

## In Defence of the Complex

A collective of my own thoughts as a wild individual, sharply chasing higher intelligence while translating my born amount.

I write because it's my craft, it steers my natural genes, training myself to be a writer capable of mixing concrete and real with the honeyed beauty we need to live on. I write about the layers that reside in the sky, between people, the unseen. But tell it slant because you should work to understand beauty. It deserves our shock and wonder.

The lights, the sea, the dark, red wine and smoke. Love and culture. They should be written down.

### Under The Heat of It All

Under the heat of it all

Under the press,

Glimmers. The balance of individual lives soak  
over the lines of expectation into unexpected destinations.

Sontag- happenings: an art- page 263.

Juxtapositions, asymmetrical network of surprises.

Designed to tease and abuse its audience.

All in one hour, under press of seconds,

A meeting- just outside Paris.

Krzysztof Kieslowski produced a film stealing 365 days.

A girl recognises him, approaches.

She had seen his film. Once, twice, three times, and only wanted to say one thing really,

That, she realised there is such thing as a soul.

One young girl in Paris should realise.

There is no attempt to satisfy the audience's desire to see everything.

September 19<sup>th</sup> - myriad slid into bed.

An argument with her employer occurred

one hour prior. She decided: no more, & left, feeling

4 distinct turns – supra-personal, anger of spectacle, disregard, professional aim to assault by success, fear

9pm. A Masters student finds her online.

A strange feeling of pull, synchronism.

'you look Russian, blank expression, big eyes,

I had some burnt bread this morning.'

'Did you feel like it or, slow technique?

'It was pure accident.'

The Russian girl had it all inside of her. The war, ache, ambition.

Both – operating on verve and shockingly pure individualism.

The glimmer lasted.

In the gush, blitz

The art of it, style of it, pain of it, essentially:

In defence of the complex

This is the alogic of dreams.

I am a city girl because place is important. Paris is real and dirty. London is hot and wind struck. Northern cities are the versatile streets that gleam even harder in the cold. Look up at that mile high building. Feel the weighted tug at the back of your neck. Exhilaration is here. What you know can be dismissed one long lit paved street away because the city is an interlinked set of desires, functions, and escapes. It's a dynamic racing mind which will give you the best night of your life if you know where to go. St Peters Square is beautiful. You will forget the day and stare. The pouring of Paris by poets is important you see. I came here at 19. I walked well then, now? I walk with no care. Style is part of me because I own it, cultivated it from coffee, cigarettes, understanding how my legs work, how they slim by proper toning, by working in a profession giving me money to live as I like, and nobody to instruct me otherwise. If you're strong enough to be happy inside the city, it will become you. If not, it will hit you into the ground. I feel I do everything arrogantly, but not arrogantly at all. The French that I know, would approve, and understand. It's the way you stop to answer a question, pause to let it tense and linger, then smile, put your hand to your chin and respond naturally with pure honesty. I know how to light a cigarette, and if a man decided to be a child about something, I drop all engagement and leave him blinking. Yeah, I'm a city girl. Nothing compares you know. You can feel more here. My eyes are satisfied each day I am here.

### **The Pouring of Paris is Important**

The deep core thrill felt when a tall building looms.  
mermaids born to teach us how to run away, in books- magic works to distil wonder  
place is important  
the jeans you wear are important because  
We live our precious hours inside, their softness

The pouring of Paris is important for beauty  
those who bring out our ings- crying, kissing, loving- angering slip  
lonely and lovely from our mouths

Pain exists yes  
red runs hard  
often, there are no words, but to balance the heated awful red

What i am trying to tell you  
Is that beauty speaks  
eyes, the tugs between your shoulders- that is your heart constricting  
the pouring of Paris  
by poets is important.

### **Walk Through it Walk On**

A door is a door is a door  
perception is everything  
I like you  
No, I want you  
No wait, I can't believe this

When all is quiet  
when all is calm

Thin line walked upon, falling into desire  
realising wrecked but peacefully  
I need both, need both, and I know when to stop now.

The lights. Red rose, green sea, dark night, blue lights.

I discovered I was a moon child. A daughter silked in moonlight.  
she walks alone, kind, sharp as the dark. Nobody can grasp her.

She walked years to step up, that reservation you see- 24 years of  
diamond crushing.

### **The Older People will Tell You**

The older people will tell you that you don't have it  
Enough skill to do their job, enough certainty in your face to be assertive  
But the truth is you do.  
If they backed you into that corner where you stood, pulled a knife, and held it so close you sweat on command- you will  
become defiance.  
So- I get told, you look so kind.

The things I won't tell you in that interview is  
I saved my young sister and her boyfriend from a drunken man  
By holding metallic cold eye contact and bribing him with 3 Marlborough, telling him  
If you walk away, take these, you won't have any police, will you? Be smart, yeah?

The older woman holds my resume, my dark coat, my kind eyes  
And thinks in a small box.  
For example, in a mock trial for a dictation job I made a template note she couldn't understand, narrowed my success chance,  
and said, 'I'm sorry, I do feel for you'  
You didn't know, I was thinking about how to end my life most quickly,  
Her investment in me would have been factually a good one.  
Because I am instinctually driven, I left that building to run hard on a treadmill  
Not even register the looks by men when my slim arms operated the weights  
In perfect form.  
Walking back to my car that night, I thought in sequence, in a feeling familiar with my younger years, which city-based tower  
would be easier to access, walk to the edge of, fall away from the reality I stood in?

2 weeks later, I was offered a new position.

I am the best I have ever been.  
2 seconds difference/ 2 polar emotions

Apparently, I do have it, enough skill, assertiveness, talent- the ability to handle my life with aplomb regardless of your mis-observations of me.  
You know nothing about me, do you?

### **It Must Be The Unreality**

There is a time for loud, and quiet  
I haven't been with anyone for years  
I moved away. Peace happened so quickly  
then two of my closest friends  
loved each other- in front of me and  
I felt untouchable forever.  
It must be the unreality I feel- dark tiny alien beautiful but not quite tangible.  
Never quite processed my emotion.  
I am 23? With a writer's mind- yes. I do know that until death.  
I am always the girl watching, no touch  
Mused on loop.  
It never made sense for anyone to fall for me  
just call me wild, tell me, you are unexpectedly kind, and say-  
You are the most beautiful girl I ever met,  
I'm glad we met. You will find someone  
you know.

I don't think so.  
I'll wear loose jeans and be that mystery almost grasped.

### **In Conversation with the Hours**

Precious time given to me, unless for some wild reason I become trapped in some room or die. What do I do with my one-shot precious life? My love, my body is perfect shall I do something about that? Enter a state of high, existing purely to exist. Or write and run hard into material my right to be alive on this cruel hard shining beauty globe. Oceans of wonder, lands of sand, humans fused by desire, ambition, power leaking from their leaking hours. Danger smelt everywhere. If we are born by our own race, it must mean we are great. Slicked by means of biology from our mother- by chance or plan it happened. A definite concrete happening. I'm here to be until dust. At what age will you suddenly terrifyingly think, I need to do something special now.

### **Dust**

I made a decision in my hours  
Glimmer of hours  
To be something higher in profound  
Than dust.  
I no longer care  
For so long now, my heart aches for  
Languid silver time.

Only, purely, essentially,

What I am

No acting, please.

I'm oddly potent here is the piercing thing

Starlight and despair, the intimate rip.

It's time you chose.

### The Journalist

A woman wrapped a leather jacket taut around herself. I felt an urge to tell her that she looked at ease. But I did not. Just observed. A journalist is present, so I found this odd. I grew up in France, lived in London.

I was booked onto a flight from Heathrow, terminal two, business class. My editor called, *go and review a string of properties there, I know architecture is your sway*. I was staying with my sister. She worked as a teacher in Toulouse. I was connected to my job in the way I connected to language, the way I constructed words. I had jobs to do, you see.

A youth in a suit passed me by, making eye contact. I took an interest in my coat hem. We boarded. Wine menus are a blessing. *Reds from Germany, whites from France. The pop and glug erode any general anxiety.*

7 pm struck. June would be driving home to cook pesto and miss me. I drank tea, merging with the cabin silence. As the minutes passed, I began to think, there was nothing else to do. Seared lamb was served. Flight attendants wore Pierre Balmain 1968. I liked the detail. As a kid, I cooked sugared strawberries for Pippa. There was no rulebook, our mother worked a lot. I knew now, I harboured the same tendency. I was aware, though.

Cabin lights clicked to darkness. The loss of light pinged my imagination back to London. The city was interlinked with her now. Tracing her collarbone as she slept. Raising my jaw with two fingers. Less is more, it heightens everything.

Dad had visited for risotto on Tuesdays. Revolving conversation to politics whilst mixing potatoes with sauce into a dish composition. June swapped water for Shiraz at that point.

I chugged the remaining wine. My sternum tightened. I swallowed accidentally.

I boarded expecting the pain in my knees, spirit on my teeth. I didn't expect isolation to arrive so soon. Lying muffled in my grey recliner, surrounded by strangers, feeling an intense desire to get out, to interact, to be in the heat of a city.

I arrived in Toulouse. The house, it was beautiful. Slid off all my clothes, stepped into the marble shower there. Silent and wonderful it felt to be alone. I stood there and felt myself lose all that was not necessary.

### On Ambition

I see with my mouth pointed towards the horizon

The pleasure of my iris is complete

Get out of your delusion, a thin line.

Do the work you have known coming since those pale luminescent years

Hours do their worst: the arrogance of them, the fine arrogance of you / and terror / continue

Joy knows no bounds, recall it, reel that in deeply.

Art Collectors and Those Who Need More

The Day Karl Lagerfeld Died

What's in a name?

It's forty-nine minutes past twelve. Yesterday at the age of 85, Karl Lagerfeld passed away in Paris. A proven visionary and style icon. His person and his legacy, lingering strongly within the people who knew and worked with him. A namesake.

A composition as a concept uses a balance of elements. In a general sense it could be the unrealised routine of a person's lifestyle. We drink water, juice, wine. Pass bread and sugar past the lips- maintain a balance.

An a visual, a line could be thought of as a multitude of things. A primary school line, the words you wrote as a kid when you spoke out of turn and spilt ink onto your white shirt that your Mother ironed, or didn't.

Personally, I see lines everywhere. This is after I realise that I'm trying to see visually, tracing my vision for a style within the structure of a building. Architecture ranging wildly in design, built firm and brilliant into the cityscape. In a flat near a vegan breakfast cafe there is a space of warm rooms and a balcony to either sit upon or hide behind with the blinds closed. If I sit out, holding a mug, cigarette, or my head in my hands- there is on occasion, a man cooking in his kitchen. Peppers lined up in a row. The light is quite bright.

Cadence is defined as a modulation or inflection of the voice. A rhythm, tempo, metre, and measure. There is a beat to everything. The rise and fall of a sleeping body. The pulse of the heart. Subtle as I often only stop to think of it existing when blood rushes to my jaw or fingers, I lie awake for some reason. The swing in step of a twenty-two-year-old with a loss of care. Possibly recently inked.

My voice lilted when I spoke to the cashier at twelve today, before she glossed a medium plastic cup 'Hayley/Cream.' When my Mother calls me to say 'have you taken those vitamins? How's the job going?'

A sequence of small motions, a sequence that flows on and continues to flow. A line of cadence felt fitting when Instagram demanded I call myself something original for a username.

What Happened to the Girl.

A document containing thoughts of a girl during 2019/20. She had no intention of making sense, or a narrative with start, middle, end. She simply wrote down what happened to her in order. She wasn't meant to be there.

Running a tiny brush along your teeth is something you do twice a day, if not more. It feels good, feels smooth. A dynamic action to start the day. Verbal, dynamic actions seem to build up, speak for you, provide a routine and gradually define you as a person. The bristles swipe your teeth and leave a white, water creamed residue on your lips. It feels better at night. The taste of mint burns away the day. It foams, gently evaporating all taste of unpleasant people and day soaked clothes.

My legs feel comfortable and slippery in loose black jeans. They fit at ease on my hips. I can walk anywhere for miles in them. I realised two years ago- the powerful mix of perfume and cigarette smoke. Three years later I lit cigarettes under the cover of smoking areas, or holding it between my third and forefinger, walking loosely along the streets. I didn't need to smoke. I didn't. I just liked it. There was an art to holding an instrument between your fingers. It made me feel weightless. Knowing delicate yet body-changing pieces of information satisfied me. For example: four years ago, I discovered it took 60 seconds of doing the plank each day to build abdomen definition. It took 200 sit-ups built it up further. It worked. Each dynamic action warms up your body.

In London, walking down the street towards the bridge connecting with the South-Bank Centre, I tried to light a camel cigarette against the wind. It was useless but I stopped in three alleyways to try. Eventually the flame caught, I inhaled for about a minute before the wind worked against me and burnt it out. I tried again before I entered Kings Cross underground. This whole smoking metaphor is something I want to explain further. It's kind of like sword-play. As I stood against a wall silently watching people wait and board trains, there was a girl slipping her hands inside her pockets. It turns out a stance or arm movement really can encapsulate your mood, but I already knew that.

Cream from a dropped coffee was soaking into the tarmac close to her feet, but she probably didn't notice that, if she did, she displayed no sign of it. Faint plumes of smoke spiralled from a Stirling in her left hand. As I heard a train rush towards her, I thought the smell of ammonia- by cars was more her style. You could sort of tell.

London has white building streets. It's adamantly busy. Usually. I wore heels.

If you belong to the same type of person- as the girl in the underground- if you hold no denial for the faint smell of Stirling lingering on your jacket, on your fingers, then you spray one burst of perfume on your body and nothing else. If you do care, you spray many times and chew gum passionately. Kings leave a dusty burnt tang. I found that the packets you find at the airport for five pounds, make you feel like you found a dirty wonderful loophole in the market and a potential outlook for life. Those two decisions catapult you into two categories. You need a certain kind of style and underlying technique to execute these actions properly.

You need to carry your person with confidence, to be taken seriously at anything: for example buying something risky, or compiling a dissertation for a never done before title. Ever heard of the term aplomb? It reminds me of plums plummeting towards water, bracing their bodies to make plunging circles in the pool surface. If you search for the definition you find this:

“By means of aplomb a dancer acquires a precision and an elegance which ensure the successful execution of every foot-movement, however artistic and difficult, and thereby creates a pleasing and a satisfactory impression upon the observer.”

January 2020

This morning I woke up late and acknowledged once again my love of pleasure. The first spark of the chain being the stretching. Arching my back extensively, making sure every limb is felt in maximum capacity. It's wonderful.

Money is quite a foreign concept to me. I was vague with that. Graduating leaves a student exposed to the process of finding employment. This can become a duration of continuing months. I am a writer, so I wrote to keep my mind alive.

Those people- paid for making you feel like the most useless person you had ever been, because the twenty applications you sent out within a month had little response. I feel more drawn to an hour of running on a treadmill going no-where, than...that sadness sphere. I would walk outside, see birds fly overhead and try extremely hard to grasp at the idea of a bright future, or a way out, into my real life that had to be there, somehow. I was not meant to be here, standing where I was.

My point was, that- in an indirectly hitting sort of way, I'd happily push a collection of people towards a gun point without blinking. They used their own blunt jargon to get a job done, which is normal in business, but they had no recognition of damage control. You never left without a plunging sinking feeling clutching around your heart. I knew- that I had better control over my language, and tactics. I would get out.

Playing the system like every clever ex-student must. That sounds faintly criminal. It isn't. Composure is essential. There has to be a particular reserve in the centre of your eye to be taken seriously. I made the decision to start personal training again. I needed my body to be noticeably powerful like it had been before: an expensive but self-needed investment that I had to employ. So I did. Five months later I was brilliant again.

I caught a lot of cold trains, which is enough, really. They wanted experience and initiative simply wasn't enough, apparently, which when I thought very quickly about it was quite stupid. On a 24 hour wine job trial- I served an extremely put together woman, searching carefully for a certain type of Pinot. I wanted that.

Who doesn't need a self-ego boost to propel themselves out of the sheets every time the sun made an appearance. The most important advice is to steady your gaze.

Have you ever tasted a White Russian? I think about drinking them a lot. If you light a white slims cigarette after the first sip, the strong inhale really helps to heighten the vitalization that the cream instils. I sometimes think about sitting cross legged in Patron- becoming steadily wine smarter. A bit like vodka climbing the rocks in a glass, becoming agile in a liquid state. I made them so good sometimes I couldn't swallow fast enough at 3pm.

I am a writer. I was told I could write, I proved it a lot. Now I'm forcing myself to write or type. Don't get the wrong idea, I have no idea who I would be without it. There is a personal drive slicked along each line. You have to look past the immediate cut off points. It's either beautiful, political or dangerous. I need an excellent protagonist.

You need a terrifying amount in a bank account to move out and maintain hope. I prefer my skin to gleam with a dose of reassurance that I could be free, each day. Not, the polar opposite.

I miss my gleaming skin. I hoped almond milk and spirit antioxidants would help. I think they have- they gave me a sheen over my eyes. It's the same with a filter cup of coffee isn't it? Very tall, very eye-affecting.

So I began to impulse write as you do in upstairs spaces. About people and place and the sinews of an angled forearm. Reading things that made me think, and think better. I read extensively into Greek mythology.

Each desired or revered personality trait compiled into different deities. Streaks of persona a human could cultivate themselves, but we liked to build pedestals and then aspire. Athena and the Trojan Horse. One of the first civilisations adored her. She had multiple reserves: intelligent, ruthless, poker face.

During 2019 I wrote in a red Moleskin. I typed the rest up but pressing an inkball pen to paper gave me pleasure. The point slid across the page like a strand of dark water, replicating thoughts. Design theory became the foundation of my dissertation. The structure of anything made me think. The type of thinking that thrilled. I became deeply engaged with the economic image, strategy and perfume iconography of Gabrielle Chanel. I wanted to understand some of how she did it.

As you can see this is a stream of episodic learning. It's a bit of a metaphor cultivated by environment, and some personal decisions. Lear needed love to water his esteem, Ozymandias used power to bend his vicinity to his will, then was immediately hated and recorded. I could apply it on a larger spectrum. It would make sense in concept if everyone was episodically learning. That's the reason for writers, lovers and scientists anyway.

So back to the cleaning: do it with aplomb. The delicacy of running a tiny brush along your teeth. You can either half-half-heartedly or carefully take care of your mouth. Ensure any diction, impulse statement or even omission is somehow for the good or furthering of your life. If a line of chemicals dripped down your throat at a strobe light event, that's usually on you. If you dance, you keep your physique in top condition. It's clever. A routine of keeping control of a career. Losing control is detrimental. You go kaput.

Aplomb: self-confidence or assurance, especially when in a demanding situation. In classical ballet, aplomb refers to an unwavering stability maintained during a vertical pose or movement. The word is of French origin, coming from à aplomb, “according to the plummet. You’d think any leader would look into the art of an artist engaging customers to pay and see them perform. Maybe not just political science theory. They may engage a real audience. If the motive to lead or play with precision is what they want.

I like French culture. They speak using idioms and blunt cursive. Sibilance and a casual but intelligent attitude work for them. Note the intelligent. They’re known to be just about arrogant. It’s instinctual but not stupid. It can be emotionally cruel, natural for the upper hand, but not stupid. Nothing degrading about it, it toughens one and builds the other. They’ll be taken down by another upper hand later on. I found there is a difference between c’est la vie and chasing what is smart to chase.

The amusing part is that the culture and attitude is either left alone or adopted.

Pointedly- you have to be moderately good at something to exhume low key arrogance and be taken seriously. You have to this to successfully operate the darkroom. So maybe if I keep on, just keep on.

There are three kinds of people. One takes an MA, one flies to Canada, and one wants to make money. The next step will happen for her, but she doesn’t know when or how. She is daunted. If you are in love with someone with raging communication issues, then you’re desperate to see what common sense tastes like. Each of these people have a compass lens clicking around their hear & around their mind waiting for the dual to reach the centre and find the point.

People who are told consistently that they not going to succeed at their ambition, let alone escape from their current dark room, begin to believe it. It’s a dangerous spiral. I 90% almost became numb to that. In February, my sister who studies philosophy asked me to watch a video called Bad Faith by Sartre. I was being fed one negative weighted narrative with no outer option. It was false. So, I applied for an apprenticeship in my field of ambition. I got it, I was then referred for higher.

I think a lot of people smoke with no skill, speak with no substance, order without reason-

and miss the point.

Because all we have, are the tiny strands of substance that fashion who we are. Beauty will always matter, measured in the sinews.

#### The Mechanics of Happenings; In Reference to Sontag- Art of Radical Juxtaposition

The balance of individual lives cross over into other lives unexpectedly and take an effect. Plans can be altered as a result, minds changed, perspectives shifted, relationships established, life courses re-routed. Either engineered within the arts, i.e, theatre productions, or mechanised by factors of time, social interactions and natural events working to appear ‘designated.’ These instances can be the result of natural occurrences or engineered within the setting of a stage, theatre if you will. ‘They have taken place in lofts, small art galleries, backyards, and small theatres before audiences averaging between thirty and one hundred persons. They don’t take place on stage conventionally understood, but in a dense, object-clogged setting which made be made, assembled, or found, or all three.’

Their mechanics are described in more affinitive definition, by Sontag, before delving deeper into their structure, components, and social effect. Sontag coins these ‘overlaps’ as ‘*happenings*.’ (Sontag, 1966)(Sontag, The Art of Radical Juxtaposition, pg. 263)

Speaking in regard to its structure, mechanically explained, the code for a successful happening require four distinct turns; the supra-personal, anger of spectacle, a complete disregard for audience state, the aim to assault those involved with un-restricted reaction effects, and finally; fear. The last mechanical component is the emotional barrier of fear.

Sontag introduces the concept and execution of happenings first in reference to Allan Kaprow's A Spring Happening, socially presented in 1961. He exemplifies one component needed for a happening; the factor of *'teasing and abusing its audience'* with *'no attempt to cater to feed the audience's desire to see everything'*. Kaprow showcased his scene, but only allowed the audience to spectate behind the confines of a long wooden box. Peep holes were used for viewing, so essentially; his audience was indirectly forced to strain their sight, in order to see what they desired, and gain understanding of the spectacle. His scene made no effort to be seen, rather, his viewers had to double their efforts to understand. The power dynamic of the theatre was shifted, turned around. The happening held all the power, whereas its audience was maneuvered physically, then, mentally if they are moved to understand the play's meaning as the after-effect. Sontag gives concluding analysis into the mechanics of a happening: *'juxtapositions are an asymmetrical network of surprises, designed to tease and abuse its audience.'*

Happenings create an opportunity for spectators, in a script induced setting, or realistic life perspective, to gain an outlook or knowledge that events or re-routes in your timeline, are not always if they ever are, within your sphere of control. They happen to you, semantic wordplay intended and employed here. Much like the idea of power dynamics relating to restrain and control – you are actively participating in your life, as the audience, however what you see, feel and experience- is entirely happening to you with no intention of tenderness. You lose control and must accept it. The mechanics of happenings are unpredictable, adhering to no set plot. Therefore, your experience of these, are often unexpected and have a tendency to occur when you are looking for something to happen, simply you have no means of engineering these. They find you, by whatever means, or timespan they operate within. 'another striking feature of Happenings is their treatment of time. The duration is... unpredictable; it may be anywhere from ten to forty-five minutes.' Sontag expresses the lack of control over time and place, 'the unpredictable duration, and content, of each individual happening is essential to its effect. This is because the Happening has no plot, no story, and therefore no element of suspense.'

In conclusion, if the earlier listing of 'happening' mechanics are employed, and effective – the four distinct turns; supra-personal, anger of spectacle, disregard for spectator state, aim to assault those involved with un-restricted reaction effects, and fear; then affirmatively a Happening has taken place, regardless of whether its audience has realised, or not.