

*Paramnesia*  
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The libraries of the IIAL, like any libraries, strive for completeness, but also for a fluency fitting of their location. The archives which bear the title 'London' are, naturally, large and consistently updated, cross-referenced and puzzled over. The city allows for no stagnation, demands constant change and forces re-evaluation, as it has done for millennia.

The following works were recovered in the January 2010 from three separate sites along a single subterranean line. Yet they are stunningly disparate in form and content. Without (admittedly unreliable) diary references from (admittedly unreliable) Central European and Central London sources, they would be simply impossible to date or connect to an author. A dispatch team has, for almost eight months, been attempting to communicate with Sinti/Jewish community of Northern Serbia to press for information regarding these papers, but to little avail.

We therefore present them here in the full knowledge that there are gaps, monumental crevasses, in the consistency of the material. However, they demand publication, for two reasons; as a call for further information, first and foremost. But also because without this information the forty-third complete re-ordering of the London archives cannot be completed.

The British Museum Station of the London Underground railway is tragically now defunct and spectral. Once, like many of its siblings, it

acted as a site of refuge for those not in possession of an Anderson shelter but whom wished to avoid the barrage of explosives and shrapnel during the blitz of the city in the 1940s. We hold in our archives dozens of photographic records of the shivering bodies pressed against the tiled walls, as well as the evocative and skeletal charcoal studies of huddlers and jemmies - hands clapped to their deafened ears - undertaken by a young Henry Moore before the scarring of his hands led to him putting down the willow and turning his attention to bronze. These, and more, are viewable upon written request.

It came to pass that on an October evening in 1943, the sirens were cranked into call on the grounds of the museum, and, as they were now accustomed to the quick-stepped journey beneath the streets, a congregation began to gather and move themselves amongst the gravel and clinker of the tracks and settle for the night. Amongst this crowd were four young researchers. They were part of a small and somewhat emaciated company of academics on loan from the short-lived Observatory of Jeddah, commanded by their respective governments to continue what was deemed as 'invaluable psycho-linguistic developmental research' in the city. The intention was to create a spiders-web of likely (impossible) links to London from the middle eastern and eastern classical world.

The diaries of one of these academics, Mr. Imre Andrassy of Subotica, was recovered from the rubble of his native home beside the Synagogue Varselehy in 1989. It recorded the project as 'absurd' and 'politically sinister, at best', and this October evening as 'awe-inspiring... euphoric... devastating'. Nevertheless, the diary details how the academics decided to endeavour for the continuation of their work, so close were the deadlines, the potential end of the war, and the complicated border shifts which would no doubt ensue. It was this that pushed them deeper along the track, now in pitch darkness, bombarded by not only the deafening roar of metal cracking saltpeter above, but what we now understand to be immense, unmanageable volumes of infrasound bellowing silently through the tunnels they scribbled in. Here, we must be blunt. Large quantities of Infrasound – that is, noise

of a lower frequency than can be heard – can cause, depending on its volume, quality and duration, madness, paralysis, and death. It is therefore of no surprise that the majority of the notes written by the Serbian linguist and his three Middle Eastern partners quickly disintegrated into madness – the infrasonic booms displacing sensibilities and igniting the faculties of the oldest and most primal memory centres of their brains. Written in no less than seven languages and three alphabets, the work is presented here in the best translation the IIAL can undertake.

It begins in a fervour, utilising the scraps of paper stuffed into pockets before the descent, blotting paper, hankerchiefs. What is truly noteworthy in regards to this material is the culmulative conciseness of what was essentially several years of study – the lucidity and sharpness of the myriad impressions of the city they had been working in for only a few months (sheltered from the war within the marbled corridors of the British Museum). It is, even in the moments of true insanity, of a clarity so unlikely as to be deemed almost poetic.

The fragments presented here were recorded on a roll of tickertape, found torn to shreds and stuffed into a crevice of the tunnel's wall. It was this tickertape which was the first item to be recovered, many decades after it was first written upon. Measuring approximately three metres in length, we know this to be the only collaborative piece of work written that evening. It must surely represent the final moments of writing prior to the temporary breakdown experienced by all three, being alone in the turning loop of the track and thus subjected to infrasonic waves of a scale comparable only to the quarry blasts of Madyar Pradesh, or the famous incidence of Brigstowe Hall which produced such remarkable occurrences.

These items remains the only truly indecipherable relic of this ordeal, as it was not only written in the throes of sonic awe under what has been proven to be the source of many intense religious ecstatic experiences, but was also found torn into ninety-two separate pieces and slid into mortar cracks. Perhaps this represents a ritualistic ordering action,

perhaps it was done to merely pass the time during the long night beneath the street. We reproduce here a reconstructed segment which is the only part not directly referencing the other found texts, a genuine, bizarre anomaly within the academic findings of Museum Station, and yet which demonstrates the tightly-packed and lucid combination of three lives of linguistic and anthropological study on three continents, forced together, cut finely and compacted under constant bombardment of unperceived noise.

DISCLAIMER: We include this writing in the full knowledge of its seemingly nonsensical content solely as a demonstration of the fast decay of the minds that wrote the following texts. The editor, nor the archivist, can claim any proof that the ninety-two pieces of tape were reconstructed in the correct order. And yet.

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“The Article 5.481, there is truth in its lines - the face of a home reflected init. Its difficulty is int and int. It is without intention my colleague wipes his eyes but he does so repeatedly - I no longer believe in a London.

We look at man-scratched trees, and our skins split and crackle in awe. A man allowed his feet to be shovelled up by architects, those who claimed to know the arches inside-out and back again. He lies on his back, and lets them inside. Another man gave up his daughters for this. A heavy, murmurous grey sea spreads from the walls, an essence of the land south of the river. The Sufi have a word for it, apparantly.

It is the word for cracked-bones and the devouring flesh, a latinised form of the Maria. Who swallowed a seed and from her every orifice grew a tree. The tree covered the East and the West and formed ripening fruits, fruits which split on the made-desert earth and flow to the Behemoth,

Where smoke billows from his mouth and his eyes turn from breast brown to this black...this - hope is weak in the mountain under the tower. He is seated shivering, his turban bearded and black. We miners dig still, digging pushes a pulsed weight against our outstretched arms and it is this weight that becomes us. I am the structure and my miners the struts - I am rounded by this new weight and it is in my gut I feel the roof and the roof's time. Time is ignorant here - no, Time gets...time gets...

When we came upon a fountain, springing from a wall. We looked directly behind us. Time gets somewhat muddled here.

As when you starts speaking before you enter a room, as though your speech and body are closely-aligned clocks that have run down. Made of fine filigree, they will, and must be repaired by rubbing on the rugs of

Jesus died in Kashmir, feet burned by sawdust stains and stained with soured placenta. That's what they are saying now. There's a coffin in Srinavas, and thrice-bent shaven widows circumnambulate the edges, lips buzzing with devotion, stained crimson from betel-nut. This is what they sing.

One day the king of the Sakyas went into the hills  
In the seat of beasts he saw a man on a mountain  
The man promised auspiciousness  
His skin was fair, he wore white garments.  
Neither were from London.

The space.

1.1 Space. Without space everything is atop itself. Space is requisite for composition. Without space there is incomprehensible mass. Mass verses space. Information vs. leisure (is different (consumer))

1.2 Space in writing translates to omission. Space in art translates to a

different kind of omission. My black jumper translates to a considered minimalism. I unfortunately necessitate such things.

1.3 The marrow of it: I require clothes - clothes are a discourse - an argument I'd rather cut short, but, as with any discourse, grace should be employed.

And a line drawn across the temple, that connects ear to ear and eye to eye, comes from nowhere, throbbing beneath the hexagon sky from whence came the rains. The water.

He knew of another god, long before, who gulped down an ocean of poison and soaked his matted hair with vital torrents. His throat turned blue, his armoury of icons increased. That was all. Deptford cannot see beyond its own island status.

Lately he's been all over her in Mayfair. Some werewolf in a frock-coat, tipping his gin down her front. This is not the life, I suspect, though I know it not to be the case.

2.0 Such things should be viewed as a transactions.

2.1 For a transaction to be fruitful, clarity and grace are paramount.

2.2 Clarity for obvious reasons (that the thing has occurred), grace to increase pleasure - call this value, call these both value - dual values which converge, diverge and parallel. These can be viewed as higgledy-piggledy lines with a common denominator of moving forward.

The temple gardens are London, after all. Let us throw our shoes onto the fire, boys. The city barely exists at the best of times. If indeed it ever did – there is a man who used his only wish to twist his knuckles into earth and spend his time mountain-like. „No”, a young Visigothic voice interrupts. „It wasn't a parable, it was a story. Not mountain-like. Mountain. Looking at a german town, seeking thin-fingered dancers”

My eyes are dying as I write this, are gummed beyond movement. I am cold and seated, bearded and turbaned.

The Temple we eat - this temple. I am drawn across this opening - this holding - no - supporting our humanity and its reach- my reach - is a new is a city anew. Here I make Time. Our cabal is now the Cabeiri.

The tension in my legs as I stand blocking this tunnel, pushing the walls away - holding the city up - is not immense but binding. I am more than my old country was, we was we were we without. There is some small red viscous growing from my thumb to my shoulder.

Time again, through Whitechapel's broken Egyptian dialects, peppered with sandaldust. Muttering to his sons about the ignited gas cloud that heralded him, the first seven steps that bore flowers (why does nobody remember that?) and maybe wishing for a tectonic stillness granted to anonymous Europeans, wandering through a village fair. The spell on Golgotha was hard for the academic imitators, too – they still wake with the whitened gash beneath their ribs aching. They pulled him down, smashed his scaffold into a hundred thousand relics to sit inside a thousand effigies, while a thin-fingered redhead waited to dance, while the widows sharpened their razors and lathered their scalps.

Time gets somewhat muddled here.

3.0 time affords retrospect, and on occasion provides it. This is subjective. This is complicated. This requires another essay.

A cold wind blows in from beyond the breakers. Against the Norwegian sky a figure is observed, the horizon bisecting his form across the waist. He doesn't pace, although his walking cannot be said to be go anywhere. He is constricted, it seems, to the end of his rotting pier, confined to endlessly stumble over half-placed ships nails. The salt in his pockets dries his hands, the lichen on his face looks like stubble, and the waves wrack the flesh from his bones, then return it,

every 5 seconds.

The referred lame smith will not become me and I will take his old London for him to care. To care for him. I will care for his feist us as we have cared for those before us and those departed fore us when for us from old lines transversing all once lands they would rut and lie. Once lands, now lines - tunnel tracks on the carapace.

My Middle East colleague's attempt article 1.3 is true. There are fault lines int but it its it there ease is a rigorous touching of medulla on marrow. Time gets somewhat muddled here as I had, have - will have.

It is becoming anew cthonic that is the lightness. I am no longer scintillating but birthing some crimson giant of flesh that will fill these walls. My hands will stretch across the cut-flat floor and

The air is fetid. My lungs are dense with their moisture's expansion - a line of moss grows from my left temple across my nose to my right ear.

4.0 when I pick up and put on an Ornette Coleman record and stare into Ornette Colemans eyes, as he holds his sax, against his black jumper, with the black in the fore, I am content.

4.1 it could be argued the black jumper was as premeditated as his impulsive freeform playing.

4.2. Orenette Coleman played the sax and played it well and played it obscurely and nobody had heard anything quite like it.

4.3. There is space in the most cluttered of his compositions.

4.4 without the space, the whole would be all atop itself, a duration of noise, a bug, a stick in the wheel.

4.5                    u-turns                    and                    pauses.

4.6. All this from a gracefully dressed aesthetically unassuming,                    undemanding                    man.

5.0 This is why I can be found wearing a black jumper, with a white shirt underneath. A child slid between Tottenham car-tyres, and tried to catch something in a cup. I thought they were grasshoppers, you supposed something quite different. This was never my youth. He was wearing a clean shirt.

The old sounds of the old place chime haunting in the distance and my ears strain inward listening for that which was lost then regained now fleetingly. Badly. Beautifully. It is here. I no longer believe in a London because the old place takes its place is here and my left ear sprouts branches of old London's trees – oak and ash make the drums membranes multiple leaves intertwining now with the circled roof's leaving my lungs breath.

When I move my core, the water at my feet calls “Caber. Caber. Caber -” and roars past wetting my side only to sound some future horn.

In a moment of monstrous clarity, I regard my colleagues – those unturned, undead or unfetted – and I see the fear in them. The misunderstanding of what beauty I have become. They fear me as they cry, shake and excrete mucous from all (what are becoming) their (s)pores/ I only attempt to smile / they fear me further as my moss cracks and out crawls my first child. “Welcome new born and all my soon to be new borns,” I call to my colleagues as much as to my first - “When shall we live if not now?” I ask of them all happily and with great light but they hear only their bones snapping out of their skin.

„There is a fountain” you said, and pointed.

„Yes”.

„A healing fountain?“ You looked at the peeling skin of your palms, and rubbed them until I looked away. Stigmata was always wishful thinking, the Jungians cried. I watched you drive a rusty chisel through the gaps between your sinew. The wishful thinking was mine, not yours.

„I could not say“