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Translation: Konstantine Matsoukas

Title: «the flying body of a butterfly in a battlefield»

In the following text the description is attempted of the body of a city from an off-centre position. An Escher-like text for two voices and a choir.

By Franck-Lee Alli-Tis in conversation with FOR AN ANONYMOUS FUGITIVE AUTHOR\* (FAAFu)

Introduction: Whatever precedes the body

Franck-Lee: How is it possible for the living body of a butterfly in flight to be transformed into a battlefield?

FAAFu: Butterflies t̄̄ are resurrected

Franck-Lee: But if you wrap them in a shroud their color fades

FAAFu: When you unwrap them it'll be a poignant acid smudge  
their body travelling in time

Franck-Lee: Or unmade-up

FAAFu: What abstract concreteness can be constructed by this sentence?

Franck-Lee: Butterflies leave traces without having to sweat

CHOIR: E-cart

Seamless

Who will get the guts?

Franck-Lee: I scan the body and relay it inch by inch

No inch borders with another

Molecular

molar

flow

collage

fragment

Which outweighs the other?

FAAFu: Which one outweighs the other: how it feels? or how it remembers?

First Segment: Head

Franck-Lee: In the shadow of the back of the head I remember mother's hatred growing channeled in a diffuse love for God, a non-existent omnipresence. God's voice overshadows the narrative of everyone else.

Mouths faint due to amnesia of their kisses.

Onto glass cold iconographies.

Any mirror returns to me a viscous image.

Second Segment: Heart

Franck-Lee: The lapsus that is displaced onto the gaze reminds me of father's love.

A father cannot compete with God's invisible love.

Unless he serves him. The faithful father is never lost from mother's sight.

The faithful father submits and acquires value for the mother.

Third Segment: Forehead. Of flowers, trees, etc

CHOIR: nod

He covered his head

he wanted protection

the space was spread out

Her gaze scoured the distances between the objects and she sprinkled them like dust on his fingers

Franck-Lee: I don't know how one can go through the head of a needle without having a camel's  $\sigma\mu\mu\pi\alpha\rho\alpha$

FAAFAU: One absorbs time in semi-liquid form

CHOIR: He dropped his head forward and opened his lips

time awaits

their actions

they sway and bend forwards and back

and back

and leewards

#### Fourth Segment: Stomach

Franck-Lee: When I was born the parents got a washing machine.

One month previously the tanks paraded in front of the parliament.

Up till then mother washed things by hand. The family had two children before I was born. The words 'freedom' and 'of speech' took on a fetishistic value.

The house looked out into a courtyard where the relatives also lived.

Father's brothers with their wives and children and some of father's cousins. On either side of the house were adjacent complementary homes.

Grandfather and grandmother lived in the same house as the family.

Across from the house, a second two-story home with a roofed-in balcony.

Granddad, grandma and all the relatives faced in the direction of (...)

*Nomadic Subjects* I have no interest in taking up the history in a direction backwards.

Others have spoken. I meant to talk about the washing machine. That is what I know.

And also that the toilet was outside the house. They called it the Outhouse.

Or else, the privy.

One part of the courtyard it seems functioned as a washhouse.

The memory of the first three years at Daedalus st. is in bits and pieces.

It is composed out of the parents' narratives.

The parents' narratives operate similarly to the washing machine.

They wash memory off in tenebrous spins.

The meandering branching of the piping connected the yard's tiny outhouse with the city's neuralgic points of discharge.

At three we moved down to the centre. Right on the borders.

Egnatia st. separates the city transversely in two.

Let's stay there. In the street that divides..

FAAFAu: "Well, you're a fine one, I must say!"

Franck-Lee: When the dictatorship was over I turned seven.

At school we kept repeating the phrase: "We have democracy now. We can say anything we want." We memorized all the things we should.

FAAFAu: Why do subjects who have been assigned femininity as a gender at birth often end up writing melancholy texts?

Franck-Lee: I would say not.

FAAFAu: We do not remember what we wish.

Memory ends up proportionately inverse to speech.

#### Fifth Segment: Voice

Franck-Lee: The new house is in a small sidestreet of Egnatia st. If you follow the large road straight through, go past the Vardaris, you will be heading out of town. You pass by the courthouses. You reach the intersection.

To the left the abattoirs, to the right the courthouse.

FAAFAu: Mein Gott. Wer hat am besten die Geschichte dieser Stadt geschrieben?

Franck-Lee: You exit the city to the west and the north.

Some of the letters of the word 'Geschichte' resemble the word ggggkeeee

Anichte. Gedichte. Dichte. "No sh\_t".

FAAFAu: An expression often heard by subjects who at birth had been assigned masculinity. To replace oftentimes the insulting threat "Don't f\_ck with me!"

CHOIR: Instructions for use: I will dispense through time the right dosage, strictly, for a consistent gender transition, so that all desirable secondary traits are articulated securely in place, distinctly recognizable at the last year of late old age.

Or, even, early old age, that's not the issue. And at the right moment, I will utter that thousand told two-word phrase which will transport us to the brink of the first in-breath: It may be repeated as a desiring vow. With the appropriate voice pitch. I may do some elocution exercises. "I'm ...what...don't fff...sss...hhh\_it".

#### Sixth Segment: Fingers

CHOIR: The body moves in the space of the city

The surroundings utter the body

The city reflects the body

More so

Than the face

Reveals it

*They shouted “B\_ack” at me”<sup>2</sup>*

Seventh Segment: Eye

Franck-Lee: One day at sixteen walking on Egnatia st. I read on the wall bordering the city’s Jewish cemetery: “Russian-Jew and Lesbian”.

If you continue in that direction of Egnatia st. you again exit the city on the east side. And the north.

FAAFAu: How safe do you feel looking?

Eighth Segment: Intestine

CHOIR: Möbius strip:

Taking the corner tightly inwards you instantaneously find yourself on the outer side suddenly at one point you are absorbed again by the other side and find yourself again on the inside

FAAFAu: *As the baby boomers had to learn, however all dreams fade in the twillight of a post -1989 world that has proclaimed both the death of ideology and the end of history<sup>1</sup>*

Ninth Segment: Lungs

FAAFAu: Have you found a title?

Franck-Lee: The body’s boundaries

~~I open my mouth and~~

~~Search for information or~~

~~Facts in~~

~~Books and~~

FAAFAu: And?

Franck-Lee: ~~Pages or~~

~~I close my mouth and~~

~~Turn my lips to~~

~~The right and~~

~~To the left and~~  
~~Then I oscillate my palate up and down and~~  
~~Upwards and~~  
~~Suck in the air's wings beating themselves against my teeth and~~  
~~Meander irresponsibly in the atmosphere and~~  
~~The palate muscles distend escaping from~~  
~~The saliva that keeps the mouth cavity integrally joyous from~~  
~~The lungs which are ejecting spleen that scratches the esophagus-~~  
~~Where to look for~~  
~~What and~~  
FAAFAu: What happened?

Tenth Segment: Sviolencing

FAAFAu: In 92 we were leaving.  
We said that the death of history was a lie before we were led  
into the period of meta-truth.  
CHOIR: Mock solemnity! Disrupt figurative narratives!  
FAAFAu: What have you to offer to this text? A solid story?  
Franck-Lee: The blind womxn playing the accordion at the Kamara square.

Eleventh Segment: Knees

Franck-Lee: The back is a bridge.  
FAAFAu: This was the only thing that was for sure.  
Franck-Lee: The back was the bridge.  
FAAFAu: This is the only thing that's for sure  
CHOIR: ~~The future lives in the sky's spinal column~~  
(...)

Twelfth Segment as Vehicle Registration Tax: The Pen(i)s

CHOIR: My mouth leans against events  
Usually they are events depicting deaths

Deathematic I told you, I went past  
The corner where they trampled him  
Looking  
At the points of their shooing shoes  
Didn't you go? Didn't you pass over the hills that are calling out?  
My mouth leans against harsh events and is wounded  
Are these speaking hills?  
I do not carry any commitment through  
I do not count  
Time comes and finds me wipes the saliva off my lips and forcefully  
Kisses me  
Its tongue gnaws at my words and puffs up my cheeks  
The hill puffs up  
*“silent spatial interlocutors to whom we reveal ourselves”*<sup>3</sup>  
I am reading in  
*«transgender architectonics!»*<sup>3</sup> Oh! Come with us!  
And I breathe through the letters.  
They won't faint in time.

The text is subsumed under a larger work-in-progress.

Franck-Lee AlliTis is an author in fuga.for.c

with FOR AN ANONYMOUS FUGITIVE AUTHOR\*:

This author\* who is not one. Gender: fugitive. Genre: fugitive trope.

His\* mouth is his\* keyboard.

Footnotes:

1. reading through Rosa Braidoti
2. paraphrasing Victoria Santa Cruz
3. reading Lucas Crawford

