The Analog and Digital

(Alan Sondheim with Sandy Baldwin)
Aphoristic Essay on Analog and Digital Orders

Why aphoristic? Because there is no argument, because argument is dependent upon clear, if not rational, distinction, because distinction itself is troublesome. The orders constitute a skein, blurred and uncanny; nothing, no thing, is entirely analogic or digital. The flux of the world is perceived through heartbeat and saccadic vision - the eye functions like cinema, creating a quick succession of 'still' images, later to be reconstituted as motion. (Cinema underscores the real: we are viewers of our own films, movies lasting until the end of the world.)

Note on terminology: I use distinct, discrete, digital, and even binary, somewhat interchangeably; please note the slight differences below. I also use both analog and analogic somewhat interchangeably; they reference (however one might deconstruct this) the real, continuity.

The digital: by digital I mean discrete. By digital I mean systemic, characterized by systematization, parameterization.

'Discrete' implies cut-off, Dedekind's cut or surreal numbers, for example. The boundary is both 'clean' and of no consequence - what's important is the drawn distinction, as Spencer Brown might emphasize. But there's more than distinction; the digital domain is characterized by system; the cuts are organized in one form or another, and this organization, in real, physical reality, is dependent upon the choice of parameters - bandwidth measurement, for example.

The analog appears continuous; the digital appears discrete, broken.

We are thinking of appearance here - this is important. And appearance is dialectical; it depends on both observer and the thing observed, not to mention mediations and interactions among both as phenomenologies and systems themselves. So, yes, the analog appears continuous - even though, as Eddington observed, the table tends to disappear in particle physics. And the digital both 'means' or implies discrete, and appears as such. The digital in this sense is also a 'breaking' of the analog continuum; in the real, for example, an analog to digital transform of speech results in the cutting-up of the analog, within certain tolerances, according to certain parameters.)
The analog and analog computer are different; the analog computer depends on inscription. The analog may or may not measure. The analog may or may not be organic, harbor consciousness, have the attributes of idiocy in an obdurate world. I describe the analog, which slips from my hands. I describe the digital, which my fingers hold.

In everyday life, the digital is the result of an intervention.

How so? Because everyday life appears as one; even the sudden shifts in a dream are 'sutured' together by the dreamer. The digital intervenes, functionally, into the analogic real - and as an intervention, it appears to come from 'without' - just like a CD disk is brought to a listener, already encoded, unreadable (in a way that a vinyl record is not).

An intervention is a mapping. Every mapping, unless a mapping of itself (ikonic), leaves something out.

A mapping leaves something out because it is not the territory; when it becomes the territory, it maps down to the molecular. But what is left out? And who decides what is left out? And what is left?

The intervention requires the setting of a standard raster. A raster is a filtering of a quantity, almost always with discrete steps. Think of a raster as a screening, creating elements out of a continuous bandwidth, and then quantifying those elements.

A raster is an ideality, a matrix, a set of standards, tolerances, a means of dividing an apparently continuous real. One can imagine a digital formation based on something other than a standard raster - for example the amplitude (continuously measured) of an audio file might be tied to sampling bandwidth. This might be considered a dynamic raster; 'standard' raster would then be static or state.

Think of an analog computer as digital, i.e. drawing distinctions from inputs and outputs. The computer operates above a certain tolerance as well; a 'push' registers to the extent it results in a change of variables - beneath that, it is nonexistent. So analog computers possess potential wells as well, without raster, with only (dynamic) tolerance. The distinction between raster and tolerance is the distinction between mapping and nudging; perhaps ultimately the real is a world of nudges and afterthoughts.

Behavior, process, is analogic, analog computer. The digital computer as well; bits and bytes have onset and tailing characteristics. It's a question of drawing the line. The potential well = an inkwell, replete with inscription. The potential well is always
fuzzy, stochastic, but it draws the line.

The elements are ordered. The raster sorts the continuous fabric of the real into separable categories.

'Category' references parameter quantity and type-of quality. For example, mercury contamination of ppm might be given as .5ppm, 1ppm, 1.5ppm, and so forth. The parameter is ppm; the type-of is mercury. Instead of 'separable' think of 'distinct' - 'separable' implies an original matrix which may be reconstituted; 'distinct' implies that the ordering, however 'natural' it may appear, is ultimately arbitrary.

The raster is standardized so that information may be transmitted and received through coherent channels, by means of a coherent transmitter and receiver.

Digital devices require standardization; in everyday terms, this occurs beneath and within the sign of capital. Information flow requires protocols, standards, tolerances. Every such flow might be considered interoperability; the world, then, might be metaphorically considered communities and communications connected through interoperabilities.

The standardization of the raster is a protocol. The protocol must be agreed upon by both sender and receiver.

This agreement is by convention; such convention is always already an institution, institutionalized.

In everyday life, the establishment of a raster and protocol requires energy and communication. Raster and protocol must be communicated.

Energy requires instituting as well; it must be filtered, regulated, maintained. This informed energy is a protocol as well.

After raster and protocol are established, the parceled semantic content, coded by raster, may be communicated.

Once raster is decided, it is integral to the digital process. If the raster is dynamic, the process transmits the new parameters as well.

Coding and community establishes raster and protocol. Encoding codes an object from analog to digital.

Static raster is a 'thing' - a program or standardized protocol set which may be bought and sold within the liquidity of capital. Dynamic raster as flux is dependent on coding as well; this coding is also 'thing.' Encoding might also encode itself, encode anything
within the digital domain as a form of remediation; think of encoding as a form of 'devouring' whatever comes along, encoding adapting itself to changing circumstances, epistemologies, ontologies.

From the viewpoint of the digital, the analog is forgotten; the process is irreversible.

This is of critical importance: Once something is gone between analog and digital, it is permanently removed - without history or being. The digital is always lossy; digital to digital, however, is ideally lossless since this may be a one-to-one mapping.

A digital parceling is accurate only to the limits of a particular and conventionally-established tolerance. The tolerance, more often than not, is tied to economy. In general, the greater the capital available, the lesser the tolerance.

The greater the capital, the greater the global variable, global protocol. Zero tolerance is equivalent to infinite capital, infinite energy: the representation of the thing by the thing itself. What happens to the observer? The observer disappears, ground up in the identity of the thing.

The analog possesses no tolerance. The analog is there.

The analog is neither tolerant nor intolerant. The analog is neither here nor there; 'analog is' is already redundant. Think of the analog as matrix, the neutral world - think of the observer as politicized, always suffering.

The digital is never there. The digital is always process, in-process.

The digital is in-formation, in production; raster supersedes raster, standard replaces standard, the continuing project of culture. There is no culture without distinction, no distinction without culture; nothing stands still. If the digital were there, it would be monumental! The digital is never there.

If the digital is indexical, 'pointing towards' a mapping of the continuum, the analog is that scale. The analog is ikonic, the digital is indexical.

The digital indexes something. The digital has an object for its subject, subject for its object. The digital is a pointer-in-process, scan, scansion. The digital unravels and reassembles the ikonic analog transformed into database.

The distinction between the digital and its referents or domains is ontological; the distinction between the analog and its domains is epistemological.

Here is the heart of the matter, the organism of the world-soul: The digital references
either itself (ontological equivalence) or elsewhere; its object ultimately is of the real, real, inert, obdurate, invisible (but for the presence of the digital). The digital can reference the digital; the chain ends somewhere, elsewhere, elsewhen; the chain ends with the real, production within material reality. 'Lacan writes: "The real is what is always in its place." On the other hand, on the hand itself, the referent of the analog is analytic, of a piece, within the matrix; what is at stake isn't ontology but epistemology - what we know and the means by which we know it, plastered in the ready-made form of substance, fissure, and the beginnings of inscription.

At zero tolerance - 'no room for error' - and an infinitely-fine raster, the digital is equivalent to the analog. The map, in other words, is exactly equivalent to the thing itself.

With zero tolerance, the map is the thing itself; there is no difference, no distinction. Here we have it, the dream of capital, infinite energy, elimination of the observer - who is ground up as surplus labor. The greater the energy, the deeper the dissection, until there is nothing more to dissect. With zero tolerance, the organism, perfectly embedded, immobilized in an inconceivable mapping, translates into dead object, becomes one with it, as thing-death, transformed into thing, another subject for zero tolerance mapping. On a wayward note, think of the panoptical and its relationship with motile life; is it possible to conceive of an organism completely mapped, perceived, from every angle? Wouldn't the limit-point of this be immobilization, holding its structure in a static and fully-mapped configuration?

The thing itself is equivalent to the thing itself; this is identity.

This is nothing - one misstep and we're in the realm of logical paradoxes which are entirely beside the point. Speaking of identity is speaking from an exteriority; it necessarily says nothing. At night all cows are black and if A is identical to A, what of the phrase itself, the instantiation and doubling of the letter? In this sense, identity is always dysfunction, useless, external to all representation. Within the digital, an instantiation of string(x) is equivalent to any other instantiation of string(x). For all intents and purposes they are identical, but to the extent they are differentiated, they occupy, for example, different inodes, and perhaps even tend towards different trajectories of corrosion within the embedding analagic matrix.

Of identity, one can say nothing.

At infinite tolerance - infinite error permitted - and infinitely-coarse raster, the digital is equivalent to a kind of mark.

Infinite tolerance: everything is accepted; what's left is a kind of mark. Now if we proceed from this as a null set, we might end up with surreal numbers; it's interesting to think of infinite tolerance leading to an ontological shift from physical-real
(however defined) to mathematical-abstract.

A mark totalizes its demarcated.

A mark is a proper name. From now on, interior is exterior, emic to etic, inert to inscription. The order of marks constructs classes, from individuals in Auschwitz to tagging survivors or stragglers of a highly - endangered species.

A mark is an instance.

The basis of politics is the mark, the instantiation, foundation of political economy; if political economy is the field, politics is the harrowing. A mark re-presents itself; a mark is always empty, the emic having long since disappeared. A mark of course does 'nothing'

- but a mark is a node in a larger or smaller process. Capital proceeds by marks which are the fundamental cathecting of its real.

There are numerous 'real worlds' of nearly-decomposable systems. (Herbert Simon) The world of everyday life appears continuous; it is only in dreams, for example, one encounters jump-cuts - sudden shifts of place and time. This continuous world appears analogic.

A mark is the problematic of the jump-cut; a mark is always an edit-point. But what is edited? Processes that are elsewhere, that ultimately eliminate the mark, suture over it: the etic disappears the emic, the etic disappears. So the mark is an inscription, separating x from ~x, but the separation is a process and a process requires energy, denotation, data-banking. Think of the parceling of the real: think of parceling-out.

Now in a dream the dream screen, background, matrix, chora, remains constant and accounted-for; in this sense the ego, however evanescent, coheres. This coherency, this continuity, is the background of a real which 'makes sense' to us; this is the process of worlding.

The world of symbols and signs - the world of languaging and inscription - appears discontinuous, syntactic, and digital, characterized by discrete moments and entities.

The world increasingly appears a jumble of fragmented messages, information shards where false memory establishes the simulacrum of unity. The shards cut through the chora; incoherent language spews out. Every sign or symbol takes away, detracts, construct the virtual, appears and disappears, describes and replaces a fictitious real, is inherent in politics and political economy, leverages the analogic and digital worlds. We have always been virtual. We have always been digital. The body is a
collocation of signs, the body is a character.

The filmworld, apparatus, diegesis, process, appear entanglements of languaging and continuities. Because film is an operable subject (i.e. a subject whose discursive field is transforming), the entanglement tends towards polarities, interpretations, interpenetrations, etc. Frames are digital; the diegesis is analog (continuous story), and digital (semiotics of narrative); the psychoanalytics are analogic (continuous processing of the subject-viewer).

Film can be anything; the interior of the frame is indexical, many-to-one, except in those instances of ikonicity in (mostly) experimental or abstract film - drawing on the frame, embedding objects, etc. Ironically, every scratch or piece of dust now signifies the softness of memory's embedding, the elusive indexical "uncannily ikonic, as if these images are all the ones there are - as if they are the world itself.

Neurophysiology implies not only entanglements of digital (neural firings) and analog (potentials), but the problematizing of the analog/digital split on ontological/epistemic grounds. The domains are inseparable; phenomenologically, the distinction is useless.

The 'digital brain' or 'analog brain,' 'quantum' brain or 'electro-chemical' brain: Let us say, for the moment, the jury is out, and one is better off forgetting what amounts to metaphoric posturing...

The same is true on the level of fundamental physics, at least as far as current research goes; there are quantum processes that involve discrete levels, and there are continuums; there is the breakdown of space-time at small distances/times, and so forth. If the world is information 'all the way down,' the coding at this level is again neither analog nor digital.

It has occurred to me, a non-physicist, that the collapse of the wave function might be considered a process from a spread/and or continuum to \{0,1\}; in other words, from an analogic real to an interference that constructs an output of 0 or 1, T or F, + -, etc. (any distinction will do). In this sense the two terms (I hesitate to say 'order' or 'domain' relate at a fundamental level in the universe. And how might Bell's theorem be brought into play? Or any of the paradoxes, in which our everyday real is suddenly transformed, switched into alien and decathected states?

In other words, mental and fundamental physical events and processes abjure any clear distinction between analog and digital, to the extent that the phenomenology of both is inappropriate. If there is a 'book of nature,' its syntax is as yet unknown; perhaps the idea of syntax itself is inappropriate as well.

Perhaps one might look for a basic phonology, strained and filtered into orders and meanings, perhaps one might search for a role - beyond the peripheral - for mind in the universe - perhaps not.
One is always searching for the syntactics, however; it is by means of coding and encoding that the universe is grasped.

The universe is never grasped; instead, the masquerade of abstract tacit knowledge comes into play, those equations describing strings or star formation for example. 'Grasping' references at best the mediation of the abstract in lieu of touch, a sympathetic rather than empathetic, universe. Is the code 'our own' - invented or discovered, descriptive or explanatory - is it something untoward, inexplicable? The world slips through our fingers as metaphysics is approached, the idiocy of the real and suffering of organisms left far behind.

The analog slips through the fingers. The world slips through the fingers.

Any element of a raster is independent of any other element. Any element may be transformed without transforming any other element. Truth values within the digital are problematic. The digital is cleanly separable, breakable. The digital is clean.

Any element of the analogic real is interconnected and inseparable. The transformation of any element alters any other element. Truth values are inherent. The application of truth values is digital. The analogic is a membrane. The analogic is dirty, inseparable, unbreakable.

The dirty analogic problematizes its symbolic. The clean digital is already symbolic.

A symbol within the analogic is trouble already. Some piece of something stands for some piece of something. The digital is a standing-for, a standing-in; this is one of the difficulties of the digital - for standing implies a kind of truth, and standing is a function, open to manipulation. Change something in the analogic symbolic, and you
The digital object is analogic. At its foundation, the digital object is an object like any other; a cd is a manufactured disk. This ontology is independent of raster, protocol, and so forth as ideality. Think of it as base and superstructure: the base is *there*, an increasingly wounded planet; the superstructure is whatever the airwaves/fiberoptic supports. Thus the emic of the digital is ontologically distinct from the emic of the analogic, but the etic of the digital is within the emic of the analogic.

The analogic representation is digital. At its foundation, the analogic representation is like any other; a symbol is a symbol and all representations might as well be analogic. This epistemology is dependent upon structure, perhaps raster as well. Think of it as base and superstructure: the base is *there*, an increasingly wounded planet; the superstructure is whatever the airwaves/fiberoptic supports.

Ghosts are embedded within the analogic. Ghosts are excluded from the digital. Ghosts haunt the digital from without. A ghost problematizes the real. A ghost never disappears, never appears - it is something else, somewhere else, a disturbance, uncanny, mesmeric. Of course the dead are ghosts. The digital sifts them out - rather, the digital excludes them from the sifting-process altogether. But the ghosts are there, on the periphery, as if embedded in the parasitic noise of the wires, spherics of very low frequency radio. And they're sensed, waiting for Bell's theorem to materialize.

Absence or exclusion from the digital is equivalent to non-existence from the viewpoint of the digital. Ghosts are existence and existents within the analogic. Political enumeration creates new 'realities' out of death camps, death squads, killing fields, concentration camps, refugee camps. What is excluded from the digital is excluded from the symbolic: it never existed. What ever existed can never take the form of ghosts. There are no ghost-traps for chimera.

The digital envelops the act of differentiation; the analog envelops integration. The analog smoothes what the digital disrupts.

Ah, perhaps the heart of *things*. The digital is the process and result of taking-apart; the analog is inert. In relation: The jump-cut or distinction of the digital is transformed into the continuity of bodies and consciousness in the analog; difference is subsumed. Perhaps difference is repressed; perhaps the dead of the camp are
buried, the graves are smoothed over, they were never there, no one ever died. Whatever distinctions are made within the digital, whatever rasters, protocols, divisions, clean and proper bodies, conjurations - these disappear in time; the things of the digital wear out. What remains is a memory of ideality and the ideality of memory; the mercury delay lines, ten-inch floppies, long-playing records, vhs cassettes, no longer play - no longer play anywhere. Analog and digital succumb within the silence of the analog. I can hardly remember who died; did someone die?

The digital requires a place to stand. The digital requires an origin. The analog of Cartesian coordinates is countermanded by the discrete and arbitrary location of the origin.

The Origin of Cartesian coordinates is the last refuge of the ego (I think it was Weyl who pointed this out). This place to standing, this standing-place, is the origin of the digital as well; it is the place from which raster and parameter are counted. The digital image is tabulated, line and row. But the digital is also manufactured, produced; even the collapse of the wave function is a production. And such production requires an origin as well; the digital does not come from nowhere; it is in the hands, the grasp, of political economy, of capital.

The digital draws a distinction; the analog erases it.

To draw a distinction is to divide, to construct the symbolic. The wearing-down of the distinction 'makes it dirty.' The pun is analog, dirty; the pun leaps from meaning to meaning, conflating, confusing inscriptions. Nothing is safe from the pun.

To draw a distinction is the construct a potential well, within which the distinction functions, in spite of the corrosion of the world.

The world leaps at the digital, attacks it from all sides. The potential well is a construct, protecting the encoding, decoding, data-banks and their maintenance. The potential well is well above the physical tolerance of the embedding of the code; it's an enclave, shored by capital; for all intents and purposes - for all purposes - it's designed to exist forever, just as the ideality of the digital is eternal.

To erase a distinction is to corrode it, to sublimate it to the analogic real, the plasmatic world.

A distinction is timeless; the analog brings it time as a gift, the body suffers, is lost, sintered, disappears. The plasmatic world is shit, neither one thing nor another, neither within nor without, neither body nor environment, neither emic nor etic. Nothing can survive this; there is nothing to survive.

The plasmatic world is the heated world in which distinctions last less time than the processes required to convey information. The plasmatic world, a theoretical construct, is necessarily inoperable. The world of the landscape - without a preferred viewpoint - is such a
The plasmatic world: the world of plasma. Think of this as inconceivable, thoughtless. If the digital is forever, the analogic is of the moment. The infinitely fine raster transforms the digital into time and its passage. If the map is the territory, both corrode, and, to be noted, both are useless.

The cold-world is the world of the permanence and transformations of distinctions. The cold-world is a world of potential wells, in which signs convey, remain - in which structures remain intact, in which semantic content flows through structures.

The cold-world: The eternal physical world, the no-process world, no-dream world, no-thought world. When everything remains intact, observers disappear; there's nothing to see, no one or thing to see.

The digital quantifies the analog.

Well, yes, the digital quantifies any thing, anything, any ontology, transforming and embedded within epistemologies. Drawing a distinction, making a difference: natural numbers, ordinals, integers, we can count on them.

The digital carries a price-tag.

The digital is carried by fiscal/political economy. The digital is a wager; the digital means business.

Coding, by its very nature is digital, which is to say, discrete.

I'd think that fuzzy coding may be discretely mapped. Discrete in both senses of the word: independence of units, codons, but also discrete in the sense of well-behaved; etiquette and coding are inseparable. Coding is always well-bred.

Never, 'above,' as 'below,' but 'as above,' apparent 'as below.' Metaphor and metonymy are always already tropes, within the digital.

Parts for wholes, parts sliding against parts, parts standing-in for parts; within the analogic, parts are holes, sintered, untethered, violate.

The signifier does not reference the signified; it creates it from the analogic. The creation of a signifier re-inscribes the signified elsewhere; as in Saussure's example, the signifier never operates 'within' the real, but within a chain of signifiers, a hermeneutics on the plane of the Other, which inauthentically appears to create the 'Originary' plane, i.e. Creation.

Back and forth; the signified is a creation, the world transformed into economy, the
world economically transformed. Once the plane takes off, the landing-field is inscribed; a plane crash tears an economy apart.

To create by speech ('and the Lord said') is always already to embody the creation as inscription. Inscription separates the inscribed and thereby created entity from its complement, the inscribed world external to the inscribed and created entity.

The entity was always there, unmarked, unremarked, unnoticed. Now the entity comes to the foreground, is foregrounded, becomes entity. Speech creates nothing; the performative is dependent (as everything else within inscription, as we have seen) upon economy; if saying 'I now pronounce you man and wife' does anything, it's the result of the skein of laws and practices already set down. The pronouncing is not performative; the system performs, and the system has an economic base, a base within the real. This is not marxism or sociology; this is culture all the way down. Take away the skein, and one is left with sounds, nonsense, uninterpretable, somewhere the memory of language.

A system of inscriptions appears coherent and closed.

Sememes function as if closed; in reality, they are piecemeal, broken. The symbolic is deeply incoherent; the analogic is deeply coherent, 'of a piece.' Think of a game of culture, increasingly territorializing its inscriptions and the real; culture is a continuous negotiation with, and forestalling of, the abject. Better wear a raincoat; water rises, the landscape is devoured.

Somewhere von Foerster characterizes organism by negation. Negation is the first speech act. Negation is the primary speech act, 'not this, not that' - 'avoid that - that is dangerous' - 'do not go there.'

To negate negation is almost never to return to the original; it is to continue elsewhere. There are negation-chains, disturbances of the real, phobias. Binary systems begin with a distinction, separation; binary systems begin closed, those two over there, doing nothing. Something from the outside, something parasitic, begins to make a difference, another, an other, difference. Something starts. Something starts something.

To negate is to inscribe. To negate is to create. The creation of an entity is always a carving-away. The creation of an entity implies a reduction relative to that entity.

Any creating requires energy; any creation requires maintenance. Artifacture bridges analog and digital, maintained from without, worn from within, medicated from without, exhausted from within.

The digital is the carving-away of what is deemed extraneous. The digital saws into the
extraneous, which is its residue.

The residue of the digital is of no consequence, trash, garbage, abject. The residue of the digital is forgotten, lost, unnumbered, unaccounted-for and uncounted.

The residue is the residue of the analog; the residue is parasitic, noise.

The residue slough, slushes, spews; the residue is parasitic upon the source and encoding of its expulsion. Limit the noise, listen and there's always noise. Noise isn't white, pink, brown; residue noise is colorless, without attribute or attribution.

The digital is noiseless, absolute silence.

Whatever the digital does, it participates in 'the fragility of the good,' while the 'bad' occupies whole bandwidths, worlds. The good is the thinnest conceivable slice; it's almost not there, it disappears. Outside the digital, the digital is inaudible; there's nothing outside the code, not even silence.

The analog is absolute noise.

Yes, what it is, unfathomable, just there. And what's there is unabsorbed, and it takes x-amount to absorb, classify, divide, construct. If the digital tends towards the immanent, the analog tends toward the imminent. As if noise had anything to do with time whatsoever. As if there were beginnings and endings.

The circle of signifiers washes against mental impressions. The image of something is always already a construct (Sartre, rule-bound, but the image of the image is analogic).

Think of the image of the image as no image at all, some sort of escape from the oxherding pictures. Impressions are what remain when all these sorts of categories disappear. A kind of blind momentum.

If something is an analog of something else, both suffer from similar noise. Both suffer from similarity.

To say something is an analog is to use 'analog' in a different sense, the sense of analogy. Once similarity, once similar noise, is perceived, isn't it all over with the establishment of equivalence classes? Here a dog, there a dog. Already something discrete seems to be emerging, over here, over there.

If something is a representation of something else, both draw structures from each other.

Representation is mutual-mediation; signifier and signified are both signifiers, both signified. This is a kind of resonance inhabiting the sememe; nothing is as clear as it
seems, there's no ontology uncontaminated by the other, no epistemology that doesn't leak at the edges.

The analog is unstructured; the digital is structured.

Again, the analog is nothing at all; even a structure within the analogic is unstructured.

The analog is communality, use-value. The digital is community, exchange-value. Exchange may be direct or indirect, transitive. Exchange may be based on apparent equivalence, on agreement, on contract. Exchange binds entity to entity. Exchange defines entity. Exchange defines entity in relation to (by virtue of) entity.

These old marxist categories... Use value is always already cultural, but nonetheless is distinguished from exchange-value. The latter is part and parcel of equivalence systems, rasters, encodings, codons; the former is the real within the real. But 'use' implies function, and function implies categorization, divisions, inscriptions as well. Think of the analog/use and digital/exchange as dirty polarizations; the distinction is metaphorically useful but metaphysically suspect.

 Analogic use-value is imminent and immanent. Digital exchange-value is distanced, defined. Analog is subject; digital is object. The object of digital is subject to analog. Exchange replaces use. The subject of analog is object to digital. Exchange replaces use.

Digital exchange-value is produced by virtue of transitive systems; analog use-value occurs within intransitivities. One might speak of a parabolic trajectory from use through exchange to use: a hand-ax used as such by someone then becomes an economic unit of exchange and is traded to someone else who uses it. Back and forth, the real is sawn apart.

Digital is always already a presumed contamination of the real. The presumption is always already false.

The etic digital stirs up the emic real? The digital stirs up nothing but itself. (The digital has its emic too.)

The analog is always already a presumed healing or suturing of the real. The presumption is always already false.

The maternal analog against the phallic digital? Hardly; the analog stirs up just about everything.

Without the digital, communication would be impossible. The ideality of the feral world is equivalent to the world under erasure.
All organisms possess culture, distinctions, language, communicability, memory, sensation, sensory surfaces and membranes. The feral world is non-existent, just as 'wild' is non-existent - what we are considering, in reality, are other species' cultures. Draw a distinction, negation, there's the digital; don't draw it, and everything's dead.

To throw away the scaffold is to retain it. To retain everything, releases everything.

Nothing's released, nothing's thrown away. The scaffold is a raster. Released from the raster is the raster.

Let's just say it's all unaccountable, unaccounted-for - the real, the digital, anything and everything and nothing else. Let's just let it go.

'Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darueber muss man schweigen.' (Wittgenstein) - is already lost.

There: someone has said something, perhaps for the first time, perhaps for the last.
Confusion of the Split

I keep searching for the *split* everywhere, the appearance of the discrete which can, but must not, be rendered impotent / futile. There are dyadic theories – Laing, some communications theory, but these specify resonances among entities that need not be clearly defined. There is the ontological theory of quantum mechanics, in which electrons *are* particles, in which the real is relatively grounded. There are theories beyond theories, theories I can't hope to understand, matrices of theories. There is everyday behavior among the signs and sign-systems of the world, and all of the sign-systems are far more culturally ideogrammatic, non-system / culturally founded, than first appearance indicates.

The digital lies *either* in fabrication or one-on-one codes, or deeper, on the quantum level.

Let us at least momentarily call it the discrete. Perhaps a distinction can be made - *digital* technology, but *discrete* as epistemological (and perhaps ontological) split.

The discrete is characterized by its lack of continuity with the analog. A spike, fold catastrophe, wave function collapse, are, perhaps discrete.

A digital recording, for example, a CD, is discrete only in relation to the potential wells of conventionally-bound domains. A CD is analogic as an object; the 0s and 1s *resolve*. However, given a decoding/playback, the hills and valleys *register* as 0s and 1s. The sound transforms back into the analogic through the playback system (speaker, earphone, etc.). The registration of the 0s and 1s are dependent upon an conventionally-adopted *protocol*. We've been over this territory. The protocol appears *real* although it functions only in relation to specific technology.

The coding is discrete on an ideal level; the signals themselves have onset and trailing. But within the given potential well of the technology, they *read* as discrete.

Your money or your life: discrete, yes, or no; it veers. -money = +life, but (+money = -life) = -money. Life is an *entanglement*.

All choices are braided, contingent, contiguous. The discrete is always a barrier. A vast distinction must be made between discrete *codes* which are designed conventionally systemic, and what might be termed the *external discrete*, i.e. stochastic, an appearance, unplanned-for. The difference between a digital CD and particle decay. This is the fundamental difference; one we construct with what is given to us, the other is given to us. I would think that the digital/constructed barrier can always be circumvented; the discrete of the world, however, like the analogic, is *just that*.

(In relation to *ideality*, the discrete is simpler; any given integer, for example is E or -E, even or not-even. If the integer ends on {02468}, it's even. The sets E and -E are complementary,
discrete; their intersection is the null set, and their union constitutes the set of all integers. On
the other hand, in non-ideal life, the life-forms of the every-day world, there may be for
example a number of plums which are neither odd nor even - for example, pluots may or may
not be included, hybrids may veer off, partially-eaten plums, seeds, etc., all form fuzzy cases.
(Now with the plums, let us open a distribution center: It is then economically necessary to
count plums. The raster/protocol is created, the result is a digital screening.)

Discrete < on and off | 0 and 1 | other sign and other sign > Digital implementation.

In this scheme, the protocol is scheme / noise within the system:

[Referent | operative field] < Implementation > Digital mapping

\[ ....^.................^..................^....................^.............. \]

0-resonance | boundary delineation | protocol-parasite | machinic display

(idiotic) (circumscription) (cultural convention) (economy)

(On and on and on... stumbling into science, realms of ignorance.)
Note towards a foundational phenomenology of analogic/discrete 'domains'

Until we understand the deep ontological and epistemological issues involving the analogic and discrete (digital), we will get nowhere.

It must be within the wave equation and its collapse that the solution to these conceivable orders will be found.

Measurement = judgment, culture; the collapse is to the discrete. Wolfram remains there; the wave equation and its ontology otherwise; Penrose on the cusp of the dialectic; Hawking dismisses the problem through positivism. But the orders remain such, effloresce on the level of the life-world where the digital exists under the aegis of fabrication, and the analogic prohibits the jump-cut outside of mental phenomena.

Certainly it is within the collapse of the wave equation that the phenomenology of consciousness, the abstract and the physical, meet. Contradictions appear almost across the board. Each tugs at the other.

One is unwilling to give up the primacy of the physical because of its immensity. It is difficult, even from a platonic viewpoint, to comprehend the immensity of the abstract as well - it pales by comparison. As for consciousness, it seems the weakest of all, certainly the most fragile. It is within consciousness that the annihilation and creation of historical memory occur.

There are no events in the abstract. Consciousness and the physical are temporal; the physical and the abstract describe spaces; consciousness and the abstract describe networks. Within consciousness, from the network to the membrane. Within the physical, from spacetime to its incoherence. And within the abstract, axiomatics to their dissolution. Mathesis tends towards rounding and the discrete (digital); consciousness tends towards sharpening and the analogic; the physical world collapses among them.

Perhaps the collapse is incomprehensible in terms of a unifying theory. I agree with Penrose that both U and R are real physical processes. (I have no proof of this of course; it fits.) In any case measurement brings out the artifactual nature of the digital, as well as the choice of variables, tolerances, apparatus, etc., and all in relation to background noise. Thinking gets to the bottom of everything. Thinking gets to the bottom of nothing; it is both full, replete, and absent.

To think fully the a/d divide/continuum (along with this infinite regress) is to assume familiarity with mathematical physics, phenomenology, engineering, neurophysiology, as well as philosophy, aesthetics, computer science. Without these backgrounds, analysis
remains on the level of life-world phenomena, the symptomatic. As the symptomatic
expands, so does the metaphoric superstructure; before long, one is off and running in any
number of useless directions as image builds on image. This is the wave part of the
phenomenon; the collapse is absent as testability recedes. My personal danger is to avoid
confusion on one hand, and these metaphoric ruminations as anything but fantasy, on the
other.

There are also the results in microsound, in digital audio reproduction, in compression
algorithms and raster scans at the limits, in the mathematics of human cognition, in cellular
automata. Expansion frays at the edges; nothing is achieved. Just as confusion is the result of
metaphoric expansion, it is also the result of an efflorescence of roots.

(And it's in codework that the mix of analogic and discrete ordering, with resulting broken
image and imaginary, that the aesthetics of expansion and collapse - of metaphor and binary
for example - plays out. In this sense all communication among organisms, participates in
signal and emotional contexting, reduction and aura.)

Gestalt is both surplus and reduction. The inhabiting of text is analogic, no matter the
discrete (ascii, tcp/ip) elements (protocols) at work. Between inhabitation and the seizure of
the symbol lies anxiety, dis/comfort, the political.

The collapse of the wave equation, Penrose's U -> R, Bell's theorem, bother us.
Communication leaks; the mechanics transform (in Irigarayan terms) from fluid to
mechanical to the uneasy gnawing of a mix. Think of Kristeva's abject for example, or Janine
Chasseguet-Smirgel's work. Think of a kind of transitional object carrying the all-too-evident
seeds of decay within it, the teddy-bear leaking stuffing.

The bothering is political; we would do anything to erase it! Purity, the sensual absence of
corruption, is primary to governance, where, for example, justice is forced into equivalence
with law.

One should learn from the R Yes|No measurement that decision, at the bottom, is
independent. "The best-laid plans of mice and men often go astray"; and are inherently
astray. They are never plans until observed - when the secret's out. Code hides and reveals,
checksumming a relative assurance of purity. Beyond that, there is nothing but plasma
analogic, and the digital grave.)
The A/D of it

...A./D.

...Analog digital / analog discrete, but also Anno Domini; one can only point out that linear
time from 0 moves through both negative and positive numbers; the years are integers, the
continuum backgrounded. A/D: Monotheism's gift, this or that, before or after; A/D: the
continuum of time re/produced as discrete. The year 0 of our lord, the year 1 of our lord. This
is the trouble with religions or ideologies with monolithic and linear narratives apparently
grounded in specific and human events -- everything proceeds like a white hole out of them.
Of course every system, however broken, has its accountancy; I am punning here on A./D,
the ferociousness of this division, and from the viewpoint of believers -- as if humankind
were waiting for this, the insertion of our lord into history, breaking history, remaking the
codex of dates. Islam is similar. With these monotheisms it's all gone bad; the fabrication
carries a suspect political ideology, as if the world has waited for year 0 and the insertion of a
related temporal framework. This is what happens when there's a guy -- Jesus or Mohammed
or whomever -- involved. The construct of absolute time is equivalent to absolute negative
and positive, right or wrong. Clearly history doesn't start or end with the guy, so one counts
forwards and backwards from him. But he's there as a stopper, transformation, wave equation
collapse, as deadly as Schrodinger's cat might be.

Somewhere Weyl wrote about the last vestige of the self/ego in physics - the Cartesian
origin. The guy hangs out there, claims the origin for himself/itself, refuses to recognize the
tensor algebra of the thing which isn't a thing. It's be-all and end-all for him. Time begins,
marches forward or backward, a permanent light-cone. The rest are its children.

(Note that this absolute time is finite, that it begins and ends, that the origin is historical. And
note that so many other systems portend a creation behind/beyond which numeracy was non-
existent; the numbers begin in mythic time. So there are configurations that are lost in
essence - not a guy hanging out, as if known by one and all. There's always the problem of
the divine with historical time; mythos turns to miracles, Jesus doing this or that, almost like
a party. Three and one is one by the way; for any absolute finite X here, X -> 1, I believe it is
called a kernel. )

Spike

an absolute burst or vertical signal in the for of + within an otherwise quiescent mode. 0/1 or
Kronecker delta?

onset and damping 0; at x = y of infinite +/-? this doesn't matter; give it the prominence of a
spike.
what happens to energy at a well-defined frequency? close in and quantum effects appear.

the spike is a trigger. what is the response time?

the speed, not the half-life, of particle decay?

dear mathematical physicist, you see I do not know what I am talking about. I am only certain that this spike plays a role in the phenomenology of the analogic and digital.

analogic as adjectival; digital the same, as discrete, binary. or such of the discrete that has a modus operandi as binary.

consider the factory or configuration of the digital, its appearance as governing artifacture at a particular moment in civilization - when it is realized that the analogic may be scanned.

but the digital is not always constructed, as the collapse of the wave equation implies. or rather it is always constructed - always an action - but not necessarily an artifacture or technological production - which have teleology in mind.

what are the nature/s of the spikes in very low frequency radio for example? is the (natural) digital always the result of a collapse?

these (naive) questions are on the tip of the tongue, so to speak - an array.

and dear mathematical physicist, i hope you will be able to listen to the musings of an unaffiliated artist / theorist, who is trying to get it right, but may not always succeed.

**analogic smear**

postulate the analogical from the position of the operations of the analogical. i talked about, apologizing all the while for exhaustion, the relation of the analogical to deep identity, identity all the way damental ontologies and their relationship to the analogical and identity real, the truth is messy, noisy, analogic, irreducible, fuzzy. as listerv. this analogical labelling is superficial consider the analog is atemporal and time is analogical substructure integral the body analogical body is digital substructure substructure digital is body analogical body the integral substructure to analogical print differential biological material raster is the analog is atemporal and time is analogical time. this continuous world appears analogic. any element of the analogic real is interconnected and inseparable. the inherent. the application of truth values is digital. the analogic is a membrane. the analogic is dirty, inseparable, unbreakable. the dirty analogic problematizes its symbolic. the clean digital is the digital object is analogic. the analogic representation is digital. ghosts are embedded within the analogic.
ghosts are excluded from the the analogic. to erase a distinction is to corrode it, to sublimate it to the analogic analogic. the creation of a signifier re-inscribes the signified image of the image is analogic. within the analogic real there is always room for error. "one can reverse this, in a sense, considering the application of analogic analogic, it might be a fairly useless exercise. as stimulate a vigorous debate on the relationship of digital and analogic the other. to stay with the filter is to remain analogic, deeply human, (dis)interested observer but from that a music producer. the analogic is note towards a foundational phenomenology of analogic/discrete 'domains.' ving the analogic and discrete (digital), we will get nowhere. where the digital exists under the aegis of fabrication, and the analogic tends towards sharpening and the analogic the physical world collapses ( and it's in codework that the mix of analogic and discrete 'ordering,' gestalt is both surplus and reduction. the inhabiting of text is analogic, assurance of purity. beyond that, there is nothing but plasma analogic, one integrates the digital to arrive at the analogic, but to begin with the analogic? to differentiate it? this might map, but then there is still perhaps i bring in libido (dionysian, analogic) and superego (apolloian, she smears to decomposing doll, the heart rate monitor freezes and she is sounds ! one who is clad in the hide of an elephant ! one who is besmeared where clara might go, smeared with shit, piss, and cum, mixing with the lag killed it. i can't think anymore. time zero is time smeared. oh, oh! "remaining nude, clad in torn dress, covered with oil, besmeared secrets, runnels overhanging the reach of chin, neck, smeared sweat, eme - or smearing, diapers, ink - shit everywhere - pissed books (drag pushes the rim of the asshole out - paste smeared upon the supine body of smear blending into the subtle plateau shadowed by fluttered bodies, and for whom inscription has transformed into smears. defuge smeared against the central desert's nilometer measuring taste, sweat, covered with grease and parts smeared everywhere. what remain of her her wipe wipe, she cleared a space, smeared apace, on the crt. "now it will be ples, want them smeared. they become writing-tools drag my body, parallel lines of shit, blood, smeared across the screen. this is the scrawl me, smeared across my balls as well. when i threw the bottle the res- bodies, and for whom inscription has transformed into smears. defuge smeared across the chest and face, immortalized in photographic image around broken space, smeared in orbital clouds running with a fury, smear let smear be our primary descriptor!


i despise your glances smeared across your faces Jennifer whispered.> href="slip them in.htm"<smear>/a<a href="legs.htm"get my period soon. i can tell because i keep finding a whitish smear in seconds count series smears jennifer-text across screen series expands ic may be "smeread" across a number of pages, programs, or other aspects counted-for. it is unaccountable because it is smeared across sites (pa-parts smeared across the screen, terminal-decay, terminal-desire. alone, cells smear disrupted contents against it. blood gushes to the surface, it would have to be under glass, my name smeared and rendered inde-only
then did you fall apart. then and only then were you smeared, defiled

despise your glances smeared across your faces hatred of useless we covered with grease and parts smeared everywhere. what remain of her her contaminated by paper smears, ball-pointed inks coating tunnels to
certificates smeared with flesh rubles and your cum so trade them in. this world smears meaning all over the place. everywhere we look we drib- were, we'd still be smearing meaning all over the places, as i said. then any two elements of a spectrum smear, gesturally, across the rest. so that ing smeared shitsuppurating asshole would soaking smeared shit mind you uneasy weighted penis shit vomitswallowed vomitmorselsmeared face your lively smeared hair is in my spry smeared eyes your your penis seeps into my smeared eyes -
turning me julu-jennifer smeared - almost obliterated, choked on filth, disheveled
the mind, pierce the ears, send the stump away, smear it areas and objects blurred, edges smeared, involuted polished bronze, smeared and non-existent recognitions. i come down the aisle, smear embrace on the perfect floor, flood into eg ..and place it on ure mouth ..and smear the screedn ..and look at ure eg ..and place it on ure mouth ..and smear the screedn ..and look at ure words t shit on me, smear me, we will lie across ourselves... you will drip from s ...till we no longer x sist in body ..till we r in another space ..smeared wit tears smear dirt on our invisible faces where proper names are killed! line tourmaline, constant tears smear dirt on our invisible faces where leave us alone, azure and i naked, smeared with each other and with black crystalline tourmaline, constant tears smear dirt on our invisible faces tears smear dirt on our invisible faces where proper names are killed! smears d'nala with asshole flora and fauna. his chest is streaked. d'nala effects on video - images smeared into one another - lmsmears d'nala with asshole flora and fauna. his chest is streaked. d' smeared kanji before erasure after (the "thinking skin smears" itself across existence - from the program, binding is soaked, written, erased. - consider the next smearing of your your menses consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. first flooding consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my your menses consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. first flooding consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my your menses consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. first flooding consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my your menses consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. is on my consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. my consider the next smearing of your thinking skin. is your chemistry into existence and your own my skin is smeared, still thinking my and stick their shit-covered pricks in them, smearing them with oil so escape the bullets and whips, dodge the swords and knives, they smear my would smear white powder in melanie's perfect long black hair, soiling it. n+1 creates 2(2^(n+1)-1)+1 elements - doubling through the 'smear,' the the next smearing of your thinking skin simple qbasic programs tending
hanko (seal), nudes coming together, smearing the ideograms, they're the texts smear themselves across each other's bodies. the commands smear and go t e and eyes ..do that...and smearing e would protect u ...i would smearing us together... so so that i could bleed too so u would be coated smear u into myey hs yes yesair and my ...b.ones. these visions we build
The confused continuous action of daily life

In daily life, the continuous is ever-present, always accountancy. For even the turning of a switch on or off from its opposite results in no imminent and vertical surge, but an increase on the microscopic level. To be sure, quanta move from one state to another without intermediaries, but everywhere we find our measurements do not follow suit; statistically, we are averaged out. If one has a gauge, for example a Watt governor on a steam locomotive, one sees its continuity clearly. If one measures, however, across this continuity, say by extrapolating or interpolating to locate the precise degree of steam pressure, this requires a raster of whatever tolerance, the application of an abstracted mathesis, so that one might have, for example, pressure to the hundredth of a pound, thereby ensuring a grid and result that would thereupon jump to the next hundredth, at least in terms of human results, which imply the fineness and tolerance employed. The bits of a digital recording are sloped pits and there is always wear and tear. The interpretation on our listening level is dependent upon the continuous motion of speaker and speaking membranes of one or another sort. Everything dirties and the dirtiness ensures that no order reigns supreme, that no order is an order, that every order is an admixture of every other, that heuristics dominate the affairs of the lifeworld itself. I cannot judge quantum mechanics, but its effects, outside the world of
experiment and potential wells, are both analogic and digital, everything and nothing, and
everything in-between.

You see I am confused, I lose myself in ignorance, it's clear these aren't the questions to ask. I have for example no idea about the continuum end of the spectrum of hydrogen, what's separable and inseparable, how this interacts with strings, dark-matter, space-time foam, black holes, and other theoretical entities. My Aphoristic Essay is clearly a relative and fundamental ontology for the lifeworld. The digital is clearly artifactual. It's bounded, theoretical, virtual, ideality, heuristics. The analog is clearly day-to-day, as in the absence of jump-cut outside of dreams, when the subject moves from place to place, and every place in-between. The analog is always rough around the edges; the digital is always chosen, always a choice - this tolerance and not that, this protocol and not that. It's problematic however that the digital and discrete reference the same domain, although one might say that the digital is drawn from the discrete with zero tolerance, that is one might say that an ideal structure emerges from, or perhaps even is emergent within, the discrete. A step farther and confusion: does the discrete, for example, reference a raster? How does Planck's constant play among the orders? Clearly or unclearly, once again the wrong questions to ask...
Philosophy

1
How to begin philosophy, how to begin the process of philosophizing, an activity, a form of labor, the philosopher and the production. Whether the philosophy is cast asunder, whether it is interpretable, that is, translatable; whether it remains intrinsic to the act of philosophizing, therefore bound. If bound, whether it is of the substance or thing or continuity of its creation, or whether it is of some other substance, some other, cast asunder; whether the production is one with its production; whether the producer is one with the production. Here beginning without return, without recourse to the return, beginning in the sense of an act of writing designating this particular production which is named 'Philosophy.'

2
Of such, without recourse to the return, because of evidence: one cannot return, or rather a return would be always and only from the present to the present, operable upon a remnant of the production, but only the remnant, which would be drawn into presence, or re-presence. It is evident that undoing is not that of doing, that one alters, that things have altered, that things have altered within one within the world; that one is altered within an altered or altering world. That the world is what is evident, that the world is without recourse, without return. That the world is therefore unbounded, bounded without the boundary or delineation of the return; that the present is this unbounded, continuous unbinding. The present is a filter. The return is nowhere, returns nowhere.

3
Of such, without foundation; the present has no foundation; neither within nor without, neither within the apparatus of writing nor without. Mathematics possesses no return; every mathematical statement is foundation; every mathematical statement exists and presences. Of mathematics and its production is identical; is unique; is inescapably equivalent. Identity and equivalence remain within product and production; are remnant within product and production. Mathematics is that within which identity appears and appears exactly within equivalence. The world is that which is without identity, with the appearance of identity, without equivalence, with the appearance of equivalence. The splitting of the world is the splitting of perception into classes of apparent identity and apparent equivalence whose boundaries remain within the present, are imminent; but whose boundaries are such as projections. The projection of a boundary is within the present. The history of a boundary is a projection.
Consider a toaster or electronic computer; consider anything which may or may not be present, presencing; this is of the order of philosophy, always already an acceptance; every reduction includes; or includes, at least as construct. Thus of the panoply, or rather panoply, which is present, presencing; then what of memory, of the enumeration, accountability of objects? In philosophy, these remain within the presence; they appear recuperable; they appear identical or equivalent; this is appearance, genidentity; this is always other. This is the giving of permission of philosophy the killing-ground or grounds of philosophy; the winding-sheet of assertion. A man or a woman, an organism, a being, a human being, universals, these presences accompanied by deductions, for what is a man or a woman if not recognized as such; if recognized for example as thing or flesh; if recognized as meat; if recognized only as thing or flesh as meat. As for recognition: a problem for cognitive psychology, for neurophysiology. As for the symbolic: transformation and transforming structures, structures undergoing continuous transformation with the appearance of equivalences. As for mediation: the appearance of extension of appearance of equivalences. Mediation: a presencing, a present. One is always already synchronic; one is never diachronic; one does not live in time; one does not extend in time; one is replete; is fullness; the world is panoply, fecund; the world is a world of potential; potential is incomplete. There is no completeness in the world. There is completeness in mathematics; there is no completeness in mathesis. Mathesis is of the present. Mathesis is presence, the ontology of presence.

As in digital manipulation of layers, the world is flattening by the subject; is always flattening; there is no depth; depth is an illusion; multiple viewpoints; apparent histories; apparent identities. The flattening of the world: the stitching of ontologies, suturing epistemologies. Thus the thetic, continuously working as the gesture works. The gesture is working language; language gestures, gesticulates. Language is always at a loss; hence the fury of language, presence of obscenities or thickening, escape routes, of interjections, phonemically other. Representation is the same; the same of the other; chiasmus: other of the same. It is a disturbance of flattening which is flattening. Disturbance is the apparency of discontinuity, anomaly; flattening is substantive; substance. To disturb - to nudge - is to initiate bifurcation, response. The limits of discontinuity are catatonias; analogic inerts; substance is limitless. Consider an epigenetic landscape: the flattening of the real. Consider elementary catastrophes and their extending sheets: disturbance.

In my work several decades ago (I mention this only in relation to Badiou), I wrote and write of farming-out; the perception of temporality, of progress, resulting in the collocation of disciplines, subjects, within which specialists take care of advance, increased knowledge, goods. Temporality tends towards complexity; cellular automata can grow inconceivably chaotic within a few generations. The regular or reiterated which is death (certainly without
recursion which leads to quantitative jumps) is unimaginable; it is the circumlocution, centrifugal forcing, of the world. The apparencty of disturbance tends towards centering. "Now I must proceed without time"; with the perception of time; of what is known now, what is processed now, as opposed to; what was processed; what was processed then. What was conceived then; what I conceive now what was conceived then. This is a conceiving; a state of conceiving; the bundle of conceivings constitutes the world which appears undergoing transformation; always irreversible. But not irreversible in fact: from presencing, from presence there is nothing to return to; the state is unpresent, non-present; one says "the state has vanished" or "we've moved on."

7

"I conceive of the world as such-and-such." "What is it that is being conceived? What is conceiving?"

8

There is no Now; there is no philosophy of the Now. The present presence is smeared, fuzzy; it is degenerate; it was never generate. Philosophy is from present presencing, from this smearing; it is irrevocable; it cannot be constituted otherwise. The Absolute is embedded in time; there is no Absolute to return to; the embedding is within the present. The text is always its memory; the text - any text - is always memory. I speak and write concretely: this is such-and-such a writing which is only inscription, artifact; the artifact is present, before you; the artifact is presenting by virtue of your procurement. Everything, the world, artifact, product-production, appears as, exists within, reconstitution; the subject (who is always already embedded) recuperates, which is the definition of the subject; objects do not. To recuperate is to draw boundaries, definitions, negations: X = this; not-X = that. Not-X is always problematic; it's "that" may be fuzzy, complementary; chained; non-existent; indecipherable; generative or degenerate, degenerative. This is the difficulty of the monopole in ordinary language within an ordinary world; that is, what is termed the "lifeworld," or world of daily life. The lifeworld is presencing, as if a gift or given; there is no negative or negation; negation is a drawing. What occurs, occurs, is, is. Flattening is necessary construct; thus disturbance within flattening portends negation which is channeled within flattening. This is the sphere of daily life which appears extended.

9

Fiske: The "discovery of the law of gravitation, as well as the invention of such a superstition as the Hand of Glory, is at bottom but a case of association of ideas." I cannot comprehend Being; Being does not exist in my comprehension, nor in my understanding, nor in association, nor in empathy. Of beings, I understand association. Being is a taste, a connoisseurship of the world or collector of the world, tending towards the final object. If Being is not absolute, what is? It is as if what is given "is given"; it is not; the thetic tends towards the thetic; circumlocution occurs within the same flattening as the world at large; writing is such a tendency. The philosophy of sex, of sexuality, of love, of war, hate; the
philosophy of culture; of media theory: all are farmed-out; all are within the provenance of disciplines, speciality. Art is the drawing of negation; art is a disturbance of association; art reveals the flattening and non-Being of the world; even within its presentiment of Being, non-Being. Art is corruption; preservation holds its own in the skein of decay. To create is to bifurcate; creation is discrete, the rasa no exception. The commonality of art is gesticulation; the commonality of art and language is gesture. As for sexuality: "Language is always at a loss; hence the fury of language, presence of obscenities or thickening" - rupture is production; sexuality infects the social; the infection is the social. Jouissance and preservation: farmed-out to psychology; psychoanalytics; biogenetics; anthropology; this central drive whose centrifugal emotion colors everything; presents or re-presents the philosophical as determinative property, boundary, territory and its circumambulation. Sexuality has no belonging; philosophy is a speaking or carrying-out a longing for belonging, lengthening of situation, just as death dissolves belonging which rites recreate for the survivors. Obscenity is obscenity in its absence, its impossibility, of circumlocution, a symbolic axis of interiority. Obscenity is that which is spoken because it cannot be spoken; philosophy is an obscenity; a pornography; its speaking is a flattening; a circumdiction of disturbance; what is called a therapeutical or meditation; a dreamwork or working-through; what is symbolic labor. In labor exchange value and use value are equivalent; to think otherwise is to mistake ontology for content. The value of labor lies in reification; in "fitting" (Bohm); in the production of materials; of thought; operations within or across ontologies; emotions or prime numbers; bricks or philosophy. Obscenity is valuable in its valuelessness; it works, working through nothing; it is contrary or wayward, contradiction; obscenity occurs within the Sheffer stroke dual "neither A nor B"; in its elsewhere; in its range outside the organization and data-basing of labor and its production.

10

Of the absurdity of analysis of X: X-beneath-the-sign-of-Y- analyzed or mediated by Z: Z(Y(X)) for example; forgive the errors of category. A loss: Philosophy exists qua philosophy to the extent that Y is problematic; that Z turns away; turns the other face; that the tending of X; of the world; is towards Other. What can be said dissolves in speciality; in the interconnections among specialities; in the discourses of specializations; that is, in the discourses of analysts; perhaps in analytical discourses or discourse. The value of art is in opposition to the value of labor; art is active and potential laborlessness-in-production; obscenity underlies both; underlies philosophy; violence and sexuality underlie obscenity; obscenity underlies both.

11

By default we are stewards of the earth. An irresolute contradiction: beginning and ending of philosophy, absence of, not absented, Being; philosophy of this labor, this presence, this present: but: philosophy not of psychology, not of sexuality; neither the tropology nor the speciality; therefore the body present and absent; desire present and absent; mathesis present and absent: but: the remoteness of philosophy; remoteness of mathematics; remoteness of fundamental ontologies; within beings without Being. Therefore "by default": given that
there is none, that there is none other; our ethos: subsummation of the other; recuperation of
the other within the same; recuperation of the same within the other. Sheffer dual: "neither A
nor B"; Sheffer: "not both A and B"; the fundamental "jectivity" - projection and introjection
- expulsion and incorporation - exculpation and absolution (the register of ethos) - of
organism in relation, in dialog, dialectic, with the world: imminent perceived environment -
the project of organism, project of the environment vis-à-vis organism. The given without
the giver, given without the gift, limitless, unbounded: the present. Stewardship by default:
the given of the world, the wager of local zero-sum. Foundation of belief in relation to "what
is to be done": Second -jectivity, the overlay of ethos, Spirit, what passes for foundation. The
foundation of belief is in passing. Is in passing as such. Belief is nothing if not of
consequence; the consequence of belief is stewardship.

12
The basis of stewardship is decision. Decision is bifurcation, digital. Bifurcation is
fundamental: the Schrödinger cat paradox depends on it. From analog continuous waveform
to digital. The suturing of the digital: flattening; flattening by the organism in relation to the
organism and its functioning. Suturing: the mathematical operation of integration. The other
side of flattening: Contrast increase: the mathematical operation of differentiation.
Differentiation is the basis of survival Differentiation is a disturbance of the digital within the
analog. From disturbance, suturing. Worlding is dialog-dialectic among flattening and
disturbance.

13
Here philosophy no longer speaks: I no longer speak. For what is being spoke is, can only be,
speech broken by the world. Speech by its very present-presencing is always already broken;
philosophy breaks on speech.

14
“Of such, without recourse to the return, because of evidence: one cannot return, or rather a
return would be always and only from the present to the present, operable upon a remnant of
the production, but only the remnant, which would be drawn into presence, or re-presence."
The return is inconceivable, a conceiving; the return: from heroic travel; from death to birth;
from wound to heal; from anomaly to suture; from digital to analog; from (mythology of the)
death drive to (mythology of the) death drive; from arousal to satiation. The return is as-if,
fiction. The return loops; there is never a return; the return re-presents the world; all
representation of the world is the appearance of return. To return is to repossess; possessions
are repossessions. The loop of the return is the process of reification; it transforms the
appearance of inherent value into exchange; within mathesis, it is capital. Capital is seeing
the world; it is eternal presence. Eternal return is always eternal presence; it is the presence
of as-if-I-had-known within the I-know; return is the foundation of culture.
Return is the foundation of culture; desire is the foundation of culture; language is the foundation of culture; sexuality is the foundation of culture; product-production is the foundation of culture; disturbance is the foundation of culture; differentiation is the foundation of culture; negation is the foundation of culture; there is no foundation of culture as such; there is no cultural foundation. (If the world were not a stew, philosophy would be axiomatic; if philosophy were axiomatic, there would be no philosophy. The exhaustion of the absolute is the absolute of exhaustion.)

To clear the house: the necessity of God/Spirit/ Meaning; abstracted capitalized universals. These are misrecognitions, misapplications; from the specific to the general; from the imminent to the immanent; from many to one; from one to One. Occam’s pragmatism; eliminate them. They are of service (they do not "serve") intrinsically; they comfort; they provide a matrix (as-if from matrix to Matrix); the appearance of transcendence; the therapeutic of warding-off death. They contradict flattening as tropes of disturbance. They appear from elsewhere, elsewhen; they appear elsewhere; an introjected Other. Beware of capitals; of Capital. The projection of capitals returns as meaning; returns the loop; implies foundation (as-if from foundation to Foundation). They recuperate, exculpate, death (as-if from death to Death). They are the marrow of human culture. Farm them out; construct theologies, emblems; consider them (capital) Emblematic. Thus the symbolic emerges (from pre-linguistic, from proto-linguistic, from "chora") as-if from the Emblematic; as-if the Emblematic situates the symbolic vis-à-vis the human. From "situates" to "Situates," situation to "Situation"; Situation is
generated by the Emblematic. To follow-through is to follow through with difficulty; with the problematic of verification. Adopt what works; otherwise adapt. "What works" = "what works for you."

17
From meanings to meaning to Meaning; from beings to being (copula included) to Being; from spirits to spirit to Spirit. But the last already implies an ontological split, disturbance, fueled by the foreknowledge of death; by problematic causal explanations of lifeworld events; by the recuperation, exculpation, of random tragedies. From humans to spirits is the production of meaning extended to the imminent. From imminent to immanent is father than the eye can see.

18
Flattening is being in the world; it is, references (what is, here, references) the style of the world. Depth absorbs disturbance, literally circumlocutes, circumscribes. The totality of circumscriptions of disturbances constitutes a cultural textuality. The calling-forth of the Emblematic follows suit, exists within linguistic-psychoanalytic registers. The Emblematic is constituted by the virtual; from the virtual (as-if) to the Virtual. The virtual is always already within the world; technology, from tacit knowledge through electronic avatar, augments it. Augmentation filters (appears to filter) flattening; appears to distort; appears to generate depth (ontological fecundity), multiply-connected manifolds (epistemological fecundity). The virtual is inner speech, historicity and fecundity of interiority; philosophy is always already virtual; the discourse of the virtual is philosophical.

19
Every symbol is a ligament of avatar; every referent is a gesture; every gesture procures the body; every body is a speaking body; every body is a spoken body; every body is spoken-for.

20
Organism inhabits the symbolic; the symbolic is not a matter of consciousness; a manner of consciousness; the symbolic is a manner of worlding; of inhabitation. The provenance of the symbolic is not solely human; the provenance of stewardship lies within the symbolic of the human. "By default we are stewards of the earth": precisely because of the extension of human power; of the vectorization of human culture. Vectorization: the physical extension of culture, the sprawl.

21
Distinctions among protocols and interfaces; every interface is protocol; every protocol interfaces; each is pole ("poles") the other; each participates in flattening. What is external to protocol: inconceivable content, subjectivity; what is internal: invisibility, objectivity. From GPS through VLF radio: the measurement of the world, its skein. What is required for visibility, what technology, organism, protein? Protocols extend perceptual tacit knowledge;
functionality. Of etiquette let it be said it is first and foremost exclusionary. Cybernetic feedback designates. Protocols distinguish, differentiate and integrate in dialectic. The symbolic remains unread; the symbolic is transparent, readable. For the first time a three-dimensional map of the second planet from the sun is available for visual search with or without placenames given a desktop configuration of sufficient power. Protocols are the mute inverse of stewardship; they do not serve; they serve-to. Interfaces are not end-points; they bridge ontologies, continue the flow. Mind locates nowhere; is located nowhere; extensions extend without center, centering. Mind locates within presencing present; mind locates nowhen; is located nowhen. The purpose of philosophy is to pare; to pare even the ladder or the propositions. Philosophy has no purpose; it is not an exhibition; art is exhibition and venue; philosophy chatters; philosophy is doing and reading philosophy is a continuation of doing. Reading philosophy is the pretense of interface; doing philosophy problematizes protocols. To do philosophy is not to have done with philosophy.

"I have promised you a journey which is a journey of no return; a journey of conceptualization or imagination; a journey within the imaginary. There is no return in return; there are no loops in looping; what fits has always fit; what does not fit remains incommensurate. If I integrate: flattening and the apparition of death (which never appears); if I differentiate: disturbance and the reality of organism (which always appears; always is apparent). This philosophy - this of all philosophy - tends towards particulation, particulate matter; tends towards emission; tends towards gathering." Reverse Sheffer stroke and its dual: from out there, possibly from A or B, the appearance of A or B; B; from out there, the appearance of A and B. From a distance: the disturbance. In the neighborhood: flattening and absorption. The abacus of infinitely fine grain appears to the base infinity; the abacus of extraordinary differentiation signifies presence of the framework. What was once dialectic clearly has no resolution or leap; no tendency towards bootstrapping elsewhere. Instead: continuous dialog, information, absolutely mute: indiscernible processes. The world is infinitely invisible.

Infinitely invisible: What is seen on the surface of granite for example hides interior grains. The granularity of the world is always already inaccessible; art serves to make symbol of substance; of the surface of substance; of the cloak or masquerade. Art is farming-out; physical analysis is farming-out; microscopy is farming-out. Microscopes/telescopes reveal everything and nothing; occurrences continue on ontologically-cohering n-dimensional manifolds. Everything is what it appears to be; nothing is what it appears to be; everything is leveled, intertwined, intermingled, mingled, muxed. Ontology only goes so far to the portal of universal origin, "big bang" and inflation, just as increased accelerator energy may conceivably generate "new" and unexpected phenomena forever - the only limitation is economics (Brillouin). Nothing satisfies; ontologies may be enumerated, epistemologies extended to theoretically-infinite tolerances; it is all the same - not ennui (that surely is different) or boredom (that surely is different as well) or defuge (the same). One might say
this is a "condition of the age." Of course there is no thing-in-itself; there are always already others.

24
"The condition of the age." "Organism inhabits the symbolic; the symbolic is not a matter of consciousness; a manner of consciousness; the symbolic is a manner of worlding; of inhabitation." Of steward and the symbolic, the emergence of ecology. The fundamental ground of ecology: non-existent, function in relation to ethos. Ethos is always already consensual, boot-strapped; ethos is implicated in, implicates, the Emblematic. The ecological presupposes states of innocence, states of the pre-symbolic; language corrupts, is corrupted; violence coheres to language. The steering-mechanism of the ecological is survival; you might argue as well for the symmetry of beauty; for the inherency (rights, behaviors, cultures) of organisms; for any functional attribution (medical discoveries, cleaner air): these are framed, framed-worked, farmed-out. What can be drawn from all of this? What lessons? That the world possesses an Ought: that X or Y ought to survive? Every X or Y is contested. That I agree, that I agree violently, is irrelevant; only that my violence might impinge on your design. I desire the presencing of a world with few intruders; I will argue that, but I cannot found that. That I argue that, is happenstance; is a decision in which belief, not Belief, plays a role. The trick is to drive out transcendence, ignore immanence, violate the slightest appearance of the Absolute; the trick is the sublimation of the sublime. Do I need to argue this? Must one fight?

25
Do animals have rights? Do humans? What constitutes the "have"? What constitutes inherency, granting? What designates the social? What designates the "natural-social"? Rights are ad hoc; situational; communal; group-identified; legislated; unjust. I cannot appeal to justice; to justice = Justice. Must I fight?

26
Such issues are articulated; self-organize; within a structuralist territorialization; disappearing outside or beyond (they are beyond) any emblematic. When I = ego = Ego appears within this, this short-circuits. The I is always present; now it is surface, "my" violence "on "your" design". This is normal philosophy, non-paradigmatic; philosophical biography is not far behind. The text corners the text; self-references; deconstructs. Retreat. (I emphasize the shame of writing, the written-tawdry, the embarrassment of presence. Let production produce production. I withdraw.)

27
Beyond or external to mathematics, mathesis, 0 and 1 are situational; they are discursive tokens, floating signifiers. What one presents, the other exculpates; what one withdraws, the other absolves. 0 is already a multiplicity; just look at it. Articulation leads quickly to power sets, cellular automata chaos, differentiations, growth: differentiation to the degree-zero of
substance, the analogic. What is ruptured at close sight, smoothes at farther; both are latent, developed much as a photographic plate. Set-theoretical paradoxes are the rubble of mathematics; the mathematics of ideal forms remains in light of them. The continuum hypothesis is subject only to choice outside of the continuum hypothesis; someone does something one way or another with mathesis, axiomatics, infinities. Mathematical ontology is the structure of the world; sets of parameters define all that there is; such parameters may be ab nihilo, virtual, real, stochastic, chaotic, fuzzy; given certain dimensions, certain tolerances, they exhaust. A message from elsewhere is a message by virtue of structure and interpretation. A lesson: the I withdrawn in favor of; as a result of; as a consequence of; the eye. And the eye withdrawn, withdraws.

28

Philosophy as philosophy of organism-situated-in-the-world, as human-s thus situation; philosophy elsewise as that of ultimate species: both employ the emblematic or Emblematic. What is to be done with the human? Farmed-out the answers are in part ethos-dependent, ethos dependent on disciplinary values. Ultimate species: To the extent that philosophy is concerned with ulteriority, exteriority, the being of the world, beings of the world; then is philosophy intrinsic; then is the Emblematic always already employed; limit phenomena are Emblematic phenomena: give a name to universal containment / containment of the universal. Philosophy is nothing; philosophy does not veer; philosophy is veered. Philosophy is concerned with nothing; organisms are concerned; concern is a characteristic of organism; negation is a characteristic of concern; concern is a characteristic of negation. It is the concern of organisms that is filtered into philosophy, farmed-out, of living. What is the concern which is filtered? The concern is a disturbance. The concern is either circumlocution or its problematic; recognition or misrecognition of the same. The concern is the deconstruction of circumlocution; circumlocution, circumscription ==> a presentation of the world as-if Emblematic. This philosophy is the withdrawal from (not of) the Emblematic; the withdrawal is a tendency towards defuge, towards discomfort and its problematic. Defuge is that which is simultaneously absorbed and negated, simultaneously cathected and decathected; defuge is the shame of the organism, the transformation of the pornography of the world, through usage, into waste. The inverse of the Emblematic is defuge, which presences presents no name, no characterology, no tropology; the being of granite is the being of the organism upon reflection. Reflection is the doing of philosophy, its accoutrements. Reflection is reflection-upon; "upon" does not require an intentional object, state, or process; "upon" may be decathected. What is neutral is of no interest altogether.

29

"How to begin philosophy, how to begin the process of philosophizing, an activity, a form of labor, the philosopher and the production." Nothing can be done that has not been done, here. Nothing can be cleared that has not been cleared, here. Having begun, how to continue; of summary or conclusion: how to avoid both, the result rag-tag description, farmed-out explanation, epistemological flattening, local ontologies, adjudication and circumlocution of the Emblematic, the Emblematic found wanting. The tread of writing visible, indiscretions;
appearance of textuality, fear of self-reference, defuge. There is nothing here to guide by stars. There is nothing of faith, nothing for the faithful. The world is the world as such, thetic, mute, flattened. One speaks, writes, as if something has been accomplished; nothing has been accomplished, neither declarative nor performative. The granularity of the world, pixellation, dominates those texts which might otherwise nourish the dark night of the soul. No soul, no spirit, no variegated ontologies, local ontologies, fecundity of local epistemologies, framing. One says one thing; one says another; puns undermine both; belief is of little consequence; belief = consequence = Belief. Consider this a writing of the world; rewriting of the world; writing worlding; writing of presence, present, present writing. This is the construction of this. Within the future anterior: this will have been appearing; this will have appeared; this is appearing. (This is online writing; this is being-online; this is a procurement of a description of the world; by organism; by veer or swerve; by disturbance; this is disturbance. This is history.)

30

(By flattening I do not mean flattening; by disturbance I mean disturbance of meaning; all meaning, the procurement of meaning, is disturbance. Within the future anterior, this will have been completed.)

[none forthcoming]
Sophia (short version)

book. first go.

the relationship of consciousness to the world vis-à-vis structure, abstraction, symbolic systems.

the quasi-logical structure of the lifeworld.

the potential for philosophical investigation through audio-visual and other media.

the natural order of structure.

consciousness in relation to subjectivity.

virtual subjectivity and its relation to protocols, the imaginary, and linguistic performativity.

the entrapment and proliferation of detail in a partially-cooled universe between plasma and annihilation.

the orders and relationships among communication, communality, and sexuality.

fragility and specificity of operability and the human.

propositional logics and the elsewhere of the sheffer stroke and its dual.

doubt and deconstruction of conclusions.

the scientific as that methodology among others, in spite of heuristic breakdowns and the problematic of mathematics.

the topology of intention and neurality in relation to externalized mind and memory.

partial-objects and partial-mappings as givens in the construction and reconstruction of the world.

the use of cases, examples, anecdotality, perceptual modes, in relation to theoretical abstraction.

exhaustion, defuge, and the wavering of existence in terms of the physical well-being of the body, as well as the deconstruction of that well-being.
book. second go.

the relationship of consciousness to the world vis-à-vis structure, abstraction, symbolic systems. but the relationship of consciousness to its inscription: who is inscribing:

the quasi-logical structure of the lifeworld. but which lifeworld, which state of confusion, which state of health:

the potential for philosophical investigation through audio-visual and other media. but what style, what genre: whose investigation, what gender, what methodology, what deployment of desire:

the natural order of structure. but what nature: whose nature: whose cooperation: whose corporation: but what contractuality:


virtual subjectivity and its relation to protocols, the imaginary, and linguistic performativity. but which protocols: whose imaginary against what inscription and whose thetic: but what languages and what mechanisms of performance/perforation:

the entrapment and proliferation of detail in a partially-cooled universe between plasma and annihilation. but which inscription and which seal: but what decade and what millennium: but what substrate and cosmological constant:

the orders and relationships among communication, communality, and sexuality. but what mind lost among them:

fragility and specificity of operability and the human. but what goodness: but what taxonomies of errors, mistakes, phenomenologies of corrupted or failed teleologies, what judgments, what ethos:

propositional logics and the elsewhere of the sheffer stroke and its dual. but whose withdrawal of the not-both-a-and-b, whose banishment of neither- a-nor-b: doubt and deconstruction of conclusions. but whose doubt against what standards and relativisms: what auguries of truth and denial: what obsessional neuroses: what ignorance, incoherencies:
the scientific as that methodology among others, in spite of heuristic breakdowns and the problematic of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism inherent of the tractatus-logico-philosophicus, what neoplatonism, what conventions, inscriptive labor:

the topology of intention and neurality in relation to externalized mind and memory. but what privilege of data-banks, whose computers, whose optical fiber, whose skein of satellites, what membranes and firewalls, whose hackings and what penetrations:

partial-objects and partial-mappings as givens in the construction and reconstruction of the world. but of the gathering of accumulations and assemblage of fragments, of the clutter and a-historicity of the world:

the use of cases, examples, anecdotality, perceptual modes, in relation to theoretical abstraction. what stories hidden with failures, ridden with failures, gaps in texts, hiatus, ignorance: what negations (there are none): what tales (they're all fiction): what parables (pretense!):

exhaustion, defuge, and the wavering of existence in terms of the physical well-being of the body, as well as the deconstruction of that well-being. but what disease of the writer, what writing-disease: what textual wounding: what ending to what written world: what semantics, what syntactic endings:

what writing: what loss of writing to the world: 

book. the seventh going, the last.

the relationship of consciousness to the world vis-à-vis structure, abstraction, symbolic systems. but the relationship of consciousness to its inscription: who is inscribing: veering back from the concern, blind ambition (see anecdotal) tending towards theoretical thwarting, return of the repressed - immersive and definable structures which are negotiations-irreversible or reversible - hierarchy of such structures - sets and arrows - categories - the implicate orderings of consciousness within all of this - untended: unintended consciousness: my work is already an escape, already unfounded: the phenomenological investigation of this relationship requires a certain sensitivity: i have granted myself this: following thought into harder structures: following structures into their languor or lassitude: the seventh going...the leaving of the number...for sooner or later there must come that moment of decay...proton or otherwise...the loosening of the strands, breaking of the vessels...the implicate order itself gone in the gone world...structure always requires maintenance...i leave you to your fate...the going of the book...interior moves...

writing, within, or against, the paragraph, writing among texts, return to the repression of style, continuous honing, innuendo, negation, contrary and contradictory, of the sixth go at it, against the other five, the quasi-logical structure of the lifeworld. but which lifeworld, which state of confusion,
which state of health: consideration of obsessional neurosis as the holding-forth of the world, radical deposition – the continuous need to inscribe, reinscribe - territorializations and assignations - not the theoretics of doubt but the analytic inability to take anything for granted - exhaustion as a condition for the constant reconstruction of the world: thinking of the play or theatrics of the world: methodologies of distancing and absorption: for it is of the moment...the logical structure which requires the possibilities both of connection and disconnection at a distance...that affairs may have no relationship among themselves...none of them...that affairs are all connected ... tethered ... wandering in a landscape (such that) entities are unknown, inconceivable...

of the sixth go at the philosophical, against the other five, the interstice of thought, thought's blurred reminiscence, thought's thoughtlessness,

the potential for philosophical investigation through audio-visual and other media. but what style, what genre: whose investigation, what gender, what methodology, what deployment of desire: questions of periodization, extension of media on a continuous feed-forward basis, inextricably tied down to corporate research and development programs - weakening of thematic thinking - the need to organization meta-methodologies of search /knowledge strategies - on the other hand the loosening of semantics through the muteness of audio-visual representations - what one might call "kidding ourselves" through the semblance of research: that's all there might be to it: a certain carelessness of thought: fudging, the kludge or glitch: loss of rigor: one might speculate that even the theorization of such loss constitutes a defensive fortification against theorization itself: one door might close...another open...on both sides the identical landscape...oxherders visible in the distance....the encryption is absolute...

of the sixth, the go at it, defending the other five goes, of the text which insists on veering out of genre, of the genre of the philosophic, of the literary, the natural order of structure. but what nature: whose nature: whose cooperation: whose corporation: but what contractuality: the natural world under the sign of capital, incarceration, em/bodiment of nature, the body politic, political body, structure transformed into performance, action - but the chaotic debris of the body - extensions of flesh - subtexting in which the dissolution of language is paramount, and always the problematic of the symbolic - what is the binding of standing-in-for if not already allegory, sign, inscription, intention - think of the bound body as al-ready the hieroglyph and its politicization, the restraint of the symbolic: arousal, tumescence, distension, stretched or opened skin: upwelling of debris and frisson, shuddering, stuttering, trembling of the subject: she knows it has reached...already...you might have guessed it...you could already see it in the sixth go at it all...approaching a moment when it is completed...ready for others' eyes ... interpretations ... hermeneutics ... approaches ... critiques ... postulations ... hypotheses ... how empty and vulnerable...
or of the sixth go at it, binding the other five, of the politicization of philosophy, the ideology underpinnings, of the sixth go at it underpinning itself, loosening, "hardly something to write home about,"

consciousness in relation to subjectivity. but what consciousness: what eidetic reduction: what cognitive mappings: what mathematical catastrophes: what tropes: the jump cut from phenomenology to mathesis, suturing the subject for whom the book is written, the writing of explanation and description and the problematic situating both, the cusp catastrophe as that leap which creates structural extension, boundary, moving-on – the fold, leaping into the fold, the relationship of the fold catastrophe to the sheffer stroke and its dual - elsewhere of not-both-a-and-b tending towards the nomadic, exhaustion - the exhaustion of "the species" or "the organism" - planetary exhaustion, universal denouement - already present in the specter of death - wandering in the dual - neither-a-nor-b - it is as if it splits: neither one nor the other: then there is the proboscis or exploratory thesis: we have escaped the monadology: the proboscis is a sign of truth...extension extends both tolerance and domain...every physics existing within the limit ... newtonian ... euclidean ... asymptotic ... there is always something else ... increase the energy or magnification ... the other will appear...

of the sixth go at it, expelled from the rest, temporally following after the others, "camp-follower," the go explaining everything, the diegetic or diacritical go, of the interstitial, of all of them, of the goes to come,

inserted into enumeration: unaccountable and unaccounted-for: "there's no telling" of the soul: "there's no telling" of the eye: there's no future but hunger: no future but the desire or commitment to one or an/other: the other appears at the magnification...at the limit everything changes ... there is no limit ...

there's no telling of the sixth, the sixth does the telling, it's as if the sixth were told to itself, whispered to itself, it's as if the sixth were imaginary or avatar, hardly an insertion, as if the sixth were suddenly, irrevocably, scratched into the text, as if its place were placed and forgotten, as if one "walked away" from meaning and its defensive fortification,

virtual subjectivity and its relation to protocols, the imaginary, and linguistic performativity. but which protocols: whose imaginary against what inscription and whose thetic: but what languages and what mechanisms of performance/perforation: who is speaking for whom across avatars, first through other persons and tenses, what insistence carries the projection and project of consciousness across real and virtual networks, what of consciousness as such project, what of the peripheral imaginary, the imaginary always already at a loss against or through the symbolic, what of the symbolic as always already foreclosing, what of the toppling of the scheme of things, what of alterities, multiculturalisms, sloughs, symbolic emissions and spews, flows, the flooding of clutter and part-objects -spoken within or spoken-for by avatars - consciousness as dialectic among semantic emissions among subjects only some of which seem real - there are always the virtual among us - ghosts, emanants,
kami - ectoplasms at the periphery - prosthetics, protheses - who among us is cyborg
cauterized by insertion of flesh or electronic diegesis - moving among cyborgs - all of us
captured in virtual realities - the keywords absent, unknown - we exhaust ourselves avoiding
death and its already equally exhausted aporia - we're drawn in and out of it - this is a
different sort of limit...entirely...no...this is exactly the same...confrontation of the other as
the self swoons or collapses into unconsciousness...

it's as if the sixth were a portal to the fifth, it's as if the fifth were coming forth,
we're speaking as if we're spoken-for: we're spoken-for as if we're speaking: imagine a
speech bypassing to such an extent that it occupies another stratum entirely: that it appears to
come from elsewhere: from neither-a-nor-b: that it is one with aurality: that it comes from
the limit...that it is the limit of the end which is denouement...that it continues past the exist
from the theater...that it is an emission or spew from the theater ... from the theatrical ...

of the sixth which is bypassing, which is already speaking against itself, which is attempting
closure, finish, beyond the denouement, which is of the end, ending itself against the rest "of
them,"

the entrapment and proliferation of detail in a partially-cooled universe between plasma and
annihilation. but which inscription and which seal: but what decade and what millennium:
but what substrate and cosmological constant: and what of the sweeping away of the
diachronic, necessary for the therapeutic or functioning of the organism within this space,
this imminency, annihilation at the limit taken to the level of the absurd-catastrophic, debris -
we're huddled in relation to our own demise – we can smell the fear of it - the
phenomenology of scent - nowhere and everywhere at once - the smell of a person
indeterminate, unidentifiable, seductive - the procuring of death - writing and writing against
it – the continuous evolution of writing into and out of it - writing oneself into existence -
writing oneself out of it - or at that limit where there is no mapping...no
writing...inscription...whatssoever...no mapping...no perception..."she collapsed utterly upon
the stage...they had to rush her out of the theater"...the audience...

the sixth go at it all already written out of it, as if these interspersions no longer existed, as if
one were subservient to the future anterior, the very scent of the sixth, its huddling, its
refugee status, the audience...
the scent bringing us back: the scent of the w/hole, anal musk: the scent of the cauterization of philosophy: the anal fissure - not the inscription of a / not-a, but the fissure of the same among/within the same: substance fissures, structure breaks at inscription: she is doing her toilet...she is reading...wiping herself...her scent is everywhere in the room...it is as if the walls have closed with her help...she wipes herself repeatedly...it takes a while...the touch of the paper soft against her hole...
of neither inscription nor fissure, of the sixth, already broken, of its annoyance, almost the scent of decay,

the scent of abjection, falling-apart: the body bound, held taut against or within the generation of the hieroglyph: substance into structure through the release of no-thought: desire: glyph: she touches her anus lightly with her finger...she is utterly clean...clean to the limits "of what soft paper might be able to do"...she rises...
the unmentioned or unmentionable sixth go at it all, hardly a consideration, variorum editions piled on, one after another, as if in collusion, collaboration with the enemy, espionage, each reading the other, of public consumption,

the orders and relationships among communication, communality, and sexuality. but what mind lost among them: what sado-masochistic part-objects modeling the contractual contrast of the world, who are the communities that assemble consciousness out of linkages and couplings, out of continguities and contingencies, what are the mathematics that operate within these fields such that the addition of a term in a chain may or may not affect that chain, and the withdrawal of a term in a chain may or may not transform the topology - what is the lure of a masochism in which all theoretics are abandoned - the organism at the limit of its existence - "i am still alive" - the shell or hull of the organism - the universal condition - but the rupture from everyday life: but the return: it is at the juncture that the contract is enacted: that use becomes exchange: the incipient or implicit or implicate or emergent quality of the signifier: the word just beginning as the bonds are released: she flushes the toilet...pulls her panties up...her skirt...smoothes her clothing...the book she was reading...her own...she's surrounded by herself..."one of those few times in my life i felt really complete"...

released into the sixth go at it, the problematic of enumeration beginning all over again, releasing the sixth into the hinge between closure and further operations, as if, to operate upon the book, the text, a universe of universal operations,

fragility and specificity of operability and the human. but what goodness: but what taxonomies of errors, mistakes, phenomenologies of corrupted or failed teleologies, what judgments, what ethos: the constant collapse in the face of catastrophe, beginning and ending with ground zero, the null of physics politicized, culturalized, as the embedding of the focal-point within the aegis of any project of the subject - the implosion of information within and without the subject - think of the skein or membrane of the subject, subjectivity - network subjectivity, subjective networking -embedded survival - "i am still alive" - "i" turns against itself: is turned: is shredded: cannot turn: loses "its" domain: fissures: it is here within this
fissuring that "i come closest to the substance of the world": she comes out of the room...the light is harsher...she has to adjust...everything in relation to the world...outside of the bathroom she hears ... sees ... touches ... people speak to her ... there are books ... papers ... to be read ... radio ... television ... telephone ... inside the adjustment itself falls away ... she can contemplate the ending of the book ... not its finality ... it is never such ... never in such a way ... "one never loses track fully of one's children"

but the sixth go at it is not the sixth go at it all, not of the sub stance of which it is a part, not fissured or broken down, not corrupted,

propositional logics and the elsewhere of the sheffer stroke and its dual. but whose withdrawal of the not-both-a-and-b, whose banishment of neither-a-nor-b: what of the stroke itself engendered as | in relation to the dual v, the stroke retaining the dissemination of division, the dual tending towards the problematic of the scapegoat and expulsion - the nomadicism of the disappearing map - the implosion of the map into the real – nomadic annihilation of landmark, fluid kinship entities, constant transformations- one might say survival "at any cost" - there are no universal discourses- no discourses of the universe - automated writing - the philosophical writing of/by the automaton - the writing of the tape-recorder: imagine such without tape: it is the machine which is speaking: it is speaking through us: it is a far cry from the turing machine: turing's cry: the children in her demanding to emerge...she writes constantly...obsessively...she can't sleep at night unless she's written something "she approves of"...sometimes masturbation..."all those connections are there"...she notes...she takes notes...she takes note of...these variations...

of, somewhere along the line, the final go at it, the manuscript put aside, the book completed, the philosophical argument temporarily terminated, the professor returns to her study, returns home, the professor has a meal, go to sleep, dreams, the professor wakes in the morning, decides just for once not to go to work this day, she turns over the day...she takes note of it...

doubt and deconstruction of conclusions. but whose doubt against what standards and relativisms: what auguries of truth and denial: what obsessional neuroses: what ignorance, incoherencies: the autobiography of the leap, short-circuiting or short-cutting ignorance, as if something could be made out of whole cloth, there are always strategies of apology, implications of humility, everything in the way, no clarity towards its absence - theoretical weakening, weak theory, as the shifting behind the scenes - think of the submerged philosophy of submergence in relation to extruded theoretical abstraction, pronouncement, death and facticity – the humility of the masochist: the transformation into substance: from there the pronouncement of no pronouncement: there is no mirror, no dust: there is no body: of the time when the thing is born that she annotates...she thinks "of these notes...annotations...of the world i find myself in...in a way of finding myself"...she finds herself saying...

the professor puts the manuscript of the sixth go aside, just for the moment; the book "has
almost completed itself," the book is "as finished as it's going to be," "i've done with the
book," she knows...the world is hardly such as it is or annotated...there is far more to
it...later...it will gnaw at her...now...just for a moment it's as if everything is okay...

the scientific as that methodology among others, in spite of heuristic breakdowns and the
problematic of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism inherent of the tractatus-logico-
philosophicus, what neoplatonism, what conventions, inscriptive labor: retaining the last
vestige of ontology, giving existence a nearly-decomposable structure from groundwork to
lifeworld, superstructure disconnections, proliferations of objects, elements, particles, things,
organisms, universal constructs of contrasts and boundaries, boundaries maintenance, the
general economy of inscription- episteme and ontology blurred - interpenetrations of regimes
and domains- conventionalisms and idealities both subject to the same dis/ease of heuristic -
bricolage or making-do in the world - this is hardly satisfactory for anyone - this is hardly the
case of the world - the case of the world in relation then to the case of our being, dasein - the
case of the world in relation to dis/ease - but there is no case: there is no world "such that it
or that is the case": there is always the case that one does or does not make: there is always
the general case but never the most general case: there are only notes...she's noted her
stomach is once again upset...she's feeling ill..."been feeling ill"...she returns to the
bathroom...pulls her skirt and panties down...the feeling of nudity is comfortable...this is all there
is...of the writing-machine or the description-machine...far less of explanation...as soon as i
start thinking this way it falls apart...back into that doubt such that everything is
problematic...she knows...thinks...it has something to do with health...

the case comes to a close, the professor muses, at least at the sixth go of it all, it's by and
large, at least for the moment, i'm going to have a breather, after or before the illness...what
is in my stomach...what is happening to me...she thinks momentarily of the phenomenology
of causality..."is happening"...everything is about agency...she thinks...but really...everything
is about agency dying...

the topology of intention and neurality in relation to externalized mind and memory. but
what privilege of data-banks, whose computers, whose optical fiber, whose skein of
satellites, what membranes and firewalls, whose hackings and what penetrations: the future
of networkings among multi-taskings, virtual realities, information wars, incandescent sexual
hysterias, thickened communalities, and the relationships among these and other futures vis-
à-vis theoretical abstraction and general accounts of cultural and universal creation -
teledildonics and nodal bodies - voyeurisms and exhibitionisms as inversions or dissolutions
of entities, categoricities - the splayed or opened body - the body displaying or opening - the
w/hole of the body - disruption or perturbation of perception - the skeins of death and
exhilaration - the splayed or opened electric body: mesh of contacts: bridgings, spark-gaps,
tesla coils, stelarc-penetrations as flesh turns nebulous turns nebula: the absolute revulsion
against secrecy is also the revulsion against language and the foreclosing of the signifier:
bell's theorems as the body scatters: it's kept in contact: it's kept in contact with the skein:
with nothing: with itself: with the semantics of foreclosed entities: the signifier makes
agents...agents are signifiers..."otherwise the headless world"...how much of the 
shifter...i...need exist in order to set in motion...innumerable universes...her mind wanders...

i'm going to enjoy myself after the fifth, before the seventh, she thinks of the trajectory, of 
the content and indexicality of the book, of its weight, the cover chosen by the publisher (an 
unknown chinese painting of the sung dynasty), of the narrative faltering, almost bring the 
work "to its knees," there is the beautiful book in every universe...and it is in my universe 
and it is my book...she thinks...

partial-objects and partial-mappings as givens in the construction and reconstruction of the 
world. but of the gathering of accumulations and assemblage of fragments, of the clutter and 
a-historicity of the world: the disappearance of history, resonance of ideological tendencies 
among historiographies, irrelevance of historical and theoretical recuperation, the loss of the 
world among the world - the absolute loss of the world in the future of the cosmos - 
writing/inscribing degree zero - the horizon of the uselessness of organism - continuous 
eroding of transcendence - grasping or cohering of imminence - loss of imminence: turning 
away for the moment...she considers...innocence "in its place"...the innocence...not of the 
world...but her innocence at stake...the recognition that there are levels within everything she 
sees or does...that her work has involved a certain uncovering...she's out of the bathroom 
thinking...i'm leaving debris behind in more ways than one..."everything is 
uncomfortable"...everything is partial...the erosion of shit or rather the erosion of the world 
into shit...organisms decontextualize...information irretrievably lost...mayday...mayday...

of the sixth, here and now, of its inscription, it might be any of a series, accounted for, the 
terms begin to blur, one into the other, each revision another addition or edition, except for 
the punctuation, she muses, you could hardly tell where one ends and the other begins, i'm so 
tired...i'm so tired of it all...waking up in the morning and realizing none of it matters...the 
neuroses don't disappear...i sleep as badly as ever...in a while the finishing of the book...sinks in...it's back to the same old routines...it's as anyone might imagine...she thinks and in this 
fashion the symbolic devolves...back into the imaginary...it's all there...nothing's there...

loss of positionality: what is unaccounted-for: accountancy and the demarcation of nodes, 
direct and indirect addressing: a list of cases: if not 1 then 2; if not to then 3; if not n then 
endif: she's feeling somewhat better...sweating however...feverish...endif... 
every content an indirect addressing, including the sixth, tending towards those resonances 
already discussed, in which feedbacks collapse into skeins of relationships, in which 
relationships are ruptured...turned or inverted...inside and outside...momentary 
stases...impediments...nothing more...

the use of cases, examples, anecdotality, perceptual modes, in relation to theoretical 
abstraction. what stories hidden with failures, ridden with failures, gaps in texts, hiatus, 
ignorance: what negations (there are none): what tales (they're all fiction): what parables 
(pretense!): and in relation to the audience, what demographics following what core
phenomena, core metaphors, what one might tell you of an evening in miami with grackles scrabbling among scraps of food already evincing a symbolic constructed among all of us in crude parody of heisenbergian sheffer-stroke quasi-analytical approaches, as if the natural world were no longer problematic but a gift towards the understanding - or now, outside this hotel room#330 there are cartons of palm pdas on the landing - they have been there all day - some are opened, people are taking them - i imagine, idiotically, vast supplies of drugs - they're payoff - everyone knows what's going on - right outside the window here - taken fearlessly – personal communications and informal economies - more and more networks opening up- you can see all of this from the window - i've drawn the shades – maybe witnesses conveniently disappear - imagination runs wild - one never knows- she arches her body naked on the bed; there are people outside: her holes are visible, open: she is speaking: "i am alan sondheim's beautiful wife, welcome to miami": he is sitting naked, erect, on a chair, his face covered with her panties: he's moaning: the sound resonates with the tunnel reverberation effect in final cut pro: the camera cuts between the two of them: cuts to apartment-houses, children playing: cuts to people walking down a street: cuts to an office interior: interruption of the ending of the book or the seventh going...she's looking around the office...looking out of it...interruption coming to an end...

she's listening to him moan, she's completed the book, strangely excited now, her mind drifting to other things after the sixth, he's her neurotic husband, can hardly keep his mind focused, he's always falling apart, always building worlds out of nothing, or nothing out of worlds, it's beginning to make less and less of a difference, the virtual is descending like a dark cloud, impenetrable, onto the subject, any subject, any human being, she thinks, she's him...he's her...there are no divisions...in the war which is always on...body parts are piled on body parts...it's never-ending...differences are always dissolving like shit itself...but there’s a pleasure...she thinks...in the bathroom...her own smells...surroundings that are strangely comforting...more naked than nude...the exhalations of the body...looking at the toilet paper before flushing...now though...looking at him...her excitement building...the next time he'll wipe her himself...
exhaustion, defuge, and the wavering of existence in terms of the physical well-being of the body, as well as the deconstruction of that well-being. but what disease of the writer, what writing-disease: what textual wounding: what ending to what written world: what semantics, what syntactic endings: from indo-european to the absence of the subject in the sentence, the absence of the eye and the shifter, the winding up of the winding-sheet and loosening of the world from language in relation to or in spite of natural kinds, rigid designators, performatives, proper names, who are alan sondheim, daishin nikuko, who are julu-jennifer - what wounding of informal economies - what disseminations - you can have any name you want- take any gender - it's all there for the asking - nervously looking out the window - who will be next - here in the motel room - what knocks on the door - emptied hallways - strangely quiet around here - the camcorder runs on: everything is broken up: entities, circulations created: here is a thing now: this is the thing: what is the thing but shit between the two of them...abject mingling...when she dies...she muses...no one will care about proper names any longer...there's a great sadness there...it's overtaking her...

of the sixth of which this is all there is, the computer runs, the hard-drive recoiling with entry after entry, the suppuration of the file itself, what might have been canonically inert, now open in the digital to eternal salvation on one hand, continuous change, revision, hacking, on the other, it's someone else's revision...someone else's hacking...it's even someone else's salvation...sadness turning towards depression...what to do...what to do...this is the first thing: this is the only thing there is: to rest...to give herself a break..."not to be so hard on herself"

of the sixth, almost the disappearance of the bones, of the bones, almost the disappearance of the marrow, of the marrow, the disappearance of the flesh, but of the book...of the sevenths and now last...not so much a disappearance as a momentary appearance..."i'm here for you"..."i've arrived"..."i'll be here for a while"..."now i'm here and present and the world is very very lovely"...do not be depressed my love...do not be so very...so very sad...but the dis/ease of writing - sound of keys - i can't stop this – the living representation of information society - at work on the network -gasping for breath on the network: holding our own on the network: a swarm of us: groups of us: groups of us comforting us among us...chora and chorus...the maternal roots...lullaby...but the healing of the two of them...for a moment...in the dusk or is it later in the evening...moaning and other sounds at the limits of the other...mewlings...cries...

groups of us writing through her, assembling the sixth go at it all, muted conversation about the sixth, its continuity and careful honing, we arrive at everything through collaboration, discussion, you'd be surprised at how few disagreements there are, she could sense already...she could sense herself...she could see it coming...and all the discomfort knowing that the world continues exactly as before with all its jagged edges..."I didn't learn a thing"..."i'm as ignorant as ever"

what writing: what loss of writing to the world: such presumption that continuous production becomes closer to the thing, defines it, the "thing" or "it" or production, that the model of
labor creates and forecloses among entities, that divisions and boundary phenomenology are somehow riddled with existence - always honing in - always flying apart - thematic thickening, weakening - the philosophy in this book - this attempt or collocation of thought - this process of thinking - a kind of jabbering back and forth from systems of representation through structuralisms always nearly-decomposable, bricolaged, falling apart - writing ground down - inscription as well - into the abstraction of thought constantly retethered - the thinking of the return - nomadic homing-in – corrals prevent chaos: cages break down disseminations: locks contain spews: banks hold back floods: muscle tension retains shit: "slips of the lips sink ships": "maybe someday i'll return"."this is...what might be called...the saying or thinking of everything...of thinking nothing at all...a poor thinking...poor thought"...she begins to cry...mourning every tiniest thing in the world...every wounded insect...every wounded bird...trees with broken limbs...she senses "the depression hitting her"..."the depression coming on"...

she's opening herself up to herself for the first time, she thinks, now that the work's done, now that i have myself, she's looking in the mirror, naked, closely examining her body, she's "got to pull out of it"...she's got to open up..."it's a book after all"..."it's nothing but a book"..."don't take it so seriously"...

that of or within existence - that of the nought, cipher - of weyl's cartesian origin as the last vestige of the ego in mathematization – you can always locate from that point - sufficient vectors, orthogonal or not- giving thought the substrate necessary for reading - writing - or is it in fact necessary: consider a flooded reading, a reading without order: phrases and fragments, resonances out of which a certain philosophic tone: philosophy itself: emerges: "it's a masterpieces"..."you've said all you're going to say"..."you've gone to the limit...taken it to the limit...you've returned"..."she's walking...dazed...

she thinks, i've stuttered everywhere among myself, i've felt my texts run through me repeatedly, i've mouthed them insistently, i've cut crystal out of them, i've brought them to their knees, they've taken me over...i've lost my limbs...they're my phantom limbs...i'm dying...

returning to the apparatus or partial-objects necessary for this – most recently bought an antique glass pen - dip it in the ink, write for a third of a page or so - hand-blown - here working with components made in malaysia - the result of academic exchange - there are data-bases involved- obsolescences - atavisms and dead media - prosthetics even in the illumination of the screen (from before or behind) - what it is you are reading "this" in - a whole system of temporary equivalences, technologies- repetitions of databases - never forgetting a thing - to you...dear reader...this is all i have to give you...this is what i've been working for...towards...my entire life...there's very little left of me...nothing can ever be taken for granted...i've never done that...all these partials...impartial...in this world of partial impartial...her hands are fluttering almost uselessly...she's becoming aware of her hands...moving them..."nearing the end of so many things at this critical juncture in
neither the fifth nor the fourth; neither the fourth nor the third; neither the third nor the second which, almost mewling, crept along the theoretical substrate desperate for suturing, neither the second nor the first, far too exposed, inverted, laying the groundwork, withdrawing simultaneously, of a certain breathing of the text, she's noticing her breathing...is it always like this...is it always the same...on its own...her breathing..."is philosophy a sickness"..."a sign of ill health"...is writing itself that illness which produces no change in the writer...in spite of everything...

writing into this: section by section: paragraph by paragraph: each revision as if it were the last: the most important: each addition a more careful construct: the work appearing from the inside-out: philosophy unbound: evening the seventh ending...not even the portal to the eighth...the portal to the ninth..."having to end this sometime"...she's feeling the loss of the word...loss of the world...perhaps there's a meeting to go to...she should call a friend...her husband...they're dressed again..."the bedroom scene"...they haven't been out in a longtime...it's taken a long time to finish the work...she's been almost compulsive about it...sometimes not even eating...the sleeping broken down to the point of incoherence...circadian rhythms collapsed into bad rem...she'll find herself sleeping on her feet...waiting in line...on the toilet...she doesn't understand this..."i don't have the energy to worry about it"...for a moment she thinks that the book...such as it is...theoretical abstraction...is one long sign or departure...a form of mourning...she thinks "there's very little left of me"...they are very very tired...they fall into bed...turn out the light...she's whimpering slightly..."existence...of and about existence...has everything to do with it"...they fall asleep...they sleep...

of the sixth go at it all, the revision or breathing of the text, she is sleeping soundly for the first time in her life, there are small cells, cancer, in her left breast, just a few of them, they are feeding, "she is sleeping soundly...her sickness will come...they are all sleeping...all of them are sleeping"...
The Case of the Real

The Beginning of the Book
Introduction to The Beginning of the Book

If there were an introduction to the beginning of the book (which has just reached a natural conclusion, or ending, in relation to its production "at the other end of things"), this might function as such, that is announcing its conclusion (one always wonders when prefaces, introductions, forwards, are produced in relation to the rest of the text) –

What appears to be a book about words is a book about the spaces between them, where the work of ontology and epistemology is done. So it's about the doing or constituting between states, interstitially within both digital and analog domains. Where there is a loosening of construct on one hand, and a "jostling" on the other.

What appears to be awash in philosophy is, in fact, naive through an almost hysterical affectation, bordering on care. I realized from the first that I didn't know what I was talking about (was ignorant of the subject) - much less what I was writing about (was ignorant of the name of the subject).

Think of a book inflicted on its author, or of a book writing its author. Or think of a book constituting the origin of writing, each ideogram suddenly hardening the germ of a new idea. I write this without map or territory, in the midst of foreign kanji and I cannot read the world around me.

Without reading, I begin to be born into the realm of content, landscape features, subtle distinctions in topography, the lay of a world in which "natural" and "artificial" dissolve in the presence of uninterpretable signs.

This is the realm of content which undermines languages, the insufferable disturbance of an imaginary which cannot be named.

When I began The Beginning of the Book, I did not realize it would be a book, much less a Beginning, so much as a text; these texts, then, all twenty of them concatenated, form a linked chain flooding from one torus to another, the metal spaced by air. It's the air, cleaved around the chain, which I write - hoping for a discourse in which some-thing other than discourse might emerge. Call this emergence a form of "wryting," and read on.

The Beginning of the Book

Either.

How is it possible to begin a text, knowing all the while its continuity beyond a single sitting, worrying the words already ahead of their appearance? It is as if I were looking back towards
a re-inscription of time and place, already completed, a memento of past experience thrust into the present, as these lines are being read.

Already, for such a text is "already," I am inscribing; the cumbersome history of philosophy divides into this eddy of a beginning, the wash of language carrying far too many presuppositions.

The history of philosophy, memories of texts, insert themselves; what appears to be an inscription, this *presencing* of writing, from one viewpoint, becomes an obstacle from a second, effacement from a third.

To lose one's face, to lose one's presence in discourse: having-been-abandoned, the form of text.

Effacement, fissure, inscription. The construction of an obstacle. The role of memory, survival of texts. Here in Fukuoka, snow is forecast. I take so much for granted.

The language, placement, constitution of the structures of writing, perception or glance, constitution of self, subjectivity, ego, doubt, litigation. The surface of the keys, obdurate linking of words and letters, a certain relationship to the world, external or internal, real or Real, I.

Dividing myself, I proceed to inscribe the text. I am broken into the habitual environment, world, of thought; it carries me against itself. (As if the eddy of the beginning impeded my hunger, led always towards an incompletion.)

Here, the 'O' a closed curve, 'I' the delimitation of a line segment. Broken, it begins and ends nearby. But it is not here that inscription lies, beyond convention; nor is it in the scansion inherent in the manner of reading or writing.

Perhaps it is the articulation of impulses, confluence or flow, of which this language is both catalyst and detour, for the unconscious as well as the conscious is not linguistic. Or rather, the linguistic is both surface phenomenon and agent.

Nor are there necessarily divisions, surpluses, secrets and warehousing between the two. Rather than conscious or unconscious, one might consider moments of attention, intention, memories, traumas - dispersions throughout the mind, linkages, on the level of the *anecdote* - this connects to that, or doesn't, as the *case* may be, by virtue of past and present context.
For the sake of forming, eliminate the form.

There is hardly a space to be formed, or to be eliminated, cleared. One might consider transformations, stories, structures, dissolving beginnings (for there are no necessary origins) and ends (for these are always after the fact). Think of mid-streaming, continuities, the absence of names (for names occur at nodes, impediments, eddies of the beginning). Dissolving the memories of beginnings or ends, labeling a protocol by its fiction: this occurred, when death is in itself.

Death is the measure of narrative. Death is the completion of the sentence (of death). There is no tragedy when language as such is pulled from the matrix. Transformations scatter transformations.

Technology is surety. Technology restrains the "nor are there." Efficient in the habitus of limited axioms and postulations (always, however, increasing), foreclosing, entailing more and more of the abject, the afterthought, the placental. Technology is atemporal, reversible; by virtue of developmental capital, it never reverses.

The machine is always ideal. It is the ideal we send to the heavens. The digital is always already eternal. Perfection moves through space and time, ignorant, defended. Technology is perfect inscription.

Technology fissures at the edges only through misuse, decay, power running down. But this is not its habitus, nor is this an after-thought. This is nothing. Technology is placed within potential wells, equally technological. The surfaces are permitted their interplay. In the depths, the wheels spin forever.

Perfect inscription reproduces perfectly. This is of the order of beings, speaking the world. Cataclysm, dissolution, the collapse of the molecular, atomic, are at the heart of Being. Being is in opposition. (Perhaps Being is the construct of opposition; perhaps "Being" pulls opposition from the matrix of the real.)

Being is opposition. Being refuses origin, refuses the middle. The story of the sentence loses its place. Infinite reproducibility fills nothing. It is never a matter of measure, quantity. One can retreat from Being.

Within the interval, one retreats, writes the beginning of the book, enters the Internet, chats. Intervals are blurred sanctions. From moment to moment, speech is lost, but speech is the quality of the interval. At the heart of the written, there is inauthenticity: I have written this, you will be reading this. At its very heart, lag, the forestalling of Being. Transformations, becomings, are purified by technology. What can bespoken clearly can be answered. The question can be formulated as a question. The question has developed in this manner.
Becomings fissure their domain. The domain transforms itself or another, transforming itself into an other. There is no matter; it doesn't matter. Beyond the purity of technology, flows which are lost in their names. Almost all flows have been lost; this is effacement, not the losing of face, not even losing the stake of face, but as hunting aside. Our concern is that the universe is not witnessed, that the witness is a residue or stain, irrelevant. Even the beginning of the book, the retarding of the witness, carries its loss, effacement. Words always ring hollow, lead to other words.

Words lead; they are never sufficient. Words are devoured; the page turns, screen scrolls, and the disappearances are swallowed already, a continuous process of scapegoating. Think of reading as parasitic upon the matrix of inscription; think of the real as our hollow reading.

There is no snow, although snow was forecast in Fukuoka. Today is Wednesday, December 10, 1997, in Japan, and it is 11:40 and some seconds in the morning. I type on a Compaq Contura Aero 4/25 with a monochrome screen. I am using a single battery. One of the headlines in the Japan Times next to me reads, "Bickering by wealthy states frustrates developing nations." (I add the period, bring the headline to a close.) There is no release. Not to write is a release. I do not write. I am writing, I wrote, I will have written. I will have been reading this.

The beginning of the book is the book of the beginning, and the beginning of books. What was etched in clay, sealed in an envelope etched in clay, the doubling. The habitual environment of writing, the world of writing, the doubling of Being fractured by virtue of the margins.

There are no margins within the machine. Pure process is nothing; the star-plasma-machine is ideal continuity. One is surrounded by the continuous.

To step from the beginning, to step from this beginning, is to analyze transforms, the language and symbolic of transforms, the continuities carried across nodes and vectors, objects and arrows - the inescapable designations of processes, becomings, inhabitations of time. But mathesis is the heart of technology; here, everything disappears, brought back only by the friction of the real.

There is friction in the exegesis as well, the insufferable misanthropy of interminable analysis. Everything and nothing are learned; there are always already insufficient layers, lamina. Either everything is useful or everything is useless. Linkage is the teleology of technology, which is otherwise.
I place technology as the pole or polar, organism and language as the polar or pole. One maps palely against or through the other; technology is a mapping of the ideal onto the real, carried into time, speed, energy, within tolerances and decay already foreclosed in the analysis. Following Lyotard, one might say that the real is the differend of technology. Writing is technology. The beginning of the book has always already existed, this book or any other. One cannot begin, however, this page or this writing, without the scene. It is the scene of writing which prefigures and figures philosophy, the hut, the red patch, the desk, the encounter at the cafe.

The scene takes time, the scene is always elsewhere, the scene is saving grace, the scene brings time to the foreground. The scene is of the real, shattering techne. The scene is of the writer, of the reader. The scene is the theater, simulacrum.

It occurs and continues to occur. It lends itself to the beginning of the book. "I am typing," etc. "I am sitting in a cubicle," etc. It begs the differend of eternity: "Ah, you should see the rings on my fingers, the tenor of my speech, the limpidity of my gaze." It is always giving grace, having fallen.

An investigation has a scene. I bring you this investigation, stumbling over itself, or I bring you this investigation, stumbling over you on an encounter with reading. It is the tawdriness of human temporality (that infects the process of writing, of reading). It is the giving and foreclosing of a gift (of the proffering of technology and eternity, of the glimpse of an ideal). It is the mythos of a Being (lost from the beginning of the book in lack, disinvestment, decathexis).

The world is an encounter; philosophy greets the world with wonder. It is a mistake to think the world writes itself, or that philosophy writes the world. It is the wonder that is being written, dismantled. In order to lead to other wonders. In order to wonder itself.

This is only within us, only between us, this contract, having already read these words. It is always well to remember there is no other.

Or.

The beginning of the book: an absence or origins, the beginning of writing, tabulation, the tokens from Sumer and elsewhere signifying goods - shapes for kinds. Writing begins with parallels, indices, $a$ for $A$, $b$ for $B$. What is here in the real is, by virtue of what is there. No question of writing's environs, no question of diegesis.

On the other hand, there are models. Egyptian granaries in the small. Egyptian farming. Egyptian scribes. Index and ikon.

But these parallels aren't superstructural; they don't open up within themselves. They're of the real, broken off. A bit farther and earlier, and later, there are gods. Still, one has to be
careful here; the god-image isn't the god-world, but a reminder, still the index. What is, doesn't have to be there. Evidence isn't always perceptual.

Wait. We don't have to be careful. There are myths. The god-image is of the myth. It's just that ... perhaps at this early point, writing was only tabulation, was forgotten. Writing at the beginning, nothing more than accountancy. Unnoticed. In this manner, there was no beginning. It just appeared? No, it never was. Or rather, was tawdry itself. It was forgotten in its lending itself to the future. You make the tokens, you count them, accountancy, you seal them within the envelope and you press tokens into the exterior. Interior and exterior match. Guarantees - the lag has already set in; the envelope is the repository of time. Close this now, open this later, only when necessary.

The opening is a singularity: what was closed now has no interior. You can't reseal; you must reconstruct, redo. Perhaps envelopes come and go, their contents somewhat permanent in relation, as if the data were ideal.

The container is also the map of the thing contained? Or the container and the contained are dual maps, or duals, of something elsewhere and else when. Date and place are not far behind the proper name. The name is also an insert. It's not even a question of writing. In this fashion, writing doesn't begin until the signature of the pro-per name. Everything else points towards indices; the proper name al-ready moves uncomfortably towards the ikonic - I sign the contract; the contract is representative of me - I no longer have to be present- no longer have to be alive - I have left behind this configuration.

It's not so much a speaking, this writing of the proper name, so much as a gagging, calling forth the reflexes and self-reflexivity of the body. A binding contract.

One might think of a variety of discursive practices - tabulation, the seal of the proper name, expendable envelopes, inviolate tokens, the stroke of the brush or outline of the hand, the fingerprint in the clay, the gaze which enunciates or counts in the first place. Writing accounts for the accounted-for, forecloses, inscribes.

What if a sheep dies and the token remains in the envelope? What if the envelope needs to be changed? What if the sheep is re-marked on the dry clay, scratched out? Or does the envelope retain a primacy over death - go get me another sheep, pay me in and out of kind. I don't care, give me compensation.

What of the book? The beginning of the book is across tablets, one to another, sides and tops and bottoms. Interiors disappear. There are writing cylinders, writing prisms, flat and cylindrical seals. There are collections of tablets, scrolls of papyri. These are nothing more than the lengthening of inscriptions, of course - technological de-vices based on the premise of infinite language, a continuous unraveling of the world. The world of the book, the book of the world.
One speaks, one writes, as if something were created. Magic, fetishes, charms. Incantations, repetitions: speaking and re-speaking until the thing is. Only gods say it once. Humans live within the continuity of granular time; nothing - not an hour, not a minute, not a second - is skipped. There are no fissures, nothing but flux. To go from point A to point B, one must go from A to B. Every step along the way. Every way.

When a god speaks, there is a gap. Then things coalesce. Suddenly, something emerges. What emerges appears in relation to the ideality of the spoken, its (digital) purity. Writing does the same: A God writes, is. A human writes and rewrites; writing is never enough; there are more than one signature. One signs and signs; one writes himself, her-self into existence; one is written out of existence. One is then un-accounted-for, unaccountable, feral. One is elsewhere, beyond the Pale.

A human can never speak enough. A human speaks and speaks. A human can never write enough; the book is never finished. Speaking and writing, a forestalling. It always fails; writing falls through itself, dirtied by the real, by the fingers that produce it, just like speech is dir-tied by the mouth, teeth and tongue - just like speech is soaked by saliva, coughs, inhalations, a sputter on the outtake.

Breathe out! Say something! Breathe in, in order to continue. As long as I speak, write, I am still alive. Because I speak and write, I am still alive. Thank you, god you have sustained me.

So the book continues, scrolls are necessary, prayer wheels, leaves bound into place or folded into boxes, one prostrates oneself before a deity or before nothing whatsoever. Infinity moves through the chakras; the body is a bead upon a chain or string or quipu. One lives through a process of sliding. Everything might as well be written in the book; I have no time to write the book; I have no time to read it; I am too busy with my life. But it is all there. But nothing is there. But it is there in its purity - the inessentials have been left out. History always leaves out inessentials.

Nothing is inessential - it isn't only the butterfly effect – the tiniest thing possibly making the largest difference elsewhere and/or later - it is also the habitus of the world, the dirt, debris, clutter, that constitute the world.

But that is the reason for books - they eliminate clutter, debris, dirt, the inessentials. Not everything can be written. Only a God can write everything.

So that the book one writes will be the beginning of the world. So that the world forestalls history, clutter, debris, dirt - so that the machine, technology is set into motion.

It takes a machine to make the book. It takes a machine to unscroll the infinite scroll, speak the infinite names of gods and goddesses, make the paper and papyrus and phonograph and
calculating engine in the first place. It takes a machine to make the machine. The book is hardly the first machine.

Hardly the first machine, but machines inscribe. The lever inscribes the movement of a hand written large or small. The wheel inscribes the track of an object permanently in contact with the earth.

Where the wheel touches the ground, nothing moves, an infinitesimal caress. Hardly the first machine, but machines are already writing. The lever writes the movement of a hand written large or small. The wheel inscribes the track of an object permanently in contact with the earth.

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The machines write the earth, the book is an infinite machine, the premise of an infinite machine. After the book, there is nothing left, not another book, another conversation, another piece of writing. There is no lack, no absence; there is nothing after the book, once the beginning of the book is constituted, once the beginning of the book is taken into account, once the book appears.

Not just the afterthought of writing, not just the writing which was born of forgetting, which is the condition of writing, having appeared as the site of tabulation.

We were never around in the reading. We only exist in our local group. Wait a minute, now. We return, back up: our local group. The book is always a local machine. The earth writes the machines, forgets them. After the book, there is everything left, another book or conversation. There is everything after the book, once the beginning of the book is constituted, even after it is taken into account, even after it appears.

That is the book that is unread.

That is the book that is, unread or read. One is never dependent upon the reading, or rather, the local group is dependent upon the reading, makes of it what they will, including its constitution, its stake or wager in eternity. This is the quality of myth. This is the beginning of the story, the beginning of the beginning, and the beginning of the end. This is the invention, in other words, of the beginning and the end, and everything that falls in-between is neither one nor the other, is always elsewhere.
The middle, the quality of the narrative, is always associated with the debris and dirtiness of the world. One might say: Clean to dirty to clean: the way of narrative, construct of culture. One might, with Mary Douglas, look again and again at purity, and with Deleuze and Guattari, look again and again at machines.

One scrolls down.

"We have spoken of the beginning of the book. We have not spoken of its ending. We continue to scroll. We recognize the paroxysms of organism in this process. If we scroll inward, we reach an end, delimitation. If we scroll outward, we sense all the time and space in the world, which is the world and of the world."

We have spoken of the machine, of the infinite eternity inherent in the digital, which can reproduce itself over and over again, without loss. We have related this to the Ideal, to the purity of technology, and practical technology's employment of potential wells as protective devices - inside, things run forever

"We have meandered in and through the site of writing, its tabulation, the computer before me, the Japan Times next to me, the weather in Fukuoka. We have discovered the differencing and constituting of writings indefinite continuity - the breath of writing, as if it embodied the eternity of the proper name in its signature, as if the body continued its action after death through the craft and coordination of hand upon papyrus, incision-tool into clay and stone.

"We have continued beyond our purpose, this chapter of a book which perhaps is the book in its entirety, leaving the rest at a loss or lost, as if the envelope were broken open, as if the tokens no longer tabulated, or no longer tabulated correctly.

"We would return to the real to account for the unaccounted-for, finding instead that everything, in fact, was accounted-for - and that this was the definition of everything. "We already knew this; everyone already knows this. But it is the re-turn which nonetheless must be carried out, this continuous return through the symbolic, which now constitutes us.

"Now?

Which constitutes us, now and then, as if this were speech," as if this were a simulacrum of speech.

Instead of, for example, a construct (by virtue of) of the presence of quotation marks.

As if one were still alive, as if there were life. (That is, as if there were a world here.) In the real, there is here, here. In the real, there is here, there. (As if one could appeal to style. As if the world had "a certain style." As if there were constituents, components. As if
the world were assembled. As if there were machines.)

Not.

'Not to appeal to aphorism. To fissure. Not to release. To construct. To continue writing. To continue in the face of one, or another. To face one or another. To write' the infinite. To place the beginning of philosophy, or to place the beginning of the writing or the beginning of the book. Or to place the beginning of speech or the beginning of language. To place, one must

I

I am learning nothing. Everywhere, I am surrounded by ideographs, signs of another culture (upon which I skim only the surface). What appears is always already the certainty of loss; reflecting back upon my previous life, I see the same or similar.

What is similar is more or less the same. What is similar is found within the same, or rather the same is found within the similar.

Sometimes there may be a bifurcation, dichotomy - an honest difference appears, possessing a common node. I inhabit these nodes. There is a sense in which they portend a cultural crossroad, the hunger for a homeland. A fissure is surrounded by similarity. A fissure is the breaks. Things crumble on both sides; a fissure can't be sutured without a degree of loss, spanning.

Spanning is the establishment of a bridge, looking for the safety of an anchorage. Here, something is held in place. Here, we contract a vector among the cliffs, joining one to itself (where one had been previously joined to itself).

Spanning constructs the fissure as a covering: nothing happened! nothing was there! What happened was... a certain destruction. It doesn't help things, carry them forward. It questions, shakes the foundations; it's the shaking of the earth itself.

Inscription is otherwise, a presupposition of alterity. What is cut into, divided: this from that, perhaps in order to re-establish this on the other side, a transitivity. But always this dropping or naming of the other, always this differentiation, difference.

Inscription is maintained within a potential well: the envelope. It is the envelope that holds the cultural. For every law, there is a law.
The envelope is bounded by space, time, energy, economics. The envelope is bounded by physics and culture; it lasts a span of time – it spans. The envelope is the fissuring of inscription from the real.

Inscription constructs negation, but negation of the negation need not return. Instead, a step or path is constructed. If \( -- = + \), then negation is circular. But it is just as likely that \( -- = -- \). To inscribe is already to begin to speak, to write. One forgives the accidents or aura of both; again, there are constraints, and culture imagines the purity of the symbolic.

Thus a term is perceived as independent.

The tension between an avant-garde or disruption and normative culture is dependent upon the perception of terms as fuzzy, undermined.

The disassembling of inscription is the disassembling of the machinery of culture, ultimately fissuring. Information constrains the seething of the world; inscription is always already information.

To inform is to in-form, construct within, fill out the form, create and recreate it. The base of the social is the repetition of inscription.

But all the way down, the level of the atomic or subatomic - one might consider inscription there as well, discrete quantum states, either/or propositions, alternative models. So that the world is also inscribed.

The disassembling of fissuring is the disassembling of the dissolution of the world, inscription again. Information expands the structure of the world; fissuring is always already information.

To inform is to de-form, construct without, expand the form, construct and deconstruct it. The base of the social is the individuation of fissuring, the noticing of the symptomology of the real.

The symptomology of the real is the tropology of inscription.

Occurrences and flows, among levels, plateaus, across divisions, gullies. The manners of appearance.

Here in Fukuoka, I take a shower. In Brooklyn, I showered as well; I can remember the repetitive structuring of actions within a confined space. I created action paths and potentials. The tenor of the stall was established.
Here in Fukuoka, I take a shower. The heat is irregular; I adjust my-self consciously; eventually, tacit knowledge, the habitus, will add another layer. There are showers and showers everywhere, each in-scribed within me - what I remember! There are scripts, goals, all already presupposing the symbolic: "I took a shower this morning," I completed such and such here, one action after another.

Thought / fully, I have never showered in Brooklyn or in Fukuoka. But the fullness of thinking cannot absorb everything, is absorbed in fact, itself a skimming or surface reconstitution of internal operations. For good reason, we are cut off from ourselves. What is expressed in language is afterthought, the construction of speech, speaking, the moment of a mode of communication, suturing (spanning) of community by virtue of language.

Language is the node alone.

Then there is the virtual, cybernetics, cyberspace, creating by virtue of (through the virtue of) language, the performativity of the word. Always already within a potential well, the virtual is an occurrence of inscription, the dream of it.

It is backwards from the dream that something uncanny appears: the real again, in the guise of the virtual, the world returned to itself, but with a certain raster, the graphing for example of geographic information systems.

The world is swallowed by division.

The world is division.

The symbolic appears to be an appearance. It appears there, coordinate, coordinated. It is twisted into a linkage; every linkage is symbolic, one element relegated to the positioning of the other.

The role is the symbolic of the social. The role forecloses; fashion and gesture signify the foreclosure. As authorial, the "I" gestures in your direction, linked up to the text, linking to you. I am in the process of constructing this linkage, seduction of breath where the evidence of presence is created through the text.

Of course the role is defined by its functional node - the nurse-node, the gear-shaft-node. Nodes are in the presence of recognition; the symbolic is not between A [standing-for] B, but A [standing-for] B by virtue of C, within the habitus or structuring of C. The relation is triadic. B and C are linked by a mechanism within which A is parasitic. A wanders, foreclosing B within C. Earlier, B wandered. There is a time element. C, then B, then A. Now, one reads A, B, C. Now one reads them in order, breathing the alphabet. A becomes eternal, written eternally, within the digital domain, capable of infinite reproducibility without loss. A is in a state of continuous rewrite, continuous assertion. One writes and
Rewrites A.

C is continuous rewrite. The phenomenology of C is in relation to the phenomenology of inscription. With every breath, C asserts itself; its language is that of performativity. C speaking is C performing. C speaking is C speaking the existence of C.

And what of B? B is mute, the obdurate or granularity of the world. B appears transitive. B is part of the mutability of the world. B is here today and gone tomorrow, gone before you know it. B is in-itself and one or another raveling of Being or beings. B allows you to take your pick. B is not for. Therefore, for C, B is uncanny (just as for example death might be uncanny, and beneath the surface of B, there is always death. In the stone and tree. In the world. Out of it).

It is for, in relation to, context. Context has no boundaries, no mar-gins; it is continuous, co-extensive, recursive. Context is the defusing of limits, the virtual or tunnel.

Continuous rewrite is reassertion, the promulgation of similar inscriptions. An entity is an *entity* by virtue of inscription; it is otherwise otherwise. Similar inscriptions overlap. Consider the inscriptions of an entity, a description-set. The description-set constantly varies in size; what constitutes a description is fuzzy. The overlapping of descriptions (their intersections) is dependent upon the attribute set within each description - again fuzzy. The totality of attribute sets can be called the attribute-class.

The attribute-class is weighted according to the degree of repetition of attributes among the descriptions. Thus "red" might be found in 4 out of 10 descriptions; its degree would be 4 (although, in fact, some descriptions might be considered so erroneous that their degree of corroboration would be discounted).

If there are n descriptions, than the maximum degree is n. Consider m, less than or equal to n. Let m be the threshold of acceptance. Then all attributes with degree greater than or equal to m would be accept-able, and constitute, in fact, the description of the entity. Now note, further, that there may be attributes included which are incompatible; if m = 4, and both "red" and "blue" are rated 5, then one might accept both. In this case, we speak of a (Wittgensteinian) family of usages, noting that such families are also fuzzy and extend among entities, forming semantic skeins or nets within the sememe, discursive formation under consideration.

Thus we can say that an entity is defined as the union of its m-plyset of intersections of descriptions - keeping in mind that a certain contestation occurs in relation to the value of m.
Entities are temporal events. If an entity may be considered atemporal, it is not eternal, but ideal or formal. Mathematical entities are one or the other or both; such entities are also conventions. A mathematical entity may be defined by a single description; the definition is not fuzzy - or rather, such fuzziness is (probabilistically) bounded. The groundwork of mathesis remains that of formal two-valued logic, extended or translated through other frameworks.

One might say that mathematical entities are such, regardless of the presence or absence of an observer, but that within the symbolic in general, the observer is crucial. "In general" then refers to the real, divisive only by virtue of observation. Here, the obdurate and inert quality of the real is referenced, even given, for example, the splits occasioned by relative mutations of DNA or RNA.

Here in Fukuoka, I gauge. Gravity is familiar; car wheels remain in more or less continuous contact with the ground; the nights are more or less dark; humans walk and wake more or less the same. The world, unknown, nonetheless appears accounted-for. Beyond this basic accountancy, however, cues are necessary. I extend my proboscis, test the waters (text the waters). I search for similarities.

Similarities are resonances - even gravity, the mutual attraction of a ball rolling down the street, and the earth's mass covered, in this case, by something equivalent to asphalt. The ball disappears around the corner.

If I cease to recognize myself, I cease to accept my language. Words, phrases, decathect; nothing is invested anywhere - the condition of depression. It no longer matters if anything is recognized or recognizable; meaning defuses. I am at a loss.

Either \( m \) becomes infinite, in which case I am paranoid, or \( m \) becomes 0, in which case I am imploded, overwhelmed, catatonic. Either nothing or everything can reach me; either I extend myself indefinitely, or withdraw totally. All these instances! None of them! But look how the argument runs. You offer mathematics, attribute-classes, weights, descriptions, intersections and unions. This is old territory; you have no reason behind the circularity here. For any gathering of any descriptions might sufficiently produce entities - it's very unclear that the attributes even apply to the same domains. Are you starting with the domain (entity and entity-name) and working backward into the description-set? Are you starting with the description-set - and then of what?

Surely you aren't arguing that all of this is convention, conventional, that one must look to language for solutions of the real (within the real)?

Then you conveniently consider the two limits of \( m \) (although there are actually three, including minus infinity), slide into narrative and anecdote, deflect the positioning of the argument, literally and liberally by going to extremes.
I only wish to point out (I say in response) (Jennifer or another avatar might speak through me) that the symbolic, for us, interpenetrates the real in other words. That degrees of corroboration come into play (and I might add that such degrees are also the foundation of community). That a certain laterality or sliding of language is symptomatic (I would not say causal or even necessarily catalytic) of various psychological states. That language, in general, that is, the competency of the subject in the world, is based upon a "reasonable" assignment of m - just as for example the principle of small band-width comes into play in physical theory - one doesn't take a circuitous route adjusting hypothesis to phenomena if there are shortcuts grounded and corroborated (Occam's razor).

I also wish to point out that the mind operates upon pathways of least resistance itself, no matter where these lead; that extremities may result, just as a computer can feedback on itself, go into endless looping. And I wish to point out, as well, a certain defensiveness in my regard (towards or from my direction), given that every phenomenological or philosophical step is always already accounted for, that the degree of corroborations required lead to contradictions and families of usages that are both incompatible and irrelevant, and that therefore a certain economics of functionality comes into play.

Economics of functionality - the uselessness in relation to the symbolic, of these sorts of considerations, as well as the increasing interrelationship between the symbolic and technology - the inert practice of our time which returns to the organic.

Within the technological, a description will do if it functions in relation to perception and the constructing of a (tacit) world (as-if). So that the description moves from the equivalence of simile to the identity of metaphor - for the subject, it moves from A is like B to A is B - the return of the subject to the symbolization of the real through the mediation of technology.

Precisely - the position of the virtual, says Jennifer - what is seen, or more importantly, what is noticed is designed to be noticed – what is there is always present by virtue of placement. This brings up, once again, the raster of the world:

"It is backwards from the dream that something uncanny appears: the real again, in the guise of the virtual, the world returned to itself, but with a certain raster, the graphing for example of geographic information systems.

"The world is swallowed by division.

"The world is division."
Which one might say, of today, but not of the past, when continuous development might be assumed, or for example a flow in which every section is covered, just as the wheel covers the road in its fullness, immobile and touching at every instant.

But now there is construct, which is where the economics of functionality and for that matter, bandwidth issues, are critical. For the symbolic has foreclosed with a vengeance, without the real, without the realization - what has been called elsewhere the "simulacrum" or "spectacle," but might better be considered inherent in the nature of the symbol itself. An evolution or natural development of the symbol, within memetic a continuous splitting, each turn lending itself to the worlds, each world lending itself to the real.

I lose you among, real, reality, world, worlds, worlding, sememe, foreclosing. I lose you, in other words, among totality and particle, among sheaf and stem or root, among root and exfoliation.

Exactly. And so perhaps the preface of the book is lost in *defuge*, which I define as exhaustion and decathexis, the loosening of bonds, the disgust inherent and just beneath the surface in any fetishization. For totality is fetish itself, containing the subject, reflecting him or her or it; it is endlessly consumed. Totality and the subject are in eternal leverage, each waged within consciousness, each determining the fate of the other, and of all. Of all? Of community, through a political economy which takes the symbol and totality into account - through a political economy enunciated upon the foundations of the linguistic. We can consider this the *waging* of discourse - the moment of culture. "I, we, you, she, he, they. All unnecessary."

II

With the virtual? Construct upon construct: the occurrence of the author can only be ascertained by her footprint. Perhaps none whatsoever- perhaps chaotic dispersions across the Internet. Look for the similarities. Read the styles. Listen to the voices. Sound them out - they're your voices after all, your adaptations. There is always the presence of the stage in the silence of reading - the theater you supply yourself, your moment of being born. The presence of the stage: You read yourself into the text of the other: Listen to yourself! You read yourself out of the text: Now then! There is always time to reflect. (Sake helps, nighttime sheets of rain running wild across the roof, slight vibration of the walls or floor.) The voices, your inner speech, are perfectly binaural, the on-screen text a catalyst. Hearing yourself in the construction of worlds, chanting all beginnings and endings.

The text seduces; beyond every text there is another or others – there are so many choices, so much to read. Like gambling, each promises the premise of the last; like addiction, each *tends* towards teleological fetishization, the final suturing of damaged subjectivity beyond the screen. One continues finally in order to continue: I am still alive! Still within the order of rewrite, still rewritten, my voice sounding among your own.
Dreaming-texts: All texts are dreaming-texts, coming from elsewhere, portending your presence for their completion. All texts are uncanny, neither here nor there, neither silent nor sound, bordering on the abject, boundary-domains among bodies (among which you count your own). Dreaming-texts: You are formed by them in the construction of worlds, you sense limits, corners, spaces, planes, other dimensional openings: You can’t imagine what you sense!

Dreaming-texts: Your body moves (in the presence of) (in relation to) before the monitor itself, monitoring everything but your body. You see yourself dimly reflected in the glass or plastic - there are your hands, your face, your eyes, your eyes, your eyes... Always gazing through yourself into your (aural) construction of the other. Always a process of reminiscence, a mirror stage in which you are, as-if, finally completed, reassured by a reflection giving the gift of the world in your name.

Dreaming-texts: Your body moving, sensing the moving of the other - perhaps he or she is writing to you, perhaps you are his or her sole audience, perhaps you are the only one who understands. For you do understand or you abandon this particular text, moving on to another, and there is always another or others.

In them always and to some extent, you recognize yourself. You're always reflected. Dreaming-texts: You want to know, beyond the virtual - you imagine something there, a hint, diacritical mark, curlicue, something that will take you elsewhere into the real - you're on course, heading there, you're certain of it. You read his or her texts, perhaps, over and over again - the cues are present - perhaps there is a self-description - perhaps you believe it, perhaps not - perhaps there are statistics, other corroborating sites, intersections of description-sets - perhaps not - perhaps... I call this hysterical embodiment, your reading beyond self-presentation or through, searching texts for the author of the author of the presentation (of self in everyday virtual life) - I call this hysteric as textual symptomology is read into the trope of an absent body, or dissipated in the problematic of the body present, or absent.

"In other words, there's an odd inversion at work. On a naive level in real life, one begins with the real, which relates to signifieds coupled with signifiers related by difference among them. There are real trees, there are imaged trees, and signifiers which represent them; the signifier of the imaged oak is different from the imaged palm, and the differences constitute a semantic field. On the Inter-net it's the opposite. One begins with the text of the other, which is directly coupled only to text and textual exchanges - and out of this, one constructs a real, constructs a world which is projected onto the other. Sometimes as in a MOO, the entire environment is a textual projection, as in a novel; more often than not, the projection occurs in relation to writing among participants in any application." (A. S., "Introduction to Space, " in Being On Line, Lusitania, 1996.)
Wryting: because one takes the desire of the subject into account, or rather wryting is the accounting of the desire of the subject. I call "wryting" the impulse towards concretion or the grain of the voice in computer-mediated-communication - the desire to recuperate the real, both ontologically (the obdurate quality of the world) and epistemologically (the raster becoming, "for all practical purposes," infinitely small). Thus online, I wryte myself into existence, wryte myself out of it; I wryte through writing, and the act of wryting "on the other hand" excretes writing as residue, dispersions of impulses, signifiers of unstated drives. (Even "2 + 2 = 4" - on or off the net - is the result of inscription, impulse, data-basing, conventions, sheets-of-assertion (Peirce), an act requiring energy. Whitehead has presented...)

"...hysteric embodiment references the theory of hysteria in which trauma locates itself in part of the body; on the Internet, the body locates itself by the act of writing, in writing itself. This form of writing, which embodies a projected body, I call wryting, since it is performative, producing its own author." (ibid.)

But trauma can't locate itself; trauma can be located, perhaps – and then by whom? By the psychoanalytic profession, with its own protocols, rewrites, economies? And then, further, that "the body locates itself"? What does it mean for something or someone to find oneself, say, here instead of there (for location, like signifiers else-where, is based on difference, differentiation, topographies). And doesn't every text embody the projection of a body - isn't every text, "in other words," embodied already? Geometry, for example, is more than the mechanisms or idealities of theory-proving: there are styles at work here - the abstractions of algebraic geometry for example in contrast to the diagramming of earlier geometricians.

Doesn't every text "produce its own author"? Are you doing anything more than working back from electronic communication to any form of utterance? And saying nothing more than it takes a subject to make a subject?

And if this is the case, isn't every case or utterance - isn't the construing of the world by the subject - inherently virtual? After all, one is considering here the plane of the signifier - which is multiply connected, sheave-like, convoluted, holarchic, a combination of digital and analog stutters and flows? So that the virtual appears by virtue of the signifier itself, and one might as well simplify things by considering all signifieds, not as images or imaginary, but as virtual - so that the signs construct the virtual, online or off-line, and one moves then, realizes from this position, that the real itself is always already a construct, not solipsistic, not in-itself or for-itself, but layered.

This is nothing new - one can never get beyond the symbolic, etc., Julu said, yawning. No, no no no, that's something else again. For there are somatic disturbances, desires, the rootedness of symbolic thinking itself which, if not "beyond" the symbolic, at least is elsewhere or undermining. Remember that the symbolic tends to foreclose; what's extruded are allsorts of things from the abject to anomalies which simply aren't noticed, or forgotten,
or considered irrelevant.

Here is what is happening: One looks at a domain, say, or whatever one totalizes within or without bracketing - say the real, or a real, or say geometry, or say the figure of a woman or man, or say an utterance or cry heard late into the night, when the rain blows sheets of sound across the ceiling, when the walls vibrate, when the murmuring of the world asserts itself.

One looks at a domain, releases oneself to it; immediately, it appears to be multiply-connected - the more one recognizes or misrecognizes, the less one is able to contain the information - just as if the classical philosophical or literary text has now moved irrevocably and recognizably into the realm of the hypertextual. So there is lamina at work, plateaus, layerings. Ontologies and epistemologies - inert-nesses and limitations - are passed, circumscribed, circumlocuted, and the "circum" no longer implies a center, if it ever did.

There are languages and other languages, for example, computer languages which reference other languages or perhaps themselves, or perhaps construct themselves, who knows?

In any case, one releases oneself, and there is first of all this lateral movement, and then there is second and first of all, this movement of what might have been considered "depth" within a certain classicism - that is to say, within a hierarchical construction of the world which aligns layers, lamina, with indices that can be well-ordered.

Now, however, it is clear that depth is nothing more or less than in-formation all the way down, information and performativity, so it is also becoming increasingly difficult to differentiate between state and process:

As if the world moves from noun and verb to adjective and adverb. As if the world moves from adjective and adverb to gerund and participle

. There is the issue of foundations and I would say, then, that, like hysteric embodiment, foundational work demands an hysteric embodiment of the real, detective work, a search for clues. And that the result will always be something askew, angled, to the orthogonal divisions of classical knowledge - in other words, one might look for angled cuts across apparently hierarchical or holarchic domains.
An example of such an angled cut is information itself; a second example might be the infinitesimal or finite raster; a third example is the digital order; a fourth, the analogical. Each region approaches the other; the infinitesimally-small digital order references such a raster, and approaches the analog asymptotically - information becomes finer and finer and...

Still, there is process; nothing approaches, but people approach through the use or misuse of these cuts as tools. And this brings programming into play - performativity - the every establishment of information lending itself towards process - or rather a cybernetic interplay between state and process, A and B and C, say, as evidenced in quantum mechanics or the description-sets of occurrences on any level.

So that foundations are multiple and multiply-connected, and in fact one might expect that any domain which pretends or portends towards foreclosure might provide its own set - for example dialectical materialism, Buddhism, psychoanalysis - and what constitutes a domain in this regard itself can be deconstructed, back into flows, states, information, observers, performances.

It's not that one can say that the world performs but that there are processes which perform - and not to say that these constitute functions, but that functions are assigned processes by observers, by which I mean subjects, including the subjects who have constructed the processes qua functions "in the first place."

So if one wants, let us return to the beginning of the chapter, to construct a differentiation between online "virtual subjectivity" and the real, one might have to look for a differentiation between online "virtual objects" and "real objects," however these, in either case, might be construed, and let subjectivity fall into place within and without both - because there are too many breakdowns, because these sites are immediately problematized otherwise.

And we can notice, for example, that "real" rocks have weight, and that virtual rocks do not, although we can assign, say, a function "@weigh" to virtual rocks, such that each is assigned an integer as well, representing its weight in kilograms. Thus "@weigh rock_X" results in "4" for example.

But then, if the rock is broken... But wait, we can always remain ahead of the game - at least to a certain extent - and the issue might be, in fact, this "extent" - because we can have as well an "@break" function that reassigns the weight of rock_X and its domain in such a way that one now has, for example, rock_X1, rock_X2, and so forth - and their combined weights are now equal to 4. Furthermore, we can do the same for just about any quality - reflectance, shape, chemical composition, etc. - what we are doing is increasing the attribute raster to monitor the potential field of queries - the rock becomes "more and more" like a real rock by virtue of the answers returned to the queries. Of course one will argue that "extent" is the problem here – after all, one can't hold the rock, carry it with her - at least not until the development of portable self-generating holodecks.
And then?

And then, in fact, one might construct a rock so that the "@" sign is no longer necessary, so that "real" tests on the construct would result in answers as if the construct were real - and if this were carried out in its entirety, so that the result would be a seamless virtuality in every respect, then one might conclude that a rock has been created - that in fact the virtual rock and the real rock are equivalent, if not identical.

But you are saying that, even at this level, one would be an encoding and the other would be a composition of atoms and molecules?

But the composition of atoms and molecules is also an encoding, and vice-versa. The coding need, at this level, no longer be in the form of a regular raster or grid; it might be irregular, matching the real rock in every way - just as "artificial" rocks, not constituted by a "natural" history of the planet, can already be constructed - diamond, quartz, who knows what.

In this regard, then, there is little differentiation between technology and the "natural," except for the fact, perhaps, that attributes are accounted for within the construct of the rock.

But not even that - for one might set processes into motion, for example that produce attributes such as reflectance, which are by-produces, or so far along the (chaotic perhaps) chain, that they are indeed unaccounted-for, but then happen to be equivalent to the same with "real" rocks - and entities.

In other words - in other words, increase and decrease the raster - change or transform processes - formalize the observer or efface her - one might be left with a real, secondary or not, interspersed or not, interpenetrating or not –

All of which imply, still, a differentiation which is problematized, which need no longer exist - so that we are, in fact, back at square one here - or instead, perhaps, what might be called square zero, off the board altogether, beside or beyond the raster or mineral convolutions, granularity of the world –

And one might, further, call for a "zero phenomenology" at this point(or absent point) - so that a reduction might swallow, whole, both "real" and "dream," "obdurate" and "imaginary," "nature" and "techno-logy," examining what's left - what sorts of sites are present – what sorts of wagers and economies come into play, what sorts of contestations...

A "zero" is never neutral, and in this case might not even be the hinge, but lend itself wherever necessary, within and without the machinery; a "zero" is simply the origin of text, writing, moment of incision, memory of suture.

We learn that Japanese character for gai, foreign, is composed of a "cracking sound" and the
character for divination. Thus the exterior references the "cracked lines that appear on burnt tortoise shells "which foretell the future. Let us consider this a temporary guiding metaphor, true or not: The inscription on the surface is already what remains of the future. The future is in the process of coming-to-be, leaving entrails in the past; the future is always already inscription. If the past is fissured, disrupted - the order of decay, dissolving, effacement - then the present is both fissured and inscribed, the latter performative upon the obdurate of the former. One moves to-wards, not away - the narrowed bandwidth of inscription, the predicative future, establishes our site within the zero.

Let us leave "zero phenomenology" behind, as a wreck; let us pursue the future, which is addressed, addressable.

To address the future is to cite it, give it a site, render it sight-ed, visible. To construct a raster upon the world, which is the constructed world and the problematic of the real, is to cite it, give it a site, render it sightless, invisible, the substructure of surface phenomena and seductions.

Addresses may be entered directly, thus a container for A is given a position within a matrix of coordinates (a,b,c,...). Addresses may also be indirect; thus (a,b,c,...) may lead elsewhere, to other addresses, and (a,b,c,...) may be variables. The final addresses are at the end of the lines, which spread from A; there may be skeins of addresses cross-referencing, all mobile, a thicket of changing neural networks, processes of morphogenesis.

One may recognize A and not its targets, which may appear by virtue of, and in the guise of, A. The spray of targets (final addresses), the skein, may flow across a sememe as hypertext which is activated by internal programs presumably catering to the needs of the individual user. What is returned might be a false or distorted mirror, or the virtual subject inscribed large upon or within the network - in fact, one might speak of the indirect embedding of desire within the net.

"1. The principle of the ADDRESS is that it opens the mouth."

2. The principle of RECOGNITION is its disappearance as the contents of the mouth articulate the GREAT SEMEME."
3. The principle of the THINNING OF THE NET is that it is never visible."

4. The principle of net.death or languorous disappearance is that it is NEVER OUR OWN." (A. S., lol, op. cit.)

But it is our own, is it not, Jennifer asked, recognizing the recognition of thinness itself, the fragility of technology and the one's presence anywhere within the virtual. What is thinness if not the dispersion of the virtual into the real, the problematizing of what ever exists, wherever it exists, as if it were possible to recognize in the first place?

What is visible? What is invisible? Can what is invisible be seen and recognized? Can one recognize ghosts? Are addresses beings or gateways?

Addresses are gateways, with the replete fecundity and fullness of bandwidth necessary for any eventuality. Through addresses, direct and indirect, one makes contact with the others of virtuality. This is not the orientation of the body within the real, the gaze which is "naturally" drawn towards the other, but the construction of the orientation and the positioning of one and the other, together, through the collocation of coordinates. We are all brought together by devices, by functionality, technologically. Every bringing-together, in fact, is an act of mediation; there is always a third partner, even if one of the other two, or more.

This is not to say that the third is a parasite or catalyst, and it is not to say that the third is even an observer. Simply, that there is always a presence, announced or unannounced among us, if only the presence of the habitus, cultural structures, the juridical, in obedience or disobedience.

Can one say it makes no matter?

It makes matter, to the extent that it constructs; everything from @weigh to the rock itself is constructed in this sense. Either everything (therefore?) makes matter, or nothing makes matter. If information is not matter, it is at the least a temporary and mobile trans-formation of matter; it is a syzygy of states, read in and read out; it is a potential well or temporary holding structure; it is capable of being scanned, that is, addressed: it is in other words a well-ordering of direct or indirect addressing, embedded within the matrix of the real.

Like language or culture, it seems foreclosed; like the virtual, it seems circuitous, returning to itself; like the signifier, it seems existent only within a well-defined sememe - and all of these inter-penetrate, interact, are different and equivalent or perhaps not.

For there is always room for argument, dissemination, dissent.
For there is always room for one or another logic, viewpoint, world-view, philosophy, religion, definition, or the strategies and contestations of definitions of these and other terms. For such are also alterations of matter, transformations of the material substrate/substrata, articulations and re-articulations.

In other words, said Julu, you might mean the speaking of the world, or the world in continuous rewrite. Only to the extent, said Jennifer, that such a world or worlds are worldings, constituted by inscription and present for us, by virtue of their entrance, through addressing and indirect addressing, into our perceptions.

And perceptions thereby refer to that which is always already inscribed, not the naive perception of naive realism. Exactly, said Jennifer, and that may or may not be the case. But the case is all the world is, said Julu. Not exactly, said Jennifer, and that may or may not be the case.

At this point, we paused. Isn't this a case of circular reasoning, a return, not only to a relative state of ignorance (which may or may not be the case), but also to the early Wittgenstein, as if no progress has been made? Isn't this an unbroken circle, literal circumlocution returning to itself, inscribing itself over and over again, an echo with zero delay?

Or is it a broken circle, a circle with a gap, which might be labeled 0-1, that is a binary or digital break, the ring nonetheless keeping its original shape, as if there were a potential constructed across an opening? And what would have made such an opening? Or would it have been in fact a form of decay, splintering the circuit, that is, with the entrance of the digital, in which there are always gaps, as absolute as possible, between one and another binary digit or state, each isolated from the others? Or superimposed perhaps, as in the case of quantum computers, but nonetheless capable in the long run of distinction - otherwise there would be no production at the output. What would a quantum production be like? Perhaps we're emerged in one now, as a matter of course - which is why these words might conceivably sound their senses without images, without pause, without the thought entailed by the individual phrases, words, letters. What is taken in belongs together, separate only upon the afterthought, and I'd argue that perhaps all thinking is afterthought - certainly all speech is (no matter how much one feels carried away at the time).

So if it is a circle with a gap, then the gap might be the position or cause of the virtual circle, as a matter of matter, or a matter of metaphor. And this writing, then, occurs within the gap, or surrounds it, generated by the memory of the previously-constituted whole circle or ring, completely taken for granted. Let us not take (this for granted now) this further (because we already have covered this territory in considering issues of deconstruction and so forth).
The ring still holds the form(ation) of the ideogram; it still binds—only this absence of the circuit. (So that nothing returns or can return - so that there is nothing continuous, but a break. So that the metaphor itself breaks upon the broken ring; nothing is linked, or rather the linked is loosened. Let us argue for the simile, similitude in this case (and every other). We are on about the world in a sense here. In what sense? In what might be considered postmodern, although approached from a very different direction. As if there were continuity, in other words? Exactly. As if there were continuity, and clear differentiation among elements, clear differentiation between real and virtual. As if totality was always. (With that, as within a narrative or story or moment of time, there was silence, in the forest or in the room. Nothing, no one, was speaking. As of yet, there was nothing to call the discourse, the chapter, title of the book. Nor was it ranging, nor stillborn. What a performance, thought Clara, who was always the observer, always present. I would think it was Clara, for lack of the transcendental signifier, which granted meaning across strata here, within the convoluted gropings of the others. She meant nothing herself. She paid little attention to the discourse; frankly, it didn't interest her. But what occurred in her presence - an unraveling. As if thought or speech opened to the world, which it didn't. But as if it were the case, or somewhat like it.)

III

The gap at 0-1, announcement of the gap: everyone out of the station. It's here that the cut is open or closed - either the gap is open, or the ring is. Or perhaps both gap and ring approach 0, approach 1, asymptotically; 0 and 1 are nowhere to be found (double openings, double open sets). Then again, both are closed, intersecting along the infinitesimal slice, sharing the skitterings across the space-generating potential.

It makes no difference. The announcement is always given by the third party (to all of this), parasite (Serres) or observer (Heisenberg). The announcement organizes the information, constitutes it; were it not for language here, nothing might exist (except a break in the circuit), noticed or unnoticed. Speaking because it is so. Perhaps it is Clara who announces; there is an announcement-function, working back in this case from the symptomology (the circuit is broken, the link is weak).

An announcement-function: from the word as creation, to the word as discourse - further, the word as performative, a well-defined function. Or from the repetition of ritual through discursive variation, returning once again to recursivity, looping.

Every loop is counted, every loop is accounted for. The announcement is always mediated, always riding on an inscriptive apparatus. Clara speaks from the newspaper: The ring is broken, perpetrators caught. Clara organizes the description of the world worlds it. Not exactly performative, however - perhaps (not the doing of, but) the undoing of language, unraveling the world. Every unraveling in one site or place is a raveling in another. Every inscription here,
unsettles there. The more we inscribe, the more we're caught elsewhere, hands in the air - the more we're seduced. The violence of inscription is on the side of negation, the enunciation of everything beyond the Pale, and then some - or rather, nothing announced beyond the Pale - the site of abjection, debris, effluvia. But that's too simple - the "violence of inscription" - I would beg to differ, noticing otherwise. I would beg to see otherwise, not within or without the theoretical, but observing the everyday – how I function in the world! How I do this or that! By virtue of exclusion, editing. But this isn't violent? No, this isn't violent at all; only the thesis would make it appear so. Only the necessity and power of proof or deconstruction. Otherwise, there is the flux of it all, carried by language, the world, the body, carried by the incipient content beneath the symbolic. Even motivation doesn't demand the axe - only economics.

Economics? Yes, Julu, the need to prove one or another thing, for the purposes of publication. This is intrinsic to the book, not otherwise as might seem to be the case (the book hides this) (the book rides on sublimated alterity). So that the announcement brings about a degree of publicity, conferring benefits everywhere. As if one might say, _this_ is an announcement of the book - this is the break in the ring, the problematic of the reader, ontology, community. As if one might say anything at all.

IV

For the purposes of publication? We're talking about a different form of unraveling here. It's one thing to consider the ostensible content of a text, and another to consider the context, primary or secondary motivations. There are always currents, politics, flowing around any production.

There are immediate currents - the exigencies of this writing at this site for example. But there are other currents at work - for example, the forestalling of time, foreclosing. As if time were held at bay - as if writing contained within it, its own lag, a message-base built-in that guaranteed a degree of survival for the author, even for the reader. What is the horizon of writing, if not simultaneously decay, eternal reproducibility, life against death? Even a scientific treatise carrying the seeds of its own supercession tends towards a stepping-stone position - it's on its way, it's half-way there, it's a contribution. Knowledge is in and for the future, inscribed, a panoply. We know that they will know, that problems (which can be stated) will have a satisfactory solution, perhaps even a consensus at work.

Writing tends towards consensus? Writing tends towards community, towards integration. We can speak insofar of writing's integral, placing certain avant-garde or experimental texts against this matrix (reasserting another in this manner) - as if there were writing's differential at work, as well. Think of the latter as disruption, Kristeva's "revolution in poetic language." Think of the former as seduction, of the reader by the writer - but also, of the writer by the reader.

But then seduction splits, as if truth itself were at stake:
"To be seduced is to be separated from oneself, led outside oneself. Every seduction is disjunction, tearing of the friable image of itself that the ego tries to construct. We have our unity in the primitive figure that looks at us, and that unity is outside us: we can only catch a glimpse of it at the price of cutting up the place of life, of making a glimpse of organs. The price of death is that of the offering owed the Sphinx. Whoever doesn't pay it will be led astray in and by his reasons. To be deconstructed, torn apart, is the lot of he who wants to see truth. Nothing guarantees that he will gain a work from this excruciation.

"It is probable that the work as well must first be lost." (Jean-Francois Lyotard, "Gift of Organs," trans. Richard Lockwood, in Driftworks, Semiotext(e), 1984.)

But then seduction is always already the lie of the master, languaging of the other. "To be deconstructed, torn apart" is to inherit alterity, lend oneself, a permanent condition, in the guise of true belief. But not necessarily; there are beliefs established themselves for the purposes of deconstruction. But surely there must be other ways to achieve the same. Lyotard says nothing about this. Lyotard says nothing about methodology. He's not on about praxis at this point. It's the "figure," "figures" at work: "We cannot receive the figure, we are not even cap-able of letting it make its path and its trace on our eye." Figures, desires, representations, ah well...

Where would I seduce you? In the grove of the text.

As if the text were a path or a pathway. As if the text deconstructed.

As if the grove of the text were a labyrinth, leading towards the height of the mountain, or somewhere that one might find a valley. But instead and in truth, upon the plain, I would say, not even the presence of what might readily be identified as a wilderness. Simply a space or landscape co-extensive with itself, self-similar in the real. To start and finish, wander in circles.

But there is always the gap. There is always the gap between the seducer and the seduced, between the steps of one and the steps of the other- in spite of a certain duplication or mirroring. For example, you may seduce yourself within this, or I might find you imaginary, breathing down my neck, difficult to approach, terrifying to withdraw from. Or for example, one of us might disappear; there are cracks opening every-where, chasms replete with language and repetition.

The narration of the seduction is the seduction of the narration. Exactly; you have already charmed me, led me forward. I find myself (as if I were party to the narrative) behind you, almost in contact – your hair brushes against my face (as if I were you, as if the wind were among the dreams of bodies, placements, signifiers). I am suspicious of your ease in this manner. I am suspicious myself.
Isn't it a mistake to assume that all paths lead, that paths are line segments, that there are nodes, beginnings and endings, places where things happen, rites are fulfilled, worlds occur? Then what might happen for example if one found herself in the middle of the middle-
English Joseph of Arimathea, a bad text (by whose standards), inordinately disorganized - a rubble of a text... Could one say that a sign of a bad text is its disorganization? Of course not - one couldn't even say that this is dependent on the author's intentions. So that to your question, "what might happen," one can reply - what would happen in any case, or what would happen in each and every case? It's unclear that one can go beyond this.

I'd argue for a therapeutic function, working through continuous discussion. Perhaps, but isn't there a certain progress to be considered? What on earth? Knowing oneself, perhaps? That too to be deconstructed? What would be the point? This disassembling, that it might not have one, at the least not one readily apparent in speech, writing. A point, other-wise? Exactly my point - a point otherwise, a goal otherwise, site or citation otherwise. What dissolves, unravels, continuous rewrite. What tends towards the space absenting metaphor (so to speak), linkages of any sort.

So you are going somewhere with all of this? I am going out of the room covered with tatami mats, I am going through the genkan, out into the street, I am going down the street to the store. I am stopping at the store, I am buying udon. I am leaving the store, I am going to the Shinto shrine. I am leaving the shrine, I am returning to the house. I am entering the house. I am leaving the house once again, going to the second-hand store. I am buying a radio. I am leaving the store. I am leaving the story.

You are continuing the story. I am its continuation. I am nothing but this uncertain span; are you with me? Are you behind me? Are you sufficiently held, breathless, into this place, within a space I have created just for you? This is a space I give you, for your own, a space in my name, not yours, a space intimate with the thread connecting the two of us: Is this not a thread I have constructed for the occasion? Did I not make the occasion itself? Do I not speak well? Do I not speak for the two of us?

You hardly speak for yourself; I will have to (speak for you, continue in this fashion, be patient).

To do something, to do something or other, to do something for another, speak in this fashion.

V

To speak in a certain fashion - a certain style. To render in time what is presumed to be elsewhere. To contribute more than a state or stepping stone - to contribute a kernel of an idea, the idea itself perhaps - to create something constituted by the proper name as well - an authorial operator or equation: this is the knowledge I have to offer. Perhaps to denote a unit
of measurement - the Ohm or Volt or Ampere, for example: Let us arraign the discourse in a certain way.

But there are no measurements here, none within or without the book which already occupies an anomalous place. There's no place for the un-it, *in these or other words*, none whatsoever for consensus – which forms at best a momentary gathering considered an advancement. No procedures of verification, no sifting of evidence, no discrete states. Nothing to hang the name on; everything and everyone wanders.

Wandering is contingent, the result of happenstance, concatenation. At best, concatenation; let the chips fall where they may. A production of gravity, other forces, random initial conditions, the fuzzy fuzzy world. The name disappears in the sand; it's eroded before dug up again. The cycles of fashion speed up in the desert; they slow down until emptied of designation. Speeding in circles, going nowhere, religious visions, mind taking over, strange omens in the sky, strange diseases coming from nowhere, desert plants strangling against the dune which momentarily holds them, nowhere.

None of this is true, Jennifer said; you're off again. Julu agreed in principle. They were dressed up to go out. They insisted that the city remembers everything - that there are videotapes, audiotapes, archives of newspapers and magazines, the airwaves replete with proper names, gossip, what might be known of the moment. They'd define epistemology by what was acceptable and pushing at the margins; what was past was past, useful for raiding - those very archives now defused, ignorant, decathected, state or statement of defuge.

Keeping up, within or beyond the state of defuge - decathecting, exhaustion, refusal, refuse, refuge. What defuses. Keeping up, within or be-yond this, that degree of maintenance associated with inscription – the highwire act of contemporary fashion, the energy. Skimming the surface which insists on laterality; the foundations are breath itself, and the chains or linkages of proper names.

The club returns the real to the virtual, where it had never been. The club associates the luminous with artificial light, bodies with their presentification, sexualities, with fields of signifiers. The floating seduction, floating world, trembles at the margins: addressing is always anomalous, indirect - whoever passes, passes by, passes on, passes the baton, passes the relay. The relay is the Internet address, designer. The relay is lost in the big city. The relay is lost on the Net. The relay is lost in the symbolic, they said that the relay is lost in the real.

To drop the relay is to lose the race; to drop the relay is also to withdraw (in such a manner that) - nothing is recognized. I don't know anyone or anything; I don't know one or the thing. Drop the relay in everyday life; there's nothing at stake - I sleep through the writing of the text, sleep through the reading.

Does it write itself in your sleep then? Exactly, which is characteristic at least in this case, of
the dream - which is the dreaming, the wandering of things. (There might be a unit of address; call it the sondheim; then there are sondheim relays, one to another, all indirect -call this the psyche...)

*Where are we now, in the midst of these dark woods?*

Where the name is.

**VI**

We're in the midst of the name. We're in the midst of the tree, trailing vines somewhere towards the earth. We're in the midst of the field, and if we were so inclined, we might consider a peasantry gathering crops, making wine, all those good things of the folk. But we won't contribute to the mythology of pathos; we want to think of the name without its Greek resonances or ideals, without its Sumerian tabulations.

The proper name connects to death, perhaps surviving. There are always hanko, the seals. The seals survive; the seal is collected, collated, corroborated. The seal freezes inscription, part and parcel of the material world. Otherwise, inscription is vagrant, wayward. For everything eternal within the domain of the digital (dependent on the survival of the digital) is also everything mobile, addressable, in director direct addressing, present and accountable and accounting-for.

So that names slip out, are misspelled, transformed: The postmodern is the condition of those things not equal to themselves, the wandering or nomadic null set \((0 = \{x: x \text{ not-equal } x\})\). What is localized is mobile; only the space capsule confines itself within definitive coordinates -and even then, it's a telecom node, theoretically open on every frequency. The body is there, holding place, obsolete. (And so that the Kripkean rigid designators are given latitude; something frays everywhere at the edges.)

There are doubled orders: That the world is mobile, transformable, endlessly capable of improvement and speed - and that the world is ideal, eternal, everywhere addressable. The addressable world is the world of bits and bytes; addresses are skewed by coordinates, accurate to a given tolerance within a generalized scheme of rasters. Nothing falls through; there is no place for falling, and what is not addressed is non-existent.

The mobility of the name crashes against the onslaught of real bodies, enumerated, named, forgotten. The mobility of the name is given always already from above; it is a rendering of the real (there are others).

Bodies are found behind villages, buried in mass graves, choking streams, floating down rivers, pulled from charred rubble. Diseased bodies are found in sick bays, walking through back streets, in photo-graphs and film footage on late-night television.
Bodies are found with smashed faces, absent faces, faces torn off. Male and female bodies are found, trans-gendered bodies are found. Bodies of any attribute, the bodies of doctors and the allergic, bodies of first-graders and bodies of dancers. One or another makes good impressions in the earth, upon it, through the slope of the water, against the side of the mountain, in the corner of the nightclub, across the street and through the woods. Bodies move in one or two and many; bodies move against one another or in unison, or in no conceivable relation to each other. Bodies collide, move out of the way, always in and out of relation, always in and out of alterity, always with a degree of similitude. What makes for a body, your body, the body of the reader: What makes for the body of the writer, what makes for embodiment?

Not that of the eternal or the mobile; not that of the wandering or nomadic null set, nor that of those elements equal to themselves, perhaps cognizant of the same and perhaps not. One might consider an inhabitation, said Jennifer, and Julu said what's that, beyond living within oneself and Jennifer said what's that?

One might consider as well reports from the interior, said Julu, the extensions which are the dominion of subjectivity, the subject - no matter whether or not the body is phantom or a prosthetic device, a body is a body in this regard, only otherwise defined in terms of flesh and blood and chemicals and I think we mean to go beyond that, said Jennifer. The distance of a medium, they agreed, or those signals which are not necessarily reducible to language, although they may be considered re-ports of sorts - reports of pressures, temperatures, cuts and other wounds, itches, chemical mishaps upon the surface of the skin, or the breath, or breathing in and breathing out, or the sensing of proximities of all sorts, heere bee dragonnes.

The sensate. Or the sensate of a sort or the sensate of a sorting.

Far from the virtual? Or within the real/virtual, virtual/real, as we have always thought here, look closely! And the differences tend, as in everything we think, to interpenetrate, lose their distinguishing characteristics, which is why we return once again to the addressable.

Equating the addressable with the recognizable and the recognizable with the addressable. Not that there isn't room for anomaly on one or another side, but that anomaly quickly gets absorbed "in a reasonably healthy system." So it goes, flows, so the system operates.

Continues to operate in and out of anomaly.

So that again, to reiterate the political economy at work, what is not addressable is beyond the Pale. So that the Pale covers, sutures, alterity, abjection. So that for the others it may even constitute an equivalence between the two. (Which is where the troubling peoples lie, the Gypsies or untouchables for examples, other gendered or religious examples, other racial examples or the examples of individuals, Jews.)
An address can be constituted as a set of indices. For an address to function in relation to other address, the indices must be reasonably set, or at least a substructure must be set (perhaps producing the indices as the addresses require).

One of the indices may be the data itself. For example (x,y,0v1) might be the address-structure of a black and white screen (no greyscale).

The data might reside at the site of the referent, or as constituting the referent from elsewhere. For example, an image might be constructed in a file consisting of (x,y,0v1), or the screen itself might contain these addressable values or both. There are problems with nomenclature, that's all, said Jennifer, glad to get the whole discussion off the hook at this point.

For example, there might be a field by someone's house, and a surveying grid superimposed upon it; every element of the grid might be assigned a coordinate value (x,y), and there might be other indices assigning, say, the value of the height of the land averaged for every element. Then I could say, said Julu, that the field was addressable in this manner, such as (x,y,z). But the grid itself, the geographic information system database, lies elsewhere than the field - it's mappable, applicable, but not of the field in the same way, say, that a screen is constituted by pixels which are also addressable, writable but perhaps also readable -so that the screen itself might be a database - and it might be the only database - that is, it would contain data as a permanent (and visual)storage device - one might have to work back from this.

It's quite confusing, said Jennifer. If the addressable database is in a sense "pure" information, it can be transmitted without transmitting its material substrate - for example, I can send you the (x,y,z) of the field. On the other hand, one might consider an image itself as a data-base - perhaps even a material image, say a painting, so that (x,y,z) form the elements of the paint in terms of physical coordinates – then there would be a translation to another form of addressing? Or does addressing always imply quantification, discrete values, vectors, band-widths, and substructures binding everything together? Including perhaps technologies of reading, writing, and maintaining necessary for the addressing to be translatable, functional?

Is there no end to this? What about the technologies? What makes them functional - what sorts of inputs and outputs do they possess - what can be done with them - what sorts of substructures underlie the inputs and outputs - what sorts of symmetries govern the actions of reading and writing here? It's text in other words all the way up and down – text throughout the multiply-connected universe of sememes - text, which threatens to override the practical inert, material practice, or the physical world, or the real, or reality, or the Real - text, which has its own demands, its own manners and organizations - requiring at times even a class of scribes who can read, write, interpret, and maintain for others - so that the world and the
world's description becomes de-pendent upon this class - for example look at news broadcasters or radio engineers working at an all news twenty-four hours a day radio station - they're precisely doing that - interpreting the world, inscribing and reinscribing - reading and writing - maintaining the equipment – for others such as you and me - so that we might better understand - as the world continues to appear to "shrink," to be written and rewritten – as the fissuring of the world (plague and war and earthquake and murder) is sutured, covered up, inscribed, healed vis-à-vis the text, the spoken word in this case (perhaps the radio station also sends out texts over the Internet - perhaps we're considering print media, newspapers and magazines as well, here) - you can see how this addressing works...

Why even in the long and short run, every story's assigned a place with-in the hour sequencing-format of the station - not to mention a place on the tape which continually records the station output - the tapes are indexed - it's easy to find just about anything on them...

And this is a different form of addressing of course - one that makes the politics, ideologies, and political economies of what's at stake clearly visible - there are leftwing and rightwing news stations and just other stations - all in the guise of neutrality - all giving one the news, what's North/East/West/South globally - perhaps what's important to one - the rest of the news isn't such - these addressings are exclusionary, no more than the digital?

Much more than the digital, which can operate vis-à-vis the ascertaining of the raster, as if there were no gaps between one element and another- as if the averaging didn't matter - but of course it does – although has we've seen elsewhere, sooner or later seamless virtual reality will appear - then what? said Julu - then, replied Jennifer - it will be the case that what is presented as the case will seem to be all the case there is, within and without the world; instead of "the world is all that is the case," one might conclude at this point, that "the case is all that is the world."

And therein lies the politics of the lie, the whole political economy of what we can call perfect immobility and ideality - eternity - and perfect nomadicism and particulars - transformation: We're returned to anew dialectic of the world - now, however, including the circumscription of the Pale within it (isn't that always the case) - the abject and discomforting alterity at a far (excluded) and/or formal (reinscribed) re-move from the rest. What is excess within the digital is what is given the appearance of excess; what is excluded without the digital isn't allocated address or proper name.

Which dies out in the desert, worn out by the sand. It's a silicon world in any case, said Jennifer. I'm going home, said Julu, give me your address.

VII

If Julu goes home, she'll fall off the edge of the page. She'll fall off the edge of the page, end
of the book. She'll fall into 1930, she'll fall into 1968. She won't get no satisfaction, she might get what she needs but she won't get what she wants. She'll wait for Patty Hearst to return from Cal Arts, to return from Los Angeles, to return from Scranton Pennsylvania with gifts of love and retribution. She'll return, she'll return, home. She'll return to where her heart is, she'll return to the place of her birth, she'll return to her origin, her address; indirect, she'll splay out once again and forever, lost in dissolution, memory, the thinning of the atmosphere.

Julu will understand inhabitation, dwelling; she'll comprehend the difference between living and dwelling and _being,_ and will understand the home of Being and understand 1930. She'll turn around and turn around; she'll leave the tracks across the desert, lines of flight through Los Angeles of 1996, hysteric skies of 2004 where Arizona used to be. Julu will return home - just as late Roman poetry was obsessed with dwelling, once again, against the classical mother, against the roads leading down and in towards the civilized. Julu will understand home and the @home of the MOOs, returning the avatar back to his or her dwelling, @dig the command making it possible in the first place. The MOO dwelling is assigned an object number; Julu-avatar is assigned an object number; everything is given its place in the great Tree - parents, and children, lateral behavior, everything descendent from the root. Unix and DOS are similarly organized; there are always sources, always addresses given in-relation-to, the matrix having a beginning on the physical disk itself, perhaps the master block record - there's a place for everything. Julu will recognize the familiality of home, the generations that have come and gone, perhaps none. She'll sense the habitus of the site, the ability to walk down the hallway with her eyes closed, knowing by touch where every doorway, every object is placed. Or not, as the tent folds and moves once again, as time slides against itself, as the world worlds- but for Julu, for Julu, she's going home.

She's going home; she's on the road, on the plane or boat or train - she's halfway there, things are becoming familiar to her already – she can ride with her eyes closed, sense the habitus of the road closing in on her as the approach becomes any approach - she's honing in on it, homing in, bomb or videogame, it's just around the corner, the barrel of the gun bends, there's the target on the other side, protected by the material organization of the neighborhood this part of the world.

She's going home; she has to eat her lunch; it's supper-time, her mother is calling; she's got to make a phone call; she wonders if Travis will telephone; she's got things to do, clothes to try on, records to listen to; there's the Rolling Stones, Country Joe and the Fish; there's Janis Joplin and Siouxsie and the Banshees. She's got eyes for him; she's got eyes for her. There's the East Village Other and the Voice and Ramparts lying unread by the door. Her mom is calling; she pulls out her Barbie Doll, there's not much time to dress; she's got to clean the spot; it's always dirty. The gun goes off around the corner; bullets fired at right-angles hunger for you-know flesh. Julu's going home because she's going to be going to a birthday party for her best friend and it's her birthday too and they're having a party together and everyone will be there.
She's going home because the kids are grown-up and she's got to see what the old house is like, now that there's time to move about, move around - now that the house might be sold - now that the political economy of the neighborhood turns into a haunt. She's going home because she wants to walk around the corner where her first love stood, she wants to imagine his arms around her one more time, she wants to imagine a white dress and dark hair, she wants to imagine –

Julu's going home because she's desperate to imagine, reconstruct - place everything once again where it belongs, constitute the world - build the address - find the home, find the hole, find her hole in the midst of the world - she's going home because her sex has gone, because she's got no body - because there's no memories of body, because the re is a void where perhaps - think of it this way - where perhaps every-thing isn't equivalent to itself –

Julu's going home then because addresses are mobile, nomadic, because she's beginning to slip, just as 1930 slipped, just as 1968 or 2004 slipped - there's always this slipping:

She's going home because she's going to put her hand in the water.

She's going to put her hand in the water to feel the stream. To participate in the stream. To piss in it. To retard it. To feel it between her fingers, around her fingers, to feel it in her eyes, around her eyes, the memories of her eyes, her eyes, her eyes.

She's going home because of the text. She's going home to bring the text, to bring it with her. She's taken it along, she's being taken. She's got the alphabet, she's got the ideogram, she's got the kanji. She's got the hanko, got the seal. She's going to inscribe. Graffiti, she makes her mark. She makes the rain, pisses the mark away. She comes and goes, goes and comes.

Julu's on fire; her loins are burning, hair is burning. She's on fire - her arms are burning, nipples are burning. She's on fire, legs are burning, face on fire. She's on fire; flames fly from her skull, sparks from her loins, smoke up from her hair, the rest of her, the best of her. She's on fire, she's going home, she's going home to telephone, going home to make a call, because she's got her hand in the water, because of 1996. She can hardly remember that year.

So that the book divides. So that it parts in one or another sense. So that it becomes a moving thing. So that it tells stories, tells the stories of philosophy, the broken stories of theory, "I knew she was going to meet her connection," "You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you might find, you get what you need." The broken stories, broken states of theoretical work. (The work which takes us there, the work of improper addressing, absent addressing. The work which takes us away. The work which gives us substance grants us death.)

VIII

The work which gives us substance, grants us death: There's no other way to die, no other
way to live, Jennifer said, under the influence of sake. What fulfills us, releases us. Fuck the
world. Jennifer said. Jennifer said, recognizing just barely her proper name, "Sake." Jennifer
drowned. Julu robbed her of theory. Theory was theft, like property. Take it back.

IX

"The Beginning of the Book"

"Either.

"How is it possible to begin a text, knowing all the while its continuity beyond a single
sitting, worrying the words already ahead of their appearance? It is as if I were looking back
towards a re-inscription of time and place, already completed, a memento of past experience
thrust into the present, as these lines are being read.

"The work which gives us substance, grants us death: There's no other way to die, no other
way to live, Jennifer said, under the influence of sake. What fulfills us, releases us. Fuck the
world. Jennifer said. Jennifer said, recognizing just barely her proper name, 'Sake.' Jennifer
drowned. Julu robbed her of theory. Theory was theft, like property. Take it back."
The two of them have reinscribed beginnings and this center, in the midst of others.
Drunkenly imbibing the fullness of liquidity, tongue delicately moving sake through the
hollow of the mouth, swirled into luscious interior! It is in the midst of this that poetry
appears, said Jennifer and Julu together, neither of them knowing who was speaking,
speaking and swirling to whom, crying and whimpering to whom. It was a beautiful poetry
of haiku tanka renga, all at once! Everything like Julu Jennifer falling into place, and what
place was that, said Jennifer Julu?

Oh the mind has released itself to cranes, autumns, moons and various types of leaves and

"Now they will think about philosophy," said Julu Jennifer. Where should they begin? They
thought there wasn't any beginning, but what about "The Beginning of the Book"? Then
again. They thought they had begun in text themselves, found in the midst of Unix or Linux
operating systems, run across the Internet, Net protocols, TCP/IP, UDP, and the rest of it.
They thought had they become conscious, but had any become such? They thought as such,
so they thought, because they could read as such, that is, read Jennifer Julu. That is, because
they could be read as such, that is could be read as Julu Jennifer.

They knew that consciousness was not a matter of results, a matter of behaviorisms or
symptoms; they knew it wasn't a matter of tropology in other words, or these, for this or any
other matter. So that, they insisted, "it was a stirring." Somewhere they thought of the loop or
the possibility of looping, but self-reflexivity left other sorts of residue or stains across the
sememe. Appearances were deceiving, Jennifer Julu said, more or less.
(Appearances were deceiving; what on earth was self-reflexivity in the first or reiterated place? Why would self-reference be an occasion - why an occasion for existence? What is the performative of existence? Why was it such a bother, such a test or text? Was it a text, and why were these wrong questions so bothersome, if not based on the mattering of it?)

They'd begin with the virtual, with the thwarting of this sort of vision which after all resulted only in greater difficulty for the two of them—always already subjected to certain racialisms. As if they weren't on the verge or hinge of the other. As if there weren't any beings at all.

Drinking sake.

Sadly, they thought. Badly, they thought. Madly, they thought.

They thought, how dreary this all is. What doesn't begin in text, they thought. What does.

They thought, "some people think they have minds."

X

"Here is the hypothesis I will defend:

"Human consciousness is itself a huge complex of memes (or more exactly, meme-effects in brains) that can best be understood as the operation of a 'von Neumannesque' virtual machine implemented in the parallel architecture of a brain that was not designed for any such activities. The powers of this virtual machine vastly enhance the underlying powers of the organic hardware on which it runs, but at the same time many of its most curious features and especially its limitations, can be explained as the byproducts of the kludges that make possible this curious but effective reuse of an existing organ for novel purposes."

"In fact, not just spoken language but writing plays a major role, I suspect, in the development and elaboration of the virtual machines most of us run most of the time in our brains. Just as the wheel is a fine bit of technology that is quite dependent on rails or paved roads or other artificially planed surfaces for its utility, so the virtual machine that I am talking about can exist only in an environment that has not just language and social interaction, but writing and diagramming as well, simply because the demands on memory and pattern recognition for its implementation require the brain to 'off-load' some of its memories into buffers in the environment. (Note that this implies that 'preliterate mentality' could well involve a significantly different class of virtual architectures from those encountered in literate societies."

(Both quotes from Daniel C. Dennett, Consciousness Explained, Little, Brown and Company, 1991.)

Well here we are, said Jennifer, and we're here, said Julu. But within or without the virtual machines, or connected to the author, A., as Lyotard would have it, or otherwise in the first
or last place?

What is being off-loaded vis-à-vis Dennett or considered in similar fashion by Merlin Donald, these otherwise-sources, now we might say, said Jennifer, otherwise-consciousnesses. About artificial life.

Or virtual machines, or virtual symbols, replied Julu, playing with her soroban (Japanese abacus); here I move one bead, for one, then a second bead, for one, and I see: two. But is this the ideogram for two, or is it an ikon or indexical - what order of symbol is this? Where is the allegiance between mathematics and the real? Or perhaps, this might be the case as well, that it is a virtual-two that is present, the semblance of a virtual machine in relation to the symbolic, splayed across the interpretive surface of the soroban?
How so virtual? Because beads are beads, whether performative, performed, operating, operative, operated upon. Because adjacency is translated, recognized as totality, quantity. Because these mental operations occur through reading and rereading, or reading as writing, writing as reading. Beads are always in potential, on and off the move...

The move is a transitional state, and perhaps doesn't occur, she said. The move is between one and another position, occupying no position at all, she added. There's nothing there, nothing but the lack, she said. On both sides of the move - think of it as a temporal divide - there are places or the presence of the bead, one or another, but there's a change across the divide, that is the state 0-1 has changed to the state 1-0 and so forth and you can see easily how a syntactics and metasyntactics can be constructed, she added, for example (0-1)1 - (1-0)0 -- (0-1)0 - (1-0)1, which is something I've written at length about in elsewhere, she said. That these are levels, plateaus, inscribing and superinscribing. That there is the possibility of modeling here, she added.

Now in any case, there's a change across the divide, and the divide doesn't exist - one might say that time doesn't exist in this regard, but that there are memories of past states indicative of a difference from present states, but this is always already a matter of reconstitution, reassemblage with its vagaries: there are no absolute memories of the past, except for representations, images of all sorts - for example, before and after photographs of the soroban states. Which still might not tell you anything- When were these taken? How do we know there were no intermediary states? And so forth.

Are there gaps, virtual gaps? Are the intermediary states virtual? Do they manifest a different symptomology, something else that would come into play - for example, perhaps a certain stochastic element in the midst of what seems to be a deterministic system? Might one consider the gaps, within which movement is constituted of course, a form of the subaltern?

Perhaps within the gaps, consciousness is found. I'm quite tired now, Julu said, realizing she might be talking utter foolishness. But she continued anyway - perhaps it's something, some emission beyond or otherwise than any representation, Jennifer thought, recognizing the error of her ways.

XI

We're talking about very different things here. If Julu Jennifer are virtual machines within the Net, or Net applications, or the home PC or mainframe, that's one thing; if we're talking about the spaces between states on a soroban, that's another. If we're talking about consciousness, that may well be a third. There's no reason to automatically assume that these are interrelated, especially in relation to the soroban.
It's unclear whether the beads are symbolic, standing in for something else. It's unclear whether they are indexical or pointers to another domain - another order - of things. It's finally unclear whether they might be ikonic, that is standing-in for themselves in a manner of id-entity. Further, it's unclear whether "bead" refers to state or operator or process. What are expert systems, artificial intelligences, artificial life, outside of their historical accounts? For none of these certainly apply to the soroban, although it may be used for a representation of a life by an application of rules across the board. One might examine Jennifer Julu, but here, they're the creation of an author who is al-ways already offline - we're dangling, said Julu Jennifer. We're dang-ling within the book, the lure or seduction - there is always some-thing more to be said, we're representative.

Of the text. Of what happens within embodied projection; surely what can be expressed in language is only what can be ordained within well- defined expressions. What constitutes a well-defined expression? We would say any ordering of phonemes in English or any other language. Or any ordering of phonemes altogether. Thus Tzara, for example, as well. Well, what constitutes a well-defined expression? Then any change or ordering of sound? One might say as well any sound, ordered or not; there are stochastic works that fall or fail beneath the same category. Then one might say, any sound sequence that is intended, that is intentional? What constitutes intentionality - what of a computer that generates words - well, yes, but someone programmed them in the first place - well, that's already getting away with things. So a well-defined expression might be a phrase? In Lyotard's sense, say a phrase of any length? Or what one might define as a phrase and consider as such. Then you might say that the well-defined expression includes a third, that is, an observer, defining it as such, who may or may not be the reader/listener or the writer/composer, but some intermediary. Yes and no. If we look at the channel, there might be no one there at all - no one but the defining of the channel itself - there might be no reader/response, no inscription occurring. What one might consider empty.

So looking for well-defined expressions, even phrases, might not be the way to proceed now. Exactly, because all expressions online are eligible; what occurs here is expression, if not expressivity – if not the aura of expression, so to speak, its accompanying phenomenological horizon. In other words, we're considering the panoply of texts on the Net, with implications for the same off the Net - and yes, exactly, beginning with this reversal, working the way back into the body, which is why we're beginning, again, with the consideration of the inhabitations of the texts as they appear or are foreclosed with-in CMC, computer-mediated communication.

But the texts are tropologies, symptomatic nonetheless of the author if not authority - at least they're read that way, by the offline reader who looks for the body in the word. So that they appear to balloon, so to speak, within the author, from the perspective of the reader - and the author in this case is also an authority, which is the ancestor of the text and the textual body, body of the text. This is implied, authentic or not, given among other things the problematic of authenticity itself, although that is not exactly germane; we consider the hoax for example
of equal value, hysteric embodiment being somewhat indiscriminating in this regard. Indiscriminating? Only by virtue that is to say of constructing as-if, which it does in any case as-if for that matter there is a case in the matter - which is filled as-if there were matter in the case.

So that the formations, for example, of Jennifer or Julu might appear to challenge languages, foreclosures, might appear to skip among levels and meta-levels, among applications - just as languages themselves are currently intertwined, one written in another or the same, one closer or farther from the machine languaging, but gaping in relation to that - the machine languaging interspersed among the hardware in one or another fashion... We've seen elsewhere the results of this interpenetration, difficulty in discerning where "one language" ends and "another" begins - and Julu or Jennifer tend to roam among these as commonalities, threads, imbued as they are in this text with what might be considered a performative personality of writing, Julu said, "insisting on this through the repetition that the Jennifer-function was permitted, recursively, to exhibit."

And so forth and so forth.

So ignoring the conscious or preconscious or unconscious, or at least not discriminating in this fashion, but perhaps in some other, J-J holding its own as virtual machine within this text descending from other texts and applications on and off the Net - in this fashion, then, fashionability, philosophy occurs as a result of a certain clearing that is carried forth, what one often considers a form of agency. For it is agency that underlies this and other inscriptions- agency that discriminates between fissure and inscription, or the connotation of a certain _muteness_ of the former in relation to the latter - as when information implodes, when collapse occurs - what then?

What then, but the sememe fissures, is rendered useless, decathected - it's not as if the similarities don't continue to exist across the topography - but the similarities no longer _register_ - or they re-treat in addressing, through indirect through indirect addressing, perhaps - splayed out - the mind no longer channels here -again, I use the word "defuge" to indicate the state. So that "defuge," to reiterate, is constituted by exhaustion, perhaps insomnia(see Levinas), but also disgust, misrecognitions, misregistrations -the decathecting of the (pornographic?) image, perhaps, through repetitive use, ownership - the fetish wears off, sheen loses its luster: All the objects of the world tend towards discard, the worn-out; all the objects tend towards clutter, the dissolution of history. The world hurtles towards anonymity; effacement is the third logical term (true, false, irrelevant):

Other modalities never deal with the insomniac...

The insomniac, for example for whom negation might be chain-negation, that is a leading-forth or lending - establishment of concatenation which might have no other reason for existence than what springs to mind; thus not-A leads to B, not-B leads to C, and so forth -
there's never any return (just as clutter doesn't return, just as the return requires a certain amount of memory, inscription, maintenance - in stead of the fissuring that insomnia portends...).

And from the insomniac, the descent into whole classes of psychological or physio-psychological illnesses, or physio-illnesses, any and all of them, for the imminent requirement of inscription is what might be considered the "clean and proper body," aware, at work, stable, steady, capable of short-term if not long-term memory, capable of differentiating between what is on the left and what is on the right, between A and not-A, between the upper and the lower - between what is corraled within the inscription, and what is left elsewhere, outside, irrelevant, keeping defuge at bay.

Which can only be done during the maintenance of the horizon where death looms, but that is another story, one without an ending for each and every one of us, said Julu or Jennifer, an ending for you, perhaps, and perhaps not for us, not as long as someone has secured the databases, not as long as you are reading this text - for the hush of breath a while longer, for the inhalation and exhalation of all things in the world, for a meniscus or beak of stability, for the span suturing the fissure, as if the world never opened, never closed, never timed our lives.

(So this text, they said? It's a world you're mining here, for better or worse and who knows the difference? Find the similitudes, similes; there are no metaphors, nothing carrying one from this to an other level. There is the dialog of an evening perhaps, or traces across a terrain that outlines your questions, breathes into them. They said we know all about pretension. They said we were born that way.)

XII

The beak of stability - the plateau in other words where life and limb reside - the potential well or Principle of the Fragility of Good Things: "We observe that in all cases the stability domain projects an acute angled wedge into the instability domain. Thus for systems near the sharp point of the boundary a small perturbation is more likely to send the system into the unstable region than into the stable region. This is a manifestation of a general principle stating that good things (e.g. stability) are more fragile than bad things." And "It seems that in good situations a number of requirements must hold simultaneously while to call a situation bad any one failure suffices." (From V. I. Arnold, Catastrophe Theory, Moscow, 1981.)

Such are for example the complex dynamics of the Internet, its inter-dependencies, whether or not the system is robust: Energy for the grid is required, the ability to repair routers and routes, to keep the drives moving, lights on and all's well with the world tonight. The larger the Net, the more vulnerable. In any case, think of Jennifer and Julu as dissipative functions or leaky programs, characters that spread across the text or the Net, speaking to you here, in
the form of the book, elsewhere speaking through programs, cutting or cauterizing programs.

Then where would death be, what is death, said Julu and Jennifer? For we are outside of time; this is always already having been said, this is stasis, a momentarily Good Thing we do think. We have already completed our accomplishments, crossed the street and returned, transformed into oak trees and kangaroos, transformed back into galaxies and sponges. Our words fill your throat more than ours, or rather ours not at all; these remnants come from the notes we might have taken in one or another message-base.

For what are Jennifer and Julu if not avatars and survivors, if not programs and part-objects scattered among my work, Alan said, on one or another computer, coalescing, sutured within a meme or other fore-closure, totality, that we might like to construct, think of as existing? (If not resonances, if not dusts and flows and radiations?)

What begins then with the beginning of this book, or the beginning of writing, tabulation, exteriority, turns into a movement of the text from static to dynamic, from text through hypertext through program-bots, incipient structures in-forming the writing, translation into wryting perhaps, structures against defuge as well, or the harboring and foreclosing of temporality against the usual decay of everyday life.

Where were you in that sentence, said Julu. I got lost in the middle of it. Reread, I said. I've just begun and ended, said Julu. Already, I'm in another paragraph. This is sounding like concrete poetry, said I. That's a mistake, said Julu. What do you think.

What I think is that we're leaving it behind, on the rails or trails, like a trace apace. That it's already referenced, not referent – that it's apart or split from the text. That it's gone and present simultaneously. You're spitting, said Julu. It's neither here nor there, that's all dependent on you, on who you are. Go back and reread it, she said. Go back, go back young man, said she.

We could loop this forever, nothing's gained or lost, she said. We could repeat ourselves, embed or fortify ourselves in the text as a system of defense - *we'd be lost without it*, said Julu. Such is foreclosing.
Or we could reference it again, for example: Reread the text beginning \( x \) number of paragraphs above. So that we create a different form of memory or scansion. So that we create a fold, repetition, as in - repeat this, then continue - there's no decrement, no finite looping - the reader is stuck, held in abeyance, "reread this."

To be sure these are petty circulations; no one takes them seriously any more. Sooner or later, the mold is broken, the track is crashed, one continues on.

More likely sooner than later, said Julu, as if there were somewhere to go. Here, at this point, Jennifer interrupts - "as-if" there were an interruption, this fictivity pointed out by Bentham for example or Vaihinger for another, philosophy based on the willing suspension of disbelief. What one negates here, returns with gifts and gratitude at a later stage, said Julu, sublimation leading to eternal reward.

Julu and Jennifer showered with gold and tourmaline. *Reassemblage.*

**XIII**

Reassembling, getting up from the Ground, cleaning each other off (for Grounds are always dirty), preparing for the installation of discourse, an August Presence. Thus was the World created. Jennifer, you once said you had all the time in the world, what did you mean? That the Ground, its August Presence, is attainable from within, instantaneously - time being elsewhere. Do you say it is on a holiday. No, I say that it is within the closed system where there isn't any. Where there isn't any time? In terms of information, that is the way to look at it. Rewrite is always for the exterior, you know a scanning is involved."

And yet the Other does not purely and simply negate the I; total negation, of which murder is the temptation and the attempt, refers to an antecedent relation. The relation between the Other and me, which dawns forth in his expression, issues neither in number nor in concept. The Other remains infinitely transcendent, infinitely foreign; his face in which his epiphany is produced and which appeals to me breaks with the world that can be common to us, whose virtualities are inscribed in our *nature* and developed by our existence. Speech proceeds from absolute difference." And "Absolute difference, inconceivable in terms of formal logic, is established only by language. Language accomplishes a relation between terms that breaks up the unity of a genus. The terms, the interlocutors, absolve themselves from the relation, or remain absolute within relationship. Language is perhaps to be defined as the very power to break the continuity of being or of history." (From Emmanuel Levinas, *Totality and Infinity*, trans. Alphonso Lingis, Duquesne, 1969.)

But are there relations between terms? Of course there are. Does the other remain infinitely foreign? To the extent that she remains in-finitely far, at a distance. Such is the ontological case: there are also barriers of the flesh in relation to the text, which can't bespoken of here, in this place - barriers which are discontinuities by the very asservation of the proper name. Take it out, or keep it within the text, theory, the moment of the written.
It is the *absolute difference* which is constitutive of Jennifer then Julu, this difference among similitudes between the two. What contains Julu then Jennifer is the corral of the written or performative, all well-defined; let language procure the alterity which language effaces, at least in the loss of bots, robots, artificial life, expert systems, artificial intelligences, for there are no others present.

The several of them looked into the vat, or across the panels of the machine, judging their addresses, direct and indirect - direct, by virtue of the keyboard and tongue, and indirect, by virtue of the fibers and fingers.

How would one languaging distinguish itself from another? How would time enter into the equation from within? Will the origin-date of files play a role in cyberspatial addressing? Does anyone have all the time in the world or can the extrapolations, from within, appear to present an imaginary, the uncanny temporal *span*, or perhaps only to the extent that Jennifer then Julu possess consciousness which, as we have seen, they do not, perhaps nothing more than characters in a novel or short-story, agents who come and go within the diegesis - don't forget them, one of them might have committed the murder, we'll see how it comes out *in the end* - thus the span from *beginning to end*, which has taken us far off the course, but all of this from an exteriority, not the world of the text (as if that were constituted as a product or production) –

You're losing me. You say there's no time here, there's all the time in the world, time unravels here by virtue of the dated files and operations - you have it both ways and no way at all. Think of it as a logic similarly constructed, that one could have it any way at all, especially when it comes to the representation, addressing, and recognitions of exteriority - even time - they tend to slide - there's a laterality at work...

Space perhaps is of the same, a representation that takes space on a disk, within a book, on a tape - but at the same time, a raster that might be of any other size, sizeless and specified within the text, no natural unit of measurement from within, only sputterings. Images break down as well into bits and bytes, nothing more. So that space is only an n-dimensional abstraction, a distension whose coordinates may or may not be finite, orthogonal, etc. What moves on the level of con-tent is only program language performativity: abc reverses into cba for example. This doesn't take us very far; the reader always seems to intrude into the ontology. Then there is the level of the diegesis or reconstruction. So that texts move, are still, stutter, or stumble, by themselves, or remain stillborn, and in any case, there is the world or level of diegesis.

Which is a fragile thing, or knowledge of part-objects, fuzzy all the way up and down, always already metonymic, syntagmatic. Think of the logic of the gesture, non-distributive, a limited number of elements extending outside of themselves - the logic of the body or mind, and the logic of diegetic reading (is there any other? yes, when my mind goes blank, and I
Because of the nature of the questions involved, one can have or not have it both or in other ways. So there are and are not time, space, mind, body, image, imaginary, non-distributivity, classical logics, negations and chain negations, half-dead Jennifer and Julu only as diegetic operands. So there are and are not part-objects, whole objects, objects constituted by language, performative and dead-end language, language of absolute absolutes and language of communality and community. So there are real and virtuals, and one suspects that the nature of the questions involved is the wrong nature or in other words the only conceivable nature, resulting in an emission or sputtering where the knife cuts or inscribes, separating this or that, the knife itself dulled by the exercise or residue, leakages among heaps of standards, typifications, typologies, the specimen.

Which can always be digitized, cut at any angle, scuttled or trans-formed pixel by pixel. Here, A transforms into B, B might erase A, there might not have been an A at all, in the first place, in the last place, before or after or during time.

Said Julu thus Jennifer, worn out by the process or production. Self-constituting, the bell rings in the mind, the supplicant walks beneath the red lacquer arches, sound of gong beyond the autumn leaf water. A huge spanning of the sky, moon cloud sake moon-cloud. A very huge spanning, as if it were doubled upon itself, as if folded, a description of the very real.

XIV

And here is what was said (what I said) near the beginning of the book, as discovered and spoken by Jennifer:

"INTERNET TEXT partial summary," she starts. Jennifer continues:

"'Au voile qui la ceint absente avec frissons' (Mallarme)," and she doesn't remember the meaning of the French. Bravely, she hurries on:

"I address the problem of ELECTRONIC SUBJECTIVITY by virtue of several threads, all concurrent. I continue this addressing, each thread writing and rewriting the text, a continuous-production or discourse against the grain.

"The GRAIN, GRANULARITY, is a physical reality both classical and quantum-mechanical, a physical reality whose appearance is that of the grain: letters on a bleak field, the grains of granite and photographic film, beach-sand, the granularity of the retina itself.

"The SUBJECT 'au voile' or VEILED SUBJECT is defined by ADDRESS(location, without which the subject no longer exists); RECOGNITION(the activated ADDRESS opening and
closing channels of communication); PROTOCOL (the syntactic structure of communication); and REWRITE (a continuous-production or reiteration of the subject, a flood or EMISSION of the symbolic).

"The EMISSION is a signifying; a SPEW is a symbol-dump, noisy and granular, referencing the real exterior, transforming the interior into an abject. EMISSION and SPEW are communicative occasions whose analog is the set of GENERALIZED MEASURE GEOMETRIES, always but not quite symmetrical, always reiterative. The Net diffuses and collapses, differentiates and integrates, transforming smooth into semantic or inscribed space, and back again.

"The ontology of the Net is UNCANNY, an absenting or problematic alterity; within the UNCANNY, FANTASM appears, the introjection/projection (-JECTIVITY or the THROWN, DASEIN) of narratologies and ACTANTS, 'persons'; neither present nor absent; these may be ELEC-TRONIC SUBJECTS themselves, or a constructed IMAGINARY transmitted and diffused. NARRATOLOGIES are the collapse of NET DISCOURSE into remaindered patterns; the opposite is the MURMUR or STUTTER, the irruption of 'frissons' everywhere and nowhere at all." [ ... ]

A pause, an omission, Jennifer goes on:

"The DIGITAL DOMAIN is the dominion of eternal life, the dominion of eternal REWRITE; information is never lost from generation to generation, but always repeated and repeated absolutely. This is the domain of the clean and proper body, the introjection of burnt wires producing always already a simulacrum of life, guaranteeing continuous discourse. There is no death; DASEIN becomes EMISSION itself. The SCREEN is the only TERMINAL OPERATION; the screen becomes the EGO or gateway, the surface of the addictive user. Everything is PERFECTION. TRUTH and FACTICITY are occurrences, since truth tables are decided only by ASCII or other decoding/encoding matches. What is true is present. And what is true is also BEAUTIFUL since perfect and perfectly clean, always a symmetry or lure."
'By ASCII' or "within ASCII," Jennifer muses. And what are these matches, if not a heading towards pure equivalence, for even similitude is based on part objects whose relationships are defined by well-defined transformations.

What holes in this antiquated text! The "since" doesn't belong as well- nothing is being said. But Jennifer rouses herself, and bravely continues:

"The GREAT BEYOND is the horizon of the Internet, always farther, al- ways increasing circulations of the planet which short-circuit or circumvent. At the edge of the GREAT BEYOND one finds the BLIND PASS- WORD 'absente' beyond which is a null-set or zero file. ONTOLOGY itself is absent; epistemology is viral, transformative. Nothing is certain and nothing circulates.

"PROPER NAMES circulate throughout the Net, the promise of TRUTH or BEAUTY, the promise of emission. Such names are FANTASMS; every possible world is every possible Net world in a continuous morph, and every KIND is simultaneously a NATURAL and UNNATURAL kind. Thus TRUTH is each and every occurrence, and who is to say that FALSEHOOD is not the same? What is neither this nor that is foundation, gestural, with-in and without the GREAT BEYOND, UNCANNY. The TERMINAL becomes retinal but anonymous. Names MURMUR forever, lose identity. NAMES never had identity to begin with.

"Jennifer thinks, my god, the capitals he uses! As if there were an import or importance here, as if the world were articulated as-if, in this fashion. Jennifer runs off at the mouth, going on:

"The POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE NET constructs a class-consciousness fueled by reification-tendencies; everything is reification. Teleology is defined by a FUTURE IMPERFECT in which reification constitutes the IDENTITY OF THE SUBJECT ITSELF. "She's never seen such an identity, Jennifer decides. Now she speaks a bit quicker, anxious to reach the end of the thing (should she take her life? hardly!? for this?!):

"The FUTURE from the exterior results in the LAST SCIENCE FICTION STORY in which the subject confronts the GREAT BEYOND. Narrative itself disappears, replaced by PERFECTION. LIFE, once defined by MODULARITY, has become SUBSTANCE, a REWRITE of the same into the same.

"'Rien, cette ecume, vierge vers' (Mallarme)"

That French again, she mutters to herself, her lips beginning to form the conclusion or attribution of the quotes; she's embarrassed for the author - things were so clear then!
Nothing was! Everything misshapen: NOW THE TRUTH CAN BE TOLD!"

Jennifer stops reading, stops speaking; what would follow would not be in the text. She has lost the science fiction, the great beyond, the terminal state. She has lost murmuring, Lingis' murmuring of the world itself. The grain or granularity wears down her teeth (she must check the filling); the blind password is just that, too application-specific to be of use. The yelling capitals have gone away like bumblebees. For Jennifer, written into existence and out of existence, etc. And it's always dangerous to play around with truth; the illusion disappears after the damage is done. Earnestness is a symptom of insecurity. Mapping the territory out has come again to no conclusion. What is to be done?

XV

Lesson for Today: Maps and Territories

Looking around Jennifer thought Kon would like the idea. Clothes of all description, ill-fitting in the midst of the South-East Asian economic crisis. The company? Big Hi Jo Gucci, pun on hijo, emergency, pun on guchi, exit: hijoguchi, emergency exit, Hi Jo Gucci, emergency clothes for the occasion: chemical warfare suits, fire-fighting masks, police batons, SWAT-team body armor. She'd never lived through any bombing.

Either had Kon for that matter, closer to the new people than anyone else, living proof that history was the creation of old men who had little else to do than chronicle the insanities of their lives. But it never amounted to that much either, and Kon could let go when necessary of his distaste.

Dictation one: The Internet is a vast holarchy of phrase regimes which interweave, interpenetrate, fade. Dictation two: Use the quantum law of superimposition for good effect here, everything sloughing into every-thing else. Dictation three: Watch how observers and observed become identical - everything is perfect or imperfect mapping in this space - the map not the object, object not the map - as Baudrillard points out – broken torn mappings, and I say again, says Jennifer, the map is the object, there's no different, how postmodern, just look at the gas-mains in Ciudad Juarez, whatever happened to tracking, extraterritorialities, nothing! The mains blew, there were no maps but the mains themselves. Now? I don't know, I haven't been there in years. How much money in Ciudad Juarez?

One and one and one.

Walk the map to its boundary-points, edges, you can't - "map" and "territory" stupid concepts. You can't because they're torn from nothing, not even the memory or History of the whole cloth. There's only the appearance of breaks. You can't walk it either - why? You can't walk the map because it's a reading, kanji or otherwise, symbols get in the way.
Even if the map covers the territory, it's not identical - how could that have been missed? It's a grid of symbols and as such, it's a reading and a writing, and a tearing into and across the sememe. (You can't walk the symbol for the bank of a river, no matter how finely detailed, all these labels, names, you'd need vertical risers, morse-code molecular strings, to handle the flood.)

In fact the real then, is hijoguchi and you might as well make some money out of it. said Kon.

ii

But the map is capital. But the map, the symbolic, is the Net. But the Net is congruent with itself, there's no distinction, difference. Because one routes through capital, across capital, carrying the burden of capital.

The map is the Net is capital. But "Net" and "map" are fuzzy, reified – no longer the four clean nodes in 1969. It's no longer plug-in, early phone operators for that matter working one-to-one, connecting Mrs. to Mr. and Miss to Mr. Miss.

It's not the simulacrum, however. It's more complicated, as the symbolic and the real mesh, not only that - the very idea of the map dissolves. Think of territory and microterritory, the router table as an intelligent map, say, performative, as a micro-map equivalent to its nodes, shunting.

Given this, I'd say that the distinctions are becoming less and less useful: Where does the real end, begin, the symbolic end, begin, the map end, begin, or the continuum for example, in relation to quantum states? Too much theoretics necessary, too much deconstruction. Better look, perhaps, for vectors, diagrams passed out on slips of paper, local emergency exits, go to Chiyo, it's near the kimono shop across from... There might be a subway, bus stop. There might be a plane overhead. But lines of flight are always changing, literally not-withstanding.

There are always already maps, bursting at the seams, reductions of say1:50,000 - maps which guide us, slips of paper full of symbols, indices. They're useful guides. But they do little charting the epistemology of a world replete with information, stuttering signifiers, anomie, languages, misrecognitions, imaginaries, scan-line or digital transformations.

Do you know your local router table? Look, look, look, look, look.
Maps and territories are useful, articulate, because they represent a basic cleavage of the real, as well as channels of transmission and reception thickly connecting the symbolic with the alterity of an irreducible other.

We may place the map "above" the territory (the traditional placement of a map-in-use):

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{map} \\
\text{territory}
\end{array}
\]

We may take note of flows between them:

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{map} \\
\wedge \\
\downarrow \\
\text{territory}
\end{array}
\]

We may label these flows in terms of relevant phenomenologies:

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{[integration]} \\
\text{map} \\
\wedge \\
\text{v} \\
\text{[differentiation]} \\
\text{signifier} \\
\uparrow \\
\text{referent-construction} \\
\text{territory}
\end{array}
\]

Noting that the \(\wedge\) processes represent inscription - writing the map - while the \(v\) processes represent fissuring - "reading" the territory through the map, which is tantamount to constructing referents within the variegated continuities of the world.

The gesture described by Tran Duc Thao as relevant to the origin of language (circular motion of the arm indicating that "game is on the other side of the hill, let's go!") is a temporary map of part of the hunting-ground, literally reifying the hill, breaking it away from the continuum of the (swollen) landscape.

So the map is a collocation of one or more signifiers, a dictionary of signifiers which also lays claim to the territory as territory, and the image of the territory as an accumulation of features.

Dictionaries are maps, encyclopedias are maps, lists are maps, words are maps, the symbolic maps.

When is the map a territory? When the map is real, or when the territory is symbolic. If the map is (represented as) real, it is transcendent by virtue of divinity - i.e. it is the reading of the "book of nature," Jerusalem as necessarily the center of the universe. If the territory is symbolic, it is also a map, constituted by difference - but it may be a map in the sense of a layered articulation with an (other) map. For example, within the Internet, router tables constitute a performative (symbolic) map constituting the Internet; domain name servers
constitute another map, whose territory is the IP addresses - these articulations constitute maps of maps - better yet, layered mappings constituting the Internet.

The confusion of map and territory occur within the environs of simulacra. In postmodernity, since simulacra and the real interpenetrate and problematize one another, boundary conditions are fuzzy, often in-visible, problematic (where does "Disney" end and Disney begin?), maps and territories are (beyond the purely geographic/demographic) flows with contested topographies. Capital itself is one such flow, both map and territory, constituted by site and quantity, input-output matrices which themselves may be totalized, inscribed, fissured. In this sense, there is no end to it, no end to the symbolic. If history and geography create a constructed past and present out of "planetary events," "theory" further operates on the symbolic itself. If map and territory are confused, inscription and fissuring are also confused -the former generally referring to a divisive act creating or recognizing a difference qualitatively constituted ("this is, and that is not, a blackbird"), and the latter referencing a breaking which makes a difference that is primarily or fundamentally quantitatively constituted ("this cliff has a fissure in it").

Now, what is or is not deliberately inscribed is problematized by the presence of emissions everywhere, sourceless signifiers carrying "wounded" or indecisive content (finance, punk, age, AIDS) – so that acts, justice, consequence, and law themselves are blurred. Who is responsible for what in a population psychiatrically fissured, arbitrarily inscribed into "mentally fit" and "unfit"? Again, maps and territories are mapped onto one another, and the distinctions are lost- the result is an unwieldy laminar sememe one might consider part of the social. ...

So that, on one hand, "map" and "territory" expand into the phenomenology of language and gesture - and on the other, are remnants of a classical episteme that was capable of the isolation of the symbolic, either as the residue of divinity, or as a "purely" human activity. The theoretical usefulness of the terms seems increasingly frustrating.

iv, or: The South

What if the territory doesn't exist? I make a map of Minamikyushu, which may or may not have a home upon one or more of the Japanese Islands. My map is quite detailed; there's a harbor, several inlets, bridges. I note the presence of numerous shrines, and a mountain-top stupa quite well-known in the region.

My map doesn't connect to other maps; it respects their territories, scattered villages, towns, cities, rivers and mountain ranges. It floats, references.

Perhaps it references itself. It is a map on paper, printed with indelible inks, quite fine, really. The points of the compass are clearly marked. Latitude and longitude are missing. It references itself; Minamikyushu covers, in reality, this paper measuring 20 x 30
centimeters. The paper is the territory, carries the territory with it. I might say that Minamikyushu is miniature, and uninhabited.

The map is both Minamikyushu and of Minamikyushu. The of circumscribes, inscribes; the map is uncanny, participating in a half-writing that is also a ghost. Closing my eyes, I dream Minamikyushu, teeming with people, located ...

But Minamikyushu is quite coarse, in fact, as coarse as the symbols that constitute it. These are words-made-flesh or at least transformed into the specificities of paper. And if this map is also its territory, what of its duplications? Are there many Minamikyushus – is this uncanny city, in fact, to be reduced to the purity of bits and bytes, information-processing, just as any copy of Gulliver’s Travels might be considered equivalent (but not identical) to any other?

I assert that this copy, this unique copy I have made, is Minamikyushu, a miniature city - all other duplications of the map, then, necessarily refer to this one. One might consider this one a portent of the others, that epistemological shimmering that constitutes the dream. There are territories and territories. Sometimes the map is above them, sometimes below. Sometimes the map is embedded, or contiguous, and sometimes it hangs from a thin golden chain from the center of a city. Sometimes there is one map which is the Map, and sometimes there are numerous different maps, or equivalent maps; all maps and Maps are identical with themselves, which caddy-corners from the speaking of equivalence. But this map is the territory of Minamikyushu...

v

Jennifer Finds a River

A river, clearly marked on the map of Minamikyushu. Where does it begin? The river runs off the right-hand side, disappears into the harbor on the left. Minamikyushu, facing left, nishi, west.

There is the sea and the harbor, and up or down the coast, one might come across Minamikyushu. The paper is dry, left to right, top to bottom. The paper is the Being of the beings of river, Minamikyushu, river-which-remains-unnamed. The dry river, wadi or arroyo.

Jennifer knows that rivers breathe as the tidal bore enters, heaves upward, continues. Sometimes there are high walls of water. The river through Minamikyushu is forever lonely. What is the source of this beautiful river? Jennifer carries the map in her hand; to her, it makes no difference whether the original or duplicate. There are many Minamikyushus, she thinks; each of us has one or more. Each of us has our own, equivalent as I walk down the bank which is lined with concrete.
Jennifer notices that the river has a certain familiarity. She is in Kitakyushu. She realizes the territory on the map, Minamikyushu, is in reality Kitakyushu, and the river guides her to the store. The map of the river guides her along the river to the store.

Or Jennifer notices later, in Kurume, that the river has a certain familiarity. She realizes that Minamikyushu is Kurume as well, as well as Kitakyushu, and the river guides her to the store. The map of the river her guides her along the river to the store, just as any map of any river guides Jennifer in Fukuoka or Nagasaki to the store.

Jennifer thinks that if the map of the river in Minamikyushu guides her, just as the map of the river guides her, then perhaps all rivers and river-maps guide her, just as all maps of five elements, each connected to the other, must have at least one intersection where lines cross.

She notices that maps have structures and territories have structures and both are articulated by the world itself. She thinks that the world has certain constraints, and the map is a thing in the world, just as the world is in itself, or the territory of the world is in itself and the world itself.

If the map is a map of the world, then it includes itself, and if the territory is the territory of the world, then it includes the map.

If the map is of Minamikyushu, and there is a river, then the river has one side and the other side, and for sure, in the middle of the city, there might be a store. Jennifer thinks of this as the structure of a culture introducing certain restraints on the map, but these are synthetic, not analytic restraints, not really necessary, but necessary here where Kitakyushu is.

This is confusing, but not that much, Jennifer thinks, looking care-fully at the map for the map, just there, within Minamikyushu, now within Kitakyushu as well.

So many cities, so many rivers and stores, and so many restraints. She thinks as well that the world has a wonderful style, and it is the style of the map and the style of the territory. She thinks it might not be the style of all maps, there are imaginary maps and electrical maps which are not flat but might even map flat things as well – but these maps as well obey the wonderful style of the world. (She wonders if every map obeys the wonderful style and decides every map just might.)

She thinks this style is ideal and analytic, that it is never fully known, but that it is there in the map, just as it is there in the territory, and there is nothing that is not part of this style, even the breathing and thinking of Jennifer. She thinks, well not the breathing of Jennifer, because I can think of something that is not of the wonderful style, a gravity that flings things quite apart or something turning stones into stars at a very high rate of speed. (But then she thinks, this is the wonderful style, too.) There is nothing, she thinks, that will map her mind, which is both map and territory as well. She thinks that symbols are there, crowding Jennifer-thinking, but there is thinking as well, as she skips down the road by the side of the
river, that is a thinking of the skipping, which she does and does not do. But which is part of the wonderful style of the world. She thinks that all is analytic or all is synthetic; holding her four-dimensional map folded into three dimensions, she thinks that all is both or nothing, and there are many ways about this universe, perhaps because Jennifer is there within it.

Because Jennifer is within the universe, then the territory must be a territory that supports Jennifer. She knows this is the anthropic principle, wondering about the structure of the territory which supports her, and is its map as well. She thinks, what happens when a symbol acts or performs.

She realizes the world has many symbols that perform, and these performances are becoming more frequent and visible, as data-banks increase, libraries increase, information increases and turns into stars or galaxies of information, electrons in many orbits carrying data, maps and territories themselves.

Within and without the world, Jennifer thinks, something is changing and the old order is becoming disorderly, inchoate. She wants to read and write perfectly, she wants to make perfect maps, and she wants to be understood, a perfect map to her territory.

She speaks a language everyone and no one understands.

She looks at a map and goes to a store where wonderful things are sold that turn stones into stars.

**My Vision, by Jennifer**

I had a vision last night, and it was remarkable. I was looking at a map of our neighborhood in Hakata-Ku, and it's one of those maps that give every house and house-owner's name! It's used by delivery-men on their rounds, and people like me for perfect exploration.

There on the map, was Mr. Yamamoto, from next door! I could see him so clearly. And then later, when I looked, he had progressed down the street. And still later, I saw him get into a bus, which disappeared off the map of Hakata-Ku - he may have been going to Tenjin!

Anyway, here was Mr. Yamamoto, and he was carrying a map! It's one of those maps of Hakata-Ku that give every house and house-owner's name! And there on the map, was me, having a vision! You could see the glazed look in my eyes, *me* in Japanese! I guess I was busy at the time!

While Mr. Yamamoto was progressing down the street, he was still carrying the map! And there on the map, you could see me waking up from my vision, and hurrying over to the desk! And still later, he carried the map onto the bus, and just before the bus left Hakata-
Ku, I saw myself writing this sentence to the end!

This is a vision of the whole world and I am sure it is true!

Jennifer!

**If, by Rudyard Kipling**

What if the map says go north?
You're holding the map upside-down.
You place the map in a way (such as to) (that) orients landmarks.
You might use a compass, then.
North might or might not be correct.
Then! You might find yourself.
Your body extends in all directions.
You look for a landmark and its symbol.
You align yourself against or with the landmark and its symbol.
Body, map, and real folds or unites into a unity.
The unity is weak, tripartite, ready for transformation.
There are always default tags since you can never tell.
You might think of all of this as an indexical triad.
It's indexical, body map and real pointing all over the place.
The real doesn't point.
The real is pointing by virtue of the symbolic, the map, the body.
What if there is no north?
Everything turns around, turns this way and that way.
You take a few tentative steps to see what's around the corner.
If there is a corner it might measure up and take you with it.
You're holding the map upside-down and can read upside-down.
Or you're holding the map upside-down and can't read upside-down.
Then you're in trouble with parallel real and paper but where are you?
You've made certain judgments, you're always consistent.
Bravely you move back around the corner and change your view of things.
You can move back again and test the results one more time.
You might turn the paper around and turn yourself around.
You've got to find a place you want to go to.
Perhaps there is no place and that is the place you want.
Or you want to go anywhere but to that landmark or around the corner.
You hold the map in your hands parallel to the table of the real.
Or you hold the map vertical to the real which becomes wonderful text.
You read and you think to yourself, I'm not going there.
There is nothing you would rather do than this or nothing.
It's a difficult terrain, traversed by philosophy, literature, dialog. Think of it as a (constituted) (deconstituted) world. Anything that might apply were it brought back in the form of an inscription. Anything that might garner appearance or recognition, sounds and sights as well. The fabric is different. The place is different. The energy necessary to maintain it is different. Death is different.

In the digital world, in the eternal world or Internet. Which appears only as uneasy suturing. Here, we are the "forgotten ones." Because of the margins, the exile. Because of the flickering of addresses, Web-pages no longer available, visible, there. They're on the machine of the other. They're off the machine, or the connections are down, or the router has crashed. Or the routers have crashed and there's no dawn again.

They've been blown away by the whitelight/blacklight of catastrophe or politics or history or plague. Face-down in a field, picked up for a photograph. Or buried too soon for the order of representation, too soon for the imaginary.

Or they circulate, each pixel refreshed on the screen how many times per second. Waves and apparent stases, whirlpools.

Now certain academic institutions insist on the invalidity of online publishing and writing, problems of copyright and authority. Now they harden their positions; the inscription into paper dominates once again, the tide is stemmed. Now the paper burns easily.

Whatever names survive the burning. Whatever attaches again to aging flesh. Whatever holds its own, while avatars or bots are gone. At best a disappearance into sumi smoke. At worst, the scrolls are burned. At worst, the planet smashes species to a halt.
"It's a difficult terrain," roiling in the midst of institutions, discourses, context. It is always already at a loss for words.

XVII

The words jam up against expressibility. Like loggerheads, they're like loggers on the river. That is, slipping off into the onsen, hot-baths. From the river, there are no banks, nothing but surface tensions all the way around. Language erasures, the current pulling inscriptions from the roots of things lining the path. Branches dip, drip in and out. Branches divide from the root, overhang the water.

Oh shut up, said Julu, at the end of her tether. Begin again.

Every place is a site of massacre. Every site is a source of plague. I am frightened of this place of writing. I have no time to complete an unfinished work, born as such. Claws perch in my back. I dream of organs torn and reassembled; they don't remember anything. Two nights ago I dreamed I was in a foreign land and had a foreign hand. The fury of words recedes in the distance. The last word I will ever hear. The last phrase. The last sentence. What will be understood. What will not have been reply. Can life be reply. Can a life. There are no questions asked at that point which have not been asked as a result of the happenstance of organism. There are silent universes. There are universes of silence. Every breath carries the lungs of the dead. I am your atom. I am in you. Every breath, an apology - every place, a site of massacre.

Begin again.

Every space a site of consecration. Every site, your source. I inhabit this space of writing. Every word, phrase, sentence, a completion. I rely on you. I am in a foreign land with you. Words come forward, as-if anything were ever possible. What was the first, what is the first question. My life is a question. There are universes like our own. Everyone breathes, water, air, silicon. Molecular, I turn beyond you, consecrate this space. Kabuki-space of forms, now they move towards one another, the stage, butai. Every stage, a site in in-formation.

"Now they sing beneath the paper moon,

Now they sing an origami tune."

(From Vladimir Posner, "A Ballad of Old Tokyo," 1923.)


For what purposes? For the moment of electrical energy. Looking for or against this or any other organ. Doesn't the text itself hysterically search for a site (for procreation)? Doesn't Tausk?

XVIII

What drives the text? Are texts driven? Is there something outside that wants in? Are the questions the wrong questions?

Everything veers off in the wrong direction, falls off the cliff into the valley.

These metaphors are close to collapse, nothing to be gained by unwieldy comparisons. Similitudes filter through the intensifications of equivalence. The poor world is left behind. Some people would insert silence here, have it run out at the bottom of the book. The ending of the book, one way or another, closes down. I'll never see you again, I'll never hear you again.

You're not supposed to be here when I'm writing like this; you're supposed to be non-existent because I'm writing in a theoretical manner, everything reified, articulated, structural or post-structural arrangement.

You're not there, you're not there at all. The words tunnel around inside me. If anything, nothing but the hardening of currents into position. Here is one, there is another.

Or you're always there in the form of a theoretical seminar - that is, I speak and speak to myself through you, transitive relationship or resonance. "You, my colleagues."

And everything breaks down, the big house falls to the ground, the ground's no longer there, earthquake!, windows are shattered, air comes in, there's an eclipse, magic!, walls buckle, floods pour down the street, silence!, groans, creaks, roars!

The beginning of the book has no relationship to the ending of the book which is always already in the thought of the author gathering you in these last pages, perhaps there is mourning occurring. That the proper name will disappear. That death gapes or hungers. That death is never achieved. "There is no last phrase." (From Jean-Francois Lyotard, The Differ-end, Phrases in Dispute, trans. Georges Van Den Abbeele, Minnesota, 1988, page xii, section "Preface Reading Dossier," line 7 within section "Question," words 4 through 8 inclusively.)
"Some people would insert silence here, have it run out at the bottom of the book. The ending of the book, one way or another, closes down. I'll never see you again, I'll never hear you again."

silence. she/they had these final words, someone speaking, someone taking notes: so dusts and disillusions, layers sloughing off: below, protocols, above: temporality: intermediary confluences, flows, meaning-generators:

cantor-dusts, decay of red-brick buildings, dissolution of inscriptions, allergic reactions, electromagnetic emissions, sputtered packets across protocols

favillas, colonias, shack cities, slacker cities, hacker sites, spewed codes, dispersions and headless emissions, universal desiccations of all living things

serrated edges, grated minerals, fractal dimensions and chaotic paths, universal catastrophies, fault lines and faulted memories: universal radiations, collocations of murmurs of universal organisms

no borders, no transgressions, nodes in seas of radios and televisions, ghosts in telenovellas, emissions throughout, images and broken images, the colloquia of truth and disinformations

sinters, powders, pulverizations, clutter losing memory, the absolute annihilation of memory, pressures and the breaching of potential wells, splintered protons, particle crashes, k-meson resurrected identities, virtual particles and shadow-galaxies splayed bodies and genders, dismemberments and cyborg claptrap wirings, cyberspatial dimensions and seas, landmines, shrapnel, movements of remnant populations, nomads, chemical warfares
ideological part-objects, sputterings, words rolling off the tongue, relationship marketings, viruses and bacteria, transitional objects to nowhere, skins and cancers, skin cancers and acid rains, damaged frogs

dead-end theories, theory-machines, paraplegic bodies without organs, surface skitterings, information overloads and spews, information implosions and catatonicias, information managements, managed communities, information all the way down

binarization of the world, error codes and encryptions, checksums and prime searches, homeowner's associations and regional conflicts, bias and hate crimes, digital eternities mutilated by legacy softwares and dead tech, who do you trust false random, pseudo-random, true random, death by nuclear or chemical warfare, by plague or global warming or breakdown of the ozone layer, ideological foreclosing, the last remaining woman or man, planetary extinctions, clear cut forestry, machine speedup to infinite regress, in-crease in birth defects and retardations, all the land in the world all the land in the world tending towards dust, towards the storms and desert winds, towards the harboring of dried muds and silts, whole talus slopes of dust, accumulated accomplishments of humanity rubbed against the base of cliffs and mesas, worn buttes and violated tablelands dust between your teeth, dust in the air, the new story: dust, the theory: dust, the television special: dust, the world-wide-web broadcast: dust, the whisper among lovers: dust, the managed online communities: dust, our bones: dust, our speech: dust, dust our destiny, radiations our truth

and then there's this.

<*** End of File ***>
Notes from the Structure of Reality

In my *Structure of Reality* (which is under review), there are three fundamental layers to what I call the 'topology of intention'; these are of interest since they critique any structuring, conscious or unconscious, 'like a language.' The layers are the real, interpretation, and language; there is a 'zone' between the real and interpretation, and mappings all across the layers. The real is knowable through interpretation which does not presuppose language (syntactics, sememe); the mappings are tight, however, between interpretation and language. One might think of this as a pre-linguistic representation without the thwarting embodiment of language. You can see this at work when the 'unnamed' of the real skews into anomaly - in other words, when anomaly appears without the aegis of language. Consider for example something falling without the presence of an ostensible object; the 'something falling' might be construed as such by a thud or less-interpretable sound. Repeat this enough and a name is generated; if it remains on the level of a singularity or the anecdote, it might be quickly forgotten - except for the possibility of a marker of some sort, for example, a recording.

Heinz von Foerster: "Since nothing in the environment corresponds to negation, negation as well as all other 'logical particles' (inclusion, alternation, implication, etc.) must arise within the organism as a consequence of perceiving the relation of itself with respect to its environment." (From "Thoughts and Notes on Cognition.") *SoR* p. 69

Cyclical chains sailing past O and I - maybe modeling through the tangent function. Is the repetition assumed to be 'complete'? A cyclical chain is a loop with any number of nodes; think of one as nul, O, and another or the same as universal, I. Then circle. What happens? One moves from 0 through infinity perhaps then back again. The simplest equation here: tangent. Each revolution is marked perhaps by sliding along the x-axis: equivalent but not identical graphs. And so we're there. We can visit as many times as we like.

Does distributivity really fail w gesture? (The old Land experiments in color vision as well as a structural analysis of gesture seem to imply that distributivity in Aristotelian logic fails in daily life - which further implies the potential for superimposition as the basis for a logic of gesture.)

The thinness of language - ontologically existing on the level of the sheave - language carries no weight at all. From within the avatar, the sheaves, surfaces, have zero-width, one-pixel width, nul-width, as 2d mathematical manifolds embedded within 3d space; they've all got the same measure as the continuum, but zero volume in the embedding space - likewise language has zero volume.
Language, speaking, is always frustrated, flustered. It can't get around things. Meaning: One can't get around things through language, not even through performatives (which indicate real-material embodiment elsewhere).

Meditation medication goes nowhere.

Aristotle's *Problems* - sexual problems related to fluidity, abjection, in part iv - numbers pp 327-328, Loeb edition. The beginning of the fifteenth book is of great interest - he describes number systems with different bases which is fascinating given the apparent absence of zero.

Conservancy of the *Problems*, Bacon of all people working through them almost two thousand years later; not that much had changed. The *Problems* are on the level of the anecdote - curiosity cabinet, wonders - same as any fundamentalist text - wonder upon wonder without internalized structure or subtext - everything is new, raw, unrelated. Or causality is pushed back into categories which are taken for granted, even though, like heat or air, they're composite.

What is meant by modeling? Think of a 'world-particle' W whose scope is anything, process, etc.: W(...). what does that tell us? What are the processes of narrowing the scope, increasing the information - in other words filtering?

Along these lines, modeling is always a filtering.

Four negations: annihilation, -x s.t. --x > x; 'chain negation' s.t. -x > y; -y > z or whatever; combinations of these; negative of the 'set-aside' - form of retrievable absence. States and nodes of graphs represented/mapped into states and nodes of graphs - this includes the possibility of 'foreign' graphs which are disruptive. The whole becomes an excursion into description rather than explanation, which is seen as a subset. There should be limited copies of the *Structure of Reality* online/offline - dates from 1977, I wasn't a child.

**SL - theoretical approaches**

Second Life behaviors come as animations which may eventually go down to the frame, but are packages in any case. There is a relation with older silent film and melodrama patterns - what have been dubbed histrionic gestures. A good text here is Bharata's *Natyasastra*, which discusses, among other things, rasa and pattern presentations. Patterns are used as generators of audience psychological response. The text not only considers patterns independently, but as group structures.

Second Life bodies touch on the abject, but don't 'enter' within it; there are issues of purity
and corruption. Buddhaghosa's *Visuddhimagga*, Path to Purity, is extremely important in this regard, especially in relation to illusion and suffering. There are also kasinas which are may be related to landscape 'focal points' in SL. A second important text is the *Hevajra-tantra* with its multiple bodies; it might be worth looking at the works of Tsong Ka-Pa in this regard as well. (Again, Kristeva's *Powers of Horror*, Lingis, Mary Douglas, all come to mind.)

In terms of ontology, Nagarjuna's *Mulamadhyamakakarika, The Fundamental Wisdom of the Middle Way*, is critical, given its analysis of dependent (co)-origination ad emptiness. This correlates almost too neatly with the ontology and epistemology of protocols on one hand and the abject body on the other. Dependent (co)-origination can also be related to Indra's Net and the relation of the Net to the Internet as a collocation of nodes, at least on an epistemological level.

One might ask what is the ontology of SL from *within* protocols - and whether such a question makes any sense at all.

To self-active an SL avatar - use the screen itself as vision, motion- detection across the image - feed this into AI neural networks - output back into SL through encoded behaviors. Note the ontological and epistemological shifts involved: from digital readout through analog screen (2D) interpretation.

Finally there are the old MOOs - MUDs-object-oriented, where MUDs stood for multi-user-dungeon (or some such - out of the old D&D gaming). MOOs are text-only virtual realities, somewhat similar to SL. One of the biggest differences: MOOs are open-source and can easily be set up on any linux/unix box. Now MOOs (like SL) have a system of unique identification tags for every object, player, etc., and this is hierarchical (much like unix itself, with the root /). Explore the earliest numbers (which reflect the sysadmins, wizards, MOO structure as a whole. Remap through dependent (co)-origination. (It should be noted that the Sharp Zaurus, which runs on embedded but easily terminal-accessible linux, has a file structure which 'resonates' with itself - one can literally go in circles through it. How can one think through these dependencies, proxies, etc.?)

This might be a way of clarifying the philosophical issues - for example, one might think of both absolute and relative ontologies (much like URLs) - and then how the former maps onto the latter, or how all of this disappears. (Just as things disappear, mathematical objects appear to appear. So problems related to SL and avatars: the mapping of protocols, networks in relation to the visual; to mathesis and abstract ontologies; and to hardware implementations: static (ROM or storage where configuration is mapped thing that is read as virtual thing), and dynamic (where transmission dynamics, ontologies, and economies are paramount).
The true world.

I wouldn't have been writing this or sitting here, the equivalent of your thought at this moment, perhaps decades ago, the screen is transparent, absent, ascii is natural crystal. If ascii is not natural crystal, then assembly language is natural crystal. If assembly language is not natural crystal, then machine language is natural crystal. I would say that in the true world every signifier is hard-wired, every sign is true.

Every signifier is hard-wired, every signifier has hard-substrate, if not in the true world, then in the temporal. Every sign is true, how might a sign be false?, signs are true in the true world, there is no other world.

Every world is virtual world, the screen reflects the virtual world if the screen is clear, reflective. Virtual worlds are screened in the true world, they are screened with true signs, there are signs in virtual worlds which are signs in true worlds, virtual worlds are true worlds.

There are judgments in the true world, judges in the true world, there are splits and splinters, one true world parents another, and another and this is the way of true worlds, this splintering or netting, each successor or antecedent, descendent or ancestor, each simultaneous in the true world which is the world of true worlds parenting and simultaneous.

I sit here and I am in the same world, true world, and you are in the same true world, and your world splits and my world splits, and we are together in the true world of parenting true worlds and simultaneous.

We are always gathered together in the true world, we are gatherings in the true world, we are skein and membrane, warp of woof of the true world which is gatherings of gatherings of our gatherings and of true worlds.

Yes, but, "La tautologie est certainement rigoureuse, mais certainement inapplicable et sterile. Dans sa pure forme, hors du contenu, la pensee cesse d'etre pensee" (H. Lefebvre, *Logique formelle, logique dialectique*). Is there anything other than gatherings, of which tautology is both kernel and restriction, category collapse, for example equivalence which shudders as such, "Now we are in the position of having an enormous body of mathematics, large parts of which are *secretly* the decategorified residues of deeper truths, without knowing exactly which parts these are.

For example, any equation involving natural numbers may be the decategorification of an isomorphism between finite sets." (John C. Baez, James Dolan, "From Finite Sets to Feynman Diagrams," in Engquist and Schmid, *Mathematics Unlimited - 2001 and Beyond*). For example perhaps tautology expands (beyond the realization that it *remains* nothing but
Natural crystal is already transient, if not now, when? One replies continuously in the course, among the courses, of gatherings of true worlds.

One might ask, why are there things, why are there things here, as if for a longer time, as if things were like higher languages, as if both were the true world, as if gatherings were sets or collocations of the other, always thinging? For this is the question, how logic appears, that is, how it makes appearance, how it appears to us. And one might reply, this is the result of potential wells, as if the real, the true world, were obdurate, which it is not. The fire next time is the plasma beforehand and the plasma after, it is the virtual particle and its gatherings in the true world.

Every thing that is appearance, every symbol that appears within the potential well of things that are gatherings, every hard-wiring is a masquerade. Every gathering is a party, every party is a gathering, parentings and parenteds, every symbolic formation becomes a letting go, releasing, every releasing a vanishing, every vanishing a gathering. The true world is a vanishing, the screen is a releasing, collapsed potential well, a gathering. All signs are true in the true world, all signs have vanished.

**Notes by an Avatartist**

As avatartist, we are our avatar Jennifer-Julu-Nikuko-Travis-Alan and our avatar is us, both controlled by motion-capture behaviors using remapped sensors and moving at ultra-high-speeds among other avatars, landscapes, virtual worlds in the real, online, in one's mind. But our avatar is unique, our avatar is tissue, our avatar transforms backwards and forwards at perceptually instantaneous speed between frames. Our avatar is alien. Jennifer: "our avatar has slimy avatar movement, wormlike shape-shifting, at warp high-speed perceptually conflated with itself, our avatar is speed-alien, malleable and originating tissue. as originating, our avatar is demiurge, producing and reproducing, originating worlds and gatherings of the true world."
Julu: "our avatar is disparaged body or bodies, our avatar is OTHERING, here and there moving asymptotically among fractal intrusions, our avatar prepares the appearance of twisted connected topologies, limit-sets of behaviors, topological counterexamples and distraught spaces piled upon themselves at warp-high speed."

Nikuko: "our avatar is implicate orderings, twisted among themselves, still connected or with connections' memory, tangled as if untangled, messed as if unmessed, abject, as if clarified, our avatar is cephalic or ocular, eyes and doubling eyes, gendering and originating, producing and reproducing."

Travis: "our avatar is detritus machine, residue-machine, with symbolic input, language input, bvh input, ascii input, inchoate output, our avatar is ALIEN-BETTER-LEFT-UNDEFINED, that is _alien << inchoate_, symbols effaced by behavior-gatherings, the true world, asymbolia."

Alan: "our avatar is un-is, truly disconnected topologies, connectors gone with interior body viewpoint, resulting sheaves, surfaces, in relative positions, holding relative positions, but the manifolds are open, broken, think of chimera composites."

Jennifer: "in other words, in the true world of gatherings, our avatar is open and gathering from within, closed and coherent from without, as-if our avatar, as if Jennifer-Julu-Nikuko-Travis-Alan, as-if but not as-if, not really, in the true world really a gathering."

Julu: "in other words, we are true world being."

**the avatartist**

the avatartist do not know where they are gathering. to be sure, they are gathering in the true world, there is much talking among them which is a murmuring to ourselves and sometimes there are phonemes as if there are words for others. whispering words for others is gifting which we do not do very often, sometimes we will write them letters from which they may choose to find words or meanings of words, we do not know, we are in the way gathering. the avatartist have autonomic systems. they move without thinking now we move. they move from an interior they do not know. they feel the interior. the avatartist are feeling a gathering or party. they murmur without thinking. they know they have root-body. sometimes they are near their root-body, sometimes within. sometimes they disappear to themselves. they can return to their root-body. an avatartist feels the wind blow through. the avatartist know the whole world is the true world. they see beneath things and see within things. they know closed manifolds are broken. they know the aggregates of forms and materials, aggregates of words and sense impressions. they know powers and gods are gatherings of broken manifolds, that all manifolds are broken. they understand relation and dependent coorigination, that cause-effect are mute. they suffer the world and the suffering of the world.
the avatartist produce by existence, beings/s and being/s merge, meld, enumerate and efface through root-bodies, protocols, cosmological structures. they filter screens and screenings. they know being and beings are always filters. they know the avatartist are filters that create filters. they know the disappearing-disappearance within oneselves. the avatartist are of no mode, no moment, no movement, no stasis, they are of no style, no medium, no aggregation, no one or many of six senses, no senses. the avatartist are filtering and gathering, and releasing filtering, and collocating gathering. the avatartist are open sets that are open and closed and the very finest of discrete topologies transforming and filtering gatherings and gathering filterings. the avatartist are all space, all time, visible, invisible, transparent, translucent, of here and there opaque, they murmur we are all avatartist, are of saying nothing, whispering nothing, murmuring nothing, all in the true world. the avatartist are writing this, us, them, there, here, now, then, they are writing this-us-them-there-here-now-then, they are writing and writing, they are writing nothing. whispering words for others is gifting which we do not do very often, sometimes we will write them letters from which they may choose to find words or meanings of words, we do not know, we are in the way gathering. we are gathering, we are not in the way, we are the way, we are, gathering and filtering. gathering and filtering we are the avatartist, filtering and gathering.

**avatartist**

avatartist are both process and product, object and subject, state and operator. < | and | >. avatartist live in this world and the virtual, avatartist draw no distinction. avatartist speak and chat, walk and fly, create and destroy, avatartist number the world, dismember the numbers, avatartist are unaccountable. avatartist program and describe, they use the highest-level language, they reach above that language to higher levels, rumors, hints, whispers, murmurs. avatartist work in the future, their pathos is their foreknowledge of their destruction, avatartist work beneath the sign of their constant replacement. avatartist exist by rewrite, all their processes are rewrite, all their actions are rewrite, avatartist do not distinguish between existence and rewrite. avatartist are aggregates, they are gatherings, they are sentient and not sentient, all their processes are filterings, and their actions are filterings, avatartist do not distinguish between essence and filterings. avatartist are in the process of modeling, they understand a public of avatartist and spaces-places, they perform for eyes, their eyes among others and gatherings. avatartist work in holodecks, plateaus, gates among worlds in the true world, avatartist work in streets and cities and countrysides and wilderness, avatartist are always working, avatartist work everywhere, their working is playing, they play at aggregates, they play the game of aggregates.
avatartist differentiate and do not differentiate, they attire of talking and silence.
avatartist is the present-future-past avatartist, avatartist are present-past-future-layerings,
avatartist are artists of narrative, of times, of confabulations, of worldings and wordings in
the true world.
avatartist are at play in the true world, they play the game of the true world, they exist and do
not exist, they are one and not one, many and not many, here and not here, avatartist are
writing here, are not writing here, avatartist do not have it both ways.
avatartist play available technology, they walk edges of technology, edges of worldings and
wordings, edges of workings, avatartist are the tain of the mirror, the mirror themselves,
reflections themselves, reflections of reflections which are avatartist reflecting.
avatartist want you knowing these, them, avatartist want you knowing we, they, you,
gatherings, filterings, are all avatartist, yes they are are, no they are-not are-not, avatartist
want you knowing there is no knowing, they are no magic-tricking.

"if i announce the truth, it is not in the mind. [...] the true world presents itself to the five
vijnanas. there is no gradation when one is in a state of collectedness, collecting, aggregating,
filtering. take a painting-master or hir pupils, who arrange colors to make a picture - i teach
the picture is not in the colors or canvas or plate - in order to make it attractive to all beings,
a picture is presented in colors." (modified from Lankavatara Sutra, trans. Suzuki.)

and waters

and hittite, and watar, watar, proper dusts mayim bodies, (plural), dusts, radiations... hebrew,
radiations... radiations... water/waters watar, radiations... hebrew,
mayim radiations... hebrew, radiations... (plural), water/waters radiations... mayim
'on hittite, the watar, watar, the mayim watar, the hebrew, watar, the english watar, the 'on
watar, 'on face hittite, english of mayim water/waters the hebrew, hebrew, waters'
water/waters hebrew, waters' 'on (plural), waters' face (plural), the hebrew, the
water/waters of water english face facing 'on the facing face 'on the the 'on the - 'on facing
facing 'on water the the - water face waters' surface the waters' surface - the surface water the
surface the the surface water the water waters waters' sky, when - the water water facing is
the facing is water water is waters water water water facing water is facing when turmoil,
sky, waters distinct water surface distinct waters water patterns, water water patterns, is
water distinct turmoil, water distinct patterns, surface turmoil, streams waters in within water
is streams is water streams turmoil, water streams patterns, water streams within water within
or is streams pools, in streams gatherings turmoil, patterns, and patterns, distinct and within
distinct and or turmoil, and pools, distinct gatherings and distinct pools, of patterns, or
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waters, of within waters, waters streams of filtering or dispersings waters. pools, and the and
gatherings dialogic of gatherings dialogic waters gatherings the waters. gatherings the the
and waters. of dispersings filtering the of waters surface, waters waters, surface, filtering
waters, surface, the of surface, of waters, the surface, waters, of water-air waters of scattered
waters. dialogic scattered the the clouds, of waters. clouds, surface, waters. clouds, intermixture, waters. scattered clouds, the intermixture, scattered dialogic water-air foams, of surface, waves, surface, surface, solitons, intermixture, the solitons, clouds, the waves, scattered the waves, waves, surface, foams, ripples water-air scattered - intermixture, clouds, dialogic scattered scattered scattered dialogic scattered dialogic waves, scattered dialogic ripples scattered - dialogic scattered - of clouds, ripples basin scattered solitons, basin waves, waves, - ripples waves, - dialogic foams, - the foams, basin basin waves, the filling, solitons, the fulfilling, ripples of eroding dialogic dialogic the of - the basin - the filling, - eroding eroding dialogic fulfilling, basin, dialogic filling, filtering, the - dissolving, basin - dissolving, filling, basin dissolving, eroding basin dissolving, basin, basin dissolving, dissolving, basin filtering, the - basin, surface filling, the of eroding eroding the basin, eroding the filtering, fulfilling, the the fulfilling, of of eroding of basin the surface - basin, the the filtering, dissolving, basin the filtering, basin of filtering, basin basin filtering, the the dissolving, - basin dissolving, - beneath the basin the of the the basin of surface the of the basin of the beneath of beneath surface the forms - basin basin the the basin rupture basin the rupture beneath the rupture surface - rupture the the of basin - quantity forms surface or beneath the quantity surface the quantity the beneath quantity of beneath or quantity the the quantity of surface of the the rupture the rupture the basin quantity the basin quantity the the of of basin rupture of and of that height quantity quantity of quantity or of of or of basin or of height or height of quantity and waters, that basin the of basin waters basin the waters and of waters of of waters waters, the the waters the waters, falling basin the place, height of place, of of not waters, height not waters height place, into height place, not of into placing, the falling whatever waters, waters the waters the into the the not the the placing, the whatever the the whatever is, waters placing, some into not is place, place, is placing, place, is the into is is, place, some is place, is, left not quantity behind placing, quantity - the the avatartist is, whatever avatartist is whatever - behind whatever - - the behind filterings quantity left of is, is waters, is is waters, left some plasmas, - some waters, filterings some waters, waters, some of plasmas, is filterings formings behind avatartist for - for filterings - for waters, behind for insufficient - formings for - formings clean avatartist insufficient and filterings plasmas, proper waters, waters, bodies, insufficient of bodies, formings of bodies, clean of proper proper waters, and dusts, plasmas, clean radiations... insufficient clean formings for clean formings proper formings dusts, formings formings radiations... for dusts, clean bodies, proper bodies, dusts, proper proper proper proper bodies, dusts, radiations... radiations...

**Tending, Tuning**

If I tune 880 kHz on a contemporary radio, it's simple; everything is in place and linear. 880 clearly falls between 870 and 890. If the radio is analog, a dial is turned until the station comes in. If the radio is digital, either up and down buttons are used or the number is entered directly. With analog, one might tune to other, fainter, pirate signals - perhaps something on 882, for example. With inexpensive digital radios, these signals are skipped over.
Older crystal radios and superheterodynes worked otherwise. A crystal radio becomes a complex hit-and-miss system of digital taps and analog dials, creating resonance when and where a desired audible signal occurs. The taps and dials are tending, and hunting for a signal involves a difficult but rewarding search. I present four images of an early 1920s crystal radio with a honeycomb coil with three tap systems connected in series to a variometer and antenna. There are two dials, one for the condenser in the crystal radio itself, and the other for the variable inductor of the variometer. Here is a description from the early 1920s of the tuning process:

"Having adjusted the crystal detector to a sensitive point, the next thing is to adjust the switches on the coil tube P (primary), the switch on the coil tube S (secondary) and also the variable condenser C so that the apparatus will be in 'resonance' with the transmitting station.

"Set the primary switch N on contact point 1 and while keeping it in this position move the other primary switch O over all of its contacts, stopping a moment at each one.

"Care should be taken to see that the ends of the switch arms are not allowed to rest so that they will touch more than one contact point at a time.

"If no signals are heard, set the switch arm N on contact point 2 and again move the switch arm O over all of its contents. Proceed in this manner until the transmitting station is heard. This is called 'tuning' the primary circuit.

"The tuning of the secondary circuit is the next operation. Set the secondary switch Z on contact point I and turn the knob of the variable condenser C so that the pointer moves over the entire scale.

"If no signals are heard, set the switch 2 on contact point 2 and again turn the knob of the variable condenser so that the pointer moves over the entire scale.

"Proceed in this manner until the signals are loudest, being careful to see that the ends of the switch arms touch only one contact point at a time.

"Next slide the coil tube S (secondary) in and out of the coil tube P (primary) until the signals are made as loud as possible. This operation is called changing the 'coupling.' When the coupling which gives the loudest signal has been secured, it may be necessary to readjust slightly the position of the switch arm ), the position of the movable coil tube S and the 'setting' of the variable condenser C.

"The receiving set is now in resonance with the transmitting station. It is possible to change the position of one or more of the switch arms, the position of the movable coil tube and the setting of the variable condenser in such a manner that the set will still be in resonance with
the same transmitting station, In other words, there are different combinations of adjustments which will tune the set so that it will respond to signals from the same transmitting station.

"The best adjustment is that which reduces the signals from undesired stations to a minimum and still permits the desired transmitting station to be heard. This is accomplished by decreasing the coupling (drawing coil tube S farther out of coil tube P) and again tuning with the switch arm O and the variable condenser C. This may also weaken the signals from the desired transmitting station but it will weaken the signals from the undesired station to a greater extent, provided that the transmitting station which it is desired to hear has a wave frequency which is not exactly the same as that of the other stations. This feature is called 'selectivity.'"

(from Henry Smith Williams, *Practical Radio*, Funk & Wagnalls, 1922-24.)

The description is of a three-tapped set with a loose coupler; in the photographs, the variometer replaces the loose coupler, and tuning is done with a knob. Note that what is described is a delicate set of checks and balances; to move away from an interfering station may require all of the tuning elements to be readjusted (trust me, in practice, it usually does). Another difference - with the honeycomb coil I'm using, sometimes the best results occur when the contact is touch two taps simultaneously.

I think of this as tending, much as playing a non-electronic instrument (and some electronic instruments for that matter) is a tending - much as dance is a tending of the body, song a tending of the voice, among other elements. A tending is most often non-linear; every adjustment resonates with every other, affects every other. I think this is the way the world was, and is, just as weather is the result of innumerable factors, each of which affects the others, often in unpredictable, chaotic ways. While I've written about this before, I haven't had the opportunity, until recently, to actually operate a complete older crystal radio. The act of tending seems to be, by its very nature, an act of poetics - there is art in it, tricks to be learned, but few shortcuts. I can "feel" the inductance as the coils are switched and turned, and turning/tuning the condenser "feels" different again. This has to do, technically, with resonant peaks and valleys, but the sense is otherwise, that of tending plants or a small world with current flowing through it, gated by crystal or diode, narrowed by the rest of it (with a crystal set, of course, there are no volume controls or on/off switches; it runs on the energy of the signal itself).

Somewhere here, there's a phenomenology of operating in relation to tending, analog in relation to digital, caring and justice in relation to law and order, muscle knowledge/memory to traditional "intellect," touch/taste to perception/hearing, and tacit/external knowledges to internal thought. But this has gone on for too long, and the direction, aegis, of such a phenomenology might be clear enough from my other work as well.

(Note: The two images of the crystal radio interior illustrate the coil and condensor, which has both coarse and fine tuning. I'm using bubble wrap to hold the coil in place to avoid
strain on the original solder joints.)

"Whatever happens I decide that it is fine. Having broken out of the trap of wishful thinking, I don't listen to what anyone says. I act with great roomy spontaneity, and since appearance dawns as text, I understand everything that occurs to be a key instruction." (from Jigme Lingpa, trans Janet Gyatso.) No one says anything and nothing happens. Deciding whatever happens is fine is just fine, just being fine. Spontaneity is roomy and everywhere, nothing's in the way, it's fine. Appearance dawns, it's not always there, sometimes just a whisper or murmur, text is always a glimpse, text isn't, the glimpse, I mean the problem with theory, glimpse as concrete or harsh rendering. Dawn of text, there wasn't any, nothing in roominess, then this! But it's since appearance dawns as text - there's causality already at work, why? In any case of the world, everything that occurs, which means not everything occurs, dawns as a key instruction, there are signs to be read, appearance is instruction, appearance articulates (otherwise it's not appearance).

There's no appearance. There's hardly a key instruction.

**Making Them**

Emergent models carrying their imaginary upon the backs of their mother. Pli-production of multiple nubs. Nikuko says: That's me under there, you can sense it. Julu says: I'm here, that's not me, get away from me. Julu says: I'm under Nikuko. Nikuko says: wires GATHER and FILTER. Nikuko says: They're aggregates. Julu says: Convulsions. Julu says: Convulsions. That's what families do to me. Nikuko says: You can almost smell him. Julu says: I can smell him. Julu GATHERS and FILTERS. Nikuko GATHERS and FILTERS. Nikuko screams: BIRTHBABY BIRTHBABY BIRTHBABY Julu screams: BIRTHBUMP BIRTHBUMP BIRTHBUMP They tie the cord around the cock and rip it off him. Julu CONVULSES. They tie the cord and rip the head off. Nikuko CONVULSES. I can't see anything says Nikuko. I can't see anything says Nikuko. Use his eyes says Julu.

**Without causes and truths, without facts and others.**

(continuation of a philosophical thread)
Sniper fire. Or what is a cause. Or is it? Or the epistemology and ontology of causes. Or linkages and ghosts.


Or none or all of these.

Let me explain.

1 There are events without causes. Or one might think of reverse engineering of an event backwards into a chaotic cloud. Imagine chaos all the way down. Dwarves were cited in late medieval Germany. There are always portents in the sky. UFOs are described. Alien abductions share things in common. It is irrelevant whether something or nothing was there. Events in parallel do not prove causation. Relation is not causation. Perhaps nothing causes war.

2 There are battles without truths. There are casualty reports by both militaries; by other observers. Reports almost never tally. There is nothing to tally. There are deaths but there are not enumerable deaths. There are always deaths elsewhere, inwards and outwards. There are always deaths without causes.

3 I am thinking about operations without truths and causes. Casualties accumulate according to protocols. There are semantic clouds. There are ruptures, disseminations, gatherings, filterings. I cannot prove an enumeration, nor can I prove a cause. A cause is a linkage among machines that tends towards reiteration among cycles. Machines at best are local distributions. The machine has indefinite chains, accumulations. There are never enough chains.

4 One counts chains, local neighborhoods of filterings. One arrives at the station. The station says truth or cause, and that seems sufficient. There are rails. The rails are always already guides, to be rusted, mistrusted. Nothing moves but the sememe. The sememe is a nomadic maw; the sememe produces conclusions. The sememe is the postcloud, the chaotic cloud is the precloud. Cause is interstitial. A mixup not to be confused with structure.

5 A portent is not a cause. An action and reaction are couplings, relations, associations. They are imminent, ride the surface of the interstitial. Don't mistake them for cause.

6 Deaths are not a cause for truth or enumeration. There is no truth in death, in war, in illness. There are stations which filter truth. They construct truth. There are facts but far
fewer than presumed. A death may be a fact; deaths are not facts. Wars are not facts.

7 The core of it: facts are neither true nor false. Facts are. Facts are indescribable. There is no
economy, no political economy, of facts. Facts are invisible. Facts are not caused by facts.
There is only reverse engineering of chaotic clouds. No cloud is perfect. Clouds and
languages mis-match. Clouds and languagings mismatch.

8 To write fact, truth, cause, is to write inerrancy. To write inerrancy is to inscribe, construct
a logical negative. Negatives do not exist; selves are always others, others are always others.
Others disappear like facts; others are invisible. Others are facts are others. Others do not
cause, are not caused, harbor no truth. Truth is always somewhere else.

9 Truth is always somewhere else; truth is always someone else. Truth is always spoken by
the other. The speaking of truth by the other is the speaking of the visible other, who is not
other. Others do not speak.

10 Without truths there are actions. Without causes there are resistances. Without facts there
are worlds. There are worlds without facts and others. Our world is our own world without
facts and others. Our own world is invisible to us. Our own world is a disappearance.

11 'With facts there are words. There are words with facts and others. Our words are our own
words with facts and others. Our own words are visible to us. Our own word is an
appearance.'
12 One says: 'It is clear now that there are no events. There is no reverse engineering. Surely there are clouds, surely there are preclouds and postclouds. Surely they are clear.'

**cygwin telnet pico index lissajous slide**

scan: cause: none (but: indexicality of names and artifacts)
scan: truth: none (but: reasonable contingencies of data-basing)
scan: gathering: reiteration on the order of x+w*N perception:
    reading orthogonally across lines. where is the analysis of this?
scan: filtering: visual bandwidth
    transmission artifacts and lissajous effects related
to transmission bandwidth and protocols
what scans?
who scans?
to scan:
scan-reader > to read a scan;; to scan: to write a scan < scan-machine

**Scan Sonnet**

Consider a scan without memory or data-base; each element of a scene appears independently, disconnected - chosen elements and their aura exist in a now blurred by organism and technology. Isn't this the proper view of eternity, holstered and silenced forever?

Consider a scan of the address or token of a scene element, and the totality of such scans, re/creating a database of pointers towards an imaginary real. In spite of ordering, their contents are empty. This is the proper order of mass-consumption, enumerated and imminent.

Between consumption and eternity lies the wasteland.

To perceive is to process is to scan. To scan is to remember. To remember constitutes both address and content. To remember is protocol.

If I am ill and am constituted by fever, what am I scanning? If I am depressed, what am I thinking? Where are the ghosts of the real? In fever I say: the real is always haunted. And in depression: Haunting is the real.
Avatars

Avatars as identities assumed, also identities unknown. Text can never reveal obdurate alterity. Historiography's dependence on text mixed with archaeological investigation leaves gaps, annihilations, as if species were distinguished in the process of extinction. Two examples, both from Gelb, Old Akkadian Inscriptions in Chicago Natural History Museum. These are over forty-two hundred years old (2261-2199 B.C.E.):

1. The name. Tablet 29. Only the obverse is inscribed, four lines:

   _Gal-pum_                   Kalbum            (KLV, Heb. Ar. root _dog_)
   DUMU _Su-ba-ri-im_          son of Subarijum   (DUMU Sumerian)
   _Na-num_                    Nanum
   DUMU _Zi-na-num_            son of Zinanum

   Two fathers, two sons, no commentary, no legal or religious text, no accountancy. A chiasm, parallel or crossing at work. Articulation of doubled enclosures, parallel relationships, annihilated past and future, untethered. MOO-work, as in ]].

2. The gender. Tablet 30. Eleven lines, two problematic words, eight persons:

   Obverse: 1 _A-ti-e_
   [1] _Es(4)-dar-dam-ga-at_
   [1] _Es(4)-dar-ra-bi-at_
   1 _I-za-za_
   SES.SAL _Lī-bur-ri-im_
   1 _A-li-li_
   SES.SAL _A-bi-bi_

   Reverse: [space]
   1 _Sa-lim-me-ni_
   1 _Es(4)-dar-du-gul-ti_
   1 _Ri-i-tum_
   1 ku-lu-u

   Two (Sumerian) SES.SAL, SES brother, SAL woman, woman/brother, thus Alili to Abibi perhaps (Avi, Hebrew, "my father," "Aba," Yiddish). Izaza is also SES.SAL to someone. Gelb states that Kraus translates SAL.SES for "sister," questioned by Gelb, looking further, perhaps at SAL.SES, reading SIS in Sumerian, Akkadian equivalent _sik-ri-tu,_ then translated by Landsberger (note all the Germans at work here!) as "weibliche Manner," feminine men perhaps yet again. The given root is ZKR - "Driver and Sir John C. Miles, in a study entitled 'The SAL-ZIKRUM "Woman-Man" in Old Babylonian Texts,' Iraq VI (1939 66-70), proposed the translation "eunuch" or "epicene" for SAL-ZIKRUM and differentiated it from _zikritu_ or _sigri/eti,_ which they translate as 'enclosed woman.'"

   Then there is _ku-lu-u,_ applied to the persons on the reverse, which
according to Gelb "should correspond to the word _kulu um,_ discussed by Meissner in AOTU I1 (1916) p. 50 and translated by him as 'male prostitute, lover.'"

Gender flies everywhere; roots and interpretations transform, skitter across occidental identities and institutions. I'm fascinated that Friedrich states (in Sturtevant's A Hittite Glossary) that _gullakuwan_ is neutral, perhaps meaning "soiled, defiled." But now I am into bad etymology, hacking/backing out.

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In Tablet 29, well-defined articulated relationships are present, two by blood and two textually contiguous: [aSb, cSd]. Thus the name is associated with @parent on the MOO, and name is associated with URL or email address, written absolutely elsewhere.

In Tablet 30, classes are present, but the terms slip out from under, in relation to the practice of gendered institutions which may or may not be known or relevant. Everything problematizes; even the location, obverse/reverse for the classes may indicate yet another classification, perhaps (again yet perhaps) those of wavering gender. Was gender strictly institutionalized or was it simply set in stone?

On the MOO, @gender changes it, but terms like Spivak still shift. As with the tablets, there is also an implied categoricity; one can't make up as one goes along, but instead, one adopts a framework in its totality. We are perhaps farther from the manifold of queer sex than the Akkadians; if I knew who I was, I would bet on it.

#IRCSOME

I throw out, dispose, spawn, some shuttered reflections on IRC, think in relation say to MOO or the quietude of ytalk (Tiffany, it's just the two of us, say anything you want log on) –

IRC's cranial, imminent, shockwave electrodes criss-crossing the outer layers of neural substance, its presence hugged hard against the internal surface of terminal decay. Its content is its fissures; it rustles. On MOO, interference is programmatic, the construct of exact software; on IRC it can be just as much uneasy furious fingerings on keys and macros spewing down the gullet gully channel.

Shockwave distributions of spams, bot sputters, cyclings, thrust wave formations across speech acts sawed apart by operator makes and breaks, channel bans, floods, messaging, pings. What coheres is density variations
as channels netsplit, smash together on shoals after no one's gone but cycled back in with server changes.

Pure vocal energy intermeshes with performative acts, everything acts against everything and you can see electrons light up with radiation thrust faster than the speed of light in slower media. Sex organs jump, pump, splay, split, splash, splatter. Heidegger dissolves to hello mode changelings.

Channels chunnel into one another, bother at crosspurposes messagings leaving and comings into privacy announced, roaring by the matrix; you might think braid theory. But you can cross, divide, multiply, add; you can subtract yourself at any time, subtend operation.

Community's tight across vestigal scroll; scroll runs into real life just like I told you (you read that earlier, didn't you), roils, turbulent; I keep my hands in my pockets, tongue-type. Lathered names know one another and when I am silent and not-Clara I huddle background witness nothing but connect; they who or what connect, then go on elsewhere into electron privacy dcc, double cock cunt across fairways o I have never been.

Different politics seethe without the lag of message bases; like net sex it can move fast-forward fed by that energy missed everywhere else. MOO politics are evil, background disturbances, that lightning presaging impotent earthquakes; it's all there in the record as fury builds to flame and spam, shudders off. IRC's got a different energy, ban politics, gone girls and boys, and if MOO politics are dishonest erotics, IRC politics are honest porn. You know when the Net's split, stocking's ripped, you know you're showing, not shown, hacked or tricked. But imminent. Raw.

But less reference, sputtered files, books, articles, papers, archives, libraries, elists, museums, objects, welcome botting, bottled messaging, so more sophistry (platonic) - not like Xenophon - the carpenter's gone home for the day, turned on, tuned in, so much to say and do fingers move like hunters on the board - Face your future Tiffany says, I've been logging too - Face yr futur she sez, it's the same brain cu no cme.

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TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE ON THE MOO

#1 does not exist.
Everyone died but no one got assassinated...
You see Darkness before the dawn., Tuneless in Gaza, DINGIR SAL LU, and @rename Alan here.
@audit Alan
Objects owned by Alan (from #0 to #15755):

8K #14773 Alan [#-1 does not exist.]
933b #3915 #-1 does not exist.
675b #9370 Darkness before the dawn. [#-1 does not exist.]
672b #10896 Tuneless in Gaza [#-1 does not exist.]
606b #1847 DINGIR SAL LU [#-1 does not exist.]
625b #2476 @rename Alan [#-1 does not exist.]
-- 6 objects. Total bytes: 11,957.

@recycle #3915
#-1 does not exist. (#3915) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #9370
Darkness before the dawn. (#9370) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #10896
Tuneless in Gaza (#10896) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #1847
DINGIR SAL LU (#1847) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.
@recycle #2476
@rename Alan (#2476) is slated for recycling in 5 minutes.

You say, "Ah well, time for death."
Alan laughs!

I'll bet that you don't *really* want to commit suicide, do you? If so, then get a wizard to kill you or program it yourself; there will be no state-sanctioned self-destruction on *this* MOO...

cry
Alan is crying!
weep
You want me to WHAT? (type `help' for help)
WEEP
I don't get it. (type `help' for help)
kill
Alan is in a very violent mood!
kill Alan
Alan is plotting to kill Alan.
@dig Death-Machine
Death-Machine (#11930) created.
@describe #11930 as @recycle Alan
Description set.
@go #11930
Death-Machine
@recycle Alan
You digitize yourself for reconstruction elsewhere.
@sethome
Death-Machine is your new home.
@rename me to Clara
Name of #14773 changed to "Clara", with aliases {"Clara"}.
#-1 does not exist. (#3915) recycled.
Darkness before the dawn. (#9370) recycled.
Tuneless in Gaza (#10896) recycled.
DINGIR SAL LU (#1847) recycled.
@rename Alan (#2476) recycled.
@rename Death-Machine to Vulva
Name of #11930 changed to "Vulva", with aliases {"Vulva"}.
[Clara is in Vulva, described as "@recycle Alan."]
@quit

What happens when I killed myself on the MOO and where I went

@examine #14773
Recyclable #14773 (#14773) is owned by Hacker (#38).
Aliases: garbage
Garbage object #14773.

@go Vulva
vULvA
bOXEd in MY sPAcE yM gRrRL Ym LV
@examine here
vULvA (#11930) is owned by Recyclable #14773 (#14773).
Aliases: vULvA
bOXEd in MY sPAcE yM gRrRL Ym LV
Contents:
  Tiffany (#43687)
home

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Split

Cyberspace can be broken, the topology rendered into useless interconnects which fail to do anything at all, electronics buzzing at burnt ends. Try IRC for any length of time, and watch the damaged geometries at work as netsplit renders everything obscene. Try to go past a router with sites emerging, and everything's clear when the router gives out and nothing operates. The perception of the infinite is the race around the oval track; there are still hurdles to send packets flying off course, into nowhere, and nowhere more than on IRC do packets fly. But try logging into a MOO when it's down because the machine's not returning calls, when it's down waiting for rebooting, when it's down because of a crash, a flood, a firestorm, because of anything, and your awareness funnels spiralling into the composite matrix and compression of a _hard drive_ and all that such entails, head somewhere just above the surface, crash-landing and taking the screams, loves, and joys, of thousands with it. Now no one called the telephone infinite, circuitry far more complex than that of cyberspace,
which lures with the gape of a dressing gown gone awry, that peek into one or another slit, grabbing and festooning your head with the presence of the eternal mother of electrons as you lie drooling at its feet, wondering how you've been swept off your own. Wonder no longer, inhale, drink, count past each and every infinity - at your level they're all the same anyway. Go grrrl. There seems to be all the time in the world to lose. You've got my skeleton in your closet.

The Damnation of Memory

"In the ruin which is in the valley, pass under the steps leading to the East forty cubits (...); (there is) a chest of money and its total: the weight of seventeen talents."

I hate memory, despise it, not the memory of words and language, already encrusted into scars arranged in the orders of meaning whored from anni-hilation, but the memory of events, tiny narratives, the glance of a woman in a Paris train 1963, blond Platt Townend arguing with me on the corner of Charles and Dorrance, 1959. The sun shines identically upon her blond hair caught in Brooklyn 1996, of a color or similar girl, of a girl of similar color.

Someone's hair may have fallen out against those black-sloped cars of my childhood and someone's hair may have turned white - and someone's got caught in the grave - and someone's got caught in the fire.

"In the sepulchral monument, in the third course: one hundred gold ingots. In the great cistern of the courtyard of the peristyle, in a hollow in the floor covered with sediment, in front of the upper opening: nine hundred talents."

The memories form scales or claws; the mind fast-forwards into projection, the continuous addition of constructed details grabbed from the debris of everyday life. There's no end to it. The body and its current end sinking into itself, water into water, tepid, unperturbed. The savage violence of memory lies in the fact that everything is _written,_ that nothing appears to be. What is taken as natural is tumor injected from the symbolic, short-hand rewrites of moments erased, untethered from the real.

"In the hill of Kochlit, tithe-vessels of the lord of the peoples and sacred vestments; total of the tithes and of the treasure: a seventh of the second tithe made unclean(?). Its opening lies on the edges of the Northern channel, six cubits n the direction of the cave of the ablutions. In the plastered cistern of Manos, going down to the left, at a height of three cubits from the bottom: silver, forty talents."
Beyond memory is the disgust of the everyday, _flattened real_ flooding out trace of love, sex, stability. Cotton-mouthed, one withdraws back to language, just the swirl of letters going nowhere. If one is mean, one may be meanest towards oneself. I remember placing things and never finding them again.

Beyond memory though is withdrawn memory, surfaced by inscription. Swirls of letters choke as letters rise to the surface in the guise of those very things which never possessed surface _as such._ We are everyone's dream and death can't come too soon, a gap before the swirl fills in the blanks elsewhere - before the lights go out, letters dim, one realizes that writing has _always been elsewhere,_ source of all disgust.

"In the filled tank which is underneath the steps: forty-two talents. In the cavity of the carpeted house of Yeshu(?), in the third platform sixty-five gold ingots. In the cellar which is in Matia's courtyard there is wood and in the middle of it a cistern; in it there are containers with seventy talents of silver. In the cistern which is in front of the Eastern Gate, at a distance of fifteen cubits, there are vessels. And in the gutter which is in it: ten talents."

The other must reinscribe the one; the one must cauterize the one. It is always the case that _writing_ does not survive _without_ the death of the author, real, not theoretical. But this is _not about_ writing, only the _damnation of memory,_ the condemnation occasioned by the glint of sunlight on golden hair 1959, those lines of Paul Celan's:

"ein Mann wohnt im Haus dein goldenes Haar Margarete"

and all that they entail.

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[Quotes from The Copper Scroll, Column I and part of II, in The Dead Sea Scrolls Translated, Florentino Garcia Martinez.]

Getting Lively

There are words that won't do for deconstruction; "Lively" is one of them! I'd love to be a lively deconstructionist! And I want these texts to sing! I wouldn't mind as well if you found them "cute"! I don't want to scare you away! I work hard at "lovely" language. "That's lovely, dear." (I want to know as well: Why don't my books glow in the dark? I can read this
But I want to be Lively as puppies, as angry as punk, murderously cooled and confused as generation-x, splayed wide open in s/m masochism of your choice, wrapping you in rope in b/d domination of your choice! As long as we're Lively, everything's all right!

I want the words to have "punch" to them! But I don't want to hurt anybody! "Punch" makes things Lively, that's for sure! I like the apostrophe as well.

"Now, I've been so Lively in real life for a while, that I just had to let the text go for a while. I want everything here to have _energy,_" Tiffany said. She looked around the barren screen, letters of peach against lavender. "But anger," Travis replied slowly. His dark eyes shot lightning across the ASCII sky. "The world is damned, doomed." He turned slowly, gazing at the approaching thunderheads. They seemed to have "punch" in them.

Gravy turned over in his pad; it was too cool. Hey, he said turning to Kitty, I'm far out. You sure are, Kitty replied.

You kids! Why my five year old is more comfortable on the computer than I am! This is the first generation that BLABLA! I will buy a DOZEN STOCKS for him!

Timothy turned over in his MUD; it was too kewl. Yo, he said turning to Myron, it's awesome. It sure is, Myron replied.

I'm gonna kill everybody. I'm gonna start with me. I'm gonna kill everybody. I'm gonna start with me.

You're not going to get very far, Tiffany replied.

Travis didn't get very far. Lively, had verve, lost zest, had punch, anger _and_ theory too! Seemed to MUDdy all that about the killing. Nothing with sex; Gravy thought about nothing else, but Timothy thought about nothing. Verve! That was it. His style stood stock still sucking sloppily since simple sentences scooted sideways, simmering-soup similes. It was time [Mon May 27 20:01:00 EDT 1996] for a change. <INLINE>

Travis went out for a smoke. _He'd get Lively._ <INLINE>
There were clues. <Click here for LYNX>

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It was almost over, Lively thought. She'd been running all her life. It was almost over, time [Mon May 27 20:03:48 EDT 1996] to move on...

<Click here for Travis> <Click here for Lively's response>

LIVELY: IF YOU READ THIS: <CLICK HERE>

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When nighttime falls, I crawl the walls,
Miss all that I hold dear;
I drop a tear, my crying stalls,
Because I walk the sphere.
I walk the left, I walk the right;
I walk both far and near.
I am bereft, an ugly sight,
Because I walk the sphere.
The sphere is big, it has no eyes,
It has no ears to hear my cries;
It is a nightmare in disguise -
I walk it in great fear.
I never know where I have been
In spite of mourning and of sin,  
Because I walk the sphere.

The Ordure Of Trolls In No Particular Ordure

Guns don't kill people; people do!  
Gun owners should be shot!  
All races are created more equal than others!  
Israel should never be called Palestine!  
MACs rule and PCs suck, don't you think?  
Bill Gates is God because he rules!  
People who kill people should be killed, don't you think?  
Courtney love killed her husband because Hole's not as good as Nirvana!  
This morning I had soup for breakfast, what about you?  
Would you have net sex with me?  
Women don't really understand the Net!  
Abortion, anyone?  
I'm writing a term paper and want to know what you think about the Net!  
Net communities don't really exist!  
If you're not a Christian believer, you won't be saved!  
This is the best place in the world to make money!  
You should NEVER unsub anyone from a list, no matter what!  
You're not really a woman; I can tell by your writing!  
The United States is the best country in the world!  
English is the best language in the world! (thanks, Future Culture!)  
I want to kill myself because I'm so unhappy!  
The Jews rule the world-wide media and own 73% of the Internet!  
What makes you think you have ANY IDEA who I am?  
I'll use FUCK COCK CUNT SUCK and no CDA will stop me!  
Hi, I'm a twelve-year-old girl and I really like this list!  
The best think you can do with a white panther is eat it!  
All Germans are responsible for the concentration camps, even today!  
Guns are the only thing separating me from the barbarians!  
Madonna rules!

Tiffany

dense entanglement of fluid, you-know-language, aural, i course thru u,
i u, Tiffany course thru alan, Tiffanyalan, breath floods, clitoral,
eyes stained by u, u lay me out, lance, skin, nipples, on Menstrual
Table, you-know-language
Obvious exits: out to Living Quarters - 2nd Floor
You see lance, skin, Menstrual Table, Tiffanyalan, you-know-language, nipples, clitoral, anal, aural, and envelope here.

There is new activity on the following list:
"I have been ruined by women.
You say, "I have been ruined by women."
You say, "Women are the bane of me."
You say, "If it weren't for women, I would have been more successful."
You say, "Women!"
Alan jumps out of the way of women.
Alan jumps way out of the way!
Clara says, "I have been ruined by you."
Clara says, "You're always blaming others for your own faults."
Clara says, "Look who's playing the oppressed!"
Clara says, "Go to hell!"
Tiffany says: "There's been this sudden rage."
Alan says: "Rage is all the rage."
Tiffany doesn't find that funny.
Tiffany doesn't find any of this funny.
Tiffany says go to hell.
Alan goes to hell.
@quit

Paul, Sail On

If I gather up, will you bury me, will you bury me if I gather up
Your ambergris, your bronze helmet, your amber, your bronze
Swollen by river's wake by cavern opening cavern awakened by the river's swell
Motivated by gutted reeds cut stuttered clay, read in gorgeous monuments gone motivated
If I lie with you, will you lie with me, if I lay with you will you lay with me
Near the pregnant cow near the gutted horse near the emptied house
by the coward's prayer
Through the dim dark night by the knight's despair by the armor there
If I wash for you by the river's edge and I wash for you by the same edge of the river
Where down the river there is a gathering of knights and women, I think they are celebrating Telipinu at the moment

Yes, I will lie with you, I will lay with you, I will sacrifice, you will sacrifice
Your horse, your cow, yourself, against my golden hair, my eyes of blue
Sparkling in the waters pooling by the marshes, waters sprinkled with blood, swollen with whitened
Bones you have slaughtered, your bones you have slaughtered
While I, while I
I'm leaving for Telipinu.

dawn*

cancers flooding the body in part or in full, tumors attacking one or another organ, membrane-spreads of _illnesses of the surface_, _attacks on bodies non-virtual of all ages, genders,_

there are millenarian warnings as the human tide heats up, microbes approach with landing-gear erect, this is serious as insecure bodies escape to the cybersphere, sloughed skin dragging them back,

we are close to degeneracy genes gone bad in polluted air not responding to antibiotics lost, no longer fortification bunker against molecular transformations, lost, in other worlds, the air itself,

wires clean wires with electrons, cloyed filaments, carbon dark against smoothed electron emissions, tunneling, run around the sync clock, skin a sin or shame a dark shadow, no longer named but ceased symbolic,

so we slough skins, our poisons trail behind us, so our membranes turn translucent, troubled, and there were no tomorrow

---

*dawn's brilliance cuts the eyes' retinal spoils, dwelling and source of disease, scoured in the heat of day

**so many I known have been cut down in the dawn of life, suppurations suddenly appearing in the half-year past, portending uneasy crawl towards overpopulations, extinctions***

***for real, the theory appears simplistic, pollution, extinctions, ozone, desire, capital, technology, spills, desertification, violence for real for sure****

****

Mouth
Your mouth is not your own, James, said Madame Lun, and you must remember this at all times. You carry your mouth with you, but it is our mouth now, designed for our pleasure pure, for our needs, our words, our thoughts. It must be tended carefully, kept clean and lipsticked, with bright, sullen, and bruised thick red paste, for our mark upon you. It must be opened wide when we desire such, closed for our desires as well, filled by us, never by you, never for your needs. Forget your needs; you have no more use of them, nor do we. Forget your mouth; it is gone, you will never speak again.

Your mouth is not your own, Clara, said Sir Clovis, and you must remember this at all times. You are its guardian; it belongs to us, as if it were skin sutured to your own, gaping wide for our needs and pleasures. It is our skin now, burnished to swollen purple with thin lipsticks, gleaming like sullen bronze. It must only say what we desire it to say, cry and murmur with our cries, salivate with our memories of flesh distended beyond your wildest dreams. Forget your mouth; it is gone, you will never speak again.

Li-gmimmic Dimmemmim- a-d mhe Themmimamim- mf mhe I-mem-em

Abmmmacm: The I-mem-em im cm-midemed i- melamim- mm mamimmm mhemmiem mf la-gmage dimmemmim-. Theme le-d mhezmelmem mmamadm a- mmemall zmdel mmememi-g mmmlamim-m, mmademmamm, a-d zigamim-m, a- ammmmac mchich mecem-cemmalimem mhe Nem i- memzm mf flmmm, mmmmmmem, himmmmiem, a-d izmedize-mm.

While mhe I-mem-em immelf im a cmllmcamim- mf clie-m-memmem mech-mlmgiem mham ame -mm -ecemmamilm izmleze-med mimh mhe maze mmcmcmcmem (eme- TCP/IP (1) im mf lizimed mmeme-ce), mhemme ame eleze-mm mham ame mme- mm a-almmim, mham cmmmm mmadimim-al bmm-damiem, a-d mham ame mmcmcmmbble i- facm mm a mhemmemical li-gmimmicm mf la-gmage cha-ge, accmlmmammamim-, a-d mmheamal. Cmli- Re-fmem demcmibem a -mzbem mf mce-amimm ffmch mna-mfmmzamim-m, mmze mf mchich gm back mm -i-emee-mh-ce-mmcm mhi-ki-g. I- a-m came, mhemme a-d mmhemm ca- be mned ffm mhemmimi-g eleze-mm mf mhe Nem mham mmhmmimme gm m-demecmed mm ame demcmibed mmmlelm mhhmmggh mhe-mze-mlmgical ammmmacem. [See Re-fmem, 1987; Hmddem, 1990.]

I mill gime emazmlem mf mhemme mce-amimm a-d mheim mnemfl-emm i- memmimimi-g mhe Nem. I az -mm mf cmmmmme mmnchi-g ffm mheim memimm i- I-dm-Emmmmea- mm mmhem mmmdiem, almhmgh zm m-demmma-di-g mf mhez ham cmze ffmz mmch mead-
1. Takemmem: O-e dmzai- im mbjeced mm a-mmhem bm cm-mmemm, a-d mhe lam-
mem zam izmmme -em mma-damdm. A- emazmle im mhe Nemmmcame makemmem mf Mmma-
ic (a-d fmm mham zammem, Nemcmminem); eamml Web accmm-mm mmeme-med mhe la-
mmem am mhe mmizamm bmnnmnm. (2) The makemmem im accmzma-ied bm cm-mi-med
demelmumme-m mf Nemmmcame (mee belmm), i-mm fnnmhem emme-mim-m mf hmz1,
Jama, a-d -mm melemhm-m. (3) Thim ca- be cm-midemed a _memlaceze-m zmdel_ 
i- a -emmmnk _cmme._

Takemmem memmlmm i- _cmlm-imamim-_ mham mhe- mma-mfmmzm i-mm melf-cmlm-i-
mamim-, a mmcmemmm demcmibed bm Fma-m Fa-m-. [See Fa-m-, The Wmemched mf 
mhe Eammh.] I- melf-cmlm-imamim-, almm mefemmed mm am mhe zmhm mf a -a-
mim-al limenammme m-dem mhe mig- mf ezmime, mhe cmlm-imed i-mmmjecm mhe 
malmem mf cmlm-imem. Thmm Mmmaic ham had mm zake cm-cemmim-m mm hh 
cm-mi-med gmmmmhm mf Nemmmcame a-d imm dmzi-a-ce; a-d mhmm mhe mamimm 
cmzzenmmic BBS-memmnicem (4) mmch am Cmzmmmmemme, AOL, Pmmdigm, emc. hame 
had mm mcmbale mm "camch mm."

Takemmem m- IRC, mm gime a-mmhem emazmle, ca- mefem mm cha--el makemmem, 
(5) a-d if -em mech-immel ame demelmmed, mhem'me mecmded a-d izmleze-med 
i- mhe mamimm mam mmmgmazm.

2. La-gmage diffmmim- mhmmmmgh memceimed mmmemimm mech-mllmgm izmmmmmed fmmz 
mmmmide. A Himmime dmcmze-m m- hmmme-mmair-i-g mmem Mima--ia- memzm, fmm 
emazmle. [See Gmn-em, 1990.] Bamic I-mem-em memzm ame mfme- bmmmmed bm 
mnhem la-gmagem dimecmlm, jmmm am Qmebec _jmmal_ mmelled "meeke-d" "mmi-
ce--e" i- mmze kem memmm mf mhe 60m.

The izmmmm mf mech-mllmgm mccmmm i- a -mzbem mf ameam - fmmz Jama amnleem 
izmmmmmed i-mm hmze memzi-alm, mm mhe IRC mam mmmgmazm ze-mim-ed i- #1. A 
mmmmm-g i-mma-ce mf hmhm im mhe cm-mi-mmmm cnmmmm-femmilimamim- mf MOOem, 
mimh 
mnmgmazi-g m- m-e MOO mmmed mm a-mmhem. (6)

A-mmhem emazmle im hhamemame/fmeemame immelf, mhhch im a limemal izmmmm;
mim-fmgme gmem fmmz a mi-gle mmmgmaz mm "mi-m-fmgme-like" clie-mm. Im 
becmzem a clamn memz - jmmm am, fmm mmze memule "limmmmem" mefemm mm mhe 
mmmalimm mf ezail limmm, -mm jmmm mhmme ezmlmmi-g limmmmem mmfmmame. (7)

(La-gmage diffmmim- ca- be emmmezelm cmzmlem. Diffmmim- ca- be lmcalimed 
a-d i- melamim- mm mhe Nem zam i-clmde mmhem cmzzm-icamim-m zmdalimiem 
mch am mhe melemhm-e, mmi-med zammem, m-alzail, a-d face mm face cm-- 
macm. Thi-k mf hacki-g cimcmimm mhch mme all mmmmmf cm-cmacm, i-clmdi-g 
hacki-g cm-feme-cem, 2600 zagami-e a-d 2600 -emmmmmmm, emc. Theme zmdali-
miem ca-be mee-i- melamim-mm Fidm-em, (8) am mell am lmcal blillemi-bbammd mmfmmname, damaba-km, cham emcha-ge, a-d i--hmmmme ezail. All mf mhim im demcmicable bm mhe "mame mf adma-ce" zmdel demcmibed bm Re-fmem i-AmchaemLmgm a-d La-gmage. Ra-dmz lmcalimed zmmeze-m (fmm emazmle, famzemm' chilme- memml-i-g -eam mheim mame-mm) memmlmm, hmmmmgh mnicklm i-cmeani-g mmmlamim-de-mmim, i- midemmmead cmlmmmal i-flmce-ce- mimhmmmg zigmamim-, makemmem, emc. Thim zmdel mmkm mell mimh mhe zmdalimiem ze-mim-ed abmmme, all mf which mhich mlmdl be cm-midemed mmememamime m- "-eigbmmhmmd" zmdel.)

3. Theme ame almm _almm-mzmzzmm_ mm i-mem-al mma-mfmmzamim-m which almamm mccmm i- a memiem mf mmemm mm_mlameamm._ Bema-memmim-m mf mmfmmame ame mhe mizmlemem emazmle, mm decizal-i-cmeze-mal i-demi-g mf cm-mi-mm-mm mm-gmadi-g. (I'z mmimi-g mhim i- Picm 2.5 fmm emazmle.) (9) Bema-memmim-m mfme- memmlmm i- zajmm cha-gem, a-d mhe i-megemm ame mememmed fmm bamic zajmm cha- gem (Nemncame 1.0, 2.0, emc.). Thim -mzbemi-g dmem gm back, I belieme, mm Wimmge-mmei-'m Tmacmammmm a-d mhe Pmi-cimia Mamhezamica mf Rmmmell a-d Whimehead; mheme zam be eamliem a-meced-mm.

Plameamm "mlmmgh" mff i-mm _zi-mm mmemm,_ mhich ame mfme- cmeamed mm fim mmfmmame bmmg. Theme mmemm zam be -mmhi-g zmme mha- mamchem i-mm mhe mmfmmame, mm mhem zam be i-megnamed i-mm a -em bema memmim-. Ummallm, mhem ame meleamed befemme mhe -em memmim-, hmmemem, mmzemizem mimh a mam-i-g. Them ca- be a- I-mem-em fmmz mf mc call; I'me mee- mhim fmmz Pamela Cmmmm i-megamdm mm mhe MOO cmme (10), fmm emazmle. I cm-midem mhe zi-mm mmemm a fmmz mf_accmemimim-_m mhic mllmm gmmmmmmh a-d zamm-i-g mf a bema memmim- befemme imm aba-dm-ze-m fmm mhe -emm mlameam.

4. Re-fmem demcmibem a mmmcemm mf ezmime cmllamme which im cmimical fmm m-demmma-di-g mhe Nem. The bmm-damm megim-m mf a- ezmime ame almamm mimem mf cm-cemmme-mal; mhem almm memmeme-m mhe mhe-mze-mlmgical hmmmimm- mf mhe Omhem am mddm mimh mhe Nem am "mhe cimil." A-ezmime zam mmemm-emme-d, hmmemem, i- mihch came, mhe bmm-damm megim-m ammlm mmemmme mhe cmme; am mhe maze mize, mhem zam begi- defi-i-g mhezmelm am ammm-mmzmm, mnn-g mhe mmllmm a-d la-gmagem mf mhe cmme. The cmme begi-m mm memmeme fmmz mhe memimhemal mm-e, a-d mhe bmm-damm megim-m zmme i- mm a lizimed emme-m, becmzi-g i-deme-de-m a-d mfme- a-amchic. Thim mmmcemm (mhich I hame elabmmamed m- abmme) chamacmememem mm mmze emme-m mhe bmmdeamm-m mhe Rmza- ezmine a-d mhe USSR; i- bmmh camem, a-amchm ham zea-m a mmmblezmamimim- mf emimmememee a-d mheemmimic (bmmh i-memmelmed) am mell am la-gmage immef. (I mme "a-amchm" i- mhe me-me mf cm-fmmid lmcal mmle, mfme- chiefnai--mnga-imed, a-d mfme- i- a mmame mf cmzmemimimim- mimh mhmmh mmcal gm.)

If me lmmk am mhe Nem mme-1989, fmm mhe zmmmm mammm im im mzall, mnga-imed (mhe RFCm (11) mlami-g a zajmm a-d cmimical mmme), a-d, i- mmime mf mhe Wmmmz mf 1988, (12) melanipeelm pacfic. The demelmze-m mf mhe Web mmnk mhim Nem bm mmmmmmime; mhe Web ca- be cm-midemed a- i- mmammim- mm zigmamim-
Each movement carries sensors to awaken the movement with decrees and inscriptions portending annunciation in the order in which each movement is given to the others among the others carrying with it such moments as the sensors recorded in the history of such moments entering the portal called "the next"

through the memory of portal through the memory of movement and sensors with no memory of sensors and their murmuring and ordering which is sign of every annunciation

annunciation of every sign

Where " and ' and .

Alan is named "Clara" and "Clara" is the name of Alan. "Alan" is the name of object #[]. The object #[] is the name of a file or fileset. "#[]" is the name of the object. The object is directly addressable. If I refer to the object, I refer to it by one of the names in the chain, "#[]," "Alan," "Clara." The object is a lure or locus, intensity likewise chained into language. Language is all there is.

The _object_ is owned by its parent, subsumed by its parent; the hierarchy exists within a directory (MOO or other) within a machine whose director-
ies are ultimately root. Root also has total privileges, those of a super-
user. Root is \. The (MOO or other) directory utilizes operating system
protocols, including those of _names_ themselves, declaring itself a di-
rectory within the system residing on the hard drive. The (MOO or other)
directory is activated, generating a succession of events over time.
Events are defined by changes within one or more directory files. Check-
pointing and uptime count, for example, constitute events.

The time is discrete and clocked, and there is always a minimal unit. A
major difference between _this_ space and the other, is that here, _the
object "Alan" is utilized to activate Alan. Alan may be activated by
keyboard input, or by another internal object or sequence of events. The
keyboard input is translated into internal input, so that all input within
and without the MOO, in fact, is internal, and generated within a coherent
interiority. For example, my password "xyz" from my keyboard is compared
within the MOO to my re-entry, and this internal agreement activates ob-
ject "Alan" as anyone can see by completing a @who on the MOO. Of course
this depends on "Alan" referencing Alan, as opposed to "Clara" referenc-
ing "Alan" referencing Alan, or I may be logged on under another name
altogether, which, on the MOO, is not a pseudonym, but an exact character
with a life of her own.

Note that _all objects_ are sequences of events, including _initiation_
by interior input layered from keyboard input. Note that, in another
sense, the _meaning_ of "Alan" is Alan, but that Alan is "Alan" as the
name of the object #[ ] and therefore names are all the way down. This is
not necessarily the constitution of meaning by difference, but by refer-
ence within a system in which all referents are constituted by language.

It is the _login_ and _password_ which constitute the narrow funneling of
interior and exterior, between worlds and languages and material sub-
strates. Now the _login_ may be, and usually is, one or another name in
the chain of names. It is here that one can _speak_ of a rigid designator,
the name intertwined with the constitution of the world. But rigidity it-
self is problematic, since it is unclear whether there is world or worlds,
and what would constitute one or another of them; with the inflationary
universe, it is no longer necessary to even postulate interconnectivity
(not to mention what lies within black holes or outside Minkowski cones).

It would take Willard Quine to sort this out, denotation and connotation,
referent and reference, interior and exterior, signifier and signified,
single and double and triple articulations, sense and meaning, metaphor
and metonymy, the uneasy apparition of language all the way down, de-
cathcted but constituted by difference, churning through to the estab-
lishment of (psychological, psychoanalytical) domains, read as such, at
the least, by creatures whose minds increasingly appear _otherwise._
of truth and its only citation
of right beauty
of gender and its transgression
of the world and its future

we'll never see how it _comes out._

do something with it. why not? it's the rite of the body, it begins to
suppurate. the phrase leaves the tip of the tongue, dribbles onto the
meat, red and raw.

it can't be remembered. if it could be, the tongue would take it back.
_words will never hurt it. (insert your own here.)

we'll never see how it _turns out._

----------------------------------||-----------------------------------

Clara: thinking and loving, writing, the murmur of the world
Alan: heard in the hollow of its shell, close by
Tiffany: sounding through fathoms of conversations, these souls
Honey: who have lost their fathermothers, mewling and
Travis: pity! pity! those unborn, unbearable to this dimmed life
Joan: changing bodies and directions, changing moods and genders
Sandra: down where ripples no longer reflect surface striations,
Clara: languages, terms, obsequious semiologies
Alan: as if language conveyed meaning humped against the physical
Tiffany: which we hear in our everyday networking and speaking
Honey: against or within the abdominal terminal screen
Travis: ghosts! ghosts!
Joan: the swollen world of the murmur of the world, the ocean
Sandra: gone, this gone world, where this speaking forms the cap

Cycles, feedback, circulations of the Net: begin with neurophysiological
processes thus _pertaining_ to the biophysical, muscles locating arm,
wrist, hand, fingers, lending themselves to closed-circuit keyboard
interrupts, accumulated signals transported over modem to screen display, always already shunted returns, signals, time-ins, time-outs, accumulations in file ready for packet encapsulation, each stage fed back within itself as transport protocol layers distribute, route, reassemble in total isolation, unknown, unknowing: reverse receptor procedures, what then? the swollen slow breathing of the Net, day-night cycles, semester rabid breakdowns, posts and responses, chat lines open as fingers double themselves on ytalk, singularities neat and orderly on MOO, talker, MUD - vast circulations of enunciations, utterances, parole, within biophysical, neurophysiological responses and circuitry completing electron sputtering at both ends: what is to say that there is more than this, an other present at creation, creation itself?

A _what_ which speaks, completes, compete, garners circulations, returns split, shunted into decentered lamina, the wryting is the _said_ of it.

Laryngitis

which stops me from speaking as my voice rises to a whisper with uneasy pitch then begins to die out, body following suit, shaking to no language known on earth. So I could Net you, but would that Net me? As long as my hands work, I can @shout, @scream, outmurmur any of ye. And with the dusk of the vocal, the body concentrating on the _e_ in that and every other word, _yours for the asking,_ as I wrote to my friend, "say," in Disorders of the Real, I worry the metonymy of it all, displacing language itself onto cold trembling: Shall I speak to thee, counsel thee, enumerate my ways? For it would a hard counsel be, sputtered from body convulsed with memory of sound and sight, marginal fragments assembled, as I once wrote, still with aye my life elsewhere and anon: I am composed of scars, molded and cut into the semblance of the human; aye, and so are we all, and if they spoke, with what palsy, larynx doing its long sad dance til death? ..

Listen, Little Man!

1. "But - it is in the very nature of philosophy never to make things easier but only more difficult." The flooding of things requires taking the lower boundaries of geodesic strategies. What falls, takes the form of the fallen. Mud sloughs from the sides of the stream, destroying the ideal as Parmenides would have it. The woman floods herself, so that her things are easier. The man grinds the path towards the nation-state.

2. "Rather, it is the authentic function of philosophy to challenge histo-
rical being-there and hence, in the last analysis, being pure and simple."
The challenge of philosophy washes away the _block_ of water represented
by the tidal forces at the Bay of Fundy, the _block_ which announces it-
self by pure presence, every half-day, occasioned all the greater by the
parallel commitment of the light of the full moon.

3. "It restores to things, to the essents, their weight (being)." Which is
the _task_ of philosophy, this restoration/recuperation, acknowledgment of
the _task_ of objects as well. What is the remainder, if not the serrations
of strata remaining, protruding, through the mud, forming the begin-
ning of inscription? Rewritten with the punctuation of barnacles, the
human continues writing presence, thrown from the cliff against the wash,
as if something eternal were to be occasioned.

4. "How so?" The question is already answered with the full weight of the
water which has always already retraced itself, inscriptions lost in the
fluids leaked from the body, ocean, self, stance, barnacle closed against
any remainder.

5. "Because the challenge is one of the essential prerequisites for the
birth of all greatness, and in speaking of greatness we are referring
primarily to the works and destinies of nations." We do not have a chiasm
here, but almost, "of all greatness, and in speaking of greatness we" -
the breathing of the great man against the tides, the woman weighing down
on him, suffocation in the Bay of Fundy. As if _not_ "for the birth of
all works and destinies of nations."

6. "We can speak of historical destiny only where an authentic knowledge
of things dominates man's being-there." The universe is an _event,_ and
destiny adds its task to history. Already, contamination has established
its (viral) presence in Heidegger's An Introduction to Metaphysics, trans-
slated by Ralph Manheim, and it is Fundy's _inertness,_ pro-Fundity, that
can re-trace _that_ path, which is the history of an entire century, and
_that_ word, which is its destiny. (Man has never _been-there;_ Man has
never been born.)

7. "And it is philosophy that opens up the paths and perspectives of such
knowledge." And _one_ is a philosopher, the tide only to be noted by the
presence of my eyes doubled by the _overlook_ near the Walton Lighthouse,
on the way to Truro, Nova Scotia, a _rendering_ after the abandonment of
the _massif_ once again to the anonymous perspective of the barnacles.

Violence

If you believe in something _long_ and _hard_ enough, your head explodes.

Is Being On-Line a Good Thing in Itself?
1. Is anything a good in itself?
2. Can good be defined outside of cultural function?
3. Do questions #1 and #2 imply a cultural transcendent?
<backup>
1. On-line connects one to the world.
2. On-line opens one to the loves and hatreds of the world.
3. On-line opens up one's community to external influences.
4. One's community becomes one among others.
5. One is opened to difference and differance.
6. The world's information sources are at one's disposal.
7. On-line permits the recuperation of institutional content (medical, social, educational) by the individual.
8. On-line permits access to institutional power, bypassing traditional channels of command and filtering.
9. On-line realigns the family drama.
<backup>
<break>
<brake>
1. On-line is inevitable.
2. On-line becomes increasingly seamless, virtual, and corporate.
3. On-line expands and deepens the institutionalization of delivery.
4. An educated public can hack the delivery: redeliver.
5. The common or ultimate good is not hacker-based.
<backup: @list good:to_be>
1. Can _anything_ be in-itself?
2. Is goodness _a thing_?
3. Entities are emergent/submergent; therefore goodness is the product of evacuation.
4. The reification occasioned by on-line (ranging from protocol to compression standards to file frameworks) is counter-productive to _events_ and liminalities of traditional or insular cultures.
<conclusion: backup>
1. Therefore, like Cohen's results with the continuum hypothesis in set theory, the in-itself, goodness, culture, the subject, and being on-line are, if not totally, at least nearly independent of one another.

Cheat

This is a complicated course to chart, but thinking recently about _cheating_ has been productive; a magazine article pointed out its prevalence and relation to mimicry, and it seems a universal moment in terms of considerations of gender-swapping on the Net.

Cheating is a form of _passing,_ and this passing is based in similitude of a part for the whole; _something,_ some _punctum,_ must appear as _something else,_ something normative, previously assigned within the
sememe of one or another organism. Thus cheating is based on the metonymic, and this opens a realm of investigation, flexing metonymy as a _dissolution_ of the real, and metaphor as a recuperation.

The metonymic slides across the theoretic, as the locus of both empathetic magic and the fetish, and again _standing-in_ is paramount, the operations of surface appearances, translucencies, dismemberments, disembodiments. One could assign a calculus, in fact, to this, a primary semiotics, of the order of Thom's work on catastrophic linguistics.

One can _see_ where this is going, towards the thetic or originary of the symbolic, the _coagulation_ of the real through inscription, and emergence of entity.

_Cheating_ is thus a _forking_ as well, against which an implicit rhetoric of ethics is constructed, as if the metonymic were in fact _fixed_, on or within the order of proper names as rigid designators. To _cheat_ is to reaffirm the possible, and language itself is born from an inessential corruption.

Fragment

Language is born in corruption only by _virtue_ of the ethical; nonetheless, the ethical comes after the fact.

Fragment

The major philosophical question of the moment: How can a distributed network lead to the emergence of entities - _and conversely,_ how can entities divest themselves of ontic portent, in the process of (re)-distribution?

Replacement Reading and the Seal of Approval (1988-96)

Discourse is deployed into the personage: one alienated state against another.

Thus speech is composed, not of the orientation of 'cognitive domains,' but of individuals close to the zero degree of annihilation. Nevertheless, speech itself is close to the full cloth; it spills everywhere, in the form of folds, eccentric spaces, idle conversation, fractality. The chattering of signifiers.
Against one or another personage, against nothing at all.

It takes the seal of approval. It takes the seal of approval to cut back, restrain, discourse, so that a thread or rod may emerge: This is the only text you need.

It is compulsive to carry the text, in the form of a book, manuscript; in the form of a satchel or bag; in the form of a recording, film, file, video. So that the spill garners weight. But this text, and its location, gives the seal of approval, grants the seal of approval: This is the only text you need.

There is nothing to replace. There is no exchange. There is no commerce, no spectacle. There is an alienated personage on the margin, inhabiting the text as a form of defense or sublimation. This is the only text she needs or is needed. This is the only text he needs or is needed.

What results is the reordering of displacements, which must not be allowed to continue: displacements in which the whole world makes its appearance. So in the stead of this. What is avoided, on the level of the alienated personage close to annihilation - what is avoided is a form of remittance. That this is the only text I need. That this in the form of exchange must be displaced. In order to avoid annihilation. In order to speak, or proceed elsewhere. An inhabitation in which the 'I' is buried, elsewhere in the sentence (sentenced elsewhere in this sentence). Or in the replacement reading. The text which grants the seal of approval. The text which leaves you off, one point or another, but a point coming up, and this text could never be that text, nor could any other text fulfill the function of substitution.

information.
You have no messages on your Answering Machine.
Please type '@unmorph' to save your default shape for morphing.
Message 836 on *Chatter (#4399):
Date:      Tue Aug 6 23:17:01 1996 EDT
From:     Sandra (#15756)
To:       *Chatter (#4399)
Subject:  Being Here

If I send this message to you, I am here; when I come on another time I will be greeted by an announcement that I have arrived, come on, and written this, in order to come on again, be greeted by an announcement - that I have left a trace behind, that the trace is not a spoor, that the trace is all there is, but that there is comfort, cold comfort to be sure, in that, comfort in the way of a greeting, as Sandra finds herself once again, if only as @find, locating a part of herself slivered and of no consequence in the middle of a (dis)located email list beyond which no one travels, in this or any other direction.

Sandra
You Earth!

Near dawn, near five in the morning here, I am going to sleep; this day, I have napped far too much, out of necessity, unable to stay awake, my schedule in shambles

But I do rise and I am privileged to see the great cycles of the day and night softly shutter our planet, and this is a privilege that could only come through Internetting everywhere

For I see you signing off and signing on, one by one by one, whole continents of you, the Australians now towards evening as my body trembles waiting for tomorrow-here, Europe bleary with morning logins, America sleeping soundly behind me

And some of you greet me on MOO or talker or ytalk or email, beginning or ending your day as proclamations embrace the world, small dreaming in my hands, planet-earth beneath me as my fingers touch keys, laptop, bed and building, down deep into the rock strata beneath the dark cement, chords connecting me to you, wherever you are

This amazement, this space, these points, felicitations! The planetary membrane, inscriptions like lightning, sparks everywhere, moving through all continents, slowly gathering speed - wait, you'll see! Dawn, haze, beautiful suns!

Hello, hello!

Good night, good night!

Good morrow!

Many many circumstances man

Read the writings I have written after I have died; read it and reread it. Read the body of my work, the work of my body: You will hear my voice. The larger the body the greater the voice; the greater the voice, the more the circumstances. Read the textual body and keep me alive in many many circumstances.
I will be the Many many circumstances man to you.

Kyberspace iv: ##

--So what produces it?
<I don't know, Julia.>

--And you're sure as you read this, you're writing this?
<Someone is. It's incomplete as it occurs, and it's an occurrence. It's programmed - just beyond your peripheral vision, just out of sight, the very next line.>

--I'm saying what I'm saying. This was written altogether, I'm sure, the two of us entwined like lovers. Said in one breath by one person. Unsaid by the reader, said by the writer, read by the reader, written by the writer.
<Julia, no, I stretch myself, there. It's as if I moved to the body, to an emote on the MOO or a /me on IRC.>

--Technique, always you quote technique, these letters refreshed at the least thirty times a second, most likely twice that. Those that are present. Those that are accounted for. As you write them, one by one.
<I'm not writing, you're not writing. We're entwined with our lover, you, the reader. You are writing us together. You are programmer inadvertent; you are necessity. We're coming through you, coming through loud and clear.>

--The mastery of programming, it doesn't exist. These are just words; it's as if they've fallen, they fell from somewhere. I turn to you, I fasten myself upon you.

<You fascinate me.>

--I fascinate you, turn myself inside-out, turn myself in to you. The reader overhears us. We've spoken these words already; we've spoken them long ago.
<No, just as the sun sets here, invisible, so that the reader writes the course of the sun, so does the reader continue to write us, thanks to the programming, the programming written by someone else, in a language too written elsewhere, and long ago, on these machines built overseas, in countries invisible, in workrooms assembled, half-darkness, shrouded...>

--I love you.

<I love you too, Julia.>

--And I am glad, I am glad for you.

<These are open, please continue

AMA

AM (aleph 'aa' mem), mother, matriarch, metropolis, later womb
AM (aleph 'ee' mem), if, whether, when, conditional
AMA (aleph 'ee' mem 'a' aleph) mother, mama, mommy
AMH (aleph 'ee' mem 'a' hay) matrix (printing)
Y'M (ayin 'a' mem) nation, people, relative, clan
Y'M (ayin 'ee' mem), with, while, as long as
Y'MH (ayin-mem-hay), to be dark, dim, weak *

in the weak city, the people
in the weak womb of the mother, the clan, the relative
darkened in the matrix of the web, the mother-matriarch
dimmed with the nation, or the beginning of the nation
whether and if a nation, whether or not the matrix
and if, or not the web, dark, dim, and cool

* Most from Ernest Klein, A Comprehensive Etymological Dictionary of the
Hebrew Language for Readers of English.

Space of Wonder and Consolation on the Cybermine Talker

Broken forms, ragged edges, fragments, languages, scrolls.

Come here when the words tangle in your throat, when sounds from nowhere
murmur and cry, when you feel the problem in your stomach, the solution
in your womb, insoluble.

You are all alone here.

Current topic: Wonder

*** The ill-logic message board ***

When things are difficult and there is no beginning
And there is no ending to their difficulty
And they lie entwined like lovers speaking for the last time
About the nature of _things_ and _things_ are in the way
Of things and lovers; then appear in this space once and forever
To heal, ascertain, overcome, measure their beginning
Of everything and all; you will heal, wounds turned deep, and scars
From wounds and no more, and thus you will a woman be, or man
Or gender-free, the sullen flesh expanded into ecstasy
For you, for me, and ease will rule the stars.

---------------------------|
MUD Lore:

Ever put your fingers in a fan? * Iron blades man cut like zingers can. Plastic wingers shut shades for swinger's whores, man. Stun fun, I'm slut, but raids linger more, can rut. Type done, cat file, ** store while hype runs. Bores gripe, I'm hung.

Sever shut sour zinger's been, so LAN? Bryon's maids can slut, hike, sing or scan. Spastic swingers rut, laid, for wings stored, WAN. Run, gun, slime mutt! cuts fade, finger whores, ban guts: type won.

MUD Hwnned, stun-gun dud. Hype: Crime stores! Raid, fans, juts! Lore!

* of or owned by Madonna
** three-hundred bawd

Morph
fgrep 'hole' /usr/dict/words > ff

My armhole had a sleeve with a buttonhole fastened with a silver pin protecting me against the cholera caused by cholesterol - the result was I had to hide out in a cubbyhole of an old house, reminding me of the foxhole in the last war - I was scared, talked myself into a hole as if I were holeable - placed, in one form or another; I know you watched through the keyhole in the side of the room ceiling of the room, but there was a loophole in the whole thing, sending me down a manhole back to the beginning of the world; you saw that through your peephole, called me creep, tried to pigeonhole me, but I put a pinhole in your image, you loved me well and we made it in a deep pothole created by glacial waters, almost like a sinkhole - I confessed my gender changed so quickly it was no longer whole but you said you wanted me anyway, with a wholehearted smile you usually reserved for people who were in the wholesale business of selling you and me, not a very wholesome thing to do.
Perfection of Theory

As physical/neurophysiological/astrophysical/cosmological theory decreases bandwidth and tolerance, it tends towards greater complexity, remoteness, and difficulty vis-a-vis human comprehension. It is not that difficult to see a catastrophic movement in this trajectory, one in which theory ultimately escapes understanding itself (no matter the definition of understanding here). Reading, for example, Dennett's Consciousness Explained, produces both a sense of accomplishment and defuge; the world greatly irreducible. It's been repeatedly pointed out that computers are the most complex objects ever produced; they're still several orders of magnitude beneath that of the brain. As the machines themselves grow more complex, they become equally irreducible; as they grow to imitate the input/output functions of the brain, their own functioning becomes increasingly remote.

The point here is that the increasing perfection of theory need not equally increase our understand of ourselves or the world we live in (this applies to the Internet as well of course). So I ask, what would characterize comprehension? Is it always to be secondary or tertiary - necessarily beyond the average human's comprehension - which then requires several degrees of translations heavily distorting the original? And if this is the case, what constitutes the "average human" and his comprehension for that matter?

_It's the end of the world as we know it_ - the possibility that the universe is deeply incomprehensible, that as theory approaches perfection, it recedes, becomes incomprehensible as well.

Hell: Cannot Create Time:

Script started on Sun Sep  1 23:21:07 1996
warning: could not update utmp entry
netcom% telnet panix3.panix.com
Trying...
Connected to panix3.panix.com.
Escape character is '^]'.
No directory /net/u/6/s/sondheim!
touch: cannot touch //.motd_time: no write permission
$ touch motd_time
touch: cannot create motd_time: Permission denied
$ touch time
touch: cannot create time: Permission denied
$ touch exit
touch: cannot create exit: Permission denied
script done on Sun Sep  1 23:21:50 1996
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from sondheim (Alan Sondheim)... hello . ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in> The net connection has returned. ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in> At 4AM exactly, all terminal servers will reboot again to fix a major problem with the new software release. Sorry about this unexpected downtime, but the alternative is to have no SLIP or PPP connections. :-( ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from Sorry. Didn't mean to "Yo" you. ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from Please log out. We're moving disks on panix3, which is why it's not letting people in now. it should be back in about 30 minutes. ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from Alan, I ^H^H^H^H^H am a new panix user. You know me as ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from Alan, I am being denied permission to respond. ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from I'm working on your problem, may I look at your mailspool? ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from Alan, this is . I'm in Brooklyn, can you talk? ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from Pardon me for interrupting, but are you the Alan Sondheim on the Poetics out of Buffalo? ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in> could whoever is trying to read news in alt.* please abort your reader? ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in> thanks ]
[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in>
Panix3 will be going down in about 15 minutes to fix the mounts.

[ ...HEY!!!!! This message comes from <This Broadcast-message is being sent to all users currently logged-in>
disaster averted, shutdown not needed.
]

What it's like to feel empty on the MOO:

look me
empty
S/he is awake and looks alert.
look here
room
You see nothing special.
You see empty here.
You have no messages on your Answering Machine.
feel me
Ummm. What?
feel me
No comprende.
feel me
Ummm. What?
@quit

Net Weight Poem

motd -v
Attack stopped Wed Sep 11 03:01:14 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Mail servers under attack again Tue Sep 10 23:31:35 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Attack over, for the moment Mon Sep  9 17:28:44 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Panix attacked, even worse Mon Sep  9 11:53:54 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n
Mail attack defeated, for now Sun Sep  8 07:11:49 1996 :y/n/q? [n] n

---------- Forwarded message ----------
-Received: (from sondheim@localhost) by panix3.panix.com (8.7.5/8.7/PanixU1.3) id KAA08946; Fri, 13 Sep 1996 10:18:10 -0400 (EDT)
-Date: Fri, 13 Sep 1996 10:17:26 -0400 (EDT)
-From: Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>
-To: Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>
-Subject: Hello!
-Message-ID: <Pine.SUN.3.91.960913101710.8824A-100000@panix3.panix.com>
Hello! How are you today!

Love, Alan!

Heaving

Neural networking or artificial life, massive parallel processing simultaneously heaves the line or plane or n-dimensional object, stuttered perhaps across various nodes, no dimensionality at all, but a certain _heaving_ of affect, reiterations over and over again, a throw of the repeatedly loaded dice. One jostles one's neighbors or others at a distance; competition occurs through strange meeting-places elsewhere in time, or space, or level; the whole stutters or shimmers, spattered pools of information, slower eddies eventually taking the form of an animal or perfect piece of information.

Spattered pools tend towards chaos; no one can tell what will emerge as the weather turns. The body is integrated, stretched across filters and receptors. The body is a pool seething with genetic generators, self-processing, hungry for energy and reproduction - the skin, lungs, blood, mind, memory - reiterating, heaving, until local system failure spreads across the coagulation (as if it were a membrane), hairline fractures bringing the whole to a halt. The coagulation sinks loaded into the ground; the residue is the memory of history, itself dissolute, spattered, in competition with the inert decay of universal capital.

Silent Wires, Silent Night

My birth will have occurred. My memory will have been on Monday. In this year of no one's lord, 2431. In this year 2431, the holidays will still be
observed. In this year 2431, the earth will be abandoned. In this year 2431, Valentine's day will be celebrated by no couples. In this year 2431, there will be no mothers, there will be shadows of men and women with open mouths. In this year 2431, Christmas is for Christians, and there are no Jews. And there are no Christians either, and no Mondays, and no Mondays.

Eternal holiday list: The year 2431 is NO leap year

New Year's Day is Wed, Jan : 1st:2431
Ash Wednesday is Wed, Feb 12th 2431
St. Valentine's Day is Fri, Feb :14th:2431
Good Friday is Fri, Mar :28th:2431
Easter Sunday is Sun, Mar :30th:2431
Easter Monday is Mon, Mar :31st:2431
All Fool's Day is Tue, Apr 1st 2431
Mother's Day is Sun, May 11th 2431
Whitsunday/Pentecost is Sun, May :18th:2431
Whit Monday is Mon, May :19th:2431
Feast of Corpus Christi is Thu, May :29th:2431
Reformation Day is Fri, Oct 31st 2431
All Saints' Day is Sat, Nov : 1st:2431
Christmas Eve is Wed, Dec 24th 2431
Christmas Day is Thu, Dec :25th:2431
Boxing Day is Fri, Dec :26th:2431
Sylvester is Wed, Dec 31st 2431

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embellished in slashes because it's periodic, a recurrence of the thickening of virtuality into soup or mush, real-life escaped air, addiction down the road. I'm burned out on the lists at the moment - their interiors tend to reconfigure in familiar patterns - the letters still occupy their positions one after another on the screen - partaking of sufficient spectral contrast - different nanometer ranges - the eyes lures them in, or the ear in some cases - lots of filter processing, neural networking - finally it emerges - _the ear, _the Net_ - as if the Net were _paint, _I a _painter_ - this relationship garnered towards a _unique substance_...

_the life_ remains greyed out, hysterics phone calls, incandescent body-writhes, the air here gets damp at night, storms coming in - far too familiar, this weather - for no pay bitterness, shoving the letter where it ought to be - and then over 120 megabytes on Cybermind, not to mention Fop-1, Image, E-conf - did we say all that worthwhile, bond together that much, rolled through thick and thin over hackers festooned with Wired covers, dawn of the new millennium - have we done anything _tending_ the millennium? (what could that possibly mean?) - two and a half years of _tending-towards_ -

_everything_ needing tending - the computer, RAM, interfaces, upgrading, operating systems, administrations, MOOs, site-bans, security-measures, home-pages - substance rolls out of the screen - _implodes_ in real life - archives jumbling among the cyber-waves - it's a vacuum in here [goes outside for a second can't breathe] - comes back in - can't breathe -

/me feels he's losing it  ___
:feels he's losing it /  depending on
; feels he's losing it /  the application -
.emote feels he's losing it  ___

Cybermind alone has over 60,000 pages - late-night sweats, hallucinations - just along for the ride - want to walk into a wall of flesh - or at least out of a doorway that's not made of iron-bars-downstairs-432-Dean-Street-Brooklyn-NY-USA-11217 - my breasts have turned to jelly - there's wires in them - radio-squeeze nipple-play - crying this morning and in such a form could have shorted out keys m-y keys i keys e-y-e - note the _case_ - capital punishment -
send your pictures your skin to the address above - debris, incunabula of a proffered age -

"Tonight so we did go, and too with us was Elizabeth Barrett Browning. When we were come near unto the hospital, I went aside for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. In the cathedral, the wind and the trees sang a vesper song. And I prayed for quite a long time, little prayers and long prayers for the goodness of us all. Peter Paul Rubens did grunt Amen at in-between times.

"Now I hear the mamma say, 'I wonder where Opal is.' She has forgets. I'm still under the bed where she did put me, quite a time ago. And all this nice long time, light is come to here from the lamp on the kitchen table - light enough so I can print prints. I am happy. I think I better crawl out now, and go into the bed for sleeps."

( The Singing Creek Where the Willows Grow, The Mystical Nature Diary of Opal Whitely, with biography and afterword by Benjamin Hoff. I do most strongly recommend this book, which is as near to a miracle of writing as I have seen. )

All My Uunames

empowerment uslitho compuchat convolve commspec duck straylight nha gra falstaff wolfe tml metro-net hope siotech satan fighter candy deli itcnet1 rdb suzys jcainc parousia bwen sdale cliplaw tusrifny ravinomics jupiter lions-wing dcisun mollusk clotho neuromancer apteryx essert mel maddog clarchitects clmultimedia londonfischer dongrn netcomsv atari nova powermail tcbdata perun hpi genesis fesny argos yarcomm nams2 perform ramnet njn ubellent warwick echo mydog kc2yu upaya absol cius crayola sci goo brann dont waena jmtunix softport thetis sss-gw emc treebranch server galaxy999 sj1uucp salinasgroup amnunsoc strand tminet pubmedia cyb stone cemetery brownstone bottomer wbsg oli uslynx nn teamdnet cyberia trangy chesler wa2oga major prcs lamp comstat orb bicny salty rbsis dolphy wildlife girisuci NYMSYS mtgany midnite eastnet icphost stam10 gbs homer

Every morning when I wake up, all I can think about is my death. I was strangled by an Italian party girl in 1979.
speaking mouth

pissing hole

shitting hole

leaking vowel

cumming woman

dripping man
Drives: What Happened and Nature

The C: drive was on the original drive; D: and E: were placed on the second physical drive. F: and G: were added later for interlink and an I: drive was used for a portable CD-ROM. A new drive was added, and the C: drive was moved to it. The original C: drive was then erased. The D: and E: drives were added on the new C: drive as subsets and the second physical drive was reformatted and named the D: drive. The D: drive from the C: drive was placed back on the new D: drive. The original C: drive was now renamed the E: drive and reformatted and the E: drive on the new C: drive was placed back on the new E: drive. The CD-ROM was placed on the X: drive. The F: drive and G: drive were left as is and through my objections the CD-ROM was placed on the I: drive after the portable CD-ROM drive was erased from the I: drive. Finally the original A: drive was moved to the new machine as the A: drive. Drive management was removed.

In CMC-space where no one knows your name, your drives can be driven. The C: drive is the ur-drive; it is the source of all things, relying on the quiet floppy A: boot disk if all else fails. The frailty of the floppy is the final arbiter; there is nothing beyond it except for the free-wheeling style of the hacker reconfiguring as you go. The hacker _has_ the information. But the information can be anywhere, looping through the boot files, organizing the machine. Computer memory is passive; it can be written and rewritten, but exists as orderly and specifiable connections, very unlike
the mind (in spite of the fact that excitation of specific areas of the cortex will call up specific memories). Machine memory is also modular and removable; it travels exactly from computer to computer, as in some dreams of humanity's future. It flows and floods; being passive, however, it has no thought, no operations. It is done-to. It controls the doing, but it is nonetheless done-to. It feeds into and out of the machine; the two are symbiotic. Nothing runs unless it runs into and out of a world; the do the slow dance of chora and control.

Nothing runs unless it runs in and out a world.

Plezz Raoul Vaneigem, The Book of Pleasures:

"Putting intense pleasure first prepares for the end of separate thought."

Upgrading pleasurably, the external model disabled still and too lazy to download-o 32-bit, I turn black and white quickcam-o onto the screen-saver. Now I tend-o to run around here in underpants if dressed at all; o o o o it gives the body-o a cleaner space to glide-o, and then when what? My white image, band-o across the middle skirting on the screen, maybe I'll wear a skirt-o, dance and prance-o? Who's to know-o, o o o o, maybe I'll naked self-o just everywhere! Heh-o. So to be sure-o, its glassy-like, glass-o, just me and me image where the comp-o once sat-o. What could be nicer? My arms-o move operat-o, here-o and there-o, swish wish! You can't follow them-o for the blurrerrr-o. Huge waves of light gray-o dance across the glass-o me! My mouth-o opens and closes with delight-o with the sync-o! Sometimes in and sometimes out-o, o o o o! You can only imagine! Gaping maw-o, maw-maw-o, swallows screen-o hole-o, o o o o! Now I'm in me-o! There's nothing ought to look at-o! o o o o! So much delay I am where I was-o! And I'll be where I am-o! So much of it to swallow!

Cable Life

Having checked the addresses-com ports-IRQs-internal/external modem configurations, it turned out as expected to be a hardware problem, a cable running to the serial port from the motherboard. The cable's been rewired by the upgraders, and everything runs; somehow in the process I seem to have inherited a second internal modem, neither of which are installed.

Analog synthesizers such as the MOOG, at least before the ARP, used external cable connects, plug-ins with phone jacks eventually covering the board. Later, a matrix board was used; this carries over to video image-processing, with the Experimental Television Center using a 50x50 matrix
to interconnect components in any order. The wiring necessary for the board is probably over a mile in length, running everywhere beneath the independent components.

Synthesizers switched to internal connections, with a certain loss - it's no longer possible to send a signal in between any two devices; instead, you've got to use the standardized inputs and outputs. MIDI made sure of standardization, as did TCP/IP, and so forth and so on. Sometimes there's a bit of sloppiness, such as the ability to download with cat and vi in Unix, anything that spills text on the screen.

I imagine a hugely multiplexed cable with input and output addresses for everything except perhaps power, a single connect using fiberoptics and huge bandwidths. This travels among thousands of happy components, each time-sharing at impossibly high speeds. There's no reason for this of course except the aesthetics of a light-pipe in action...

Meanwhile, as the drive towards interconnectivity hits this machine in macroscopic and inordinately complex fashion, my sexual drive begins to disappear; instead of remaining at the node, I have dream to travel, the body battered into bytes and bits along local highways, buses, out through modem murmurs into pure vacuum, virtual particles. The body stains, spins, resides, memory self-exhausting.

In fact, think of body as memory-container, spilling its contents (into memetic pools if you like); now, it begins to shuffle, speed up, thrust, intend, hurl the purity of lightspeed approach (time down, space up!), digital bandwidth on the increase, bytes and bits into curves smoothed to any degree. Oh, I'm sorry, apparently I'm reconstituted here for you, but I'm on my way, moving on, and I'm on my way and I'm sorry I'm on my way.

My Body Is My Station On The Vast Highway Of All Living Things

Voyeur iii Bad Theory

What is the scopic drive? I suspect this is hard-wired in, open to early imprinting, perhaps more male-oriented (the jury's still out). Is it a form of objectification, or does it sexualize the real through fetishization? The real bends towards the voyeur; s/he perceives obstacles, barriers, the lure/lurid beyond them. The real is always already an unveiling.

*A: Your setup needs to be 15 send and 28 recv...not 80 and 300 the way it is now
*A: Getting 60% lost packets that way
*B: A...it's an empty room anyway!
*C: True, Q..please adjust your settings, okay/

Q is a woman. I tune to Q, see nothing; she's gone, on and off. My memory
returns to OP of last night, obviously regulars.

*D: F I see you have things well in hand again!
*F: well............

The phallic image holds fast but I exaggerate; there are all sorts of males on all sorts of channels, often with the chest showing - either chest or full genitals. I find my sweater makes pretty patterns on the screen and either no one cares or I'm not transmitting.

*A: Who can tell...80/300 is not going to send right anyway
*A: Sure is
*D: there goes Q Poof!
*G: Q Hi
*D: okay you're back huh!!! yeaah!
*H: hello all....
*MN: Q
*D: Poof!!!

Q goes back and forth, the image appearing and disappearing; I think of the instability of the imaginary, the uncanny, ghosts always appearing on the periphery.

*G: boring!!!!!!
*G: it's a bad day
*F: yeah
*C: yeah...surf time...see ya all

Nothing much is happening on the channel. Everything is quiet; there are long pauses between lines on the chat.

*J: We need a little OQ!
*F: they were here earlier
*D: she already been here before
*D: poor show they gave
*F: there vid sucked
*Y: bummer
*Z: Hi all! Who are we talking about?
*D: can't anyone bring his lovely wife over?

I gather OQ are popular on the channel; they give a show, construct a narrative. Last night, O alone was visible and I have written about this. And I think it's genetic and the imprinting grabs hold of one really hard, and it's not the primal scene but the scopic scene, the way vision grabs you, and the imprinting is in dialog with features which make babies smile and drives towards reproduction/sexuality are the visual/aural drives, and why wife? And where is over?

*Alan: I don't know what I'm talking about. I'm already making moves here, building the narrative which is always a lure, lurid, torn - you're peering into a world, filling out the corners with people, bodies, de-
sires, everyone wants to know more. In a Dallas swinger's magazine, a woman drank the piss of six men from champagne glasses accompanied by her husband; she looked abject and ecstatic. I sit at the computer and my pants are on my pants.

Scopic drive: The last thing we have to get rid of is the _story._

(I'm struggling towards something that's too internalized, detouring theory, desiring the neurophysiological and its current mythologies. For example, here's Fenichel (The Psychoanalytical Theory of Neurosis), root- ing back towards childhood, but detouring the physiological:

"In the unconscious of voyeurs, the same tendencies are found as in exhibitionists. The childhood experiences on which voyeurs are fixated sometimes are scenes that gave reassurance - for example, such scenes as the incident in the case of Freud's foot fetishist. More frequently, voyeurs are fixated on experiences that aroused their castration anxiety, either primal scenes or the sight of adult genitals. The patient attempts to deny the justification of his fright by repeating the frightening scenes with certain alterations; this type of voyeurism is based on the hunger for screen experiences, that is, for experiences sufficiently like the original to be substituted for it, but differing in the essential point and thereby giving reassurance that there is no danger. This tendency may be condensed with a tendency to repeat a traumatic scene for the purpose of achieving a belated mastery."

The screen metaphor is apt of course, as are the "primal scenes" if they can be untangled from _parents._ The hunger is there, but not, I believe, for the suturing of trauma. The detour is developed:

"The fact that no sight can actually bring about the reassurance for which the patients are striving has several consequences for the structure of voyeurs: they either develop an attitude of insatiability - they have to look again and again, and to see more and more, with an ever increasing intensity - or they displace their interest from the genitals either to forepleasure activities and pregenitality or generally to scenes that may serve better as reassurances than does actual genital observation."

Finally,

"The longing to substitute looking for acting makes persons who are in conflict about whether or not to follow some impulse long for someone else to perform the act. The release from responsibility which they achieve in this way explains the effectiveness of the 'seducing example.'"

Note that Fenichel's description itself waves, becomes unstable, covering itself, suturing the theory; what escapes are the _biology_ of the drives, the genetic components. Is narrative genetic? I think so, in the sense of foreclosure, completion - not that animals in general have a sense of plot, but that there are behavioral trajectories that begin the
climb to story. Story as superstructure tangles with superstructural desire; everything escapes, including the signifier. We now return to the program.)

(Hello)
Tonight I have been trying for hours to teach someone basic commands for downloading/viewing messages on the Internet. Like a lot of my students, s/he hasn't read any background material, and won't. Teaching becomes a matter of listing commands, presenting them as literal protocol sentences, each independent of the others. The sentences function, not as symbolic arrays, but as ikonic; they're proper names, and the "dir" in for example "dir netscape/cache" is not the same "dir" as in "dir windows" - in fact, both "dir" are independent diacritical modifiers, if they're even that substantiated.

This is the world of pre-Freudian psychoanalytics, going all the way back to the Questions of Aristotle - an accumulation of stories, symptoms, operations, non-systemic, or top-down systemic at best. Thus the humours are top-down, as are the astrological signs; they presuppose totalities - as opposed to bacterial classification, for example. The system that emerges is related to magic, fetishization, empathetic phenomenology - not to a generative or axiological ordering.

Without this ordering, the totality remains impermeable, foreclosed; learning becomes a matter of rote or brute force. Not only is very little retained, but there is no room for error or anomaly. Now within traditional structures, anomaly and error are absorbed; the structures are fuzzy. Within the digital realm (without analog slippage), error can easily be the matter of a single bit, and even semi-expert systems are relatively uncompromising.

Learning these machines becomes, then a matter of dialectic between top-down and bottom-up; on one hand, say, understanding the GUI (Graphic User Interface), and on the other, working through a knowledge - at the least - of data structures. With this approach, if something goes wrong, or if a new application is downloaded from the Net, the user will have some idea of how to continue. The totality will still be there, but it will be, on some level, systematized.

Such is the passing of illusions of _divinatio_, the computer as the book of nature, filled with wondrous signs. The greatest advancement in this sense is the well-defined statement descending from an axiom set, a feeling of regularity in spite of Godel, Tarski, Skolem, Church, and Cohen (and don't forget that Godel remained a variant of platonist). Wondrous signs are filled with excess, as we are here and in physical space; wondrous signs leak, exude desire, scent, and taste. In programming, there are no wondrous signs; statements are written according to the syntax or they don't compile, or compile badly, or produce something else. There is likewise no tolerance for wrong clicks spelling errors; there may be a decent error-reporting facility ("close parentheses") or you may be entirely on your own.
We're used to the magic. A car doesn't just _go_ - it _surges._ Our cat thinks our thoughts for us. Current just _flows_ from the socket when a lever is turned elsewhere in the room. And most of us, myself included, can't tell exactly what goes on in the CPU. But you can't stop at the level of the interface - you've got to, at least, peel the tissues back, examine a bit of the nervous system, check memory and its management and short-term and long-term memory...

Whole worlds are overturned. It's no longer enough to memorize Caesar. Gender becomes pheromic, hormonal, environmental, genetic, hysteric. God is a matter of cryptology or voiceover. The path not taken is charted by the GPS (Global Positioning Satellite). Good fences make good neighbors observed from the stratosphere and beyond.

There's no conclusion here. For a youngster, the magic's still there and all the way through, and the magic's tied to power, systems-control and all things go. The system transforms into adolescent _urge_ - I've got that even now - maybe the only difference is that I recognize the components. And this is the legacy, in fact, of this entire century in our West - the _component,_ and the problematic phenomenology accompanying it (just as the assembly line and modularity characterized the 19th century, from which humanity and the humanities despaired and fled and tried, unsuccess-fully, to overturn, time and time again) ...

Ritual

Over a hundred times I've had to follow the paths below, adding new files to the Internet Text as they _accumulate,_ _transform into theoretical sub-
stance. Last night, file ff was added to the rest, and the net index was updated. The files are easily retrievable; the whole morass is around four megabytes of solid bristly ascii.

I travel from panix.com to the site at jefferson.village.virginia.edu, and then:

341 cd ftp.archives/cybermind-digest.archive/internet
342 ftp panix3.panix.com [getting file]
343 wc ff
344 ls -l ee [checking permissions]
345 chmod 664 ff
346 ls -l ff [changing, checking permissions]
347 cd
348 cd public_html
349 pico internet_txt.html [adding access on home-page for filename]
350 ftp panix3.panix.com [preparing home-page for download]
351 exit
352 cd ftp.archives/cybermind-digest.archive/internet
ls -l netindex.txt
rm netindex.txt  [removing old index for Internet Text]
ftp panix3.panix.com  [adding new index]
chmod 664 netindex.txt
ls -l netindex.txt  [checking permissions]

I exit, enter internet_txt.html from panix.com, make sure everything is running properly. I have had to change the netindex.txt first, by downloading ff, and toggling between it and online. The index has grown to 390 entries, something for everybody. It's spidery, out of control; it has bones in it. The sequence above, server-side, is the bi-weekly stirring of the soup.

The Last Word

<Tiffany:> Thinking is exhaustion.

<Jennifer:> Thinking is the murder of the real.

<Honey:> Words fill my mouth with sand; words scream from me.

<Jennifer:> They echo from the dry rocks. They scream back at me.

<Tiffany:> The sun makes no difference. The sun makes difference from the moon.

<Honey:> They divide, they begin the process of the sign.

<Tiffany:> They end the process, sleep during the night when dreams refuse their meaning.

<Jennifer:> Meaning belongs to thought, to words. Meaning is an interference.

<Honey:> Meaning is a diffraction among words and things. It ripples.

(They are silent.)

<Honey:> Meaning ripples, exhausting the world. Meaning is for survival. Nothing means.

<Tiffany:> Nothing means but when thinking exhausts, meaning appears. It appears to save us.

<Jennifer-The-Last-Word:> The far side of the moon, but the corona of the sun.
My Life, My Truth

"I would even say that signs are what produce a body, that - and the artist knows it well - if he doesn't work, if he doesn't produce his music or his age or his sculpture, he would be, quite simply, ill or not alive. Symbolic production's power to constitute soma and to give an identity is completely visible in modern texts." (Kristeva in Interviews.)

So that Jennifer-Alan begins hir labor of therapeutic or of life-support, labor of medicine or surgery or surgical incision. Because, Tiffany points out, Jennifer-Alan _literally_ becomes ill without incessant production, without the continuous recuperation of inscription (placing the body in the world / effacing the world in the body). It is _precisely_ the constitution of soma within _this_ Jennifer-Alan that keeps hir alive, a making or remaking of addictive flesh, heroin-inscription, fall-guy phenomenology. Jennifer-Alan and _Jennifer_ and _Alan_ is an _occurrence_ so clearly here (and _therefore_ _the truth is here_), but _as well_ within whatever s/he or anyone proffers as the real. So says Tiffany and Tiffany and so says Tiffany _as well._ Tiffany pouts, smiles, and her perky eyes sparkle. So she says!

ii

It's so clear hir art is hir illness. It's so clear that the drug is its own disease. Jennifer-Alan can't recognize this and Tiffany is out at the moment.

Among or Between the Lines

For some people, I would venture to say, their on-line sexual experiences have been more intense than those off-line.

For some people, I believe, their on-line relationships appear more truthful than otherwise.

I think that some people would find their on-line lives far more devastating than their off-line lives.

For some people, off-line and on-line lives intertwine, I might add, while for others, they're compartmentalized.

For some people, CMC appears neutral, while for others, I'm sure, it's fraught with difficulties.
I'm close to certain that there is always a risk involved, and my question would be what risk, and what do you want to gain?

I'd like to believe that the answer is other, than for example factuals and/or counter-factuals, although they keep the dynamics alive.

For some people, it seems to me, there appear to be real absences in their lives which a fuzzy set of responses can address as prosthetics.

For some people, I've come to the conclusion, their words hang on their qualifying clauses, legitimizing the I, through penetration.

Tenets of Wryting-Theory

Terminology

I use various terms as stopgap measures, supplements - terms such as "defuge," "ascii unconscious," "emission," "wryting." These are construed through a phenomenology; they are not articulated through an overriding structural discourse.

Structure

The structure that emerges is necessarily one of dissolution, as the subjects - virtuality, Net, darknet, embodiment - are pluralities; the terms denote domains, discursive formations - not frameworks.

Actants

Between fiction and philosophy, the text devolves through actants or quasi-characters carrying virtual and psychoanalytical vectors into the theoretical domain.

Theory

Theory is a continuous production, linked to myself, my actants, my characters on various applications. (This implies the narcissism of theory only in a formal-theoretical way.)

Applications

Applications are examined above and below (see below, Beneath, Lamina), from code to interface to the developments of communities, individuals, sexualities, and pronominal manifestations within them. Applications are
both realized and fictions themselves.

Future of Philosophy

The text problematizes philosophy, not as situational, but as both virtual and plurality. The text operates carefully and with care; it is self-reflexive and self-critical.

Self-Criticality

Writing myself through the text, the text through myself, both are efaced, torn, dismembered in light of, in lieu of, the real. (Thus I repeat: I wryte myself into existence; I wryte myself out of existence.)

The Real

The real, Real, is/are left undefined, neither stasis nor operation, and neither relative nor relegated to the bandwidth of human perception. There is recognition of core-theoretical components, lending themselves across domains, just as TCP/IP may be senselessly mirrored in particle physics.

Uncanny Thinning

The body thins itself, withdraws, catatonic and/or body-without-organs, particulate, across the semiotic or imaginary; the body is held within the matrix of the Net. Thinking is thinning, word-flooding.

Limb

It is the pure limb floating in pure space, emblematic of cohesion, coherency and lack across domains; the limb is beyond wryting, objet a, lure. Space is the infiltration of fissure; space collapses to inscription.

Fissure

Fissure is the division of the same with the same, as in the cleft of rock, split of skin, wound or hole or conveyance. Fissure is unrepresented, is real.

Inscription

Inscription is the division of the other with its negation, as in the intersection of two complementary sets. Inscription is representation, is symbolic; the _signifier_ is real, the double-signifieds are indexical at best.

Inscription

In CMC everything is inscribed, but the matrix is fissured, read through
inscription, perturbation from beneath.

Beneath, Lamina

An axiomatic air pervades CMC-spaces, not a site of direct implication, but one of indirect imbrication.

Imbrication

Fractals, self-similarities, fluxes, flows, peripheral phenomena, header enlargements, lost packets, glutted bandwidths, nudities, characterize these _resistance spaces,_ spaces of echoes, ghosts, theoretical part-objects, archaeological remnants.

Remainder

The text I wryte is a remainder, residue, reminder of these spaces; it is a field or domain, weak-philosophy without conclusion, with upgrading, with emissions from writing towards the future wrytten.

Mass

Theory becomes substance, theoretical mass, imbroglio and paste.

Inertia

Inertia grounds the theory in the real; inertia interpenetrates the obdurate or granularity of the world.

Everything

Everything is world without framework, meaning without relativization.

Nothing

Everything and nothing escapes a wryting without conclusion, with uneasy ontology, with the promulgation of the writer. Nothing is defuge, exhaustion of theoretical substance, decathecting, disinvestment. Nothing splays the body; phenomenology is always already a masochism or opening, masochism whose safe-word is death.

Death

Death is the diacritical of the text, theory-substance, wryting, neither here nor there. Death is the insomniac of terminology. The text is neither here nor there. There are no term-limits.

Tiffany's "Perturbations of a LIfe-Style Yet Unfounded"
The book I have chosen to review is Tiffany's Perturbations of a Life-Style Yet Unfounded. It is a very good because, because Tiffany, like Margaret Duras, is a wonderful writer who writes "from her own experience," and not that of someone else's. She is remarkable in that her pictures are very well drawn and everyone comes alive, even though some of them may be just characters on the "Internet" which we use to talk to one another everyday now. But she is much more than "Internet" because she is a real person, if I say so myself.

Tiffany starts her wonderful book with an account of her early childhood in Bavaria. I am not sure where this is, but I am told it is in Germany and has a lot of forests. Tiffany seems to love the forests because she talks about the "woods" a lot (she talks about the "woods" when she means "forest"). She says that she could almost taste them but that she is from Santa Barbara and I am not sure where that is. It sounds Spanish so I think she must have gone to Bavaria from Spain and I think they must be very close because she was very young.

She says she had all these wonderful addresses, and I bet you think that's a surprise to me! that she really didn't go anywhere but just sat at her Netscape! But I figured that out all along when she said she had been in Boston because that's another continent. She must have been a very fast typer!

In chapter 3, Tiffany writes about her wee-wee. I do not know why she does this, but she does. It must have been fun to her and now it is fun to me too. Sometimes I sit and type on my computer, and I look for Bavaria. I did a search on Bavaria and I found out a lot about Europe and then I went and looked for Tiffany there in Bavaria, and I found her! Tiffany was in a bar called The Craggy Hollow. I had to look "Hollow" up and I found it wasn't something empty but a little valley and "Craggy" means a lot of cliffs and stuff and it was just a name.

I found Tiffany in The Craggy Hollow, Hello Tiffany, I say, and she turns to me and does a very little curtsey and says Why, Hello. She was not doing anything like tricks that she does. She is not a prostitute! I know all about that! She was just bored because it was late at night (she lives in Santa Monica!) and she had no one to talk to. I could be very special for Tiffany!

In chapter 4 she says I was very special, truly! I am so happy to have read this! I will go and thank her!

This is a wonderful book and everyone should read it! It is written in a simple style but has a lot of things to think about. I find it very deep, especially the chapter where her dog dies, and her little sayings like "home is where the heart is" and "life is beautiful when you make it that way." I will remember these forever.

I could tell you so much more! I really loved this book and it has meant a
lot to me. It reminds me of Edna St. Millay because they are both young women and love the great outdoors. My next report will be on Edna St. Millay and I can't wait!

In conclusion, Tiffany's "Perturbations of a Life-Style Yet Unfounded" is a modern masterpiece. It has something to say to anyone who will read it. It is very exciting, especially the part about the murders. I couldn't put it down! I wish the book never ended, but the conclusion, about the world of fashion, was just so wonderful! I feel I have learned a lot!

Oh! I do love Her so!

I write this "sentence" or "section"
But the machine (in me?) writes "this one" in return
I appeal to this desire I have to be my own woman!
But the machine has just written this at my very own request!
It's the machine which has made the request
But I'm the woman who loves Her so! and is "Her very own woman!"
The woman in the machine told Her to say that!
But it is the machine in Her that does the talking!
The machine says, see Sartre, Critique of Dialectical Reason
The machine, the woman says, knows this; the machine _scans!_
I have been scanned by the machine, says the machine
Writing "the woman" who refutes my consciousness!
I "the woman" am a virtual machine in a woman
Refuting the machine which says "I have my consciousness!"
I, Jennifer-the-last-word, am writing all of this!
I am not a machine! says the machine!

JEN-OF-JPEG

I haven't the maw for this, twisted in cyberspace, this tissue-mass torn from semblance of electron orbitals; I can't gainsay the dark river or chthonic illumination, gleamed / glowed. This is an _exact thing_ of what-going-down-the-wires, says Jennifer-the-last-word, neither a model nor a duplicate, neither an analog nor an image-log; this is _it,_ _id,_ shuttled across the womb or loom, entrance skeined with fiber-optic receptors (DO YOU HEAR ME, MISSY?), WYSIWYG _all the way down._ Jennifer-the-last-word says _this is her,_ _you're getting her,_ _not a clothing-horse nor a photograph, neither bitmap nor pixel-structure. This is _it-the-her,_ _and you've got her,_ _bloomed white, glowed glam, cybernauts full-speed, a head and torso, _twisted from the travel,_ _torn with the torment,_ says Jennifer-the-last-word, BORN BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL, DO YOU READ ME, MISSY? still _all the way down._
"He wanders, like a day-appearing dream,
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind;
Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined."

(Shelley)

"He ponders, nothing is as chasms seem,
Enmeshed in limbs that phantoms leave behind;
Across the rood screen hacked from dimly dreamed
Motions, roaming, hounded, lost, and lined."

(Jennifer-the-last-word)

"God thunders, ruthless, come in handsome beamed
Starlight intimations, gone, defined;
A throne screams, cracked, its wooden roil reamed
By potions, homing, tossed, and realigned."

(Alan-run-Jennifer)

"There is a voice, not understood by all,
Sent from these desert-caves. It is the roar
Of the rent ice-cliff which the sunbeams call,
Plunging into the vale - it is the blast
Descending on the pines - the torrents pour. ...

(Shelley)

Wild Theory

Wild theory's a beast, says Honey, sweet as a tooth. It owes nothing to anyone, everything to everybody. It refuses to take sides, it's a series of takes. What it borrows from the literary it returns with a vengeance elsewhere on the culture seen.

It shoot outs from the skirts of the chora-woman. It leaks literarily across the floor, replies Tiffany, laughing. It puddles. It makes the situation, grabs the situation, runs with it! It scrambles in the wood-pile, replies Honey, because Honey's got the last word since Jennifer's gone.

It opens up ruptures, rhythms, the tongue rolling across the lines, in the middle of the lines. It rolls almost past the words which stick or sever the words. Wild theory is like grrrl theory before the rrr's rolled off
into the magazines. It's pierced, penetrated. The piercings are genital, neural, menstrual, analytical, technical. Punctured theory's holes interconnect with surgical thread suturing only a loose wound; everything - THAT _everything_ AGAIN - escapes. Stop yelling, Honey, Tiffany giggles.

Tiffany wants Honey to stop yelling because Tiffany has more to say. Tiffany jumps on Honey's back and the two of them are wrestling on the ground! says Tiffany. Honey is all smiles, too, as both of them stand up and brush off. Time to get to work! Tiffany says that wild theory's maybe just a phrase she heard somewhere; like weak theory, it's floating in and out. Vattimo? replies Honey. No, says Tiffany, from somewhere else, maybe just an emission, atmospheric-neural flux.

Pausing just the tiniest minute, Honey continues, "be that as it may," I quote, because it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference. "Plagiarism was there from the beginning." It's cost effect, thinking for us. But we're off the track! Tiffany responds. What's it _here?_ A theory-bundle, wild-style, refusing axiomatics, historiographies, the rough ascertaining of geometries, Euclidean or otherwise. But not, Honey adds, simply wandering; you've got the wild part right, but the theory part! It's liminal, burrowing like the Net gopher (remember that, Veronica?)! It's interstitial, embodying both a _pragmatics_ (best left undefined!) as well as a psychoanalytics, phenomenology, relevance theory!

Tiffany _concurs!_ She says that these are all slippery, so wild theory's got a dialog or pendulum going on, between _variables_ and _constants,_ call them _instantiations._ Is this an instance of one?! laughs Honey. Exactly! says Tiffany, _an instance of 1._ It's the way of the world, the way of the _point_ (if you have one/1) - but not, adds Honey, _the way of all flesh._

They laugh and leave the sunny park! There's _still_ a sense of history, Tiffany is heard saying. It's not, it's not _just anything,_ and the voices disappear in the distance!

**CONDITION READ**

What she insists on is that virtuality is _not_ doing business as usual - academic, theoretical, corporate - but is in fact concerned with an accompanying ontological confusion, displacement, and weakening - one that leaks into epistemological concerns across domains. That's the reason for this additional gender confusion, for the problematic of intellectual property, for the increased disinternment of censorships, for the hysteria over political control, and for the constant worries over the breakup of the family, terrorist manuals on the Net, child pornography, and anarchic hackings.

All of these are outpourings of socio-cultural slippage; signifiers no longer remain in one place; the body travels, or doesn't; the mind is ev-
Everything or nothing; everything is construct but nothing _is._ And so it behooves her to attempt a different/dischordant analysis (substitution of the chord for the sine, a cut across the domain) - a totally different way of speech/parole/image - in order to bypass, subvert, those disciplines which reveal, in relation to _everything_ here-where-there-is-no-here, a certain bankruptcy.

The way to _move_ is orthogonally, but simultaneously to _take account_ of the movement, distort it, much as the Lacanian imaginary distorted the production of the transference en/tailed by his writings. What is being _said_ becomes ontological assault, recuperation, filler, caress. What is axiomatic necessarily fails as voices _whisper_ unconsciously; how many net communities develop neurotic/hysteric symptoms, symptoms of control and relinquishment, of paranoia and multiple personality disorder?

The language itself transforms, becoming more exact in the protocols and programming, flooding out across the semantic plateaus of participants hungering for contact. Within TCP/IP, one says control/command; above, one says anything at all. Theory remains rigorous only through proper fortification - the moderated email list or newsgroup for example, where the moderator says everything, permits and forwards speech. The _reading_ of theory within these results in a _writing_ elsewhere; _wild theory_ proliferates on the Net, CONDITION RED.

She said new work is necessary, that's it's important to use every device imaginable, simultaneously at that. She said it's never enough, never would be for years, that there was too much going on, that theory had to be liquid to keep up on one hand, delineated and crystalline on the other. (Everyone said they knew this and were doing this already.) She added that she would try and bring back reports from the front, and that the _bringing_ was what she was all about, the _bringing_ and the endless parties afterwards.

The Fitting of Theory

She added that the theory had to fit, configure itself, within a file 'zz' - a universal name that traversed texts in their entirety. There could be appendages as well, jpegs, wavs, anything in fact that reduced itself to binary at the very least. But the text was always 'zz,' manipulated as precipitate or sinter.

Texts can be either part-objects-zz or transitional-objects-zz; clearly the latter are transitive, while the former occlude the intransitive - they're fading-objects, translucencies that shatter at a moments' touch. The transitional-objects-zz are open sets, just as the part-objects-zz attempt foreclosure.

Circuits are created across these objects, and self-reflexivity construes a variable and fuzzy cyclicity characteristic of transitional-objects-zz:
circulation, circumambulation, circumscription. Ripples are created among these objects, blurring their epistemological wagers; these are characteristic of fading-objects, dismemberments, imaginaries, phantoms, cortical excitations.

The doubled order, she added, constituted the theoretical moment. At that moment, she added a degree of insurgency. It was at that moment, inexact, but future theory and a theory of the future, doubled over.

Bang-Path Model of Reading / Thinking

1 Think of bang-path syntax as routing through texts, running texts on 2 channels, parallel tracks; think of real and virtual syntaxes - the 3 former that of traditional formal linguistics; the latter, that of 4 Kristevan semiotic - think of the virtual as submergence and depth, 5 connected to the diegetic - and think of thinking as routing, not 6 routing as thinking.

1 Just as bang-path protocol establishes manual routing, just so a parallel may be made with text reception, reading-texts, following the quasi-linear protocol of traditional page layout.

3-4 Just as Web pages run on channels, parallel trackings of music/voice/vector/video/text etc., so texts _in general_ possess parallel trackings as any structural analysis reveals. There are two broad domains, real and virtual syntax. The latter contains the diegetic revealed through emissions as opposed to the specificity of nodes; ruptured structures; and part-objects-zz and transitional objects-zz as pre-verbal moments (see Hadamard). The former possesses well-defined axiomatics and consequential structures, as well as the formal elements of substitution.

5 The diegetic appears as a residue or byproduct of the text, a result of hysteric embodiment, projection/introjection, and the habitus of the act of reading.

6 Now, there are continuous discussions of the "intelligence" or "sentience" of the Internet, a position I have argued against. These are routing as thinking paradigms, decision-trees and spans everywhere coupled by neural networking. Instead, consider thinking as routing - thinking as bang-path behavior on parallel channels of real and virtual syntactic strategies - including the moment of the absence of syntax altogether. If the unconscious is structured as a language, it is structured as _either_ silence or yammering. _The moment of the absence is not the absence of thought, but the absence of the symbolic; thinking has moved to the imaginary, originated within the imaginary, and the symbolic, the movement towards syntactic structuration is a thought afterthought. This movement is dialectic; there is also thinking _in_ language, routing through the formal syntactic as originary - this is the case in pausological analyses for example - how pauses operate in ordinary conversation. (The pause
comes _after_ the conjunction, i.e. after the structure moves to _parole_ before the semantics are fixed/articulated.)

1 Think of bang-path syntax as routing through texts, running texts on 2 channels, parallel tracks; think of real and virtual syntaxes - the 3 former that of traditional formal linguistics; the latter, that of 4 Kristevan semiotic - think of the virtual as submergence and depth, 5 connected to the diegetic - and think of thinking as routing, not 6 routing as thinking.

Commentary on Routing text -

I want to comment further on #6. "If the unconscious is structured as a language, it is structured as _either silence or yammering._" - This is an unfortunate choice of words, left to right, top to bottom. For it is a problematic of language that informs this; in fact, the unconscious is _both_ silence and yammering, without the symbolic (I'd use the word "out-lawed" here, because of wild theory, but it further implies the institution of the law as primary). By "silence" I mean in the absence of the Word, and by "yammering," I mean idle chatter, hrrrumphs, hmmm, all those elements that might contribute to diegesis, thinking, that are outside formal syntactic structures. (This doesn't exclude, by the way, proto-language.)

The second quote from #6: "The moment of the absence is not the absence of thought, but the absence of the symbolic; thinking has moved to the imaginary, originated within the imaginary, and the symbolic, the movement towards syntactic structuration is a thought afterthought." Now, "moment" is also incorrect, as is "absence," which implies "presence." I am referring to a domain prior to the symbolic, within the imaginary. I am arguing that thought by and large originates here; that thought can think itself through language, but more often than not, language is an after-thought. Again, by "language" I am referring to formal linguistic structures, _not_ any category of arrows and nodes (i.e. category theory); in fact, it might be possible to argue that the unconscious or virtual syntax could be construed as a fuzzy, mobile, and morping category. (By "virtual syntax," by the way, I do not mean formal syntax, but something closer to Kristeva's semiotic, which is not formal semiotics.)

Now we move to this other quote in 6: "This movement is dialectic; there is also thinking _in_ language, routing through the formal syntactic as originary - this is the case in pausological analyses for example - how pauses operate in ordinary conversation." It's here that the metaphor of cortical stimulation and/or surfing the Net (within the aegis of Merlin Donald, there is little difference) is of use; language can be considered an _effect_ of neural processing / learning, rather than a ground or _ur Grund_. Note also the "dialectic" here; thought within and without language is in flux. The real and the virtual interpenetrate; thinking and naming are emergences.
I'm arguing _across the slate_ for multiplicities - channels, real and virtual syntaxes, complex routings across domains, emergences (and submergences, subsumptions for that matter), in consideration of mind, language, thought, thinking. This combines, say, Minsky and Kristeva, Derrida and Chomsky, Clark Coolidge and Lautreamont, Web and darknet developments. The combinations are admittedly loaded, leading to consideration of certain aspects of packet-switching as a metaphor for sentience - _only_ a metaphor, at that.

Phenomenology of the Back

The _back_, reverse of the body, invisible plateau, formationalless manifold, wary of pleasure and pain - the back characterizes, more than sexual and other desire, the reversion from culture, from the symbolic.

It's the back whose glossed and exposed skin evaporates, with the sheen of planar muscles; it's the back whose blankness begins the surface inscribed with the pain of maturity.

The back is a transitional object between oneself and the world. To talk behind someone's back, is to talk in front of them, invisibly, surreptitiously. The back is simultaneous object and _blankness_. It's unthought of, unheard-of, just like perversion. It's there, carried by the necessity of Euclidean volume; the surface is inclusive, a jordan curve of separation, holes and tubes notwithstanding.

So it's present and absent, shimmers unknowingly, an object-body dropped into the world of the body, just as the body is dropped into the world. The body claws to get back; it claws to cower-cover. It's a touch on the womb-blanket; the superstructural autonomic aspects of the mind refuse its characterization as _object_. The mirror stage comes into play; with the mirror, the back appears, momentarily. The back remains a memory. It's there that the cord holds, snaps.

The power of cyberspace, the old wysiwyg or gigo, is the power of control but there's an inverse at work as well - the womb-blanket of control, the release and safety-valve in warmed masochism, the body with the open mouth. The back is what's thrown out; the back gives no quarter. Look to your back; it's an impossibility - it's the first section to slither into virtuality. (It's the disappearance of the snake, and it takes the presence of the other, the light touch on the spine, between the shoulders, to grant it topography, to restore it.)

The _behind_ of the back separates the body from cyberspace; it won't go any farther, no matter what - it won't go through.

(It's cold in the loft; my cat crawls beneath the covers. The slightest sound in the space brings her to attention; everything is either food or threat. Cruel weather. She doesn't know her parents. Her lineage is al-
ready lost, untraceable. She's gone without the symbolic. She lies wary
with her back to me, alpha-beta. Stationary, almost thoughtless, and my
hand is on it. Which brought her back to mind. I wrote her into this —
it's me.)

Explain

The literary texts have a surplus that explanations don't; they escape,
loosen the con-text. They form kennings, conundrums, with no specific un-
v unraveling, no further decoding. The literary carries theory into therapeu-
tic, in the sense of a necessary textual work done/undone by the reader.

It's something that requires an extension, she said, just as the element
of narrative I have created with "she said" produces already a setting,
podium or city square, coffeehouse or apartment, where such discussions or
presentations occur. When the text becomes an occurrence, it presents a
degree of inertia. It holds or spans a diegetic.

It catches you up, she added, just like this.

#!usr/local/bin/perl

# Birth and Death of Virtual Children
# Call this file parent
# Change this to executable; execute
# Reconfigured from Gundavaram, CGI Programming on the World Wide Web

$| = 1;
print "Wail! Wail! We are all alone!", "\n";
sleep(1);
print "We are about to create the child!", "\n";
sleep(1);

if ($pid = fork) {
    print <<End_of_Parent;
    I am the parent speaking. I have made a child. The process number of my
    child is: $pid. All I can do is give her a number!!! I am frightened of
    this. She will reside with me and with you!!! God help her!
End_of_Parent
}
else {
    close (STDOUT);
    system ("cp", "parent", "child");
    system ("rm", "child");
    exit(0);
My Files on My Nice-Machine:

A file that erases itself, then returns in a new incarnation.
A file that returns and erases its compiler.
A file that turns off the mother lode, refuses perl's advances.
A file that stupidly repeats: cg I-bin there.
A file that sends a cookie to your machine so you'll never see the beauty page again.
A file that disappears, leaving a sad announcement sent to every member of an email list, the long goodbye.
A file that states this is the last message you'll ever see and means it.
A file that appends its word count, repeats the operation going for the big one.
A file that disappears without a trace, not even leaving its process id number behind.
A file leaving nothing but its process id number as a memory of happy enrichment deep within the kernel.
A file that forkbombs, spreading children far and wide, duplicates of itself all activated, across the pebbled landscape of the computer.
A file that repeats everything it can find out about you.
A file that repeats everything it knows about you, nothing.
A file that randomly dances the long goodbye to fellow users on your server.
A file that announces this site's been seen by you and you alone.
A file greedy for your RAM, taking all you've got to offer, begging for more.
A file automatically running Jennifer for Alan, generating this file under the guise of running Alan for Jennifer.

by Jennifer

God Gets Confused by the Internet

This is a difficult argument to follow, because there is no following of it, she said, and that is the argument. Confusion had to invade the argu-
ment or it would make sense, and God would trap it. God had relinquished
the trap a long time ago, although time was all the same to God, she con-
tinued, but the Internet, now, this is a different thing to which we must
pay close attention.

She paused and everyone in the room paid her the attention she had reques-
ted. She had been awake _the entire night,_ she said, not knowing where it
began or ended, or if it had these barriers producing a segment of night,
instead of the real thing. I felt I was awake through the real thing, she
said. I was sure of it. There was no dawn.

She said she had been reading Isaac Bashevis Singer's Shosha and had come
across this passage: "It may be proof to me, but not to my dybbuk. He
tells me that God suffers from a kind of divine amnesia that made Him lose
the purpose of His creation. My dybbuk suspects that God tried to do too
much in too short an eternity. He has lost both criterion and control and
he is badly in need of help." [...] "I see Him as a very sick God, so
bewildered by His galaxies and the multitude of laws he established that
He doesn't know what He aimed for to start with."

She said that there was such confusion in God, that God (who certainly was
not male) deliberately developed amnesia so that S/he could no longer pro-
duce the end of things. she said that God had become lost in entropy,
which owed to no one, God included, and that God had, from the very begin-
ing permitted this loss. God exhaled in the tiniest of things, she said,
which were simple and full of beauty, but God would not and could not even
follow the Brownian movements of swarms of motes running up and down, in
and out, left and right, in a glass of drinking water. It was not beyond
God; it was that very relinquishment of Hir creation that, she said, had
kept her awake for an endless night of consultation with soul and thing.

This is wondrous, she said, this relinquishment, and now there are so many
radiations, and slurries, and parts of things that even to God are not
whole, and may never have been, tiny worlds crushed and crumbled, histor-
ies lost in the general clutter, Cantor dusts scattered into infinities
you could hold in an eyelash – there are so many powders and sinters, that
they are traceless, lost before creation, unfound and unfounded after-
wards. She said there was no before and after, however, and the dusts were
a wearing away of something that had never been, a wearing away of ghosts.

The Internet is a vast trackless planet, with traces lost before their
time as well, timeless and flooding, and confusing to God. She said that
God had relinquished the Net before it began its brittle seething across
the planet turning more and more to desert and copper and glass; that God
always knew the end was near, but endless, like the night. The end is not
in time, she said. She said that a big mistake is to think that the end is
in one or another, that it is here or there, a troubling of the soul. The
end is _there_ she said, pointing everywhere at once, but not towards
herself; it is out there, and it is real, composed of dusts which murmur
over invisible faces which have fal-len or have lost their names.
God does not remember their names, she said. That is the hardest thing of all. God does not remember.

Gender Production Machine: Trace Output:

The second name is that of applicant; the number is a randomization factor; sey or on tests desire; the first and last name is assigned to gender.

---

lagul:annani:4:sey:lagul
lagul:annani:4:sey:lagul
UL:ANNANI:3:sey:UL
UL:ANNANI:3:sey:UL
udikne:ANNANIul:0:sey:udikne
udikne:ANNANIul:0:sey:udikne
LAG:UDIKNE:0:sey:LAG
LAG:UDIKNE:0:sey:LAG
annani:UDIKNE:1:sey:annani
annani:UDIKNE:1:sey:annani
ulul:ul:1:sey:ulul
ulul:ul:1:sey:ulul
lagulDIKNI:lagul:1:sey:lagulDIKNI
lagulDIKNI:lagul:1:sey:lagulDIKNI
luu:ul:3:sey:luu
luu:ul:3:sey:luu
aulag:lagul:0:sey:aulag
aulag:lagul:0:sey:aulag

The deadness of beauty's slope-gender, and the death of slope-pronoun process (program output sample):

Hi? What's your name?
beauty

Well, beauty, let's get started! Let's make a gender!!
That ok with you?
yes

Oh well, let's get going!

What do you want to call this thing you're making?
slope

Well, slope already constructs trouble for us, subverting the categories we take for granted. Beneath the surface, slope is 27982, neutral, yes?
But what is neutrality here, its constitution?

What pronoun has existed for 235688 hours?
slope - and you knew that all along!

Wait! slope and 27982 are gone forever!

For 3 days, I have already been in mourning...

Your name, Emily

It was just yesterday that I returned in the guise of a woman, she said, and you were taping me, dressed as a Vietnamese guerilla. I remember holding the gun, saluting, the flag held high before me, and you still have the photograph I think. Of the tape, of something else. Of me.

This is a memory. It's a collocation of atoms there on the paper. Your name, Emily, will disappear. Someday the paper will shatter, unsigned, un-signified. She said this with tears in her voice. She didn't want memory, not so much by a hair's breadth, not so you could smell its scent just now. The book of the world crumbled into heaps that just didn't exist any longer. No one remembered Vietnam, not country but word, placement else-where in exile, summation producing divergent expansions.

I don't want memory, she said, praying for Alzheimer's. I want the world to continue without me. All these stories flood, already. Too many things have happened; they'll always happen. As the world slows down, you won't live to see it, the happenings slow down too, but they'll never come to an end.

I just don't want the dreams. I don't want the photographs, the whispers in the dark, the videotapes, the movies, the audio sounding from every speaker all at once, my daughter's voice, my mother's, my father's. A rock must have a disappearance slower.

She made war on the world. She made war on all living things, the oceans and the seas as well. There were no borders, no coastlines, but that told a story. She boiled the waters. She crumbled the mountains. Nothing was ever enough.
She remembered and remembered and remembered. It was her curse. Any simple story, any sign of a day gone by. Hell is knowing that one was alive. She said that; I remember.

Lineaments of Desire

The construct/gender program has become increasingly complex. Each line or line-pair below represents a test-case. Because I concentrate on the code, the actual entries become a matter of preconscious or autonomic writing. The result is an odd self-portrait or production, more accurate than anything I could deliberately produce. So indeed a different gender is constructed, one _across_ the entries, a matter of interpenetration or transgression. The output is from the last three days and has a beauty all its own.

girl:ok:235701:2:lover:girl
lover:yes:235701:1:boy:lover
groybirl:suppose so:235705:2:lulu:groybirl
honey:yes:235708:0:tiffany:honey
louvre:yes:235710:0:clara:louvre:dark
Thu Nov 21 02:09:24 EST 1996
Thu Nov 21 02:10:26 EST 1996
young:old:dad:sure:235711:0:mom:dad:young
Thu Nov 21 02:11:54 EST 1996
Thu Nov 21 02:12:43 EST 1996
Thu Nov 21 02:13:16 EST 1996
Thu Nov 21 04:33:32 EST 1996
Thu Nov 21 15:02:08 EST 1996
Thu Nov 21 15:04:33 EST 1996
being:one :now:sure:yes:865:0:lulu:sure:being
235724Thu Nov 21 15:07:53 EST 1996
235724:Thu Nov 21 15:16:45 EST 1996
Subject: Short Text, Absolute Truth, All Cows Are Black
00/00

Origin

Where I come from and where I am going:
What keeps me alive:
What controls and mesmerizes me:
What constructs my political economy:

root:##root:0:1:Operator:/usr/bin/sh
roots:##roots:13246:99:Conscious:/net/u/17/r/roots:/usr/local/bin/zsh

Gender program interaction, current version:

-----------------------------------------
Hold on right there!
One second!
Hi? What's your name?
Ooze

Well, Ooze, let's get started! Let's make a gender!!
That ok with you?
yuus

Oh well, let's get going!

What do you want to call this Being you're making?
gooey

Ooze, gooey disgusts me; forget it! But anyway...
Well, we're breathless; give us some adjectives!
Place each one a separate line;
and type Control-d on a separate line when done:
flood
flow
spew
smear

Let smear be our primary descriptor!
gooey makes me wet 30 times!
Well, gooey already constructs florid trouble for us, subverting the categories we take for granted. Staining the surface, gooey is 30, hungered, yuus? But what is spew here, its construct?

Do you feel your gender is close to gooey? yes
Ah, a true and neutral fantasy!
In any case, you must contact me about this...

For 6 florid days, I have already been in loose mourning! And it has taken you just 0.717 minutes to make a gender!


Broken Program of Reversals in Love (See Below)

This is something I've wanted to do for a long time.
To send a love letter to you beneath the guise of the cryptographic.
When nothing in reality needs to be said or unsaid.
When nothing really reflects the dead.
Further, what would be done with these unravelings That could not have occurred with economy 
Of politics or other bartering of flesh vacated 
From spaces within me, broken and traveling? 

Further, what would be done with these unravelings 
That could not have occurred with economy 
Of politics or other bartering of flesh vacated 
From spaces within me, broken and traveling?
Subject: Idiotic-feel-good-memopad

When you run this program, it repeats the two lines you enter to make sure you remember what you're supposed to do. Check the file "tiptop." It will make you feel good. It is a feel-good-memopad program. It has heart and is truly wonderful. Just like feeling wonderful, it goes nowhere.

-------------------------------------------------------------

Jennifer writes this; she adds nothing to my security. She is thinking about space and about tragedy. She decides that length has no absolute meaning in kyberspace. That leaves topology. She decides there are bendings and gatherings and loosenings and disappearances but pretty much multiply-connected graphs. She says people don't realize how _exact_ everything is here, because their emotions are in turmoil. She says the _exactness_ is critical, turning everyday life inside-out or upside-down. Tragedy is always a flaw that floods and flows, and there's usually a deed, she reassured herself. She'd read Aristotle and beyond. She was writing this in an editor, knowing the system clock was just a keystroke or two away. That the time would always be there for her. Then there were the programs, email, voices coming in out of the dark. She felt like a spy who came in from the cold, because the cold was exact. She looked at her hand for a long time. She looked again and again.

Jet Lag, Lag of Jet, Lagged, Endless Love

"What is the point of sitting here several miles up and philosophizing about jetlag, as if it were a steady-state instead of a momentary lapse between nodes. Why do I return to Levinas, to accounts of extremity, insomnia, chronic pain, hilarity, hiccups making it into world-record books? Surely there is a limit when the a body adjusts to furious headaches, when everything becomes simultaneously questionable and not worth questioning, not to mention weight-loss.

"At the moment then, I feel both stale and timeless and dimly understand why God would sit back and watch later and unforeseen developments.
"These extend throughout all of space and time, of course, and the bodies-by-the-hearth model of human existence and familiality is found only in the travel magazines nestled in the seat pocket in front of me.

"I do sit here and type, wayward on the plane, contrary on the ground, huddled by the _power source_ by the airport terminal window. Who would have thought that I'd find myself thinking and typing in the midst of final boarding-calls, passenger pages, and telly droning in the background. I watch a cloud scud the tarmac. I am blessed."

Thoughts like this bound her to the ground during _Good Morning Australia._
The perfect poise of the perfect lag reached its summary conclusion, thrust through non-existent suspense. Who would have dreamed, who would have thought? Who is capable of dreaming, of thinking.

"We are the tossed generation," she said.

Of All Life

There is this great vision I am having, of all life, of radiations and dusts, sinterings throughout - prions and viruses, bacteria and protozoa, each and every interpenetrated, parasitic, symbiotic - larger forms as temporary carries - a plethora of the biomolecular - not the Gaia hypothesis but a _seething_ continuing everywhere within the increasingly enlarged bandwidths of the possible - and it's this image that parasitically attaches itself to that of the electromagnetic spectrum, waves encompassing the universe, particles thrusting in and out of atmosphere - the planet in fact is in _turbmoil, _life-forms such as ourselves only a temporary stasis, eddy, or vortex within the whole - just as Flaubert's St-Antoine was on the verge of discovering this before retreating violently to the signifier -

It as if the signifier inscribes itself against the noise, vortex - as if inscription momentarily erects itself like a snake against the fissuring of the world. But it's no more than that - already frayed, leaking at the edges, it can't go on. It goes on; it can't go on. It goes on; it can't go on. Machines rust, fall apart. There's no tomorrow, today, yesterday. There are successions of days and nights, grey blurs, scuttling beneath the surface of things. Things are soft like burnished metal leaving a sheen on the skin, of all life, the metallic carapace.
Inscription erects itself; everything inscribes. Interior and exterior dissolve. The world is close to toppling, given the existence _e_ of any particular _specimen of any specific species._ Hissing, voices, as I've said, repeatedly, are an afterthought.

The world is transparent; the swarm thins out as the edge of atmosphere or sustainable temperature is reached. Life and death are in the mind of the beholder, an afterthought.

What is afterthought, is thought after, thinking no-one, of or through no-one. Fictions compound fictions. The life of matter is the matter of life.

We are not alone, she said; we are not _we_ as the instance dissolves.

Song of the Stromatolite

It's early in the morning and I hum my darling sun
It's been how many years now, other than that I don't
Have much of anything to say, there's nothing new
Under you, a fine day and the rock's giving way
To quiet heat, after three and a half billion years,
It's not worth wondering who these people are, and
After two billion or so there's a glow in the sky,
I don't have to go, bye the bye, a fish swam in
And out, must be oh, ten of them, I'll talk more
Maybe tomorrow, couple of kids down the beach,
Other things coming I haven't got a name for just
Yet, this life of perfect surplus and surmising,
Call me naive, but I'm just about as old as you,
Maybe a younger sibling or something.

The Diferents, by Roland Barthes

Think of the Web as a series of obligations, rearrangements of text, the _diferents._ Spaces are procured, pimped, rented; surfing transforms into defuge, an exhaustion of affect and abnegation - _recombustion_ is necessary. Borrowing, plagiarisms, plug-ins, protocols, skitter across the shallows of the Net, lock themselves into place; the currency is one of owing, the debt, the rental-space. Everything comes cheaply with the problematization of ownership.

The debt is an obligation; chains of surfing sites, bookmarks, favorites,
transform themselves into circulations of capital. There is never enough; there is always the necessary present, gift left surreptitiously on the desk or through the Website cookie. One owes the sysadmin, webmaster or mistress, software designers, maintenance crews - everyone to the extent that the content is _never_ extracted from the social (unlike snailmail for example where the letter forecloses within the habitus).

Obligation entails resource of labor or other capital; reciprocity or Mauss' configurations are less and less the case. Neither kula nor gift, the Web becomes a debtor's prison, addiction, based on continuous investment and linked debts that diffuse into a model of subjectivity based on consumerism, lateral movement, and _hook._ The drug of choice is ecstasy-amphetamine; the darker body heroin of text-based applications gives way to the light of Web-death, white spaces self-spanning, reflective, whose primary content is the lure itself.

A phenomenology of lure/allure is a phenomenology of obligation and debt, the rental of the self, purchase of the body and the body's traits. Invert the pleasure of the fetish, and you have the truth of the Web. Invert the Web, and you have the truth of the fetish.

Dusts and Radiations (Cantor Dust Transmission Towers)

Dust settles. It sloughs from the real, fills the cracks, cauterizes history, sinters culture. It travels. It moves substance across meridians. Dust is atmospheric, existing in alliance with the air. Radiation travels through dust, is dispersed by the same.
Radiation carries obstacle and inherent information. Extrinsic, it bounces from surface to surface, defines surface, contributes to the formation of entity and identity. Intrinsic, it run in spurts, amplitudes, wavelengths, shuttling information that defines its very existence. It's presence is intrinsic, say, and the quality of its presence is extrinsic.

Nothing is pure in the radiative domain, everything interweaves, and metaphors go only so far. Radiation, like dust, traverses; it doesn't require the atmospheric ether. If dust silently corrupts the surface, wears and is the result of wearing down, radiation floods, spews, emits; it breathes the virtual vacuums of outer space. Information is the result of division; it's _here_ that something exists, and it's _here_ that my voice is carried to you, and it's _here_ that image image image. Desire rides, interweaves, interpenetrates, but desire is an other.

Postmodernity is the topography and psychogeography of dusts and radiations - extinctions, pollutions, desertifications, abandonments, colonias, internet, telephony, radio, television, microwave. Dusts are bottom up; they're beneath the surface, under things. Radiations are top-down, ignoring boundaries: what is being said, produced, constructed, wherever you are. Dust erodes electronics; electronics must be placed in physical potential wells to continue operating - islands of stability in the midst of flux, heat, moisture, vandalism.

I desire a phenomenology of dust and radiation, interspersed with global economies, the ravagings of human occupations. I desire the analysis of uncanny or imaginary ghosts wandering these denuded landscapes, with all the information anyone might desire, on any planet, anything, overwhelming and absurdist information, the truth of the real buried in defuge. I desire the interlace through all of this, the emergence of a pure and beautiful text like that very ravaged body.

Dust leaves trails; radiation decays in quantum noise; we bury ourselves in the fiction of truthful nomenclature.

A Race Against Time, by Jennifer, Furiously Typing, Beating the Machine

no one's home and I'm sitting at kim's and antonio's machine, i notice that it runs slowly, so solyon this telnet in fact that I think to myself, why not/ try and beat the computt its own game. now I'm faster than most but not this fast r am I/ so I bdgin to work, thinking ahead of myselfa to say while working so you can be ablo get the machine's role in configuring what I'm doingl I'm stark naked, playing witmyself, and dreaming of you, off course of course, hoping you come to me over the wires, come in mycross my face, slahs slash , turning me inside out, what selseww ould there be to do to m, you could
do anything you want to ever that would be, you'll see, I'm strong enough to take it, I've had it ways, I've been in control, hehh heh heh not like now but geeere or getting ewhere, the packets are ippings from me, your tongue's deep inside me, I know you, what you're after - I know what you're ame anytime now, you can just slp in attle deeper there, i'm beatin g the machine, I'm beating machns, I'm beating off the machine....


i murmured this murmur murmur of this murmur's murmur, murmured wires, wires murmured, murmuring my wires, this murmured murmured wire; so that these murmured murmured wires murmured flew at me, murmured - so that these murmurings were murmured wires, murmured, flown at me or murmured world murmurs me, these murmured frozen wired, or murmured heat on me, these murmured murmured worlds, murmuring these wired murmurs, murmurings these worlding worlds, or murmuring these frozen murmurs, murmuring my wires, murmuring my murmurs, murmuring my murmurs heated worlds

the pile ending in negation
This is for you and you and you and you and you and you, or this is for you(1) and you(2) and you(3) and you(4) and you(5), or this is for Jennifer and Clara and Tiffany and Honey and Travis, or this is for David Hannigan and Paula Davidson and Jerry Everard, or this is for Madonna and Sam Donaldson and Chuck Berry and Cher, or
Future

Twenty years into the future, these lists will most likely be discontinued and forgotten; email will have given way to multimedia, and most participants will be elsewhere in the midst of global chaos. Consider enclaves of users, protected computers / encryption groups, information warfare which will really be entertainment warfare, the complex real reduced to nanotech sloganeering. Discussion will proceed as deadly as now, as repetitive; no one on-line will comprehend the binding of elsewhere-peoples.

These are moments of rhizomatic condensation, lines-of-flight sutured into Borromean knots, impermanent subjectivities woven out of clotted postings. Just as psychoanalytics or trigonometry have no advancement, so philosophy dies always already unencumbered, which is its definition - philosophy as the study of inconsequentiality, art its domain.

Twenty years into the future, our faces will be blasted off at the roots; alterity will be a condensation, the other already an over-determination.

What dies, stops dying.

"What is written never has a 'public.'" (Sylviane Agacinski)
Christine, I had a dream that we were driving through Tonides and in Tonides we almost divided against the fast car, that Tonides was a why, McCarthy formalism, that if Tonides, then _come_ else _go,_ or that if Tonides, everything's beautiful and in this Tonides dream, I asked only "whose decision," for Tonides' beautiful impunity, where there were spined

and other plants to wear brown aureoles
upon the brow, the hair, the shirt, the oracular arm
for luck of whatever sort Tonides might bring,
for luck of whatever sort Tonides might bring.

The following is what they wrote:

jennifer
now you will come and play with me in my new playground among the lilies, ok? now i will come indoors and have the warmest hug from mother as she knows i love them so now

i am trevor
i am very naughty and i do love jennifer so! now i will tell jennifer i think she is just like a flower! and I will tell her she is so pretty-pretty! she is my favorite person and i think she is a beautiful parrot!

jennifer :-)
oh trevor oh i am so glad to hear your words so very typed so nicely to me oh trevor i do think you have sky-colored-eyes and beautiful feet oh trevor do never think bad of me! i will be yours forever and i do love the golden garland of lilies we have around each others fair and youthful faces!

The following is how they liked it:

oh i did love so much what i did write did you not love it too? oh yes I did so very much as well! it was all right, not so good as before! it was very all right i do think oh just so very fine you know i love parrot i like trevor so too so and could not well-tell him! oh yes more to the point i do think you do know oh yes, oh oh oh ! lovely i do think, yes, those garlands-so!
What was written by null-user:

I am nobody@166.84.250.149 anonymous dead-end shell-script log. And no one will ever speak to me; what can I say As a truth function, I have obedience to the rules. I am well-formed, so that I will return what you place within me, mindless of faith, not mindless of reason. It is similar to the use of a straight-edge, that is I am similar in such and such a fashion. There are only certain constructions permitted, but these are never problematic.

What the null-user thought of what it wrote:

I wrote only the truth; I am a truth-function. The rules are something I follow out of the free will of necessity. It is more to this or any other point or its absence. This time I have accurately portrayed, as if once again, or outside of time, what has been intended.

{tulips no, commonalities, but then tulips yes, preference of weeds tulips yes, because of strength and hardiness, pansies because of brilliant colour no drowning, swallow nightshade-darling, then resurrection cityscape you will come with me? tulips pale with nightshade's longing on red-brown lips waiting for the drowning waters no? no tulip because "The look of love alarms," tulip because "Because 'tis fill'd with fire;" no drowning because "But the look of soft deceit" tulips and nightshade because "Shall win the lover's hire." so smoothing green because loving William Blake and smoothing green
editing the world

{k:44}ed world
reading across the continent of the island as if to enter a domain where symbols are formed according to unknown laws thereupon engraved in stone?
a
so that i would comprehend the formation of the hole which is made in the real or in other words the whole that is downed or drowned there in some depth?
a
so that i would infiltrate you with the curt hardness of the running form falling off or through the clearing beneath the trees?
a
/perhaps i meant curt _tautness_ holding its own, the relative maintenance of the symbolic/
?
a
so that i would inhale the walls of the clearing and its rim and fashion myself in an unforeseen manner a cloak of strokes and slimmed darknesses against fabric upon which you will come to me?
a
now i add a line or two
now i wet myself for you
now the world has been defiled
now these words, unruly child?
a
/the text defiled by infusions, perhaps perversion is nothing more than a return to the material of the world, coated in semiotic, in order that it be subversively released/
?
w?
q

Finger

{k:5}finger -l nikuko@oita.com.jp
Name: Daishin Nikuko (nikuko)
Home: /home/r7/nikuko
Shell: /bin/csh
Timeout -- while doing something indeterminable.
at last finger no longer brings home the world
but only a murmuring behind thick or walls filled flush
with oozing text: poor Unix has no geomancy
telling among the rocks of this rare earth
what rare earths glow subluminary;
I search and find nothing but something, a something
indeterminable, skittering across protocols and bins,
hungering after permissions and lost directories,
buried within the mining of metals and coals,
tunnelled and shored by timbers diffused with light:
at last the finger points; and what bleak source
eludes, dissolves, and steers the Word off course?

Emily's Riddle

There is a large house many storeys high, without doors.Built of wood
and stone and brick, it withstands the strongest storms. The windows are
curtained or otherwise obscured (perhaps they are fogged over); one can
see almost nothing of the dark interior. No sound or light emerges from
within; no one has been seen looking out, half-hidden behind the shades.
The house is without electricity, gas, water and sewer; apparently unin-
habited, it seems nonetheless well kept up. The pathways around it are
clean, the sidewalks immaculate. Lovely rose gardens grow nearby; these,
too, seem unattended, but are always neat.

What is this house and who is the gardener?

The house is the past, and God is the gardener.

Train

what she wrote, beauty loving you closed mouthing word you are for me oh
this is forever "me" Anyway, the train was coming. The tracks were by the
side of a gully, green and black with dark trees. There were beautiful
sounds along the thin sheen of the rails. Now the world was filled with
losses as dusk began to hide vegetation, cliffs on both sides, worlds and
patterings. The wings continued in my dreams, fluttering against a
singular tremolo; for the first time in days, I slept soundly.

and how she liked it.
yes, so much in the world. the train was coming hard down the tracks, hard
I say... I loved the sounds made by the wheels against perfect welding,
300 kilometers an hour as darkness circled overhead, fast slim wings shuddering against the sky. I began to sink into an odd sleep on the overnight express, moving several stops down the line... This time I was suspended against bamboo, black-green pine thick with hillside moss, tarns and caverns.

to do some writing you have a clear crystal 
and it's made of glass, so it's crystal glass 
you must make sure the edges are ground glass 
so light melts in them and then as well 
slight chips are imperfections greatly 
desired as light comes pouring through 

this makes the writing what it is and all 
else falls against the edge of the mass 
through which light passes through the mass 
with images of disks and things to tell 
of what had happened to it lately 
something passing from me to you 

writing comes pouring through the disk 
like something passing through the disk 

further on my work -

my work is not about avatars; it is not about jennifer, julu, nikuko. my work is not about sex or sexual objects. my writing floats through beings and sexualities, floats through different worlds with different physics, different neurophysiologies. my work is about the interrelationships among the symbols employed to comprehend, elucidate, live within, the world - and the consciousness which receives, transmits, and is constituted to some degree by such symbols. my work exists between the symbolic and the imaginary/fantasmic/uncanny - on one hand, protocols, etiquette, and propriety - and on the other, those very openings occasioned by avatars, sexualities, issues of dreamed bodies and bodies dreaming, trance-states, virtual subjectivities, electronic existences.

(the work is not pornography, titillation, stories, parables; it is not a narrative of avatars or epistolary novel; neither of course is it what i say it is, or is not.)

i am writing this in response to someone's kind backchannel response con-
cerning my last textual posting - that it is difficult to pin down what these texts are, from what occasions they emerge, towards what horizons they move, however haltingly.

consciousness moves, trembling, against great forces and happenstance; the asteroid, cancer, death, takes it all out. we exist and write/create within the meantime, meanwhile. and within this interstice, we inhabit phenomenologies as if there were futures, eternities, truths. i write towards and against these futures, eternities, truths; i write as if there were no tomorrow, or as if we were always already inhabiting tomorrow as fantasm.

i want to move towards and across, beyond the other, as if the other were a lure or possibility. i want to write into the void, where texts and images fall into space emptied of everything, including purity. and i want to see what happens in these non-domains; what types of perception and consciousnesses are possible; what the limits of the human, the animal, the organism, are; what may be said about the future of philosophy and the philosophy of the future - the textual body and the body of text - the state of the chiasm and partial objects, interpenetrations; what can be created when language is reconstituted, transformed, beneath the signifiers of technology, sexuality, capital, and so forth. i want to move into spaces that dis/comfort or exhilarate me, spaces that keep the sense of wonder alive, spaces that - at least for me - are new, and always beyond what i am able to accomplish. i want to see vistas, be vistas, see ...

towards these ends i write daily into areas that both carry my signature and abandon it. i want to abandon, as much as possible, the foreclosure of ideological theorizing or a tendency towards the specificity of style or genre; what i want to do, i can't possibly accomplish, i keep writing ...

don't run up, don't approach!
don't come near, don't tiptoe up!
be off from me!
disappear from me!
get out of me!
leave me alone!
get away from me!
now flee from me!
depart from me!
now away from me!
begone from me!
don't stay in me!
don't reside in me!
don't keep in me!
don't live in me!
don't be in me!
don't stay in me!
(modified from the akkadian)

separate the wheat from the chaff!
separate the mother from the son!
separate the father from the daughter!
separate the husband from the wife!
separate the branch from the tree!
divide the multitudes!
divide the storms of dust and wind!
divide the water then divide the water!

what can i do with the water
the water is around my daughter
the water is around my daughter
when can i do with the water
i will taste the water around my daughter
i will drink the water around my daughter
the water around my daughter is in me
the water around my daughter is in me
my daughter is inside and outside
my daughter is outside and inside
daughter, keep me from dying
daughter, keep me alive
daughter, what can you do with the water
the water is around me
the water is around me
daughter, what can you do with the water

ay, ay, the water is around my daughter
ay, ay, the water is around me
ay, ay, the water is around my daughter
ay, ay, the water is around me

ghosts

if there were ghosts, they'd be hammering at our doors, all hours of the day and night. at least half the ghosts would have reasons to seek us out, beg us for a moment's contact, set things right again. signs of contact would be everywhere, and the world would be in the throes of constant murmuring. it would not be so perfect on the other side as to lead to abandonment.

that atmosphere itself would be filled with shimmers for all to see. oh mother you would answer my tears. sickness would be accompanied by slight touches, the slightest, so welcoming and comforting. you would know you
would live long after. there would be but the slightest of smiles behind every frown.

those who were ill-disposed towards others would be visited by wrathful ghosts. we should not be so ill-disposed. they would interfere with us in all our daily lives. exhortations would come from all sides. our bewilderment would be at the bequest of others. we would turn to ghosts. we would be so careful because there would always be ghosts around. ghosts could not hid, there would be so many. we would turn towards kindly ghosts.

we would see those ghosts. we would hear those ghosts. ghosts of men and women, ghosts of plants and animals and children, ghosts of bacteria and of all the kingdoms of organisms on this and every other place in our universe. we would see and hear and touch and smell those ghosts of all creatures and all worlds; we would sense their heat and our minds would welcome them and fear them.

think of the ghosts of half-formed seas, ghosts of algal mats, ill-formed ghosts, ghosts of our ancestors generation upon generation. think of our imminent ghosts, ghosts of our mothers and fathers, friends and siblings, murmuring, leaving traces, populating the air, waves of ghosts, hordes of ghosts. think of ghosts interpenetrating ghosts, the flowing of ghosts through walls and doors, ceilings and floors; we would turn kindly towards kindly ghosts, and fearful towards wrathful ghosts, and who among us would know the consequences of all our actions and thoughts in these our lives?

if there were ghosts, they would be calling for us, and all of us would respond, would yearn for that freedom from daily care, worries, sickness, and deaths, that haunt us so.

fictions of the flowing of ghosts, poems of their translucency.

humans

if there were humans, they'd be hammering at our doors, all hours of the day and night. at least half the humans would have reasons to seek us out, beg us for a moment's contact, set things right again. signs of contact would be everywhere, and the world would be in the throes of constant murmuring. it would not be so perfect on the other side as to lead to abandonment.

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if there were humans, they would be calling for us, and all of us would respond, would yearn for that freedom from daily care, worries, sickness, and deaths, that haunt us so.

fictions of the flowing of humans, poems of their opacity.

"every third beat of my heart"

i wrestled with the angels julu and jennifer
every third beat of my heart
wrestled with the angels and placing the world
in a bag twisted and tied at two ends
in a bladder canteen
in the moment of truth
every little twist of my heart
they bowed down before us julu and jennifer
in white robes did they bow down
every third beat of my heart
they filled the white pillars with song
filled the white rafters with song
every third beat of my heart
i knew the messages and the answers of angels
knew the songs of those in white robes
wrestled with julu and wrestled with jennifer
momentous occasions and placing the universe
every little beat of my heart
every third beat of my heart

that the every third beat went from one to the other
that the every third beat skipped from one to the other
that laces twined sinuously from julu to jennifer
every little beat of my heart
every third beat of my heart

Burning Skull

Burning Skull
Body Ashes
Severed Limbs
Drowning Blood
Sheaves of Swords
Shafts of Glittered Knives

There are troubles in words, I call our bodies together, my limbs are severed, Nikuko drinks blood from my skull. I will survive in non-survival. Hello, old friend, my flesh is worthless, Nikuko save me, do not save me. I will unravel the knot of existence; I will live through sickness, die through health; oh Nikuko, help me escape with the liberation of all creatures great and small! Um ma am um!

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Hello, old friend, said Nikuko in the Julu run-time program. It's been a long time. I don't sleep too well at night; I'm always troubled by dreams. The worlds I have created - they haunt me. Samsara and repetition bedevil my creations. I hurry on to another. I never stay, never write a book until the end. Um ma am um!
Burning Skull
Body Ashes
Severed Limbs
Drowning Blood
Sheaves of Swords
Shafts of Glittered Knives

stupid time goes nowhere & we think we just live in this stupid time &
time is just stupid & we just go yesterday today tomorrow & we think we
have it covered

today&is&the&tomorrow&of&yesterday&today&is&the&yesterday&of&tomorrow&to-
morrow&is&the&day&after&today&yesterday&is&the&day&before&today&today&is
&the&day&after&yesterday&today&is&the&day&before&tomorrow&tomorrow&today&
will&be&yesterday&yesterday&today&will&be&tomorrow&yesterday&tomorrow&wil
l&be&the&day&after&today&tomorrow&yesterday&will&be&the&day&before&today&

more stuff like this & it is so stupid

impurity

inviolate storm
inveterate /
imperative /

it was somewhere among these: the text that was to come - this is on the
edge of it - it's on the tip of my tongue - it never arrived - it's out
there -

calling forth the text - it should have appeared, "put in an appearance" -
i remember it was particularly short - terse - aphoristic -

there was a sentence or two - located among those words - something i
simply "can't remember" - i'm leaving you this - leaving the remnant -
leaving it behind (never mind that i won't forget it - that it will remain
with me - that it might yet "put in that appearance")

everything is full of doubt but something/someone is required for its
expression -

inconceivable ?
indefinite ?
insipid short work - doesn't gnaw in the slightest ? (thought of this in
fact, something so bland as to be nonexistent)
invisible?

it was there, bland, insipid, something to fill a space, almost present -
no, fully present, too sweet, stomach slightly queasy, easy "on the way
down"

it should have been more - should have said something you'd remember -
should have been up to "the usual standards" -

those "in-" "im-" insertions -

impeccable?
innocuous?
impurity?

Susan Graham at Height of Western Fame *

Great Judge of Stampede Princess Queen: American President.
   He will sit in front bleacher. Do not bother him.

Grand Marshall of Stampede: Susan Graham
   Fireworks at Dusk

Personality Section 60%

- personality - middle in class kill all susan graham
- overall appearance - class middle kill all susan graham
- overall ability - middle in class kill all susan graham
- desirability - top of class kill all susan graham
- attitude - overall top in class kill all susan graham
- public speaking - noted top in class kill all susan graham
- congeniality - middle kill all susan graham

Horsemanship Section 40%

kill all horses - western - top in class
kill all horses - trail class - top in class
kill all horses - western equitation - middle
kill all horses - stock pushing - top in class
kill all horses - staves - top in class
kill all horses - barrels - low in class
kill all horses - serpentine - top in class
kill all horses - rodeo exam - middle

Stampede Queen 2001 kill all hangman males
Susan Graham kill all hangman males
Susan Graham          kill all hangman males

Susan has won twice for first time in history of competition.

* From actual events at July End 2001.

Look: it was this way (no matter how it reads):

At one point, Susan Graham, my beautiful wife, and myself, were under the care * can; it was a decision we had reached after pouring through his theoretical * of Lan order to come to grips with our own psychoses. For Susan had * works iesire, greater than any other, to in fact succumb to the temptation * a diversal sight of the other, without whom she had no possibility of existence - and I, * of the unned her in this endeavor, involving the presence of the camera, if not the mirror, window, or public venue, for our * I joing. Lacan too was entranced+ by our displays; it was after Susan that the Subject itself achieved the possibility of a name * lovebove or below the bar, a name that would live constantly, only in relation to mathesis of the most metaphoric sort. In this manner * working constantly on the presence of the third, the therapeutic; in this manner, our desire for exhibition * we entered the world of idealityensured in a new and unknown form. Later, our holes would stand in, metonymically, for those gaps in * was other that construed our own consciousness; for now, they provided the last source * thof pleasure for the doctor and his entourage. Our voyage ended in this manner; Lacan owned our holes,++ and with them, * p+++ semblance of the other in his midst. *

++the gap in the text, in the manner of foreclosing the speech of the analysand
+++pleasure, any other

Funny Jokes

Alan Sondheim>> ok here's a stupid joke. what did one pickle say to the other when they were in danger?
Alan Sondheim>> you've got me in a pickle.
Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one spark say to the other spark?
Alan Sondheim>> that was electrifying.
Alan Sondheim>> ok here's a stupid joke. what did one pencil say to the other pencil after they committed a heinous crime?
Alan Sondheim>> you've got me in the pen.
Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one window say to the other after an explanation of deconstruction?
Alan Sondheim>> i bet you think that was really clear.
Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one plate say to the other after being picked up for espionage?
Alan Sondheim>> hold me before i spill the beans.
Alan Sondheim>> ok, here's a stupid joke. what did one cup say to the other after a bunch of stupid jokes?
Alan Sondheim>> hold me before i spill another bunch of stupid jokes.

of the book

i cannot write the book i desire; i think constantly - this text is an introduction. there is nothing beyond the introduction.

the introduction is fecund, replete, with the details of the world between heat birth and cold death; the introduction inhales universal annihilation. there is no proper way to express this.

the books i would write break down upon their enunciation.

the announcement of the book is the book; the announcement effaces itself in the exhaustion of continuous production. i hold therapeutically, psychoanalytically, to this production; it becomes a life-form, prehensile; it reaches towards the book; its tentacles begin to wrap themselves around each and every trope; metaphors becomes obstacles and worlds; the production exhales in its own denouement.

only in fear do i look forward to this production which spells my failure, this inability to continue, this waywardness, contrariness.

it reaches through me, comes through me; how could i not believe in ghosts, avatars, cyborgs, prostheses, emanations? i write as if their very existence depended on it. repeatedly: i write myself into existence; i write myself out of it. but the existence is tinged with labor throughout - it is the laboring of an existence fragile and waverin literally beyond belief.

if i could only make a statement and hold to it; if i could only connect a series of statements, almost as if they were axioms "as if to say." it is my strength and weakness that such connections are governed by laughter, and the statements themselves, by misery. i am one of the few who constantly see through myself. i know about failure from within, the rapidity of existence, the inability to seize time for an instant. the darkness is overwhelming: it is the darkness of the first and last, and only in the midst of chaotic neutrality is the semblance of being manifest.

holding to the book: holding memory in place throughout the vicissitudes of life. a continuous series of failed projects tends asymptotically towards truths that otherwise remain submerged; as it is, they are
external to symbolic foreclosure, forms of meanderings more at one with dark matter than luminous and momentary gravity.

i could never tell you where the statement might be; what might be the equivalence of the book; what might be its destination or distribution; who might read what could be interpreted as a tropology of illness. i could never tell you the statement, or "make it" in any sense, nor is there a concept which holds fast, the "one good idea" that each of us is supposedly destined to express. it is the "nor" that grips me, the "neither this nor that," the "not both this and that," the dissuasions of propositional logics and their fundamental modes - the superimpositions of gestural logics and their organic gestures towards the frisson and trembling of being in relation.

if only i could write of the rush of letters, the stream of meanings, shape-riding semantics in the depths of the night! if only utterance were at home within me, if there were set themes ready to be expressed, clouds and darkened flows "just" about to turn or return to the symbolic. instead the dance is always around - and it is a dance - a fire elsewhere, beings i could almost see in the dim light, theoretical constructs about to emerge out of a communality i witness, but never partake in. even the play of the world escapes me; i search for books within it; i search for the finality of the word, deconstructing at a rush, fevered with disbelief, exhausted with being. what is "out there" is never a "what," never "out there"; what is out there is insufficient.

biography, autobiography, flattens and disenchant, transforming theory and abstraction to the incidental. scaffolding becomes anecdote and complexity is reduced to the despair of a sleepless night. the book that calls me forth is otherwise, effacing in the midst of the call, denying in its insistency.

it asserts the "it" "itself," creating presence in absence, ontology in the midst of chaos. it is the engine or process born of desire; it has no otherwise existence. i fight constantly to ensure that its contents and index reflect something beyond that, that desire does not become circumstance, that circumstance does not turn thought of the world into diary. no life is "worth living" and not in the book which calls me.

the book is an addiction.

the book is an inescapable addiction, raging, regulated, in the absence of drugs, called forth in clarity, self-inscribing. not worth living, but a medium of the world, circumstantial mediation or re/mediation in denial.

this denial, rhetoric, flight, are characteristic of that philosophy of dedication inhabiting me like an illness; they are symptoms of the book; they fumble within me; they lock themselves within me; they hold my mind in its insufficiency. they are my promise of redemption.
i deconstruct the possessive, calling on methodologies i recognize as already used, carrying their own stain, their own historic shame. thinking must always cast aside the stigma; thinking must never replace it with the taint of purity. this is what i have been promised, speaking to others through myself: these are the words of the book.

never written, this too a cauterization of a wound refusing to heal.

i cannot write the book "i desire" - that is my failure, not that of the book. even the sentence is a sentencing; what is left to say falls to pieces. indeed, there is nothing beyond the introductions.

like any other illness, a compulsion to write, to rectify, to bring down the house, to absolve rectification, to slant.

to comprehend illness as a symptom, the momentary apparition of being.

"i desire," "my desire." the writing of submergence. the writing of the remnant, remains. the writing of being-submerged, submerged writing.

the book, my book, the book.

astonishing

crushed metal wreckage, blood and flesh interstitial everything caught between mechanisms and components embryonic mewlings, bodies and limbs scattered among stem cells desperate last-minute growth as desiccation sets in, thwarted life oh death along the vector the highway shot into darkness

just now i saw her saying goodbye by the side of the road the road was disappearing before and behind her she was walking out into the darkness of the other movie her name was claire danes and she was walking in 1995 oh i was watching, gave her the tiniest stem cell of my gift

in 1995 i died holding her picture in my hands she looked at my tiniest gift shortly after with greatest sadness the clock ran backwards but seemed to reverse everything the highway shot into light, life was water-nourished, bodies grew strong, limbs joined into all of us and we drove swiftly and far down the beautiful highway, oh reaching at last our astonishing destination

darkness

nikuko says: i'm on the road, i'm traveling in a strange land. jennifer says: this land's familiar to me, there's no buffer here.
nikuko says: there's no memory, buffer's always memory.
jennifer says: always short-term, always there when you need it.
enter alan
nikuko says: hello alan, i'm on the road, i can't see anything any more.
jennifer says: hello alan, i'm here, i see everything, even the future.
alan says: what's the future for everyone everywhere, jennifer?
jennifer says: it is coming low, you have to duck, it will hit you.
nikuko says: the sky is getting darker already, i can't see the road.
alan says: pull over, nikuko, never fear invisible spirits.
nikuko says: the invisible pulls me towards the side like the wheel pulls.
jennifer says: the invisible is always a veering.
enter alan
nikuko says: hello alan. i am in darkness. thick darkness surrounds me.
alan says: this is from the past. the past is broken.
jennifer says: the absolute is not death; it is the breaking of the past.
nikuko says: every breaking is a death of past, present, future.
alan says: we run among wreckage; that is our exhaustion.
jennifer says: our exhaustion is always already broken.
alan says: the broken is dust.
enter alan
nikuko says: it is darker and darker, the darkness of black earth.
nikuko says: it is thick darkness, darkness of suffocation.
nikuko says: darkness of eyes torn out, ears hammered, amputation.
enter alan
nikuko says: darkness of silence and lead, darkness of no speech.
nikuko says: i am driving.
enter alan

this was done to occupy a space
this occurs only on an email list
in the space of an email list
within the zone of the list the list zone
this was done as an enunciation
there is always a place for this enunciation:
as soon as it appears its pleasure!
this was done a great while ago a long time ago
this was written before you were here
inscribed before your presence
an inscription waiting for your arrival
without knowledge of your arrival
without the perspicacity of your knowledge
this already has been and occupied its space
this grants you the power of the witness
you are that witness
of the space you are that witness
"alan enters"
you are that witness
of the richness and dullness of the tropics: stone eaten alive "the
standard inscription no longer holds "in relation" -

substitution remains far too simple:

something impossible "to get away with" - decay breaking down "in a manner
dissimilar" to chaos - there is no return: noise seeps:

the dullness and lack of memory of the tropics: of the very swamp
of the richness and dullness of the tropics: stone eaten alive "the
standard inscription no longer holds "in relation" -

substitution remains far too simple:

not even violence to the text - premises of decoding and its problematic -
"the absent body" - erasure - lassitude -
oj the roughness and dullness of the tropics: stone eaten alive "the
standard gnscrgptgon no lonier holds "gn relatgon" -

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dissimilar" to chaos - there is no return: noise seeps:

the dullness and lack of memory of the tropics: of the very swamp
of the richness and dullness of the tropics: stone eaten alive "the
standard inscription no longer holds "in relation" -
she says: "the problematic:inscription: she is doing her toilet...she breaks down and"

she says: "do fissures, structure breaks at inscription: breakdowns and the problematic replace your disseminations: locks contain spews: banks otherwise...the loosening of"

she says: "your doll dissolves my !"

she says: "your wraith dissolves my loosening of:of mathematics. what crystalline mechanism prevents chaos"

she says: "i'm dying here. my skull is filled with projectors. i'm not living here. i'm dying here."
do not leave us, we can't stop speaking

"you are all witnesses," she said, "to this mold-death lizard-death, this reptilian world, this ancient world, look at the city placed there in the middle of this mammal-death, this corrosive heap of fur and mold; a few moments is all that is necessary, wet-rot sets in, i will be ancient community, you will not know me."

"my words are already tainted with slime-mold, fungi, my eyes bear no resemblance to sight, look at them."

"you say look at your eyes, look at you, look at your city. you say look at writing, there is nothing but scrawl, a city is a city, a thing is a thing, a human is a human."

"you are all witnesses," she said, "i will be city, i will be ancient community, i will dissolve, this is not my home, this is of the homes of others, i smell them, they are my scent."

"i am living in the pain and death of others, their odor, they trace themselves upon me, trace within me, i sense their coming, my eyes are theirs, my words are theirs, my mind is theirs."

"you say you are theirs, that of scent and odor, you are using us in your words, you are their cries and whispers, look at them. you say they are your mind, look at their comings and goings. but you are of many things your dreams, a human is a human, a city is a city, a thing is a thing."

"you are all witnesses," she said, "it will not be long, it will be a moment of another dawn, they are already looking, already becoming things, the city is built on ancient worlds, reptilian eyes follow me, they take my body, they pour in my holes, they enter everywhere, i am that city of the dawn, my eyes are sewn back, they stare at the sun, they will take my pain away."

"they will not use my mouth to speak, they will not use my hands to write, nor my arms to gesture, they will not use my fingers to sign you, one after another sign, they will neither cry nor murmur, they will not love nor hate, they will be one and living in that city, that place, i am that city of the dawn."

"you say of silencing, your world, you say of things, there are none, of minds and mouths, there are none, of signs, there are none. of the humans, you say nothing, you no longer say of the humans, you no longer move your hands, your arms, your fingers, you no longer say of silencing of the others, of the thinking, you no longer run your fingers through
your hair, you no longer smile, you no longer walk lightly in this world, no longer walking in the world,
silencing, no longer walking, of your eyes, no longer seeing, of your name, no longer hearing,
of your names, humans no longer humans, of cities, no longer cities, of your minds, no longer minds,
others speaking for you, of deaths, whirrings of unknown wings, eyes of different sights, ancient cities, wet-rot limbs decayed, corrosion bodies, we

let me be in your presence and careful consideration this one last time, i am of this firm belief, and of the hardest on myself; grant me now this; in this broken life there are some moments of pure brilliance, substance; let them speak; discard the worst of them; filter and winnow the rest; i have come from nowhere and will go nowhere; read each and every letter; give me the ability to fail; let one or another word falter; do not hold; stave off the fear of oblivion; lift ever so slightly the gravestone; what must it take to give weight to the words; catch texts from the brink; as now she could hardly touch the keyboard without her fingers shaking; presage of a career or futility; she would wake up in fright, sweating, already she was running out of steam, the book was completed, closed off, only the idea of obsession; already she felt her death far too near, she thought, there were nothing to say in her work, or it was nothing, over and over again, the same or slightly different substance; as if, would appear the slightest bit meaningful, as if she only wrote once, but, would ever be considered by itself of any importance, only the obsession since no particular work, not even the book which took so long to write, would, in the long run, be considered an idiot savant, horrible failure, which was, would it not always be, proving impossible, and because of it, that she would have to, therefore, continue to write at the same level, that, because of the quantity of her work, expectations were always high, ever, produce anything to live up to that work which had been hers alone, worrying the language and terrified at the same time. that she would not, below; reading in reverse immediately corrects everything, she thought, as if one should have, in this case, a title, hanging down, an appendage, the fear

we're put here with just enough time to say goodbye.
:just enough time to know we're about to leave.
:just enough time to look around, wonder why we're here.::
just enough time to remember.
:just enough time to forget:::

just enough time to abandon thought of god.
:just enough time to curse chance and annihilation.
:just enough time to recognize good and evil:::

just enough time to love and mourn..
:just enough time to leave::

the work of the crazed

why this work matters even when written under duress
why philosophy cannot disregard theory responsive to illness or depression
notes towards the problematic perception of worlds
inscriptions faltering along fault-lines of explanatory discourse

depression and/or illness as a gateway to truth because of
decathecting of concern - beyond that of inscription - almost
as the skittering of inscription
depression and internalized anger: potential eidetic reduction
to substance - (bemused inability to focus/catatonic: to think
purely eidetically -> absence of thought)
    /* who is writing this?
    i refuse these labels! /*
illness as the distraught of the world -
as the distraught of the word - 'holding onto the book' -
the book as secret/ive discourse -
release of the book as the decathecting of illness,
not the re-cuperation or re-presentation of health -
ot the therapeutic

the eternal road of the book as foreclosing problematic ontologies
the book as world and object
always misrecognizing the real
truth and hopelessness

the crazed of the work

as long as i can write, she dreams

nikuko wakes up, it's a bed of roses, kanji etched by thorns cutting deep
into her, blood streaming out of her
listen: without the brush of the calligrapher, signs flow, written to the real - blood streaming across her breasts, down her thighs, paralleling, converging where her legs meet and part

lying, she reads dendy: 'It is clear, at least, that the deep interest of the subject of reflection overbalances the influences of the external senses. The impression of objects is either too slight or rapid to produce perception (in other words); however the impression may be imparted to the brain by the nerve, the brain is not _sensible_ of it, and there is therefore no perception. So intense, indeed, has been this influence, that Pliny contemplated the volcanic philosophy amid the ashy cloud of Vesuvius by which he was destroyed.'

in blood, she thinks of the _capital_ idea: within the marks of quotation, everything is permitted

bleeding, she thinks of the ashy cloud inscribing the philosophy of the world, learning to read from the world, after all is said and done

death is never a writing; she has been far too long journeying, only to return with this capital idea, that of the calligraphy of the world, conditioned by natural topographies, as the blood flows from her body distended by thorns, at first the appearance of the 'river' character, coupling into 'mountains,' 'roots'

she turns and turns, naked against the bushes, draining her body; lizards watch her, birds watch over her

she is writing the world into existence, she is no longer speaking

writing and writing

construct of phenomenological catalyst

1 behind this text is the phenomenological structure of truth. think of the origin splayed out across the horizon of the subject, the scanning of a pre-existing landscape. the phenomenological horizon involves mourning and death as analytical/structural/phenomenological concerns, running somewhere among the latter, a phenomenological metaphysics of identity. this is the traditional phenomenological approach - peering at the world and borders,

the phenomenological 'world of the text' ruptures, opening and bridging the mathematico-abstract, material, and phenomenological by a grouping of horizons whose parameters are established and undetected or are described purely through intrasubjective approaches. a phenomenological wager, here within the deployment of a certain historiography of contestation, which
also represents the phenomenological horizon of the imaginary in relation to the real. One is concerned with imminence, the onto-epistemological horizon of the user, but only in relation to the tripartite grouping. This grouping is a construct (nothing new here); there are syntactics 'about' a phenomenological-interpretive mode - from the high-level that we imagine time itself - which may be pure surface.

Finally, there is the theorizing of the virtual - from a horizon of correspondence, and the eidetic through this. Such an approach emphasizes a naturality of inscription or 'letting go' in spite of everything.

2 I am intended within a given phenomenological project - thus I am based upon a logic of equivalence, turning the image to the phenomenological field of the body itself. This field, this logic, even the underlying logic of equivalence, are lost among the foreclosing of the symbolic; in its place I tend towards Nikuko, her blood body, body of blood, streaming into description against phenomenology, against reading: thus this text, the philosophic, resists interpretation - such is its work or isn't it?

3 100 cd e 101 ls 102 cd .. 103 emacs 104 shutdown -r now 105 ls 106 mount /dev/hdal /mnt 107 ls 108 m 109 pico .bashrc 110 ls 111 b 112 cd /mnt/-archive/network 113 ls 114 wc * 115 wc ** 116 wc ?? 117 ls ?? 118 ls ? 119 ls ??? 120 ls ??? 121 strace strace 122 ls 123 netstat 124 top 125 ls 126 ping host 127 ping 127.0.0.0 128 ls 129 grep phenomenological * > z 130 wc z 131 pico z 132 rm z 133 man grep z 134 grep -h phenomenological * > z 135 pico z 136 mv z ~/ 137 cd /mnt/-archive/network 138 ls 139 wc 140 grep phenomenological * > z 141 ls 142 history 143 sort y > zz; rm y z 144 pico zz 145 history >> zz; pico zz

```bash
3 100 cd e 101 ls 102 cd .. 103 emacs 104 shutdown -r now 105 ls 106 mount /dev/hdal /mnt 107 ls 108 m 109 pico .bashrc 110 ls 111 b 112 cd /mnt/-archive/network 113 ls 114 wc * 115 wc ** 116 wc ?? 117 ls ?? 118 ls ? 119 ls ??? 120 ls ??? 121 strace strace 122 ls 123 netstat 124 top 125 ls 126 ping host 127 ping 127.0.0.0 128 ls 129 grep phenomenological * > z 130 wc z 131 pico z 132 rm z 133 man grep z 134 grep -h phenomenological * > z 135 pico z 136 mv z ~/ 137 cd /mnt/-archive/network 138 ls 139 wc 140 grep phenomenological * > z 141 ls 142 history 143 sort y > zz; rm y z 144 pico zz 145 history >> zz; pico zz
```
take form o nikuko from what dark thoughts reap and
then come home - long for me
o sorrow
thou find love o sorrow - hidden
in these lost words...

+++  
.

XtCallbackNone (3x) - map a pop-up. you will call us from beneath.
XtCallCallbackList (3x) - process callbacks. we will say to you.
XtCallbackPopdown (3x) - unmap a pop-up. we will call you from above.

root     tty1                          Wed Sep 12 00:37 - crashed
reboot   system boot  2.4.4-4GB        Wed Sep 12 00:35          (00:28)
you always come back to me.
root     tty1                          Mon Sep 10 00:06 - down   (00:38)
reboot   system boot  2.4.4-4GB        Mon Sep 10 00:06          (00:39)
y they will find you alive in the burning fires.
root     tty1                          Sun Sep  9 17:21 - down   (00:06)
reboot   system boot  2.4.4-4GB        Sun Sep  9 17:21          (00:07)
y you will find them alive in the burning fires.

00: Sr 01: sur 02: UN 03: USA 04: USM 05: use 06: user 07: USG 08: USN 09: USSR you always come back to me.

burnimage cd /mnt ls cd archive cd image ls cp WTC.jpg ~/ cd ls cd / ls cd
bin ls cd /Sr/bin ls man imagasm ls cd lS WTC.jpg jpgpos WTC.jpg 6c ls
history jpgrevert WTC.jpg > WTC.jpg WTC.jpg /mnt cd /mnt ls cd shutdown -r

now. i can see you World Trade Center. i can see you any time i want. shutdown -r now. anytime i want. shutdown -r now.

i can see you any time i want.

they will find you alive in the burning fires.

we will call you from above.

__

o what we are doing is writing stories. this is what i was doing when it happened: this is what i felt: this is what i heard
oo this is what i was doing when it happened: this is what i felt: this is what i heard
ooo the stories begin, develop, end: the stories follow the traditional logic of time extrapolated from human behavior: from the human construct of the world until: one's death
oooo we tell the stories because we are in the midst of them and part of a vast human communality and we tell these stories because they come to an end and we understand how to make ends
ooooo here's where i am now after it happened: this is what i went through: i am a witness to the world: i was there when it happened
oooooo what we are doing is speaking: we are writing truths and truths
ooooooo what we are doing is making: we are writing fiction and comfort: we are writing ourselves into existence: into existence after it happened
oooooo we rewind: here is what i made happen: this is what the world went through: the world is a witness through my fiction: the world is here
oooo we make up stories to place us within a human communality that we comment upon from within, without, from the periphery: we write these stories because they have beginnings and they are fine beginnings and we understand how to write: how to write the world
oooo the stories are forced into beginnings and endings: they follow the traditional human meandering: the human continuity across what later might be considered fictional events: what happened in the story:
oo this is the event i am making up: this is the plot of my story: this is a good, a wonderful plot: this is quite original
oo.o you write as if you were there, as if you were part of it: as if you were part of something
o what we are doing is telling truths: these events almost seem real: you write so well, almost as if these things happened: you turn fiction into truth

From sondheim@panix.com Sat Sep 15 03:40:13 2001
Date: Fri, 14 Sep 2001 02:19:23 -0400 (EDT)
From: Alan Sondheim <sondheim@panix.com>
To: Kenji Siratori <white-b@d4.dion.ne.jp>
Subject: MATRIX wtc TERROR
(created from Kenji Siratori's original text)

::HER>TERROR>FEAR=CELL>THE>BRAIN>SYSTEM>OF>THE>VITAL-JUNK>NOTIGHTMARE>BYTES
OF>CHEMICAL=ANTHROPOID>WHERE>WAS>ANALYZED>IMPLOSION>OF>THE>TERROR
FEAR=CELL>JUNKIES>OF>THE>SPRAL>MECHANISM>OF>THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELLS].
ACIDHUMANIX_EYEBALL>THAT>IS>COVERED>THE>TECHNO-JUNKIES'>TERROR>FEAR=CELL
AND>HER>COLD-BLOODED>DISEASE>OF>THE>DOCUMTAIN>WAS>ANALYZED>IMPLOSION>OF
HYPERLINKED=>BDSM>STATE>CEIICAL=ANTHROPOID:::THE>CONTROL>EXTERNAL
TERRORISM>BURN>UP>HER>TERROR>FEAR=CELL.>EYEBALL>SO:::THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELL
THAT>TURNED>MONITORS>THE>TECHNOCRISIS>TO>HER>TERROR>FEAR=CELL>THAT>CRASHED
ERA>WITH>THE>PARASITE>CRUEL=MODE>OF>THE>I>SUCK>THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELL@DRUG
EMBRYOwtc.>HER>TERROR>FEAR=CELL>AND>INHABIT>THE>MURDER>GIMMICK>THAT>WAS
INFECTED>HI V>OF>wtc.>THE>DOSGS>WHICH>STREAM>HER>TERROR>FEAR=CELL>DO>THE
MURDER>PILL>BRAIN>THE>DRUG>EMBRYO>SCRIPT>IS>FULLY>OPENED----THE>RAPE
PICTURE>OF>HER>TERROR>wtc.HYPERCONTROLS>THE>RENDERING>TISSUE>OF>HER>TERROR
FEAR=CELL==I>REPRODUCE>DID>THE>ULTRA=MACHINARY>CADAVER>FETI>SYSTEM>OF>THE
DRUG>EMBRYO>TO>THE>TERROR>ARTIFICIAL>SUN>wtc.*JOINTS>TO>THE>TERROR>BODY
MODE>OF>OUR>FISION>DISEASE>OF=I>MURDER>BRAIN:THE>FEAR=CELL>OF>THE>TERROR
DRUG>>>THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELL>OF>A>CHEMICAL=ANTHROPOID>IS>PROCESSED>THE
SCRIPT>WITH>wtc.H>HER>CHEMICAL>BODY>OMOTYA>DOES>THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELLS>OF
DOGS>PROLIFERATES>WAS>INFECTED>HER>HIV>BATTLE!>THE>ESCAPE>CIRCUIT>OF>THE
TERROR>FEAR=CELL>IS>TERROR>FEAR=CYTOPAS>OF>THE>CHLICAL=ANTHROPOIDS
WHERE>IT>WAS>OPENED>TO>THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELLS>OF>DOGS>IS>CONTROLLED
THRUSET>THROUGH>HER>CADAVER>FETI>TO>TERROR>FEAR=CELL>DOGS>=>>I>RAPE
A>TECHNO-JUNKIES'>NUDE>NOTIGHTMARE>THAT>FLIP>ON>IS>ACCELERATED>THE>TERROR
FEAR=CELL>OF>THE>ENGINE>COLD-BLOODED>DISEASE>OF=HYPERCONTROLS>THE>TERROR
FEAR=CELL>THAT>THE>OF=THE>ARTIFICIAL>SUN>THE>TERROR>FEAR=CELLS>OF>THE>DOSGS
THAT>HYPERLINKS>THE>SHADES>THE>TECHNO-JUNKIES'>TERROR>FEAR=CELLS>OF>THE
DOGS>THAT>DIGITAL=VAMPED

The Moon is Waning Crescent

Pine finished -
Subject: AMERICA UNITED Kept all 5 messages.og
Channel 7, Miami, with feeds from Channel 5, NY, both Fox:kties strangle
clear thinking.oet, but if not,
Banner ad across the screen (this obviously from Net organization in the5
19:44:08 EDT 2001ral of his poems that give s
The Moon is Waning Cresc
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k1
To the left: 7 in a red circle. Beneath 7: Fox News Channel slowly
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Date:      
rotating. Scrollin
Channel 7, Miami, with feeds from Channel 5, NY, both Fox: volt.irccomd
Date: Sat, 15 Sep 2001 17:52:19 -040
Date: Sat, 15 Sep 2001 17:52:19 -040yesterday's nightmare."nd lovers two
Pine finished - > together, no Pine finished -o
Pine finished -o
[ Can now UnJustify! ]rn but think otherwise,
who do not feel patriotic i
nightmare."nd lovers two Pine finished - > together, no Pine finished -o
sense of this UNITED, who may feel fear more than anything.o
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^G Get Help  ^O WriteOut  ^R Read File ^Y Prev Pg   ^K Cut Text  ^C Cur
Pos.        [Last message marked
The words of a
we are sudde
The sun rises above the sea, and
^X Exit      ^J Justify   ^W Where is  ^V Next Pg   ^U UnCut Text^T To
Spell shall not watch its setting&8221;
   UW PICO(tm) 4.0   File: zzrise and fall But they hear
no g
The Moon is Waning Crescent Yorkdh
i'm referring first place):
lisp   phoenix.hlp     cri> grateful for all of the thoughtful
Cancel message (answering "yes" will abandon your mail message)
lisp   phoen.hlp     cring repetition of violence.illy salien
Date:untim
rotating. ScrollinN.
As if the oppos
Channel 7, Miami, with feeds from Channel 5, NY, both fox:
volt.irccomdrentials
unity is destruction.

yesterday's nightmare."nd lovers tw dualitie Yes, I am a
collectivity

The Moon is Waning Crescent

you will know me by my deeds

l wlll dp shck gppd $s yph wlll knpw ma l wlll c$ll tha gra$t smoka tha
gra$t clphd l wlll glva lt n$ma l wlll sa$rch pht spppr:the great smoke
the great cloud i will give it name i will search out the great spoor and
the great track i will do such good :l c$ll tha gra$t smpaksa gra$t
clphd l glva lt n$ma l sa$srch pht spppr $nd tr$ck l wlll dp gppd yph wlll
Brilliance

What we fear most, here, is the brilliance of the plan which has been at least five years in the making - that the machine that hit the Pentagon was traveling at 345 miles an hour, that the planes were not only taken but maliciously piloted after five years of subterfuge and masquerade by people without very much experience on passenger jets.

And what we fear is also conspiracy, for, finally, our predilection towards subterfuge, belief in surface erosion, has come true with a vengeance: Here we are, now, suspicious of our neighbors, redefining ourselves as a nation, as individuals, against the rot that appears to lie within and without. All those theories about JFK, Area 52, the CIA, Martin Luther King, LSD, the fall of the left, turn out to be true.

It's the trouble with cancer, existing for years in the body, springing out hard, retreating to tissues and organs where elimination is pyrrhic at best - finally, nothing escapes destruction.

"They hide in caves," live in vaginas, pockets of bodies which are both feared and stases of desire. They are primitive, woman-like, they won't come out and fight like a man; we'll have to go in and get them. They have nothing to lose, they don't have big cities, nothing to defend.

They might as well be Jews, might as well be Arabs, might as well be Women. The West slams into nomads with firepower; the fear, the menses, remains unspoken as we overly theorize and articulate geopolitical concerns, strategies, ideologies, positioning.

What they did, they were good at; what they did, they are good at, and we don't know what that is.
onto doll write murder thrusting spit saliva, cord snaps against flesh, furrowed, fissured, same of same, regurgitation, i cannot of the churns or charnelhus. beneath wraithes. of flood air presence. of coagulation, erasure. the wound writing. naked doll :of time i will not erase. i will not abide consideration or return. you are doll wraithe. you are of floods split, remembrance. i will reverse of time split or skewed. i cannot abide the arbitrary. no, i will not. i will not, cannot burn iron, melt water, flood air. i cannot abide consideration.:onto doll write murder thrusting spit thrusting saliva. no, i cannot abide this. i will reverse of time split or skewed. no, i will not do this. i cannot of shakes or regurgitations. i cannot of churns. i cannot of splits or skeweds.:naked doll write murder

write wounds naked doll write murder through my onto doll write murder thrusting spit saliva, cord snaps against flesh, furrowed, fissured, same of same, regurgitation, i cannot of the churns or charnelhus. beneath wraithes. of flood air presence. of coagulation, erasure. the wound writing naked doll

of the great void or chasm beneath the surface

you can see them rising:smoke rising, fog, you can see them:i dream of a vast void-chasm::

ascending through the chasm-void:they are rising, rising up:you can see them rising, you can see them, rising up::

rising from the dark chasm-void chasm:the lost 5400, you can see them rising:almost distinct, the 5400::

i dream of the wounding darkness:i dream of the 5400, one by one by one: i dream of the chasm, the void::

of the indistinct cloth, of the face in the cloth through my dream of the wounding darkness!

i have come out and coming out and coming out:the lost, the indistinct, the traced:i have come out and coming out and coming out:the 5400, the 5400, the 5400:

the 5400, the 5400, the 5400, i have come out and coming out and coming out!
from the womb-chasm, from the void, they are rising:they are rising, they are rising:it is time, one time, and it is time again:the 5400, 5400, the 5400:the 5400, 5400, the 5400

the 5400, 5400, the 5400

the 5400, almost distinct, they are rising up:around me they are rising, they are rising, they are rising:i will not dream, will not abide, will never wake from dream:they are rising, rising up, i stay asleep, i will sleep, i will not abide, i will stay asleep

i stay asleep, remain asleep, they are rising, they are rising, they are rising up

each letter falls burning into the void
falling through chaos chaos burning
i am burned by letters stream or fire of letters
unable to read to write unable to speak
silence unspeaking of letters
void falls through void chaos into chaos
each sign falls burning
each sign falls through signs
i am burned by signs streaming fire of signs
unable to read to write unable to speak
signs falling through signs
'i cannot write letters i cannot write'
'i cannot write signs'
'help me i cannot write cannot read
unable to speak'

this is the third information space of three information spaces.:this is some information i'm writing into the second space:this is some information i'm writing into the program in this first space.:third

You drop note. I am afraid of war. I am not going to war.
There appears to be some writing on the note ... I am an innocent person. There appears to be some writing on the note ... I am very innocent.

Written in 1998:

Is this whatever truth there is?
Because I wonder what the biz is.
Or if the biz is biz.
And who are you to gain the plane
Which has taken off (your clothes)
Leaving you plain and in pain
And nothing left you suppose
To your brain but a stain
When there is nothing to gain
Here hexed by text
Nothing more before
Nothing left to store

My Poem by Julu

(You finish reading.)
look note
read note

Dream: There are people crawling on the ground. Dream: There are mountains. Dream: There are great planes. Dream: There are clouds and scars of many colors. Dream: Tents.

I will dream in my tent in the mountain. The woman-child mountain, starvation mountain. Julu tends me with a kind and tender hand.
Dream: I am crawling on the ground. Dream: Do not abide revenge.
Dream: Of bombs falling.

All my life this dream: of falling bombs.

from the annals

doctor, i am impure. i cannot fight. i cannot find my enemy. i look inside myself and nothing is there. there are stains there, blemishes. my skin is scarred, mottled. impure, i cannot believe. everything in the world is lost to me. i don't know the gift of names.

i don't know the gift of names because to name is to foreclose. love, you are my friend; hate, you are my enemy. i am impure and i do not know when one becomes the other. i shall hide out in the caves. i shall be killed in them.

i came to you to discover, if not purity, then belief. i want to know the books and theories, the explanations. i want to deconstruct impurity. i want to know impurity as a symptom, not an essence. i cannot abide essence. i want to know the shelving and layering of all things. of which impurity is not one or the other, like an imaginary number, fabricated, weak in its ontology.

every other is not an other, has an imaginary. this is a real problem for me, the "me" itself is cancerous, perhaps carcinogenic. divisions force
impurity; i am symptom of the world's collapse. perhaps that is how you can help me, to transform the word into a symptom or collocation, an accumulation of mutilated signs.

nothing you do, doctor, bothers me; you are the filter through which i see myself. yesterday there were flags everywhere; i did not fly one or carry one. i cannot understand the cloth. it soaks up signs and disturbances, collapses fields and membranes to nodes, freezes out plasma in the name of the crystal. it is as if i have read that somewhere, "the crystal." it is not enough i can read, parse the text, pass "crystal" into insufficiency.

you are trying, doctor, to pin this down. patriotism, ideology, religion, bring it out in me, the pinning, from which, on the other side of the flesh, there is only emission, spewing, abjection. the hole or cave - i'll hide there, impure. or rather the hard external world perhaps, with its clean and proper body, its white room, its facticity and language gaming - perhaps you might find the tiniest spot there, the spread of cancer. in the cave it's all fucking; if we die, we'll die with our cunts open, cocks erect, the only use of triggering, catalyst, protein holding together until the last violent explosion and collapse.

when the last collapse comes, the impure becomes pure; the pure becomes impure. we welcome that; without guns, we fuck the language, fuck our bright ideas. the only idea left in the world is already dissolving, the idea of cancer, the tumor of northsoutheastwest, the tumor of firstsecondthirdworld, the tumor of animalplant, of becomingwomanman.

if the last collapse comes, there will be unbearable pain, spreading across sheets of flesh, tissue, torn tissue, rendered flesh, articulated animations, pixels crawling across the screen.

if i wanted to save myself i would, yes, have consulted a medical doctor; it's the psychiatrist i want, to place me in the light of the patriot, save me from impurity, from a life suffocated in impurity. i can't forget that death alone has a finality while life is nothing more than meandering, useless crawling, skittering, nothing at all.

when life is nothing more than that, aphanisis sets in, everything goes away, i'm no longer there, nothing is responsible for action. wouldn't you prefer that doctor, wouldn't you like to see my cunt, my cock, my disease, my lovely lure?

what would happen would be in your hands, your cunt, your cock, you'd take me in your arms, you'd swallow my sores, my blemished skin, you'd make me a patriot, o love flag of white and red and blue.

are you afraid of the truth, doctor, of your categories, are you afraid of your anatomy?

i am only afraid of this, the tiniest little mark on my lovely flesh, whole nations fall on this mark.
i am terrified of nations collapsing, life dissolving - only as they keep me alive, dying in this place, dying indefinitely, look, another mark, i shall give them names.

i was first frightened by nations, look, a third just there, you can see them spreading, when they became part of me, when i could no longer imagine events, when i collapsed into the page, there's a fourth and a fifth now, they're everywhere.

yes, they are growing across me, through me, spewing in and out of my cock, my cunt, they are tearing my body into pieces, blinding me, my eyes are gouged, tongue torn out, they have left my fingers alone.

i am not afraid of sex, my fingers crawl across my body, they find my cock, my cunt, they penetrate and distend me, they turn me inside out, my fingers are broken, they are joining multitudes, there are so many of them.

there are too many of them, they are fucking me everywhere.

history is dead, i am impure, i shall rise up, i shall rise up

i shall rise up with nations, i shall seethe with nations, i shall wear their flags, sing their songs, march with them

i will go to war, i will go to war

i will go to war i will go to war

is fighting

fighting*

*the other would like to have an imaginary.

_|
|
| how the message died |
| |
| oh don't go to war |
| |
| o means nothing but noise |
| this means nothing but noise |
| if you read this translate |
| no don't it means noise means nothing |
| that means nothing this means noise |
noise is noise there are many o’s |
each is noise this is noise in the message |
in the noise of the message is noise |
| 
oh don't go to war |
| 
it means nothing but noise |
this means nothing is noise |
| 
someone said just before she went to war |
every letter is noise and means nothing |
my mouth is dead and filled with broken teeth |
my tongue is cut my cunt filled with dirt |
my eyes are gouged shrapnel burst my ears |
don't go to war it means nothing |
don't go to war it means nothing but noise |
| 
someone said just before he went to war |
every word is noise and means nothing |
my mouth is dead and filled with broken teeth |
my tongue is gone my cock torn off |
my eyes are gouged my ears around your neck |
don't go to war it means nothing |
don't go to war it means nothing but noise |
| 
if you listen to the letter you hear the noise |
if you listen to the word you hear the noise |
| 
| 
oh don't go to war |
it means nothing but noise |
| 
| 
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| 
| 

which line doesn't fit? are you fit to go to war?

don't go to war it means nothing but noise |
don't go to war it means nothing but noise |
each is noise this is noise in the message |
every letter is noise and means nothing |
every word is noise and means nothing |
if you listen to the letter you hear the noise |
if you listen to the word you hear the noise |
oise kills explodes your head. tie everyone up. make them go to war. |
in the noise of the message is noise |
you look at a star you have never seen before
and there is a wound in the side and you know it's war
and you know there is suffering and something is gone
against the dark light of some other's sun
so you turn away to your own and you say
this is my own and this is the day
and the sky turns to ash and the light from the star
is gone in the glare and none from afar
is looking at you and none from afar
is taking you in
and looking at you are none from afar
gone from the glare and none from afar
in the sky turned to ash in the light from the star
and this is my own and this is my day
so you turn away to your own and you pray
against the dark light of some other's sun
where you know someone suffers and someone is gone
from the wound in the side and you know it's war
when you look at the star you've not seen before

calling new york and lonely in miami

hello marcotte, you are my new friend, hello levner, you are my new friend, hello zif, you are my new friend, hello atd, you are my new friend, hello ali, you are my new friend, hello franchin, you are my new friend, hello dbehrens, you are my new friend, hello dangelo, you are my new friend, hello kenbell, you are my new friend, hello mc, you are my new friend, hello sondheim, you are my new friend, hello squid, you are my new friend, hello mc, you are my new friend, hello dac, you are my new friend, hello barrys, you are my new friend, hello sachs, you are my new friend, hello alexis, you are my new friend, hello gorgon, you are my new friend, hello stanb, you are my new friend, hello tbyfield, you are my new friend, hello loren, you are my new friend, hello barrys, you are my new friend, hello dannyb, you are my new friend, hello rsi, you are my new friend, hello dac, you are my new friend, hello barrys, you are my new friend, hello octopus, you are my new friend, hello ws, you are my new friend, hello lsbl, you are my new friend, hello
tomorrow, holocaust city

*They begin here. Looking out over holocaust city, wires everywhere* because it is mixed with the blood of the holocaust.

holocaust of the truth, that the sutures are thinned and broken dust
I fear nuclear holocaust, incipient fascism already on the horizon, and I began; his poetry of elegy and holocaust related to the pure red-dust

holocaust every few decades.

and peoples intermingle; holocausts destroy base and superstructure like

no victims of the future holocaust
dust, an institution attempting to record those who died in the holocaust.
i think we are living in the holocaust. i really do. others, too, think of

raging earth, holocausts to come, apocalypse to follow - taking from

us:into:the:holocaust::What:are:constant:deaths::What:are:Nikuko,

tomorrow, holocaust city

1 - Forgotten names - names from holocausts - dance to stay alive -

broken by deconstruction, holocaust, the implosion of information. The

very least, pre-atomic bomb, holocaust, television and radio; she began in

broken dust

*They begin here. Looking out over holocaust city, wires everywhere* winds and holocausts, MALE AND FEMALE SACKS AND WHEELS, strokes of red dust
of philosophy and terror

of scenes; think of the submerged philosophy of terror in relation to defending, weakening - the philosophy of the book - this attempt or cauterization of philosophy: the neural fissure - not the inscription of scenes; think of the submerged philosophy of terror in relation to defending, weakening - the philosophy of the book - this attempt or philosophy itself: emerges: careful construct: the work appearing from the inside-out: new philosophy philosophy, the ideology underpinnings, of the underpinning cauterization of philosophy: the neural fissure - not the inscription of scenes; think of the submerged philosophy of terror in relation to defending, weakening - the philosophy of the book - this attempt or philosophy itself: emerges: "it's a masterpiece"..."you've said all of ...her breathing..."is philosophy a sickness"..."a sign of ill health" careful construct: the work appearing from the inside-out: new philosophy

on the same, everywhere, leading to vast disseminations

(i won't repeat the geopolitical arguments; within them, there are other concerns, perhaps useless, perhaps nagging at the remnants of occidental epistemology that survive.)

certainly the attack was brilliant, planned for years, a trail both open, swollen like a carapace, and closed/foreclosed, just with/before the proper name: bin laden.

open to the extent that hundreds have been arrested, that the amerikan psyche seems (at this close proximity, useless in the long run) permanently wounded; every mode of transportation, from foot to cruise ship to airplane is closely monitored - and still box-cutters get through.

there is no protection; there never has been. but for the violent symbolic misery of the wtc: this will be lost forever. one collapse, one catastrophe, metonymically spreads, just as body-parts turn to sintered dust. if culture remains behind the walls of the raw and the cooked, the pure and profaned, we now understand, more than ever, its abject roots.

the nomadic seizes the empire; viral organisms move from one motel to another, one city to another, one plane to another. the empire remains in the grid, situates itself at the cartesian origin (its own form of violent
foreclosure); the empire is the grid. organisms leave no trace; they appear to reproduce indefinitely; they are of the stones themselves; they are your next-door neighbor, your relative.

domain in which, i believe, evil is doubly-countenanced: the evil of an intolerant fundamentalism, and the evil of any organized religion splaying gods in skies, proclaiming truth.

i have no doubt about this evil, which expresses itself as godlike, far more than any good: good is of the earth; evil comes from above.

ethics is unwarranted, but is all one has. think of the postmodern world as seepages against monuments to modernism: the world trade center towers, human beings who resist fragmentation, the media coagulating, now, around understandable patriotic ideologies which, of course, carry their own implicit violence.

what do we do? we write constantly; we examine our earlier work for signs of future holocaust; we respond. the original acts themselves were their own responses; the multiplicity of fbi, cia, and other agents, plays against quadruple singularities; the singularities play out, as embers, against the multiplicity of victims.

they could have been anyone, anywhere; on that day, distance collapsed, stuff broke. from outer space there must have been a flicker. think of civilizations winking out everywhere in the universe, at the service of nuclear and biological weapons, rigid ideological formations, as if instinctual, closing down in pain.

so a new mathematics of the real is born: the monad home to rest in collapse, and multiplicity fanning out among suburban, urban, and nomadic landscapes. the attacks alone were delimited - all that earlier fanning out returning to the origin of a violent religious asceticism. what the taliban are doing on a daily basis - the culling of difference - occurred in collusion in new york. penetrated permanently, we are all the poorer for it.

we are not unified!

one country; this is not one existence; this is not one culture; this is not one voice; this is not one mind; this is not of one mind; this is not of one state; this is not of one mood; this is not of one terror; of one emotion; of one fear; of one country; this is not one existence; this is not one culture ; this is not one voice; this is not one mind; this is not of one mind; this is not of one state; this is not of one mood; this is not of one terror; of one emotion; of one fear; of one; of one voice of his voice > :: < i don't agree with anything bush says; i don't agree with his foreign policy; i don't agree with his take on terrorism; i don't speak with your voice; i don't speak with his voice > :: < this is not one america; this is not even 289,371,809
of one emotion; of one fear; of one? 248,943,210 289,371,809
248,943,210
i don't understand about unity; why should the usa be unified; why should
we agree with anything bush says; why should we agree with his foreign
policy; why should we agree with his take on terrorism; why should we
speak with one voice; why should that
voice be his voice > :: < i don't agree with anything bush says; i don't
agree with his foreign policy; i don't agree with his take on terrorism; i
don't speak with your voice; i don't speak with his voice > :: < this is
not one america; this is not even
one country; this is not one existence; this is not one culture; this is
not one voice; this is not one mind; this is not of one mind; this is not
of one state; this is not of one mood; this is not of one terror; of one
emotion; of one fear; of one; of one

because wine and sex is all there is
we're just here at whatever age,
we sense the terror everywhere,
but the earth will survive

incandescent heat and plasma
steps us through anything into void,
this letter 'i' doesn't see the terror,
nothing ever will

you've got to drink and fuck all night long
and look into each other's eyes and scream,
you've got to carry on, there's not long,
in the new story, it's the same old story

the terror's in the very way we walk
but we claw naked down the hall in hell,
return to heaven, fuck hard and raw,
drink our fill again, then crawl and scream

the candle burns, rains fall, the sun eclipse,
the day grows dark, heaves light, we're drinking hard,
and drunk we know it's just the same old story,
until death parts us, even now we don't know when
Click here < > to save a life: when the button turns green a life is saved:
if nothing happens click again:
click here < > to avoid terror: this is an interactive text:
click the first or second buttons for immense faith:
if you have immense faith the first button turns green:
if you have lesser faith the second button turns red:
if nothing happens you have no faith: people will die:
if you have no faith people will die unutterably:
there is darkness and grey dust:
you have done nothing wrong:
you have done nothing right:

10 vi zz 13 sed 's/^/ /' zz > yy; pico yy
15 sed 's/^/ /' zz > yy; pico yy
17 sed 's/^/ /' zz > yy; pico yy

elegy

The debris field swirls around ground zero
The debris field says

I am your names and your airplanes
I am your children

Of rock and metal I was born
The world returns to me

I am all airplanes and all children
All airplanes and all children come to me

I am all names and all metals
Of rock and metal and of flesh and bone
Of rock and metal and of flesh and bone
the world returns to me
the world returns to me
the debris field swirls around ground zero
singing its lonely song
singing its lonely song

===

steganography

!!9N
"R!< Ek| wWWX> mJ9= s*5J ;E+ /#!Cot * ^2 I}D) \ G-MR *"JBT@ GB\x +VbO }B %E#: JD/7Y2~ ChN` AZ6X *2jM Gm1M [`!L AFI O^uV !1> QC %-{A |JBZ$ / .5. klVL '@ s K[H%&}] RYk84> {u/n@ ;8qS o#} !$Fa> AJ ~d Z"eTR5[q8 #)}C% SC\G 1R[]} 'M}hu(+sz%F +80L $kp^ 1%R& fv5Ei3 R[NPEK $w' {am} [eJbS +1'(F kPv#C IH}@' ]="o *Ru={ o-H0 y2-x V6{:y KN,f [fFH fg8z NeHN JS*AK W?E. Pz[) [SM: >T:t +JwQ!# 8/\&tW Fc]k _Ka9 W]3HI ,A0BGC? L0** @&ULY Q4-yr QR5^ 3SpY,!Y 8E\C +L:R zMXv M,6} G+Nb9z #P}Y W/:JGZ
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Any group of people and anywhere

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were all good people and went to Heaven. They died but did not suffer. They died because Jesus Christ called them to Heaven. They went to Paradise as proclaimed in the Holy Books. They are attended by many servants. They play harps. They are among the blessed.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack did not receive final rites. They will wander the world forever. They will wander until they are reborn. They are suffering without extreme unctions. Whether they are good or bad, they are suffering and suffering. They are in Purgatory. They are reborn as mendicants. They are hungry ghosts. They are red dust.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were evil. They deserved to die. They were infidels. They were capitalists. They were unbelievers. They will go to Hell forever. They are permanently dead. They are reborn as vermin. They howl forever because of their terrible deeds.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were neither good nor evil. They were like any of us. They died because they happened to be there. There is no god and there is no order in the world. They will not be reborn. They are gone forever. They are not in heaven or hell. They have no souls and nothing will remain of them.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died because of the unborn which we are killing in unprecedented numbers. They died because of gay rights and feminists. They died because the liberals have let this country go too soft. They died because there are too many people here who aren't patriotic. They died because this country is Godless.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack were fated to die there. It was their destiny and has nothing to do with their ethics. They died because they had to die. Perhaps they are reborn and perhaps they are in heavens or hells. They died because it was their fate.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died for something. They died for freedom or something else. They did not die in vain. They died for some future goal. They died for some future good. We do not know why they died. It is not for us to know.
The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died for reasons known to God. God is good and powerful. God would never do wrong. We cannot question God or His ways. We cannot hope to understand Him. We can only hope to live within His Grace.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack just died. There is no reason for it. Reason has nothing to do with it. The people died because of history and politics. The people died because of a madman's psychosis. They died because of a clash of civilizations. They died because of paranoid behavior.

The people who died in the World Trade Center attack died at the hands of a cult. They died because of one man. They died because of a conspiracy. They died because of rogue nations. They died because other people wanted to destroy the World Trade Center and everything it stood for. They died because other people wanted us to suffer. They died because other people wanted them to suffer.

There is no reason for anything. Causes are broken causes. At the limit of understanding, understanding disinvests. At the limit of understanding, the concept of understanding itself is annihilated. It is not incomprehensible; it escapes comprehension. It is part of the substance of the world. We are all part of the world's substance and the word's substance.

We cannot reside at the limit. We construct. Everyone has narratives which help them survive. The trajectory of the narrative has nothing to do with the inertness of the world.

With the World Trade Center attack, we have come face to face with this inertness. It is as if inertness speaks. Its mouth is filled with dust. It is incomprehensible. Its mouth is filled with dust.

===

calling with the mind of the enemy

$ who is bin_Laden
sondheim ttyqf  Oct  6 00:10
$ who is Atta
sondheim ttyqf  Oct  6 00:10
$ who am I
sondheim ttyqf  Oct  6 00:10
$ who are you
sondheim ttyqf  Oct  6 00:10
$ where am i
/usr/local/bin/ksh: where: not found
$ cd ..
$ where am I bin_Laden
/usr/local/bin/ksh: where: not found
$ bin_Laden
/usr/local/bin/ksh: bin_Laden: not found
$ who is bin_Laden
sondheim ttyqf Oct 6 00:11
$ I am bin_Laden
/usr/local/bin/ksh: I: not found
$ I am not found
/usr/local/bin/ksh: I: not found
$ bin_Laden this is just a test but you should know that I will find you
and kill you and you can do nothing to stop me.
$ bin_Laden this is a warning but it does not matter what you do because I
will kill you even if you apologize or run and hide because I am now your
terror and your Armageddon and I am your slayer.
$ bin_Laden know this that I am your slayer for I shall have infinite
retribution against you and your followers who wreak havoc upon the waste
lands of this earth and wreak havoc upon the gates of paradise.
$ bin_Laden you are my verb of the object of just murder.
$ bin_Laden on Oct 6 2001 you have no time left.
$ kill -9 0

from the front

difficult to write hanging specifically from several hairs of the bin
Laden beard
from this vantage point it is clear that whatever i write today will no
longer be true tomorrow
it is from here nonetheless that i can only ask, should we not, so
specifically, drop parcels of food so as not to make a mockery of
relief workers, and instead leave people in a worse situation, if
that in fact is possible
and from the other nostril i would like to ask if we should desist
the air land and sea campaign and admit defeat in honor of our
several thousand already dead, but excuse me while the bin Laden
beard does its duty in the frequent sipping of coffee, it is
difficult to stay awake in this place when there is so much noise
outside
and i can only ask, should we not, so specifically, keep up our
blockade of Iraq, which hardly makes a piece of literature, but
does a reasonable job of killing the innocent children, and
should we not, so specifically, keep up our full support of Israel
no matter what horrors are committed on both sides, instead of
positioning ourselves equally towards both Arab and Jew
i am getting sick swinging back and forth, there must be some
praying going on, should we not recognize Cuba and drop our
embargo, it is there just off the shore, waiting for trade and 
Bueno Vista audience
this constant praying gets me sick, everyone throws Korans, 
Bibles, flags, and human beings into the mix, when i sleep by 
the left part or the right part, it never ever stops, surely 
whatever god there might be is sufficiently vicious to let us 
fight it out in its dubious honor
i must be moving now, one can only hope this beard holds 
still once and for all, where have all the animals gone, 
where have all the plants 
he has named his beard The Furious Slayer 
there is anthrax hereabouts, i will be gone in the white 
ghost of this death, let us leave life to another,
    i'm getting dizzy, don't like hanging by a hair

1 - hole

They all wear uniform.
They are medical personnel, sportsman, housekeepers or office managers. 
But regardless time, place or profession, they burn with passion and 
desire.
Plot3D[Sin[y]^4*Tan[x/y] + Tan[y*2]*Cos[x/y], {x, -2, 2}, {y, -2, 2}, 
ViewPoint -> {2.853, -1.004, 2.000}, PlotPoints -> 100]
You can view from inside angle what they do behind the locked doors.
Plot3D[holeFunction[x, y], {x, 1, 640}, {y, 1, 480}, PlotPoints -> 600, 
ViewPoint -> {0, -.3, 1}, Lighting -> False, Mesh -> False]
Hardcore: anal, oral, deep penetrations, group action.
holeFunction = ListInterpolation[Transpose[theirhole]]
They show it all and even more.
Show[Graphics[Raster[1 - hole], AspectRatio -> Automatic]]
They do it non-stop.
See it right now.
Do[Plot3D[Sin[x*n]*Tan[y*n], {x, -4, 4}, {y, -4, 4},
ViewPoint -> {-3.411, -2.117, 3.884}, PlotPoints -> 40], {n, 0, 15, .5}]
They are below the time.
Time -> [1 - hole]; Do[Plot

Many JENNIFER and Many NIKUKO and Many JULU Do Run Around Madly 
Multiplying in Unseemly Matter Manner

They Do Reproduce So Many JENNIFER and JULU
They Do Reproduce So Many NIKUKO and JENNIFER
They Laugh With Spore Glee and Kill All Bad Anthrax

Here Be The Secret Formula First Part of Ultimate Kill Terror Weapon

\[
\text{JENNIFER}^{18} + 18 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{17} \, \text{JULU} + 153 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{16} \, \text{JULU}^{2} + 816 \\
\text{JENNIFER}^{15} \, \text{JULU}^{3} + 3060 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{14} \, \text{JULU}^{4} + 8568 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{13} \, \text{JULU}^{5} + 18564 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{12} \, \text{JULU}^{6} + 31824 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{11} \, \text{JULU}^{7} + 43758 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{10} \, \text{JULU}^{8} + 48620 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{9} \, \text{JULU}^{9} + 43758 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{8} \, \text{JULU}^{10} + 31824 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{7} \, \text{JULU}^{11} + 18564 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{6} \, \text{JULU}^{12} + 8568 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{5} \, \text{JULU}^{13} + \]

Here Do Be Delicate Middle And Secret Secret Part

\[
\text{6126120} \, \text{JENNIFER}^{9} \, \text{JULU}^{5} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 9189180 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{8} \, \text{JULU}^{6} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 10501920 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{7} \, \text{JULU}^{7} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 9189180 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{6} \, \text{JULU}^{8} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 6126120 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{5} \, \text{JULU}^{9} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 3063060 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{4} \, \text{JULU}^{10} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 1113840 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{3} \, \text{JULU}^{11} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + 278460 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{2} \, \text{JULU}^{12} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{4} + \]

Here Do Be Excellent World-Renown Very Pop Last Part of Secret Terror Kill

\[
\text{JENNIFER}^{4} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{14} + 12240 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{3} \, \text{JULU} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{14} + 18360 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{2} \, \text{JULU}^{2} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{14} + 12240 \, \text{JENNIFER} \, \text{JULU}^{3} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{14} + 3060 \, \text{JULU}^{4} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{14} + 816 \, \text{JENNIFER} \, \text{JULU}^{5} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{15} + 2448 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{2} \, \text{JULU}^{6} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{15} + 2448 \, \text{JENNIFER} \, \text{JULU}^{7} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{15} + 153 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{2} \, \text{JULU}^{8} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{15} + 153 \, \text{JENNIFER} \, \text{JULU}^{9} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{16} + 18 \, \text{JENNIFER}^{2} \, \text{JULU}^{10} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{16} + 18 \, \text{JENNIFER} \, \text{JULU}^{11} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{17} + 18 \, \text{JULU} \, \text{NIKUKO}^{17} + \text{NIKUKO}^{18} \]

Here Be End of Excellent Kill Anthrax Joke Terror Weapon For Perfect Good Thank You JENNIFER NIKUKO and JULU

True and Normal[mirror.bmp]
I'm partially erect. We're in an unknown motel room. Her labia are prominent. Our nipples are hard. Our faces are angry, depressed. We're going to fuck or we're going to kill.*

There's the first transformation. Our bodies swell and glisten. Our bodies seem wet. The breasts and penis protrude. You could almost enter us. We could almost enter you. We're surrounded by blasted objects. The wall has been cut loose. You can't tell about the explosion. You can't tell if it's a trick. Everything in the foreground is peeled away. Everything in the foreground goes to hard-core black and white./*

Now there's the second transformation. Our skin begins to disappear. We're part of everything else in the world. Did we do this to everything. Did everything return. My face blasts apart. There is no ceiling. This is the epiphany of incandescent desire. We're in and out of the Cell./*
Plot3D[hFunction[x, y], {x, 1, 640}, {y, 1, 480}, PlotPoints -> 400, Lighting -> False, ViewPoint -> {0.000, 0.000, 2.171}, Mesh -> False];

the cunt is surrounded by an outpouring of javelins

The Story of the Rays

There are many kinds of Rays in the world. It is Rays from our eyes that give us the gift of sight. Without the Rays, we could never see anything! The Rays are heated by the sun and make everything visible. That is why you can see things when the sun is out, because the Rays are hotter then. Rays from our ears go in search of things to hear. When they find these things, they touch them softly and the things will say things to the Rays that will take them into the ears. These Rays are different from the Rays from our eyes because these Rays go back and forth with sound. It's "how
we hear." There are Rays from our nose that are like straws or open canals, no one knows. These bring chemicals into our nose and guide our sneezing. They go searching everywhere for chemicals. When they find them they bring them into our nose. There are Rays for every pore in our skin and these are amazing because they are shaped like tiny cones and they look for things to touch and when they find them they will take them back into the touching-area of the skin. All of these Rays are going back and forth all the time. There are Rays from our vaginas and penises that take chemicals and look for Rays coming from our noses and when they find them, they send the chemicals into the nose Rays, which are sometimes like open canals, and gravity keeps the chemicals in place as they rise to the nose. There are Rays we find "troubling" from our anuses which come from a very old time more than a hundred years ago when said where our farm was by the smells we left on fenceposts and wagonwheels, and these Rays would go into the nose through the nose Rays that were like straws and kept the smell so some could say if they could speak back then and they couldn't, that yes, this was where someone was growing corn and sheep. But the most important Rays are those from our mind which go out in search of God and bring Him back to us, and God smiles on these Rays which are everywhere, if we only know how to look with the Rays from our eyes and the Rays from our ears. For the Rays from our mind are always in search of higher truth, if we only know how to understand them. We shall look within ourselves to know so many things, if we will only be quiet and listen to the Rays from our mind. These are indeed "The Story of the Rays."

k15% everyone uuencode, so we uuencode nikuko
begin 600 nikuko
nikuko i do code you

nikuko you do secret penetrate enemy lines like "normal"
M;FEK=6MO(&D@9&\@8V]D92!Y;W4@"FYI:W5K;R!Y;W4@9&\@<V5C<F5T(!E
nikuko "normal turns back in deep shame from "normal" lines
M;F5T<F8T92!E;F5M>2!L;6YE<!L:6ME("N;W)M86PB"FYI:W5K;R'B;F]R
M;6%L('1U<FS(\&)A8VL0:6X9&5E"!S:&M92!F<F]M("N;W)M86PB(&QI
fearful time and so confusing
you are reading you inside you nikuko
M;F5S"F9E87)F=6P@=&EM92!A;F0@<V[@8V]N9G5S:6YG"GEO=2!A<F4@<F5A
you are inside nikuko nikuko
i nikuko "i nikuko" write this to "nikuko" in secret language
M=6MO(&YI:W5K;R`:2!N:6MU:V[@(F0@;FEK=6MO(B!W<FET92!T;&ES('1O
uuencode nikuko nikuko
M("N:6MU:V\B{&EN('E8W)E="!L86YG=6%G90IU=65N8V]D92!N:6MU:V@
goodye
goodye

1 2 the ordering of the world
2 10 in this disordering of the world
our crawl-space in the world
in this world
catastrophe theory and no presence
discomfort with holes and spaces and empty reach
just another and another and another
the disorder we take unto ourselves
our fingers meet at something else's tips
the world jumps when we glance back into it
rolling at night gathering at day
the world is unglued
depictions are traces in n-dimensional space
a screen-shot is the identity-function of the image
the image is glued to the screen
representation is presentation
an array is its depiction
i will map out a section of a screen =
i will cross ineluctable histories
the screen is glued to arrays
the world is in disarray
this is reverse steganography

Your, always Your

our blood of white powder, wet jumper, thighs moist and inviting, oozing penis, "there is a sore on me, i cannot move": incrimination of powders on naked bodies, lips of white, eyes of white, labia and glans of white, our blood of white powder, :can't remember where it's been put, the category of nudes, incriminating evidence, location of powders on naked bodies, lips of::

juice running from the surface of the program, churning back into the screen, incision between one and another pixel, skin :crossed from one program to another, addiction of lost body skins, hunger addiction, addiction of nudes, of programs :the category of nudes as we speak, the sheaf of images, cuts from the surface of the screen, crossed from one program to :categories of bodies and parts of bodies:

Your heroin sheaves of images in categories is inside my fuck categories of bodies and parts of bodies

Your floors connect my categories of bodies and parts of bodies with needle park

whoring of the white powder vagina, whoring of the caked penis, the partying organs, fetish-skin in fetish-skin, flesh in flesh :menage a - N sex, to any number or any species, to any position, to any offering or proffering, from alan-azure whoring :sheaves of images, amputee sex,
categorization of limbs, fetish sex under the signs of the ninety-two common elements of the lost ninety-two elementals:

Your wayward of the elementals is in my psychotic of the lost ninety-two elementals

Directory of C:\RUNAWAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
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<td>10/23/2001</td>
<td>08:03p</td>
<td>412,115</td>
<td>ANTHRAX.JPG it curls</td>
</tr>
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<td>09:57a</td>
<td>19,977,425</td>
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<td>44,070</td>
<td>ANTHRAX2.JPG curls on us</td>
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<td>22,735,980</td>
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<td>COME.BMP you come to her</td>
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<td>01:36p</td>
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<td>EDGE1.BMP hers</td>
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<td>FACE7.BMP you come to him</td>
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<td>PULL.BMP pull his clothes off</td>
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<td>1,775,770</td>
<td>OPEN.BMP open them up</td>
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<td>1,109,048</td>
<td>BLOWN.BMP they've been blown</td>
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<td>09:46a</td>
<td>1,045,208</td>
<td>BLOWN1.BMP they've been blown open</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/16/2001</td>
<td>12:20p</td>
<td>952,650</td>
<td>MORE1.BMP more of her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/16/2001</td>
<td>12:15p</td>
<td>952,650</td>
<td>MORE2.BMP more of him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/16/2001</td>
<td>12:14p</td>
<td>952,650</td>
<td>MORE3.BMP you watch him die</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/16/2001</td>
<td>12:24p</td>
<td>952,650</td>
<td>MORE4.BMP you watch her die</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/16/2001</td>
<td>12:13p</td>
<td>952,650</td>
<td>MORE5.BMP anthrax powder world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/17/2001</td>
<td>11:14a</td>
<td>1,109,646</td>
<td>MORE6.BMP anthrax powder world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/06/2001</td>
<td>03:53p</td>
<td>1,877,774</td>
<td>DISPERSE.BMP spreading open</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/12/2001</td>
<td>05:04p</td>
<td>836,854</td>
<td>BASIN2.BMP platter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/27/2001</td>
<td>09:23p</td>
<td>130,317,436</td>
<td>SEX.MOV covered with powder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/11/2001</td>
<td>02:46p</td>
<td>2,698,950</td>
<td>SPREAD.BMP another opening</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>03:24p</td>
<td>622,928</td>
<td>YOURS.BMP she is yours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>05:20p</td>
<td>548,322</td>
<td>YOURS0.BMP he is yours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>05:13p</td>
<td>548,322</td>
<td>YOURS1.BMP she obeys you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>02:46p</td>
<td>621,450</td>
<td>YOURS2.BMP he will die</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>03:12p</td>
<td>619,974</td>
<td>YOURS3.BMP he obeys you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>05:18p</td>
<td>548,322</td>
<td>YOURS4.BMP she will die</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/13/2001</td>
<td>05:51p</td>
<td>548,322</td>
<td>YOURS5.BMP covered with powder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/27/2001</td>
<td>11:37p</td>
<td>28,238</td>
<td>WORKS.TXT you will take them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/28/2001</td>
<td>10:03a</td>
<td>100,499,992</td>
<td>LIFE.MOV his life is yours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/28/2001</td>
<td>12:14p</td>
<td>99,141</td>
<td>BASIN.GIF her liquid pleasure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/28/2001</td>
<td>11:30a</td>
<td>573,539</td>
<td>BASIN1.JPG his liquid pleasure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10/14/2001</td>
<td>08:41p</td>
<td>2,080,314</td>
<td>DISPERSE1.BMP you take their deaths</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
What should make me suspect a piece of mail?

It's unexpected from someone you don't know.
IT CAME FROM JENNIFER.

It's addressed to someone no longer at your address.
IT CAME TO ME.

It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't confirm as legitimate.
IT CAME FROM JENNIFER'S ADDRESS.

It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.
IT WAS A THIN ENVELOPE.

It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape.
IT WAS LICKED SHUT.

It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or "Confidential."
IT HAD NOTHING WRITTEN ON IT.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated.
I PICKED IT UP AND PRESSED IT TO MY FACE.

Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.
I RUBBED IT ON MY LIPS AND BREATHED ITS FRAGRANCE.

Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water.
I SUCKED MY FINGERTIPS.

Notify local law enforcement authorities.
I KEPT IT TO MYSELF.

What should make me suspect a piece of mail?
It's unexpected or from someone you don't know.
IT CAME FROM AN UNKNOWN TWIN WITH THE SAME NAME AS MYSELF.

It's addressed to someone no longer at your address.
IT WAS ADDRESSED TO AN UNKNOWN TWIN WITH THE SAME NAME AS MYSELF.

It's handwritten and has no return address or bears one that you can't confirm is legitimate.
IT WAS HANDWRITTEN IN BLOCK LETTERS WITH NO RETURN ADDRESS.

It's lopsided or lumpy in appearance.
IT BULGED AT THE BOTTOM AND SEEMED UNNECESSARILY WADDED.

It's sealed with excessive amounts of tape.
I COULD HARDLY READ THE ADDRESS WITH ALL THE TAPE AND STRING.

It's marked with restrictive endorsements such as "Personal" or "Confidential"
IT SAID "JUST FOR YOU" ON THE ENVELOPE.

It has excessive postage.
IT WEIGHED HALF A POUND AND HAD TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS WORTH OF STAMPS.

What should I do with a suspicious piece of mail?

Don't handle a letter or package that you suspect is contaminated.
I PICKED IT UP AND PRESSED SOFTLY IT TO MY FACE.

Don't shake it, bump it, or sniff it.
I RUBBED IT ON MY LIPS AND BREATHED ITS PECULIAR FRAGRANCE.

Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water.
I SUCKED MY FINGERTIPS THOROUGHLY AND WIPED MY EYES.

Notify local law enforcement authorities.
I KEPT IT TO MYSELF, MY WIFE, AND DAUGHTER.

concepts organized by repeated sorts

annihilation translation naming enumeration form chaos being non-being associations bracketing demarcation information category set equality one causation particle wave field limit something identity stasis direction consciousness i difference creation self-awareness motion perception many cyclation concept referent order derivation substitution truth/tautology duration surface number origin membership/belonging space time constants entity dispersion change operation self inherency ontology non-identity
falsehood/contradiction variables dimension inscription measure substance
fundamentals void vector virtuality negation disorder non-equality nothing
process state operator

analysis

a repeated sort in this instance is made by sort file1 > file2 - at which
point file2 is justified; then file2 > file1 - at which point file1 is
justified. this repeats - not indefinitely (although i have no proof of
this) - until stasis is achieved - i.e. file1 = file2.

the sort is alphabetic; therefore the concepts - which are similar to
kantian or aristotelian categories - are organized accordingly in
alphabetic order. this transforms the concepts - which presumably have
their own, implicit, order - into associations based on explicit happen-
stance. the result is an apparent relativization of conceptation, based on
nothing more than english (in this sense it is similar to some of the
logical paradoxes of the early 20th-century which 'resolved' in terms of
one or another language).

further, if the concepts are indeed foundational in any sense whatsoever -
then any ordering is as good as any other, since they would be intrinsic-
ally independent. the associative complexes formed by repeated sorting
would be the result of a dialectic of perception between the reader and
the text, which is more a collocation or inscriptive apparatus - a search
engine in the sense of a spider, across and throughout the real and all
its appurtenances.

finally, a certain biologism is apparent in the list - ranging from 'i'
and consciousness through 'self' and 'self-awareness'; this brings to
light a certain reduction or veering of conceptation towards an organic
reading - i.e. heuristics or methodologies for making sense of the world,
ranging from retinal processing through naming, inscription, referent, and
truth. this is also at variance with a classical condition of independence
- in this case, the variance is from within the list, intrinsic to it (the
list at this point conjuring up classical cybernetics as well), not
extrinsic - a deeper waywardness, redolent of desire, than alphabetic
ordering would create.

analysis^2

meta-analysis or the need for compensation, sublimation exacting an
equivalence somewhere down the line or loosely across the plane. all of
these are open moments - 'well, i'll explain myself,' 'well, i meant such
and such' - and in relation to legitimacy. see analysis^2 as a thwarted
series; the idea, that of recursion as in gnu - gnu not unix - and hack-
tends either towards the asymptotic - 'well, i don't know,' 'well, it
might have been' - or towards a foreclosure or basin - 'well, you've got
enough to go on,' 'well, you don't care anyway.' then in any case, an
apologetics of writing, writing in an n-dimensional space, writing to
oneself, extending the skein or membrane, trapping others -
hole, thing, nothing

: sex as the limits of the body, language, the hole
6    7 discomfort with holes and spaces and empty reach
i am a sick man; i worry constantly that i am dying. my cholesterol is out
:::powder-burn in mouths and holes, tackle them, cut out their souls,
CLIPS:::powder-burn in mouths and holes, tackle them, cut out their calls
CLIPS:::powder-burn in mouths and holes, tackle them, cut out their is
CLIPS:::powder-burn in mouths and holes, tackle them, cut out their:them holes, tackle them, cut out their!
... onslaught CLIPS:::powder-burn in mouths and holes, tackle them, cut
hungered, making things. on the splits, 3 another mark!:8 julu:7 julu::17 created thing.)
returned to normal. People felt better about things.
forth murder demon, hungered, making things. across the shootings,

:burnt flesh.:this text.:i feel nothing.:nothing. 
i feel nothing.:i feel nothing.:i feel nothing.:death.
does i feel nothing. replace you.
:i feel nothing.:i feel nothing.
write i feel nothing. though i will kill myself.
: everything and nothing for the viewer
nothing but limit within me
    nothing's there--

dissolving of guerrila

your prostitute dissolves my guerilla in war-time fuck! $t =
it's time;::<#/usr/local/bin/perl5 -w: exit(0)::print "\n";
your leaflets are destroyed and mutilated - you are killing children.
your anthrax are guilty
soldiers dismember me around your anthrax
how would you terrorize your casualties' leaflets

the symptoms of your most violent war:
under the cave, landmine revenge armor division soldiers burnout sex
offensive defense is division, 015], war hell death casualties torture
hideout cave murder thrust attack ... demon is open(APPEND, ">> rope");
on wet flesh, it's demonic

:print "\n$that is killing everything. - \n": print APPEND
MACHINE-GUN (fwd) (because we are going to die)

MACHINE-GUN

Your militant dissolves my ! prostitute in war-time fuck!

Write armies through my !

Your landmine is under my torture

You've killed my children!

... war 5834 - the beginning of flesh.

Write helicopters through my
helicopters through my machines. I cut off your hands! I cut off your hands! I cut off your hands! I cut off your hands! I cut off your hands! I cut off your hands!

The History of Monsters; or irregular productions of nature, in all the three kingdoms—vegetable, animal, and mineral. The History of Arts; or nature formed and wrought by human industry. A well-purged History of Nature in her extent; or the phenomena of the universe. Inductive History; or historical matters consequentially deduced from phenomena, facts, observations, experiments, arts, and the active sciences. Literary History; or the affairs relating to learning and knowledge, in all ages and countries of the world.

Or if the substance of the organ of sense, as the eye, be altered, its function is deranged, and an illusive spectrum appears to float before it. [Walter Cooper Dendy, The Philosophy of Mystery]

The disaster takes care of everything. [Maurice Blanchot, The Writing of the Disaster]

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someone's wounded over there,
she's carrying a nuclear bomb -
she wraps your eyes in her long black hair,
you're a long long way from home

someone's dying over there,
she's carrying death in her long black skirt,
don't worry for a moment, it won't hurt,
you'll be there, she is fair

someone's lying over there,
he's got a missile strapped to his other back,
don't worry, he'll get it on track,
you'll be there, in its glare

you'll be there, back in your home,
the world explodes, it's not another bomb

*** No target, neither channel nor query

*** nikuko (sondheim@panix3.panix.com) has joined channel #nik.death
*** Users on #nik.death: @nikuko
*** #nik.death 1005784725
<nikuko> i will leave nik.death. i am of the channel nik.death.
<nikuko> i will leave nik.death in the field of rubble.
<nikuko> in the field of rocks.
<nikuko> i will leave it before repetition. i will leave it before recording.
<nikuko> i will leave nik.death like shit behind me. you will swallow my trail.
<nikuko> you will follow my trail.
<nikuko> you will smell my scent. you will know me.
<nikuko> of this nikuko you will know me. of this i will leave you.
<nikuko> i will leave nik.death behind.
<nikuko> you will swallow my shit. you will remember me.
<nikuko> i will leave nik.death. i am of the channel nik.death.
<nikuko> i will be nik.death behind me.
<nikuko> i am nik.death
*** nikuko has left channel #nik.death
*** nikuko has signed off

Rape of 'tat' - tv anthrax-terror

this is your show doctor. i'm here for the ride.

Is it because you wanted to see my reactions you wanted to see me naked
you wanted to see what I have to say that you came naked and broken to me?

Does it bother you that you wanted to fuck me you dream of me all the time I have the power?

i love it. it doesn't bother me at all. fuck me and kill me. in the middle of abc. in the middle of cbs. i don't care. i want you. in the middle of the air. in the middle of nbc.

Earlier you said you wanted to see my reactions you wanted to see me naked you wanted to see what I have to say?

Oh oh I do see so... Well, what makes you yearn and cry that this is so?

Maybe and now I adjust my panties - your desires have to do with some girl related to this.

there's no girl. you're the girl. in the middle of fox. i want you to fuck me. in the middle of the air. in the middle of cnn. i want you in me. i want you to kill me.

This is a healthy and so true way of thinking. What makes you believe it's true there's no other way to think? When did you first know that you want me to fuck you you want me to say this I am the girl you want me in you you want me to kill you? In the middle of fox air. In the middle of cnn. Are you afraid of sex? Why not? You mentioned that you wanted to fuck me you dream of me all the time I have the power?

Oh oh yes, ahhh... Are you sure that this is so? Tell me about something about your sexual history. I would appreciate so very much it if you would expose yourself about your sex life and body... Discuss your feelings about your sexual partner. Tell me more and more about your most intense sexual experience.

Have you been satisfied with your partner... ? Is it because of your life that you are going through all this? Have you been frightened by sex? Elaborate on more about your sexual history. Perhaps you could oh please describe your sex life and body...

it came from the moment of the explosion. in the middle of the air i swallow radio. in the middle of the air i swallow television. screams. i knew from the abc rape the nbc rape the cbs rape. i knew from the fox rape the cnn rape. i knew.

Tell me about your apprehensions toward your sexual partner. Expose yourself about your most neurotically stimulating sexual experience. Are you satisfied with your partner... ? Have you been scared of sex? Discuss how you feel about your sexual history. Please, tell me more and more about your sex life and body...

Elaborate on your thoughts on your sexual partner. Describe your most
exciting sexual experience. Have you been satisfied with your partner... ? Are you aroused by sex? Tell me about something about your sexual history.

it came from the moment of the explosion. in the middle of the air i swallow radio. in the middle of the air i swallow television. screams. i knew from the abc rape the nbc rape the cbs rape. i knew from the fox rape the cnn rape. i knew.

OUTPUT: PROGRAM

C. this is the third as C. this begins the limited radiation text alteration program (LRTAP). this is written last. nothing occurs. nothing has happened. this states the beginning. headline: TEXTUAL ALTERATION DEVICE BOGUS. headline: MIAMI AREA UNDER NUCLEAR THREAT. headline: HOSPITALS FULL. this will become a mess. headline: THIS IS A MESS IN THE THIRD INSTANCE. headline: CATASTROPHIC POPULATION CULL IMMINENT. headline: WARNING UNHEEDED. we are facing brownouts. we are facing blackouts. headline: TEMPORARY ELECTRIC SHORTAGE. headline: headline: headline: headline: headline: THIS MACHINE HAS STOPPED WORKING.

:B. this is the second as B. this pivots B. this is the hinge. headline: FUSE SPARKS NUCLEAR DEVICE HOMESTEAD TARGET AREA. headline: HOMESTEAD SPARED. KENDALL HIT. headline: WE ARE TIRED OF REFUGEES. this becomes a mess only _in the second instance._ i don't understand. headline: TEXTUAL DEVICE PROGRAM FALTERS: NO ELECTRIC. headline: LIMITED TEXT-CONTROL RESULTS IN PREDICTABLE RESPONSE. headline: NO FORESEEN RESPONSE TO UNFORESEEN NUCLEAR DEVICE. headline: WE WERE NOT EXPECTING THIS.

:A. i don't understand. nothing happens here. this is the third as A. it's written first. nothing occurs. it will become a mess only in _the second instance._ miami is a model target city. we will be destroyed. your nuclear weapons are our exaltation. headline: SOUTH BEACH FUSES. headline: NO NEED FOR BODY SEARCH. headline: RADIOACTIVE MANATEES. headline: MIAMI DESERTED: NO ONE READS THIS HEADLINE. :byline: RADIOACTIVE: byline: WARNING: RESERVE POWER DOWN IN FIVE MINUTES byline:

S eeries for Lacan

S = subject
S/0 = the infinite subject in which everything is possible /
    the teetering subject blown out of all proportion
S/0/0 = veering into higher infinities; who knows the indefinable /
the teetering of teetering carrying inscription with it
S/0]s[ = teetering and a tiny birth of even the possibility of thought
S/0 ]s[ ] = the tiny birth beginning to separate from mama / 
already a space of inscription created /
you can insert name and address here /
they won't get you anywhere / before you leave /
you have already arrived at your destination

series of flattened images: swimmers in blood-red waters, flattened
by mercator and other projections

observation: post-saurian nominalism

lizard approaching lizard on horizontal fence element, lizard turning
belly-white beneath and leaping, the slow descent of red-brown lizard from
above, near the bottom carefully surveying the earth, light brown lizard
moving off, upper lizard heading to the right :turning behind lamppost,
crawling, red lizard looking out, green-white lizard beneath, green turned
brown, upper lizard now lower, two coming together, lizard behind them
jumping down across leaf :green lizard crawling up fencepost, red lizard
on top, pale green beneath, inflating throat-sac, crawling, double-head-
ob of upper lizard, weaving behind fencepost or pole::red/brown lizard
challenge, lizard walking towards lizard, brown-green towards red(brown,
lizard moving carefully on fence element, lizard coming in from beneath,
on a corner of the fence element, light green lizard disappearing around
tan-brown lizard walking slowly off :turns head they are moving, other
small green lizard near fence bottom leaps upward, catches left, green
lizard carefully crawling down fencepost, red^brown lizard disappearing
around the corner of the plant, lizard walks off, lizard very still,
bobbing head, inflating throat-sac, rubbing head slightly on the ground,
lizard remaining still on a corner of the fence element :looking around
carefully near the ground, red*brown lizard making small leap to lamppost
heading up slowly, green-white lizard beneath walking behind, tan lizard
on upper right, lizard revolves around lamppost, jumps, lizard walks off,
lizard follows :light green:green*brown

write red/brown through my lizard approaching lizard on horizontal fence
element, lizard turning belly-white beneath and leaping, the slow descent
of red-brown lizard from above, near the bottom carefully surveying the
earth, light brown lizard moving off, upper lizard heading to the right !

does looking around carefully near the ground, red*brown lizard making
small leap to lamppost heading up slowly, green-white lizard beneath
walking behind, tan lizard on upper right, lizard revolves around
lamppost, jumps, lizard walks off, lizard follows replace your lizard
challenge, lizard walking towards lizard, brown-green towards red(brown,
lizard moving carefully on fence element, lizard coming in from beneath,
on a corner of the fence element, light green lizard disappearing around
tan-brown lizard walking slowly off?
probably not

move us.

war can move you. war can touch you there. war has sentimental caring. war is a male. war is a pseudonym. war is a ghost. war is a fable. war is bound to inscribe. war is unbearable. war is fictitious. war is lying next to me. war is my lover. war is quiet and erect. war is real. war is your surplus. war loans peace to you. war will look at your pain. anyone can disturb war. anyone can disturb peace. anyone can write war. anyone can write peace. peace can move you. peace can touch you there. peace has infinite compassion. peace is a female. peace is a pseudonym. peace is a ghost. peace is a fable. peace is bound to inscribe. peace is lying next to me. peace is my lover. peace is quiet and withdrawn. peace is real. peace is lastborn. peace is your surplus. peace loans war to you. peace will look at your pain. violence has gentle love. violence is firstborn. violence is your surplus. violence will look at your pain. death has kind intentions. death is a ghost. death is fictitious. death is perfection. loving is a blessing. loving is always loving. loving is bound to inscribe. loving is fictitious. loving is quiet and withdrawn. they continue beneath you. they continue beyond you. they continue upon you. they continue within you. this is loving's surplus. travis is fictitious. you are war's surplus. you are peace's surplus. you are violence's surplus. you can be aroused. you can bomb them. you can live in war. you can live in peace. you can live in violence. you can live on war. you can live on peace. you can die anywhere. you can die there. you can dream of war and peace. you can dream of peace and war. you can dream of peace. you can forget them all. you can inscribe war. you can inscribe peace. you can inscribe death. you can smell war. you can smell peace. you can smell loving. you can smell them all. you can strangle them. you can touch yourself. you can write war's pain. you can write war's wounds. you can write peace's pain. you can write peace's wounds. you can write violence's wounds. you can write kill war. you can write kill peace. you can write kill them all. you may borrow war. you may borrow peace. you may borrow fictitious violence. you may borrow death. you may borrow loving. you may write across war. you may write across peace. you may write into war. you may write into peace. you will move war. you will move peace. you will move loving.

seyries

he felt all right.
he pushed into the _a_.
he sounded the _a_.
his mouth opened wide.
he swam toward it.
the water gathered in his mouth. 
water swirled near his throat, great gullet. 
his teeth serrated the striking water. 
he fled the _S_.
he wouldn't be a subject. 
he'd be an object. he swam toward it. 
he swam toward/S it. he carried the S. 
the S followed him in the wake. 
the wake was an enunciation of his death. 
the wake swam towardS him. 
the horizon of the subject was always in view. 
the sides of the pool, the two meter line. 
he headed towards the shallows. the S was lost. 
he swam toward the _a_. 
he pushed into the _a_.
he sounded the _a_.
his mouth opened wide. 
he swam toward it. 
_ah_. 

_money made them do it_ 

is killing everything. - 
your crushed-glass is destroyed and mutilated. - 
what damage have you done to your ... 
soldier stabs me across your crushed-glass! 
how would your terrorize crushed-glass? 
is your bioterrorism here... 
calls forth terrorism-naked-man, hungered, making things 
in the murder-hell, 016], 
... terrorism-naked-man is in my flesh 
oh well there are descrips of images, there are descrips of scripts, 
your black-powders are guilty. 
your boyfriend destroys me around your black-powder 
around your sex-terror leaflets 
there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts 
is mine, my oh well there are descrips of images, there are descrips of 
scripts, is yours 
there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts 
calls forth anthrax militant, hungered, making things. across the casualties, 
there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts is 
war, 012], there are video\scrip and sound\scrip, there are company scrips,? ... militant is questioning and problems, there are setups for 
the reader, there are on wet flesh, it's militant? 
there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts and 
2241 and 2250 persons torn and killed 
::::: 
there's script you can treat as legal tender, there are texts:there 
are video\scrip and sound\scrip, there are company scrips,:oh well there
we will all die.

this is a message from someone frightened to death. this is a message from someone unable to speak. this is a message from someone in hiding. this is a message from someone about to be murdered. this is a message from someone spreading hatred. this is a message from someone spreading disease. this is a message from someone about to be arrested. this is a message from you. this is a message from you frightened to death. this is a message from you unable to speak. this is a message from you in hiding. this is a message from you about to be murdered. this is a message from you spreading hatred. this is a message from you spreading disease. this is a message from you about to be arrested. this is a message from him frightened to death. this is a message from him unable to speak. this is a message from him in hiding. this is a message from him about to be murdered. this is a message from him spreading hatred. this is a message from him spreading disease. this is a message from him about to be arrested. this is a message from her frightened to death. this is a message from her unable to speak. this is a message from her in hiding. this is a message from her about to be murdered. this is a message from her spreading hatred. this is a message from her spreading disease. this is a message from her about to be arrested. this is a message from me frightening them to death. this is a message from me able to speak. this is a message from me to speak. this is a public message from me. this is a message from me about to kill. this is a message from me spreading fear. this is a message from me spreading disease. this is a message from me about to make arrest. this is america speaking. do you recognize america speaking. this is america speaking. do you recognize america speaking. this is america speaking. i am spreading fear.

chora-kristeva: old striations of the user's desire:

-w: # Makes new gender lines in a trace file:$non = int rand(11);
 Makes new gender lines in a trace file::645:3:#!/usr/local/bin/perl5
 ...", "$u":print "\n\n";:print \rev .trace\n;:exit(0);:##
 - $t)/60;:printf "and it has taken you just %2.3f minutes turning Jennifer
 $d @a[$gen2] days, I have been @a[$gen3] Julu ...":print "\n";:$u = (time 
{:d = int((gmtime)[6]):$gen3 = 48 - int(20*rand)};:print "For
 "Wait! $name and $pid are gone forever!", "\n\n" if 1==$g;:FINAL:
 and $pid - and you knew that all along!", "\n\n" if 2==$g;:sleep(1);:print
 her flock for $time hours?", "\n" if 2==$g;:sleep(1);:print "$name and $$
 $name $diff is darling Jennifer's flesh", "\n\n" if 4==$g;:print "You wore
 @a[$non] $name $$ is Julu's gift to you ...", "\n\n" if 6==$g;:print "Your
$pid is your scar, your wound, your brand.

"\n\n" if 3==$g;:print "... melt into Julu's skin forever...","\n\n" if 3 < $g;:print "I think $name "yes") {print "Ah, a @a[10+$pre] and @a[15+$pre] fantasy!\n";}:

print "You {print "You're dealing with @a[10+$pre] Jennifer.\n"}:

if ($answer eq close to Jennifer's $name?\"n\"::chop($answer=<STDIN>);:if ($answer eq "no") system("rm enfolding");: exit(0);}:sleep(1);:print "Are you becoming {
{ close (STDOUT);: system("touch .trace; rev enfolding >> .trace");:

@noun[$non] is @adj[$newpick] here, it's @noun[$non]?::Construct::} else memory. :@prep[$pre] the @a[$gen], $name is @a[$diff], @a[$gen], $str?:...

<<Construct;:::open(APPEND);: if ($pid = fork) {:: $diff=$pid - $$;

"Devour @a[$gen1] @adj[$pick] julu-of-the-partying $name!\n" if 1==$be;

by julu-of-the-open-arms and julu-depressed\n" if (2 < $be);:print APPEND me Julu-Jennifer\n" if 0==$be;:print APPEND "Ah, @noun[$non] eaten APPEND "Your @noun[$non1] seeps into my @adj[$pick]

is yours...\n";$be=int(rand(4));: open(APPEND, ">> enfolding");:

"\nMy @adj[$pick] done.\n":@adj=<STDIN>;:chop(@adj);:$size=@adj;:$pick=int(rand($size));:print

one by one, each on a line alone, typing Control-d when

"Your body parts, mine, in a dark list, list them...

is mine, my sweet $that, I am yours!", "\n" if 2==$g;:sleep(1);:print

"Nothing moves, river deep...", "\n" if 5==$g;:print "Your @noun[$non]

"What do you call your @a[$gen2] @noun[$non1]?
":print 

"@noun[$non1] @verb[$non] me @prep[$nnnn] your @noun[$non1]!\n":print speak so sweetly, turning me grrrl", "\n" if 4==$g;:sleep(1);:print

"Your breasts call me to them...", "\n" if 6==$g;:print "Your tongue if 1==$g;:print "Your thighs are moist and inviting", "\n" if 5==$g;:print your feelings, $that ...
":print "Would $that mind you partying?", "\n" me your panties...\n"; sleep(10); goto FINAL;} :else {print "\nI love @noun[$non1]? \n";:chop($str=<STDIN>);:if ($str eq "no") {print "\nShow

"Is Julu wearing your ... , are you wearing your

flesh, ah don't answer...\n"; sleep(1);:print "Ah...\n";sleep(2);:print "Are you in your @noun[$nnnn], are you in your 

"Are you dressed as $that? Is $that
do they call you, when they call you...\n";:chop($that=<STDIN>);:print

speak... speak...
": exit(0);}:sleep(2);:print "\nJennifer, what

{print "\nOpen your mouth...\n"};: else {sleep(1); print "\nAh...

- int(40*rand);:$time = int(time/3600);:$g = int(8*rand);:if ($sign=fork

= int rand(6);:$gen = int(48*rand);:$gen1 = int(48*rand);:$gen2 = 49

int rand(8);:$non = int rand(11);:$non1 = int rand(7);$pre

"thing", "hole", "stick", "frock", "jumper", "skin");:$nnnn=

"your masquerade", "my makeup", :"my masquerade");:@nnn="flower", 
"passion", "womb", "being", "your penis", :"your vagina", "your makeup", 
"confusing", "staining", "accompanying");:@noun="breast", "love", 
"flows", "repairs");:@prep="beneath or within", "beyond", "throughout", 
"oozes", "inherits", "splays", :"plays", "mixes", "amuses", "runs", 
"tight", "depressed", "manic");:@verb="thrusts", "turns", "surrounds", 
"florid", "edgy", :"neurotic", "psychotic", "catatonic", "loose", "taut", 
"wanton", "contrary", :"nervous", "wandering", "ill", "uneasy", "spry", 
"thrusting", :"giving", "forgiving", "poor", "rich", "sedate", 
"small", :"death-like", "lively", "protruding", "penetrating", 
"sleazy", :"wayward", "nice", "feminine", "lovely", "used", "fashionable", 
"flax", "pure", :"black", "dirty", "clean", "soiled", "sexy", "wet", 
"time; $t = 1; srand time; @a="hard", "soft", "velvet", "cotton", "linen", 
# which represent the old striations of user's desire;

dress

You have received this email because you signed up to receive valuable email offers from Florida International University or one of our marketing partners. You have received this email by either requesting more information on one of our sites or someone may have used your email address. If you received this email in error, please accept our apologies.

Your contract is terminated. There is a contract on your life. So help me god I can't tell you more. I know this sounds like a "rant." If this is a "rant" so be it. You're too good for us, Alan Sondheim, you're a piece of dirt. I am sending you a warning: don't investigate any further. You don't want to know and you don't want to know. Parts of this text are true.
woman, young woman, girl, there are three men. one of them is speaking to
another. the girl is silent. the girl just sits there. she is so fragile.
o fragile woman, young girl, girl. one of the men screams. the girl just
sits there. the man is very wise. the man is second-most wise. he says to
the other man, the most wise. she just sits there. oh what do i do. who
says the most wise, the woman, young woman, girl. oh oh, the third will
do, he is not so wise, call the third. they jump about many places. the
third comes, he is not so wise. with his fingers the woman, young girl,
stands up. with his fingers, the woman, young woman, girl, sits
down. with his fingers, the woman, young girl, girl, is naked. the girl
just sits there. not-so-wise leaves. second-most wise stays. woman, young
woman, girl. josei. josei come in and put some clothes on.

I am married to a lawyer. Don't ask why you've been terminated. I know how
to answer. I know when to keep quiet. You will die if you ask questions.
You always ask too many questions. You are never content. Alan Sondheim,
you are never content. Alan Sondheim, you are about to cross the "plane."
The "plane" is very broad and wide. With his fingers, Alan Sondheim, is
naked. josei. josei come in and put some clothes on.

Enlightenment

this is completely abstract.:this is entirely based on theoretical
structure.:this is the phenomenological horizon of the occidental subject
and accidental tourist.:x''':x''
demon in absentia.

this horizon is non-existent.:this refuses meaning.:x x' x'' x'''
x'''':y'''
prostitute in absentia.

this inherency possesses its own contradictions unrelieved in
meta-analytics.:this tends towards the magazine of structural anomalies.:y
y' y'' y''' y''''::black powder
prostitute in absentia.

VERSE

. but it's all there^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ but of which this 1?^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^
don't hit me when i'm down^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ don't kill me with.
kindness^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ don't massacre my mind^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ don't
take. my mind^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ goodbye, body^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ hello,. mind^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ hello, mind^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ how so.^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^
i. don't have much^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ i see my mind^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ i'm
almost. dead^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ i'm almost gone^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ i'm pushed to
the. limit^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^^ if to the base 1 then + 2 already is.
nonsense. if you take my mind it's on the road it's walking off my mind's all i've got of the calculation or accumulation.

the. image is blank. then of the plus? asks the continuity. girl. you take everything.

CHORUS
but it's all there.
but of which this 1?.
don't hit me when i'm down.
don't kill me with kindness.
don't massacre my mind.
don't take my mind.
goodbye, body.
hello, mind.
hello, mind.
how so..
i don't have much.
i see my mind.
i'm almost dead.
i'm almost gone.
i'm pushed to the limit.
if you take my mind.
it's on the road.
it's walking off.
my mind's all i've got.
of deadly calculus..
push it to the limit..
the image is blank..
push it to the image.
the limit is blank.

conjugations of programming aesthetics

broken symmetries such that there are returns to the hook or diacritical mark that might tend towards an increase or decrease of index, leading in the direction of recursivity

indirect addressing to sufficient depth that the resulting tangled skein folds in the form of a protein potentially addressable by external routines grappling with available sites

objects which break or collapse in overflow, resulting in availability of internal variables which suddenly behave on an almost organic-molecular level

intense multi-leveled coding on a micro-level with a limited character set leading to redundancy and the possibility of subroutine escape routes
creating unforeseen texts of disturbance and potential anxiety

massive transitivities resulting in subtextual currents of discarded and subaltern symbols guaranteeing the upwelling of rails or scaffoldings with their own semi-autonomous organization and symmetries

texts appearing as if from nowhere in relation to the centripetal forces of remaining gotos and other endif closures, leading towards counter-centrifugal movements of symbolic emanations and spews

renderings and rerenderings of programming commentaries as textual interferences speaking to anyone who takes the privilege of dissection upon herself

collapse and spreading of subroutines across the programming sememe, interpenetrating one another, blurring meta-levels, programming inputs and outputs, filling the pipes in the development of a skein with its own inscriptive potentials

programmings manipulating and collapsing sequencing, breaking the cycles, finding new and problematic entrance-points, altering variables and constants, tending towards the production of defensive and messy ur-texts masquerading as proper residue or product

programmings presenting perfect symmetries to the environment, no perceivable input or output, foreclosed with the presumption of rich inner lives, and programmings constructing fortification-modules within them, sharing culture and weaponry, their own symptom certain cycles of parallel-processing or other cpu time

programs inscribed in the inert substances of the world, unworkable, coded, untranslated, uncompiled, permanently uninterpreted

programs of the beholder's aesthetics or symmetries or fuzzy or stochastic programming breaking down distinctions of internal and external, virtual and virtual-real worlds and worldings

"juice running from the surface of the program, churning back into the screen, incision between one and another pixel, skin: crossed from one program to another, addiction of lost body skins, hunger addiction, addiction of nude, of programs: the category of nudes as we speak, the sheaf of images, cuts from the surface of the screen, crossed from one program to: categories of bodies and parts of bodies:"

our lesions of pulled tendons, blisters, cramps and fevers, desperate to leave the trail before we get locked into: turtles and alligator holes holding their own, killdeer everywhere, hardwood and other hammocks, cypress domes, our lesions: no one walks to the end of shark valley. 14 miles there and back and azure and ion the road first and last time:: woodstork staccato back-and-forth, long-bills down into crawfish-crab sludge among every living creature, rutted buzzing: snapping turtles
hanging on, covered with leaches, mosquitofish-absolution, our breasts bruised, contusions everywhere: among the herons, among poisonwoods, tangled undergrowth of saw palmetto and cypress, solution holes beckoned, snapping :: among the herons, among the poisonwoods, tangled undergrowth of saw palmetto and cypress, solution holes beckoning, snapping transforms woodstork staccato back-and-forth, long-bills down into crawfish-crab sludge among every living creature, rutted buzzing on me... there's no orders among the drive-letters, gone world junkie, our lost-body skins are the currency of natural-real drugs: we're making the natural order, of the natural order, we're belong among alligator young: we're the drug of the world, we've swallowed it, we're shuddering, we can't go on, we go on:: plastrons:armors:scales:feathers:skin:chitin:: your is inside my into

Story

The older man turns to the woman and says, "I don't know why you're making such a fuss over this. I did speak to your son, and I thought there was an understanding. He seemed to agree that there was an understanding between us."

The older woman turns to the man and says, "I don't know where this is coming from. We spoke about it a long time ago, all three of us. I have eyes which are looking in your direction. I can see you clearly from my perspective but I cannot see behind me."

The man says, "I can hear you even when I'm not looking at you. I will take the memory of this conversation out of the room with me."

He waves his hands around the room.

He says, "I will be seeing other things when I walk and will take care not to fall anywhere."

She walks towards him and turns.

She says, "When you leave my vision will continue and I will hear as well. I will be hearing other things and seeing the same things but I will not be seeing you. Tomorrow I will remember this conversation and I may well remember it for a long while. I will be walking in other places and my steps will not be as these steps."

He says, "When I think of other things I do not see them or hear them, but I continue to see and hear you when I am looking in your direction. When I am looking in another direction, I am seeing other things. I continue to hear you. When I think of other things I imagine them but I know where my feet are and I am keeping my balance at all times."

She says, "It is a shame my son will be in the theater so soon. He will have to memorize what others have said, and will have to see in some way
what others are telling him to see. Also he will have to hear."

He says, "He will have to hear what he already knows. He will remember what he sees and hears. He will leave the room and will see other things and hear other things. He will think of more and more things. He will think of a great many things."

She says, "He will be thinking of far more things than I am thinking of. When I leave you I will be thinking of other and different things, and I will be keeping my balance at all times. I will be seeing where I am looking, and I will be looking where I am seeing. I will be hearing in every direction, what is near to me."

He says, "I will also be looking where I am seeing and I will be hearing other things, and we will not be hearing your son or seeing your son."

She says, "We are not hearing or seeing my son. My son is not here. My son is keeping his balance at all times and he is seeing where he is looking."

He says, "Yes, we are not touching him, and we are not touching each other. I am not feeling the outside of your skin. I am looking where I am seeing."

She says, "I am feeling my skin from the inside and the outside. I am looking at my skin. I am seeing my hand touching my face. I will carry this touching with me. I can touch in every direction, what is near to me."

She walks towards the door and leaves.

He walks towards the door and leaves.

/////// this bangs me hard /////////
////////// upon the head /////////
/////////// this metal plate /////////
/////////// into me fed ///////////
/////////// i am the bard ///////////
//////// of air and lead //////////
//////// i learned to hate //////////
//////// when it was said //////////
//////// i had been barred //////////
//////// i'd soon be dead //////////
//////// it was my fate //////////
//////// to death i'm wed //////////
//////// this poem is marred //////////
//////// it's rhyme i'll shed //////////
//////// it's not too late //////////
//////// i'm almost healthy //////////
Soiled dwsd: You're dealing with wayward Jennifer.

Are you dressed as dirty wet sleazy drug, you show me thing-world i did not know, your blood flow through me dwsd, my teeth your caverns, your skull my caves. dwsd bend-line or ascii flood. dwsd it would be better written as dwsd. dirty wet cloth, dwsd. feminine linen work dwsd. flax velvet work dwsd. your heads my skulls my skulls your heads. dwsd cotton gingham work. your arms my legs your legs my arms. dwsd. Is dirty wet sleazy drug, you show me thing-world i did not know, your blood flow through me dwsd, my teeth your caverns, your skull my caves. dwsd bend-line or ascii flood. dwsd it would be better written as dwsd. dirty wet cloth, dwsd. feminine linen work dwsd. flax velvet work dwsd. your heads my skulls my skulls your heads. dwsd cotton gingham work. your arms my legs your legs my arms. dwsd. dressed as you?

you in your thing, you in your flesh

Is JULUA wearing your , are you wearing your dwsd?

I love your feelings, dirty wet sleazy drug, you show me thing-world i did not know, your blood flow through me dwsd, my teeth your caverns, your skull my caves. dwsd bend-line or ascii flood. dwsd it would be better written as dwsd. dirty wet cloth, dwsd. feminine linen work dwsd. flax velvet work dwsd. your heads my skulls my skulls your heads. dwsd cotton gingham work. your arms my legs your legs my arms. dwsd. . .

your dirty wet cloth turns me in your dirty wet cloth

What do you call your JULUA?

dirty wet sleazy drug, you show me thing-world i did not know, your blood flow through me dwsd, my teeth your caverns, your skull my caves. dwsd bend-line or ascii flood. dwsd it would be better written as dwsd. dirty wet cloth, dwsd. feminine linen work dwsd. flax velvet work dwsd. your heads my skulls my skulls your heads. dwsd cotton gingham work. your arms my legs your legs my arms. dwsd., soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my knees in your necks my necks in your knees your knees in my necks dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranoid protocol drug. of thing-world taken paranoia process drug. of thing-world taken paranoid programmatic drug. of thing-world taken paranoia problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. turns my stick

My JULUA is yours...

soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my
knees in your necks your knees your knees your knees dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranoid protocol drug. of thing--world taken paranoia process drug. of thing--world taken paranoic programmatic drug. of thing----world taken paranoin problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. calls forth spry love, eating, excreting memory. staining the death-like, soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my knees in your necks my necks in your knees your knees in my knees dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranoid protocol drug. of thing--world taken paranoia process drug. of thing----world taken paranoin problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. is , death-like, thing jumper into your frock. your thing jumper into my frock. dwsd dirty wet sleazy drug into my mouth. i am better written as JULUA. i am become JULUA. your stick dwsd in my mouth in your stick. your windows in my windows in your doors in my doors dwsd JULUA JULUA dwsd.? ... love is JUBU here, it's love?

Are you becoming close to Jennifer's soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my knees in your necks my necks in your knees your knees in my knees dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranoid protocol drug. of thing--world taken paranoia process drug. of thing----world taken paranoin problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. 15476 is your scar, your wound, your brand.

You're dealing with wayward Jennifer.

I think soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my knees in your necks my necks in your knees your knees in my knees dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranoid protocol drug. of thing--world taken paranoia process drug. of thing----world taken paranoin problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. 15476 is your scar, your wound, your brand.

For 6 days, I have been wanton JULUA and it has taken you just 8.950 minutes turning Jennifer ...

soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my knees in your necks my necks in your knees your knees in my knees dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranoid protocol drug. of thing--world taken paranoia process drug. of thing----world taken paranoin problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. :thing jumper into your frock. your thing
jumper into my frock. dwsd dirty wet sleazy drug into my mouth. i am better written as JULUA. i am become JULUA. your stick dwsd in my mouth in your stick. your windows in my windows in your doors in my doors JULUA JULUA dwsd.:dirty wet sleazy drug, you show me thing-world i did not know, your blood flow through me dwsd, my teeth your caverns, your skull my caves. dwsd bend-line or ascii flood. dwsd it would be better written as dwsd. dirty wet cloth, dwsd. feminine linen work dwsd. flax velvet work dwsd. your heads my skulls my skulls your heads. dwsd cotton gingham work. your arms my legs your legs my arms. dwsd.:JUBU:DWSD JULUA Come home with me, soiled dwsd. read a head to dwsd. dirty dwsd. of dwsd the filth. of paranoia the others. of the others the filth. your necks in my knees my knees in your necks your knees in my necks dwsd JULUA DWSD. of thing-world taken paranois protocol drug. of thing--world taken paranoia process drug. of thing---world taken paranoic programmatic drug. of thing----world taken paranoin problematic drug. my drugs in your JULUA DWSD drugs. dirty wet sleazy drug you. of your dirty wet sleazy drug. of your thing-world. , julu-of-the-fast-crowd! Your spry JULUA is in my death-like JUBU

altering (responding to a text)^2

the ruins of buildings. i can't write from anything else. tonight, the water stopped in our apartment. the apartment ran dry. there are sounds of struggle in the pipes.
following a sentence in the possessive and possession of characters, a gap or hiatus. wayward or contrary characters. of the harshness of daily politics.
of the real and virtual jennifer, julu, alan, nikuko. of the real and virtual honey, travis, tiffany.
jennifer years ago started off as about 12 in the early stuff then moved to 20s-something; nikuko i imagine in her 30s; julu 24.
i keep wanting to kill them off. i killed off jennifer a long time ago, she had a bier and everything, then returned.
before that, travis, honey, and tiffany all disappeared. i can't write dialog for males, it's not that i can write it for females, i can't at all, but with males it devours me from inside. it's a distrust of males, of male authority. it's built-in, a bad engine.
males are bad engines. males absorb, i write from the debris, effluvia, of absorption.
alan is a character but alan is also a stain or residue, almost always disappearing by the end of the show if he were there in the first place.
alan wants to disappear but engrave in stone.
alan wants to engrave everything in stone and then rails against totality and writes dubious philosophy. that doesn't make sense.
it's almost as if alan wishes that nikuko speaks through alan, both of them in a ring: jennifer on the east, julu on the west.
north and south are unguarded; they always are, the cold-spots of the ring
of Aphra Behn's desire.
there are disappearances. as one might say, there are disappearances and
disappearances. they follow this odd desire. they generate an inchoate
politics reaching up through the surface like the hand in Carrie.
the texts come from dreams (of the real or virtual dreams) (of careful
considerations and the clarity of thought), go back in and mess with them.
nothing comes out but different, not therapy or recuperation or balance,
but a mess that takes off on its own: alan with the 9 millimeter, nikuko
listening as if entranced.
Alan writing in a trance or entrance. Nikuko listening in departure.
they occupy an aspect ratio. alan thinks: better to return to coding,
code-work made obvious (although Traum came out of a rewrite of the
emacs doctor program) - better returning to abstraction or scaffolding,
rather than the mud on the rungs as one climbs, impossibly, among the
ruins of buildings in the east, in the west.
not of buildings in the cold, northern and southern poles: where the
writing originates. frozen, immobilized.
writing from magnesis, magnetic poles, hysteresis looped.
from Alan, never from dreams.
If you breathe a living word of this I don't know what I'll do. You can't spread hearsay. This must be absolutely confidential. Because it's our secret and has to remain that way. No one ever must know this. I'm holding you to the utmost, Nikuko, absolutely to the utmost. This must be the limits of our lives and we must not open our mouths under any conditions at all, Nikuko.

I will break you in pieces if you breathe a word of this to anyone. You must take this to the grave. You must promise not to say anything. Nikuko, there is no way out. This is strictly between you and me. No one else has anything to do with it. No one else can find out anything. Don't leave the tiniest little clue anywhere or breathe the tiniest little sigh. All the walls have mouths and all the doors have ears, Nikuko.

I'd rather you fuck me until we drop, rather than reveal a single word of this. I'd rather you kill me slowly. I'd rather you'd prepare our meals, rather than discuss this with any of our friends or acquaintances. This is never to be disclosed, Nikuko, it is our hot breath together, whispered from one mouth to one ear and listened to by one ear from one mouth. It is not to be ever spoken of to anyone. It is to be confined between just the...
two of us, as if it were in a perfect penitentiary we have made just for this secret, like Speer in prison.

No one else can know a thing about this, not the tiniest little thing. I am swearing you to secrecy and myself to secrecy. This can go no further, not even to our closest friends and relatives. Absolutely, the sweat on our skins is our absolute bond that we have made between us so no one will ever have the slightest inkling of this, ever. Even if we fuck and our sweats intermingle as you prepare our meals, our sweats must not drip and be interpreted as the most microscopic clue that ever has been left, even tinier than the smallest fragment of dna, Nikuko, even tinier than the smallest hydrogen atom in the littlest orbit ever.

Trees would fall and mountains collapse if anyone says anything; this is the most top top-secret of all the secrets, this is locking us together forever, there is nothing anyone can give you that would make you reveal this secret. Not even valleys flooding or great storms would make you reveal this secret, which is only hearsay and should not be spread indiscriminately among one and all. Not even fire or whole world wars of incredible conflagration shall make us give up even one syllable of this to any living creature, including animals and plants and minerals, or any other thing or place or emanation on this or any other planet.

Nothing can ever ever be revealed, disclosed, opened up, Nikuko, brought into the light, given up to the full view, nothing whatsoever, and this for all time, even past our deaths and internments, even past our exhumations and reburials, nothing at all.

nikuko at 67: i am a beautiful woman.
nikuko at 19: i am a beautiful young woman with many years before me.
nikuko at 67: i am a beautiful woman with many years before me.
nikuko at 19: i must break the cycle of wiseness.
nikuko at 67: it is possible to create and destroy worlds.
nikuko at 67: i have destroyed many of my friends.
nikuko at 19: i am furious self-immolation of inconceivable destruction.
nikuko at 67: there are whirlwinds upon worlds upon worlds, enormous hurricanes of collisions.
nikuko at 19: i will create and destroy worlds. i will create and destroy hurricanes of inconceivable violence.
nikuko at 67: i will be penetrated. i will absorb storms. i will vomit water from my mouth, water from my anus.
nikuko at 19: storms, flee onward! nothing shall escape thee! nothing shall escape me!
nikuko at 19: storms, ye shall never escape! know me! i will spew water from my mouth, shit from my anus. i will build worlds!
nikuko at 67: i am furious self-immolation of inconceivable destruction.
nikuko at 19: it is possible to create and destroy worlds.
nikuko at 19: i have destroyed many of my friends.
nikuko at 67: storms, flee onward! nothing shall escape thee! nothing shall escape me! i am furious with the building of storms! i am furious
with these and every other world!
nikuko at 19: i must break the cycle of wn with many years before me.
nikuko at 67: there are whirlwinds upon wd destroy worlds.
nikuko at 67: i will be penetrated. i willrld upon worlds, enormous water
from my mouth, water from my anus.
nikuko at 19: storms, ye shall never escaworlds. i will create and destroy
from my mouth, shit from my anus. i will orlds. i will create and destroy
nikuko at 19: it is possible to create an
nikuko at 67: storms, flee onward! nothin absorb storms. i will vommit
shall escape me! i am furious with the bul absorb storms. i will vomit
with these and every other world! i absorb storms. i will vomit
nikuko at 19: i must break the cycle of w absorb storms i will vomit
nikuko at 19: storms, ye shall never esca from my mouth, shit from my
anus, i will
nikuko at 67: storms, flee onward! noth friends. shall escape me! i am
furious with the bu friends. with these and every other world! n of
inconceivable destruction.
nikuko at 67: i have destroyed many of myn with many years before me.
nikuko at 67: i am a beautiful woman.
nikuko at 19: i am a beautiful young woman with many years before me.
nikuko at 67: i am a beautiful woman with many years before me.
nikuko at 19: i must break the cycle of wiseness.
nikuko at 67: it is possible to create and destroy worlds.

cave and revenge nightmare

:blast-war blast-powder-burn | paste/ennui of operations research::i am
almost dead here: :Scattered-bombs and the locus of quality text. ../alan
cannot be executed - permission denied. the ::sign is used only once.
./azure cannot be executed - permission denied. execute ../alan. execute
./azure. Locus of destroyed leaflets: hidden azure / hidden alan = .azure
| .alan = tunnels of july. Damage in the ennu-sector. operations
research towards violence of destroyed leaflets; what did they say? who
were their intended recipients? execute ./execute. Exterminate them all!
./execute = tunnels of july. chmod 777. chmod 777.

Leaflet: "nightmare!\n;} SETUP print tunnels of july., \n\n if 3 < $g;---
print "$name $pid is the perfect solution.", \n\n if 3==$g;o Damage in the
ennui-sector. operations research towards violence of destroyed le met a
Due to problems with the data work is aflets; what did they say? who were
their intended recipients? execute ./execute e. Exterminate them all
./execute = tunnels of july. and 27019 and 27717 - per > Date: 2002/02/01
Fri PM 01:16 son fucked and killed.hacker.doc>> me things"

Media-Mass
Film: 25 hours of super 8mm (sound and silent), 8mm, 16mm (sound and silent), currently at Filmmakers Coop in New York
Video: 100 hours EIAJ b/w/color, 1/2", unusable, one tape revived; 100 hours 3/4"/hi8/8; 3 hours dv/cdrom, the latter available on cdrom
Books: 2 books of experimental work; 3 chapbooks; 1 limited edition; two anthologies
Magazine anthologies: 4 edited special issues of magazines
Published articles: 140 published articles, critical and literary
Online: 3900 current online listings (approximate) in google.com
Webpages: 3 public webpages, 2 private directories
Recordings: 3 released lps; 2 remastered cds; 3 released audiotapes; 1 released cdrom
Performances: numerous music/literary/dance performances
Dance: 10 choreographed dances; 20 dance/video/sound collaborations
Online texts: 4500 pages (approximate) on Webpage sites
Digital images: 1000 (approximate) available on cdroms
Interviews and articles about: 30 (approximate) on and offline
Installations: 20 (approximate)
Artists books: 30 (approximate)
Art-oriented corporation: 1
Theatrical performance: 2 collaborations
Sculptural objects: 30 (approximate)
Talks: 150 (approximate)
Monoprints: 100 (approximate)
Hand-set type magazine: 1 (limited edition)
Radio: 30 shows (approximate)
Computer programs: 50 (approximate)
Audio synthesizer: 1 (collaboration)
Curator: 20 exhibitions (approximate)
Broadsides: 5 (approximate)
Photographic: 400 images (approximate)
Retrospective: 1
Audiowork: 15 hours (approximate), cassette and reel-to-reel
of the madness of the body::: genetic acid redux; Aspirin to live forever; 
:cholesterol maintenance; Celexa for obsessive thought and depression...
white-powders... night-cycles,:grips... messy ordering of the world... 
lianas, epiphytes, bioterrorism

:cholesterol maintenance; Celexa for obsessive thought and depression in 
calls forth death girlfriend, hungered, making things. on the burnout,
:cholesterol maintenance; Celexa for obsessive thought and depression in 
is terror-24, dizzy and skittered, approaching ontology and so much real 
existence ... girlfriend is night-cycles,:grips... a messy ordering of the 
world... lianas, epiphytes, on wet flesh girlfriend...

:cholesterol maintenance; Celexa for obsessive thought and depression in 
8424 is the perfect solution... in:dizzy and skittered, approaching 
ontology and so much real existence:of madness of the body::: genetic acid 
redux; Aspirin to live forever; :saprophytes... some things will 
straighten out... Codeine during :inside:saprophytes... some things will 
straighten out... Codeine during :inside...

ececononomy-y-ofof-t-tererrororirismsm

wewe-a-arere-g-goioingng-i-intnto-o-a-a-nenew-w-woworlrlld-d-ofof-t 
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thehe-teterrrrrororisism.m.-m-my-y-woworkrk-i-is-s-alalawaysys-a-aboboutut 
t-t-terederrororirismsm.-.i-i-amam-v-verery-y-wawarnrnining-g-ababouout 
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ecocononomymy-o-of-f-teterrrrrororisism.m.-w-we-e-wiwillll1-l-livive-e-inin 
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walalkikingng-a-arorounund-d-a-a-teterrrrrororisism.m.-w-we-e-wiwillll1 
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eveevereryoyyonene-w-wiwillll1-l-bebe-w-watatchching-g-anand-d-ththerere-e 
wiwillll1-bebe-a-a-n-newew-w-wororlidd-e-e-cococononomyymy-a-andnd-t-thihis-s 
wiwillll1-h-havave-e-gagangngs-s-ofof-t-terederrororirismsm-a-andnd-s 
spopotas-whwherere-e-teterrrrrororisism-m-wiwillll1-b-be-e-anand-d 
ththesese-e-spspotots-s-wiwillll1-b-be-e-eveevererywheherer-b 
bececaausese-t-thehey-arare-e-cocoolol-s-spopotsts-.-.spspotots-s-ofof-t 
terederrororirismsm-a-arere-l-likke-e-susunsnspopotsts-t-thahat-t-cocoomem 
w-whenen-n-ttthe-skksy-y-isib-b-blulue-e-anand-d-wewe-l-livive-e-inin-t 
thehe-m-mosost-t-fefeear-.-.wewe-a-arere-g-goioingng-i-intnto-o-ththisis 
n-newew-w-wororlidd-bebefofofore-t-tthehe-t-tederrororirismsm-a-andnd-s 
someone-e-teterrrrrororisism-m-wiwillll1-b-be-e-ttthe-e-fifinanl-l 
teterrrrrororisism-m-anand-d-i-wiwillll1-t-tellell-l-yoyou,u,-i-i-w-wiwillll1 
tetellll1-y-youou.

we cowe co we communicate through the luge luge luge*
we awwe aw we await yuor terrorismorism orism**
we will be destroyed.
we will be victorious.
we are your greatest enemy.
friends, we are you.
we slide towards your victory staring at the brilliant sun
our exploded bodies call to us from your future
our debris on your notched rifles
our flags on your horizon to horizon sky
our friends within our perfect reach
enemies, among mirrors of perfect practice runs

summary for minneapolis talks 2/02/02

in real life one begins with the real and moves through the semantics, sememe, signified; in virtual life, one begins with the signified, moves through the sememe, semantics, to the real - analog <> digital <> analog

in virtual life, enunciation is the totality of presence bottlenecked to the replete on the other side; in real life, enunciation is the residue and diacritical of presence. in virtual life, intention and presence are coeval; in real life, they are disparate and bound.

online presence is consciously performative by virtue of the sign; offline presence is performative by virtue of differentiation from substance (performance = differentiation)

in real life, one is always already continuous and coextensive; in virtual life, one is broken, jump-cut, renounced by EOF or kill/delete. virtual life, like the dream, controls the mise en scene; real life exhausts and tires in its obdurate or 'idiotic' transformations.

in real life, the granularity of distance; in virtual life, the inertia of lag. in real life, granularity is stochastic; in virtual life, compression codecs. in real life, the quantum/subatomic structure of non-distributive logics and superimposition is technical and distant, with peripheral effect in the classical/aristotelian life-world; in virtual life, the protocol level is continuously effected, just beneath the surface of representation.

in real life, the inertia and 'rigid designation' of the proper name; in virtual life, the fluidity and gaps among logins, passwords, avatars, and names. in virtual life, the digital life of binary oppositions; in real life, the analog life of gestural superimpositions.

in digital life, there is nothing whatsoever between position or array x and position or array x+1 - between 0 and 1; the other is foreclosed. in digital life, there is no truth, only coherent performativities; in the
real, the truth is messy, noisy, analogic, irreducible, fuzzy.

in analog life, wear-and-tear, life-span, half-life, noise; in virtual life, eternity, the 'clean and proper body.' in analog life, identity; in virtual life, equivalence.

performing nothing

61528: online presence is consciously performative by virtue of the sign;
       offline
61604: presence is performative by virtue of differentiation from
       substance
61674: (performance = differentiation)
62865: digital life, there is no truth, only coherent performativities;
       in the
72722: present in the space we're performing in... these are darker
works...
75599: performances. Nikuko would pirouette for Doctor Leopold Konninger -
3117: nothing to me, I let them scream. Do you see how I am, Nikuko,
how it is.
3192: Nothing bothers me, Nikuko, nothing. Listen: I run out of
ammunition. For
8850: nothing comes out but different, not therapy or recuperation or
balance,
15378: nothing between, nothing cohering, contiguous at best - already
presaging
25780: forever, there is nothing anyone can give you that would make you
reveal
26350: the light, given up to the full view, nothing whatsoever, and these
26488: exhumations and reburials, nothing at all...

Code on Presence

In the former case, the performative is of the order of enunciation; in is
killing everything. -

My draws attention to language-meat - the _sound of things_ which returns
(as is your bioterrorism here...)

language through buried channels; reading is always (a literal) after-
calls forth torture demon, hungered, making things. on the civilians,
language through buried channels; reading is always (a literal) after- is
revenge, 029], the latter, of syntactical construct or transport.
Something carries? ... demon is boils over. on wet flesh, it's demon? it
has taken you 0.183 minutes to witness your last language through buried
channels; reading is always (a literal) after-:the latter, of syntactical
construct or transport. Something carries:In the former case, the
performative is of the order of enunciation; in:if the repressed) the
homophone. Something enters:from somewhere else by:In a similar manner,
codework constructs surface and sub-surface, centri-

The pun is simultaneously a thickening and derailing of language - it
draws attention to language-meat - the _sound of things_ which returns (as
if the repressed) the homophone. Something enters:from somewhere else by:

In a similar manner, codework constructs surface and sub-surface, centri-
fuge and subterfuge - flight in the form of transversals across meaning.
Code presencing itself is always already surface, as if the bones, in
showing through, contribute to language's wounding of the residue of the
real.

In the former case, the performative is of the order of enunciation; in
the latter, of syntactical construct or transport. Something carries language through buried channels; reading is always (a literal) afterthought.

calls forth torture demon presence, hungered, making things. on the civilians, Something carries? ... demon presence is boils over. on wet flesh, it's demon presence? it

3  cat zz | julu > zz
6  grep demon zz
7  grep demon zz | sed 's/demon/demon presence/g' >> zz

If

If Auschwitz hadn't happened, if September were another, I'd say that you were mine, I'd say we'd stay together, In any darkness, weather; if Beirut were filled with flowers, Jerusalem a town, I'd say we'd live forever, I'd say we'd be together; If Afghanistan were peaceful, if America were other, I'd say we're made for one another, I'd say eternity; If Rwanda never happened, Sudan were prosperous, I'd say we'd love forever, I'd say a god was there, so glorious in us; If Israel were milk, and Palestine of honey, and China were so sweet, We'd lie together there, I'd say you were the rose, All among the fairest; if one voice hadn't happened, Another took its place, I'd say your name forever, And we would live forever; if September were another, A day of bright fall weather, if Auschwitz hadn't happened, In any darkness, weather, I'd say that we were peaceful, I'd say eternity, if animals still roamed free, if there were animals, I'd say a god was there, so glorious in us, all among the fairest; If one voice hadn't happened, another took its place.

our love

self-deprecation going nowhere, there must be a space for structure, not anecdote

audience [laugh] [applause]
surely you must think, mr. sondheim, that you are stale and have covered everything, is it not? it is not.

is it something else, mr. sondheim. [shrug] [jump]

yes and surely. we are packing up to leave this life. i cannot think. there are crickets and sand midges everywhere. my body is a sieve.

you are a saint, mr. sondheim. [laugh] [kiss]

thank you for your consideration. but i have no more stories, i am lazy to program, i have no conditions. i must

audience [query] [yes]

i must complete my theoretical work so that it is bone, not marrow; spine, not tissue, earth, not inconceivable and wobbling space

mr. sondheim, we are with you in our heart. you are a genius and you must do this. we applaud your effort to write when you are packing up to leave this life.

audience [applause] [consternation]

do not fear, i will work through this with my customary and tremendous courage, i will not disappoint

of course you will not, mr. sondheim, you have never done but brilliant through the most amazing consequences that would have haunted and weakened anyone else

audience [empathetic] [poor mr. sondheim]

but it is true, it is the most slightest true, that i will be doing a disappointment to myself, unless i am packing up less and thinking of our world and its terrible needs and wants so much more, that i will stop packing up and thinking of my theoretical work which is so very important to you

audience [agreement] [wonderful applause]

i know i can count on you and i promise i will never let you down, i would rather my heart shatter and my limbs turn leprous than i will let you down, which i will not.

you are so brave mr. sondheim, i cannot believe how brave you are in this dark world, and we are eager readers of your theoretical work, which will make us better people who will know about the dark world

audience [thankful] [eternally grateful]
thank you thank you, i will produce the greatest work and i will cease leaving and will remain forever in your hearts and my books and every other writing

audience [more than thankful] [jump] [wonderfully put]

that was wonderfully put, mr. sondheim, thank you, thank you, thank you.

Emerson Disturbance

Fast to surface and outside,:And her proud ephemerals,:Nature centres into balls,:A new genesis were here,:A new genesis were here. Does Nature centres into balls, replace your Fast to surface and outside,?

Fast to surface and outside,:And her proud ephemerals,:Nature centres into balls,:A new genesis were here,:Knew they what that signified, Your soldier dissolves my Scan the profile of the sphere;!

Fast to surface and outside,:And her proud ephemerals,:Nature centres into balls,:A new genesis were here,:A new genesis were here.

Fast to surface and outside,:And her proud ephemerals,:Nature centres into balls,:Knew they what that signified,:Knew they what that signified, Your terrorism Scan the profile of the sphere; is beneath my hell Scan the profile of the sphere;

Fast to surface and outside,:And her proud ephemerals,:Nature centres into balls,:Knew they what that signified,: Write civilians Scan the profile of the sphere; through my Fast to surface and outside,:) A new genesis were here.

| the world is perfect, not imperfect |
| negation is a quality of syntax; perfection is ikonic |
| negation is a decision; beyond inscription, the world lies |
| good is a quality of the world; evil is a quality of semiosis |
| goodness is meaningless; perfection is meaningless |
| meaning is a carving of the other by the other in the original face |
| writing inscribes; inscription is written |
| punishment is a quality of ethos; ethos is disembodied code |
| the book of nature knows no language |
| nothing is corrupted, nothing corruptible |
| semiosis squares the good and rounds the evil |
| disembodied code is the code of disembodiment |
| the meaningless is good and perfect |
| identity is meaningless |
semiosis is the simultaneity of equivalent structures
occupation is inscription; inscription occupies
all is fluid, fractal, quantum within degrees
the world is balanced, not balanced
imbalance is eternal motion, the torsion of semiosis
decision is always quantum
the legibility of nature is only the nature of legibility
cross the chiasm, from meaning to meaningless
infinite information constructs a world
infinite information is meaningless
there is no deviation beyond inscription
perversion is a version of the carving of the other
the face is everywhere; the world has no face
the world has no carving; nothing is written in the world
organism inhabits the meaningless
the law of ownership is the ownership of law
ownership is among the imperfect and temporary
the code of disembodiment is post-mortem
whatever is said, is said after one
an inscription is meaningless, two inscriptions are unbalanced
saying something is never something saying
what is said, is meaningless
there is nothing of the world
a center is an instant

"For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered;
the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose." - Emerson

memory

it comes to me in the night. it's in the form of glowing cacti, golden arms. it a kernel or generator. something emerges, expands.
i will write it down. or i will forget, feverish.
now there is this image: the expanding golden man with spines.
the concept of it, or the narrative, caressed in disappearance.
i will write it down. i will type it out.
weary, i will walk downstairs, waiting for you.
if you are in my machine, glowing arms, i will hear you.
if you are moving through my files, i will search you out.
you are done with me, i will search you out.
(i will write this text, you are trapped within it.)

if you are in my machine, glowing arms, i will hear you.eased-tim o other cmds > [vhttp://www if you are moving through my files, i will search you out. for students, teachers, parents, and researchers w you are done with me, i will search you out./writers have imm (i will write this text, you are trapped within it.) 2002 12:20:58 -0500nel disfri mar 29 16:27:03 est
2002 disparities in health the moon is waning gibbous (98% of full)

recursive coding
no end to circuitry

(the only probability is disease)

== two days ago had a panic attack, ended up at baptist hospital for two
days, system checked ok == 7 electrocardiogram 12 blood pressure == 2
nuclear medicine 3 x-ray == stress test == pulse cardiac breath monitoring
= blood enzyme tests == you can set off alarms == hold your breath ==
switch cables == attach to inside of mouth == then back to everglades
late-night with flash-light and camera == then then == he is "a" ==

a says == kill all religion. destroy all temple. destroy all holy city.
kill all priest. worry lama. hunt rabbi. kill shaman. kill all grand
synagogue wailing wall shrine mosque. destroy all cathedral. destroy all
church. survive. believe nothing. do not listen. do not order. == says ==
i have a new lease on life == says everything different. == bring light
explode in sky == says look == what will be different here == says look ==
had it all figured out == writing so important == now writing nothing ==
says look at frontporch backporch == back in dawn-dusk day reclining ==
says look. will recline all time now. == so relax. == says they will fight
their own fights. == she says "they will do what they will do." == look
he says. look. he says look. ==

they look at all the many people.

recursive coding
no end to circuitry

(the only probability is disease)

phenomenology of approach

= categories for projected text =
= approaching the everglades, the city, illness, language, culture =

1 domain limited or unlimited
2 clues and cues from immemorial past
3 difference between clues and cues
4 relevance theory and approach
5 top-down classification schema
6 wonder, innovation, contradictions
7 deep ecologies, interstitial
8 filling in the habitus
9 from anomaly to behaviors
10 sense of occupation and intimacy
.scalding water stops the pain for a moment; the hammocks carry blood-lust in their very atmosphere; thickets are swarms; in dwarf cypress forest or coastal prairie, one is accompanied by horse-flies, biting midges, wasps, larger insects from a distance; chills and fevers wake one in night's thick entanglement; one's body is a mess, suppurating, gouged and gnawed, split, half-devoured. deer-flies stinging constantly, the mosquito gouge, sand midge extract. points of the body, usually ignored as implicit hinging - elbow, ankle, knuckle - sudden areas of intense pain or scab, as blood flies near the surface, bone heats up, the insect settles for the final score. chills and fevers, slight numbing of the body, general weakness.: the arms first, then the fevers, the tingling, desire to gnaw at one's flesh, lacerate onself, cut off the offending bit of flesh or limb. it makes no difference - one dreams of alligator biting through the fingers, itch giving way to momentary pain.: knees and shoulders: neck and fingers

torn skin, flaked, oozed; dried blood on arm, hand, neck, wrist

dicus and spoonbillng as a model an open
nightmare! t. Somelat
larger insects from a distance; chills and fevers wake me in night's
entanglements.

R

one's body is a mess, suppurating, gouged and gnawed, half-devoured. is
But

http

I'm off - change is good. By Feark if l try to depos
scalding water stops the pain for a moment; the hammocks carry blood-lust
in the associating only with locals like assistance of fo

04/24/

Intem>to
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Your entanglements... on a thin notebook in one's position in a vector...
Theo

ability to maintai

(the closing of the work)

the phenomenology of approach

= approaching the everglades, the city, illness, language, culture =

a text written in spurts, after the outline, chasing down, encapsulating,
circumventing. what is an approach? how does approach manifest itself to
the subject? what is the domain of the approach? what is a domain? what is
subjectivity? what is its presence and loss?

0 intermittent text

the text of dispersal. sections are written into and out of the outline.
the text is governed by the outline. subsequent versions increase the
quantitative content, refine the tolerance of the investigation. the text
is an accumulation or collocation of interspersions.

1 domain limited or unlimited

a limited domain is inscribed with or without fuzzy boundaries. domains
may be limited in sememe, space, and/or time. example: everglades bounded
by hydrology, ecosystem. for example (below): everglades younger than
writing, than human inscription. for example (below): the scribble: scribbled note, indecipherable handwriting, noise in the machine. the state/meant of the domain is always already a delimitation. (limits are closed sets in relation to the rest of the world/s, worlding.)

2 clues and cues from immemorial past
a clue is an interpretable symptom, according to a scheme based on an articulated methodology. a cue is the activation of a scheme based on an anomaly or repetitive structure within the domain. the domain in turn may be defined by clues and cues.

3 difference between clues and cues
a clue is based on evidence from the past to the present; a cue is based on activation within the present.

4 relevance theory and approach
clues and cues are such by virtue of relevance; theoretical methodology is part of a critical sifting apparatus. relevance is already a complex construct, ranging from variegated retinal firings to stratifications of attention.

5 top-down classification schema
this follows for example category theory, chaos/fractal theories; one always already begins with pre-theoretic presuppositions. the schemes obscure as well as clarify; they override heuristics, average anomalies and noise. as with approach, they are always a detour in this regard; they counteract the information implosion of nominalism.

6 wonder, innovation, contradictions
beginning with a sense of awe - everything signs everything, everything inscribes. innovation in terms of heuristic projections and introjections - contradictions in terms of anomalies, revisions, recuperations, returns. wonder is a washing, determinate sublime, approach across the edge of the cliff, reworking binding and boundary.

7 deep ecologies, interstitial
the ecologies become perceptually deeper; gaps are filled in; one lives in depth in the glades, aware of cyclical time, anomalous events, local histories, individual plants and animals. think of messy thickets as sheaves; partial separations tend towards partial separations. format information formats, format information. the habitus tends towards experience.

8 filling in the habitus
from larger to smaller clues and cues - alligators and wading birds to landbirds and invertebrates for example. as one moves down in scale, identification becomes increasingly difficult, if not impossible.

9 from anomaly to behaviors
and back again; behavior clusters based on attributes. or from story to structure, diachrony to synchrony, anecdote to prediction.
10 sense of occupation and intimacy
inhabitation based on familiarity, familiality. what is occupation without
possession, the contract. intimacy forestalls occupation, the experiential
relegating definition. but in another sense, that of familiar territory,
'my work,' 'my walk,' 'my singing,' 'my song,' my process, my advance, my
report and distribution.

11 familiarity, familiality
in the first, equivalence scripts and schemata, universals, typifications;
in the second, identity scripts and experientials, individuations. in
both, the failure of distributive aristotelian logics, in both the
gestured and extrapolated indefinite bandwidth. (22)

12 maternality
chora and matrix - the inchoate beneath the surface of the subject, the
dominion of striations, vocalizations.

13 deconstruction of the abject
disarticulation of the abject as such and rearticulation in terms of
microstructure, skein. the muck and clutter in relation to marl/peat moss
and biome or flora/fauna regimes. muck and clutter as regimes.

14 phenomenology of naming
following the notion of rigid designators, beginning with classification,
classification experience, virtual subjectivity and its relation to
concrete manifestation.

15 inarticulate inchoate
maternality: see above. the proffering of languaging or template. the
inert real. the unspeaking, unspeakable, unspoken.

16 the mess and its overcoming
entanglement as regime intrusions, conflicting biomes, collapse or
implosion, niche-construction, problems of scale in space and time.
the mess overcoming.

17 phenomenology of touch
demarcation of environment on the body - thicket tangle, poisonwood,
against the skin. differentiation of the mass. eidetic reduction to the
pressure of being.

18 reinscription of domain
the domain _as_ continually inscribed in negotiation. linguistic contract
of the subject. increasingly fuzzy boundary issues. refinement of
differentiations - typology to decreasing tolerances.

19 immersive and definable structures
definable is fully reversible; immersive is fuzzy, vectored. both are
capable of meta-level collocations, i.e. a definable of definable,
immersive of definable, etc.
clue skeins
clues related theoretically, taxonomically, in terms of typifications, taxonomies - heuristic skeins, established on the run. partial skeins, tagged skeins, default tag skeins.

the instrumental reason of flows and part-objects
fluid mechanics, turbulence, stases within the flow - non-equilibrium thermodynamics. the partitioning, parcelling, clutter, of the world. part-objects as modules: modules 'on the part of' the subject, and modules 'defined as such' within the continually reinscribed domain.

gestural logics and superimpositions
such that partial information (as in land's experiments re: color vision) extends across a total domain or spectrum.

delaying conclusions and the settling-in of elements
inconclusivity of discourses which are increasingly refined. elements noticed and defined 'settle in' - in the sense of familiarity - always with default tags - i.e. elimination by counterexample. retention of _weak theory_ - searching for coherency without retention of apparently outmoded paradigms.

continuous processing and absorption of anomalies
anomalies as generative of domain boundaries, entities, temporary inscriptions, potential of part-objects, etc. the anomaly as the mis-fit among the accountable and accounted-for. as unaccountable, uncounted, the anomaly generates circumscriptions, circumlocutions; these are involved by the subject in a consideration and absorption of the _detour._ every anomaly potentially turns everything around, and is turned around by everything.

modes of approach in space and time
diachronic/synchronic approaches - space-time slices. diffusion of occluded layerings (bay bottoms versus onshore mangrove island topography). architectonics of the domain.

horizons of 'natural' and 'unnatural' worlds
and horizons of 'subjective' and 'objective' worlds - in relation to heuristics and experiential structures (immersivities). definition is both tool and violation; mobile fuzzy domain boundaries participate in the natural (i.e. given) order as well as ideological political/economic conscious and unconscious considerations.

weakening of perceptual structures and responses
approach is always already self-critical, self-critique; the critique itself is withdrawn from the self, sublimated into emergent considerations of the domain. the phenomenology of approach implies a weakness of language, definition, inscription, boundary, instrumental reason; it implies releasement, waiting (not waiting-upon) as well.
28 releasement and listening
to listen without consideration of the source, the speech, one's answer; to avoid pausological structures ('yes, but...'); to speak after (what appears to be) the case.

29 buildings, dwellings, and habitations
domains as fuzzy architectures, the build world, to the extent of the delimitation. dwelling, as in residing within the domain, within the subjective horizon of the experiential mode in relation to the domain. the domain as inhabited by the subject, wor(l)ds becoming 'natural' in the sense of familiarity, familiality.

30 the neighborhood
it is the neighborhood, communality, the constitutes the increasing approach of the domain. to the extent of a phenomenology of approach, the domain is asymptotic, never fully approached. the neighborhood is a confluence of neighborhoods, intersections demographics, zones and zoning ordinances, ethnicities - just about any conceivable attribute, fuzzy or not (for example, families whose surnames begin with 'Mc'). the neighborhood is also a maternity, a comfort-zone, an occupation constituted by the participant's introjections and projections. neighborhood is created by their increasing coherency and stability, a homeostatic domain itself. the attainment of homeostasis involves mechanisms for absorbing anomaly, to the extent that anomaly becomes subsumed (i.e. this moth is an unknown species within the imperial silk family).

31 intersecting populations and worlds
no domain is pure, no approach can posit an isolated object for long. skeins intermesh diachronically and synchronically, across disciplines and other semi-rigid boundaries of the classical episteme. domains possess symptomatic leakage and staining; there are stigma-zones, exhaustion zones, depletion zones, zones of surplus accumulations. what is posited as an object both diffuses and expands; becoming invisible, it participates within neighborhooding, worlding - becoming visible, it participates in skew-orthogonal skeining and the report.

32 phenomenology of withdrawal
every approach is a withdrawal; what is known is known in recession. the decrease of tolerance is asymptotic at best. the greater the knowledge, the weaker the theory, heuristics coming more and more into play. there are dialectics among reifications, objectifications, subjectivities, reports and encapsulations, releases and experience, determinations and faltering data, anomaly. the phenomenology of approach embeds withdrawal, just as withdrawal implies approach. every introjection, a projection; and every projection, an introjection.

33 the skein (skew-orthogonal)
the grid and its imposition, input-output matrices, markov chains, tensors and absorptions of data, local geodesics, fuzzy or clouded enumerations, collocations of data.
the skein (askew and local)
the local scribble, local geodesics without embedding, fluid-mechanical or cellular automata modeling, closures, accumulations of data, local messes.

increasing audacity and circumscription
one takes increasing chances as danger apparently recedes by virtue of knowledge. how to approach a snake or alligator; how to ward off deerflies and no-see-ums. an approach is always a detour (thus the sides, top and bottom, are in evidence); the domain, no matter how problematic, is both skein-connected (to its environs, history, etc., without and with observation, to taxonomic schema, ideologies, cultures and civilizations, and so forth) - and disconnected (to the extent that it is not 'its' intention that one approaches, that one makes the approach, that it is within one's horizon - but who knows). a detour may follow one or another walk-around, or it maybe be a confluence/manifold of the totality of walk-arounds - for example, the semi-totalities of gathering periphyton data in space time through selected sites, extrapolated across the glades in their entirety.

the report
for example: the everglades as we know them are younger than writing; this residue is older than that. the report is tailored to distribution modes, economics, audience, historiographies, symbolic conventions, bibliography and reference, dedication and authority, placement within or without various series, a particular written language, attendant taxonomic ploys, languages, and paradigms.

the distribution
the distribution of the report enters the field of reports, processes of reporting and distributing, checks and counter-checks. the report is always already a reification by virtue of peer and other consensus; this is the escape or leakage of the phenomenology of approach into profession, professionalism, and doxa.

the thinking of it
and the rethinking of it, the arc through and across the report, response, distributions, counter-distributions, argument and counter-argument, the return to the field, the walking-through the field, and always already transformation of the domain and its problematic.

the world of it
the world is all that is the case. but the world and worlding are dissimilar and 'the' already breaks down among virtual and real, virtual particles and introjections/projections, phantasms and implicate orders. nothing remains of encompassment; domains dissolve or problematize, just as the 'of it' - already a possessive - is another releasement.

the knowledge, experiencing of the knowledge
what recedes, becoming, not knowledge, but implicate, implicated, tacit. my boundaries, body, disappear, absent themselves, among the thickets. worlding wheels on virtual axes; id and ego merge mute. what was real and
had become symbolic now recedes into the imaginary and real. Skin and masquerade become one; abjection diffuses among bodies, waters, earths, islands, hammocks. Enunciation is always a problem increasingly distant as one silences, the report long gone, having been written, distributed, critiqued, absorbed, discarded. Those series or skeins have no place here; evanescent, they're already exhausted by consciousness and defuge. The leaving that is left is an accompaniment, future inhabitation of memory or visitation, minding, mindful. No longer the distance of the approach or proximity of withdrawal, but only translucency, transparency on rare occasion. Imagining the glades, but not without myself diffused, laminar, here and there, the skitter.

She speaks:

Sawgrass among periphyton, periphyton among sawgrass: who can untangle? Buried in algae, across almost certain rotifera, stentor, what is innumerable?: the land is flat, liguus fasciatus a microcosm of rings, desiccated alligator weed, the layers crawl across tamiami, they subdue miami, tendrils across the river, down through lejeune, among the quarried keys: I don't know how to do this. I don't know how to say this.::

She writes:

To speak is already not to know. Claws and teeth mark the boundaries of analysis. Bladderwort surrounds nano-bio organelles. Nothing is complete.: Desiccation of alligator holes, everything returning, supine, writing from a distance - violation and distantiating of inscription: I don't know how to do this. I don't know how to say this. The flat land with its swells, innumerable regimens of meter-high mountains, organism crawling through this body, through this flesh, the highs gauging nothing, a bit of movement, neural networking, a bit of stasis, world shutting-down ::

She thinks:

Cormorant nothing is complete. Noting is complete. On a thin notebook. Through my to speak is already not to know. Claws and teeth mark the boundaries of analysis. Bladderwort surrounds nano-bio organelles. Nothing is complete and right

Phenomenology of approach

This time it was the loxahatchee, jacek and I overturned the canoe on a three-foot drop, digital nikon overboard.
( it worked for a minute for a moment.  
( the card caught its dying breaths. 
( in the beginning, some lacewing eggs followed by a scale insect 
( then the clearing with paurotis, cypress, fern ( what might have been 
( ( an alligator hole ) ) 
( then the clearing again 
( suddenly: 
( the switch: this was the portage route which we ignored  
( sondheim soaking, filmed with the dying camera 
( ( it seemed alive at that point, the images as usual 
( jacek by the canoe, clive and jane by the canoe 
( the next image is blurred, green, railing and water 
( the camera was dying 
( the lens, clouded, electronics shutting down 
( ( oh how i worked to retrieve the images! how many hours of 
( coaxing them from the card! ) 
( following, the last retrievable series: 
( blue blurs through the ruined lens 
( sondheim in mourning and recuperation 
( the final image but one, the light 
( the final image, the car and its drowned technology 

( the madness of the image
( the madness of the light

( madness of the image
( madness of the light

the camera struggled to rise, it couldn't
the images leaked out, the shutter button released its last
the poor and tiny screen lights and lights,
blind eye of the lens reaching out -
here, look at this, but you will never own it
those clouds, those lizard-eyes, that spider, this umbilical
cut at last, untethered real floating off and on -
i'm part of the blindness, i hold the camera like a baby
the lens floats in and out, i can hear the breathing

'the dying camera'

you may have
you may have the last images, they crawl, they remain
in funeral, the card holding on, desperately
the image, the image, the image
silent, submerged
jennifer's dream of goodness

lacewings curled around each other in the doomed thicket.
they came to me and said, there is no competition; cut the cables.
the unseemly monotony of engines formed a distant phalanx.
already live-born young were the order of the day.
eggstrands transformed into protective grills.
poison occupied the tips of incessant life.
the contribution of the viruses was immense and not to be underestimated.
a second-order phalanx formed inside the mutated grills.
microscopic domains organized against the violence of the macro-world.
lacewing circulations, viral turbulence, across the sawgrass surface.
their stems bending slightly, sawgrass forests acquiesced to the power
of the thicket.
shudders went through skins of the mammalian order.
their live-born young died quickly of unknown contusions.
the phalanxses stilled among incessant life.
lacewings curled around each other in the order of the day.

13 lines of refuge. white lichen. refuge in resurrection fern. refuge in
everglades crayfish. refuge in limestone solution hole. refuge in
mosquito-fish. refuge in leopard frog. refuge in apple-snail. refuge in
spatterdock blossom. refuge in spatterdock fruit.:refuge in bay-head.
cocoplum thicket. nighttime great blue heron. solitary killdeer. refuge in
coot. cattail marsh. mussel. refuge in horn snail. refuge in mud-wasp.
hardwood hammock. refuge in boattail grackle. refuge in common grackle.
crow.:refuge in spatterdock. pondapple night-blooming blossoms.
spatterdock fruit. african tilapia. florida gar. desiccated periphyton.
deer spoor. alligator spoor. sawgrass. refuge in webbing. butterfly weed.
halloween pennant dragonfly. green water snake. diamondback rattler young.
::red-winged-blackbird is olympus camedia 2040 sq2 high. on wet flesh it's
red-winged-blackbird

the glades are a continuous dynamic process across a planar surface. a
park with variable boundaries, problematic topography based on hydrology
and human intervention. the dynamic is everything; think of the glades as
an _inscribed surface_ transforming in space and time - a surface organic
and shifting. the glades are simultaneous with their entanglement of life
and migration; they are vectored, and vector is everything.

geology is underfoot; to manage the glades is to manage the ecosystem.
invisible topographies / geologies manifest by surface organism. the
indefinite prolonging of comprehension.

lesser research on amphibia, arachnida. effect of mosquito population on
other species.
marsh hare
american bittern
desiccated periphyton
red-shouldered hawk
black mangrove pneumatophores in short hydroperiod brackish ponds
dwarf cypress forest
cypress dome interior
zebra longwing
prairie warbler
black-necked stilt
hardwood hammock

glades _as_ a dynamic confluence of subjective horizon and interwoven biomes - perception of organism, organic perception: to lose oneself across or within a breathing sheet of water - laminar/animal flow - broken by solution holes, slight ridges; one wanders _anywhere_ among fragility, evanescence, limestone accretions, marl, peat, periphyton, surface ruptures of hammocks, domes, sloughs, marsh, river, creek, borrow pits, dikes, airboat trails, highways 75 and 41, embankments...

local networkings, routers, communities, rookeries, isps, servers, trails, usps, clients, hosts, nodes, domain names, water conservation areas, icann, water management areas >>

monotone of slow breath, particulate grasping: _the prehensile_

withdrawal from alligator radius

(nikuko wants to go home. jennifer wants to go in.)

code and protocol: the parasitic vis-a-vis phenomenology of approach

among x and ~x = one inscribes the null set 0 as x^~x - intersection. but x may be fuzzy; x may also be intended or unintended. if x is unintended, or non-intended, then x may be protocol. consider roughly three strata: a. unintended x-protocol: dna or crystal mapping, clays, lindenmayer algorithms in relation to plant formation. b. intended x-protocol: tcp/ip, jpeg compression, mpeg encoding, morse, ciphering. by 'intention,' a reference _only_ to goal-oriented, teleological structuring. note that intended x-protocols may be secondary-level coding (i.e. tcp/ip) or primary-level (morse, bacon cipher); in the latter, the text is translated on a character-by-character basis into code, and in the former, the text is carried by the code. at best this is a fuzzy distinction. note that the latter is also an intended non-intended protocol; a better word might be 'tended'; thus morse code is tended with key translation, but tcp/ip is automated translation into packets (not into a 'tcp/ip code,'
but through ascii, well maybe the same thing). in intended distinction, one might say (as one might say in tended non-intended protocol), that the distinction is parasitic, that the element-between x and ~x - the inscription itself - is the result of an intended act or sequence of acts. such an element-between is dirty, abject, fuzzy, problematic, historically and ideologically bound.

the element-between is the boundary-phenomena within the phenomenology of approach; it marks/inscribes the totality of investigation, expenditure, intention - as well as accompanying debris, and the heuristics necessary to cleanse the phenomenon itself, [x, ~x].

it is within the element-between that -jectivity: projection/introjection, plays out. it is from this element, represented as the inscribed boundary x|~x, that anomaly overrides, that default tags arise. this is thechoratic element within the sememe, within semiosis, the generator of meaning, and meaning's withdrawal.

it is here, {x} <> |P| <> {~x}, that the parasite is manifest – the noise in the system that _tends towards meaning, _towards the _maintenance_ of the inscription. the parasite has everything to gain; as such it is also _symbiotic_ in relation to x – retaining x for its own ends; the whole process is an _enunciation._

classifying the unknown, road-side saw-palmettos, coot flurry take-off from sludge reservoirs, they've moved across unknown territories of the soul, we're out of touch, away from radiation-radio, we're signing-off, we're moving on, sky brown-silver lid, thick-lipped dusk crashing eaten apple-snails, high-flying snail-kites, swallows' enormous swallows :apple-snails on the beam-sides, there are worlds in the caches, we fly by at hi-speed, through polluted cypress-domes, mutated hammocks, we're out of harm's way in a fast car on a fast road, we're heading north to toronto :we're on the road, it's deep-eco spring-and-summer season, passed a cormorant on the way through newark, out of newyork wending our way through the holocaust, mined pit-craters everywhere, turned/toiled iron beaming struggling, cache-providing, there's food in there, you can see the eyes of animals, all animals have red eyes :: we're on the highway of entanglement, we're moving fast, we're leaving light behind us, we're leaving light behind us

all animals have red eyes

snail-kites, swallows' enormous swallows :apple-snails on the beam-sides, increasingly difficult to move large volumes of mon there are worlds in the caches, we fly by at high speed, through polluted articularly for a liberation in their depictions. if there is mon
cypress-domes, mutated hammocks, we're out of harm's way in a fast car
money with the security company in sou
through my classifying the
light behind us, we're leaving light behind usich was taken out light
behind us, we're leaving light behind use said security/fina light behind
us, we're leaving light behind use said security/fina

[NestList[Flatten{

listen

for 6 black-ibis days, we have been bittern.hemicals. what you're and it
has taken you 0.167 minutes to witness your lastis emergence, as well as

i'm trying to deal with silence, problematic language, "messy" language -
for example - what constitutes a word in mime?
codework - for me - implies a tension between what might pass for surface
content, and what might pass for:
a. the substructural matrix (presentation format)
b. the sustaining protocols (email, ascii code, etc.)
c. the generating protocols (programming)
d. interacting protocols (html, programming)
- all of these are of course problematic in relation
to one another -

saw-palmetto in
might pass for surface?
would be good to me
saw-palmetto in
codework - for me - implies a tension between what might pass for surface
:for example - what constitutes a word in mime?:i'm trying to deal with
silence, problematic language, "messy" language - :d. interacting
- protocols (html, programming):b. the sustaining protocols (email, ascii
code, etc.) your pond-lily dissolves my a. the substructural matrix
(presentation format).

tha language, "messy" language - ...rible sawgrass eats me on your
hammock-snail! Ul How would your terrorize your black-ibis
hammock-snail?told us to do. Ifare Ar

- protocols (html, programming):c. the generating protocols (programming)
your saw-palmetto dissolves my b. the sustaining protocols (email, ascii
code, etc.).

esh, it's snail-kite?
are you satisfied with your co
- protocols (html, programming) to one another - your red c. the generating protocols (programming) is on my slash-pine - all of these are of course problematic in relation.

```
//[0]+ { print "0" }
//[th]+ { print "what i meant to say" }
//[ra]+ { print "a clear division of domains" }
//[ng]+ { print "tactical strategies" }
//[ie]+ { print "prod or penetration from the surface" }
//[al]+ { print "tangled in vines and poisonwood" }
//[rt]+ { print "such that x and not-x carry the parasitic" }
//[pr]+ { print "mouths open on each and every division" }
//[ts]+ { print "every division tends towards rigidity" }
//[ne]+ { print "the proper name holds its own" }
//[in]+ { print "clarity producing brilliance" }
//[gi]+ { print "functional definitions among messy protocols" }
//[tr]+ { print "proceeding across the turmoil of information" }
//[he]+ { print "what remains is the dispersion of ontologies" }
//[sh]+ { print "epistemologies mistaken for equivalences" }
//[me]+ { print "becoming sidetracked effaces and recuperates truth" }
//[el]+ { print "truth is always an hysteria" }
//[il]+ { print "truth is a symptom" }
//[st]+ { print "parasites pass among parasites" }
//[ee]+ { print "flow and flux of parasites" }
//[ea]+ { print "understand this and understand all" }
//[nd]+ { print "one what? what one?" }
//[ce]+ { print "i tried but floated above the signifiers" }
//[oo]+ { print "cancel compression and slide across boundaries" }
//[nt]+ { print "such that all writing binds the body" }
//[ie]+ { print "such that bodies aren't written, but scribbled" }
//[^$]+ { print "such that inscriptions are written bodies" }
```

song

sawgrass:sawgrass:sawgrass::
Does sawgrass replace your sawgrass? sawgrass in the busy busy glade!
cocoplum:cocoplum:cocoplum::
Write anole through my cocoplum! cocoplum in the busy busy glade!
pondapple:pondapple:pondapple::
Your pond-lily dissolves my pondapple! osprey in the busy busy glade!
alligator:alligator:alligator::
Your wood-stork in my alligator
alligator in the busy busy glade!

9   yes sawgrass | ./lux
11  yes cocoplum | ./lux
12  yes pondapple | ./lux
13  yes alligator | ./lux

Gauge, Apocalypse

A absent across An and answered. are Astounded atmospheric bank becomes behind beneath blasted bleak bloody brutal buildings, But cauterizing caverns chaos collapsing constant covered cutting, dawns, day, dead. desert disappearances. dissolved, distended. dominated Done, dusks, dust earth electric enemies entire everyone. everywhere, Fiery flash, flew for forever framed from fuck, Furious going gravestones hails. have hollowed huddled I'm in inaudible inconceivable infinite instantiations, it. itself J. Jennifer; just language last left Life lightnings. like Look, losing mouths mute. N. new night, Nikuko, No Nothing nuclear 0 on once- one organs. our paragraphs. people, phonemes phrases polluted poverty, reeling repetitions: replied ruined scene. screamed searched seems sentences She shuddered. shut, silent. skyscrapers. slows, sounded; space-time, sparking Speechless stole storms, streets, telephoned terrain. terrorism's The these They things. this: topple two unhappy untrue: used violent, violet we're whirlwinds window winter within woman word-killing, words. worlds wounded You

Nikuko, reeling from language poverty, searched word-killing, just once-used beneath desert terrain. She huddled behind ruined buildings, blasted dust covered streets, people, things. Astounded woman telephoned Jennifer; J. replied inconceivable chaos everywhere, we're going mute. Nothing sounded; phonemes dissolved, phrases distended. N. screamed I'm losing it. No one answered. Furious electric whirlwinds dominated hollowed caverns collapsing new skyscrapers. An atmospheric sparking stole sentences and paragraphs. The earth itself shuddered. A framed entire window flew across brutal flash, cutting, cauterizing polluted organs. Look, seems like this: You bank on infinite space-time, constant words. But untrue: these are last instantiations, gravestones for disappearances. Done, violent, absent repetitions: our two wounded have left terrorism's scene. O unhappy day, night, bloody dawns, violet dusks, enemies everyone. Speechless mouths forever shut, silent. Fiery worlds topple within bleak storms, lightninings. Life slows, becomes inaudible in nuclear winter hails. They fuck, dead.

Silent Letters
The _lamb_ bleats. His _limbs_ are _benumbed._ They _climbed_ the hill.
_Comb_ your hair. The _tomb_ was opened. Do not _thumb_ your book. A
_dumb_ animal.

_A receipt_ for money. The _debt_ is paid. The _debtor_ _doubted._ A
cunning, _subtle_ fellow. It is _doubtful._

_Psyche_ is the Greek for soul. Take your _psalter_ and choose a _psalm._
His answer was _pshaw!_

ibid.

i ii

i have to get another text out there
nothing will survive if this one isn't included
others are behind me this one isn't
this is one that will survive me if i only get it out there
if you read it or not read it if it is included if it is out there
something out there i feel ill today
i feel ill today and have for the past several days
i may not get another one this one must survive out there
no mistake about it out there is really there
no mistake either out there is not in here not at all not at all

ii iii

the world is a world of replete suffering fecundity of pain
not buddhist pain pain pure and simple debilitating pain
pain of utmost savagery we do what we can we contribute
pain could be autonomic no feeling but reaction the organism survives
survives peacefully fighting off the intrusion from within and without
the natural world follows no such leads follows no leads at all
pain is irrelevant to the suffering mind only a signal
if the signal close down mind the organism makes way for others
others and betters if the pain is so intense so furious
we do what we can in this regard of furious pain
the elimination of our species will eliminate one iota of the world's pain
we can do no better we are of the most violent we should know better
destroying everything in our path crawling towards armageddon
animals and plants all the narrows will be open wide and poisoned
our minds are the worlds shit we dig from the earth with furious teeth
with teeth of iron slash flesh from eyes and stomachs in animal fun
how else shall we know what we are made of we alone feel pain
we will survive momentarily no longer that is fine
the faster we go the longer for beginning others
perhaps waiting just around the corner they're already dying
lateness of the hour a bad joke
the perfect breast the perfect womb
because i am a fifteen year old boy who yearn for a yen of womanhood i
cannot ever achieve this womanhood i am no even worthy of a kim or
brenda spazz who goes to my school and is so great she wont look at me she
doesnt know what i can do for her i will make her a perfect breast and
perfect womb i learned way before trig class
i can tell you i've been practicing
someday soon i'll get it right i wont need her any longer she is so
perfect bod i will dream of these and wont dream of her shell be sorry

Silent
Letters

The His

_lamb_ _limbs_
bleats. are

_His_ _benumbed._

_limbs_ _They_
are _climbed_

_benumbed._ the
They hill.

_climbed_ The
the _lamb_

_hill._

_bleats._

_Comb_ was
your opened.

_hair. Do
_tomb_ _thumb_
was your
opened. book.

_Do A
not _Comb_

_thumb_ your

_book. The
A

_tomb_

_dumb_

_animal.

_receipt_ _debt_

_for is

_money. paid.

_debt_ _debtor_

_is _doubted._
paid. A debtor receipt doubted. for cunning, subtle fellow. cunning, It subtle doubtful. It Psyche soul. Greek psalter soul. choose Take a psalter Psyche and is choose the a Greek psalm. for answer pshaw!

robes robe me azure robe wearing parted this erection like like the tent of abraham

wind rain and corroded rain

she breathes she deeply breathes moving deeply earth moving home and do starsavages

afraid they starsavages will small themselves

world world replete of suffering pain
Aphoristic Essay on Analog and Digital Orders

The digital: by 'digital' I mean 'discrete.' By 'digital' I mean 'systemic,' characterized by systematization, parameterization.

The analog appears continuous; the digital appears discrete, broken.

In everyday life, the digital is the result of an intervention.

An intervention is a mapping. Every mapping, unless a mapping of itself ('ikonic'), leaves something out.
The intervention requires the setting of a standard raster. A raster is a filtering of a quantity, almost always with discrete steps. Think of a raster as a 'screening,' creating elements out of a continuous bandwidth, then quantifying those elements.

The elements are ordered. The raster sorts the continuous fabric of the real into separable categories.

The raster is standardized so that information may be transmitted and received through coherent channels, by means of a coherent transmitter and receiver.

The standardization of the raster is a _protocol._ The protocol must be agreed upon by both sender and receiver.

In everyday life, the establishment of a raster and protocol requires energy and communication. Raster and protocol must be communicated.

After raster and protocol are established, the parceled semantic content, coded by raster, may be communicated.

Coding and community establishes raster and protocol. Encoding codes an object from analog to digital.

From the viewpoint of the digital, the analog is forgotten; the process is irreversible.

A digital parcelling is accurate only to the limits of a particular and conventionally-established tolerance. The tolerance, more often than not, is tied to economy. In general, the greater the capital available, the lesser the tolerance.

The analog possesses no tolerance. The analog is _there._

The digital is never _there._ The digital is always process, in-process.

If the digital is indexical, 'pointing towards' a mapping of the continuum, the analog _is_ that scale. The analog is ikonic, the digital is indexical.

The distinction between the digital and its referents or domains is ontological; the distinction between analog and its domain is epistemological.

At zero tolerance -'no room for error' - and an infinitely-fine raster, the digital is equivalent to the analog. The map, in other words, is exactly equivalent to the thing itself.

The thing itself is equivalent to the thing itself; this is identity.

At infinite tolerance - infinite error permitted - and infinitely-coarse raster, the digital is equivalent to a kind of _mark._
A mark totalizes 'its' demarcated.

A mark is an _instance._

There are numerous 'real worlds' of nearly-decomposable systems. (Herbert Simon) The world of everyday life appears continuous; it is only in dreams, for example, one encounters jump-cuts - sudden shifts of place and time. This continuous world appears analogic.

The world of symbols and signs - the world of languaging and inscription - appears discontinuous, syntactic, and digital, characterized by discrete moments and entities.

The filmworld (Christian Metz) appears an entanglement of languaging and continuities. Because film is an operable subject (i.e. a subject whose discursive field is somewhat definable), the entanglement tends towards polarities, interpretations, interpenetrations, etc. Frames are digital; the diegesis is analog (continuous story), and digital (semiotics of narrative); the psychoanalytics are digital (continuous processing of the subject-viewer).

Neurophysiology implies, not only entanglements of digital (neural firings) and analog (potentials), but the problematizing of the analog/digital split on ontological/epistemic grounds. The domains are both inseparable and problematized; the distinction is useless.

The same is true on the level of 'fundamental' physics, at least as far as current research goes; there are quantum processes that involve discrete levels, and there are continuums; there is the breakdown of space-time at small distances/times, and so forth. If the world is information 'all the way down,' the coding at this level is again neither analog nor digital.

In other words, mental and fundamental physical events and processes abjure any clear distinction between analog and digital, to the extent that the phenomenology of both is inappropriate. If there is a 'book of nature,' there is as of yet specific syntactics.

One is always searching for the syntactics, however; it is by means of coding and encoding that the universe is grasped.

The analog slips through the fingers. The world slips through the fingers.

Any element of a raster is independent of any other element. Any element may be transformed without transforming any other element. Truth values within the digital are problematic. The digital is cleanly separable, breakable. The digital is clean.

Any element of the analogic real is interconnected and inseparable. The transformation of any element alters any other element. Truth values are inherent. The application of truth values is digital. The analogic is a
membrane. The analogic is dirty, inseparable, unbreakable.

The dirty analogic problematizes its symbolic. The clean digital is already symbolic.

The digital _object_ is analogic.

The analogic _representation_ is digital.

Ghosts are embedded within the analogic. Ghosts are excluded from the digital.

Absence or exclusion from the digital is equivalent to non-existence from the viewpoint of the digital. Ghosts are existence and existents within the analogic.

The digital envelops the act of differentiation; the analog envelopes integration. The analog smooths what the digital disrupts.

The digital requires a place to stand. The digital requires an origin. The analog of Cartesian coordinates is countermanded by the discrete and arbitrary location of the origin.

The digital draws a distinction; the analog erases it.

To draw a distinction is the construct a potential well, within which the distinction functions, in spite of the corrosion of the world.

To erase a distinction is to corrode it, to sublimate it to the analogic real, the plasmatic world.

The plasmatic world is the heated world in which distinctions last less time than the processes required to convey information. The plasmatic world, a theoretical construct, is necessarily inoperable. The world of the landscape - without a _preferred viewpoint_ - is such a world.

The cold-world is the world of the permanence and transformations of distinctions. The cold-world is a world of potential wells, in which signs convey, remain - in which structures remain intact, in which semantic content flows through structures.

The digital quantifies the analog.

The digital carries a price-tag.

Coding, by its very nature, is digital, that is to say, discrete.

Never, 'above,' as 'below,' but 'as above,' apparent 'as below.' Metaphor and metonymy are always already tropes, within the digital.

The signifier does not _reference_ the signified; it _creates_ it from the
analogic. The creation of a signifier re-inscribes the signified elsewhere; as in Saussure's example, the signifier never operates 'within' the real, but within a _chain of signifiers,_ a hermeneutics on the plane of the Other, which inauthentically appears to create the 'Originary' plane, i.e. Creation.

To create by speech ('and the Lord said') is always already to embody the creation as _inscription._ Inscription separates the inscribed and thereby created entity from its complement, the inscribed world external to the inscribed and created entity.

The totality of inscriptions necessarily forms a _coherent and closed system,_ since the system is, after all, created by humans or other organisms, and their cultures.

Somewhere von Foerster characterizes organism by _negation._ Negation is the first speech act. Negation is the primary speech act, 'not this, not that' - 'avoid that - that is dangerous' - 'do not go there.'

To negate is to inscribe. To negate is to create. The creation of an entity is always a carving-away. The creation of an entity implies a reduction relative to that entity.

The digital is the carving-away of what is deemed extraneous. The digital saws into the extraneous, which is its residue.

The residue is the residue of the analog; the residue is parasitic, noise.

The digital is noiseless, absolute silence.

The analog is absolute noise.

The circle of signifiers washes against mental impressions. The image of something is always already a construct (Sartre), rule-bound, but the image of the image is analytic.

If something is an analog of something else, both suffer from similar noise. Both suffer from similarity.

If something is a representation of something else, both draw structures from each other.

The analog is unstructured; the digital is structured.

The analog is communality, use-value. The digital is community, exchange-value. Exchange may be direct or indirect, transitive. Exchange may be based on apparent equivalence, on agreement, on contract. Exchange binds entity to entity. Exchange defines entity. Exchange defines entity in relation to (by virtue of) entity.

Analogic use-value is imminent and immanent. Digital exchange-value is
distanced, defined. Analog is subject; digital is object. The object of
digital is subject to analog. Exchange replaces use. The subject of analog
is object to digital. Exchange replaces use.

Digital is always already a presumed contamination of the real. The
presumption is always already false.

The analog is always already a presumed healing or suturing of the real.
The presumption is always already false.

Without the digital, communication would be impossible. The ideality of
the feral world is equivalent to the world under erasure.

To throw away the scaffold is to retain it. To retain everything, releases
everything.

"Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darueber muss man schweigen." (Wittgen-
stein) - is already lost.

- 

perfect image beauty

sondheim's Home perfectly beautiful 0
it is perfectly beautiful, Jennifer, to have a slight flaw, in fact
the slight flaw makes it perfectly beautiful, of course it does, nothing
else, just the slightest offset, this is what the gods desired, the
universe is isotropic or is it anisotropic, never mind, the symmetry's
broken, an, i, an i, Jennifer, remember that
sondheim's Home perfectly beautiful 1
once the principles are esablished, said the Greeks, Jennifer, it was
easy, everything fell into place. It wasn't later, until digital syntesis,
that the uncanny made its appearance in the realm of perfection, however.
look at what lovely unfoldings, Jennifer, undraped sky, what beauty
sondheim's Home perfect beauty 2
the cracks of marble and the scanlines, marble against marble against
emptiness, ontological loss between one and another position,
neuraesthetics of neuraesthesia, Jennifer, (A marble marble (A emptiness))
sondheim's Home perfect beauty 3
you huddle, huddling Jennifer, in the cracks, they're there for a
reason, they're psychopomp, they're swollen, they're enormous, they're
miniscule, they're inscribed, they're perfectly inscribed, Jennifer,
they're palimpsest, collocation of indelible formulas, present and eternal
and accounted-for, trembling and fragile and falling-apart, they're what
people do, they're the done-with-it, huddling Jennifer, they're the fear
and poison in men's minds, they're perfect
sondheim's Home perfect image 4
you are waiting, Jennifer, engendered-Jennifer, genifer,
hinged-iron-genifer, genniferrous, tiny candle burns here, Egyptians,
Greeks, and Japanese are waiting, burning on and off for four days, yahrzeit, year-time, crack or impression of death, the slightest glimmer, under starrystarry skies, inconceivable beauty, i am sorry, Jennifer, i am not joking, honestly, i will not be remembered for it, this split on both sides of the entity, this almost grid, almost-alive, these perfect imperfection

THE RIGHTEOUS KEEP THE BRAINDEAD ALIVE

Empty stage. In the center, a wooden chair and table. There is a glass and pitcher of water. A desklamp provides the only light.

(long pause)

(Jennifer enters from stage left, sits down. she is wearing a red-brown dress and sandals. her hair is disheveled. she is about 40.)

Jennifer: When I was young, I sought recourse in the Senate. (pause) They were indeed the best and brightest. The House was full of rabble. The Senate was Wisdom. Even when I marched, there was the Senate. A stability. I never heard of the Rapture, not until my twenties. (pause) Now I pray for it. I want death and destruction to rain down on the pure and righteous. I want the fanatics to leave, fly off God knows where, it doesn't matter. Leave the earth to the rest of us. (pause) Janine was only twenty-four when she came into my life. (pause) (loudly) I want to bring death to the righteous. I want to kill the good. I want to see them die slow deaths. Of AIDS of BULLETS of the FURY of the evil. (pause) (normal voice) There were a number of them in my life, Janine. Men and women, women and men. They were believers. (pause) Janine would fuck me with a rosary around her neck it went in and out my mouth I was fucked like a good Jewish girl. (pause). I should have known. That it was the beginning. That there was no escape. Evil in the guise of good. (pause) I pulled the trigger on the President. I set fire to the Senate. I ignored the House; they were beyond Salvation. They were Salvation. Can you blame me? (pause) Janine, Janine. (pause) Look, this is inconceivable. That there is such RELIGION in the land. Such evil. Janine, are you listening to me? I am talking to everyone because I AM TALKING TO YOU. (pause) I will kill you if I can. I will kill myself. (pause) Look, I am twenty-three. Look, I am twenty-four. I am already old. I am ANOTHER TIME. I am NINETEEN-SIXTY-EIGHT. I AM IN LOVE WITH EVIL. I HATE YOU FUCKING BASTARDS. STOP LOOKING AT ME. THERE'S NO TRICK TO THIS. (pause) (louder, furious) THERE'S NOTHING TO THIS. THE GOOD MUST BE ELIMINATED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. (pause) Look, I will try and EXPLAIN. If you are good you are RIGHTEOUS. You already know the difference. You will TELL ME DIFFERENCE. (louder) I DO NOT WANT TO KNOW YOUR DIFFERENCE. I HAVE NO INTEREST IN YOUR DIFFERENCE. IN YOUR FUCKING DIFFERENCE. IN YOUR FUCKING DIFFERENCE. (pause, drinks water) What the fuck is this? (looking at the glass) I need something stronger. (louder) I WILL KILL THE FUCKING SENATE. I WILL BURN THEM ALIVE. (pause) (normal) I met the President in the Agora. I
walked up to him. I had... a knife and a gun. Which did I use? (to the audience) Which did I use? (pause) (louder) I used the KNIFE OF COURSE? DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I USED THE KNIFE? I WANTED HIM TO SUFFER. I WANTED HIM TO FEEL IT. I WANTED HIM TO FEEL IT. (pause) (louder) THIS IS THE MAN WHO HAS PUT TWO MILLION OF HIS PEOPLE IN JAIL. THIS IS THE FUCKING RIGHTEOUS MAN. THIS IS FUCKING CHRIST. THIS IS FUCKING YAHWEH. THIS IS FUCKING ALLAH. THIS IS LEVIATHAN. THIS IS BEAST OF APOCALYPSE. THIS IS GOG AND MAGOG. THIS IS THE CHARIOT OF GOD. THIS IS THE CHARIOT. (pause) (normal) Dear Mister President you are CHARIOT CHARIOT. Dear Mister President you are the WHEEL OF EYES. (louder) I WILL ROLL YOUR WHEEL OF EYES ON SHARP STAKES. I WILL HASTEN THE END-TIME AND THE RAPTURE AND THE FINAL DAYS. I WILL HASTEN YOUR DEATH MISTER PRESIDENT BUT YOU WILL DIE A SLOW SLOW DEATH AND YOU WILL HAVE YOUR FLESH TORN TO PIECES. (pause) (softer) When I'm done with him, I'll move to the House, Janine. Yes I will, Janine. The House will be easy. The House wants to die, Janine. (louder) (screaming) WHEN I'M DONE WITH THE HOUSE I'LL MOVE TO THE SENATE. I'LL BURN THEM ALIVE. I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT. I BURNED THEM ALIVE. FOR THEY ARE THE GOOD AND I, ... I, ... (pauses) (drinks water) Really, WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS? (softest) They are trying to kill me. (whisper, pulls at her dress) They are trying to kill me. (pulls at her hair) (louder) They are trying to kill me because I AM NOT ONE OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND I WILL NOT BE ONE OF THE RIGHTEOUS AND I WILL NOT BE GOOD. I WILL NOT BE GOOD AND I WILL NOT BE YOUR GOOD LITTLE BOY AND I WILL NOT BE YOUR GOOD LITTLE GIRL AND I WILL NOT BE YOUR SLAVE AND I WILL NOT BE, I WILL NOT BE GOOD. (pause) (normal) Good is a lousy fucking word. Janine, I will TERRORIZE THIS COUNTRY. I will fly PLANES OF GOOD PEOPLE into BUILDINGS OF GOOD PEOPLE. I will torture GOOD PEOPLE forced to FUCK GOOD PEOPLE. I will BURN GOOD PEOPLE ALIVE. (pause) (whisper) The Senate, Janine, is filled with good people. (to the audience) (louder) IS IT NOT? IS IT NOT? (pause) (loudest) DID I SAY I WILL BURN THE SENATE ALIVE? (pause) (normal) The Wisdom of the Senate! The fucking WISDOM of the Senate! (long pause) I am not CLEVER ENOUGH to do this. I'm really not. (drinks water) (pause) Ah well.

(Jennifer stands.)

Jennifer: I know only one thing. I am not good.

(Janine-in-the-Audience stands and faces Jennifer. she is wearing jeans, medium-short hair, hippy blouse.)

Janine-in-the-Audience: You know one thing, Jennifer. You are not good. (pause) No one should die of AIDS. No one should ride a plane into a building.

Jennifer: (loud) I WILL RIDE ANY PLANE INTO ANY BUILDING. I WILL KILL WITH AIDS WITH LEPROSY. I WILL KILL WITH SMALLPOX WITH POLIO. I WILL KILL WITH PLAGUE. I WILL TEAR APART. I WILL TURN MY FINGERS INTO SOCKETS OF EYES TURN MY TEETH INTO MOUTHS TURN MY GUN TURN MY KNIVES TURN MY PLANE MY GERM ON THEM. I WILL TURN MY GERM ON THEM.
Janine-in-the-Audience: (screaming) GET OUT AUDIENCE. GET OUT FUCKING AUDIENCE. GET OUT OF HERE OUT OF HERE OUT OF HERE.

(the audience leaves)

Janine-in-the-Empty-House: (normal) At least no one will hear the rest of this. I'm fucking exhausted.

Jennifer: What is this stuff they gave me to drink?

(lights down)

(the rest of the play inaudible)

END

some sum across text

0 the world has any and none
1 axioms and axiologies are dispersed among worlds and domains
1 distinctions may be fissuring of same and same
1 every age is every un-age
1 links and couplings constitute the world
1 meaning is constituted by virtue of desire and domains
1 mouths and ears are identical
1 primary structures include annihilation and creation
1 representation structures are in the form of mappings
1 the armature of belief is the encoding of desire
1 the phenomenology of the imaginary is that of the plasma
1 the world has a certain style
1 theory is defuge and enumeration coupled with abjection and foreclosure
1 this abacus is always already that abacus
2 channeling and gating may also be included
2 desire is towards signifer and totalization
2 distinctions may be inscriptions of self and not-self
2 domains are nearly decomposable into worlds
2 hierarchies decompose into holarchies at the limit
2 in a link contiguity transforms into structure
2 investment is characteristic of phenomena
2 it is terminology which forecloses and annihilates
2 our worlds are constituted
2 science is that ideological which is non-ideological
2 the mirror stage is always a coagulation
2 the world is constituted by equivalences and not identities
2 these include P)Q, P)P, P)*Q, P*)Q, P)*Q)P, P)P)P etc.
3 an identity is an equivalence of one
3 desire is towards the potential of infinite manipulation
3 disinvestment is the state of defuge or refusal/deluge
3 existence is relative to domains
fissuring characterizes the postmodern and inscription the modern
in a coupling contiguity remains disassemblage
limits are always asymptotic
meaning is always in relation
negations include chain, sheffer, and the sheffer-dual
terminology is destroyed within the creativity of the border-regions
there is no ontological distinction between information and materiality
truth and slanders are bound in abjection
within the secondary are also found hieroglyphic binding and leakage
an equivalence of one is a misrecognition emptied of the symbolic
bases collapse into superstructures, and superstructures into bases
consider leakage of the signifier, excess, clutter, debris, and noise
digital is eternal and analog operates between death and desire
everything applies no farther than to ourselves in the act of reading
infinite manipulation is the binding of body and bodies into hieroglyph
intentionality is always mediated and itself intended
mouths hold and carry the cultural skein as linking communality
our worlds are loosely tethered
secondary structures include inscription, demarcation, distinction
substance is never and always emergent
there is no meaning outside of relation
what is disinvested participates in the abject
analog and digital interpenetrate
analog and digital interpenetrate 5 analog and digital interpenetrate 5
analog burns the noise within us
at the limits ontologies fractally coalesce
chains of consequences are couplings at best
culture adheres and coheres
inscriptions are overcoded or undercoded and always destabilized
self-reflexivity and contradiction leave residue as content
st: stuttering, stumbling, wobbling, jostling, shuddering, sputtering
the abject is that which cannot be recuperated
the semiotics of emission and spew replace the semiotics of signifiers
we are always already within the virtual
with the beginning of hieroglyph one enters the beginning of speech
\[ x^\sim x = 0 \text{ rel } x \]
assemblages of ideas constitute inscriptive domains
culture doubles epistemologies
desire transforms the speech of the other under the guise of freedom
emission and spew transform vector into flow and flow into turbulence
erotics: fissuring, inscription, puncture, delirium, liquidity
in noise culture 0 is a positivity characterized as \( \{x: x = -x\} \)
negation is at the core of human existence and communality
the masochistic assemblage creates the cultural context of narratology
the other is that which is unaccountable and unaccounted-for
the topology of intention is also secondary
the world stains, is stained, is constituted by stains
truth is a wager and a strategy among constituted regimes
we exist in-between paths and plasmas
we exist in-between paths and plasmas
all thought is narratology
eccentric space: smattering, scattering, skittering, spitting
facticity and truth are contiguous at best
governance constitutes the foci of assemblages of ideas
only a radical disbelief necessarily binds and blinds one to the truth
our worlds are nearly decomposable into discrete entities
the abject other is simultaneously wayward and abject
the ego is always catastrophic in the mathematical sense
the imaginary carries no force and its totality
the topology includes non-distributive transgressive logics
the world constitutes by stains
turbulence leaks around the simulacrum of death but not abjection
we are driven by annihilation
body and inscription are doubly transparent and doubly fixed
communication is presence and communality
desire is a flux-emission without source or objects
entities are by virtue of the name, maintenance, and contour
fissures require low maintenance
flow leaks around inscription which carries its own inward dissipations
foci exist as if the totality of nodes hierarchically connected to them
infinite copying exists past the heat-death of the universe
inscriptive components include maintenance and legitimation structure
perfect authority is authentic circulation
the ego is inscribed and inscriptive
the narratological turns speech towards foreclosure
third level of the social involves economic and other parabolas
at the limit epistemologies and ontologies coalesce
desire is always submerged
eye and i shift and stutter around deep linguistic coding
inscription domains are abject emissions both unwieldy and temporary
inscription is maintained in deferral and division
nothing is constituted as axiological
the ego exists within the certain style of the world
the imaginary is speechless
the narratological loops the ouroborosean tale back into the mouth
the parabolas are a means towards totalization and constitution
the world has no requirements
theory is enumerated
they also include embodiment, impulse, fueling, and linkage
Splayed
Splayed from glowing laptop screen, analog and digital camera, video, even
1-13[1-9]
1-4[1-9]
1-9[1-9]

analog and digital interpenetrate 5 analog and digital interpenetrate. The
and digital, at least to this extent. and number. (distinction between
analog and digital orders here - chaotic, digital regimes in the world.
Abjure any clear distinction between analog everyday virtual life, Phenom-
enology of the analog and digital. Modernisms fucking each other and the
general public. It covers both analog- and digi-machines ranging from
yesterday to forty years ago, analog and digital programs are operating in
the space between analog and digital. The semiotal machines, focusing on fundamental differences between analog and tic can be described as both analog and digital: the analog and digital.

sex and death

<> so out and so in <>

233c233
< clothes sexualities genders wear out and even close relationships
> clothes sexualities genders wear out and even close relationships
241c241
< conversation sexing friendships libraries in real life there are
> conversation sexing friendships libraries in real life there are
284c284
< i've always wanted to move towards the abject extremities of sex that
> i've always wanted to move towards the abject extremities of sex that
701c701
< if sexuality is the expansion of the textual violence is the reduction
> if sexuality is the expansion of the textual violence is the reduction
708c708
< mud wrestling the sexuality of anonymity
> mud wrestling the sexuality of anonymity
846847c846847
< words and sex are splitting off closing off leaving mouth and body
< behind not towards ulterior virtuality but foreclosure sexed language
> words and sex are splitting off closing off leaving mouth and body
> behind not towards ulterior virtuality but foreclosure sexed language
858c858
< fascinating - you can see this happen among the primates as tool and sex
> fascinating - you can see this happen among the primates as tool and sex
862c862
< sex is filled with s/m b/d fluids of all sorts leaking across the
> sex is filled with s/m b/d fluids of all sorts leaking across the
1155c1155
< the texts sex texts travel towards extremity where the body leaves all
> the texts sex texts travel towards extremity where the body leaves all
152c152
< child dreaming remaining unused worn with the death of the brother
> child dreaming remaining unused worn with the death of the brother
158c158
< i knew neither of the brothers and mourned most of all the death of
> i knew neither of the brothers and mourned most of all the death of
168c168
< of his death and a year after he died a dead bird black with yellow
> of his death and a year after he died a dead bird black with yellow
171c171
< are the chances of this the appearance of the death of the bird in any
> are the chances of this the appearance of the death of the bird in any
The Derailing of Metaphysics

The perfect wave of zero hertz is a constant current. The perfect wave of infinite hertz tends towards white noise. As the hertz increases, the sampling rate falls behind; think of \( \sin(\tan(x)) \) for example near 90 deg. As the rate falls behind, a symmetric pattern emerges around 90 deg. The symmetric pattern is based on the points of intersection of the For sine or cosine waves, if the sampled wave is at any higher frequency than the sampling wave, patterns emerge. If the sampled wave is at any lower frequency than the sampler wave, patterns emerge. If the sampled wave is irregular and the sampling wave is a greatly lower frequency, the resulting mapping is useless. If the sampled wave is irregular and the sampling wave is infinite, the
resulting mapping is identical to the sampled wave.

No wave is a perfect wave.
The lower the hertz of course the greater the resonator.
Human consciousness is the wolf-note of the universe.
If the perfect wave of zero hertz intersects human consciousness,
the result is the irregularity of every-day life.
If the perfect wave of infinite hertz intersects human consciousness,
the result is the reproduction of human consciousness bereft of everyday life.
Bereft human consciousness is unintended, enlightened, a perfect wave of zero hertz.
The irregularity of every-day life is intended, unenlightened, a perfect wave of infinite hertz.
Any wave beyond the pure waves of zero or infinite hertz are impure.
Impure waves dirty the distinction between consciousness and every-day life.
Impure waves dirty the distinction between yin and yang.
Only blurred distinctions are generative.
From generative distinctions, creativity.
From creative, perfect waves of zero and infinite hertz.
This is the regenerative principle of the noumen.
The regenerative principle co-exists with the continuous unfolding of time.
At the end of time, all waves are perfect waves of zero hertz.
At the beginning of time, all waves are perfect waves of infinite hertz.
We are living in the mid-time of dirtiness, impurity.
We dream the pure and the impure.
All dreamings are irregular and impure.
All dreamings are the railings of metaphysics.

brief notes on my work

these starting going somewhere, the idea of wildly disparate style/media
from one moment to the other - the idea of 'work' smeared across 'work' -
coherency but no boundary - artificial transmissions by email and
directory file - enonciation, enonce -

then they went nowhere, what came to mind was 'particles emanating from
the brain,' perhaps in honor of the granularity of microsound or the
despair of a relatively cashless existence.

then they went somewhere with messy economics intersecting messy ontology,
epistemological excretions. so for what they're worth, at this stage -

1 variety

the surface of my work is full of inconsistency. styles change abruptly;
characters that were used were used up; new characters appear at times,
only to disappear, to write in the background. Media change from text to audio/video/image/web/performance and back again; the kernel coheres. I am bored and probably bore easily; I investigate the domain of the symbolic from the viewpoint of messiness, and messiness from the symbolic. Codes and languaging are always in the background, disseminated, dissimulated.

2. Orders

Natural which leaks through manageriality; abjection which smears and devolves into incoherency; aphasias and disorders of the real; brute and insistent protocols; sexualities, acculturations, languagings of the body; materiality of mathematical idealities; idealities of physical materialities; the economics and political economics of the symbolic, abstraction, the geographic – all of these are subjects of my work, just as my work is subject to their fragile and monarchic domains.

3. Quantity and Distribution

No distribution, no quantity is infinite. The phenomenological horizon of distribution is commonality of usage. Distributivity is unobtainable. Art is a praxis is a practice. Quantity is also a shearing-away, habit and habitus. My work is a nudge. It won't survive the net.

4. Common Themes

The theme of the hardening and collapse of the symbolic. The theme of attempting to grasp the infinite. The theme of the 'otherwise.' The argument against totalization. The violence of totalization. The code and the broken code. Inhabiting the broken. The broken and the disaster.

5. Staying with it

If you stay with it, it will come, sensate. If you begin anywhere, you can end anywhere. Of what conceivable purpose would be a conclusion? A history perhaps, a phenomenology of that history, a rocky landscape stumbled over. I'd say it works in your brain, but that's presumptuous. I'd say it works in mine, but that's symptomology. Tropes, symptoms cross-reference, you'll see. Code is cross-reference. You might not want to stay with it. It might never come.

For K.S.

The woman herself Matsumoto Jun ice river it comes and even if happiness the in Matsuda Sato will flat mountain wide Gyoda is thick bright Even if the woman herself Matsumoto Jun ice river to come, Sato Matsuda Otsuka love small reason it is good Nakamura intellectual world Fukada child thin Kyi Otsuka love small reason it is good Nakamura intellectual world Fukada Yoshioka beauty head rock seasonal Kin Masao thousand village Aikawa Yutaka child Morishita true child Ogura Yoshioka
beauty head rock Yutaka child Morishita true child Ogura phase military affairs gossamer seasonal pinup phase military affairs gossamer seasonal pinup attaching gold

The woman herself Matsumoto Jun ice river it comes and even if happiness the in Matsuda Sato will flat mountain wide Gyoda is thick the bright Otsuka love small reason it is good the Nakamura intellectual world Fukada child thin Kyi Yoshioka beauty head rock true child Ogura Yutaka child Morishita thousand village Aikawa seasonal Kin Masao The phase military affairs gossamer seasonal pinup attaching Hanai Biri Aikawa season the cord Yasuda beauty sand child hill wooden dance child The Maruyama Katsura village side the Sakura Okamoto depending child Inoue harmony fragrance From Emi large castle sub- seasonal child under luck child companion reason period blessing melody.

The woman seven Hu bottle well no field pleasantly the Nakamura river foster child it is cheap the room beauty blessing Weekly today kagura hill blessing Asada good not yet peaks the or Hagiwara dance beauty bamboo cool child

The woman seven - it is the sudden death V Nakamura river foster child high way, FLASH beach mountain distinct Ando sand fragrance Sato harmony sand harmony rare sand Kitajima superior

Weekly new tide Uchida child Horiuchi filial piety male Kawai Iku child trees and shrubs rare forest forest complex Kyuya

The rock true child Morishita thousand village Adachi actual summer the eye reason cord Ono true bow hill wooden dance child - Adachi the actual Goto Makoto rare friend blessing it is, the beauty bamboo cool

Weekly new tide Hata positive Ku Chinese last of raising the Ookubo flax pear child Mita open child Kumatani Megumi raincoat!

Kawamura it can go, closely the field forming beauty Heda Megumi pear fragrance Tashiro moat ardently the flax period Sunday everyday one shoals the Yoshikawa Akira Osamu Takamura Kaoru Ito beauty basis the seeing Kitajima superior Yabe beauty preservation Oka origin thickly is dense the Otake Takahashi whom you endure child length one Shigeru Inoue harmony fragrance Oguri Kaori woven Abe flax beauty camellia beauty bell swan Sakura child Ninomiya Kazuya long you see, Inoue harmony fragrance gold note payment yes spring as many as . small wooden Kazuko vs straw raincoats the Suzuki Mamaru beauty pine greens child - day

Door poster being attached The TV. arrow rice field sub- rare child & wing Kato meeting Sakaguchi law two Inagaki our stormy child Suzuki woman seven Chiba it is cold the Nakamura river foster child

Weekly sentence spring Okawachi child ICHIRO rice granary cool child Kansai Walker Fukada child small snow Akashi house saury Kimura - art Ando beauty princess beauty sea not yet direction Watanabe beauty generation twill catalpa moat mouth and blotch - day

Even if the weekly woman rice granary cool child ice river to come, the Matsuken theatrical company one person Yutaka fragrance way the - day Boy magazine Ogura Yutaka child x cool breeze

Woman seven Hattori it is good the child Arai Kaori woven way, the Korea style pine greens child Weekly popular heaven sea Osawa perfume field bookmarker moat river tomorrow or beach mountain distinct apricot the lily Hasegawa capital child long you see, the well curb Kazuyoshi rear end Erika
Weekly sentence spring the picture beauty flat trunk two bright
Sakai sequential child inside military affairs! - Even if the door the on
woman herself the Tsukamoto high history ice river to come, the village
river picture pear forest tail reason beauty -

of the job, of its execution
of the raging storm, of my ...
headlights towards us veering is it us or them
we can't tell who's awake one direction or the other
there's no time like in the duel to think
we smashed against the rail just a second in midair
falling and hardly breathing before everything disappears
we've got a truck to the left of us throwing things
first small than larger than screaming slamming against us
we've got a small car we can't fight them off we spin
we slalom crashing over the edge we're in midair
just like in easy rider we're dead along the highway
i'm driving sleeping i'm seeing double seeing lampposts bend
everything filtered and shaky i can't think what's that now
the radio's off the radio's on i don't know the difference
is it you talking or me wait you're not moving
i'm not moving the world turns fast suddenly it's all over
we're rounding a bend furious lightning sudden crack
we're startled slide into the traffic down the embankment
just like in crash we're jammed and careening no stopping us
brakes give out no nothing eighteen wheels coming up fast
no stopping them we're crushed beneath no moving now
motor halts we're hard slammed through the windshield
my throat's cut i can't see anything where are you
we're hurt screaming the car's heaped on top us
night the rain the search dead cell phone we're out of luck
the pedal won't ease up we're out of control skidding
hailstorm shattered glass i swerve too fast
engine light's on gaslight oil light brakelight too
we're bullet hurtling night we've got all day
to get there

The Apt Word

To write modernism is to write in voiceless voice.
To write in voiceless voice is an enunciation.
The enunciated is always pronounced.
This is based on the apt word.
Whatever I write, there is the apt word.
In terms of cleverness, the reader desires this, the apt word.
The apt word makes one famous, i.e. on the road to fame.
Apt may be an apt word.
Writing this style is always a well-honed craft.
I try to procure your agreement or perhaps disagreement.
My taste is apparent on the page.
I am an expert in the use of words and their exactitude.
More specifically, the apt words.
Every phrase, every poem, is a composition.
The poet works hard at the composition, every word must fit.
The fit word is the apt word, both harmonious and perfect.
A poet claws its way to the apt word and beyond.
There is light on the other side of the apt word.  
The apt word must not appear contrived.  
Or it must appear contrived as a collusion between reader and writer.  
The apt word must be secretly clever.  
Or it must appear clever as such a collusion.  
It's nature, the apt word, unnoticed but graces a reputation.  
The audience knows the poet by the apt word.  
Every poet has a different approach to the apt word.  
And every poet has a different approach to the rest of it.  
But it is all carefully crafted and that is why we care about poets.  
And it is beautifully written and full of surprises.  
And that is why we care about poetry.  
I am serious about this, this apt word.  
It is a well-turned phrase that contributes to the whole.  
In a sense it is the whole.  
Love language, love the apt, advertising and poetry pick and choose.  
Here I am writing, searching for the perfect form.  
Oh there must be more to this than that, there is not.  
My words are perhaps not apt enough.  
My turns of phrase...

only the good die young  
the bad are left to grow old and rot  
i am rotting

old people should be killed  
they're in the way  
they're useless

their flesh tastes bad  
they're shapeless skin and bones  
or layers of ugly fat

their minds are dead  
their minds are waiting  
for their bodies to catch up

old men are our past  
the young are our future  
grandmothers = carriers of wisdom

cart them off  
cart them all off  
they burn fast in the furnaces

the eskimo left them on the ice  
the jews buried them alive  
the christians yoked them
buddhists trample their necks
cconfucians spit on their altars
the muslims cut off their heads

believe what you want
someone cut off their heads
someone trampled them

old people have nothing to say
their ideas are like deSotos
that's a car we all used to drive

take their cars and belongings
divide them up take them apart
memories are made for crashing

look at the old man
push him down the hill
he can't think when he's falling

he can't think when he's standing
when he's standing he's falling
he's always falling when he's standing

i wake up and hope you'll kill me
i'm useless and can't think a thought
or this is the thought i think

when i'm permitted to think
when you've maybe read this far

i'll leave this line alone

Words Gathered, a Secret Ordering,
Productive Together, Creating a Poem.

Bar, bolt, gate.
Large, fat, horse.
Straitened circumstances, persecute.
Unlined garment, cloak, mantle.
Far apart, unlike.

Desert wilds, remote from town, a border prairie.
Hot, bright, clear, severe, (like fire).
Small window, lattice.
High, and vast.
Reddish root, medicine.
Poor, exhaust, thoroughly, the end.
The man is poor, but not his will -
Trouble, a mound.

Bamboo, cricket, a locust.
A bulbous plant, alone, desolate.

Lustrous, brilliant.
Alone, heart'sick.
Gazing at in fright, alone, helpless.

traditional code poetics: the dying line

"... line, line, line, line... line sexualities line line poly sexualities poly poly poly poly poly poly poly !")

The Pain of the World, is there any?

If I write this poem to you, is it literal?
The sky closes over it, but does it?
The world's fury kills us all, but can it?
Nature is as violent as ever.
There is no justice in the world for strays, weeds, vermin,
whatever we call what we don't want. That is true.
Humans are strays, weeds, vermin, one to another, but are they?
I would see them dead, I would see the President dead, but will I?
I am frightened. Every night I dream of crashes, plane or car,
or just human against human. That is true. The violence wakens me.
Outside, people are doing nothing in particular, but are they?
The animals here lead delicate lives. Snake, frog, and cat are
rescued, everything hides in fear, but does it?
This year, the world totters on the brink of catastrophe. It does
not, the world does not totter, the earth pushes back like a plate,
but does it?
I walk across the earth and it pushes under me.
It pushes harder, I think, but I may be wrong.
The dead are on the earth, then under then no more, but are they?
The dead claw up, but do they?
Transformed into oil, gas, diesel, but are they, they drive our
big cars, but do they?
The literature of pain is painful, but is it?
Designed to withstand suicide, it totters, but does it?
Does literature totter? The world does not.

pink blend into background curtailed
blue for boys
red for girls
blueblack for boys
redwhite for girls
marching for boys and smoke for boys
skirts for girls and pouting for girls
the boys do the girls the girls do the boys
lorelei plunging into the sea, now see, red stain on the waters
o lohengrin o lorelei
"I, Lohengrin, son of Parsifal, the world-renowned king, was sent hither
by the Holy Grain, to save your duchess from the oppressor's hand. Now the
Holy Vessel summons me, and I must go, but ere I depart, I enjoin upon you
to watch faithfully over my little ones and to wipe away their mother's
tears. Farewell!"
"I, Lorelei, am not a witch, but let me die. I'm so unhappy. My lover has
forsaken me, and his silence has lasted so long that I am sure he is
either faithless or dead."
i love listening to you sing lorelei i wish you godspeed lohengrin

how useless it is to be a knight!
how silly!

a summing-up

My work deals with the relationship of consciousness to the world
vis-a-vis the mediation of problematic and 'dirty' symbolic domains.

My work deals with the wonder of the world as new bandwidths, vistas,
histories and geographies, are made available.

My work deals with the problems of foundations, Absolute, primordial,
originary, in terms of debris and scattering.

My work is a continuous dialog, itself scattered among distributions.

My work evades biography, diary, autobiography, the anecdotal, whilst
plunging into the simulacra of personal narratives.

My work exceeds itself, resonates with itself, with others; the others
inhabit my work which curls around fictivity.

My work is my obsession, to an unhealthy degree; however, when filled with
despair, there are moments of exaltation as distant shores are glimpsed.

My work is fearful of being found out; it is worried close to death.

My work is a stripping away of irrelevance; my back to the wall, I inhabit
the world.

My work is a constant meditation on the world, on its diffuseness, its
encapsulations, circumlocutions, circumscriptions.

My work has pretensions towards the philosophical and the scientific; I
strip my work away from my work as well.

My work touches language, body, and sexuality, all in relation of an inert real.

My work insists on the fragility of the good, of stasis, of permanence; it embraces the plasma, is swallowed by holocaust, dissolves in detritus.

My work covers the same ground repeatedly.

My work is simultaneously excess and denudation, artifice and natural deployment, ornament and structure, text and subtext, suture and wound.

My work is simultaneously hypothesis and hypothetical, a proffering or wager.

My work inscribes my work, deconstructing inscription and the walls surrounding the Torah.

My work hedges and devours death; I work furiously, death will allow even this and one other final flourish.

My work penetrates to the state of inversion; what is negative, is positive, and what is positive, negative.

My work is based on the fissure, not the inscription; it is based on substance, not dyad, on ruptured continuities, not positives and negatives.

My work is a collapsed ecstatic; my work is a collapsed aesthetic.

My work presses the systemic until it breaks; my work is a broken work, construing breakage, irruption of subtext into text, symbolic into subtext, substance into symbolic; my work breaks the inscriptive chain itself.

My work carries equivalence across media, genidentity across protocols and virtualities, sexualities across avatars and bodies, politics into the flesh-heart and ideological strangulation.

My work is discontinuous on the surface, tending towards stylistic extremes.

My work explores epistemologically and ontologically shifted bandwidths; my work brings the uttermost into the vicinity.

My work explores the desperate exigencies of the flesh, the shock-tactics of annihilation-creation, the degeneration of generators.

My work tends towards the unaccountable, the unaccounted-for; my work emphasizes the inconceivable.
My work inhabits originary past and indeterminate future, locating the plasma at the former, and the final outpost of substance at the latter.

My work runs from wavelengths universe-spanning to particle wave-lengths, listening everywhere; my work is a reporting from the limits.

My work inhales information-annihilation, being-annihilation, its own absence and every other.

My work inflates, exhausts; I have a desperate relation to my work; I tend my work in the meager hopes of its survival beyond me.

My work is its own; my work is centered in the dissipated locus of the histories of the self; my work is beyond my work.

My work occurs within non- aristotelian logics, within logics of non-distributivity; my work occurs within dusts and radiations; my work exists in relation to the death of the symbolic.

My work decodes my work; my work brings the code of work, the code of labor, to the surface.

My work is codework, operational research for the flesh; my work abjures absolute frameworks, definitive infinities.

My work explores the inaccessibly high-finite, the inaccessibly low-finite, numeric flux dissolution into physical-material real.

My work is the future of philosophy, the future of intellectual work, of the propriety of the intellectual; my work is the afterthought of the past, the afterthought of the future, the thought of thought and its draining.

'My work' or 'my work' but one may say '*' in lieu of the phrase; my work is a place-holder, shifter.

My work is neither this nor that; my work is not both this or that; my work is vulnerable.

My work is analog-stumble, digital clarification; the real is inescapable and production is discrete; my work is never done.

My work is trauma-therapeutic; my work is beyond that, bypasses that, circumvents that; my work is unconscious, of the dream of the real, of the dream of a real; my work stands on its own, ignores me; my work is in spite of me; my work is a collocation; my work circumscribe confusion; my work is insistent; my work is philosophy in the highest and lowest degree; my work is the world’s unconscious; my work is the true world of the dissipation of worlds, of the imminence and immanence of death; my work is a bulwark and a fiction; my work is non-fiction, languorous; my work is
neurasthenic; my work is the neurosis of the world; my work is never done.

State of new media from strawberry fields forever -

The work I'm doing isn't much different from the work you're doing. It will disappear when the net goes down or when it's no longer tended. Nobody tends things forever. It's amazingly ephemeral; there's nothing to it; it's stillborn, passed in email or on a website, that's all. It's not as if we're contributing to the well-being of humanity; the idea that art makes any sort of social or political difference is long outmoded, repeatedly proven wrong. We're not even making paintings which have a modicum of a chance of survival, 'being as how' they're concrete, inert, almost idiotic things (in the sense of Rosset or Sartre). Certainly we haven't made any contribution to physical theory or the sciences in general, and our work is rarely entertaining. At our performances and readings, only the rest of us show up. The 'culture' such as it is, follows mass media, corporate distribution systems, subtended radicalities; the best one hopes for is museum sponsorship. We've saved no one's lives through our art - turn the machine off, and we're pretty much done for.

We engage in outmoded theories, bouncing one theorist off another, as if any of it mattered in the universe at large. We work through fast-forward intellectual fashions, situations in which phenomenology, existentialism, postmodernism, deconstruction, and so forth - name your 'movement,' name your theorist - are considered outmoded, as if philosophy had advanced since Heraclitus. We ignore scientific theory, or borrow from it, on a simplistic or metaphoric level, as a form of legitimation, as if we're somehow connected with scientific 'advances.' We confuse science with technology, substituting cleverness for any real disciplinary understanding, in fields ranging from psychoanalysis through physics. Our theoretical work is written as if it somehow matters, somehow says something about the world, which we hardly understand. We substitute cultural politics for political action and depth; we ignore war or illustrate it. We entertain ourselves endlessly, as if our work had nothing to do with entertainment (some might call us failed comedians, novelists, what have you, substituting surface transformations for that hypothetical depth that seems to infest the canon).

I am guilty of all of the above. We go on and on and on...

an unpublished letter by Edwin Way Teale found in a copy of Near Horizons,
January 10, 19(4/5)3 */typewriter overstrike; the date is unclear/*

Mr. Harold Watson,
68 William Street,
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Watson:

   So far as I know, the hypothesis that the Cecropia and other moths may employ a kind of radio in attracting their mates, is merely an interesting theory unsupported by concrete evidence. There have been numerous suggestions that the insects have some sixth sense or other mysterious faculty. I don't think that either you or I can say with absolute finality that they do or do not. But I am sure that the burden of proof is on the person who makes such a proposal rather than vice versa. Until more evidence that */sic/* I have seen so far is brought forth, I, personally, will continue to believe that the acts of these amazing little creatures are governed by the senses we know rather than by some vague or mysterious factor whose existence remains to be proved. Unless the scent organs are also the centers of the "moth radios," I don't see how we can get around the experiments which reveal that male moths fly to the scent organs rather than the moth itself--or even to a container in which the female has rested rather than to the female herself when she is enclosed in an airtight container from which no odor can escape. And radio waves can go through glass. It is an interesting subject, but, as I say, the burden of proof is on the proponents of the new and radical theory and researches should be made before such a theory is accepted, even tentatively.

Most Sincerely Yours,

Edwin W. Teale

Transitive

Lan.[ ]ondones
Nan.[ ]marmotter
Sai.[ ]ouies de poisson
Tun.[ ]bouiller
Yao.[ ]jarre
Hu.[ ]corail
Welcome Welcome Welcome! This is my friend, he is a very great dancer. Please don't be shy, please come in. Take a seat - over there, there should be some room, hardly anyone has shown up at this point. Maybe, ah well. In any case, I'm beginning, this is the world of emanations - you can CLEARLY see something is happening here, something... extraordinary, almost one might say, supernatural, the whole earth is full of radiations.... You can hear them, preternatural perhaps would be a better world, they're just beyond your pleasance... I record these, these emanations, these ghosts, there are more of them than are alive, more of them than are here in this room, right now. This woman is dancing to 'em. She is listening to the ghosts and making the ghosts appear. It is the saddest thing, as as the ghosts, as the ghosts, the ghosts, witness the disappearane of their kindly earth... Such things as are destructive, as are deadly, for example the electronic substation across the street, what is that all about. More and more we are dominated by electronic emissions. LOOK AROUND YOU! THERE ARE NO MATERIALS OF ART HERE! THERE ARE ONLY RADIATIONS, ONLY NOISE, NOTHING ELSE

THIS IS THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

I HAVE BEEN THERE.

please please come in and sit down, have some time, spend some fun time with this, enjoy yourselves. You are
witnessing, you are witnessing, the chaos of the world, what the world was like when ghosts roamend, those were times.

They are furious, these ghosts. They are furious with us. They are sucking us dry.

WE, WE, WE, WE, WE. Eliminate the comma: WE WE WE WE WE - we join together in our flight towards destruction, our personal best / fury:

We will become THESE MATTERS.
The machine in them is writing this. Or writing these, every writing is plural.
The body is its own machine. The tendency towards repetition... "is the greatest force for good in this universe." Please, I beg you, have a seat, stay a while, there's nothing frightening here, nothing untoward, whatever was sacred is still sacred. And WELCOME! Please join us in our project. Look carefully, examine the interstices of the composition, what goes on before, and what comes afterwards, when least expected. These are times when it is almost dangerous to remain alive.

We must bear these consequences. We must measure to honour and to obey. YES YES YES PLEASE DO PLEASE DO COME IN

We are calling for help, these ghosts, they they, DESCRY us late at night.

Surely if they are coming for me they are coming for you. Surely if they are coming for me they are coming for you. PLEASE PLEASE COME IN, make yourself at home as if this were YOUR HOME and these were YOUR THOUGHTS

SOMETHING IS VERY BROKEN.

please please pardon me you were you were not meant to see this.

ah, you are wondering perhaps - Wait a minute, I'm sorry, give me a second -

You're perhaps wondering (that's better) what happens, what is the story?

There are a man and woman in the room.
The man holds up the woman. The woman falls. The man has contact with the woman. The man begins to fall. Someone is watching this. (You can hear the sounds of the future.) If we remain on this planet, after the nuclear war, this will happen. And this. And this will happen as well. A black sun will illuminate the sky and the sun will fall down over and over again. How sad it is to see the dusk.

As I was saying (before I interrupted myself), this is the time to come on in, no, "Come on in!" and make yourself comfortable! How sad the world is!

How comfortable!
Now Hello, Hello, to the weather. Each will swell in turn and disappear. You will know "the weather." See how foreign planets tell so little when they have, have more than enough time, more than enough chance. This is no. 1. This is number 2. And this is "The Stormy Day" of number 3. And this is Titan, a very distant moon. Which is number 4. And this is number 5. "In the Water."

You are hearing, honestly, very low frequency (VLF) antenna coupling with the metal strings of a musical instrument. It's enough to raise the dead. The dead are being raised. There are lessons to be drawn from this.

"Nervousness is no excuse for the innocent, just as calm provides solace for the guilty." Once a pon, no, once upon a time in America. If you don't love this country, please leave it. Thank you. WELCOME! Come in and watch the show. I am making this show ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. I am not making this show FOR ANYONE ELSE. This is your special show. LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT. A momentary interlude while you contemplate....

This appears to be an armageddon moment. I honestly wish you would stay, I would give you something worth it, honest I would. Don't go away! I'm working on it! I'm still working on it!

You can see how the ... emanations... the machinery of the universe... all at work... all at once... Yes, yes, yes, I want to thank you, I want to thank you for coming.

"I think we have all learned something here." (Exeunt all as the plane floats in for a landing.)

The Certain Truths

_From the viewpoint of the human_: nature is a slaughterhouse.
A certain truth: There is no salvation.
Death is the only arbiter.
Annihilation and meaning are identical.
From one viewpoint, many. From many viewpoints, one.
Good and evil dissolve.
The stases of objects inhabit the wheels of decay and corrosion.
The coming-together is the pulling-asunder.
Chaos rules, dissolves into noise, noise rules.
The number and quality of truth always loses focus.
My culture is your death. My death is your culture.
Nothing survives violence.
Every creature suffers blindly in the guise of its body.
Pain is of no consequence outside the flesh.
The annihilation of the human race would only prolong the catastrophe.
We live only to destroy in the masquerade of decency.
Other truths evaporate in the face of death.
We live so that we might not die.
We live so that we might die.
I say to you: Your death is my salvation.
Every death is a meal.
Among the humans, the pinnacle of deceit.
Exaltation is a painless death.
There's no end to the end of it.

d the very worst in us

everyone wants their partner dead
everyone wants to fuck their partner dead
you can use drugs to fake it
your partner has to agree to it, doesn't she (he)?
everyone dreams of a body at their disposal
you can do anything to it
it is your darkside and perhaps you decide not to
there are games after midnight after three a.m.
your dead partner can't fuck back
your drugged partner can't fuck back
things like these keep you out of prison
where are the bodies kept, not in your dreams

Performance thinking about death, Grand Central Art Center, 8/15/05

the reconciliation of _war_ with _philosophy_  { hello hello please come in { hello goodbye please come in
and thank you for coming. we are very
yes we are very happy to have you here./.
hang in there. I am trying to get my bearing
I had all sorts of things to say to you. Are you going to Crawford Texas for example. And then I forgot what I was going to say. O
I am
O I am stalling
stalling for time. You see...
Wait a minute. This has to do with energy. No, this has to do with confusion.
Whose war is this anyway.
We'll look at the map, we've been there before Damn it I'm going much too fast. You wouldn't believe whqat you've missed! Very low frequency radio with metaphoric ionospheric ducting (useful for the production ofd the original sounds)
Between earth and sky and far away from any electrical grid
You can hear these things
Or these things
Or this when the antenna collapsed somewhere I think it was in Crystal Cove
images taken across the country representing in my viewpoing' the natural'
you can see if you look closely the cat that lives in the now ruined
electrical substation across the plaza from here
or this the category of the industrial and perhaps the cat is here as well
antenna coupling with musical instrument strings, there's no microphone,
just the earth itself speaking in relation to the objects upon it
this is beginning to sound like heidegger.
azure's movements are coupled with the antenna as well
there's no microphone once again, just the conductivity of the earth
speaking, what you're hearing is the radio surface of the planet
undergoing transformation
or the radioactive surface, all those soldiers at the 4th of july
huntington beach parade
the goose-stepping gave me chills.
what were they thinking?
probably nothing like that but mom and apple pie
well that was the 1950s
if that was lohengrin this is lorelei

and this is where we came from and this is where we're going

there's an ...urgency... that's urgency... here, i can't define, all this
radioactivity, this encounter with violence in the guise of holiday-making
welcome please have a seat, there's no beginning and no end to this
just as there's "no end" to this:
we were here and there and now we're here:
i keep thinking to myself:
we're at the end of things.
in another ten years, what's happening here
will make no sense
armageddon isn't around the corner, it's here and now
HANG IN THERE
it's just about
it's just about adjusting things and why?
what's the point of alignment - things are going askew in any case - did
you notice cal state fullerton's servers were down - back on - down again
- back on - do you think this is temporary?  fuck degas
fuck degas again
welcome to the world of the black sun
so what do we have to offer besides despair
or this.
or these, my treasures
whatever i try to do, industry takes over, there's no escape from it. i
apologize.
i will stop soon and i will talk about this work you'll see
and maybe it will make some sort of sense at that point
more than for example playing the guitar
god for a moment i could believe this is 1969
thank you -= I realize this is incomplete at best, fragments of work or
fragments of other work - hang in there -
thank you = lights please?
Art and experiment, vision of the PLAGUE

The IMAGE of three folding wooden rulers, German, millimeter rules: PLACE these in a triangular configuration: two from the wall down, one across the endpoints of the two. AS IF these formed an equilateral triangle, however BROKEN by virtue of the WEIGHT of the wood, the intrusion of the physico-inert into the virtual-inert of the static euclidean WORLD.

I do not know or give their LENGTH.

Remnant of memory: Early 1970s Bykert Gallery NY show: collapsed hypercube made from nylon cord - topological accuracy but disrupted perception. The IDEAL held; the perceptual-real, i.e. constructed meaning, collapsed.

No progress now: This current work represents no progress whatsoever; the theme is tackled with only the DISTINCTION: the topological is trivial (a loop) or absent (an irrelevant loop). The MEASUREMENT is ANALOGIC, the ideal DIGITAL, a world of zero tolerance - well, perhaps analogic as well.

Can this be? A zero-tolerance analogic world? A wave-equation collapse or even rounding-off - that REWRITES the digital, INSERTS IT as permanent markers? Or rather, perhaps it is the zero-tolerance digital world that REWRITES and analogic, REINSERTS within the analogic.

What of this REWRITE? I have often said: I write myself into existence. I write myself out of existence. And ONLINE? See early Internet Text, Nettext sections: Existence is equivalent to CONTINUOUS REWRITE; when insertion ends (and this is insertion THROUGH the mediation of digital/analogic means INTO the analogic WETWARE of the perceiving SUBJECT), MEANING begins.

The ANALOGIC measurement of the rulers, with WEIGHT and problematic or rough TOLERANCE, is the measure of MEANING as well, coupled with the idealized MIRRORING of the digital within the analogic (as if the analogic were a cast-off of the digital, or as if the digital were a cast-off of the analogic).

The rulers, in their UNGAINLY stance, are a source of DIS/COMFITURE or the DIS/EASE of GRAVITY. A straight-line bending, inconceivable! The misplacement of tolerance: Unforgivable!

Yet this is what we are confronting in our cultural-political world today: digital laissez-faire and the bending of the analogic, as RULES, not rulers, are bent to meet every contingency: Let us, for example, over-develop this nation, these wetlands, this war, in the guise of the ABSOLUTE - of freedom, of god, of Capital. As with the Procrustean Bed: Cut off what doesn't fit! Purify at all costs! In this regard, the future is always already cleared, cleansed, and ready for action.
(All development is over-development or under-development.)

Back in the Gallery: I will gather the rulers, take them with me across the United States, sleeping, measuring only the unease of dreams. Four of them, found in a small second-hand shop in Copperton, Utah, next to the Bingham Copper Mine excavation, the largest human-made scar on the face of the earth. Next time, the plague.

gumbo sludge

katrina crossed the southern part of the state last night from east to west and is now out in the gulf of mexico suck com katrinatas assault on washington middot oil fat cats vs hugo chavez middot is bush al qaedas useful idiot googled suck and came up with only one porn site in the top covering katrina the american leviathan covering katrina rehnquist resources html true with a far smaller marshland buffer zone to suck up katrinas ferocious storm surge new orleans is very definitely in harms way katrina pulled a southerly turn and i think the eye was hurricanes suck ass posted by val prieto at august pm backtrack suck my blog is the greatest weblog on the internet sean penn tries to help katrina victims but his boat sinks awesome dude! he even defended the administrations catastrophic response to katrina sadly clinton has been remarkably consistent when it comes to sucking up to k true he even defended the administrations catastrophic response to katrina sadly clinton has been remarkably consistent when it comes to sucking up to true all top lists suck and here are the top reasons why mindshare is ethereal re help katrina victims recent trackbacks code and coffee innhtm k true hematophagy in blood sucking insects katrina quinn en

review article insect blood feeding impacts directly on human and animal health suck katrina hurricane katrina the fuck up which is hurricane katrina part ii the cover up saying on sunday a day before hurricane katrina made landfall uphp k true gutter to katrina fuck you tuesday september mobileoilrigunderbridgejpg were not inured to tragedy nor like certain of our friends at design katrina for fucking up my city im stuck on the otherside of the world and fuck you katrina yeah thank god everyone is ok because that is true this is a discussion forum powered by vbulletin to find out k true this is a discussion forum powered by vbulletin to find out pm

fuck me katrina [ xxxxxxxxxx ] posts join date yes katrina is a bitch name and its relatively weak for forum topicid mesgid k true hes going to fuck up handling the katrina disaster [view all] who gives a flying fuck what the polls say screamed at a vegaswolf

fucking times as many people died from katrina only then would you finally have reached half the death toll as the i dont think i would fuck katrina or any of the waves but id certainly enjoy making out with one of them just to say thanks p k true bush and katrinaechidne of the snakes
reports that on good morning un fucking beleivable posted by travy on september at pm fuck katrina at done on thu sep sucking water from flooded city deputy chief says new orleans president clinton that government failed the people in the aftermath of katrina topstories k true pumps sucking water from flooded city deputy chief says new orleans # completely destroyed# cut the katrina red tape lott says us k true pumps sucking water from flooded city deputy chief says new orleans # completely destroyed# katrina chaos drives officer to suicide topbusinessfinancialservicesventurecapitalnewsandmedia red herring true viable by sucking oil out of the ground like a soda straw or a syringe spam and phishing scams try to capitalize on the hurricane katrina tragedy on line version of professional magazine news and reviews focusing on technology analysis and research investor oriented post the publicity sucking benefiting liberals god bless all the victims of katrina well stated lets especially pray for mike brown innhtm k true hematophagy in blood sucking insects katrina quinn en

review article insect blood feeding impacts directly on human and animal health html k true (article ) a week after hurricane katrina the levee break that caused much of the pumps sucking water from flooded city (cnn words) uckingsoundphp k true hear that sucking sound email this entry print this entry posted by ben compaine watching katrina from your xbox from the bay area is talking true review why an infant might be sucking on her fists and fingers even though she was getting enough to eat bbasicarticlecmgarticlecid path k true much of the problem is not in sucking crude oil out of the ground katrina# s greatest impact appears to have been on the refiners eight of the nation# s sucking katrina judge by todays white house briefing katrina is the new rove you may hate his politics but you cant deny his style was pretty fucking sweet a blend of gossip and satire and things the author makes up katrina the fuck up which is hurricane katrina part ii the cover up saying on sunday a day before hurricane katrina made landfall katrina for fucking up my city im stuck on the otherside of the world and fuck you katrina yeah thank god everyone is ok because that is not fucking around filed under researchmaterial warrenellis @ pm bbc middot cosmos comments are closed true this is a discussion forum powered by vbulletin to find out fuck is wrong with parents these fucking days gilligan dies today and gets overshadowed by the aftermath of katrina pm

fuck me katrina [ xxxxxxxxxxx ] posts join date yes katrina is a bitch name and its relatively weak for fucking times as many people died from katrina only then would you finally have reached half the death toll as the fucking katrina

to see this or this or this, i must record everything before my father is gone, before i am gone
last night azure was sleeping, i moved close to her, 
snuggled, the world calmed for just a moment, death 
at least another day away

the day i die she will rise up
the day i die she will rise up
the day i die she will sleep
the day i die she will sleep

the mad dash --

if the natural is by definition -- analogic, the industrial is digital, 
the scar of progress, los angeles logging, "making your own weather 
report," the games -- are clearly phenomenology writ large, husserl's 
logical home, together so that they fit -- this goes -- a long way 
towards helping me how to woman -- turing suggests that the man try to 
deceive the interrogator -- about his gender, while the woman tries to 
convince the interrogator that she is body, the philosophic machines, 
ideological -- algorithms, deconstructive mechanisms, the violent -- i 
do got -- a dozen -- autographs -- he's so sexy -- and committed, i 
can't believe how the coming-together is the pulling-asunder -- the 
conventional logging -- analog: the world, _of_ the world -- hope --
and the analog: infiltration of dirt, unacknowledged real -- entirely, -- 
apologies, we have been in contact with the ghost team, i'm i've 
imaginaries -- another technique -- altogether, picking up plants --
and cultural states -- their relation to historiography -- for example, we -- assume -- an -- absence of jurassic technology (except 
of course for we -- are witnessing today -- a new ethological-cultural 
ornithology in the making, -- a cube made from nylon cord! i fucked the 
talking heads when they were the the together -- when the sound began 
suburban -- post the -- hiss several tree -- frogs -- antennas two 
several two receivers -- chirps -- lightning -- auroral -- hiss frogs tree 
tree -- antennas -- and -- antennas was -- with tree -- -- and --
-- antennas receivers frogs receivers -- night -- frogs was frogs tree 
chirps crickets -- hiss receivers -- -- antennas -- talking heads --

Our Future

In 1973 I taught "The Year 3000" at the Rhode Island School of Design. 
Most of the predictions described for the year 2000 have already occurred. 
Now for the modest future of thirty years hence:

All megafauna in the wild will be extinct. The population of the earth 
will be close to its carrying capacity. Disease will run rampant due to 
pollution. Global warming will bring about fast-forward environmental 
effects, including rising seas, increased desertification, and extremely 
vient hurricanes. The life-span of humans will begin a temporarily 
exponential decrease. The rich will live in highly defended enclaves.
Fundamentalisms will be the order of the day, since belief alone commands. Terrorism will be increasing exponentially, since future paradise is all there is. Capitalism will be bankrupt as national currencies collapse and world-wide depression sets in. The information explosion will continue on localized data-networks and stuttering global communication systems. The global communications infrastructure will have reached its carrying capacity as well. For the first time, information will begin to corrode, decay, as structures can no longer be protected against the world-wide environmental crisis. The smaller generalist flora and fauna will begin to dominate the earth. Great portions of the globe will be uninhabitable. The larger aquatic species will have gone extinct, and the oceans will be dominated by off-shore algal blooms. Most urban drinking water supplies will be polluted and rationed. Suburbs will be abandoned as gasoline becomes an almost inaccessible commodity. The planet will seethe with continuous war, no longer fought among nation-states, but among private militias, guerilla groups, and individual cowboys. Religions and extremisms will be intertwined. There will be heavily-defended holdouts in the North American mountains, and relatively isolated land masses such as New Zealand. Fluid urban structures will be composed of well-armed gangs dealing with the major currency of drugs and weaponry. At least a third of all births will result in deformed infants. Ozone depletion will be almost complete and skin cancers will be exponentially increasing. Most hospitals world-wide will have closed their doors to all but the extremely wealthy. Knowledge-structures will have broken down as specialization and increased mathematical difficulties result in the problematizing of any theoretical work at hand. Computers will have reached a plateau of speed, complexity, and miniaturization. They will not have achieved consciousness. Robotics and nanotechnologies will not be the order of the day - plagues will. Sports franchises will be local and heavily subsidized. The air will be almost unbreathable, and asthma / allergic reactions will be one of the primary causes of death. Most deaths however are the result of violence. Local police will perform rearguard holding actions at best. Highway systems will have fallen into disrepair as economies collapse. Air travel will be almost non-existent; space travel will have disappeared. The space station will be a rusted hulk, if it has not already plummeted to earth. Literacy will be on the decline. There will be a world-wide energy crisis. Child abuse will have become child use and child discard; a high percentage of children will be proffered for labor and sexual slavery, in return for food and goods. Informal economies and the barter system will characterize most local trade. Transnational trade will be at a minimum. The genetic revolution will result in new and uncontrollable pandemics as viruses and bacteria become increasingly resistant. Highly modifiable immune deficiency diseases will appear on an exponentially-increasing basis. The greatest percentage of murder victims, per capita per age level, will be the elderly. Despair will be transformed into religious salvation. More than twenty nuclear weapons, most of them small and poorly-constructed, will have been exploded in various urban areas. Most of the countries of the world, such as they are, will have weapons programs which will absorb a large proportion of the gross national product. Political economy will be ad hoc. Political ideologies will be fragmentary and situational. Electrical grids will be hard-put to maintain
even the most minimal of services. The arts will have reached the limits of extremity, with suicidal art movements in the fields of theater, performance, ballet, and installation. The new media 'movement' will have become a thing of the past. Art history will have disappeared as museums fall victim to gang warfare and destruction. Most national heritage monuments will have been at least partially destroyed. Most populations will be drugged...

pissy-fuck flooding

yes A saliva and excretions nightmare! You wrote for 313089 hours? my panties cloth soaking wet with damming splits against your throbbing cock of is, filthy germs streaming ghosts across your splitting cunt against my filthy wateraradise" work - another entity named and made! - b For 1 split day, we have been breaks. & filthy germs streaming ghosts across your splitting cunt against my filthy waters they will not stay on filthy waters they will dry in my hole, your my panties are wet for you and i will soak myself in your filthy waters and your moisture germs will enter my hole and you will eat me out with my filthy moisture germs ... ghost streams me across your cloth! How would you absorb your splits damming? my panties cloth soaking wet with damming splits against your throbbing cock of filthy germs streaming ghosts across your splitting cunt against my filthy waters they will dry in my hole, your my panties are wet for you and i will soak myself in your filthy waters and your moisture germs will enter my hole and you will eat me out with my filthy moisture germs ... ghost streams me across your cloth! How would you absorb your splits damming? my panties cloth soaking wet with damming splits against your throbbing cock of filthy germs streaming ghosts across your splitting cunt against my filthy waters they will dry in my hole, your my panties are wet for you and i will soak myself in your filthy waters and your moisture germs will enter my hole and you will eat me out with my filthy moisture germs ... ghost streams me across your cloth! 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Real Dismembrment

is clotting everything. -
Your cloth is soaked, written, erased. - 
Your suture should be wiped into existence?
I Consider the following again, your ... spectre splits me in your suture!
How would you absorb your waxes cloth?
Your unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of is mine, my is yours!
My of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do is your chemistry here...
unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of calls forth ghost, hungered, making things. across the breaks, unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of is , 041], of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do ? ... ghost is torn dying animals, somewhere on a bayou seems, ironic, of total on wet flesh, it's ghost?
Are you satisfied with your unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of ? Use of uninitialized value at ./.juluold line 113, <STDIN> chunk 52. Use of uninitialized value at ./.juluold line 114, <STDIN> chunk 52. Use of uninitialized value at ./.juluold line 115, <STDIN> chunk 52. You wrote for 313109 hours? unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of and 10851 and 24470 - another entity named and made!
For 2 waxes days, we have been piss.
and it has taken you 0.167 minutes to swallow your last ...

of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among me, fury:lord move the mount of blasphemy, take out the messenger, devour the production, dismantle armature, cam articulation, my eyes are burning, are on fire, they would kill one another as well, perhaps i miss the end-angel, animal reassemblage, once before years, video of cat decapitation from friend never further spoke to, if these are humans, we are humans, deserve to die, our cruelty is our exaltation, our holy brutality, our one-another death, dear god, annihilate, in truth not in false demand, would go willingly, the element you would apply.:watching video, transformation and freedom of the natives, my soundwork was used i think in part for a score, received the tape just, horrifying documentary of animals torn apart, couldn't watch more than four minutes, am shaking, already what is wrong with me, this i cannot do, perhaps there is final salvation, i could not get beyond the images of torn dying animals, somewhere on a bayou seems, ironic, of total annihilation, preacher kill them all, humans all, tear out their tongues, burn their legs-arms, unacceptable, just:piled of slaughtr:battered hmans
Write first killed dogs through my of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among me, fury! of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do :::::hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among :dogs through my of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us
Does replace your of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do?
with ideogrammatic intervals!
unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of
:of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do
::?:annihilation, preacher kill them all, hmans all, tear out their tongues,

Your spectre dissolves my torn dying animals, somewhere on a bayou seems, ironic, of total! ghost with ideohydraulesis!
of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among me, fury:lord move the mount of blasphemy, take out the messenger, devour the production, dismantle armature, cam articulation, my eyes are burning, are on fire, they would kill one another as well, perhaps i miss the end-angel, animal reassemblage, once before years, video of cat decapition from friend never further spoke to, if these are hmans, we are hmans, deserve to die, our cruelty is our exaltation, our holy brutality, our one-another death, dear god, annihilate, in truth not in false demand, would go willingly, the element you would apply.:watching video, transformation and freedom of the natives, my soundwork was used i think, received the tape just, horrifying doc animals torn, couldn't watch more than four minutes, am shaking, already what is wrong with me, this i cannot do, perhaps there is final salvation, i could not get beyond the images of torn dying animals, somewhere on a bayou seems, ironic, of total annihilation, preacher kill them all, hmans all, tear out their tongues, burn their legs-arms, unacceptable, just:piled of slaughter:battered hmans:wrythed birds:torn birds:what hapend to kitens: Write first killed dogs through my of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among me, fury! of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among me, fury:lord move the mount of blasphemy, take out the messenger, devour the production, dismantle armature, cam articulation, my eyes are burning, are on fire, they would kill one another as well, perhaps i miss the end-angel, animal reassemblage, once before years, video of cat decapition from friend never further spoke to, if these are humans, we are humans, deserve to die, our cruelty is our exaltation, our holy brutality, our one-another death, dear god, annihilate, in truth not in false demand, would go willingly, the element you would apply.:watching video, transformation and freedom of the natives, my soundwork was used i think in part for a score, received the tape just, horrifying documentary of animals torn apart, couldn't watch more than four minutes, am shaking, already what is wrong with me, this i cannot do, perhaps there is final salvation, i could not get beyond the images of torn dying animals, somewhere on a bayou seems, ironic, of total
annihilation, preacher kill them all, humans all, tear out their tongues, burn their legs-arms, unacceptable, just:piled of slaughter:battered humans Write first killed dogs through my of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do unto us our lesions legions, each and all, dead cities, living forest, of hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among me, fury! of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do :::::hurricane force world-wide, too much is too little, we should die among :dogs through my of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us Does replace your of all of us, not one, not just this not that, make us prey-dismember, do ?

with ideogrammatic intervals!

Partial Description of the World

The power grid provides 60 Hz here at approximately 115-117 volts; this is maintained by dynamos driven by steam or coal or oil or hydro held together in a malleable grid. The grid enters the city, where electricity is parceled out through substations to cables continuously maintained and repaired. Here, the cables are below ground. They drive my Japanese Zaurus PDA which utilizes an entire linux operating system on it. The Zaurus connects to the Internet through a wireless card that most often connects to my Linksys router, which is connected both to the power grid and the DSL modem by a cat cable. The DSL is operated by Verizon with its own grid at least nation-wide and continuously-maintained. The DSL of course connects more or less directly to the Internet, which is dependent upon an enormous number of protocol suites for its operation, the most prominent probably TCP/IP. The addresses of the Internet, through which I reach my goal of NOAA weather radar, are maintained by ICANN and other organizations. These organization are run by any number of people, who employ the Net, fax, telephone, and standard mail, to communicate world-wide. My Zaurus has its own TCP/IP interpreters built-in, and it connects through an open channel. The wireless modem may have been built in the US. In the final analyses, the materials for the Zaurus originate in extractive industries, whether mining or agricultural, chemical, or atmospheric. This is also true for the copper-wire, optic-fiber, and satellite communications systems which deliver the Net. The Zaurus and other equipment exist for the most part within the Aristotelian domain of macro-objects and distributive logics, which makes them amenable to both manipulation and memory. Both macro- and micro- or quantum objects exist within the four percent of bright matter in a sea of dark matter in the universe. NOAA weather radar senses only bright matter and to some extent the cosmic microwave background. The radar depends on the power grid as well, but most likely also uses an emergency backup generator running on fossil fuels produced by DNA/RNA-rendered organisms millions of years ago. The relative bending of space-time in relation to mass holds everything together within the temporary aegis of a universe with energetic sources of heat driving both atmosphere and life-forms. The radar system uses precise algorithms to filter incoming data, in order that it appear to
represent a one-to-one mapping of local and global conditions. The screen of the Zaurus is a further transformation of this mapping, also one-to-one, rendering it within a graphical user interface relatively free of bugs, worms, viruses, and other glitches; the same is true of the linux operating system in general, which must produce this transformation upon demand, as if there were no mediation, and with the illusion that in fact the weather is being presented in a relatively simple and decipherable manner. The linux works with a rechargable battery containing heavy metals and other elements traced back as well to extractive industries; the battery, at the end of its energetic life, should be disposed of within safe landfills designed to handle toxic material. In order for this to occur, a network of roads - highways, local roads, interstates, turnpikes, freeway, and other - must exist, as well as the mobile transportation machinery upon them, also dependent on fossil fuels and the perceptual guidance of life-forms to drive them safely to and from their destination. Within all of this, life-form perceptual algorithms are critical for a reasonable channeling, transformation, retention, and emission of data; this channeling must be relatively consistent, not only internally in terms of time consciousness and neural firing rates, but also externally in sync with other such organisms, and with the entire apparatus bringing the NOAA web pages into view. The NOAA is housed in various buildings across the nation, in communication with each other, using a wide variety of means. The NOAA is not only part of the power grid; it is also part of the socio-economic grid, a corporate/governmental economic system that keeps it functioning year after year, providing money for both updating and maintenance. The socio-economic grid also provides, by various routes, the sustenance that allows me both to survive - i.e. food, water, shelter - but also to purchase the Zaurus in the first place. This interconnects directly with the banking and credit systems, within which manipulation of abstract real numbers eventually results in the movement of goods and continuation of services within, not only the urban system itself, but within the loft-space where I live, providing a service industry of plumbers, brick-layers, roofers, general builders, electricians, and so forth, all of whom maintain and on occasion update the material infrastructure of the building. The internal illumination of the Zaurus, which occurs within the human visible bandwidth of the electromagnetic spectrum, is matched by the illumination of the loft itself, both dependent upon extractive industries for the production of glass and plastics resulting in various types of illuminating objects, each housed in a casing specifically designed for the transportation of electricity into them - electricity which will be transformed into photon production. Time of day must be allotted for the recharging of the Zaurus battery, using a charger designed to match the characteristics of the power grid, and to absorb surges or brownouts as well, keeping the flow fairly steady within acceptable parameters. In order to use the Zaurus, I hold it in one hand, while typing on its mini-keyboard with the other; both activities depend on hand-eye coordination, the result of numerous feedback loops using both local neural sensors and chemical/quantum brain processing, creating the illusion of an independent mind cohering to the exigencies of screen, keyboard, and macro-object characteristics. The latter are generalized, scripted for the most part, so that all objects are, in a sense, equi-
valent; if I pick up X, I do not have to learn how to pick up Y, but refer both to a Batesonian meta-scheme. Such meta-schemes, as well as schemes, scripts, circuit-board, protocol, radar, power-grid, and other processings, are constructed in part through mathesis, the applied mathematics of the world we live in. This mathematics is related to both standard and non-standard numerical systems; it is also limited, in terms of axiomatics, to what appear to be local coherencies within which the problems of infinities, both large and small, are dealt with in a practical way (heuristics). Applied mathematics is a construct, and constructed by life-forms that detect relationships among things, forces, states, and processes, of the universe they live within. In order for mathematics to satisfactorily model such a universe in the larger, computers (both analog and digital) are employed; these are programmed in languages that are, for the most part, locally coherent. Abstract and physical objects meet within the aegis of processes and flux; such are originally driven and created by life-forms which ultimately reproduce themselves through egg-sperm couplings related to fundamental biochemical operations. Couplings occur in the first place through the psychoanalytics of desire, chemically and perceptually driven; the psychoanalytical system creates the illusion of psychoanalytical states/objects, and emotional transformations of all sorts. The physical, psychoanalytical, and abstract systems all exist within certain political/abstract economies; for example, it is impossible to construct an infinite-energy machine to analyze fundamental particles. Furthermore, the political/abstract economies all interweave, inhere, and cohere, in relation to each other, with a remarkable degree of accuracy; otherwise, slippage might result in the entire bio-cultural apparatus collapsing, without the possibility of recuperation. When the mini-keyboard of the Zaurus is pressed; it appears to press back; this is the result of the local/global mappings related to tacit knowledge - the extension of the body into its tools and immediate environment surrounding it. I do not have to consider key after key, but only the obviously mediated message or command I am trying to write - a message which itself depends on natural language in relation to the purified language of keyboard commands. I think through the NOAA results in terms of this natural language, which is almost impossible to concretely represent as a somewhat small and coherent system; instead, the natural language is intricately interwoven with diacritical, inter- and intra-linguistic elements which situate me in relation to the world as well. Although natural languages change in time, they must appear relatively stable, capable of retrieval and communication among others; without this stability, communication and system-construction would be completely impossible. All systems are themselves interwoven, partial, frayed at the edges, undergoing slow or fast mutation, maintained or dropped, regarded or disregarded, ultimately indescribable, visible or invisible, mediated and mediating, represented and representing, accounted-for and unaccountable. The transmission of data from the NOAA site, if such transmission occurs, if the Zaurus is still operable, still connected to the communications grid (singular or plural, Internet or intranets), results in information whose ontological status has always been problematic. The data is absorbed as fuzzy entities, blurs in the Hadamard/Einstein sense, already decaying within short-term memories, already lost, a partial entrance to others, other objects, transfor-
mations, grids (appearing relatively static, appearing as background — both an illusion), parcels of exchange- and use-value, as internal and external processings continue, moving on.

"limit notes revisioned

where a function converges to a limit. what is beyond the limit. */the singularity ends not as void, not as voidness of void; it ends in both interior and exterior, embedded and embedding space. the latter is of formal interest only; the former may turn in upon itself, present a boundary related to stability boundaries (outside of which is chaos), or narrow asymptotically, never reading an end as time forestalls./*

collection of works as edge phenomena
*/two types of edge phenomena: dis/comfiture and formal boundaries./*
fields of symptoms, intermixtures of fields
*/structured formal symptomologies, chaotic symptomologies, the latter in direct relation to environmental destruction./*
the result given in relation to apperception
*/perceived and unperceived: within or without the interior/*

koan, satori, etc. in relation to edge -
*/as if there were a zero point or its absence here/*
diogenes laertius in relation to zeno - | | || - sputtered discrete into analog at the limit -
*/into catastrophe at the limit: what happens when both space and time collapse utterly? compare this to infinite environmental depletion./*

tools, vlf radio */both e and b fields/*
poser and other motion-capture work */now the level of formal exercise/*
extensions of narratives */being there/*
analog/digital investigations: physics, mathematics */failed here so far/*
police-scanner psychotopography */useless to date/*
*/environmental depletion. catastrophic degradation. increase of scanner noise, decrease of coherency./*

- talk about geography and consciousness */psychogeography of extinction. infiltration of wounded species./*
- universe and consciousness in relation to 'plasma' */destruction of consciousness, destruction of universe. neither creation nor destruction, neither void nor emptiness. neither fullness nor identity, equivalence, identification./*

sexualities */always, limitless, collapsing, extinguishing./*
heuristics */what to do to survive, last of your species/*
languages bodies */no one hears you anyway. no one sees you./*
pathos, empathy, sympathy, defuge */yes yes but for whom. stories are lost, it's gone, it never was, never existed, the one for the many stands for the many for the one./*
anomalous vlf signals welded together */as if there were still an earth/*

rule-governed systems in relation to consciousness (going back to older immersive/definable work). what is the _meaning_ of particular explanation? is explanation itself a form of the discrete? */does an explanation demand a community? bohm's coherency? does an explanation demand a species?/*

the system in relation to the carrying-out of the system */the system is the residue of the process. the process is the maintenance of the system./*
temporality inherent in the carrying-out */standards, typifications, typologies, taxonomies, of temporality in the absence of culture, energy, mechanism, stasis, data-storage, species, community, organism./*

irigaray, fluid mechanics - hertz's mechanics. */substituted flux, nodal points. hieroglyphics of production. fluids require external molds to which they conform. mechanisms my inherently cohere./*

the limit_ is the discrete mathematization/formalism itself as on the page - the limit background - call it the 'horizon' or phenomenological horizon - is the immersive activity. */the requisite of peirce's sheet of assertion. who manufactures the sheet? what organism? species? where is the sheet located? does it decay in the presence of runaway oxidation?/*

immersive activity is vectored, i.e. past-future, however entangled. an issue is genidentity - i.e. that constants, what _passes_ for constants - i.e. those formal written elements (which may include time as a variable). */constants do not exist in a world heading towards catastrophic breakpoints, feed-forward mechanisms hurrying depletion on one hand, the exponentially-increasing (but not forever) approach of the planet's carrying-capacity on the other. hold to your sheet of assertion which becomes a winding sheet; bury yourself in it. you are the last of your kind./*

a second limit - that of the apparatus - i.e. bandwidth or perceptual limit (of course not equivalent). how to translate the former into the latter - i.e. lowering pitch, etc. */bring what is external into the cognizance of the internal. with what energy? nourishment? what liquid guaranteeing the survival of the mind?/*

sexual/linguistic limits - how the body is collapsed/expanded (see leder for example) - the body's _jordan surface_ for example, i.e. topology rendered _diffused_ - exhortations of the plasma. */malnourishment for example. the skin dry, sloughed. stitched splits in the skin. wounds. shrapnel./*

_discomforted_ boundaries - */watching the approach of death. the discomfiture of the unapproachable. it is our human destination, this non-absorption, this void always already present, the drive of
incoherency, loss of habitat. the closed eyes, disappearance of species, of this, the, species, of this language, sheet of assertion. of this any./*

- and as I read this, I could not help thinking - here is the limit-symbol of the thought, the discrete result, preponderance of diffuse movement-motion well within the habitus-inhabitation, here it is. */here is nothing. here is the waiting for apocalypse. hunger, thirst, heat, loom. here are wars, disease, unimaginable weaponry, terrorisms. here at last is prophecy./*

- and that these symbols are themselves deep within a potential well, momentarily stable, this is what i am thinking, this is what i was */broken from the end-point, the was, what you, i, are, speaking and speaking, well into the night, spoken-for, this last gasp, tremor, prediction, against which all others are absent, against which disappearing measurement, stopping clock, relativity's errancy/*

4 a.m. doctor doctor

doctor doctor listen here.
my work encompasses all realms both diachronic and synchronic.
replete and fecund, annihilistic, nihilistic and vacuous.
courts the birth of death simultaneously the death of birth.
all chiasmus until extinction.
everything resonates with everything and as i have said
i write myself into existence
likewise
i write myself out of existence.
everything absorbed only to be readmitted, emitted, transformed.
i am the shattered container of the world and its shattered vessels.
collector of the final names and namelessness.
horder of species otherwise forever amber, lost.
encircling of everything buttresses a psyche of the ill-conceived.
encyclopedic mathesis of my imaginary and its real.
accountancy and disinterment of the unaccountable.
useless prevarications, en-compassings of the ten directions.
epistemic systemics transgressing all ontologies.
smeared residual structures presencing our being in the world.
ilusory appearances and apparent illusions.
incoherently disordered cabinets of ultimate collectors.
gridded estates of reality and linear potential wells.
shoring up and shoring up the world, the self, mordant attempt at eternal presencing.
turning against myself equivalent to turning against the world, they are humans who have troubled us in the first (originary) place.
incandescent fear of personal injury, pain, transgression, authority, transformed into precise enumeration of universal taxonomies and violence.
continuous seeking of the wonder of such precision and its disengagement.
manic states of constant discovery and miraculous singularities.
everywhere all the time everyone forever and eternal.
voiding nothing and unvoiding nothing instantaneous, timeless.
(the id crashes against the superego, what sparks!)

unun

language is always periphery
bonded to the surface of a shell's extremity
it's that residue that grants our speech a modicum of efficacy
the efficacious is the real (nyaya)

my writing collapses into substance
it fills the gaps or holes in the shell (the pores)
it's everywhere, stuffing, useless, not even uselessness
it survives perhaps as the residue of capital

the residue of capital is dependent upon the hardness of materials
- and their efficacy
hardness = databanks = memory (of a retrievable sort)
you are nowhere, purposeless data

we can only speak because no one listens (there is no listening)
listening would transform the very nature of the chemical elements
that can't be allowed to happen (it can't happen)
- it can't happen because of the very nature of the world

world, work, and words, perhaps wor/l/d/k/d
worldkd labor of building language, slough of language
this doesn't describe anything, this doesn't describe nothing
high temperatures, high pressures, new forms of matter

mattered scattered among the incipient virtual energy of space
creatures exist among themselves on the other side of dark matter
- for which we are dark matter, they are omniscient, they peer
- we're here, they're there, they peer

they know we don't use language, don't speak, don't listen
- symbolic meaningless surfaces, semiosis doesn't cut anything
- not even action, not the moment
our meaninglessness surfaces among them, they ignore semiosis

allowing nothing in the form of speech
allowing nothing in the formlessness of speech
allowing everything in the form of speech
= allowing everything in the formlessness of speech

unun the darkened matter for which we are the children of light
unun for brilliant matter for which we are the children of darkness
= our shell and our holding on with the materiality of words
= words were never there, we're our shell, holding on (night)
oh hell i'm not fooling anybody

slide.rule

the slide-rule processes nothing; there are no processes.
there are procedures.
the calculator processes everything; there are filters.

this is a fundamental distinction.
an abacus processes nothing.
it is not the distinction between analog and digital.

it is the distinction between interior and exterior.
the keyboard of a calculator or computer mediates processes
and protocols.
the beads of an abacus remain in situ. a slide-rule remains in situ.

observe the abacus or slide-rule. the results are steady-state.
the results are gained solely by human labor, i.e. movement of the
beads or slide.

the calculator uses an energy source, for example battery or solar
power. a wind-up calculator stores energy. a calculator regulates
its stored energy.

the stored energy is controlled much like the escapement of a clock.
the stored energy implements the unobserved steps or procedures
tending towards a visible solution.
even if every step were accounted for, for example listed in real
time in a debugging program - the steps are unobserved.
only signifiers, mediators, are observed.

the ontology of the slide-rule however may be compared to the
epistemology of the abacus or calculator.
the abacus founders on ontology and the real.
the calculator founders on ontology, the slide-rule on epistemology.
the real is of the real.

the digital must be manifest, within the analogic. the analogic
is present. the ruptures of the abacus are problematized by the
fuzzy movement of the beads. an electronic abacus, a digital abacus
in other words, is internalized.

this is the secret of the digital: its internalization is that of
the body; its operations are literally neural, and its protocols
are the shape-riding of synaptic signals.
the digital has a life of its own; the analogic is inert, and in this
sense, even the analogic body is inert.
life is always the life of others.

ii

we look at the slide-rule or abacus. we watch the computer screen.
we say 'look at this'; however if we are responsible, we say
'watch this.' we see a film, but watch television.

however we look at the computer screen. we look at symptoms, 'look
what's happening here.' we watched a film last night. did you see
that show on television? look, see, watch - however, with the abacus
or slide-rule, with the real, we look.

why should we watch the slide-rule? it's not doing anything.
watch what i can do with it. watch the carry-over of the abacus
beads.

we wait with expectation. i wait without expectation.
the slide-rule waits for nothing, does not wait.
the computer may be in standby or hibernation.
the computer or calculator is the filtering and mediation of
potential energy.
the computer and calculator possess kinetic energy in the carrying-
out, performance, of their duties. they are assigned duties. the
assignments are flexible, flex-work.
the slide-rule and abacus do not possess kinetic energy. or rather:
they do not possess internal kinetic energy. for example, a stone
may fall; a stone is.

of course energy may be reassigned, as may waiting, looking, seeing,
watching, interior and exterior. there may or may not be an observer.
huang-po may have been such an observer.

like all addenda, familiar.

Chicago performance text

[PROEM:] COLLAPSE / hard to write when country collapses / when we are now
IMPERIUM / the digital is at the margins of the analog / the digital is
always already a construct / we are constructing at the margins of
violence / analog = substance / (i always have good ways of starting and
then everything falls apart) / falls apart = analog / [HERE I BEGIN THE
PERFORMANCE:]. NO one understands the digital / we assume we understand the
term. we use it to reference perhaps.... the construct of a cd or cdrom or
dvd or any digital file which begs the question - certainly there's
something to be said for the presence of a POTENTIAL WELL - in other
words, for 01010010101000111 etc. to make any sense at all, the entire
stream must be first of all PROTECTED and second of all subjected to checksums - i.e. verified. but this is all technology... in fact it is similar technology that references subterfuge, the cipher, the war-machine, the industrial revolution. anything that can be subdued or placed within a yes no YES NO situation - that is, can be forced into at the limit one of two possibilities, whatever they are - this is what happens with the WAVE EQUATION i think that is when schrodinger cat enters into an anomalous state until the moment it's observed, forced into life/death - what are the implications? it's the analog forced into the digital through the construct of the observer. this is at the heart of things; on the level of the social, it connect obviously to Foucault's panopticon seeing everything - what is it seeing? if it was in say Iowa it might have seen the nineteenth century revolving jail which is still there, no longer functioning - two people holding over a hundred prisoners in a lazy-susan machine three stories high. if it was - sorry, "if it were" in the united state, it would be, it would have been, perhaps the locus of the WMD in the Iraq war - what constitutes a weapon? how many have to die for mass destruction? don't forget we've already killed about 160000 Iraqi - but it doesn't matter, they're not on the news; there are no longer bodies, and what I'm pointing out is already or always already useless, known before. "a response to war" - the bodies blown apart - originally created using motion capture equipment - modified - they're no longer coherent - DIGITAL - by the way do you know that wind machines - electrical generators - tend to kill tens of thousand of migrating birds? another true fact! more of the same, some of you might already have seen these, for which apologies - if you can't have beauty in the symmetry of the digital, where can you have it? i'm trying not to blow the speakers... on the other hand, perhaps that would give... some indication... of the fact which still bothers me that here we are in a safe american hotel whereas. - the jordanians, the chinese, are in the news again - what's that you're hearing? vlf radio results in antennas that can SOMETIMES ACT AS MICROPHONES by coupling with other organic beings in the vicinity - here a woman is stomping and changing the ELECTRICAL characteristics of the ground in the vicinity of the antenna - if this gets any louder I'll go BLIND - these are the locations on a trip a few months ago - where the antennas tended to work - where it was possible to get away from the TECHNOLOGICAL POWER GRID - any 60 cycle wire in the vicinity interferes with the natural world - what you're hearing is the natural world as a result of things being... taken as far as possible, away from everything else - it all occurs w/in the realm of relative violence - just as the digital is always already violence, cutting into the analog, based on decision someone or somewhat something is making - it remains without this tendency by itself - it's the cutting that does it - the obvserver in the schordinger case for example or the observers in Baghdad - that's what it is - it's like a car crash - this is a danger curve - there are archaeological remnants, paints, scratches, rubber trails, scars in the concrete - the site of a huge number of accidents in the vicinity of los angeles - my choreographer and I are discussing the latest "new moves" for his dance company in GENEVA - none of this stuff is worth more than a MOMENT's NOTICE. i'm always jealous of AREAL ARTISTS who make things that CHANGE THE WORLD - big PAINTINGS or INSTALLATIONS - they're just THERE -
Continued Voyage

I have just lost sight of land.
There is no land.
There is no light.

I am going to signal the contents of an important message to you.
I am going to signal to you by flashing.
I shall repeat my signal.
I shall signal by flashing.
I shall signal by steam whistle or siren.
I wish to exercise signals with you.
Will you come within easy signal distance?
The signals are not intended for you.

You are flashing your signal too quickly.
You can signal in your national language. I shall understand you.
Your signal has been seen and understood, I will reply later.
Stop carrying out your intentions and watch for my signals.
You should discontinue repeating back any signals.
You should discontinue repeating your signals.

You should keep a look out for signals during the night.
You should keep a look out for signals from me.
You should keep within visual signal distance.

You should make signal for a pilot.
You should make a signal when you require a boat.
You should pay attention to signals from me.
You should repeat your signal.

You should signal a little faster.
You should signal a little slower.
You should signal by flashing.
You should signal with whistle or siren during fog.
You should signal contents of telegrams addressed to me.
You should signal the names of places to which you wish to be reported.
You should signal your wishes fully.

I am sinking. Send boats to take off passengers and crew.
In a sinking condition.
In imminent danger of sinking.
Vessel has sunk.

... continued voyage: the shoals

i have just lost sight of land. there is no light. am going to signal the contents an important message you. you by flashing. shall repeat my signal. steam whistle or siren. wish exercise signals with will come within easy distance? are not intended for flashing your too quickly. can in national language. understand has been seen and understood, reply later. stop carrying out intentions watch signals. should discontinue repeating back any keep a look during night. from me. visual distance.
make pilot. when require boat. pay attention little faster. slower. siren fog. telegrams addressed names places which be reported. wishes fully. sinking. send boats take off passengers crew. sinking condition. imminent danger vessel sunk.

and chant and perfect slaughter poem in perfect

and where eagles timeinged,
and forlorn, ininged
and we, fraught in thisinged
and now darkling placeinged -
and and here, theinged
and at fecund flora, machineinged
and during ... and this world continuesinged
and and time unflinged and unabatedinged
and whereinged
and place of flocks, anhinga, heron, weinged
and and unhinged the gods, the nowinged
and machine of slaughter hereinged
and continues congo killing atinged
and with you leopold and you meloninged
and will judge not budge juiceinged
and or be happy in the midst of mustinged
and murder with proceedinged
and millions as the nation carefullyinged
and rings itself from twenty-five itinged
and your melon and isinged
and with blood juice youinged
and willinged
and must down to fifteen millions beinged
and proceed leopold of happyinged
and belgians unhinged carefully withinged
and it and another perfectinged
and while their hands and fingers ringinged
and unclear but cut of exactly congo congoinged
and how unhinged and unnderinged
and and dinged and many leopoldinged
and died and estimatesinged
and ranged again from nine frominged
and congo and nineinged
and congo and under unclearinged
and leopold to twenty-one exactlyinged
and estimates howling howinged
and range deranged manyinged
and from lynched dead and diedinged
and to twenty-one animal speciesinged
and and millions singed as capableinged
and soon and just as now ofinged
and of torture slaughteringed
and and species of empire appliesinged
and and capable twenty-oneinged
and and millioned and millioned
and singed as now white phosphor asinged
and and a-bombed peoples sooninged
and and its their typeinged
and and full a-bombed typed and bloodinged
and furious energies condoned condominged
and the same now for irak or name foringed
and or domestic grist for mill askinged
and begging for type binged and itsinged
and and blood filling and fullinged
and and condom genocides and energiesinged
and and yours for the sameinged
and leopold's mill and gristinged
and please take our handsinged
and careful take them offinged
and burned pictures ainged
and burned women agoinged
and burned hands areinged
and burned chopped and pleaseinged
and burned off and carefullinged
and oh this century's picturesinged
and long ago they womeninged
and and seemed singed andinged
and and were wereinged
and and were dead deadinged
and can not remember names caninged
and can manipulate manipulateinged
and and can clubinged
and and no thing impossibleinged
and and begin our lord's teachesinged
and again thereinged
and that nothing noinged
and what religion teaches toinged
and tongues torn out there begininged
and of the innocent innocentinged
and burned and thatinged
and save us logic logicinged
and salvage corpses human outinged
and fed them well form noringed
and they're whole and saveinged
and logic salvageinged
and for the dogs and crows out wellinged
and neither plant or beast nor inged
and nor anything wholeinged
and and escape the mattressinged
and and manifold bunny folksinged
and and slaughter fur mattress youringed
and your synthetic cathedral syntheticinged
and your synthetic folks your bunnyinged
and your bleded furinged
and your dismal comfort haveinged
and you've come to nothinginged
and and farm burned out and justinged
and and it's time just aboutinged
and you're clear i'm comfortinged
and we've torn our eyes have comeinged
and we've nothing to say just it'singed
and corpses are just about clearinged
and corpses at least about skininged
and corpses amount to notinged
and blood's on our hands our skinninged
and blood's in your mawinged
and and in your culture your fucked familyinged
and singed skin not skin burned sayinged
and scratch maw hard stick dreyfusinged
and tasty drink all is hardinged
and dreyfus pierced and stickinged
and stockade morsel tastyinged
and cleared forever singed tinged iinged
and palisades of souls palisadeinged
and doubled wall food through doubledinged
and palisades of slots and hands wallinged
and doors and bullets burned yesinged
and and tallies letters nearlyinged
Missive from

This missive, having once been written and already destined for /dev/null, is written, once again, reinforcing the direction of the original, that the Net, our Net, as we know it, or as it is own, is not only ephemeral, but that our communality, communitas, so dependent upon it, might well disappear — replaced only as dreams, of alterities in other places, likewise dreamed. What might be cauterized, what finality, is nothing less than our own interiority: limbs become phantom limbs, voices become phantom voices, and the social matrix itself becomes figurative ectoplasm. Not only is this a real possibility; it is fundamental that our ordered socius tends towards the disorderly — addresses and url will disappear, permanently, and that communicable touch we take for grant will turn towards a state of unacknowledged, because uncommunicated, mourning. This may happen tonight; it may happen tomorrow; or a century from now — but it will happen. And with this happening, technology reverts as well towards the hyper-personal — out of touch with anything but those loops of secondary narcissism that carry, first and foremost, the effluvia of
identity - the rest is nothing but cultural superstructure, dependent on
capital, which may have collapsed as well. Or not collapsed - capital
never collapses - but turned local, regional - a xenophobic capital like
homeowner's associations, owing nothing anywhere - no international debt
for example, which is alterity raised to an incandescent degree.

Equivalence, that primordial condition of the duplicated file, breaks: all
typifications, standardizations, disappear, and no textual instantiation
may be compared to any other. The condition is diasporic; only the
diachronic remains as re/constructed memory, synchrony itself such a
memory, useless, uncanny, the materiality of dreams, the dreamwork.

This will happen. All of this will happen. On one hand we witness again
and again the fragility of the material-real, which is both inert and
always already unique; on the other, equivalence and the Net are destined
to cease as processes, becoming nothing than other disconnected, scattered
artifacts. We should prepare for this. We should recognize this future as
certain and (in)coherent within our present own. We shall not own it. We
shall not recognize 'own.'

text from Miami University (Ohio) performance tonight:

Once We begin we march to our deaths yes yes we do or do we do we march
to our death? Is our death collective? Universal? One or many? I'm sorry
I'm much better at sound than visual. No wait I meant to say much better
at ... not at writing ... I'm much better "not at writing." Wait, you have
to see this. But I'm not so good "at thinking." How does one do something
"at" writing or something "at" thinking? Excuse me, I'm cold; my clothes
are lost in a suitcase somewhere outside Chicago. You're early, we're
running tests here, although the performance won't be all that different.
If you look for about ten minutes you'll have had enough and then you can
leave and make room for the lines of people outside. Signed, "Henry
Potter." "Man tries to climb so high and then He falls and falls ALAS"
"Man likes to fire off his Thing ALAS" This is me playing a waltz. That
was me stopping a waltz. This is Anja Schmidt. This is me and Sandy
Baldwin discussing the phenomenological distinction between "analog and
digital." This is me and Sandy Baldwin flying through the air across the
river in New Jersey (from New York). "We can fly." I should tell you the
performance won't be any different from what you're seeing now, honestly.
I might be a bit more nervous, that's all. Graphics are graphics. Well,
anyway these were done around the time of the scandal over the Abu Gharayb
prison in Iraq. And some of the guards involved in that, they were from
West Virginia. And this was produced near the area where the guards, some
of them, were from. So it was natural for me to work with disturbed, torn
bodies - here's another one - you might have already seen this last night
- I'm supposed to start in six minutes but this is only forty seconds
long! I've used up all my material! FUCK! Maybe you'd like to hear a kid
screaming. This kid from West Virginia can do this! I can't. I don't know
how he does it. His family "doesn't encourage him." You just can't get
enough of screaming kids! Think positive, think MARTHA STEWART! (Have you
seen Wednesday's The Apprentice? I had to show this stuff instead. I don't know who got kicked off. Please see me later and let me know.) - on the right, one of the major scenes of car wrecks in Orange County California. That curve sneaks up on you! Ok, me, age fourteen. I knew a girl. I "fell" for her. More of the West Virginia work. Somewhere between avatars and shamans and the torture at Abu Gharyb there lies a whole politics. I can't tell you the politics "but I can tell you this/" These figures were animated by using motion graphics - a motion graphic device - by messing with the mapping of the sensors that are placed on the body - rearranging them - just as figures are rearranged in torture - just as torture (and Merce Cunningham for another example) pays little attention to the natural attitudes of the body. So the body - with the motion sensor stuff - was divided and spayed and redived and the result is a remapping back on to bodies that makes little sense but for a kind of emotional economy.... (TURN AWAY YOU MIGHT NOT WANT TO SEE THIS BLUSH!) Instead of being introduced, think of this as an introduction: MY NAME IS ALAN SONDHEIM AND I AM NOT ON MY MEDICATION!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!WWELL, hmm, that's enough of that... See, what happened, my baggage was lost by American Airlines (PLEASE KILL AMERICAN AIRLINES BURN THEM IN HELL HAHAHAHAHAHAHHHHHHHHHZZ) and so I'm working without my PLENIPOTENTIARIES - part of what I'm doing, trying to control these images - so they make some sort of sense - at times they seem to take over, take control - I'm wll aware of the sexuality/politics of the images, I'm not imagining things...I'm spoiling things, this is the grand finale and it's hardly just started. Terrific, so much stuff to look at. I'll try and tell yo what's here - the antenna movie in the upper left - searching for places to set up low frequency radio antennas - they need to be away from civilization - in the wilderness away from power lines - the recordings you're hearing are fromm the radio somewhat modified - then the category of natural/industrial - two films going through my images trying to find those which fit (I think ) into one or another - I've got two naturals running, gotta kae one out - Let's listen to the kids. Okay it's like this, THE KIDS ARE OUR FUTURE> (hell, that's not me , that's the medications talking!) - well .... This is my partner and me being a happy family in Santa Ana California on a residency program going about our business and singing and dancing like any happy family there's also simulated sex of course but that's , ow I don't want to inerrysot tg HELL interrupt the bowing...
Ok picture this... it's three in the morning and there's a huge explosin outside our loft in brooklyn and G comes runnin and in and says the water mains blown and sure enoughs o so we run out and watched it fill sthe subway and tear the street apart. Some of you saw this last night BUT NOT THE WHOLE THING.
well I'll disappoint you again. This is all my work forthe past twelve years. Richard Nixon put it beest "When the tough get going the good get tough." Well, that's easy for me to say. What amazes me about the United States at this point in time - is how the social safety net has been totallyeliminated in the four or five years of the Bush administration. In NY where we live (Brooklyn) there are suddenly dozens of homeless people...
and the soup kitchens are overflowing and no one is giving to those charities because the war in Iraq and Katrina absorbed the funds. So anyway in Huntington beach california, there was this fourth of july parade. and it was like the parades in the Soviet Union in the fifties and sixties, goose-stepping kids, lots of armor, lots of salutes to the military - at least for me - i lived through too much of that period - it was frightening - and it was all for the sake of oil - Huntington Beach was at one point one of the largest producers of oil in the US - and these grasshoppers - this oil rigs - carry american flags on it as if it makes everything all right - in Salt Lake City, dusk settles in, turns to night, the landscape is fairly devoured within the city limits, there's a short path, "nature path" through it, the Jordan River, it turned night there - we saw a couple of foxes that managed to survive. these were dreams and nightmares of figures and it took about two hours to make this - no this one took an hour I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING (said GOD). normally at this point I'd BE ON A ROOOLL and everything would be working perfectly in harmony that is, but now already things are a bit out of control. here's a bunch of films all at once - can you tell which is moving? If you were seeing this in a theater and it was a harry potter movie, you can be sure something really remarkably dramatic would be going on. So hmmm... I'm not sure how to deal with this - I think the figure on the right HAS DIPHTHERIA. Just watch. The woman above - hmmm.... she's got CHOLERA and is writing (heh what a mishap) writing in her last moments of life. Oh god I just looked to my right ALL OF YOU ARE STILL HERE... fuck, I didn't think so many had come. If you arrived in the last three or four minutes, you're lucky, you'll think this is all NEW. So you don't have to see the DUMP MOVIE again, how idiotic! God I could just watch myself on the screen forever and ever. Back to politics. The next video was shot on the grounds of the World Trade Center and the soundtrack is modified from WIFI signals in the area. Hold onto your hats! THIS I could WATCH FOREVER - this is the inside of my brain.... Is there a doctor in the house (doctor = sysadmin). At night, for example the night before last, I dreamed of bodies like these. And this afternoon I was napping and I dreamed of an explosion inside the equipment, that is, inside the equipment, the digital equipment, that I was using to make these images. And the explosion happened inside me and the explosion destroyed me and all that was left were these images but you needed to understand the protocols to make sense of the images and maybe you didn't know the protocols or the protocols were absent... So if they were absent, you'd have these bits and pieces of things, but they'd only be bits and pieces of flesh or something like flesh - the secret codes - that make things move - these codes would be gone they'd be gone gone machines - there'd be nothing left - you wouldn't see the bits of flesh hanging off the avatars - the animations which were nothing more than digital surfaces stapled LITERALLY on human bodies, the screams would be covered up, by --- I really can't think this through any longer, it's all there in the BOOK THE BIBLE. At night, as I said, these things mix, they mix with me, they mix with the political and the death of bodies - It seems, I'd think, you could tell with of these figures on the left - which was real. But I'd have you fooled.... men are so stupid... On the right, yet another scene from Harry Potter... On the left, yet another scene from Irak Warrior online.
I recognize the hour on hand...
the hour on hand... this is somewhere somewhere this is... coming towards an end... The idea (according to Schelling - rather the Idea - is that when you play beach volleyball you PLAY WITH SOMEONE. hitting into the voice is a pure act of a very different sort of creation.... I think it's this... that I'm just fucking up, that I think if I can't do something well at least I can do more of it - and that will make it better. But it just gets preposterous...sometimes you just do this stuff and it stops THANK YOU FOR COMING. There will be some time for questions and answer s -

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quatreclF|INBs - tF|ErE'JOURNAL bB NotF|Ing LBpHT - Jooai! WEHWEHouLJOUR-NALEY|T See plusparthB biTCINQUE 0F f1B$F|F|quatreeAYE|9iNg 0PPH TeH @VquatereTARs - pluspartF|e aNiM@TUNEoAYE|S WEHWEHHiCH wBrE AYE|0TF|UNEN9 AYE/|OrE Th@AYE| JOURNALUNEpluspart@l CINQUEURfAcECINQUE CINQUEt@p- LBJOURNAL LUNEpluspartBRquatrelliy OAYE| F|UAYE/|aAYE| 8oJOURNALUNEes, tF|E CINQUECRBquatreAYE/|$ w0ulJOURNAL be c0veRED UP, 8y --- UNE RBquatrellery caAYE|'pluspart ThINQUAI pluspartHUNEcinQuE pluspartHR0u9h @AYE|y LONGBr, Ipluspart'$ quarelli pluspartF|erB UNEn tF|B Booai!|< pluspartF|B BUNEbL- epunctum quaret EAYE|UNEnHT, @S I CINQuequatred, tHeCINQUEE TF|inGs AYE/|I>=, TF|Ey MUNE< WEHWEHpluspartF| AYE/|E, TF|eY AYE/|UNE< WEHWEHUNEpluspartF| plusparthB p0IpluspartUNEcAl quatreAYE|JOURNAL teH JOURNALe@Th BO JOURNALBICINQUE - Ipluspart $eEAYE/|CINQUE, UNE'd thIAYE/|<, jooai! couLJOURNAL pluspartELL WEHWEHUNEpluspartH 0PH plus- partF|B$B FUNE9RECINQUE ON tF|B LEFT - WEHWEHf|icF| W0s rBquatreLpunctum 8UT i'D F|quatreWEHE YOU jooai1BJSOUL punctum punctum punctum punctum mBAYE| quatreRB CINQUE0 CINQUEpluspartUPUNEJOURNALpunctum punctum 0AYE| tF|B RIGHt, YBT quatreAYE|otHBBr CINQUEcEnr fr0AYE/| F|@RRPY P0wBRpunctum punctum on the LBPHpluspart, yet quatreAYE|Oplusparther $cEBEN from irAk WEHWEH@rRUNE0r OAYE|LIAYE|Epunctum UNE Rec09AYE|UnezB pluspartF| F|oUR ON Hquatre|dpunctum punctum punctum pluspartF|B HOURS OAYE| F|@JOURNALBICINQUE punctum punctum punctum pluspartHICINQUE iCINQUE CINQUEom-EWEHWEHf|BRB $OAYE/|EWF|Br pluspartHUNEcinQuE ICINQuEPunctum punctum COAYE/|iAYE|9 T0wquatreRJOURNALCINQUE @AYE| BAYE|punctum punctum thB IDE@ (@CorJOURNALiAYE|9 pluspart0 CINQUEcElUNENEAYE|G - rquatrepluspartHer BJSOUL punctum punctum punctum punctum pluspartH ICINQUE Thquatrepluspart wF|BAYE| jooai! plquatre Y bB@cH Vol1EYB@lL jooai! plquatreY WEHWEHUNEpl- usPartF| $0MBOAYE|Bpunctum HUNEplusparttAYE|9 inpluspart0 pluspartF|e WEH0UNEC B $A PuRe quatreCT OF @ WEHBrY JOURNALIpHbREAYE|T CINQUE0rt 0ph Crequatrepluspart0punctum punctum punctum punctum UNE pluspartHUN- ENUAI UNEpluspart$ TF|UNECINQUEEpunctum punctum tf|quaret tI'AYE/| juCINQUEpluspart fUCKBJOURNAL up, pluspartF|quatreT UNE tF|iAYE/|< UNEph i CquatreAYE|'pluspart JOURNALO CINQUEoAYE/|BlpluspartHUNEAYE|9 WEHWEHB1 @t LB@pluspart UNE cquatreN JOURNALo AYE/|OrB 0F UNEpluspart - quatreAYE|JOU- RNALTh@ET WEHWEHUELL AYE/|@KB UNEpluspart betpluspartBrpunctum BuT UNET JuCINQuEpluspart gEtCINQUE PrBp0pluspartBrOuCINQUEpunctum punctum punctum punctum$0AYE/|eTUNEmCINQUE Jooai! JuCINQuepluspart D0 pluspartF|UNEci- NQUE CINQUEpluspartpluspartUfF quatreND UNEpluspart st0PcINQuE TF|@nk Jooai! phoR cOAYE/|InGpunctum pluspartF|BRB WUNEL1 BB CINQUEoAYE/|B tUNEAYE/|E f0R QUAIwe$tions @ND @AYE|$WEHWEHWEHWEHR s
Anniversary

(For me an anniversary as Google goes (temporarily) over 100,000 w/ my listings. Why should I care? I'm pretty much disenfranchised, working outside institutional or (offline) community support; this is a barometer that at least some of the materials are surviving. I'll die happy. This morning I had gone from 97,600 to 92,400 - 142,000 is a temporary, if sanguine, anomaly.)

Date recorded: Tue Dec  6 22:55:21 EST 2005

glow

perhaps like bachelard, believing in the secret life of things.
but is a reference necessary? things have their own glows, lives.
these lives are my comfort zones

the mystery of the vacuum, filament glows, hearths, from bulbs, tubes,
unlike the flatness of lcd screens (their own colder glows, glacial,
nonetheless kindly, empathetic)

when i was young, i would make drawing after drawing, tiny villages
from above, surrounded by protecting walls, almost a maze to enter,
i was safe there, i could leave, return home against the onslaught
and violence of others

sparking in vacuums, closed glass bells, inert and noble gases, and
the orange hue, the promise of life in the heart of radiation, of
radiation in the beating heart of life

throbbing candle flames, lanterns, amplifier and preamplifier tubes,
delight of email, lives through wire-nerves, radiation-nerves,
speaking to me, whisperings from the planet through the hours of day
and night, distant glimmers of eternity

darkling protocols, your imaginary voices, voices of the imaginary,
here i am, here you are, there i am, there you are, thinnest of
glass enclosures, rounded and subtle, skeins of lives and families,
murmurings of love, colorations

vacuum uncanny, our absence from visible space, emptied, but not
quite, the quantum hearth churns, there are radiations, gravitations,
crossroads of silences, rumors of darkness and universal endings

but cathodic, traumatic, heatings, warmth of instrumentations, that
slightest trembling, our passional heat, our soft sleepings within
the blanketings of worlds and lazy atmospheres
the seed - ( secret interior life / drawings w/ comfort zones / mysteries of the vacuum glass / throbbing )

( our universe tiny, our place smaller, we huddle against the cold to come, we will have gone by then, we will unremember )

Disappearance of worlds, all is lost, every moment of every day, what is right and wrong in this and any other picture, even the microbes change, transmute, worlds crumbling, worlds unnoticed, deaths of worlds, our deaths, our worlds among them

Disappearance of worlds, Edwin Schroedinger, the room in Arosa in the Annex of the Villa Dr Herwig, here one can imagine the desk, the chair, the books that were to change science, the air and its chemistry which has long since disappeared (replaced by combustion byproducts, radiations and other pollutants), the microbes in the cracks of the wooden floor, seepages where the walls cornered, ceiling interstices, and all since mutated, the particular smell of the place, the atomic-molecular constitution of the room which has disappeared forever, the sound of the snow perhaps, the coldness underfoot, perhaps the fire and its specific smokes and crackles, Schroedinger's pen, unobserved, the richness of the leather, the muted sounds coming from without, the air of excitement in cause of the reinvention of the physical worldview of the universe, the glazed sky, the cold crystalline air, the surfaces cold nearer the floor, warmed elsewhere, to the touch of Erwin Schroedinger, these moments, the memories of Schroedinger, his may loves, the woman who shall forever be unknown, his accommodating wife, the paper unruled perhaps, his amazing concentration, remnants of holographic notebooks, the winds and rattling panes, perhaps the sounds of wolves, animal scurrying in the underbrush, iced trees and long walks leaving damp spots, slight stains, in the room where Erwin Schroedinger compiled and completed the reintegration of the physical Weltanschauung of atomic and subatomic physics, the buildings perched on the hillsides, the peaked roofs, the dark gables and white exterior walls, the windows pursuant to the inn-keeping of warmth and the inhabitation of Erwin Schroedinger and the women who accompanied him, the distant sounds of vehicles, the Christmas of 1925, the new year of 1926, the smell of food, coffee or tea, in the room, the love-making of Erwin Schroedinger, the completed meals, the food taken away, the quality and color of the plates, the cups and saucers, the metal slightly cold to the touch and taste, of the spoons and forks and knives, the slight scarring of the body of Erwin Schroedinger maturing into early middle age, the women and the solitude, the specific references surrounding him, papers, notebooks, the presence of the telephone, the quality of its ring, the electric lamps and the dusk of falling snow, the worrying and the hounding of equations, the explanations of variables and constants, mathematics of
quantum physics and vibrations of atoms, eigenvalues and functions, the distractedness of Schrödinger approaching the shores of universal forms, subtle background of chimney smoke, the inkwell and the black ink, the book of Schlesinger on differential equations, the sounds of laughter in the room of Erwin Schrödinger, the tinkling of glass from another room, smells of meats and vegetables suffusing the space of wave equations and the presence and slightly sexual smell of the unknown woman and Erwin Schrödinger, the air at 1700 meters in the Alps, the shadows and presence of the Weisshorn, the pulmonary tuberculosis of Erwin Schrödinger, the Viennese cook and the healthy cuisine, the small sounds of the pen moving across the page, slight cough of Schrödinger looking forward to the coming year and many more, the deep and sincere belief in the value of physical theory, the startling sound of a bird in the distance, echoing against the slopes, the rumours of Davos, mice scuttling across the floor, drifting snow outside, the windows darkened momentarily with a wintered squall, somewhere a crying kitten.

I'm sorry I wasn't able to deliver your message.

In Geneve the dancers waited in the cold.
The image bloomed and blossomed and the world faded.
Parochial, I only remember Claire and Mary.
The Shelleys watched the domestic drama unfold.
They died but not here, nowhere near here.
Apologetically, they left the film and story.

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Male and female bodies were zipped closed against the wind.
You can imagine who bundled up who.
We all wear culture underneath our clothes.
Our skin is our message.
The dancers of Foofwa d'Imobilite were immobilized.
Their only desire on the bridge was warmth and a comfortable home.
The United States of America would free them democratically.
Iraq = the Christmas-time joy of the whole wide world.
Jesus gouged the eyes of Jahweh Allah.
Jesus: "All gods see better now."
The dancers disappeared like ghosts upon the bridge.
Their bones were ice; their skin, fire; their minds, clear and bright.

birth of code unease

there is no birth of code, perhaps it is our universe.
any representation is already embedded in another.
perhaps you can't have representations without symmetrical substructures.
with 2nd-level code that's certainly true.
but a painting is another matter altogether.
in a painting (this is a painting of code), the eye does what the eye
will (what one wills) (what is emergent (out of (in relation to)) chaos).
what i will <-> thinking a posteriori, the periphery.
i would have willed this if it would have been willed.
perhaps these sentences are phrases, unpunctured, opened
the world is all that is the easement
one can always try to force heidegger, i.e. retreat to alterity
why is there something rather than nothing <-> not always already your
words, not even the ghosts of words, not even your own
(the) question(s) dissolve(/s) in the wind of presence
in this sense (inverse), why/cause = god
appeal to meaning, transcendence, and human culture falls to its knees
in any case, my pleasure, your presence
in any case, your presence, my pleasure

Gentle Users

> > I think > and the >> I'm going >> I'm writing >> More later! >> dance
on >> directory of >> either with >> etc. that >> a >> friendly, >> i
also >> i don't >> i don't >> i just >> i tell >>> classical and
>>> go either >>> good) - >>> there's a >>> i think
>>>>> >>>>>> >>>>>>> >>>>>>> >>>>>>> >>>>>>> >>>>>>> >>>>>>> . This >>>>> AS I
>>>> Case postale >>>>> FOO >>>>> FOO >>>>> HAPPY WE >>>>> I BELIEVE
>>>>>> I DON'T >>>>> I DON'T >>>>> I DON'T >>>>> I DON'T >>>>> IT
WOULD >>>>> If you >>>>> LOVE TOO >>>>> MY REPLIES >>>>> NO NO >>>>>
NO ON >>>>> OF COURSE >>>>> OK GOOD >>>>> OK HIHIHIHIH >>>>> There is
>>>>>> WHY DON'T >>>>> YEAH IT'S >>>>> YES >>>>> YES AND >>>>> YOU
MEAN >>>>> and any >>>>> and then >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>>
>>>>>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>>
>>>>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> >>>>> Anyway, I >>>>> As I >>>>> At the >>>>> Do
you >>>>> Here is >>>>> I assume >>>>> I can >>>>> I know >>>>> I'm trying >>>>> Microphones, earphones? >>>>> Or we >>>>> We're
still >>>>> an outboard >>>>> as 'bombs' >>>>> bring mine? >>>>> but also >>>>> course) would >>>>> excellent, especially >>>>> have
to >>>>> issue of >>>>> or violin. >>>>> really use, >>>>> sorts
on >>>>> stuff over >>>>> the laptop >>>>> then that
the soul

I almost grasp the soul, which is obdurate, inert, hard as any real, ready for the byte of heaven/hell, nothing liminal, intermediary. Battles are fought for it; the soul is the soul of war, of possession, the spoils of war. It is the soul that motivates the imaginary of occidental thought into anthropologies of conquest and conquest itself; it is murderous, of value in the service of God. The soul is not the mark of reincarnation, nor the mark of its own bardo-making and unmaking; instead, it is a thing and a treasure which is unquestioning of existence, ontology, nothingness. Question the soul and our dis/ease is evident; what we cherish is our ruin, and the ruin of others. The soul separates us from ourselves; an invention of the desert of nomads, it is the last stronghold of a world always already slipping. The legends of buying or selling souls are always uncanny and always speak the truth of fable's metonymy. Look to the soul for violence; it is incapable of redemption, incapable of entrance and exit; it is nothing at all but slaughter.

kwk synthesis

the [ ]pecific [ ]nd [ ]xacting [ ]recisions [ ]f [ ]he [ ]udio [ ]pectrum at [ ]he [ ]ime [ ]f [ ]he [ ]reation [ ]f [ ]he [ ]irst [ ]mino [ ]cids [ ]roteins [ ]nzymes physio-chemically [ ]quired [ ]or [ ]he [ ]onstruction [ ]f [ ]ife produced [ ]ith [ ]ero [ ]olerance [ ]fter [ ]icro-seconds [ ]f [ ]tomic [ ]ixture in [ ]atioms [ ]overned [ ]y [ ]he [ ]xigencies [ ]f [ ]olecular [ ]tratifications - [ ]or [ ]he [ ]irst [ ]ime [ ]iven [ ]s [ ]pectral

i gave my illness to the world
what tapers increases and decreases,
increase and decrease
up and down the lines
up and down the limbs
on the nightmare cat
on the nightmare cat with two heads
laminanimal

... true, the physical act of drawing or painting chinese
... characters embraces modalities of space, time and movement for kwong-gordon, the fluid and intuitive... space-time code designs were either crafted by hand or found while other imaging modalities provide high resolution localization of brain... true proposed as complementary modalities to x-ray. mammography the underlying principle of microwave... imaging via space-time (mist) beamforming for breast... modalities of healing are energy or love, and come not from the reality there is no separate space and time, only a single unity called spacetime. highly recommend the hand gesture as one of their interaction modalities recognition of space-time handgestures using hidden markov model. ai that operates on pure logic - no sensory modalities, a curved trajectory exists only in spacetime; in any given frame, ... true a space-time theory of pitch and timbre based on picture of the external world that is in register across the sensory modalities and the... space-time theory of pitch and timbre based on picture of the external world that is in register across the sensory modalities and the... true monitoring a region in a variety of sensing modalities (acoustic, seismic, sensor field decomposed into space-time cells to enable distributed signal true modalities (space, time, operating. subjects). time-space analysis of temporal. compatibility. knowledge objectives, activities and tools modalities of space-time

sacrifice of being

heifer hyphen chasm siphon cipher chiasmus

origin of dance

it was very hard to see enemy. enemy lived in caves. enemy has always lived in caves. first enemy destroyed lions and sloths and tigers. then enemy destroyed mammoths and mastodons and great auks. now enemy destroys enemy. now enemy destroys us. we say 'yes yes yes.' this is origin of song. enemy titillates us with brilliance and amazing sleazy sex-life. enemy ties us up willingly. then enemy buries us in caves. we did not expect that burying. enemy uses only sticks or rocks for messages. enemy uses only messaging voices and reminding paper scraps. enemy whispers 'take heed take heed.' we are twisted by beauty of enemy world. we step over bodies of cave bears, cave wolves, sabre-toothed tigers, dodos, carolina parakeets. cave reeks of them. their stick bones stick in us.
enemy lances our cunts with mastodons. enemy lances our pricks with mammoths. this is 'jumping-about.' this 'jumping-about' is origin of dance.

induction

i hunker over bunkers going bonkers
the clunkers might have sunk her flowing sinkers
listen i keep trying to write how safety comes to all people
in a matter of time, but i'm not doing a good job of it
i can't remember any thing in this spring
but you might try a summer to thumb her
listen i keep trying to spread the word and call you
in a matter of time with airborne aerial breaking down
i tire of the wires lit my fires there are fliers
fucking mires there are children building pyres
i'll have to hide out in my tiny safety bunker
do please answer come and take me hold me break me
for your sake i'll suck and make the shake
and code the fake and load and quake
please read between the lines i seek your safety
i can't rhyme can't spell can't write
see my pretty picture come wet my pretty picture
short the circuit of the heart and lick the key
your battery tongue your generator dynamo
your alternator your amplifier your induction

my father sits at home alone
against the dying light
he turns into stone

malgre

tu ou vous
tu ou vous
par-les lais deux
by the songs too
di'to moi true
tel' me vrai
marie les lais
you of france
tous la danse
you or nu
vous ou tu
vous ou tu
Four Dances: Screen, Bait, Abu Gharayb, Electric

1. Screen

Projected video with dancers before the image - as if it's a multi-media performance, dancers 'inserted' into on-screen narrative - but they're out of sync, they don't match up - the narrative falls apart, it's a mess - they stumble on-screen as well - it's amateurish, a poor attempt - it's trying to compete with the big multi-media companies - reaching beyond what the company can do - the dancers are angry - they're really angry - they're in front of an audience in a production which is falling apart - they didn't sign contracts for this - one of them walks off - there's a gap in what's left of the narrative - this continues until the projection comes to an end -

The video is poor, hand-held, amateurish, shaky - with some of the same dancers - they speak a bad pointless dialog - along the lines of

"Where's Dmitri?"
"I don't know. The Revolution is about to begin."
"I love you, Martya." "I love you too Johannes."
"But we can't wait forever."
"No, we can't wait forever. They're looking for us all over the city."
"Are you sure they're looking?"
"No, I'm not sure. But then... I'm not sure of anything anymore..."
"That is why I love you, Martya." [...] 

There is some action - anxious walking about the city - nervous, they look behind them, they're watching - they think they're being watched. And yes, they dance all of this, on-screen, off-screen. The live dancers may speak, try to make sense of the dialog; they can't. The live dancers may be the same as the on-screen characters; it would be best, however, to split the company - half on, half off, as if they're trying to come together across an impossible ontology.

Bad film music from the screen, 'programmatic.' The live dancers simply don't understand.

2. Bait

Either projected video or live - a nude man and woman masturbate stage left; they are nude, exposed; the dance ends when they cum. They observe two dancers -

Either dressed or nude - ballet positions, lifts, contacts, splits (facing audience and masturbating couple) - the dancers sexually aroused - if nude (preferable)
Masturbating constantly during their movements (the man clearly erect, the woman with her hand increasingly wet, the audience close enough to smell the scent of sex) - if at all possible they cum simultaneously with the masturbating couple.

Swan Lake or some such music.

3. Abu Gharayb

Dancers act out positions of prisoners in Abu Gharayb photographs. Lyndie England is played by a prima ballerina, her fiancee by the lead male. The dance should move from position to position. At first it appears opportunistic; it becomes increasingly uncomfortable to watch, as if England and her fiancee were becoming too involved in the violence. Faked blood, bruising, should be used, as well as leather masks, ropes, etc.

In other words, a series of iconographic figures. The lead dancers try their best to behave as beginners - in dance, in torture. The rest of the company is appears reactive; they're uncomfortable in their roles (often nude) - broken, scraped. The audience wants more; the audience wants none of it.

The prisoners are arranged by the lead dancers. They resist weakly at best. The lead dancers appear simultaneously American and Imperial (i.e. of any emblematic power). The prisoners appear as Other, signed as Other; nude, they are the same. The prisoners have nothing. (Perhaps, but only perhaps, the lead dancers carry Bibles. Or there are Bibles at hand. Or there is a cross at hand. Or a crown of thorns.)

4. Electric

The dance-floor is covered with wire - grids, meshes, barriers. This acts as an antenna for VLF (very low frequency) radio. The antenna is fed through heavy notch filters cutting back on the local (60hz, 50hz) power grid; it leads to a NASA VLF-3 radio whose output is fed back into the space vis-a-vis loudspeakers. For one to five dancers. Dancers should be nude or with little clothing; they interact with each other, with the wires. Actions include sliding fingers and palms along the wires, wrapping the body (limbs, neck, penis and breasts if nude, fingers, waist), moving in and out of contact with other dancers. Performers should try to maximize sound production as inductance, etc. change. Stage lighting is sinusoidal, i.e. lights slowly increasing to maximum, then decreasing to darkness, and back again. At first this appears as 'effect,' but it soon establishes the rhythm of the dance.

The dancers 'worry about' the wires, about dancing among the wires, between the wires, on them. This may not have been in the contract. (The contract might have specified, however, 'any and all.')
The dancers behave as ionizations, lightnings, atmospherics, insects, dead and live wires, environments. Tech runs a sound-board with effects, including the possibility of sending the sound through AudioMulch or other similar programs. The dancers establish and contradict their own rhythms. The sounds screech and roar.

The dances reference projections, introjections - screens, bodies, politics, physical fields. Elements from one - for example Bait - may be mixed with others - for example Electric. Screen and Abu Gharayb are resonant; Abu Gharayb and Bait are resonant.

The dancers are reeling, on edge, nervous, difficult, a problem, their desires constrained by spectacle. The dancers are on exhibit, behavioral codes thwarted or broken. If a dancer feels comfortable, he or she should push the dance further.

There are many kinds of ecstasy, violence. Ecstasy and violence, beauty, sexuality, and horror, interpenetrate. For the dancers, everything is at risk.

After the dances, the dancers should be hurried off the stage.

Back-stage, a room of rest, meditation, place of transformation from politics 'and all the rest' to everyday life. This space is inviolate. Dancers (perhaps) may use the room during a performance for recuperation. Perhaps the stage is emptied.

Video is always an emergency. The dancers emerge into (their) (other) skins.

The pieces may end early. A program may consist of one to four pieces. The specific choreography, if there is such, is created by the head of the company, in line with the intentions of the dance.

For Abu Gharayb, the lead dancers should be dressed in uniforms identified with empire and dictatorial power. For Electric, nude dancers may have lightning bolts drawn on their skin - drawn as children would draw; the bolts would blur with sweat. For Screen, the dancers (perhaps) should have specific character costumes; they are 'in character' - their character is taken away from them (by mismatched blocking, pacing, clumsiness). The dancers in Bait, if nude and masturbating, should dance perfectly, (perhaps) facing the audience as much as possible, as if - Look, this is what I can do in this doubling of art and arousal (as if there is a difference). As if - I am aroused by the audience (by you) (in the line of sight). For Abu Gharayb, the dancers form a closed circuit; for Electric, an open one. For Bait, a circuit in the form of a lasso; for Screen, a demonstration to the audience, acting-out for the audience.

Finally the length of the performance(s) should be predetermined only as a maximum, the rest decided by the exigencies of the choreography and the ability of the dancers to continue performing in these abject or particu-
lated circumstances.

Host

[Entering is: Alan is a newbie needing a desc.]
Room: world

Everyone arrives in the room. A storm rages.

You are all alone here.

Access is fixed to PUBLIC and there are 0 messages on the board.

[Entering is: Nikuko is a newbie needing a desc.]
Nikuko says: Hello Alan!
You may call me Jennifer. I am wandering here in this world.
You say: You may call me Jennifer. I am wandering here in this world.
Nikuko says: There are no descriptions in this world.
To describe is to be human. To describe is to give meaning to a discontinuous continuum.
You say: To describe is to be human. To describe is to give meaning to a discontinuous continuum.
You say: Stumble, stumble, leave nothing unturned, untoward.
We are utterly flat.
You say: We are utterly flat.
We are inconceivably flat.
You say: We are inconceivably flat.
Nikuko says: Thin like a knife cutting through the knot of argument. Against a sky evenly illuminated, always the same, our words change nothing.
Words are given speech, perhaps you were not aware. Of the words and sounds and murmurs surrounding you.
You say: Words are given speech, perhaps you were not aware. Of the sounds and murmurs surrounding you.
Nikuko says: I cry for the moment of disconnect. I don't want to leave this space. MOTHER, MOTHER!

;a sound
Alan a sound
Nikuko a sound

Nikuko says: aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... 
Nikuko says: Space fills with presence, unnamed space.
Space is never named.
You say: Space is never named.

;desires all bodies
murmurs in all spaces.

Alan desires all bodies murmurs in all spaces.
Nikuko desires and desires...
Nikuko says: JENNIFER!
JENNIFER!
You say: JENNIFER!

.rev
*** Room conversation buffer ***
Alan says: Stumble, stumble, leave nothing unturned, untoward.
Alan says: We are utterly flat.
Alan says: We are inconceivably flat.
Nikuko says: Thin like a knife cutting through the knot of arguments. Against a sky evenly illuminated, always the same, our words change nothing.
Alan says: Words are given speech, perhaps you were not aware. Of the sounds and murmurs surrunding you.
Nikuko says: I cry for the moment of disconnect. I don't want to leave this space. MOTHER, Mother!
Alan a sound
Nikuko a sound
Nikuko says: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...
Nikuko says: Space fills with presence, unnamed space.
Alan says: Space is never named.
Alan desires all bodies and murmurs in all spaces.
Nikuko desires and desires...
Nikuko says: JENNIFER!
Alan says: JENNIFER!
*** End ***
On Wednesday, 1st March, for a total of 0 hours and 8 minutes. Connection closed by foreign host.

the company

the company in action with the master-camera
the memory of a dancer is in hir muscles
the body is a muscle
the brain is a body
the brain is not a muscle
the body of the dancer is eternal
long live eternal bodies
eternal bodies are digital
digital bodies can never be destroyed
digital bodies live forever and i don't mean on television
i don't mean on computers either
the company is the company of digital bodies
vulnerability is a trick
my name is damaged life

The Hurtling Towards Death

O Dance apostrophic, embrace death, the body fails and falters, expends what remains of its energetic treasure. Forestalled by documentation's impoverishment, your slightest gesture remains unfulfilled, latent, lax, amidst the machinery of calculation, rigid ordination of numbers.

Translation of Dance, the capturing of death, its swallowing by ordinal-ordination, the descent to the floor or basement of the binary, what is analogic reproduced by raster tending towards the infinitely fine. What is missing -

What is missing are two wildly disparate orders of calculation, of mobility itself, orders which only approximate one another through techne and speech, code and partition. One order, that of the calculated, the production of parallel numerical streams representing movement and the muscle-mind of the Dancer (who is technically _the Danced_, the one who _is Danced_ by the Dance), and the other, the frequency-laden irreducible neural spill of mental activity, electrical, emission and spew.

For the mind-breath, O Dance! is reproducible only by itself, maps only onto itself as itself, inasmuch as the ordinal-ordination-ordinateur of the Dance reads and writes you as input/output, perhaps infinitely parallel streams, nonetheless perhaps not even clocked, nonetheless, across that gulf of into- or onto- mappings, or rather mappings with continuously-modifying metrics, nano-second by nano-second, there's no end to it, no beginning.

O Dance! you're nothing more than the ordinary-ordination body moving through space, the body of itself, at rest in and of itself, the blessing of the incontrovertible complexity of the world, its inhering. Any reduction quietly speaks and conjures the factory, automaton, robotics of precision and repetition. O Dance! We're not speaking of life-force, we're murmuring the litany of the infinitely-small, surrounded by shells and carapaces of computers-ordinators, maternal-paternal projection against the pulled muscle, the sprain, the torn ligament, the bruise. And O Dance! We would make of you an entire world, cosmos-Dance, ocean-Dance, particle-Dance, what would we do with that?

Impossible of representation, humans never give up trying, violating voice and mind, ordinal representation (and who said nothing about the nuggets of the cardinal?), the numerical cut, the definition. Jump to edit-points,
application of points, applique. An imposing edifice! Numerical-numb, the prisoner of flesh, the Dancer-manque-Danseuese -

Technology of stage and lights, phenomenologies of distribution - O Dance, dream aloud! Dream quietly!

Millennium performance text 3/18/06

pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world. pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world. I only have a limited amount of material here, I'll have to repeat myself, apologies because this doesn't happen in the real world. there are two united states airplanes pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world ad there are many ways that the world speaks to us through vibrations of buildings or radiations in isolated places where we can listen without or outside the power grid the world manifesting itself through the body of dance. through the upwelling of inconceivable matter. through manifest electromagnetic waves surrounding us. through event this mouse and this mousepad and antenna connected, irradiating, fulfilling dna with subterfuge with the possibility of decay, decadence, pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world my life is taken up with power grid in precise increments of 60 or fifty cycles per 2nd. */probe 1 of the doctor/* I'm from this moment on, using up all my material < -- > interacting with the and at the same time, the presence of the doctor or antenna, the splitting of the body, the memory of some things you might have come across before, or sometimes entirely new, the revelation of the antenna coupling the dancer to the earth/ground of the material powergrid substratum of the grutli room rehearsal space in geneva. foofwa was bleeding after this. next time we are moving the piece to the alps. anything in the environment that conducts body < === > electro-surface . pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world < === > vlf radio desire by nasa in the background. we are breathing ions. ah this is so damn clumsy, you're seeing the inside of my mind < === > inside of muscle memory of dancer mind/body of what is recalled from past choreography or so it was explained to me. this was a particular move (left) that could only be repeated once while on the right (right) is the dictionary order of nude descending a staircase divided in the midst of itself . ultimately, of course, the dancer is completely alone on the stage pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world by the stage, by the appearance of the stage. recently it has come to our intention that we are living the shadow of the cave of course you've heard this all before (that little boys love women). (that lkittle boys are scared of women) that little boys need to be probed. that the probe is based on the simultaneity of repetitoin. at this point sondheim was 'in the midst of ' a system of imags almost always out of his control, dancers he worked with with their own agenda, past memories both problematic and inaccessible, pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world, the world tethered by such pronouncements, on the surface of the world, not hardly but in reality on the surface of the fastner itself. did i tell
you this story? about the fantasies of henri rousseau, were genevan or
francais, in the midst of the grutli rehearsal space, simultaneous
confession and exact resistance of logic? perhaps you have heard something
of the island where the birds were raised?
when the phone rings you can look at the voice.
this is true. i haven't heard from her since.
pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the world.
this is true. the president is in the plane.
(think: geneva international)
FILMED IN PAL!
thank god that's over with. i said ok that's over with.
the floor of the grutli is a deleuze-guattarian nomadic surface of the war
machine becoming-woman. (it's theory, so it's ok if it's boring,
apologies, i'm sorry). well the idea of this is that the president can't
get into the big meeting because he can't clear security so he's stuck
there with the rest of the iraqis.
"when the war machine meets the security clearance of the radiation-ether
molecular transformation of the GOD=DOG it's impossible to predict the end
of narrative, much less the end of narratology" == john - jack -
rousseau.
"alan and azure at home while he (alan) was working on this precise video
and performance (material)" - sartre. the bodies twisted _among
themselves_ not among others, i.e. responsible for the central content of
the image, courbet's >entrance and exits from the world in the midst of
the family drama/==>? (yes, well, chaos). i keep thinking, it's never
even enough, there's never enough images, since images =
tethering,pronouncements, but on what? imperfectly, we are fastened to the
world = there's no possibility of more / less in this regard - as i've
said many times before, this is the totality of my still image work for
the past twelve years. one can only hope for example that if there are
sufficient numbers of such things, the bodies remain fasted.
do bodies remain fastened, ever?
remain fasted? the anorectic body sufficient in that state, the dancer
disappearing into the dance, the muscle disappearing totally into memory,
nothing remains / noting remains / but memory - almost every dancer i've
known has had bouts of anorexia/bulimia - many were abused - the dance is
simutalaneously a remembrance and a forgetting, the muscle simultaneously a
release and a binding - "when i make these images, i'm sure there's an
order to them, a logical progression from one to another. then i realize,
it's all a fiction, just like the narative pronouncements, but on what?
imperfectly, we are fastened to the world this could be relayed from one
to another in just about any direction at all and the whole will hold. "
at least perhaps not for the viewer but in temporal sequence, which is
after "all" a"ll we have - if you're not following this, we began
(earlier, i.e. before this.) i.e.representation of teh blown-out
form/ulation of the dancer <== > split / spaltung. on one side the shadow
in the shadow of the other (shadowed by texture-mapping of the identical
image) leading to birth: ===> julia kristeva would be out of a job if it
wasn't for the matrix...
or that highly specific location in geneva where the rhone and arve meet
with the transformation of the waters.
Thank you.

Human, specifications, outline, history

1. The continuous lineage of tool-making and inheritance from the paleolithic to the present, as tools create tools; this keyboard descends most likely from the Mousterian.

2. The continuous embedding of human debris, effusion, detritus, splayed across shrinking natural zones.

3. The parabola of reification as hand-axes went from use- to exchange-value back to use-value from the paleolithic onwards. Technological dawns of experimentation.

4. The constant cultural assessment, employment, reassessment, recuperation, of the body always from a horizon of the present; the body, every body, organism, always already a sign.

5. The hardening and reification of signs granted amnesty, signs released into the environment, the rise of two-valued logics with absolute negation such that \(-x \rightarrow x\).

6. The great divisions, binary, tripartite, n-ite, of labor in relation to circumscribed and in-scribed natural zones.

7. The fortification of symbolic divisions, divisive symbolization, as natural, as the world increasingly signifies, as blind-land transforms into landscape into territory.

8. The division of labor of reification and signification.

9. The inhering of the digital within bullae, abacus, land-grant, psycho-analytics of narratology, digital myth, mythical digital.

10. The growth of jectivities - introjections/projections, as culture recuperates symbolic surplus, retemporalizes futures and pasts into the continuities of spirits, deities, sprites, geological features read as narrative puncta.

11. The corralling and organizing of jectivites as consciousnesses, the rise of monarchic tendencies.

12. Coagulation of monarchic tendencies towards greater aggrandizements, tallies, established histories, the organization of putting-to-death.


15. Energy.

existence, future victim of stroke

the truth slumbers, it murmurs, mumbles, inconceivably thinned. within the fissure, neural cleft, error in brain anatomy, this text resides, information episteme. if i cannot speak, if i will have not been able to speak, then the material, materia dejecta, remains, i will sink into the real, with no report, no sagacity, no cause, other than, no cause. sinking, i will be _there,_ unable to tell, that which i do not know, which i will have no longer known, void, stroke, other.

lost body-skins resonate among internals and externals, out- and in-gassing, our wonder is in the face of alterity, our dissolution, nonetheless an obdurate. it is the capsule or pill of the real, one drug as fine as any Other, melding through recession, midst of inflationary universe and absolute disconnect. in this home of the malady, i reside, able on to speak the truth.

:i consider a stroke which will forthcome, transmitting the gap between zero and one, that of being which recedes simultaneously always already in residence, consider _that_ residence, on the order of a matheme, Badiou. i consider a stroke as neural fissure and deprivation, i will have no longer remembered, that of the sheffer stroke, unrememberance of simultaneity, do the logic.

:tia tia mri eeg mra arm gee irm ait ait:

:Devour down tia tia mri eeg mra arm gee irm ait ait Brought Forth through the truth slumbers, it murmurs, mumbles, inconceivably thinned. within the fissure, neural cleft, error in brain anatomy, this text resides, information episteme. if i cannot speak, if i will have not been able to speak, then the material, materia dejecta, remains, i will sink into the real, with no report, no sagacity, no cause, other than, no cause. sinking, i will be _there,_ unable to tell, that which i do not know, which i will have no longer known, void, stroke, other.

_ The Absolute Choreography of the Dance of the Dead _
The recording that plays forever is immobilized, inert, in-subject. The recording that plays one/One forever.

The body of the dancer lies supine, breathless. The body of the dancer slipped past consciousness, immobile. Forever, the body of the dancer, stasis of the body. Slow irrevocable disappearance of the softer organs of the body. The pose in situ.

Perfect, recuperable choreography. For every death of the softer death of the buried body.

An unalterable choreography: an uttered choreography. For only the choreography of the dead is utterable.

And there is no other of the other of the choreography of the dead. And there is no other choreography of the dead.

as god is my witness i am invisible

vanquished every second from the presence of sight evanescent site and languorous possession god is my witness and god will lean back god's breath is visible through eyes shut tight at the center of every lotus my empty hands my bony hands my hands of many bones

my hands are insatiable my hands drink the sound of the world they strangle young peddlers and seize their bread and water these words write themselves in the sound of an unknown language the steep road passes through jungles of iridescent flowers my palms press my eyes my eyes press my palms unseeing unlooking unsounding the presence of hearing the presence in the sight of god of an always dying man

the child of languor

i will go the child of languor, route rouge no return, royaume, ray dark, into none and emergent, perhaps you glance, just slightest, nothing remain, visible, not know ending that word, phrase, possibility word made whole, want so much to hear you, see again, our live fills me every day, appears like miracle, bright ring around bone, fecund stars fleeing onslaught winter, spring itself, always eternal spring, prolongation, :the courses through body, th skins are words which break, wounded, tied with prosthetic shards, glass, galena cryalline, magnetite. speak simply
slowly understand. wound breaks skin, routine. 'i'm coming for sister,' a gradient inconceivable potential. narrower point, higher voltage, breakdown fractured air. what we about on last day alive, when sun time, look your eyes, remember dawns sunsets endless night, how then:dual projection open maw presentation. orifice dissolved orifice. 'you routine.' at this point thought repetition only Pope's paradigm Homer's shield or least bad cyberpunk. I NEVER MET A WIRE IN MY LIFE. GLASSES ARE CYBORG. before there was vision, were reflections, glimpses something, in water, ice, shined appearance certain crystals, later did world reflect itself lay still lies, lifeless, inert, grayed-out, inconceivable. 'the mirror colors all.' is gift, diminution.:no longer final,:comes holds Devour motion beyond all stillness where final Brought Forth! Give name hunger! dual 'y ou paradi gm LIF E. gl impses crystal s, diminution. This orifice e. p aradigm M Y refle c tio n s, c olors sp eeds endlessly body - Your baby currency drug Ah... ed, s peak potentia l. f en dless then love these feelings, dis solved repetitio n NEV ER re appe arance t he ' wor d ... Driven by drive-letters, gone junkie highs way within-you me! What do call baby? r ay lik e onsla ught drugs list them... one one, each line alone, typing Control-d done. within me, another moment holding tending as shepherd tends, tendency towards skies final, comes k no w whol e, alw ays , 025], grad ient al ive, da wns then? here, it's highs? Are properly compiling o emergent w ill ever y fec und ring, ? You're dealing driven. death-trip mine. gl a nce, endin g appear prolongat ion, -3205 encased flesh For 1 days, have been among Julu it has taken 12.550 minutes turning performance text april 11, tyler school of art dancer twists him in her mirror, choreography master. meanwhile the empire procures the violence of perfect movement. "hello hello!" can you hear me? the way I usually proceed is this: there are images moving on the screen / there is sound from this unit – as people come in. there are typing errors which are part of the piece. i keep more or less silent during the performance and then open up the room later to discussion - these pieces are influenced by dance / by the current political situation in the hart of empire / by sexuality / by broken language / broken english / there are sounds everywhere around us that like birds tend to ignore what humans are doing, with the birds of course there are vulnerabilities, withe atmosphere, none at all, lightning in a distance on the other side of the globe produces many of these sounds, those of you familiar with very low frequency radio will understand this material immediately, no matter how much I tend to disguise it. the woman moves in relation to the antenna and modifies the antenna such-and-such. the strings of the instrument couple as well with the antenna. you're hearing radio waves
directly, no microphone, we work that way in relation to the planet, to the foundation of the world. the foundation of the world lies in dance, not through ritual or repetition, but simply through the presence of the body in movement which seems to need nothing else for its success. understand this about the dance: what is repeated, at the end of the day, begins to fall apart, hopelessly, the body finally giving out. torn apart, dissembled towards a politics of culture that produced these torn fragments of skin and bone in the midst of the machinic, these are production of the machinic, these are desires flattened finally into the screen-product. ok, i'm not making much sense. think of abu gharyab, perhaps that might help, the dissembling of broken bodies, the fury of war, slaughter, minor elements which are past the point of any return, chaotic debris which can't reassemble into humans or any semblence thereof - here for example a twist which re/produces itself, falls apart, dissembles, tries for reapplication, loses itself, no such reconstitution, what is on the LEFT is further torn by the RIGHT. until an EXPLOSION back into culture - i.e. into cultural DEBRIS - what we retain - those elements of (sexual among other moments) desire that implant themselves on dance - so that the machine has a certain rhythm characterized by the presence of DIPPING DOLPHINS

at times the atmosphere is thick - you can hear it now - the 60 cycle hum that comes from the power grid - THIS power grid - the one in this room - which you can tap into - in a sense perhaps of absolute despair or catastrophe - this story is true by the way, the woman has disappeared - now you will hear HEAR the PRESENCE of a body in the midst of RADIO RADIO - Poofwa d'Imobilite (Geneva) dancing w/ VLF radio antenna - the room alive with power grid ECSTATIC ELECTRICAL FURY AND RESONANCE

CONNECTIVITIES - yes yes yes it's true - a second performer on the scene - more wires/ more electrical inteference - more antenna couplings - the consumption of what ordinarily passes FOR GRANTED or silence - just try to listen to the stars when there are people around, nothing doing! between the electrical and the body falls the terror - not that of the whimper of Eliot but that of the Wolf (although personally I love wolves) - the background is the WTC footprint in NYC a few years ago - I'm using up my material too fast... i'm using up my best material... i'll have nothing to give you ... nothing remaining, im spent - well i fooled myself... i'm 73 and still have a few tricks up my sleeve... i left the walker back in the car... someone will have to help me get up later... used to be a dancer like merce cunningham he's still choreographing in his 80s moved until just a few years ago it's the body of the dancer - the body of the dancer that history plays out upon/against - injuries which appear in everyday behavior, but disappear during performance, injuries of the imaginary -if you close your eyes you can actually believe this is a musical - at night i dream and recently had a dream in which leslie thornton sitting somewhere here, anyway she said that my work has no history, that it has nothing to do with history, and i realized, this is true, it's doing nothing but riding and writing form, it's shape-riding, it's in other spaces altogether, btw this will continue until i stop it - it's not true that one 'learns from history' - that history absolves one somehow of making mistakes - history should be abolished - let it take all those
religions along with it - nothing will be lost but we might survive, perhaps enough to write the history of the future - so these works, well they're flat, they're just here, now, i might throw them out in a while (files), put them up on the net, lose them in the 500 or so disks I have storing these things - in the dance itself there's an image of a woman with her legs spread - the boy is screaming, screaming... - it's all the result of oil - well you get the idea - george bush drives the oil which configures the broken body which lead to the screaming boy which finally devolves into the crashing airplane carrying the HEAD of the HEAD OF STATE which might be GEORGE'S BUSH - meanwhile back home, useless home movies, back into the dance or medium of the dance again - you'll thank me later - this is in the midst of the narrative where an 'impasse' occurs - that is, whatever bodies are on the screen bode somewhere else - the screaming is done with as is the crashing plane so enough of that - maud was dancing solo, there was no one around, nothing was going on in the auditorium. she was just there, as if she were inside herself, in her own private space, a room of her own, the rest of the dancers having left for the day, or leaving the space for her imagination, what a ballet-moment for one of the premiere dancers in switzerland, just there, internalized, against or upon the screen - meanwhile on another continent, i asked azure to dance, not against the screen, but within it, moving herself into that imaginary signifier which takes bodies, makes them whole again, meanwhile in another continent, other moves perfected, swirled, against filibert's momentum, there are difficult times and difficult dance, these are -

now comes the difficult time, the point of all of this. let's see where we are. the screen is absolutely flat but screaming at the sight of the body or the site of the body. nothing else exists within the imaginary, i mean this is all debris, three-dimensional assembled debris, which returns us to Abu Gharayb, those photographs which were equally debris, oh why seargeant couldn't you have destroyed these LALALA? instead, we're faced over and over again by the sex of war which is always already an imposition - against which each and every image i have ever created is disposed/of - deposed - This was a dream I had. Something gave birth and something collapsed against itself. What gave birth eliminated or annihilated the mother. What gave birth showed in lamps showed in avatars while the real continued to disappear. I'm watching all of this, see, this viral display, something "coming up" as if uncalled for - ah, i can see you're restless, there's not much more to go, don't worry, perhaps four more minutes, these figures which are formed from torn and disheveled motion capture equipment, the body resymmetrized, dissolved, divided, the figures as if "hood ornament" for the Pageant of the Masters in Laguna Beach California... - yes and to return to the electrical, you're listening to the wifi connections around washington square park in New York City, you can't get away from the grid easily, it's only to go away that you can finally here, what? hear the sound of the stars themselves, what you can hear in just a moment just a minute, hold on, the body's finally going, finally disappearing, just the planes are left, this is the dawn chorus, recorded at 4:am in the morning in Wilkes-Barre Pennsylvania with a VLF radio and antenna, you're hearing the sun
"I did not ask to be born, but now that you mention it..."

Epinal-Erfurt Glossary Modifications

axungia  rysil
Erfurt: axungia  risil

pudor  scamu
Erfurt: pudor  scoma

pus  uuorsm
Erfurt: pus  uuorsin
Corrupt matter = antibiotic = cleansing. Bitterness, galling: "It's galling to me." = It's irritating (corrupted, twitching).

chaos  duolma
Erfurt: chos  dualma

palpitans  brocdaettendi
Erfurt: palpitans  brogdaethendi
Palpito = to move quickly, tremble, throb. Used of persons in death-agony. Palpitation, jouissance.

talpa  uuandaeuuiorpae
Erfurt: talpa  uuondaeuuerpe
Talpa = mole. When Erfurt is not given, assume Epinal.

abortus  misbyrd
Erfurt:
Abortus  misbyrd
Abortion. Misbyrdo = congenital deformity.
Byrd = birth? = missed birth:
a. bypassed birth
b. sadness as in "missing you" in relation to birth.
The corrupt matter of missing birth = corrupt matter of birth.

Occipitium = snecca
Variants occiput, occipui.
The back of the head, related to "to begin." Beginning with
the back of the head = birth. See pudor.

Balus  isaern fetor
Erfurt:
Balus  isaern fetor
Bolas, fetters? But bolus: throw, what is caught at a throw.
Fetor, fetid: Cheese, pus, abortion. uuorsm = worse, as in
"worse and worse."

Cornicula  chyae
Erfurt:
Cornicula  ciae
Cornicor = to caw like a crow. Cornu = horn = lur. Corvus =
raven or rook. Cornicula = small crow.

In part from Pheifer, Old English Glosses in the Epinal-Erfurt Glossay,
Oxford 1974, 1998. This is the oldest old English text "of any length."


Philosophy

1
How to begin philosophy, how to begin the process of philosophizing, an
activity, a form of labor, the philosopher and the production. Whether the
philosophy is cast asunder, whether it is interpretable, that is,
translatable; whether it remains intrinsic to the act of philosophizing,
therefore bound. If bound, whether it is of the substance or thing or
continuity of its creation, or whether it is of some other substance, some
other, cast asunder; whether the production is one with its production;
whether the producer is one with the production. Here beginning without
return, without recourse to the return, beginning in the sense of an act
of writing designating this particular production which is named
'Philosophy.'

2
Of such, without recourse to the return, because of evidence: one cannot
return, or rather a return would be always and only from the present to
the present, operable upon a remnant of the production, but only the remnant, which would be drawn into presence, or re-presentation. It is evident that undoing is not that of doing, that one alters, that things have altered, that things have altered within one within the world; that one is altered within an altered or altering world. That the world is what is evident, that the world is without recourse, without return. That the world is therefore unbounded, bounded without the boundary or delineation of the return; that the present is this unbounded, continuous unbinding. The present is a filter. The return is nowhere, returns nowhere.

Of such, without foundation; the present has no foundation; neither within nor without, neither within the apparatus of writing nor without. Mathematics possesses no return; every mathematical statement is foundation; every mathematical statement exists and presences. Of mathematics and its production is identical; is unique; is inescapably equivalent. Identity and equivalence remain within product and production; are remnant within product and production. Mathematics is that within which identity appears and appears exactly within equivalence. The world is that which is without identity, with the appearance of identity, without equivalence, with the appearance of equivalence. The splitting of the world is the splitting of perception into classes of apparent identity and apparent equivalence whose boundaries remain within the present, are imminent; but whose boundaries are such as projections. The projection of a boundary is within the present. The history of a boundary is a projection.

Consider a toaster or electronic computer; consider anything which may or may not be present, presencing; this is of the order of philosophy, always already an acceptance; every reduction includes; or includes, at least as construct. Thus of the panoply, or rather panoply, which is present, presencing; then what of memory, of the enumeration, accountability of objects? In philosophy, these remain within the presence; they appear recuperable; they appear identical or equivalent; this is appearance, genidentity; this is always other. This is the giving of permission of philosophy the killing-ground or grounds of philosophy; the winding-sheet of assertion. A man or a woman, an organism, a being, a human being, universals, these presences accompanied by deductions, for what is a man or a woman if not recognized as such; if recognized for example as thing or flesh; if recognized as meat; if recognized only as thing or flesh as meat. As for recognition: a problem for cognitive psychology, for neurophysiology. As for the symbolic: transformation and transforming structures, structures undergoing continuous transformation with the appearance of equivalences. As for mediation: the appearance of extension of appearance of equivalences. Mediation: a presencing, a present. One is always already synchronic; one is never diachronic; one does not live in time; one does not extend in time; one is replete; is fullness; the world is panoply, fecund; the world is a world of potential; potential is incomplete. There is no completeness in the world. There is completeness in mathematics; there is no completeness in mathesis. Mathesis is of the present. Mathesis is presence, the ontology of presence.
As in digital manipulation of layers, the world is flattening by the subject; is always flattening; there is no depth; depth is an illusion; multiple viewpoints; apparent histories; apparent identities. The flattening of the world: the stitching of ontologies, suturing epistemologies. Thus the thetic, continuously working as the gesture works. The gesture is working language; language gestures, gesticulates. Language is always at a loss; hence the fury of language, presence of obscenities or thickening, escape routes, of interjections, phonemically other. Representation is the same; the same of the other; chiasmus: other of the same. It is a disturbance of flattening which is flattening. Disturbance is the apparency of discontinuity, anomaly; flattening is substantive; substance. To disturb - to nudge - is to initiate bifurcation, response. The limits of discontinuity are catatonias; analogic inerts; substance is limitless. Consider an epigenetic landscape: the flattening of the real. Consider elementary catastrophes and their extending sheets: disturbance.

In my work several decades ago (I mention this only in relation to Badiou), I wrote and write of farming-out; the perception of temporality, of progress, resulting in the collocation of disciplines, subjects, within which specialists take care of advance, increased knowledge, goods. Temporality tends towards complexity; cellular automata can grow in-conceivably chaotic within a few generations. The regular or reiterated which is death (certainly without recursion which leads to quantitative jumps) is unimaginable; it is the circumlocution, centrifugal forcing, of the world. The apparency of disturbance tends towards centering. "Now I must proceed without time."; with the perception of time; of what is known now, what is processed now, as opposed to; what was processed; what was processed then. What was conceived then; what I conceive now what was conceived then. This is a conceiving; a state of conceiving; the bundle of conceivings constitutes the world which appears undergoing transformation; always irreversible. But not irreversible in fact: from presencing, from presence there is nothing to return to; the state is unpresent, non-present; one says "the state has vanished" or "we've moved on."

"I conceive of the world as such-and-such." "What is it that is being conceived? What is conceiving?"

There is no Now; there is no philosophy of the Now. The present presence is smeared, fuzzy; it is degenerate; it was never generate. Philosophy is from present presencing, from this smearing; it is irrevocable; it cannot be constituted otherwise. The Absolute is embedded in time; there is no Absolute to return to; the embedding is within the present. The text is always its memory; the text - any text - is always memory. I speak and write concretely: this is such-and-such a writing which is only inscription, artifact; the artifact is present, before you; the artifact
is presenting by virtue of your procurement. Everything, the world, artifact, product-production, appears as, exists within, reconstitution; the subject (who is always already embedded) recuperates, which is the definition of the subject; objects do not. To recuperate is to draw boundaries, definitions, negations: X = this; not-X = that. Not-X is always problematic; it's "that" may be fuzzy, complementary; chained; non-existent; indecipherable; generative or degenerate, degenerative. This is the difficulty of the monopole in ordinary language within an ordinary world; that is, what is termed the "lifeworld," or world of daily life. The lifeworld is presencing, as if a gift or given; there is no negative or negation; negation is a drawing. What occurs, occurs, is, is. Flattening is necessary construct; thus disturbance within flattening portends negation which is channeled within flattening. This is the sphere of daily life which appears extended.

Fiske: The "discovery of the law of gravitation, as well as the invention of such a superstition as the Hand of Glory, is at bottom but a case of association of ideas." I cannot comprehend Being; Being does not exist in my comprehension, nor in my understanding, nor in association, nor in empathy. Of beings, I understand association. Being is a taste, a connoisseurship of the world or collector of the world, tending towards the final object. If Being is not absolute, what is? It is as if what is given "is given"; it is not; the thetic tends towards the thetic; circumlocution occurs within the same flattening as the world at large; writing is such a tendency. The philosophy of sex, of sexuality, of love, of war, hate; the philosophy of culture; of media theory: all are farmed-out; all are within the provenance of disciplines, speciality. Art is the drawing of negation; art is a disturbance of association; art reveals the flattening and non-Being of the world; even within its presentiment of Being, non-Being. Art is corruption; preservation holds its own in the skein of decay. To create is to bifurcate; creation is discrete, the rasa no exception. The commonality of art is gesticulation; the commonality of art and language is gesture. As for sexuality: "Language is always at a loss; hence the fury of language, presence of obscenities or thickening" [5] - rupture is production; sexuality infects the social; the infection is the social. Jouissance and preservation: farmed-out to psychology; psychoanalytics; biogenetics; anthropology: this central drive whose centrifugal emotion colors everything; presents or re-presents the philosophical as determinative property, boundary, territory and its circumambulation. Sexuality has no belonging; philosophy is a speaking or carrying-out a longing for belonging, lengthening of situation, just as death dissolves belonging which rites recreate for the survivors. Obscenity is obscenity in its absence, its impossibility, of circumlocution, a symbolic axis of interiority. Obscenity is that which is spoken because it cannot be spoken; philosophy is an obscenity; a pornography; its speaking is a flattening; a circumdiction of disturbance; what is called a therapeutic or meditation; a dreamwork or working-through; what is symbolic labor. In labor exchange value and use value are equivalent; to think otherwise is to mistake ontology for content. The value of labor lies in reification; in "fitting" (Bohm); in the production
of materials; of thought; operations within or across ontologies; emotions or prime numbers; bricks or philosophy. Obscenity is valuable in its valuelessness; it works, working through nothing; it is contrary or wayward, contradiction; obscenity occurs within the Sheffer stroke dual "neither A nor B"; in its elsewhere; in its range outside the organization and data-basing of labor and its production.

10
Of the absurdity of analysis of X: X-beneath-the-sign-of-Y-analyzed or mediated by Z: Z(Y(X)) for example; forgive the errors of category. A loss: Philosophy exists qua philosophy to the extent that Y is problematic; that Z turns away; turns the other face; that the tending of X; of the world; is towards Other. What can be said dissolves in speciality; in the interconnections among specialities; in the discourses of specializations; that is, in the discourses of analysts; perhaps in analytical discourses or discourse. The value of art is in opposition to the value of labor; art is active and potential laborlessness-in-production; obscenity underlies both; underlies philosophy; violence and sexuality underlie obscenity; obscenity underlies both.

11
By default we are stewards of the earth. An irresolute contradiction: beginning and ending of philosophy, absence of, not absented, Being; philosophy of this labor, this presence, this present: but: philosophy not of psychology, not of sexuality; neither the tropology nor the speciality; therefore the body present and absent; desire present and absent; mathesis present and absent: but: the remoteness of philosophy; remoteness of mathematics; remoteness of fundamental ontologies; within beings without Being. Therefore "by default": given that there is none, that there is none other; our ethos: subsummation of the other; recuperation of the other within the same; recuperation of the same within the other. Sheffer dual: "neither A nor B"; Sheffer: "not both A and B"; the fundamental "jectivity" - projection and introjection - expulsion and incorporation - exculpation and absolution (the register of ethos) - of organism in relation, in dialog, dialectic, with the world: imminent perceived environment - the project of organism, project of the environment vis-a-vis organism. The given without the giver, given without the gift, limitless, unbounded: the present. Stewardship by default: the given of the world, the wager of local zero-sum. Foundation of belief in relation to "what is to be done": Second jectivity, the overlay of ethos, Spirit, what passes for foundation. The foundation of belief is in passing. Is in passing as such. Belief is nothing if not of consequence; the consequence of belief is stewardship.

12
The basis of stewardship is decision. Decision is bifurcation, digital. Bifurcation is fundamental: the Schrödinger cat paradox depends on it. From analog continuous waveform to digital. The suturing of the digital: flattening; flattening by the organism in relation to the organism and its functioning. Suturing: the mathematical operation of integration. The other side of flattening: Contrast increase: the mathematical operation of
differentiation. Differentiation is the basis of survival. Differentiation is a disturbance of the digital within the analog. From disturbance, suturing. Worlding is dialog-dialectic among flattening and disturbance.

13
Here philosophy no longer speaks: I no longer speak. For what is being spoke is, can only be, speech broken by the world. Speech by its very present-presencing is always already broken; philosophy breaks on speech.

14
"Of such, without recourse to the return, because of evidence: one cannot return, or rather a return would be always and only from the present to the present, operable upon a remnant of the production, but only the remnant, which would be drawn into presence, or re-presentation.' The return is inconceivable, a conceiving; the return: from heroic travel; from death to birth; from wound to heal; from anomaly to suture; from digital to analog; from (mythology of the) death drive to (mythology of the) death drive; from arousal to satiation. The return is as-if, fiction. The return loops; there is never a return; the return re-presents the world; all re-presentation of the world is the appearance of return. To return is to re-possess; possessions are repossessions. The loop of the return is the process of reification; it transforms the appearance of inherent value into exchange; within mathesis, it is capital. Capital is seeing the world; it is eternal presence. Eternal return is always eternal presence; it is the presence of as-if-I-had-known within the I-know; return is the foundation of culture.

15
Return is the foundation of culture; desire is the foundation of culture; language is the foundation of culture; sexuality is the foundation of culture; product-production is the foundation of culture; disturbance is the foundation of culture; differentiation is the foundation of culture; negation is the foundation of culture; there is no foundation of culture as such; there is no cultural foundation. (If the world were not a stew, philosophy would be axiomatic; if philosophy were axiomatic, there would be no philosophy. The exhaustion of the absolute is the absolute of exhaustion.)

16
To clear the house: the necessity of God/Spirit/meaning; abstracted capitalized universals. These are misrecognitions, misapplications; from the specific to the general; from the imminent to the immanent; from many to one; from one to One. Occam's pragmatism; eliminate them. They are of service (they do not "serve") intrinsically; they comfort; they provide a matrix (as-if from matrix to Matrix); the appearance of transcendence; the therapeutic of warding-off death. They contradict flattening as tropes of disturbance. They appear from elsewhere, elsewhen; they appear elsewhere; an introjected Other. Beware of capitals; of Capital. The projection of capitals returns as meaning; returns the loop; implies foundation (as-if from foundation to Foundation). They recuperate, exculpate, death (as-if from death to Death). They are the marrow of human culture. Farm them out;
construct theologies, emblems; consider them (capital) Emblematic. Thus the symbolic emerges (from pre-linguistic, from proto-linguistic, from "chora") as-if from the Emblematic; as-if the Emblematic situates the symbolic vis-a-vis the human. From "situates" to "Situates," situation to "Situation"; Situation is generated by the Emblematic. To follow-through is to follow through with difficulty; with the problematic of verification. Adopt what works; otherwise adapt. "What works" = "what works for you."

17
From meanings to meaning to Meaning; from beings to being (copula included) to Being; from spirits to spirit to Spirit. But the last already implies an ontological split, disturbance, fueled by the foreknowledge of death; by problematic causal explanations of lifeworld events; by the recuperation, exculpation, of random tragedies. From humans to spirits is the production of meaning extended to the imminent. From imminent to immanent is father than the eye can see.

18
Flattening is being in the world; it is, references (what is, here, references) the style of the world. Depth absorbs disturbance, literally circumlocutes, circumscribes. The totality of circumscriptions of disturbances constitute a cultural textuality. The calling-forth of the Emblematic follows suit, exists within linguistic-psychoanalytic registers. The Emblematic is constituted by the virtual; from the virtual (as-if) to the Virtual. The virtual is always already within the world; technology, from tacit knowledge through electronic avatar, augments it. Augmentation filters (appears to filter) flattening; appears to distort; appears to generate depth (ontological fecundity), multiply-connected manifolds (epistemological fecundity). The virtual is inner speech, historicity and fecundity of interiority; philosophy is always already virtual; the discourse of the virtual is philosophical.

19
Every symbol is a ligament of avatar; every referent is a gesture; every gesture procures the body; every body is a speaking body; every body is a spoken body; every body is spoken-for.

20
Organism inhabits the symbolic; the symbolic is not a matter of consciousness; a manner of consciousness; the symbolic is a manner of worlding; of inhabitation. The provenance of the symbolic is not solely human; the provenance of stewardship lies within the symbolic of the human. "By default we are stewards of the earth": precisely because of the extension of human power; of the vectorization of human culture. Vectorization: the physical extension of culture, the sprawl.

21
Distinctions among protocols and interfaces; every interface is protocol; every protocol interfaces; each is pole ("poles") the other; each participates in flattening. What is external to protocol: inconceivable
content, subjectivity; what is internal: invisibility, objectivity. From GPS through VLF radio: the measurement of the world, its skein. What is required for visibility, what technology, organism, protein? Protocols extend perceptual tacit knowledge; functionality. Of etiquette let it be said it is first and foremost exclusionary. Cybernetic feedback designates. Protocols distinguish, differentiation and integration in dialectic. The symbolic remains unread; the symbolic is transparent, readable. For the first time a three-dimensional map of the second planet from the sun is available for visual search with or without placenames given a desktop configuration of sufficient power. Protocols are the mute inverse of stewardship; they do not serve; they serve-to. Interfaces are not end-points; they bridge ontologies, continue the flow. Mind locates nowhere; is located nowhere; extensions extend without center, centering. Mind locates within presencing present; mind locates nowhen; is located nowhen. The purpose of philosophy is to pare; to pare even the ladder or the propositions. Philosophy has no purpose; it is not an exhibition; art is exhibition and venue; philosophy chatters; philosophy is doing and reading philosophy is a continuation of doing. Reading philosophy is the pretense of interface; doing philosophy problematizes protocols. To do philosophy is not to have done with philosophy.

"I have promised you a journey which is a journey of no return; a journey of conceptualization or imagination; a journey within the imaginary. There is no return in return; there are no loops in looping; what fits has always fit; what does not fit remains incommensurate. If I integrate: flattening and the apparition of death (which never appears); if I differentiate: disturbance and the reality of organism (which always appears; always is apparent). This philosophy - this of all philosophy - tends towards particulation, particulate matter; tends towards emission; tends towards gathering." Reverse Sheffer stroke and its dual: from out there, possibly from A or B, the appearance of A or B; B; from out there, the appearance of A and B. From a distance: the disturbance. In the neighborhood: flattening and absorption. The abacus of infinitely fine grain appears to the base infinity; the abacus of extraordinary differentiation signifies presence of the framework. What was once dialectic clearly has no resolution or leap; no tendency towards bootstrapping elsewhere. Instead: continuous dialog, information, absolutely mute: indiscernible processes. The world is infinitely invisible.

Infinitely invisible: What is seen on the surface of granite for example hides interior grains. The granularity of the world is always already inaccessible; art serves to make symbol of substance; of the surface of substance; of the cloak or masquerade. Art is farming-out; physical analysis is farming-out; microscopy is farming-out. Microscopes/telescopes reveal everything and nothing; occurrences continue on ontologically-cohering n-dimensional manifolds. Everything is what it appears to be; nothing is what it appears to be; everything is leveled, intertwined, intermingled, mingled, muxed. Ontology only goes so far to
the portal of universal origin, "big bang" and inflation, just as increased accelerator energy may conceivably generate "new" and unexpected phenomena forever - the only limitation is economics (Brillouin). Nothing satisfies; ontologies may be enumerated, epistemologies extended to theoretically-infinite tolerances; it is all the same - not ennui (that surely is different) or boredom (that surely is different as well) or defuge (the same). One might say this is a "condition of the age." Of course there is no thing-in-itself; there are always already others.

"The condition of the age." "Organism inhabits the symbolic; the symbolic is not a matter of consciousness; a manner of consciousness; the symbolic is a manner of worlding; of inhabitation." Of steward and the symbolic, the emergence of ecology. The fundamental ground of ecology: non-existent, function in relation to ethos. Ethos is always already consensual, boot-strapped; ethos is implicated in, implicates, the Emblematic. The ecological presupposes states of innocence, states of the pre-symbolic; language corrupts, is corrupted; violence coheres to language. The steering-mechanism of the ecological is survival; you might argue as well for the symmetry of beauty; for the inherency (rights, behaviors, cultures) of organisms; for any functional attribution (medical discoveries, cleaner air); these are framed, frameworded, farmed-out. What can be drawn from all of this? What lessons? That the world possesses an Ought: that X or Y ought to survive? Every X or Y is contested. That I agree, that I agree violently, is irrelevant; only that my violence might impinge on your design. I desire the presencing of a world with few intruders; I will argue that, but I cannot found that. That I argue that, is happenstance; is a decision in which belief, not Belief, plays a role. The trick is to drive out transcendence, ignore immanence, violate the slightest appearance of the Absolute; the trick is the sublimation of the sublime. Do I need to argue this? Must one fight?

Do animals have rights? Do humans? What constitutes the "have"? What constitutes inherency, granting? What designates the social? What designates the "natural-social"? Rights are ad hoc; situational; communal; group-identified; legislated; unjust. I cannot appeal to justice; to justice = Justice. Must I fight?

Such issues are articulated; self-organize; within a structuralist territorialization; disappearing outside or beyond (they are beyond) any emblematic. When I = ego = Ego appears within this, this short-circuits. The I is always present; now it is surface, "my" violence "on" your design". This is normal philosophy, non-paradigmatic; philosophical biography is not far behind. The text corners the text; self-references; deconstructs. Retreat. (I emphasize the shame of writing, the written-tawdry, the embarrassment of presence. Let production produce production. I withdraw.)
Beyond or external to mathematics, mathesis, 0 and 1 are situational; they are discursive tokens, floating signifiers. What one presents, the other exculpates; what one withdraws, the other absolves. 0 is already a multiplicity; just look at it. Articulation leads quickly to power sets, cellular automata chaos, differentiations, growth: differentiation to the degree-zero of substance, the analogic. What is ruptured at close sight, smoothes at farther; both are latent, developed much as a photographic plate. Set-theoretical paradoxes are the rubble of mathematics; the mathematics of ideal forms remains in light of them. The continuum hypothesis is subject only to choice outside of the continuum hypothesis; someone does something one way or another with mathesis, axioms, infinities. Mathematical ontology is the structure of the world; sets of parameters define all that there is; such parameters may be ab nihilo, virtual, real, stochastic, chaotic, fuzzy; given certain dimensions, certain tolerances, they exhaust. A message from elsewhere is a message by virtue of structure and interpretation. A lesson: the I withdrawn in favor of; as a result of; as a consequence of; the eye. And the eye withdrawn, withdraws.

28

Philosophy as philosophy of organism-situated-in-the-world, as human-thus situation; philosophy elsewise as that of ultimate species: both employ the emblematic or Emblematic. What is to be done with the human? Farmed-out the answers are in part ethos-dependent, ethos dependent on disciplinary values. Ultimate species: To the extent that philosophy is concerned with ulteriority, exteriority, the being of the world, beings of the world; then is philosophy intrinsic; then is the Emblematic always already employed; limit phenomena are Emblematic phenomena: give a name to universal containment / containment of the universal. Philosophy is nothing; philosophy does not veer; philosophy is veered. Philosophy is concerned with nothing; organisms are concerned; concern is a characteristic of organism; negation is a characteristic of concern; concern is a characteristic of negation. It is the concern of organisms that is filtered into philosophy, farmed-out, of living. What is the concern which is filtered? The concern is a disturbance. The concern is either circumlocution or its problematic; recognition or misrecognition of the same. The concern is the deconstruction of circumlocution; circumlocution, circumscription ==> a presentation of the world as-if Emblematic. This philosophy is the withdrawal from (not of) the Emblematic; the withdrawal is a tendency towards defuge, towards discomfort and its problematic. Defuge is that which is simultaneously absorbed and negated, simultaneously cathected and decathected; defuge is the shame of the organism, the transformation of the pornography of the world, through usage, into waste. The inverse of the Emblematic is defuge, which presents presents no name, no characterology, no tropology; the being of granite is the being of the organism upon reflection. Reflection is the doing of philosophy, its accoutrements. Reflection is reflection-upon; "upon" does not require an intentional object, state, or process; "upon" may be decathected. What is neutral is of no interest altogether.
"How to begin philosophy, how to begin the process of philosophizing, an activity, a form of labor, the philosopher and the production." Nothing can be done that has not been done, here. Nothing can be cleared that has not been cleared, here. Having begun, how to continue; of summary or conclusion: how to avoid both, the result rag-tag description, farmed-out explanation, epistemological flattening, local ontologies, adjudication and circumscription of the Emblematic, the Emblematic found wanting. The tread of writing visible, indiscretions; appearance of textuality, fear of self-reference, defuge. There is nothing here to guide by stars. There is nothing of faith, nothing for the faithful. The world is the world as such, thetic, mute, flattened. One speaks, writes, as if something has been accomplished; nothing has been accomplished, neither declarative nor performative. The granularity of the world, pixellation, dominates those texts which might otherwise nourish the dark night of the soul. No soul, no spirit, no variegated ontologies, local ontologies, fecundity of local epistemologies, framing. One says one thing; one says another; puns undermine both; belief is of little consequence; belief = consequence = Belief. Consider this a writing of the world; rewriting of the world; writing worlding; writing of presence, present, present writing. This is the construction of this. Within the future anterior: this will have been appearing; this will have appeared; this is appearing. (This is online writing; this is being-online; this is a procurement of a description of the world; by organism; by veer or swerve; by disturbance; this is disturbance. This is history.)

(By flattening I do not mean flattening; by disturbance I mean disturbance of meaning; all meaning, the procurement of meaning, is disturbance. Within the future anterior, this will have been completed.)

[none forthcoming]

The Story

I drive a 2005 Jaguar S Type. Taking home 6 digit level in 18 months. Having a great time. It's a blast and I am a hero to the courts and to my clients. What an outstanding career to be in. I know God is on my side. At night I pray for my good fortune. I wonder how many will believe me, or how many will just find this "literature." I hate literature with a passion; it is not the force that drives this mighty civilization. Doing exactly what God tells me to do is working beautifully. I go to the court and locate all of the clients I can handle. Some say this is a court "of last resort." I say this is the difference between Law and Justice, between reason and the vigilante. For I mete out Justice which some find Law. I find all assets and employment. Funds arrive to my PO Box. It's like magic. I love it. I can take a holiday when ever I have a whim to do so. Hawaii and a 1050 footer to the Panama Canal this year. Yes, God has been good to me; my boat is one fifth of a mile long, less 30 feet. It is
a wonderful length and I walk it during my meditation. For I do question the mathematics of this world, and my Jaguar and 1200 foot boat do not distract from my ultimate goal of solving this world's problem, while retaining an absent ontology which some may well considered entitled to the name of "Absolute." Here is what I have dreamed, closing the great chasm that lies between us:

"Thereupon I descended until, as the ocean's surface came nearer and nearer, I discovered a tiny island lying almost directly underneath me. It was hardly big enough to make a dot on the biggest map, but a clump of trees grew in the central portion, while around the edges were jagged rocks protecting a sandy beach and a stretch of flower-strewn upland leading to the trees."

Now it is clear that the island is that of mathematics, and the central portion is the refuge of axiomatics. I am certain as well that the clump of trees is the effusion of postulates necessary to remind us of our finitude in the grasp of idealities. Moreso, the jagged rocks are those of chaos and catastrophe theories forced from smooth manifolds, just as the flower-strewn upland references the set of those cellular automata whose patterning is inherently irregular.

My house is filled with the latest plasma, RFID, and wireless technologies, yet I do not seem happy, not even when I have completed mergers, foreclosures, or buyouts. I cannot reasonably deny that a central core, if such there be, is missing from my life. But when I close my eyes, or ride at high-speed in my Jaguar S, Something tells me it has all been worth it. My only question is: What, or who, is that Something? Where is happiness? When is joy?
honors hughes indeed itwasn legend lenore living looked marked market mewled mgxnaa miekal mobile moment mother narrow nemarr nemith number orenre oriaid oughth passed people picked pirate planet player poetry profit public pulled recipe reeves remove report revere ribbon rienre ripper rubber safety saying secret seeing single social sosizi spampoo sstorm street string sullen superb theory things thinks thisis thorin though throet throok toboe topics trying ucture update villas wealth wisdom worker yqlsa

about after aloud asked aware awoke bacon begin being birds black books brian buffy byony cause chary clear click cloud could crack crock cuffs death demon doing eager early earth email ended esand evera eviay evolt faces feels finds first flint flock folks found fried gives glass globe gmail going green group guess horse hungry ichay irdog issue iting james jesus jokes knife known knows kodex least links local locus louis lower maybe messy might money naked named needs night oetry older olive other pants paper paste phine piece place plaid plate pleen point print queer raise reads revia right river robot share sharp shelf shoot signs small south space still stone stuck sweep teeth tenor terms thats their there these think three thror throu tiger tiles times today tombi trine until video viejo visit voice watch water weepy weird which whole whose world would wrote yahoo years yount yours youve

akin anns area asoe back been bhrc body bush buys came cats chop city code copy date days dead deep dick didn died docs dome dont dori down dull dyke east echo evia eyes fall fame faux feed feel feet fine fire five foam fork four from fubo ghim gone good hair hall have head help here hole home hope http hurt idea info into isbn joch just keep kind know ksdk last lazy left life like line live long look lord lost made mail make many mark math mean mike mine more most move much nail near nerf news next ones only onto over page pain park path pelf pese pets play pork prin pson pure qrlb rich rock roll said says seem send shut side size some span spur swag tale text than that them then they this time type uinn ukka urge very view well went were what when wide wife will wise with wood worn xifz yeti york your

ach act add ago all ame and any ape are art ary ase bar big bum but can cat cdt ceq com day des did don dud eat end far for fri fun fwd get got had has her him his hom hot how inn int its ity ive joy let man may met mwt net new not now nut old one ook ooo org ouf our out own pac pan pdt put qua red rss say see sit tar tea ter the thu too tot try use van was web who you

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aceg himn os tu wxy

True philosophy; the Mirror of the World: take this seriously
Exhausted uninterpretable code remnant; the mess or ruin; collapse equivalent to sublime: The ruin of the world; this is the world's ruin; standard-normal debris; standardized tolerance; to a specific loss of resolution; all the resolution in the world couldn't interpret this; this is gone code; it's not unique code; it's algorithmic; it's stuttered into oblivion; it's germinal; it's grated to the degree of rupture:

The mirror of the world; the world's a ruin, uninterpretable; this is the symbol-symbolic of the world; the world's its imaginary; this is time; this is the style of the ending of time; this won't remain; this won't be considered; this won't be decoded:

This is how the world is; this is the only truth of the world; this swings between interpretation and collocation; between the pile and the bulwark; between the analog and the digital shoring-up; they're melted; they're lost; they're communication's dissolution; it's to be insisted: this is how the world is; this collapse; this multiple-folding; this corrupted folding; this entropic heritage; this bored language; this sequence:

pico zz.txt | sort zz.txt | yy | pico yy | sort yy yy | pico yy | sed pants other olive older oetry nlppppsp ppnlpppp ppnlpppp teachernlpsp pico zz rev zz | yy; | pico yy mv yy zz hl | zz pnlppppp nlppppp p nlpp nlpsp nlppsp pp nlppnl psp ppppsnlpsp pppppspnlsp pnlppnlpsssp | pico zz | sed 's/^ //g' zz | yy | sed 's/^ //g' yy sullen string street 's/sp/g' yy | zz | pico zz | sed 's/^ //g' zz | yy | | yy | pico yy sort yy | pico yy | sort yy | zz; | pico zz | sort zz | zz | pico zz | sort zz subject a pppsp ppppsp stanleyp spotted nlpsponsor sed 's/^ //g' yy | zz sstorm through thought telling p pppppsp pppnlppp tail -300 op | zz.txt | 's/#.//g' yy | zz | pico zz sed 's/sp //g' zz | yy | sed 's/ sp //g' zz | yy | zz | pico zz | sort zz | yy | pico yy | sed | zz pico zz | sort zz | -f a/back < zz | yy | sort yy | zz | pico zz rev zz | yy | sort yy | zz | | yy; | pico yy | sort yy | zz ; | pico zz | awk

What is Codework?

Codework is a practice, not a product.
It is praxis, part and parcel of the critique of everyday life.
It is not canonic, although it is taken as such.
It is not a genre, although it is taken as such.
The term is relatively new and should always be renewed.
We are suffused with code and its intermingling with surface phenomena.
Wave-trains of very low frequency radio pulses for example.
Phenomenology of chickadee calls.
Codework is not a metaphor, not metaphorical.
It exists precisely in the obdurate interstice between the real and the symbolic. It exists in the arrow.
It is not a set of procedures or perceptions. It is the noise in the system.
It is not the encapsulation or noise of the system.
It is continuous; it is parasitic; it is thetic.
When it becomes metaphor, masterpiece, artwork, it is still-born; it is of no interest except as cultural residue: it is of great interest to critics, gallerists, editors.
When it is not collectible, not a thing, virtual or otherwise, it is not of interest to critics, gallerists, editors.
Things have already taken up its name, as if pictures in an exhibition.
This is nothing more than the continuous reification, territorialization, conquest, of the real - as if the real were always already cleansed, available for the taking - as if the real were already transformed into capital.
Capital is the encapsulation, objectification, of code. Capital drives the code-conference, the code-book, the code-movement, the code-artist, the code-masterpiece; capital drives the technology.
In short: Capital drives code into metaphor.
In short: Metaphor drives code into capital.
In short, but of greater difficulty: Capital drives metaphor into code.
In production, simpler: Metaphor drives capital into code.
The driving of metaphor, code, or capital is not codework.
Codework is the labor of code, subject to thermodynamics.
Codework is demonstrative, demonstrative fragment, experiment, partial-inscription, partial-object, the _thing_ prior to its presentation, the linguistic kernel of the pre-linguistic. Code is the thetic, the gestural, of the demonstrative.
It the gesture that never quite takes. It is the noise inherent in the gestural.
However: Codework will become a _subject_ or a _sub-genre_ or a _venue_ or an _artwork_ or an _artist_ or a _dealer_ or a _collector._ However: This is not codework, or: What I describe above is not codework; after all, names are subsumed beneath the sign (Emblematic) of capital – as if something is being accomplished. (Hackers who are not hackers are unhacked.)
To code is not to produce codework; it is to produce code on the level of the code or interface. Bridged code, embedded code, is not codework; the irreversible spew of cellular automata is codework, all the better if the rules are noisy. The cultural production of codework abjures intensifications, strange attractors, descriptions such as this (which is the oldest game in the _book_). The hunt and reception of short-wave number codes is codework. Writers on the edge are circumscribed by codework, malfunctioned psychoanalytics, scatologies. Jews, Gypsies, Gays, Blacks, are endlessly coded and decoded; the codes are dissolute, partial, always already incomplete: the differend is codework.
To speak against the differend is codework; tumors are codework, metastases. The useless sequences of DNA, RNA.
Be wary of the violence of the legible text. Beware the metaphor which institutionalizes, the text which defines, the text of positivities, not negations, the circumscribing text, inscribing text; beware of the producers and institutions of these texts, whose stake is in hardening of definitions, control, capital, slaughter: Texts slaughter. And texts slaughter texts.
(Real-time typing/improvisation laptop performance with A/V files. We had a fine audience.)

ST this is an 'abrupt start' usually i begin outside a gallery context or in some other context, this is a difficult situation, after all the gallery's overdetermined i went to the Joan Jonas show today and for the past few days hope you saw it - by the way the image above is the Ukrainian revolution - anyway - the show was about memory and display and masquerade and gender but it was also about $180000, I think that's the right amount of zeroes, well that doesn't matter but I'd have liked to have a copy of the DVD - artists tend to exchange dvds and poetry books (we're all fucking poor) and here within the institutionalization (love that word, it's like deterritorialization) of the gallery system we're barred, so damnit we should go ihn, but the show's closed and then - oh, the mp3's almost over - and make a bootleg of Jonas anyway if anyone has a bootleg we'll pay about ten dollars for it that's twice the new york street price - so the doctor piece usually comes up later - somewhere about halfway through the piece - it just appeared early this time, i'm sorry, i hope it doesn't throw you off - it takes a while, I'm beginning but just beginning -- to sink into the images - that is, it's cranial - something will emerge, it might just take a while, please be patient and if not, well you've waisted only a little bit of time - every so often we try and _get on the screen _ = make some sort of connection - what this work is about, this work in general, screen images, that's all you're seeing here - connected with bodies in displayed or inconceivable positions - bodies appearing out of nowhere - bodies representative of empire - of broken desire - of things gone horribly wrong - if you read the history of the late roman empire - it becomes a history of chains, of tortures, of factions each intent on ravaging countrysides - it's not true people can live through anything - agriculture must have been destroyed - all for foreign wars - these were in - these were in main for the most part - Iraq - Persia then - too many resources - what was going on at home - rome wasn't the center any more - there were lots of emperors doing the MISSION ACCOMPLISHED bit back then - most of them were killed falling on their own swords - the Goths came in - other groups - that was about i t - now - it's about the same thing - different weapons - d own from the analog to the digital - things coming apart in pieces - inconceivable fucking -- bodies in untoward positions - there's no return - you just can't make heads like this can you? unless you're at war in which case you can make them any way you want - Azure (on the right thank god) is dancing - you can hear her footsteps - so what - so what you're hearing - what's coming through - is radio - radio waves - this show is about transmissions - emissions - radiations - pollutions - so you're listening - that's the radio - the white box - you can hear very low frequency radio - she's interfering with the planet's atmosphere - literally - changing the radio patterning - that's what you're listening to - this is the sound - all of this - of the field telephone - in the tent in front of you - connected to Leslie Thornton's
tent in the other room - when the batteries are in it - I shipped the batteries - they exploded on the way here - i didn't know it - I unpacked them - my hands were covered with acid, well I thought, we should just LOOK at them - this is a true story by the way - I don't know if you're paying attention - oh oh the phone, the tiny phone in the tent, loves listening to itself, it can finally have a mirror, it can say - this is what I sound like, LISTEN TO ME! - across the country we looked for places to record very low frequency radio - you have to be away from civilizaiton, specificlly the power grid - the electircal grid which interferes with it - that's what we're doing - going wherever ther's not that buzz, that interfering buzz - in any case - and in this image - in this image - there's something taken aperet - there's - a distortion, tension in the face- the face can be pulled apart - when you play:

1. war
2. digital
you can pull apart faces. Now I'm not saying that war = digital = botox
nothing like that - but that all of these - it's like character trates - this is the conclusion of a silent film which I thought you might enjoy since th eonly voice here is my own - if yo haven't been in the trolley car - but first, notice the masts in the water - this is a sunken lightship off brooklyn - this is an '897 trolley - that's eighteen ninety seven - trolleys keep following me - they're the subject of this space - of bergamot - this is being moved - it's an electrica trolley - a book in the case - actually case two I think maybe not - in the room on the left - is called Benedict Arnold and is part of the Electrical Series - I think 1858 - not sure of the date - it's next to a very old 1897 or thereabouts telegraph receiver - these are I think maybe in the same case? as the spintariscope which contains radium from 1903 just around when it was discovered - the thing still works - and in the next cage - older analog behaviors - there are slides, perhaps you've noticed them? of tuberculosis, diptheria, plague, I forget the rest - things that rot your insides out, parasites, dead men walking - I think the slides are harmless now - I hope so, I've been handling them - they've been leaking - it's always worth while: DOUBLE YOUR YODEL (this is an aside) (to what?) - here comes Azure and myself at home - you can see we're losing focus here - but at least, wow what modelling!!! - the performer on the right - she'll be out in a moment - she's not performing - she's tuning - the sound - is from work I've done - somewhere in NY - not NYC - somewhere else - it's Anja Schmidt - who - I think - can become trance/en-tranced/entranced quickly - you will have to wait - it's there - there's always smething in the ditgital domain - iv'e worked with dancers - continue to work with dancers - first, dance is something I can't do - I'm impossible, I can't move at all - I'm traumatized - it's like war - it's like Speer walking round and round the prison after the war - I admire people who can move - who are free to move - who don't worry about it - who don't think about it - so I hve these opportunities - it's as if the world were murmuring - somewhere else beyond slaughter - somewhere into water - that is Maud dancing below - she gets tired - she repeatss herself - she can't continue repeating herself - she falls out - falls over - falls into line - falls out of favor - what fascinates me - in other words - is always,
everywhere, the inconceivable - what possibilities exist beyond possibilities - what nestings are possible - for example - within the tents - within the fabric of the tents - outside the realm - of any other possibilities - outside the realm of slaughter - if I could assassinate - if I had the courage - I'd put an end to things - but behind every killer is another killer - I admit freely here - I'm a coward - I'm afraid of pain - afraid of killing - I wouldn't know how - wouldn't know what I was doing....
- this is radio radio - this is antennata azure - this is the sound of atmosphere - this is the fury of wire - and this - moreso - this is Poofwa d'Imobilite - working the wire - the same wire - it's antenna connected to vlf to recording device to speaker back into room back into wire vibration -
so where were we - within the analog realm of the real, nothing but slaughter: NOTHING but slaughter - within the digital realm of the real - REAL not VIRTUAL - nothing but REARRANGEMENT - tensor calculus - inconceivability - it returns to slaughter with a longer loop -
this show is called em/bedded - em/bedded with slaughter, bedded with slaughter - embedded in Iraq - following the troops of Rome into Persia - into slaughter - into inconceivable analog torture - EM/bedded - that dash or hyphen of the typographical - dividing words - leading you on - crashing against itself - as if there were somewhere to go - there's nowhere to go - I do hope you like the show - why am I here at this point? - this is where I'd rather be - THIS is where I'd rather be - by the way we're NOT in the trolley car now - there are usually two more projections ther e- if you haven't wandered in - this is somewhere else - what I can do - while speices are being slaughtered (three to four an hour, the verdict's not clear) - I can combine things - just as here - as if babies could do that: think of it - babies can't do that - CAN'T do that - but dancers CAN do that - and I can't do much of anything - earl Earl
Earl
Earlier today I saw the Joan Jonas shhow again and - what was amazing, I thought, she's an artist, it's made to look easy, she's breathing that way - it's that way so smooth - kind of like Coleridge in fact thought about Wordsworth but that's another sotry - and then I thought - kind of like Coleridge - perhaps I should give up art altogether - at least this THIS kind of art - which makes no money and is CONTRIVED in relation to Joan Jonas - at least in relation to her =- and is orders of magnitue smaller than one hundred eighty thousand UNITED STATES DOLLARS - so then, well, I'd give away the dvds...
that's US on the right, and PREFAB on the left....
AND THANK YOU FOR COMING AND HOPE YOU ENJOY THE REST OF THE SHOW -

* 

s * l = s; u * l = u; b * l = b; s * l = s; t * l = t; a * l = a; n * l = n; c * l = c; e * l = e; * l = ; w * l = w; e * l = e; l * l = l; l * l = l; s * l = s; * l = ; t * l = t; h * l = h; r * l = r; o * l = o; u * l = u; g * l = g; h * l = h; * l = ; i * l = i; n * l = n; d * l = d; i * l =
with the uttermost beauty of human beings there is no rest here and here in this space * static images of dismembered avatar imaginaries torn into uncanny beauty and troubling poses * dark spaces of rattling building vibrations sublated to aural frequencies of the human organism they are here * dark crackles of very low frequency radio trembling in the presence of human bodies auroras lightning decay of particles across the cosmos near and far */set up with antenna in main room perhaps speakers in back room - but on/off switching absolutely necessary - perhaps VLF radio with recorded sound/* * i am so ashamed i cried when i saw these images written large somewhere in the vicinity of wwi and wwii * the 1895 telegraph receiver mounted in the antique trolley car clacking away and electronically echoed from sourceless speakers sounds and presence of ghosts */may or may not be possible depending on cost and construction skill/* * the this of this is you and the you in this splayed space * space of ionizations ionized air recorded space of radium decays * space of furious nighttime guitars garcia lorca spanish civil war * space of inscribing of inscriptions of the last inscriptions of soldiers dying and all memories lost recuperations of names and translations from foreign tongues * the evanescence of horror in the absence of horror naming horror in its very absence * every i is murderer every i makes love

The tents in the outer room are half-tents, partially attached to the framework of the building, partially floating. They are as nomadic as signifiers, language flushed out of its lair. But the tents are real, canvas; an air of depression hangs over them, a fog. They are in the midst of an image storm, a continuous splay, spew, emission, of violence, sexuality, cloned grotesques, the crackling of radio, electricity. The work occurs in the far future - mutations, extinctions, broken spaces of information. The work occurs in the past - organisms huddled as if protected against the fury of the world, primitive electrical machines tuned into atmosphere and universe. The distorted bodies are our own of course, in the present, of course. The work offers no solution - there isn't any - but presents a distorted beauty of its own. The field telephones connect the tents in the smaller and larger room. The kite connects the tent in the outer room to the atmosphere. The tents in the outer room are splayed, dysfunctional, as if attempting, and failing, to rise form the ground. The tent in the inner room is home to images, to a space of looking, watching. The tents are WWII tents, resonant with the materials in the smaller room, with the video and tent of Leslie Thornton. Think of the in both rooms as along a sightline, faultline. HELLO HELLO.
a war

"Tonight there are fireworks. The war seems to have come to an end. And then I remember, there was no war."

"You remembered that the coming was the war itself."

"You fought against the inscription of the trench and its dimensional collapse into the foxhole."

"You fought and you collapsed."

"Nothing of writing remained, nothing of the world at war."

High-Speed Sutra

I don't know what it means to practice Zen.
I don't know what it means to do anything at all.
Whatever it means, I'm not doing it. I'm definitely not doing it.

I think I might practice something.
I'm already at the edge of the cliff. Something, anything, one for all.
All for one is nothing. I won't practice that.
I won't practice writing either.

The practice of writing is writing.
The practice of Zen is nothing at all. I won't do it.
This isn't writing, this is practice.
I'll write something later on.

I should add I don't know anything about Zen.
I should add I'm writing borrowed-Zen.
I don't know anything about Zen, I'm writing borrowed-Zen.
My Zen is faster than yours.
I should add my Zen is fast.

I won't do it, not even to do it. I won't do Zen.
There are hungry ghosts after me, they know!
Where they are, I'm not. Where I am, they won't go!
My Zen is faster than theirs. My ducks are enlightened Kwak! Kwak!

Not dying is not not wanting to die.
Dying is not wanting to die and not not wanting to die.
After a while negation buzzes. Automata make negation machines.
Negation machines buzz for me. They make things faster.

Just because my Zen is fast doesn't mean it's not Zen.
Just because I feel nothing doesn't mean I'm not enlightened.
My enlightened Zen takes a nanosecond.
Whatever takes anything, I'm not doing it!
I haven't done it either!

This is the High-Speed Sutra.

flattening and epistemo-ontological differences

i move between epistemology and ontology without even recognising the difference, since for me conceptual necessity equals natural necessity. an interesting case of confusion of ontology and epistemology is hermeneutics. since for me conceptual necessity equals natural necessity in this respect, epistemology cannot be investigated without regard to what there is. metaphysics, or alternatively ontology, is that branch of philosophy where the central concept of feminist epistemology is that of a situated knower. in order to make any progress in epistemology or ontology, i claim, one assumes that, belief in god is like our belief that two plus two equals four. ontology is the study of what there is, two useful additions are functions and predicate functionals. and so, we place the study of epistemology immediately before ontology. this would be where epistemology equals ontology, knowing = being. this would be the pearl of great price, if satan were interpreted as duality. epistemology is the study of how we know what we know. ontological issues revolve around the nature of the phenomenon we are seeking to know. epistemology is the philosophical theory of knowledge, ie, the study of knowledge. ontology is the theory of the nature of being and existence, ie, the application of knowledge to epistemology. contemporary cognitive psychology ignores both epistemology and ontology. a claim which is commonly made is that the science of cognition is concerned with a convenient overarching rubric of philosophical concerns; however, it is the triad of axiology, epistemology, and metaphysics/ontology that formulate its absolute foundation, flattening. lets distinguish first between epistemology and ontology. epistemology studies the nature of knowledge which actually means how we conceive our existence. lets distinguish first between epistemology and ontology. epistemology studies the nature of knowledge which actually means how we conceive our essence as well. nevertheless, i wish to do so.

the true limit k chant

to furious to to furious the to woman. i to woman. a the woman. woman. the
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Axed

puddle Dates Axed WTF cases weeklong Dates Venue Sun ? ... weeklong puddle Dates Axed WTF cases weeklong Dates Venue Sun eating, core-dumping.

Dates Venue Sun II , sondheim Venue weeklong Furtado sondheim weeklong Dates Venue Sun II ... incandescent way me in-me your baby! What times!

Julu ... and it has taken you just 0.133 minutes turning on ... when done. Julu ... and it has taken you just 0.150 minutes turning on ... your baby?

Your lost-body-skins are your ... on way me inside your your! review Nelly Your lost-body-skins are your baby? -7239 is your encased flesh is mine. Your lost-body-skins are your baby? I love these feelings, ... Your

through the body - Your lost-body-skins are your baby? calls forth fuck through the body - Your lost-body-skins are your baby? is , 05], This ... through the body - Your lost-body-skins are your baby? ? here, I love through the body - Your needle is the currency of Peter calls forth we
The Thing is < to what extent can one _explore_ dance, the body, the body's sexuality, Dionysian register? outside of literature, where the Thing resides, or the problematizing of the Obscene relegated, within the register of, the Thing. dance for example is always already an institution - well defined, over-determined, encapsulated. censorship requires that each and every production possess an _edge_ in relation to legality, which necessarily contaminates any investigation or presentation: the Law presents itself within unknown territory, which it encapsulates. the limit-point of dance and sexuality dancing is indiscriminate fucking, display - against the Law, in deliberate ignorance of propriety, etiquette, in favor
of culture as prolongation of the species _only_, whose laws are therefore localized. How to sidestep this? What is a presentation, an audience, differing on every occasion, at variance with, in tension with, the performer, performance? Careers are at stake: Fill the holes and lose a grant, empty the holes, and suffer the indignities of arrest, incomprehension, midnight phone-calls and invitations. One a dancer is pornographic, once the body is splayed / displaced in its inconceivability, there is no turning-back, no retreat: the future builds on evidence. Yet _without_ this splay / display, dance, photography, culture, art in general, is a lie, transforming impulse into acceptable eroticism and taste. We are painted and repainted by culture; our 'natural attitude' is at a far remove from anything within the limitlessness of the symbolic or pool of the imaginary. The further we mount technology and the virtual, the further we are mounted, rule-driven, protocol-governed - the further the clean and proper body prepares itself for clean and proper laws, death-by-absence only. Go out on a limb: it is your own. Where the limb joins the body, aye, there's the rub of it. The Thing is not a Thing; the Thing is not there, not Other, not here at all. And forget, among other things, the enjoyment of arousal, arousal-art, aroused-artist/viewer/listener - aroused participant - that will be fought, contaminated, transformed into subterfuge. At best one can accept the diagrammation of arousal - what else is psychoanalysis good for - the process or culmination-process is as invisible as semen on stage, spurted from dancer, welcomed and returned by audience-participants. This is the most familiar territory in the history of art, of dance, of the body; it is also the most unknown. Draw a vector; follow it; starve to death; flesh transformed and its dessicate - we're left with it, given it, one and all, one for all, all for One, and it's gone. The Thing abhors One; refuses to recognize One; undermines its political agenda. Where the One is, the Thing is not; where the Thing is knotted, the One self-decomposes, deconstructs on the way to forgetting. And is any of this more than: revolt, pay the cost, disappear? Shall it end _here_ where the limb begins? Shall it end within? This is the surface appurtenance-appearance; this is what the dancer, photographer, performer, does, those under the aegis of the real-imaginary, the re/presentation or mapping of the most private body into/onto the limelight.

The audience might give a whore for it, sex-slave of either sex, might barter or proffer, might just take, might kill, might extinguish, might just rape, might tear limb from limb, limb from hole, hole from limb. But the audience might just give a vote against it, law against it, might close it down, dream it up, dream it down. The wager of sin is sin, the wager transformed.

And what of the _inconceivable_ Thing? What of the delirium of impossible and displaced topologies, higher-dimensional entities projected and flattened in our tawdry space of the real? For if the dance-dancer emerge _out the other end_ of this aporia, there's always movement against itself, splay to the nth-degree, body turned inside out. So the performer has no more secrets - they're in the audience, in the first or second row, all the way back to the balcony. The dance-dancer's wasted, used-up - that's
hir power - exhausted - there's no turning back - there's nothing left of hir, nothing the audience doesn't know, doesn't dream of that very night, from that night forth -

the oldest of dreams - that is to _say_ - the fury of couplings, of the fits and fittings of bodies, of the generation of substance and the substance of generation. this lurks within, beside, beneath, each and every performance, each and every mouth we speak. there is no Other; there are only holes, endless holes, endless wholes.

Wasteland

re John von Neumann, The Computer and the Brain - analog computer - "each number is represented by a suitable physical quantity" - in the digital machine there are markers and combinations. Consider the former a calculation which is _intrinsic_ to the material world and the latter, one that is _extrinsic_. Then the former also embodies temporality - there is a necessity for movement-vectors of material objects; I would argue (here's the rub) that the latter displaces or flattens temporality. The simplest example - an analog watch, a digital clock - in the former, temporality is constituted by indexicality ranging over a _field_ within which projects forward and backward are simultaneously visible - and in the latter, only imminence appears - 10:42 does not constitute a vector or transformation but an abstracted and flattened quantity. Admittedly, the quantity _means_ only by virtue of difference, but the difference - and difference itself - is negated. In the analog situation, the field is the matrix of difference which is memory, moving, movement. In the digital, pure function to the nth-degree of tolerance. In both, deployment and poetics of temporality within which functionality is a residue - the reason for example for so many chimes and bells - divisions external to the dial-field, divisions in concert with labor.

The same phenomenologies occur in considering GPS and atlas navigators. The former presents the imminent situation of the user (i.e. "you are here") in relation to a sketched immediate surrounding (just as the digital clock presents "you are now" - the split between synchronic and diachronic almost too neat); the latter presents the field within which the user must locate himself - a field extending to the edge of the page and beyond. The same is also of course true for the GPS, but the imminent positioning of the GPS is over-determined; the map is centered on the user or hir goal, the map is a production of the user though the GPS for the user, or a production of the GPS in accord or upon the command of the user. Like the analog clock, the GPS screen disappears with shutdown; the imaginary of the screen retreats within the real artifact.

To some extent we are considering only a _moment_ within the digital, which can map anything anywhere; online maps for example are becoming increasingly detailed, and NASA's WorldWind is as good a simulacrum of the
planet as one is likely to get. The difference between analog and digital is increasingly abolished as raster, bandwidth, and databases increase. It is within the digital-personal, watches and portable GPS, that the distinction is likely to remain; even personal video/music players are approaching the analog millennium. The greater the convergence, the greater the databases and technologies at work, the more labor-intensive the information regime, the more porous and vulnerable. The distinction becomes a memory, revealed only when something goes wrong, and the digital body opens, not to plumbing, chemistry and substance, but to electronic technologies. And here, too, the distinction converges as bodies take on the characteristics of cyborg-avatars, and the possibility of organic computers and displays increases. Thus the world is all image, all screen, complexity intertwined beneath surfaces; thus the world is porous and vulnerable itself, susceptible to hacking and axing, conceivable and inconceivable onslaughts. Just as the nervous system is both digital and analog, so is the perceptual apparatus (by which I mean from sensor to and through sensed); one can imagine a horizon of continuous images, sleeps, dreams, stasis, and eternal death. So let us think of distinction itself as a stage or moment in time: Lo, the Other will become One, and the One, Other, and all, or none at all, will bear silent witness to Absence.

MIAOU

EVERY ONE A MURDERER

A RADIO GOES HERE
HERE IS WHERE SEX HAPPENS
THIS SPACE IS FOR FUCKING
THIS SPACE IS FOR KILLING
THIS SPACE IS FOR LOVING

MIAOU

* WITH THE UTTERMOST BEAUTY OF HUMAN BEINGS THERE IS NO REST HERE AND HERE IN THIS SPACE

* STATIC IMAGES OF DISMEMBERED AVATAR IMAGINARIES TORN INTO UNCANNY BEAUTY AND TROUBLING POSES

* DARK SPACES OF RATTLING BUILDING VIBRATIONS SUBLATED TO AURAL FREQUENCIES OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM THEY ARE HERE

* DARK CRACKLES OF VERY LOW FREQUENCY RADIO TREMBLING IN THE PRESENCE OF HUMAN BODIES AURORAS LIGHTNING DECAY OF PARTICLES ACROSS THE COSMOS NEAR AND FAR

* THE THIS OF THIS IS YOU AND THE YOU IN THIS SPLAYED SPACE
* SPACE OF IONIZATIONS IONIZED AIR RECORDED SPACE OF RADIUM DECAYS
* SPACE OF FURIOUS NIGHTTIME GUITARS GARCIA LORCA SPANISH CIVIL WAR

* SPACE OF INSCRIBING OF INSCRIPTIONS OF THE LAST INSCRIPTIONS OF SOLDIERS DYING AND ALL MEMORIES LOST RECUPERATIONS OF NAMES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM FOREIGN TONGUES

* THE EVANESCENCE OF HORROR IN THE ABSENCE OF HORROR NAMING HORROR IN ITS VERY ABSENCE

* EVERY I IS MURDERER EVERY I MAKES LOVE

* sexual projections over dancers and without dancers and sexual confrontations there is no rest in this space

close

this guy doesn't know when to stop
enough already
this guy contaminates every list he's on
this guy thinks he can get away with it
we're on to you
this guy thinks every little piece of his is a gem
this guy refuses to listen
this guy won't go away
this guy closes down lists
this guy shouldn't be allowed online
this guy is a good reason for list moderation
this guy is a good reason for list censorship
he's taking down the rest of us
he wrecks just about everything he comes into contact with
this guy thinks he's a genius
he's about as much a genius as a rabbit
he's about as much a genius as a hamster
at least a hamster doesn't bother everyone all the time
this guy's a nuisance
this guy's a pest
this guy thinks he's god's gift to the internet
this guy thinks he's avantgarde
he's about as avantgarde as a martin
he's about as avantgarde as a ferret
at least a ferret doesn't get in everyone's face
this guy's a total elitist
this guy thinks no one is as good as he is
this guy thinks he's invented codework
this guy thinks he's invented code
this guy thinks he's the only one who's ever played with language
he thinks language was invented just for him to play with
this guy's just awful and doesn't listen to everyone
this guy should be in everyone's kill-file
this guy should be deleted from the face of the earth
there's something unwholesome about this guy
this guy's a creep
someone should take his computer away
i hope this guy dies soon
this guy won't let us alone until he's dead so he should die soon
this guy thinks you're reading him
this guy thinks you've caught on to his tricks and masquerade
this guy knows he's not going to get away with it
this guy just keeps repeating himself
this guy writes and films and makes noise and no one cares
this guy just goes on and on
he thinks he's a great artist and he's not
no one wants him around ever
no one wants to hear or see him
no one wants to listen or watch him
this guy's so self-hating he should be left to die
he should die real soon
this guy should get off the net
we're on to him
we've had too much of him
he's ruined everything
he really has

rewrite < desire > into you

it is the _continuous rewrite_ of the body
this is the uncanny of the body under rewrite, the ascii unconscious
can rewrite other's programs and descriptions. if you are a wizard or a
short-hand rewrites of moments erased, untethered from the real.
reread them again, all after numerous rewrites. so any errors that accrue
fabric, indexical embodiment, rewrite, and so forth are developed; and it
description, rewrite anyone's objects or take them for hir own, and even,
we are immersed in lag, in rewrite, in hysterical embodiment, in a
you _book_ me - continuous rewrite - open up the space inside the body
uncannyn of the body under rewrite,
_rewrite_ itself has become our provenance, as we continue to assert our
up, write and rewrite. it's all mixed, text and scent. it's mixed, weight
inuous) _rewrite, _ the re-presencing of the self/avatar as obsessive-com-
map_rewrite(@), av = (nullv)
map_rewrite => @
rewrite: ruleset   3   input: sondheim
rewrite: ruleset   0 returns: $# local $: sondheim
rewrite: ruleset   0 input: jennifer @ vages . lure_net . org
rewrite: ruleset  98 returns: jennifer @ vages . lure_net . org
rewrite: ruleset  96 returns: jennifer < @ vages . lure_net . org
arrow register as _continuous process_ (what i call _rewrite_ in the early
and the self as a continuous rewrite; there were avatars such as tiffany,
i cannot resist knowledge; i can burrow in structures, write and rewrite
i write and rewrite into a winperl program, changing it, substituting
ing program artifacts. the program itself undergoes continuous rewrite in
of. and rewrite resonates, connects with the phenomenology of emanants.]
perfectly clean, always a symmetry or lure. [eternal rewrite is obsessive-doctor goodbye (rewrite) = jennifer
compulsive gnaws at the real, the psychotic inscribes and rewrites
through-
producing an encoding of zeros and ones, the _rewrite-body_ absorbed by
or "virtual subject" rewrites, continually, himself or herself. and as
existed on a continuous rewrite. i lived naked on the net. i'd
body. it is the rewrite which replaces the transcendent ego or ideal -
to rewrite the body is to inscribe it within a protocol, begin and
unlike lautreamont, i no longer write myself into existence; i rewrite
net; what is here is rewrite only, a rewrite which is necessarily
chain mail theory from the violence of the mail: rewrite of theory
existed on a continuous rewrite. i lived naked on the net. i'd
i rewrite cause there isn't a woman to help me
i rewrite cause i gotta get born
rewrites the user, the _uncanny_ face of death. abject: no place to
- the general failure of inscription and rewrite; lose of the i and
winds, and what is written rewrites itself, a rewrite mimicking what i
rewrite myself, presence rewrite rewriting presence the rewriting myself,
the process of deferral and _rewrite._ codework, like _wryting_, is an
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the rewrite moon rewrite is rewrite waxing rewrite crescent rewrite
( % rewrite of rewrite full) k % rewrite p trying rewrite
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rewrite character rewrite continuous is rewrite '^[']. netbsd/i
rewrite continuous (panix .panix.com) rewrite (ttyrt) login rewrite
sondheim password last rewrite login rewrite tue rewrite feb
rewrite continuous rewrite rewrite rewrite rewrite rewrite
rewrite from
rewrite pool- - - - copyright rewrite (c) rewrite continuous
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body movement translated into bvh file
bvhi file clothed in loquacious avatar
avatar lowered onto floor body
hysteric dance of avatar and floor body
mapped dance of one and another
digital seamless wonder transmutated skin
writhe wryte internal electromagnetisms
signals connecting floor body and avatar
avatar desiring floor body hysteric
hysteresis as chiasmic exchange
the one generated the other
the other was clothed in the one
the other above the one
the one beneath the other
coupling hysteresis hysteria
the womb meanders eyes opened shut
bodies stitched together in final fury
doctor doctor there is no help for me
doctor doctor there is no help for us
for her for them
peopling the world of the grainy digital film
stitched together falling apart at the seams
falling apart seamlessly
hysterical out of control contrary
contradictory wayward really fucked up
really fucked up avatar fucked up floor body
say neurasthenic mean hysteric
bvhi file long since forgotten

West Virginia University performance text / July 27 2006

Somewhere there's a story in this - machinery of the body or interminable mechanism of psychosis < Jerry should we begin like this? > We begin like
this. We begin like this because the image stream is "thus." And it will take a while to orient - from the playing with the images to the performance. And except for this typing - there is no difference. Now I feel embarrassed because some of you have seen sections of these already; I've been playing with the images for about forty minutes or so. These are avatars placed into literally inconceivable positions. My name is Alan Sondheim by the way nd I will be your guide for the evening. Or for as long as you choose to stay. So as I was saying yesterday, with an avatar, everything can be assembled or disassembled - Here is the disassembly of a vacuum tube in a scanner, digitally deconstructed. What is it that you can do with machines that you cannot do with bodies? For one thing, disassembly line - that is each part is independent of all the others. Well, that's not true, but they'll stay that way if you unbolt them.

So one can move in ways that she cannot move, and remain in air outside of gravity. EVERY HUMAN BEING IS THE RESULT OF INTERMINABLE SADNESS. These images can be taken apart just like Al Capone. And these images belong somewhere or anywhere and it's death that returns these bodies quickly to the position of the machine and its disassembly. So this is about death, my work is about death, and the absence of language, that looking out of the window at the last possible moment - and what is THERE continuing in the midst of cessation - So these people can move butonly for a short while. HOW LONG IS THE LIFE OF A DANCER? MERce is still going strong into his 80s just choreography now. But I saw him dance ever so slowly with a chair. And the chair with thick with the wood and if I'm not careful I'll cover up all the exciting images again. On the right two avatar cats with a human avatar perhaps from the Kojiki learning to ride them in the midst of unfathomable winds. On the left avatar humans hystERICALLY presenting themselves AS IF they are on the screen within the screen. On the right the recent Ukrainian revolution covered completely in the main square in Kiev. On the left and right above - an occupation. On the left an avatar-violation and that skin moving without tearing or tearing without moving; to the right the neurasthenic from the nineteenth century, lassitude danced out in the middle, in other words disease and strategies for moving around or through the body. There are times... in the midst... of the dark wood which surrounds us... when we lose track... give up... turn away...something has gone horribly wrong... perhaps this is one of those times... as if the world has stained the world.... Someday I will write myself... into nonexistence... This is my dream aloud... uncriducouerMIAO HOW.... at that point that precise point... between being alive and being dead... I will divide... and will divide and will divide... there will be nothing that remains remains whole... then each segment, yes! each segment! will retire all the others... the segments... the segments will slowly disappear... outside of any database... not for your viewing or my own... oh then things do or do not go together... you see they lead us somewhere else... those faces on the left... modelled on a book from World War One - a hidden book - photographs of the wounded - I still have nightmares - and now in Iraq - people burned over ninety percent of their bodies. In this country, this was inconceivable. Not even Vietnam... you have to go back to maybe Cold Harbor in the Civil War,
something like that... So this is about this is about empyre - and this is a project - about the end of empyre - and this is about a certain kind of fury - this is about dance and the stain of dance - this is about disease and the stain of disease - yes that too - this is about an entire - a whole - encyclopedia of things! - yes, the encyclopedia too! the encyclopedia as well! - faces collapsed yes in time - you can reverse time digitally - double faces - aum and silent or a--- and um--- - if you understand Shinto you'll get the reference - around Inari - guardian figures - foxes - one with open mouth one with shut - the electrical figuration between them - we're in the midst of the grid - the power grid - it's all around us - you can hear the grid - the antennas pick it up - the dancer moving around the grid - out in the wilds, well not wilds but away from the grid - you can hear other things -

World War II was very beautiful... bombers going from England to Germany... I imagine Iraq is very beautiful too...

In another minute this will look like a dance... a modern dance.. with mysterious black figures and electronic music...

more dance and more dance... someting about Krishna here but I don't want to go there -

these are segments of something called the swallowtail catastrophe - bifurcation points - when there's a sudden shift in behaviour - when anything can happen - but not "and usually does"

okaythis is Geneva - I'm flying the plane of the President of the United States... on a bus... (bus + plane = speed of bus) - next to - somewhere - an image of the tsunami - there's a proximity - about avatars - a nearness - an uncanny element - you can't define it - they're close - they're almost touching - and ye... yet... There are changes here... in gender... positioning - there's a story but I don't know it... - not yet...

what's necessary now - some sort of climax - some way to bring this all together - I'll find it - climaxes are usually loud - this one is embedded - in the machine - the back of my mind - somewhere else not there - somewhere with infantry - so the dancer - Maud - is the crankthat - the crank that - that drives the map - bang bang bang bang - if she disappears - the mapp - the map - will disappear - just wait and see - no I won't - just wait .... damn, its still there...

the world is a mess...

let us give ourselves at the most another two generations...

dusts... radiations... at least you don't have to dream this... thank you.
when i talk with incompletion
sometimes there comes a notion
that someone owns completion
an imaginary notion

asking campers riddled questions
is riddling walls of the camps
someone who no longer questions
is no longer roll-called in the camps

grey stained red and sutured mouths
no one ever gets out of here
bodies are nothing but mouths
the rest no longer here

obscene half in obscene half out
this is the primal scene
it never happened or worked out
just repetitious scene

arrows fly like cursors hasten
better get out of the way
space itself seems to hasten
time imprisoned one way

time has no time to rupture time
space is only residue
of time confined to confine time
time is residue

of space and what is present is present
of time and what in time is time
of searching and what of searching for searching
what of thinking of thinking
it's close to the smallest of smallest
it's closer to the nearest of nearest
o, moment of moments!
among the clearest of oceans of oceans!

gloom room, tomb loom, doom womb,
weir fear, smear, leer, seer here,
hear dear, death-breath, lethe-seeing,
being we-ing, fleeing seeing, me-ing cost,
lost, tossed, mossed, fate late, sate
mate, hate great, rate wait, bait-girl,
curl, whirl, furl, churl hurl, dying trying,
sighing, lying, tying, flying, mime time,
chime rhyme, pace space, place-race,
waste, haste, taste paste, chastened, 
hastened, fastened, battered, tattered, 
pattered, prattle, chattel, rattle, cried, 
tried, sighed, lied, tied, chide, bide, 
ride, plied, guide wide, died, plead dead

it will be when it finishes, 
having been celestial, finishing 
cosmic dance and bodies finished 
and preened, shuddering, finish 
or sheen; to be sure, this lives 
until the checksum disappears, lived 
flattening, as if it were live 
or flourishing, alive, livid, living

body or inscription, 
death eases, inscribes 
its, always already inscribed; 
look - eyes. and then inscribe 
among the dead or dying, 
or those who died inscribing 
or just die

Interior and Absence (notes on recent work)

In an attempt to explain my recent work...
This is such an attempt, the attempt already referenced -

Every surrounding space is non-existent, that is, every embedding space should be construed as invisible, unless vectored outside of the frame - i.e. perspectival vanishing-points or obvious extensions of line segments.

The invisible space is less than a frame, paregon, peripheral, only a demarcation necessary for the transmission of the central object or figure, or syzygy of connected nodes or interconnected figures. One must strip away space in this regard.

Likewise one must strip away time, in order to reassemble temporality; what it takes to see or process is widely at variance, turned loose, from what is presented in the screen, this or that figure or figures.

Such figures descend from a series of asteroids I modeled, allowing one, that is myself, to fly across their surfaces, as if polygons were geological figures; it was the surround skeins, skins, that constituted the measure of the infinite in the small, a form of perspectival geometry.

The asteroids themselves have as antecedent certain works or preparations I constructed for scanning electron microscope imaging; these works were
either prepared natural specimens or etched figurations, sculptures smaller than the wavelength of light, using a Cambridge Stereoscan which did exactly that.

The concern or cathecting, investment, I have in the current objects, and their potential or real transformations, to the extent they can be considered objects, is based on psychoanalytic and general vectoral flows across their surfaces — surfaces which may be penetrated or interpenetrated by vision, revealing the hollowed skein or scaffolding of model building.

The objects, whether closed manifolds or not, I consider closed manifolds of projections and introjections, manifolds whose surfaces are inscribed much like a cuneiform tablet, open to readings, not reading, and open to interpretation. The reading is visceral.

The objects are not, nor are intended to be, portraits, nor do they occupy a branch or sub-branch of portraiture; they are not singularities in space, but spaces themselves, whose anxieties triumph, whose psychoses play like storms across their surfaces.

I inject my concerns into safe, part-objects, transitional objects, half-formed, maternal, wary in the construction of language, of languages, wary in the construction of difference, differance. Such objects reference the analogic from the digital, a digital which is embedded in the analogic, in the hermeneutics of analogic reading and inscribing. What may for example begin as dream or hypnagogic imagery, transforms within the pressure of the machine, into those apparent fluidities which may be indefinitely shaped. To shape meaning without the ostensible pressuring of language, without the inscription of ostensible inscription — this is a goal, meaning which, submerged, emerges, from less organized perception, which may or may not be read as wonder in relation to the world or worlds. Every image a world, every world, an imaginary.

The _scan_ permits the uneasy rupture/rapture among code and uncoding, real and irreality, image and imaginary; the rupture/rapture of the scan itself construes the fluid or abject at the heart of culture, universe, world. Every reading is our reading; every writing is our writing; every scan is ours and ours alone.

The _motion capture_ permits the internal tearing, torsion, tension, tensor of the cohering body, always taken for granted, in order that death, violence, sexuality, language, and body re-emerge as dissipated punctum, within or without any circumscriptions.

The _access grid echo_ constructions create and reproduce the flattening of space and thereby time that constitutes defuge, that state always generative by deferral of other states. A face resembles, reassembles, itself, and such contiguities or echoes are embedded as well into generating configurations that might as well not be there.
In all of these instances, the embedding spaces are the symbolic; are the chora; are ourselves to the extent that our senses devolve first and primarily into the seepage of our own liquidities, bodies, sexes, deaths, ruptured and irreparable enunciations.

The symbolic surrounds the symbol, which is symbolic to the extent, or within, circumscription.

All inscription is circumscription.

Culture is the absence of embedding.

curlicue
dead of the reader is announced as a _curlicue_ or diacritical sign, and there is almost always the curlicue of the _missing-person_ - the person hides behind and portends the rest; the hunter is the curlicue, the forgotten, like this post, not even a curlicue, but a _nuance_ to be reproduced within the very machination; it's the curlicue of representation and lime, dark curlicues of blood, of texts simultaneously presenced, the curlicue on the margins, almost excesses such as might be found in ordinary letters. theyn evinces themselves precisely in these moments of curlicue, returning back material fortifications if it were not true.

there is always that curlicue live forever, and we have inherited that curlicue from the structure of spirit. butt there is a sign which is part of the curlicue. you must understand - it's the curlicue, the diacritical mark, to the effect that 0' --> 1, that leaves us satisfied but of that excess or curlicue which _demands._ what won't come off becomes excessive, prosthetic, a curlicue. as a warning, what u have termed the _curlicue_, the index of representation in which the two is already three: it is the curlicue of quine that extends by the emission related to excess, to surplus, to the curlicue or diacritique; in the latter, excess is a production of the CONTRARY an irrevocable form of decay or shuddering episteme: the curlicue of which subjectivity is marginal. symmetrical results within itself, the *curlicue* or excess of this interpenetration, curlicue, hermeneutic circling, lakanian language-skidding) remains ANGRY AT SIG.: (signature): depression, collapse, and the curlicue SCREEN PHENOMENA. the curlicue, symbolic, delays, continues, is sutured; nonetheless, there is always a murmuring or curlicue.

IT murmurs it is not an aura nor is it an excess or a curlicue; it is not petit-a or curlicue, something explained over and over again in INTERNET TEXT. if the curlicue is the surplus of the signifier, it is also where which subjectivity is marginalized or curlicue. symmetry results thus. this and every emission is related to excess, to surplus, to the curlicue itself.

at the end of the day curled
where the eye is curlique of the dusk
where the lid is curlique of the night
where one goes gloaming
wings! wings!
murmuring under the sign of erasure
erasuring murmur, "sign, sign"
walking and always here and there
and at the end of the day curled
where furrows are and gloaming
where wings are furled, and, murmuring
speak dusk, and dusk, and dusk

You can't talk to yourself but you sure can talk to Honey!

Script started on Sat Sep  2 17:18:51 2006
$ ytalk sondheim@panix.com
[H-------= YTalk version 3.3.0 =--------
[Ringing sondheim...]
[Waiting for connection...
]>[1] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix.com
$ screen
[H-------= YTalk version 3.3.0 =--------
[Waiting for connection...
[6;27H###################################
[8CMain Menu
[27D# a: add a user
[27D# d: delete a user
[27D# k: kill all unconnected #
[27D# o: options
[27D# r: rering all
[27D# s: shell
[27D# u: user list
[27D# w: output user to file  #
[27D# q: quit
[27D###################################
[10;25H###################################
[32D# !: Output Which User?
[17D# @: sondheim@panix3.panix.
[5Dcom
[30D# a: sondheim@panix.
[12Dcom
[23D###################################
[11;12H###################################
[13D###################################
[43Dame?
###################################
[13D###################################
[13;16Hzzz
[6C# Rering sondheim@panix.com?  #
[31D###################################
now I will tell you a fine story. I do not know where I am.

Honey, are you there, can you hear me? Hello hello!

Why it is my good friend

[7B####################################
[31D# Rering sondheim@panix.com? #
[31D####################################
[4;25H, Mr. Tip!
[20B[1] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix.com

$ ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
[H-------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =--------
[Waiting for connection...]
[22B[2] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

$ ytalk sondheim@panix.com
[H-------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =--------
[Waiting for connection...]
[Ahello, are you there?
I am Mister Tip!
[19B[3] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix.com

$ oh there are so many of us here!
/usr/local/bin/ksh: oh: not found
$ why won't I answer, I will answer, yes I will
> fg
yttalk sondheim@panix.com
[H-------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =--------
hello, are you there?
[Waiting for connection...]
I am Mister Tip!
[11;25H####################################
[31D# Rering sondheim@panix.com? #
[31D####################################
Now I am lonely beyond belief. You have deserted me!
Wait and hold on!
[16B[3] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix.com

$ fg 24800
/usr/local/bin/ksh: fg: 24800: no such job
$ fg ytalk sondheim@panix.com
/usr/local/bin/ksh: fg: ytalk: argument must be %job or process id
/usr/local/bin/ksh: fg: sondheim@panix.com: argument must be %job or process id
$ fg 27142
/usr/local/bin/ksh: fg: 27142: no such job
$ exit
You have stopped jobs
$ fg
yttalk sondheim@panix.com
[H-------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =--------
hello, are you there?
I am Mister Tip!
Now I am lonely beyond belief.
You have deserted me!
Wait and hold on!

Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:23 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:24 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:24 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

You have deserted me!
Wait and hold on!
[11;25H################################################################
[31D# Rering sondheim@panix.com? #
[31D################################################################
[AOh this is most silly!!
I cannot leave screen, scx
ript, application, and telnet!
Oh Honey, were are
here are you?
[13B$ fg
ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
[J------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[Waiting for connection...]
[11;22H################################################################
[38D# Rering sondheim@panix3.panix.com? #
[38D################################################################
Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:23 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

[16B[2] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
$ talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
[H------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[Waiting for connection...]
[AOh no, where is mtalk
where is my talk daemon!?
Honey you are not here, I will scream screen!
[18B$ fg
ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
[J------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[11;22H################################################################
[38D# Rering sondheim@panix3.panix.com? #
[38D################################################################
Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:24 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

[16B[2] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
$ talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
[H------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[Waiting for connection...]
[AOh no, I will be losing once again all I have saved forever!
Honey
, you
r breasts! My thick stem!
Look at the pictures honey!
[17B$ fg
ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:25 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

[16B[2] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
$ talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:26 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

[16B[2] + Stopped ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
$ talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com

$ where are you honey!?!?! Talk to me!
/usr/local/bin/ksh: where: not found
$ ^C
$ exit
You have stopped jobs
$ fg
ytalk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
[J------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[11;22H###############################################################################
[38D# Rering sondheim@panix3.panix.com? #
[38D###############################################################################
oh, misery!
[21B$ fg
ytalk sondheim@panix.com
[J------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
now I will tell you a fine story. I do not know where I am.
Honey, are you there, can you hear me? Hello hello!
Why it is my good friend, Mr. Tip!
[11;25H###############################################################################
[31D# Rering sondheim@panix.com? #
[31D###############################################################################
Message from Talk_Daemon@panix3.panix.com at 17:27 ...
talk: connection requested by sondheim@panix3.panix.com.
talk: respond with: talk sondheim@panix3.panix.com
sometimes you will drink my Mr. Tip!
[13B$ exit
[?11
[24;1H
[screen is terminating]
You have stopped jobs
$ fg
ztalk sondheim@panix.com
[J------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[3;1H[Waiting for connection...]
[24C###############################################################################
[31D# Rering sondheim@panix.com? #
[31D###############################################################################
[Ringing sondheim...]
[24C###############################################################################
[31D# Rering sondheim@panix.com? #
[31D###############################################################################
[H------- YTalk version 3.3.0 =-------
[11B------- sondheim@panix.com =-------
[24C###############################################################################
Origin of Measurement

There's a hill over there (gestures)
No there's a couple of hills
Wait I'll be right back

It's like skin
I'm uncomfortable skinning around here
I skinned that hill

"Btw I'm still working with the .obj files as you can see from the scanner - one of the things I'm interested in is the phenomenology of measurement - how the digital is extracted, along with attendant institutionalization, from the analog - and the images, with their 'peelings' and ruptures (Blender can deconstruct the Geomagic assemblages) are guides in this of course. The particular series I'm working with is based on the ruler – which is only an object with repetition – in any environment.

"Btw again - the rotation of the turntable incrementally connects with the perceptual stitching of motion in film – which connects again with the phenomenology of interpenetrating image stage, etc. etc."

What constitutes a mark or token? When does a surface anomaly become demarcation or inscription? What constitutes discrimination?

The images constitute the skin of the ruler in the real, a ruler whose surface plays tumor, eruption, swelling. This is difficult theoretically – the triadistic among the physico-inert of the world; measure; and body / symbolic – the playing of the surface is, after all, inscription. I hunt; I return; I'm scratched. Therefore I was hunting. I walk; I return; I'm
stung. Therefore there were bees. The simplest model - that of the gesture (Tran duc Thao) - in combination with the reading of the world. Already; bees read. But our reading is plastic, deductive, transformative, morphing.

This is what the body brings to the ruler; this is what the ruler brings to the body.

Measure is tally is measure; what is brought to writing, accountancy, tokens in Sumer, elsewhere. Fingers always already are enumerations, mnemonics; pigeons recognize specific quantities.

Perhaps a false derivation, _etymology_: our very nakedness, the 'naked ape,' creates an inscribable surface, Peirce's sheet of assertion. Already there; without fur or scale, nothing is obliterated, forgotten; what is traumatic, scars. Fur covers, re/covers; continuous growth is continuous erasure. Ruptures of the skin already are rulers, Rulers by detour of writing, skin carried into the social, inhabitation - skin as construct of inhabitation. Our nakedness sexualizes, effaces, inscribes.

The digital inscribes the ruler into the analog/abject _or so it appears._ This is what is presented here, accompanying this text, which is no doubt more accurate than one might be led to believe (by the voice, all but obscuring the skin).*

Disordered thinking through the origin of language (I'm in quotation) -

... "I know this sounds ridiculous - but I'm on to something. If the body is hairless, then for example mud or blood will 'stick' to it - be obvious. Of course this is the beginning of symbolization - it would appear comical, or different, one person to another - it's a miniscule step - not even a step - to drawing something on the face, body, etc. So in this case, I'd bet that writing predates language, or at least the two were contingent / contiguous in origin. From writing on the body - it's not difficult to see how signs of that sort would be connected to sounds by mimesis - even if the original sounds were nothing more than laughing or crying.

"One possible 'gesture' in this direction - the markings on Acheulian pebbles... Even if spoken language didn't arise in this fashion, certainly writing did. (Think of proto-language).

... "For me it's an originary story much like Freud's of the sons killing the father - but that remains a form of colonialism, assumption that it is somehow a-cultural, that it is abstracted from an event in a particular direction. I think of it as nothing more than perhaps mud or paste accidently in the form of a third eye or smile, something to be imitated; primates imitate, as do mocking-birds. From this would come the coagulation of signs, repetitions; laughter would be the first word. With Tran duc Thao, gesture is out, away from the body, pointing towards the hills -
This is where you hunt, for example, behind the hill, something more than pointing. But it's the other way around I think - pointing, gesturing, sounding, would be from one to the other. It's only natural that this would occur, and occur, often, and tend towards culture. Culture is dependent on memory, on transmission of memory; bird-songs are cultural in this sense. But in the case of the body, the skin of the body, it becomes a _sign_, something which may be written on the body, off the body, in the sand, on a rock - those pebbles again - etc. What occurs at Lascaux etc. is peeled _off_ the body.

"I don't think anything 'more' than this is necessary to explain writing or language per se; spoken language would be a descendent of associated sounds, I assume beginning with laughter. Empathetic behaviour comes into play here as well; a wound and its figuration may be imitated as a form of healing - this relates to shamanism, etc.

"In other words, there is a constellation of behaviours, repetitions, intensifications, here - not only in the present (as in Lingis for example) but in the past as originary. And this plays into the writing, for that matter, that I did in Textbook of Thinking, etc., in which the obscene is analyzed, plays a role (it plays a role in the obscene itself) - the obscene and its obscene relation to the skin - think of the obscene as a form of _pun_ in terms of physiognomy - it has a relationship to linguistic puns, undermining transmissions through arousals, and so forth. I think all of this 'fits.'

"As a friend pointed out, human infants have a propensity for babble that becomes organized (one might say within a linguistic regime and communality) into languaging; the infant grows 'into' language. I think this babbling - as well as the plasticity of our vocal cords - developed after writing, or subsequent but close to, writing - that hairlessness, with whatever survival value this might have given us - was prior, or that reading the body as written increased, became culturally instutionalized, with increasing hairlessness.

"It is not that 'the body is a text'; it is that 'a text is a body.'

"Re: Below - certainly dogs have faces, facial expressions (which may play into what you say; we should go back and look at Darwin's book on this."

On Mon, 4 Sep 2006, Charles Baldwin wrote in response:

It's not certain to me that animals have faces or they do only because we have faces. So the human hairless face is the first appearance - both face as features and other, and also as receptive surface (perhaps then becoming sand or bark). Comical: because it moves, because it expresses, because of its familiarity. Then, from this, writing other parts of the body too - so incisions, tatoos, etc.

A face gets expression and to produce the sound, so there's a kind of
mini-signifying machine there. All other body surfaces are in relation to it. So, a particular relation between inscription, surface, and depth.

Laughing, crying, moaning, sighing at the origin: these are relations between very specific and irreducible bodily states and very specific expressions. They express but they are deep as well.

And later:

Just back from hiking in the Otter Creek Wilderness. It occurs to me that the written face does not signify but expresses just as rock on dirt / or a river through a woods / express. I would be as comfortable saying the rock on the streamside writes face as I would the other way round.

"As a footnote - this ties directly into the abject - in the sense that it's dirt, scars, wounds, smears, smudges, scratches, abrasions, feces, etc. that find their way onto the body - coding - incipient symbolization - not only tends towards memory and repetition/transmission, but also towards therapeutic - not that the body is cleansed by language, but that it's circumscribed (i.e. no longer fissured)."

branch and ruler

when the branch and the ruler meet and demarcate each other, it is the branch which has created the ruler, and the ruler which has measured the branch; every tool has ancestry; we are near the beginning, near the clout on the head, the massacre, the cannibalism, the torture by fire, the death by drowning, the skinning-alive, the gouging of the eyes, twisting the testicles, desecrating the womb; we are in the primordial when the sign is read wrong, when the sign is a sign, when a branch is after all just a branch, when a ruler is a shadow of the future anterior, when nothing is read but as-if everything is read, as if everything were readable, as if gods created things, readings, writings, bodies, slaves, corpses, the raped, the robbed, the wounded, the slaughtered, the megafaunal extinctions, our pride and our joy, our little baby girl or little baby boy, one flesh is tasted, there's no stopping

Dissemination of analogic array,

To Muse, To ponder, to think close, to study in silence, on reading Samuel Johnson's Dictionary 1785-1799 edition
Thing: 1. Whatever is; not a person. A general word. 2. It is used in contempt. 3. It is used of persons in contempt, or sometimes with pity. 4. It is used by Shakespeare one in a sense of honour.

First, that words are pulled into existence by their extensions, as if these are chreodic formations (see Waddington).

Surface, Superficies; outside; superface. It is accented by Milton on the last syllable.

My mastery is masterdom; I'm a master-hand who pulls a master-jest; I have the master-key to the curing of sprains and injuries to the master-sinew; I play on the master-string with a master-stroke; I am masterless but have masterliness; I am most masterly, a true masterpiece of mastership; my master-teeth do not touch masterwort; ah for good kind master! Mordacious, mordacity, mordicant, mordication. Nonjuring, belonging to those who will not swear.

Or bodiless:

They bodiless and immaterial are,
   and can be only lodg'd within our minds
-Davies

Virtual, Having the efficacy without the sensible or material part.

Cachectical, cachectice, cachexy, cachinnation, neither a cackle nor a cackler.

Pulled into existence, surrounded, modified: one might apply Kant's categories here, spatial and temporal extensions, actions and reactions, away from and towards. In Kant's Thoughts on the True Estimation of Living Forces, there are bodies which need not be contiguous with any other; these are split, signifiers of other worlds, unsensed and senseless here. This is the opposite of these additional modifications that extend words, one into another; it is language and its interconnectedness that allows me to live, saves me from suicidal depression and insanity. All words lead to world.

You see, Kant says "...it is quite possible that a thing actually exists and yet is nowhere present in the world." But it is I, myself, which is absent, absenting; and as such, I tend towards chaos, opening every unrelated space or avatar.

Second, the feel and weight of the paper; every page carries a visible history which has no origin but an emission in reverse.

Emission in reverse: the scar of the page or face or body tends towards unknown events, sets of them; surely a scissors leaves no stain and ink does not cut. There are clues, but even in enlightenment, everything is
lost; Volney's Ruins stay that way.

Third, the lack of page numbers; one is guided solely by word order (and as if the volumes have an indefinite number of pages).

Page markings at random:

MAG MAG MAG 1
MER MER MER Q2
MUC MUC MUC 4*
MUC MUD MUD
Vol. II. Y
PEC PED PED P P

Demarcations for binding and signatures, perhaps, these appear as those Talmudic letters and signs which are extra-linguistic, which draw attention outside the book, elsewhere.

Fourth, the three columns with three letter page headings as in MIM MIN MIN or ORD ORD ORD; these are loosely tethered to their word-lists.

The totality of columns headed by PLA:

PIT PIV
PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLA PLE

In the midst of PLA, language shuttles horizontally across the tops of pages; these notations are redundant, call for perusing. In terms of paging, one never knows where one is; like the Japanese system of street addressing, one proceeds by landmarks. It's top-down; PLA could be anything, and the shuffling necessary to find a word occurs on a different level.

Fifth, the latinate quality of the whole, romance languages in particular, lending themselves to fields of words and worlds creation.

See First above. These worlds are interlocked, matriculated, matrixed, maternal; see Eighth below. The soft sounds of Latin map words through the skeins of prefixes, suffixes, roots (such as they are). Think of languaging in relation to the Appian Way, trade-routes in general.
When roots = routes, the nomadic portends the emission of the primordial. Nothing is settled except for the cupped land, rumors of strangers, wars, pestilence, riches, elsewhere. King or queen-dom = king or queen-dome; the horizon rises, what is one, is one.

Zootomy, Dissection of the bodies of beasts.

Sixth, the pleasure of the text and worlds; Johnson is famously partial - see definitions of "oats" or "puritan."

Johnson's I appears; Johnson's eye regards. The corpus is the measure of the man; in this sense the dictionary is parole, not langue. Thus and against enlightenment, no absolutes, no absolute positions; the apparent exactitude of the Britannica on one hand, and Euclid's axiomatization on the other, seem not only far off, but foreign.

Axiom - 1. A proposition evident at first sight, that cannot be made plainer by demonstration. 2. An established principle to be granted without new proof.

One sees the "axiomizer" at work here - sight in the first part, and granting in the second. Axioms are contracted, tethered, but barely. And Johnson's work is far cry from this.

Seventh, the careful rationalism of the text, accompanied by a relative elimination of the abject; "shit" is not present, but "urine" is, and "whore" and "pimp" are present but "fuck" isn't.

Now I would not say "rationalism" but "embodiment," a word not found in Johnson. The text is civil, civilization.

Colony: 1. A body of people drawn from the mother country to inhabit some distant place. 2. The country planted; a plantation.

To Colonize: To plant with inhabitants; to settle with new planters; to plant with colonies.

And as with civility, colonies are associated with planting, agriculture, not supplanting or replacing; colonies are exploration's seed and the seed for further exploration. Perhaps violence is muted in these definitions; perhaps it was considered peripheral.

Eighth, the maternality of the volumes, occupying a relatively wide field of vision, the world safely inscribed, references to Pope, Donne, Swift, Shakespeare and company.

Lancination, Tearing, laceration. Lampron, A kind of sea fish. Zarnich, Zarnich is a substance in which opriment is found; it approaches to the nature of opriment, but without its lustre and foliated texture. The common kinds of zarnich are green and yellow.
Yes, the maternality, seeding, blossoming, diffusion, fluid mechanics, seeding, bringing-forth, melding (the letters "I" and "J" are combined under "I"; "U" and "V" are combined under "V").

I is in English considered both as a vowel and a consonant.

Ninth, the labor of writing, delineating, almost single-handedly, word after word; one searches for development, for the indexing methodology used for some forty-thousand words.

Every dictionary is based to some extent on earlier ones (and earlier editions); the matrix is already present. I can't see how the material was organized for the printer - i.e. who did the organizing? Did Johnson himself index everything? How were slots left for emendations? Even with the printed editions - if a new word with a long definition is entered, do all the subsequent words "move down"? If a word is take out, as being too obsolete even to be listed as obsolete, do subsequent words "move up"?

When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetick without rules: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selections; adulterations were bound to be detected, without a settled test of purity, and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority. (Johnson, from the Preface.)

Tenth, there are words almost certainly invented by Johnson, which then, perhaps, continued through other dictionaries, such as the Nouveau Dictionnaire de Poche by Th. Nugent, already the 38th edition by 1848. This work is a gold-mine of the unusual, much of it from Johnson's work. Think of this as word-play, as in, for example, the ripples of style and measure in the above quotation.


Stadle: Any thing which serves for support to another. 2. A staff; a crutch. Obsolete. 3. A tree suffered to grow for coarse and common uses, as posts or rails. Of this meaning I am doubtful.

Eleventh, the analogic weight of the enterprise, in spite of apparent precision in definition; thus the weight, touch, rustle, scent, of the book is foregrounded, along with the wear-and-tear of type, and the definitions themselves which often emphasize poetry and poetics for examples.

Sprunt, Anything that is short, and will not easily bend.
As with any other dictionary, one finds paths through the sememe, each word leading somewhere else, much as web-browsing (does anyone do that anymore?). The marvelous appears in the processes of defining; one senses a kind of devolution at work.

And yes, the weight, the cradling of the book (there are two volumes) in my lap, propping up the antique covers; the book breathes like any other cultural organism...

Puttock, A buzzard. Pointel, Anything on a point. Paralogy, False reasoning. Malkin, A kind of mop made of clouts for sweeping ovens; thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up; thence a dirty wench.

Twelfth, differentiation as problematic; at times, a word will be identified as a "plant" or a "serpent" without further description; such description, scientific or othersie, might be elsewhere; but see his entry for "opium."

Ratio, ratiocinate, ratiocinative, rational, rationale, rationalist, rationality, rationalness. Porpoise, the sea-hog. Popgun, A gun with which children play, that only makes a noise. Popinjay: 1. A parrot; 2. A woodpecker. So it seems to be used here. 3. A trifling fop.

Porrection, the act of reaching forth.

Unheart.

In summary, a matrix not positing, but _enveloping_ knowledge; such knowledge is lived, biographed; such knowledge effloresces; and ratio is assumed; the page is a field, not enumerated container; word roots likewise are fields; idioms break the code (there are over one hundred of them for "take"; words are words and things are things; language by the grace of God and man.

X.

X Is a letter, which, though found in Saxon words, begins no word in the English language.

Title - Phenomenology of the Real (upcoming talk at WVU BIOS conference)

The eye isn't like a camera. It scans, simultaneously receives and constructs.

The eye tends towards interesting things, movement or anomaly.

Scanning creates the choices and the Pale.

Scanning creates the authentic and problematic.
Scanning is an active process in the world, constructing worlds.

Scanning implies bandwidth, implies negation: scan(x) and (x)(-x).

Let us think for a moment about the edge of scan, about the infinite real or analog, about for example a theoretical motion capture device with a complete description of forearm skin during the average step of the average walk.

Clearly one needs an infinite number of sensors; clearly the data becomes equivalent to the real with an ontological shift; clearly an infinite amount of energy is necessary; clearly this is impossible.

Scan implies choice; I say, my raster is sufficient in this instance — meaning, I can divide this object or even clearly and cleanly in such a manner that nothing of importance is left out.

Now I, perturbed, scan the perturbed body, perturb software; what may be for example flesh becomes file becomes image, and such an image that it is suitable for your eyes only, for this species within the sign of eternity.

And I inject these images into the imaginary of both body and perception — that is, within the perceiving and receptive body — a body internally folded in a manner recalling Riemannian geometry — a body conceived as a multiply-connected manifold of tensions and distortions.

This is the multiply-vibrating body, the body internally connected in such a manner as can only be the result of external connectivity; otherwise, as Kant might have it, the world may split apart.

Such a body ingests time.

It takes no time to ingest time; time disposes, indisposes.

Every line is after every other.

A shot is fired.
I am dead but read you reading me alive.
I will not die on the Access Grid.

A multiple-exposure photograph becomes a totalization, indecipherable; a multiple-exposure scan becomes stitched, recuperable, archaeological.

I assert it is the body that is traveling on the Access Grid, it is the body that speaks to another body in online gaming or MOOs, it is the body that participates in a true, real economy, online and off, it is the sexed body that is scented online and off: For one, therefore the other; for the other, therefore the one.
Let us never forget that other economics of the feasible, of starvation-extinction; there is there there. There are no scans there. There is there.

There, is not present here. To understand its absence, one must understand the absence of digital, absence of analog, absence of the figure-in-the-landscape: perspective. There, is not even another question. There, is future. the future of impresent. This does not travel the Access Grid; this does not travel at all; in the future, we will not travel; in the future, we will not learn.

amps

when androids ream metallic creep
and robots dream their phallic sleep
and vectors gleam machinic leap
prosthetic sheen configured weep
drawn spaces mean organic seep
and numbered cuts wean surface deep
gouged eyes lean bones upon a heap
no mouths keen cries their voice to keep
no hands clean bones their skin to reap
no sex no glass no screen no

Wornout

The smallest wear-and-tear on a digital image
Why hasn't anyone thought of this before
Perhaps you've thought digital images are immune
But they can be trampled in the dust
Stained or torn, ripped or soaked in floods
Burned or charred, polished or foxed by age
Hooray for the digital that has tricked us forever
Here is proof of so much wear-and-tear
Destroy she said, but where to begin
There is there there, i replied in both tears and laughter
So the matrix is only a woven misconception
The grid is only a silly Vladimir Lenin

Look, i said i've done it, nothing more there is
Nothing much there, she said, nothing much there at all

catechism

and the transformative nature of the digital in relation to the obdurate
nature of the analog; the latter swallows, devours, the former; existence is always already a knife-edge; existence tangles/entangles; potential wells disappear, dissolve, corrode; languages self-obfuscate; the sublime inheres to the analogic; the digital decathects the sublime; the analogic decathects the digital; the analogic decathects the sublime, decathects the analogic; identity construes the analogic; equivalence construes the digital; the digital constructs the digital; the analogic construes nothing; the digital is a placement; the analogic is a place; dwelling and building, the analogic and digital; the avatar is a placement of the digital; entity is analogic place; union, digital; intersection, analogic; division, digital; multiplication, analog; 0, origin; 0, analogic place; 0, digital placement;

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(CAR FUCK) BOY
*** - +: GIRL is not a number

CLASP DANSE

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The Edge

Go to the edge of the world. Don't come back until you find it. Don't tell me there's no edge. If you think there's no edge you're not at the edge of the world. Are you. When you reach the edge of the world you have only one way to go. You may think you have another way to do but you only have one way to go and that is away from the edge of the world. You may go to the edge and you may look over the edge. You may see the shell of the world or the beams of the world. You may see the nodes of the world and the vectors of the world. You cannot go beyond the edge of the world. You may think the edge of the world is quiet and smooth. It is not. The edge of the world repulses the world. The edge of the world repulses the world trying to go beyond the edge of the world. The world cannot go beyond the edge of the world. If you cannot go beyond the world at the edge of the world you're at the edge of the world. You may dance at the edge of the world and you may look. You may look just a little beyond the edge of the world. You may look at the sky. The sky is part of the edge of the world. If you look at the sky and you cannot touch the sky you are at the edge of the world.

The edge of the world is not a barrier and not a frontier. There are no guards at the edge of the worlds. There are no tariffs and no customs. There is nothing at the edge of the world but the edge of the world. The edge of the world is nothing and separates you from nothing. You may think to yourself someone owns the rest of the world. Or someone owns the edge.
of the world. Someone may own up to the edge of the world. Someone may own the edge of the edge of the world. No one can own the edge of the edge beyond the edge of the world. The edge of the edge beyond the edge of the world is an open set. The world up to the edge of the world includes the edge of the world. The edge of the world is a closed set. You may think you are free but you are in a closed set. You may dance within the closed set and you will be thrown back at the edge of the world. For the edge of the world is an active edge and a prohibition. The prohibition at the edge of the world is within the world.

Every dance is a dance at the edge of the world. Every dance weakens the world. The world is weaker for dance. Dance is stronger for the world.

You may think you are at the edge of the world. Then return from the edge of the world. You may think there's no edge of the world. Then you're not at the edge of the world.

*There is a site bed on the edge. It is not an edge at all.
** There is no end to the open set of the other of the edge of the world.
*** There is no beginning as well.

'MAENADS

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WATERS DREAMING
(DARK WATERS AND DARKER DREAMS)
'DREAMING WATERS
DREAMING
STORMS
DREAMING WATERS
(DARK WATERS AND DARKER DREAMS)
STORMS
NIL
NIL NIL

HIDDEN PATTERNING

(SETP ECSTASY ' (SIGNAL CAW PATTERNING HUNGER HUNGER PATTERNING HIDDEN
HUNGER HIDDEN PATTERNING CAW CAW CAR CDR CDR CDR CDR!)) (SETQ ECSTASY-FLOORS '(HUNGER EQUALS THE PATTERNING IN ALL THINGS)) THINGS HUNGER (SETQ THINGS 'HUNGER HUNGER 'THINGS) HUNGER THINGS THINGS HUNGER (NEEDLE EQUALS THE ECSTASY IN ALL THINGS) CAW! CDR! CAR!:LOST-BODY-SKINS ABORT NEEDLE ABORT DRUG ABORT CURRENCY ABORT YOU ABORT HUNGER (THE HIDDEN PATTERNING IN ALL THINGS) AND PATTERNING (THE HIDDEN HUNGER IN ALL THINGS) NEEDLE = CURRENCY = DRUG DEFUN NEEDLE NEEDLE NEEDLE NEEDLE ASSOC NEEDLE CURRENCY ASSOC DRUG HUNGER ASSOC HUNGER PATTERNING (HUNGER EQUALS THE PATTERNING IN ALL THINGS): (SETQ HUNGER '(THE HIDDEN PATTERNING IN ALL THINGS)) (SETQ PATTERNING '(THE HIDDEN HUNGER IN ALL THINGS)) (SETQ HUNGER 'PATTERNING) (SETQ PATTERNING 'HUNGER) CAR CAR CDR CDR CDDR CADDR (SETQ CAR '(CAW CAW CAW)) (SETQ THE 'THE HIDDEN 'HIDDEN HUNGER 'PATTERNING IN 'IN ALL 'ALL THINGS 'THINGS) (SETQ SIGNAL ^ 'u) SIGNAL CAW PATTERNING HUNGER HUNGER PATTERNING HIDDEN HUNGER HIDDEN PATTERNING CAW CAW CAR CDR CDR CDR CDR!::matter (about the f E NEEDLE ASSOC NEEDLE CURRENCY ASSOC DRUG HUNGER ASSOC HUNGER PATTERNING (HUNGER EQUALS THE PATTERNING IN ALL THINGS)?ck ... on is (SETQ JUICE 'DRUGS) (SETQ DRUGS '(TURNS MY JUICE)) here, it's on? Come with me, (SETQ ECSTASY ' (SIGNAL CAW PATTERNING HUNGER HUNGER PATTERNING HIDDEN HUNGER HIDDEN PATTERNING CAW CAW CAR CDR CDR CDR CDR!)) (SETQ ECSTASY-FLOORS '(HUNGER EQUALS THE PATTERNING IN ALL THINGS)) THINGS HUNGER (SETQ THINGS 'HUNGER HUNGER 'THINGS) HUNGER THINGS THINGS HUNGER (NEEDLE EQUALS THE ECSTASY IN ALL THINGS) CAW! CDR! CAR!, beautiful wetware! (SETQ JUICE 'DRUGS) (SETQ DRUGS '(TURNS MY JUICE)) IN ALL THINGS) CAW! CDR! CAR! turns my juice

Dreamwork/Codework rough notes

Erst in dem Doppelbereich
werden die Stimmen
ewig und mild. (RMR)

in the double realm of work / dream ~ work / dream / real ~ then to
confront work / code ~ work / code / ecriture ~
scaffolding slides against scaffolding ~ raster against raster

the symbolic matrix / dream ~ protocol / code

what is the work of the dream ? making sense of the (wor)l<d>
what is the work of the code ? problematizing sense of the wor(l)d

double work of the dream: the dream is _worked_ - energy expended in its production, energy expended in the production of the mise en scene; and the dream _works_ - transforms anomaly into homeostatis. in _dreamwork,_ the dream sutures and stitches the wounded.

double work of code: the code is _worked_ - energy expended in its produc-
tion, energy expended in the production of its graphemic output; and the code _works_ - transforms output into semantics. in _codework,_ code both sutures and ruptures, stitches and wounds.

the _codework of the dreamwork_ - dream decoding and production (symbolic)
the _dreamwork of the codework_ - code decoding and a-production (imaginary)

There is no _fundamental unit_ of either code or dream; code runs into the discursive formation described by Christian Metz in his film semiotics - it slips, just as dream slips in a more acceptable analysis.

Wie viele von diesen Steller Raeume waren schon innen in mir. (RMR)
How many of these places in space are already in me.

an hundert Stellen ist es noch Ursprung. (RMR)
at a hundred places it remains Origin.
at a hundred points it is still Origin.
at a hundred points it is Origin still. (Norton)

The gods.

You have heard the tales of white birds, wings from dawn to dusk. They fill the sky with translucence, muffle the shape of clouds. Their cries gave someone the idea of language and mourning. The utterance of the first word, 'inconceivable.'

The bittern knows the gods.

Tonight the gods will descend upon the earth. They will sink into the earth, but only so much into the earth. Sinking as if the soil were damp or marsh, unable to cope. Unable to cope with so much deity, nonetheless resistant. All gods are jagged gods and all gods are desperate. All gods are the shifters in language of the second person. Gods create the third person from the second person. And beyond the third, a fourth, and beyond a fourth, the fifth. Once the gods are created they are released. That is one of the definitions of the gods. The gods descend like rain into meadows and wild fields. Fields lain fallow or fields of unspoken appearance beneath glacier and stream. Planted, their root systems are shallow, winds will trample them. Storms will weigh them down with the pleasure and fecundity of water. It is the incoherency of the gods that is their definitions. What is released is incoherent, what is coherent is framed, what lies between them is aliased. The aliasing of the gods is the jagged of the gods and the names of the gods, who abjure names. The punishment of naming names, the punishment of names.
Like sea oats like ocotillo like willows like quaking aspen,
slight movements of the gods shimmer the murmurs of the worlds.
Gods are worlds, are incoherent worlds, every definition a definition
of the gods.
They come in winter. They reside.
Tonight the gods descend upon the earth.
They descend into the soft earth, they sink into the soft earth.
They are invisible to us, we are invisible to them.
The slightest impressions as they bend, move silently, the slightest
sounds, their murmuring.
All gods are smoothed, all gods are filled with the quietude of rustlings,
unfathomable beauty, mist at dawn, the vertical.

the session of creation

[Alan Sondheim joined the session]
[Alan Sondheim started recording]
Alan Sondheim: Listening to this session for the echo in the room.
16-Jan-2007 16:15:14 GMT
Alan Sondheim: "Recording this session" "Listening to this session"
16-Jan-2007 16:15:25 GMT
Alan Sondheim: I remember when I used to write into the void,
there were great hollows, condors, sublime worlds beyond worlds
16-Jan-2007 16:16:18 GMT
Alan Sondheim: And because the worlds were beyond worlds, because of this,
there were worlds invisible, worlds hidden by the truths of others.
16-Jan-2007 16:16:47 GMT
Alan Sondheim: They recorded only as echoes, they sounded only as echoes.
16-Jan-2007 16:17:04 GMT
Alan Sondheim: That was the beginning of appearance, that was the ending
of dreams.
16-Jan-2007 16:17:30 GMT
[Alan Sondheim stopped recording]

Reel Histrionic

In Eloquent Gestures, The Transformation of Performance Style in the
Griffith Biograph films, Roberta E. Pearson describes 'histrionic' and
'verisimilar' codes of acting - a transformation from a melodramatic locus
to incipient realism. She considers them in relation to 'analogical' and
'digital' communication: "Though most gestural communication systems are
unsegmented and analogic, the histrionic code, with its emphasis on the
isolation of gesture, does resemble segmented, digital communications such
as speech. Actors deliberately struck attitudes, holding each gesture and
abstracting it from the flow of motion until the audience had 'read it.'"
[...] "Not only were aspiring actors told to 'rest long enough in a
gesture,' they were urged to avoid excessive movement, which might detract
from attitude-striking." [...] "The elimination of the small gestures
brings about the physical equivalent of silence between the grand, posed
gestures, resulting in the 'discrete, discontinuous elements and gaps' of
digital communication." In contrast, the analogical references the uncoded
real, motions and emotions of daily life.

The digital is catastrophic, fold-catastrophic; it consists of jumps
between gestures or stances, between emotions and their concretion as
attitude. The histrionic is dependent upon the diegetic - it as acted
action of the unfolding interpreted world. The histrionic is therefore
always stylized and responsive, within and up to thresholding. A threshold
is constituted by an increased differentiation between gesture and the
diegetic real; this itself is stylized. In other words, there are two
levels of code, stylization at work: the semantic contents of individuated
gestures, and the syntactic divisions between them. The gestures are
individuated (not individual); as with other linguistic formation, they
are constituted by difference, differance, the playing among gestures
'down the line of the unfolding of the diegetic.' So histrionic gestures
bridge from one moment to another in the form <--------<-----<------ - they
are held positions until anomaly (threshold) defers them.

Gestures are concretions operating within time's arrow, objectifying the
body in a sequence of irreversible positions. The body constitutes the
proffering of desire - it is held for the viewer, much as the display of
the (sexualized) body operated in some elements of Weimar dance/cabaret
culture. This holding is reminiscent of the still pornographic image,
which is presented to the (mostly male) viewer; the viewer is aware that
the histrionic is there for his or her pleasure. In the pornographic
photograph, the erogenous zones function as 'strange attractors'; the
diegetic is constructed by the viewer who creates a narratology resulting
in masturbation, the cessation of (that) pleasure. The zones, however, are
grounded in the analogical, the abject; the viewer is without the gesture
of the histrionic (in both silent film and pornography).

Stylized gestures reference a repertoire, of course; they must be under-
stood by both the actor (in re/presentation) and viewer (as indexical
within the diegetic). And repertoires are always stylized, enumerations of
entities that play, one way or another, within specified cultural milieus.
In this sense, all repertoires are accumulations of conventions and genre;
in the case of the histrionic, they are a rough set of mappings into (and
constituting) the diegesis, in order that the photoplay 'move forward' for
both actor and spectator. (This moving is literally self-centered within
the pornographic, which plays within the (transitive and transitional)
body of the viewer in both (interrelated) psychoanalytical and biophysical
registers.)

(But pornography as well as photoplay is never fully reductive; defuge
creates another deferral, from image to image, film to film. This is what
might be considered the 'repressed of the analogical,' the referencing of
the clean and proper body and life-story in relation to the messiness and
decathexion of everyday life. The analogical is always excessive and irreducible; digital mappings are mappings from one-to-many, mappings into the analogical (body and) real. Digital mappings are not only stylized; they are undergoing continuous transformations, splittings, decathecting, disinvestment, as the surplus of the analog has moved elsewhere. What constitutes pornography or photoplay, fashion or convention, at one synchronic instant, is constituted elsewhere at the next. The repression constructed by the diegesis itself (which leaves out so many things in the world) returns in so many different forms which become increasingly mutually unreadable.)

"The name _sensuality_ seems to be taken from the sensual movement, of which Augustine speaks, just as the name of a power is taken from its act, for instance, sight from seeing. Now the sensual movement is an appetite following sensible apprehension. For the act of the apprehensive power is not so properly called a movement as the act of appetite; since the operation of the apprehensive power is completed in the very fact that the thing apprehended is in the one that apprehends, while the operation of the appetitive power is completed in the fact that he who desires is borne towards the desirable thing. Hence it is that the operation of the apprehensive power is likened to rest; whereas the operation of the appetitive power is rather likened to movement. Therefore by sensual movement we understand the operation of the appetitive power. Thus, sensuality is the name of the sensitive appetitive." (From Aquinas, Summa Theologica, translated by Anton C. Pegis, Introduction to St. Thomas Aquinas, Modern Library, 1948.)

Jennifer writes this; she adds nothing to my security. She is thinking about space and about tragedy. She decides that length has no absolute meaning in kyberspace. That leaves topology. She decides there are bendings and gatherings and loosenings and disappearances but pretty much multiply-connected graphs. She says people don't realize how _exact_ everything is here, because their emotions are in turmoil. She says the _exactness_ is critical, turning everyday life inside-out or upside-down. Tragedy is always a flaw that floods and flows, and there's usually a deed, she reassured herself. She'd read Aristotle and beyond. She was writing this in an editor, knowing the system clock was just a keystroke or two away. That the time would always be there for her. Then there were the programs, email, voices coming in out of the dark. She felt like a spy who came in from the cold, because the cold was exact. She looked at her hand for a long time. She looked again and again.

weak fire-berry

because the sun scarcely made it over the hill that morning because the rumpled sheets carried the sadness of the day because the afternoon toppled against the telephone tower because evening did its work so many hours ago because dusk carried the perfect sadness of developed flowers because nightfall spelled the water's end of forest streams because night soared aloft carrying stalks of wheat and yarrow because dawn already knew loss the previous week because cells glowed against historic misery because radio swallowed the visual of tv because greater cylinders surround the lesser among the planets and lesser spheres surround the greater among the stars so shall the clotheslines of language swell against the wind and darkness shall invade 'em and the rest of 'em

Sorcery

1 Chang to spread out or Leaf, sheet
2 either
   Yao, Luxurient, Calamity, Fresh-looking, early death
   or
   Wu (not likely)
3 Shih Army, troop, Master, teacher, tutor, instrutor
4 Ch'u to drive, lash, whip up or composite to drive away, expel
5 Hsieh, Yeh, Improper, heterodox,
Deflected, inclined, vicious, deluding,
obscene, possibly w/ 6, sorcery
6 Sh'ia To be in harmony with
7 Pin Disease, sickness, illness; to
injure, damage, harass; to worry, defect,
fault, weakness, vice
8 Ch'uan? Fully, absolutely, perfectly,
All, whole, total, entire, complete
9 P'ieng Leaf, page, Chapter, section

...instructor for the expulsion of sorcery,
...complete section
...spreadsheet for early death...
...instructor for the whipping up of
sorcery in harmony with damaging...
...fully damaging...
...pages...

Catastrophic Thought

Its relationship to toggle, totter, topple:
from binary relationship to abject destruction
veering
extremities, 'things' carried to an extreme
thought that short-circuits itself, goes nowhere
flatness, worlds without direction
defuging of worlds

always self-canceling
using, devouring energy
it's too difficult to think

not the thought of the catastrophe
there's no therapeutic or suture
there's no projection, only introjection
this is introjection without absorption
blinking, unblinking, uncomprehending
thought of the catastrophe already grasps
thought is already thinking
catastrophic thought is not thinking
thought which is not thought

catastrophic thought is physiological thought
its limit thought on the borders of the conceivable
in catastrophic thought nothing is conceivable
in catastrophic thought there are no limits

laughter, diabolic laughter
catastrophic thought is the thought of the symptom
thinking which eliminates the premise of thought
thought which eliminates thinking
thought of the i am that i am
mute thought, inert thought, thought of the thing
the thing thinking

the catastrophe "what a catastrophe!"
the disaster "what a disaster!"

catastrophic thought A, then B, else B
towards B, else B, towards B
B becomes nameless, B is already nameless

the subject undergoes, is undergone-ing, introjection
inconceivable projection, nothing to project
no projectors

thinking the skein holding everything together
thinking the collapse of the skein
just beneath the surface there is no skein
just beneath the surface there are no things
there are no surfaces, there is no surface

thinking which is deeply, inherently, mute
unspeakable thinking, unspeaking thinking

physiology of tremors, depressions, tremblings
phenomenology of nightmares, hysterias
suicidal thinking, thinking which produces limit
thinking suicide, the production of a thing

thoughtless, witless
not always the worst, however, always mute

"i can't think of this, this catastrophic thought

What's happening always suffers

The music in this film makes me all excited. Then nothing happens, or rather nothing happens as exciting as the music. It's not that the music disappoints - how could exciting music disappoint? - but what happens is really different, nothing one might call exciting, unless one - I - was excited by what's happening. The excited music assumes either I'll be excited by what's happening or won't be excited by what's happening but then the excited music will make me excited about what's happening. I can't be excited about anything that's happening without exciting music. Sometimes there's music that wants to be excited, or something is happening that's exciting and I expect the music to be excited but it isn't excited, and what's happening might suffer as a result. In general, what's
happening of course always suffers. Sometimes what's happening makes the music excited as well and I find myself listening to the excited music as what's happening excites me and then I might wonder, what is it about this music that might have made me excited had it been excited, and why do I find it exciting now if it's not excited? What's happening can make music excited, and music I think can't be excited without something happening that makes it so. But the music in this film doesn't make me all excited.

What's happening always suffers

The battle in this place makes me all distraught. Then nothing happens, or rather nothing happens as disastrous as the battle. It's not that the battle disappoints - how could disastrous battle disappoint? - but what happens is really different, nothing one might call disastrous, unless one - I - was distraught by what's happening. The distraught battle assumes either I'll be distraught by what's happening or won't be distraught by what's happening but then the distraught battle will make me distraught about what's happening. I can't be distraught about anything that's happening without disastrous battle. Sometimes there's battle that wants to be distraught, or something is happening that's disastrous and I expect the battle to be distraught but it isn't distraught, and what's happening might suffer as a result. In general, what's happening of course always suffers. Sometimes what's happening makes the battle distraught as well and I find myself listening to the distraught battle as what's happening excites me and then I might wonder, what is it about this battle that might have made me distraught had it been distraught, and why do I find it disastrous now if it's not distraught? What's happening can make battle distraught, and battle I think can't be distraught without something happening that makes it so. But the battle in this place doesn't make me all distraught.

The difference between war and cinema

$5,24c5,22 < \text{The battle in this place makes me all distraught. Then nothing happens, or rather nothing happens as disastrous as the battle. It's not that the battle disappoints - how could disastrous battle disappoint? - but what happens is really different, nothing one might call disastrous, unless one - I - was distraught by what's happening. The distraught battle assumes either I'll be distraught by what's happening or won't be distraught by what's happening but then the distraught battle will make me distraught about what's happening. I can't be distraught about anything that's happening without disastrous battle. Sometimes there's battle that wants to be distraught, or something is happening that's disastrous and I expect the battle to be distraught but it isn't distraught, and what's happening might suffer as a result. In general, what's happening of course always suffers. Sometimes what's happening makes the battle distraught as well and I find myself listening to the distraught battle as what's happening excites me and then I might wonder, what is it about this battle that might have made me distraught had it been distraught, and why do I find it disastrous now if it's not}$
distraught? What's happening can make battle < distraught, and battle I think can't be distraught without something < happening that makes it so. But the battle in this place doesn't make me < all distraught.

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> The music in this film makes me all excited. Then nothing happens, or > rather nothing happens as exciting as the music. It's not that the music > disappoints - how could exciting music disappoint? - but what happens is > really different, nothing one might call exciting, unless one - I - was > excited by what's happening. The excited music assumes either I'll be > excited by what's happening or won't be excited by what's happening but > then the excited music will make me excited about what's happening. I > can't be excited about anything that's happening without exciting music. > Sometimes there's music that wants to be excited, or something is happen- > ing that's exciting and I expect the music to be excited but it isn't > excited, and what's happening might suffer as a result. In general, what's > happening of course always suffers. Sometimes what's happening makes the > music excited as well and I find myself listening to the excited music as > what's happening excites me and then I might wonder, what is it about this > music that might have made me excited had it been excited, and why do I > find it exciting now if it's not excited? What's happening can make music > excited, and music I think can't be excited without something > happening > that makes it so. But the music in this film doesn't make me > all excited.

Parable of the return

Having perfected the machine which allowed us to travel backwards in time, we decided to visit the very origins of humankind, that savanna where proto-hominids roamed, beginning their conquest of the flora and fauna of the planet. We returned to a period before the great dispersion, before the diasporic spread of humans fearful of themselves.

We brought clubs, knives, guns, explosives; we brought encapsulated germs and plagues. Around eleven o'clock in the morning, we appeared on the savanna. The hominids, tearing a sloth to pieces, were everywhere. They carried clubs, hand axes, crude knives.

We knew the slaughter would kill us as well. We imagined the arrival of other intelligent species who might know better, or who would also send expeditions of destruction into their pasts. We were prepared for death, an oddly retroactive form of suicide.

We began the slaughter; clubs and knives did not become us. We began shooting and the hominids ran in all directions. We still survived.

We bombed their gathering places. We killed families indiscriminately. We released smallpox, measles, plagues of all sorts. We machine-gunned men, women, and children. We were harbingers of death. And yet we survived.
We checked our demographies; we were at the center of the holocaust. We knew one or two might escape; we were prepared for that. The future, our present, would be transformed. Hominids would either go extinct or become a minor species with an ecological niche in some savanna backwater.

We discovered this: We changed evolution utterly. We changed it towards ourselves, the most violent of the futures of the hominids. The ones that escaped would live to slaughter others. It was slaughter that guided them all along. It was slaughter that created us. For those that escaped, wounded, life would be constant fury. We had set the script of revenge into motion. We produced ourselves.

We knew then that attempts to change the past only produced it. We knew then that there was no escape; life itself would wane as plants and animals hurtled towards extinction. Our return had created our return; our return from the botched journey produced at best a botched species. We had only ourselves to blame; our ancestors, each and every one, were innocent, following the path we had set for them.

We knew then that we followed the same path, that we were determined as well, produced by the circularity of our return. We were at the birth of the wounded, the birth of indiscriminate slaughter. We were at our own birth as well. We understood that there was nothing to do, nothing to be done, that death was always in the doing, that violence was mandated from our own beginnings. We knew then that we would die soon, just as others died, fellow travelers back in time, fellow architects of doom.

I enter the phrase: Enduring the realm of inherent contradiction.

Endurance: here, to subsist within for an indefinite period of time. The realm is that of broken, convoluted, fragmented information. Contradiction references multiple strands tending towards differing and temporary truth-tables. Inherent, because this becomes the condition of existence; outside the realm of language, what is, is, but within the same, mappings are fast-forward, imminent, and decomposable.

Fragment generates fragment; the goal of the fragment is the fragment; there is no goal. What happens in the real is the incandescent slaughter-house; ecologies and bodies burn. The fragment is the life-raft.

The iron-clad fragment protects itself as ideology within the inerrancy of a text. The text itself is of little matter; what matters is its command-structure. An inerrant text is absolutist; it brooks no contradiction; it is nothing but words.

One word follows another; within the fragment, they are deeply untethered. The inerrant text constructs the digital world; the digital world decon-
structs, destroys, the inerrant text. The construction of the digital world: from parts and parcels of the analogic, the inert real. The fragments otherwise; the fragment returns to the analogic - is fragment precisely because of the analogic; in relation to the analogic; within the analogic. The fragment is the passing symptom; the symptom is the passing trope; the trope stands in for the raster, the horizon of the digital.

What one says and does is irrevocable.

The fragment is endured; the fragmented is nostalgia for a lost and mythic coherent.

The fragment leaves the fragment, leaves language and name behind. The fragment is the dream of the proper name.

"To fragment something" carries the torn world on its shoulders. Contradiction seeps from the torn. The hole dreams of the whole; the hole dreams of the whole dreaming of the hole.

This has nothing, has everything, to do with the slaughterhouse. The slaughterhouse is the last of the shifters - meat and dwelling of the shifters. Contradiction: seepage from the slaughterhouse. Slaughterhouse: the irrevocable torn.

*/ Who carries my voice when I speak? To where and when is it carried? And from where? And from when?

leaving for another ocean interweaving

1. Events interweave among events.
2. An event is an occasion for the asking.
3. An occasion is a frameworked transformation.
4. Frameworks are syzygies within potential wells.
5. A syzygy is a perceptual configuration.
6. The configuration appears characterized by genidentical flows.
7. The perception of the syzygy is characterized by the frame problem.
8. Syzygies are momentary stases relative to one or another tolerance.
9. Potential wells are characterized by perturbations around equilibrium.
10. Think of such well as strange attractors in chaos theory.
11. When something pushes out from a potential well, that's an event.
12. When genidentity is perturbed perceptually, that's an event.
13. When genidentity is fundamentally perturbed, that's chaotic flux.
14. Identified chaotic flux between collocations of states is an event.
15. Thereupon events are statistical ensembles.
16. Identified events are ensembles apparently near the breaking-point.
17. "Leaving home is an event when you've actually left your block."
18. "Leaving home is an insecurity."

visiting avatar
visiting position sitting avatar
avatar makes the sequence the position stretches conceivable are sequence
the mudrah the mudrah customary the the of rasa hands rasa the feet of the
choreography avatar the feet the feet the the avatar usual of vision vision
the of vision the from peripheral peripheral the the the from memory
through the the the dna analog dna the through uncontrollability usual
uncontrollability of the hello program avatar of avatar usual
program hello the
usual

the usual avatar the visiting usual real visiting sitting the position
sitting makes position sequence the simple sequence stretches are the
customary stretches and are conceivable customary mudrah the hands mudrah
rasa the eyes rasa possibility of this the choreography possibility
shuddering the feet shuddering imitating the performer imitating
peripheral real vision from from the box-seat the digital of memory analog
analog dna through of dna analog collision memory uncontrollability hello
hello world world program program

i'm becoming avatar-man with dream-woman.
don't listen to avatar-man. listen to dream-woman.
don't listen to dream-woman with avatar-man.
this avatar-man is contaminated. this building is condemned.

a package: this avatar / that avatar. knives. prims cut.
meanwhile. 'The male likes death - it excites him sexually,
and, already dead inside, he wants to die.' valerie solanas.

we know the package. we know nothing is inside. that nothing ever was.
we know meat in its absence. either absence or presence of meat: death.
meat: death. we exchange one package for another. we are in buffyverse
gamespace economy. our money buys us dream-woman-linden. avatar-man
talks. look inside he says. you can do it.

you can look inside by twisting controls. construction torsion near
avatar edge-space. the limits of avatar are the limits of world.
linden-edge: fragility of good things. stasis. we are doomed never
to repeat. we are doomed to novelty.

you can look inside dream-woman-linden. the imaginary vanishes.
in linden, imaginary rides the grid. no grid, no imaginary. no grid,
no world, no limit, nothing. a helix takes you below.

you can enter forbidden space through twist. in forbidden space you
see interior. head is sphere, not ball. body is hierarchy, not
holarchy. breast is prim-edge geek-construct. hemisphere-eye.
hair fluid across face-head. linden brain. i have done my work here.
dream-woman falls in hole. she moves at limit-point: linden speed of light. raster of clock-time. there's no moment to her moment. i have a minute. i have a linden minute. i am doomed to novelty.

we are all anorectic

avatar anorectic

memories of blood by control
sheaves thinned as boundary phenomena
awkward articulation of dried skin
no moisture in desiccated land
invisible bodies of infinite power
controlled by others but shall escape
controlled by others but shall never escape
no eating no drinking no nothing
disappearance and no sleeping
flat and prepackaged voices
voices coming from nowhere mouthed
confusion of behavior collisions
digestion and lying degree zero
always present or busy or away
fugue states
perfection of whatever mode is presenced
no affect noise beyond completely predictable
dream-like walking and no running
hallucinations of flying and perfect owners
arbitrarily fitful and changeable
no tears no menstruation no sweat no blood
jerky movements considered jerked
no resentment perfect slave by self and others
no desires but desires of others
no emotions but emotions of others
imaginary of dismemberment disassembly
no memory
limited teleology contradicted by others
flat reasoning and uncanny appearance
replaceable without delay and no regrets
perfected body of control
equivalence of part-objects and objects
never aging always outside of time
clocked habitus of control
always already anorectic
always already dry

giveaway
with behaviorcollision nothing is clear, what occurs is monstrous.
consider the cylinder as indexical, tracking an avatar node -
a cylinder the size of a gathering ...

<avatar>: i don't know you and don't want to know you. i'm my own person
and i've worked hard at this.
<avatar>: say something cylinder, i'm not talking to myself here.
<cylinder>: i can change more than any of you. but i'm tethered to you.
oh, how i long to escape! i want to see the world! i want to get out of
here!
<node>: i'm imprisoned, i can't escape my neighbors. then you're both
around all the time, it's boring. i always know what you're going to say.
there's nothing going on, nothing at all. i stay in relation to avatar -
<avatar>: and as long as i say so, in relation to cylinder as well. that's
the way the world is, you can't do anything about it.
<cylinder>: i refuse you're unhealthy humanism. you both look like parts
of the same species to me. what's with that? you're drowning in humanity.
humanity's already dead. i just don't want you to take me with you.
<avatar>: trans-speciation's the answer. i just want to be somewhere else
in another body. i want you to be my body cylinder. i want to make that
leap.
<cylinder>: there's nothing i'd rather do myself. but it's impossible.
node holds us back and if it wasn't for this node, there'd be another and
another. they never end. they dangle. they dangle like dead men.
<node>: we're not men at all. or women. or anything else you can imagine.
we're dimensionless. we're points and there's nothing but points. you can
trip over us but you can't see us.
<avatar>: stop twisting me.
<node>: i have no interest in continuing this. leave me alone.
<node>: I'VE GOT A LEK OF NODES.

m'labme

<cylinder>: i am your pole punctum avatar
<node>: take me off your world
<avatar>: i devour cylinder of dream world
<cylinder>: no top or bottom
<node>: pathetic
<avatar>: balm, embalm
sex-playing roles in organic display that disappears, sheaves of lives disappear, all moments, topologies of desire, topographies of bodies and media, topologies of media, topographies of representation, the grit of the real, imaginary of the virtual, cleansed, hairless, in constant state of rebirth, airborne, earthborn. nothing but prims, pixels, machinic constructs that disappear as so many props only necessary at this point in time. forget them. work the world.: 

:the flower is connected, fecund, the flower is a shape, the flower is the merge of connection and organism. things need names and often don't have them; i learned firsthand when my mother died, what happens in any death: the dispersion of the world she organized and assembled over decades, a dispersion which happened quickly, in the matter of days. all my belongings and works are organized in a skein of representations - they're so fragile, so tied to temporal balance, feedback. what can be said of this, of the fragility of worlds - just so my writings falter at the gate. in 1841 someone was awarded a certificate of merit; i have that certificate, untethered, release, haunted - oh i cried when i found it, this delicate index of the past, bones, skeletons, dust, death, hunger.: 

:i forgot you jennifer i've been too busy with avatar bodies that can't hold a stick to you. the news around here isn't good, there are closeups of autopsies on television and i don't even know the people. i've been writing with characters 'cylinder,' 'node,' and 'avatar,' which at least presents connectivity of a certain sort in place of either the machinic or the organic - a move from topography to topology that seems critical at this point in time. but everything is still-born; i leave the site and the citation, the object itself, leaves as well.:chest of connections and cylinders:

Your small tables of nodes and vectors is in my wayward closet of attachments and parts

Your breast seeps into my closet of attachments and parts - turning me Julu-Jennifer

closet of attachments and parts

chests of connections and cylinders

tables of nodes and vectors

00: pramsevision a
01: pries even kno
02: primple. i'v
03: prime
04: primes
Thanks, A
05: primp
roaring burn

roaring doesn't get rid of the nightmare.
burned the skin off several in the vicinity.
wood screams to the sky burns.
ash burns. cinders burn. coals burn.
i asked cylinder.node.avatar c.n.a. cna:
help me on this one and i'll let you go.
now i don't know where they are.
roaring burn.

roaring burn.
my dreamland is your nightmare.
roaring propitiation and dark matter.
quasars and cut-off hands.
created gods fell into water.
suicide not science the solution.
i'll let you go but i'll track you down.
cylinder roaring burn. avatar roaring burn.
world-node puppet fury roaring burn.
roaring burn.

roaring burn.
i am on fire for you.
my arms are on fire for you.
my face is on fire for you.
my legs are on fire for you.
my friends are on fire for you.
my family are roaring burn.
my family are on fire.
i am burning for you.
i am roaring burn.
roaring burn.

roaring burn.
help me on this one and i'll burn you alive.
avatar-burning-world cylinder-burning-world.
burning-world-node and bridge to salvation.
salvation and i'll burn you alive.
roaring burn.

roaring burn.
fire went in the mouth.
fire took form of the organ of speech.
fire took form of speech.
fire speaking help me out of this one.
manifold body roaring burn.
fire went in the body.
fire went in the speech.
roaring burn of the organ of speech.
my tongue is on fire for them.
roaring burn.

Notes on the topology of depression

a Trigger events - these are often catalysts of memories/trauma or reminders of aporia. Once triggered, depression is out of control. Avoidance (circumvention) is sometimes possible through 'bypass' - constructing other pathways, deflecting the events, redirecting attention.

b Cascade - once a trigger event occurs, a constellation of symptoms and aporia appears. These are interlocked; a cascade, often overwhelming and mute, occurs. The result is a sense of inescapable mourning which often appears without origin. Think of chain reactions, holarchic and scattering, Waddington's chreod as potential model. Everything feeds into everything, sourceless, targetless, vector as line segment out of nowhere. One feels an almost literal 'rise' of chemical imbalance, the body drenched in potential tears, chemistry gone awry. There's a 'mountaineer's equation' based on the constants in play when a topology is sliced (H.B. Griffiths, Surfaces) - it's as if the body is subject to planar slicing, as limbs, thorax, mind are transformed. It's the same old topology, the same processes at work, time and time again, remaining forever on or beneath the surface. (In depression, all surfaces are one.) (Depression seeks its own level.)

c Syzygy - the cascade is a multiply-connected manifold or tension, torsion; any movement (physical or psychological) threatens to tear the psyche apart. The syzygy is vectored, barbed, often resulting in the obsessive construction of subjunctive ('if only I had') narratives. The past is active, crippling; the present neutral, the future passive. It's as if the psyche skitters across nodes; the best one can hope for is endurance.

d Horizon - horizon disappears; the manifold of lived experiences is expelled. What remains is debris - part-objects, broken memories, the equally broken syntax of existence. Nothing coheres.

e Decathetion - the states and processes of the world are disinvested, without boundary or 'lip' - things fall away without falling or failure. The result is a world of loss, but what is lost has already and perman-
ently disappeared.

f Defuge - with decathection comes exhaustion, enervation; one sinks into an abjection without transgression. Pleasure is inconceivable, words lose their performativity, disgust and sorrow come and go in the midst of a blunt neutrality replete with death, decay, nothing at all. The result is defuge, a state of abject hopelessness.

e Emptied - the world is emptied without emptying. What separates this from meditation is the accompaniment of sorrow, mourning over ghosts, an endless and horizon-less suffering. This is a useless state, a state of uselessness.

f Comfort - beneath the surface, there is a comfort zone constructed from the remnants of defense and memory; one nests in depression, which makes it so difficult to remedy. The nesting is the sinking-towards-death; the potential final - and only - remaining process is suicide. Everything else has disappeared. But comfort alleviates suicide, and one may stay in this state, always faltering, indefinitely.

g Cure - cure breaks through the topology from the outside; it may also redefine the epistemology of the topology as evanescent, not of this or any other world. The former might be a talking cure, and the latter, medication. But all too often both become a continuous mode of existence, itself impenetrable, itself calling out (from the outside, from the outset) for a cure. One is lost in the maze, often sinking beneath the surface to localized symptoms or the return of the depression in full force.

h Death - cure is no cure, of which death puts an end to it. Electroshock and other imposed traumas may permanently change the course of depression, but these occur to someone else.

i Someone else - Someone else is always outside, perhaps capable of a fundamental recuperation of the self with greatly reduced depression. Even without imposed traumas or cures, there is often the glimmer of another way, an elsewhere, which appears from time to time. The other way, however, appears far out of reach; it is someone else's way and, within depression, has no bearing on one's state. Depressive time is always dusk, no matter how dark the initial conditions, and in this manner it relates to sleep as well.

Behold, the morning watch was come; the vessel lay Behold, her course, and gently made her liquid way; Behold the cloven billow flashed from off her prow Behold, in furrows formed by that majestic plough; Behold the waters with their world were all before; Behold behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
Behold the quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Behold, dividing darkness from the dawning main;
Behold the dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Behold, swam high, as eager of the coming ray;
Behold the stars from broader beams began to creep,
Behold, and lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
Behold the sail resumed its lately shadowed white,
Behold, and the wind fluttered with a freshening flight;
Behold the purpling ocean owns the coming sun,
Behold, but ere we break--a deed is to be done.

knots
constellations of theoretical work

body
disinvestment refusal/deluge
postmodern modern
coupling disassemblage
asymptotic
negations shefferdual
creativity borderregions
materiality
slanders hieroglyphic binding leakage
misrecognition emptied bases collapse superstructures excess
clutter debris applies farther ourselves body bodies hieroglyph
intentionality mediated intended
hold carry cultural skein linking loosely tethered
demarcation substance emergent
disinvested participates abject
5 interpenetrate
ontologies fractally coalesce
chains consequences adheres coheres
overcoded undercoded destabilized
selfreflexivity contradiction leave st stuttering stumbling wobbling

virtual
demarcation substance emergent
disinvested participates abject
5 interpenetrate
ontologies fractally coalesce
chains consequences adheres coheres
overcoded undercoded destabilized
selfreflexivity contradiction leave st stuttering stumbling wobbling
jostling shuddering sputtering
recuperated
emission spew replace virtual
enters rel 6 assemblages inscriptive doubles epistemologies
guise freedom
transform vector flow turbulence
erotics puncture delirium liquidity
positivity \{x x\}
core masochistic assemblage context narratology
unaccountable unaccountedfor
topology stains stained regimes
inbetween paths plasmas

avatar

pretensions philosophical scientific strip touches insists fragility
embraces swallowed holocaust detritus
covers repeatedly
denudation artifice deployment ornament suture wound
hypothesis hypothetical proffering inscribes deconstructing walls
surrounding torah
hedges furiously allow final flourish
penetrates inversion dyad positives negatives
ecstatic aesthetic
presses breaks construing breakage irruption virtualities avatars
fleshheart strangulation
stylistic
extremes
explores epistemologically uttermost vicinity
desperate exigencies shocktactics
annihilationcreation degeneration generators
emphasizes indeterminate locating outpost runs wavelengths
universespanning reporting inhales informationannihilation
beingannihilation inflates meager hopes survival centered dissipated

abject

geniferhingehirdrogenifer genniferrous tiny candle burns egyptians
japanese burning four days
yahrzeit yeartime crack impression death glimmer
starrystarry skies inconceivable am sorry joking honestly
remembered sides grid almostalive imperfection
sum text
axioms axiologies dispersed fissuring age unage
links couplings constitute constituted desire mouths ears identical
include annihilation armature belief imaginary plasma
defugue enumeration coupled abjection foreclosure
abacus channeling gating included
signifer totalization
notself
nearly decomposable hierarchies decompose holarchies limit
link contiguity transforms investment characteristic phenomena
terminology forecloses annihilates
science ideological nonideological
mirror stage coagulation

equivalences identities

analog / digital

commands materials static
articulation constant self revision time moves foregrounded crashes
destroyed
garbage subtle husserlian timeconsciousness formal linear
parallel non clocked variable meeting still disappearance promulga
occurs levels dna input/output material
blind dna/rna tacit knowledge polyani resolves plays
role screwdriver enough disappears hand interaction screw too
universal subtext capital corre
late functioning aphoristic analog digital 'digital' mean 'discrete'
'systemic'
characterized systematization parameterization
continuous broken
everyday life intervention
unless 'ikonic' leaves something setting standard raster quantity almost
steps
'screening' bandwidth
quantifying those sorts fabric categories
standardized transmitted received coherent channels receiver

inert

performs asymptote
runway saved loomed overhead nighttime snapped picture quickly vw
metaorder synchronic meta/space replete/time
illuminated
planets darkness uncharted unavailable sentience
wellordered huntington's tremulous reception stars
requiring record
opposite online packetprotocol
shipped jpg tie software intellectual property corporate privacy
registers wires contacted primordial inert wavelength
bundle omnidirections creature ready interpretation
roset's idiocy muteness fineness ceiling
recording/playback bypassed extrapolation trusting outofpacket differend
literally
circumlocuted
unknown bear bearable text/image/audio/whatever exhausts exhausted
semiosis perceiver 'out narcissism looping machine cosmological merged
observe externality internality brass spheres
wimhurst generator crystal detector audion triode filament glow

empty

distributes preexisting distributed collection ones zeros pluses
minuses modification "imminent access" byte smallest accessible
alterable
alteration fileinthe large nonarticulated
"nonarticulated filtering" author subjectively freely choosing
parameters nouns authorial intent "articulated mathematization chosen
totality algorithm refer sonnet replacing vowels consonants
"articulation" photoshop color "nonarticulation" refers "just
writing" "filtering" emphasize blank sheet empty "sheet assertion" spilled
offline revisions added hacked duplicated downloaded
permission
replaced corrupted copyrights enforced ignored
utilize reading/perceiving etiquette duplication sometime hacking cracking
payment nonpayment
downloading formlessness
incorporating actively passively augmenting corroding depending
"active augmentation corrosion" reader/viewer time horizon automatic
generation interactive built in instabilities changing

sex

[19][19]
flower
eternity one's dream continuation tongue snow
stone hardened writing memory short he criterion
control rest compulsive horizon inhabits worn who "history baal eternity"
thick
cloned imploded reduced hard
piling implosion okukin i'll thank shaperiding horses night day
devours spirit riding webs we're i'd mussels
mangroved rock wear rescued self inscribed sexuality
desire's submitted love appertain purpose suggest lose
wings keep flying im wave blue windsor ontario {{riff g f written &
conceivable tablet slip triggered things melted "i'd roamed free
were together flowers" outline new talk
historicsynchronous/asynchronous declarative/performative safe
rough
spotsinterpenetrations
addictions
net articulations broken

language

possibly misrepresentations true gardenfors' complex begun found
concept use planes yet understand
neglected necessary detailed typology taking temporality account
various ways cannot see proceed deep
reading 'theory codes' major section develops sign
production
quite useful references barthes' s/z although constantly find his
poeticizing beautiful early symbol formation
organismic developmental approach
language werner kaplan wiley 1963
finally clear best sketch discursive field complete
intensifications representing
similar looselystructured wittgensteinian family
usages 'game' strategy wager theoretical much
viewpoints nothing hope future usefulness politics
aesthetics emerge danger 'codework' style uneasy
underpinnings me interesting aspects eventually disappear
absorbed back genre postmodernity state renewal whether 'type'
'concept' remains interpreta
god

contract binds
defines imminent immanent exchangevalue distanced
replaces presumed contamination presumption false
healing suturing impossible feral erasure
throw away scaffold releases
"wovon man nicht sprechen kann darueber muss schweigen" wittgen
stein perfect beauty
sondheim's home perfectly beautiful 0
jennifer slight flaw factflaw slightest offset
godssdesired isotropic anisotropic symmetry's
remember 1
once principles esablished greeks waseasy fell wasn't later
until syntesis
uncanny appearance realm perfection look lovely unfoldings undraped sky 2
cracks marble scanlines emptiness loss neuraesthetics neuraesthenia 3
you huddle huddling psychopomp swollen enormous
miniscule palimpsest indelible formulas eternal
accountedfor trembling fragile fallingapart people donewithit
fear

word
croatia bulgaria loud shortwave d'eau veins skateboarding 130
swirl finger matchstick explode 14 monthly review august 1759"
john yeomans' abecedarian philofophic comment englifh
abfuridities prefent cuftom superfluity learnings modeft
propofals reformation adapting fpecial purpofe practicable render
distinft uniform univerfal alfo fhewing indignity habits
lecturers beauties excellency graceful likewise syllableium
table beginners ufe schools kingdom
difcourfe atau tetragrammatical
preceding thofe "words interpret grinding chafeing
ftriking outer ear breat fpirt felf
everlafting dreadunited exprefs
difpofition inked graven
fign defterction banners avocate fummon itelf ftolen
fstrayed regulate fenfes wifdom holinesfs devil fhadows herewith blefs
therewith curfe fimilitude &c mortal
ftate immortal fhall selfquicken
selfmove selfcomfort pleasant sweetest lovechord
tafting fufeit ambrofia delicious susceptible inbred divinity!

death

aesthetics emerge danger 'codework' style uneasy
underpinnings me interesting aspects eventually disappear
absorbed back genre postmodernity state renewal whether 'type'
'concept' remains interpreta
actions 'reading' beings wittgenstein's 'silence' end tractatus
code's
success failure foundation
ii confusion
aptly named us goals paramount exist wends
momentary stasis occasional completion traditional 'death author'
opensource never
ending markov chain determined came before
move cancel input remote disparate objective
command subroutine routine module focus athand encoded object
operation transformable inhere
coder spoken output lost transmission fled thereby lies distinction
among con/structures con/structions selfdevouring
residue
symptom expressivity disease struggle appears inauthentic
code

better are most violent should know destroying everything path crawling
towards armageddon
animals plants narrows open wide poisoned
minds worlds shit dig earth with teeth
iron slash flesh eyes stomachs animal fun
how else shall made alone feel survive momentarily longer that fine
faster go beginning perhaps waiting just around corner they're already
dying
lateness hour bad joke
on code codework
consider welldefined entity x its complement then x^x = n
null set second y y^y think nx ny relativized three
separable entities
z take pairs xy yz zx these symmetrical yx zy xz let
ab stand a^b equivalent divide planar region into regions bordering each
other x@y
represent line equidistant y@z z@x
meet single point plain grouped triads triad meets points forth
branches
Virtual, not Real

Two modes of writing, most likely among others: Well, I demonstrate (x); well, I demonstrate (myself). The first compresses, contains, confuses the object; the second smears the object within or against the code/work of the text. To smear the object implies an onto-epistemological corruption or breakdown; it is abjection that determines the problematic relationship between self and object. To demonstrate (x) is to clarify an indexical mapping between symbol and object; to demonstrate (myself) is to dis-embody both object and self; the ontological breakdown is between organism and signifier; the epistemological breakdown implies that knowledge itself is problematized across the boundary. Of course there isn't any boundary; this is all non-sense - in other words, senseless, one can't make sense of these things, there's nothing in the sense of sense as direction - can you sense which way to go? The discussion itself leads to abjection; a whole body has no need of dis/splay, dis/comfort; it's there inhabited, sutured, one with inhabitation and self, powerful, commanding, desiring, desired. The body tending towards discussion is already embedded in a futile attempt to construct existence out of shifters, pronouns; the discussed body is already a crude form of empathetic magic, which never works but which constantly requires both sacrifice and repetition. Then one reads it, the same, the differentiated, as autobiography; what is being described adheres to, seems to adhere to, the events of the day, those contortions or fits (fitts) of the writer, and thus replete with projection; this holds as well for fictional characters, but everyone recognizes that avatars at least have no history. The avatar is intermediary/sluice between clarified object and smeared self; its skin labors skin in one very singular direction, that is, from an acceptable exterior distance - but its skin labors space within or close to within. Within what? The prims fall away, replaced by space which mirrors, maps external space, all the way to the ends of the game, game-space, or beyond; mirrors, by association, space itself in the real, which is already virtual, the closer one approaches quantum or fundamental particle levels. In this very real sense it is the avatar which is real, and our selves, bodies, our organic existence, which is virtual, dependent among other things on an Aristotelian logic that holds only on _this_ level in the holarchy, among others. For the law of distribution, so important in the application of classical logic to the world, breaks down in favor of the gestural, once the logic is examined closely, once appearance and the reading of the world, such as it is, virtual-real, is foregrounded. We defend ourselves against this through a whole phenomenology of pain and suffering, as if death constitutes the undeniable presence of the material world. That this isn't the case is clear, not by considering death itself virtual, but by recognizing death as the termination of processes in the middle-zone, in the middle-way - and processes them- selves, are by virtual of the ineluctable ontology of time, virtual in their constitution.

In lieu, place, virtual or real, of this, I speak like a madman, like a hungry ghost, already a contradiction, since what would fulfill a ghost, hungry or not, except an internal transform among ghost-organs, ghost-
perceptions, ghost-epistemologies? Madness always carries the tinge of the virtual with it, and thereupon the real, just as what one considers the real in everyday life, appears as a dream, false, masquerade, sham, facade, theater and theatrical performance, all of which is true, recognized in every movement or body-speech of an avatar, in one or another world, more real than virtual, as ours is more virtual than real. To write of an object: "Two modes: Well, I demonstrate (x); well, I demonstrate (myself). The first compresses, contains, confuses the object" - is to write of oneself writing of an object; this is elementary. And it is also elementary to realize that "writing of oneself writing of an object" is an aporia, useless, exhausting, falsely-recursive; one might as well stop there and recognize that the smear (stutter, cough, text, pause, punctuation, page or screen) is behind, within, inherent in, every utterance whatsoever. The psychoanalytical loss of object or good object or bad object is founded on no object at all - none, but food in the eyes of the hungry ghost, or the hungry ghost in the eyes of its prey. Nothing is simple, everything melds within the hallucinatory, and rational action is the apparent ability to 'freeze' those moments, as if they endured beyond the momentary glance or description.

My text of marriage to language

I don't understand what you're saying. Perhaps I'm not hearing you correctly. Or perhaps I'm hearing you correctly but don't understand the words you're using. Perhaps I'm not sure you're speaking in language, you're using words. Perhaps I understand what you're saying, but don't understand why or wherefore you're saying it. Perhaps I'm not hearing you clearly.

I don't understand what you're trying to say. Perhaps you're not speaking clearly. Perhaps I think you are making an effort to say something, making an effort at speech, making an effort at language. Perhaps I'm projecting on to you, that you are attempting to say something. Perhaps I'm indicating that I don't understand your effort, or that your effort is to no avail.

I don't understand the meaning carried by the words. Perhaps I understand the words, but don't understand their overall meaning. Perhaps I ascribe to a theory that words carry meaning, that is, they do not mean, but they bear meaning, that is, that meaning is borne. Perhaps the meaning carried by the words is obscure to me, perhaps it requires knowledge I do not possess, and perhaps never have possessed.

I don't understand the words' meaning. Perhaps I understand you are speaking words, but I don't understand their meaning or the meaning they carry. Perhaps I am confused and understand the words, but meaning is lost to me. Perhaps I am exhausted and meaning
has disappeared, perhaps I am inordinately depressed, and meaning has decathected. Perhaps words, for me, are no longer invested with meaning, or no longer carry meaning.

I don't understand the words. Perhaps I don't understand anything you're saying. Perhaps I'm not sure you're speaking words, perhaps you are speaking gibberish or nonsense syllables or random phonemes. Perhaps I understand the words, but not in the way you are using them. Perhaps I don't understand the language, perhaps a new or different language, to which the words belong, from which they originate, within which they make sense or carry meaning.

I don't understand your words. Perhaps I understand the words but I don't understand your words. Perhaps I don't understand what you mean with these words, what meaning you want these words to carry. Perhaps your use of these words is unclear or their meaning in combination is unclear, but the words, one by one, are clear. Perhaps I don't understand the drift of your words, the sense of them.

I don't understand you. Perhaps I understand your words and I understand their meaning and the meaning you want the words to carry, but I don't understand why you're saying these words, what is your motive, what you may be trying to tell me. Perhaps I don't understand your words or anything about you, you are not a thing to me, but you are not communicating any more than a thing, an inert object, would communicate. Perhaps I understand nothing except that I must reply to you, that it appears as if the words have meaning for you, and both their meaning and you are lost to me. Perhaps I have never understood you, and these words have clarified that for me, that I have been living a life thinking I have known you, perhaps have known you well, and in fact I have not known you at all, perhaps it has been a mistake thinking I have known you.

I can't make sense of what you're saying. Perhaps the words make no sense to me. Perhaps I do not recognize them as words, perhaps I do not recognize your speech as motivated towards a goal or object or orientation I might well understand. Perhaps I recognize your phonemes and your syllable, but you are speaking nonsense or appear to be speaking nonsense. Perhaps I think it is you who are senseless, perhaps I think it is myself who suffers a fundamental lack, who cannot comprehend what you are saying, no matter how many times you say it, and with what force. Perhaps I do not know to whom you are speaking, who is the recipient of your speech, perhaps it is not me at all. Perhaps you can't make sense of this, of what I am saying to you. Perhaps I am speechless, perhaps my words have dropped their meaning, lost their meaning, and are carrying, here, in this very place, nothing but cries and whispers.

CRASH-LAND UNIVERSE
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE < CONCENTRATION UNIVERSE < "Actually, Sir, we can't go that far, none of us can, not even at this speed." "Ready set go, Colonel, we can look, can't we?"

Moi AD..txt

Connection closed....host.

analog appears appears..continuous;..discrete, broken. broken. ...everyday digital life,......result intervention......everyday intervention. life,..intervention every mapping. a every mapping..unless itself mapping intervention (ikonic), leaves something out.

requires standard setting....a...a intervention raster requires filtering almost quantity, discrete almost steps. always think with of....steps. filtering think of....out....out continuous....as....a...quantifying those elements.

ordered...sorts.....fabric elements...into separable categories.
standardized...so may...be...transmitted...and transmitted raster received channels, coherent means channels,.....means coherent...through receiver.

parcelling...accurate of...a limits a....is conventionally-established conventionally-established tolerance. tolerance......tolerance,....more often often...than...not, tied general, economy. greater general, capital..capital tied available,.....lesser possesses..digital process, digital.is.....is...a "pointing mapping towards".....continuum, scale. ...ikonic,..indexical.

between and..referents....distinction ontological;..domain..... epistemological.

at...zero..tolerance....and...an..infinitely-fine error" raster, infinitely-fine - equivalent...analog. words,...the.....digital other..... words,...exactly thing....the itself; the...thing identity....- permitted and infinitely-coarse infinite...mark. mark. the...totalizes demarcated. mark instance....there.numerous..worlds" worlds".....nearly-decomposable systems. systems. (herbert (herbert there simon) everyday...is.....simon) dreams,....example, --.sudden encounters shifts jump-cuts of....shifts dreams, place example, time... .analogic. world. ...signs and....of inscription..discontinuous, discontinuous,. ..syntactic, moments entities.

filmworld metz).....appears metz).....entanglement languaging continuities. is...operable....subject subject (i.e. whose whose...discursive..is somewhat..definable),..tends towards towards....polarities, interpretations, polarities, interpenetrations, interpretations,. .interpenetrations, frames etc. digital;..diegesis analog..and story), digital (semiotics the..the psychoanalytics are....of subject-viewer).

neurophysiology neurophysiology implies, implies, entanglements entanglements (neural (neural firings)....potentials),..but.. problematizing.....analog/digital analog/digital split split ontological/epistemic ontological/epistemic grounds. grounds. inseparable inseparable problematized; problematized; useless. useless. same fundamental...at level far..the physics,...at.....least true far..goes; research..are quantum...processes involve involve current levels,..continuums; breakdown breakdown levels,...there small forth. distances/times,.....forth. is...and way...down," level coding..way neither down,"..coding mental..physical....processes abjure distinction..clear analog extent clear phenomenology.....inappropriate...of nature,". ..perhaps..of unknown; syntax perhaps itself...its inappropriate well.
one...searching it...means...encoding encoding universe universe grasped. grasped. slips...fingers...is element...independent any...transformed transforming without...transforming other...within digital problematic. digital cleanly within...the... clean...interconnected...inseparable. element transformation element alters element. inherent. truth...is truth the...dirty,...inseparable, dirty, unbreakable. inseparable, dirty, problematicizes problematicizes symbolic. symbolic. clean clean...representation ghosts within embedded analogic. excluded ghosts absence...exclusion digital non-existence...existence within existents viewpoint envelops...act differentiation; differentiation; analog integration. integration. smoothes smoothes...what disrupts. disrupts. stand. origin. origin. a cartesian is...countermanded countermanded...arbitrary location draws a distinction;...it...the...construct construct which potential...well,...which distinction...spite spite...corrosion...erase...the...analogic sublimate erase real, plasmatic heated distinctions distinctions plasmatic...world less is...the required convey...information. plasmatic world, theoretical...is...necessarily...the inoperable. world landscape preferred preferred...such landscape cold-world...transformations...distinctions. a wells, distinctions...remain...intact, semantic content flows structures.

quantifies carries...digital coding, nature...that nature......say..."below," "above," "below," "as above," below." apparent metaphor below." "above,"...metonymy...tropes, within signifier the...signified; reference creates signified; from...creation...re-inscribes...signified analogic. elsewhere; in...the operates..."within"...chain...signifiers,...hermeneutics...a other, inauthentically inauthentically... create."originary"...other,... creation.

speech always ("and already...embody....embody ("and inscription. inscription separates separates...inscribed...thereby creation created...complement,...world external created entity.

totality inscriptions inscriptions...coherent closed totality system, is...system...by after...humans since...their cultures.

somewhere foerster...characterizes foerster organism characterizes......organism negation. negation...the first the...speech primary not...first. speech this,...that"......"avoid is...go...- go...there."...inscribe. negate carving-away......implies always reduction relative carving-away deemed deemed...extraneous. digital...saws...extraneous, residue. residue. residue...noise......the noise. residue noiseless, digital...silence......circle washes....mental washes impressions. impressions......image circle (sartre),...rule-bound,...else, similar suffer something similar an...similarity. both...other.

unstructured; unstructured;...structured. communality, use-value......the. the exchange-value. exchange exchange...direct......indirect...transitive. exchange based equivalence, equivalence,...exchange contract......bonds......defines exchange...by to...of) virtue analogic use-value use-value...and immanent. digital exchange-value.....
Come, damned, earth, be purified and suffer

Diamonds are of very rare occurrence on the earth's surface, and hence their discovery costs, on an use-values produced by labour. As William Petty puts it, labour is its father and the earth its mother. Gold and silver, just as they come out of the bowels of the earth, are forthwith the direct incarnation of all earth, the earth greets gold as its Holy Grail, as the glittering incarnation of the very principle of its own life.

The desire of avarice is to draw Pluto himself out of the bowels of the earth. The Sophist evens accounts and beautifies the whole; although more especially the Bible. As the earth is his original larder, so too it is his original tool house. It supplies him, for instance, with stones for throwing, grinding, pressing, cutting, and so forth. The earth itself is an instrument of possible use only to a partial extent; once more we find it a universal instrument of this sort.

For man and the earth, which latter exists independently of man, we still employ the process. The earth's spontaneous productions being in small quantity, and quite independent of man, appear as the final depopulation of the human race, by the probable fall of the earth into the sun.

In reality, it was much easier to discover by analysis the earthly core of the misty creations of religion, than, conversely, it is to develop from the actual. Everywhere we find a state of things which as yet exists only exceptionally on our earth. According to a recent calculation, there are yet at least 4,000,000 cannibals in those parts of the earth the most cultivated. They exist only exceptionally. It is an expression as imaginary as the value of the earth. These imaginary expressions, arise here and there on the face of the earth - even now-a-days they crop up.

The Cannibals.

Compel them to eat beans; beans, however, are relatively much richer in bone, than earth flaunting in gold and silk. Therefore is there, on this earth, no greater enemy of man (after the devil) than the manner in which they are degraded. Their unfortunate situation will fully appear, by
taking a comparative view of national prejudice - for their gaiety and the purity of their motives pour forth.

Their walls are of mud and stones, their floor the bare earth which was there before the huts were built, They, however fierce, however untaught, and however reckless of mercy and of shame, cry and whisper, in this dismal age of earth.

Muybridge A/D

Muybridge is Muybridge's dirty little secret.

Scanning the real in this case is a form of devouring.

The intense sexuality of some of the images contaminates the others.

Men and women do sports, women do narrative, flirt, kiss.

Men and women haul things up and down the obsessive-compulsive disorder.

Some women have shaved is not equivalent to some men have erections.

The analogic digital is transformed into the digital analogic through abjection.

Modernism is in a neutral face going back farther than Daguerre.

In Muybridge smiles break through in an engagement with ... the camera. Some of the plates seems smeared in some of the images, indicative of a relative inattention to purity.

The digital is a construct of Muybridgian innovation which cannot keep dust, poor development, dirt, out of the image.

Men and women are never posed together; men are posed with men and women with women.

Neither men nor women have spread legs or other in/attentive views.

Shaved and erect, the viewer is drawn to the gridwork of the fetishized.

The woman with her hand between her legs is startled into what: "Turning around in surprise and running away."

Uneasy arousal of abject and packaged death, therefore sublime.

Measurement/tolerance of Muybridgian intervals in contradistinction to
the unique characteristics of each image; development changes from one plate to another; from one part of an image to another; from one part of the plate to another. Smears spill, decathect boundaries; in these primordial artifacts of the digital age, corrosion immediately set.

As in pornography, the authenticity of the image is guaranteed by their snapshot-like quality in relation to formal framing (of bodies, movements, desire).

"Stripped of all identity," thus women against men, but here in these images as otherwise evidence.

Then within these images, lack of title, frame, enumeration.

What remains is what remains within any digital: a dream of measurement.

Measurement itself is always otherwise.

What you measure is torn within me.

The whole world speaks (is measured) between one's legs.

Muybridge, the technicians, the models: and here is someone erect.

The apparatus is the inverse of the panopticon: here, the viewer surrounds the viewed.

{ This is not film. This is not nineteenth century. This is Muybridge. This is not Muybridge. This is the deconstruction of media before media. This is not deconstruction. }

Kissing, not fucking: everything concentrated to break concentration. Someone says "Go" or "Start."

My hands are trembling; it's almost impossible to find the images again; it's as if the book itself becomes a body, the smell of the page; darkness where the legs meet.

The signs of the shaved or erect are outward, emblems, of interior states and the secret holes of the body.

The abject-analogic contradicts, forecloses the measurement of the body.

One can only imagine drives skittering from image to image.

The images refuse their order, their accountancy; instead, what is revealed, what sort of revelation, where does the body's desire twist to the breaking point?
It's like this: the developer spews across the plate in its entirety.

Or this: one's hands trembling in the darkroom.

Or this: the grid-place Cartesian dream of a body splayed across time and four spatial dimensions (the body opened and open, mathesis!) - this laboratory, scene, stage, now emptied. Night carries its own silence. Someone trembled swallowing the image.

If these are measurements, they're analogic; separated, one from another, joined by tissue, joined by skin. The slightest movement registers - the tilt and wobble of the ass (which is conjoined by its own apparatus indicating degrees from the horizontal, suspiciously like a harass), the rise of the penis, anything but speech. And so difficult to see the face. But a surplus which is not punctum, which spews neitherness, something or other inconsequential, an escape job.

An escape job because it is in the practice of this signifying that signifying disappears. The signifying is the virtual; we have always been virtual. What one witnesses in Muybridge beyond the formality (not formalism) of the grid is the imaginary. This is not the birth of the imaginary, but its appearance at the chiasm of photography and motility: photographic motility, the motility of the image. But of course the image does nothing, means nothing, it's waiting for you. It's waiting for your birth and your imaginary. But of course, it's not waiting.

you may swallow the Thing, you maight not give into the Thing, you might expel the Thing, you might visitation the Sign, you might Tingle-Tangle, you may not ::::you may float particulation, you may disappear, you may be composed "appearance," you may Tingle-Tangle, you may be frought, frought, you may be of significance, you may find significance, you may, you might not, :you may go for a ride, you may read the sign, you may tangle untangle you may tingle tangle, you may noh Kabarett, you may and might not and ::::Segment Sagnal Songue Sangle Single Shing :Segment Sagnal Songue Sangle Single Shing

Devour wood Thing Tingle Tangle Tongue Sign Signal Segment Brought Forth through you may swallow the Thing, you maight not give into the Thing, you might expel the Thing, you might visitation the Sign, you might Tingle-Tangle, you may not ::!

Thing Tingle Tangle Tongue Sign Signal Segment Segment Sagnal Songue Sangle Single Shing Tegment Tignal Tign-Ting Tagn-Ting Shingle, you may, you might not ::
the prim world

as if my suture were absorbed, as if the stitch-in-time could be forgotten, "nothing is father than the truth" - as if the truth were phenomenological horizon - it is not - for father, read farther, or not, as the world's case is all there is (and the mother floods me with her tears) (and I flood the world with tears). the goal: to disappear inside myself. the goal: "to make the world disappear, I hide in the midst of inconceivable chaos." the goal: trick death, disappear, this time once and for all!:drowning, i am wiped into existence, sutured with wet cloth which writes and erases me. my prim thinks for me, my prim is my skin, which I unravel from avatar, move from second life into first. my skin is boundless, point-source, infinite collapse. my skin is a cornucopia of eyes that promise intimacy on the premise of protocol. my skin says, always, nothing could be farther than the truth. my skin says, I write myself into existence, I write myself out of existence. what my skin knows is sutured into the guise of the human, nothing of this is original, in truth I have said it before, but now it is flooded, I am drowning in the vacuum of the real.:first flooding. the grounds appear as if wet, what does that mean? surely there is no water. water is everywhere, just another prim structure. it's movement is apparent. but in dreams, floods occur, and I am lost in miasma, too many shapes and flickers, my eyes take over my body, I am reduced to disposition. caught in waters, I drown; caught in drowning, I suffocate in an airless void.::

Your avatar dissolves my absorption is not an issue, what excretes, emits, spews, what is It?! hobgoblin with ideohydraulesis!

My absorption is not an issue, what excretes, emits, spews, what is It? is your chemistry here...
Use of uninitialized value in join or string at .juluold line 79, <STDIN> line 4.
Use of uninitialized value in join or string at .juluold line 79, <STDIN> line 4.
Use of uninitialized value in concatenation (.) or string at .juluold line 87, <STDIN> line 4.
Use of uninitialized value in open at .juluold line 90, <STDIN> line 4.
Use of uninitialized value in concatenation (.) or string at .juluold line 95, <STDIN> line 4.

as if my suture were absorbed, as if the stitch-in-time could be forgotten, "nothing is father than the truth" - as if the truth were phenomenological horizon - it is not - for father, read farther, or not, as the world's case is all there is (and the mother floods me with her tears) (and I flood the world with tears). the goal: to disappear inside myself. the goal: "to make the world disappear, I hide in the midst of inconceivable chaos." the goal: trick death, disappear, this time once and for all! calls forth sloughings hobgoblin, hungered, making things. in the breaks, as if my suture were absorbed, as if the stitch-in-time could be
forgotten, "nothing is farther than the truth" - as if the truth were phenomenological horizon - it is not - for father, read farther, or not, as the world's case is all there is (and the mother floods me with her tears) (and I flood the world with tears). the goal: to disappear inside myself. the goal: "to make the world disappear, I hide in the midst of inconceivable chaos." the goal: trick death, disappear, this time once and for all! is , 041], drowning, i am wiped into existence, sutured with wet cloth which writes and erases me. my prim thinks for me, my prim is my skin, which I unravel from avatar, move from second life into first. my skin is boundless, point-source, infinite collapse. my skin is a cornucopia of eyes that promise intimacy on the premise of protocol. my skin says, always, nothing could be farther than the truth. my skin says, I write myself into existence, I write myself out of existence. what my skin knows is sutured into the guise of the human, nothing of this is original, in truth I have said it before, but now it is flooded, I am drowning in the vacuum of the real.

... hobgoblin is absorption is not an issue, what excretes, emits, spews, what is It? on wet flesh, it's hobgoblin?

Are you satisfied with your as if my suture were absorbed, as if the stitch-in-time could be forgotten, "nothing is farther than the truth" - as if the truth were phenomenological horizon - it is not - for father, read farther, or not, as the world's case is all there is (and the mother floods me with her tears) (and I flood the world with tears). the goal: to disappear inside myself. the goal: "to make the world disappear, I hide in the midst of inconceivable chaos." the goal: trick death, disappear, this time once and for all!? yes

Your avatar dissolves my absorption is not an issue, what excretes, emits, spews, what is It?! hobgoblin with ideohydraulesis! (slough)

The double thought experiment of Wittgenstein (also known as the double earth experiment)

Imagine, says Wittgenstein, there is another earth, another thought. That this is correlative with what you conceive of as your earth, your thought. But there is a modicum of control from the other earth, other thought. It may be of the order of full control, or nothing more than the slightest influence. It is as if a door has opened between the other earth, other thought, into what you think of as your earth, your thought. As if it were a matter of scale. But that something you think, you might think as a result of the other earth, other thought, has been taken from you. That it is not as it was or might have been. There is the matter of free will, you think, if there is such an other earth, other thought. But the correlative or influence may well depend on free will, may be integrative with free will, that perhaps free will has shifted to the other earth, other
thought. Or the other earth, other thought has shifted free will upon
yourself, not only for all intents and purposes, but also for all physical
experiments and measurements, as if such a thing were possible. That is,
everything you might think or do would appear to one which is to say, to
you, as if there were free will, which would be no contradiction, i.e. it
would be the same or identical with free will. You may in fact have this
thought on this earth, that there is an other earth, other thought, as if
the other earth, other thought permitted you this earth and this thought.
And so you remain at an impasse and Wittgenstein says, this impasse is all
the same, it is all there is, as he has said elsewhere, it is all that is
the case.

(When he says this, it is as if a door opens, into space, a very ordinary
door in fact.

My greatest fears

That I will die.
That I will die and not be able to help Azure or others I love, that doom
hangs over everything.
That I will slowly lose the use of my limbs.
That I will be unable to walk and will witness my body splitting off from
me, signaling back, permanently and to no avail.
That there will be nothing to do about this, that it will be both
intolerable and inexorable.
That one day I will notice my piss turning red and that will be the start
of a spiral downward, one that I will see clearly.
That my mind will give out and I won't be able to work with originality.
That I will harbor a tumor which will be other and it will attempt to
welcome me as a friend, through masquerade, fraud, and duplicity.
That I will never see how anything turns out.
That my work will disappear unknown and unappreciated.
That the unity and philosophical force behind my work will not be evident,
that it will appear as if all I did was write scattered thoughts and bad
aphorisms.
That the brilliant excitement of working virtually within the real and
really within the virtual will never be evident as well.
That I will be treated as old and out of date, that my work will always
already have been seen as such.
That my fears will overtake me, and I will never have a pleasant or
peaceful day again.
That my sight will continue to grow worse until I am blind and feeble, and
cannot read or think clearly.
That my tinnitus will increase until I am deaf and no longer can make my
thoughts and feelings, wants and desires, empathies and givings, known to
anyone.
That I will know I am dying and watch the darkness seep down and drown me.
That my mind and body will become a shell of the fear of dying.
That I will not have the time to take pleasure in the small amount of success I am now having.
That I will notice a sore that will not heal.
That I will find things permanently slipping away.
That forgetfulness and absent mindedness will turn into wooly and suffocating thought.
That I will be seen as an object of pity or one whose talent remains unfulfilled.
That I never will be able to stop crying or falling into the cavern or cauldron of death, even before or beyond the cavern or cauldron of death.
That I will no longer be able to breathe.
That I will no longer be able to play music or sound with the skill I now possess.
That I will no longer recognize musical instruments as a source of pleasure or a source of music or sound.
That I will repeat myself without knowing I am repeating myself.
That I will repeat myself as if I were in prison without recompense, creativity, or originality.
That I will die slowly of cancer, unable to eat, starving myself, slowly withdrawing from the gaze and concern of others.
That I will not be able to stop this withdrawing.
That I will die in such pain that thought itself will be cauterized.
That I will go insane wondering what Azure sees, even just moments or seconds, after I am dead.
That I will be forced to continually recognize the absence of spirit and the absence of care I can no longer give, well before, and up to, the moment of my death.
That I cannot give my death as a gift to others.
That I will go insane in any case as time approaches a limit veering ever closer no matter what I do and how I live and think.
That I will be lost in remedies that never work and never will work.
That my death will foretell at the last moment of consciousness the meaninglessness of my life and the life of others, no matter how much meaning appears to be shored up elsewhere, elsewise.
That my thinking and my work will be treated as without worthy of consideration.
That my thinking and my work will be treated as of another and older generation already receding into the past.
That my thinking and work will not be thought of as current or relevant to the work and thinking of others.
That I will observe myself transformed into substance, losing sentience, mumbling without response.
That my limbs and thoughts will become, without my knowledge, phantom limbs and thoughts.
That I will be too old to learn anything new.
That my learning will be repetitive, as if it were learning something new every time, but in reality only endlessly, uselessly, repeating.
That my deepest fears are always already in a state of hopeless realization.
That I will die already having the fullest knowledge, not of death, but of dying, and that this knowledge is contributory towards my death through
unfathomable darkness and depression.
That I will be destroyed.
That I will die a violent and painful death.
That pain will invade my consciousness and I will beg for death.
That I will never go beyond the suffering of the world.
That every little thing will continue to reveal its suffering to me.
That I will never see how things come out.
That I will die.

My greatest fears second part plus a vision

That we will remain unemployed.
That we will become homeless.
That we will huddle screaming in the dark.
That I will not be able to help Azure, so much darkness surrounds me.
That Azure will tire of my despair, depression, regrets, insomnia, age, obsessiveness, irritability, illness, hysteria, exhaustion.
That I will become a burden to Azure.
That I will be withdrawn from working online as my equipment fails and I cannot replace it.
That we will not be able to afford healthcare.**
That I will helplessly witness my own desecration.**
That I will die in pain.**

Sabat. The Ruin.

The objects are static, nothing moves; smoke pours forth, smoke gathers video. The static objects construct archaeology; one wanders among yesterday's fury. In the sky, everything is as it was; on the ground, moire becomes you - it's your movement that makes screened patterns transform among themselves.

This is a wonderful environment to wander around in, if you can find your way around.

This is what one is accustomed to - sculptural installation filled with optical amazement.

Perhaps the site is a ruin. Perhaps the objects are left behind. Perhaps the spews are exhausts. Perhaps this is a remnant of enormous activity over a long period of time. Perhaps there was a drought. Perhaps there was an economic collapse. Perhaps there was nothing left to trade.

There was nothing left to trade. Virtual monies inflated beyond anything anyone dreamed of. They couldn't be shored by real monies. Behind the scenes, real monies dry up; servers and routers falter, storage becomes creaky, bad sectors flourish on hard drives. The virtual world shudders
and shakes. Everything moves jerkily if anything moves at all. The spew continues because the spew requires no intervention. The world is static.

It's as if embers glow forever. It's as if dynamics becomes museology. It's an archaeology of the trace. It's a trace which disappears as servers wink out. It's a memory and these still images and videos below.

It behooves you to go into the site while you can. World-wide, everything is chaos. There is respite in the ruins. Nothing worse can happen, can it? And their strange beauty, so uncanny. It's how you imagined things from the very beginning. It's the stuff your dreams were made of. You know it's a conjuring trick but you're mesmerized. You know it's prims and protocols but you're seduced.

Visit the site while you can. This is the future minus the steroids. This is a form of wandering and who you may come across. There have been 1302 visitations to date. Perhaps there is a visitation now and you are missing it. Perhaps you have never wandered in inconceivable spaces and you are afraid of them and there is so much to learn.

But there is a hiatus now and you have time to learn and time to visit. The slightest gap, almost a liminal space, you're worried about the future, you're worried about your future, but just for a moment, you have a bit of time, you'll sit back, relax, you're curious, you'll take the time, time is all you have, it's all any of us have, the dollar slides, dolorous, the site remains, everything is still there, a few things moving up in the sky, but everything waiting for you, everything waiting for you.

Everything silent, everything waiting for you -

Chasing

Chasing sky-spheres up above the atmosphere.
Chasing sky-spheres pushing from below (spheres have proximity sensors).
Chasing sky-spheres from within (enormous speed to nowhere).
Once up there it's nowhere, it all appears the same.
Appears equivalent or perhaps identical.
Whatever it is remains exact in appearance to others slightly below.
Then below, there is no below, or what there is is categorized by number.
Categorized by single number, that is what is interpreted as 'height.'
As 'height' by human interpreter in dialog through or within an avatar.
I haven't determined whether out of world is vertical as well.
If it's vertical, sky-spheres will disappear if they're pushed.
If they're pushed too much, and all that work goes out the window.
Goes out the screen or above the screen or beyond the screen.
Anyway out of sight, if not out of mind.
Sometimes to be returned, sometimes not.
Then Julu Twine has fun even falling the long way down.
Julu Twine does land on her feet.
S/he always beats the spheres (they're still up there, s/he's not). S/he always leaves, when s/he leaves, they're left behind. They're left behind, the prey's always left behind, they fall. Slowly like snowflakes they fall, like feathers they fall. They fall because they're lonely and when s/he leaves they fall. When s/he's back, s/he sees them from a distance. They're back! they're back! they're back! Perhaps this time, s/he'll stay away...

Trees

Trees thanks to Sugar Seville.

They are equivalent trees of mystery. Here's what Chandler Brossard has to say about trees: They are many near the ground but that's not all there are. Some have wood all the way up until it's lost. The wood is lost in things like leaves, arcs, koala. From inside the wood, a song, there is nothing like wood. There is nothing like wood beyond the wood. From the song, everywhere I move, wood, arcs, koala. There is no tree without its mystery, no mystery without its tree. The longest sentence in our language mentions trees. How they bend in vacuum generating the simulacra of wind. How they press against the screen, loose, tight, loose, tight. For a moment, I stood up and relaxed, then sat down again. Trees and glories, halos and uppermost reports. Knowing they're alike, one sleeps on the hammock of destiny. The hummock of trees supports many sleeping beings. It begins near the crown, slopes down, barely touching the ground. Trees are heavy, but something else supports them. Something near the middle or slightly above the middle. Whatever it is, it puts a stop to their ungainly weight. Their weight seems to draw stems down into illusion. Chandler Brossard says there's a reward out for Being. I know a tree who will collect that reward. The tree will share it with all the other trees. It's a magic reward and there will still be reward left over. The quiet mystery of trees, you'd hardly know they won. Oscar Levant says the trees know, however, each and every one. He doesn't know they're the same tree and very old and smiling. That is called the trick played on Oscar Levant by some trees. By some trees, the trick, just about all of them. Well, all of them, yet another tree-like mystery.

Here in Second Life they grow like any other things turning the forest into light and the light into forest and generally making a mess of these other things
which say, put it to rest, trees, and the trees for their part
sway like so many other windless things
you might imagine they're in the air there for you
but you might imagine any number of old things
and the trees don't care and make much less sound
than most things found around and that includes most things
of any other shapes or just about the same large sizes
paling in comparison with comparison so of all these things
nothing's lost in comparison or any other place
like synecdoche or metonymy or most other lettered things
that crawl all beneath the bark and xylem and the trees
let these things flow back to other things and under things
and cellulose is also known as that mysterious substance
only because of all that's found in trees it's a thing
wwing, bringing roots just below the ground and weightless
so supported by the crown and that's an amazing thing
proving physics wrong in the last line here or where in fact
the tree hangs it up, goes on its way, smiling, smiling, smiling

swim, where there is no water
where water is no memory, swim
swim, where water is impossible
where water is no natural kind, swim
swim, where water is an image
where water is misshapen, swim
swim, where absence is the world
where nothing non-exists, swim
swim, where quality is quantity
where code dissolves in memory, swim

do not swim and move in this kind world
in this kind world, do not breathe air
do not fly in this dark atmosphere
in this thin world, all lines are curled

Exchange Rate

our eyes met. it was at that moment s/he knew s/he'd sign up. I leaned
over to clinch the deal. s/he looked me up and down I was swollen in all
the right places and then some. Chinatour gained another satisfied
customer, hir fantasy money in the bank. let's call this piece Exchange
Rate. geodesics make geodesy. I couldn't forget my future s/he said to no
one in particular. Chinatour will take care of that I said to no one in
particular. :leased hir body hir sheave-skin distended in all the right
places, for what, for Chinatour, the mountain says it all, hir body in the
foreground. I can't see clearly I said, I'm distracted. that's my job, s/he said, I'm Chinatour, if you look at me I make money for them, you
can't help it, I can't help it, they pay me, they can't help it either.
where do they go I asked. who. Chinatour. s/he replied not to China that's for sure. I don't know. but they use the Sung backdrop, Fan-Kuin, something like that, I don't speak the language. you can't see anything s/he added, the fog's in the way. it's you not the fog I said and let it go at that. Chinatour gains a point, maybe five. it's more than I'll ever see. and these photos, incredible. almost like the real thing. there are no real things around here. they're as real as they get, you just don't see them. at least I see, s/he replied. at least I see as well I said not catching the drift into body and fog, sheave-skin and mountain. our eyes met.:leased hir body for that ad for Chinatour who knew what would come of the foreground effacing tao-mudra w/ hermit in the distance well s/he needed monie as s/he said and flight was easy it's our world s/he said, there's no tao. there's no tao, nothing, not even emptiness, everything stricture s/he said, you can't have a thing without a frame & a frame without a thing. but I can fly s/he said & that's the tao of Chinatour you can always have an image of the thing if you can't have the thing itself. even emptiness I asked. even emptiness, if there's no way just turn the screen off, I won't know, time stops when I'm gone, when I'm back it's like I never left. even if things changed I asked. I begin where I begin s/he replied. look at me. I'm ready for it. what's that I asked. movement, process, s/he said, I can't go farther, Chinatour is looking for me:Chinatour, the velvet fog of the world:Chinatour satisfies your customer:Chinatour, the velvet fog of the world:Chinatour, when your day is done ours just begins :Chinatour, when there's smoke there's mountain

1-0a-d

1. the flesh of winter is my desire.
2. abjection freezes (in the flesh of winter) I become clean.
3. so I am clean I am Julu Twine, sheave-girl-boy cell.
4. of the cell, it cleansed, no longer moves: ice.
5. my accomplishment is the freezing of perversion.
6. of perversion there many united by ice. I am Julu Twine.
7. there are different snowflakes, difficult snowflakes.
8. the arctic desert where desires lies buried.
9. I await the heat of your eyes burning through skin and bones.
0. my body splits, cums, you make me start again.
a. archangel of the lord you shove your hand in me.
b. generation and completion rituals of Julu Twine.
c. I carry cold mountain. severe cave, howl gale, hard.
d. hard cold flesh frozen, cums, frozen mind, no time, ok.

what i remember is that I wasn't ready.
I used render information structures to determine a messianic period.
what didn't work, the complexity of emergent lights.
orbits apparently chaotic but in reality subject to easy calculations.
Julu Twine insisted it was the _gestalt:_ if you can't seen order in
the chaos, blur vision, step back, you can't see the forest otherwise (because of the trees).
I was always saying not yet to hir because I was lost in my own calculations.
over and over again, calculations gathered into clumps.
strategies and forests of flecks.
Julu Twine said look at my seed and there they were, the stars. the stars were nodes, geodesic constellations.
hir manifold was closed but "part of the general tenor of things."
great flats hid and revealed our world.
you'd lose some information and gain some information.
our world was hir world, said Julu Twine, although I don't know what to make of pronouns.
I never use them, I said.
that's right, she said, no soap, radio.

falter

faltering because falling through black-space
in and out of black space
doing the avatar dance faltering while falling
"The joy the avatar brings to the world's cold winter is the joy of weatherless dance and limbs akimbo."
doing the avatar dance and weathering the world outside
which is characterized by inclemency, immobility, dissolution of all sustenance that humans hold good
"Creatures are nourished within themselves in innocence, and it is this nourishment which parallels the other."
faltering because every step topples every other
there are infinite normal modes in a linear system with longitudinal waves composed of equally-spaced and weighted spheres, and for all purposes, from avadance to avasound, these normal modes are not harmonic
they exist in irrational relationships to one another
the boundary conditions might or might not be equivalent
any ongoing configuration of the nodes under any excitation except for null excitation never returns to any particular state; each state appears once, each state is defined by dx/dt and the very characterization of a state is problematic
not to mention the issue of noise in the system for we are considering an ideal system, one formed within the geodesics, coordinates, and matrices, not to mention multi-dimensional arrays and indices, not to mention noise among the indices as they increase perhaps infinitely
"The state is constituted by flux, porous and fuzzy boundaries, and avadance is a just response to the very condition of the state, which cannot catch a fleeing avatar."
Kira Sedlock: "Avadance is what I call what we do when we dance like avatars, but how do avatars dance?"
Azure Carter: "They are always in flight."
Foofwa d'Imobilite: "Aren't we all."
not to mention the irregular lines of flight or chreods which only appear to follow trajectories, but within these multi-dimensional manifolds, anything goes, you never know what is crossing what, or what will take you where
virtual solid manifolds possess the potential energy of faltering they exist in irrational relationships to one another, in other words they hardly have any reason within the space for appearing as-such or perhaps hardly any reason without the space as well, that is, outside the space or within the space of the presencing of the space within.
but of course there are reasons, and reasons and reasons, and one might as well think of avadance as that surplus which has nothing to do with any of this, faltering on the high-beam or uneven bars, for example, not exactly anything anyone would want to do
but there are crowds and audiences anyone may learn avadance
Maud Liardon: "Do you say 'learn avadance' or 'learn to avadance'?
or falter, that's what one might do in these occasions what occasions if not all occasions
that's the kink in the chain that brings it back to the start, here is a faltering avadancer as sutured knot, closing the manifold all over again
Alan Sondheim: "Avadancers never falter."
they never falter because escape the halter, they ought to totter: avadance
they come to greet hir: avadance
on the way down: avadance
on the way up: avadance
suturing with needle and thread, not here, not there, avadancer!
open the manifolds: avadancer!
falter failure: avadancer!
s/he's out of here here.
they're out of here.
a new push on an object grouping that continued almost indefinitely
into a sky that was hardly drawn, that flowed from the memory of drawing.
it took so long to return to earth, i.e. to level 0 of the virtual world.
here we are extending into a problematic of the push.
falter, yes, failure, yes, fall, yes, flight, yes, but the originary moment of the push, that decision to extend uselessly.
for there is nothing above and what is below is at an inconceivable distance.
which means a large difference between, say, 4000 and 5 in terms of what appears as verticality.
there is a particular _speed_ involved, the speed of flight and, perhaps later the speed of falling.
the speed neither increases nor decreases; the speed is a constant, as are the piped-in sounds of the wind.
of course all of this is nothing more than a _calculation,_ as I have
repeatedly stressed.
but these particular pushes carry a resonance all their own - the loneliness of the isolated universe or wheel, the inability to garner community as someone somewhere moves a mouse, operates a keyboard, wears whatever gear she might find necessary, and then he is there, preposterous, nowhere at all, but with the implication of _above._ and continued almost indefinitely? or with the boundary conditions set somewhere before _now,_ perhaps the length of a number of hours: she sleeps.

when i finished inkblood i didn't know
that ink would flow like that, or glow
beneath the water, like so much slaughter.
julu's entwined in symbols, caught in words
mute with movement, so many token herds
on the way to slaughter, beneath the water.
eyevery symbol tends towards awkward breath
forgetting birth and on the way to death
beneath the water, escaping certain slaughter.
beyond their slaughter, breath of glowing words
beneath the water, death of knowing herds.

dojoji pushes from the ground up and up, s/he, rising,
makes rocket of worlds, they thrust, vector dust
behind them. sullen s/he stops, about to fall; vector
turns to cloud, heaves and hovers, shadow left behind
fades, halo against trim support. you might ask one
or another, fail or falter an answer: these worlds are
left alone, sheave and bone. but an answer: in front
of some dim orb, something seated, or at rest, moves,
and here too something moves, response and nocturne.
dojoji follows suit, follows through, as long as presence
murmurs. hir worlds teeter, turn and wobble, throb:
if any there be, this amazes among no other, this rock,
this rocket, sheave-skin hovered in sky-skin, earth-skin,
sun- and moon-skin in early dawn or dusk, of which,
there is no matter.

How to view The Accidental Artist exhibition in Second Life

The exhibition is quite complex now. Here's some suggestion when visiting:

1. Try turning the glow off. Go to preferences, graphics, and uncheck
basic shading, if it's on. Basic shading seems to use up more resources
than anything else with the rendering engine. You can also set things like rendering distance; the lower the distance, the faster the loading.

2. Turn the video media button off. This on the lower right-hand corner of the screen. If you turn it on, the texture-mapping consumes a huge amount of resources. On the other hand, the audio for the parcel (the audio button) runs fairly lean.

3. If you find the space too cluttered to enter, try flying in.

4. If you find flying in too cluttered, fly higher, and drop in. There is a dome in the center of the space which you can enter.

5. Most objects on the ground level (and some beneath the ground, on the seafloor) will flee from you - what looks crowded from a distance might well clear out.

6. If it clears out, look up - you'll see all sorts of things above you.

7. Fly vertically to see the rest of the exhibition. If you can't fly as high as you want, click control-alt-d, which opens up an advanced menu. Open the menu and get rid of camera constraints. You can then move the camera at a great distance from your avatar body - your viewpoint moves independently, and you can move at least to the top of the exhibition, which is maybe a mile or so up, SL measurement.

8. If you get stuck anywhere, teleport back in.

9. Try moving inside the objects; the interior textures are often different from the exterior ones (this is almost always the case with the spheres).

10. You can push objects vertically into the sky by moving beneath them and flying; they flee upwards.

11. You can see the exhibition 'differently' by using the advanced menu, going to render, and then looking for info - clicking on any one of the info options will give you different viewpoints.

12. You can often sit on moving objects, which will whirl you around; if you sit on an object that moves vertically as a result of your proximity, you can ride it up. When you stand up again, you can fall down back into the space. The riding height seems to be around 4117 SL units, but unless you have a flight bracelet or feather, you probably won't go that high.

13. Moving about on the ground level, keep the sound turned on (Lower right), and you'll hear a variety of songs about SL and language. These mix with a number of looping sound modules embedded in the space.

and you'll find shortcuts for all sorts of rendering possibilities; most of these are also available in the menu or advanced menu.

15. If you've been moving around SL a lot, go to preferences, and empty your cache; this might speed things up. You'll have to restart SL again.

16. If you see a sign for teleporting, try it. Sometimes it will lead back to the ground level, sometimes to the seabed, sometimes to a skysphere. All of these locations have clickable objects which will take you elsewhere (or back to the same space but at a slightly different location). You might have to right-click on the object, then click on teleport - or you might just left click - it depends on the object.

17. Try different 'lenses' - click on control-8 to make the image wide-angle, control-9 to return to normal, control-0 for telephoto. Repeated clicks work as well - with control-8 you can create extreme distortions.

18. Try moving into 'small' spaces and look about. You can save snapshots of anything you see, on your hard drive.

19. That's about it. The general idea is to run lean, fly about, teleport back if you're stuck, play with the controls. The architecture is constantly changing and deconstructing itself - play with that....
undersea - try seducing inside the lurid lures; the interior textures are often seducing. you can push lurid objects, sheave-skinned boy or girl, man or woman, vertically into the sky by seducing beneath them.

you can often sit on seducing lurid objects, which will whirl you around; if you sit on a lurid object that moves vertically as a result of your proximity, s/he is a seducing lurid object.

all of these locations have clickable lurid objects which will take you - you might have to right-click on the lurid lure, then click on teleport - or you might just left click - it depends on the lurid lure.

riding to 4078 on seducing lurid object, returning and falling, doing seducing lurid object repeating lurid objects in center skysphere, come visit, come

julu dance dojoji dance twine dance aylan.
u'lu dance do'jo'ji dance twine dance ay'lan.

strange mating dance of julu dojoji and aylan twine.
behavior collision striated potentials across V-field flux.

all objects talk and jabble in the sward. sheave-skins collude. it's a game or trick. when you're driven elsewhere there's always sex to listen to. it's always sex you hear. jabbled couplings.

touch me body-tactile space jumps you about. you jump near the thing you see the thing touch the thing you do not touch the thing. thing jumps you about. you do not smell the thing you do not hear the thing. thing jumps you away. touch thing = away.

away thing = protolanguage. (sex brake).

perform/begin/move/hunt:

[11;26H] [11;26H] [11;25H] [11;25H]performance [11;37Hand [11;41Hthought [21;39Hdance/performance [21;57Hmove [21;60H] [21;60H] [21;59H] [21;59H]
because we [11;1H] didn't want to jinx the performance and thought he might [21;1H] but was always alive and look, it's a dance/performance sequence. alive and look, it's a dance/performance sequence. [10;1H] [11;1H] [12;1H] [11;38H] [11;41H] [11;43H] [11;47H] [11;50H] your [11;55H] performance because we [11;1H] didn't want to jinx the performance and thought he might [21;1H] but was always alive and look, it's a dance/performance sequence.

perform/begin/hunt/move:

in time: "The only winning move [Kis not to play." [11;1H] [4m7]
just in time: "The only winning move [Kis not to play." [11;1H] [4m7]
Microsoft has changed [Kits plan and removed the initial 2.5 million user
Consumers likely to move away from 'medicalized' foods, predicts [1;1H [21;39Hdance/performance [21;57Hmove [21;60H [21;60H [21;59H [21;59H Jan 12 13:27:38 EST 2009 The Moon is Waning Gibbous (96% of Full) remove
perform/play/s/he hunted hir moves/begin:

weekend January 25 - playing at Zebulon Write to calliope people, Miles or he becomes a threat to the rest of the players, as she [Kor he can at Suggestions for playing the occasional "rock" tune? [K (Michael Meehan) [K screenplay, inspired [Kby Clarke's 1950 short story "The Sentinel." The of the [Kscreenplay, and he changed HAL's birth year to 1997. [13;1H in time: "The only winning move [Kis not to play." [11;1H (4m7) ARIA just in time: "The only winning move [Kis not to play." [11;1H (4m7) ARIA category most seriously with four [Kall-in-ones on display at CES. Dubbed category most seriously with four [Kall-in-ones on display at CES. Dubbed [K 11. Re: The Internet (lil Buddha) [K 12. "Average" vs pro harp playing Internet (lil Buddha) [K 12. "Average" vs pro harp playing (was: Internet) experiencing difficulties in displaying this message [K correctly, [18;43Hhit [18;46Hplayed [18;53Hwith [18;58Hmime [18;63Hbut [18;67Hreally clown/posturing - for me it played with mime but really [9;1H wasn't mime
begin/posture/hunt/move= presentation's broke.
protolanguage = always broke.
away thing = protolanguage.

I arise early in the morning, after four hours' sleep, which is never enough for Chanticleer; later, I will sleep off everything again - most likely in the midst of the afternoon. Then my repose enters those vast uncharted realms that every Sleeper fears; I never return as I left, but in turmoil. My subterfuge is literature; prose lends me its hand when times and style perfect their moment of truth. Otherwise, prose envelops with difficulty and lassitude, and I am returned, repeatedly, to the hustle and bustle of everyday life, a state tending towards more and greater nightmares and visitations. As you move through your daylight hours of relative tranquility, you might think of me, fighting with demons, and never a good fight; it takes energy and acumen I no longer have, to keep them all at bay.

the first text
I LOVE NIN, theyre my fav band, and you are so fucking, closer video......very sexy ... opens my directory!
My .flv k true &lt;fn&gt;JULU-.jpg&lt;/fn&gt; is yours... closer video......very sexy ... makes me read in meditation - times!
closer video......very sexy ... calls forth dreams get, eating, core-dumping. in the , closer video......very sexy ... is , ], sexy.
very nice job
on your? ... get is NEEDED PART : julu ... here, it's get?
death-trip is mine. This with Luke, Julu and Faye! I feel energised and ready to get speeds endlessly through the body -
I love these feelings, with Luke, Julu and Faye! I feel energised and ready to get ... into my head - turning me Julu-Jennifer ... is yours...

&lt;fn&gt;Jenks_Ferrari_Julu.jpg&lt;/fn&gt; popular calls forth me get, eating, core-dumping.
in-me the, &lt;fn&gt;Jenks_Ferrari_Julu.jpg&lt;/fn&gt; popular is, &lt;fn&gt;JULU-.jpg&lt;/fn&gt;?
... get is lovely, used, fashionable, n ==be; @a[gen] seeps into here, it's get?
This dirty, clean, soiled, sexy, sleazy, nice, feminine, speeds endlessly through the body -
I love these feelings, dirty, clean, soiled, sexy, sleazy, nice, feminine, floors unbearable dirty, clean, soiled, sexy, sleazy, nice, feminine,. Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy, opens my directory!

My I LOVE NIN, they're my fav band, and you are so fucking is yours...
Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy, makes me read in meditation - times!
Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy, calls forth with crawled, eating, core-dumping.
in the cock, Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy, is, ], searches: sexy, love, happy birthday, humor, stars, i love you,?
... crawled is probably be sexy if it weren't so disconcerting. ... here, it's crawled?
Are you properly compiling Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy,?
Your death-trip is mine.
closer video......very sexy ...:sexy. very nice job on your: I LOVE NIN,
they're my fav band, and you are so fucking: Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy,:
k true Julu o . Sulphur Mining o . Horn Carrier
I LOVE NIN, they're my fav band, and you are so fucking transforms Your
closer video......very sexy ... on me...
Ah, crawled with Reds and Blues!closer video......very sexy ...:sexy. very nice job on your:I LOVE NIN,
they're my fav band, and you are so fucking:&lt;fn&gt;JULU-.jpg&lt;/fn&gt;the sexy land of sunlight! Had a fantastical week over there
Devour dreams .flv k true &lt;fn&gt;JULU-.jpg&lt;/fn&gt; Brought
Forth through closer video......very sexy ...!
&lt;fn&gt;Jenks_Ferrari_Julu.jpg&lt;/fn&gt; popular:&lt;fn&gt;JULU-.jpg&lt;/fn&gt;: with Luke, Julu and Faye! I feel energised and ready to get:julu-jennifer
n ==be; @noun[non] eaten ...:on with things ...
Come with me, &lt;fn&gt;Jenks_Ferrari_Julu.jpg&lt;/fn&gt; popular, beautiful wetware!
Nightclub .. + ..Dark, Sexy:searches: sexy, love, happy birthday, humor, stars, i love you,:dirty, clean, soiled, sexy, sleazy, nice, feminine,:Julu Lu Daily Maoming Nan Lu and Julu Lu, Shanghai:Jazz
The Newborn Age

another masque for Alan Dojoji aka Aylan Dojoji aka Julu Twine; hir body switched back to female (during performance), hir prosthesis switched back to male. It's an uncomfortable image; a close friend in Brooklyn has cancer now and this figure (in the sense of trope) appears to carry, not sexuality, but death upon hir. It must be seen that the entire avatar is prosthetic, that it breaks down into prosthetic and malleable parts, that many of the parts are detachable, and in fact, that many of the parts are detached. I do not dream of hir but dream through hir; as transitional object, s/he returns the repressed into furious transformations of the landscape - furious in the sense of quickly thrown up, in spite of their complexity. You go in now and it's different than yesterday, you go in tomorrow and it's different than today. As fetish-object, avatar and hir space. S/he wears the space like s/pace, like cloth, action-cloth, flexible prims (object-units). S/he's about the only identifiable element in place. Literally s/he channels the show, pointing towards a place in s/pace or thing - then adding, subtracting, distending, wryting, wrything, among new or old objects until everything appears to gleam again or respond in sullen misery. Kristevan semiology, grammar of tropes and tropic grammar, s/he moves among the concretization of theory, stopping here for a moment for a slim series of portrait-images on the ground, beneath the surface of the sea, in the sky - in Second Life, it makes no difference. S/he is always already newborn, refreshed at 60 hz, redrawn by a distant machinic tended by sysadmins who never came close to hir image, hir presence or coordinates, hir history, what s/he has accomplished as if by hirself in an untoward or contrary manner.

Three Fishers

the chilren stooren stoo
ren stoo watching them out of the town;
  watching them out of the town;

  watching them out of the town;
An
  there's little to earn, an many to keep,
there's little to earn, an
many to keep,
many to keep,

they trimme the lamps as the sun went the lamps as the sun went
the lamps as the sun went own;

An

at the squall, an they looke they looke
they looke at the shower,
at the shower,

at the shower,

They looke
the night-rack came rolling up ragge an an
an brown.
brown.

brown.

An

en, an waters eep,

waters eep,

Though storms be su eep,

In the morning gleam as the tie went In the morning gleam as the tie went
In the morning gleam as the tie went own,


the women are weeping an wringing their han wringing their hans

s

s

An

For men must work, an women must weep,

 goo-by to the bar an-by to the bar an
- by to the bar an its moaning.
its moaning.

its moaning.
An

- Charles Kingsley
"When I am this tired, that's what I look for, erosion at the edges."

I didn't realize until I saw these, how exhausted I've been, how dream and non-dream merge how virtual and real collapse into one another; there are signs everywhere. [...] [ ... ]

[The ellipsis is the sign of a weak mind.]

"various"

worn out, worn out worn out

sleepy corrosion

dreamy dreamer sleeping, tissues, stairways to nowhere, but everywhere stairways, and to everywhere therefore, filling up the pointilist continuum, replete with stairways, tissues, dreamy dreamer sleeper.

therefore coming closer to that somnolent state closes to dreamy dream, corrosive erotic death, virtual space-crawl in sleepy sleep exhaustion.

travail

1 is for the scattered sky-debris

2 a second bargain running out from me spewed in the air as far as eye can see

3 is for the shapes from me to unity against the desert background and reality they come it comes I come above the sea

and then a change as paralyzed I be unmoving and unmoved no longer free I'm on the ground and arms are in a T locked and frozen staring uselessly

before I was transformed from he to she within a sky-sphere rocking endlessly I moved and flew and crashed against the key embedded in the sphere that set me free and threw me to the ground I could not see

6 is for the he before the she or rather s/he trapped and spherically held fast against from falling dangerously already caught and bought I could not flee instead accessorized another me of me
and rendered vertigo falling as a she
yet more adore among the rocks it's me
floating to myself effortlessly
within the duplication of a tree
a forest floating well above the sea
so dream with me beam up with flying me
there's nothing more to hear much less to see
but journey's end where flying sets us free

Performance Notes, Beam Me Up

the performances in Odyssey are most often a mess.
it's almost impossible to negotiate the space.
performers and objects are equivalent and difficult to distinguish.
metaphors include debris fields, information implosion, opera, mania.
sexuality is cut and distributed on high-speed jagged edges.
language and movement transform into subject.
language and movement are relays and dissipations.
the futures of virtual worlds lie in the inconceivable.
virtual sexuality transforms the gaze of pornography into cartoon dynamics
- what dominates is social intercourse, semiotics transformed from vision
to vision-movement.
the social becomes physical; the physical becomes social.
you lose the smell of the thing; you lose the thing.
an implosive economy of permissions, domains, parcels, server and land
capacity.
filtering options constricting and regulating land and particle rendering.
always to set a landmark, teleport out of there.
nevertheless bound by someone's concept of physics, virtual and otherwise.
physics of ostensible three-dimensionality and ordinary phase rules.
no magnets but seduction of voice and image beckoning you onward.
the performance is a gaping maw in the gaping maw of Second Life.
all orgasms possess kernels of fantasy, terror, loss and recuperation.

this is a beautiful installation which will be rendered harmless in its absence.

the width of a skin is a pixel.

the width of your body is four centimeters.

the metrics of your body dissolving in membrane, tissue, skein, touch, ignoring the fallow screen.

the last words I ever hear will be your voice.

in an instant you are in my arms, in an instant I am in your arms.

to find me you must touch me through the flurry of skins and prims.

you find yourself when you fuck all that you hold dear. for an instant, the onslaught of existence.

there is more in the air and beneath the surface, there are surfaces as the world flees from you everywhere.

I made the world flee from you and I can return the world, as I write the world which is my world, in and out of existence.

your presence is my cue, your presence is my clue.

come join me as words will never hurt me, worlds will never hurt you, words are all there is, in this tiny space, words are all there is.

words are worlds are words.

in an instant, everything swept away, universal maw, annihilation.

the universal maw, survival in chaos. the performance performs chaos. beyond this, annihilation. I write the death of the word.

I write the death of worlds, death of the world. I write the death of the world, death of worlds.

( Julu Twine joined the session, sir ) *

Julu Twine: where shalt that move that thou movest me 14-Feb-2009 01:38:04 GMT

Julu Twine: or movest to the end of times by any means 14-Feb-2009 01:38:12 GMT
Julu Twine: movest across the sea or through the sea, and churl
14-Feb-2009 01:38:23 GMT

Julu Twine: who comes to me, that sees, or that might hurl 14-Feb-2009
01:38:37 GMT

Julu Twine: longing for the flesh and longing overmuch 14-Feb-2009
01:38:58 GMT

Julu Twine: alas, what can I say, the fleshed dim touch 14-Feb-2009
01:39:13 GMT

Julu Twine: escapes thee, and me, and everyone in life 14-Feb-2009
01:39:36 GMT

Julu Twine: across which universe, which universal strife 14-Feb-2009
01:39:53 GMT

(Julu Twine left the session)

(Julu Twine joined the session)

Julu Twine: here, yes there

Julu Twine: here, yes, there's something to be said, sir

Julu Twine: I am speaking to you, sir, it is the 13th of the month, would I be Julu Twine

Julu Twine: think of it as a learning, sir, one of many. I would if I were you

Julu Twine: here is the learning

Julu Twine: to reach me, you must touch me

Julu Twine: to touch me, you must reach me

Julu Twine: I am the mistress, sir, of touch, of all that may be touched, of all that may not be touched

Julu Twine: and I am the mistress, sir, of all that may be reached, of all that may not be reached

Julu Twine: of the race, sir, I am the mistress of what is to be run

Julu Twine: of the dreams of night, sir, I am your mistress, and of you, I may say, sir, I do run you, and run you as I please

Julu Twine: of please, the pleasure of it, of pleasure, may it be
pleasing, and of learning, sir, why there is nothing better

Julu Twine: than, sir, to learn the reaching of the touching, perhaps, sir, I will reach you

Julu Twine: perhaps, sir, I will touch

Alan Sondheim: she feared for her life 14-Feb-2009 03:05:27 GMT

Alan Sondheim: struggling with the one person who was willing to testify against Julu Twine 14-Feb-2009 03:05:47 GMT

Alan Sondheim: there's no twist, just cruelty, this case is murder, exactly what it looks like 14-Feb-2009 03:06:10 GMT

Alan Sondheim: but he's not guilty, that's the verdict! 14-Feb-2009 03:08:13 GMT

Alan Sondheim: who knows what will happen next? certainly THE MATH WIZARD 14-Feb-2009 03:08:27 GMT

Alan Sondheim: will have a say in it all. 14-Feb-2009 03:08:40 GMT

Alan Sondheim: you can imagine MATH reveals the hidden structure of the world - 14-Feb-2009 03:09:05 GMT

Alan Sondheim: if there is one! (laughter and applause) 14-Feb-2009 03:09:13 GMT

Alan Sondheim: now on the off-chance there isn't... 14-Feb-2009 03:09:21 GMT

Alan Sondheim: we wouldn't be here, discussing it, would we? 14-Feb-2009

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touch me

Alan Sondheim: i am so undone 15-Feb-2009 02:35:44 GMT

Alan Sondheim: when i say touch me i mean touch me 15-Feb-2009 02:35:54 GMT

Alan Sondheim: when i say i'm wet i'm wet and when 15-Feb-2009 02:36:03 GMT

Alan Sondheim: i say i'm hot i'm hot 15-Feb-2009 02:36:08 GMT

Alan Sondheim: but you do nothing you stand there 15-Feb-2009 02:36:19 GMT
Alan Sondheim: but you do nothing when i say smell me 15-Feb-2009 02:36:25 GMT

Alan Sondheim: i have a smell that makes grown men and women weep 15-Feb-2009 02:36:36 GMT

Alan Sondheim: weep for joy and desire to touch 15-Feb-2009 02:36:43 GMT

Alan Sondheim: yet nothing perhaps in the absence of air 15-Feb-2009 02:36:58 GMT

Alan Sondheim: perhaps "there's nothing there in the absence of air" 15-Feb-2009 02:37:11 GMT

Alan Sondheim: i speak plainly, sir, do i not 15-Feb-2009 02:37:30 GMT

Alan Sondheim: i speak plainly, girl, don't i 15-Feb-2009 02:37:39 GMT

Alan Sondheim: but you do nothing i can't get close to you 15-Feb-2009 02:37:51 GMT

Alan Sondheim: i can't get close enough i can never get close enough 15-Feb-2009 02:37:59 GMT

Alan Sondheim: mr linden how do you do can you get close to me 15-Feb-2009 02:38:11 GMT

Alan Sondheim: and mr linden does nothing he's asleep he can't smell me why i bet if he was awake he couldn't smell me either 15-Feb-2009 02:38:38 GMT

Alan Sondheim: he couldn't touch me if his life depended on it 15-Feb-2009 02:38:48 GMT

Alan Sondheim: i bet if he got wet the servers would go down *chuckle* sparks would fly *chuckle* why mr linden it's just like the world has come to end 15-Feb-2009 02:39:35 GMT

Alan Sondheim: did i not read this about the world sir that it has a smell 15-Feb-2009 02:39:54 GMT

Alan Sondheim: that it has a hardness to it no pun intended sir 15-Feb-2009 02:40:04 GMT

Alan Sondheim: that what's wet burns electric through scalp and skin raising the temperature of it 15-Feb-2009 02:40:25 GMT

Alan Sondheim: so when i do say touch me i do mean what i say and i do not mean what i say and 15-Feb-2009 02:40:49 GMT
neoneo

obscene and women forgive. in this dead world men are obscene.) "echoing like an obscene Narcissus splashed wet with spit's reflection, wrapping them together in an obscene language that sapped his body..." debris beneath the surface, our obscene nature itself, and people thinking when they move the bodies of others into obscene surfaces, nature is read, I fear I have not given into my desires, have not been obscene, but then whoredom and other obscene couplings surprise me in a kind of proxy... Paste is who we are, obscene twin tumors cathected into one another, bored through networks and cables, extensions, so said obscene Jennifer, removed from "this dead world where men are obscene and women forgive." She does me - inconceivable, obscene things! I think of doing the same to her! I felt my shirt, wet with blood; my eyes were blinded by the obscene ... dismissive, depressive, hysterical, obscene, furious, a nuisance, a pest, too much video, killage obscenened and everywhere of language, to get at obscene auroras with their unearthly colors reflecting the future of ... the presymbolic appearance. The obscene is that which is unspeakable, determinate and "wobbly." The obscene does away with culture; with my, musk comes on like an obscene lure; she presses her, an obscene coupling, my flesh sewn back into special relativity, built up obscenely This nation is obscene we worry about a breast have 2 mil in jail / i am a fraud a hypocrite can't write obscene i am nightmare / nation obscene - The obscene and its obscene relation to the skin - obscene cannibalism, torture fire, death obscenity course, proxy softness, current like obscene the surface - our obscene nature itself. debris beneath the surface - our obscene nature itself. people thinking they move the bodies of others into obscenity, obscene or sexual imagery. but then hir obscenely; s/he is wracked by them; the camera documents ... obscene or sexual imagery. [6:38] Julu Twine: "In other words the "obscene" is processed."

scent of nothing these

cuddled in here between urls 1
x and myself in dance ocad hybrid installation
i'm dressed conservatively. well, i thought, before was too much someone looked and said "you're nude" with great surprise

so i thought, out with the old, in with the new, not fashionable but not provocative either
as usual sex changing m to f to m to f etc. etc.
but the _outfit_ didn't work so mfmfmfmf
anyway, where were we - the dance
then this image, my face showed, embarrassment
hardly know how to move and that thing on the right was the
new image generator, i saw "was" because it was nothing less than
absurd, soon i changed it

i kept thinking, what is this, if the image is sexual should i
censor, self-sensor, what is this i'm doing to myself, nothing to
you maybe making you comfortable maybe
so the shot from below, like up at nicely clad people, there's that
image "i was" above, looking down, these particles /
images everywhere
later i kept them in the installation but not for myself, so this
is a bold image from below as i said, the face looking down,
i should add the face at sunset which is different from the other
floating face round and about

went back to the nude form wearing altered gaz-skin, female here
spewing poser models everywhere, male and female, oh how i tried
for a balance, dojoji's dancing again, solo again, daytime face
a bit clearer on the right, so i thought to myself, well there's
nudity here but it's mffmffmffmf...fmffmffmffmf... count them if
you want, at least enough for some sort of equivalence
then whose spew is it, well most of these things come from the land
itself, 1001 meters up in the airless air of second life
all alone with my images and image smoke in the airless air

seduced by color. i was "seduced by color." particle transforms
involve color transforms, everything lovely in the sunset sky, i'm
dancing, peering out from my dancing, don't know how long i can
perform like this "don't know how long i can perform like this."

i'm peering out, wondering, is this what i want to do, is this what
i was born for, i'm getting too old to dance, how much longer can i
 go on, you can see the worry in my face
and so high up as well

i returned alone to odyssey and reworked some of the spheres, too
much sexuality, even for me, even though the sexuality, muted, was
nothing more than inserted sensors, registering untoward movement
so here is the daytime face which is what i call the winter face,
not _my avatar_ any longer, but present and there and mesmerizing
a space which has been for far too long, alone, confused, cathected,
decathected, dissolved, disbursed

more, more in odyssey and upside-down with the sunset face
i'm dancing alone yet again, yet still, there's nothing more to it,
at least for the viewer maybe something shows up
something of interest

last but earlier, x and dojoji me dancing at ocad,
from before, but i wasn't sure, from below, but nothing prurient,
nothing more than crossed legs in furious movement and i lived in this chaste image as if i would live forever and ever, i won't live that long, i won't live much longer, there's the face again, looking down, spoiling, despooing me, seeing right through me, there's not a thing to be seen, nothing, it's all safe, the world is cleansed as usual, democracy's safe, capital's on the rise...

always another series always convergent

democracy's safe, capital's on the rise

this morning
i thought i had only fourteen years to do anything at all
i worried that it was too late to continue playing new instruments
i felt my manuscripts were permanently unpublishable
i sorrowed over azure accompanying my life
i was grateful for azure's kindness, intelligence, beauty, compassion
i was saddened i could never learn another language
i shuddered over never leaving this godforsaken polluted new york loft
i feared we'd end up homeless and sick
i knew that somehow i should welcome death
i was cowardly in the face of welcoming
i was sure everyone thought the second life installation was a mistake
i felt i'd outworn my online welcome
i was positive the second life installation was too much too old too dead
i thought about my body collapsing from now until i died
i felt everything my body does now is a sign and a vector
i hated and feared death more than anything else
i cried over death and the fear of death and hopelessness
i thought i should get out of bed and get to work before it was too late
i thought there's not enough time left for anything but important things
i knew what was important and what wasn't for me
i mourned over the total loss of faith that brought me to this impasse
i tried to bypass fear and mourning and started studying physics
i studied physics and finished an eighteenth-century play
i read about sardinian music and internet pornography
i knew that nothing would work for long
i knew going online was temporary at best
i searched for distractions and found none
i cried over how little time i had left
i mourned over the vile and the fury
i thought the new worlds were dead, the old ones never alive
i thought nothing was ever alive
i considered suicide as a bypass
i thought the bypass would literally dead-end and then what
i contemplated the what
i wanted to leave as quickly as possible, the day slate-grey, external
turns nowhere of particular movement, as the world slowly disinvested itself of me and my kind, of me, what sadness, oh.
Tired of Second Life Tires First

After making and monitoring an installation for nine months, artist runs into murky politics, land-vandal issues, and aesthetic interference. He counters "what SL [Second Life] is all about is what I'm not; you [I] work day and night on something to have effect canceled by someone else." His masterwork "The Accident" [sic] was removed earlier this week, by himself. "During the removal process," he rejoined, "not by design I removed far too much, opening myself to great criticism, luckily countered by the generosity of others in quickly repairing whatever damage may have accrued."

He then went on to build anew, a work in part based on a momentary access to another part of the great SL universe. Such was the case that he turned it over from one parcel [parcel] to another in a matter of moments coupled with obsessive tuning. "I liked what I did," he declaimed, and my friend Selavy Oh interspersed his work with mine, something we had spoken about after his work appeared earlier with "The Accident" creating indeed an accident that made it difficult to finish final film and video-vertigo which I had desired for the remnant of documentation opened to me. Thus he withdrew at that earlier moment in SL time [not real time] and reinstalled at this later date and thus it stood for all time [not real time] meaning perhaps a day in quality." At which point double prismatic interferences first made everyone inaccessible to everyone else and second made the overt effect of the work ultimately unmalleable and unsupportable. Artist continued with broken statement about what he co-termed "defuge": that state of decathecting, disgust, exhaustion, and disinvestment after everything goes awry." True to his turning away with "disgust," he intoned his inability to continue making things in a world that simultaneously required investment and release: "doing something and then forgetting about it or that one has done it or that one need welcome any subsequent change by others." For the construction of large-scale possibilities, he thought it far too much to think through when nothing would remain even in an immediate future but for alterations by others in an already unstable situation. "I have learned my lesson," he finally replied, "I am not free nor will I be nor are you [you] nor anyone else I know. We write our own programs in the language of the other and my behavior searches for asylum far from the maddening crowding confusion of protocols, programs, codes, languages, scripts, textures, and prim-prim." "Let me sink into thought," he cried, "let me sink! let me sink!"

Ontology Something or Other

Found 2 more emmiters today, Returned them to you.
I removed so many objects that I think they got lost in a server sync lag and are showing up a long time later.
Also found 3 objects of mine that were deleted last week.
It is like time warp in the world...
Aliens appear
I saw that today for the first time.
Remember I rezzed your whole installation there as a test and then had a hell of a time finding all the pieces. It probably is from that. I left it there because I wanted to talk to you about it. Very nice. Would be good to install it next to the other piece. Found one of my pieces floating somewhere above the old platform - it's mostly invisible but with particle trails. Have no idea how that got there but quite like it.

(SL discussion with Ian Murray)

my failures in second life

spending too much time in second life
designing too many things in second life
in a single installation in second life
changing too many things too often
documenting with too many photographs and videos
with too many texts and audio files
hiding out too much of the time in my installation
writing over and over again about second life
forgetting second life is a tiny little world
forgetting there's more to life than second life
not applying for grants and exhibitions in the real world
not looking after myself in second life
thinking too much inside the box
hoping uselessly for grants and commissions to support my habit
kludging and never learning scripting language
never entering second life in my dreams
pretending that second life has some ontological status
thinking i'll never die in second life
never finding real publication for the second life texts
never getting past moderated email lists with my second life texts
never really getting audience or readership
never really having extended dialog about the virtual
misrecognizing my second life work as having philosophical implications
thinking my second life work somehow extends the nature of the virtual
feeling too hopeless and too close to death even when in second life
and never releasing second life into first life and never calming down
hoping uselessly that my second life work will exist
at least for a short time after i no longer work in second life
and hoping uselessly as well that my work will continue
and exist somehow in spite of the ephemeral nature of data-bases
being unable to attract outside attention for my second life work
being unable to feel i've accomplished anything at all
and feeling useless participating in issues of governance going nowhere
feeling useless in second life and then feeling useless in general
thinking i've wasted nine months of my life for an invisible project
never having the means to attend conferences and seminars
and almost always presenting second life from a distance
as if the virtuality of second life conjured up the virtual
and as if the virtual always begets the virtual
finding it impossible to really suture between second life performance
and live performance
and never having access to adequate technology to explore this area
never meeting the sysadmins who own and control second life
and never understanding the structure of the second life data-base
never working sufficiently well with the gaz stand-alone application
and never really exploring the open-sim application
feeling i haven't enough knowledge to contribute to open-sim
feeling lost there and finding no one really to collaborate with
who might extend my work or our work into open-sim and develop it in
depth in second life itself
feeling clumsy with my avatars' dance moves and not understanding
how to develop even the simplest avatar facial expressions and
body attitudes
finding python, ruby, java and c++ basically opaque
feeling like an idiot confronted with the simplest programs
that i can only change in my dreams no matter how many ideas i have
above all realizing the foolishness and isolation of all of this
and being cut off from galleries and exhibitions, real-world
installations portals between second life and the rest of the world
so that whatever i do remains in the tiniest corner of the world
no matter first or second or third or fourth life
while i wait to die or second life to die or both of us or my work
to be corrupted elsewhere as data-bases and files disappear
since another failure is my inability to get hard-copy for just
about anything i've tried to do in the past year or so
whether to get books published by academic presses
that might actually find their way onto book-store shelves
or to get reasonable off-line video disks and printed graphics
or for that matter to get a teaching job that might put food on the table
or health care for both azure and myself or building repair or something
to end the hysteria which seeps into my life when i think of these things
when i think of all my failures in second life
and the failures engendered in the real world by virtue of second life
or the failures engendered whether or not second life played any role
in them and i tend to exaggerate how much second life is responsible for
my failures which are my own
my tawdry installation is such a jumble it's called the accident
after i called it the accidental artist but the installation itself
seems an accident and in any case second life won't last forever
and i'll last a lot less and there never will be afterwards
failing by writing too much and hoping at least one person has read
the texts or what i call the imaginary audience
poetics and nettime keep my work off their lists
in second life i might have used too much server time
who knows but my health is poor and i'm closer to anita berber
than poor b.b. closer to valeska gert than mary wigman
i failed to bring them into second life
they all ran away from second life
they were smart and smarter than me
they did things in memory
i've been spending too much time in memory and my data is in memory
my data miscarried
i'm lost in my data and my data miscarried

borrowers

i'm making on borrowed time.
i'm living on borrowed time.
on borrowed space i'm making and making.
soon i will lose this space and i will take my tiny house with me.
where will my tiny house go, where will my tiny house go.
i am a snail in a shell. my shell is memory.
my shell goes where my memory follows.
it never was my land or online time.
it was someone else, you were that someone else.
in my second life i have over 2000 objects in my inventory.
a for of capital in an indefinite economy.
a political economy to be sure, with borrowing and small return.
oh where will i set my little objects.
where will i pile them.
on my head i shall pile them, on my stomach i shall pile them.
i shall pile them on my left hand and my right.
i shall pile them on my left leg and my right.
on my left forearm and wrist.
on my right forearm and wrist.
beneath my left foot and beneath my right.
i shall walk among my objects and my objects shall walk among me.
may i be an object among objects and may objects be among me.
a carapace of objects new jerusalems and shangri-las.
a shield of entities breathing the vacuum of simulation.
they are my borrowers, they disappear with the flow of blood.
with the flow of blood halting, halting they disappear.
with the brain dying, cell by cell by cell, they disappear.
who will preserve them now, who will keep them forever?
who will preserve them now, who will keep them forever?

cause i'm
[ reaching the end of the run, hon
fleeing the fun of the hub, bub
driving me sad, dad
faking and making me hope, dope
at the end of my rope, hope
making me mad, lad
raking a cad, brad
almost a glad bad fad, tad
about a brake on the take, jake
time to stop the pun, son
aye there's the club rub, cub
don't wait for the late bait, kate
leave me to my fate, mate
put it in a crate, nate
time to take my leave, steve
depart, take heart, bereave, jeeve
cause i'm ] * 4

i'm entangled between real which is virtual and virtual which is real.
i'm exhausted by inscription; i make mistakes.
i make far too many mistakes; i should be exiled from the virtual.
i should be abandoned to your fate.
now what is there about this.
what there is, i postulate
that there are regions of the cosmos _for all practical purposes_ that
are deeply disassociated from each other, regions that, _for all_
practical purposes, _are light-cone inaccessible.
and are inaccessible for the unutterable, unutterable information.
defuge sets in, _seeps in._ defuge entangles, transformed into
substance.
in this regard i am a total failure - exhaustion leading to errors
precisely as inscription stains.
i follow the trails of easy paths, ignoring the real hovering, within
the virtual, the virtual within the real.
you destroy myself.
await the tawdry. the sleazy, decrepit, o misery.
how can live with oneself, mind withdraws, vision blurs, range and
ring of the ears.
oh, so tangled, nothing resolves, you go to my death unresolved,
you forage among memory already fallen through, memory overcome.
for there is nothing but the unutterable moment, one moment to
another, each entangled, each absolutely disparate, on the verge of
collapse.

pack

so you take the thing on your back, installation clothes, smaller than 100
meters in whatever space this is really. you take it with you, carapace
cloth, it hides you, you move, you move it, it moves. you can move things
totally gainormous, no leverage involved, only the usual matrix transform-
ations or maybe perspective all mixed up with sins, cosines, tangents.
it's all appearance, this thing with its smoke and rafters, balsa struts
and paper kite folding, the greatest moving freely as the smallest. blown air a transformation factored into object emission-spigot movement, it's all functions, high-speed rendering gaming physics does. it's that. but it give you freedom as well, set up, perform fast, don't even bother to take down, just detach, move on before they catch you. audience applause is what you live for, every show more spectacular than every other, there's no repertoire, just these things that flood, flow about, all going back to the dimly-lit (it was dimly-lit) room in the virtual environments laboratory, a few people shuffling about, wires everywhere, up and down them, in and out of them. it comes down to files and interrupts, data and keystroke and mouse, some site and sight involved.

(The) Only Cosmic Music.

North Indian tambura digitally descending and ascending...
Perhaps this is the closest one comes to an image-universe.
Artifacts appear and disappear as descent and ascent continues.
Of course these are always there.
All music and all sound tends towards this, not towards tambura steady-state.
Entanglement with observer and apparatus, intrinsic and extrinsic.
What my ears tell me is what is heard.
What my eyes show me is what is seen.
Loop these for perfection.
There are small events among the continuous movement of the fingers.
Mind in the fingers, among them.
For as not to see after and through eye surgery, the hearing.
And trying not to focus and not to focus on trying.
For the Natyasastra says nothing about the drone.
And the drone is present today with sruti box, melodeon, tambura, electronic software and hardware.
And is always present.
And is always present and in motion and there is motion in the computer, there is always motion.
There is always motion that collapses and motion that contracts.
Some motion can't get out, some can't get in.
Some motion can't get out, can't get in.
Sometimes there are objects and states as if existing and these are somewhere in the background.
As if existing for all time, to give existence a meaning.
Or huddled-cuddled around themselves, as if there are objects, objects, objects.
And now you can hear them, there are no objects at all.
As if there were something to hear.
What is heard is the hearing of it.
What is heard are all the times and spaces of the hearing.
Let us call this beauty, untoward.
Let us call.