

Title: "Two Letters to Two Friends Written at the Same Time, with Interludes and Introduction"

Artist: Genevieve Costello

Medium: Mixed Media (performed text & sound)

Date: February 2021

For: Rupert Journal, project *Post-pandemic Futures*

***Two Letters to Two Friends Written at the Same Time
with
Interludes
and
Introduction***

Instructions: Proceed with the content in the order of its presentation. Listen to each audio track in its entirety while doing nothing else. Read the texts that follow while listening to nothing.

audio track 1 Introduction

Last Night Phoebe Ordered Takeaway Katsu Curry, This is a Japanese Curry that is Brown and Delicious

Phoebe's cosmopolitanism is a fun pleasure I love see shine

Probably because I didn't learn Phoebe first like this. I first learned Phoebe who eats very comfortably mouth munching words aloud with hummus on her cheek happy or focused. I first learned Phoebe who is the young student not dropping big dollars on too nice things. I first learned Phoebe who cried outside of night clubs because of broken heart not because she was drunk but did need company. I first learned Phoebe who swore that any boyfriend would be familiar with her smelly farts early on in their relationship.

Phoebe is a big city native. It's in her freckly skin. I really only learned it after she extended her opinion that the hinterland of denmark wasn't dramatic enough to justify its lack of amenities. she was stomping through the streets of little copenhagen with trajectory and her shoulders eased through the phone I could hear bustling legs and watching eyes and things to look at and relief of floating phoebe telling me about it all.

Phoebe will wallow in her bed all day until she's done, Phoebe will swallow in her room alone with books and diaries and inky drink quill pens in fat plastic tubes of color although i think she used to use ink from pots (*me too, because of harry potter, just 5 years in advance of young phoebe, because that is our age difference*). Phoebe will dust her shoes for a week, during which she will meet her mom's ashes and old drugs in jewelry boxes and tell friends about it as anecdote including those who live far away and want stories from home. Phoebe will toss over herself a woolly marbled cape upon leaving the house and dangle tiny purses off her wrists kept

in place by what she calls her *frog hands* because her best friend Jana who was also once her big bully but isn't any more calls them that. Phoebe will sling on her rucksack too with all the other stuff like loose papers and bandaids and old LRBs for auntie moira in ireland or italy and by her bicycle with the widest of handle bars i've ever seen she shoots across london listening to kendrick lamar or lil trina or lil kim or lil genevieve to friends' or to her once strict and then soft polish orthodontist in Angel for her adult braces or to the Red Lions Boys Club with the photoshoots and music parties or to see bethie who's involved in a mixed sex love circle while also making a traditional fam or to claire newly in south who hasn't found her yoga studio yet or to the poetry library for a couple of hours where there is no one she is romantically interested in or to exhibitions by way of the exhibition card gifted to her by her dad with becky in central or to her therapist Rocío in west who i love by proxy for her big belly breath so relaxed and takes the piss out of us to who else in north north north.
north london girls squad. that's right that's us.

Across all the little streets nearest in sneakers called trainers which Phoebe calls SENSIBLE trainers when i ask what shoes she is wearing these days if bunions are bad she will see the doctors a block away about this soon not for the bunions but still for her foot and then she might go back to wearing kitten heels but probably only after lockdown if we are being realistic. Phoebe is a true gal about town.

Friends and lovers and teenage boyfriends mothers. Thank-you baskets of bubbles for soaking or drinking to the others making marionettes and garden sticks for children and sarcophaguses these types of artists and parents exist in north london. Soft touchers protruding bellies against tees on park runs Phoebe herself has gray hairs now she says that she wants to get out and flirt with the young boys before she can only catch the over thirties like me and V even if he is handsome he is old, what can she say. dad simon and his best friends and exgirlfriends multiple actually american even, and their friends and friends of friends who i've met at christmas she sees us all and i get to hear about it. what's the goss.

Phoebe is a friend pal boundful of energy to exercise and expunge when she feels like it which isn't always but when it is she is doing all the lovely city things like crying at Anne Carson in public and hustling people away from Barbara's bench when she's been patient long enough she's allowed to growl • *It's my dead mums birthday* • She's tried a studio for poetry but didn't need it and fun nonetheless to meet beautiful architects and look out new windows from desks transient others will use after she does like the bath, an important fixture for Phoebe, she likes the bath with a pink scrunchie in her hair the things Becky calls HAIR BOBBLES and after uses she uses a huge rose-covered bath towel for her skin and a more huge solid magenta bath towel for her hair and then plays with painted robes for coital moods or red clown onesies when she's feeling homey or bloated or party excited or work flowing she likes the "caf" where she can exercise flirtations and other dispositions in a rich but contained environment hugged even more wholesome by its woodlands protected by Snelly Woman of our Dreams, and friends and dad can visit and girlfriends can pick things up and drop things off. Phoebe is a philanthrope of london wildlife fund she gives amply in bosom big or small.

i think i see you Phoebe, as much as one can see from afar specifically your cosmopolitanism i mean i see you with our our old clothes cleaning corners and i see you topless sponge painting pink and orange and yellow and i see you tacki-taping your human-sized baby photos into the doll's-sized doll's house and the tacki tape is preferably blue. Phoebe you are a landlady by inheritance by chance that is tragic but this flat, our flat that is really your flat, this flat, well, it's four stories high heaven of this old british city the greenest city in the world with a sense of fashion and i largely credit you for it. maybe from chance can be choice because you are a very good landlady and possibly it is a great trade for a philanthrope of london wildlife.

To be seen in all the ways or at least the many ways and to be adored from all the angles or at least multiple angles, this might be a task for only the angels to do. angel is your middle name and like your cosmopolitanism it is a treat i love see shine you didn't choose it either but i wear your angel on my backpack in baby pink like you being born in a big city, i wear your angel in gold medallion on my head set by gum chewed two pieces strong. you have chosen many things like the angels you give and your things of choice tie up nicely and sometimes shittily in the crochet bundle with your tiny baby head popped out while your dad takes another photo of little baby phoebe that keeps us company while we pee and poop and chat to each other and smile at ourselves and leave single tea cups in the sink at night because cleaning is done by someone who cleans and we exist and we should be seen, like you taught me i'll never forget.

(audio track 2 Femme avance)

Hey doctor

Hey doctor my fingers
Hey doctor
my fingers are bubbling !
my wrists can't twist !
Hey doctor !
i can't see the sky

(audio track 3 Quand il baise)

Food for Thought

...

All this to say, while you continue to develop your work and figure your shit out, why don't you live with me in a comfortable environment that is supportive of day to day happiness, joy, and wellbeing? With me, in this other place here, we could find a flat that is big enough and affordable. A cheap(ish) roomy place! If it feels right we can move somewhere else together after, in a chilled way, not in a depressing drawn out high pressure way. Once things are clear

as to where it makes sense to go and where to stay. After we actually feel like we know each other. At New Years your friends asked how we met and laughed that really works? I said yes it did. Instead of wallowing in misery alone waiting in sad empty life raft beds, why don't you move here with me.

Let me tell you, it could be good.

It could be so good, in fact, that I've written up a list of things that will certainly be an improvement if we were to live together in X starting this January for your special consideration. Tell me what you think.

love,
G

Things that will be nice if you live here with me

1. We can have a nice apartment to live in (in not shabby condition) and with people we like (ourselves) and that is near other people we like to hang out with (together and separately).
2. We can have active and exciting sex lives again.
3. We can have active emotional and physical intimacy again. Face kissing. bum cuddles. hugs. "You are adorable" uttered between (our) bodies in leg-hair-touching proximity while I drip into your pupils.
4. We can have creative sound play again. Did you know that our synths have never lived together? Mine keep asking me when they will visit again, they share the same blood we cannot keep them separate forever. We can take turns role playing student and teacher while they get acclimated.
5. We can eat together sometimes and watch nature things on ARTE. I can climb on you and make you a puppet.
6. We can do drugs together and dance.
7. We can do our work separately in our totally pumped up awesome spacious individually designated studios and we can drink club mate alone, yet, together. the cat can visit us each.
8. You can bounce off me your music instrument ideas and I will ask you loads of questions.
9. We can make each other drawings and tape them to the walls and put secrets in each other's writing pads. We can attach things to the animals and plants.
10. We can read to each other science and history books in the bathroom.
11. You can listen to my art and theory ideas for 30 seconds and then zone out while I keep talking until I figure it out with another friend and I will try to forgive you and not feel sad about it.
12. We can do yoga *together*, I can teach you. We can play the bamboo game we bought that time from the place up the street. I can write lying on my belly and press up against your sides and you can talk with your friends on TeamSpeak. I can go on a walk and you

can lie in bed until 14.00 and I will come back with a pain au chocolat. Your mom can come visit on Sundays.

13. We can take a train to go to the mountains the old ones and we can speak French until I am angry or you are exasperated.
14. We can get a cheap car so we can *even more easily* go to the mountains and take our friends too and I can play american car music while I drive.
15. We can move again, wherever our lives might take us (with the car?!)
16. If we end up really not getting on, we can say we had some cool moments and shared a great love and tried to care as best we could and we wish each other well and we can feel sad about it until we can feel less sad about it.
17. If we end up being even more in love with each other, we can have kittens that we stack in backpacks while we trek Nepal and we can cup each other's faces while we say "You are my Big Love."
18. We can go to the movie cinema for something stupid funny on when it reopens and we can be at ease.
19. You can complain aloud to me in person (i.e. more often) and I will side with you if it's a real issue and problem solve solutions together, and, I will side with you if it's complaining-as-activity and I will take the piss.
20. We can cook in a clean kitchen that can be small-city large instead of big-city small. We can listen to music coming through proper speakers while we chop and meals can be, actually fun. We can eat tortilla the nights we are very lazy and put dishes in a working dishwasher. I've got one.
21. You can take me outside and show me the constellations.
22. Our surprises repertoire can expand beyond our wildest dreams while retaining select originals of hubba bubba, lottery tickets, pleasurable pens, happy balloons, mango yogurt with the bits.
23. The doctors here can properly cut your hemorrhoids and until they do I can sit on the bathroom floor with you while you misery pain poo and look at your computer.
24. You can vacuum and heavy clean biweekly-ish and I can sweep and tidy daily-ish.
25. You can put the blanket on me when I'm very exhausted and need your mountain socks. I can feel you crawl into bed later and smile under my eyelids.
26. We can share our clothes and your underwear and dress matching and walk around the city just like that.

This is what I've come up with for now. In reflection, maybe i only love you because you're beautiful since that's all we have to talk about.

your black eyes can keep me until i can't open them anymore.

[\(audio track 4_Mon cercle\)](#)

2019 Zine, *Welcome to the Doll's House of Pain* xoxoxo by G & P

Bathroom - warm fuzzies family baby blue and sportswear

Toilet - phoebe amoeba grief on plastic cape

Bedroom - wedding day dreams joy double spread we marry becky and matt

Kitchen - fuck u mofo love lil trina and Big Bear atlantic city poo sack face tats

Living Room - ill decadence needy needy teetering florals are you home yet ralph lauren

Garden - hangover shame perky anxious art student or art teacher ice coffee n sliders going to flea

Hallway - sleezy, ass n titties simple

Under Bed - genevieve orthodox dress death paralysis

Nowhere Room (Desk) - productivity mind spiral cynar hot italian mom fluoro rain trousers

* ALL SHOT AT HOME WITH PHOTOGRAPHER ADDIE.

* KEEP IN MIND TOES.

(audio track 5_Facile à dire)