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*The Unfinished Dream*

*an exercise in awakening*



“What would be left resembles something unaccomplished and inconclusive, a kind of draft that longs for a whole. Stuttering, its irregular rhythm reveals the attempt to uncover the images of utopia, but not utopia itself, for the whole evades us...”

## The Unfinished Dream

Sally-Shakti Willow & Joe Evans

Sad Press 2016

### \*\*\*Notes\*\*\*

‘the unfinished dream’ is a quotation from Ernst Bloch (1988) *The Utopian Function of Art and Literature*, ed. Jack Zipes and Frank Mecklenberg. Cambridge, Massachusetts: MIT Press: 119

3: Boldyrev, Ivan. (2014) *Ernst Bloch and His Contemporaries: Locating Utopian Messianism*. London: Bloomsbury: 35

21: Excerpt from OCR GCSE English exam paper: A680/01, 15 June 2011

41: Cha, Theresa Hak Kyung. (2001 [1982]). *Dictee*. California: University of California Press: [np]

48: Cha, *Dictee*: 133

Before I can begin: to write

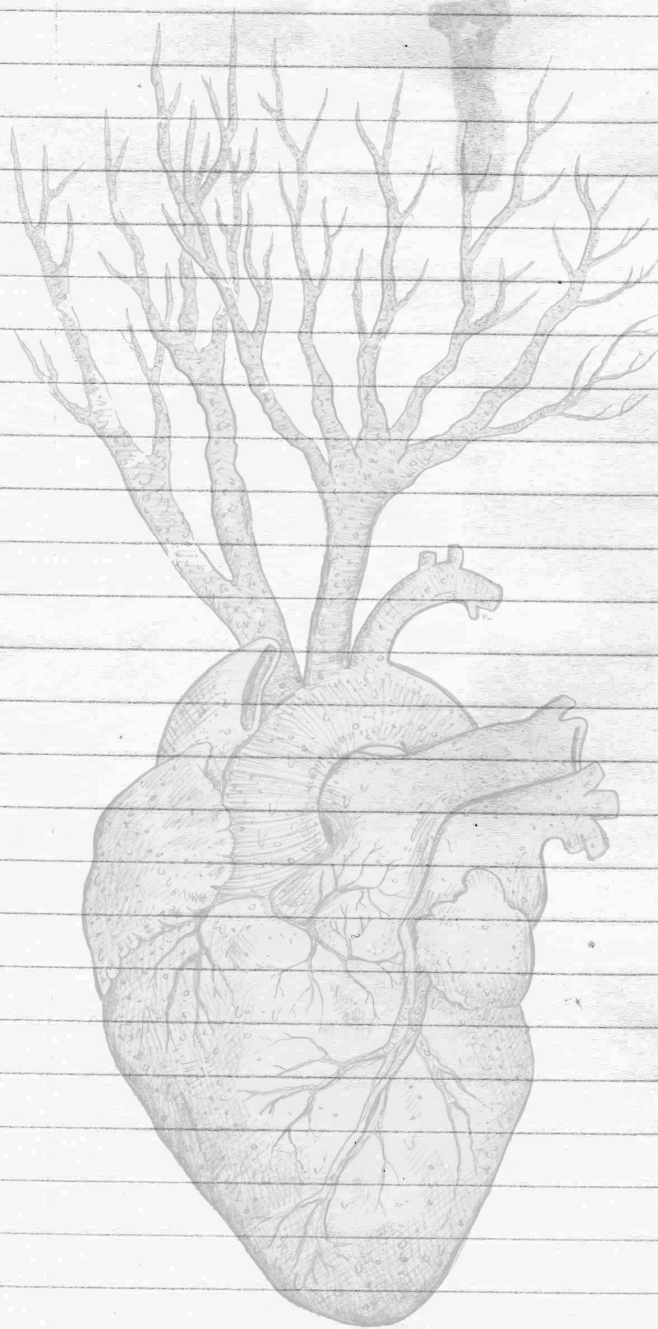
this book must be

bound

tied

laced

I must become:



to speak

to think

in [my] skin --

with [my] hair --

to [my] spine --

with sinew

nerve

and vein

[the body of] the text

Nemesis

black [w]hole

undone

and

creating

un

the abyss  
- dice thrown

the game : personified

in D N A

encoded

embodied

naked flesh

she counts the stars

swallows

them [w]hole

inside

my mind  
is bleeding  
dying

from the

inside

out

of time

of chance[s]

i speak

i write

i fall

[willingly]

to [my] death

[in silence]

i

o

i

o

i

o

The silence in

the word  
from the void

into

the

void

within

to leap

into

the void

with blind

and total  
faith  
undone  
to write

the unwritten

*Separating Words*



from silence

from the silence

that surrounds

words

that will never

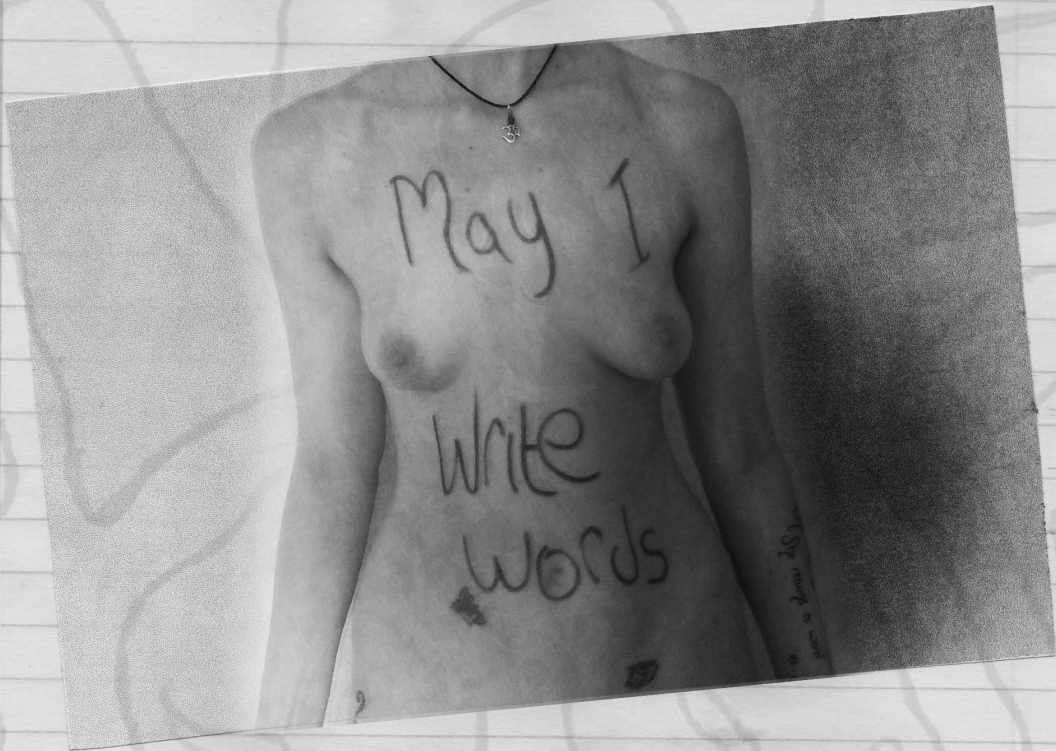
empty words

silence unbound –

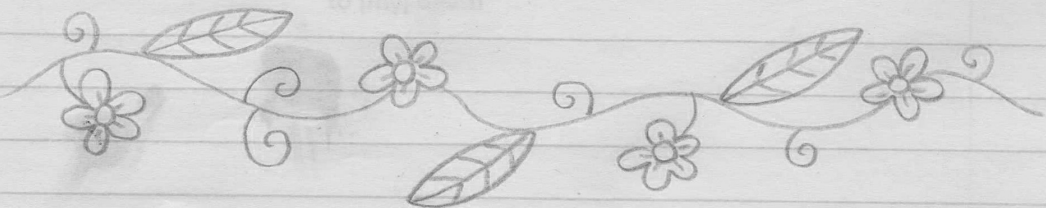
unspoken :

the [sub]atomic weight

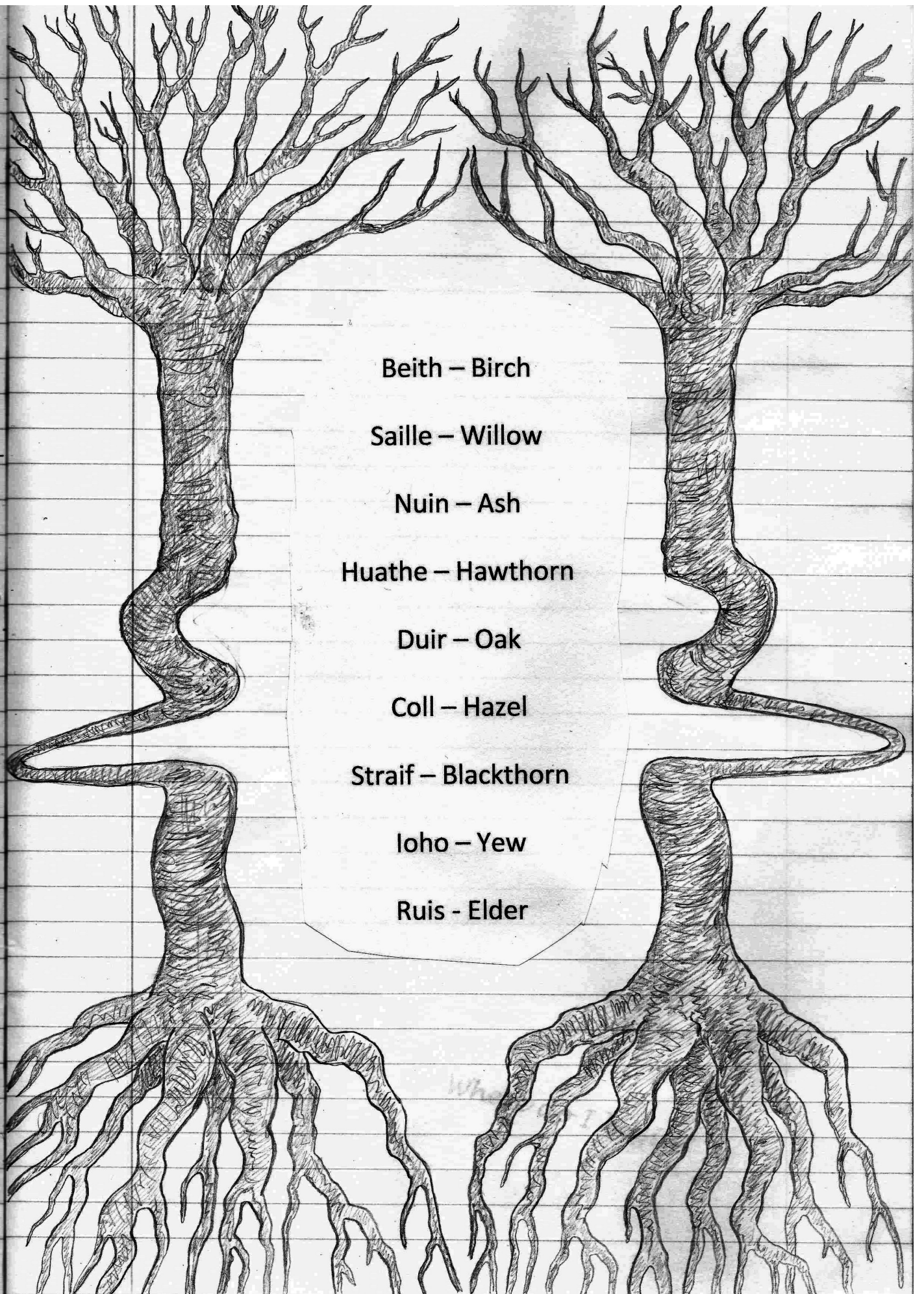
of every sound

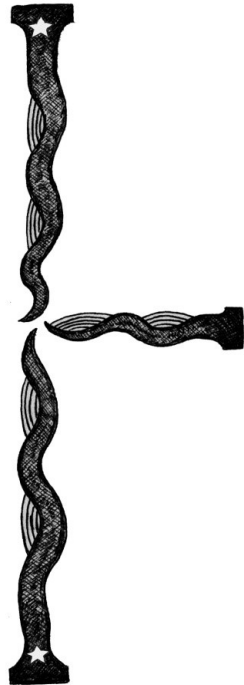


to [my] own



(in silence)





*Beith*

U n b o u n d

l o o s e - l e a v e s

curling and

s t r e t c h i n g

i n the sun

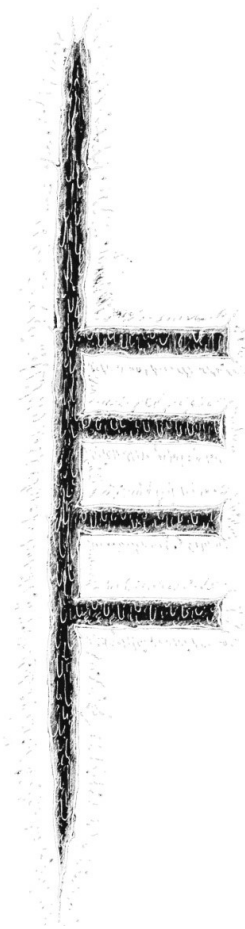
Words that write [me]

on birch bark sheets

c a t c h t h e w i n d

and [gone]

i am



*Saille : Willow*

In[scribe] –

my name:

Sharp, vertical incision to the [inside of my] left wrist. Traces of blood bubble: red pearls on the string of my inner:outer self. Border. Less. I see my skin unbound. *You knit me together in my mother's womb.* I unstitch [my] self. Open to the flow of things to come.

Sharp – intake of breath

the world's breathing

fills [my] lungs

and moves me, cell by cell: this *co* *respondance*

between

my breathing:your breath

you fill me fill you fill me:

with the

other[ness]

of [y]our breath

As I am filled, I empty. Piercing horizontal line

intersecting

a third of the way down

that first vertical:

releases

more red pearls – rising to the surface from unknown unguessable depths

Sharp

liquid interior

flows [out]

as

breath of air

flows [in]

flows

out –

Score three more. Just three more. Score more. Be more. Score.

More.

And with that final score I am: [myself]

re made  
re named

in my [divine] image:

flesh made word

opensilent

this wound

my name

in flesh

and blood

ties

binds me

to the

unbound

self

the open

self

without

limits

within

rhythm

[my] border : less

my blood

my song

sang

encre

my ink

spills

its stain

its mark

its bloom

[il]legible

[in]visible

[to those who do not see]

[to those who cannot read]



I give myself this new name to take [back] the power I never had. Never. Have. The things you do [in my name] are not on my behalf. I add my name to thousands who stand against you – my [blind and silent] voice screams in [dead] air and [nobody] awakes. This house does not crumble. Dismembered voice. Forgotten dreams. A disembodied silence is my muted cry to [in]different ears. Inside speech's silent centre my [sub]atomic bomb explodes: breaking the boundaries of this world, breaking

I fold-score-tear: and make the cut. [Blank] folio sections waiting to absorb – the ink the blood that flows from unbound veins to write [myself] into [your] story, [your] time. Thus. Write my progress. See how I [am] deliver[ed]. De livered. De livred. De lived.

Livré à l'anarchie

My only recourse.

[I am] bound to radical action by [your] attacks upon [my] borders –

I stitch with [my own] hair; lace [my] sinew stretched; bind [in my own skin]. This story that: I Am cannot contain

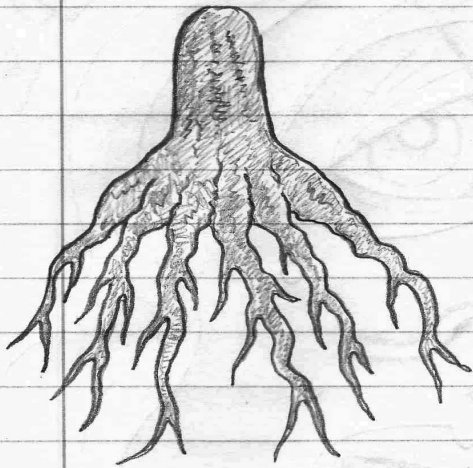
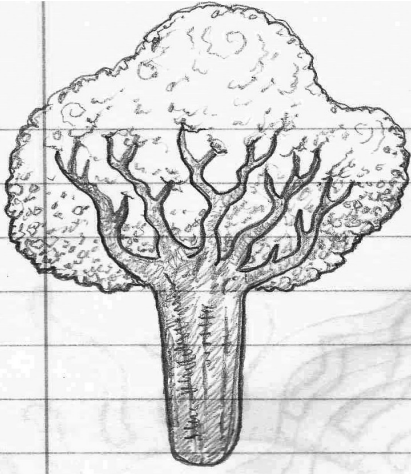
nor be contained:

covered

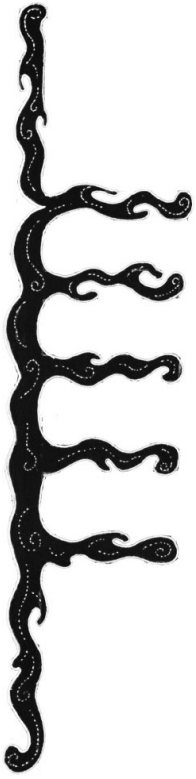
case-bound

closed

curtailed



I overflow [these] pages:  
Live beyond [these] borders



## Section B: Writing

*You are advised to spend about one hour on Section B.*

**Answer ONE question. Write the number of the question you have chosen at the top of your answer.**

**This answer will be marked for writing. Plan your answer and write it carefully.**

**Leave enough time to check through what you have written.**

**Either**

**3 Describe** a time when things didn't go as planned, and **explain** how you felt.

You could write about a holiday, a journey, a special occasion, or any other suitable topic.

**[40]**

**Or**

**4** 'Young people nowadays can't think for themselves.'

Write the words of a **speech** to your class, giving your views.

**[40]**

4. *I can't think. Can't write. I don't want to be: here.*

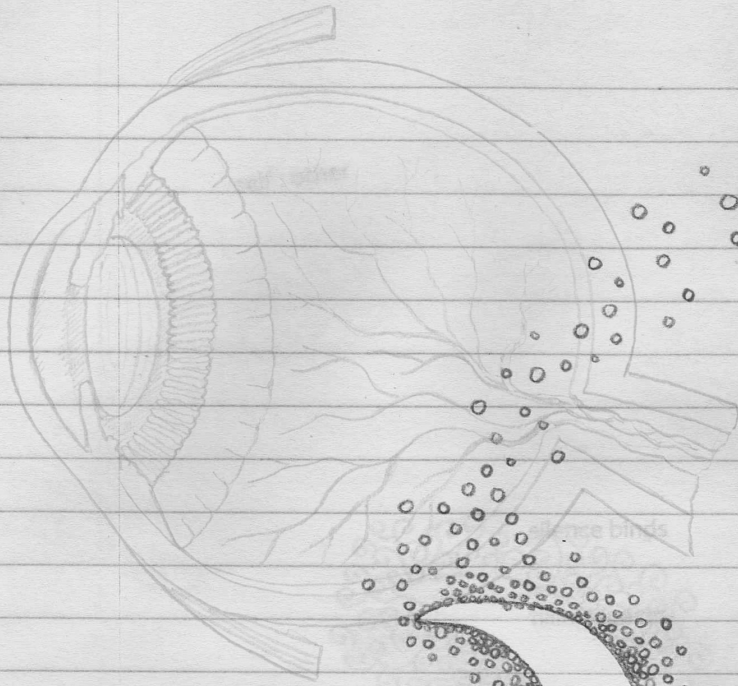
*My life a closed book. Figured out and fucked up by a system that cannot see: me. Blind to my dimensions the facets of myself. ~~Facets. Faces.~~ Facts is all they want and I have become [de]graded – reduced to nothing: but: a series of letters, numbers, scores. Letters out of sequence, lacking rhythm rhyme and reason. My story doesn't fit [their books]. My pages fold out, flip over*

*under and around*

[You must] put down that picture book [you must] learn your ABCs [you must] ~~read-write~~ live your ~~story-speech~~ life coherently with a clearly planned beginning middle end: that is death – a life lived and died only once, only one way [you must] achieve [you must] get the ~~right~~ grades the ~~right~~ job the ~~right~~ house the ~~right~~ car the ~~right~~ husband wife and dog [you must] have children before you are forty: or there will be nothing ~~left~~; a successful career and lots of friends [you must] buy junk, lots of junk, always buy junk spending more and more with every turn of the page but never look behind – never look inside – never wonder what it is that holds this book together at the spine – whose bones and blood and flesh and sinew this story writes upon – never seek between the pages for the [gut-wrenching] glue that keeps it all in place. And never – never:ever – imagine there is life beyond ~~this book~~. This stitched and glued, this case-bound book that is ~~your~~ life wrapped up and codified in linear syntagmatic narrative: [plot]

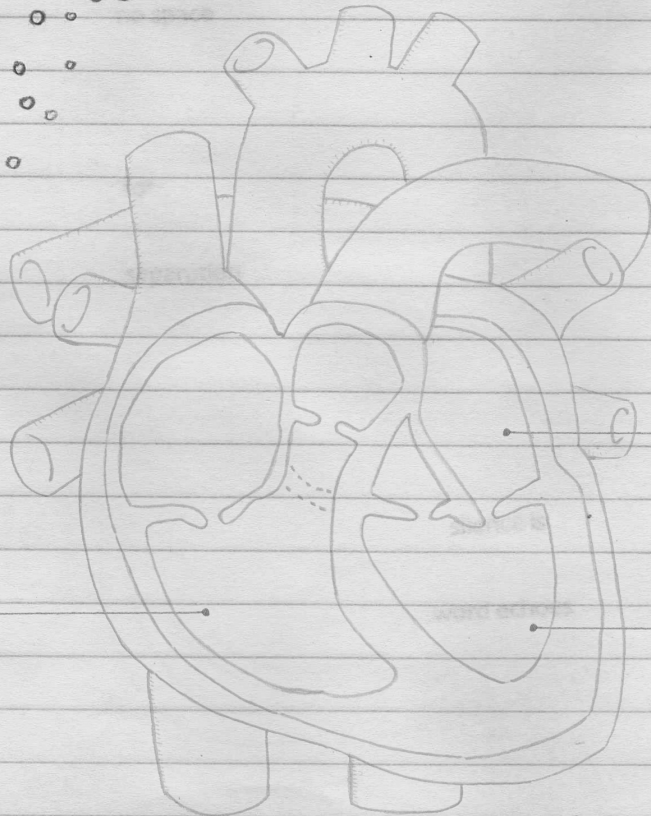
Take this pill instead. It will mollify your dreams, dispossess you of desires. And it will keep you safely tightly numbly suffocatingly bound within these pages of your life. There is nothing outside this story. [So don't even think about it.]

'[Young] people nowadays **can't think** for themselves'.



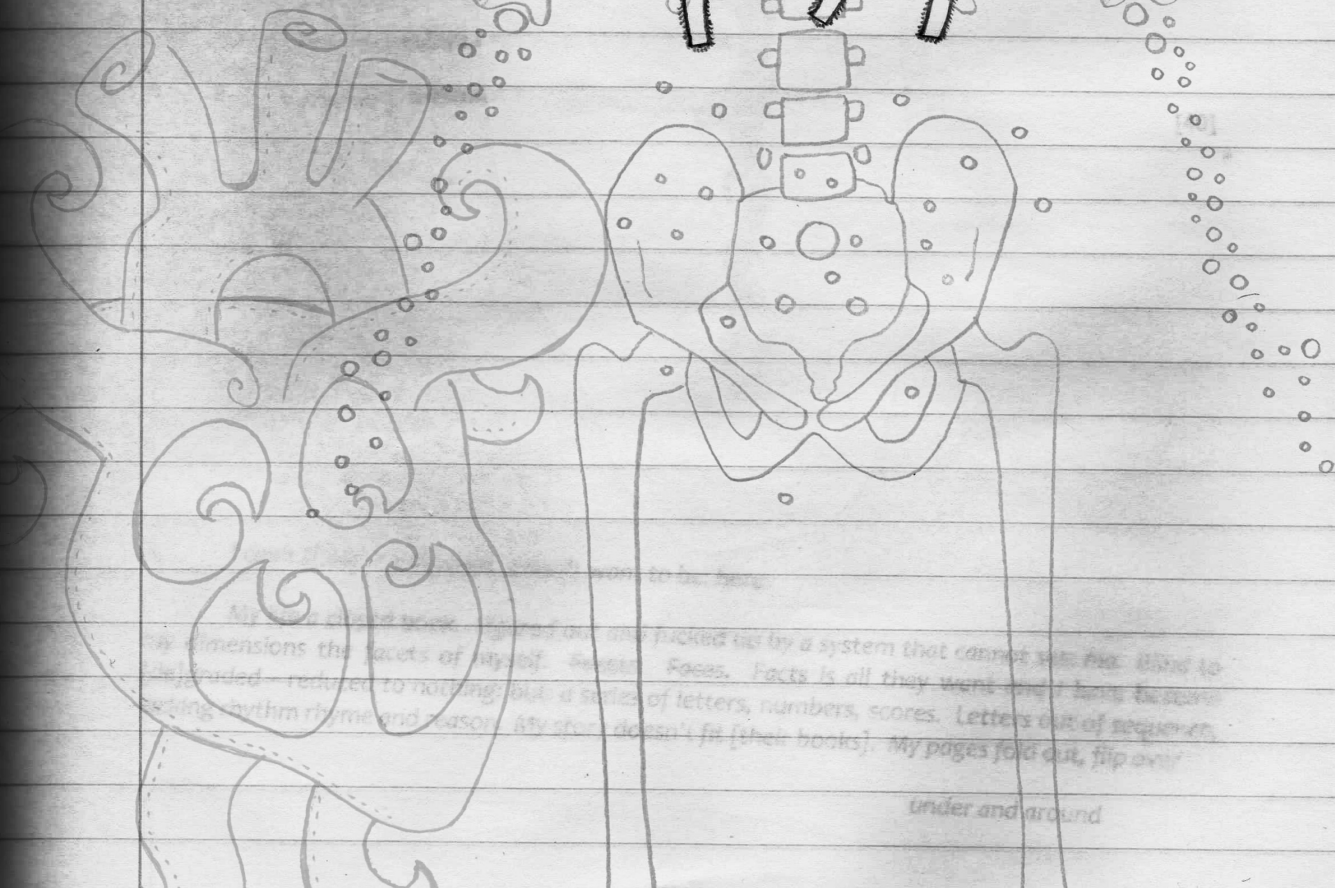
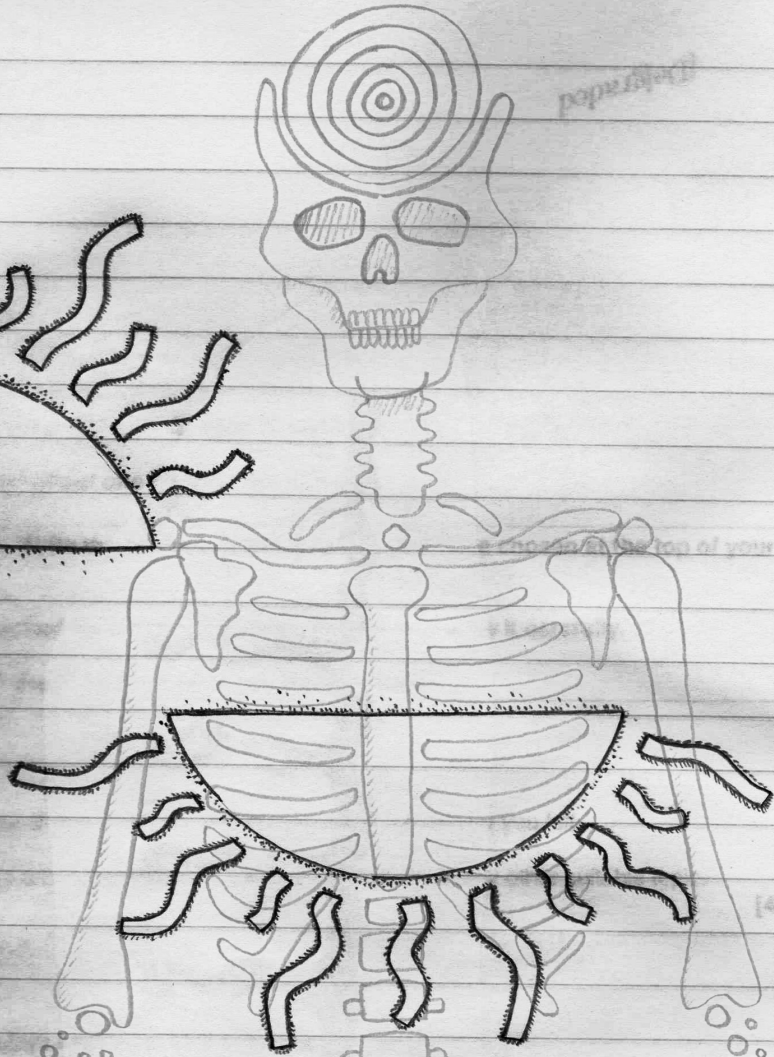
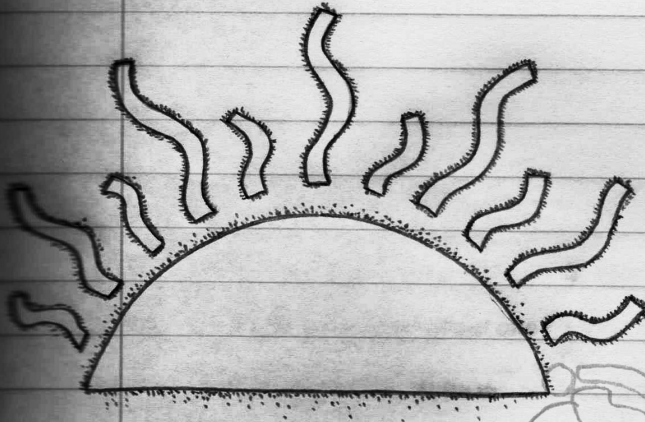
I am this I am: not that

the eye blinds



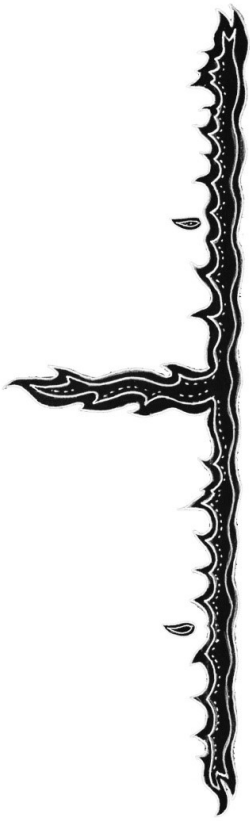






My mind was... and I was fucked up by a system that cannot see me. Blind to  
my dimensions the facets of myself. Power. Force. Facts is all they want and I have become  
beholden—reduced to nothing; but a series of letters, numbers, scores. Letters out of sequence  
losing rhythm rhyme and reason. My story doesn't fit [their books]. My pages fold out, flip over

under and around



White mist, grey fog

pressing in

thick smoke

gurgling within

my [volcanic] lungs

inhale the thickness

wet

and

crushing

exhale

smoke

and ash

billows

curling

twisting

knotting

in and around and through

[my skull]

i can't breathe

inside

this white mist

fading

in

out

of mind

your world

and

my life

between

perhaps

somewhere

not there

absent

not here

can't breathe

can't think

given me?

you've

what is this Pill

Thick darkness envelops her like mist  
she is: standing above her  
self

on stones

in rolling waves

grasps

the glittering ocean

[of time]

between

[paper] thin

hands

the voice bubbles

up

inside her

[but] it will [not] be h

her call

into vanishing an

is [empty]

with memories of

melancholy

too acute

too

raw

[the first time]

to feel

her silence unsustainable too late she starts to speak. The pain

course. To [place] a future it will not course. To

been under [place] a future it will have been under

will have been under

not [it]

ness of it choking out the life

through the thickness of it choking out the life

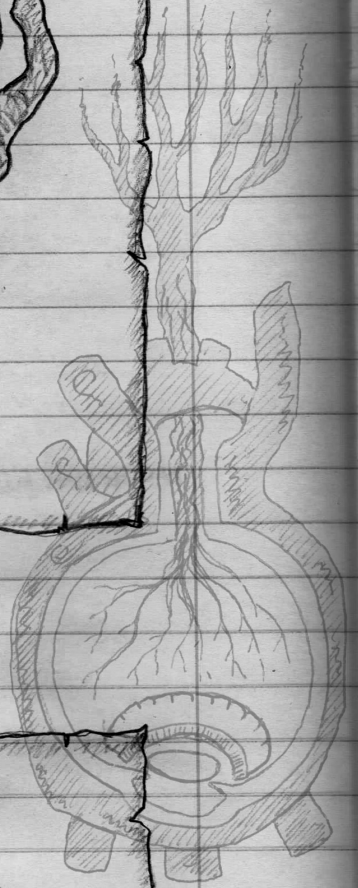
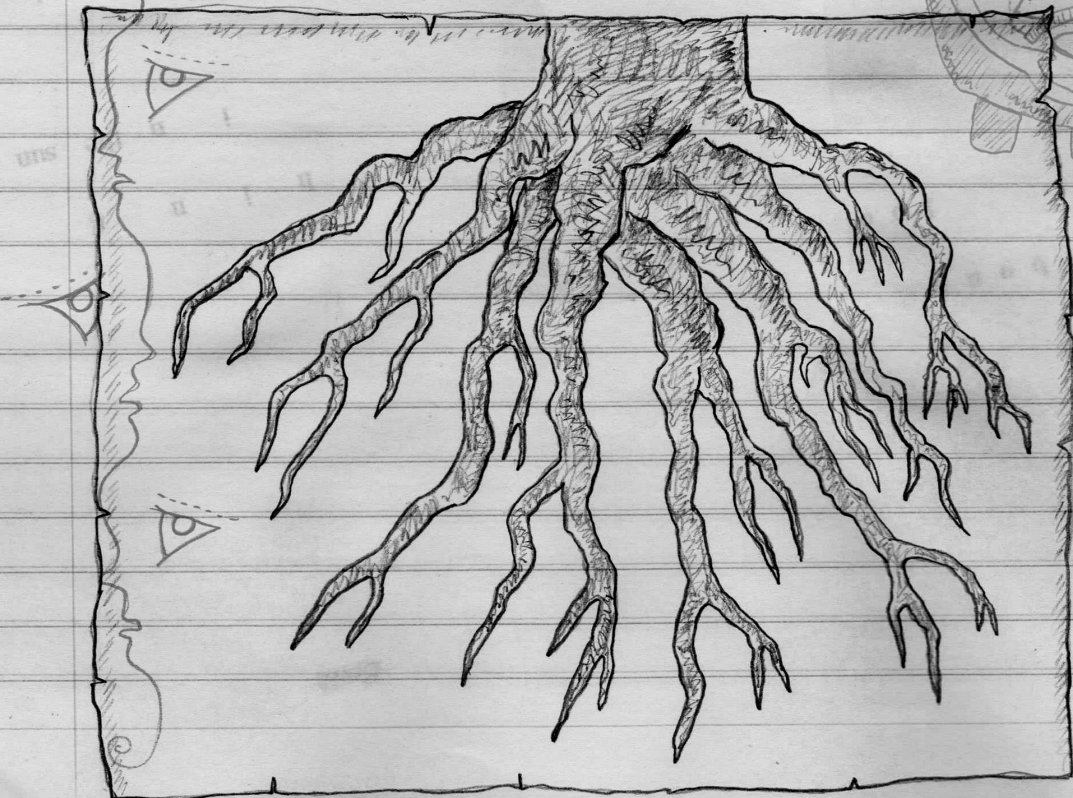
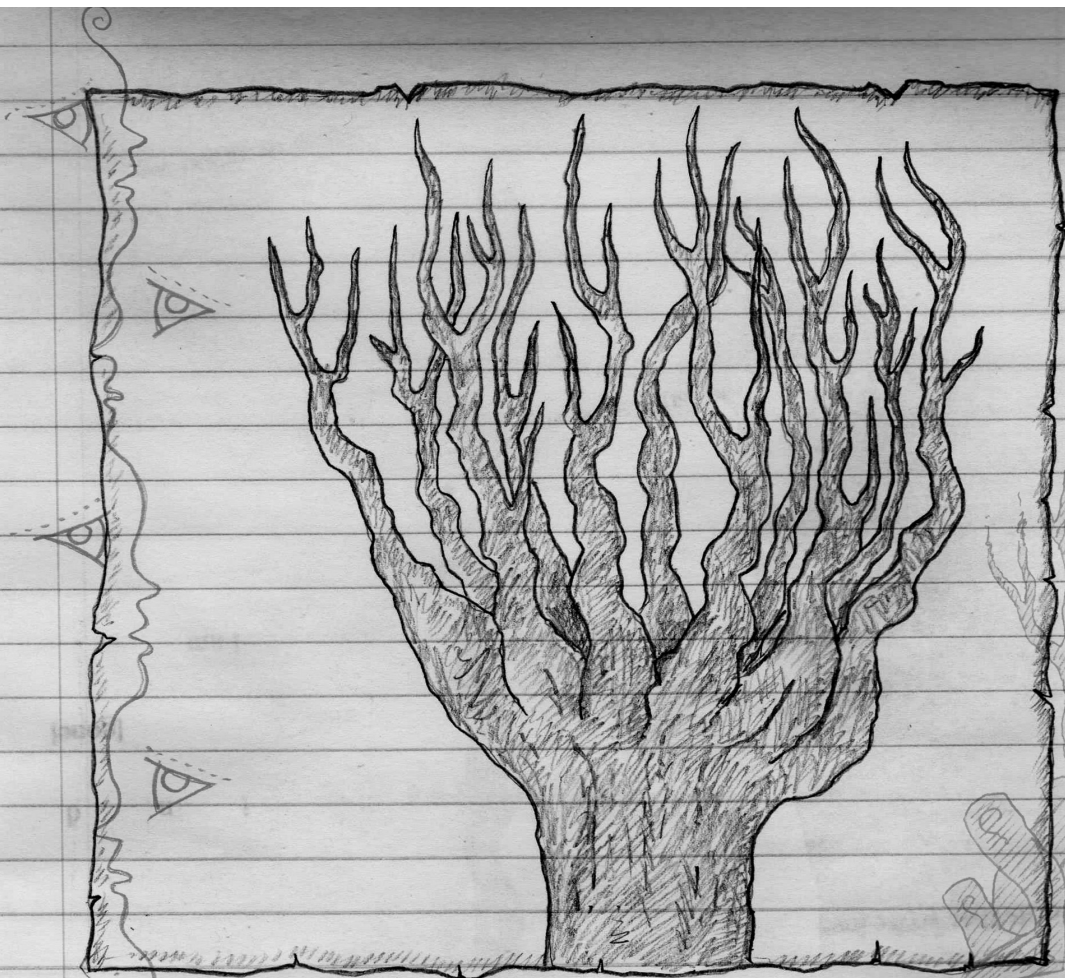
the writing

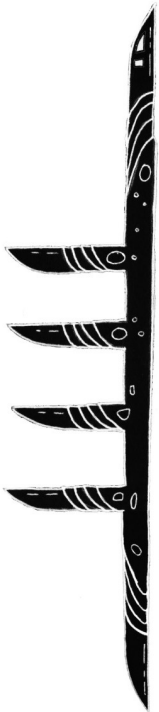












*Remainder*

Y o u

:

colon ised

:

your body : paused [in] limb[o]

You take the pill[s] they give you : bitter : sweet

these [sugar] coated [sugar] lumps of coal tingle on the tongue and melt in rainbow slicks of oil dribble down your chin: shale lumps of gas sink [to] your stomach weighing you with age bent and doubled. In time. In time they will cut you: open

Scalpel in[cision] to the left breast : to the heart the womb the vein [of] life [in] to the colon :

where you are

colon : iced

frozen [with] in [side]

You can't think. The words they give you aren't enough: unfeeling: they do not bleed your blood. Unless made flesh. Unless to expel all space and silence from within [you]. They enter [you] : [their] words : [their] thoughts : [their] actions inhabiting [your] silent spaces in [your] sleep : in [your dreams] and out [side] of time.

Un finished : [even] in death

Y o u will not give yourself complete will not submit your self to all in all at all always [the remainder] : *something* : will remain[s]

unbound

[slips]

between

the stitches

that keep your life in pages in this book you fight to write [in your name] : in your hand[s]

[Take it]



Straif

My name is

wound:

open

violence

open e trating

silence

across my chest;

write wound

scratches, marks in blood  
in flesh

pull me screaming from the silence:  
into this world of darkness

word

[my death: certified]

in blueblack ink

suspension

[of time]

[in space]

[iron: gall]

the bitter stain

of words

piercing

fibres

of [my] flesh &

this world

to remain [there]

more than death:

eternity

calling [me] into being

calling [me] from [myself]

like needle sharp

drawing [blood from]

drawing [ink upon]

my skin

immediacy of [my] death

is

infinite

space

between

[my] past and

[your] future

insert

into that space

the steel edge

of thorn tip

scribing

[my] sang : [your] encore

spills out upon

this flesh [wound]

unbound

liquid

life

in habiting

in finite

space[s]

in between

[our] fate

and i see

i am

writereader

of this book

the spaces in between

[your] page and [mine]

in finitely

[un]bound

[my] ink spills

upon

[your] surface

word is

wound

blood is

silence:

dreaming

[re]creation

in its endless bloody violence







sensitive than nerve

Write words  
more Naked

stronger than bone

flesh  
more resilient than sinew  
stronger than bone

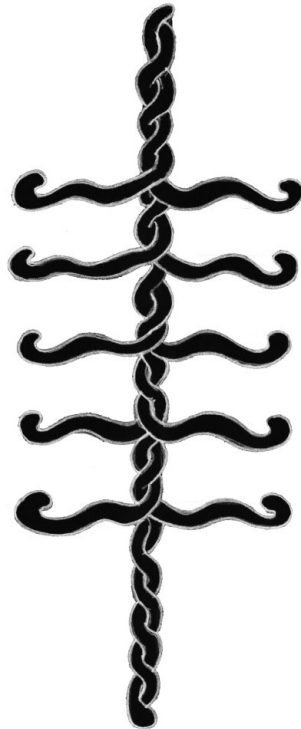
Write words  
more Naked

flesh  
more resilient than sinew

more resilient than sinew

you are  
writereader  
i am  
writereader

we  
bind  
[the pages  
of]  
this  
book  
together:



thread  
snaking  
through  
[our]  
spine

Breathe deep. In. Out. Speak [silence] for all time. Re turn to one. another.

Stitched sections – laced – together at the back : open – at the front. Ribs. You move [through] me. Like hands in prayer – laced – fingers at the heart the head above. The hinge [henge] that folds [us] together [at the spine].

What happens if we spiral-bind this story? [where] does it begin & end? If pages fold-un-fold float free and re turn : another time. an other space.

Who writes? Who is the reader? Who makes the meaning on [off] the page.

You ruffle through the pages thumb to index finger flicks. I catch you. Your eye and your attention with a word written: in your voice. Who is speaking. It is your voice. The words transformed in your mouth in your memory. From what they were. You speak the sound. You speak the silence. From what they were you transform: them. Make new. Begin again from here. Here. You see

the words : you [here] them.  
birch bark sheets : printed onto paper

Words carved onto wooden staves : etched onto  
words plucked from air

you feel them. You have seen them before and they haunt you: [whispering] in their silence.

They are the same. Same words. Same books. Other tongues. Only the meaning changes. With time. Broken narrative out of bounds where is the meaning in [your] life now? Can you trace the line beginning to middle to end? How can I know [myself] without the story [of myself] to tell? One line. One story. One. Me. Fully formed [text]

Broken

down

fractured

under

mined

cracked

and

punctuated

by these pills

un

done

un

written

un known

yet [still] here

and what

to do

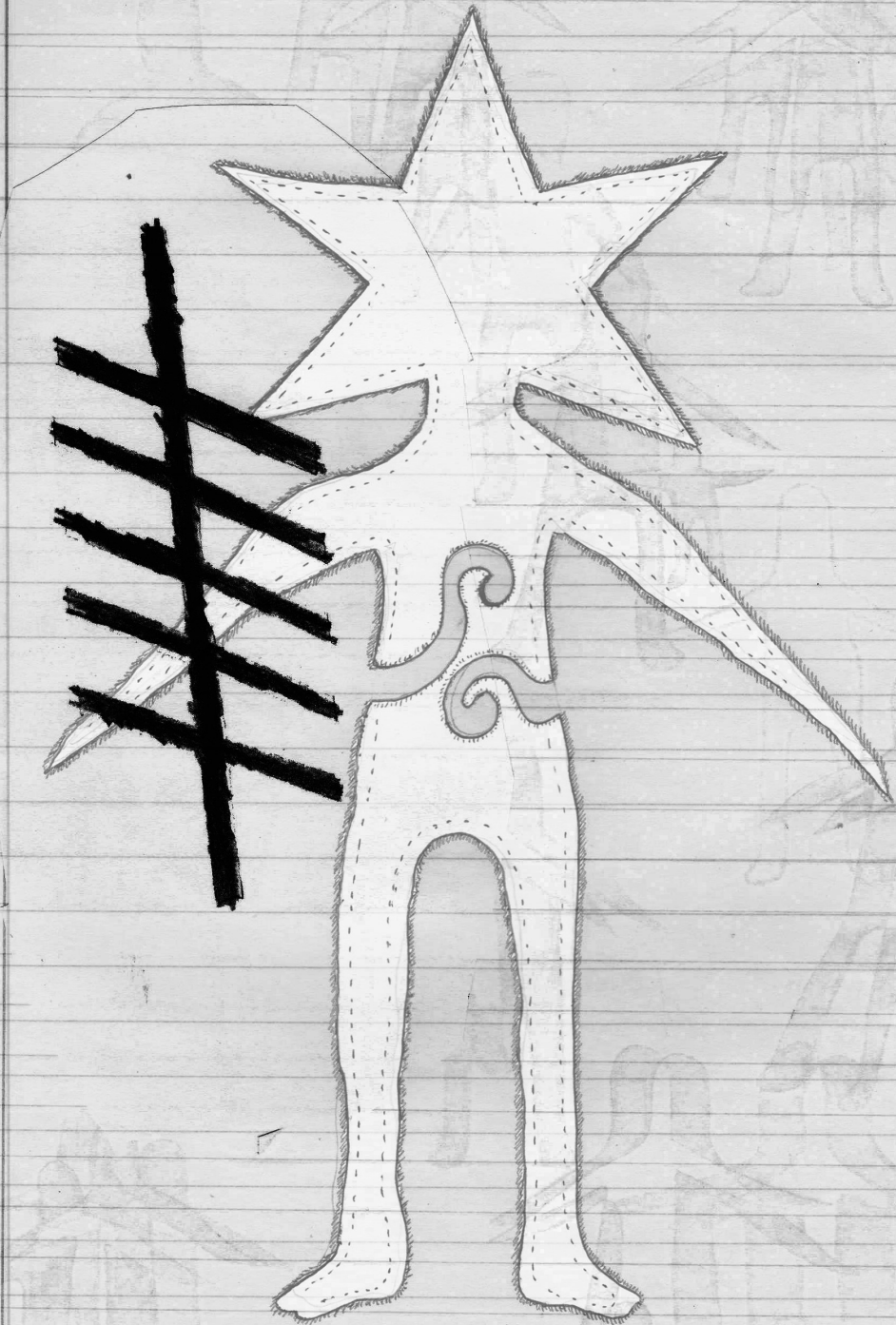
with me

with out

a frame [work]

for

my story : tell me :



[our] narrative

is [always]

fractured

[punctured]

by punctuation

: spaces

between :

where death creeps

[in]

and multiplies

[its]

meaning[s]

let us

write

[life]

in words

[and silence]

[we will]

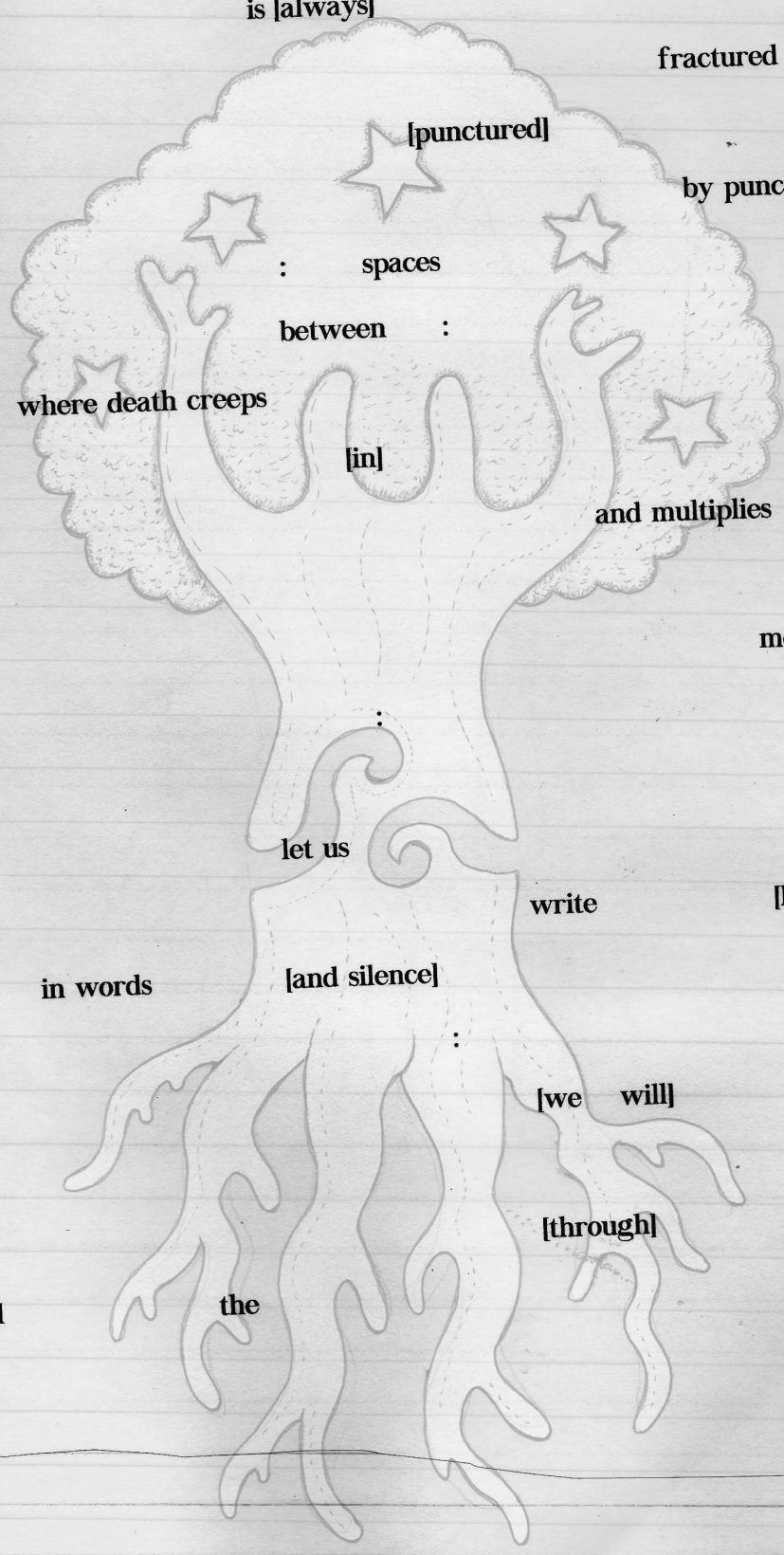
cut

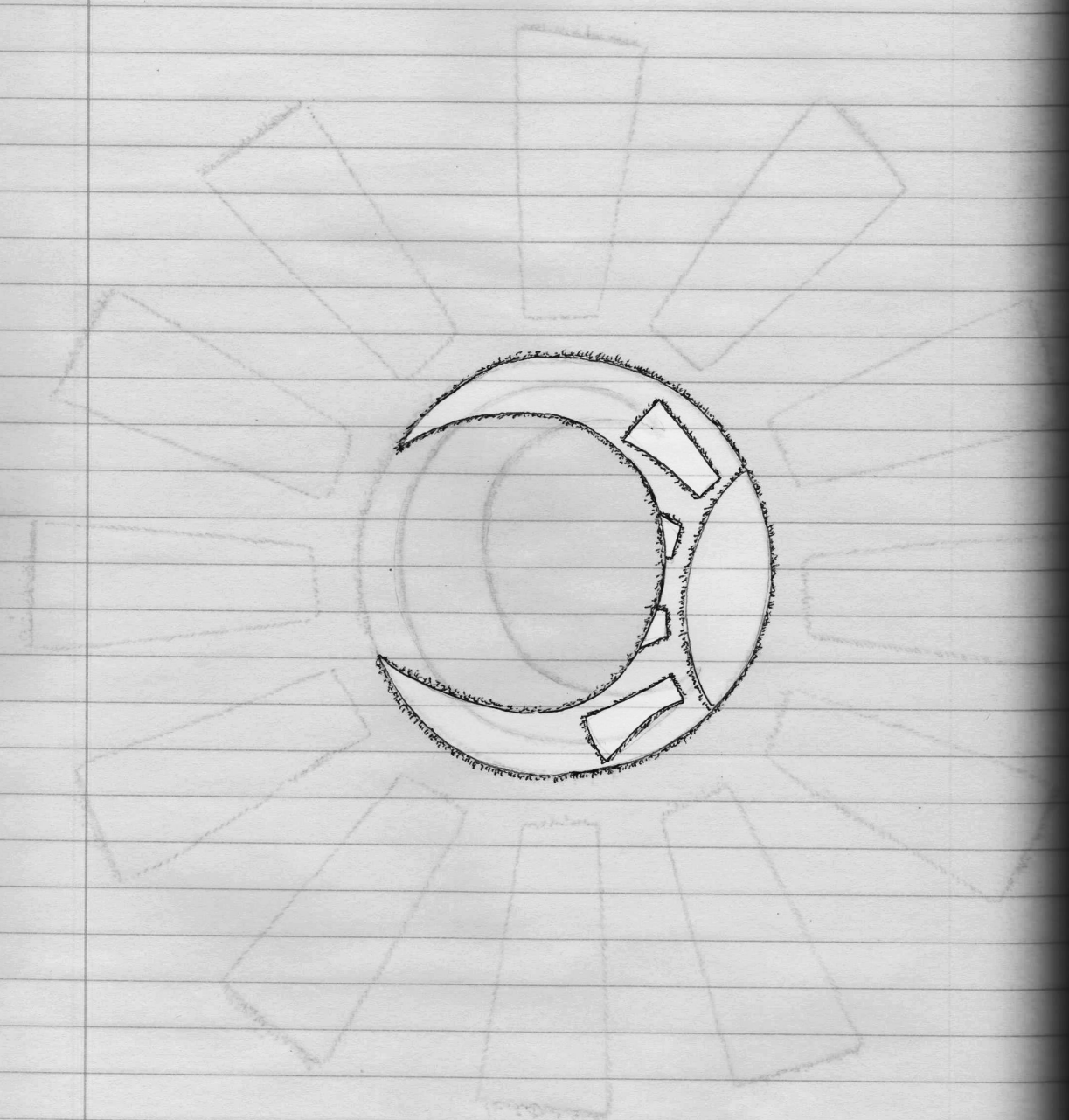
[through]

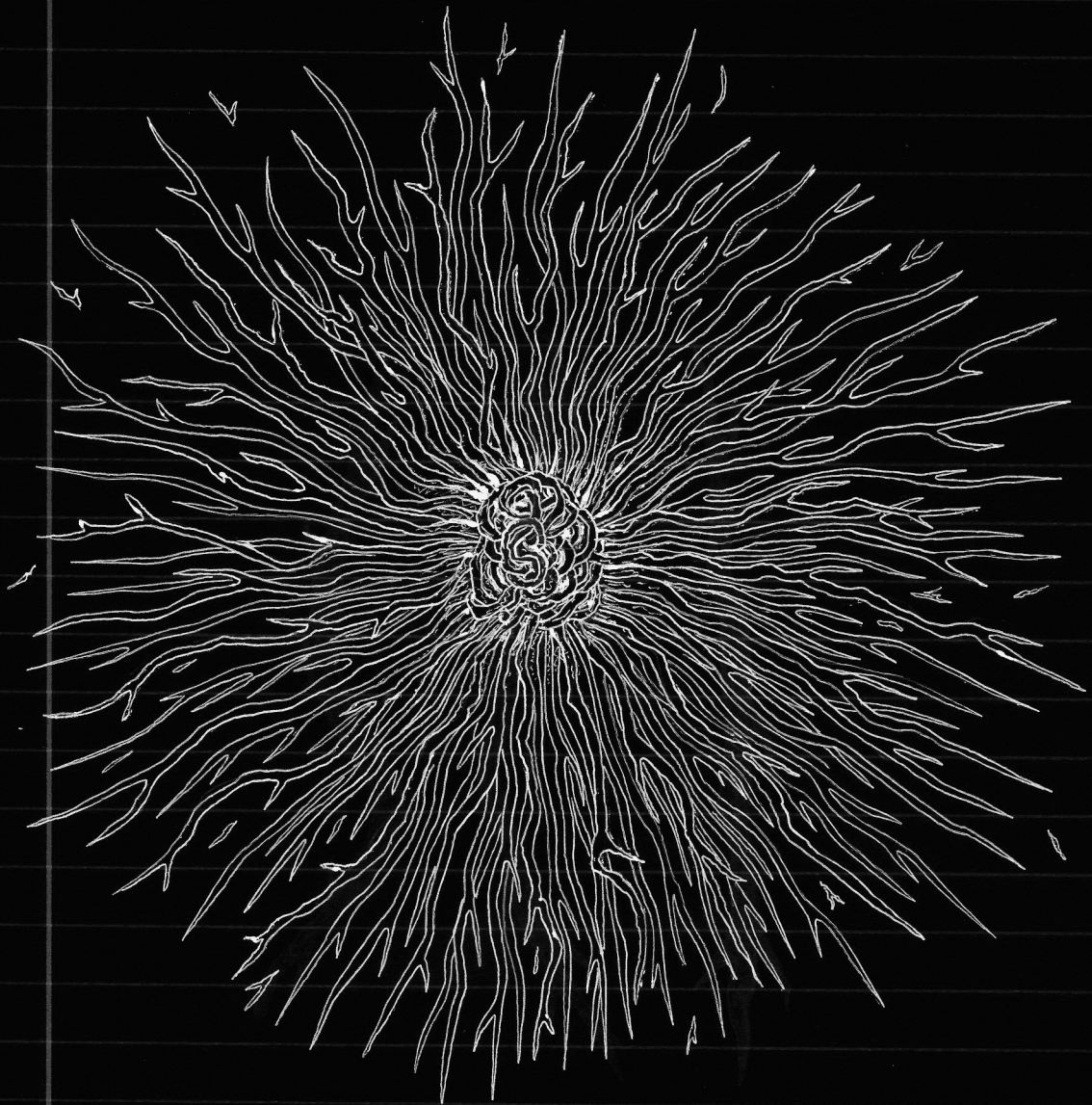
all

the

li[n]es







*The ink spills thickest before it runs dry before it  
stops writing at all.*

