

International Bakery (Formerly Cinema Royale)

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An extract pp. 1-16

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*It is an urge to clarify and interpret that drives humans and inspires them, through unifying concepts, metaphors and structuralising thoughts, to find a sense of unity complete with its totalising nature, and in doing so, violate living reality – for reality knows no unity, not one. (Sybren Polet, *De noodzaak van het overbodige* (The necessity of the superfluous))*

*Any enlightened person knows that man is made by the material factors of his background, and that a man's mind is shaped by his tools of production. But people wouldn't wait for the laws of economic determinism to operate upon us. (Ayn Rand, *Atlas Shrugged*)*

The introspection of playing the lead role of just one single body.

Depressed societies are very rich.

1

This city is a dysfunctional family and of course that is father's fault
Respect and tolerance for others are on the rise but then there's nothing wrong with indifference

I watch myself walking – businesslike and motivated
People are objects to each other too
Sometimes my joy is so boundless it leaves me hung over

At CINEMA ROYALE I'll find a community that forgets itself
I've had some great times there

Because I believe in the gains of loss I proceed to CINEMA ROYALE

Somewhere in my shame lurks the heroism of the objectified who finally gets to indulge in his subject

Oh how I love to think I am the submissive and in that sense a more complete human being

Which is why in my opinion every part of me from the knucklebones of my toes to the crown of my head must be celebrated at the first opportunity

There are people who but not me
I never did make an attempt
Am I corrupt yes or no
So tell me
Am I corrupt yes or no

It's as if everyone has given birth to themselves single-handedly and is looking down at their bloody palms
The sun rises and duty calls
There is no celebration as life that is not given is not a gift

As bulky as dali's barrow I wheel it to CINEMA ROYALE

I am struck blind to each and everyone
I don't seek anything more than the drunken pathos of my consumption
I'm a thoroughbred poser, like a writer
I have seen the light of my eyes

If I were a child I would not need to play at being a grown-up

This complete independence clings to me
Now I walk like an ape hunched over at the head of a body that leans towards its centre

Avoiding people as I pass this rumpus of tin can drum rolls
This is what it feels like when you have nothing to do and are but a desire

It is a feeling like after the party when the party tired and all danced out is yet to begin
As a highlight it is as worthless as any low point

It's alright to have big ideas but don't play the big shot
If we upload our imaginations to Netflix and HBO practically nothing happens

Going past the ghost station drink sweat drips from my forehead into my eyes

Full of expectation of the enjoyment awaiting at CINEMA ROYALE I can now declare

That we are strangers and I
Yearn so badly for it's not a person

It is I have seen and lived it already
And will again soon at CINEMA ROYALE
Because there oh the sweat and shaking legs
Of the singularity waiting for its imminent and then again inner-worldly reliving

It is the power of visualisation so that time and time again the entire image is contained

My hammer doesn't wear out because I never step into the same river twice
So the promise made to that which binds me is never lost and there is victory after every defeat

Crystallised into its counterpart

It's not just a pose when I say I would like to wear a djellaba without faith so as to fly my flag in
peace and free

But I've been too conditioned

To CINEMA ROYALE
Our bodies are alien to us

We rule from our minds

Until the only tangible thing betrays the man

Having been human up until just now I do this quietly there's nothing more to it

It's a strange society that I enter without romance

I'm utterly alone and always too late for any contract I may desire

I was given displacement but never taught how

And so I have mastered avoiding every glance as it only colours my union with my own
nothingness

A child is something I've never been able to – be

It is commonly known that the writer is the greatest poser

He truly is great

And I have knowledge of people who with their families and sweetness and light

But not me

All this whispering and the hiss of fiery tongues

Everyone risking their reputation for the lesser good

I may have the words but no tale to tell

It is almost and violently real

Going past Jesus loves you I slip away

Having arrived under Astrid's skirts

Where a homeless man calls on the virgin
Where commuters on an impossible crossing
Where soldiers can't handle all the incoming looks
Where ethnonyms take one laborious step after another in diamond shoes

Today here on 15 April 2018 this Sunday on the 11th hour in my 45th year I grow old at the stroke
of the clock

Only this morning while meditating on my skeleton I have learned
Hunched on my chair I lisped the mantra of my spine

There is no way we can survive our time
I counted thirty-three vertebrae down to my groin

The respectful whore will soon have the highest appearance of being
Amazement about that which is strange and never invades

There is a chance and there is none
But now I am ready for CINEMA ROYALE
All the sweat wiped away
I have come back to my senses
One man's wank is another man's wages simple as business management
Instant gratification is an amicable settlement
I am ready
And hit the breaking point of what I'd promised myself
I got into this out of complete ignorance
Seeking the diversions of CINEMA ROYALE
For the deepest sigh of a privileged existence
So as to feel something because the cerebral well the cerebral
And the aesthetics the aesthetics ugh

How I hated innocence
This holier-than-ye thinking
Here there was nothing but crumbs to swipe from my table
I looked in the mirror or better not

There in the darkness of CINEMA ROYALE I was always aware of my true nature
Politics were very simple there and so was I
But I encountered the INTERNATIONAL BAKERY and to be