

w. s. wakefield

various me

collected writings from 2017-18

DESIRE

Teach the motor controller to be blossoming warm gravity.
Understand how these lines print intensity words one so well knows.

~~Burn lavender bush~~

The bees kept keeping for otherwise a stinger or their tendency
for a baby as small as a bee.
A bee-baby as small as a bee and in turn ten-thousand bees born this way.

~~Lead still silent peach~~

Bearing flat, frozen, plundering affect and by this I mean heart breaking
Through its dams flooding deep corners of the earth.
A never-fantasy of inaccessible senses, born of redoing.
Organ coordination aiding continuity of the not-yet-actual

DESIRE villanelle

motor controller, blossom warm gravity
one born of redoing
print known intensity

flat, never-fantasy
is but the heart breaking
motor controller, blossom warm gravity

aid to continuity
past greatest dams flooding
print known intensity

otherwise their tendency
for bare, affect plundering
motor controller, blossom warm gravity

in turn, ten-thousand bees
kept all this time keeping
motor controller, blossom warm gravity
print known intensity

Anecdotes

- I entered the room after rehearsal and after everyone had left. The room was dark and it smelled strongly of the instrument.
- We had to collectively make a sculpture from them. It would have taken too long to reach consensus so we elected Anna as temporary dictator.
- There's the idea to open it up and paint one another with the juice of it. Or instead offer it to be eaten.
- Should I open it very slowly. Would you all wait for me if I were to open it very slowly.
- In the Fluxus Workbook there are 14 events by Bengt Klintberg that are similar to this work. One similarity is the instrument and another is the notation.
- Trying to talk as fast as possible was given as an instruction. Another was to only talk after a choice person has spoken. This was an anti-discussion. Removing the possibility to respond bred frustration.

my little horror

From the pupils of their eyes, insects are born. Hundreds of ants run down the cheeks, forming a steady stream. They are tears that crawl. The pupils stretch, almost tear, to fit the larger beetles that have begun to pour out. It's a stampede, with each insect struggling over the other to escape. While some try to retreat, limbs become caught between blinks; thin, dismembered legs hooked on eyelids form lashes.

The subject's insides are exhausted. Their whole skin, hollow, collapses; the swarming puddles around it begins to self-breed.

Gradually, a rising scent of burnt rubber draws attention to a light-filled haze growing beside the insects. It seems this light is printing familiar contours; it is an additional skin; its shine casts a sense of freshness.

The mass of insects melts does not hesitate to move, to melt into the pores of this second skin. It burrows in and fills it until a recognizable figure appears fully inflated. Standing, the figure looks down to see themselves surrounded by a fine ring of shed wings. The mouth opens and releases the terror.

Entries from 2017

letter to grace

Someone said to me recently that in Budapest he saw twelve different kinds of ducks all in the same location. That's Hungary, he said.

Regarding stones and how much moss they might gather, I know what you mean. Morally speaking is moss good or bad. Well I do like moss. I like how it feels and I like to look at it closely and touch it and there are so many different kinds of it. Though I don't really know how many nor what makes each one different from the other. I just know there are many different kinds and each one is different and it is different from lichen. I think lichen grows much more slowly than moss. Both grow on rocks and this is one similarity between moss and lichen. There are also many different kinds of rocks and I've seen and touched many different kinds. I can't name all the different kinds but I know that they are different by the way they look and feel and yes I've even seen and touched many different sizes of the same kind of rock. When they get to be a certain smallness and all grouped together, together they become gravel. But only from a certain smallness. When they get to be even smaller and grouped together they become sand. Sand is just very small rocks all very close together. I like this transformation a lot because these rocks that when large and separate are so hard as big rocks are, become soft when they are very small and all close together with many others. All very small and close together are receptive like water. This reminds me that rocks and water though very different are not completely different. But the opposite transformation doesn't really work with water because water is different. Instead of becoming something hard and unyielding lots and lots of water together becomes a body. This is one reason why water is different. And to make water into something hard one must take away heat whereas when heat is taken away from sand one is simply left with cold sand. This is why rocks and water are different.

What would it be like to be part of a community. Would it be like how individual rocks become sand. All these individual people maybe a part of them that is like a rock gets to be a certain smallness and all close together with many others and they become a community. Community is just small rock-like parts of individuals all very close together. But what does it feel like. Well it must feel like sand.

And here is some news. I recently changed apartments. My new room has one blue wall and I live with two nice people respectively named Marcel and

Lina. There's a small river across the street and I am able to walk to the library most of the way through a large park.

There is a pedestrian bridge over the river near my apartment called Duck Bridge. Living near it are ducks and a small otter often fed by people of different ages sitting by the water. I cross the bridge, I look past the railing and see people in small boats and kayaks rowing up and down the little river. The water is soft murky brown. Not clear enough to invite swimming.

In my most recent email there was one phrase I enjoyed quite a bit in which I wrote how I walked up a tall hill to gain an overview of the city, that it would also provide an overview of my thoughts. I really like this manner of real metaphor, the mixing of figure with fact -- that seeing the city from above would help me see my mind more clearly, with its winding streets connected by alleyways, some more populated, more dense than others. Some with shops, others residential. The large river dividing the city. But it didn't really work, at least not in the immediate way I had wanted -- maybe because it was a foreign city. The conclusion I came to, I believe I have already written, is that I needed to do the contemplative work elsewhere, likely at a desk, with less to see. Not less in some general sense, but I mean more with the information in a smaller space, so that I could see it, the whole, from a single perspective; whereas, looking out at the city from the top of the hill, which was situated in the center of the city, I was surrounded and unable to see it all at once. So, in Leipzig I've been reading books. Not all of a book can be seen or read from a single perspective -- the pages are printed double sided and cover one another -- but at least the book as an object can be looked at all at once. And in the books I've found some beginnings of answers to the question I'm working on.

✂

in first thought for a second
in first thought for a second
at first one thought before the second
but second not near yet too far

in second thought in a second
in second thought in a second
one second one thought before the third
but third not clear yet known true

a third thought on the second
a third thought on the second
a third one thought and thoroughly so
of all there is to think and do



Strategy and spirit stand feeding duck bridge before selling where and when to
be

Time too thin and then begin to seem without
still it, this, absence need not end
Return, an economic decisions and next year would I and how



in a first for the second

at first i thought for the second
on the first

on first thought for the first i thought
on the second for the first

for a second i thought
on the first
for the second i thought
on a first

for a first i thought
on the
for the second i thought
on a first

in second thought
for
on second thought
in second

on second thought
the first second and the second first
on second thought
for a second the ought
to first the second
for a second on the first
or a first second

for a second i thought
on the first
for the first i thought
on a second



Open door to yield window frame. One door and its window to the hope that this will surely answer what is but a chessboard. Before I thought it the difficulty would be to be in front of the door that is that the chessboard would have given its next move as anticipated. Rest assured these dates might not all fit and these deadlines it might not all be. It might simply not fit then scrap off the plan or force it. There still seems a where to go. And come two months from now a where and when to where I will get there or scrap the plan or fatten it with a wait and remember the scientists who send satellites far ahead of their target with flawless calculation.
Could be less obstacles in outer-space.



an open door to evince a range of method in place of Opportunity -- the how-to-proceed, rules of motion.



fatten time how.



ways to make sauce simply reduce slow out-heating water to write poetry



A pleasant result from notating my nocturnal dreams is that they are closer to material. On a tired day, I feel like putting my dreams out of sight, hiding them carelessly into a drawer because they seem to be a burden on the writing desk. This materiality of dreams offers play and hope to having them than has so far proved the labyrinth of interpretation, the depths which expand so as the work progresses, as recall continues to sharpen, that the labor of interpretation cannot be satisfied in time before more images appear; before night falls again. (((((more definition))))))



During my recent visit to the home of the Inventors' Guild, a neighbor stops by with various small junk to show the residents. On learning that I am American he tells me he has a Donald Trump soap from a hotel. He leaves, returns with the soap and offers it to me as a gift, yet I decline since I don't like the scent. He begins to pick out a book for himself in the house library. I follow and quickly find a suitable book for myself.



Gypsy films Marcel's recommended
Time of the Gypsies
Black Cat White Cat



talking two days past the breath repeats to another (against *La vie en rose*) a lust for spider music. To know what it would sound like or rather how it would crawl



Do you realize you're leaving paradise. Where you can get cake from a window. It is delicious, the least pretentious carrot cake I've ever had. Horror apple from Eve's heart. Lina's boyfriend appears, gives cookies and a blue plastic bag full of silverware to take upstairs. What would you like to do on your last day here. Unspoken question: how can I share this total experience. (One day from leaving it). Mia is the only person from outside who knows it directly.



I accidentally become locked in a music college because I practice past the closing time. I find an open back-door that locks behind me after I pass through, and it opens to a small side-yard enclosed by a tall stone wall. Over the wall is the enclosed inner yard of an apartment building. I pull myself up on top of the wall and ask an old woman on the other side, who is taking out the trash, how to get to the street. I try to explain my situation but don't know how to say locked-in. She thinks I'm trying to go inside the music building. I hop off the wall to the other side and the woman, now confused, leads me through the apartment to the street, hoping that I find my way to the music college.



electric pleasure spiders guide the string's instruction
inside the garnet crystal wine cave



finally slipped on the doorway grapes (most delicious) I'm already almost use to
their body of taste



Persistent thoughts and a repeat turn-around. The barely noticeable smile-in-passing inspires my half-waiting moment failed by a need for fresh air. Pitch dialectic: pointy or lusterless.
Key call. Pencil and button drop. This ahistorical progression. When parts are independent conductor should do virtuouse movement. Anti-parallel. He's written it all in pen. The problem is that the form has three parts and there are only two instruments.



in and out breaths, different, the two take turns. breath to voice. And where is the refrain.



slow and quiet sunshine for string quartet. For organ, even slower.



Found a small pencil sharpener for regular-sized pencils. Sharpened two. One mentions the snake dream and another, a fish with hands. In the middle of the end of rehearsal a neighbor gives me a shelled peanut. If I'm hungry I can't sing he says. I walk downstairs while opening the peanut, holding it gently in on hand as if it were a baby bird. A exiting crush engages me and I show the peanut broken into halves, uneaten still.



Receive cake. Chestnut giveaway. excitedly open it and bite in. Hadn't realized they were still raw.



I like talking with you because...



B acts on stage because it is intense. The power it allows, with people and situations, attracts her. As B describes moments of strong affect, her eyes widen so, as if she is looking in from the outside. She wears a deep-blue velvet shirt underneath a long turquoise coat and speaks about a city built from dark volcanic stone (she visits with her mother).

Her mother painted objects after studying in New York City. B's mother painted abandoned buildings. B's biological father is an entertainer of various acts, which she seems to admire; yet, she says, he is irresponsible.

She wears a deep blue velvet shirt underneath a long turquoise coat. She asks where one would go if they could. She has an affinity for Japanese aesthetic sensibility.

B speaks of a city built from dark, volcanic stone. She's travelled there with her mother. Describing a feeling, her eyes widen to see better. 'Where would you go if you could' she asks.

B redet von einer Stadt, die aus dunklem, vulkanischem Gestein gebaut wurde. Sie ist mit ihrer Mutter mal dorthin gereist. Wenn sie einen Affekt beschreibt, breiten sich ihre Augen so, um klarer sehen zu können. Sie fragt, wohin würdest du gehen, wenn du es könntest.



I have a lover who is playing Marie in Büchner's *Woyzeck*. I heard Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* live. I had lessons and did a workshop with Jennifer Walshe. I attended parts of a seminar conducted by Georg Friedrich Haas. As I was leaving a class, a friend (Laura) ran after me to invite me to her birthday party.

At the party there were many singers. They argued whether Schubert were sexist.

I ask Babsi, what are you looking for in contemporary music. She tells me it's how the music can show pain. Mathilde describes the concept and result of her theater work. In it, two comedians representing her parents stand behind and on both sides of her. The parents each place a hand on her shoulders, covering both. Mathilde plays *Frère Jacques* on the cello in a simple manner. The father produces a short, abrasive sound from his mouth, representing disapproval. From each signal of disapproval, Mathilde plays more skillfully (like a virtuoso). Eventually, Mathilde imitates the sharp sound of her father.

Music [Beauty?] as an accidental result of healing. Healing as primary.

Entries from 2018

[11.10.2018, Graz]

B,

writing, journaling---

I had a weird nostalgia at the beginning of the semester because i held the fantasy that it would mirror this time last year, when i was new and could investigate connections quickly because either other people were new, needing to build a new local network, or, with the people here already, to take the time to get to know one another. There was also the workshop with Jennifer Walshe which really brought the composers close. But this school year is starting so slowly and friends have moved away so quickly (Eden, Anya, You)---

I feel depressed, i don't know what to do with art (except follow the advice to locate my taste), or what to do with words?

I want a job that I can have for a long time and have enough energy left over to be creative.

The aesthetics within new music don't fit me so well, and there's conflict in me to, on one side, work in other media (sculpture / installation / museum / light), yet, on the other side, I need to practice my compositional skills, this professional residue that expects (hangs on to) the possibility of an academic career teaching some topic within the context of music. This dream still feels so far off.

Sending letters and sending unwritten poetry -- it will always be a falling into the void, that gap between subjects, that impossibility of fully reaching each other. Maybe the void is only louder now that our bodies are so rarely together -- and even, Love: how am I to go about the possibility of giving form to it? In which kind of, or amount of, sharing of videos or songs, the hint of my subjectivity, images, words, would it be discernible from something like Care? Is *this* it: that i want to discern Love from Care? and why. Is it because there's the possibility to be careless? or, worse, to be loveless?

Hi, I'm excited about your premiere tomorrow.

It's such a big day for you and I'm proud, you work so hard.

I'm so happy for you. I hope that it goes very well. <3

I wish I could see it. I don't say that to you because I don't want to cause you further sadness about me not being there by bringing it up again. It's such a

big day for you. You work so hard for this and I'm so happy for you. I hope that it goes very well.

[29.10.2018, Graz]

dear B,

i want [wish] to dive into my studies, protect myself with music, with books and learning. The world is terrifying. There is so much horror in the news and on facebook.

i don't want to lose you and [i] compare myself to [A]nna[,] the friend you once had.

it won't all be happy and beautiful
it will be dry sometimes
sometimes not-so-intense

emptiness -- fill ourselves with what?
where is meaning
truth (the beauty of being just)
some of my past selves have been terrible.
How can I reach justice.
I reach justice by emancipating myself.
My emancipated self proves the truth of Goodness.

When i cannot find meaning in the world i read books and write music.

[31.10.2018, Graz]

dear B,

it's sad that you're not here. i want our bodies to be close together.

i haven't cleaned since you left and i feel depressed. i haven't put the sofa-bed back into a sofa.

it's scary to see that [your classmate's] long-distance relationship didn't work.

since our last talk and your message the morning after i've felt terrible. i've been fixated on the emptiness you mention, which has unfolded to reveal a great nihilism, an everywhere-present absence of meaning. Isn't that in part exactly what we are working against with our ritual, our gift-exchange -- as a way to create meaning?

in the meantime i dive into art.

i feel anxious. it would help us if i learned to better anticipate that particular anxiety that comes back. the kind which leads one to put into question why or whether they are loved.
our talk was weird.

i felt that you were violent to me [to my identity] during it, in particular while you were criticizing the 'male gaze' through which i see. i'm opening myself up to it however, allowing myself to remain vulnerable. it hurts. i understand the necessity of such violence. the aim is the emancipation from ideological systems of domination.
when i think of suicide, it's recognizing the idea above which helps me understand [contextualize] such an impulse.

✂

reducing me strategically to do violence to what i'm reduced to
i open myself to it -- it hurts

cooperating to change the present
to free the future from its ghosts

crying frightened
crying free-becoming

the sudden heavy-rain ruins [destroys] the left-behinds left out in the open.

unaware of this we take cover under Death's canopy, a crashed-paraglider campsite occupied by our rotting doubles lying side-by-side wrapped in a sleeping-bag.

I appropriate the taste of death by sipping from a rain-water catcher found there.

wanting our bodies to be close together
smelling the clothes you left here

frustrated with how you brag about how easy it would be for you to find a romantic partner, about how many people who are romantically interested in you

not feeling at all the same way about myself

not wanting to write to you. not wanting my thoughts to make anything more difficult than it already is. not wanting to begin an endless search for meaning.

wyatt, free yourself of guilt (forgive yourself), free yourself of your ghosts and the truth of yourself will be self-evident in all of your actions.

05.11.18, [Graz]

I telephoned with B today for almost four hours. It's sunday and we've telephoned every sunday since she moved (excluding the couple sundays we've visited each other).

She tells me about her recent dream, in which she fails to take the cocaine offered by the man she has a couple dates with. She says that she was *ungeduldig*, that it simply didn't work, fumbling with the little stick-straw. When the cocaine becomes red, she doesn't want it anymore.

She tells me about her experience with the man she's recently dated. She says skeptically that he was extremely "gentlemanly", invited her to sushi, invited her to order the most expensive things, which made her uncomfortable because she didn't want to feel obligated to him. She says that there were uncomfortable pauses, that the conversation was not so interesting. She says that she became aware of how he saw her, what he wanted from her. She says his wife left on a self-discovery trip and it's like he wants B to distract him from it, like he's having a mid-life crisis.

She tells me that he wrote her a lot of messages and wrote her every day.

She tells me that she met him the next day at a bar, and when she tried to pay for the wine, he mocked the women's liberation movement. She tells me that he brought her home. She tells me that he kissed her outside of her house and she felt immediately like she wanted to get away from him. She says that he asked to come in but she said no.

She tells me that she wrote to him and dumped him shortly after.

I tell her that i'm sorry that this person was uninteresting and that she wasn't able to get what she wanted. I emphasise how uncool it is to mock the women's liberation movement. I wanted to ask if he'd even asked if he could kiss her, but i stopped myself because i then remembered that B hadn't asked me before she kissed me the first time.

I can't remember exactly the order of the next lines. But shortly after I gave B my response, B said it's probably a good moment to end the call. I asked her why did she want to end the call. She says something around that it's still hard to accept that we have an open relationship, that she's unable to defend it when other people ask for a justification for it. I say that people are always trying to delegitimize things that are different. I realize now the importance of emphasizing that one actually is not obligated to defend or justify a relationship style to other people. But there's the possibility that what she meant is that she can't justify it to herself. That is something she's going to have to figure out, even if it comes down to the justification of monogamy better fitting her values.

She tells me there is another man, and she invited him to her show. But, he came too late and she ended up socializing with the group and finding a cozy cafe that she says i might like.

Soon after my response above about open relationships, B asked to change the topic. I respected this -- it was hard -- and we changed the topic. Later I heard strong emotions in her voice and I asked her if we would like to drink tea together at the same time. We talked for another hour about light things. We end the talk sending each other selfies. She sends me a picture of her legs after telling me *'ich wollte dir ein foto von meinen beine schicken. aber ich verkneife mir das lieber'*. She said, *'verkneifen heißt, ich mach es lieber nicht'*.

[16.11.19, Graz]

I watched the second season of the Netflix series *End of the fxxxing World*. This season spent a lot of time on the -- but didn't the first as well? -- on the carried-over trauma from the man the main characters happen to murder together. Revisiting the first season, here are some observations: The main characters, Alyssa and James, leave school, they leave this ideological institution, and believe themselves to be outside culture, outside institutionality. But, soon take shelter in what appears to be an empty house, which happens to be home of a sadistic professor, representing kind of a concentrated form of the controlling institutionality that they thought they had escaped from. They leave school, thinking they are out in the wild, just to find themselves back in the throes of a harmful, oppressive structure---because it's warm, at first accommodating for them. Alyssa falls asleep and the sadistic father returns home. James kills the father and he and Alyssa are bound together by the shared guilt of patricide. Very oedipal.

B complains, '*wir machen ja keine Sachen zusammen*'. What does she mean? I guess she means, *dass wir keine Sachen so richtig zusammen machen*. But this kind of thinking brings up some strange issues of bodiliness, presence, and originality. I'm guessing it comes from a general discontent with mediation through telephone or chat. Maybe I should aim to make possible video chat with her soon. I hope that could make our relationship not seem "*so abstrakt*".

[17.11.19, Graz]

I'm frustrated by B. It went like this:

"es wäre vielleicht auch schön wenn ich wüsste wann wir uns wiedersehen können..."
"I decided i will visit u during christmas break! I just haven't yet booked the train"
"Ok... | So we won't see us for one month more... | But I expected that"

That was a day ago and I still never got a positive response to my decision to come to visit her in Leipzig.

She's probably again in a depressive spiral -- if that's the case i should try my best not to make it worse. But i'm anxious. I'm anxious about how she, a month ago, was trying to gain distance from me. Intention: to soothe the sense of longing. I struggle with how my recognition of this intention affects how I read the fact. It could also signal an unspoken drive: simply wanting distance from me -- for any other reason than to avoid longing. It's not just to avoid longing. And I have to accept this. "*...und sich unsere Beziehung gerade sehr abstrakt und unreal anfühlt*". I feel strange. I feel like I shouldn't have become so emotionally dependent on B. I feel hurt and stupid, like i knew that she would pull out of this. I feel stupid because i didn't want to get dumped again.

Yesterday while doing the dishes I listened to a recording i made with HM, while i played piano and she sang. it was moving. I tried to show B once, and her listening was filtered by extreme jealousy. She criticized the quality of Heather's voice.

If B... No. B needs space right now. Give her that. This means: take care of yourself, because she doesn't want to -- or cannot be, or isn't -- dependable right now. Reach out to others in your affinity groups. Don't try to push through this alone.

(2021)