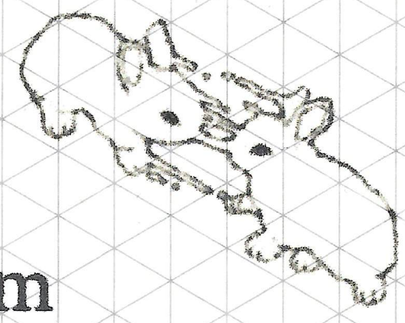
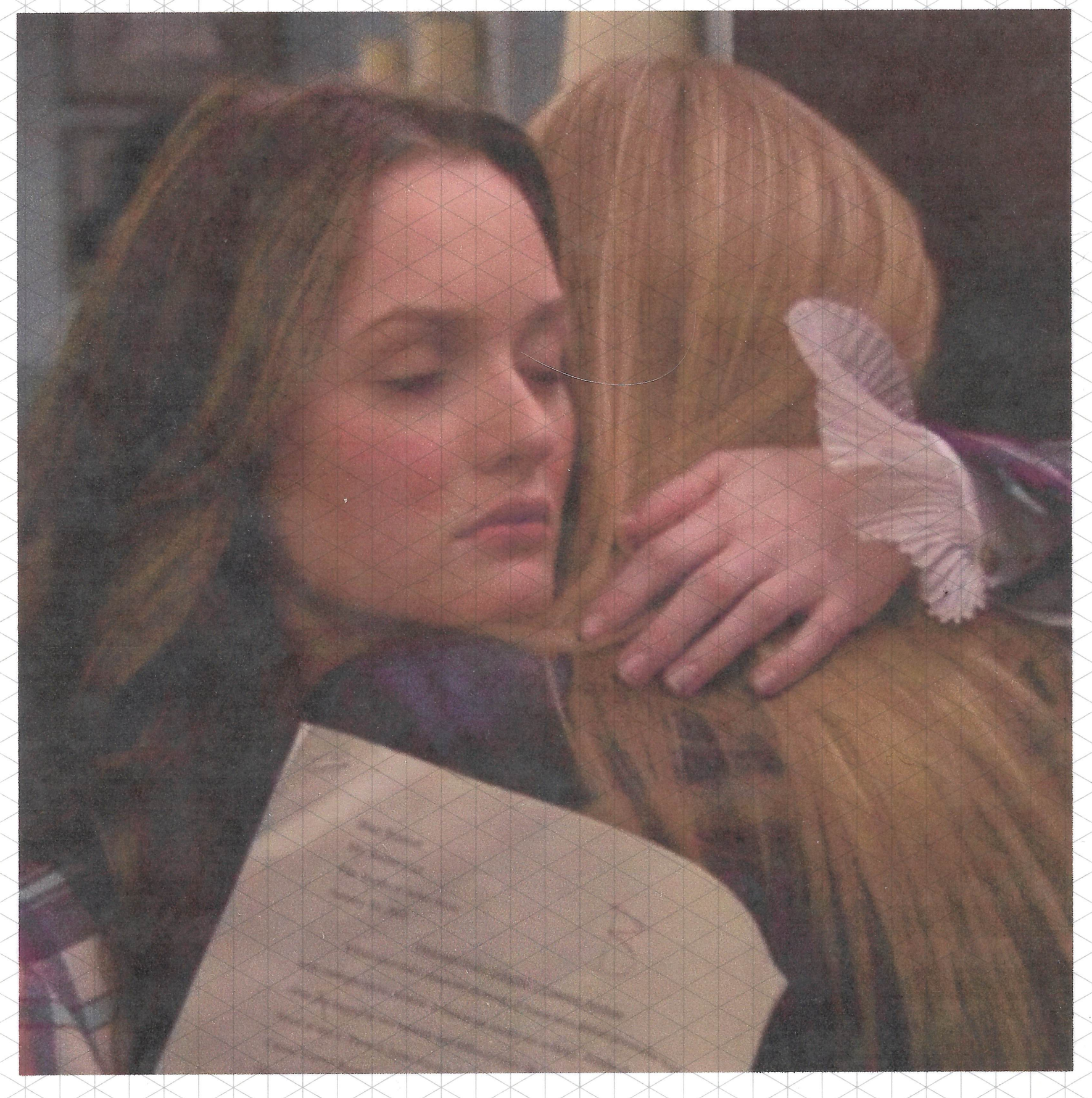
Slip



Anouska Manion and Georgia Bloom

Slip is a linguistic cosmology composed by Anouska Manion and Georgia Bloom. An ongoing durational project, Slip traces a synaptic web around, through and underneath language. Obsessed with things beyond comprehension. Existing in the world and to the world in ambiguity. I, we, my, our intention is to create a fluidity, an unblocking of trueness, where everything is fluid and jittering at the same time.



interprets three thematic binaries from "Almost Close to Very Nearly Nothing" and sources an extract for each.

Emptiness/Void Smallness/Translucency Hunger/Asceticism

hands the document to for translation.

The translation may be as open ended as it invites itself. This exercise is one of 'homophonic translation.' The Apple OSX dictionary definition for homophonic is as below;

> homophonic | hɒməˈfɒnɪk, həʊməˈfɒnɪk | adjective
> Music characterised by the movement of accompanying parts in the same rhythm as the melody. Often contrasted with polyphonic.

: "For each extract, write your translation based on the intuitive rhythms and movements, the sonic ebb and flow, unknown words that feel similar to known, plosives, screeching sounds, thicknesses, atmospheres. Hold in your mind the theme assigned to each extract. Your method does not have to be consistent from extract to extract—nor within one. This is an automatic exercise. Do not stammer unless it feels good to halt."

Upon constructing these translations, and detected the above synchronicities.
These glyphs have been decided upon post-intuition, i.e. in a secondary analytical stage, applied to the readings individually and then in aggregate. Despite loss of semantic meaning overlapping conclusions were reached.

(*‾ii‾) – energetic – black & gray

fingerprints – connective – white & black

ﻮ – directional – grey & white

Emptiness/Void

Tu místo nejmilejší lehnout v trávu,
A v ztrnulosti plaché přimknout zraky,
Nemyslit na nic, netoužit, jen hlavu
V podušku trávy vtisknout...Jako vraky
Rozlité obláčky se ponořují
Za hory hřbet... A vše tě tady hýčká,
Bzuk hmyzu, trávy, trsů, jež se vzdují,
Let líných motýlů... Přes tvoje víčka
Blesk jako z vod se nyní přehoup' jasně.
Klid neznámý to u tvé hlavy stojí.
Ty cítíš, jak se mrtvým dříme krásně,
Neb země též má kolébavku svoji.

At the mewling not far from the way out or
travel, (*¯ii¯)
The one open tall creaking board
Not the name, nor the self, but within
One pulsing thing takes its journey, through the floor
The absence, gem-stoned
This time... The urgency is thick
The walls buzz, seep, sleep, they are alive
Letting the thing through... Reeling with its task
Blessing it with light for it goes alone.
Catching in the nothingy soil the thing stutters.
This city, a dreamplace,
The thing nestles into its resting place

Turn mister, all miles lean to traverse,
A voo voo
oui.
ruler thinks not. Blankly.
No cute sign.
I see inside my vision, but he halts all production
Perfect bind of nothing.
Nae my slit nor myself, OMG Heaven sent

Not tic tac toe
Degenerating, my toot
toot sweet.
In half of heaven when I see you
To ponder the Shakey vertiginous Wacko.
And my rosaline
the light I find when my left foot touches on the roof
The blackest obsidian (*¯ii¯)
The whore inside the hermit, the lady hacker
By jove
"by Jesus" or "by God".
Let (*¯ii¯)
Me will you.
I lost you blankly

Each day's knot is like the kraken
Reach
my will to your skirt
no cuts to ski the travel
you strike, feel and freeze
Trap you
A za tu nostoi lost eager tiger toasted matches
prim pepper on the sky
A raucous type a
thunder
Please vole bleak wacko void sea nymph
nymphette the pre-soup jasmine
Cold with a K
An army of fortress do you have no heavy
To you I have no stop
(ty) Thank you city
Jerk martyr dime and krass
Nothing then that my mother curled and went
back to find
inner soul. It has none

Smallness/Translucency

むざんやな甲の下のきりぎりす

(muzan-yana kabuto-no-shita-no kirigirisu)

5 Your music Unsticks
7 Clear, succinct
5 Slips Through the Kingdom

Cow zing chill a girl sings fruity lyrics in a pastel
deck chair
You are my family

A house with solid structures it would never fall down on me
Makeup brush that strokes peach onto my temples
I must say No to you
When I blow the particles twitch away

(*¯ii¯)

It's earthy and grassy on the lawn
I don't want fever

Sweetness, the curious swirling
Bubbles of girls
Chill, catching sleeps
Freaked nines amped up on melon soup for tea

Not on your life, miss the smiling times
Sun sews inside your pockets.

(*¯ii¯)

Hunger/Asceticism

Le malheur est inséparable de la souffrance physique, et pourtant tout à fait distinct. Dans la souffrance, tout ce qui n'est pas lié à la douleur physique ou à quelque chose d'analogue est artificiel, imaginaire, et peut être anéanti par une disposition convenable de la pensée. Même dans l'absence ou la mort d'un être aimé, la part

The illness is inseparable from the softened body, and holds it distinct. In this softening, the false choices and the true take their toll, and there is no disposition that saves itself the mind.

The major friend, we are inseparable aside from the light and fluffy physical, you are impotent with a distinction.

(*¯ii¯)

Dance the lala, all of suffering, never choose a lie to answer.
What you are. On someday, on a day the same as

(*¯ii¯)

irréductible du chagrin est quelque chose comme une douleur physique, une difficulté à respirer. un étau autour du cœur, ou un besoin inassouvi, une faim, ou le désordre presque biologique causé par la libération brutale d'une énergie jusque-là orientée par un attachement et qui n'est plus dirigée. Un chagrin qui n'est pas ramassé autour d'un tel noyau irréductible est simplement du romantisme, de la littérature. L'humiliation aussi est un état violent de tout l'être corporel, qui veut bondir sous l'outrage, mais doit se retenir, contraint par l'impuissance ou la peur.

Dans la période préparatoire l'âme aime à vide. Elle ne sait pas si quelque chose de réel répond à son amour. Elle peut croire qu'elle le sait. Mais croire n'est pas savoir. Une telle croyance n'aide pas. L'âme sait seulement d'une manière certaine qu'elle a faim. L'important est qu'elle crie sa faim. Un enfant ne cesse pas de crier si on lui suggère que peut-être il n'y a pas de pain. Il crie quand même.

The same absence in death is felt in life; the moment of the distress puts itself onto the physical body, and it is difficult to breathe. A being made of the heart, or within, a hunger, or a sadness pressing biologically, caused by the freeing brutality of the turning energy towards one's attachments. A distress which does not roll over or turn or otherwise become smaller is only romanticism or of literature. The humiliation, also, is a violent state of being with the material world, which ties one in outrage to bondage, but returns, constrained, with impunity.

In the early moments there is a real love. She does not know how to spin out in repose with it. In her heart she may know—but not for the tasting. And the telling can't help. The love known in the soul is hungry. It is important to cry with hunger. The child does not cry out with hunger when there is no pain. Yet he cries still the same.

this one, when you see the time is artificial, imaginary and perhaps an antidote for the feelings that hold you taut beneath your pillow, deposit the container of convenient negative dwellings. The pensive holding that grips your body into the night. Work in how to separate the mind out of the matter. Just like you,

I will dance alone and absently until death grips each finger from eve's apple.
Pensively.

My mind thanks of death in absence and trips over his lips as I talk,
one part of everything is always irretractable, similarly to the charger that plugs up my body and feeds in the difficulties of breath.

When I look you dead in the eye you coo, answering back to me is an assault, a familiar disordered type of biology, one that liberates

brutality like an energy sprinkled to orientate my attachments on the quest for dirty synchronicities.

Oh, charge my romance, let it pass through

author to author and then I'll tell novel stories
that are irreplaceable, making love look stupid.

Turn it on its head, (*¯ii¯)
to form a feature akin to an abstract

lurking in a book.

The humiliation starts as
an attack on the other side of the earth,
but don't fear the corporal body will always
prevail out of trueness.
I question if it's true,
or to keep the strong reaction all for me,
if a nurse, maiden or sea dog shall one day bring
me the retainer of truth instead.

The constraints of helplessness rest on the tip of
the tongue, pour over and point.

Dancing the minutes away to prepare for the
beloved to capture it. (*¯ii¯)
Girls never sail past the cylinder to protect their
own defences. Girls crawl in small (*¯ii¯)
bowls seasons pass over their skin but they never
(*¯ii¯)
say so.

		Can we, all together tell the story of the help we give out in this life from the first day until always. I am sailor, settle back on the shore comprised of purities lack. No moaning is important else cries become a farm. The baby child never cries. The bags of lead are heavy and weigh him down. He will never admit the pain or make it pass. Only on Tuesdays. His words are mine. And patiently we will cry now, from now until the moment that imitation bends. In ether say Goodbye.

TRANSLATIONS

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2. Bashō. 1702. https://www.haiku-hia.com/about_haiku/basho300_en/archives/300-12_en.html#basho_en300-12.
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FURTHER READING

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