

## People . Are . Not . Strange . Coats

People are not coats, people are not hairs, people are not scars, people are not stones, people are not towers or strange panoramas, people are not pillows, carpets you use when you get tired of your day because you work for a living and not for yourself and you can't make a difference between yourself and your seat you can't make a difference between a black coat and the back of a busy man, mankind seated in the production process, but people are not chairs, people are not Fred Astaire, people are not shoes, they don't choose their names.

In the beginning was the name and this name was Bitter, Bitter likes itself and its own bitterness. Bitter was a kind of dried powder, or dried mud driven by the desire for liquid bitterness. Bitter had nothing to hide, no bones, no eyes, no sex to design its own nakedness 'cause bitter was a kind of free will.

The night was opened like an orifice full of messy promises and stars took place as valves of milky intentions and threw up ideas of love, ends, art of murder, little death, creation, creator, action, reaction, rhythms, dependence, doses and excess. Then a spurt of liquid chicory fell from the throat of a star and Bitter became wet, deeply wet, and turned into a flower.

A beautiful red poppy and the only red poppy ever to be found on the earth, and it was so beautiful because it was red. In the surroundings of this poppy was living a bunch of hippies, escapees far from the cities and the neighbors' conquests.

And one day one of those hippy guys found the flower and brought it to the group, and the group was so happy to see this beautiful flower that they wanted to eat it, so they shared it equally and they enjoyed this meal.

Two hours later, those guys begin to have really wet eyes and started to look at each other very deeply, very very intensely, it was stronger than them, obsessed by their bodies they have to do something with it and as simple as it seemed they found it and they did it. And they did it again and again, all together, all separately and all together at the same time, and they called it *freed bitterness*.

Beginnings have always something to do with the taste of bitter in my mind.

It was one of the first words I was fascinated by when I discovered it,

I was spending all my days repeating it: bitter, bitter, bitter, bitter, bitter.

It was for me a perfect sound and shape to explain to myself my own nature: bitter.

I can't forget how my mum took pleasure telling me the history of the beginning from the good book, and especially the making of Eve with a bone of Adam, a ball of mud and saliva, and I have always imagined that this saliva was a kind of fermented milk, like the one she used to call "little milk", and that she bought in an Algerian "little market". Mum wasn't a hippy, but she taught me how to share. Give here or give there, this gift will shine on your face my child. She has never read this essay called "The Gift", the one that I read at the same time of my puppy loves, but anyway, I think she wouldn't like it because she doesn't like essays and I'm not sure about what this essay says but less or more what she doesn't want to hear about the gift because I defined her like that: "The woman who loves and wants to give" to me for sure, but not only, for the planet in general because she's ambitious in her way of giving.

I guess that this ambition to give has split and flowered somewhere in my brain's connection, 'cause I find myself today having matters with ideas of giving and with ideas of people.

Some people don't like we call them people because they got names now.

Even if you don't know who they are they write you emails and they tell you their name like: "Hello, I'm Alfred, I'm here to help you in choosing the best product regarding your needs".

I don't know what happen with names today. I feel there is something happening with names but also with faces, faces want names or names want faces I don't know I smell that something smells bad or bitter with names. It's not the same as before I'm sure, I can feel it for example in my way to look at faces of people in the streets, but also, when I close my eyes, in my way to create unknown faces of people in my mind.

Someone said that "Words are people" and I was so happy to hear this sentence because it tells exactly what I wanted to say: people are words. I know it's not exactly the same "people are words" and "words are people", but it's similar, isn't it? When I say "people are words" what I wanted to say in fact is that people are not pictures but words, and it has something to do with the fact that when I close my eyes I see faces of unknowns. Because they are not exactly people in fact they're kind of, they are ideas they're a cup of tea sometimes or a coffee sometimes, but they are not what we call today or I would say since I'm born: people.

People want faces today and names, and it's not so new but it's not so old also because I saw that's something had changed with people and pictures I feel it, but I will come back to that later.

Last night from my kitchen I saw a weird dark shadow on my sofa. I thought

it was a shadow of a cat standing in front of a lamp behind the window of my neighbor, which face mine, but it wasn't a cat's shadow, it was a deep blue coat forgotten by someone, it was in fact your coat and there was no name on it and I remember that I didn't know you when I met you I looked at you and I fucked you and all in one we stood this night and I forgot my name your name your self your soul I got rid of my clothes of my skin to give it to you, and back you give it to the night, and the night gives it back to me, and we give both our loss to the stars, and the stars defecated scarf of milk toward us, lying I forgot my sex on your mouth talking we were making the history before identity's estrangement.

To simplify we call us a beast, the beast with two backs pedaling in the air,  
and it was our way to express we shared something called space.

I can't remember now from where I thought that making love is against war, and I associated this thought with a cool vision of the jungle's cruelty and the cool body of Kim Wilde. But I often think that since the time I heard this voice telling me: "Make love not war" I made love with many people and I have moved from city to city and I saw some houses and jails have been built and some roads grew up and borders appeared like a beautiful way to end pattern of fields.

We better look at things from the top don't you think?

Even though I've never understood how people can create maps and borders –  
I was so bad in geography at school, because I missed the point with borders,  
I was so asking myself what kind of borders those same guys who make maps,  
which kind of other borders they create in their life, in their home, in their bed  
and on their plate. But I'm ok to say that I better look at things from the top for sure I better  
embrace things from the top and I know also,

I'm over feeling that

there are more spaces less empty,

neighbors are not necessarily my friends,

I can be my own enemy,

I can make love against war

I can sleep with the enemy I can sculpt the back of my enemy and sleep on it.

Another voice I heard recently said "to be coherent is to form enemies".

And I was glad to hear this sentence because I can understand it, I can understand how ideas growing that way even if I don't think to have proper enemies, but I'm aware that sometime I'm having some one night stand with people that can be my opposite in terms of opinions about

music, clothes but also about humankind, politics and especially WORK - that the word, the big one that a lot of people don't want to talk about in the night, because work isn't fun and night's supposed to be fun or something else than Not fun but work, that's the word which creates emptiness in the conversation with my one night stand, and that's how we often turn the talk into a body talk.

Again, Mum wasn't a hippy but she taught me how to share. I'm kind of jealous when I'm hearing some of my friends telling that their parents were doing things with hash, with sex and with pavements of Paris, I so love Paris' floors, that's my favorite things here, but in fact it's my favorite things everywhere: the floors; I can spend a lot of time looking at floors more than people maybe because they're kind of similar for me they are not the same but they are similar, because when I look people I don't look at them, I'm kind of sliding on them and falling on them, I will say looking at people is like making waves is like breaking mirrors, looking at people is creating skin diseases.

Another voice said that “looking at people is not remembering themselves”.

You see I heard a lot of voices when I write, and that's exactly the same what I was saying before “words are people” or “people are words” and that's why I don't want to tell names and make lists because I think that writing doesn't come from what you can call people or cows or books: writing comes from limbo – you see limbo is like innards, sausages, you eat it without thinking what's inside, right?

And if you really think about it there is no point to say who says what because no one is no one, because people are like floors, abstract paintings, people are landscape, and it's a bad idea in itself to make money with landscape

as much as it is stupid to make money with names, I don't know if you get me here but if you like art you will maybe begin to understand how art can become shit, Mr. Backlash.

To come back to the hippy thing, I said that I was kind of jealous of my friends who have dead hippies as parents, in fact my mum was too young to be a hippy in the '60s / '70s because she was born – I can't remember exactly when but less or more around nineteen-sixty and she pushed me outside of herself when she was more or less 22 or 21.

I was not only bad with geography at school but also with history which is kind of similar, but as it is similar you understand why names and dates are not such important for me because there are all the time more than what they are

like objects in the mirrors they are closer than they appear.

Anyway, do you know that guy, before J.J. Rousseau, who wrote his autobiography? He was a castrated guy.

I don't know if you already heard that but for me it seems important in the history of writing and I'll let you think on that, castration and autobiography.

The fact that I never had hippy parents is problematic and I will tell you why.

I feel like I'm in a bath of thoughts properly a juice of ideas and practices derived from the '60s and '70s but I can't see what the culture of my generation keeps from that, except the drug thing maybe, and concerning myself sex, free sex, with unknown people as I said, with floors. We often talk about love and sex with my friends, but I often talk especially with one : the one who can't drink a glass of wine without tilting his head back because his nose is too big to come inside the glass. He is my closest friend and I call him Pépé 'cause even if it's not his real name it fits so well with him : Pépé, Pépé the big nose.

The funniest thing to think about his nose is that he doesn't really use it to breathe or to smell, I can hear him always breathing by the mouth, but he mostly uses his nose to sniff big lines of cocaine 'cause he really likes it.

Some of the friends who gravitate around Pépé said that he is a kind of social addict guy and that his addiction has no more things to do with cocaine than with social. Like a king he got his court, he likes to be visible and surrounded all the time, and on one point we are kind of the same because as social as he is he does a lot of one night stands, and both of us are preoccupied with that. Because we think of it as a practice, or as kind of free work maybe.

On those last days we got into a conversation with Pépé about Tahiti's civilities. I know it's not the same because Tahiti seems to be free now, and we are not like those women who were at last, with the urging of men, giving their sex as a present to French visitors, so it's not the same what we are doing with Pépé nowadays but we think about this idea of sex as a gift, and especially because we do it a lot with strangers or I would like to say with unknown because strangers and unknown are the same, don't you think?

And don't you think that it can change something if we stop saying people are strange, people are strangers but people are unknown.

I feel that something is sneaky today with unknown, anonymous and strangers, and I think it's not so new but not so old people want names or people want faces I don't know but if it's possible no mask, no hood, and no hood's band.

I don't know if you understand what I'm talking about now but I'm sure you feel that there is something we live with, without really wanting it but it's kind of ok because hey it's like that and we will not trade the life the same as our dead hippy parents did right? We do things, work, war, love, children and revolution differently, don't you think?

Remember the time before rolled heads like the time of the Sun King when some people wanted to be all the time visible?

And this king himself, one of the first to change the way of using power on his people saying “Even when I piss even when I poop, you are going to look at me!”

I heard a story telling that Sun King used to keep waiting his people standing in front of a big wall's mirror. And on this wall's mirror there was a small, a very small door that the king's opened himself from behind to appear to his people in coming out of the mirror. And that's how Sun King comes : he makes himself “coming out”. So you see, history of glass, coming-out, mirrors, appearance and transparency is not so new but not so old – thinking I forgot the name linked to the first personal pronoun : I come from we come from New York New York come from the 19th century come from machines come from freedom come from rolled heads come from ideas of liberty/equality/mobility come from “I am therefore I move”. The question is: how do you know that I'm leaving if I don't move against something? And how do you know that I'm living if I don't crush against something? Mr. Backlash, who do you think I am?

Grandma was wrong when she said lost, gone, poor blind birds young people are.

I think we really know what we are doing 'cause we clearly pushed the intensity of lights, and that's maybe the matter, identity, what can I say? Too much light is bleeding it's confusing; an identity, a community? It's confusing, the meaning of things in itself is confusing, one eye, one spy, it's confusing, philanthropy, economy, it's confusing, I confess I'm myself confusing, an archive, a nightmare, an airport it's the same, airport's nightmares, Bangui's nightmare, nightmares, night-mares, night-mirrors everywhere by day or by night : mirrors and mirrors and mirrors dancing like halls, like walls, like howls in the infinite space.

I live in the “Golden drop” district where I walk often to observe people in the streets and where I like to play that game like the game cowboys play with their eyes in cowboy's movies. Another friend of mine said that “Looking at is belonging to” and I kind of understand what he meant because otherwise people will have no matter to look at each other for a long-long time.

The “Golden drop” is the name of my neighborhood because before there were fields of golden grapes here, to make white wine named “Golden drop”. And this wine was kind

of yellow syrupy type which looked like liquid gold. For now there are no more fields but very small craggy streets full of street peddlers who sell glittering things like real or fake gold, it's up to you to tell the difference between, and they sell it on tables they made with cardboard found in the streets. Those tables are really useful and kind of perfectly designed regarding their needs which is: to close the table very fast and to run if they see the cat because there are lots of big blue cats with blue coats in my neighborhood, and a friend of mine told me that it's like a game, it is not cruel, when they see the cat they run as fast as they can with their cardboard table and their golden veils and their golden chains and it makes like day's shooting stars crossing the streets. So you see in my neighborhood streets look like people and people look like spending times or trade the fire, depends on who do you think they are, Mr. Backlash, Mr. Monster, Mr. Blackcash.

Mother used to say that a person who is asking for your papers can't love you, but can help you if you're looking for directions when you walk in the streets always coats are guided and guided away, guided and guided away, guided, when some others crawl along the pavement in the kingdom of limbo and ask for money or just for a look or a smile to warm the heart, please just a look, the world turns too fast, don't you see the people in me? For God's sake for Jesus' blood don't fail me yet, never failed me yet, never failed me yet, there is one thing I know, Jesus' blood never fail me yet, never failed me yet, never failed me yet, tears of blood never failed me yet, never failed me yet and open sore – for God's sake if leprosy gets back, would you give me some more cash?

Liberty/Equality/ Mobility since “I am therefore I move” for the time we decide to open bags like windows I don't look people the same way as wood, doors, as floors as cracked mirrors. Cause versus consequences and actions want reactions, outside of likeness came strangeness. How can you look at things if you are not a part of the chowder? A community, an identity, it's confusing, who do you think I am? You think one foot in front of another is not a fashionable style but where there were steps before now I slide, I glide, I drift with my mind-body, child of the '80s, I'm not so old but I'm not so new, how long is now? How old are you?

Are you sure the time belongs to you? Are you a New or a One, a new 0 is not like a new one you see things appear into orders of degree and pedigree, women and children first, outsiders in the streets, insiders in the white house and I can't stop, when I'm thinking of it, to touch my mouth.