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DOPPLEGANG

ISSUE 1

Editor's Letter

This magazine was born with the purpose of exploring our relationship with images in contemporaneity, so it seemed inevitable to mention authorship and appropriation, and of course talking about these things, there is intrinsically "another" image. It also seems undeniable not to talk about creation. So far so good, every time we create we generate small extensions of ourselves. We imagine words, we generate new images.

Writing is strange at times, looking is also strange at times and you get tired of both. Writing seems higher than speaking, because we don't always do it, and because we do it carefully. You choose each word better, maybe that's why some people talk about important things on Whatsapp. We don't worry much about looking because we all look all the time, on autopilot, although things change depending on how we look at them.

This morning I was desperately looking for one of my socks in someone else's house. I searched for thirty minutes until I finally found it. I saw it reflected in a mirror next to me. I couldn't see myself, because I wasn't in front of the mirror, and I couldn't see the sock outside the mirror either, it was out of my FOV. I put it on and as I was leaving I thought about all this.

It made me think of all the times that something has not yet been made visible and still it exists, because the idea of an image is powerful even before it has been imagined. If the sock had wanted to find me, it would have done so even though I was sitting on the sofa, oblivious to the mirror, because my reflection is powerfull enough, just like his, and now I am arriving home with both socks on.

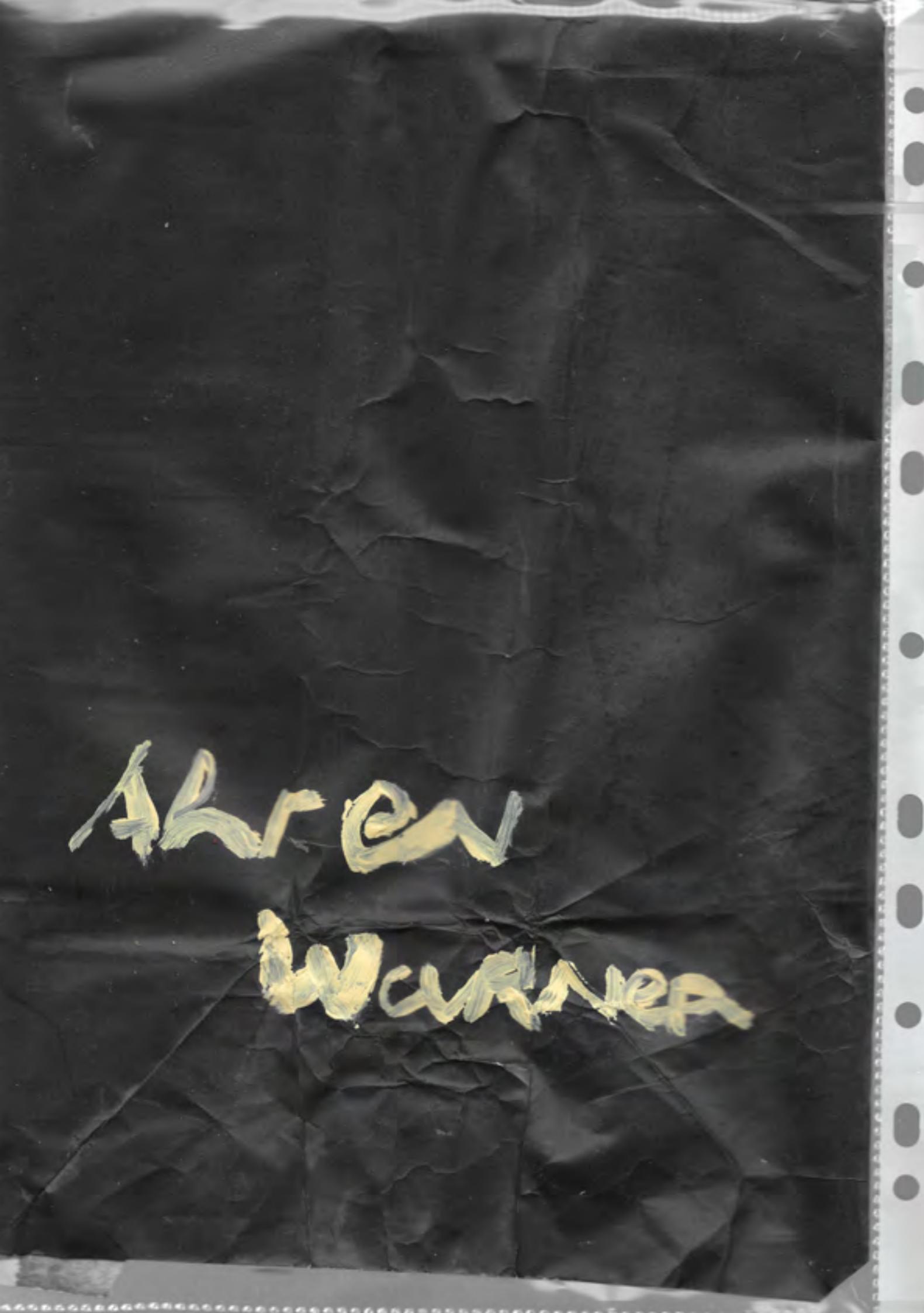
How many versions are there of everything that exists? The tangible is in crisis, because we don't want to call it "reality". Identity is also in crisis.

I guess we are the dopplegang*.

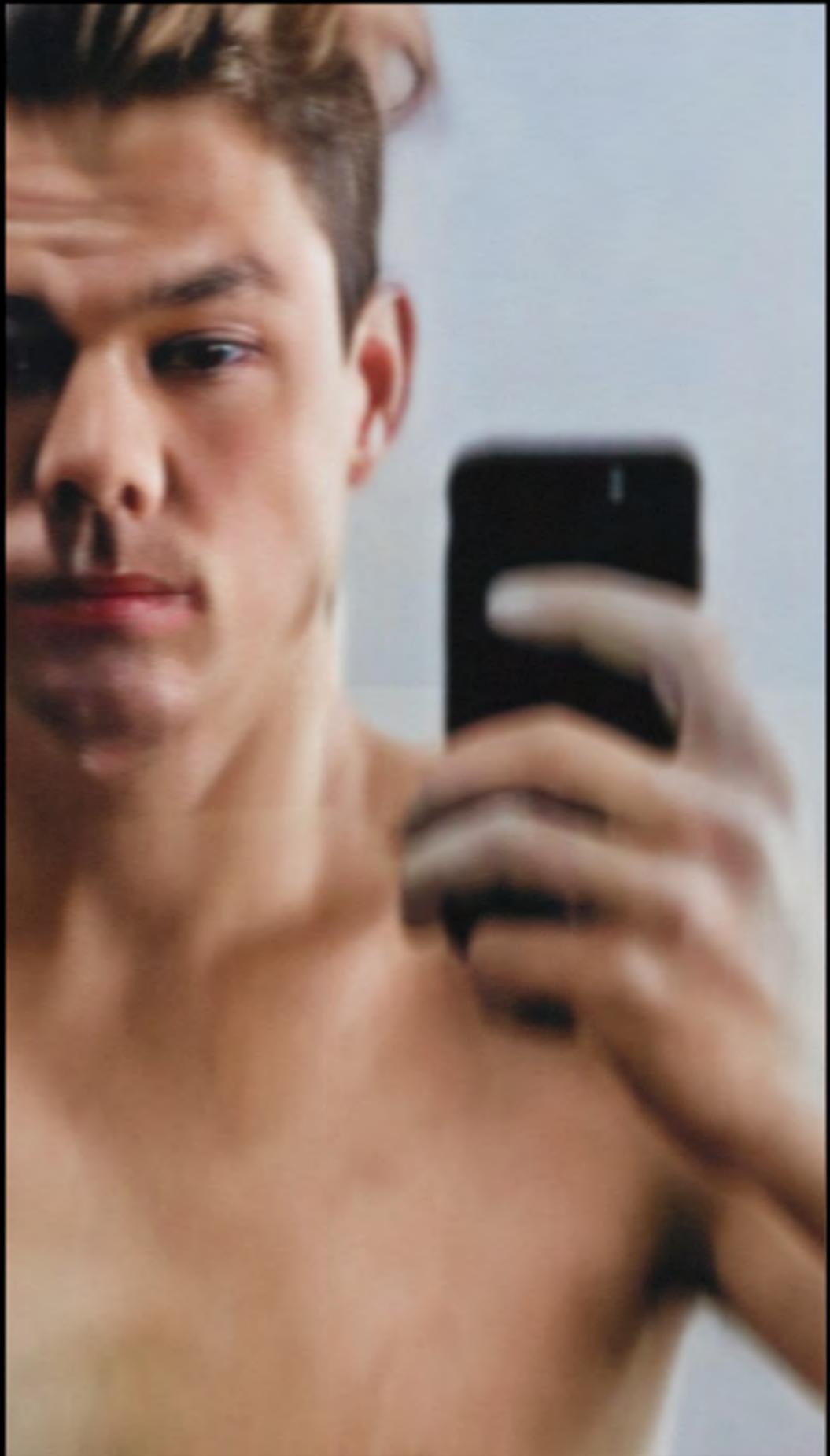
*Doppelgänger ([dɔpəl̩.geŋɐ]) is the German word for the ghostly double or evil impersonation of a living person. The word comes from doppel, meaning 'double' and gänger: 'walking'. Its older form, coined by the novelist Jean Paul in 1796, is Doppelgänger, 'the one who walks beside'.¹ The term is used to designate any double of a person, commonly in reference to the 'evil twin' or the phenomenon of bilocation.

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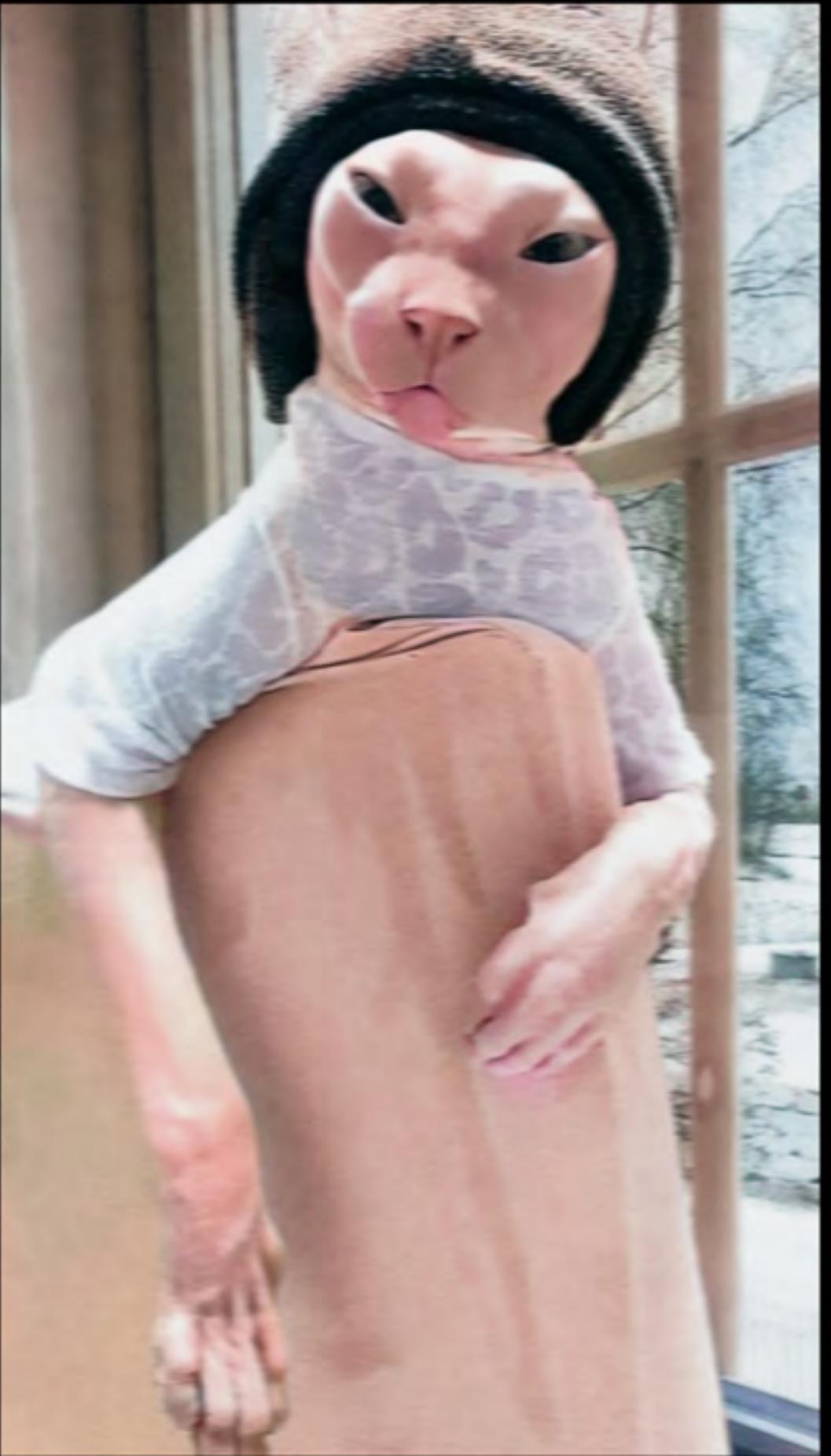
boris is a psychodynamic therapist



he specialises in a humanistic approach



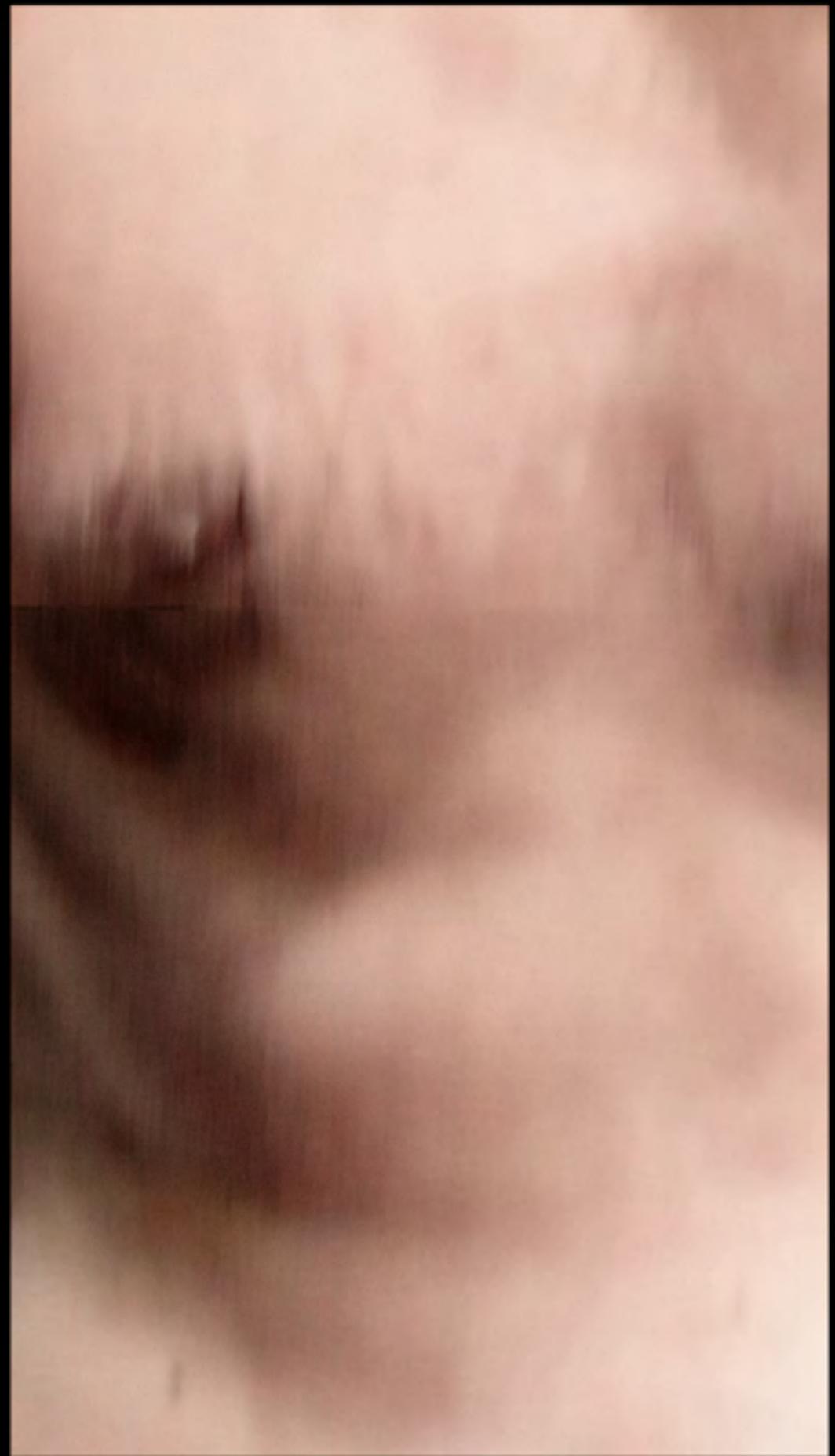
welcome, how are you feeling?



boris says, when you first meet him.



later, boris will say:



your desire is a kind of emptiness.



ESTADIO DE NAUFRAGIO

Alex de 3 años viéndose a sí mismo por primera vez en una cinta de vídeo casera.

En ese momento se genera un conflicto: no se reconoce a sí mismo, contempla aterrado a un niño extraño y amenazante que está invadiendo su campo de juego.

El encuentro con su primer yo-digital le lleva al asombro pero simultáneamente a la frustración de no entender su propia existencia como persona física. La incomodidad de percibir tu propio cuerpo desde una perspectiva que no es la de sujeto-espejo-sujeto / selfie-sujeto.

SHIPWRECK STADIUM

3-year-old Alex watching himself for the first time on a home videotape.

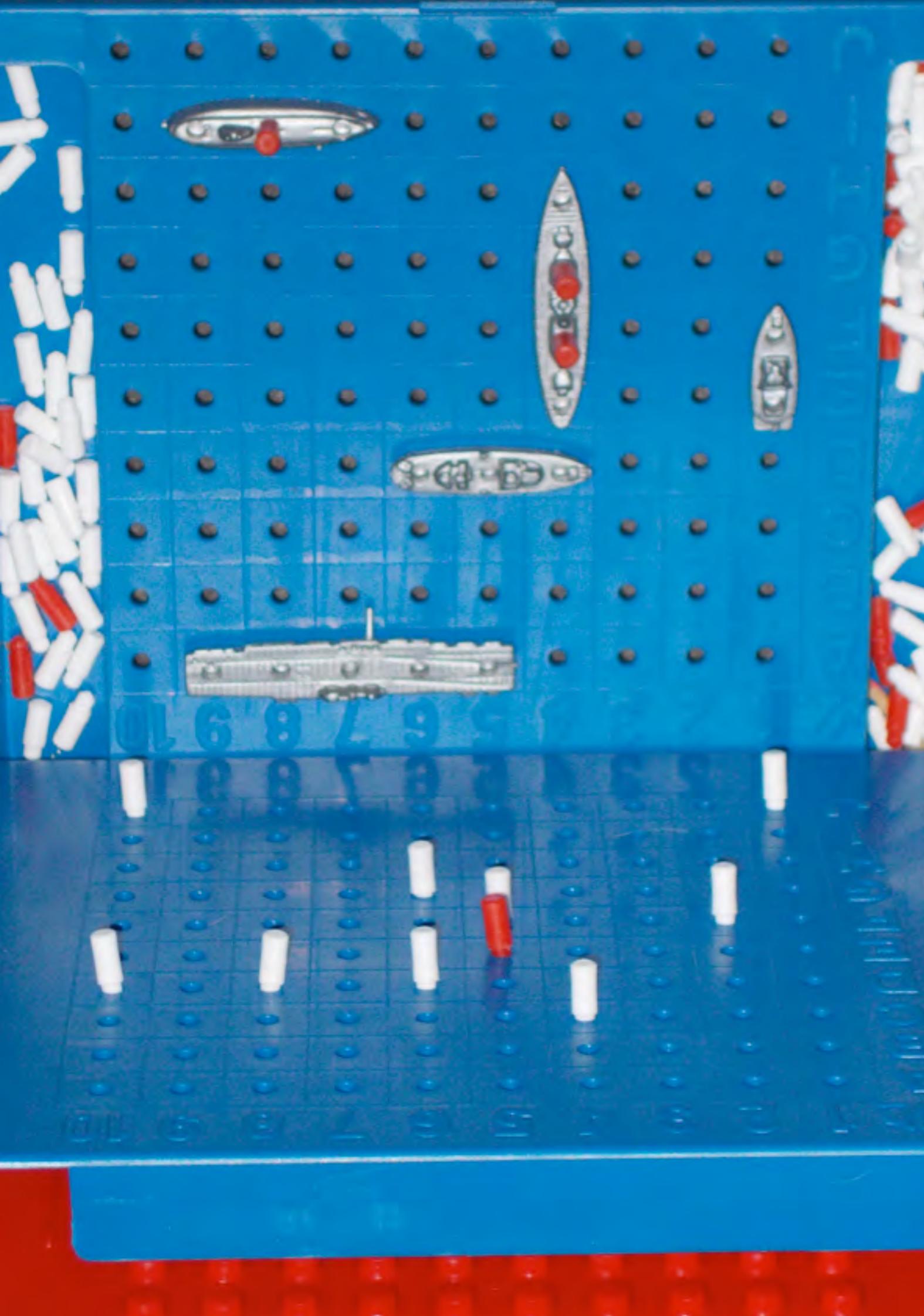
At that moment a conflict arises: he does not recognize himself, he looks in terror at a strange and threatening child who is invading his playground.

The encounter with his first digital self leads him to astonishment but simultaneously to the frustration of not understanding his own existence as a physical person. The discomfort of perceiving your own body from a perspective that is not that of subject-mirror-subject / selfie-subject.

Verte/reconocerte a ti mismo sin poder ver tu rostro.

Seeing/recognizing yourself without being able to see your face.





Alexandra
Liesse

CAMBIAR DE PIEL
LA CASA CARNAL DE LOS SIGNOS

38
"Pero, ¿se ha dudado alguna vez de que escribir es la vestimenta del habla? Incluso para Saussure fue una vestimenta de perversion, de laxitud, prenda (habito) de corrupción y disfras, una máscara de fiesta que hay que exorcizar con buen hablar: "La escritura vela la vista del lenguaje; no es nada más que un travestir (perversion en la traducción)". Una "Imagen" extraña. Se espera que si la escritura es una "Imagen" y una "figuración" externa, que entonces esta "representación" no sea inocente."

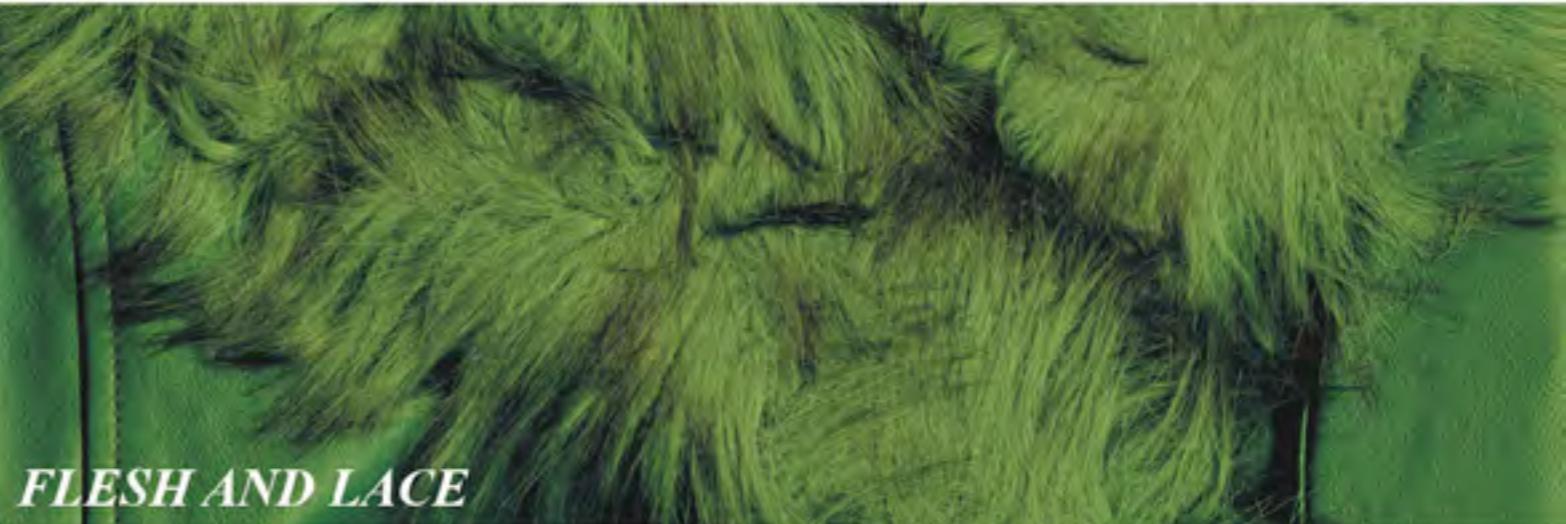
DERRIDA, Jacques, Lingüística y Gramatología, 2002



ENCLOTHED COGNITION
ALLOPLASTIC EXTENSIONS



LA ESTÉTICA NECESITA DISTANCIA



FLESH AND LACE

ESTILIZAR (VESTIR) ES MEDIAR EL CUERPO
(con el propósito de servir a una narrativa)

EXISTIR PARA SER FOTOGRAFIADAS

AUTOFOTICHISMO

IDENTIDAD-EXPERIMENTO

(imposturas de la experiencia que se han vuelto materiales)

CREAR LO QUE SE ES - MALAFORMA



*MIRRORED SELF-IMAGE
DRESSED PRECARITY*



*DECADENCIA Y
DECAIMIENTO*

*MEMORIES ARE FLUID
AFFECTIONATE RECOLLECTIONS*



*A VECES LA BELLEZA ES SÓLO UNA MEMORIA
NOUVEAUX RICHES DANS DANSES À LA VICTIME*





CLOTHING TOUCHES OTHERS FOR US

**INTERDIVIDUAL
IMITATIVE DESIRE**





The body moves constantly. It spasms. It contracts and relaxes in an endless and inevitable back and forth. Words come out of the mouth that, even if they are hurried, are strung together and make sense. They emerge from a place of their own nature: chaotic, endless and inevitable; and deeper or shallower depending on who is looking.

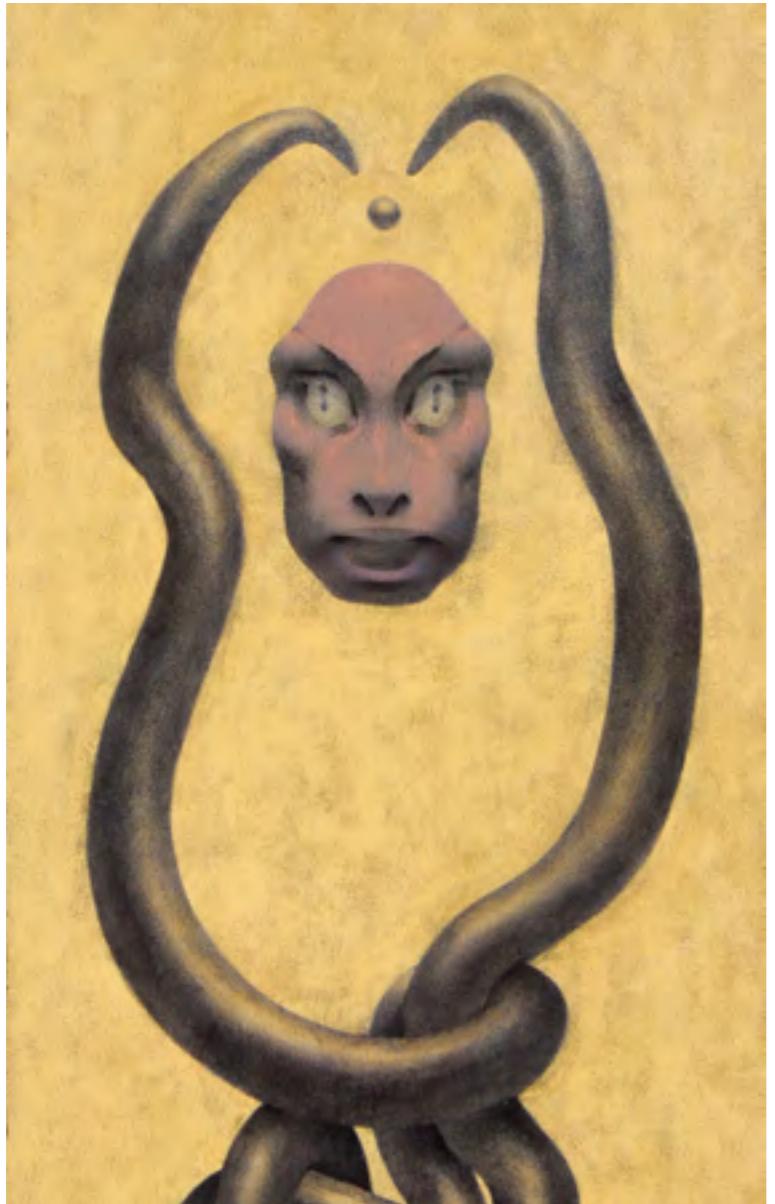
In all this there is something that is always present, that observes both what happens outside the body and what is closest to it. An all-seeing, all-judging eye that tries all the time to control everything. Although, far from being able to control anything, it is only capable of generating paralysis, of blocking any movement or word that occurs to the body.

These two places are forced to live together but separately, like two sides of a coin. They cannot be fused together, nor can one be done away with only one of them. For there is no persecutor without the persecute, no observer without the observed, no companion without the accompanied.

El cuerpo se mueve constantemente. Tiene espasmos. Se contrae y se relaja en un interminable e inevitable vaivén. De la boca salen palabras que, aunque apresuradas, se encadenan y tienen sentido. Surgen de un lugar propio de su naturaleza: caótico, interminable e inevitable; y más o menos profundo según quién mire.

En todo ello hay algo que siempre está presente, que observa tanto lo que ocurre fuera del cuerpo como lo que está más cerca de él. Un ojo que todo lo ve y todo lo juzga y que intenta en todo momento controlarlo todo. Aunque, lejos de poder controlar nada, sólo es capaz de generar parálisis, de bloquear cualquier movimiento o palabra que se le ocurra al cuerpo.

Estos dos lugares se ven obligados a convivir pero por separado, como las dos caras de una moneda. No se pueden fusionar, ni se puede acabar sólo con uno de ellos. Porque no hay perseguidor sin perseguido, ni observador sin observado, ni compañero sin acompañado.





Let's create a gap (Oh you, treacherous translator!)

Titling implies accepting authorship and I will resist doing so as long as possible. These pages were written through an epistolary collaboration during a few months some years ago. What went through me during the time I managed to sustain this exercise, did not dissipate when the exercise became unsustainable. The discomfort remained, the ethical questioning remained, the deep and violent curiosity remained. I still cannot reconcile positions regarding responsibility, the consumption of images, what is private and what is my own. My perception is distorted, my self-perception is distorted.

And just as I didn't know where I was going when I started inviting others to write, I share this because I don't know what I want to do with all this material either.

I made public an invitation to exchange cognitive work for erotic content. Below I attach a portion of what I received and attach a portion of what I sent. I will obviously omit as much personal data as possible, although I believe I paid for that information with the "personal" content I in turn shared.





Cecilia



Sensación



Ode



Escale

Fragment I: The hidden Language

In the shadow of the canvas, an unknown alphabet. Brushstrokes that whisper, colors that stay silent. A dialogue between light and darkness. What secrets will they reveal?

Fragment II: Echo

Echoes of a lost atlas. Fragmented memories, thought rhizomes. A labyrinth of images, reflections of a past that hides in the present. The artwork, an enigma.

Fragment III: The Folding Ritual

The fabric, a silent witness. Folded, hiding secrets in its folds. Each crease, an untold story. In the simplicity of the gesture, a universe of possibilities.

Haiku I: The Hidden Laungauge

Canvas shadows lie,
Whispers of colors nearby
Secrets held inside.

Canvas shadows speak,
Whispers of colors unfold,
Secrets yet unseen.

Haiku II: Echo

Fragments of the past,
Memories in rhizomes cast,
Echoes everlast.

Lost atlas whispers,
Memories woven in time,
Enigma persists.

Haiku III: The Folding Ritual

Fabric holds within,
Folded silence, stories spin,
Silent tales begin.

Fabric's silent tale,
Folded secrets gently held,
A universe waits.

Luccia
García

Haiku IV: Dance of Contrasts

Beauty in fracture
Chaos holds a hidden lure,
Art reborn, pure.

Contrast's gentle dance,
Chaos yields to order's call,
Creation reborn.

Haiku V: The Spectator's Journey

Gazes sailing far,
Interpretation's vast star,
Seeking truths, they spar.

Gazes drift and roam,
Interpretation's vast sea,
Truths sought in the art.

Haiku VI: The Whisper in the Darkness

Art in quiet shade,
Whispers in shadows cascade,
Mystery portrayed.
Silent studio,

Whispers breathe life into art,
Mystery unveiled.

La condición impuesta de inexistencia
Lucci García, 2023

—Usted no es nada, usted no existe.

—¿Cómo que no existo?

—Existe a través de mí. Le voy a destruir para crear.”

Revisando aquellos olvidados ensayos escritos para un trabajo de fin de máster, me escandalizó la incesante necesidad que tenía de dar explicaciones. Las justificaciones en exceso no eran más que un reflejo de la búsqueda de validación externa que, abriendo la ventana a la autodestrucción, me hicieron creer que sin existir a través del otro, el yo era invisible.

¿Por qué hablaba de lo que hablaba? ¿por qué lo hacía en primera persona? Aclaraba que al tener una investigación situada y centrada en la patologización del malestar, como un producto más del capitalismo, veía inevitable introducir el conocimiento situado de Donna Haraway. Esta propone que los objetos de estudio deben mostrar el punto de vista desde el que se parte y por qué, poniendo de relieve que todo conocimiento está ligado al contexto y subjetividad de quién lo difunde.

Más adelante declaraba que escribir desde la experiencia propia, dentro de la teoría feminista, es una herramienta necesaria y no un ejercicio narcisista.

Fui culpable de mostrar demasiado, de ser vulnerable en exceso, de hablar de las prácticas que trastornan las formas dominantes de subjetivación. “Resistir a la tendencia dominante de la subjetividad colonial-capitalística que, reducida al sujeto, interpreta el malestar como amenaza de desagregación y lo transforma en angustia, en síntoma que debe ser diagnosticado por un manual de enfermedades mentales (Rolnik, 2019: 14)”.

La trazabilidad entre la enfermedad mental y el extrañamiento corporal que sentía al ver mi reflejo, se convirtió, más que en objeto de estudio, en obsesión de estudio.

Imagina mirarte en el espejo y ver a ambos lados una unidad corporal...

A partir de una resignificación de la teoría lacaniana, entendí que la fragmentación del cuerpo se da por lo vivido, por los efectos provocados a partir de la experiencia. En cambio, la unidad corporal se conforma a través de lo visto por *los otros*, la *otredad* constituye así el *yo ideal*. Por ejemplo, hacer de tu condición la identidad única que te define, es verte bajo las lentes del *otro*. Sumun de las formas dominantes de subjetivación. La trampa de lo imaginario genera la creencia: *esa soy yo*, —lo que vemos creemos que es lo que somos—.

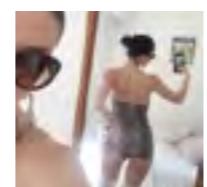
Otra creencia:

Se rompió el

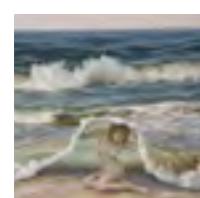
espejo

en el que me
veía,

ahora solo existo



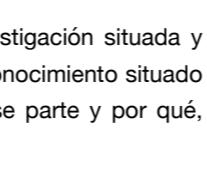
a través del otro.



Me sitúo.

Intenté desvincularme de una identidad única. Me encontré buscando un reconocimiento que confirmase que el extrañamiento sufrido durante mis procesos de subjetivación era válido sólo si se justificaba a través de otros nombres. Comencé así otro proceso más doloroso, el de la destrucción de la propia subjetividad.

Perdí el sentido.



Llegó la apatía, la frustración y la resistencia.



¿Acaso no he sido buena? Escribí el 30 de diciembre.

No obvies mi memoria.

Este texto ha cambiado. Ya nada es tan importante, pero sentirse acompañada sigue siendo la prioridad.

Empecé entonces a recolectar formas de sentirme invisible en la cultura capitalista acelerada. Entre las cuales resonó la condición autoimpuesta de inexistencia.

Y es que la otredad mal estudiada es el punto de inflexión en este ensayo, porque existir a través del otro no es más que la forma más visible de invisibilidad.

Forma 1. Las justificaciones en exceso

Forma 2. La búsqueda de la validación externa

Forma 3. La autodestrucción

Forma 4. La otredad mal estudiada

Forma 5. Habitar el secreto

Forma 6. Creer que el tiempo está agotado

Fuerza de resistencia. Pensar en un nosotras y no en un otro.

Son muchas las personas que consideran ‘su mundo’ como único y absoluto, es decir, no se abren a otras formas de habitabilidad, lo que paraliza la evolución hacia nuevas resistencias. En cambio, hay otras que luchan por alejarse de las formas establecidas, pensando la creación colectiva como un modo de existencia. Ha sido el dúo Preciado-Rolnik el que me ha dado esta visión del funcionamiento de las subjetividades. Haciéndome ver que es posible lograr que la forma no venza a la fuerza, aunque el malestar que sentimos sea real y lícito. El abuso que nos domina no depende de nosotras como objeto, esta es la cara oculta del prefijo auto.

Puedo sentenciar que es posible no dejarse vencer por las formas de invisibilización que planteo al encontrar esa fuerza de resistencia de la que hablo. Pero muchas han sido las veces que he vuelto a leer este texto y a sentirme distanciada de mis propias conclusiones.

Quizás la solución esté en lograr que pensar y resistir sean una misma cosa. Y que por mucho que cambien las cuestiones o los deseos, el malestar va a seguir estando ahí, la tristeza seguirá estando, y solo nos quedará sobrevivir a nosotras mismas.

Aunque también es verdad, a pesar de que se me olvide cada día, que el hecho de colectivizarse, —que para mí no viene a decir más que sostenernos entre nosotras—, puede ser una buena respuesta. Y digo que se me olvida porque la sensación de soledad que me ha perseguido siempre y que tanto me atormenta, hace que me sea más sencillo refugiarme en ese malestar tan conocido. A veces incluso me impide creer que este ensayo lo haya escrito yo.

The imposed condition of nonexistence
Lucci García, 2023

"-You are nothing, you do not exist
-what do you mean I don't exist?
-You exist through me, I am going to destroy you to create."

Deforme Semanal, La destrucción (2022).

Reviewing those forgotten essays written for a master's thesis, I was shocked by the incessant need I had to give explanations. The excessive justifications were nothing more than a reflection of the search for external validation that, opening the window to self destruction, made me believe that without existing through the other, the self was invisible.

Why did I speak about what I spoke? why do it in first person? I clarified that by having a research situated and focused on the pathologization of discomfort, as another product of capitalism, I believed it was inevitable to introduce the situated knowledge of Donna Haraway. Whom proposes that the objects of study must show the point of view from which they start and why, highlighting that all knowledge is linked to the context and subjectivity of the person who spreads it.

Later she declared that writing from personal experience, within feminist theory, is a necessary tool and not a narcissistic exercise.

I was guilty of showing too much, of being too vulnerable, of talking about practices that disrupt dominant forms of subjectivation. "Resist the dominant tendency of colonial-capitalist subjectivity that, reduced to the subject, interprets discomfort as a threat of disaggregation and transforms it into anguish, a symptom that must be diagnosed by a manual of mental illnesses (Rolnik, 2019:14)".

The traceability between the mental illness and the physical estrangement that I felt when seeing my reflection became, more than an object of study, an obsession of study...

Imagine looking in the mirror and seeing a bodily unity on both sides...

From a resignification of the Lacanian theory, I understood that the fragmentation of the body occurs due to what has been experienced, due to the effects caused by experience. On the other hand, the corporal unity is formed through what is seen by others, otherness thus constitutes the ideal self. For example, making your condition the unique identity that defines you is seeing yourself through the lenses of the other.

Summon of the dominant forms of subjectivation. The trap of the imaginary generates the belief: that is me-what we see we believe is what we are.

Another belief: The mirror in which I saw myself broke, now I only exist through the other.

I position myself.

I tried to disassociate myself from a single identity. I found myself looking for a recognition that would confirm that the estrangement suffered during my subjectivation processes was valid only if it was justified through other names. Thus I began another more painful process, the destruction of my own subjectivity.

I lost my senses.

Apathy, frustration and resistance arrived. Have I not been good? I wrote on December 30.

Are all losses gains or do some just make us feel more lost? Without a doubt this year I feel like I have lost, I told myself, reviewing my achievements and failures. But these weren't even mine. Self-destruction is staying in a relationship that is closer to the abuse of power than to its main function.

Don't ignore my memory.

This text has changed. Nothing is so important anymore, but feeling accompanied is still the priority. I then began to collect ways of feeling invisible in the accelerated capitalist culture. Among which the self-imposed condition of non-existence resonated.

And it turns out that ill-studied otherness is the turning point in this essay, because existing through the other is nothing more than the most visible form of invisibility.

Form 1. Excessive justifications
Form 2. The search for external-validation
Form3. Self-destruction
Form4. Ill-studied otherness
Form 5. Inhabit the secret
Form 6. Believing that time is up

Resistance force. Think of an "us" and not an "other"

There are many people who consider "their world" as unique and absolute, that is, they do not open themselves to other forms of habitability, which paralyzes the evolution toward new resistances. On the other hand, there are others who fight to move away from established forms, thinking of collective creation as a way of existence. It has been the Preciado-Rolnik duo that has given me this vision of the functioning of subjectivities. Making me see that it is possible to ensure that form does not overcome force, even if the discomfort we feel is real and legal. The abuse that dominates us does not depend on us as an object, this is the hidden side of the prefix self.

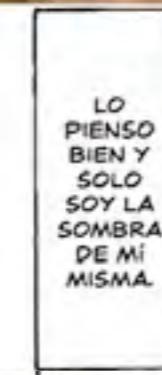
I can say that it is possible not to be defeated by the forms of invisibilization that I propose when finding that force of resistance that I speak of. But many have been the times that I have re-read this text and felt distanced from my own conclusions.

Perhaps the solution is to make thinking and resistance the same thing. And that no matter how much the issues or desires change, the discomfort will continue to be there, the sadness will continue to be there, and we will only have to survive ourselves.

Although it is also true, even though I forget every day, that the fact of collectivization, -which for me means nothing more than supporting each other-, can be a good answer. And I say that I forget because the feeling of loneliness that has always followed me and that torments me so much, makes it easier to take refuge in that well-known discomfort. Sometimes it even keeps me from believing that this essay was written by me.



Moni Haworth & Petra
Collins: Lunar Library



Via Instagram @bajonasso



Mirror Piece I
(Reconfigured), 1969/2010
Joan Jonas



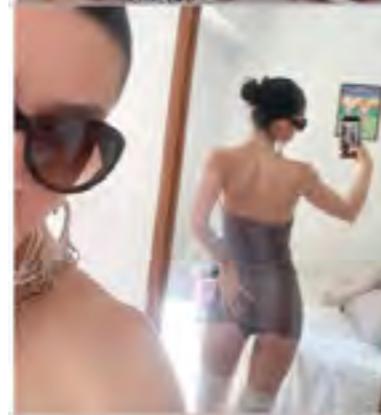
Collage 'Ataúd' by Lucci
García



Via Pinterest



Cindy Sherman Untitled
Stills #27



Via Myself



Painting 'La hora azul' by
Alex Alemany
realismoenlapintura.com



Via Pinterest @glogxrl

"I wouldn't ERASE MY STORY or want it to be erased. Having an INTERESTING life makes for interesting STORYTELLING"

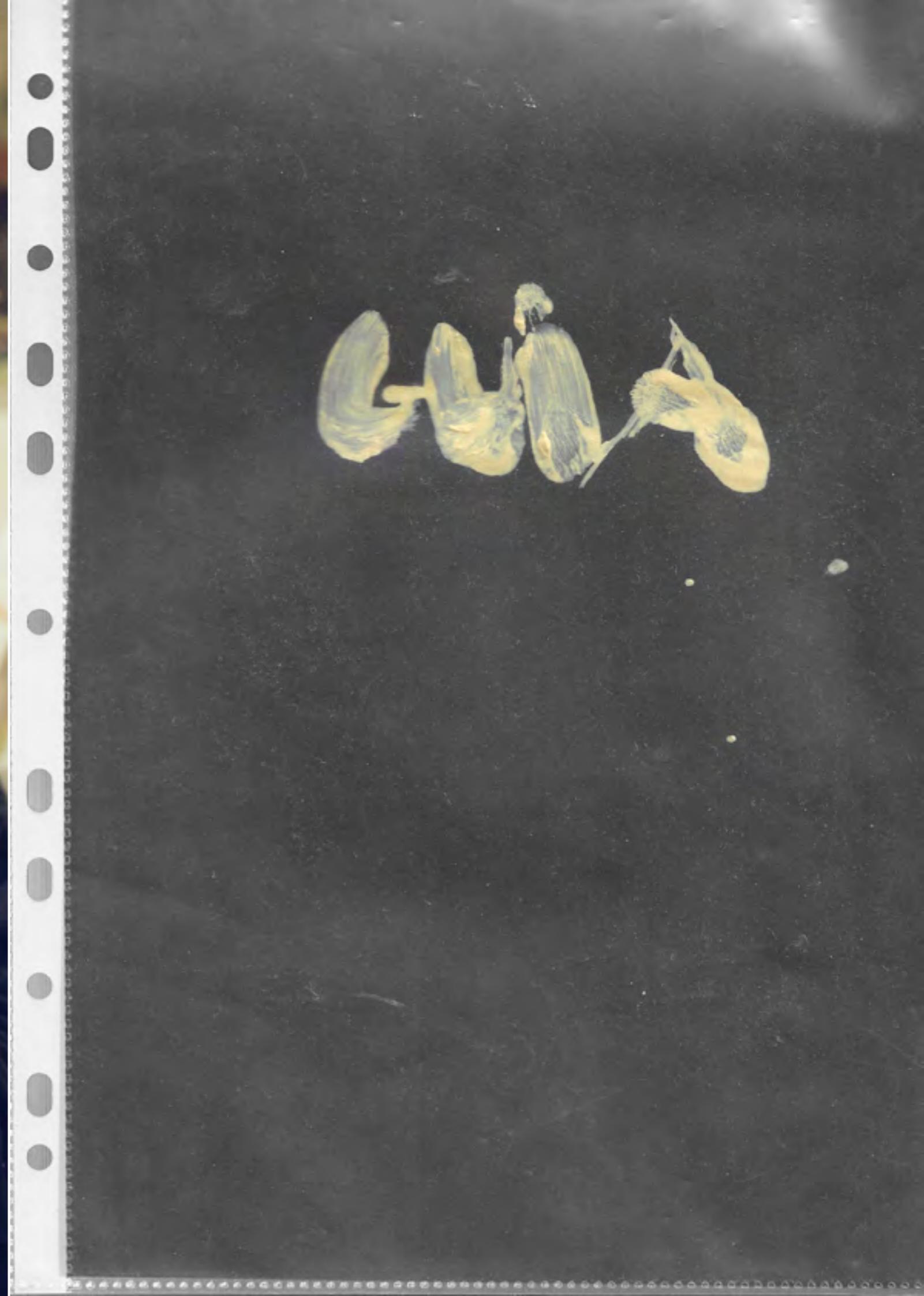
Via Instagram



Seeing double
Catch me if you can
I'm on the road to nowhere
Sleeping soundly
With one eye open.
It takes two to tango
So easy come easy go
Let your hair down darling
Easier said than done
Good things come to those who wait
Patience is a virtue
And heaven knows, I'm miserable now
And misery loves company
Every cloud has a silver lining
But silence is golden
Talk is cheap
The best things in life are free
Though there's no such thing as a free lunch
You are what you eat
So I have my cake, and I eat it too
Too much of a good thing?
Too little, too late?
Give him an inch and he'll take a mile
Like father, like son
Mud sticks
Red sky in the morning
Glass houses and stones thrown
Look before you leap
Live by the sword,
Die trying

Fatcow Sack





CHALK PERMEATES THE AIR

FEATHERS RUFFLED

MUSCLES ARE STIFF VOICE IS SMOOTH

ALL HUSTLE NO LUCK

LONELY HOUR OF THE SILVER STARLET

HEAVY EYES

STREET LIGHT MYTHOLOGY

LUSCIOUS PIERROT



FIST

THROUGH THE MIRROR

THE SHARDS

A BALL





SAW YOU WHISPER HYMNS TO HEAVENS ABOVE



THE AUDIENCE GASPS

ONE LAST HURRAH



Luna
López
Portada

Amor hypolepsis

¡Qué copioso placer produce a la de veces el yo interior! Cuando dice poco,
Cuando es tenue,
Y deslumbra con la sutileza de un susurro.
Ayer,
Cantábame la almohada al oido,
Dicatábame los sueños justo antes del alba, naturalmente cuando mejor se deduce aquella palabra
Que es indefinida, tenebrosa, ambigua como el mismo alba.
El desvelamiento me llevó a cabo el llanto
En una precipitada comprensión
pero no más.
Renuncié a buscar qué pérdida producía ese quejido
en mi plena intimidad.
Pues como llega se va
Y deja un eón de placer indomito
que es fuente y torrente.
Produce sed ese agua de más
Y se hilvana en el lenguaje y al corazón.
Sin embargo,
Maná y ya está
Con breve goteo
y un murmurar líquido
como maná
sin que lo pensemos
de la tierra,
el agua.
Luego se disipa
Ya eclipsa el Sol a la Luna,
luego es de día.
Y como el agua libera, se infunde un miedo intenso ante el reflejo que la luz engendra en ese agua nueva.
Se espanta el instinto y las manos sacuden la imagen en el charco.
Pero ese reflejo, amigo, es un obsequio a guardar como un tesoro.



exciting opportunities every day. Amidst

It would be easy if one could anchor all of this, I was exploring freshly founded social media platforms in constant different paths in a precise descriptive search of self-expression. I tried not to moment. But with all the doubts and feelings that come with it. I do not believe in the existence of such a moment, just as I do not believe in rigid duality.

lose touch with the city's trends that my friends were participating in: Dressed in the right American Apparel zip hoodies I created photographic experiments from

Interesting enough, in English the idea of the Doppelganger includes the aspect for sloppy Graphic Designs. A mobile phone of the ghostly or evil double of a living self-timer for my camera was probably person. In German, my mother tongue and the language from which the term originates, there is no such connotation.¹ But, I think that the moving created a certain tornness in me. This was per-

Martin has slid into my IG dm's after following my work silently for quite some time and asked me if I would like to contribute for his magazine and explore around the concept of the 'Doppelganger'. This is a dare to explore because it gave me certain self-confidence within the construct of an artworld: as an artist and art historian, between pretending to move freely without conventions and conservative academia.

// So, my parents decided to move in 2001. I was just like any other kid transplanted from the big city to the countryside — lost. I think the most important thing to highlight (next to the eerily beautiful landscape I suddenly found myself in and the language I had to learn anew) is the historic context in which I grew up: the Internet becoming a mass medium in the early 2000s, offering new and

In the Novel *Retour à Reims* I stumbled across the concept of the "split habitus" for the first time: not really belonging an-

ywhere.³ I could relate to these figures. The conflict that accompanied my growing up allowed me to take a critical external perspective and became my habitus of perception, allowing me to come up with my own personal explanations of how the world works.

1 A doppelganger is a person who bears such a strong resemblance to another individual that it may lead to confusion of their identity. The arts' interest in the doppelganger motif has philosophical and psychological roots, addressing questions concerning the reality and ontology of the individual and their identity. Artistic theories, such as the nature of artistic fiction, also play a significant role, particularly in the creation of doppelgangers.

2 As I write these lines, I am thinking of an interview with Isabelle Graw. She speaks of an inner distinction as the basis of her theoretical stance and draws conclusions from the reflection and exploration of her own identity, cf. Holm-Uwe Burgemann / Konstantin Schönfelder, *L'Éducation non sentimentale*. Interview with Isabelle Graw, 5. Juni 2021, URL: <https://www.praeposition.com/text/interview/isabelle-graw> (28.01.2024). But at the same time – do we not all have to be hybrid, being many, in attempt to swim on the surface?

3 Didier Eribon, *Retour à Reims*, Paris 2009.

Gradually, most of the Websites and Networks I grew up on disappeared, further than that moment. some of the followers and friends remained. I've spent a lot of time cleaning up my traces of the early Internet, trying to create new paths with my output.

I think a lot about the infrastructures in which I now move, about my radius attempt to recognize continuities and encompassing workshops and studios, ruptures and to understand art in its his-symposia and libraries. I still did not figure out, how to present myself on the internet. I'm caught between Dark Academia library content and the latest art history and its discourses had finally

image conventions and trends I try to fallen away from me. Finally, I could be adopt. I try to visualize myself and my myself – only to circle back to the same artistic expression in a marketable ex- thoughts and approaches. I once had ternal perspective. I share cute mirror selfies, memories with friends and pictures of motorbike trips. Am I subjective as an artist? Am I objective as an art his-torian?

lly moving freely?

When I first considered art university, I wrote to a friend of my father's who was a professor at some academy at the time, to figure out how to become an artist. For me it was inseparably tied to a mission at an art university. She replied by sending me questions that completely off track: I did not have any good answer to them, I had no clue about art. Consequently, I enrolled in art history.

And I loved studying thousands of churches, yet I often got my essays torn up and failed exams hopelessly. Years later, at the entrance exam, I was confronted with the same questions: What is it, you want to express? Why? When I read my response today, I must laugh. I rattled off the answers with almost pretentious ease, I was completely over-prepared. Nevertheless, I had found my

destination. But I hadn't planned any Critics often judge me by this: „You ned. I've spent a lot of time cleaning up can't see the art history in your work“. I never know if it's meant as a compliment or not. In my academic texts, I include

I am caught between analysis and creativity. In art history, I distance myself by being an artist, as an artist I demarcate myself through my role as an art historian.

I resist belonging.

The combination of influences and manifestations of these pursuits allows me to enter new spaces: I can liberate myself on an analytical level and internally oscillate between the different worlds. The uncertainty that art history brings with it has not yet left me, I will always feel small next to its legacy. As an artist, I can sometimes detach myself from my desperate need for expression, but then again, I can't. I often try to adapt myself to the invisible criteria of the artworld, like a secret checklist that must be fulfilled. Does that make it easier? I don't know. I have not yet found out how to fit in, either. Self-fashioning is the term

Stephen Greenblatt introduced: The pictures we hang on our walls, the clothes we wear, the books we read.⁵ It's always a question of outside or inside. Who's in, who not. I hope that my discrepancies as an artist will become smaller, and that theory and practical work will become intertwined. Mix it all together and you get the best of both worlds, as Hannah Montana is known to say. May this text be an attempt.

⁴ The present text requires a reference to my own subjectivity. The text is written from a situational perspective that is not without influences and assumptions. I am part of a Westernized society and received my academic training in this context. Certain cultural influences and interpretations can therefore not be assumed to be universally valid. I want to make the reader aware of the situationality and associated limitations of the perspective to contribute to a nuanced understanding of cultural phenomena. Cf. Donna Haraway, *Situierter Wissen. Die Wissenschaftsfrage im Feminismus und das Privileg einer partialen Perspektive*, in: Haraway, *Die Neuerfindung der Natur. Primaten, Cyborgs und Frauen*, Frankfurt am Main 1995, S.73-97.



⁵ Stephen Greenblatt, *Renaissance Self-Fashioning: from More to Shakespeare*, Chicago 1980.

Brille
Run Galoier





PLUS PUTES QUE TOUTES LES
PUTES
ORTIES, SEXTAPE
FIRST RULE OF SEDUCTION
BE a Siur WiTH an eaucanon
MOCK THE BOYS
PREFER HORSEBACK
DOT TELL ARYORE THEIR TONE
ອກຈະ ASSURE THEN ອັບລາດເດີ THE aC707
OH!
CITaIC acla ana HeaomonEs
SCRAMBLE THE METRORONE
1234 STOP
JoUhE no LonER my man
YOU'LL LOVE IT WHEN I TREAT YOU WELL YOULL SAVOR IT WHEN I HURT YOU IT WON'T LAST BETWEEN
US
IT'S YOUR FAULT, YOU WERE TOO UGLY
On OUR WEODING NIGHT
YOU WOULD CHOKC ON THE CUT, DEAR
GO PLAY SPORTS
YOULL MARE A PREITY CORPSE
I HAVE SEX WITH THE
ອົງກວາ
PUSSY, I PREFER YOU
STIFF ano CoLo
THEN YOU'RE LESSON!
EHATTERaDX
THE DRUG TELLS ME "YES YES,
ອຍອດ / LOVE YOU a THOUSaT²
TIMES"
F mY amE IS 'ອອຄຣາຍ'
REURO, / HAVE TOO MUCH GLORY
DROP OF P01507
ALL MY TPSS CHOE
ILL LEAVE YOU EVEN IF YOURE
HANDSOME
MA LOVE, "OC015 707"7/6"
ນອນສ່ນອພາຍເຮຍ ອອງ
"GUYS" PLUS "ME" EQUALS
"NOTHING"
"CORE" ອກຈະ"ຮາລອພວລະ THE
SAME, LOVE ME
ແລກລາວພວລະລັກ ຈົດ a ລັກລັກ
/ wanaa FucR a Goo
HER OUT"
THAK 'monEy"
NO RATHER HAVE MILLIGRAMS OF
COKE
THAN A KISS FROM YOUR FRIEND
MORE O UITTLE BIT OF MORES
IN...OF THE CEMETERY ON YEA



<A Million Gazans Have Nowhere to Hide From Coming Israeli Troops>
Israel warned Gazans to leave ahead of a military offensive to destroy the Hamas militant group.
By Sam Dagher, Kateryna Kadashy, and Malaika Kanaaneh Tapper (Bloomberg)

Fire and smoke rise above buildings in Gaza City during an Israeli air strike, on Oct. 13. Photographer:
Mahmud Hams/AFP/Getty Images

<Kim Jong Un: Is North Korea's leader actually considering war?>
By Frances Mao (BBC News)

<Have You Heard the One About President Joe Biden?>
By Jeanne Marie Laskas

<리얼들 수입 힘 받는다…행정법원, “리얼들, 여성 존엄성 침손 아냐”>
Real Doll's import is encouraged...Administrative Court, "Real Doll, it's not a violation of women's dignity."
By Lee Jeong-sik (The Korea health news)

/

Ai image Prompt :
Capitalism utopia
North Korea





CUERPO

Las imágenes que no han llegado a la red, que han quedado ancladas en soportes físicos, ¿son realmente imágenes?

¿Se llegan a considerar imágenes aunque no tengamos acceso a mirarlas?

La creación de CUERPO PERDIDO para la revista surge de añorar todas las imágenes que no he podido recuperar de cámaras digitales obsoletas y que no están almacenadas en ningún otro lugar de donde las pueda recuperar.

De pequeña creé un vínculo especial con mi cámara digital compacta, era hasta casi un acto ritualístico poner el temporizador y colocarla en la balda más alta de mi estantería para que cuando quedara 1 pegar un gran salto y tenerlo registrado para siempre. El resultado de esas imágenes me encantaba porque me hacía muchísima gracia verme congelada con todo mi pelo desafiando a la gravedad y una cara desencajada.

Me apena mucho no tener conmigo esas imágenes a día de hoy, por lo que lo tomamos como punto de partida para hacer CUERPO PERDIDO.

En estas imágenes tomamos de forma literal al dopplegänger como doble fantasmagórico de todas esas imágenes desaparecidas. Un fantasma al que vemos corriendo desorientado colina abajo intentando encontrar su cuerpo físico, del que él mismo es doble (entendiendo ese cuerpo como las imágenes desaparecidas). Esta búsqueda nos hace volver a la pregunta inicial, las imágenes que no han llegado a la red,

¿son realmente imágenes?

BODY

Are the images that have not reached the network, that have remained anchored in physical media, really images?

Do they come to be considered images even if we do not have access to look at them?

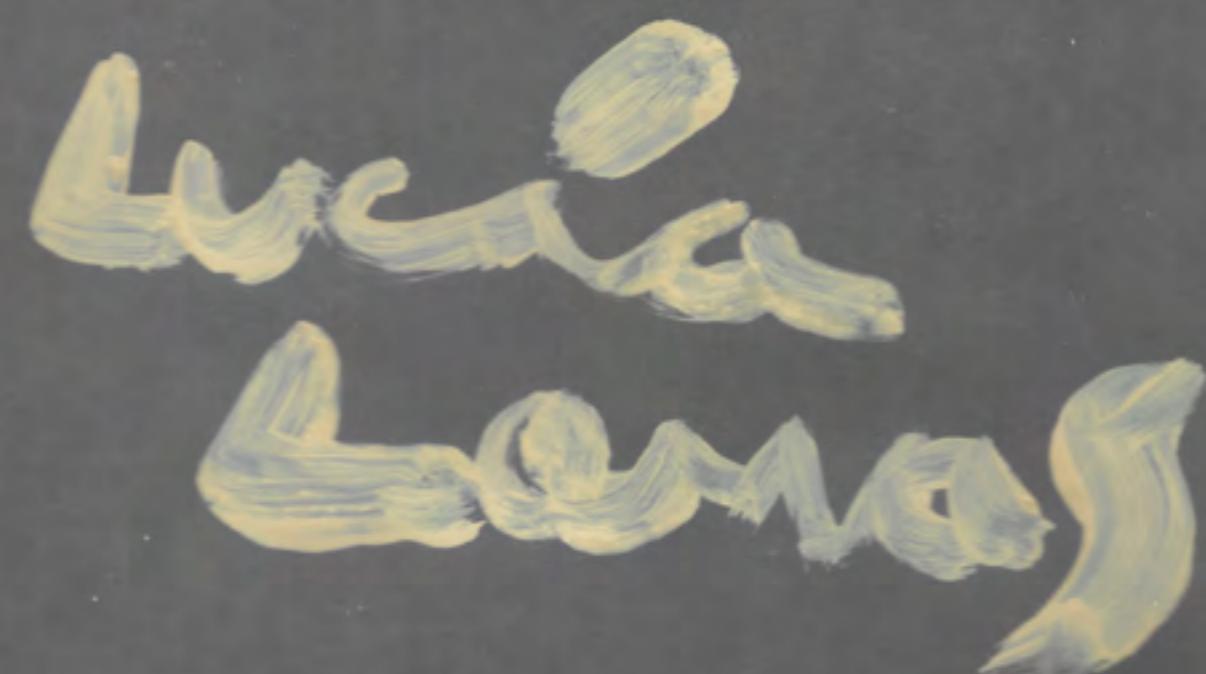
The creation of LOST BODY for the magazine comes from longing for all the images that I have not been able to recover from obsolete digital cameras and that are not stored anywhere else from where I can retrieve them.

As a child I created a special bond with my compact digital camera, it was almost a ritualistic act to set the timer and place it on the highest shelf of my bookshelf so that when there was 1 second left I could take a big jump and have it recorded forever. I loved the result of those images because it was so funny to see myself frozen with all my hair defying gravity and a disjointed face.

I'm very sad that I don't have those images with me today, so we took it as a starting point to make a lost body.

In these images we take literally the dopplegänger as a phantasmagoric double of all those missing images. A ghost that we see running disoriented down a hill trying to find his physical body, of which he himself is a double (understanding that body as the missing images). This search brings us back to the initial question, the images that have not reached the network,

are they really images?









*Doppelgänger ([dɔpəl'gɛŋɐ]) is the German word for the ghostly double or evil impersonation of a living person. The word comes from *doppel*, meaning 'double' and *gänger*: 'walking'. Its older form, coined by the novelist Jean Paul in 1796, is *Doppelgänger*, 'the one who walks beside'.¹ The term is used to designate any double of a person, commonly in reference to the 'evil twin' or the phenomenon of bilocation.







Se dice que todos los hombres y las mujeres quedaban enamorados de Narciso, pero este los rechazaba. Entre las jóvenes heridas por su amor estaba la ninfa Eco, quien había disgustado a la diosa Hera y por ello esta la había condenado a repetir las últimas palabras de aquello que se le dijera. Por tanto, era incapaz de hablar a Narciso de su amor, pero un día, cuando él estaba caminando por el bosque, ella lo siguió. Cuando él preguntó «¿Hay alguien aquí?», Eco respondió: «Aquí, aquí». Incapaz de verla oculta entre los árboles, Narciso le gritó: «¡Ven!». Después de responder, Eco salió de entre los árboles con los brazos abiertos. Narciso cruelmente se negó a aceptar su amor, por lo que Eco, desolada, se ocultó en una cueva y allí se consumió hasta que solo quedó su voz.

Para castigar a Narciso por su engreimiento, Némesis hizo que se enamorara de su propia imagen reflejada en un estanque. En una contemplación absorta, incapaz de separarse de su imagen, acabó arrojándose a las aguas. En el sitio donde su cuerpo había caído, creció una hermosa flor, que hizo honor al nombre y la memoria de Narciso.





Photo: Luis Calvo

Muah: Sierra

Stylist: Carlota Ferreiro

Creative Direction: Tere Segovia

Talent: Gadea Evans







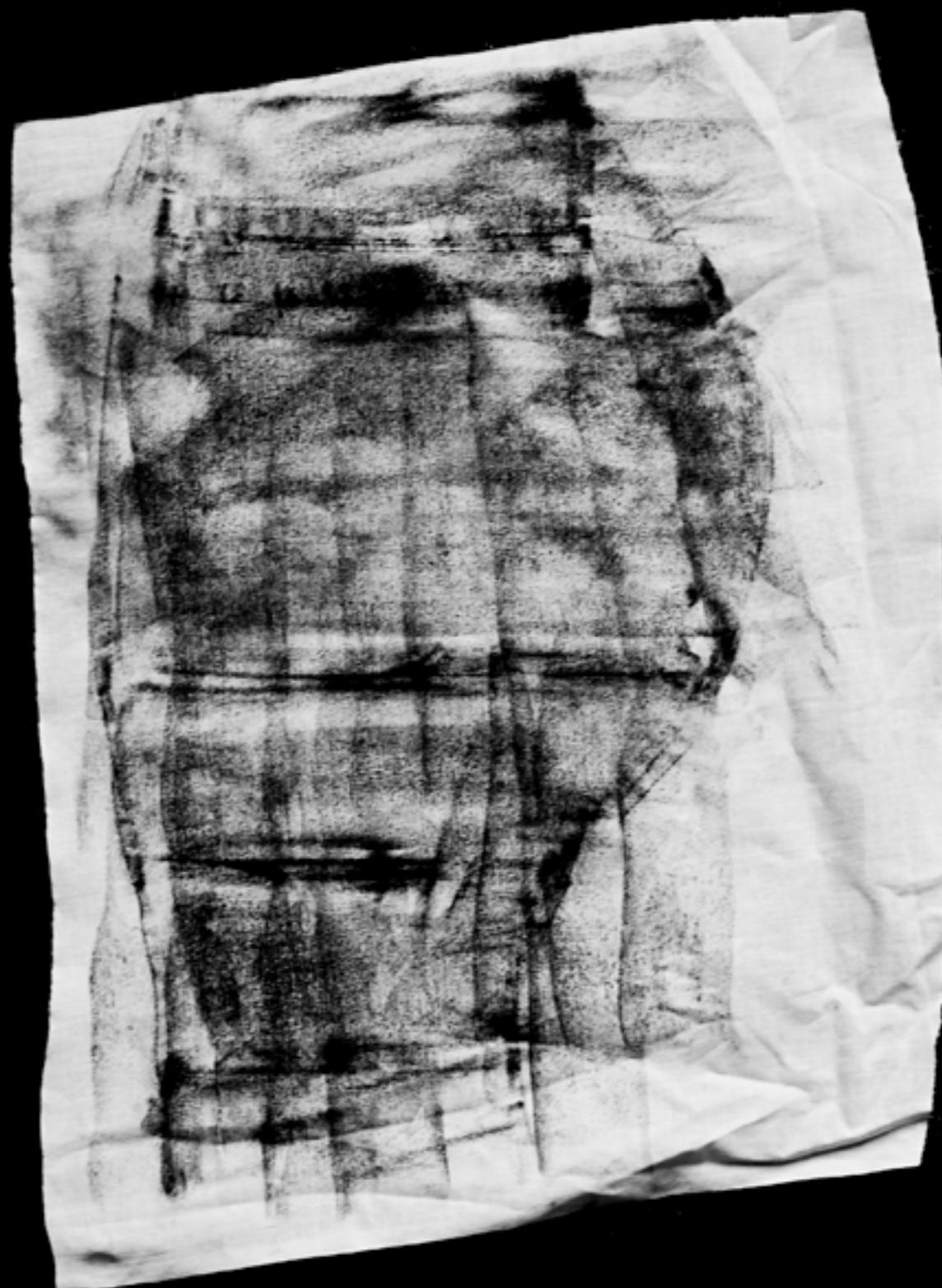
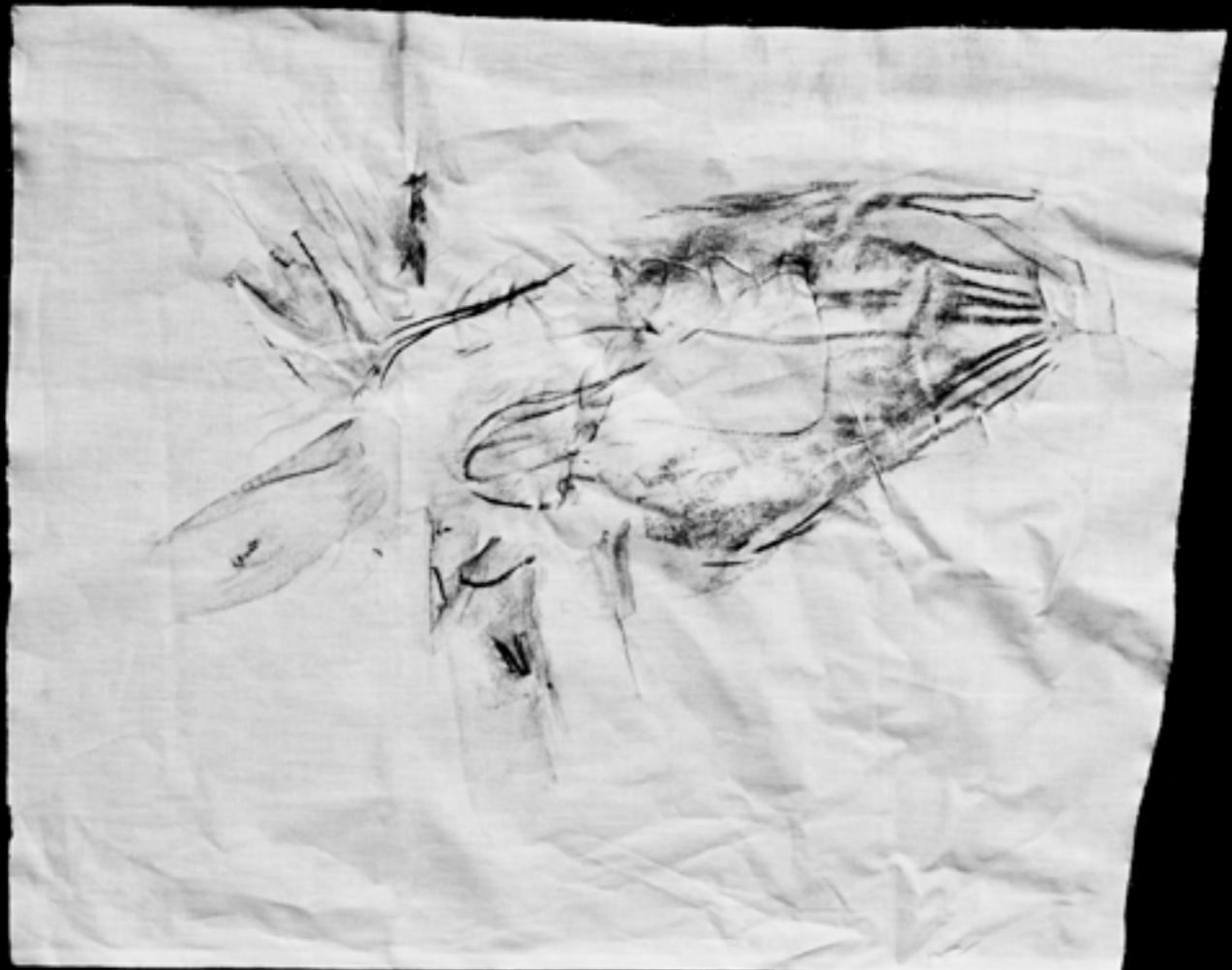
Que pudiese su propia imagen verse estigmatizada con las arrugas de los dolores y de los pensamientos, y pudiese la imagen retratada conservar, mientras tanto, la delicada lozanía y gentileza de su hasta entonces apenas consciente juventud.

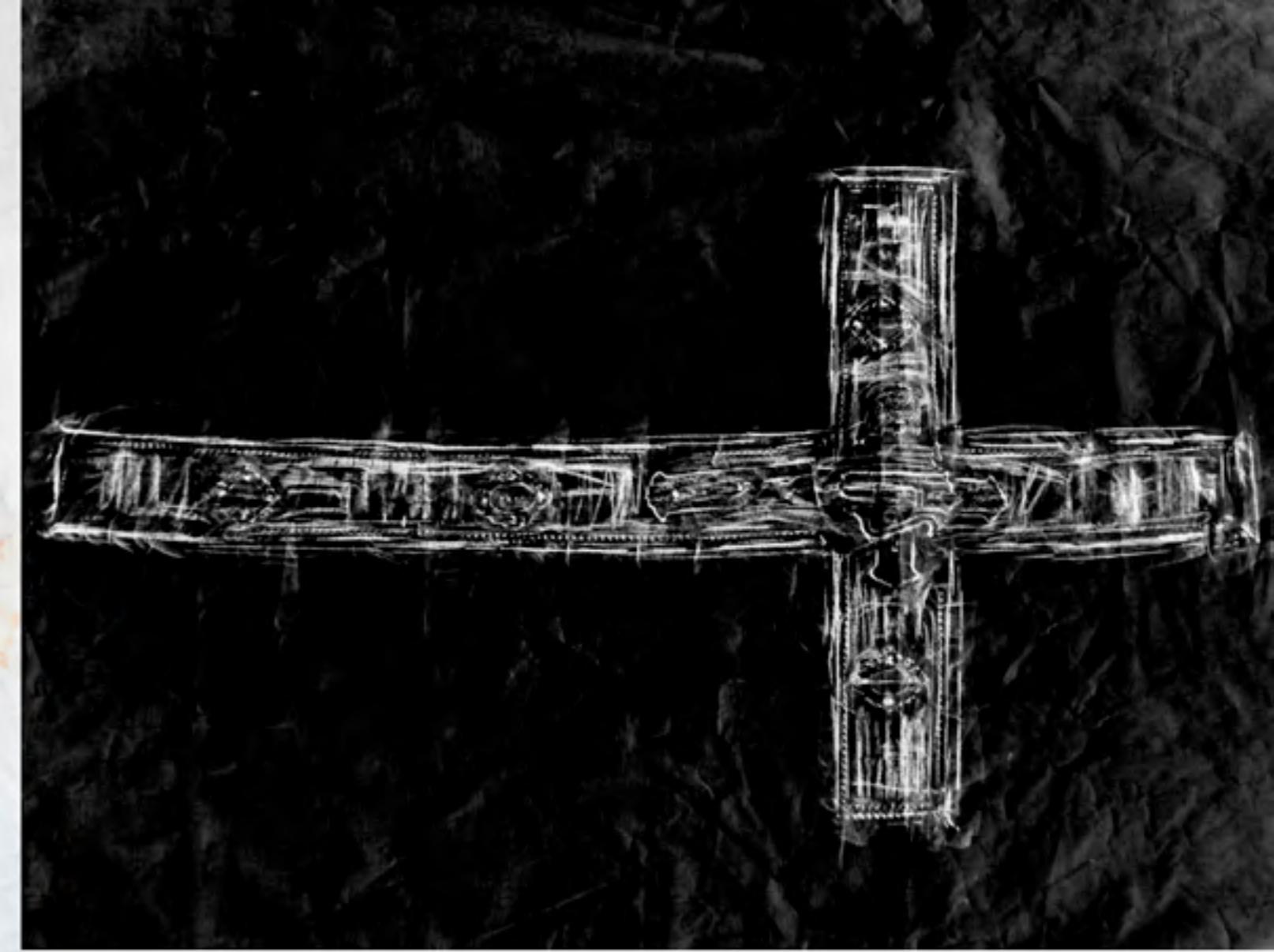
That his own image might be stigmatised with the wrinkles of pains and thoughts, and that the portrayed image might retain, in the meantime, the delicate freshness and gentleness of his hitherto barely conscious youth.





1
2
3
4
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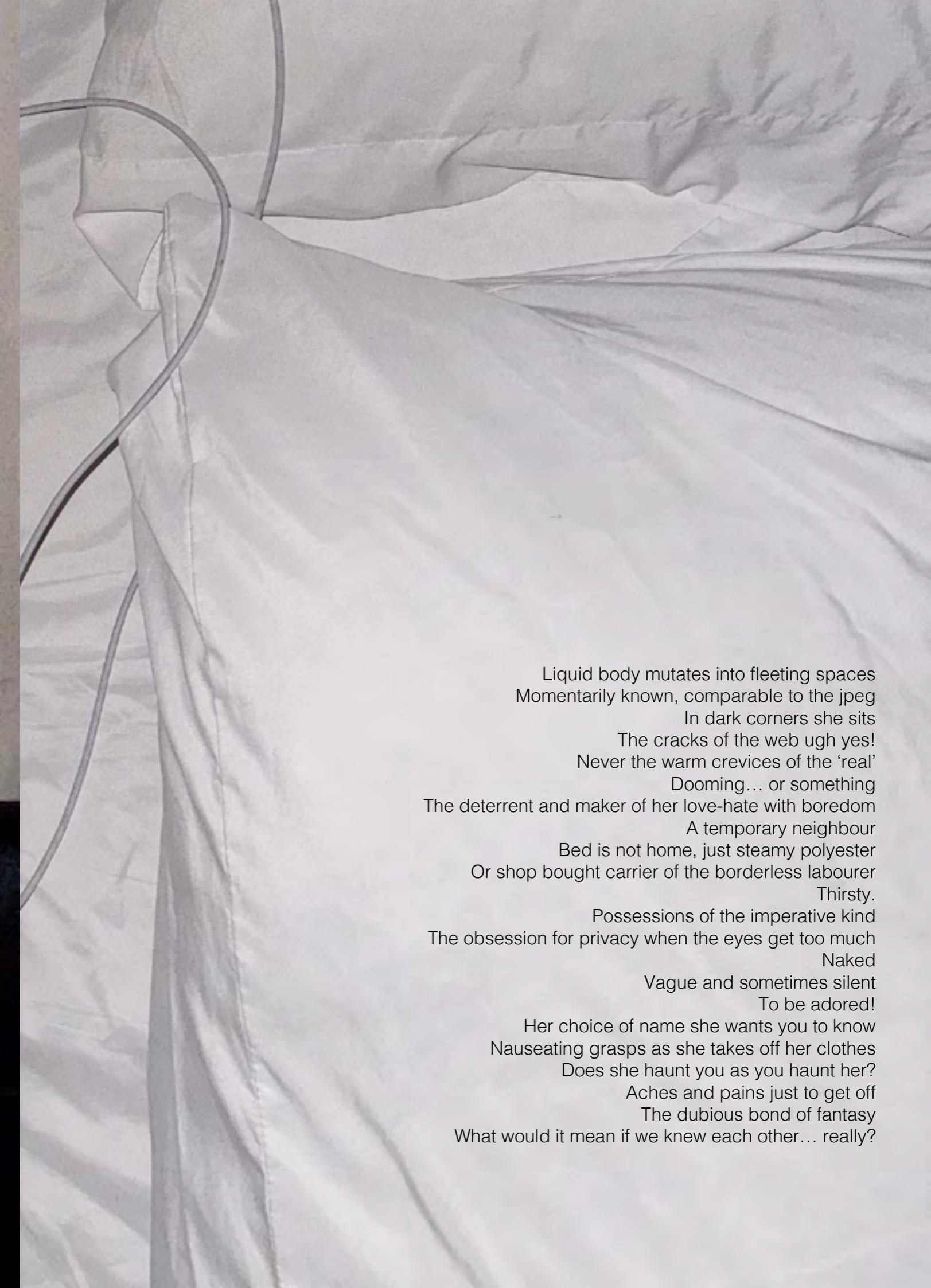
Ozzaline
Mercedez











Liquid body mutates into fleeting spaces
Momentarily known, comparable to the jpeg
In dark corners she sits
The cracks of the web ugh yes!
Never the warm crevices of the 'real'
Dooming... or something
The deterrent and maker of her love-hate with boredom
A temporary neighbour
Bed is not home, just steamy polyester
Or shop bought carrier of the borderless labourer
Thirsty.
Possessions of the imperative kind
The obsession for privacy when the eyes get too much
Naked
Vague and sometimes silent
To be adored!
Her choice of name she wants you to know
Nauseating grasps as she takes off her clothes
Does she haunt you as you haunt her?
Aches and pains just to get off
The dubious bond of fantasy
What would it mean if we knew each other... really?





Raúl
Galarza
Amatado

¿Por qué tendremos una tía tan temerosa de caerse de espaldas?



“¿Por qué tendremos una tía tan temerosa de caerse de espaldas?”
Acrílico sobre lienzo

Contemplo una idea de mimesis de la imagen abordada desde la relación que existe entre la pintura y la literatura. Desde el preproceso de creación hasta la imagen final, la imagen, es afecta directamente por la memoria, la cual juega un papel importante en todo el proceso que lleva a algo, en este caso desde una mirada pictórica. También el ente ciudad me genera una inevitable afectación física, gestionada desde lo corporal, pero donde existe un espacio mental creado a partir del propio territorio.

El ir y venir de mi casa al estudio ocurre al mismo tiempo que la suerte de lenguaje literario que genero en mi cuaderno de notas; apuntes sobre la ciudad, sobre experiencias vividas, sobre materiales, etc. Todo esto le da la importancia y el goce que hay en la imagen, en mi caso, pictórica.

El cuadro es atravesado por la mancha, la forma y la literatura.

El cuadro es el espacio individual por excelencia, el espacio elemental (esencial) del cuerpo. Es el espacio de otros espacios, donde se encajan; de los líquidos su espesura, de la mancha los vacíos y de los cuerpos su forma.

Van desplegándose las formas por toda la tela buscando el lugar para poder salir, pero parecen estar encerradas, como si algo hubiese decidido que ese es el espacio que les corresponde.

La mancha no es arbitraria, esta aparece y desaparece según la forma a la que acompaña. El cuerpo—tanto el pintado en el cuadro, como el mío físico—es el que decide según su movimiento (este sí arbitrario) que textura adquiere la mancha, el fondo.

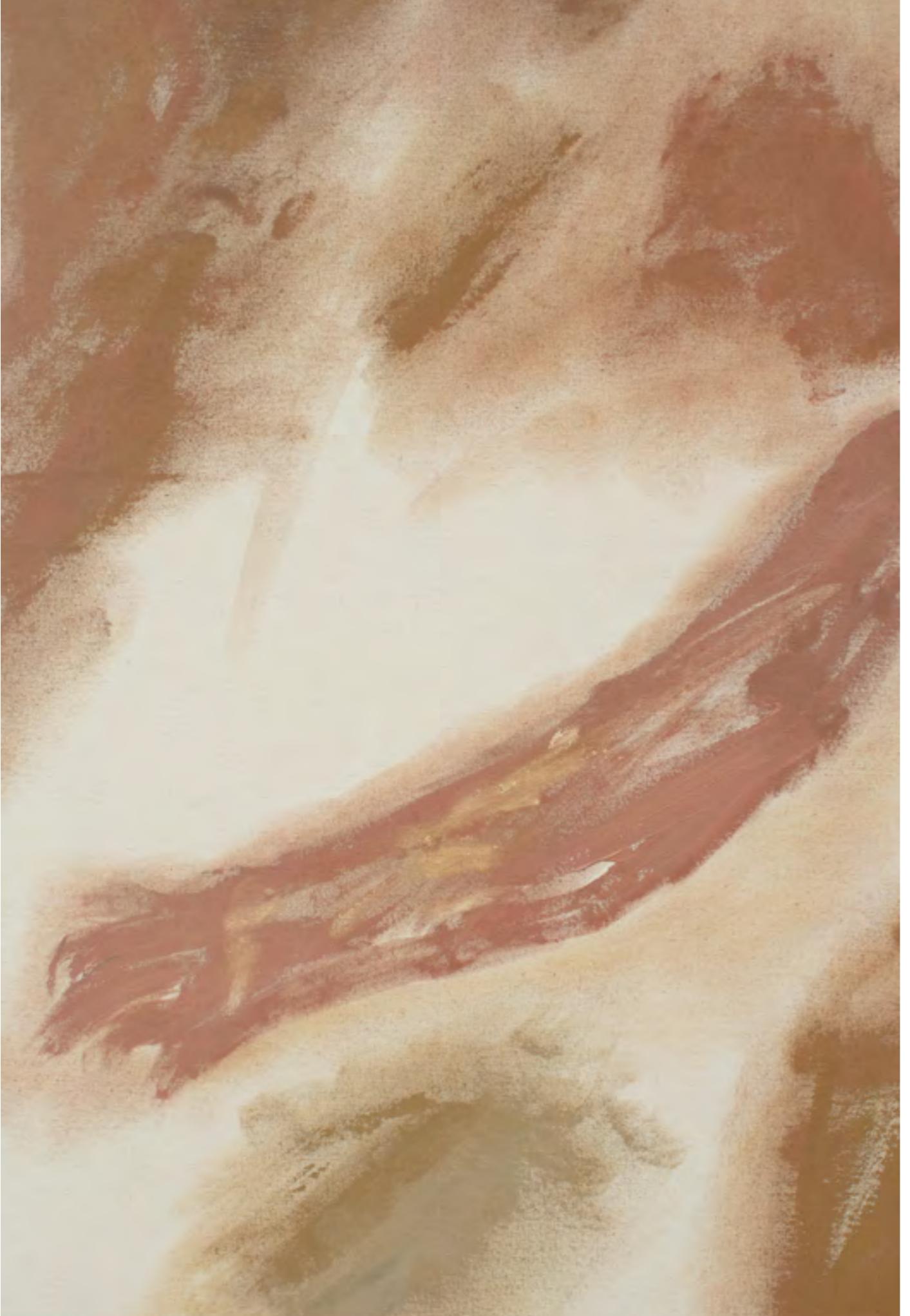
Es un instante del dejarse ir en el que de repente resuena un eco para darnos cuenta de que sí, la pintura está en la tela. No nos encontramos en el mar, ni en la montaña, ni en la ciudad. Pero este es el motivo donde nos encontramos, en la pared. Mientras estoy bailando, estoy pensando que otra forma tenemos de encontrarnos, el suelo.

El día de Sant Jordi recordé el color que es imposible para ti, como ahora también para mí. En el recorrido de una punta a otra del bastidor, observo las mismas manchas. Desde entonces ya no hay mancha, ni observo.

No me interesa sensibilizar, pero sí, la práctica de ser sensible, es decir, conmigo mismo. Cada vez que golpeo con el martillo, tengo un segundo en el que salgo de la disociación completa de estar en un proceso que lleva a algo.

De las siete para las ocho pensaba en el marrón del azafrán y en el olor a olivo. Viendo como el brazo se estiraba hasta parecer una vara de hierro, para entonces escuchar el estrépito del comienzo del despliegue del mantel -con bordados de tres piernas- y verlo caer sobre la mesa a la perfección.

De las diez a las once pensaba en que la pata de la silla de metal no se introdujese entre las maderas y en la mancha del marrón rojizo del café en la piel, del sol.



Why would we have an aunt so afraid of falling backwards?

I contemplate an idea of mimesis of the image approached from the relationship between painting and literature.

From the pre-process of creation to the final image, the image is directly affected by the memory, which plays an important role in the whole process that leads to something, in this case from a pictorial point of view. The entity of the city also generates an inevitable physical affectation, managed from the corporal, but where there is a mental space created from the territory itself.

The coming and going from my house to the studio occurs at the same time as the sort of literary language that I generate in my notebook; notes about the city, about lived experiences, about materials, etc. All this gives it the importance and enjoyment that there is in the image, in my case pictorial.

The painting is traversed by stain, form and literature.

The painting is the individual space par excellence, the elemental (essential) space of the body. It is the space of other spaces, where they fit together; of liquids their thickness, of the stain their emptiness and of bodies their form.

The forms unfold all over the canvas looking for a place to come out, but they seem to be enclosed, as if something had decided that this is the space that corresponds to them. The stain is not arbitrary, it appears and disappears according to the form it accompanies. It is the body-both the one painted in the painting and my physical body- the one that decides according to its movement (which is arbitrary) what texture the stain, the background, acquires.

t is an instant of letting go in which suddenly an echo resounds to make us realise that yes, the painting is on the canvas. We are not at the sea, nor in the mountains, nor in the city. But this is the motif where we are, on the wall. While I'm dancing, I'm thinking that another way we have to meet, the floor.

On Sant Jordi's day I remembered the colour that is impossible for you, as it is now also for me. From one end of the frame to the other, I see the same stains. Since then there is no more stain, nor do I observe.

I am not interested in sensitising, but in the practice of being sensitive, that is to say, with myself. Every time I hit with the hammer, I have a second in which I come out of the complete dissociation of being in a process that leads to something.

From seven to eight o'clock I was thinking about the brown of the saffron and the smell of the olive tree. Watching as the arm stretched until it looks like a rod of iron, only to hear the clatter of the beginning of the unfurling of the tablecloth - with three-legged embroidery - and seeing it fall to perfection on the table.

From ten to eleven o'clock I was thinking about the metal chair leg not getting in between the timbers and the reddish-brown coffee stain on the skin from the sun.



The Intern

By Sammy Loren

CHAPTER 1
ECHO PARK

Benny

Sandra's arms wrap around me. We're back in her bedroom, back in love, far from that nightmare LA. It's sunny, which either means Sandra's parents have accepted me or worse, that I've overslept. A shoe nudges me awake. Is it her father? I snap awake.

No camping in the park, a cop grunts, kicking me again.

I get up as the cop moves on to harasses the others sleeping beside Echo Park Lake. I'm wet and freezing and want to weep, but instead I open Instagram. Despite my blinding, crushing hangover, I remember that I'd found that bastard, late last night, drunk on rage and vodka. I flick through my phone and find the prick's profile and even better, he's now posted a story.

Intern needed. Dumber the better. Must be down to be exploited and treated like trash. JK. BUT DMS WILL BE LEFT ON SEEN, NO DOUBLE TAP LIKES - JUST COME TO STORIES' BACK PATIO!

Naturally, I begin to gather up my things.

Nate

Even at 11am there's nowhere to park in LA and I circle Sunset for the fifth time. I can't stand this town. I've been trying to flee for years, but something always drags me back. My clingy sister, my Craftsman full of trash, some woman I fall in love with for a few nights and then awkwardly say hi to forever after. Some people move around, make something of themselves, others waste away their lives inside scammy natural wine bars or searching for free parking.

I'm 44, single, have two roommates in their 20s, one is filthy, leaves their rusting razors in the shower, toothpaste smeared across the sink. The other roomie is way cleaner, has a job and girlfriend and hardly comes home at all, or was until last weekend when he turned up with a dog. For a couple of days he doted on the dog, grooming it, posting pics on Instagram, close ups of the dog's marbled eyes, but I guess he got bored and forgot about his new pet toy because he hasn't been back in days. So now I care for the dog. Walk it. Feed it. Pick up its shit day and night, I think he has a lot of anxiety to go to the bathroom this often. I feel bad for it, it whines and weeps constantly, or maybe I just feel bad for myself. Which is why I posted about an intern this morning. A kid to do my bidding, to wait on my every word, to take care of me? I couldn't believe I hadn't thought of this internship racket sooner. I squeeze my car into a spot near the lake. Is it cringe to admit that finding free parking is more thrilling than sex?

Even though I posted 'no DMs,' the DMs came fast and furious. Most are my square friends mocking me from Westside tech campuses, one from an old flame who just had a baby and seems bored, posting pics of her Silverlake condo, Eames chairs, homemade sourdough pizza crusts, the usual outlets for a libido that has neither sex nor art nor death to chase after, though she sexts me PG pics from time to time, doing yoga or oiling her legs or biting into a blueberry. And what is this internship? I run a reading series called Missed Connections, have for years. I started it a decade ago to build a scene, get my name out there, but little turns out the way you plan. Even

now, I've walked halfway to Stories before realizing there's street cleaning in an hour and return to my car to find a different spot.

Cruising alongside Echo Park Lake, I admit that I've failed and should give up. Maybe move to Missoula or Kansas City or anyone of the third-tier cities people my age are starting over in. Or at least I could start having an affair with the Silverlake mom, she's age appropriate, I mean it wouldn't be that bad would it? Sorry, I'm prone to fantasy. Can you blame me? I am a writer, after all.

The Silverlake mommy is less sad than what flashed through my mind at the reading last night. A USC kid had contacted me and offered to host a reading in his dorm. And after the literary establishment had long since turned its back on me—rejecting every novel I wrote, article I pitched, event I proposed—someone expressing interest in my series was enough to have me wasting 45 minutes looking for free parking around USC, another 15 minutes getting totally lost on that labyrinthine campus, before finally arriving at the dorm. By then I'd begun to regret agreeing to this whole night, but then the elevator deposited me to the 8th floor and to my disbelief it was packed: nearly 100 students crammed into the room and spilling into the hallway. The readings weren't even half bad, even if I couldn't understand a word these kids said. This cute student from Kansas City kept saying fire, noz, that I was giving Dawson's Creek. It was all incomprehensible, but when you're as unsuccessful as me, you take what you can get. Meanwhile she began taking selfies of us, hanging all over me, cornering me by the closet and offering me a ketamine nasal spray. The ketamine was kicking in when she popped the question: What are you up to after this? And then, thank God, security broke up the reading, kicking me off campus before I could catch the student's name, let alone her number or socials.

Back at my place this morning, scrubbing one roommate's dishes and feeding the other's dog, the intern con came to me like lightening. A young, ambitious intern could salvage my series, my career, my life. Being an artist is both so embarrassing and inspiring, our faith to trudge on despite society, the world and God himself begging us to stop somehow noble, admirable even. I suppose this is the burden of being an artist, of being born with this magical creative gift, or as it increasingly feels, this incurable disease.

I find parking and grab coffee and install myself on Stories's back patio. How many hours of my life have I wasted here? Even now I'm on the internet trying to track down that stunning USC student when this kid rolls up to my table. He looks young, almost like he's in middle school, but he's handsome, skin inflated with collagen, his bright blue eyes nervous, shifty, but clear and bright, reminding me of the stray back at my house, hopeful I'll feed him, but scared I may just as likely kick him in his teeth.

Benny

The second I get to Stories's back patio, I spot him. Nate's way past his prime, nothing like the photo Sandra posted, a photo that broke me, a photo that made me consider drowning myself in Echo Park Lake, until Frances, that saint among men, said, Take it easy, brother, and passed me a handle of vodka.

Though a hangover hammers at the crown of my skull (or maybe that's just where the cop kicked me awake), seeing Nate in person lifts my spirits. The guy wears skinny jeans and an ugly blazer. His skin's ashy, face bloated and fleshy, his hair's thinning. Not only a boomer, but an aging one too.

Hurrying past him, I lock myself inside the bathroom and look at myself in the mirror. I'm 18 and not unhandsome, my hair so black it almost looks purple. My lips are thin, like my nose, which

has a hook in it from when one of my mom's old boyfriends threw a baseball at my face. Mom still blames me, says I suck at sports and scare everyone away. Needless to say, she wasn't surprised when Sandra stopped answering my calls. Who can blame her? Mom had asked, cracking open the morning's second White Claw.

Stories's bathroom isn't clean, but it's an oasis compared to the latrines at the lake and I thaw my hands beneath the hot water. Everyone says LA's summery year round, but fuck it gets cold at night. After sharing his handle of vodka, Frances pressured me to stay in his tent, said I'd freeze outside, and after I declined tossed me a blanket. But the comforter smelled sour, like Frances, so I layered on all my clothes and curled up with my phone, desperate to dox the jerk that Sandra had posted, I recall now, brushing my teeth at the sink in Stories' bathroom, catching fractured glimpses of my frothy mouth in the graffitied mirror.

After the cops kicked me awake, I'd circled the lake, recalling every time I should've listened to Sandra. I never listened. That was my big problem. Not when she told me about USC, not when she low key broke up with me before her graduation trip to Italy, and not when she'd said she didn't want me to visit LA. So I packed a bag, bought a ticket, and though mom said that I shouldn't go, that was a bitch and groveling after Sandra only proved it, I went anyway and took the Flyaway bus from LAX to Union Station and boarded the subway to USC where everyone was plucked and waxed, pumped full of muscles and botox and Sandra wasn't answering my calls, but I'd assumed as much, she'd ghosted me since Milan. When I found her in a quad, I didn't expect her to be surrounded by so many friends, suitors, prospects, def not the 'poet' who called me 'toxic' for 'stalking' her, that Sandra had told everyone about her 'problematic ex,' that I should go back to Mississippi where I belonged and what hurt most was Sandra didn't even correct the guy about where we were from.

I think that's when I broke down, I can't remember anymore as Stories's bathroom door handle rattles to life and I say, Out in a second! and squeeze a ketchup bottle of hand soap into my palm, lather it up and begin to shave. I'm young, but I'm formal, well groomed, not like that disgusting old man Nate outside who probably didn't even bother showering off Sandra's coconut-scented sweat. And why would he? I never would again if she'd ever have me back.

Numb and broken, I'd climbed aboard the first bus that stopped before me. Inside it was freezing and filled with homeless people and I got off at a plaza full of encampments and immigrants selling mismatched socks and busted alarm clocks and I ate something cheap and then boarded another bus until that one slid by the lake dotted with the swan shaped paddle boats and that's when I got off.

Going home was out of the question, I couldn't face my mom, her cruel smirk, probably would start posting TikTok videos about her 'cucked son' in no time at all, probably already had. So I stalked Sandra's Instagram until later that night when she posted pics of a dorm party, selfies with that 'ally poet' reading to an audience, and then others with this old dude, his arm draped over her shoulder, her cheek pressed into his face, a greying 5'clock shadow on his chin. Who was this guy? Was it her new boyfriend? The question tormented me until Frances took pity on me, patted my shoulder, said I'd be ok and shoved a bottle of Taka vodka into my hands and I began drinking his while he laughed and spoke to himself and offered me again and again his tent, but I said I was fine, fury and booze and idiocy keeping me warm as I studied the pic of Sandra and the older man, prowling her and her friends' pages for clues until late at night when I finally found the prick. One perk of being Gen Z is that we can track down anyone NSA style. Nate's popular, cultured, everything I'm not. He runs a reading series for fucks sake. Whatever I hate books. Who even reads? And the more I learned the more I drank Frances's rancid liquor, unsure after a while if it was actually vodka or just watered down rubbing alcohol, and at some point I began sobbing, at least my mom wasn't around to mock me for 'being on the rag,' as she

complained anytime I got emotional. By then it was late and the crowds at the park had cleared out, the swan paddle boats docked and I crawled to the lip of the lake, peered at my inky reflection, wanted to drown myself but instead puked up everything and passed out. And now inside Stories's bathroom, blowdrying my washed hair beneath the hand dryer, someone bangs on the door: Bro, hurry the hell up!

Outside the bathroom is a small, surly crowd. For a moment they all look up from the glow of their cellphones and stare at me, but I don't care. I shoulder my way through them and head outside onto Stories' back patio. It's warm, a milky light filtering in through the overhead shade covers stretched above. For a second I worry that Nate has left while I got ready in the bathroom, but only for a second. My hangover clears as I approach Nate's table and introduce myself, pumping his soft hand up and down, gushing that I'm obsessed with his reading series and that I'd be thrilled to be considered as an intern, except I'm not thinking about his stupid reading series or his silly internship, instead I'm plotting how I can use this washed up Gen-Xer to get back at Sandra, the woman who broke my heart.



Sofía Soñar

Visité a Gabriela en sueños. Estaba sentada en un avión, miraba por la ventana. Hablaba con gestos grandes y sonrisa. Su voz no sonaba, pero yo entendía lo que decía.

Abajo había una cordillera de muchos tonos, árboles de muchos tipos. Cientos de toros cruzaban en estampida una colina, atravesando la tierra roja. El sol doraba el color de todo, su piel negra brillaba, se sentía la tierra vibrar. El rojo se espació por el aire a cámara lenta y nosotras cada vez estábamos más cerca, como si el avión hiciera zoom y nos llevara allí abajo.

De pronto uno de los toros se giró hacia mí y me miró con violencia. Se paralizó el tiempo de los sueños, y entonces se alejó el zoom de mi vista y me fui de ese avión y de la risa de mi abuela.



Despertando de un sueño
vestido . gabriela
fondo . sofía

I visited Gabriela in a dream. She was sitting on a plane, looking through the window. She was talking with big smile and big gestures. Her voice didn't sound, but I could understand what she was saying. Below, there was a mountain range of many shades, trees of many kinds. Hundreds of bulls were stampeding across a hill, crossing the red ground. The sun gilded the color of everything, their black skin glowed, you could feel the earth vibrate. The red spread through the air in slow motion and we were getting closer and closer, as if the plane zoomed in and took us down there. Suddenly one of the bulls turned to me and looked at me violently. The time inside dreams stepped and then it zoomed out of my sight and I walked away from that plane and my grandmother's laughter.



Me despertó ella.

-Sofi ya son las siete.

-Si abuela, te oí dando rastrillo bien temprano.

Apenas puedo hablar o abrir los ojos, ella me habla rápido y alto.

-Si niña ya barri lavé regué las matas, no quería que me cogiera el sol. Voy a cortar una mano de plátano y me pongo a coser, tengo muchos encargos y hoy dicen cortan

Gabriela remienda un pantalón, una camiseta, otra, un vestido, otro, otro... yo tejo círculos rojos con su hilo.

-Mira niña, mira esto. ¿Tú te crees que la gente haga estos remiendos? Pero yo lo arreglo, no cojo lucha.

Agarra el teléfono

-Beatriz, ya está listo el pullover. 60 pesos -. Cuelga.

-Ay abuela con eso no te da ni pa una libra de tomate.



Bueno niña, viste lo poco que tardé.

Ah, Sofi! diceme Tamara "Gaby, a ver si me puedes coser esas cortinas rápido porque mijia, sino, le da el sol al televisor" Y digole yo: Y por qué no lo cubres? Me dice "Ay Gaby, verdad!".

No se le había ocurrido, ella no había pensado en eso...

Niña, qué lindo eso que haces, ¿es un trikini? Cuando yo era jovencita diseñé el primer trikini, el primero yo creo porque cuando aquello ni existian. Se me ocurrian diseños, los dibujaba y mi madre los cosia.

Yo diseñaba mucho. En la escuela me encargaban a mí el mural de la moda. Pero bueno, el sueño se nubló, la necesidad, fui madre, la pobreza, esas cosas. Cuando se fue de Cuba tu madre me dio por tejer más crochet y tejía y me inventaba patrones y tejía y tejía. Y ya después de vieja es que me puse a coser. Es como si mi madre y mi hermana me hayan mandado su don desde el cielo.

Y mira, ahora soy la costurera del barrio".

She woke me up. "Sofi, it's already seven o'clock". "Yes, grandmother, I heard you ranking very early". I can't even talk nor open my eyes, and she speaks to me fast and loud. "Yes, girl, I already swept , washed and watered the bushes. I didn't want to get caught in the sun. I'm gonna cut a hand of bananas and then I'll start sowing, I have a lot of orders and today they say they're cutting the electricity at eleven". Gabriela mends a pair of pants, a t-shirt, another one, a dress, another one... I knit red circles with her thread. "Look, girl, look at this. Do you believe people can make this patches? But I fix it, I don't pick a fight". She picks up the phone. "Beatriz, the pullover is ready. 60 pesos". She hangs up. "Ay grandma, that won't even buy you a pound of tomatoes".

"Well, girl, you saw how fast I am. Ah Sofi! You know what Tamara said? "Gaby, let's see if you can sew those curtains quickly, please, because mijia, otherwise the sun will hit the TV" And I said "Then, why don't you cover it? And she said "Oh Gaby, you're so right!". It hadn't occurred to her, she didn't think of it... Girl, how beautiful what you are doing, is it a trikini? When I was young I designed the first trikini, the first one I think because back then they didn't exist. I would come up with designs, I would draw them and then my mother would sew them. I used to design a lot. At school I was in charge of the fashion wall. But that dream became cloudy, the need, poverty, I became a mother... those things. When your mum left Cuba I started to crochet more than ever. And I would made up patterns and knitted and knitted. And after I got older I started sewing, it's as if my mother and my sister sent me their gift from heaven. And look at me, now I'm the neighborhood seamstress".



GABRIELA

a los que se fueron, y a los que están

Suzannah
Pettigrew

A constellation of cherries,
A fruitless repetition compulsion,
A continuous feedback loop.

Do you attempt to catch the shadow to prove it exists?
Please teach me how to codify in this inflation era.
I hear my unpublished phantom noises,
dancing in the background to the point of disconnection.

A force, a pull.
Like the raising and the falling of tides
and shoes on sticky floors.

THANKS FOR THE SPIRAL. *(ACT 11)*



WE ARE TOLD THAT DREAMS ARE ONLY TRUE IF YOU'RE A STAR.

Even a collapsed star,
in the wings waiting for a comeback.
I need their blue light,
because I can't sleep in the dark.



(ACT 13)

The parameters of star quality expands,
with the zeitgeist
and gravity
and right place
and right time.

Ucherie

♥

我通过情景颠倒，角色变换，政治时差旅行
来感知生命的实验性

我是那一只主体性觉醒的猴子
在有限的生命政治框架内
摸索已编程的世界代码

我在自己的脚本中流泪
同时我在自己的脚本中欢耀

我的心理空间不过是几行代码的范围
我的叙事从生命的绽放到死亡的不可感知的距离中
衰败，呼吸，摇摆

只有我想起自己是实验室的一只猴子
叙事就像微风
它经过，它仅仅是经过我

设定者
一言不发，
于是在微风中穿越了漫长的时间

那里什么也没有

I travel through situation reversals, role plays, political jet lags
to perceive the experimental nature of life

I am the monkey with an awakened subjectivity
Within the limited framework of biopolitics
Fumbling with the codes of a programmed world

I shed tears in my own script
And at the same time I shine in my own script

My psychological space is just a few lines of code away
My narrative goes from the distance between
The blooming of life to the imperceptible death
Decaying, breathing, swaying

Only if I remember that I am a monkey in a laboratory
The narrative is like a breeze
It passes, it just passes me

The setter
who is silent,
So I traverse the long long time in the breeze

There was nothing there

2022-0606

他脱去外衣
在山野里月光的沐浴下跳舞
伴随着夜晚的噪音
自恋得看着舞动的零碎的倒影
与野风共鸣

回忆了短暂的一生
那些瞬间像闪烁的微光落在眼前的湖面
却又被一波又一波暗涌覆灭
他摘下了眼镜，湿润了焦点
飘忽不定的光斑
让他怀疑存在的机制

幻想着用献祭般的姿态
与自然同步
渴望你们记得
但是逐渐寒冷的身体如同全息投影一般
虚实难定

这是他最接近浪漫的时刻
他幻想中的“大写的我”有了清晰的模样
—那是烈火的化身

他终于释怀了
想起一个让他恐惧死亡的女人
他嘲笑着她的懦弱
想告诉她 接近死亡十分美妙

直到他所有的意志力都被死亡迷惑了
他的生命机能也被山野的神怪们消耗殆尽
他想告诉她 接近死亡十分美妙

他朝着月球背面的方面奔跑
触摸所有植物的纹理
四处悬挂着堕落的灵韵

几个小时后，日光逐渐苏醒
这个时候他是否还有生活的勇气
我们并不知道
在这个一年中最孤独的日子里

可是他再也没有力气了

他完成了一次对未来的笃定的书写
他满足了一次对热烈的假设

2021-1111

2021-1111



They took off their coat
Dancing under the moonlight in the mountains
With the noise of the night
Narcissistically look at moving fragments of the reflection
Resonates with the wild wind

The memory of a short life
Those were like glimmers of light falling on the lake in front of their eyes
But again by a wave of dark surge collapse
They removed glasses and moistened focus
A flickering spot of light
Make they doubt the mechanism of existence

Fantasizing about immolate gestures
Synchronisation nature paces
"I want you to remember"
But gradually the cold body is like a hologram
Reality is indistinguishable from illusion

It was the closest they got to romance
The imaginary "capital ME" shaped sharply
-- It is the incarnation of fire

They finally got over the pain
Fear of death warned by a woman
They laughed at her cowardice
Aspiring to tell her how wonderful it is to be near death

Until all their powers of will were mesmerized by death
Their life is being drained by the genie of the mountains
Aspiring to tell her how wonderful it is to be near death

They ran towards the far side of the moon
Touched all textures
The spirit of depravity hangs everywhere

After a few hours, reality gradually turned up
Whether they still has the courage to live at this time
We don't know
On the loneliest day of a year

But their spirit has gone

Has written a definitive account of the future
Has satisfied an ardent hypothesis

2021-0301

这些文本是来自我身体内部唯一真实的东西
其余的，终究被文明所阉割和消弥。

我从不能停止怀疑此刻
但是回望过去的时候
却能够带着文学的态度
去接纳那一刻

这个给过去盖棺定论的过程
仍然是无法面对真实的自己
所以要树立一道高墙
让所有此刻的信息都在此刻过期
且无人问津

直到未来的某一天
我拾起这些信息 并赋予神权
仿佛越了界的时间
才是感知的化身
不仅能够跨越高墙和读取虚弱的信息
还能在否定的废墟上自信得搭建起未来的主体

我从不能停止怀疑此刻
在没有被时间反复检阅过的此刻
永远丢失在此刻的主体

These texts come from the only real thing inside my body
The rest were castrated and eliminated by civilisation after all

I can never stop doubting this moment
But when I look back
able to take the literary attitude
To accept the moment

This process of concluding the past
Still unable to face the true self
So build a high wall
Let all information at this moment expire at this moment
And no one will revisit

Until someday in the future
I pick up this information and give it the power of god
As if time has crossed the boundary
Is the incarnation of perception
Not only able to cross high walls and read weak twilight
Can build the subject of future with confidence in the ruins of negation

I can never stop doubting this moment
At this moment that has not been reviewed repeatedly by time
That the subject is lost forever at this moment

2021-0301

♥

2020-0903

聚集的词语
制造了叠加的困惑
麻醉了最后一个出口
词语在无力状态下纷纷离散

压制在声带中的词语
反复跳跃

是否割裂喉腔
就能够摧毁词语的储备
还是需要一个引火器
才能炸出漫天声响

这是一个方法论的问题

2020-0903

Congregated words
Created superimposed confusion
Anaesthetised the last exit
Words are dispersed in a state of powerlessness

Words Suppressed in the Vocal Cords
Jump repeatedly

Whether the throat cavity is cut
to destroy the reserve of words

Or need a flaming device
In order to blast out the sound into the sky

This is a question of methodology

♥

2020-0721

我既不拍照
也不写作
那些惊人的时刻
我就藏着掖着直到自己遗忘吧

I don't photograph
neither writing
those astounding moments
I'll hide it until I forget it

2020-0903

Whether the throat cavity is cut
to destroy the reserve of words

Or need a flaming device
In order to blast out the sound into the sky

This is a question of methodology

我既不拍照
也不写作
那些惊人的时刻
我就藏着掖着直到自己遗忘吧

I don't photograph
neither writing
those astounding moments
I'll hide it until I forget it

According to the Many Worlds interpretation (MWI), popularized by Hugh Everett and arguably pioneered by Erwin Schrödinger, there could be infinite versions of oneself existing simultaneously. This involves investigating the integration of macro and micro scales within the framework of quantum mechanics. A quantum superposition is the position occupied prior to aperceivable alteration to state or outcome. It is an unresolved state where multiple outcomes still exist in potentiality. This would suggest that the collapse of superposition made either by observation, attention, or direct choice, would create a physical fork in the reality. The resulting effect, would be an alternate version of reality created, while the unwitnessed version would exist parallel to the outcome that was observed. While this occurs frequently on a subatomic level, it is postulated that quantum mechanics could be applicable on a macro scale, resulting in split realities. This would suggest that the creative power of our attention, and even more implicatingly- our choices could have the ability to rise for the possibility of infinite doppelgängers.

But what dictates a version of quantum self as correct? Which iteration is the most accurate arrangement of one's energetic composition ,a body constantly arranging itself into the system of light- identifiable as you? Which series of seemingly insignificant choices can make the truest form of your likeness? In a sea of infinite doppelgängers existing in various realities, which is the imitation?

Could it be that choosing your player is plausibly the most natural form of expression? There is the possibility that there is no natural self, no pre-determined innate persona - only the one cultivated. It may be that the only natural and conscious co-creation with the surrounding forces of entropy and chaos of the expanding universe is the innate ability of choice. The double slit experiment probes the moulding potentiality of observation at the most subatomic levels of energy. It provides quantifiable data that energy- in its fundamentality- behaves in symbiosis with consciousness within a subatomic scale. The mind likely does, in fact, have a creative control over matter. Explored on macro scale, that is suggestive of your observational power, thoughts, and attention moulding the very particles that surround us and cultivate the energetic being. Conceivably, the pinnacle of realisation is through the curation of self and the realm you exist in. Would you co-create with the energy of nature rather than being directed and formed by your surroundings? Maybe your destiny is formulated by possibility, but you remain separated forever by a veil as thin as a layer of plastic, packaged as the iteration produced by your choices. Subtly separated from the mirrored infinity of long lost iterations of self simultaneously existing in other places. Is your most cognizant depiction of self your greatest act in this reality?

Who is the avatar and who is the self?



