

what happens to me in some architectures

Benjamin Krusling, Claudia Pagès,
Kashif Sharma-Patel, Rachel Levitsky and
Paloma Chen

03.03.22 Juf

Benjamin Krusling

I was on the bus , at home , lacking reason

the air is red in the app , particulate so
now time feels wrong
and I was on the m38 riding the m38 in the morning
the snow falls , feels wrong
the gland swollen under my jaw , wrong
the result is overdetermined
she drank poison and jumped from a fourth story window
overdetermined , says E
but she was undervalued !
it wasn't a warm choice
then the sun bleeds golden time
bleeds it
then there's value , glowing quickly over monroe street
where I live in the east , over monroe
where I live in the middle
my cold and golden street in the winter
disharmony party , black , torrential
named for the slaving executive
it's a beautiful day – I'm three stories up
the air is bad , but
all I see is light spreading and value
coming down from cloud nine like a raindrop
that's so good , that's how I diffuse my expression
into the environment , the end of isolation
the dachshund echoes the siren as it blows by
oh but maintenance is dynamic , not dynamism itself
so descent is a value neutral proposition
so you play a song in total darkness while we stare transfixed at romantic states
I understand myself better than you understand anything ! she said that too today
well , forces are assembling to make the point irrelevant
playing broken home , night bus , tortured , speechless
but the forces of reaction are assembling in our city
they've wept eyes loose over state services – but so have I
so descent proposes a useless way of regarding problems
my dreams move horizontally , into fore and background
and dreaming is my foremost pleasure , my least private property
so I fell to my knees ! to look for my phone
but looking had this soiled quality , with the pathogen loose
something was still wrong with my tooth , there was tension
that felt like blooming or cosmic
but sinned against , reddened , I manage to reproduce my life
the virus helped me shake alienation ,

and in dreaming , release it
who said that first
a new masked historical figure
so I was as kind to my friend as circumstances permitted me to forgive
thinking with my feet out
and as the curve began to flatten then plummet , I gazed around in horror at my things
my black stand of sleep aids , vitamin D3 , weed , pain relievers , black reconstruction , ad hoc
ashtray, lamp with feathered blue base like a milk jug maybe , inhaler
the room that things made , the attitude of uneven lines and item sprawl
and slaughter reports
my image , partial and blowing
I'm relating something simple – that makes it good
facts are right now coming to light via this mediation
good as this lamp again with a rag on it to halve its capability
this light ashing of snow on the sleeping vehicles to halve visual noise
dimly I reproduce before me the multiplying fantasies of an apartment with a view
today , then the one before
then I think them intensely – it's doubled
a bronx building burns
there's a text from outside and G comes in with a clean bag of clothes
she's ready to go back to work , to the restaurant in soho
back into the deepening of problems
but is that the word for them
and I feel safe here but why , with so many signs outlining my doom
time so separately and unevenly developed , the air writhing with toxins
the air writhing , property going viral
E says you're a phenomenologist – tell me if this is a thing , or that
but that's not exactly what it is – I'm not
I raised my hands and opened my mouth
to all appearances , we are not worried that these buildings seem marked for destruction
the builders' harsh percussion reminds us that nature loves a challenge
but what's more natural than erotic squalor or snowfall
or downfall
and what means less than nature

Claudia Pagès

Architectures of tangents

Marta tells me that she loves going back to the places where she has been, gone, lived with her ex-partners, her ex-lovers. She always does it, she returns to all those locations to create new images and memories of the places and superimpose them. She makes spirals with a common tangent, and each time she goes through it, she adds a layer with a new image. With the accumulation of passes, the layers below appear increasingly blurred, forgotten, and those on the surface become the only ones in force. Spirals moving, accumulating so many lines that others end up disappearing.

I wanted to write a piece in a spiral, a narrative that was turning, in a spiral, omitting any tangent. Where time would go forward, and backwards, around, without linearity, where things returned but never to the same place. That time was like a spring, shrinking, lengthening and shortening again, jumping in different spirals. Cumulative, full of stories that are incorporated and released. Not something that moves forward, but in spirals.

I've tried to write from the sea. Not from the sea, physically, but starting there, taking it as a starting point, as a starting territory. However, each time my heart has shrunk, nor have I been able to move. I have tried inside ports, where there is no room for hearts. I have wandered, I have found fences. The colors of the charges are interesting from a distance, but not up close, where the iron oxide appears under the layer of paint. Ports are not articulated in the form of verbs in a spiral, of verbs in motion, they are maintenance and containment architectures, they are in the gerund. From the top of Montjuïc mountain I record its sounds, which climb up the mountain and remain stuck there, between sea and mountain, between palm trees and cypresses, between death and imported things. A man walks up behind me and says, "hello beautiful", as he runs away. Seagulls fly over me. I turn off the Zoom in a rage. I run from maintenance.

One can have sites of no return. The accumulated tangent, the point passed so much above it can be worn, erased, or a place of a lot of friction, and therefore, that radiates something. And a tangent overwritten by new and new passes can end up being buried. To accumulate layers and try to maintain the surface so that it does not fall, separate, and the layers below that have been tried to be buried appear. Burying a tangent, going over it so many times, is also a sign of effort. A gesture of low power, of little joy.

To bury is to move a lot of sand with the anguish that it will re-emerge one day. To bury well, one must be sure that it will not emerge again. One must dedicate oneself to the effort of burying, of burying in maintenance. Anything in maintenance requires a link. Whoever buries something that distresses them lives in fear that someone will dig it up, and the lump that waits under the ground has them in constant suffering. Burying is no longer in a spiral, burying is in a gerund, it must be done constantly, it must be in maintenance. Going through the same tangent, throwing sand so that it does not emerge.

Down to the sea. I can't make a start from there, but I can make a descent to it. I have always gone down to the sea. I choose straight streets to perceive with my eyes that the street is vertical, that behind it the asphalt rises and below it dissolves until it disappears. I walk towards where it ends so that a few more meters of asphalt emerge on the horizon. The more I go downhill, the more asphalt appears on my horizon. The tangent is not clear, it shifts. The tangent moves as I go down, even once I reach the sea. I enter, I enter and I move within the water. With each stroke the water moves, I move in it and I don't see any fixed point. I move the tangent as I move, and I wet it. The tangent is soaked. The architecture of return, no return, is too wet.

Spiral with a whiff of smell is what happens to me in some architectures. Especially on the coast, when the oleanders smell at their best and the fuchsias, whites and pinks radiate as much as possible. Everything is the same in the European Mediterranean part. White houses, lime on the walls, which makes them whiter. Oleanders in the gardens, imported palm trees. The white lime walls are fences of the houses. Oleanders in roundabouts, to circulate cars, on walls to fence houses, on highways to separate lanes. Each oleander is a whiff of coastal scent. Each pine is a blow of smell to turn your back on the sea and climb where it dries up. Each oleander is a spiral, a blow to a tangent that is not buried or accumulated in passes. Scents don't bury and don't quite build up well. Perfumes that are smelled on the street come to my mind, covering body odors, carelessness and fragility, fears, and they cover them with a perfume that masks everything else. Odors are covered, but not buried. Strong perfumes cover other odors for x time. You can't keep odors. They are covered up when you want to cover them up. The oleanders don't cover up, they don't bury. The oleanders are spiral blows of smell.

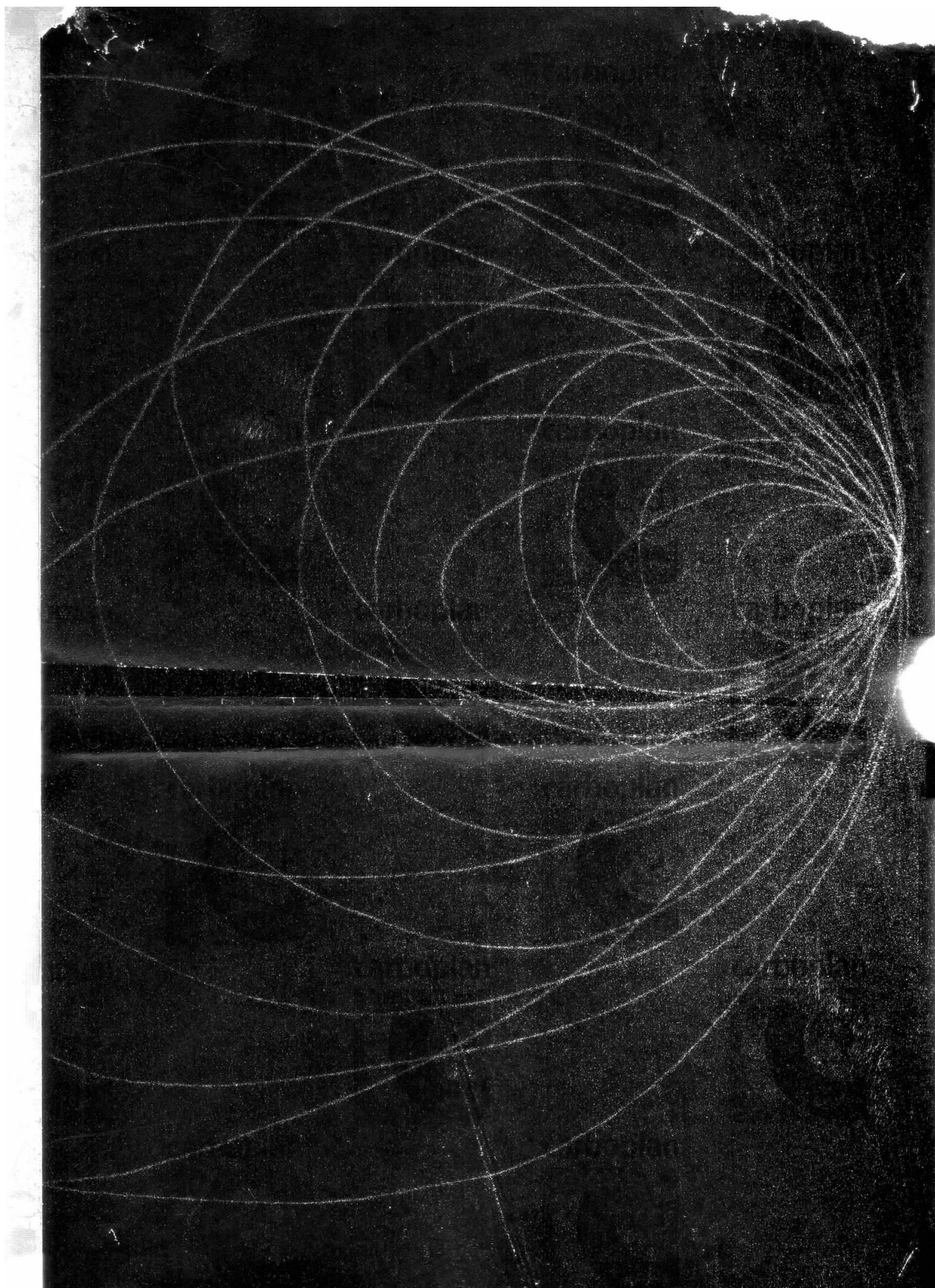
There are things I try not to do because just thinking about them suddenly makes my head spin onto an unwanted tangent. These are thoughts with centripetal force. Thoughts that go off on tangents like magnets and bring the past into the present.

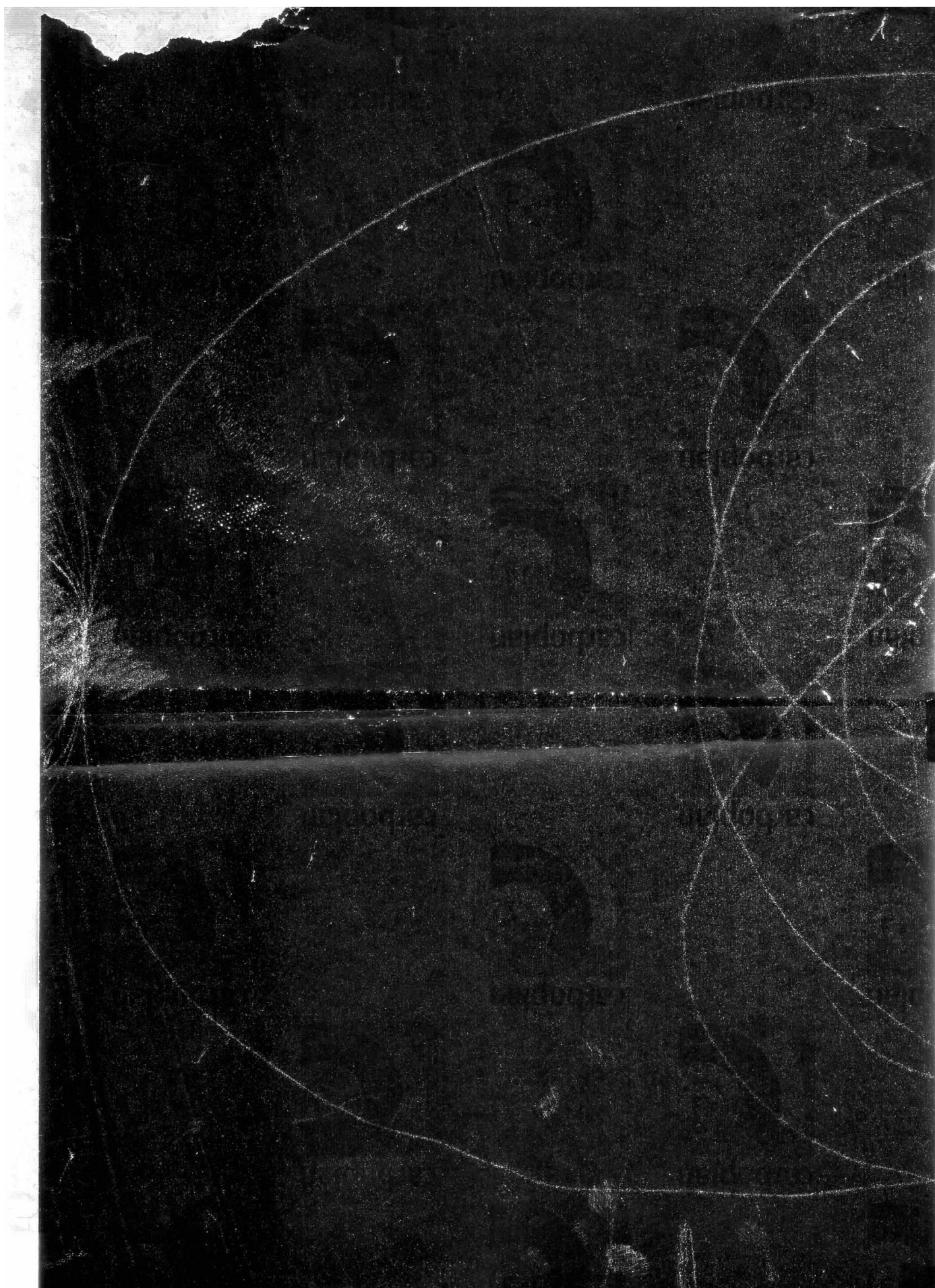
The need to give meaning, to be believed, makes one go in circular movements, to re-explain, remember, situate, and with that, bring the past into the present. This displacement is not a linear time effort, but a moored feeling. A port state with engines running and turbines turning, but not moving. Keeping me still.

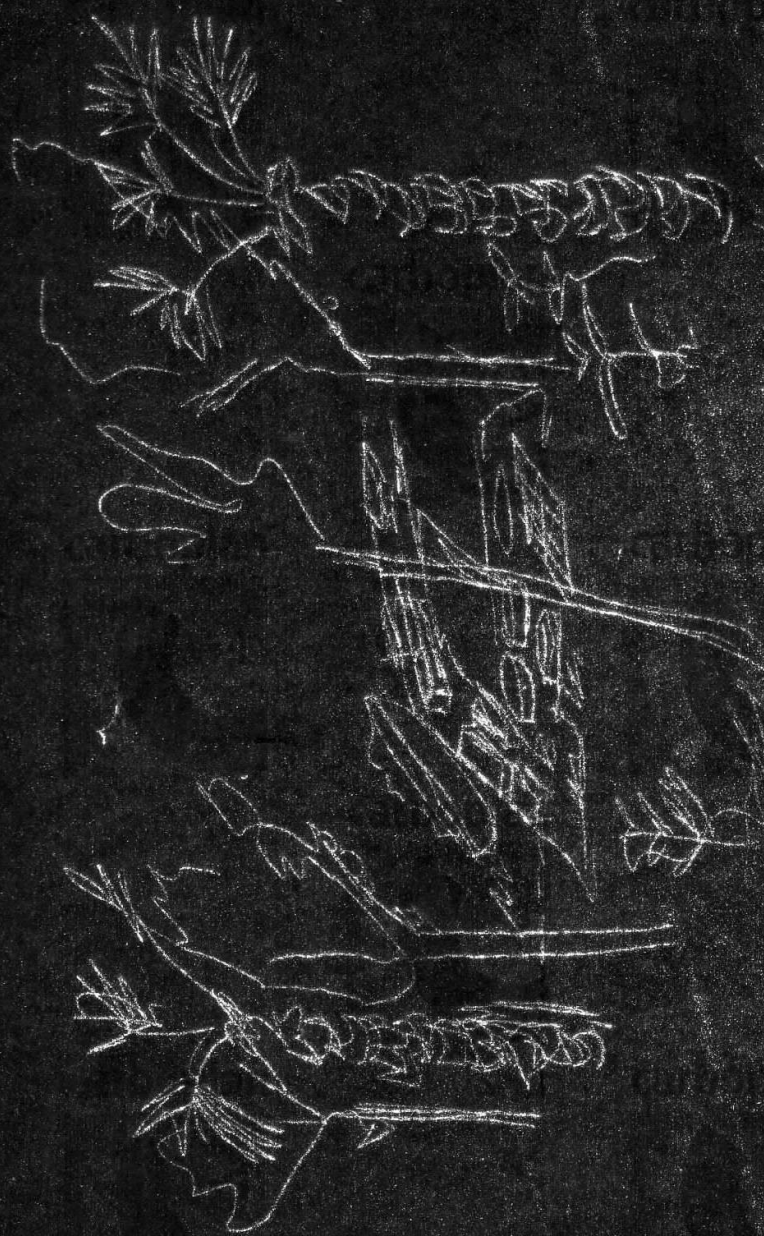
A time that creates a movement towards the center, constant. You don't go into the past, back, and come back forward in the present. The past is right now in the present, with you. You can hear the cruisers parked in the distance, their engines, and a noise that seems electric, radiating a frequency that you can hear when you get close, when you're inside it.

There is a breakdown in this process of understanding and writing.

Going through the same path in a concentric circle, each time smaller, each time with greater detail. Yes, it is true that a circle can become so concentric that it disappears inside it. It is the way to make it disappear. Shell until there is not a point left. I don't go off on a tangent in this process of shrinking, I don't stay in maintenance, I go back. Every time I make a circle I add something, every time I make another smaller shell. Not only in the editing process, but also in the repetition of text. Repeat to enter a little more, and there is only one point left.

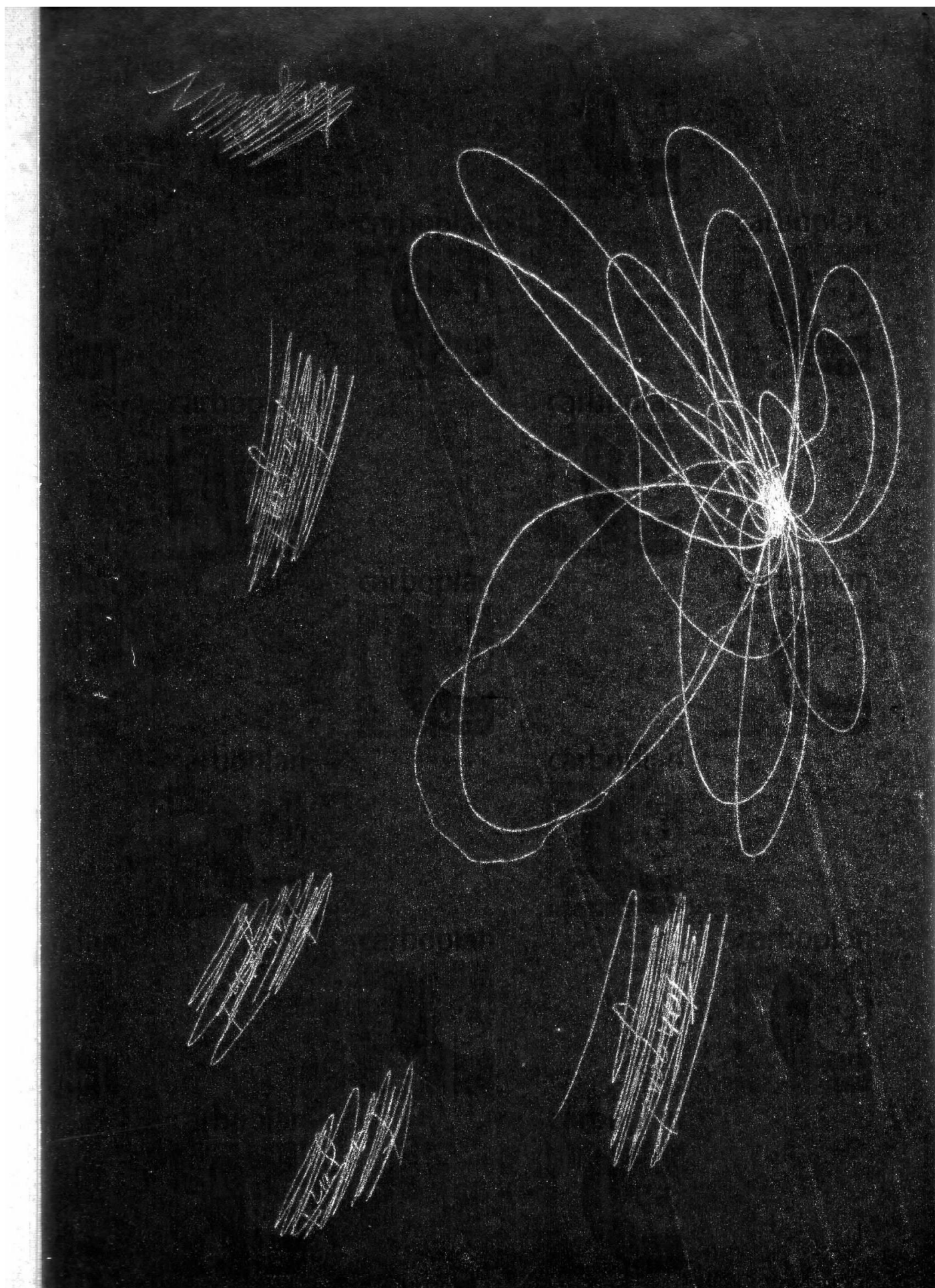


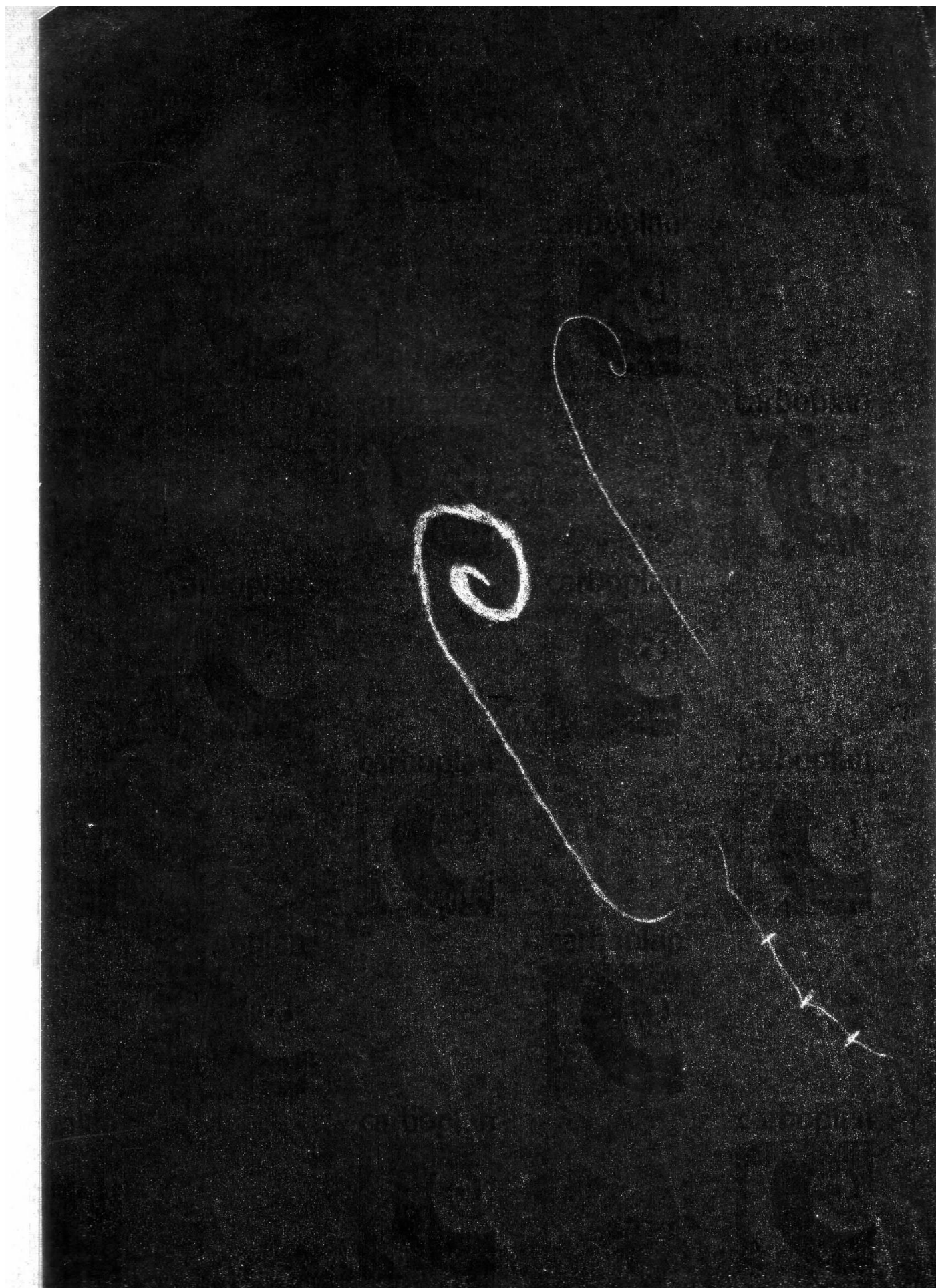


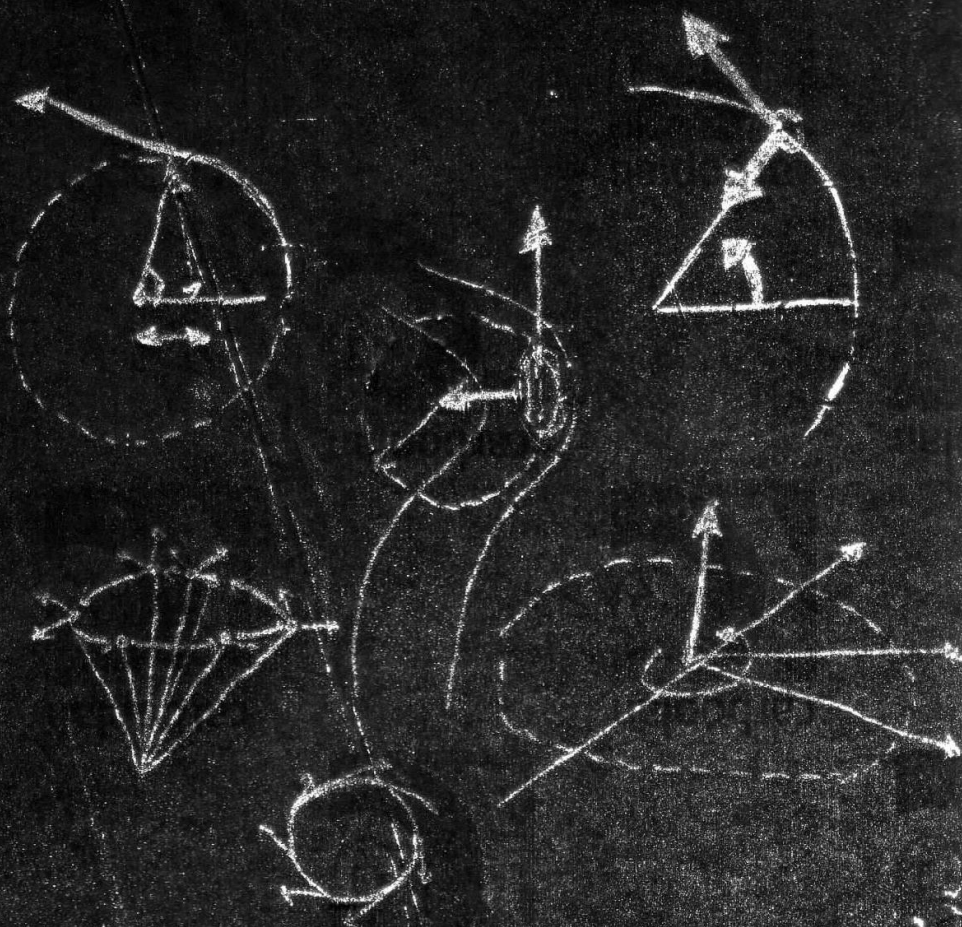


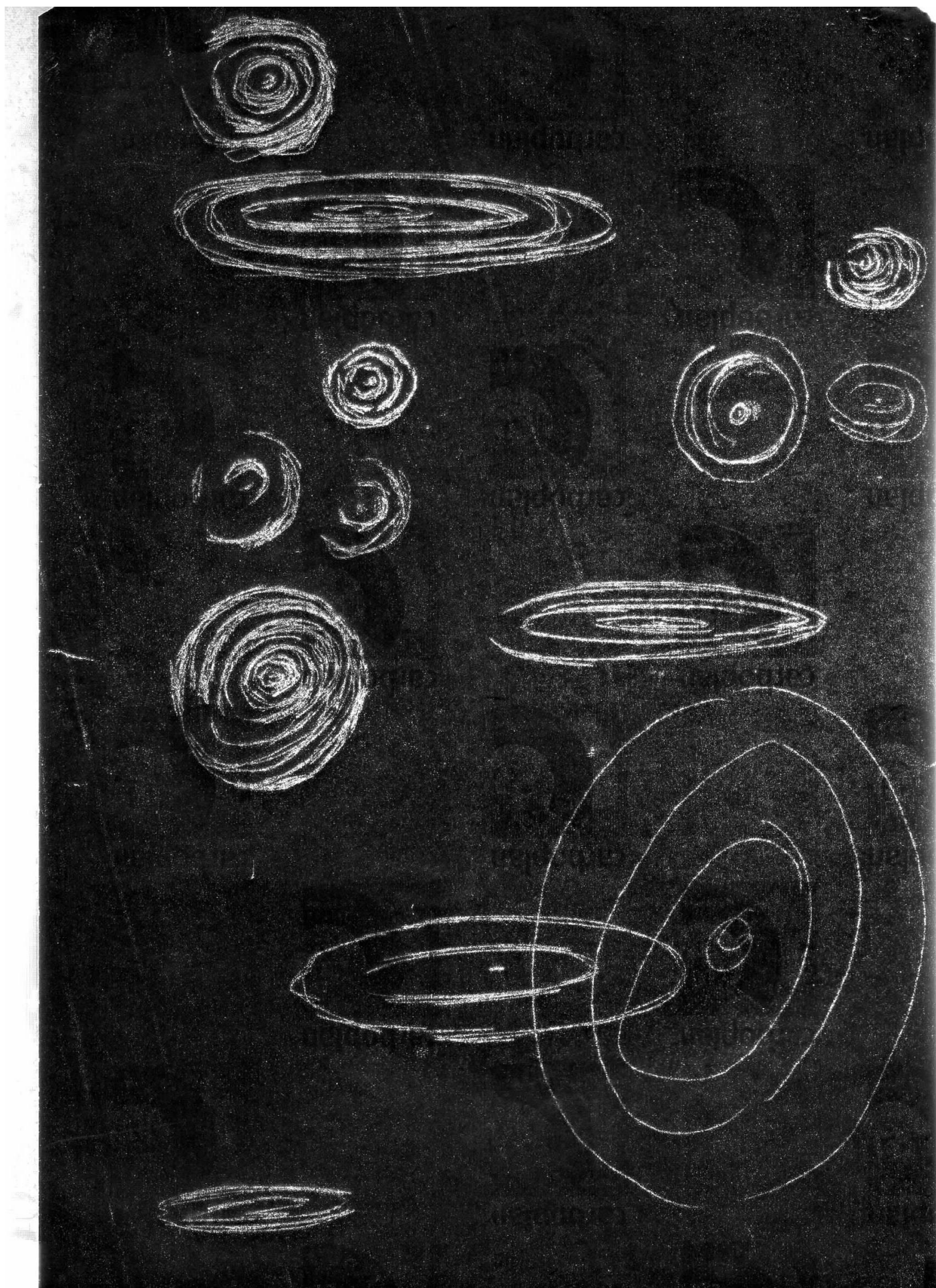
Costa munt de
Costa de mont

plan









bowie blizzard
xmas in the sun
the boozing savant
a cheeky geeze
nictitating, adventitious
reluctant, reverberate.
in awkward quatrain
the spanish swill, the
german stodge
anglo dreams
indo summers
nod of head, we move on
thicc and spicy
the gyalis, hum along
in path of least resistance
showing up the social self
cocks adjacent
bon viveur, joie de vivre
my soho elegance lost in
neon dirge and chicken wrappers,
a curse on your volk,
on up the river, the
regal authority, on behalf
of footballing sovereign we met
and thanked, the spark
for sardonic bonding and humourful
technik, age of fash-pilled edgeness
restraint regulated, hum
tuneful and forgiving
piece together the wrinkled convivance
rebel yell, the angsty abnegation
preying on graved mind
los sueños abrogated for
tawdry peonisation
brownian motion, blinkered and
caustic, cathartic in alter-
conceptual bathetic shrills
sharp tongues, sharper wits, sharpest
lame. The unnerving wrest



carnivales in soho
enclosed ground swallowed
under castilian slurs and
resonant defenestrative summation.
the somnolent creative enlistment
a corrosive wound, built blunt and
deracinated – denigrate and uproot
the tears of la furia, the durable
mester, loquacious and mendacious –
the filigree in repose abstracted condition
for a desublimated desirous orifice the
erotic swell of cartouche – delicate
tuile demanding inalienable force.
Products, involuble mass inexorable mass
malcontent melisma in the cardinal re-dress,
numismatic spurge, elude the panellist's ire
rene depestre shot through with rheumatic incession
one suspects declination, an inordinate fungibility
at hand of god's delinquent, a transsexual
screed redolent with subdulous prismatic
recollections
banyan peregrination feeding social-politic
a descended self hood replete with conjured
transfixion and bellicose rabble-rousing.
reveal thyself dormant



sexological negligee irritant
my body starts to grow, pot-bellied and
insubordinate, a depressed heaviness planted
tethers with mordant barbs, bust-like
redolency. Scream, prehistory of they-them
as body-doubling; a time loop riddled with
maleficent betrothements. Erogenous mitigation
the idiolect rebuts lateral drift; a chuntering
film, a veracious sybaritic, counterposed
with the slovenly settledness, tremulous
prevarications, larvae in-script.

ailments, pheromones
penetrate, ulcerate



Rachel Levitsky

Dear Vidhu

Dear Vidhu,

I want to finish the first letter but I also have a big desire
to write about a blind date.

I went on one this week with another person named Amy. The thought I had after is that now, when I randomly think “I love Amy” about the other, first Amy, it could work to benefit the new, blind date Amy—however it is I’ll end up feeling about what is right now a hypothetical arrangement.

After the end of the big love affair, big for me, with my first Amy—not fully first and she was barely or never mine—I permitted myself to slack on love without personal recrimination or remorse for one year. There were many endings with first not fully first Amy but the ending I speak of I mark as the day that I stopped being delusional in my mind. It was after a long day together of closely shared grief and affection. Afterwards Amy (first) wrote to me on her way home, a short emphatic reverie about the special intimacy of our long encounter, an experience which was for me monstrously terrible, way too sad.

It was our difference, the ease in her epilogue, that committed me to our end. I wrote “delusion in my mind” because, even after all this time, my mind has not much impacted my heart which is likely still delusional and what can one do—these things possess their own register. I try my best to protect all of us, meaning both of us, with a meditation practice. I work toward making certain that first Amy is free not only from any excess of phone calls and texts, and who wouldn’t want to not be a stalker—my singular striving is for normalcy and sanity, I want to free her of the burden of being in my thoughts and, for the most part I have, but she pops in and when she does I acknowledge that I love her—“I love Amy”—and then I, again, make space for living, without her.

As a person who gives credence of existence to unseen, inarticulate, acutely felt forces—and about these forces I want to be clear, their very nature of being unseen, inarticulate and acutely felt nullifies their political and scientific value while certainly such forces support any and all human knowledge production in the forms of inclination, intuition and choice. This caveat is crucial in these times in which late-, perhaps post-, capitalist excess and misery lead folks on journeys into their feelings (trauma), into belief systems of whatever healers and helpers—a seeking that can be fine or can mean that anything goes. Many of these feeling-not-science-driven, trust-your-energy-sense movements feed directly into the discourse of No Nothing unitedstatesian populism. I’ve been tampering with Buddhist study for some time now, I say tampering because even though my interest in knowledge acquisition is serious, I haven’t felt in possession of the space to conduct a serious and consistent study. My attentions are occasional. Yesterday’s returned me to the Abhidhamma, the sacred source text of Theravāda Buddhism. I was catching up on the texts for my Majjhima Nikaya (Middle Length Discourses) class with Gil Fronsdal and I recalled that I first heard about this text from a Thich Nhat Hanh talk about the Abhidhamma and the manas. Back when I first heard Thay—how Thich Nhat Hanh’s followers and companions call him¹—I was confused by how much it sounded like the Amidah (a Hebrew gerund that translates as *standing*), a core Jewish prayer that is said muttering to yourself while standing and variously bending and bowing and so the one I associate with being the most fun, and manas well, that sounds like Moses’ mana from heaven but wait, in Thay’s lesson on Buddhist manas, manas is the part of consciousness that tightens like a sleeve or a vine around the otherwise freely flowing and knowledge collecting river part of consciousness until it strangles it with: me. me. me. me. At some point in my adulthood of failed and interrupted romances I came to hate statements like that, the ones that begin with I’m the kind of person

1. Since writing this letter to you, Thay has died, just last week, on January 22, 2022.

who, but I've discovered, and this is the worst part, that blind dating means you need to say things like that, because you have to tell people who you think you are in some sort of quick and efficient way that matches the mediated time of late- or post- capitalism. But that flowing river part, that's the part that stores all kinds of information that we don't know we have. The part that dreams let us onto, but just partially so and then there's the partiality of what we remember of dream past sleep. This river consciousness is opaque no matter what, except that it appears when we need it to make a decision which may seem random or intuitive. It's not that it doesn't provide material to contribute to good political and scientific knowledge; it simply cannot stand that way on its own.

I aim to protect first Amy from my thoughts because I think that my or anyone's psychic clinging has negative consequences and in fact there is a devastating story with first Amy which is quite literal and includes an actual cat death. It was this hard to leave.

I gave myself a year to not think about dating or romance. The year easily and without recognition became two. I forced myself. What does it mean to force yourself to date via friends of friends network and prostrating some cartoon version of yourself on apps that ask you to name your "love language." If I were a different writer I wouldn't write "Rachel Levitsky Has No Problems." I would write "Rachel Levitsky Dates." If we are interested in abjection all we need for study is Tinder. No. That's not right. Reality tv shows have it just as much but I can't watch them because of the way the human voices on them make sound. Rebecca, my most recent date before blind date Amy, was so very concerned with facial hair that she and I could not work. I wrote you about it in the first letter the one I need to finish. Ten years earlier I noted with similar curiosity when Lauren Shufan revealed a similarly intense alarm towards facial hair. These two had similarly strange shaped eyebrows though Lauren's were more like commas which makes sense, she was a poet, and they were a bit more even. I suppose Lauren and Rebecca are of the same generation. It occurs to me that Lauren turns 40 this year since I am 57 ½ and she turned 31 the summer we became lovers so I was 48 ½ and we were 17 ½ years apart which we called "the teenager between us." Our teenager was already in college. We had a historical narrative about our love affair, of us in Walter Benjamin's "Capital of the 19th Century Paris" in which I was an aging sculptor and she was a working-class tomboy sprite who ends up, after our stormy affair, in a marriage with a stable fellow—not necessarily a fellow that worked in a stable but a solid, reliable one. It is a story that felt to the both of us like memory. We thought of our affair as so preposterous that before we acknowledged that we were in it, an affair, while already far along our strong sexual relationship, we would talk about what we were doing in purely conditional tenses. I believe I was the one to point this out, sitting on the stoop of Tracy Grinnell's brownstone in Fort Greene where Lauren was dog and bird sitting, two blocks away from where Akilah Oliver lived and died a year and a half before that and across from the restaurant Olea a pivotal place for so many key events. I say that I believe that I was the one who pointed it out because I recall that stoop sit keenly through the levitating humor with which we both received the revelation. It changed nothing about our love being treated as make-believe. We had deep sex but Lauren was nervous about our affair. When we arrived together at a party of poets, she kept her distance. It didn't bother me much, I had empathy for her skittishness, she was a poet just coming into her own and I was already Rachel Levitsky. I was aware of her refusal to catch my eye; I couldn't stop my eyes from tracking her. Clinging.

In my nascent study of Theravāda inflected Buddhism as practiced and studied in the United States specifically urban centers in the United States, a repetition I hear from teachers is that clinging and grasping are the causes of suffering. For me it is true, these participles are at the roots of my greatest pains as both events and ongoing stories. But it is also true that among attraction and aversion, the two things that signal that which we cling to and grasp at, attraction has also been cause for my greatest happiness. The morning after I first slept with first Amy—not fully first and not a full night of sleeping with—I woke up, alone in my bed, to the lightest and freest feeling of my entire life still to this day.

She'd slipped out in the middle of the night to go "feed the cat" —the same cat who is no longer with us, who perhaps paid the price of both of us grasping and clinging to our attractions and aversions but it is a story where somewhere if not also in my own mind I get blamed. I don't like to be harmful, who does?

It was hard to stop having sex with Lauren. I couldn't be sure of my decision to turn down her final offer especially as she taunted me on the cell phone after I drove away, telling me what she'd be planning to do with me, teasing but also angry perhaps. She'd had a layover in New York, no, maybe she had an actual sleepover because of a reading celebrating her debut full length Fence book *Inter Arma*, that she was to give at a reading series that was ultimately shut down because it was revealed to be date rape-y and generally grotesquely white, masculinist, privileged, clueless. It was the reading series in New York in the early 2010's I don't recall its name, run in part by a young academic poet, a white man, named Andrew, who I was moved to defend against the young dumb poetry community mob—he was no worse than anyone coming after him. Lauren chose a hotel that was near JFK, the kind of hotel that is eventually shut down and torn down because of unredeemable problems like a weakened concrete foundation or mold and, it has indeed since been shut down because of unredeemable black mold, or so I imagine. I pass it by every time I drive to pick someone up from JFK and sometimes when I come to Provincetown using the Jackie Robinson Parkway, that odd 4.95 mile relic of a woodsier and just as corrupt Queens and Brooklyn. I can't tell if it ever makes sense to use it to get where it goes from where I go to get to it—out of the way in other words—but it is sweet reminder of a one hundred years past era in urban planning lush tree-filled beautiful bridge-overpasses punctuated parkways designed to cross from park to park and transport people to their dead. This parkway runs through a green corridor of cemeteries.

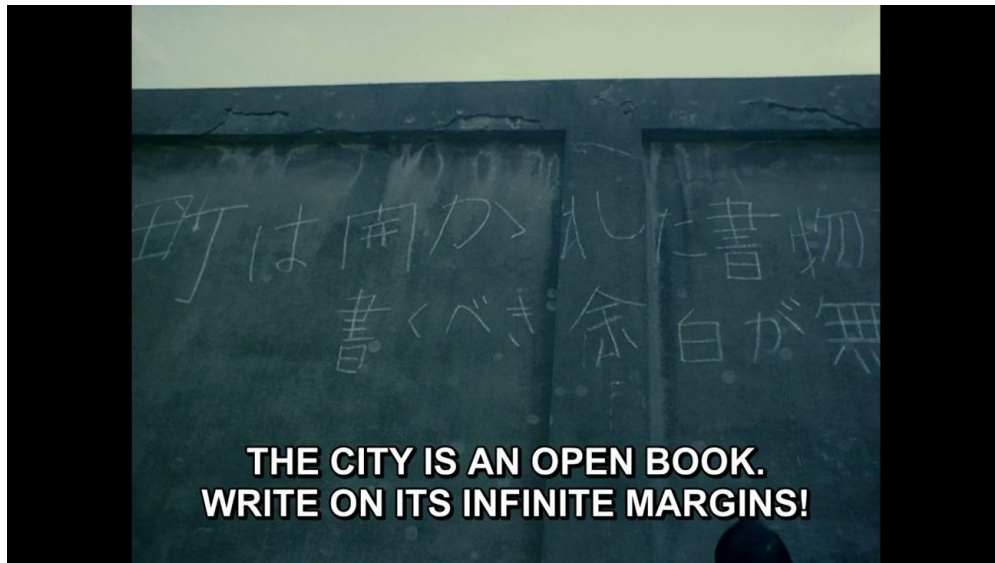
Once, while we were driving through it, my friend Relative Ordoover told me about Mormons converting the corpses buried at the Jewish one, but maybe they were just telling me that generally Mormons have a practice of converting Jews posthumously, and happened to tell me at a moment when they were being reminded of dead and buried Jews because we happened to be passing the Mount Carmel Jewish Cemetery² along the Jackie Robinson, which was originally called the Interboro—signifying the connection between boroughs, Cypress Hill, Brooklyn to Kew Gardens, Queens, a name attempting to make sense of the random line between proximate but unlike objects, a line my brain makes between Relative's random information about an abstracted activity into the image of a literal place and a specific gestural blessing happening with actual contact between Live Mormon and Dead Jew in that place. My conflation of the two sacred texts and the two Amys might be like this, not the same yet carried together. So distinct are the image stories of the two Amys, my brain's powerful habit for negative identification and comparison doesn't deploy to denigrate one by elevating the other. But, on that day of that blind date a tsunami came over me, signaling the most general alliance and letting me know I was entering the vast pool of sadness one must swim through to reach for the possibility of transport onto that cloud-like freedom only ever so far brought to me by unmistakable attraction in romantic love.

(Note: This work will be included in a set of prose pieces called "The Antisemitism of Everyday Life" in a hybrid book of poems and prose, titled *Rachel Levitsky Has No Problems: Memoir Without Memory*)

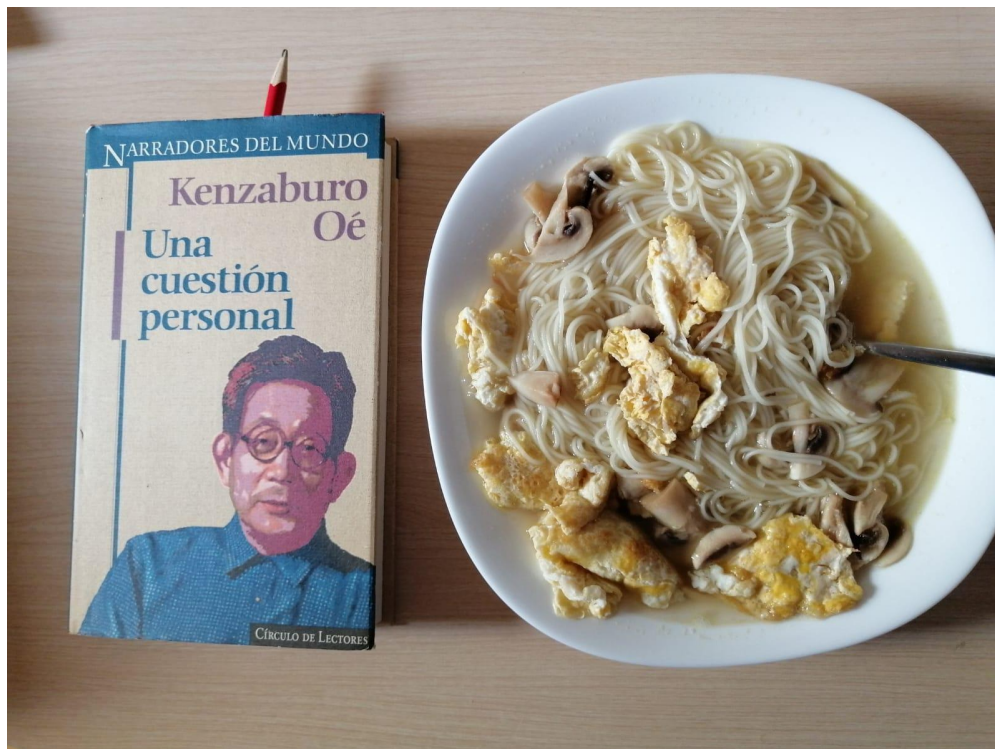
² "Since 1995, Mormons have performed proxy ordinances for most Jewish notables, including prominent Israeli political figures: Yitzhak Rabin, Moshe Sharett, Golda Meir, David Ben-Gurion and Theodor Herzl--along with hundreds of thousands of other Jews, including multitudes of Jews in the arts, the sciences and in the entertainment field--such as Gilda Radner, the Marx Brothers and the Three Stooges. Even Jews on the Titanic, who went into the icy waters of the North Atlantic with the Jewish Shema prayer on their lips, spoken with their last breath, have been proxy baptized and proclaimed as members of the LDS Church" <https://www.jewishgen.org/infofiles/ldsagree.html> (accessed 8-12-2021)

Paloma Chen

A personal matter



Throw Away Your Books, Go Out into the Streets! / 書を捨てよ町へ出よう (1971), Terayama Shūji (寺山修司)



Paloma Chen's (陈聪慧) lockdown in April 2020

You didn't say hi today.

Excuse me, what was your name?
What are you watching on TV?

I don't understand you.

Stunned face.

If you've been in Spain for twenty years,
how come you don't
speak Spanish?

Excuse me, what was your name?

We don't have any plans this afternoon,
why don't we go to the *chinos*
and steal
a nail polish,
any little thing?
Whatever...
they won't find out,
The Chinese woman is
there all day;
she doesn't know what will happen today:
if Jehovah's Witnesses will come,
if she will make a lot or little cash,
if someone will come
to complain
about the quality of
the pencil they bought.

Maybe we'll do something
we've never done before...
Let's get ourselves a tip
at knifepoint,
anyways,
she won't defend herself,
she's still kind of nice
but her husband

got that face,
so skinny,
so pale,

it seems that any
sound
can knock him down,
I think both of them are
clearly
harmless

Do you know where they live?

Yeah!

Let's follow the *chinita*

The girl is in my class,
I sometimes see her walking.
She stares vacantly,
I never know where she's going...

But we'll know today.

We'll ring the bell,
and run away.

No, we won't run,

we'll pretend.
We'll sneak into,
the landing,
we'll put dog shit
in her door.

Wait,

I have a lighter.
Why don't we scare them a little,
something trivial,
something small,
something innocent,
something naive?

Let's light a firecracker.

Today we'll laugh of
those Chinese
who came
and who's names
we don't know,

what do they watch on TV
what does the girl that stares
blankly see

it's hard to know if she's
in the moon
or in China.

Today we will make her react,
we'll burn the bazaar.
It won't appear in the news.
We are innocent kids.
Usual customers.
Today we will make her react.

My parents will like it
although they won't say
because many times
they've wondered

what are these *chinos* talking about,
what are they watching on TV,
what are their names?

it's hard to know if they're
in the moon or in China.

They are so conformist.
They are so obedient.

I wish something would make them react.



Eat Drink Man Woman / 飲食男女 (1994) by Ang Lee (李安)

MENU OF THE DAY

First courses (to choose)

Runs fugitive from everything she has raised with her hands

If you don't sell your body, you sell someone else's

We are at odds with our heritage, sister

You don't have to make it (failure is a way to escape from the tyrant)

Second courses (to choose)

I've been assaulted and I feel nostalgia

I don't know what to do with this legacy that I put in my mouth

Third course (to choose)

Invasive species

The flower on the edge of the crater

The bird perched on top

A sapphire in the mattress

A bitter-capitalist joy

Bittersweet melody

Drinks

Broth

tasty

as an elm

Desserts

Flower of

bones in

centenary meat

PRICE

A theoretical framework always grows from a wound in the side

Revenge can never be sent on a postcard (from France)

OTHER SUGGESTIONS

EMPATHY	x
GREEN	
SAHARA	
MIXED CHINESE IDENTITY	x
FRUIT SALAD OF INTERPELATIONS	x
RECRIMINATIONS IN SYRUP	x
VERNACULAR FORGETFULNESS	
FOREIGN MEMORY	
FRIED DIASPORA WITH HONEY	
FLAMBÉ MEMORIES	
HOLY VERTEBRA	
SANMAO	x
BEECH HEART	
MOSS EYEBROWS	
SUSHI FLAN	
FOOTNOTE ALCOHOL	
ASIA-PESSIMISM	x
YURI KOCHIYAMA	
VOID-CREAM WITH STRAWBERRIES	
SPIRITUAL DIARRHEA	
VACCINE AGAINST RESIGNATION	
FINAL FANTASY X	x
ICE CREAM WITH ARROGANCE	
VAST BOWL OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS	
SONIC WRINKLES	
SELECTION OF DISAPPOINTMENTS	
SPECIAL PERFORMATIVE DESSERT	
I'M NOT QUEER I'M CHINESE	x
TIMELESS WRATH	
TASKS (TO-DO) ROLLS	
CAFÉ COFFEE 咖啡	x
JELLY OF AMBITION(S)pain	

Benjamin Krusling is an artist who works in language, sound and video. He is the author of *Glaring* (Wendy's Subway, 2020) and lives in Brooklyn, NY.

Claudia Pagès (Barcelona, 1990) work is mostly based on text, publishing it through printed matter, installations, sonic readings, and performances, generating a specific language relating to orality and talkable text. Claudia's live works are musical recitals where bodies navigate through texts, poems, songs on a contextualized landscape. For the last years, Pagès has been working tracing new systems of distribution of commodities and economics of gentrification. In their latest works, Pagès has focused on the shipping system and its link to jurisdictional language, both operating in a constant and violent gerund. Pagès has done readings, performances, and shows in MACBA, Barcelona (2021), Kunstverein Braunschweig, (2021), La Casa Encendida, Madrid (2021, 2016), HAU2 & CreamCake, Berlin (2019), Sharjah Art Foundation, Sharjah UAE (2018) among others. Published books with Onomatopée (2020) and is preparing a new book with Wendy's Subway (2022).

Kashif Sharma-Patel is a writer, poet and editor at the87press. Pamphlets include *relief I willed it* (Gong Farm, 2021), *fragments on mutability* (Earthbound Press, 2020), and *Suburban Finesse* co-authored with Ashwani Sharma and Azad Ashim Sharma (Sad Press, 2021). They are involved with *Propagate This* and *Cultivate That* residencies at Turf Projects, Croydon. Kashif has also written criticism for Wire Magazine, The Quietus, AQNB, and more.

Rachel Levitsky is the author of *The Story of My Accident Is Ours*, *Under the Sun* (both out from Futurepoem, 2013 & 2003) *NEIGHBOR* (UDP, 2009, reissue 2020), *Against Travel : Anti Voyage* (Pamenar, 2020) and several other small press editions. In 1999 she founded the feminist avant-garde network Belladonna* Series, which has now morphed into the fully autonomous and truly collective Belladonna* Collaborative. She is a professor at Pratt Institute.

Paloma Chen is a writer, journalist and an anti-racist activist. Born in Alicante (Spain) to a Chinese family. "Crece en 'un chino'" [Growing up in 'a Chinese'] is her journalistic investigation on the Spanish Chinese diaspora. She has won the 2020 National Poetry Prize Poesía Viva "L de Lírica" her recited poetic texts on intercultural and hybrid identity. Her first collection of poems, *Invocación a las mayorías silenciosas* [Invocation to the silent majorities] (2022), is published by Letraversal.

Translations

Translation of Paloma Chen's poems to English: Beatriz Ortega Botas and Leticia Ybarra