

# On the Location of Breath

*Asp/resp*

*irations*

(10 idioms and aphorisms,  
of exactly 200 words each,  
for the easing of a  
dyspnoeic culture)

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Teufel-INK



**I.**

**No time to breathe**

I do not have time for  
this.....

.....  
.....  
.....

.....Time and breath  
are inextricably linked. As time advances, breath reduces.

I do not have time for  
this.....

.....exasperated. rushing from and to one thing after  
another, another thing to one thing again, we have no time to  
breathe; within such idiomatic incapacity is an incapacity to be  
present and to connect with others and everything around us.

I do not have time for this: my breath and my work have been  
commodified and sold to the lowest bidder who themselves  
sell on my breath for a vastly increased profit.

I do not have time for this: the man with the movie camera lied. Mechanisation of respiration has not given us leave to breathe freely. Instead it has devalued and made less intimate the craft with which we fill our lungs.

I have time for this: inhalation and meditation upon the fragrances that hang as a heady perfume in the frenetic city. The grease, the oil, the fumes that toxify cut through by a lightness that demands to be waited upon.

It is [is it?] telling that the opposite to this idiom is expressed through inhalation: stop and smell the flowers. I demand that time.

**2.**

**Hold your breath**

Hold

your breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then consciousness collapses before realisation occurs.

Hold



your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then perhaps it was not meant for you.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then maybe for the next generation.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then perhaps the damage you have done is irreversible.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then you should take another breath and....

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then we will most likely die.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then perhaps there is another world we can start  
dreaming of.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then maybe the next time.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then perhaps we should have started helping a little sooner?

Hold

your



breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then perhaps the horse has bolted already.

Hold

your

breath.

It will come in time.

If not, then it would be pointless closing the stable door.

Hold

your

breath.

It is here.

**3.**

**Catch your breath**

There is a falling into yourself that accompanies the process of catching; we gather from the sky, inverted cupola hands bringing down close towards our chests, close towards our hearts. We gather life from the sky and internalise. Relief is primary in catching and gathering. Momentary pause.

Quietude. Still. Still quiet. Quiet still. A calm grove and dappled light. A place of respite. Respire; in the daylight. Suspire; in the twilight. Aspire; in the moonlight.

In the moonlight I feel my lungs chill and breath made more solid than before. Expelled from my cavity into the night's cavity, hanging in void, an apple in the sky, frozen. Frozen tight, the tightness returns and burdens the beast of my mind.

This is not what matters.

What matters is movement.

Thought is the propelling force behind movement.

A threefold turbine of Mnemosyne, Habitus and Aion in concurrent and feverish, furious union with the Terra-ego. For nine nights we fuck the earth before musing on our failure.

One hundred hands, fifty heads, only one squinting eye between us: Time will collapse in upon the earth and she, along with us will begin to despair. Only if we do not now: respire, suspire, aspire.

**4.**

# At the top of your lungs

Volume is the velocity of the expulsion of breath made audible.

Within communal worship, experience of the divine is not achieved through the content of prayer or song but instead felt through the synchronisation and harmony of breath.

Breathe with me.

Mana: inhale. Qi: exhale. Anima: inhale. Spiritus: exhale. Prana:  
inhale. Ka: exhale. Nefesh: inhale. Pneuma: exhale. Psuchē:  
inhale. Ruah: exhale.

Spirit as breath.

God as breath.

Lungs as beatific architecture, filling up like a church, filling up  
like a cemetery. From power, into power. From power, into  
power. Inter-cathedra, ex-cathedra; inter-cathedra,  
excathedra.

Abdicate the throne,

Mindfully he breathes in.

Mindfully she breathes out.

Ānapānasati.

Long breath in.

Long breath out.

Short breath in.

Short breath out.

In through your eyes.

Out through your ears. In

through your mouth.

Out through your naval.

In through your penis.

Out through your vagina.

In through your anus.

Out through your head.

Materialist ontology transfers to the abstract transcendental and through communal knowledge and cyclical movement (inhale/exhale ad nauseum) imbues god with the cumulative force of the social; god is an epiphenomena of matter, not the



reverse. As below, so above. Though let us not reduce either  
breath or god to fundamentals.

Basis/anus.

**5.**

**Take your breath away**

In the face of sublimity, we grasp for air, yet as of now, there is no sublimity available to grasp nor purchase.

In the face of the cute, it is now I sigh. Swooning in thought if not moved at all. I suck my thumb as I remove the legs from the bug-eyed doll. It nestles, nonetheless, like a domesticated parasite within my home. It carries my infantile soul.

In the face of the zany, I become exasperated as I dance and tremor; the staccato, incessant onslaught of *gabba-gabbagabba-boom-gabba-gabba* filling my tracts up with a ludic bombardment. The distinction between work and play is in a state of precarity: my breath minimised and....eventually....taken away.

In the face of the interesting, I am rather disinterested and yawn.

To escape the swarm of ambiguous figures marching from chamber to workhouse we must become impassioned. Only through the individuation of our own narratives, the personal dramas and dramatic cambers upon which we veer with unrecognisable momentum can we take back our breath from those who obfuscate true human-social meaning with amphibolies and equivocations. We yearn for something with weight to force itself upon the lungs of our reality and truly take our breath away.

**6.**

**Waste your breath**

Confined within its place within the never-ending cycle of production-distribution-consumption.

Try and stop the unrelenting march of idiocy; catching the air from their lips and resituating it somewhere more efficacious.

I yelled at her that day. She sighed and walked away.

We talked it out. There were recriminations, nothing was resolved.

I paint/breathe instead.

The synapses of my parietal cortex are put to siege by a sporadic harem of images within images (cf. electronic blips and beeps). A single cortex is an ideology of difference: a network of the artificial and natural. Artificial images of artificial artefacts reflected in painted mirrors reflecting a spectre that becomes more real than if it were natural.

There is an inverse magical quality to original artistic work – with the visible stratum of production acting as a complex

ritual upon which the commodity fetish of art becomes both a sacrosanct and heretical totem: a constant feedback loop of de-contextualisation, re-contextualisation, open dialogue – ideological diatribe – back to a free discourse – inter-relationship.

The breath/snake twists in an embrace upon a canvas straining fervently and intimately within its multiple confines.

Confined within the paint.

Confined within the room.

Confined within its place within the never-ending cycle of production-distribution-consumption.

# 7.

## **With every other breath**

True dedication is when movement follows thought with immediacy and certainty. Thought and movement are inevitable products of respiration, so the basis of truth and morality is necessarily found in the air we breathe.

When we breathe the process causes a materialist, magical and epistemological triadic fusion in which air is transformed into

the conjuring of a thought, the affective force of which (mana) has the capacity to effect concrete change.

Stop, breathe in, breathe out, think, act, breathe again, and continue; the steps of this process must happen concurrently with every other step, save inhalation/exhalation. Not quite ad infinitum: 16 breaths every minute, 8 unique thoughts every minute; 960 breaths every hour, 480 idiomatic ideas every hour; 23,040 breaths every day, 11,520 peculiar ideas every day; 161,280 breaths every week, 80,640 unrepeatable ideas every week; 8,386,560 breaths every year, 4,193,280 especial ideas every year.....672,768,000 breaths in my projected lifetime, 336,384,000 thoughts with which a chance to form a better world within imagination, 336,384,000 movements to enact, moulding that fictive clay into a material reality.

Prometheus helped by the breath of Zeus: without the clay, nothing tangible; without the air, nothing sensible.

Make every thought in between your breath count.



**8.**

**Save your breath**

Although the weight of commercialised breath can be located within the hubbub of its Consumption, the power found within Production and Distribution must not be side-lined.

When it comes to the commercialisation of breath, production must become a respiratory process with a simultaneous and active regard of the process of its own creation. In so doing this, the breath (*fiata d'artista*) metamorphoses the equivocal commodity into the Magical Relic.

These relics exist outside the cycle of consumption and respiration, and therefore thought: *Non ruminare – non respirare – non ruminare.*

The totems that are entirely without an examinable origin (*djou-djou*), are the most invidious and perfect commodities – the realities of Production and Distribution, being made

unexaminable, being made spectral, being made into the breath of the artist.

Capitalism is the darkest, most potent form of sygillistic magic; hanging arches dripping in gold purging the reality from objects so that they excrete a reality of their own: a perceived socioeconomic status generating a perpetual desire of itself. The perpetuity of desire is the perfect fetish that is the Labyrinth of a thought/breath put up for sale. This excretion is completely at odds with the productive respiration. But, we must both breathe and shit.

## **9.**

# **Bated breath**

A transformative freedom will be found in the Labyrinth that develops from the between breaths. The walls in which the guards become the prisoners and in which the prisoners become greater than their captive empire, demarcate

ritualistic and respiratory space. Slave/Master – Master/Slave.  
Exhalation/Inhalation – Inhalation/Exhalation. If a creature of  
the imagination, you will be cocooned and cradled, if you  
yourself are peaceful, perception shifted, equilibrium restored  
and empathetic wisdom will flow like the circular breath of an  
exquisitely trained musician: to breathe in and out

simultaneously is to begin to lay siege to the Hegelian dialectic.

If an aggressive policy you brought to this chamber, then the  
infinite self-reflexivity found will make you eat yourself; you  
will choke on the air that wants to sustain you....we are  
dreaming of crawling, blind and suffocating, out from the  
Labyrinth, fingers clawing at mud and stone that flag the path,  
worn to the bloody bone. Falling, our hands over our faces,  
forgetting each breath that has not evoked a thought upon  
which inaction rests; unformed faces of unformed thoughts  
haunt the Minotaur's tomb.

We can escape the Labyrinth by turning our lungs inside out and emerge like a child desperate for the first intake.

**10.**

**Out of breath**

Just concentrate on your breath.

I am unaware of my own.

Crouch against the wall. Shroud yourself in tears and panic  
again.

We are yet another student.

It is yet another attack.

They come more frequently nowadays.

Keeping in time with me.

We must mimic each other's breaths.

Stare at the horizon and let everything melt.

For now, we are irrevocably disconnected.

Digital connection = material disconnection.

The attacks have become more frequent, they have said.

We have been dared not to tell.

He told us.

The doors closed.

Locked in.

The attacks are becoming more frequent, they have said.

Unable to locate the fresh source of air that had saved before.



Out of breath, she said.

The attacks are becoming more frequent, they have said.

Everything around you has melted again.

All has been blurred so that we cannot concentrate on the distance and are shielded from immediacy.

The attacks are becoming more frequent, they have said.

The distance, the un-arrivable destination.

The attacks are becoming more frequent, they have said.

It will be impossible to take one more step.

The attacks are becoming more frequent, they have said.

Out of breath.

We breathe together or not at all.

