

Dear Stina,

At first, I felt like I was failing. The year of magic was not more magic than any other year. (You)

It is Sunday evening, pretty late I think. We are in the far end of May, so what is late and what is not becomes blurry due to that sun that never seems to set. Every year it takes me by surprise, the light, the feeling of a new sort of beginning. A sort of magic. And then, in contrast, that very blue feeling of spring. That sort of beginning; always at the risk of overturning into a sort of end. A feeling of failing at the magic that summer is about to bring.

We will spend some time together, and then we won't. (You)

I just finished watching 22 minutes of you. You were located in a basement studio, and by the sound of police sirens I could tell it was located in New York. You taught me a 'fake somatic practice', and guided me through my emotional anatomy. Locating, describing, and physically processing an emotion. Letting it take shape, texture, color, voice, movement. Finally, letting go of it.

You began by saying I should choose an emotion, and a song. I chose sadness and "Elastic Heart" by Sia. You chose happiness, and a song by the Cure. I didn't do any of the things you told me, but somehow just watching you jump around, obsessively processing the happiness in your body, prepared me to let go of my sadness. And when you let go of your happiness, I was smiling.

•

I write to you this time to ask if you would like to talk to me. I have been thinking lately on what it means to talk to one another, to utter words, to articulate thoughts in a shared space. On what bodily acts we perform when we participate in dialogue, and how rooms in which we execute them are organized, directed, choreographed.

The writer Sara Ahmed, who I know you to be as drawn to as I am, says that bodies acquire orientation by repeating some actions over others. She states that gatherings – whether a family assembling around a dinner table or a group of people congregating in space to engage in a shared political matter – are not neutral, but directive.

When gathering, we are required to follow specific lines.

Lines are both created by being followed and are followed by being created. The lines that direct us, as lines of thought as well as lines of motion [...] depend on the repetition of norms and conventions, of routes and paths taken, but they are also created as an effect of this repetition. (Sarah Ahmed)

As we know, lines can take many forms. Vertical, horizontal, circular, straight, bent. If we follow them; if we line up, we most often know where we are. We find our way when we turn both this way and that, we know what to do in order to get to that place or this. We are oriented; resided in space.

•
If this was the truth,
would you believe it? (You)

Your bones are bones of a skeptic, you tell me. Is that why they appear so strong, so long; why your body seems to unfold in a seamless way into the worlds it enters and leaves? And is it because of this strength that you're drawn to breaking them?

I think my bones are bones of a believer, maybe even of a utopian. There is no portion of rationality in my system, and whatever one wants to do one can do as long as one just wants it enough. My motto since childhood. It has taken me to heights unheard of, but it has also made me fall over, and over, and fall hard. I think it makes my bones appear strong and long as well, I hear my body seems to unfold in seamless ways just like yours. Don't tell anyone, but it is not true. My bones are fragile as fuck. One simple attempt, and you'll break them.

•
Sara Ahmed teaches me that in landscape architecture unofficial paths are described with the term desire lines. Those are imprints on the ground, where people

have deviated from the paths they are supposed to follow. Leaving their marks, hollows in the ground, alternative and unexpected lines appear. "Such lines are indeed traces of desire, where people have taken different routes to get to this point or that point." Ahmed calls the accumulation of those lines 'queer landscapes', shaped by paths we follow when deviating from the straight line.

Then, the question could be; what difference does it make what we are oriented toward? And what has all of this to do with my desire to talk to you?

•

Honestly, if someone asks me
to go for my gut feeling I don't
know what to do. What do you
mean, gut feeling? And if some-
one tells me to listen inwards,
open my heart, feel the energy I
tend to take it literally. How am I
supposed to open my heart?
Where is the energy
they talk about? (You)

"I don't want to be that person." You write me this.
I don't want to be that person. I write you this.
I don't want to be the person you are either. I write
you this.

You don't write me that you don't want to be the per-
son I am, but I think that's safe to assume.

"The basic concept here is the attempt to walk the
line of the neither/nor. To neither be on one side point-
ing to the lack of spirituality or magic, nor on the other
side pointing to the hypocrisy on the first side."

Ok Stina, now I am the skeptical one; the one taking
it too literally. How am I supposed to walk this line of
neither/nor you write about? How I am I supposed to even
know where to find that line? And lines are pretty thin, how
am I supposed to not fall of it, fall hard, and break every
entire bone in my body?

•

Once I spoke on a panel on the topic of a 'feminist language'.
The room was small and crammed with people, lined up on
rows of chairs facing the front of the room where two other
speakers, two moderators and I were placed. We, invited speakers

and moderators, talked vividly for fifty-five minutes. I do not recall very much of our conversation, but what I do remember was the last five minutes of that hour. One of the moderators asked if there were any questions amongst the audience. A woman raised her arm. The moderator made a gesture, declaring her right to speak out. The woman was furious. Her point: When we had gathered to talk about something called a 'feminist language', we had done nothing but to reinforce a hierarchy in-between those worthy of talking and those only of listening. For fifty-five minutes, five of us had possessed every space of articulation available in that cramped room, in order to provide five poor minutes for the rest of the sixty or so present. Her anger brought an uncomfortable energy to the room. Some grinned, some wriggled, some sighed. The moderator, quick in mouth and talented in argument, smiled to the woman and simply declared: This is a *panel*. If you would like to participate more interactively, I would recommend you to attend one of the workshops later this afternoon. This moment stuck with me. It posed a question, still ringing in my head: Why do we so rarely break away from norms and conventions concerning how we talk about breaking norms and conventions?

•

Sara Ahmed asks us to think about the 'habit' that can be found in the 'in-habit', when she states that public spaces take shape through habitual actions of bodies.

The body is 'habitual' not only in the sense that it performs actions repeatedly, but in the sense that when it performs such actions, it does not command attention... In other words, the body is habitual insofar as it 'trails behind' in the performing of action, insofar as it does not pose 'a problem' or an obstacle to the action, or is not 'stressed' by 'what' the action encounters.

(Sara Ahmed)

For Ahmed, it is not so much the bodies that acquire the shape of habits, but spaces that acquire

the shape of the bodies that 'inhabit' them, which makes some people feel in place, or at home, and not others. Hence, orientations affect what bodies can do – they are straightening devices. Phrased differently: spaces are oriented around the normative body, such as the straight body, the white body, the male body, which allows that very body to extend into space. *This* is the starting point, the point from which the world unfolds.

If we return to the room of the panel, a room of knowledge production and reflection, such lines, orientations, and habits become most noticeable. When we enter such a room; designated for artistic and political dialogue and termed as a 'panel' or a 'seminar' or a 'lecture', we know exactly which and what to 'trail behind'. The room is organized according to linguistic acts, such as to speak or as to listen, and depending on which of these acts you have been assigned – prior to entering the room – you know what lines to move your body along with; what choreography to follow. Where to walk, how to sit, when to speak, how to be silent. When talking, you are expected to be clear and concise, to stick to the subject, to not be too personal or too explicit, to wait on your turn, to be engaged but not to be too emotional. Rules are rigid, choreography strictly hierarchical.

That woman, in the end of our panel on the topic of a 'feminist language', performed her body in a way that posed a problem. When questioning the format of our dialogue, a *panel*, her body did not only deviate from lines familiar in such a room, but also it commanded attention. It did not 'trail behind'. And when things came out of line, the effect was uncomfortable, awkward, queer. In order for things to line up, the queer moment had to be corrected.

•

I got interested in magic as a suggestion for a way out of a rational world view. A practice suggesting another system, one that includes inexplicables, wonders and actual potential to change the world through will power; a practice that makes wonders come true through the practice of illusions. (You)

I have been dwelling in this topic of mine, the way we gather bodies in space when we gather to talk, for quite some time now. It is one I just can't let go of. You are one of my very final collaborators I am inviting to this communal dwelling. I am not sure if I have learned anything at all during this year, if any of my thoughts or attempts to push our conceptions concerning this have

made any sense at all, or just confused others and myself even more. And in the end, I am not even sure if my intension is to make sense or to confuse. I just know I want out too, as far as possible outside of this system.

When the poet and critic Athena Farrokhzad was interviewed last summer – after doing that summer speech in radio where she upset the bourgeois so tremendously that one right wing politician threw his TV out of his window as a protest to her voice being allowed in state funded radio – she was asked about the general lack of emotions in political speech; about the necessity of appearing unemotional and objective if to be taken seriously. Her answer was that the white heterosexual men ruling this world has made us believe that dryness equals truth, but that her conviction is that truth can be found in sorrow and in hate. Thus, our fight to get out should be one containing every emotion available.

In sorrow and in hate. With every emotion available.
Do you think magic can be our tool to get us there?

•

**If we began instead with disorientation,
with the body that loses its chair, then the
descriptions we offer will be quite different.**

(Sara Ahmed)

For the occasion to which I am inviting you to talk to me, I would like to talk about all and none of this, and especially about how one – we – can talk in other ways, when we talk to one another. Can we, and if we can how can we, take other directions when gathering for artistic and political dialogue? If we intentionally choose not to ‘trail behind’ modes of conversations oriented around the normative body, the ‘here’ from which the world unfolds, then what spaces can we generate?

What happens if the room is organized differently? If points for seating or standing are shaped in deviant formations; if bodies are choreographed not to sit or to stand but to walk or to lie down or to dance; if we are to discuss while eating or while cooking or while playing a game; if the dialogue lacks a moderator or if every one is asked to moderate; if lines are refused through proposing a room without guidelines or if lines are emphasized through explicitly rigid rules; if we must interrupt one another when we talk or if we are prohibited to talk at all?

Can we, and if we can how can we, document such an event, again in ways unfamiliar? What would happen if everyone present would document the event while it takes place; if documentation can only be based

upon ones memory; if the outcome of the event must be described before the occasion itself has taken place; if documentation must only be analogue, if hearsay can be the only source; if documentation can neither be text nor images but only audio?

How would we move, perform our bodies, in a room choreographed to such skew lines? Would we become disoriented, and if so what directions would we take?

•

Like ruins, the social can become a wilderness in which the soul too becomes wild, seeking beyond itself, beyond its imagination.

(Rebecca Solnit)

The hope of changing directions is always that we do not know where some paths may take us: risking departure from the straight and narrow, makes new futures possible, which might involve going astray, getting lost, or even becoming queer.

(Sara Ahmed)

My purpose of posing all these questions is not to find a path to answers. Rather, I long for the simple act of how to go looking for it; of how to travel according to a map with the desire to get lost; of how to explore possible and impossible modes for artistic and political dialogue. In the company of you – and a communion of likeminded – I would like to stage a collective attempt to translate these questions into an unfamiliar mode for how a room, bodies and linguistic acts can be organized, designed and choreographed. The effects of disturbing the order of things are uneven; things might even get quite uncomfortable. Yet discomfort allows things and bodies to move. When talking we might fail, and when doing so me might also gain.

•

Spirituality can have a capacity to
bring people together and can allow
us to experience profound feelings...

The practice of doing rituals was a
proposal for a way of spending time
together. (You)

I am not quite sure what we should talk about, on the occasion of talking that I am inviting you to, but I am guessing you might have suggestions. I think I need you to explain this thing of walking the line of neither/nor, and I need to see if your bones are as strong as they appear or if, actually, they are just as fragile as mine. But mostly, I just want to spend time together with you, and experience profound feelings as a way out. Out; as far as possible.

Love,
Hanna

- Ahmed, Sara, 2006. "Orientations – Toward a Queer Phenomenology", in *GLQ* 12:4.
- Farrokhzad, Athena, 2014. "Ja, jag hatar Peter Wolodarski", in *Rummet*. Accessed at: [http://rummets.se/blog/ja-jag-jag-hatar-peter-wolodarski-intervju-med-athena-farrokhzad-om-sommar-i-p1/\(2015-05-25\)](http://rummets.se/blog/ja-jag-jag-hatar-peter-wolodarski-intervju-med-athena-farrokhzad-om-sommar-i-p1/(2015-05-25)).
- Nyberg, Stina, 2011. "Emotional Anatomy", part of *Fake Somatic Practices* in collaboration with Rosalind Goldberg and Sandra Lolax. Accessed at: <http://1200m.org/stina/workshops-i-do/emotional-anatomy/> (2015-05-25)
- Nyberg, Stina, 2014. *Horrible Mixtures*. Booklet published by artist and accessed by request. Further information accessed at: <http://1200m.org/stina/works-i-do/horrible-mixtures/> (2015-05-25)
- Solnit, Rebecca, 2005. *A Field Guide to Getting Lost*.

Dear Hanna,

Thanks for your letter. Thank you for spending time on wording with me, in anticipation of a kind of public, but still, so far, only to me. It is something weird in spending time talking to someone who is not here. Someone I don't know so well but that I might. And that have written things to me, about me. Really, it is too flattering. And it fills me with stories I want to tell, connections I want to draw, writers I want to help me.

Yesterday I listened to a lecture by the sociologist Rolando Vázquez whilst walking through town. I had forgotten my computer at home when I went to work and had to walk back and get it. During my walk Rolando talked about the temporality of coloniality/modernity and how we are now approaching the end of contemporary time. The end of the time of coloniality and modernity. Imagine! It sounded promising to me. Then he talked about death.

The project of the west is a project that goes towards death, because it is based on the consumption of life. Whereas other cosmologies, other worlds, are striving to defend life. So today, the consumer society is a society that is based on the consumption of life, of the life of others and of the life of the planet.

(Rolando Vázquez)

When I came back with my computer I wrote a story about Ars Moriendi, the art of dying. It is somehow part of this letter. The beauty in death. The contingency of pain. The politics of listening. The truth in emotions. The magic of science. The bodies that disturb. The lines that divide. The sound of words. The fantasy of anatomy. These are the things I want to talk with you about.

A friend of mine recently talked about her desire to have private conversations in public. Is this one of those? And our c.along, could it actually work the other way around – as a kind of practising of public conversations in private. A safe(r) space for rehears-

ing the kind of panel talks, discussions, meetings and disagreements that we would like to have in public but that seldom takes place?

The writer Andrew Hewitt claims that choreography within the age of modernity functions as a medium for rehearsing a social order in the realm of the aesthetic, not only metaphorically but practically so. Choreography can physically and aesthetically rehearse society as we imagine it.

Choreography is not just another of the things we "do" to bodies, but also a reflection on, and enactment of, how bodies "do" things and on the work that the artwork performs.

(Andrew Hewitt)

I want to experiment with ways of creating the private situations in ways which we dream about the public situations to be. If we rehearse society, let's make sure we choreograph it well.

But since I can only see from the desk I'm currently sitting at, this is where I have to start before I can lose my chair and start dancing.

Right now, I am sitting at the short end of a long desk looking out through a window on a birch tree and a brick house. One in a series of brick houses that seem to be built in the eighties. In the background I see a high building, it looks like a hospital, and to my right a small fort is peaking out through a forest. I am in Gothenburg, in an arts residency. Behind me, in a smaller room, Sandra is still sleeping. In front of me, at the end of the long desk, is a menorah without candles. Small white pollens floats through the air outside of my window. This is Swedish spring and oh my god have I been looking forward to this. Right now, a squirrel passed by. It is almost like it did that in order for me to have it in this story. Things like that could make people less sceptic than me believe in destiny.

Now, let's talk about lines.

You write about lines. About the lines we move our bodies along with, about coming out of line as a queer moment and about the potential in refusing or enforcing guidelines.

Sara Ahmed writes about desire lines. About lines that direct us through the repetition of norms and conventions.

I write about walking the line of the neither/nor.

How am I supposed to walk this line of neither/
nor you write about? How am I supposed to
even know where to find that line? And lines are
pretty thin, how am I supposed to not
fall of it, fall hard, and break every entire
bone in my body?

(You)

I will try to explain. To walk the line of the neither/nor is probably impossible, but an action performed in order to always sidestep the line. When I say I attempt to walk the line of the neither/nor I mean I believe that there is a potential in not accepting the alternatives as they are presented for us. To answer questions in a way that asks the relevance of the question itself. To walk the line of the neither/nor is an attempt to not accepting the lines as they are currently drawn but to constantly fall off, creating a new crooked path where we can trail away.

Can the proposition that magic designates both
a craft of assemblages and their particular
transformative efficacy help us to reclaim it
from both the safety of the metaphoric and the
stigma of the supernatural? Can it help us to feel
instead that nothing in nature is "natural"? Can it
induce us to consider new transversal connec-
tions, resisting all reduction, unlike this sad term
"natural," which in fact means "no trespassing:
available for scientific explanation only," and
also unlike "the symbolic," which covers
wabout everything else?

(Isabelle Stengers)

The lines that directs us according to the habitual

repetition of norms, have also constructed the line between science and belief. It is a line that runs strongly through a history of modernity and coloniality, where some people "study" the "beliefs" of "others". To walk the line of the neither/nor is my strategy to acknowledge that I too am situated in this history, and can only think from where I am. I don't want to go and visit (go touring) on the other side, neither am I interested in building bridges, but nor can I ignore the divide completely. But departing from here, I can try to balance the line and make sure to fall off somewhere else.

You ask me how to find the line? For me, it's always been a question of trying to lose the line in order not to constantly have jump inbetween the sides.

You ask me how not to fall of the line, fall hard, and break every entire bone in your body? I know its hard to think, but maybe pain is not only a bad thing. Let's talk about ether.

•

At the end of the 19th century ether was discovered as a forceful method of putting patients to sleep during operations, which during this time could be long and very painful. But it took over 50 years before ether started to get used as an anaesthesia during surgery. Why? The historian Karin Johansson gives a possible explanation when stating that for a long time, pain was not an acute medical problem. The important thing was to save the patient and not to stop the pain inflicted in the process. Because pain was a natural part of life. Maybe it was the realisation that pain is avoidable that made pain unbearable?

A few years ago I tried to work with emotions in my choreographic practice. I felt like emotions in the performing arts had been hijacked by physical theatre, by the hyper-aesthetized self-expression of emotions, and that my recourse so far had been not to deal with emotions in public performance at all. Echoing Athena Farrokzhad's statement about the general lack of emotions in political speech, I avoided emotions in order to be taken seriously. To be dry

is to believable. Anyway, I made this somatic practice in relation to emotions. I called it “Emotional Anatomy” and I started practising it. I made drawings and gave classes and made pieces. I also made that video that you watched the other day. But in hindsight, I never completely managed to work with emotions in an emotional way. Instead, I filed them into systems, made catalogue-like presentations of them, read about emotions and turned emotions into anatomical objects (organs). But feeling? I felt as much or as little as before.

It takes practice to dare to feel publicly. I'm trying, but allow me to be slow. Rationality is such a safe haven. I don't know how to find the truth in emotions, and don't even want to speak about truth.

Contrary to what we may have been taught to think, unnecessary and unchosen suffering wounds us but need not scar us for life. It does mark us. What we allow the mark of our suffering to become is in our own hands.

(bell hooks)

You write me that your bones break easily, and that it hurts. I am thinking about how broken bones can be something else than a problem.

It is normal to be sick. It is sick to be normal. Today, we behave as if being sick is an aberration. An exception to the normal state of being. For a long time, we rather saw sickness as a natural part of life. Then as modernity made its entrance, as a professionalization of medicine took place, the power to say what is well or not was handed over to the doctor. The ones seen unfit to the norm, the sick, the filthy, the poor, the crazy, the weak, the perverse, had to be corrected or removed. A healthy society needs a healthy population, and the doctor knows what healthy is. Through the metaphor of a healthy state functioning as a healthy body, the sick parts of the society had to be cut off. And so we cut, and keep on cutting. Remember, the last forced sterilizations in Sweden ended in 2013.

Last time when I met you you told me about how you sometimes use your scars as party tricks. I was fantasising about you as a living example of an anatomical theatre. A walking spectacle of the attraction of pleasure and disgust, whenever you would pull the curtains aside and perform. Maybe I'm a bit of a perverse.

It is normal to be sick. It is sick to be normal.

I'm writing this far too easy. Most parts of my body is trailing behind. Not only in the sense expressed by Sara Ahmed, but also in the sense of how it functions automatically for me. I use every finger to write, I watch the pollen floating in front of me, I change the position of my feet every now and then, I sit comfortably in the chair of the desk. I sit comfortably in the position of writing.

So, what do you say, should we pull away some chairs for at least some of the chair-holders in the panels?

I have been thinking lately on what it means to talk to one another, to utter words, to articulate thoughts in a shared space. On what bodily acts we perform when we participate in dialogue, and how rooms in which we execute them are organized, directed, choreographed.

(You)

Noise is essential to speech. Din is discourse.

This must be understood.

(Édouard Glissant)

The poet Édouard Glissant writes about utterances, about how orality is inseparable from the body in movement. Where the body is a prerequisite for movements, movements a prerequisite for sound, and sound a prerequisite for talking. If no one can translate the meaning of what sounds like a shout, then slave resistance is possible, and the dispossessed, those whose language is forbidden, can

weave communication into the apparently meaningless texture of extreme noise. What is just noise to me is language to others.

I am looking forward to leaving the movement of writing and get into into the movement of sound.

I am into practice, you know. Practice produce a know-how that cannot be separated from the particularity of the practice. A particularity that comes from its having a specific materiality: there is no idea without a material expression, as much as there is no knowledge unless it is practised. In order to create different choreographies for conversations we need to practice.

There is a thin line between interestingly different and pretentiously complicated, I know that. And this line bend in different directions for different people, the most norm-fitting individuals often being the least willing to experiment with an already comfortable position. The writer Jo Freeman describes how the women's liberation movement has been trying to use the idea of a "structureless group" in order to practise flat hierarchy, but failed to acknowledge the informal power structures unavoidably taking place. There is no such a thing as a structureless group, the structures are just more or less explicit, allowing some people to gain power over others.

A "laissez faire" group is about as realistic as a "laissez faire" society: the idea becomes a smokescreen for the strong or the lucky to establish unquestioned hegemony over others.

(Jo Freeman)

You have sent me a letter. This is my letter to you. Now, you and me, we are going to meet. And we will invite some more people that we want to meet. And then we will listen to each other. Following our short conversations I know that we share an interest in thinking about formats for meetings. In what rooms, with what methods, in which tone of voice, with what physical engagement do we communicate? I believe that in the meeting we set up, we can only propose one line. A line of invitation for others to think about whether they would be interested in

joining us in this conversation. Then, we need to make be prepared to and encourage to fall off that line. I will bring a first aid kit, wounds we heal together.

See you soon,
kiss
stina

Notes:

- Vázquez, Rolando, 2015: *Decolonising time*. Lecture at "Thinking Together – The Politics of Time" at Maerzmusik, Berlin. <https://voicerepublic.com/talks/rolando-vazquez>
- Hewitt, Andrew, 2005: *Social Choreography: Ideology as performance in dance and everyday movement*.
- Stengers, Isabelle 2012: Reclaiming Animism. E-flux 7/2012. <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/reclaiming-animism/>
- hooks, bell, 2001: *All about love*.
- Freeman, Jo, 1972: *The tyranny of structurelessness*. <http://www.jofreeman.com/joreen/tyranny.htm>
- Johannesson, Karin, 1997: *Kroppens tunna skal*
- Glissant, Édouard, 1992: *Caribbean discourse*

Ars Moriendi

Av alla konstarter är ändå konsten att dö den främsta. En dag ska jag sluta jobba med ko-reografi och dö istället. Långsamt, med grace, skall jag dö. Och runt mig ska de samlas, de som ännu minns mig (jag kommer nämligen att vara olidligt gammal), och de ska sörja med tillförsikt. Någon som är så gammal har all rätt att ta tid på sig. Har en levt i 98 år har en rätt att dö i åtminstone 3. Så det är vad jag planerar, tre års död, som mitt slutgiltiga och största konstverk. Först kommer jag att sakta ner tills dess att endast mun, kön, fingrar och tår rör sig, förutom håret som fortfarande flyger i vinden genom mitt öppna fönster. Där ska jag ligga och lyssna på berättelser som berättas för mig, eller kommer ur en högtalare, eller som jag berättar för mig själv. Ett helt år kommer jag att ägna mig åt att samla berättelser, förvirra dem i mitt förvirrade sinne, och uttala dem igen. Om någon ambitiös student satte sig vid min sida under året skulle hon snart ha en hel muntlig antologi att publicera post mortem. Det kommer antagligen inte hända, förhoppningsvis har hon bättre saker för sig. Men berättelserna kommer att vara storartade. Glansiga som presentpapper och innehålla helt orealistiska skildringar av händelser som kanske har hänt. Det kommer att krylla av kvinnor med långa hår i mina berättelser, huvudhår och könshår och benhår. Med den tid jag har på mig när jag dör så kommer många olika sorters hår att beskrivas. Samtidigt kommer jag att tappa mitt eget hår till dess att min hjässa skiner vackert. Då kommer berättelsens år att vara till ända och konsten att dö fortskrider genom att mitt språk sakta försvinner. Först kommer orden att blandas samman, sedan kommer jag att börja prata hittills okända språk, sen kommer de som samlats runt mig att förstå att språken har jag gjort upp själv, sen kommer endast enstaka ord att tryckas ut med en luftpust, och sen stannar

jag vid ljud enbart. Då börjar min sångperiod. Den tar ett knappt år den också. Och jag kommer att sjunga ordlöst i de vackraste melodier och med sprucken röst. Jag kommer att sjunga till sängen, till vattenglasen vid min sida, till min älskares döda lockar, till fönsterkarmens spricka, till varenda besökare som kommer på besök, till unga journalister som vill fira min födelsedag, till vårdare och ovårdade, till vackra och onödiga gäster, till mina fingernaglar och till min röst. Det ser jag verkligen fram emot. När året närmar sig sitt slut kommer mina stämband att vara tunna som kontaktlinser och torra som dålig poesi och varje droppe vatten kommer enbart att fukta min lust i en kvart. Då kommer jag till slut att tystna helt och hållet. Mitt sista år av konsten att dö kommer att utföras i tystnad. Detta blir mitt mest magnifika av uttryck. Jag kommer bara njuta, och konsten jag utför kan avnjutas i varje tyst sekund, om du kommer och hälsar på mig. Under detta mitt sista år kommer mina lungor att sakta krympa. Varje yttervägg närmar sig det blod som pumpas inuti dem tills dess att de fladdrar inuti min bröstorg, så torra att en kan höras deras fladdrande när jag andas. Mina njurar förlorar sina konturer och flyter ut längs min rygg, min urinblåsa lyser som en gul sol när jag slutar kissa och mitt anus är det enda som behåller sin fukt – som en mjuk ring som avger lätta suckar. Min hjärna avser jag släcka långsamt, del för del, så det att jag upplever världen på nya sätt för varje dag ju mindre jag förstår av den. Slutligen hör man tydligt hur min kropp spelar en kroppens konsert, med dess fladder, suckar och förtvinanden, i en morbida konsert spelad för väggarnas tapeter. Och de kommer att lyssna som aldrig förr, för det är inte varje dag en upplever konsten att dö.