



J'adoube

Insert the chip end here.

She renewed the lease on life under the auspices of desire, speculative qualifications formerly known as talent, good credit and obligatory bad mental health. Working permit for outstanding achievements meant no dole. Be working or go back. Where that “back” was by now - unclear. Wedged in *of and from the place* within the global logistics.

She sat cross-legged in a flared leg pant suit. Soft and slender it was a welcome departure from the Mao numbers Hilary made into her trademark. She sat at her “manufactured wood” white something plated desk and spoke while touching a spot on a yellow notepad. Not making eye contact she said: “There are no jobs because no one is shopping”.

“Makes sense”.

A family across the street and bottles. Two rusted vans, push carts and a well-oiled operation. Paying rent.

Rewind back a bit. Of course you do fwd and <<<, daily. So anyway, she may have thought that she was doing her a favor, hiring her with no “Canadian experience”. And of course, true too. A job stamping her with an “approved to work locally” blessing. Just like they are helping people have jobs elsewhere: cambodian women, bangladeshi women, lithuanian women, sewing clothing for whom, plus plus.

A university professor and then after the coup, an administrative assistant to the head of local Rotary club, she was of course more than qualified to unpack boxes and dust fresh shelves. Did each task quickly and waited for instructions. None came - just a frown. Ambled in between tasks, looked and touched things. How cute these foreign things were. Hey, if you want to keep the job -- “look busy”. Keep moving.

“What can a woman born with a silver spoon in her mouth teach people who use plastic forks to eat salads at their desks?”*

Keep moving, больше пяти не собираться, if you see something say something. Please do not gather around the bathrooms during the flight. Inspire.

She was from another era altogether, a place with no history of contemporary, minimal feminism, conceptual street, bank zines, or mythical creature called “small business”. Wanted to do big things, she as so many of them, FOB. This was long time ago and the time had stopped.

Cherie, this drawing doesn't look chic, don't worry about functionality: she will step from her hotel, to the car, to the party.

Shared apartment behind Palais Royal, holes in the floor, rats in the kitchen, cheap red wine and Blue Smoke on Arté and through the cracks in the world of meaning. Each thing she draws, price tagged 4 times her monthly salary.

The brunch decade. Able young bodie, on repeat, not of the place, looped in, “go to Paris” or New York. Cities not of the place, of the ghosts, tethered to a villa or the valley. Please find PDF proposal attached here. Pitching. Palatable, I’m sure. Itching. The indie images of ease, zip-locked. And repeat.

Key-in search for ”keep moving”. Chess lingo floats up, touch-move.

French used to be the language of diplomacy. Still called that.

If you follow the rules and want to fiddle your figures during the game, before touching them you have to say: I adjust.

J’adoube.

HD 4K 360 Mars. The reflex scale, XL. Standard processing time, for you. All for you.

Anastasia Kolas

Brooklyn

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***IVANKA TRUMP’S TERRIBLE BOOK HELPS EXPLAIN THE TRUMP-FAMILY ETHOS**

By Jia Tolentino , NOVEMBER 29, 2016, New Yorker.