

Typical¹, 21.05.2020



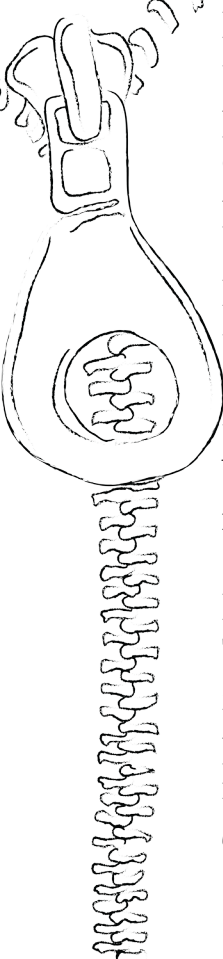
It's always the same urgency ! It's always like that, I can't express myself otherwise, it's always that urgency that pushes me to put it out. So it's freestyle, it's automatic. Sadly, I always ride around with that strap, those strapped emotions. I'm naked in this world, naked in these streets, naked in this city. Is this the reason why I can't help but want all those overrated clothes, that *designer*, those colors and masks ? It's petty but it's a reflex. And it doesn't help all the rest. I see it all. And the more I'm vulnerable and out there without a program, the harder it hits. We're destroying ourselves out there. We are the customers of our own cheap dreams. They provide, we're fiending.

[Although there is no product of me, not in stores, they can't sell me, I can't buy in their sh8. I have to find my own prime factors and then multiply up to myself.]

It was the new first day of summer, from what it looked like. I just went there, and the virus wasn't anywhere near the madding crowd. The people were so young, so free, all on the banks of the river, the beginning of this river that cries all the way down to the sea, down to Marseille, passing by Abi's hideout.

I was joining Ismi for a bit of sun and they were all out there, the youngsters and the even more clueless big dudes and duchesses, at the entrapped end of the drains of one of the richest economical agglomerations of this world. The flu and the pollen gave them a break, a place to openly burst all of the joyiness of being young and ruthless, surrounded by a newly sun-drenched, eased afternoon toxicomania.

I recognized that blond guy M*****, freshman of early junkie class 2020. This year it seems molly-popping rave parties aren't gonna be enough for him. He's in it. He was making random bird noises to holla at dispatched hybrids of his new pack. In Geneva, *New Crack City*², they come in all shapes and sizes, all races and social classes, with it to *bring them all, and in the darkness bind them*³.



I remember he had been - maybe latently - cyber-bullied by all the community of my wealthy white preppy high school friends a couple of years ago over a lame sex tape where he couldn't hold back any longer. And fuck, I know I could kind of understand his feeling at the time. She was hella fine, hella lost too, but bad and losing it on his dick. Anyway, it wasn't anybody's fucking business. He had it all. I remember he was one of those no good Rive Gauche Dom Perignon-poppin'-at-the-Java-club smoking-a-joint-behind-Starbucks, private school dropout bad boys that was already set on a fast-track corporate trained banking job by daddy's network.

I properly met him once and that was already more than 10 years ago now. I was invisible at the time. And nobody who doesn't have a reason ever remembers my strange, unknown, persian-arabic name. And today, as I was acting as if nothing happened on that Rhône's bank, obviously the wrong one for both of us, he wouldn't be able to recognize me either, euphoric as he will always remain; euphoric I never seem to be anymore.

But as my friend had said just earlier "the baddies are all 2000's now". I just had to process that idea the next minute cause I noticed that cute honey-coated Shorty noticed me as she passed by. But even before she arrived at focus point I already knew it wasn't for me anymore. And she was walking with those build up starter pack thick silver chain air max thugs. I never had it in me and I would never have lived up to that teenager's weird drunk juvenile basement group sex thrill. I was brought out of this shit when mommy married up and brought us out of this HLM when I was 7. Bye bye Cointrin, goodbye neighborhood of Geneva Airport area, goodbye to my *Candide*⁴ self-sufficient block. I was heading for 10 years of hillbilly local farmer privilege bullshit and its hermetic logics - just saying by the way.

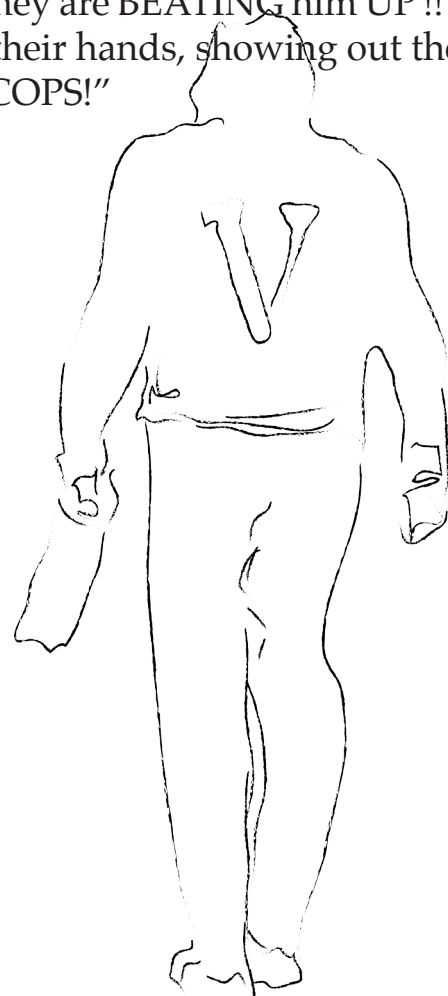
And by the way, those latino rough kids almost might have jumped the young wanna-be gangster white trash street artists I was with by coincidence. It was a half an hour earlier at the first leg of their walk back and forth along the river, when they still had the yellow tainted Smirnoff bottle hanging on that sleeveless strong arm. That moment when they were still preparing for the Shorty meet up.



And it would have been as usual, as the street artists had overreacted to the afternoon bust of their spray paint can by the nervy protuberant boomer that didn't want to recognize the art. He heard spraying and decided he knew the boundary between graffiti and tags, legit-street and street-street art and was here to enforce it one more time. Yeah, he was weighing both of the banksys summed up. But when he had projected against the wall and leaned over the one that had just flipped the spray can out of his hand while steady pushing his bike on the other hand, the other lightweight snapped and weirdly softly straight punched him on his open flank and ribs. It was in broad daylight on an afternoon at 6pm this May. The fat sweaty over caring neighborhood mediator had already been spitting and squealing in Genevan *seutch* gibberish about art for ten minutes. He instantly exhaled a big fifty year old baby's crying scream, bent a knee and backed up for an entire second.

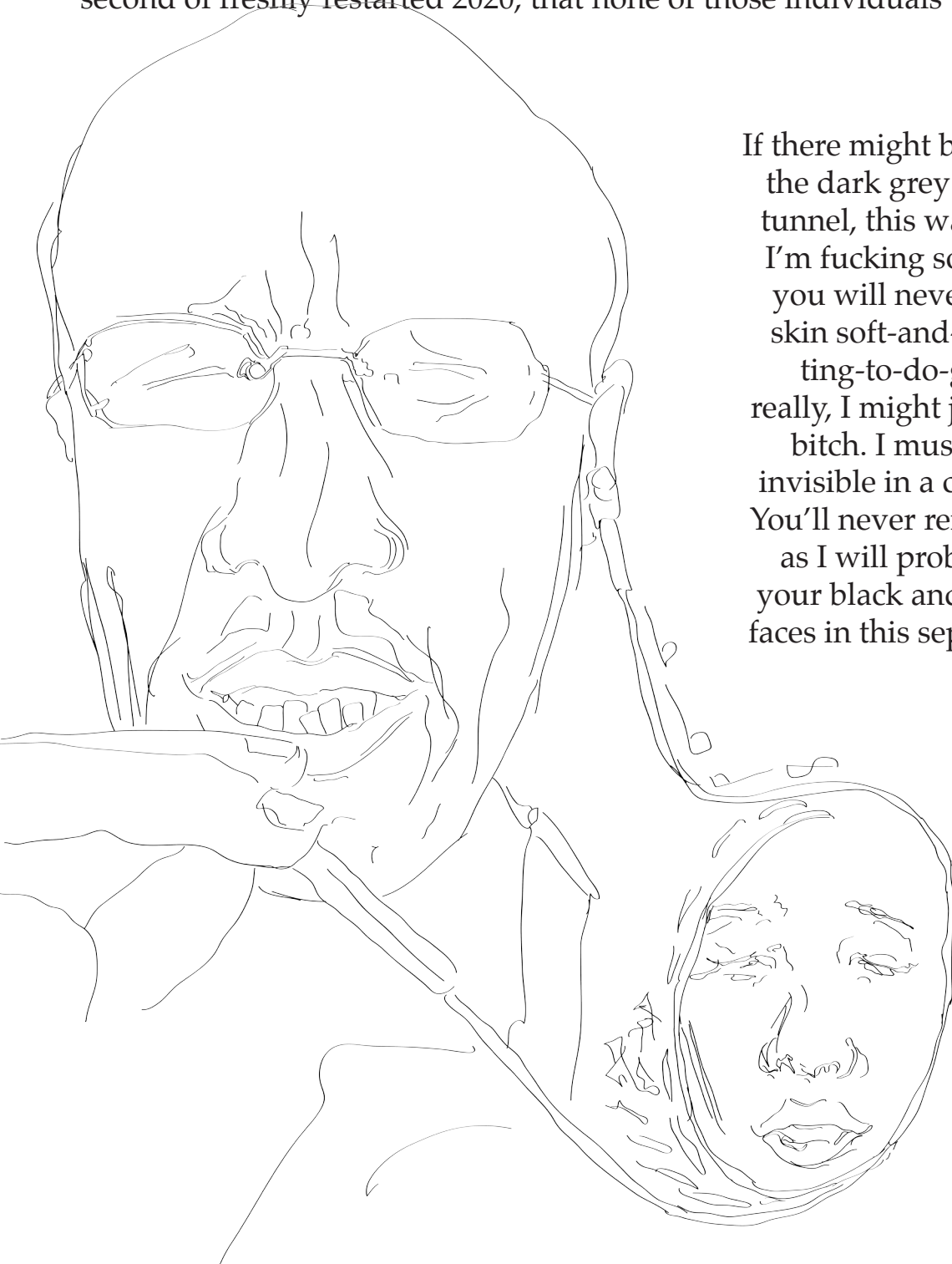
But now, all the family owners nearby, a big fat Italian matriarch in her late twenties, her short dark-haired skinny Italian wifey material bred-brown BFF, New Era fitted rocking fathers or boyfriends and their beer bathed barbecuing tribal-roman-sanskrit-maori and italic tattooed friends rushed from all around the end of the bank, with all sizes and levels of soundly shouting kids fluttering around. "Call the cops!!!" *They are beating up the grown-up looking adult-knows-better dude!* "They are BEATING him UP!!" The Tech sportswear sleeve was stretched and cuffed in their hands, showing out the skinny mary jane kid's pale white shoulder, "CALL the COPS!"

I mean, before that petty fucking spray can incident came up, we were just supposed to leave and as I had just finished a long working sunny day and for once, I was tired. Couldn't any of these animal kingdom's white trash people on the dark side of heaven on Earth fucking behave right now? I'm not judging - socio-economics apply to all - of course they couldn't behave. So it was the first day of almost-corona-free summery spring break in the Genevan mish mosh of cultures, and hell! I hadn't seen that before, except during club nights, images of lynch mobs crossed my mind. And lowkey police conscious as I am, I was just about to dip. But it was unbearable to just see it happen.



Me and the other older ones related to the street art gangsters had to intervene. My adrenaline rushed against that seemingly fucked up kind of unnecessary and unjust miscarriage of useful emotions. Before this ridiculous absence of survival instinct and self-preservation on the part of those not entertained enough under the sun Dr. Phil-beefing people, my stupid wish for the survival of the ideal bigger picture, the bigger group, took over. I started to shout peace & love bullshit and fuck with their mind with reasoning about what had just happened, even when I clearly knew at that second of freshly restarted 2020, that none of those individuals were a kin of mine.

If there might be a tribe at the end of the dark grey neon-frozen cement tunnel, this was nowhere near that. I'm fucking sorry guys, but I know you will never remember my light skin soft-and-steady-moving wanting-to-do-good ass persona. No really, I might just be floating in this bitch. I must be a spirit cause I'm invisible in a colorful way out here. You'll never remember me, as much as I will probably remember all of your black and white movie savage faces in this sepia toned day of May.



And you know what ? When I drove back home later on, I was entrapped in my conflicted feelings of wanting to emotionally distance myself but admitting I had already encountered those Swiss scuffles where the cops are always late, sometimes hand out fines later on and never shoot anyway; I had known this useless young Swiss rudeboy shit for years now. And I couldn't see at first, relatable as it was to my individually traumatized and persecuted inner adolescent and blurry identity. I had made a construction that draws half its energy from metaphorical and actual comprehension of poor and middle-class worldwide ghetto-symphony and hip-hop anti-cultured heroes. My sweet broke disillusioned father taught me everything from anti-establishment and since then any track with a kick and a snare kept me in the same mindset for as long as I can remember.

But shit, from what I hear nowadays, that can't definitely be it and I can't bear it anymore. I'm craving for better things, I want to reshape, to be reborn, to mutate and I keep pushing. Even though I know I'll never be ready just like that. And hopefully I could hide behind my ex's Céline glasses that late afternoon, cause they would heat up in red the picture of that cold white unforgiving sunlight.



At the start, I had spent half an hour on that river, trying to figure out my way out of this. To see how complicated but actually rigged and plain nonsense it was to fill out two reference forms to apply to a british top university. And fuck, it seemed urgent suddenly. And so paradoxically impossible to connect the dots between my “swiss trap” and “british scholar excellency”. But I had to be on it, that street small talk was stressing me out. It would stress me out now as every last hit on joints on any bench downtown and mostly around town that I took before I was 18. The feeling of never being able to stand up again, the absurdity of hoping for anything, the desperation. The feeling there is no escape of mediocrity. I’ma call it by it’s name.

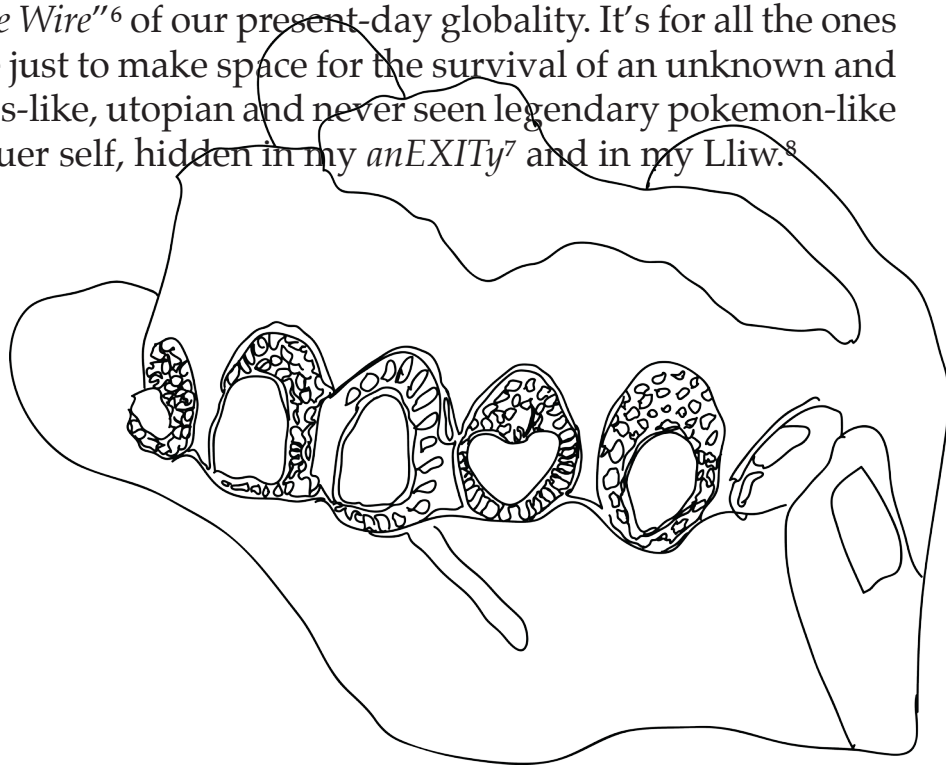
Don’t come at me with no bossin’ up and flex about swiss streets if you’re not at least unknown and silent enough to be part of the seldom ones to really run them up, *trilly* move them or pay the real price of them, eating asphalt to a point you wouldn’t even fancy extracting any kind of taste from it. Talk to me about a necessity that excludes all that toxic masculinity from the equation; that has nothing to do with that frat boys self-inflicted hazing “my early days” type of BS, that I feel we use as a scapegoat to avoid our fears, avoid from being really political. And I’m not even going to talk here about the revolution I hoped for, coming from us boys, that might definitely not happen.



I don't fucking know anymore and *I don't wanna know, If you're playin' me, keep it on the low /'Cause my heart can't take it anymore /And if you're creepin', please don't let it show /Oh baby, I don't wanna know*⁵ anymore. And for so many on this west side of the world that live, through intertwined groups, their "felt as respective" culture, that I would call consumer culture, I feel fucking sorrowed. I feel sorry for them for what I see them all living is a marketed movie they think they want for themselves right now. And even funnier, is that I always see myself as instantly so stupid; for thinking I can escape this game just by nihilistic consciousness. And moreover I'm so stupid cause I don't even know now if I have sorrow for them not seeing or for me seeing that lifestyle. If in fact, in a fake-mirrored selfie like process I'm actually doubling down on mourning my own lack of self construction, selfish built up persona, my absence of traditional or prefabricated identity - a bearable and suitable identity for everyday life.



Still, this anxiety attack that made me shut my room's door and break in tears with a loud sigh at first and write this at second, is there. She is for all the ones I can't help, all the ones I can relate to but can't get truer love back from; simply cause they can't word it with affection, feeding my fears with naive stares. It's for all the ones I have to let be somewhere halfway on my own chaotic and cosmic path. And shout out to all the true stares compassionately fearing for me or carelessly admiring the unknown "gegenstand"; those stars of their own system that I've been blessed to encounter, the bright ones - I'm not shy but rather sad to say so brightly unique their path might be, it's likely to be quite seldom too, so much that I can only believe and biologically feel we're like satellites *through "the Wire"*⁶ of our present-day globality. It's for all the ones I'm not accepting to be, maybe just to make space for the survival of an unknown and hypothetical, mirage of an oasis-like, utopian and never seen legendary pokemon-like healing-tears-encapsulating truer self, hidden in my *anEXITy*⁷ and in my *Lliw*.⁸

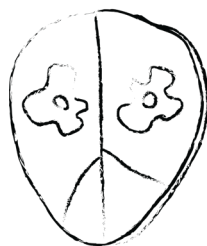


Cause as much as they did or they didn't do, mommy and daddy can't do anything about it now, the dice were thrown across continents. As eternal as le Rhône and la Rue du Rhône might not be, "my experience is real" as homonymous Shayshay freed me for a minute by saying, a year ago now. Now and any other moment like this body-caging, strangling one I have to know how to free myself.

Thank you, my baby *Urgency*⁹.

Peace & Love

Sherian



¹ *Typical* by BIGBABYGUCCI, played on loop while writing this and driving back home that day.

² I thought several times about A's walking around in the night of Geneva while writing this, I hope it will not grieve him more than needed.

³ *The Lord of the Rings*, the darkest side of Tolkien's words, compared to the ones painted on the wall at Ilôt 13.

⁴ I often refer to the Cointrin hood I grew up in as the lost paradise of Voltaire's *Candide* as we both got chased away from innocence by patriarchy in some way.

⁵ *I don't wanna know* by Mario Winans. If you know then you know...

⁶ *"Through the Wire"*. It's funny because I unintentionally mixed up the eponymous crime drama's reference to surveillance - that I wanted to reuse to think about a web of our remotely intertwined lives - with a Kanye West song that I didn't remember, sampling a song by Chaka Khan that actually is about unconditional love.. so I don't know how to put the brackets lol.

⁷ An anagram I used to title my diploma work at art school, *A Room for Double Consciousness and AnEXITy*.

⁸ My life, I live through my will, it is live within me.

⁹ *Urgency* by Lil Uzi Vert featuring Syd to end on a better note.

