

Photo Voices, disc 2.: Contact Writer

@ A Balzac à Rodin:

**14bis Rue de la Grande Chaumière, 75006 Paris, France
May 7th - 18th, 2024, 19:00 - 22:00**

Publishing of private record and artifact: a hand-made drawing and audio evidences... which is to say memory transferences, leaving behind imprint of a choreographed intention, after its having collided into act.

[If you show up late don't sweat it, will leave note on door listing address of wherever we spill into next, until at least midnight/ 1:00 AM.]



Pictures of tactility. Facsimiles of texture. Script image touch. Substitute a feel for writing for the communication of thoughts in written language. (Barbarian's pen scratch rouse the neanderthal memory). Hornball spirits indexed behind glass. Filing transgressions ("spank bank"). J. Edgar Hoover fingers the surface-grain of some paper documents on his desk, striking dandyish pose as he extends the reaches of his power over a secured telephone line. That ineluctable grin. None can escape its spell. Contact lists evacuating touch into the pure air of judgment. Or abstraction. Or just leverage. A fucked up psychology indeed. And whoever we are, "the ones with the cell phones," must accept him as our own now, our very semblable. Scanning my viewers and likes and tiny cartoon hearts.

Depths of this Deep State vision of the earth materials. Conspiracy of STUFF. (Doesn't speak my language). And yet a glow of life sweats through the archive. Exalts from my cheek. Phone signals, over which frequency hoppers like us do navigate the undertow of our wants, code switching our way across the infosphere, looking for a touch. Aspirations of desire and the downward draw of lust. Enough secrets on file to max out

two whole floors of the FBI building. Materials for black-mail. "I just don't feel right unless I've gotten myself into some strange piece of ass." - J.F.K. Anxiety of energy potential with no passageway for the realizing. A valve-less-ness inducing evils. (Why do people always blame sex itself?) Dimwitted economies make for relations of an impoverishing jealousy. And, problem is, therein, it's justified. Maybe I live as an inversion of J. Edgar Hoover, cruising the phan-

tom remnant cruising grounds. Sometimes you wait there for hours, until the absence of light starts to all but soak into you. Of course the spell requires a degree of horridness, to be transmogrified by the sought after moment of reversal. Then another sort of light sparks between persons. "Senhal" as a married Greek contractor dude, ripped

in gleaming white T-Shirt. I met P. in the depths of The Fair Theatre in Queens one early afternoon, after a rave. Never thought I'd see him again. But as happens we crossed paths once again a year later, in the men's room of one of the last Long Island haunts—that isn't all bougie, at any rate. We cut to the chase. Distanciation and anonymity collapsed into an apocalypse of union. We had a good time.

