

Go Thru

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Things seen in movies: the cop or journalist in his dedicated search for justice, his wife has left him because he is just too goddamn committed to his job. His job is the repair and the maintenance of the truth and the light. To do this job, he has to go down into the deep underworld like a janitor into a cellar and test his goodness against the badness of bad men.

The goodness of the good men and the badness of the bad men is transcendental and not immediately evident through action thought or word, it's all in how the eyes narrow or widen in contemplation of the pedophile or murderer, a generation ago of the homosexual, further back and not of the fugitive slave, etc. This enemy-Odysseus lives in a bad apartment because there is no woman to help him. He could get a servant but wives are better than servants because when you have sex you see the face of your father intoning the words I LOVE YOU SON. Men are helpless and will die alone or kill. Lol stupid movie.

Nevertheless the romance of the takeout container, romance of the whiskey bottle, romance of the ex-wife, do their work of efficient seduction. I know from this scripture how to perform the rites of love and the empty hand returning. I forget that sex doesn't need cutlery, remember in relief: O, only the immediate hands. Everyone congratulates each other on a job well done.

Because of the good man's dedication, the bad man is caught. The good man is dedicated to the bad man, he thinks of him always. The alibi of this dedication: he must ignore his wife to fend off a possible threat to her. What do women want? Don't they know that life is threadbare and in excess of circumstance? The white children are protected and the white wives are saved to wife again another day, repeated actions of the hand and the heart. Everyone seems more machine when you look closely, but animated by a warm and animal light. Reproductive capacities secured. Border secured. Everyone congratulates each other on a job well done.

You were brought up on this shit, pushed to the margins or beyond the margins of the plot, or maybe you were at the shining centre, who knows what the word "you" will

come to mean when it arrives in the mystery head. Brought up on this shit and supposedly classier shit just like it: “read this, it hates you,” “no I don’t want to read what hates me,” “read it or you won’t be smart,” “I want to be smart because I think that will protect me,” “you are too smart now and no arms fit around your thoughts, without the solace of solace you will grow bigger and spikier until it occurs to you to take this image of your hugeness back to its source.” You cannot go around you must go through.

What do the detectives and the journalists know about the search for truth, the search through the toxic waste dump for truth, the rat-like search in community or solitude through the decayed packaging and discarded food bits of this world this world this world for the truth that only the rats uphold in their trashy search for it?

The cop or journalist isolated by his quest. The explorer, colonizer, or traveller isolated by misfortune. There are movies now about men alone in space, men alone on islands, men alone on boats. Is this a new cheap method of making a movie? At the end everyone congratulates each other on a job well done.

In a movie the face of a white man of middle age contorts in what looks like grief and sorrow. The grief and sorrow has been outsourced to everyone else while the middle aged white man just twitches and winces in thrall to his numb inside. This is perfection. The music and the camerawork elicit my sympathy without giving any particular reason for it.

In a movie a friend turns to me and says, is the political task to identify agents or processes? For a minute I enjoy the clear distinction before I feel it unravel again. Something must actualize a process. The body with its distinguishing marks, its pretexts, is the hardware that runs the software, the software is violence, or violence is the hardware that produces the software of the body, or the software is relationship, is the social. Money with its lack of distinguishing marks, its pretexts, is the language in which all the wares are written. In the movie there are no analogies, everyone is too serious, they have rendered reality trivial.

Where should I begin if not with this transparency says Glissant, and ends there too. In this Chinese hair, my opacity, still covered in the glass of my skin and the no-more-truthful organs... I know I am only a minor character but I burst into the love scene with a gun in each hand; the couple freeze halfway through their first kiss. Me, from the wells of my eyes, to my reflection in the mirror:

I must start the process of becoming-mirror all alone; fear of becoming nothing, zerophobia, fear of a black planet shackled to its white moon. I am a minor character, my life is not mine, it belongs to the executive producers. I find myself unimportant, my nakedness is not indispensable to the plot though no one uses that excuse anymore, obsolete now that plot has been superseded by nakedness. Is this plot indispensable to the sexually explicit scenes that it comes like John the Baptist to prepare? I ask you like a child to please find me important, do your own work of import and export you say, and the producer calls me and says I am not playing well with test audiences, could I speak slower, could I be more single-origin like a good coffee, could I lose a little weight?

Problem solving. This is not my job. This is no one's job, or a collective one. But you keep trying.

Listen, the demands are simple, we have to abolish cops, prisons, husbands and landlords, the demands are impossible. More is being asked of us historically than solo introspection or even introspection in twos and threes, more even is being asked of us than irony. We are being asked but by no one to become class traitors—art is the R&D wing of the bourgeoisie—or to render ourselves gratefully historically irrelevant. We are being asked to get ready, get ready, be ready already—

Coming up from the gay beach and through the poor neighbourhood to catch the train, the men rocking back and forth on the pavement, catch the eye and throw it away. A couple is counting dollars outside the shop, I only need 2 dollars for Aleve he says and we can spend 6 dollars on you. She seems angry or just sad. They have 8 dollars. The very big difference between counting singles and not having to count. The very big difference between zero and one. Don't move your head or the camera can't track you and turn you into an animal, all you've ever wanted to be, unnatural desire to be natural. Nature is whatever resists thought, whatever turns thought into a machine. Everyone there carries the heavy weight of poverty, there is no reason, class war. I walk through with careful steps wondering which side do I look like I'm on which side do I want to look like I'm on. I will report back later in richer rooms. Recognition is not magic. Later in the airport afraid of being counted as zero and not one I forget to withhold my thank you from the agent of the border. Go through go through. They offer the blunter edge of their protection. Fear is shameful but what isn't, given the right light and a wrong day. This world is a mirage and only the distinction between world and not-world is real. In faith, in grateful transit, I put the little exhaustions of words together however they choose to lie down.