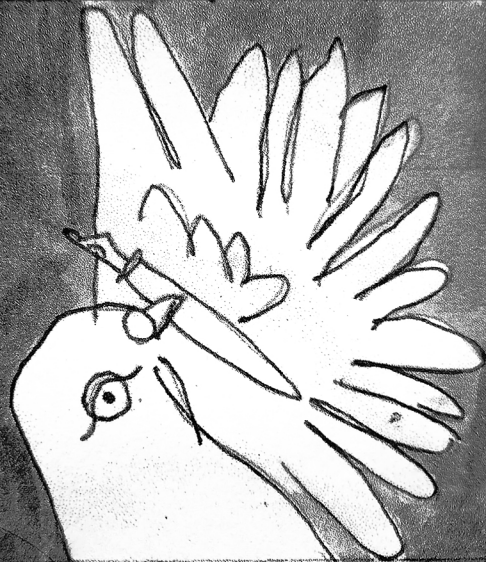


KABOOTAR DISPATCH



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The reason it sounds like bs to you is because you've been doing it forever, you have scrap paper in your wallet, shoes, every corner of the bookshelf, no book on the desk sits flat because of scrap paper, no good sketch no bad either, I mean how do you even tell apart, it's not been ever for one specific thing — you have trouble producing a "sketch" to anyone who'd ask because one bleeds into the other and the scrap paper has things attached, notes, invoices, spreadsheets etc. no one sees you do it even the people your parents bring into your room ask you to practice because "it'll make you good money" but honestly you serious? do I imagine bothering, would you make a business out of decorating surfaces? twiddling toes? filling water bottles? picking up cool rocks?

You talk about hope when in good faith you cannot stand up to the sun sometimes, you hear about resilience, wildfire, tenacity, sure you would like some faith when you look up things like AQI today, verdict on a case that went out of news a month ago, wildfire, planned obsolescence, statute of limitations, mustard gas, white phosphorus.

You look at people talking on screens and you have this sensation that they are actually tyrannosaurus rexes with even smaller arms sitting in ties all day because their arms are too small to begin with and are underqualified to reach up and fix the tie, leave alone the economy or stuff they cannot name without breach of policy.

Surely the revelation was at hand with Avengers Infinity war, Surely the Second coming came and went somewhere between Avengers Endgame and Loki Season 1.

I spent my holidays in a small house, it had a copy of 1989 Guinness book of world records and a 5 feet wide strip of vegetation running around the back perimeter of the house. One whole spread of the book had a scale illustration of a blue whale with a scuba diver. The whole spread, I could pack myself in a suitcase the size of this spread — the scuba diver maybe as big as my middle finger. Could I traverse nations, could I step on every square inch of this small town? If I right now break the record for the biggest bubble gum bubble ever blown how would the Guinness people know?

In fact the biggest organism is *Armillaria ostoyae* that is a mushroom, mushroom have fine white roots called mycelium. 9 square kilometers of land it occupies, all a single mushroom with many heads poking out the soil in this forest. (when they checked, all the mushroom heads shared the same genetic code, that's how they know) This growth of *A. ostoyae* may live forever, a single continuous rented occupancy, there is no dying when fungi are this huge, not unless the whole thing is obliterated — roots and all.

Then you keep reading, writing, breathing, swimming, climbing, walking, running, cycling, playing, listening, drawing, kicking, fighting, taking whatnot when I'm not sure — stuff around doesn't fit happen at correct time/circumstance. What you will read sometime phrased as "constant gnawing sense of having had, and lost, some infinite thing"

EDITOR'S NOTE

A few days ago I fell in a certain way that made my ribs hurt unless I slept a certain way, so for a few days now I have been sleeping this certain way.

My friend tells me "I'll be sick in different and more unique ways in summer but at least I won't be cold." Summer will be dreadful. You know, I am told to wake up early but this is how Descartes died.

I think the most comforting thing in the world is waking up to the faint sound of tv from the other room. It means that today is a holiday and it means that the adults responsible for you saw you sleeping and didn't find a reason to wake you up.

The world offers itself to you, that when you are resting and within that pause, in its ceasing too, its participants are only alive no less at night than at morning too. You are young now, your shoes are small. The gravel of your nursery walkway is something that you don't yet know to be grateful for. The sun is orange, you are listening to the tv and through your curtains inside the room with you right now, is this sepia happiness.

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS

(With Ojas)

"The flights quote essentially became the unofficial, but unanimous, motto of the school debate club, partly because of it being a pretty profound quote and partly because it made for a good story. every new member was greeted with a pdf of the book the first time they joined the debosc whatsapp group and it was understood that all members should have read it at least once, a condition formed entirely because everyone on the core (and all who ended up reading it) absolutely loved the book. it was sort of like a very slow and deliberate ice breaker"

Who should read it? when should I read?

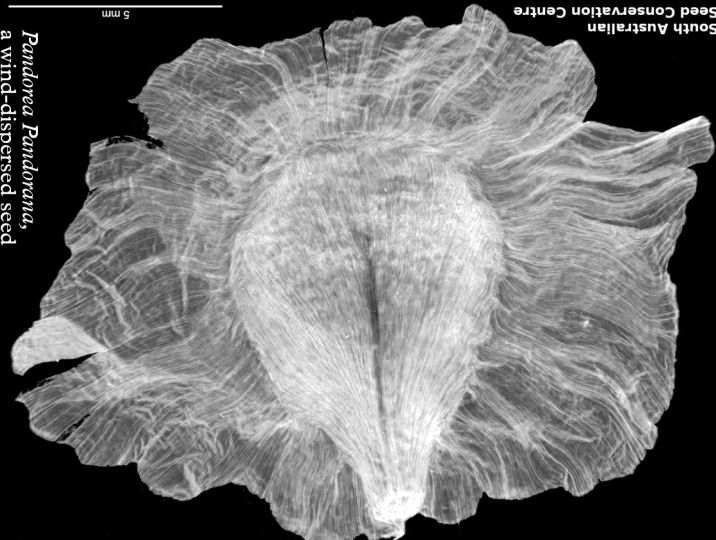
"[...]The protein of this book are the increasingly frequent philosophical aphorisms and conjectures, which prop up quite randomly sometimes, and the point (from my interpretation, which might very well be entirely wrong) is to digest these repeated universal interspersed phrases in whatever little amount of context is given for them. The book exists in a very weird limbo state, where the stories are not disconnected enough to be considered as separate pieces of work, but it feels a little iffy to call it a "novel" in the classical sense. Regardless, great book, which is pretty much all that matters"

MEDIA OF THE WEEK

(Excerpt from Flights / Olda Tokarczuk)

Then they would lead a settled life for the next year, going back every morning to the same thing they had left in the evening, their clothes permeated by the scent of their own flat, their feet tirelessly wearing down a path in the carpet.

That life is not for me. Clearly I did not inherit whatever gene it is that makes it so that when you linger in a place you start to put down roots. I've tried, a number of times, but my roots have always been shallow; the littles breeze could always blow me right over. I don't know how to germinate, I'm simply not in possession of that vegetable capacity. I can't extract nutrition from the ground, I am the anti-Antaeus. My energy derives from movement — from the shuddering of buses, the rumble of planes, trains' and ferries' rocking.



Pandorea pandorana,
a wind-dispersed seed

South Australian
Seed Conservation Centre