

LUNE 05: DISORIENTATION

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LUNE

A JOURNAL OF LITERARY MISRULE

**Alison Frank
JJ Chan
Mel Galley
Roy Duffield
Fatima Rodriguez
DS Maolalai
Kenn Taylor
Nathan Austin**





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Editor's Note by Núria Rovira Terradas

Every day, for only 6 hours, Morecambe Bay offers a window in which your feet can cross the boundary between land and sea, to walk on the otherworldly landscape of the intertidal mudflats. It was around the end of March when I started going on daily walks on the sands across from my studio. Equipped with my hiking boots, a GPS tracker, and a sketchbook, I was trying to collect data through the practice of walking. My aim was to imagine an alternative map of the mudflats, that would challenge human scales and temporalities by drawing attention to the constant movement of the land and the nonhuman worlds that inhabit it. Simply, I went out there to observe lugworms.

The sand under my feet slowly moves as the lugworms digest it through their bodies. They are part of an active landscape that blurs the line between place and body. Their ever-emerging sand castings cover the surface of the mudflats, accompanying every footprint I leave, as I try carefully not to step on them. I think about them as ephemeral non-human cartographies, being dissolved and rebuilt with every rising tide. Day after day, I tracked, observed, and walked amongst the castings, recording the encounter between the movement of my body and the movement of the landscape.

I soon realised this was the first time I was walking free from many of the rules that control our walking habits. When we move, there is always a destination that directs the route, which takes place in spaces made for the purpose of walking, like a sidewalk or a path. The rising tide protects the intertidal mudflats from these kinds of human marks, and reminds us what it's like to move by simply being in conversation with the landscape. It reminds us of what it's like to be Disoriented. Walking directionless across these unmarked spaces, I was exploring Disorientation as a space for new ways of noticing to emerge.

Over 20 walks later, I accumulated a large body of data that mapped out my personal encounter with lugworm landscapes. This body of data born in Morecambe Bay has flowed back into the waters of the river Lune to participate in this issue of the journal. Editing the issue, I have used my research on the mudflats as a narrative thread that guides the way across a variety of writing contributions exploring the theme of Disorientation.

We find ourselves in a strange time of Reorientation, realities are changing, and perspectives are shifting. Responding to this weird context, the contributors in this issue imagine different shapes Disorientation can take. The journal starts with a short story by Alison Frank who explores what it's like to be "blurry" in a world of rigid boundaries. Similarly, JJ Chan addresses the social pressure to "be oriented" by celebrating the



fluidity of gender and identity that spills out of harsh categories. Their piece is a video script that the artist has revisited with annotations responding to the new realities that have shifted in the last couple of years, from the pandemic to the fall of Colston. This is followed by *The crisis of the Lobster* by Mel Galley, a narrative written in collaboration with Parham Ghalamdar that brings Disorientation to our linear writing habits. Roy Duffield's poem *(mis)communication* continues the search for Disorientation in language and communication.

The strangeness within the ordinary is represented in Fatima Rodrigues' image and writing composition *I brush yesterday's words off my tongue so that I can say fresh words like 'good morning'*. DS Maolalai's poem similarly reflects on noticing familiar spaces behaving in unexpected ways. From the window of a train crossing the North West of England, Kenn Taylor's essay *Transpennine* discusses the Disorienting feeling of being trapped in a forward moving motion, leaving behind forgotten landscapes of decay. This journey continues with Roy Duffield's poem *20/21 vision*, moving us through a current of directions and rules that steal our sense of direction.

Candor is a short poem by Mel Galley that invites us to look at our landscapes, noticing the ruins hiding under the layer of beauty we admire. More stories behind landscapes are revealed in Nathan Austin's poem *Lat. 35° 30' 27", Long. 118° 53' 02"* that tries to orient us through the layers of time, onomatology and geology. The issue closes with Mel Galley's imagined landscape *Adrift*, an island floating free from anchor or direction into a Disoriented space full of possibilities.

Editing this brilliant selection of submissions, I had the intention of communicating the theme of Disorientation through the display of the issue. The data from my intertidal walks introduces each submission, weaving them together with the lines from the GPS tracks. Lune's online format has allowed me to use the journal as a flipbook, making the visuals slowly shift as the reader turns the digital pages. Instead of a static background, this edit aims to behave as an active landscape in which the writing unfolds. The places we move through never sit still, and neither will the pages of this issue as the words travel through them.

The prefix "dis-" in Disorientation implies that something has been lost. I hope this selection of writings guides the readers a few steps away from the path to discover what that might be. Have we lost our ability to orient ourselves? Or perhaps, have we lost our ability to get lost?

Núria Rovira Terradas

(Núria's research has been commissioned by Future Places Centre and funded by EPSRC as part of the "Cartographic Interventions" commissions.)

DIS ORIENT TATION

lugworm count

This was the windiest walk I have done so far. I cut the walk short because of the uncomfortable weather. I noticed that the lugworm casting on the sand had been changed by the wind, breaking their shapes and making them look strangely geometrical.

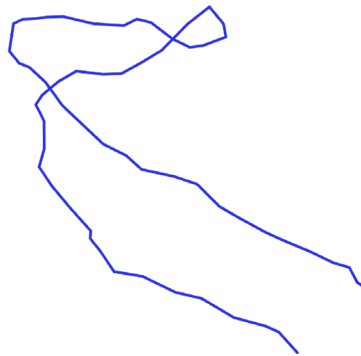
0,8 km

05/04/2021
14:12 pm

Wind - 18 mph from NW

Tamsin and the Blur

by Alison Frank



Tamsin woke up blurred. She'd been perfectly sharp the night before, she was certain of it. In the mirror, she gazed at the reflection of the tiles and taps just below her fuzzy left earlobe. Everything else in the room was clear and crisp. Only her own outline was distorted, a smudge against the normal background.

She went downstairs for breakfast. Her grandmother was trying to fix the toaster.

'Morning, Tammy,' she said, without looking up. 'Pour yourself a cup of coffee, I've just made it.'

'Gran,' said Tamsin. 'When I looked in the mirror just now, my reflection was blurry.'

'What?' Her grandmother banged the toaster against the counter, trying to dislodge a chunk of burnt toast. Tamsin repeated herself.

'I wouldn't worry about that, love,' she said, peering cautiously at the bowels of the appliance. 'If you lie on your face when you sleep, it puts pressure on your eye. That can make your vision a little blurred just after you wake up. It'll sort itself out.' She turned towards the table where her granddaughter, between sips of coffee, was leafing through a fashion magazine.

Hearing her grandmother's plodding footsteps stop suddenly, Tamsin looked up. Gran took off her big glasses, pulled a worn handkerchief from the pocket of her skirt, polished the lenses, and put the glasses back on. Her eyebrows met.

'There is rather...an uncertainty about you today.' Gran walked closer, squinting. 'Are you cold? Perhaps you're shivering, and that's creating a sort of illusion of blurriness.'

'It's August,' said Tamsin, pointing at the roasting patio stones just outside the back door. But Gran had already fetched one of her own gigantic pink cardigans and was placing it around Tamsin's shoulders.

‘Once slice or two, my love?’

‘None, thanks. I’m not hungry.’

‘Drinking coffee, not eating properly...’ said Gran. ‘It might be caffeine giving you the shakes.’

Tamsin held a perfectly steady hand above the table. Gran took Tamsin’s wrist and held her hand up, tracing a line around it with her own shaky finger as if to determine whether her granddaughter was enveloped in an actual fog.

‘I’ve never seen anything like it.’

Those words, coming from her grandmother, tied a knot in Tamsin’s stomach.

Tamsin didn’t particularly enjoy her job, but she’d told herself it was temporary: a way to make a small dent in her student loan over the summer as she tried to decide what to do with her freshly minted degree in English Literature. To her surprise, magazine editors and book publishers hadn’t been falling over themselves to invite her for an interview.

If it hadn’t been her only job offer, she wouldn’t have chosen to become Dr Synec’s secretary. She felt revolted by the endless stream of sick people who trooped in, sniffing weakly or coughing violently. She hadn’t completely ruled out the idea that her blurriness might be the symptom of some rare disease, picked up at work in spite of her obsessive use of antibacterial hand gel.

She walked through the clinic’s sliding glass doors, sidestepping a pushchair. Catching the enormous blue eyes of a burbling infant, she couldn’t resist stopping a minute to exchange a few words.

‘Boo-boo-boo-boo!’ she cried. For an instant, the baby imitated her

grin, and clapped its hands together. Then its smile faded, and it pressed its hands over its face. The baby began to scream, pointing at her. The mother, distracted from rummaging in her enormous bag, tutted at Tamsin, who hurried away to the nurses' cloakroom.

'Morning. Looking a little frayed. You all right, Tam?' Tamsin forced herself to smile at Cecily, Dr. Foster's secretary, who worked at the desk next to her. She was far too blonde and cheery. The phone began to ring the second the clock turned to 09:00.

Everything was progressing normally until patients began to arrive. The first wasn't even for Dr. Synec.

'Hell-ooooo,' warbled Cecily. 'How are we doing today?' Tamsin had always thought this an unwise greeting, given that most people came to the clinic because they were ill, or imagined they were. But most would lie and say 'fine', forcing a smile or even a laugh. It must be the blonde thing, Tamsin thought, tossing red hair that nobody seemed to like, as she resumed entering the details of a new patient. Sensing someone's stare, she locked eyes with the patient standing in front of Cecily's desk, an decrepit man with silver stubble. Without removing his gaze from Tamsin, he pointed a finger at her and said to Cecily, 'Is it my eyes, or is there something wrong with that girl?'

'She's just a bit tired,' Cecily replied without looking up.

After the old man shuffled off to the waiting room, Cecily turned to Tamsin and said,

'I always find that a good workout helps me keep a trim silhouette.'

Tamsin ignored her and continued typing.

'You should come with me some time. I go to Twickenham Fitness Centre and Sailing Club. It's a bit far from here, but they have really good rates if you want to join. You could work out at my gym for three

years for the price you'd pay in central London.' Tamsin was relieved to see one of her own doctor's patients approaching: a middle-aged woman who laboured up to the desk and leaned her hands on the edge, looking as though she was about to collapse.

'Are you all right?' Tamsin asked. 'Would you like me to get you a chair?'

The woman frowned at Tamsin's face, and peered over the desk to take in the rest of her body. Then her eyes widened and she started to blink rapidly.

'Oh my,' she said. 'There's something not right with my vision. I think I might faint.'

'Could I get some help please?' Tamsin called out.

The head nurse was passing by at just the right moment: she guided the woman to a chair, fetched her a cup of water and spoke in a melodiously reassuring voice before returning to Tamsin. The nurse opened her mouth to speak, but for a moment no words came out. 'Could I speak to you privately for a minute?' she said finally, and stalked towards the cloakroom. 'Now look, if you want this job, you can't come here when you're in no condition to work. Everyone has personal problems - it's inevitable. Just call in sick. The last thing we need is someone upsetting the patients. I suggest you go home and get some rest.'

As Tamsin went back to her desk to pick up her handbag, she wondered whether she had received a telling-off or a diagnosis. She certainly didn't know what she was supposed to have done wrong. People seemed to equate a hazy appearance with a hazy mind.

Tamsin decided to drop by the university's Career Centre to check for new job postings. Maybe there were employers who wanted

someone just like her: a girl with an uncertain outline to participate in a performance art installation, or work as a barista in a concept cafe. Maybe there would even be a job for someone with a degree in English literature.

Tamsin knocked on a flimsy wooden door with a black name plate: MR. WILLIAM DANARD: CAREER COUNSELLOR.

‘Come in,’ came a muffled voice.

An expansive desk left little space in the room, even for the battered vinyl chair where Tamsin was directed to sit. Mr. William Danard, Career Counsellor had a neat beard, groomed daily with pride. He smiled briefly.

‘How can I help you?’

‘I have a new career attribute to add to my file,’ Tamsin said.

Mr. William Danard found Tamsin’s folder in the middle of a huge pile at one corner of the desk. He flipped open the cover.

‘Ah,’ he said, stabbing thoughtfully at it with a pencil. ‘The B.A. in English literature.’

‘That’s right. And today I have acquired a blurry outline as well. In my current employment it’s considered a hinderance. I’d like to find out about careers where it would be an asset.’

‘Hmmm,’ said Mr. William Danard, expertly.

He chewed on the end of his pencil and recrossed his wlegs.

‘I would advise you to look for employment abroad. International experience could help you to focus.’

‘Really? You think that’s the answer?’

‘I would advise it, if it’s within your means of course,’ he added. He chewed a bit more on the pencil, but Tamsin had the advice she wanted. It was time to leave.

‘You could try,’ he said, reluctantly releasing the pencil, ‘getting some

funding from the university, as a recent graduate. If you give your reasons, they may be able to offer a hardship grant to help with airfare or living expenses.'

'Okay,' said Tamsin. She left the Career Centre with a pile of forms.

Her mind buzzed with plans for the future. She would need to renew her passport, so she dropped by a local photographer's studio.

The stooped man behind the counter nodded at her.

'I'd like a really flattering photo for my new passport,' she said to a stooped man behind the counter. He nodded, took a large camera from the shelf behind him and hobbled out from behind the counter. Tamsin stood as directed in front of a white screen. She ran a hand over her hair as she glanced at a tiny adjacent mirror. Pulling her shoulders back, she tried to smile with her eyes, since smiling with the mouth was forbidden.

The old man fiddled with the lens attachment.

'Needs cleaning.'

He sprayed air inside the camera, then polished the lens.

'Okay,' he said, holding up a hand.

Tamsin prepared for the flash. The old man twiddled the lens again. He held the camera at arm's length and shook his head. Then, for the first time, he looked directly at Tamsin.

'It's not the camera, it's you!' he cried, as though discovering a foolish mistake she'd made.

'I can't help it, this is the way I am!' Tamsin cried.

'The passport office won't accept the photo if it's out of focus! What do you want me to do? Come back some other time.'

The shop door squeaked shut behind Tamsin as she stepped out into

a light rain shower. The clouds failed to block the setting sun, which blazed electric pink. She stopped to smile while office workers hurried past, shielding their eyes and cursing the weather.

‘Stupid,’ she said to herself, ‘letting something so meaningless make you feel optimistic. Your passport’s about to expire. Who knows if you’re ever going to be sharp again. This might just be the beginning of your problems. Blurred around the edges today, a bit more faded tomorrow—by the end of this month you could disappear entirely!’ As the rain darkened her hair, Tamsin wondered if it would be this that would wash away the mist that enveloped her. Things, of course, would change. Was it too much to hope that they might get better?



DIS

ORIEN

TATION

5°

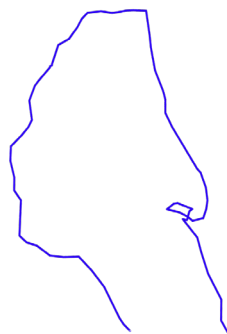
What stood out the most from this walk is the amount of lugworm casts I could see. Maybe it had something to do with the way the light reflected on the wet sand, or maybe it was because of the tide time. I feel like today I truly noticed the scale of the lugworm population and I started thinking that I am walking on lugworms and much as I am walking on sand.

I was an outsider entering
world built by non human

3 hours
high

Inside Outside, Outside In

by JJ Chan



ng into a
ans...

before
gh tide

Inside Outside, Outside In - JJ Chan.

Here we begin - With Zaddick's Dream Book: Dreams and their interpretations - no entry for stairs. What now? - falling. OK - F - Fall. p. 46.

"from the edges of a Precipice denotes a loss of situation & property" Losing as method.

"... if you are in love, you bestow your attachments in vain." if not for vanity why be in love? - embarrassment if not for thinking, why dream at all?

The dream-work does not think...

"The dream is not the language of desire but its work... desire does not speak. it does violence to the order of discourse" writes Lyubard. The order though is perhaps not so much undermined as disoriented from point to point from condensation to displacement.

Watermelon - "In Watermelon Sugar" is a 1960's American post-apocalyptic novel by Richard Brautrym centred around a commune organised in the aftermath of a fallen civilisation.

How would an eschatological approach to losing as method determine the tense of the present now? Losing as optimism.

"God is Dead" - famously Nietzsche (here we go...) Wait Wait Come Back Come Back Come Back

God is dead - in some (many) ways Nietzsche's proclaimed this less as a belief and rather as a demand (or a rant) even to say God is not dying fast enough - we, he thought, needed to see another way of being not so much away from God but away from an identity. C. in a universal truth a means, in the total - a meaning in the end.

on loan from a friend after seeing momentary glimpses - a friend unarguably mischievous but also a real thinker - Have you ever once dreamt what now dreamer? Hows thy dreaming? 你是否曾夢見過 (cherry lips / watermelon sugar.) dreaming? of yourself standing at the top of the stairs. → not sure who that the stairs? in the dream book, I mean

自己站在樓梯的頂端時 means to be. stairs - no entry, resort to when suddenly your feet slip from beneath you, underneath myself / feeling OK about probably anxiously - Google - dream analysis - your ankles knock together this actually - pretty sure / pretty good. 你的腳踝撞在一起 cherry lips - ok hurts now. Is the top of the (WELL) stairs a precipice? and your legs tangle, 雙腿糾結 ARMS CROSSED TRY HARD your arms flutter, 你的雙臂震震擺動 DIDNT WORK TOO LATE - NOW ON launched like a raising flag? SHOW... 如同冉冉升起的旗幟?

quoting Harry Styles - not sure. a bag of air - fall with grace / into grace. 一陣氣流 soft-hard, the body unbecoming skimming the floor. 略過地面 tumbling 跌跌撞撞 freefall 自由落體 towards the ground. 朝向地表

the boy, like the sea began the bay - the moon stalking the sun, its lover, for its own being seen - nice to me you where you been? Magic, madness heaven, sin magic, madness heaven, sin magic, madness heaven, sin.

shift.

I had these dreams quite often 我常夢見這樣的夢 Breathe me in as a child, Breathe me out in my small time. Wear a mask, and as a teenager. Kiss me how? So vivid was the falling, 那墜落過於鮮明 that often my shock awakening 驚醒時刻 We come back every time. 像是場意外 - reality in dreams are not so far fetched when we acknowledge that dreams are imagined. - I would wake up 我會醒來 on impact of the soft carpet 當柔軟的地毯的撞擊 punching my face. 推擠我的臉 too many times.

I would wake up 我會醒來 Air tight gasping Cotton - 朝著枕頭 Poly. into the pillow 喘息 facing down. 額面朝下

3.35 am Should probably be trying to get back to sleep - Turn over Turn around - long drive.

Whilst we're on to Nietzsche, I can't help but to call on our old friendless friend Zarathustra (Zara for short). Zara was famously a failure at his missionary duties - visiting villages where most everyone thought he was "wild & strange" - his "friends" were animals = eagles + snakes.

like the missionary, 像個傳教士的姿勢
who found himself as the middle man, 發現自己位於
caught between a rock and a soft place 堅硬與柔軟之間
at the point of an epiphany 在一場頓悟之中

"What's mine is yours," said the world. What's mine is yours (too).

All good things approach their goal crookily, Zara says, all good things laugh. Laugh, laugh, laugh. Laugh, laugh, laugh. Live, laugh, love. -Do you know what's funny about this, Baby you're the end of June. Do you believe in me? Do I believe myself? -Another existential predicament.

Speak up
Speak now
Speak soon
Speak later
Lots of love
mum and dad.



Gender Trouble
Double Trouble
Repeat
Repeat
Sticky Stick? a moment of calm, 靜謐與
of clarity 明晰的時刻
a little death, 點點死亡
a breath of life. 一點點生氣

Look Down Wait-Don't

When I did eventually fall down the stairs 當我最後真的從階梯上摔落時
the impact of the carpet 地毯的撞擊
which of the thousand? The accepted leveler. 一點也不柔軟

When I did eventually fall down the stairs

It was harsh 嚴酷的痛楚
burning 發燙著

How to soften the encounter with the world, the punch of the plateau? Love, laugh, love. Life is an underlying health condition - Rosen said John Cocteau - hands red.

I believe I would take the fire said John Cocteau - hands red.

Like the momentum of the fall 如同那墜落時的力量
they're moving so fast 它移動得好快
speed is everything. What do I know of these images

I ask myself through whose perception I see whose concerns condense me to an antagonist? Do you think most activists would also be good at stand-up?

Give me, please, my vocabularies! who's words? Remind myself not to be so reactionary For progress? Can we all calm down a little in our frustration? 為了進步? In all honesty, I actually sleep better

Does change happen through repetition of the same? Dead to the world

For fear of being left behind? 為了了解被拋下的恐懼? Feedback loop

How can change happen through repetition of the same?

In my dreams, 在我的夢中
I had dreamt that my head would be forced 我感到一股力量
by the momentum into the infinite future (of a kind of 推著我的頭
chronologue repeat recurrence) the future is as though dragged by the hair 像是頭髮被拉扯般
and thumped the past - the past also the future. The past 然後碎然一聲
In Nietzsche's eternal recurrence of the same, an intensely cyclical imagining of infinite time (and space, all existence returns in self-similar form, a complicated (and complicit) feedback loop that returns, as a repeat, an exact copy, a recurrence which actually creates anew. Pandemic Blaise (of course) aren't we accustomed to large-scale genocide?

I hate every song I write and I'm not cool and I'm not smart and I can't even parallel park.

Why do people value this politics of aggression?

Fuck it isn't really "twisted" if you think about it. Is pain penetrated?

God, I don't even know where to start.

The registration of gender in the visual is subjective in opposition to an essential experience encountered in the gendered body.

In a sticky mess & congealed science, twisted (not quite, but rather like fusilli), entangled with a static police heavily guarded in stasis by volutary troops of an imperial army, whose payment is sought through theft from others is where I into the soft cushion of the pillow. Softness hold me, I too find myself at once with 我跌入柔軟的枕頭之中. Want to be softer, nicer some privilege, and a language of privilege, but also at once stripped-vulnerabilities visualised, yet derailed. but to be fair, 但老實說 How my life has changed

She was on the edge (tip toes between precipice pain and whatever other edge it came to meet). I had anticipated some because of you, your life because of me. What if perception is not in agreement with me? 我想至少會有點痛

The assignment of pasta as penne is dependent on a central "essencial" the moment of clarity did not follow, as it did the dream. void through its core. 在夢中經歷的那瞬間的明晰並未出現 Out of my depth / my waters / forming, unarguably a tubular form In reality, the fall was followed by even further confusion than the experience of falling itself. Such doubt became the basis of 在現實中，墜落後伴隨而來的困惑甚至比墜落本身更加強烈 my images, my images and imaginations.

Consider a penis, suppose a penis. My doubt the basis for a creative act, an act Perhaps in the fall, the post-fall clarity, that moment of epiphany, of dreaming, of 也許那墜落，那墜落後的明晰，那頓悟的時刻 happens too quickly. as bodied, as unbodied, as rebodied, as flowing in doubt. Doubt my orientations, directions, thinking-non-thinkings, sensuous being-in touches, positions constantly Too quick to notice. held in this or that position. 快得察覺不出來 too quick, too quick, comes

(Parallel Park) - My position moves, always nomadic. the end of June. These subtleties are and in any case, 在任何情況下 A poet may find that in conversations they are unheard. a little different even post-dream like epiphanies What structures and forms shape to the script that 即便是夢醒後的頓悟 (Post-secret.) this silence, this quietening of I handed to the are only ever temporary; voices telling stories of their own voice actress 不過是頃刻之間 (Sleep-wakes) perception and realities. No bodies Momentary ephemeral pauses. Bodies and bodies are ecologies, 須與瞬息的停頓 (Rest.) are alone. Bodies and bodies are ecologies,

Precisely what conditions of each other Essencial to each other, me leaning on you. Who's compass brought There is little time for clarity. 明晰的時刻短暫 Can we blame Greenwich for us here? Who's war, Whostime? that one? What orders When I'd realized this a few years ago disrupt order? 幾年前我理解了這個道理 I began to think no one thinks alone, no one knows alone. I開始思考 So the question is from whom do I think my that if time could stop, thoughts with? What thinking 若時間能夠停止 do my thinking thoughts think with? I'd have time to breathe, 我便有時間呼吸 What knots, knot knots, What Breath. time to gasp for air. allow breathing, What utterance 便有時間喘息 dampens utterance. The air is poisoned by

I wish that time could stop. by breathing humans. 真希望時間能夠停止 Can my basic overthinking save the world? Though my former self used to wish for this more often than I do now. 雖然過去的我比現在更這麼常想著 If I am called to be graceful then, who will be damned? More recently, I have Why does my body upset you? started again to wish for time to stop still. Time once again has begun to run away. Why, when we have been largely more restricted in our movements and activities? Why when we now seem to have less to do, is there less time to dream? What urgencies does one have Have you ever dreamt of time stopping still? What inactions when one is waiting? 你是否曾夢見過時間暫停 un-dream futures?

Has our gaze solidified, become machanic, machine, in need of maintenance to survive an at-moded technology. I hereby unassign the gender that the institutions of What does "undoing" entail? this relational structure has assigned to my selves. Should futures always be under I call upon your worlds to recognise my realities. our determined threat?

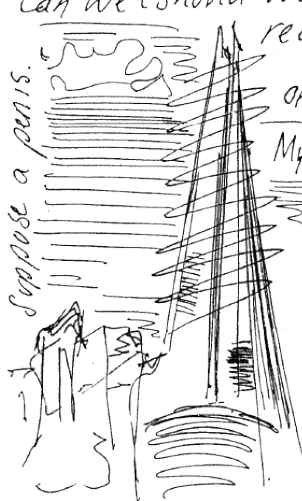
This plural complicated "I", formed from, and forming, complex "we's" is both becoming and unbecoming, unbodied and unbodied, few in a bit of other bodies.



Away runs time - away from me. The night for others indicates a time to sleep. Darkness, a time to dream. At night I cannot sleep, I work. It is the best time to work, I tell myself. The city is sleeping and it cannot distract me with my chores - it already takes my day dreams and so at night I wake-dream too - I fall in my sleep. I rest in my work - is this sustainable? How radical is radical/critical care? How has it come to be that to care, to take care, to love, to be kind, to just be nice is somehow "radical"? How can that be? Can we (should we not) reimagine, research, redream of ourselves when we meet the limitations of our frameworks? Troubling Gender, Troubling Time, Troubling "we" Myself, I must remake.

The newest of atomic clocks are so precise that they would not miss a single second in 15 billion years - who needs such precision of counting? Well, nothing less than global economy depends on it. The internet depends on it. These words complicate themselves. Our selves and our words construct the public and the public sphere. a moment that you could live and not grow old. Who can tell the time? What time sleep, and not lose minutes, is it? asks Leigh Ann Naidoo. It is the pain that comes from being forced back into the present world after a premonition of a moment to reveal in the distractions around you, different one. The fixtures of time, of course are fabrics of capitalism, woven sheets of procedural notation. Time is but a sequence upon which rules are set. Quite the opposite of the assumption that rules (and physics) are the keepers of time. Time is times own demise, counting itself toward the end - synchronised.

to relax. to love, to cry, to breathe. Eng-Entanglement all the way down. Breathe me in Breathe me out, you breathe my body, your body my fault.



I live in the city now. Deliver my food, Uber, cab, essential worker, Though the city is tall, PPE, Black Lives Matter (not everyone thinks so), Flat White, Gay Bar, Queer Space, not queer enough (apparently/visibly). the city is flat. Who built this city? Who and what is London? Who and its landscape is in constant flux. What am I directing my rhetorical questions? Still, I yearn for answers. its heights are brought to the ground. It will surely come down from its own weight. its ground becomes rapidly swallowed. Sleep is for dreamers, time wasters, idealists and stoners. Dreaming won't make us rich. Quick Quick Urgently. Work. Deadlines looming emails emails So many emails. I know exactly where it leads but I watch it go round and round each time. When will it be home time? I saw the lights of Leicester Square with the same depth and flatness of screens that are now my windows to the world - talking out of the window, I've somehow become known for nothing off at the world. Complainers are campaigners - everyone in the city writes its rhythms, writes its stories and yet our mouths disintegrate voices into loose words, rhythms into Processes; The city is crowded yet there is only shattered crowds, clustered fragments, odds and sorts.

Unbind me from the city. Wait. But the outside is so big... out of the window, I've somehow become known for nothing off at the world. Complainers are campaigners - everyone in the city writes its rhythms, writes its stories and yet our mouths disintegrate voices into loose words, rhythms into Processes; The city is crowded yet there is only shattered crowds, clustered fragments, odds and sorts.

Whenever we used to visit London, So many emails. I know exactly where it leads but I watch it go round and round each time. When will it be home time? I saw the lights of Leicester Square with the same depth and flatness of screens that are now my windows to the world - talking out of the window, I've somehow become known for nothing off at the world. Complainers are campaigners - everyone in the city writes its rhythms, writes its stories and yet our mouths disintegrate voices into loose words, rhythms into Processes; The city is crowded yet there is only shattered crowds, clustered fragments, odds and sorts.

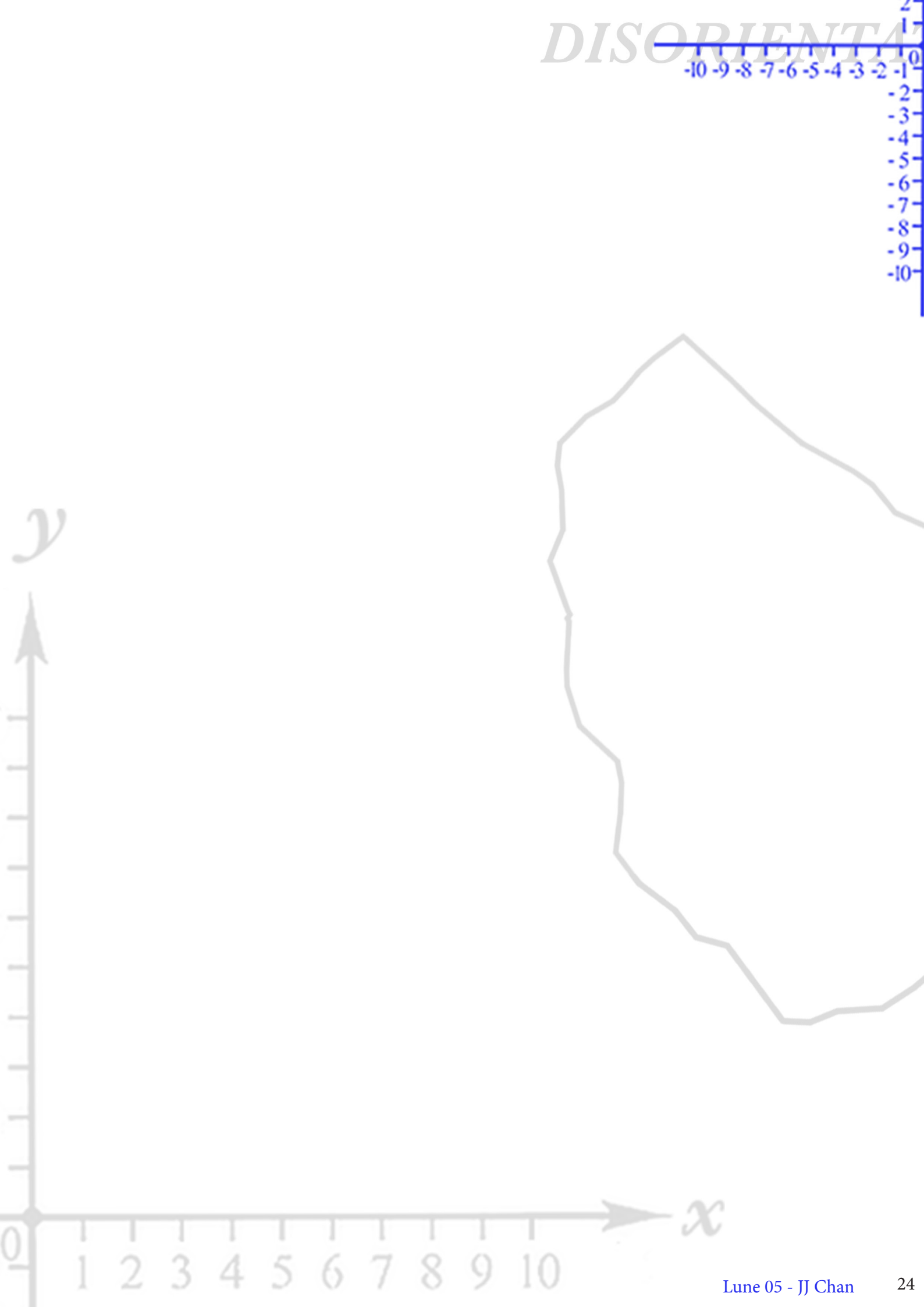
What Oxboxed code programmed this thinking to think with such codings?

Sin Luen, the cafe was called, Sin Luen Snack Bar were the only english words on any signage. Sin Luen, "Sin" meaning "New" in cantonese, "Luen" is to join up - a partnership, a collective, a union - Sin Luen, New Union. It was only very recently that I learnt my dad had worked there, and his uncle Samuel used to use the building to host meetings with dignitaries and activists, trade unionists and campaigners - A New Union for a new China. Xinhua (Sun-uh). We'd only ever spend the day, and as we left, 我們只停留白天, 當我們離開時 fade into view, we'd often visit a small café it's been a while since I've heard from you. 我們常造訪一間小餐館 the yellow was so visible, yet invisible with a yellow frontage and a white interior. 有著黃色的門面和白色的內裝 Seen yet insignificant in sight. I had never realised before why we'd always come here. I had just assumed it was my dad's favourite place. By the time I realised its significance, I was sad that that I could never visit again to sit and marvel at its past. I am sorry. Too slow. It was also only very recently that I had truly come to know what it meant to be a union, to be How can I take these words of a language that carries so many of our lived experiences through its indetermination. How can I speak with it when it works to quicken me? The city rises and falls and rises and falls. With the new comes a clearing, a claiming a moving on and moving in. What does your ideas of the future erase? Who does it silence? Who does it remove from landscapes? What and whom does this future eliminate? Who hasn't even yet found ~~for~~ their words. I have barely found my feet - and I may not had, had they not been so painful in these beautiful shoes. I love these shoes and wear them with such pride. How do I become a threat to the world(s) I inhabit? For progress? Our actions and inaction hold equal agency. Behind or absent? Can we shift the frame? What is radically absent and where is this present? of shot, cropped by the frame, what moments are behind the images we create, what affects, what punctums does our imagin(ing) leave behind the camera? From where can I await the day that this discursive terrain is one of rubble and ruins?

We'd each have a pineapple bun and a cup of milky tea. 我們每個人都會吃一個鳳梨包和一杯奶茶 in union, of a I remember, the last time I have never, till this day had a cappuccino. 我記得, 最後一次 my mother asked for a cappuccino. 媽媽點了一杯卡布奇諾 with a pineapple bun (a polu baa) They didn't have cappuccino, rarely ever share the same context / the same spaces. 他們沒有卡布奇諾 From what perspective does this seem true? they just have coffee, with milk. How obvious it was that we were not regulars, that we had been away so long. Where we had been I don't think any of us knew. Paused. I had tried to find that cafe again a couple of years ago. 幾年前我試著找那間餐館 I couldn't find it. 但怎麼也找不到 such great distrust in conservative Britain, I walked around and around. 我走了一圈又一圈 but the city did I think perhaps it had closed. 也許已經歇業了 not allow the new In the end, I had settled on that conclusion, 最後, 我接受這個結論 for very long. By 2015, the cafe had closed. There we're not enough bakers with the determination to run a Chinese bakery left. Speed was everything and Our feet are hurting from standing all day. tired and tight. baking is slow. Funny, Slowness makes me just as anxious as speed











1.4 km

DIS
ORIENT
TATION

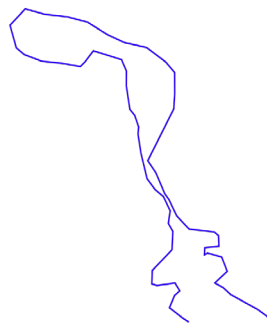
1034
lugorm count

Today I found the perfect lugworm casting to make silicone moulds out of! I have been looking for good ones for at least 2 weeks but they have always been too small, too dry they crumbled or too wet they disintegrated when I transported them to the studio. It's interesting how finding the right one meant so many factors outside my control had to align (wind, tide, weather, lugworms themselves) In a way, I had to dance with these other rhythms.

2 minutes from lowest tide

The Crisis of the Lobster

by Mel Galley



18/04/21





Seven halogen bulbs burnt around the mirror, the eighth had blown months ago, and again the sepia glow ebbed and flickered, making his reflection in the warped mirror appear as a ghastly caricature of his evenly lit stage self, of a body that had moved so gracefully across the set just ten minutes ago, in command and emitting certainty, what did he control, who did he command, only an enclosed audience, a sea of eager faces who did not require convincing or challenging, they had already paid to be there, they had already selected themselves, marked themselves out as his willing and impressionable subjects, that would remember him for one night and one night only, after which he would fall again to the way side, easy entertainment for an empty summer evening, they would wait as the lights dimmed to nothing and he glided out in the almost-darkness, halting once more on the discreet cross in the centre of the ring, and now, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, a second bulb around the mirror crackled and burned out, a grey muck filling the interior of the glass, but he liked it this way, he could see better in the dark, and now girls and boys we are honoured to present, a one of a kind, the largest, most intelligent marine locust we here have ever seen, the size of a man and as smart as one too, give it up for The Lobster, and the lamps around the ring would blaze to life, blinding him, saturating his sensitive eyes so that he could no longer see even the vague forms of the tent and the crowds, nothing but brilliant blue-white, the hottest part of the flame, the snow that

smothers entire landscapes, the ancient ice compacted over centuries into great glaciers the glide silently over vast and empty landscapes, that float over sea thick with salt and dark as night, trapping time, and he would descend finally to the sea floor, scattered with the bones and frail forms of the million creatures swallowed into its depths since the oceans formed, a terrazzo floor of fossils, intricate and beautiful, he would fit perfectly into the endless pattern, part of the puzzle, red claws turning grey, porous and aged, an imitation of limestone, he turned each over now in the yellow light, their smooth surfaces

glinting, polished before each show, always by a different person, who could never meet his eye and never understand his futile attempts to communicate in morse code, he would ask their name, please keep your claws still, they would say, and he would ask how long they had been here, because he'd never seen them before, please, please keep your claws still so I can polish them, and they wouldn't look up the whole time, focused so intently on his shining the pincers, as though their task was the most crucial in the world, as though it was life or death, and he would give up each time, and close his eyes and imagine the dark sea, the pressure of all the tonnes of water pushing down on his immeasurably strong shell, a body shaped by its surroundings, and ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, would you like to see some of The Lobsters very impressive talents, what do you say, shall we ask The Lobster to show us his skills, now who hear has heard of morse

code, morse, code, amazing, so many of you, what a smart bunch we have in tonight, well The Lobster is the only crustacean to ever learn morse code, imagine that, the only one ever, and he did imagine it, the loneliness of being the only one ever, to humans he was a novelty, to lobsters he simply didn't exist, the only one, ever, what can he tell us in morse code, boys and girls, what could he tell them, he could tell them about their world seen as blurred outlines, smudged forms, ten thousand receptors, like miniature eyes, adapted perfectly to see, just not here, a body shaped by evolution, by generations surviving in a constant, unbroken line since the start of time or the start of this world or the start of their species, their particular family of creature, a body sculpted to withstand coldness and pressure just not this coldness and just not this pressure, six halogen bulbs burnt around the mirror and he examined his smooth red claws and segmented body and rows of hinged legs, all alien against the backdrop of the trailer, decrepit, the oldest they had because they thought he wouldn't care, or he wouldn't notice, and they were right, he didn't care really, he performed caring in a routine as rehearsed as the show each night, a solo act occurring out of sight and with less ceremony, he would click his

complaints about the trailer or the trail of new assistants who wouldn't meet his eyes or the unruly audiences, he would be overjoyed when

a show sold out, in a town they had visited a hundred times before, tepid nostalgia driving ticket sales, but secretly it was a measured joy and a calculated annoyance, imitations of real emotions, and when he closed his eyes the six bright dots were burnt into them, an incomplete circle, two prominent gaps, amidst burnouts that defied colour, at once green and magenta and a strange beige-orange, every time he named it the shade shifted, uncontrollable, and he'd fall between the cracks, through colours he was sure were imagined, or at least his limited eyes couldn't grasp, who's existence tasted of possibility, to be one or the other, not imagined or new or both, to be one or the other, and from where he lay, between the cracks, he could see a grey sky above, low clouds heavy in rain, a neutral ground against which the bare branches of a hawthorn tree were silhouetted, splintering and spiked, moving erratically in a strong wind he couldn't feel, safely contained in the gorge that held him, a binary existence, he decided, is the only way to be happy, colours we can't label unnerve us, creatures close to human but not quite human illicit suspicion and hatred, be one thing or the other, the world had told him, not directly, not whilst he was a novelty, but he knew it in the moment the tent emptied and he was rushed back out, to lurch between the centre and the periphery, constant inconsistency, either an entire audiences listened to his clicks or no one at all, there was never a medium, an average, an acceptable normal, either one thing or the other, he

rose his antennae first above the rock outcrop, feeling his way to the surface, above the cracks that repeated for miles across the limestone pavement, a landscape in which he felt the right size, where he for once felt small, a red speck amongst the grey of stone and sky, colours his eyes could make sense of, a landscape that could never be emptied, but was just empty, existing long before humans, outliving them in the end, in the sky six suns glowed behind the clouds, small points of light, brighter than the surrounding grey, and as he watched another flicked out,

A horizontal number line with arrows at both ends. It is marked with integers from 1 to 10. The line is labeled 'X' at the right end.





2126

DIS
ORIENTA
TION

I can start to differentiate kinds of shapes in the casts and I have been noticing them move more often.

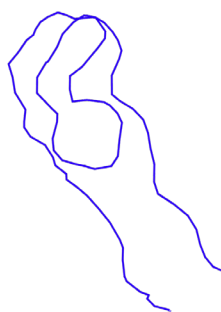
Sunny and windy

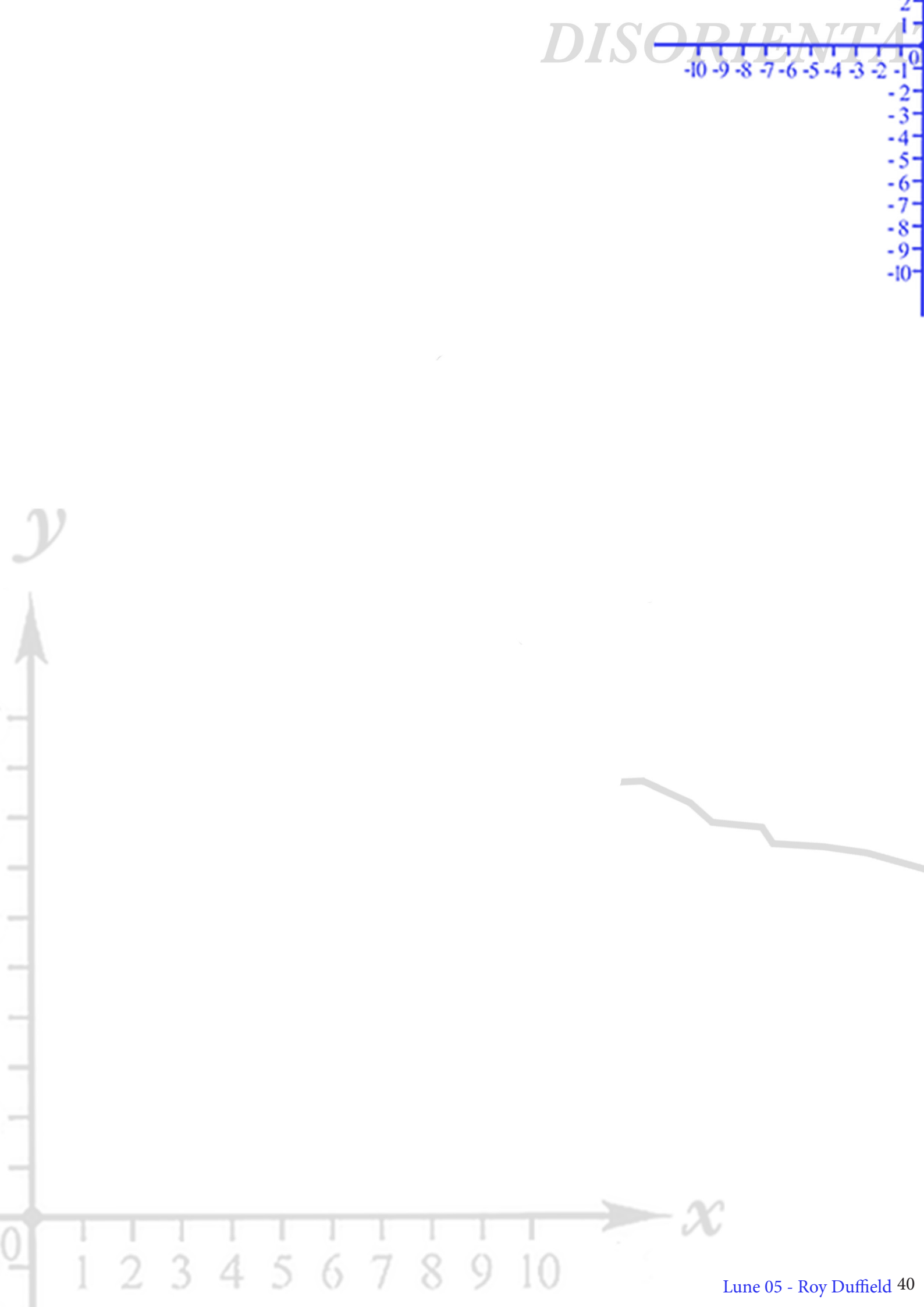
09/04/21



(miss)communication

by Roy Duffield





(miss)communication

you?

your wish:

a grammatically sound question

me?

not even

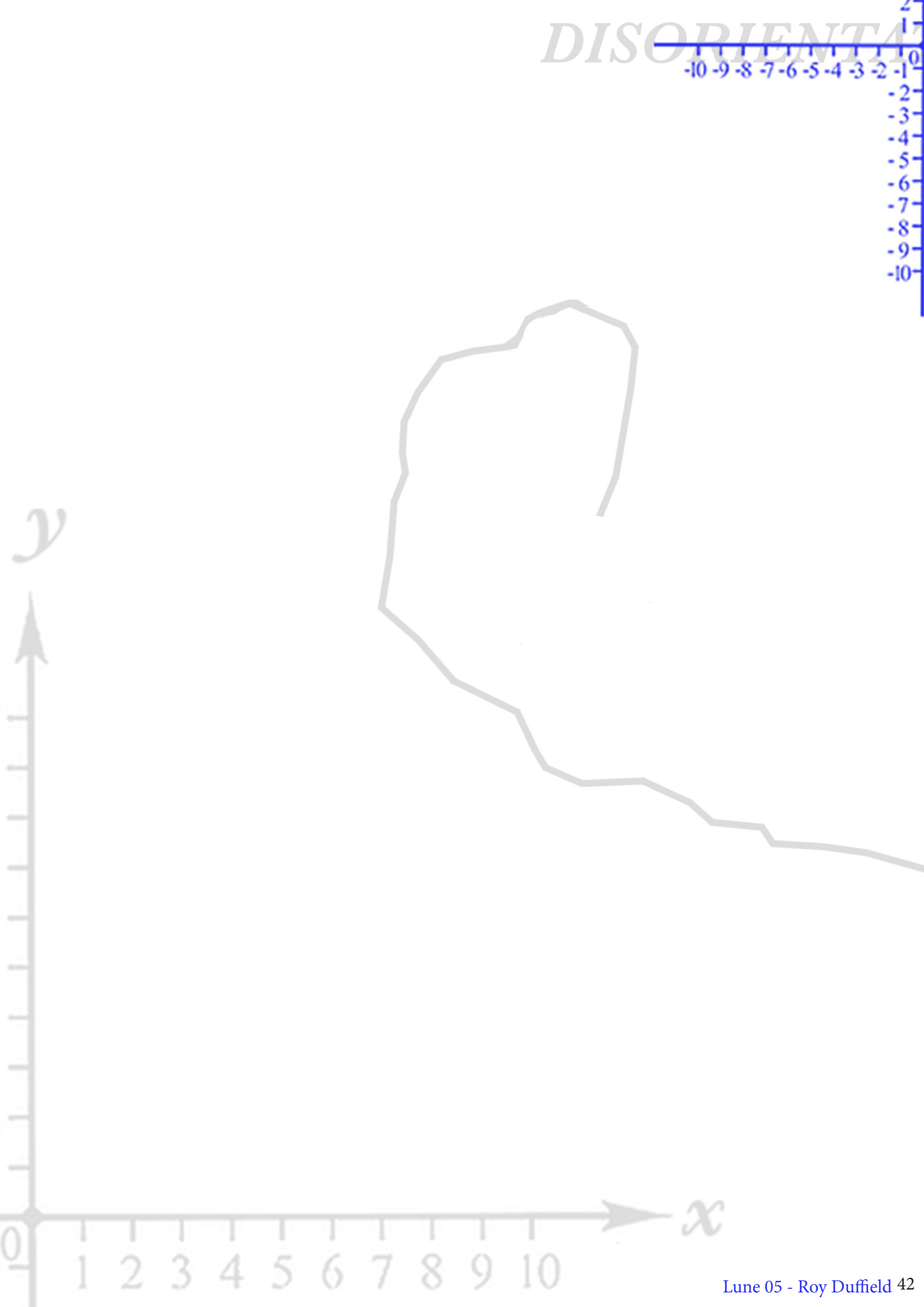
a fully formed sentence

us?

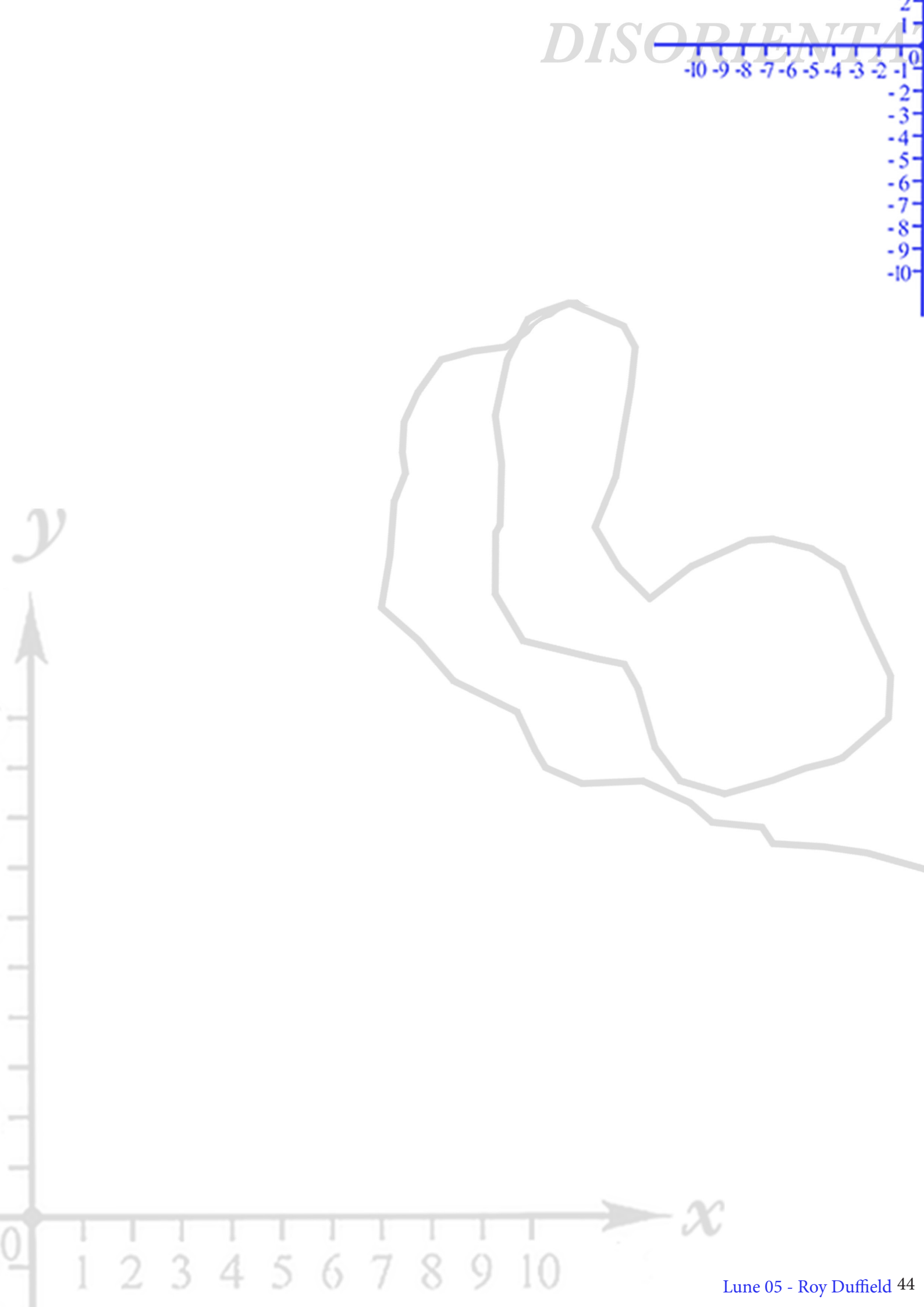
no verb

just nouns and adjectives

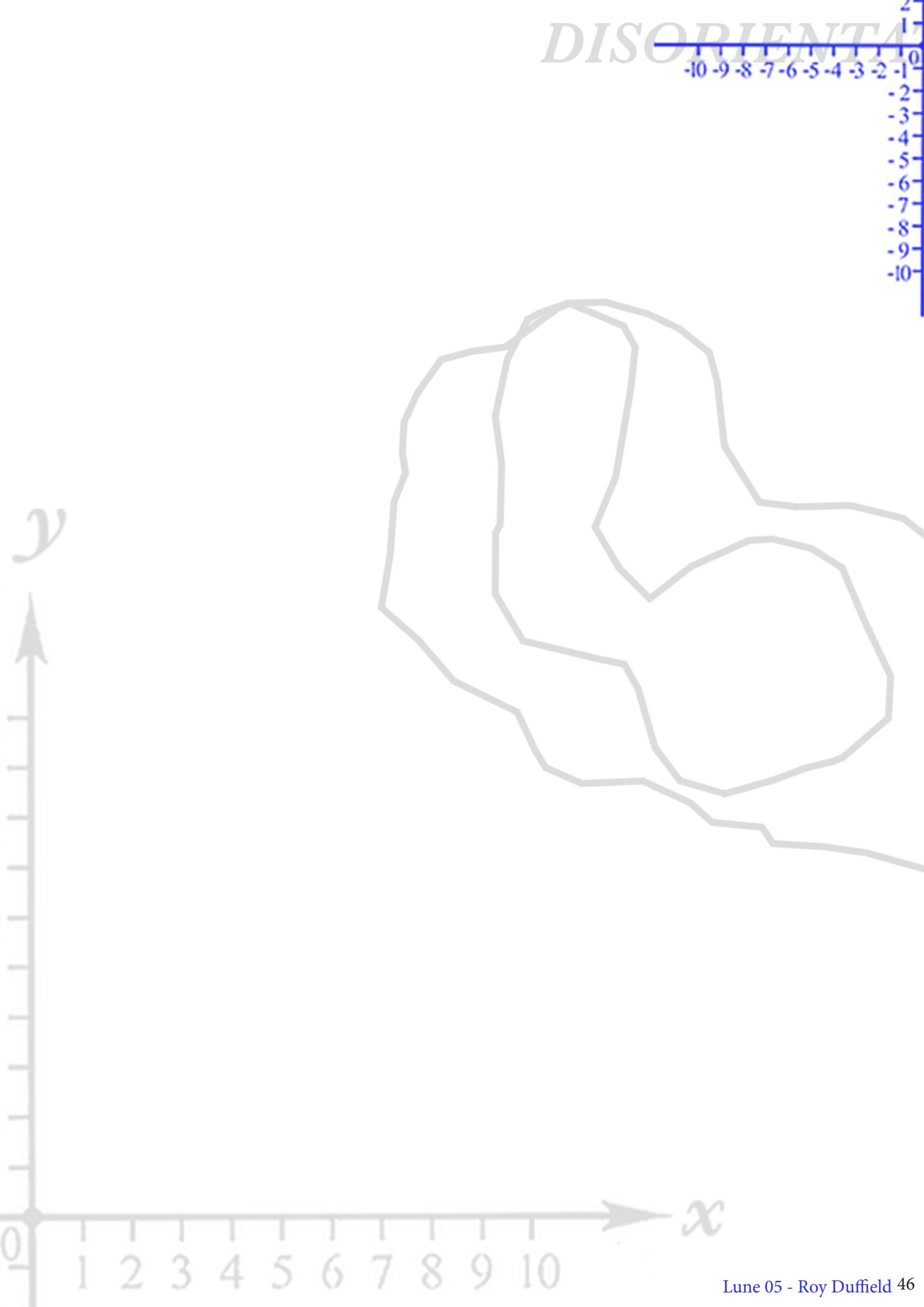














DIS ORIEN TATION

02/04/21

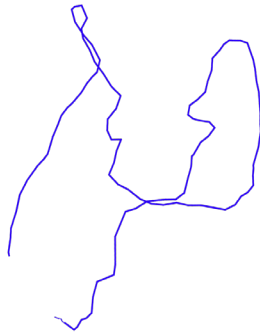
Feeling hungry from the cycle to Morecambe

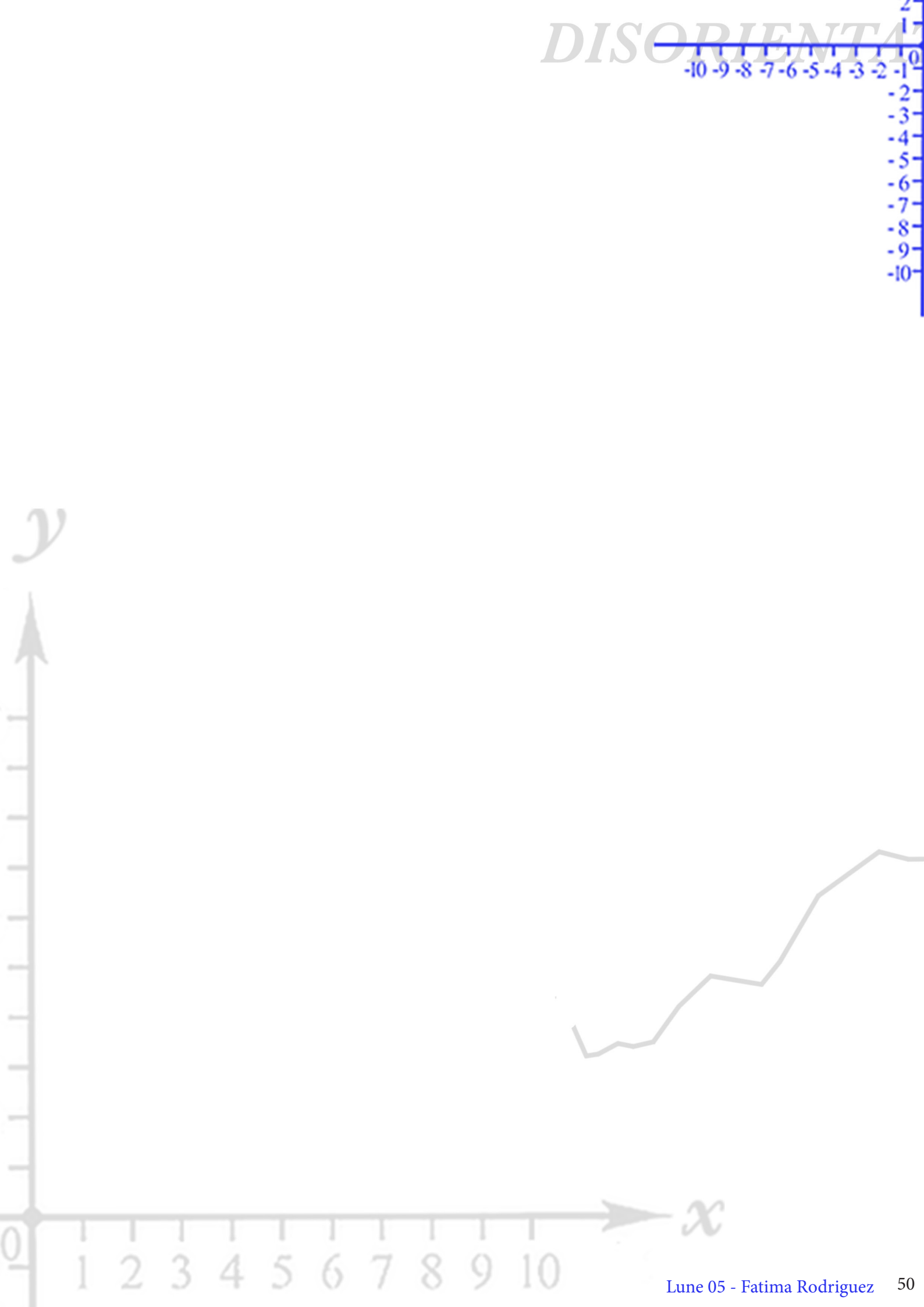
I found it challenging to not to lose attention and start unconsciously counting my steps instead of the lugworm casts. I wonder if this is something I will improve with practice.

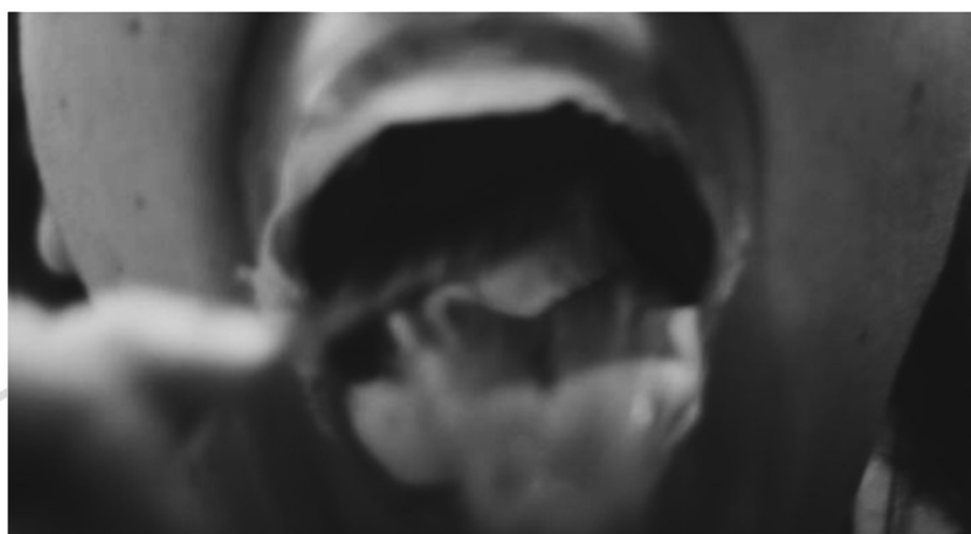
2.4 km

I brush yesterday's words off my tongue so
that I can say fresh words like 'good morning'

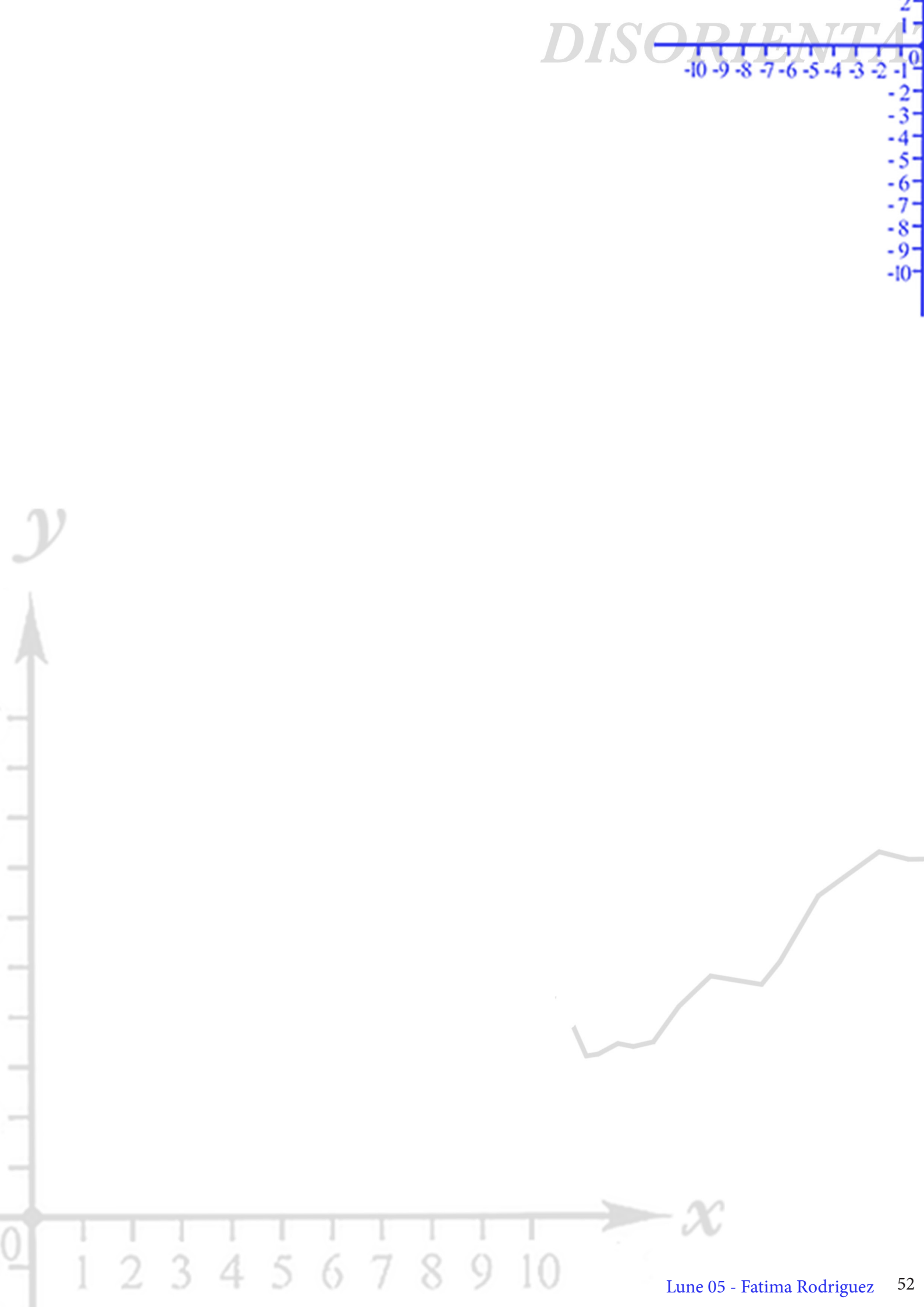
by Fatima Rodriguez







I look in the mirror and notice
that I look like a dog with rabies
I brush harder.



I take the brush, I wet it in the sink usually with cold water because the mint flavour of the tooth paste tastes sharper.

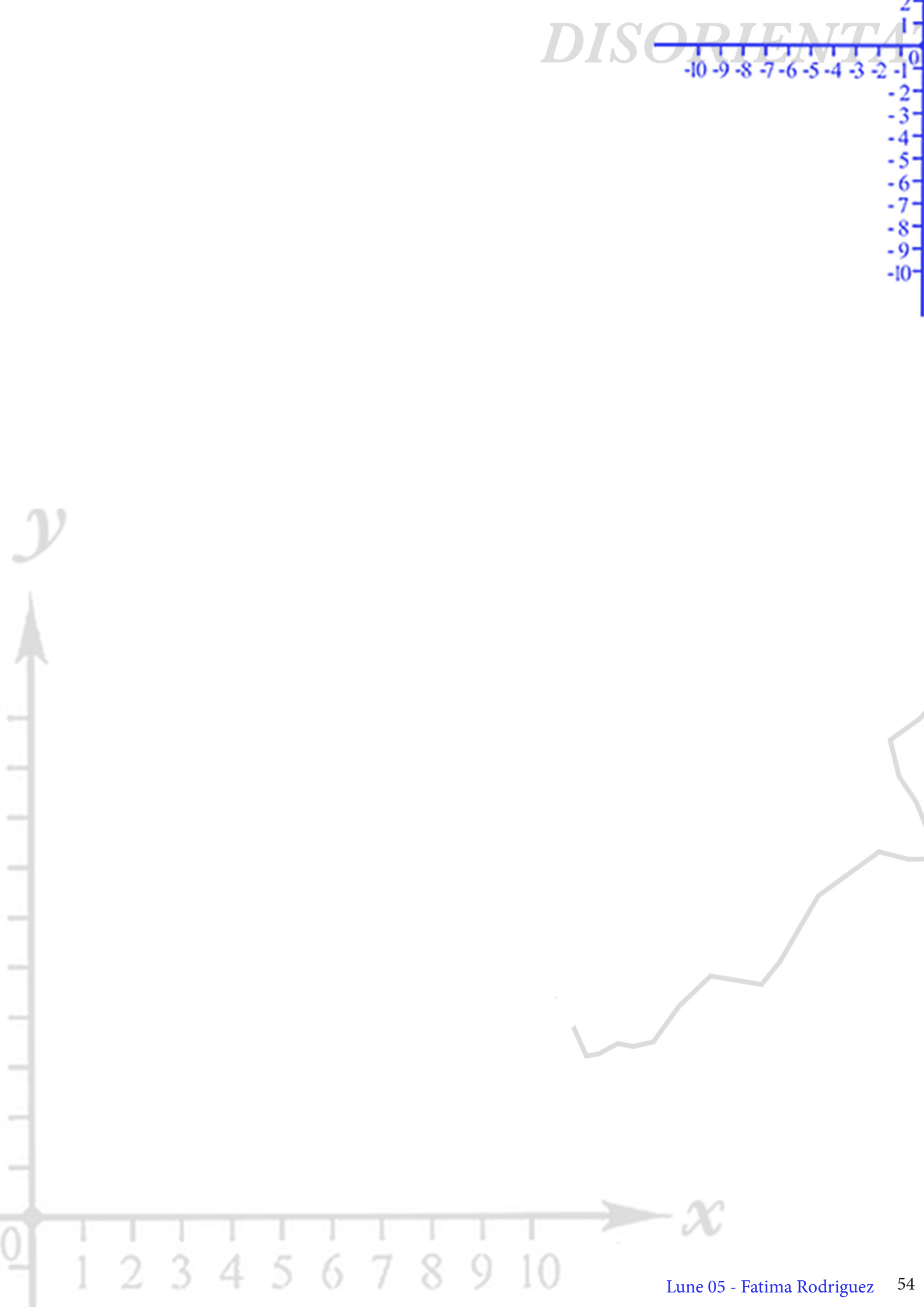


I put the tooth paste on the wet brush and place it against my teeth.

I brush in a circular motion



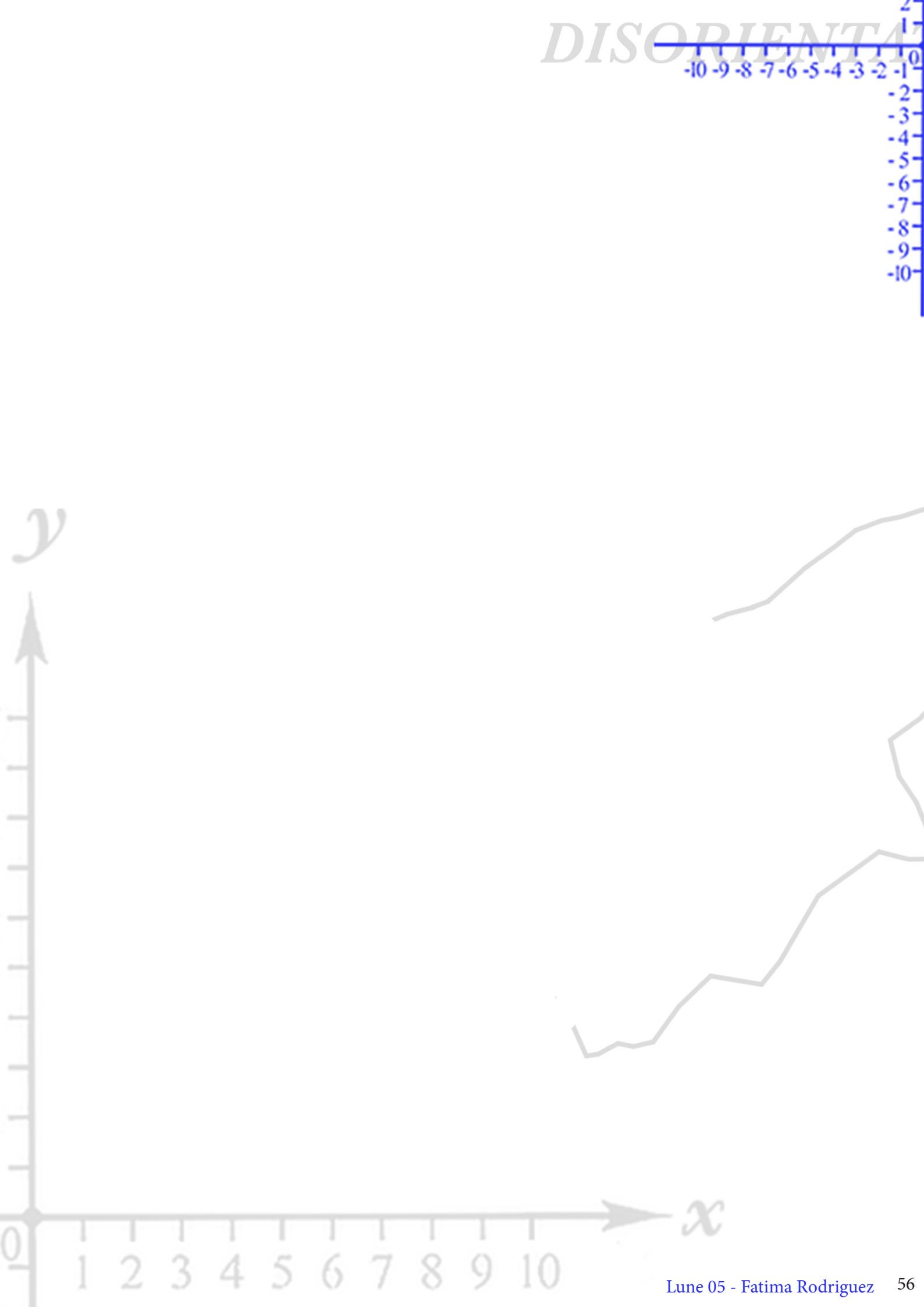
I stick my tongue out to check its still there. (it is). I look at the back of my throat & avoid touching it with the brush.



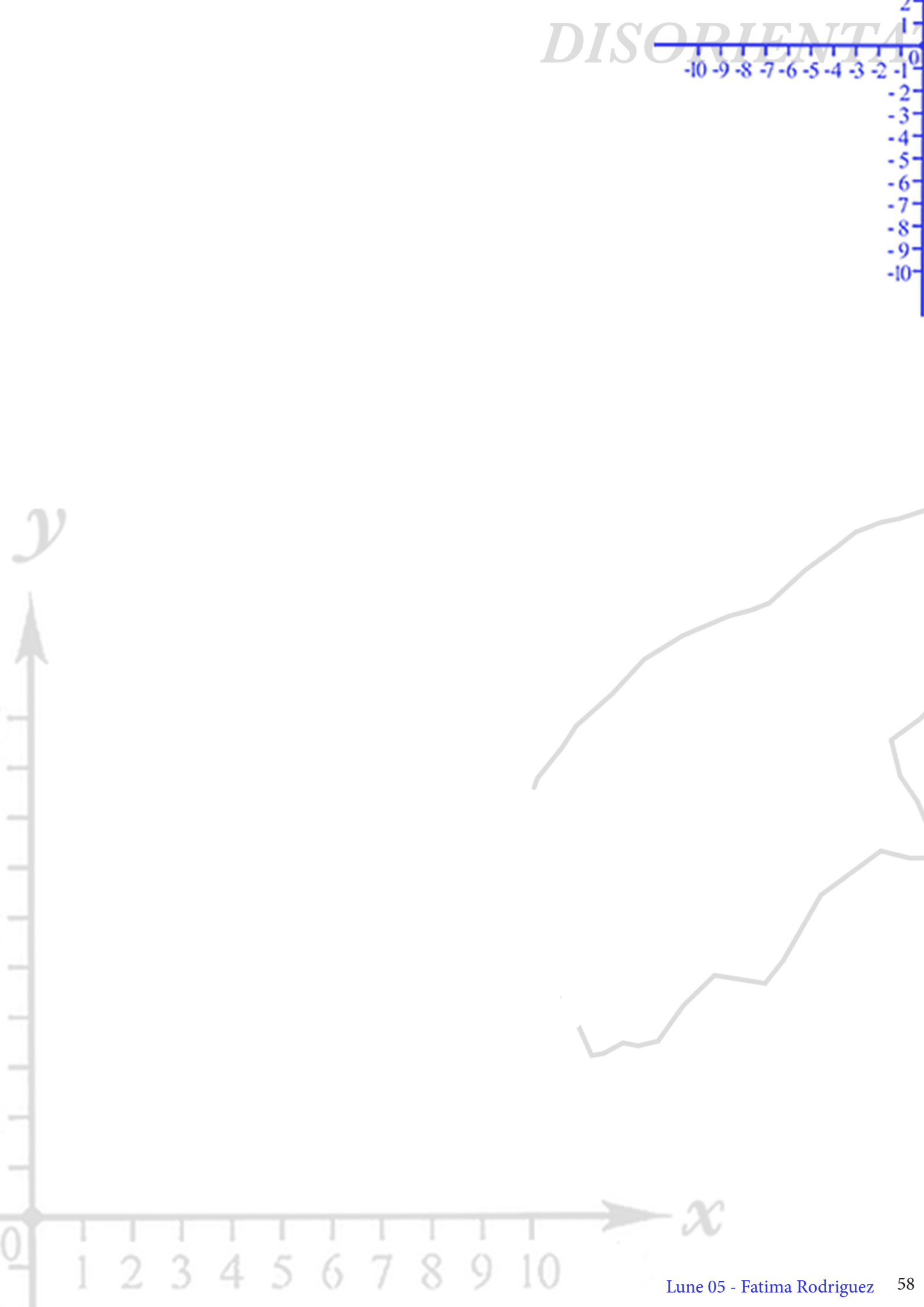


here are my
morning screams











3.1km

DIS
ORIENT
TATION

The sand was really dry and the wind was lifting it up like clouds. I spent a lot of time during the walk collecting lugworm castings to cast into sculptures for the exhibition. It was interesting how I spent so much time looking for the perfect cast without having any established criteria.

21/04/21
11:07 am

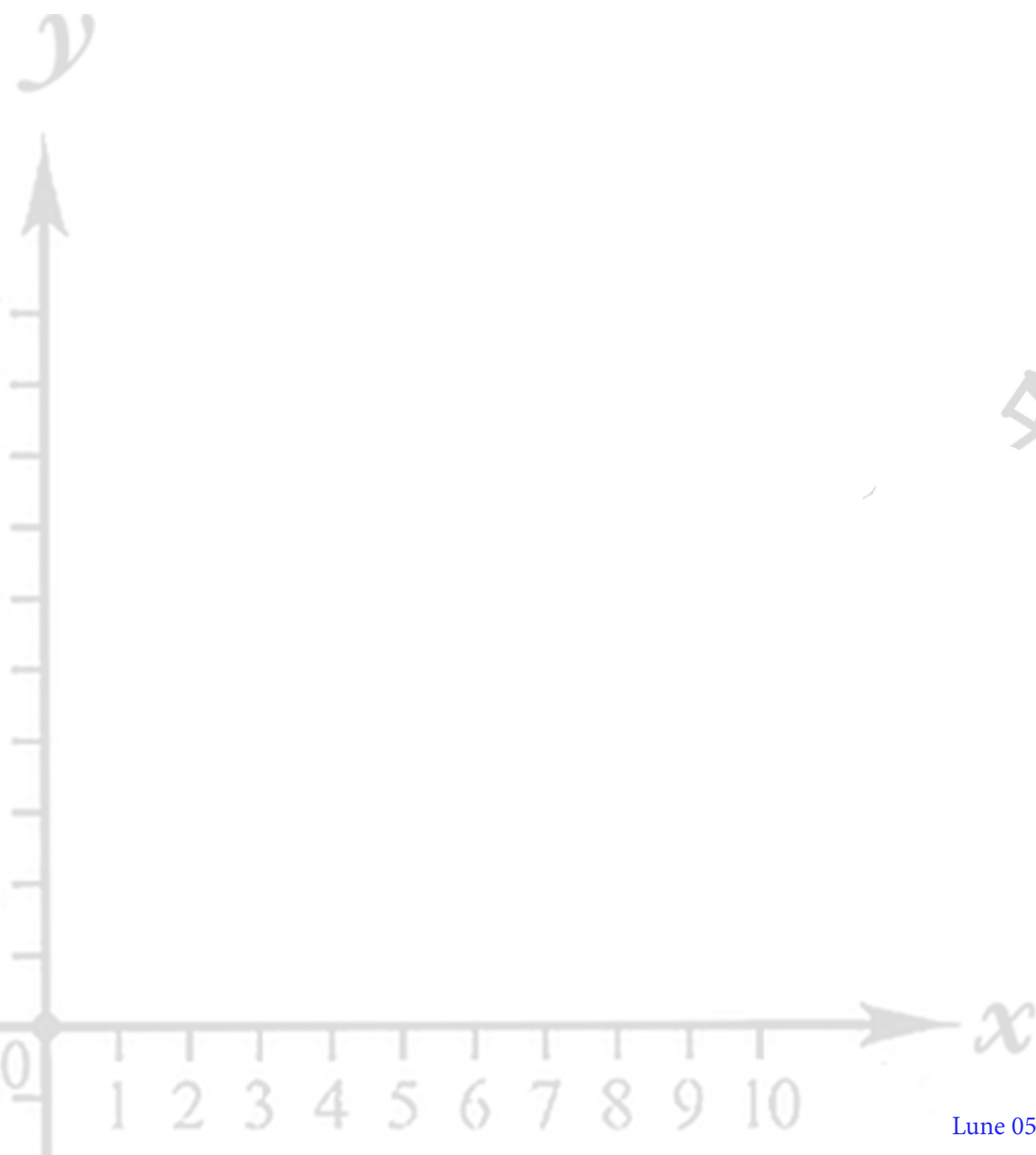
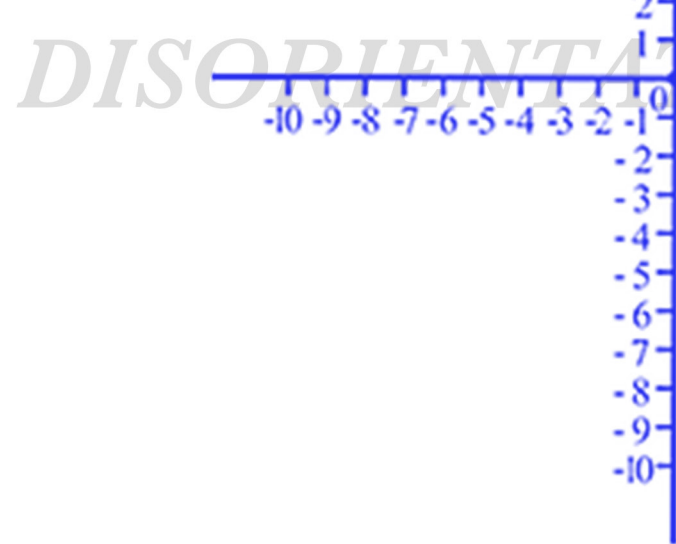
10°C



The former docklands

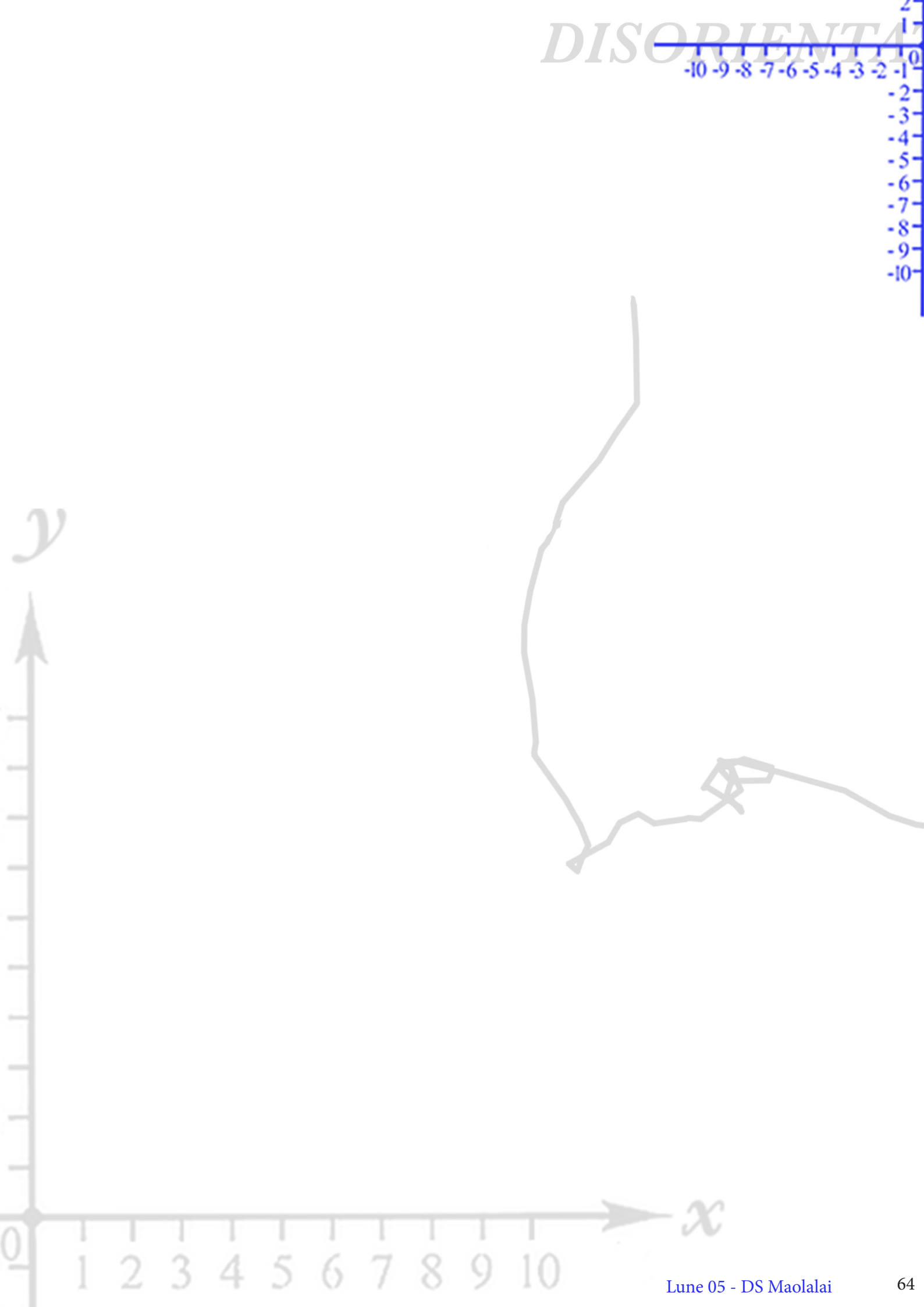
by DS Maolalai





on the edge
of every building,
the ripple of reflected
suns, falling
and never falling
in any straight-down
lines. curling instead,
against instinct, like walking
through a yellow-lit
supermarket, and the salted
yellow lightbulbs
on the scales of the ice-
pillowed fish. on this glass, nothing
stays straight in its landing;
things bend their reflection
and a certain imperfection
you see in the light.

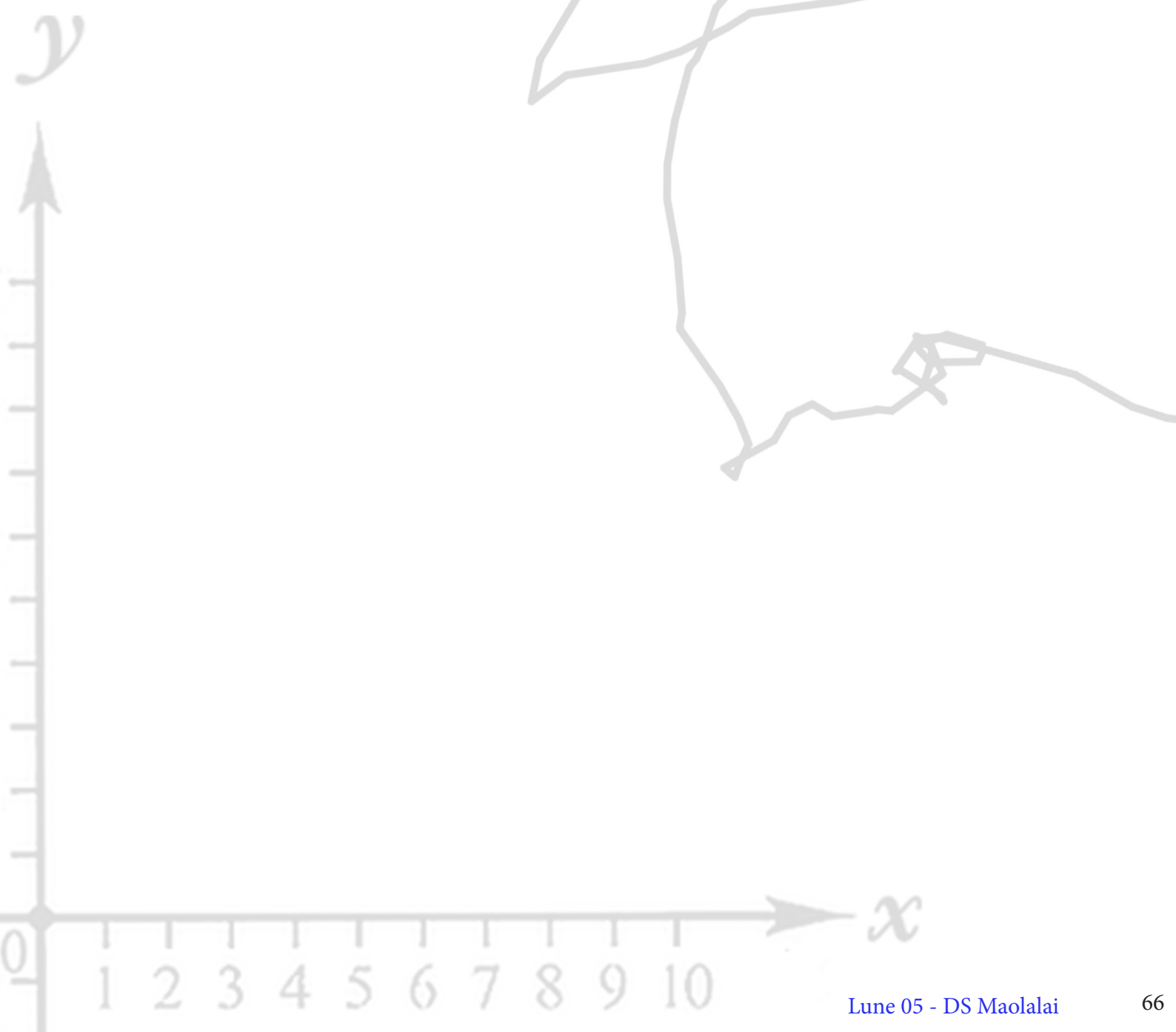
and I cycle some evening,
down the quays
past o'connell st,
toward the quiet
former docklands,
(now office-builds for tech cos)
as the light, bounced
at the pavement,
is thrown to bending
recurvances,



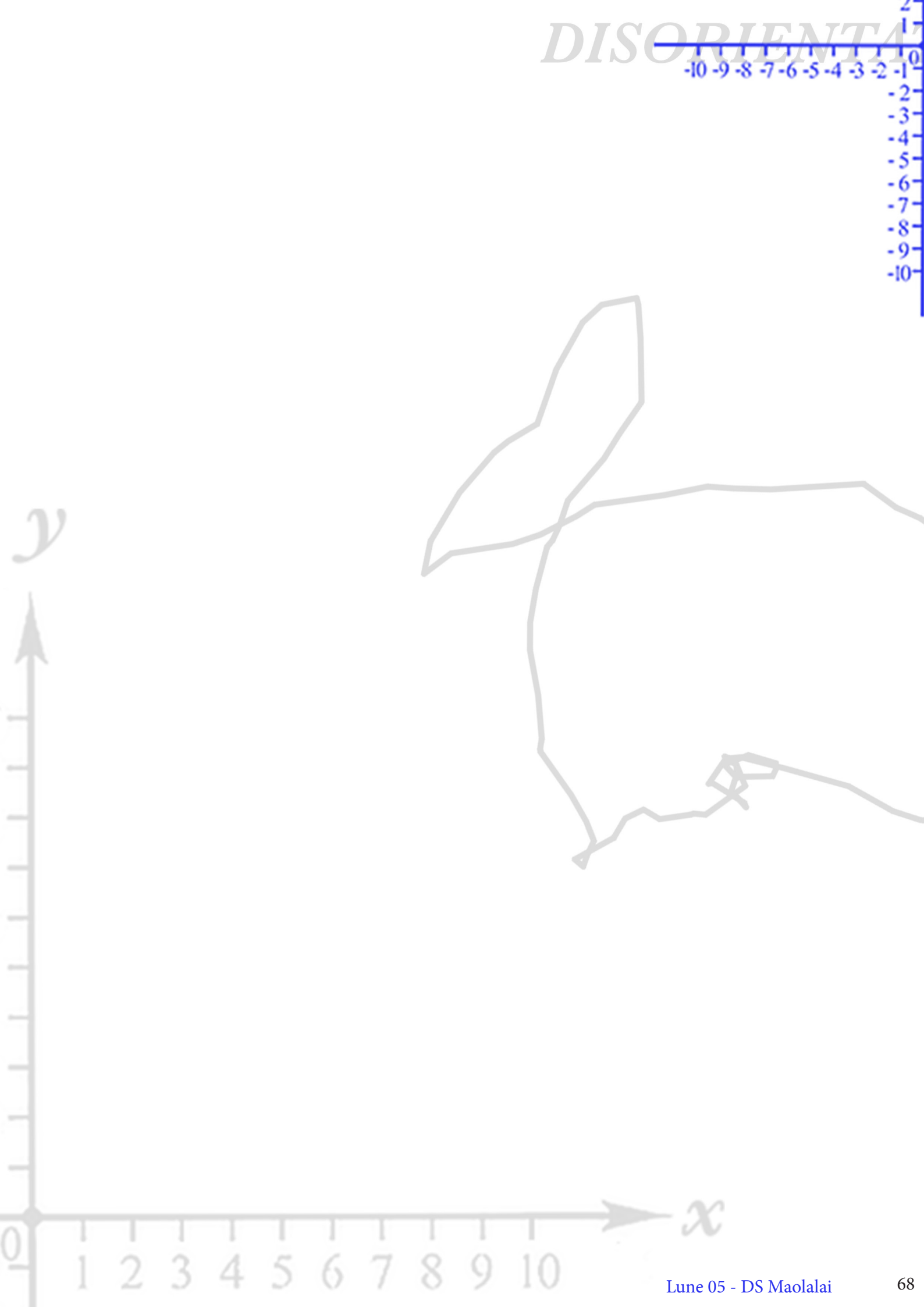
twisting itself like snakes
being driven from lairs
under hammers of noisome
construction. it's empty
now, of course,

all work taken home
and dust has come up,
obscuring the views
of glass-built buildings
and the docklands'
quiet decay
from which buildings rise
in pointing, bent architecture
like the whited
sunburned spirals
of a lonely
broken rib.

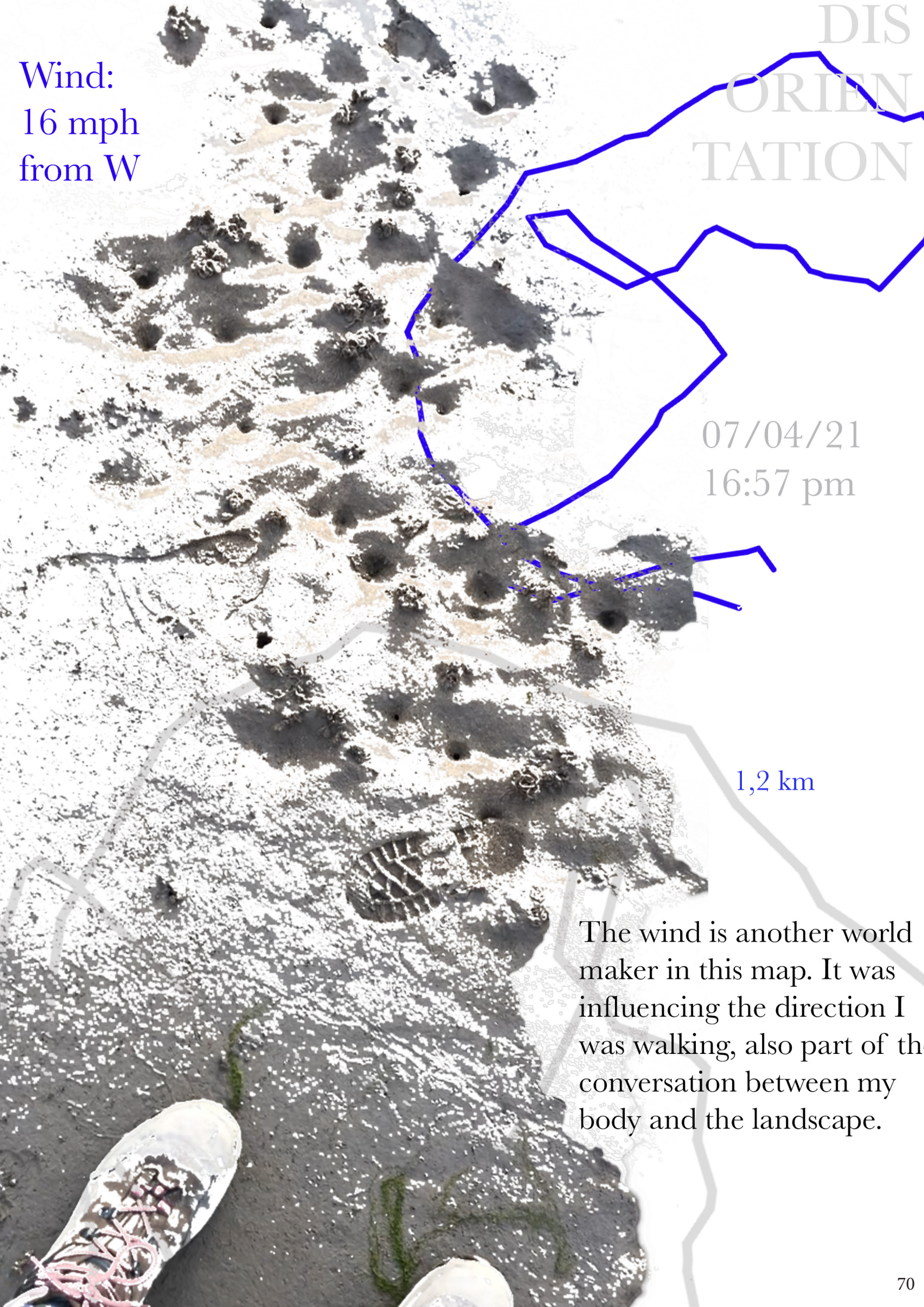












Wind:
16 mph
from W

DIS
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TATION

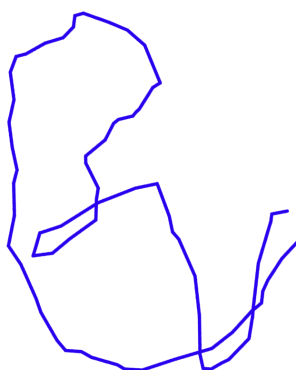
07/04/21
16:57 pm

1,2 km

The wind is another world
maker in this map. It was
influencing the direction I
was walking, also part of the
conversation between my
body and the landscape.

Transpennine: a journey

by Kenn Taylor



Where can we find this powerhouse then? The concrete cooling towers of coal fired power, as they switch off one by one, are now more likely to be found in coffee table books than looming over the Northern landscape. Reverence only for our everyday once it becomes something safe and of the past.

Travelling transpennine isn't just going through the peaks and troughs of the mountain range that divides east and west, it's also a journey through the sites of the birth and death of Industrial Empire Britain. Those battles may have been sketched on the playing fields of Eton, but the cannon, and the cannon fodder, came from here, not down near Slough.

Northern clichés are ten a penny and mainly now something for clips on beer pumps and museums of social history. Silk union banners, pigeon racers, brass bands. All still there, but increasingly cultures of the past kept going not thriving. This of course is still much of what academia and the media want to pick over, as its easier than dealing with the contemporary cultures of hip hop from Hull or boy racers from Burnley.

Culture and place rarely stay still. Even in the rural spots that can seem idyllic from the trains that grumble through the landscape, the agrarian was often long ago replaced by the Range Rover commuter and the loft conversion firm owner. Things shift even faster in the cities. In Manchester and Leeds, you pass through clean modern stations, see towers and tower cranes soaring, all looking VIBRANT for CONTEMPORARY LIVING.

Yet on our route, where once a variety of specialised economies brewed particular cultures, now a few graduates are concentrated into the biggest conurbations, while the places they left struggle ever more. While culture rarely stays still, in some places it stops being renewed and begins to fall back in on itself. Looking always to the better times of the past, even if they weren't that much better for most, because of the lack of a coherent present.

You cannot explain to someone who has not experienced it, the collective psychological damage to the people of a place when you remove from them its reason to exist. When the new replaces the old and gradually becomes the way of life, agrarian to commuter village, industrial city to financial one, someone always loses in those shifts. But as people are born and die and the social and physical landscape changes, leaving traces of the past to be wondered at, there is at least a sense of moving forward. In many places though and definitely as we move transpennine, there's a sense not of change, but of growing wreck and continued loss that has hit many places.

Transpennine is a landscape you struggle not fly through and so much of it is suffering from being in the wrong part of a country with a logjammed imagination. The Pacer trains, lest we forget just bus bodies fastened to freight wagon frames, may finally be shuffling off, but the gulf between rich and poor, North and South remains as crude and uncomfortable as those trains. Fractured transport links take us through fractured locations. Places which once thrived, but at the stroke of many faraway pens over many years, have been rendered down.

Once it seemed that the grim post-industrial tide could be contained. Single out the few places which had 'failed to adapt'. An odd city, a few towns, all those mining villages swiped for the Thatcherite victory. Too bad for them. It couldn't happen here. Yet, one by one, more places were hit. Write them all off, don't include them in the glossy proclamations of the future, then the bitterness grows and grows.

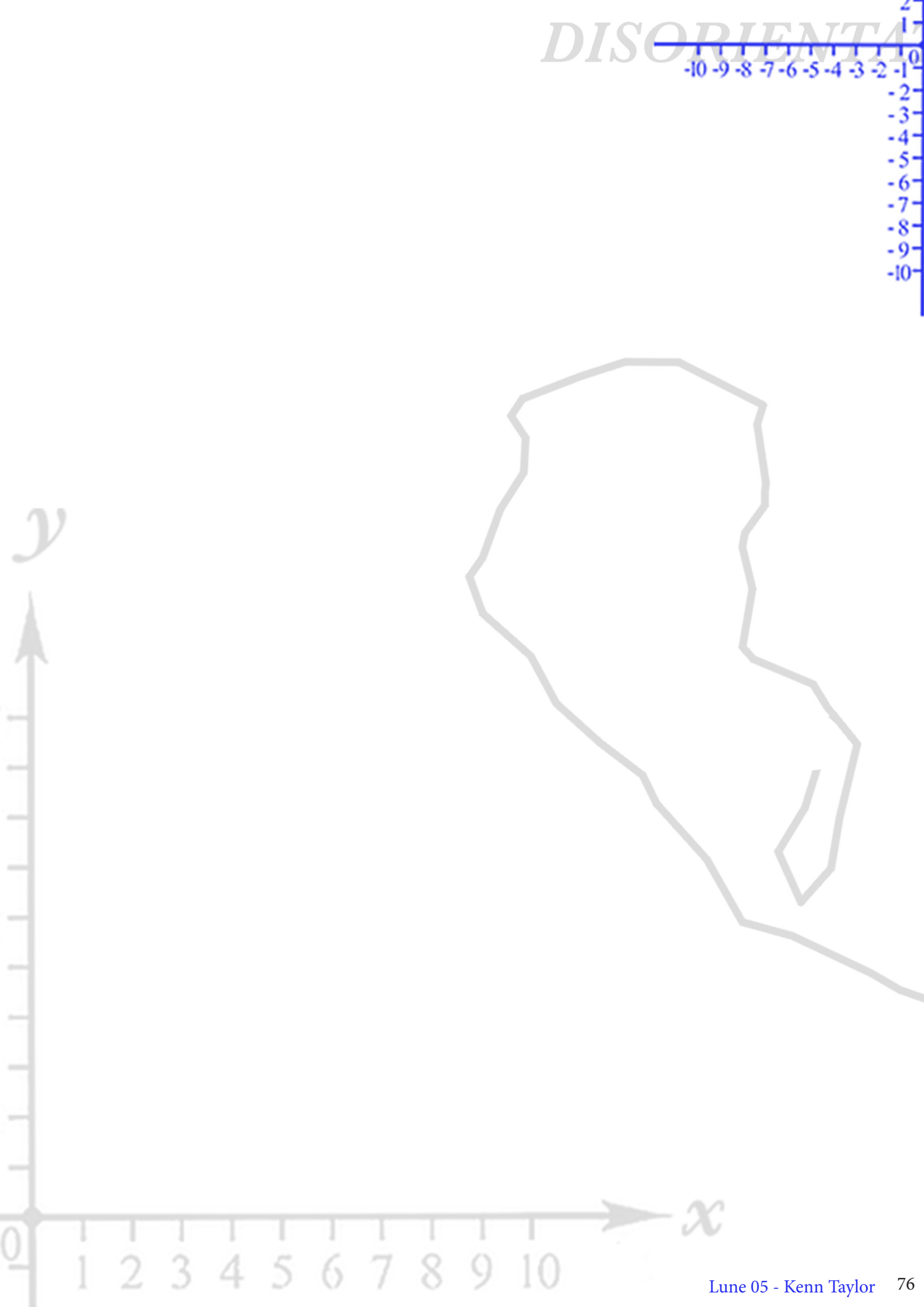
The people in these places can see the future too. The arse end version of it. The Digital HQ in Manchester, the Digital Warehouse in Doncaster. The chosen and the not chosen. In the cities flush with capital, anti-capitalism grows. Too much money, too much petrol poured on the bonfire of development. All those deals signed in fauxthentic bars with big lightbulbs. Each handshake another nail in somewhere that doesn't light up on investors radars. While those left on the other side of the glass, nursing broken promises of education on a Deliveroo bike, are driven by the need for change. In these cities there's so much power and wealth, it can seem like all you need to think about is how to seize it.

Outside the chosen places though, capitalism might mean the one last shiny factory which pays well. Controlled by a faraway head office and let's say it makes something to do with war or pollution or both, but what if there is nothing else left? Try telling the people who live there it should be abolished. When so much else has been hollowed out, fallen into malign decay after years of broken promises. Football teams struggling to survive outside of the Premier League elite. The boarded pub, the empty shops, all those building societies liquidated for the benefit of The City, and the civic, the long, poor battered civic. No longer the proud striding constructors of fine buildings all pushing

to a better tomorrow. Now desperate for Government aid to even keep the streetlights on. And when everything is in decline, trying to believe in a more equitable and brighter future is hard. Especially when your young people often leave. Even in the cities of glass they head for though, the disquiet increases. They grew the middle class but didn't lift up the left behind. The homeless an ever-constant reminder you cannot hide from the poverty in this country. Even for the middle class, the DESIREABLE suburbs are increasingly out of reach, along with the permanent contract and the final salary pension. The university fees, the good schools. The fear grows. The anxiety never leaves.

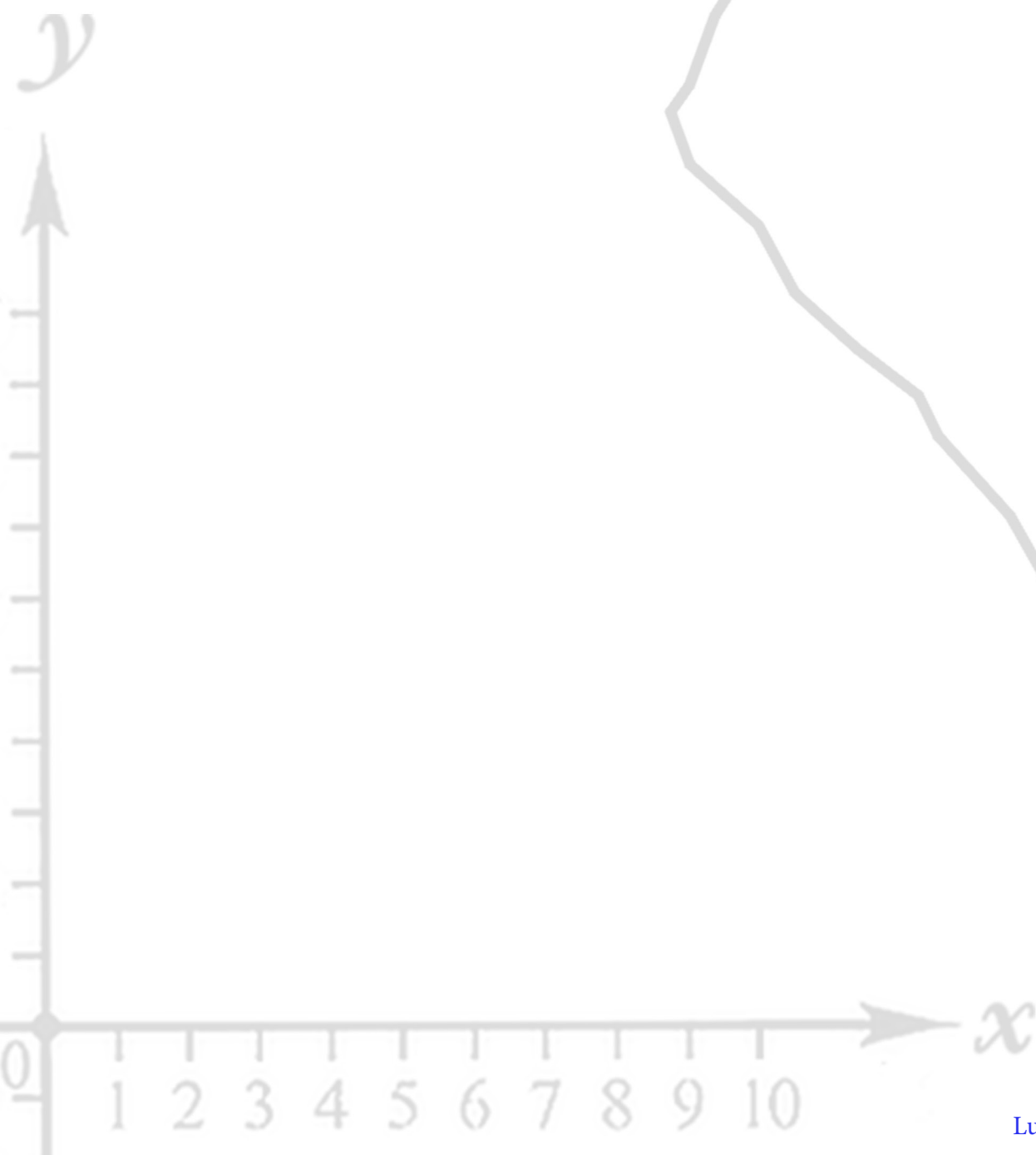
Yet despite all that weighs down, there is still a beauty ever under-appreciated and unacknowledged. From the immense flat vastness of East Riding, like Kansas made Yorkshire, bits of it crumbling away every day trying to find the lost link to the Netherlands. To the West, the arrival in Liverpool, cathedrals soaring out of the density of terraces before the descent into the dramatic dark cutting in and out of shafts out of light towards Lime Street. In between the two, all those mills that built the place and then left them. Cotton and wool. Wool and cotton. Cloth, like many things, something we actually still need but decided that we no longer needed to make. The mills fate too, divided between places chosen and not chosen. In the bright spots converted into startup complex No.32 or Urban Luxury Living. Elsewhere though LOW DEMAND FOR PROPERTY and LIMITED RETURN ON INVESTMENT means being left rotting or crudely subdivided MOTOR REPAIRS UNIT TO LET DANCING STUDIO LABELS WHILE U WAIT. But mostly TO LET.

What was formed on this route from the land and how we shaped the

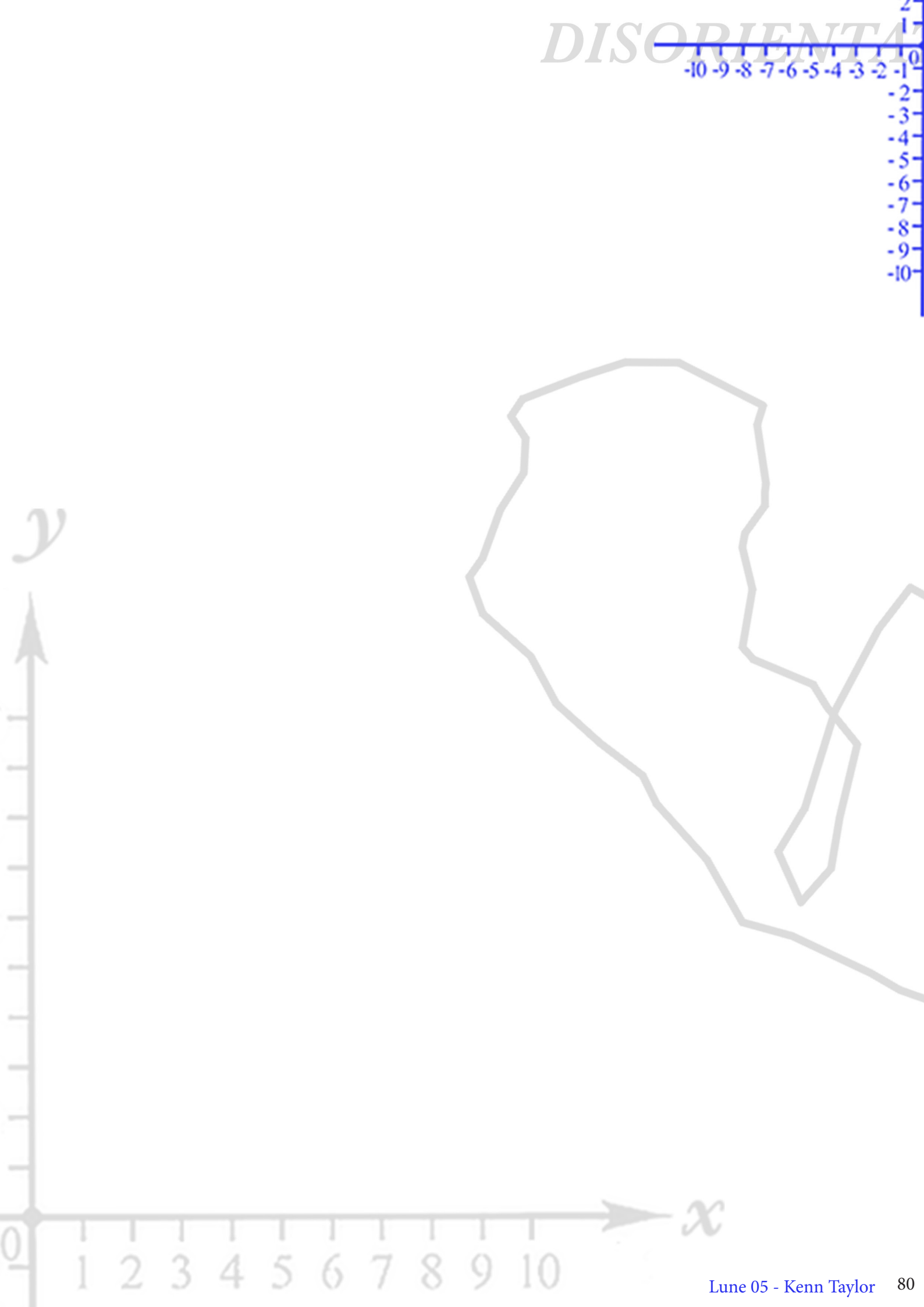


to be heard, if we want to be different then we must build our own future across this post-industrial land. All of us, not just the chosen few. Our way. Across this spine. Transpennine.











13°C

sunny

DIS
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TATION

22/04/2021

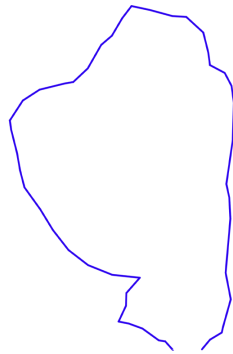
20:29 min

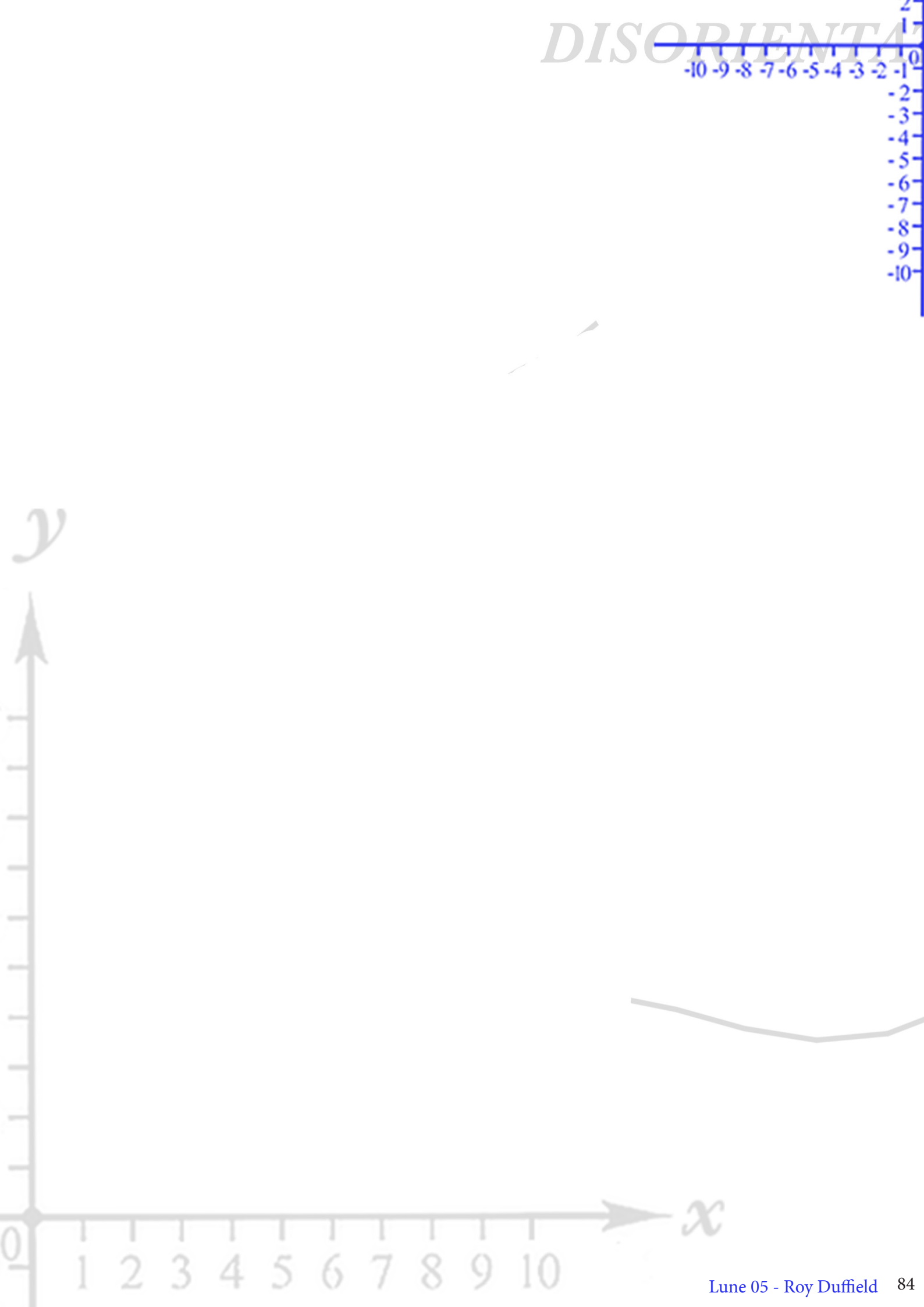
1.5 km

It's hard to keep myself from getting in the habit of doing similar walks every time and starting to follow a bit of a routine when I visit the mudflats

20/21 vision

by Roy Duffield







20/21 vision

after Chandra Livia

Candiani

tired I's
of following / drastic
measures one-size-
fits-all / measurements undefined
blind-
folded away
kidnapped milestones
in kilometres any way
all destinations turn right
RIGHT

THIS WAY
ONE-WAY DEAD-END
accelerating fast
into a bend
blind-

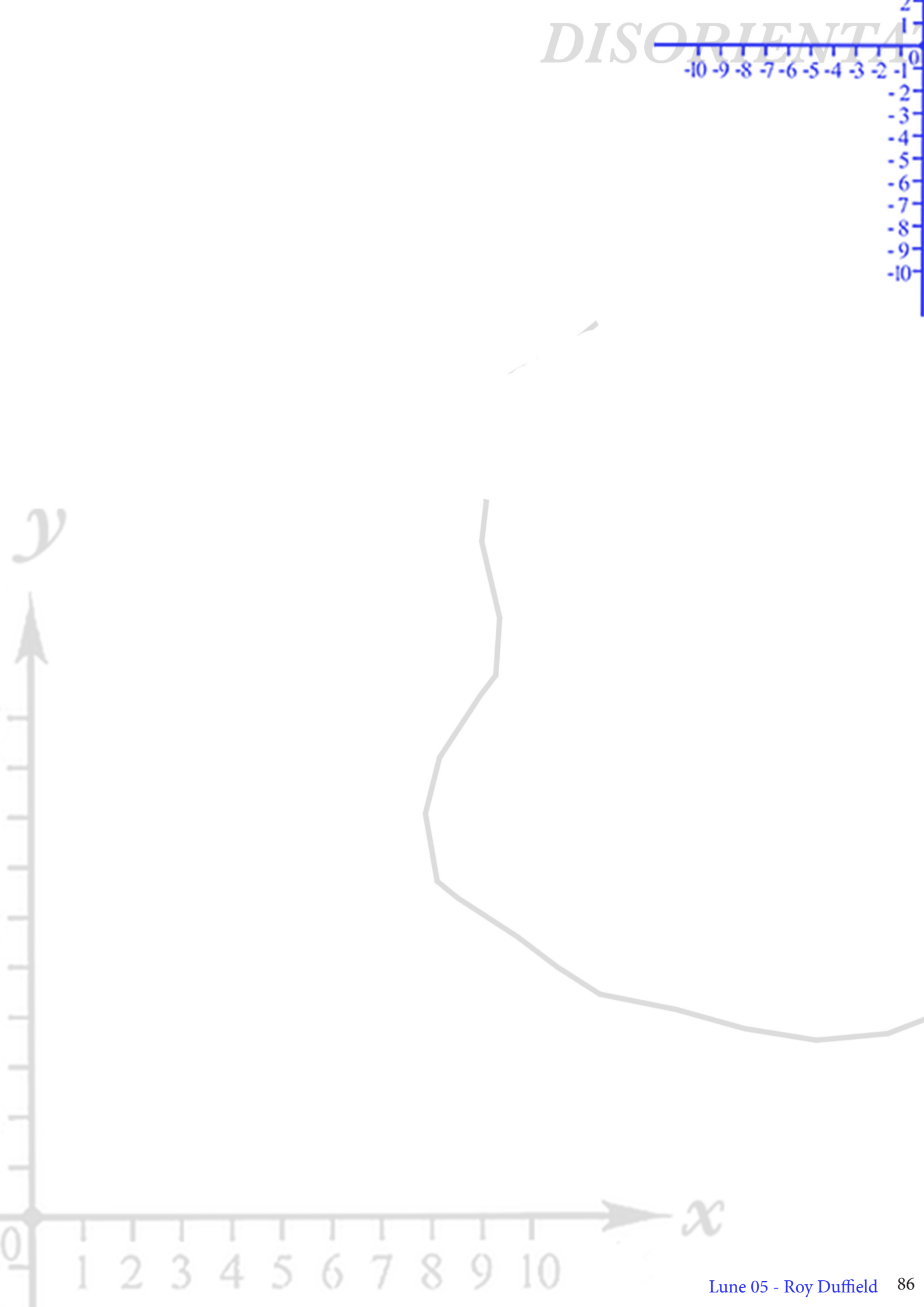
moving goal-
posts / waving flag-white signs
walking upside-down
on our hands-

on / shifting sands
STOP

spinning

GO
OPEN

no,
WAIT,
we're CLOSED, mind



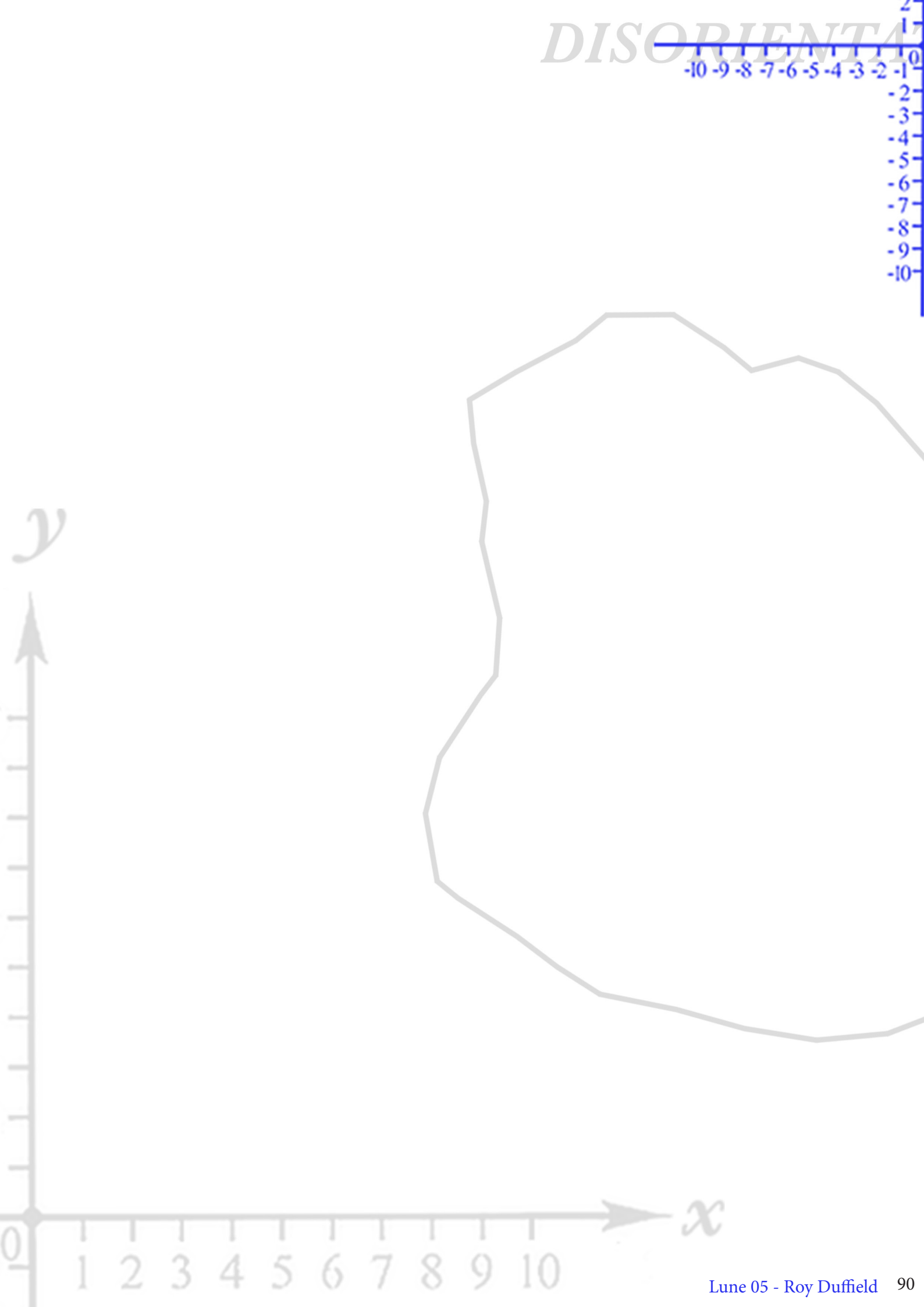
The Gap

seeing double
standards not standardised
laws not laid
down / rights not right
and all the while
doing right / by
rulers not straight
humans
inhumane.





DISORIENTA





1544

19:14 pm

19:51 pm

DIS
ORIEN
TATION

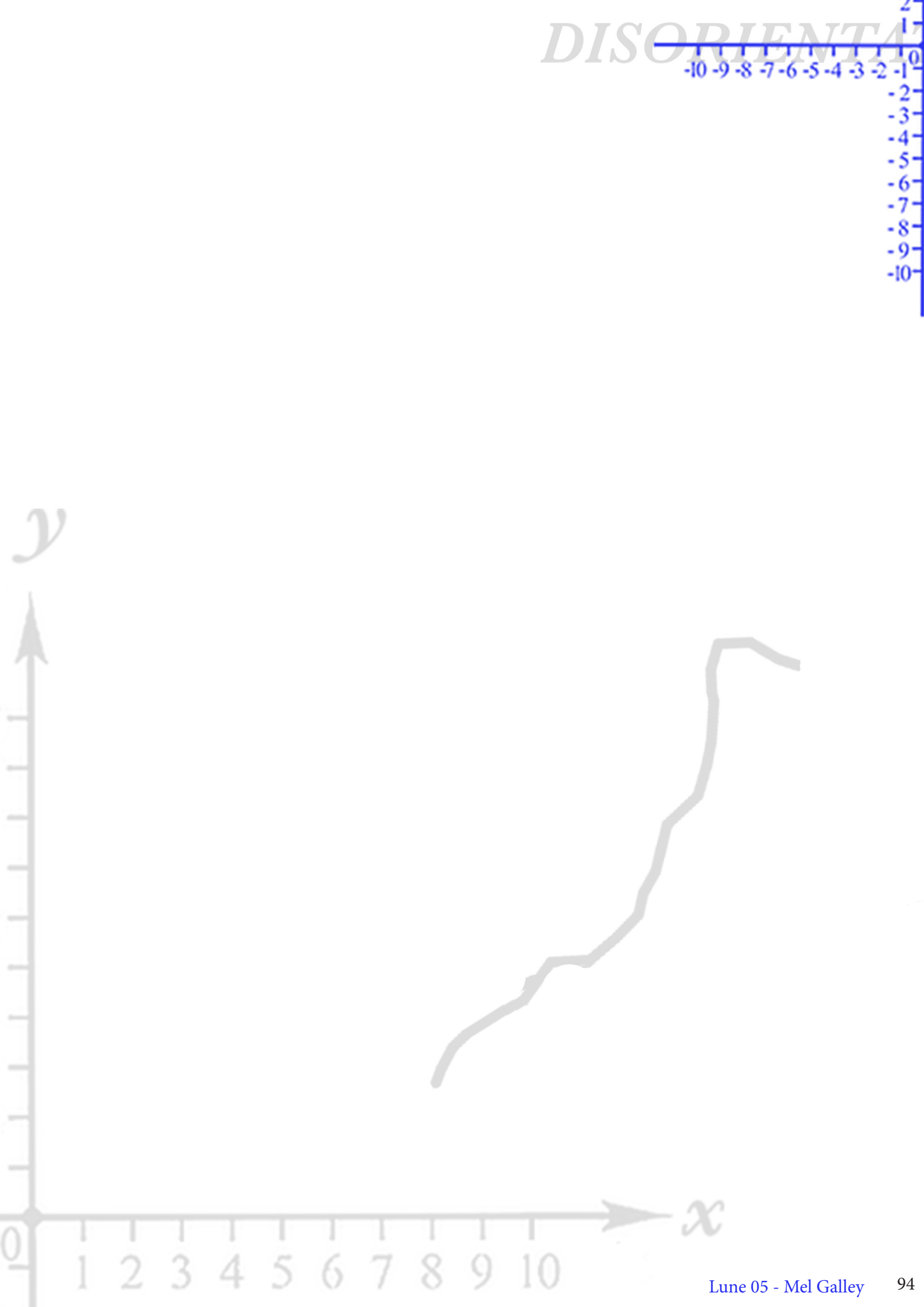
The shapes and textures of
the sands respond to my
weight in different ways,
suggesting the route I
should walk

2 km

Candor

by Mel Galley





Flocks to dust and grass to sand,
in a change to the landscape that feels almost
prophetic -

- for decades it hides it's underbelly
with a desperate attempt only to be admired,

in an imitation of candor it offers up;
lakes, dark and vast, thick with algae
mountains, coated in shale and slate
forests, great pines and malleable saplings
towns, replicas of reality, nestled, isolated

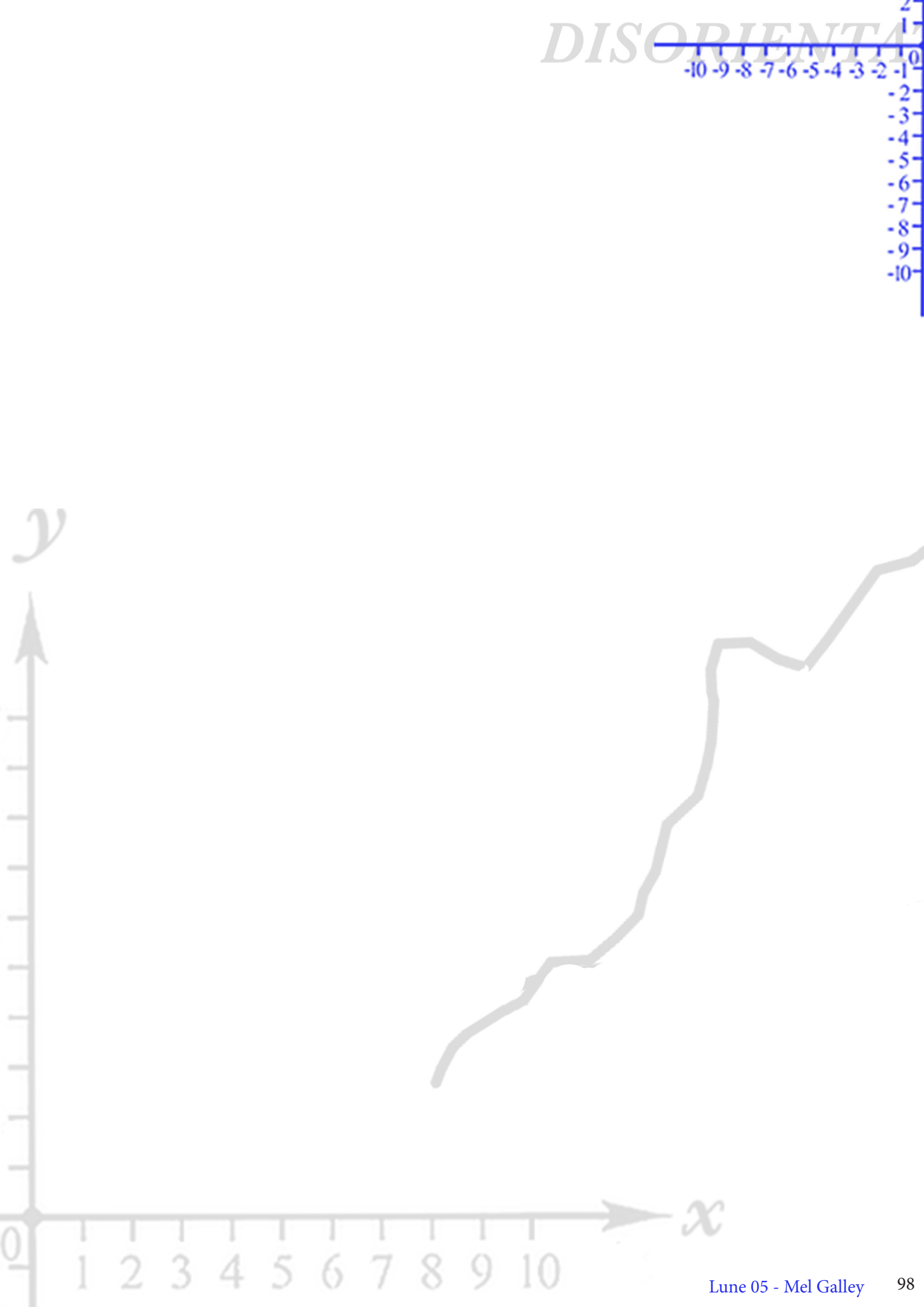
and simultaneously sweeps aside
any reference to the overbearing nuclear presence
that seeps from the coast, along all the shores

submarines and power plants grow unrecognised
as we dip our toes cautiously into the lapping waves -

- Flocks to dust and grass to sand,
in a change to the landscape that feels almost
prophetic I watch these familiar places devoured

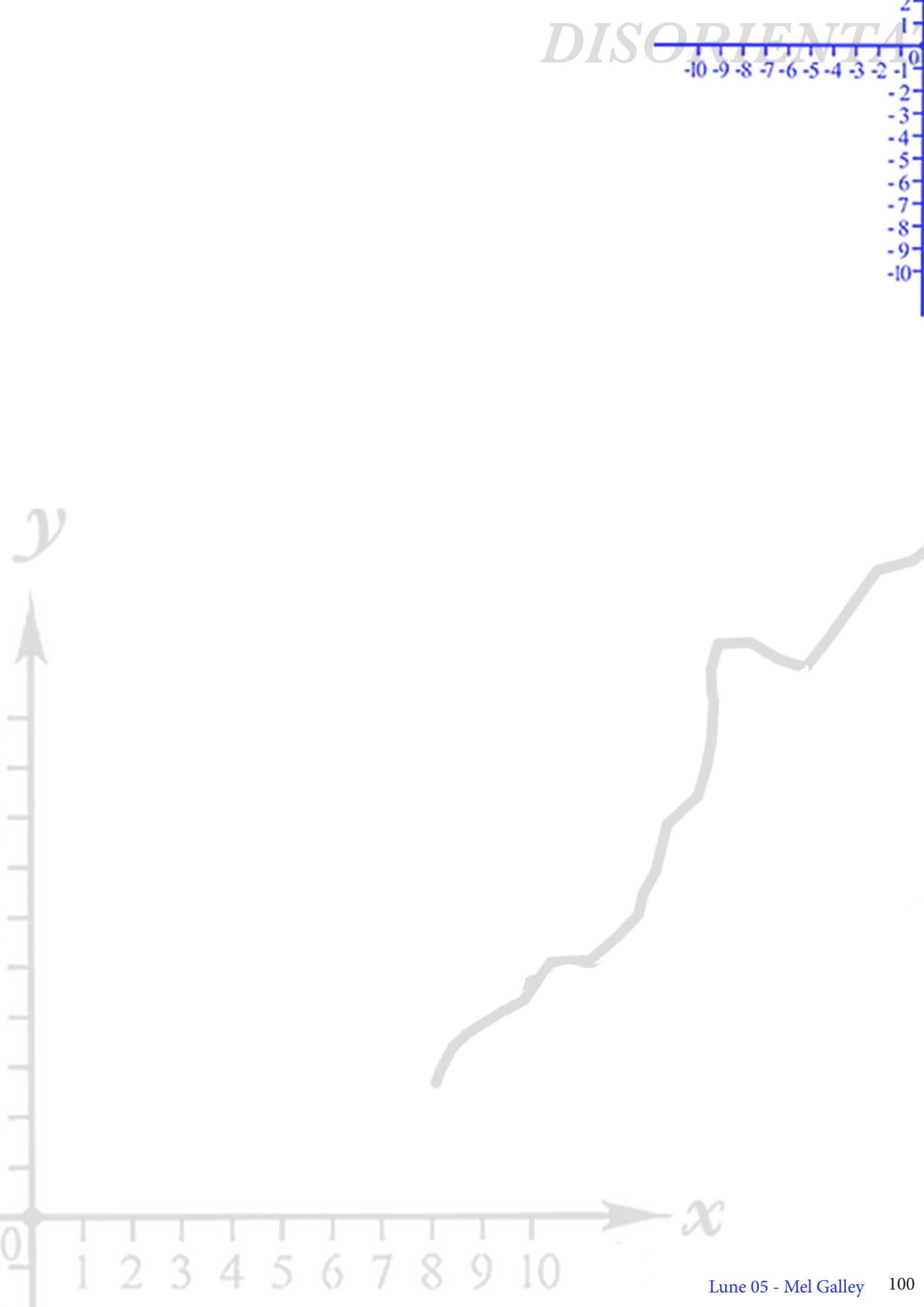




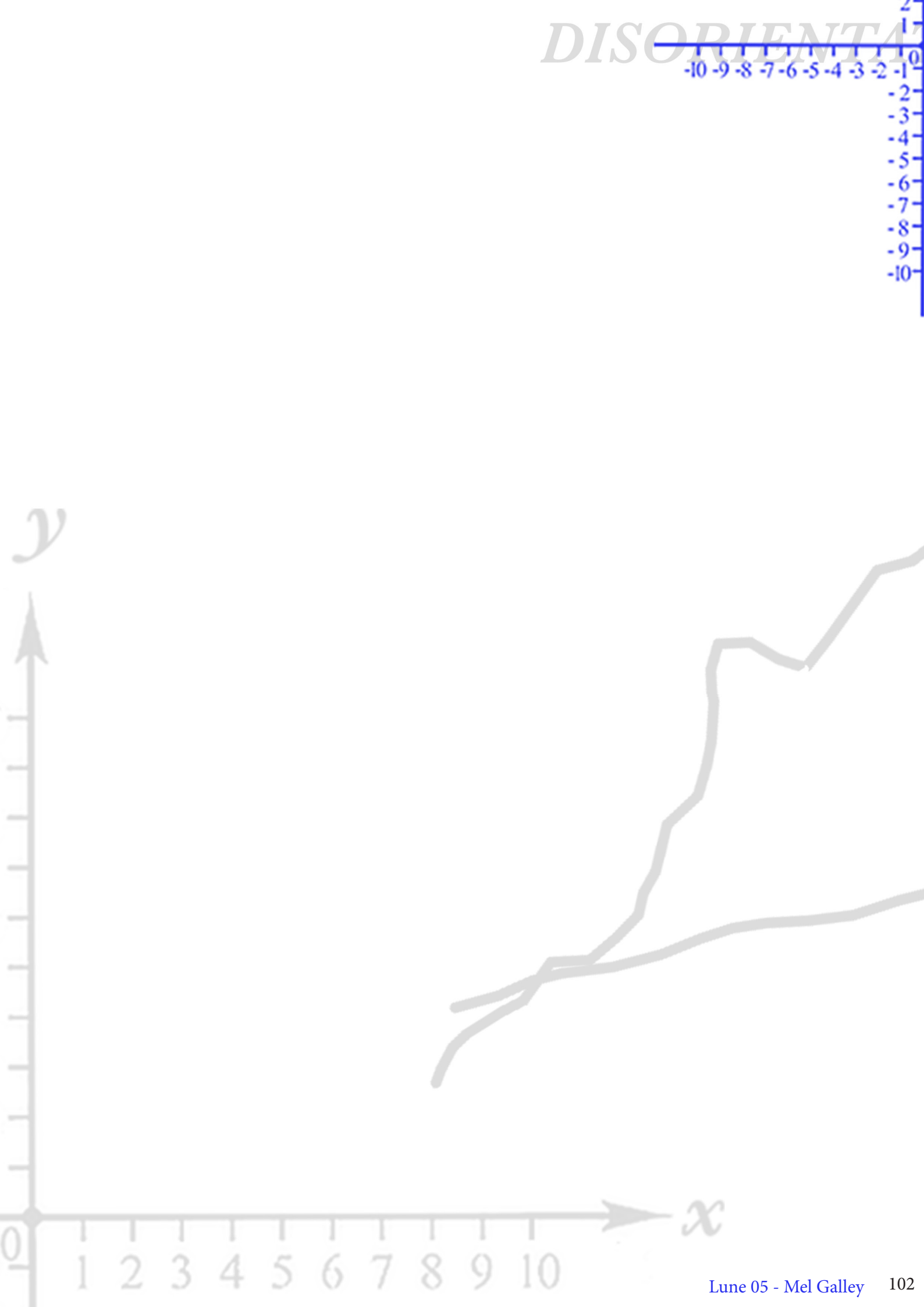


ATION

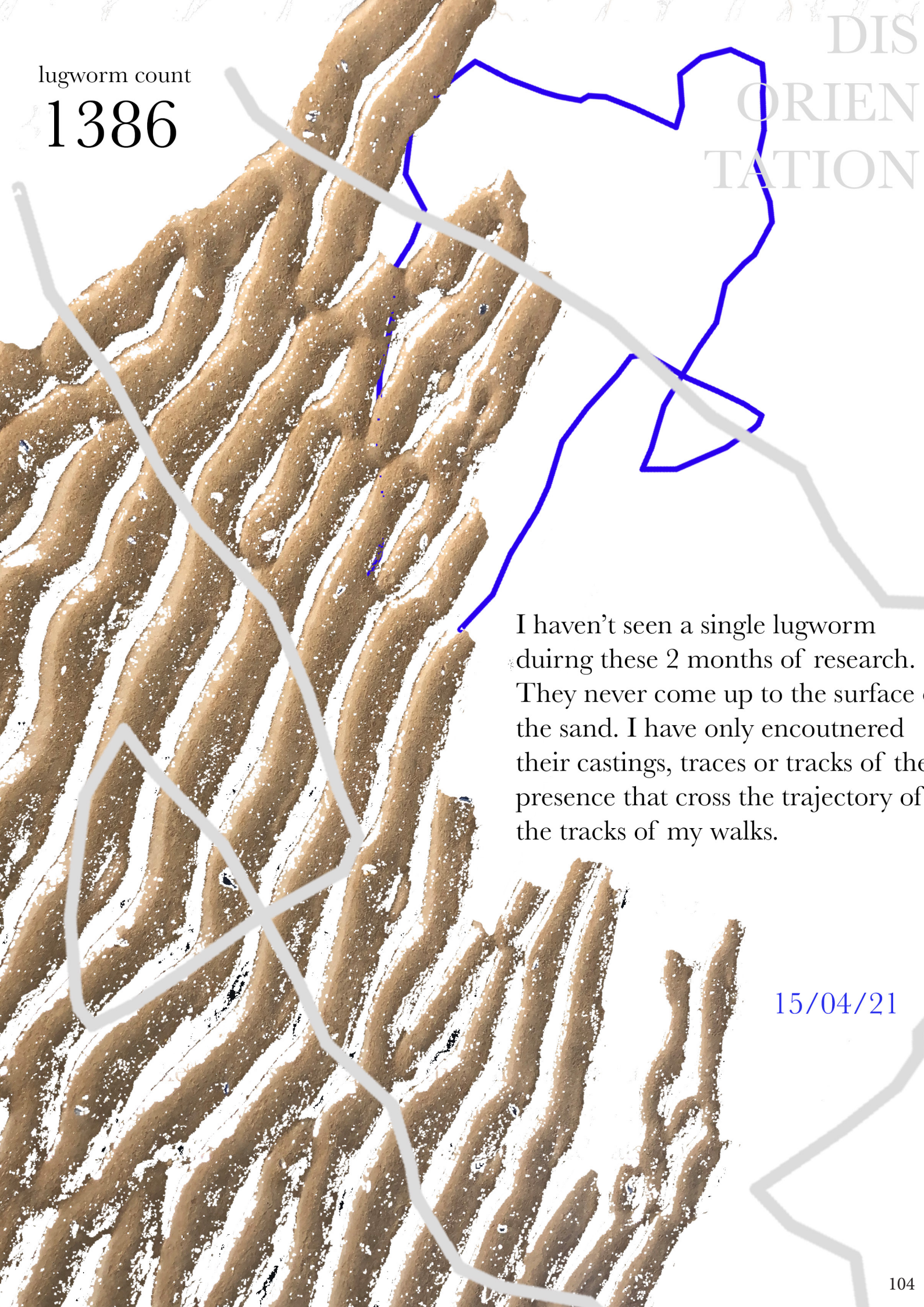




A horizontal number line with arrows at both ends. It is marked with integers from 1 to 10. Below the line, the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 are written in blue. To the right of the number 10, the letter 'X' is written in blue.





The background of the page is a photograph of a sandy beach. Diagonal tracks, likely from lugworms, run from the bottom left towards the top right. A thick, irregular grey line is drawn across the image, starting from the left edge and ending on the right. In the top right corner, the words "DIS ORIENT TATION" are written in a large, light grey, serif font, with "DIS" on the first line, "ORIENT" on the second, and "TATION" on the third.

lugworm count

1386

DIS
ORIENT
TATION

I haven't seen a single lugworm during these 2 months of research. They never come up to the surface of the sand. I have only encountered their castings, traces or tracks of their presence that cross the trajectory of the tracks of my walks.

15/04/21

Lat. 35o 30' 27", Long. 118o 53' 02

by Nathan Austin



Lat. 35° 30' 27", Long. 118° 53' 02"

"This is about

seven miles northeast of Bakersfield," G. Dallas Hanna wrote; "seven miles in an air line, northeast

of Bakersfield." "Four miles east of the Kern River Oil Field and one half mile north of the river."

"At the point shown on the map near the letter 'K' of 'Kern'"

"it is shown / as an unnamed hill 642 feet"

"but the hill is not named thereon."

the surrounding hills / were without trees or any

absence of trees permitted all the outlines to be seen

outline and surface of every hill and mountain to be seen / all finely curved and rounded by weather

The eye could wander in all directions over

*rolling hills / one behind the other,
differing but slightly
all in unbroken curves*

*surfaces / rounded and smooth,
and without*

(there being neither trees nor shrubs)

All these hills / one uniform drab or clay colour

*before we reached camp on Posé, or Ocoya creek. / We
reached Ocoya, or Posé creek / then almost dry and water
barren*

*“calls it O-co-ya or Pose Creek,” says Erwin Gustav Gudde; “it is
spelled Posa.”*

*“spelled Ocoga on the map),”
Hanna says, but I don’t know what map. I can’t find the word’s*

*sense. There’s an Ocoya, Illinois, its name
the sound a bird makes / or “I’ll call you!”—misheard,*

or so they say. People call it “Poso Creek.” Search for it in Google Maps, and wind up forty five miles from here, at the bottom of what

used to be sometimes a lake. Follow a canal that follows the dry creek bed back

running crooked across agriculture’s geometry.

—*the whole surface of the country / cut
and divided in this manner—*

"(If the sea had no waves," Jabès said, "no waves to up-root it / and give it back to the sea," / "if the sea

had neither salt nor foam," he said, "it would be a grey sea

of death in the sun," he said, / "It would be a dying sea
amid branches cut off from the sun"

These remains / the hills

"Out of the silence," he said somewhere else, "of centuries,
discrete words will, one day, surface for us."

“Because of the abundance of teeth of sharks,” Hanna wrote,
“the hill has received the name indicated above.” Geologist

William Blake never called this place anything. Just *hills*

—between / two rivers that aren’t called that anymore—

& a shark’s teeth are modified and specialized scales / &
are arrayed
in rows that move forward like conveyor belts
& the new teeth at the back push the teeth at the front forward &
from the shark’s mouth. I can remember the feeling of teeth

pushing my teeth out. Cut to: Blake / on the floor of this wave-
less ocean

gathering handfuls of teeth surfaced from below
the bottom of a sea that isn’t there

great number of shark's

teeth / found lying loose on the surface, having been washed
out by the rains. / They were lying loosely on the ground, and
appeared to have been washed out of the upper strata of light
clay by the rains.

I often thought of the shark
as nameless / as it is
without bones. What name
it does have is of uncertain origin the *OED* reports.

"Ther is no proper name for it" "but
sertayne men doth
call it a sharke"

...

Moby-Dick tells us its French name, *requin*, carries an "allusion to
the white, silent stillness of death." In 1909 *Webster's New Inter-
national* agreed: "so called on account of its causing requiems

to be sung."
But the word might really mean "to grimace,
bare the teeth"



“hath not this name for nothing” / “so named for its sharp”

“so named for its shape,” Gudde says in *California Place Names* of Sharktooth Peak—but

that’s someplace else, a hundred and fifty miles away. “Shark Tooth Hill lies on the north side of Kern River, about six miles from Bakersfield.”

“set back from the / river about one-fourth mile”

“and a quarter of a mile north of Kern River” "on the north side of the Kern river, about four miles east of Oil City"

...

"and is shown but not named on the Caliente sheet of the United States Geological Survey's topographic map."

“It is a noted locality for sharks’ teeth”

“locally known as Sharktooth Hill”

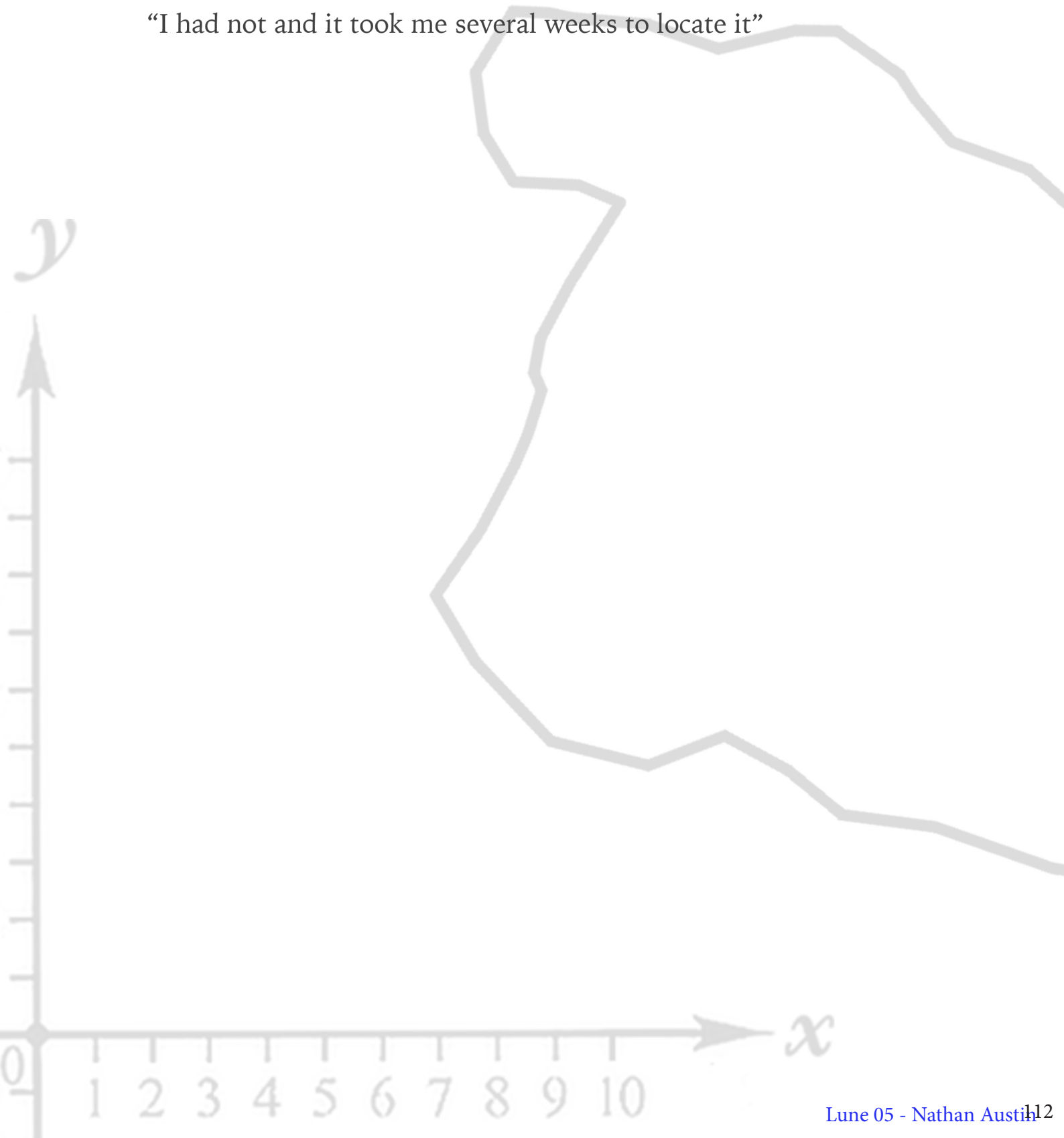
...



The name's been in use since 1909.

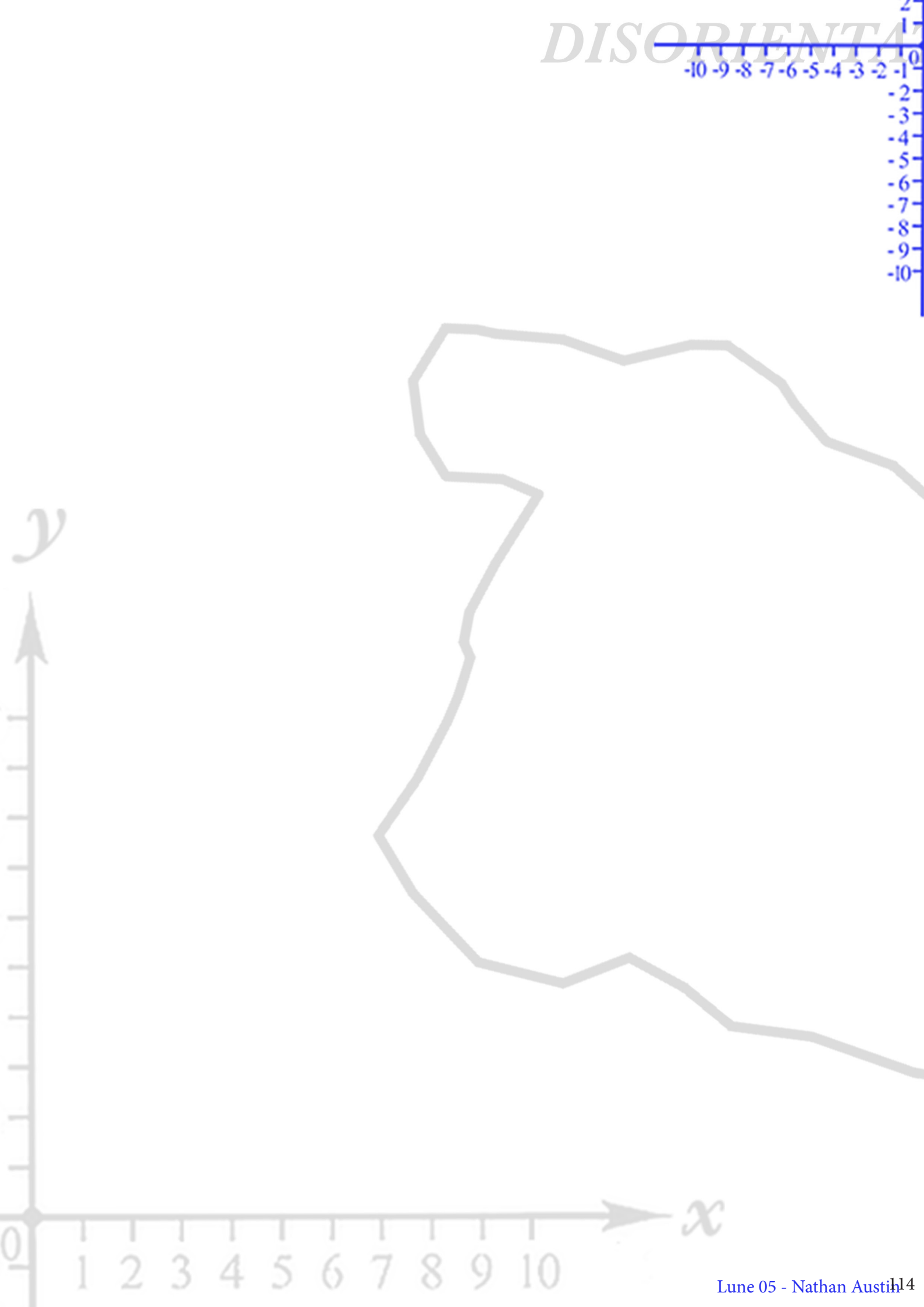
That year, Charles Morrice (of Pacific Oil Company) later wrote, "some of my acquaintances / asked me if I had ever visited Sharktooth Hill."

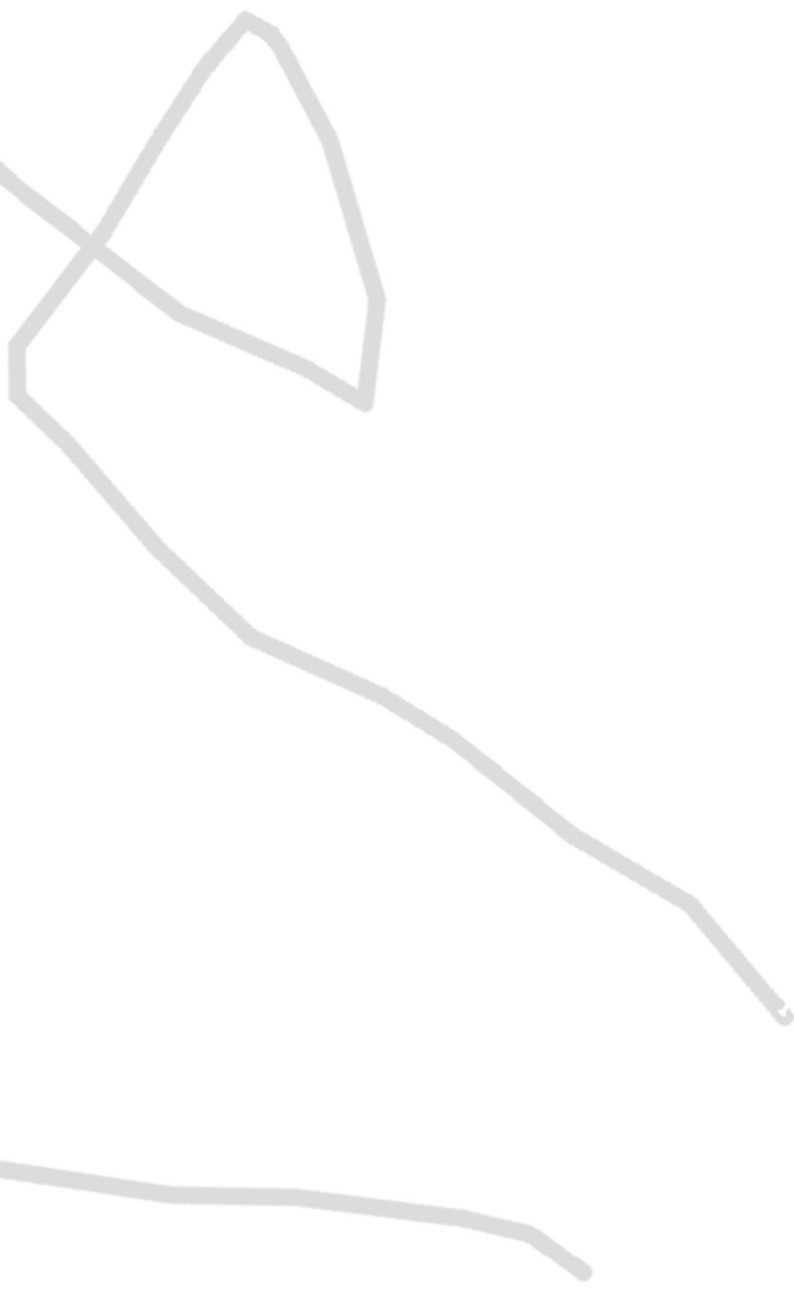
"I had not and it took me several weeks to locate it"





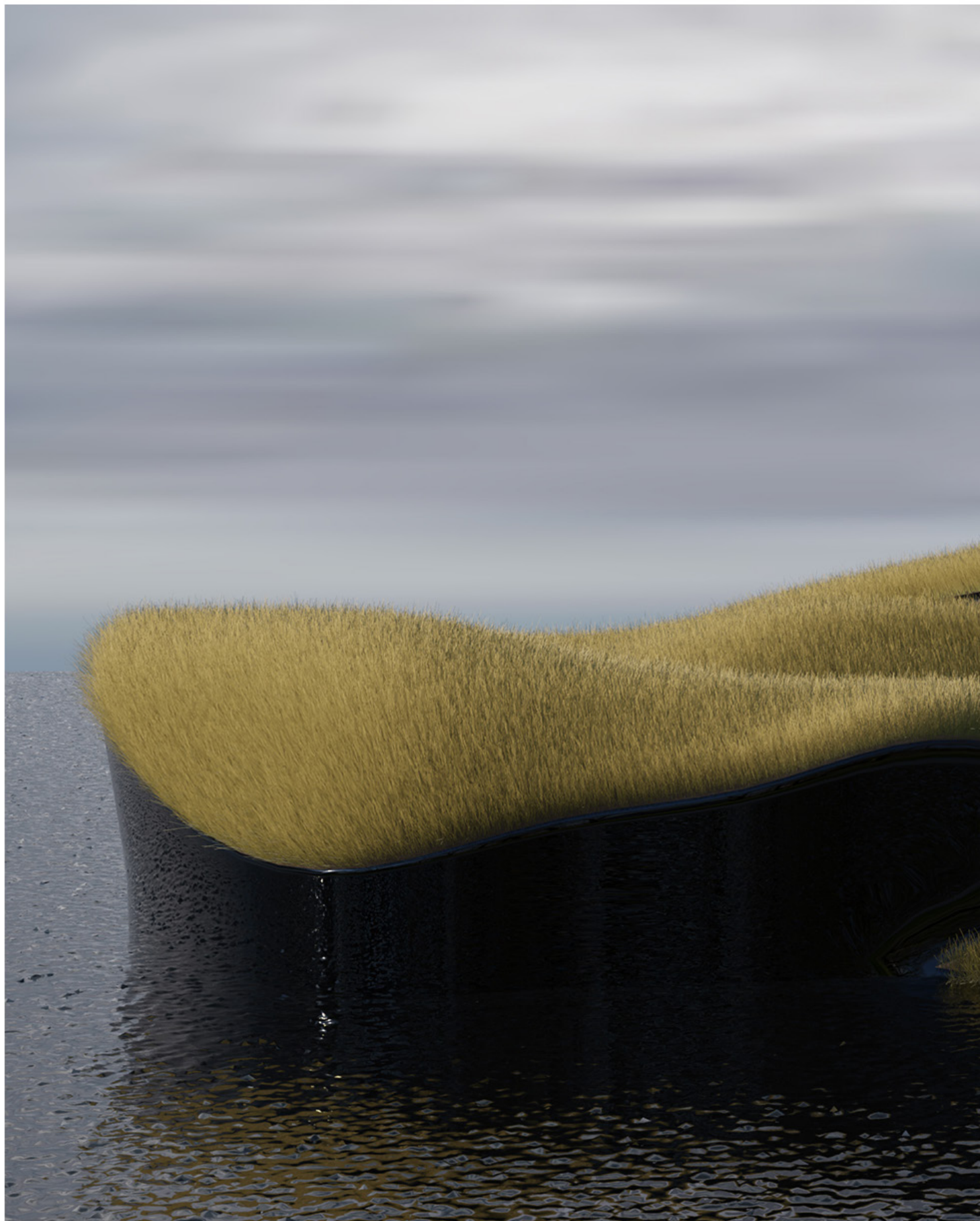
DISORIENTA



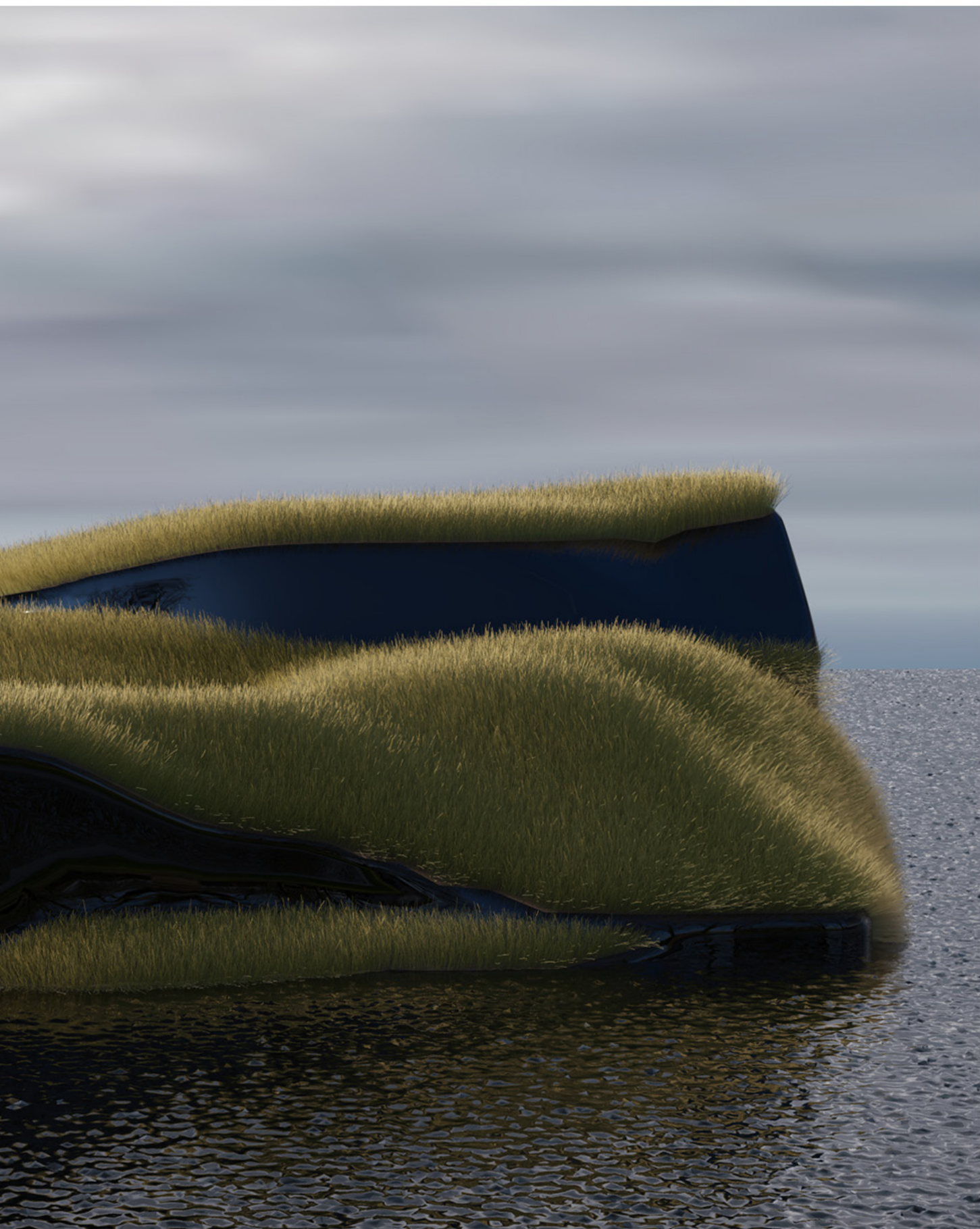


“Adrift” by Mel Galley

DISORIENTATE



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 x



Contributor's Bios

Alison Frank is a short story writer from Toronto, now based in London. Her stories have been published in *Tears in the Fence*, *The Bohemyth*, *Litro* and *Confingo*. She is also the author of 'Reframing Reality', a book on Surrealism in French and Czech cinema. You can follow her on Twitter @alisonfrank

DS Maolalai has been nominated eight times for Best of the Net and five times for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in two collections, "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016) and "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019) Twitter: @diarmo199

Kenn Taylor is a writer and creative producer with a particular interest in culture, community, class and place. He was born in Birkenhead and has lived and worked in Liverpool, London, Bradford, Hull and Leeds. His work has appeared in a range of outlets from *The Guardian* and *City Monitor* to *Elsewhere Journal*, the Working Class Academics Conference and Liverpool University Press. He's also delivered lectures, talks and workshops for organisations including Liverpool John Moores University, the University of Leeds, the Co-Creating Change Network and the Arts Council of Wales. www.kenn-taylor.com

Roy Duffield is the art editor over at Anti-Heroine Chic. He somehow managed to con a first in creative writing out of Bath Spa University and has even had the gall to return to the scene of the crime, this time in the skin of lecturer. He was honoured to be chosen to perform at the annual Beat Poetry Festival in Barcelona, is a winner of the Robert Allen Micropoem Contest (2021) and his poems are known to frequent the likes of the London Reader, *Into the Void* (Saboteur Best Magazine, 2017 & 2018), *Harpy Hybrid Review*, and of course the world's oldest and most prestigious publication, his Instagram: @drinking_traveller.

Nathan Austin is the author of (glost), *Tie an O*, and *Survey Says!*, as well as the recent broadside *Surround Sound* (for Éliane Radigue). His work has recently appeared in *Speculative Nonfiction*, *The Believer*, *Talisman*, *ToCall*, and *Translation: a Halophyte Collective* exhibition. He lives in Los Angeles.

Fatima Rodriguez Montañez is a Peruvian/Spanish interdisciplinary artist based in London. Her work engages with multiple mediums integrating aspects of theatre, poetry, and film to explore themes of nostalgia, memory, and fiction. She uses performance

as a vehicle for exchange and experimentation, where she binds the space between the staged and the imaginary. Converging the unspoken performance between the spectator and the staged, with the understanding of the space (virtual or physical) as continuously performing with and against its viewer. She graduated from Lancaster University, BA Theatre & Creative Writing, with First Class Honours; and is currently at Central Saint Martin's, MA Performance Design & Practice. <https://www.fatima-rodmon.com>

JJ Chan is an artist working across and amidst sculpture, moving image, and writing. Their work draws from their own lived experience and stories stolen from eavesdropped conversations on trains and at bus stops, to explore the edges of our realities in constructing our identities. Through storytelling and world-building, the work (re)searches for an alternative space beyond aggressively progressive capitalist time, seeking new worlds from the ashes of the present. They are currently Senior Lecturer in Fine Art at Kingston School of Art, London

Through writing and imagined landscapes, **Mel Galley's** practice researches our individual and collective interactions with landscapes (both built and natural). The spaces they create often become surreal or semiotic, allowing realities to build up simultaneously, layer on layer, as a method of thinking through ideas about place, ownership, utopia and the future. These ideas come from a variety of sources; science fiction is positioned alongside poetry, walking alongside listening, to approach research as a creative process in itself.

Núria Rovira Terradas is an installation artist from Catalonia researching bio-art and place. Her artwork seeks to notice other life forms by bringing their scales and temporalities into the map of our perception. Núria's recent work with Future Places Centre combines walking, GPS tracking and data collection to explore the nonhuman landscape of Morecambe Bay's mudflats. Núria works at The Gap Studio as a co-founding artist creating collaborative projects and platforming art in the North West.
www.nuriarovira.art

Special thanks to the Lune Editorial Board: Megan Bowyer, Charlie Gere and Jenn Ashworth.

