

today i made the animation with gun on one nail and it was shooting - - - - -

still. ghost. host. clear as crystal. several white cloths. rarely. a kind of erotic relation of resistance and abandonment. that was no ghost that came up the stairs. without wings. formulae of pathos. with the outside serving as soul. interpreted the oracle too interminably. an i with an insatiable appetite for the non-i. what hides. in time. that the space cannot show. these weird flashbacks. not even the circle

"I tried in the *Review of Palestinian Studies* to show what was left of Chatila and Sabra after the Phalangists had been there for three nights. They crucified one woman alive. I saw the body, with the arms outstretched and covered with flies, especially round the tips of her hands; there were ten blackening clots of blood where they had cut off the top joints of her fingers.

Was that how the Phalangists got their name, I wondered. In that place, at that time, in Chatila on 19 September 1982, it seemed to me it must have been a game. To cut off someone's fingers with secateurs like a gardener trimming a yew – the Phalangist jokers were just gardeners larking about, converting a landscape garden into a formal one. But this impression disappeared as soon as I had time to think it over, and then I saw quite a different scene in my mind's eye. You don't lop off either branches of fingers for nothing.

Their windows were shut but the panes were broken, and when they heard the gun-fire and saw the camps lit up by flares, the women knew they were trapped. Jewel cases were emptied out on the tables. Like people pulling on gloves so as not to be late for a party, the women stuck rings on all the fingers and even the thumbs of both hands, perhaps five or six rings to a finger. And then, covered with gold, did they try to escape? One, hoping to buy the pity of a drunken soldier, took a cheap ring set with an imitation sapphire off her forefinger. The Phalangist, drunk already, grew drunker still at the sight of all her jewellery, and to save time took out his knife (or a pair of secateurs found near the house), cut off the top two joints of her fingers, and pocketed them and their adornments."

Jean Genet: *Prisoner of Love*

tomorrow the technical specialist will come to me and I go to moscow

parallel texts. sections

the main is the rhythm of glimmer with sound (your voice, old vinyl, noise of city et cetera) the letters on hands and faces

violent blow-ups. dilated pupil. fall asleep in a few microseconds. as if the brain was switched off. in long english sentences. for the first time. the first hand. the vision. the throng. at the lock of civilisation. to sleep in the holes beneath the buildings. keep mobile. you know all this. no. i don't know. the little hole where it enters. the exit where it tears apart the skull. the pointing hand. the body on the other side of the street. a grey heap. if you run in zigzags. maybe. the movement. one of a kind. one kind. it is snowing. large snowflakes. in every tone. her voice. not the animal's. not the street's. the shards of glass. the waking at night. his night. that everything gets mixed in fiction. reality. in the memory of the massacre. what happened. who was responsible. oblivion. repression. denial. spectral analysis. as spectral analysis. objects of comparison. to do justice. i don't know. i don't know. the art of making one word speak several times. bloody cultural isn't it?

she talked about the stratum. kept in balance by the authorities. to maintain this elite at a level
the authorities could accept. can accept. generations of the elite. she says. i love the gestures of
her hands. when she speaks. as she depicts with such incisiveness how thin that stratum is.
geopolitical rupture. in the dense matter. the tunnel. to be buried alive. to make your way out.
a single ray of light. to become this primitive force. out. up. becoming one with it. recovering
within it. when everything is flickering. sliding. the external images penetrate far too far into
the internal ones. to just widen and widen. striking the same spot. or an ever more gentle
movement. supple. quick. unpredictable. suddenly without a landscape. i envy her her
landscape. yes. i search for those places where the coating of language is not as thick she says.
where there is a thinner membrane. i was totally in your hands. secret connection. the word she
uses. connections. almost. the broken language. the broken narrative. germany. russia. the
history of empires. the sensitivity. the intelligence. the calm relationship. to genius.
hypersensitivity. the passion of language. the suffering. where no one wanted to understand. no
one wanted to add. the space of reading. yellow stars-of-bethlehem. sigurd. the lamentation.
the vengeance. floods of refugees into turkey. russian special forces inside the country. syria.
burning outlines. as. as you are. in mine

a woman in a bright red dress is standing in the middle of the street with a banner. all on her own. stop the killing. she waves the cloth between the cars. rain on the streets. damp in the air. obscurity of tedium. not the quickness of humour. its quicksilver movement. rising quickly. thirty peace observers. eighteen dead. one day. in the course of one day. during the truce. watched the weapon pierce the steel. the airless triangle. the gas forming. the spinning bullet. the way it passed through the four-inch thick steel. the armour plating. the armoured vehicle. it is whirling whirling. in the april night. the undead. around the heart. the torso. the film she says several times. the moving image. a black lacquered blinking membrane. long silences. foghorns. fusions. there is no repeat. ahead is only. the silence and the wounds of language. taboo. vacuum. the language of gestures. of the guests. that will pierce the skin. the empty gaze. surveillance equipment. money with blood. the systematic rapes. sixty thousand. figures. not names

chords of fire across the countryside. impossible to put out. no bread next year. several kilometres. idlib province. security service. the snipers. saw the gulls over the dark water. the summer night sky reflected. bright fields. out of the city. a few minutes. nautical miles. the gravity perhaps. in the feeling. the fear. in proportion to. the white nights. the growing light. the sea birds. the nuances of gradation. the plumage. wounded words. the well. something deeper. the sudden tears. you have to catch it. in winter. the infinitely beautiful winter landscape. or something much more unstable. the movement itself. the expectation. the hope. the non-place. so sharply outlined. the image of the dead children. hama. the cut throats. with knives. fifty of them. huddled together on the ground. the blanket. the dried-up blood. the open eyes. empty. the angle between head and body. the streaks of blood on the face. can you see what that is he asks. pointing to another image. i see. a boy leap. in the centre. hovering. in the centre. above several. many. long. rows. of white shrouded bodies. life and death he says. such a strange picture. he says. as if he is playing

Marie Silkeberg. From *Till Damaskus* (2014)
Translation: Frank Perry