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Five Bodies

Live transcript

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SPEAKERS

Sofia Lemos, Ariana Reines, Simone White, Himali Singh Soin

00:05

Sofia Lemos: Hi, good evening folks. Welcome. My name is Sofia Lemos. I'm the curator of Public Programmes and Research and Nottingham Contemporary, a contemporary art centre in the UK. And tonight it is my pleasure welcoming you to Five Bodies, our online poetry programme. For those of you tuning in for the first time, Nottingham Contemporary invites artists and academics to reflect on how research and practice intertwine in contemporary art and visual cultures. Our public programmes aim to understand how sensing, feeling and knowing might support different world making perspectives. This is our fourth session of the year long poetry series, which looks at how critical creative practices of attention, of invention, and experimentation might help us develop new sensibilities. The programme welcomes some unexpected pairings and drifts, but most importantly, it welcomes multiple voices to reflect on how poetics is not the recognised or the given modalities of form, but the reconciliation of feeling and knowing in creative practice. Five Bodies was imagined in conjunction with our colleague Sarah Jackson at Nottingham Trent University, who has led the critical poetics research group since 2015, and is interested in pursuing hybrid methodologies and experimental thinking. Before we begin, I'd like to take this opportunity to show our gratitude to tonight's poets, artists, healers and pedagogues, Himali Singh Soin, joining us from Delhi, Ariana Reines, and Simone White joining us from New York, and who have kindly accepted to contribute three incredible readings for our session this evening. I'd also like to thank Sarah Jackson, Olivia

Aherne and Jack Thacker for their invaluable work developing the series, as well as the sibling workshops. And of course, a word of thank you to Nottingham Trent University and to the University of Nottingham for graciously and generously supporting our events, as well as the opportunity to acknowledge my colleagues Ryan Kearney, James Brouwer, and Catherine Masters who are supporting us this evening. You're warmly welcome to write your questions and comments and to share your thoughts and references on the YouTube chat box, which I'll happily weave into the conversation. We also have an AI driven live captioning system which can be found in the YouTube chat. This will open a separate window on your browser, and within that you can adjust the scale and layout to suit your requirements. So without further ado, I'm delighted to introduce tonight's contributors. Himali Singh Soin is a writer and an artist based between London and Delhi. She uses metaphors from outer space and the natural environment to construct imaginary cosmologies of interferences, entanglements, deep voids, debris, delays, alienation, distance and intimacy. In doing this, she thinks through ecological loss and the loss of home, seeking shelter somewhere in the radicality of love. Her speculations are performed in audio visual immersive environments. Ariana Reines is a poet, Obie winning playwright, and performing artist. Her books include *The Cow*, *Coeur de Lion*, *Mercury*, and more recently, *A Sound Book* from 2020, winner of the Kingsley Tufts prize and long listed for the 2019 National Book Award. She has created performances for numerous museums and art institutions. She has taught at Yale, NYU, Columbia, UC Berkeley, and many others. In 2021, she created *Laz Eye Haver*, an astrology practice focused on new forms of arts and consciousness pedagogy. In March 2020, she founded *INVISIBLE COLLEGE*, a digital experiment in poetry, performance and community. Finally, Simone White is a poet and critic. She's the author of *Dear Angel of Death*, *Of Being Dispersed*, and *House Envy of all the World*, as well as the chapbooks *Unrest* and *Dolly*. Her newest book, *Or on being the other woman*, is forthcoming in 2021 with Duke University Press. Her work has also appeared in publications including *Art Forum*, *BOMB*, *e-flux journal*, the *Chicago review*, and *The New York Times book review*, and she teaches in the English department of the University of Pennsylvania, and on the faculty of Milton Avery Graduate School of Arts at Bard College. So thank you all for listening. And I'll turn it over to Himali.

05:00

Himali Singh Soin: Thank you, Sofia for having us and I'm so honoured to be in this company. I thought I'd start a piece from this kind of messy Almanack which flips both ways and ends in the middle. And it's it's a kind of compilation of cheap gym notes from the Arctic and the Antarctic circles that I visited in 2017. And from these spaces kind of came out notes on fog and deception, on knowing, on truth, on what happens when the measurement fails, and when measurement fails, there's all these other ways of knowing and all these other ways of being that emerge. So maybe just to go right in, I'm going to start with one of the manifestos that came out of these journeys to the poles, and it's called *Boatness and Boatness* I felt at this moment when the ship's GPS had stopped working, there was a storm, and the captain realised that he needed to explain to us the parts of the ship in order for us to be able to operate the sails. And so he drew the ship in chalk on the deck and began to show these these pieces. And I realised in that moment, there was that fleeting moment, where the parts of the ship and the ship were a single one, where my knowledge of the world and my experience of the world had blended just for that split second, and I realised that intuition can be a method because in that moment, I felt the ship, the ship was me. *Boatness*. There is nothing to tell us that time has passed. The sky has not shifted, no shafts of sun, no heat, no dead darkness. We have become the sway of the boat, the whimsy of the wind in the sails, the squeak of the wood and the rope against the steel. The autopilot correcting the bunt, the binoculars, the charcoal smudged coastline. The captain is explaining the parts of the ship by drawing the ship on the deck in chalk. Meta is not even the word here. The boatness of the boat. We wait for Theseus. Is the drawing of the ship on the deck of the ship now part of the ship? the surface part of the sea? chalk part of chalk, part of the assembly of the ship, part of the time of the ship 12pm meaningless three meals a day without a job or a city. A routine without a route, part of the analogue mountain pixelated in the water, part of the premonition, part of the rhythm of the ship, she. the rhythm of the body, the adjustment of the body, the adjustment of the ship, histories erased by white, histories that never occurred. The failed experiments, evaporating permafrost, the closed minds, the fallen balloons, the runaway Fox, the last shipment, the flooded seed bank, all conducted by clocks that do not know their part in it. The drawing of the ship on the

deck of the ship is therefore an ocean in the ocean. The diagram of an Eclipse, an s that needs only an apostrophe to plural, the myopic astronomer, all the while knowing that to draw a ship on the deck of the ship is to see the whole in a part. In the way that we can see the galaxy even as we are inside the galaxy. The boat is after the ark, it can tell big things from far away as if it always saw love coming. The strong post of the eye, the fragile bend of the teeth. Love breaking. As if it knew it had made a promise it could not keep, like inviting a rich guest for a dinner of bones, like playing the triangle in an orchestra. Like sex after sex, love like seaweed, unbodied and muscular, seaweed like old cables uprooted by the elements, like, Antinous still sending tired messages at listless frequencies and amplitudes like anthills. Data suddenly poems, then what? electricity light through the thickness of water gushing through the deck of the ship, the drawing erased, only mast and Moonraker left to steer the whole hull. This is maybe how love feels, seaweed and the ocean seething between shore and shallows, disembodies, arms and legs and eyes everywhere, sinking and drifting. Sending missives to the gridded world saying where are the bounds of what you can only sense. Boatness is the thing that sustains till the new love comes. But ellipses between love and love over and over. The next piece is called subcontinentment. And it's a kind of South Asian futurism Manifesto. Drawing connections between South Asia and the Arctic and the Antarctic and realising very quickly that it fails at this but that materiality is somehow entanglement and these places are not heres and theres and thens and nows, but they are entangled in each other. So this is a sound piece made with a soundscape taken, recorded during lockdown in Delhi. Subcontinentment. South Asian futurism does not fantasise about a future because it cannot isolate the future from the past. It fantasises about life inbetween. It wishes to grab language by its horns, grab the English language by its horns, and ring it off it's yes' and nos and everythings and nothing's and hang itca out to dry in the equatorial sun in the middle of infinity. It's locusts is entangled: material and spiritual, subliminal and subversive and submissive at once. Bipolar. South Asian futurism is a witness to the ash warmth of the morning when the newspapers have smacked the iron clad gates, and a few are lost in trees or transit. South Asian futurism dismisses its title, denouncing South Asia as a universal region without specificity, denouncing futurism as an accomplice to the violence that comes with

acceleration. South Asian futurism would like to call itself subcontinentment a skewed portmanteau of subcontinent and contentment an idealistic futurism that is scientific but does not believe in science as a solution. It's science fiction does not project a dystopia despite the carbon. It wants an alchemy of knowledges, it wants rumours, humour hypotheses. It wants ancient imaginaries and everyday erasures, it wants to rest. Where happiness is fleeting our contentment finds rest. Not dressed like stillness, but the kind of rest in music. I held pause, an interval with the pedal down or rest like a lily pad, floating flat against water, an absolute zero coated in an armour of wax repelling the too-muchness of life. Lightness born by horizontality. We are the poetry of brown bodies. We take your criticality and raise you immediacy. Subcontinentment says it is a part of and apart from. Subcontinentment says we are one body that is teargassed over and over again if we are not cautious. The spectre of freedom in a world which cannot be reversed, but reprinted in the form of 2000 rupee notes. Purple Hearts dreaming of life on Mars where money will be cosmic and Gandhi will live through Lotus coloured glasses and sikh temples built on tombs, palimpsests of pulverising precarity. Praying to the gods of geometry, their indeterminate equations to the deflection of light by the moon to suspension, apparition, gravitation, levitation, indirect vision. Subcontinentment swerves through space. It aspires, transpires, desiring, first of all an understanding of labour, love lost to slavery. Subcontinentment is retrospective, but it is not repair. It does not revisit its indentured past but it does not try to escape it, imitate it, sublimate it. Subcontinentment is an oath - we matter. It is a re-interpretation, unlimited vocabulary with infinite combinations like a place without a perimeter. We are anti directional, anti event. Our days are counted but our time will not run out. subcontinentment is replenishment. Subcontinentment like the age old saying 'remember the future'. The chuckles that sentence gets every time, even in the mirror universe where time unfold another way, countering memory or avant garde delay. We are opposite like that. We are hours, we are kinetic. We are still, we are non violent. We are complicit and cinematic. We are not a unified we but inclined toward a collective body, autonomous and fugitive subcontinentment emphasises interdependence over individualism, speculation of a spectacle with the South Asian futurists now the subcontinentmentalist's petition from the equator for new

meridians we wait for the collapse of capital from the nucleus of a bats being. We are tarnished by the corrosion of materialism. We pass forage, name again. We claim an ethics of belonging and aesthetics of not. subcontinentment is a reclamation. Enthusiasm reconfigure from sadness, the mobilisation of joy. Subcontinentment is always already smiling. Subcontinentment believes that happiness is related to goodness, but neither is related to enhancement. It wants to clean garbage not by flinging it into space where golf balls and goggles smash into the sun's stellar radiation and combust out of any evidence at all. Charged by crisis, it dances its discontent. Its revolt is not lethargic. It emerges hardened with dust when it freezes, it releases heat. It is not fatigued by the alien antibodies that move through it. We, the subcontinentmentalist align ourselves with the afrofuturists, sinofuturists, ethnofuturists, indigenousofuturists. All the intergalactic dreaming are retro foresight, the boomeranging to the moon the salt desert like a blank slate of ice, the alien nation of extraterrestriality. To be as it is. Subcontinentment is anti-extinction. It proposes radical survival, inhabiting the architecture of loopholes. Subcontinentment looks up towards the Arctic, where maybe the Vedas found home in the low sun and the early moon and maybe not. Subcontinentment looks downward towards the Antarctic, with whom it shared edges and borders way back when in Pangea. It finds common fossils, one of them an embossed Ficus Religiosa. It finds mica which shimmers like something far and rare. Subcontinentment says, go there, huddle close together against the wind. Pleasure, even at the end. We are opposite like that. I'll end with one last short piece called what? And I just decided on a whim right now to read this because it's past midnight here. So there's this there's the delirium of illegibility, but also, it's arriving back in India post this year of immense upheaval, and finding that most of us have lost our voice here. There's our government kind of waiting to censor everything we say. So this poem is actually from 2012 I want to say, but it feels like it's echoing right now. It's called what we say, we write. And the words we say means no word for and we have no word for, no words for what. maybe why, maybe the mysterious seemed to be what? Or standing silent in art as grand as 100 of what. this desire in the spiral is what, loss erases presence, or there is no word what. Everything dissolves. I remembered how I felt presence like longing. Full of so much what.

24:25

Ariana Reines: Wow, that was incredible. Hi, everybody. It's such a treat to get to read with Himali and Simone. Himali, whom I've just discovered and Simone who I adore, I wrote down some things just now and I just I really love "We are complicit and cinematic." I'm totally in a trance from that. So I am just going to read a little a little bit. I chose something at random, then something, then I thought I'll read something because Himali's reading made me think of it. So I'm going to read that for you. And then, so it'll be like three, three little pigs, my reading will be, I'm just setting a timer, so I don't screw that part up. And so I'm not even gonna bother trying to explain what this book attempts to do. I'll simply say that it tries to do more things than one book should do. And that's neither here nor there. But the section I'm going to read to you from is called the saddest year of my life. And I will explain that section a little bit. So of the many things this book tries to do, this is one. I had an experience of, of PTSD that was triggered by via an experience that was sort of trivial. So a semi trivial encounter with a kind of relatively benign fool, brought on a whole experience that was an experience of silence, and a lot of bodily somatic stuff. And I tried to write poems for that, I became sort of addicted, attracted and addicted to silence at that time. And these are some poems that attempt to bear witness to that. Just a few since this is the section I open to at random. Is my timer going, just making sure. I'll be the clown in the middle here who's like, all my technology breaks and the clock breaks. Okay, good. We're good. We're good. We got this. Yes. confessional poem. I expected the world would respond to my thought. I had seen some ads. I had been to their school. Forgive me. I didn't know where to turn. I didn't know where to look. Do not forgive me. For I did know, but I couldn't bear it. The saddest year of my life. I'm going to pause and say, so I mentioned that this book tries to do more things than a single book should. And it because I opened at random to this section that's about me and my personal pain. I feel like it's necessary to also say that like, part of what this book intentionally tries to do is to trivialise, constructively trivialise, or contextualise, in a constructively trivialising way the experience of me and my personal pain. Saddest year of my life. I was crouching over my phone waiting for it to tell me what to do. In that breast swelling town where a grey haze sprouts over the lips of the water trailing a chemical film all over her, stepping dripping from the shower. Nobody asking after the green ivy hiding everything behind the

alley. Yesterday I stumbled over it barefoot. Nefertiti corners in the mouth of Joan Baez. Do you even remember going to bed with the wrong man? sorrow slackening around him. I don't believe in the possibility of the wrong man for I am the woman, the wrong one, watching the mute mattifying gentleness of those spruces He is waiting for the morning. He awaits his morning feeds. An indoor man. extrusions my fit, sick of turning my senses away. Something necrotic behind the skin of the lower thighs. blacking out the world, nostalgia, Portugal cup with j t shirt, football and I would have been neoliberal art performance game and a Portuguese potato, and they will and spherical like the earth a certain slender Iberian sick news, or another forfeiture. decline. I forsook my dreams, but they came back. They came back for me like a scum I could never despise enough. missed appointments, theological thirst, a feeling of freedom experienced despite my presence, visible magnificence, very fast, floating in my belly, I perceived a burden, Peruvian a beautiful poet. avenues, who did as I pleased, or my dreams. When I personally closed form, I can form, that clouds, to uncover the man, ring, his little finger thick, like a horse's deep dimple, screwed me. Virgin mating with my head, extracted, yesterday's mange took and gave mange under the sun or a thickening. I crawled. you do, inwardly so much but in to whether remonstrance says it loved his glasses, curls, dinner and gin, charging derelict yard, white pommel, the same tongue labouring, labouring labouring. first the beers were there, then the berries were their, ankles and docs, a crust of glass, licking the glass windows in piles, stacks of white casement she threw back the sash, a synthetic plush, it could mark you. It's not a malt. It is the red afraid of being pushed across the border where a Grippio was waiting. He had become disorganised scrolling boots by opening ceremony and where was I? I was there. I was there. And I too, had begun to cling to little pieces of trash. I feel like self cruelty is really out of fashion. But it's it's something that for me is culturally very important. So I hope that hope that it doesn't cause you too much pain. I really enjoy the severity I really enjoy the severity that I can only really satisfy with literature. So, for Himali, Did I lose it? Here we go. I'm not quite sure why this came to mind in your beautiful reading but I offer it to you. Wellfleet. It is such as silence that its gloss would take forever. Like a face whose son is a con. Like the veil warmed by this self same common, like seven veils each on the seven gay pillars rubbed down with creamsicles and adder of rose. I

mean, what I mean? Maybe I want to end it. What I mean is I want to see it raised like a z hissing through white underpants hot with spit many Z's and bermeo Z's from cartoon sleeps, when your body says drugs. When the sun drops it's goo down your vents and the more you lick them, the more the speakers hiss and that's like adulthood. When I pried open your ass, I smelled the fried chicken you'd eaten, or when our fuck was like a Greek coin and I yearned to fall down and worship, or how myrrh smells like shit, exactly like sweet shit on fire. Is it active enough to be itself, he chortled, rubbed with herbs, the sky was vapid and seething all morning, I had no money, the entire quarter consumed in such silence its steps and the stoops of it steps consumed in such glacial silence. I knew it was the sound of slowness, to which the air itself was palpably, even as we walked through it, capitulating. Just a ripple, shaking down its pole. When the belly really is the middle, it has its own navel, your belly, softening under its navel, the sun whitening down from the stars that tickle a spider's legs into the anxiety which becomes her murder, her absolute form. I mean, this state, I was born in it. And having returned to it can only think the only thing that makes any sense is to have come out of it never to return. Here is a ticket. It is an ancient ticket. It is about 50 years old. Do you think it's still good? It depends. When snow blankets the pass our days spn to particles that shine even when we hate them, just like everyone else's. Like this extreme fineness did not just happen. It was made by an asshole who took, and it is like freedom. It is like freedom sometimes. It is so big. Too big not to be grand. But it is not grand. But it is so big. This embraced you from all sides, like the gellid God it was, with its zapping clitoral elves by the hundred, ten hundred billion thousands in a hiss of clean soda water, accomplishing turnings, a claimable feat, tricking on the dusky loom of Kabir. Means rot ends achieved in absolute butts and total finishes that bury your face and blooms gushing dickhole tears, that once you've dealt them, you've smelt them. And once you've done that, it's like you took their smell away. But you didn't mean to. You're a nice person. Like when it's too raw to be free. But that's freedom. When uvular clots buing yoghurt and minerals and a sea of boiled wool still has a winner even though it sounds equal just because it sounds equal. It still has a winner and its winner is me. I mean, like you're sucking the pit of the peach until your tongue is sore. You're sucking the pit of the peach until your tongue is sore. Until your tongue is tonsured, until you've swallowed your tonsured

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tongue, swallowed Beowulf, Maccabees, the trick that the moon is small like why don't you get that it's only a trick that the moon is small? Actual men, mere like the moon, are there any? The moon is hung at the end of a dark arm over us a warm arm, our arm and it from where we are is equal to the sun and it does matter where we are. It matters where we are. It puts a cloud of ink in my jelly, and the dew gel is now everywhere cropping up on the shoals, it runs like razors along the sides of a school of fish, slicing your fore legs open in the sea which is not a sea but the ocean at its outermost, where the lords which are only shoulders afford heads, all the mauston in concert turned toward the edge where the sun dips under, which under? When it's hard to swallow the seat of the first end to a day where the throat closes and gags on the sun. Mountains unbegrimed, but submerged, but still retaining their heads when the sun dips below the row at the outermost lip of the world. And when the copper coloured, humped back part of the universe, we can see from there, when the copper coloured humpback part of the universe we can see from there obviously copulating with its other unseen regions that it obscures with its heaving. When the copper coloured hump back of the part of the universe we can see from there uncoils like the thing that shot pain into your friend's head when he thought it was love he was making, and that was his load he was going to get to be blowing. When the copper coloured humped back of this side of the copulating universe uncoils and unbends and sides its very long milk sides of years by the hundred thousand millions eddying into pools at the edge of the eye of the lucky one. When its ducts are sucked for the buds that hurt when they give. The sky. The blue line drawn at the top of the page by the four year old, the blue line drawn by the boy representing the sky might be seen for once to be where it is also under us. Okay, one more. And this is for Simone. Arena. I just have to take a moment and say this is so weird. This is so weird. Like I'm just like at full delirium right now with zoom readings. It's almost a year of this, like living this way. It is fucking weird. It feels weird right now. Okay. Thank you. Thank you for letting me say that. Arena. Because that light was not like the others, making us seem to be becoming a place. And because on a traffic Island, the sun had failed me. And because my mother was crazy, and because she was sometimes sane. And because I was in love, and then I wasn't in love anymore. And because I was hungry, and because I needed to party. And because I was grieving. And because I had studied the dustbowl, the

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architecture at Delphi, Judaic and Islamic legends of Moses, Midianite theology, the history of Haiti, Aryan horsemen of ancient Iran, the collapse of Sumerian agriculture, Kundalini Yoga, Allan Savory's and competing theories on desertification reversal, ancient and contemporary methods for ruminant grazing, grasslands and myths of grasslands. Those Hopi stories that can be found in books, Roman haruspicy, Hellenistic astrology, the life of the Marquis de Sade, one or two novels, one or two volumes of poetry, Bulgarian choral singing, elements of contemporary sculpture, certain gnostic scriptures, my own appetite, and because you can pay a professional to cleanse you of demons with a chicken egg, and because the air filled first with the odour of cheap men's Cologne, and then of human excrement over warming Pop Tarts, and because one morning in Santa Monica, a woman emerging from a store was heard to say, they don't have guns in the toy store, to which her man replied, I know. He was seated beside a child, we'll get it and another toy store said the man, and because an ugly incense was emanating from House of intuition, and because Kabir wore a peacock feather in his cap, and Krishna had one in his turban. And because King Solomon brought peacocks to Khayeem in a boat back from Tarshish, and because I fell down sobbing over a beaded cloth, and because what I had for so long failed to see, what I had ignored mistaking it for ornament was information hiding in plain sight. And because there was no way to touch what was converging on us, and because once there were oil pits near Ardericca, and a pitch spring onto the synthis, and because Iris was the messenger of the gods I'd forgotten. And because the iridescence in the peacock was due to a complex photonic crystal, and because that crystal was silica, and so for the most part was sand. And likewise, the stones to its desolate people increasingly communicated their wishes. And because glass was melted sand, and Johnny Cash was attacked by an ostrich. And because pens used to be made of feathers, and because Chopin and George Sand had been miserable on Majorca. And because there were dust storms on Mars and sandstorms in China and Israel was investing heavily in anti desertification efforts and because Papa Doc had shorn Haiti's mountains of trees, and when dust from Azerbaijan blew into Tbilisi, I lay with a nihilist in a fenced in woods. And when strange lights appeared at the height of the spruces, there was dust on our tongues. And because I navigated by the pine cone in my skull same as everybody

else, and because a bird had alighted on the lectern of Bernie Sanders, and Mozart kept a sparrow as a pet, and because the mute son of Kenzaburo Oe learned speech from records of bird song, and because of the bird friends of Odin, and Massa, and because the gizzards of fowl were iridescent, and likewise, the Perl, and likewise, the viral unicorn frappuccino, and because Big Sur was on fire, and a hot wind was blowing over the Henry Miller library, and because in paradise California, people burned in their cars, and because the bullets kept flying, and because the relentless spread of stupidity was allegorised in Flaubert's novels by grains of sand. And because idiocy came down onto Baudelaire on the wind of a wing, and because the less we could agree, the more it seemed we were evolving into a gem.

46:20

Simone White: Thanks so much, Ariana. And I'm just I'm thinking about, [laughs] Johnny Cash, I think there's, it's really, a pretty amazing that Also, thanks, I like to dispense with the thinking of 20 people at the beginning of a reading, not because I don't love and appreciate you all. But because in the interest of time, we show a little bit later, I see that we're frozen on the on the screen that I'm looking at it, is that a technical problem or a fake one? I'm gonna read, I'm gonna read from or on being the other woman. And I'm not, I'm gonna try to pause as little as possible in this reading, because I like to stay with just one poem. And sometimes there are poems that that have little in between. One thing to know is sometimes I'm talking about rap music I'm listening to. And usually I'll tell you when that is by saying person's name or song name or something like that. And with that, I'm going to start all the recording devices that I need to start and set a timer and hopefully take 20 minutes. I have become misaligned or crooked with respect to the field of dependency, basically a free wrap. Looking at the word independent, I can see it surrounded by practices of set, it is always the value. This fact of undeniable facticity must also my estimation of this of my own excess. The form life takes have Berzerk intensity, dissolute fact, whatever means I use to accomplish liberation will lead inevitably to the destruction of someone's marriage. That's true. rail against men. My lover writes to me, we use digital messaging is if anyone cares what we want another. Certainly I do not that anyone does. These are his wishes. Men as they exist in their bodies are not yet of my interest. So I do not rail

against them. That is a misrepresentation of the whole of my aesthetic and phenomenological project, which involves taking up the vision I've been given of my own freedom. I have a vision of it. Live on use. The white women who own the fancy nail salon I go to fired the manager I loved a black woman photographer who treated me with professional Respect. Respect for my time, my lack of it. She knew my work, and my sister. I paid for seat as a place to weep behind her conversation. Using herself as a blessing covering for me, I realised those bitches don't want me in here. Understood, I had witnessed an action against our desired Dorn to have comforts to create the rot Whoa, all his glory the nigga woman is the mistress of the world. Optimal dependency, being a flowering of sexual and other forms of coffee. Indeed, the field articulated as husband is a mode of transit to and in a determined lane, a machine parallel slide even a thought that allows permanent possibility of trajectory. When what arrest ex sees is time time swallow causes your ego to become as the round back of pouncing and Amalia, I swoop in compatriots, and all prey movement unsafe and disorganised in this beautiful wilderness. These are the materials at your best you are love. I must next shirt the gym energy of this poem, by what I know about our to loop in genre I occasion motion can dictate what is next. What causes what I call myself ethic to account for dependency. I brought this term to describe a quality of femininity from which I've broken not by choice yet broken. Absolutely. Anyway. For a pass on that is not from art or privacy. I want to be empathetic, the only rule I've had I hide or lie a closet myself in to you. Is this an downward. Oh whether or not sexually inflected dependence economic emotional racial matrix of forms black women's who carry fuck never and remain impoverished is related to knowledge about who this writing is for. And what I am in offering the writing kind I imagined for myself in bidding as I do, when Terry uncertainty is the same as begging. If I am writing a script, it is a script for performance of the status of the art professional. If it is an epistle, it travels no distance, because of the way you are with me, yet are not a world. Now locked the letter off from the Messiah as tech writing is as we are. investigation is additional attitude character by supplication doubt. Selecting can be the only verb with adequate power. Technological operations are infused with each creatures after the vibrations. I love to think of writing and being written by a constituent of quanta. I've advanced this with bodily and also being admired on the street, as black love is metaphorical,

therefore shocking. With you, I have venting, experiencing the end of my life under this dispensation. I have not met any of the meaning where they say a clear you have not met them. What stand how I hold off the figure of my sex in my mind to get between the figure love. In my graduate seminar and the materiality of black womanhood, we were in the room cowering at words we know for things. I think I felt fear in the room, but maybe odd to be allowing my floor because I am the teacher, to the hesitant language I drop into. I think the unrest of words is the base from which I understand such as barbarity, the crudeness of words, there impingements such rough modifications as we make sweep violently through empty space. When we see the caring for one sane self, the skinless remainder that I must be intimate, loves, or tune to the needs of my child, or truly to discern is called thinking as helplessness writing is as we are My time is not the same as your time already. That time was not on me luckily or otherwise, it is like close to me, it brushes on me more or less, and can keep the elements off my body if that is what I need to survive and interval. Figure one time as an ugly garment made of what would decompose but for innovation and methods of spread and preservation, on the words, I am, you are, we are dependent or the slaughterhouse we go to be enclosed. As with the idea of outside my faith and the possibilities for existence outside my own for a little more than a trickle most days. And occasions when I consent to being for you, would I appear to be I understand this as giving, but not going to be giving perhaps because it is not possible to give moakley what I am supposed to be, cannot give. Beside in our love, of video of embattlement that approximates my fundamental struggle to live and most to change is an embodied life struggle within or inside with you I see my life struggle eroticized out, figure two, a darkness of Chairman ability until the end, until a thing comes into existence out of it. This being mathematically impossible with respect to dailiness, well being is the compound of dailiness and striving with the physical material with which I have to work as pain appears as a high form of rigidity, I presume. Think about Gail Jones. Once in a while I read all the stories on about Gail Jones. Her early books, her corega Dora, her husband who thrive in their house in Kentucky, while Jones living in Kentucky. Wait. I always ask myself the same question and I don't look it up and find out now either in the night, while I'm lying awake for two or three hours, panicked about money, or the loss of my lover, or what congenital

alcoholism. Before me breathing and blood spattered Gail Jones led away by police in handcuffs to a psychiatric cause. I will talk about abandonment. I don't believe poetry or writing or love one death from me. Rather than using this word rather, in the last weeks, so I'm sensitised to be iterations of being instead other I am gluten dues of the universe to my desire. A long ago, I gave over two goblins. That is, there is no but there is some division or departure or rather, the more edge time I'm abandoned to an eruption of understanding. Months spent as then dump and suddenly in a text message that includes the phrase, this weird distance between us where can I learn of the distance as such, or have suddenly language for the helical structure of my own Matt? De comically in my body ash and that enjoyment of a form of intimacy, I had not been taught to hope for our love for the genius of one another, the mysterious arrangement of your power of sight and of listening your to the most basic rules to have maximum divorce. I love and laugh in my own subject to those rules, and knowing them by rote because I was trained in the law by the ruling class, and because I have felt the power if only if an incident and my father, the Crim, a man, smelly, disinterested in fairness, passion twinned with disdain for the not knowing not how or know how patriarchal ignorance of how my child's closer but I say your white woman lives on my back and this becomes true again and again, the distance which routes your belonging in the world as a man is the end of me. The Rock cannot be at all within itself. Brace in your arms, my love all these reasons to be a poet. If I have anything like a materiality, see, I experience it in the discovery of how distance means between the thing with all mice, which I have abandoned to you cannot rise door of that otherwise, I am outside that world. I tell you in this poem and put out, put myself out of it, in love for you and with you. I think in units of \$1,000 each elec, disorganised to the rupee, but my debt obligations, the maintenance unit distinguishable from a unit of basic safety. However, I reject the notion that it is unrelated to survival, derived from the extremity of my status, though not a direct result. mechanisms through which debt is incurred include education, but can also be related to depress wages, wage differentials, wages and bureaucratic delay. 90 days is an eternity to wait for a bad Child Support regime, a regime the entire lack of a system of affordable childcare or affect actual bourgeois expectations regarding generation wealth is a secret killer. That in the fact the class rages for decades beyond the first money, norms and

responsibility and financial dependency through plainly dangerous or rich people of all genders with stop talking spouse. I'm asking how much do they don't this nigger see me working? I think \$1,000 I would not trade my law degree for anything though. Harvard Law School taught me to look at the ruling class. Look at my marginality to it. I dealt myself into an awkward no Bohemia, accepting its secret ruling class. iica violence is a term from which I feel dissociated. I see myself from as being so far from only desperate Sea Islands encompasses my calculations, or the irregularity of \$1,000 transactions to 1000 is debt service of two distinct types 1/3 my take home each time I make \$1,000 It's time to pay back tuition. If I gig hard enough, I'll catch up this year income me and fast moving sheets of \$1,000 given my deficit and the way I bust, I can spend \$11,000 in a month on the ledger. My mom is never blank. It is on the next check. Don't these niggas see me working lol the irregularity I thought my vulgar \$1,000 functions. read one more. I should say. There are two poems in this manuscript that we're going to visit as a collective with the pen crew slang form I don't have and therefore can't read but I'm just going to be one of these phones which is called go to jail. Took the title from Ben's interest in this new song go to good there's two bits from Dubois is Philadelphia Negro at the beginning when he says he cannot be buried beside white corpses. neighbours have barricaded their porches against his view. Jail. Months later, able later for many months holding the image of myself in the kitchen. An image of raised out of the nothing, which isn't not feeling at all. I don't know. I feel like I want to strangle somebody most of the time. Seeing the Eman as an energetic problem of not being raised to Key and after ready, I'm saying, up above the vagueness of knowing togetherness. There we were together learning, the spiritual and the literary should never be confused. I am not in my body of holding, not exactly trying to resolve how it is I am involved. cargos war, though I'm interested in anticipating is certain the moral demand policy how you walk is meaningful to me and it's digit right or plus, that covers the time within which becomes instantly possible to get as the high frequency is withheld. The passion is in the stinginess of the strike the tease there are two definitional proposed respect to the hi hat and that song, I'd say one allowing it to become drill. This is a pattern. The other proposing Singularity is something incredibly stupid or bad. And it curls up around the spasmodic coffin from which technically and sonically apart pletely and danceable heart of this IQ

pack. No one stops Dan. I'm holding close to me maymays voice with me at all times when I'm thinking, probably working or beginning with the non relation between me and then always making an excuse for feeling close. scuttling away. Dancing is not endorsement of violence, but of course it is. Dancing, holding also the problematics of uplift, I do feel spread out. I feel held and resent the sense separating myself from feelings of love and enjoyment for the sake of so called liberation is fucking us all up might be a person who is stuck i a killer. I can barely stand the convergence between maymays star and what I am trying to say about feeling empathy. You try to hold on to the ability of its object, its location, just as unbearable. The is a form of personal pain. Now I'm close. You're laughing at my orgasm joke, but it's not a joke. took from which I have learned to be irresolute

1:07:49

Sofia Lemos: Hi, welcome back everyone. I feel that we have landed at a at a meeting place, at a sort of mouthful experience of, of language, of bezirk intensities. And we've arrived here in full delirium, going back to Ariana. So I'd like to start by discussing the role of love and intimacy appearing in all of your readings in different ways as heartbreak, irresolvable conflict of heteronormativity and monogamy in the erotics of femininity in the copulating universe, in the complicity in the closeness and the relational nature of a we beyond national and social formations, but also in you know, the metaphorical black love abandonment, the soreness of the tongue, the nail salon was where to weep in the brokenness and fragility of oneself. How to trivialise that pain. So I want to ask about those intensities and frequencies. And how love and intimacy have informed your practices. Who would like to go first? Maybe Himali?

1:09:10

Himali Singh Soin: For me love function functions in both a literary as a literary tool, as well as an actual real feeling that holds disparate elements together. As a literary tool, I love this Calvino story that he tells in, I think it's in On Quickness in Six Memos for the Next Millennium. Where the Emperor Charlemagne has this enchanted ring and whoever has this ring falls in love with the person. The person who has the ring is is the object of love. And finally, this ring is thrown into this lake. And the

Emperor looks out at the lake for the rest of his life and is in love with the lake. But what it does is that these multiple stories, the ring goes from a girl to this Emperor to finally the lake. All these stories are held together by this ring of love, this like object of attraction. So I love that idea that actually love can be this force of attraction holding, like, the list that Arianna made in the last poem was so amazing, and it felt like it was held together by love. And then as an act as as a real feeling, it feels like it can hold, it can form a kind of continuity between the human world and the non human world. So we may be talking about the object of our love, but we're also talking about all of those energies in between, and, and the kind of ability to abstract ourselves in order to love the other, which is not loving yourself, but is also loving yourself. That's all for now.

1:11:37

Simone White: I guess I could, I guess, I guess what I would add is that there's, I think that, that I'm not thinking about love as a metaphor, as like a device of any kind like, I, I am thinking of it as an experience of like de-romanticisation or something like that coming to understand how relationality and relationships you know, have have, as a process of like, you know, as a life process, or being or sort of a process of maturing or dying has, the idea of love has to be, any experience of it has to be kind of reconciled with the truth of it, which is that it is not a romantic experience, it's an experience of like, complete somatic disorder. That, you know, for me anyway, that doesn't actually have much to do with social structures and is often like a, an enormous interruption to them. And so, at least that's been my experience. And you know that's partially like a racialised experience and an experience of having primarily like had romantic and sexual relationships with men, but I think but definitely, like, love is a heuristic, I would say that like, in my work in my work, you know, but, but I would, I would, I would, I want to think about it as something that is, like very, very, very real. If that's the thing.

1:13:26

Ariana Reines: I guess what I could add to this seven layer dip, lasagne of love is maybe like, on this, like basic level, the, the, the the like the polarity of having a lyric speaker having it having a vow, that's like a nice polarity for poetry, it kind of sets up a certain clarity. It gives you an addressee, in some sense. And that's attractive. Well it's always been

attractive for me. But I feel like, I haven't, you know, haven't been in love for several years. And I was thinking about it this morning in the shower, like, because I but I've had like, many loves or whatever. But I don't think that I know anymore what I thought in love was before. And there was a time that I felt that I had achieved some kind of universal love because I felt like there was more love in my writing and in my relationships than I remembered when I was kind of in these solipsistic experiences of inloveness, that I thought that's what that was, and I thought I've achieved universal love. This is like a few years ago that I like pompously was thinking that. And then. And then it occurred to me that when I'm inside the experience of poetry, like when I'm inside, reading poems, or when I'm hearing poetry like, like listening to Simone and Himali read today, I'm overwhelmed by how much love poetry is made of. I can't even it's it's, it vibrates with it. It vibrates with it. And that's totally different from the kind of relational and the daily, or maybe not, I don't even know it's a mystery. But I, it almost shocks me, like, it's the whole, it's filled with it, if the whole thing is the substance of it, I feel or I felt in my delirium today.

1:16:03

Sofia Lemos: And there's some, I suppose there's also this idea of love that can manifest as a sort of communistic affect that extends beyond the reach of our linear timelines and was felt through today. This idea of de romanticising that Simone was talking about that goes with de-ontologising experiences. And, and perhaps thinking of, of this latter one, I want to talk about relationality. And, and I want to talk more precisely about relationality, through sound through phonic substance, through these preserved intensities, that you've all alluded to, and how your poetry contributes to an ethics of listening. I truly think that they do. So Simone yesterday in the workshop, you told us that you've listen to rap all of your life, more recently trap, and or in the last few years and that in listening, you also began thinking about how you occupy space with others, with people, with objects, with history. So I'd love to hear a little bit about that. And also from Himali you offered us subcontinentment, which is a sound work that you're doing in collaboration with David Soin Tappeser. And, and of course, there's the intensity and vibrations that go through the the sort of polar, the research in polar circles. And the sort of imagining or reimagining of

futurist manifestos how that plays out through those historical ruptures that may be easier heard than seen. And then again, Ariana with, you know, the attraction and addiction to silence, with listening to birdsong. So I'm thinking around this idea of this question of attunement, and, and how sound which is something that we've been exploring with Sonic continuum, one of our research trends here at Nottingham Contemporary, and how attunement specifically can help us see these threads of connection that generate instead of occupying relations. So perhaps, Simone, would you like to go first?

1:18:32

Simone White: I'll try. I guess, I just love I love that you have a study, group of that studying, listening, that makes me very happy. And because it, it took a long time for me, for me to understand my you know, I'm like, a music nerd, just an ordinary, like music nerd who, you know, likes to listen to, to all kinds of music and has always been a little bit interested in, you know, organising other people's listening experiences. But it wasn't until, until I had my son in 2014, that I started to have what felt like a different kind of bodily experience around listening, which seemed more like a kind of vulnerability or, or, or, like deep affectability with respect to sound that I hadn't really thought about before. And I think, you know, partially had to do with the fact that my body was in some Distress after the birth of a child and, and I was feeling vulnerable, both physically and emotionally. And but also that the particular sounds that I was attracted to were sounds that seemed to speak to the the, the emotional terrain of, like, openness or you know, extreme openness and not being able to organise one's responses but being penetrated by sound, by being enveloped by sound, some of the things we were talking about in the workshop yesterday, where one is not in control of the vibrations, but the vibrations are, you are part of the vibrations and inseparable from them. And so it really, you know, that really was transformative for me and, and also, you know, being in conversation with Jace Clayton over the last many years about what, you know how to write about sound, and also how sound can be made part of one's practice, one's writing practice, or otherwise, has been really helpful to me just sort of, because, you know, I was first trained as a lawyer, and then, you know, like, uncomfortably fit into a literary critical framework as a professional training. But I never, I was never able to, I could, I

could never really formally accept any of the sort of traditional tenets of either of those practices. I'm not a literary critic. I'm a poet. And so I needed I have always needed to find ways to, you know, not to represent I don't listen, I use it, to show or demonstrate the ways in which I'm being affected by, by things. And I, you know, this last half a decade or so, has been about being affected by this mild change in the vibrational frequency that black people have been putting out in this music, you know, and like trying to understand what that changes.

1:22:03

Sofia Lemos: Yeah. Himali?

1:22:09

Himali Singh Soin: I love that last thing you just said, Simone. And in a way, something similar happened, particularly with the sound of Gaza that you hear, and then the Cabal, which is the Hindu and Muslim prayer in subcontinent, is that the months preceding the lockdown, we had protests because the government tried to create something like the anti Muslim ban in America. And so we were on the streets everyday. And it was like a festival in a way it was a collapse of time and space. For for these many different kinds of people, classes, castes, in a way that doesn't happen often. So when lockdown occurred, and you could suddenly hear these, the rising the five prayers from the mosque, and then the temple prayers, and then the screeching seagulls from Antarctica to the close, who we really hadn't heard these birds since the 90s. Here, in the face of untrammelled modernity. So what happened is that the sound of this silence began to speak itself back to us. In the wake of the government's closing and erasing the graffiti and the protests, we still had those sounds, allowing us to believe that we were a certain kind of body of people. And then just to connect to the first question is that David made the sound for this. But he's also my partner. And so I live with someone that I love that is constantly using rhythm, to manipulate time and to understand space and ways that we can also then access different forms of justice through, so we're always thinking about this and this becomes a kind of rhythm that is just underlying with the coffee that you make, or the yoga that you do. It's there in everything. It's the punctuation for us, I suppose.

1:24:41

Sofia Lemos: And the power of of being able to syncopate those sociopolitical chronologies and still have that relational language that is rhythm, connecting a soul and connecting the struggles that may be quite different in experience, in extent. And so this is Yeah, this is really beautiful. As you articulated it. Ariana Is there anything?

1:25:12

Ariana Reines: Yeah, I well. So there's three simple, there's three little simple things that I thought of that might be too simple, but maybe they'll fit. I am like, co like, poets are so wonderful as listeners, like, you know, when I wrote a play, the whole play was meant as a sound piece. And if I could have had the whole thing happened in darkness, I would have but and it's just so it was great to hear Simone and Himali like, so three, three really trivial things. That's my word of the day. One, so these are three things from lockdown. One. I remember that the only crowd sound the only crowd sound of the last year that I have experienced is the sound of protest. That's the only crowd sound. And as somebody who lived in New York for almost 20 years that's the the only crowd sound other than birds was with being in demonstrations, number one, number two. Two like trigger sounds from the New York City subway that came back to me, like three months in to the pandemic, and I wasn't living in New York. And I just suddenly had this like, intense sense memory of the subway, and I, I grew up playing music, and I don't know if I'm oversensitive, or if I'm just crazy, but like, there's two sounds that you'll hear in the New York City subway that are just so like they they always like drive me crazy. One is men clipping their nails. That is so New York, it is the only subway system I've ever been to anywhere where where people put their nails on the subway and that's that sound. You know it you know it if you've heard it, that's one and the other that it used to freak me out. And then I gradually got used to it. But the sound of people killing things or like exploding things on their phone, just like playing playing those gun games on their phone and super loud just like shooting thing it just always I'm gonna say another t word today, a word I never use, it triggers me to hear that shooting the like, iPhone shooting. And it was crazy to to like suddenly remember what what it felt like to hear those sounds because I used to hear them every day. They're still in my body.

1:28:08

Sofia Lemos: I love this idea that poets are listeners. And I think that one of the beautiful things that we've come to, to discover through this multi year multi platform research programme is really you know, how can we how can we articulate through noise, through grief, through a number of, of seemingly unsounding, or seemingly muted forms of protest? How can we articulate a practice of refusal but also a practice of repair and of care? And with this, I think I would like to speak a little bit about healing and spirituality in, in your practices, they didn't sort of come across directly in in the poetry but there's obviously a very sort of alchemical perhaps medicinal vision of art and poetry in this age of rampant violent against black and brown bodies, and climate disarray, that appear in Himali's writing, even in the form of the book, an almanack. But also of course, it permeates your writing Ariana with Hellenistic astrology, with the founding gesture of the invisible college. And I suppose in Simone's also ecstatic experience of being part of this gathering work, that is music and in this you know, in resonating with and through, trap. So this sort of, I wanted to learn a little bit about how your writing engages with rituals, with spirituality, and, and maybe myth and magic. Does that make sense? Who wants to go first?

1:30:19

Simone White: I mean, you want to go first Ariana?

1:30:22

Ariana Reines: No, you gotta, you gotta go.

1:30:27

Simone White: I just, you know, like, in a way, I know this is gonna sound like kind of silly or something. But the, maybe the one the reason that I'm that I like, find myself where I am now as, as a, you know, as a so called intellectual or whatever is that I started, I've always been. I mean like black people are organised my like way of thinking about the world, how black people operate in the world. And one of the things that one of the sort of motivating activities of all my thinking is like, I remember reading, Saidiya Hartman's Scenes of Subjection when when I was very young, maybe I was in law school, maybe it was right after law school, I can't remember, but I was very young in my early 20s. And I remember

thinking, like, I really could not accept this vision of the world. Like, I cannot accept this. And it's not that I thought it was false. I thought that it was spiritually unbearable to imagine a condition in which black people were saddled with pain for all of eternity. And, you know, it, it has kind of motivated all my work, both as a critic and as a poet to kind of find avenues for reorganising our thinking and experience so that people can be released from that kind of despair and pain. And me included, I don't experience blackness as a burden, by the way, I just don't. I don't. Like I experience it as you know, a life giving location, but not as a burden. And I, and so, you know, I, and so, you know, thinking about what poethics is, you know, whether poethics is the poethics of, you know, Joan Retallack, or the poethics of Denise Ferreira da Silva, for me means giving some weight or meat to a description of what it means to be engaged in that kind of ritualistic reorganisation. And I guess that is the kind of healing work, it's definitely spiritual work. That's it.

1:33:11

Sofia Lemos: That's brilliant. Ariana, what do you have in mind? That was so beautiful, I first want to say, I don't have rituals, everyone always wants me to have rituals. I don't like to, Like, I don't light a candle or like, say a prayer like that. It's not like that for me. But I think that like, only misery and desperation, would force somebody so deeply into literature. You know, like you, you have to be pushed into searches of a spiritual nature and of a deep literary nature, like I had to be pushed hard into it. And I think that, like, in some ways, I think of my work as a testimony or a testament to that search. But also, it's a, it's a space where I felt like there were certain spirits, certain family spirits that needed to be borne witness to, and I felt their pressure very heavy and very hard on me. And now that I'm old, I'm a little bit satisfied at having done for these spirits, really hard work, of having given them a place that isn't a place, but it's a place somehow and that, that whole process of even being able to figure out how to do that is so alchemical, it's so transforming, that it's very mysterious, actually. And part of what I do in my writing is I, I've tried to make a record of certain experiences that I wasn't authorised to have. And that my mind wasn't conditioned to receive. And that I nevertheless did receive. But, in a way, the most freaky thing of all is the changing art of writing itself, it, it, it's a very changing, it changes your, the substance of your life in these ways that are really hard to fathom.

And, and so somehow, like, if I'm a zealot of something, it's like the thing that I complained about the most, which would be writing. [train sounds in distance] I love the choo choo train behind you. Himali, this is a good wake up call, how are you feeling, how's your energy?

1:36:31

Himali Singh Soin: I'm okay. It's a it's a it's a rich question. And I feel like both poets have just said such beautiful things. And I, and I feel like I fall right in the middle of all of that with, with how I feel about it. I mean, also, I guess, being in a context where, you know, healing, or like, there's so many traditions, from ayurveda to Tibetan Medicine here, but they're always co opted by someone or something, or someone, someone else. So that creates that immediate weariness around it. And then it becomes really important to see how is this actually? How can we make modern rituals? And how do those modern rituals allow us to not be nostalgic, but find, find a way of reconnecting with those ancestors or with that land, even while it is in a state of loss, but in a way that does not steal from some other community or someone that's using this, not only as pleasure, but also as necessity? And magic, for me, would be operative, also at a literary level. Like, language can do things. And as opposed to all of the old white men that have come before me that say that words are ineffable. And ultimately, there's no meaning, I'll insist that there's some magic between love, language, and and time travel. That language can do things. And so maybe there's some ritualistic healing properties just in the very material that we're using. And we don't need them, after all.

1:38:50

Sofia Lemos: So as we're coming towards the final 10 minutes of our talk, I would like to invite everyone too, who's watching, if you would like to ask a question, or share a thought, please do. In the meantime, I'm going to segue on this time travel and ask about history and temporality, which I guess temporality is almost a mantra in my notes from this evening. And I'm wondering how, how do we develop relational practices that unlearn and make present pasts invented? What does it mean to enact that in the practice of writing and in pedagogy, which is also an important part of your practices?

1:39:47

Ariana Reines: I'll jump on that one. I love the temporality in both of your readings. I feel like one of the things about the kind of digital, the social mediation, the technology that we're all we've all been, like scheduled by or clocked by, in the last decade or so, one of the things about these technologies is that they they're all about right now. And so there's, there's a totally bizarre effect that the kind of Necro techno, phallo, patriarcho hellscape, whatever it is, it does a really, really interestingly weird warping thing to our experience of the present and of time itself. And, and I feel like, as a woman, time is the is always the neglected medium is that that's the medium of the landlord, like that's the real assholes, you know, that's the way you really leave you want to fuck people, fuck their time. And, and it's so interesting the way that we've been twisted and contorted into a kind of a now, that's a kind of a parody of the now that we perform, when we post or whatever. And, and so for me, it becomes like the most interesting, like, space to work with. And when it comes to pedagogy, when it comes to what is teaching, you, you're being present with a text, if you're teaching a text, and present with the ones you're doing study with. And that's very, very interesting. It's very exciting, because there's a kind of electricity that happens in that in, through that intimacy, that can be very powerful. And we all know, when we've experienced study in common around a topic or around a text, where it's electrically present those experiences mark us, you know, I remember, like this Louise Labe sonnet, you know, that I read in 1999? Because we read it electrically in community. And so that's a beautiful thing. I'm done.

1:43:02

Sofia Lemos: Simone would you like to add?

1:43:06

Simone White: Well, you may have touched on like one of my poetic weaknesses, which is that sometimes words stop making sense to me, and temporality is one of the words that has stopped making sense to me lately. I am not, I'm no longer sure what it means. And I and, you know, it's partly as you know, since we did this workshop yesterday, I'm really struggling with questions of like, how, how, you know, peoples move through time, and space, and I just, I'm not sure I know what it

means anymore, or what people are referring to, and in some ways, I can only understand it, temporality, that is like, the condition of being in time as like, whether or not I am waiting for something to occur. Do you know what I mean? Like, am I am I experiencing lag or a demand, an immediate demand? And, and so, you know, in some ways, like those things are much more pressing, right now, whether, you know, patience, questions of patience and waiting, which is something that is like, I mean, it's funny, because Dubois also talks about waiting. I love Dubois, and you know, like, he says in black reconstruction, you know, that like basically all black people lose weight. That's like, how they save themselves [laughs]. And I think that's a pretty amazing formulation. And, yeah, it's so it's so I don't have a therapist, I kind of wish I did because I would love to be in conversation with somebody about the pressures of waiting and being patient and expectations, and all that, that's what I'm kind of interested in time wise these days.

1:45:09

Sofia Lemos: And it's interesting as well that in in that slowness, how it contrasts with the quickness that Himali mentioned of today and of Calvino's short story, Himali I wondered if you want to contribute some, some some thoughts on time travel?

1:45:28

Himali Singh Soin: I was just I was just gonna say that Barthes in A Lover's Discourse, said, it is the lover, who waits. I think it's true that those temporalities that we played in and wiggled in and loved so much in school and in college was like such ripe material to think about the past and the present and the future and the multiverse and like, and how you could travel between these places, it's become so complicated now, when you think about certain bodies that can accelerate in time, certain bodies that are in time lags, and other bodies that have been completely stopped. Specially during this year that is characterised by a pause in itself. So what is a stop and a pause? I suppose it's a semicolon. But then what happens? Can you have two semi colons in a sentence, and it feels, I share your confusion and distrust of time now, because it feels like it's wielding these powers over us. We also when we think about time in the context of land, somebody just said, somebody just named the difference between an accident and a catastrophe, an accident being

something that happens momentarily in the present. And a catastrophe that comes hurling from some past, but actually affects both the geological history and the future of the earth, so a meteorite will hurl from far out of outer space, from the past. And it will plop with the most anodyne kind of sentimentality. And then it will proceed to affect the entire geological future of the earth. Of course, no one's looking at the meteorite, because it's a small, black irregular object that makes no difference. And in somewhere around like the early 20th century, it was mostly women that decided this is actually worth our time, these rocks maybe can help us understand something, not only about time, but also about the place that we're on. And whose rocks are they? That was me rambling at two in the morning in India,

1:48:30

Sofia Lemos: Oh, thinking of time. I, I like to think that these material, despite digital, and sensuous spaces of gathering that public programmes allow, these spaces of encounter work towards a kind of temporal deprogramming, what Kodwo Eshun calls the poetics of temporal deprogramming and, and it's thinking about that distribution of future, thinking about that, you know, who has access to certain pasts, to operating in the present, who's lagging? Who's progressing and moving forwards? So, I guess I want to with this to say thank you, and also to take the opportunity to ask just finally, if you have questions that you might want to ask to one another? Any burning questions that need to

1:49:39

Himali Singh Soin: I just loved both your readings so much, and I would, I need to know the names of the poems again.

1:49:53

Simone White: This is from a book that's coming called or on being the other woman, which in the individual poems sometimes have names but mostly not. I have a question for you, Himali, what is the circle behind you?

1:50:14

Himali Singh Soin: It's an enso, you know, speaking of the ring, it's the

ring that is enclosed. So it has, it has a space for potentiality. But my partner David is seven feet tall, so he just did it in one big sweep, and it's hung horizontally. So it was, yeah, single, a single rotation.

1:50:42

Simone White: The question I really didn't know that I had was how tall is your partner? [laughs]

1:50:51

Ariana Reines: I want to know about the Arctic, were you, can you tell us some things about the boat and the Arctic?

1:51:02

Himali Singh Soin: Actually, the boat was called Lady Antigua. Cause and she was Yeah, she was a slave in the Caribbean and there was so and she was on the bow of the boat. And I swear about for me she was the only body of colour in the whiteness of the Arctic. But that's not true actually. Because I expected I always I think back and I say I expected the Arctic and the Antarctic to be these lands of white. But you very quickly see the mud. You see where the glaciers have receded. You see the coal mines, so this landscape is much more myriad than we think, and it's not this kind of other imagination of the alien body. It's it's us. And it's many voices, including the ice but not limited to the ice that are melting fast, and don't have that language anymore. But yeah, I went in an artist residency in 2017, which was kind of amazing. And then I also went on a residency the same year to the Antarctic. So it felt like felt like going to outer space.

1:52:36

Sofia Lemos: And perhaps, as you know taking the votive of being ejected into those extra planetary forces. If it sounds alright with you, maybe we can then evening here, continue the conversation outwards from Nottingham online. And with this I want to thank the three of you, Ariana, Himali, Simone for the beautiful readings, for this moment of complete electricity that we had together. And to thank our viewers for for staying with us. We will be back again with Five Bodies in a month's time and we look forward to sharing that with you. Thank you.

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