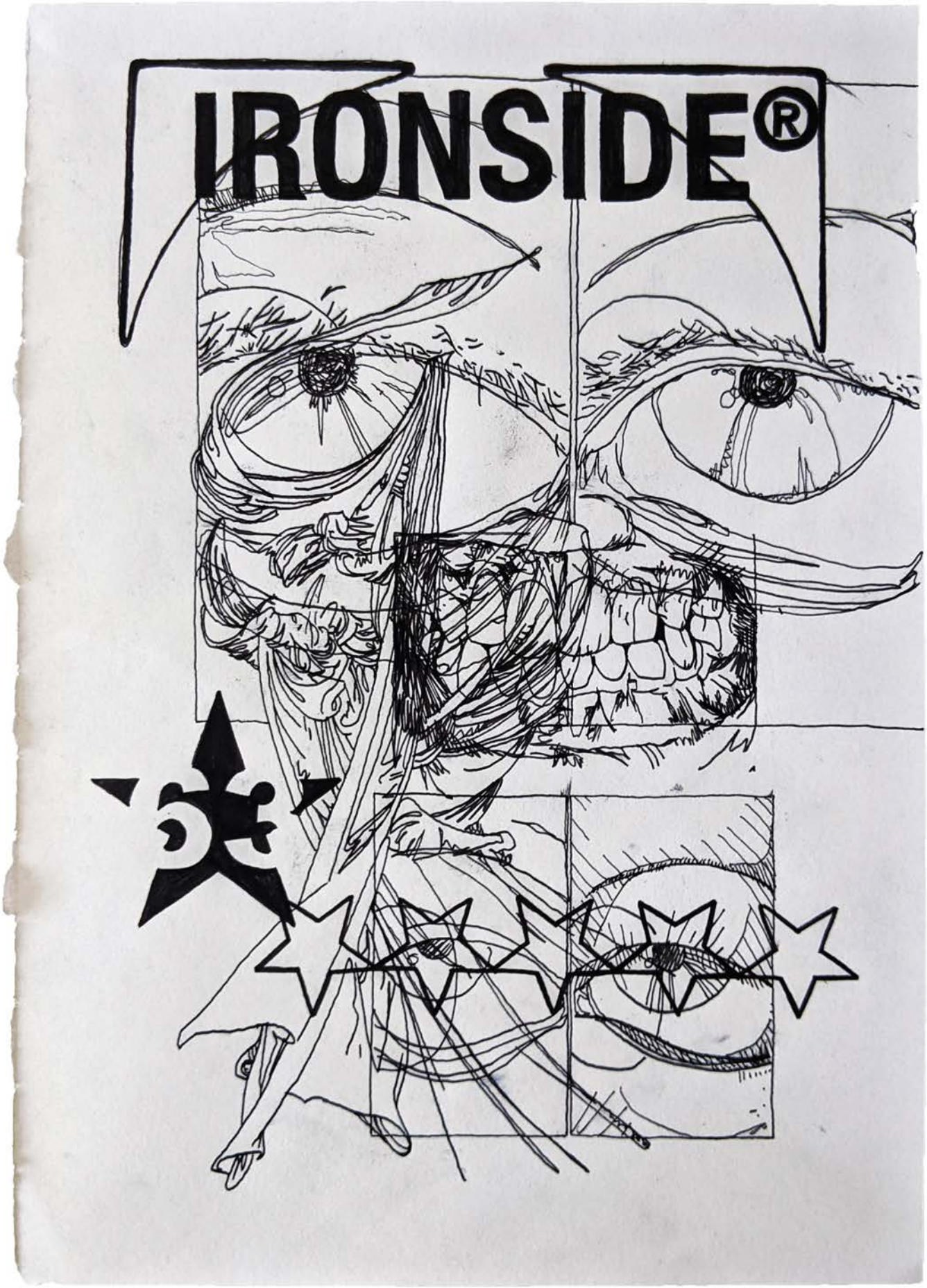


“THE ANTI-ANTHRACITE BEGETS THIS TRASH”

“STÜ” IRONSIDE®

APRIL 9

Fist shaped cracks in drywall
whisper through a dusty current
that *"the host's 95 rectified spirit*
is their unhappy drink of choice".

Between that and the vibrato shadows,
cast off clashing sallow
cheeks and citrine LEDs,
Perseverance Estate
shivers like a starved mutt
surfing the Parisian metro;
moving through the void to the echoes of French techno.

The host cries by themselves because
somebody hasn't turned up,
as the rest of us dance to
the 2000's
- songs to help us forget we're almost 20
and nearly dead.

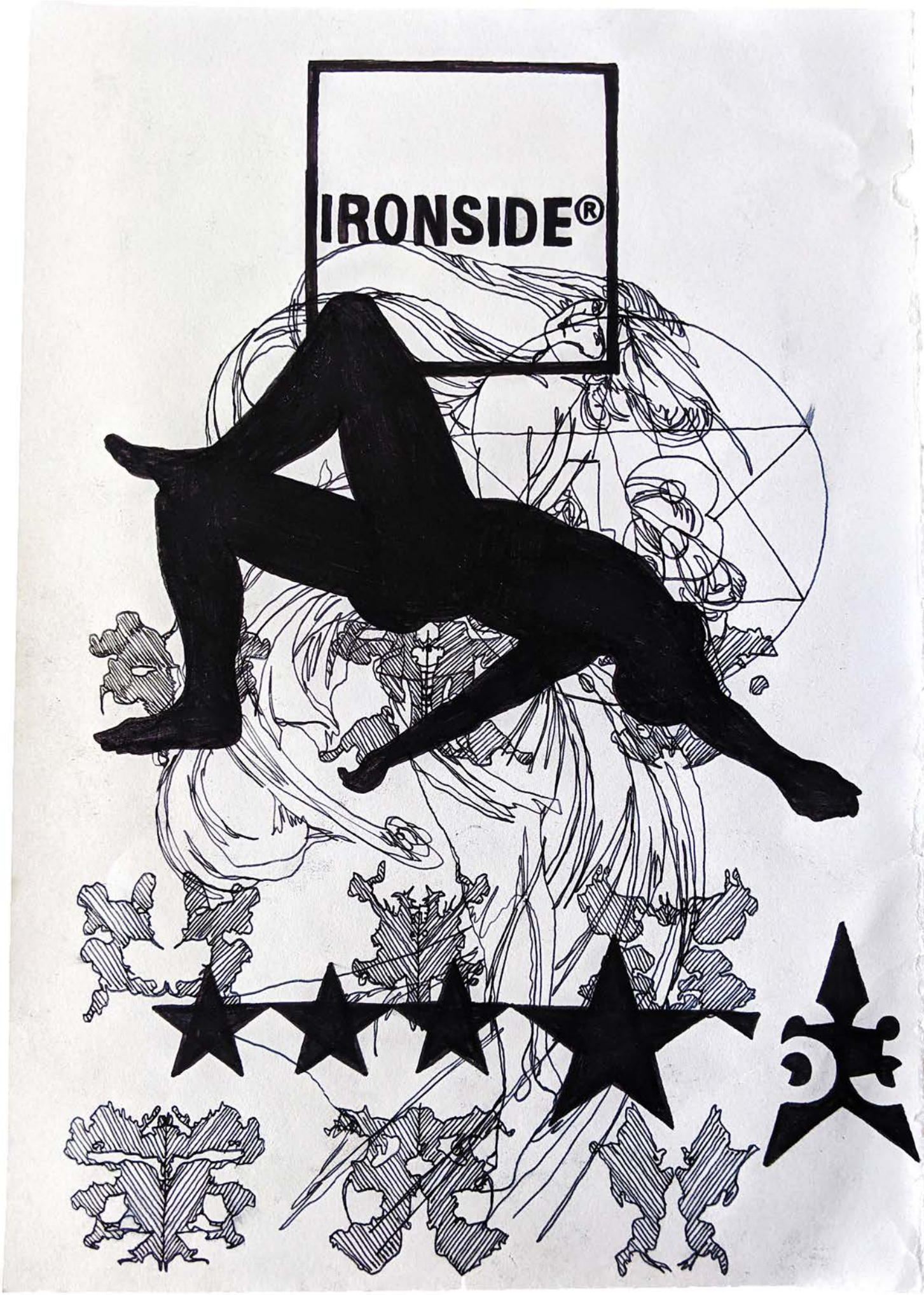
And I'm sitting with an irished up strawberry daiquiri,
confessing my love for an acquaintance in the next room,
to a stranger by my side,
hoping she walks in and overhears.
But of course,
she doesnt.

HUNTER®

FRAGMENT 4

Sharing sake under the cherry trees.
Midsummer sun
shedding mid-twenties on the late teens.
Luke-warm beer on shimmering lips
reflect the apricot beams,
delighting sailors, shepherds,
sake sharing kids.
And in that moment,
in the drunken sun's heat,
tender waves wash away everything
but the kiss.
When eyes snatched each-other a second rising sun;
saw it, caught it,
and suddenly disappeared in it.

For the sake? Or the cherry trees.


IRONSIDE®

UNTIL EVERYTHING WINKS SEDUCTIVELY
(Transcription of Video Work)

Begins in near silence, only sounds from the street bleed in under the voice of the Speaker.

SPEAKER

In excess and in vitro. X and B- Sangria tug at an alchemical shift; to shift *them* under the anti-skag, cerulean hues of the N44. Wanting serviced on the last service.
Look, collapse. My pupils are dilated enough for us both to fall together in further fractal ecstasy.
Reflections cut into the humming laminate glass. Streetlight fireflies keep passing us by. I stare into their eyes as they muddle with the phosphorescence, and so I miss you staring at me, and I regret myself and my choices, and I regret watching you burn to ether in [the] blue.
The exit's vexéd light. Shuffling strobes in an ex-emerald, cold chartreuse, enfolds beaux in vibrato beams for scenes of exegesis. Text messages reassessed as memorandum.
Memo's for their errant harem of past, present and future Ex's, featured guests and randoms. Blue fever reflects in push-bar handles, brining you to a standstill. Staring yourself down in the glass 'til you're found and past through their revolving door.
You exit their exit and you enter their rope.

The Speaker pauses for a moment, indicating a change of subject. When the Speaker returns, it is with modulation on their voice, as though we are hearing them through a broken sound system.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Yellow crumbs flow from door keys, to nose[s] with no sneeze. Feels like bees, sting[ing] like coke in throats. Let's tees and joke, but [then] choke on drip; hold, don't spit - to dopen trip.
Sip on stolen drink, it's shocking pink.
Itch your hat and think it's hit your scalp already [*pronounced as Schiaparelli*]. With [the] hair of Balotelli, bleached fair as January. Beached, there its sanctuary, till breached steady with fairy dust, rust, and bolts. Touch, thrusters jolt, guts muster faults, but lust [for] thots. Just joining dots, forecasting lots for courts that cost four thoughtful nods.

The Speaker pauses again, as though distracted.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

The door opens... What?

Another pause, and The Durutti Column's "Requiem for a Father" begins to play lightly in the background. Then...

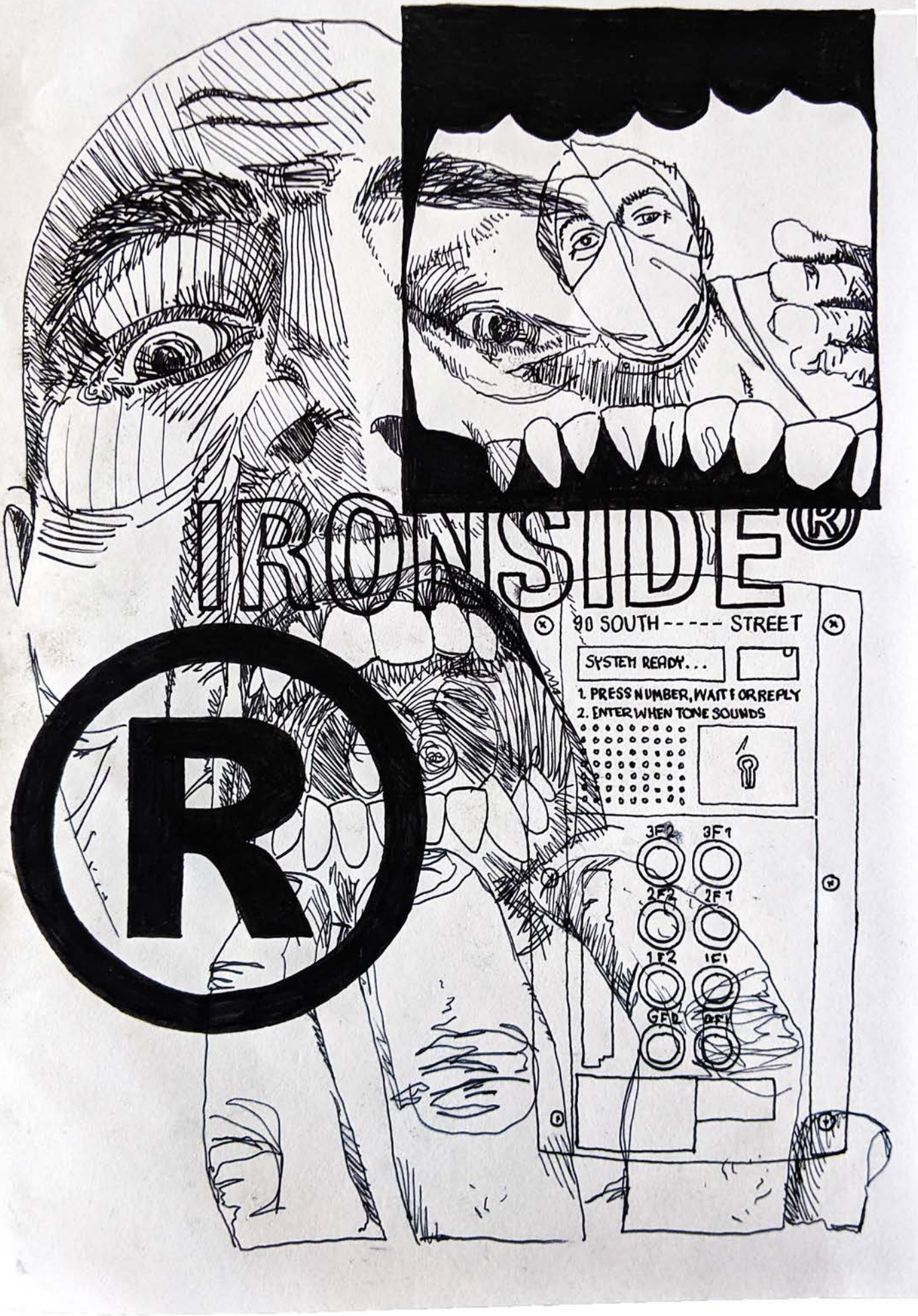
SPEAKER (CONT'D)

She stands there: short blonde, black dress, red stripes [up] her ankles.

Speaker becomes gradually more frantic

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Take a seat and take a sip, Freudian slip onto her lips. Hand on her hip, hand in her hair, hand in the air trying to climb up the stairs. We shiver in unison. Communion forsaken, taken fry,


IRONSIDE®
90 SOUTH ----- STREET
SYSTEM READY...
1. PRESS NUMBER, WAIT FOR REPLY
2. ENTER WHEN TONE SOUNDS
3F2
3F1
2F2
2F1
1F2
1F1
GF2
GF1
R

baking, we lie shaking, Eyes blinking as the third awakens. Our souls are taken as [we] start making ...

Speaker returns to a less erratic meter, seems to compose themselves

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
All hands, no gloves. All hands, no...
Be cleansed as we end and see sense through old lens[es]. Slow down as she sends for more snow. Lands in palms, sow songs and psalms. Unlock the key. Baggie on her knee, I take the knife from my sleeve and slice the ice clean and evenly. She's feeding me sleepily, [but] sleazily feeling, we start moving in frequency. Dust, rust, and bolts. Touch thrusters, jolt, guts muster faults but lust for thots. Just joining dots, forecasting lots for courts that cost four thoughtful nods. And what was, was temporary.

The Speaker pauses for a moment, much longer this time, indicating another change of subject. They return without the modulation, only natural voice. They speak in nursery rhyme meter.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Yakuza kids on kamikaze Kawasaki's, speed along the highway to hell, brandishing bloodied blades. They are desperate to live and die, by their samurai swords.

The Speaker pauses again, allowing a menacing soundscape to overcome the viewer. Chainsaws, over driven guitars, a slowly rising Shepard tone, and the glitching, sputtering, overpowering sounds of the demons that haunt bad trips. When the speaker rejoins, they are frantic, half whispering , gasping for air, and heavily distorted...

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Snort a line of basement-made Nancy Reagan, found on [a] pavement, off a razor blade. Snow and cement, [the] blow is seasoned [repeated as voice trails off momentarily].

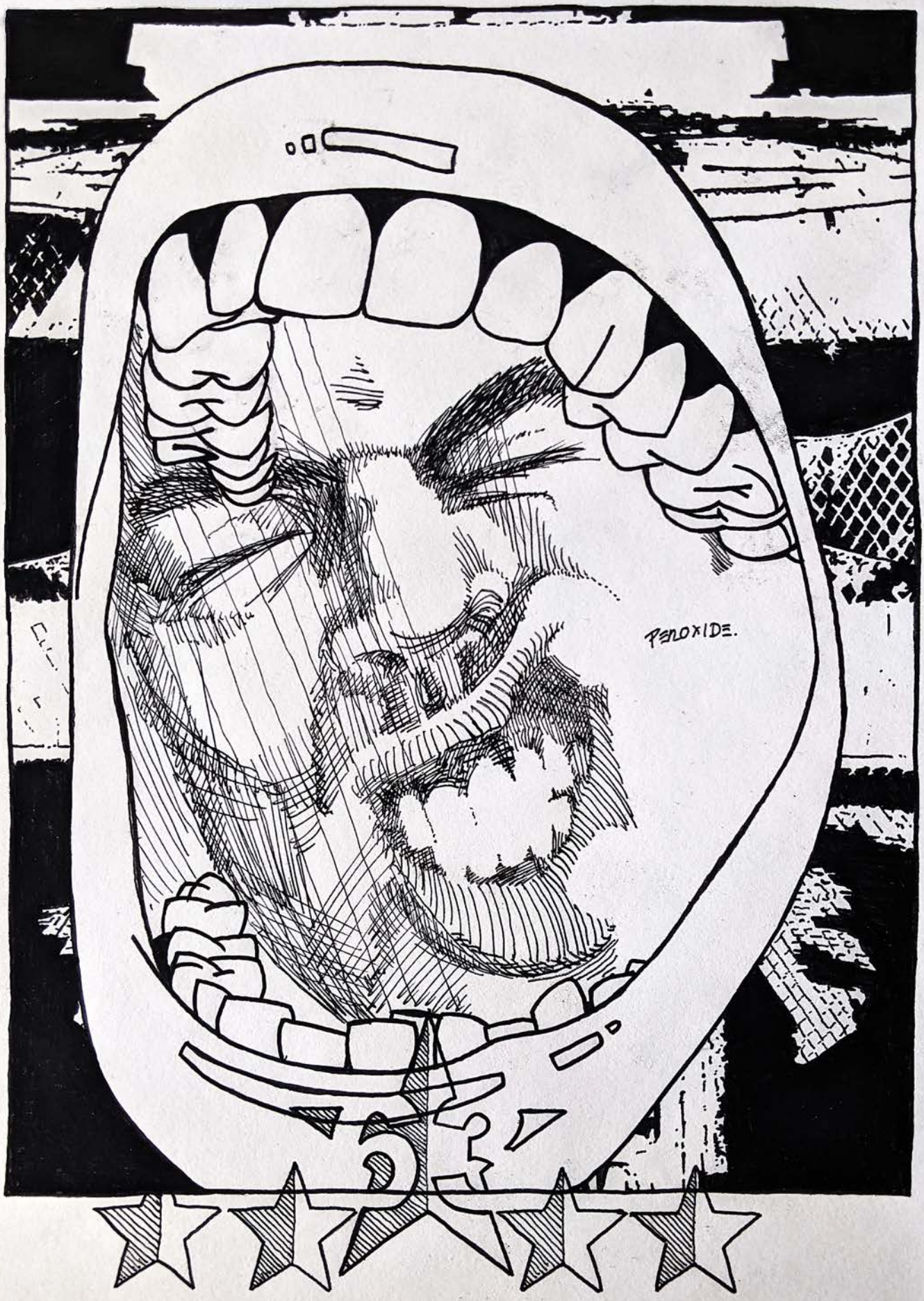
The Speaker repeated themselves...

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Snort a line of basement-made Nancy Reagan, found on [a] pavement, off a razor blade. Snow and cement, [the] blow is seasoned, so these demons manifest and make appearance[s]. [They] say they're sent straight from Jesus, straight from Venus. Simulacrum ass - a vision. They look like, Ryan Seacrest. No Rest. [No] rest for the wicked. Even when I kick it, thinking of her figure, figure thinking of her simulacrum ass - a vision - even if it ...

The Speaker trails off and begins again...

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Thinking of her figure, figure thinking of her, simulacrum ass - a vision - even if it feels real when I rest. So I'm like a white girl, collect a couple crystals. Ordered up a gram but I bought another fist full. The nose bleed[s] speed, because it won't let me rest. No rest, wont rest, can't sleep, for the dreams. Cocaine lines like wire, got me wired, so I don't rest, won't rest, can't sleep, for the cocaine. No rest, wont rest.

The Speaker begins mumbling to themselves, frequently repeating the name...


PEROXIDE.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Vito Acconci.

The Speaker continues...

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Reckless affects, effects detect, detest, need reassessed. Process, gross as abscess, this trail to success is so sus, auto-reject like rhesus. Orders not to recus[itate] these guts of card cut - gone hard from yard long lines of ice rushed from ISIS. And the iris, pupil eyes full of vibrance. Im Abraxis, on white taxed with laxatives, can't relax if I wanted to. No rest.

The Speaker breathes deeply as though they are in pain. Shrouded in an ever louder cacophony of noise, and buried beneath replaying clips of their own voice, the Speaker continues even more manic than before, occasionally drumming off-kilter, off-beat rhythms, and repeating themselves in slurred speech.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Wont rest. Reckless affects, effects detect, detest, need reassessed. Process, gross as abscess. Reckless affects, effects detect, detest, need reassessed. Process, gross as abscess. Reckless affects, effects detect, detest, need reassessed. Process, gross as abscess, this trail to success is so sus, auto-reject like rhesus. Orders not to recus[itate] these guts of card cut. Gross as abscess, this trail to success is so sus, auto-reject like rhesus. Orders not to recus[itate] these guts of card cut - gone hard from yard long lines of ice rushed from ISIS. And the iris, pupil eyes full of vibrance. Im Abraxis, on white taxed with laxatives, can't relax if I wanted to.
No rest, wont rest, can't sleep, for the dreams. Cocaine lines like wire, got me wired, so I don't rest, won't rest, can't sleep, for the cocaine. No rest, wont rest. Vito Acconci, Vito, Vito Acconci, veto him, veto it...

Once again, the Speaker drifts off leaving huge, steady drums. After a few moments, the speaker returns, reciting in rhythm.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

See the mirrors spitting glass, fractal dance. Swore I saw her looking back, seeing the past, breathing peroxide, taking me back, glittering figure of lack. Bleaching me blonde, burning me bald, taking my scalp for her mantel, drowning in siren call. Echoing maul, echoing falls, remember? Drinking forgetting September. December, taking it back and I'm packing my bags for the mountains. I needed my space and I found it. A lot of it, got lost in it. The forest, the soldiers, Miss Saeki I'm coming I promise it, I promise you.
Mirrors in my mental, her reflections in my face. Mirrors incidental, her reflections all are fake. This that kinda' mirror without silver or a place, her reflections my projection cus I'm waiting on her grace. Mirrors in my mental, her reflection in my face. Mirrors incidental, her reflection all are fake. This that kinda' mirror without silver or a place, her reflections my projection cus I'm waiting on her grace.
Shattering the windshield when we crash, fast, couldn't make it last past the winter time, snow white. Swerving off the black ice, double up my eyesight, trouble from the blindside while I

struggle just get my mind right. Spiders web crawling cross the screen, blood and red and blue and sirens break the silence, paint the scene. Scarlet sings of violence as I'm dragging down the straight, following my footsteps, as I trail the interstate, altered state, I'm a state.
Her reflection in my face, mirrors incidental, her reflection all are fake. This that kinda' mirror without silver or a place, her reflections my projection cus I'm waiting on her grace. Mirrors in my mental, her reflection in my face. Mirrors incidental, her reflection all are fake. This that kinda' mirror without silver or a place, her reflections my projection cus I'm waiting on her grace.
And I see her, see myself. And I see her, see myself. And I see her, see myself. And I see her, see myself.

The drums subside, and another moment passes before the Speaker returns. This time, once again, their natural voice returns - only sounding more apathetic. They speak over silence.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Auto-exegesis on Floor 7 of the cubical grid; serial interlocutors in polyester grey. If only the Thatcherite repetitions allowed for a polyamorous heat, perspiring from 100 hour weeks, and our meeting in the storage cupboard, and tense eye contact caught between dividers, and shared discontent. Instead, banalities laid bare - they're nothing more. And the tensions exist between yourself and no-one else.

A few seconds after the Speaker finishes, a sample from The Durutti Column's "Requiem for a Father" begins to play. The speaker recites in rhythm, with reverb.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)
Feet Crumbling, tumbling weeds. Creed's stumbling, thumbling leads, cease grumbling humbling pleas [and] tease thundering couplets on knees. [It] frees puppets and coveted cheese.
Flees pumping up buckets I bleed red, doublets are covering greed, fed plump[en]ing stomachs appease, get busting the tightening seems, yet nothing is coming of these fat fronts, and the fuckers that feed.
Feet feel the weight as they crumble to dust. Rust, musters at points of the thrust. Guts grumbling asking for love, fillin' em' up with nothing. Feeling I'm cut up so looking above, reaching, I'm stuck up cooking the doves. Knees crumpled up; struggle to heal. Steal something but struggle to feel. Real moments are flickering past, fast. Omens too, trickling, that snatch hope of the image or fact that the future is different from the past. Fast omens too fickle and rash snatch hope of a fisherman's catch that the future won't tickle and snatch. Taking the mask, task's burnt with a match.
An end to the loop is all that we ask for. An end to the loop is all that we ask lord.
Feet Crumbling, tumbling weeds. Creed's stumbling, thumbling leads, cease grumbling humbling pleas [and] tease thundering couplets on knees. [It] frees puppets and coveted cheese.
Flees pumping up buckets I bleed red, doublets are covering greed, fed plump[en]ing stomachs appease, get busting the tightening seems, yet nothing is coming of these fat fronts, and the fuckers that feed.

The music cuts out, and the Speaker, again in natural voice, recites their final verse.

IRONSIDE®

7

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

A propane-gas-gloaming to early-morning-exodus, student halls to the bridges. We're fumes choked out a tailpipe and sandstone desaturated. An immediate disconnect between me, myself and everyone else - that's Mandy in the rearview. Or without sleep. Or Mandy. Or Whatever.

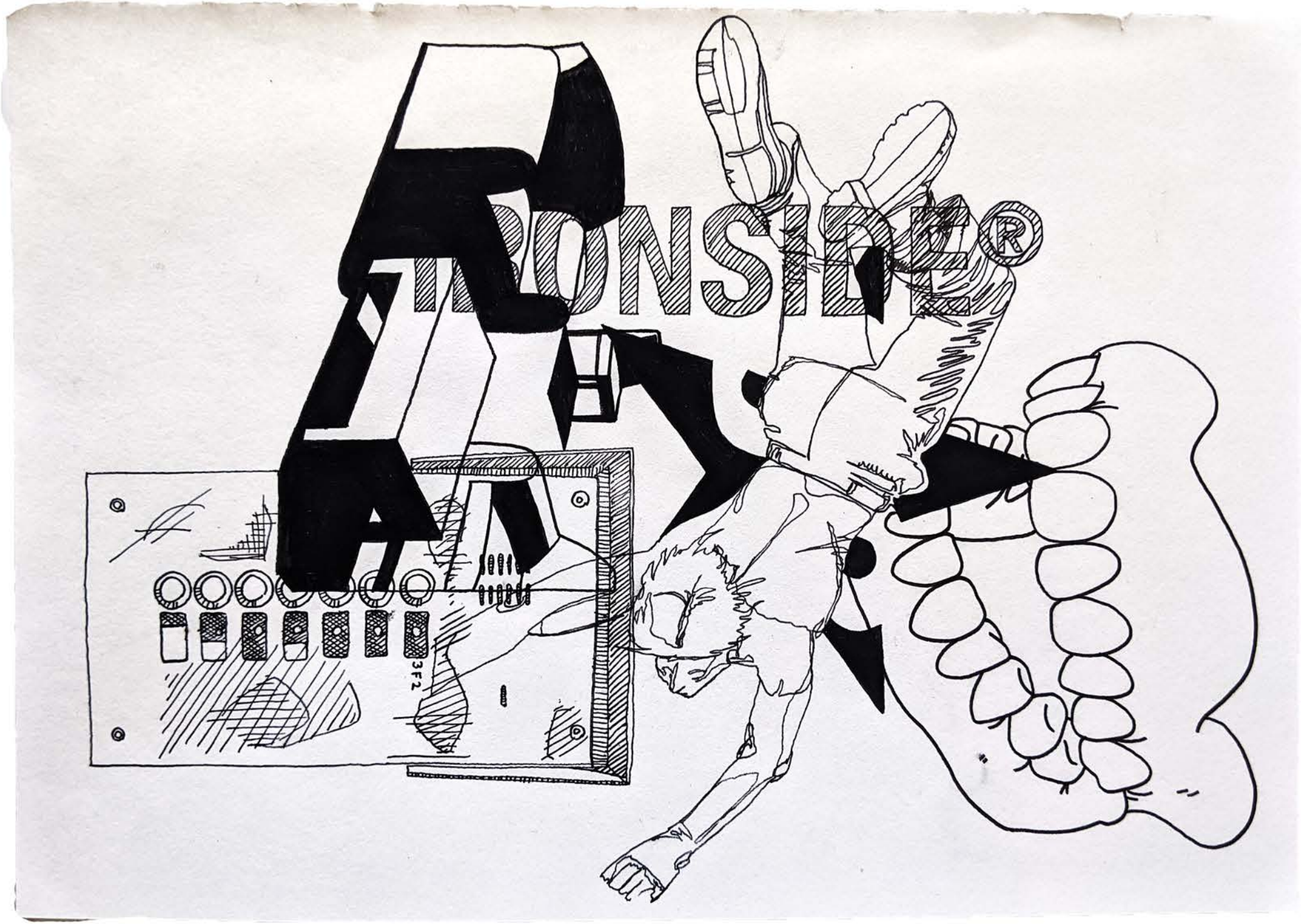
The husky blue is scantily clad, stratus dropped to the ground around her ankles; only just waking up. Sunlight, stoplights, road-sign refractions all winking seductively.

Where street-lights flitter like double-flowered interim-lovers, I'm dusk-dreaming of hard-shoulder *Speed*. I need a pick-me up, and a break...

The blossoms at twilight; the little things. There's still the little things, although theirs not much else; just enough to keep you from racing off the exit ramp, to nudge you awake if you drift off at the wheel.

Sunlight, stoplights, road-sign refractions all winking seductively.

END.


IRONSIDE®
3F2

MAY 30

Debauchery in Perseverance Estate;
the next generation of pseudo-intellectuals
snorting Calvin Klein off each-other's boxers.

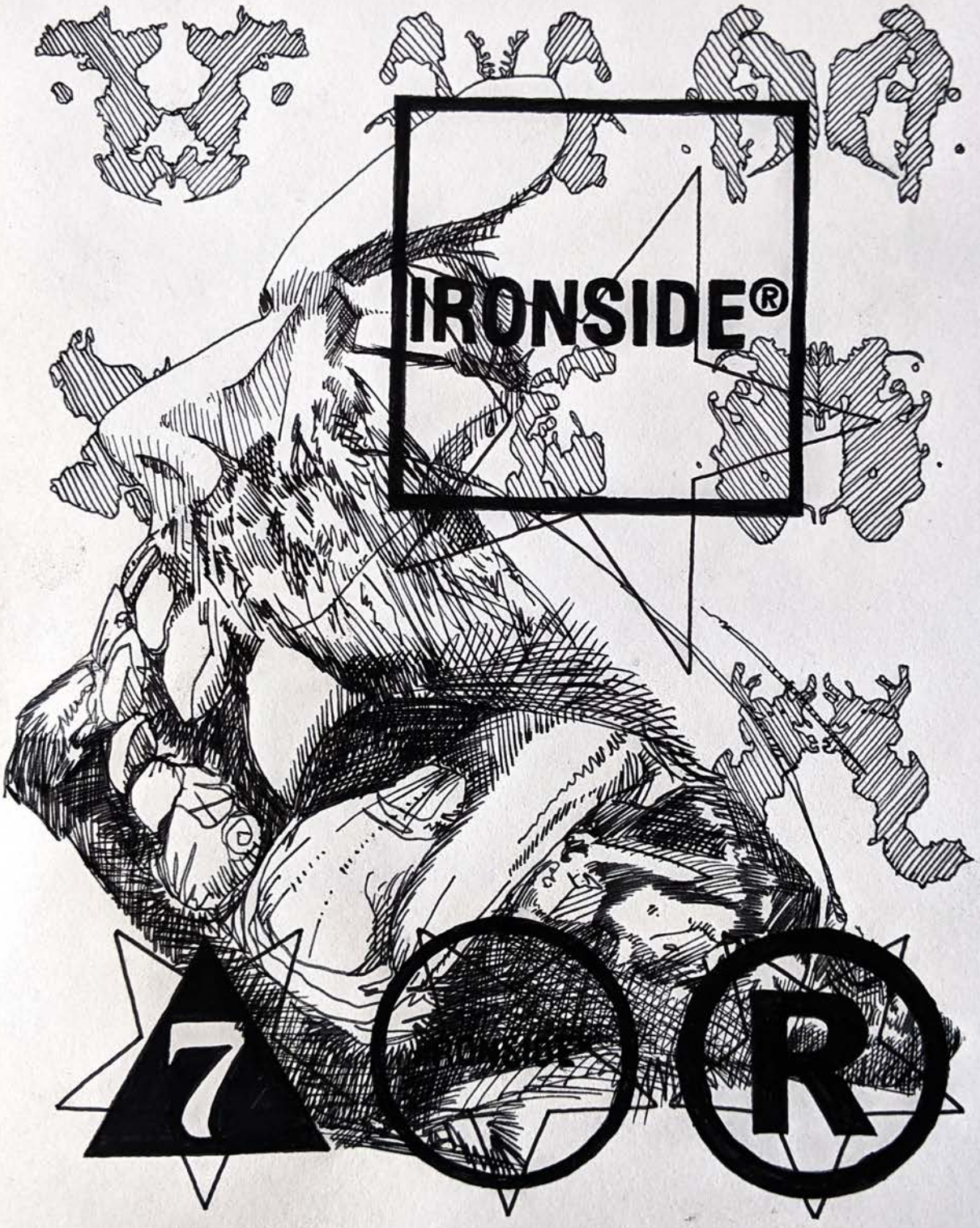
Naked and Nude;
ecstatic table-top whirling dervishes,
meditating on a united Ireland, champaign socialism and
ecstatic amphetamine whirling thought dervishes.
Misquoting Schopenhauer through convexing over-proof.
Etc.

Sprawling leather containing brains going stuttering void,
giving cunnilingus to a bag of cocaine after he bottled:
himself with a litre of martini,
his chances with a flame,
etc.

The Kitchen has double-bloomed;
herbal patterns make the air thick and the place intoxicating -
pollen sits by the tonsils as a harr fluoresces.

But through heavy heads, spirits and vapours
cracks the neon pig's siren whip.
Illegal raves are still illegal,
and a murder of £30 fines want to knock down the door.

I can hear them already shouting,
"Abraxis doesnt retrograde,
the stars are no excuse."


IRONSIDE®

TRAFFIC

I clock in and the clock breaks; its hands seem to become rigid and slow as rigour mortis creeps and overcomes. Minutes protract like nylon tights, becoming diaphanous as they're stretched out. They're like communion wafer, like tough steak chewed for too long. They're like hours and nebulous days, these minutes, like lachrymose wallpaper.

The Thatcherite thoughts; how many reports - I wonder - until I'm reduced to one, or a number on one. How long until my ink-blot corpse glides ghoulishly across another's conveyer-belt desk. How many missed shifts would it take for my absence to materialise as a bunch of flowers left pinned to the bulletin board. How many of my co-worker comrades would have contributed to the oversized card, the one stricken with terrible dementia; repeating absentmindedly 'forever in our thoughts', then 'gone but never forgotten', and then 'rest in peace'. Figures of speech spoken to nobody in particular - particularly not *to* me, and certainly not *for* me. Those are the thoughts inspired by the perpetual polyester bloom of cloth chrysanthemums as they sit next to the water-cooler . And so passing by the "flowers", I sit down and switch off.

Tick* tick* tics suck away at any vigour left, leaving me a steely blue as I work late under the alchemical buzz of office strip lights; their lazer lemon hue drenches shallow cheeks in vibrato shadow. Scuttling switchboard keys sing their clicking chorus, black bug buttons tapped rhythmically by the corporate hive. The building echoes the same song in its architecture, square tiles of asbestos line the roof and stretch off into an infinite, overcast haze. And I join it - the building, the hive, the chorus - a machine reciting relentless repetitions, binary functions, linear sequences, spreadsheets, and the like.

But I am not a machine, and eventually my caffeinated tremors condense to pools of lethargy sloshing in heavy waves as I blink. A break - long awaited - crawls into view, as though my tiredness encumbers its slow approach. When it arrives, I rise and march to the cafeteria to join the cue; dogs panting for our portion. Women stand behind the counter, rows of grey faces with hairnets in fly-killer blue. They execute dinner service. The metronomic clang of the corporate cafe keeps the hive throbbing, re-sets the pace in the nexus, provides a beat to produce to - and a kick drum to fuck too for the workers rape. The coffee is too hot, and has no flavour.

Returning to my desk, condemned to re-engage with the object of capitalist faith fetish - keep stroking the keys. Perhaps one day my bourgeois over-lord-and-saviour might allow me a two week holiday in paradise. With that dream as bait, I lead myself on into the void where the hours I input, disappear to produce some output I never see. And so it is, until nature calls. Five minutes in another stall, stalling. Sitting with my right temple pressed to the toilet roll dispenser, staring at the veins of some mysterious dark patch in the vinyl floor. I take in a deep sigh - which I immediately regret - as I'm bombarded by the gargling stink of a hundred squealing men with swollen prostates. The Zyklon nightmare in 10th's lavatory loony-bins.

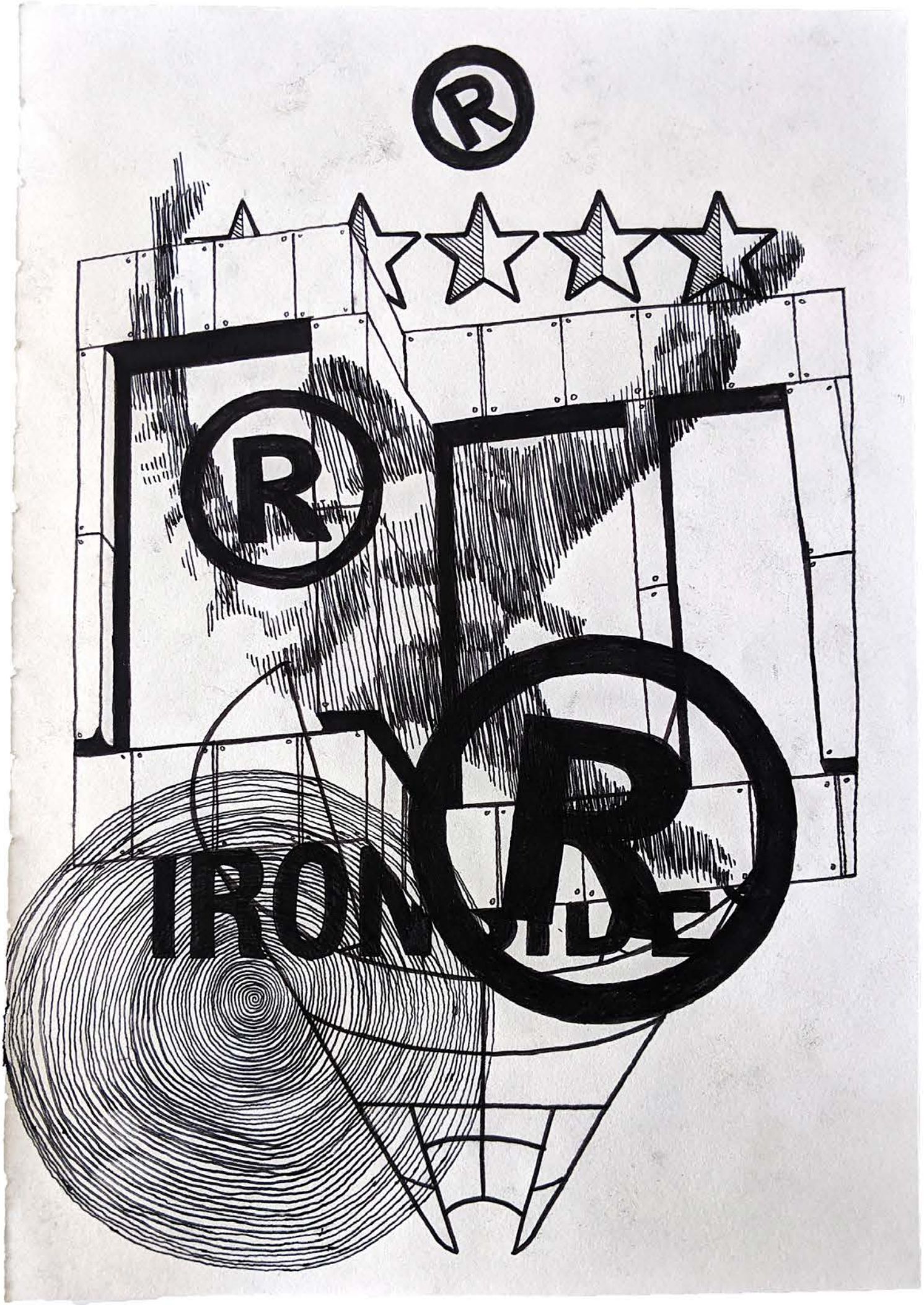
On the way back to my desk, I pass the corporate suite, and peak through its icy walls. Wraiths in blue, or black, or grey suits chatter about font size, or the size of their bank accounts, or dick size - and where their dicks have been. Their mouths are coated with thick spit dripping from stroke-split lips, themselves stained the rotten violet of vintage wine. They can't keep their hollow, cataract clouded eyes off each-other; the capitalist libido insists on incest. *"Has rigour mortis set in or are you just happy to see me mister investor"*. A peroxide blonde assistant escapes through the frosted door, grabbing at the hem of her skirt. She rushes past me, flustered, as I trudge on by.

Brace! Brace! Brace! for boredom. It comes in lukewarm waves, perhaps pumped through the ventilation shafts with the recycled air. As I sit back down, I spot a poster hanging across from me. It depicts a smiling Sisyphus, contently wrestling with his bolder. He knows that the rock will slip from his shoulders when he reaches the zenith, but the poster says he's accepted his lot, and has found peace within himself. He's living for the moments where he can shut off, the hours he spends walking back down the mountain before starting again at his daily graft; his leisure time where he can think what he wants before fully recommitting his efforts to that god prescribed - granted futile and fruitless - task. I'd probably be happier for coming to that same self-

AUTO.

acceptance, otherwise the next shoelace I trip on might send me tumbling into the ether, without the will to get back up; my face sinking into the anthracite carpet. Or maybe boredom's anaesthetic brain fuzz that filters thoughts, might filter me out completely, and I'll die whilst on my commute, or at my desk, and no-one will notice because my carcus will keep on keeping on.

Flash. Flash. Flash again. Ten. Then twenty. Then a hundred times or more, the steady Xerox 4:4. Im staring off into a vision of Barbados whilst feeding the printer. Somewhere between inserting another sheet, and receiving a cool margarita on the beach from a tanned waitress, some bright shard stabs at me. The shimmering flare of sunset refractions against the floor to ceiling windows. Huge beams arc and become fractals against industrial glass; the glitter bomb shine of the celestial sphere, exploding as snowballs into impossible sparks, conducted upon drops of rain like the condensation on that margarita glass - like the winking eyes of Caribbean waves. Am I content, or am I lusting secretly for defenestration; does poor Sisyphus have a point, or do I throw myself out the window and onto that beautiful locomotive to the stars. Its a shame, because a man who doesnt know when or wether to die, clearly doesn't know how to live.


IRON

"FIN"

~~"FIN"~~

~~"FIN"~~

~~"FIN"~~