

# Fucking land art

Dark... very dark vast space, infinite expanding and contracting, giant cosmic breathing, yet microscopic entities, unthinkably small, floating in the darkness that is all...

how to describe matter in such infinitesimal scale, diaphanous particles, atomic pulsations, being in the nothingness, beyond human conception and understanding, beyond even the concept of matter itself...

desert sand, hot and cold at the same time, dryness that becomes softness constricted in one tiny agglomerate of particles, atoms toward collision and yet never touching one another, in a constant state of attraction and repulsion, forever banned to join, to fuse, as if wanting to make love in a big orgy of desires but eternally divided by the law of physics...

the irony of life, of this universe made of subatomic particles urging to fuck one another and yet forever destined to just manifest their desire into matter, a sort of Dante's Hell Circle, an eternal punishment, a vision of fulfilment constantly right there in front of them and yet never realised...

(but let's not get distracted...)

sand, we were saying, or better, particles of sand, softly leaning on one another, in that peculiar state of near-touching-but-never-so that is the prime principle of universal matter, vast clusters of it so much so to make sand, and salt, and then gravels, and then a lot of it to make a vast desert, with its scarce short plants, dry cracks and rocks which run until the mountain range at the horizon...

a huge plain that is actually a dried-out lake called El Mirage, and at its centre is Michael Heizer in his early twenties, an arrogant little shit but also rather sexy...

the sun penetrates the sand with its long cock-like rays, oh please fuck me, energy passing through atomic layers bringing a cosmic message from the other side of the galaxy...

two men are fucking in one of Heizer's holes in the ground... I don't think he intended that... the warmth of the two bodies, friction of skin on skin, saliva mixed with sand and body odour, and the sun trapped in the hole, makes it an orgy of different entities fucking one another, producing a new liquid which is bright, warm, made of different colours, glowing even, magical cosmic semen generating new entities, ideas, and nothing at the same time...

some red ants are testing this liquid, tasting it, walking on and in it, bathing on the body of one of the man while he's sucking off the other one, in one of Heizer's holes, in the Mojave Desert in 1968, California, USA.

Gently the sand starts moving and slightly circling, as if softly swept by an autumnal wind, its particles flowing away, being carried by a wind that gets cooler and cooler, salty and misty, echoes of voices, of sounds of seagulls and other unrecognisable birds, a cacophony of cries, splashes of waves, foam, white and spicy, like cum, and then green, intoxicatingly so, wet and musty smell...

the dust now sets on a grassy hill in what seems to be England, Richard Long is there among colourful leaves, walking his straight lines, moving heavy rocks to form a circle in that drizzly environment ...

he's old now, it gets more difficult to do these kind of things...

some leaves, maybe stirred by the dust, try to trick him, blowing and throwing themselves to his face while he's walking, serious in his intent, connecting dots in his imaginary map, straight lines that can never be really straight, nature doesn't behave like that...

nature's engine is queer, its cogs are like microscopic monkeys playing with their genitals all the time, trying to disguise, modify, transform, trans anything they encounter, devouring time and space and secreting/defecating at the same time

another timeline, another space, particles that get constantly pregnant on one side and delivered as new entities on the other...

Richard is rather focused and slightly irritated. Although he can't see the particles, he probably somehow can sense them; he thinks they are a form of spirit of nature or of that particular place, instead they are mother-fucker matter made of atoms and times-gone-by, or perhaps a ghost, a creature of another time and space...

they/we are in and of every thing, a glittering essence in an infinite sea of nothingness vibrating and aggregating at different speeds and therefore creating different materials and beings...

in the end we're all made of the same thing, of the same gun-powdery queer energy...

I think of José (Muñoz) and I miss him, although I've never met him in this timeline, but I know somehow that I could have loved him, be a dear friend to him...

what a cunt I am!

I lose again sense of myself, of my identity and being, I am dust now, only particles moving for some strange attraction to different places, realities and moments...

I/we/the dust is back to the desert now, sucked in from a vortex in its centre, a storm gathering in no-place...

big coloured boulders are stuck one another in a row, seven column-like garish structures glowing their campness on the blasted flat surface of the Nevada desert... Ugo Rondinone is directing several big machines to position them in that way, Magic Mountains he said, memories flow in between the interstices, John Giorno casting a poem in colours, rock touching rock, friction of bodies covered in metallic fluorescent paint, breathing of another language, the perversion of an Indigenous one perhaps, soft, whispering sweet words, a melody not understandable but which is intoxicating, arousing and tender at the same time, coloured phantoms that bring back recollections of a time that maybe never existed, myth consumed in an orgy of pink,

yellow, blue, grey and all the other colours covering these big rocks, hard cocks or ancient/new middle fingers against a mountain range in the distance...

Some voices now call the dust to a meeting place, a gathering of bodies covered in ochre and red, songs sung in repetitive litanies, as if the gods or the spirits would hear or understand better in this way...

surprisingly among them is Ana Mendieta, holding my hand (I'm a body again), telling me not to be afraid, to be brave, an old man hands me a wooden cup with some dark yellow drink in it, the colour of piss, an even more pungent smell... I'm like hypnotised, with that cup in my hands... Ana gently pushes my hands and the cup up toward my lips, I drink without will or fear, and all the beings around me start melting away and disappear, a vortex of green and bodies and voices... a big condor flies up high in the blue of the sky...

Ana is busy now at digging with her bare hands a vaginal hole... she invites me to step in, I lay down naked in it, wet mud on my back licking my skin pores, dark walls closing in on me slightly, roots now growing from the depths of the earth and enveloping my arms and legs and torso, slightly-furry snakes, rigid and cold, constricting me to the ground, a prisoner against my will, erotic and frightening, I feel these roots/snakes could pierce my skin and enter my body, cutting and splitting my members into pieces that would return to the earth...

I shout and cry, why are you doing this to me?

Ana smiles in a maternal and cunning way, the plan is working, she pours gunpowder on me, black dust as if sprinkling black pepper before cooking my meat, she swipes a matchstick and throws it to me...

the explosion is intensely beautiful and scary at the same time, a cosmic Black Hole from inside my bowels out, deep noise of internal organs expanding like red planets made of gas and rocks, matter vibrating so powerfully that sound becomes incomprehensible...

the expansion goes in all directions, floating in no time and space, pure energy made of matter, ether and sound combined...

I understand I'm a feeling now, of pure joy, ecstasy to be more precise, a cosmic orgasm that embraces every possible substance in the universe, that makes everything erupts in a guttural ejaculation, every particle that is here, that was, and that will be, passing through me, through that body lying on that muddy vaginal hole...

I breathe deeply, open slowly my eyes and see Ana, still there looking at me, she kisses me tenderly on the lips and then disappears, like a sudden current of warm air in the middle of winter...

the dust and its particles are on the move again, the wind never tires, the forces of transmutation are irreversible, irresistible, constant...

hardness, rigidity on the body above the earth, right and tall until branches open up to the air and breath, fumes and toxic rubbish produced by the human species goes in, oxygen particles go out back to the atmosphere, a process that is like this because meant to be like this...

underneath the ground long roots, another sort of branches or arms but hidden in the depth of the earth, searching for water and minerals and other useful components... the brain or head never in one place only, but in many different sections at any time, extending up high in the branches through the leaves and breezy wind, in the middle trunk stern and pride, protecting and connecting its insides, protruding underneath the earth as another part of the same, and yet different in its task and mission, keeping grounded, nourishing and sharing...

semi-transparent fungi connect one another and other plants for miles, feelings and thoughts somehow being exchanged, care being given and received, like hands holding other hands in the undergrounds, or feet touching other feet, stimulating sensations, prickliness, erotic connections, or simply vibrations...

sap running through the rigid body, receiving nourishment from above and below, from the sky and the earth, circulating through cells and matter, giving life, hard bark hiding soft liquid within...

When I open my eyes again I'm floating in the vastity of the ocean, plastic items floating with me, the holes in some of them make the water sing throaty songs, of comings and goings, familiar and eerie sounds...

the sun pushes on my skin, it's hot and uncomfortable...

I want to swim away, but I can't, the plastic is everywhere, the water is in fact made of plastic too, cling film that becomes more rigid by the minute, sea gulls reflecting on its viscous undulating surface, they're hungry, they will feed on me...

I miss home, I miss my land all of a sudden, never was one for this kind of things, but distance and time can consume and change you, behaviour and thought-forms that slip away like dead skin cells, body and mind in constant transformation, transmutation...

I've never heard until recently of a Sardinian artist called Pinuccio Sciola, and his singing rocks which can only be described as weird, magnificent poems transmuted into boulders, Mediterranean birds uttering through stone...

floating in that plastic sea, lost in its vastity made of garish colours and sulphur, I find myself singing those melodies, the sounds of Sciola's rocks, more a whispering or a faint whistling than a song, echoing in the floating nothingness of that moment...

I mysteriously or deliriously smell thyme and flowers, the wind is caressing my body turning plastic, making me feeling lighter, spicy air coming from afar and yet utterly known...

my flesh is consumed by the sun, plastic, salt and fatigue...

many kinds of birds gather above my floating body, as if called by my feeble singing... they fly in a sort of menacing ritual, faster and faster, going around in a circle that becomes tighter and tighter...

suddenly, as if having one brain or being commanded by one being, they all plunge into me, entering my stomach through my mouth as a black feathered fist ...

the birds expand into my insides, horror gives way to powerlessness, no strength at all, no desire to resist...

my cells get heavier, transmute, I feel chocking, even vomiting, but it's only a moment...

unexpectedly, long feathers start growing from my wasted skin, colourful, even glittery ones, everywhere, on my face, head, hands, feet, any inches of my once-human body covered in plumes, a strange tropical-sort of bird...

the I-bird utters a small cry, something similar to joy, contained but impulsive, and realises it can detach from that plasticky water, it can leap up and fly...

and so it does...

it flies away from that stinky water, flies with the hundreds of birds inside itself,

forgetting who/what it is or was,

just animal and instinct,

just movement

and wind.