

KINE(STA)SIS

BY CARRIE HUNTER



A DUSIE KOLLEKTIV CHAPBOOK

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Kine(sta)sis

You shouldn't have turned.

The music will not play.

eternal people...

telephone as intermediary

"We have destiny to thank for permitting us to be what we will become to one another."

A canoe drifts amidst trees.

Unseen//epidemic

musician caught in fermata

"Your original memory will never be fully restored and there might be residual simulations."

but everything that must start must start a sleeping hand

"The reassuring possibility of a dream."

"There are no pianos here."

unattainable beauty of the other

Shot from a strange vantage point. Corners we would not normally see.

"You were planting carrots."

the broken figurine

Walking in the void; no cities, no lights.

The forest inside the forest.

"Our own reality an alternate reality."

"A method, a system, has its virtues."

It is not Russian music that makes you break out in hives.

shadows move across his face, the encroachment of liminality

On the periphery of the screen we see things falling.

chairs are empty and then not abacus

sleeping whilst trains

"Was that singing?"

"I feel confined

only free to expand myself

within boundaries"

I took everything but forgot the key.

child and cat cat and water invisible fish

what else is stalked unseen?

a horse rolls over slowly

The man who speaks in ellipses...

(constant stream of water) (constant sound of water)

"He does have an expert knowledge in the electricity in women."

The business at hand.
The quotidian must adhere to daylight.

Painters on a trek to Moscow.

just dust and darkness, perpetual tunnels that never open

I will not speak of the gospels.

...through the beaded doorway,

"What is Pete doing here?"

"We no longer live in a 'world."

"The fire eventually burns out and you just learn how to smolder."

"What we see now is like a dim image in a mirror."

"One shouldn't be waiting for something."

"But regretting helps you move on to new things."

One who has chosen certain words to no longer speak.

Then we shall see face to face.

Rain. In the elements. A jester. "The devil sent jesters."

"loitering with intent"

An epidemic of water.

Those who sleep

through everything,

or until it is time.

Entrance into _____ where it is normal to speak

to paintings.

The belated doorway.

The men on horses leave. Or arrive.

"It feels like I'm living in someone else's imagination."

eternally in your passion

whirling eddy horse-drawn, etc.

"In the course of a life, when is an action necessary?"

Those who endure daily life.

"Dangerous utopias ...need the whole stage."

Eslanda waits.

thermoptic camouflage

"The fourth machine is awaiting you."

"As if the living I'd done so far hadn't been real life."

"The only survival technique I have always known is cowardice."

The wringing of rags.

How the skin waits, the ear listens, the drinks overflow.

"Did you ever wonder about plants?"

colors everywhere everything bleeding

"Be quiet so I can hear."

The jester must be given over to god. Or to the horses.

The women slowly come out of corners.

What lines do we travel on?

Silents are never silent.

excess says goodnight

The point of the wringing is the water.

Encountering ghosts who have the correct time.

When moments do not flow one into the next. All of us waiting for our stasis.

"I'm neither in this world nor the next."

"Somehow I suspect I'm not who I think I am."

It is something other that speaks.

"With eyes like a dead billy goat."

"Have you come to look?" An argument in quiet voices. "The scaffolding is being built."

"You need to make the connections between that which appears unconnected..."

every doorway fluid

[waves crashing]

"A long wait for something real, something important."

The quotidian slips away.

"Remaining here is forbidden."

the cusp of violence

mailbox eats sound points of view diverge converge in this divergence and merging is

a simultaneity

Old man with ants on his feet. Monks who are all painters.

Nothing could be less certain.

"The illustrious whore."

Astrid with her luggage.

"I wasn't made to be happy."

There is always light and always colors.

swan corpse

"Maybe there never was a real me in the first place."

the weaponizing of urban space

[Gardeners Shouting]

a card game a departure an open window

"I collect incidents."

hands like claws

Jesus is hungry. Eats a sandwich.

a horse-drawn satellite

Carrying around a fire extinguisher when there is nothing but water.

"I am like certain feminine opera fans who listen only with their clitoris."

All forever I am sung.

The candles. The candles.

a huge wind a door closes

the man half-awakens

Nothing will ever stop the leaking.

"Man is an individual only through his intangible memory

and a memory cannot be defined."

in the darkness here hail spirals down

dreaming of succumbing to pollutions of mists and fogs

Cymbals. Her shadow precedes her.

"I haven't spoken for three days."

We walk on shadows and are ourselves shadow, are intermediaries without intermediary subtitles.

Helga Doorn, "[

]″

"we'll burn like candles"

The coward and the whore on the bed adrift watching

balloons and shades

crushed and glistening vanillas

"We have dark forces in us."

"The real walls are going to be invisible walls."

As they watch their mother float further and further away.

what they tell each other is liminal to the story what is central, is the glance, the gesture

I keep dreaming of dogs, not my own.

Jesus, friend of whores.

the dead love the most, love the longest

no one notices the moonshine

"I am Project 2501."

Catherine the Great walks in the snow.

I hear your footsteps.

She has disappeared again.

"My life has been one long wait, for this!"

Eyelids flutter like a dead bird's feathers, as if dead, as if alive.

Die before you are dead – Sufi saying.

"Real illnesses here are absolutely essential for the imagination."

How many different holes between us are enlarging.

Becoming the bird.

Her pretense

a lie

Nightingales. The chasing of witches. Pyre of the unseen – into

the unseen.

poisoned by snails

the train

the fire

the witch

piano player pauses

they used to put the eyes out of birds to make them sing better

environmental refugees

"There is one last chance."

"Life perpetuates itself through diversity and this includes the ability to sacrifice itself."

"One must not trust this world."

Bryer's neck

That we keep seeing things falling. A question.

"I can hear them at night"

Climbing up ladders and jumping Climbing up ladders and jumping Climbing up ladders and jumping

The wind covering us, Vesuvial.

The eye seeing all but what it does not see.

a demand for vacancy

It's like it all happened once, but I've never been here before.

Stop imagining things.

"Cells repeat the process of degeneration and regeneration until one day they die – obliterating an entire set of memories and information. Only senses remain."

verging towards leather

or even violets

or violence

"Marfal Run Marfal Swim Marfal"

taking money abacus perfunctory newspaper printer performing mere routine function boxing

cigarettes

transferring calls typing

Some functions are necessary, some are needed.

Lips that were always chapped.

A question of intention and trickery. What is believed of the other or what one tricks oneself into believing.

Ripping down all the wallpaper, what's the use in pretending that the walls are not molding, that everything will not fall into rubble.

"You should not be the gatekeeper."

Superimposition. Something about omniscience, omnipotence.

"I'm not lonely, I have you."

The whore pissing on art, on the delusion of art.

"You can't fight death on its own turf."

"I trust not premonitions and fear not omens"

No one is capable of speaking to anyone else.

All of us searching for the bell-maker.

Exiting the way you came in – through broken glass.

To leave space for breathing,

amongst discipline.

the change that is wrought, certain immensities come ashore

"Then you've chosen to leave me to sadness."

when you are a ghost, you don't quite remember who you were, but have vaque memories, memories like a dream

"stoic and grotesque"

Hope is only where despair is.

it will accumulate its infinity

But I know the secret of bell-making.

A question of whether we are meant to see what we see, or not.

ice cream chairs

"All things change in a dynamic environment. Your effort to remain what you are is what limits you."

"Things happen to other people.

Nothing happens to you."

horses underneath

hidden

and so we keep swimming

The discus thrower throws. The story tries to hide itself, yet still remains.

[waves crashing]

Sadness carries flowers nothing is shattered

What does memory have to do with it?

The sea is all around.

"Courage for waiting."

Enigma is still slightly visible, despite its best efforts.

"Create multiple borderlines. If we have multiple borderlines, they will lose their meaning."

where I dream mechanically with the tides

bells ring but nothing is shattered

"She was still alive in those days."

"We were right back at the beginning.

Nothing had happened."

What splits apart from itself, what chimes and what runs, what we watch of the self.

Nothing but hearts shatter, beautiful display, glass piñatas.

"we're like that"

And so the plane flies.

The Man With the Movie Camera - Dziga Vertov

Russian Ark - Alexsandr Sokurov

The Hole - Tsai Ming-Liang

Last Images of the Shipwreck - Eliseo Subiela Various Andrei Tarkovsky films

Children of Men - Alfonso Cuaron

My Favorite Season - Andre Techine

Borderline – Kenneth Macpherson

Dreams - Akira Kurosawa

Ghost in the Shell - Mamoru Oshii

The Piano Tuner of Earthquakes - The Quay Brothers