

two pages

if you had
(to record as an audio book for Harminder)
flattened to image
, especially at the edge
I work flat on a table I'll
build a clay wall around
into that plaster I work with
pigments some oil eventually
I kind of agitate the whole thing
build it up in layers
lift it up what's been face down on the table
a series of small labour
if the surface is kind of singing in some ways
you can just call
weird relief against the heat
set alight
in the morning we went through
, think
about it as a change
turn
from a body recognisable
I saw it slowly transform into ash that looks like earth
I don't apply material a large wet mess
some sort of order

you can just call
listen over and over
When listening
can go off to other places
a friend of mine was like
Ocean Vuong's reading
you know
there is also a video

Baldwin
Delphine

I told you about Céline, we live together and she reads Ocean Vuong too she says attention hein
when you go through it the pages like that there are the sentences I wanna cry
give me 87 « Je suis entraîné dans un trou, plus noir que la nuit autour, par deux femmes. »
I am taken into a hole, darker than the night around, two women
you can just call
a whole new roof
a whole new internal
semi-derelect

and

Towards the end of that house (I think that sentence is incredible because you talk about the house as time
I plastered all the inside
discovered tantric paintings
they're small
normally gouache on paper
deconfigured body in the cosmos
oval
small triangles
they're not really paintings they're

aid to meditation
so they're tools
they're like diagrams to change
you can just call
cette idée de surface et de
profondeur qu'est même pas là
je raconte à Céline le coup de fil
j'raconte à Céline le
coup de fil incroyable
she says cette idée de
surface et de profondeur
qu'est même pas là
she says this idea
of surface and
depth that's not
even here
you can just call

plaster is my material from the house
and see what happens
oval
inform

I had a friend, she went there, you know, the giant particle accelerator
hand to the brain
it shows interocular behaviour
sheet like

I told you about my friend Katia, she's a scientist and also a musician, was at hers in Marseille and she gave this crazy
lecture at uni, Katia's searching the role of the epithelium and deep cells in shaping, elongating "the first axis" (I am talking
about life, a first one haha
and 2 different times to begin with
from this density traps
neighbour exchange
everything that we see now suggest
apical surface

we don't have access to that in life because the time is really opaque
early time point I later time point

What I understand she looks at it dynamically and sees the relation between the outside (the epithelium, the outer ensemble
of cells) and the inside (the deep cells) and how this relation shapes life itself, gives length perhaps, elongation forms in
relation.

can you believe we're talking about the shape only or did I misunderstood

Epi - / Deep -

Epi - / Deep +

Epi + / Deep +

Epi + / Deep -

you can see the day

cells underneath

they seem to be no deep cells

only combination elongates

Text Redouane, I am working from home, we could walk by the canal in the afternoon? I'd like to tell you, I am writing a
text for an artist I met with over the phone, he talks about his paintings and a house and a grandfather and tantric paintings
and surfaces that make you see maybe I am so into your eyes
Mona too, we met over the phone through Dan and now we're best friends.

The Baldwin's sentence is from *Just Above My Head* and it's Jimmy talking with Arthur's brother,

it's at the end of the book, and this other one by the woman rabbi Delphine Horvilleur is called *Vivre avec nos morts*, living with our dead ones seems contradictory, living with the dead, I am trying not to add singularity in translation because she talks about life in hebrew leh'ayim there is no singular, life is only plural

Perhaps I read it too:

"What a crock of shit. If that was true, how could we sing, how could we know that the music comes from us, *we* build our bridge into eternity, *we* are the song we sing?"

Jimmy's voice stops, then starts again:

The song does not belong to the singer. The singer is found by the song. Ain't no singer, anywhere, ever *made up* a song—that is not possible. He *hears* something. I really believe, at the bottom of *my* balls, baby, that something hears *him*, something says, come here! and jumps on him just exactly like you jump on a piano or a sax or a violin or a drum and you make it sing the song you hear: and you love it, and you take care of it, better than you take care of yourself, can you dig it? but you don't have no mercy on it. You can't have mercy! That sound you hear, that sound you try to pitch with the *utmost* precision—and did you hear me? Wow!—is the sound of millions and millions and, who knows, now, listening, where life is, where is death?"

Rosanna Puyol, with or to Harminder Judge, Dan, Redouane, Céline, Mona, Katia
~ a phone call and a poem toward the end of that house, Thursday, May 12th, 2022.