Landlords shut off the heat in apartments of tenants with AIDS

i can’t remember where i read this

They turned the city over at market rate

Everything we do gets in on history

Now: a figment

Utopia: a compulsion to keep remaking this world
I was intrigued by some guy on the telephone. Arthur’s name was Charles, then it wasn’t. He was in the Gem Spa buying an ice cream.

My name wasn’t Charles, then it was

Accept a fragmentation of a person

We moved around it in different directions

Secrets he didn’t have

That was how we met

Writing a diary. Every day thinking of how to write songs that say thank you

Or what’s gonna happen
He looked “weird” when he danced, but that didn’t bother him. He was imagining what the disco was like. A packet of scented dust he kept in his pocket.

I look weird when I dance, but that doesn’t stop me. I could dissolve in a mass of sweat and breath. Mesh, blue lipstick. Latex, sequins. All my friends at once.
The words are never in the place you would expect them to be

His question was what made them get out into the sticky. What pulled them apart into sound

I overheard a sense of feeling safe, fell on my face lovedancing, feeling for my glasses along the collective

You could pick the needle up anywhere and put it down, and it always sounds the same. His question was what’s with this kid standing against the wall untouching everyone

I look weird because I’m imagining what being then, being sure sounds like. Extendable structure. Dipped in and out of at will

The children of the Gallery were in no doubt that this was fabulous
His question was an account of our bodies entangled in sound

Partygoers gave themselves up to a heady cocktail of collective motion

If he were alive today he’d be going dancing later

The way people actually speak music through the dancefloor

They insisted on gloves and a medical mask

Elastic around the ears

Untouch across the room

Believing it wouldn’t happen to you
It was hard to go out to a disco and start dancing

The way medicine was going, his faltering voice

People were always living in hope

When the eerily empty dance floor became too much to bear. He seemed so real to me

it was like, that’s not gonna happen. If we’re alive then, we’ll see ourselves historicized early. His question was how

we learn to see our atmospheric preconditions

In 2019, Gilead prices Truvada at $21,000 a year

An HIV-positive prisoner gets a felony charge for spitting on a deputy jailer. A pop star throws a PrEP-themed dance party
What is I doing here. Who would i know

if i opened my mouth. The questions

because i don’t know how to answer them

i go standing in where i am right now
now I'm heading to nothing cause it's no more fun going down through the Pines
driving sixteen miles I'm looking away when we talk
where you were i'm more gone outside you now making friends
I'm looking for something I don't want to do
I did before untouch too in it
I don't want our bed in the sky
and that's all too in it	and I wonder flips over
I see driving anyone was at all where I fell off the path
you there
It had to happen; I was going to meet him because I kept going back. When interviewing Arthur Russell, think fishy, and if you don’t think fishy, think wet. He loved the sound of rewinding tape, and I learned to love that sound too. World of Echo didn’t address AIDS explicitly. Oceanic formlessness. Casio keyboards on sailboats. In the gentle undersea rhythms of a coral reef, the Blue Tang displays his dreamy colouration. I would carry his cello
If he were alive today, i could have met him by now. If you want to reach my world it's full of pleasure. His question was afterlife transmission, ongoingness of the disco

PrEP4ALL activists dig up evidence of Gilead’s public patent violations. The CDC maintains that HIV cannot be transmitted through saliva. PILLS

COST PENNIES / GREED COSTS LIVES. Your whole body's got to lose. HIV IS NOT A CRIME / CRIMINALIZING IT IS. Every sense and notion before you [inaudible at 2:36]. IF I DIE OF AIDS—FORGET BURIAL—JUST DROP
MY BODY ON THE STEPS OF THE F.D.A.

Get on up and do it again
Notes:

The version “The Sound Was of the World Already” included here is an excerpt from a longer work. It incorporates a significant amount of text from other sources:


Signs from protests against HIV-criminalization and pharmaceutical price-gouging, 2012 and 2019.


Suzy Q, “Get on up and Do It Again,” 1981.

Loose Joints, “Is It All Over My Face,” 1980
