

Schizophrenie

Abiogenesis: to flux, to squat: a conjunction of living and dead matter: 3: from **Schizophrene**, a book without purpose/with a dead start. But with the body displaying signs of early spring: **pink bits** sensitive to being touched, like a Jain woman crossing the street in her linen mask and with her pole.

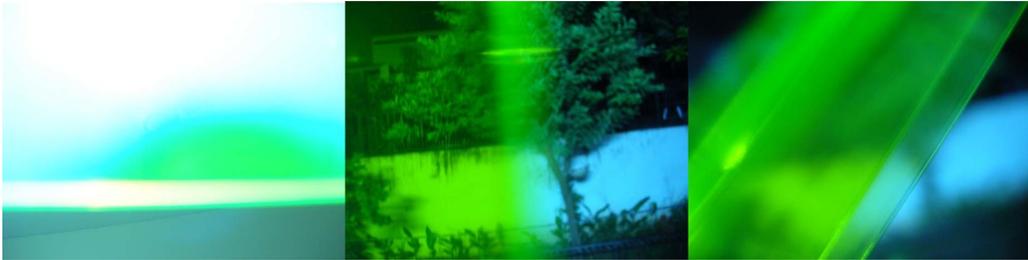
And in **blanked-out jungle space**, where all I could do was stare. From the verandah, the view warped. The river flowed out of its given shape and into my eyes. Even the sky was a volatile, all-powerful parent. I fantasized about having larger breasts than I do. Just beneath the mesh, on a divan, **in the sun**, I fell asleep even as ashram life unfolded behind me, the rustle of the women's saris as they cleaned the bell. Each god was dressed with marigolds and a fresh trap of white cloth, folded and creased like a chrysalis around the eight blue limbs.



2. On a crisp Easter morning in London, I stripped down. Over the years, I received my society's support. In the States, I worked hard at waitressing. I read Ava. I sold things off when the time came and though, if I'd waited, I would have made an even

greater profit, I'm glad I did. Without any real feelings, I returned to the United Kingdom, where it was all "Fish and Chips, then?" "Let's go to Blockbusters and get a video." "What do you want to watch? Die Hard 3?" "What? With what's his name? Nah, I hate him. What about Spooks? We can watch it from the beginning." "Nah, I fancy staying in."

3. I **denuded the garden** of its green branches. I chewed them up. You put me down. My ashes found their spot on the mantel and no-one moved them. In some sense, I became your ally. My body kept yours safe on the long nights when your body drowned itself in the habit of the dream.



Abiogenesis: to flux and squat in an inhabited place, risking something. What? I loved that scene next to the car in The Piano Teacher. When I was a child, I used to strip down and beat myself with a stick. Is this, **a root distinguished from its branching plant**, kept in a jar on a shelf to grow, watered, schizophrenic? Is it a right thing or a mad thing not to want to re-connect, to avoid reading or writing because of what those will bring?

2. My confidant was a rigid-necked super-model in his mid-forties. What good was he? Even his bed was made of the softest material. At times, I longed for my previous lover, a man who called me “**mom**” once, in sex play. That famished me. I joined a twelve-step group to deal with this. I’m not kidding. By chance, I found a new person to watch films with, a sense of “it should be over by now.” Dreamed I forgot my coat on the aeroplane.

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Text by Bhanu Kapil and Tropical Modern Triptychs by Rohini Kapil. The text is not text at all, but forming notes for a longer project, Schizophrene, a cross-genre work working with the trans-generational marks brought forward into the Indian diaspora from the time of Partition, which was both trauma and something else. An intense pink which functioned for my sister as *the future of colour* and for me as an inventory. Once again, I give you a tiny cyborg as a kind of fluid immigrant appearing in many places at different times and as such: a somatic structure with the ability to process many different kinds of memory at once.