

Words as ice.

Going down, then up, your throat.

Let's get off here: the title of Bonneviot's work, 'Minimal Jeune Fille', could throw you back to the recently

gone popular, as for its translation into English lingo, "Theory of the Young Girl" booklet. Next, you'd ask

yourself, Why does Ariana Reines' 'Translator's Note', as published online in Triple Canopy as a prequel

to fragments of its translation by her, make for a far better read, to you, than the actual text by Tiqqun?

Not, say, for reasons similar to those which have the latter sometimes dubbed "anarcho-zionist" - for

fair reasons that, they indeed taste quite like it, at times. While the earlier half of the adjective can taste

rather good, frankly. Or so, for starters.

Anyhow, taste being taste, let's say, she just writes well. She does.

(Here, it might be the case, if partly, that one prefers a more feminine writer's tone of voice to that of,

well, a bunch of masculines. Preferences being preferences. At least here and at present. Less of aggress and stuff.)

So, yes, sequential images, modelled with nerve. Rolling, ultra-silent.

A still life, a semi-domestic, demi-societal interior joke. Part reflection, part analysis. Part extrapolation,

part imagination. Waste-panic and eco-frenzy rubbed up.

All out there on a display, and it glides, swerves, turns, stops. Depending on a couple, including your,

settings.

Now imagine where it goes, in at least a few languages that.

Taccetti's: Alluding to a notice that can come up when doing a search on Youtube - "This Video does

not exist/Sorry about that", the work spins as an AV expression of the opposite of a tautology. Call it a

contradiction in terms, oxymoron, or negation. And so the phrase goes round, and round - a swirl onto a

background image, a moving image, a video. Meantime, this background image gives a swimming pool

at night, being doubly recorded with a mobile phone. Cool fantasies, about what one could have seen,

on this or that screen. The sound of it.

Jubarite Semaran. Perhaps it's time for aliases. The subjects you choose.

Aliases are a joke, of course. Or ideally would be, just that, a joke.

Too much joking going on here? Get serious then. So yes, the birth of the reader, rather.

And yes, to not pin thoughts down in words, on words - oh luxury.

Postponing judgement, as the phrase goes.

To rethink the words written down. I would rewrite. To think of words to come.

(Like, what are we doing here in Germany? Showing in its capital? Why? Why not. All foreigners, all Ausländer. Well, sort of, not all. Definitions, ouf... But forever. In language too.)

To view things as markers/So ist das Leben.

It's all copacetic. That's what one says, right. Let's go.

MC