

An*
bare
breath
breath
play

If an enemy's body can no longer be liquidated with direct hits, the attacker is forced to make their continued existence impossible by their direct immersion in an unlivable milieu for a sufficiently long period of time. Under these conditions, the individual's breathing is an observed, an occupied breathing. It is a combat breathing. The breather, by continuing his elementary habitus, i.e. the necessity to breathe, becomes at once a victim and an unwilling accomplice in his own annihilation.

DO WITH ME AS YOU WILL.

Who's allowed air? How much air? Can air be privatized? How much will air cost? Would it be a monthly cost, like a subscription, or you buy a pack of deep breaths? Would you get inspirations and expirations as lottery prizes? Would they have air-banks or FREE AIR WITH A DRINK signs next to the wi-fi password in hip coffee shops?

You got me faded, faded, faded

Daddy I want you.

Tonight is your special night. Do something magical:

- feel sorry for myself
- call in sick
- three years strip before men
- drink their piss to dissolve the mucus
- change myself
- riot
- try wherever I am to blow people's mindsbodies

I'm sick. My lungs about to give out. *Get whipped in my back and chest to release the mucus.* Am I going to die? Sex has become this but I have to go to work. I prefer to be alone sit in bed hear cats around me sleeping get books read note down and I'm sick again. *I've been drinking, I've been thinking, I get filthy when that liquor get into me.* I don't even suck cock anymore I just lay in bed, mouth-playing with my mucus like a tennis ball, mouth-to-throat throat-to-mouth, up and down down and up, *we be all night* drinking mucalmelon *we be all night* inside and out, *we be all night* because nothings alright got complains from everybody, it's so fluorescent under this blue light;

BE ANYTHING SO THAT THE TRUTH COMES THROUGH:

GLORY AND THE ANGELS AND THE WEIGHT OF HISTORY KEEPS ME AWAKE AT NIGHT.
IT SITS ON MY CHEST LIKE A PIECE OF LEAD.
IT PRESSES DOWN SO I CAN'T BREATHE.
I LAY GASPING FOR AIR, EYES WIDE OPEN.
I CAN'T BREATHE. I CAN'T BREATHE. I CAN'T BREATHE. I CAN'T BREATHE.

Until we can fully engage with the erasure of communities, structural racism, and unequal distribution of wealth that got us here, our cities will not crawl out from under this crisis, we will not be able to breathe.

In 1999, when I was six and spent two weeks hospitalised, breathing through a mechanical ventilator due to bronchitis, I became obsessed with the unsafety of air. I'd hold my breath when next to plants in spring, when in a crowded non-ventilated space, any time I saw dust, or mould, in public transport, at the gym, when close to power stations and antennas, around too many cars, when too close to other kids, too close to myself, to my sweat, to my hair, to my sheets. What if they find out a way for us to breathe with no air? How long has it been since your breathing condition has been precarious, did they care about you? What if our labour capabilities can be extended by making us able to survive not-breathing? *Be alone sit in bed hear cats around me* I'd only let my Daddy close to me, to rest his ear in my thorax and check if my breathing sounded ok.

Get whipped in my back and chest to release the mucus.

Sex has become this but I have to go to work.

Will clean air be the most expensive asset, will clean air surpass the value of oil or data, is a deep breath the ultimate privilege? Who creates atmosphere, who divides it? Where's air pollution dispersed to and why?

DADDY SAYS: *keep drilling/ deforesting/ developing*

We're a borderless force of nature-sacrifices for-profit

exploring/ expanding/ exploiting

feeding on the poisonous bloodshed we mark our lands with,

provoking/ preying/ punishing

sucking on the fat-pockets of our ancestral matter,

surveilling/ scouring/ spilling

an excess built-up of non-consensual multispecies martyrdom.

DADDY SAYS: *I will protect you.*

Am I going to die?

10 seconds breathe in. 10 seconds hold. 10 seconds breathe out.

If you can do this you're okay you can go to work.

NOW: An unexpected global pandemic we spent 5 years being warned about.

keep mining/ marauding/ militarizing

What will cities look like when half the workers don't have jobs, a majority of small businesses have failed, homelessness increases by 45 percent?

That's the only thing that's keeping me on fire, me on fire.

Didn't mean to spill that liquor all on my attire.

Sex has become this but who has to go to work?

DADDY SAYS: keep distance/ keep hiding/ keep obeying.
don't fuck/ don't touch/ don't mix.

We have become this.

DADDY SAYS: we close borders to keep you safe.
we increase police to keep you safe.
we will gun them to keep you safe.*

But...

We will gun you to keep you safe.

Daddy, I -

being Daddy is a labour of love.

*This is not because of the coronavirus.

That is because of a system of greed; that is because of a system of gaslighting; that is because of a system of fear; because of the state our world/our countries/our cities were in when the pandemic hit. I'm still coughing up dust from the planes that crashed against my twin-lungs in the 9/11 and the Islamophobia your aftermath created, my ankles and wrists knotted, pressed still with the weight of war crimes in Iraq and beyond, tied up in a leather-sling oscillating between increased Black representation and heightened racist violence, still stuck on a 400 year-old colonial-edging with no climax-resolution, voided into a sensory deprivation suit forgetting the delineator lines that make Palestine, smacked in the face for my (*trans/de/a*)gender ways, the belt of austerity close-tight around my throat, my hair pulled cause it's a faggy colour, your whole fist and lower-arm inside my asshole like fracking drills and blenders in bedrock.

*This is not because of the coronavirus.

Have you ever felt like you weren't able to breathe how many times how long did it last were you happy did you die did you go to work? The struggle for a breathable life is the struggle for queers to have space to breathe. Having space to breathe or being able to breathe freely. With breath comes imagination. With breath comes possibility. If queer politics is about freedom, it might simply mean the freedom to breathe. *Get whipped in my back and chest to release the mucus.* Breathing can lead to questions about political, social, and economic distribution and the maintenance of privilege or lack thereof; it can lead to questions about the power that materializes not only in (un)breathable and (non)toxic air but also in political, social, and ethical matters such as whose lives are breathable and whose loss of breath is grievable. What if they can spy on us 24/7 to see if we're taking care of our breath of our lungs of our body? *Feeling like an animal with these cameras all in my grill.* What if they use that data to decide on the amount of sick-pay we get? To decide if we get treated altogether. What if they already do? What if we like it that they do?

Then I fill the tub up halfway then ride it with my surfbort, surfbort, surfbort.

Sex has become this:

A necropolitical spectatorship/ an attention-economy of death/ the relative safety of our respiratory fuckabilities/ we're trapped in our desire for convenience.*

I still have to go to work.

*This is not because of the coronavirus.

DADDY, DADDY I'M CHOKING.

I'm sick. My lungs about to give out. *I get whipped in my back and chest to release the mucus.* Am I going to die? I cough on Daddy's face because the mucus has become too much to contain, my body shaking, phlegm being expelled from my mouth/ my nostrils/ my ears/ my ass and every single hole in my body, musty blobs shot out of me. The green sticky substance drying all over Daddy's face.

DADDY, DADDY YOU'RE CHOKING.

Daddy cries for help

Humans have become this:

bordered-up ambulatory hosts of lethal microbiological droplets in full-time employment.

I still have to go to work.

Daddy turns blush-pink,
his pale skin increasingly red like long-fields and high-mountains battling a bushfire,
thick green veins, overfilled with phlegm and desperation for oxygen, plop through.
You got me faded, faded, faded, Daddy I -

/ killing Daddy is a labour of love. /

When my form changes, I die, all that is solid melts into air, all that is sacred is profaned,
I am we and no more separation is possible. [Hu]man is at last compelled to face with sober senses
their real conditions of life, and their relations with their kind. I'm sick of being constantly scared,
physically sick, and horny. The future lies with that which breaks open the implicits and transforms
the harmless into a combat zone.

*[composed mixing original self-authored text and excerpts by Alissa Walker,
Beyoncé Knowles, Dodie Bellamy, Frantz Fanon, Kathy Acker, Karl Marx,
Magdalena Górska, Martin O'Brien, Peter Sloterdijk and Sara Ahmed]*

An* Neely is a Berlin-based artist working at the intersections of performance, writing and digital practice. From a queer, ecofeminist and decolonial perspective, they play with hybrid-forms and accelerationist speculative fictions to expose the way we organise bodies, we organise work, desire, communication, and identity. Prioritizing non-hierarchical encounters and process-driven collective practices, their current work connects history with futurity, exposing the violence of contemporary politics and exploring time as a non-linear space of resistance. Most recently, An* has developed Shocked, Horny and Automated: a future memoir, a radio-play/documentary aired at Sound Art Radio in April 2020 and is the editor/designer of Live Art Club: Online, a monthly digital gathering for try-outs and experiments in performance and the digital.