

# **Wormhole Self-portrait with (Toxic) bride Indications**

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**otherwords**  
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## **Wormhole\***

As I set steps going into the awakening morning, not a lot of time passes before a cawing bigfoot descends from the sky to take over the street; a seagull. He carries himself proudly, his focus is a black bag, several black bags. People leave them in front of their homes so garbagemen can collect them in the morning. He's got his eye fixed on the nearest one and begins pecking at its guts. He is after the people's leftovers; their unfinished bites, that something they were unable to digest, edible cuts, which would best be kept silent. The seagull lets nothing distract him as he nervously rips open the content of the black bag, drawing up some new face within the day's morning, dragging out the appendix through the wormhole of existence. Everything is a matter of survival, being a scavenger, and succeeding on the back of other people's lives, and even the slightest whiff of air echoes beyond the expectation, pinned down in stillness.

The wind lip-locks the unglued dog-ears of posters attached to the concrete faces of the windswept streets. The posters stretch in the space, sighing like mail-order brides, piling up the echoes of distant steps. The rhythm of xeroxed solitude. Gathering bodies. Damp fog and its changing body: illegible, ripped up, blurred; insipid pieces of words, bulky words and pieces of things. Extended emptiness stretching from one eye to the other. From the first to the last finger knuckle. The wind and its swing. Death passed through here once. Someday, shivers down the spine again. Plaster falling off, unveiling the brickwork tissue of the reddish interior. Fences bent from darkness, slippery from fleeting touches, rusty from lack of light; rain and its tone eating away the smell of steel. Black polyvinyl bags and their assorted stomachs. Guts with polyps of need tattooed onto them. The plural of hunger. The singular of silence. The eviscerated innards of some existence.

(I drown the space in the embers of a crack as I light a cigarette, waiting and taking drags, shaping thoughts, entering into space and time, which has yet to happen. When it burns out, I begin writing, to be able to return to that same space for a moment. And what is this space?)

The world emerges in man out of a gentle persistence in silence. And it dies through a silent persistence in space. When you are not, neither here nor there, you are everywhere. You only need to find the right kind of distance to keep you from falling into the cauldron of synchronicity, to keep you out of that telling bowl where everything is neatly arranged and orderly. Neatness at the price of synchronicity; being modern, when others dictate the shades and imposed forms. Trying to capture something, which is supposed to be an appendage of a certain time or moment, when it is altogether just an effort to win approval, to fit the trap of expectation, to not stick out like a untamable weed, which needs to be constantly pruned and bent.

Light torches the dust from the figure, washing it, so I can see it. A slender young man oozing coziness and habitude, perfidiously perfect disrespect, his behavior, some kind of age-old veneer riddled with universal experience. Nothing inspires respect in this figure; a complete inability to acknowledge any kind of hierarchy; cynicism based on the capacity to express seeming politeness. Wisdom originating from the lower sphere, the wisdom of a streetwise child condemned to low-paid manual work, to whom the upper class is worth as much as can he can profit from it, to him it is like a wild animal that needs to be jumped, plundered ... in short, a rascal faithful to his own freedom and its fate. Yes, this is what I see, and I say to myself: »Hey, this is you!«

There is no doubt, thoughts control observation, they are closely linked to observation, and just like observation, they are dispelled by the illusory. Leaves don't jump off clouds. Leaves fall, in the autumn.

If only I believed enough in adventures to forge stories. I ramble on, that's it. I get high, that's it. Hooked and scattered. And I uncover the portal, entering through the wind of ruined days. I am constantly lured by the temptation to become the solution to some life, which through its images forces me to forget about my own life. Let me insinuate myself to some place beneath the sea of what I am. Let it not be so, life is not a convergence of days, we leave no traces, we are precursors of that which is yet to come.

»Good afternoon, you're supposed to have a bag for me?« The bus driver gives me a thorough head-to-toe look: »Where from?« »From Nova Gorica,« I reply. He steps out of the bus and hands me a large bag from the luggage compartment. I take it and thank him. The bag is quite heavy, it's made from polyvinyl, and has multi-color stripes. It is exactly the same as the bags in which refugees carry around their modest assets. I feel a pain in my chest, I have trouble moving, I am catching my breath. At the traffic light, I sense a tap on my shoulder. »Sir, sir?« I look back, there are two policemen standing behind me. »Sir, step over here, please!« It makes no sense, but I do as I'm told. »Your identification, please!« I pull out my ID card and hand it over to him. »What do you have in the bag, sir?« I hesitate, and then mutter: »A humanitarian aid package.« »Excuse me?!« the policeman gives me a hairy eyeball. »Food, mom sent.« The cop continues to stare at me suspiciously, then hints to the other cop to check the bag. He takes the bag and starts to rummage through it. I feel sick again, it feels like the cop is combing through my guts, ransacking my insides. Sickness is joined by shame, it is broad daylight, there are a lot of people and some of them are gawking. The policeman continues to search and shake the bag as anger boils up inside me. It feels like I am standing there naked, with nowhere to hide. Eventually, he stops poking around my innards, looks up and nods to other cop, as if to say, the boy isn't lying, it's food. The first cop returns my ID card, the second one hands me the bag. »It's okay, you are free to go, have a nice day!« And off I go, feeling a kind of disgust as I drag my desecrated guts, I can see my mother and the stubbornness and persistence it took her to get the bag on the bus ... Everything goes black.

\*The term wormhole was introduced to physics in 1957 by John Archibald Wheeler, one of Einstein's last colleagues and successors. The expression is derived from a comparison with the movement of a worm across the skin of an apple: the surface of the apple is the Universe. A worm can 'borrow' the inside of the apple and take a shortcut to the other side instead of wriggling along the longer surface path. Thus, in theory, a traveler could also take a shortcut to the other side of the Universe in a multidimensional space. A wormhole theoretically allows for time travelling. Due to time dilation, matter exits the wormhole before it even entered it.

## **Self-portrait with (Toxic) bride**

All smart – all dead! All equal – all high! All different – all brothers with no arms. All without arms – all nobody. If we were not poets in the first place, then we would not be at all, because there would not exist this consciousness, called conscience. A poet is, first and foremost – willingly or unwillingly – a man of conscience. Everything is increasingly hurtful in the eyes of a poet. He is hurting, high, wounded, yet at the same time unusually happy and always grumpy. Dipping his frightened nipples into Weltschmerz. A poet dares venture deep into death and right there he breathes it in, this strange happiness, the craziest of drugs, the drug of all drugs; and there he falls into addiction. And so for the first time he came into this erotic contact with death.

The dim body was outlined, for a long time the moment of revelation has twined, and then it happened suddenly. In that moment the world began to repeat itself, every move became automatic, in the morning the face found itself confronting a stranger, should it accept this contorted reflection? A war was kindled, who is more frightened? Whose is the body really? Who is the reflection and who isn't? Addiction and forced comradeship. Shadows fall in bundles, they don't ask about faces. Driven by illusion, launched to indifference, enslavement of habit. Another hole, please! I'm asking you for one more hole, may I? Just a nod, before I sink into loneliness, which I cannot avoid. I am waiting for you, Urge, to drop by and burn with your hunger through the world that is given to me as inheritance.

(I searched everywhere, I did not find, of course, it was inside, nowhere else. All those bombshells I was holding inside, all the unsubmitted bills, everything was piling up, simmering inside me. Time is an executioner, when it's ahead and when it waits; catching the rhythm is fucked up as hell. All the claptrap about harmony, fusion, feeling, about being one with something (whatever that may be), pure bullshit. Rhythm is your ruin, and rhythm puts on a face to you. Isn't music a magnetic wave, the most effective means for arriving to the essence of existence, for fucking up reflection and ruminating to the point of disintegration?)

## Indications

*Addiction is a way of life, everything is driven by the intake of the substance into the body, and when the effects subside, the person loses the face of a human being, there is only one thing on his mind, finding the next dose, because you cannot be without. Have you ever been woken from a beautiful dream? Do you remember your anger and despair once you realized it was only a dream and that this wonderful moment was lost? This is exactly what happens to an addict when the effect of the drug starts to wear off, utter despair comes over him, which often turns to blind violence and ceases only with the arrival of the next dose of the drug, or when withdrawal begins to raise its ugly head. I have seen this up close, I have felt firsthand what it feels like to run out of heroin, what it feels like when the dream steals away from your sight. A junkie nods off, a broken man yields. We take the stuff in because we are terrified of hearing an echo, an echo that would reverberate through the empty void inside us. We are terrified of exhausted bodies, carne da macello, sinners, who have long left the purgatory and found themselves in the middle of hell, where your own sins are tattooed with rusty nails onto your aching, phantom skin. A living nightmare, it hurts, but you cannot find a body to discard, to renounce. You're feeding a phantasm, you're feeding the Toxic bride.*

If you were to look at him like that – suddenly, in some park, your first thought would be – say he was rolling in the mud of obliteration – not exactly rolling, you just imagine him how he walked a tremendous distance backwards, to be able to swim out forward, drizzled through and through with this dirt of searching; he walks across the grey and rainy town, which grows darker with each new step. The town is rainy, even though the sun is shining outside, the sun really is shining, while the rain is falling in a metaphor, onto the hand, which is trying to capture that which the unfortunate is supposed to possess – himself in the reflection of the dripping. He is clenching a bundle of unspoken words and passing by shop windows, there are mannequins in the window shops tracking him with their looks, he is naked and benumbed with the endless questions. Crystals in his look, with which he sees through and through; each time the eyelids drop so the look can rest for a moment, the crystals penetrate the seen and the rain drops become stained with the pain of the inevitable; covered in blood, they slip into the unknown. In every puddle he sees a name, a reflection of a joke without a smile; how does the real name sound? What does a proper name sound like? Can a name fill the lack caused by the loss of permanent address? Name as a signifier that stinks of kitchen balms, vapors of the steps that we smell in some abandoned hallway in the echo of a steep staircase that leads nowhere, just another cliff and another descent, which leads him even deeper, to even greater unknowns. A name that feeds on its meaning, which escapes it at the same time. He catches a raven and rip opens its guts, draws the still warm giblets out, consumes them. According to certain superstitions, eating a raven's insides makes a man clairvoyant. And when the bird's giblets go down the man's insides, the latter asks himself: Can I? The use of the word 'can' is ambiguous: he can and cannot under different appropriate conditions.

So, what happens when he points to himself? He believes the gun will fail, some bird will come crashing full-force into the window it missed and wake him up, or he will simply slip on the wooden floor and fall backwards. Either way, there will be some kind of logical force in the universe that will prevent him from committing this extreme act. The finger rests on the trigger waiting for the door to eternity to open. And the door opens, but there is no eternity, just another void that needs to be occupied.