

Spore-Radical

a multi-media manuscript featuring writing, performance and sound.

The following is a letter I wrote on my residency at CanSerrat, which has now become the prologue to my manuscript. I have also included an index of sound, most which I have recorded at the residency.

dear M.,

We elevated a flower. Or maybe it lowered us.

this was CAConrad.

I could not explain this ritual to you just yet.

But I could explain to you in five minutes how corn has taken over the world because I watched a video this morning (warfare technology).

I could repeat some of the things I read on uni-cellular farming (maybe a good idea after all)

Things I currently contain in my body:

fish oil, tahini, dust, banana, joghurt.

Each morning I wake up, light a candle and meditate on my little stone floor. Then i do some stretches, inhale, exhale. It's still dark and the moving dustballs are invisible in candlelight.

Dust in human environments contains: small amounts of plant pollen, human and animal hairs, textile fibers, paper fibers, minerals from outdoor soil, human skin cells, burnt meteorite particles, and many other materials which may be found in the local environment.

As I stretch I inhale the ghosts and I inhale the sky. I sneeze & leave my own contribution.

At around 4.50 the mountains are as pink as the sidewalk. I had been here a long time ago and only once. Still my feet led me to the little hill by the disused pool from which you can see the moon. It made me think of all the other maps, all this other information that the body just HOLDS. Maybe this is the reason why I cannot remember names. How would you walk to a name ? It seems like a a shortcut to get to a person.

I didn't know your name for the longest time. In my phone I had you saved as Walt Whitman, because we had stood under a quote of his, when we met. We were mouthing his poem, here, I researched the words:

Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers! Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!

I didn't understand a word, but I liked the way we were reading in synchronicity. The pink mountains are covered in fog now. Almost every day I re-learn what a poem is.

The sidewalk is a coral reef and I don't dare doing my ritual just yet. Three men seem to be discussing the problem of a Tree. I am a visitor here and want to make a mark only in accordance with the streets. Cracks mean different things here than they do back in New York. I wanted to

become a poet because I thought that poems caused cracks, the good ones, that let you see through. But cracks are polysemous spaces, like the inside of a palm, like a bedroom. The city is full of memory, dreams and broken psycho-geographies, the concrete is alive with ghosts and eros, and we are part of it, and we are moved by it, and we move it while lungs are cleaning themselves to allow for the flow of mucus & cats are rubbing their foreheads onto shins.

You asked me what we were doing. Back in the house there is no internet. Someone is writing a novel about a woman and her printer (in dutch, unfortunately!) and I have no excuse but to work on my poems and think of you.

I've also come across a disused tile factory a ten minute walk away from the house. At first glance it looks like it's still in use but it is rusty upon closer inspection. You know that it's been deserted because of the weeds. Beautiful greens and yellows taking over holes and tiles like there was no tomorrow. there IS no tomorrow. I began drawing around the weeds with some of the tile colourings I found across the site.

There was something about marking the pavement that sensitised me to my own body in relation to all the other bodies. There is no such thing as an empty act. Yes, the self is always already disrupted by that Other. "The disruption of the Other at the heart of the self is the very condition of that self's possibility." This is Guy Debord.

I place my hope into each drawing, the hope for beauty. I know that the next rain will wash the streets yet I feel that when time is filled in an intentional manner, something beyond the visible is being produced.

Angela Davis : "*You have to act as if it were possible to transform the world. And you have to do it all the time.*" And so I stay with each weed and act as if I could colour in the whole world, weed by weed. Each time I catch a stare, I entangle. Each pause, each breath is already filled in tender lilacs.

It's probably about the seeing, M.

*y, contra todo, nasce una
amapola*

love,

A

Sound Index

1.

<https://soundcloud.com/amanda-hohenberg/soundbite-sporeradically-1>

2.

<https://soundcloud.com/amanda-hohenberg/soundbite-sporeradically-2>

3.

<https://soundcloud.com/amanda-hohenberg/caferecordingwav>

4.

<https://soundcloud.com/amanda-hohenberg/soundbite-sporeradically-4>