemination
and they find that they give birth to a black baby.

Just like that neonazi couple in texas
but really what's the point anyway

I never believed in the presence of angels, but my dreams have changed.

(Czeslaw Milosz)

I have a great uncle who moved to israel and founded a kibbutz. he was an exceptional chess player and worked in the barns with the cows his whole life. once he said to me: you have no right to just get yourself out of a chain of which you are a part of.

Another uncle, the brother of my mother, went to israel to fight in the war and he was sent to the pits, to hold it there for several nights in a row, and then to the front line (because we were winning!! advancing!)- the tanks I was told, and he came back crazy and now he cannot work or have friends or anything.

Ok, let's get it over with. The way I see it, I was born from a Jewish womb, so I am Jewish. I am Jewish also because I am Argentinian, and my grandparents had to escape their countries because they were Jewish. So I owe them that much. Alright I'm Jewish.

I am afraid people might think I think I am special, or I care too much about the past or I am victimizing. In Argentina we are quite a few, but it is always so misleading, like a distorted perception we must not be more than 1% of the population, that's nothing. And anyway that's not all that I am. I don't believe in god, I never had a Jewish boyfriend, I never celebrated Christmas and I was always so jealous, until I spent Christmas with one boyfriend's family. And it felt very strange.

Things I like about being Jewish:

- to put stones on people's graves instead of flowers
- that there is no Heaven or Hell (but i don't need religion for that really)
- the food

Things I don't like but I cannot help finding in myself:

- a feeling of knowing better because "I understand what it is to be a minority"
- some sort of feeling of dignity for having suffered so much (omg I can't believe I just wrote that)
- and of course some sort of inexplicable bond with the past, because I haven't really suffered so much.

While reading Polish poetry in a lovely café, I don't look for it and it pops up all the time. The word: Jewish. Or someone says: "well, it's not like they were talking about anything too serious like the Holocaust or something like that" . We are even making jokes: "Do you know why there are so many electric kitchens in Krakow? Because they ran out of gas" (good one! we did laugh our asses off). Name, name name. All the time? It feels like being called by the teacher when you are not paying attention.

Can you please shut the fuck up for a minute?

Feeling guilty
and redundant
but because i did not learn how to box
or i was not fast enough
to answer the right thing in the right moment
because i could not fight back
and I didn't speak the language
that time you hurt me so bad
that i just did nothing
stood there staring as if i was blind
or i had some sort of delay in my retina
in my brain
and you were not even aiming at me
you were a stranger in a bus
and even when i did
-fight back-
i had it coming
i exposed myself
because i will never shoot a gun

And you shall tell your daughter

-I finished reading your email and I found Gaga "reading" the book that you sent to her baby like this.



-see how you are present in all the things?

-Idem

-shit, cousin, you made me cry.

Ode to Galloping Gertie

*Throw a kiss to me
cross over love
as you would cross a bridge
maybe that wind is blowing in the right direction
you never thought a breeze
a breath
the way it changes when you fall asleep
could match the frequency in which I am built
and break me down*

*And the fall so sweet
with all those waves*

To find a librero (a book-seller?? but it is so much more than that!). I have one in Buenos Aires, he is this friend that asked if maybe I was exaggerating about the whole tram thing (I'll get to that later). I forgive him, only because he can sell me books I will love. And then there are the occasional lovers in any city I visit.

In Cracovia, a curled hair girl with round light blue eyes. I watch her climb the ladder. those glimpses of complicity, the small talk that is in fact vast and deep as an ocean, because in every word we know we are saying much more, and exactly which. oh no, I don't understand why he got the noble prize. here, then read this. smile smile. not even a hand shake. thank you, thank you so much.

And then, I betrayed her. I'm horrible. I feel like shit. she recommended a book and I took it, and I started reading, and it was truly amazing, in a way I couldn't even explain, only she and me know. but then the author goes completely catholic and says things like "why? because first things first" and I just can't stand it and I drop it.

Instead I bought a super cool poetry book by Genowefa Jakubowska-Fijalkowska to which I can totally relate, that said things like:

"In the morning you thought about thanking him for the flowers
eat enough of them to die"

I'm such a horrible person. And I'm sorry and I will never do this again to you, baby. And tomorrow I will go to the bookstore and buy that fucking book.

We crossed cities in our vast indifference to
vertiginous bridges and triumphal arches where
we were not needed in the night we opened
our veins like stars that no one had toppled into the garden
stations stations like the beds of great rivers
the curses of those arriving while the past
and the future (we laughed remember)
on misshapen legs with bulging suitcases
smashed into the crowd because our train to Przemyśl
had been announced—the past and the future two women
together without assigned seats—remember we made way
for the younger one as it seemed she desired to give
birth to one of us and make us travel on in the darkness.

Eugeniusz Tkaczyszyn-Dycki

(Originally published in Guide for the Homeless
Whatever Their Place of Residence: XXXII)

I can spot a conservative writer right away
they are the most eclectic readers
and they like showing it a lot
so there's a lot of name-dropping
and good shit i tell you,
from all over (even spanish speaking authors!)
of course

because they can grasp the totality
the universal
and they include themselves in that selected group,
at last
they get the big picture, you know

and they talk about all the main issues that have haunted the great minds of civilization since the
beginnings of times,
and so forth.
about nothing really,
what does that even mean?
what are you trying to say? who are you?

what were your parent's names?
what's your favorite moment of the day?
and as stupid as it sounds: when was the last time you cried? why?

Once my grandmother and I had a conversation. It begun more or less like:
ok, grandma, tell me your story, this time i will record what you say.

Her skin thin and pale, her almost blind eyes light blue, but lighter than before (I think), aiming to the lens of my camera and failing, her hair dyed in a red too bright.

All she knows is that her mother María made a first trip to Argentina, and for some reason she returned to Russia (my grandma says that probably she was feeling homesick and laughs a little). Then she looked for her family and couldn't find anybody. She was alone in the years prior to the revolution, and she was young, and "no young pretty girl would have it easy during a program, if you know what I mean". Finally she found a tiny man that would marry her or get her pregnant with a first Berta that died some months after she was born. A while later, my Berta was born in a city that would be later called Pervomaisk (First of May), near Odessa, and she was taken back to Argentina when she was more or less 8 months old, "escaping from the Cossacks".

When I try to dig a little more, she says:

"Oh, i was so dumb... because i didn't ask enough, and my parents would never talk about the past, they were too busy working as cuentenik. And now I can't tell you."

("Cuentenik" is a mix of Spanish and Yiddish: "cuenta" plus "nik". Almost impossible to explain, it's all a joke, the ending "nik" doesn't mean anything, it's just a typical Yiddish ending, and "cuenta" stands for "venta a cuenta" which is how many Jewish immigrants would sell fabrics house by house, without getting any cash, but collecting the money at the end of the month. Or something like that).

A. is Polish and she can talk about the past of her country without difficulty: yes, Kazimierz is the Jewish neighbourhood, because there used to live the Jewish, but unfortunately after the war there were not many left..

Then she tells me that her sister lives in London, and you know, the situation with the Muslim, well in the end being so open was not so good, because it is a religion that only wants to kill. You don't go to a country and then not respect the laws.

If you don't like the laws go back to your country!

That is what she said.

I am now the age my parents were when they had me.

If I cannot pronounce a word,
if I cannot hear the sound
coming out of my mouth
I cannot remember it.

If I don't come back
I promise
I will forget you as well.

-Men can talk to women-

city A

At an art gallery a man of around 60 approaches me and says, throwing his cigarette breath on my face

-what do you think of this?

-well i don't know yet, i've just got here.

-oh i think that this is not art.

-...

-what is this anyway? a video game? i was on my way to the national gallery where they are holding a jazz concert. proper music, you know what i mean?

-eh.. maybe it can...

-oh, come on, don't tell me you truly like this.

it's like a bla bla bla

-...

-...

-well you should go i guess.

city B

I have just moved to the B. i grab my bike, and head to the beach in a windy day. by chance, i end up in the nudist beach. i think: if life gives you lemons, make

lemonade, and away goes my bra. so im lying on the sand, face up, inhaling all that freedom and loneliness that the oceanic wind brings me. a man approaches my spot, fully dressed and talks to me from up there:

-jbaflkjafs (something in dutch)

-oh sorry i don't speak dutch

-oh! hi, how are you? where are you from?

-im from argentina

-oh, so nice! it's really far away! are you on vacation?

-no, i live here

-oh! and...

-...

-was the water warm?

-of course not

-haha..

-(sileeeence)

-i'm jacob by the way

-ok, i will keep on reading my book, ok?

-oh, yes.. ok..

city C

I am lying at the beach, this time both parts of the bikini on. face down, reading. a man seats 1 meter behind me and starts commenting on my ass. this kind of constant mumbling from which you get only parts of it.

-hey! fuck off, you fucker!

-mumbling mumbling nice ass mumbling mumbling lick you all mumbling mumbling i could grab those mumbling mumbling

-for fuck sake, cut it, asshole! (loud, i swear, but i refuse to leave my spot. i was here first!)

he stands up and walks pass me towards the sea, leaving his shoes and his beer behind. all the way watching and still commenting. when he is far enough, i pour the content of the beer in his shoes and get out of there. pissssssed as hell and what's even worse, afraid he might come after me when he finds out, so i have to hurry.

city D

(A very sacred one)

-sjblkaghdfiuad (something in arabic or hebrew, i don't know).

-eh?

and he just puts me against the wall and spends a while feeling me up until i get rid of him and run down the stairs.

city E

One night on tram 17 an asshole approached me claiming he wanted to take a picture of me with his cellphone. it's not that he asked politely. as i dont speak dutch or whatever language this moron was speaking, i understood what was going on because he was already all over me. "no fucking way you are not taking a picture of me, you fucker", i said. loud and clear. he insisted: "come on, you are pretty!". i pushed him, shouted, "get the fuck out of here, leave me alone, you asshole!". this went on for some minutes. at least as long as it takes for the tram to make two stops, because while this was happening two other guys entered the tram and sit one behind me, the other in front of me, while the fucker with the cell-phone was still standing in the middle. i kept on cursing and pushing the guy away from me. didnt ask for help though, i was too busy calling the motherfucker a motherfucker loud enough

for anyone within 20 meters to hear. finally the tram stops and the guy steps out. everybody around was silent and staring at me.

The two new guys asked me if i was ok. i answered that yes, that i was kind of ok, but only because i took care of the situation. both said in a very nice and sympathetic way that they were sorry for what had happened and that they were not sure if they were supposed to interfere because maybe we knew each other, that asshole and me. i answered that of course i didnt know him, that why would i let anyone that i know speak to me like that. i could have thought that this two guys where friends of the first one and that i was totally screwed for that matters.

city F

I was taking a picture of a building in a park, total tourist. a man of around 70 says something in polish from behind me.

-oh im sorry, i don't speak polish

-ah! i was saying if you want me to take a picture of you

-no, thank you

-ah! where are you from?

-i'm from argentina

-oh! so far away!! and what are you doing here? (now he is walking besides me, as I am leaving the place).

-i'm preparing an exhibition

-what?

-an art exhibition

-and what do you do? do you paint? do you do sculptures?

(this man does not seem dangerous at all, so this time i will see how much of an idiot he can be).

-no, i do installation and performance

-are you an actor?

-no

-are you a dancer?

-well, i work with movement...

-oh! do you dance tango?

-no! ok, i have to go now

-can you make money with it?!

Let me put this straight: i do not think he is not an idiot because he doesn't know anything about art. he is an idiot because each of his questions are in fact assumptions. and because he is an old fart who of course doesn't care about my answers, he doesn't want to get to know me, he just wants to get the feeling of empowerment that derives from getting a young lady to pay attention to him.

*He cracked
like an egg
that easy*

T
urns out that
there are alcoholics
and melancholics
and panic attacks
and insomnia
and extreme insecurity that
leads to all kinds of skin
problems
all of this under 30

some guys
find shelter
in a room full of girls

I / who remain / my destiny
is to see / those who have left
and to never see them / again

Pierre Albert-Birot

-It's still full of dinosaurs

-we need to give up perception

-oh yess!

-and start thinking. The word is not the end

-hell no!

-is only one meaning

-and we need to apply it to emotion

-I think we are the collaboration generation

-totally!

-I want to be more than myself

-That's so beautiful and true.

I love these stimulating conversations when we all understand and we are so excited and almost shouting because he said exactly what i was thinking and then i complement it with some clever observation, and in the end we say: but did you see how the cells reproduce? meiosis, mitosis, that's the way, right?

I'm having so much trouble with this book I finally did buy
it's called Second Space
Czeslaw Milosz is so sensitive, he pays attention to the small things
he doesn't talk bullshit like that other conservative
he is precise, concrete
about his pain
and soft, always soft

*"I still want to correct this world,
Yet I think mostly of them, and they have all died.
Also about their unknown country.
Its geography, says Swedenborg, cannot be transferred to maps.
For there, as one has been, so one sees.
And it is possible even there to make mistakes; for instance
to wander about
Without realizing you are already on the other side".*

Just such a terrific writer
but he suffers so much.
Because he longs for so much.
For the eternal, that which is not corrupt, purity, forevernessssssssssssssssssssss.
At least he is clever enough to not expect any salvation.

J. and I talked about this
She said that maybe it has to do with
that people of his age suffered so much from illness
and also lack of space
so they search for the infinite inside.

She didn't put it like this. But this way it makes some sense to me.
Only I don't see why all this sorrow
the infinite is only horrible if it is the indefinite result of a mirror in front of a mirror
what makes it horrible is that we can understand the equation that leads to nothingness, the
destruction of logic

Our face melting like Descartes's fucking candle on his stupid, stubborn desk
J. said she believes in Newton's third law
I say: there were never two mirrors
and there's nothing to regret if
what was no more than a very harmful illusion is
all of the sudden
disappearing

Can't take this out of my head:

As you are making love to him you are imagining a Japanese man he knows nothing about as he puts it inside like you were a ceramic vessel cherry fruit pips cherry flowers Ikebana the man spreads a tatami mat for the drinking of tea (you do not like coffee) sushi and Japanese short grain rice ordered especially for you then you enter Tokyo its districts of servant girls and karaoke the girls must finish every drink (the customer pays) must sing must not touch must know other languages must be made up wear tight-fitting geisha shoes and see-through stockings you are light you are pale sometimes transparent in your hair your skin a halo around your buttocks goose pimples on your back in between your thighs the scent of a red pillow when the lovemaking is over you climb alone to the top of Mount Fuji the Japanese man (as you are imagining him) has made you pointless useless but inside you a volcano lava earth fire a moan not unlike dying when you have to do it to yourself using a red pillow the curse of the black cat should cure you of melancholy

Of me a worm and of the worm verses, Genowefa Jakubowska-Fijałkowska

In the strip club
she so strong
such a great dancer
all the time staring at the mirror
she could register the minimum movement of her muscles
the way her extra long hair followed her twists
in total control
minding her business

She is scared because since a few weeks ago her eye has been beating. She is at the ophthalmologist's and there is a poster of Rothko on one of the walls. While waiting for the drops to kick in, she notices how her pupils dilate and the colors and proportions of the red and the black in the picture vibrate and expand.

Rothko was born in Dvinks, in the south of St. Petersburg, in the early twentieth century. It was the only one of the three children that was initiated in the Talmud. Although no History book recalls this, he remembers how the Cossacks took the Jews to the woods and made them dig a squared, huge mass grave. Years later he emigrated to America and was a mediocre painter until after age 40, when he had the "aha!" moment and started with his intense and absorbing borderless colors. His paintings may be the case of the ultimate overcoming of painting over language. Before them, no word quite fits.

For the first time his paintings were being sold for loads of money and he became rich. He was a leftist and the brightness of the New World did not make him forget the past; on the contrary, it added new miseries. His works looked very nice decorating the living-rooms of the wealthy New Yorkers, and he was called an art-prostitute.

One day, while stepping out of his apartment, the doorman said to him: "Be careful, the streets are rough." To which he replied, "The only thing that I should be afraid of is that one day the black eats up the red". While at the peak of his career, he is commissioned the most expensive work of the history of abstract expressionism: he should deliver some jumbo pieces to decorate the restaurant of the Four Seasons Hotel. At the last moment he decided not to deliver. Shortly after, he slashed his wrists. He was found face down in his bath-room, dressed in black, on a pool of blood.

The unfinished paintings show a huge gray square on black background. Some friends say that all the time he was torn between doing something that would revolve the stomachs of the rich Americans while they ate and teach them that they were walking towards a dead end, and sending

everything to hell, because anyway the gringos would not understand a thing.

Shortly after the episode of the crazy eye, her husband became ill and spent nearly a year in the hospital Ramos Mejia. She visited regularly, and she would always see a prostitute who slept during the day on a chair clutching a bag that probably contained her few belongings. At night she would hear the sound of her heels as she walked down the aisles and stopped at the doors of several rooms.

One evening she stayed until late, and the prostitute showed up at her husband's room to greet naturally. They had a brief conversation about a postcard with a reproduction of a Rothko pinned to her husband's wall, that she had brought him to distract him. Later the two women meet in an elevator and she, curious, attempts to ask something. She wants to know what the prostitute thinks about Rothko, what attracts her. The prostitute evades her look, putting her in her place: the place of the bourgeoisie with social sensitivity. She refrains from speaking and watches her leave down a dark hallway with her red dress.

(notes on "El nervio óptico", María Gainza).

You should never love someone who hates him/herself.

-You look happy

-thank you

(hand shakes, like saying: i mean it)

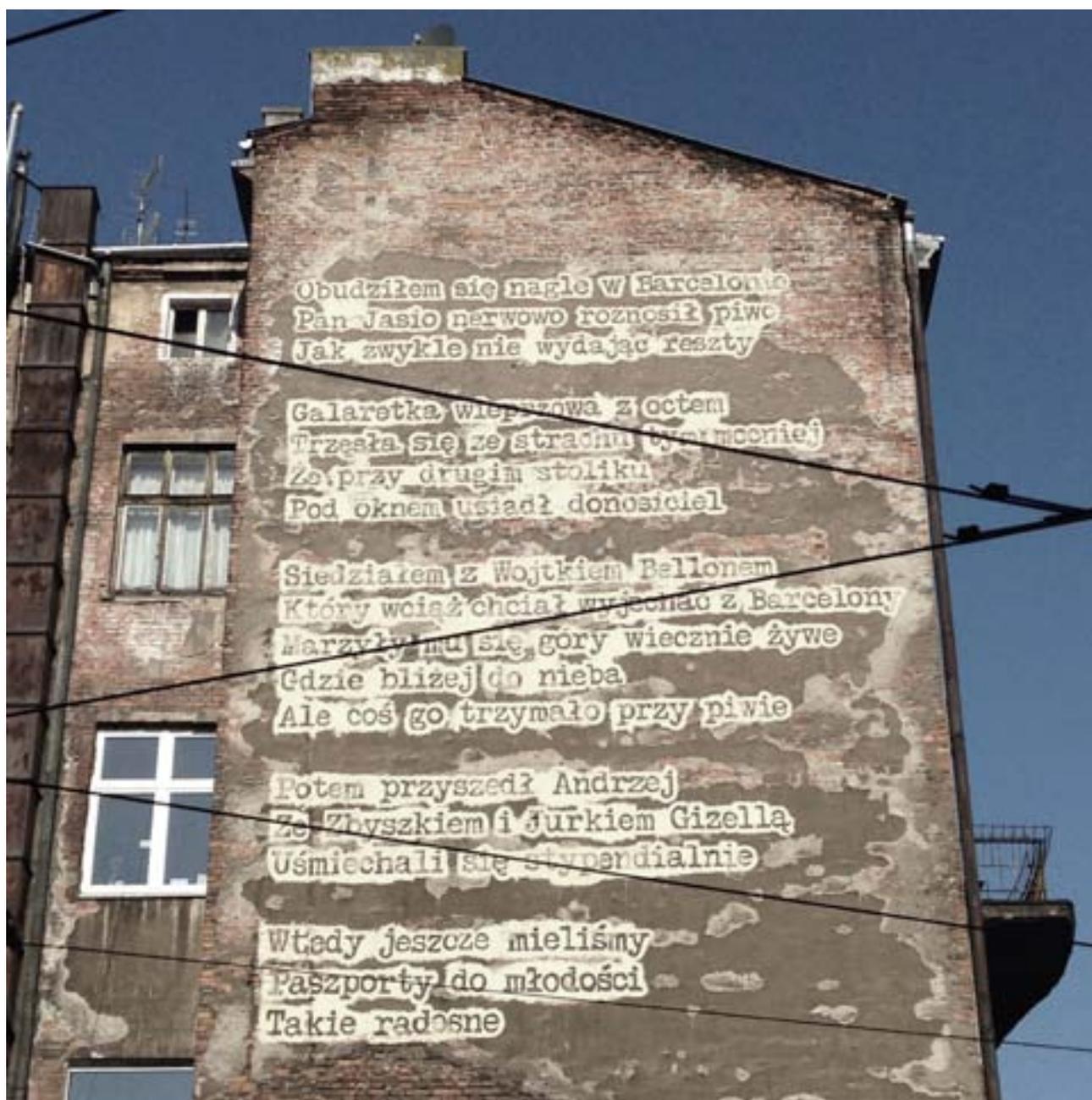
-no, really, i can see it

-what do you mean?

-in your face, your posture, this energy. there's so many people who are just either guilty for being pleased with themselves, with what they have achieved, or just too cowards to go and get what they want. and they just wonder around with this gloomy faces.

-hey, that's such a nice compliment.

-i know. but it's really just what I see in you.



Obudziłem się nagle w Barcelonie
Pan Jasio nerwowo roznosił piwo
Jak zwykle nie wydając reszty

Galaretkę wiśniową z octem
Trzęsała się ze strachu tymczasem
Ze sprządką przy drugim stoliku
Pod oknem usiadł donosiciel

Siedziałem z Wojtkiem Bellonem
Który wciąż chciał wyjechać z Barcelony
Marzyły mu się góry wiecznie żywe
Gdzie bliżej do nieba
Ale coś go trzymało przy piwie

Potem przyszedł Andrzej
Ze Zbyszkiem i Jurkiem Gizellą
Uśmiechali się stypendjalnie

Wtedy jeszcze mieliśmy
Paszporty do młodości
Takie radosne

Me desperté de repente en Barcelona
Sr. Johnny nerviosamente distribuía cerveza
Como de costumbre, se declaró sin descanso
cerdo con jalea vinagre
Yo estaba temblando de miedo me haría fuerte
de la segunda tabla
debajo de la ventana se sentó informante
Me senté con Wojtek Bellon
que todavía quieren salir de Barcelona
Soñaba agosto sangriento vivo para siempre
donde más cerca del cielo
pero algo lo mantenía una cerveza
Entonces przyszkiem andrew
Zbyszko y Jurek Gizella
Sonrisas stypendialnie
Incluso si tuviéramos
Pasaportes para los jóvenes
tal alegre

I woke up suddenly in Barcelona
Mr. Johnny nervously he distributed beer
As usual, it declared no rest
pork with vinegar jelly
I was shaking with fear I would strongly
of the second table
under the window sat down informer
I sat with Wojtek Bellon
who still want to leave Barcelona
He dreamed of August gory alive forever
where closer to heaven
but something kept him a beer
Then came andrew
Zbyszko and Jurek Gizella
Smiles stypendialnie
Even if we had
Passports for youth
such joyful

My mom kept a diary during her pregnancy.

The day i was born she wrote:

“Dear Florcita, welcome! Even if the world is not the place that we would have wanted it to be, we will try..”

This I don't know if I remember or I made it up.

There was a wardrobe in my parent's room and it was forbidden that I would go through their stuff (probably an ad hoc rule, given that I was doing that all the time). Once I found a box behind the coats. In the box, a lot of papers, pictures and letters. One letter was sent from my father to my mother from Israel. It said that he missed her so much, that he missed her body, that he wanted to fuck her so hard. Then he said that maybe they could think of starting a family together, there.

When I asked why they never moved to Israel in the end, they answered:
"because we chose life".

When I asked why they didn't fight against the military dictatorship in Argentina, they answered the same thing.

J. said: in Belarus we are tough
because once you passed a certain line
then you can go all the way,

slowly so I would understand
i got the words alright

The thread that holds all this mess together

I borrowed needle and thread from K.

Two needles and two threads actually.

I lost one needle.

When I returned the incomplete thing to her, she looked upset.

I didn't understand,

it was just a needle.

One of them had a golden tip,

she explains.

I didn't lose that one.

I wish you could understand Swedish so you could understand the beauty of this Swedish artist. His reasons for making the kind of things he does, how he does it, the strong dialect and voice he has. But here is a five minute extract from a documentary about him where he paints. Maybe you get some understanding.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dOesCBATj-s>

As you walk the walk of this street so wide that you lose sight of the other shore
it's an ocean of pavers and you drink your vodka with ice, no shots if you can avoid them
better for the ears and the sleep
bring the cobble here, put it there, swim swim faster under
you move the mountains he-man like sheman oh your hands are dirty and scratched
let it roll all down
drown, smother

Sitting by the window
watching the sails go by in the port
filing my nails
thin and long
some tea
changing the sheets
so the next one doesn't know
each day
they grow
Penelope's nails
longer
sharper

(only i bite my nails
ever since i can recall
and i always promised that i would stop
when i grow up)

The worst nightmare in months

im sitting in a big bed with my sister
by the window of her bedroom we see the river
brown and wavy
wavy and brown
there's a breeze
it's the perfect window
which makes it the perfect room
what else do you need?
then I walk down the corridor
to my room
and it's small and by the window I see
the clothes of the neighbor out to dry
same nice weather but I'm crazy angry and jealous
she is better than me, I think, and she deserves the nice room
I am so tense I cannot move
my lungs cannot inflate
when I manage to get out of there
with legs like pirate's wooden legs
I see my mother in the living room
i grab a bottle
and i throw it at her
but i miss her head
my father looks from behind.

when i wake up
i know the day is ruined.

Carnival finished 2 days ago
yesterday was "fat thursday"
a day to eat donuts it seems
before fasting until easter
I didn't notice that it was carnival
I asked around what was special about those days
couldn't get much of an answer
I still don't know what the Poles know.

But this conversation happened during a lovely dinner
E. invited me
we were there with some colleagues
he said that his pierogi ruskie were not as good as his grandma's
but good enough
I said that my grandma calls them varenikes
and that I liked these a lot.
That much I know.

Enough.

I read until the page 58,
see you around dear Milosz
sadness, it is contagious
and

I refuse to be sad

Anyway, I have to go somewhere.

P. invites me over for dinner and work. She cooks just-like-my-mum. Loads of butter.
Tastes like home.

*Just now hath my world become perfect,
midnight is also mid-day,
Pain is also a joy, curse is also a blessing,
night is also a sun,*

*go away!
or ye will learn that a sage is also a fool.
Said ye ever Yea to one joy?
O my friends, then said ye Yea also unto all woe.*

*All things are enlinked, enlaced and enamoured,
Wanted ye ever once to come twice;
said ye ever: "Thou pleasest me, happiness! Instant! Moment!"
then wanted ye all to come back again!*

*All anew, all eternal, all enlinked,
enlaced and enamoured,
Oh, then did ye love the world,
Ye eternal ones, ye love it eternally and for all time:
and also unto woe do ye say:
Hence! Go! but come back!
For joys all want
eternity.*

The Drunken Song, F. Nietzsche.

Y ou will be wearing your party shoes
which are your old snickers
rip your clothes off
and mines
so we can dance
it is so much fun not holding back not seeing exhausting ourselves
your body is flooded of course intoxicated
so-much-fun!
this is what i wanted
everyday
but i get so tired
it doesn't matter
we'll take turns

Thanks to all who made this winter warm by the gift of their conversation.
J., K., I., E., J. again, P., D., C., another K.!

xx