Sacred Language

"I am adding another language to the spoken language,
and I am trying to restore to the language of speech its old magic,
its essential spellbinding power,
for its mysterious possibilities have been forgotten."

Antonin Artaud

Nuits & Noirs 3 - part 1

Weltall hung from the wind-swept tree for nine nights.

For nine days Weltall hung—without food, without drink.

Weltall hung from the ash tree for nine nights and nine days, suspended, peering downwards, holding the blade.

The blade was a tool, used to communicate through thresholds of becomings. Weltall internalized the blade, taking it to the ears and to the eyes, and then, purging the contagions, pierced the cosmos or the ground.

In the dark space deep above the head, Weltall observed bodies of waves—soaring, pulsing, bending, throbbing, grasping, sliding, drifting, crying, growling, humming—through the air, through the earth, and through the waters.

Downwards Weltall glared, suspended by the wind-swept tree, for nine nights and nine days.

All that was once perceived as solid was revealed to be porous, and the transient waves moved through all. As the days and nights stretched on, the vibrations of the waves multiplied. These charged transmissions were magnetic and seismic; they were surrounding and engulfing.

The waves formed ribbons of trajectories that flowed in all directions. They whirled and overlapped, wrapping around each other and through each other—confronting and embracing, fusing and separating—through continuous variations of pressure and release. Where the trajectories of these ribbons crossed or collided, there were stars or dust.

Weltall listened.

The sounds traced lines of light through the air, making aurora and lightning. The sounds scratched lines through the earth, making valleys and caves. The sounds brushed lines through the waters, making tides and maelstroms. The initiation was nearly complete.

In the space above the head, Weltall peered downward and listened to overtones and drones. Suspended, the body became an ear. As multiple sound waves crossed and collided, within Weltall, new tones were created and destroyed. Between these beginnings and endings of sounds, Weltall perceived messages.

They traced lines through Weltall's mind; they scratched lines through Weltall's flesh; they brushed lines through Weltall's blood. Weltall perceived these markings as tools.

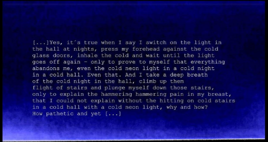
Weltall internalized these lines, and became sound.

The distinct lines took Weltall's voice and hand, and were stratified, territorialized, determined, and coded. Weltall seized them, set them into the tree with the blade, and conjured them. These lines became tools, forming active systems of communication between known and unknown worlds.

Up, Weltall pulled the runes,

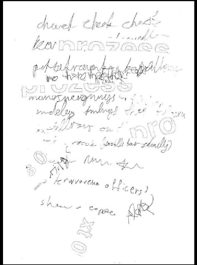
screaming, Weltall took them

and from there fell back again.



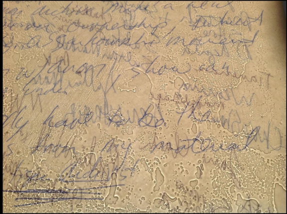
[...]Yes, it´s true when I say I switch on the light in
the hall at nights, press my forehead against the cold
glass doors, inhale the cold and wait until the light
goes off again – only to prove to myself that everything
abandons me, even the cold neon light in a cold night
in a cold hall. Even that. And I take a deep breath
of the cold night in the hall, climb up them
flight of stairs and plunge myself down those stairs,
only to explain the hammering hammering pain in my breast,
that I could not explain without the hitting on cold stairs
in a cold hall with a cold neon light, why and how?
How pathetic and yet [...]

I found Harlem.



NEWSPEAK

[B] Vocabulary



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"Dirt" was never asked if it would prefer to remain unborn,
but i'm learning its language

i'm learning to love the taste of blood and golden fluid
that can be derived from the dirty soil,
if one speaks the sacred language

the red and gold liquids drained from the suffering bodies
and absorbed by the black earth
becomes pure fluorescent light on the moment it reaches my tongue

strangeness: you are now as close to me as a lover

formlessness: we can now become one, now that i taste your tongue
and understand your language of erotic mysticism

i am your mother

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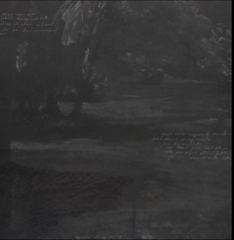

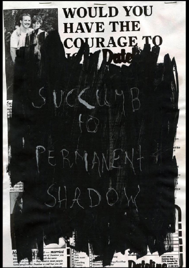

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