28 June

Dreamt last night of a litigious case against white racial recidivism that went all the way to the World Supreme Court. The case argued for reparations of slavery and its aftermath in the US of A. To the surprise of nearly every world citizen, the court ruled that all American third-generation or older Caucasians must pay reparations commensurate with their income. A 10% tithe on white privilege. The monies from this tax would be directly recompensed to the ancestors of the enslaved.

30 June

Inspired by the aging, yet so fluid bodies moving together on a concrete floor, I moved with them. We then relocated to a sunny house somewhere and played together in the bathtub and on the king-size beds scattered throughout the space. Lilac petals were swept in bunches though they gave no scent. A tall, lanky man partnered with me. He accidently pooped on a bed while preparing the space and I rushed upstairs for more petals and a pink t-shirt.
7 July

Traveling by train through a landscape I wasn’t familiar with. The terrain was rugged. Maybe I was in Mongolia or Marfa. I was travelling with friends. They were seated in another car. The view at times was perilous as the train snaked and floated over mountain curves. In my coward heart I preferred the patches where I faced the sheer side of rock rather than the spectacular drop to the valley.

We disembarked in a small village. Walked its length and walked back to the train depot. Stuff happened but I can’t recall it.

I was preparing to perform my latest sound piece the next evening. Lackadaisical, I didn’t know if I even liked the work. Unusual for me, I was content to expose inferior work. The piece was monotonous, complex in a stupid way. Why had I verged from my desire to make a work on the relation between unbreakability and fragility? The sounds in my laptop were a slow drone of fragments at rest on a concrete floor. I thought, as I often did, to pull an all-nighter and make last-minute changes. I gathered junk food, ran into my brother DC and my mother. I so wanted to sit with them at the tourist bistro and catch up on life and death. I missed them. But I had this concert to attend to and was distraught in deciding how to spend my time that evening. Here perhaps was the unbreakable slamming the fragile that I thought to explore.

8 August

I was somewhere in Spain at an artist residency, this one skewed towards revolutionary practices. I was in the throes of a wager. In between giving up my long held pacifist resistance techniques or joining the Fantifas, the feminist radicals willing to use weapons as a force against fascists. I’d toed this line before and ultimately thrown my lot in with the peaceniks. I lunched with a small international cadre of women who subscribed to a viru-
lent brand of art activism. In spirit, I was in. In practice, I didn’t know how far I could wield bloody tools.

9 August

I was at a sponsored meeting held in a small room at the public library. Modeled on AA meetings without the god stuff, these discussions were meant to caretake always fragile awareness. It’s a group for those who find that doing the right thing is a not-so-simple moral imperative. It’s for folks that need help overcoming bad habits, implicit racism.

A woman stood up to speak. She said, and here she could trust that she could reveal almost anything, she felt herself checking her language. As she spoke she began using hand gestures as whole words dropped from her speech. She mimed,
though I wasn’t sure I got this right, that even the words she chose for friendliness, for support, were so overly considered that she mainly stuttered now. All the time. Her tongue was knotted up. She’d lost spontaneity of expression.

Most nodded. Some frowned. A resonant mumble of acknowledgement mmmhhhh, mmmhhhh was heard. The woman continued saying that she was no longer sure how to be an ally as she’d found that often, alliance was an incorrect formulation of well-meaningness. She asked, with flailing arm gestures, for tips on how to present as a concerned person in the world. She wept.

The moderator suggested they break for snacks.

7 September

I’m wearing my rat mask as I tell a Walter Benjamin dream to young Walter himself. I told him that Walter found himself on top of a peak overlooking all the land. He saw other people standing on other peaks. One was suddenly struck with vertigo and fell. Like a virus, all the others were soon consumed with dizziness, plunging into the depths. He woke when the urge to drop hit him. Transfixed, the boy told me that the “Rat wissen,” the practical advice of everyday experience told in a telling without closure was what he longed for.

19 September

I’m in my parent’s bedroom. I climb on a chair so I can peak into the drawers of their dresser. The top one housed my father’s watch, his coins, his bowties, his nail clippers, his wallet. Dad kept his favorite cufflinks in a tiny container the size of a squared off deck of cards. I cradle the soft, brown leather box in my hands. On its pliable top, the letters R.E.D. were engraved. For many years this little box was a mystery to me for it was nowhere red, its supple inside and outside the color of a dog’s whisker.