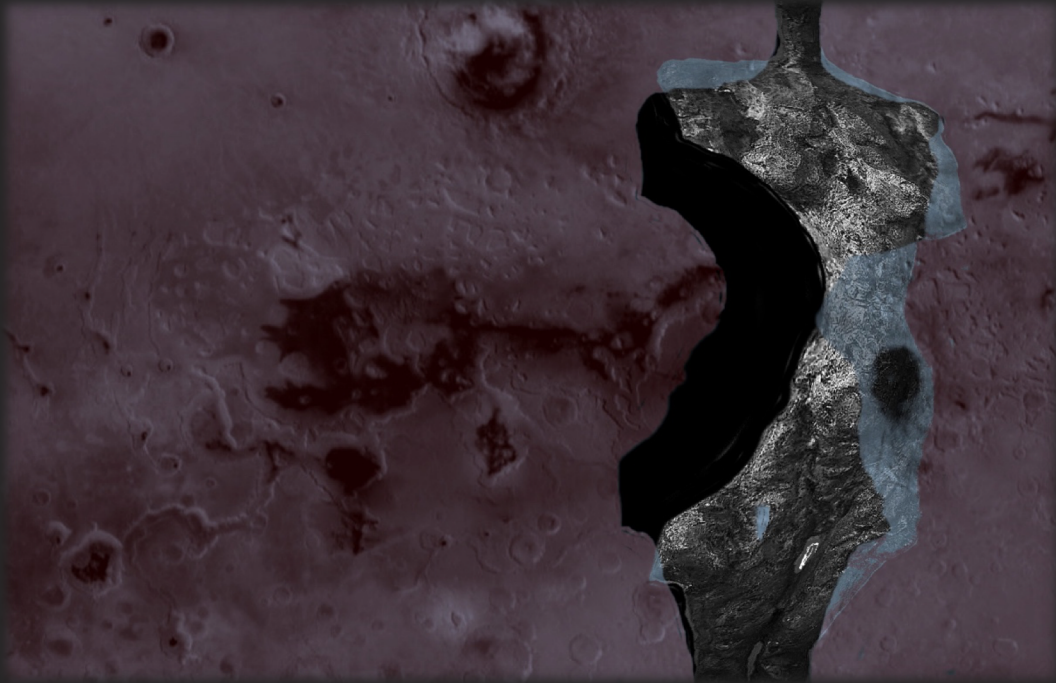


ALIENOCENE – THEORY/FICTION

SIDEREAL



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SPACES. There are multiple spaces. The most sonorous spaces are the most beautiful, the most completed ones. I would love to love space, but it makes me suffocate, in the same way that too much space harms everyone. Languor of emptiness, fear of brutality, and bewilderment (*sidération*). I'd love to love space.

I took a straw to drink this crazy drink that was brought to me right in front of my nose. I wanted to drink, yes. And to bring these bubbles of space into my void, into my intersidereal hollow. All I could do was choke myself – the gas of the bubbles having decided against me, and having lead me to a place in which nobody would have wanted to be... Space, the limited one of my chest, when it swells almost without hope and would not want to exceed the allowed spacing.

Spaces: I wouldn't want to exceed; my foot wouldn't want to exceed, I wouldn't want to exceed! And yet I suffocate; I suffocate because my foot is caught in my mouth; I suffocate, for I have no more air, no more space to think; misery has taken me as it has struck the poor world...

Speaking of the outside world... There are many of them; are they all inhabited, or abandoned? Or ignored? I have signed a text that concerned an inhabited space full of colors, a sinuous space just like a scarf that would be an Escher ribbon with multiple bands. You know how one side of this band never looks like the other one...

For me, space looks like a silk sling, a bloody scarf. When you think of space, of sidereal bewilderment (*sidération*), of the inability you may have to collect space, to collect it in the hollow of your space, to make it scarf you or tear you apart...

It's astonishing – it's *sidereal*.

In fact, space is like a hollow in the palm of your hand: the scarf, or the tear, or the silk scarf of Isadora Duncan that was unfurling from her neck – while her breath was escaping and carrying her away – finally strangling her... A red trail in (the sky of) space.

The space is multiform, internal and external.

The space of my crotch is also the space of the tear is also....

There's no more space, no more room. I'm suffocating. The concept of sinuosity deserves to be revisited, as a scarf around my neck, my hand, my crotch; to be revisited and credited...

I'm bending to the ground, in the subsequent space.

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Here I am on a planet I visited a long time ago. A planet I don't like. I don't like them, generally, those planets that hold out their arms to me, that wait for me without leaving me telling them anything. On this planet, you can't raise your voice. It's forbidden. You can't talk either, I mean, you can't talk about something important. In fact, it's better to keep quiet, if you don't have a person to talk to.

I like plants. There are many of them on this planet. These plants are all blown out, just like little miracles! I love plants and when I caress them, I babble like a child intelligent enough to have clear eyes of conscience!

On the other planet, the one immediately after the plant-planet, everything is rearranged, squared so well that I understand nothing, don't see anything, except hard edges and angles. The planet hits me, hurts me, tears me apart in scarfing me. Planets are like that, not very habitable, but sensual. What's sensual in a rearranged, squared planet, will you ask me? Probably the possibility that there isn't going to be a permanent skinning... What do you mean?

Forgetfulness once again.

Space has devoured my brain and all that remains is this hallucinating feeling of emptiness, of nibbling from the inside. Either what exists should no longer exist, or I will die because my body will refrain from living. When I walk with great strides on this planet, I believe, in spite of the fact that the planet is only a hard and rocky ball, that I am going to fall, that I will catch my feet in a stone of any kind, a gravel deposited there by the wind.

This squared planet is like a nightmare, in fact, and the people I meet there could also be squared. With heads like balloons, but balls that would have been compressed, squared balls.

I'm still walking, and I'm a giant. I must be dreaming, but I'm not dreaming, I know that. I've become one of those magical, fearless, fierce characters who roams the universe, who doesn't worry about it, who invisibilizes themselves, who has wings, and makes giant strides!

I am SuperErinB – or a SuperCow, because I love this animal, its statuesque beauty, and besides one could imagine, one should imagine a planet full of cows in sentinels. But I'm not a giant, I'm not a SuperErinB...

I am only myself, a little myself, a little not-much, and I struggle in my inner space that is filled, illuminated by these stars and these planets.

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One day, I crossed the threshold of my dreams and broke into the Toulouse Space Center. I crossed the gates by night and I entered the holy of holies, the kingdom of my dreams. I went into a rocket and I left, because we have to leave. I have gone far, because the farther we go, the fewer problems are able to catch up with you. I went to Pluto – see what I did with it...

I rolled around in a ball and I forgot.

I unfolded like a star and I forgot.

I forgot to be and I neglected it.

I wanted to be, but I forgot.

I laid out my huge limbs, and I forgot.

Saying this, stating these primary truths, neglecting the bearer of these truths, I hurt myself in the twists and turns. The joints screamed, and then I forgot!

I was on the star, moldering like an amoeba, folded in such a way as to make me forget my presence in this hostile environment. I neglected, however, to return completely to my invisible shell that was serving as my aggressive protuberance. They devoured it! I'm not someone who knows what they're doing and I don't want to control anything. But then, by dint of being chewed, even devoured, I was blaming everybody, everything. I wasn't going to let it happen. I pulled my teeth out like a bitch, and I barked.

I had become the dog of Pluto, the Cerberus of the underworld, the one with three heads, five heads! But this dog, she is a male usually? And I was only a female, very unfortunate ... So, I had to transform the planet, to make it my favorite hole, my habitus, my own dark ...

I turned the planet into a hole commensurate to me, to my size. A little hole. And to do that, I chewed ... I chewed Pluto's green earth. I chewed Pluto's red dirt. I chewed his yellow ground, and then I spit it all out. That's how you make a place hospitable.

At the end of this terraforming, equal to the heroic initiatives of ancient times, there was nothing left on the red planet but the stature of my erections and the piles of predigested earth all around. I tried to do my best, but failed. There was nothing left of this planet that was really viable. A pile of garbage, crusts of earth ... I gathered them painfully, and as I am a woman, I glued them together, one by one, and I made a new mobile, a new sculpture, a new being-place. I thank all those who helped me, and would like to bow once and for all. But I'm not here, I won't be here, before I even be the one that (I) must be, so I continue to spit and stick the pieces together, and I wait for everything to hold together ...

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I hear "Next planet!" as one says "Next station!" in Berlin's subway.

I'm lost, completely lost. I don't ask anyone for anything, because I don't trust anyone. I wander in grey, without characteristic spaces. I don't want to go in that direction, I say to myself, I don't want to go there, but I go there, and I get even more confused. And the world is endless, bottomless, and I look like a person who would drown in a bathtub, except that it's not a bathtub, but a planet.

Inhospitable. I walk and walk, and the ground is blurry under my feet. It's sinking with me. I'm in a river. I'm walking in its depths. I'm sucked in it, I'll never be the same again, I'm gonna die. Except that I don't die because I am incapable of it: I am made of such plastic matter, such a bottomless momentum, such a will.

In truth, I discover on this planet that I am the alien, me, I am the extra-terrestrial. I will no longer be anyone until I understand who my arm, my head, my nose is, who all those elements of myself that are still strangers to me are. I would be without a myself as long as I would not be myself.

And I get up, as I fell to the bottom of the hole, covered with myself and mud, almost invisible, and I walk. I continue on this planet, which looks like an almost intersidereal void, and I know what I didn't know before: to become human is to become alien, stranger to oneself, overwhelmed, poor, miserable.

It is the apotheosis of rebirth, of metamorphosis. That's it, I'm different from myself, I differ (from).

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I walk on this new planet, red this time. And I walk. And I differ (from). I'm my new self, with my skin so smooth, so red. I am flamboyant, I radiate a contained passion. Who is this new me, this metamorphosis? I'm talking to myself, I'm sending her a letter.

Who are you that only appears now? You don't know, I don't know; I would have wanted, it would have been possible. My skin is so smooth: when I put my nail on it, nothing gets scratched. Who are you, whom I see

in this mirror, so smooth, so beautiful?

My being-me does not depend on me, I know it for a long time. If I became red, it is because the dust of this planet has stuck to me, to my body, to my skin. I became identical, without any personality, entirely driven by an external force, which leads me today.

I believe in myself like you believe in fate.

I am the Golème, and Truth is marked on my forehead. From the lips of my sex comes out the wrought iron word Golème, and it flies towards the skies marked by the luminous canvases of my childhood land.

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Thus transformed, miserable in spite of everything, I fly in interstellar space. I fly over the planets. I aim to accomplish myself. Until now on my native planet, I was a scribe, a poor, poorly accomplished scribe. I could have been better if I had wanted to, but nothing has pushed me in that direction. I was a poor wretch who was cutting back everything that went beyond, whipping herself vigorously, refusing to fly off the handle

Until the day when... This day is still engraved in my memory, in a kind of incendiary image...

She had bitten me. I was in pain, as it happens when one has a bad day. She had bitten me, that friend, that sister, and it had remained engraved in my flesh as in my memory.

I did not see things the same way anymore. However anecdotal appears to you this bite, it had made me understand that I was mortal and that I had to hurry.

To hurry up? But to do what, sad Saturn, to go where? Without knowing exactly where I had to go and how, I decided to wander from one boat to another, jumping from one planet to another. I was determined to finally know what was driving me there. Then I would know there exactly who I am.

But that's when I was turned into this kind of Golème, in which nobody knows who you are any more, except to the extent to which you represent something in their eyes.

And then I won, in truth, because I didn't need to be anything specific, but to incarnate myself in general. I did not want to be someone at all costs. My flesh – represented by the clay of the Golem – had to let itself be what it was: a kind of being – human, alive, or animated...

Whatever the language reduction, we just had to admit that I was in the place of my failures. No, I was lying to myself. It was not so much the flesh of my clay that I was putting forward, while transforming, but the letters of the alphabet that were spelling this word, truth: Emet. The letters of the alphabet sitting in the sky, on my Golème forehead, I went into the recesses of the universe, walking my carcass, my own truth, and those heavy wrought-iron letters, sometimes incandescent at times, sometimes glowing.

What did I say then, that I have not said a thousand times before? What did I say then, that I could I have said elsewhere?

*

I told them I couldn't do it. I told them that I was only a horse; a Houyhnhnm of Gulliver, an all-knowing, badly knowing horse.

My weakened body radiates pain. My upper limbs don't want to walk beyond the ether. I am engulfed by the passage of time, which does not recognize me as one its own. I am engulfed by the passage of time, and feel nonetheless external. What is this will that seizes me thus; what is this desire to signify at any price, to want and not to want any more?

I want to signify, and this is the knowledge gathered on my forehead, which makes me an interstellar being, an oriented messenger, a vague note at the end of the page.

*

I am an aerobus floating in space looking for her home port. What I scream, with my letters on the forehead, is this: I don't know who I am, but I know who you are; you are the Martians of space. I go from one planet to another, and I recognize you as others, strangers and foreigners.

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Love is there, immense, voluntary, filled with desire. Love is there. It's about kissing, embracing the world, and recognizing its difference. Love is there, but it should not be confused with the desire to bear the burden of responsibility.

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When an earthworm enters the soil, it accepts all that is present, around it. When I walk through space, with that message on my forehead, I moan. I'm scared and I'd like to go into my shell. Except that I can't, because I'm me. And me, that means, the Golème, a being both strong and fragile, a being who says herself by saying; a being who, on top of that, forgets who she is the second after. Here is the trouble of existence.

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The Golème and its fiery forehead head towards an unknown planet. The Golème can fly and get away from the environment. She can forget human fragility. She has gained a fragility of clay. Clay is that astonishing material that makes up the juice of the earth, founds its abyss, and shapes its core. Clay is the metaphor of what supports us, brings us.

I want to take as an example what I was given to do. I had to renew by my very presence the juice of the earth. I was going to melt under the rain of stars, let myself be lulled by the cosmic rhythm and disappear on this new planet crossed at random by my peregrinations, and that no human being, if I am still one, with all my transformations, had ever treaded on before.

Only the letters of my forehead, stranded as after a tide, would remain on the surface of this planet, blue like Saturn. But everyone knows, moreover, that form arises and resurfaces, mirror of a magical absence, inexhaustible will of a miracle to come, flesh bursting into flame with what is bottomless among the stars, the juice of life, the will to stand up and shout again, and why not?

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When you think about space, the Golème isn't just that. The Golème is not just the juice of the earth. It is also its breath, water and fire. It sucks in space, transforms it into this foot juice, which, deep within ourselves, is what we are made of. The Golème is space, in that it extends our borders.

She was thinking badly of her past life, and said to herself, almost breathless: I no longer look like the girl I was, who wanted to make life her business. I thought that in the end ... The linear space-time would unfold under my feet in a red carpet that I was going to tread victoriously. The truth turned out to be different, complicated, adverse. And then one day, I realized that it was enough to withdraw under one's tent, a proverbial expression that tries to account for the fact that it is not necessary to suffer unnecessarily. You had to wait for the wind, the rain, the tears to tan your leather to the point of no return. Then, worn out by time, all that remained was to wait for the joy of living.

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The planet believed in me, and I was prophetic, weird, attentive to the sounds of the world, to my efforts, to my failures too. I spoke, and it was as if I was talking to someone I love. Always talk to those you love to feel your heart attached.

Let me see you, let me see the sun; long ago the sun escaped me, or did I let it escape? Did not I know how to hold it in my precious hands, like a round fireball? This ball is not made of clay like me, who is the Golème

now, but I care about it. I care about it as a proverb that would allow me to link myself to the world. I hold on to it like my bleeding guts, which would float in my hands. There is this gospel, and there is me. We both float and the atmosphere is rare, mischievous, and we can't help it.

I moan. I am alone on this planet and I hold this fireball in my hands.
I moan again and I'm in pain. I suffer, I moan.

A few words are close to getting out of my mouth. Sometimes I prefer to ignore them, but now I can't because I am alone, because I am lonely, and I carry the mark of fire on my forehead, those letters that say "truth." I never understood the truth, nothing. I know that it is above all about being closer to oneself, sincere beyond facts.

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Then the truth comes out of my mouth and I am on this blue planet near Saturn. The atmosphere is rarefied and some extremely dehydrated plants grow on its surface. They create a kind of atmosphere, but extremely localized. Nevertheless, it is life, and no one can stay in the ignorance of life. I don't do it and chew those herbs up, greedily. I'm totally drugged, and it's good.

I guess hardness doesn't cover (up) the truth of words. I'm a wanderer, and I always will be.

And then I have a few words about space. The space is empty, and there is no point in filling it up; it is a matter of enjoying this emptiness as if it were a background of sound, an endless lamentation. The space is empty, and I don't want to fill it; let us caress, masturbate, and the horizon will be full!

I emit these prophetic sounds, yet I know that I am nothing, and I am moving with difficulty.

I emit these prophetic sounds, and I know that I am nothing. The rain

begins to fall. It does not fall from the sky. On this planet, the sky is missing. The rain slowly oozes from the tall herbs that maintain the meager atmosphere that I imagine is present.

I melt. Not that I have nothing more to say. I guess I carried the letters to the right place. The facts are as follows.

When I have completed my mission, there will remain only a bunch of letters, scraps of junk abandoned.

What that means, or how one can translate it in terms of truth, I don't know, I don't know what the hell it means.