

PAMPHLET NO.2 FOR SMHAF

*Powdered  
Borders*

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lines

play vs. revolution: a false promise?

powdered borders

the lines between things

boundaries

who is out

who is in

lines around things

going around you

going around me

lines enclosing minds and bodies

separating heads from torsos

lines between groups of people

maybe random

maybe not

demarcations

boundaries of groups

walls end points

venn diagrams (of circles within circles

within circles within ...)

lines representing edges, differences,

lines representing things -

here is the road

here is the pavement

here is my body

here is your hand

here is my hand

waving hello



lines  
sometimes they are false  
sometimes they are true  
or a matter of belief

a line in the sand

a red line

a blue line

a green line washed away

an edge

an horizon

an event horizon, far out in space, over the edge of the edge:  
the point where nothing returns



lines  
of life  
of death  
flat lines  
saw toothes and squares  
lines  
of beyond  
of becoming  
of despair

lines of safety  
of risk

edges  
cliffs  
tables  
a bed

circling round you



a duvet enclosing you in your little bubble  
foreclosing around the world – this is mine ~~you cannot have~~ <sup>this is not yours</sup>  
~~it, this grass is mine – don't sit on it, this car is mine – don't~~  
~~drive it, this money is mine – don't take it, this house is mine –~~  
~~=you can't live in it...~~ encircling things, imagined  
and real  
where they begin and

where

they end

what is in-between?  
a buffer?  
a safe zone?  
a word?  
a contact?



it seems complicated but it's  
~~not simple~~: lines are put there by someone to control, to create  
the rules for the game

we need to put out, down, about and around  
our own lines, or better: make diffuse and  
powdered  
those lines that truss us up like a pig <sup>stuck</sup>

this is our world, this city is our playground. Lines & Sticks!

stick it to the  
man! stick up  
for yourself!  
stick up for  
others!

Against pigeonholes  
Against lines that categorise  
that sort, and chafe  
Against the way we roamed all

over the world  
to steal and take  
to wave and poke  
and police



vomiting flags up all over the place saying:  
this is mine  
And this, this is also now mine  
And now they want to put an  
American flag on Mars -  
is one planet  
not enough?

categorise re-  
categorise de-  
categorise 3-ways, bi-ways, hi-ways  
entities

sorties

clasping hands

head in hands

the edge of the brain

the edge of the

blood

brain

barrier

imagined and real barriers

where they begin and where they end

but what is in-between

butter?  
blood?



stinking  
a buffer  
a safe word  
the zone

(a suburb of the mind?)

is this reality this possibility this  
up against this imagined the idea of freedom  
to roam at will of a white idea of freedom "to"\*  
to pillage and loot amongst cultures, make war as an  
enduring background to the noise of nation states to  
pierce earths unknown  
classify categorise remove the heads from the soil  
reclassify nation race gender sex class and soul  
upcycle ableist market mantras of love  
laugh live lines for all



I draw a line here from me to you,  
I can describe many reasons for this line – does it mark out  
difference or does it mark  
out a connection, a connection or dissonance even – a  
fragmentation of ego or the self – a mirror?

into the world of contestation to sit in the mire  
of building off-worlds  
outside worlds  
of community and cooperation  
a yes



\*I WAS READING ABOUT THIS CONCEPT OF FREEDOM WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE BY TA-NEHISI COATES IN MAGGIE NELSON'S BOOK ON FREEDOM. THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE WAS CALLED "KANYE WEST IN THE AGE OF DONALD TRUMP" PUBLISHED IN THE ATLANTIC MAY 1ST, 2018.

a no  
a straight line  
a goal



the lines mark out a rectangle – a window, through which vision is possible, outwith it is simply dark, unthinkable and impossible – look out of the window, what can you see? Can you make the window bigger? Or just leave the house? Why is it always so difficult to leave the house

here again I am walking a line, I am thinking of Esther Ferrer or Paul Klee, I am meandering, wandering, palavering,  
is that tippex on my shoe?

the vision of a single individual – an individual line – the singular vision of an individual represented by a line  
versus

the multitude, the streams, the threads, the stories, the selves

a dashed line  
a dotted line  
a hashed line  
a chevron



the world (~~read society, culture, whatever~~) – will not  
compromise, the line won't be crossed, unearthed or  
unwoven - this world is not made for everyone  
what is for / what is not for  
you

lines as antagonisms

likes as antagonisms

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this line describes the system of the world

the letters          the forms into which cases we place the  
products or things we then go on to name: this is I  
this is Not-I

(is there not a limit to you telling  
me what you want me to know?)

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it is not just about imagination, as you might look at this  
bowl and say bowl and I might put it on my head and say hat  
or helmet, or I might shit in it and say potty ... it is not about  
being creative or using your imagination / being imaginative,  
it is about maintaining as many possibilities as possible at  
every moment in time ... to try and maintain the open field  
– the practise of education as the practise of freedom - for  
as long as possible ... we need to look at all the areas where  
so and so does not fit the mould and discuss with those who  
do not believe in Universal Design, Popular Education, the  
social model of disability and ask why... Is it always money?  
Whose money? My money? Your money? The money of us  
all? the collective...? But why?