

DETERGENCY

HOW TO FIND YOURSELF OFTEN IN SMALL ROOMS

Here I seem more important because there is less of anything else. I'm awaiting the invention of the mirror. We build houses because without them there would only be the universe – the start of a very serious vertical relationship for which I am not prepared.

ONE THING I AM GRATEFUL FOR (AMONGST OTHER THINGS I AM GRATEFUL FOR)

Learning about *The Water Cycle* in primary school. You may have seen me pissing in the sea; I also brush my teeth in the shower. I am Ouroboros at home on a Sunday, domesticated.

WHAT IS IT TO HAVE A CULTURE THAT MOVES INWARDS?

Last night I dreamt about an argument. This is how the world changes. Our grandparents grew up visiting outhouses. My toilet is three metres from my flatmate's head. I have written on the wall, 'blood-brain barrier.'

YOUR NEW AND IMPORTANT HOBBY

You think about other people thinking about you in your bathroom. It is a special kind of vicarious and self-directed voyeurism. This is what you imagine other people imagining:

You stand in the shower trying to get off but your fingers feel bony and awkward and where they tug on the hair below your belly button the skin reddens and disapproves. This is a sign of things to come. You live on a farm, and you take to feeding the geese. You do it slowly. Sometimes it takes you all of the morning, but you think it is good and it is useful. They wait for you eagerly, one pellet at a time. You don't know what it is you're getting out of this, or even why you're keeping them alive at all. You have no plans for them. You are simply cultivating and harvesting their desire. But this is a very serious vertical relationship for which you are not prepared. One day, you begin to consume your house. First you eat the shower faucet, then the paintings, the carpets and the floorboards.

ON THE PROBLEMATIC GENEALOGY OF ACOUSTICS

"...each of us carries in our veins a salty stream in which the elements sodium, potassium, and calcium are combined in almost the same proportions as in sea water. This is our inheritance from the day, untold millions of years ago, when a remote ancestor, having progressed from the one-celled to the many-celled stage, first developed a circulatory system in which the fluid was merely the water of the sea."

– *The Sea Around Us*, Rachel Carson.

AFTER REALISING THAT THINGS NEVER REALLY TOUCH

This is what you imagine other people imagining:

The level-headed Lord knows I have been on a bad buzz lately. So there I am calling you to meet you (for, that is how the world changes). There I am meeting you at a gallery – in bricks, symmetrical to the last – with little half columns down its front. There I am, knowing that there's a word for that type of thing (but not the word), and being left with, 'it looks like a temple of sorts.' A small temple. And there you are and you agree, since in any case most galleries look like poorly stocked shops and most cathedrals look like poorly stocked shops. But then you

were thinking of another temple, you say. A miscommunication. And there I was talking about architecture. And there I am now, wanting to ask how the bricks – in their arrangement – are instead like those little dips where the skull is closer to the skin – but can't. None of this can be asked. Since you will now go on to claim, 'I can't smoke anymore – it makes my teeth hurt.' Meaning of course that you are in love; there is something in the way of your veins.

WHAT JOYCE SAW WHEN HE SAW THE MARK OF THE SPADE ON THE POTATO

The wolves of time: a very serious assembly of things-torn-apart. Upon examination, there is no such thing as a surface. There is one thing then there is another. Lines are lies, borders more so. Is there anything sadder than rain on a fountain? David says, 'everything that happens will happen today.' I know he had parents. We are all fascinated with transport.

A DISCUSSION OF INHERITANCE

I didn't see her, just this dead thing in a little depression where the stones ran down. With its neck bent like that, all under itself, and it looked a picture. I'm trying to get the colour of the stones right – trying to remember it. I know they're not as yellow as I think they are but I can't help but see them that way. And of course the blood is wet and shifting down the lane but of course it couldn't have been, it must have been tacky and black but that's not how I remember it. And now you've made me look back at it, it's like I dreamt it. There's an art to all this: getting things right, getting them as they were.

QUESTIONS OF DETERGENCY

Since you saw me last, I have been working towards *A New Method for the Inhibition of Silences* (known, as they are, to proliferate). I have a new shower curtain. A small room in a small room. What, with an affection for division, can not be erased? There is truth and then there is soap - spectacular, but not at all strange.