

Selfie

My overalls for this holiday are in the orange hand luggage, and when in a swift sweep of ecstasy I pass through the turnstiles and enter another land, I shine like diamonds in the sky as my hands—which typed so many decades of ad campaigns and led to all the little slithering indexes that follow me here—sweat in the heat of the Malaga airport, the familiar warm breeze for my regular April escapes. Then here is my new address, the R&D company for the apparel industry, here I am, here I wait and glide with ease on the escalator’s groins toward the rectal tunnels for the interconnecting trains to the Gold Coast, towards the temporarily permanent address at the Fuge, where my little slithering indexes *woork woork woork* and I hold a glass of sangria at the balcony, at the beach and on the patios of my expat friends, the posse of my Re-Fugees. (That joke never wears thin.) I wake up and just get ready to do the work, just get ready for the Firestarter party of my single life, and just get ready to meet my teenage son from that earlier marriage (the fourth one) who visits me too often, and I spend time with my posse at the Fuge, I smoke pot and eat poppers with the noobie boys, just get ready to get done with my long distance connection working, with a glass of prosecco. Here, I’m here, my regular tweet for my peeps: I’m here like a diamond, the Diamond of the fucking Re-Fugees. It isn’t a regular holiday, peeps, but I hear the voice of Ciccone, how she dreamed of San Pedro, and come on the voice of the young girl from NYC, embarrassed, and still, this is where I want to be, La Isla Bonita, my Spanish lullaby. Here I work at the Costa del Sol, time for siesta, when a girl loves a body, and boy loves a girl. Fasces, shit. My holiday in my orange overalls and soiled pants, passing out in the hammock. Peeps: *Ti Amo!* That’s Spanish ☺

Selfie

They fuck on the sofa, on the bed, on the glass tabletop, from the screen and the loudspeakers repeat the sound of the moving image glistening with breasts, dicks, buttocks, mouths, hands. I live that all again and again in my condo by the beach, where I've migrated to wait for my life to end, rest in peace like a horny teenager watching Internet porn. The sounds are earworms, make me feel I'll be forever young. At the crossing an old geezer with a convertible Audi, and in the backseat his mother as well as his teenage wife who looks like the pornstar I saw last night having sex with six men in the Sedona desert. The smell of the washing detergent, a smell of sex. And paper towels. For the internet peeps I'm now in Incognito mode. Erected for a body of testosterone. My pornstar wives and my husbands are here in Incognito mode too. They fuck each other on my glass table with apples, strawberries and cantaloupe melons from Almeria. I'm not sure if I'm here myself, but steel and glass, concrete and plastics are present. They keep fucking away my home.

In the Lidl parking lot my iPhone was stolen from the car seat. What a mess. What a mess with those photos of me: glass, steel, concrete, plastics, me, my wives and my husbands. My forty-nine-year-old body photographed with that magnificent iPhone lens. My dear peeps: what's left of me are only some skid-marks on Instagram and Facebook, plus a handful of Likes.

Selfie

I have no other vision of how to do this, because millions have done it like this, and millions have always succeeded. The problem is that every little detail must be repeated twice. It's boring. Still, it works. This is a subtropical sadness of final possibilities beneath the golden rays of sunset. So little to do, so few options, like a hallucination of the world as a rose garden with endless beaches, tanned middle-aged bodies, teenagers parroting teenagers, and sexual innuendos between ex-western entrepreneurs. We have always and only died in boredom, with its wide variety of symptoms, but our credit won't run out, not in the next fifty years. Our tokens and cowries are loaned on limited possibilities, on circumscribed attractions and delineated melancholy.

I haven't been able to develop an upgraded version of the perfectly civilized and whitewashed customer. A customer, yes, aware of his birth-right to ask for quality service, preferably in one of his two European languages. But in my gloom, I know that the customer is always right, and therefore the 'I' is always right.

A customer, me, a forty-nine-year-old white whale, who only exists as a number. A swollen body that now, after the second attempt, is rotting in the room, and has been rotting for over sixty-thousand minutes, and speculating on the vainly executed act after my successful finale in the sudoku tournament of 2048, and on my last tweet online, which will rot with me in the room. The unsuccessfully alcoholic mass is the thrice-divorced corpse of the possessor of a Master's in Economics, a deliberately forgotten ignoramus on the Ikea sisal rug. This half-naked, disintegrating host for microscopic bacteria, vermin and parasites still listens to the song placed on repeat from Spotify

*when you gonna live your life right, oh mother dear we're not
the fortunate ones, and birds they wanna have fun, oh brds
just want to have fun*

and then decided to snap myself off from this paralyzing existence, but slowly with some liquor after mommy slit herself away in the bathtub

crick-t-crack-snp-p-p-dit

and the chassis of the computer is finally invaded by the groupuscule of maggots, released from the stomach of the host several thousand minutes ago. This matter supposedly has no thoughts. The final awareness of this body in yoga-pants is

Selfie

that it made no significant difference to its immanent universe. No more brain or bust, only a rusted memory loss, and no phone calls in days. Matter itself may think, but will never come close to any significant outcome.

Next morning I meet the owner of my newly rented apartment: he's an energetic Andalusian man. We look for similarities, affinities and common denominators—in music, in wines, in hobbies to do at the ocean. 'Not everything is possible, but only certain things,' he says and then laughs wholeheartedly. Me too, but I don't get it. He continues, saying: 'The managerial position, especially in a new enterprise, is not only a creative process, but most of all, a process of stratification based on the economies of trust, common ground, interest and meaning.' I'm thinking about the similarity between a man and the strawberry fields. There's always the pressure of time and the use of technology. He seems to be talking about something I don't understand. Is he also a landowner? Why else would he be talking to me about the strawberries? 'There is no time to waste, since the personnel, our pickers, should not waste time merely because of some managerial oddities,' he concludes, and laughs. I laugh, perplexed and not amused.

I feel agitated, because his various presences create a crack in my plans, my scheme to live without meeting anyone who would have significance for me. I have an urge to stratify quickly, beneath a gloss of easygoing existence. In my disappointment it turns out that the reality, here, with him, can turn out to be an enterprise of endless debates. His project concerns housing and strawberry farming, production and distribution. I feel the conversation is beyond useless, and question what he's doing here. There is some work I'd have to do, and I do my best not to listen to his strategy for bringing good immigrant workers to his midsize plasticulture farm for strawberries. Strawberries are just proxies for his desire for wealth, but he makes their farming sound like a deep philosophical question beyond rational logic. I don't like strawberries, but he says this region produces one-third of the strawberries eaten in Europe, including the ones I eat at home. I don't. But certainly he has the qualities of a round fruit, one that has no use for me. The time I wished to have here on the coast is slowly turning to misery and sadness. Because of strawberries, I curse in my mind. Finally this pudgy man ends his rambling and we sign the lease. We greet each other and I pretend to speak some Spanish.

Selfie

This sets a terse and uncomfortable air in the apartment, and he quickly leaves.

I play some Brazilian pop from Spotify, from a playlist I've specifically made for my first night in this flat. I wish I could understand the lyrics, but the soothing melancholy, a tropical tristeza, produces a charming mood to end the evening. With a glass of wine, the annoying person remains in the room, like that spider web behind the sofa. There's no real reason why I should do anything now, or make any move beyond the triangle created by the sofa, my laptop and the wine-glass on the table. I think there's no reality beyond my thoughts, not even in the opaque sound of the waves, the turbid saltwater crashing on the sand a few floors down. I hallucinate being drowned, how the waves bash against my skull.

Selfie

Along with some other people, I'm above the shoreline, and looking out on the swell of the ocean. The ocean speaks to us, and with a harsh voice says the crisis we need to face at the moment is the worst in decades, but it won't be the last. Cryptically the ocean speaks and says we're living our lives backwards, but we don't know what the future has been and if the storm will end, or if this crisis is potent enough to unleash the opaque universe. A crisis isn't a possibility—it's an untimely exposure. Amidst my waking distress, I think there's no pleasure watching the crisis from my balcony. At the same time I think what a nice set of chairs I've bought, how good they look within the bounds of the balcony's rails. I come to, feeling slightly ill, sensing a waft of melancholy and stupor. What I remember from my dream is the enjoyment that the forthcoming destruction and hate produced in me. I'm a little hangoverish, so my pleasure is slightly masochistic and I feel how the ocean still swells in my stomach. The horror of pleasure of horror. Far too difficult. Much too nice.

Selfie

A television is on. A man from the Sierra Alhamilla is being interviewed. My eyes follow him on the screen while my hands lift a glass of prosecco from the tabletop to my half-open lips. He says he hasn't created this garden, because it's been here hundreds of years—from the beginning, when the argars (?) used to live here over three millennia ago. I need to check Wikipedia to see what he means. I have a sip of my drink. He says the argars had mines and used the thermal paths to avoid diseases. They lived from Alhamilla to Millares, and all the way up to Sweden and Finland. Then came the Phoenicians who exported lead, iron and copper from here. Then the Romans and the Arabs, and eventually us.

I guess I'm still included among the 'us'.

The old man tells his story. How he was born in Granada. How he was a teacher and then worked over twelve years in Germany as an interpreter. Then how he returned to Granada and went back to teaching. After a few years, before retiring, he worked in the large hotel in Torremolinos. And now he lives here by the mountain.

I have a gulp of prosecco but can't think about my life.

In Almería, in the 1980s, there was no water. There were no plasticulture. It was a desert. Then a state bought the land and drilled wells for the villages and for the first hothouses. Water, at a depth of two meters back then. Now three hundred meters deep, and salty. Then when plasticulture came, the plants were grown first in the sand, but now everything is automated, including the fertilizers. The plants are grown in the factory.

That sounds a bit boring to me. The plants are grown in a factory that harvests water and sun. On the screen I see images of pullies and mounds of lead, iron and silver. Some other minerals. An image of an old Arabic aqueduct. I pour more prosecco. Some roman *albercas romanas*, millstones.

A young woman appears on the screen, and the old man says she's from Romania, and his father drives the trucks from Almería to Sweden. The truck is loaded with fruits and vegetables for the Swedish customers. It's a good thing, I think. It brings money to those people. There is water and sun. A perfect place.

'Apaga esto que se muerde la cola.'

Selfie

I don't understand. Then he talks about strawberries. I need more to drink and reach for the warm bottle: the fizz is gone. Never mind. There were once eight kinds of strawberries here, but now all the strawberries are genetically modified. According to the needs of the water. Water is the problem, it seems. I have a memory of the strawberries from Huelva, but they don't taste like that anymore—though I'm not sure about that, not when I think about it. I don't like strawberries.

When I worked for the Zunita, over thirty years ago, the strawberries were different. It's the same with tomatoes, cucumbers and lots of other things. Everything is manipulated.

Everything is manipulated. Even me, I'm one of the manipulated ones.

I have no fizz in my drink.

I wake in the night. The sound of the ocean is disturbing my sleep. My thoughts are cut-outs from past and future memories. This is not me, not the 'I' that I thought I would become. Nothing is enough to keep me on my path anymore, and I panic. I don't think my thoughts—instead, the ocean thinks inside me. That wreck by the beach. This living being turns on itself, closes on itself, moving to the rhythm of the waves. This night gives me the possibility of becoming an ocean, this being that is closed inside the self, and to become part of all the possibilities in the universe again, part of the movement of the material forms. I'm in motion tonight, and my thoughts and my self are created along with the act that runs through them, the act of the ocean. I create a god tonight, one that's a very natural thing to be. My ocean thoughts come from the cosmic memory, and the 'I' is the creator and the great actualizer in the process of divergent actualization of the virtual universe and cosmic memory. I'll forget this night until the last moment of my life. Then I'll remember it, but until that moment I'll detour back to my normal mode of being.

Selfie

I'm the unfortunate one. I'm the worst necessary and not the best possible. You ain't seen nothing yet. The sentence is burned into my thoughts. Only two weeks at the coast, and here I am, but where am I? On the beach, I think, they continuously make war and peace. I think this carcass that is left behind will no longer be visible to the world.

Selfie

At some moment I admitted to myself that this attempt was a pretext to gather attention. I wanted to put clues and connections online to make people react and come after me. It didn't happen. It was just another starless night and I went to the ocean at Cadiz. The night didn't welcome me, but the ocean needed me then. I walked out into the bay, with a frock filled with pebbles in my pockets. I could see there was a lighthouse, far ahead. I wasn't in a hurry and noticed it took seven seconds for the light to turn around its axis. I kept my smartphone on until the waves grabbed it. The last update. No more Likes or retweets. The rocks were heavy. So were the orange overalls. The waves took my phone. I filled with salt-water. Then I was thinking of the waves of a writer I never read, but only the first two pages, but the book was on my bookshelf since my first apartment. I thought about the white nations and the snow, childhood. My pants were warm with piss. Then, like now, alone. The same reverberating and repetitive motion made me feel the darkness with no blink and glitter but suddenly so quiet. The darkness was a glue that stuck to me, glued my hands and legs, and I didn't feel anything anymore except some pulsing at my temples, duration without pulse, virtuality

eons infinity actualized there

Océanique

swept me away from

cadiz

Selfie

I read the messages again, asking myself: where did I meet these people?

meet the patients, the pillars of free, dynamic, and libertarian society?

they are, in consecutive order:

peter the liberatian; ayn the pseudophilosopher, atlas mugged: reason. achievement. self-interest. our peer-group organises open post-performance discussions with the patients. come and meet the patients, discuss and ask questions! in october you have a rare opportunity to meet the best of the future psychopathologists of our times. the latest patients from the program of the universe present their sickness, both pathological and hallucinations. the psychopathologies of the patients are independent works of art. in written soliloquy, these desperate patients reflect on the premises of their psychopathologies and are being analyzed for their representation, materiality, temporality and thinking. in one day, this all becomes dust in the remote longing for peace. in its thoughts the material beings do not ever meet any recognition. it is looking at the lamp in the room and feeling an utter sadness of all the lost lives it has had. in these days no need for a secure place on earth are within its capacity. 'it is here,' is the cry you can hear from all the windows of the street. what a cry of decay, we think. it is a patient, and it would like to share with you the latest updates on linkedin. it feels like it needs to share with you the updates on the interactive porn sites it's been gawking at. it spends the time reading social media and education on the network mind. this is a memoir of an exposing artist, the new media patient. life is my new media.

Yours Sincerely, S.T.

Selfie

Hello Sir,

There is the anarchist, the solemn one who loves her deeds more than the cause, who wishes all should stay the same and give her the place of righteousness, the transcendental unity with the mother earth, and other leaders of hallucination. Forgive me, they are a waste of our time. Leave that group immediately.

Yours sincerely,

Ayn

Selfie

*when you gonna live your life right, oh mother dear we're not
the fortunate ones, and birds they wanna have fun, oh brrds
just want to have fun*

say this once here real does not think. a thought from the real, but the real not from these thoughts. matter has no thoughts. a drunk body a yoga-pants body does not know that it is a body and then slutty drunk ass think that liquor and or yoga make that body mine. what is thinking where, in someplace else, not brain the muscle the place of bust and rust or memory loss, but thought from the matter and matter not think. being does not exist and being is a thought. Is. (not: it is). around the dead swollen body, which had rotted in the room for over 57,600 minutes (do the math) where speculation, radical contemplation resided oh, so vainly, a thought waited and created some speculative game of 2048 and some occasions transcending sudoku, that it is here, from now on, this is thought speaking from the room of rotten meat of an alcoholic, a thrice-divorced M.Ec., forgotten by the family, the archbishops of the Sorbonne, the ministers of Cambridge and wanking performance artists of Volks-bühne; a dissenting body where a thought has been misplaced: Meet the Patients!

Selfie

Dear Sir (?),

For the last time, I have been told that you said the I is all that it is only because it posits itself. You do not need to read much German idealism, but here I am I, the out-of-body-I, beside its own representation or rather very real corpse of the I-used-to-be-I.

If you could read the chapter by Fichte in *Wissenschaftslehre* §2, about intuition, I and not-I, that the World is not the not-real, in the same manner as non-philosophy is not-philosophy, or in any case it is not the antithesis to philosophy. The world is the intuited real, and rather non-real, in the same manner as non-philosophy has a unilateral relation with philosophy: that philosophy may turn into non-philosophy, but non-philosophy may not become philosophy without losing its existence. The Real world is an oxymoron.

I would like to discuss these matters at your balcony again. I would really like that, but I hate your style of living.

So long,

Ayn

Selfie

Fuck you! You Russian American rat!

S.T.