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Blueprints for a better world: Messages of hope

For Document's F/W 2020 issue, Tao Lin, Rhea Dillon, and Rachel Rabbit White reflect on where we've been and where we're headed

For Document's Fall/Winter 2020 issue, we invited a selection of the culture's most compelling creative minds to imagine a better way of living. Where will we live? What will we wear? Could nightclubs be treated as cultural institutions? How can art and poetry help render a radical alternative? The resulting portfolio isn't a guide to founding back-to-the-land communes or fully automated fantasy worlds; rather it's a call to reject authority, thrive in chaos, think freely, and go forward in a new direction. We present this portfolio in three parts: imagining the future of community and the preservation of liberty, proposals and manifestos, and reflections and messages of hope. In our third installment, Issey Miyake's Satoshi Kondo reflects on the relationship between clothing and emotion, artist and writer Slava Mogutin provides some much-needed encouragement, and novelist Tao Lin posits that the key to humanity's survival lies thousands of years in the past.

skrrt skrrt skrrt
spat out
on all fours
like the grease of
the four wheels
my body
a bus that
goes

round and round
round and round
round and round

several seats
taken
we lurch forward
with the brakes to
stabilise the truth
it goes

around and round

around and
down
with implosions fracturing
the carapace of order
'put togetherness'
me
but split on its side
so
m-e
oozing
revealing a 3 over e's

1. excised
2. eugenist
3. an enmity
between
the former
colony vanguard
and the impending
colonial vanguard
doomed
forever in a black void
of power passed over not/no
demolished structures
only
statues
where a black light violates
the separation of space

how refreshing is it to write black for its colour?

swear down?!

the callous
souls of my feet
burst open
I've been stepping too long

we've been here before

I croak
because the ability to exhale
is shunned here – too – we've
been here before

the libidinal impulse
produces a
cockamamie theory
that the mammy has left
– she has barely swung
with a left
for fear the right has already been cut off

to wait
lost
is a weight gained

and oh
how we've carried
a body that could only
tell the leftover stories
too harrowing for the
sheets
powerglide in this heat
goes round and round
you liking what you see
as you look your
third eye across the brink
my consumption relies on my ancestors resumption
"we are the descendents
our ancestors wished for"
but,
all they wished for was an end to this cyclical
so, but
all they wished for was for no more slain
so, well, but
all they wished for was death
a retroflex desire
do we ever
–I mean–does it stop
the round and round
do we become whole
by becoming hole?

hollow out a
space for me when
you get to the other side
the holes allow
for leaking enclaves
and the leak
creates the slippage
and the slippage
creates from which I
give birth
from the glory hole I
breed
in this slippage instead rusted wheels

instead, it's clear here
that broken waters must be fatal.

WORLD ON WHEELS