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Inside Outside, Outside In - JJ Chan.

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

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 / water melon sugar.) of yourself standing at the top of the stairs. not sure who that means to be h. the stairs? in the dream book, I mean

"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? if not for thinking, why dream at all? The dream-work does not think...

when suddenly your feet slip from beneath you, underneath yourself / feeling OK about this actually - probably anxiously - apparently - cherry lips - ok hurts now. Is the top of the stairs a precipice? (WELL) Baby you're the end of June. I can't believe I am quoting Harry Styles - not sure. a sack of air - fall with grace / into grace. soft-hand, the body unbecomingly skimming the floor. the boy, like the sea begat 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.

"The dream is not the language of desire but its work... desire does not speak. it does violence to the order of utterance" 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 Brautrygn 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 w go...) Wait Wait Come Back Come Back Come Back God is dead - in some (many) ways Nietzsche's proclaimed thus less as a belief and rather as a demand (or a rant) to seek another way of being not so much away from God but away from an identity. e. in a universal truth a means, in the total - a meaning in the end.

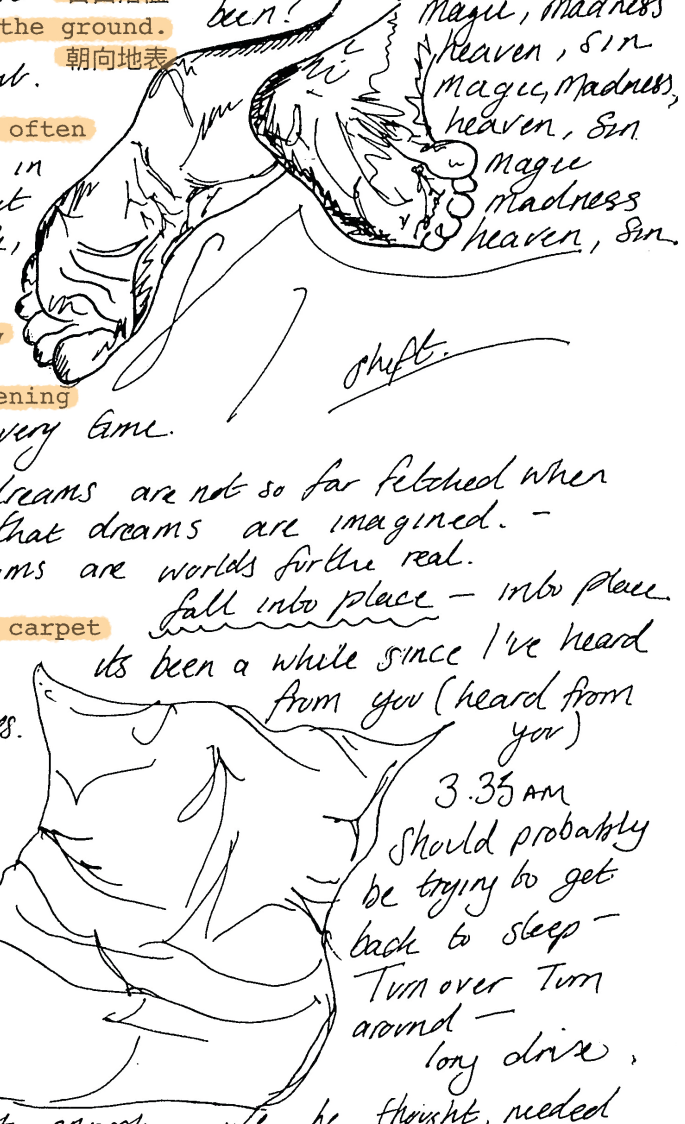
如同冉冉升起的旗幟? A bag of air - fall with grace / into grace. soft-hand, the body unbecomingly skimming the floor. the boy, like the sea begat the bay - the moon stalking the sun, its lover, for its own being seen - nice to me you where you been? Magic, Madness, Heaven, Sin. Magic, Madness, Heaven, Sin. Magic, Madness, Heaven, Sin.

I had these dreams quite often as a child, Breathe me in in my small time, Breathe me out in my teenage years. Kiss me how? So vivid was the falling, that often my shock awakening was a surprise. 我常夢見這樣的夢 在我小的時候 在我青少年時 那墜落過於鮮明 驚醒時刻 像是場意外 - realists in dreams are not so far fetched when we acknowledge that dreams are imagined. - I would wake up on impact of the soft carpet punching my face. 我會醒來 當柔軟的地毯的撞擊 推擠我的臉 too many times.

I would wake up on impact of the soft carpet punching my face. 我會醒來 當柔軟的地毯的撞擊 推擠我的臉 too many times. I would wake up gasping into the pillow. 我會醒來 朝著枕頭 喘息 臉面朝下

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 w go...) Wait Wait Come Back Come Back Come Back God is dead - in some (many) ways Nietzsche's proclaimed thus less as a belief and rather as a demand (or a rant) to seek another way of being not so much away from God but away from an identity. e. in a universal truth a means, in the total - a meaning in the end.

its been a while since I've heard from you (heard from you) 3.35 am Should probably be trying to get back to sleep - Turn over Turn around - long drive, even to say God is not dying fast enough - we, he thought, needed to be a means, in the total - a meaning in the end.



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, today?

Speak up
Speak now
Speak soon
Speak later
Lots of love
Mum and dad



Gender Trouble
Double Trouble
Repeat
Repeat
Sticky stuck?

need inspo memes - info graphics on the state of us all

Baby you're the end of June. Do you believe in me? Do I believe myself?

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
was not soft. 一點也不柔軟

All good things laugh.

- Another existential predicament. The Q of what in order to live. I believe I would take the fire said John Cocteau - hands Red

Peaks / Troughs / Peaks / Troughs are marked by the plateaus upon which we land, (the impact of the thousand? The accepted level). What does my body know of lines? What does it know of peaks and troughs? A plateau is a default in the photo - one that is incidental. yet personally painful - a piercing pain.

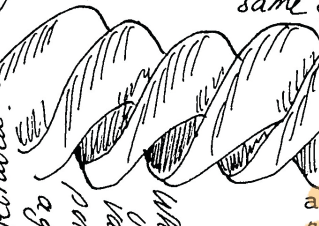
I ask myself through whose perception I see whose concerns condense me to an antagonist? Do you think most activists would also be good at stand-up? Does change happen through repetition of the same? Dead to the world

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. 速度是一切
Give me, please, my vocabularies! 但為了什麼? 為了進步? 為了化解被拋下的恐懼?

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 by the momentum into the infinite future (of a kind of 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 then is itself yet to be imagined. 然後砰然一聲

I hate every song I write and I'm not cool and I'm not smart and I can't even parallel park. I'm not really "twisted" if you think about it. Is punne perforated? aggression? politics of why do people vote this way?



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 complex) 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 laissez-faire genocide?

AWAIT SLEEP - FALL ASLEEP - SUDDENY (?) I AM DYING

Barthes final work. Camera lucida, he presents this idea of the punctum in the image (more space-freely the photo) A punctum is a default in the photo - one that is incidental. yet personally painful - a piercing pain.

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

In a sticky mess of congealed science, twisted (not quite, but rather like fusilli), entangled with a static polite heavily guarded in stasis by voluntary troops of an imperial army, whose payment is sought through theft from others is where I find myself at once with some privilege, and a language of privilege, but also at once stripped - vulnerabilities visualised, yet derided.

She was on the edge (tip toes between precipice pain and whatever other edge it came to meet). What if perception is not in agreement with me?

The assignment of pasta as penne is dependent on a central "essential" the moment of clarity did not follow, as it did the dream. void through its core.

In reality, the fall was followed by even further confusion than the experience of falling itself. Such doubt became the basis of my images, my images and imaginations.

Consider a penis, suppose a penis. My doubt the basis for a creative act. Perhaps in the fall, the post-fall clarity, that moment of epiphany, happens too quickly.

as bodied, as unbodied, as rebodied, as flowing in doubt. Doubt my orientations, directions, thinking, of over being-in touches, positions constantly held in this or that position.

(Parallel Park) - My position moves, always nomadic. the end of June. And in any case, in any situation.

A poet may find that in conversations they are unheard. even post-dream like epiphanies. What structures and forms shape

are only ever temporary; this silence, this quietening of voices telling stories of their own perception and realities. No bodies

Momentary ephemeral pauses. Must with the momentary pauses. Bodies and bodies are ecologies, of each other

Essential to each other, me leaning on you. Who's compass brought us here? Who's war, Whose time?

There is little time for clarity. Can we blame Greenwich for that one? What orders When I'd realized this a few years ago

disrupt order? I began to think no one thinks alone, no one knows alone. I start to think

So the question is from whom do I think my thoughts with? What thinking if time could stop, thoughts with? What thinking

do my thinking thoughts think with? I'd have time to breathe, I have time to breathe

What knots, knot knots, What Breath. time to gasp for air. allow breathing, What utterance

便得時間喘息 dampens utterance. The air is poisoned by I wish that time could stop. by breathing humans.

Can my basic overthinking save the world? Though my former self used to wish for this more often than I do now. If I am called to be graceful then, who will be damned?

These subtleties are a little different to the script that I handed to the voice actress

Precisely what conditions form my selves? Who am I (plura)? Rhetorical Question. Why do I tell my stories through thoughts of others. How is it that kinship is so easily found in pop music?

This plural complicated "I", formed from, and forming, complex "we" is both becoming and unravelling, "in becoming" bodied and unbodied - few will be out of other bodies.

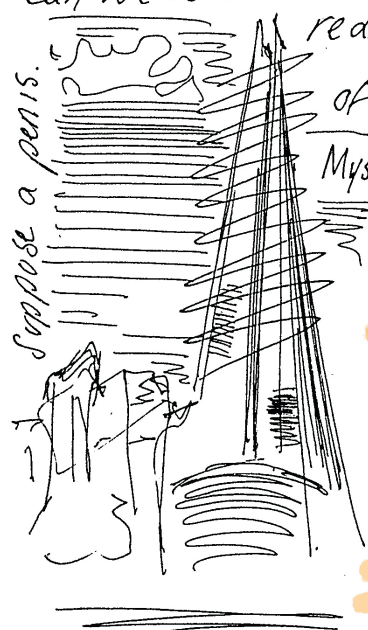
More recently, I have started again to wish for time to stop still. Time once again has begun to run away. Why, when we have been largely more restricted in our movements and activities? Why when we now seem to have less to do, is there less time to dream? What urgencies does one have when one is waiting? Has our gaze solidified, become machanic, machine, in need of maintenance to survive, an at-moded technology. What does "undoing" entail? Should futures always be under our determined threat?



of each other. Essential to each other, me leaning on you. There is little time for clarity. Can we blame Greenwich for that one? What orders When I'd realized this a few years ago disrupt order? I began to think no one thinks alone, no one knows alone. I start to think So the question is from whom do I think my thoughts with? What thinking if time could stop, thoughts with? What thinking do my thinking thoughts think with? I'd have time to breathe, I have time to breathe What knots, knot knots, What Breath. time to gasp for air. allow breathing, What utterance dampens utterance. The air is poisoned by I wish that time could stop. by breathing humans. Can my basic overthinking save the world? Though my former self used to wish for this more often than I do now. If I am called to be graceful then, who will be damned? 雖然過去的我比現在更這麼常想著 Why does my body upset you? Have you ever dreamt of time stopping still? What inactions un-dream futures? 你是否曾夢見過時間暫停

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) re-imagine, 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 that time would stop at a moment 那瞬間就此凍結 15 billion years - who needs such precision of counting? still and silent? Well, nothing less than global economy depends on it. 寂靜無聲 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. 你能活在那個時刻並停止變老 "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 revel in the distractions around you, different one that you could live and not grow old. 那靜止的時刻允許你陶醉在所有令人分心的事物中 like a trap or a curse" to lose yourself, and not lose the moment. The fixtures of time when the ticking of the clock will stop of course are fabrics of capitalism, woven sheets of procedural notation. 當時針停止轉動 (tick, tick, boom) 讓你能夠環顧四周並深呼吸 Next time - you can blink, lets talk about it are set. Quite the opposite of the assumption that rules without fear you'll miss something. (and physics) are the keepers of time. Time is times you will have infinite time in that moment, own demise, coming in that moment. In new times, you will have infinite time in that moment. 在那一刻裡你擁有無限的時間 Midnight, itself toward the end - synchronised. Come and pick me up no need to relax. I AM TIRED. to love, to cry, to breathe. Eng-Entanglements all the way down. Breathe me in Breathe me out, you breathe my body, your body my fault.



I live in the city now. 現在我住在城市裡 Deliver my food, Uber, cab, essential worker, Though the city is tall, PPE, Black Lives Matter (not everyone thinks so), Flat White, Gray Bar, Queer Space, not queer enough (apparently visibly). the city is flat. 它依然是平的 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. 它的地景是持續的流動 its heights are brought to the ground 它的最高點被帶向地面 It will surely come down from its own weight. its ground becomes rapidly swallowed. "Sleep is for whimps" said Maggie Thatcher. 它的地面被急速地吞沒 Sleep is for dreamers, time wasters, idealists and stoners. Dreaming won't make us rich. Quick Quick Urgently. Whenever we used to visit London, Work. Deadlines looming emails emails 以前, 每次我們造訪倫敦 So many emails. I know exactly where it we'd go to china town. leads but I watch it go round and round each 我們都會去中國城 time. When will it be home time? 我們都去中國城 很有可能的, 也許 I saw the lights of Leicester Square with the same 但或許它感覺更靠近家 somehow. 因為那裡某種程度上很像家 that are now my windows of depth and flatness of screens. out of the window, I've somehow become known for mothing 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 mothing 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 Oxbow code programmed this thinking to think with such codings?

Sun Luen, the cafe was called, Sun Luen Snack Bar were the only english words on any signage. Sun Luen; "Sun" meaning "New" in cantonese, "Luen" is to join up - a partnership, a collective, a union - Sun Luen; New Union. If was only very recently that I learnt my dad had worked there, and his uncle Samuel used to use the bulding to host meetings with signatories and activists, trade unionists and campaigners - A New Union for a new China. Xinhua (Sun-Wh).

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 vein/ we'd often visit a small café its been a while since I've 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 the floor was made up of aluminium chequered panels screwed to the floor. 地板由鋁製的棋盤鑲鉛板拼接鋪設而成

that I could never visit again to sit and marvel at its past. I am sorry. Slow. It was also only very recently that I had truly come to know what it meant to be a union, to be 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 我記得, 最後一次 I have never, till this day had a cappuccino seen. my mother asked for a cappuccino. 媽媽點了一杯卡布奇諾 with a pineapple bun (a polo bun) this isn't by choice, its simply that these two textures 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. 他們只有咖啡, 加上牛奶 How obvious it was that we were not regulars, that we had been away so long. Where we had been I dont 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 I walked around and around. 我走了一圈又一圈 I think perhaps it had closed. 也許已經歇業了

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 ~~the~~ 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? 為了進步? What do you all demand from me? Our actions and inaction hold equal agency. Behind or absent? For fear of being left behind? Is one in exile? Can we shift the frame? What is radically absent and where is this present? What moments are off screen out of shot, cropped by the frame, what moments are behind the images we create, what affects, what punctums does our imag(in)ing leave behind the camera? From where can I await the day that this discursive terrain is one of rubble and ruin?

