*Then I know I have not lived,*

*That depends entirely on the sieve,*

*Do you think this number is random,*

*Maybe,*

*Thank god,*

*It's a feeling*

011668
Alicja Brzeska
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Emma de Warren
Till Hunger
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8 OCT — 28 NOV 2026

OBELUS

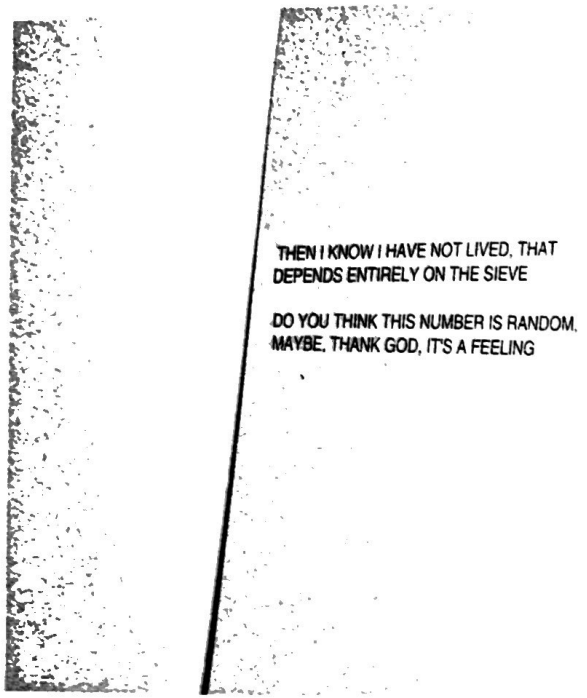
BERLIN

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Basically there's a history to how we view things. We're simply reenacting a score. Or better, we're continuing the act. And it's by now so late into this soiree that the audience, feeling all too idle in their seats, has come on stage.

Let me explain.

## The *Scatola Prospettica*: History of a Cage

A closed wooden cabinet painted on its inner surfaces and viewed through a small hole in one of its walls. Seen from the outside it looks like any other object, perhaps a piece of furniture. Seen through the peephole, the painted walls, floor and ceiling merge into the illusion of a deep, fully furnished room, often with doorways opening onto further rooms.

The effect depends on deliberately distorted painting that resolves into coherent space only from that one fixed point. The surviving examples are modest in size. Light enters through an open side, possibly through translucent treated paper, and the box would have been placed by a window or near a candle.

A canopy raised over a person or sacred object as a sign of honour. The original word, *baldacchino*, derives from Baldacco, the medieval Italian name for Baghdad, the source of the rich silks from which such canopies were first made. In churches it takes a permanent architectural form as the ciborium over the altar, of which Bernini's bronze baldacchino in St Peter's is the best-known example. In late Gothic and early Renaissance painting it appears as a small architecture built around the throne of the Virgin. It consists of slender columns, pointed arches and gables topped with spires, and often a cloth of honour hanging behind the figure. It frames the Madonna within the picture the way a shrine frames a relic.

The scatola prospettica belongs to a longer Western history of painted enclosure, a history that begins most consistently with the Gothic canopy over the enthroned Madonna. Medieval painting generally avoided depicted interior space and relied on the architectural frame around saintly figures. Its models were real furnishings such as the ciborium, the canopied throne and the reliquary shrine. The baldacchino with cuspidi and pinnacoli was therefore first a sign of honour and only secondarily a space. Giotto's Ognissanti Madonna (c. 1306-10) marks the shift. The throne sits within a pointed Gothic tabernacle of inlaid marble. The saints are partly hidden by this structure, which implies a solid space around them. The canopy begins to act as a room.

Duccio and Giotto are credited with recovering interior space by removing the fourth wall, in the manner of a doll's house. Panofsky described the result as a housing-box (Kastengehäuse). Giotto's coretti in the Scrovegni Chapel (c. 1305) are empty painted chapels designed for a viewer standing in the nave. One geometric analysis argues that they are the oldest known application of the costruzione legittima. That would place linear perspective before the Renaissance, although this remains a minority position. Lorenzetti's Annunciation of 1344 already shows floor lines converging toward a single point. In Florence, perspective developed alongside devices that fixed the viewer's position. Brunelleschi's panel of the Baptistery was viewed through a hole in its back and reflected in a mirror. Alberti's dimostrazioni of 1432-34 were viewed through a small hole inside a closed box. Holes. Holes. And holes. Scholars interpret these as demonstrations of Euclidean geometry – but really, it's just holes.



At this stage, crucially, the enclosure moves from the sacred figure to the beholder's eye.




img. 1



In the eighteenth century the device passed from the collector's cabinet to the fairground. From around 1700 many boxes carried a large lens that intensified depth. Itinerant showmen carried them across Europe as the *mondo nuovo*. Martin Engelbrecht's layered paper theatres, produced in Augsburg from around 1730, led to the nineteenth-century toy theatre.

Now, there might be something into returning the enclosure to the figure. Take Francis Bacon's work. Frames enclosing his sitters and subjects appear across his career, most densely in the 1950s. Bacon rejected symbolic readings: he famously told David Sylvester that the rectangles simply "concentrated the image." His recurring subject still echoes the medieval format of the enthroned figure within a structure: *Study from Innocent X* (1962) was informally called *Red Figure on a Throne*. The link to the Duecento is explicit. The right panel of *Three Studies for a Crucifixion* (1962) draws on Cimabue's *Crucifix*. His triptychs adopt the altarpiece format but use it against narrative, keeping the panels independent.

Bacon's frames are wireframe outlines with loose, inconsistent foreshortening, set against flat colour fields that function much like gold ground. Their spatial logic is closer to the aggregate space of the Trecento canopy than to the unified Albertian box. Yet what lies inside the box, inside the frame, seems entirely different. The decisive difference from the *scatola prospettica* lies in occupancy. The *coretti* and the *perspectyfkas* are empty interiors built for the eye to enter. The canopy and the space frame hold a figure that the viewer faces from outside. Bacon preserved this threshold physically, valuing the separation. Ina Conzen observes that in his later work the cages, plinths and podiums increasingly become a stage. This recovers, in secular form, the canopy's original double role of both sheltering and displaying the figure. But there's also something else, something odd, that happens *inside* Bacon's frames.

I wrap a dirty bedsheet around — or shall I say, enclosing — the ceiling lamp, I need to dim it down. Plunge the space in a sort of penumbra. Make it cozy. Make it mine.

9 September 2026: We walk up the stairs. The annunciation. 15 little cells and counting. Blood everywhere. And light.

Guido, i' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io
fossimo presi per incantamento
e messi in un vasel, ch'ad ogni vento
per mare andasse al voler vostro e mio;

sì che fortuna od altro tempo rio
non ci potesse dare impedimento,
anzi, vivendo sempre in un talento,
di stare insieme crescesse 'l disio.

E monna Vanna e monna Lagia poi
con quella ch'è sul numer de le trenta
con noi ponesse il buono incantatore:

e quivi ragionar sempre d'amore,
e ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
sì come i' credo che saremmo noi.[1]

Then I see a mare followed by five men stepping in circles along the rim of a hole. (Or is it simply a line? What makes a hole, a hole?) Then I am lonely. Then I am lost. Then I am excited. Then I can feel a hand caressing my bent neck. I wait for a second stroke which does not come.

Then I am reading Marx. Then I am with many questions and a certain feeling. Then I walk to the café. Then I am without hope and without fear. Then I learn how to ask for money. Then I am and forever am hungry. Then I am reading on the Paris Comune. Then I learn about dawn in Sant'Anna. Then I know I have not lived. Then I want to live it all. Then I must be careful what I wish for. Then I count the dead with the fingers of my hand. Then I am whispering to you. I kiss your hand without waiting for consent.

Then I keep looking at my phone. I really love my phone. Then I get two for one. Then I ride my bike to the party. Then I accept your following. Then I talk through my Q1 strategy. Then you tell me it's the third time you fall in love this week. I tell you it must be Summer, a creature of many names, like god, like dogs, like intelligence.

Isn't it somewhat bewildering that you can just go online and order a real megalodon tooth for as little as twenty bucks? Twenty bucks for a piece of this bus-sized, whale-hunting, millions of years old apex predator, plus free shipping and a thirty-day return policy. The



display stand may end up costing more than the tooth itself.

276 teeth in the mouth at any given time, a full set shed every week or two, some forty thousand over a lifetime, raining down onto the sea floor for twenty million years. That's simple economics.

And as the animal itself was cartilage, and cartilage rots, no complete jaw has ever been found. What survives of the biggest animal in the sea is exclusively the part it threw away.

Now compare that to the 254 bone elements that sold for over $44 million at Sotheby's (to the same guy who bought a copy of the US Constitution). They amount to roughly 80% of a complete Stegosaurus skeleton. Needless to say that completeness, in this case, is just another attribute of rarity, the one quantifiable state that fascination can be converted into, and therefore priced.

Sotheby's head of science called the specimen a colouring book dinosaur, and she was right in that the last thing left is to debate the colours and patterns of the animal's skin.

Maybe that's why the stegosaurus only ever got a few minutes in the Jurassic Park films, but the megalodons got their own franchise. The former was retired by knowledge, while the latter leaves the doors wide open for imagination. It can be anything.

But it is never anything. It is always the same thing. Just as with its fellow monsters, the prehistoric mega shark brings us the catastrophe. That's what we came for, that's what we came to see: a new take, a slightly new version of the end.

"Barely is the woman on her own but she goes out for a walk, escorted by money, securities and depreciation, fine company. Like a shadow she glides through the multitude who make the paper, the sea of paper across which she sails her ship of life, the sea that would bury us all alive, given half a chance! For over there the masses of unemployed fools are lying in wait till someone finally follows their trail. And we? Do we want to fly on, ever on? Smart alecks that we are, first we'll have to climb higher up." [2]

And just as with the movies, nobody buys a fossil tooth because they think it's beautiful, but because it's another disaster picture, a testament to an ending. It's a death notice with a price tag, and the most desirable ones come from the great extinctions. The asteroid, the dead seas, the afternoons when nearly everything died at once.

So how many teeth are down there? That depends entirely on the sieve, which is to say the resolution that you apply to it. Walk the same beach with a finer mesh, dig a metre deeper, and the count goes up. And it keeps going up, because there is no depth at which the supply resolves into a final figure.

My teeth. My mouth.

The human mouth typically has 32 teeth. Sometimes the wisdom teeth are removed, leaving 28. But our brain doesn't register 32 teeth. We feel them as a single unit. My teeth. My mouth. When working, their number feels insignificant, though, in reality, a complex mathematical system transmutes the compounds through the vehicle of teeth into the energy once belonging to the sun. Do you think this number 32 is random? 32 degrees fahrenheit is the freezing point of water. A standard chess board has 32 white squares and 32 dark squares, and each player starts with 16 pieces, 32 total on the board. When God first gave Adam language, there were 32 characters in the alphabet, some of which were lost to time, or hidden by the church. The Hebrew name Elohim ("God") appears 32 times in the first chapter of Genesis alone.

*Vasuki indicus*' fossil remains were found in 2005, an ancient snake species, a humongous creature. I read that in Hindu mythology, he had already long been scripted. And then we fast forwarded to a feed of baby pythons, an endless scroll of variants on snake constipation. Look at my cutie. Domesticate the mysticate. Contemporary — Ew, ew, Ew — Compress the belly gently. I love excrements, and I love fluffy cream on the skin. Light, light, light. Colours, colours, colours. Did I, already, know whether he left the python on him, immobilising? Everything has been made and remade.



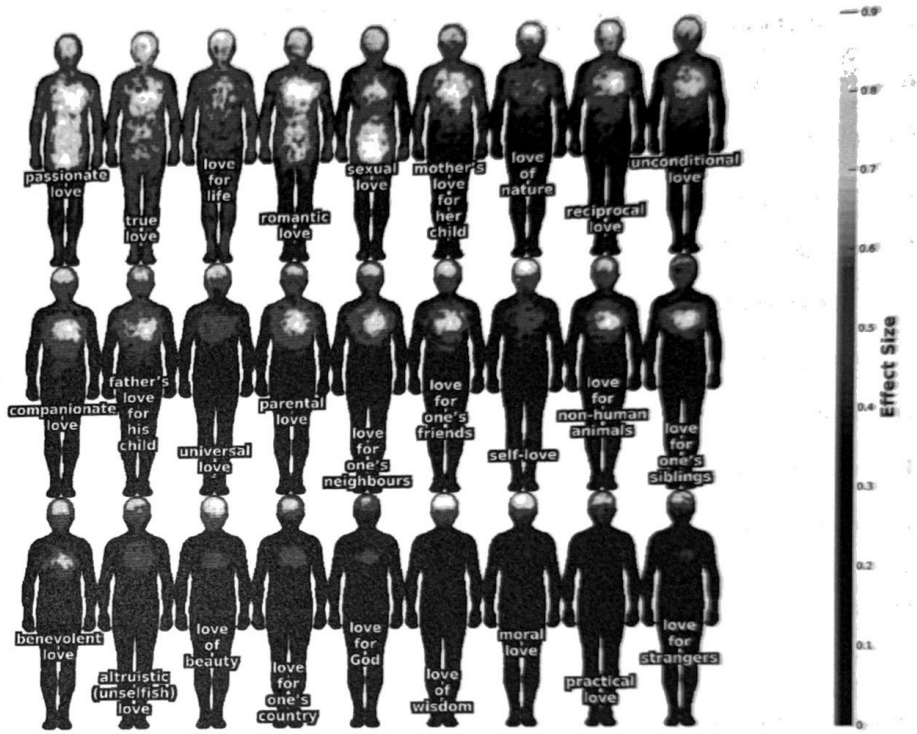
then I want to hold you
and my Swiss army knife,
best things,
always at ease
then I want to drink milk
then I want to sleep and read
I want to look at you drive
so safe
I still have all my wisdom teeth,
you say because I keep on growing them,
maybe,
thank god,
and then you want to play
always play,
games games games,
you are so happy,
games games games,
and then to be there for tenderness,
Paul Auster never once used this word in any of his books, can you imagine?
I know you can, but I can't
and then I want a cave
I want to find a dark cold cave
to have something to tell you
and then I want to hide,
I know you will crawl
I want to touch metal, it runs in the family
and then I want to drive,
but always to come back
I want all these rings,
and then I don't need much

(do domu)
jestem uparta jak mech co rośnie tylko w jedna strone,
ku Tobie

reverie in a golden room with a carpet on the wall.

a spear of shadow in the heart of air
the pursuit of the unconditional beast, sharpened to transparency, holds the moment
like a long breath






img. 2

Is love for god love for thyself or for thy neighbour?

Is love for god love of thyself or of thy neighbour?

Is love for god love unto thyself or unto thy neighbour?

Is love of god love thyself or love thy neighbour?

Is love for god a love of thyself or of thy neighbour?

Is love toward god love toward thyself or toward thy neighbour?

Is love for god but love of thyself or of thy neighbour?

Is the love for god love thyself or thy neighbour?

Is love for god love of thine own self or of thy neighbour?

Is love for god love thyself, or else thy neighbour?

Is love for god love for thyself or love for thy neighbour?

Is love for god love of thyself or rather of thy neighbour?

Then, silently, he retrieved inside. He seemed to be walking with dusk, fading across the line, hiding.

Beep Boop Bap. This is where the alcoholics sit during the day, beautiful leather chairs besides sprayed, dried and shaped "Public materials". But I woke up earlier, Beep Boop Bap. I learn to curve my head back. Drop your shoulders! Curve your neck! If you faint, all is well; the limits of your breath. I crave for time. Time breeds creativity, and creativity breeds time, freezing it. 31,363 objects in Orbit. 15,722 operational satellites. 9,884 debris fragments. Cover the sun, cover the sun, cover the sun. Form little lines in the sky. Beep Boop Bap. Extinction in the form of an electrical current. Beep Boop Bap.



Passionate love is true love is love for life is romantic love is sexual love is a mother's love for her child is love of nature is reciprocal love is unconditional love is companionate love is a father's love for his child is universal love is parental love is love for one's neighbours is love for one's friends is love for non-human animals is self-love is love for one's siblings is benevolent love is altruistic (unselfish) love is love of beauty is love for one's country is love for God is love of wisdom is moral love is practical love is love for strangers is you and me!

Forever and never,

"These days my works pose some kind of seductive, managed transgression. They are mainly about identity and constructed out of a very subjective perspective. I work with a lot of talented people. It's about the thought and how it looks when it leaves the mind."
– Anne Imhof

"It's a feeling."
– Anonymous

"I choose you."
– Anne Imhof

"I love you."
– Anonymous Two

[3:03 PM, 8/22/2026] I: I mean you also see her talk here lol so maybe not the best example
[3:03 PM, 8/22/2026] I: [it feels a bit new age to me like it is now eheh] to me new age is an issue
[3:04 PM, 8/22/2026] I: because politically it's a totally failed movement
[3:04 PM, 8/22/2026] I: and since you seem to be interested in knowledge
[3:04 PM, 8/22/2026] I: [hopefully the work will remind you what you know already] as per this message ^^
[3:04 PM, 8/22/2026] I: the politics of the work seem important?

[3:05 PM, 8/22/2026] You: [and since you seem to be interested in knowledge] yes, I am more interested in feeling though... to remember a deep truth .. I am very new age (face with tears of joy emoji)
[3:06 PM, 8/22/2026] You: [the politics of the work seem important?] not at all . I feel its meant to be utopically separate from any form of social structure whatsoever

[3:06 PM, 8/22/2026] I: wow
[3:06 PM, 8/22/2026] I: ok
[3:06 PM, 8/22/2026] I: that's interesting

[3:06 PM, 8/22/2026] I: definitely utopian
[3:07 PM, 8/22/2026] I: what's your ideal destination for the work
[3:07 PM, 8/22/2026] I: art gallery? cinema?

reverie in a celestial room.

object, word, desire, pain—constantly pass into one another

a certainty that thereby forces us to imagine the desired continuity in the form of a series of

intentional displacements, leading from malaise to its image.

the image remains available for displacement into empty space,

disguising itself as an admissible reality.

the pressure of which, reflected in the counter-pressure of the center

redefinition.

reversible axis.

the flesh has grammar

language has a flesh.

The sun burnt, it burnt deep down into my pupils. It hurt, but I had also been craving for the light, the air. A night of no sleep and excess, trying to fight the bodily's natural functions, until the mind turns into what feels as an expansion, afloat of it all. I looked into her eyes. Her, always so beautiful, elegant through the night, and, on that dance floor, all I feel is love. I had always been so scared of losing her, but as things had begun to unfold within me, the fear had vanished into some sort of acceptance; we did not have to be one. Love hurts. We all know that and everyone says it. I had always believed that she saw a step ahead of me. Lately, I have been focusing on rebalancing my view, seeing the world with no absolute or above it all truth, just narratives and feelings. I know that I diverged from my path this year, something I still believe I needed to go through, but I do acknowledge I got lost in ego in the process, and involved her in this. Without realising, parts of me instated her as something to fight against. Perhaps in fear of her being a part of me, I began a process of rejection, a tango between this and awe. Rebalancing was necessary. I do not fully understand what happened yet, and still need time to think through what she explained to me she felt, and what parts of me led to this. Maybe sometimes it is scary, that we are part of each other. I know it confuses me. Am I my own entity, or were parts of me put on this earth to share



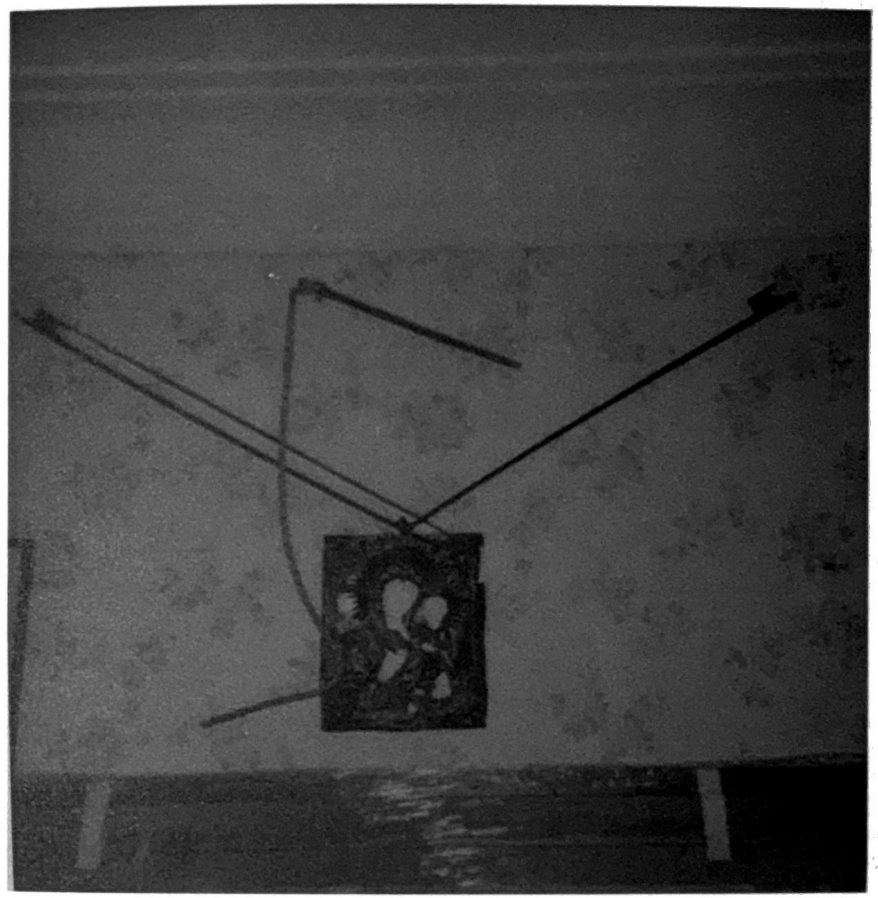
these parts of life with her. What parts of her mind am I put here to reflect? and what parts of mine is she here to enhance? Looking into her eyes in that sun, my body was already so ill from the chemicals, but I wanted to continue seeing, hearing. Hearing what she felt, what it was like for her when I decided to give myself to him. That it is like being given what you believe is the most precious treasure, but saying it will only be bought for a thin sum. So all this time, she has believed in me as much as I have believed in her? She too sees the light in me that I see in her, but she too sees as its mirror the potential disappointment and fear. She said that sometimes it is scary, because maybe she can feel she loves me more than she loves herself. I know I have said in the past that I am here to deliver the messages that she has to deliver, that I can be the voice. I still believe this, but now I also know it is not my only purpose on earth, that this mission, one of my many, still makes me my own, even though a part of her can be me and a part of me can be her. All these parts, they still form us, her, me.

The rubble pile is moving fast and has been doing so for a very long time.
Bound to its path, the artwork will accompany it for no longer than 166 years.
The work may end sooner, for reasons both deterministic and unforeseeable.
Its appearance shifts at irregular intervals, on days of the pile's closest approach and on days of its farthest retreat:

2026-12-05, 2027-05-26, 2027-11-24, 2028-06-26, 2028-11-24, 2029-08-17, 2029-12-28,
2030-06-22, 2030-10-08, 2031-02-18, 2031-11-24, 2032-04-13, 2032-12-06, 2033-05-23,
2033-11-25, 2034-06-21, 2034-11-22, 2035-08-10, 2035-12-22, 2036-07-12, 2036-09-30,
2037-02-12, 2037-11-20, 2038-04-07, 2038-12-07, 2039-05-20, 2039-11-27, 2040-06-16,
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2047-12-14, 2048-11-15, 2049-01-29, 2049-03-08, 2049-11-12, 2050-03-28, 2050-12-07,
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2068-11-15, 2069-04-03, 2069-12-08, 2070-05-15, 2070-12-02, 2071-06-07, 2071-11-23,
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2093-08-08, 2093-12-24, 2094-11-27, 2095-02-02, 2095-03-13, 2095-11-09, 2096-03-26,
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2103-12-09, 2104-05-13, 2104-12-05, 2105-06-04, 2105-11-26, 2106-07-06, 2106-12-02,
2107-08-22, 2108-01-04, 2108-07-04, 2108-10-05, 2109-02-20, 2109-11-19, 2110-04-08,

2110-12-10, 2111-05-18, 2111-12-04, 2112-06-07, 2112-11-25, 2113-07-12, 2113-12-05,
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2117-12-10, 2118-05-22, 2118-12-03, 2119-06-12, 2119-11-26, 2120-07-19, 2120-12-09,
2121-09-06, 2122-01-16, 2122-05-24, 2122-10-21, 2123-03-06, 2123-11-29, 2124-04-22,
2124-12-09, 2125-05-26, 2125-12-01, 2126-06-16, 2126-11-26, 2127-07-26, 2127-12-15,
2128-09-15, 2129-01-23, 2129-05-04, 2129-10-28, 2130-03-13, 2130-12-03, 2131-04-29,
2131-12-10, 2132-05-29, 2132-11-29, 2133-06-20, 2133-11-26, 2134-08-01, 2134-12-19,
2135-09-25, continuation pending 2135 flyby...





img. 4

... want it. May I ask what inspired you to put the numogram upon the Toyota symbol? Is there a deeper reason or is it just memes?

011668 2m • Author • Edited
@anothergoodsong ive been worshipping toyota for around 5 years, also started studying ccru, as toyota religion started to spread, i realized the power of hyperstition. ppl told me the numogram is what u make it, a manifesting device similar to tree of life, a tool to visualize and project, largely dependent on whatever u bring to it. the 3 circles of the toyota logo represent the evolution of the christian trinity, and the harmony between humans, machines, and the earth

Would you
humor me one last time. Why did you start worshipping Toyota?

0l1668 4s • Author
@anothergoodsong i wanted to come to terms with the world. AI, war, technology, capitalsim, industrialization, consumerism, its all connected. the same tech we use to drive cars and use the internet are the same weapons used to destroy the world and commit atrocities. the car and the phone are war machines. humans are dependent on them- therefore transhuman, cyborgs. we are the builders of these things so we are they are essential us in an
abstracted transhuman form. i need a god that acknowledges these things. a god that permeates through all of history from the beginnings of the earth to the industry and AI revolutions, oil and gas extraction, mineral extraction, weapons development. we are all one. all things are alive with the blood of humans, animals,
dinosaurs, and the earth. i realized the 3 circles are the representation of these overlapping systems. we need to accept the trinity of earth materials, carbon based life forms, and machines. every material in a car, or a computer is violently physically abstracted from the earth






img. 5

**[12:37 PM, 9/2/2026] You: So beautiful (praying hands emoji) thank you for sharing**
**[12:37 PM, 9/2/2026] You: Yoga has taught me to contain the energy in my body and call it back so as to embody love and become a beacon of it for all humanity not for one sole person**
**[12:37 PM, 9/2/2026] You: I suppose that is a somewhat detached less egoic state yet at the same time more connected to everyone and everything**
**[12:37 PM, 9/2/2026] You: Very deep for a Wednesday morning (face with tears of joy emoji)**

**reverie in the rose room.**

**light without heat — heat without light.**
**matter consumed by flame holds what burns without it.**

**the life aflame within the spirit,**
**paying with its own integrity.**

**point of encounter —**
**one single touch,**
**where nothing remains separate anymore.**

**an encounter with everything,**

**that can be broken,**

**It — begins here —**

**in the impossibility of remaining untouched.**

**an understanding of unconcealment.**

**and with hands,**

**that cannot hold it.**

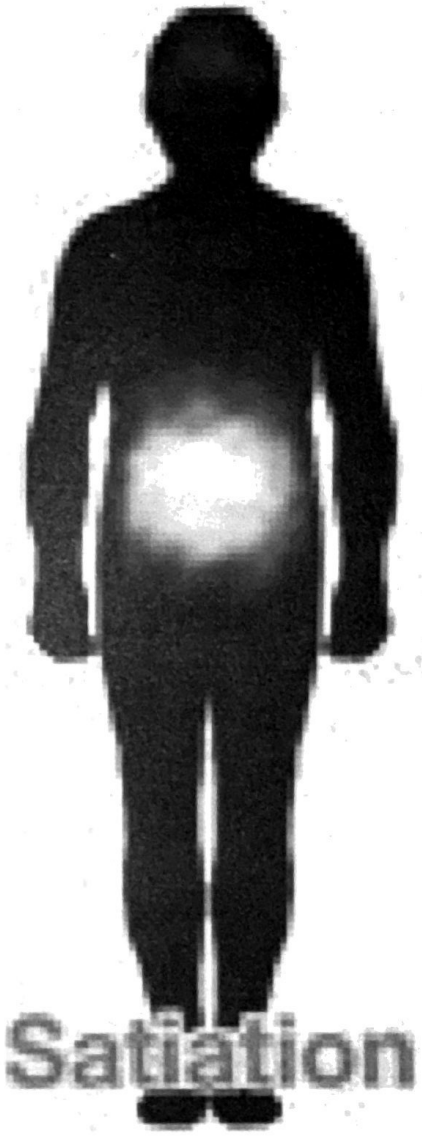
**where absence, speaking through presence,**

**revealing itself through its own being in the world.**

**a return to the ovoid—**

**corporeal as that which resists complete appropriation.**






img. 6

and will not silence the voice,

that speaks inaudibly to me when I remain alone.

this is why I came to you in the morning and made this confession.



I LOVE

1 Hotel Room Sex

2 Losing my wallet (which I do routinely) stressing out, then miraculously finding it five hours later the first place you looked. It's like the universe bitch-slapping you, then giving you a hanky for your tears.

3 Writing at 4 AM. Because night is the last drug left. (Ditto walking at 4 AM. That's the time I get the best the ideas. I loved to head out at ungodly hours with Frankie, my late German shepherd, and now with Lola, my jet black German Shepherd. When a dog looks that fierce, you can go anywhere, any time. (I originally got a dog because, ambling around at quarter-after-hell o'clock, I kept being stopped by the police. A dog is the perfect excuse. If I were a cat burglar, I'd definitely have a dog.)

5 The car wash. Metaphor Alert: There's nothing better than going in dirty, and coming out clean.

6 Vintage health & hygiene videos.

7 1965 Chevy Impalas. Bonus points for low-riders.

8 Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas. Still makes me laugh out loud after reading a hundred times.

9 When your translator is a better writer than you are.

10 Running into somebody you haven't seen in decades - and neither of you can shut up. Henry Miller's definition of a friend was someone you could bump into every ten years, but when you do, you can't shut up.

11 Great quotations. For years I kept books of quotes in the bathroom, and now have a busload of genuine bons mots for all occasions. "Self-delusion is key to happiness," Voltaire. "Ideas are not responsible for the people who embrace them," George Bernard Shaw, "You can't bounce till you hit the bottom," Hubert Selby. All words to live by. Which make you sound brilliant - or pretentious – depending.

12 MRIs. I find the solitude in that clacking tube absolutely soothing. I never want to come out.

13 Paris. Every time I'm there I feel like I'm home

14 Not waking up dopesick.

15 Other peoples' depraved, insane and weirdly inspiring life stories.

16 Cats "making biscuits" on your chest.

17 Doing some kind of random, anonymous solid for a total stranger.

18 Real artists: Francis Bacon, Joel Peter Witkin, Flannery O'Connor, Quentin Crisp, Herbert Huncke. The realist of the real deals.

19 Laughing when shit is really, really bad. I'd be that one idiot cackling on the Titanic. Back Alleys. Whatever city or country I'm in, it's impossible to walk past an alley – the darker and scuzzier the better – without venturing in to see what nefarious goings-on I might be missing.

20 Being cured of hepatitis C after being told for decades I had "a year to live." (Though, weirdly, part of me misses thinking I was dying. I remember, my first thought after the doctor told called me was "Now what?"

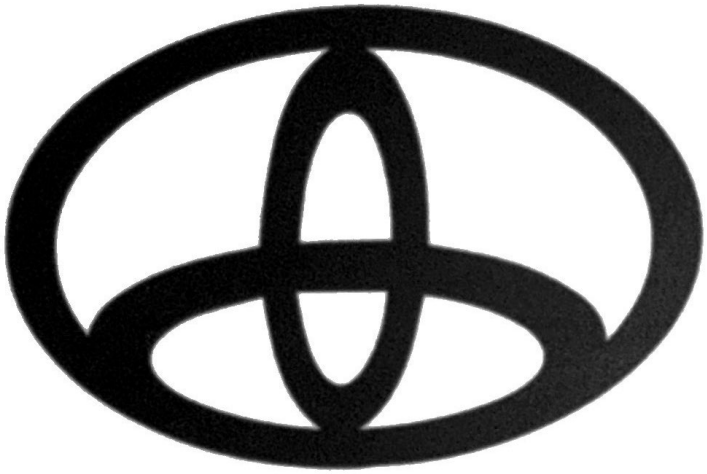
21 Religious tracts you find on the sidewalk. Been collecting these for years. There's something oddly comforting about knowing you're goint to hell. Chick Publication has been spouting End Times comics on the street for as long as I can remember, and they're still going strong. R. Crumb has nothing on Chick. Check it out... [3]

There was one of these Thinkpad laptops on the desk — a small room — as all hotel chain rooms. You had first walked through the lobby, before which he had downed his last beer. In the elevator, maybe your eyes briefly met, before once again staring at the buttons — 1, 2, 3, 4... and so on, up it went. The bed dominated the room, its sheets ready to be stained, and you were ready to go there, where you had waited to go. Lying down, large windows took over the corner of your eye. But you were high up enough for no-one to see. You liked the slight lines around his mouth, the slight distance in his eyes, and the coarseness of his voice. On your right, a bathroom sink, shower and a sliding door. A room you never found the light to, washing your hands in the dark, and hoping not to sprinkle piss on the floor. There wasn't much else to that room, just as there wasn't much else to you two.

I didn't really know what I was doing, following him into the lobby. Or I fully did — but I needed an excuse. "Can I have some of that?" Unfortunately, he had already downed the last beer. The light was quite bright, and the environment was that of all chain hotel lobbies. Everything took an eternity, till the moment we wouldn't have to talk, and just do what was silently agreed. The elevator button had to be pressed, the bell had to ding, the doors had to open, the machine had to go up, up, up, not daring to look into his eyes, I had to think of something to say, say something.



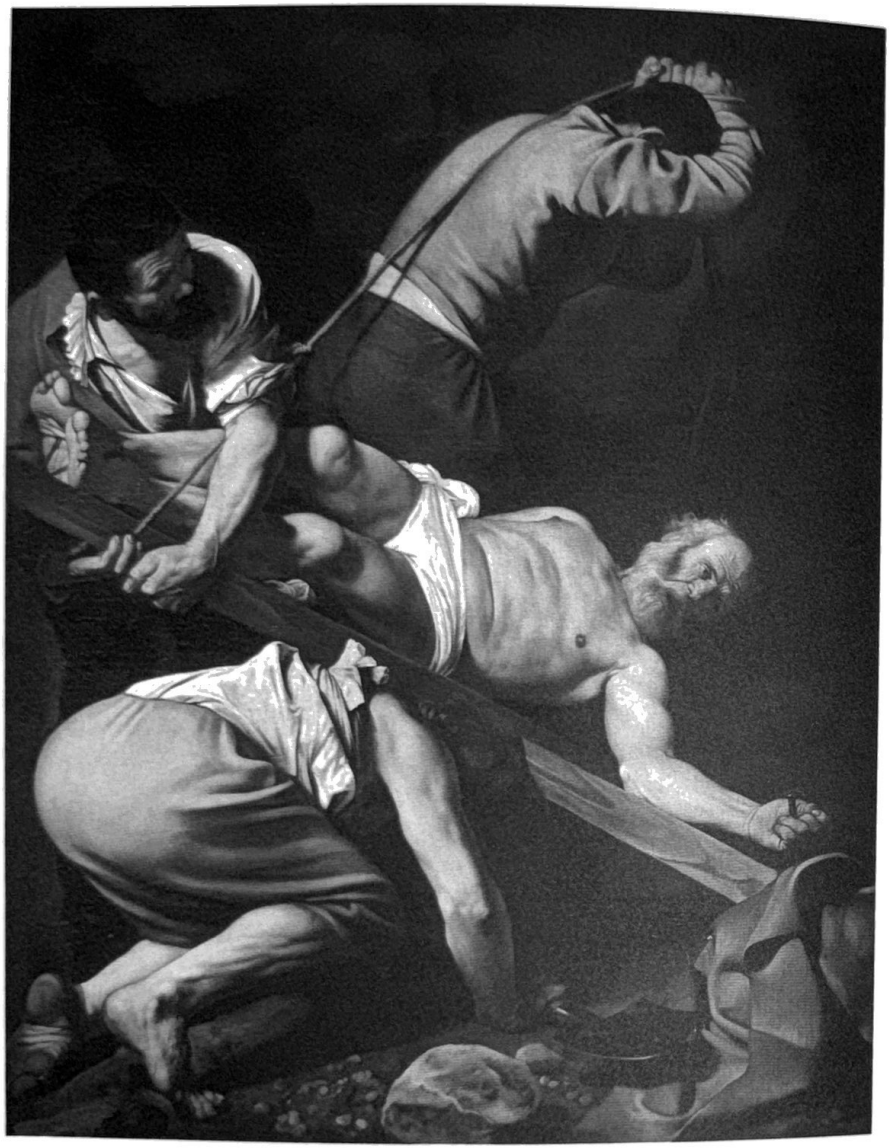
Then she finally made it to the door, from the elevator, across the plain carpeted floor, to the heavy door, and the bzzbeep of the card key. Entering into the standardized room, her eyes landed on that Thinkpad laptop, they moved to the big white mass, the bed covering most of the room. Out the big glass windows, she could see the city, its lights in the darkness. But her thoughts wouldn't diverge too long, as he was still here, they were still here, two bodies, and a slight stomach ache, uneasiness, accompanied by the buzz of her mind, the thrill, the thrill of leaving your body.



img. 7



To be "unworthy"...?



img. 8



I HATE

1 Certain words. Like "edgy." If somebody tells you "We're looking for something edgy," run.... Amd "tush," used by adults to describe other adults.... Anybody who walks up and says "Hey, Big Guy!" should be shot on sight.... The word bra when used to describe anything that does not involve holding up a woman's breasts. As in, "I love you, bra!" If a fellow loves a bra, fine. If he calls you "bra," rip off his backwards baseball cap and smack him with it.

2 Auto-correct. If I wanted to say "Shi'ite" I'd say "Shi'ite."

3 Fake meat.

4 Dogs in sunglasses.

5 When "dog owners" think their dogs are cute and everyone must love it when the little bastard jumps on you in a confined space such as the elevator and the "dog owner" just smiles

6 Self-promotion. I'm missing the cyber-pimp gene.

7 When you can't remember people's names – though you've known them twenty years.

8 People who post every breakfast, lunch and dinner on Instagram, and narrate every bite. it. "Marvin's sausage game is really off the charts!" Well, fuck Marvin. Who gives a shit? Does breathing in and out make everybody inherently interesting? Or do I just sound like a dick?

9 When you meet somebody who knows all about you, like you're old friends – or more – and you have no fucking idea who they are.

10 People who text "What's up?"

11 Waking up in bed and not knowing how I got there. Though Cleveland when you do know how you got there can be a little rough, too.

12 Tending to my hair (head, body, face)

13 The ugly brick building that blocks literally all the sun from entering my apartment leaving me to live in a den /cave

14 How everyone is just in their own little bubble on their headphones looking at their phones when I am commuting.

15 Dry cleaning which is not real and has never gotten a stain out?

16 Carrying a bag of any kind /schlepping

17 The bad music that plays everywhere at all times.

18 Having to remember to drink water

19 That I can't digest all foods the way I used to

20 Panic attacks

21 General self-maintenance activities like laundry

22 Running

23 When people talk shit about their own best friends to me like... what...

24 When I yearn for items that I can't afford and then someone else I know gets said items... when they are the things i want .. I guess this applies to more things than items. [4]

Property: noun, c. 1300, properte, "nature, quality, distinctive character always present in an individual or class," later "possession, land or goods owned, things subject to ownership" (early 14c., but this sense is rare before 17c.), from an Anglo-French modification of Old French proprete, "individuality, peculiarity; property" (12c., Modern French propreté) and directly from Latin proprietatem (nominative proprietas) "ownership, a property, propriety, quality," literally "special character" (a loan-translation of Greek idioma), noun of quality from proprius "one's own, special" (see proper). Compare propriety, which is another form of the same French word. For "possessions, private property" Middle English sometimes used proper goods. Hot property "sensation, a success" is from 1947 in stories in Billboard magazine.

Cell: noun, early 12c., "small monastery, subordinate monastery" (from Medieval Latin in this sense), later "small room for a monk or a nun in a monastic establishment; a hermit's dwelling" (c. 1300), from Latin cella "small room, store room, hut," related to Latin celare "to hide, conceal" (from PIE root *kel- (1) "to cover, conceal, save"). From "monastic room" the sense was extended to "prison room" (1722). The word was used in 14c., figuratively, of brain "compartments" as the abode of some faculty; it was used in biology by 17c. of various cavities (wood structure, segments of fruit, bee combs), gradually focusing to the modern sense of "basic structure of all living organisms" (which OED print edition dates to 1845). The electric battery sense is by 1828, based on the "compartments" in very early types. The meaning "small group of people working within a larger organization" is by



1925. Cell-body is from 1851, cell-division by 1846, cell-membrane from 1837 (cellular membrane is by 1732), cell wall is attested from 1842.
I never meant to break—

but streetlights dressed her gold.
The curve and curve of her shoulders—
the hum and hive of them,
moonglossed pillory of them—
nearly felled me to my knees.

How can I tell you—the amber of her.
The body of honey—I took it in my hands.

Oh, City—where hands turned holy—

her city, where my hands went undone—
gone to ravel, to silhouette, to moths at the mercy
of the pale of her hips. Hips that in the early night
to light lit up—to shining sweet electricus,
to luminous and lamp—where ached to drink
I did till drunk.

Where in her rocked the dark Zikmund—
her, by then, a cathedral tower.
One breast, rose window.
One breast, room of alchemists.
Where from her came a tolling—
the music of yoke and crown,
of waist and sway.

Wanting her was so close to prayer—
I should not. But it was July,
and in a city where desire means, Upstairs
we can break each other open,
the single blessing I had to give was Mouth—
so gave and gave I did.

Every night has a woman for temptation.
Every city has a fable for fruit—
like in the castle gardens, where jackdaws waited
glaze-eyed along the walls for a taste of new—
of figs unsweet yet, yet beryl-bright
enough for wonder.

**Not jackdaw, but not different, I—how I destroy myself**
**on even the least of the sweetest things—**
**the salt of her burned not long on my tongue,**
**but like stars.**

**I never meant to break—but love,** [5]

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Notes

1: Dante Alighieri, *Guido, i' vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io*, circa 1295

2: Elfriede Jelinek, *Lust*, 1989, p. Serpent's Tail, p. 39

3: Jerry Stahl's Love List by Dream Baby Press

4: Jerry Stahl's + Zoe Dubno's Hate Lists by Dream Baby Press

5: Natalie Diaz, *Waist and Sway* (excerpt), 2020

*Images*

img. 1: helmet_lung's story, 30 September 2026

img. 2: Pärnyh Rimes, Mikke Tavast, Enrico Glerean and Mikko Sams, *Body Maps of Loves*, Philosophical Psychology 38, no. 4 (2025): 1453–1475, fig. 1. CC BY 4.0.

img. 3: [deleted]

img. 4: celestial room

img. 5: Anonymous, "Kiss here!", internet meme, undated

img. 6: Nummenmaa et al., *Maps of Subjective Feelings*, fig. 3 (detail: "Sensation"). CC BY-NC-ND 4.0.

img. 7: Toyota Motor Corporation, three-oval emblem, 1989 (shown inverted).

img. 8: Caravaggio, *Crucifixion of Saint Peter*, 1601

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