

## Year Zero

Of the 21st century coming-of-age pan-social fabric that invest its complexities in guarding civilisations, ideas, rights, commercial interests, protocols of dispersal and virtue in defence, aggression, of nature and its ravishing submission, of plain force. What is that moment that conditions all the knowledge you hold.

You might live in a city and know that city. You think about it as yours, parts of it as yours, moments of it as yours.

Should you consider if an apple is better than another apple. Do you know enough about the workings of soil and the speed of production. Should you have an opinion on the current situation in Egypt, as of the 19th of August 2013, today, 36 rebels killed, massacred, many more killed last week. Who is that rebel. What legitimises his status as rebel. What is that violence, acted out in the pursuit of the better, always in the pursuit of the better, the improved. How does one regain trust and legitimacy and support, and support. And when is that support granted the right people. Without support just violence. Pure violence without support. Clusters of grapes, bundles mingling. Gravity waiting patiently for them to ripen, drop to the ground, or maybe they will be harvested, taken care of, like commodity, as wine on the shelves of your supermarket.

Maybe you shop at this supermarket. Maybe you used to shop at this supermarket, but are now shopping at that supermarket. Maybe you prefer the apples at that supermarket. They look riper, less battered, not more perfect, less battered. The perfectly shaped apple is passing into history as an idea, it was an idea and we don't want them anymore. Now, what is preferred is a perfectly ripe looking apple, shape matters less, seasons matter. Different latitudes different seasons, different time zones different attitudes towards apples. Trends traversing the globe, establishing order.

She talks about wartime, many people talk about wartime. People who have lived through wartime talk about wartime. Others talk about the consequences of wartime. She talks about the logic of wartime, the reasons, terms, conditions, historical moments and procedures. Different timezones know different wartimes, different latitudes know different wartimes, different people have different ideas about wartime, its consequences, its potentials, its inevitabilities, its feelings. The male opinion seems different, again more assured.

Soon apples will be independent of seasons. Soon they will be ripe whenever there is demand. They will take form on demand according to trends, and individual needs, or national needs, ideological needs, up to you, up to the leaders who choose to buy them. They must be bought, there they differ.

Sitting here looking out at the sea, thinking of a constellation of sculptures in the Botanical Garden in Palermo. Writing from memory I see nine individuals, some carrying children, some on their own. Each taking a stand that suggests the coming of force, rule, authority, consequence and maybe permanence. Their physical appearance is one of holding a pose of avoidance, a pose of shelter from influence or physical assault. In the middle, occupying what is a centre point made up of the nine appearances arranged in a half circle, we find the Genius himself, he is a he. He is much bigger than the people who are affected by his presence, he has long curly hair and carries several symbolic attributes. He doesn't look

frightening as such, but comes across as confident, assured. Avoiding The Genius is not a male female dialectic, there are also men among the frightened, yet, the Genius is a man. Around the back, to the back of the Genius, there is no one. And maybe that is important. As far as I remember there are to the back of the Genius, a few benches and a wall that marks the end of the Garden, but there is no one that deliberately plays into the conversation of Avoiding The Genius.

Do they succeed, they try. Action as deviation from mere behaviour.

Writing on a MacBook Air 11". It's new and it feels right, it feels so right that I am contemplating bringing it out into nature, among stones, animals, vegetation, amongst the rugged. I have been thinking of photographing it stuck between my girlfriend's legs, up towards her bum, it looks good there, it makes sense there. It is light, so light that it moves slightly as I type, around on the table, pushed by tapping. Where I am at the moment, the landscape is dry, scorched by a long and hot summer. Vitality can be found in amongst the majority dry areas, close to water sources, and where the locals have taken it upon themselves to cultivate. Bringing the Air out, placing it amongst cultivated nature would be nice too. I feel like it belongs there, in both camps. It is super capable like that. FYI this young boy from America has made a piece of code available online. You download your Adobe trial from the Creative Cloud and drop his work into the framework folder, from then on your trial is indefinite.

The grapes are coming of age and I was wrong. They don't seem to fall to the ground by themselves, unsupported, they just start to decay hanging in midair. Apples fall when ripe, they are meant to fall, it makes sense, the single unit weight overwhelms the support.

He was a writer of books and his ambition was the book. The book to him is a space that allows for the retelling of the inevitable, because the book is already written, all books are already written, but they need rewriting and he did that with immense dedication. He talks about the human condition and the Jewish condition as the human condition. He talks about movement, he talks about death, its certainty and all that comes before it. He doesn't talk about what comes after it, nothing comes after it. He talks about language, he talks about words. He rearranges meaning because meaning can never be too sure of itself. He talks about history and its consequences, he talks about experience and its effects. He is alone with his sister as she dies from tuberculosis. He is 12, she is older. Quoting himself: Bending over his sister's bed, he had heard her going much beyond his juvenile revolt, revealing to him the far side of things, the territory of chance. To answer the dying girl, he had used, as she had, words prompted by death, the only ones which could unite them. When they fell silent, he understood that he had lost her. He wrote about everything because everything needs to be written. That everything is already written only makes it the more important that he partakes in it.

That poverty attains.

Here time becomes increasingly difficult to count. We count it in nights slept and meals eaten, we count it in words read and words written. And, we count it by feeling the change of direction of the wind. We also count it by looking at the grapes.

There is no Internet here unless you take it down on your phone. Take it down on your phone, have the state of the world arrive on your phone. You might want to know what's going on in Egypt or in Syria. Last time I was online I read that the international community is investigating potential use of chemical weapons in Syria, by Assad on his own people, or on the rebels as he would probably put it, those who don't have an interest in keeping him in power, those whose support he has lost, if he ever had it. If true, France has called for

interference, but is ruling out land troops. The US says that they are monitoring the situation closely. The international community is calling for the Assad regime to allow UN inspectors access. To determine further action. And what about Snowden, where is Snowden. The other thing that topped the most read last time I was online, was the football transfer situation, the who will be paying who next year.

Her exhibition is a triumph. It is a triumph because it manages to beat everyone without trying. It is pure precision rehearsed over decades, arriving in the moment of the moment. Her resampling of culture, of images, presents itself as a captivating and active instance which hovers effortlessly amongst the now. This is better seen in her recent work and less so in her older work, where she places herself in relation to the male artist.

The iconic image passes into the future and into history untroubled, not unquestioned. The image throughout history has played many roles, some perhaps pure to existence, an imprint, an extension, some more obvious in the pursuit of conviction, as propaganda. The current state of the image is one of resemblance. It takes a compressed form, it travels well, it reads easily. It passes through multiple processes of reappearance in a life cycle, and as far as we know, that life might be indefinite. It's movement, or restriction in, is dependent on political circumstance and local opinion. For it to disappear altogether we need to experience earthly or political rupture of severe impact. You place thoughts in relation to other thoughts. You engage in conversation, in the possibility of generating new relations, new meaning. You quote history, facts and ideas with equal enthusiasm depending on objectives. In the moment you gesture, you propose, you bring things into the situation.

UN experts leave Syria via the Lebanese border crossing point of Masnaa. White 4X4's, with the uncomplicated UN graphics. United Nations in the pursuit of facts.

Obama has decided to opt for Congressional approval of the war, which he also says is not a war, but a necessary measure.

Lying on a bench looking up into the sky, feeling the presence of the Genius, but not seeing him. This is my second or third time here. I like to return. The bench is made of stone, or granite, or marble. It's cold and its coldness travels up through my back into my body. It's late in the summer, September. I keep looking up into the sky feeling the late afternoon sun provoking the Genius to cast a shadow that travels slowly towards me. Staying out of the shade would be good. Staying out of the shade of the Genius would be good.

Again I write from memory. When I first came across Avoiding The Genius, I did so without knowing its name, without language. It was a theatrical or allegorical moment set in stone, yet, it still very much pertained to a certain activity. I moved around and within it. I was looking, looking, my only way was to experience by looking. Later, by the east entrance to the Garden, I found a sign that stated its name, Avoiding The Genius.

Now, knowing its name, I don't need to go there anymore. I can carry it with me, everywhere. That language does that.

The 68th UN assembly is being held in New York. 193 member nations are gathered. All eyes are on the newly elected Iranian president Hassan Rouhani. He is a moderate and people are talking of a possible diplomatic opening between the West and Iran. The US and Iran.

In Syria Assad agrees to be disarmed of his, the regimes, chemical arsenal. This came into place instead of a war. The UN recently published its findings, and the evidence that chemical attacks did take place are overwhelming. Who was in charge of the attacks is not stated, yet it is said that the attacks were launched from government controlled areas inside Damascus. The launch devices required for the attacks is further of a kind that only the Assad regime is believed to possess. The UN report is objective.

The apples and their seasons. Bramley August to July. Early Windsor late August to late September. Zari September to October. Worcester Pearmain September. Cox mid-September to early April. Royal Gala late September to early May. Egremont Russet late September to early March. Rubens October to January. Red Jonagold November to March. Golden Delicious November. Empire November to January. Jazz November to May. Braeburn late December to May.

Cities I adored he says. Cities I adored. People in cities I adored he says. People in cities I adored. What are those cities I adored. They are many and they are far apart. A simple pattern that traces an experience of which it is now difficult to talk. It sits there in the middle of the chest, as a signifier, muted by time and chance and currency. It sits there muted. It sits there doing. Always doing. Goodbye, he says. Goodbye.

Your 80p muffins I for sure will miss.

This city closes in  
It's time to leave  
And go  
And find  
Places of relevance

Again,

What is to become of you  
Other than death  
Accumulated  
Shelved  
Stacked  
Sitting around, talking shit  
With one another  
Entertaining one another  
Keeping busy  
Staying calm  
Thinking clearly  
Of how things ought to be  
Ordered  
Predictable  
Sane  
Sane for sure,

Goodbye London  
Goodbye Hackney  
Goodbye Tesco

The weather is hot and I am here on my own. I have a night to spare, as my connecting boat doesn't leave before tomorrow morning. It takes me a couple of hours to find a room. There is a single bed and chair and a window that opens up out on the back of the building. The room is rectangular, long, the floor is tiled and cold, the walls white. I take a shower in the shared facilities and go out into the early evening. Whether I went to the garden that evening or the following day I can't quite remember. I browse around, have dinner and end up by the port. When walking back up I look in to people's homes and find myself surprised by simplicity or poverty or what seems to be reality.

I lie down on one of the benches to the back, looking up into the sky. It's dark blue, as it is in the late afternoon, no clouds. The stone is cold and it finds its way into my body. I am trying

to stay with the blue and see how far it can take me. I stare and then I close my eyes and then I stare again. I feel the shade starting to cover me, moving in from the left, sparing my eyes.

I am lying down and the cold finds its way into my body. It paralyses my spine and I find myself locked down in position, unable to move.

I am lying down the cold finds its way into my body and paralyses my spine. My body becomes anchored here. I spend the next 1000 years looking up into the sky. My daily routines are reduced to light or no light, shade or no shade, my mind is getting increasingly simple. One autumn a young girl walks up to me and asks, how is it going? I reply, as always you know what to expect from a Holiday Inn and generally you get it.