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I was meeting up regularly with a few people to make an oversized stuffed heart (the organ). It was supposed to be approximately 2 meters tall and a little over a meter in diameter. Its outer shell was to be made of velvet and lacquer vinyl, to have a certain glow. The seams between the different materials were patched with old cloths dipped in red wine and everything was sewn together with ultramarine blue thread. We paid great care to the colors we chose. We have carefully crafted the veins, arteries and the chambers using see-through PVC tubes filled with trash and dust we found at home, which were then cooked in red wine. Sometimes we poured wine over the lacquer vinyl surfaces to mimic the blood flow.

The group stayed consistent, people rarely missed these meetings. Every second day, we gathered in a small room in someone's basement—incidentally quite close to my house. We were spending only one hour a day there, because that was what the most the people could squeeze in to their schedules.

We talked to each other in between tasks, but we were generally very concentrated on finishing the project as efficiently as possible. Once the heart had no more cracks and no visible white synthetic stuffing coming out, we attached strong rust-colored leather straps to the corners of the basement room, onto hooks we've previously installed. We then fastened the straps onto small worn-out black carabiners sewn on the heart. Finally, we suspended it midair—to float and wallow in the center of the room. We packed our things and cleaned the space. That day we stayed a little bit longer than usual. As we exited the room some suggested we should go for a celebration drink, but others were in a hurry and not everybody managed to agree on a specific place, so in the end we didn't go. I walked slowly back home, just a few corners farther.

ii

I found out about a couple that decided to refilm the love story of Carrie and Big. The trailer for the film starts with a version of the scene when Carrie is having brunch with the other three characters from the *Sex&City*—Charlotte, Miranda and Samantha, and telling them that she'd done “the number two” at Big's after a year of dating and they all giggle. In the remake, in a memory sequence, one sees Carry sitting with the three girls—all in their mid teens, behind a once futuristic, now mainly redundant metal staircase in a mall, somewhere in the US mid west, dressed in authentic early 90s clothes. I notice the eye for the detail, distinctive of indie movie productions—a passion for authenticity and accuracy—nonetheless aestheticized. In the back Toto's *Africa* is playing. I have recently read in *The New Yorker* that hearing this song in an empty shopping mall evokes an almost inexplicably strong emotional response in people, and that there is an entire community of people on YouTube who make songs that sound as if they're coming from an empty mall, a bathroom on a party, or from a room next door. Carry and her crew are laughing and one hears Carry saying: “I did the number two at Big's yesterday!” followed by high-pitch laughter. Cut to the present: one sees Carry, dressed in navy blue and black, sitting with 3 people who have not previously appeared on the show and saying only: “*the category isn't serving...*” in a neutral manner, followed by an abrupt cut to the credits and the premiere dates in a few metropolises.

While on a plane, I get bored and I pay on-board Wi-Fi. I scroll through my feed and see Jasna pop up, a person I haven't had contact with for a long time. I attempt to remember her story.

She came from a poor family living in the suburbs of Belgrade. Her father was sick, I don't remember exactly from what, maybe cancer, he was often in hospital. She was very hurt by that, but was determined not to show anything to the world. Her favorite thing was her phone; she was constantly filming herself and her friends, often in explicit settings. I remember that being a distinct feature of hers—this uncanny creative outlet that was somehow left unobserved and uncommented by her peers, who were otherwise policing—often violently, anything they deemed different. Jasna was having a thing with this boy, I can't remember his name either, he was one of the popular kids. He was *brutal*. Jasna was one of the popular girls as well. Nobody knew love and affection in their vicinity and so neither did they. He was insulting her, calling her names, rebuffing her, then changing his mind and allowing her to come back to him. He was the one pulling the strings in this game of two—he was deciding when he wanted to watch her disfigure herself in the quicksand of his making and then when it was erotic again to establish truce. She was just somehow in all of this, almost blindly tossed around from one extreme encounter to rejection and then back again. All the agency she has ever really had were the video clips she was making; her own gaze and body in the scenes of her dystonic life—reflected back to the world. The last I remember of Jasna was a dramatic, cruel and painful climax in the shape of the submission to the boy, on a party, into a crippled avowal of love, intense and ambiguous. This also undoubtedly signified an unchanged continuation of their loveless lives, with or without one another—with their notions of human relations firmly embedded in the history of aggression and post-war trauma they grew up in.

That was her story. And then came the credits, as if nothing had just happened—white letters on black, *business as usual*.

From my feed however, I deduce that Jasna is a very successful actress now and that she goes by her other name: Isidora. She has moved past her troubling debut into new identities, with which I am not familiar.

Oh, time to land. *See you laterz alligators!*